

MOTION PICTURE  
**CLASSIC**

A BREWSTER PUBLICATION

APRIL

259



Agnes Ayres



# Corliss Palmer Powder



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BROOKLYN, N. Y.



### *Extracts from Motion Picture Magazine April, 1921*

I am often asked what kind of face powder I use. I have received more letters asking this question than I could answer, so I had a little circular printed stating that I make my own powder. And now they are asking me to tell them how I make it. Well, I can't tell *how*, but I can tell *why*. I have tried about every powder on the market and have done considerable experimenting on myself and on others. There is no denying that there are several very fine powders on the market, but I felt that none just suited me, and so I determined to make one that did. You see, in the first place, I had some very peculiar ideas about the complexion and was very hard to please. I am very particular about tints and staying qualities, and I want a powder that does not look like powder, that will not blow off in the first gust of wind, that is not too heavy nor too light, that will not injure the complexion, and that will not change color when it becomes moist from perspiration or from the natural oil that comes thru the pores of the skin. I also like a pleasant aroma to my powder, and one that lingers. After experimenting with powdered starch, French chalk, magnesia carbonate, powdered orris root, bismuth subcarbonate, precipitated chalk, zinc oxide, and other chemicals, and after consulting authorities as to the effects of each of these on the skin, I finally settled on a formula that has been tried out under all conditions and that suits me to a nicety. And, most important of all, perhaps, this powder when finally perfected had the remarkable quality of being equally good for the street, for evening dress and for motion picture make-up. I use the same powder before the camera for exteriors and interiors, and for daily use in real life. So do many of my friends, and they all tell me that they will use no other so long as they can get mine. As to the tint, it is a mixture of many colors. I learned from an artist years ago that there are no solid flat colors in nature. Look carefully at anything you choose and you will see every color of the rainbow in it. Take a square inch of sky, for instance, and examine it closely and you will find every color there. Just so with the face. Any portrait painter will tell you that he uses nearly every color when painting flesh. Nothing is white—not even snow, because it reflects every color that is around it. White face powder is absurd. White is not a color. The general tone of my powder is something like that of a ripe peach. I have made up a few boxes of it for my friends, and I feel justified in asking them to pay me what it costs me, which is about fifty cents a box or \$1.00 for two boxes. I am not in business and do not want to make a profit. If any of my readers want to try this powder, I will try to accommodate them, but I cannot undertake to put this powder on the market in a business way—that is something for a regular dealer to do if there is enough demand for it.

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# Do You Know How to Behave?

No, this is not a joke. So many people do not know how to behave, do not know the right thing to do at the right time, the right thing to say at the right time. They are always embarrassed and

ill at ease in the company of others. They make mistakes that cause strangers to misjudge them. Pretty clothes and haughty manner cannot hide the fact that they do not know *how to behave*.

AT THE DANCE, at the theatre, as a guest, or in public—wherever we chance to be, people judge us by what we do and say. They read in our actions the story of our personality. They see in our manners the truth of our breeding. To them we are either well-bred or ill-bred. They credit us with as much refinement and cultivation as our manners display—no more.



Do you know the correct and cultured way to make introductions?

Very often, because they are not entirely sure, because they do not know exactly what is correct and what is incorrect, people commit impulsive blunders. They become embarrassed, humiliated. They know that the people around them are misjudging them, underestimating them. And it is then that they realize most keenly the value of *etiquette*.

Etiquette means correct behavior. It means knowing just what to do at the right time, just what to say at the right time. It consists of certain important little laws of good conduct that have been adopted by the best circles in Europe and America, and that serve as a barrier to keep the uncultured and ill-bred out of the circles where they would be uncomfortable and embarrassed.

## What Etiquette Does

To the man who is self-conscious and shy, etiquette gives poise, self-confidence. To the woman who is timid and awkward, etiquette gives a well-poised charm. To all who know and follow its little secrets of good conduct, etiquette gives a calm dignity that is recognized and respected in the highest circles of business and society.

In the ballroom, for instance, the man who knows the important little rules of etiquette knows how to ask a lady to dance, how many times it is permissible to dance with the same partner, how to take leave of a lady when the music ceases and he wishes to seek a new partner, how to thank the hostess when he is ready to



What would you do or say in this embarrassing situation?

## What Would You Do—

- If** you were not asked to dance at a ball and wished to avoid being a wallflower?
- If** you made an embarrassing blunder at a formal affair and found yourself suddenly conspicuous?
- If** you received a wedding or birthday gift from some one who had not been invited to the entertainment?
- If** you were introduced to a noted celebrity and were left alone with him or her?

depart. The lady knows how to accept and refuse a dance, how to assume correct dancing positions, how to avoid being a wallflower, how to create conversation, how to conduct herself with the cultured grace that commands admiration.

## What It Will Do for You

Perhaps you have often wondered what to do in a certain embarrassing situation, what to say at a certain embarrassing time. Etiquette will banish all doubt, correct all blunders. It will tell you definitely, without a particle of a doubt, what is correct and what is incorrect. It will reveal to you at once all the important rules of conduct that others acquire only after years of social contact with the most highly cultivated people.



Do you know the correct behavior at public places?

Do you know the correct etiquette of weddings, funerals, balls, entertainments? Do you know the correct manner of making introductions? Do you know the correct table etiquette? Do you know how to plan engagement and wedding receptions, dances and theatre parties; how to word cards, invitations and correspondence?

The existence of fixed rules of conduct makes it easy for you to do, say, wear and write only what is absolutely correct. Etiquette tells you exactly what to do when you receive unexpected invitations, when people visit you for the first time, when you are left alone with a noted celebrity. It tells you what clothes to take on a weekend party, what to wear to the afternoon dance and the evening dance, how to command the respect and admiration of all people with whom you come in contact.

## The Famous Book of Etiquette

The Book of Etiquette is recognized as one of the most dependable and reliable authorities on the conduct of good society. This splendid work has entered thousands of homes, solved thousands of problems, enabled thousands of people to enter the

social world and enjoy its peculiar privileges. To have it in the home is to be immune from all embarrassing blunders, to know exactly what is correct and what is incorrect, to be calm in the assurance that one can mingle with people of the highest society and be entirely well-poised and at ease.



What should the gentleman say when the music ceases and he must leave one partner to seek another?

In the Book of Etiquette, now published in two large volumes, you will find chapters on dance etiquette, dinner etiquette, reception etiquette and the etiquette of calls and correspondence. There are interesting and valuable chapters on correct dress, on how to introduce people to each other, on the lifting of the hat, the usual everyday courtesies. You may often have wondered what the correct thing was to do on a certain occasion, under certain puzzling circumstances. The Book of Etiquette solves all problems—from the proper way to eat corn on the cob, to the correct amount to tip the porter in a hotel.

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Let us send you the Book of Etiquette. It is published in two handsome cloth library volumes, richly illustrated. Our free examination offer makes it possible for you to examine these books without expense in the comfort of your own home. Just send the coupon—no money. We want you to see them for yourself, to examine them, to read a chapter or two. You may keep them at our expense for 5 days, and after that time you have the privilege of returning them without obligation or sending us \$3.50 in payment.

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Wanda Hawley in "Too Much Wife"  
By Lorna Moon. A Realart Production

"Back Pay," by Fannie Hurst  
Directed by Frank Borzage  
A Cosmopolitan Production

Agnes Ayres in Sir Gilbert Parker's story  
"The Lane That Had No Turning"

Thomas Meighan in "A Prince There Was"  
From George M. Cohan's play and the novel  
"Enchanted Hearts," by Darragh Aldrich

Marion Davies in "The Bride's Play"  
By Donn Byrne  
Supervised by Cosmopolitan Productions

Bebe Daniels in "Nancy from Nowhere"  
By Grace Drew and Kathrene Pinkerton  
A Realart Production

A George Fitzmaurice Production  
"Three Live Ghosts"  
With Anna Q. Nilsson and Norman Kerry

Mary Miles Minter in "Tillie"  
From the novel by Helen R. Martin  
A Realart Production

Cecil B. DeMille's Production  
"Saturday Night"  
By Jeanie Macpherson

Betty Compson in "The Law and the Woman"  
Adapted from the Clyde Fitch play  
"The Woman in the Case"  
A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production

"One Glorious Day"  
With Will Rogers and Lila Lee  
By Walter Woods and O. B. Barringer

George Melford's Production  
"Moran of the Lady Letty"  
With Dorothy Dalton  
From the story by Frank Norris

May McAvoy in "A Homespun Vamp"  
By Hector Turnbull  
A Realart Production

"Boomerang Bill," with Lionel Barrymore  
By Jack Boyle  
A Cosmopolitan Production

Ethel Clayton in "Her Own Money"  
Adapted from the play by Mark Swan

John S. Robertson's Production  
"Love's Boomerang," with Ann Forrest  
From the novel, "Perpetua"  
By Dion Clayton Calthrop

Constance Binney in "Midnight"  
By Harvey Thew. A Realart Production

Pola Negri in "The Red Peacock"

Bebe Daniels in "A Game Chicken"  
By Nina Wilcox Putnam  
A Realart Production

William S. Hart in  
"Travelin' On"  
By William S. Hart  
A William S. Hart Production

Elsie Ferguson and Wallace Reid in  
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A George Fitzmaurice Production

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By Clara Beranger

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Cecil B. DeMille's Production  
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Suggested by Leonard Merrick's story  
"The Laurels and the Lady"

Constance Binney in "The Sleep Walker"  
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By Sophie Kerr  
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By Constance Lindsay Skinner

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By Olga Printzlau  
A Realart Production

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By Arthur Somers Roche  
A Cosmopolitan Production

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Adapted from the play by Eugene Brieux

Mary Miles Minter in "The Heart Specialist"  
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A Realart Production

Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt in  
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A William DeMille Production  
Adapted from the play by George Broadhurst

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Dorothy Dalton in "Tharon of Lost Valley"

Wanda Hawley in "The Truthful Liar"  
By Will Payne. A Realart Production

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"The Spanish Jade," by Maurice Hewlett

"Is Matrimony a Failure?"  
With T. Roy Barnes, Lila Lee, Lois Wilson  
and Walter Hiers

Gloria Swanson in Elinor Glyn's  
"Beyond the Rocks"

Mia May in "My Man"

Marion Davies in "The Young Diana"  
By Marie Corelli  
A Cosmopolitan Production

Jack Holt and Bebe Daniels in  
"A Stampede Madonna"

A George Fitzmaurice Production  
"The Man from Home"  
With James Kirkwood, Anna Q. Nilsson,  
Norman Kerry, Dorothy Cumming  
and John Miltern  
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From the novel by Edward Peple

Wallace Reid in "Across the Continent"  
By Byron Morgan

Sir Gilbert Parker's story  
"Over the Border"  
With Betty Compson and Tom Moore  
A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production

"Sisters," by Kathleen Norris  
A Cosmopolitan Production

George Melford's Production  
"The Cat That Walked Alone"  
With Dorothy Dalton

Thomas Meighan in "The Leading Citizen"  
By George Ade

Pola Negri in "The Eyes of the Mummy"

Jack Holt in "The Man Unconquerable"  
By Hamilton Smith

Ethel Clayton in "For the Defense"  
From the play by Elmer Rice

Mia May in "Truth Conquers"

Agnes Ayres in "The Three of Us"  
By Rachel Crothers

"The Beauty Shop"  
With Raymond Hitchcock  
From the musical comedy by Channing Pollock  
and Rennold Wolf  
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Mary Miles Minter in "South of the Suva"  
By Ewart Adamson

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The April number will contain a piquant interview *intime*: with Madame Récamier, by **Dorothy Donnell Calhoun** and **Gladys Hall**.

"The Greatest Beautifier," by **Corliss Palmer**, a scientific article that will interest every woman, every chemist and every cosmetic manufacturer.

A One Act Play, "Beauty's Soul," by **Hadi Barron** and **Saxon Cone**.

Articles by **Laura Kent Mason**, **Katharine MacDonald** and **Ethel G. E. Paxon**.

The issue will be replete with beautiful pictures, interesting articles and information that is valuable and authentic. You must read the April **BEAUTY**.

# BEAUTY for APRIL

The Most Popular Thing in the World Is Beauty

(Five)

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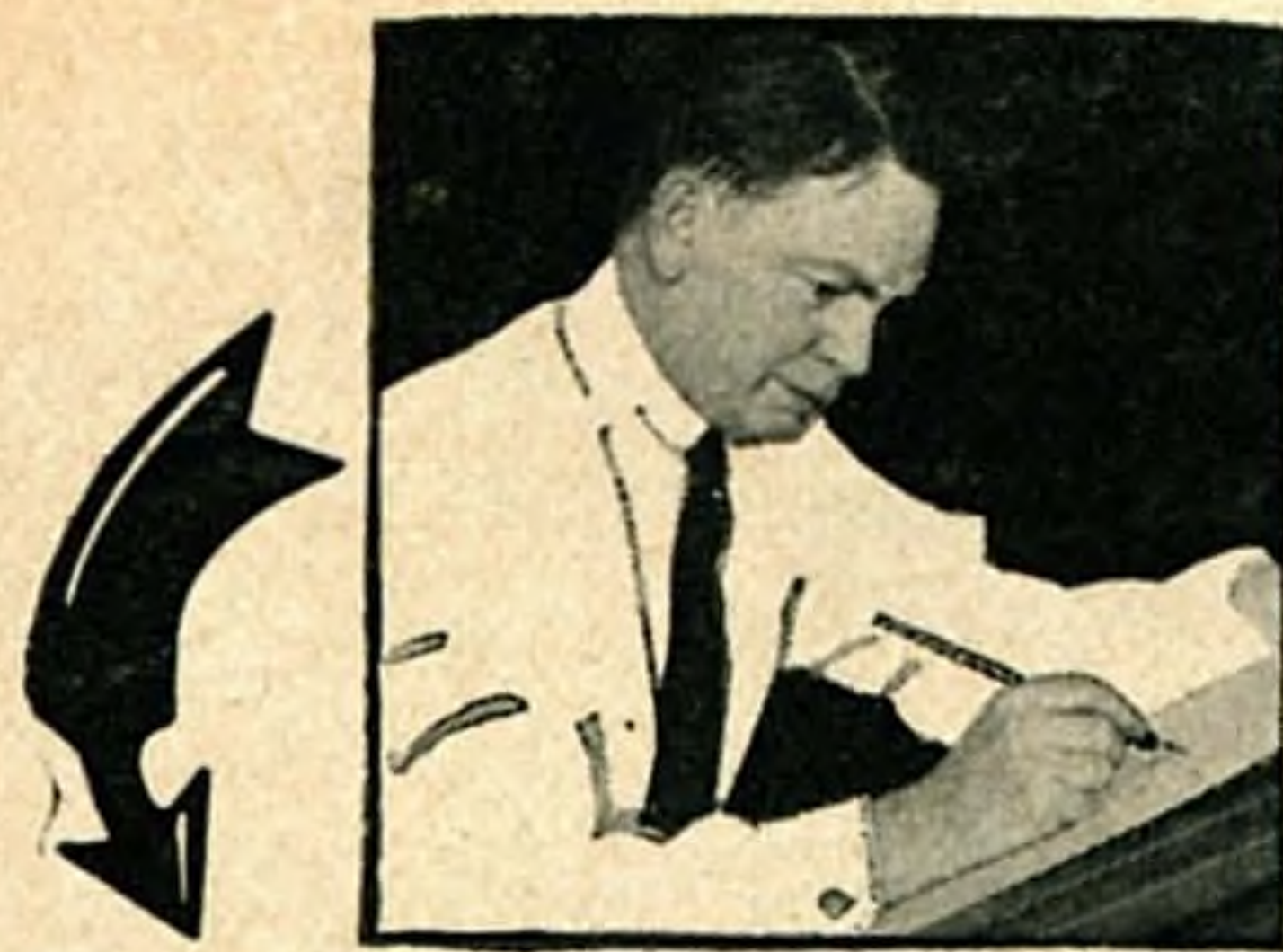
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CHICAGO

# Stage Plays of Interest

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

**Apollo.**—"Orphans of the Storm." D. W. Griffith's latest epic of the screen, a re-telling of the old melodrama, "The Two Orphans," with the French Revolution as the background. Lillian and Dorothy Gish have the leading rôles. This is Griffith at his best and the photoplay is well worth viewing.

**Belasco.**—Lenore Ulric in "Kiki." David Belasco's production of his own piquant adaptation of André Picard's French farce. Miss Ulric scores one of the big hits of the season with her brilliant playing of a little *gamin* of the Paris music halls. You will love Kiki as you loved Peg—but differently. A typically excellent Belasco cast.

**Belmont.**—"The S. S. Tenacity." A pleasant production of a tender and appealing French drama by Charles Vildroc. Well played and admirably staged by Robert Edmond Jones.

**Broadhurst.**—"Marjolaine," a musical adaptation of Louis N. Parker's romantic Georgian comedy, "Pomander Walk." An above-the-average, intelligent offering with able lyrics by Brian Hooker and a tuneful score by Hugo Felix. Little Mary Hay runs away with the hit of the piece, altho Lennox Pawle and Peggy Wood are more than adequate in the featured rôles.

**Casino.**—"Tangerine," with Julia Sanderson. A pleasant and entertaining musical comedy with scenes revolving between that alimony center, Ludlow Jail, and an isle in the South Seas, where the women do all the work. Color and tinkling music.

**Century.**—"The Chocolate Soldier." An attractive revival of the delightful comic opera, with Donald Brian and Tessa Kosta featured.

**Cohan's.**—"The Perfect Fool," with Ed Wynn. A musical concoction in which Wynn is the whole show. He was never funnier. Out of the indifferent supporting cast stands the Meyako sisters, personable Japanese maids.

**Eltinge.**—"The Demi-Virgin." Avery Hopwood's latest "thin-ice farce." The locale is that modern tabloid Babylon, Hollywood, and the opus shows movies in the making. The big scene reveals a daring "strip poker" game in progress. Hazel Dawn heads the cast, but Constance Farber really runs away with the opus.

**Garrick.**—"He Who Gets Slapped." The Theatre Guild's interesting production of the Andreyev tragedy of a circus clown, told with all the haunting overtones of the Russians.

**Harris.**—"Six-Cylinder Love," with Ernest Truex. The season's biggest sell-out and a real hit. Presenting the amusing problems of a young couple trying to live up to their car. Plenty of laughs.

**Jolson's.**—A new music hall, with the avowed intention of following in the footsteps of Weber and Fields. The first revue, "Bombo," is nearly all Al Jolson, altho there are pretty girls aplenty. The Hart sisters stand out of the ensemble.

**Klaw.**—"Lilies of the Field," with Marie Doro starred and Norman Trevor featured. Another flip and slangy "gold digger" play.

**Maxine Elliott's.**—"The Mountain Man," with Sidney Blackmer. A charming Clare Kummer comedy of a rugged man of the Virginia hills and his love for a luxurious product of Paris. Superbly played by Sidney Blackmer. This is one of the pleasant things of the season.

**Music Hall.**—Irving Berlin's "Music Box Revue." The biggest musical hit of the year and a fast-moving entertainment, studded with clever-comic hits. The fine cast includes Sam

Bernard, Willie Collier, Florence Moore, Wilda Bennett, Mr. Berlin himself, Mlle. Marguerite, Emma Haig and Rose Rolanda. The staging is a credit to Hassard Short.

**Palace.**—Keith Vaudeville. The home of America's best variety bills and the foremost music hall in the world. Always an attractive vaudeville bill.

**Plymouth.**—"The Deluge." An interesting revival of the Henning Berger drama, depicting the reactions of impending death on a number of people imprisoned by a flood.

**Republic.**—"Lawful Larceny." A conventional melodrama by Samuel Shipman, with a cast including Margaret Lawrence, Allan Dinehart, Lowell Sherman and Gail Kane.

**Selwyn.**—"The Blue Kitten." An exceedingly mild musical entertainment intended to please the tired business man. Joseph Cawthorne and Lillian Lorraine are featured. Miss Lor-

raine's costumes are the last word in dramatic suspense.

**Times Square Theater.**—Allan Pollock, in "A Bill of Divorcement." An imported English play by Clemence Dane, dealing with the British divorce laws. The story of a husband who returns after sixteen years of shell-shocked insanity and the resultant effects upon his household. Mr. Pollock is excellent, and Katharine Cornell gives an admirable performance of his high-strung daughter.

**Vanderbilt.**—"Anna Christie," with Pauline Lord. Arthur Hopkins' able production of Eugene O'Neill's newest drama—a powerful tale of the sea and the helpless human drifters in life. Miss Lord gives the best performance of the season as the old sailor's daughter, while George Marion and Frank Shannon give superb aid.

### ON TOUR

"Daddy's Gone A-Hunting," Marjorie Rambeau in a new play by Zoe Atkins, author of "Déclassée." A story of artistic Bohemia and a woman's problem. Miss Rambeau gives a splendid performance in an emotional rôle.

