

MOTION PICTURE

CLASSIC

JANUARY

20¢

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The February Classic

Some of the Features:

FLORENCE TURNER

Of course, you remember the beloved Florence of old Vitagraph? Six years ago she crossed the seas, but now she has returned to the films. Here is a human, vital story of Miss Turner, who has been for months touring the British camps and hospitals entertaining the English Tommies.

PRISCILLA DEAN

Something of a "nut interview" is this humorous chat with Priscilla of the wonderful fuzzy coiffure. There are plenty of laughs in this little talk with Miss Dean, who, most of all, loves "to travel fast," be it in auto or 'plane.

DICK BARTHELMESS

Dick, just out of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., went directly into the films with Herbert Brenon in Alla Nazimova's "War Brides." He has been coming along rapidly ever since, until now he's one of the favorite juvenile leads of the silverscreen.

FAIRE BINNEY

Is little Miss Binney a star in the making? Anyway, you'll be interested in this story of a girl, who, in a few months, has worked her way up to playing opposite Jack Barrymore in the films.

These are but a few of the fascinating February features of THE CLASSIC, which, aside from its many intimate chats and articles, and its hundreds of new and striking pictures, will carry the cream of the month's photoplays in fictionized form. The February CLASSIC will have three big film dramas in story form, including Billie Burke's "Good Gracious, Annabelle" and Norma Talmadge's "Heart of Wetona."

And there's a beautiful cover of Clara Kimball Young.

The Motion Picture Classic
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

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THE GIRL ON THE COVER

(Cover painted by Leo Sielke)

Marguerite Clark seems to us an ideal choice for THE CLASSIC's holiday cover. For, thru her frequent and charming appearances in screen fairy tales, Miss Clark has come to represent our ideal heroine of elfland. She has touched a fanciful, imaginative note quite unlike any other player of the silverscreen. Surely the films are the sweeter for Miss Clark. Here's hoping that, during the coming year, she gives us at least another "Prunella," another "The Seven Swans" or another "Snow White."

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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.

(Four)

Behind the Screen

Charlie Chaplin and Mildred Harris were married in Los Angeles, Cal., on October 23d.

Mary Pickford has signed an agreement with the First National Exhibitors' Circuit, whereby she will receive remuneration extending the \$1,000,000 credited to Charlie Chaplin. She will be her own manager and producer, choosing her plays and players. The contract was signed during Miss Pickford's visit to New York early in November.

Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne have started a series of productions in which Francis X. Bushman and Albert E. Smith, of Vitaphone, are co-partners.

Marjorie Rambeau is returning to the screen, under the direction of Joseph L. Hegeman and Charles M. Rosenthal. The productions will be directed by Harry Revier.

Harold Edel, managing director of the New York Strand Theater, died on November 2d, a victim of influenza.

The Robertson-Cole Company has made a special arrangement with the National Film Corporation of America by which it handles the National's series of Billie Rhodes and Henry B. Walthall pictures, as well as looking after all other National interests. The National has just signed Walthall for a year and will produce four or five big pictures with him as star. Walthall has just returned to the coast.

Charlie Chaplin is already at work on his next comedy, the successor to "Shoulder Arms." It is reported that it will be a rural piece, far removed from battles and the city. Carter de Haven is assisting Chaplin in the direction.

Mae Marsh is now at work for Goldwyn on the coast, utilizing part of the Triangle studios. Mrs. Marsh, Mae's mother, recently suffered a stroke of paralysis. Mae's sister, Mildred, and her sister-in-law, Maude, made a cross-country trip with the star, Mamma Marsh having preceded them.

Priscilla Dean has announced her engagement to Eddie Rickenbacker, the noted American ace and former auto driver.

Louise Glaum, formerly of Paralta, is back on the Ince fold again.

J. G. Hawks, the scenario writer, is head of the Goldwyn coast script staff.

Jackie Saunders is planning to organize a corporation of her own.

Alma Rubens has secured her release from her Triangle contract.

William Desmond, after playing opposite Florence Reed in a single United production, is gone back West to make a series of pictures for Jesse D. Hampton, to be released through the Robertson-Cole Company. "Sunshine Baby" Anderson is to play opposite Dimpled Desmond.

Louise Vale, wife of Travers Vale, the World Film director, fell a victim to influenza while visiting her mother in Madison, Wis., on October 28th. Mrs. Vale was well known on the screen.

David Powell has signed a year's contract with Goldwyn to play leads. He is now at work in the Goldwyn coast studios.

William Duncan, Vitagraph serial director, is been visiting his parents at Steinway, N. Y. This was his first Eastern trip in five years.

(Continued on page 8)

(Five)

What Is Nerve Force?

NERVE Force is an energy created by the nervous system. What it is, we do not know, just as we do not know what electricity is.

We know this of Nerve Force: It is the dominant power of our existence. It governs our whole life. **It Is Life**; for, if we knew what nerve force is, we would know the secret of life.

Nerve force is the basic force of the body and mind. The power of every muscle, every organ; in fact, every cell is governed and receives its initial impulse through the nerves. Our vitality, strength and endurance are directly governed by the degree of our nerve force.

If an elephant had the same degree of nerve force as a flea, or an ant, he could jump over mountains and push down skyscrapers. If an ordinary man had the same degree of nerve force as a cat, he could break all athletic records without half trying. This is an example of Muscular Nerve Force.

Mental Nerve Force is indicated by force of character, personal magnetism, moral courage and mental power.

Organic Nerve Force means health and long life.

It is a well balanced combination of Physical, Mental and Organic Nerve Force that has made Theodore Roosevelt, General Pershing and Charles Schwab and other great men what they are. 95% of mankind are led by the other 5%. It is Nerve Force that does the leading.

In our nerves, therefore, lies our greatest strength; and there, also, our greatest weakness—for when our nerve force becomes depleted, through worry, disease, overwork, abuse, every muscle loses its strength and endurance; every organ becomes partly paralyzed, and the mind becomes befogged.

How often do we hear of people running from doctor to doctor, seeking relief from a mysterious "something-the-matter" with them, though repeated examinations fail to indicate that any particular organ is weak or diseased.

It is "nerves" or "you are run down," the doctor tells the victim. Then a "tonic" is prescribed, which temporarily gives the nerves a swift kick, and speeds them up, just as a fagged-out horse may be made to speed up by towing him behind an automobile.

Unfortunately, most people will not believe that their nerves are depleted and weak. So long as their hands and knees do not tremble, they cling to the belief that their nerves are strong and sound, which is a dangerous assumption.

The symptoms of nerve exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows:

First Stage: Lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling" especially in the back and knees.

Second Stage: Nervousness; sleeplessness; irritability; decline in sex force; loss of hair; nervous indigestion; sour stomach; gas in bowels; constipation; irregular heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; dizziness; headaches; backache; neuritis; rheumatism, and other pains.

Third Stage: Serious mental disturbances; fear; undue worry; melancholia; dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies, and in extreme cases, insanity.

It is evident that nerve depletion leads to a long train of evils that torture the mind and body. It is no wonder neurasthenics (nerve bankrupts) become melancholic and do not care to live.

The noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, says: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves should be in order."

If only a few of the symptoms mentioned apply to you, especially those indicating mental instability, you may be sure your nerves are at fault—that you have exhausted your Nerve Force.

Nerve force is the most precious gift of Nature. It means everything—your happiness, your health, your success in life. You should know all there is to learn about your nerves; how to relax, calm and soothe your nerves, so that after a severe nerve strain you can rebuild your lost Nerve Force, and keep yourself physically and mentally fit.

Paul von Boeckmann, the noted Nerve Culturist, who for 25 years has been the leading authority in America on Breathing, Nerve Culture and Psycho-physics, has written a remarkable book (64 pages) on the Nerves, which teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the Nerves. The cost of the book is only 25 cents (coin or stamps). The author's address is Studio 73—World's Tower Bldg., 110 West 40th St., New York. You should order the book today. It will be a revelation to you and will teach you important facts that will give you greater Physical, Mental and Organic Nerve Force. If you do not agree that this book teaches you the most important lesson on Health and Mental Efficiency you have ever read, your money will be refunded by return mail, *plus* your outlay of postage.

The author of Nerve Force has advertised his various books on Health and Nerve Culture in the standard magazines of America during the last twenty years, which is ample evidence of his responsibility and integrity. The following are extracts from letters written by grateful people who have read the book:

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have re-read your book at least ten times."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming my nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have a scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

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Across the Footlights

THE New York stage now has a number of admirable and interesting things upon its boards. In at least one instance, the metropolitan theater offers an example of acting at its greatest—acting which ranks with any that may or may not have existed in the palmy days. This is John Barrymore's really tremendous characterization of Fedya in Tolstoi's "Redemption."

The Tolstoi drama, sometimes called "The Living Corpse," is a vital thing. "It is sorrowful and piteous and terrible," some one has said. Tolstoi wrote it as an arraignment of the law's futility in handling the problems of life. It is marriage viewed with a cruelly ironic eye. One critic said that Fedya is "the figure of all poets, all artists, all sensitive human beings who dream passionately of what is better than the reality they know." Barrymore's performance is marked by genuine histrionic genius. The supporting cast is splendidly chosen and the ten scenes are staged with fine artistry by Robert Edmond Jones. We should like to take every screen actor to see Barrymore's magnificent Fedya and every director to see Jones' wonderful handling of lights and colors.

Clare Kummer, who wrote that delicious gem, "Good Gracious, Annabelle," has given another example of her charming and graceful gossamer humor in "Be Calm, Camilla." It is the little story of a young girl who comes to New York to study music, fails and is on the verge of starvation when a millionaire's car runs her down. Out of that slender theme, Miss Kummer has woven a delightful comedy. Lola Fisher, who was Annabelle, is the new Camilla and she plays with freshness, wistfulness and humor.

The unusual thing about Miss Kummer's comedies is the dialog. "Almost invariably each laugh earned by the play begins scatteringly and then rises to full volume," says Heywood Brown in discussing the comedy. "This would seem to indicate that a definite intellectual process is stimulated by the new play."

In a word, Miss Kummer's dialog has mental sparkle.

Oscar Wilde's "An Ideal Husband" is played with distinction and taste at the Comedy Theater.

Down at the Greenwich Village Theater, "The Better 'Ole," a comedy based on Captain Bruce Bainsfather's famous English war cartoons, is holding forth successfully. "The Better 'Ole" was rejected by a lot of New York's leading commercial managers, but finally found a home in the metropolis' near-Bohemia. Charles D. Coburn invests Bainsfather's 'Ole Bill, the British soldier with the mud-guard mustache, the impregnable ignorance and racy Englishisms, with just the right spirit.

"Freedom," a lavish spectacle in 'steen dozen scenes showing the development of political and racial freedom thru the ages, was briefly at the big Century Theater. It was, at least, imposing.

Meanwhile the season's first three big hits, "Three Faces East," "Friendly Enemies," and "Lightnin'," go merrily on. The producers of "Lightnin'," Winchell Smith and John Golden, have apparently just put over another hit in "Three Wise Fools," by Austin Strong. This is built around three elderly and embittered men who come to have humanness awakened in their hearts by their ward, the grown daughter of an old friend.

"Tea for Three" holds its place as one of the best comedies of a long time; Alice Brady gives a moving performance in that touching play of youth, "Forever After"; "The Unknown Purple" is a weird and startling melodrama; "Under Orders," with its two-player cast, maintains its place among the favorites; "Sleeping Partners" is a sprightly French Boulevard farce hit; Cyril Maude is doing nicely in "The Saving Grace" and—so it goes.

"The Girl Behind the Gun" and "Head Over Heels" are battling among the musical leaders.

In other words, the season is doing very well.

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.)

Central.—"Forever After." Alice Brady in a play of youthful love which endures despite many obstacles. Excellently acted thruout. It charms its audience into living once again the violent joys and heart-aches of youth.

Cohan & Harris.—"Three Faces East." Another Secret Service-German spy drama, this by Anthony Paul Kelly, one of our most successful photoplaywrights. The principal charm of this play is in trying to guess who are the German spies and who are the Allies, just as we were puzzled in "Cheating Cheaters" to know who were the burglars and who were not.

George M. Cohan's Theater.—"Head Over Heels," with the saucy Mitzi as a delectable little vaudeville acrobat. Entertaining with tuneful Jerome Kern music and the highly amusing Robert Emmett Keane.

Harris.—"The Riddle Woman," with Bertha Kalich. Problem drama from the Danish. Ladies with "pasts," a he-vampire and much emotionalism. Kalich gives a picturesque if artificial performance, while Chrystal Herne and A. E. Anson makes the most of their rôles.

Hippodrome.—The newest production, "Everything," lives up to its title. It is a maze of varied attractions, ranging from dainty Belle Storey to scores of remarkable roller skaters, from De Wolf Hopper to a stage full of tumbling Arabs.

Lyceum.—"Daddies." Appealing little drama of three bachelors who adopt Belgian war babies. Amusing complications occur when the children develop along unexpected lines. Jeanne Eagels is quaintly pleasing in the leading rôle.

Lyric.—"The Unknown Purple." Interesting and well sustained thriller. The story of a convict who discovers a way to make himself invisible, transforming into a purple ray, and who starts out to get revenge. The invisible man steals necklaces, opens safes and passes thru doors. Richard Bennett gives a vigorous performance of the human ray.

Plymouth.—"Redemption." John Barrymore at his best in a remarkable piece of acting and a remarkable Tolstoi play. Sad, but big.

Republic.—"Where Poppies Bloom." Melodramatic war play of a woman who discovers that her husband is a Hun spy. Action takes place on the Flanders battle line. Marjorie Rambeau is very emotional in the star rôle.

ON THE ROAD.

"Keep Her Smiling." A typical Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew comedy. Mr. Drew does the cleverest bit of acting of his career, and alas! alack! the screen has probably lost forever one of its brightest stars. Mrs. Drew is more charming and "younger" than ever before.

"Fiddlers Three," lively little operetta with considerable fun and much good music. Louise Groody scores as a captivating little ingénue and dancer, while the lanky Hal Skelly's humor is amusing. Altogether a likeable entertainment.

"Going Up." A charming musical farce written around an aviator, with Frank Craven in an interesting rôle. The music is unusually bright and catchy.

"The Passing Show of 1918." One of the best of the Winter Garden shows. Pretty girls and stunning costumes. Among the features are the amusing Howard Brothers; that lively dancing team, Fred and Adele Astaire; and the laughable Dooley Brothers.

"The Copperhead." One of the big dramatic successes of last winter, by Augustus Thomas. A drama that will live.

"The Little Teacher." A charming play, full of human interest, and played by a company every one of which makes a hit. Mary Ryan is excellent, as usual, and her support is unusually good.

"A Tailor Made Man." An altogether captivating comedy full of laughs, built around a young tailor who became great thru reading the book of an unsuccessful author and who then hires the latter to work for him.

"The Kiss Burglar." One of the most charming of musical-comedies. Pleasant music, distinction of book and considerable humor. Above all the fascinating personality of Fay Bainter. Very pretty chorus.

"Oh, Lady! Lady!" Chic musical-comedy. Daintiness, wit, a well-balanced, all-star cast and catchy music are the outstanding charm of this offering *intime*.

"Parlor, Bedroom and Bath." A roaring farce of the class of "Fair and Warmer," "Twin Beds" and "Up Stairs and Down," and about as funny and racy as any of them.

"Flo-Flo." This glorified burlesque caught Broadway last season. Sprinkle some catchy music between the gags, add a flashing chorus, season well with bold if not risqué situations, and flavor with dazzling costumes and you have "Flo-Flo" ready to serve. The stars and support display well-modulated voices and some real honeymoon lingerie.

"Maytime." A dainty, touching comedy with music. It has a real plot, following the life of a young couple from youth to old age, interspersed with tuneful music and some dancing.

"Tiger Rose." An intense and very popular drama similar to "The Heart of Wetona," in which Lenore Ulric plays the part of an Indian maiden who loves and swears charmingly.

LEADING PICTURE THEATERS.

Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof.—Photoplays; first runs. Daily program.

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Strand.—Select first-run photoplays. Program changes every week.

(Seven)

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THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and
THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE'S

Fame and Fortune Contest

IS NOW OPEN

The Motion Picture Classic and The Motion Picture Magazine have inaugurated many contests during the past, but it can safely be said that no contest in the history of the two popular magazines ever started with the tremendous wave of interest which has preceded the launching of The Fame and Fortune Contest. The very first announcement brought hundreds of letters, inquiries and favorable comments. These have been steadily mounting in numbers. The opening of the contest on December 1st was marked by an avalanche of pictures.

The Motion Picture Classic and The Motion Picture Magazine will make an internationally famous screen player of the winner of The Fame and Fortune Contest.

The two magazines will give two years' guaranteed publicity to the winner. This will include cover portraits in colors, special interviews, pictures, special articles, etc.—the sort of publicity that could not be purchased at any price. The Motion Picture Classic and The Motion Picture Magazine will secure an initial position for the winner and other opportunities, if necessary. At the end of two years The Motion Picture Classic and The Motion Picture Magazine guarantee that the winner will be known thruout the civilized world.

THE FAME AND FORTUNE CONTEST OPENS

The judges are now going thru the portraits received. Every fifteen days the jury will pass upon the contestants' photographs, selecting the six best portraits submitted during that period. These honor pictures will be published in subsequent numbers of The Motion Picture Classic and The Motion Picture Magazine, and an announcement will shortly be made of the first installment of honor pictures selected.

The duration of the contest will be announced later. Upon the closing of the contest the winner will be selected. It is possible that three or four leaders may be chosen and invited to come to New York for test motion pictures, after which the final winner will be decided upon.

JURY OF INTERNATIONAL NOTE

The Fame and Fortune jury of judges includes:

DAVID GRIFFITH	Commodore J. STUART BLACKTON
THOMAS INCE	JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG
CECIL DE MILLE	HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY
MAURICE TOURNEUR	EUGENE V. BREWSTER

TERMS OF THE CONTEST

1. Open to any young woman in the world, except those who have already played prominent screen or stage rôles.
2. Contestants must submit a portrait, upon the back of which must be pasted a coupon from either The Motion Picture Classic or The Motion Picture Magazine, or a similar coupon of your own making.
3. Contestants can submit any number of portraits, but upon the back of each must be pasted an entrance coupon.

CLASSIC ENTRANCE COUPON

Contestant No.
(Not to be filled in by contestant)

Name.....
Address.....(street)
.....(city)
.....(state)
Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any.....
.....
When born..... Birthplace.....
Eyes (color)..... Hair (color).....
Height..... Weight.....
Complexion.....

Behind the Screen

(Continued from page 5)

Anita King, well known on the screen, was injured, on October 17th, near Michigan City, Ind., when her car was struck by a train. She was engaged in aiding the Liberty Loan drive and was on her way to make an address.

Completing the late Jacques Futrelle's "My Lady's Garter" at his Fort-Lee studios, Maurice Tourneur is departing for the coast to make three or four productions during the winter.

William Randolph Hearst has purchased the Universal Animated Weekly, Universal Current Events and Mutual's Screen Telegram, merging them with Hearst's Weekly under the title of Hearst International News. On December 24th the Hearst-Pathé Weekly ceased to be, Pathé now issuing its own news weekly.

Edith Storey has left Metro.

Denial is made that Cecil De Mille is leaving the Lasky organization. Rumor had it that he was going into the army air service.

"Daddy Long Legs," the Jean Webster story, and "Pollyanna," both successful on the stage, have been purchased by Mrs. Charlotte Pickford for Mary's use. The price for both stories is said to be \$80,000.

Harold Lockwood, the Metro star, died of the influenza at the Hotel Woodward on October 19th. He had been ill only ten days, having just started the production of "The Yellow Dove." It is believed that Mr. Lockwood contracted the fatal disease at the Madison Square Garden, where he had been engaged in Liberty Loan work at the Motion Picture Exposition.

Anita Stewart has completed her first Louis B. Mayer production, "Virtuous Wives," adapted from Owen Johnson's story. Conway Tearle, Mrs. De Wolf Hopper and Edwin Arden are in the cast. George Loan Tucker directed. "In Old Virginia" will be Miss Stewart's second.

All Goldwyn productions are now being made on the coast. Tom Moore and Mae Marsh are at work in California. The Rex Beach pictures will be filmed on the coast. Geraldine Farrar will not go West until after the close of the opera season in April. Pauline Frederick and Madge Kennedy are about to start West.

John H. Collins, husband of Viola Dana and her director for a long time, died at the Hotel Marie Antoinette on October 23d of pneumonia, following a week's attack of influenza.

The influenza also claimed Julian L'Estrange as a victim. Mr. L'Estrange died on October 22d in New York. He was well known on both stage and screen, appearing up to the time of his fatal illness in the stage production of "The Ideal Husband."

Billie Rhodes has been Manhattaning.

Doris Kenyon is following "Wild Honey" with "Twilight." Both are adaptations of stories by Vingie E. Roe. "Twilight" appeared in the Metropolitan as "The Alchemy of Love." Miss Kenyon is using the Biograph studios in New York for production work.

Eugene Walter, the playwright, has contracted to write three original screen stories for Norma Talmadge.

William Fox has added James Kirkwood, Charles J. Brabin, Edward Dillon and Arvid E. Gillstrom to his staff of directors, making a total of fourteen. Kirkwood has just finished Evelyn Nesbit's "I Want to Forget."

The nightly cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream is most important



As a protection to the skin, use Pond's Vanishing Cream just before you go out



Cold weather whips out of the skin all its natural moisture

To make and keep your skin lovely you need two creams—one kind for protection and an entirely different kind for cleansing

The reason your complexion suffers in winter is because the cold weather whips out of the skin all its natural moisture.

With each exposure to the cold, the skin becomes tighter and rougher until it cracks and breaks. It loses all its delicate color.

How to protect your skin

Before going out protect your skin by an application of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Use it on your hands and neck as well as your face. Compare the fresh, soft condition in which it keeps your face with the drawn, dry feeling that gener-



Photo by Charlotte Fairchild

Billie Burke, whose beautiful skin is the envy of everyone who sees her, says: "No one appreciates Pond's Vanishing Cream more than I"



Photo by Campbell Studio

Marion Davies, whom many consider America's most beautiful young stage favorite, says: "I don't see how I ever got along without Pond's Vanishing Cream. Nothing else has ever kept my skin in such good condition"

ally follows exposure to cold, windy weather.

Based on an ingredient which doctors have used for years for its softening, beautifying qualities, Pond's Vanishing Cream is of the utmost value in overcoming all dryness and restoring the normal pliancy to the skin.

It is absolutely free from greasiness. You can use it throughout the day or you can put it on while dressing for the evening with the knowledge that not a bit of it will remain on the skin to make it shiny.

Your nightly cleansing needs a different cream

Without thorough cleansing of all the dust gathered during the day, the skin cannot be clear and fine-textured. Pond's Cold Cream was prepared especially to give the skin a perfect cleansing.

Try it for your bedtime toilet tonight. You will revel in the sensation of grateful cleanliness it produces.

For massage also, you will find Pond's Cold Cream delightfully smooth and easy to work into the pores.

Only the very freshest, purest ingredients are used in the preparation of Pond's Vanishing Cream and Pond's Cold Cream. They will not grow hair or down on the skin.

Get a jar or tube of each today at any drug or department store.

Or we will send you free samples of each cream

Mail the coupon below for free sample tubes of each cream. For enough of each cream to last two weeks, send 10c. Get the samples today and give them a week's test. You will find that your complexion has become smoother, fresher, lovelier than ever in coloring. Address The Pond's Extract Company, 136R Hudson Street, New York City.



POND'S EXTRACT CO.
136R Hudson St., New York City

Please send me free the items checked:

- A free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
- A free sample of Pond's Cold Cream

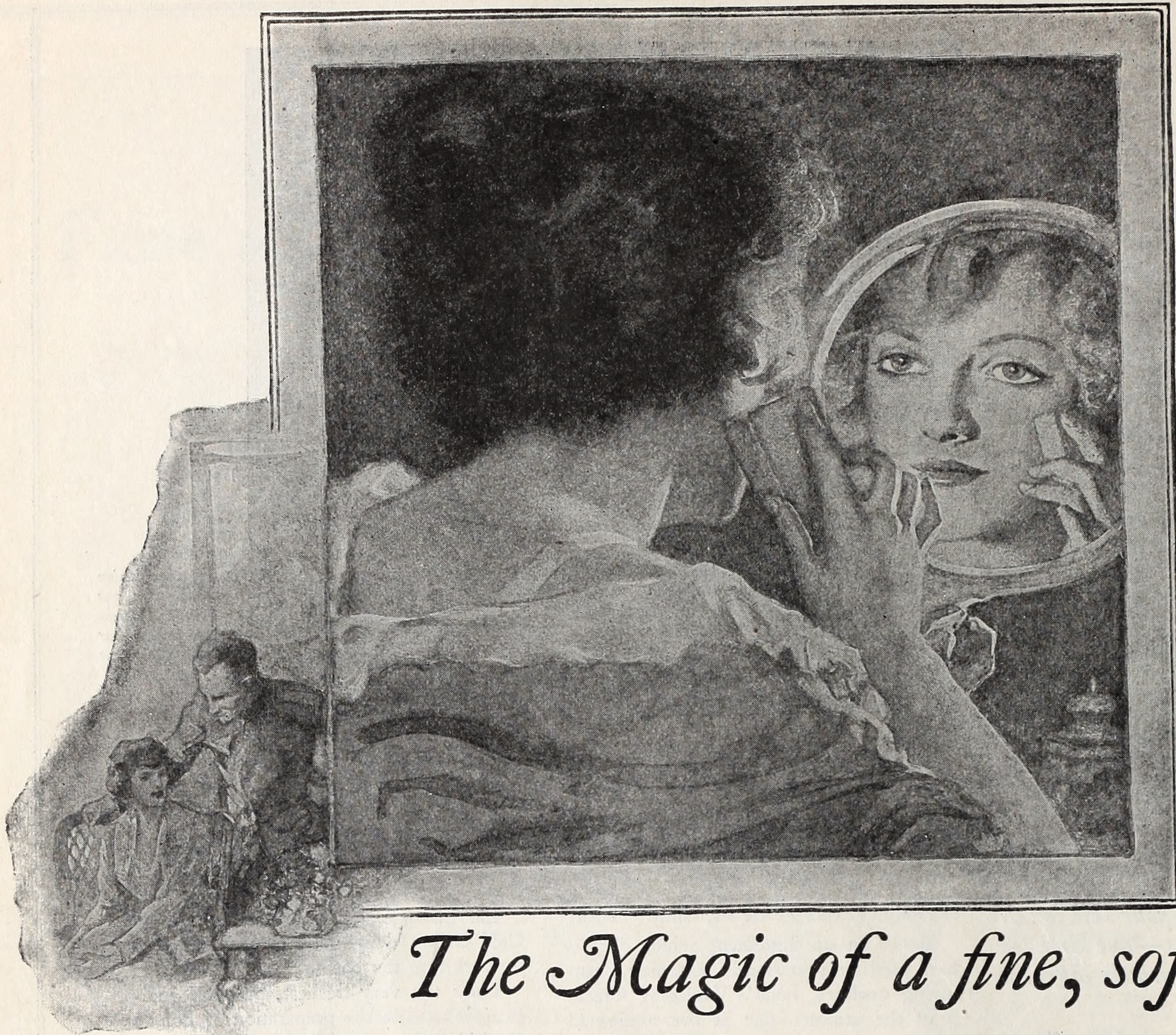
Instead of the free samples, I desire the items checked below, for which I enclose the required amount:

- A 5c sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
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Name.....

Street.....

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



The perfect bloom of a skin so soft, so fine in texture that it seems the outward sign of an exquisite personal fineness—Read below how by proper treatment you can gain this most appealing of all charms

The Magic of a fine, soft skin

**ONLY BY THE PROPER CARE
CAN YOU GAIN THIS CHARM**

IT DOES not "just happen" that some girls retain the loveliness of a fine, soft complexion. Only by really caring, by finding out and faithfully using the right treatment for the skin, have the famous beauties kept this charm.

Examine your skin closely. Its pores should be hardly noticeable. If they already begin to show conspicuously, it is a sign that you have not been giving your skin the proper care for its needs.

Begin tonight this treatment for reducing enlarged pores and making the skin fine in texture. Use it persistently. Only by faithfully caring for your skin can you correct a condition which is the result of years of neglect.

**Send for sample cake of soap with booklet
of special treatments and sample of
Woodbury's Facial Powder**

Send 6c for a trial-size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury treatment) together with the booklet of famous treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12c we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of

To make your skin fine in texture

Dip your wash cloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in water and rub the cake itself over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on for a few minutes until the skin feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse the face thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible, finish by rubbing the face with a piece of ice. Always dry carefully.

You can feel the difference the very first time you use this treatment. Within ten days your skin will show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater smoothness that the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

For a month or six weeks of any Woodbury Facial treatment and for general cleansing use for that time a 25c cake is sufficient. On sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

Woodbury's Facial Soap and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 901 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 901 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.



For pale sallow skins

Do you lack the exquisite color that comes and goes? Write us for directions the new steam treatment for pale, sallow skins. It brings to your skin the glowing color for which you have longed

Conspicuous nose pores

You need not let the attractiveness of your face be marred by conspicuous nose pores. If this is your trouble, start once the special treatment for it given in the booklet wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap

The CLASIC GALLERY of PLAYERS

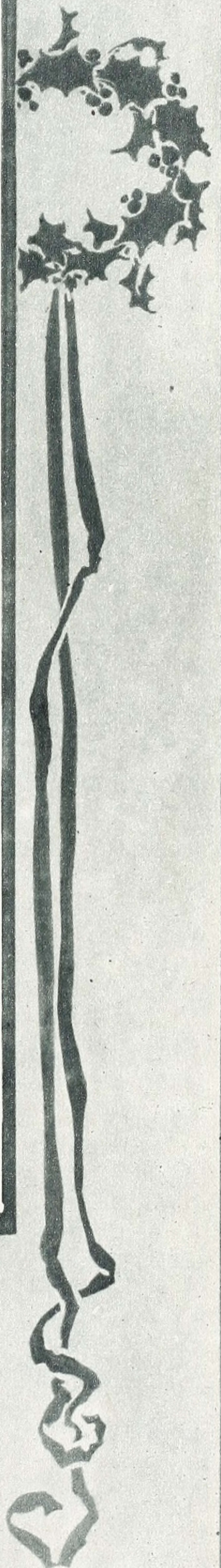


Portrait by De Meyer



OLGA PETROVA

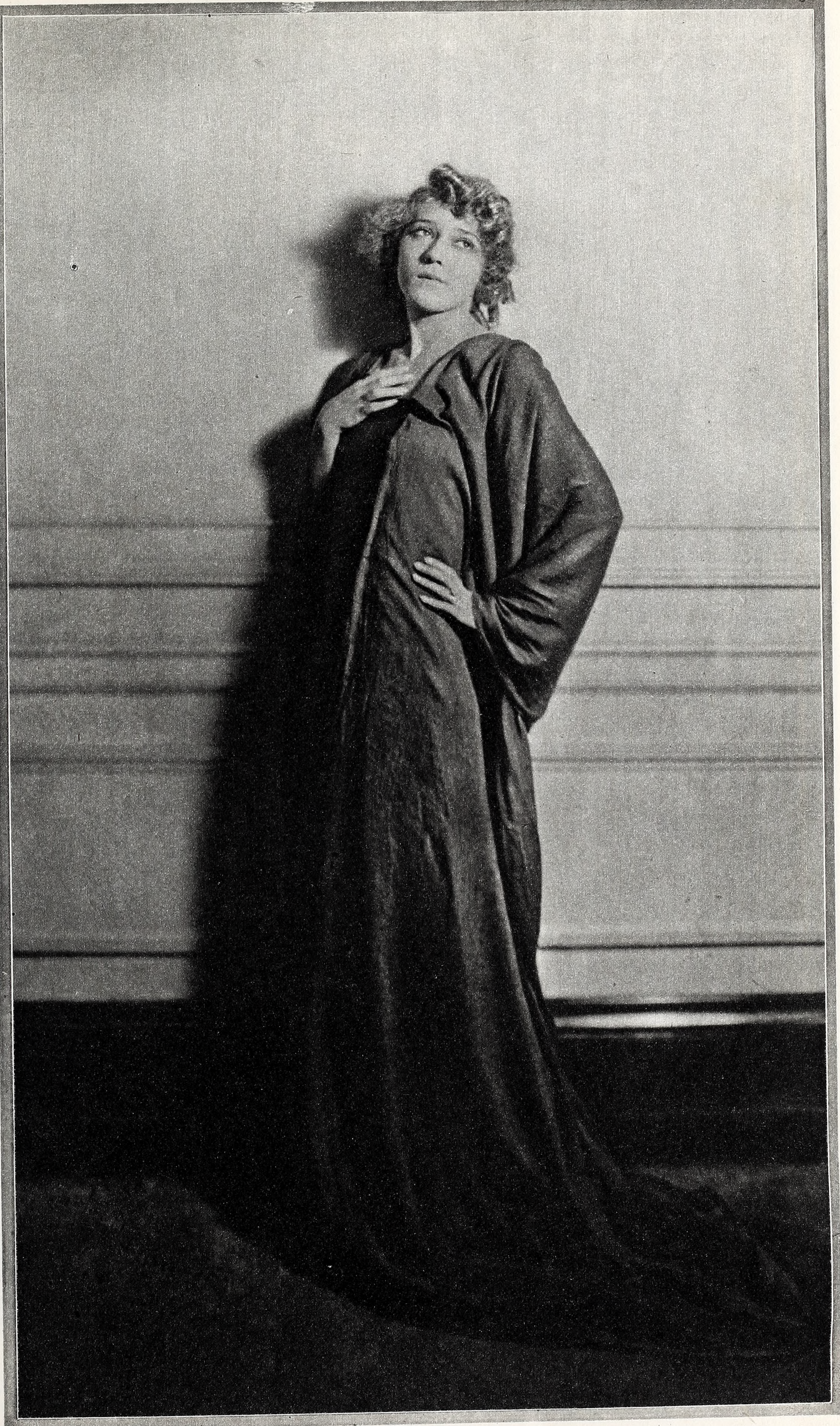
The screen has at least temporarily lost the picturesque Mme. Petrova, since the star is now doing a spoken play, "The Eighth Sin," which she wrote herself. So Mme. Petrova is likely to be absent from the silver-screen for at least a period. She was last seen in the films at the head of Petrova Feature Productions.





GERALDINE
FARRAR

Between the Metropolitan Opera House and the Goldwyn studios, Miss Farrar leads a busy life. Gerry, you know, is American thru and thru, Melrose, Mass., being her birthplace, and her father a baseball star—Sidney Farrar. Operatic triumphs came to Gerry after long training on the Continent. Now she's interested in the films almost as much as in opera.



MARY PICKFORD

About the hardest caption on earth to create is one for a portrait of little Mary. What new can be said of the little girl who won her way into the hearts of the world in the old Biograph days and who has held a position all her own ever since? Just one thing—*please*, come back to the screen soon!



ANNA Q. NILSSON

Anna bane born in Ystad, Sweden. We dont know how you pronounce it, but why try? Anna came over in 1908, walked down Riverside Drive, caught the eye of a discerning artist and was engaged on the spot as a model. She was the original Penrhyn Stanlaws girl. Then the films, via Kalem, won her over. Now she's with Metro



EVELYN NESBIT

Evelyn Nesbit is now a full-fledged Fox star, having given up vaudeville to devote her future to the celluloid drama. Miss Nesbit is hard-working and sincere—and we're going to watch her screen development with genuine interest. Her first Fox offering was "The Woman Who Gave."

"HAVE youse got a cigaret?" gently inquired the Pearl of many perils. With which we rattled back upon our shock-absorbers. We had been warned of Miss White's informality in interviews, but the question took our breath away.

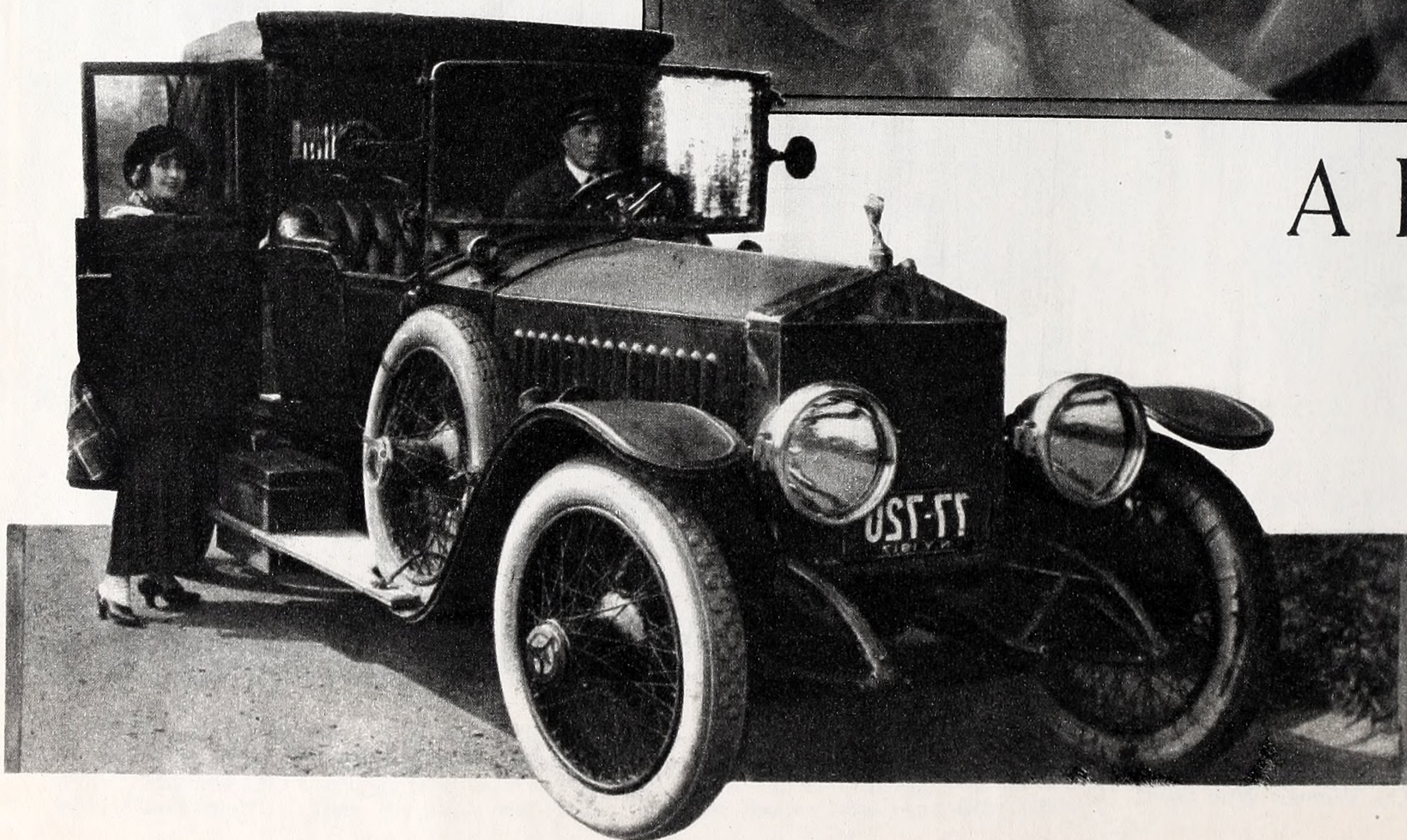
Right here, in all fairness to Pearl, we should present our findings. During the whole evening of our interview Miss White borrowed cigarets from studio workers and actors with splendid impartiality, and each request was couched in the Vassar English we have mentioned. But Miss White, we discovered, doesn't talk thusly because she knows no better. It's just an example of Pearl's unconventional sense of humor.

