

MOTION PICTURE

CLASSIC

MAY

20¢



RUTH ROLAND

EO SMITH.



MOTION PICTURE DIRECTORY

Brooklyn - Strand
MARGUERITE CLARK
"OUT OF A CLEAR BEY"

RAINBOW THEATRE
SUNDAY
WM. S. HART
MARSHALL SQUARE
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS
"THE GREATEST THING IN LIFE"

HOWARD
SHIRLEY MASON
"COME ON IN"

CASTLE
BILLIE BURKE
"IN PURSUIT OF POLLY"

BUCKINGHAM
Lina Cavalleri
"A Woman of Impulse"

JUNIATA
Dorothy Dalton
"Viva La France"

STRAND
WALLACE REID
"THE SQUAW MAN"

NEW YORK
FREDERICK
"A Daughter of Old South"

THEATRE
RIVOLI
"THE GREATEST THING IN LIFE"

THEATRE
JACKSON
"THE GREATEST THING IN LIFE"

THEATRE
END BENNETT
"PARTNERS THREE"

THEATRE
"THE SQUAW MAN"

"HERE'S WHERE!"

A GREAT number of people have discovered a way of knowing a fine motion picture *before* seeing it!

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NEW YORK



Paramount and Artcraft Stars' Latest Productions

Here are their latest productions listed alphabetically. Save the list! And see the pictures!

Paramount

- John Barrymore in "The Test of Honor"
- *Enid Bennett in "Partners Three"
- Billie Burke in "Good Gracious Annabelle"
- Lina Cavalleri in "The Two Brides"
- Marguerite Clark in "Three Men and a Girl"
- Ethel Clayton in "Maggie Pepper"
- *Dorothy Dalton in "Extravagance"
- Pauline Frederick in "Paid in Full"
- Dorothy Gish in "Peppy Polly"
- Lila Lee in "Puppy Love"
- Vivian Martin in "Little Comrade"
- Shirley Mason in "The Winning Girl"
- *Charles Ray in "The Sheriff's Son"
- Wallace Reid in "Alias Mike Moran"
- Bryant Washburn in "Poor Boob"

Paramount-Artcraft Specials

- "The Hun Within" with a Special Star Cast
- "Private Peat" with Private Harold Peat
- "Sporting Life" A Maurice Tourneur Production
- "The Silver King" starring William Faversham
- "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 "The Marriage Price"
- D. W. Griffith's Production "The Girl Who Stayed at Home"
- *William S. Hart in "The Poppy Girl's Husband"
- Mary Pickford in "Johanna Enlists"
- Fred Stone in "Johnny Get Your Gun"

*Supervision of Thomas H. Ince

Paramount Comedies

- Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy "Love"
- Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies "The Village Smithy" "Reilly's Wash Day"
- Paramount-Flagg Comedy "Beresford of the Baboons"
- Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew in "Once a Mason"

- Paramount-Bray Pictograph One each week
- Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel Pictures One each week

"FOREMOST STARS. SUPERBLY DIRECTED, IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"

The Most Profitable Evening I Ever Spent

—The Evening In Which I Acquired David M. Roth's Secret of an Infallible Memory

By VICTOR JONES

PEOPLE say my memory is uncanny—that it must have taken years of patient effort on my part to have trained my mind to retain and recall all the faces, figures and facts I have stored away. But nothing could be further from the truth. It seems almost incredible, yet I learned the secret of an infallible memory in a single evening—and it was the most profitable evening I ever spent.

Before I discovered my perfectly good memory, hundreds of important facts and figures used to slip away from me. I was a slave to the memo pad and other artificial aids to memory. My inability to remember names and faces was embarrassing—and costly. I had to apologize almost every time I met some one I had met before. I couldn't remember what I had read in letters or books. My mind was like a sieve. Yet today my memory is absolutely under my control. I can meet fifty people within ten minutes and call them by name an hour later or at any time anywhere. I can recall long lists of bank clearings, telephone numbers, facts, names, rates, in fact anything I care to remember. I can repeat entire passages out of a letter or a book after reading it once. My mind is like a well ordered filing cabinet—I just reach into it and draw forth whatever I have stored away.

Instead of being a handicap, as it was formerly, my memory is now my greatest asset. The cold fact is that after my memory began to improve I got a new grip on my business, and in six short months I increased my sales by \$100,000, and that in war time, mind you, with anything but a war bride.

But my reader is doubtless anxious to know *how* I improved my memory in one evening. It all came about through meeting David M. Roth, the famous memory expert, at a luncheon of the Rotary Club in New York, where he gave one of his remarkable memory demonstrations. I can best describe it by quoting the *Seattle Post Intelligencer's* account of a similar exhibition.

When I met Mr. Roth again—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or something I have read in a magazine.

"You can do this as easily as I do. Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes, it was—a really *poor* memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in the forty-eight States to find that I had learned—in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson stuck. And so did the other six.

The result was—and my cashier will vouch for this—I increased my sales by \$100,000 in six months!

The reason stands out as brightly as a star bomb. Mr. Roth has given me a firmer mental grasp of business tendencies and a better balanced

judgment, a keener foresight and the ability to act swiftly and surely that I never possessed before.

His lessons have taught me to see clearly ahead; and how to visualize conditions in more exact perspective; and how to remember the things I need to remember at the instant I need them most in business transactions.

In consequence, I have been able to seize many golden opportunities that before would have slipped by and been out of reach by the time I woke up.

You see the Roth Course has done vastly more for me than teaching me how to remember names and faces and telephone numbers. It has done more than make me a more interesting talker. It has done more than give me confidence on my feet.

It has given me a greater power in all the conduct of my business.

Mr. Roth's course has endowed me with a new business perspective. It has made me a keener observer. It has given me a new sense of proportion and values. It has given me visualization—which after all is the true basis of business success.

So confident are the publishers, the Independent Corporation, of the remarkable value of the Roth Memory Course to every reader of this magazine that they want you to test out this remarkable system in your own home before you decide to buy. The course must sell itself to you by actually increasing your memory before you obligate yourself to spend a penny.

Don't send a single penny. Merely fill out and mail the coupon. By return post, all charges prepaid, the complete Roth Memory Course will be sent to your home.

Study it one evening—more if you like—then if you feel that you can afford not to keep this great aid to more dollars—to bigger responsibilities—to fullest success in life, mail it back to the publishers within five days and you will owe nothing.

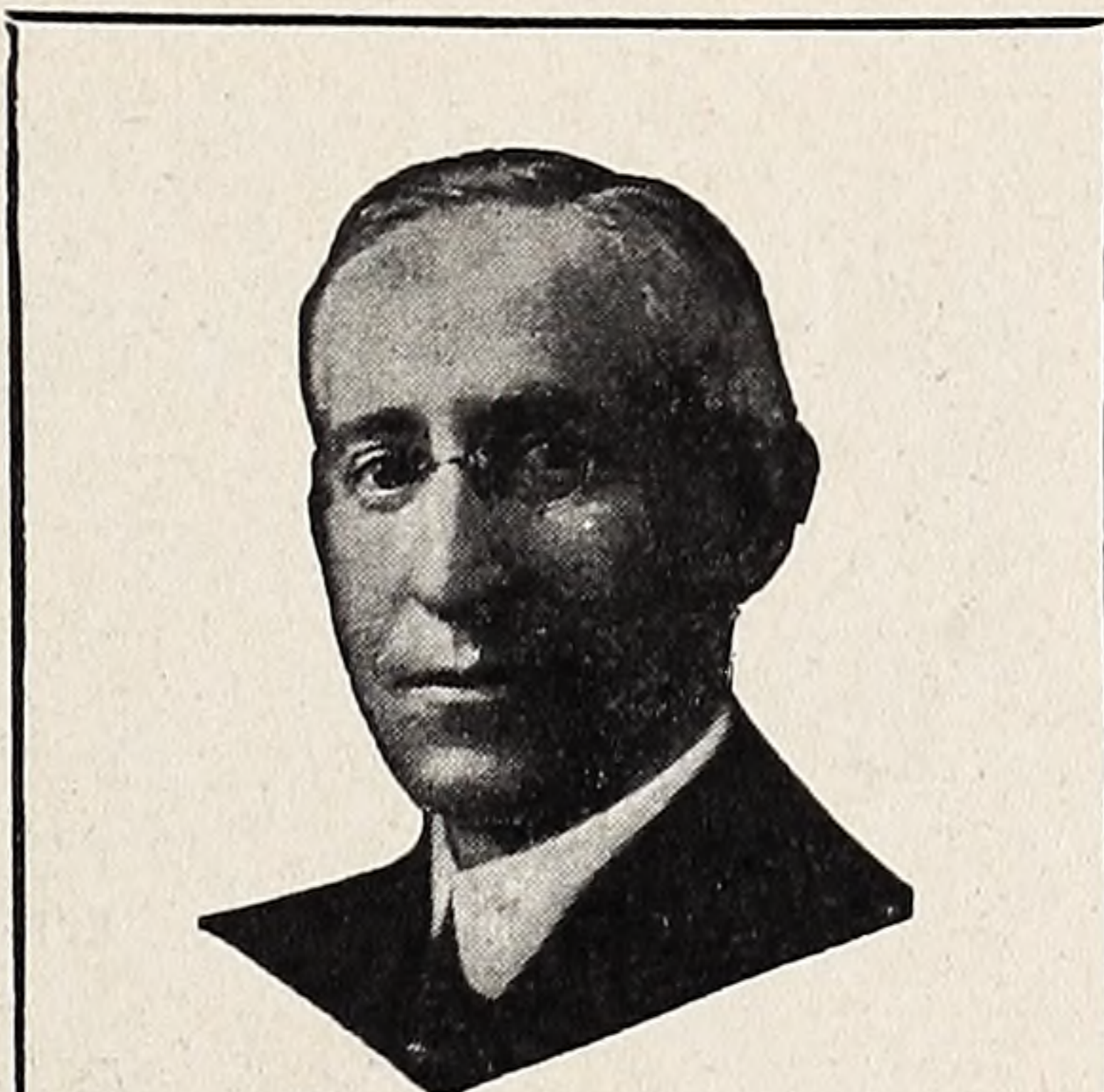
Good judgment is largely a matter of memory. It is easy to make the right decisions if you have all the related facts outlined in your mind—clearly and exactly.

Wrong decisions in business are made because the man who makes them forgets some vital fact or figure which, had he been able to summon clearly to mind, would have changed his viewpoint.

A man's experience in business is only as old as his memory. The measure of his ability is largely his power to remember at the right time. If you can remember—clearly and accurately—the solution of every important problem since you first took hold of your work, you can make all of your experience count.

If, however, you have not a good memory and cannot recall instantly facts and figures that you learned years ago, you cannot make your experience count.

If a better memory means only one-tenth as much to you as it has to me and to thousands of other business men and women, mail the coupon to-day—NOW—but don't put it off and forget—as those who need the Course the very worst are apt to do. Send the coupon in or write a letter now before the low introductory price is withdrawn.



The Amazing Memory Feats of David M. Roth

The *Seattle Post Intelligencer* said: "Of the 150 members of the Seattle Rotary Club at a luncheon yesterday, not one left with the slightest doubt that Mr. Roth could do all claimed for him. Rotarians at the meeting had to pinch themselves to see whether they were awake or not. "Mr. Roth started his exhibition by asking sixty of those present to introduce themselves by name to him. Then he waved them aside and instructed a member at a blackboard to write down names of firms, sentences, and mottoes on numbered squares, meanwhile sitting with his back to the writer and only learning the positions by oral report. After this he was asked by different Rotarians to tell what was written down in various specific squares and gave the entire list without a mistake. "After finishing with this Mr. Roth singled out and called by name the sixty men to whom he had been introduced earlier, who in the meantime had changed seats and had mixed with others present."

Independent Corporation

Publishers of The Independent Weekly

Dept. R-575, 119 West 40th St., New York City

Please send me the Roth Memory Course of seven lessons. I will either remail the course to you within five days after its receipt or send you \$5.

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State Motion Picture Classic-5-19

FREE TO THE WINNER OF THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC FAME AND FORTUNE CONTEST WE WILL PRESENT, WITH OUR COMPLIMENTS, A STRING OF "G" "SWEET" PEARLS THE EXACT DUPLICATE OF THE "SWEET" PEARLS WORN BY RUTH ROLAND, AND ILLUSTRATED BELOW

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NOTE—Full details of contest will be found on page 52.

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 244 Twin Ring, 2 fine Diamonds, \$35.00
 245 Tooth Ring, 1 fine Diamond, \$60.00
 246 Ladies' Belcher, 1 fine Diamond, \$35.00
 247 1 fine Diamond, 4 Diamonds in shank, 18K White Gold, \$225.00
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THE June Classic

The first Summer number of THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC is going to establish a brand new standard for beauty and interest.

Among the live features will be:

An interesting interview with the *Shelby Girls*, Mary Miles Minter and Margaret Shelby, illustrated by intimate new pictures.

A human talk with *Anita Stewart*, now busily at work on the coast upon her new series of photoplays.

Alma Rubens will tell her plans in a little chat which reveals a new angle upon the beautiful star.

Pretty *Hazel Dawn* has been interestingly interviewed.

Another personality chat of decided interest is with *Ernest Truex*, just now dividing his time between a Broadway stage play and the studios.

The whole country is—indeed the whole world seems to be—entered in *The Fame and Fortune Contest*. The June CLASSIC will present the eighth honor roll of the international contest.

The Celluloid Critic, recognized for his fearless comments upon the silverscreen, will discuss the current photoplays.

There will be interesting articles on the silent drama by *Frederick James Smith*, *Kenneth Macgowan* and other authorities.

The fictionized photoplays, as usual, will be the best obtainable. Probably you have noted that THE CLASSIC is obtaining the cream of the world's film production for short story presentation.

THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC
175 Duffield St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

(Five)

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(Cover painted by E. O. Smith)

Ruth Roland was born in San Francisco, her parents being stage players. She made her first stage appearance at the age of four and quickly became known thruout the Pacific coast as "Baby Ruth." Miss Roland played in vaudeville and stock in the coast States and finally became a screen player under the direction of P. C. Hartigan at old Kalem. There she remained for several years, finally being secured by Pathé as a serial star.

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

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MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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

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For, our Advisory Service Bureau—under the personal direction of Frederick Palmer, one of the best known screen authors in America—will take your movie plot just as it is—show you what is good about it and what is weak—tell you how to rebuild it, if necessary; in short—you will learn how to develop your movie ideas to best advantage. And, mind you, this is only one of the unusual features you get in the Palmer Plan of Photoplay Writing.



RODNEY
HYNSON



KATE
CORBALEY



VERNON
HOAGLAND

Just to show you how our Advisory Service operates, we might cite the experience of Rodney Hynson of Pasadena, Cal. Mr. Hynson tried and tried to dispose of his stories to motion picture companies; each time he failed. He had almost given up hope of ever winning recognition when he enrolled with us. In less than two months we handed Mr. Hynson a check for \$500 for his first successful photoplay synopsis, "Prince Toby," which you will shortly see on the Arcraft program.

Then—there's Mrs. Kate Corbaley—another of our members, who has averaged more than \$150 monthly during the past year through the sale of photoplay plots. Mrs. Corbaley is the mother of four small children and did all of her writing during her spare time.

And here's still another instance: Vernon Hoagland, now a high-salaried studio writer for one of the largest film producing companies, owes his entire success to the Palmer Plan. Not only did this institution train him in the art of scenario writing, but he secured his present position upon our recommendation.

These are only a few typical instances—but they are enough to show the tremendous opportunities brought home to you by the Palmer Plan of Photoplay Writing. Remember—it is the only method of photoplay training that helps you all the way through—from primary instruction on to Personal Advisory Service and then on to Marketing Service.

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Today—send for your copy of our new illustrated booklet—"The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing." Explains the Palmer Plan in detail—tells about our iron-clad money-back Guarantee—shows the benefits of our Personal Advisory Service and Manuscript Sales Department—shows how you, too, can learn to turn your "movie" ideas into money. Send for your copy today—it's FREE. Mail the coupon NOW!

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Palmer Plan of Photoplay Writing

Stage Plays That Are Worth While

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

Astor.—Fay Bainter in "East Is West." The story of a quaint little Chinese maid who falls in love with a young American and, just when racial barriers seem insurmountable, turns out to be the daughter of a white missionary. Has all the ingredients of popular drama. Miss Bainter is picturesquely pleasing.

Bijou.—"A Sleepless Night." Another farce written with the idea that nothing funny ever happens outside a bedroom. The usual in and out of bed piquancy, being the tale of a guileless young woman who decides to be unconventional and pink-pajamaed at any cost. Ernest Glendinning and William Morris admirable. Peggy Hopkins is the lady in question.

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.

Cohan's.—"A Prince There Was." George M. Cohan in an interesting rôle of a very entertaining comedy. He plays at a literary game in which hearts are trumps—and wins.

Forty-Fourth Street.—Al Jolson in the perennial "Sinbad." Typical Winter Garden show with lots of girls in Hooverized attire. With Jolson are the entertaining Farber sisters and the danceful Kitty Doner.

48th Street.—"The Net." An unusually good drama, well played. Montagu Love is now appearing in this melodrama.

Henry Miller.—"Mis' Nelly of N' Orleans." Mrs. Fiske in a new comedy of moonshine, madness and make-believe, in which she again proves herself to be one of the greatest of comédiennes. Excellent cast, notably Irene Haisman, who seems to have picture possibilities.

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 and a stage full of tumbling Arabs.

Knickerbocker.—"Listen, Lester." Lively, dancy show with considerable humor, thanks to clever Johnny Dooley. Excellent aid is given by Gertrude Vanderbilt, Clifton Webb, Ada Lewis, Ada Mae Weeks and Eddie Garvie.

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.

Morosco.—"Cappy Ricks." A capital comedy with Tom A. Wise in a capital rôle which he plays capitally with a capital C. The company might be better and handsome William Courtenay more sincere, but for a' that the play is good.

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.

Punch and Judy.—Remarkably interesting season of Stuart Walker's Portmanteau company at this intimate little theater. The season is largely devoted to the glittering and vivid playlets of Lord Dunsany. Admirable acting and finely artistic staging.

Shubert.—"Good-Morning, Judge." Light musical show adapted—remotely—from Sir

Arthur Wing Pinero's "The Magistrate." Built around the farcical efforts of a magistrate to escape a raid on a lively café, the being arraigned in his own court. The deluxe doll, Mollie King, is featured, and her brother, Charlie King, and George Harre contribute excellent first aid.

Vanderbilt.—"A Little Journey." The comical experiences of a dozen or more interesting travelers on a Pullman which is finally wrecked. Excellent cast.

ON THE ROAD.

"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.

"The Marquis de Priola." Leo Ditrichstein in the best play he has done since "The Great Lover," and in a somewhat similar part. His acting is splendid. While it is too bad to make the conquering of women the theme for a play, and a hero out of such a perfidious robeate as the marquis, the play is so fine that we forgive its naughtiness for its art.

"The Climax." A comedy with incidental music. Excellent, entertaining story of a young opera singer who loses her voice—an heart. Eleanor Painter is convincing.

"Roads of Destiny." Channing Pollock has devised an old drama 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.

"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.

"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 world. Laura Hope Crews admirable.

"Under Orders," another war drama, and good one, altho only two actors are necessary to tell the story. Effie Shannon is excellent. 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 Fiske 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. Entertaining with tuneful Jerome Kern music and the highly amusing Robert Emmet Keane.

"Keep Her Smiling." A typical Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew comedy. Mr. Drew does the cleverest bit of acting of his career, and Mrs. Drew is more charming and "younger" than ever before.

"Old Lady 31." Rachael Cruthers' successful and human comedy of an old couple who find themselves face to face with the almshouse. Effie Ellsler in Emma Dunn's rôle. Remainder of cast is the original New York company.

LEADING PICTURE THEATERS.

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

Across the Footlights

JUST now interest in the theater world is centered in the effect prohibition will have upon the stage. The general opinion of producers seems to be that the theater will profit greatly by the coming dry era, altho the cabaret form of entertainment seems destined to suffer.

"I am not a prohibitionist—in fact, I am against prohibition," says Marc Klaw, of Klaw and Erlanger, "but I believe that prohibition will help the theater. Of course, it may injure the cabaret performances, but the theater proper will be helped." David Belasco is even more enthusiastic. "Prohibition's influence upon the theater will be tremendous and, in my opinion, will work a vast deal of good for players and managers alike. The box-office will be certain to reflect the changed conditions, for its coffers will benefit enormously by the dollars once spent for drink." Daniel Frohman points out that the motion picture industry has already eliminated thousands of saloons in this country. "The theater is always the supreme resort as the source of pleasure, recreation and entertainment," he says, "and it will be further benefited by the prohibition mandate. The added prosperity to these places of amusement, which I feel will accrue to it, will enable managers to develop the resources of the theater in providing wholesome and intelligent amusement to the limit." Lee Shubert speaks in similar vein. "The theater," he says, "will benefit greatly by the existence of prohibition. Already the cinema has shown how it can affect the public that is accustomed to pay for the cheaper priced places in the theaters. I expect to see prohibition, by keeping the public out of expensive restaurants and cabarets, do the same for the first-class theaters that the cinema has already done by attracting the men from the saloons."

The remaining hope of the metropolitan cabarets seems to lie in the revival of the dance craze. Since the coming of the armistice the dance has been returning to popularity with a bang. The Cascades at the Biltmore, the ballrooms at the Astor, the grill of the Waldorf-Astoria and the other smart dance centers have witnessed a marked increase in the popularity of terpsichore. Will the end of Bacchus silence the jazz? That remains to be seen.

Altho Lent has, of course, affected the theater, the season's business of the metropolitan spoken stage has broken all records. "East is West," with Fay Bainter, at the Astor Theater, for instance, has jumped into one of the year's financial hits. And such productions as "Tea for Three" at the Maxine Elliott, "Friendly Enemies" at the Hudson, "Up in Mabel's Room" at the Eltinge, "Dear Brutus" at the Empire, "Tiger, Tiger" at the Belasco, "Lightnin'" at the Gaiety, and "The Better 'Ole" at the Cort go right on to record business.

(Seven)



"Hello, Chief:

"Haven't found the firebug yet, have you? You will know who he is only when I am dead and the fires stop. I don't suppose you even realize that the firebug talks to you almost every day about catching the firebug? That's me. They never caught me in Chicago or anywhere else, so you might as well quit looking for me and take your medicine."

The Firebug

That was the warning which came to the fire chief, unsigned—and then, the very next day, a woman was found nearly dead in a burning building.

It was a mystery that needed the master mind of Craig Kennedy, the scientific detective of this day—Craig Kennedy, who came to life in the mind of

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The American Conan Doyle

CRAIG KENNEDY

The American Sherlock Holmes

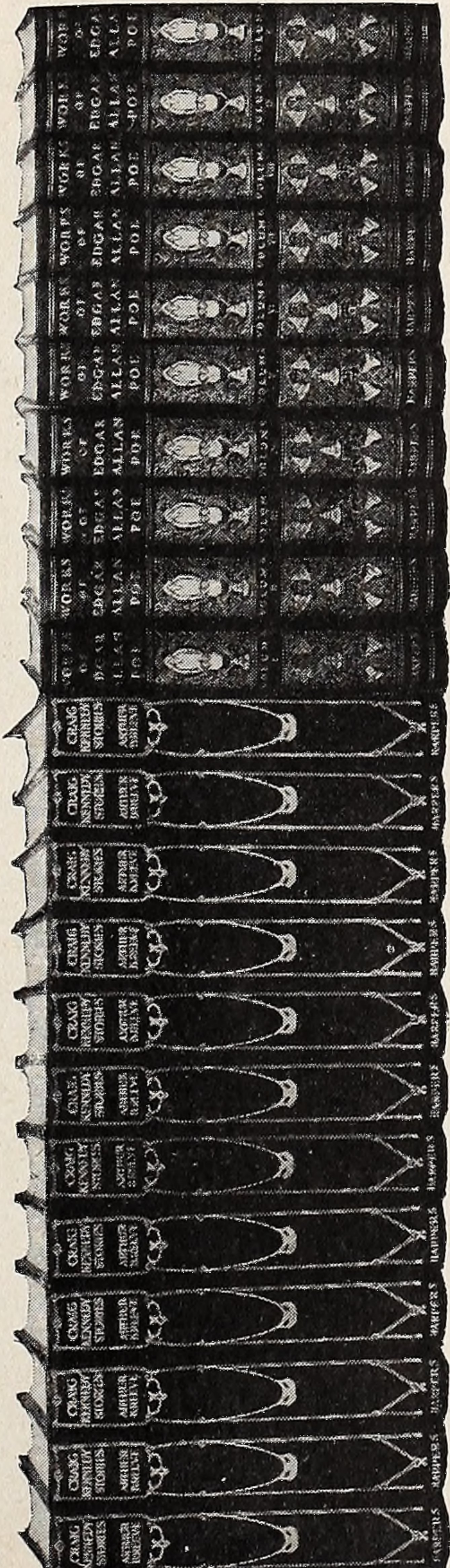
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GOSSIP OF THE SCREEN

William A. Brady has withdrawn his resignation from the presidency of the National Association of the Motion Picture Industry. A dinner was given in his honor at the Ritz-Carlton, at which the Motion Picture Club of America was organized and \$20,475 raised towards the building of a clubhouse.

C. E. Shurtleff, former general sales manager for the W. W. Hodkinson Corporation, has closed with Mrs. Charmian K. London, wife of the late Jack London, for the exclusive rights to all of the London books for the next five years. Mr. Shurtleff plans to produce four pictures a year.

The Rothapfel Pictures Corporation has signed Wally Van to direct the first production, starring Elaine Hammerstein.

The Famous Players-Lasky Corporation has purchased Rida Johnson Young's "The Lottery Man" for production.

Mrs. Charlie Chaplin and Blanche Sweet have been visiting in New York, making the trip together.

Katherine MacDonald has her own producing company now, with Colin Campbell as director. Miss MacDonald will produce in Los Angeles.

Irene Castle has been signed to appear in Famous Players-Lasky productions. The first will be a Robert W. Chambers story, "The Firing Line."

Bessie Barriscale was recently called to New York by the illness of her sister.

Frances Marion, well known as a scenario writer, has returned from France and is again with Famous Players-Lasky. Miss Marion was in special war work.

Lieut. Tom Forman, now out of the army, has been re-signed by Famous Players-Lasky under a two-year contract to play juvenile leads.

William Fox has gone to Europe.

Thomas H. Ince has just signed contracts with Lloyd Hughes, a discovery, William Conklin, Douglas MacLean, Dorris Lee and Otto Hoffman.

Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne exhibited nearly a dozen dogs at the recent kennel show in Madison Square Garden, New York. Several won cups and ribbons.

Goldwyn has purchased Eleanor Gates' "Aleck Lloyd" and H. H. Knibbs' "Overland Red" for Will Rogers' use. At the end of the Follies season Mr. Rogers will go West to start production.

The films have won over Briggs, the cartoonist creator of "The Days of Real Sport," "When a Feller Needs a Friend" and other series. These are being done in the form of one-reel comedies at the Thanouser (New Rochelle, N. Y.) studios, the principal parts being enacted by children.

Marguerite Clark has been vacationing. Now, however, work is well along on "Come Out of the Kitchen."

Charles Bryant is again leading man for his wife, Mme. Nazimova, in "The Brat," now being produced by Metro on the coast.

Alma Rubens has been Manhattaning.

June Caprice returns to the screen as co-star with Creighton Hale of the new Albert Capellani Productions, to be released thru Pathé. Production work is being done at the Solax (Fort Lee, N. J.) studio.

(Continued on page 64.)

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Jay Dillon

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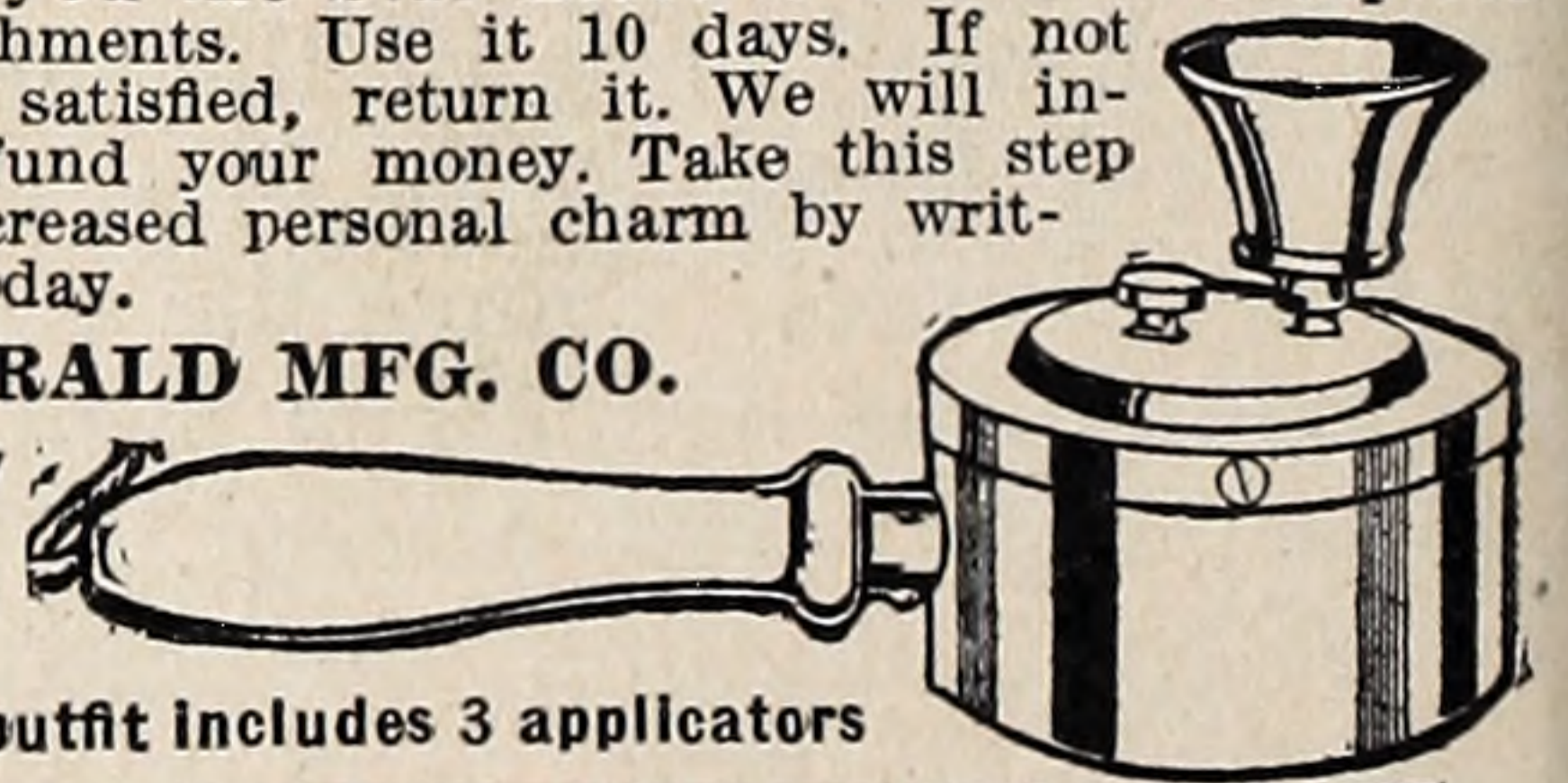
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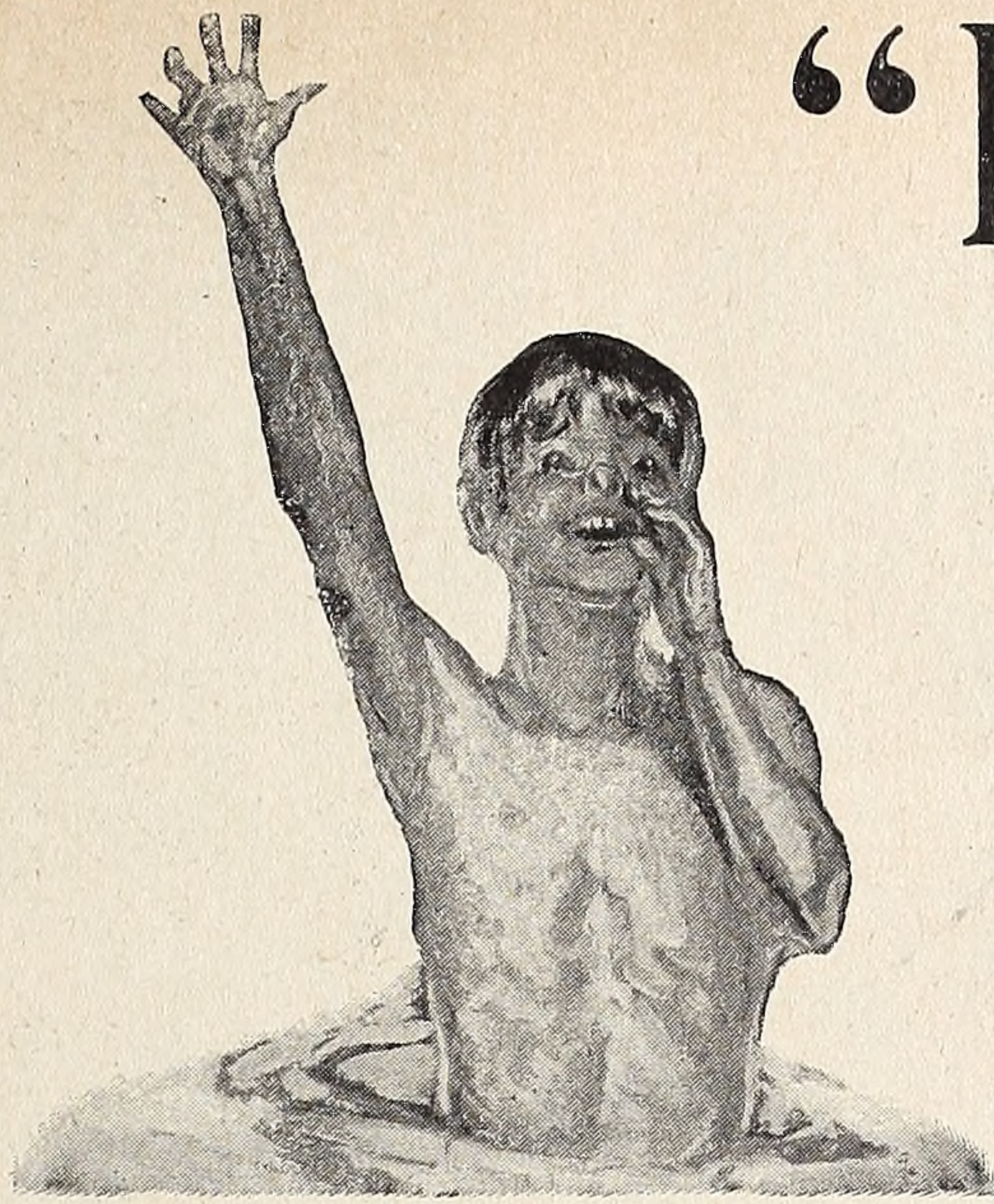
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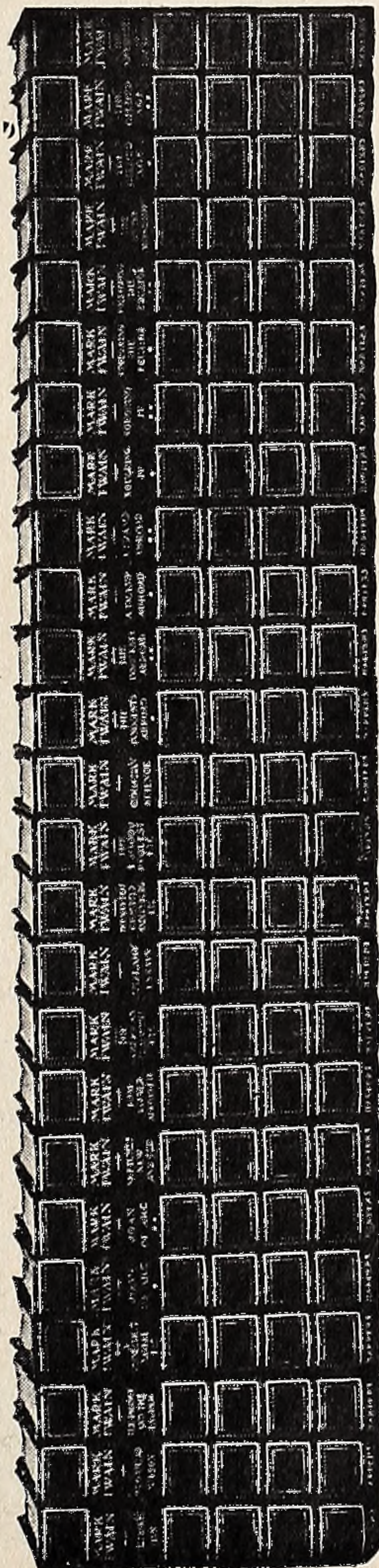
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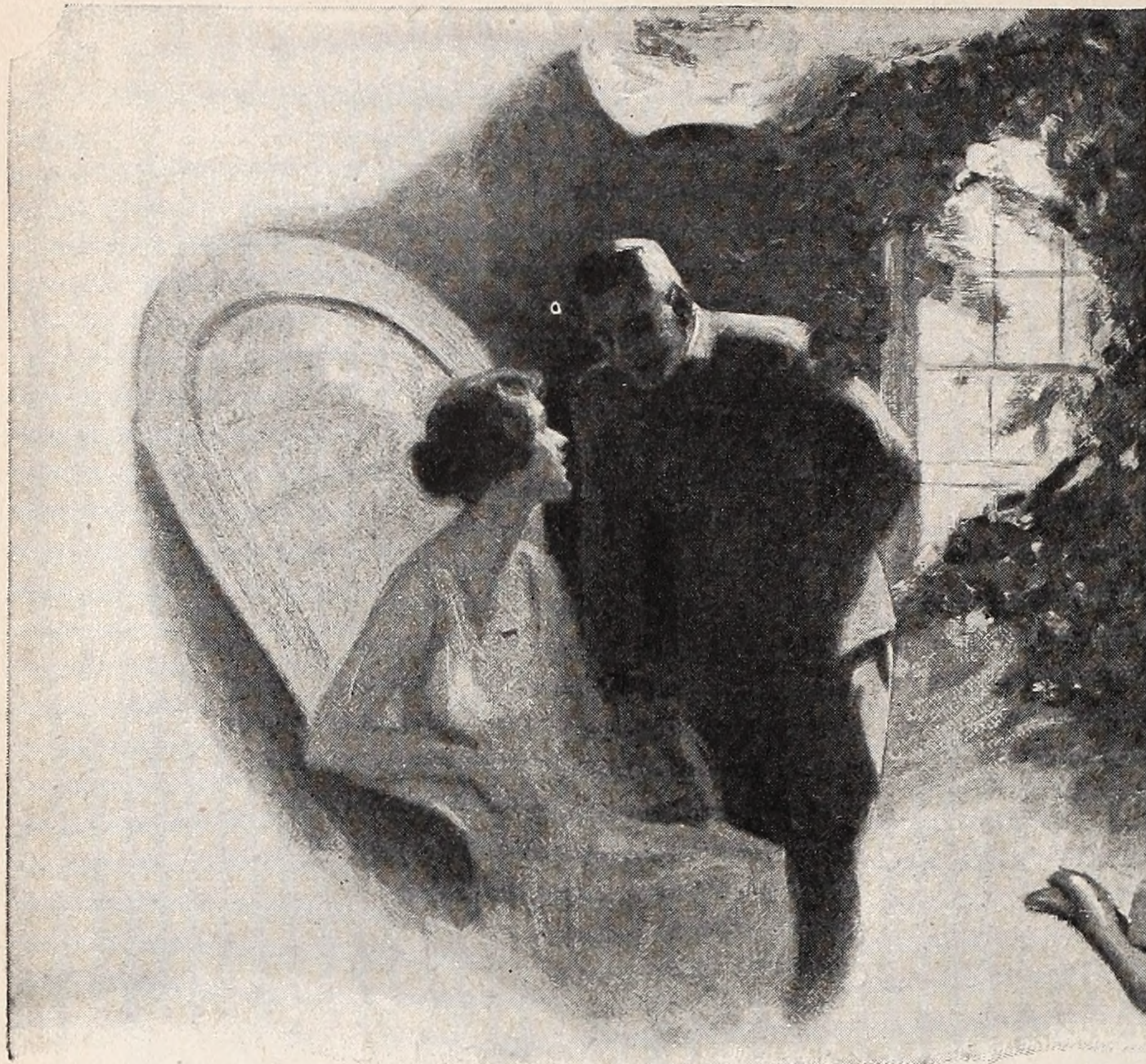
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Motion Picture Classic



Butterflies

Butterflies

MARGUERITE DE LA MOTTE

Miss De La Motte has been coming to the front recently in Douglas Fairbanks productions. She was the Lena of "Arizona." She has just completed work in "In Wrong," with Jack Pickford, and has returned to the Fairbanks forces.