"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," with Ina Claire. A lively and more or less piquant Parisian importation, with a very daring boudoir scene. Barry Baxter stands out of the cast.

"The Circle," by W. Somerset Maugham. The most brilliant dramatic importation of the season. A sparkling and distinguished comedy of domestic misunderstandings, moral codes and human frailties. Finely played by John Drew, Mrs. Leslie Carter (who makes a return to the stage in "The Circle"), Ernest Lawford, John Halliday and Robert Rendel. Don't miss "The Circle."

"The Greenwich Village Follies of 1921." John Murray Anderson's latest revue, but not quite the equal of its two predecessors. Does not attain the heights of beauty and imagination achieved by the others, altho there are several gorgeous and colorful scenes. Still, it is way above the revue average. Beautiful girls move thru the glowing interludes, while the hit of the revue seems to go to Irene Franklin, altho Valodia Vestoff and others dance attractively.

"The Claw," with Lionel Barrymore. A Parisian importation, dealing with politics, journalism and intrigue. Mr. Barrymore's performance is far bigger than the play.

"Liliom," the Theatre Guild's production of the Franz Molnar "legend." A remarkable and



brilliant satire, tinged with the Old World cynicism of Molnar. Moves between the here and the hereafter, with a scene in the beyond. Eva Le Gallienne stands out of the cast, while Joseph Schildkraut plays the name part. Well worth seeing.

"The Return of Peter Grimm," with David Warfield. Another interesting David Belasco revival, marked by the usual perfect detail of presentation. Mr. Warfield gives a compelling performance of a spirit.

"Getting Gertie's Garter." Another thin-ice farce by Wilson Collison and Avery Hopwood, this time with a daring scene in a barn.

"Back Pay," with Helen MacKellar. A play by Fannie Hurst, with the highly promising Miss MacKellar in the leading rôle. Interesting.

"Nice People." Starts out to be a satire on the loose living younger smart set and proves to be an entertaining, if conventional, drama. Francine Larrimore shines as the heroine who sees the evil of her ways.

"The Merry Widow." A revival of the once world-popular Franz Lehar operetta. The present revival is not particularly distinguished, however. The old dash and color are lacking. The leading rôles are in the hands of Lydia Lipkowska, Reginald Pasch, Jefferson de Angelis and Raymond Crane.

"Honors Are Even," with William Courtenay and Lola Fisher. A fair, if frail, little comedy by Roi Cooper Megrue, presenting the duel between two people who love each other but won't admit it. Mr. Courtenay and Miss Fisher are the lovers, while Paul Kelly makes a small rôle of a callow lad stand out.

"Welcome Stranger," Aaron Hoffman's story of a Shylock in a New England town. Presents the battle of Jew and Gentile in a way that the Hebrew gets much the best of it, teaching a whole town kindness and religious toleration. George Sidney is excellent as the twentieth century Shylock.

"Ladies' Night." About the most daring comedy yet attempted on Broadway. This passes from the boudoir zone to the Turkish bath on ladies' night. Not only skates on thin ice, but smashes thru.

"The Broken Wing." A lively and well worked out melodrama of adventure below the Rio Grande. The opus of an aviator who falls in Mexico, thereby losing his memory and his heart, the latter to a dusky señorita. Full of excitement.

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

Loew's Metropolitan, Brooklyn.—Feature photoplays and vaudeville.

Capitol.—Photoplay features plus a *de luxe* program. Superb theater.

Rivoli.—*De luxe* photoplays with full symphony orchestra. Weekly program.

Rialto.—Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

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

## MUSIC AT OUR MOVIE HOUSE

By J. R. McCARTHY

The picture shows a field in June,  
And all of June's divine conditions;  
And so they play a battle-tune,  
These unbelievable musicians.

The picture changes very fast  
To winter's cold; the snow is blowing;  
The orchestra strikes up at last  
A lovely song of summer rowing.

The picture shows a cavalier,  
Beside his lady's sofa kneeling—  
Now what a song of gin and beer  
And wassail high the pipes are peeling!

Now all the picture folks are gay;  
A wedding scene is flashed before us—  
The orchestra will surely play—  
But no! It is "The Anvil Chorus"!

(Screen)

# NERVOUSNESS

## Are You Master of Your Nerves or Are Your Nerves Master of You?

By PAUL von BOECKMANN

**N**ERVOUSNESS—We hear about it everywhere. A doctor tells his patients, "It's your nerves." Sensitive and high-strung women complain of their "nerves." We see evidence of "nerves" everywhere—in the streets, in the cars, in the theatres, in your business, and especially in your own home—right in your own family.

Nervousness is not a disease; it is a condition. A doctor may pronounce you as sound as a dollar organically and yet you may be on the verge of a nervous collapse. What does it all mean? What is meant by nervousness?

The Nervous System generates a mysterious energy termed "Nerve Force." It is the power that drives the entire human machine. It controls every organ, every muscle and even the Mind. If we over-tax or abuse Nerves through worry, fear, grief, shock, or disease, the flow of Nerve Force becomes feeble, and we then have a condition known as NERVE EXHAUSTION, of which nervousness in its various forms is but an outward symptom.

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

**FIRST STAGE:** Lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling," especially in the back and knees.

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

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

If your NERVES have reached any of the three stages of depletion, you ought to take immediate steps to determine the cause and to learn what to do to build up your Nerve Force, for Nerve Force means Life Force—Brain Force—Vital Force—Organic Force—Dynamic Force—Personal Magnetism—Manliness and Womanliness.

No man WITH Nerve Force has ever stood in a bread line.

No man WITH Nerve Force has ever been down and out.

No man WITH Nerve Force has ever acknowledged himself "licked."

No man WITH Nerve Force has ever failed to attain success.



Paul von Boeckmann

Author of *Nerve Force* and scores of other books on Health, Psychology, Breathing, Hygiene and kindred subjects. Over a million of his various books have been sold during the last 25 years.

He is the scientist who explained the nature of the mysterious Psycho-physic Force involved in the Coulon-Abbott Feats, a problem that had baffled the leading scientists of America and Europe for more than thirty years, and a full account of which has been published in recent issues of "Physical Culture Magazine."

And, on the other hand, WITHOUT Nerve Force no person of either sex in any walk of life has ever reached the top, has ever achieved suc-

cess, or has ever gotten the fullest enjoyment from life itself. WITHOUT an abundant supply of Nerve Force our lives are wrongly adjusted, we fail to utilize our full powers, and we cheat ourselves of our birthright of health and vigor.

"A sound mind in a sound body" depends upon sound nerves. And to be a WINNER, even in a small way, demands, *first of all*—NERVE FORCE.

This, of course, applies to women as well as men.

I have made a life study of the mental and physical characteristics of nervous people, having treated more cases of "Nerves" during the past 25 years than any other man in the world (over 90,000). My instruction is given by mail only. No drugs or drastic treatment of any kind are employed. My method is remarkably simple, thoroughly scientific, and always effective.

I shall agree to send you further information regarding my system of treatment FREE and without any obligation on your part. Everything is confidential and sent sealed in a plain envelope.

You should read my 64-page book, "NERVE FORCE." The cost of this book is only 25 cents (coin or stamps). The book is not an advertisement of any treatment I may have to offer. This is proved by the fact that large corporations have bought and are buying this book from me by the hundreds and thousands for circulation among their employees—efficiency. Physicians recommend the book to their patients—Health. Ministers recommend it from the pulpit—Nerve Control, Happiness. Never before has so great a mass of valuable information been presented in so few words. It will enable you to understand your Nerves, your Mind, your Emotions, and your Body for the first time.

Read the book at my risk, that is, if it does not meet with your fullest expectations, I shall refund your money PLUS your outlay for postage. My advertisements have been appearing in this and other standard magazines for more than 20 years. This is ample evidence of my integrity and responsibility.

The following extracts are quoted from letters written by people who have read the book:

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

"I have been treated by a number of nerve specialists, and have traveled from country to country in an endeavor to restore my nerves to normal. Your little book has done more for me than all other methods combined."

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

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

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

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

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

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

PAUL von BOECKMANN,  
110 W. 40th St., Studio 139, New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir: I desire to investigate your method, without obligation of any kind. (Print name and address plainly.)

Name .....

Address .....

Enclose 25c if you wish the book.



# Motion Picture Magazine

## FOR MAY

**W**OULD you like to see the fragile Lillian and the capricious Dorothy pouring afternoon tea in the Gish drawing-room? Would you like to hear them talk about their work in "Orphans of the Storm," of D. W. Griffith and of one another? Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher talked to them at tea recently. "We Interview the Two Orphans" tells all about it. It is one of the most delightful and intimate stories ever written.

Charlie Chaplin is not in the habit of giving interviews. And that makes Harry Carr's story with him in this magazine, well illustrated, more interesting than ever. You would not want to miss it!

Homer Croy spent one of his days in a motion picture studio. And he has been able to pass on to you the heart-throbs he found there. He found one beautiful girl enthusiastic over the luxurious closed motor her stardom had brought her. And he found another girl with tear dimmed eyes hurrying down the studio stairs . . .

There are all sorts of interviews—with Eric von Stroheim, Jackie Coogan, Rudolph Valentino and many others. There are new portraits direct from the photographer's studios and informal pictures snapped here and there—there are interesting short stories of forthcoming photoplays, among them "The Doll's House," with Alla Nazimova—and there is news galore.

# The May Motion Picture Magazine

## THE APRIL SHADOWLAND

**U**NTIL the appearance of SHADOWLAND, certain before-the-war publications of the continent held the high mark of beautiful color typography. But SHADOWLAND has placed American magazine making at the forefront of the world's de luxe publishing.

SHADOWLAND is not merely a magazine of extreme beauty and the ultimate in matchless printing, but it is also a publication of advanced comment upon art and events. Among its brilliant contributors are:

Franz Molnar  
Frank Harris  
Louise Bryant  
(Mrs. John Reed)  
Edgar Holger Cahill  
Benjamin de Casseres  
Alfred Greymborg  
Pierre Loving  
Frederick James  
Smith  
Eugene O'Neill  
Oliver M. Saylor  
Louis Raymond  
Reid

Harry Carr  
Herbert Howe  
Sheldon Cheney  
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Arthur H. Moss  
Pitts Sanborn  
Harold Stearns  
Edwin Bjorkman  
Archie Bell  
Theo. Dreiser  
W. L. George  
Kenneth Macgowan  
Walter Pach

Wynn's famous color caricatures will continue. Albert Vargas will also go on with his series of piquant posters. The best photography in the world will go on appearing in SHADOWLAND.

## SHADOWLAND

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Illustrations show what wonderful improvement in figure is secured by reduction of thirty pounds

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(Nine)

**NO Exercise, Starving,  
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Massage, Appliances,  
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Discomfort Whatever.**

**Results in 48 Hours**

And, best of all, these wonderful benefits are secured without any discomforts whatever. No starving, no exercise, no medicines—nothing to do but pay attention to an easily followed law of nature. In reward, nature gives everything and exacts no payment.

### The Secret Explained

As simple and easily understood as is this natural law it seems almost magical in its results. Eugene Christian, a specialist of international renown, discovered that it is not *how much* they eat, and to a certain extent it is not *what* they eat that causes people with *natural fatty tendencies* to put on surplus flesh. It is how their food is *combined*. Eat certain dishes at the same meal and they will cause more flabbiness and fat and fill the body with the poisons that cause the puffiness, the lack-lustre eyes and the skin blemishes which so often accompany obesity. But eat these very same dishes at different times and properly combined with other ordinary foods and they make muscle and bone and good rich blood instead of fat. Then the fat you have already stored up is rapidly consumed. This discovery is the greatest boon ever given to stout people who have found dieting a weakness, exercises a task and drugs a delusion. For when you learn the secret of properly combining your food you can eat **Potatoes, Fowl, Meat, Fish, Milk, Butter, Cheese, Chocolate, Corn Bread, Wheat Bread** and many other dishes, you have probably been denying yourself. And yet you will lose weight steadily, right from the start—perhaps a pound a day, perhaps more, as so many others have done.

And as the unhealthy fat departs, your flesh becomes firm, your complexion clears, your eyes brighten and your health and energy increase wonderfully. Youthful looks, youthful spirits and a youthful form become quickly yours.

When you have reduced to normal weight and your fatty tendencies have been corrected it will not be necessary for you to pay further attention to how your food is combined. Still you will probably want to keep these combinations up all your life, for as Mr. Clyde Tapp, of Poole, Ky., says: "The delicious menus make every meal a pleasure never experienced before."

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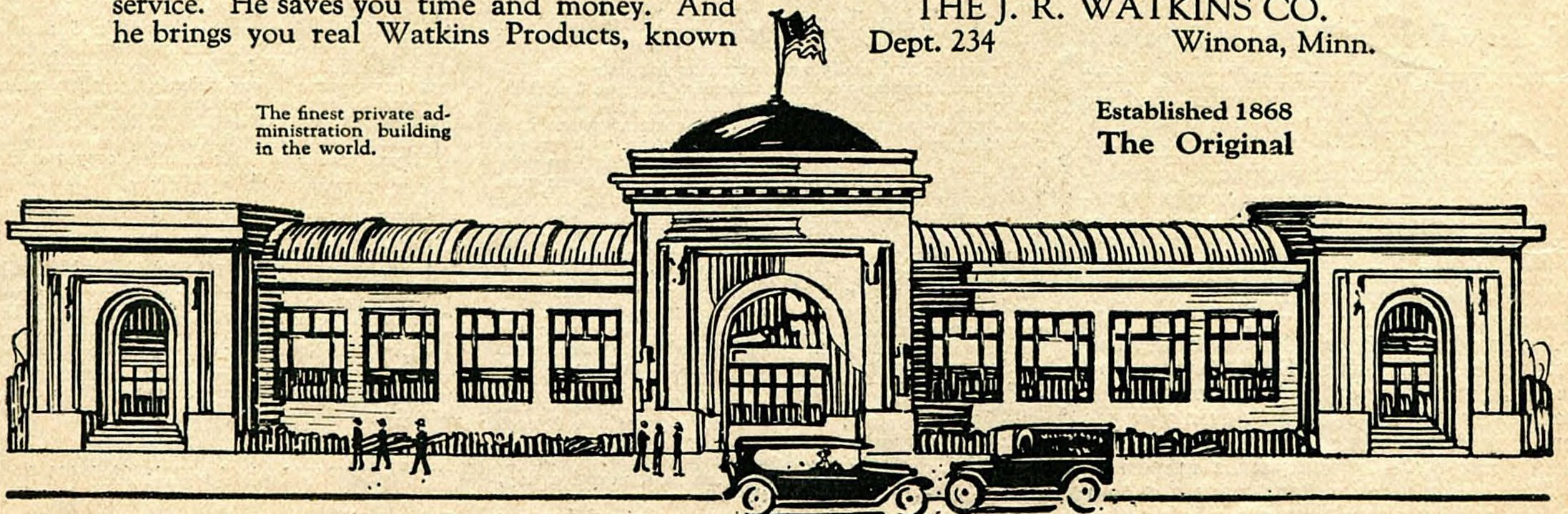
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Photograph © by Melbourne Spurr

Motion Picture  
Classic

NORMA TALMADGE

"April, April,  
Laugh thy girlish laughter;  
Then, the moment after,  
Weep thy girlish tears!"





Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

#### DOROTHY DALTON

For unexampled heroism in the cinema cosmos, we recommend Dorothy Dalton. In her latest picture "Moran Of the Lady Letty" she doesn't get to dress up once! A dirty and disreputable pair of worn-out trousers and an old flannel shirt constitute that lady's entire wardrobe thruout the whole picture. Still, she manages to look pretty and girlishly charming





Photograph by C. Heighton Monroe

**ANTONIO MORENO**

Tony turns his perfectly shaped head so that we may see his perfect profile. This popular young man's last picture was "A Guilty Conscience," in which he had nothing in particular to do, but did that extremely well. Better stories for better actors—like Moreno, is CLASSIC'S plea





Photograph by Freulich

**ERICH VON STROHEIM**

"The man you will love to hate," in the character of the unregenerate Karamzin, whose well-known amatory proclivities made foolish wives out of otherwise sensible ones. A superb director, a stunning actor and a gallant gentleman







Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

**VIRGINIA VALLI**

We should think this rather demure young person would be just a little bit nervous to find herself face to face with the man who makes wives foolish. However, she looks quite serene





# The Queen Bee



Photograph by Mandeville

**A rather magnificent, a gorgeously proportioned beauty, as a matter of fact. The loveliest mouth in America—red and almost always laughing**

blinded by feminine beauty (Betty Blythe was also there) he was unable to get an interview idea. Of course, being a woman interviewer *we* are not supposed to be blinded by feminine pulchritude. It is too much to suppose that we could ever be *blinded* by the masculine brand of the same . . . what remains? It's just terrible the way these men have of robbing women even of their excuses. A woman's just *got* to

**N**OT so long ago an editorial scrivener under whose professional jurisdiction it has pleased God to call us, wrote an interview with Corinne Griffith called "*Beauty and the Interviewer*." In the course of his discourse he either complained or hosannaed that being

Then there are, as a matter of course, tales to tell, experiences to compare, future predictions to be sagely and authoritatively made; the latest pictures to be lauded or laid out. After all, we women may not be capable of being blinded by beauty, but food and current scandal lay low the sexes, quite impartially.

Then, too, there's something sort of sovereign about Betty. Betty would like to have been born a Queen, so she told us. You know, a regular Queen, capital Q, with ladies-in-waiting and a gold crown and a scepter and a throne. She is *pro* the abolition of the aristocracy. Undoubtedly, Betty would have graced a throne e'en as sumptuously as she graces the chair in Any Restaurant. The throne is the seat of temporal power. Consider Sheba . . . But she would, too, be something of an innovation in Majesties. Betty is the most democratic royalist ever born to divine rights. The chances are at least eleven to two that she would make one of her friends (probably an

talk, write or eat. There seems to be no acceptable alibi to the contrary. Of course, there's always Dick Barthelmess, or the beautiful Schildkraut, or yet again the seductive Valentino; still, truth to tell, we hate to admit it, but we've always been able to see thus far. Which only goes to prove the optical, among other things, superiority of women.

Still, I feel for the editorial scrivener. I may not be blinded, but I know what it is to lunch with Betty Blythe. And add to that, two or three other interviewers gathered together in the same pursuit, and you have results which are mainly sociological and still more mainly menu-logical. The Star, being Betty, orders n' orders n' orders—a purely altruistic process, by the way, since Betty is perpetually on a diet—and with the fundamental question thus disposed of and the brain lulled by the comfort of the body, professional pride and prejudice fade away.



By  
FAITH SERVICE

indigent writer) a gift of her throne, or possibly of her King, provided he didn't happen to be Paul Scardon, the reigning marital monarch. Betty has a habit of giving. Doubtless if she were in sooth a Queen, we indigent writers would be Sires, or Marchionesses, or Countesses, or such high sounding plenipotentiaries.

"However," said Betty, "I cant very well be born again into the royal family, so I'll content myself with playing Queens, whenever I get the opportunity. There is something about the ceremoniousness of Court etiquette that thrills me. I feel transported."

"Mebbe," I suggested, "you were a Queen in your past incarnation, providing always that you believe in the shuttle-car of souls. You *may*, you know, have transmigrated from Queen to Screen. Who can tell?"

"Well if I haven't been one," observed Betty, "I'll get ready for the throne this time."

There was a pause during which the shirred eggs were removed and the alligator pears replaced and then Betty observed:

"The one thing I wouldn't want to be is a drone. Since I cant be the Queen of Moragrivinia, or words to that effect, I am glad I wasn't born among the Idle Rich. I'd



Photograph by  
Orren Jack Turner



Photograph by Victor Georg, N. Y.

Then, too, there is something sort of sovereign about Betty. She would like to have been born a Queen, so she told us—you know a regular Queen, capital Q, with ladies-in-waiting and a gold crown and a scepter and a throne

simply hate to work so hard with nothing to show for it. I like to have results for what I do—and see 'em."

Betty is a gay and daring and very human being.

It is pleasanter to be with her and harder to interview her than almost anyone I know. Of course, there is always her beauty . . . fit subject for the lyricist or the writer of rhythmic prose. A rather magnificent, a gorgeously proportioned beauty, as a matter of fact. The loveliest mouth in America—red and almost always laughing.

She is difficult to interview just because she *is* such a good sort that she had rather talk about you than about herself; about what someone else is

doing than about what she is doing; which is all awfully good stuff when you dont have to put it down on paper and head it "Betty Blythe."

She loves clothes and food (diet despite) and theaters and people with a sense of humor. She loves to give and to make other people happy and she has a gracious and a vivid hospitality, both of fact and of spirit. She detests the poseur and the artificial and the bombastic and the pretentious. And by the same token she is more apt to see seventy-five per cent of good in a person than twenty-five. She tells

(Continued on page 89)



# The Young King

his skate while Bernice and I stood grammatically awed.