After observing Miss White in her numerous serials, one might suspect that to spend an evening in the studio with the star would be courting a rest in a nice, secluded white ward where they take your temperature every hour. In reality our evening with Miss White was quite uneventful, altho it was spent in the densest sort of jungle a studio staff can construct.

"What?" demanded Pearl, in response to our inquiry. "Dont you know South American when you see it? Get the asparagus and the wild rhubarb. It's no other than a suburb in Brazil."

Whatever it was, the rainy season was on. Mud was inches deep on the studio floor. Water-pipes drizzled above the scene, and scene-shifters, astride rafters, poured water from sprinkling-pots upon Pearl as she sought safety in a cave. Then along came Warner Oland, who, aided by some scoundrelly natives, piled a huge rock in front of the cave entrance. So there was Pearl a prisoner in the dark and damp interior, and—

"I want to act like the rest," confesses Miss White. "I've always done serials—and there is no acting in a serial. I want to emote. I know that the only three dramatic features I ever did were as rotten as they make 'em. But, darn it, I want to be an actress in spite of that!"



A Pearl

By FREDER

"What happens next?" we intimated anxiously.

"Search me," confessed Pearl, lighting a new cigaret. Then the director called Miss White back into the rain for some still pictures with the villainous Mr.

(Sixteen)



Miss White puffed at her cigaret. "The striking profile beneath the astonishingly, almost improbably, blonde hair, held us fascinated. "I'm writing a book on my life," she continued. "It's going to tell the truth—the whole truth—the first time a screen star ever did."

Miss White studied her cigaret. No affectation here, indeed, but an interesting example of the God of Celluloid in his most playful mood. How he must grin to reach down and distribute fame as he pleases.

We asked Miss White about her ambitions.

"Of course, I want to act like the rest," she responded. "I've always done serials—and there is no acting in a serial. You simply race thru the reels. Your dear old mother dies in a photoplay, and she takes 120 feet to do it. In a serial she gets 20 feet and has to step lively at that.

"I want to emote. Who doesn't? I know that the only three dramatic features I ever did were as rotten as they make 'em. They were the three most terrible plays ever done. Lord, but I was awful! One of them was

(Continued on page 72)

"Look at all the marriage flivvers," says Miss White. "No wedding bells for Pearl. You can't do it in the movies. I know how tired I am when I get home after periling all day. I'd pick a fight with St. Peter. No, it can't be did!"



ne Rough

ES SMITH

Dland, who promptly seized the star by the throat. "Look terrified, Miss White," admonished the director, and Pearl forthwith was properly terrified, altho she held her cigaret behind her, out of range of the camera. "Hurry up and shoot," calmly said Pearl, thru her look of frozen horror. It was astonishing, the easy way Miss White dropped into a dramatic pose without the slightest effort to question or feel the situation.

Then she returned and we sat in the mud. No one ever accused me of coming from a fine old Southern ancestral home, and I never gave up society when the films won me," confessed Miss White. "I came up from almost nothing, and I've struggled every inch of the way."

Desperate

By

hair is that fine blue-black texture that goes with heroes and not with villains and, instead of chasing the girl, the girl chase him. He lives in Los Angeles, California and the kingdom are rather out of date, his is there in the sun-filled days of this southern state where he has his home and his Stutz racer and the Los Angeles Athletic Club.

Of whom am I speaking?

William Desmond, of Triangle-Culver City fame, thru all that studio's palmy and failing days, and now of the Jesse D. Hampton organization of celluloidic planets. You see, back in the old days, when Bill Desmond was subsisting on the salary of a leading man in Morosco stock — and the admiring notes of matinee girls — his

ambition was to make a tour of the world. All his associates; actors, writers, artists, who lived out there in California, were quite used to Bill's monolog on "When I become wealthy I am going to travel all over the world."

A short time later Billy Desmond received a flattering offer to go to Australia and head a repertoire stock company in Sydney. Strangely enough, he was not especially jubilant over the idea, but as the engagement was for only six months and would give him a chance to take at least part of that world journey of his, Bill accepted, and the impending voyage was announced.

Then it was that Hirshfield of *The Los Angeles Examiner* drew the first of the series of cartoons known as "Desperate Desmond." He showed our friend Bill trailing all sorts of adventures in various countries, only he pictured him as the mustachioed villain and not as the clean-lipped hero.

The real Desmond isn't desperate at all — that is, he wasn't when I had



Bill Desmond is the original of Hirshfield's famous comedy series, "Desperate Desmond." It all came about thru Bill's love of adventure



DESPERATE Desmond! Do you know him? Tell me how do you picture him to yourselves? Tall? Thin? With long, drooping mustachios, always foiling the hero and chasing the girl around the world?

I thought so.

You are wrong, all wrong. The real, honest-to-goodness Desperate Desmond is of medium height, of well-filled muscular development, with a laugh in his dimples and a laugh in his eyes — blue, fringed with brown. And his voice has the ring of old Ireland in it; the cheer, enthusiasm, imagination and blarney of the old country. His

cheon with
recently on
hurried trip
New York
— except, he
s desperately
xious to get
ak to Cali-
onia.

Look what
New York has
ce to me," he
ad. "I have
er had a sick
a in my life,
n here I caught
bl. They have
et me rushing
und so madly,
etween side-
oping people I
ot want to see,
n searching for
se I do, that I
e scarcely had
hour with my
her, the real
son, outside of
iness, for my
. But I've al-
rs been like
at, always
nting to get
ak to Califor-
" he smiled,
esponsibly,
ch called for
ame of hide-
-seek from his
usually deep
ples.

After my Aus-
alian trip,
ich, by the
y, lasted two years instead of six
nths, and during which I played to
most enthusiastic audiences I ever
w, I opened in New York in 'The
w of the Land.' David Belasco no-
ed my work in this. At least he said
was pleased and offered me a three-
er contract. I refused it because I
nted to get back to California. Did you
r hear of a more idiotic young cub?
Every one says to me, 'Bill, you
ght to let me be your manager. What
ouldn't do with you! You haven't an
ice of business in your make-up.' I
ays admit their accusations cheer-
y. But I manage to get along some-
v without worrying over business de-
s. What's the use? I honestly and
ly love my work. I enjoy our Tues-
evening crowd that goes to Vernon
the prize-fights, our Saturday even-
s at the Los Angeles Athletic Club. I
e my car, and to race it at topnotch
ed over the beautiful California
ds. Should a man ask for still more
of life? I think not."



Desmond is hap-
py and carefree,
Irish and prodig-
al, generous to
a fault, loving life
and all its beau-
ties, never mor-
bid. His voice
has the ring of
old Ireland in it;
the cheer, enthu-
siasm, imagina-
tion and blarney
of the old coun-
try



"No, of course not," I said, "but you really should have more photographs sent to us poor editors, who tear our hair to try and publicize you for both our sakes. Why not have a set taken at your beautiful house?"

"My wife died just a year ago. The house is closed," he said. "I am managing to live in an apartment and at the club."

And then because he knew I was unhappy for thus having aired his secret sorrow, he entertained me with little anecdotes of his life, as only a born actor and an Irishman can:

"When Florence Reed and I were going out in the car to finish up the one picture I did here in New York, we got stalled and, as usual, a crowd of kids collected. One little urchin kept looking at me searchingly as he clambered over the mud-guards. His eyes grew larger and larger, until finally he burst out with, 'Gee, fellows, here's *Billiam* Desmond. Aren't you *Billiam* Desmond?' I nodded


(Continued on page 77)

Florence the Orient

that arrived in New York at seven in the morning, so as to be in time for a rehearsal at nine.

So Miss Reed's days consist of rehearsals all the morning at the theater. When the work comes to halt, she jumps into her limousine and sets forth without further parley for the studio, where she remains till her schedule is fulfilled. It varies from five o'clock in the afternoon till two o'clock in the morning.

In the usual course of events that would



You probably think that it is a difficult matter to find Florence Reed, because anybody who knows anything about the stage or the screen at all knows that Miss Reed is always just as busy as any one person can possibly be. But a very remarkable thing about Miss Reed is that she can always find time for anything she wants to do or for anything that she thinks she really ought to do.

Perhaps these last two months before our chat are about the busiest that she has yet experienced. In the first place, she had just completed her engagement in Philadelphia with "Chu Chin Chow," in which she played the leading rôle last season and inaugurated this one upon her return from a rest in her country place in Maine. In the second place, she was rehearsing for her new play, "The Road to Destiny," in which she is being starred by A. H. Woods. And, as if that were not a sufficient task in itself, she was making a moving picture in betimes. And just to show that she never forgets her old friends, when "Chu Chin Chow" opened in Boston, she sandwiched in a trip to that staid city and remained long enough to give three performances of Zahrat before returning on a train

Miss Reed loves good books, good plays, good music, Charlie Chaplin and being busy. And she's tired of playing vampires



By AILEEN ST. JOHN-
BRENON

constitute a day's work for any
ad-working woman, and no one
ould be surprised if the answer
s "No!" to any suggestion of
rther demands to be put upon
e time. But, as it was observed
t a few paragraphs ago, Miss
ed always finds time for any-
ng she wants to do or for any-
ng that she is convinced that she
elly ought to do.

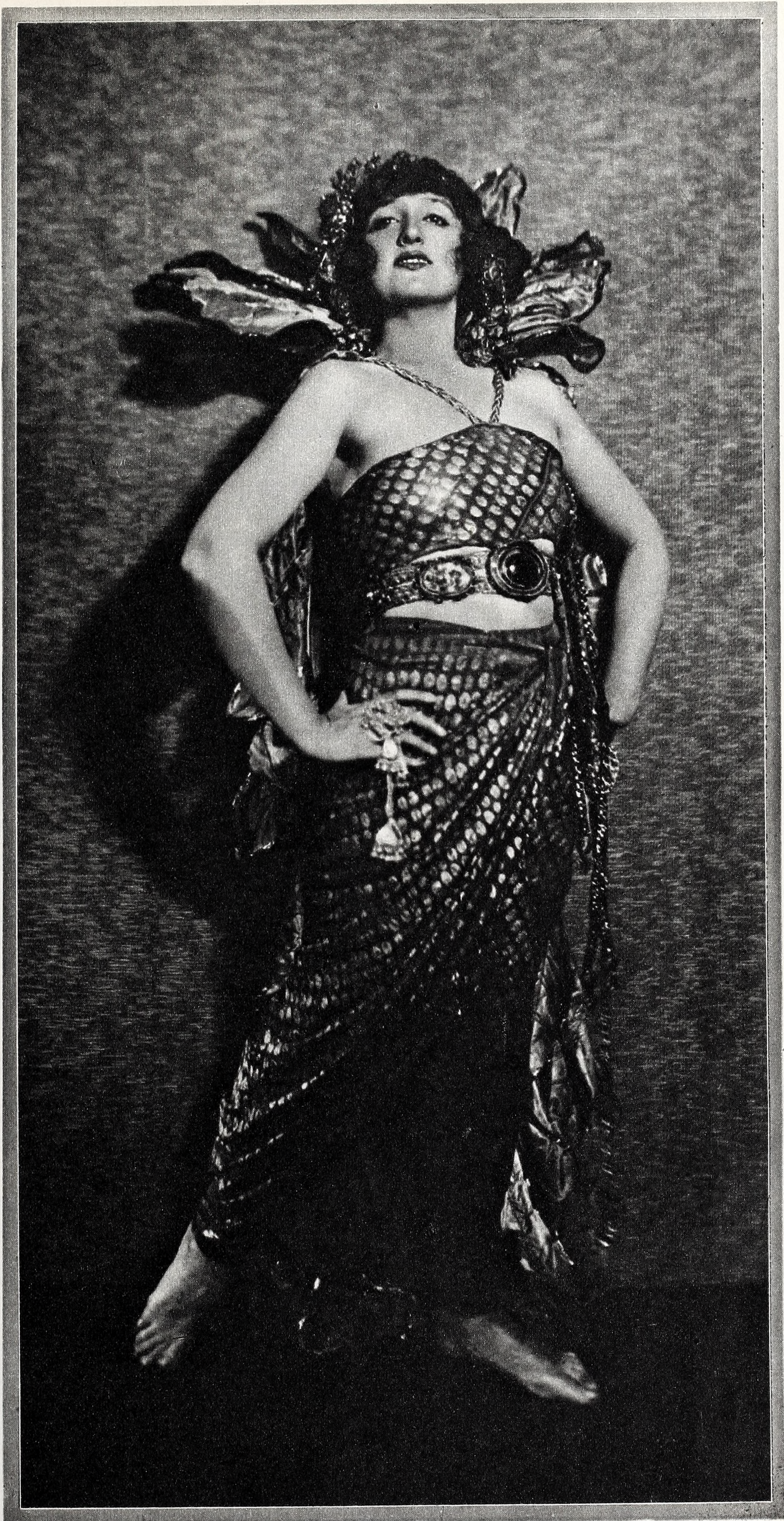
For instance, when she was asked
short time ago for an interview,
n answer came over the wire, as
cdial as you please, "Why, cer-
ally. When would you like to
e it? My time is yours. Name
hour you like."

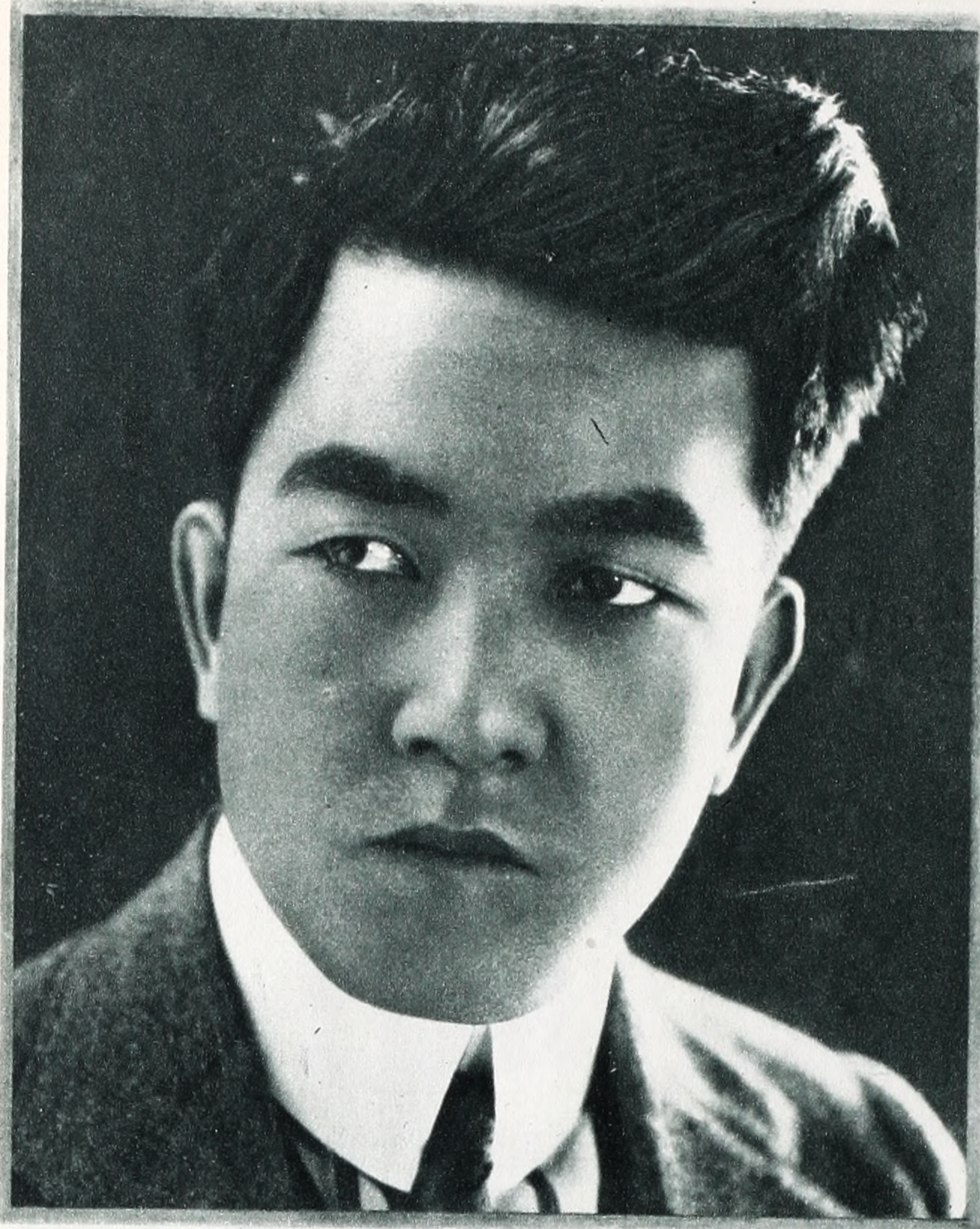
It was then eight o'clock in the
ning. Miss Reed explained that
had just come home from the
dio. It was one of her early
nings, she said. For the last
r nights her work at the studio
t kept her until long after mid-
nt. But she was glad to have a
et evening to herself, she said.
gave her an opportunity to study
part for her play. About the
erview, she asked when it
uld take place.

Miss Reed proceeded to give an
line of her plans for the follow-
day. Hickson's at eight-thirty,
s to start the morning's routine.
t Hickson's has never been
own to open until nine o'clock,
a say. It has never been known
the history of that honorable
use that it pulled its sashes up
d dusted its doorstep until that
ur, and how is it possible that
ss Reed was to have a fitting at
e ungodly stroke of eight-thirty?
"Yes, Hickson's at eight-thirty,"
ss Reed repeated. "The night
tchman has been warned, so that
en I appear on the threshold I
ll not be arrested for attempted
rglary or as a suspicious-looking
aracter lurking outside a busi-
ss establishment at an ungodly
ur, and the fitters have been told
set their alarm clocks for an
rlier hour, so that there is no
doubt that all will be in readiness
the time I arrive. From there I
go to the theater for rehearsal. As
soon as that is over there will be
a few minutes to spare while I drive
from the theater to the studio,
which is just a few streets away.
There is not much time in between
scenes, because

time is so valu-
able these days,
Continued on
page 69)

Miss Reed as the
picturesque Zahrat
in "Chu Chin
Chow"





Sessue

Hayakawa Is the Proud Old Japanese (C) with the Manners of Modern American

THE barometer had been falling all afternoon. The office of the watch was in his oilskins. Everything movable on the deck had been lashed down. The ship was struggling and groaning in the grip of a Chinese typhoon.

The lieutenant on the bridge turned to a little midshipman standing at his side and shouted something to him in Japanese.

The little fellow saluted and struggled along the bridge thru the spray and into the teeth of the wind, out over the rail and onto the rigging. With the old training ship rolling like a sick thing in the sea, first on her port beam ends and then on the starboard, her topmasts whirring with frightful velocity across the long arc as the ship rolled, the little midshipman made his slow and difficult way up the mast.

The little midshipman was Sessue Hayakawa, the Japanese picture star, and that is the stuff he was raised on. No wonder that he knows how to look stern!

I have known a lot of motion picture actors, but I have never known any other one so well worth knowing as Hayakawa.

He is a quaint mixture of actor, philosopher, athlete, poet and navy officer.

To my mind he is one of the best actors on the screen, but I think that his heart is somewhere out on a battleship, where the big guns are frowning out of the forward turrets and the sea is streaming green down thru the scuppers. To paraphrase Kipling, "Once you've heard the sea a-calling, you won't ever heed ought else."

Not long ago they were putting on a picture at Hayakawa's studio in Los Angeles. The exuberant scenario writer had provided a situation which called for a council of Japanese notables, one of whom was to be the Mikado.

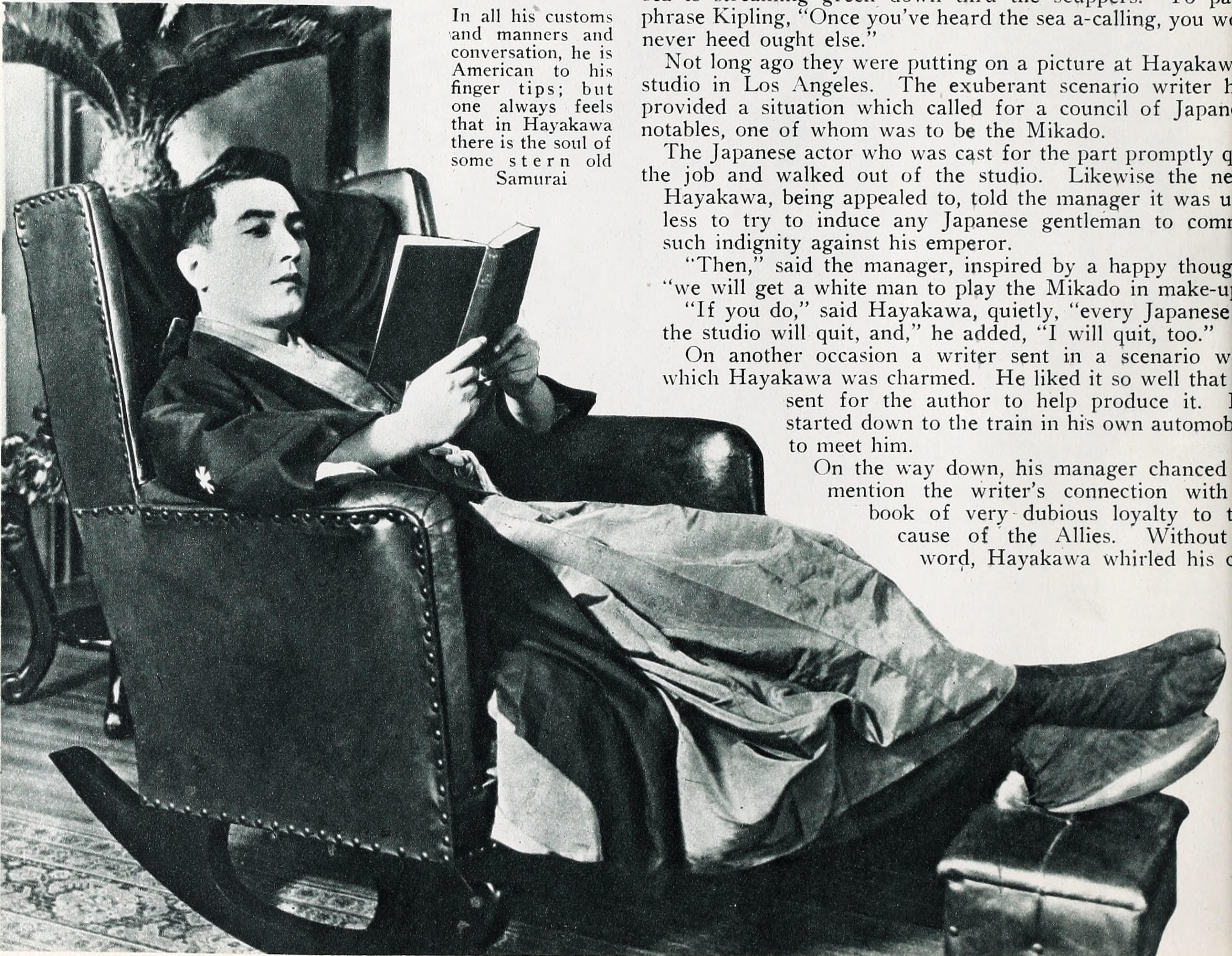
The Japanese actor who was cast for the part promptly quit the job and walked out of the studio. Likewise the next day Hayakawa, being appealed to, told the manager it was useless to try to induce any Japanese gentleman to commit such indignity against his emperor.

"Then," said the manager, inspired by a happy thought, "we will get a white man to play the Mikado in make-up."

"If you do," said Hayakawa, quietly, "every Japanese in the studio will quit, and," he added, "I will quit, too."

On another occasion a writer sent in a scenario with which Hayakawa was charmed. He liked it so well that he sent for the author to help produce it. He started down to the train in his own automobile to meet him.

On the way down, his manager chanced to mention the writer's connection with a book of very dubious loyalty to the cause of the Allies. Without a word, Hayakawa whirled his car



In all his customs and manners, he is American to his finger tips; but one always feels that in Hayakawa there is the soul of some stern old Samurai

the Samurai

By HARRY C. CARR

around almost in its tracks and went back. So far as is known the re-creant author is still waiting.

Like most sailors, Hayakawa is taciturn and economical of words. If he likes you he will turn sometimes to you, as he watches a set, and, in about twenty words, say something you will remember all your life.

The other night we were down in Chinatown, where he was putting on a scene. The queer half-lights were casting gaunt, haggard shadows thru the little, whispering alleys of the quarter. Queer old figures that looked like ivory carvings peered out
(Continued on page 68)

We see Hayakawa as an American, with golf sticks poking out of the tonneau of his car; but beyond I see old Samurai temples and queer Samurai swords, strange aromas of Oriental perfumes



Where There's an Alice Brady There's a Way

THE strains of a fox-trot floated to us. The ripple of laughter, the ends and chips of retorts came, too. Now and then a maid would pass, offering refreshments; or a khaki-clad chap would come searching, with, "Alice! Alice! Where art thou?" only to be sweetly dismissed—as this was Miss Brady's first frolic in oh! ever so long, and I wanted to find out how she could have tolerated the seriousness of her career.

"Yes," Miss Brady told me, as she nestled into the cushions of the alcove to where I had kidnapped her, "this is my first play in three years! It was becoming rather tiresome, I'll admit, getting off to the studios early in the morning; working, working, working until six o'clock before the camera; rushing home, gulping down dinner (how Dad loved that!), hurrying to the theater, and after making up all over again, and playing Jennie, coming



"I forget about time," says Miss Brady; "I bury myself, because I am so interested and I care for it so very, very much. Really, those are the things that count—fascination and absorption"



straight here to the apartment—and bed.

"Of course, now and then there was a dance, and once in a while a little fun. But I had to get a reasonable amount of rest for my long day's work; and somehow, never until now had I realized that 'rest' and 'diversion' go hand-in-hand. I never had time—or, that is, I never *made* time, because, as you know. I took this all upon me—myself—to go to the playhouse, or to see a movie, or to read a jolly book. Even my shopping was done over the telephone, and all my marketing attended to by the maids.

"It all reminds me of George Ade and one of his fables. Something like six years ago (before I had decided to go on the stage and *work*), I remember reading one of his lovable stories, and then (the flash of Alice Brady dimples) taking this away with me:

"'Early to bed,
And early to rise,
And you meet very few prominent people.'"

"But you are so young, so vivacious, so *normal*," I plaintified. "Didn't you mind it?"

"No," she replied to my perfectly natural question, "I did not seem to notice it at all. I am strong and healthy, and I love to work. Besides, these are not the times when one can permit oneself to think of living a 'cushie' existence. The issue is *fight or work*. If I cannot throw hand-grenades for the boys, if I cannot suffer cooties with them, if I cannot help them capture a Hun, then the bit and the best I can do is *waste no time*. Every minute should be occupied. Every minute *can* be occupied. It is not difficult to get into the habit of doing. Where there's a will there's a way.

"In fact, it has only been lately, when Dad begins to scold me, and then plead with me, that I have been considering relaxation. He is begging me to take a month's vacation. He claims that the least I can do is to compromise my routine for that short while by giving up the picture work and just playing in 'Forever After.' But not only do I guess—I *know*—that lounging around all day, doing nothing, would completely frazzle my nerves." (A bright smile—and the dimples, of course.) "I forget about time. I bury myself, because I am so interested. And I care for it so very, very much.

"For really those are the things that count—fascination and absorption. It is because school lacked that for me that I left when I was seventeen. I did not like it. It is for that reason, too, that Dad's hopes for me being in grand opera were crushed. I had studied to be a singer, but I did not care for that field, either. I had always had a desire to go on the stage, and I believe that when a person wants to do something with all his heart and soul nothing on earth can prevent him! It was that way with me. Dad was terribly opposed

(Continued on page 70)



"The celluloid world is hard and heartless," confesses Miss Brady. "It demands youth first—then beauty. Because of my silly, irregular features, I have to work a great deal harder. You cannot imagine how many disappointments my nose has caused me."



Billie Rhodes—Circus Girl

Billie Rhodes' second feature picture, "The Springtime of Youth," and the music was for the purpose of coaxing tears from performers, instead of money from observers. The beautiful young girl in the blue serge dress was, of course, Billie.

This was on Monday, the thirtieth of September—the most eventful day of her life. Eventful because it saw the opening of her first feature and the beginning of stardom. In the light

of this the circus faded into nothingness. In fact, she was paying so little attention to the action that, during rehearsal, while the rest of the cast was in tears, she absent-mindedly smiled. But, when the camera started clicking, she cried realistically and beautifully. No mere personal matter can cause a real moving picture actress to cheat the camera any more than it could cause a

She is a restless little thing, is Billie Rhodes. Perhaps this is the most noticeable thing about her. They say that she will not live in any one house longer than six months if she can help it, and she admits cheerfully that she changes her mind about every two minutes



THE scene was a circus tent on a lot in Hollywood.

You would have missed the popcorn crisp, and the pink lemonade, and the "barkers." Elephants, too, and lions and tigers were conspicuous by their absence.

But the tent was there, with its sawdust floor, and at the entrance stood the bearded lady and the clown and the strong man, and the bare-back rider and the lady acrobat. They were saying good-bye to one of their number, a beautiful young girl in a blue serge dress, who was leaving them for riches and a life of ease.

Every one, including the bearded lady, was in tears, while, off to the side of the tent, where they could not be seen, two men in shirt-sleeves played "This Is the End of a Perfect Day" on a 'cello and hand-organ. (You would hardly call that circus music.) However, with the exception of these few minor details, it all looked very real. It was real, too, for the time being.

Wilfred Lucas was making a scene for

ELIZABETH PELTRET

"trouper" worthy of the name to quit in the face of an audience.

At the same time—"I can't get my mind on anything," Billie Rhodes admitted, when the scene was over. On the way to the studio she had stopped her machine in the middle of the street, and hadn't noticed that she wasn't moving until she heard some one laugh.

"Will tonight be the first time you've had your name in electric lights?" I asked.

She nodded. She was to make a personal appearance also.

"I feel a little sick," she remarked.

"Scared almost to death," said the "strong man."

"I'm not scared," she answered, indignantly; "I'm just excited, and it's hot, and I can't get my mind on anything."

I told her that I had passed the theater on my way out and that the sign was



Billie has six brothers and three sisters, all living. She calls her family "the biggest show on earth"

very good-looking. It was, too. Her name is a short one and so is easily played up. She asked what pictures were in the lobby. It was entirely the natural thing for her to say.

I think that "The Springtime of Youth" is a good title for one of her pictures. It fits her personality so completely.

I saw her again the next day, after the ordeal of her personal appearance was over. Everything had gone splendidly and the audience had liked the picture. She was very happy and still quite excited. This time the circus atmosphere was more pronounced. The 'cello and hand-organ were playing real circus music, and around the edge of the lot had gathered little groups of youngsters.

Every one was in a humor for work, and so the action moved quickly and smoothly. It was half-past one before the company stopped for lunch, and then you would have felt that Billie Rhodes carried the circus with her to her dressing-room.

She is a restless little thing, is Billie Rhodes. Perhaps this is the most noticeable thing about her. "They" say that she will not live in any one house longer than six months if she can help it, and she admits cheerfully that she changes her mind about every two minutes. (Continued on page 74)

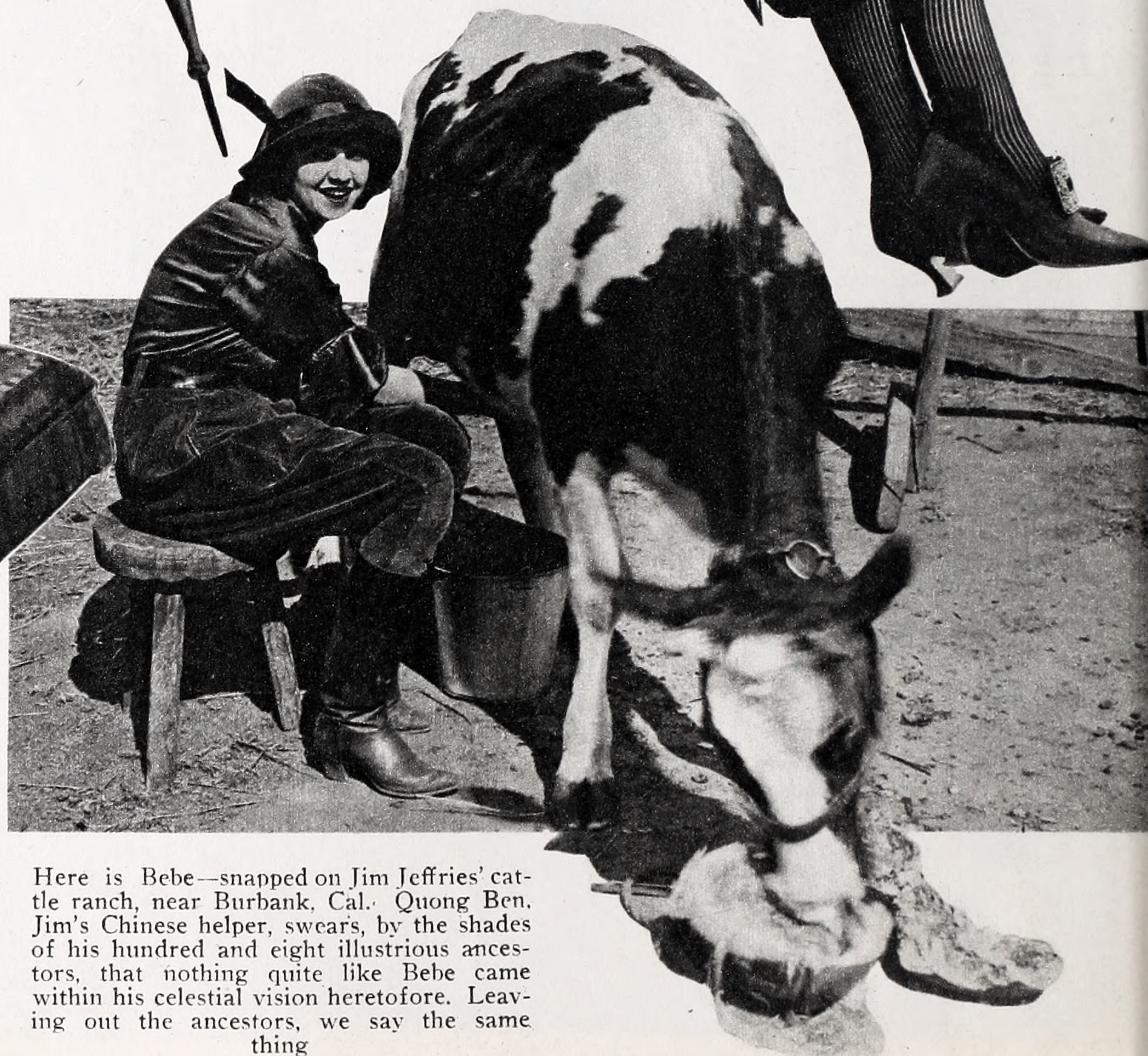
So Toils the Busy Little Bebe



"Weighed and found wanting!" Not when it comes to little Bebe Daniels, Harold Lloyd's leading lady in Rolin-Pathé comedies. Even plus shopping-bag and umbrella, Bebe just tops the scales at — But that would be telling. By simply removing your gaze from the Bebe person to the dial, you can gather the information yourself



Here we have Bebe glancing over her fan mail. Thirteen proposals of marriage and an offer to name a new brand of perfume after her! Such is celluloid fame!



Here is Bebe—snapped on Jim Jeffries' cattle ranch, near Burbank, Cal. Quong Ben, Jim's Chinese helper, swears, by the shades of his hundred and eight illustrious ancestors, that nothing quite like Bebe came within his celestial vision heretofore. Leaving out the ancestors, we say the same thing

Holt—Who Goes There?

In This Case It's Jack, the Fascinating Scoundrel of the Silversheet

By MARY KEANE TAYLOR

JACK HOLT may be a villain on the screen, but off——! I formed my opinion while we prowled about the Lasky stage-sets, trying to locate a cozy corner away from cowboys, villains, pretty girls in evening frocks and scores of directors and scene-shifters.

First—Holt has lived almost as adventurous a career as any of the fascinating scoundrels he plays on the silversheet.

Mr. Holt's father was a minister in ole Virginia, so that's a far cry from the footlights. Son Jack took the route gradually, for his dad insisted on a col-

lege education, and the boy studied civil engineering. Before graduation he was asked to assume control of the engineering end of a mining proposition in Alaska. He stayed up there a long time, not at all interested in his vocation, feeling always that there was something bigger for him, something which would develop into a loved hobby. However, he made good use of his time, studied types, wrote down some of his impressions, thinking they might come in handy some day, and was sorry to leave the queer, rough



friends whom he had made in that desolate section of Alaska.

Desolate? Ugh! The word makes one shiver—at least a Californian feels tempted to ask about climate, and I rushed in where angels fear to travel in a flivver, anxiously asking, "Didn't you just *hate* the cold weather in Alaska?"

Holt's father was a minister in ole Virginia, a far cry from the movies. Jack was up in Alaska for a long time as a mining engineer

"Hark to a solemn confession," said Holt. "I've

felt colder right here in advertised California than I ever did in that north country. There's such a deadly chill in the atmosphere here after sundown, the houses in winter seem to become veritable morgues overnight when the fires are out, but up there one wears furs and woolens, always remembering to don garments which prevent perspiration. It's the latter that makes for chill. Of course, you don't *look down* on a stove, metaphorically speaking; in fact, you have been known to get on most intimate terms with it, especially at night, when there's nothing to do but swap tales around its cheerful sputter."

"Did you drift right into pictures after leaving Alaska?"

