

MOTION PICTURE

CLASSIC

MARCH

20¢

DA BARA





Paramount and Artcraft Stars' Latest Productions

Here are their latest productions listed alphabetically, released up to January 31st. Save the list! And see the pictures!

Paramount

John Barrymore in "Here Comes the Bride"
 Enid Bennett in "Fuss and Feathers"
 Billie Burke in "The Make-Believe Wife"
 Lina Cavalieri in "A Woman of Impulse"
 Marguerite Clark in "Little Miss Hoover"
 Ethel Clayton in "The Mystery Girl"
 Dorothy Dalton in "Quicksand"
 Pauline Frederick in "Out of the Shadow"
 Dorothy Gish in "The Hope Chest"
 Lila Lee in "The Secret Garden"
 Vivian Martin in "Jane Goes a-Wooing"
 John Emerson-Anita Loos Production
 Shirley Mason and Ernest Truex in "Good Bye Bill"
 Charles Ray in "The Dub"
 Wallace Reid in "Too Many Millions"
 Bryant Washburn in "Venus in the East"

Paramount-Artcraft Specials

"The Hun Within," with a Special Star Cast
 Private Harold Peat in "Private Peat"
 Maurice Tourneur's Production "Sporting Life"
 "Little Women" (from Louisa M. Alcott's famous book), a Wm. A. Brady Production
 "The False Faces," A Thomas H. Ince Production

Artcraft

Enrico Caruso in "My Cousin"
 George M. Cohan in "Hit the Trail Holiday"
 Cecil B. De Mille's Production "Don't Change Your Husband"
 Douglas Fairbanks in "Arizona"
 Elsie Ferguson in "His Parisian Wife"
 D. W. Griffith's Production "The Romance of Happy Valley"
 William S. Hart in "Branding Broadway"
 Mary Pickford in "Johanna Enlists"
 Fred Stone in "Under the Top"
 Supervision of Thos. H. Ince

Comedies

Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy "Camping Out"
 Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies "Cupid's Day Off," "Never too Old"
 Paramount-Flagg Comedy "Impropaganda"
 Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew in Paramount-Drew Comedies
 Paramount-Bray Pictograph One each week
 Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel Pictures One each week

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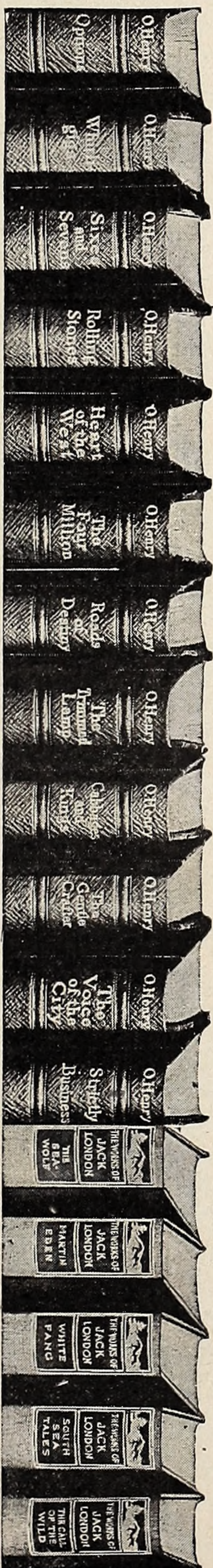
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Watch Your Nerves

by

PAUL von BOECKMANN

The greatest of all strains upon the human body is that caused by nerve tension. Instant death may result from great grief or a sudden fright. The strongest man may in a few months shrink to a skeleton through intense worry. Anger and excitement may cause an upheaval of the digestive and other organs. It is simple to understand, therefore, that lesser strains upon the nerves must slowly but surely undermine the vital forces, decrease our mental keenness and generally wreck the body and health.

In this simple truth lies the secret of health, strength and vitality. The noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, M. D., the author of numerous works on the subject, says: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves should be in order."

Few people realize the powerful influence the nerves have upon our well-being, and how they may torture the mind and body when they become deranged, supersensitive and unmanageable. Few people realize they have nerves, and therefore heedlessly waste their precious Nerve Force, not knowing that they are actually wasting their "Life Force," and then they wonder why they lack "Pep," have aches, pains, cannot digest their food, and are not fit, mentally and physically.

Just think a moment what a powerful rôle your nerves play in your life. It is your nerves that govern the action of the heart, so that your blood will circulate. It is your nerves that govern your breathing, so that your blood will be purified. It is your nerves that promote the process of digestion, assimilation and elimination. Every organ and muscle, before it can act, must receive from the nerves a current of Nerve Force to give it life and power.

Your body and all its organs and parts may be compared to a complex mass of individual electric motors and lights, which are connected with wires from a central electric station, where the electric power is generated. When the electric force from the central station becomes weak, every motor will slow down and every light will become dim. Tinkering and pampering the motors and light will do no good in this case. It is in the central station, the nervous system, where the weakness lies.

I have devoted over thirty years to the study of physical and mental efficiency in man and woman. I have studied carefully the physical, mental and organic characteristics of over 100,000 persons in this time. As my experience grows, I am more than ever convinced that nearly every case of organic and physical weakness is primarily due to nerve exhaustion. Powerful and healthy looking men and women who did not show the least outward signs of weak nerves, were found upon close mental and physical diagnosis to have exhausted nerves. Usually every organ was perfect and the muscles well developed, but there was not sufficient flow of Nerve Force to give these organs and muscles tone and power. How often do we hear of people running from doctor to doctor, seeking relief for a mysterious "something the matter" with them, though re-

peated examinations fail to show that any particular organ or function is weak. It is "Nerves" in every case.

We are living in the age of nerve strain, the "mile a minute life." Every man, woman and child is over-taxing the nerves, thus wrecking that delicate system. Nerve strain cannot be entirely avoided, but it can be modified. Much can be done to temper the nerves against strain. Education along this line is imperatively necessary if we are not to become a race of neurasthenics (nerve exhaustion). I have written a 64-page book which is pronounced by students of the subject to be the most valuable and practical work ever written on nerve culture. The title of the book is "Nerve Force." It teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the nerves. The cost is only 25 cents (coin or stamps). Address Paul von Boeckmann, Studio No. 91, 110 West 40th St., New York.

The only way to judge the value of this book is to read it, which you may do at my risk. In other words, if after reading the book it does not meet your fullest expectations, I shall return your money, *plus* the outlay of postage you may have incurred. I have advertised my various books on health, breathing and other subjects in this and other magazines for more than 20 years, which is ample evidence of my responsibility and integrity. Over a million copies have been sold.

You should send for this book today. It is for you, whether you have had trouble with your nerves or not. Your nerves are the most precious possession you have. Through them you experience all that makes life worth living; for to be dull nerved means to be dull brained, insensible to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system, and the more imperative it is that you care for your nerves. The book is especially important to those who have "high strung" nerves, and those who must tax their nerves to the limit. The following are extracts from people who have read the book and were greatly benefited by the teachings set forth therein:

"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."

A woman writes: "Your book has helped my nerves wonderfully. I am sleeping so well and in the morning I feel so rested."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming of 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."

Gossip From the Pacific Coast

By FRITZI REMONT

THE première of "The Greatest Thing Life" came off beautifully, and a crowd of admirers gathered at the playhouse to greet Mr. Griffith and his play. The production was preceded by an original prolog written by Jack Lloyd, publicity director for Mr. Griffith, and recited behind the scenes by George Fawcett.

The stage was set for a beautiful table during this recitation, and dancers from Denishawn completed a mighty pretty entertainment.

In the audience studio folk outnumbered society swells. Upstairs sat the fans, who demanded more adoration than cash for a Griffith play. Kitty Gordon swept in regally, wearing her fifteen-thousand-dollar sable cloak, its lustrous beauty making everybody chance a dislocated spine for just one peep.

Winifred Kingston arrived just ahead of Elliott Dexter. She wore a street suit in black and white, small turban of black and white, ditto footgear. Jeanie MacPherson, Ad Shirk and Kenneth McGaffey, well known prominent writers of the Lasky studio, came in for a share of attention. Bill Desmond just a bit gray over the ears, seemed handsomer than ever.

In the lobby, one noted a most entrancing sandwich, for Marcia Manon was squeezed between May Allison and Lillian Walker, the blonde prettiness enhanced by Miss Manon's dashing darkness and vampirish hair-dress. All wore gorgeous be-furred evening clothes.

Carmel Myers and her mother came in hand some furs, one of the New York purchases. By the way, Carmel had a funny experience lately when going to a masquerade ball with her brother, Zion, of the Universal City publicity staff. They wore "twin" costumes—a striped suit and cap of the criminal. Speed along, as they were a little late, a traffic policeman stopped them and they were held up for the next morning. In fact, the copper wasn't inclined to believe their story about the striped suits being "fancy dress" and accompanied them to their host's home, where identification was completed. Next morning, after the traffic the young folks slipped into their prison outfit and had their pictures taken for posterity to gloat over.

Melbourne MacDowell visited the Brunel lot just before Xmas, to hobnob with his pal, Herschel Mayall. Mr. MacDowell is one of the "grand old men" of the films, his appearance being much like that of Herold Standing. We are wondering if Fanny Idenport (Mrs. MacDowell) would have yielded to the film lure if she'd lived. Surely there never was a handsomer Baron Scarpia than Mr. MacDowell.

Bessie Barriscale has had a grand wearing chaps. She's got all the fixings enough to make Roy Stewart and Bill Groan with envy. Her spurs look like the little things we used years ago to trim crusts and make fancy vents in the crust, but Bess is such a mild-tempered thing that she hasn't the crust to dig 'em into her horse, much less irritate an unoffer bit of dough.

Alla Nazimova is doing a wonderful thing in "The Red Lantern," a Chinese Boxer rising play. One set, a street scene, cost \$18,000 to build, and at least 1,500 people were employed in it. It's the biggest thing "Intolerance." The madame plays a Chinese girl and her half-sister, and dies making supreme sacrifice for the sister and their lives. It's a bit mixing when they do these rôles, don't you think so?

One of the nicest things about May Allison gained from personal observation, hence many are privileged to know of it, is that she is so utterly "hail fellow, well met" in studio work. She knows the first name of all the workmen, takes keen interest in families, and you'll hear her pretty little calling, "Hello, Mike," "See you later, Jim," "How's the baby today, Jimmy?" Miss

(Continued on page 7)

THE April Classic

The foremost writers of the motion picture world are now contributing to THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, many of them writing exclusively for us. Among them are such well-known authorities on the photoplay as Kenneth Macgowan, Harry C. Carr, Hazel Simpson Naylor, Elizabeth Peltret and Frederick James Smith. In THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC you will find the liveliest articles, the vividest interviews and the newest pictures. Among the April features are:

CHARLIE CHAPLIN

The April CLASSIC will carry the brightest, most intimate chat with the famous comedian that you have ever read. At last the many-sided, real Charlie has been caught by an interviewer. With the chat are a number of exclusive new pictures taken for THE CLASSIC.

OLIVE THOMAS

The fair and vivacious Olive has been chatted in piquant fashion for the April issue. Caught just before she departed for the coast for her newest series of starring features, Miss Thomas gave an interesting and humorous interview.

GRACE DARMOND

The dazzling blonde of the screen tells an absorbing story—one that will grip you from the very first words. Miss Darmond is as interesting as she is pretty.

A gripping and striking article on the photoplay will be contributed by Kenneth Macgowan.

There will be a dozen or so snappy personality stories with just the people you are interested in. The best of the month's photoplays will be ably fictionalized. One of these will be the newest Charlie Ray photo-comedy.

And THE CLASSIC, famous for its beautiful pictures, will outdo itself.

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

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THE GIRL ON THE COVER

(Cover painted by Leo Sielke from photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston)

Ever since her first screen vampire in "A Fool There Was," Theda Bara has held a vivid place all her own on the silverscreen. The world of the photoplay has perhaps no more oddly interesting star. Her many striking characterizations from "Carmen" to "Cleopatra," from "Du Barry" to "Salome," have caused widespread comment. Theda was born in Cincinnati, her father being Polish and her mother Swiss. Bara is in reality her grandfather's name.

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Well, Whatdoya Thinka This?

Here's a Find for the Aspiring Photoplaywright!

We have just the very books you've been wishing for! The very books you've been wondering why someone hasn't written! The editions are mighty limited, and the spryer you are, the more certain you will be of your copies.

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Because of the limited supply, we will sell both copies for 65c. This is an investment you can't afford to lose. Mail your money today.

M. P. PUBLISHING CO., 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Stage Plays That Are Worth While

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

Bijou.—"Sleeping Partners." Piquant comedy of the French boulevards before the war. Irene Bordoni delightful, while H. B. Warner contributes a deft comedy characterization. Prismatic farce.

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.

Fulton.—"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 make 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.

Playhouse.—"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.

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

Republic.—Channing Pollock has devised an odd drama, "Roads of Destiny," from the O. Henry story. No matter what path one takes, the ultimate result is the same, is the philosophy of the drama. Florence Reed is admirable in three widely contrasted rôles.

Shubert.—"The Betrothal," Maurice Maeterlinck's sequel to "The Blue Bird." Superb production of a drama rife with poetic symbolism and imaginative insight. Remarkably beautiful series of stage pictures. Excellent cast, with Reginald Sheffield as Tytyl.

ON THE ROAD.

"The Saving Grace." Delightful English comedy by Haddon Chambers, brilliantly played by Cyril Maude as a cashiered British army officer trying to get back in the big war. Laura Hope Crews admirable.

"Under Orders," another war drama, and a good one, altho only two actors are necessary to tell the story—Effe Shannon and Shelley Hull, who are both fine. Plenty of weeps, with a sprinkle of mirth.

"Home Again." A highly entertaining comedy with lots of homey atmosphere and old-fashioned rural characters, founded on the poems and stories of J. Whitcomb Riley. The cast is extremely strong from top to bottom and the story is engrossing.

"Be Calm, Camilla." One of the most charming plays of the season. Lola Fisher makes a hit in a part of the Mary Pickford type and will doubtless be heard from on the screen.

"Head Over Heels," with the saucy Mitzi as a delectable little vaudeville acrobat. En-

tertaining with tuneful Jerome Kern music and the highly amusing Robert Emmett Keane.

"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.

"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.

Rivoli—De Luxe photoplays, with full symphony orchestra. Weekly program.

Rialto.—Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

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

Gossip From the Pacific Coast

(Continued from page 4)

son is entirely unaffected, is easy to meet, has the gracious Southern manner, and couldn't make an enemy if she tried a hundred years.

We saw Bert Lytell on Broadway, shopping for the merry twenty-fifth. He's another who has a cheery word for the lowliest scene-shifter on the lot. A little bird whispered that Bert surely did work hard at the Officers' Training Camp, that he bought about every book on military tactics extant. Mr. Lytell never does anything half-way; he's a fine orator, a good student, and he made up his clever mind that if he had to give up pictures for the army, he was going to be as good an officer as it was humanly possible for him to be. He has a complete library of military books and is still reading them concentratively in odd moments.

Jack Pickford has taken up quarters at the L. A. Athletic Club and is trying to content himself without home cooking.

Earle Williams won the first point in his defense of the heart-balm suit brought against him. His lawyers entered a demurrer to the complaint, stating that it did not present facts sufficient to constitute a cause of action against Mr. Williams. The judge sustained this demurrer and allowed ten days in which to file a new complaint. It's another case of "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned"—and it isn't much fun to have one's honeymoon interrupted by a lawsuit, now is it?

George Fisher is released from Camp Kearney and is getting ready for his re-entrance to the flickerfield. He's got a lot of good camp stories on hand, but the funniest was about a rookie who'd come from a very small Middle West town and was horribly homesick. In fact, he mooned about so much that he'd be in a trance half the time.

One day they were drilling on the field, and the sergeant gave orders to rear march. The dreamy one paid no attention, got everybody out of line and was rudely awakened by the sergeant's irritated voice:

"What in h— are you doing *here*?"

The startled rookie's mouth quivered, and he said, tremblingly, "P-p-please, sir, I-I-I-I w-w-wuz d-d-d-drafted, sir!"

And the whole company had leave to laugh it out.

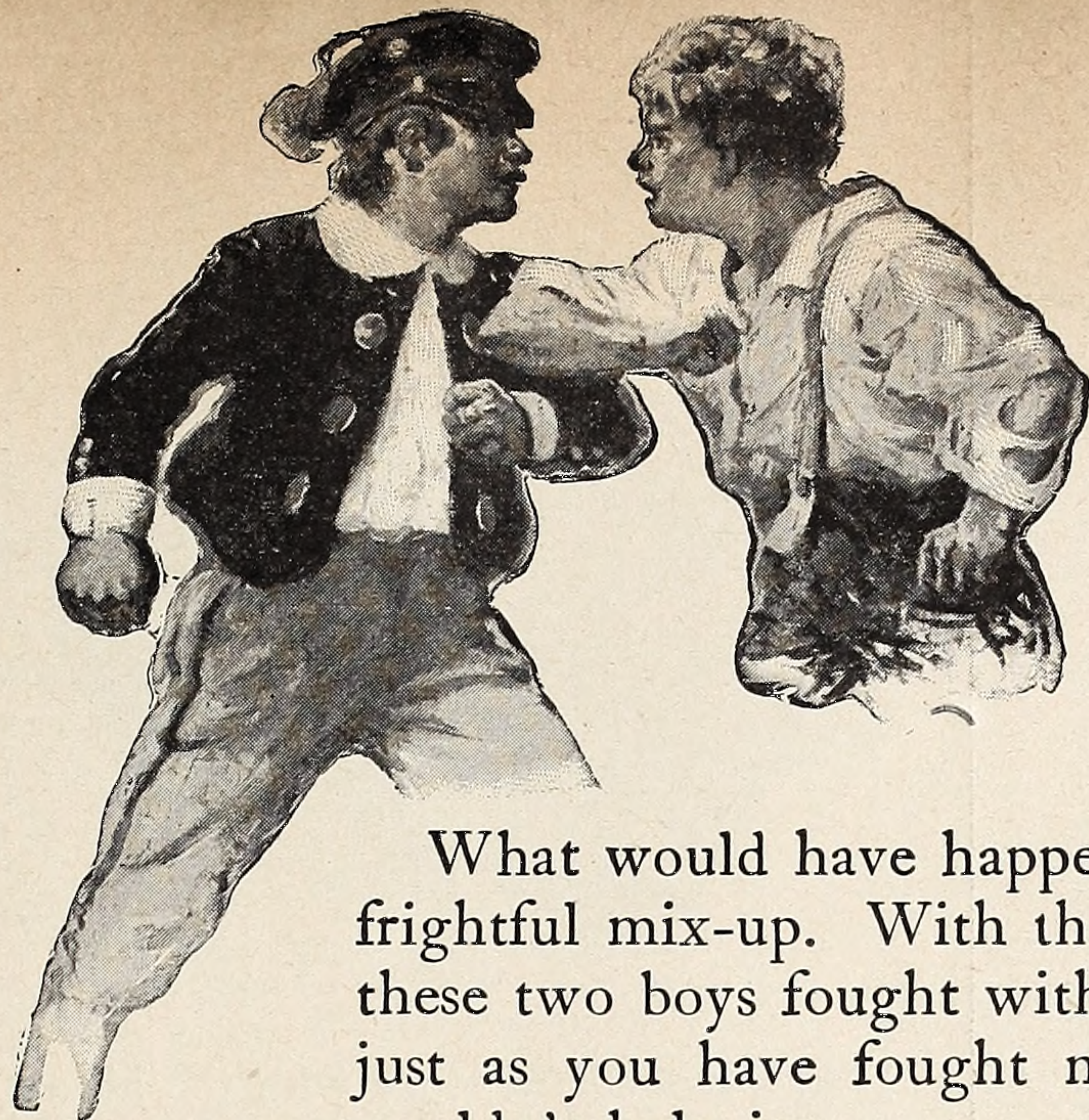
George Fisher, Jack Pickford, Owen Moore and Jim Kirkwood had a sociable reunion dinner at the Hotel Alexandria one night in December. They are old pals, having worked under Mr. Kirkwood's direction many times.

The Christmas cards of the Gish girls were particularly beautiful. Both bore a kalogram in silver and green, and the heavy card was bordered in the same colors. Lily's had an embossed white lily with green leaves, and bore the wish, "May life be glad and good to you, and all your Christmas dreams come true," while Dot's message was a little longer, reading, "May Christmas bring you content and merriment and the coming New Year peace and happiness." Margarita Fisher had a card bearing her signature in gold, and Pat Dowling sent a unique effort, bearing a little sailor, who recited quaintly, "Now that our w. k. Uncle Sam has dropped an 'At Liberty' notice in our Christmas stocking, we must admit we've never been fired by a better boss. The season's greetings from Pat Dowling." Mr. Dowling will be back in the publicity field soon. He's done mighty good war work along that line, helping out all the Red Cross and other entertainments, in addition to his strenuous training at the naval base, San Pedro.

Douglas Fairbanks stopped traffic on the Saturday before Xmas, while he rode about encouraging the street-corner W. S. S. workers, who had booths capped by Liberty Bells, which were rung after each sale. He advertised for two thousand aides and got them without difficulty. Everybody wanted to be honored by the personal handshake of the stunt king.

Margarita Fisher did a similar stunt. She leased an entire town on the Mojave Desert, the little village of Rosamond. Awfully stylish name for a desert town, dont you think?

(Seven)



What would have happened next if you were a boy? A frightful mix-up. With the calm unreasonableness of youth these two boys fought without even knowing each other—just as you have fought many a time—just because you couldn't help it.

"You're Afraid!"

"I AIN'T afraid."

"You are."

"I ain't."

"You are."

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25 Volumes—Novels. Boys' Stories. Humor. Essays. Travel. History.

No wonder our soldiers and sailors like Mark Twain best. No wonder the boys at Annapolis told Secretary Daniels that they would rather have Mark Twain than any one else. To them, as to you, Mark Twain is the spirit of undying youth—the spirit of real Americanism—for he who came out of that loafing—out-at-elbows—down-at-the-heels Mississippi town—he has passed on

to the world the glory of our inspiring Americanism—the serious purpose that underlies our laughter—for to Mark Twain humor is only incidental—and he has made eternal the springs of its youth and enthusiasm.

Take Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer by the hand and go back to your own boyhood.

A Big Human Soul

Perhaps you think you have read a good deal of Mark Twain. Are you sure? Have you read all the novels? Have you read all the short stories? Have you read all the brilliant fighting essays?—all the humorous ones and the historical ones?

Think of it—25 volumes filled with the laughter and the tears and the fighting that

made Mark Twain so wonderful. He was a bountiful giver of joy and humor. He was yet much more, for, while he laughed with the world, his lonely spirit struggled with the sadness of human life, and sought to find the key. Beneath the laughter is a big human soul, a big philosopher.

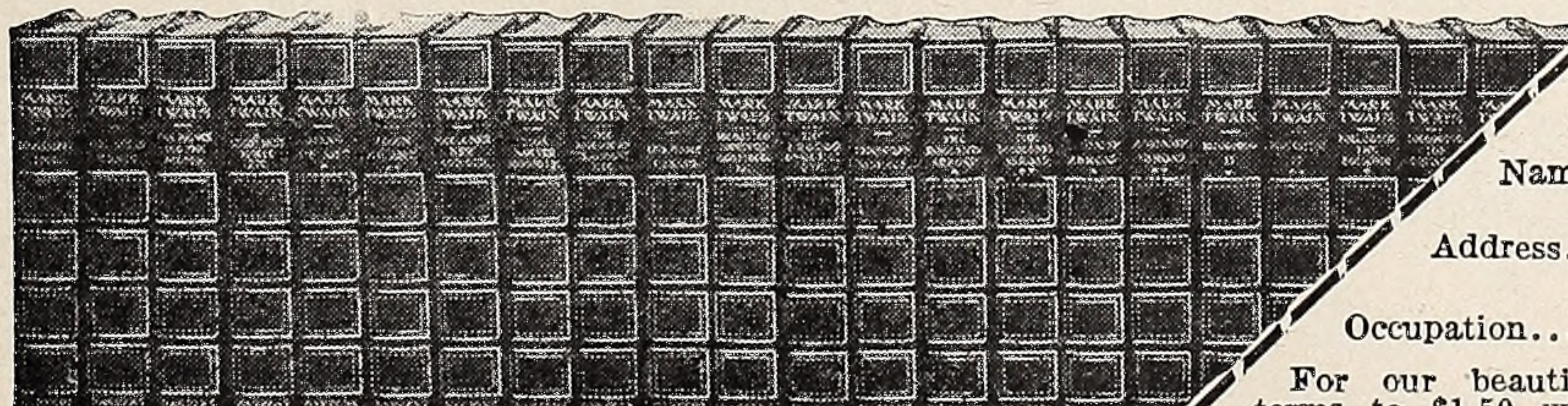
Low Price Sale Must Stop

Mark Twain wanted every one in America to own a set of his books. So one of the last things he asked was that we make a set at so low a price that every one might own it. He said: "Don't make fine editions. Don't make editions to sell for \$200 and \$300 and \$1,000. Make good books, books good to look at and easy to read, and make their price low." So we have made this set. And up to now we have been able to sell it at this low price. Rising costs make it impossible to continue the sale of Mark Twain at a low price. New editions will cost very much more than this Author's National Edition. But now the price must go up. You must act at once.

You must sign and mail the coupon now. If you want a set at a popular price, do not delay. This edition will soon be withdrawn, and then you will pay considerably more for your Mark Twain.

The last of the edition is in sight. There will never again be a set of Mark Twain at the present price. Now is your opportunity to save money. Now is the time to send the coupon to get your Mark Twain.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Est. 1817, Franklin Square, N. Y.



M. P. C.
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HARPER & BROTHERS
8 Franklin Square,
New York.

Send me, all charges pre-paid, a set of Mark Twain's works, in 25 volumes, illustrated, bound in handsome green cloth, stamped in gold, with trimmed edges. If not satisfactory, I will return them at your expense. Otherwise I will send you \$2 within 5 days, and \$2 a month for 15 months. For cash, deduct 8% from remittance.

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Occupation.....

For our beautiful red half-leather edition, change above terms to \$1.50 within 5 days and \$4.00 a mo. for 12 mos.



The Perfect Hair Remover

DEMIRACLE, the original sanitary liquid, is equally efficacious for removing superfluous hair from face, neck, arms, underarms or limbs.

This common-sense method is both logical and practical. It acts quickly and with absolute certainty.

DeMiracle requires no mixing. It is ready for instant use. Therefore, cleanly and most convenient to apply.

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At all toilet counters, or direct from us, in plain wrapper, on receipt of price.

DeMiracle

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Park Avenue and 129th Street, New York



A Wife Too Many

Into the hotel lobby walked a beautiful woman and a distinguished man. Little indeed did the gay and gallant crowd know that around these heads there flew stories of terror—of murder—and treason. That on their entrance, half a dozen detectives sprang up from different parts of the place.

Because of them the lights of the War Department in Washington blazed far into the night. With their fate was wound the tragedy of a broken marriage, of a fortune lost, of a nation betrayed.

It is a wonderful story with the kind of mystery that you will sit up nights trying to fathom. It is just one of the stories fashioned by that master of mystery

ARTHUR B. REEVE

(The American Conan Doyle)

CRAIG KENNEDY

(The American Sherlock Holmes)

He is the detective genius of our age. He has taken science—science that stands for this age—and allied it to the mystery and romance of detective fiction. Even to the smallest detail, every bit of the plot is worked out scientifically. For nearly ten years, America has been watching his Craig Kennedy—marvelling at the strange, new, startling things that detective here would

unfold. Such plots—such suspense—with real, vivid people moving through the maelstrom of life! Frenchmen have mastered the art of terror stories. English writers have thrilled whole nations by their artful heroes. Russian ingenuity has fashioned wild tales of mystery. But all these seem old-fashioned—out-of-date—beside the infinite variety—the weird excitement of Arthur B. Reeve's tales.

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To those who send the coupon promptly, we will give FREE set of Edgar Allan Poe's works in 10 volumes.

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The story is in these volumes.

He was a detective by instinct—he was a story-teller by divine inspiration. Before or since—no one has ever had his power to make your hair stand on end—to send chills up your back—to hold you in terror—horror! To read breathlessly—to try to guess the ending—to enjoy the perfect, flawless style—to feel the power of the master—that is all you can do in each and all of Poe's undying stories. In England and France, Edgar Allan Poe is held to be the greatest writer that America has produced. To them he is the greatest American classic.

This is a wonderful combination. Here are two of the greatest writers of mystery and scientific detective stories. You can get the Reeve at a remarkably low price and the Poe FREE for a short time only. Sign and mail the coupon now.

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Send me, all charges prepaid, set of Arthur B. Reeve—in 12 volumes. Also send me absolutely free, the set of Edgar Allan Poe—in 10 volumes. If the books are not satisfactory I will return both sets within 10 days at your expense. Otherwise I will send you \$1.50 a month for 13 months.

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Try the new way—the Silmerine way—and you'll never again use the ruinous heated iron. The curliness will appear altogether natural.

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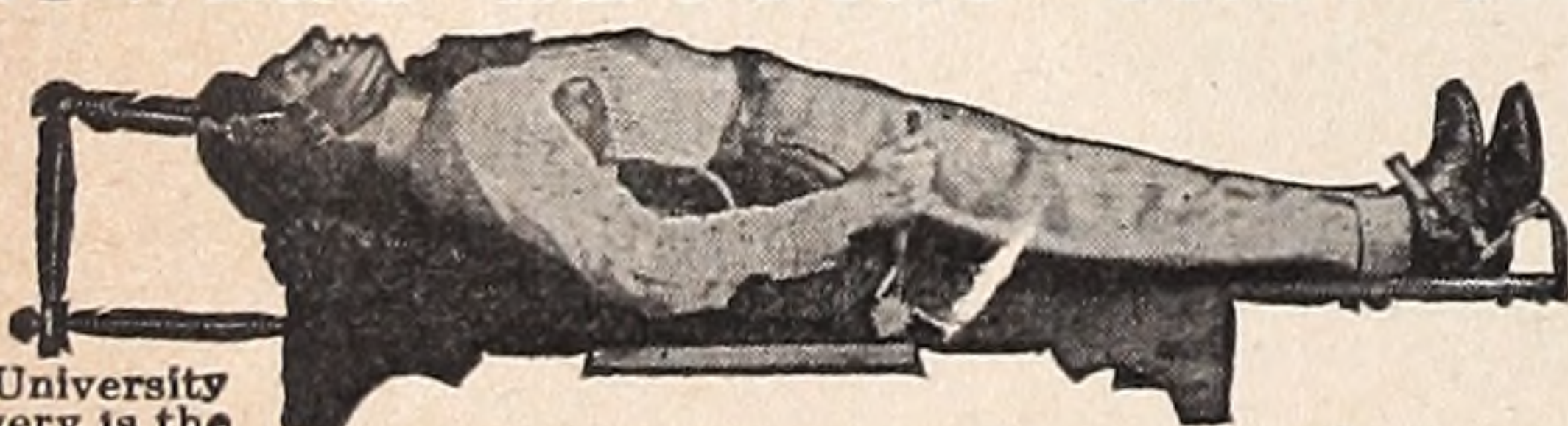
is applied at night with a clean tooth brush. Is neither sticky nor greasy. Perfectly harmless. Serves also as a splendid dressing for the hair. Directions with bottle. At your druggist's.



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You can learn to be an expert wrestler at home—during your spare time. The book tells you how. The world's marvelous undefeated champion and his trainer **Frank Gotch and Farmer Burns** will now teach you. Learn wrestling, self-defense and jiu-jitsu easily at home by mail. Know all the science and tricks. First chance to learn from world champions. Men and boys, here is your great opportunity. Send for free book today stating age. Burns Sch. of Wrestling, 1553 Ramze Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

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This University discovery is the most important health invention of the century. It remakes and rejuvenates the Human Body. It produces normal spines. It frees impinged and irritated nerves, corrects contracted muscles, shortened ligaments, eliminates congestion, improves circulation and drainage of the body. It will increase the body's length. **THE PANDICULATOR CO., 1516 Prospect Avenue, Cleveland, O.**

How One Evening's Study Led to a \$30,000 Job

A Simple Method of Mind Training that Any One Can Follow with Results from the First Day

By a Man Who Made Formerly No More Than a Decent Living

I HOPE you won't think I'm conceited or egotistical in trying to tell others how I suddenly changed from a comparative failure to what my friends term a phenomenal success.

In reality I do not take the credit to myself at all. It was all so simple that I believe any man can accomplish practically the same thing if he learns the secret, which he can do in a single evening. In fact, I know others who have done much better than I by following the same method.

It all came about in a rather odd manner. I had been worrying along in about the same way as the average man, thinking that I was doing my bit for the family by providing them with three square meals a day, when an old chum of mine, Frank Powers, whom I had always thought was about the same kind of a chap as I, suddenly blossomed out with every evidence of great prosperity.

He moved into a fine new house, bought a good car and began living in the style of a man of ample means. Naturally the first thing I did when I noticed these things—for he had said nothing to me about his sudden good fortune—was to congratulate him and ask him what had brought the evident change in his finances.

"Bill," he said, "it's all come so quickly I can hardly account for it myself. But the thing that has made such difference in my life lately began with an article I read a short time ago about training the mind.

"It compared the average person's mind to a leaky pail, losing its contents as it went along, which if carried any distance would arrive at its destination practically empty.

"And it showed that instead of making the pail leakproof, most of us kept filling it up and then losing all we put into it before we ever reached the place where the contents would be of real use.

"The leak in the pail, the writer demonstrated, was forgetfulness. He showed that when memory fails, experience, the thing we all value most highly, is worthless. He proved to me that a man is only as good as

his memory, and whatever progress a man accomplishes can be laid directly to his powers of retaining in his mind the right things—the things that are going to be useful to him as he goes along.

"Farther on in the article I read that the power of the mind is only the sum total of what we remember—that is, if we read a book and remember nothing that was in it, we have not added one particle to our experience; if we make a mistake and forget about it, we are apt to make the same mistake again, so our experience did not help us. And so on, in everything we do. Our judgment is absolutely dependent on our experience, and our experience is

only as great as our power to remember.

"Well, I was convinced. My mind was a 'leaky pail.' I had never been able to remember a man's name thirty seconds after I'd been introduced to him, and, as you know, I was always forgetting things that ought to be done. I had recognized it as a fault, but never thought of it as a definite barrier to business success. I started in at once to make my memory efficient, taking up a memory training course which claimed to improve a man's memory in one evening. What you call my good fortune today I attribute solely to my exchanging a 'leaky pail' for a mind that retains the things I want to remember."

* * * * *

Powers' story set me thinking. What kind of a memory did I have? It was much the same as that of other people I supposed. I had never worried about my memory one way or another, but it had always seemed to me that I remembered important things pretty well. Certainly it never occurred to me that it was possible or even desirable to improve it, as I assumed that a good memory was a sort of natural gift. Like most of us, when I wanted to remember something particularly I wrote it down on a memorandum pad or in a pocket note-book. Even then I would sometimes forget to look at my reminder. I had been embarrassed—as who has not been?—by being obliged to ask some man whom I had previously met what his name was, after vainly groping through my mind for it, so as to be able to introduce him to others. And I had had my name requested apologetically for the same purpose, so that I knew I was no different than most men in that way.

I began to observe myself more closely in my daily work. The frequency with which I had to refer to records or business papers concerning things that at some previous time had come under my particular notice amazed me. The men around me who were doing about the same work as myself were no different than I in this regard. And this thought gave new significance to the fact that I had been performing practically the same subordinate duties at exactly the same salary for some three years. I couldn't dodge the fact that my mind, as well as most other people's, literally limped along on crutches, because it could not retain names, faces, facts and figures. Could I expect to progress if even a small proportion of the important things I learned from day to day slipped away from me? The only value of most of my hard-won experience was being canceled—obliterated—by my constantly forgetting things that my experience had taught me.

The whole thing hit me pretty hard. I began to think about the subject from all angles as it affected our business. I realized that probably hundreds of sales had been lost because the salesman forgot some selling point that would have closed the order. Many of our men whom I had heard try to present a new idea or plan had failed to put over their message or to make a good impression because they had been unable to remember just what they wanted to say. Many decisions involving thousands of dollars had been made unwisely because the man responsible didn't remember all the facts bearing on the situation and thus used poor judgment. I know now that there isn't a day but what the average business man forgets to do from one to a dozen things that would

have increased his profits. There are no greater words in the English language descriptive of business inefficiency than the two little words "I forgot."

I had reached my decision. On the recommendation of Powers, I got in touch at once with the Independent Corporation which shortly before had published the David M. Roth Method of Memory Training. And then came the surprise of my life. In the very first lesson of the course I found the key to a good memory. Within thirty minutes after I had opened the book the secret that I had been in need of all my life was mine. Mr. Roth has boiled down the principles perfecting the memory so that the method can almost be grasped at a glance. And the farther you follow the method the more accurate and reliable your memory becomes. Within an hour I found that I could easily memorize a list of 100 words and call them off backward and forward without a mistake. I was thunderstruck with the ease of it all. Instead of study, the whole thing seemed like a fascinating game. I discovered that the art of remembering had been reduced by Mr. Roth to the simplest method imaginable—it required almost nothing but to read the lessons! Every one of those seven simple lessons gave me new powers of memory, and I enjoyed the course so much that I look back on it now as a distinct pleasure.

The rest of my story is not an unusual one among American business men who have realized the value of a reliable trained memory. My income today is close to \$30,000. It will reach that figure at the beginning of our next fiscal year. And two years ago I scarcely made what I now think of as a decent living.

In my progress I have found my improved memory to be priceless. Every experience, every business decision, every important name and face is easily and definitely recorded in my mind, and each remembered experience was of immense value in my rapid strides from one post to another. Of course I can never be thankful enough that I mended that "leaky pail" and discovered the enormous possibilities of a really good memory.

SEND NO MONEY

Mr. Roth's fee for personal instruction to classes limited to fifty members is \$1,000. But in order to secure nation-wide distribution for the Roth Memory Course in a single season the publishers have put the price at only five dollars, a lower figure than any course of its kind has ever been sold before, and it contains the very same material in permanent form as is given in the personal \$1,000 course.

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to double, yes triple the powers of your memory, and how easily you can acquire the secret of a good memory in one evening, that they are willing to send the Course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied, send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course, send only \$5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

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M. P. Classic 3-19

David M. Roth

When Mr. Roth first determined to exchange his leaky mind for one that would retain anything he wanted it to, it was because he found his memory to be probably poorer than that of any man he knew. He could not remember a man's name 20 seconds. He forgot so many things that he was convinced he could never succeed until he learned to remember. Today there are over ten thousand people in the United States whom Mr. Roth has met at different times—most of them only once—whom he can instantly name on sight.

Mr. Roth can and has hundreds of times at dinners and lectures asked fifty or sixty men he has never met to tell him their names, businesses and telephone numbers and then after turning his back while they changed seats, has picked each one out by name, told him his telephone number and business connection. These are only a few of the scores of equally "impossible" things that Mr. Roth can do, and yet a few years ago he couldn't remember a man's name twenty seconds. Why go around with a mind like a leaky pail when, as Mr. Roth says, "what I have done any one can do"?



A SKIN YOU LOVE TO TOUCH Painting by Charles Chambers

You, too, can have the charm of "A skin you love to touch"

YOU, TOO, CAN HAVE THE CHARM of a skin that is soft, clear, radiant. Everyone admires it. Every girl longs for it. To have your skin as lovely as it ought to be—soft, clear, colorful—all you need to do is to give it the proper care for its needs.

No matter how much you may have neglected your skin, you can begin at once to improve it. New skin is forming every day as old skin dies. If you give this new skin the right care *every day*, you can keep it fresh and radiant. Such things as blackheads, blemishes and

unsightly spots, you can, with the proper treatment, correct.

Begin today to give your skin the right treatment for its particular needs. You will find the famous treatments for all the commoner skin troubles in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

You will find that a cake of Woodbury's lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment and for general cleansing use. It sells for 25c at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

This beautiful picture in colors for framing—Send for your copy today!

This picture with sample cake of soap, booklet of treatments and a sample of Woodbury's Facial Powder, for 15c

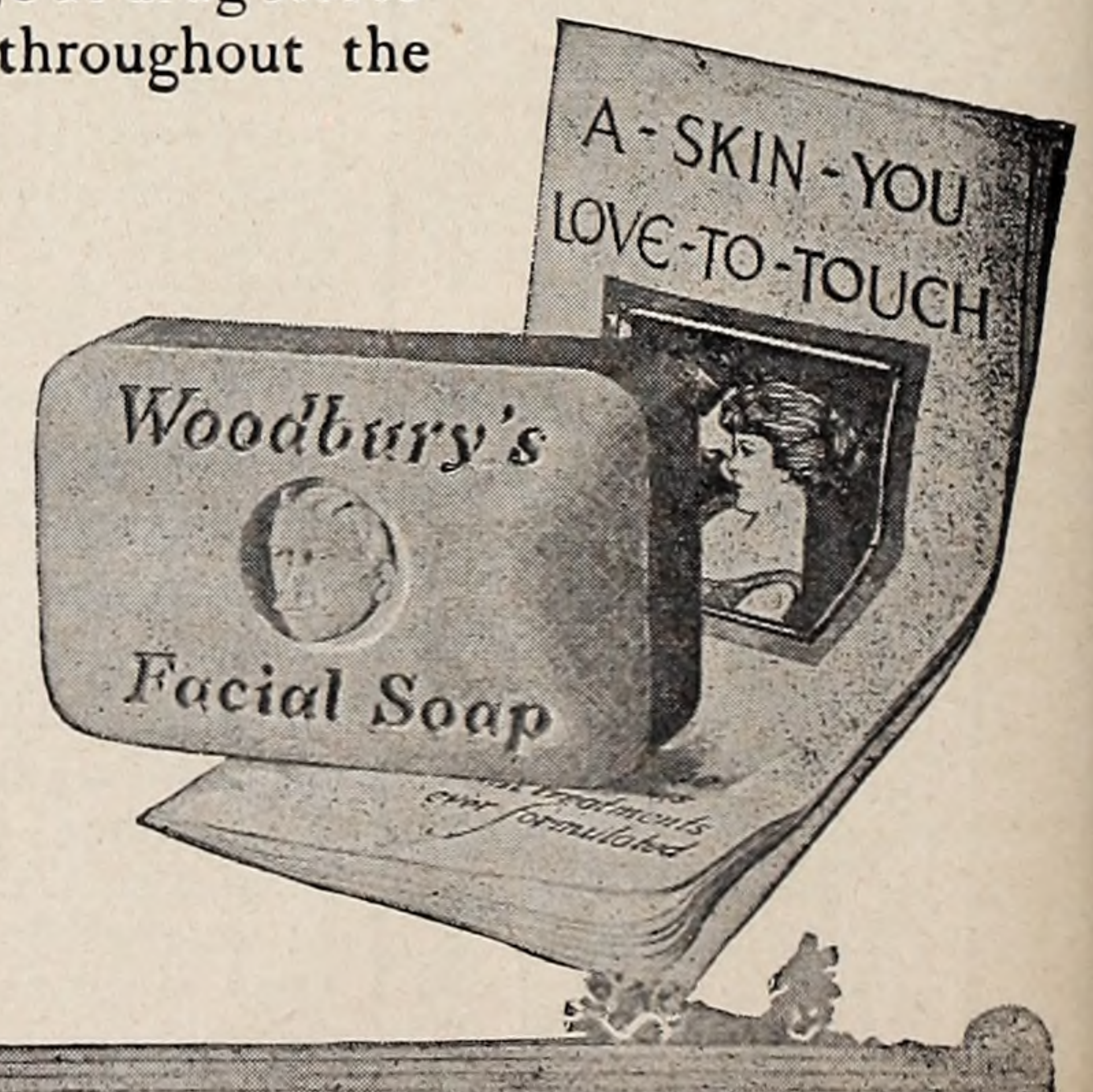
This picture is Charles Chambers' interpretation of "A Skin You Love to Touch." It has been reproduced from the original oil painting, in full colors and on fine quality paper, expressly for framing. No printed matter on it. Size 15 x 19 inches.

For 15c we will send you one of these beautiful reproductions with a trial size cake

of Woodbury's Facial Soap—large enough for a week's treatment—also the booklet of treatments—"A Skin You Love to Touch," and a sample of Woodbury's Facial Powder. Thousands will want this picture. Send for your copy at once.

Write today to The Andrew Jergens Co., 903 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address: The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 903 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario



MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

ANITA STEWART

Anita is a Brooklynite—or, rather, was. She was born there, educated at Erasmus High School and entered picture work at Vitagraph thru the aid of her brother-in-law, Ralph Ince. "The Wood Violet" marked her first screen success. She has been soaring ever since. Now, like her fellow Vitagrapher, Miss Talmadge, she's a First National star.