"Come out in the back yard and I'll show you my automobiles," invited Jackie, taking my hand.

"Oh, he doesn't want to see your automobiles," interrupted a voice from the veranda. It was Jackie's grandmother who had appeared suddenly in the doorway. "Come along in the house and talk to Mr. Howe."

Jackie reluctantly obeyed, expressing grave doubts as to the safety of the vehicle which he had left standing outside.



Photograph by S. V. Martin

Apparently unaware of his importance and utterly devoid of the self-consciousness that usually goes with precocity, Jackie Coogan keeps his individuality aloof, untouched by the influences that flow around him

**H**AVING interviewed Bill Reid, Wes Barry and Jackie Coogan I've served notice on the editor that I won't do another one until I have a roller-coaster.

I certainly felt cheap when I saw Jackie Coogan's line-up of scooters, push skates and kiddie coasters. But, then, Jackie made me feel cheap in several ways.

He was adjusting a push skate when I arrived before his residence on Le Brea avenue in Hollywood. A young lady of six years was his guest.

"Your wife?" I inquired politely, having read that Jackie is a married man.

"No, this is Bernice," said the young Anatol.

Bernice sniffed and wiggled.

"My mama learned me how to skate," said she.

Jackie darted a glance at me.

"She learned you, did she?" he repeated.

"Yes she did," asserted Bernice. "She learned me how to skate."

"She couldn't have learned you," reproved Jackie calmly. "She may have taught you."

Bernice sniffed again and looked perplexed.

There was an awkward pause during which Jackie removed



Photograph by Milligan



By  
HERBERT HOWE

"I think we'd better go and take a look at it," I suggested.

Jackie flashed a grateful eye upon me, and a second later I was careening around the corner of the house after two flying bare legs.

Juvenile equipages of all varieties lined the court yard. Each of them was tried out for my approval and their virtues explained in a salesman-like manner.

After this detailed demonstration, which left him quite breathless, Jackie escorted me to the Coogan home, located on the second floor of a white stucco apartment house. It is a modest, simply furnished flat with plenteous evidence of Jackie's over-lordship. I was conducted to an alcove off the living-room which resembled a toy storage. After politely consulting my preferences, Jackie selected a horse race game.

"Which horse do you choose?" he asked.

"The yellow."

"I'll take the red. Come on you red! Come on!"

Of course, the red won.



Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

"And so I vision Jackie Coogan," says the interviewer, "a Young King with the heart of a child and the soul of a divinely-wrought artist"

"Now how'd you like to play Around The World with Nelly Blye—kiss her on the cheek and see her fly?"

I said that it sounded very much to my fancy. While spinning the card and moving our pawns we discussed several important topics.

"Women?" repeated Jackie after a query from me. "Oh they're all right. Patricia is a fine girl."

Patricia is a cherubic golden-locks, five years of age, who lives next door. In private life she is Mrs. Jackie Coogan—so Jackie stoutly avers.

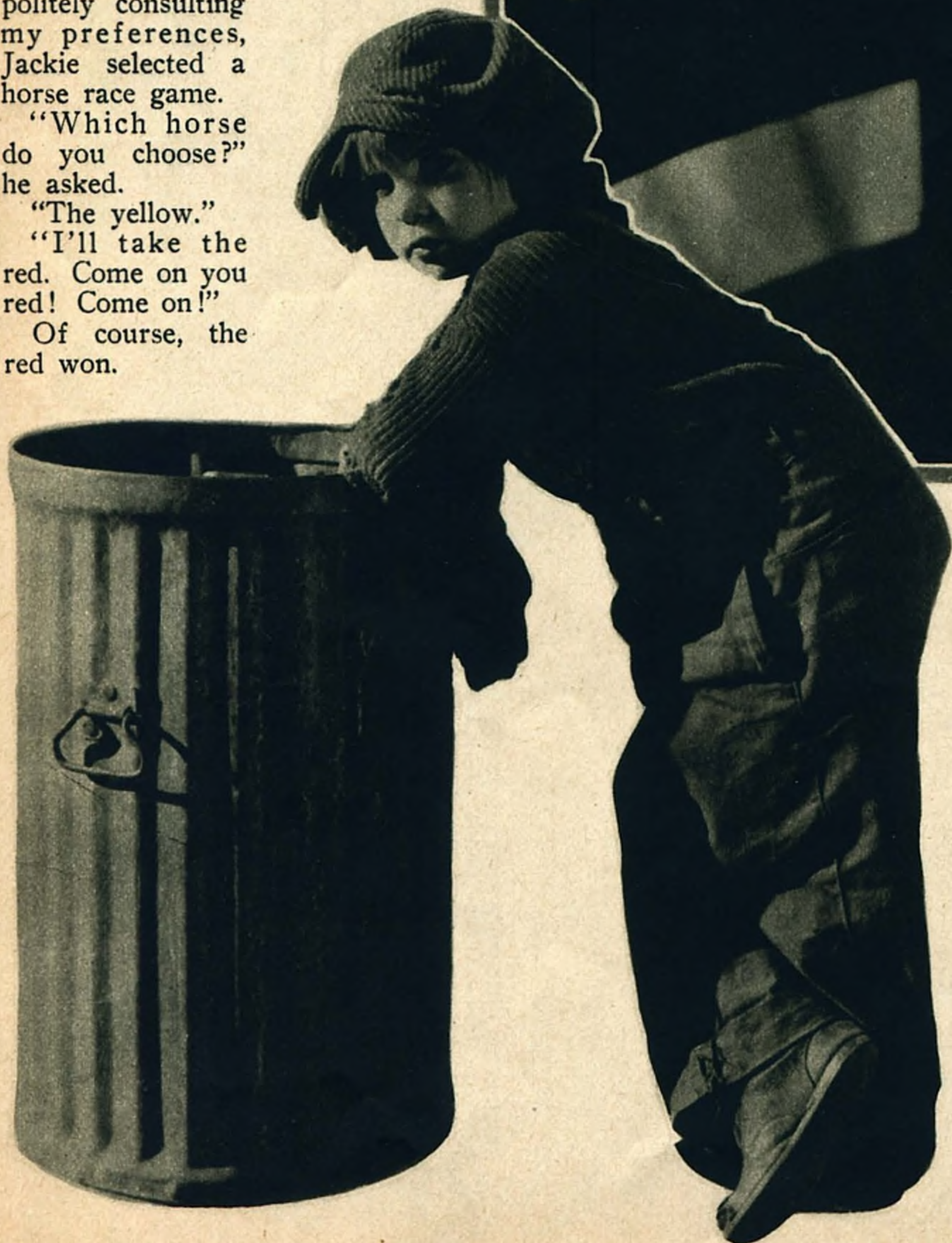
"We've been married two years," he observed.

I regarded him respectfully.

"When do you expect to get a divorce?" I asked, mindful of Hollywood customs.

"A divorce?" Jackie paused in the act of spinning the card. "You see I'm a Catholic, and Catholics

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# The Heroine

She is direct, sincere, devoid of all pretense and her grey blue eyes look squarely into yours with no suggestion of subterfuge. In fact, as I think of her now that I am no longer under the fascination of her presence, it is her sincerity that stands out most vividly.

No great impelling dramatic ambition is responsible for Claire Windsor's advent into motion pictures, tho during her girlhood days while attending Washburn College in Topeka, Kansas—her native state—she



Photographs © by Evans, L. A.

**E**SSENTIALLY, Claire Windsor will always be the heroine of the drama, whether it be played upon the screen or not. This is not only because of her personal loveliness around which there clings the breath of romance, but because she is the type of woman who inspires chivalry and for whom men would perform valorous deeds, and—she will always win the love of the hero before the play is over!

During most of our interview, Miss Windsor sat beside me on the wide davenport in her parent's home on Third Avenue in Los Angeles. While we chatted the room became dusky with the early twilight and the girl's fair, radiant beauty stood out luminously against the greying shadows.

I can well imagine she would prove disturbingly alluring to the masculine breast for she embodies all the endearing feminine qualities which men praise in the woman they respect as well as love.

She is very companionable, quick to sense that fragile atmosphere on which rests congenial tastes. There is never any effort on her part to make conversation and the frequent pauses are restful, she has well learned the power of the illuminating silence.

There is nothing of the worldly wise about her nor of the coquette either, unless it be the naïve coquetry of the child.

With her sweet dignity, winsomeness and appealing feminine charm, Claire Windsor seems waiting, perhaps a little wistfully, to be shown the way to her Big Opportunity





By  
MAUDE CHEATHAM

says she sometimes dreamed of the stage, but what pretty girl does not?

After the family moved to Seattle she succumbed to the dancing craze and having mastered the Tango she appeared in many charitable affairs. Tho she enjoyed the applause and the spotlight she took it all as a lark with no idea of adopting a professional life.

Three years ago, at the age of twenty, she determined to end an unhappy marriage into which she had plunged at seventeen. She came to Los Angeles to visit her parents and, seeking to forget her shattered romance, turned longing eyes toward the films.

"Everyone told me how impossible it was to get in, but one day feeling extra brave I set out, secretly, mind you, to try my luck. After visiting several studios I nearly died of joy when they told me at Lasky's to return the next day and they put me in an Ethel Clayton picture," and Claire laughed, quietly, at the memory of her first triumph. "This was followed by other Lasky pictures and several at Goldwyn and then I did a bit for Allan Dwan. When this was completed he



Photograph (above) by Edwin. Bower Hesser



There is nothing of the worldly wise about her, nor of the coquette either—unless it be the naïve coquetry of the child

put me under a year's contract and my hopes flew high, but months went by and I was still an extra when Lois Weber offered me a wonderful part. Mr. Dwan released me and before I knew it I was playing leading rôles in the Weber productions."

Watching her exquisite profile sketched against the uncertain shadows, I recalled Lois Weber once telling me that she considered Claire's finely attuned emotional temperament and pliant personality was the foundation for a great actress, yet the girl feels she has done little that is worth while—yet.

After making five pictures Miss Weber sailed away to Europe and Claire, still under her contract, has been loaned to Goldwyn for their all star production, "Grand Larceny," to Frank Mayo for "Doctor Jim," and has just completed "One Clear Call," at the Louis B. Mayer studio. This latter picture, she believes, offers her the best chance she has had.

"It was a splendid cast," Miss Windsor's quiet voice held an enthusiastic ring," with Henry Walthall, Milton Sills, Irene Rich and Shannon Day. The director, Henry M. Stahl, loves to develop thought with little action and it was stimulating to

(Continued on page 79)



# April in the Theater

One of the attractive personalities of the "Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic" is Lillian Woods, whose dancing stands out of the vivid roof entertainment

Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston



Photograph by  
Peter I. Schweickart

Charming Margaret Laurence is one of the interesting principals of the lively stage melodrama, "Lawful Larceny"



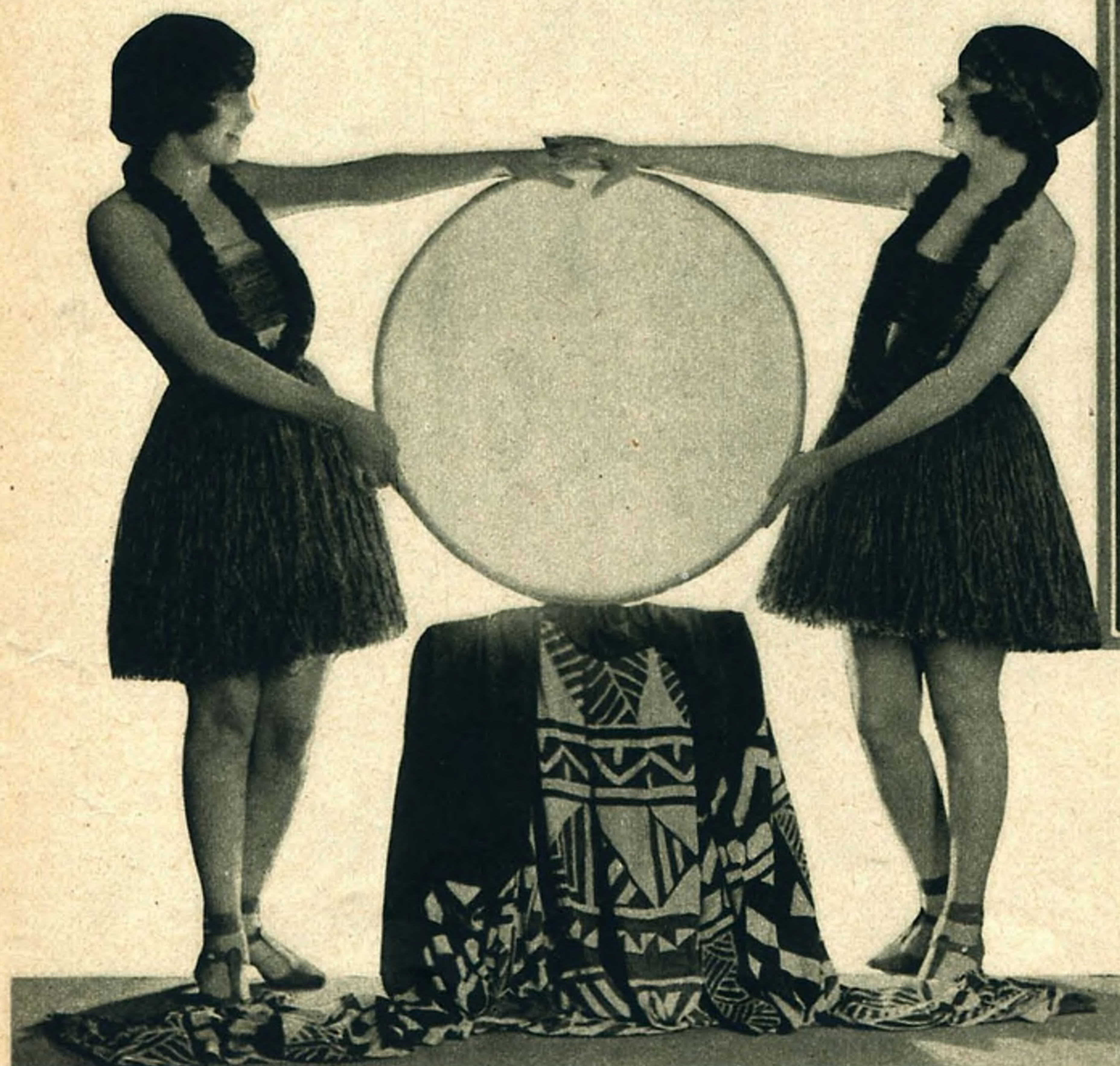


Photograph by White Studios, N. Y.

Above, one of the important scenes of the Clare Kummer success, "The Mountain Man," with (left to right) George Fawcett, Sidney Blockmer and Catherine Dale Owen. Right, Mlle. Marguerite, the piquant dancing hit of the big revue success, "The Music Box Revue"



Photograph by White Studios, N.



At the left are two attractive members of the musical hit, "Tangerine." Reading from left to right, Florence Moore, hoop, Beryl Halley

Photograph by Tornello



# Helen's Hungry Heart



mother diamonds and gold furniture for the house.

At that age—thirteen—a decision was all that I deemed necessary to accomplish anything, so I got in touch with a friend of mine who knew a man who knew a man who was slightly acquainted with Louella O. Parsons, who had formerly been the scenario editor for Essanay, and who was at that time photoplay critic on one of the Chicago papers. I persuaded this kind-hearted individual to take me to Mrs. Parson's office and introduce me to her. I explained my desire to her, and she was perfectly charming. She gave me the name of the man that I would need to see. I dressed all up in

**"Not because of any great artistic urge," says Helen Ferguson, "did I start my career, but because the size of the family pocketbook was out of all proportion to the size of the family needs**

my mother's clothes, her best Sunday - go - to - meeting-ones, by the way, and saw him the next day . . . and the next . . . and the next . . . and all the "next

Photographs by Clarence S. Bull

**T**HIS is not a fairy tale of the studios. It has nothing in it of the well-known fable of the girl who one day wandered into the studio, caught the eye of the man in charge of the casting, allowed him to persuade her to enact the star rôle in the drama then ready to be filmed, and so became famous over night. If you like fairy tales of that caliber you'd best not waste your time wading thru this dull narration of the patience exhibited by myself, namely one Helen Ferguson, when I decided, that the world was but waiting for my appearance as an actress to forsake all of the reigning favorites.

Not because of any great artistic "urge" did I start my career as a worker, but because the size of the family pocketbook was out of all proportion to the needs of the family. I began to do odds and ends about the neighborhood, when I was ten . . . clerked in a store . . . took care of babies . . . anything that I could get to do as a matter of fact, except selling papers. That is such a distinctly masculine achievement.

I lived near the Essanay Studio in Chicago, and it came to me suddenly one day that instead of being one of the neighbors' kids who were always climbing over the fence to catch a glimpse of Francis X. Bushman, Beverly Bayne and Bryant Washburn, I should like to "become an actress," and thus be able to chase the curious kids away. Of course I had no objection to the item that I would make tremendous sums of money, buy





By  
HELEN FERGUSON

days" for the following four months. I reported before school every morning and after school every evening, and hung around the blessed place all day Saturdays. Finally, when I had almost begun to believe that the picture business was perfectly content to exist without me, I received a 'phone call from the casting director, who ordered me to report for my initial production on the following morn-



Photographs by Clarence S. Bull

**In "Hungry Hearts" I have the best part of my career. I have always hated the little hump on my nose, but now I love it because it has brought me the part I love so**

ing. It was the day of my final examinations. I was half-way thru High. He assured me that I would be thru by eleven o'clock, and as my exam was scheduled for thirty minutes after that time, I felt that Providence had at last taken notice of me. Of course I knew nothing of the fact that very few studios are able to keep schedule time on productions. Well, I finally worked about three o'clock that afternoon, and the Providence that I had thanked so sincerely

refused to recognize me socially . . . for we motored right up to my school to take the scenes, and the teachers were there, and the principals, and all the kids. Gee! Somehow that principal lost all humanity. He flunked me with a complete lack of ceremony. I was furious.

I never went back to school—that is, not to that school. I afterwards studied at night at the Academy of Fine Arts, but my real school-days ended as my "career" began.

I felt that I was then definitely "in the movies." I was permitted to report in the morning and stay all day in the event that a mob would be needed in a hurry some time during the day. There were thirty of us—regular extras we were called, and we all dressed in one large dressing-room in the basement. At school I had always been that hated thing "Teacher's Pet". Here I was less than the dust that the janitor swept out every night. But I was full of ambition, and such determination to succeed that I rejoiced in the fact that I had even been allowed inside the gates. Many times every one of the girls would work in a big scene,

*(Continued on page 78)*






**"WHERE MY LOVE LIES DREAMING**

Baron de Meyer's poetic conception of a popular idol. We are willing to wager that Doug likes this picture of his Mary better than any other. Sweet epitome of idealized womanhood, paradoxically—real





# Whims of the Gods

By

DOROTHY DONNELL

**Y**OU ask for a story, Bud of my Stem? Shall it be a tale of the dragon who lives in the mountain of Oz and groans and writhes because of the stomach-ache he got a thousand years ago from eating the poor widow's three green plums? Or shall I tell you how the princess Fa-La turned herself into a goldfish to escape the wicked enchanter and was caught by her lover Wong, who knew her by seeing the ring he had given her wrapped about her tail, and kept in a gold aquarium close by his throne forever after?

No? Then what would you, Gift of my Love? A true story, say you! Now you are asking for something stranger than dragons, more improbable than princesses with fins. Anyone can imagine such things, but only Buddha the Wise can devise the amazing web of adventures that men call Life. I am an old man, being nearly thirty, and these things happened a lifetime ago—the span of your lifetime, Small One. Memory is a distorting glass in which mole-hills loom to the size of mountains and nothing is as it seems, yet I will look into the glass and tell you what I see.

Once upon a time I was madly in love with a girl named Ting-a-ling Wing. She was a veritable water-lily, for her people for generations had been in the laundry profession, which is a most honorable one. It is easy to find rulers and emperors, but a good laundryman is hard to find, indeed. One can get along without being ruled, but one cannot get along without being laundered. I was only a

humble cook, but she returned my love and we looked ahead to a glorious future, and to becoming the

ancestors of a long line of laundrymen.

And then—even now I can hardly bear to remember—one day I came to her door and found a note hung from the knob. "Business is bad. The gods are down on us," it read, "We have gone to the United States where men wear starched collars every day. Mr. Willie Wing and family."

I was in despair, for, know you, Heart of my Soul, I had not got so far as the United States in my studies at school. I stopped the old priest, Pooh-Pooh, who was passing, and inquired the way. "That I do not

know," he said, "but I have heard of a place called 'Konee Island' in that direction. A brother of my uncle had been there and he spoke of its wonders, among which are animals known as hot dogs."