"No, indeed. I was a cow-puncher and

(Continued on page 66)

Cutting the Gordon Knot

Kitty Gordon is now starring under the United Picture Theaters banner, having some time since migrated from World Film. Herewith are some new photographic studies of the statuesque star



Have a Hart! Might As Well—He Has— And Plenty of It

By FAITH SERVICE

SOME folks take a sort of joy in upsetting the preconceived notions of other folks. I do. I'm going to have the time of my life upsetting *your* preconceived notions of Bill Hart—you know, Big Bill—the Westerner—you know . . . I'm going to have an especially fine time, because the new notion—nothing notional

about it, either—is so much human—nicer than the aforementioned preconception.

A person doesn't interview Bill Hart. Not by a gun-full! On the contrary, he smokes a big, black segar, calls you "ma'am," asks you where you went to school, and just talks on, quietly and genially, till it comes to you, albeit unpleasantly, that you have overstayed and, then considerable, the prescribed length of time for an interview. Whereupon you reluctantly depart whether you want to or not—and it's *not*.

If I didn't interview Bill Hart, then I don't know what I *did* do—that is, I know what I did, all right—but I don't know just what to call it. But—"it" was at the Astor. Right here you get, or you should get, your first shock. Bill Hart—"Blue Blazes Rawdon," "The Border Wireless"—you know—in the Astor! Seeming incongruity, according to your preconceived notions, but not at all, not at all! *You're* all wrong. It's not the Astor that's wrong—not even the combination of the Astor and Bill Hart. It's your preconception that's doing the damage. But then, I thought the same—before. I thought: "The Astor! Absurd! It should be, if it must be Bagdad-on-the-Subway at all, the Zoo, or the parkiest part of Central Park, or the wild wastes of the Bronx—anywhere—not the Astor and its ilk. My preconception didn't run according to a specification. If it had, I should say that I kinder expected him to come galloping down the velvet-shod corridor on a buckin' bronch, brandishing a brace of pistols and yelling wildly. At the least, I looked for a sombrero. Instead of which—

I entered a correct suite. A correct personage, extra tall, advanced to meet me, with correctly outstretched hand. "Gawdamighty!" thought I. "Can this be the *right* hotel, but the *wrong* suite?" Then I looked, and was reassured. There was no sombrero. There was no buckin' bronch.

But the *Bill Hart* eyes met mine. The Bill Hart eyes are *there*. They looked at me as they look at you and me from out the silver-screen. And the grim, somehow likable mouth—and the high cheek-bones, and the infrequent smile— But—correct tailoring, easily carried—well-cared for, potent hands—sleek hair—a voice so quiet as to be almost indistinguishable at times—a manner rather weary—

And *now*—hold your ears! I'm going to let off some telling shots in rapid succession: *Women are his greatest weakness—admittedly.* What do you know about that? Woman-hater and all the things he has been called, too! (Bill, this is letting you in for a lot, I fear. Better hire an extra secretary!)

He isn't bashful!

Because he is neither histrionic, a posetr nor a publicity shark—because he speaks natural, lives normal, works hard, says but little and says that little well,

he has probably acquired the timidity reputation.

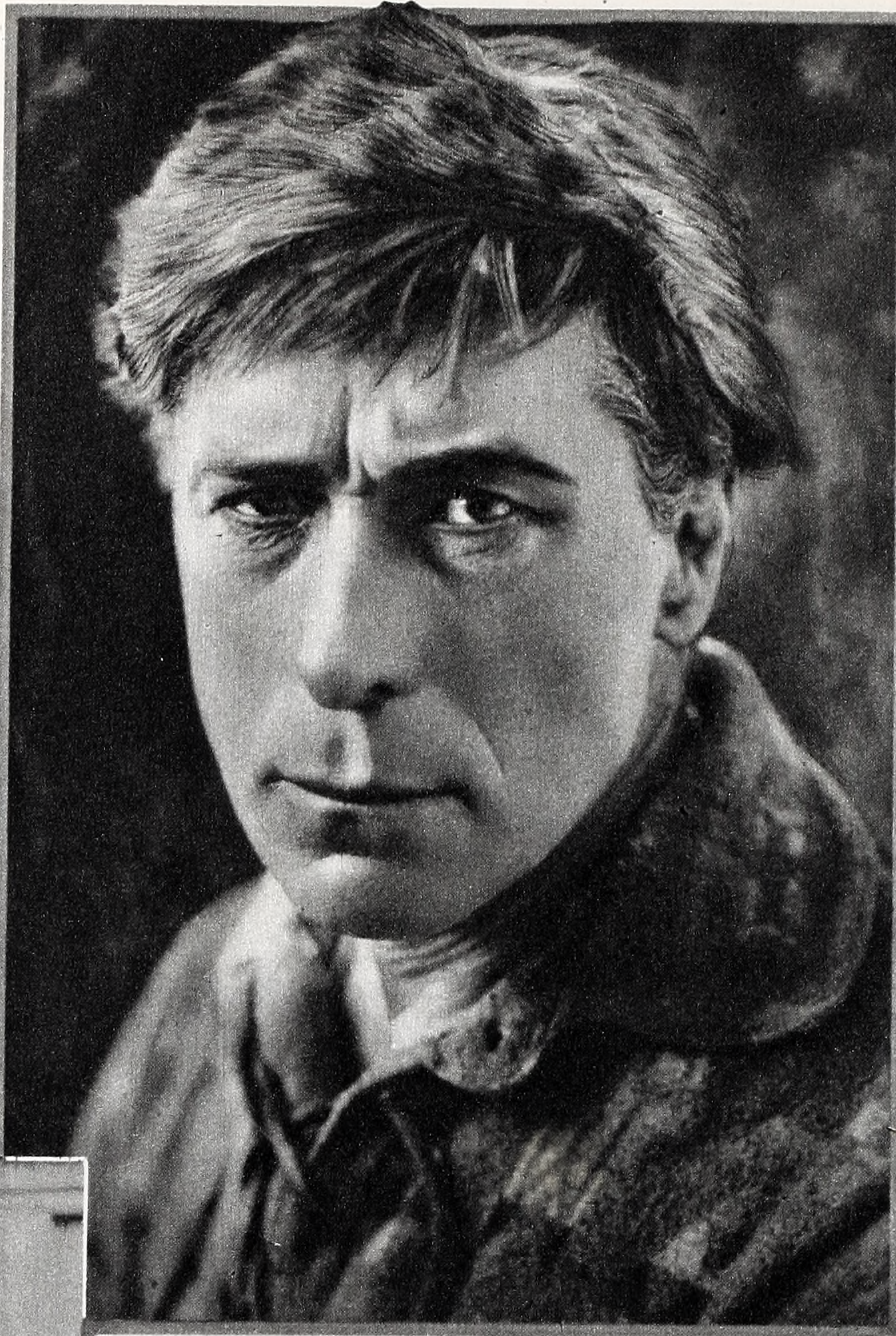
He loves the publicity end of it—the recognition—the acclaim—the gladness his presence brings.

He's real. Whatever else he is, or isn't, he's *that*—essentially that. And so, of course, he loves it. What normal human wouldn't? "Only that I fear I fall short—that I don't measure up—don't deserve it," he says.

And as for this woman-hating business—not he! "I fall so hard for 'em," he says, "I fracture my skull!"

He thinks a woman is the most sacred thing on earth—that a man who is married to the woman he loves—kiddies and home—is the-to-be-envied of kings and potentates—and he's going to get himself into that enviable state just as soon as he finds *her*. Also, he's going to give her everything he possibly can of tenderness and devotion—of protection and care—and all he asks in return is—*loyalty*. And he snapped out the word loyalty with the characteristic narrowing of the eyes.

There need be no specific type. "That would be impos-



Bill confesses that he isn't bashful, that women are his greatest weakness and that he's going to get married as soon as he finds *Her*. . . . And she may even use *Poudre Riz* and prefer a limousine to a mustang

about 'em. "I wouldn't mind," he says, "being criticized as an actor, but my hair just would stand on end if I should be criticized as a *horseman*. Because, ma'am, if there's one thing on earth I *do* know, it's horses. I understand them and they understand me. No horse has ever thrown me since I was fifteen, and I've never hurt one. We just get along, that's all."

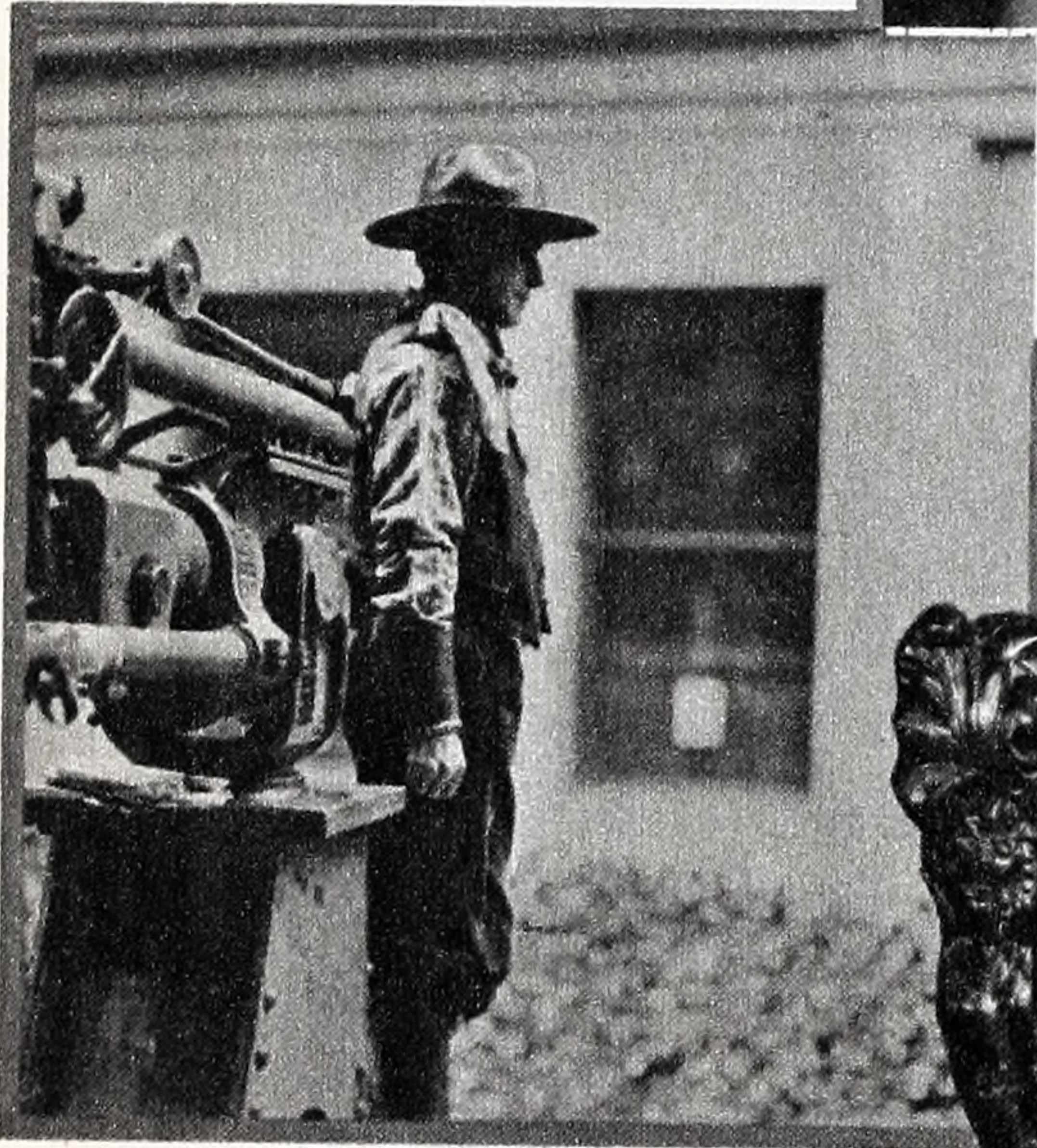
At the expiration of his contract he's going to take a rest. The first in four years of, as we know, pretty strenuous Western stuff. And he *is*, even as he says, mighty tired. He looks it, and he acts it. "I could stand a long rest," he said, "a very long one. I'm going into the heart of New Mexico, with my horse and my dog and some books, and pitch my tent. There'll be no one to call me in the morning—no one to call *on* me at night. I'll sleep under the stars and dream under the sun—and together they'll give me back my really remarkable recuperative pow-

ers. It will do me a lot of good. I need it—need it badly."

Now, taking him by and large, is or is not your preconceived notion of him rather upset? Did you expect just this gentleness of him? This quietude? This grooming? And whether you did or didn't, don't you altogether like it? Isn't it much nicer, much finer, much humaner, than a rabid, rather histrionic personage with an abhorrence for women and a persistent woolly Westernness? Not that he isn't the West. He is. He is the best of it. He is the very heart of the West, tempered to the East. He is the true cosmopolite at heart—with so much of humanity

Bill Hart is the impossible meeting of the East and West. He is Blue Blazer Rawdon and likewise Mr. William Hart, Hotel Astor, New York

within himself that he can take on, be one of, all phases of humanity, wherever the locale. (Continued on page 80)



sible for any one to say," declared Bill; "it's that indescribable something totally unnamable. She needn't be any particular variety, so long as I love her."

A snapshot of Bill in Wall Street, upon his last Liberty Loan tour

So, you see, she needn't be one of the dareless daredevils—ride unblazed trails before breakfast—be indefatigable—and all that. She might even use *Poudre Riz* and prefer a limousine to a mustang. In fact, she could. He told me so.

Women apart, however, despite my rigid adherence to this so fascinating topic, he showed a somewhat strenuous desire to talk about *horses*, which topic, being a woman, was not quite so intriguing to me. Bill Hart, irreproachably tailored, and conversing feministically, was *too* anomalously fascinating. However . . . he does love horses, almost inordinately, and he loves to talk



The Hope Chest

Fictionized by Janet Reid from the Scenario of M. M. Stearns, based on Mark Lee Luther's story published by the Woman's Home Companion

If you are in, say your twenties, and are of the sterner sex, you have heard of the B. & S. Sweetshops—and you haven't heard of them because of their *edible* sweets, either. You have heard of them, you have visited them, because of the tempting femininities fantastically set forth to seduce the eye. You have entered to come away clutching, according to your means, epicurean boxes of epicurean sugar contrivances, and you have left behind not only a goodly portion of your purse, but likewise of your heart. Some one, it might have been B and it might have been S, or it might have been the two together, hit upon the happy idea that sugar confections should be set forth by *feminine* confections, and thereby made some cool and casual millions.

They made of their shops palaces of delight, with bon-bons that were fantasies of sugar and girls made of rose-leaves and dreams. Then they flung open their doors, and the youths flocked in like bees to a honeyed hive.

What happens to the least happens likewise to the greatest. It happened to Tom Ballantine, whose dotting male parent was the B. in B. & S. A capital B at that. Likewise was he the promulgator of the Great Idea. "Only employ beauties," he told his managers; "Brinkleys, Gibsons, Harrison Fishers—*dreams*, you understand. Make it sweet enough to the eye and to the tooth, and the boys'll come . . . they'll come . . . and come to stay."

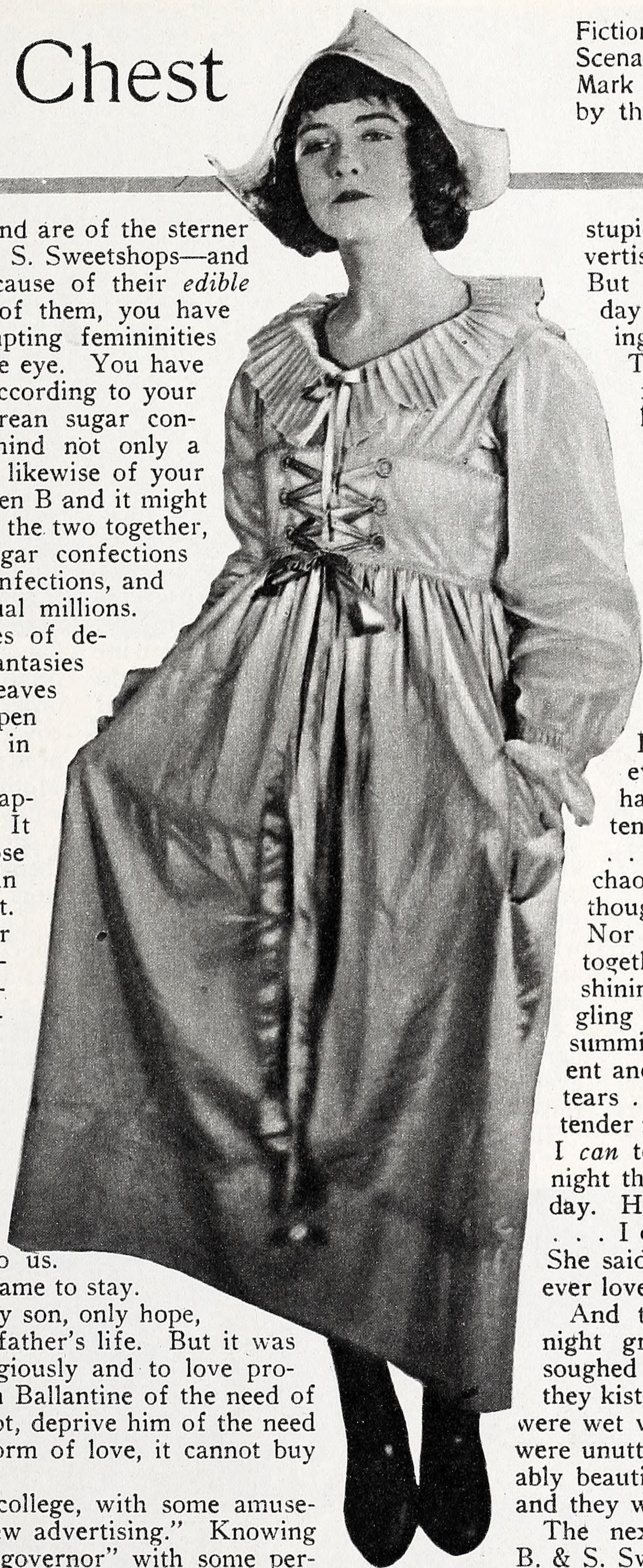
Never a rule but it works both ways. Never do we make one that we expect to apply to ourselves or to those who belong to us.

But one boy certainly came—and came to stay. That boy was Tom Ballantine, only son, only hope, pride and pervading spirit of his father's life. But it was a Ballantine trait—to work prodigiously and to love prodigiously. Life had deprived Tom Ballantine of the need of working. It had not, and could not, deprive him of the need of loving. Money can buy the form of love, it cannot buy the need of it.

Tom Ballantine had heard, at college, with some amusement of what he called "Dad's new advertising." Knowing his confrères, he accredited the "governor" with some perspicuity. No doubt many a long-forgotten, juvenile sweet tooth would once more become prominent. Pretty soft, having beautiful girls gathered for one. Dad was become something of a philanthropist.

It became rumored about that of all the B. & S. Sweetshops, the big one at Atlantic City was the most delectable, in many ways. Tom Ballantine went down to the Marlborough for a brief trip after his strenuous year and, nonchalantly, dropped into the B. & S. one peculiarly balmy afternoon, merely for the unaccustomed want of something better to do.

It was an exceedingly balmy afternoon, as he was ever after to recall. The air was warm with spring and strong of salt, and as he entered the B. & S. it swam before him with the sweetness of flowers and the delicacies of extracts of perfume. Altogether, Tom Ballantine had a sense of the impending, tho what could impend by merely entering one of his father's



stupidly commercial string of blatantly advertised stores was more than he could reason. But then, he didn't reason. It was not a day for reasoning. It was a day for drifting . . . a day for . . . loving . . .

This idea came to him, and his young face crimsoned, and his young pulses hammered and, because he was so unaccountably stirred, he stood rather stupidly in the rose-tiled center of his father's shop, and something—some one—wafted up to him and made the perfumes all about him sigh and bestir themselves . . . and all at once he knew why he had had these thoughts . . . why he had come . . . why the air was as it was . . . just why he had been born . . .

I cant describe those next moments. I dont need to—if you are young. Nor even if you are old in years but never have forgotten. That soft fever . . . tender delirium . . . eyes meeting eyes . . . and clinging . . . swift breaths . . . chaotic words . . . moments fleeter than thoughts . . . eternities in moments . . .

Nor even that twilight, sitting very close together on the dimming boardwalk, eyes shining out of the gloaming, breaths struggling with the fanning air, and "I love you" summing up the total of existence, past, present and to be . . . soft laughter . . . softer tears . . . stuff o' dreams . . . the poignant, tender mystery of youth in its first love . . .

I can tell you that when they separated that night they had decided to be married the next day. He said: "I cant live without you, Sheila . . . I cant . . . I cant . . ."

She said: "I love you more than any one has ever loved before!"

And they held each other close while the night grew wild above them, and the surf soughed and drew away at their feet, and when they kist, more wildly than the night, their faces were wet with a saltier stuff than the sea. They were unutterably happy. And it was all unutterably beautiful. A miracle had come upon them, and they were set apart.

The next morning Sheila didn't go to the B. & S. Sweetshop. Tom had told her not to go there again. And she had the curious feeling that she wanted to be by herself, wanted to think, to realize it, to believe in it. She found that she couldn't, that her mind shied away from it as from something past all thinking.

After a while she came to a small vaudeville theater, and abruptly she came back to realities. Lew Pam was billed there, and Lew Pam was her Daddy. There is a great deal of difference in being one's *father* and one's Daddy. Lew Pam might be said not to have made good as regards the world in general—in the loving heart of his "little girl" he had made *more* than good.

Sheila didn't remember much about her mother, save that she had taught school, had been a lady, and had left her small daughter an exquisite old hope chest, quaintly and beautifully carved and filled with fairy garments woven of the translucences of moonlight, the ephemeralness of stardust, priceless, timeless exquisite.



Twilight, sitting very close together on the dimming boardwalk, eyes shining out of the gloaming, breaths struggling with the fanning air, an "I love you."

hotel beds, heard her, with a mother's patience, stumble thru her prayers, brought her crude, impossible toys, decorated her Xmas tree, sacrificed for her and greatly loved her. Little things . . . but big enough to break the heart of pity when the warm hearts who do them are no more.

Lew Pam had decided to be "no more" for Sheila as soon as she was moderately well schooled and independent. He knew his own failing. He knew that he had not, and never would, make good. He knew that he could never be an object of pride to the beautiful woman his "little girl" had grown to be. There were times when he felt glad her mother had died. Her disappointment in him would have been a frightful thing to him. Sheila was a lady, and the world would find it out. Lew Pam believed in the world. He thought it pretty much on the level. He believed in it if it hadn't altogether believed in him. Nevertheless, when Sheila came to him, last night, an aftermath of glory on her young and glorious face, came to him and told him that the son of the B in B. & S. had asked her to marry him, go away with him, that she loved him . . . oh, *hard* . . . Lew Pam took his second-rate, not-much-account self and promptly and for all time shelved it. "You mustn't bring me in," he commanded, some of the long-ago, very occasional "Daddy" peremptoriness in his voice; "if you are happy, I am happy. If you're not, I'm not. You're going to have a hard

Sheila remembered all about her father. Little things like the tender way he had tucked her lean and shivering little body into strange,

his girl, his Sheila, was the daughter-in-law of the moneyed "B." He would feel that, in a sense, he had made good—with her, at least. Probably, if she forswore love now, she and he would just drift along with their sort of scummy little current, with their rancid little coterie, and neither of them would know an instant of anything save regret and the dull care of semi-poverty. And then . . . last night swept over her with its warm breath of the salt of the sea . . . the promise . . . its unutterable promise . . . and she turned to Lew Pam a face so poignant with tenderness that the comedian rubbed his eyes and sniffled in his nose. So this—this—was his little girl!

Before they parted he admonished her

enough time as it is, little girly, just because you took money for selling his goods from the B. of B. & S. I've heard Ballantine is a mighty square sort of codger—but—this kid is his only son—and—he aint going to fall for it, face down, Sheila honey. With a slapstick comedian playing cheap circuits for a pop . . . nix, kiddie, nix!"

Sheila didn't pay any attention to her father's description of himself. She paid attention to his plea for his own happiness thru hers. She knew that he would gloat and hug to his shiny chest the fact that

further—not to go away without first going straight to Tom's parents. "Honeymoons can wait a week or two," he told her, "you kiddies are so young. The old folks cant wait . . . I know . . . I know . . ."

And because she knew that he did, Sheila insisted upon going direct from the ministerial presence to the paternal one.

Both Father Ballantine and Mother Ballantine ran strictly according to type. They grasped the fact that their boy—was it only yesterday that he had graduated from knee-breeches?—their boy was *married*—and that the designing female who had so ensnared him had been a *salesgirl* in their employ—and that was enough. Father waxed profane, choeric and, finally, completely unintelligible, and mother fainted, with all the skill and dexterity of a long practitioner. After restoratives due and undue, sputtered explanations and frantic flappings of huge paws from Tom, a peculiar, arresting *stillness* from Sheila, order evolved out of chaos. Father discovered that the girl was distractingly pretty, and, at least ostensibly, a "lady." Mother took note that she was dressed with a complete lack of everything save a surprising taste and delicacy. Both of them began to assume a human expression.

The final upshot of a rather distraught conclave was that the "bad children" (said with reprov-ing emphasis) were forgiven—but that Tom must take his senior year at Harvard, and Sheila must

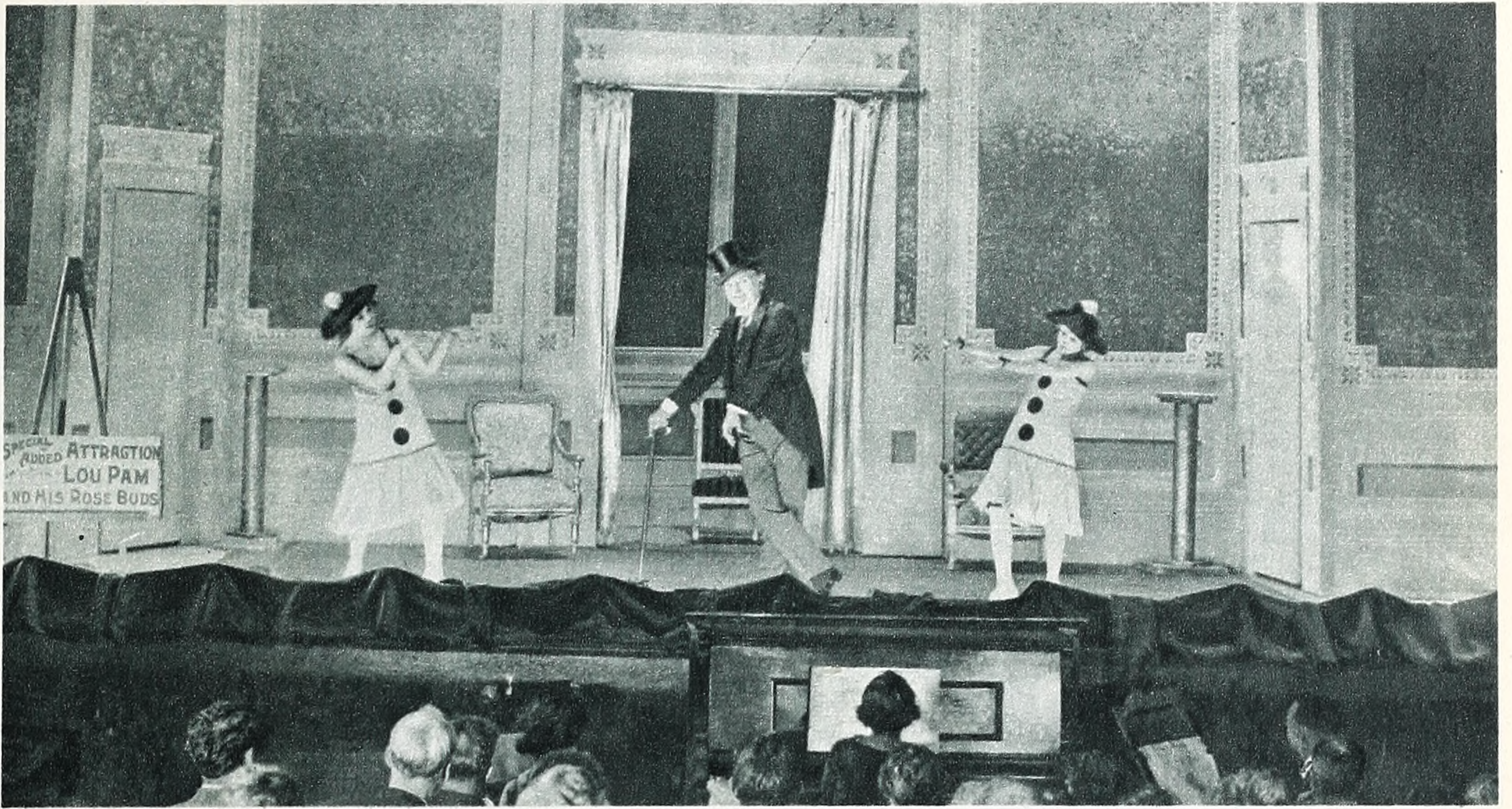
On the night before she left school for good, she knelt by the hope chest and tried to visualize the mother she had never seen



attend a finishing school to be personally selected by Mother Ballantine.

Tom protested with fervor and at length. Not much! Not for him! He was a married man. He would assume the responsibilities of such an individual. He would have his honeymoon. He harped, at length and rather childishly, upon his being defrauded of his honeymoon. It seemed to awaken no answering echo in the parental hearts, from which, he gloomily meditated, such a moon had long since waxed and waned.

Further despair settled upon his ardent and now frustrated young spirit when he observed that Sheila was taking, and not unkindly, the mandates being laid down to them. Scorn kindled in his eye as he fixed it upon her. Could it—could it be that she had married him because of the "B." in B. & S.? The mere surmise shot him with horror. Could it be even vaguely possible that she had forgotten that night by the sea—that immortal, immemorial night? Had she crushed the potent



flowers of it under her earthy young feet so that not even the overpowering perfume drenched her nostrils? Were her light feet clay?

When father and mother had gone into conference *à deux*, he told her all this, gloweringly. He accused her of being mercenary, of being cold, of being fickle. He accused her at random—he, who only that other night had muttered his soul's quintessence of passion against her lovely hair.

She couldn't answer him as she would have had she had the words. And she pitied his white and blazing face unspeakably. Yet she felt, because she was a woman, and was to be a wise one, that the two old people knew best. That they were pointing for their two impetuous feet a course leading thru the stars. A love that had flared like a rocket into the night . . . it needed testing, it needed trying. And then, when it had stood the testing, come, refined, from the trying, there would be distilled for them the attar of the rose of Paradise.

The following week Tom, still sullen, went back for his senior year, and Sheila went to Miss Perrin's fashionable school on the Hudson.

From her slim, dead, inexplicable mother Sheila had inherited a passion for a nicety of learning, and also for the niceties of living. Perhaps Lew Pam, with his loose career but his straight philosophy, knew this. Be-

And at last he came . . . not Tom . . . but the man he had become

because she had been so long gainsaid the girl loved, all the more, the

money the Ballantines lavished upon her—the money, that like a fairy godmother's wand, touched her, and lo!

cobwebs clung to her slender body, furs weighed down her lissome throat, jewels sprang from her pretty fingers and gleamed that they were there. No more dark circles under her tender eyes, no more weary feet from long standing on the rose tiles of the B. & S., no more figuring, straining, planning, wrenching a dollar to buy the beauty she craved when it could not buy the grim necessity she needed. Affluence . . . ease . . . flowers . . . music . . . beauty . . . the frame . . . the frame for which she knew herself to be the perfect picture.

She could not help it that part of herself was lulled, was satisfied. She could not help it that she had been hungry and now was being fed.

Neither could she help it that every one was satisfied but Tom. Tom, it was dawning upon her, would be an omnivorously hard person to satisfy at best. Since cradle days life had poured forth her largesse upon him, and he was in a state of perpetual expectancy. He did not like it because she was happy and said so; he did not like it because the Lounsberys had taken her up; he did not like it because his mother made much of her after the Lounsberys did. He didn't, it appeared, care for her to have a coherent thought that did not have for its basis that pulsing night by the sea. Apparently, thought Sheila, she should have been born on that night and, coincidentally, ceased to exist. Her protracted state of being after that night seemed to have caused Tom nothing save torture.

Heretofore Sheila's life had been bounded by the stripling youths who spent their fathers' careless gold in the B. & S. Sweetshops for the doubtful

(Continued on page 64)



Ann Little and the Great Desire



and straightway thought to yourself, 'I have said that very thing before, but not within the memory of my present life?' Have you not experienced day-dreams wherein you saw clearly places and people and things that you knew full well you had never seen—in this life, yet these were as real to you for the moment as actualities of yesterday? Perhaps in these subtle ways those old existences crowd in upon the present, striking thru sometimes when the veil is thinly drawn.

"Have you never felt the promptings of the Great Desire? The one thing that it seemed to you was your most ardent hope on earth from the very day you began to think of things that mattered? You may say that these things are inherent from one's forebears, that they are simply inherited predilections. But this is an insufficient explanation, to my mind. I do not believe particularly in hereditary traits. More likely, I think, desires and peculiar aptitudes are the result of the persistence of past desires and aptitudes than of those passed on from one generation to another. I believe in the individual persistence. One man's thoughts and hopes and aims are his; they are not another's.

"I do not believe in hereditary traits," says Miss Little; "I think desires and peculiar aptitudes are the result of the persistence of past desires and aptitudes passed on from one generation to another"

"Nothing that is worth while, nothing that is fine, or good or beautiful or right—ever is wasted, lost forever. Can we believe that the mind of

© Evans

ANN LITTLE was in a philosophical mood, and, as any one knows, when a person is in that mood the tongue gives utterance to the unusual, or else, the very trite. But Miss Little was not talking platitudes.

Possibly the fact that she was playing Naturitch, the ill-fated Indian maiden in "The Squaw Man," had induced the disposition to philosophic utterance. The Indians are known to have come close to the borderland of things hidden from most of us, thru their association with nature unfettered by the bonds of civilization.

Be that as it may, Miss Little opened the way toward a consideration of transcendental topics by asserting stoutly that a worth-while desire never fails.

"What we most desire in our lifetime," said she, "we may not always attain—in that period. But there are new lives for each of us—and some time, perhaps in the dawn of new centuries, we will be born again, and with us that desire will be still persistent."

"You mean," we asked, "that you believe in reincarnation?"

She smiled. "In a sense—but I do not believe in the transmigration of the soul, if that is what you imply. I do not think we come back as dogs or cats. Or that we will remember our previous existences, save in those occasional backward flashes of memory, such as we all experience at times. Have you ever visited a city for the first time, assumably, only to feel that there are familiar things there—a street corner, an old house—that you seem to know? Have you ever said a thing



By ADAM HULL SHIRK

a man, say like Abraham Lincoln, perished when the mortal was consigned to dust? Is it not easier to suppose that the mind never dies, but remains with the individual consciousness, to take new form upon the earth in time to come? Is it not easier to suppose that the mind of Lincoln may be living in the greatest man the world has known to date, President Wilson? That, indeed, the latter, with another name, another personality, is still the same individual, with advanced powers, who was the greatest man of *his* period, and that prior to Lincoln the same individual had been progressing down the ages, striving toward a full expression, the attainment of the Great Desire?

"Why do we find so many people in the world of merely average mentality, who apparently never achieve anything of note? Because there have been so many in each preceding phase of human life. We must grow with each stage of our progression, else we shall continue on in that same groove for countless aeons perhaps.

"We waste much of our force in idle living, talking, doing, striving for merely material things, losing our grasp on the spiritual, in evil deeds. Conceivably the mind thus employed may cause the individual to retrograde and come to a full

"Nothing that is worth while, nothing that is fine, or good, or beautiful, or right—ever is wasted, lost forever," believes Miss Little. "Can we believe that the mind of Abraham Lincoln perished?"



stop. It is without the spur of a good purpose, of the Great Desire. There must be many useless lives that perish. But nothing good can ever die.

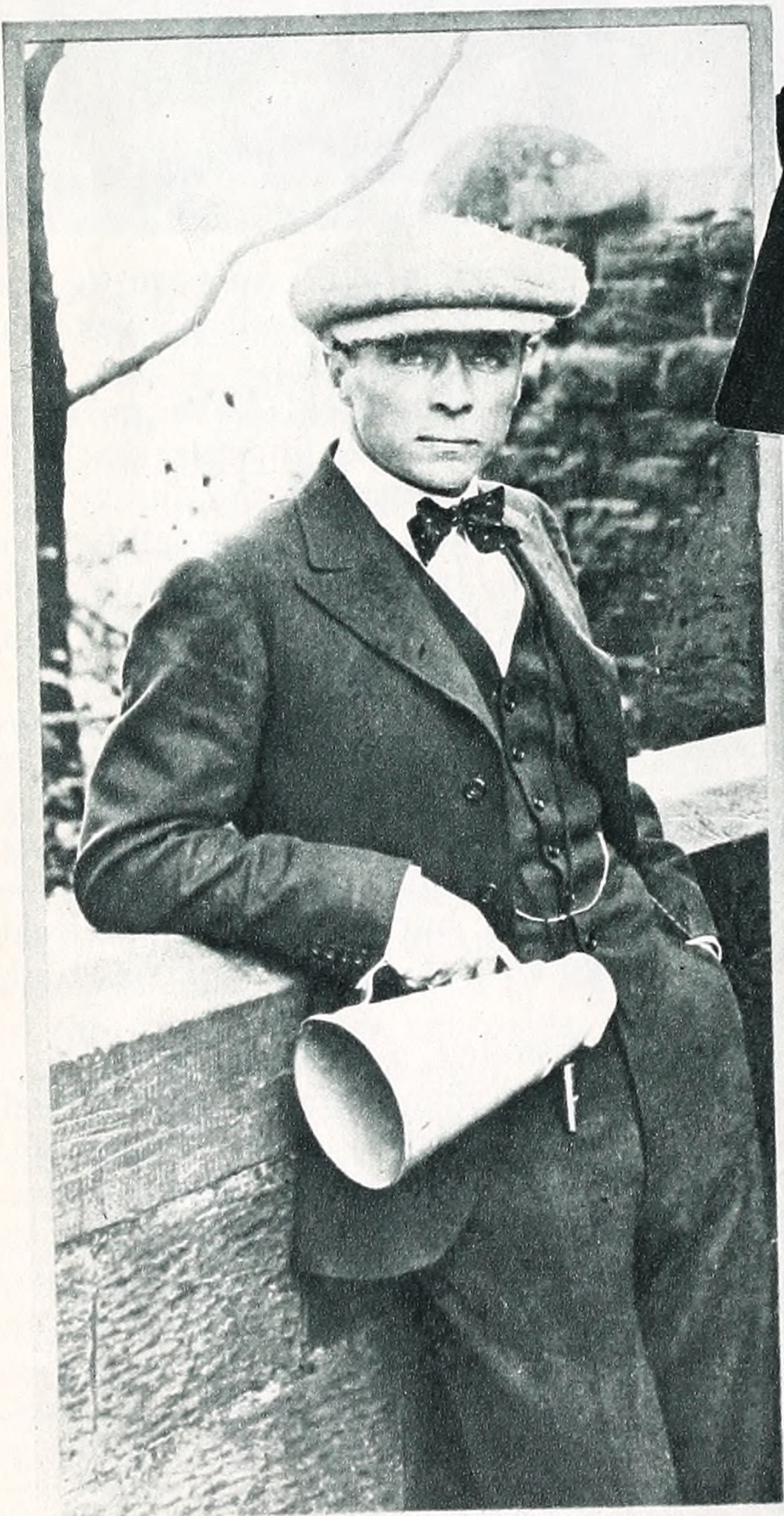
"Take the war. On the battlefield have perished many lives, no doubt, which had no impetus that will be sufficient to impel a persistence of the individual. In a word, they die and are ended. We can well believe that the brutal hordes of the Hun consist of many such individualities. But can we believe that the men who have fought for the good cause, for right, liberty, justice, honor, love and the freedom of the world, and who have laid down their lives in this cause—can we believe that they are ended? They have progressed, attaining at a bound the goal for which some of us may strive thru this and other lives to come. And they will be born again, in different forms, but with the same Great Desire, the desire for good, for justice and spiritual, not material power."