KITTY GORDON

Miss Gordon was famed on the English musical stage as a beauty before she first dazzled New York in "He Came from Milwaukee" with Sam Bernard. She soon became a star in her own name in "The Enchantress" and other productions. Then World Film won her to the screen. Now she's one of the United stars.



ALICE BRADY

Light opera, drama and the photoplay have been the successive steps in Miss Brady's career. This season she has been dividing her time between the stage hit, "Forever After," and the Select studios. Now she announces that she is leaving Select soon, perhaps to make pictures abroad.



MYRTLE LIND

Myrtle Lind ran away from home to join the movies. Statistics do not state where said home was located. Anyway, she was going to dramatic school when the screen idea seized her. Now she's one of the most famous of Mack Sennett's beauties. Thus Art is served, after all.

MAHERINE CALVERT

Ms Calvert is perhaps best known for her play-
ing "The Deep Purple,"
"A Romance of the Un-
derworld" and other
plays written by her
husband, the late Paul
Strong. Frank Keeney
brought her to the screen and
she has just been doing
"Fis of Fate," the Sal-
vation Army-Paramount
feature.



The March of the Photoplay



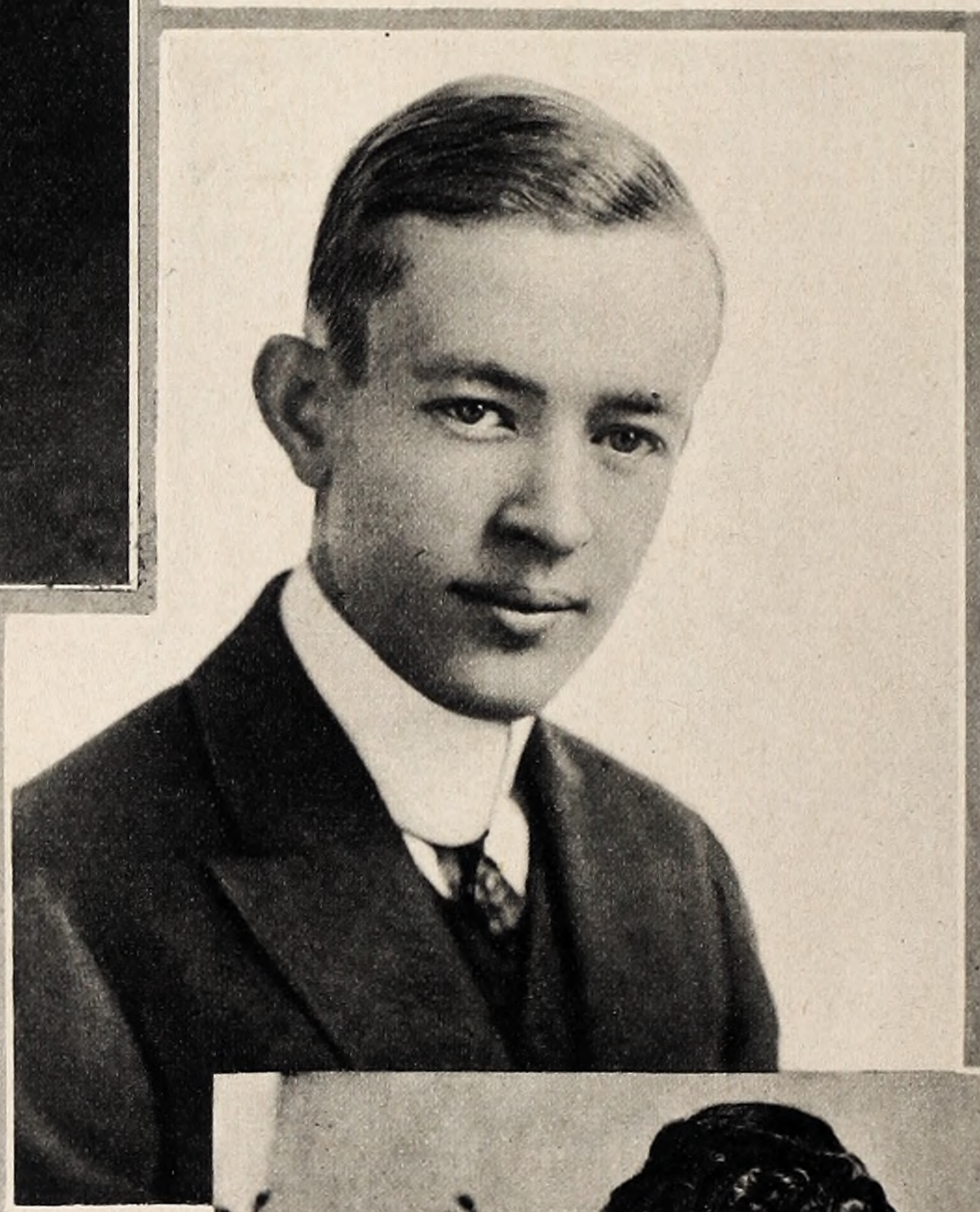
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But it is in the vital thing, the thing of the animating spirit, the spark of life, the idea, the story, and the means by which it is recast in celluloid, that the surpassing progress has been made. The flood of cheap re-issues of Hart are proof enough of how far the storyteller has gone in ten years. Take "Man to Man," with Rheba Mitchell. I have been unable to locate its birth certificate, and it may well be that this curious two-reeler is not more than five or six years old. But, whatever its age, it demonstrated how tremendously far we have gone.

The story isn't at all bad in itself. It contains plenty of material and suggestions for one of those well-nigh perfect yarns that Hart and Ince give us today. It brings a New England maiden out West to take charge of her dead uncle's property and drops her into a dance-hall. Thereafter come the conversion of Hart to love and

better ways, a conflict with a concupiscent gambler and a game of poker in which Hart wins the girl by out-cheating a cheat.

As the men of the early days put the story together, the incidents drop out of the camera with no more cumulative excitement than



Upper left, Jeanie MacPherson; center, Monte M. Katterjohn; and, below, Marion Fairfax. "Ten years ago we began the experiment of transferring gray matter to celluloid," says Mr. McGowan. "In that time the photoplay has gone as far as other arts have gone in a hundred years. From Homer to Euripides is no further in technical development than from Broncho Billy to 'Branding Broadway'."

TEN years ago we began the experiment of transferring gray matter to celluloid. In a short decade we have worked out the intricate and miraculous task of taking a man's mental conceptions of other beings, sorting them out on paper by rudely developed rules of plot or by much more potent intuitions, representing them in the shape of human actors, photographing those representations of thoughts, and then sorting them out all over again in the film editor's laboratory, all in order that they may finally find their way back into the human mind again as mental conceptions of human beings.

Ten years we have had for the working out of a new story-telling art. Five years, if we go by the date when five-reel feature pictures first began to be made. In that time the photoplay has gone as far as other arts have gone in a hundred years. From Homer to Euripides, 1000 B. C. to 450 B. C., is no further in technical development than from an early Broncho Billy melodrama to "Branding Broadway."

Part of it has been the progress of mechanisms — cameras, lighting, laboratory. Such progress has been equaled in other mechanical fields, in the development of the automobile, for instance.



By KENNETH MACGOWAN

chewing-gum out of a penny-in-the-slot machine. There is nothing of what makes screen art today—no human detail, no bits of atmosphere, no conflicts of emotion in the souls of the people, no possibilities of unhappiness, no suspense and not a shred of understanding.

"Man to Man" contrasts all the more vividly with the photoplay of today because in locale and action it is so decidedly of the particular school which has pushed the art of screen story-telling farthest—the Ince-Sullivan alliance. Griffith remains the master of the movies, and his own school of photoplay writing is vital and perhaps more important because of its natural humanity; but the group that worked with Thomas H. Ince and C. Gardner Sullivan at Culver City more than a year ago have done more to create a distinct and exclusive method of story-telling. The photoplays to which Sullivan and Katterjohn and Hawks have put their names—"The Crab," "Hell's Hinges,"



Above, Anita Loos, and, left, C. Gardner Sullivan. "The Sullivan dramaturgy is not unlike the Ibsen dramaturgy in its definite, tight structure," declares Mr. Macgowan, "while John Emerson and Anita Loos are products of the Hauptmann vein of naturalness"

"The Bride of Hate," "The Flame of the Yukon," "The Paws of the Bear," "Carmen of the Klondike," "Shell '43," "The Phantom," for example—all bear a close family resemblance. The ones I name were made when all three were working in the Ince studio, and they all show the same characteristic method of handling. The

action is pared down to the bone and then fleshed with exact and appropriate details. The film is started easily and naturally with the introduction of a character or two and an emotion and a place, which gradually begin to accumulate action—and interest—about them. There is no awkward "Now I'm going to tell you a story" start. There is no moralizing. Life just begins to live before you. As you go forward with the story, the effect is of a taut and clean-cut structure designed to achieve the strongest possible dramatic effect. Descriptive subtitles are keyed to the emotion of the story. They are never allowed to seem like necessary explanations of an inept continuity man. Lacking the usual verb, saying "Filled with indecision" instead of "John is filled with indecision,"

(Continued on page 71)

A Dreamer of Dreams

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

THERE was an odd exotic leisure in the way Marcia Manon's slender hand stole across the restaurant table and gracefully selected a bonbon—a picturesque atmosphere of sunny, warm lands in the way she indolently lifted the bit of candy to her lips.

The sound of jazz music from the hotel orchestra and the hurried chatter of nearby voices clashed. Marcia Manon, with all her exotic flavor, is not the Broadway exotic. She frankly admits her dislike of the city's madness.

"I love to be awakened by the sunshine and the birds rather than the hotel clerk at the telephone. And the noise, and the rush, and the would-be Bohemianism, and the satisfied old women who live in New York hotels, they all disrupt my thoughts. Still, I am getting used to the noise. Now, at least, I sleep nights."

Miss Manon came on from the coast, let us hasten to explain, in order to play in "The Malefactor" with Jack Barrymore. This visit was her first to New York, at least the first she remembers.

"I was here once before, when I was two months old. My mother was Italian, my father Russian



Abbe

Marcia Manon is the real child of the theater. She was actually born in the Palais Royal in Paris. Her mother was Italian, her father Russian. Above is a study of Miss Manon by Elliott Dextel. "Old Wife for a New" and, on the opposite page, a study of her "Stella Mas"

He was a musical director at the Palais Royal in Paris. Indeed, he was actually born in the Palais Royal for my mother had chanced to visit the theater and the evening occurred. So I am in truth a child of the theater.

"My parents brought me to America, but, thank heaven!, they kept me in sunny California. Our family grew up. I longed for a part on the opera stage. I studied and studied. Every cent I could get toward developing my voice.

"I reached nineteen, and still my idea was far away. I decided to try doing extras in the

You Get Just What You Dream About, Is Marcia Manon's Philosophy



the rôle, but couldn't get her, and they tried player after player in the part. "I was given a chance, altho Miss Pickford quite frankly did not believe I could do it. They tried me for three days, studying the bits of negative in the darkroom at night. Then they decided to keep me. The only other chance I have had was the de luxe comforter in 'Old Wives for New.' Really, I can't see why I am being interviewed. I haven't accomplished anything yet."

Miss Manon smiled—a tired, far-away sort of smile. She selected another bonbon, leisurely, with a minimum of physical effort.

"I believe you get just what you dream about," she went on. "Nothing more and nothing less. I am not a fatalist. I have worked too hard. You must work to succeed; work hard, unwaveringly. The successful are those who can disregard pain—who are strong enough to do that and go on. The real people have sacrificed and suffered to be where they are.

(Continued on page 65)

"I am not a fatalist," says Miss Manon. "I have worked too hard. You must work to succeed; work hard, unwaveringly. The successful are those who can disregard pain—who are strong enough to do that and go on. The real people have sacrificed and suffered to be what they are"

movie studios in order to keep up my voice culture. But I have never been able to do anything without doing it whole-heartedly and sincerely.

"I always came to the studio the very first in the morning. I still do it, indeed. I worked hard, waited long hours, and kept at it. Finally, I got a chance as an Apache girl in 'The Victory of Conscience,' with Lou-Tellegen. There was a scene where Mr. Tellegen laid his hand upon my head for a second. I burst into tears. The drama touched me, I was tired, and the tears came.

"They incorporated that into the scene. They had noticed me. That night William De Mille tried me in a rôle in 'Anton the Terrible.' Up to that time I had hated and feared Mr. De Mille, but I have since come to genuinely worship him.

"Those two bits started me. Finally I got a sympathetic little rôle with George Beban in 'One More American.' I like that best of anything I've done. Finally I had my chance in 'Stella Maris' with Mary Pickford. They wanted Mary Alden for



Hard Luck Tearle

THE world considers Conway Tearle one of the most popular matinée idols of the present-day stage or screen.

Mr. Tearle thoroly believes he isn't a matinée idol, never was one, and never wants to be.

"To be a matinée idol," says Mr. Tearle, "all that is necessary is a knack of wearing clothes, the money to go to a first-class tailor, a pretty face and the ability to clutch the girl gracefully in the last few moments of the third act."

"I never was a pretty man. I don't want to play namby-pamby heroes. I want to play men with a dash of deviltry in them, like ordinary human beings. I want to play men that have problems to meet, who perhaps make mistakes but profit by them, and who, out of the heat of their hells, forge themselves into successes. But save me from the callow hero who never did anything wrong in his life. Such men exist only in the movies and on the stage."

Conway Tearle tries to be a persistent pessimist. Seldom have I met a person of the stage so thoroly lacking in conceit. The Tearle ego is undeveloped. He is sure no one likes him. He is positive he has the least luck of any actor. He verily believes that he has nothing to say that will interest the world. He even doubts his own braininess. He is one of those restless individuals who, no matter how much they accomplish, never quite reach the goal of their ambition.

And he absolutely fails to realize that this very lack of self-satisfaction, which is the death-knell of so many popular actors, is the surest sign in the world that *he* will not stand still, but will continue to advance. He fails to realize that as he goes on, his ambition grows in proportion, so that he thinks he never accomplishes it. To those who look no farther than today it may seem a curse to be perpetually dissatisfied, but to those gifted with an insight into the art of creation it is common knowledge that contentment or a fatty self-satisfaction spell the end of achievement.

The stage is Conway Tearle's natural inheritance. His father was Ormsby Tearle, one of the most famous English

actors of his day . . . his mother, an American actress, Minnie Conway, with a theatrical lineage which stretched back to 1712.

Conway was born in America, but was taken to England when he was eight years old. There he received his education at Winchester.

In spite of the fact that his ancestors had mapped out his destiny, the stage, he studied law and even took up professional boxing as a means of livelihood.

"Imagine me even attempting to be anything but an actor," says Tearle. "Why, it just couldn't be done, and so I finally succumbed to the call of the blood and took up my proper profession."

Among his first plays were "The Geisha" and "Ben Hur."

After six years of consistently good acting in London, Tearle sought America, where he made a decided hit with Grace George.

The records of that time show that he was the most sought after actor in America. Again his version of the story differs.

"Don't," he almost pleads, "say any one ran after me or that I got in a h notes."



Above, Robert Leonard directing Norma Talmadge and Conway Tearle and, left, a scene from "Nancy Lee." Conway is a persistent pessimist. The Tearle ego is undeveloped. He is sure no one likes him. He is positive he has the least luck in the world. He even doubts his own braininess. He is one of those restless individuals who, no matter what they accomplish, never quite reach the goal of their ambition

It isn't true. No one ever pays any attention to me."

Tearle has romantically melancholy eyebrows. They glower gloomily over his deep-set eyes. But there is a certain whimsical upturn to his mouth which belies his depression. He maintains that everything he has ever obtained has been thru sheer hard work.

His modesty is real. He believes his own statements and, all proof to the contrary, you couldn't make him believe differently. He says where another actor has made a hit in a very short time without any

By HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

effort, his didn't come without the most excruciatingly hard work. This was as Rene in "The Hawk." He was not called upon to take the part until three days before the play was to open in New York. At the time he had walking typhoid, but did not know it. He was obliged to rehearse his part for three days and three nights, with the result that he scored a big hit, but he very seriously undermined his health.

"I like the stage better than pictures," says Mr. Tearle,



Left, Miss Talmadge and Mr. Tearle at an informal between-the-scenes luncheon. "With all due respect to picture directors," says Mr. Tearle, "they want to talk, think, walk, do everything for you. You are nothing but an automaton that carries out their ideas"

"I like playing on the stage because I have most of my afternoons off, can play golf, get out in the country in the machine—live. In the studio I work all day—and get into a dress-suit the next morning at 8 A. M.

"You ask what I'd do if I were bound to an office? Routine work? Dear lady, it couldn't be done."

Conway Tearle admires women that have brains, and yet he says that he is afraid of those that have.

"They're always obtruding themselves and making a man feel insignificant—and a man doesn't like to feel insignificant. I know I haven't an overly large supply of brains, but I don't want any one to make me feel this all the time."

Mr. Tearle has one failing. He just can't remember to keep an appointment to save his soul. He cannot be bound. He is as irresponsible as a gold-fish. He hates to have people make a fuss over him—particularly women—and yet he says he would like pictures better could he think that the picture public liked him.

One of his greatest charms is his voice and his perfect English. He is a finished diplomat, tactful, as are all innately well-bred people.

He will always be a seeker, a hunter for that elusive happiness, that self-satisfaction which is just beyond, whose gossamer wings teasingly brush his eyelids and pass on.

He is a romantic figure, a gallant, a genius, with all of a genius' moodiness.

He is one of the most popular actors on the screen today—and he doesn't know it.

"and I think I always shall. On the screen I am simply depicting some one else's thoughts; on the stage I can put my own interpretation across. With all due respect to picture directors, they want to talk, think, walk, do everything for you. You are nothing but the automaton that carries out their ideas. You wait three weeks for your big scene, and then—woof!—you discover it is nothing.

"Of course, I think the ideal way would be to direct myself. Be a director? Heaven forbid! I mean I would like to plan out my own work like Chaplin does. For instance, I would have given anything to have played 'The Silver King.' My father starred in the original stage production. It was one of his greatest hits. It does seem as if the screen part might have been mine, but you see, no luck, no luck at all.

"Everybody asks me what screen star I like best, and I always answer, diplomatically, the one I am playing with at that time. As a matter of truth, I think Norma Talmadge is the fairest, squarest star of them all. She is willing to go fifty-fifty every time, to give a fellow a chance.

"That girl has real brains. I don't see why some one doesn't star her on the stage. I think she would be a tremendous success. She can really act.

In Pursuit of Billie

By C. BLYTHE SHERWOOD

MONDAY (at the home of Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., at Hastings-on-Hudson)—“It is too bad. She has just left. Ye madam rises extremely early, as she attends to the marketing for the little baby herself every morning before going to the studio.”

Tuesday (at the Famous Players-Lasky studio, N. Y. C.)—“Miss Burke cannot see an one. She has to double work on three scenes here and then leave immediately for the fourth set at Fort Lee.”

Wednesday (at the office of Flo Ziegfeld, Jr.)—“Billie has run over to the Knickerbocker Hotel to lunch some wounded soldiers.”

Wednesday (the same—at the hotel)—“Miss Burke has hurried the boys out for an auto ride before taking them to see a matinee.”

Thursday (at the photographer's)—“Ye have missed Mrs. Ziegfeld by a hair's breadth. She rushed away with the baby to keep an appointment with the physician.”

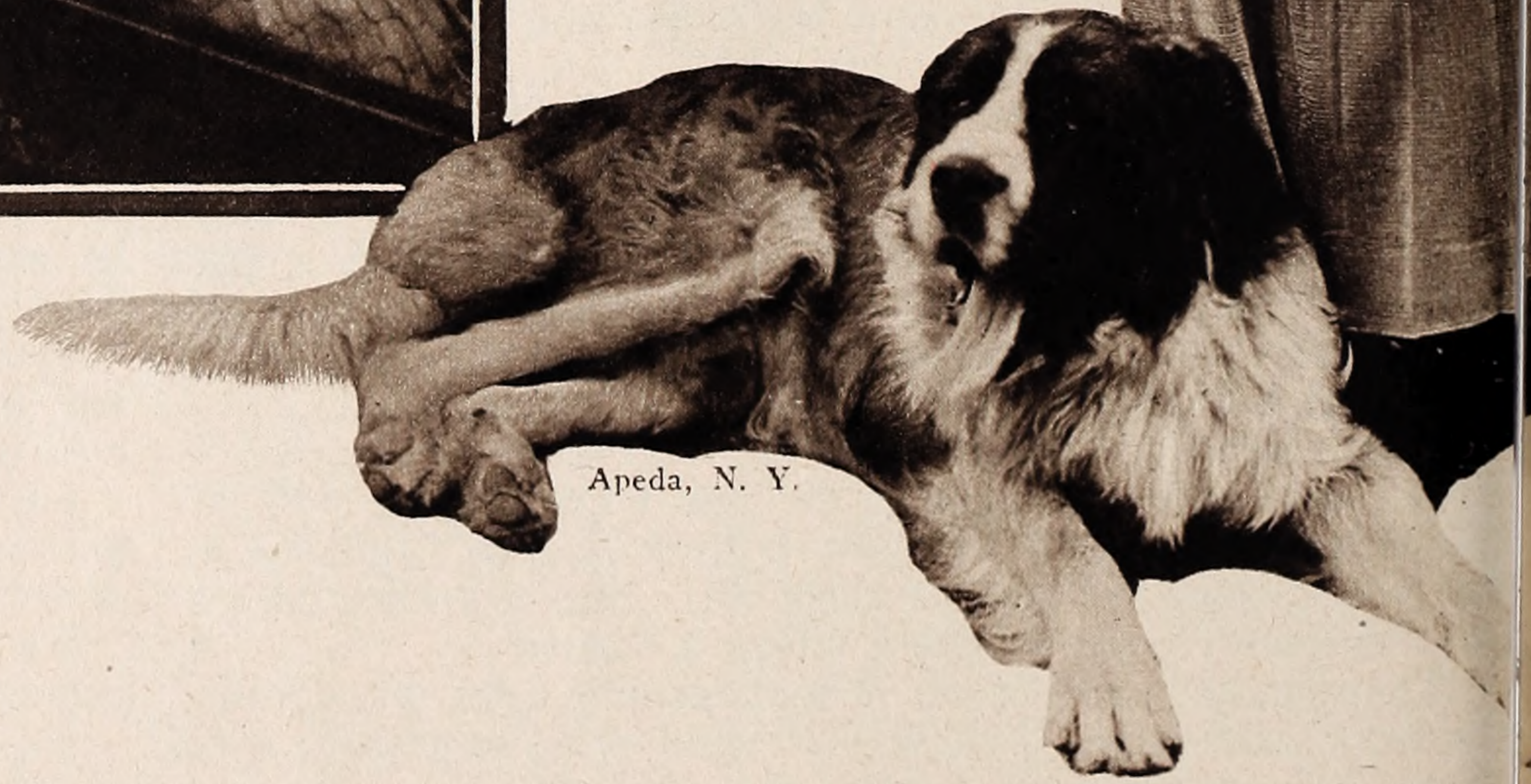
Friday (3 P. M. at Madame Leclaire's)—“My poor sweet Billie won't be able to get here this afternoon. Such a rushing! She's changed her hour for six o'clock . . . oh, if you intend to wait, take another seat *et mettez-vous a votre aise, ma'm'selle.*”

Such was my campaign to capture Billie. But I couldn't have found a more inviting place in which to wait three long hours. It was delightful, this salon, with its brocaded hangings, silken cushions, softly dimmed lamps and gilded furniture



Scott Shinn

Little Florence Patricia, two years old, is Billie's Land of Promise. “I love her so,” says Miss Burke. “I love them all so. Baby, mother, the home, the chickens and dear, kind Flo. Why, I can hardly realize that I've been married five years. Five! They've been five wonders.” On this page are pictures taken on the Hastings-on-Hudson estate



Apeda, N. Y.

Miss Burke Is Very, Very Busy

of the quaintest foreign style. On the walls were pastel miniatures, in the corner a Louis XVI desk, across were trellised mirrors, and against clocks, vases, books and candlesticks were photos—hundreds of them, all auto-graphed. They were from one celebrity after another, but the majority of them "From Billie Burke."

"See? Ees that not a darling?" asked madame, indicating a picture of Miss Burke with garlands in her long, thick, plaited hair. "That was Billee's debut on the stage about nine years ago in England. Billee was so *magnifique* that, altho at the time she was studying music (she, too, had a charming voice), George Edwards insisted on having her in his Christmas pantomime. Then here she ees in 'Three Little Maids,' that bright success, with Edna May.

"Charles Frohman was impressed with her acting with Charles Hawtrey in 'Mr. George.' He engaged her to return to America with him to play opposite John Drew in 'My Wife.' See? She ees here . . . her hair she now wears on top of her head, but she ees still the girl! She had been in America but one year when she was made a star in 'Love Watches.' There . . . ees that not a wonderful picture? After that I remember she played in 'The Runaway' with Ernest Lawford, 'Mrs. Dot' and in 'The Mind-the-Paint Girl.' Here are the pajamas I made for her that are now known all over as Billie-burkes! Shelley Hull was with her in that play, and also in 'The Land of Promise' and 'Jerry.' Billee ees simply heart-broken over his death. He was so young and fine.

"Last year Billee played with Henry Miller in the piece by M. Dumas, 'A Marriage of Convenience.' I thenk she loved

that the best of all her parts! The satins, the picturesqueness, the daintiness all appealed to her nicety of expression."

Madame left me to get ready the outfit "for Billee." Over two hours, and the time did *not* drag. There is nothing more diverting or enchanting than to view a growing array of exquisite garments. "Here eet ees . . . such a state of wildness! In two days she goes away . . . and all these costumes must go with her. Look! Ees this not a sweet one?" And she held high for scrutiny a smart sports blouse

(Continued on page 76)

"You have no idea how a woman grows, spiritually and mentally and in every way," says Miss Burke, "when she has some one whom she can give her love and her thoughts." Above is a study of Miss Burke in "A Marriage of Convenience"



© Alfred Cheney Johnston

War and Women

By FAITH SERVICE



Apeda, N. Y.

TITULARLY speaking, one might expect of the following some sort of treatise, a ponderous tome, a species of grave and very learned pamphleteering, or, at best, a conglomerate mass of so-called propaganda anent women and something or other, or war and something or other else, or both. This is the dear, delightful instance where a title is misleading, which, we are told, a title should never, nev-er be. Getting down to cases, this has to do with women, likewise with war, but it is not the thin sugar-coating of the semi-ethical, semi-medical brief. It is an impressionistic account of the viewpoint of one well qualified to speak. It is first-hand information. It is by a captain and an authority on both subjects, delicate and indelicate. It is gleanings over a luncheon-table at the Plaza, where Captain "Bob" Warwick played host and interviewee.

Speaking thus glibly of a point of view regarding the war, Captain Warwick disclaimed having one.

"No point of view on the war?" I queried, never having heard of such a subnormal condition.

"No." The captain shook his head and laughed. "That seems strange to you?"

"Strange?" I yapped, echoing. "Oh, very, I should say!" I added: "That's what I'm here for—your militaristic point of view."

"There's one affliction I am glad I escaped on the battlefield," says Capt. Warwick. "That is loss of my eyes . . . I'd hate not to be able to see a pretty woman. I love all the women. The French girls! Ah! And the German women . . . Never let anyone tell you that they are dull, stolid, uninteresting"



"You'll have to come back in a year or so, then," said the captain, ordering intricate *hors-d'oeuvres* in a casual way. "I expect to have one round about that time."

"Why a year?"

"I need perspective. I have none now. None whatsoever. I believe that it will take some time for most of the boys who have been over to get a real perspective on the thing, an honest realization. Of course, I can only speak for myself with any authority. Perhaps the whole thing was too big for me—or perhaps I was too small for it and it's dwarfed me, but I know that I simply cannot realize the thing. I feel exactly as tho I had never been over. As if the trip, all of it, were something that has never happened, something I might have dreamed very vaguely." He paused a moment, then said, wistfully, "Perhaps, tho, if I had had the good fortune to have a wound stripe or so I might have felt it all the more."

"You mean you wish you had been wounded, I take it?"

The captain looked at me with commiseration. "Do I?" he exploded.

"Gosh, every time I see one of the boys with an arm or a leg gone, my heart sinks into my boots. I'm ashamed of my arm where the wound chevrons ought to be. I wish the Boche had played tick-tack-toe all over my face with his cunning bayonet. There's just one affliction I *am* glad I escaped—"

"And that?"

"Loss of my eyes. I'd hate not to be able to see a pretty woman."

This were easier to imagine of the gay Lothario who, a few years back, charmed New York singing "Oh, You Dear, Delightful Women" in "The Balkan Princess," who later made problematical love to Frances Starr and, still later, stormed his way to a capture on the screen.

"You had rather a difficult rôle—over there, didn't you?" I asked.

"I was on General Pershing's staff, you know," the captain said; "Intelligence Department. It was interesting in a way, tho not dangerous . . . not very many thrills. It was my job to keep the general supplied with information, to go on important and private missions, and all that. Once, a few months back, I came over here. I met Foch and

Bob Warwick Dismisses Battlefields and Femininity

Clemenceau and most of the great French generals and officials. They are tremendous. Foch is a veritable superman."

The *hors-d'oeuvres* had given successive way to ices and black coffee. I veered. "Perhaps if you haven't quite got your perspective of war," I suggested, "women . . ."

He laughed. When he laughs he laughs mostly with his eyes, which are brown and have a twinkle in their depths, a wicked little twinkle. Paradoxically, one is reminded of a small boy. Thus, no doubt, the charm which has made "Bob" Warwick a menace to the chances of other less gifted members of his own sex.

"Women!" he said. "Why, I've always had a perspective on women. It is that they are invariably, individually and collectively charming."

"But after the war?"
"What then? They have been magnificent, of course. That did not surprise me as it seems to have surprised almost everybody. It was to be expected. It has not detracted from their charm—on the contrary. I love all the women. The French girls . . . ah! And the German women . . . never let anybody tell you that they are dull, stolid, uninteresting . . . it is not so."

He seemed about to go into a sort of cosmopolitan reverie, speaking feministically, when I recalled him with a figurative dash of cold water.

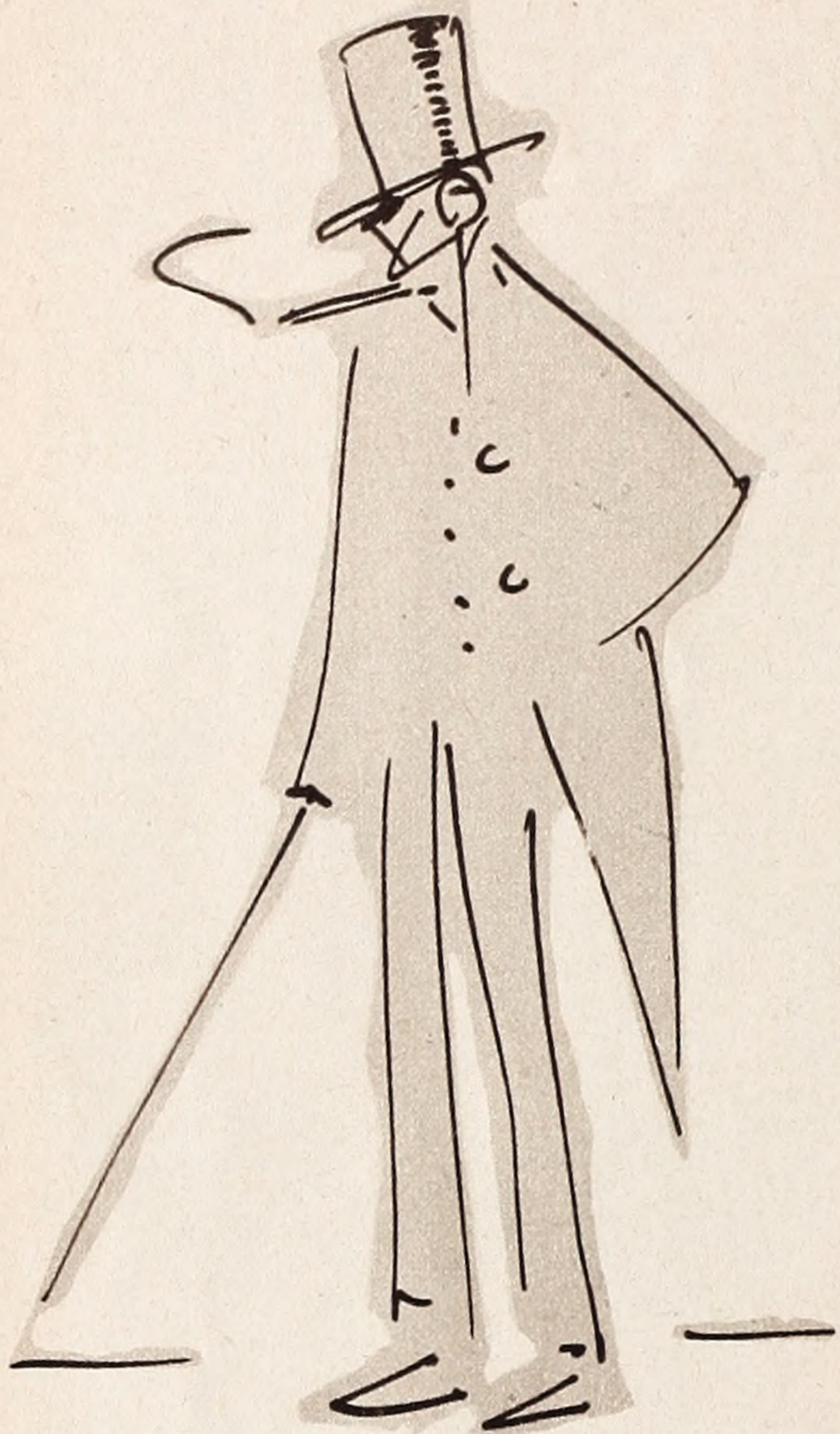
"Marriage?" I asked. "Do you still believe in it
(Continued on page 66)

"Marriage is a failure because, afterwards, women dont flirt enough," philosophizes Warwick, "and, therefore, men dont try enough. Men have one instinct which is stronger than all others . . . the hunting instinct. You take the average married man—he knows he doesn't have to hunt any more . . . He feels cheated, defrauded"



The Endowed Photoplay

By CHARLES JAMESON



scenario and bad so far as the director takes liberties with the scenario," said Mr. Lindsay.

The poet believes a "new alphabet that will be more universal than music and cut deeper into society than any other" will be created when the scenario writer fully learns how to "compose in motion." But the scenario writer and the scenario writer alone will be master of this new alphabet.

"THE future of the motion picture lies in the endowed photoplay," declares Vachel Lindsay, who always sees the screen from an oddly interesting viewpoint. Lindsay is the colorful Illinois poet who has made a singularly deep and searching study of motion pictures. In other words, he is a poetic fan. Some time ago he wrote a volume on "The Art of the Moving Picture."

In the interim he has been writing poetry and seeing more pictures. The results of his new ideas he embodied in a lecture given at Columbia University in New York City recently. And the cornerstone of his address was a plea for the endowed photoplay.

The fact that Mr. Lindsay was invited to address the Institute of Arts and Sciences of Columbia University on the photodramatic art deserves more than passing comment. The screen is advancing!

Mr. Lindsay's comments were vigorous, as one might expect. He began by declaring that he, with others, had once considered the director as the most important factor in the making of photoplays, but that he had, with those others, reached the conclusion that "the real hero of the moving picture would be the scenario writer."

"It is the scenario writer," he said, "who must supply the material out of which artistic photoplays are to be built," and he urged that the author's rights be proclaimed "in season and out until they dominate the field." "The photoplay is good so far as it follows the



Mr. Lindsay believes that the scenario writer has no chance in the commercial field. Scenarios with fresh ideas, upon being submitted to commercial producers, are put thru a script factory, reducing everything to a common denomi-



Center, Vachel Lindsay, the poet-critic. The cartoons of the conventional screen villain, hero and shero (in a state of collapse), are by Hendrick William Van Loon. It is against these conventional movie folks that Mr. Lindsay protests

nator so that it will appeal to "all of the 100,000,000 people in America."

Mr. Lindsay does not wholly blame the

producer. The necessity of appealing to every one is apparent from the commercial standpoint. Indeed, the present system, he believes has certain good points. For instance, the average of photoplay production balances favorably with the average of other producer: trying to reach the whole 100,000,000 at once. Specifically, Mr. Lindsay said that the "total product of magazines is not a bit better than the total product of motion pictures."

But, with this mechanical digestion of all incoming scripts, the scenario writer of originality is lost. And unless new ideas come to the screen, how is the photoplay to advance?

Mr. Lindsay has his own answer. The endowed motion picture.

It would be costly and risky, of course Mr. Lindsay admits that. But "let some repentant motion picture millionaire do it," he remarks, humorously, and specifically proposes that a hundred or more centers of art and education—as universities, societies, etc.—unite behind the project

(Continued on page 77)

Saturday to Monday

BY WILLIAM HURLBUT

Fictionized by Dorothy Donnell from the Photoplay

Based on William Hurlbut's Comedy

SUSANNE," said Mrs. Ercoll, stirring her tea with the air of one doing it a great favor, "says that she will never marry again."

"In my experience that remark usually precedes the announcement of an engagement," Mrs. McVey said sagely.

She helped herself to sugar with a prodigality that would have turned Mr. Hoover pale and set her on her sily. "No woman no does expect get married ever so."

"There aren't any women who expect to be married!" The hostess shrugged her pink negligéed shoulders.

"But one would think that after her first impossible experience! I happen to know that she was on the eve of divorcing Carter when, fortunately, he did the tactful thing and died. Of course, I never advise any one, but I should think that she would stick to suffrage. Or perhaps raise Chinese dogs, or go in for a soul, or something that she could get rid of more easily than a husband."

She was a large woman, with a round, pink face, who affected a babyish air of helplessness and fussy, dabby clothing. Her architecture was mid-Victorian, her ideas depended upon what she had been reading last.

"I had rather a notion that Foxcroft Grey would be the next candidate for the vacant position," Mrs. McVey purred. "He seems so attentive. That was positively a bale of roses I saw in the hall just now. Of course, he's hopelessly old-fashioned and anti- too, I believe."

"He has a beautiful nose," Susanne's mother sighed. "Carter was not ornamental, tho if he is in heaven now—which I doubt—he may be improved. I don't recollect ever having seen a picture of a bald-headed angel. But Foxcroft hasn't the ghost of a chance with Susanne!"

A rustle of taffeta ruffles in the doorway preceded a tall, bright young woman into the room. She was waving a newspaper and was surrounded by an almost visible aura of excitement.

"The sly thing!" Lucy Delaney chirped. "Here we've mailed suffrage circulars together all the morning—wonderful circulars, so convincing! Mrs. Dobbs-Hogswell, leader of the English cause, said—but no matter! Susanne never hinted such a thing to me. But isn't it romantic!"

Mrs. Ercoll possessed herself of the paper, read the notice therein with resignation, and returned to her tea.

"Dear me, Lucy, you are so impulsive," she murmured. "It's merely the announcement of Susanne's engagement to Foxcroft Grey."

She selected a bit of French pastry and passed the silver basket to her friend. "My dear, you must be sure to come. A week from today. I don't know why they delay it so long—a great many things can happen in a week."

The butler added another to the company about the samovar by ushering in Arthur Barnard, the new tenant, who had just leased Mrs. Ercoll's bungalow at the foot of the lawn, a young man of terrible seriousness, whose chief characteristics were a feeble mustache, a large Adam's apple and a mission to enlighten the world by a series of problem plays upon which he was laboring.

"I have brought you, dear lady," he bowed over his landlady's pudgy hand, "a gift more wondrous than pearls and fine gold! I have brought you a precious thought, a little fledgling brain child of my own."

It developed that he had discovered that those unmarried were more truly married than if they were married, while the bonds of matrimony were far from liberty bonds, and the realization of the ideal was the true aim of existence. Or at least that is what his auditors got from his explanation.

He spoke in beautiful, gummy, soothing syrup phrases, ate a great many little frosted cakes without seeming



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The butler added another to the company about the samovar by ushering in Arthur Barnard, the new tenant, who had just leased Mrs. Ercoll's bungalow at the foot of the lawn, a young man of terrible seriousness, whose chief characteristics were a feeble mustache, a large Adam's apple and a mission to enlighten the world by a series of problem plays upon which he was laboring.

"I have brought you, dear lady," he bowed over his landlady's pudgy hand, "a gift more wondrous than pearls and fine gold! I have brought you a precious thought, a little fledgling brain child of my own."

It developed that he had discovered that those unmarried were more truly married than if they were married, while the bonds of matrimony were far from liberty bonds, and the realization of the ideal was the true aim of existence. Or at least that is what his auditors got from his explanation.