I put my pack upon my back and set off in the direction he had pointed, coming presently to a mountain on which stood an elderly man, casting prayers printed on tissue paper to the winds for the sake of his mother-in-law's soul. Of him I asked my question and he shook his head. "This," said he pointing away toward the nothingness all about, "is the Jumping-Off Place. What happens if one jumps off the Jumping-Off Place I do not know. But you might try and see."

As you may imagine, it took courage but I did not



With the first taste, his scowl faded





"He is my chaperon," Ting-a-ling explained, "That also is a United States custom. A chaperon is someone who watches to see that a girl does not get kissed"

On an island in the middle of the Pacific I paused to ask a fisherman the way, and he was angry. "For," said he, "what are you doing messing about my ocean, scaring the fish away? Be off at once. You will find the country you seek yonder!"

My son, the fisherman lied! There was land, true enough, but it was not the United States, where there are laws against almost everything, but a place called Bandit-Land where men make their own laws with bowie-knives and cutlasses. No sooner had I landed and started off with my heart full of joy at the idea that I would soon see Ting-a-ling, then I heard in the distance a great hullabaloo.

It seems that in a nearby cave lived five bad, bold bandits who had just disposed of their cook because his biscuit broke off a tooth of the bandit chief. With lassos they started out to catch another, and soon saw the marks of my Chinese slippers in the sand. "The tracks of a cook!" said the Bandit Chief, "What-Ho for a cook! What-ho!"

Naturally, hearing my name called, I paused and a moment later I felt a rope about my neck. "Will you please tell me the way to the United States?" I asked politely.

"Never mind that!" said the Bandit fiercely, "are you a cook?"

I nodded. I could not tell a lie. I could not think of one to tell.

"Then," said the Bandit, "you are engaged!" He looked at his wrist watch, "we will expect dinner ready in precisely one

hesitate, for if Ting-a-ling was lost to me, I did not want to live. Splash! And I was in the Pacific, which is indeed one of the wettest oceans in all the world. Did I swim across it, you ask? It must be that I did, tho I cannot remember now.

Presently, after I had scrubbed the floor and cleansed the pots and polished the stove and was tying the antlers of the roasted stag with bows of pink baby ribbon as a garnish, the chief appeared. "Do you know what happens to cooks who are not good cooks?" he roared, as loudly as the north wind in the grove of Tong-Sei, "They are fired!" and he took off the lid of the stove and pointed to the flames within. Even now, Delight of my Eyes, the memory makes me tremble. I cannot go on! Perhaps it will not seem so frightful if I call myself hereafter "What-Ho," as tho I were speaking of some other person to whom these things befell. Let us see.

While What-Ho stood trembling and repeating what he thought at the time was a prayer, but remembered afterward was a recipe for wedding cake, the Bandit Chief tasted the stag. With the first taste his scowl faded, with the second a smile appeared, with the third he set down the tasting fork, took a medal marked "First Award, Annual Bandit Show" from his chest and pinned it upon What-Ho!

And so, tho his heart beat against its bars, longing to wing its way to Ting-a-ling, What-Ho remained for some time with the bandits who grew plump and quite peaceful with his cookery and no longer murdered passers-by, but only playfully nicked their ears and carved their initials on them.

But you may be sure that all this time he was planning to escape, and one luncheon he put sleeping powder into the soup tureen and started out anew to find the United States and his sweet Ting-a-ling. At last he arrived at the Border where a large man with an enormous red nose stood at a turnstile and let people in and out. His nose was large because he used it to sniff the contents of all the bottles that went across the line and it was red because, when he discovered any of the drink which Americans call "booze" in a bottle, he did not let it get past him.

"Where?" he shouted at What-Ho, "is your passport?"

hour." And he and the other four bandits all pulled in their belts to the last notch.

You have never, Saffron Floweret, seen such a kitchen as that to which the bandits led me. The caldrons were dirty, the sink piled with dishes, and the floor covered with garbage. On the table lay a stag ready for roasting—and only an hour to do it all in! The rattling of my knees sounded like dry leaves in a wind but I set to work, hearing all the while the bandits in the next room singing some banditty and wondering dismally whether I would ever see my darling Ting - a - ling again.



Now What-Ho did not have anything like that, but he watched and saw that the people who went thru the turnstile carried papers which the man in the brass buttons read. So he went away and borrowed a pencil and wrote a list of his ancestors for seven hundred years, which was as far back as he could remember them. But the Customs Officer would not take the list. "People in the United States have no ancestors!" he said. "That is not the right paper."

"Oh," said What-Ho, "do you want a reference? A character?"

"No!" roared the Customs Officer again, "the people in the United States have no characters! You must either have a passport or——," he tapped his pocket meditatively, "or a ten dollar bill to get by me!"

Now What-Ho had neither of these things and so he went away very sadly and walked along the river called the Rio Grande. And then on the other side he saw a huge wash-tub on wheels in front of a shanty which bore a sign, "Wing Laundry, special prices for bandits' washing." As he stood looking across, Ting-a-ling came out with a bundle that she put into the tub, which had a bony horse hitched between the thills.

When she saw What-Ho, she blushed like a yellow tea rose. "How lucky you came just now," she said, "we are moving away. The bandits dont have any washing done. And the only other people along the border are revolutionists, and they dont have any washing done either. So we are going to Arcadia. Why dont you come with us?"

What-Ho wrung his hands. "I cant get into the United States!" he called, "Oh, what shall I do?" For by this time Mr. and Mrs. Wing had come out and climbed up into the tub and Ting-a-ling followed them, with her eyes modestly cast down. He would have jumped into the river and swum across to them, but a crocodile rose from the water with a sign hanging about his neck under his wide open mouth, "Entrance but No Exit."

"Getee up!" said Mr. Willie Wing, pulling on the horse's reins. "Come to Arcadia!" Ting-a-ling called, waving her dainty hand, "without thee I am as desolate as a shirt without buttons, as forlorn as a cuff without cuff-links, as useless as one half of a laundry ticket without the other half!"

The words were sweetest poetry to poor What-Ho's ears. He would have torn his hair but it was braided tightly into a queue. The tears ran from his eyes and seasoned the Rio Grande.

"It will all come right in the wash!" Ting-a-ling cried, "Good-bye!"

What-Ho went back to the Border and stood forlornly

watching a gang of bandits packing a shipment of grandfather clocks for the United States. For, you must know, Wee One, the bandits have plenty of Time on their hands. The tag on one of the packing cases caught his eye and his heart beat swifter. This clock was going to "Mrs. John Brown, Arcadia, U. S. A."

"Somehow," said What-Ho to himself, very resolutely, "somehow I shall get there. Somehow I shall find her whom I love." And he edged nearer the packing case.

"Get the hell outa there!" said the bandit, who spoke the American language. He lifted his hammer threateningly over What-Ho's head—and at the moment a whistle blew. You see, Son of my Strength, there is a quaint custom in other lands of stopping work when a whistle blows instead of when—as in China—the work is done. Instantly, the bandit let go the handle of his hammer in mid air and departed. A traveler who had just handed his passport to the Customs Officer with the plea that he hurry because it was a matter of life and death gave a cry of anguish as the officer dropped the paper into the canal at the first note of the whistle and hurried away.

"No!" roared the Customs Officer. "That is not the right paper. You must either have a passport or—er—or a ten dollar bill to get by me"







What-Ho kissed it. And, will you believe it, in another moment she had burned it again!

What-Ho looked about him, and then swiftly opened the case of the clock that was going to Arcadia. He took a breath that filled his cheeks with air like a balloon and lay down in-

side the clock case, drawing the cover over him. My son, a man will do more for a woman than for Buddha himself.

Fortunately for What-Ho it happened that he arrived at the Browns at a happy moment. In Arcadia the cooks discharge their mistresses instead of the other way about, and Mrs. Brown's cook had just given her her notice.

"You said one mouthful too many, my lady!" she told her with a flourish of her umbrella, "and you can just cook your dinner for yourself!"—this is the way servants speak in the United States.

"Delia stay! Please, please stay!" wept Mrs. Brown—for that is how ladies speak to their servants in the United States, "if you will stay I wont ask you to give us one evening a week out."

But the cook was obdurate. She left the kitchen, sweeping a platter off the table on the way out and putting the handle of the umbrella thru the glass in the door in farewell. For, know you, my Peach Blossom, a cook in Arcadia is more powerful than an emperor in China. The seven children of Mrs. Brown stood in a row and began to cry, "We're hungry! We're hungry!" and at this moment the front door-bell rang.

Two expressmen stood outside with the packing box containing the clock. As they started to set it down in the

Birth Control Society."

You may not believe it, but What-Ho looked dubious. "Surely," said Mrs. Brown in surprise, "you dont think that is too much to ask of a cook?"

"On one condition," said What-Ho, "I will stay, Honorable Mrs. And that is that I may be allowed to take the wash to the laundry."

So after his work was finished the next day, What-Ho packed the wash into the flivver, which is the name of a vehicle, and drove away in search of the Wing Laundry. But in the whole of Arcadia he found but one laundry sign, "American Plan Laundry. Go-Hang, Proprietor."

Inside the building What-Ho found a large fat man with his queue cut off, and dressed in American clothes, sharpening a pile of collars at a grindstone. Beyond was a machine that cut the tails of shirts as fast as they were fed into it, and still farther along was another machine that took the buttons off the garments placed in its hopper. What-Ho's soul was filled with horror, and he clung desperately to the bundle of wash in his arms.

"I am looking," he said to the large fat man, "for the Chinese Laundry of Mr. Willie Wing."

The large man, who was Go-Hang himself, looked admiringly at the diamonds on his fingers which glittered almost as brightly as his nails. "There is no Chinese laundry in the city!" he said pompously, "I am a good American, I voted at the last election. In fact, I voted three times. I do the laundry for the citizens of Arcadia, and I do the citizens of Arcadia for their laundry. Dont you know a monopoly when you see one?"

#### WHIMS OF THE GODS

Fictionized by permission from the Goldwyn production of a Gouverneur Morris story. Continuity by Ruth Wightman. Editorial credit: Paul Bern. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. The cast:

What-Ho .....	Jack Abbe
Ting-a-ling .....	Winter Blossom
Bandit Chief.....	Fred Becker
Bandit .....	Snits Edwards
Bandit .....	Jackson Reade
Bandit .....	Joe Murphy
Bandit .....	J. Junnis Davis
Go-Hang .....	James Gibben
Bully .....	Harry Gribben
Mr. Wing.....	Edward McWade
Mrs. Wing.....	Mai Wells
Detective .....	William Orlamond



And he took out a diamond studded pocket knife and started a run in a silk stocking he took from the pile. Most of the ladies in the United States keep their money in their stocking, so this is what is meant by the expression "a run on the bank."

Comfort of My Declining Years, you may well imagine the misery in What-Ho's breast as he carried the bundle of wash back to the flivver and climbed in. And then—for does not every good story mingle the sad and the glad together?—and then What-Ho sniffed the air and discovered a familiar odor. Soap! Go-Hang's laundry did not use it, perhaps—perhaps—

You have guessed it already, Wiseling, the Willie Wings had arrived in Arcadia. They had been there but a day, and already Ting-a-ling had the flower boxes gay and the window polished like the jewels of the Son of Heaven. Already the little stove was red hot, and the tubs full of suds, and a sign painted over the door. At What-Ho's call, Ting-a-ling came to the door. Her joy was great. "Father!" she called happily, "Mother! What-Ho has brought some more laundry!"

"Is it only the laundry you are glad to see?" What-Ho asked, disappointed. Ting-a-ling giggled and looked at him out of the corner of her eyes, and tossed her head, and wriggled her shoulders. What-Ho was amazed. "What are you doing?" he asked her.

"It is a custom of these United States," replied Ting-a-ling coyly, "It is called 'flirting.' It means that a lady acts as if she didn't like a man when she does like him."

"Ah, it is then what we would call 'lying' in China?" asked What-Ho. He moved a little closer to Ting-a-ling. Her mouth looked like a kiss. But she drew away, pointing to the sign on the fence "Beware the Dog." What-Ho saw a porcelain dog of such fierceness that if he had been anything but porcelain he would have taken a sample bite out of him long ago.

"He is my chaperon," Ting-a-ling explained, "that also is a United States custom. A chaperon is someone who watches to see that a girl does not get kissed."

"I do not think that I like the United States," What-Ho

said forlornly, "How does one get married in such a country?"

Ting-a-ling smiled at him divinely. "Tonight," she whispered, "if you will come and help me iron—we will see—"

And that night after What-Ho had finished his work at the Browns and left his kitchen as neat as hands could make it, he and Ting-a-ling stood at the ironing board while the older Wings buried themselves out of sight in a cloud of silvery suds, and the porcelain dog was nowhere to be seen. "Ouch!" said Ting-a-ling, showing him a pink finger tip, "I've burned my finger."

What-Ho kissed it. And, will you believe it, in another moment she had burned it again. Before the evening was over it would have seemed from the number of accidents that befell it that Ting-a-ling's hand must be burned to a cinder, which it no doubt would have been if What-Ho had not been there to apply remedies.

Once every week What-Ho carried the Brown's wash to the Wing Laundry, which soon became so popular that Go-Hang grew suspicious. In the United States when one wishes to find out something, one does not ask questions, one hires a detective. Within twenty-four hours the detective, disguised as an honest man, returned to the American Plan laundry and hissed—it is part of the profession to hiss, my child—"There is a Chink scrubbery in town!"

The language of the United States is indeed difficult to understand.

"What!" shouted Go-Hang, "Dont I pay the alderman for a monopoly?" He sprang to his telephone, "Send me a gangster at once! And tell all the cops to look the other way so as not to run any risk of seeing the crime wave that's coming."

"Wait," hissed the detective, taking his mustache off and putting on a goatee, "Willie Wing has a daughter. When beauty was being passed round she got both hands full."

"So?" said Go-Hang, "I'll

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And so, Heart of my heart, What-Ho was married to his Ting-a-ling and so far, they have lived happily ever after. Here she comes now, home from the market in her palanquin. Ask her if that is not so?





# A Day's Work



We were perched on a rough board behind the set upon which Dorothy Dalton was emoting, when Shannon told me her story. She wore a little school-girl frock of black and white check, jumper style, over a Peter Pan blouse of white silk. Her hat was blue, turned away from her forehead; her coat, which she had thrown off, moleskin. She sat with one foot tucked cozily under her, as do all little girls, while her narrow long eyes seemed to regard me questioningly, almost fearfully; every confiding bird-like gesture of her thin little hands seemed to be asking me to understand her, to be kind to her. The world had never mistreated her, yet perhaps those five unprogressive months put a tinge of fear in her heart, for she seems

to have a weakened trust in people in general.

She lifted her hat from her blue-black hair, showing me that

The courage that shines in her great grey eyes is the kind that leads men to die for a principle

Photographs by Spurr, L. A.



**S**HANNON DAY is such a wee mite of a girl to fight the world alone! Yet that is precisely what she is doing; climbing her way up the ladder of success without an older

or wiser hand to guide her.

"Most of the other girls have their mothers or fathers out here with them," she told me the day she came to the Lasky studio that I might interview her. "It helps so much to have someone to go home to after a hard day at the studio, to have someone in whom you can confide and who can cheer you on—but I have only mother's wonderfully encouraging letters. I have made up my mind that when I become a great success I'll go back home, but not before."

The courage that shone in her great grey eyes was the kind that has led men to die for a principle, poets to starve in garrets, painters to work at the art they loved for a pittance. Not that Shannon Day ever worked for a pittance—far from it—but during last summer's frightful fall of Babylonian filmland when even the kings and queens of movieland were tumbling from their thrones, when stars' contracts were not worth the paper they were written on, Shannon Day weathered five months without work. It speaks well for her strength of character that she never even considered going home or returning to the Follies. She determined to pocket her pride, to accept smaller parts, and to give her very best to those bits so that they would shine out cameolike.





By  
HAZEL SHELLEY

her locks which I had been accustomed to seeing bobbed were parted in the middle and caught in a bunch of curls at the top of her head like a quaint little French girl.

"You see I am determined to grow up," she said earnestly, "I know I am not pretty enough to be an ingénue. I am not round and pink and white and blue eyed enough. They like to cast me for baby vamps because I'm dark and foreign looking. But it isn't in my nature to vamp; I want to get away from that type and do genuine emotional work. I know I can do it and surely I wouldn't feel so positive if I didn't possess latent ability that urges me to go on and prove myself. Directors sometimes say to me, 'you look the part I have in mind exactly . . . but can you act?' and I always want to come back with, 'if I were only as sure of my looks as I am of my ability to act *any* part, all would be well.'

"You see," and she gave me one of those little half-smiles which seemed to ask me to like her—oh, very, very much—"it isn't as if this career was a whim on my part. It has always been in the back of my head. The ambition of my life was to get into pictures. I was born and brought up in New York City. Even when I was a little tot I was always a mimic. Whenever I heard music I couldn't make my feet keep still—I cant to this day. As a tiny girl, I taught myself to dance by the music of a hand organ. At fourteen years of age I became a model for fashion shows in the department stores. I lived, breathed, thought and dreamed only of the time when I should go on the stage, for I considered that the best entering wedge to pictures. Neither my sister nor my brother ever had any such longings, but my mother always dreamed with me and encouraged me. Even now she writes me long helpful letters from New York. She says my name is becoming well known. Oh, I hope so; I hope it is, for I want to make Shannon Day stand for a great many things in pictures.

"I have never been afraid of work—all my directors will tell you that. I never go out to parties in the evenings any more; I am reading and studying, trying to make up for lost time, for I never had any too much schooling and I believe that an actress must be well versed in every subject to succeed.

"Well, to get back to New York, I did finally get a chance to go on the stage. Then I was chosen for a part in the Ziegfeld Follies. I was supposed to portray the river Shan-

non and I did a little Irish dance. It was very wonderful to forge ahead like that, for almost every dancer wants to be a Follies girl, but in the back of my head the idea of breaking into pictures still sizzled. A Follies girl has just three futures: she marries a poor man and settles down, or she marries a millionaire—or becomes a millionaire's darling. I decided that I wanted something more worth while than any of those alternatives, I wanted to make good on my own and so I came to California. There was nobody to show me the ropes, nobody to smooth the path for me. But the temptation never came to go back where I knew the way, for something seemed to tell me that I must succeed. And now mother sends me very kind criticisms of my work which she reads in the New York

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Photograph by Hoover, L. A.

Directors have said to Shannon Day, "You look the part I have in mind exactly—but can you act?" Well . . . they are answered!





# The Photoplay in Stagnant Waters

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

NOW that America has seen and capitulated before his "Passion," "Deception," and "Gypsy Blood," the personality and ideas of Ernest Lubitsch, the German director, must be of singular interest. During Herr Lubitsch's recent visit to America, we had an opportunity to talk to this man whose cinema creations came silently out of an enemy land and won an antagonistic world.

Lubitsch is short and stocky, not in the least suggesting the actor. Yet for seven years he was a player on the Berlin stage in the famous organization of Max Reinhardt. Swarthy of complexion and ebony black of hair, he holds your interest with his alert eyes and his well-modulated voice. Yet his eyes are the eyes of a dreamer, rather than a doer, and, as for his voice, it is the voice of a poet.

Lubitsch is thirty—but he looks older. At the age of twenty he obtained employment as a super in the vast mobs utilized

by that German master of stagecraft, Reinhardt. Out from the mob he advanced to play youthful comic rôles. And his steps have been steadily upward ever since.

Back in 1913—at the age of twenty-two—he began acting for the movies, altho he still played in Reinhardt productions. He began by appearing in one-reel comedies, creating broadly comic rôles of the Potash and Perlmutter type. It was at this time that he linked forces with Paul Davidson, who has since guided his destinies. The Lubitsch comedies grew in popularity and, in 1915, the director organized his own comedy company under the guidance of Herr Davidson. Lubitsch was now director, as well as star of the one-reel comedies.

Meanwhile the directorial genius of Lubitsch was asserting itself. The director decided to try his hand at serious drama. His first picture, in which he himself played the lead, was a



Photograph by Binder, Berlin

**The success of "Passion," "Deception," and "Gypsy Blood" has made the personality and ideas of their maker, Ernest Lubitsch, of singular interest. "The future of motion pictures will be dependent upon the people who make them. Our producers must be real leaders, must not be afraid to risk their all for experiments, and must possess infinite imagination, or the photoplay will slip into stagnant waters"**

the people who make them. Our producers must be real leaders, must not be afraid to risk their all for experiments and must possess infinite imagination or the photoplay will slip into stagnant waters. Our biggest menace today lies in the difficulties facing film experiments. Yet we must experiment or the films will never break new paths."