NORMA TALMADGE

Norma is now a First National star—and everythin'. We can remember when she was a mere child at that university of the screen—the Vitagraph studios. Norma grew up in Flatbush, attained film success, and joined Triangle. Then Select won her over. Just now she's one of the most popular stars in America.



GLORIA SWANSON

Gloria is looked upon as a real dramatic discovery these days, so it's only fair that fans know her complete moniker: Gloria May Josephine Swanson. She was born in Chicago, but hurried away to Porto Rico to forget and go to school. She entered pictures via the George Ade fables. After that came a strenuous Keystone period.



ALMA RUBENS

Alma was born in 'Frisco of French-American parents. Without stage experience, she invaded the screen with Triangle in "The Half-Breed," in which Doug Fairbanks starred. Her beauty stood out in the support of Fairbanks, Bill Hart and others and she soon attained stardom in her own name. Now her pictures are being released thru the Robertson-Cole Company.



BILLIE RHODES

Billie recently stepped from one- and two-reel comedies to stardom with the National Film Corporation of America in five-reel features. Billie's prettiness and personality stood out thru the avalanche of custard pies. Fate smiled—and Billie's now a full-fledged dramatic star.

The Studio

By KENNETH

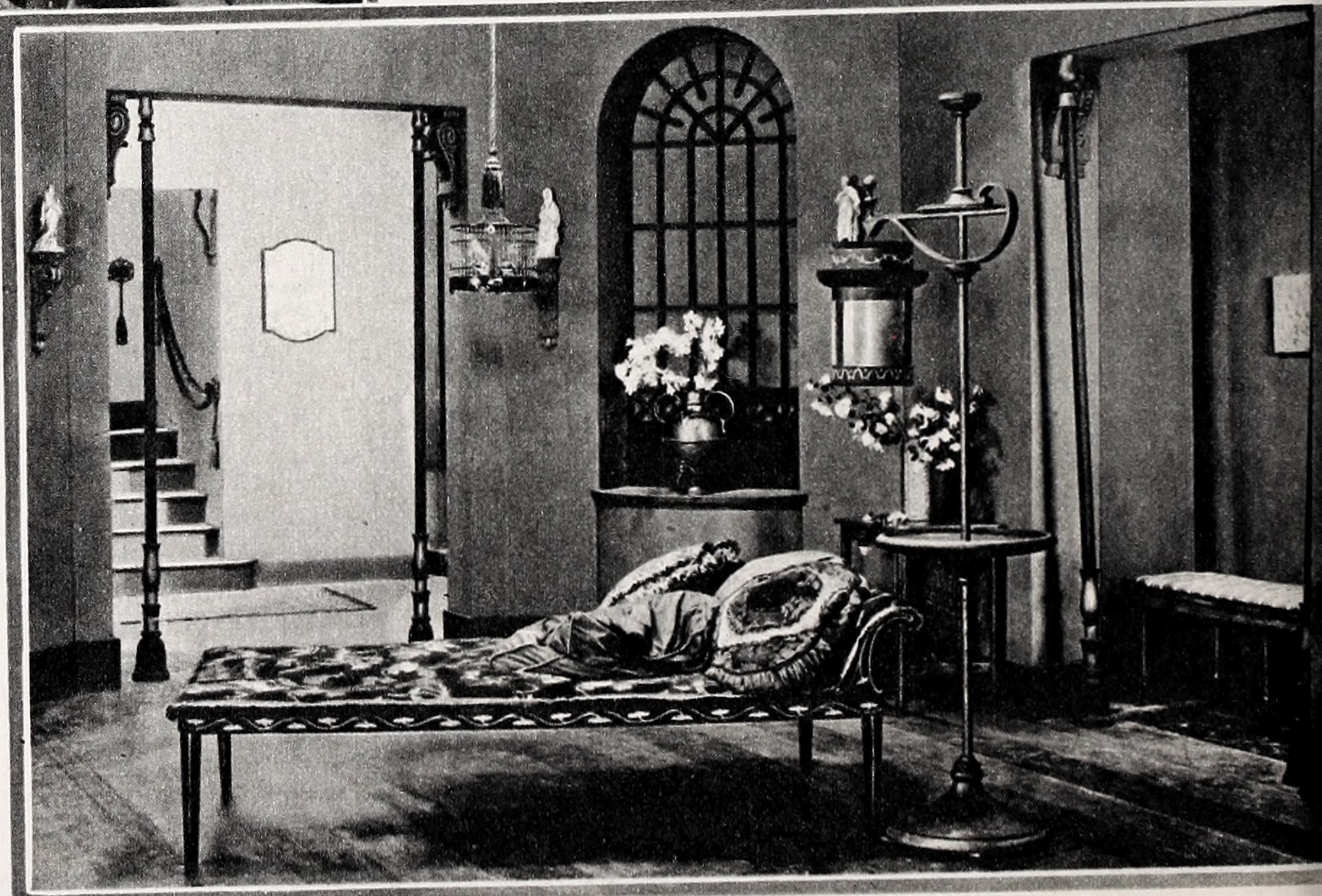
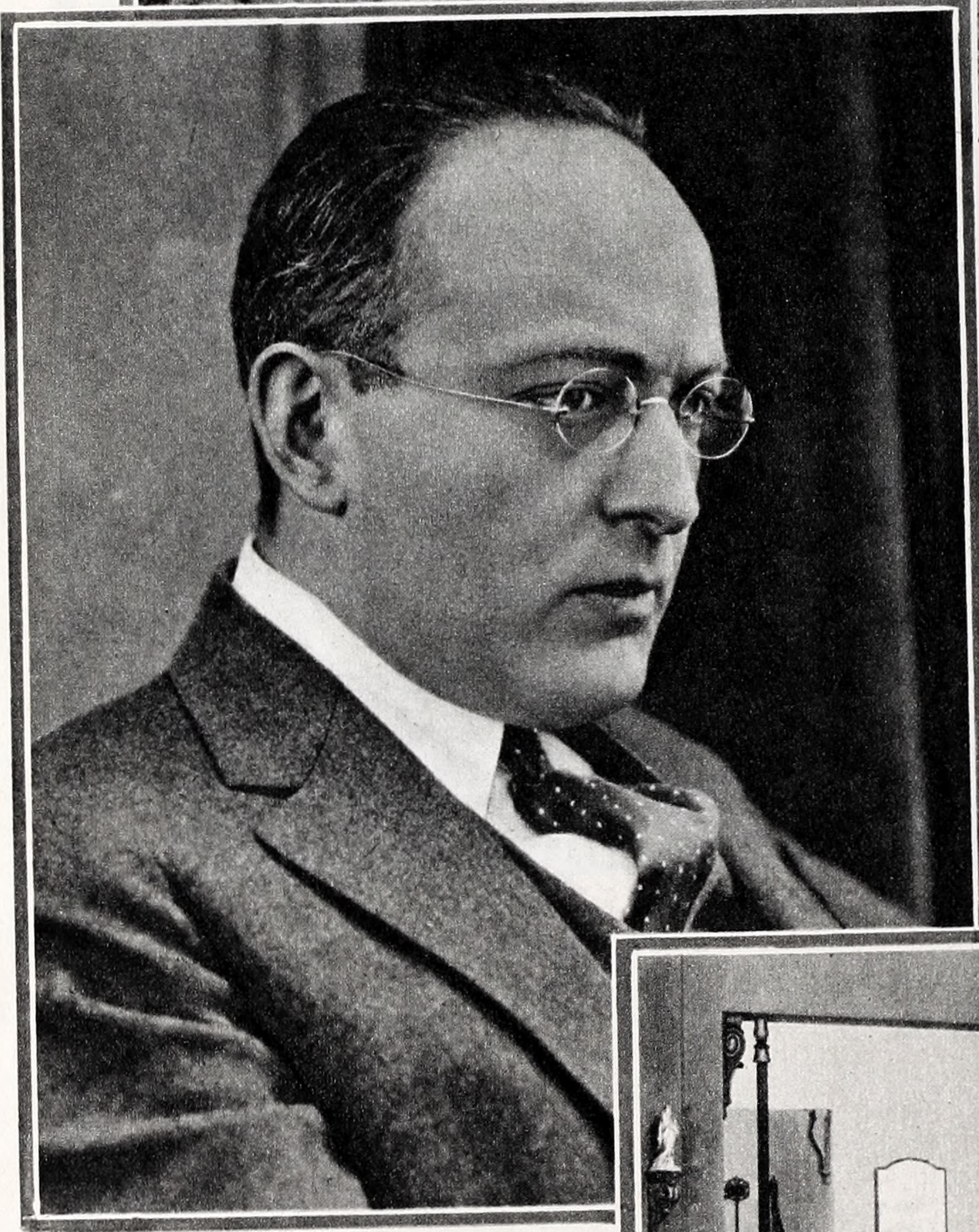
FOR a year and a half a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters has given all of his days and a good part of his evenings to the moving picture industry. It is perhaps fairer to the industry — that part of it represented by Goldwyn — to say that

eighteen months it has bought, at a good stiff price, the talents and labors of one of America's leading painters of mural decorations and designers of interiors.

The artist is Hugo Ballin.

It is taking small chances on the twenty-five hundred pages and twenty thousand names in "Who's Who" to say that outside William Brady, he is the only directorial force in movies today who can find his name in the 1910-11 edition of that list of American notables. At that time he had already won such prizes in the world of the fine arts as the Architectural League medal and the Thomas B. Claxton, Shaw and Hallgarten prizes. He had decorated the homes of many millionaires and art lovers. He was soon to paint the mural decorations of the Wisconsin State capitol. And he had never seen a photoplay. And that was because Alice would have said—there were no photoplays to see.

Seven years later the photoplay world could look back



Center, a new portrait of Hugo Ballin; top, an example of an exterior selected by Mr. Ballin in Florida for Goldwyn's "Thais"; bottom, an instance of Ballin's art in "The Silver Star"

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DWAN

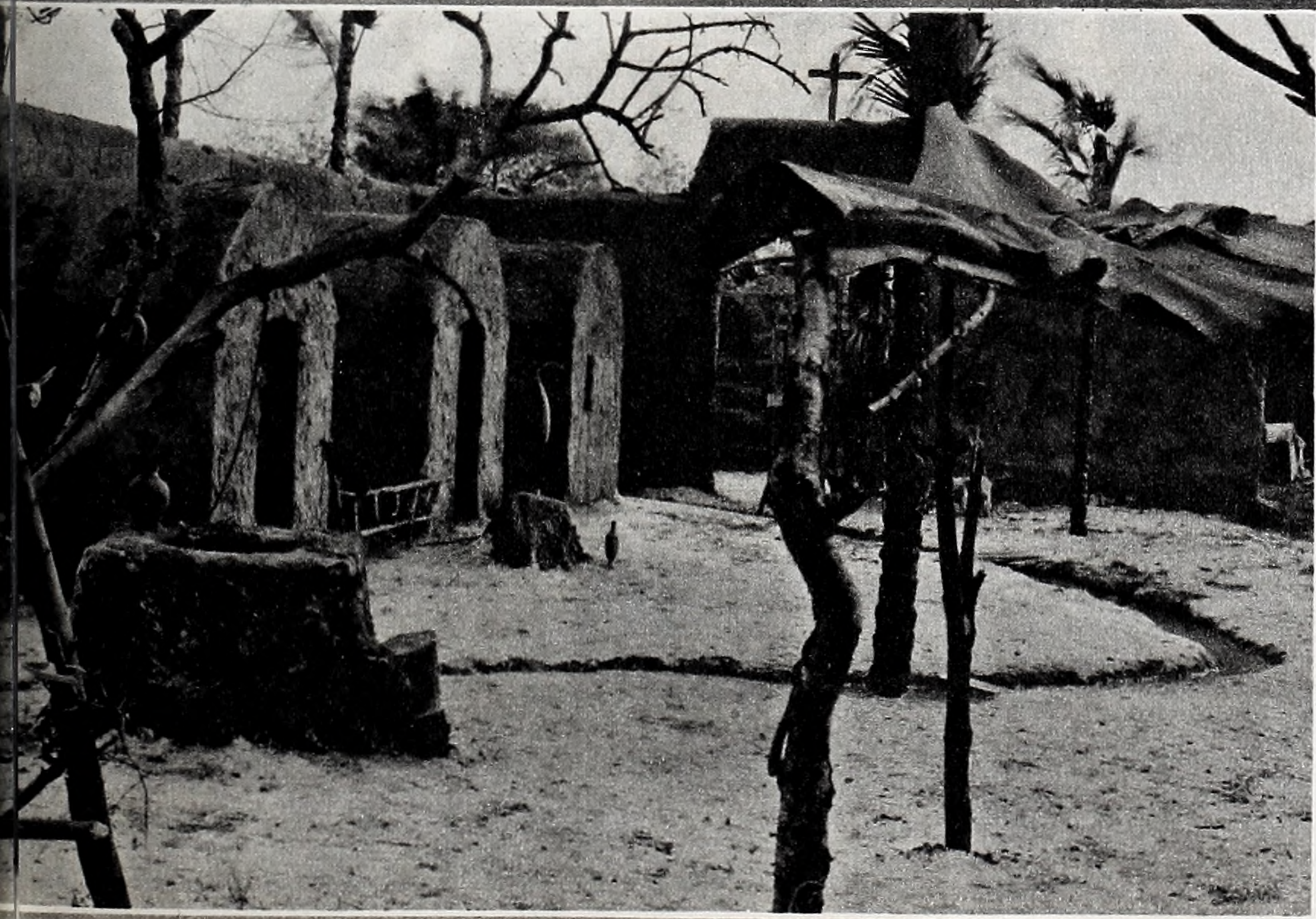
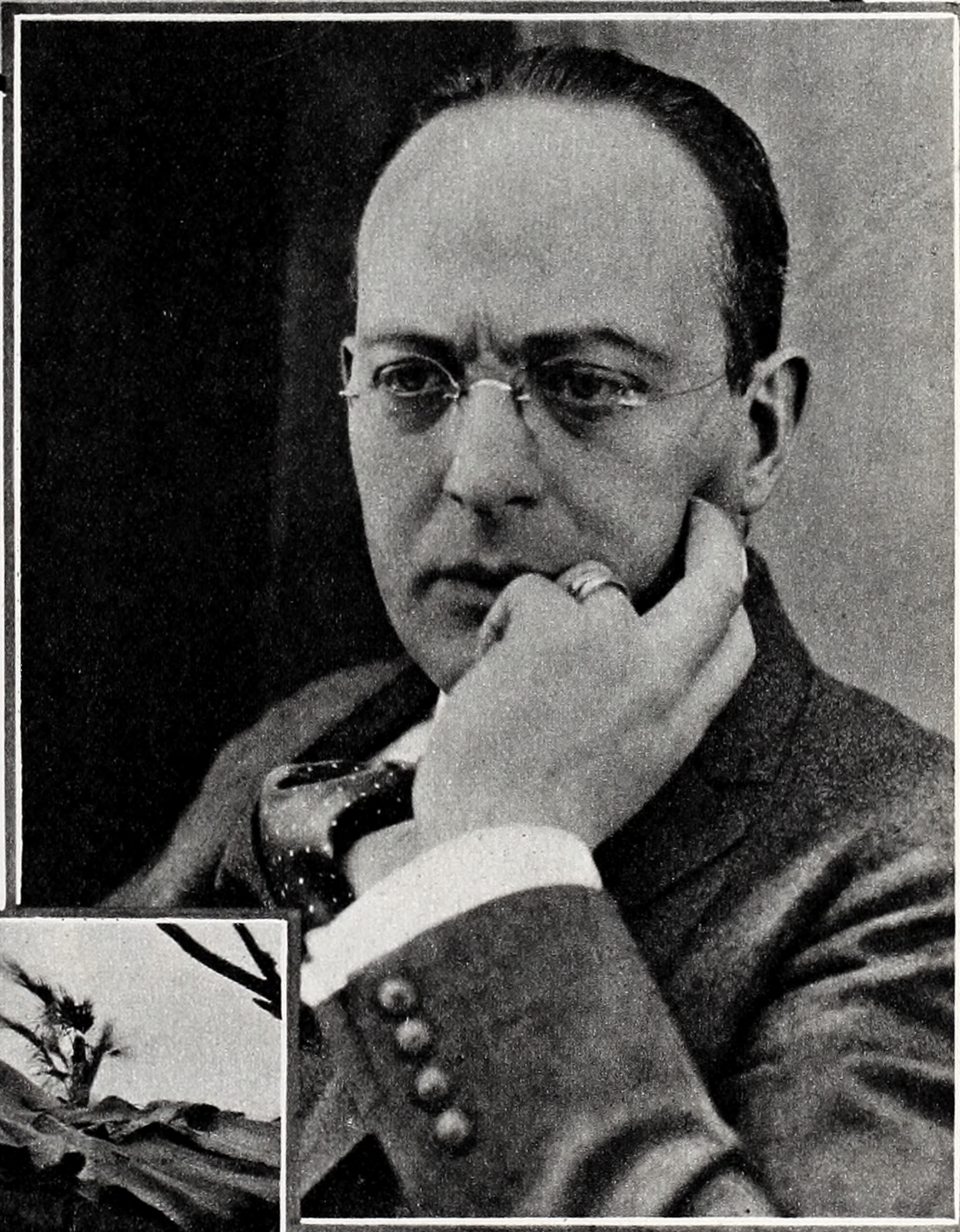
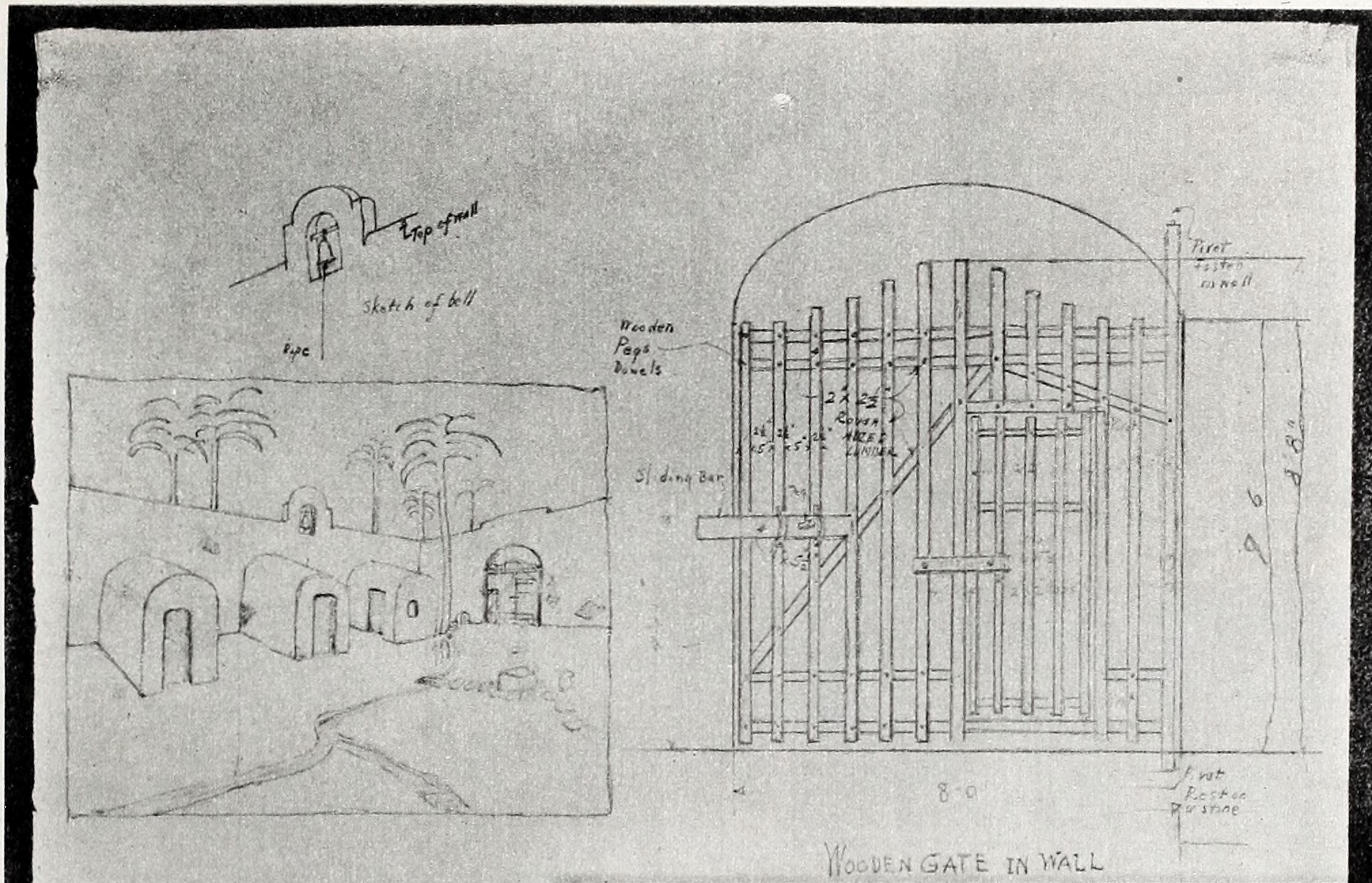
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won this artist's
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of the arts, and a
id to which Ballin
elf was to con-
e notably.

ere was art in
movies before
h. Make no mis-
about that. For
e was "Lasky
ang" — that rich,
ri glow in which
dine Farrar won
rst screen laurels,
Carmen. There

s the sumptuous
ccurate detail which Wilfred Buckland contributed to
ame producers. There was the marvelously dramatic
ows, muffling the massive settings, that Ince and Brunton
to the Triangle. And there were the splendid close-ups
Cliffith and Bitzer.

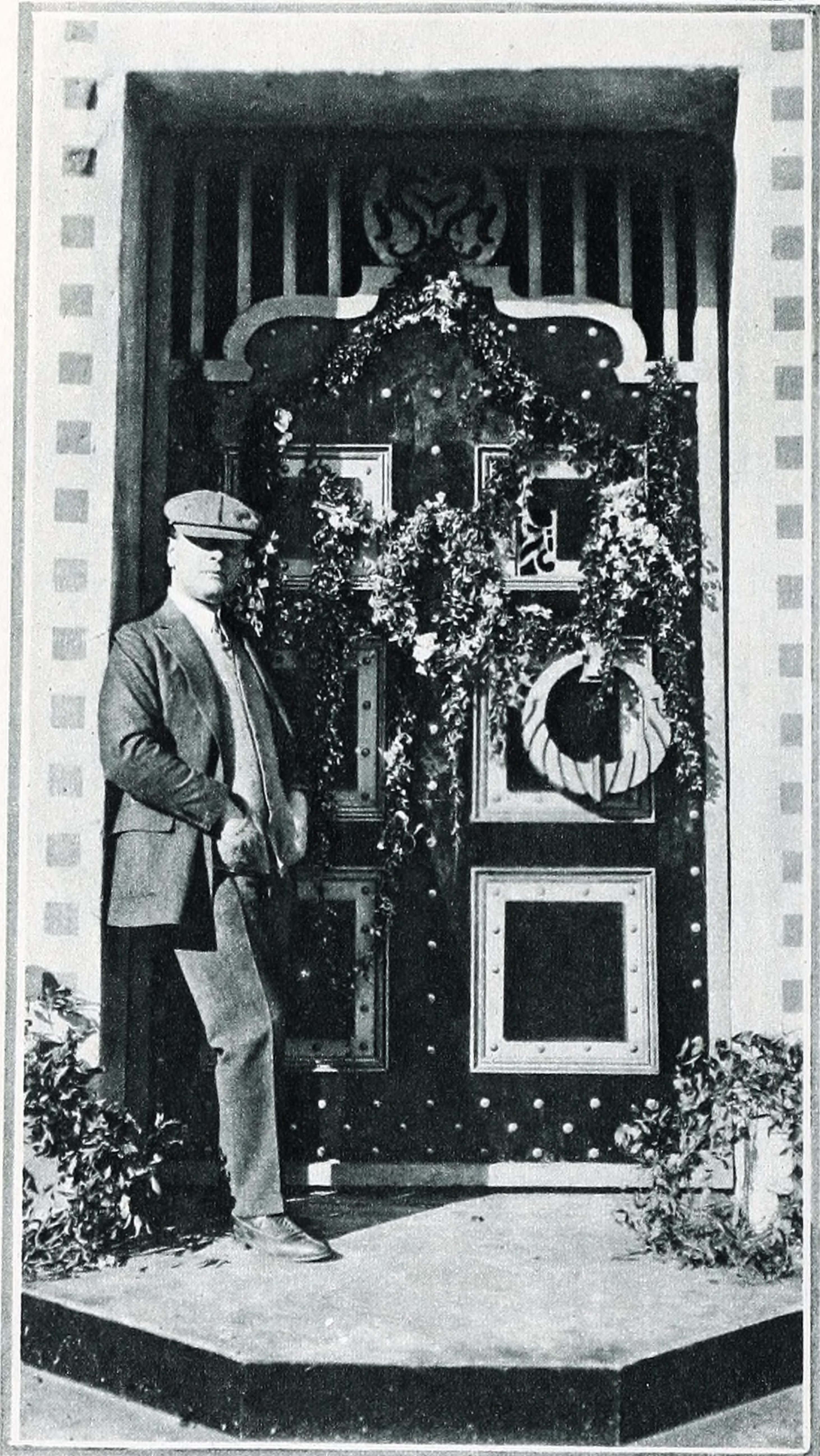
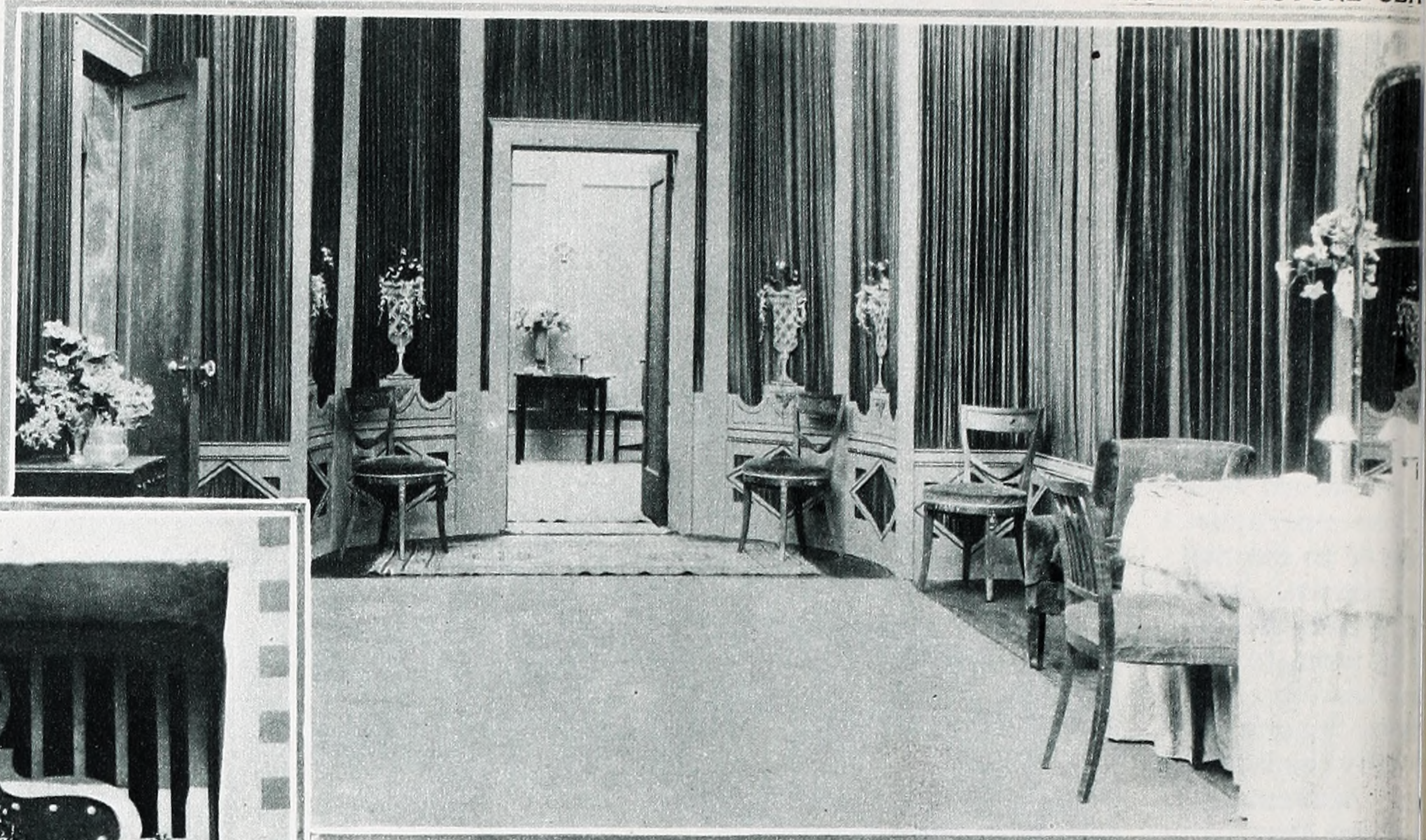
t it was something more revolutionary that Ballin
ght to Goldwyn. It was something that even the legiti-
t theater hesitated to accept—settings with simplicity
ad of detail, suggestion instead of elaboration, interpre-
n instead of ornate confusion. Ballin brought to the
en a considerable part of that theory of the new stage-
which Gordon Craig had dinned unsuccessfully into
ears of English and American producers for twenty

nt think that the movies accepted the thing with whoops
y. Ballin had to work slowly and carefully to win his
y. He had to learn the limitations of the screen, and he

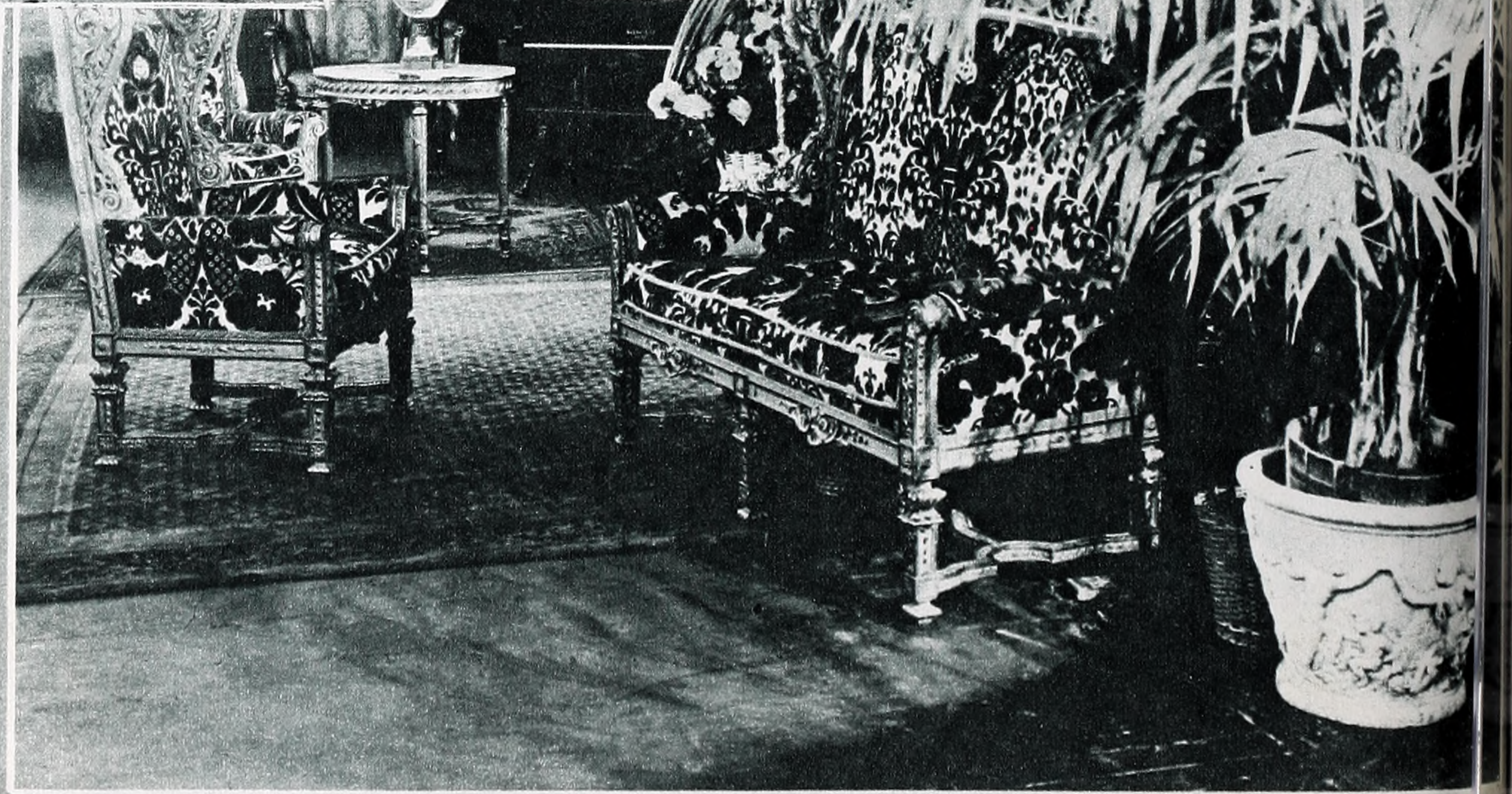


Above the portrait of Mr. Ballin is one of his preliminary charts for a "Thais" setting and below is the exact setting, built in Fort Lee, from Mr. Ballin's plan. This is the desert nunnery in "Thais"

Right, Mr. Ballin at his best in the boudoir scene of Goldwyn's "Nearly Married"



Center, the art director standing beside the huge "Thais" door, and, right, an example of an old-fashioned interior set, overcrowded and done in bad taste



had to convince a good many people that these limitations weren't great as they thought.

Ballin began with some definite and extraordinary theories which has never given up and which he has made his fellow-workers accept. "Every emotion," he told one of the first Goldwyn press agents who went to him for "copy," "can be expressed in terms of form and color. Thru the physical marshaling of objects, thru contour and balance (balance of weight, of course, but art balance), thru light and shadow and their gradations, the world's grief and the world's laughter may be deftly and exactly expressed. Despair and hope, doubt and decision, hypocrisy and sincerity, these and other traits may be convincingly suggested by the physical surroundings of the people who are supposed to feel them."

A very simple example of this was to be seen in almost the same way.
(Continued on page 65)

AFTER THE WAR— WHAT?

by
Frederick James Smith



bove, David
ark Griffith,
d, right,
omas H.
Ince



Maurice Tourneur in
an off-the-screen
moment of his
production,
"Woman"

THE screen, first to agitate for preparedness, first to protest against Hun ruthlessness, first to reflect the mental reactions of the great war, is pausing to consider the future.

What will be the subject of the next great photoplay? And, to be great, such a screen drama must necessarily catch the thought nearest the heart of the public—it must deal with the one subject of greatest vital interest to the world.

The end of the war came so abruptly, at least to the short-sighted, that it left producers breathless, and with scores of war productions on their hands.

This means after-war changes and the release of many belated trench and renamed "reconstruction" pictures. These are the natural aftermath of the war's termination.

The big photoplay of 1919 will not be a war picture. But it is coming. At this moment it may be only a mental germ in the brain of some unknown scenario writer or director. *But it is coming.*

Will it deal with some phase of world reconstruction? This is very possible, at least in a remote sense. Will it be the problem of the returned soldier and his readjustment to civil
(Continued on page 62)

☐ Sunlight on White Velvet



an individual existence, instead of a mad race to keep up with the crowd.

One can imagine Marie Doro in an English garden pouring tea from rare old English china and touching it with love and reverence because of its fineness. One can imagine her sitting alone for hours, among the columns of the Louvre, or night after night attending a grand opera in Rome. One can picture her at Monte Carlo, her large eyes dwelling upon the beauties of the cerulean Mediterranean, unblinded, nevertheless, to the realities of life and poignantly aware of the world tragedies being enacted in the Casino.

Marie Doro is to the American stage what the Renaissance was to Rome.

For some two years the artistic touch of her presence has been withheld from the public. For two short weeks last winter she did, indeed, appear as a star in a stage play called "Barbara," an idyllic production of gossamer fabric, indeed, but so imaginative to enlist the sympathy of a crowd of business people, as its brief life proved.

Marie Doro is one of the few individual known who have one of those images having the natural endurance to stand in a rare retreat rather than to materialize for art.

Fortunately, she never put to a crucial test.

But she did live pictures until the show could be produced as a consequence of her own efforts.

The time



☐ At a time when the old world has a penchant for everything American, and we of America are becoming more closely in tune with Europeans than ever before, it is more interesting than ever to meet and perchance know Marie Doro.

For in Marie Doro the independence and clear-thinking qualities of the American girl are blended with the mellowed art and appreciative instincts belonging to the European. Marie Doro takes time to think.

Therein lies her Continental understanding of art and life's subtleties. For real art is only the expression in various forms of the finer understanding of life, an understanding that is attained only from meditation as well as study, from leading

One can imagine Marie Doro in an English garden pouring tea from rare old English china and touching it with love and reverence because of its fineness. One can picture her at Monte Carlo, her large eyes dwelling upon the beauties of the cerulean Mediterranean, unblinded nevertheless to the realities of life and poignantly aware of the world tragedies being enacted in the Casino

y HAZEL
SIMPSON
NAYLOR

come. She is to make two special photoplays in Europe under the direction of Herbert Brenon.

In order to have a last word with her before sailing, I called upon her in her Fifth Avenue apartment. She herself opened the door. To one long accustomed to an advance greeting by the maids, butlers or secretaries of screen celebrities, this fact alone stamped Marie Doro as a distinct individual.

"How are you?" she said. "Come right in."

The words were ordinary enough, but the golden quality of her voice made one feel for the first time the beauty of that every-day greeting, just as Yvette Guilbert's singing of a common little French chanson creates for the time being a masterpiece.

Miss Doro's living-room is a large one which masquerades as medium-sized because of its coziness. No matter how often you visit her home, you will be unable to catalog the furnishings of her apartment. They have become more than chairs and davenports and baby grand pianos. They have become a whole, the sum of which is greater than any of its parts, a home setting for the Doro existence. As a friend of mine once beautifully expressed it:

Mere desk was I, my caste was low,
Heavy my heart with sorrow,
Until they brushed me up to show
Miss Doro.

I sank into unplumbed abysses
Of shame; I felt I vexed her,
And yet I soon was sold to Mrs.
Dexter.

She saw beneath the ugly me.
Now, glorified each part,
I realize that, plus Marie,
I'm art.

A study of Marie Doro and a snapshot of Miss Doro and her husband, Elliott Dexter, on their honeymoon at Palm Beach. "Do you know," says Miss Doro, "my greatest satisfaction has come from seeing Elliott succeed"



(Continued on page 62)

The Den of Modern Villan

this wonderful house. First, there's a dog-star which shines high in the firmament of animal actors. Margarita Fisher has just finished a play in which "Mrs. Ming" is featured, for the Pekinese was clothed in baby things and had to be passed off as Margarita's progeny, in order to smuggle the snub-nosed and costly infant on a Pullman.

"We were a little afraid to have Mrs. Ming with us again; these actresses get so temperamental, you know. We've six more Pekinese, and Maudie and I didn't know whether they would stand for the airs she might put on after having supported Miss Fisher, but we were agreeably surprised to find that she came right down to earth again. However, the other half dozen rather look up to Mrs. Ming and seem to acknowledge her superiority," explained Mr. Mac, with a twinkle in his honest Scotch eyes.

So the rest of the doggies trooped in. Every one is a high-brow and has a distinguished name, and most of them are descended from Llenrud and were imported from old England. Perhaps the ugliest and quaintest one

Donald MacDonald and his home in Hollywood, one of the show places of the movie coast colony

of these brown-orbed prize-winners is Princess Dar Ling.

Then there's the Scotch collie without whom



PUSHING the electric bell at 3920 Wilshire Boulevard, Hollywood, produces much the same effect as rubbing Aladdin's wonderful lamp, for out of the gusts of a cold December rain it ushered me into the presence of hospitality warmer than the fires which glow on every hearth in Castle MacDonald.

Donald MacDonald and Mrs. Mac, who was Maudie Gifford before their marriage, and who played on the stage with Henry Miller, Dustin Farnum, John Mason and other splendid actor-producers, haven't any bairns. But pets? Ah, now you're talking, for they are so important that a description of the live stock comes before one may enthuse over



Donald MacDonald and His Hollywood Castle

By MARY KEANE TAYLOR

Mr. MacDonald never travels, and who exercises a dignified restraint over the emotional bow-wows who have a special recreation parlor back of the tea-house in the MacDonald's lovely Japanese garden.

Korean grass was especially imported to beautify what had been a miserable adobe-soil lot. While the photograph of the garden was taken before the grass had spread, some idea of the transformation may be gained. The beauty of Korean grass is that it never needs a landscape barber and will speedily cover barren wastes and transform them into idylls of beauty. There are real lotus buds blooming in the miniature lake; six varieties of pastel-shaded water lilies turned dripping faces toward the sky, and shrubs galore shook their dainty skirts as we stepped across to the tea-house for a survey of the garden that dreary Saturday afternoon.

With a sigh of relief, born of the delicious comfort and warmth in the drawing-room, we settled down to a talk of Mr. MacDonald's activities, while the maid



Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald in their quaint Japanese garden

trundled in the tea things and Mrs. MacDonald touched the rare old silver pieces with dainty, reverent fingers. Here was comfort indeed. "One feels like talking about the old days in pictures when the firelight glows and the rain patters without, dont you think so? Somehow, today I am thinking so much of Harold Lockwood. You see, he and I started in pictures together; he was earning \$25 a week in stock and I was getting \$30 because I worked by the day. He was such a clean, lovable chap, it's no wonder he rose to be a star, while I—well, I've been director and leading-man. I really like to do villains; it's so exciting to get the leading-man or star into all sorts of scrapes, far more interesting than making love—on the stage."

(Continued on page 71)



Florence Reed has scored a decided hit in "Roads of Destiny," at the Republic Theater. Here is a glimpse of Miss Reed and John Miltern in a strong scene of the drama

Frances Starr in a tense moment of "Tiger! Tiger!" at the Belasco Theater



The Nash Twins are pleasant features of "Everything," at the Hippodrome

The World of the Footlights

John Barrymore in his highly colored characterization of Fedya in Tolstoi's "Redemption" at the Plymouth Theater

Lola Fisher and Hedda Hopper in Clare Kummer's delightful comedy, "Be Calm, Camilla," at the Booth Theater



Emergency Nagel

By C. BLYTHE
SHERWOOD

leading rôle opposite Alice Brady in the stage play, "Forever After." And Nagel chalked down another hit.

But the war came and the lad became restless. Finally he enlisted in the navy. While awaiting Uncle Sam's call, he kept on in "Forever After." About this time Brady began a screen version of Louisa M. Alcott's "Little Women" and he decided upon Nagel as an ideal choice for Laurie.

"But," Conrad smiled back at me from the mirror in his dressing-room at the Central Theater, "I didn't feel as tho I ought to accept his kind offer. My summons to leave for camp might come any day, and then the result would have been one glorious inconvenience for all concerned. That is, I thought so. But nothing like that happened,

because, after Mr. Brady's
(Continued
on page
80)



CONRAD NAGEL is a William A. Brady discovery. Brady saw him in vaudeville, playing in an Edgar Allan Woolf sketch, and summoned him to play Otto Kruger's rôle in "The Natural Law."

Emergencies have always played a big part in Nagel's existence. Right after playing in "The Natural Law" he was called to play William Elliott's rôle of Youth in "Experience," Elliott having suddenly been taken ill. Nagel was notified on Friday and, after one rehearsal, he went on at the Saturday evening performance.

It was a long and difficult rôle, but Nagel made a decided success. Next came rôles under the Brady management with Mary Nash and Florence Nash. Finally Henry Hull, playing in "The Man Who Came Back," fell ill, and Nagel had another opportunity. This hit established the lad in the astute William A.'s favor and he was given the

Conrad Nagel and, right, a glimpse of Nagel as Laurie and Florence Flinn as Amy in "Little Women"



GENEVIEVE RUTHERFORD HALE, farmerette, stood in front of the mirror in the deserted dormitory conscientiously powdering her nose. The mirror was a dilapidated affair with a permanent wave in its surface which gave that small, saucy feature even more of a tip-tilted aspect than nature had intended and did other ill-natured things to the pretty face reflected therein. Through the eastern window, uncurtained save for a torn green shade, the morning light streamed in a white-hot glare, revealing all the ugliness of the bare room with its wooden bunks and yellowed furniture. In spite of her brave and heroic resolves, Genevieve sighed, remembering the shaded gray-and-ivory room at home with its leisurely breakfast tray and the tiny white-tiled bathroom beyond. "I don't believe," she reflected ruefully, "that I ever knew what seven o'clock in the

Little Comrade

Storyzied by Dorothy Donnell
from the Paramount Photoplay



ning looked like before. There, I oughtn't to complain. The boys in the trenches probably aren't allowed to lie in bed late, either." She put the puff back into the tiny gold vanity case that hung on a chain about her neck, pulled the red gold fluff of powder a trifle farther on her cheeks and drew a marvelous tulle shanter of sun-colored satin jauntily over her forehead. The tam matched the old gold smock embroidered with a pickaxe and shovel in jade-green and dull-blue worsted, the boots matched the trimly tailored breeches. Thus attired, Genevieve Rutherford Hale looked precisely like the soubrette in a musical-comedy chorus about to sing a rustic ditty on her old home farm.