He spoke in beautiful, gummy, soothing syrup phrases, ate a great many little frosted cakes without seeming

"SATURDAY TO MONDAY"

Fictionized from the scenario by Alice Eyton from William Hurlbut's comedy, based on Jessie Leach Rector's story. Produced by Select Pictures. Directed by Robert Vignola. Starring Constance Talmadge. The cast:

- Susanne Ercoll.....Constance Talmadge
- Foxcroft Grey.....Harrison Ford
- Charlie Hamilton.....Walter Hier
- Dot Harrington.....Vera Sisson
- Mrs. Ercoll.....Edythe Chapman
- Arthur Barnard.....Raymond Hatton
- Mrs. Entwhistle.....Maym Kelso



In the little apartment, where Susanne bustled about like an energetic sunbeam, the scorched and oddly concocted dishes were seasoned with kisses

conscious of them, and held his audience enthralled until interrupted by the breezy entrance of Foxcroft Grey.

"My dear boy," cooed Mrs. Ercoll, "come here and be kist immediately, and tell me what you mean by running away with my little girl."

"The privilege of kissing you," Foxcroft explained, gallantly, "was my chief reason for wishing to marry Susanne. As soon as I saw you, two years ago, Mrs. Ercoll, I said to myself, 'If that woman has a daughter, I am going to marry her,' and last night, aided and abetted by the moon, I got her promise."

"The newspapers——" began Mrs. McVey. Foxcroft nodded with an air of modest satisfaction.

"I 'phoned 'em the good news as soon as the offices were open this morning so that Susanne would find her bridges hard to burn," he explained. "And I've given a month's notice to my apartment house."

"You live at the Bachelor Hall, dont you, Mr. Grey?" Mrs. McVey wanted to know, with roguishly wagging forefinger. "The only house in the city where women aren't admitted. Come, now; tell me truly, *aren't* there ever? I know there must be! Oh, naughty, naughty! Tut, tut—h-m!"

Arthur blushed chastely. He spoke loudly of women, dissected them on paper, and fled from them in the flesh, unless they were on the safe side of fifty. He had a deep-seated belief that they were one and all bent upon marrying him. Susanne in particular terrified him. Hearing her runabout stop now on the drive outside he rose to make his escape, but before it could be consummated Susanne was in the room.

There was an air about Susanne Sinclair, née Ercoll, as breezy and sunny as an April morning. She was the sort of woman whom others of her sex "never can see anything in," which, of course, means that she was as pretty as the proverbial picture, lithe, moon-blond, with the short upper-lip

that made Helen of Troy a decidedly dangerous and unsettling young person.

Her eyes narrowed slightly as they discovered Foxcroft Grey's well-featured face among those turned to greet her, but she tossed her hat aside and advanced to the tea-table, stripping off her gloves with perfect self-possession.

"I've been interviewing Lady Bugglesthwaite, the English suffraget that tied herself to the hitching-post in front of Lloyd George's house," she explained. "She's a wonderful woman—been in jail twenty-four times. She was hoping to make it twenty-five even, but the women unfortunately got the vote before she could. It's an inspiration to talk with her. However"—she helped herself liberally to sandwiches—"I dont believe in hunger strikes."

Arthur Barnard interrupted, his pale, intellectual face suffused with embarrassment. "You will excuse me, Miss Susanne, but I—really, I must be going. My play must not suffer from my wanderings in pleasant fields. I feel that I owe a debt to society."

He did not mention the debts he also owed to his tailor and his butcher. Coincident with his departure, Mrs. McVey and Lucy took their leave, and Susanne beheld with alarm her mother's preparations to follow suit.

"Why," she demanded of Foxcroft, as Mrs. Ercoll's pink-upholstered figure disappeared between the curtains, "why should people flee from an engaged couple as if they had the plague? And who said we were engaged anyway?"

"You did," Foxcroft assured her, "darling."

Susanne pointed toward the windows, thru which the sun was streaming in. "Last night I had a little too much moon, and it went to my head. You ought to know that a woman never means anything she doesn't say at eleven o'clock in the morning, with the sun in her eyes. You had no business making me think I wanted to marry you."

"You made *me* think you did." He led her to a chair before the long French mirror. "Sit here, dearest, so that I can see two of you!"

"If a man had any sense of honor," Susanne said, severely "he'd behave before marriage the way he is going to afterward."

"That," said Foxcroft, "is an odd conception of what is honorable! However, the main thing to be settled this morning is where we are going to live after we are married. And I think—it's only a suggestion—that we could talk rather

Arthur thought nothing of baring his soul to sympathetic ladies; he was not appalled by naked emotions, but he was acutely conscious of his pajamas



etter if you were to come over here onto this ottoman beside me, so, and put your head down on my shoulder so, and I were to kiss you so and so and so!"

"Marriage," Susanne mourned, without removing her pale gold fluff of hair from Foxcroft's neck, "is the mask civilization has fastened across slavery! When two people become one, that one is the man, never the woman. A wife hasn't the freedom of her servant girl——"

"I'll give you a day off, occasionally," suggested her lover, "every other Thursday, say."

"No!" Susanne sat up suddenly, and her eyes began to shine. "I'll tell you! We'll make it a Saturday to Monday marriage!" She clapped her hands, as one who has discovered the solution to the un-solvable. "We'll meet for dinner every Friday and be married until Monday morning, when we'll each go our way in absolute freedom, answerable to each other for our actions until the next Friday. We will not try to see each other or question each other as to how we spend the week days, but over the week ends we will"—she blushed easily—"we will keep house and quarrel and talk about the high price of things and find fault with each other's clothes just like real married people! Well?"

Foxcroft Grey was not called one of the cleverest young lawyers in the New York bar for nothing. There is more than one way of winning a case. "It seems to me," he smiled, with perfect good humor, "that you have hit upon a very brilliant plan. If you like, I'll draw up an iron-clad contract to that effect, and we'll both sign it. And in that case no doubt I can keep my apartment. McCauley, the janitor, is a hard-hearted old Scot, but we'll show him the wedding certificate and he'll probably make an exception to his 'no ladies' rule."

"A wife is no lady," McCauley ruled, when, a week later, a taxicab deposited Mr. and Mrs. Foxcroft Grey in the Bachelor's hallway with the gentle patter of rice, "but then, a husband is no bachelor, either. I dunno, I dunno."

Foxcroft's argument was of the old reliable type. McCauley pocketed it with a dour grin. "You're exempt, Mrs. Grey," he told her, "but a word of warning to ye, I draw the line at nursing bottles an' perambulators!"

The first matrimonial week-end was a grand success, despite the fact that Susanne's knowledge of cookery was limited to two kinds of Welsh rarebit, fudge and stuffed eggs, while Foxcroft's culinary contributions were the mixing of Bronx cocktails and the toasting of frankfurters. In the little apartment Susanna bustled about like an energetic sunbeam. The orchard and oddly concocted dishes were seasoned with kisses. The small figure in the fluffy silk and chiffon negligée sitting across the breakfast-table from him atoned to Foxcroft for the obvious fact that the toast was smoked, the coffee bitter and the eggs exceedingly hard.

Susanne assumed the rôle of matron like an ambitious dress studying a new part. When she went in for a new gown she flung herself into it with all her heart; now she took matrimony as she had taken up barefoot dancing, Bahaism and the Woman's Movement. When she stood on Monday morning pinning her very smart little hat with the cocky wing atop her curly hair, she congratulated herself that her experi-

ment had proved a grand success. "Now to be happy tho married!" she murmured aloud, with a triumphant smile. "We are revolutionists. We will show the world that marriage need not be a degrading slavery, wiping out individualism—darn this mirror! It wasn't made to hold women's hats, that's certain—we will abolish boredom, nagging, jealousy——"

She paused. In the room beyond, the telephone was ringing shrilly, and Foxcroft was answering. "Hello! Yes, this is Mr. Grey's apartment—who is this? Oh, yes." Was it fancy, or did his tone change, grow conscious? "You—what? Well—er—I'm engaged this moment, but in half an hour—certainly, I'll be delighted. I'd suggest the fire escape. McCauley is such a crab. Very well, expect you then. G'by!"

Susanne jabbed the hatpin viciously thru her blonde coils. It was none of her business, of course, but—not that she *cared*—that was certainly a queer message for a man to get on his honeymoon!

"What was I saying?" she said, fretfully, to the exceedingly pretty but rather blank face in the mirror. "Oh, yes, we will abolish jealousy——"

Another girl and the fire escape! Three days married and already telephoning to other women! Well, it was lucky she

Susanne ran to him and fell down upon her knees, dimly conscious in the back of her mind that she had seen this done on the stage in a like situation



didn't care. She'd show him two could play at that game. She'd—

"Well, sweetheart?" Foxcroft had come softly up behind her, and the mirror for a moment looked like the June cover of a popular magazine. "How do you like marriage?"

Susanne laughed lightly to cover the scorched feeling in her heart. "Week-end marriage," she corrected, "perfect freedom of the individual, remember. No questions asked."

Foxcroft smiled. "Of course. We're under contract, aren't we?"

See you next Friday—Ritz, eh? Palmroom at six-thirty. Good-by till then, darling."

It was two nights later when Arthur Barnard, wrestling with esoteric soul-struggles, looked up from his manuscript to find what appeared at the first glance to be an angel, an exceedingly up-to-date and well-dressed angel with a cobweb of moonbeams in her hair, standing in the doorway of his sitting-room.

His frantic clutching of his dressing-gown about his pink pajamaed chest was purely reflex. Arthur thought nothing of baring his soul to sympathetic ladies, he was not appalled by naked emotions, but he was acutely conscious of his pajamas.

"Arthur Barnard," the vision said, in a tremulous tone, and advanced into the room, to his horror, "Arthur, I am in great trouble. You must listen to me, you must help me. Oh, oh"—continuing to advance—"it is terrible, terrible!"

"My dear Miss Sus—that is, Mrs. Grey," Arthur stammered, recoiling, "you must not come here. Suppose some one should see you! They might misconstrue—oh, please, please go away!"

Ignoring his frantic wail, Susanne flung herself upon her knees by his chair and captured one hand. Her wrap of satin and fur slipped back from her shoulders like creamy milk; her eyes, of the blue of violets dewed with grief, looked up into his. Not being a husband, Arthur Barnard was not water-

proof to woman's tears. He squirmed, but he listened, in proof of, as his better nature prompted him, fleeing the place immediately.

"Somehow," Susanne went on, with despairing tone, "my husband has conceived an unreasonable jealousy of me. He received an anonymous letter hinting that I was not true to him, and, acting upon it, he is coming, tonight, here!"

The playwright's mental agonies were pitiable. His eyes, the color of commercial bluing, seemed in danger of

leaving their sockets.

"But

here?" he

moaned, and

why have you

come? Dar-

ling, these

things don't ap-

pen in life, only

in plays."

"He is coming

here," Susanne

explained, sitting

"because he is

jealous of you, and thinks

he will find me here. And

I came to warn you that

you must not be found here."

Arthur staggered to his

feet, knees chattering like

castanets. "You—he-I!"

He clutched at the air

She looked up at him with a beautiful blush. "I've decided not to be a week-end wife any longer, but an all-the-time wife so long as we both shall live"

"You must be mistaken about the letter. Why should any one write an accusation of me? My husband is blameless. I never did anything stronger than drink ginger ale, do not swear, go to bed at half past nine—cold shivers every morning—"

His voice trailed off in a gurgle. Watching Susanne felt the possibility of doubt. After all, perhaps she should have suspected some other man—any one but Arthur? Still, the letter had been a masterpiece. She felt certain that Foxcroft would come, and take his place, if not then, he were certainly unconditional. He should see that she, too, could have her

affairs on the side. The sound of footsteps on the walk brought her to her feet, clutching at the pink flannel nearest her. "It's he!" she whispered, and for the first time fear swept her. What if Foxcroft thought—

She cast a frantic glance about the room, saw a doorway for it, to be halted by Arthur's almost inarticulate protest. "No, no, not there—that's the bedroom, the bedroom—"

(Continued on page 67)

(Thir)



Living Down the Name of Percy

By FAITH SERVICE



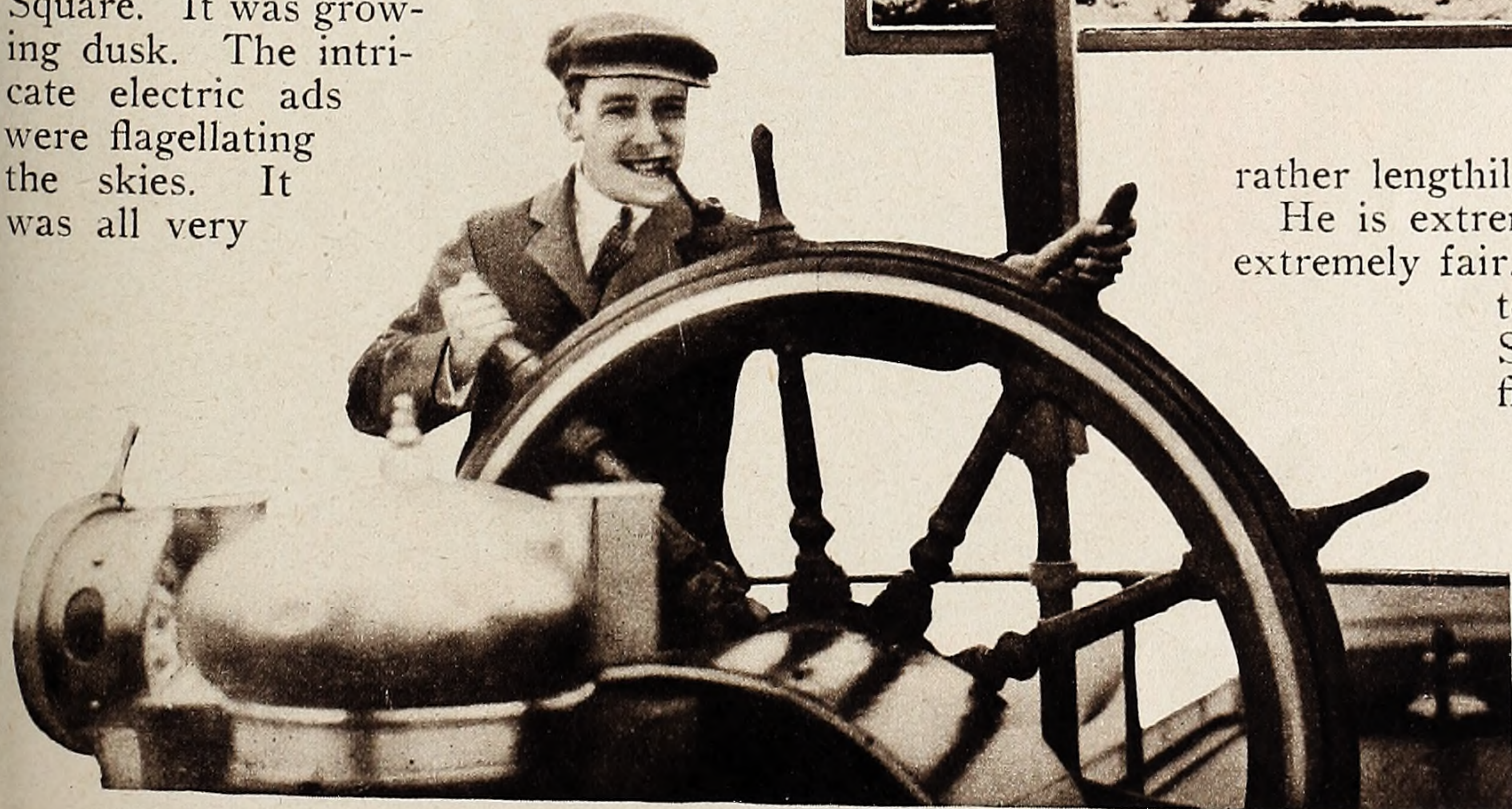
YOU may think such a feat is not possible. There are *some* handicaps, you may say, which are just, dontcher-know, a trifle *beyond* . . . Percy, you pursue, is one of them . . .

We thought so, too. *We* thought: "Percy! Deah, deah! He will be a chawming chappie, oah, chawming!" Our mental processes evolved the *sweetest* pictures . . . pink teas . . . pink spats . . . a rosie-buddie in the button-hole . . .

By the law of logic and by right of name alone we should have committed the interview in some dim tea-room to the tune of French pastries and cocoa. But, it seems, neither logic nor names go to the making of the man.

We interviewed Percy Marmont in the thoroly efficient and wholly masculine office of Thomas J. Dixon. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon. Below us roared and seethed, a monstrous shifting coil, the traffic of Times Square. It was growing dusk. The intricate electric ads were flagellating the skies. It was all very

Percy Marmont and glimpses of him riding on the African veldt, tramping thru the snows of the English lake district and navigating a steam-launch off the Scotch coast



commercial. Very un-Percyfyed. The walls of the office were plastered with posters of "The Invisible Foe" and one or two portraits of theatric luminaries. Mr. Marmont was depicted, chiefly with hands, groping for God knows what. There were deep leathern chairs about. From one of these emerged, pleasantly,

rather lengthily, Mr. Marmont.

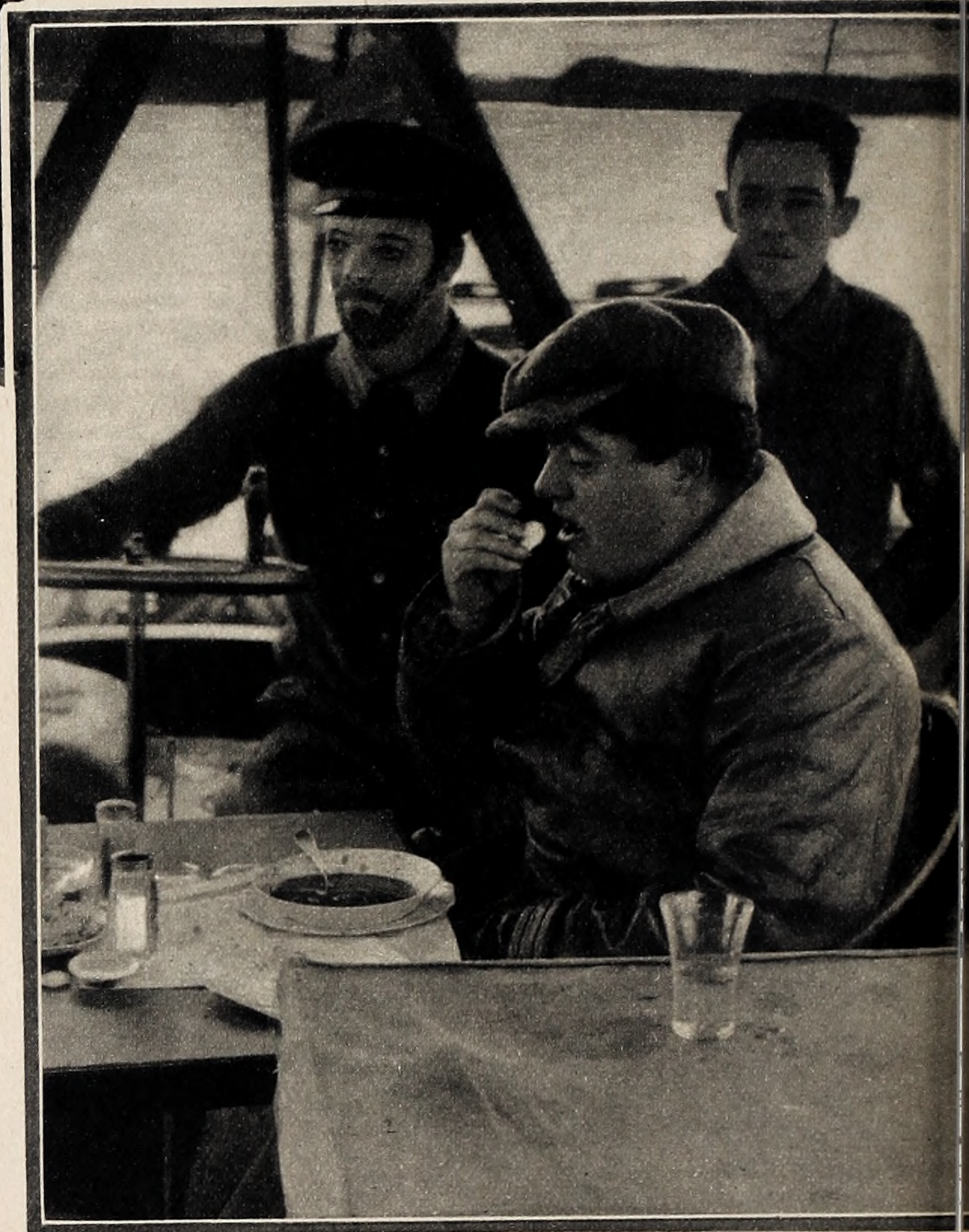
He is extremely lengthy. One of the tallest. He is also extremely fair. Fair hair, fair skin, fair eyes. There seemed to me to be something sort of Robert-Louis-Stevensonian in the attenuated length of his figure, his small, rather narrow head, his slender, nervous, interesting hands. He has *extremely* interesting hands. There is a *flavor* about the man. A difference. One does not know just wherein the difference lies, but knows that it is there. There is, one feels, a gentleness, a sort of a whimsical general comprehension, a great good humor. Withal something boyish. Something eager.

(Continued on page 72)

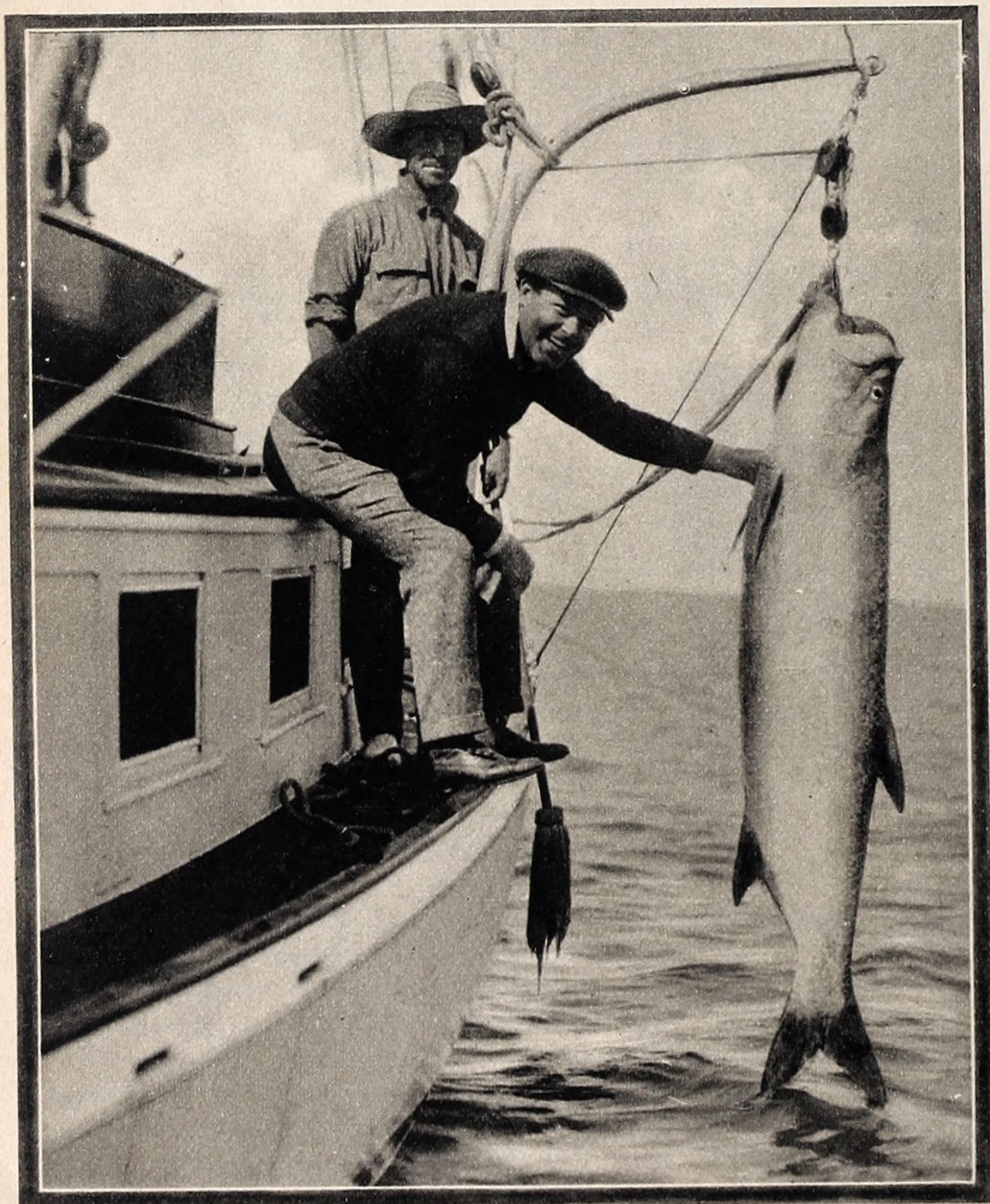
Farnum's Fishing Foray



The *Yuma* passing out into the gulf from Miami, Florida



Bill landed five large tarpon, the average weight being eighty pounds



Above, Breakfast before harpoon exercise and, *below*, Bill in the very act of washing up. The first photo extant of a star doing this



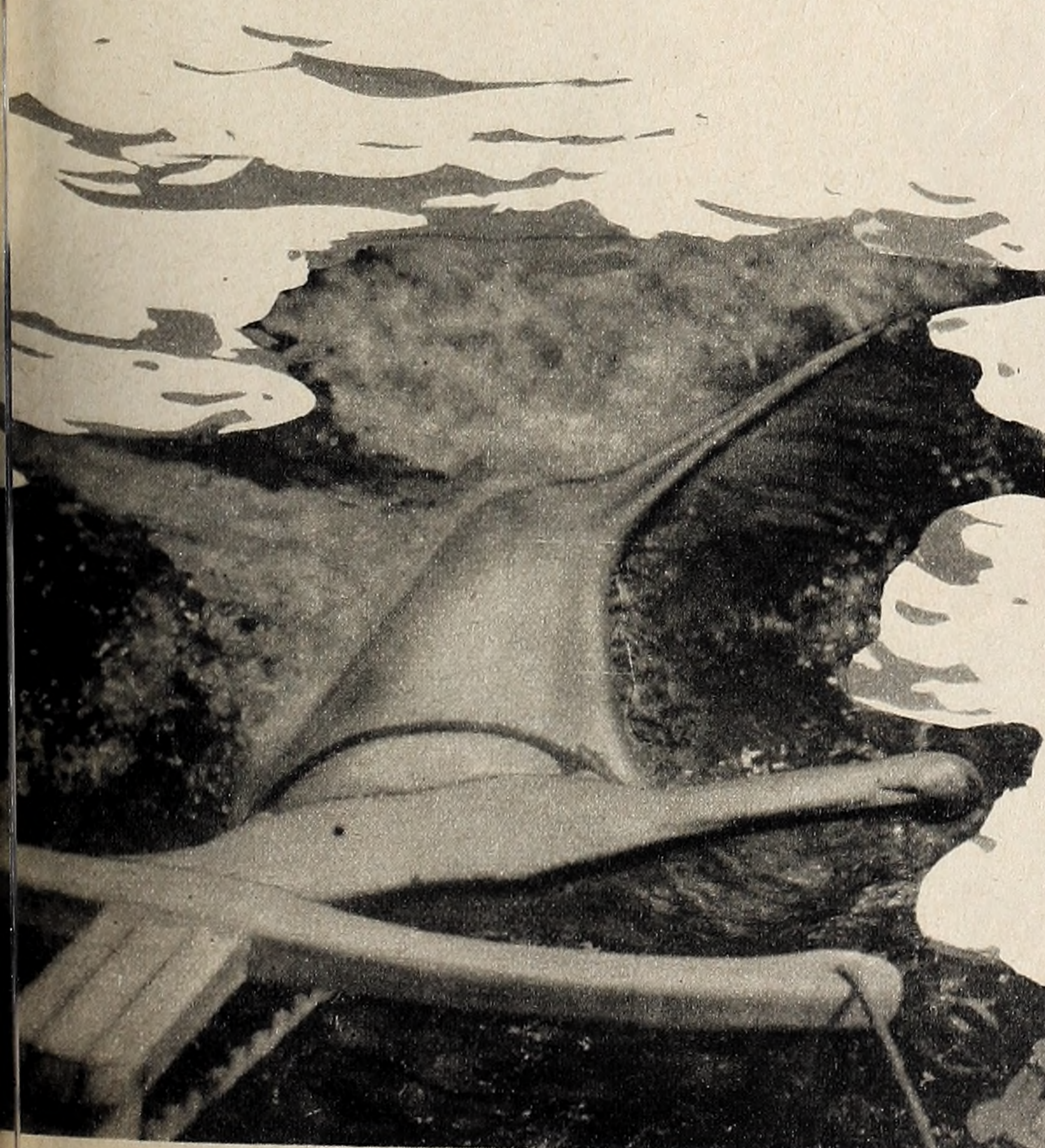


Sunset in the Gulf of Mexico, the *Yuma* homeward bound in the ruby seas



Here is Bill Farnum snapped as he shot up Mr. Shark with his automatic rifle. *Below*, Bill conferring with Captain Thompson. At the lower left is a close-up of the shark

After finishing the Fox production, "The Jungle Trail," William Farnum engaged the schooner *Yuma*, Captain Jim Thompson commanding, for a fishing trip. Out past the Florida keys they went, into the Gulf of Mexico. There Bill learnt how to harpoon the elusive swordfish and, as a climax to the expedition, he speared a man-eating hammer-head shark, weighing 1,500 pounds and 20 feet in length. It required a flotilla of soft-nosed bullets from Mr. Farnum's 22 automatic rifle to finish Mr. Shark.



Me By Myself

The Confessions of a Comedienne



WOULDN'T it be the most terrible irony of fate if you began with the aspirations of a Bernhardt and ended as a clown? I did.

What if you had spent hours with your father's best buggy robe draped around your rather dumpy figure in a desperate imitation of your favorite tragédienne, only to meet with shrieks of laughter when your family, thinking you were being murdered, burst upon you? It happened to me.

Have you not held yourself tense as you read Hugo or Maupassant into the wee, sma' hours and relaxed with relief when you came to yourself again? I have. Only I couldn't relax. It was real. I

was meant to assume Duse's laurel crown. Some day they would realize—then—oh, well, genius can afford to be generous.

I was raised in an atmosphere of roasts only on Sunday, starched calico dresses that scratched, and missionary meetings.

My rather lonely girlhood had bred in me an absolute frankness toward myself and other people which made it difficult to understand the little peculiarities of folks in general. To laugh at them was the farthest thing from my mind. It was daily instilled in me that life was a serious proposition—there was no such word as humor, and comedy consisted solely of black-faced clowns and medicine fakers.

The worst bump of my life was when I found I was not pretty. My

personal appearance had been given no thought at home—it was taken for granted, and my sole sacrifice to vanity was to stand meekly each morning while the clammy end of a wash-rag trickled down my spine.

It happened at a school dance. I was frankly a wall-flower. Any overtures I made to the callow youths lined up against the wall made no impression—something was radically wrong. I hurried to the dressing-room and gazed at myself. No, I wasn't like those girls out there. My eyes were neither veiled nor mischievous—they were round and frankly stared at a then

"I am not pretty," declares Miss Fazenda. "Only a girl can realize what a terrible realization that is." The first director that engaged her remarked to his assistant, "Give the kid a chance—but put her in the back and keep her in the shade"



By LOUISE FAZENDA

unfriendly world; my hair fell in limp, drab folds—it was hair and that's all; my mouth was neither pouty nor cupid-bowed—it was something to put food into; of my nose, the less said the better; and my forehead and ears, exposed nakedly to the public, gave me a horrid, undressed feeling. I was not



(Thirty five)



Miss Fazenda finally worked her way up to ingénue rôles "But I couldn't 'inge' worth a cent and it ended in my being fired." Then in desperation she tried the Mack Sennett studios, altho her friends had warned her, "Keep away from that place if you value your life"

pretty. Only a girl can realize what a terrible realization that must be.

For a month I was self-conscious—what was I good for? I had ambitions, but for what? One day an idea

struck me. I had always played a little; of course, I was an embryo Paderewski. Why hadn't I realized it before?

My imagination ran so riot that I pictured great audiences held spellbound under my music, then the clash of applause. Yes, I'd show them yet.

Living in flats is not conducive to genius—nor flat-dwellers sympathetic. One evening while rendering my own version of "Hearts and Flowers," there was a hard thumping on the ceiling—I must be quiet or move. I kept quiet.

Then I painted. Our rooms were mazes of lurid sunsets and moonsets, landscapes and seascapes—just which was which was rather difficult to discern. The family walked dazedly about with a rather bilious appearance and went off their food, till a kind friend came to their assistance. Wouldn't I like to make some money for Christmas? The picture company where she was employed were to use lots of extras soon—would I like to try?

"I'd love to, but I'd have to ask the family."

There was a pow-wow, and while great-aunts and second cousins gazed disapprovingly at this rebellious ugly duckling, it was decided that, as I had caused quite enough trouble already, they'd better let me have my way. Moving pictures sounded

(Continued on page 69)

Earle and His Ambitions



© Evans, L. A.

FILMS may come and films may go, but Earle Williams—

Thought I was going to use the same old ending, didn't you? No; this is all about the new benedict's ambitions, and they dont lead him into the temptation of going on forever, even in films.

I remember reading that young Mrs. Williams' pet ambition was to be fulfilled in California, for she had set her heart on a white house with green shutters. She's missed that house by a few kangaroo jumps, for it stands at the corner of a block which harbors but four dwellings on one side and none at all on the other. This unrestricted view gives outlook upon the foothills, shows up dandelion-covered meadows even in January, and makes one believe that the Williamses are suburbanites.

The Catalina Street houses are on terraces. It's 'most like living in a moated castle. There are lawns all around the houses and garages in the rear. The newlyweds' home is a one-story bungalow of brownish tints, has an awning-cloth hammock-swing on the front piazza, and is very snugly hidden from spying intruders by tall rose-vines and smilax, intertwined with asparagus.

It is the voice of Florine Williams which greets one over the telephone. It is she who protects her famous spouse from annoying, unnecessary conversations. Even tho you must give a minute account of yourself before Earle Williams answers the 'phone, you feel the

cordiality ringing thru his wife's mellow tones.

But once you're expected, the Vitagraph star isn't afraid to admit you himself. He's not a bit up-stage and, while his manner suggests reserve, he talks easily.

All the front rooms seem to open into each other, showing an alluring hominess. The furniture is massive mahogany, but it's all meant to be used and lacks stiffness. There are lots of Japanese things, many lovely lamps, Chinese lilies scenting the atmosphere, and a tall, antique candlestick stands guard over the hearthstone. But oh, the books! You've missed something if you cant see the handsome, low book-case, filled with beautifully bound volumes, and yet a concession is

chat—he acknowledged the fact with a sigh.

So we talked informally, as womer gossip over the tea-cups, or men mingle smoke-wreaths with errant thoughts.

"What are your ambitions, Mr. Williams?"

"Ambitions? Dear knows, I haven't any! But stay; yes, I have. My whole ambition is to tour the world, and I'm going to do it—see if I dont. Of course, I've been in Europe and have done the Continent hurriedly, but that is not the sort of trip my ambition plans. I want to take an easy around-the-world-in-eighteen-months sort of trip, the kind of trip which isn't tiring and which would provide infinite amusement as well as educational advantages to Mrs. Williams and myself. I would not even fuss myself by planning ahead, just dally along,

staying as long in a place as it gave us pleasure, and then



made to the movies right here, for stands, filled with every sort of magazine devoted to the industry, brighten dull corners.

A hand-colored portrait of Mr. Williams in the familiar soft hat makes one wonder if by any sleight-of-hand trick it could be abducted, or whether the memories of "Arsene Lupin" and Mr. Williams' experiences along detective lines on the screen would make him *fix* the guilty party *sans* mercy.

Earle Williams' jewelry is unostentatious—but it's all *there!* A platinum watch-chain, ring and scarf-pin set with blinking diamonds blend with the gray suits he's so fond of wearing.

Imagine being written up and interviewed for eight years in all sorts of magazines! Even Earle Williams cant see the blooming beauty of a publicity

Earle Williams and his bride live in a pretty one-story Los Angeles bungalow of brownish tints, snugly hidden by tall rose-vines and smilax. Just above is a glimpse of Williams in "The Highest Ace" and at the right with Grace Darmond in "The Man Who Wouldn't Tell"

By FRITZI REMONT

moving on by slow stages—dont laugh. I dont mean the sort of stages you've seen in the movies for years past."

"How about ambitions in the direction of writing plays or directing?"

"I just finished co-authoring on a new play. I like that sort of work very much, but I never would assume direction of a play. It seems to me that sooner or later most directors are a bit 'crazy,' to put it mildly. It's no wonder, tho, their responsibilities are so heavy. They receive all the kicks from the head office—except in my case, for I have contracted to do eight pictures yearly, and if we are behind, as we certainly are just now, having finished but two pictures and partly shot a third, the blame falls on me.

"To run off a picture in two weeks, as I have been known to produce one, means hard work. It cant be done where there are numerous distant locations, but, fortunately, in the last instance of the kind we had many studio interiors



© Evans, L. A.

Williams has one ambition—to tour Europe in leisurely around-the-world-in-eighteen-months fashion. "Just dallying along," he says. At the left is a view of the Vitagraph star as a polo player in "The Man Who Wouldn't Tell"

and city locations, and we worked a few Sundays.

"It's a strange thing, the way pictures run. Now, I have an ambition along this line. I'd like to do an entirely different sort of picture each time, a radical departure from the last produced. I believe it keeps the fans more interested in a star. But fate interposes and I find myself doing several detective stories in succession, much against my will.

"I had finished and exhibited a detective tale, and immediately my manager and I received endless scripts of detective stories, saying they exactly fitted me. Papers and trade journals stated that I would be welcoming detective plays. The New York office was swamped with detective junk. We waded thru piles of this stuff, reading and rejecting, but the Eastern office finally insisted on keeping a few, which accounts for me having starred in them.

(Continued on page 70)

A WOMAN THERE WAS

Fictionized from the Photoplay by

FAITH SERVICE

WINTHROP STARK was sent to Kolpee in the South Seas to convey to the natives there the word of God. He embarked for the atmospheric journey with the fire of the true and zealous missionary burning in his heart a

lambent light. He felt only a vast pity for the dark bodies and the darker souls of the blindfolded creatures he had been enjoined to help. He hoped for converts, nothing more.

When he came back at last he realized a great many things apart entirely from the Word of God that he had never realized before, having been born and bred in New England with all and quite a little bit more than that implies, and having, chronologically and in due sequence, fallen in love with a New England girl. He learnt, for example, that while the Word of God may differ from land to land and from sea to sea, a woman's heart is a woman's heart, be it bared and barbed on the shores of remotest Lapland or among the tropics, where there is no light save only the light of the sun. He learnt that the stuffs of tragedy are mixed with the same ingredients there as in the stark, prim New England village wherein he had had his early training. Blood and love and death . . . death and blood and love . . . the woof and warp of the minor chord of the crucified human heart. He learnt that a woman's love is a woman's love . . . but we run ahead . . .

He landed in Kolpee after a journey upon a sea as sweeping as the wings of a mammoth bird, and as blue, or still bluer, than the eyes of the New England lass he had left with his modest diamond upon her symbolistical finger. He arrived at night, just after the moon, tremendous and richer than honey, was riding a low, thick sky.

There were queer murmurs about, strange scents and sounds, impending things. Now and again the gleaming dark body of a native would slide from some underbrush. A javelin would gleam whiter than the gleams of the javelin moon. Laughter would sound, uncouthly. Love would sound, also uncouthly. There seemed to Winthrop Stark to be a mighty lack of reticence, even in the blackness. Grown-up children, he mused, who had forgot to hide their brazenry of childhood. Men and women . . . in the dark . . .

The next morning Winthrop Stark walked slowly along the coast-line. Afar down he could see the naked pearl divers preparing for their work. The women back in the village were hammering at their meal. Children shouted and ran crazily into the sea. Now and then there would be a cry of "Shark!" Winthrop Stark moved slowly. His bishop had told him to take his time with these people.

"Come upon them slowly, my son," he had said. "Dawn upon them, as it were. Live among them simply and unostentatiously that

Zara was modeled in Amazonian fashion, with limbs as free as the air she breathed exultantly, skin deeper than wild olives, eyes like great jewels, hair a thick halo of shameless bronze . . . a magnificent creature

The South Sea Romance of the Rev. Winthrop Stark, the Beautiful Zara, Daughter of King Majah of Kolpee, — and the Black Typhoon.

"A WOMAN THERE WAS"

Narrated by permission from the scenario of Adrian Johnson, based on Neje Hopkins' story. Produced by William Fox, starring Theda Bara. Directed by J. Gordon Edwards: The cast:

Zara Theda Bara
Rev. Winthrop Stark..... William B. Davidson
Pulke..... Robert Elliott
High Priest..... Claude Payton

They may learn first of all to trust you and love you. Be a carpenter among them, if you know what I mean, even as Jesus of Nazareth."

Winthrop Stark had intended to follow faithfully the admonition of the reverend bishop. Winthrop Stark was that sort of a person. He had not counted upon Zara.