We asked Lubitsch to name what he considered the strengths and weaknesses of our native films. He diplomatically

flat failure. "Had I looked in my mirror I could have realized all that in advance," he explains humorously.

Then it was that Herr Davidson discovered Pola Negri and Lubitsch made his production of "Carmen," which but recently reached these shores as "Gypsy Blood." Mr. Lubitsch is at pains to describe the real Pola Negri and to set at rest all the strange stories America has heard of her so-called discovery in various German factories and department stores. Take Lubitsch's word for it that she is Polish, that she first appeared before the public in Warsaw as a dancer, and that her first picture work was done in Poland. She drifted to Germany but, until "Carmen," had failed to attract attention. "Carmen" literally made her famous overnight—aside from establishing Lubitsch as a directorial force.

We asked Lubitsch to name his favorite film play. "The last is always my favorite," he said. "I rush into

them with such high spirits and live so close to my work that my mind always graps my last work as its favorite," Lubitsch paused. "Possibly I like a little fantastic film of mine, 'The Doll,' best of all. No, America has not seen 'The Doll' yet."

Next we put the age-old question of the screen's future to Lubitsch. He shrugged his shoulders in true Teutonic fashion. "That will be dependent upon

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# "The Light Fantastic"



Photograph by  
Paramount



Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser



Photograph by  
Paramount

Betty Compson has learned to trip "the light fantastic" under the able tutelage of Theodore Kosloff, a Russian dancer of note. It was one of the requirements of her new picture for Paramount, "The Green Temptation." What could be sweeter than Betty as a ballerina?



# The Girl From Gotland



Photograph by Ira L. Hill

herits her delicate determination; her air of silken control and, more obviously, her milk white skin, her cornflower blue eyes, her pale gold hair, and the rose in her cheeks, which is real and comes from blood rather than cosmetics.

She left Gotland when she was, I think she said, about seven or eight. Her education was received in New Haven. There, in amateur theatricals and the general hum of the histrionic life, she beheld beautiful blonde ladies being greatly admired and lavishly paid, and being very young and very blonde and very, very pretty she bethought herself of the stage.

Thoughts come to her rather slowly, she says; they mature slowly, but once matured—one discovers they are planted in firm bed-rock and watered by masterful rains and blown upon by strengthening winds. She is the frail vessel of unrootable ambitions.

Her maturing thoughts matured with Mr. Ziegfeld, too. He saw that she was blonde and exquisite, and the result was her appearance in the Follies of 1917-1918, followed by the Frolic in 1919 and then "Miss 1917." These rôles gave her poise, prestige and publicity, and then the watchful eye of the camera focussed itself

upon her and she appeared in the Rolfe Fisher production of "The Red Virgin"; Triangle's "The Black Eyes"; in Tourneur's "Woman"; with Monte Blue in "The Kentuckians"; in the Cosmopolitan Paramount production of "Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford"; an important rôle in "The Beauty Shop"; with Thomas Meighan in "The Conquest of Canaan"; and at present she is completing an ambitious part in William Christy Cabanne's, "Beyond the Rainbow," for R-C Pictures.

Which is an imposing list for one small person, be it noted. I asked her her ambition and she said, "To learn, and then to act."

I asked her what seemed to be the most difficult part of her work, and she said, "People."

I asked her what she meant by people—they *are* difficult, but I wanted specifics.

"I have to feel in harmony when I am playing with people," she replied, "or I seem to atrophy. It is so hard for me to act unless I am in contact with someone with whom I can expand, and be natural, and then when necessary, more than natural—greater than myself. I do believe that all great artists are greater than themselves. That sounds para-

Diana Allen has a Norse ancestry. She was born on the island of Gotland, near Sweden, and under Swedish sovereignty. Above, Miss Allen's latest and best portrait

I TALKED with Diana Allen and the omnipresent P. A. in the Biltmore, that favorite lair of interviewers. Perhaps its luxurious surroundings lend a glamor and romance, and an air of wealth and ease that might otherwise be lacking. Not that Miss Allen *needs* to borrow glamor or romance from

anything. She *is* glamor and romance.

These things I had to sense, because she is as proverbially modest as the shrinking violet. She has all the delicate reticence of one to whom the cinema is an illusion. She would be like that. Apparently modest, actually modest. Quaint and fragile and appealing, but leaving the impalpable sense of a presence strong for all its subtlety; definite for all its appeal.

Miss Allen has a Norse ancestry. She was born on the island of Gotland, near Sweden, and under Swedish sovereignty. Her fathers and their fathers before them, were natives of the same place. And so, undoubtedly, from Gotland and from the Norsemen who are her forebears, Miss Allen in-



By  
SUZANNE PAUL

doxical, but any artist will know what I mean."

"Do you like men?" I asked her abruptly. Men would so obviously like her, want to shield her and be a willing buffer for any ill winds that might blow upon her, that the reverse question came to me.

Miss Allen showed quickness.

"Some men," she parried.

"What is your idea of a leading man?" I queried next.

"I have not liked all of them," she replied naïvely, "so it would not be fair to particularize."

The voice of the P. A. was then heard in the land.

He remarked that she had the faculty of wearing clothes—all kinds of clothes, from gingham and sunbonnets to Lucile creations—and looking equally well in all of them.

"She cannot be antagonized," he said, "she has the most keenly delicate sensibilities I ever saw, and that is fine if they are handled rightly. If not . . .

She isn't pushing or aggressive enough, of course. She hasn't a big enough ego. She is sweet and



Photograph © by Ira L. Hill

From the Norsemen who are her forebears, she inherits her milk white skin, her cornflower blue eyes, her pale gold hair and the glow in her cheeks, which comes from blood rather than cosmetics

sane and in earnest and it is unfortunate that these qualities do not seem to be enough at first. But I believe in them in the long run—just as I believe in her. She has quality."

Diana blushed becomingly.

The P. A. went on, warming to his subject. Of course P. A.'s get paid for doing just that sort of thing, but I'm sure this particular gentleman paid his compliments to the fair Diana for no other reason than that he really thought them. This is the most perfect tribute that could be paid to a cinema celebrity.

Yes, she really did!

"I am afraid you haven't got a thing to write about," Diana murmured deprecatingly, "I am so sorry . . ."

And if I had managed to extract too little from her for a full-fledged interview, I had at least, come away with plenty to think about. She would give anyone—even a case-hardened interviewer—something to think about.



Photograph by Ira L. Hill

Men would so obviously like her, and want to shield her, and be a willing buffer for any ill wind that might blow upon her



# The Cinema Caricaturist

By MAUDE CHEATHAM



Photograph by Lujean, L. A.

**M**Y response to his cordial greeting was a little uncertain, he looked so different from the familiar Larry Semon of the screen.

I felt well acquainted with the film comedian, he of the baggy trousers—sizes too large, the misfit shoes and the famous grin, for haven't I followed him thru his antics of skidding in mid air, perilous leaps into space and hazardous plunges into drippy stuffs? 'Member how funny he was in "The Bake Shop," when he fell into the tub of frosting?

He looked different, also, from the dapper young chap in smart evening clothes who occasionally drops into the Cocoanut Grove with a party of friends to enjoy an hour or two of dancing—he's a marvelous dancer, too.

Today, at the Vitagraph studio, nestled close against the Hollywood hills, he reminded me of a prep school boy in black and white checked cap, sun glasses and rough grey sweater with its vivid purple stripes. He was, however, tremendously serious and most efficient in his rôle of director, for Larry Semon is not only a comedian, he is author, director and chief boss of detail for all his productions.

Interspersed with our interview he answered questions, issued orders, offered suggestions and planned details for the scenes he was about to shoot.

We sat in the rear of an elaborate set showing the interior of a theater, which is the background for his latest comedy, "Props." More than a hundred chattering extras filled the seats and overflowed into the boxes in front of us; a dozen musicians were tuning their instruments in the orchestra pit, while shouting property men were busily arranging the stage for the "show," but thru all this confusion, Larry remained undisturbed, his ideas clear and definite, his voice quiet and always low pitched.

"Guess my newspaper training taught me detachment from the surrounding noises," replied Mr. Semon, to my comment.

"Then, too, remember I was cradled in just such music," and he swept the scene with his hand. "I was born on the road, the exact spot being West Point, Mississippi, for father and mother were touring the South at the time. I couldn't be happy in any other life, tho it's a funny thing, I'm not so keen about acting. It's the producing end of the business that appeals to me and someday I shall put away the grease paint and make big spectacles.

"George, are you sure that curtain works?" he asked of a passing assistant.

"Rolly," he called, to another, "ask that little man over there please to whiten his hair a bit at the sides, and you had better get a lorgnette for that stately queen in grey. Select a few of the

prettiest girls for the boxes but dont use that girl in the pink dress, her hair looks like a Zulu's.

"I've a great company," observed Larry. "Most of them have been with me four or five years and we're just chums working together. You must have harmony and be happy if you would make good comedy.

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Larry Semon is not only a comedian, he is author, director and chief boss of detail for all his productions. He is tremendously serious and most efficient. Above, a quizzical portrait of Larry; and below, the same!



# The Ruling Passion

By  
DONALD CALHOUN

JAMES ALDEN reached absently from a covert of newspapers for the ticker tape that was not there and uttered an exclamation which attracted the eagle eye of his wife to his locality. However, having been married for twenty years, she made no protest. By that time a wife begins to realize that for anything she can do or say, her husband will go on leaving his pajamas on the floor, scattering tooth powder cheerfully over the bathroom, singing hymns while he shaves and committing other husbandly sins to the end.

"Pepsin, dear!" she reminded him brightly, "you know the doctor says that at your age——"

"Damn my age," said James Alden bitterly, pushing back his chair and rising, "this retiring is the hardest work I ever did in my life! Perhaps I'm not so senile as you and Angie want to make me out — and that smart Alec of a doctor with his talk about thyroid glands. You make me feel as if all I lacked was a pair of silver handles and a floral anchor to make a successful funeral."

Mrs. Alden pursued her own trend of thought calmly. "Jim dear! No cigar! It's so bad for your nervous system. What you need is to learn to relax—Bahatism would be good for you. You have no idea what a restful religion it is——" she went on to speak of yogis and the All-Good and entering into the Silence, while her husband shoved the cigar savagely back into his pocket, looked at his watch, and drearily reckoned on the number of hours to be passed somehow before he could go to bed and temporarily forget that he was a retired business man enjoying a well-earned rest.

In the library he glanced over the market reports in the newspaper, but found them devoid of the old thrill. What has a ghost to do with Consolidated Copper or Amalgamated Rubber? His letters offered no diversion, being for the most part circulars suggesting Mediterranean trips *de luxe*, and other pleasing ways for a man to spend his time when he had no office to go to. When he opened a pamphlet advising him to buy Our Special Wheel Chair for Invalids and the Aged, James Alden hurled the entire batch of mail into the waste basket and looked at his watch again. Great Scott! Only twenty minutes had passed—and once the day had been far too short to do all that he had to do!

At fifty-nine James Alden, head of the Alden Motor Car Company found himself looking ahead to some twenty years of terrific inactivity, laid on the shelf, a velvet-covered, luxurious shelf, to be sure, but an uncomfortable perch for one who still felt as alert and vigorous as ever, except when his wife asked him tenderly whether he had had a good night, and his daughter's solicitude about draughts and footstools



seemed to say, "Poor old Dad! We must be good to him while we have him with us."

"I might go in for raising violets or pedigreed goldfish or something that wouldn't strain my enfeebled powers," he mused grimly, "well, what is it, Grayson?"

The butler spoke soothingly. "A gentleman to see you, sir, tho I wouldn't hardly call him a *gentleman*. But he said it was urgent business, sir. I told him I didn't think you could be disturbed."

James Alden brightened pathetically at the magic word "business," like an old fire horse at the smell of smoke. "Show him in at once." He greeted his visitor, a brisk young man in a belted-back suit so cordially, that he was abashed; Lesson I. in "Snappy Salesmanship" having been headed "How to Overcome the Hostility of the Prospect."

"Life insurance?" repeated Mr. Alden, when the object of the call became stammeringly apparent, "to hear my family talking, my boy, I'm a bad risk. Just tottering on the verge—they've made me put the management of my business in the hands of my partner and brought me out here to California to sit around waiting for the undertaker to finish the job."

The young man was sympathetic. "I wouldn't stand for it! No use dying till you're dead, and you look like a pretty live old horse to *me!*"

James Alden was grateful, even flattered at being called a live old horse. "But what can I do?" he asked, "my wife

Angie clung to him, shaken with mirth. "I won't tell mother," she reassured him, "but I suppose I ought to—for the sake of your poor dear glands and things"





The older man touched his arm, nodding toward a dilapidated barn directly across the road

would never——” a sigh completed the sentence. The young man nodded comprehendingly.

“Women are like that!” he agreed, “but you listen to me——”

And James Alden, multi-millionaire, former autocrat of industry, deposed king of finance, listened respectfully, humbly, to the suggestions of the young man in the belted-back suit. Ten minutes later his daughter Angie, passing along the

hall heard a sound which startled her. Pushing open the door, she surprised her father in the middle of a laugh. “Why Dads!” said Angie anxiously, “you look so—so different! Are you sure you’re all right? Dads!” she shook a stern finger, “you’re up to some mischief. ’Fess up—what are you going to do?”

Her father looked at her guiltily then, slowly he took a clipping from his pocket and handed it to her.

“Business Opportunities,” Angie read aloud, “Partner wanted with three thousand dollars to invest in fine garage, doing a splendid business.” She gazed at James Alden severely, wrinkling up her nose.

“I’m all worn out resting, Angie!” he pleaded, “a little bit more of this recuperating stuff would kill me. I’m going into the garage business—just to keep my hand in.” And he gazed at her defiantly like a small boy who has been told not to go in swimming and knows his hair is wet.

Angie gasped, then the corners of the mouth she had got from her father curled up and she clung to him, shaken with mirth. “I won’t tell Mother,” she reassured him, “tho I suppose I ought to—for the sake of your poor dear glands and things. But I’ll come around sometimes at noon and eat lunch with you out of your tin dinner pail!”

Two days later “John Grant,” half owner of what had been “Peterson’s Garage” stood in the doorway beside his partner Bill Merrick, a big, good-looking youngster whose shoulders made his work-shirt of jeans seem like some sort of uniform, gazing out dubiously at an absolutely deserted stretch of roadway.

“Queer,” said the older man thoughtfully, “yesterday when we closed the deal with Peterson, there was a steady procession of cars going by, and this morning we haven’t seen one.”

Merrick nodded. “I thought myself that that guy’s nose didn’t match his name! It curved the wrong way—still I don’t see how we’ve been stung, yet. The road is still here, isn’t it? And here comes a car now.”

With a creaking of gears, the automobile came to a stop. “One of my cylinders is missing,” the man at the wheel called, with the touching confidence every motorist seems to feel in a man in overalls with a monkey-wrench in his hands. The two partners stared blankly at one another.

“Do you know anything about automobiles?” Bill gasped hoarsely, “I don’t!”

John Grant regarded the smoking car. “If it happens to be an Alden motor I do, otherwise——” he shrugged his shoulders and walked confidently toward the car, followed by



Bill's admiring gaze. Some nerve the old chap had! A great old boy! A regular guy.

Luckily, it was an Alden motor. While he adjusted caps and cleaned valves, Grant opened up a conversation with his customer. "Not many cars out today! You're the first that's been along this morning."

The motorist scowled. "You can just bet I wouldn't have come along either if I had known the new road was open. Say——" he jerked his head toward the garage, "it's going to cut your business down a hundred per cent., isn't it? All the traffic will go the other way now. Why dont you start an ice business in Greenland, or try selling bathtubs to Bolsheviks or something really easy?"

When the humorous autoist had gone his way, the two partners looked at one another again. Merrick swallowed hard, "All I ask," he said earnestly, "is to see Peterson before I die! Every cent of money I had in the world is tied up in this garage. How about you, Mr. Grant? Anybody depending on you for support?"

The other nodded. "Yep! Wife and daughter." A vision flashed before his mental eyes of Mrs. Alden in lace peignoir propped among silken pillows eating alligator pears from a silver tray when he left home that morning, of Angie in smart English riding togs cantering down the avenue for her morning ride along the private bridle-path of the Alden estate. With difficulty he turned a chuckle into a cough and shook his head, "I dont know what my wife would say—if she knew——"

"Gee, that's tough!" Merrick cried with honest sympathy, "I can start over again, but you——"

His partner surveyed the ancient flivver which he had purchased the day before to drive to work in, "Oh, I dont know," he said dryly, "we're still hitting on all four cylinders, eh, Henry? We may have lost some of our paint, and look a bit battered, but we still *go*, and that's the main thing!"

"Say, Dad!" Merrick cried, holding out his hand, "you're all right! And we're still partners! If I find a good chance to buy a nice lot of gold bricks cheap, I'll let you know!"

There was oil and several other substances upon the big paw he held out but James Alden had never gripped a white, carefully manicured hand with more cordiality. "And now," said he when these formalities were thru, "let's drive over to the new road and take a look around, Bill!"

His blood was flowing with its old tingle thru his slandered arteries, which that fool of a doctor had assured Mrs. Alden were hardening. The prospect of a fight filled him with delirious joy. This was living! He thought with loathing of the peaceful library at home, with the books and magazines

which were like looking at life from behind a window. Pooh! He didn't believe he *had* any thyroid gland!

Just around the corner on the newly opened state road, Merrick arose from his seat beside his partner and, without the formality of opening the side door, leaped into the road in front of a square white stucco building labeled in huge letters "Peterson's Garage." The small, Semitic looking man in the doorway drew back in alarm before his advance, "Now, now, now!" he quavered, "dont be foolish! You didn't ask me why I was selling oud, aint it? You should touch me I have you arrested for insult and battery, arson and breach of promise!"

"Come away, Bill!" Alden called, "I know a better way than that!"

Reluctantly Bill obeyed. "I wasn't going to *hurt* him," he said longingly, "but I wouldn't have done him any *good* either. Say, there's some men so mean that they'd ought to take off their hats to a skunk!"

The older man touched his arm, nodding toward a dilapidated barn directly across the road. "If anyone was to buy that place and build a garage in *opposition*——"

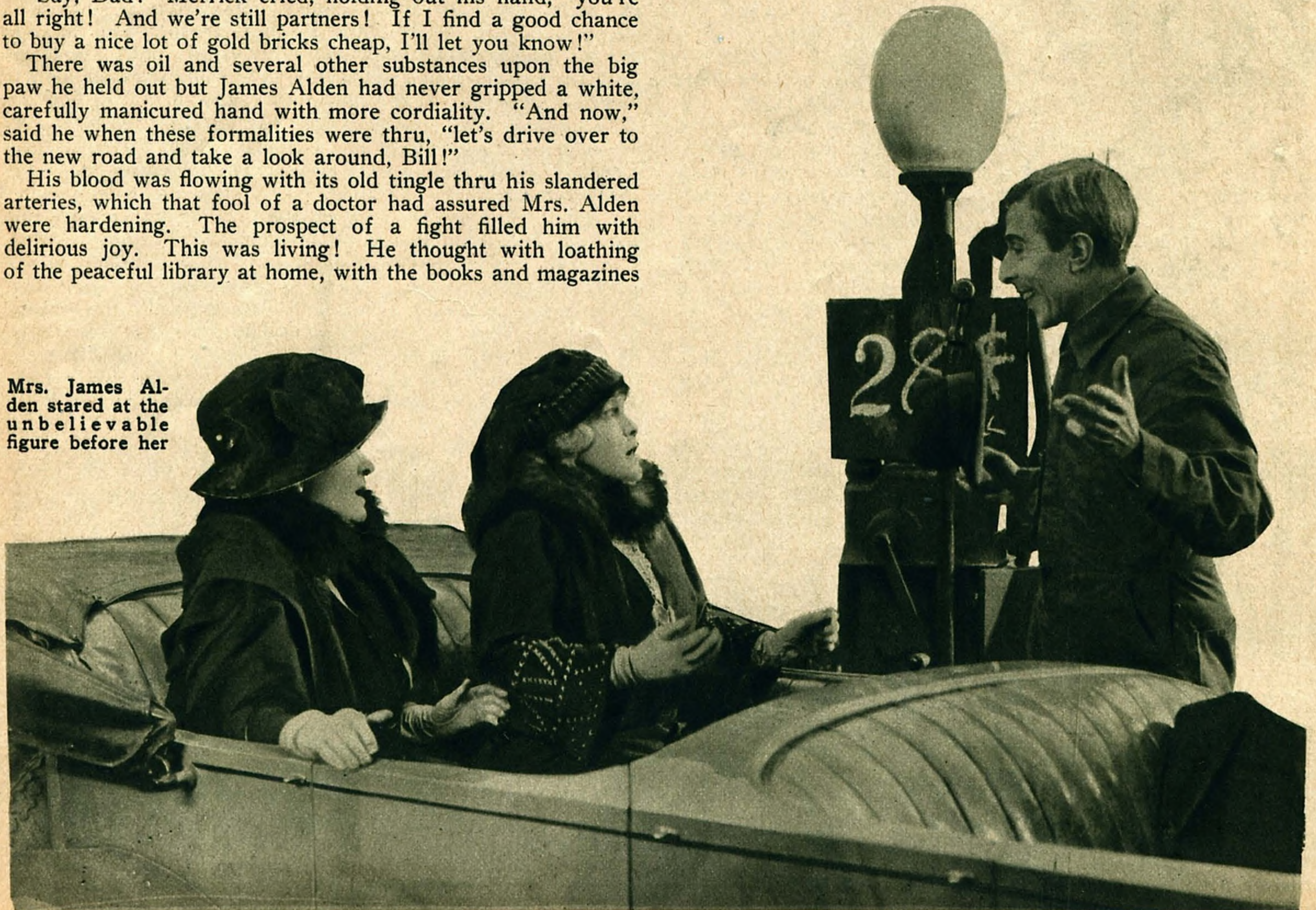
Dazedly, Merrick followed him about the building, listening to his partner's explanations and plans, while the owner of the premises regarded them stolidly and chewed a wisp of hay. Stucco on the outside, a new cement floor, partition off the harness room for an accessory station——

"I'd jest as soon sell it," the farmer admitted, "That thar gas tank of his'n is too near my water pump and afore you know it, my customers 'll be complaining that their milk tastes of gasoline!"