The other farmerettes, completely unsexed in blue denim overalls and broad-brimmed straw hats, stared truculently at the late comer as she slipped into the line drawn up under the scrutiny of Hiram Hubbard.

"She must have found that milking costume in *Vogue*," whispered the sallow girl with the wispy drab hair in disgust, under the heading 'What the Well-Dressed Fifth Avenue Farmer Will Wear the Coming Season.' Did you ever see anything so silly?"

"One of those society girls who are making a fad of the thing!" returned her neighbor, a big, raw-boned woman, with a bitter, school-teacher mouth. "She went last the day out—didn't see!"

Farmer Hubbard surveyed Genevieve speechlessly. The

only words that he could have used at the moment were not for the ears of farmerettes to hear. Then, cryptically, he addressed the expectant line.

"Sherman," he growled, "was right about war." His tones sounded the deeps of gloom. "Do any

of you know how to milk?"

"A cow?" piped Genevieve, helpfully, into the uneasy silence. Mr. Hubbard's heavy jaw fell. He manifestly struggled with unholy yearnings, but his reply was soft and gentle.

"Oh, no, no; of course not. We milk the chickens on this here farm."

A titter traveled down the line, to which Genevieve added her clear treble. She did not suspect that she was being ridiculed. One by one the others were apportioned to different tasks until only she and the tall school-teacher of uncertain years remained.

"I'm leaving the poultry in your charge, Miss Bicknell." The farmer glanced at the little gold silk figure beside her with manifest disgust. "All o' the chickens! Do you get me?"

"I understand perfectly," Bertha Bicknell nodded. She turned to Genevieve with wry lips. "The hen-house must be cleaned out before lunch. Perhaps you have something a trifle more—more suitable to put on?"

"Not a thing," Genevieve laughed, as they walked toward the outbuildings. "You see, I wanted to do something to help my country, but I just made up my mind that I wouldn't farm unbecomingly! Madame Louise made the costumes from my own designs. I couldn't find a thing like them in any of the shops."

"The hen-house must be cleaned out before lunch," said Bertha. "Perhaps you have something a trifle more—more suitable to put on?"



They had reached the poultry houses. Bertha thrust a hoe into her companion's hands and pointed to the low doorway. Her eyes, as they rested on the absurd little figure, were hard and pitiless.

"Give it a thoro cleaning, walls and floor," she directed, briefly. "I am going to mix the whitewash out here."

Humming a blithe little tune, Genevieve disappeared, leaving her mentor smiling grimly as she began to stir a pail of slaked lime. When, a few moments later, the song abruptly died, she laughed aloud.

"She'll be in time for the afternoon train!" she muttered, vindictively. In precisely fifteen minutes a small, goldy figure wobbled forth from the dark interior of the hen-house and sank gasping and pale of lips upon a nearby wheelbarrow.

"Oh," moaned Genevieve, "oh, it isn't—exactly pleasant being a farmerette, is it?" She swallowed hard, blinking back the tears. "I know I oughtn't to mind—smells and things, when the boys in the trenches have to stand even worse, and the folks s-said I w-wouldn't stick it out—"

Bertha Bicknell splashed her paddle thru the white-

wash with an audible sniff. "Are you the youngest in your family?" she snapped. Genevieve nodded, while a fat tear of homesickness zig-zagged thru the powder and dripped forlornly from the peak of her small chin.

"I thought so." Swish! Swish! went the whitewash. "You can always tell a Benjamin the first thing!"

"A—a Benjamin?" faltered Genevieve.

"Didn't you ever read your Bible?" asked Bertha, coldly. "Benjamin was the youngest of twelve brothers, so I coddled him and spoiled him and did all the hard jobs for him. Being the youngest—the brush swept across the face, leaving a glistening trail—"being the youngest is an incurable disease."

Silence, while the gate became a dazzling white and

the brush attacked a new chicken-coop of aged appearance. Then shakily, but with a forlorn assumption of courage, the small smocked and embroidered figure picked herself up from the wheelbarrow and marched silently thru the low, dark doorway. Bertha Bicknell stared after her with a curious softening of her harsh expression. "I wonder!" she mused.

Luncheon was served under the grape-arbor to a chattering accompaniment of tones zestfully relating the mor-

"LITTLE COMRADE"

Storyized by permission from the scenario of Alice Eyton, based on Juliet Wilbor Tompkins' story, "The Two Benjamins." Produced by Paramount, starring Vivian Martin. Directed by Chester Withey. The cast:

Genevieve Rutherford Hale.....	Vivian Martin
Bobbie Hubbard.....	Niles Welch
Mrs. Hubbard.....	Gertrude Claire
Mr. Hubbard.....	Richard Cummings
Lieut. Richard Hubbard.....	I. W. Steers
Isabel Hale.....	Nancy Chase
Bertha Bicknell.....	Pearl Lovoi

triumphs. One farmerette alone was conspicuously missing.

"She's probably designing a corn-oeing negligée!" tittered the thin girl with the spatter of freckles. The manish one beside her nodded a bobbed head vigorously.

"The sooner she beats it, the better!" he announced. "She's making a laughing-stock of all of us! Suppose a reporter from a Sunday supplement would catch sight of those Ziegfeld legs!"

Prone on her face in the grass at this moment the possessor of the very ornamental legs lay weeping, steadily but silently, amid the shattered fragments of her dream. But when a motherly hand touched her shoulder, she lifted her swollen face with a gallant failure at a mile.

"I'm not—not crying!" she denied, weakly, "only, you see, I never knew before how hard it was to be a Benjamin!"

Mrs. Hubbard was wide and sweet-faced and motherly. She sat down plumply on a nearby tree-stump and smoothed the bright tangle of curls back from the girl's forehead. "Suppose you tell ma all about it, dearie," she suggested comfortably.

So Genevieve Rutherford Hale poured out all the disillusion of the morning and the new-found and disquieting theory of the "youngest of the family," winding up by clenching her little fists valiantly. "But I'm not going to be a slacker! If cleaning smelly hen-houses will help win the war, I'll clean them if it kills me—it 'most did this morning, too. And, if being the youngest is a disease, I'll get cured——"

"Land, dearie, every family has got to have a youngest!" Mrs. Hubbard smiled mistily. "I suppose my Bobbie is a Benjamin, too, when it comes to that. The older boys always made much of him, and I guess I spoiled him—he was my baby, bless him!"

A sigh trod on the heels of the smile. Genevieve looked up at her sympathetically. "Did he want to go to fight?"

The plump face took on anxious creases. "Well, no, he didn't, not exactly," Bobbie's mother said. "He hated the notion of killing people. He's got the tenderest heart in the world, Bobbie has, but he's got grit too. Don't you fret about being a Benjamin, child; you and Bobbie are going to show folks it's a name to be proud of."

It was a refreshed and dainty Genevieve that strolled out of the big house late that afternoon, with glowing cheeks and crisp curls peeping under the drooping tam-o'-shanter. The three disheveled farmerettes limping up the path from the cornfield stopped short in their tracks and glared at her speechless.

"I feel so much better," Genevieve told them, sweetly. "I've had a nice

"How long, Miss," growled the farmer, "has my son Bobbie been writing to you?"



nap and a hot bath, and now isn't there something I can do?"

For a taut instant there was actual violence in the air, then it passed. The dusty farmerettes glanced at each other.

"The hoeing ought to be finished tonight," remarked one, softly, and "It's going to be!" Bertha Bicknell answered, significantly.

Late that evening a stealthy figure moving along the highway under the unwinking survey of the full moon heard a queer little sound from the cornfield beside the road and paused to listen. Some one was talking above the uncertain and labored progress of the hoe, in a dreary monotone.

"Oh, dear," the little voice was saying, stumbling now and again over a gulpy sob, "oh, dear, I never dreamed how many legs and arms I had! Four of 'em couldn't ache so! There must be a dozen at the very least!"

The listener drew nearer, peering over the fence. A slim, fantastic figure etched against the luminous night sky was moving toward him along the final furrow, swaying with weariness. "But it's a job that's got to be done!" the clear voice went on, tiredly, "and it's only slackers that give up their jobs because they don't like them! If the boys can kill Kaisers over there, I guess the least I can do is kill weeds—over—here——"

The hoe-blade struck a stone ringingly and flew from the wielder's unsure hands. With a gasp she crumpled up on the rustic bench by the fence, a little gold heap of woe.

"Don't be—scared!" a voice in her ear begged her, as a tall figure vaulted the fence and dropped down beside her.

"I'm nobody but just me, you know!"

Genevieve looked up, startled, straight into a troubled boy face under a broad, soldierly hat-brim, a

"You poor, homely things," she said. "You don't serve your country one bit better by being so homely, it makes a person's eyes ache to look at you!"

face with straight features, a sensitive mouth and wide, wistful eyes. "Why," she said, wondering, "I'm not scared! I wouldn't be scared of you——"

Then, in the moonlight, she colored deliciously at what she had said. "I mean," she explained, "that a United States soldier couldn't do anything bad!"

The boy stared at her, frowning. "What're you working out here at this hour for?"

(Continued on page 68)



The Brownie Who Became a Star

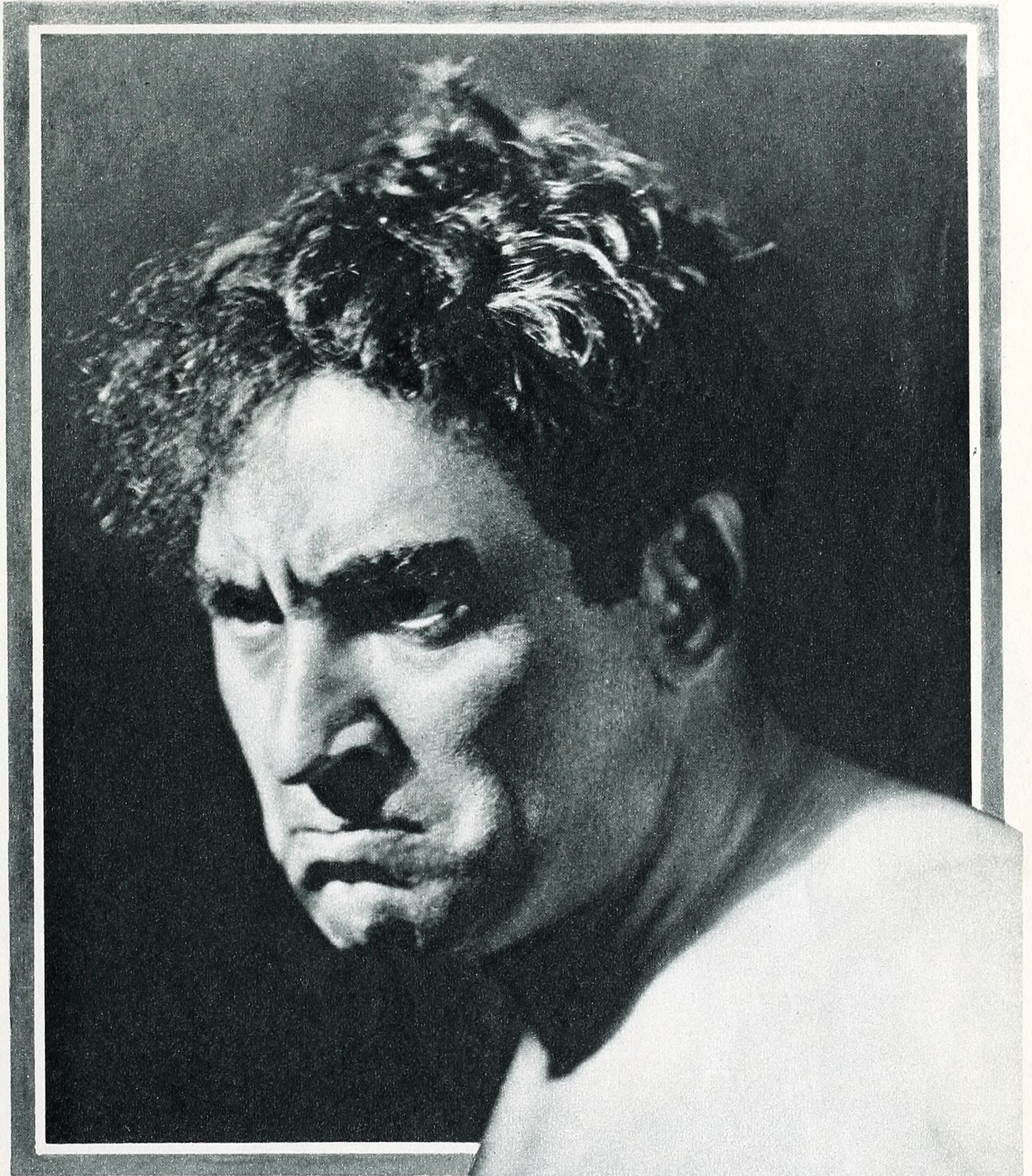
By FRITZI REMONT

EVEN as a lonely little French Canadian lad in Syracuse, Mitchell Lewis longed for the stage. Luck favored the stage-struck youth in singular fashion.

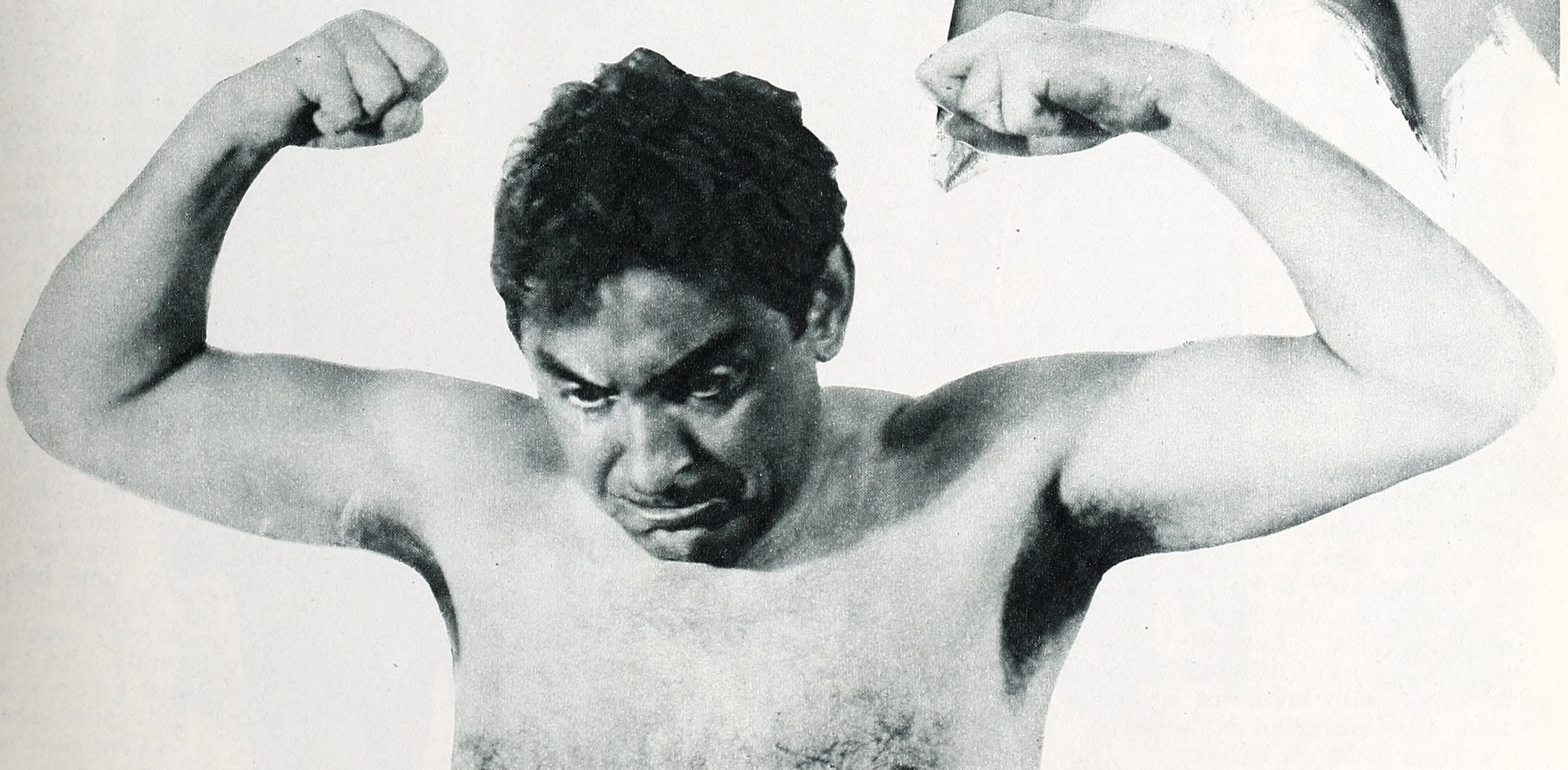
When Palmer Cox's "Brownies" were all the rage in the pages of *St. Nicholas*, some great mind conceived the idea of putting the little folk on the screen. Mitchell Lewis was a lad who'd always wanted to go on the stage. He says he inherited his love of singing, dancing and acting from his Welsh progenitors, and, as his mother was a Bohemian, he could truly sing "I'd rather live in Bohemia than in any other land—I'd rather fail in Bohemia than win in another land," only it wasn't the Bohemia of his mother's birth, but that of the stage folk here and abroad.

Anyway, he started off as a weeny Indian Brownie, and before three months had passed, he had grown so tall that he was recast and did the rôle of Giant. When that engagement was over—too tall for kiddie parts, too young for juveniles—he decided to enlist in the navy.

Here he stayed six years. He had gone to the enlisting officer with his best pal, a Syracuse lad of French-Canuck parentage, one George Four-



Mitchell Lewis started his career by playing a weeny Indian Brownie. But he grew so fast that in three months he was playing the Brownie Giant





versa. This led to such expressions on the cook's part as "You! My wife he ees damn strong feller; you know heem, no?"

Leaving the navy, Mr. Lewis really didn't know what to do with himself. His brother had a good position with the Philadelphia Traction Company and offered to teach him the street railways game. So the young man took the "job" offered, and, when a strike occurred and motormen were conspicuous by their absence, Mitchell was asked to pilot the cars thru the mobs threatening violence to strike-breakers.

It took just about three round trips to convince Mr. Lewis that the only way to escape a cracked head was to leave the cars. So he carefully moved his car to the barn, got his little bonnet and fled to New York without the formality of a good-by to his brother.

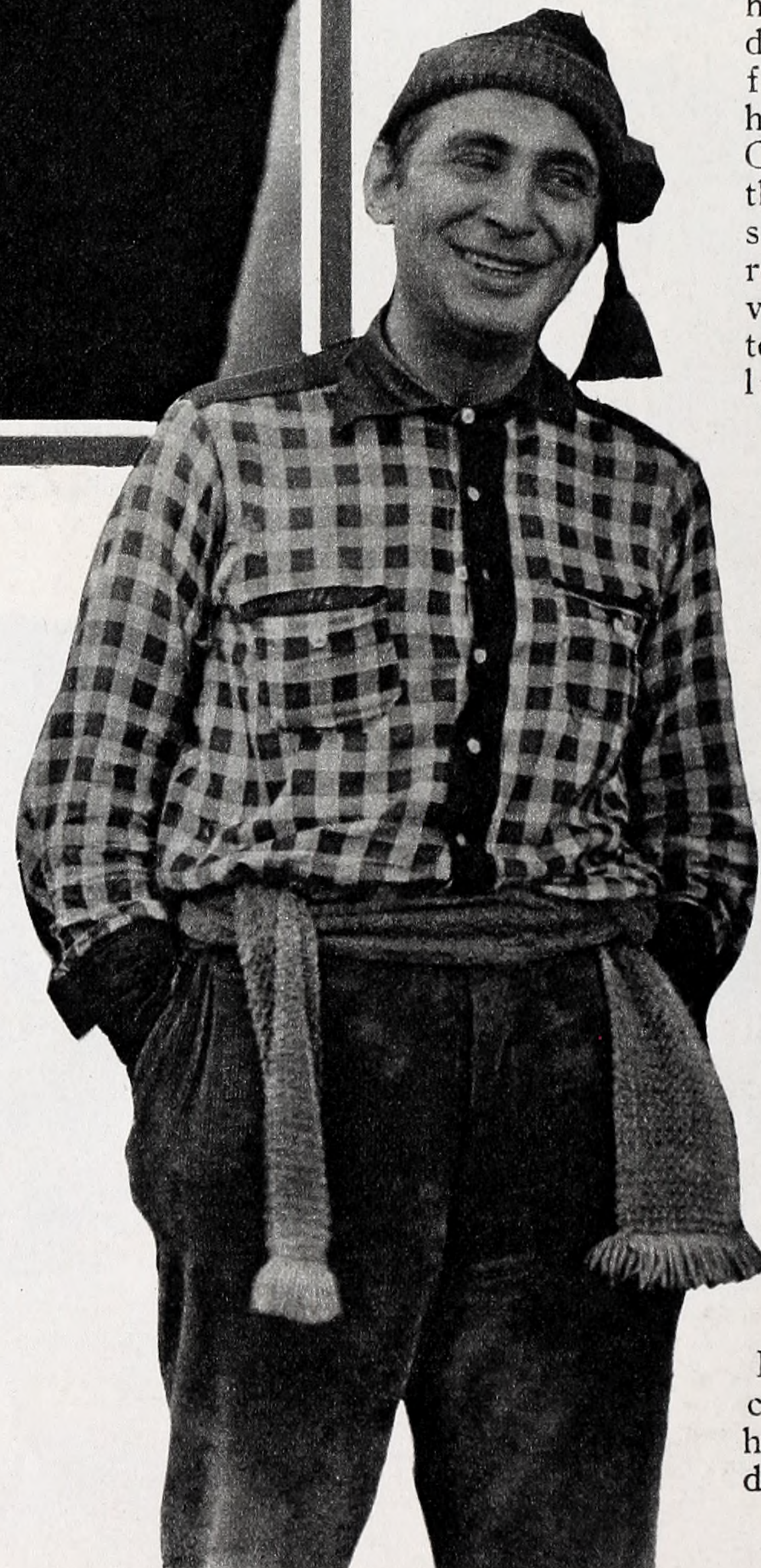
He traveled back to Syracuse and soon got an engagement with Willie Collier, playing a Turkish servant of the harem. This show "went broke" in Nashville, so there was nothing for it but to return north and seek another affiliation.

Arriving in New York City, he had but two dollars left. He found a little hotel called "The Ogden," where they asked for seven dollars' room rent—in advance! When told that two dollars constituted his bank account, the good-hearted landlady sent him to a little French place nearby.

"You see, I thought if I had to go into debt, I wanted to go in slowly and enjoy the agony, not get it all over at once. So a garret room in this French lodging-house just suited me for the time being," laughed Mr. Lewis reminiscently. "And it had such splendid conveniences.

(Continued on page 64)

(Thirty-two)



At the right is Lewis in his famous study of "Poleon Doret" in Rex Beach's "The Barrier"

nier. The officer, a recruiting sergeant, had their applications lying side by side, when his attention was distracted by some one at another side of the room, just after he'd picked up Mitchell Lewis' paper. The sergeant began considering applications from the other end of the line, with the result that "Mitch" and his best pal were separated, the one put on a big ship of Uncle Sam and the other on a collier.

It was about five years later that Mitchell Lewis discovered his erstwhile friend shoveling coal in a foreign port. There was a great reunion, but the Canuck was ashamed of the rôle he was playing, and the boys never met again.

However, the foundation was then and there laid for the characterizations which Mr. Lewis later portrayed in "The Barrier" and "The Code of the Yukon." On board the cruiser, which was home to Mitchell Lewis for six years, there was a cook who spoke the Canadian lingo to perfection. Many an hour the lad whiled away talking to this bean purveyor, until he could perfectly imitate the French-Canadian dialect. Later he discovered in Canada that any one who spoke Parisian French was looked down upon as one who didn't really know the language. For instance, the cook would say of a fireman on the vessel, "You know Joe Mafraur, no? Hees name eet ees Pete." The Canucks have a way of calling out the male pronoun for the feminine sex and vice

Sis Normand



Another step—or rather another comedy stumble—in Mabel Normand's return to slap-stick farce is "Sis Hopkins," a Goldwyn screen version of the Rose Melville bucolic stage classic. "Sis Hopkins," by the way, is the first picture done by Miss Normand since the Goldwyn exodus to the coast

The Sixteenth

By FRITZI



PAULINE was the sixteenth little Curley. Can you imagine a girl being blessed with thirteen brothers? That's the distinction Pauline Curley enjoys first of all.

The diminutive, golden-haired, hazel-eyed fairy was destined to make a reputation at a very early age. The older Curley children had danced and made a hit at Sunday-school entertainments in Holyoke, Mass., but, after the death of Pauline's older sister, the mother went into utter retirement, grieving over her loss. So Pauline was three years old before she had her chance in the Holyoke Sunday-school room.

Pauline made a hit with everybody, singing "Teddy Bear." Indeed, she still has the funny little bear as her precious pet, for Pauline is even now so very young that one may not whisper her real age . . . the very youngest leading lady on the screen, an it please you.

As we sat in the comfortable Curley, living-room in Hollywood, Pauline was persuaded to sing her first song, which ran:

"I am going to sing of my Teddy Bear,
For he is all the rage now, I do declare."

"You want to know how I came into pictures at last?" repeated Miss Curley. "Oh, that's a story which begins a long way back. After that Teddy Bear debut, I was appearing at various entertainments, and at six I played in 'The Sleeping Beauty' at the Y. M. C. A. I went into the stock

company at Holyoke, Mass., and played Cupid in 'A Knight for a Day,' but I was too young and they were afraid of the authorities, so Claire Whitney, then sixteen years old, took my place. The Holyoke people still follow me with the greatest interest. They're always sending me theater programs which feature me ahead of the star I'm supporting. Isn't that civic patriotism or something like that?"

After the stock company engagement, Ormi Hawley, of Lubin, engaged the clever child to act with her, but Pauline never saw a run of this picture, for she had received a call for another engagement. This was quite a disappointment to Mr. Lubin, for he'd formed a great attachment to the little Holyoke fairy, as he termed her.

When eight years old, Miss Curley appeared in six pictures in New York, one of these being "School Days," another "No Children Wanted." Then she did Little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" companies, switched over to be a Little Lord Fauntleroy, played in "The Outlaw's Christmas," and finally entered Majestic-Reliance for pictures again.

Pauline once did a long-time vaudeville act with Hans Robert, covering the Orpheum circuit in "A Daddy By Express."

There are mighty few girls on the screen who, at Pauline Curley's age, have enjoyed such a varied acting experience. It was for this reason that she had no difficulty in doing emo-



tional rôles at an early age, even donning a wedding frock at the age of twelve and making up so well that everybody thought her eighteen.

"Oh, I had the most fun in Boston! While I was doing vaudeville there, some one asked me if I'd go to the Children's Hospital and dance and sing for the wee sick kiddies. I took along three



(Thirty-four)

Curley

REMONT

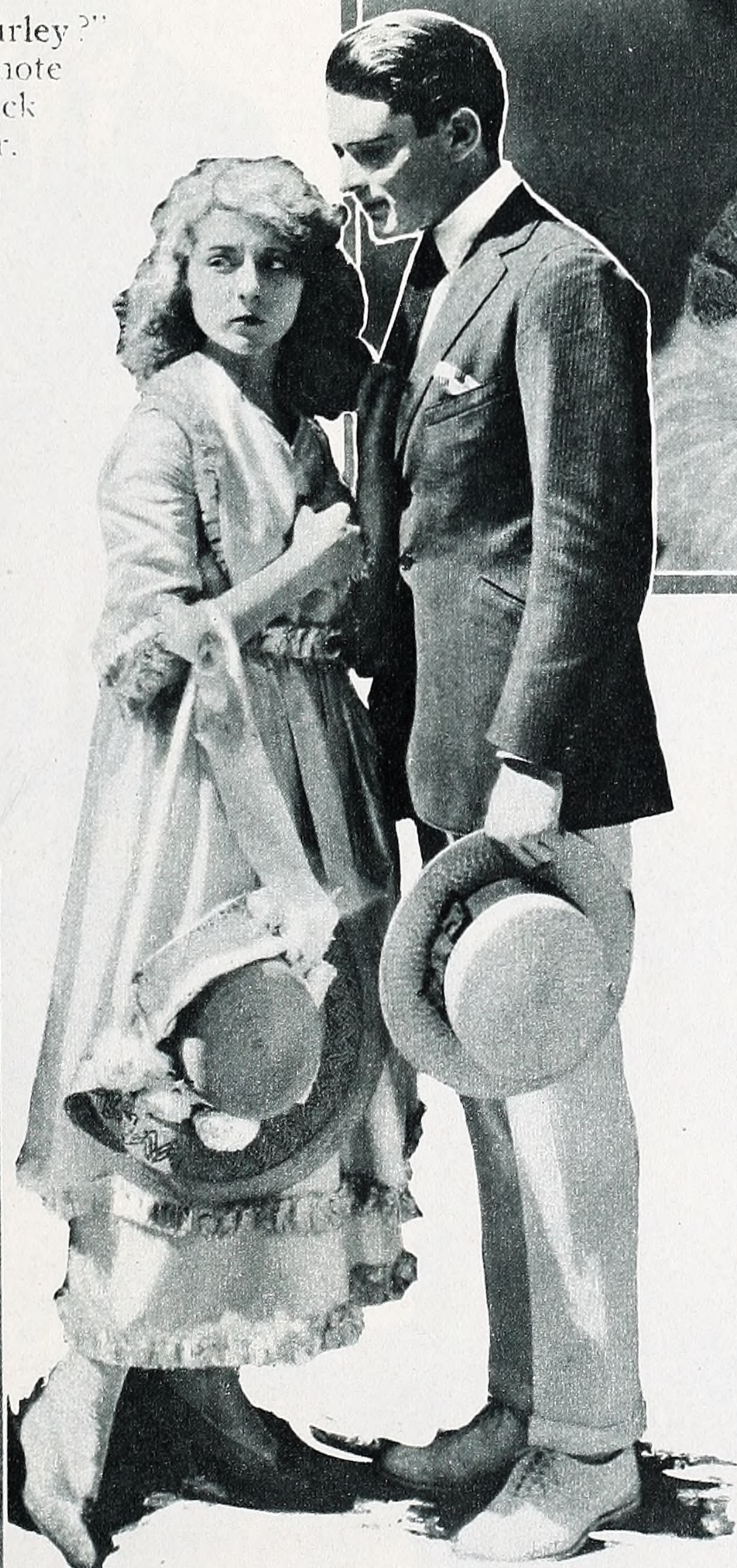
thousand pictures, and there wasn't one left over! I was only ten at that time, and they all had me playing with them." So spoke Miss Curley.

"Once, when Alan Dwan was directing, he gave me a lucky stone. I was quite a little girl then and, as I sat in the carriage waiting for my turn, Mr. Dwan picked up a stone the size of a potato—see, it seems to have eyes, even—and handed it to me with, 'Paul, here's a lucky stone for you. As long as you possess this, you'll never want, and the fairies will bring you luck, world without end. Amen!'"

"Of course, I carried it with me, and not long ago, when I did 'Bound in Morocco' with Mr. Fairbanks, Mr. Dwan was talking in my dressing-room and I showed him the potato-stone lying on the dressing-table. He was so astonished and pleased, because he'd almost forgotten the incident."

"Do you like emotionalism, Miss Curley?"

"I haven't had much chance to emote because I've always been just a love-sick maid in most productions. In fact, Mr. Balshofer used to say to me, 'Dying fish, Pauline, please, dying fish!' And I'd roll my orbs like an expiring fan-tail and slink into Mr. Lockwood's arms. But I do love to emote and, if I can just manage to hurry along the growing-up process, I hope I'll have the opportunity. Just now I can't do a thing but play ingénue. Mr. Hart saw me one day and told me to make up for a girl of twenty. He said to mother, 'If the kiddie can manage to look older on the screen—of course, it's not so difficult on the stage, where we don't



Another study of the 1919 Pauline, together with a glimpse of the grown-up Miss Curley in "The Turn of the Road" with Lloyd Hughes. Below is a portrait of Pauline when she played in the varieties in "A Daddy By Express," with Hans Robert

Hart. You see, I wanted awfully much to act with him—it's an education in itself. He laughed as he looked me over, and said, 'No use, kiddie; you've got to wait a few years. I'd feel as if I were robbing a cradle.'"

When Pauline Curley was but eleven, she got a lot of notoriety by playing in "Polygamy," which attracted attention because the Mormons objected to its exploitation. Crystal Herne, Howard Kyle, Mary Shaw, Lizzie Hudson Collier, (sister-in-law of the famous Willie), and William Mack were in the same company. Is it any wonder that little Pauline has become a splendid actress? Soon after Miss Curley re-entered pictures with Mary Aldan in "The Better Way," and it wasn't very long ago that she did "The Turn in the Road" with Lloyd Hughes and Helen Eddie, not to mention the rôle of the princess in "The Fall of the Romanoffs," directed by Herbert Brenon.

Pauline is the only child at home. Many of her brothers have passed on, others live at a great distance, her sister is married, back East, and so this little girl of the films is living

(Continued on page 74)

have closeups—I can use her for several pictures.' So I did my best, had my hair quite high and presented myself to Mr.



The Quest of the (Mc) Grail

Now once, when I was young—a stripling lad—
Dreaming, envisioned, of fair deeds and bold—
Methought of the Fair Grail—and yearned to be
A member of King Arthur's Table Square.
Wild tears I wept to think that he and his
Had waged their tourneys while I, still unborn,
Was blind to vision, blind to valiant quests,
And that there was no more of valorousness
In my most arid age.
Then came to me

An Editor with inspirational eye,
said

The McGrail, a Vitagraphic
Star, get him
For me.

I wept no more for Launfal nor
the nights.

I saw before mine eyes a grail
indeed—

And not a vase of substance
nebulous, a quest which
might

Materialize—might, in a
concrete form, be
wholly

Wholly mine.

I took my lance in hand
(a Faber, soft)

I took a ramping steed
marked

Brighton L,
And into FLATBUSH,
courage looming high,
Rode mightily.

Before me, glassed and
gray and battle-
mented,

Rose up the Vita-
graph, within
whose hold

Was he whom I
had come thus
far to seek

No moat made more im-
patient my

Impatient feet, but a slight
lad spake with me, and
in part

Bade me not fall nor faint
—my quest was o'er!

And then I saw HIM—and
he spoke to me—say-
ing, with pleasant
voice:

"A little lunch?" As we walked
I looked at him and saw

A goodly sight.

For he was very tall, and very broad; his eyes
Were not more deep than they were blue; his lips
Were firmly cut, and his black hair
Had a romantic silvering at the temples.

He told me, over omelet delicate, some coffee and
Some foamy Charlotte Russe how he had sold
In many a hamlet small and hamlet far
Slim cigarets, and how, in Gotham once
Having a sale to make which tried him sore, he called a
friend

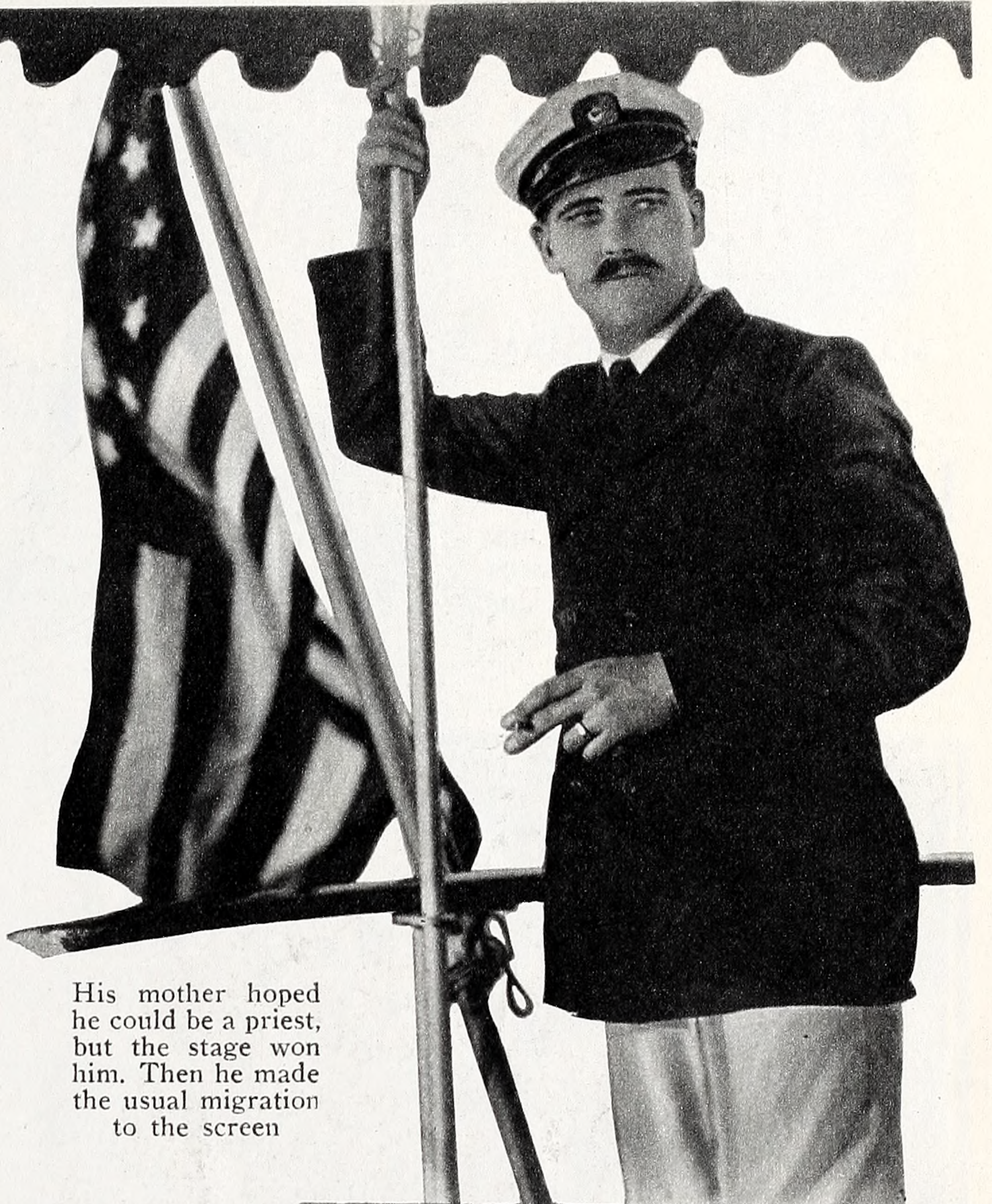


Two characteristic
studies of Walter
McGrail and a
glimpse of him, sans
mustache, in a recent
Corinne Griffith
picture

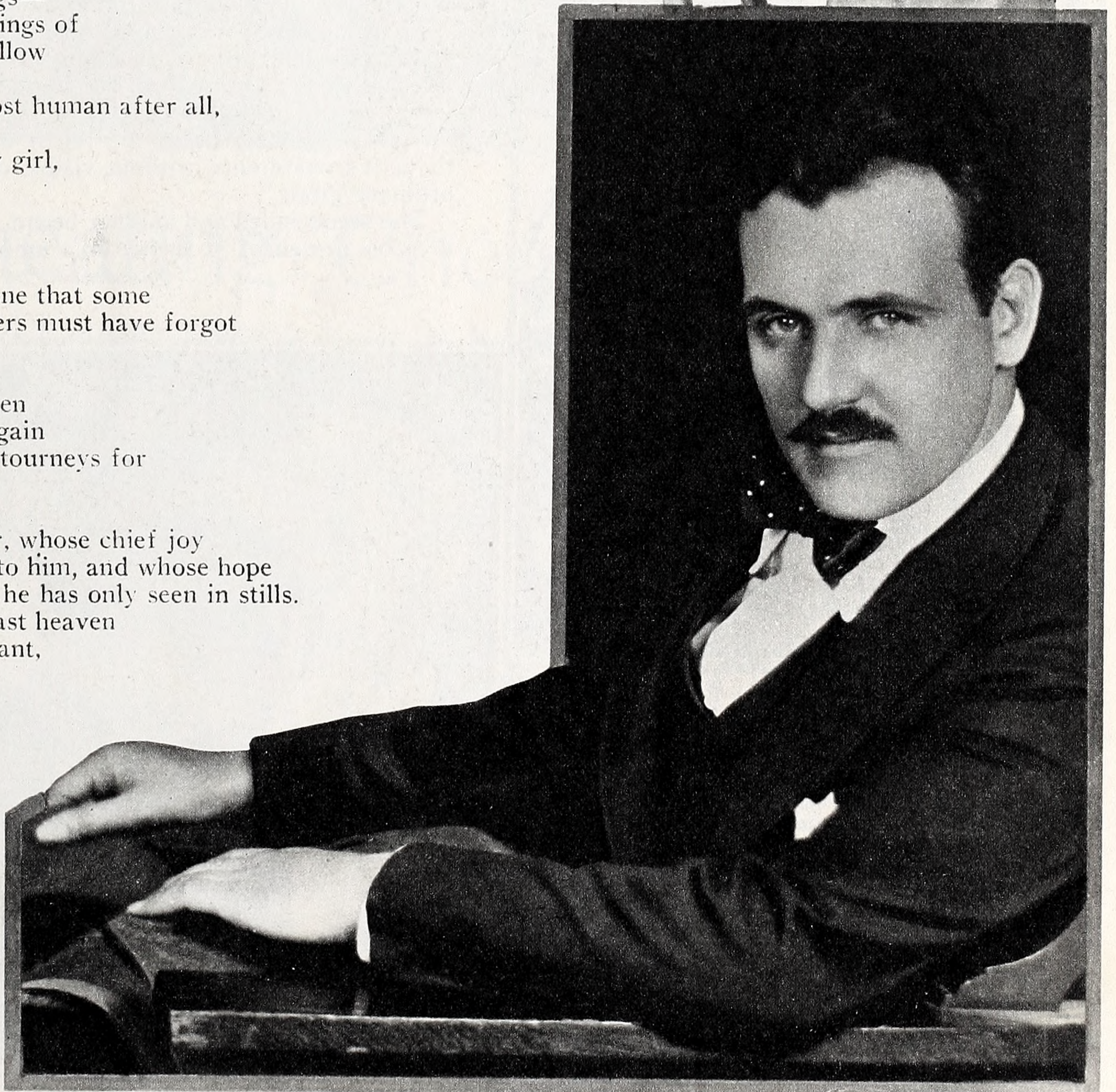


By ALEXANDER LOWELL

He knew upon the stage—was told to “come around”
And straightway had a part,
From thence to Vitagraph.
Next year he hopes
To be a Star in very 'special features.
Comedy is his special forte he thinks, since he feels best
When making a world saddened, sick with tears,
Forget—and laugh——
But I believe
That I can see him better when Romance
Is all a-flower—for methinks
He looks the perfect lover and could make
Of love
The Perfect Art.
Of such as he
Young dreams are woven
When he was very young—a tiny lad—
His mother hoped, he said, that he might be
A Priest. A celibate, avowed to
A Holy life—and one can see him thus—
Full easily.
In vestments sacerdotal, and with light,
Somber and rich from many stained windows,
On his head. Or, with shut eyes,
Whispering in some dim confessional, absolving all
The scarlet, secret sinning of the World. There is
About him an aroma of these things—
Romance and cloisters and crusadings of
Some unforgotten, some more mellow
Age.
And yet he loves, because he is most human after all,
And Humanity is a vast paradox,
Farm life, jazz music and a pretty girl,
Tennis, motoring, the “rest of it.”
He is
America in Youth.
For women he
Said with a little, special tender tone that some
Who say that they are woman-haters must have forgot
Their mother was a woman.
And he had
A certain courtliness of bearing then
That took me back to reminisce again
Of olden days when Knights held tourneys for
Some fair, some chaste ideal.
At home he lives
Alone with a long invalided father, whose chief joy
Is the young life his son brings in to him, and whose hope
Is one day to see run the pictures he has only seen in stills.
He thinks of all the Stars in the vast heaven
The one most fixed, most brilliant,
most divine
Is Mary, beyond which
Description need not go.
She makes, he says,
No slightest move nor gesture
not complete,
Not necessary.
Her skill and artistry are
Consummate.
And then we talked, e'en as
the Walrus said,
Of many things, and methought
This man is young, and there
is much before him,
more than all
(Continued on page 74)



His mother hoped he could be a priest, but the stage won him. Then he made the usual migration to the screen



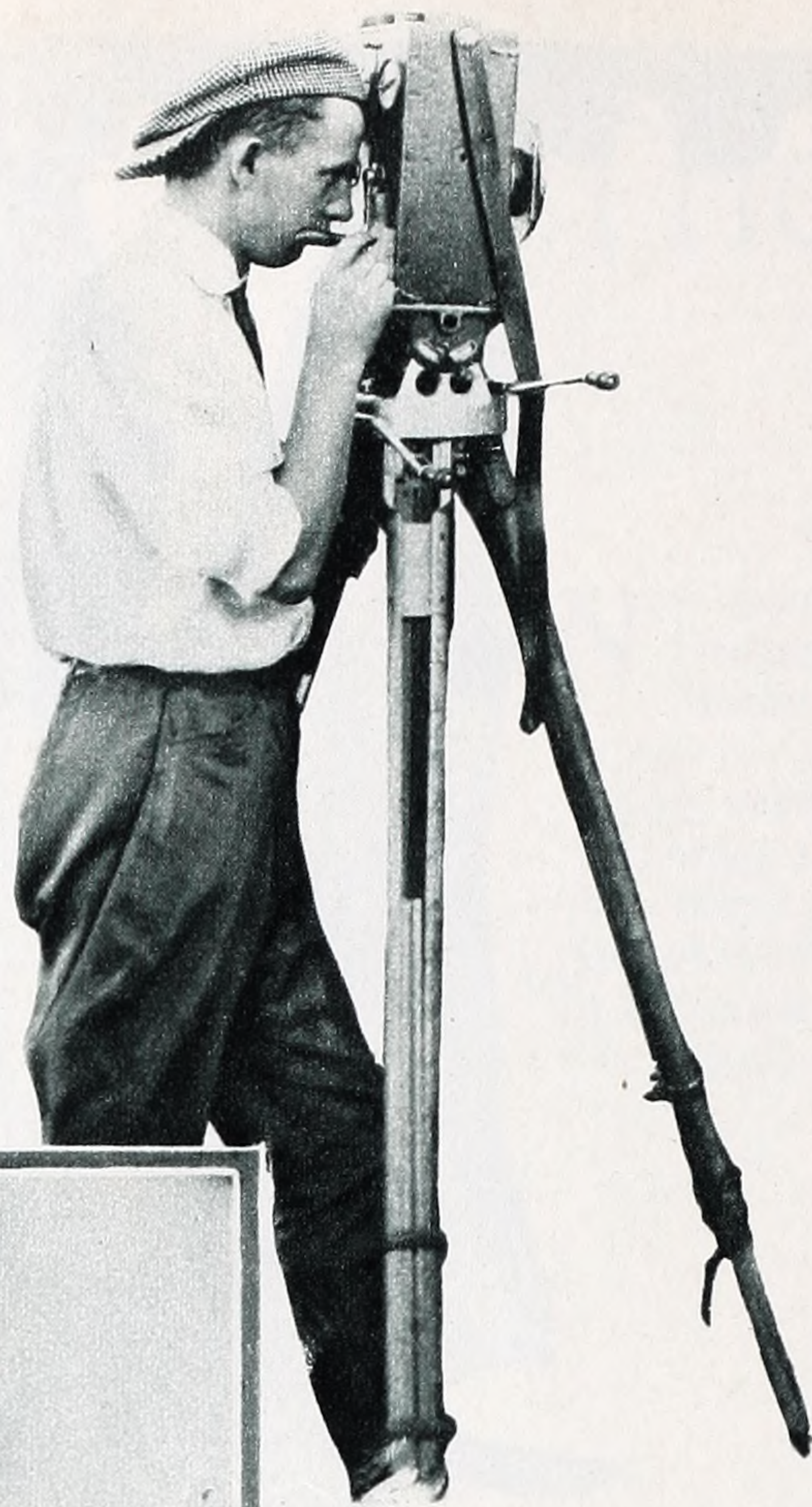
The Silent Star of the Silent Drama

BY

MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

HELEN KELLER in moving pictures!