He had walked far past the sight of any person when he came, inadvertently, upon Zara. He thought, as he viewed her before she saw him, thought quite abstractly, of course, of the young Winthrop Stark, New England missionary, what a magnificent thing she was. Modeled in Amazonian fashion, with limbs as free as the air she breathed exultantly, skin deeper than wild olives, eyes like great jewels, hair a thick halo of gleaming bronze, clean blood that leaped and bounded under the sheen of her skin, a magnificent creature. She seemed, to Winthrop Stark, to be the primitive spirit of the South Seas. The meaning of the bludgeoning moon, the riddle of the incomprehensible flowers, the answer to the negroid meaning of the resistless sea. Of course, Winthrop Stark did not think of these things concretely. They ran thru his brain, inchoately, and were gone before the girl rose and stood before him, measuring his clean sweep of limb, his steady eyes, his stern countenance, with her jeweled eyes.

"I am Zara," she announced herself, in a colorful contralto, "daughter of Majah, King of Kolpee."

Winthrop Stark took off his clerical hat and smiled.

"I am the new missionary," he said, and then, somehow, he was silent. He seemed to read something in the dark, liquid depths full upon him sadder than fate, more immutable than eternity. He had an unaccountable sense of wishing he had never come to Kolpee, never dared to dream that he could convert these fervid children with their riotous heathenry.

"You stay long?" Zara questioned him.

Stark essayed a smile. "Until I have done my work," he answered, gravely.

The girl tossed the defiant bronze strands from her brilliant, vivacious eyes. "What work you do?" she questioned him. "You come for pearls. But no."

"But no," smiled the young and zealous missionary, "unless you call souls pearls, which you probably do not. I have come here, Zara, to teach your people the Word of God. The word of love. Of divine love."

The red, sullen lips beneath his gaze smiled. Zara had understood the meaning of the word love. She, too, had dreamed, here on this island, sleeping, a mammoth flower in the blue cradling of the sea. The winds, the scents, the heavy aroma of living had taught her much of love. Pulke, the chief pearl diver, had tried to teach her more. Unlike the scents of the winds and the sea, he had failed. He dived deep and brought up from the jealous depths the rarest pearls of the Pacific, but he could not dive deep enough to find the hot, awakened heart of Zara, Princess of Kolpee. He could not dive deep enough for that.

Winthrop Stark could not dive for pearls at all. He knew nothing of the profession. He knew little of these dark waters. Yet, as he stood there on the hot gold sand, with the girl touching his fair head and a smile in his cold New England eyes, there awoke in the half-tamed breast of the South Sea Island princess a passion everlasting. Secrets were revealed to her. Meanings became clear. All her formless, colorful, swirling days became patterned and clear to her. There was no confusion anywhere. She smiled up at him—

Winthrop Stark had the absurd idea that she had found

There are no fine shadings of convention in the South Sea Islands. A man talks with a woman because she is a woman and not for any other obtuse reason. Pulke, the pearl diver, saw the missionary talking with Zara on the beach . . . saw them talking under the hot, triumphant sun, saw them standing under the wan, beguiling moon. He saw red. The man from the new world might be here, even as he had said, to speak of his God, but it was not of

That afternoon in Winthrop Stark's cabin Zara put her arms about his reluctant head to hers. She whispered to him . . . that he was a god and she worshiped him





The day after Zara's pronouncement of love the dreaded black typhoon came upon the village. The ancient superstition of sacrifice ro tenfold. Zara offered herself

any remote God that Zara was learning.

Pulke, the pearl diver, did not reason this out. He only knew that he had been diving for months and months for a pearl he knew of which must surely bring him the possession of the Princess of Kolpee. He knew that between

him and that consummation stood now not merely the finding of the pearl, but the slender black figure of the man with the "head of a little sun."

There are certain definite and very simple measures in the South Sea Islands. One bears a grudge. One goes to the king and demands the death of the inimical one. Thus Pulke. He went to Majah, King of Kolpee and father of Zara, and told him fervently that this missionary was in Kolpee not for the purpose of a new God, but for the purpose of Zara. He, Pulke, desired the death of Stark.

Majah was not a king by reason of a cool sense of judgment, and life was very tame. The death of the white missionary, with his evangelical face and stirring words, would be a sensation. No doubt a fête could be held. There could be feasting, and it might be something of a pacifism to the now impending black typhoon.

There was one gentle spot in Majah. His love for Zara. He looked upon Zara almost with superstition. He had seen the miracle of her birth, the surpassing miracle of her growth, the blessing of her burgeoning beauty. There was no female on Kolpee to be compared to Zara. And she was his. She was the only thing, the only achievement, on which Majah could look with a swelling of his copper chest, an inflation of his pride.

When she pleaded with him, arms about his barbaric neck, for the life of the white missionary, he acceded. He reserved judgment. Zara turned on Pulke and bared her teeth.

"You cause white man's death," she spat at him, "and you die slowly, by poison. I kill you. Zara, reigning princess. I kill you . . . horrible . . ."

That afternoon, in Stark's cabin, Zara put her arms about

him. She pulled his reluctant head to her. She whispered to him and said that she understood, that the love he had come to teach was the love she felt, that he was God and she worshipped him. She told it to him brokenly, gutturally, with her immense, hot, savage heart in the telling with all of the growing, befogged soul she had tried, not wholly in vain, to quicken. She promised him brokenly, to be

his people

She said she

had read

books at the

missionary

school.

There had

been preachers

before . . .

and she knew . . .

She would be

slave . . . He

thing . . . his

future queen . . .

he would be King

of Kolpee, or just

God, as he already was . . . or he could go forth on the sea as he had come and she would follow him, cradling him in her arms. She whispered violent things to him, and he felt the mantle of her passion swoop down upon him like a robe of many throbbing colors.

He had come to teach the Holy Word of God . . . and he had taught the pitiful love of man . . . himself . . . to the woman, who was so savagely, tragically . . . just woman.

He prayed for help.

Zara drew back from his stillness. Her jeweled eyes were dimmed as tho fires had been killed in them. She tried to speak, and at last made articulate, "You . . . don't love me . . ."

Winthrop Stark did not answer. Refutation seemed to be impossible in face of this palpitant heart, which seemed to be breathing nakedly before him, a flower he was about to crush . . . He moved away and bent over the small trunk which he kept his small possessions. Without speaking, he handed her a modest silver frame encircling a modest, very young face; a face banded with smooth hair, with guileless mouth and calm, unquestioning eyes. Zara stared at it. Her vivid face questioned the smooth one in the frame. Her flashing eyes besought the replete ones. The cry she gave startled Winthrop Stark, startled even the cabin not unused to the mortally wounded yelps of animals hurt.

She met his eyes. And he shook his head in the affirmative. "She is too cold," screamed Zara, utterly distraught. "You know not of love . . . nothing, I tell you . . . nothing will ever . . . at all . . ."

Winthrop Stark closed his eyes. A line flashed through his head: "Love's dim, cathedral ways . . ." It was so white

him, with Alice and him . . . "Love's dim, cathedral ways . . ." This was discord, this love Zara offered him. This was profanity. Vicious, scarlet, destruction. It would be destruction, he knew it. It would burn his soul to ashes and his body to damnation. It would leave him nothing but a husk to drag back to that sweeter, saner thing that awaited him in the New England town. Profanity . . . of course . . . then why the engulfing warmth that rose up to assail him like the hot, impossible breaths of assaulting roses? Why the nostalgia that swept over him? Why the desire, sinister, horrible, conquering? He flung off the closing arms . . .

"Zara!" he heard himself saying. "This is not love . . . I have not come on such a mission as this . . . I . . ."

Zara laughed. She laughed horribly, he thought. She snatched the little, nun-like picture from him and trampled it under her savage feet. She turned on his cabin and wrought destruction upon it. She raised up his priestly garments and flung them forth. She was a fury. The fury of the South Seas.

"I finish," a voice said at the window, and Stark turned, to see the teeth of Pulke gleaming at him even as the many pearls gleamed. He saw a javelin raised. He closed his eyes . . . he had come to preach the calming word of God, and he was to die in this vise-like coil of human lusts and passions.

Then he felt Zara before him. Saw the poised javelin dropped. Knew that her breast had been his shield.

When Pulke had gone he kist her hands, hanging now supinely at her side. She raised her eyes and they were jewels melted into tears.

"You right, Sun Man," he said, sadly; "your white girl love you as you now of love. Your life far from me. But after death"—her husky voice fell—"after death . . . you tell me . . . spirits live . . . wherever they . . . will . . . I live . . . with . . . you . . ."

Winthrop Stark sat a long while in silence after Zara had gone. He felt that he had known very little before the typhoon of her amazing love had ludgeoned its way across his pathway. He felt that he had learnt a very great deal about love . . . about women . . . about the way of things . . .

Things move rapidly on the South Sea islands. There are no fine nuances of expression. Things happen vividly, brutally, without prelude or prolog.

The day after Zara's pronouncement of love the dreaded black typhoon came upon the village. All of Winthrop Stark's missionary teaching faded. The ancient superstition of sacrifice rose tenfold. Zara offered herself.

"It shall be in the water," she muttered, she made ready for the sea, while the terrified, paralyzed, staring natives watched her, powerless to avert this sacramental thing she was doing for the saving of their lives. "It shall be on the shining sea . . . herefrom he sail . . . away . . ."

When Winthrop Stark got to her at last, past the outraged natives, she was very far gone. As he carried her onto the beach

he felt, in the unaccountable way he had felt many things since he had come to this land of nude feeling, that her great heart was crushed within her breast, that she was, inwardly, bleeding to death. If he had succeeded in bearing a feeble torch to her poor, immured soul, he had, in the doing, mutilated her vivid heart . . . the heart she had offered to him . . .

When the black typhoon was over and the uprisings consequent upon it were quelled and a sort of sultry peace settled at last upon Kolpee, it was found that Majah was dead, that fifty natives were dead with him and that Zara was reigning princess.

When they brought this news to her, Pulke and the high priest and the other, dearer, slender priest in his slim black, the old fires lit a moment in her eyes. She motioned Stark to her side, and he bent over to catch the words that rose with difficulty from her crushed breast. "When I go, Sun Man," she whispered, "it no longer safe—for you. They think you do these things—the typhoon—my sacrifice—my father's death—they not calm yet—I, as reigning princess, can—"

"Pulke live on after I am gone. He remember that he love me, but that I love you and that so am I gone from him 'ever and 'ever."

The reigning princess of Kolpee said little more. She exacted from the high priest the promise that the Sun Man sail from Kolpee in safety. She was reigning princess and she knew that her last word would be sacred. "You go back," she whispered to Stark, as he made the sign of the cross over her fallen head; "you go back . . . and I . . . and I . . ."

Winthrop Stark sailed at sunrise. The sea was wing-like, blue and very calm, the sun was pale and undemanding, but far off in the receding distances the island of Kolpee glowed like an opened flower beating like a heart . . .



When Winthrop Stark got to her at last, past the outraged natives, she was very far gone

A Daniels Come Judgment

Bebe loves dancing most of all. She started dancing at the age of eight and she has loads and loads of prize cups stored away. They even say she's the best dancer in all the Los Angeles movie colony



Bebe is afraid of just three things—gas-stoves, spiders and guns! She isn't at all afraid of making speeches, but spiders! Gracious!

SPEAKING OF guns and things, we'll start right off by saying that Bebe Daniels is afraid of three bugaboos, gas-stoves, spiders—and guns!

The other day she was faced with her pet aversion, a good-sized Colt—no, not a foal, silly, but one of those put-you-out-of-your-misery Colts and, tho Bebe stuffed her ears with cotton and was prepared not to hear a thing, she ruined a perfectly good shot by scrooging her face up into a pretty good imitation of a persimmon-eater and had the company tied in knots with laughter. Of course, there were retakes, and she behaved herself beautifully the next time and showed what a pretty Bebe she really is.

But that's not all. The other night fond *Maman* was out, and Bebe had unexpected visitors. She wanted to concoct tea, but she hadn't the nerve to say she was afraid to light the gas-range, and finally hit on the brilliant idea of using hot water from the instantaneous heater, which is a self-lighter as soon as a faucet is turned on. Bebe forgot that

it wouldn't be really boiling water, and the tea was as weak many a photoplay story. She chattered entertainingly, made it up in delicious cakes and candy, and had the guests emptying cups very politely indeed.

If you want to see the real Miss Muffet act, just prowl in Bebe's dressing-room in the famous old Bradbury mansion, top of Court Flight, now used by the Rolin Film Company for a studio. Bebe owns a big part of that outfit, for they gather her the finest room in the old house, the second floor from which has a huge bay-window facing out over the entire city. Tropical trees throw their shadows on the sunlit, uncarpeted floor, a huge evergreen tries to inveigle second-story men to deeds of ahem!—valor, and Bebe loves everything about her dressing-room, except the spiders which will insist on climbing up to weave fanciful meshes for the flies that come to Bebe's parlour. Just about the time I entered, the "three little maids from



school, the inseparable Bebe Daniels, Marie Mosquini and Stella Harrison, were doing the Dorcas in the aforesaid bay-window. January fourteenth was near—mark the date fans, and her chums were busy concocting birthday gifts for the star of Rolin comedies. Roach, manager of the studio, was fortunate enough to be there the same day, so the girls were fixing up and planning the

By FRITZI REMONT

cheon in the big room, with an exchange of gifts all around. Court Flight is a funny institution. a little cable line boasting of two s, which balance each other and prevent accidents to those who ascend the steep hill from Broadway and the Hall Records to the upper part of Court Street. The finest view in the city, they call this little ascension, and, arriving at the top, you'll get a splendid eyeful of the Los Angeles courthouse. Close to even as this is, you'll get a closer still once you've interviewed Miss Daniels.

Oh, yes, we were talking of spiders, weren't we? Well, Bebe was biting off a piece of silk thread—just that!—when in crawled down from her Muffety admirers and landed in the work-basket!

If this were only a phonograph instead of a magazine, we'd give you a fine imitation of doing the scale, for Miss Daniels shrieked and waved wildly, and made a flying leap for a straight chair and forgot promptly that this was to be a scene, not a scene.

After brave Marie Mosquini, the official spider-remover of the trio, had caught the creature in a bit of newspaper, Bebe's heart stopped palping and she bravely crept back to her task of mending lace on—

So, you dont! Some of this story is strictly private—just me'n Bebe style.

Anyway, we got quite well acquainted, and if a spider removed formality.

Stella is making a beautiful robin's-egg blue sweater for Miss Daniels' birthday.

Bebe says it *must* be done on time and her word always goes. Marie Mosquini said, laughingly, "You wouldn't think Bebe could be afraid of anything, would you? I've seen her get up at ten minutes' notice and make a speech before thousands of people and get away with it in great shape. Oh, Bebe, do you remember the time you had to speak on 'Ambition' at Pasadena, at the Red Cross benefit?"

Miss Daniels joined in the three-cornered laugh of the initiated. "That was funny," she said, reminiscently. "When I was asked late one afternoon to come to Pasadena that night, I told them I could come for forty minutes, but had an engagement to dance at a Red Cross affair in Los Angeles for the same evening."

They said that would be all right, and I worked in the studio till the last moment, hurried to dress and have a little dinner, and mother and I were whisked off to the entertainment *muy pronto*.

(Forty-three)

"I took my seat at the front of the hall, mother remaining in the rear. Not a thing happened, and I got very nervous wondering if I could get to Los Angeles by 9 p. m. Finally, I told an usher I would either have to speak right then or not at all. I had been so fussed by all the rushing about that I'd never even thought much about the speech, but had outlined a little of it driving to Pasadena. Marie and Stella were to be there, and what do you think? Later they told me that Marie got so nervous for me,



Miss Daniels is going to desert farces—and bathing-suits. The Drama is calling and Bebe is going to devote her time to Art

knowing I'd not written down a thing on 'Ambition,' that she had to leave the hall when I started talking. So she needn't brag about being so courageous about spiders; she's got a weakness, too.

"When I got up to talk, I promptly forgot all about my outlined talklet, and started right in boldly, tho I must admit that I never can control my heart-beats when I have to talk. Let me dance, sing, act, do stunts before the camera or anything like that, and I'm cool as Alaska in winter, but talking makes me terribly afraid!"

"But what did you talk about, Miss Daniels?" we queried, stupidly, while we watched a sudden change from dainty frock to a Turkish harem outfit, which required stockingless feet slipped into gold-cloth slippers, much beading of already heavy dark eyelashes and an extra dash of rouge on Cupid-bow lips.

"Ambition!" said Bebe, roguishly and with decided emphasis.

"Oh, yes, to be sure, but what did you tell them about it? About your own experiences?"

"Yes—er—and things like that. But I told them that will power was a great thing—that one must get will power first of all. If I had a child, I'd want it

to have a temper and a strong will. You (Continued on page 74)

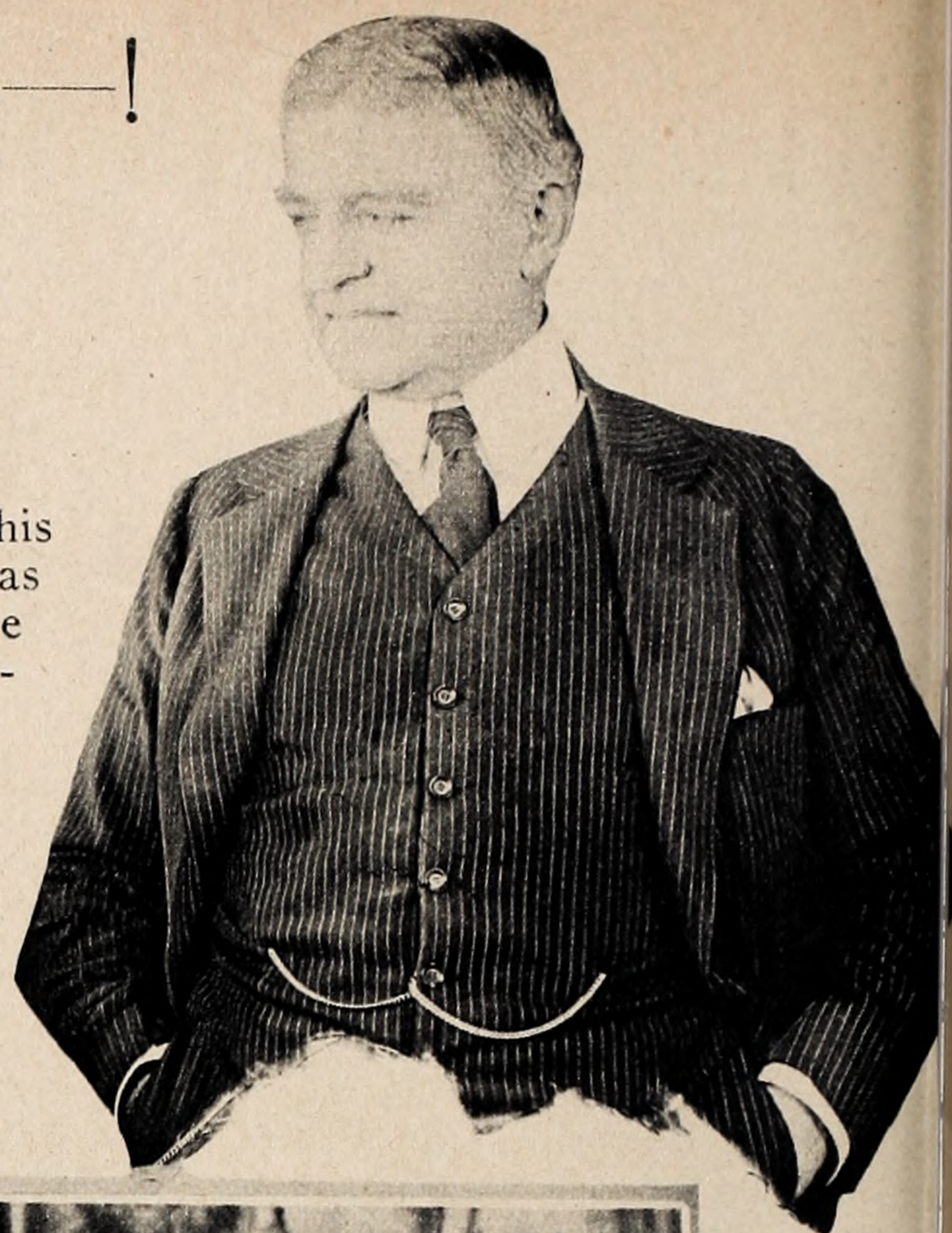
Richman, Poorman, Beggarman—!

They're All Frank Losee

By C. BLYTHE SHERWOOD

FRANK LOSEE started out as a boy to study law. That is, the *he* to which his folks were able to dictate. But in between dusty volumes young Losee was haunted by the whispers of *himself*—the callings of his heart's desire. He—wanted—to—act. And because his want was earnest, because his earnestness persisted in caring for a thing of interest, because his interest was supported by youth in all its doggedness of determination—he gave up plowing printed words, and joined the Hooley Stock Company of Brooklyn.

When a famous cartoonist made world-known that series, "Let George Do It," he meant really, and should have said, "Leave it to Frank." Whenever the Hooleys were in doubt as to whom they could cast for their varied parts, they would come up smiling with the inspiration, "Say! There's that big, young person—the good-



Upper right, Mr. Losee playing himself; just below is a glimpse of Mr. Losee with Pauline Frederick in "Sapho"; in the lower right corner, as Scarpia in "La Tosca"; as Uncle Tom in the small circle; and, lower left, in "Great Expectations"

looker with the round voice."

His thirty years' training on the legitimate stage well prepared him for the cinema. Mr. Losee has played the rôles of richman, poorman, beggarman, thief, as vividly as he enacted the parts of doctor, lawyer, Indian chief. To both his stage and screen directors he showed that, when it came to a toss-up between tradition and something new, he could win out with the latter, by completely abolishing the idea of having just "certain people for certain people." He did away, once and for all, with the belief that, if an aged negro were needed to portray an aged negro, the casting men would have to go out and *find* an aged negro.

These incessant switchings from part to part

(Continued on page 78)



The Celluloid Critic

By
FREDERICK
JAMES
SMITH

THE house of Pathé contributed the one unusually interesting thing of the month, "Common Clay," with Fannie Ward. This screen adaptation, by Ouida Berere, of Cleaves Kinkead's melodrama, may not find its way into our list of the best photoplays of the season—because of its banal conventionality—but Miss Ward's playing stands out at the very forefront of the year's acting.

"Common Clay" starts as a veritable human document, the vital story of a young woman, raised in squalor, who longs for luxuries and pretty things. But Mr. Kinkead lapses into the usual melodrama of the persecuted heroine and the illegitimate half-brother. Thru all the trite situations Miss Ward is an intensely moving and dramatic figure. The star has never given a better characterization to the screen. There is a genuine grip to it.

George Fitzmaurice's direction has its excellences and weaknesses. His interiors of wealthy homes are obviously huge studio sets, with cloth checkerboard "marble" floors and canvas walls of painted "stone." But Mr. Fitzmaurice has succeeded in getting every player into the dramatic spirit. The cast is wholly admirable. Mary Alden contributes one more unforgettable portrayal, a very real woman of the slums. There is one genuinely big moment in "Common Clay," when she sees little Ellen Neal go into the night. Fred Goodman's weak man-about-town is a distinct thing and W. E. Laurence reveals



vivacity Miss Allison lends the slender little theme. It is just a farce built around the younger sister of a wealthy family—a tomboyish hoyden who revolts against her elder sister's tyranny and steals her beau. "Peggy Does Her Darndest" is brimful of fun, the beautiful May being admirably assisted by Rosemary Theby as the autocratic sister and Dick Rosson as the gymnastic brother, while Augustus Phillips makes the small rôle of a gentleman crook stand out. This comedy marks a new milestone in the career of a young woman who is going to be the most popular comédienne on the screen.

One of the ushers at the New York
(Continued on page 79)



decided possibilities as the ear-hero. The month, too, produced at least three decidedly pleasant light photoplays. The best of these, "Peggy Does Her Darndest," (Metro), is a delight, with May Allison on the very of the proceedings. THE CLASSIC's narrative, this little farce, but no mere telling of the story could reveal the squancy, the spontaneity and



Top, William Farnum and Louise Lovely in "The Man Hunter"; right center, Fannie Ward as the heroine of "Common Clay"; and, left, Corinne Griffith in "The Girl Problem"

One of the liveliest of the Broadway musical comedies is "Some Time," at the Casino Theater. The striking chorus is one of the features. Here are four remedies for the Tired Business Man: Ann Toddings, Anna Stone, Renee Hughes and Marie Astor



Leo Ditrichstein is contributing one of his most brilliant characterizations in the Continental comedy, "The Marquis de Priola," at the Liberty Theater



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The piquant Peggy Hopkins has the leading rôle in New York's newest bouidoir farce, "A Sleepless Night," at the Bijou Theater



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In the Broadway Theaters

Ruth Donnelly and Ralph Sipperly offer brisk comedy performances with George M. Cohan in "A Prince There Was" at the George M. Cohan Theater



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(Left) Known to operetta as a delightful voiced songstress, Eleanor Painter is winning new laurels as a dramatic actress in the melodic - drama, "The Climax," now on tour

(Right) One of the popular hits of the season is "East Is West," at the Astor Theater. In this drama Fay Bainter offers another picturesque creation



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One of the bright features of "The Velvet Lady" at the New Amsterdam Theater is faintly Fay Marbe



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Campbell Studios

The Extra Girl Invades Another Courtroom

WE were resting between scenes. In hushed tones we were exchanging confidences that, if shouted from the housetops, might have turned monarchies into republics, Bolsheviks into Holy Rollo and ended for all time any doubt in the public mind concerning the League of Nations and the freedom of the seas.

"She's a winner," eloquently whispered "Muffins" brushing the hair back from his high brow.

"Believe me, old girl, they don't come any finer," supplemented "Coffee," writing "Finis" on the table of the last olive on the plate.

"She's the best little woman in the business," remarked John Stahl, *sotto voce* to an interested spectator.

At that moment the subject of discussion approached, with that graceful glide which has long been our envy and the object of our unsuccessful imitation. She was enveloped in squirrel from chin to toes. Her eyes shone thru the brim of her black lace hat and, "Muffins" put it, "she was a winner."

But it takes more than that to make and keep scores of friends like "Coffee" and "Muffins" and Mr. Stahl.

"You must be genuine and human and then—we then you should worry about anything else," "Coffee" told me later.

It all came about this way. My best friend announced one day—and oh, how she flattered me!

"Get a story about Florence Reed, and I'll forgive you for going into pictures."

You see she (the best friend) comes from Worcester, Mass. Worcester has one great reason for pride besides its proximity to Boston, and that is the fact that Florence Reed was at one time leading woman of its favorite stock company.

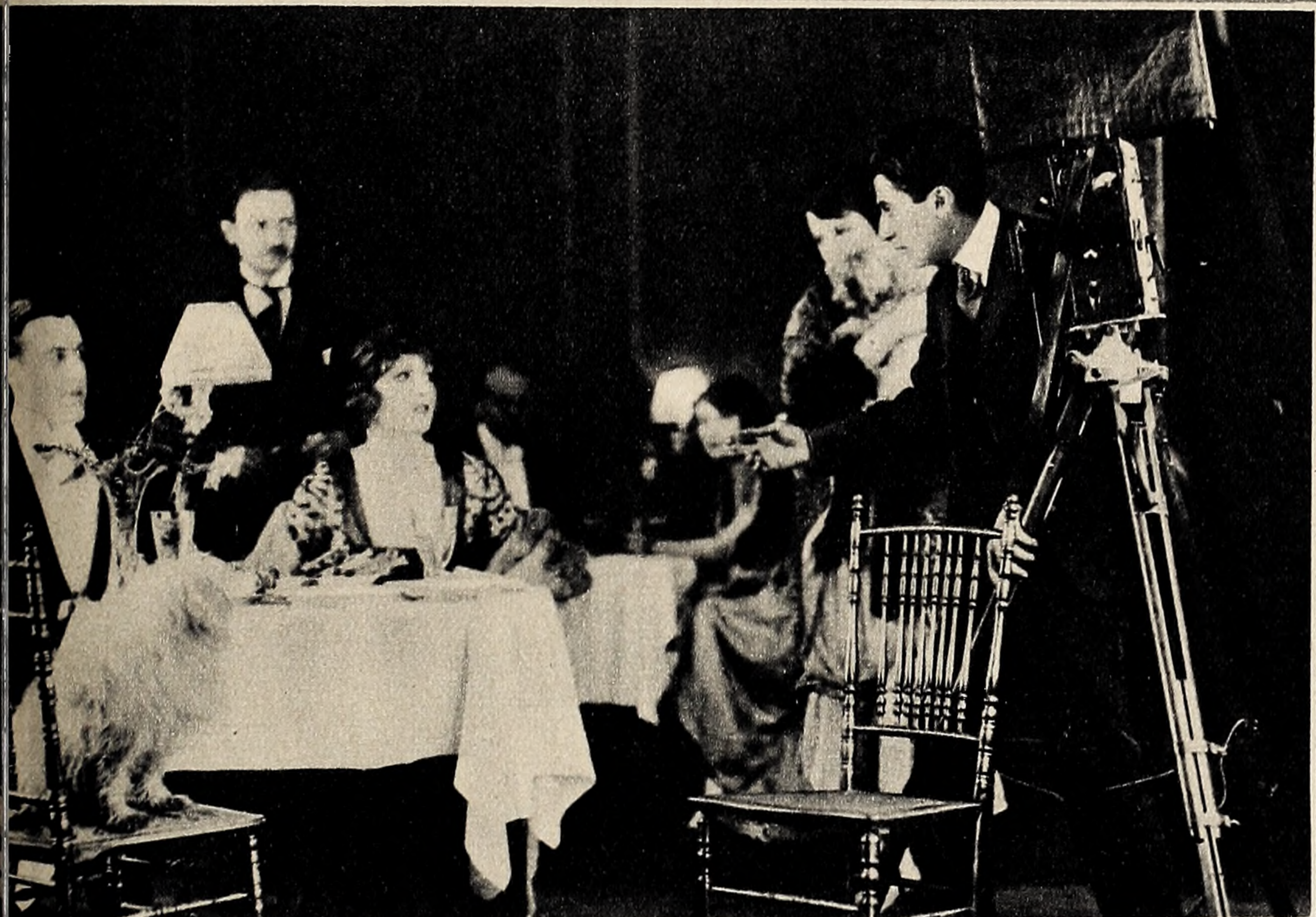
Above all things I crave my best friend's forgiveness, so one morning I waited at the corner of Forty-second Street and Tenth Avenue for an I-dare-you-to-catch-me until the Indian outside the nearest cigar store had nothing on me in the line of being a permanent feature of the landscape, and was rewarded by finally landing on my arched insteps at the door of the Fifty-fourth Street studio. As usual, a courtroom was in the act of being transferred to the screen. Now if there is a courtroom lying around loose in which I have at one time or another failed to grace its hard bench, I can in no way account for its escape. The chamber of justice had one lone seat vacant, and the lone seat had a thousand beckoning hands. Even before Assistant Director Fred Hazenmeyer had engaged me I found myself moving towards it as if in a trance. Here and there a face that had aided me in decorating other courtrooms in previous existence smiled at me in friendly greeting.

Florence Reed has been dividing her time between the stage play, "Roads of Destiny," and the screen studios. She has just completed "The Woman Under Oath," in which Miss Rosemon appears with her

The jury had already assembled. In general composition it was not unlike other juries that sit and are paid to fill space; in fact, I recognized several jurors of yesterday, and even the year before that, except that it was made up of eleven men—and one woman. The woman, of course, was the heroine, Miss

By ETHEL ROSEMON

Reed. She was watching with intense interest Gareth Hughes, under the grilling questioning of the prosecuting attorney. Did he recognize the gun? Had he purchased the gun on the night of the murder? Had he gone to David Powell's apartment on the same night in the suspicious company of said gun? He had, but he still per-



Top, Miss Reed, Blyth Daly, daughter of Arnold Daly, and "Coffee." Center, Hugh Thompson, Fred Hazenmeyer, assistant director, Miss Reed and John Stahl, director. Below, Miss Reed, Miss Rosemon and "Coffee"

be registered upon the screen? But Miss Reed is the actress whether the audience is looking or not, because—well, I suppose because it is a way real actresses have. Every reaction to the words of the attorney was mirrored in her expressive face. I thought of Mr. Stahl's words:

"These are not moving pictures, but mentality pictures. Every turn of Miss Reed's eyes registers a thought."

When the accused, the witnesses, the
(Continued on page 80)

isted he had not fired the shot that had temporarily discontinued the villain's line of shameful deeds. The prosecuting attorney was confident that he had won his case. In measured tones he imparted that confidence to the jury in general and to Miss Reed in particular. While he was thus engrossed in his oratory I had an opportunity to make a note of one of the main differences between a movie star and an actress. According to Hoyle, the former's face would have remained impassive, for the camera was shooting over her shoulder, getting the back of her chic little hat and the corner of one small ear, but not a glimpse of her face, so why should she express emotion that could not possibly



Sugar and Spice and Everything Nice



WRITING about kings and queens at this particular stage of the world's development would seem an inauspicious beginning for a popular story, royal families being rather out of favor nowadays.

However, that oft-quoted exception-to-the-rule is the subject now being treated, for right in the heart of New York there exists a royal family which, we dare say, will always be popular and well-loved by its subjects. A royal family whose queen is a King. In order not to disturb you by any further anomalies, I hasten to explain that I am speaking of Mollie King.

Mollie, (no one ever thinks of calling her Miss King, so democratic is this queen of Broadway), reminds us of that well-known saying, "sugar and spice and everything nice." She makes us think of crushed strawberries, out-of-season, and ice-cream; of pink and lavender crêpe-de-chine, of ermine and sables, but principally of diamonds, huge, sparkling, million-dollar diamonds.

One cannot, by any stretch of the imagination, think of Mollie King without these things, and yet, while we waited for her to get up at midnight, (she was singing and dancing on the Century roof) her sister Nellie told us of the time when they were youngsters. Nellie and Mollie had both played on the stage since babyhood, largely in vaudeville.

Immediately after this Mollie King was featured in the Winter Garden and has been a queen of musical comedies ever since.

"Mollie always was a cute kid," said Mother King.

"She didn't have a voice, but there was just something about her that everybody liked. Whenever she'd pick up, in her shrill little soprano, she would command immediate quiet and attention from the most crowded audience.

"And the most generous child, no more sense of responsibility than the man in the moon, always jolly, always loving life, always doing something for other people."

"O-o-o-h, mother!" a voice like the cheerful chirp of a canary called from the inner recesses.

Mrs. King jumped to her feet.

Two seconds later she returned. "You can come now; I've got it buttoned up."

"It is so nice of you to come," Mollie greeted us, and chatted on quickly without giving any one a chance to put in a word. "Awfully good of you. Wont you have some of this—and this—and this?"

I found myself being loaded down with candy boxes, which a little servant hand shoved into mine, from innumerable drawers of the commode, in front of which she stood. Boxes covered with lavender brocade, five-pound boxes, ten-pound ones, and insignificant two-pounders appeared as if by magic from every crevice.

"Oh, that's all right; dont say a word, I've got lots more, dear. Dont know what to do with them, really I dont."

The dispenser of bonbons stood still for a second.

Her beauty is quite breath-taking, the sort of pink-and-gold and baby-stare beauty that you read about but dont believe in. Her soft, dark eyelashes, far longer than those ever described

the season's best-seller, frame eyes of hazel hue. Golden curls peeped from beneath an enormous black picture hat ornamented with priceless birds of paradise. Her lithe young figure was swathed in clinging black velvet.

Her father entered and wrapped an enormous coat of the richest sable about her.

"Be sure and keep that bundled around your neck, Mollie," he admonished.

"Are you sure you have everything, honey?" Little Mrs. King hovered anxiously around.

Mollie King reminds one of crushed strawberries, out-of-season, and ice-cream; of pink and lavender crêpe-de-chine; of ermine and sables, but principally of diamonds, huge, sparkling, million-dollar diamonds. Mollie o' the movies is just now featured on Broadway in "Good-Morning, Judge," and in the Century roof show

By SUE ROBERTS

"I feel like wearing jewels. Where *did* I leave them?" said Mollie, feverishly fumbling around her boudoir.

We looked worriedly about. Precious jewels might be peeping from the rosy, lavender lace coverlets that draped the cool, ivory-colored bed. Maybe they were caught in that deep pink canopy of silk and lace. Surely that was a diamond that peeped from the cunningly simulated rosebuds that ornamented the floor lamp.

But no, from the same white commode from which, magician-like, she procured the boxes of candy, Mollie drew forth a jewel-case and, carelessly slinging it over her arm, said she was ready.

And, from out of all this exotic materialism with which the public had endowed its darling, Mollie King's eyes looked at us, round and expressive of childhood, straightforwardly, deprecatorily, smiling with good fellowship.

We left her at the stage door. The steel-cut buckles on her small black pumps sparkled as she tripped in. "Be sure and come back and see my dressing-room, wont you, dear?" she called, as she entered the mysterious back-stage regions.



Out in front we were shown to a table in the very center of the roof. The show was a very brilliant one, but we waited uneasily for Mollie.

Her brother, Charles King, appeared and was the object of much applause. Finally we could stand it no longer. We tripped down some dark passages, hemmed in by canvas scenery, until we reached an open space directly behind the stage. Here stood statuesque chorus-girls, gorgeous in their stage plumage and beautiful in spite

of rouged faces and carmined lips.

Mollie King's dressing-room was gayly pointed out to us.

Four chorus-girls were peacefully reposing on Mollie's couch. Mollie's maid was serving them with refreshments, while the queen and star of the show sat in front of her light-studded mirror doing her own hair.

(Continued on page 89)



White

The Newes

Now that most of the foreign lands are contributing to the Fame and Fortune Contest of THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, interesting comparisons in the matter of national beauty can be made. Thus far the American girl not only holds her own, but the entire field! But one or two young women born outside of the United States or Canada have thus far won an honor position in the international contest. What more can be said of the beauty and charm of the American maid?

The sixth honor roll of the Fame and Fortune Contest has been decided by the judges to number:

Delilah Otte, of No. 63 Chestnut Avenue, Jamestown, N. Y. Miss Otte is a blonde type with blue eyes. She is five feet eight inches in height. Miss Otte, by the way, was one of 29 young women picked from thousands of entrants in the "Typical American Girl Contest" conducted some time ago by *The New York Times*, the jury of



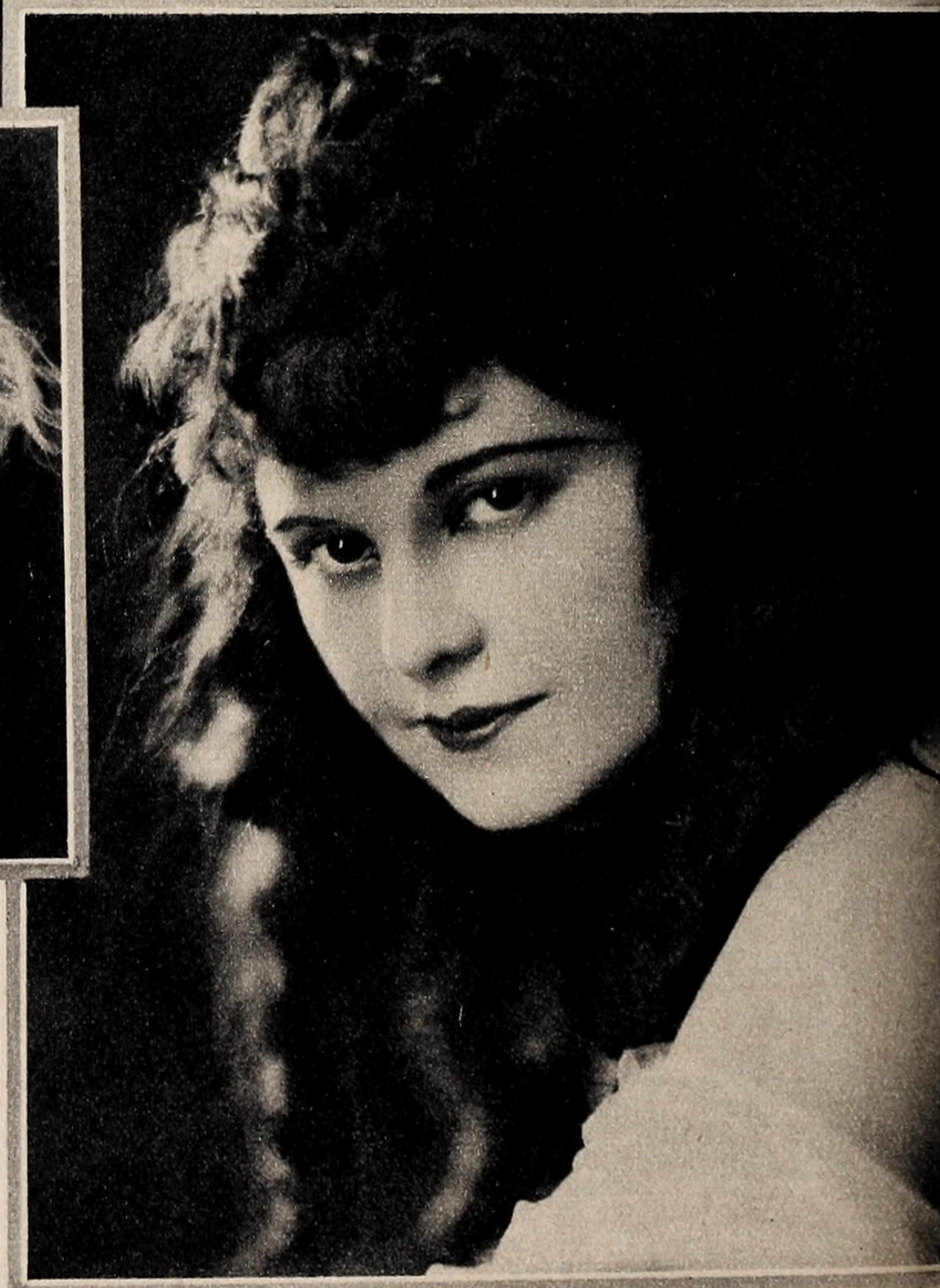
HELEN LEE WORTHING



Above:
DOROTHY E. FISHER

Left:
MARGUERITE A. HAUPT

Right:
MARIE CHAPPELLE



Home and Fortune Beauties

judges including such artists as Fisher, Stanlaws, Flagg, King, Boileau, Gilbert, etc.