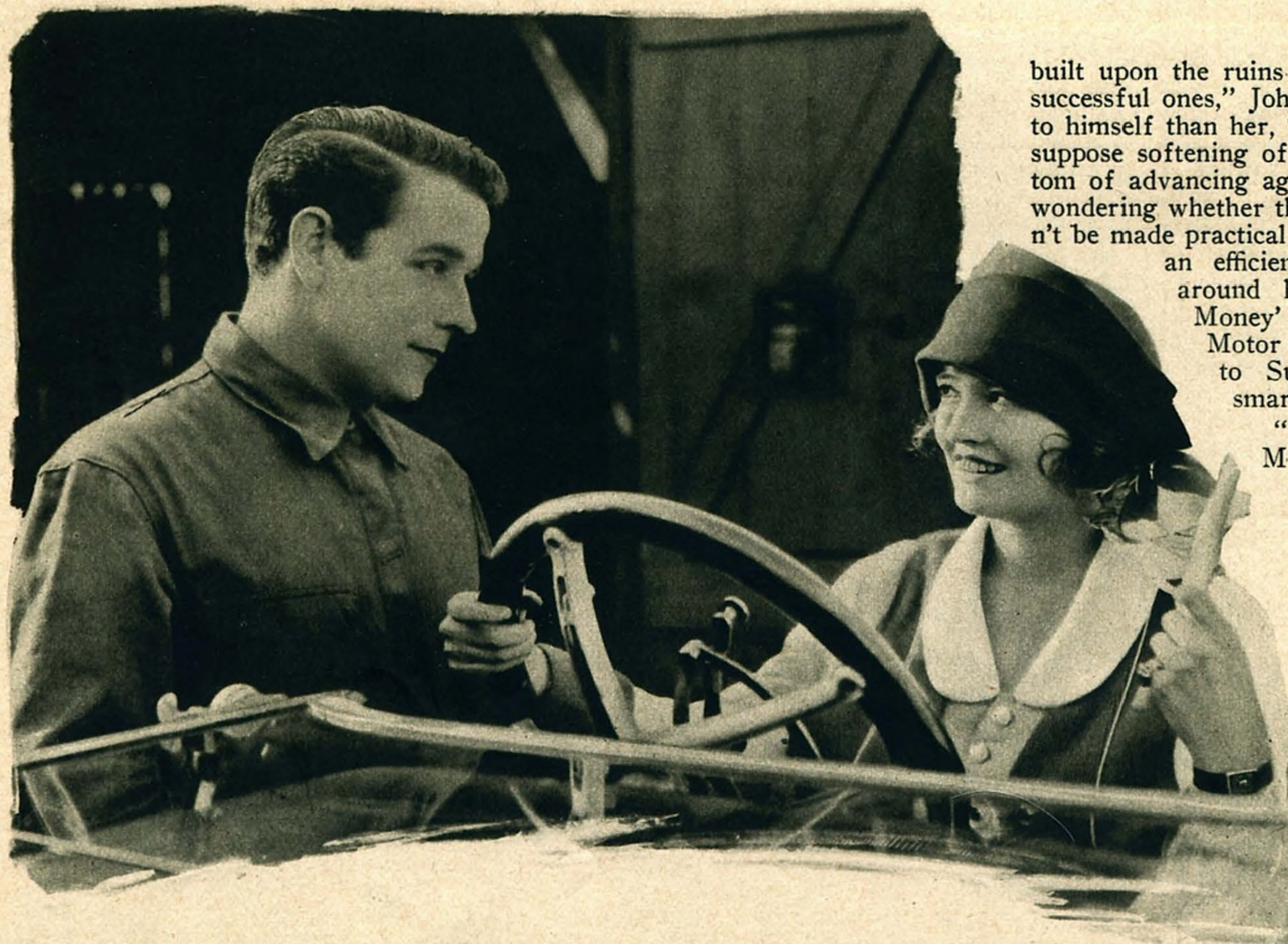
"But how——" protested Merrick, "who—where——"

John Grant, laughed excitedly. "I told you this morning I knew the Alden motor. Well you see, I—I used to work for Mr. Alden the millionaire and I've got a little money laid away."

Mrs. James Alden stared at the unbelievable figure before her







built upon the ruins of a good many unsuccessful ones," John Alden mused, more to himself than her, "but I don't know! I suppose softening of the heart is a symptom of advancing age but lately I've been wondering whether the Golden Rule couldn't be made practical like those other rules an efficient manager tacks up around his office — 'Time is Money' and 'There are No Motor Buses Along the Road to Success,' and all that smarty stuff——"

"No business talk," Mrs. Alden reproved coyly, "you should be thankful you're done with all that, James, and have time to enjoy life a little."

In theory, James Alden was learning to play golf. In reality he was working harder than he had ever worked in his life, putting the genius that had won millions into making a success of a struggling little

Feeling as tho he had been ordered to take an entire German battery single handed, Bill went out to the car

"But I can't let you risk it!" the boy cried, "think of your family! Besides it wouldn't be fair unless I could put my share in, too!"

James Alden's heart warmed to this youngster with his sturdy sense of fair play, his unbusiness like honesty, his swift young sympathy. In his forty years business experience he had not found many who asked the question, "What can I give." It was usually a matter of "what will I get?" "Don't you worry, boy!" he said gently, "you'll donate your youth to the business, and that's worth more than any amount of money——" a shadow crept over his face, his tone brooded, "than any amount of money," he repeated wistfully.

"I told you that all you needed was a rest, James," Mrs. Alden said with satisfaction, "you have been looking better these last few weeks than I have seen you for years."

Her husband glanced across the table at Angie and carefully winked the eye farthest from his wife. "I'm feeling fit," he admitted guilelessly, "very fit. I think that my arteries are—er—softening and my brain is—ah—hardening every day."

Angie choked into her soup and cast him a reproachful glance.

"Oh, Dads," she said innocently, "do you know I've found the nicest garage on the New State Road! It's run by a man named 'Grant,' an old dear, who wears the quaintest straw hat and overalls, and what do you think? He sells gasoline five cents under the regular price so as to draw the trade from the garage across the road. As a business man yourself, do you think that's good business?" She gazed at him with saucer-like blue eyes, impossibly naïve as a stage ingénue.

"A successful business is

garage. As he sat in his library after dinner, a handsome, elegant figure in his wondrously tailored dress suit he was thinking of his absurd little business with laugh-wrinkles about eyes that were very tender, like a parent glorying in his youngest child.

"That boy, Merrick, is a fine chap!" Alden thought, "he works hard, fights clean, talks without shilly-shallying, and thinks straight. Been trying to persuade me not to undersell Peterson because it isn't square—and yet they say the war hurt our boys! From Alice's standpoint Bill is 'impossible,' and yet he's clean and strong and well-educated; she'd say he didn't own anything—but when you come right down to it the world belongs to him, and not to us older ones, no matter how many square inches of its surface we've managed to accumulate!" The ringing of the front doorbell brought a scowl to his bushy brows. Probably that ass of a Carter Andrews, whose heaviest form of labor was brushing his own teeth. He used perfume, smoked scented cigarets and was Mrs. Alden's candidate for son-in-law.

"When they were handing out brains, Carter must have been somewhere else!" Alden reflected disgustedly. "If Angie could only meet a real man—like Bill Merrick, for instance. I suppose I'm a fool, but one of the perquisites of a fool is to rush in where angels are afraid to park——"

As tho in answer to his thoughts, his daughter's special tap sounded on the door and Angie appeared, a gloriously pretty Angie with mysterious eyes and divinely foolish blushes, and lips that smiled bewilderingly.

"There's someone to see you, Dads," she said a little breathlessly, "he says—he says his name is Bill," she uttered the name with a sort of amaze at its surpassing beauty, its strange unusualness.

#### THE RULING PASSION

Fictionized by permission from the United Artists Corporation's release of the Distinctive Productions, Inc., offering of the story by Earl Derr Biggers in the *Saturday Evening Post*. Scenario by Forrest Halsey. Directed by Harmon Weight and starring George Arliss. The cast:

James Alden.....George Arliss  
 Angie .....Doris Kenyon  
 Bill Merrick.....Edward J. Burns  
 Mrs. Alden.....Ida Darling  
 Peterson .....J. W. Johnston  
 Carter Andrews.....Ernest Hillard  
 Al .....Harold Waldrige  
 Dr. Stillings.....Brian Darley



James Alden looked guilty. "Did Bill say what he wanted?" he asked, and then, with Machiavellian cunning, "go ask him. Find out everything!"

It was fully ten minutes before she appeared again, more beautiful than before, shyer, more enchanting and enchanted. "Bill says he wants to see you about a man who used to work for you, a man named John Grant," she clapped her hands gleefully, "he is very much worried about John Grant; he is afraid he is going to lose his savings of a lifetime, and he has a wife and daughter depending on him, too! He wants you to see John Grant and reason with him, advise him to sell his garage. He thinks you might have some influence with John Grant!"

They looked at each other like delightful conspirators. "The plot," said James Alden happily, "deepens—or thickens, or whatever it is that plots do. Tell Bill that Mr. Alden refuses absolutely to have anything to do with the matter. But I think——" and he looked carefully away from her, "I think it is not necessary for Mr. Alden's daughter to be too severe with Bill, do you?"

Merrick was silent and tight-lipped the next morning, and his partner presently asked the cause. For a moment the boy made no reply, then in a burst of young despair it was out. Last night he had seen a girl—"the only woman I shall ever want to marry if I live to be a hundred," Bill declared tragically, "and she's the daughter of that millionaire we were talking about, Alden! Can you beat it? I ask you, for pure cussedness of Fate, can you beat it! A fellow running a gasoline bar having the nerve to fall in love with an heiress!"

"Oh, I don't know," said the old man mildly, "aren't heiresses fall-in-lovable like any other nice girls? In the movies——"

"Damn the movies!" said Merrick, looking away darkly, "I shall never see her again! I shall nev——"

Without finishing his remark, Bill bolted out of the door, and his partner moving to the window saw him talking to an exceedingly pretty young woman in an not entirely unfamiliar canary-colored runabout. Looking at the two young people, James Alden's eyes grew misty and he wiped them vigorously on a piece of waste. "Second-childhood!" he derided himself, "senile decay!" For the first time he felt old. "I wonder——" he reflected whimsically, "whether it would be legal to leave a daughter to someone in your will?"

The canary-colored roadster shot away. Bill Merrick re-entered the garage holding an envelope. "She's an angel!" He handed his partner the envelope, "I—well last night I told her about you, and how you had put all your savings into this place and she's sent you a present—not for you, but for your wife and daughter——"

"John Grant" read the note, looked at the amazing figure on the corner of the enclosed bill, and

**They heard her high voice and a deep one speaking with long pauses between**

returned them to Merrick, "No, no, I can't take it! You must carry it back to her this evening——"

A squeaking of brakes at the gasoline pump brought him hurrying out of the garage to find a stoutish, charmingly dressed lady in the front seat of a French-grey sedan. Pulling his wide brimmed straw hat over his eyes, "John Grant" filled the tank, and took the bill she tendered him. "Keep the change, my good man!" said the lady graciously.

"Thank you, Alice!" said the man in oil-streaked overalls cheerfully.

*(Continued on page 76)*





# A Georgian Episode

Photographs by Abbe



**W**HEN you observe Erich von Stroheim's "Foolish Wives," you will understand why we went out of our way—in the very midst of a late winter blizzard—to interview Maude George in New York. For Miss George is one of the two intriguing Monte Carlo adventuresses of the von Stroheim epic.

**There is nothing of undue affectation about Miss George. She is very business-like. She doesn't mention her art. She admits she is just a hard working player**

When you note her—white wigged and very, very ritz-y—breakfasting with her fair confrère in crime on the marble balcony of a palace overlooking the Mediterranean, you will get what we mean.

Anyway, we were so impressed that we contributed a new umbrella and the temper of a taxi driver to the cause and the blizzard, not to mention our own tropic disposition, which abhors sleet, snow and kindred uncouth weather manifestations.

It was a far cry from the aforementioned sunny balcony overlooking the also aforementioned Mediterranean to a reading room of the Hotel Biltmore overlooking a street piled high with snow, but we accomplished the step—altho not without a sigh.

There is nothing of undue affectation about Miss George. She is very business-like. But then we have always found screen sirens to be more or less business-like. We have but one illusion left—Pola Negri. If she turns out to be sane and matter of fact; well, we will discard interviewing permanently.

But to return to Miss George. Of course, her interest frankly was centered in the von Stroheim production. Her talk ran to "Mr. Von," as the director is known to his own company, and his activities.

Like all femininity in conflict with "Mr. Von," she thinks the director quite fascinating.





By

JAMESON  
SEWELL

His methods? He works slowly (Universal City papers please copy), but he requires quick thinking from his players. That is, "Mr. Von" develops his story slowly but he likes to depend upon his players to grasp his ideas almost before he outlines them. Even more does he admire a mind that senses his ideas before he speaks them.

Then, too, Miss George thinks it hardly fair to judge "Mr. Von" by the slowness with which he completed "Foolish Wives." He had encountered singular handicaps. One big handicap came when he was delayed in starting north to the seacoast location where some of the Monte Carlo exteriors were built. The foggy season then set in and it was almost impossible to shoot a scene for days at a time. "A beautiful clear morning would lure us out," says Miss George, "and, just as the cameras were set up, a fog would sweep in from the sea. In a few moments you couldn't see ten feet. This lasted for many weeks.

"There were other handicaps. One of them was the death of Rudolph Christians in the midst of the picture. 'Mr. Von' had luckily shot all the important scenes, but he lacked close-ups. Good fortune favored him again. He found an old Christians picture that had not been released and the close-ups dovetailed into 'Foolish Wives' almost as if they had been made for the story."

Miss George believes "Mr. Von" is a great director. She hopes to appear in his next picture, whatever it may be. Since "Foolish Wives," she has played in the Fox-Emmett Flynn version of "Monte Cristo." "It took some seven weeks to shoot 'Monte Cristo,'" said Miss George. "You can imagine my surprise after spending over a year on 'Foolish Wives.' And when, two weeks later, I saw the complete version cut



and projected, I could hardly believe my eyes." Miss George sighed, "I suppose you call that system."

We gathered that Miss George doesn't believe completely that art can be harnessed to a time clock. Besides she is a "Mr. Von" devotee.

Miss George came East not only to attend the "Foolish Wives" première, but to desert temporarily motion pictures. She is going into vaudeville in a dramatic sketch, "The Card Case," by William Hurlbut.

It will not be Miss George's first vaudeville experience. Indeed, her stage career prior to invading the movies was largely

(Continued on page 86)

Miss George's home and interests are centered in Los Angeles. Her hopes are wrapped up in the world of the celluloid play. A new study of Miss George's Slavic beauty, by Abbe



# On One Named Phyllis

The moment of embarrassment: twining hands pale against the blue satin rustle of skirts. The hideous commonplaceness of a publicity office—the Mack Sennett office, but ungainly as the rest. Embarrassment and delicious downcast eyes, veiling lashes against a soft whiteness. Moist red lips. And in a swift second of adventure the grey-blue of curious shy eyes. She breathed, "How do you do?"

We were left together. The twining hands in her lap. A blonde wisp, like the color of honey, curling flagrantly from beneath her small toque. White teeth worrying a ripe mouth. The quality of yielding, *jeunesse des sens*.

The charm of Phyllis, then, is something impalpable, a fragrance rather than a fact. Facts are precise, cold, quite hard. Phyllis is none of these. She is—I have said it—enveloping.

Am I maudlin? Well, why not? If you infer intoxication—that is Phyllis.

She is of those immortal three—Marie Prevost, Harriet Hammond and Phyllis Haver—who firmly and forever placed America at the head of The Leg of Nations, the only one remaining under the original Sennett banner. They were

too successful. They were imitated—and in pictures imitation is the deadliest form of flattery. Ambitious producers, in their efforts to rival Sennett, entered innumerable "beauties" in the race against the Immortal Three. These beauties managed, we might say, to outstrip the Three, but there they fell down. They tried to emulate the festive Archimedes—or was it Euclid?—and square the circle. Where the Immortal Three had revealed a curve, there Pharisees exposed an angle. In disgust Marie Prevost fled to stardom with Universal, Harriet Hammond to leading dramatic rôles, and Phyllis turned to cotton stockings and gingham gowns. Strike up the dirge!

Phyllis by this time has regained her breath. Beneath my suave villainies of speech she has melted slowly, enough to confide her secret! She is about to make six pictures with Ben Turpin! Mabel Normand, that gifted giver of gifts, has sent in a Christmas present—this interview takes place between Christmas and New Year's Day—of an exquisite old-fashioned china lady in elongated hoop skirts whose further business in life will be that of straddling the vulgar mouth-piece of a telephone. Phyllis is ecstatic over it.



Photograph by W. F. Seely, L. A.



The charm of Phyllis Haver is something impalpable, a fragrance rather than a fact. Facts are cold, precise, hard. Phyllis is none of these

**H**OW to give you Phyllis Haver?

How to give you the fragrance of snow-flakes falling warmly, in a soft enveloping?

My attempt is as ridiculous as that. But that is something of Phyllis. The laughter of her,

the slim body of her, the twining hands, the soft enveloping.

The twining hands. They cling, like white flakes melting, to the memory of her. They *are* the memory of her.

What did she say? It does not matter. What have you, being young, twenty scarcely, beautiful with a soft laughing beauty, slim and white—what have you to say that matters? Nothing. Do you say something, the beauty of you repudiates it, smothers it, exquisitely, in perfection.

There were three moods. The moment of embarrassment, the beginning. The moment of reassurance, the unbending. The moment of self-unawareness, the revelation and the end. Three moods.



By  
J. MARION LAKE

"Oh!" she breathes to the messenger, "tell Mabel I just love her to death! Isn't it the *sweetest* thing? The *loveliest*! Oh! The *darlingest*!"

With each adjective she turns to me. With each adjective I grin at her and mutter in approved California, "Y'betcha!" I remember the day Mabel gave me a quart of—but why disturb the dead? The only thing that matters is that Mabel is Hollywood's prodigal at giving.

Phyllis turned to me again.

"I was in the hospital for seven weeks, but every day I was there Mabel sent me flowers. And this adorable thing. And, oh, yes, I must write out my name because she wants to have my signature embroidered on some handkerchiefs."

Little publicity has been given the fact of Phyllis' illness, but it was a severe one, that for a time threatened a sad end indeed. But prompt measures, and very painful ones Phyllis says, finally brought her round. The innate health of her that is the foundation of all her famous beauty has lifted her quickly back to old time form. Even, she is more charming than before. I had interviewed her, oh, long since and she had stunned me with her flagrant blondness and dashing figure—and confined her confidences strictly to Yea's and Nay's. But now there was animation, a hint—or do I deceive myself—of the coquette, the zest and piquancy of a mind alert and buoyant. On second thought, she is delightful.

She is rather tall, Phyllis, a lithe



Photographs by Edwin Bower Hesser

What have you, being young, scarcely twenty, beautiful with a soft laughing beauty, slim and white—what have you to say that matters? Nothing. Do you say something, the beauty of you repudiates it, smothers it, exquisitely, in perfection

creature of sweeping lines and svelte curves, of sparkle when the mood inclines her, or of complete passivity. In enthusiastic moments she becomes an alluring exclamation, a breathless laugh, an ecstatic handclasp.