Who next? One may remain passive while the procession of opera singers, politicians, cartoonists, ex-bandits, propa-



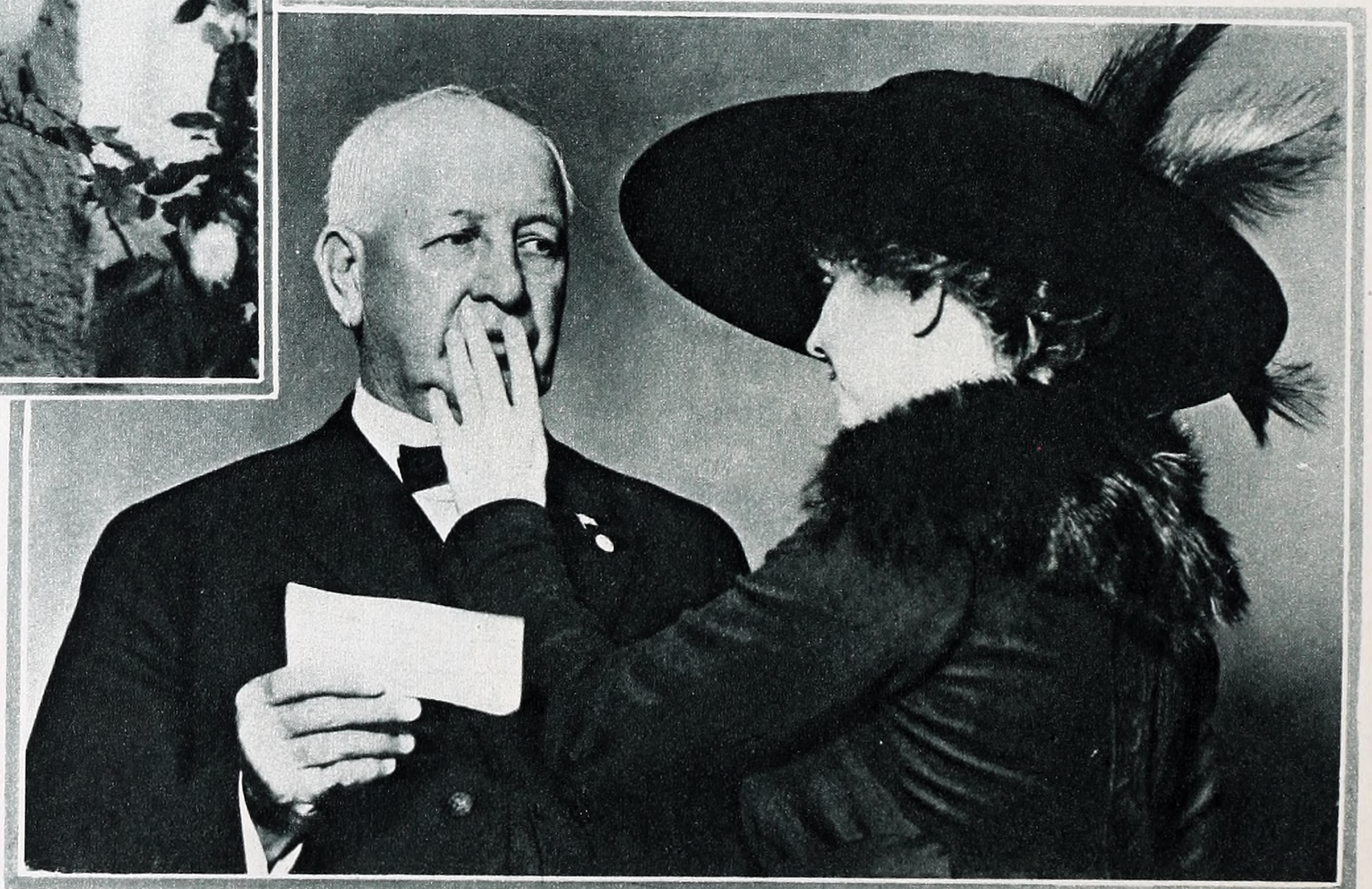
gandists and famous beauties pass by on the screen, but the thought of this marvelous woman, deaf and blind, being able to surmount the many obstacles of filmdom filled me with amazement, and a hundred difficulties flashed across my mind.

At the Brunton studios in Los Angeles I found Miss Keller busy with a scene. Except for the absence of that badge of power, the megaphone, there was apparently nothing unusual about the proceeding.

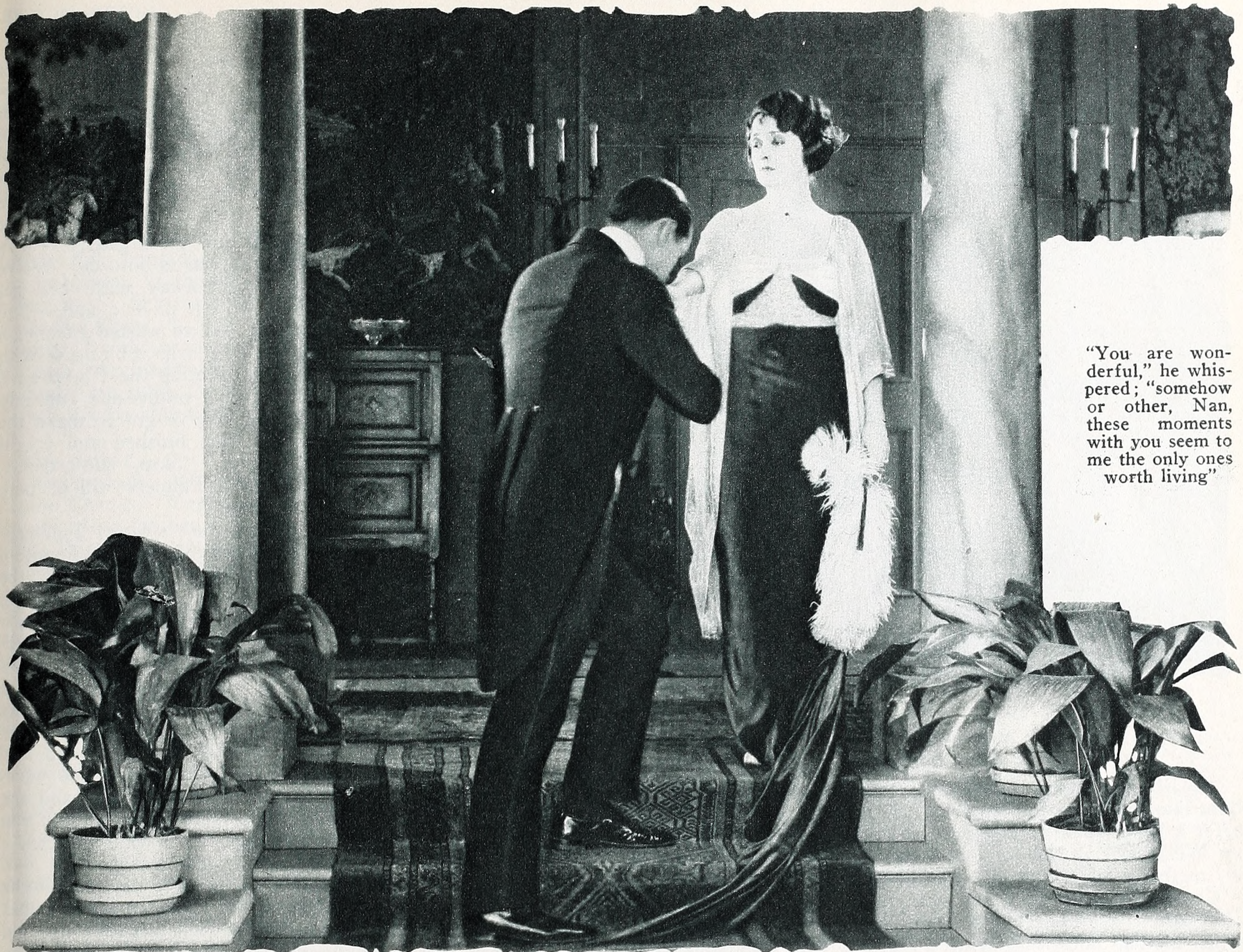
Soon, however, I began to wonder how Miss Keller *knew* when to walk to the table, when to take up the book, when to pass thru the door! No one was directing her, yet she seemed never at a loss, but moved with the utmost confidence thru the scene. "Here is a mystery," I thought. "I must be in the realm of that psychic phenomena where thought transference without visible or audible means is considered an ordinary affair."

The scene ended and another began, while I grew more puzzled at this invisible presence! I shifted to a more comfortable round of the ladder

(Continued on page 69)



Above, a recent portrait of Miss Keller; top, Miss Keller "talking" with Director George Foster Platt, with Mrs. Macy at her left; right, Miss Keller selling a \$1,000 Liberty Bond to Governor Stephens, of California



"You are wonderful," he whispered; "somehow or other, Nan, these moments with you seem to me the only ones worth living"

Cheating Cheaters

Fictionized from the Scenario Based on Max Marcin's Play

By FAITH SERVICE

"FOLKS," said Steve Wilson, "if that Palmer outfit is comin' for the tea spillin' this P. M., now's the time for a guy to speak up." He paused impressively and let his eye rest upon the smoky, indolent group. "I dont believe Nan is going thru for us," he said.

The "folks" sat up. Steve Wilson could not have been more effective with a bomb. George Brockton let forth a contemptuous oath. Nell Brockton thrust a violent hairpin into her violent, henna-gold hair. Antonio Verdi ceased thumping syncopated opera on the baby grand.

"Not—going—t h r u—for—us?" they exclaimed, incredulously and in unison. George Brockton was the first to recover.

"What's the dope?" he questioned.

"I've said a mouthful," affirmed Steve. Then he leaned forward and thrust forth his jaw. "When a skirt lamps the right guy," he said, "and she aint a dead one—she falls for him. Nan has lamped the right guy and—she aint no dead one."

"You mean——?" once more in unison, this time not quite so scoffingly.

"I mean Tom Palmer," declared Steve Wilson; "I dont like those long walks she's got into the way of takin', and I dont like the glint in her lamps when she comes in from 'em. It means—the soft stuff. Oh, I know what you're all thinkin'. Nan's hard stuff, you're thinkin'; Nan's nails, you're cogitatin'. Well, Nan was nails, but the harder these skirts is before, the softer they is after. Take it from little Steve."

CHEATING CHEATERS

Fictionized from the scenario based on Max Marcin's play. Produced by Select, starring Clara Kimball Young. Directed by Alan Dwan. The cast:

Steve Wilson.....	Frank Campeau
Antonio Verdi.....	Nicholas Duneau
George Brockton.....	Frederick Burton
Mrs. Brockton.....	Mayme Kelso
Nan Carey.....	Clara Kimball Young
Ira Lazarre.....	Tully Marshall
Mrs. Palmer.....	Elinor Hancock
Grace Palmer.....	Anna Q. Nilsson
Tom Palmer.....	Jack Holt
Edward Palmer.....	Edwin Stevens
Phil Preston.....	Joseph Singleton



"Rather clever," he said. "You'd never take that to be an electrically charged safe, now would you?"

sentment, ha in wond ment. "Y o know," Na reminde them, "tha Ira Lazar has put fou

thou in this job already. What more, Ferriss is onto us. We've got to get away with this, get away with it p. d. q and—put stakes. We've wasted enough time. My trip abroad with George, meeting the Palmer leasing this outfit—it's run in money. We've got to make the haul." She finished and eyed them over. "Skip," she ordered, "the swell Palmers will be here in an hour."

When the "swell Palmers" were admitted by the factotum who had been Steve Wilson, the transformation was complete even to Nell Brockton, grawiggled and comfortably maternal; Verdi, an Italian music master, and George Brockton, genial host. On the staircase Nan was coming to meet them. Tom Palmer intercepted her.

"You are wonderful," he whispered to her in a roughened voice as he took the hand she gave him. "Somehow or other, Nan, these moments with you seem to me the only ones worth living. I—I wait for them from one to the other. I—"

Ruth, alias Nan, smiled down on him. "Oh, Tom," she murmured, and there was none of the cool assurance in her voice, "oh, Tom, there are so many walls between me and you—so many hills to climb—so many twisted paths—"

Tea was served, and after tea Ruth played to them little tender, vagrant things that caused George Brockton to yawn and nod and Nell Brockton to stare thru the twilight with

The "folks" stirred uneasily. Steve exploded again. "I don't like the damn job, anyway," he growled. "When I go after a guy's rocks, I take a gun and a jimmy—I don't hire no Westchester swell joint and give tea parties. These ain't my methods, and I don't like the complexion of the thing."

George Brockton only had time for another expletive, Nell Brockton for another hairpin and Tony for another chord when the hall door flung wide, a scent of wild woodland filled the handsome, cluttered room and Nan came in. "'Lo, folks," she greeted them. "Why the Gertrude Gloom atmosphere? Hasn't Ira come across? Have you seen a copper?" Then, without waiting for their replies, she wheeled about on them briskly. "Come, Steve," she said, "we haven't until day after tomorrow, you know. Help me get this arbutus in the vases. You, Tony, cover up the *Police Gazettes* with the sofa cushions; it's not the sort of reading matter the Palmers go in for. Nell, you and George skip upstairs and make the transformation scenes. This thing has got to go thru. Do you all get me—got to!"

Nan had an autocratic way. Steve muttered something about a kaiser in their midst. The rest of the "folks" eyed him scornfully for his treacherous dubiety.

Nell whisked about with a dust-cloth, opened windows to admit the fresh, stirring air, plumped up cushions, scattered the flowers, carelessly and effectively. The others watched her, half in re-

"How perfectly marvelous!" she exclaimed. "I don't wonder that you have electrically charged safes to guard these wonders"



ly aroused suspicion. Somehow, these were not the things one of their gang would be apt to play, no matter what the theatricism called for. Steve, snorting contemptuously as he wheeled out the tea-cart, did not further sustain them.

"I am going to play at Professor Verdi's musicale this Thursday," murmured Ruth in an interlude. "I should like to have you hear me." She included Mr. and Mrs. Palmer and Grace.

George Brockton started in his chair. "My dear," he interposed, "I forgot to tell you, and I am sorry to disappoint you, but you will not be able to be at the recital, I am afraid."

"Why, father . . ."

"Unfortunately, your mother and I are called to Chicago. You will have to accompany us. It is too bad."

Tom Palmer left the piano over which he had been lounging. "Mother," he broke in eagerly, "couldn't . . .?"

Mrs. Palmer smiled graciously. "Of course," she said; "how slow I am. We would love to have you with us, Miss Brockton. Please . . ."

Ruth caught Tom's anxious eye, and her cheeks flamed slowly. "May I, father?" she begged. Brockton nodded, and from the direction of the butler's pantry came another and a badly muffled snort.

Ruth pulled the last blind to the next morning, then turned to her confrères. "You all know what to do?" she said. "Well, for heaven's sake, don't answer the bell under the most extraordinary circumstances. Steve, if you lounge in the windows, it's all off. Verdi, nix on the chromatic scale. You're in *Chicago*, George and Nell. Don't get back till you see the high sign."

Steve broke in inelegantly. "We got our cues all right, all right, Nan," he said; "what's *your* stuff?"

Nan eyed him keenly, then smiled. "My stuff is to help myself to the famous Palmer pearls, if I'm not much mistaken," she said, "and when I get them you are to be on tap with a car and whisk us all away. The very same night we



set sail for South America. We won't dare to market the jewels up here. Down there—well, crooks are getting richer every day. Now I'm off—keep your minds glued and sit tight."

"Good luck, Nan!"

"No soft stuff, Nan." said Steve.

Tom Palmer surveyed the living-room anxiously. He turned sharply to Mrs. Palmer. "Everything O. K.?" he asked. "No *Police Gazettes* about here, you know. Miss Brockton will hardly care for that form of literary enjoyment."

Grace Palmer laughed, not very pleasantly. "I must say, Tom," she observed, "that if you were not so damn silly about what Miss Brockton would or wouldn't like, we might finish up this job and pull stakes. You know, Ferriss is onto us hot and heavy. It'll mean twenty years for us if we slip up."

Tom Palmer ran his hand over his suddenly sweated brow.

"Aint your guts in it, Tom?" asked the "butler," Phil, gruffly.

"Never mind what's in it, Phil," Tom laughed and shrugged his slim, groomed shoulders; "I'm going thru with it," he added. "Tonight—she'll be here—the old folks will be away—the coast clear. We've planned for this night. Well, it's come. It's up to me to see you fellows thru—I'm going to do it." He gave a short, sharp laugh. "Honor among thieves," he added.

When Ruth Brockton came in Tom met her. "We're just having tea," he said; then, lower, "Oh, Ruth, to see you here—in my house—Ruth, I never knew one girl could mean so much to me—could color all the world—give me new eyes, new ears, a new heart—"

Ruth looked at him. "A new heart?" she murmured, then she laughed lightly,

Ruth was in the corner, a pistol in her hand



rather loudly. "You must show me your famous pearls," she said. "You know, I am something of a gem fancier. I suppose you have them cleverly concealed."

Tom Palmer led her into the living-room and pointed to a panel in the wall. "Rather cleverly," he said. "You'd never take that to be an electrically charged safe, now would you?"

Ruth opened her eyes. "Charged?" she asked childishly, "to—to kill, you mean?"

"Well, rather!"

Ruth laughed. "How—how very clever!" she said, banally.

Then she turned to Grace. "I have a hobby," she declared, sitting down by her. "I want to build a house of my very own and I'm keen on architecture. Will you give me a sort of a plan of your home? I think it is delightful, especially the ground floor. Oh . . ." She held out her hand for the case Tom was showing her. "How perfectly marvelous! I don't wonder, Mrs. Palmer, that you have electrically charged safes to guard these deep-sea wonders. They are miracles."

Mrs. Palmer smiled. "We were in the habit," she said, "of keeping them in the safe in town, but it made it so annoying to run in for them if we suddenly had to have them, so Tom here devised this."

Tom put the pearls in and shut the safe door. "I devised the gardens, too," he said, "and I want to show Miss Brockton my skill as a landscaper. Pardon us, mother."

In the garden Tom Palmer dropped his debonaire manner. He took Ruth's hands and drew her to him till she could feel the mighty thumping of his heart. "I had to get you out here, Ruth," he said; "I had to speak to you—to put this to the test. I—I love you, dear. I want you to go away with me—to leave all this behind—all these people behind. I want to be alone with you—in a world—alone—"

Ruth drew in her breath. She closed her eyes to shut in the picture he painted. The sweetness it portended pervaded her, and her mouth trembled with a foretaste of over-bliss. Then she shook her head. "These people . . ." she repeated after him, "our mothers—and fathers—our—our—work. Tom, not now, not so soon—"

"One can always work," Tom whispered huskily; "one can always come back. One cannot always—love. If love comes—Ruth, who are you to turn away from it?"

Ruth pulled her hands away from his too insistent clasp. She shut her eyes again, this time because what she saw smote her with premonitory pain. "I can't, Tom," she said; "not now—dear."

At midnight of that night Tom Palmer had finished what he set forth to do. He had made a skillful entry into the

Brockton home. He had the famous Brockton diamonds against his breast. Presently he would be back with the gang; he could divide the spoils, and the job he had grown to love would be completed in so far as he was concerned. Honor among thieves—well, he had preserved his. It was the only kind of honor he ever had preserved, but perhaps it was better than none at all. He would go away now—down to South America where men's deeds were lulled to a narcotic slumber. Yes, he would sleep, he would dream—and forget. Forget the past, forget Ruth; most of all, he would forget Ruth. Ruth was in his blood as once the lust of stones had been. He would eject her, put her forth.

He crossed the room cautiously. Phil would be waiting by the car. Grace and the Palmers would be waiting down the road. In the morning they would be on their way—to South America. Ruth would awaken in an empty house. It would bruise her—but she was not the kind to crumple. She would come thru. He was sure of that. He . . .

"Hands up!" said a professional voice. Tom wheeled. "The coppers!" he groaned, and his lips whitened and tautened. "Game's up," he admitted and flung up his arms.



After they were handcuffed, Ruth turned to the officers. "Will you leave me alone with him," she asked, "just for a little while?"

"m-mean?" he stammered. "not—not you, too?"

Ruth nodded, but her eyes were starry with tears. "Two gangs of thieves, Tom," she said, "one gang preying upon the other. You—and I—"

Tom bent toward her. "Partners," he muttered, "partners. Now—we'll join—we'll put it together—we'll—"

Ruth shook her head slowly. "That isn't what I want, Tommy," she whispered; "to go—straight—hereafter—"

At the National Detective Agency the day following the Brocktons, Steve Wilson, Verdi and the Palmers awaited the ultimatum. Steve was aggressively ugly. "You gentlemen Raffles," he spat forth contemptuously, "oughter get what comin' to you. Go about things honest and no harm'll come to you. I told you Nan wasn't going thru for us! I told you she was stool-pigeonin', or double-crossin', or something o' that kind. Where's she now, that's wot I want to know?"

Tom Palmer spoke up, rather wearily. "Getting the thing . . ."
(Continued on page 67)

Can This Be Mary?



Can you believe that the avoirdupois-esque young woman with Bryant Washburn is our own Mary Thurman? When you recover from the shock you can reassure yourself by glancing at the recent portrait of Mary, just above, and at the almost-as-recent flash of Mary at Mack Sennett's studios.

Mary is sacrificing everything for Art these days. She has deserted the Sennett sea-going forces and is pursuing the drama relentlessly. In "The Poor Boob," with Mr. Washburn, she plays the horrible victim of candy. How does Mary appear so—er—rotund? Gosh, we give it up!

But—who, oh, why?—pick on Mary for this sort of rôle?

The Celluloid Cr



De Mille never loses sight of his drama futile close-ups, flashes of animals and the usual screen clap-trap. On the other hand, there are scores of human bits of byplay to build up the characters and aid the atmosphere. And let us congratulate De Mille for one other thing. His glimpses of British upper-class society have distinction and good breeding.

Since Maurice Tourneur turned her vehicles into picture poems, Elsie Ferguson hasn't filmed so beautifully as in "Under the Greenwood Tree"

All of which almost makes us lose sight of Dexter. Here is an actor who, on the other side of being physically ineffective, always seems heavy and unresponsive. That is, until a few months ago. Suddenly he appears to have awakened, and his performance in "The Squaw Man" is splendidly human—a remarkable study of a man who, torn by pity and sexual loneliness, slips into a terrible mistake and refuses to fight fate.

"The Squaw Man" is what we would term an ideal cast. Ann Little's picture of the Indian girl, Naturich, is admirable—complete sinking of an actress' identity in a rôle. The beautiful Katherine McDonald is every inch a well-bred British girl, Theodore Roberts is excellent as Wynnegate's ranch foreman, Bill Bill, Jack Holt is an effectively villainous un-Western Cash Hawk and so right thru even the minor rôles. Mr. De Mille is to be congratulated.

THE photoplay has come out of its lethargy with a smash! We doubt if the silverscreen drama has had a more interesting month in a long time. One thing at least is certain. Never have the studios revealed acting of such a high histrionic excellence within a similar period—acting which, in at least two or three instances—touched a splendid height.

In the long, crowded gallery of screen characterizations is there anything finer than Charles Ray's genre study of small-town youth in "String Beans"? Or anything bigger than Elliott Dexter's sensitive, finely limned portrayal of Jim Wynnegate, victim of a primitive mesalliance, in "The Squaw Man"? Or, again, Conway Tearle's vigorous and dominating Andrew Forrester in Owen Johnson's hothouse drama, "Virtuous Wives"?

Let us first of all consider Mr. Dexter and "The Squaw Man," (Artcraft), because acting isn't the only vital thing about this revival of Edwin Milton Royle's effective melodrama. For "The Squaw Man" marks another forward step on the part of the steadily advancing Cecil De Mille. The producer has hit an exact dividing line between the theatrically effective and the humanly true in his re-screening of this melodrama. "The Squaw Man," you know, is the story of a young Englishman who takes the blame of an embezzling brother. Jim Wynnegate does it because he secretly loves his brother's wife and because he wants to protect her. Wynnegate comes to America and, because his perspective is distorted by the loneliness and emptiness of his life, marries an Indian girl who has befriended him and who is tyrannized over by a drunken, dissolute redskin father. A boy is born, when the English girl, now a widow, comes from across the seas with his vindication and news that he now has succeeded to title and lands. Altho he feels the call of the old life in every fibre, he resolves to live his mistake. He does, however, decide to send his boy back to England to be educated. Then it is that the Indian wife, instinctively realizing things, creeps to the child's play-yard and ends her life with a bullet.

De Mille has told his story with straightforward, certain strokes. His handling of the Indian wife's suicide is a master bit of suggestion. For once, a director shows faith in his audience's imagination.



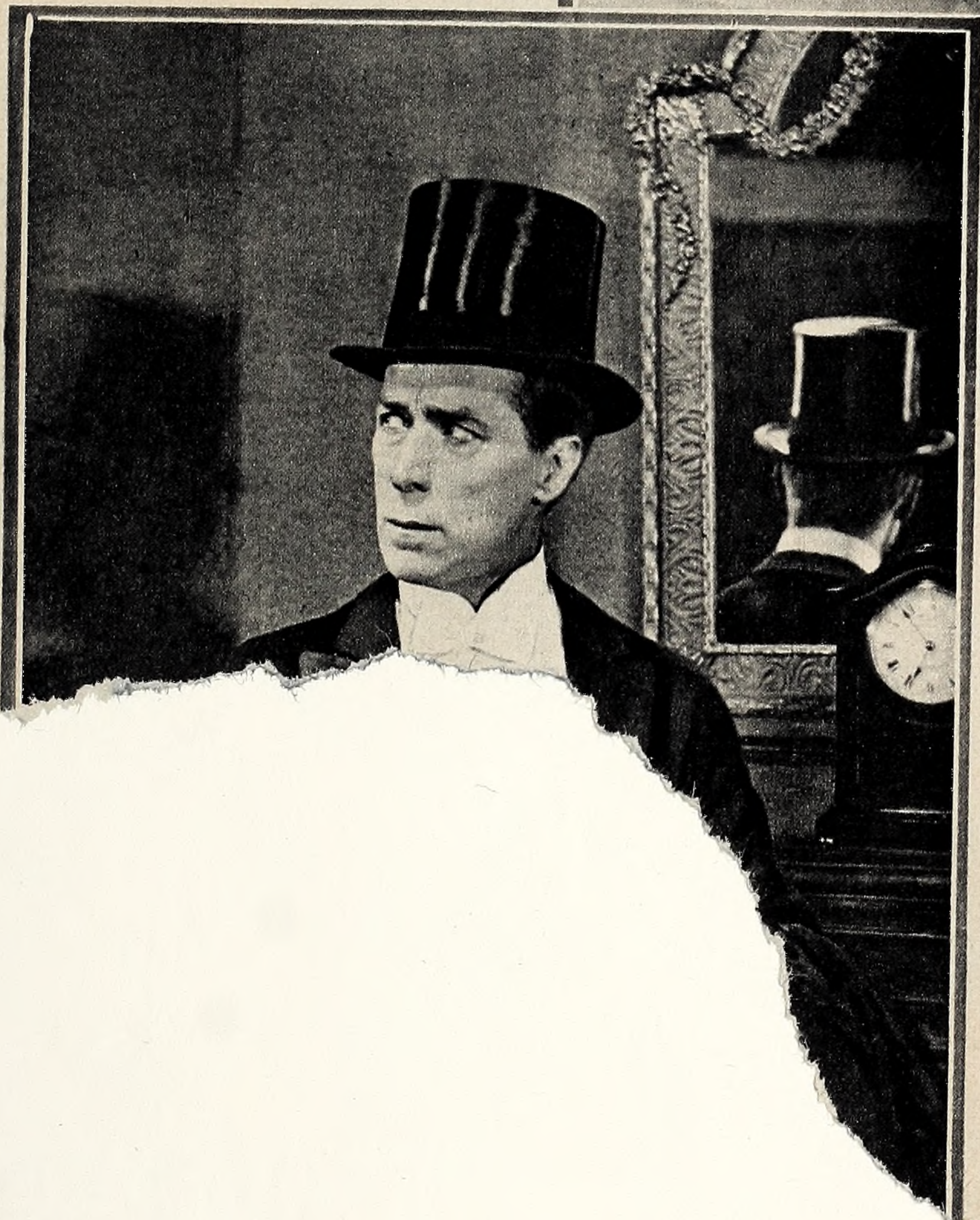
The screen has offered few things bigger than Elliott Dexter's sensitive, finely limned portrayal in "The Squaw Man"

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

and now for Charlie Ray and "String Beans," (Paramount). In the drama, Julien Josephson's story is just a little above the average. In the matter of direction, "String Beans" may be particularly described. But Ray's playing of Toby Watkins is mighty near Booth Tarkington's callow Sylvanus Baxter as a study in adolescence. Ray is sincere, direct, unuttered even relentlessly, human. Toby is a sort of handy boy in a little village newspaper. How he loses his bashfulness to the mayor's pretty daughter, reconciles his boss with his bitter enemy, the mayor, and foils the attempt of an unscrupulous scoundrel to victimize the town with a fake string bean cannery is the basis of the story, vitalized in life by Ray's playing. And the star's excellent assistance from the direct and sympathetic Jane Novak. We must admit that we looked for Anita Stewart's return to the screen in "Virtuous Wives," (First National), with more than usual interest. And our impressions were far from what we expected. For the playing of Conway Tearle and, in a lesser degree, Edwin Arden, interested us vastly more than that of Miss Stewart.

"Virtuous Wives" belongs to the Cosmopolitan school of orchid fiction. It is the story of a young man, who buries himself in business in the quest of wealth and position, and whose wife, who flirts her way through the passing years. Thanks to the machinations of another more unscrupulous wife," the

We confess our disappointment in "The Greatest Thing in the World," with Lillian Gish and Bobbie Harron



"Branding Broadway" is our favorite William Hart photoplay of many months

tops all thru "Virtuous Wives." Perhaps for this reason Conway Tearle's vigorous portrayal of the business man far overshadows Miss Stewart's playing of the wife.

Yet, in truth, the star did not register with any of her old vividness. At moments she is even amateurish. The late Edwin Arden's handling of the middle-aged husband of a butterfly wife is excellent and Mrs. De Wolfe Hopper as the wife, herself past mistress of the art of playing with fire, is effective.

But in "Virtuous Wives" Tucker has staged one vibrant scene, the moment where the elderly Wall Street magnate's little son hovers between life and death. Here "Virtuous Wives" flashed fire.

Rumors from the coast led us to expect mighty things of David Wark Griffith's fifth picture in five years, "The Greatest Thing in Life." Here is the story of a girl's quest for the greatest thing in life and of the regeneration, thru war and love, of a young American snob. But Griffith's latest drama presents nothing new. There is the ingénue in desperate straits, entering her door down, an American diva, a hero, dashing to the rescue, the inevitable trench allied lines hidden in a basement, and steps above the conventional. There is the American heroine thinks she has found her Frenchman, until she discovers that he knows her, written by his own countryman, Rostand. Her disillusionment comes when she finds that, even upon being taken is only a chicken" to him. The other big thing widely discussed. Here the American hero and his refuge in a shell hole. A bullet mortally wounds the hero, who falls into the white lad's arms. Dying in despair, he pleads for a kiss from his mammy. Then it is that the snob puts his arms around the dying man and presses his cheek. We have been told of the extreme daring of the picture and that Griffith is atoning for his handling of the "Birth of a Nation." Be that as it may.

Our disappointment in "The Greatest Thing in Life" (Continued on page 76)

The Greeley Expedition to the Zoo



Reading left to
right: deer,
Evelyn

Evelyn Greeley snatched a few hours away from the World Film studio to visit the Bronx zoo. But Evelyn had the foresight to take along her newest furs, some peanuts and a camera-man



A little dog
along just
was snapp
is, right
star. A
ever

How they follow
Evelyn around!
What? They're
some of her deer
fans! Go to the
foot of the class



The Stagnation of the Screen

Herbert Brenon, Fresh from Flanders Fields, Believes the American Photoplay Is at a Standstill

By CHARLES JAMESON

What are the thoughts of a motion picture director upon his return to America after ten months in war-swept Europe, many of them spent in the front lines of Flanders fields? Since Herbert Brenon went thru this experience "over there," his mental reactions will be of decided interest.

First, after some ten days studying the situation in the American production world, Brenon expressed himself as amazed at the absolute stagnation. "I dislike to pose as an alarmist," declares Brenon, grimly, "but the situation is critical. American makers of film drama are suffering from overconfidence, to be frank. Before the war, France, Italy and England were actively engaged in making motion pictures. There was stiff competition. America might have taken its way to the forefront of the screen art by merit. Then the war struck Italy, France and England and even a slender measure of competition. American producers paused for breath. They had the world to themselves. And the photoplay has been stagnating ever since. "We must have competition," conceded Brenon. "It is vital to the very life of the photoplay. When a man



breaks records in a foot race, he does it in competition with other athletes. If he ran alone, he would probably finish many seconds behind his other record. It's the same way in the making of pictures. Some one else must be making them, too. Just now the whole art is menaced.

"I look to England to be the real competitor of America—and I hope the competition will come as soon as possible. I know the first question raised in opposition. It is only the statement that the climate is against picture-making in the British Isles. But let us be fair. We do not take all our Eastern motion pictures in New York, or within a few miles of New York. We send companies to Louisiana, into the Carolina mountains, to Canada for the right sort of exteriors. When it snows in New York, we send a cast to Florida to get summer scenes. It is just as cheap or cheaper, and just as quick or quicker, to shoot a company across the channel to beautiful southern France, to the Alps, to Rome, to Monte Carlo, into the very Sahara Desert itself. And consider the results!

Herbert Brenon and two glimpses of him amid the ruined northern towns of France

"English photoplays are weak things now, because it is financially impossible to spend more than \$10,000 upon a production and get your money back. There is no American demand and the sales are wholly confined to the British Isles. But let English producers put \$50,000 and more into film plays, and

your American producer would have genuine competition. I am pleading for encouragement to British makers of pictures, for the art cannot survive without competition."

Brenon returned from abroad with his viewpoint broadened and quickened by the war. "I want you to ask me who is the greatest genius in the motion picture business," he said, with a smile. "Then I shall answer, Charlie Chaplin! Not only is he a great actor—a really great actor with moments of genius—but he is a great director, a man of infinite imagination and ability. I believe the day will come

(Continued on page 84)



Caught in Dressing Room No. 10



I HAVE always been afraid of Harry Morey. I have seen him "treat 'em rough" in so many Vitagraph pictures that I have wondered what the fate of an interviewer would be who dared to ask this big fellow to talk about himself.

So far as getting him to talk about himself goes, my visit with Mr. Morey was a failure. It simply can't be done. Morey will talk about pictures until the leg man drops, but you can't get much out of him about Morey.

The facts about Mr. Morey that I did gather were picked up from his associates at the Vitagraph studio. Morey has been with Vitagraph since 1909, when he left the stage for motion picture work. Vitagraph folks, therefore, know Mr. Morey as well as they know their own families.

Morey got his start with Vitagraph almost ten years ago, because he was the first man-sized policeman ever put into a motion picture. A policeman in those days was not complete without a policeman, but the rôle of movie cop was about the smallest thing in the business so far as requirements were concerned, and almost without exception these small parts were played by men of small physique. One day Morey played the part of a policeman, and he was such an artistic success (judged by the motion picture standards of 1909) that three stories centering around the character of a policeman were immediately written for the first full-sized cop that the screen boasted. It was but a step, then, from the rôle of guardian of the peace to disturber of the peace. Morey played heavies for a long time and then, by sheer merit of his work, developed into full-fledged star lead.

I found Mr. Morey in that nook at the Vitagraph studio in Brooklyn where he is always to be found in his spare moments. They told me at the office that if Morey was not working in his set, I would find him in No. 10. Being a rank outsider, I did not realize that No. 10 was one of the Holy of Holies in the big Vitagraph plant. So after many wanderings and turnings in various directions, I came to a door marked No. 10 and knocked.

Yes, it was Morey's dressing-room, but when I opened the door, my first impression was that I had stumbled into a police station on a busy day. So many an assortment of rogues and hoboos crowded into the room it had never been my privilege to unearth, and as usual, it was only the gang—in make-up—hanging out in No. 10. When the gang realized that someone wanted to pay a purely personal visit to Mr. Morey, they disappeared, and I found myself alone with Harry of the Mighty Right.

"The gang can't seem to get used to the dressing-room, now that it's all dolled up," said Morey. "The company has just fitted it up for me like a regular place, but somehow I don't feel at home."

Dressing-room No. 10 is one of the Holy of Holies at the big Vitagraph plant. They call it the club-room, since it's the hang-out of the whole crowd.

"It looks as though it ought to satisfy the most exacting of highly strung temperaments," I said, as I gazed around appreciatively.

"Temperament hell!" said Morey. "I have been here in No. 10 ever since I came to

By HAROLD BENNETT

itagraph, and I wouldn't have let them change it a bit if it wasn't that there was not a thing left in the room that could be used with safety.

"Yes, sir," said the big fellow, as he surveyed his quarters with regret, "if I could let this old room do the talking for me, you would get a yarn that would make your eyes pop out.

"They used to call this the Vitagraph Club Room. It was the hang-out for the whole crowd. We had an old card-table here in the middle of the room, and the bunch came after hours and stayed as tho they lived here. It was everybody's home, and the other fellows went on the theory that their own dressing-rooms were only to hang their hats in. No. 10 was where they lived. The directors used to come in whenever they got lonesome in their own rooms and, judging from the attendance, I guess directors are about the loneliest fellows on earth.

"But I guess I am getting swell now, like the rest of the picture people. I have my dressing-room all to myself. Earle Williams and I used to share this room together, and at different times Jim Lackaye, Gladys James, Leo Delaney and Bill Dunn shared it with me.

"The old room sure could tell some yarns."



I tried several times to turn the conversation around toward Morey himself, but he fought shy of it. Finally, he capitulated with, "I smoke and I drink. In fact, I have all of life's vices in moderation. Seven days make a week for me the same as for anybody else. I make my living by acting before the motion picture camera. Hundreds of other people are doing the same thing, so why pick on me?"

"That's one trouble, as I see it, that we have got to guard against in motion picture work. If I put Harry Morey into everything that I do, I won't get very far, will I? That is why character leads appeal to me so much more strongly than the usual type of fancy heroes, who do not exist in real life.

"Here's what I mean. Suppose an actor develops certain peculiarities or characteristics that absolutely identify him through any kind of a make-up; in other words, he is always himself. No matter what play you see him in, then, you do not see the character

Dressing-room glimpses of Morey, who got his screen start ten years ago because he was the first man-sized policeman ever put into a motion picture

that he is portraying, but you see the man who is acting the part. That's all wrong, to my way of
(Continued on page 71)



The Mysterious Miss Clayton

too fast for Miss Clayton and the camera.

Every one around was getting a lot of fun out of this contest between cat and director except the star. She gave no sign either of amusement or of impatience over the time-wasting futility of many efforts repeating on the scene with the automatic efficiency of a perfect piece of mechanism. I was irresistibly reminded of a story about a mystic who could safely trust his bodiless shell to go thru its accustomed routine while he himself left it and went elsewhere, for there was no indication of slighting of work on the part of Miss Clayton. On the contrary



© Evans

I HAD never thought of her as the mysterious Miss Clayton.

From the time I first saw her in a melodramatic picture to the time I first saw her, in person, at the Lasky studio I had thought of her as of the direct, full-of-the-joy-of-life sort; intellectual, undoubtedly, for to this her skilful work—work which could not be entirely due to her director—bore witness, but not temperamental and, certainly, not at all mysterious.

Boisterous laughter led me to her, one afternoon, while she was making a scene for "Maggie Pepper," soon after she came to the Pacific Coast. Wandering around the big stage, looking for "copy," the laughter guided me to the set, and I came upon her quietly waiting while Director Chester Withey was straining to get some dramatic action out of a cat. The "set" was a tenement-house kitchen, the unvarnished table set for a meal having the inevitable accessories, such as gas-plate, cheap chairs, sink with dishpan underneath and cupboard above, that belong to the life of the "woiking goil," and there, too, was the "woiking goil" herself, in the person of Ethel Clayton, impersonating the heroine. I gathered that the action was to show Maggie Pepper in the act of catching a thief. She is getting something out of the cupboard and, hearing a noise, turns and discovers the kitten with his head caught in the cream-pitcher. She has to break the pitcher in order to free the culprit. The laughter which had drawn me to the set was due to the failure of the cat to play according to script. Tempting morsels drew his head into the pitcher, but he would get away with them altogether

Ethel Clayton started in the chorus at the La Salle in Chicago. Then Miss Clayton sought out New York because she wanted to become a real actress. Finally she went to pictures with the old Lubin Company



By ELIZABETH PELTRET

there was a marvelous quickness in the way she caught the director's very shade of meaning. The startling effect that I got was the contrast between the lifelikeness of the screen reproduction and the impression of detachment you got while watching her at work.