Miss Little paused and smiled, a little sadly.

"In my profession I know that certain things I feel and think are not the product merely of my education, my experience—in this short existence. And I know that if I do not feel I cannot act. No one can. Never to have felt sorrow, joy, anything of the deeper emotions, means that one's acting will be artificial. What prompts me to some height of expression in a rôle? Surely not mere mimicry, but the power to *feel*, possibly a remembrance of such feeling in a previous existence, breaking thru the veil and swaying my mind with old thoughts, old dreams, old hopes."

Herbert Brenon in Merrie England

Herbert Brenon has now been in England some eight months. Much of this time has been devoted to the filming of a propaganda production for the British Government. The photodrama was written by Sir Hall Caine. One of the principal rôles is played by Marie Lohr, the well-known British actress, whose screen possibilities were discovered by Mr. Brenon. In the adjoining picture, James McKay, an American assistant, is shown at the camera



Mr. Brenon considers Miss Lohr an unusual screen personality. One of her biggest stage successes was scored in London in Frances Starr's original stellar rôle in "Marie Odile"

The Man Who Is Never Himself

George Fawcett Lives the Characters He Plays

By FRITZI REMONT

FOR twenty-seven years footlights, floodlights, Kliegs and Cooper-Hewitts have shed their unrelenting rays over the plastic countenance of George Fawcett. And few character actors have to their credit the creation of as many rôles as Fawcett.

Not even a freakish October shower in California could dampen the anticipation I felt in hunting up the vicar of "The Great Love." But before we'd conversed ten minutes I had met a series of the delightful folk and had become intimately acquainted with the man who is never himself. For even off-screen this actor forgets that there is one George Fawcett and, utterly unconscious of self, tells his story to the accompaniment of characterizations droll and amusing.

"Let's see—autobiography," said Mr. Fawcett, with a chuckle, "that's the horrible history which never interests any one but the man who's writing about himself, isn't it? I'd hate to inflict anything like that on a long-suffering public!"

"I was educated at University of Virginia, without a care in the world, had a very wealthy father, and never expected to do a tap of work for the rest of my days. Of course, I didn't want to be an ignoramus, and I enjoyed study, but equally alluring were the sports at the college. I was captain of our ball nine all the time I remained there, sang, acted, was in the glee club, and did everything well in the way of out-of-door sports.

"Then my father died, after a lingering illness, and when I was called by his attorney to listen to the reading of my dad's will, I was disagreeably surprised that the lavish living of years, together with enormous sums spent in travel and for physicians' services, had made the drawing of a will almost a farce-comedy.

"The lawyer said to me—well, I'll show you, I remember so well just how he looked and what he said. Sort of a short-necked fellow—went over to the door like this, tapped on the window-panes with pudgy fingers, and said to me, 'What are you going to do for a living?'"

George Fawcett was gone! In his place stood a dignified figure with a noncommittal legal aspect, one hand rumpling his hair, the other drumming exasperatingly on the glass of the door. We'd left the Griffith studio and were 'way back in ole Virginia, waiting to see what twenty-one-year-old George Fawcett was going to do, *sans* fortune and *sans* vocation.

"Talk about the riddle of the Sphinx! Why, it was nothing compared with the question that old solicitor put to me. Work? I didn't know what it meant. I was strong and husky and certainly not afraid of it, but it was a poser to find out what I was going to do to make a living," continued Mr. Fawcett as he dropped into a chair.

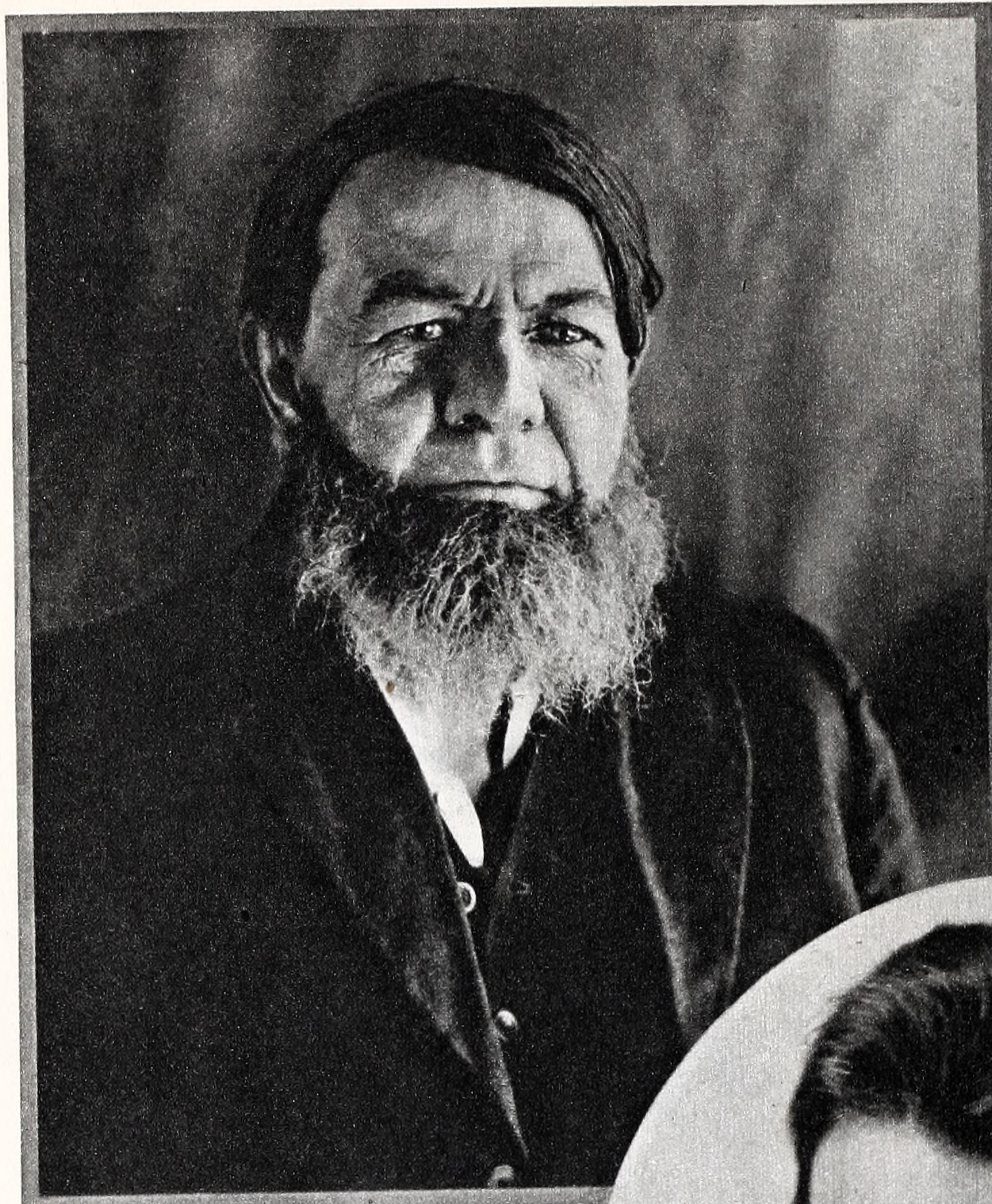
"I said to the old gentleman, 'Well, a friend of my father's has a big business, and he offered me a job as traveling salesman when I left college. I suppose that would be open to me now. But I don't know that I have any leaning toward salesmanship—it looks like a poor idea to me.'

"The lawyer coughed. Then he answered, 'I don't think much of it—what else could you do?' I scratched my head while he puffed at a dark Virginia cigar—see, this way. Then I tried out another theme. 'I might go West to the goldfields; there's lots doing in Nevada just now. I might be as lucky as the rest.'

"We both sat silent after that, so it dawned on me that the idea was not brilliant after all. 'Anything else to suggest?' said my father's adviser. Then an inspiration chased across my mind and I brightened considerably. 'Yes, I'm a good actor. I've done lots along that line in

George Fawcett, in his famous characterization of the lovable old French *poilu* in "Hearts of the World"





big, deep, chesty voice, shoulders back, slow stride, every word profoundly uttered—in short, it was always unnatural, the thing the public wanted to see—that which it called *acting*. To lose one's own identity in theatrical effects was the goal for which each strove."

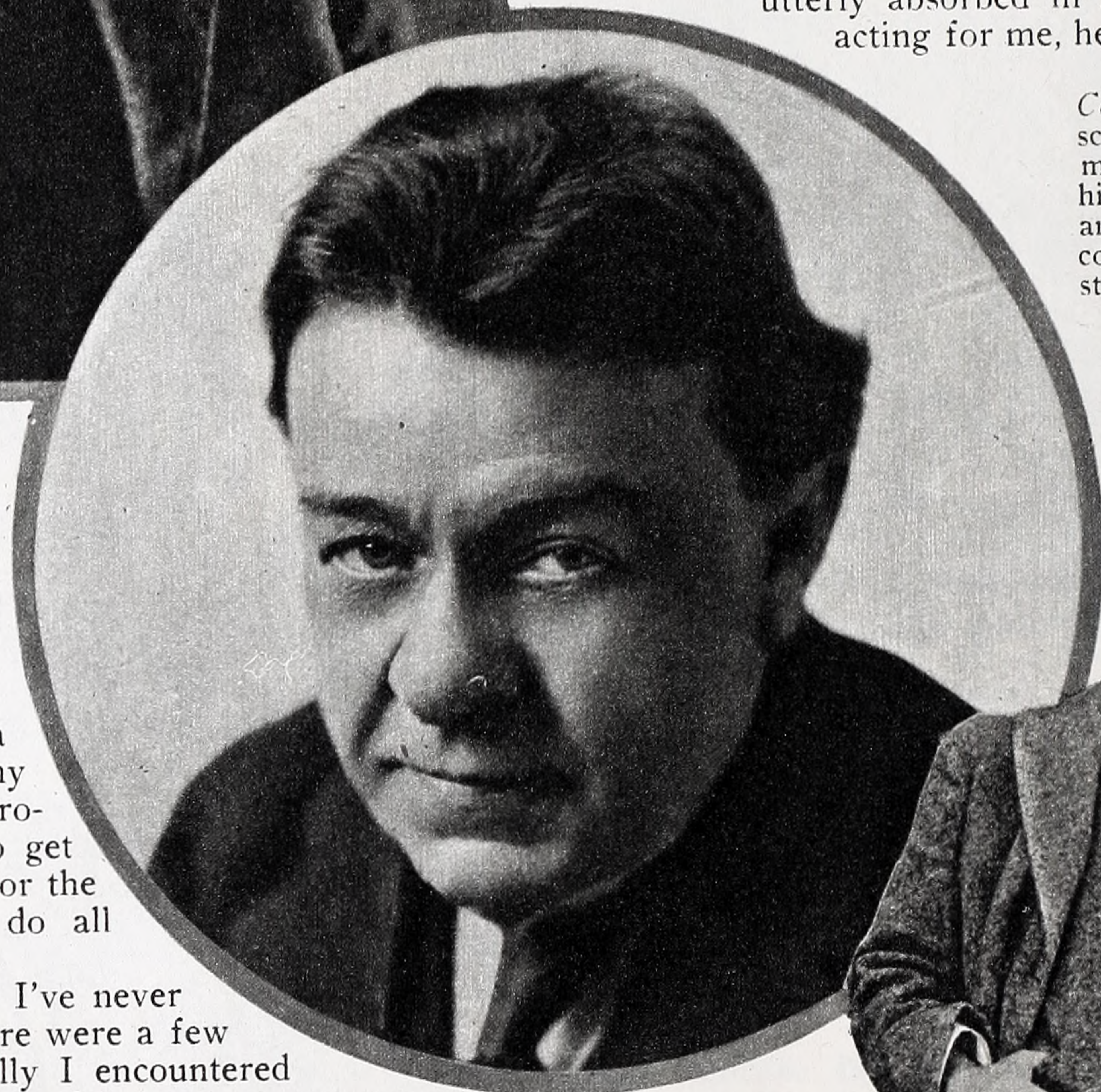
Goodness me! I had actually lost George Fawcett again, just when I thought I had him. Instead, a frowning Iago stalked across the private sanctum of David Wark Griffith, reciting lofty lines of the past.

"Oh, yes, but then followed years of swashbuckling, the romantic school, wearing o' th' buskin, swaggering walk, and a 'ho, ho, and ha, ha, m'lady' style. I was with James Herne, I played in 'The Bells'—and you can imagine that called for an entirely different characterization, but still very theatrical. There was that old Jew I killed, the bells ringing, ringing, snow on the ground, and I stoop over like this, and—a shriek—'He's dead! He's dead!'"

Whew! I wiped the damp perspiration off my brow, for an old chair had been turned over for the sleigh, and, in my mind's eye, I saw the old Jewish peddler realistically killed, while a white-faced, trembling man drew back in horror with the pouch of gold.

There's no use talking, George Fawcett is so utterly absorbed in his art that he wasn't acting for me, he wasn't trying to show

Center—An off-the-screen portrait of the man who is never himself, while above and below are two contrasting character studies of Fawcett



college and in home theatricals, and people always said I had a natural bent that way. How about acting?"

"The lawyer brightened astonishingly. Last thing in the world I had expected, tho. He said, 'That's a good business. There's money in it, and you can have a letter of introduction from me to my intimate friend, John Albaugh, a producer.' I think he felt relieved to get rid of me so easily, old friendship for the family having prompted him to do all he could.

"Anyway, from that day to this I've never been without work. Sometimes there were a few days between engagements, but really I encountered no serious difficulties, slipped right into my proper groove and loved my profession. Oh, yes, I did have to borrow some money to get a start, for there were items of costume in those early days, as well as meeting living expenses, until the first pay-check fattened my pocket, but I paid it back—at least, I hope I did!"

"What was your first big play?"

"'Paul Kauvar.' In that I created a really fine part. We had a splendid company. Later I traveled with the famous Salvini, playing Iago to his Othello for one year. It was rather unusual, too, for the entire company read the lines in Italian and I spoke English, a queer way of presenting Shakespeare and a compliment to my ability, for he made this exception simply because of his liking for the way I essayed the rôle."

"So you really had your groundwork in the old school of acting, Mr. Fawcett?"

"I believe I am the only actor living today who can switch from one school to the other without difficulty. I was so thoroly drilled in the method then called 'theatrical' that, when the school of so-called 'realism' crept in, the school which we now use even in films, I found it a little difficult at first to readjust myself. This is the way we used to walk and talk—

what he *had* done, but his consummate mimicry and his constant living *in* his rôles has made them part of himself, a series of living companions thru whom he talks and with whom he communes.

"With the entrance of the new school of acting, I started out to master it. Gradually I gained confidence, and one memorable first-night in a big New York production, I had a part which called for my entrance to a room where a man and a girl were
(Continued on page 71)



Fame Found Her In the Subway

Helene Chadwick Sought the Elusive God Success Via Advertising Car Cards

By ETHEL ROSEMON

"Do you remember the old illustrated songs, where shy young girls gazed up into the eyes of handsome collar models, as they stood beside impossible gates draped with flowers in colors that exceeded the wildest dreams of the most advanced futurist?" she reminisced.

I nodded.

"Well, that was my first appearance on the screen—I mean as the shy young thing. When I was in the graduating class in school, the girl who sat next to me told alluring tales of the fun she had and the money she made posing for songs at a studio near her home.

Helene Chadwick started by posing for the good old illustrated song slides, then she became a model for advertising car cards



(Photographs of Miss Chadwick copyright by Lumière)

OGENES had a wonderful start, but I have caught up to him. Perhaps it's because he had an old-fashioned lantern, while I had an electric flash, a 1918 model. I wanted an honest man. That was my first experience. I have won a Croix de Colomb for discovering a movie player who told me the truth about her salary, about how she broke into the movies and how she got herself in general. She might have said:

"An advertising concern begged for a close-up of my picture. As soon as it appeared in the newspaper, the presidents of five Moving Picture companies sat on my doorstep all one night, pleading with me to save their companies from ruin by advertising for them at five hundred a week. I refused. They began to bid, and finally they got me at three thousand."

And I might have believed it—but she didn't. When I suggested that Helene Chadwick give me a close-up of the road to fame, she twinkled from her good-looking eyes and looked at her hazel eyes.



The second horse Helene ever attempted to ride was for a movie melodrama. Miss Chadwick stuck—and got away with it

“‘Why dont you come up and try it some Saturday?’ she suggested.

“Even at that age I had visions of appearing before the public, but I had not yet decided in what capacity. The copy-book said something about ‘grasping the Golden Opportunity.’

“‘This is your opportunity,’ I said to myself. ‘You’d better grab it while it’s near.’

“I did, and every Saturday found me posing for pictures which would later flash on and off the screen in some little theater while an embryo Caruso would sing some ballad about ‘parting at the garden gate.’ If you could have seen some of those gates you would have understood the reason for the parting.

“Right after graduation mother had me start a secretarial course. Stenography, with its tantalizing lines and dots and curves, could never equal the camera in its power to charm me.

“‘Helen,’ my mother said one day, in a tone that I knew meant ‘Here beginneth the first lecture’—‘I dont see any use of my paying for your course if you’re going to spend half your time at studios.’

“I agreed with her perfectly and begged permission to take up posing in earnest for advertising, posters, subway and car cards, and so on, just to see what I could do with it. At last it was granted. Then I began. I drank coca-cola with a broad grin, just so the public would know I was enjoying it and go and do likewise. I exhibited my teeth kept in perfect condition by

means of a paste of which I had never heard. My hair fresh from the irons of a hair-dresser curled at the mere mention of Restorer Brothers’ wonderful fluid. I radiated comfort after walking ten miles in a pair of shoes that pinched so I could scarcely keep from registering pain instead of pleasure.

“One day while I was posing for these innumerable things an advertising man suggested that I try moving pictures.

“‘What? Start as an extra, and stand around hour after hour waiting for some director to condescend to gaze at me and then pass by? Not if little sister knows it,’ I replied. (I had already done some fashion posing for Vitagraph and had seen the life of an extra at close enough range to suit my ambition.)

“The advertising man said I wouldn’t have to start that way. He knew that Pathé was looking for a girl of my type who was willing to work hard at a small salary until she had made good. I cant say that I had much faith in the proposition, but I went to see the man—and I got the engagement. It wasn’t talent or anything as worthy, but six-tenths bluff and four-tenths independence. The contract said thirty a week to start. I was averaging sixty posing, and tho I was willing, even eager to sacrifice the thirty for the sake of the work, I did not wear that eagerness as a hat-trimming. If a girl could only be born with the knowledge that a little independence goes a great way toward success, she would be saved many a heartache.

“And now for the bluff. ‘Could I ride? Could I swim?’ Of course I could. That was true in a way, too. I knew that other girls rode and swam. I could, but I just didn’t. That was a nice distinction in words, wasn’t it? Perhaps the secretarial course had done some good after all.

(Continued on page 73)



'Ception Shoals

Fictionized by Frederick Russell from the
Scenario Based on H. AUSTIN ADAMS'
Drama

Smoot. There were six or seven like him, but at their head was a man . . . younger . . . clean . . . alert . . . different . . . I watched him, fascinated. They entered the lighthouse, and I heard them talking downstairs with Dad. Not everything they said came to my ears, but I did hear the young man exclaim:

"Man alive, cant you do it for the sake of common decency?"

And Dad snarled, "I'll have nothing to do with women, d—n them! No

baby will ever come inside 'Ception light. That's final!"

With that they went away. I saw the small boat make its way thru the scarlet sunset to the bigger vessel. But that remained anchored.

Next day I went in bathing, as usual. Coming out, I climbed up upon the rocks . . . to rest in the sun . . . when I came face-to-face with the stranger from the yacht.

"By George!" he gasped in surprise; "you're superb . . . superb . . . who are you?"

"I'm Eve," I answered.

"The eternal Eve," he laughed. "I'll admit that. But just what particular Eve?"

"Dad keeps the light," I responded.

"That old catamaran," said the stranger, startled. "You cant be *his* daughter. Why, you're a captivating little girl!"

I didn't understand. "A girl?" I repeated. "Am I a girl? But cant you see I'm a boy?"

The stranger chuckled. "You're captivating."

But I was thinking. So I was, after all, really a girl. I felt myself blushing. I half started back.

"You're delightfully ingenuous, Eve," he said. "Haven't you been to school . . . dont you know anything of life?"

"I've never been away from these rocks," I confessed. "Just the sea. Nobody has taught me anything. I've just seen three people in my life."

"You *are* an Eve!" said the stranger. "Listen, child. I own that yacht out there. My chief officer took his wife on our last cruise. But a baby came . . . last night. I wanted to have her brought ashore here . . . but your Dad refused."

Now that life has just opened for me, I cannot help looking back with wonder upon the twenty years of my being . . . twenty years alone on 'Ception Shoals with no one but Dad . . . at least I thought he was my father until a few short months ago.

For those twenty years I never saw a single human being except him. Just the lighthouse, the rocks and the restless sea, rolling smilingly, half caressingly by day; pounding, shaking the foundations of the lighthouse by night. And the storms, with the elements battering against the Shoals! The loneliness of it all!

As far back as I can remember, Dad gave me old boots, trousers and a gray shirt. "You can play anywhere, child, but if you see a boat coming towards 'Ception, you hurry to me. Understand?"

I was timid . . . and I feared Dad. I couldn't understand myself. The one or two books that lay in the lighthouse living-room—the Bible, "The Pilgrims' Progress" and "The Life of Christ"—puzzled me. I wasn't a bit like the men in the stories. I tried to reason it out. I'd walk along the rocky shore and watch the sea and think. When I would attempt to talk to Dad, he would scare me into fear. "Silence!" he'd most shout. "The devil's prompting me. Dont talk about what you know nothing." Anything was better than to bring down that bitter snarl upon my head, so I'd go on climbing the rocks and watching the sea, wondering.

So passed the twenty years until . . . one day

. . . a man clambered unexpected— upon the rocks beside me. He

was younger than Dad . . . but dirty . . . I hated his every appearance.

He stood gazing at me in wonder. "Lord love me," he exclaimed; "it's the devil!" With that he climbed up beside me and seized me in his arms. I shall never forget my nausea. He forced his lips against mine. A kiss, he called it. I pulled myself away from him and ran to the lighthouse. Dad was trimming the lamps. He noticed my appearance and demanded, "Child, what ails ye?"

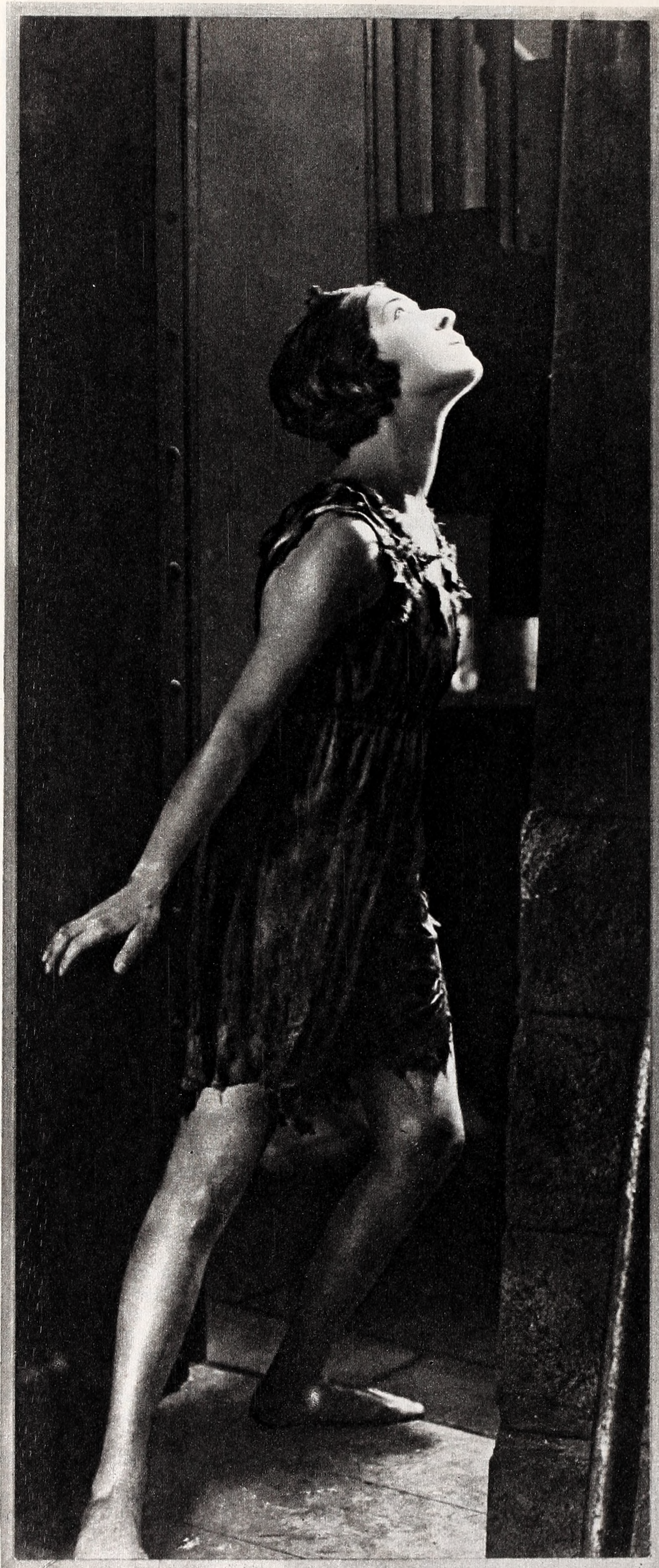
"A man—kist me—why did he do it?" I exclaimed.

Dad seized my hands, almost jerking me off my feet.

"It's the devil in you that attracts. You're Faith all over again, and you come rightly by a soul as black as hell. Keep out of sight when men come upon these rocks. As for that d—d lighthouse tender, Jim Smoot, I'll kill him if he comes near you again."

I ran away to my room. That strange, curious kiss had stirred me. I knew not why, for I hated the man. Was I a woman? Was this life, being kist by a stranger, all grime and dirt and the smell of whisky? I knew the odor of whisky, because Dad always drank a small glass of it on stormy nights.

I puzzled for days, and then one night, at sunset it was, a vessel anchored off 'Ception Shoals. I watched them lower a small boat, and I ran away to the lighthouse. From a window I could see the strangers land. One of the men was Jim



"But Dad has gone to the mainland for the papers and mail," I told him. "Bring her ashore now with the baby. She can have my room."

"What will your father do?" the stranger warned.

"I dont care," I exclaimed breathlessly. "I've just discovered I'm a woman."

So they brought the woman, Maude, ashore with the baby . . . a little ball of wailing pink . . . how I loved it . . . its every cry . . . its bewildered look. Then Dad came home and stormed terribly. But Maude and the baby remained.

It was Maude who told me of the sweetness of life. And at last I understood. As the days passed I learnt more of the yacht-owner, whose name proved to be Philip Blake. His yacht, the *Driftwood*, carried him about the world because he had grown tired of civilization. "I've hated the falseness of it all, Eve," he told me. "But you've changed that. I was really born that day you came out of the sea to me. You've transformed everything. Wont you love me?"

"But I know nothing of myself," I said. "Nothing of my history. I'm just coming to know life . . . and that's all."

"The past is nothing," he protested. "There's just you and the *Driftwood* and the many, many days to come."

So when Philip took Maude and the baby back upon his yacht so that they might be removed to their home, I had promised to become his wife. Promised! He told me he would return in a few weeks at most. Then there would be marriage and . . . happiness.

The days that followed were dream days. I walked over all the spots I had walked with him. At night I'd watch the moon and wonder what he was doing.

Finally Dad faced me, snarling. "Quit your moonin', child. Do you think that millionaire will marry you, eh? He aint wantin' to wed you, girl. You've a black soul like your mother. No good can come from you."

"I dont believe it, Dad," I protested.

"Your mother was my younger sister," Dad almost shouted. "Little did I think of the dishonor she'd bring down upon my head. But she fell in love with a young scoundrel named Luke Allen. A sailor with the fishing fleet, he was. I hated him from the first. I ordered him to keep away from Faith. Then Luke's boat was lost, and for weeks Faith went around in a mad daze, weepin' and carryin' on.

"I hoped he was dead and, sure enough, they found what was left of him lashed to a piece of wreckage days later. Faith went almost frantic, and that night told me she had planned to marry Luke that comin' month. That there was a baby comin'. It crushed my heart. I aint never been the same since.

"So I took Faith and got the job of keeper here on 'Ception. The baby—you—came. I'd have endured that, too, but Faith kept claimin' right to my face that you was the evidence of her true love with Luke. That there was nothin' to be ashamed of in you.

"Right then and there I told her that you, being the result of sin, would be kept away from the world. Faith tried to take you away from me;

The days that followed were dream days. At night I'd watch the moon and wonder what he was doing

said she was going into the world to make her way."

I was in tears. Dad's distorted face frightened



me, but I felt I had a right to know. "What became of mother?" I asked.

"She enraged me," he went on. "'Faith,' says I to her, 'God has given me Eve to keep from a life of sin, and I'm goin' to keep her from it. I dont intend to have my soul damned for bein' lax.' But the devil possessed Faith, and that night . . . she . . . jumped from the east window upstairs . . . a storm was beatin' like a hurricane against 'Ception. She hit on the rocks and was washed away. That's your sinful history, child."

I was heartbroken. "Poor mother," I sobbed. "So you're sidin' with her in her sin, are you?" he exclaimed, seizing me and pushing me so violently that I fell to the floor. "Well, you was raised here and here you stay. You're goin' straight."

"You cant keep me from the man I love," I answered. "Cant I?" and Dad laughed bitterly. "I've already told him your history. Told him just before he went away. He knows you're a child of sin. You'll never hear from him again. He's done with you."

I dont know how I reached my room. I was dead at heart. Would I, too, climb out that east window up there into the storm . . . and forget? Days passed. Shall I ever forget the bitter loneliness of them? The wretchedness . . . the growing realization that Philip was not

writing . . . was not thinking of me . . . was not coming back . . .

Finally came the night of the big storm. Dad had been growing steadily feebler in the weeks that had passed, and he told me to tend the lights up above until morning. He even locked me in the place, alone, with the shrieking wind, the blinding, beating rain, the lashing thunder of the sea.

Then it was I debated if life was worth while—to go on and on without the one you loved, into the hopeless, loveless years. I almost opened a storm-beaten window. The ledge seemed so narrow, the black outside so cool, the end so quick. But I couldn't. The rocks down below were so cruel, the sea so relentless.

All these hours I little knew what was going on below me, in the room beneath. Unknown to me, the *Driftwood* had slipped behind the shelter of 'Ception to weather the storm, and Philip had managed to land in a small launch.

Then it was that Dad gave him back the letters he had written in the past weeks . . . the letters I had never known of. And he told Philip that I was dead . . . as my mother had died . . . on those rocks beaten by the sea.

And Philip, broken-hearted, had made his way thru the

"I've already told him your history. Told him before he went away. He knows you're a child of sin. You'll never hear from him again. He's done with you"

"'CEPTION SHOALS"

Adapted by Albert Capellani and June Mathis, from the drama by H. Austin Adams. Produced in seven parts by Metro. Directed by Albert Capellani, under the supervision of Maxwell Karger, director-general. The cast:

- Eve.....Mme. Nazimova
- Faith.....Mme. Nazimova
- Philip Blake.....Charles Bryant
- Job Coffin.....Henry Harmon
- Maude Standish.....Nancy Palmer
- Brad Standish.....George W. Davis
- Luke Allen.....T. Morse Koupal
- Jim Smoot.....Tom Blake

"They said you were dead," I whispered, afraid to touch him and find myself dreaming.

"You, too; he told me you were dead," he said.

"Don't you understand, Philip?" I said. "They've tried to keep us apart, but God wouldn't have it so. There is right . . . and beauty . . . and love in the world after all."

"This morning it was all empty and dreary," smiled Philip. "As lonely as before you came out of the sea that morning. Now you're with me and the sun is shining again, Eve."

"You've come back—knowing all about me?" I made myself ask.

"As if the dead past mattered, Eve," answered Philip. "There's just you and me. That's all that counts."

"But that letter?" I asked.

Shall I ever forget the bitter loneliness . . . the wretchedness . . . the growing realization that Philip was not writing . . . was not thinking of me . . . was not coming back?

"I wrote that thinking you were dead. I was going to cast it into the sea . . . a

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storm back to the *Driftwood*. Little did I know of this until later, for, thru it all, I guarded the light on the top of 'Ception . . . the very light that had enabled Philip to land, the light that now flashed thru the storm to the *Driftwood*, rocking in the heavy seas.

Towards morning the storm abated and I fell asleep. When I awoke the sun was shining, the sea was rolling placidly, the storm of the night before was a mere memory.

I walked along the sands, when suddenly the lighthouse tender, Smoot, appeared. Smoot, as I knew, was now first mate of the *Driftwood*. I started, of course, at the sight of him and looked to sea. There, at anchor, was Philip's yacht.

"Philip has come back!" I exclaimed.

"Blake is dead," said Smoot, abruptly. "Died at sea. But he left this letter for you." With that he handed me a note.

There was just one word, "Eve," on the envelope. It was unmistakably Philip's writing. And, thru my tears, I read the enclosure:

"DEAREST—I cannot face things as they are. The wretchedness of life! I was just coming to realize the beauty of it all. The world is empty without you, Eve . . . Never can I take you in my arms again. There's just one thing—death.

"PHILIP."

"He's gone," continued Smoot. "Might just as well forget him, girlie. What about me?"

I turned abruptly to go to the lighthouse, half-blinded with my tears. 'Twas then Smoot seized me. That maddened my whole being. I fought like an animal, beating and scratching his leering face.

Suddenly, out of the madness of it all, I heard a voice—Philip's! Smoot staggered back and ran down the beach . . . There were just Philip and I . . . alone at last . . . close to the edge of the ocean.

"You've come back—knowing all about me?" I made myself ask

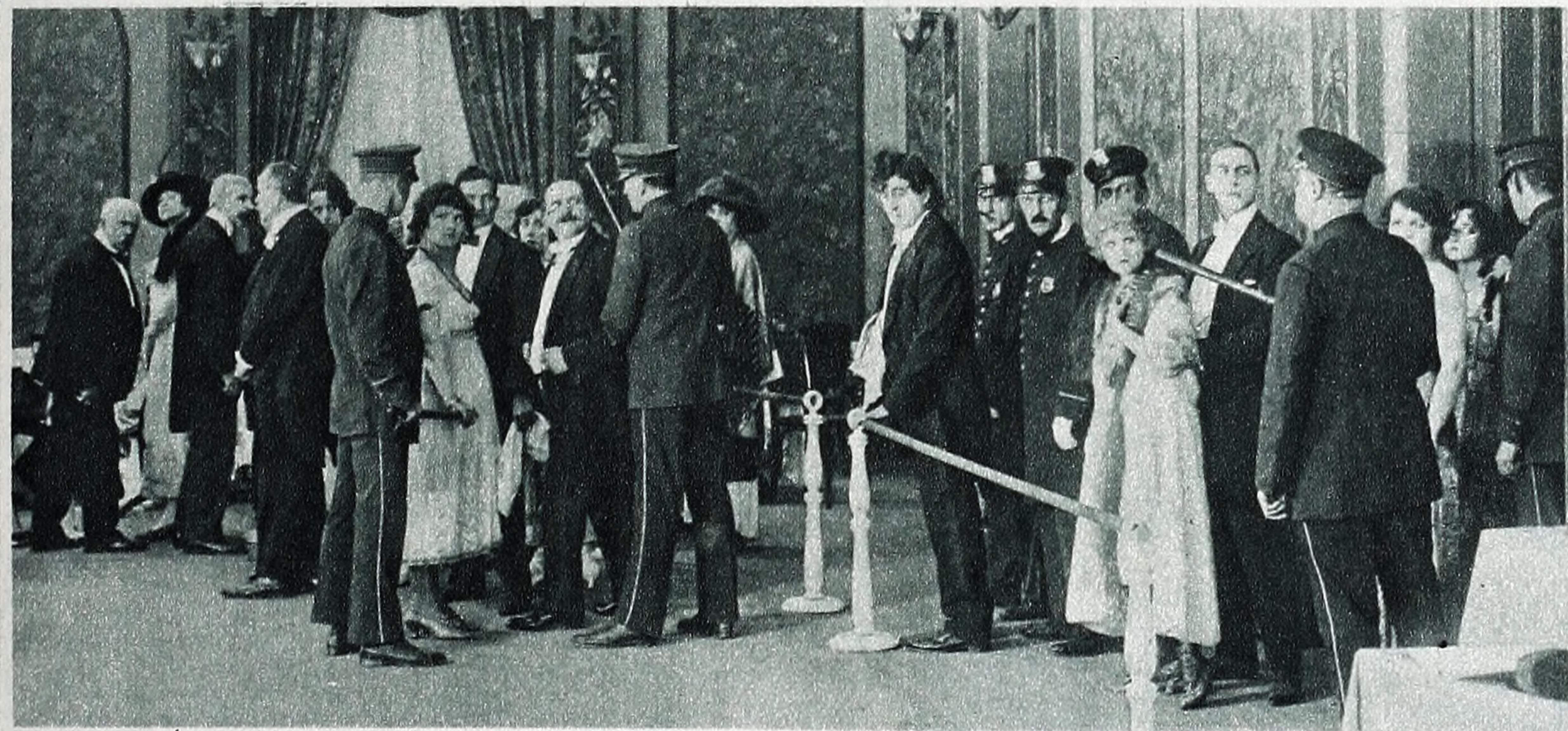


The Extra Girl Becomes a Newspaper Reporter

By ETHEL ROSEMON

“AND so they were arrested and summoned to court, and behold! I was there.”