Helen Lee Worthing, of No. 1073 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Miss Worthing is a Southern beauty, with blonde hair and dark-blue eyes. She was born in Louisville, Ky., and is in Boston studying singing and dramatic art. Miss Worthing won quite a little attention in the Boston papers at the time of the recent influenza epidemic. She donned a Red Cross uniform and volunteered her services to the Brookline Red Cross, personally aiding in the nursing of sufferers. She drove her own car, too, in transporting patients for the Red Cross. Miss Worthing is a member of the Louisville Dramatic Club, a well-known amateur organization.

Marie Chappelle, of No. 49 Garden Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. Miss Chappelle has dark-gray eyes, auburn hair and is five feet seven. She has never been on the stage or screen.

Marguerite A. Haupt, of No. 1917 Sixth Avenue, Spokane, Wash. Miss Haupt has gray-blue eyes, light-brown hair and is five feet four.

Dorothy E. Fisher, of No. 318 18th Street, Seattle, Wash. Miss Fisher has brown hair, blue eyes and is five feet four and three-fourths in height. Thus the rivalry between Seattle and Spokane goes merrily on. Both these cities seem to be contributing thousands of portraits to the contest.

Alice May Marvin, of 19218 Walnut Street, Berkeley, Cal. Miss Marvin has appeared on the
(Continued on page 83)



Above:
DELILAH OTTE
Left:
ALICE MAY MARVIN
Right:
VIRGINIA BROWN



Rosemary Theby and Robert Ellis have prominent rôles in Olive Thomas' support



In her first Selznick production, Olive Thomas plays the flapper vampire heroine of the Hattons' piquant farce, "Upstairs and Down." One of the lively scenes is a bathing-suit party in the servants' quarters of a Long Island residence



Enter—
the
Baby
Vampire

The Stronger Vow

Told in Story Form from the Geraldine Farrar Photoplay

By OLIVE CAREW

It was carnival night in Seville. Over the ancient city the azure tent of the sky was hung with the glowing lanterns of the stars and a great, round, softly colored moon was wafted above the cathedral minarets like one of the balloons in the square below. From every balcony streamers caught the crimson light of the torches and sent it reaming on the soft breeze. From every shadow sounded low voices, quivering, importunate, lilting laughter, kisses.

Carnival in Seville! Youth and the madness of youth, love and life's magic, heat of old passions, old hates wreathed with exquisite courtesy, like a stiletto wound with rose vines. The masks that the balleros wore covered dark faces, and darker desires, the arch eyes peeping over waving fans were full of strange lights and glows, shadows of the flames that sent tall Troy crashing into embers ages hence.

"Ah, but I adore the festa!" The girl in the *loge* above the marionette booth bent forward to uncoil a serpent of confetti over the crowd below. The blue lanterns strung along the balcony lighted up her strong yet sweetly rounded figure as she did, the proud chin and head set on the white column of neck, the hollows of the young bosom between lace folds of the mantilla. The man watching her silently from a corner of the box caught his breath at her fairness, tho it was an old tale to him. He was a broad fellow, with a thick, stocky figure and a handsome face, bitten by the acid of many passions, fearless in a fight, forgetting in a grudge, unswerving in his purposes. And this girl, with her dark, lusterless wreaths of hair, her arching

brows and proud, high-bred beauty, was one of his purposes. He wanted her with a want that ate him like corrosion, and he would have her when his time was ripe.

"Do you know, cousin," she turned to him gaily, "my mother met her fate at

the carnival, and so perhaps I, too——" She was busy drawing a golden ribbon thru one of the painted eggshells which the venders sold. "She sat in a balcony and flung a bauble into the crowd, and my father—who must have been a handsome man then

—caught it and brought it back to her, and that was the beginning. So you see I am really a daughter of Carnival. I wonder whether——"

She had lifted the gay toy above her head and tossed it out above the shifting crowds. The others in the box applauded; even the duenna smiled approval. Dolores De Cordova, of an old Castilian family

Afterwards, when Dolores was seated, the stranger sprang up beside her. "Is this the end, lady, or the beginning?" he whispered

whose line ran unbroken and unsullied to the farthest horizons of history, could say, with the old French monarch, "I am not accountable to conventions, for I am a convention."

Pedro Toral scowled. He hated to be reminded of his distant relationship,



A romance of love and vengeance in old Seville and the Apache dens of Paris





Slowly she sank down upon the couch. Under the veil her face was a white horror. "A lie," she said, with difficult lips. "A lie—"

he hated the knowledge that other men had the same rights of looking at her and adoring her that he possessed. Sometimes he was not quite sure that he did not hate her, with her mockery and high disdain and unreachableness.

Jose, her younger brother, was peering over the railing, watching the flight of the whimsical token. "A prize! You've won a fine prize, Dolores!" he shouted, doubling up with laughter. "See, that tall caballero in the monk's cloak caught it, and *Dios!* but he's looking this way—he's coming, I do believe!"

In the square below a tall, straight figure, cloaked and masked, was pushing among the crowd of masked merry-makers, in their direction. Glimpses of conventional evening dress showed beneath his cloak, and he wore a silk hat, fantastically wreathed with purple and green paper streamers. There was an assurance in his carriage, an air of authority about him that showed even in his grotesque mummery.

Dolores' eyes were sparkling with mischief as she leaned gracefully against the rail and looked down, the rich color coming and going in her cheeks. Pedro, gazing, leaned to Jose with a snarl. "Surely you will not allow him to speak! A nobody out of nowhere. What are you thinking of?"

"Oh"—Jose tossed the thought from him with an impatient shrug—"what's the odds? This is carnival!"

The painted eggshell swinging from his fingers by its tinsel ribbon, the stranger stopped beneath the box and lifted his hat with a sweeping gesture. "I have come to thank you, señorita," he spoke with a pleasant voice, "for this favor,

which has made it possible for me to speak to you." "It is the Fates that you should thank, señor," Dolores laughed. "I entrusted my message to them."

Toral rose, white with rage, and dragged Jose to his feet and out of the box with him. "In another moment I should have slit that fellow's throat for him!" he growled as, later, they sat about a table in one of the numerous temporary dining booths, while a Pierrette inclined to stoutness served them with wine.

Jose, who had already had rather too much wine that evening, tossed off his glass before he replied. "Oh, you're impossible, Pedro! Always trying to pick a quarrel. There's no harm in it. The man was a gentleman—any one could see that."

"You shouldn't have allowed it," Toral insisted sullenly. His eyes searched the circle of boxes about the square until they discovered a white arm, lying along the rail, a graceful head bent to meet the gaze of the blurred, dark figure standing beneath. His fury mounted to his brain, clouding sense and discretion. "And if Dolores was all that she should be, she would not allow it, either. Only a light woman—"

"Be careful what you say!" Jose was on his feet, quivering, with his hands at the other's throat. "Take care, or they will be the words you ever speak!"

And while they struggled Dolores and the stranger talked on in sentences as light and meaningless as blown bubbles of ballroom conversation, gazing steadily into one another's eyes and spoke of other things.

"THE STRONGER VOW"

Fictionized from the scenario by J. Clarkson Miller, based on Izola Forrester's story. Produced by Goldwyn Pictures, starring Geraldine Farrar. Directed by Reginald Barker. The cast:

Dolores De Cordova.....	Geraldine Farrar
Señora De Cordova.....	Kate Lester
Juan Montojo.....	Milton Sills
Pedro Toral	Tom Santschi
Bibi Le Boux.....	Hassard Short

anna nodded sleepily in the back of the *loge*; all about them the music of guitars and violins wailed immemorial longing, the dancing and gesticulating figures in clown's garb seemed the creations of a dream, and in all the hot and spangled night there seemed but they two—

Afterwards, when the De Cordova carriage had come and Dolores was seated, the stranger sprang up beside her. "Is this the end, lady, or the beginning?" he whispered. He had unmasked, and she saw a young, grave face, with finely cut features, turned to her, with a look that set her shiver to singing.

The many-colored rain of confetti blew about them, her silky folds of hair were rainbow with it, and her eyes were misty with the light o' dreams. "It is strange, but then life is strange," she answered. "The Future still wears her mask, and what lies behind it we may not know. Yet it may be—"

He put out his hand and drew it back, not touching her. "We shall meet again sometime. I am as sure of that as that I shall some day cease to breathe," he said, quietly, with a slow, deep breath. "Till then, farewell," and he was gone, vanishing into the rout of maskers.

In her dimly lighted bed-chamber Señorita De Cordova lay, propped upon high-piled pillows, awaiting the return of her son and daughter from the carnival. She was a little, frail, wisp of a woman, in whom the fires of life still smouldered with a glow of their old flame. She could still thrill to the memory of old, long-faded loves, still nourish the traditional hatreds of her house at her withered breast.

When Dolores stood on the threshold the woman on the bed raised herself with a little cry. It was as tho her old self stood there, fresh from the carnival that had given her her lover. She stretched out her arms. "My child, what has happened?"

But she did not need to ask, Dolores did not need to answer. For a long while there was silence in the room, each woman looking down the pathway of the years, the one along a traveled road, the other, wonderingly, along the path that stretched ahead into the blinding glory of the sun.

A strange sound brought them back to the present with a start—the shuffle of slow feet on the courtyard stones, men walking heavily, as if they bore some burden. The lower door swung open with a clang and the shuffling feet began to ascend the stairs in a portentous silence that seemed to shriek with sinister, unuttered things.

Señora Cordova, she who had not walked for years, rose stiffly from her bed and stood on her feet, waving aside her daughter's hand. "Your brother"—she said the words with a deep certainty—"he is dead, and they are bringing him home."

They were standing in the same frozen immobility when the dreadful procession entered, a carriage driver, an officer, several maskers still in their foolish panoply of light-heartedness, bearing be-

"I've brought you here, My lady Disdain, to see that you fulfill your vow," he told her. "With your own hands you're going to kill your new husband and afterwards—"

tween them the still form of Jose De Cordova, the last male of his line, dead with a cowardly knife thrust between his shoulder-blades.

Dolores ran to the still figure, sobbing out inarticulate grief, moaning, stroking the heavy rings of black hair on the white, cold forehead, but the mother, straight and tearless, spoke with steady lips. "Who did this thing?"

A squat, broad figure detached himself from the shadows of the stair and came into the room. It was Pedro Toral, shielding his ravaged face from the light. He spoke in short, jerky sentences, never ceasing to shield his face with one broad, muscular hand. He and Jose had supped together and said farewell. A little later, as he was returning home thru a dark alley, he had stumbled over the body of his more-than-friend, his dearer-than-a-brother, foully done to death! At his cry a crowd had gathered and he had shown them the way home. That was all.

"Dolores," Señora De Cordova said tonelessly, "you alone are left of our house to avenge your brother. You are only a girl, but you are a Cordova. Swear that you will find his murderer and kill him."

Dolores raised herself to her superb height. Every vestige of color was gone from her face, and her eyes were the only living things about her. She touched her finger to the blood that dripped from Jose's wound and made the sign of the cross above her head. "Blood for blood! Life for life!" she cried, in a ringing tone. "I swear that I will avenge my brother!"

If time cannot erase old scars, it at least heals them so that they no longer throb. In the days that followed Dolores was caught up into the whirlpool of life and tossed hither and yon until at last she was cast upon safe shores. A twelve-month later found her in the house of her aunt, Doria D'Olonne, the widow of a French attaché, in the Rue Eugenie in Paris. The Señora De Cordova's frail thread of life had snapped soon after her son's body was



laid away in the family vault under the limes, and Dolores had left her birthland, a sad-eyed beauty in her black robes, who contemplated taking a nun's vows and sighing away her life behind the gray, ivied walls of some convent.

No nun, this, who stood radiant in white satin and pearls, with the look on her face that a woman wears but once, when she stands beside the man she loves and repeats proudly before the whole world her vow to "love and honor until death do them part."

The Marquis De Valera, who stood beside her, was a tall, serious man, with finely chiseled features and an air of authority. He was a member of the Spanish Legation, and a hundred tales were whispered among the crowd of guests who attended the wedding as to how the two had met; at Monte Carlo, one related, at the embassy ball, corrected another. Only one person in the room besides the two most concerned knew the tale of the meeting, on a night of revelry and color, more than a year gone by.



"He's in
Here's a k
She felt cold
pressed into
fingers. "If
do not kill
others will. S
for the hea!"

She saw the
crest that
knew so
and reco
with a cry
was wrung
her soul. It
as tho a
gray, blurr
had fallen
her radi
beauty, ag
her infinit
When she s

Pedro Toral, outwardly impassive, smoothly garmented, a gentleman attending the wedding of a distant cousin, was, in reality, a soul in hell. His fingernails were white with the strain of his clenched hands, and behind the lids of his downcast eyes smouldered the fires of unholy flames. Yet his lips wore a little still, writhing smile as he hugged the thought of his purpose close to his sick heart. Afterward, when she went upstairs, he would strike, not with blows, but with words. He would watch the happiness slip from her face, watch her joy turn to hatred.

He made the most of his moment. Facing her behind the closed door of her boudoir, he deftly reopened the wound.

"Have you forgotten your vow to avenge your brother? Bah! How soon women like you forget! A kiss, and you fling away your honor, the honor of your race, like a handful of ashes——"

"Why do you say such things to me now?" Dolores asked him, clutching her joy desperately round her. "Give me this moment of happiness, Pedro. It is mine, I tell you—mine!"

He looked at her and laughed cruelly. "Happiness? With the murderer of your brother?"

Slowly, as if the sap were gone from her, she sank down upon the couch. Under the veil her face was a white horror. "A lie," she said, with difficult lips. "A lie——"

"The truth." Pedro whipped a handkerchief, sinister with stain, from his pocket and pointed to the crest in the corner. "Do you see that? I found it beside Jose—his blood is on it, the same blood you dipped your finger into when you swore that his murderer should die!"

her voice was very weary. "I will not—forget my vow. Now, Pedro, leave me. For the love of Mary, leave me to can plan—what—I must do——"

A wild moonlight was blowing about the streets v Dolores slipped out of the rear door of her aunt's house ran, stumbling, down the Rue Eugénie, seeking the shade and clutching the folds of her dark cloak about a plain gown that had been brought with her from Spain. At the corner where the great bulk of the cathedral squatted against the sky she paused; then, with a desperate haste, pushed open one of the chancel doors and entered. From the shadows figures slipped after her to the church portals and there set themselves to wait.


"Make no mistake," their leader told them, in a hissing whisper; "she must have no chance to scream. Down the aisle there, then to the right to the Café of the Red Brothers——"

"Did we ever fail you before, master?" the burliest shadow muttered, hoarsely. "This wont be the first little job, Trust to Bibi, she shall be silent as the dead."

When the bandage was jerked from her eyes and the light from her lips, Dolores looked about her at rough, bare walls mouldy with green damp, earthen floor, rude tables and chairs wine-steeped, and into the blazing face of Pedro Toral, which had slipped all pretense of gentility, leaving a human animal with bared, slaving fangs and bloodshot eyes.

"I've brought you here, my Lady Disdain, to see that you fulfil your vow," he told her, licking his lips with thick tongue. "With your own hands you're going to kill your

(Continued on page 64)



To smooth your cuticle, work around the base of the nail with Cutex

For snowy nail tips add a touch of Cutex Nail White under each nail

For brilliant nails rub briskly with Cutex Nail Polish



"I have found Cutex the most effective way of taking care of my nails."
ALICE BRADY

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The most important part of a manicure is the care of the cuticle. *Never* cut it. Beauty specialists agree that such cutting causes hangnails and rough, uneven cuticle.

Wrap a bit of cotton around the end of an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package). Dip it into the Cutex bottle and work the stick around the base of the nail,

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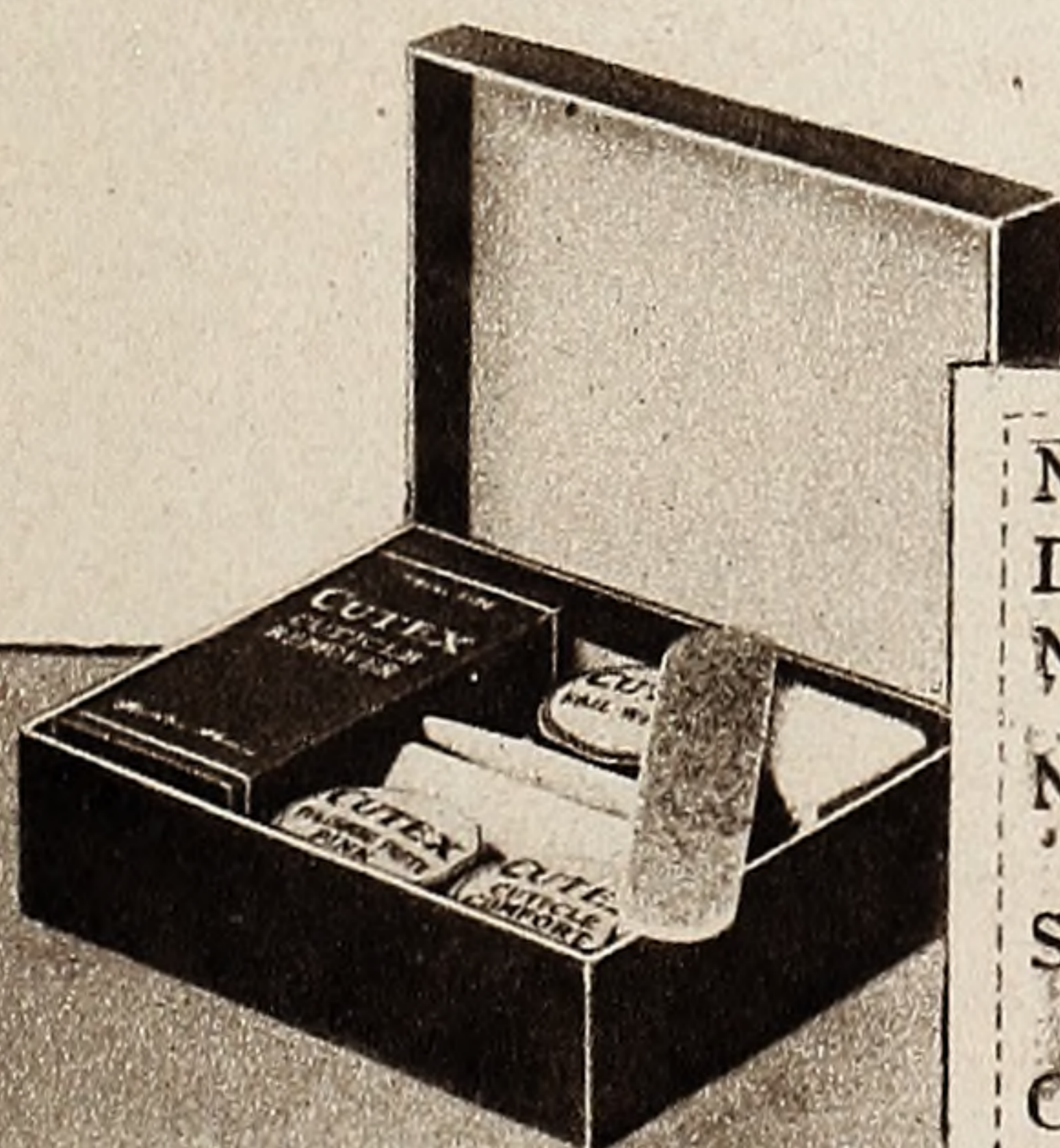
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Gossip from the Pacific Coast

By FRITZI REMONT



for Jack Pickford; Mark Larkin, who used to do the publicity honors for Balboa but who had the honor of being selected by winsome Mary to "cover" her doings, and pretty Lois Wilson herself, resplendent in a

son, who came in all dimples and pretty flushed cheeks.

At the counter Kathleen Kirkham slid her fish-tail evening gown over a rough stool and ate her luncheon with as much appetite as if she'd had Dresden and cut-glass befitting the gorgeousness of her frock.

By a window, at a table built for two, wee Mary Pickford Rupp was lifted into a chair by the Pickford chauffeur, who enjoyed a complete dinner while the baby uncomplainingly and with great appetite negotiated graham crackers and milk. She's not a bit spoiled, that youngster, and never asked for a bit of pie or ice-cream, as most little tads do.

Apropos of Mary, Jr., I must digress sufficiently to tell you of her youthful admiration for Francis Carpenter, who was seen on the lot ready to do his bit with Jack (Continued on page 68)

THERE is not at present a more interesting studio to visit than the Brunton. There are so many stars leasing space on the Brunton lot that one can't help calling it a treat to spend a day there.

In the first place, they are building a bungalow suite for Mary Pickford, who will have her own dressing-room, bathroom, publicity director's suite, and every convenience for her new productions.

Jack Pickford has a suite in the administration building, which also harbors Sessue Hayakawa, Frank Keenan, Olive Thomas, Bessie Barriscale, Alma Rubens, Kitty Gordon, Dustin Farnum and now Clara Kimball Young. When one walks down the broad hall of this building, which is flanked on either side by the stars' suites with their respective publicity offices, a real insight into this huge industry of picture producing is gained. In the hall, I met George Fisher, who has been doing a picture with Frank Keenan and Lois Wilson; Ted Sloman, now perfectly at home in Los Angeles, after his three years' stay in Santa Barbara; Pat Dowling, installed as publicity

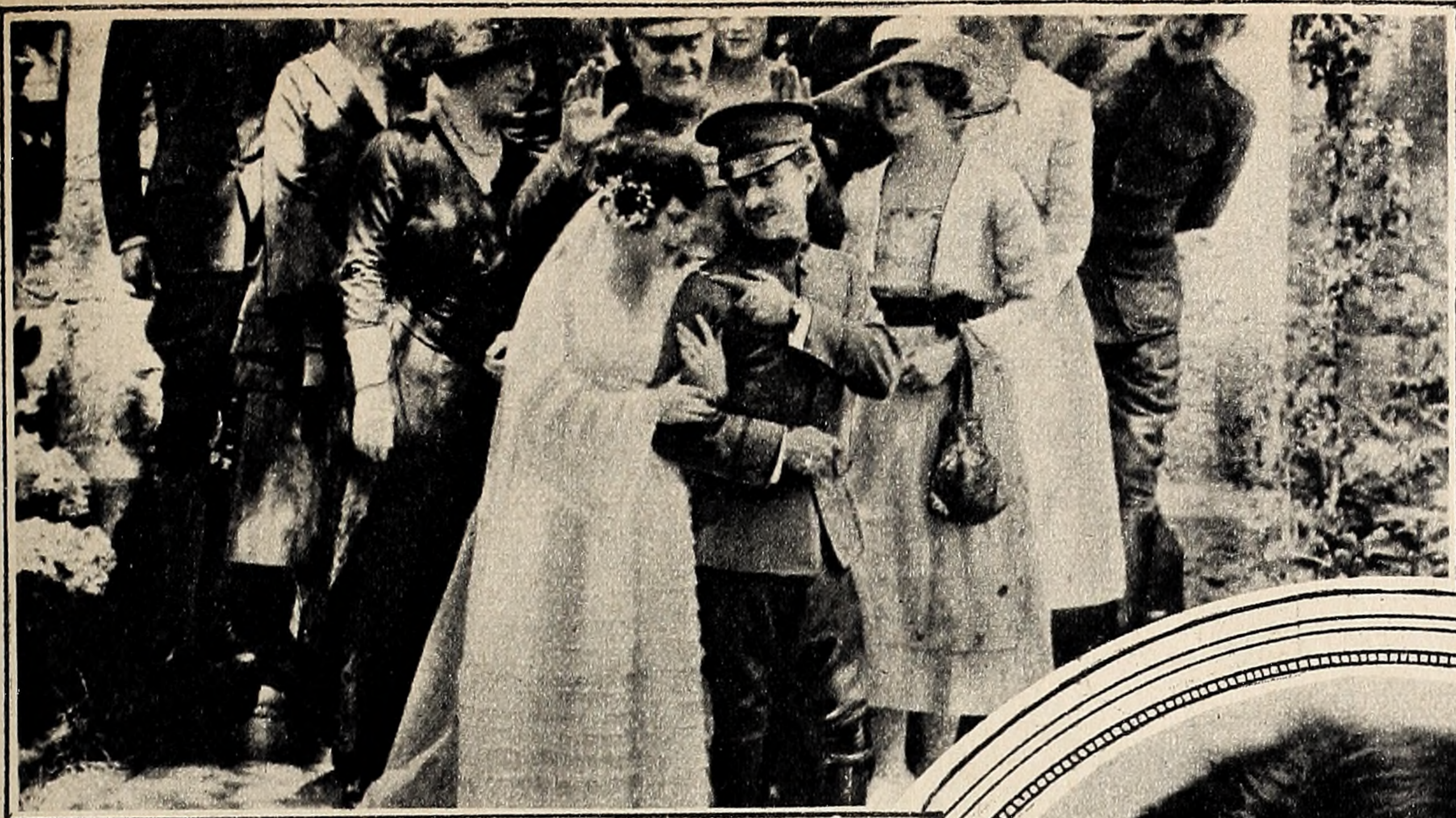


ballroom frock covered by a loose, fur-collared coat, as she'd just come in from location.

Luncheon was a mighty amusing thing. We all gathered in a shack attached to the edge of the Brunton lot like a barnacle to a wharf. At one table, Sessue Hayakawa had just finished dallying with a bit of food, but graciously arose and used his paper napkin to clean up the one side for roguish Mary Ander-

Maurice Tourneur, (upper left), went to the bottom of the sea off San Pedro to direct scenes for his "The White Heather." Center, King W. Vidor, his wife, Florence Vidor, and their brand new baby, Suzanne. Below, Dorothy Gish and Dick Barthelmess in an off-the-screen moment





Shirley Mason

and Ernest Truex

in "Come On In"

Notice the silver bar. Perhaps Ernest should evince more interest in the gold band binding him to his beaming bride. Maybe the silver bar made the gold band possible though. What do you think?

Paramount Picture

Miss Shirley Mason is another famous star of the screen stage who states that she "prefers" Ingram's Milkweed Cream.



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Ingram's Velveola Souveraine

FACE POWDER

A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that it stays on. Furthermore a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh and Brunette—50c.

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I enclose a dime in return for which please send me your Guest Room Package containing Ingram's Milkweed Cream Rouge, Face Powder, Zodenta Tooth Powder and Ingram's Perfume in Guest Room sizes.

WHY MAGAZINES ARE AS THEY ARE

Scene: Editorial sanctum.

Time: 10 A. M.

Editor gets brilliant idea, reaches for telephone.

Give me Murray Hill 8500.

Line's busy on Main 8700.

I want Murray Hill 8500.

One moment, please. I'll let you speak to the superintendent.

(Slightly annoyed) I don't want the superintendent—I want Murray Hill 8500.

(Fifteen minutes pass, while editor rattles hook) The number you want has been changed to Murray Hill 8500.

(Feebly) Do I get it? This g'man wants Murray Hill 8500.

(Prolonged discussion in distance over merits of Murray Hill 8500.)

(Peevishly) Do I get Murray Hill 8500? Ringing it, sir.

(Voice sounds on wire, editor's hopes rise) Let me speak to Mr. Botsford.

Who? This is Cathedral 4200?

(Tears in eyes, rattles receiver) Wrong number. Get me Murray Hill 8500.

Main 6500?

No, no! Murray Hill 8500.

Here's your party—Plaza 8500.

(After pleading with Plaza 8500 to get off wire) Wrong number again. Get me Murray Hill 8500—M-u-r-r-a-y H-i-l-l. Ringing them.

(Long pause. It is now 11:45 A. M.)

What number did you say?

(Inarticulate) Murray Hill 8500.

Busy!

(Editor collapses under desk, mumbling Murray Hill 8500.)

IMPRESSIONS UPON ENTERING A SCREEN THEATER ON A RAINY DAY

First reel—Well, anyway, it's raining outside.

Second reel—Wonder if it's clearing?

Third reel—Bet it's clearing.

Fourth reel—The sun *must* be shining.

Fifth reel—Exit.

As far as we are concerned, the artists who make the comic animated cartoons can have the job of rolling up the barbed wire in France.

Double Exposures

Conducted by F. J. S.



Wanda Hawley drove her new car straight thru a California bungalow the other day, knocking the family side-board into the street. Which is just another ad. for California. Where else, we ask, would a Wanda

Hawley drop in so informally?

New York women have started a crusade against lingerie displays in shop windows. Well, we still have the Sennett comedies.

Norma Talmadge has now reached the point where a face powder and toilet water have been named after her. Thus she achieves the artistic level of Mary Garden.

It took eight hours, says the press-agent, for Director Dawley to get a horse

to yawn in filming Doris Kenyon's "Twilight." Apparently no one thought of showing the horse Miss Kenyon's "Street of Seven Stars."

THE TENSEST SCREEN MOMENTS OF THE MONTH
Corinne Griffith as a modiste model in "The Girl Question."
May Allison in her gym suit in "Peggy Does Her Darndest."
May Allison in her riding knickers in "Peggy Does Her Darndest."
May Allison in her vampire gown in "Peggy Does Her Darndest."

We respectfully add two members to our 1919 baseball team: Gloria Swanson and Dorothy Phillips.

We certainly admire the optimistic David Griffith in holding the story of "The Romance of Happy Valley" as a studio secret until the release of the photoplay. There was just one leak. Back in the middle ages that very plot, minus trimmings, originated, and it has been done at least a few times since. Still Mr. Griffith was quite successful. The puzzled fans who sat just behind us when we viewed the picture consider the plot a total secret.

What more can we ask? The fiction of *Snappy Stories* has been secured by a producer for the movies. Thus the literary level of the screen takes another uplift.

The Art-O-Graf Corporation signs Franklyn Farnum in New York and takes him to Denver to star in an eight-reeler, "The Wolves of Wall Street." Nothing like getting the locale exactly right!



NORMA TALMADGE
 "You may use my testimonial to the value of WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL."



ALICE BRADY
 "I consider WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL an ideal shampoo and can be used with such little effort and keeps my hair in a wonderful condition."



BLANCHE SWEET
 "I am pleased to indorse WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL for shampooing."

How Famous Movie Stars Keep Their Hair Beautiful

PROPER Shampooing is what makes beautiful hair. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant. Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why leading motion picture stars, theatrical people and discriminating women use

WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL FOR SHAMPOOING

This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL at any drug store. A four ounce bottle should last for months. Splendid for Children.

THE R. L. WATKINS CO., Cleveland, Ohio.



MAY ALLISON
 "Of all the shampoos I have ever used WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL is by far the superior."



MAE MURRAY
 "Shampooing with WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL always keeps my hair looking its best."

The Stronger Vow (Continued from page 58)

new husband, and afterwards"—he thrust his dreadful face closer—"afterwards you'll stay here till I get tired of you. And now you know me, Pedro Toral, for the first time! Pedro Toral, the most powerful man in Paris, the king of the Apaches, who can at a snap of his fingers send kings tottering. Pedro Toral, who always gets what he wants, and who will get you!"

She sat without moving, in a sort of hypnosis of horror. They were going to bring Juan here—force her to kill him—the man she loved! Yes, she could not deny it. She loved him—he had slain her brother, she had vowed to hate him and kill him, but very lately she had sworn to another and a stronger vow. She loved him, no matter what he had done, who he was, without reason, better than her family honor, better than her oath, better than her life itself.

And they were bringing him here for her to kill him! She sat crouched in her chair, apparently blind to what went on about her, while the taut minutes of waiting ticked themselves away. But in reality her brain was working swiftly, sifting possibilities, forming mad plans.

A hand touched her shoulder. A pallid tatterdemalion, sucking at an unlighted cigaret, stood beside her, jerking a prehensile thumb. "He's in there. Here's a knife." She felt cold steel pressed into her fingers. "If you do not kill him, others will. Strike for the heart."

Dolores clutched the stiletto and moved to the doorway, her guide at her heel. Her staring eyes were fixed upon the man who stood, bound hand and foot with ropes, in the center of the circle of wolfish faces. She felt Toral watching her greedily, and, with all her woman's wit, she summoned an expression of rage and loathing and moved to the side of her husband. The flash of hope and joy in his eyes faded into bewilderment as she spoke cruel, bitter things, accusations, reproaches, invective.

"You—you, who killed my brother, how dared you touch me with your crimson hands!" She hardly knew what she said as, dagger-point pressed to his bosom, she drove him step by step backward across the room, nearer and nearer the stairs. At the foot of them she flashed behind him and, with two lightning strokes of the keen blade, cut away his bonds before the watching Apaches could understand her purpose.

"And now, my love, save yourself!" she cried, in a ringing tone. With a growl of rage, they were upon them, but Juan had caught her in his arms and taken the stairs three at a time. The door at the top was locked, but the one at the right opened under his desperate hand. He flung her from him as he shot the bolt home, and turned to her, broad shoulders braced against the blows already raining on the panels.

"My dear one," he said sadly, "I am afraid our honeymoon will be into the silent land of death!"

"So long as we go together what matters?" she whispered against his shoulder. "Juan, why did you kill my brother? I ought to hate you, but I cannot, only why did you, why?"

He frowned. "Your brother? Then that was he I found on the night of the carnival! There was another man, a short, stocky fellow, strangely like that Apache chief out there, bending over him, but he fled at my approach. I tried to stanch the wound with my handkerchief, but he was already dead. Dolores! How could you suspect me of that?"

She touched his cheek. "I think I never did," she whispered, "for I loved you even when Toral told me—Toral who tried to foist off on you his own scarlet deed!"

The panel ripped from top to bottom and an arm wielding a dagger was thrust in. Juan drew her back and held her close. "One last kiss, oh, my dear love—my wife!"

With the shouts and blows in their ears, they were alone, for one perfect moment, heart to heart, lips to lips. Then, with a rending crash, the door fell.

Yet, strangely enough, it was not the wolf pack that surged in, but blue-clad gendarmes, distributing lusty blows right and left upon the panic-stricken Apaches binding their hands and leading them away. "One of the bunch split on the rest—wanted revenge for his sister being wronged, he told us. I think, monsieur and madame, we arrived in good time, non?"

"You have given us life," Juan D. Valera said, slowly, in a strange, far away tone. Then, looking down into the beautiful face still held close to his breast, he gave a low laugh of pure gladness and kissed the red, quivering lips until they grew warm and quick again. "We have come back from the honeymoon of death, my rose of Seville, my carnival flower!" he cried, a great pulse of gladness beating thru the words. "Welcome home!"

GOSSIP OF THE SCREEN

(Continued from page 8.)

Vitagraph has purchased Robert W. Chambers' novel, "The Cambric Mask," for Al Joyce.

Lieut. Earle Metcalfe, just out of the army, has been engaged to direct Paramount-Flaming comedies.

Chester Withey is again directing Norma Talmadge after a siege with the influenza. Miss Talmadge is filming a Russian drama with Pedro de Cordova, Marc MacDermott, Marguerite Clayton and Marguerite Courtin in her supporting company.

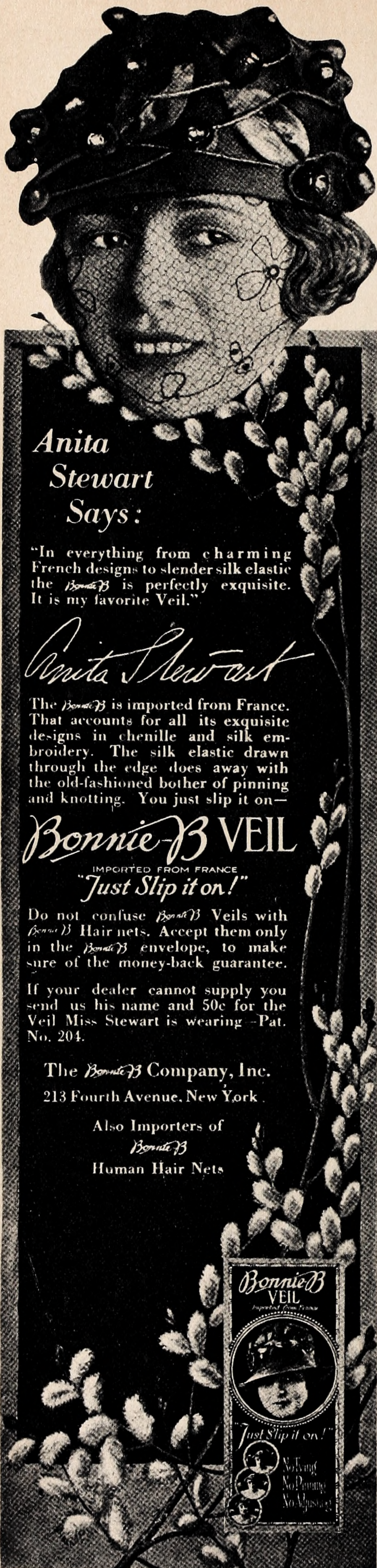
World Pictures will star Lewis S. Stone in a series of eight super-pictures during the coming twelve months. Mr. Stone is at work on the first, "Man's Desire."

Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle has contracted to appear in Paramount comedies for the next few years more.

Geraldine Farrar, following the closing of the Metropolitan opera season, departs for Culver City to begin her film productions. She will continue at the Goldwyn studio until October.

(Continued on page 65)

(Sixty-four)



Anita Stewart Says:

"In everything from charming French designs to slender silk elastic the *Bonnie-B* is perfectly exquisite. It is my favorite Veil."

Anita Stewart

The *Bonnie-B* is imported from France. That accounts for all its exquisite designs in chenille and silk embroidery. The silk elastic drawn through the edge does away with the old-fashioned bother of pinning and knotting. You just slip it on—

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IMPORTED FROM FRANCE
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If your dealer cannot supply you send us his name and 50c for the Veil Miss Stewart is wearing—Pat. No. 204.

The *Bonnie-B* Company, Inc.
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Also Importers of
Bonnie-B
Human Hair Nets



A Dreamer of Dreams

(Continued from page 19)

"Nothing comes by chance. You work and work and finally, perhaps, comes the reward."

The light of interest was in Miss Manon's eyes. Oddly fascinating eyes they are, vividly shining out from the pale olive, immobile face.

"Screen acting is hard work. But it isn't so hard, to my way of thinking, as being a cash girl. I could never figure out two plus two and get it right.

"I don't like to do vampire rôles. Because I realize that unsympathetic rôles get you nowhere with the public. Look at Mary Alden. A great actress, but lost in a maze of big—but unloved—characterizations.

"I live a very plebeian existence in Los Angeles with my mother and brother. We have an apartment. Mother is a wonderful cook. We give little musical affairs on Sunday nights to our friends. That is about the limit of my social life.

"Perhaps the sameness of it all had rather started to bore me. When I came to New York I resolved to live in Washington Square. That lasted three days. I came uptown in a hurry—to find luxuries and comforts.

"I am not a Bohemian, I guess," Miss Manon smiled.

"I have three idols," she went on. 'Jeanne d'Arc, Napoleon and Bernhardt. I would give anything to be as great as Bernhardt. I could, too, if I had it in me to dream and work and sacrifice consistently.

"My name came about by chance. My real name, you know, is Camille Ankewich. But that I knew would never do for a screen player. One night we sat watching Geraldine Farrar in 'The Devil Stone' in the Lasky projection-room. Miss Farrar was playing Marcia Manot. 'There's your name,' said William De Mille. And so we changed Manot to Manon and I became Marcia Manon. Sometimes I regret that I did not retain Camille, however. I love it, even if a great novelist did put a bit into disrepute."

The interview was ending. "I have not talked so much in all my New York stay," concluded Miss Manon. "I have been too confused. But I can't think of a thing to add, unless you say that I believe women who are too mental are a bore. And I never want to be a bore."

GOSSIP OF THE SCREEN

(Continued from page 64)

The Famous Players-Lasky Corporation has purchased the screen rights to J. M. Barrie's 'The Admirable Crichton' and Walter Brown's 'Everywoman.' Cecil De Mille will produce the Barrie drama.