Therefore when, several months afterward, I was asked to interview Ethel Clayton, I made the appointment with the zest of a pioneer about to start on a journey into a strange and unexplored country, and in this case my reward was greater than anticipated, for Ethel Clayton is indeed in a class by herself. In a world where thousands of

girls fight, in vain,

for histrionic

honors, she,

unseeking

them, has

had them

thrust upon

her. She

has made a

mock of the

famous

poem, "Op-

portunity."

She has done

more than

neglect to

open her door

to the knock

of that for-

tune-bearer.

On several

occasions



You get an odd impression of detachment while watching Miss Clayton work. It irresistibly reminds one of the Eastern mystics, who leave their bodily shells to wander into far lands

she opened it just wide enough to slam it in Opportunity's face, but patient, importunate Opportunity refused to be denied and kept on knocking until—for in her case Oppy came disguised as a male—she indifferently permitted fame and fortune to enter her door.

I found her busy with her company in the making of a scene for "Private Pettigrew's Girl." She handled the interview in the same impersonal, efficient way she does her work. We sat on the edge of the set, where we could see everything without being disturbed.

"This must remind you of your own days as a chorus-girl," I remarked. She nodded assent, and as I dug a little deeper into those chorus days I learnt that she did not seek an engagement, but that the La Salle chorus director found her in the Ziegfeld Music College in Chicago. "I did not take the work seriously," she said. "If I did not feel like going on, or wanted to go to a party, I would get one of the girls from the school to sub for me. I did not permit the work to interfere with things I wanted to do."

This chorus work, however, had sufficient influence upon her to result in a determination to go to New York. "I felt," she explained, "that if I was going to be an actress, I wanted

(Continued on page 62)

The Extra Girl Anita and John



had to have proper running togs, and what could be sweeter than a check suit, a vest of some nondescript pattern, a collar that threatened at every turn of the head to dislodge that famous third from the end right eyelash of mine, a brown silk tie, a brown Fedora hat, and yes, puttees.

Our first appearance was at a political meeting, where Ida Fitzhugh, as Aurora Noyes, was explaining just why she should be the town's next Mayor. We agreed heartily with the statement that we had been downtrodden long enough, that we should now assume our rightful places, etc. More enthusiastically still did we applaud the promise of Alec, the town tailor, to give us trousers for \$9.99. (You see Alec's business had decreased until even the minus sign was lost in the shuffle when ninety-nine per cent. of the fighting male population of Freemont—Alec himself making the missing per cent.—had followed the colors.) Outwardly we were men

FOR the past fifty-seven years I have been laboring under the delusion that, had I been permitted to land on terra firma in the guise of a boy, my girlish laughter would have rung down the ages in one glad sweet gurgle of delight. Now, after two days' incarceration in the habiliments of a man, I feel thankful that I am a girl, I do.

I have added a new member to the list of those studios in which "Welcome" threatens to break thru the doormat without further notice. It's the Famous Players-Lasky-Paramount and everything. For months I knocked timidly at its stately portal, but no one ever seemed to hear, until one evening John Emerson, the director de luxe—why not directors as well as steamship suites and sardines?—bent his kindly ear and, lo! I became a Famous Player.

You've all heard of Anita Loos, the lady who thinks up bright—and, yes, original—ideas for Director Emerson to put upon the screen. Well this time she looked into the future and figured out what might happen if the war went on indefinitely and women continued to show the world that woman's place is not always in the home any more than man's place is always—or even half the time—in the office. Therefore the masculine attire in which C. E. G. disported for two days. If we were to run everything, from the soda fountains to the trolley cars, we

Director John Emerson takes Authoress Anita Loos out of the safe at 9 A. M.



John upholds the honor of profession, as well as Ernest Tru Miss Loos and Louise Huff

An Emerson-Loos Comedy in the Making

By ETHEL ROSEMON

inwardly our souls still hugged to themselves the wonderful love of an early Monday morning bargain.

But, of course, Aurora had a rival candidate, young Ernest Truex Abraham Lincoln Jones, who was home from France on sick leave and whom the little band of Civil War veterans, known as the Coots, clung to as their last hope of rescue from the tyrannical domination of the womenfolks. If Ernie couldn't save their comrade Coot from being nursemaid to the baby of Betty Wales, who, under the new order of things, had become business manager of the town paper, if he couldn't re-establish the old evening meetings around the stove in the village store, where the old Coots were free to—well, if they did get things a little topsy-turvy, wasn't it their divine right as old vets? What was the world coming to?

Then the Coots and Ernie laid a deep plan. Upon the arrival of a mysterious package from France, the Coots paraded the streets with signs:

"AT THE OPERA HOUSE TONIGHT
FREE MOTION PICTURES OF THE FREEMONT BOYS IN FRANCE
LADIES ESPECIALLY INVITED"

Did we want to see our boys in France? We did to a man. Long before the appointed time we were hustling along the street, each intent upon occupying the front seat. Eagerly we watched the screen, and then, to our horror, there appeared our own individual property flirting with some young French vamp instead of spending his time kissing our photograph. And the war had

Toasting Truex.
Left to right:
John, Anita,
Ernest, Louise
and our own
Ethel Roseme



A committee of Coots helps Truex look over the negative

"And there's my George. I'll never speak to him again!" shouted the business manager.

"From where I sit, looks as if he wouldn't mind it very much," laughed an old Coot.

"Wait until he comes home," another girl cried, as the picture progressed.

"If I were in his place, I'd never come home," a Coot near her teased.

"Now, ladies, you see what our boys are used to in Paris. Are you ready to meet the competition?" Abe asked, at the end of the picture. Then he continued:

"I have a confession to make. These pictures were made by our boys simply

(Continued on page 79)



Miss Loos ventures a suggestion

not driven these French girls to men's clothes. Instead, it had but strengthened their desire to please the masculine eye. Verily, much depends upon the weapons one employs to kill the fatted oyster.

"Oh, there's Harry, and look at the hussy with him!" cried Merci Esmonde, editor of the paper, as Mr. Merci Esmonde appeared upon the scene.



The Fame and Fortune Beauties



MARGHEURITE IRVING

LOS ANGELES, CAL.; San Diego, Cal.; Cleveland, Ohio; Hutchinson, Kansas; Spokane, Wash.; Columbus, Ohio, and Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, are recorded upon the second honor roll of The Fame and Fortune Contest of THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. Out of the thousands of portraits entered in the contest, the judges have selected the seven most attractive young



MADELINE CUNNINGHAM



Above:
MURIEL MAXINE MAIN

Left:
EMMA CLARE ORB

women to enter between December 15th and January 1st.

It is no easy task narrowing the avalanche of portraits entered in fifteen days down to seven, but, after long consideration, the following successful contestants were named:

Margheurite Irving, of No. 1707 West Point Road, Spokane, Wash., proved to be one of the most winning of all the contestants, and her picture gets a prominent
(Continued on page 88)



Above:
BEATRICE
EDITH
BOND

Left:
ALIENE
FULTON



GRACE DURFEE

The LION AND THE MOUSE

by Charles Klein.

Fictionized by Dorothy Donnell from the Scenario Based on the Stage Play

Alice Joyce as
Shirley Ross-
more, the mouse



SHIRLEY ROSSMORE laid down her pen wearily, to read the last words she had written. "John Broderick had reversed the Frankenstein theory. From a man he had made himself a machine, an iron-willed Colossus of Finance. He had almost forgotten how to be human——"

"I wonder," she mused, "whether he has entirely forgotten?"

Behind the white forehead, resting on one slender, propping and, her thoughts ached dully. She had been writing against time, feverishly, desperately, ever since that day three weeks ago when she had come home, to discover that her father was an old man.

She thought, heart-sickly, now of that first shocking glimpse of his white head, no longer held in the old proud erectness, the wrinkles that days of worry had ragged thru his cheeks, the look of hurt in his deep-set gray eyes. Downstairs he sat this moment, staring before him like a condemned prisoner waiting for the hour of execution.

"Six months! We've got six months yet," she reminded herself. "A great deal can happen—must happen—in six months! And this"—she touched the closely written sheets before her—"this is the first shot in my campaign! It's only a mouse-bite, perhaps, but mice have conquered lions before this."

"Shirley!"—her mother's voice held a pleasant tinge of excitement—"Shirley dear, here's some one to see you!"

Resentfully the girl rose with none of the customary feminine touches to hair and belt that are the heritage of beauty and twenty-three. She was a gloriously long-limbed creature, with something Greek about



When John Ryder read the note his stern, heavily featured face took on a curious expression

the carriage of her head, and dark, folded masses of hair. There was an unawareness of beauty about her that was quite sincere. She had never consciously looked at herself in her life, which is another way of saying that she had never been in love.

Today, however, when she saw who her visitor was, she colored, then frowned at the confession of her blush. "Why, Jeff!" She shook his outstretched hand nervously. "I didn't know you were in this part of the world!"

"I'm quite likely to be in any part of the world where you are," the young man assured her gaily. He was a tall, thoro-bred youngster, upon whom the exquisitely tailored clothes he wore did not look dandified. "You know I promised to help you, but I haven't done much so far. Father has absolutely refused to put in his oar."

"No wonder," Shirley said, bitterly, "since it is he who is driving my father into disgrace."

There was no mistaking the amazement of his look, and her eyes softened. "Oh, I know you didn't dream such a thing, Jeff. But it's true. Judge Scott has looked into it and says it is undoubtedly father's adverse decision against the Southern and Transcontinental that decided John Ryder to put him out of the way. There are two letters your father has that would clear dad, but he refuses to give them back—says he never received such letters. So I am afraid"—she tried to smile up at his disconsolate face, when they went to the Plaza later that evening—"I'm afraid you'll have to give up helping me."

"But I won't give you up, Shirley!" Jefferson Ryder said, doggedly. "You know what I told you in Paris—it's still true and

always will be. If you let a little scrap between our fathers——"

"A little scrap!" Her eyes blazed. She drew herself the full of her superb inches. "When it means the soiling of a good man's name! It will kill father if Congress votes to impeach him, but they shant vote to do it! I shall find a way to save him yet!"

"If there is a way you'll find it," he spoke hesitantly, "but the old man's made up his mind, he'll get his way. He always has, he always will, and there's no use defying him. I ought to know—I've been his son for twenty-five years!"

"You're afraid of him—every one seems to be, and that's why he can get his way, but when he meets some one who is afraid of him or his bullying millions——" She held out her hand again with an air of finality. "It's good-by, Jeff. Whether anything else would be absurd. I'm writing a book about your father this moment upstairs. I'm going to fight him—fight him to the last ditch, and I can't have his son making love to me while I'm doing it!"

"If you're told to love your enemies, doesn't that mean you love the sons of your enemies, too?" Jefferson Ryder suggested sorrowfully. "Go to it, Shirley—I'm with you! If the pater should see you, he'd be with you, too. Why don't you have a talk with him?"

"No begging!" Shirley Rossmore said, with a shake of her Diana head. "I'm not going to fight with woman's weapons—hair and hats and smiles and Parisian perfumery! I'm going to fight him with his own weapon—brains! And I'm going to beat him at his own game!"

She had spoken confidently, but her heart was heavy with a week later, she left the manuscript of her book, "An American Colossus," at the publisher's and faced the long weeks of waiting that must intervene before the first result of her strategy would be known. Waiting was not attractive to her nature, the more so as with the passing of the days that brought him closer to the time of his trial Judge Rossmore grew fainter, and the tiny, shabby house where they had eaten when the blow fell grew more tense with dread.

"If it shouldn't work," she would find herself waking up in the night to murmur; "but no one can help recognizing 'John Broderick.' He's a vain man—all braggarts are vain! All right, he will want to know more about me as author."

The first copies of the book came, the press notices, which she read with a wildly beating heart. Yes, she had been right, her portrait of the great multi-millionaire had been a good likeness. The American Colossus, pitiless, tyrannical, a superman in some ways, a small y in others, seized un-

"But I won't give you up, Shirley," Jefferson Ryder said, doggedly. "If you let a little scrap between our fathers——"





"I wish," he burst out, "that I had been born the son of a hod-carrier! I might have amounted to something then"

the imaginations of the country. The pulpit made it the text for sermons, the magazines printed long critical reviews, and, at last, one morning came the note that she was waiting for.

"Dear Miss Green," the letter ran, curt as a general's orders to a subordinate, "I would be glad to see you at my office in regard to your book, 'The American Colossus.' I shall expect you on any afternoon most convenient to you this week. Yours sincerely, John Rutherford Ryder."

Frances Green had been the nom-de-plume she had signed her book, resentful at the necessity for subterfuge, yet recognizing it. With flaming cheeks, she hurried to her typewriter to frame an equally curt reply:

"Dear Mr. Ryder—I am not in the habit of visiting gentlemen in their offices. Yours sincerely, Frances Green."

"The first blood!" she told herself, exultantly. "I'll wager no one ever wrote to him like that before."

She was quite right. When John Ryder read the note the next morning, his stern, heavily featured face took on a curious expression. He was not angry—the occasion was too trivial for anger, but he was curious and grudgingly admiring.

"Write the lady another note, Bagley, inviting her in the name of Mrs. Ryder and myself to visit our home," he directed his secretary, a lean, shadowy man, who had lived so long in the shade of the great man's personality that he was distinctly at-ease when he was alone with himself and confronted with the necessity of making an independent decision in regard to his neckties or waistcoat patterns.

The second invitation brought Shirley Rossmore incog to the house of her father's enemy. Trim, devoid of coquetry in

her severe serge suit and mannish sailor hat, she met his grim gaze steadily. There was even a hint of amusement lurking in the quiver of her lip corners, but her eyes were non-committal. Her silence forced him to the initiative of speech.

"I have read your book with interest," John Ryder said, "and I am curious to know where you found the character of Broderick."

"In my imagination," Shirley responded, calmly, "where else?"

He turned the pages between his fingers. His bushy eyebrows drew together into a continuous straight line, menacing, terrifying. "How did you know," he asked, abruptly, "that I had an Indian girl tattooed above my right elbow?"

Her clear-eyed innocence was flawless. "Oh, have you? What a coincidence!"

He gave her cleverness the tribute of a slow, grim smile. It was not often that he found a match for his wits in the cringing satellites that surrounded him. "This Broderick," he tapped the book covers, "how would you classify him?"

Shirley Rossmore returned his gaze steadily. "As the greatest criminal the world has ever produced," she said, in her young, clear voice, "as the arch-enemy to mankind. But, as I said before, he is, of course, and very luckily, merely an imaginary character." She picked up her gloves and rose, as if to bring the interview to an end. "Is that all, Mr. Ryder? I am rather a busy person."

Twenty-five years of success had given John Rutherford Ryder the point of view of a dictator. He was accustomed to



The den of the lion—John Ryder

giving orders and receiving obedience; his wife and son feared and deferred to him, his friends flattered him, the newspapers admitted his power, his enemies, of whom the number was legion, paid him the compliment of bitter hatred, writhed under his tyrannies—and submitted to them. In all those twenty-five years no one had ever so openly and coolly ignored him as this slender girl with the amazingly modelled chin and the unfeminine steadiness of eyes.

To his own surprise, he heard himself speaking spontaneously. "My dear Miss Green, I hope you are not too busy to undertake a piece of work for me—work which this book of yours has proved you are just the person to do. I wish you to"—he hesitated, changed his peremptory wording—"I would be very glad for you to write my biography. The material is already collected, but you would have to compile it here. It cannot leave the house."

Under the smooth mask of indifference Shirley's brain whirled with a sort of sick stage-fright. Her opportunity—her father's opportunity lay in her grasp, but for a panicky instant the magnitude of the task appalled her. What if she should fail? After all, this grim, gray man before her was a lion and she was only a mouse. Then resolutely she raised her head and met his glance, unsmilingly.

"I will do it." He liked her brevity, her lack of the useless words and fluttering, meaningless movements common to her sex. "I will come tomorrow. There's no time to lose."

To herself she was thinking in terms of months and days. "Three months before Congress convenes. I must hurry—hurry for my father's sake. Amen!"

It was her way of praying. Shirley Rossmore was not one to lay her burden of petition

upon the Lord and sit with folded hands, waiting. As she shook hands now with John Ryder, the library door opened to admit Jefferson. At sight of his father's visitor, she stopped, staring blankly.

"Jefferson, this is Miss Frances Green, who is coming to stay with us for a few weeks to do some literary work for me," said the older man, in the tone of unconscious patronage which he always used toward his son. A slight shake of Shirley's head checked the impending disclosure. She held on to her self-possessed hand.

"Your father has been kind enough to be interested in my book, 'An American Colossus,'" she explained, sweetly. With a gravity that matched hers, he took the small, gloved hand.

"I should think," he dared her, "that you would be afraid of your own creation, Miss—Green. John Broderick is—immense!"

Shirley Rossmore smiled gently up into his anxious eyes. "I am not afraid of any man in a book or out," she said. "Even the John Brodericks of the world have their human spots. If I were to meet a man of that sort I would be certain that I should find his sooner or later."

She had been a regular inmate of the Ryder household

several days before she had the opportunity of speaking to her one-time suitor. Then, one afternoon, she looked up from her manuscript, to see him standing in the doorway of her tiny sitting-room, watching her fingering her fingers with overcast and slightly sullen lips.

"I wish," he burst out angrily, "that I had been the son of a hod-carrier might have amounted to something then."

"You would have stood a better chance of it," she

(Continued on page 8)

THE LION AND THE MOUSE

Fictionized by permission from the scenario based on Charles Klein's drama. Produced by Vitagraph, starring Alice Joyce. Directed by Tom Terriss. The cast:

Shirley Rossmore.....	Alice Joyce
John Burkett Ryder.....	Anders Randolph
Jefferson Ryder.....	Conrad Nagel
Judge Rossmore.....	Henry Hallam
Mrs. Rossmore.....	Mary Carr
Kate Roberts.....	Mona Kingsley
Senator Roberts.....	W. H. Burton
Judge Stott.....	W. T. Carleton
Fitzroy Bagley.....	Templer Saxe

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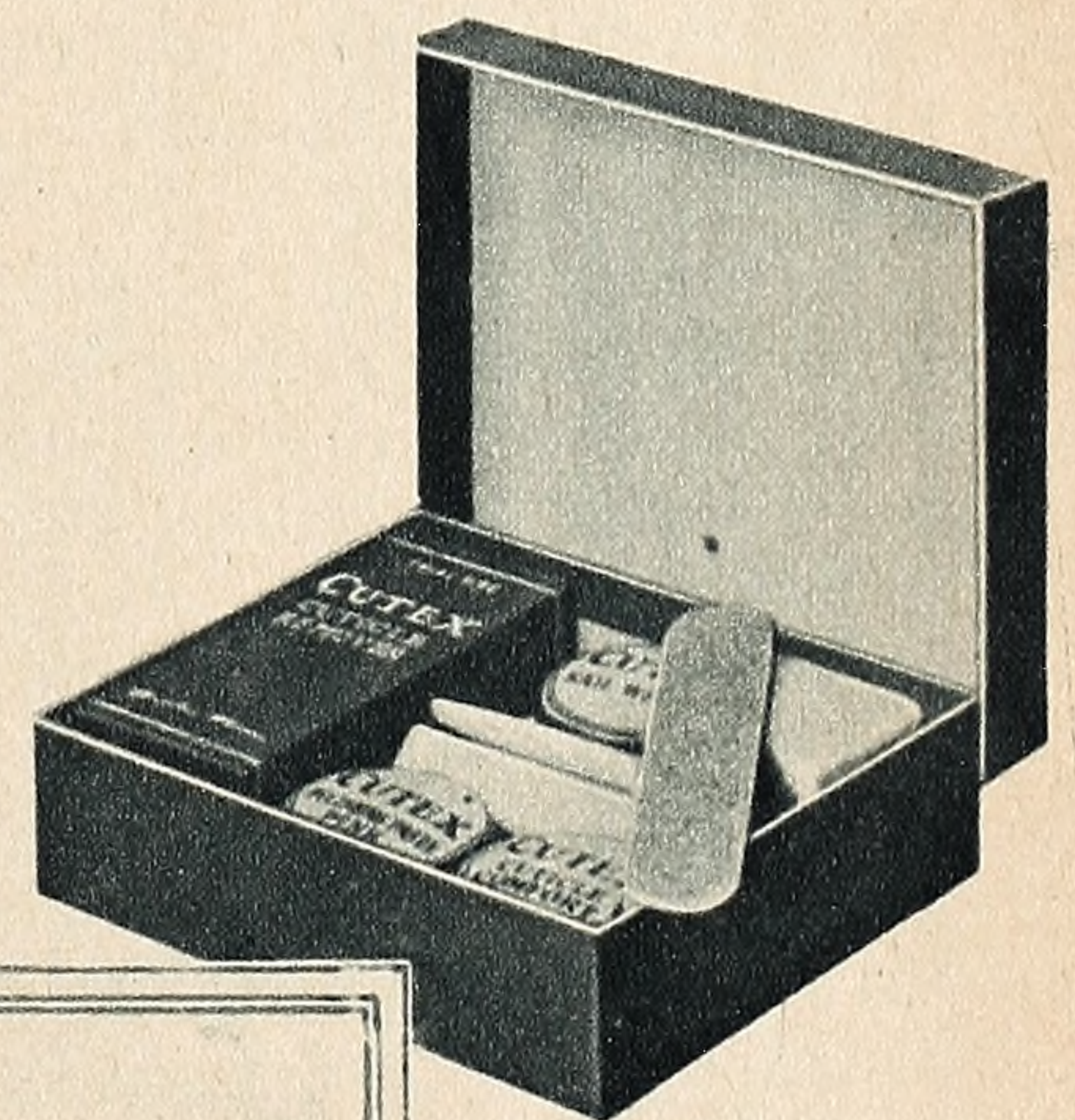
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Scene: The mahogany-finished sanctum of the president of the newly created Solar System Pictures, Inc. Flowers grace the desk of the executive, who is meditating in a comfortable chair.

TREMBLING SECRETARY: Rex London, the famous author, is waiting outside with a scenario.

PRESIDENT: Let him wait. What's he doing here during our first week?

T. S.: And David Thomas Griffince, the great director, has just wired.

PRESIDENT: Too soon. Tell him to wire again next month.

T. S.: The men who are going to build the studio have just 'phoned for an appointment.

PRESIDENT: What're they trying to do—rush me? Let 'em wait!

T. S.: And there's a man from an electric sign company outside. I'll send him along, too.

PRESIDENT (*rubbing his hands enthusiastically*): Take an order for a dozen Broadway signs out to him. . . . Are you ready? . . . Take this down. Electric signs to read: The Solar System presents Tessie Jazz in the world's greatest super-picture, "The Triumph of Aphrodite." Got that?

T. S.: Yesir—but you haven't got the studio or the scenario or the director yet!

PRESIDENT (*benignly*): That'll do. I'm closing up now for two weeks. Going to the coast to look over conditions. Tell my press-agent to shoot out something about the great future of the photoplay, particularly Solar System photoplays. I'll be back on the thirtieth!

(*Exit President.*)

About this time each year, with spring hovering on the horizon, we like to select our yearly silverscreen baseball teams. Here's our choice for this year of our Lord, 1919, femininity coming first:

Outfield—Nazimova, Norma Talmadge, Elsie Ferguson.

First base—Mary Pickford.

Second base—Constance Talmadge.

Short stop—Louise Fazenda.

Third base—Gladys Leslie.

Pitchers—Theda Bara, Alice Joyce.

Catcher—May Allison.

Subs—Madge Kennedy, Dorothy Gish.

And the team of mere men would be:

Outfield—Elliott Dexter, Henry Walthall, Herbert Rawlinson.

First base—Charlie Chaplin.

Second base—Dick Barthelmess.

Short stop—Wallie Reid.

Third base—
Conway Tearle.

Pitcher—Bill Hart.

Catcher—Charlie Ray.

There are no subs. We had all we could do to make a full team.

And for umpires we'd name Cecil De Mille and Maurice Tourneur.

What a neat idea it was for Samuel Goldfish to change his name to Samuel Goldwyn, because he heads Goldwyn Pictures. Wouldn't it be whimsical to go further and have Adolph Paramount, Richard A. Metro and Carl Bluebird?

If there's anything more permanent and unbreakable than David Griffith's doors, we want to see it. It takes a whole Hun army five hundred celluloid feet to smash one of them down.

Henry Ford has invaded the educational weekly field. In other words, Henry hopes to educate the films. Most millionaires are educated by the films on entering the game. Boy, page Mr. Hearst.

A new screen company has just been launched yclept the Gold Coin Company. And Sidney M. Golden is the organizer.

Just as we type this—with the mercury flirting with the zero mark—we learn that Theda Bara is playing a hula-hula lassie in a South Sea picture termed "Creation's Tears." And with relief we discover that the Florida coast and not Fort Lee is playing the rôle of the Pacific isle.

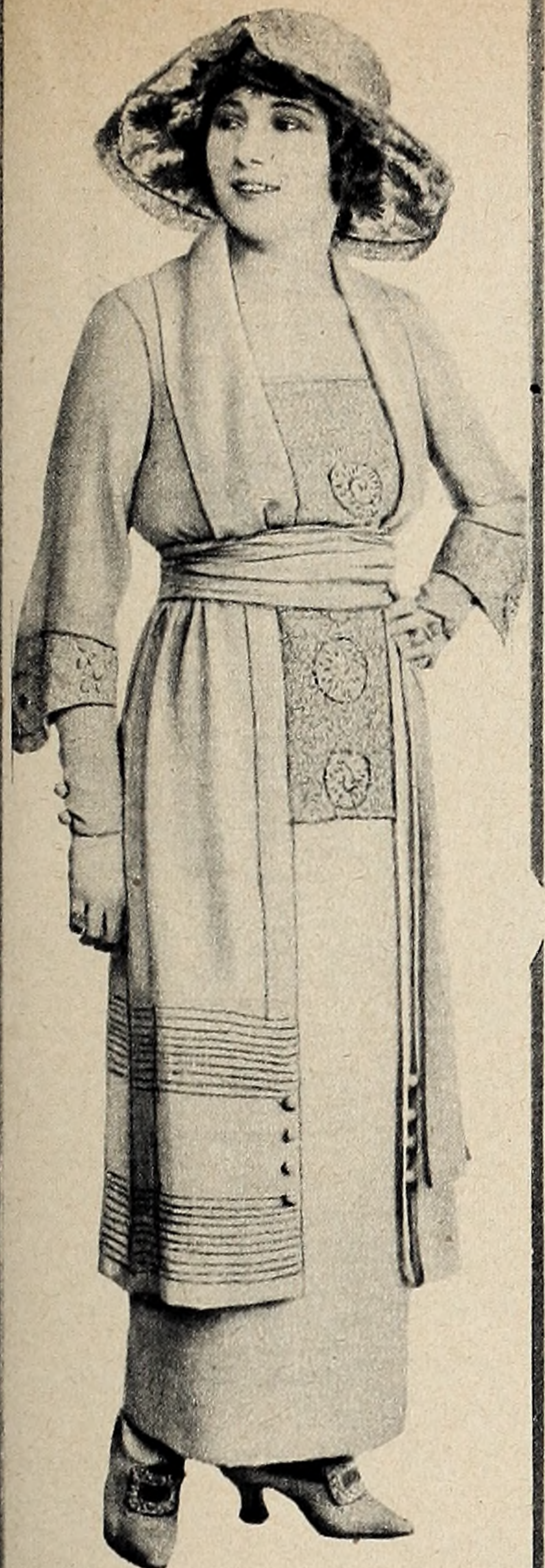
Out in India they are protesting about American photoplays because they show kissing. Like the Pennsylvania censors, they think it the height of impropriety for a man to kiss a woman. Consequently, their favorite dramas are the American news weeklies.

The Egyptian rights to Theda Bara's "Cleopatra" have just been sold. Now if the Egyptian board of censors will only stop the production or something, we'll have an interesting publicity story.

William Fox predicts that Western pictures will come back strong this year. Yes, Fox produced the Tom Mix and Bill Farnum Westerns. And Carl Laemmle is quite sure that war stories will remain in popularity. Carl has "The Heart of Humanity" and several others on hand. There's nothing like getting impartial views on things.

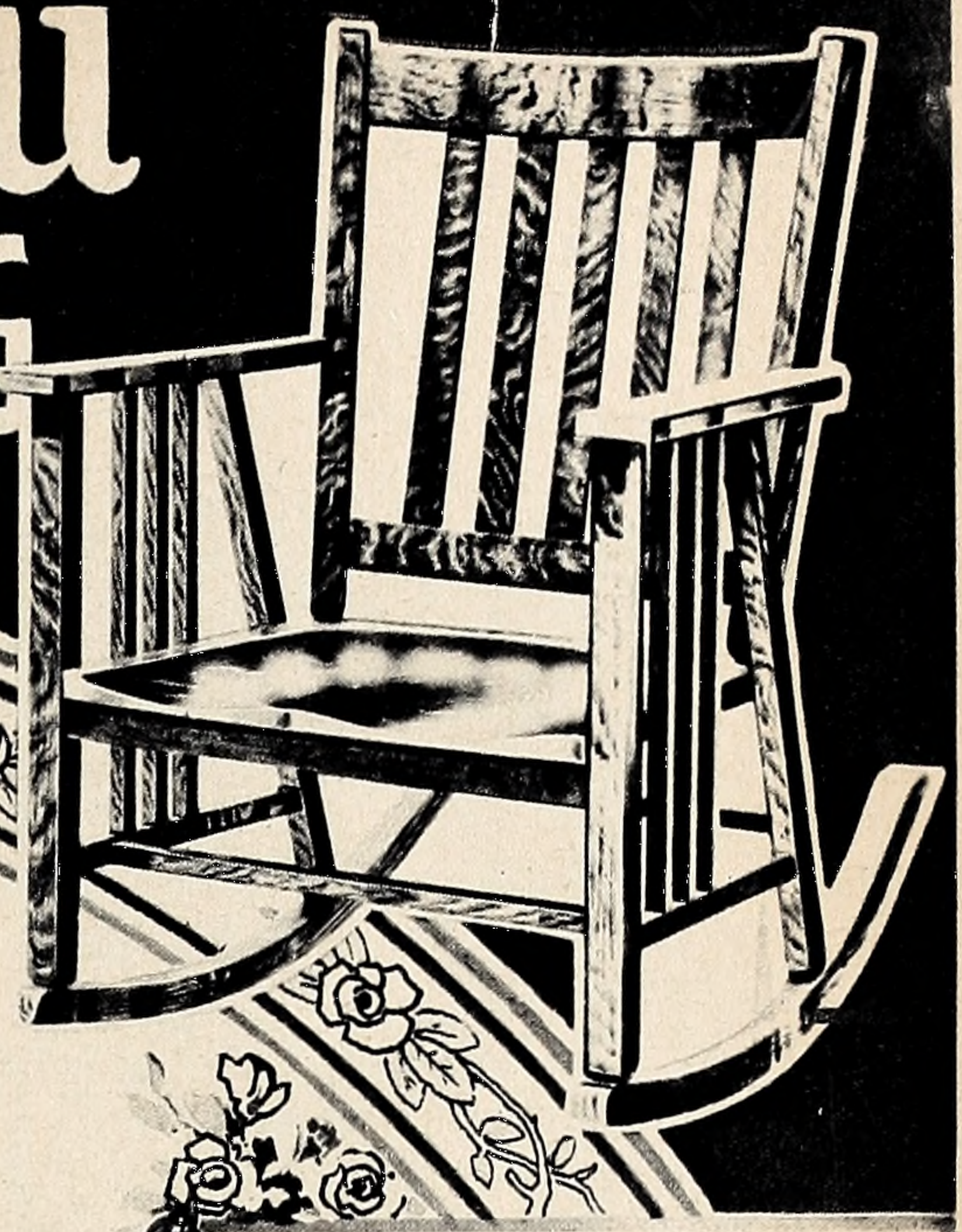
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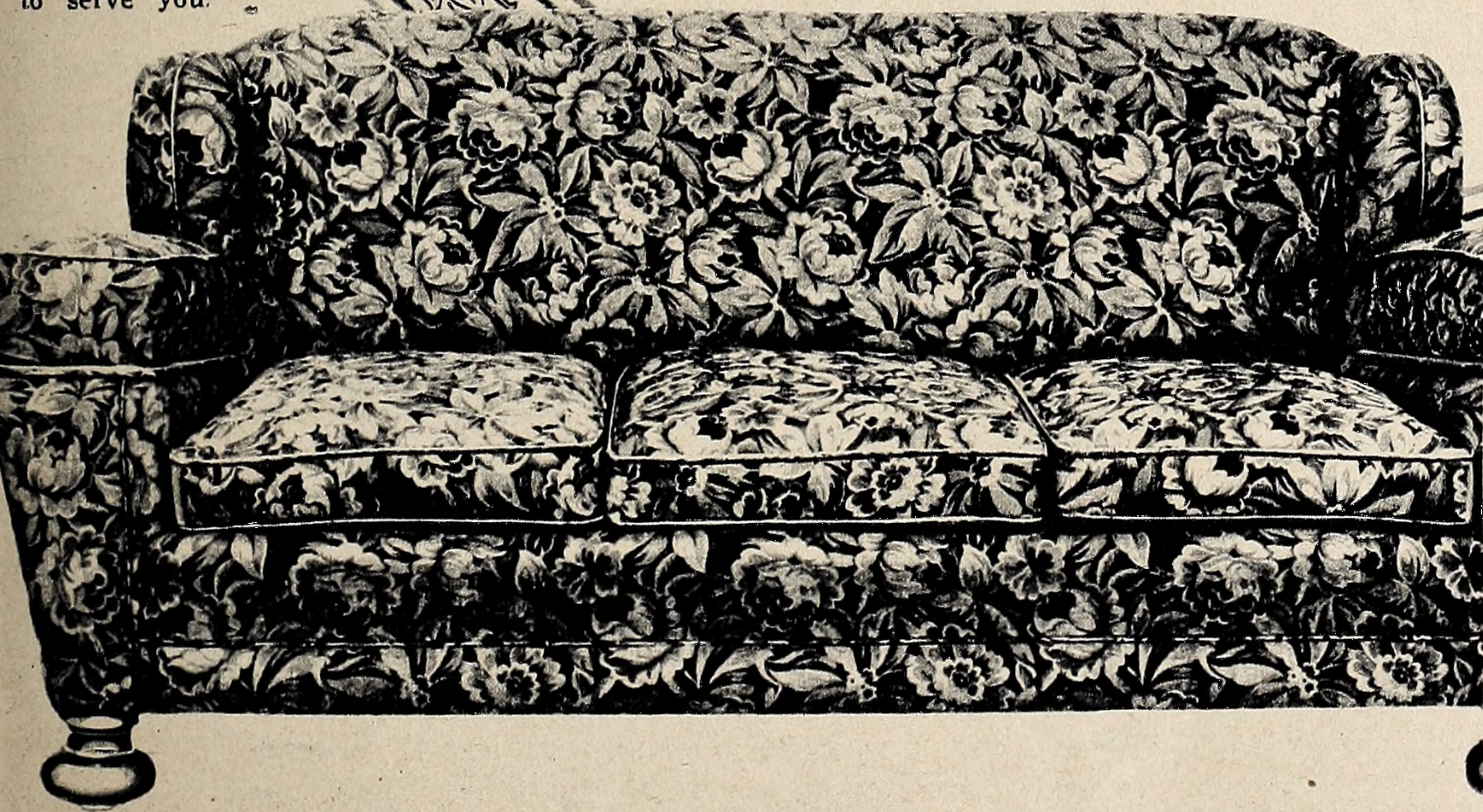


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After the War—What?

(Continued from page 19)

and political life. The returned soldier is going to play a mighty part in the next national political campaign and in him there is room for a vital picture.

Political observers predict that a soldier candidate will be put forward by one of the older parties in the next campaign to offset a socialistic tendency feared by political machines.

Will the big photoplay deal with the problem of women in business—the problem of the woman who supplants the absent soldier and who must now fight for her very existence? Will women, broadened and developed by participation in world activities, be satisfied to step backward?

Will it deal with the varying phases of socialism, something that goes deeper than looking upon every socialist as a be-whiskered gentleman with a bomb in each hand?

Or will it present the new—and ideal—American home, wherein the man and the woman live, work, achieve and dream together, for the war has advanced femininity to this position? Here is a subject of extreme significance.

The director to catch this great new subject and enmesh it in celluloid will be the next Griffith. Will Griffith himself do it, or will it be Ince, Tourneur, De Mille or any one of a dozen promising creating men of the studios? Does the genius to do this big picture lie in Griffith, with his singular ability to handle masses and his equally singular inability to get away from the melodramatic chase; in Tourneur, with his painter's sense of beautiful pictures and his semi-Parisian viewpoint; in Ince, who seems to have lost his splendid scenario sense; in De Mille, looking upon life with the eye of the theater but steadily advancing; or, indeed, in any one now on the horizon?

Or will a new movie genius come out of the West?

Seeking the ideas of the foremost men of the silver screen on the problem, we wired to David W. Griffith. He does not believe that a great public problem will be the subject of big future pictures. "I believe that it will be more or less as it was before this war," he says. "The exhaustless storehouse of humanity, always waiting to be exploited, lies in the primitive desires, loves and elusive hopes of the human heart. I am afraid that the problems succeeding the war change from day to day, each new day bringing a new problem; that when building a photoplay on any one, you take the chance of having it a back number by the time it is released."

Maurice Tourneur believes in the screen wholly as an amusement organ. "I consider it a mistake to build photoplays around problems," he wired emphatically. "Photoplays are for entertainment and should be entirely independent of world problems, which form topics for lectures, newspapers and magazines."

(Continued on page 72)

Sunlight on White Velvet

(Continued from page 21)

Apropos of the desk, it might not be inappropriate to say that Miss Doro loves antiques and has a habit of finding the most beautiful objects in the most unexpected places.

I was glad that it was the twilight hour and that the shaded lamps were lit, for that is the hour that welds people closer, it is the hour of confidences. Miss Doro easily achieved the unusual by looking dainty in a dark-blue serge dress such as any schoolgirl would wear, and the impossible by looking dignified while curled up on a davenport.

We spoke of many things; her forthcoming trip to Europe and how glad she is to be going to do pictures under the direction of Herbert Brenon, whom she considers one of the really great directors; of her former trips abroad, some twenty or so in number, when she was starring on the stage in "The Morals of Marcus" and "Diplomacy"; of life and its oddities; of art and its expression; of marriage.

Altho she is very learned, Marie Doro's eyes—yes, manner—express a certain naïveté. There is about her a certain dependence, and yet one could not call her dependent. Perhaps one would better say there is a certain confidence and trust in her attitude towards the world. She possesses a lack of pose which makes her own charm distinctive, but spirituality is her chief aura.

We were speaking of geniuses.

"Why will people simply read the old masters and believe them without exerting their own reasoning powers?" she said. "For instance, Carlyle's oft-quoted and constantly believed definition, 'Genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains.' When you stop to analyze it, you know that isn't true. Geniuses are people that are able to do all things well, which means simply that they are intelligent. They specialize in one certain method of self-expression. If they possess humor, the ability to laugh at themselves and not to become so blinded that they cannot see their own mistakes when admirers flatter, then their genius will accomplish great things."

Miss Doro is fond of music. She thinks her real mode of self-expression should have been the piano, but the opportunities for recognition in the musical world are fewer than on the stage. Consequently her intelligence counsels her not to be dissatisfied with her success as an actress.

"Do you know," said Marie Doro, "my greatest satisfaction has come from seeing Elliott succeed." (Is it necessary for me to remark for the—ionth time that in private life Marie Doro is Mrs. Elliott Dexter?)

"Elliott has been so perfectly contented to go on day after day making pictures, without any wild ambition for vast popularity or stardom, that it delights me to see him pushed ahead, almost in spite of himself."

(Continued on page 81)

The Mysterious Miss Clayton

(Continued from page 51)

to be a good one." In the metropolis, however, she found so much to do and to see that she did not go near any of the booking offices. "I didn't care about bothering over the stage," she said, simply. However, it seems that she came in contact with a friend of O'Reilly, a well-known Middle West theatrical manager, who was in New York hunting for a satisfactory leading woman. O'Reilly came, saw and was conquered, and he offered her the place, but his company was in Minneapolis, and she wanted to return to Chicago, and she turned him down.

After she had returned to Chicago, O'Reilly came and repeated his offer. "He asked me," she said, "if it was a matter of salary, and I told him that I would not consider any salary, that I did not care to go."

O'Reilly, repulsed, returned to Minneapolis and permitted several weeks to pass. Then he hit upon the brilliant expedient of sending a money order to pay the expenses of herself and her mother to Minneapolis. And they went.

What happened next? O'Reilly received his deserved reward. Her success was assured from her first appearance on his stage. As I learnt this, my eye wandered to the groups of waiting extras at the studio, contrasting their precarious lot with what Fate had given to Miss Clayton. She followed my gaze and, with that subconscious intelligence which is the core of her mystery, read my thought.

"I believe," she said, "that a girl starting in now should have some independent means of livelihood. I do not see how it is possible to live on an extra girl's pay. There are so many of them, you know; and then, too, work is so uncertain. Yes, a girl must have something to tide her over until she grows tired of the whole thing and goes home."

The same pressure from outside that put her on the stage swung her from stage to screen in the palmy days of the Lubin Company. Lurid melodrama, with the action that goes with it, were her portion in those days. Then the World won her away from Lubin.

Before we parted she gave me a standing invitation to tea with her in her cozy bungalow in Hollywood, and I am going to accept it some day, because I like her. As we very, very seldom really like people who form interrogation points in our minds, I explain my liking for Ethel Clayton by the absence of any sham, pose or affectation in her. Of one thing I feel sure. I may have tea with her many times, we may, and I hope we will, be friends for many years, but I do not think I will ever know her any better or that her best friend knows her better than I, a casual acquaintance, know her now, and all I have said to you and written for you here is a confession that I have no plumb for her depth.