How would you like to weave a wonderful dream of stardom, your picture in THE CLASSIC'S Gallery, ermine furs, a limousine, a million dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds and—and wake up to read that handwriting on the wall? But then when you have a “for sale in every part of the country on the same day” sharing your struggle each month, you can afford to relinquish all these things with a good imitation of grace. Think of the hundreds of extras who must go



Above, Emmy Wehlen and her director, Harry Franklin. At the left is the raid scene from “Sylvia on a Spree,” and below is the courtroom interlude, with Miss Rosemon as a reporter.

home each night and confide their hopes deferred to the family cat!

Ever since Miss Wiggles was a pup I have been hunting for the sesame to the door of Metro's Sixty-first Street studio. I shudder to think of the years of struggling that might still be stretching before me if Director Harry Franklin had not shown wisdom in the choice of his assistant, Fred Warren. It was his discerning eye that selected me to support a courtroom bench in Emmy Wehlen's starring vehicle, “Sylvia on a Spree.”

Now as an easy-chair a courtroom bench has many defects that unfit it for active service. I knew it—so did the other extras, for when the call, “On the set!” resounded thru the hall, each demonstrated his idea of soft wood by scrambling into the most likely looking seat.

A few minutes later Mr. Franklin appeared on the scene. It was

(Continued on page 78)



THE photoplay is taking a "much needed vacation."

Just at this moment the motion picture industry is passing thru the most remarkable period in its history. For the first time since the days of "The Great Train Robbery" studios are closed, actors are idle, the whole screen world is at a standstill. The producers have declared a five weeks' cessation of activities.

The wave of Spanish influenza closed a large percentage of the country's screen theaters, so the manufacturers—finding their market dwindling away—decided to close up shop until the germs moved on.

We might attempt to be humorous and remark that, if some one

could have abolished tooth-picks, masked turnips, mimeographed movie press stories and war scenarios, our five weeks would have been perfect.

It isn't, of course, within the scope of this department to comment upon the shut-down. Altho it can't be entirely disregarded. But we do hope the producers are spending the five weeks reading scenarios.

To return to the screen:

Charlie Chaplin came to town in "Shoulder Arms," which, to us, is the one screen classic of the war. In fact, after watching Chaplin as a khaki hero, we can never take

Faire Binney offers a strong bit in the Civil War episode of Maurice Tourneur's "Woman"



Norma Talmadge isn't in the least inspired in "The Forbidden City." The old vividness is missing



The Celluloid Critic

another war drama seriously. Memories of Charlie drilling with the awkward squad, his well known feet the despair of a nerve-racked drill sergeant; of his combat with cooties; of Chaplin slumbering to sleep in a hut filled with mud and water; of— But why spoil the joy of fans by telling the humorous twists of "Shoulder Arms"? Let it suffice to say that Charlie captures William Hohenzollern, the crown prince and Von Hindenburg with neatness and despatch. And if there's any funnier scene than the episode where Chaplin camouflages himself as a tree and is pursued by a fat and worried Hun thru a forest, we would like to see it.

There isn't a single dull second in "Shoulder Arms," which shows in

many ways just why Chaplin maintains his amazing grip upon the affections of fans. First, the comedian takes months to make three reels of comedy, developing his fun carefully, discarding here and building up there. He doesn't rush his productions out. He whets interest and has the public waiting for him. Secondly, he never duplicates. Every comedy is different, not only as to action, but characterization. All this in comment upon his business acumen. Above all else, Chaplin is a truly great actor. He is human—touching when he wishes to be. His little soldier in "Shoulder Arms" isn't a mere merry manikin going thru a maze of comedy situations. He is a human figure, sometimes even a pathetic one. Audiences do not merely laugh at him. They love him.

Some one has said that Bruce Bairnsfather's cartoon character, Ole Bill, personifies the British Tommy's spirit in the war. Charlie Chaplin's little soldier certainly personifies the American view of the struggle.

"Shoulder Arms" marks the last appearance of Edna Purviance opposite Chaplin. And his brother, Syd, returns to the films as a bunkie.

The single other interesting event of our month was the admirable Maurice Tourneur's odd episodic production, "Woman." Mr. Tourneur, we are quite sure, started out ruthlessly to show the havoc women have wrought thru history, but that he tempered his idea the last moment, by showing the changes the war has created in femininity.

Anyway, Mr. Tourneur built "Woman" in a prolog, an epilog and five episodes. These five deal with Adam and Eve and the more or less well known apple; the Roman Emperor, Claudius, and his wife, the dissolute Messalina; the affair of the monk, Abelard, and the beautiful Heloise, which must have won a whole page in the magazine section of the medieval *American*; a fanciful Brittany coast legend of a mermaid and a fisher lad; and a Civil War episode in which a girl, for the gift of a little watch, gives a poor wretch to a firing squad. The prolog and epilog reveal the evolution of a modern butterfly into a Red Cross nurse.

"Woman," as one might expect of Tourneur, is a thing of rare screen beauty. Once or twice it reaches genuine heights, as in the poetic charm of the Brittany interlude and the quick grip of the story of 1864. One newspaper commentator truthfully remarked that Tourneur had conjured a series of

"Such a Little Pirate" rather discounted our first impressions of Lila Lee

truthfully remarked that Tourneur had conjured a series of



by FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

photographic ballads. Scene after scene of superb photographic beauty, fine balance and splendid light and shade sweep by. "Woman" is a thing of which the screen may well be proud. It is necessarily episodic and halting, but, withal, it is a genuine achievement. One can easily see that the director did "Woman" because he loved to do it and not because a gentleman at a roll-top desk in Times Square was holding a stop-watch on the production. Tourneur's cast is a big one, but Flore Revalles' Messalina and little Faire Binney's brief but vivid Civil War girl stand out.

Probably because we saw "The Woman the German Shot" (Plunkett-Carroll Productions) directly after observing "Shoulder Arms," the former didn't seriously sink into our interest. To us it was a mere adequately told recital of the now historic Edith Cavell tragedy and, like all historic recitals, lacks interest because the conclusion is known from the start. There is nothing especially inspired anywhere about "The Woman the German Shot," altho the acting of Julia Arthur as the martyred British nurse and the direction of John G. Adolff are a shade above the average.

J. Stuart Blackton has presented the first of his new series of productions, "Safe for Democracy," a story by Anthony Paul Kelly, based on the "work or fight" war ruling. Here we find how the weakling son of a millionaire, who weds a stenographer in a vain effort to escape the draft, and a hobo are regenerated by being forced to work for the first time. Few of the nuances of the development are shown. The tramp abruptly drops his "dese" and "dose," immediately acquiring good English along with a desire for work, while the rich waster suddenly develops a fondness for shoveling dirt in a shipyard and for his young bride. In a word, "Safe for Democracy" is rather obvious. The direction is conventional, not going beneath the surface. Mr. Blackton has, however, almost made Ruby de Remer act, while Mitchell Lewis is excellent as the rejuvenated hobo. To our way of thinking, Helen Ferguson stands out as the sister.

Neither did "Lafayette, We Come" (Perret Productions) interest us. Leonce Perret, the French director, has endeavored to develop a spectacle around America's entrance into the war, making the love of a young American for a beautiful Frenchwoman the basis. The American enlists after coming to believe that his sweetheart is a spy. Later, after becoming blinded in battle, he finds that the spy and his sweetheart are distinct personages, altho they look exactly alike. Of course, he recovers his eyesight and his sweetheart. Perret is given to dramatic tableaux, which is typically French in method, while "Lafayette, We Come" is choppy and blurry in its handling of the story. Like all the other war productions, "Lafayette, We Come" makes liberal use of the news weekly presentations of parades and battle scenes. Mr. Pathé is certainly helping out a lot of directors this year.

E. K. Lincoln and Dolores Cassinelli are satisfactory in the leading rôles.

"When Do We Eat?" (Paramount) is the title of Enid Bennett's story of a barnstorming actress who is stranded in "the sticks." The thing runs thru a

"Salome," with Theda Bara, is stupid. It moves turgidly and tediously

Chester Barnett and Gloria Goodwin in the Brittany seacoast interlude of "Woman"

series of preposterous incidents until the actress discovers that two crooks are about to rob the village bank. She foils them and aids the bank clerk, who loves her, into becoming a hero. Everything happens utterly without

reason in "When Do We Eat?" The direction is amazingly bad, with burlesque villagers, Keystone sheriffs, and so on. This would have been a good picture for the producers to have forgotten about during the influenza shut-down. "When Do We Eat?" is just plain stupid.

But if "When Do We Eat?" is stupid, "Salome" (Fox) is worse, because it is nearly three times as long. The story of the famous Biblical wanton should have provided a vivid screen panorama, but Theda Bara's "Salome" is uninterestingly inadequate.

J. Gordon Edwards' direction is on a par with the Bara performance. Just once—with all his expenditure of money upon vast sets, waving armed supers, and so on—does he achieve anything like beauty of scene. That occurs when Salome comes to the grated well in which John is a prisoner.

"Salome" moves turgidly and tediously. The cast is weak, with the exception of Albert Roscoe, who gives a performance of John which, if immature, is at least earnest. The Bara characterization is a below-stairs conception of Salome.

(Continued on page 77)

Charlie Chaplin's "Shoulder Arms" is the one screen classic of the war





Wilda Bennett, a charming figure in the New Amsterdam musical hit, "The Girl Behind the Gun"



Frank Bacon gives a near-Jeffersonian characterization in "Lightnin'," the Gaiety Theater success

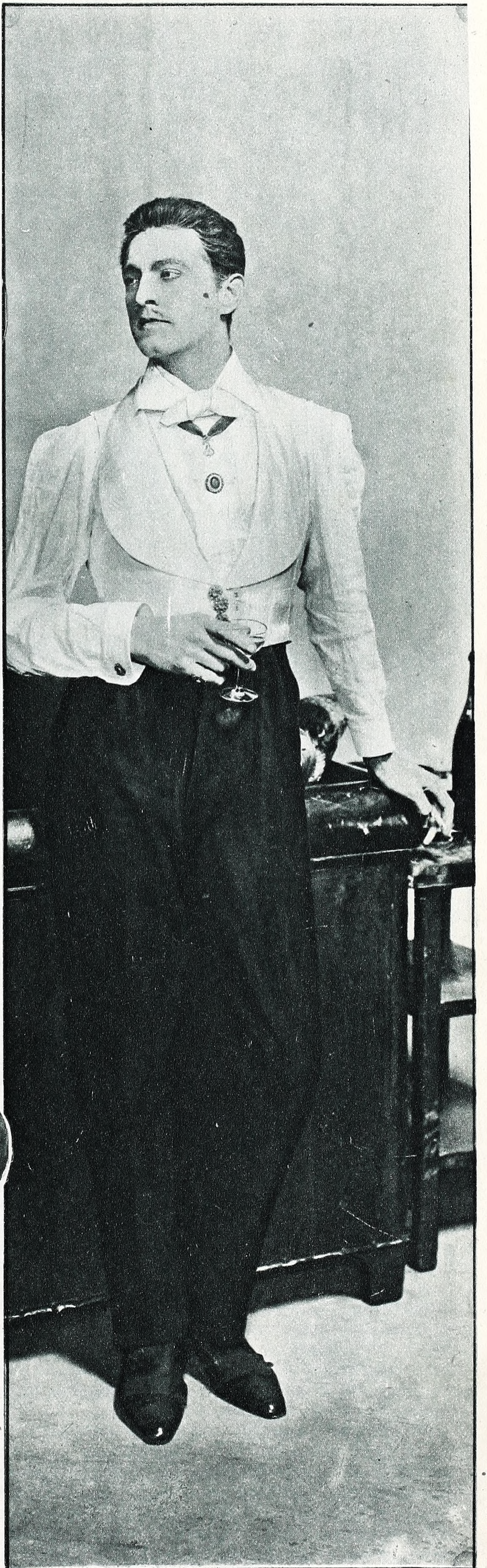
H. B. Warner and the delicious Irene Bordoni in the piquant Boulevard farce, "Sleeping Partners," at the Bijou Theater



The Holidays in the Theater



Above, A scene from John Williams' admirable production of Oscar Wilde's "An Ideal Husband"; right, A glimpse of John Barrymore's tremendous portrayal of Fedya in Tolstoi's "Redemption" at the Plymouth Theater; and, below, Jane Cowl and Orme Caldara in the delightful comedy, "Information, Please," at the Selwyn Theater



The Poor Little Rich Star

Tragedy Has Come to Little Viola D.



always knew it!" Husbands, 'sposin' you had wives who considered you "ab-so-lu-tely per-fect?" . . . 'Sposin'???

I dont know whether the Dana eyes, specifically, are famous or no. If they are not, they should be. They are her facial *chef d'oeuvre*—being extraordinarily large, extraordinarily brilliant and likewise of an extraordinary topaz-green. Also, they are in frequent and most telling use.

"I dont know," the diminutive Dana bewailed, 'why a *double* tragedy should happen to so small a person as *me!* Just imagine—I'm losing my husband, which, goodness knows, is plenty bad enough—and my director at one and the same time. I'm trying to be awf'ly brave about it, but it's har-rd!"

It *was* hard, even then; it is still harder for the tiny star *now*, but there was a spunkiness about her, a dauntlessness in spite of her fairy-like stature. She had about her the atmosphere of one who will not be downed, will not be felled, no matter what the ter-

"To sleep, to dream, and then to die," some time, some one has felt that and said it. It is sad, but so is it sweet. To love, to work, and then to die . . . this has not been said heretofore, but it is being *done* all thruout these days, when we are here today and gone tomorrow—and if it is still sadder, so, by the same token, is it far sweeter—so very sad, so very, very sweet that all of life must be perfumed because of it . . . perfume that brings tears . . . but tears that bring healing . . . and we who believe in the marvelous resilience of youth, if we are still to believe in anything, must believe that the perfume of her Beautiful Memory will bring healing to little Viola Dana. And it *will* be a beautiful memory . . . beautiful enough to vanquish pain. For when it was not a memory, but a vital and blessed fact, it shone out of her luminous eyes like stars and quivered in her jubilant young voice and radiated from her whole personality. It was her Topic Extraordinary. I, who was there for the sole purpose of having her ample autobiography, who was bestowing upon her what most Everywoman would have considered the golden opportunity of talking for two hours straight about Herself, heard instead that the beloved John was in the draft, that he was a perfect specimen, according to his draft board, and that he was the only one in sixty-two who *was*.

Adroitly, as I thought, vainly, as I soon discovered, I steered the frail conversational barque to her achievements, past, present and anticipatory, to the stage-versus-the-screen (an ever lucrative beginning), to Sister Shirley Mason, to preferences, to fads and foibles, to East and West, and ever and anon we came back to—"out of sixty-two other men, just think, ab-so-lu-tely per-fect!" As an addenda she said, with a snappy little snap of her big, big eyes, "of course . . . I

Two photographs of the Viola of 1919 are presented on this page, while, in the center, is a study of Miss Dana making up for the stage play, "The Poor Little Rich Girl," in which she scored a hit



ror, what the blow. Sometimes it does seem as if a blow has the faculty of falling in the wrong place, and yet, we who are here, not knowing Why nor Whither, dare not say that, believing . . . And still—they

lunched together, every day; he was her director as well as her hubby and her pal. In every line, in every way, their interests communed, in play which was work and in work which was play. And now . . . pretty big "bit" for a *very* small person . . .

"What a remarkable dressing-room," I said, at random. At random is correct. I wondered whether the Dana was responsible for the colorful medley in which I found myself. The ceiling being a du Barry pink, the floors an azurean blue and the drapes a decadent purple.

"Awful, isn't it?" laughed Viola, returning from Over There with a palpable effort, "the du Barry was Emmy Wehlen's, the blue Miss Barmore's and the drapes were Nazimova's. My manager thought I would like them, and had them hung here.

"I'm glad it—or they—are not your temperament," I murmured.

Upper right—A recent study of Miss Dana. *Center*—Shirley Mason as Little Meenie and Viola as Little Heinrich in "Rip Van Winkle," with Joseph Jefferson



Left, Miss Dana, in the good old Edison days. What photoplay was this? "The Portrait in the Attic," with Viola as Thelma

"But I *have* one," hastily averred the star—for, no doubt, reasons she, let X equal a star sans temperament.

"I'll prove it to you," she went on, and forthwith produced for the confirmation of her claim an auburn wig à la the Mary Pickford curls. This she dangled triumphantly and rather Bluebeardishly

before me. "For my new picture, 'Diana Ardway,'" she announced. "Diana has red, red hair, and she is supposed to be sort of an ingénue vamp. 'John,' I said, 'if I must be the naughty-but-nice child, Diana, I must have red, r-r-red hair!' 'Nonsense, Vi,' said John; 'your own hair will do nicely.' 'I must have

the r-r-red hair, John,' I insisted, stamping my foot and being very, *ver-y* temperamentalish, and I rolled my eyes, and I pouted, and—well . . ." She dangled the wig, triumphant-like, again. "I got it!" she beamed.

She was very proud, too, because she said John thinks she has common-sense. "Most people dont," she naïvely informed me, "my family, and . . . you know . . . I suppose it's my size," she added. "But John does. When I go to California this winter I am to buy a house all by myself. And furnish it. And live in it. Here we just live in hotels, but we want a really, truly home, and we want it in California. I feel so big about it, tho, and sort of real-estastish and important. To think he trusts *me* with buying a *house*!"

I racked my brains, as I racked hers, to hit upon a topic that had not to do, firstly with John's height and breadth and subsequently with his expedition under Mars. I achieved the vague glimmer of a few sidelights . . . such as shopping being her sole—or almost her sole—occupation and recreation—and *hats* the soul of that. Also that she helped small Shirley Mason to elope—was nearly taken for the bride in the excitement and married over again, the while Shirley was cowering tearfully in a corner. That, as she has not been working the past three weeks, she and John, Shirley and her Bernie have just been "staying out and having a good time." She is dreadfully afraid of growing *old*. "It must be," she whispered, wide-eyed, "the worst tragedy in all the world. I'm so *a-fraid* of it! I go to bed early every night and take such good care of myself. I'm twenty-one—but I dont tell *everybody* that." (Neither do I!)

(Continued on page 67)

Before and After Taking

"You see, Miss Gish, the magazine editor wants us to tell him what you and your sister do when you are not working." Thus spoke the hireling in the press department to the "Little Disturber."

"That's easy for you," said Miss Dorothy, "just tell him we go to bed and try to rest up for the next day."

"But he wouldn't believe that; he'd think we were giving him press stuff. You know the public thinks you only work about one day a month."

"Well, I *love* that. I work just as hard as any other girl who makes her own living, and when Saturday noon comes around I'm right there at the window for my little pay check. And I don't get time and a half for overtime, either."

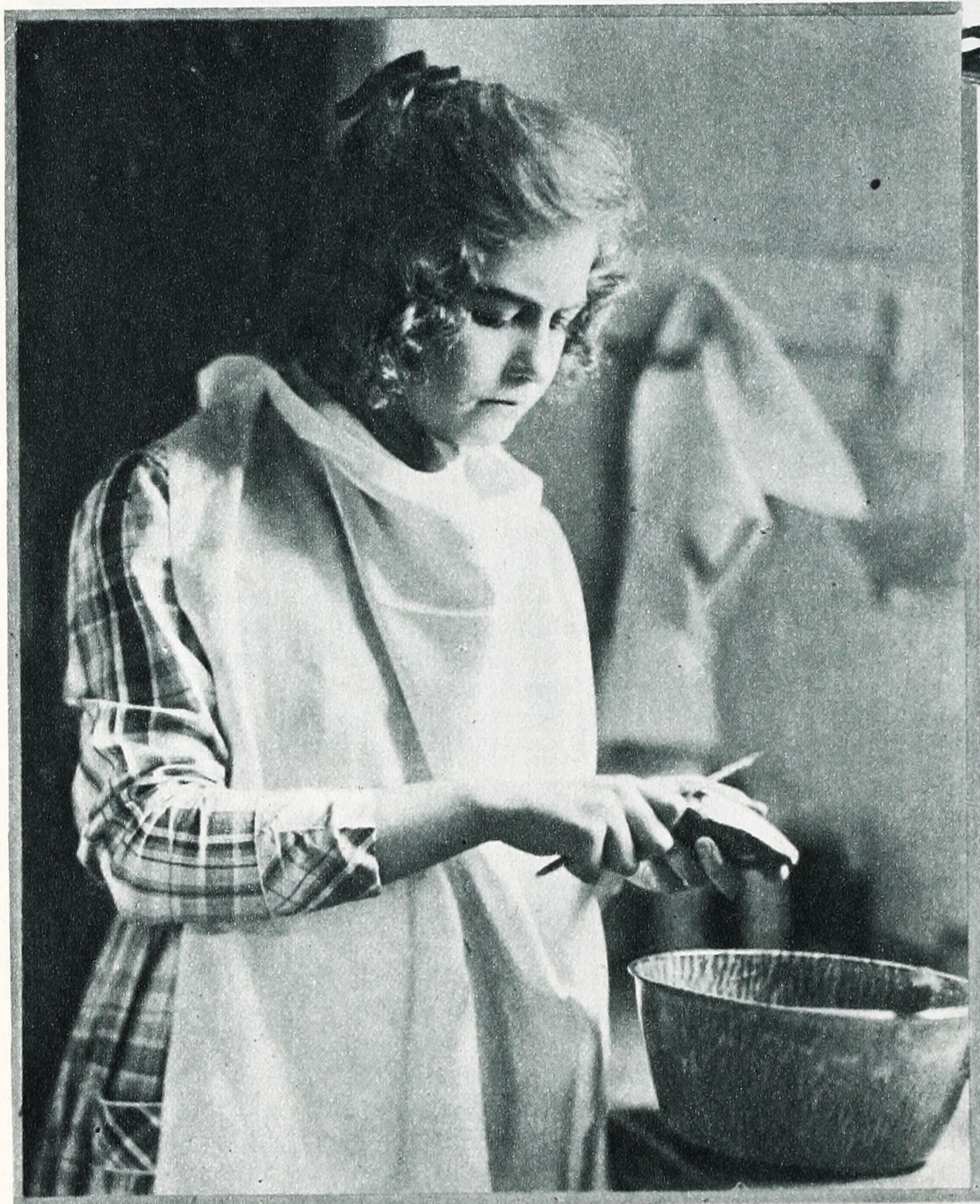
"But don't you do something at home—cooking, or feeding the chickens, or something like that?"

"Not for a minute. I've all I want to do without trying to cook. Besides that, I'm a poor cook. We have a hired girl, or I mean a maid, who does the cooking, and we can't keep chickens. Come again."

"But you know how to do those things, don't you?"

"You just bet I do. I've done them."

"Well, that's good enough. We'll write the story and



take some pictures and send 'em out anyway, and show the people who don't believe you do anything that you are pretty busy."

"But how'll you get the pictures?"

"Like all the rest of 'em get the pictures. You'll put on the dust-cap and apron and do some housework. If the maid gets mad about it we'll tell her it's for publicity, and

Here's a little exposé of how those nice domestic scenes of stars in their homes are created. Would you believe that these pictures were faked?

We-e-e-l-l!



By E. M. ROBBINS

she knows that's the last word."

So we went out to the Gishes and telephoned for the photographer-man, who is surprisingly on the job every

time any one is doing something that would look well in print.

The day was Sunday. "The Hope Chest" had been finished the afternoon before. Miss Lillian didn't have to go to work until 2.30, so everything started off right.

"First we'll take you cooking," said the P. A.



The bread and jam scene is the real thing, but as for Dorothy and the vacuum cleaner—read the accompanying exposé



"What do I cook?" asked the girls.

"Potatoes and roast beef, something to make you work harder."

And so we have a perfectly good photograph of Lillian basting the roast (all reports to the contrary, she knows how to baste them, too), and Dorothy peeling the potatoes. The maid had already peeled enough for dinner, so Dorothy decided that she'd Hooverize and just scrape the skin off the one she is holding. But here is proof positive that the Sisters Gish, who dwell within the star deeps, are earthly human beings who know the kitchen mechanism just like other girls.

"Is that enough?" they asked, when the camera-man had said "still" for the last time.

"For a start. What else do you have for dinner?"

"Why," said Dorothy, "I don't know what we'll have. That's up to mother and the girl."

"Let's look in the ice-box," said Lillian.

And the camera-man caught 'em again in a pose that looks just as if they were going to do the cooking themselves.

"Where do we go from here?" asks Dorothy.

"I've only ten more minutes," remarks Lillian.

The afternoon was progressing wonderfully. It was time to take Dorothy doing some sweeping.

Lillian said, "I must go now. Is the car outside?" It was not outside. Lillian sat down on the step and

(Continued on page 79)

The Parisian Wife

This Story Was Fictionized from the Paramount Photoplay of Eve Unsell

By DOROTHY DONNELL

THE Wesley Place stood starkly on the wind-bitten hilltop, gazing disapprovingly out on the world beneath thru lowered shutters, like half-closed eyelids, its rigid porch columns showing a chill white in the brassy sunlight of the March afternoon. On the north a windbreak of dark fir-trees kept up a continuous sighing monotone which had never ceased from the moment the first Wesley planted them beside his homestead two hundred years ago.

Since then eight generations of Wesleys had lived their orthodox, colorless lives here, loved their pale loves. Out of these dark portals their coffins had been carried at last to the tiny family cemetery on the hillside, where their dust need not mingle with any less dignified. In all that time the breath of scandal had never touched their rooftree—until now.

In the gray light of the shrouded parlor the members of the family, hastily summoned to conference, gazed at each other obliquely, not quite meeting one another's eyes.

"I suppose," Lincoln Wesley, the lawyer, polished his eye-glasses delicately with his silk handkerchief, "Martin did not—hm—enter into any description of the—hm—party of the second part?"

His sister, Ellen, sniffed as she took the letter from her mother's fingers. "Listen to this," she laughed, unpleasantly. "She has hair that is what virgin gold would be if gold were alive—heavy—clingy—and her skin is a wonderful warm ivory. Her figure—" Ellen folded the paper jerkily, an angry red flecking her sharp cheekbones. "If my advice had been taken, Martin would never have gone to Paris. It's what was to be expected, that's all."

Old Thompson Wesley, Martin's grandfather, unlocked his dry, purple lips with a senile cackle. "A dancing woman—a

painted daughter of Babylon," he mumbled, "whose lips are as the ante-chamber of hell."

His wife, Myra, drew the lavender knit shawl closer about her bloodless shoulders with a nervous glance at the clock. "They'll be here in less than an hour," she fretted. "Whatever will people say when they hear a Wesley has brought a wife home from Paris? And her name, too—scandalous! What respectable woman ever had a name like *Fauvette*?"

In Ellen's pale-blue eyes gleamed the unforgiving malice of an old, unlovely woman for a young, beautiful one. "She shall regret what she has done," she said implacably. "We must open poor Martin's eyes. Mark my words, there are things in her past that he does not know."

It was into this atmosphere of frigid suspicion and disapprobation that Martin Wesley's Parisian bride stepped, when, an hour later, the station hack deposited them at the painted iron gate. A sullen sunset smoldered thru the crannies of the fir barrier and, altho the evening was windless, the continuous low plaint rose from their branches. The shadow of the

house lay sharp and distinct at her feet.

Martin, turning from paying the hackman, saw that her gray eyes were upon it with a look of fear and dread. "See," she told him, in her careful English, "the shadow—if we step into it, what of our happiness?"

He frowned away her fancy. "Dont be silly, Fauvette." His voice grew tender on the name and, suddenly catching her to him, he kist her with a sort of fierce awkwardness and swept her up the path and across the threshold of his ancestors.

"She has hair that is what virgin gold would be if gold were alive—heavy, clingy, and her skin is a wonderful warm ivory."

THE PARISIAN WIFE

Scenario written by Eve Unsell. Produced by Paramount. Directed by Emile Chautard. The cast:

Fauvette.....Elsie Ferguson
Martin Wesley.....David Powell
Tony Ray.....Courtenay Foote
Thompson Wesley.....Frank Losee
Mrs. Wesley.....Cora Williams





"He shall not see me cry, *jamais, jamais*; he married a laughing wife and those gray, cruel ones down there shall not rob him of me"

"Mother—Aunt Ellen," he faced the three silent figures in the dim parlor, defiantly, "this is my wife—this is Fauvette."

The Wesleys saw a girl, incredibly lovely—the women of their family had not been noted for their beauty—a golden creature of glowing tints and young, warm curves; they saw, too, the fashionable clothes, the audacious tilt of her hat, which to their provincial eyes spelled nothing less than actual devilry, and their eyes grew chill and hard as steel.

"I expect you're going to find South Quarries considerably different from what you're accustomed to." Ellen proffered a limp hand. "Martin'll show you up to your room and you can lay your things off. We always have supper at seven."

And this was the bride's welcome to her new home. Groping up the steep, narrow stairs by the flickering light of the oil lamp in her husband's hand, Fauvette pressed her eyes fiercely shut to keep back the hot, sudden tears. Daughter of an ardent race, sensitive to all the nuances of grief and joy, she had now the blank sensation of having had a door slammed in her face.

The guest-room was high-ceilinged, with chocolate wall-paper and black walnut furniture. Over Fauvette's soul washed a great wave of homesickness, briny with the bitter tang of tears. Then she looked at her husband, unconcernedly combing his hair in thick, wet spirals before the mirror, and her chin went up gallantly.

"He shall not see me cry, *jamais, jamais!*" she promised herself; "he married a laughing wife, and those gray, cruel ones down there shall not rob him of me."

In the agonizing weeks that followed she tried piteous, futile little wiles to win the Wesleys to her, but it was like a butterfly dashing fragile wings against a granite wall. Ellen and her mother ignored her as much as was consistent with their theories of good breeding, and treated her before Martin with a frigid politeness, cruel as only women—and good women—know how to be. The senile old father leered at her with rheumy, knowing eyes and babbled Scriptural quotations about "scarlet women." In church and on the street the village peered at her with prying, greedy glances and evil whisperings.

When Martin first heard the whispers he strode up the hill and across the threshold of the gaunt, white house and locked himself into the stuffy study, where Ellen heard his restless pacing and smiled triumphantly. Later she rapped and was admitted, to find him sullen-browed and blustering.

"Do you know what those evil-minded old cats are saying about my wife—about a Wesley?" Even in his anger the ruling passion of family worship was stronger than anything else.

Ellen spoke smoothly. "After all, can you blame them for wondering, Martin? A foreigner—and after such a short acquaintance! Of course, you know all about her, but to those of us who don't—well, you must admit it is not strange we—speculate."

A moment later the low doorway framed a vision so incongruous, so bewildering, that the dark, distinguished man sprang to his feet, with the tribute of an involuntary exclamation



Martin stared at her, startled. "Of course I know Fauvette did not—could not—" But his voice lacked conviction, and Ellen knew that she had guessed rightly. Martin had never questioned or wondered about his French wife's past until now. The seed was planted. She watered it skillfully.

"Of course, the French have such different moral standards!" she would say, blandly, or to Fauvette, "Such a pretty woman as you, my dear, must have had many admirers. Odd you should have—waited for Martin!"

It was with a sense of absolute terror that Fauvette caught her husband's eyes fixed on her one day with an expression of dark speculation. She set herself to fight his suspicion with the only weapons she knew, the ardent and innocent coquetries of her race, an eager response to his infrequent caresses, never guessing that they only served to feed the smouldering fires of his distrust.

Then, unexpectedly, a time came when her overtaxed patience snapped. Breathless with nervous hurrying, she had slipped into her place at the breakfast-table, dreading the silent glance at the clock and tightening of Ellen's thin lips that always reproached any tardiness. That they had been discussing her she knew instinctively even before Martin addressed her, tapping the opened letter in his hand impressively.

"Fauvette, my friend, Tony Ray, the novelist, is coming to spend the summer with us," he began, patronizingly, as one would speak to a very small child. "He is conservative and conventional, a member of one of the best families of Boston. We think it best to caution you in regard to your behavior while he is here."

Fauvette's eyes flashed under discreetly lowered lashes. "I understand, yes!" she smiled, dangerously sweet, into their stony faces. "You are afraid I flirt, yes? This Saint Tony must not be tempted. Very well. I will wear a black gown to dinner! I will fold my hands, *voilà!*"

The family and their guest were gathered in the chill decorum of the parlor that evening when the click of small heels

open admiration of the stranger's frank blue gaze, the cold incredulous anger of her husband's face, and the mischievous impulse of self-assertion vanished, leaving her hot-cheeked with shame and misery. As soon as possible after the dreadful dinner had dragged to a close she slipped away to her own room, where, a moment later, Martin followed her, his handsome, rather heavy features snarled with rage.

"I have been a blind fool!" he told her, thru white lips. "But when you came down tonight in that shameless gown I knew that I had married a wanton! God—" With a convulsive movement he tore at the velvet rose, stabbing his finger with its pin and leaving a red smear on her white breast.



was heard on the stairs, and a moment later the low doorway framed a vision so incongruous, so bewildering that the dark, distinguished man talking to Ellen sprang to his feet with the tribute of an involuntary exclamation.

Simple as the black tulle gown was, it spoke in every subtly revealing line of the boulevards of Paris, the city that worships beauty in women and gallantry in men. Above the amazingly low-cut bodice Fauvette's white shoulders and neck rose in all their naked wonder, her hair was piled in sophisticated waves above her daringly rouged, defiantly gay little face, and upon the swelling curves of her breast glowed a great crimson velvet rose.

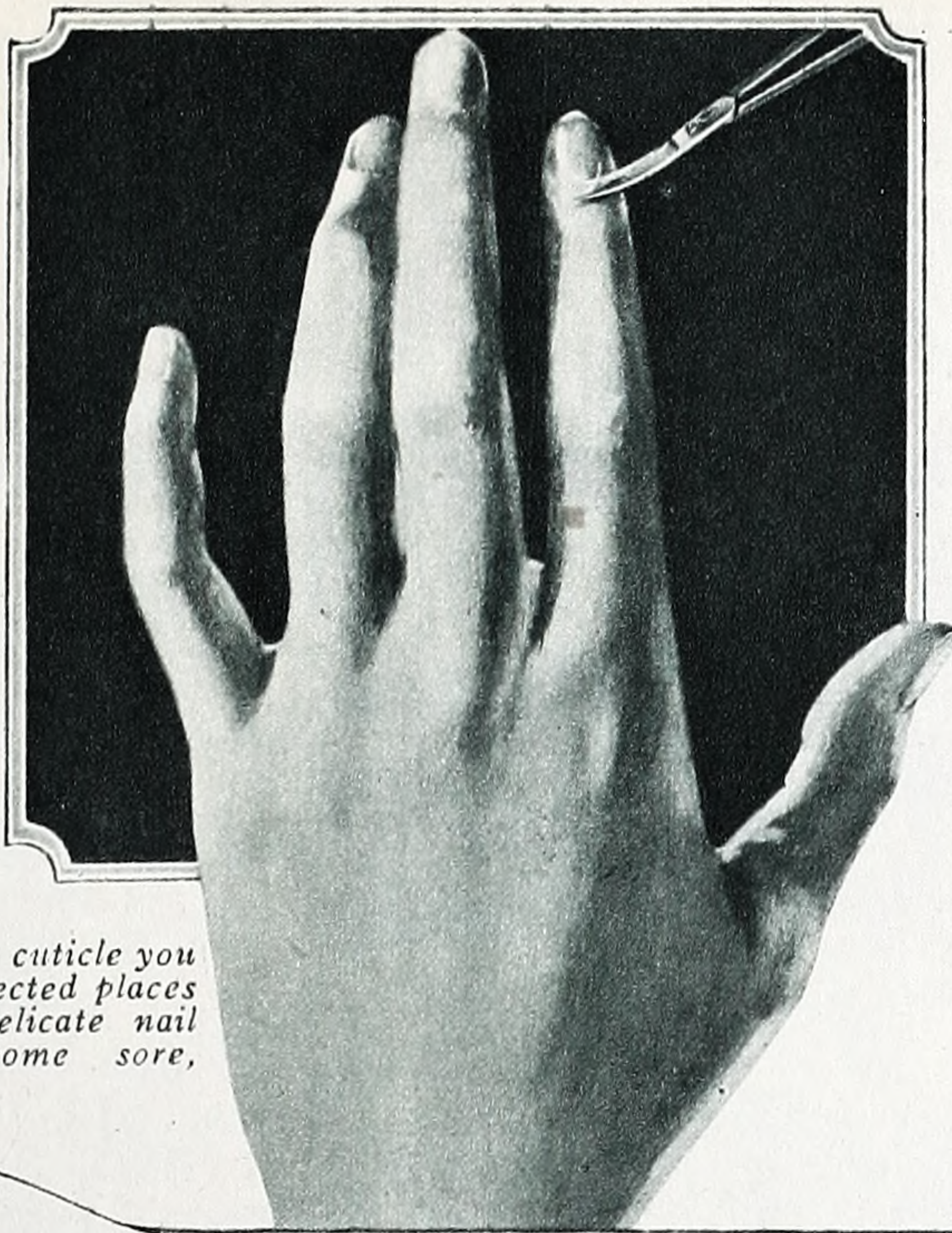
In one swift glance she saw the horror of the women, the

She cried out with a pain more than physical, as tho his words had stabbed to the quick of her soul.

Tony Ray, noting Martin's black look and torn finger, the girl's hurt cry still ringing in the ear of his memory, nodded wisely to himself. "Ariel and Caliban," he mused. "Martin is a good fellow, but narrow and stubborn, of the earth, earthy, while she—" His long, sensitive fingers blundered in their task of lighting his cigar. Above the cynicism of his lips the man's tired eyes were wistful. "I knew her when I first saw her. She is my dream that never came true!"

It was Tony who explained very gently the monstrous words of Martin's letter

(Continued on page 73)



When you cut the cuticle you leave little unprotected places all around the delicate nail root, which become sore, rough and ragged



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The wrong and the right way to manicure



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Gossip of the Pacific Coast

By
FRITZI REMONT

LOS ANGELES, CAL. (Special).—Naturally the thing uppermost in the minds of the studio colony is the enforced lay-off on account of the influenza epidemic. While not so severe as in the Eastern States, all necessary precautions have been taken. Those who started pictures will be allowed to finish them before taking the four-weeks' vacation without pay. Many companies which finished a feature took the vacation immediately. By general agreement between the film companies, every one is forced to participate in this lay-off.