It is the more amazing, then, that she should have taken up with such gusto and verve the type of rôle made famous by Louise Fazenda, that of the awkward naïve drudge. She brings to it less vigor and verisimilitude, perhaps, but certainly she has proven a definite knack for awakening laughter. In Louise Fazenda lies that great depth of pathos, that proves the divine fire in comediennes and comedians. Chaplin has it, Jackie Coogan has it. Phyllis' aptitude lies more in the ability to turn a situation to keen advantage. She will alternate the slavery type with work in straight rôles, so that we shall not be denied her charm of person altogether.

Amazement for you!—Phyllis drives a Ford! Tradition has built up a legend about the Mack Sennett Studio and the inhabitants thereof, of Stutz Bearcats and low-slung speedsters. But

Phyllis drives a Ford. I know, because she took me home in it after the

operatio—  
(Cont'd on  
page 94)



# The Celluloid Critic

**T**HE long-evolving "million dollar movie" written and directed by Erich von Stroheim, "Foolish Wives" (Universal), has reached Broadway at last. Its reception was an interesting commentary upon our modes and manners, for von Stroheim, of the Junker physiognomy, was accused of everything from arch treason to studied insolence before all things American. That is, he was accused of all save one thing: demonstrating a superb directorial technique. We feel sure that von Stroheim will forgive us for adding this accusation to the others.

"Foolish Wives" has moments—indeed, whole stretches—of greatness. It is not for the provincial or the prude. Von Stroheim has taken the one real theme of life—sex—and played upon it with Continental discernment and, let us say, abandon. Where the Pollyanna American viewpoint dresses up sex in tinsel and spangles, von Stroheim looks upon it with the worldly and half cynical, half humorous Viennese viewpoint of a Schnitzler. Briefly, where we love to dress our sex illusions in Santa Claus whiskers, von Stroheim sees only the stocking at the fireplace.

We have said that "Foolish Wives" is not for the prude. For instance, we can imagine with what chuckles of unalloyed satisfaction the New York state board of censors dived into it with eyes and shears a gleam.

Von Stroheim built his story around a renegade Russian count, Sergius Karamzin, who can most happily be described as living by his wits. Together with two pretty adventuresses, he occupies a cozy palace overlooking Monte Carlo and the Mediterranean. With a quiet little gambling rival to the famous Casino in full swing, Karamzin finds time to devote himself to the chase—with women as the hunted. Karamzin is not the connoisseur, for he takes all comers, from serving maids to half-witted peasant girls.

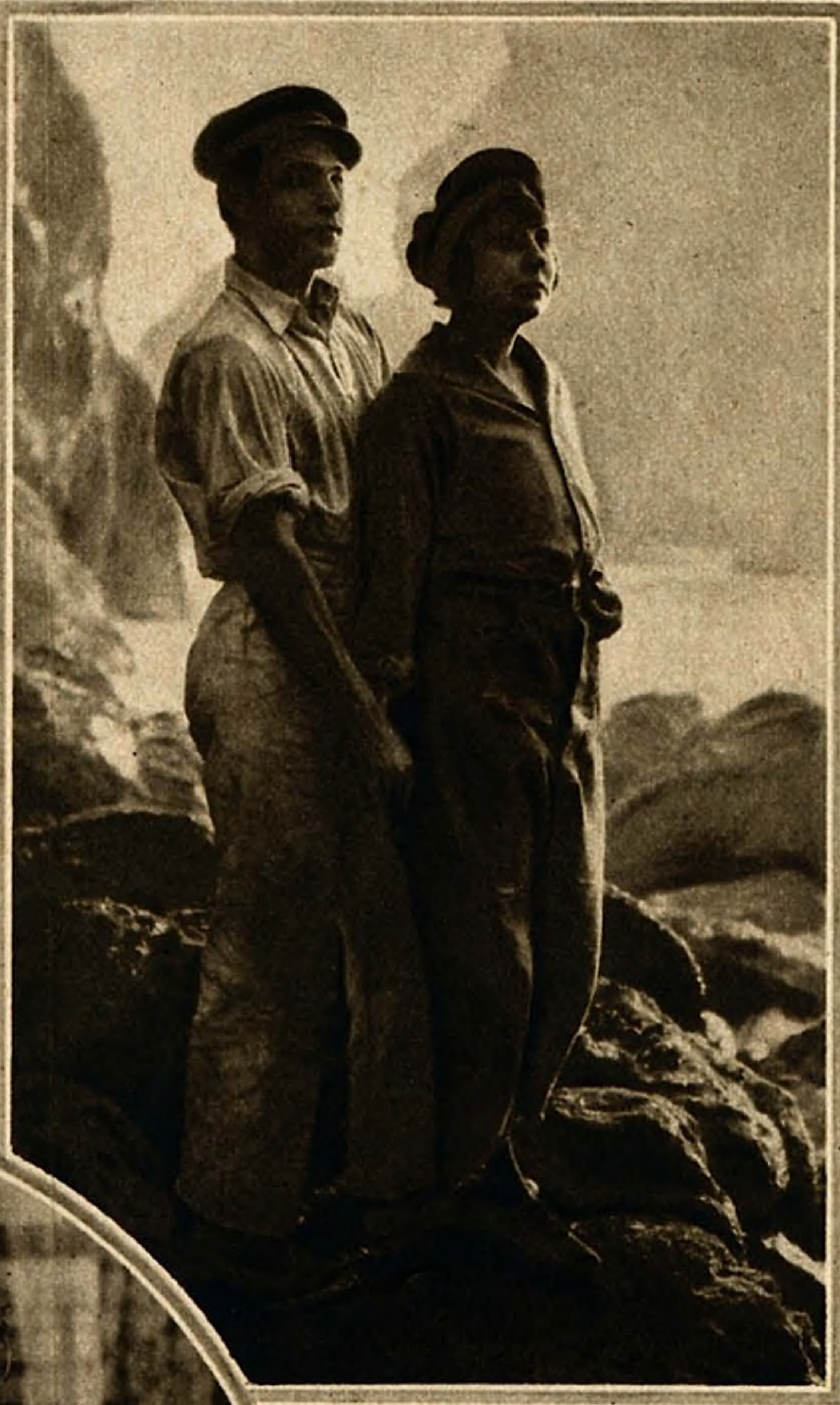
The wife of an American envoy falls within his wiles, and the Russian almost sweeps her from her feet when fate circumvents in the hands of the aforementioned maddened servant maid. The woman sets fire to the castle, with the count and the "foolish wife" locked in a lonely tower-room. Here von Stroheim works to a thrilling climax as the flames lick their way up the winding tower steps and force the prisoners to a tiny balcony high above the ground.

The firemen stretch a net and the count—master egotist first and last—adjusts his monocle and leaps to safety. A second later the foolish wife half falls, half jumps to the rescuing net. Here von Stroheim might have ended his theme, but he went onward to show the ultimate fate of the dissolute Russian.

The end comes when, on the eve of a duel with the American envoy and with an empty evening on his hands, he climbs into the bedroom of a half-witted peasant girl. Awakened by the girl's cries, the father kills Karamzin and—here is a grim touch—drops his



Top, Betty Compson in "The Law and the Woman," which affords her few opportunities and is merely a melodrama with one theatrical moment. Center, Rudolph Valentino and Dorothy Dalton in "Moran of the Lady Letty," in which Miss Dalton reveals a new personality. Below, Jack Mower and Leatrice Joy as the mismatched lovers in Cecil de Mille's "Saturday Night"





# The Newest Photoplays in Review

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

body thru a street sewer man-hole. A dead black cat, reposing hard by, is tossed into the darkness after the degenerate. Thus ends the tale.

Von Stroheim both wrote and directed the opus. Badly constructed at best, it is apparent that he lost all grip and perspective as the production progressed. The result is a story which collapses in its last hour, as shown in its original fourteen-reel form at the New York premiere. The theme completely spluttered and fizzled out.

Yet there are—as we have intimated, even in the face of being declared un-American—many marvelous moments. No one in this country has directed scenes to compare with his expansive shots of throbbing Continental life on the Monte Carlo boulevards and terraces. The vitality of actuality is captured, for the handling of the ensembles is touched with genius. And—in the intimate scenes—von Stroheim imbues his action and characters with subtlety and suggestion as keen as a Damascus blade. The flash of intrigue, the flame of passion and the criss-cross shadings of thought are all there.

Von Stroheim has apparently never been popular with the "100 per cent Americans" of our photoplay. These folk went to "Foolish Wives" seeking something—and they professed to find it in the way von Stroheim presents Karamzin as shrewdly winning the foolish wife away from her American husband and also (here is the deadly count against the director), in the way he paints the envoy as a sort of good-natured boob. Knowing the calibre of some of our American representatives abroad, we found nothing but realism in this. But the parlor patriots, who recently were weeping over the subtle propaganda of the Pola Negri photoplays, call it "studied insolence."

All of which we dismiss as absurd stuff to frighten naughty children. We know some of the limitations under which von Stroheim worked and we congratulate him upon proving—in an unqualified way—that he is one of the rare cinema elect. At the same time, let us declare ourselves as against the waste of money on huge extra reel spectacles. Also, that we fully realize that von Stroheim lost his story and, in a large measure, failed with "Foolish Wives." Which is but another proof that one cannot do all things well. Von Stroheim should let some one else write his stories. Imagine, for instance, what he could do with the "The Affairs of Anatol." The Cecil de Mille drivel would fade into nothingness. But von Stroheim needs a strong leash. Right here we predict that this man will do more things of fine worth. If he does not, then the photoplay is the loser.

We have stepped from the narrow path of criticism. To return to "Foolish Wives." Von Stroheim himself gives an almost uncanny performance of Karamzin—dissolute, dapper, monocled, a reckless player with passion,

(Continued on page 87)



Top, Erich von Stroheim as the dissolute Count Karamzin and Dale Fuller as the serving maid in von Stroheim's "Foolish Wives," in many ways a brilliant production. For one thing, von Stroheim demonstrates a superb directorial technique. Left, Madge Bellamy in Thomas Ince's unreal and theatrical "Hail the Woman." Below, Mildred Harris in Mr. de Mille's ornate "Fool's Paradise"







# The Valentino Kiss

It is not really such a long-distance affair as the close-ups of Rudolph and Gloria would seem to indicate. Byron says—and he should know—something about a kiss's strength being reckoned by its length. But what's the use? Now-a-days it is limited to ten feet!





# Double Exposures

Conducted by F. J. S.

OUR parlor patriots — who fought so valiantly in the trenches at 42nd Street and Broadway to make the world safe for democracy — have been getting themselves all wrought up over what they deem the sly un-Americanism of Erich von Stroheim's "Foolish Wives."

Are we always to be bound by boobery and provincialism? Can't the photoplay be something besides a pale Pollyanna echo of life? Even our patriots must admit that all things American aren't perfect. Glance thru any newspaper and you will find decided instances of un-American journalistic reporting of actual instances of senators floating into our sacred Congress via the money route, of our foreign "diplomats" making embarrassing and undiplomatic statements, and of general bribery, bigotry, corruption and crime seeping its way thru our daily life. Not that we think America a bad place to live in. We like it, even tho we do not see it thru rose-hued spectacles.

All this is perhaps beside the point. What we really wish to say is that, when von Stroheim paints the American envoy of his story as something of a good-natured boob, yet a human sort of husband, understanding life in his own tolerant way, we can find nothing offensive in it.

Then, too, the critics pounded von Stroheim for the Continental daring of his story. Which, of course, isn't worth answering. We can only chuckle at the trade-paper editor who furiously termed von Stroheim a "sassy Prussian" and suggested that Carl Laemmle, president of Universal, "step on him and squash him." We fear it will take a pretty big person to do this to von Stroheim. Anyone who can achieve the brilliance of direction von Stroheim achieves in parts of "Foolish Wives" can not be stepped upon by anyone now upon our film horizon.

Meanwhile, the tirade of false patriotism which pursued the Pola

last month by selecting, as the three most beautiful women in the world, the Queen of England, Mrs. Warren G. Harding, and a Pittsburg scrub woman. Until Mr. Griffith produces the scrub lady we refuse to commit ourselves further than a vigorous "Tut! Tut!"

## OUR FAVORITE SCREEN MOMENT OF THE MONTH

Erich von Stroheim's you-just-know-she-wears-'em interest while stalking his prey in "Foolish Wives."

Ernest Lubitsch decided to go back to Germany after three weeks in America. Perhaps his discovery that his "Pharaoh's Wife" is to be released over here as "The Loves of Pharaoh" had something to do with it. Nothing like jazzing up history.

Speaking of imported pictures, reminds us to inquire why Famous Players-Lasky release old and antique Pola Negri pictures, made in the dark dim past. Here is the one big potential figure in the whole film world being hurt for mere momentary gain. We are somehow reminded of the goose that laid the golden egg and said goose's master.

## PAGE THE PATRIOTS

It may interest our parlor patriots to know that "Le Cabinet du Docteur Caligari" is just now a Paris success. But then the French do not seem nearly so embittered as our dear "100 per centers."

We note that Metro is advertising "Turn to the Right" as that brilliant success of jam and regeneration. Which opens up a field of publicity. Why not hits of pie and propriety? Or mortar and morality?



Mildred Davis and Harold Lloyd  
Courtesy of Harold Lloyd and Pathé

## Corresponding Devotion

By ALLENE GATES

Colin spends a whole day  
In just reading her letter!  
(That is often love's way,  
Thus to spend a whole day.)  
Truth compels me to say,  
If her writing were better,  
He'd not spend a whole day  
In just reading her letter!

(Fifty-one)

Negri pictures a few months ago will probably follow von Stroheim for a while. Yet we were under the impression that the war was over.

We hear that Griffith is contemplating a film life of Christ. We doubt the rumor. How is he going to utilize his famous ride to the rescue with any sort of success?

By the way, Griffith won a lot of publicity

## Props

By EDGAR DANIEL KRAMER

Dear Phyllis, tho you're ignorant  
Of very many things,  
And all your conversation is  
Of dances, gowns and rings,  
I change my mind completely  
When I see you in your show—  
For your perfect understanding  
Is what really makes it go.



# The Secret Sorrow

By  
ELIZABETH PELTRET



Photographs (above and below) by Spurr, L. A.

Warner Baxter is well above medium height, with dark, far-set eyes, a frank hearty smile, a little hint of humor lurking most of the time around the corners of his mouth, a hearty hand-clasp, and a quick, easy walk



THE life of a leading man is popularly supposed to be made up of sunshine and romance against the background of a secret sorrow.

There are many deep psychological reasons for this which will not be recounted here. Suffice it to say that the public has a way of being right—sometimes. Most actors and nearly all other people have more or less sorrows. And sometimes this sorrow is caused by the failure of the sunshine and the romance to be all that is expected of them.

For instance, there's Warner Baxter.

His sorrow is rather less than more, but he makes up for it by having a couple of them. One is that he has only one automobile, no chauffeur, and neither his mother nor his wife know how to drive. This is a sorrow worthy the name. Think what it must be like to have the director of the picture you are working on tell you that he won't need you for a whole day, only to find that your wife's director has asked her to be at the Mack Sennett studio at eight o'clock in the morning and she must go shopping in the afternoon, whilst, between times, your mother wants you to drive her to call on some friends in the Palisades district of Santa Monica!

This appears to be his only regret—this,



and one other. He wants to be cast for the breezy, all-American type of young man in a light comedy drama. So far, he has appeared in rather heavy, emotional leads, which he feels are not so well suited to him.

Warner Baxter is well above medium height, with dark, far-set eyes, a frank, hearty smile, a little hint of humor lurking most of the time around the corners of his mouth or  
(Continued on page 95)





Photograph by Maurice Goldberg

### MAID OF CHINA

"For ways that are dark, and tricks that are vain, the heathen Chinese is peculiar." You wouldn't think, to look at Ann Cornwall, of anything but plaintive sweetness. You'd never guess she was plotting a nefarious theft. Well, look out! The next time you see her you'll lose your heart



# The Green Temptation

By  
PATRICIA DOYLE

*Novelized from the photoplay produced by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, based on the story, "The Noose," by Constance Lindsay Skinner. Copyright by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. All rights reserved.*

Gaspard handled them lovingly, greedily, piece by piece, as a miser fondles his gold. "Pretty little dears," he said smugly, addressing the jewels, and then turning to the sullen young apache who had risked his neck to get them, "You have done well, Guillot. For this night's work you shall have this pretty bauble. Here——" He picked reluctantly thru the pile and tossed a slender string of pearls carelessly in the youth's direction. Guillot caught it adroitly and withdrew, his face wreathed in smiles.

Genelle pushed the shining heap aside with a disdainful hand. A strange unholy glitter shone in her eyes. "Rubbish," she said, and curled her lips in scorn. "Listen, Gaspard, Pitou, next week Coralyn dances for my lady, Madame la Duchesse de Chazarin—at her home. There will be many jewels, richer far than these, but that will not matter to Genelle. Madame will wear her famous emerald, the Maharanee's emerald, set in its priceless chain. For you, Genelle will steal the Maharanee's emerald! For love of a daring deed, Genelle will get the emerald."

"Good, good," cried Gaspard, his eyes aflame, but Pitou was seen to cross himself hastily.

"The noose!" he muttered. "It brings bad luck to a thief. Better let it go."

"Never!" retorted Genelle, the lust for danger transfixing her vivid little face. "This is what we shall do, Gaspard, you and I. In the exact center of the grand ballroom of la Duchesse is a——"

Three slow raps on the dirt-incrusted window pane in the center of the door at the back of the room sud-

denly arrested this exciting conversation. The signal! "See who it is, Pitou," said Gaspard sharply, gathering up the jewels and sweeping them into a soiled leather pouch, which he hung around his neck on a cord, and thrust into the front of his faded blouse. The metallic glitter died out of his eyes. Miraculously his expression changed. He resembled nothing more than a respectable laboring man, having his bit of relaxation after a hard day's work.

"Monsieur Allenby with a letter from Galette of London," announced Pitou, returning.

"Galette, h-m-m, bring him back to the little room. The rest of you stay out here. Yes, you too, Genelle."

Genelle shrugged her shoulders, but stayed. She would like to have gone back in the little room. Allenby was the name of the handsome Englishman who had come with the



**C**ORALYN, première danseuse of the Opera Comique, the toast of the boulevards, idol of Paris, pushed with a delicate and perfectly manicured pink finger tip, the electric button in the elaborately paneled wall of her luxurious boudoir. The soft roseate glow snapped out with the click of the button, and Genelle of the black mask, Genelle of the Café des Apaches, Genelle, the sensation of the hour, descended the stairs humming a gay and wicked little chanson.

"Genelle, Genelle," cried Gaspard, and "Genelle," cried Pitou and Armande and the others, as she picked her way fastidiously down the dirty stone steps that lead into the famous low-ceilinged room of the Café des Apaches.

Genelle breathed a happy sigh and seated herself beside Gaspard, the harlequin. On the table before them lay a little heap of glittering gems that one of them had just brought in.



duchess that afternoon to Coralyn's apartments to help persuade her to dance at the duchess' big affair. She wondered if it was the same man. Yes, it was he. She watched him walk across the floor, lead by the alert Pitou and followed by every eye in the room. The Parisian apache is ever suspicious, and altho Gaspard admitted no one who was not vouched for—still one could never tell. It was just as well to watch. Genelle shrugged her shoulders once more and turned with a listless eye to watch the dancers in the middle of the room.

"Stupide!" she cried suddenly to the woman. "You cannot dance. Get away. Here, I will show you." And whirling the abashed woman out of the way with an imperious gesture, took her place beside the male dancer.

Swaying, whirling, dipping swift as a swallow, Genelle danced, stirring to breathless interest the jaded habitués of the place. To the sensuous, brutal posturing of the typical apache dance, she brought poetry and grace, redeeming its debasing claim by the sheer beauty of her performance. Ah, this was what she loved! Better a single moment of the mad abandon of this life, with its dangers, its thrills, its deathless grip on the senses, than whole days of tamely dancing behind the footlights. What if the people did go wild with delight and bower her stage with flowers? It was not like this. With a last passionate and convulsive gasp, the dance reached its climax. The man bent her slender body back over his knee almost to the floor.

"Bravo," cried the voice of Allenby as he stood in the doorway.

Genelle frowned. She did not feel wholly comfortable under his steady gaze. "Your knife," she said, turning to her breathless partner. Then she faced Allenby and said with petulant displeasure, "Gentlemen remove their hats in the presence of Genelle," and with a sudden graceful gesture, she pinned his soft felt hat to the door with the sharp pointed dagger. A curious coral ring of unique

THE GREEN TEMPTATION

(A Paramount Picture)

Novelized by permission from the production of William D. Taylor, of the scenario by Monte M. Katterjohn and Julia Crawford Ivers, of the story by Constance Lindsay Skinner. Starring Betty Compson. The cast:

Genelle	}	Betty Compson
Coralyn		
Joan Parker		
John Allenby		Mahlon Hamilton
Harlequin		Theodore Kosloff
Pitou		Neely Edwards
Hugh Duyker		Edward Burns
Duchesse de Chazarin		Lynore Lynnard
Molly Dunton		Mary Thurman
M. Journet		M. von Hardenburg
Mrs. Weedon Duyker		Betty Brice
Mr. Weedon Duyker		Arthur Hull

design slipped off her finger as she did so.