Mme. Olga Petrova is appearing in vaudeville.

Madge Kennedy has just made a flying trip East to see friend husband, Captain Harold Bolster.

Herman Polo, aged 76, father of Eddie Polo, died recently in New York, following an attack of pneumonia.

(Sixty-five)



"I'm as Good a Man as Jim!"

"They made him manager today, at a fine increase in salary. He's the fourth man in the office to be promoted since January. And all were picked for the same reason—they had studied in spare time with the International Correspondence Schools and learned to do some one thing better than the rest of us.

"I've thought it all out, Grace. I'm as good a man as any one of them. All I need is special training—and I'm going to get it. If the I. C. S. can raise other men's salaries it can raise mine. If it can bring a better home with more comforts to Jim and his family it can do it for us. See this coupon? It means my start toward a better job and I'm going to mail it to Scranton tonight!"

Thousands of men now know the joy of happy, prosperous homes because they let the International Correspondence Schools prepare them in spare hours for bigger work and better pay. You will find them in offices, shops, stores, mills, mines, factories, on railroads—everywhere.

Why don't you study some one thing and get ready for a real job, at a salary that will give your wife and children the things you would like them to have?

You can do it! Pick the position you want in the work you like best and the I. C. S. will prepare you for it right in your own home, in your spare time—you need not lose a day or a dollar from your present occupation.

Yes, you can do it! More than a million have done it in the last twenty-seven years. More than 100,000 are doing it right now. Join them without another day's delay. Mark and mail this coupon!

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IN this day and age attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. PERMIT NO ONE TO SEE YOU LOOKING OTHERWISE; it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new nose-shaper "Trados" (Model 24) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

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M. TRILETY, Face Specialist, 1039 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.



War and Women

(Continued from page 25)

now that the war has come to an end?
 "Decidedly. I always have believed in marriage, and more so than ever now. But I haven't believed that many marriages are successful, and I believe I've a pretty darn good theory why not. In the first place, it is, or it should be, an Art. Do you know the real secret of most of the failures, most of the ennui, most of the deadly boredom leading to suicidal tendencies or—*forbidden fruit*?"

"No," I admitted.

"Women don't flirt enough after marriage," he summed up, triumphantly, "and therefore men don't *try* enough."

I committed an act of mental digestion.

"You see," he went on, in the half-serious, rather tentative way he had, "men have one instinct which is stronger than all others—the hunting instinct. It is what promulgates wars, this desire to conquer; it is what first leads a man to the pursuit of a woman. You take the average married man—he *knows* he doesn't have to hunt any more. On the contrary, the game is bagged. The game is up. Waiting. Within reach. Suddenly, unconsciously, sometimes consciously, he feels cheated, defrauded. He feels a lack. Therein lies the danger. I tell you, if women were only clever enough they'd flirt . . . they'd keep a man hunting . . ."

"But what about the sweet idealism I begged. 'The tranquil domesticity, the home and all that?'"

"We don't live in that sort of an age," said the captain. "No doubt that is the way things *should* be, but they are not. We live in a fast age, don't you think? We've either got to play according to the rule—or be cheated out of winning. For all hands, women as well as men, it's better to play up." He laughed again. "Under 'em 'wavy over my head," he said, with naïveté of manner peculiar to him and rather charming, "but then," he added, "one generally is when one gets on the subject of women."

When I asked him why he was going back to the screen in preference to the speaking stage, he winked one eye confidentially. "I suppose I ought not to say this to you," he said, "but the fact is I need the money! After the war, you know . . ."

"Typically American," I mused, after he had installed me in a taxi and I was jolting homeward, "typically, oh, very typically masculine. The battlefields of war on one side, dear delightful women on the other, Captain 'Bob' between the two . . . actor, warrior, mere man!"

Carmel Myers has gone to San Francisco, chaperoned by her mother and driving her own big Hudson sedan. She took with her a party of young folks, and this is Carmel's first real vacation. Her Eastern trip being more in the nature of a patriotic duty, including visits to the cantonments, last year. They are taking in all the sights of the Bay cities.

(Sixty-six)



He Will Take The Bubble Grains, As You Know

Offer a boy a dish of bread and milk, and a dish of Puffed Wheat in milk. You know he will take, ten times in ten, these flaky, toasted bubbles.

In Puffed Wheat every food cell is exploded. The grains are shot from guns. He gets a scientific food, where digestion is easy and complete.

When children like it better—vastly better—why not serve some Puffed Grain to them in every bowl of milk.

Offer Him Choice At Breakfast

Serve Puffed Wheat to him, and beside it any other wheat food.

He will see in Puffed Wheat flimsy, toasted bubbles, puffed to eight times normal size.

He will taste an almond flavor, much like toasted nuts.

There was never a whole-wheat dish ever created which could tempt a boy like that.

When Puffed Grains are best for them, and are liked best, why not always serve them?

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice**
Corn Puffs

All Bubble Grains—Each 15c—Except in Far West

How to Serve

With cream and sugar. With melted butter. In bowls of milk.

As ice cream garnish. In your soups.

Also douse with melted butter for hungry children after school.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(3062)

Saturday to Monday

(Continued from page 30)

Foxcroft Grey, standing in the doorway, bowed formally to the discomfited pair. "Good-evening," he said coldly. "I am afraid I have interrupted. I came to see Mr. Barnard about the matter of his lease, but it can wait." He was turning away. Susanne ran to him and fell upon her knees, dimly conscious in the back of her mind that she had seen this done on the stage in a like situation. She clutched his coat, spoke tragically: "No, no, Foxcroft! You shall not go until you have heard my explanation!" "I am not asking for one," her husband said, still in the same painfully polite tone. "You forget our contract. By its terms I have no interest in your movements from Monday to Friday. Of course, if I were a husband in the ordinary sense of the word—" He glared at the shivery Arthur, who attempted to glare back and failed miserably.

"Before God I am innocent!" Susanne wept. "Tell him so, Arthur! Tell him so, Arthur! Tell him our relations are platonic, tell him—" "Dont trouble." Foxcroft Grey made an exquisite bow. "It is really quite unnecessary. Until Friday, Susanne. Good-night, Barnard! Pardon my intrusion."

The door closed softly behind him. Susanne, still on her knees, stared after him and burst into a shower of tears, not feminist tears, but large, wet ones that dripped from the point of her nose, reddened her cheeks and made little paths in the pink powder thereon.

"There!" she sobbed, illogically, turning upon the speechless Arthur. "See what you've done! I hope you're proud of yourself, breaking up my home! Foxcroft will never forgive me—oh, oh!"

Arthur Barnard reached for his musciche and, finding it, tugged it, and thereby triggered an idea from his reeling brain.

"Dont distress yourself," he begged her. "Mr. Grey is a gentleman. He will allow you to get the divorce, and I am a gentleman—I will marry you and make an honest woman of you!"

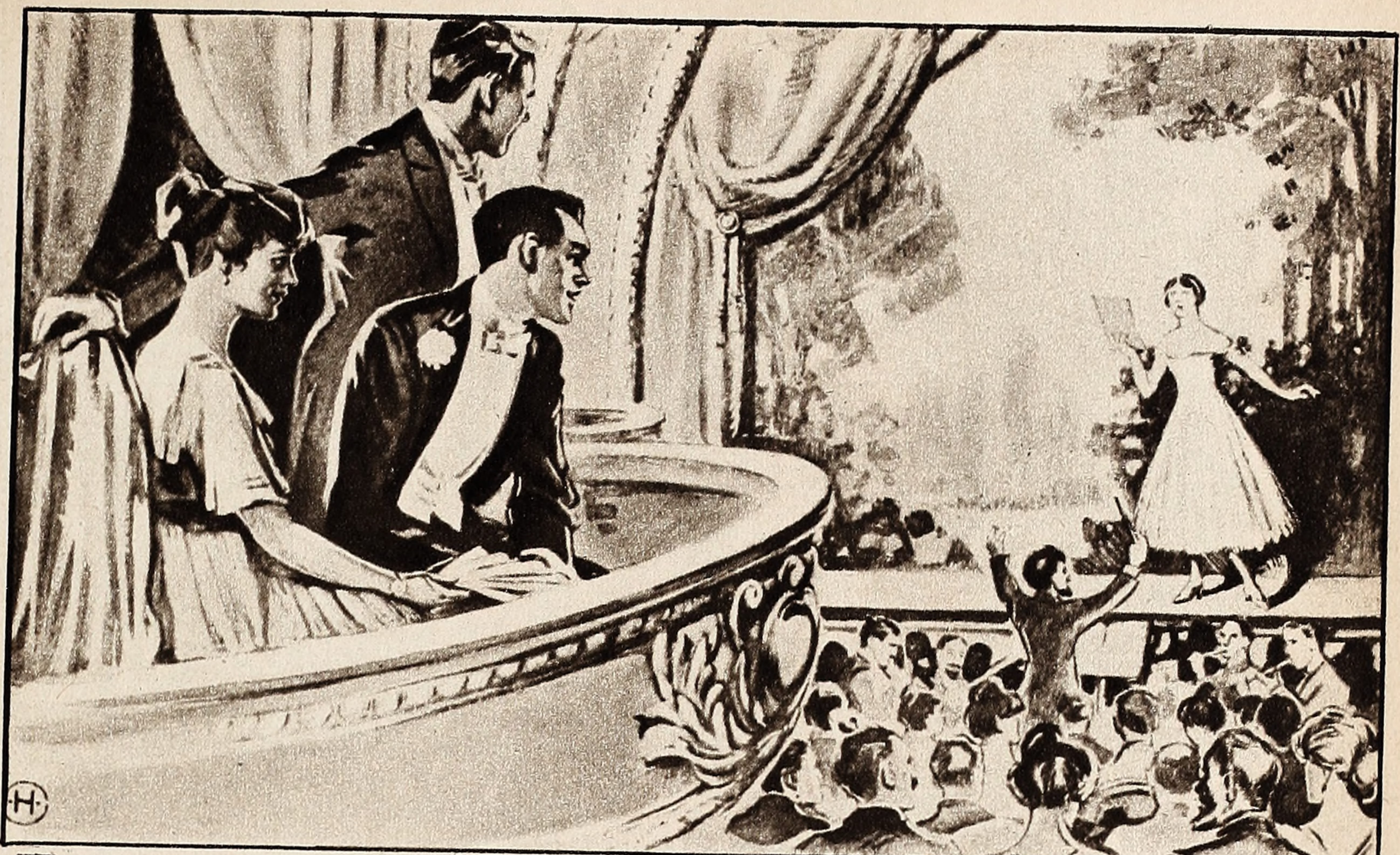
Susanne stared, then burst into hysterical mirth. "You!" she gasped. "Marry you? Oh—my—God!"

It was a very contrite little figure that, the next day, stole into the masculine portals of the Bachelor's. McCauley, dusting the imitation ferns in the vestibule, looked up at the unhallowed sound of skirts with a scowl that changed slowly to a smile as he recognized the intruder.

"'Tis an awfu' time I've been having!" he confided to her, wiping his honest brow with the duster. "After men take all the trouble to live in a place where womenfolk is forbid, it seems they break their necks tryin' to see which of them can smuggle a lassie in! Bachelors aint what they were once, that's sure. 'Twas only the other day"—he warmed to his grievance under his auditor's flattering interest—"Mr. Delaney, that lives over

(Continued on page 68)

(Sixty-seven)



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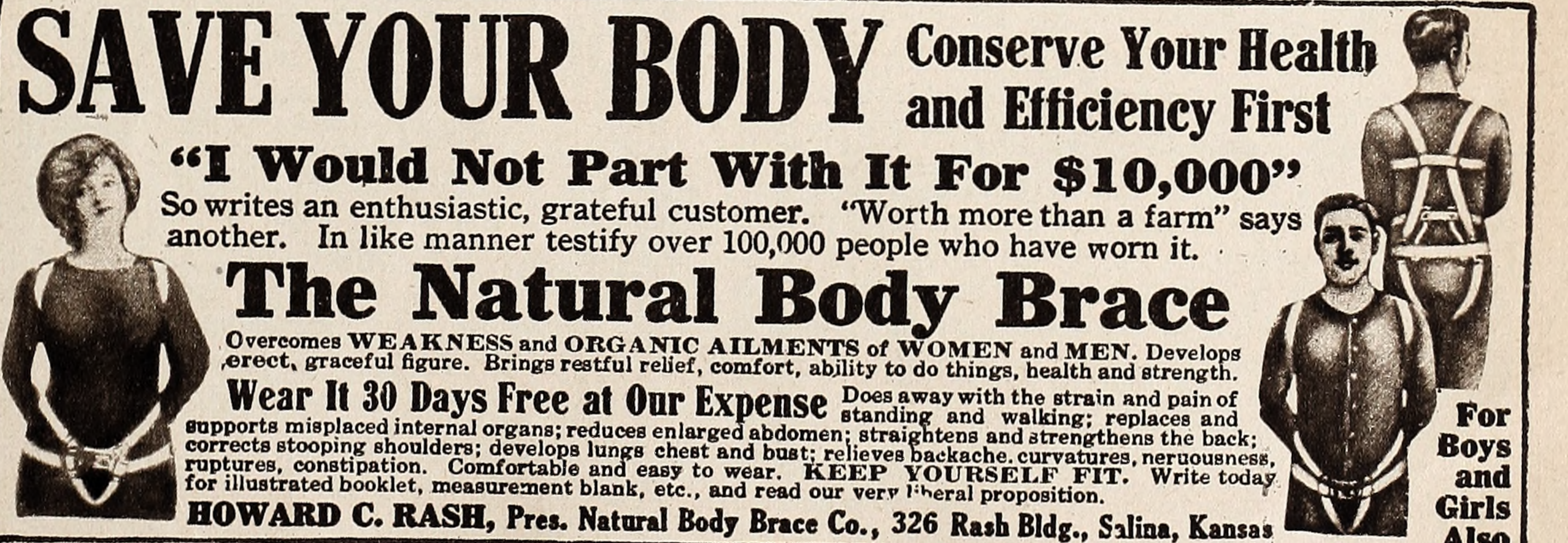
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For Boys and Girls Also

Saturday to Monday
(Continued from page 67)

your man, brought a lady home from dance on a bet that she wouldn't stay his sitting-room all night. She took him up, and did so, but when morning came her nerve failed and she tried to go away down the fire escape——"

"The fire escape!" Susanne faltered. "Why, that must have been—tell me who——"

McCauley winked. "I gave her a piece of my mind and sent her home in a taxi," he said, as he brought the creeping lift to a halt at Foxcroft's floor. "We'll mention no names. She was a good lass, but foolish."

Susanne fitted her key into the lock and stole into her husband's apartment. Her heart was beating wildly. She felt not like a suffragist, nor an individualist, nor a feminist, but very humble and helpless and sorry like a little girl who has done wrong and is sorry.

In the living-room, Foxcroft was reading the paper as calmly as though his heart was not broken, his home not shattered. He looked up as she entered and nodded casually.

"Don't be polite—treat me as if we were married!" she quavered.

Foxcroft laughed as he took the small, twisting hands in his own. "Foolish Susanne!" he said. "You don't suppose I didn't see thru that game? And, anyway, I couldn't be jealous of that little shrimp. Now look at me, truly, couldn't I?"

"You conceited thing!" Susanne sniffed, but she smiled, like the sun coming out from behind a cloud. "Well, maybe you can't be jealous, but I can be! So I've decided"—she looked up at him with a beautiful blush—"I've decided not to be a week-end wife any longer, but an all-the-time wife"—her blue eyes grew solemn, she lifted her face to his kiss—so long as we both shall live."

Gossip from the Pacific Coast
(Continued from page 60)

Pickford. We overheard a great bit of conversation between those two. Susanne wee Mary, "I'm going to give you five dollars for you, little boy. I like you and I want to take you to my house to stay forever'n ever."

Francis bristled right up, his countenance fluffed up in the strong wind as he replied, "Don't you dare to do anything like that. My mother would do if you did!"

Mary was unperturbed. She seemed to have realized that money will do a great deal in this world. "Yes, I will, too. I want you and I'll give your mother five dollars for you, little boy."

Francis struck an attitude worthy of the co-star of "Aladdin" and started his feet angrily as he shouted, "Don't you dare! Don't you ever think of such a thing! Why, you'd just kill my mother if you tried anything like that—she can't live without me."

With that he raced off in an agreeably indignant frame of mind, leaving Susanne and Mary looking decidedly puzzled.

(Sixty-eight)



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Me By Myself

(Continued from page 35)

doubtful, but it would keep me away from home, they thought. Temperament in four rooms was like a fire-cracker in a teacup—anything might happen.

The great day came. We started out at seven o'clock in the morning. I, clad in my Sunday best, shoes that pinched, and the family jewels, boarded a car filled with Broadway cowboys and ex-coubrettes, and after choking for an hour from the smoke and dodging tobacco juice, we reached our destination, a motley moving picture camp in the hills.

It was to be an Indian picture, and we stood in line for our costumes and wigs. Just before my turn came the wigs gave out—it was just my luck! I must have shown my keen disappointment, for the assistant said, "Give the kid a chance; put her in the back and keep her in the shade." I have often wondered if any one was ever startled by the sight of a blonde Indian flitting before them.

That was the beginning. A new vista had been opened to me. Soon I received \$25 a week—it was dabbling in high finance.

A happy year followed, then the blow fell. I had gained a little recognition as the general utility woman of a small comedy company, playing everything from Swedish servant girls to dainty ingénues with flowing curls and all the accepted regalia. In parts that had character to them I succeeded fairly well, but when it came to ingénues, I couldn't bring a cent. That started trouble and ended in my being fired.

I had tried to skip gracefully around and smile winsomely, but I was never more awkward in my life, and my smiles were awful caricatures of anything human. The director was plainly losing patience. We came to the place in the story where my sweetheart and I climbed in a tree to hide from my pursuing parents. We had to sooner settled ourselves comfortably on a bough, when it came crashing to the ground. When my senses had sufficiently recovered, I found myself, professionally speaking, at liberty.

"At liberty" was putting it mildly—I was just plain loose. After a few weeks of hunting a position I looked for a job. Even those were very will-o'-the-wispy. I tried every place I had ever heard of, except the Keystone. Somehow it frightened me. Every one said, "Keep away from that place if you value your life." I didn't think much of mine, but I wasn't crazy about having it banged out by a rick or policeman's club.

Things got worse and worse, and one day, in desperation, I set forth for the studio of bricks, bruises and bumps. It was a very mild-looking little place at the foot of peaceful hills. I was just laughing at myself for my foolish fears when a patrol full of cops came tearing from the side entrance, clubs and guns in hand.

(Sixty-nine)

One look was enough. I made for home!

I went there every day for a week before I had courage to ask for work. On the eighth I walked meekly up to a fierce-eyed individual, who later turned out to be Mack Swain. "Was he using any people today?"

"Can you shoot a gun?" he roared back. Could I shoot a gun? I hadn't worked in a Western studio for a year for nothing. I should say I could—with out batting an eye.

He eyed me up and down. "All right, come as you are, only take that Christmas-tree off your head and wear something human." I had always admired that particular hat, but to work again I would have worn a mud scow.

That was an eventful day for me. We were taken out to the park, but after waiting around for hours, my turn came. It was my chance. Gun in hand, I waited for orders, my heart doing a fandango in my throat. "All right, camera!" yelled the director. Somebody—I think it was me—rushed forward. "Shoot!" somebody yelled. I shot. "Shoot again!" I exploded all the remaining chambers. "Good!" a strange voice called. "Take a fall!" I grew cold, but kept working. Such an indignity had never before fallen to my lot. "Take a fall!" The voice was now a shriek. It was now or never. Somehow I threw my feet into the air, hurled myself forward and hit.

They were laughing—was it with me or at me? Anyway, I'd done my best. If this failed, it was the "want ads" for me.

"All right, miss. That's all for today. Eight-thirty in the morning, please."

I couldn't wait for a car and ran all the way home. Almost strangled myself on water, so couldn't tell the wonderful news for an hour, anyway.

I must have been up half the night making faces at myself in the mirror and practicing falls. When morning came I was a little the worse for wear, but happy.

I made the call, and it's been eight-thirty every morning since.

I did have a few faint yearnings toward drama, but have reconciled myself with the thought that every one has a hard luck story and to create smiles was worth any sort of sacrifice.

Serial comedy is my ambition. Clowning and buffoonery are for children. Little humorous accidents that can happen in everyday life are the real laugh-getters. If your audience put themselves in your place, you are accomplishing something. Personality and thought photograph, and to get laughs you must feel them yourselves, not mechanically portray a character because you are told.

I have gotten over the childhood aches of plainness and realize that to be happy one must be busy, and as long as I can't be any one else, it isn't so bad to be me.



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Earle and His Ambitions

(Continued from page 37)

"Now, I recently did an English story, and right on top of that they purchased another for me—same location. I don't want to do it right after the other because I'm afraid I will have would-be playwrights concocting English society dramas for me by the score.

"I'm afraid the law of suggestion is a hard work. I wish I knew how to break the telepathic cords. I'm as fond of variety as any onlooker, but it does seem as if they tried to tie me up in the 'three of a kind' dramas. I began to do a story back East which followed one much like it, shot last year. Accordingly when I came out here, I dropped the work, and what do you suppose? I just got word from the East, asking if I could not possibly finish the old story and rush it thru. So as I don't want to be disobliging, I've succumbed to the law of sameness once more.

"Now, titles are queer things," said Mr. Williams, reflectively. "For instance, I finished a play near Corona in which the Government aided considerably. That is one reason we were slow in finishing it, for we had to await the convenience of aviators and others in the service, and the working title was 'The Ace,' which naturally would lead people to expect a military play. However, the title has been changed to 'The Highest Trump,' and I very much fear that people who abhor cards and who haven't any idea that the highest trump is an ace may be deterred from seeing this drama.

"The funny thing is that about a year ago, when I first came out, everybody said eagerly to me, 'Well, how do you like our State?' I said one day, 'Oh, State? Where did you come from?' The lady answered, 'Oh, I left Massachusetts nine years ago; this is my State now.' I said, 'It would be more appropriate to call it my State than yours, for I was born in Sacramento and I certainly do belong to California.' I was eventually to live in the country out here. I love the life of a country squire. I don't mean away back from the railroad or electric cars, but country enough to give one lots of ground about the home and a place to keep a few animals. It seems to me that the ideal way to live is to be within motoring distance of town, and yet far enough away from business and city noises to have it called 'country' by one's friends."

Outside stood the classy special Hudson speedster which is Mr. Williams' pet steed. Not a car at the recent auto show in Los Angeles could compete with it, I've been told. The telephone bell rang and our twilight musings were suddenly interrupted. Mr. Williams returned smiling.

"Mrs. Williams just wondered if you had finished our chat," he said, politely. "I have promised to call for her at a friend's home, so unless you can think of anything else you want to ask, I think I'd better go after her—at once."

(Seventy)



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The March of the Photoplay (Continued from page 17)

they seem mere comments and interjections. The story is always arranged so as to flow as much as possible without their help. The whole effect may be melodramatic, because the stories are violent and the method pushed to extremes. But the Sullivan dramaturgy is, after all, not unlike the Ibsen dramaturgy in its definite, tight structure. Perhaps Henry Bernstein, building on Ibsen, is the best parallel.

To keep up what may be extreme comparisons, the other distinctive school of the photoplay, which grew up beside Ince in the studio of Griffith, is in the Hauptmann vein of naturalism. The master himself, Frank Woods, and the directors like Allan Dwan, were largely responsible for it. John Emerson and Anita Loos, for all their individual flavor, are products of it. Whatever we see today that bears the initials "D. G." or has passed thru the hands of one of Griffith's old directors, has that priceless quality of naturalness and humanness which, as an end, is worth all of Sullivan's splendid theatricalism. You may wonder, however, if the plausible reality of a picture of the Griffith school couldn't be got by a little neater work, a little less waste of space, a little less tendency to ramble. So far as Griffith himself goes, I have to confess that I am very tired indeed of the one piece of theatrical mechanism—the rescue by some form of chase—which he has lugged into every picture since "The Birth of a Nation" to get that sure-fire pep which Sullivan gets by a careful and workmanlike development of whatever plot he has in hand. In spite of valiant belief in humanness, I begin to think I prefer Sullivan. At any rate, Sullivan's methods can be used for Griffith's ends.

Of course, there are other schools, or at any rate, classes, in the development of the photoplay. The propaganda play, from Eustace Hale Ball's "Traffic in Souls" to the latest products of Lois Weber, is not to be sniffed at. Mack Sennett and Hamilton Del Ruth have contributed a distinct method of their own. As for Chaplin—well, who wants to see a better screen story, better told, than "Easy Street"? There has even been a school which might better be described as an academy—a five-foot shelf of the world's classics—an Encyclopedia Britannica of stories. I mean the products of Paramount during its first four years.

Since Griffith and Ince joined the pyramids of Zukor and Lasky, things are different and better. But what a strange collection of famous novels and plays and Broadway failures the Paramounters gave us to match against the original and screen-wise products of the old Triangle! They began with yarns that didn't fit the screen, and they told them with continuities that seemed to have no conception at all of screen possibilities. They did one splendid thing, however. They demonstrated the absurdity of taking stories as shaped by

the needs of other mediums instead of going to the root of the stories themselves—human beings.

There ought to be a law against the screening of plays and a severe penalty for any continuity writer who doesn't throw overboard three-fifths of every novel. If we had seen to it these last five years, where might the prodigious art of the photoplay not be today?

Just where the credit for a screen progress belongs is always more difficult to say than where the blame ought to rest. It is easy to see that if a scenario editor starts by buying a stupid play, his co-laborers are never going to be able to make it into a good photoplay. But when a really decent product is on the screen, it isn't so easy to determine just who did the trick. Aside from acting and lighting and photography, the genius in the treatment of the story may lodge in at least five places—or, as is more likely, in a single dominating one.

There may be a good plot to begin with—maybe an original, maybe the leavings of a novel. Then there is the synopsis. At that point a writer may vastly enrich a story, give new directions to it and supply all sorts of valuable suggestions. Next, the continuity. If the continuity is bad, it can ruin everything that has gone before. If it is good, it can almost remake a story by its utilization of minor possibilities of action. After that the director can enrich the continuity or ruin it. Finally, along comes the film editor to spoil the work of all four or to salvage an almost hopeless production.

The recipe with Ince seems to have been a dominating personality, always intensely but creatively critical, surrounded by men of first-class ability, who react to that dominating personality and stand out by that reaction. Griffith seems to be more a great personality that never bothers to have very much to dominate. He does the whole job himself. Film editing, directing and continuity writing are his regular tasks, as those who have read of his making of "The Birth of a Nation" know. But it is further true that Griffith is frequently the creator of the idea, the builder of the synopsis. There was once a certain "Granville Warwick," unknown to studio directors but prominent on the credit titles of many Triangle productions. Not infrequently the scenarios he wrote bore interesting resemblance to earlier yarns, yarns from the old Biograph knitting-bag. There was "Diane of the Follies," for instance—just "Oil and Water" done over. When David Wark Griffith dropped out of Triangle, "Warwick" dropped with him. And until Griffith came back from Europe, "Warwick" was silent. Just the other day he turned up as author of Griffith's "Greatest Thing in the World." Perhaps he is a relative of the mysterious Monsieur Gaston de Tognac, who has been "suggesting" or "conceiving" other European-born Griffith products.

But, however that may be, nobody who

(Continued on page 80)

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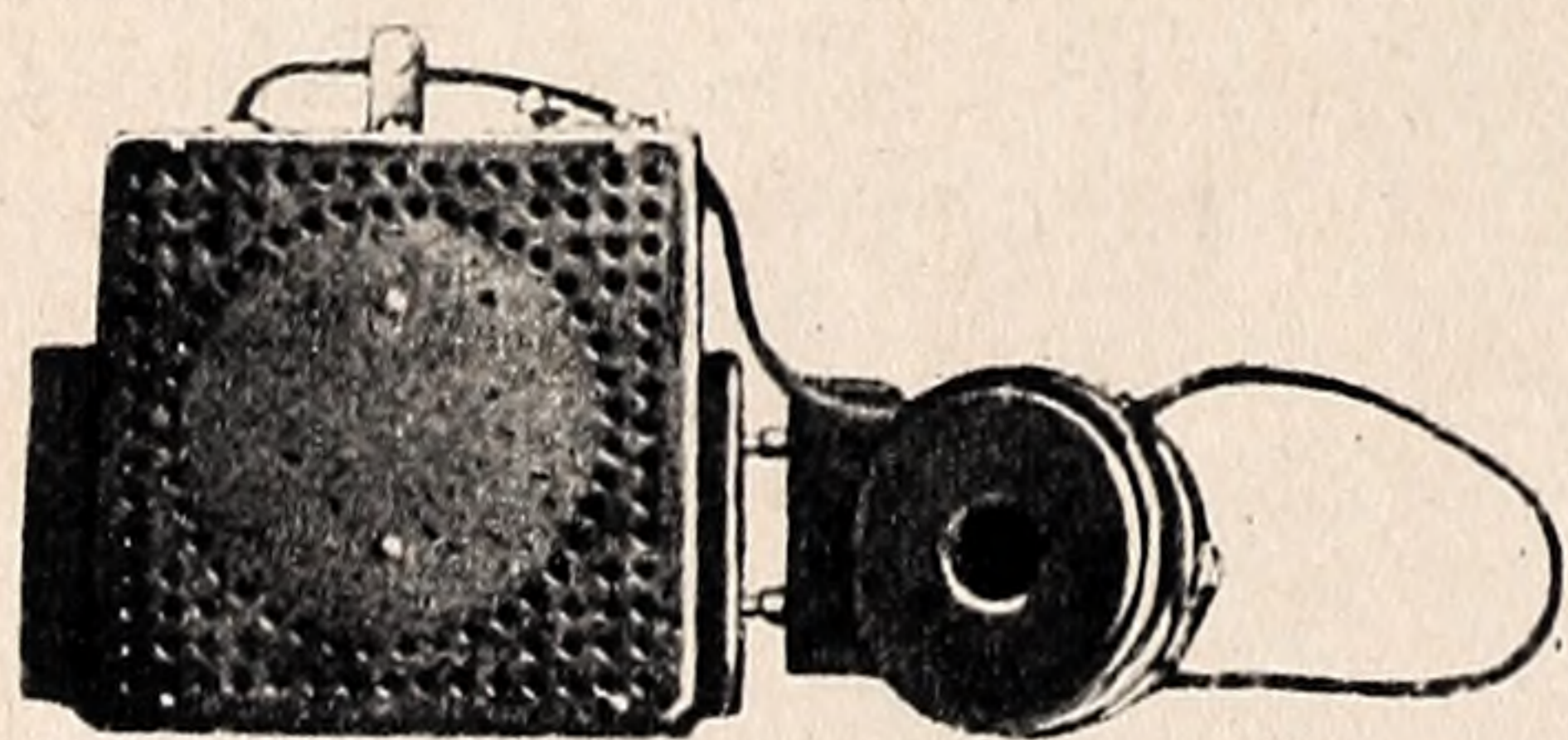
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Living Down the Name of Percy—(Continued from page 31)

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"I got aw'fly interested in the movies," Mr. Marmont rather tactfully replied, "and they then wanted me for 'The Invisible Foe'—and, all told, it was so jolly interesting, so jolly hospitable, dont you know . . ."

We "shot" a few more inquiries, such as, "Were you born right in London?"

"Indeed, yes. Born and bred there. In the part of London that would correspond to uptown here in New York. I'm a cockney, you know, a genuine cockney. Pure cockney. The streets of London . . . all my childhood and youth were spent there."

"An actor? You were destined for that?"

"Not by my parents. Oh, no! I was educated for the bar. Studied for the bar. And I was most wretchedly unhappy in the work. I shall never forget just how unhappy I was. I hated the life. Hated the confinement. It was all so colorless to me. Then—well, I had a friend, the proverbial friend, who was connected with the stage. He offered to give me a chance. I—ran away."

We thought, there in the dimming office, that we could vision it all . . . the fall, pale, eager youth bent, unwillingly, over the musty, fusty law-books . . . staring past them . . . beyond them . . . to a land of chameleon scenes . . . to the art that beckoned him with a myriad mystic tongues. Law makes a dingy thing for such an one.

"Stock first," Percy was saying, in his light, pleasant voice, "a great many of them London plays which never reached here. Then came this trip about the world. We played every sort of a play, even to 'East Lynne' and 'Lorna Doone.' We played in the farthest corners of the earth. African veldt, in the Australian bush, in all the cities, great and small. We were chased by a German submarine, we had all manner of adventure. It was quite tremendous. It is amazing how keen Africa is about the stage. Johannesburg is quite, quite modern. Very New Yorkish. Well, then, America. I had no idea of remaining here. It was simply en route."

"What of America?" I suggested. "What do you think of it? Do you like it, or the reverse? What of New York?"

"I am quite mad about it," said Percy, "quite. The West is stupendous. I cant get it into my head. I never imagined such vastness (pronounced 'varstness'). I was totally unprepared for the West. New York is much as I imagined. Not so different from London. Except, perhaps, down about Wall Street. There it is unbelievable in its energy. When I am down there I feel like saying, 'Oh, stop, please stop, just for an instant. It is too much!'"

"The American girls?" I interpolated, tentatively. "Comparatively, I mean."

Percy laughed and lit a cigaret and said: "Aren't girls the same—everywhere?"

"Are they?"

"Pretty much so. Nice. Just girls. Comparatively . . . well, the New York girl is different from the English girl chiefly in that she has more 'pep' and *much* more sophistication. I think the café life probably makes for that—the getting away from the family earlier, too. Then the American girls are more consciously independent, rather more effete, dont you know? Strange, too, that it should be so in a country so much newer, so much younger. But I suspect that is a great deal surface . . . they are really very young, your American girls, and wholly delightful. Of course, I have had experience only with the people in the profession. I found Miss Ferguson absolutely delightful—oh, absolutely."

Nice response.

I asked him where he had elected to live, coming here a stranger to a strange land. He said Long Island. Bayside, I believe, or Bayshore, or Bay something or other.

He said that he had moved to Long Island that he might have a garden. "It has been one of my dreams," he said. He added, "But I haven't had the time. One doesn't have much of that here in America."

"You are married," I asserted.

"What should I answer?" he laughed.

"The truth, of course," with severity.

"Well, then, yes. Yes, I am."

"I knew it."

He elevated his facile eyebrows.

"Because," I enlightened him, "otherwise you would not be living suburbanly on Long Island."

"The garden——" he reminded me.

"You haven't it."

"Caught!" he laughed.

He has a charming accent, English which we all know, but somehow distinctly delightful. He thinks *we* have an accent, too, which is quite amusing—to us. He said when he first got here he used to love to sit back in his chair and say to people, "Oh, please go on and talk. I want to listen."

"I feel especially proud of an achievements of my own," he said, in conclusion, "because I was born with such a frightful handicap—or nearly so."

My interest was intrigued, to state the case mildly. What I *didn't* imagine!

"It's hardly fair," Percy was pursuing behind spirals of smoke, "to handicap chap so *early*. But I was. I dont know that I can ever *quite* forgive my parent. They named me Percy. Percy, conceiv of it! Do you think I can ever live down? Do you?"

"No," I said, and rose to go.

His face fell. There was a dismal silence.

"You already have," I said; "it must have been awful—but you've done it!"

How "Silent Simms" Became a Master of Speech

By MARTIN M. BYRON

"YOU are exasperating beyond words," shot out Mr. Worden. "Why didn't you keep Mr. Truesdale here? You knew I would be back in ten minutes."

Harry Simms gulped hard, and replied weakly, "I did try to keep him here, Mr. Worden, but he wouldn't stay."

"What? Wouldn't stay even ten minutes? Why, you could have kept him that long without his realizing it. Why didn't you *talk* to him about the weather, about peace, about the price of potatoes, about *anything*?"

This wasn't the first calling down I had heard Simms get. He had been with the firm for eight years and had reached the point where he was as much a fixture around the office as the desk or the chairs. He was a slow-going, steady plugger, earning \$40 a week. He managed to keep busy in the Sales Department, keeping records of salesmen's reports. No one around the office seemed to notice him. He was so quiet that the only things that would start him talking were such momentous events as the beginning of the war or the end of the war. Even when his baby was born, Harry said only three words—"It's a boy."

It wasn't long before we nicknamed him "Silent Simms."

Yet the "Silent Simms" of two years ago is now our Sales Manager, regarded as one of the most brilliant men in our organization, getting an annual salary that runs close to five figures, and is slated for the vice-presidency!

How all this happened in so short a time makes one of the most remarkable stories of success I have ever heard. But let Harry tell the story as he told it to me when I asked him point-blank what sort of magic he used in transforming himself.

"Well," said Harry, "you remember when Mr. Truesdale came in that day and I could not hold him for ten minutes until the Chief got back? And when the Chief came back and found Truesdale gone, how he bawled me out! That incident marked the turning point of my life. I made up my mind that I was going to live down the nickname of 'Silent Simms,' that had fastened itself upon me to a point where I hardly spoke to my wife. I was just afraid. I had almost forgotten how to use my tongue. Perhaps I got that way because every time I opened my mouth I 'put my foot in it.' I was always getting in wrong. I would give instructions and then have to spend twenty minutes trying to explain them. I would dictate a letter and then have to write five more to explain the first one. I would try to explain an idea to the Chief and would get so flustered that I couldn't make myself understood at all. In my social life I became almost a hermit. We never went out because I was like a sphinx among people. I was the best listener you ever saw and the *worst* talker.

"Well, when the Chief called me down that

day it was the 'straw that broke the camel's back.' It was the most humiliating experience I ever went through. I had been with the firm 8 years—was getting \$40 a week—and was the office 'football.' I went home that night determined to learn how to talk convincingly, interestingly, and forcibly, so that I could hold people spellbound, not only for 10 minutes, but by the hour. No more of the silent stuff for me. I had no more idea of how to do it than I have of how to jump across the ocean, but I knew that I wanted to do it, and I knew that I would never get anywhere until I did do it. It took a shock to make me realize what it was that was holding me down to the grind of detail work, but when I finally realized why I was called 'Silent Simms' I began to investigate all that had been written on the subject of talking. I did not want to become a public speaker—what I wanted was the ability to talk as a business asset. I bought numberless books on public speaking, but they all taught oratory, and were so complicated that I gave up almost in discouragement. I continued my search, however, and was rewarded a few weeks later by hearing about the work of Dr. Frederick Houk Law of New York University, who was conducting a course in business talking and public speaking.

"You may be sure that I lost no time in attending the lectures. I went after them as eagerly as a hungry wolf goes after food. To my great surprise and pleasure I grasped the secret of being a convincing talker—the secret I had needed all my life—almost in the first lesson.

"Almost at once I learned why I was afraid to stand up and talk to others. I learned how to talk to a number of people at the same time. I learned how to make people listen to every word I said. I learned how to say things interestingly, forcibly and convincingly. I learned how to listen while others talked. I learned how to say exactly what I meant. I learned when to be humorous with telling effect, and how to avoid being humorous at the wrong time.

"More important than these vital fundamentals were the actual examples of what things to say and when to say them to meet every condition. I found that there was a knack in making reports to my superiors. I found that there was a right and wrong way to make complaints, to answer complaints, to give estimates, to issue orders, to give opinions, to bring people around to my way of thinking without antagonizing them, and about how to ask banks for a loan. Then, of course, there were also lessons on speaking before large audiences, advice on how to find material for talking and speaking, actual rules on how to talk to friends, to servants, and even to children.

"And the whole thing was so simple that in a single evening I learned the secrets that turned me into a very dynamo of ambition. I knew that I had at last found the road to Mastery of Speech. I began to apply the principles at once, and found that my words were electrifying people. I began to get things done. I began to put a new kind of ginger into my letters, into my memoranda, into my talks with customers, and with people in the office. In a little three minute talk with the Chief I nearly floored him with some ideas that had been in my mind for years, but which I had always been afraid to mention. It wasn't long before I was taken off my old desk and put at the city salesman's desk. You know how I

made good. Seems almost like a dream now. Then, a short time later, I was given Roger's job on the road, in the hardest territory we have. And when I began to break records there the Chief wired me to come back and gave me Morgan's job as the sales manager when Morgan was put in charge of the Seattle office.

"This great change came over me simply as a result of my having learned how to talk. I imagine there are thousands of others who are in the same boat in which I found myself and who could become big money-makers if they only learned the secret of being a convincing talker."

When Harry Simms finished, I asked him if I could not have the benefit of Dr. Law's Course and he told me that only recently Dr. Law had prepared a complete course in printed form which contained exactly the same instructions as he had given in his lectures. I sent for it and found it to be exactly as he stated. After studying the eight simple lessons I began to realize that Simms' success was the natural outcome of real ability to talk, for my own success with the Course has been as great as his. I can never thank Simms enough for telling me about Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking.

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New York, February 5, 1919.

Mr. Duncan A. Dobie, Jr.
Advertising Manager,
Motion Pictures Magazine,
175 Duffield St.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

My dear Mr. Dobie:--

This letter may be an agreeable surprise to you - and if it is, I shouldn't wonder.