(Sixty-two)

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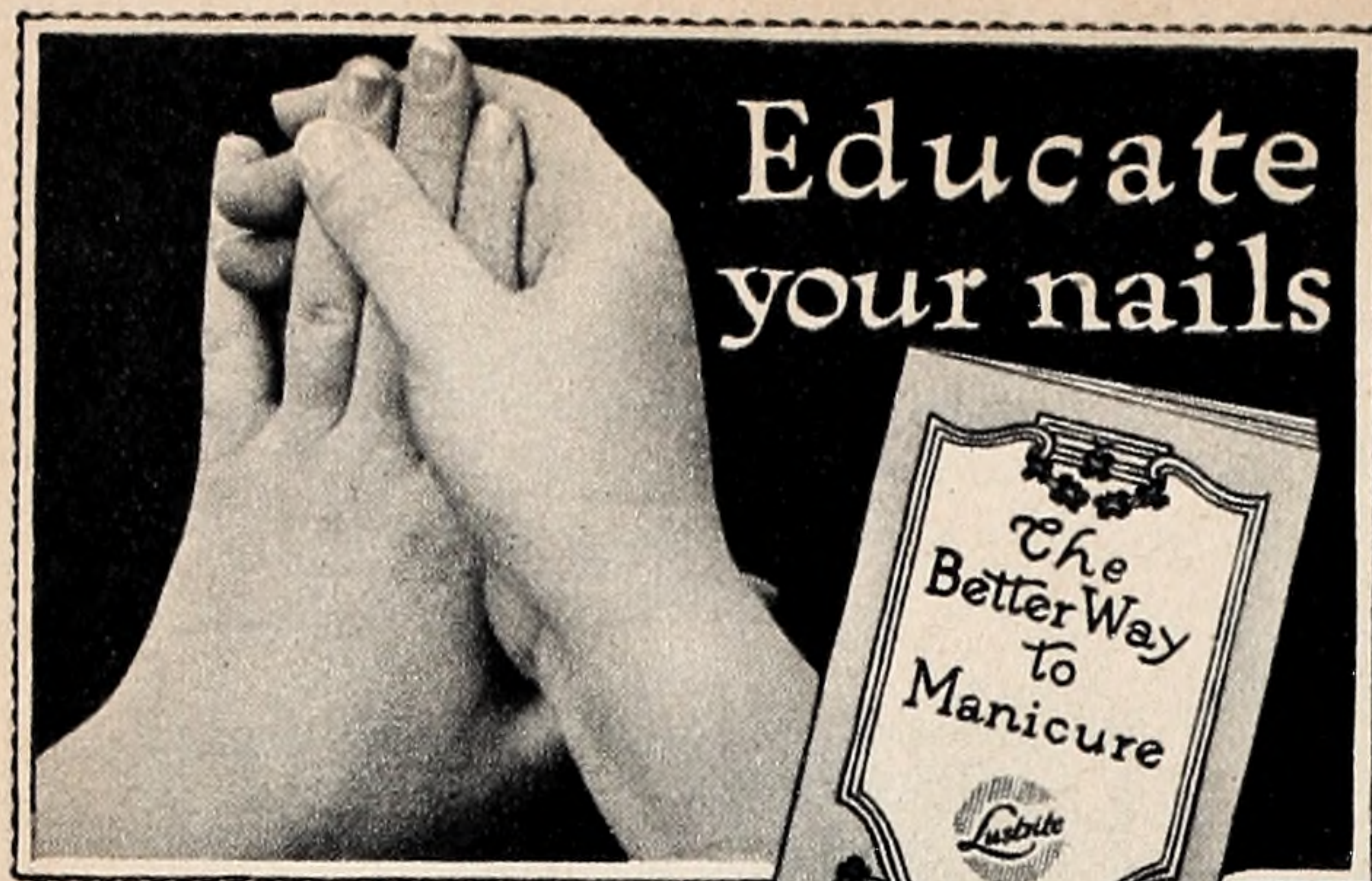
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The Brownie Who Became a Star

(Continued from page 32)



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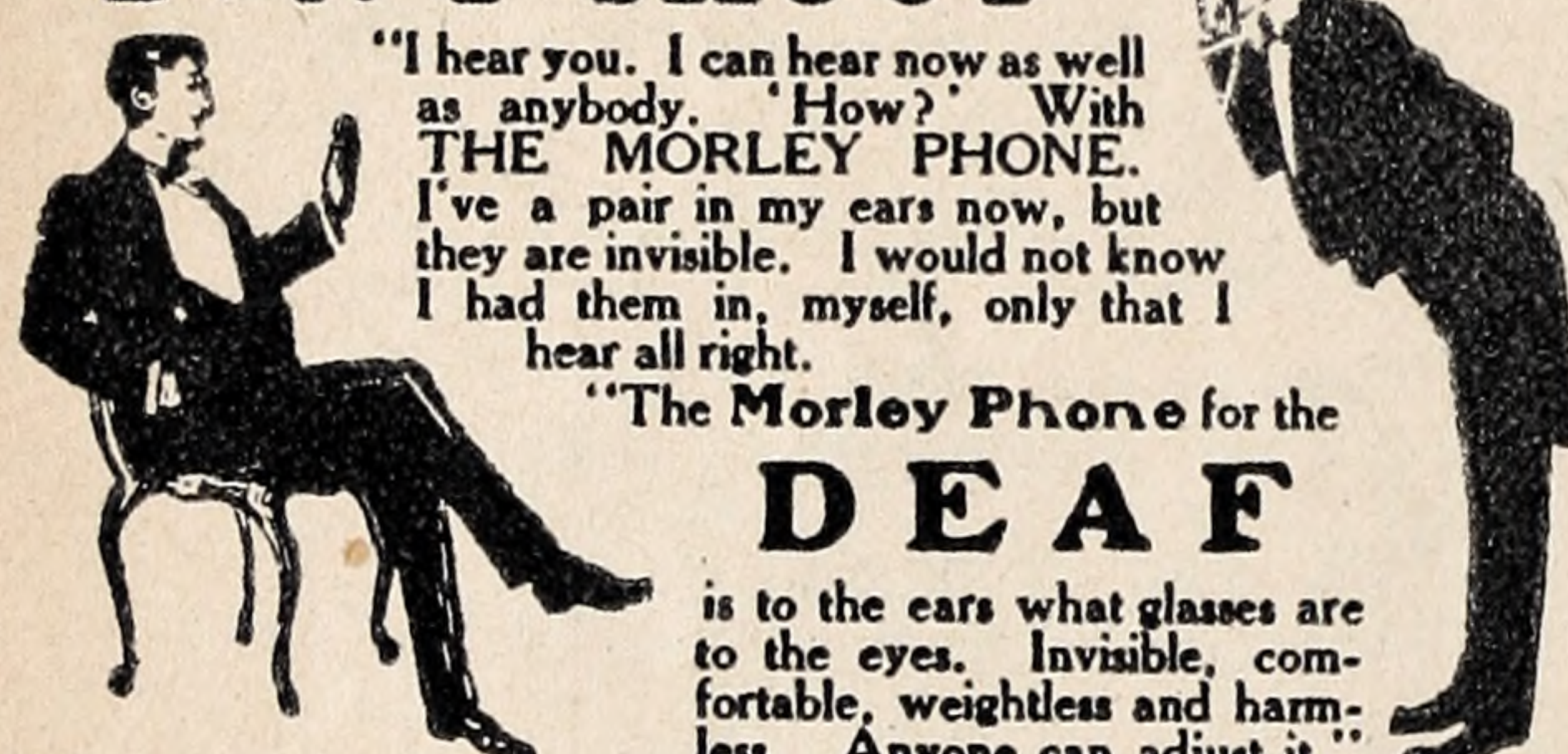
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Singing Speaking
 Stammering Lipping

For instance, I had hocked my time-piece in Nashville in order to get north, so when it came to rising I would have been at a loss if it had not been for the friendly church nearby which rang the hours each morning. Then I'd sit up in bed, gaze at the Hotel Normandie clock, decide whether I'd do without breakfast—a decision I often made without much mental effort but with bodily discomfort—and so got along splendidly without my ticker."

But it only lasted a short time, that famine period. Mr. Lewis soon had an engagement with "A Chinese Honeymoon," a musical comedy which enjoyed a long run. In fact, he stuck by it for two years.

Then followed a summer engagement with pictures in the old Reliance Company. In those days producers like William Brady refused to engage actors for the stage who had ever been tempted by the films. It was a case of earning a living, so Mr. Lewis defied fate and tried the screen. Really, it was Phillips Smalley who introduced him to the new idea with the remark, "Easy money, Mitch, easy money. Do try it out." After one picture was finished there was a change of directors, and the new director didn't like Mr. Lewis' lack of arm motion.

As the actor was tall, he refused to become a human semaphore and was promptly discharged. He drifted back to the stage, and, when another dearth of engagements arose, his good angel, Phillips Smalley, again ran into Mr. Lewis' receptive embrace. There were three or four pictures with the Rex concern, then a trip to England, where Mr. Lewis played Nobody in "Everywoman." He'd never worn a dress suit or tile hat before, but English society demands caused him to buy the first evening uniform.

On returning to the States a number of theatrical engagements followed, and then a very queer circumstance put Mr. Lewis into pictures forever 'n' ever. He had met an old-time friend, Syd Bracy, one day, who asked him to come to a lovely spot called New Rochelle, where he might possibly find an engagement with Thanouser Films. Mr. Mitchell was living uptown in New York at 181st street and one morning he started off for a walk and finally a ride on the road to West Farms. Seeing a car marked New Rochelle, he boarded it with the idea, "Guess I'll go and call on Bracy."

Alighting at New Rochelle, he found the Thanouser plant and a man outside wildly waving his arms and saying, "For goodness' sake, hurry up; we've been waiting for you for over an hour!"

Mr. Lewis said, "Waiting for me? I guess not. I don't know anybody here but Mr. Bracy."

The excitable individual shouted, "Sure you do! You're to play with Mr. Heffron. What's the matter with you, loony?"

Mr. Lewis didn't know really just who

was the goat, but he said weakly, "didn't have any engagement here; I just thought I'd call on Syd Bracy—"

"Ah, g'long with you. Trying to kid me? You're Mitch Lewis, aren't you? Well, you're playing a part in this thing all right, and you'd better rush along now or you'll get yourself in wrong."

Mr. Lewis never did know how the thing happened. No light was ever thrown on the subject, and whether he got a telepathic message in his dream which sent him out that warm morning or whether some one at the studio erre no one can say. Anyway, he was told to put on a false mustache, wear the clothes he'd come in and play a blackhand part.

After that followed "The Million Dollar Mystery," with Marguerite Snow, Flo La Badie and Jimmy Cruze. Then he did "The Barrier" and was asked to go on the stage with Nazimova in "Cephalion Shoals," but liked films so well that time that he's never gone on the boards again.

Just before our interview Mr. Lewis was to do a big feature which required snow, but as it hasn't snowed even a Big Bear, California, thus far, the company put on "Children of Banishment" which is filmed in the Yosemite.

Mr. Mitchell is a pure type of Canuck—swarthy, dark-eyed, easy of movement—a man who feels at home in the clothes of the Westerner and who hates dress-up. In connection with this he related a humorous incident connected with his first Western appearance. He'd been invited to a big reception at one of the motion picture plants to celebrate the building of a glass stage. He hated doll up, but thought he must for once put on the best he had, and so sallied forth in dinner coat and top hat.

Having sacrificed everything for the sake of high society, he was intensely astonished to find that Los Angeles folks love soft hats, comfortable suits and ornate put on claw-hammers under protest.

"You should have seen me," said Mr. Lewis mournfully. "I was the only man in a dinner coat—save the waiters! I don't think I have gotten those tops out of the closet since. I wear soft caps or hats, and as I work so much on location—am even now getting ready for six or eight weeks in the wilds of California—you may know I don't need much wardrobe. I'd hate to be a dolly-dolly leading man, I would!"

And Mitchell Lewis, creator of countless out-of-door types, shivered at the mere idea of crimped silk shirts and high collars.

Juanita Hansen was loaned to Lois Weber to appear with Anita Stewart in her first production. Many of the scenes for this play were filmed on the seventh floor of the Hotel Alexandria, where Miss Stewart has a suite of rooms. Miss Weber likes to use the real thing instead of sets, and often borrows handsome houses for her interior scenes, or uses hotels, as in the present instance.



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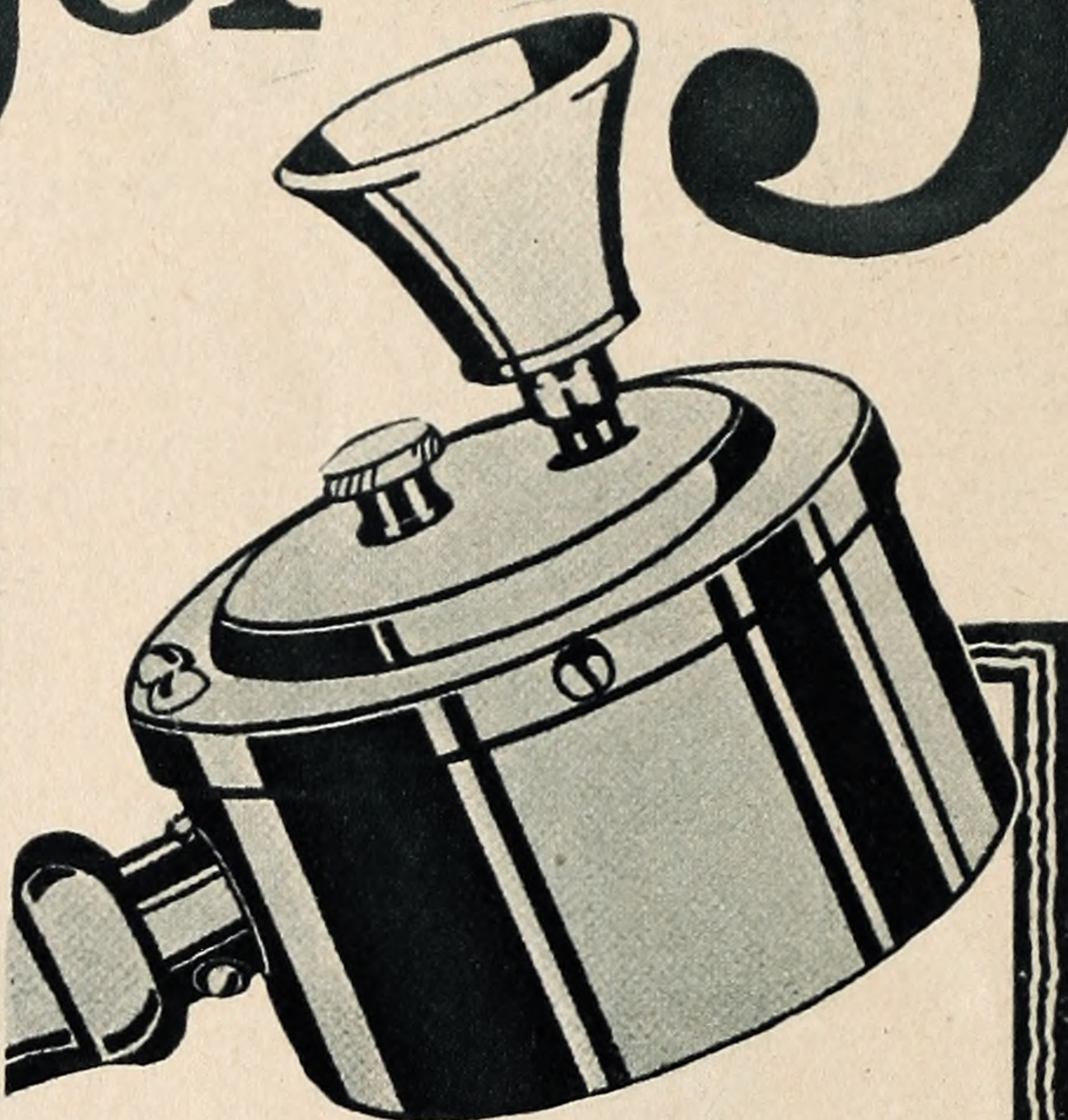


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taking of that comedy he never left the floor while the work was going on. In these circumstances Ballin accomplished fully his own notion of the artist's part in the films. He has expressed it thus:

"In designing any scene in a photoplay I have in mind not only the general purposes for which the set will be used, but I visualize mentally, after a careful reading of the scenario, the positions of the players in the setting at this and another moment of the play. Thus I have mental pictures of so many vital compositions of figures and backgrounds, and when I design a bench here or a window there I know before the scenery has been built just how the actual scene in the photoplay will appear on the screen, just what the relationships between the persons and things in the scene will be, just what effects will be produced and just what drama will flow from striking this, that or another note in composition."

The success of "Baby Mine"—a production by Ballin—was unquestioned. Perhaps it was too great—or the success of the other artists too slight. At any rate, Shinn and Cotton disappeared from Goldwyn's ranks and the whole load of art direction was cheerfully thrust on Ballin's shoulders. Ballin has tried to do on five or six simultaneous productions the same intensive work that he did on "Baby Mine." Naturally he hasn't succeeded.

Perhaps the extent of the work Ballin has tried to do accounts for the fact that he has not conquered completely the conservatism that hangs round even the young a thing as a motion picture studio. Some day, for instance, he is going to do a love scene against a semicircular setting composed of nothing more than a wall of enlarged Persian patterns. Some day he will save his studio thousands of dollars by building most of his scenery out of draperies and shadows. He lacks the hardihood to believe that it does not pay to build solid compo-board walls with carved moldings that are almost entirely hidden in the deep shadows of the best modern lighting. Doors, fireplaces, furniture—and light and shadow—these are all a photoplay needs.

All this is a matter of the future. It will happen. The date will be about the time that the leaders of the industry will cover from the idea that spending a lot of money is the way to make a lot of money—not to mention art. It may occur sooner if some producer now howling over the frightful costs and losses begins to do a little thinking.

While Ballin waits he can look back with a smile on the first day of real progress made in the Goldwyn studio at Fort Lee. The photoplay was "Fields of Honor," the first production of the new firm. The director wanted a hall. At first he met the theory of simplicity for the first time. There was a battle royal. The decision hung in the balance. Finally the director gave in. Yes, the hall would be simple. He would see to that himself. And so—more or less of

(Continued on page 74)

Cheating Cheaters

(Continued from page 42)

"I agree, I guess," he added; "poor . . ."

"If she squeals," said Steve, and felt the pocket where his gun had been before the coppers relieved him of it.

When Nan did come in she was guilt-white. Her head was lowered and as she passed the expectant gangs her eyes were averted. Tom gave up hope. Nell Brockton attempted aplomb. "Is it Ferriss, Nan?" she asked. "Is it Ferriss that got on to us?"

Nan looked at them. Her eyes were unusually kindly, even compassionate. She had the expression of one who looks at little children who have been very naughty and must, perforce, be dealt with.

"Yes," she said, "it is Ferriss." There was a long pause, during which Detective Holmes stood in the doorway. Then Ruth raised her head. "Boys," she said, "I am Ferriss—Ruth Ferriss."

A gasp rose up and seemed to smite against the grimy ceiling. Tom Palmer whistled, very, very softly. Under his breath he murmured, "Clever, oh, clever," and Ruth heard him, for her calm mouth quivered. She turned to Detective Holmes. "Mr. Palmer," she said, "is the leader of the Palmer gang. I should like to have a little talk with him before I explain matters to the others. Will you take these other ladies and gentlemen out for a few moments?"

When they were alone, Tom turned to Ruth and laughed. "You've got the whole pack, Miss Ferriss," he said. "Tell me quickly how you are going to dispose of us."

Ruth came over to him and took him by the lapels of his coat. There, in that semi-sodden room, her face glowed like an early rose. "Tell me, rather," she said softly, "how you are going to dispose of me."

Tom stared at her. "You mean . . .?"

"I said at length.

"That some women can only love once. I am one of those women, Tom."

After a close silence, Ruth raised her head. "I was a reporter on one of the dailies," she said. "A bit of my work attracted the attention of the detective agencies, and one of them offered me a job. I was successful on small cases. They gave me this big one—to get the Brockton gang. I got in with George Brockton—went abroad with him to keep a line on him—met you; saw your heroism when that sub got us. Tom Palmer, do you suppose I could condemn a man who would throw away his life that a sick child might go aboard—to safety? Do you? Well, I came back with the Brockton gang, who had been commissioned to 'get' the Palmer gang. And, so you see . . ."

"And now . . .?"

"Well, now I am going to give every last one of both gangs a chance to go straight. I went in to 'get' you. I have come out, liking all of you, believing in you."

(Continued on page 81)

(Sixty-seven)

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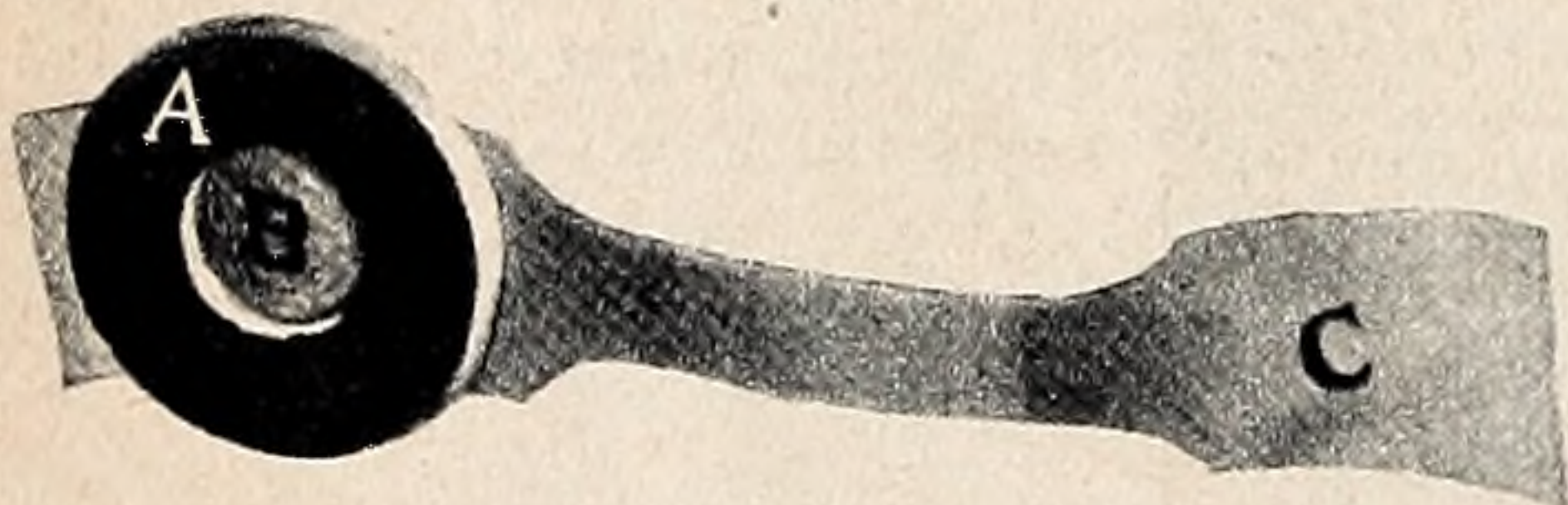
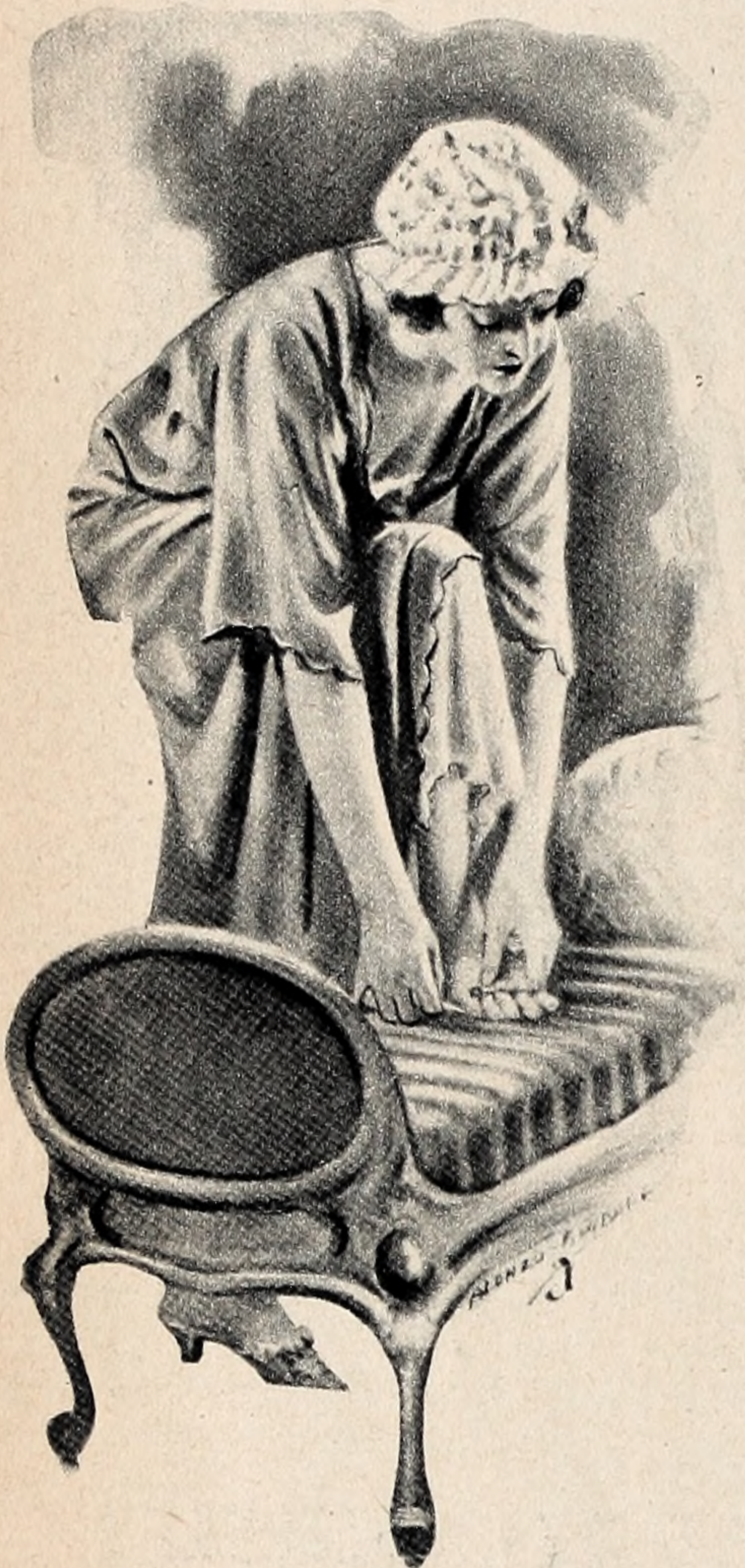
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Little Comrade

(Continued from page 30)

Genevieve smiled ruefully. "You see," she confessed, "I was awfully lazy this afternoon and I didn't get my stunt done. Besides, I'm not a very—a very talented farmerette yet!" She looked down at her puffy, calloused palms drearily. "I don't like being a farmerette as much as I thought I was going to, but I'm not going to be a Benjamin!"

"A what?" he asked, bewilderedly, and for the second time that day Genevieve explained the unflattering term. At the end he laughed shortly, as though he did it to keep himself from crying.

"So ma said that, did she?" He stared down at his big, lax hands. "So ma still believes in me—"

Genevieve looked at him, without surprise. "You're Bobbie!" She laid one of her blackened little paws on his sleeve. "Oh, I'm so glad! I wanted to ask you—do you hate your job very much?"

He choked over his reply. "I despise it! Practicing to kill men! Think of it—oh, it's beastly! It makes me sick—"

"I know just exactly how," she nodded eagerly. "This morning in the chicken-house I felt like that. I just wanted to give up and run away!"

He had her hand in his now, but neither of them noticed it. "And you—you didn't!" he marveled. "You stayed!"

"Of course," Genevieve said, matter-of-factly. "We've just got to win the war, haven't we? But it's pretty hard on the Benjamins."

The boy rose to his feet, straightening his sagging shoulders. He still held the small, friendly hand, so perforce she rose with him and stood, looking up, very far up, for he was so very tall.

"Listen, little comrade!" Bobbie said, with a queer, shamed smile. "I'm not supposed to be here, but I thought I couldn't go on at the camp. Now I'm going back and try it again. You've made me feel as if I could somehow."

His tone seemed to beg her to understand. "Of course," she soothed him, "of course you can. Your mother knows it and so do I!"

"You're a trump!" His grip on her fingers tightened. "But if you'd—I don't suppose you'd be willing to—to write once in a while, would you? And sort of keep my courage up, you know—"

A little silence hovered over them, full of the soft, unheard sound of unsaid things. Then slowly Genevieve nodded. "If you'll write and keep up mine!" she smiled.

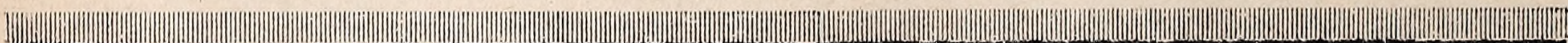
He tore a leaf from a notebook, scribbled an address on it and thrust it into her hands. "It's a bargain," he said, "and don't tell any one I was here. It might get me in bad. Good-by, little comrade! Good-by till the next time!"

"Good-by, Benjamin!"

He was gone, a tall, lean, shadow-figure vanishing among the other shadows. Standing stock-still where he had left her, Genevieve reached up and felt her cheek tentatively. "I believe," she

(Sixty-eight)

BAUER & BLACK,



old the moon astonishedly, "why, I do believe—he kist me!"

Up in the heavens the wise old moon gave a cosmic chuckle and hid his aughter in a cloud.

"Some one," announced Farmer Hubbard, severely, the next morning, "some one of you—I dont know who and I'm not instituting any guessing contest—was seen by one o' my busy-face neighbors talking with a feller in uniform pretty nigh midnight last night in the south field." His eyes rested shrewdly on the confessing crimson of the face under the jaunty satin tam. "Now, God knows I warn't cut out to chapyrone a young ladies' seminary. So all I got to say is if it happens again I'm a-going to take steps to find out for sure which gel it is!"

Genevieve Rutherford Hale glanced timidly about the circle of averted faces and her small chin went up proudly. Let them suppose what they were low enough to suppose. She marched away from the whispering group, carrying her hoe over one silken shoulder martially.

But in the lonely days that followed it took all her new-found courage to meet their silent hostility. Bertha Bicknell alone was kind to her in a gruff and unwilling fashion, but the others were frankly resentful of her presence, altho they could no longer find fault with her work.

She fed chickens, milked cows, weeded, pitched hay without a murmur, a colorful, resolute little figure in her exotic costumes. But at night she was never too tired to brush her hair and do it up in curlers, and cold-cream her face and hands. Consequently, while the rest of the farmerettes displayed wispy, uncared for locks and complexions the hue and texture of old leather, Genevieve was as pink and white and dainty as a Harrison Fisher poster girl. And this, too, they laid against her.

It was on the downhill side of summer when Genevieve, looking up from her task one afternoon, saw Farmer Hubbard striding toward her with thunderous brow, an unopened letter in his hand. She took it, the swift, telltale color racing to her temples as she saw the handwriting.

"How long, Miss," grated the farmer, "has my son Bobbie been writing to you?"

She met his angry gaze steadily, without replying. Her silence nagged him into cruelty. "You never knowed him before you come here, so you must have written him first! There's a special name for your kind o' a girl—the bold, forward kind that goes round picking up strange young men!"

He wheeled on his heel and strode away, muttering. With flashing eyes, Genevieve watched the broad, stubborn back disappear. "I'll go home!" she cried. "I'll leave this dreadful place—these hateful people—"

Then her glance fell on the letter in her hand and she paused. "No!" she said at last, "no, I wont run away. I'll

stay—and fight a little private war right here. I promised *him* I'd stick and I will!"

Over their breakfast of ham and eggs the farmerettes the next morning were frankly jubilant.

"That was a great idea of yours, Bert, taking her clothes!" tittered the freckled girl. "She'll never put on the overalls you left her, and we'll be rid of her."

A rustle in the doorway drew their eyes to the radiant vision framed therein—a vision with becomingly waved and arranged red-gold curls above a smock of soft white silk, hand-stencilled and laced with a dull blue cord the exact shade of the wide eyes that blazed above its jaunty bow. It was apparent to all of them that this was a new Genevieve Rutherford Hale, a defiant Genevieve, confident, assertive, belligerent.

"You overlooked this suit in the closet," she said, calmly, "and if you dont give back the others I will have you arrested! You cant bully me into going away. I enlisted for the summer, and I'm going to stay!"

She gazed about at them almost—yes—actually pityingly. "You poor, homely things!" she said, gently. "You dont serve your country one bit better by being so homely—it makes a person's eyes ache to look at you!"

Across the lawn toward the grape arbor came two figures. Still speechless, the farmerettes watched Mr. Hubbard hold out his hand to Genevieve. "Bobbie here has told me all you did for him," he said, awkwardly. "I—I reckon I was wrong. I reckon we've all been wrong from the beginning—"

It was his apology, and she recognized it as such, but before she could answer, the other newcomer pushed by the older man and caught her two hands in his own. Big and bronzed and gallant in his uniform, Bobbie Hubbard stood gazing down at the slim, dainty loveliness of her with his heart glowing in his honest boy-eyes. Seeing which, the farmer and the farmerettes stole away and left them.

In the dormitory, they regarded each other's unadornment furtively. The freckled girl was the first to break the silence. Frowning, she turned away from the unflattering mirror.

"Did you *see* the way he looked at her?" she queried. Then, thoughtfully, "I dont suppose any of you have got a pair of curling-tongs that I could borrow."

The Silent Star of the Silent Drama (Continued from page 38)

which was serving as a seat, determined to fathom these mystic forces. Ah, there it was—the first ray! I began to suspect that the psychic waves which passed between director and the wonderwoman had their origin in the tapping of the former's foot!

Later, I learnt the whole story of this remarkable system of directing. Mrs. Anne Sullivan Macy, Miss Keller's fa-



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mous instructor, describes the scene to her by means of their touch language, thus: "Helen, you are seated at the piano in a richly furnished music-room, and when the director taps his foot once, you run your fingers lightly over the keys, showing how much you enjoy the harmonies. When he taps twice, you leave the piano and walk toward the door and, with the next tap, you greet the friends who are arriving for your musicale." She then goes thru one rehearsal to learn the location of the furniture and is then ready for the motion picture camera.

It moves along without a break, for, despite the seeming cross currents of many noises, Miss Keller unerringly distinguishes the footsteps of the director, which reach her thru vibration, a sort of wireless, by which he directs her movements.

In another scene, she visits a hospital ward to speak cheering words to the sick soldiers. Going to one of the beds and placing her fingers on the soldier's lips, she asks how he was wounded. There is a world of sweet compassion on her face, and as he answers her question, her varying expressions distinctly registers his story.

George Foster Platt, who is directing this unique production, is deeply interested in developing this unprecedented method. At first it was thought that it would be necessary to establish an electrical device by which they could communicate with Miss Keller while on the "set," but it was soon found that this would not be needed, as her finely attuned senses could be easily reached by the simple method of foot-tapping.

When I asked Miss Keller why she was making a picture, she said: "My answer is brief—because I want to reach the masses! I believe I have a message to deliver to all humanity, and the motion picture is the only way to reach them. It speaks the universal language. It is life, it is humanity. It is the greatest force in modern civilization. I shall never see my own picture, my eyes can never behold the results of my work. My ears can never hear the exclamations of the people as they look on my picture, but I shall be happy if it makes them happier—if it gives them hope and courage to fight their battles for existence. I love humanity, it loves pictures, therefore I love them."

So into that world apart in which she lives, she recognizes the full significance of her work and, indeed, it seems as if this were the crowning effort of a full and profitable life.

It was Mark Twain who once said, "The two greatest people are Napoleon, who conquered the military world, and Helen Keller, who, conquering the spiritual world, returned to conquer the material!"

Surely the "silent drama" will speak as never before as the lofty thoughts of this marvelous woman are registered on the screen to carry her inspiring message to all hearts!

Caught in Dressing-Room No. 10

(Continued from page 49)

thinking. I don't want to be Harry Morey in any part that I play in a picture. After all, the great mass of picture-goers come to see a play. If the play is acted by good stars and supports, so much the better, but the play can't succeed if an actor substitutes his own personality for the character that's been created by the author of the play. Take 'Within the Law,' for example. You may remember that I played the part of Joe Garson in that picture, and I tried to be Joe Garson, and did my utmost to keep Harry Morey out of the story. The personality of Harry Morey had no place in 'Within the Law.' If it had been permitted to creep in, it would have spoiled the picture for the spectators, because they were interested in Joe Garson.

"And, along the same line, if they were to find that Joe Garson in 'Within the Law' was exactly the same kind of a fellow as the other parts that I have played, Joe Garson would not be worthy of their interest.

"It all comes down to this. Each photoplay necessarily deals with a different character. If all the characters were alike, there would be no interest in moving pictures. If an actor permits his characterizations all to be the same, it amounts to the same thing. Every one of his pictures shows the same character, with a different name and perhaps a little change in make-up, but they are all the same.

"Playing character leads, if you are willing to study your characterizations and make them live, is the very finest kind of work. I'd a whole lot rather do character leads than the conventional heroes, because the poor hero in the ordinary dress-suit picture can go so far and no farther. His work is cut out and laid down for him. He is surrounded by etiquette and convention, and he has got to be nice and set a good example, and all that sort of thing.

"Can't you see how much more fun I get by playing a river pirate in one picture, an African diamond miner in another, a roughneck longshoreman in a third, and so on?"

"And what I said to you a few minutes ago about the importance of the play goes strong for me. Fortunately, we have come to that point in motion picture work where good production is a matter of course. Photography, settings, locations, lighting, all of the things that make up the artistic and technical side of photoplay work must be of the highest type in any kind of a picture. We take that for granted and it is nothing to brag about any more. The same thing holds good for the acting. We take it for granted that the stars fit the rôles which they play and that the supporting players are first-rate in every particular.

"It all comes down, then, to the play itself. A good story, logical, with plenty

of drama, holding the interest to the end, is the thing that counts, and you see how a play will be spoiled if an actor steps out of a play and becomes himself instead of sticking right to the business of being the man in the story. So we are right back where we started in our talk."

Once again Morey's eyes traveled around his well-loved dressing-room.

"Yes, sir, this little old room was the scene of many happy days."

Then I said to myself, "Here's where we get some more inside stuff." But the door popped open and in came Paul Scardon, Morey's director.

"Ready, Harry," said Scardon, and my precious interview was over.

I trailed along to the set and watched Morey work, hanging on in the hope that I could get the big fellow to talk some more, but Morey was gone. In his place was a creature of the underworld, a thug and a gunman, if ever there was one. I was afraid that if I dared to intrude the little business of my interview, the personality of Morey might not return in time to save me from rough usage at the hands of the gangster.

Anyhow, I had made him talk, even if he would not say much about himself. I had been given the privilege of being in No. 10—there's scarcely a greater privilege at Vitagraph—and I had seen him change from Morey, the big, good-hearted, kindly fellow, to the kind of a gentleman who can have the whole dark alley to himself any night.

A pretty good accomplishment for one day's effort to get Morey, I figured.

The Den of a Modern Villain

(Continued from page 23)

"Well, I was just wondering whether you would modify that," laughed Maudie MacDonald. "That's quite a strong statement for a home-loving man to make."

"Just to digress a moment, what do you suppose Maudie wants to do now? Just when we have this place all fixed up and love it so, she's sorry that it is not in the Spanish style, with a patio and a lot of red peppers hanging on strings and garlic dangling from the drawing-room ceiling and——"

"Now, dear, how can you? You see, it's just the Scotch in Mr. Mac; he hates to pull up stakes. Once he is settled and satisfied, he would just like to anchor for life. I love this place, too, and I'm fond of all this Japanese style, and every piece has fond memories connected with it, for we gathered bits all over the world, but I don't see why we shouldn't sell the house and some of these things and begin over again. It's such fun to design and plan a place and its furnishings, and then the Spanish style seems to fit this country so much better. I've in mind a lovely spot in the foothills near Glendale, which would be——"

"Maudie, you'd have to change all the

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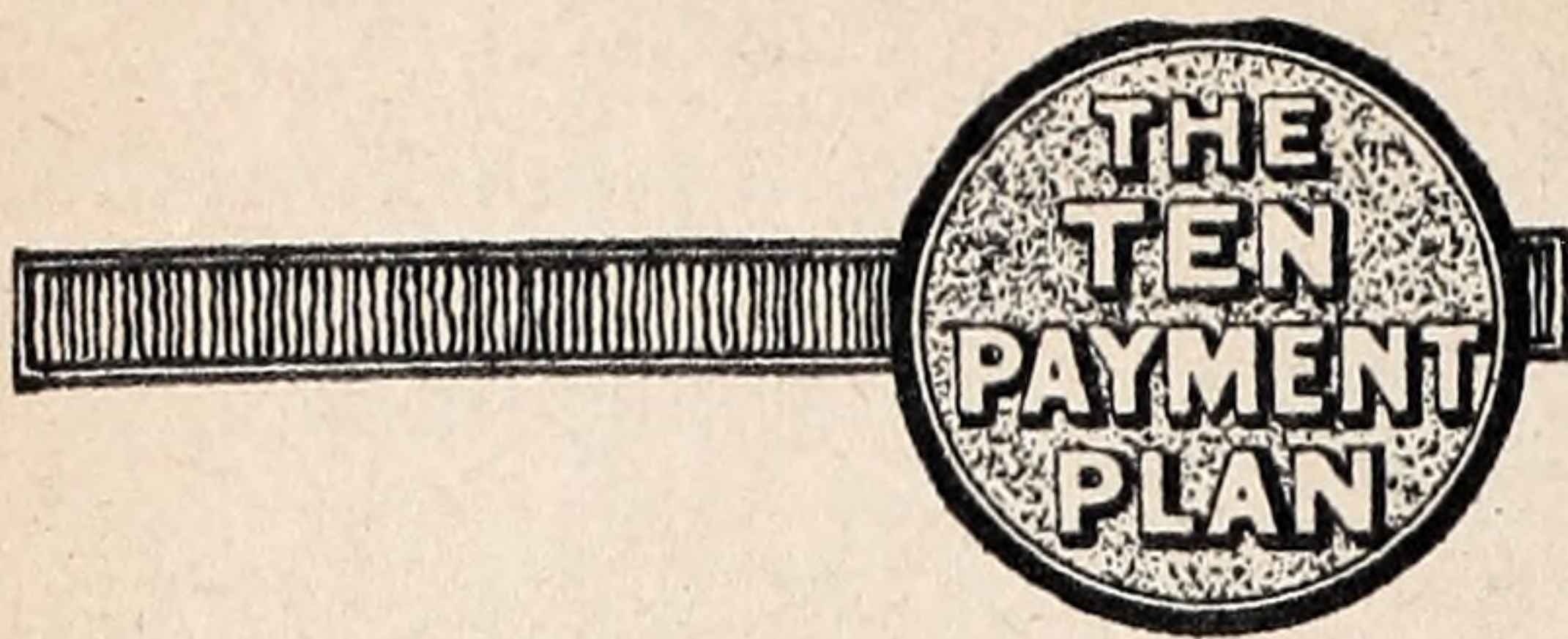
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dogs to go with the hacienda. Imagine Chin Chin and Chang lying on a cold stone patio, instead of on our very best hand-embroidered cushions. Brr!" shivered Mr. MacDonald as he turned to another cheese-scone and allowed his dinner to be spoiled by a second cup of fragrant orange Pekoe.

"Have you ever acted together?" we asked, surveying the gorgeous blue rugs on the drawing-room floor, the endless array of handsome lamps and the glimpses of rare Chinese and Japanese hangings over the upper hall rail.

"Oh, yes, we were on the Orpheum circuit together for a long time. Then I had an opportunity to go with Selig, and I had a delightful time directing at the American Film Company during the famous old days when Warren Kerrigan, Jack Richardson, Margarita Fisher, Calamity Ann and others who are now stars were all working in one stock company. I directed and acted for Nestor comedies, too. Later I produced a number of plays for Universal, but after all it's acting I like, for it relieves one of so much responsibility."

"Wouldn't you like to show your pet rooms, dear?"

We wandered thru the downstairs to the upstairs. Below there are such comfy rooms, the dear little breakfast room with its hand-painted furniture and pewter service, gay wall paper and enamel paint. The drawing-rooms are indescribably beautiful, filled with art treasures—a veritable connoisseur's collection. There are hand-carved ivories from the Orient, gorgeous embroideries, Turkish and other rugs, silver vases, inlaid in mother of pearl and jewels, from Japan. The sun parlor is in bamboos. Mr. Mac's study is a cozy room, splendidly sunlit, with mahogany furniture.

The bedroom of Mr. MacDonald is the cutest thing, like a Wallace Nutting water-color picture. Every piece was carefully selected by this villain of the screen. Tall brass candlesticks and an ancient platter adorn the mahogany bureau. The bed is a mahogany four-poster, the dotted Swiss curtains are ruffle-edged and tied back to meet chintz side drapes. There are old stoppered cologne bottles, such as our grandmothers used in Civil War time.

A wonderful bathroom lies between this chamber and Mrs. Mac's room. Three artists were called in to do the decorations, but Maudie MacDonald found that each one gave the fish human expressions, made them resemble boys playing leap-frog and so utterly disgusted her that she began to think tiled wall paper was beautiful compared to mural decorations of the twentieth century. Finally a young girl who had studied decorating in Japan was recommended and began work on the walls. As a result there are shady brooks, meadows, leaping fish and every inducement pictorially offered for the morning plunge.

Mrs. Mac's bedroom is beautiful in its old rose shades, with bright wall paper in a trellis design, rose and white* and

black. Everywhere the *chaise longue* bears Philippine embroidery cushions, in a heart shape with real lace edgings, over a foundation of silk matching the room.

And there's always a plate on for some one in this hospitable home. The furniture is hand-painted in delicate pastel shades. One is in charming lavender tones, with silken pillows covered with white embroidered slips, the bathroom to match the colors of the guest-room.

So much for the fascinating Hollywood castle of one of the screen's most dashing scoundrels. I know of no more devoted couple in all the screen colony.

Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald are lavish hosts, but they like to live unostentatiously, to entertain intimates and to have evenings when the mental feast is paramount. At such times opera singers, musicians from the Symphony Orchestra, writers and men and women of brains in other walks of life foregather in the big drawing-rooms and listen to an impromptu concert or discuss the world's work. Both love home best and dislike café life, restaurant foods and silly chatter.

But when Mr. MacDonald is able to take a vacation—they are planning another tour around the world—and perhaps after that the Spanish hacienda will be a realized dream of Mrs. Mac's, because, you see, her indulgent husband says that "Home is where Maudie is"—and the rest doesn't matter.

After the War—What?