Nevertheless, we have had the sad issues to face here and there. Myrtle Gonzalez, who had been in ill health for a year, necessitating the resignation of her husband from the army, passed on after a few days' illness of influenza.

The Gish girls have been enjoying home life since the closing order came. Lillian finished her propaganda picture with Mr. Griffith. I saw her at the First National Bank, wearing an outfit that just suits her gold-and-white beauty. There was a white pleated skirt, a luscious belted black velvet coat, white Georgette blouse, and a huge black velvet hat simply trimmed with black velvet streamers that fluttered over her shoulders. With white boots and gloves, she was an immaculate-looking little maid.

Juanita Hansen has had
(Continued on page 79)

Will Santa Claus overlook Myrtle Lynn, Mack Senneter? No, Rollo, even Mr. Claus will not overlook this

© Stagg, Los Angeles

(Sixty)





May Allison

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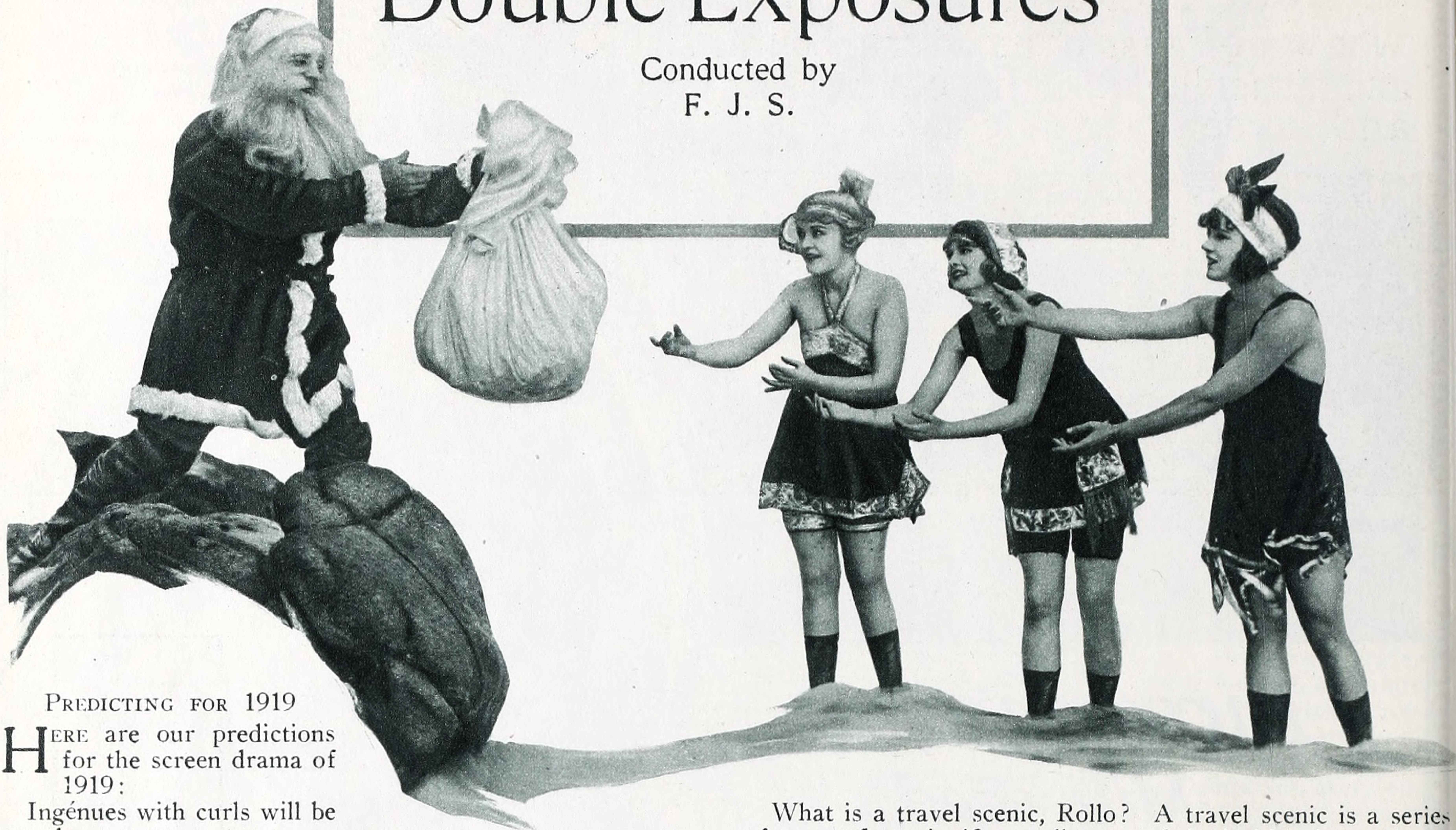
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Double Exposures

Conducted by
F. J. S.



PREDICTING FOR 1919

HERE are our predictions for the screen drama of 1919:

Ingénues with curls will be popular.

The sun will continue to revolve in its orbit directly back of the blonde stellar cutie's left ear, thereby casting a glow upon the aforementioned blondeism.

Animals will be popular. There will be a strong partiality on the part of directors for canaries and doves.

Close-ups of beaded eye-lashes will be made in large quantities, thus contributing an intimate, human note to the film drama.

Doug Fairbanks will jump over a chair in May, 1919.

Bill Hart will play a bad man who reforms about June 9, 1919.

One hundred and nineteen scenario writers will get new positions, Hun spies having lost their vogue with the end of the war.

In December, 1919, Mary Pickford will be undecided between an offer of \$5,000,000 and one of \$6,000,000.

After looking the contestants over carefully, we respectfully offer the Modesty Prize of 1918 to Edgar Lewis. It was Mr. Lewis who announced his activities after this non-personal fashion:

"Edgar Lewis
'The Bret Harte of Motion Pictures'
announces

Six Edgar Lewis Super Productions, with the usual excellent Edgar Lewis cast of players.

EDGAR LEWIS."

A little portrait of a director named Edgar Lewis gave the final note of impersonal interest to the announcement.

The exhibitors are the backbone of the screen industry, we are told. Realizing this, we examine with interest the electric sign of a Boston movie house, which a few days ago read:

"Mae Terlincks in 'The Blue Bird.'"

What is a travel scenic, Rollo? A travel scenic is a series of tremendous significant glimpses of the inside of tunnels.

And you ask what is a film masterpiece, Rollo. A masterpiece is any photoplay with a full-page advertisement. It becomes a work of sheer genius when it has a two-page advertisement.

We think Harold Lloyd is a good comedian—and we'll keep right on thinking so while Bebe Daniels plays opposite him.

The old Answer Man started something when he launched his first department of replies to fan inquiries. The English screen weeklies are taking it up now. *Pictures* has a query page, from which we glean this information:

"ALMA, HACKNEY.—We have not heard that Mary Pickford has gone in for goat-keeping at her California home—tho it is quite likely. She loves animals."

When Doug Fairbanks conducted his remarkable one-man parade up Fifth Avenue on behalf of the Fourth Liberty Loan drive, thereby picking up several paltry millions en route, he gave the best insight into the psychology of America that we can think of. When Doug called up from the street to J. Pierpont Morgan to drop a check out his window, when he leaped over subway kiosks for the benefit of the crowds and climbed into the windows of the Union League Club to solicit contributions he was the dream of every American boy come true.

Will Charlie Chaplin be as funny now that he's married?

Five million married men scattered around the globe await the outcome with anxious interest.

Maurice Tourneur had hardly given out the announcement that dancing is the best possible training for the screen when Earle Williams married Florine Walz.

"F. J. S.,
"Motion Picture Classic:

"Having accepted challenges all my young life, noted your challenge in your 'Double Exposures' paragraph, I promise you that in 'The Master Mystery' I shall escape from the Sunset Fade-out. In fact, I have already done so. Thanks for the suggestion.

"Sincerely yours,
"HOUDINI."

Grace Miller White

who wrote "Tess o' the Storm Country" and numerous other famous books and screen plays, Says -



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The Hope Chest (Continued from page 35)

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privilege of gazing into the young eyes sweeter than the bon-bons, or the greater one of holding, furtively, the deft young hands—or by the hoi polloi met in drift-wood theaters in backwater towns of the States when traveling with Lew Pam. There had been heroes of romance, of course, but when all is said and done, romance breathing up from paper pages is hardly satisfactory to a hungry heart. Tom Ballantine had seemed the marvelous crystallization of a dream. He had seemed—oh, everything youth wants when youth is very young. But now . . . among other things achieved by money is a larger vision. Not always a truer one, perhaps; that depends upon the person, but a broader scope at least.

After a year at Miss Perrin's ultra-modern school, after vacations with the Lounsberrys, than whom Gotham boasts no higher strata, after the knowledge that young Stoughton Lounsberry was ready to barter his hope of heaven for the privilege of a smile from her, Sheila began to see Tom as Tom really was, and always had been, e'en on the immortal night—very young, very uncontrolled, very reckless and feckless, very lovable. A boy who might become a man—in time.

Sheila was very young herself, very young and with no one to turn to for the help her troubled heart needed. But down from the slender little lady who had committed only one sin, that of loving Lew Pam, came a nicety of judgment that stayed with her now. On the night before she left school for good she knelt by the hope chest and tried to visualize the mother she had never seen save thru the loving agency of Lew Pam's reminiscences. She saw her best, she thought, in the intricacies of lace and cobweb fineness contained in the hope chest. Only a lovely lady, Sheila pondered, could have called to life these fairy things. Only some one who must have loved her very dearly could have left her such a legacy. Sheila had always suspected that her mother had left her this chest with a purpose—to point the way to the girl to another life than that lived by Lew Pam. "She wanted me to know," Sheila whispered; "she wanted me to know . . ."

She thought, too, of the time Miss Perrin, who had become a very good friend of hers, had told her that there

was a fortune in the hope chest. "There is," Sheila had replied, "but not a money. All that I have of my mother have here . . ."

"It is more than a legacy," Miss Perrin had said, as her cold, aristocratic fingers touched the filmy things; "it is legacy of dreams . . . of dreams . . ."

"I know," said Sheila, and her bright tears had fallen on the laces and gleamed there, fairer than pearls.

Sheila was sorry to leave the school sorry to leave Miss Perrin, and Moll Lounsberry and all the others who had made her forget for this brief interval ought save the fact that she was a girl and life was very good. She knew that now she was going back to stand at the bar of the Ballantine approbation or disapprobation. She knew that she was to be examined, appraised, accepted or rejected. She was to be taken in or cast forth again. She was to be his wife—or not to be. Her mouth set in an odd little way. "I have a debt to pay whatever way I look at it," she said; "a big debt . . . I'm going to pay it."

Father and Mother Ballantine were unanimous in their approval of the finished product Miss Perrin had sent them. The girl had been lovely before . . . now she was epicurean. She had trademarks . . . wealth can give them . . . she was flawless. How much the seal of the Lounsberry affection had to do with the verdict pronounced must ever remain an enigma locked in the Ballantine breast. Anyway, Father Ballantine imprinted a salute upon her brow, waved a grandiose hand at the two young people, and pronounced, "Now go—to your reward!"

Tom's young face flushed, but Sheila turned very white. "Mr. Ballantine," she said, so softly the old gentleman had to bend his head to hear, "I owe you—a great—debt. I—I am prepared to pay it. I—I give you back—your son."

Mr. Ballantine sat down. He was not quite in the habit of having his golden, only son handed to him, as it were, upon a platter. He was prepared for obsequiousness, not refusal. He was plainly and badly flabbergasted. He turned to his wife mutely. The upshot of this conclave was that Sheila, with Tom's stern face smiting her to the heart, admitted that she *did* love him, *did*, and, in Tom's demanding ear, after the limp parents had exited, that she always *had*—never had loved "*that* Lounsberry"—would go on a honeymoon—and of course had never forgotten "*that* night."

Thus, on the Ballantine yacht, the *Pastime*, they recaptured for a golden, idyllic month the lost delights of the lost Arcady—lived and dreamed with the gods under a waxing moon—kist with the mouth of the sea opened to kiss them both—bound themselves round with roses red with the warmth of June—quaffed the ambrosial cup and could not find the dregs. Love bound the limbs of jealousy and blinded both his eyes. The

THE HOPE CHEST

Adapted by M. M. Stearns, from the story of Mark Lee Luther. Directed by Elmer Clifton. Produced by Paramount. The cast:

Sheila Moore.....Dorothy Gish
Lew Moore.....George Fawcett
Tom Ballantine...Richard Barthelmess
Ballantine, Sr.....Sam de Grasse
Mrs. Ballantine.....Kate V. Toucray
Ethel Hoyt.....Carol Dempster
Stoughton Lounsberry. Bertram Grassby

kingdom of heaven was at hand. But it was the kingdom of earth. Man has not the wisdom of the gods. He finds the gate of paradise, wrenches it wide, then closes it in his own face. After a month on the *Pastime*, Tom and Sheila returned to Newport, and Tom went to work in the factory built for the sole purpose of the sweet teeth of the world. Sheila wore delectable Lucilles, ran Rolls-Royces and spent money deliciously. Every morning she convoyed Tom to the smoking stacks of the factory, every evening she ran down to convey him back. Life skimmed along as easily as her purring, upholstered roadster. Then, with the ghastly impact life has as a habit of inflicting, there came news of a train-wreck on which Tom *might* be, a hurried trip to the horrid scene and, not Tom, but Lew Pam, lying among the débris. He raised his arm to shield his face when he saw his dainty daughter and her young husband coming toward him, but he was too late. Sheila saw him, fell on her knees, tore away his concealing arm. "It's Daddy—it's Daddy—my own Daddy!" she moaned, and never knew that the eyes of her husband had ever beheld this man before nor his ears heard his name. "You *did* see him," she protested, as Tom muttered that he had never seen him, she should have told him. "You *did* see him—in a theater one day last month—don't you remember?—we went—he came out—you—you *laughed* at him, and I—I went out—"

"So *that*," mused Tom, remembering, was *why* . . ."

"That," snapped Sheila, unfastening the unconscious man's collar, "was *why*. Be so good as to get a doctor—quick—*at once* . . ."

"You *cheated*," said Tom, as he stalked away; "you—you—"

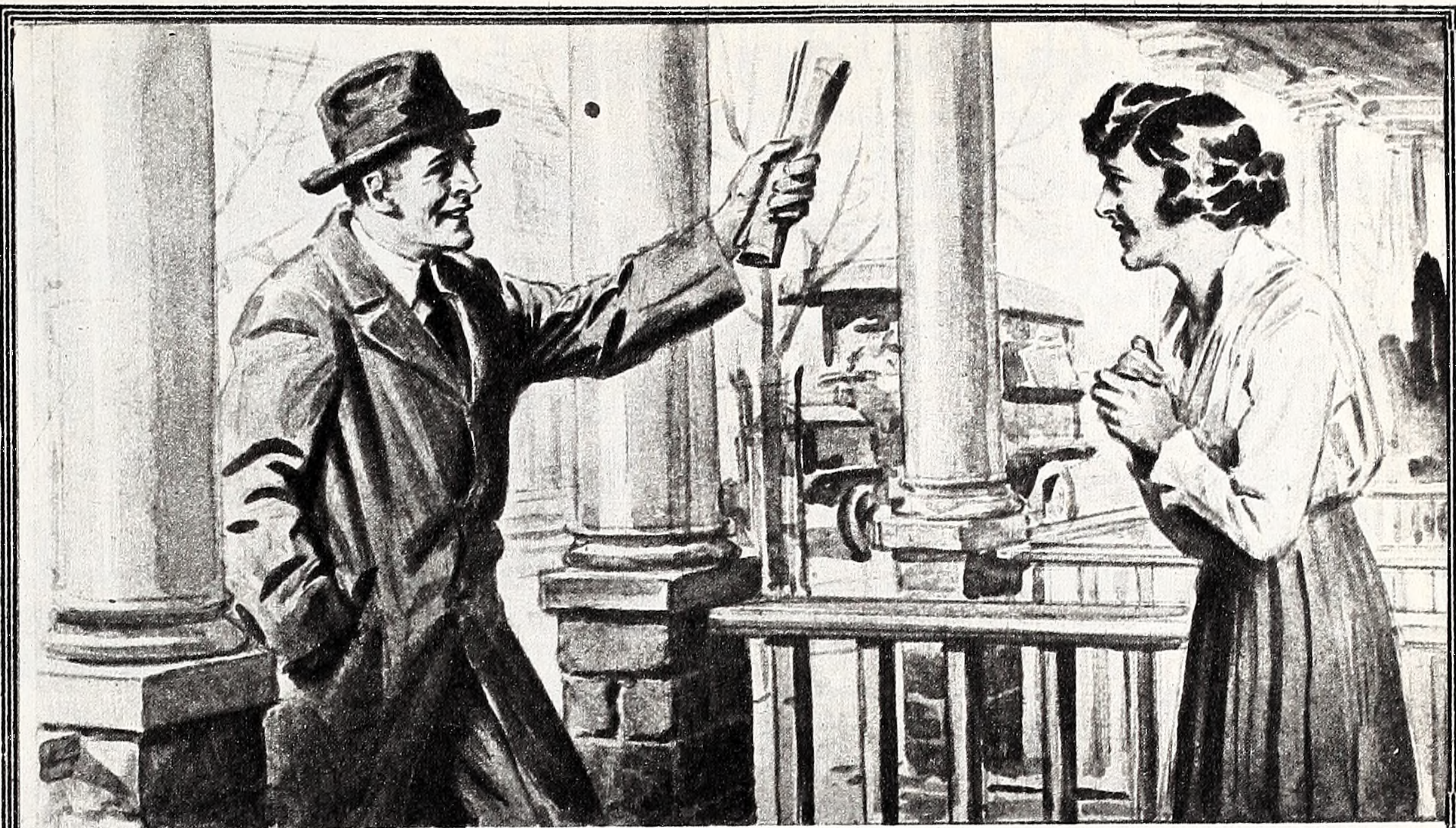
But Sheila did not hear. She was brooding to the man who had crooned so many tender times to her, holding, in her turn, his bruised head upon her breast.

While Lew Pam was mending at a sanitarium under the constant ministrations of his daughter and the kindly help of Roger Ballantine, Tom was drifting. Sheila had aroused his jealousy again, and it was strangling him. Aided by his too vivid imagination, he was conjuring up for her impossible people of whom, as he had been of her father, he was in painful ignorance. Wisely, Roger Ballantine deported him to the Far West. "You need," he told him, "distance to see me, my lad. You are growing short of sight. Go away—stay away—until your vision clears."

When Lew Pam got well Sheila turned to the hope chest. "I cant," she told Roger Ballantine, when he offered to help her until such time as "that young ass gets over it." "You are dear—but I cant. Miss Perrin is going to help me, and we are going to open a tiny shop and call it The Hope Chest in the hotel

(Continued on page 74)

(Sixty-five)



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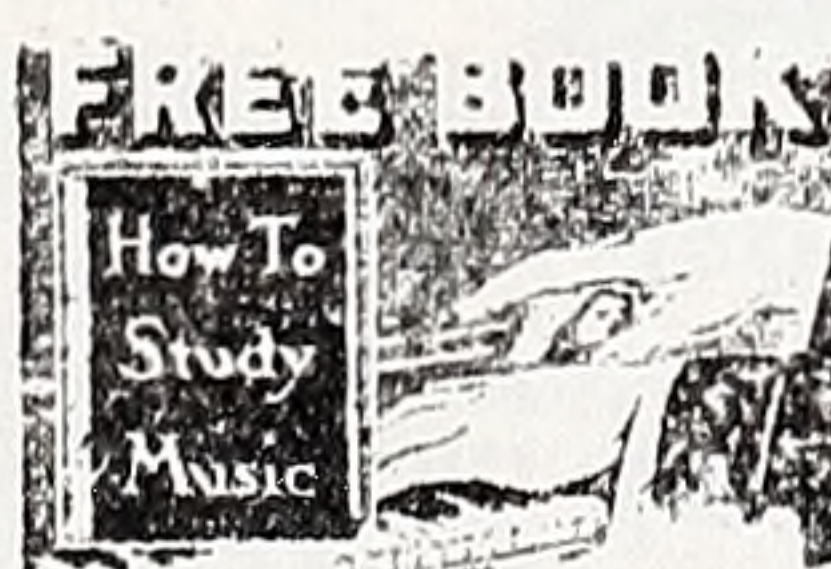
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Holt—Who Goes There?

(Continued from page 29)

range-rider in Oregon. You've seen me ride up to a burly steer and jump on his back as if you thought no more of it than vaulting a fence back in New York? Well, that's about the only thing I've attempted in my life, and I got to be quite an expert. You see, one must land squarely, preserve his equilibrium, and convince friend steer that one's intentions to stay on his back are genuine. It sounds delightfully simple and makes a pretty snapshot when properly accomplished, but there's always the bull's mind to be considered. The little differences of opinion between rider and steer are calculated to give one another a thing from a ravenous appetite to a broken leg, but it's all very diverting.

"How about bucking bronchos, like riding them?"

"Yes, much. Really easier to stick to than a steer. I liked the sport. I can hardly classify it as a stunt; in fact, do remember ever attempting any stunt worth mentioning."

"But you're in your element now doing a cowboy part, aren't you?"

"Yes, I like it for a change from drawing-room parts. I can't do sympathetic leads; they don't appeal to me at all. I like character leads, something that expresses force, whether for good or bad. The usual leading part is a goody-goody, subservient always to the feminine star's rôle, keeps one mooning around trying to win the lady's love with all the odds against one until the last reel. As Cash Hawkins in 'The Squaw Man,' which Mr. De Mille is reproducing, I have a part which just suits me. You know 'The Squaw Man' was done about six years ago by the Lasker Company, but Mr. De Mille thinks such a fine play he has had it rewritten with much new stuff added, the parts enlarged, and is reproducing it."

"Your part in 'The Claw' was horrible enough," I remarked, "I should think but the queer part is that you got all the sympathy at the end, anyway. Show clever continuity writing, doesn't it?"

"Well, you see that was really the leading part. It had been assigned to Milton Sills, of course, but he absolutely refused to consider playing it. I hated the rôle of Maurice Stair; it did not appeal to him in any way. So I and I swapped parts, everybody was happy, and I enjoyed doing the character of the cowardly Stair quite as much as Mr. Sills loved the part of the brave soldier who wasn't ashamed to wear ear rings for sentiment's sake."

"Please, what is your chief aspiration in pictures?"

"Don't laugh—the idea sounds very presumptuous, but I do want to act with Gerry Farrar. Often I have a hunch that I'm to play with her before another year passes."

"You said 'family obligations' a while ago. Are there any pictures of the

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investigations' that haven't yet seen print?" Jack Holt shook his head sadly. "My mother two-thirds is a non-professional, because she hates her pictures to appear anywhere. I've tried to steal them, but I'm a poor actor when it comes to play-crook at home. The pictures of our little girl, Imogene, are just as carefully guarded as the white elephant in India. I see, Imogene's seven now, goes to school, and is a very important young person around the Holt home—but I don't see how I could get her pictures, I'd love to sneak them away—just show it *could* be done."

Which all goes to prove that Jack Holt is not playing *leads* at home, doesn't he? Perhaps that is why he is unspoiled and free from vanity, too. His home is a very happy one, but it is distinctly separate from his profession—just a little castle where he is free to smoke a pipe and lay aside the clawhammer which particularly suits him on screen for a velvet jacket—that is, to contain a surprise for Imogene one of its pockets.

The Poor Little Rich Star

(Continued from page 53)

at which confidential juncture John came for her for luncheon. Viola added her mole-skin collar, tilted her ready tip-tilted violet hat, tiptoed to the door on her absurdly dainty feet, gave ecstatic squeal, and—we were off . . . on Broadway in the midday sunshine, talking about the war . . . about peace . . . about plans and schemes and fusts and projects . . . forgetting, as we have a way of doing, that we are present here . . . forgetting the ancient maxim, "One shall be taken, the other left" . . . forgetting, too, perhaps, that we must all cling to, now, all remember, all hold on to . . . this is not . . . and There, the Divine Overruler, there shall be no partings, no s . . .

"Ception Shoals"

(Continued from page 46)

message to you . . . Smoot must have managed to steal it somehow." When we went back to the lighthouse, I searched for Dad everywhere, and there, by the lamps that alone of all things in the world he loved, we found him dead. So he never knew my happiness . . . the happiness of real love overcomes all narrowness and petti-

ness hurt me to find him dead. I had tried to bring sunshine into his emerald heart. But perhaps it was too late. After it was all over, I packed my things and went aboard the *Drift*.

As we steamed away, the light of Ception Shoals shone thru the evening sky. "With all its bitterness and tragedy," I said to Philip, "I love it, because it gave me you."

"Dear little Eve," he whispered.

(Sixty-seven)

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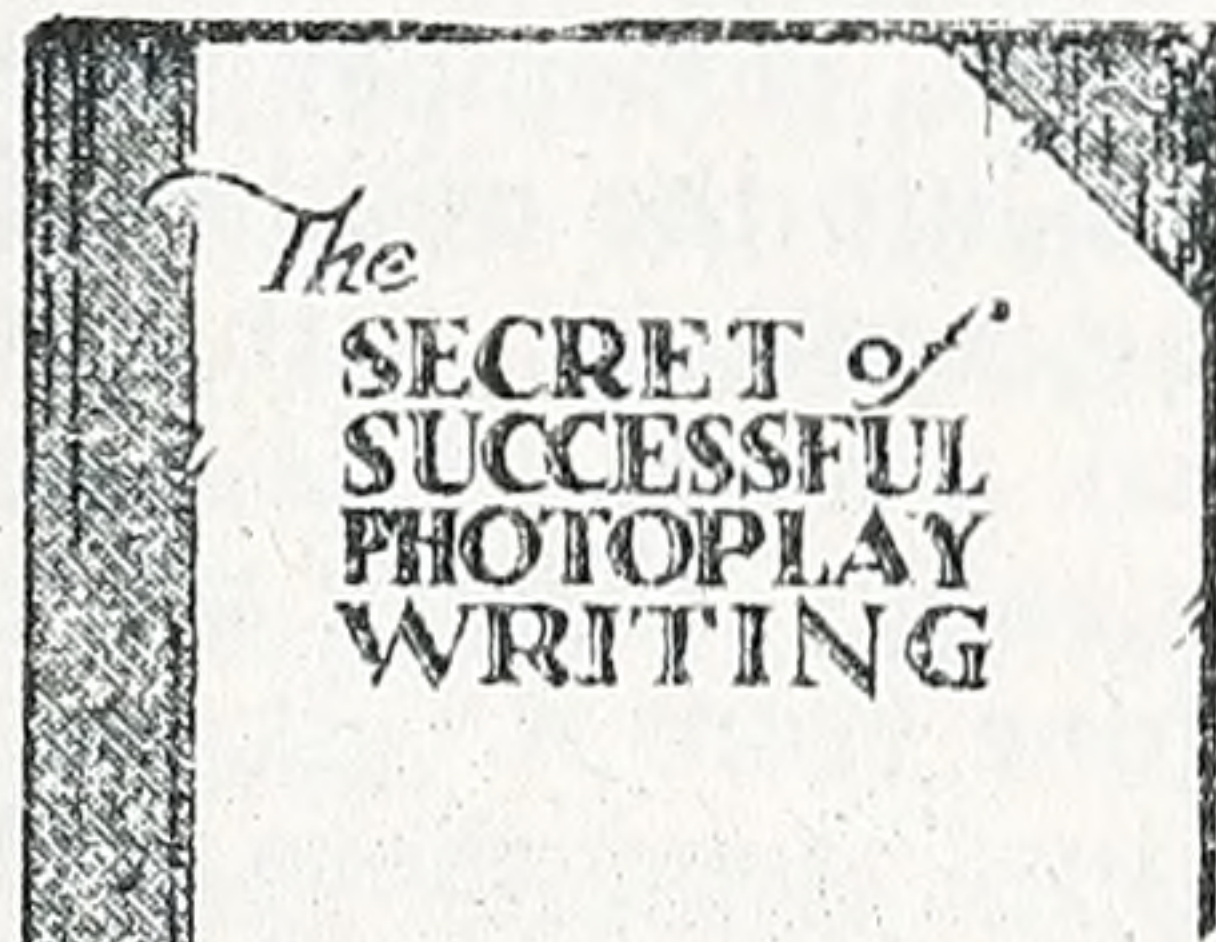
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Sessue of the Samurai—(Continued from page 23)

of the half-light of the doorways. Quaint, musty smells pervaded the whole picture. We fell to talking—at least I did—about the effect of peace upon the war books and war plays.

"How long do you think the public will be interested in war stories after peace is declared?"

"Ten," said Hayakawa, with the quick decisiveness of a sea captain ordering the moorings cast off.

"Ten what?"

"Ten days."

"How do you know?"

"We have had practical experience in Japan—twice," said Hayakawa. "After the Chinese-Japanese and Russo-Japanese wars we saw our victorious soldiers come home. For ten days the public was wild over their stories. Then it was as tho some one had erased something from a blackboard."

And I knew that was all I was likely to hear that evening.

Another evening we fell to talking about motion picture acting.

Somebody was raving on about the limitations of motion pictures. "You never can put over a subtle story as you can with words."

"You cant tell a subtle story with words," retorted Hayakawa. "You cant tell anything with words."

"You cant tell it by screwing up your face and grimacing," contended the other man, who somehow felt his case slipping.

"That's is true," said Hayakawa. He was silent for a moment; then he made the longest speech I ever heard from his lips.

"In Japan we had a great actor; his name was Danjuro. I remember one time seeing him come into the middle of the stage and fix the audience with his gaze. He didn't speak a word. His face was absolutely immovable. Every trace of expression was gone from it. It was set like stone. He just stood there and looked, and as he looked you could feel the audience catch its breath. He kept on looking. The audience became so tense that it seemed as tho you must scream if he did not move. I remember that I myself was almost hysterical when Danjuro finally relaxed and released his hold."

"Bunk!" said the skeptic. "How did he do it?"

"I am afraid it would be too difficult to explain," said Hayakawa. "Perhaps I may best illustrate it by saying this: I always try not to move my face in emotional scenes. I came from an old Samurai family in Japan. In that caste it is considered to be extremely disgraceful to show your feelings.

"Under no circumstances must you lose your absolute self-control. For instance, suicide is very common in Japan. The rites of the hari-kari are very elaborate. The knife is thrust into the left side of the abdomen, drawn across the stomach for exactly six inches, then upward for one inch. It is considered

shameful if the suicide, in his pain and agony, shows that he was too agitate to make the cuts with exactitude. The dread of every Japanese boy is that, killing himself, his body may show that in his death agony he has thrashed and kicked his legs around, thus bringing lasting shame to his family.

"In these ideas I was raised. I was taught that death was a mere incident that honor and poise were everything.

"Therefore, when in motion picture I have to portray, let us say a scene of hatred, I do not try to show it with my face. In fact, I try not to show it in my face. But I think in my heart how I hate him."

"But how do you get it over?" asked one of the actors in the group.

"It gets over in a way more subtle than that I could say it in words," said Hayakawa.

"But how?" persisted the actor.

"I wish I could tell you," said Hayakawa, simply. "But unless you have studied Eastern philosophy, it is hard to make it clear. There are many forces that the East knows that are hard to be put into words.

"For instance, let us speak of jiu-jitsu. I dont mean the kind of jiu-jitsu that teach policemen; that is baby stuff; that is only the rough preliminary training. The real jiu-jitsu is of the mind, not of the body. After you have studied for many years, they tell you one secret, two years more and another secret, and so on."

"What's that got to do with it?" asked the actor.

"This to do with it," answered Hayakawa. "If you should try to shoot an old Japanese samurai, he would tell you to put down the gun. You would know why, but you put it down. I would know why.

"By the same token, I cant tell you why it gets over when I think of that way, but I know why."

This is a little off the subject, but another time Hayakawa slipped us a little secret out of the mysteries of jitsu.

"The first time you go to your guard in the darkness and hear a noise that suggests burglars and guns and this just do what I tell you. Draw in your stomach, right at the bottom of your diaphragm. Draw in until those muscles are as hard as rock—then see if you can make yourself afraid of anything in the world. When the old drill-sergeant at West Point tells the cadets to 'suck their stomachs,' he thinks he is making soldierly figures. In reality he is drawing upon a great psychological truth as old as the ages. He is insuring them against fear."

The charming thing about Hayakawa is that the next instant he steps back into the twentieth century and is a golf fiend, a trout fisherman and a good all-around companion.

In all his customs and manners
(Continued on page 72)

Florence the Oriental—(Continued from page 21)

en at the most we have only a half-
to do our work in.

But tomorrow afternoon they are
ng to take some scenes in which I do
appear, so in all probability I shall
home about five or shortly after. It
happened very fortunately, as I am
particularly anxious to get home in time
out the finishing touches on my hus-
d's birthday dinner, as we are having
ew friends to dine, to celebrate the
at. But that will not take very long,
have made all the preparations well
advance. So I would suggest that
even five and six would be perhaps
best time to see me, if it is all the
e to you." And so it was settled.

star of the stage and a star of the
en all rolled up into one is a pretty
combination. But if you happen to
et a friend of Miss Reed's you will
find out that she shines just as
ightly in the domestic sphere.

ow when you go to Miss Reed's you
ut not be surprised if, as you stand
ide the door, you overhear what
uds to you a most extraordinary con-
ation, something like this:

"Coffee!" it may begin, in clear, sweet
s. "My sweet coffee! What is there I
do for you? Have you been lonely
day long? Have you missed——"
as apt as not to be interrupted by an
trophe to muffins! "Oh, muffins,
you are," the same voice continues,
ting here so patiently. Have you
lonely, too? Angie, isn't it strange
a coffee is so black and that muffins is
ys so white?"

l does all sound very strange until
t hear another voice answer, "Miss
el, those dogs were both washed this
ning, and look at the difference be-
en them."

he mystery is solved, and as the door
es you see that "Coffee" and "Muf-
s are two white poodles, whose bright
ences have been shadowed by one
row, the departure of "Tea," their
ner, to the land where all good little
g go.

Miss Reed, not being at all an ordi-
r sort of person, has not at all an
diary sort of a home. Her drawing-
on, for instance, which is her great
y and pride, resembles more some spot
ne Orient than any drawing-room
have ever seen in any home in New
k. It is a Chinese room.

You feel instinctively as soon as you
t it that it is a room upon which
n care has been lavished. It is the
ce of beauty and at the same time
the acme of comfort. You dont
as you go into it that you are in
sort of an antique shop where signs
lung at regular intervals bearing the
ing, "Please do not handle."

Miss Reed has furnished this room
iely herself. She has delved about
aint old shops until she has found
xactly the furnishing she had in
n. When she couldn't find what she

wanted in New York, she waited until
she could get to San Francisco, where
the Chinese shops have all sorts of
rarities to offer. It took many, many
months to complete this room. The
lamps alone represent many hours of
patient searching.

After you have talked to Miss Reed
for a short time you discover that she is
entirely different from any star you have
ever met. She does not indulge in com-
monplaces. She does not tell, with con-
viction ringing in her voice, that the tech-
nique of the screen and the stage are two
entirely different arts, nor that while the
motion picture industry is in its infancy,
she has unbounded faith in its future,
nor does she make the hundred-and-one
stereotyped statements that burst forth
periodically from the mouths of stars
who feel that these remarkable dis-
coveries should be published broadcast
to a bewildered but admiring public.

Miss Reed is too genuine and too sin-
cere to resort to platitudes for her con-
versation. After an hour's talk with her
you get some glimpses of the real Flor-
ence Reed, and you will discover:

That she has a brilliant, vivacious per-
sonality;

That she has a lively appreciation of
anything that is genuinely good;

That good books, good plays, good
music form an important part of her
daily life;

That she knows music backward, hav-
ing once studied the piano with the idea
of using it professionally, but that she
abandoned it for a career on the stage;

That she considers Charlie Chaplin is
a genius, and that she fully expects that
one day he will be not only a great come-
dian, but one of the foremost actors in
America;

That she has a huge capacity for en-
joyment;

That she has a delightful sense of
humor;

That she is as lavish with her praise
of those members of her profession who
are accomplishing things as she is with-
ering in her scorn for those who fail to
take their work seriously;

That this season, for the first time in
many moons, she does not appear as a
"vampire" or a "bad woman" of any
kind, and that she is heartily glad of hav-
ing the opportunity of turning over a
new leaf;

That nothing gives her so much pleas-
ure as to hear good music, and that she
is a frequent visitor to Carnegie and
Æolian halls;

That she didn't know that she had the
reputation of being one of the best
dressed women on the stage, but that she
thinks that any actress who neglects to
make a study of the science of clothes is
making a grave mistake;

That if you want to arouse her ire
these days, all you have to do is to ask
her what she is doing with her spare
time.



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The glass of time, that you invert to-
day, watching its sands so relentlessly
sifting without pause or hesitation, marks
merely another year that has gone on
its way and taken its troubles and vexa-
tions along with it. Do not waste a
single sigh of regret upon time that has
passed.

Old age is not made up of passing
years nor sifting grains of sand. It is
made up of worry and neglect; and the
finger of time that writes wrinkles upon
the face of beauty may be robbed of its
sharpness by just a little carefulness and
the love of keeping your natural charms
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erties are incomparably gentle and ben-
ign, constantly rejuvenating the skin
and keeping it always dainty, delightful
and delicate.

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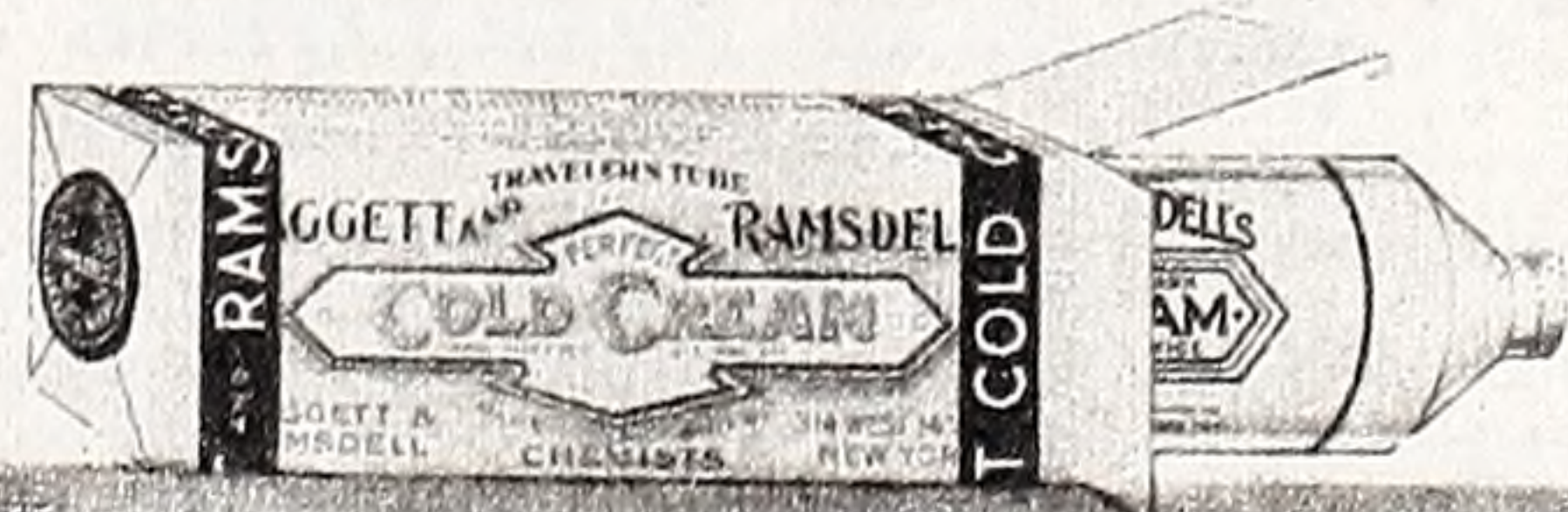
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Where There's an Alice Brady There's a Way—(Continued from page 25)

to me relinquishing my vocal training. He would not help me in the theatrical world at all. So I ran away with a Schubert show in which Fritzi Scheff starred, getting a small part. When we came back to town, Dad saw me. He realized my determination—and has been my pal ever since.