Heretofore, a good paying publication has always gotten repeat orders from me. And of course, I'm going to follow that policy because the life of our business hinges on it. So too with every other line.

But THIS year Motion Pictures has paid us so well that I take no little pride in writing you about it.

Our fiscal year closes on February 28th. Up to and including January 31st the Magazine cost us about 10% for quite a large volume of business. I still have another month to go and I think I am safe in saying that the actual cost for the past year will be about 7%. And then too, this does not include the pro rata share of "Miscellaneous" Sales your Magazine is entitled to. After you do get your share, I think the Magazine should cost us no more than 4% or 5%. That's quite a record and you are to be congratulated.

Now don't you feel "chesty"? Again I say, I shouldn't wonder.

Yours sincerely,

J. M. LYON & CO.

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A Daniels Come to Judgment

(Continued from page 43)

can always train a strong characteristic and make it useful, if you know how," and Bebe nodded sagely, "but if you haven't any will, it's awfully hard to acquire it. You certainly never can achieve your ambitions in these days of stress and obstacles unless you *do* have will and you've got to show a temper some times or people will think you are a foot scraper."

"Listen to Bebe talk! That's what I call preaching without practice," interrupted the pretty, blonde Stella. "You never see her around here with anything even approaching a mental storm-cloud and she's been here two and a half years at that."

"Oh, that's because everybody around here is so nice to me," replied Miss Daniels, modestly. "But you'd have laughed at that 'Ambition' speech; it really drew forth lots of applause, and mother said, as we drove away—really it was sort of insulting—mother said, 'Bebe I didn't know you had it in you.' And on the way into Los Angeles I had to learn a new song, three verses and a chorus. You can imagine what an exciting evening that was for me."

"What do you sing, Miss Daniels—soprano?"

"Oh, no; I sing—*everything*," said the young lady, with an all-inclusive sweep of two lovely bare arms, over which trickled a little cream-lace fashioned into harem-angel sleeves, dotted with lavender sequins. "I sing by ear, and I can be soprano, contralto or alto at will. I really began as a soprano, but a teacher misplaced my voice, and I don't suppose I use it correctly at all now. But I am just lucky—or else the public likes my up-to-date songs."

Bebe Daniels has lots of loving-cup trophies won at dancing contests. She began at eight years of age to dance her way to public favor and has an enviable reputation in Los Angeles now.

"Do you intend to remain in comedy, Miss Daniels?" Everybody loves to deal in futures at some time.

"My contract expires in June of this year. I can't say what I will do, but probably I'll remain with Pathé and switch over to drama. I like straight parts, and I've had so many years' experience on the stage that it would be very pleasant to turn away from light comedy to something heavier, more satisfying to one's soul."

There was a pause, during which Bebe teased her bobbed *lox*. The familiar cascade over one side of her forehead and puffs over the ears were accomplished with a puckering of delicate eyebrows.

"Luncheon, Bebe," chirped a merry voice in the hall.

"Coming!" warbled Bebe, in her best soprano.

And we all did the "Where is now the merry party I remember long ago?" as Retakes and luncheon wait for *no* man or woman, either—at a studio.

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In Pursuit of Billie (Continued from page 23)

of imported pongee. There were others . . . others . . . each more attractive than the ones before, and each, with all their wealth of style, not half as delightful as they were going to be when graced by and gracing their adorable mistress.

Then, at last, came Billie Burke. "Well," (after the introductions and excused excuses), "I've had a time of it today." She smiled and dropped into a chair. "Getting clothes for baby! You'd think the shops would consider the wardrobe of infants. But they don't.

"Which reminds me," said Billie, consulting her platinum wrist-watch, "that it is time to telephone my sweetie. Every day, when I am in town, we kiss each other good-night over the wire."

She gave central her number and turned to madame, saying, "Tell the lady, dear, what a child is Florence Patricia. Imagine! Only two years old and . . . Oh! Hello! Will you let me speak to baby, please?"

"Good-evening, sweetheart! What? 'Baby's o'weddy to go Palm Beach'? Is ooh, darlin'? Tell mamma, baby happy? 'Baby's werry happy!' Yes, sweetheart; mamma's very happy, too. Mamma bought baby lovely pair of white gloves today. What, darling? 'Baby mus' go wash her hands and go to sleep'? All right, precious. Here's my kiss . . . m-m-m-m . . . nice and long. Nighty-night!

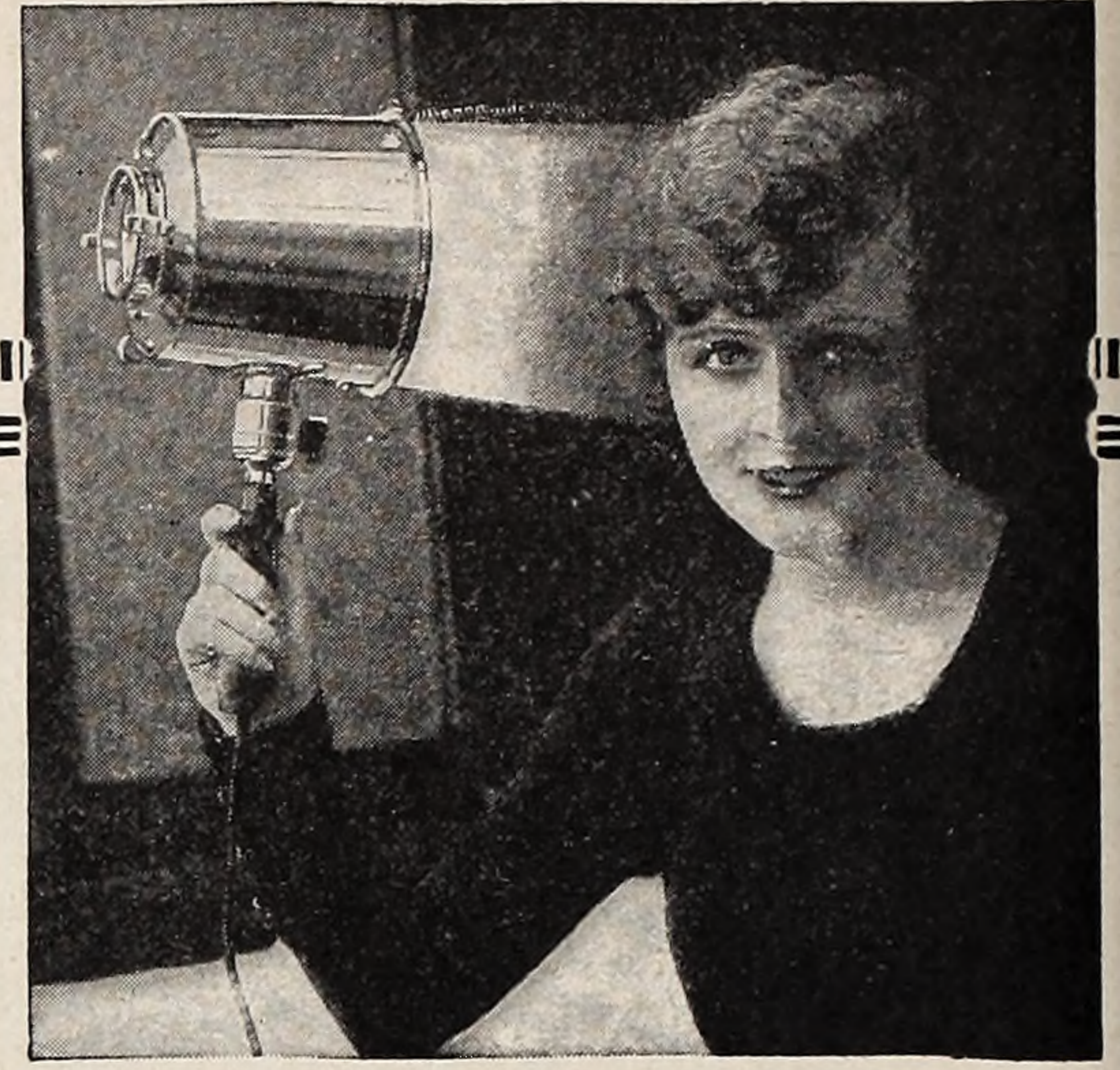
"That," she confided, turning to me with joyous dampness in her eyes, "is my land of promise. I love her so. I love them *all* so. Baby, mother, the home, the chickens, and dear, kind Flo. Why, I can hardly realize it, that this week is my marriage anniversary of five years. Five? No, it can't be! It must be four. It is impossible to have time fly so rapidly. Why, it seems like yesterday that I had no one to think of but myself. Five? Oh, dear me, at any rate they've been five wonders.

"You have no idea how a woman grows—spiritually, mentally and in every other way—when she has some one to whom she can give her love and her thoughts. Some one for whom she wants to strive and go on working so that she can be worthy of the respect due her from one she is capable of worshipping.

"Flo is a wonderful man. It puzzles me often how anybody so stacked with work and so busy with ideas can, day in and day out, time and time incessantly, make it a habit to please *everybody* the way he does. I have never known him not to pay attention to the thousands of trivialities strangers and subordinates are continually bringing up before him. Flo, as far back as I or any of his associates can remember, has never been known to refuse a request. And the phenomenal part of it all is that he keeps every one of his worries and problems to himself. If he is nervous, he is fretful *inwardly*. His temper, when it does do harm, he allows only to hurt Flo.

"We really did not have to go to

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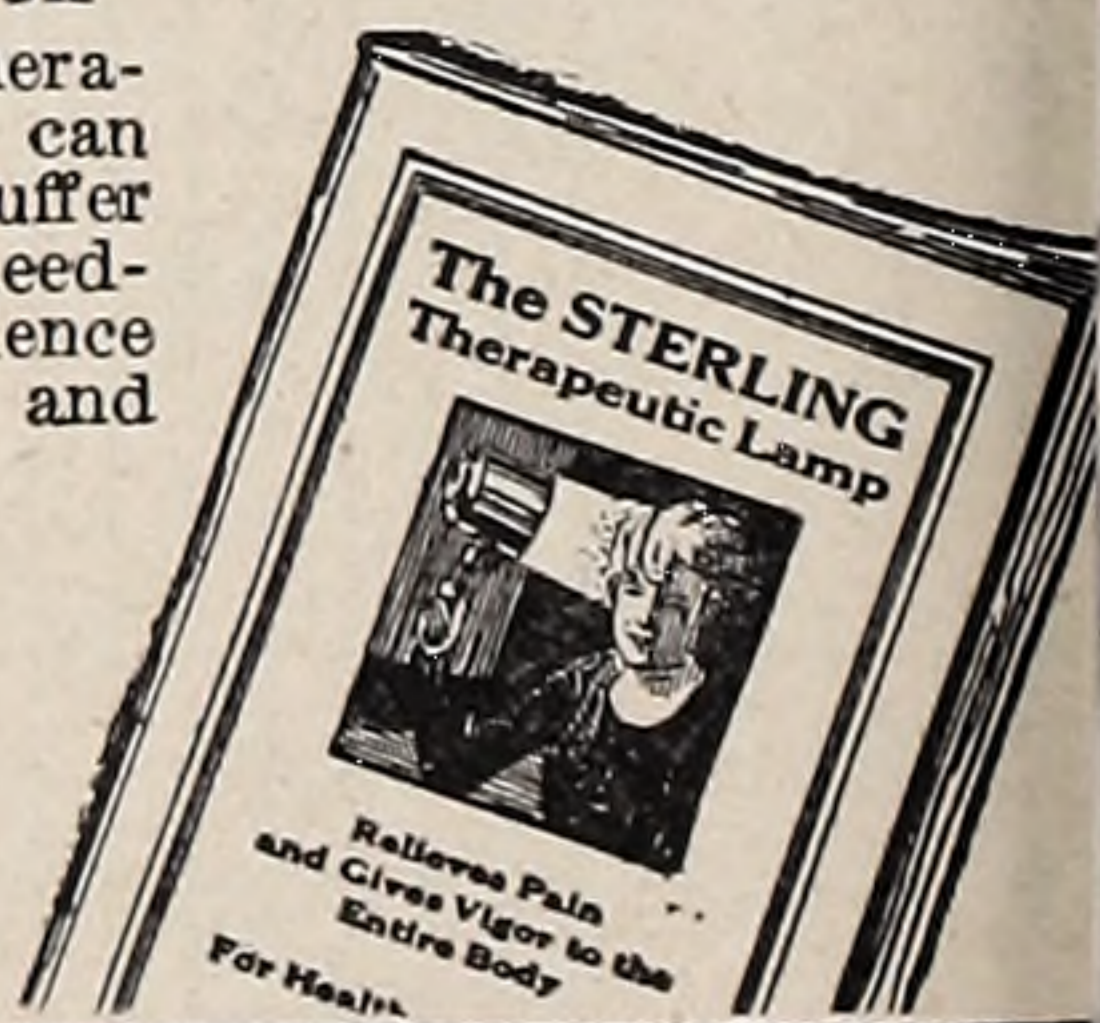
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Florida this year. The weather in New York has been so mild. We have had no winter at all. And the baby practically lives in the country at home. But Flo, who is always looking out for other people, despite the business that presses him in town and the two Frolics that he has to take care of and the new spring Follies which he ought to begin to plan, insisted upon taking us all away from, as he terms it, the devastation of thaw.

"Oh, is he a 'home' man? Well, that's Flo all over! He just loves his fireside and little Princess Pat. The only thing that bothers him now are the pangs of jealousy he is going to feel when she grows up. How we laughed the other night, when he told us that at the table! He says he is frightened at how he will act towards her beaux—for the sake of the beaux! But one thing that the two of us have already decided is that, if Pat wants to sing, she can sing. If Pat wants to write or paint or compose, she can. And certainly, if Pat cares for the stage, I am not going to combat with her the way my folks did with me. And whatever she does care for we are going to train her to be *good* at. For the thing I most disapprove of in planning the future is that our Pat will grow up to do nothing."

The Endowed Photoplay

(Continued from page 26)

A center of film production, suggests Mr. Lindsay, could be established at some central point, as Columbia University. The various branches would see to the distribution and presentation of the productions.

Thus would an avenue of advance be opened to the photoplay—and the scenario writer.

Mr. Lindsay calls attention to the fact that grand opera and orchestral music are largely endowed in this country. "These endowed arts," says Mr. Lindsay, "have an influence upon commercial art; they mellow it and raise its standard."

The national taste in music has advanced because of endowed opera, says Mr. Lindsay, and he points to the propaganda work of the popular and commercial phonograph, dependent upon the privately endowed opera.

The artistic dignity of pictures will only be realized when the endowed photoplays arrive, predicts the poet-critic. "There is no mellow in the moving picture business, and what it needs is a mellow. A moving picture institution, endowed as is grand opera, would modify the unmitigated commercial field.

"The perfect photoplay," Mr. Lindsay said, in conclusion, "will use its own alphabet and not depend upon the English language. The presence of subtitles in the photoplays of today is evidence that the moving picture has not yet developed this alphabet to the point where it can meet all requirements, but I predict that the screen in time will cease to lean upon written words."

(Seventy-seven)



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In Canned Peas	1.62

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Address.....

Richman, Poorman, Beggarman—!

(Continued from page 44)

admirably fitted him for larger, more permanent rôles later on. There are few veteran theatergoers who, the minute they touch upon the subject of Bertha Kalich in "The Kreutzer Sonata," do not spontaneously remark, "And Frank Losee! Will you ever forget him?" Then followed a successful run in "The House Next Door," and after that his memorable two years under the management of David Belasco in "The Rose o' the Rancho."

Four or five years ago, while he was acting with William Faversham in "The Hawk," William Faversham, who was just starting to attempt his first picture, tried to persuade him to "come along with me and slide into the silversheet." "I flatly refused," now laughs Mr. Losee. "After growing up in the land of realism, it seemed ludicrous to dwindle down to the movie studio of make-believe.

"My initial screen work happened when 'The Eternal City' was being filmed. I went to watch one day, partly out of curiosity, partly because Elliott Dexter and Pauline Frederick are old friends of mine. As I appeared, one of the directors called to me, 'Hello, Losee! You're just the man we need. Come, exactly as you are, get in on this. All you have to do is lie still and pretend you're dead.' Well, you know how any old thing goes during vacation! So I took up the challenge and acted the corpse.

"That is how I got my first drilling in playing before the camera, too. For as I lay there on my back over an hour, while the others around me rehearsed and rehearsed and rehearsed, I could not help but absorb the directions. I was compelled later to make use of them, for altho I was 'dead' at the beginning, I had to continue with my part, as they had taken the last scene first! After I finished that picture with them, I went back next season to play with Ernest Truex and Henry Miller in 'Just Outside the Door.' We ran only nine days. That left me without something to do and prompted an offer to be with Dexter again and Marguerite Clark in 'Helene of the North' by the Famous Players-Lasky, with whom I have been ever since.

"My ideas haven't changed any. I feel the same about the lack of verity under the Cooper-Hewitts now as I did at that time. In fact, the taste of the pudding had given the proof. For instance, here I am talking to you, and at any moment the boss will call me, and out of a perfectly clear sky I shall have to go on, feel miserable, act tragically, and show that my heart is breaking because my daughter ran away with a second-lieutenant. As you are bound to ask me, then, why I am here, I shall deliberately, without any pretense, tell you the truth. Having been born, schooled, influenced, grown and now getting old and wise in New York City has made of me a confirmed commercialist!

"You can put it in print, too. I am not ashamed of it."



Marguerite Clayton
World Film Star

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BROADWAY COMPOSING STUDIOS

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The Celluloid Critic
(Continued from page 45)

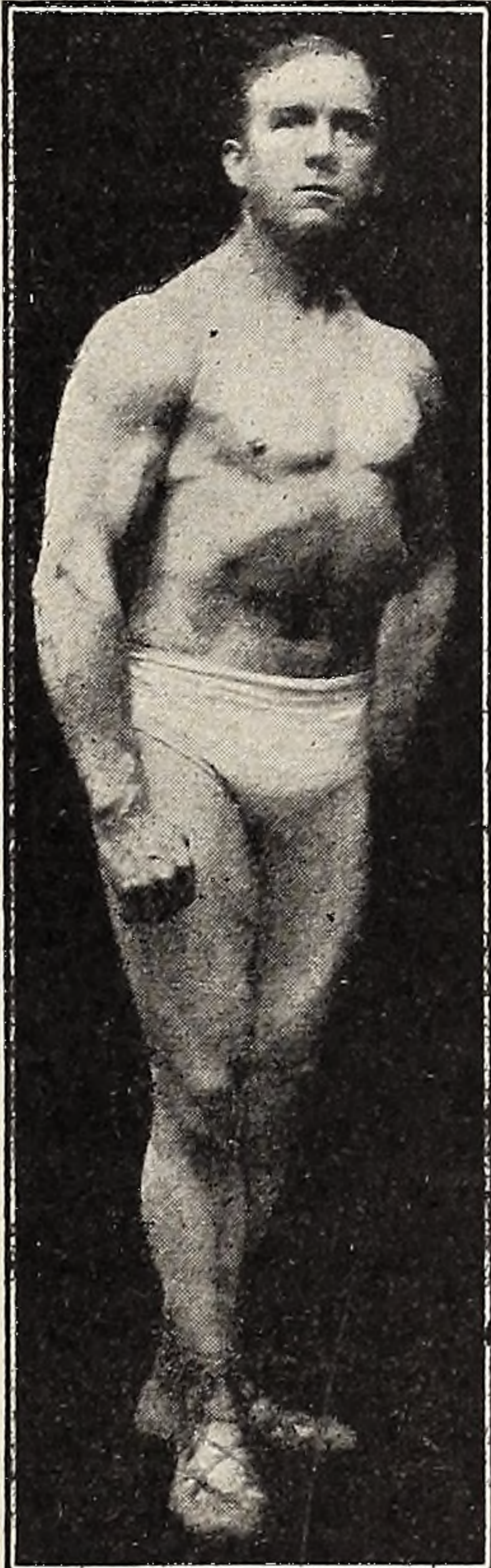
Rialto Theater protested to us about Charlie Ray in "The Girl-Dodger," (Paramount). "Gee," he groaned, "they all like it so much they're staying for the second show." Herein Ray plays a college grind, a bespectacled dreamer, who meets the village belle and fancies her a chorus-girl. Later he discovers his error and is invited to a dance given by the young woman. Once at the party, he loses his evening suit trousers under hysterically amusing conditions. Here is a situation such as confronts one in an evening's nightmare. Ray makes it highly laughable. While not the equal of his hero of "String Beans," Cuthbert Trotman is nicely humanized by Ray. There are many little details, such as the vague look in the grind's eyes when he removes his glasses. We like Dorris Lee as the girl and Hal Cooley as the fascinating "gloom buster." "The Girl-Dodger" is an ideal celluloid farce and the author, J. G. Hawks, is to be congratulated.

We readily concede that "The Girl Problem," (Vitagraph), is pretty poor drama—but it did rest our eyes. The plot has nearly escaped us, but Corinne Griffith in her variety of gowns provides all the dramatic suspense we desire. Miss Griffith plays a modiste model who writes short stories in spare moments. To the shop comes Ernest Sanford, successful author, in quest of a model for his satire on femininity, upon which he is working. He engages the literary manikin, takes her home and, of course, falls in love. And everything turns out all right, of course, when the model dashes off a best-seller, beating out her employer-lover at his own game. If we remember clearly, Walter McGrail was the author and Agnes Ayres the society maid engaged to him, but all we really recall is the star. The story lacks the breath of life, but Miss Griffith doesn't. Which is the lure of "The Girl Problem."

"The Better 'Ole" is different. For that, many thanks. Filmed in England, it is adapted from Bruce Bairnsfather's famous cartoons, the same drawings that formed the basis of the stage success now running in New York. Bairnsfather's slow-thinking, courageous, blundering old Bill, the very spirit of the old British army that passed away at Mons, obtained a remarkable vogue early in the war. In the screen version, Old Bill, with his two comrades, (Bert, always worried over his trick cigar-lighter which never works, and Alf, with his penchant for femininity), move thru a series of lively incidents. Old Bill even foils a German plot to blow up a bridge. But, in the main, "The Better 'Ole" concerns itself wholly with the behind-the-lines, out-of-the-trench moments of soldier relaxation. There are many differences of method in the production, but, on the whole, the Welsh-Pearson Film Company has made quite a workmanlike pro-

(Continued on page 82)

Don't Commit A Crime Against The Woman You Love



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NO AMOUNT of love will ever atone for the crime you will commit, if you make some pure, trusting young girl your wife when you are UNFIT to assume the duties and responsibilities of a husband and a father. Her whole future life, her body and soul, will be in YOUR keeping; no one will be able to help her if YOU prove faithless to her trust in you. *Don't put the matter aside*, you can't get away from it; you can't make any girl happy, if you are weak, impotent, sickly; grouchy with dyspepsia or biliousness, poisoned by constipation, or suffering from any other devitalizing ailment. Stop and think, right now, for HER sake, if not for your own. What CAN her marriage to you bring her, but lifelong regret and sorrow, if you are only an apology for a man, with your muscles flabby, your blood like water and your brain woozy as a result of your condition.

She Thinks You Are a Man

She trusts, admires and loves what she THINKS you are—a real MAN, mentally, morally and physically, whom she can respect as well as love. She believes you to be a man who can look any other man in the eye and hold your own with him; who is able to protect her under any circumstances; who can make his way in the world and give her the comforts she has a right to expect from her husband; and finally who will ultimately make her the mother of healthy, happy children, a blessing to you both. Think of the kind of children you will make her the mother of if you are one of the great UNFIT! Think of the weak, ailing, rickety, defective boys and girls such men bring into the world—pitiable little creatures, with no chance in life, living reproaches to the father who begot them. Don't close your eyes to these things. They are *Facts*; facts thoroughly understood by every breeder of dogs, cattle and horses; facts recognized by the legislators of several states, who would make it a LEGAL, as well as a MORAL, crime to marry when unfit.

Make Yourself 100 Per Cent Fit

Put your past behind you. What if you have led a gay life and sowed a big crop of wild oats? Start NOW to root them out. What if you have burned the candle at both ends and feel now like a human wreck, with your strength of body and mind dissipated and your vitality ebbing away? All the more reason why you should begin *now, TODAY*, to stop that steady loss, build up your strength again, regain your lost vitality and make a manly, red-blooded man of yourself. It's the ONLY thing to do—the only way to have any more happiness in life—the only way to keep from slipping down into the scrap heap of the hopelessly down-and-out—and you can do it, if you go about it the right way.

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No matter what your work or business or occupation, you can build yourself up in my way without interfering with it in the least. I'll help you strengthen your heart, lungs, stomach and every other vital organ; I'll help you free yourself from dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, catarrh or other chronic ailments; I'll help you steady your nerves and clear your brain and send the rich, red blood of life and vital energy coursing through your arteries again, so that you will be THE man your wife believes and expects you to be. I haven't any patented dope or bottled physic to sell you. I haven't any iron-bound, muscle-fatiguing, tiresome routine of exercises or straitlaced, ascetic living to recommend. I am a Builder Up of Men, and I build them up in Nature's way—the way that was successful in making me the strongest man in the world; the way that is succeeding with my pupils, thousands of them, in every country of the civilized world.

Don't Be Discouraged

Never mind how low down you have fallen; I don't care a rap what your present condition is or what brought you to it—I know I can improve you 100 per cent in a few short months. I am doing it every day for men who had given up all hope; bringing back their health and strength; making them respected members of society again; filling them with life, and ambition, pep and ginger, and enabling them to make a success in the world. I can do for you what I have done and am doing for others, and I WILL DO IT, if you will mark NOW, on the coupon below, the trouble or troubles that are affecting you, or the points you are most interested in, and MAIL IT TO ME TODAY.

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| .. Obesity | .. Stomach Disorders | .. Heartweakness |
| .. Headache | .. Constipation | .. Poor Circulation |
| .. Thinness | .. Billousness | .. Skin Disorders |
| .. Rupture | .. Torpid Liver | .. Despondency |
| .. Lumbago | .. Indigestion | .. Round Shoulders |
| .. Neuritis | .. Nervousness | .. Lung Troubles |
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| .. Flat Chest | .. Rheumatism | .. Stoop Shoulders |
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The March of the Photoplay

(Continued from page 71)

knows the Griffith studios denies that D. G. is as skilful a scenario writer as he is a director. And perhaps it would be as unwise to deny that great screen art should be the product of a single Admirable Crichton, a single many-faceted Pooh-Bah. Gordon Craig believes that the man that writes a play ought to be able to costume it, design its scenery, direct it, and—if his own career is any sign—press-agent it as well. The movies have proved that that is the surest way of putting a century of art development into ten years.

The Extra Girl Invades Another Courtroom

(Continued from page 49)

jurors and the various attorneys and clerks had been photographed to Mr. Stahl's complete satisfaction, he turned his attention to the members of the bench brigade, not that we were important factors in this "thrilling drama of life and love," but just in front of us sat the sweetheart and mother of the accused boy. They were the other two sides of the triangle, and it was essential to depict their emotions to complete the third or fourth reel. It was a thrilling moment in the proceedings when the torture of the boy caused the sweetheart to rise from her bench—and no bench or occupant thereof could censure her for rising—and cry out that it was to avenge her that the boy had committed the murder.

"Honey, dont you see that they are going to send this boy of yours to the electric chair? Oh, they cant do it, they cant do——" pleaded Mr. Stahl, trying to bring the facts home to the mind of the little girl.

"All thru," Mr. Stahl announced around six o'clock. Miss Reed had left about four, much to my regret, but then, I suppose she did need a few minutes' rest before the evening performance of "Roads of Destiny," and we hustled away from the courtroom.

It was two long weeks before I was again on the Tenth Avenue car, studio-bound.

When we finally reached the studio there was a general scramble to get ready in the ten minutes that still remained. May MacAvoy, who was playing Miss Reed's sister, and two of the star's protegées, an old school friend, Mae Griffiths, and Blyth Daly, daughter of Arnold Daly, shared the room with me.

"Oh, I think it's just wonderful to be in pictures," the latter enthused, waving a stick of grease-paint in the air. "I came over to call on Miss Reed the other day, and when I said 'Oh, how I'd love to be in pictures,' she answered, 'Well, then, you shall be.' And here I am. Isn't she just too adorable for words? You know I go to the Art League mornings, and this is a little water-color I did of her."

(Continued on page 88)

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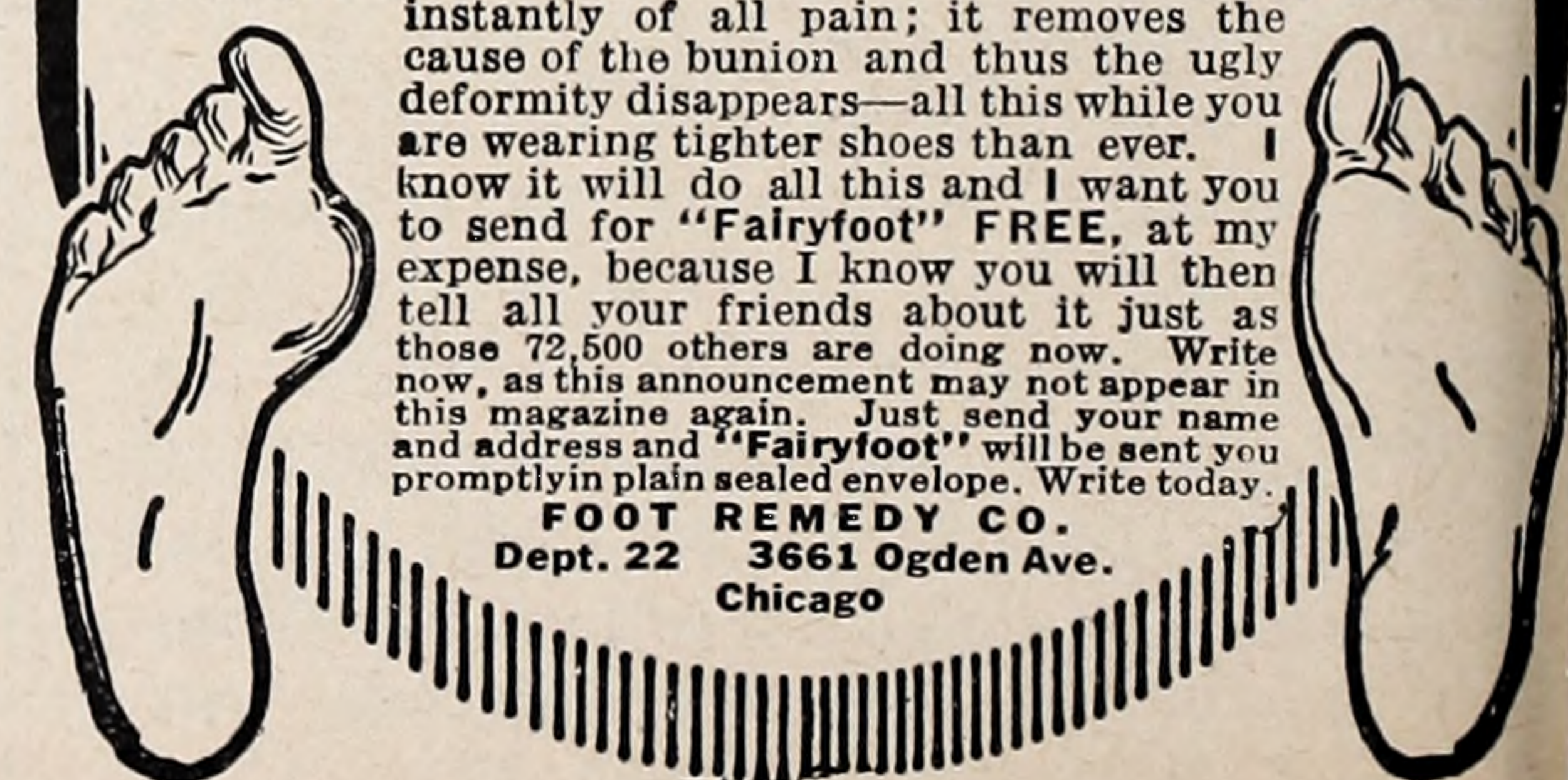
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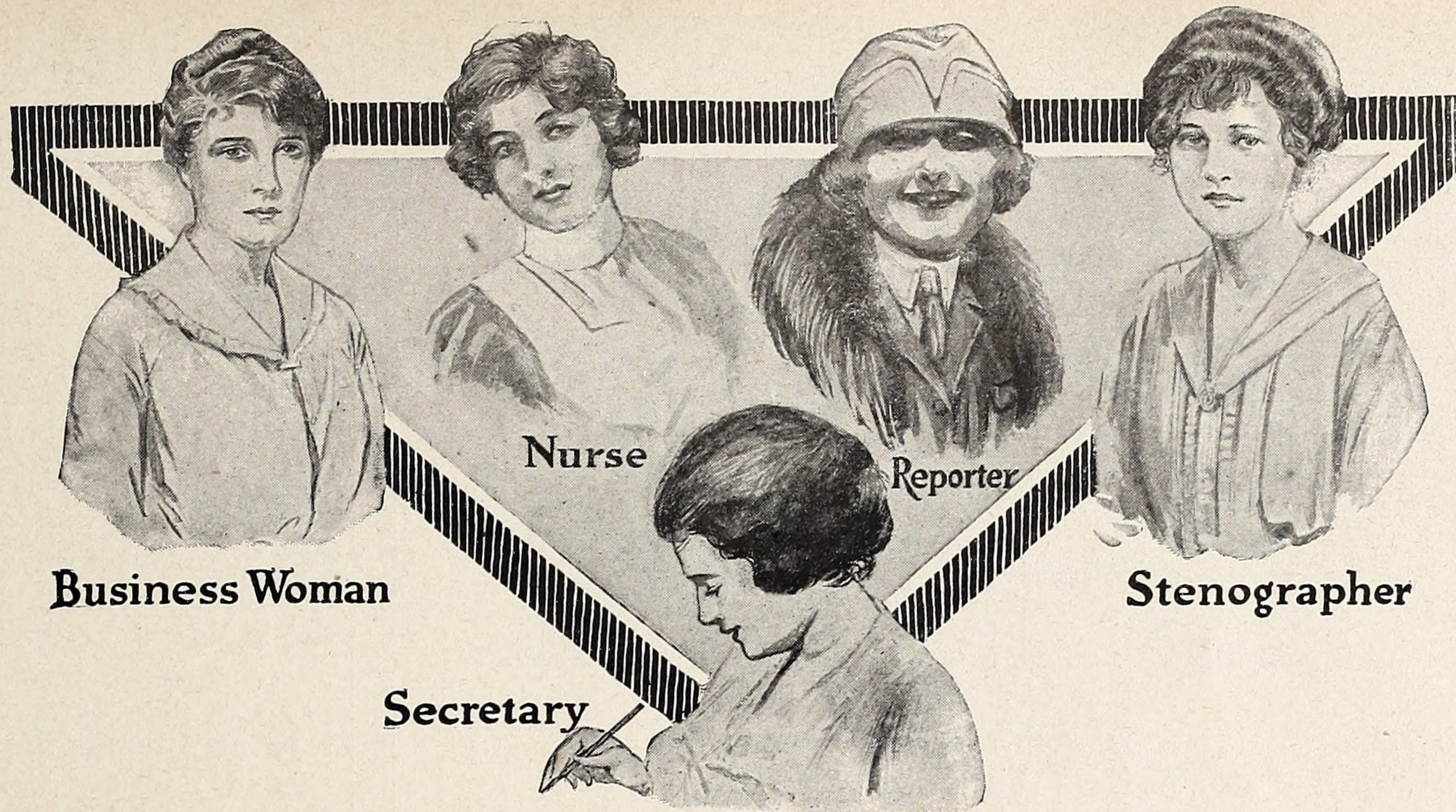
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The Celluloid Critic

(Continued from page 79)

duction. Charles Rock makes a human characterization out of Old Bill.

"False Faces," the Thomas Ince production of Louis Joseph Vance's romance, is a bully screen melodrama, a considerable distance behind "Sporting Life," but still a distinctly well-sustained thriller. "False Faces" continues the adventures of Mr. Vance's popular character, the Lone Wolf, thru the world war. Remember Herbert Brenon's high-speed "Lone Wolf" with Bert Lytell? Here the Lone Wolf's combat with the German secret service and his efforts to aid the beautiful heroine, who is carrying a valuable Allied message in a tiny tube, provide plenty of excitement, not the least of which is the way the adventurer is picked up at sea by a U-boat. Later the Lone Wolf sinks the submarine and escapes. Henry B. Walthall is the hero of "False Faces" and he does all sorts of difficult physical stunts not usually connected with the Little Colonel. On the whole, Walthall makes the Lone Wolf interesting, altho he should never wear a gray fedora. A hat like that simply doesn't go hand-in-hand with romance. Mary Anderson is pleasant as the heroine and the direction of Irvin V. Willat is keyed to a splendid speed. The U-boat scenes are admirably done.

Just after Vitagraph does Charles Klein's "Lion and the Mouse" with indifferent success, Paramount follows with his "Maggie Pepper." Oddly the lesser stage piece is infinitely better screen entertainment. This we credit to the continuity, the humorous subtitles and Chester Withey's keen direction. "Maggie Pepper" has been told in story form in THE CLASSIC, which makes repetition of the story unnecessary. Suffice it to say that Ethel Clayton as the slangy department store employee is a bright figure of comedy and sincerity, while Elliott Dexter is, of course, a highly satisfactory store owner. "Maggie Pepper" isn't much of a screen drama, but it is good entertainment.

"Paid in Full," (Paramount), adapted from Eugene Walter's drama, seems to have swallowed up Pauline Frederick bodily. Miss Frederick is well nigh lost in the unfolding of this dramatic sermon upon living beyond one's means. The real honors go to Robert Cain, as the weakling husband who steals in order to acquire luxuries and then wants to hold his freedom at any price. Here is one of the best bits of celluloid playing of the year. But slightly less effective is Frank Losee's vigorous Captain Williams. Losee's identity is almost completely sunk in the character. As a screen play, "Paid in Full" will hold your interest, but it lacks the cumulative power of the stage drama, because the adaptation follows the drama too literally. A story must be told in different fashion for the silverscreen than for the footlights.

William Farnum's "The Man Hunter," (Continued on page 86)

The Newest Fame and Fortune Beauties

(Continued from page 53)

screen, being remembered for her playing of the little sister Mary in "Huck Finn" and "Tom Sawyer" with Jack Pickford. That was in the summer of 1917. Miss Marvin has brown eyes, brown hair and is five feet five.

Virginia Brown, of 565 West 162d Street, New York City. Miss Brown has had some slender experience. She has brown eyes, black hair and is five feet four and one-half inches in height.

THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE for June will carry the seventh honor roll, presenting the seven best contestants entering their pictures between March 1st and March 15th. THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC for June will follow with the honor roll for March 15th to April 1st. This method of presenting honor rolls will be continued until the end of the contest.

Here are some important things to note:

The closing date of the contest has not yet been decided upon, but it will be announced in both THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE far enough in advance so that every one can get their final pictures in before the last hour.

If you happen to be within a short distance of the office of THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, please do not telephone the office for information regarding your pictures. With thousands of portraits arriving daily, the impossibility of giving out information of this character is plainly apparent. Do not write to ask if your portraits have arrived safely. These queries cannot be answered.

If you wish your portrait or portraits returned, enclose the right amount of postage to cover mailing. Attach stamps to pictures with a clip. Do not place stamps in separate envelope. These pictures will be returned upon examination by the judges for the monthly honor rolls. Pictures may be lost in handling and we cannot guarantee the safe return of portraits.

If your pictures were entered before March 1st and you have not won a place on any of the honor rolls, try again. Because you have submitted one or more pictures does not bar you from trying again.

Try not to send hand-colored portraits. The contest is open to men.

Upon the closing, the final winner will be selected. Undoubtedly he or she, (as the contest is now open to men), will be selected from among the various semi-monthly honor rolls. It is possible that three or four leaders may be chosen and invited to come to New York for test motion pictures, after which the final winner will be decided upon.

It is also possible that a first prize may be awarded to both a man and a woman. This will, however, be decided later.

It is important, if you have already won a place on the honor roll, that you submit at least several more pictures to be used later by the judges. In this case, contestants should write the words "honor roll" across the face of the entrance coupon which is attached to the portrait. The words should be written in red ink, to be plainly distinguished.

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 Fame and Fortune jury includes: Mary Pickford, Thomas Ince, Cecil de Mille, Maurice Tourneur, Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, James Montgomery Flagg, Howard Chandler Christy and Eugene V. Brewster.