(Continued from page 62)

On the other hand, Thomas H. Ince still believes that a phase of the war will continue to be the next dramatic theme. "Retribution, it seems to me, covers the most dramatic theme that follows in the wake of the great world war. With lust for commercial aggrandizement, a nation rose up under the heartless and cruel leadership of an ambitious ruler and attempted to crush instantly, beneath its bloody heel, the religion of love that humanity has been centuries in building. A dramatic catastrophe has hurled the Kaiser from his throne and spread chaos among his people. The natural sequence, it seems to me, is punishment pursuing the crime. The blood of brave men, the tears of noble women, that flowed in defense of justice, will weigh heavily on the conscience of Germany and, regardless of the monetary restitution that may be made, the effort of the Hun to shake off the retribution that will constantly haunt his heels will furnish a tragic and pathetic world drama."

Cecil De Mille was a bit mysterious in his reply to our telegram. "Cannot answer your question as yet," he replied, "because my next picture has to do with this very subject." Reports from the coast intimate that this drama deals with the relations of husband and wife. Which makes it clear that De Mille believes that the big picture of 1919 will revolve around the home.

Meanwhile, the silverscreen awaits the director with the big idea!

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The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(2092)

The Sixteenth Curley

(Continued from page 35)

with her parents not far from the studios, drives her Nash car, plays her banjo-ukulele, sings, teases her pet Pekinese, and does unusual impersonations, if you beg her to. She's a veritable second Elsie Janis or Cissie Loftus.

"Do you recall how Harold Lockwood danced and walked?" asked Miss Curley. "Wait, I'll show you." A perfect imitation of the late star followed. "And here's Marguerite Clark. You know I was with her in several productions; she's so dear I'd like to copy all she does—if I dared!"

Does she want to do anything special? Yes, she wants to be a motion picture star for a while, and then she hopes against hope that she may be a dancing comédienne in a very beautiful comic opera. So she hopes that after she is twenty she will realize her dream.

But, meantime, she's just in reality a little girl who is very obedient to a charming mother, a chaperoned little girl who never goes out anywhere alone.

The Quest of the (Mc) Grail

(Continued from page 37)

Much is *within* him. He has seen
 With open heart and kindly, patient eye
 Pain in his home, suffering made sacrosanct, has felt

The need of turning crêpe to carnival.
 His youth

Is not a shallow thing, nor yet his Art
 Built for applause.

His fellow-workers love him, and that means

Riches *within*.

And withal, his Greek-god contour,
 His black hair—his eyes—he has 'twould seem

A power there to stain
 The world with tears, or color it
 With laughter.

And I thought

This Age is not so arid after all—there are still quests

Possible of a replete fulfillment—
 Still a (Mc) Grail

More possible of a complete
 Achievement.

The New Studio Art

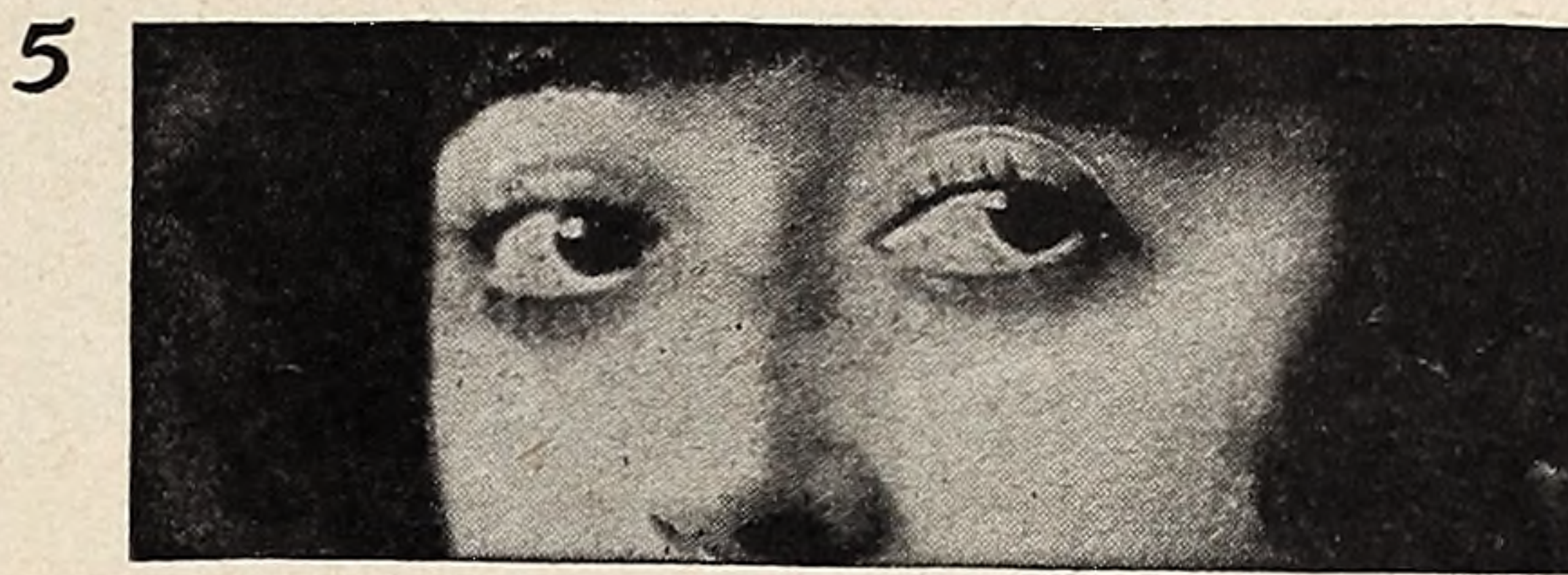
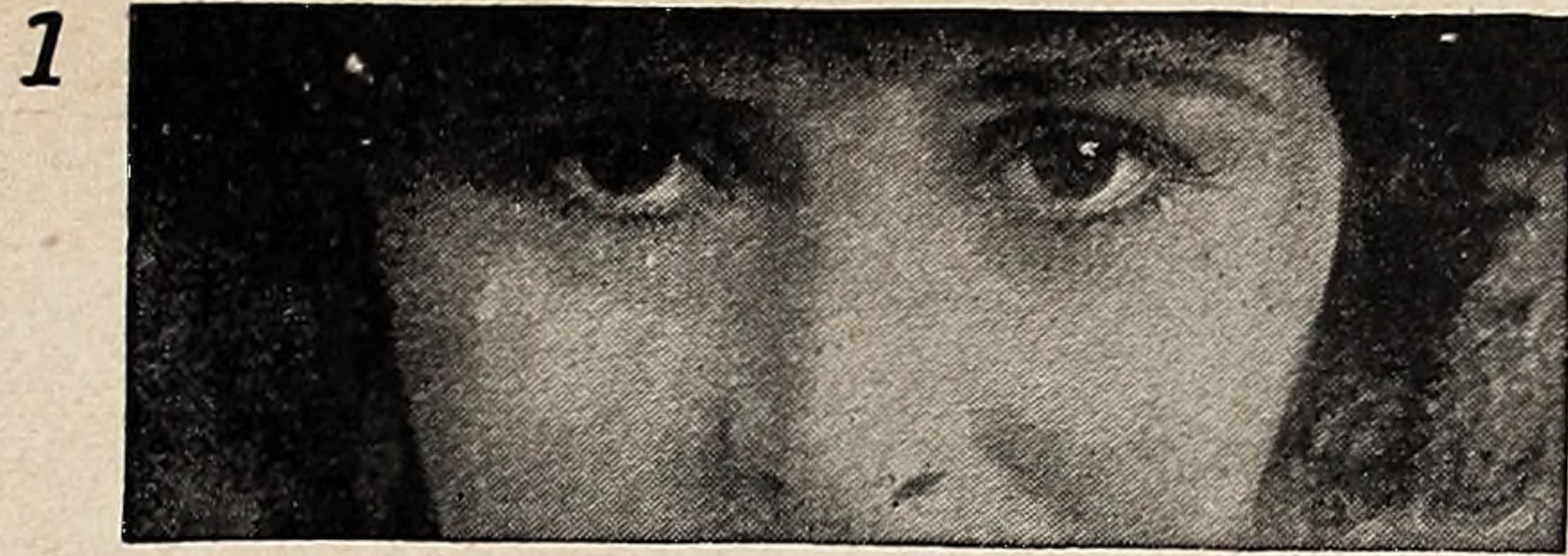
(Continued from page 66)

Ballin's dead body—the "simple" hall arose. It was wainscoted and paneled, from end to end, very thoroly. It had a pair of stairs with a balustrade of turned and twisted wood that would have delighted good Queen Victoria. And when the director got to the bottom of it he put the crowning touch of his "simplicity" on top of the newel post. It was a brass chandelier in the image of William Shakespeare or some other leading light.

Various officials of the new company gazed at it, studied it, reflected on it. And Ballin's battle was won.

There was no more director's "simplicity" in Goldwyn. Ballin got a large order for the genuine article.

(Seventy-four)



Prize Contest

Can You Tell These Stars by Their Eyes?

Above you see the photographs of the eyes of six of the many famous motion picture beauties who endorse and use Ingram's Milkweed Cream and whose names are listed below in the coupon. These pictures were taken from portraits used in our advertising during the past year. Your problem is to identify the actress by her eyes. First, note the number opposite each photograph. Then, when you have decided upon your guess as to the actress, write the number opposite the proper name in the coupon and forward the coupon to us. If you guess correctly the names of three of the six actresses we will forward to you, without charge, our charming Guest Room Package.

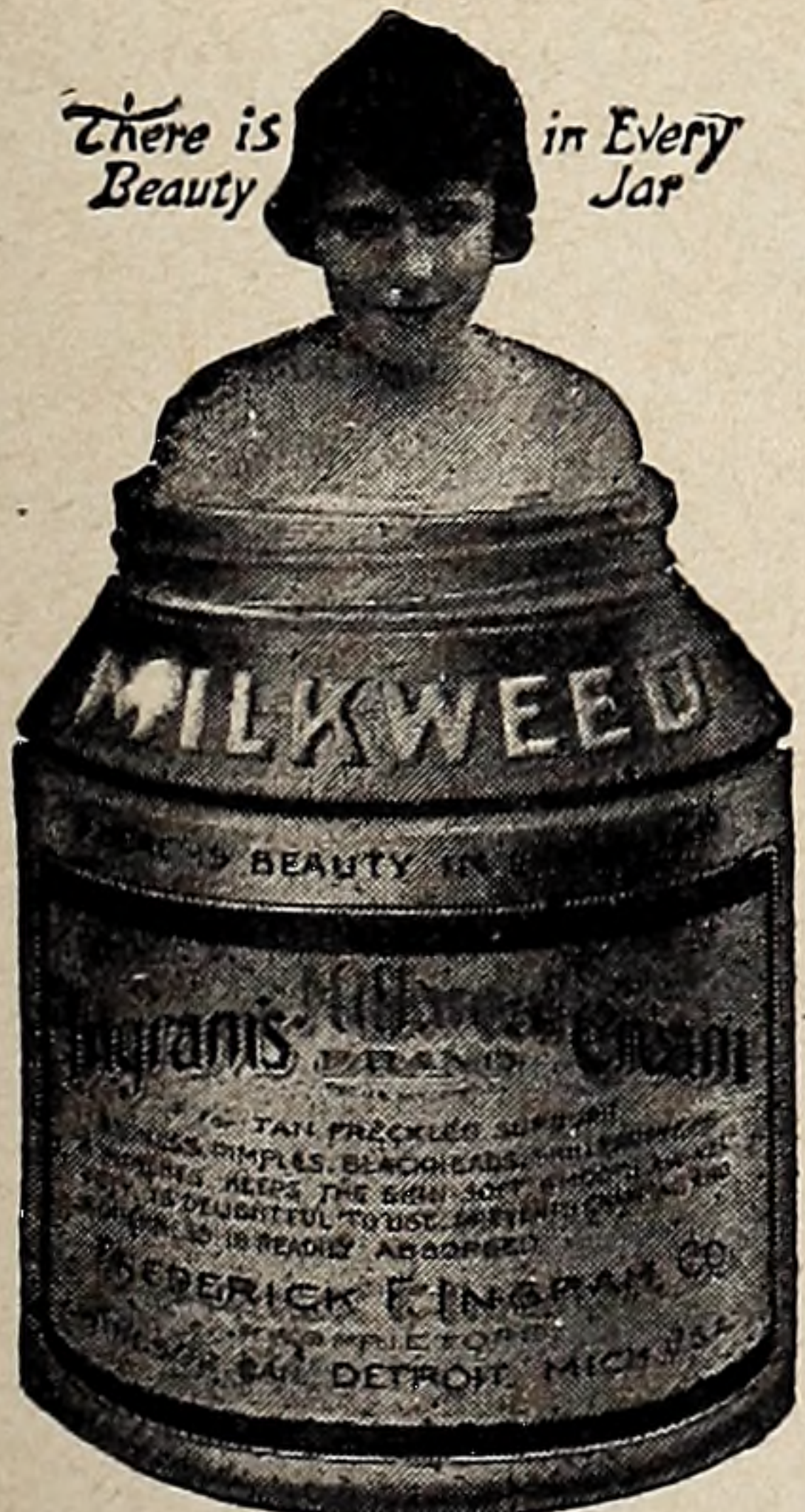
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83 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.

I have marked my guesses by number in this list of Ingram stars of 1918. If I am correct in three of the six guesses please send me the Guest Room Package FREE.

- _____ May Allison
- _____ Ethel Clayton
- _____ Marguerite Clayton
- _____ Alice Brady
- _____ Olive Thomas
- _____ Hazel Daly
- _____ Constance Talmadge
- _____ Corinne Griffith
- _____ Louise Lovely
- _____ Doris Kenyon
- _____ Juanita Hansen
- _____ Mabel Normand
- _____ Norma Talmadge
- _____ Ruth Roland
- _____ Nance O'Neil
- _____ Virginia Valli
- _____ Mollie King
- _____ Shirley Mason
- _____ Louise Huff

Name _____

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HALL & RUCKEL, Inc. 220 Washington Street, New York

The Famous French Depilatory Powder

X-Bazin



The Celluloid Critic

(Continued from page 45)

(Arctcraft). At heart it is the old Griffith chase. It reveals just one thing new, a sort of dealized close-up—with hazy, dreamy outlines, singularly suited to Lillian Gish, who plays the heroine. Her rôle is a sort of tomboy character, to which this particular Gish, to our way of thinking, isn't suited. Please, Mr. Griffith, let Dorothy do the comedy of the Gish family and leave Lillian a dream idyll. We liked Bobby Harron as the regenerated American. Griffith, by the way, has endeavored to duplicate his Monsieur Cuckoo of "Hearts of the World" with an almost similar character—the stolid, humorous, garlic-eating Monsieur Le Bebe. But there is a vast difference between Robert Anderson's Cuckoo and David Butler's Le Bebe. One is spontaneous, the other an imitation.

We are genuinely sorry that Allen Holubar's "The Heart of Humanity," (Universal), starring the vivid Dorothy Phillips, arrived after the end of the war, because it deserves its measure of success, and we fear that nobody wants war drama now. With all its palpable imitation, "The Heart of Humanity" stamps Holubar as a director of promise. For it is reminiscent, in handling and flashes of story, of Griffith's "Hearts of the World," De Mille's "When I Come Back to You" and even Chaplin's "Shoulder Arms." Oddly, Holubar has done a whole lot of these imitation things better than the originals. We went to see "The Heart of Humanity" at a private midnight showing, intending to remain but a short time. And we stayed until the final scene at about 2 A. M.

Briefly, it is the tale of four brothers who join the allied forces from the wilds of Canada. One has just married, and much of the story deals with her experiences "over there" as a nurse and her rescue from the Huns by her husband. Robert Anderson in Griffith's M. Cuckoo, plays one of the brothers—a somewhat similar character, and stands out strongly. We are not particularly interested anywhere with William Stowell as the hero, but Erich von Stroheim's handling of the unscrupulous German deserves its meed of praise. And Miss Phillips! Here is an actress of singular vividness. Her fight with a brutal Hun officer and her sudden loss of mind are done in a mighty strong way, flashing to a big height for a second.

"The Heart of Wetona," (Select), marks the return of Norma Talmadge to something of her old dramatic form. This melodrama of George Scarborough, in which Lenore Ulric appeared behind the footlights, is very well done for the screen by Sydney Franklin. There are outdoor Western shots that make one feel like taking a taxi to Grand Central Station.

There is nothing namby-pamby about Miss Scarborough's melodramatic story. Wetona, daughter of a white mother and a redskin father, has been betrayed by a man of her mother's race. She refuses to tell the man her name to her father and, instead, seeks refuge with a kindly Indian agent, Hardin. The agent in order to protect her from her tribe, himself marries Wetona, of course, intending to divorce her later, so that she may wed the man of her heart. But this man proves himself a cad and Wetona comes to know the meaning of real love—for Hardin.

Miss Talmadge's playing of Wetona lacks the listless unspontaneity of her recent screen performances. Miss Talmadge makes a decidedly interesting Wetona. Gladden James is an ideal choice as Tony Wells, the weakling who almost ruins Wetona's life, but Thomas Meighan seems stodgy and heavy as Hardin to our way of thinking. "The Heart of Wetona" will hold your interest.

But why the stumbling English from Wetona—in the subtitles? Wetona had been in college in the East.

"Branding Broadway," (Arctcraft), is our favorite William S. Hart photoplay of the month. For Hart isn't just a vengeful cowboy, knotting the muscles of his neck in intense ire, but a Westerner with a sense of humor. And Hart plays the man delightful

(Seventy-six)



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Edna Mayo
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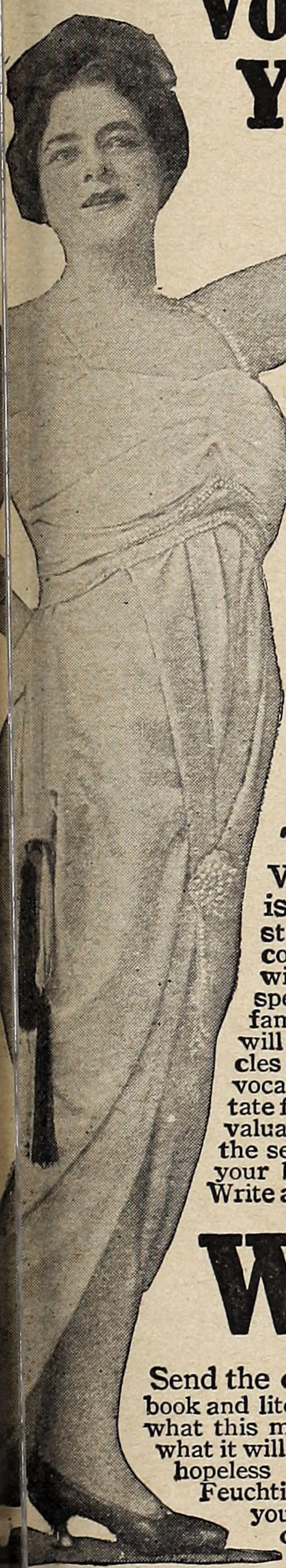
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with a score of subtle humorous shadings. Driven out of a Western town by the reform element, Robert Sands heads to New York. There he is engaged by a millionaire as a sort of guard for his harem-scarem son. Sands finds adventure a-plenty, besides a beautiful young woman who runs a lunchroom. Mr. Hart should thank C. Gardner Sullivan for this story, slight as it is. Three or four others along new lines will lift Hart out of his celluloid rut.

And, if Hart's sense of humor will surprise you, what about the blasé Wallie Reed displaying one? And he surely does in "Too Many Millions," (Paramount), the comedy of a book-agent who inherits forty millions—or is it fifty? The story is pretty tenuous, but Reed is likeable.

"A Lady's Name," (Select), Constance Talmadge's latest comedy, based on a Cyril Harcourt stage play, seems labored, to our simple way of considering screen fare. It's the story of a young woman, an authoress, who advertises for a husband in order to get ideas for a novel. She gets the ideas—and a real husband in the person of Harrison Ford. Ford, as usual, acts well, but he should change his tailor. Constance is piquant where it is possible to be, but "A Lady's Name" is quite unspontaneous. Walter Edwards has utilized close-ups until the whole thing seems to be one face after another. Close-ups slow up a farce seriously, except where facial byplay is necessary. Here Edwards tries to make byplay take the place of play.

Since Maurice Tourneur turned her vehicles into picture poems, Elsie Ferguson hasn't filmed so beautifully as in "Under the Greenwood Tree," (Artcraft), Emile Chautard's visualization of the old H. V. Esmond's stage play. "Under the Greenwood Tree" revolves around a well-bred, wealthy young woman with romantic inclinations. She hires a gypsy equipment, poses as one of the wanderers and meets the rich young landowner of the vicinity. Of course, she falls in love, especially after the chap has battered up the whole tribe of gypsies, who have tried to rob her.

Chautard has selected a series of singularly beautiful outdoor settings. Indeed, "Under the Greenwood Tree," if slender dramatically, is an optical joy. Miss Ferguson is, of course, a fascinating heroine. Eugene O'Brien is the hero. We dare the ire of fans by declaring he is artificial in this rôle.

"Arizona," (Artcraft), as done by Douglas Fairbanks, isn't Augustus Thomas' drama, by any means. The story of the young lieutenant, who allows himself to be forced out of the service rather than tell a secret which will bring the touch of scandal to his colonel's wife, is distorted to fit the Fairbanks acrobatics. Even so, "Arizona" is more serious than the past dozen or so Fairbanks vehicles. If anything, "Arizona" proves that Fairbanks should stick to satire and let drama alone.

"Little Miss Hoover," (Paramount), Marguerite Clark's newest, seems completely puerile to us. Herein the heroine falls in love with a young stranger who is suspected of being a slacker. She saves him from being tarred and feathered and, lo and behold! he turns out to be a sort of jitney Hoover, busy investigating things for the Department of Agriculture. Eugene O'Brien is the gentleman in question, and if there is any performance of the month more affected than Mr. O'Brien in "Little Miss Hoover," it is Mr. O'Brien in "Under the Greenwood Tree." Even Miss Clark seems artificial in this piece.

"Her Inspiration," (Metro), has the beautiful May Allison—which is quite enough. The story is a combination of the conventional moonshiner drama and the "Seven Keys to Baldpate" idea. Here all sorts of things happen to a young playwright in the Kentucky hills, and then turn out to have been arranged by the chap's theatrical manager, anxious to provide ideas and atmosphere. Of course, if the manager had all these ideas in the first place, he really needed no playwright. But why pick flaws in the story? The glorious May Allison is in it. And May certainly does rest the eyes.

"The Hope Chest," (Paramount), is Dorothy Gish's latest. THE CLASSIC has already

(Continued on page 83)

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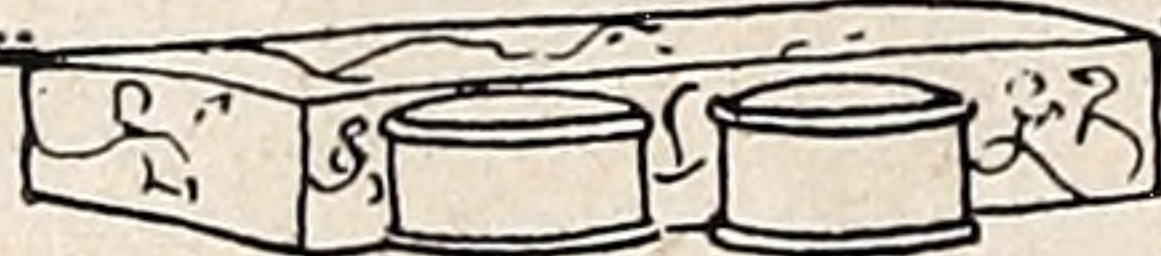
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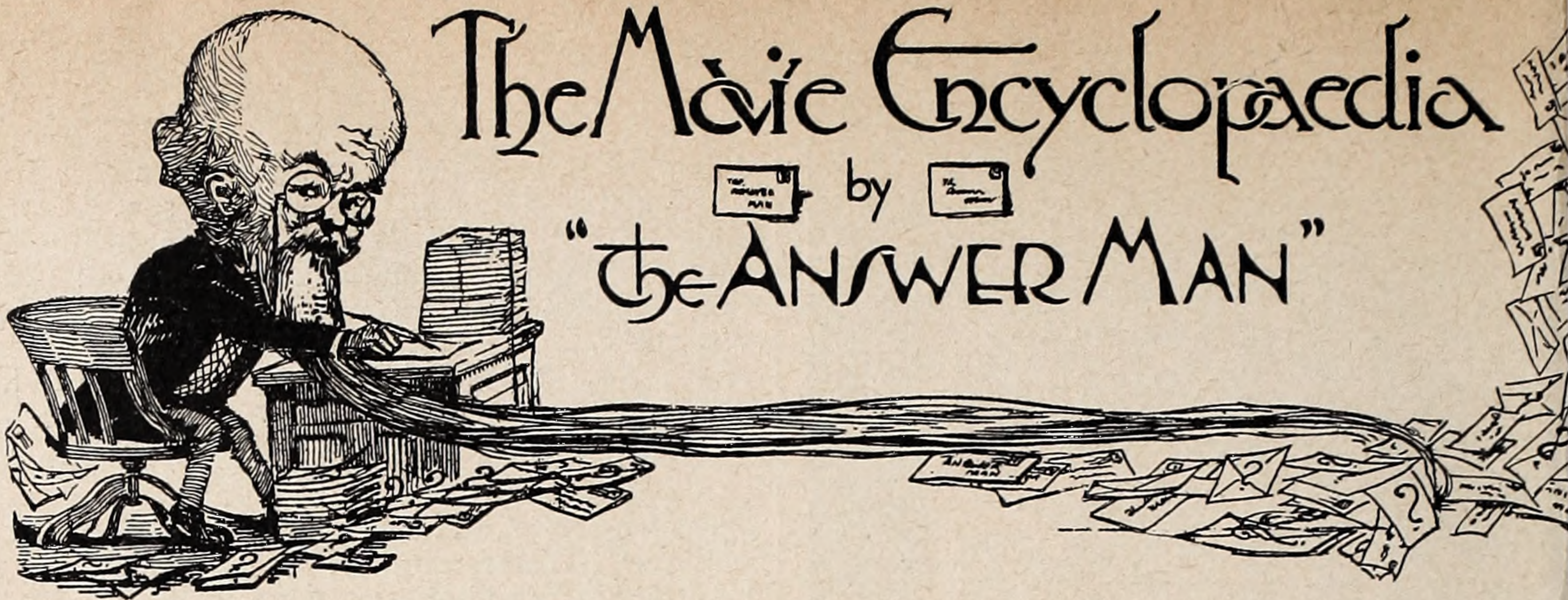
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by "THE ANSWER MAN"

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ROBERT T., SPENCERPORT.—Yes, dear friend, I am still smoking. Tobacco is an antiseptic that keeps the heart sweet. However, I have taken to caramels since the war; they require less sugar than any of the other candies. Pauline Starke was Angele, and Walt Whitman was Anthony in "Daughter Angele."

MRS. J. W.—I have handed your letter to the Celluloid Critic, and it may convert him. Thanks.

A WILD IRISH ROSE.—You think the man of wisdom is the man of years. Well, that's me! That Goldwyn was taken at Fort Lee, N. J. No, you take them all. You say where you were not a breeze whispered, not a bird flapped its wings, and it was the triumph of repose. Then I say, let us not abuse the good things of life.

RALPH D. G.—I'm sure they were real lobsters used in the Sennett picture. No, I have never seen a trained lobster—except on Broadway. Write in for that record. A periscope is an optical instrument enabling a submarine commander to see while traveling under water. They are also used to look over trenches.

ERNESTINE A. D.—So this is your first letter to me. Welcome! Yes, I believe it is quite true that Francis X. Bushman was divorced from his wife and immediately married Beverly Bayne. You say, "Oh, what men dare do! What men may do! What men daily do!—not knowing what they do!"

AGUSTA WIND.—So it was all about Douglas Fairbanks. You know I have observed this difference between my readers—the men mourn most for what they have lost, the ladies for what they haven't got. Let not your heart be troubled. Ruth Roland is playing in "Hands Up."

ULYSE B.—That's right; relatives butt in where devils fear to tread. Some of your questions were out of order. William Desmond in "Hell's End." Knowledge is the father of wisdom, so get wise. But a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit embalmed and treasured upon purpose to a life beyond life. Books are my best friends, God bless 'em!

A MINTER & HAYAKAWA FAN.—Yes, E. K. Lincoln is married. Yes, fat men are always funny, but that is not saying that thin men are always solemn. You wouldn't call me fat, would you? I draw only five feet eight of water in my socks and my gross tonnage is only 165 pounds in the altogether.

BERTHA B., JACKSON.—Yes, indeed, I am fond of my work. The man who likes his job is never a slave to his work. I still have some salt of my youth in me, even tho I am 77.

VERA D.—So you call me "Everybody's Friend." I want to be and wish I was. You want a double interview of the two Farnums. Good idea, if we can ever get them together. He is a brother. Will look up that fact. Questions of hair and complexion are too deep for a mere man.

F. G. L.—Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of film manufacturers. Kathleen Clifford is now on the stage. If you wish answers by mail, be sure to send a stamped, addressed envelope.

TONY A. T.—I said "there is small chance" not "a small chance." It makes a lot of difference. Just read it again. Margery Wilson and Wallace MacDonald in "Marked Card" William Stowell is with Universal yet—he has the gigantic features.

I. M. FOR PEARL.—Glad to hear it. Thank you, but it is better to be wise than witty. Your letter was mighty interesting, and I am always glad to hear from little girls. As Emerson says, "Life is not so short but that there is always time for courtesy."

SAMMYETTE.—Ave a 'eart there, my friend. I didn't mean it. You know I like you—send along the book like a good dear. I'm sorry. Come, let's make up.

DONOVAN W.—So you dont think I am 77 now. Wait till you see my tombstone, that will settle it—and me, too. You will probably have a long wait, tho. Why, Francelia Billington was with American last. Lillian Wald has her own company—501 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

BILLY BOY.—Her hair is not cut. Thank you for the tobacco. Of course I'm a man.

VIOLET L.—'Tis sweet to hear those words. Yes, I like pimento cheese, and I thank you very much. What is it? Why, pimento is the berry of the Eugenia pimento, a tree of the Myrtle family, a native of the Caribbee Islands, and also cultivated in the East Indies. The berries have a fragrant odor supposed to resemble a mixture of cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg.

KITTEN M.—Then you want to aim high. He who only aims at little, will accomplish little. Try Metro. Effie Shannon played in "Ashes of Love."

FOUR O.—Aye, aye, sir! You say the cowboy in "The Immigrant" had a rear-admiral's uniform on. Probably was a bit of humor. So you like William Desmond as a cowboy. So do I.

STUYVESANT.—James Mason was the brother in "Border Wireless." Can't give you the exact data just now. Do it now, the same old method applies. It's better to love today than tomorrow. A pleasure postponed is a pleasure lost. Billie Burke in "The Make Believe Wife."

H. C. N.—So you are fond of history. That's all right for those who like it. It is thought by some historians that Alfred the Great started the first English history, called the English Chronicle. The copy of it is in the British Museum, where there is a famous jewel, with the words on it, "Alfred had me made." I get very little time for history. Edward Langford in "The Hungry Heart." I don't know the color of his hair. Kathleen Kirkham was Mrs. Taine in "Eyes of the World."

DADEDEER'S GIRL.—Oh, ho! You're back. Sure thing, write and tell me all about your troubles. Peggy Hopkins in "Hick Manhattan." Write soon.

SILVER SPURS.—You say, may the magazine live as long as our people stand for "Marseillaise" and that we shall always do. Never met Niles Welch. But women like to pretend they are debutantes in the world of love.

The Extra Girl, Anita and John
(Continued from page 53)

For the purpose of showing you women what they want to come home to." The audience gasped in mingled relief and astonishment.

"Our boys' hearts for months have been hungry for home, and when they come home they must be greeted by women and not freaks."

And then old Joe, former Mayor of the town, took matters in hand.

"Now you women go home and get to your skirts, and don't forget to vote for Abe Jones for Mayor tomorrow."

Go home? We flew! We walked over each other's feet in our flight. We knocked down chairs and never stopped to ask their pardon. We all but sent the side of the hall jazzing against the floor. Louise Huff, as Mary, who kept the Woman's Wear Shop of the town and who had formerly supplied us with all the fluffy little doves of domestic peace, once again became the busiest person in town, for one must have nimble fingers to restore the wardrobe of the entire population before "the boys come home," especially when no one knew just exactly when that great day would be.

"On the set as soon as you're in your evening dresses. Mr. Emerson is waiting," Assistant Jack Kennedy's voice sounded on the other side of the open doorway, while Mr. Kennedy's nice blue eyes gazed into space—also on the other side of the open doorway.

The boys were at home now, of course, and we were flirting more ardently and a great deal more fearfully than those French girls had ever dreamed of doing.

Between scenes I wandered around toward the camera, and there beside Mr. Emerson was sitting a pleasant-faced lady of pre-war proportions.

"Anita Loos," I registered mentally and smiled encouragingly. I have a peculiar knack of smiling at celebrities. Greatness always gives me that self-satisfied feeling, even tho that greatness belongs to some one else. The lady returned the smile—another one—and then just in back of me I heard a great rush and sounds of—

"Well, Nita, did you get here at last?" "How have you been, old dear?" and similar exclamations of joy.

I turned and beheld a dainty little lady with large brown eyes that sparkled an answer to every greeting. It really seemed incredible, but, yes, some of the group were calling her "Miss Loos," and when I remembered having seen "her picture in the papers." The acting side of the screen has certainly lost a star, but when the firmament is filled with stars, while it contains only one meteor that can leave such interesting stories, such clever subtitles in its trail.

Miss Loos was soon the center of an admiring group. The "group," I must admit, did most of the chatting and the "center" seemed content to have it so. During the course of the conversation I

(Continued on page 85)



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Emergency Nagel

(Continued from page 26)

promised assertions that the making of the picture would not take long and should like the newness of the work, went, and am mighty happy for it.

"Oh, it was a picnic! We were a good friends, and it was just like going off on a summer's spree with the family. You know, every bit of the reels was filmed on Louisa Alcott's homestead. Those scenes you saw in the garden was her garden; and altho it involved many difficulties to get the interiors inside her house, it was accomplished.

"Indeed, I liked the work. It might sound funny, please don't laugh, but one of the things that tickled me most was the idea of having my hair darkened by mascara every night and made to wave every morning by a regular hair dresser. Laurie, I suppose you remember, was picturesque because of his thick black curls—and the directors of the company did not recall that until we were set and ready to begin!"

Conrad Nagel, like all children, went to school. But, unlike most youngsters who were fond of the outdoors and leaders in sports, he cared for his studies. History, English, literature—those were his pets. Fortunate pets were those, and fortunate was he to have them, because after three years of devotion, at the age of seventeen, he graduated from Highland Park College, Des Moines, Iowa.

When I asked him about his family, his face, under the make-up of Ted "Forever After," flushed with pride. "I have a younger brother, who, some day is going to be the greatest comedian, the greatest musician and the greatest actor in the world." He laughed as he continued with his rhapsodies. "Father, the dean of the Aborn School of Opera and mother—well, mother is—just mother, God bless her!"

"Is it not simple, then, to understand how my inherent tastes influenced me in my fidelity to the arts? Especially drama. I used to write sketches for the boys, put them on myself, and, often could not withstand the temptation to act more than one rôle. Mr. Selwyn 'Fortune Hunter' came to town one season, about five years ago, and in between school work I'd manage to skip off to the theater to play two small parts.

"The Lyceum Theater Company, the wonderful organization of amateurs, has some branches in Des Moines also. During vacations I went on the road with the Midland and Redpath companies as a reader. Now that I look back on those days of no sleeping quarters, frozen waterpipes and wheatless, sweetless, meatless, heatless programs, I am convinced that I must have loved the stage and its accoutrements even at that early date."

And now Nagel is alternating between "Forever After" and playing opposite Alice Brady at old Vitagraph, for the war is over and Uncle Sam doesn't need him.

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Sunlight on White Velvet
(Continued from page 62)

"You believe in marriage?" I queried, brilliantly, knowing the answer already. "I have seen many marital failures," replied Miss Doro, "but there is something here"—she placed a fragile hand over her heart—"that refuses to lose an ingrained belief in the possibility of ideal marriages."

From marriages we lapsed into a rapid argument over the respective merits of Heifetz and Mischa Elman as violinists.

Later, as I bade her adieu, I was again conscious of that blending of the old world with the new. It was a strange sensation, not unlike that produced by the sight of spring arbutus on Broadway, of French hand-kissing in an American drawing-room.

"You will come and see me when I return," she said, and the quality of her voice again thrilled like the glow of sunlight on white velvet.

NOTE—As THE CLASSIC went to press a company was organized to conserve Marie Doro as a national resource. Altho Miss Doro had her passports and Mr. Brenon's secretary had sailed, the plans were changed and the Doro-Brenon pictures will be made in America.

Cheating Cheaters
(Continued from page 67)

most of you. I am going to give the rest of them a chance. They'll write their confessions—and those confessions will be intact until they attempt to double-cross me. But I don't think they will. And you—and—I . . ."

Tom drew her to him. "First you must know," he murmured into her dusky hair, "that I—college—debts. It was so easy—I was too easy—then—but what, what of you—and—I . . .?"

"You drew a wonderful picture once," she told him, "of you—and I—in a world—alone. Under us—the purple, pulsing sea—over us a honey-colored moon—forgetting all things—by all things forgotten . . ."

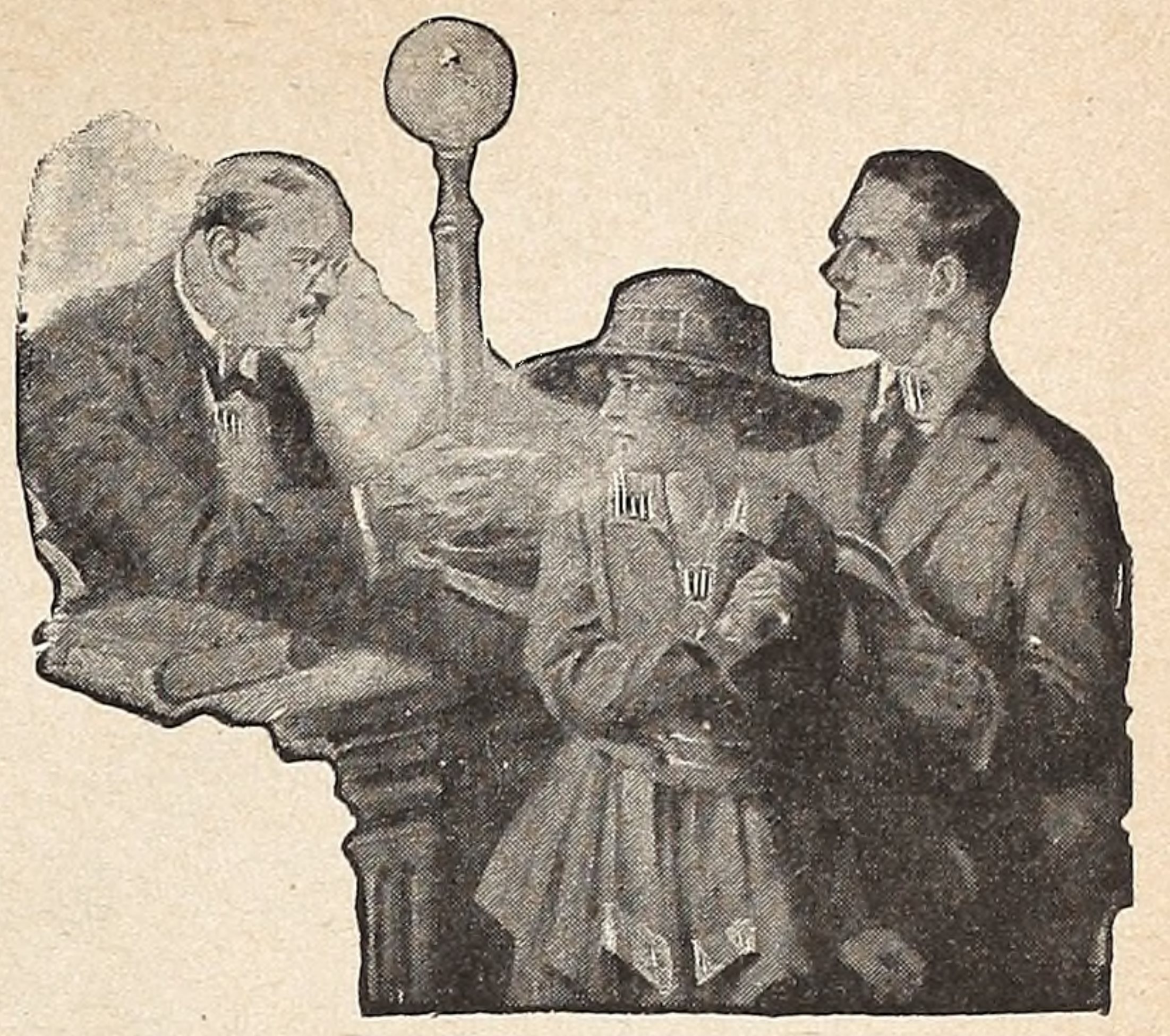
Ten minutes later a broken, happy voice called shrilly forth: "Holmes, will you show them in?"

THE INGENUE
By FREDERICK WALLACE

I skip, I run, I blithely trip,
I bound, I never walk;
I babble, gurgle, prattle, goo,
And let my elders talk.
I giggle, simper, titter, smirk,
Nor flaunt the worldly smile,
I'm full of innocence and joy,
Nor know I aught of guile.

I wear my hair in curls or braids,
I never lick it back.
My jewels are my starry eyes,
All other gems I lack.
My gowns are gingham (mostly plaid),
My dainty feet are bare,
For cigarets and limousines
And gold, I do not care.

And always, in the end, I win,
Tho gloomful be the tale,
My cruel rival drowns herself,
The villain lands in jail.
And, in a close-up, in His arms,
I blot the moon from view,
While sniffs re-echo thru the house—
I am the Ingénue.



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HERE in this one-horse town—at night—they stood before the judge—arrested—she an heiress, promised to a big politician—he, the man beside her, not her fiance—

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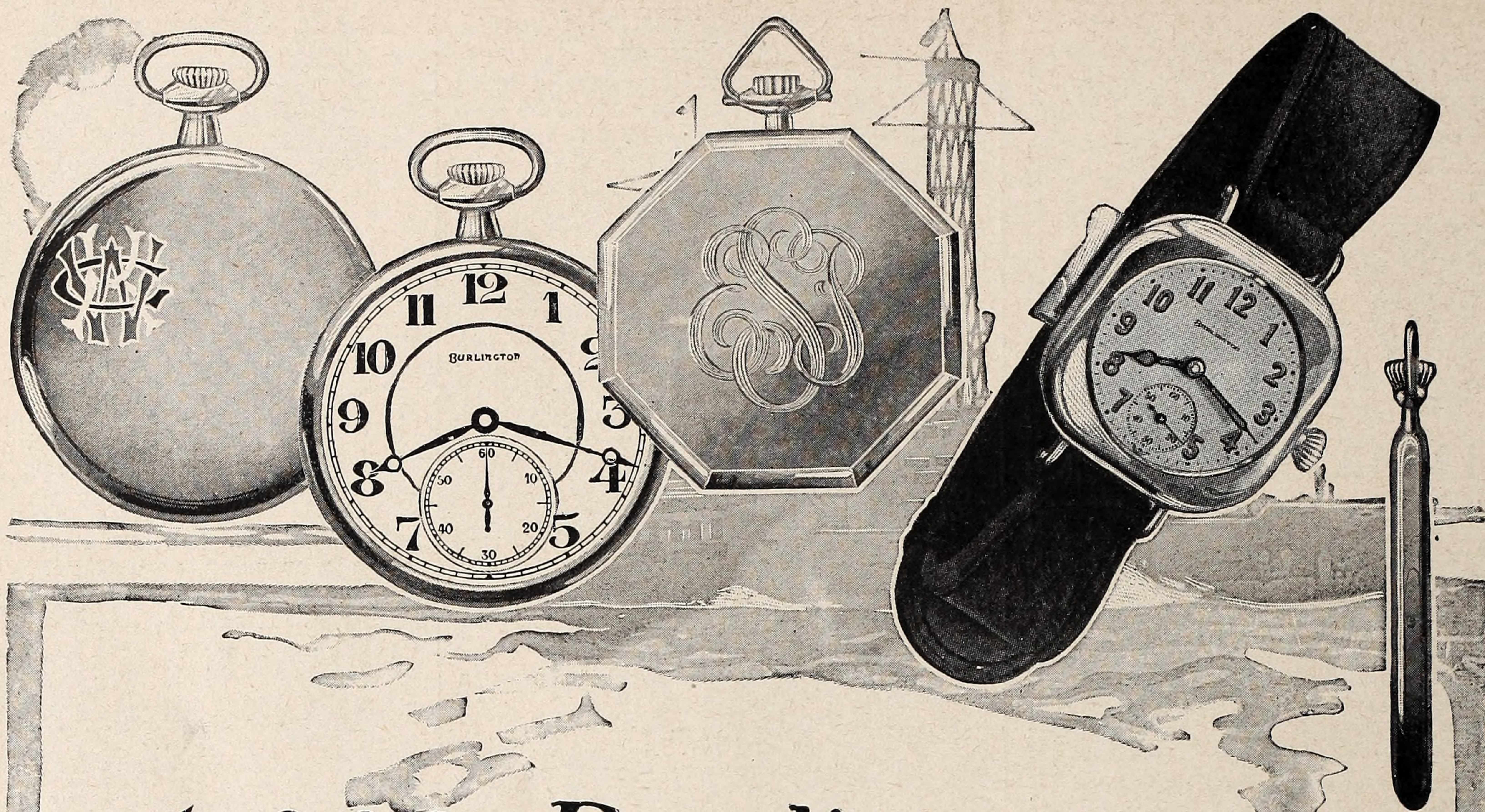
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The Celluloid Critic

(Continued from page 77)

old the story. Miss Gish is less forced and more spontaneous in this piece, and Dick Barthelmess gives a sympathetic performance that is little short of remarkable. Here is another Charlie Ray! There is a love scene on the beach in "The Hope Chest" that is vibrant with the gossamer dreams of youth.