"I have been doing pictures three years. At first I thought I should never get used to it. There was such a lack of inspiration in registering before a camera! Such a want of human response! Such a need of applause! But I love it. I love it now. And that is why I give my best.

"The celluloid world, however, I find is hard and heartless. It doesn't want people who 'keep' their ages, or who do not 'show' their ages. It wants those without ages. It will not stand for wrinkles and big pores and soft chins. It is cruel. It demands youth first, then beauty. I know too well that we cannot all be Mary Pickfords and Norma Talmadges, and therefore, because of my silly, irregular features, I have to work a great deal harder. You cannot imagine how many disappointments my nose has caused me while I have been reviewing my reels!

"There are numerous things which on the screen look trivial and of inconsequence. But those are the details that encompass so much labor. For instance, that picture of mine, 'The Death Dance.' Do you know that every evening when my camera work had been finished, I would go to my master and be given instruction how to dance? Oh, I can kick and prance about, of course, but that tango had a most peculiar tangle of steps. It certainly took a while of rehearsing before it was filmed. So there you are! Devious details diligently done flash on the screen one second, flash off the next, and"—she pertly tossed her head and stretched her chin to a bewitching angle—"look like nothing."

"Hello, there, Teddy," she greeted Conrad Nagel, the young man who plays opposite her in "Forever After." "Have you come to fetch me? Well, I cant go, I cant go, I cant go," she jovially whimpered, twisting her skirts about her, putting her finger in her mouth and laughingly chiding him as she does in the play. "No, sir, I cant go out tonight. So run along, Teddy." She stamped her foot. "Teddy, do you hear?" Roguishly widening her eyes and giving the dimples a chance to dominate again, "I'm busy. Dont you see? Woof!" And away reluctantly went Mr. Nagel.

"He's a nice boy," Miss Brady smiled, turning to me. "That is one reason that I gave the party. He was to have left for the navy today, but we managed to get him thirty days' leave. Awfully young, only twenty-one. That is why he was not called before, altho he wanted so badly to go. He——"

"Miss Brady," interrupted the maid, "here are some more flowers for you."

"My! It's big and heavy and——" as the papers were torn away, the exclamation ensemble was—"beautiful!"

"Aren't they just heavenly?" came from the depths of the blossoms and ferns. Miss Brady was ecstatically submerged in their fragrance.

But before she had time to ask, "What do you think?" and before I should have had time to answer, a United States Army officer approached. "Look here, Alice," he sternly said, "we will not allow this much longer. Your party, your friends, your absence. A little fun for you, miss, and with you. Come along. He lifted her off the ground, into his arms, curtsied, as best he could, his excuses to me, and carried her off to the dance floor. There was a rousing cheer—I could hear it from my post—and clapping of hands. Then, before I had a chance to realize I had been left alone, I, too, was out there, one-stepping with Mr. Nagel.

The music was mighty good. It was a victrola they were using. As soon as one record was finished those in charge immediately put on another. They did not want to lose a moment. They did not want to stop. *They did not want to give up Alice.* Conrad Nagel laughed into my ear, "Isn't she the bully sort? fierce worker, tho. Do you know, if she had her way now, she'd just as lief be rehearsing Saxon Kling's part with him. See that light-haired chap over there? That's Mr. Kling. He is going to talk the part of Ted when I go."

During the fifth and sixth encores I stopped in the center of the floor to chat with Mrs. Russ Whytal and Frank Hatch (Mr. and Mrs. Clayton in "Forever After"). As the music struck up and we began to sway onward, Mrs. Whytal sallied, "It makes us both happy to see Jennie acting frivolous for a change."

A few hours later, when I was leaving for home, Miss Brady came up to me and took my hand. "I hope you enjoy yourself," she dimpled. "I was quite surprised with the music, myself. This is the first time I have not had a batch of mesmerizing musicians. But wouldn't we learn to get along without them? *C'est la guerre!*"

"I did not tell you much, did I? But then, it was impossible to talk a great deal when there was so little to talk about."

And so I left this busy young woman. I rode home thinking Miss Brady bona fide, 100 per cent Yankée. She comes that way by her parentage. Her mother was French. Her Dad, (one cannot possibly call William Brady anything but that when thinking of him in connection with his Alice), is Irish. And she is peculiar in the fact that she does not try to take advantage of her heritage. She is not the least bit socialistic. She is not a whit of a snob. *Here is a girl who loves to work fifteen hours a day and who doesn't have to do it!*

The Man Who Is Never Himself—(Continued from page 40)

outing. Doesn't sound remarkable or thrilling so far, does it? But you must remember that we were just entering upon the so-called 'quiet school of acting' and, therefore, what happened made a big impression. I was madly jealous of the man involved, and entered tensely, spoke my lines in a low, repressed voice, acted as we do now on the screen, with emphasis, but always slowly and *thinking* of the hatred and jealousy, which changed my whole being."

The broad arm-chair in which Mr. Fawcett had been sitting suddenly converted itself into a tête-à-tête, one of those foolish, gilded things with brocaded seats that were in vogue twenty years ago. There wasn't any fuss, no explosive opening of doors, but a jealous individual at white heat came over to that cooing couple and hoarsely whispered words which burned themselves to one's memory. And the timid lover accepted the "Here's your hat, what's your hurry?" invitation and departed.

"The next morning I was famous. I don't mean by way of newspaper fame, but among the profession, among the big directors along the Rialto. They said, 'Who is this chap Fawcett?' I think I met about everybody in the profession within a couple of days. The papers mentioned the little scene, and I felt I was a made man. Unfortunately, I was young enough to let it go to my head, and within the month following I was being tipped all over the place. Say, I was simply rotten! Then I woke up. I saw the immense power of that style of acting, but also the necessity for effacing one's own personality and living, breathing the part.

"After that I did 'Blue Jeans.' I was Svengali, of course. Everybody has been a Svengali at some time of his life. You get it just like the measles and whooping-cough, but some recover more quickly than others. I've known men to suffer in that way for fifteen years straight running. Lackaye created the role in New York at the same time that I created it in the second big show put on at mine being on the road in all Eastern cities. Then I did 'In Old Kentucky,' played with the Palmer Stock company of New York, next was a season with Maude Adams in 'The Little Minister,' went to England for three years, came back and did 'The Squaw Man,' and have been in any number of plays of note for many years past. I am careful in drafting a part. I study it from every angle—what would the natural man do in this or that situation? That is how an author writes. He places his characters in every conceivable condition and position with relation to other characters, and asks himself questions constantly. I am a firm believer in this method. Then I always actually *live* the part during the time I am essaying it. I could not conceive being myself and apart from the character. Even at home I must eat, think, work, dress and in all

ways live as that character naturally would. That is my creed—not to live my own life as George Fawcett, but honestly to give every thought force and every moment of time to the character I am, for the sake of realism and naturalness."

"You're evidently a firm believer in working on the psychological side of acting."

"Without psychology no man can be a great director or actor. One *must* have that psychological insight, that intuitiveness, which enables one not only to read the thoughts of another, but to see his possibilities. If I want to act the part of an Irishman I've got to know him well. I must study his make-up mentally, talk as he does, absorb his mannerisms, smoke, eat, drink as he would. I've been an Irishman for six weeks at a time and hugely enjoyed it. Bill Hart has cultivated this trait for years—there is not much variation to his plays, but his characters! He's *lived* every one. Why does he have such tremendous appeal? It's his *sincerity*. You can't be an actor and just *act* a thing. You have got to live and feel it. Bill Hart comes into a room in that sincere, loving fashion, just like a big, clumsy, lumbering Newfoundland dog. It's his helplessness in love that appeals to women, his strength in love that knocks the men flat, his childlikeness in love that makes the kiddies love him. He can put it right over on the screen. If you think *right*, it comes thru the camera. There are lots of things which will cover deficiency in stage productions, but on the screen you've *got* to feel and think right in order to make your work effective."

"How about directors? Might one not feel all this and still be hampered because made a mere puppet by a director?"

"Nearly every director has some special talent. With one it is photography, with another handling of mobs, another revels in melodramatic effects. The ideal director has a sense of authorship, a sense of photography, he is a psychologist, he is susceptible, resilient, plastic, and, above all, he is a true actor. To my mind, Mr. Griffith more nearly approaches the ideal today than any living man. His great power lies in visualizing the entire production before he takes a single shot. As for me, I am able to visualize but the one important scene in which I am playing. From this I go on to the next, and so on. This makes restricted vision. Mr. Griffith is like the architect, who can even see the trees surrounding the beautiful building he has in mind. Naturally, then, he would make fewer mistakes in direction. He has the art of suggestion, leaving it to the audience to supply that which is not actually put on the screen. He understands the power of suspense.

"For instance, in 'The Great Love' I had but a negative part, that of the

(Continued on page 80)

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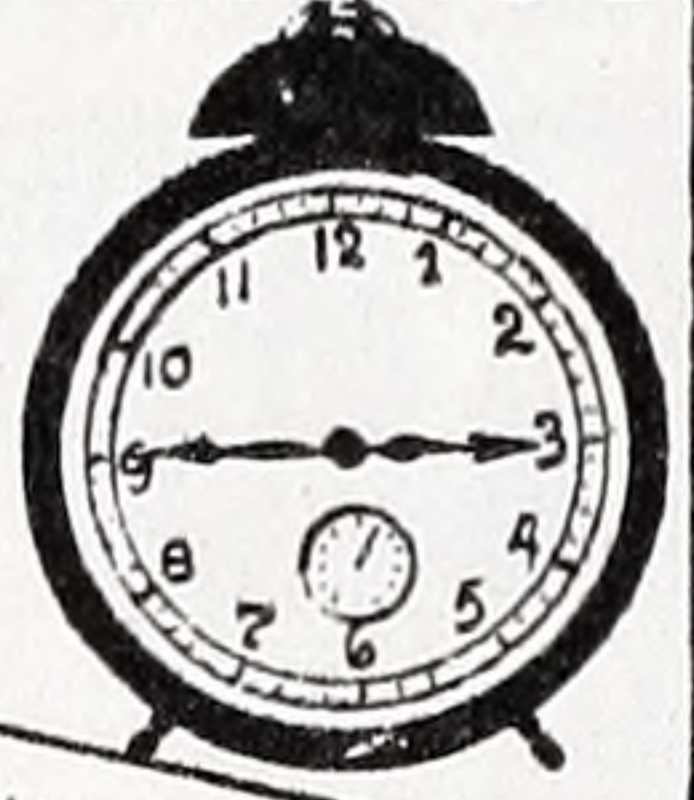
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A Pearl in the Rough—(Continued from page 17)

hand-colored, but even the color didn't
hide my acting. They had me in crino-
lines. Shall I ever forget? I'm no
bonehead trying to kid myself. When I
get into a drama a lot of extra hands
and feet sprout out all over me, and I
don't know what to do with them. I
either overact all over the place, or I
stand still and they push me around like
a tea-wagon. But, darn it! I want to be
an actress in spite of that."

"Are you going to try?" we prompted.

"Dunno," said Miss White, thru the
smoke. "The serial stuff, altho it is un-
grateful, has its good points. Every-
body knows me—in France, South
America, Cuba—everywhere. I get let-
ters from every conceivable place. A
bagful of stuff a week. I don't know
why they keep up. You'd think all the
people that intended to write would
have written by this time and gotten over
it. But the stuff keeps coming."

Miss White frankly admitted that no
one had touched her popularity in se-
rials. "Funny, too," she philosophized,
"I don't make it. Plenty of good people
have tried. But they don't catch on. It's
mighty hard to pass somebody who is es-
tablished in a certain type of work.
You've got to be about four times as
good as the original before the public
will consider you. The girl that passes
Mary Pickford will have to be half a
dozen times as able."

"Look at me," continued Pearl. "I
was on the stage before I tried pictures.
Then I was canned by Lubin and I came
to Pathé. The serial did the stunt for
me and I'm famous. There you are."

"Don't you like fame?" we asked.

"Do I like to be famous?" repeated
Miss White. "James, the smelling-salts!
Of course, it's pretty nice. It's all there
is to life. People recognize you every-
where you go. I have a couple of cars,
and somebody has wished a country
place on me, which I only rent, thank
God! Folks give dinners in my honor.
I'm going to one at Sherry's when I
finish work tonight. I didn't know I'd
have to work tonight when the dinner
was planned. But if a man wants to
spend money, I wouldn't disappoint the
rest. Besides, I'll get there before they
adjourn."

Pearl paused. Another cigaret was
borrowed. Likewise some matches.
Just the shade of seriousness puckered
the White eyebrows. "The thing you've
got to watch out for is going broke when
you're old. Look at all the people that
go down and out at the finish. The man
who built my country place is blind now
and penniless. That's terrible!"

We talked of many things, finally of
marriage. "Look at all the flivvers,"
said Miss White. "No wedding-bells for
Pearl. You can't do it in the movies. I
know how tired I am when I get home
after periling all day. I'd pick a fight
with St. Peter. No, it can't be did."

Miss White casually mentioned that
she never—well, hardly ever—went to

the movies to see herself. "I used to try
it and drag along some friends," she
said. "Then they'd trot out the worst
episode of the whole serial, and I'd re-
solve never to go again. Now I stick to
my resolution. What's the use? I know
I'm not acting."

Then Miss White made a genuine con-
fession. There is a chance that she may
leave Pathé. She may do one more
serial for them—and she may not. But
one thing she swore to, she'd like to
drive a war ambulance.

"I know it's taking a chance with pub-
lic favor and all that," said Miss White,
"and I know how hard it is to come
back. But the darn thing attracts me."

Which rather sums up this Pearl in
the rough. A good sort, not trying to
pose, frankly not interested in much of
anything, not really understanding her
own popularity, yet accepting it without
question and yet wondering how long
the fates will be kind.

In parting, Miss White tried to give
us some letters from her admirers.
When we protested, she inquired, "Say,
what's your mission in life, anyway?"

Which quite left us speechless. While
we tried to look into Pearl's laughing
eyes and moralize upon our lifelong pur-
pose, Miss White added, "I mean, what
are you here for, an interview?"

We admitted the accusation. "How'd
I know?" said Pearl, plaintively. "If you
can make up something out of the stuff
I've told you, you're going some."

Then, departing down the studio stairs,
we heard Pearl inquiring of some one in
the distance:

"Have youse got a cigaret?"

Sessue of the Samurai

(Continued from page 68)

conversation he is American to the
finger-tips, but one always feels that in
Hayakawa there is the soul of some
stern old Samurai, who has returned to
earth and got into the body of a very
up-to-date young man of fashion by mis-
take. One always feels that this hand-
some, attractive young clubman is reach-
ing back into dim mysteries of an old
philosophy that we wot not of. I see
him in spiffy neckties and vest-chains
with golf-sticks poking out of the ton-
neau of his car, but beyond I see old
Samurai temples and queer Samura
swords, strange aromas of Oriental per-
fumes.

Hayakawa is modern Japan. He is the
proud old Samurai caste in patent leath-
er shoes and spats.

The spirit of the old Japan which me-
died with a contemptuous smile and
killed any one who touched its sword.

But the manners and thoughts of mod-
ern America.

We think we have taught them a lot
but they call upon life forces of which
we know nothing.

A very interesting and charming
young man—this actor, sailor, philoso-
pher—Hayakawa.

Game Found Her in the Subway

(Continued from page 42)

"In the first production I was a Western girl. Between my engagement and that picture I had been on a horse once. In the opening scene I was given a lively little terror to ride. I mounted bravely enough, for now that I had bluffed so far, I just simply had to see it thru. The horse started down the road on a mad camper, bearing me with him. Nothing but determination preserved the friendly relations between us. The country road stretched far away in a long, innocent line. Perhaps my companion would stop to view the scenery before we reached the end of it. We were approaching a road with a dug-out on one side. The horse suddenly decided that it looked cooler there than it did on the main road and made for the trees, dug-out and all. It didn't take him long to cover the ground, but I had time to swallow my heart three times before I felt the branches of the trees brushing my hair. As I struggled for strength to send it upon its fourth downward journey, the horse stopped abruptly, as much as to say: 'Pretty spot, isn't it?'"

"Just then other members of the company rode up and congratulated me upon my riding. Were they making fun of me, or didn't they really know? I danced hurriedly around the group. Sure enough, they were all in earnest. They had mistaken sticking for riding." "But, of course, when you once got your start the going was easy, wasn't it?" "Not easy enough to make a popular ballad. My contract said I was to do features. One day, after a new play had been cast, I found I was decidedly not the whole scenario. I sought Mr. Gas-

er. "My contract says features,' I told him. 'Now I'm not complaining, but for the sake of the family can you enlighten me just a little as to where I stand?'"

"And then he told me the truth. I had not had sufficient experience to do the parts for which my contract called, and, rather than spoil their productions, the company would pay my salary until the expiration of my contract and let me stay at home. I thought it over, and it didn't take me long to see the light.

"I'd never get anywhere doing that,' he said. 'I'll play anything you want me to, even to bits, until I make good and you feel you can trust me with leads.'" "Did she make good? Well, the day I met her she said she would try to make up for her delay in reaching screen success by having tea with a real live scribe. She was all excitement, because the next morning she was to start her two-reel lithé features.

"In this day, when there are so many young picture players all trying to reach the top, I think it is well for a girl to identify herself with a certain line of work. If I become successful as the two-reel girl that will be something, won't it?"

(Seventy-three)

The Parisian Wife

(Continued from page 58)

From that night life became a nightmare thing to Martin Wesley's Parisian wife. He moved his belongings into another room, and night after night the girl lay motionless in the cavernous bed, listening to the unending plaint of the fir-trees, watching the uneasy shadows writhing across the ceiling in an agony of wakefulness.

It was Tony who explained very gently the monstrous words of Martin's letter that came after a week's absence in Boston, words that might have been written in vitriol on the quivering page of her heart.

"I can't bear this any longer. It was a mistake from the beginning and the sooner the ending comes the better. I've suffered this last month as I didn't know a man could suffer—when I think of that pale gold head of yours on my breast—if I could only be certain, only know! But I cannot. You can get the divorce with the enclosed hotel bill for evidence. I pray God I may never see you again—"

A poor, selfish, ignoble letter enough that seemed to flay the girl who listened, leaving the small oval face a-quiver with uncontrollable pain. The man, watching, felt his muscles tauten with the primitive male desire to kill, but his voice was carefully casual.

"Those stories of yours you showed me—do you know, I believe with a little help you could make good in New York. They've got what editors pray for every night on their knees, a perfectly fresh point of view."

Fauvette took the hotel bill that showed her husband's name linked with a strange woman's as tho it were some soiling thing and tore it to bits. Then she looked into Tony's face and smiled a tortured, gallant smile. "I will go to New York, and I will succeed!" she said quietly. "But I shall need you to help me, *mon ami*."

A great wave of hope swept Tony Ray's heart, but the eyes that met hers were brotherly. "Of course, I'll help you!" he promised, matter-of-factly, and with the words he made a solemn vow in his own soul that there should be no bill rendered for whatever he did for her.

It was necessary to remind himself sharply of this vow more than once in the months that followed. She was so helpless and alone, so perilously, unfairly beautiful.

On the gala night when the Biggest Magazine accepted one of her stories, Tony took Fauvette to dine in a very splendid hotel, whose lights and music and flowers seemed to have been made as a background for the glowing youth and loveliness of her. From some inscrutable woman-impulse, she had elected to wear the black tulle dress in which he had first seen her, and in spite of her new triumphs, her gray eyes were misty with memories. Seeing which he talked gaily and inconsequentially until

(Continued on page 78)

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Billie Rhodes—Circus Girl

(Continued from page 27)

Well, anyway, "I love this circus atmosphere," she said. "It seems natural to me, somehow or other. None of my people were ever connected with a circus, nor, in fact, with any other branch of the profession, but I've been 'on the go' ever since I can remember, just the same. We used to move regularly twice a year. I've lived all over San Francisco."

She has six brothers and three sisters all living.

"You can imagine how much it resembled 'the biggest show on earth every time we moved,'" she added, laughing.

Her first moving picture was made in August, 1913, by the Kalem Company and was called "The Perils of the Sea." It was, she says, the first of the "nature pictures and was a drama.

"And now," she went on, "I'm going back to drama again. I'm glad, too, I've been doing comedies for so long that I'm sick to death of them. I want heavy emotional rôles, with perhaps a touch of comedy."

Just then there was a knock on the door.

"We're ready to shoot when you are, Miss Rhodes," came cheerfully from the other side. (This is a polite way of telling a star to hurry up.)

"All ready," she answered.

She had just had time to grab a bit of lunch while changing from one costume to another. On the way down stairs we talked about war posters and cartoons. Probably it is the "trouper" in her which makes her so interested in these things and in the ballet school she is attending "for fun."

Oh, yes, she is taking French.

Her eyes and hair are brown, she is about five feet tall, and all of her gestures are quick and impulsive.

The last I saw of her she was standing in front of the tent bidding a tearful farewell to the clown, while from the 'cello and hand-organ floated the strains of Tosti's "Good-by."

In the springtime of her youth Billie Rhodes has deserted two-reel comedies and become a star.

The Hope Chest

(Continued from page 65)

here on Long Island. I shall be happy—and—I'll wait—I promise you."

Sheila waited. Waited thru at least two dozen perfervid proposals from Stoughton Lounsbury—waited more than one red moon—waited, and never despaired. And at last he came . . . not Tom . . . but the man he had become.

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(Seventy-four)

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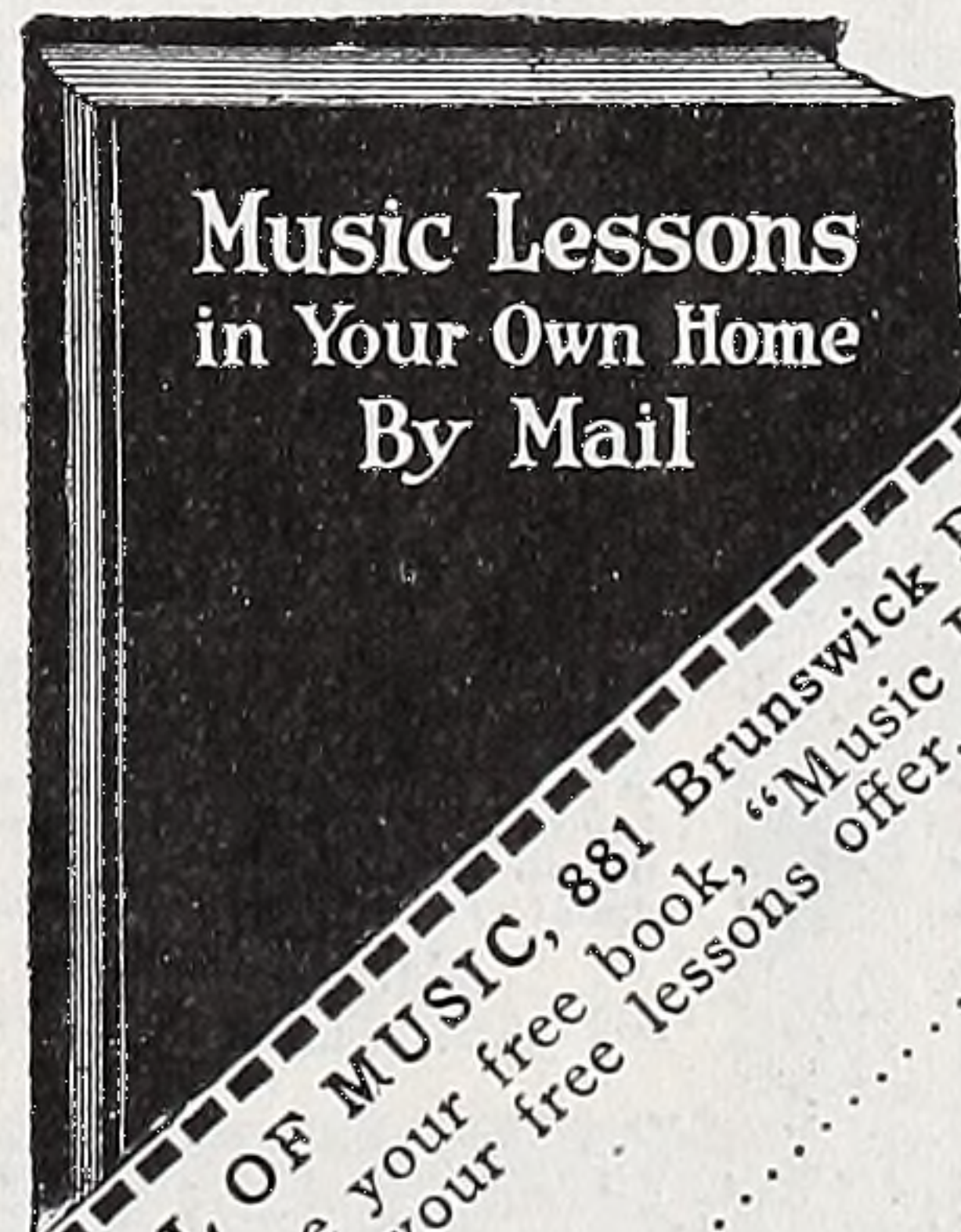
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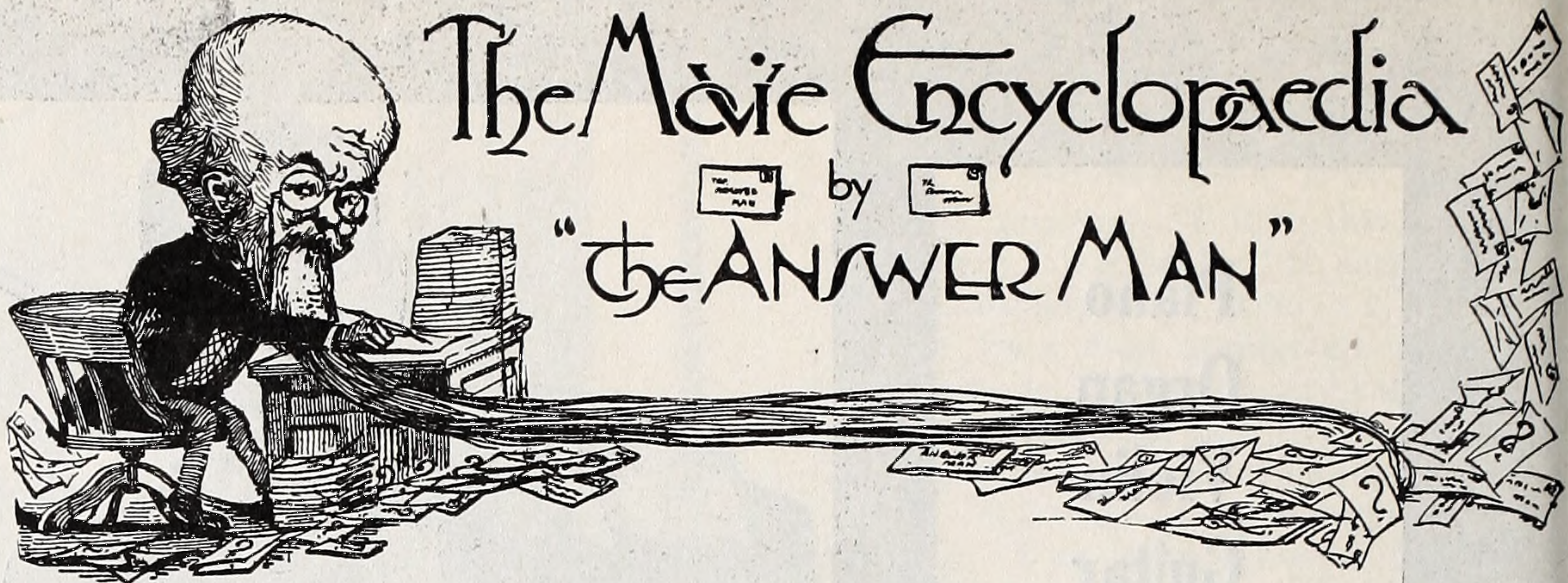
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This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

LITTLE VIRGINIAN.—Glad to see you again. Just as you say, hand in hand thru life we'll go; its checkered paths of joy and woe with cautious steps we'll tread. Write to Madge Kennedy and Olive Thomas. You can reach the Bushmans at the Vitagraph studios, Flatbush, Brooklyn.

SWEET SIXTEEN.—Yep, I'm a regular Johnny-on-the-spot. Gail Kane and Norman Trevor played in "The Daredevil." Norman Trevor has always been a stage favorite of mine. We might sell you one for 25 cents.

JOHNNY JUMP-UP.—Pauline Frederick was Dolores and Pedro De Cordoba was Pedro in "A Daughter of the Old South." Dave Smith is a director. You give me that Tremolo feeling with the vocabulary you use.

BILLIE K.—But you must put the name that you wish to appear in the Magazine at the top of your letter. See "Pals First." You say you would like to see Mary Pickford play "Elsie Dinsmore." Why dont you write it? I really haven't time to write personal letters.

ARKANSAS GIRL.—Too bad, but law is like a book on surgery; there are a great many desperate cases in it. Mary Thurman is getting there fast. I'm sure you would like Mary McAlister. She is just full of life and pep, and she says she loves everybody. You want me to tell you whether Pearl White still wears the bracelet on her ankle. Whow! I draw de line at de feet.

Miss P. R.—Never heard of the concern. Sorry, madam.

JUST B.—So you think I am a snappy old thing. Just so, I am. Never too old. Surely I wish you luck. Alfred Whitman was with Universal last. Pie, that's my middle name, and a pie from you—well, sweet mamma! Your letter was a gem. Few things engage the attention and affections of men more than a handsome address and a graceful conversation.

CADET G. W.—Try Paramount, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York.

FLORA.—Well, why do you go with her? People say, you know, that our reputation, virtue and happiness greatly depend on the choice of our companions. Select and be careful. There are hopes.

HULDAH B.—Bessie Love was Sue, Jack Gilbert was Ira in "The Dawn of Understanding." Alice Joyce was Florence and Walter McGrail was Blinker in "Everybody's Girl." Corinne Griffith was born in Texarkana, Texas.

ANNEXING BILL.—You always get a reply here, Bill. I have no record of where George Forth is—anybody know? Creighton Hale with Metro. Stop in again; you'll always find me here in waiting.

ERNEST A. L.—Yes, but most wives have their own secret service. Better change your mind.

BEATS.—Ralph Ince directed his wife, Lucille Lee Stewart, in "Five Thousand an Hour," for Metro. Hale Hamilton was Johnny. Why did Charlie Chaplin wear a mouse-trap

in "Shoulder Arms"? Fool question 9,999,999. Perhaps to catch the cooties. Our editor says that this is the best farce ever produced.

A. K.—Send along the picture. Call me anything you like. Sure thing, we have a few fleas around here. Where there's a dog there's fleas. Some fleas have nerve, all right. L. Rogers Lytton played in "The Forbidden City." He was the emperor.

A. M.—Of course Bill Hart can lasso. Tom Mix is with Fox. Well, the outward pretensions of some people are enough to bring tears to a pair of glass eyes.

JESSIE M. LITTLETON.—Commodore J. Stuart Blackton was the founder of the M. P. Magazine, but not of the Classic, and he now has no connection with either, except as a good friend and well-wisher. You say you had the Flu and it wasn't so bad.

ARTHUR V. P.—Tom Mix and Kathleen Connors had the leads in "Ace High." The constitution of the United States provides that the President shall be elected for a term of four years. He may be re-elected for any number of terms, but custom has set the limit of two terms. Woodrow Wilson may be elected president of the United Republics of the world.

PICKFORD FOREVER.—Some day when I get time and have plenty of space I'll tell you who Nat Goodwin's wives were. Shirley Mason is in Los Angeles, for Paramount. Yes, Arthur Ashley and June Elvidge in "The Stage Mystery."

PEGGY, 20.—Yes, but a walking-stick has stood for many things. Yes, indeed Lillian Walker is quite some business lady. You will see her on the screen again soon. Oh, yes, Nazimova wrote that letter. Yours was great.

COROT.—You say "Words are paints; the voice, the brush; the mind, the painter; but science, practice, genius, taste, judgment and emotion are necessary." That's true, and so, how can anybody become a player without these attributes? Ira M. Lowry was the director of "For the Freedom of the East."

LITTLE JOE.—The word "Catholic" is from the Greek, and secularly means universal or impartial in respect to time and place, and ecclesiastically not limited to one people, like the Jewish Church for example. Bessie Barriscale as Rachael, Ella Hall was Billy, Gloria Hope as Magsie and Edward Coxen as Joe in "The Heart of Rachael."

S. P., GALVESTON.—Well, there are lots of song publishers in New York who supply vaudeville players with songs—Irving Berlin, Witmark, Stern Brothers, Leo Feist, etc.

PATSY FROM CORK.—I would not like to see you do the serpentine dance. It reminds me of the dance that Eve did for Adam. So you call me the bottomless pit of information. Nay, say not so. My hall room is pretty warm tonight, yet the winds are howling outside. I always manage to keep warm. You say \$9.50 isn't a penny enough for a man with a physical as well as mental task in kidding the world. Dictionary, please.

EDITH MC.—On bended knee I ask your forgiveness. So you dont think I'm courteous and that I dont know politeness. Stop in some time and I'll let you read a few of these billet-doux and see how they affect you.

ME ONLY ME, EDDIE.—Never felt better in my life, for at this writing the greatest thing in my life has happened—an armistice has been declared, ending the war. Never forget the day—November the 11th, 1918, the biggest day in history. You suggest that the ex-Kaiser be exhibited by Barnum & Bailey, and that he be kept in a cage. I'm afraid he wouldn't get very far alive. Eddie Polo is with Universal.

SAFE T.—You say a whistling dog or crowing hen always comes to some bad end. Which end do you mean? And whom do you refer to? Louise Fazenda was the hired girl in "Her First Mistake." Chester Conklin, I guess, was the mistake.

CALAMITY JAKE.—Where's Jane today? Thanks for the fee, all donations thankfully received. You say, O for the life of a star! You'd surely be up in the air then. Easy, boy, easy. Marcia Moore was born in Chicago in 1898.

SERIOUS NELL.—Alice Brady was Lola, Ormi Hawley was Kitty in "Her Great Chance." But no fear should deter us from doing good. That may be all right, Nell, but love sought is good, given unsought is better. Nazimova is Russian, Petrova is Polish and Mary Pickford is Canadian.

A. D. S.—Come again—even the door-mat says welcome. Nothing to answer in yours. Ask me some questions—that's why I'm here.

SOCRATES.—There may be always hope of acquiring the ornaments of knowledge. Oliver Goldsmith, the famous author of "The Vicar of Wakefield," when a boy at school was considered by his tutors to be such a blockhead that they despaired of ever being able to teach him anything; and other great men have been equally stupid in boyhood. You're young yet, so dont give up. Creighton Hale was Philip, Emmy Wehlen was Doris and Wanda Howard was Kate in "His Bonded Wife."

SEPTEMBER EVE.—Certainly I do not play pinochle. I look upon it as a small collection of pasteboard cards entirely surrounded by Germans and steins of beer and a terrible waste of time. Monroe Salisbury and Margery Bennett in "Hugon, the Mighty."

MILLIE T. D.—*A votre sante.* Dustin Farnum and Winifred Kingston in "The Light of the Western Stars." Bigelow Cooper is with Paramount. 'Member him with Edison? No, I dont talk with my hands—only Jews, the French and women do that, and I am neither.

JIMMIE T., BOSTON.—Sarah Bernhardt, being born on October 23, 1845, is 73, while Lillian Russell is 57, and she is just as good-looking as ever.

LITTLE MARY.—You ask "Who was Hamlet?" You go to Sunday-school and you dont know that? Peggy Hyland and George Clark as Susan and Peter in "Marriages Are Made."

HELEN T. B.—The term "Union Jack" is applied to the national flag of the British Empire. It consists of three crosses combined on a blue field, viz.: the cross of St. George for England, of St. Andrew for Scotland, and of St. Patrick for Ireland. You are much mistaken when you say I snore; I have no small vices—all large ones.

TILLIE M. T.—Yes, I saw Charlie Chaplin throwing the limburger in "Shoulder Arms." And did you see his feet—and did you see the way he was toeing the other fellow around? Great picture all right, and I laugh even now in my sleep when I think of it.

NICKABOBATOTATO.—Surely I remember you. The editor doesn't read the verses as they come in now. He has several assistants. Yes, James Kirkwood is directing Evelyn Nesbit for Fox. Marion Davies is with Select, 729 7th Ave., N. Y. C. Mitzi Hajos is playing in "Head Over Heels" on Broadway. We wont be able to start THE PLAYERS magazine while the war is on. The War Industries Board wont allow it. Stop in again some time.

(Seventy-seven)

Desperate Desmond

(Continued from page 19)

yes I was, and he said, 'And do you rope horses, and chase cowboys over hills, and do you—do you, honest injun, do all those things?' I nodded 'yes.' 'Gee, fellows,' we heard him exclaiming, as we got under way, 'that was William Desmond, an' he ropes cowboys and rides horses, and saves girls. Gee, fellows, aint it great?'

"If you care to, I would like you to say that I thoroly enjoyed doing 'The Pretender.' I had a bunch of honest-to-goodness cow-punchers with me in that picture, and they were the finest lot of boys I ever knew."

As we left our table, I noticed that Bill Desmond tipped the waitress two dollars, because she had exclaimed, worn out in these strike-filled days of New York, "I am only an amateur waitress, sir," with tears of vexation in her eyes, when she could not bring the alligator pear salad we had ordered.