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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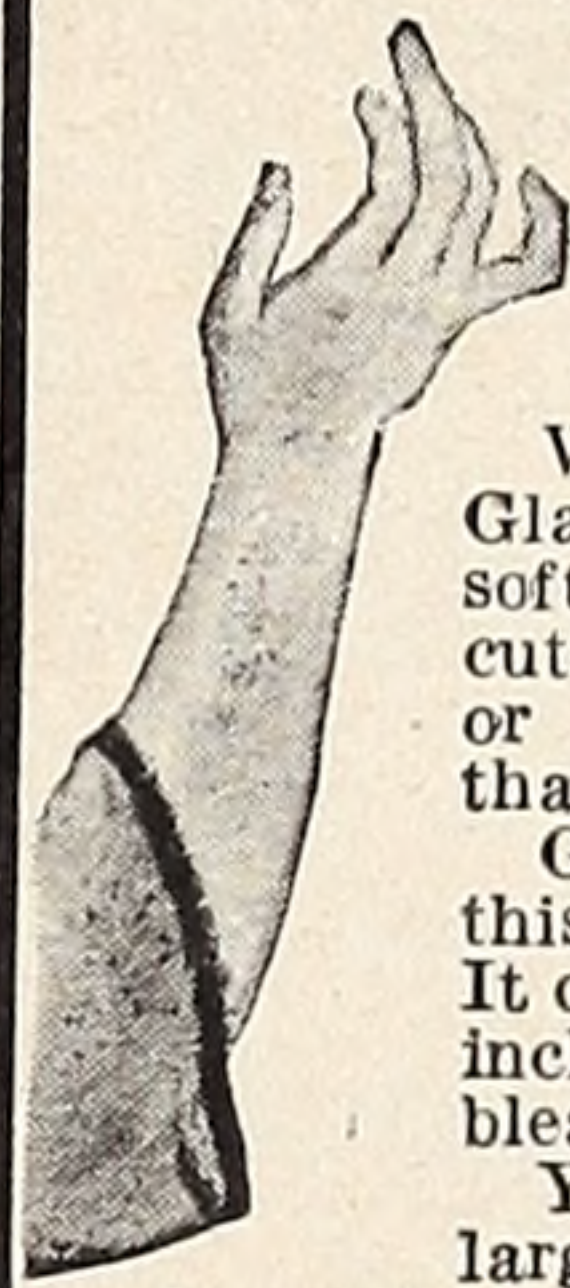
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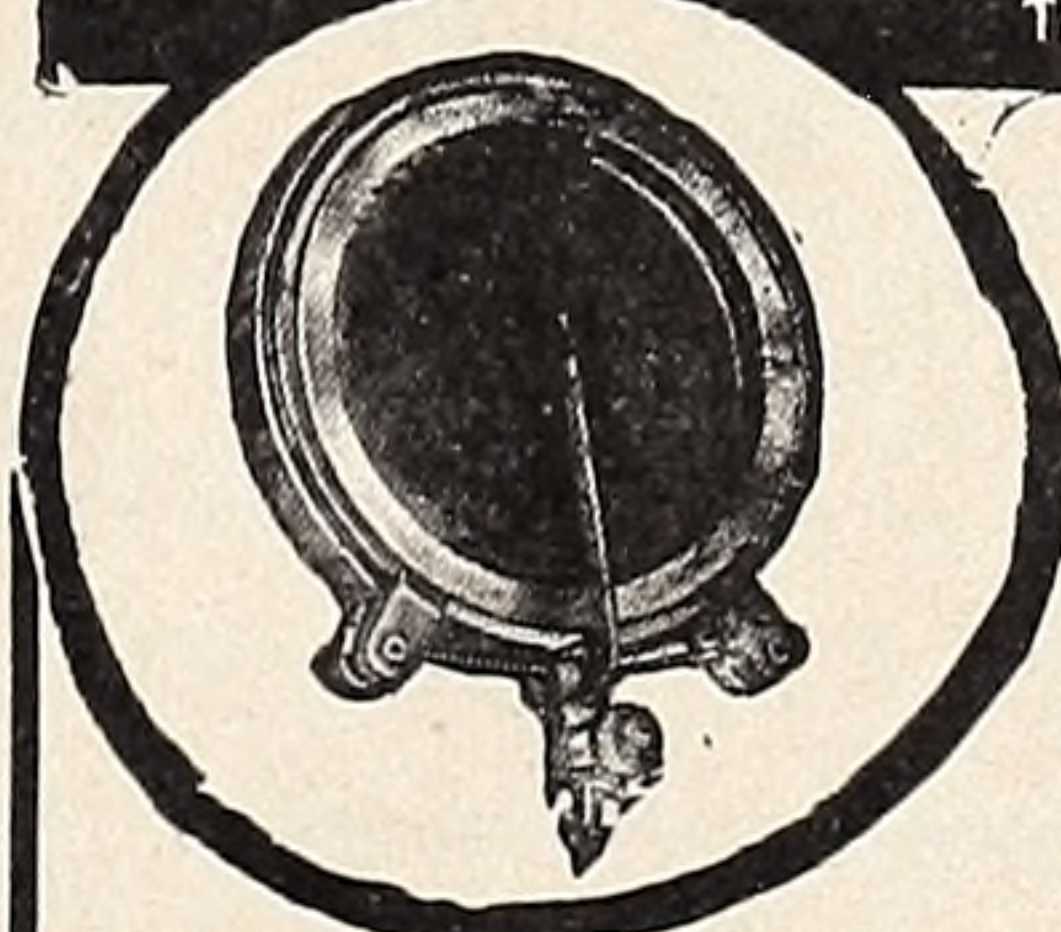
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The Movie Encyclopaedia

by "The ANSWER MAN"

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

MONSIEUR LE SOUTHLAND.—So you have missed me. Yes, the editor tried to keep a large part of me out again this month, but I fooled him. I leave it to you—aren't these answers more important than advertisements? Niles Welch in "Reclaimed" (Paramount). "The Death Dance" was taken in the East. John Bowers was born in Indiana. He is six feet and weighs 180 pounds.

LESLIE H. S.—I agree with you when you say knowledge is power—that is, if you know it about the right person! You'll be a famous photoplaywright some day if you keep on. Robert Gordon in "Blue Blazes Rawden."

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS FAN.—Why, Audrey Berry was in to see the Answer Man, and she is prettier than ever. You refer to Jack Mower as Graham in "Jilted Jane." Wanda Hawley in "Border Wireless."

MARY W.—You say you want the December 1918 MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, which we are out of, and you will be glad to pay for it—Mary Wasaha, 659 Oak Street, Bethlehem, Pa. You're going to get a raft of magazines, Mary, when our readers know that you are so nice and good-looking.

DIMPLES.—So you are physically down and out, and medicine does not help you. Nonsense! I don't believe you are anywhere near out, but you may be down temporarily. Get out in the sun. Remember that where the sun does not go, doctors do. Nature is the only real doctor we have. All that medicines and physicians can do is to assist Dr. Nature. That will be about \$1.50 for the advice. And you want an interview with Thomas Meighan. Look up the February 1917 MAGAZINE issue.

INTERESTED.—After seeing Corinne Griffith in "The Girl Question," you think it would be a matter of the question of clothes. Fifth Avenue was scoured for those gowns, and they look it, don't they? You want an interview with Carlyle Blackwell. Very well, you shall have it. But I certainly cannot here give you the biographies of the ten players you mention.

CHICK.—So you want to register a kick. Go ahead. You don't care for Norma Talmadge in Chinese or Indian parts, but want her as her real self. We shall get in touch with Norma immediately, if not sooner.

ARTHUR M.—Say, what do you think I am? How am I going to get a list of all the Greek motion picture players? It can't be done.

MERCI MONSIEUR.—*Avec plaisir.* Thomas Meighan and Bobby Connelly in "Out of a Clear Sky." So you think Marguerite Clark "hogs" the screen. I have no influence when it comes to getting Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien to play together. Perhaps you have.

CORP. H. I. S.—You think I am very funny, do you? Alas, alack! I haven't a funny bone in my body—not even a funny-bone. But I have a large wish-bone. You bet I would like to get better acquainted, so don't forget to call.

JEAN KELLER.—Yours about husbands was interesting, but remember that a lover has all the virtues and all the defects that a husband has not. Pauline Frederick and Tom Wise

are to play together in a stage play in September. Send for a list of correspondence clubs. Oh, yes, I remember beautiful Octavia Handworth. Lillian Concord in "The Trouble Maker" as the mother.

JAGUAR.—I agree with you when you say never take advantage of another man's ignorance, but it's often done. No, G. M. Anderson is in New York, connected with theatricals. Well, if it contains fires, wrecks, murders, kidnappings, etc., I should call it melodrama of the rankest kind. But the governor who refused to pardon the lady who murdered her husband probably believes in Volts for Women. Turn off the current; it's getting warm.

KATHLEEN H.—Thanks for the fee. Monroe Salisbury was born in New York and is with Universal. Mollie Pearson and August Haviland in "Passing of the Third Floor Back." Pretty ancient, but—No, I have never had the pleasure of kissing the Blarney stone. Mae Murray will return to the stage. They say Mae Marsh is no longer with Goldwyn.

MRS. GEORGE N. M.—No, I won't print your address. Oh, yes; why, I arise every morning at 6:30. I missed it only twice, once when I woke up and found my watch was not going and once when I awoke and found my watch gone. Oh, boy! No, no admittance to studios when they are taking pictures. You expect me to be nice to you when you call me a woman? Zounds and gadzooks!

DAKOTA BILL.—Howdy! Ho hum! such a life. You Westerners are made of great stuff. Certainly I admire Taft. He is now more often toasted than roasted. He usually makes a big impression—particularly on a feather bed. L. C. Shumway is going to be Lillian Walker's leading man, and remember Herbert Pryor, of Edison? He's the heavy.

EDITH H.—*Pardonnez moi.* Why, brandy called cognac, after the French town of that name in the brandy-making region of Angouleme. William Gillette, who is playing "Dear Brutus," is 65. Nat Goodwin was when he died recently. De Wolf Hopper is and E. H. Sothorn 59. Why, I happened to pass Caruso and his bride the other day, and she certainly is a beauty.

CLASSIC D. D.—So you thought Miss Crawford was "a chickenly queen" in "Who's Number 1?" *Prenez garde.*

KARENINA.—That's up to you. Every extraordinary man has a certain mission which he is called upon to accomplish. I am so sorry to say that I know of no corn cure. The best thing is to grin and bear it. A good, strong swear often helps a little—great oaths for little aching corns grow.

PHONE OPERATOR.—Hello! No, this will not busy. Liane Held Carrera was the one in "The Liar." Harold Lockwood died Oct. 1918. The other player you mention is formed. You know a man of refined nature but of physical deformity somewhat resembling an oyster; the shell is not pleasing to the eye, but its contents are exquisite to the taste. Ring off, please.

How Every Woman Can Have A Winning Personality

Let Me Introduce Myself

DEAR READER: I wish to tell you how to have a charming, winning personality because all my life I have seen that without it any woman labors under great handicaps. Without *personality*, it is almost impossible to make desirable friends, or get on in business; and yes, often must a woman give up the man on whom her heart is set because she has not the power to attract or to hold him.

During my career here and abroad, I have met a great many people whom I have been able to study under circumstances which have brought out their weak or strong points, like a tiny spot on the lens of a moving picture machine will magnify into a very large blot on the screen. And I have seen so many people, lacking in personality, try to make a success of their plans and fail completely, in a way that has been quite pathetic. I am sure that you also are familiar with one or more such cases.

Success of a Winsome Manner

I saw numerous failures that were so distressing that my thoughts could not help dwelling upon those shattered and vain ambitions. I have seen women of education, and culture and natural beauty actually



Juliette Fara

fail where other women minus such advantages, but possessing certain secrets of loveliness, a certain winsomeness, a certain knack of looking right and saying the right word would get ahead delightfully. Nor were they naturally forward women. Nor were they the kind that men call clever. Some of them, if you studied their features closely, were decidedly not handsome; yet they seemed so. They didn't do this by covering their faces with cosmetics; they knew the true means. And often the winning women were in the thirties, forties, or even fifties. Yet they "appealed." You know what I mean. They drew others to them by a subtle power which seemed to emanate from them. Others liked to talk to them and to do things for them. In their presence you felt perfectly at ease—as though you had been good, good friends for very long.

French Feminine Charms

The French women among my friends seemed to me more generally endowed with this ability to fascinate, than did my friends among other nationalities. In the years that I lived in Paris, I was amazed to find that most of the women I met were enchanting.

"Is it a part of the French character?" I asked my friends.

"Were you born that way?" I would often ask some charming woman.

And they smilingly told me that "personality" as we know it here in America, is an art, that is studied and acquired by French women just as they would learn to cook, or to sing by cultivating the voice. Every girl and woman possesses latent personality. This includes you, dear reader. There are numerous real secrets for developing your personality. In France, where the women have always outnumbered the men, and where opportunity for our sex is restricted, those who wish to win husbands or shine in society, or succeed in their careers, have no choice but to develop their charms in competition with others.

How Men's Affections Are Held

Lately, the newspapers have been telling us that thousands and thousands of our fine young army men have taken French wives. It was no surprise to me, for I know how alluring are the French girls. Nor could I help conceding the truth in the assertion of a competent Franco-American



You may have all those attractive qualities that men adore in women

journalist that "American girls are too provincial, formal, cold and unresponsive while the French girls radiate warmth of sympathy, devotion and all those exquisite elements of the heart that men adore in women."

And I who am successful and probably known to you by reputation through my activities on the Faubourg St. Honoré can tell you in all candor, as one woman confiding in another, that these French secrets of personality have been a very important factor in the successes of mine. But it is not my tendency to boast of myself, the Juliette Fara whom I want you to feel that you already know as your sincere friend, but I speak of YOU and for YOU.

French Secrets of Fascination

My continued residence in France enabled me to observe the ways and methods of the women closely. I studied and analyzed the secrets of their fascinating powers.

When I returned to the dear old U. S. A., I set myself at work putting together the facts, methods, secrets and formulae that I had learned while in France.

Of one thing I am absolutely convinced—every woman who wishes it may have a winning personality.

Overcoming Deterrent Timidity

I know I can take any girl of a timid or over-modest disposition, one who lacks self-confidence, or is too self-conscious for her own good, and show her how to become discreetly and charmingly daring, perfectly natural and comfortable in the presence of others. I can show you how to bring out charms which you do not even dream you possess.

Uncouth Boldness—or Tactful Audacity?

If you are an assertive woman, the kind that suffers from too great forwardness, I can show you in a way that you will find delightful, how to be gentle and unassuming, to tear away the false fabric of your repelling and ungracious personality and replace it with another that wins and attracts. By this method, you will succeed, oh so well, while by uncouthness or misapplied audacity you meet with setbacks.

I can take the frail girl or woman, the listless one who usually feels that the good things in life are not for her and show her how to become vigorous and strong, tingling with enthusiasm and good cheer and how to see the whole wide world full of splendid things just for her.

Become an Attractive Woman

I can take the girl or woman who is ignorant or careless of her appearance, or the girl who dresses unbecomingly and instill in her a sense of true importance of appearance in personality; I can enlighten her in the ways of women of the world, in making the most of their apparel. All this without any extravagance; and I can show her how to acquire it with originality and taste. You realize, of course, that dressing to show yourself to advantage, is a real art and without that knowledge you will always be under a disadvantage.

For Married Women

There are some very important secrets which married French women know that enables them to hold the love, admiration and fidelity of their men. How the selfish spirit in a man is to be overcome so ingeniously that he does not know what you are accomplishing until some day he awakens to the fact that his character and his manner have undergone a delightful change—that he is not only making you happy, but he is finding far greater pleasure in life than when he was inconsiderate. There are secrets in my compilation that are likely to change a turbulent course of married life for one that is entrancingly ideal. And this power lies within you, my dear Madam.

Acquire Your Life's Victory Now!

What we call personality is made up of a number of little things. It is not something vague and indefinable. Personality, charm, good looks, winsomeness and success can be cultivated. If you know the secrets, if you learn the rules and put them into practice, you can be charming, you can have an appealing personality. Don't think it is impossible. Don't think you must be born that way. Don't even think it ought to be hard to acquire it; because the secrets of charm that I have collated and transcribed for you are more interesting than the most fascinating book you have ever read.

Once you have learned my lessons, they become a kind of second nature to you. When you notice the improvement in your appearance, how you get on easier with people, how your home problems seem to solve themselves, how in numberless little ways (and big ones, too) life gets to hold so many more prizes for you, you will decide to put more and more of the methods in practice in order to obtain still more of life's rewards.

No New Fad—the Success of Ages

I am well enough known by the public not to be taken as advancing some new-fangled fad. All my life I have understood the value of plain common sense and practical methods. And what I have put into my course on the cultivation of personality is just as practical as anything can be.

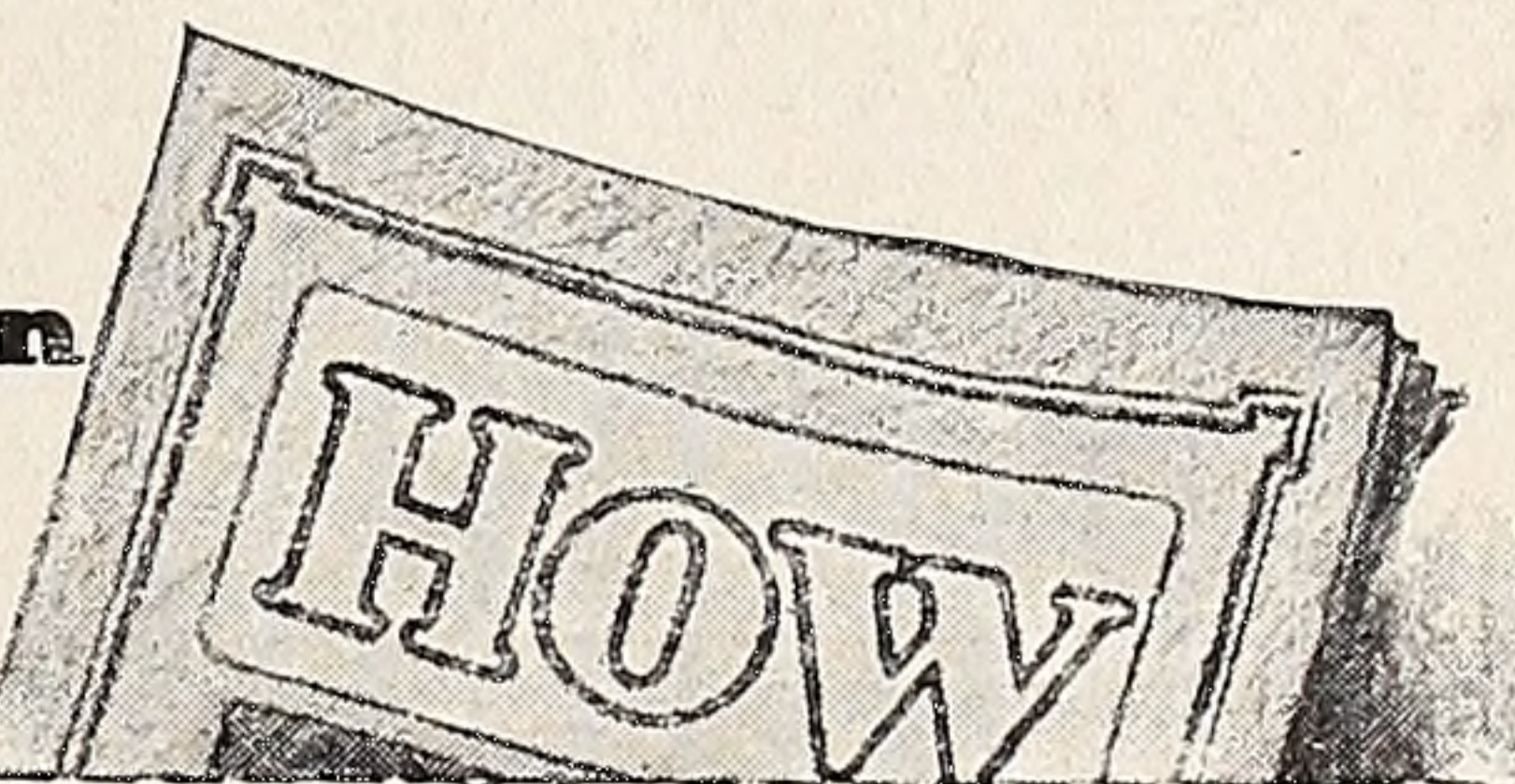
I could go on to tell you more and more about this truly remarkable course, but the space here does not permit. However, I have put some important secrets for you into an inspiring little book called "How" that I want you to read. The Gentlewoman Institute will send it to you entirely free, postpaid, in a plain wrapper, just for the asking.

My advice to you is to send for the free book "HOW" if you want to gain the finest of friends and to possess happiness with contentment that will come to you as the result of a lovely and winning personality.

Yours for Success in Life,

Juliette Fara

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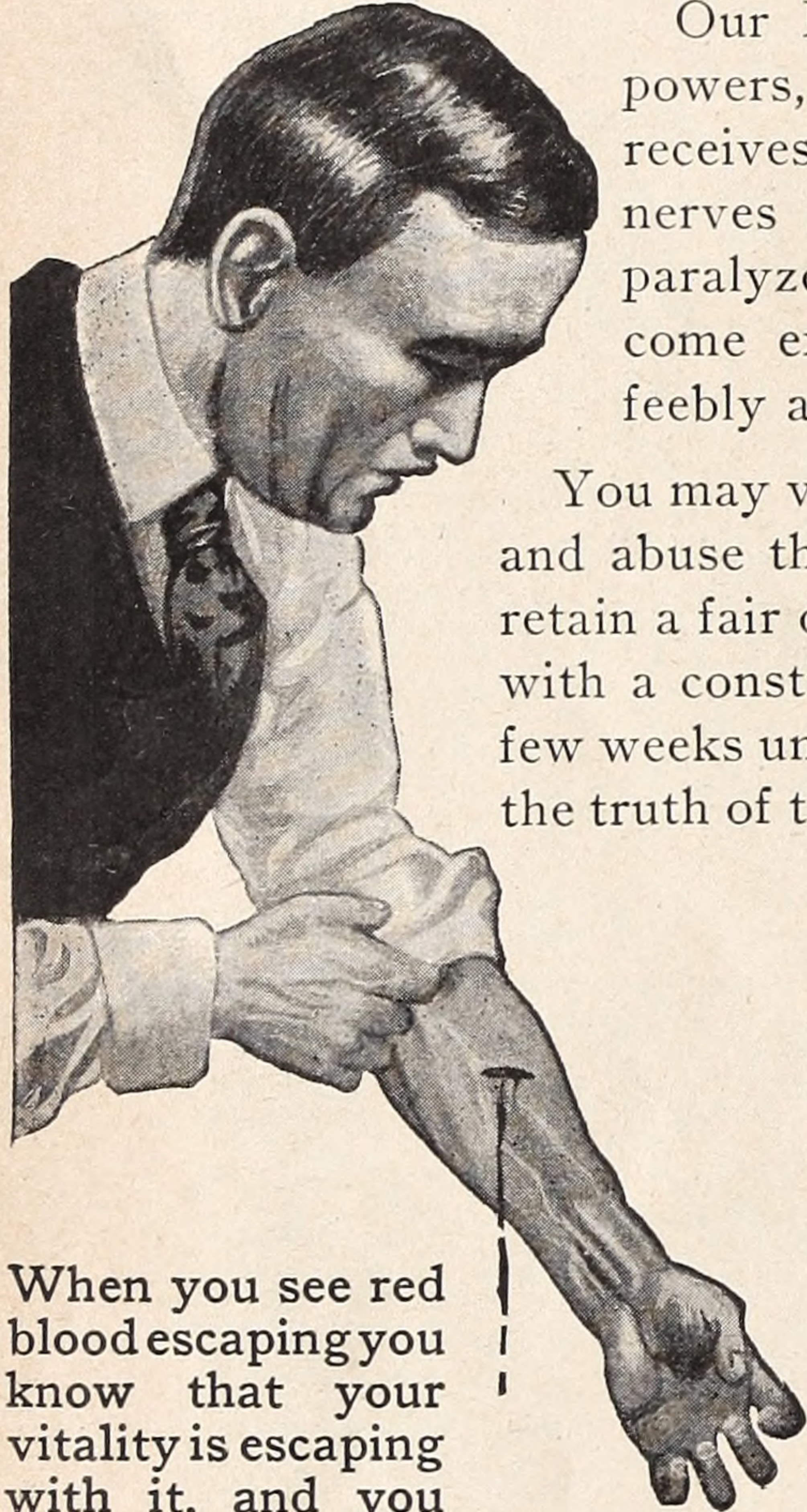
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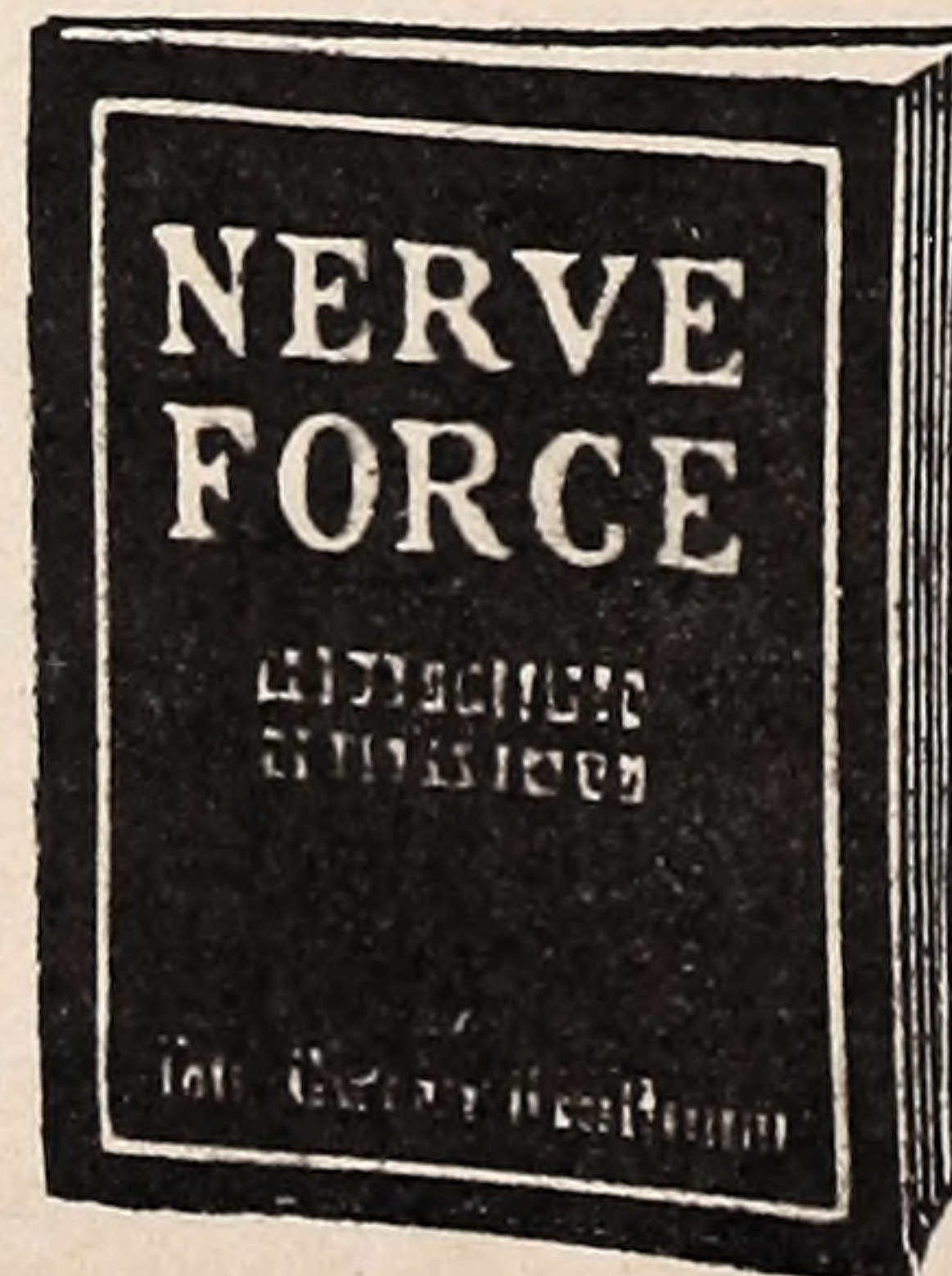
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PAUL VON BOECKMANN

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MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

The Celluloid Critic
(Continued from page 82)

(Fox), is a symphony in revenge. Henry Benton ruins George Arnold and sends him to prison. Thereafter, for five whole reels, he is on the verge of strangulation by the vengeful George, who is of course, no other than Farnum. Finally George, Henry and the girl the villain longs to marry are cast away on a desert island. The young woman comes to love George and everything ends festively when Henry falls over a convenient cliff. Personally, the hyper-red-blooded Farnum rather bores us, but "The Man Hunter" is well directed by Frank Lloyd. For the first time in our recollection a shipwrecked hero accumulates whiskers.

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," (Paramount), will probably entertain you if you like that sort of thing. You know—homely optimism amid a background of goats, tin cans, mud and matrons at washtubs. This is all very well but we personally prefer Corinne Griffith or May Allison. This photoplay, by the way, may confuse admirers of Alice Hegan Rice, for it is a combination of "Mrs. Wiggs" and "Lovey Mary," with Lovey and Miss Hazy played up and Mrs. Wiggs completely soft-pedaled. Marguerite Clark is the Lovey and again she fails to approach her screen work of a year ago.

Let us confess that "The Wicked Darling," (Universal), gave us our first glimpse of Priscilla Dean. We were disappointed. Miss Dean's hair isn't nearly as temperamental as her pictures indicated—or perhaps she is wearing it a different way. The wicked darling is belle of the underworld who falls in love with a chap from the social set. There is a pearl necklace everybody tries to steal, revolver combats and other melodramatic incidentals. Naturally, things end happily for the wicked darling. We found our interest wavering all through. It strikes us, on observing her in one picture, that Miss Dean is essentially a comédienne. But Universal doesn't seem to agree with us.

Alla Nazimova misses fire all through "Out of the Fog," the screen version of H. Austin Adams' stage drama, "Cape Cod Shoals." This, also, has been told in story form in THE CLASSIC. The love story of the untamed little girl of the lonely lighthouse rock should have developed into a gripping and colorful screen piece. But all through Mme. Nazimova seems to just fall short of striking a big, convincing note. Is she never to equal her vivid grisette of "Revelation"? Albee Capellani's direction presents unexpected limitations. For instance, when a storm appears to be raging at the windows of the lighthouse interiors, outside flashes indicate decidedly placid weather. And there are other lapses. We liked the work of Henry Harmon as the grim keeper of the light.

Will the Nazimova of "Revelation" return in the coming "Red Lantern"? Let's hope so.

(Eighty-six)

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On the cover of the June MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will appear a painting which we do not hesitate to say is the most beautiful ever offered to the public. Watch for this beautiful cover portrait of Olive Thomas.

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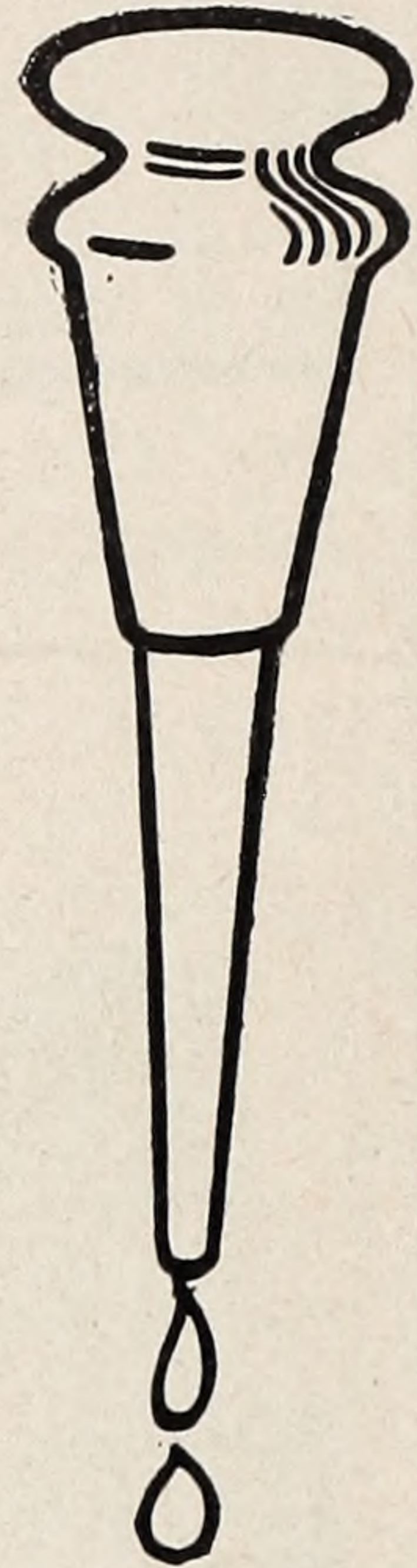
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The Extra Girl Invades Another Courtroom

(Continued from page 80)

"Of whom?" I questioned.

"Why, of Miss Reed, of course. When I showed it to her she said, 'Blythie dear I shall certainly have to see that you go into pictures at once—and stay there in definitely.' Isn't she adorable?"

Just then there was a tap at the door. "Getting made up all right, Blythie?" Miss Reed inquired. "Goodness, girl aren't you about stiff?" she inquired when she had been in the room long enough to have her breath form dramatic icicles which hung gracefully in midair.

We were. The boiler had taken upon itself to burst the previous evening the way boilers frequently do the night before a particularly cold day when there is an evening dress scene to be taken. A few minutes Miss Reed was in consultation with the powers that be, President Bimberg and all, and shortly afterwards our toes began to thaw under the welcoming glow of the electric stove that was decorating the floor.

The cabaret scene was of the usual picture variety, where every one laughs and makes merry, a few drink celebratory tonic that registers champagne—although the poor tonic will lose its main excuse for living after July first—and no one eats.

Of course, we had to remove our coats when the director said "Picture!" for what fan would enjoy seeing a heatless as well as a meatless cabaret even to Florence Reed—and I—graced the screen?

"John, Fred, Jack Holbrook, coats!" Miss Reed called, as soon as the camera had stopped grinding. "Well, anyway, the idea, John Stahl, of your directing with your overcoat and gloves on!"

"Very well, dear lady, I will take them off at once," he laughed, as he wrapped the star in overcoats that seemed to come from every corner of the studio.

"It's a case of 'The Woman Under Coats' instead of under oath, isn't it?" she said. "Now, John, don't get my hair mussed up with that collar. Speaking of hair, mine seems to be puzzling a number of people. After every matinée I find a group of girls outside the studio door, evidently movie fans, bent upon discovering what sort of locks I wear in the street."

"And then I suppose you pull your hair away down over your ears and hustle, don't you?"

"Now, you know me better than that, John. Still, it's great to be a woman of mystery, isn't it?"

"Don't know. Never tried it," replied Mr. Stahl.

"Coffee" and "Muffins" sat up and begged for an olive and a piece of celery, and as they munched the "cabaret specials" they declared it was jolly great to be the pets of a genuine human like Miss Reed, a picture star, a stage star, an actress and everything.

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Sugar and Spice and Everything Nice

(Continued from page 51)

"Hello, dear!" she greeted us. "Can you find a chair?"

The chorus-girls, far too comfortably ensconced in the star's dressing-room to remove themselves, somewhat impaired my powers as an interviewer. So I studied my surroundings. The walls were plastered with telegrams of congratulation from critics, producers, prominent men, other actresses and actors. Here indeed was all the glamor of the theater.

"That Smith girl said you were only an understudy once; that's not true, is it, Mollie?" quoth the chorus-girl in Alice blue.

"No, dear, it isn't," said Mollie, as she twisted her golden locks into the precise shape she wished.

"And that Gray girl—you know, the one who has a husband and baby, and swears she hasn't—she got turned out the other day. They say she drank." The lady in brown spangles rolled this delicious morsel of gossip slowly between her crimsoned lips.

"Now, that's too bad. Can't anything be done for her?" said Mollie, carefully adding the last touches of make-up to her peach-like complexion.

"Nope; guess she's too far gone for that," harped the third guest, as she helped herself to the box of cigarets resting on Mollie's table.

"Want one?" she offered us, generously.

We gave up in despair. For a moment she held Mollie's perfumed little hand in hers, then we hurried away—out past a row of the principals and chorus-girls putting final pins in their elaborately décolleté costumes. The atmosphere was marked by a lack of worry. If the overture was finished, why, the musicians could play another bar. Why worry . . . Out in front, I reached my seat under darkened lights.

Suddenly the spotlight flashed on.

An audible gasp ran around the semicircular audience. In the middle of the stage there stood, all alone, a slender figure clad in pure shimmering white tulle, a touch of coral beads spanned her white shoulders. It was the dazzling, cameo-like beauty of the girl's face, framed under the huge picture hat of coral-colored velvet, that accounted for the gasps.

Had she done nothing more than stand there and let them look at her, the audience would have been satisfied.

She stepped forward and smiled . . . She took the audience into her confidence. She seemed to say, "You are my friends. I like you."

Everybody forgot their pristine amazement at her beauty; they clapped and clapped and clapped. They banged on the tables. The music started . . .

Her little voice spoke the words to a popular song.

It was Mollie King, the queen of New York's musical comedy stage.

(Eighty-nine)

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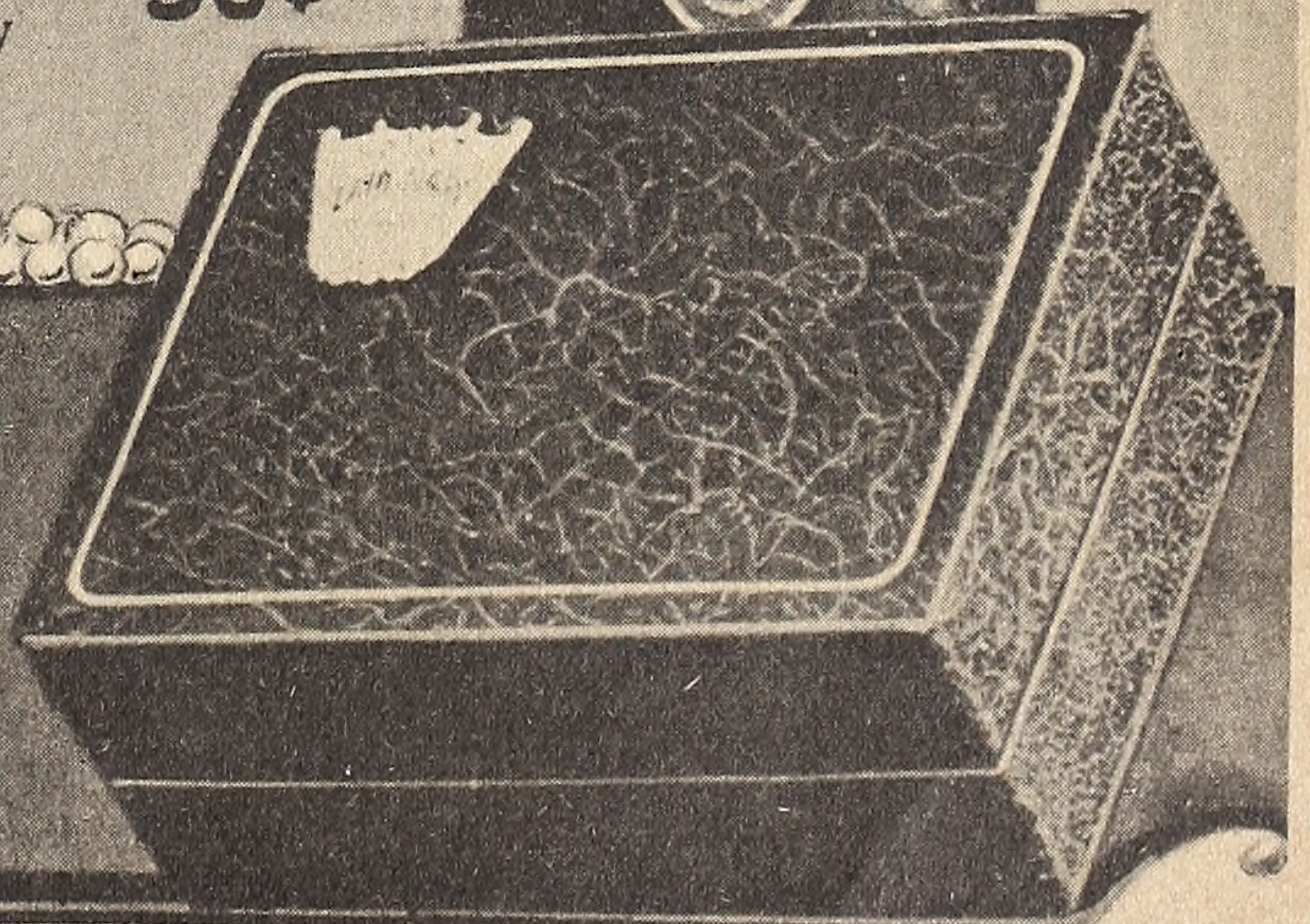
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Milwaukee, U. S. A.

*The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited
Toronto, Ontario*

PALMOLIVE

Painted for The Palmolive Company by Dean Cornwell

NOTE: From the earliest recorded times Palm and Olive oils have served as cleansers and protectors to the people of oriental climes. Their wonderful qualities have guarded the peoples of these countries against hot sun and dry wind for centuries. These same qualities are embodied in the modern Palmolive.