Ever since Alla Nazimova did that splendid thing, "Revelation," we go to see her pictures with high hope in our heart. And each time she fails to live up to the fine screen promise of that story of the French boulevards.

"Eye for Eye," (Metro), based on "L'Occidentale," a tragedy by Henry Kistermaeckers, should have proven highly colored material in the brilliant star's hands. But nowhere does "Eye for Eye" lose the ring of artificiality. The story, already told in THE CLASSIC, need not be outlined. But Metro has changed the ending, and we now find the exotic Oriental lass falling into the arms of the French officer. Thus the whole point of the drama, that "East is East and West is West," is lost. But we must have our sunset fade-outs, mustn't we?

Albert Capellani gave "Eye for Eye" an elaborate background, but he doesn't quite achieve the semblance of reality anywhere. You can't forget, during any foot of its length, that the thing is just make-believe. Nazimova herself is vivid thruout and sometimes strikingly dramatic, but nowhere does she touch the vibrant note of "Revelation."

We can't help feeling that Goldwyn made a mistake in casting the gentle Madge Kennedy in the Rose Stahl rôle of "A Perfect Lady." This is the tale of a burlesque queen who, upon being stranded in a town yecept Sycamore, wins the heart of the handsome village minister, triumphs over gossips and finally achieves happiness. Miss Kennedy simply isn't fitted for the part. Indeed, "A Perfect Lady" is rather dull material, directed without particular inspiration.

"The Make-Believe Wife," (Paramount), is a pleasant Billie Burke vehicle—of young folks, both engaged, but not to each other, who get lost on a mountain and have to get married on account of that, you know. They're planning to be divorced immediately and re-marry the engagees, but, of course, they discover that they really love each other. So they stay wedded. Miss Burke is very piquant in the leading rôle.

"Code of the Yukon," another Anthony Paul Kelly story, introduced Mitchell Lewis as a select star. This is a conventional Alaskan melodrama, full of the usual stuff. Lewis overplays and, of the cast, Goldie Caldwell stands out. She looks every inch the dance-all-belle.

We've been trying to recall the plot of "A Woman's Experience," (Bacon-Backer Films), for a week, and we give up. We do remember that it was quite tiresome and that the star, Mary Boland, photographed badly. But the story—

The screen probably had no bigger disappointment during the past year than the celluloid "flop" of Fred Stone. The comedian's methods aren't those of the films. His "Under the Top," (Arctcraft), is sad stuff. John Emerson and Anita Loos wrote a satirical melodrama, but the director and everybody else took things literally and played "Under the Top" as serious drama. Stone's stunts in the circus tent alone redeem the picture.

And now for the best news of the month! The Sidney Drews are back—this time as Paramount comedians. Their first, "Romance and Rings," is quite in the best Drew spirit, the delicious comedy of a borrowed wedding. Need we say that the Drews are as excellent as ever?

Christmastide saw the occupation of the new Thomas H. Ince studios, the most complete outfit on this coast, for, of course, as the new studios are built, innovations in accessories are devised.

One of the sets used by Victor Schertzinger as a complete village to be rudely seized by special conflagration. About twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of houses and props were burned up. Mr. Schertzinger inhaled so much smoke that he was laid up for a week.



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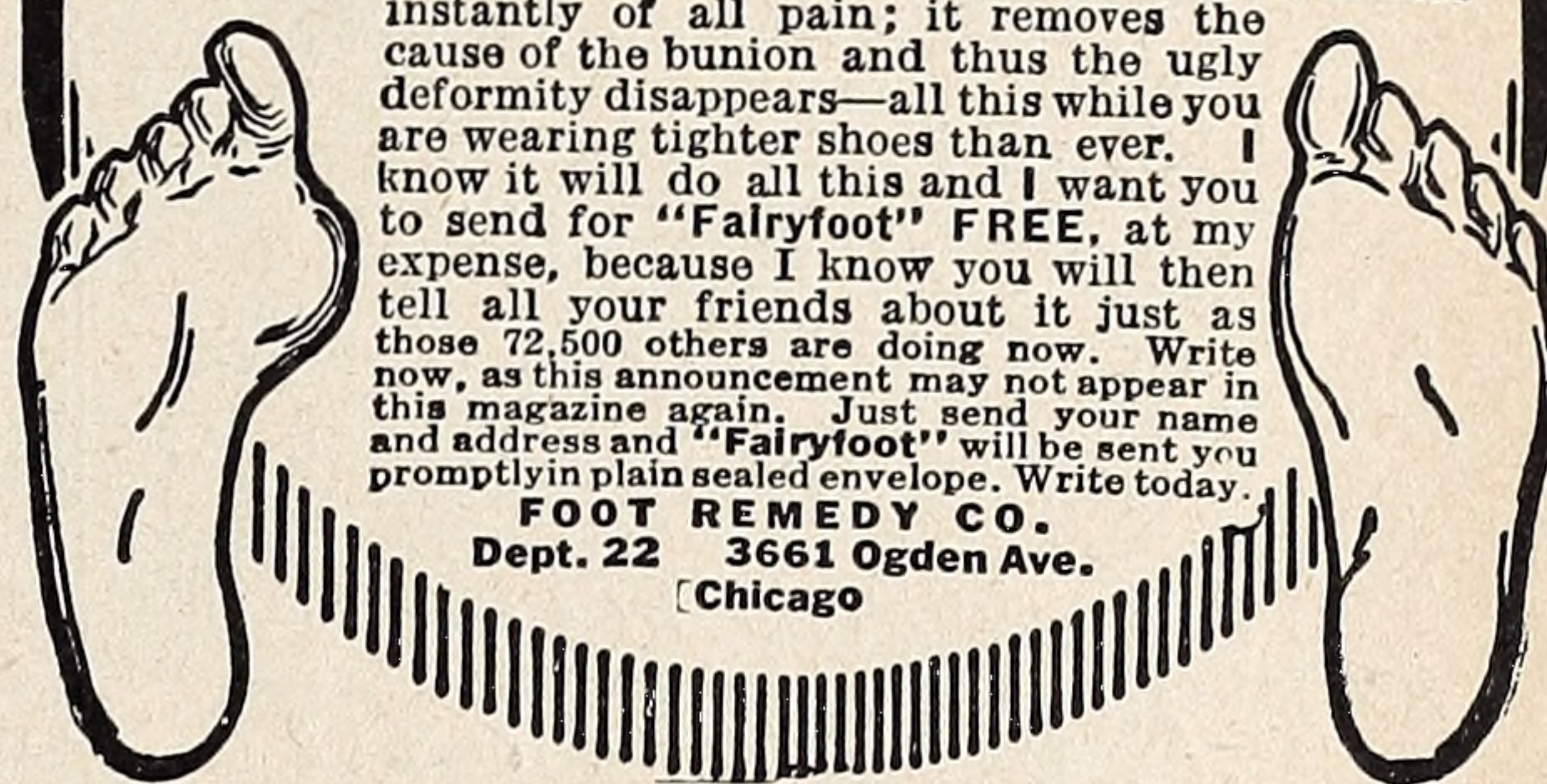
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The Stagnation of the Screen

(Continued from page 47)

when he will stop acting and devote his whole time to directing. And he will not confine himself to comedies by any means. Mighty big dramas will come from the Chaplin studios.

"The present inflation of salaries will, of course, have to stop. There are just two exceptions, Chaplin and Mary Pickford. They are worth their money. But the making of chorus-girls and be-curled cuties into stars will stop because exhibitors are beginning to see the light. They are going to stop showing pictures in which these stars are the most important item, simply because they are losing money in playing the pictures. Then the producer will realize the necessity of advancing the screen story. After that we will see men like Barrie, Shaw and Kipling writing for the films in England, and authors of Dreiser's ability turning out scenarios over here. Competition from abroad will, of course, aid that advance."

Brenon had planned to go back to England to make pictures, but he has decided to make at least a few over here with Marie Doro as star.

Brenon was nearly a year in England and on the Continent. He made a big propaganda picture for England, in which such players as Ellen Terry, Marie Lohr, Josie Collins, Matthewson Lang, James Carew and Frederick Carr appeared. The photoplay had hardly been completed when a fire destroyed the studio, burning Brenon's negative along with a number of others. So Brenon set to work to remake the picture and had just finished when the war ended. Now, of course, since there is no need for propaganda, the film will probably never be seen on a public screen.

"Of course, I felt terribly for a few seconds when the news of the end of the war came," sighed Brenon. "That was human. But then I realized that it meant an end to the world's suffering, and I knew that my trouble was a little thing after all. Any one who has been in the front trenches would have had the same feeling. Before I got to France I was crying 'Fight to the finish' with the rest of them. But fifty seconds after I had entered a trench, I whispered, 'God, make this end soon.'"

Brenon told of a little experience behind the lines when he visited the headquarters of both the camera-men and the newspaper men. "The writers had a veritable palace to themselves, with servants, books and every comfort. But the camera-men occupied a little, dirty hut, crowded with film and cameras. Then I realized how differently the world still considers the camera-man and the writer. Afterwards I visited a camera-man who had lost his leg in a shell explosion. I leaned over the hospital bed, and I said, 'Boy, you're a wonderful pioneer—you're carrying the camera to the heights, where it belongs.'"

Lee Moran has joined the "proud poppa" class and fondles his Princess Pat, who's just about one month old. He named her Patricia, after a Hibernian ancestor, but the "U" folks have called the baby Princess Pat.

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The Extra Girl, Anita and John

(Continued from page 79)

learnt—and what cannot one learn during the course of such a conversation?—that she and Constance Collier are collaborating on a play which is to be Mr. Faversham's next starring vehicle.

"We have reached the point where we are beginning to worry about the first night," Miss Loos laughed. "Suppose the audience happens to call 'Author, author!' and the two of us have to stand up on the stage side by side."

Miss Collier, as you know, is tall and stately, while Miss Loos, as one of the extras commented, leaves nothing to be desired in the way of a watch-charm. She began to write before she had a speaking acquaintance with her teens and sold her first scenario when she was fourteen. Miss Wiggles remarks that she has several literary geniuses dangling from her family maple, but she never hopes to break Miss Loos' record.

"You love to work, don't you, Nita?" a friend inquired.

"I love to eat," she returned. "That's the answer."

"In your places, children," Mr. Emerson was calling, and we scrambled back to the set.

It was towards the end of the day, and most of us were beginning to feel the strain of our emotional acting. Here and there a groan arose, accompanied by a sigh.

"Just a little while longer, children," Mr. Emerson encouraged. "I know you're all tired, but then you would be actresses."

Finally faithfulness brought its own reward. No—I hate to disappoint us both—Mr. Emerson did not promise to feature me in his next production, but he did do something which was the balm to my aching feet such a promise would have been to my weary soul. As my companion players and I were standing on the corner that is the exit from the Paragon studio lane at Fort Lee and madly concentrating upon the approach of a car, an auto stopped near us, and Mr. Kennedy alighted.

"Is Miss Rosemon here?" he called into the darkness.

When I had reached the door of the machine, with that what-have-I-done-now feeling oozing out of my left shoe, I was invited by Mr. Emerson to occupy the one remaining seat. It seems that Mr. Kennedy, in his rôle of custodian-in-general of names and addresses, had casually remarked that one of the girls had to take a long trip to Brooklyn at that hour of the night. Such a fate was too dire for Mr. Emerson's kind heart. His "giving me a lift to the subway," which, strange to relate, was at the same place I had left it in the morning, made it possible to get this story to F. E. before he closed the last form and to arrive *chez moi* while Miss Wiggles still retained the buoyancy of youth to wag her well-manicured tail in friendly welcome.



— making these kiddies behave is some job!



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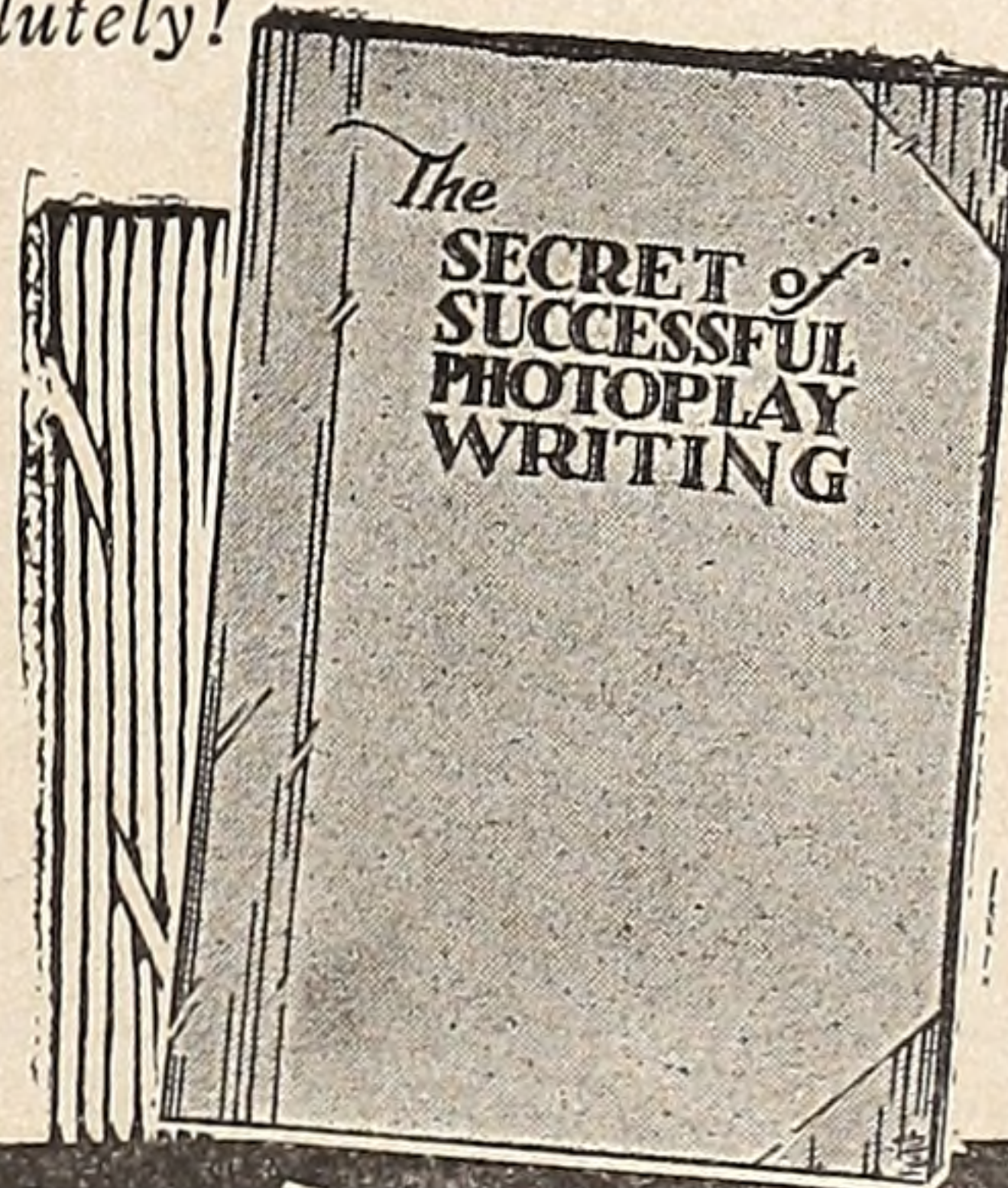
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The Lion and the Mouse

(Continued from page 58)

admitted, calmly, trying to deny the glad leaping of her heart at his appearance by the indifference of her tone. "Still, handicapped as you are, it seems to me that the boy I knew in Paris——"

"The boy you knew in Paris and I are not the same fellow!" he sneered, self-scornful. "I'm only a marionette—a soulless puppet, dancing when my father pulls the strings. Oh, I hate myself for obeying, but I go on obeying all the same." With a groan that came from his heart, he flung his long young limbs into a chair by her desk and looked at her like a little boy in trouble.

"Shirley," he cried, bitterly, "dad told me today that I was to marry Kate Roberts, the daughter of the senator! Seems he and her father have fixed it up between them, and we're supposed to toe the mark like good children!"

"Senator Roberts—the leader of the Congressional party that is going to put my father off the bench!" Shirley spoke, thoughtfully. "Ah, I see. That is his pay for swinging the vote as Ryder dictates. Well, I've seen her picture—it ought not to be hard for you to obey."

"Don't talk that way!" Jefferson Ryder leaned forward with sudden passion, seizing her hands in his hot grasp. "It's sacrilege, when you know I love you. Kate is a fine girl—we've been good pals ever since we were children, but it's you I want to marry—you, with your wonderful dark head like a cameo and your sweet lips and all the dear *youness* of you!"

"I suppose," said Shirley, quietly, "you told your father that?"

The quick color stained his handsome face. His eyes avoided hers. "I said I was a puppet."

She looked down at the tossed sheets upon her desk, that he might not read the pain in her eyes. "Then, if that is true, you insult me by speaking to me of love!" she said, in a quivering tone. "Even if things were not as they are—if John Ryder had never willed the ruin of James Rossmore—even if I loved you, I could never marry a man who would not fight for me—defy the world, the flesh, the devil—for me!"

The biography grew with the passing of the days. In spite of the heaviness of her heart, Shirley Rossmore found herself giving a grudging admiration to the man whose character, with its strength and weaknesses, was unfolded to her ken in the close intimacy of her work. There was that in her own nature which responded to the sheer brute power of him, the pride of will, the relentless over-riding of obstacles in his path.

She was determined to hate him, and when that determination wavered, all that was needed to strengthen it was the memory of the broken man huddled in his desolation of dread in the dingy little suburban cottage, waiting the day of his disgrace.

As for Jeff, she saw nothing more of him. But one morning, opening the

(Eighty-six)



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paper, she read the announcement of his engagement to Katherine Roberts, and for a single moment the world reeled. She got up blindly and, obeying some strange urge within her, went to her mirror and gazed at the face reflected therein with a kind of passionate questioning. From the piteous revelation of it she turned away in shame.

"Why, I love him!" she said aloud. "I—love him, and he is weak and unworthy. He is marrying because he is afraid of his father, because he doesn't dare to be disinherited! And I love him——"

The six months were very nearly gone, and still she had done nothing decisive toward saving her father. Each plan that she made and followed led her into some blind alley of deception and treachery, from which her sense of fair play shrank back appalled. She had learnt that the two letters which were needed to prove her father's innocence of the charge of accepting a bribe were kept hidden in the wall safe in Ryder's private office. More than once she had had the opportunity of abstracting them, yet so far she had not done so, and in a day or so it would be too late.

On the plea of looking over some papers, she stood on the evening before her father's trial alone in the office, with only a thin sheet of steel and her honor separating her from the precious letters.

"There is no choice," she said with a long breath, "none! I am a thief, but I must save my father."

With white lips whispering the combination, she was moving toward the safe, when the sound of the opening door brought her about with a low cry, quickly controlled. Jefferson Ryder sprang to her side. Even in her confusion and surprise she knew dimly, as she looked up into his kindled face, that there was something different about him, something assured, something masterful.

"Shirley, did you see the paper this morning?" He stumbled over the words in his eagerness. "I didn't know about that lying announcement till I read it—I've been hunting for you ever since. Shirley, I'm going to tell father about you—about us—tonight. Dear, say you'll let me——"

She interrupted him, pushing him away with desperate, cold little hands. "Dont! I cant listen. I was just going to—to rob your father's safe! The letters are in there—the letters I've got to have to save my father tomorrow!"

They stared into each other's faces for a long, silent moment, then quietly he put her aside. "Give me the combination," he said, quite matter-of-factly; "this is my job."

"You'd do that for me?" she whispered, a strange gladness surging thru the words. "You'd give up—everything—for me?"

"If I have you I'll have everything," Jefferson Ryder smiled down at her. "And now, dear, give me the combination. I'm afraid I'm a bit of an amateur at safe-breaking, but I'll do my best."

She held the precious letters in her

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LA BOHEME

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hand when, five minutes later, John Ryder found them standing together beside the open safe. One arm about her, Jefferson faced his father, man to man.

"If you've got anything to say, sir, say it to me," he said, quietly. "I got the letters for her to save an innocent man."

"So," John Ryder spoke, with terrible calmness, "you have been flying false colors! Your name is not Frances Green."

"I am Shirley Rossmore." The dark head lifted proudly. "I am not ashamed of anything I have done. It is you who should be ashamed—you, who plot the ruin of a good man because he stands in your way! You, who play a puny god!" She took a step toward him and, with a gesture of contempt, laid the letters in his hand. "I thought I needed these, but I know now that you cant win—wrong and cruelty and falsehood cannot win! You cant hurt my father, because he is beyond your reach—you cant get at him. Hate is powerful, but not as powerful as love—I know that now." She turned to the boy at her side and laid her hand on his sleeve. "Good-night, Jeff, and good-by—"

She was gone, a slim, gallant woman-thing, leaving an emptiness behind. John Ryder looked down at the letters in his fingers, then, curiously, at his son. "Do you love that girl?" He spoke curtly, ungraciously.

"Yes, sir," nodded Jefferson, and for the first time there was a look about him reminiscent of his father. "And, what's more, I'm going to marry her if she'll have me!"

"I never dreamed you had that much sense!" roared old John Ryder, and thrust the letters into his bewildered hands. "Here, take these things and tell her there'll be no impeachment trial tomorrow. And dont stop to talk, boy, or some other man will see her and marry her first!"

The Fame and Fortune Beauties (Continued from page 54)

position in the second honor roll. Miss Irving, like all the other seven winners of the honor roll, has no experience of a professional character. Miss Irving studied dramatic art, however. She is five feet, six inches, in height, with medium brown hair and dark-gray eyes.

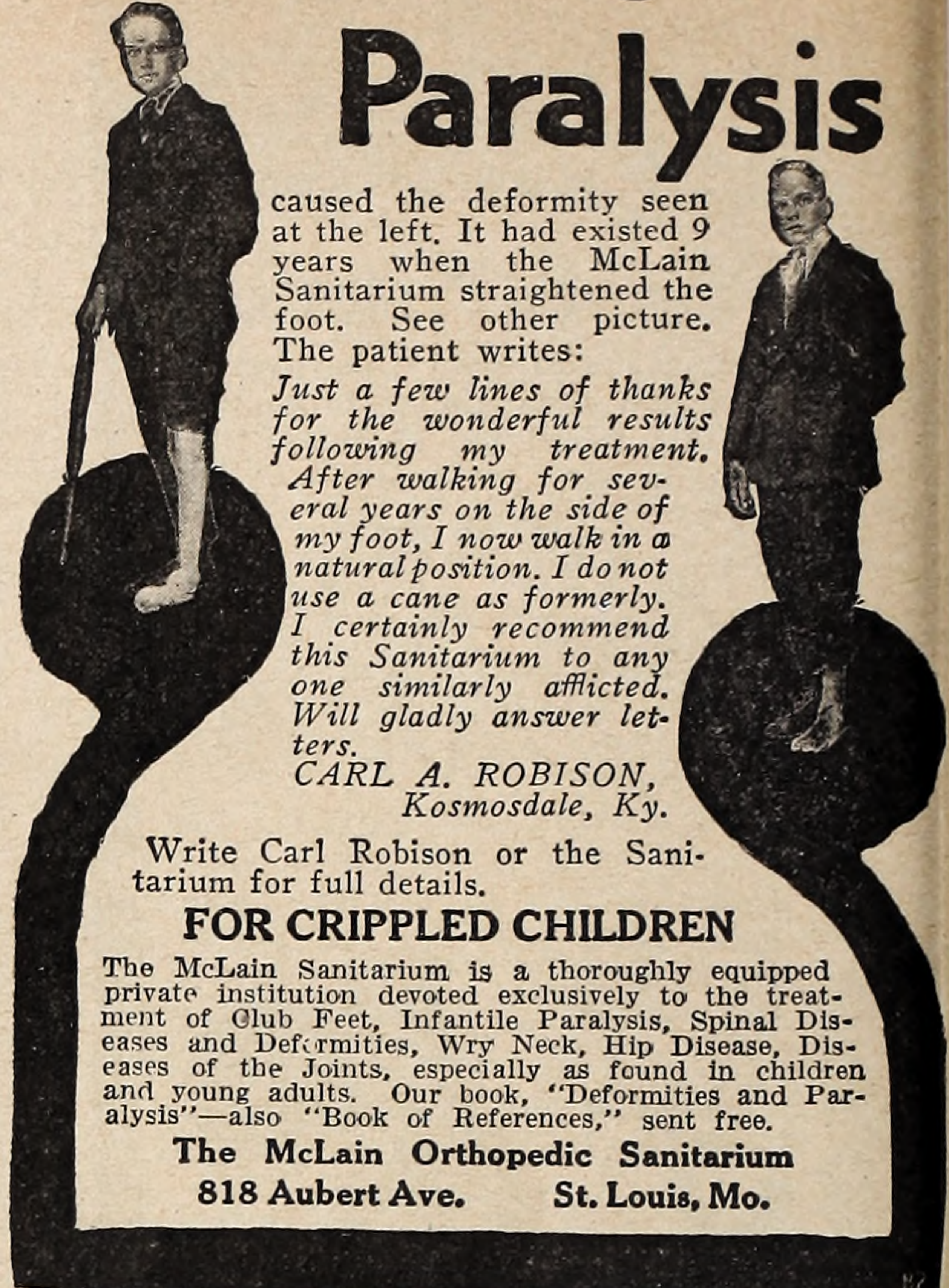
The Oriental lassie is Emma Clare Orb, of the Victoria Apartments, 10th and C Streets, San Diego, Cal. She dances, but not professionally. Miss Orb is a Kentucky girl, having been born in Louisville. Her hair is black and she has hazel eyes. She is just five feet, one inch, in height.

Aliene Fulton, of No. 215 F Street, East, Hutchinson, Kansas, oddly resembles Lillian Gish. She, too, is a Kentucky girl, with blonde hair, brown eyes and is exactly five feet, two inches, in height.

Madeline Cunningham resides at No. 4951 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio. She is a blonde type, with blue eyes. Just four feet, 11 inches, is Miss Cunningham.

Grace Durfee is of the typical screen

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caused the deformity seen at the left. It had existed 9 years when the McLain Sanitarium straightened the foot. See other picture. The patient writes:

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THE April Magazine

The spring number is as bursting with live-wire matter as the trees with buds. Every year has its filmland favorites; every season has its filmland fancies. There are some players, however, who are all-time favorites. We endeavor each month to tell you about them—about them away from the blue-green glare of the Cooper-Hewitts. So we present:

GLADYS LESLIE

This little girl is Vitagraph's sweetest ingénue. She is winsome. She is charming. She never overacts. She is buoyant, bubbling with Youth. We present her to you as she is at home.

JACK PICKFORD

Jack and Uncle Sam have decided to go their separate ways. Jack has returned to his first love—the movies. Uncle Sam taught Jack a number of things the movies never could, yet Jack is firm in his belief of the movies. Thru him, you will be presented with the mind of the average man discharged from Uncle Sam's service.

CHARLES RAY

Charlie's specialty in pictures is a real, sure 'nuff boob. But read this interview. Charlie's being a boob is indeed limited to pictures.

FRANKLYN FARNUM AND EDDIE POLO

Here are two popular people with interesting careers—each distinctly different. They are so decidedly different that one marvels at it. Discover thru their stories how trifling incidents oftentimes shape a destiny.

CONSTANCE TALMADGE

Connie and Optimism run hand in hand. Yet sometimes Connie is a lap ahead. Connie can think of more mischief in five minutes than any other normal girl. In this story we present the reason why Connie is loved by all filmland.

GOOD OR BAD PHOTO-PLAYS

Which do you prefer? Read this instructive article. Read why the right kind wins. Right always wins—be on the winning side.

The Motion Picture Magazine
175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, New York

ingénue type. She lives in the heart of the screen colony, altho she has never appeared before the camera. Her address is No. 1271 West 35th Street, Los Angeles, Cal. Miss Durfee was born in Chicago. She has golden hair, blue eyes and is just five feet, three inches.

Beatrice Edith Bond is the first young woman not born in the United States to find her way into The Fame and Fortune honor roll. Lancaster, England, is her birthplace. Just now she resides at No. 56 Provencher Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada. She has fair auburn hair, blue-gray eyes and is five feet, four inches, tall.

Muriel Maxine Main, of No. 117 Chittenden Avenue, Columbus, Ohio, is another Chicago girl. She has brown hair, brown eyes, and is five feet, 4½ inches in height.

Let us briefly outline the purpose of the contest once more:

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.

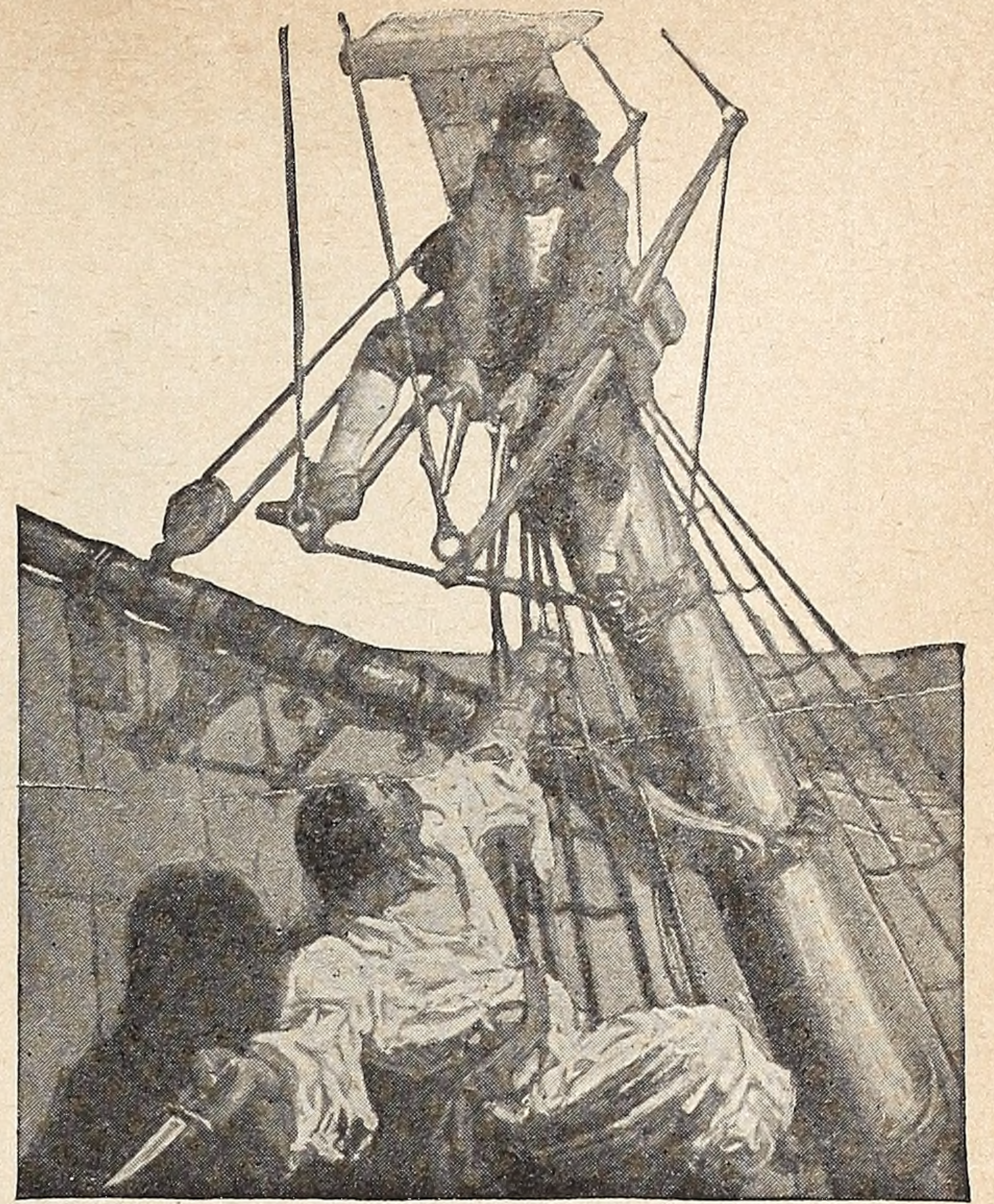
The terms of the contest follow:

1. Open to any young woman, or man, 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 their own making.
3. Contestants can submit any number of portraits, but upon the back of each must be pasted an entrance coupon.

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Wildly the boy flew up the shrouds. One step behind came Israel Hands—wounded—drunk—but with the cold light of hate in his eyes.

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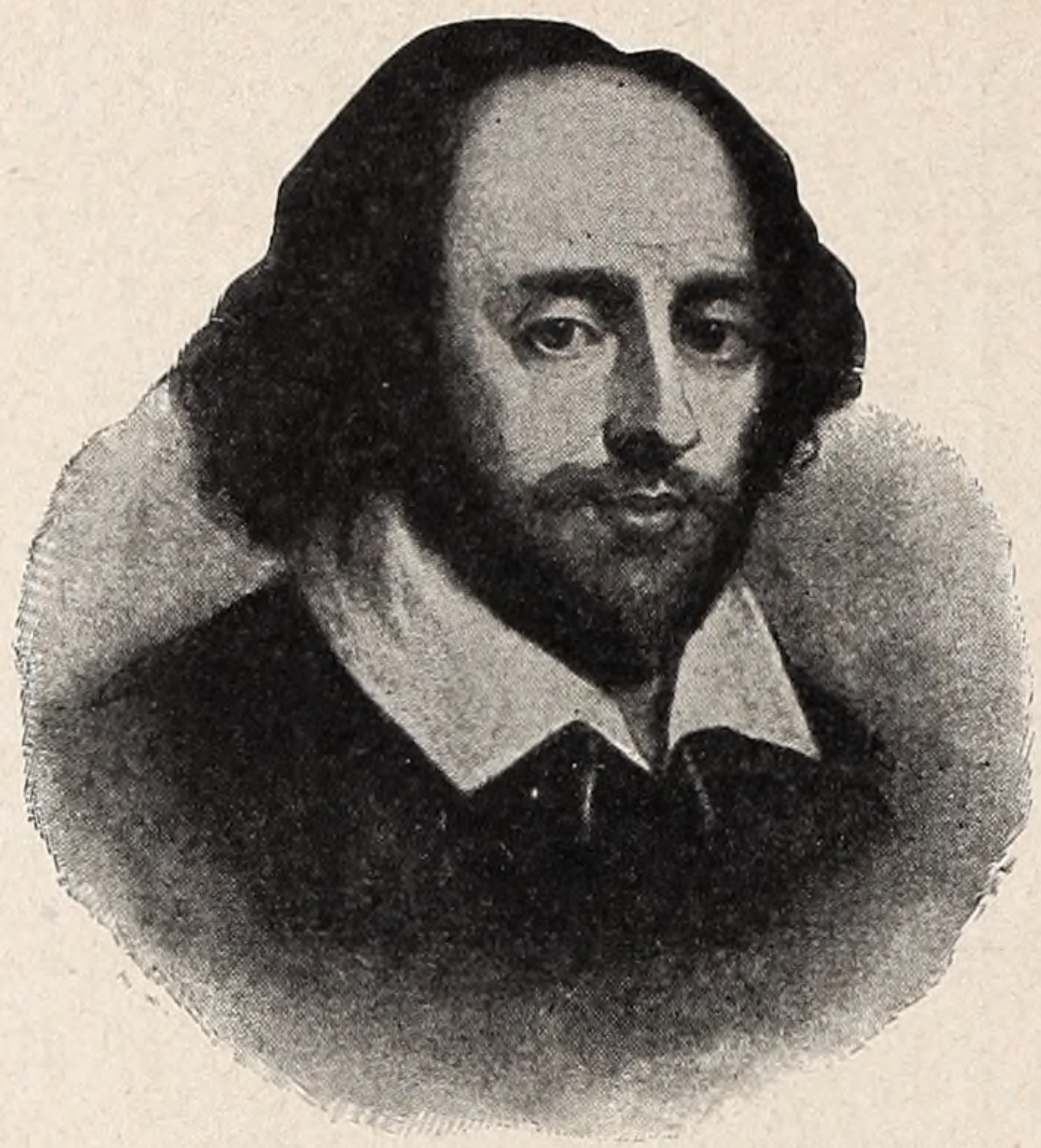
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How it Feels to Earn \$1000 a Week

By a Young Man Who Four Years Ago Drew a \$25-a-week Salary—Tells How He Accomplished It

HOW does it feel to earn \$1000 a week? How does it feel to have earned \$200,000 in four years? How does it feel to be free from money worries? How does it feel to have everything one can want? These are questions I shall answer for the benefit of my reader out of my own personal experience. And I shall try to explain, simply and clearly, the secret of what my friends call my phenomenal success.

Let me begin four years ago. At that time my wife and I and our two babies were living on my earnings of twenty-five dollars a week. We occupied a tiny flat, wore the simplest clothes, had to be satisfied with the cheapest entertainment—and dreamed sweet dreams of the time when I should be earning fifty dollars a week. That was the limit of my ambition. Indeed, it seemed to be the limit of my possibilities. For I was but an average man, without influential friends, without a liberal education, without a dominating personality, and without money.

With nothing to begin with I have become the sole owner of a business which has paid me over \$200,000 in clear profits during the past four years and which now pays me more than a thousand dollars a week. I did not gamble. I did not make my money in Wall Street. My business is not a war baby—on the contrary many others in my line have failed since the war began.

In four years the entire scheme of my life has changed. Instead of living in a two-by-four flat, we occupy our own home, built for us at a cost of over \$60,000. We have three automobiles. Our children go to private schools. We have everything we want, and we want the best of everything. Instead of dreaming of fifty dollars a week I am dreaming in terms of a million dollars—with greater possibility of my dream coming true than my former dream of earning fifty dollars a week.

What brought about this remarkable change? What transformed me, almost overnight, from a slow-going, easily-satisfied average man—into a positive, quick-acting, determined individual who admits no defeat, who overcomes every obstacle, and who completely dominates every situation? It all began with a question my wife asked me one evening after reading an article in a magazine about a great engineer who was said to earn a \$50,000 salary.

"How do you suppose it feels to earn \$1000 a week?" she asked. And without thinking, I replied: "I haven't the slightest idea, my dear, so the only way to find out is to *earn it*." We both laughed, and soon the question was apparently forgotten.

But that night, and for weeks afterward, the same question and my reply kept popping into my brain. I began to analyze the qualities of the successful men in our town. What is it that enables them to get everything they want? They are not better educated than I—indeed, some are far less intelligent. But they must have possessed some quality that I lacked. Perhaps it was their mental attitude; perhaps they look at things from an entirely different angle than I. Whether it was, that "something" was the secret of their success. It was the one thing that placed them head and shoulders above me in money-earning ability. In all other ways we were the same.

Determined to find out what that vital spark of success is, I bought books on every subject that pertained to the mind. I followed one idea after another. But I didn't seem to get anywhere. Finally, when almost discouraged, I came across a copy of "Power of Will." Like a bolt out of a clear sky there flashed in my brain the secret I had been seeking. There was the real fundamental principle of all success—Power of



"How Do You Suppose It Feels to Earn \$1000 a Week?" She Asked.

Will. There was the brain faculty I lacked, and which every successful man possesses.

"Power of Will" was written by Prof. Frank Channing Haddock, a scientist, whose name ranks with such leaders of thought as James, Bergson and Royce. After twenty years of research and study, he had completed the most thorough and constructive study of will power ever made. I was astonished to read his statement that "The will is just as susceptible of development as the muscles of the body!" And Dr. Haddock had actually set down the very rules, lessons and exercises by which anyone could develop the will, making it a bigger, stronger force each day, simply through an easy, progressive course of training.

It is almost needless to say that I at once began to practice the exercises formulated by Dr. Haddock. And I need not recount the extraordinary results that I obtained almost from the first day. Shortly after that, I took hold of a business that for twelve years had been losing money. I started with \$300 of borrowed capital. During my first year I made \$30,000. My second year paid me \$50,000. My third year netted me \$70,000. Last year, due to increased costs of materials, my profits were only \$50,000, though my volume of business increased. New plans which I am forcing through will bring my profits for the present fiscal year up to \$65,000.

Earning a thousand dollars a week makes me feel secure against want. It gives me the money with which to buy whatever will make my family happy. It enables me to take a chance on an investment that looks good, without worrying about losing the money. It frees my mind of financial worries. It has made me healthier, more contented, and keener minded. It is the greatest recipe I know for happiness.

Prof. Haddock's lessons, rules and exercises in will training have recently been compiled and published in book form by the Pelton Publishing Co., of Meriden, Conn. I am authorized to say that any reader who cares to examine the book may do so without sending any money in advance. In other words, if, after five days' reading, you do not feel that the book is worth \$3, the sum asked, return it and you will owe nothing. When you receive your copy for examination I suggest that you first read the articles on the law of great thinking; how to develop analytical powers; how to perfectly concentrate on any subject; how to guard against errors in thought; how to drive from the mind unwelcome thoughts; how to develop fearlessness; how to use the mind in sickness; how to acquire a dominating personality.

Never before have business men and women needed this help so badly as in these trying times. Hundreds of real and imaginary obstacles confront us every day, and only those who are masters of themselves and who hold their heads up will succeed. "Power of Will," as never before, is an absolute necessity—an investment in self-culture which no one can afford to deny himself.

Some few doubters will scoff at the idea of will power being the fountain-head of wealth, position and everything we are striving for. But the great mass of intelligent men and women will at least investigate for themselves by sending for the

book at the publisher's risk. I am sure that any book that has done for me—and for thousands of others—what "Power of Will" had done—is well worth investigating. It is interesting to note that among the 250,000 owners of "Power of Will" are such prominent men as Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Gov. McKelvie, of Nebraska; Assistant Postmaster-General Britt; General Manager Christeson, of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis; Arthur Capper, of Kansas, and thousands of others. In fact, today "Power of Will" is just as important, and as necessary to a man's or woman's equipment for success as a dictionary. To try to succeed without "Power of Will" is like trying to do business without a telephone.

As your first step in will training, I suggest immediate action in this matter before you. It is not even necessary to write a letter. Use the form below, if you prefer, addressing it to the Pelton Publishing Company, 43-B Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn., and the book will come by return mail. This one act may mean the turning point of your life, as it has meant to me and to so many others.

The cost of paper, printing and binding has almost doubled during the past three years, in spite of which "Power of Will" has not been increased in price. The publisher feels that so great a work should be kept as low-priced as possible, but in view of the enormous increase in the cost of every manufacturing item, the present edition will be the last sold at the present price. The next edition will cost more. I urge you to send in the coupon now.

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PALMOLIVE

Explanatory Note—At the right is a translation of the story of palm and olive oils written in the hieroglyphics of 3000 years ago. The characters and the translation are correctly shown according to the present day knowledge of the subject. Read hieroglyphics down, and to the right.

- (1) *As for her who desires beauty.*
- (2) *She is wont to anoint her limbs with oil of palm and oil of olives.*
- (3) *There cause to flourish these ointments—the skin.*
- (4) *As for oil of palm and oil of olives, there is not their like for reviving, making sound and purifying the skin.*



The History Back of Modern Beauty

WHEN the royal women of ancient Egypt learned the value of Palm and Olive oils they made a discovery to which modern users owe Palmolive.

For this famous soap contains the same rare oils, the luxury of famous queens 3000 years ago.

Its bland, fragrant lather is the final perfection of the blend which is old as history.

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