And I was glad, for my judgment of William Desmond was confirmed. Happy he is and carefree. Irish and prodigal. Generous to a fault, loving life and all its beauties, never morbid.

"There is nothing I like so much as a sweet, natural girl," said Desmond, explaining his generous tip. "She was a fine girl. I could tell it by her expression. I admire the real qualities of womanhood. I had seven sisters, you know."

Desperate Desmond?

If you'll pardon the alliteration, we'd like to call it Dimpled Desmond. But we wont, 'cause he hates 'em—the dimples.

The Celluloid Critic

(Continued from page 49)

"Such a Little Pirate" (Paramount) disappointed us because it discounted our first impressions of Lila Lee in "The Cruise of the Make-Believe." Here Miss Lee is quite colorless. The story, to be sure, is much at fault, being trite and enemic; *i. e.*, the search of an old seaman, his granddaughter and a handsome young sailor for buried treasure. This drama, too, makes use of the draft slacker as a scoundrel. There is one point of novelty, a chimpanzee, who gives the subtitle writer an opportunity to introduce some really funny captions in orang language. Theodore Roberts offers a bully performance of the old seaman and Harrison Ford is likable as the young lover. But we give first histrionic honors to Mr. Orang.

Just why Norma Talmadge isn't as vivid as she was quite baffles us. There was an incisiveness about her, a distinct—shall we say?—sex attraction that reached from the screen. That is now lacking. For one thing, Miss Talmadge doesn't seem inspired. She doesn't ring true. And she should stop imitating Alla Nazimova.

Select expended considerable on her latest, "The Forbidden City," but never once does the thing seem real. Miss Talmadge plays both a mother and her daughter, dualling just now being quite popular among stars. The mother, a Chinese girl, is put to death after she has had a baby by a young American. The baby grows up, is ostracized by the Celestial maidens, and then, by one of those movie coincidences, falls in love with the ward of her unknown father. She runs away to

(Continued on page 79)



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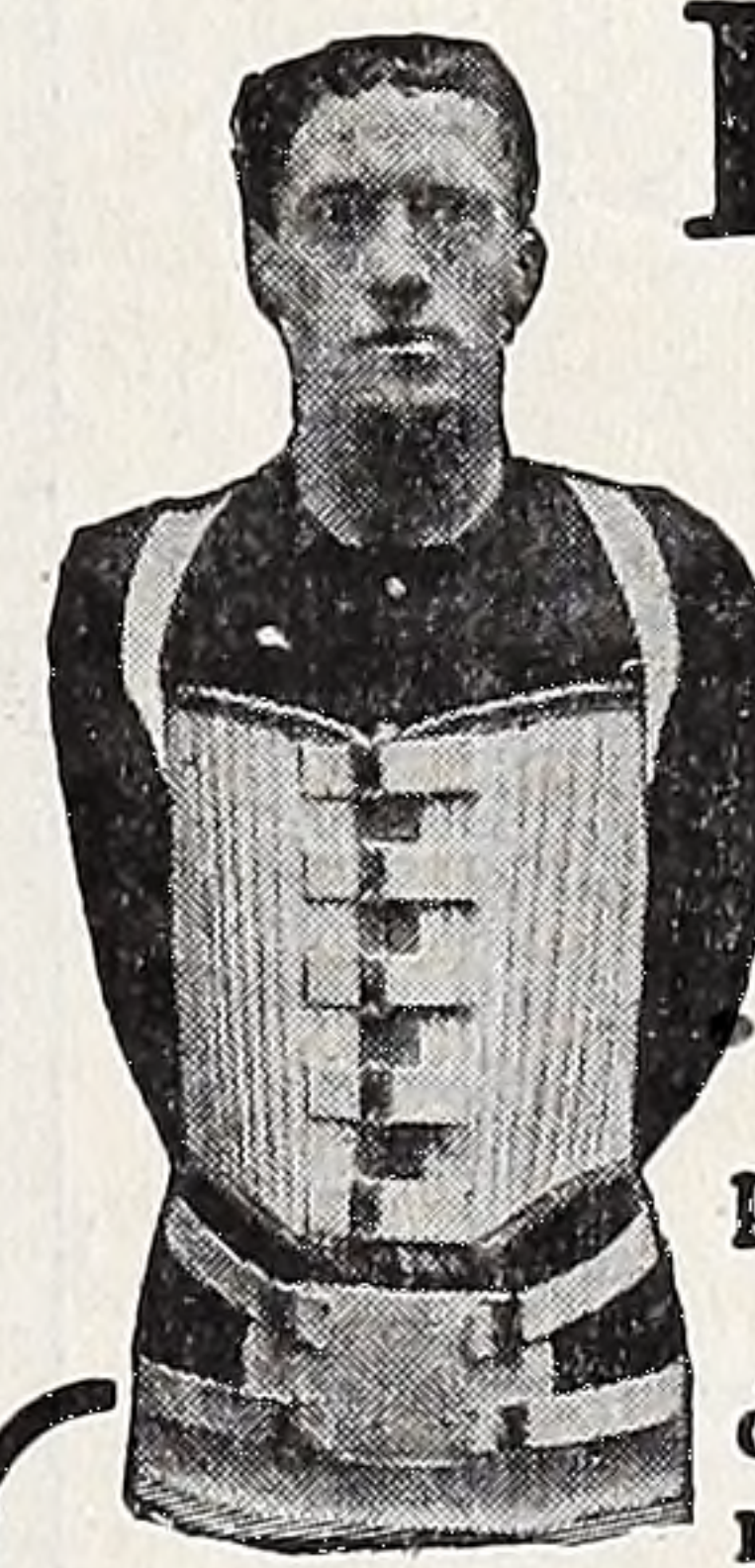
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The February Magazine

A Fairyland of Film Fantasy,
Fun and Fiction

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

The effervescent Doug is caught in an irrepressible moment which results in a lively story.

VIOLET MERSEREAU

After a year's absence from the screen, Violet has staged a charming return. Her fans have put in a session of Watchful Waiting.

TOM MIX

The daring cowboy star was not always a star. Wars and bad men were his passion in the olden days.

MARY CHARLESON

All about Henry Walthall's fascinating leading lady who will appear with him again under his new affiliation.

ELLIOTT DEXTER

Elliott is such an every-day sort of person, with no eccentricities or hobbies, that it was hard to get a satisfactory interview—but we did.

GLORIA JOY

The newest baby star gleams with an individual glitter. She is unique.

WILLIAM FARNUM

This story of the virile Bill makes one think of the big and rugged lands of the Northwest.

RUTH STONEHOUSE

Ruth began by being a foil for Bryant Washburn's vile schemes, and, since his reformation, she is a foil for Houdini.

Motion Picture Magazine

175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, New York

The Parisian Wife

(Continued from page 73)

the waiter had left them, then leaned to her, touching her hand.

"Is it still Martin, dear?" he asked her, gently. "I had thought perhaps after all these months——"

She shook her head with a sad little smile. "It is still Martin. It will always be Martin. I do not know why, but it is so."

That night Tony Ray wrote a long letter, which two days later Martin Wesley read, first with sick anger, then bewilderment, and last with a dawning humbleness. It told him of the wonderful love that he had thrown away because he was too poor and mean of soul to keep it.

"I have been a pitiful fool," he thought, heavily, "and I have found it out too late, but I must make what amends I can——"

It was late on the following afternoon when Martin Wesley came out into the acanthus-shaded yard behind Fauvette's studio, to find it gay with summer dresses and laughter and the clatter of tea-cups. Tony Ray, standing beside the hostess, was the first to see the silent figure in the doorway. He hurried across the pavement and drew him into the shadowy studio. For a moment the two men faced one another in silence, then Tony spoke, harshly, "Have you the right to be here in this room, Martin?"

The other did not pretend to misunderstand. "That hotel bill was a lie"—his voice was dull, hopeless—"but there are more ways than one of being unfaithful. I—I listened to their whisperings, I, who had promised God——"

His voice broke in a groan. He covered his quivering face with his quivering hands and stood so, not knowing when Tony left him, not hearing her when she came.

Fingers light as moth wings on his bowed head—the old magic scent and sweetness of her hair—he looked up, caught her to him with a cry, "Fauvette! Oh, my dear, my dear!"

For one moment the past, the present, the suffering and parting of the barren months was forgotten, everything but the nearness of her, the wonder of her flower lips against his own.

Then, remembering, he let his arms fall at his sides. "I came to ask your forgiveness, Fauvette. I am ashamed——"

"Hush!" she said; "it was that terrible old house, and the black fir-trees always moaning—and the shadows." She shuddered; then the gray memory slid from her face, leaving it sweet and rose-pink and shy like a bride's. "Was that *all* you wanted of me, Martin—forgiveness?" she whispered.

With a little, broken laugh, he caught her in his arms. Thru the dim pathways of the park late that evening Tony Ray wandered. But this time his face was serene and calm, as of one who had won thru to the other side of sorrow and had left self behind.

The Extra Girl Becomes a Newspaper Reporter

(Continued from page 47)

while he was mentally arranging us with a view to obtaining the most artistic effect that a tiny grain of powder gave me a gentle little push up the ladder.

"I need three reporters," announced the director, "two men and a woman."

Of course, I didn't mean to sneeze at that particular moment, but you all know how at times powder will produce that result.

"I'll take that young woman over there," Mr. Franklin decided, recognizing the screening possibilities of that musical sneeze, and I was forthwith escorted to the reporters' table, which, you will admit, is an added mark of distinction in this world of extras. Such is the luck that often attends the shooting of a leaping sneeze on the wing.

"Who's been winning whose affection from whom?" I inquired of my neighbor reporter.

"Oh, this isn't that kind of a court," he informed me. "This is a night court, where they have raids and everything. Emmy Wehlen, who is Sylvia Fairpont, surprised her fiancé, Jack Bradley, one evening by announcing:

"'Before I settle down I'm going to see something of life—some of the gay places. I want you to take me to dinner tomorrow night at the Beauliau Inn.'

"Jack was properly shocked, for the Beauliau Inn is the most notorious restaurant in New York City. He was wondering how he could possibly grant Sylvia's request when he met Madame St. Claire, a clairvoyant, to whom he related his predicament.

"'Give a woman what she wants, let her have her own way and she no longer wants it,' was her advice. 'Take her to the Beauliau Inn, hire a couple of private dining-rooms and get some people she doesn't know to create your own wickedness. Give her enough vice to sicken her.'

"Jack went the clairvoyant one better and arranged for three of his friends to dress up as policemen and conduct a false raid just to cure Sylvia of her hankering for the white lights."

"Oh, so this is only a fake court, and we're only——" I suggested, beginning to doubt the reality of my day's engagement.

"Shush! This is the sure-enough thing," Cook's chief guide hastened to reassure me. "You see, one of the hired funmakers in the next dining-room accidentally dropped a beer-bottle out of the window and just missed hitting a real policeman who happened to be in the vicinity—this is in the movies, remember—and everybody was hailed to court, policeman and all. That's why we're here."

I was so relieved. I am always troubled with an unnatural hankering to know why I am where I am.

"What are you—a lady reporter?" a

(Seventy-eight)

spectator nearby inquired with a friendly show of interest.

"Yes—thanks for the compliment," I rejoined, only to be greeted with a bewildered stare.

And then the judge began to try his cases. He was a dignified judge, with a full realization of the importance of his position. His pocket, we soon found, needed small change that morning worse than the City Hotel needed guests, for no matter what the offense, the punishment was always the same:

"Ten dollars fine."

"Meet you after court, Judgie," one of the reporters whispered. "Keep it up and you'll have a roll by night."

And now he called the trembling Emmy and her companion before him.

"Your name?" he thundered, just as much as this particular judge could thunder.

"Sylvia Fair——"

"Tell him it's Smith," whispered her companion, who insisted upon being original at any cost.

"Smith," Emmy faltered.

"Young woman, I should send you to the Island," the judge commented, pleasantly, when he had heard her case. "People who frequent places of questionable character deserve punishment, but as this is your first offense you may go free. Remember, the next time will mean thirty days on the Island."

Anyway we are glad we succeeded in slipping by Metro's telephone operator, while Miss Wiggles is still able to enjoy her daily bone, and we are glad we were chosen to be a reporter. Henceforth our coat-of-arms will bear the motto: "When in doubt, sneeze!"

The Celluloid Critic

(Continued from page 77)

Manila, meets her father, who is governor-general, and marries the young chap.

"The Forbidden City" drags dramatically. The Chinese atmosphere varies in effectiveness. Sometimes it is quite obviously the camouflaged Occident. Thomas Meighan is stodgy as the lover, who becomes governor-general by the simple expedient of becoming gray at the temples, while Reid Hamilton is stiff and uninteresting as the daughter's sweetheart.

Somehow "The Romance of Tarzan" (National Film Corporation) rather stirred our risibilities. Herein the redoubtable Tarzan, raised in the jungle by apes, invades civilization, falls in love, becomes involved with a vampire lady and goes back to the peace of his jungle wilds. Then the fair young ingénue comes to him and all ends well. All this sounds uneventful enough, but Tarzan, in civilization, has an invigorating habit of tearing off his coat at odd intervals and musing up a whole ballroom. While we suspect that E. R. Burroughs only tried to write a pleasant romance, the movie makers of the Tarzan sequel seem to be trying to point the moral that nature produces morality, while civilization doesn't.

Elmo Lincoln plays Tarzan with all the histrionic skill of a physical culture director. And who—oh, why—the close-ups? Enid Markey is colorless as the heroine.

"Shootin' Mad," the first of Gilbert "Broncho Bill" Anderson's "return-to-the-screen" dramas, is quite hopeless. Mr. Anderson doesn't seem to believe that the photoplay has advanced since he left it.

(Seventy-nine)

Before and After Taking

(Continued from page 55)

called out, "Oh, mother, I'm hungry. I want something before I go to the studio."

"What do you want?"

Dorothy settled the question by immediately announcing:

"Bread and jam."

And without even realizing that they were doing so, the Sisters Gish had given the photo-man the chance he was looking for.

"Here's where we get the real home atmosphere," came a murmur from under the focusing cloth.

"Oh, gee!" cried Dorothy; "you're not going to take this, are you?"

"Oh, there's the car!" cried Lillian. "I'll be late if I don't go now."

So Lillian sped back to work, and Dorothy finished her bread and jam in silence.

"What next?" she said.

"Well, you can sweep out the dining-room. That will tell the world that you are industrious. Where's the broom?"

"We don't use a broom in the dining-room. Some salesman was here last month, and now mamma has a brand new vacuum-cleaner."

"Can you use it?"

"Yes, but I don't like to. I tried it for an hour just for fun, but it's really work."

"Fine; let's go!"

And here's Dorothy with the V. C.—and an awfully tired expression. She says the expression is not muscular, but purely mental. But it looks real, anyway.

"Is that all?"

"Yes, thank you."

And Dorothy started upstairs to take off her towel dust-cap that she had used for costume. Just half-way up the stairs, however, she stopped to wipe new-blown dust from the bannister, and, without her knowing it, the shutter opened and closed again. And thus did the younger Gish sister close her day of housework.

"Good-by!" she called, from the head of the stairs.

"Good-by!" we answered.

"Oh—and be sure to tell them that we 'love the great outdoors.'"

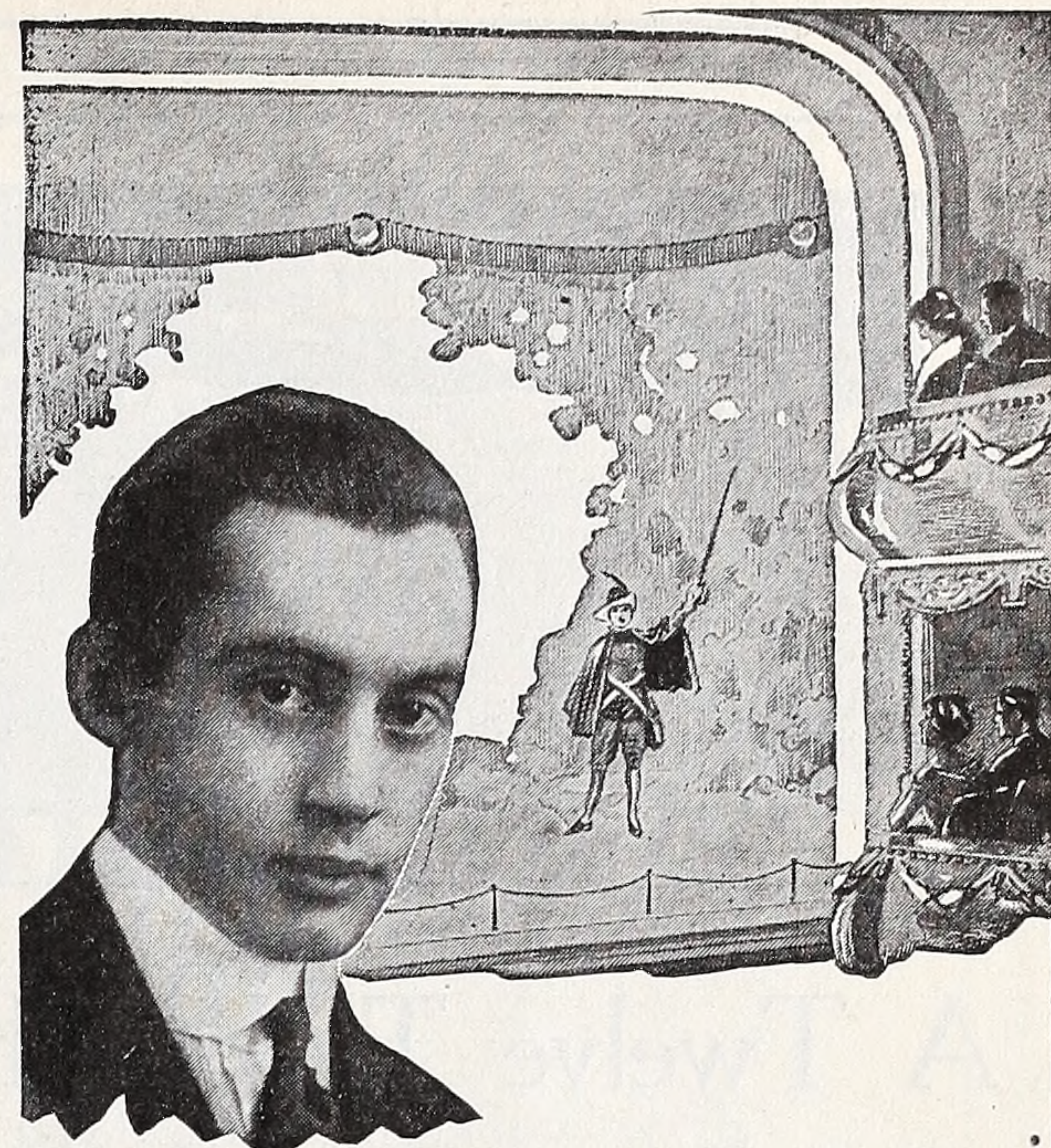
Gossip of the Pacific Coast

(Continued from page 60)

a slight case of flu, but is out electioneering for Judge Thomas P. White, who is a friend of hers.

At Big Bear Lake Dorothy Phillips almost lost her life when Big Sam, the tallest tree there, crashed down after being struck by lightning. Dorothy escaped being crushed by just about two inches to spare, having jumped to one side when the tree was almost upon her.

On Hollywood Boulevard Madame Yorska may be seen daily taking an outing with her beautiful young daughter. "The Infernal Net" is being produced under the direction of Matzene.



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APPLY SATIN SKIN CREAM, THEN SATIN SKIN POWDER.

The Man Who Is Never Himself

(Continued from page 71)

smug, self-satisfied clergyman. Could anything be more negative than self-satisfaction? That very setting furnished a big background for the other characters, tho one might say it was a small part compared with others assigned to me by Mr. Griffith. It is in this very exploitation of the negative and positive characterizations that Mr. Griffith excels. When I act with some of the other directors, I may suggest, or I may assume more, but with him I feel that the entire responsibility rests with him and I am glad to leave the big issues in his hands. He confers with us all, we interchange opinions, but first and last he is our *director*.

"And yet we are but on the threshold of picture-making. Even in spite of the fact that we have witnessed superb productions. The director is the real power behind the throne, and it is he who must unfold possibilities of the films. It is not humanly possible for any man to be a good actor one day and a director with a reputation on the next. Time, experience, wide reading, travel—all these things are needed in addition to the help given by an art director. That is why I believe very young actors make a great mistake to jump into direction. They lack the assets. Today the fault lies not with the audience or the story—it is faulty direction."

But the man who is never himself doesn't want to be a director. He would rather *live* a thousand characters than direct their moves thru the megaphone.

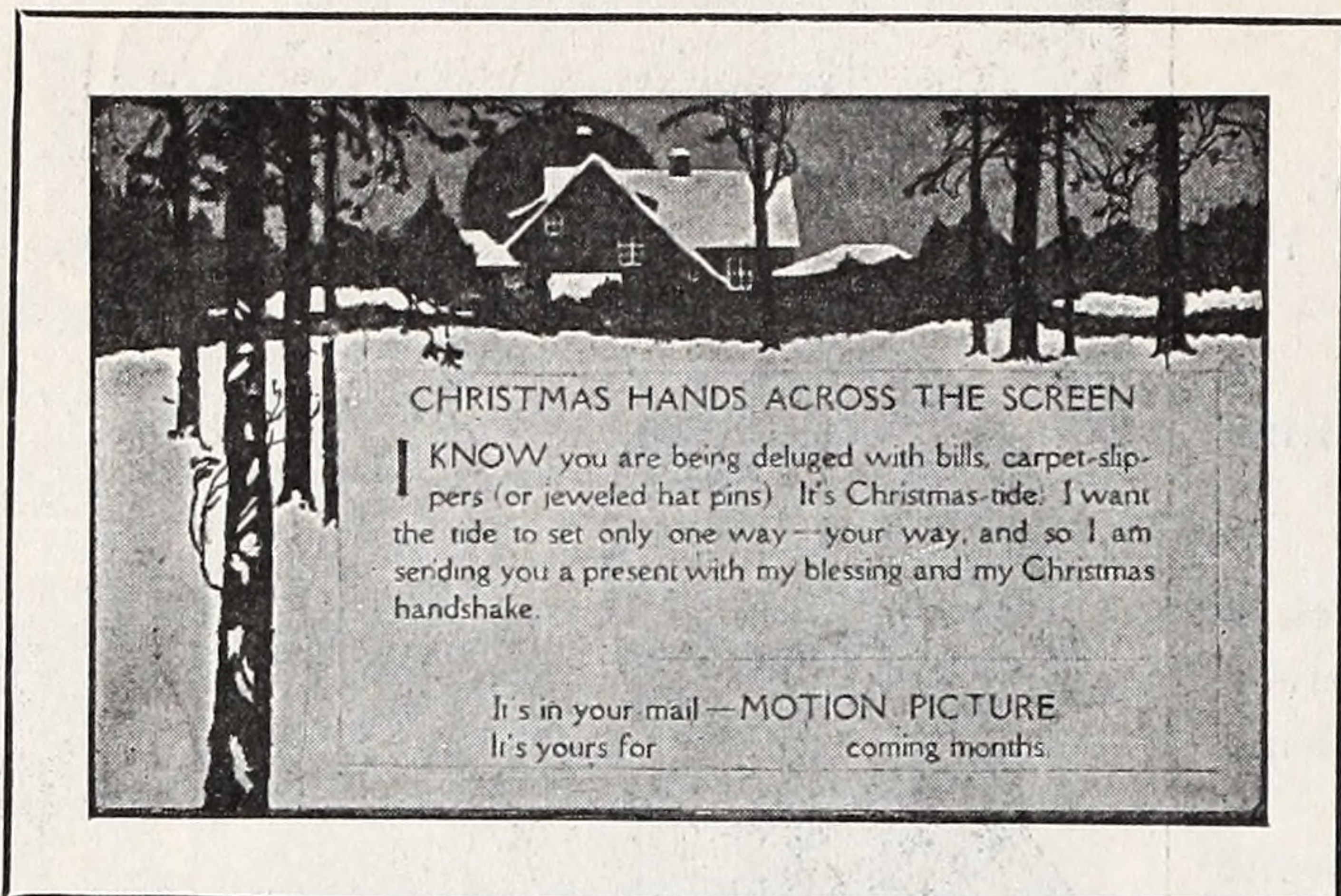
Have a Hart !

(Continued from page 32)

As he is real, so is he all-embracing, tolerant and wise. One knows that he would be square. One feels that he would be just. Nor is he the radical, believing, as he does, with a faith at once simple and strong in the biblical God of his fathers. He told me that the rôle of an atheist he once played was the hardest thing he was ever called upon to do, because neither his heart nor his sincerity were in it.

I call to mind words written about a totally different type of man—"A deal of Ariel, just a streak of Puck, much Antony, of Hamlet most of all, and something of the Shorter Catechist." They are hardly applicable, with the exception of the last—"and something of the Shorter Catechist." He calls to mind an olden day while taking on the vestments and the manners—and certainly the *profession*—of Today. He is the impossible meeting of the East and West. He is Blue Blazes Rawdon and Riddle Gawne and likewise Mr. Hart, Hotel Astor, New York (in which rôle, perfectly taken, I saw him). He is the strong man in whose very tenderness lies the greatest portion of his strength.

(Eighty)



CHRISTMAS HANDS ACROSS THE SCREEN

I KNOW you are being deluged with bills, carpet-slippers (or jeweled hat pins) It's Christmas-tide. I want the tide to set only one way—your way, and so I am sending you a present with my blessing and my Christmas handshake.

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It should be something useful, something in which he or she is interested and something that will bring pleasure to the receiver—not only one day, but many days to come.

Can you think of a Christmas present that will be more appropriate for your brother or sister, friend or relative, father or mother, husband or wife, sweetheart or soldier boy, than a year's subscription to the Motion Picture Magazine or Motion Picture Classic?

Everyone is now interested in Motion Pictures, and everyone attends Motion Picture Theaters, and anyone will highly prize the present of a subscription to either one of these great magazines for Christmas.

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on March 12, 1896, drew this sketch of Thos. A. Edison during an interview with the great wizard. The subject of the interview was the wonderful new invention known as "The Edison Vitascope". *Blackton*, the young newspaper artist, wrote the article and illustrated it with pen and ink sketches. *It was the beginning of the history of Motion Pictures.* Shortly after that historic interview J. Stuart Blackton turned his knowledge of things artistic into the making of "Pictures that lived and moved upon the screen" and "*The Hand of Blackton*" has, since 1897, wielded a potent influence in the Photoplay Industry.

"**The Common Cause**," latest of the Blackton Productions, is now showing in all prominent theatres. It is a "*different kind*" of a War Story. It depicts the *Human, Wholesome, Cheerful* side of the *Great Conflict*. It carries a *Punch, a Laugh, a Thrill* or a *Heart-Throb* in every one of its Seven Thousand feet of Film. And like the "*Battle Cry of Peace*", "*Womanhood*", "*Safe for Democracy*" and other famous Photoplays reflecting "*The Hand of Blackton*" it carries a message to the *People of the Allied Nations* and a warning to their *Enemies*.

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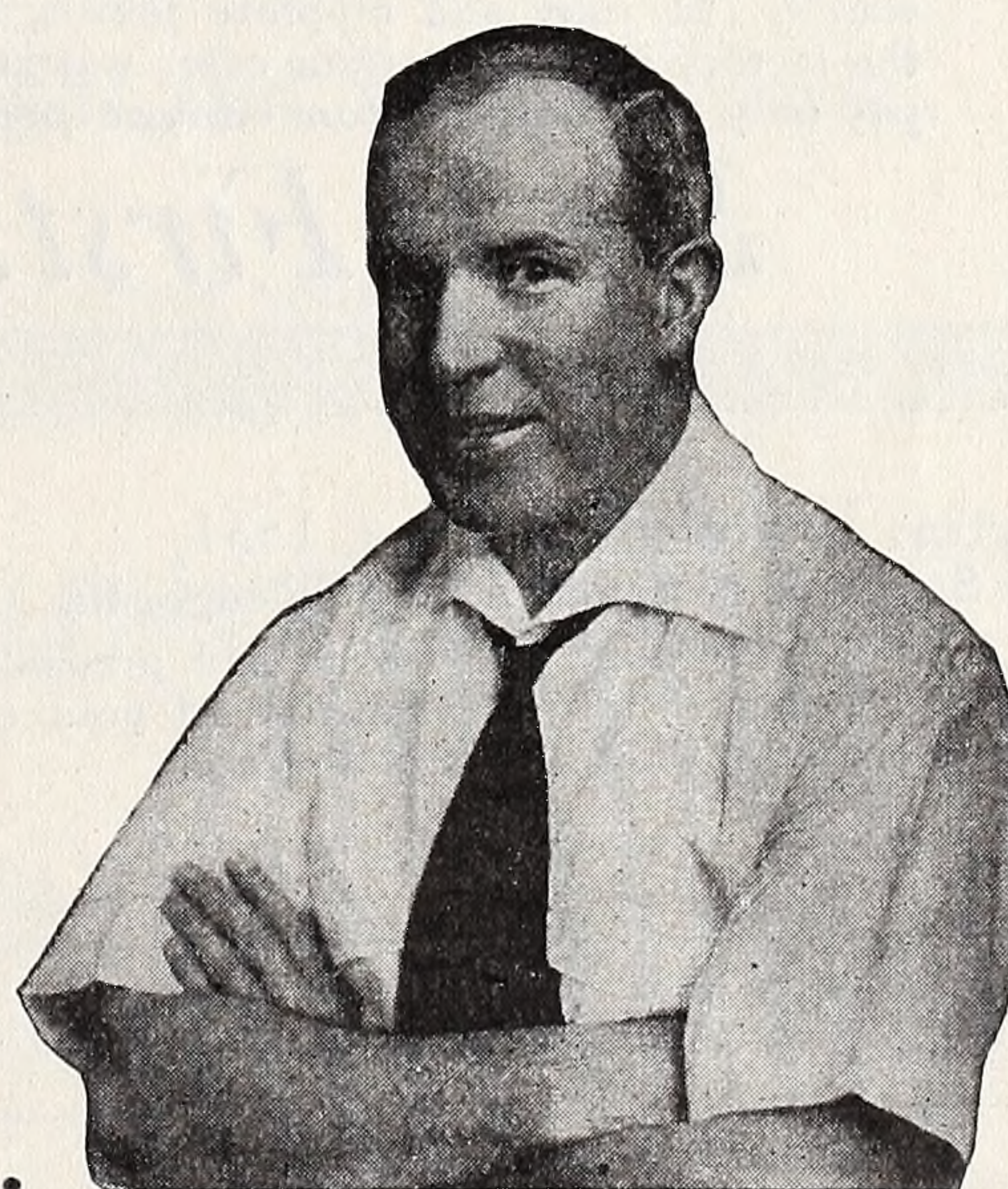
J. STUART BLACKTON'S latest screen masterpiece "The Common Cause"

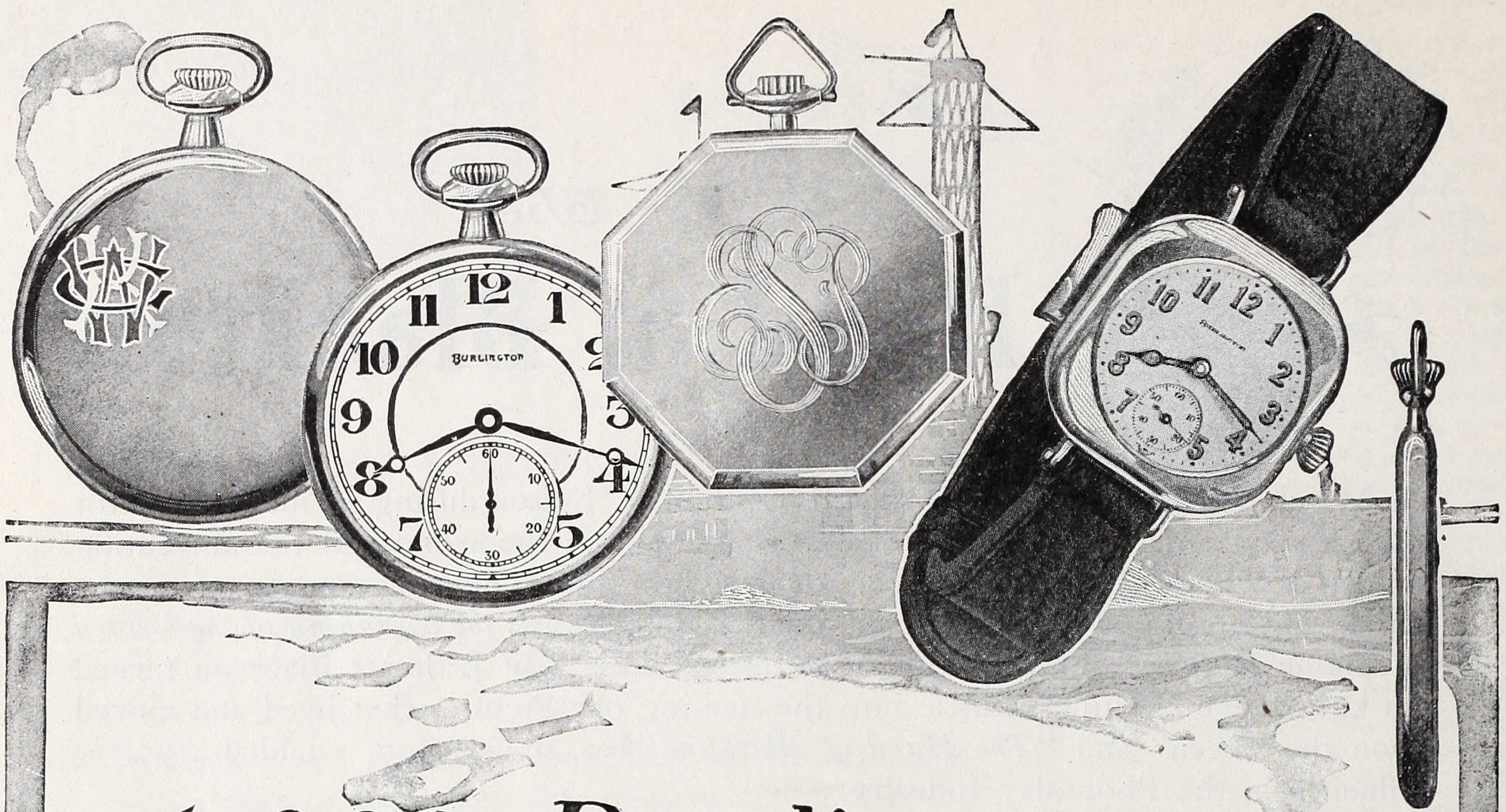
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Don't heat your home above 68°. A higher temperature is unhealthy, anyway.

Burn wood where you can.

Keep an eye on the furnace—don't leave it all to "the man."

If you feel that one shovelful of coal won't make any difference—think of it as a shell for the boys over there.

If you find yourself burning two lights when one will do—turn one out.

You, who have bought bonds and thrift stamps, you who have given of your money for war charities, given until you have felt the pinch, you whose sons and neighbors' sons are over there, will you not give up, too, just a bit of lazy, enervating comfort to help hurry along the job those brave boys have tackled?

Save light and heat, save coal.

To learn to operate your furnace efficiently, get from your local fuel administrator a leaflet entitled "Save Coal in the Home."

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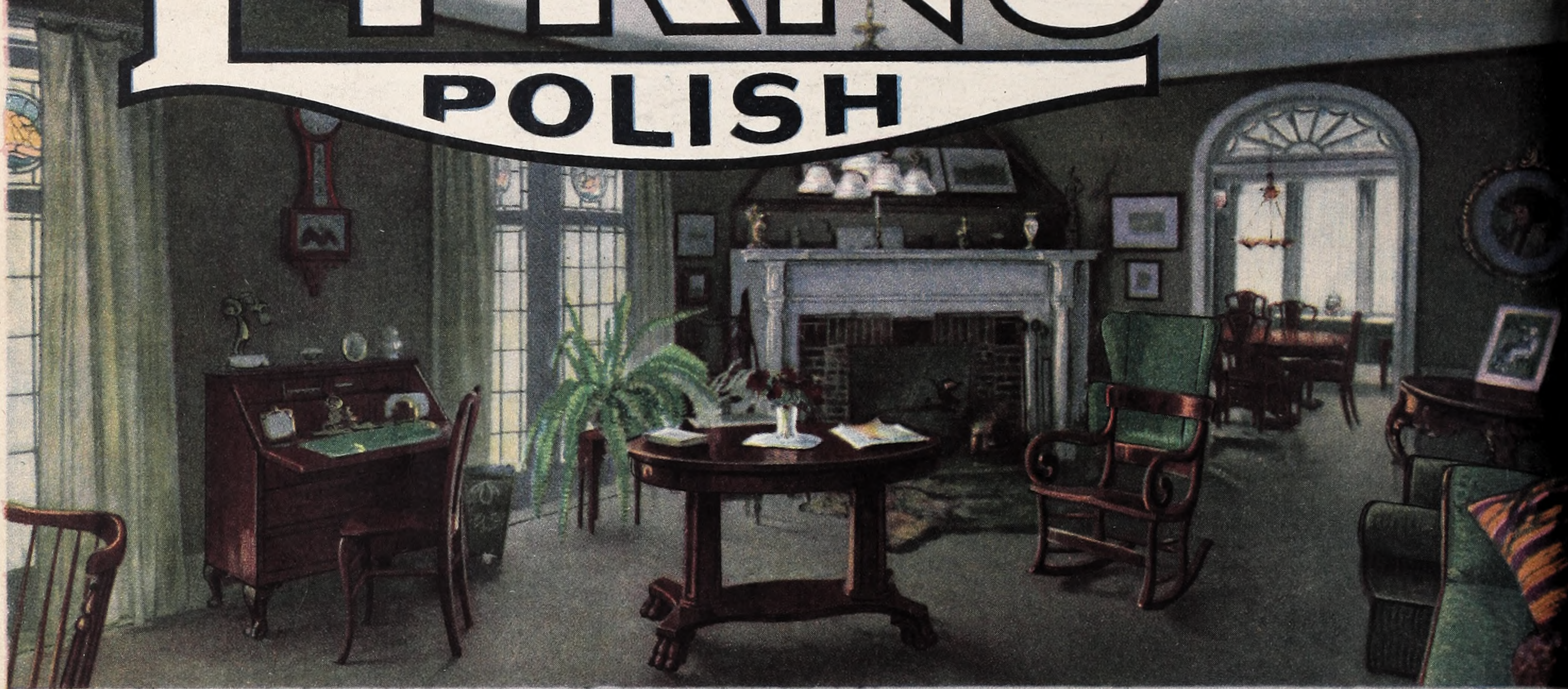
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