Allenby ducked involuntarily, then turned with a somewhat mocking smile, released his wounded hat, picked up the coral ring—not failing to take in its curious workmanship, and returned them with the utmost politeness to Genelle. The knife she took with good grace, but the ring she fairly snatched from his hand. After he had gone, she ensconced herself on a couch in the corner of the room, lighted a soothing cigarette and fell to musing on the coral ring.

Two years ago she was nobody—a struggling little Col-

umbine dancing for a brutal and unregenerate Harlequin—Gaspard. M. Journet had seen their strolling street show, however, and had liked her dancing. M. Journet had a string of theaters of his own, and his prescient eye saw that Genelle would ornament them. After the show he had gone to her and offered her the golden opportunity. The harlequin had given her up reluctantly. He had demanded an advance payment to bind the bargain, but alas! M. Journet had been robbed of everything that he had. Pitou had seen to that. However, one item had escaped

"Never!" retorted Genelle, the lust for danger transfixing her vivid little face. "For you, Genelle will steal the Maharanee's emerald. This is what we will do, Gaspard, you and I. In the exact center of the grand ball-room of Madame la Duchesse is a——"





the wary eye of Pitou, a rare and beautiful coral ring, which M. Journet gave to Genelle as an evidence of good faith. She had always worn it. It was the only thing she possessed that she really valued. Indeed, she had taken her new name, Coralyn, from it. Then, altho a new world—a world of affluence, of ease and comfort, of adulation, was opened up to Genelle, she had never quite been able to break her old ties. Almost nightly for two years, she had made her way back to the old haunts. Gaspard the harlequin, who still maintained his baleful influence and exercised an irresistible fascination, had never relinquished his hold on her. If he was the chief of the lawless bands of apaches, which breed thick in the underworld of Paris, she was their inspiration. To her was intrusted the dangerous business, and she had never failed, however hazardous the undertaking. She was as proud of her trade as tho it were legitimate, proud of her ability at it, and of the reputation she had acquired. Genelle was as much talked about as Coralyn. Her flaunting tribute to the inefficiency of the Paris police was the small black mask with "Genelle" written across it that she invariably left behind after her daring burglaries.

The Maharanee's emerald was her greatest attempt. The other jobs paled into insignificance before the acquisition of this magnificent stone which the duchess wore only on state occasions, and then always guarded. To

"Bravo," cried the voice of Allenby as he stood glass in hand. Genelle frowned. She did not feel wholly comfortable under his steady gaze.

get the emerald would be unqualified proof—if any were lacking—of Genelle's workmanship and cunning. Well, she would get it! Even with Pitou an unwilling accomplice.

The day arrived with their plans well laid. Coralyn's feature dance was a melody of spring time, of virginal purity, of flying draperies, of delicate abandon, the denouement of which was the sudden release of a number of twittering birds. Very pretty. As a matter of fact, they were perfectly trained carrier-pigeons. The dance was rapidly approaching its climax, and the guests were lifted out of their usual well-bred restraint by the dainty pirouetting of that lissom figure, when a large pendent chandelier with its myriads of glittering glass icicles, fell to the floor with a stupendous crash. Pitou, from his skilfully arranged hiding place in the attic, had cut the rod in two that held it. In the sudden darkness, a slender white hand reached out toward the Maharanee's emerald on the duchess' neck, and lifted it expertly and gently from its place. On the third finger of the hand was a coral ring of curious and unique design. The one person of all persons there, to whom the ring might betray anything, stared at it in frozen horror. Coralyn and Genelle were one! Allenby turned away in bitter disappointment.

Candles were hastily lighted by the distracted servants. Some sort of order was restored. The duchess started to move among her guests, when one of them stooped and picked up a small black silk mask with "Genelle" written across the back of it. Instinctively the duchess' hand went to her throat. The emerald was gone!

Back in his little room in the Café des apaches, Gaspard, the harlequin, waited in vain for the return of the carrier-pigeon, to which Coralyn had tied the precious necklace. When she herself arrived, flushed with the triumph of both performances, he greeted her with angry recriminations for her unforgivable blundering. She was utterly dumbfounded that the pigeon had not yet come back. It never came back—to them.

Then started the avalanche of barbarism that crashed over the world. France laid aside the ubiquitous problem of its underworld and rallied to the call of war. Not only France, but England and America as well. Allenby enlisted at once. Before he left





for the front, he went to pay his respects to his old friend, the Duchesse de Chazarin. There he met her young nephew, Hugh Duyker, who was likewise leaving for the front to drive an ambulance, and his sweetheart Molly Dunton come to bid him good-bye. The two men immediately warmed to each other and the duchess begged Allenby prettily to watch over Hugh as well as he could.

"He is my only sister's only child," she said with a wistful little sigh, "and very dear to us."

Molly acquiesced silently.

This sad pause was interrupted by the arrival of a detective with the long lost emerald pendant. It seems that a little Parisian *gamin* had found the carrier-pigeon, with a broken wing, fluttering in the gutter in one of the unsavory streets of the notorious faubourg St. Marceaux. The emerald was still tied to its leg.

The duchess gave a cry of delight at the sight of her precious jewel. And then, as the story of its recovery was told to her, her mind went back to the night of its disappearance, and the brilliant dancing of Coralyn and her pigeons . . . pigeons . . . pigeons. Could that be a clue? Only Coralyn had been seen to touch them. Was it possible that that charming young girl could be a thief? She talked it over anxiously with the detective, to whose acute mind the episode of the pigeons immediately spelt guilt for Coralyn. Allenby made his excuses hurriedly and left.

The war had not touched Genelle. To her it meant nothing but emotional crowds and a more secure veil for her double life; and when Allenby came to her apartment in his uniform, she thought it rather absurd and melodramatic of him.

"Genelle," he began without any preamble. "No, don't try to bluff now, my dear. I *know* who you are," he added in response to her startled denial. "They are after you. Your pigeon gave you away. It was found and the emerald recovered. They are coming for you now. Better clear out while you can. There's no time to lose." He hesitated. "I am going to the front to-night. Will you wish me luck, little dancer?"

"Oh yes, with all my heart," cried Genelle seizing his hand, and forgetting for the moment her own desperate plight.

For months after that she was a fugitive from the law and on her own slender resources. Altho she had managed to get safely back to the apache den and had stayed there for a while in comparative safety, her protector, Gaspard, had been arrested on the eve of his enlistment. The others were scattered and gone. Pitou had already paid with his life and Armande as well. Guillot was in jail. So it went. Coralyn was no more. Genelle was a hunted animal.

At last she turned to nursing, served her patient apprenticeship and became a Red Cross nurse, lost her other identities under the name of Joan Parker. Then, the war did reach her flinty little heart. It tore down her arrogance; it humbled her mistaken pride; it made her ashamed of what she had been; it consecrated her heart to good. Its terrible alchemy transmuted her dross to the pure gold of sacrifice. Her wounded poilus adored her. They called her the second Joan of Arc. She was mother, sister and sweetheart to the regiment.

Into her new life drifted the battered wreck of Hugh

Duyker. Allenby had brought him to her to nurse back to health. Even the doctors said she had saved him, that without her, their work would have counted for nothing. Hugh fell in love with her, but then, all of them did. He told her wonderful tales of his beloved America and made her long to be there. It seemed to her a promised land where she might forget the evil past and find regeneration and peace.

Ah, this was what she loved! Better a single moment of the mad abandon of this life, with its dangers, its thrills, its deathless grip on the senses, than whole days of dancing tamely behind the footlights. What if people did go wild with delight over her? It was not like this





When the long cruel years of war were over, she did go there. Altho she sought to bury herself and spend the rest of her life and her ill-gotten riches on charities, John Allenby and Hugh would not let her. She became the rage—this beautiful, mysterious young French woman who knew no one, and about whom no one could ever learn a thing. Even now Hugh had brought her a pressing invitation from his mother for a week-end visit. She did not want to go altho she was genuinely fond of Hugh. Something told her not to go. But still she went, and laughed the next morning at her fears.

That night Mrs. Duyker was giving a costume fête for a visiting notable, Count Oudry of the Belgian Relief. She herself was to go as a Rajput Maharanee. "You know," she said turning to Genelle, "I shall wear the Maharanee's emerald.

It has not been worn since it was stolen from my sister, the Duchesse de Chazarin, before the war, by that notorious woman thief, 'Genelle.'"

"Yes, I knew of her," replied Genelle faintly, sick at heart.

Her wounded poilus adored her. They called her the second Joan of Arc. She was mother, sister and sweetheart to the regiment

"Oh cheer up, my dear," Mrs. Duyker cried, noticing her pallor. "Are you ill? Wait until you meet that fascinating Count Oudry. You'll soon forget John Allenby and Hugh, and then that poor Molly child will stop her grieving. There—run along, my dear, and get ready."

Something tugged endlessly at Genelle's heart. Was it conscience? Would she never get away from her past? She dressed listlessly. Not even the prospect of the fascinating Count quickened her flagging pulse. When she was presented to him, she scarcely raised her eyes.

"*Je suis enchanté, Mademoiselle—ah—Parker,*" said a well-remembered voice.

It was Gaspard.

Genelle recovered her composure and acknowledged the introduction in level tones. The two withdrew and Mrs. Duyker smiled inwardly. So did Molly, but John Allenby watched them anxiously.

"Well, Genelle," said Gaspard in a hard voice as soon as they were alone. "I presume you too are after the emerald. Shall we not work together? We will not blunder a second time. It is a fortune, Genelle. We can go away—together—

to South America—anywhere. What does it matter? Come—what do you say?"

"I cannot, Gaspard," replied the trembling girl. "I will not. I am thru with that life. I have learned to be good, Gaspard. I can never steal again. It is not right. I will not do it."

The man's jaw dropped. Such a contingency he had not foreseen.

"What are you doing here, then?" he asked angrily.

"These people are my friends. I love them. I would not harm them," she answered with simple candor.

"You lie, woman," he retorted brutally. "You are in league with that—Allenby against me, your master! I was your master once, Genelle. You will do as I say now, or—"

"Miss Parker, Joan," called Hugh Duyker, (Continued on page 82)

(Fifty-eight)





# Gossip of the Eastern Studios

**T**HE big event of the month has been the acceptance of the post of cinema leader by Will H. Hays, postmaster general of the United States. His contract was signed on January 18th and on March 4th Mr. Hays left President Harding's Cabinet, the change having been approved, regretfully, by the nation's executive.

The exact status of Mr. Hays remains to be seen. Officially he is president of a national association which numbers many of the country's producers and distributors. Among the prominent organizations not in this alliance are Pathé, Associated First National and Vitagraph.

Aside from being the spokesman of the main portion of the film industry, Mr. Hays' exact duties have not been announced. No doubt he will lead the film world's fight against an impending federal censorship. **THE CLASSIC** hopes his executive abilities will be utilized to cut the photoplay's cost of production and distribution and to bring about a firm inner organization. The photoplay cannot advance unless the film world fights its battles together, and it cannot go on ruthlessly wasting money in unnecessary overhead. One of the serious items of unnecessary overhead is found in the needless number of distribution systems.

While Harold Lloyd was in town recently he signed a new contract with Pathé. Hall Roache, who has made all the Lloyd comedies to date, will continue as producer. While in New York, Mr. Lloyd was a visitor at the offices of the **BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS**.

Ethel Clayton was a recent New York visitor, coming to New York for her vacation with her mother and brother Don.

Film fans will be interested to know that Mary Hay, in private life Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, ran away with the hit of the musical comedy, "Marjolaine," the musical version of "Pomander Walk" which opened recently in New York. Miss Hay won a tremendous reception on the opening night and captured splendid notices from the metropolitan critics.

Famous Players-Lasky has been celebrating its tenth anniversary all thru the month of March. One of the interesting events of the anniversary will be the coming to this country of Sarah Bernhardt, the famous actress who was the star of the first Famous Players release, "Queen Elizabeth."

Ernest Lubitsch has returned to Germany, canceling his proposed trip to California. Lubitsch will immediately plunge into a new production. His recently completed photoplay, re-titled for America "The Loves of Pharaoh," was recently offered in New York. Germany has been seeing this production under the name of "The Wife of Pharaoh." In it Lubitsch introduces a new actress to the screen, Dagny Servaes, an Austrian player of reported beauty and talent. Harry Liedtke, who is called the Wallie Reid of

(Continued on page 72)



Photograph by Underwood and Underwood

Above: Pearl White snapped in New York upon her return from one of her numerous trips abroad. She's on her way back now—for about the nth time. We wonder if she buys a commutation ticket? Center: Corliss Palmer in a scene from her latest production soon to be released. Below: Two famous Wills drawn up in front of the White House—Will Rogers and Postmaster General Will Hays

Photograph © by Underwood and Underwood





# It's Great To Be Great!



Photo by Hoover Art Studios, L. A.

time," she explained. "To get out and know in person all the people whom I know now only thru the screen, and of course my fan letters. But really I don't know them at all. We in pictures are at the disadvantage of being known without knowing in return. Except as a kindly lot of people who write me enthusiastic letters and go to see my pictures, my fans might be anybody in the world. That's why I think my opportunity is such a wonderful one. To meet them on an even basis, to exchange viewpoints and share enthusiasms. In other words, to talk things over. Oh, it's something more than you can guess if you've never been on the stage to get up there and *feel* your audience, hear their response, catch their moods. We don't get that in pictures ever. And it's the only way, after all, that I shall ever be able to express my gratitude to them. I can make good pictures, yes—I've always tried to do that—but the best picture in the world wouldn't get as much of



The delightful part of Viola Dana — "Vi,"

everyone calls her—is her utter lack of ostentation. She is deliciously and always *au naturel*—just herself

**V**IOLA DANA was Broadway bound.

No; not via the Continental Limited, first stop Chicago, second stop Gotham, the usual silky way of the film firmamentaries, wherein the Pullman drawing-room is the opulent link between Los

Angeles and New York—and whoever heard of Peoria, Little Rock or the like? Never the twinkling stars; not, anyway, since their tank-town incarnation—and why resurrect the dead?

But Viola has ideas of her own. She proposes to spend a month each way. To cover practically every key city in the United States, and several where they don't keep keys. To get acquainted. That last is her main endeavor.

At her attractive little home in Hollywood, perched on a big trunk that she had been loading willy-nilly and under the horrified eyes of her mother with tons and tons of dresses and lingerie and what-nots, she told me about it. Sitting there, she was curiously like a little girl. Her bobbed hair, her tiny slim heels banging against the flank of the trunk, her general smallness, were delightfully of youth and for youth.

"It's something, this trip, that I've wanted to do for a long

*me* to them as one little 'Thank you!' from my own lips."

There was in her words never a thought of the trip's fatigue or strain. But one senses immediately that behind her tinniness lies a delicate steely strength. It is manifest in the supple slender grace of her, the vivid rollicking temperament, the inherent vitality and urge, that lends an air of the alert derisive tomboy. It was founded, this strength, upon parental foresight and care.

At the age of five, Viola, in the company of her two sisters, Shirley Mason and Edna Flugrath—Flugrath is the family name—was dancing under Von Fantine, a famous ballet mistress; interpretive dancing that involved rigid training, quick thought, keen athletic muscles. And her father, Emil Flugrath, who had in his youth been a crack wrestler and amateur sportsman, undertook to personally supervise the physical well being of his daughters. It is apparent enough today that he did his work well. All three girls are prominent screen stars and all of them are notable for that same splendid attribute of health and its accompanying personality.

Viola leaped to her first wild flurry of fame in "The Poor Little Rich Girl," when she was still in her teens. She had been established with her other sisters long before, had traveled for several years and played frequently on Broadway. But "The Poor Little Rich Girl" was the big opportunity. It attracted the attention of the Edison Film Company



By  
WILLIS GOLDBECK

and they made her a star. Simultaneously almost, and despite the fact that she was not yet seventeen, she got her a husband—whom she since has lost.

With her French heels thrown in for good measure she stands a scant five feet. Her eyes, a quick grey-blue, narrow into quaint almond shapes when she laughs or smiles. Her head, with its shock of thick short hair, seems eternally on the move, bird-like.

It has been Viola's gift that she can bring laughter and lightness and young love to her audiences. She has done it on the screen in—well, in innumerable bright instances. "Blue Jeans," first of all, more recently, "The Chorus Girl's Romance," "Dangerous to Men," "There Are No Villains," "The Match-Breaker." She had done it before upon the stage, in the plays I have referred to. She wants to do it again; on the stage, but not in a play. She wants to be "just folks." And the timely



Photograph by W. F. Seely, L. A.

With her French heels thrown in for good measure, she stands a scant five feet. Her eyes, a quick grey-blue, narrow into quaint almond shapes when she smiles. Her head, with its shock of thick short hair, seems eternally on the move, bird-like

closing down of the Metro studio for two months has given her her opportunity.

Her trip, she said, promises to be one darn—er—that is, one darling mayor after another. Some of 'em will meet her at the station with the whole Chamber of Commerce strung out behind. Others of 'em will present her with the keys of their respective dominions. From Frisco to Forty-Second Street, Times Square, she will meet all mayoralty comers catch-as-catch-can. Oh, it's great to be great!

"The trip will not be without its sacrifices," I suggested, glancing about the amazingly alluring little home.

"W-ell," she hesitated, "not sacrifices quite. Just a short doing without. Of course I'll miss all this, my Dad, California sunshine, my car, my dog—" a cock crew loudly outside, "yes, even my chickens. Oh, but I do! I feed them every morning! Myself! If you dont believe me," she added demurely, "go to see the trailer, the short little picture that they are showing in each town a week before my arrival as an announcement. It shows me packing my own trunk—just as you see me now, and rolling out of bed in some gorgeous

(Continued on page 90)







Photographs by Paul Grenbeaux

Bessie Love—would you ever know her—makes up as Hyacinth, the persecuted little Chinese maiden in "The Vermilion Pencil." Note the oriental verity of her pose and appearance

# Little Miss Hyacinth Blossom





# Metro's Eldest Son

By  
MAUDE  
CHEATHAM

**T**HE tiny card marking the door of a dressing-room opening into the lovely Japanese Garden at the Metro studio in Hollywood bears the name, "Edward Connelly," but out of this small room have stepped many notable film characters.

The charm and dignity of Yesterday blends with the vigor and color of Today in this veteran actor's work and his characterizations have become the standard of a very fine art.

"I've fooled the public for many years with my different make-ups," observed Mr. Connelly, critically surveying himself in the long mirror which reflected the imposing Marshall Strakencz, the picturesque rôle he is playing in Rex Ingram's new production, "The Prisoner of Zenda." I marveled at the skill with which he had completely changed himself by means of a few deft touches of grease paint, combing his long hair to either side of his head and adding a drooping blond mustache.

"I sometimes believe this is a mistake," he continued, "for the American public does not enjoy being fooled. It likes to recognize its players, to know the man behind the artist. Now, the character actor has little personal hold on his audience. He is too indefinite, too varied for anyone to feel actually acquainted with him."

"Then, if you had it all to do over——?" I began.

"Who knows, I might stick to straight rôles," he replied, amused at my surprise. "And again, I might not, for I confess it is a fascinating game to work out a part that fools 'em. I began early, for at nineteen I was playing old men on the stage and mastering the knack of aging. It is more difficult, however, to make up for the screen than the stage, for you must stand the test of the close-up which reveals each trick and defect."

Mr. Connelly, who is tall and spare, was a resplendent figure in a gorgeous crimson coat trimmed with brass buttons and yards of gold braid. A sword clanked at his side, while across his chest were badges and medals enough to place him among the World War heroes.



"Rex Ingram's artistic ability has full sway in the colorful romance of 'The Prisoner of Zenda,'" said Mr. Connelly. "He's in the seventh heaven when he is handling castles, moats and draw bridges. I've been in all of Rex's Metro productions, this being the sixth, and we enjoy a real friendship. We're both Irish, you know," he added with a laugh.

"Rex came unheralded to Metro, with his record to make and when he started his first picture, 'Shore Acres,' he looked me up. I had played this on the stage, off and on, for seven years and was happy to put Uncle Nathaniel on the screen. Well, the picture proved a big success and Rex calls me his mascot, Irish superstition influences him that far," and the actor's voice held genuine affection for the youthful genius of the screen.

The charm and dignity of Yesterday and the vigor and color of Today blend in the work of Edward Connelly, and his characterizations have become the standard of a very fine art

(Continued on page 88)

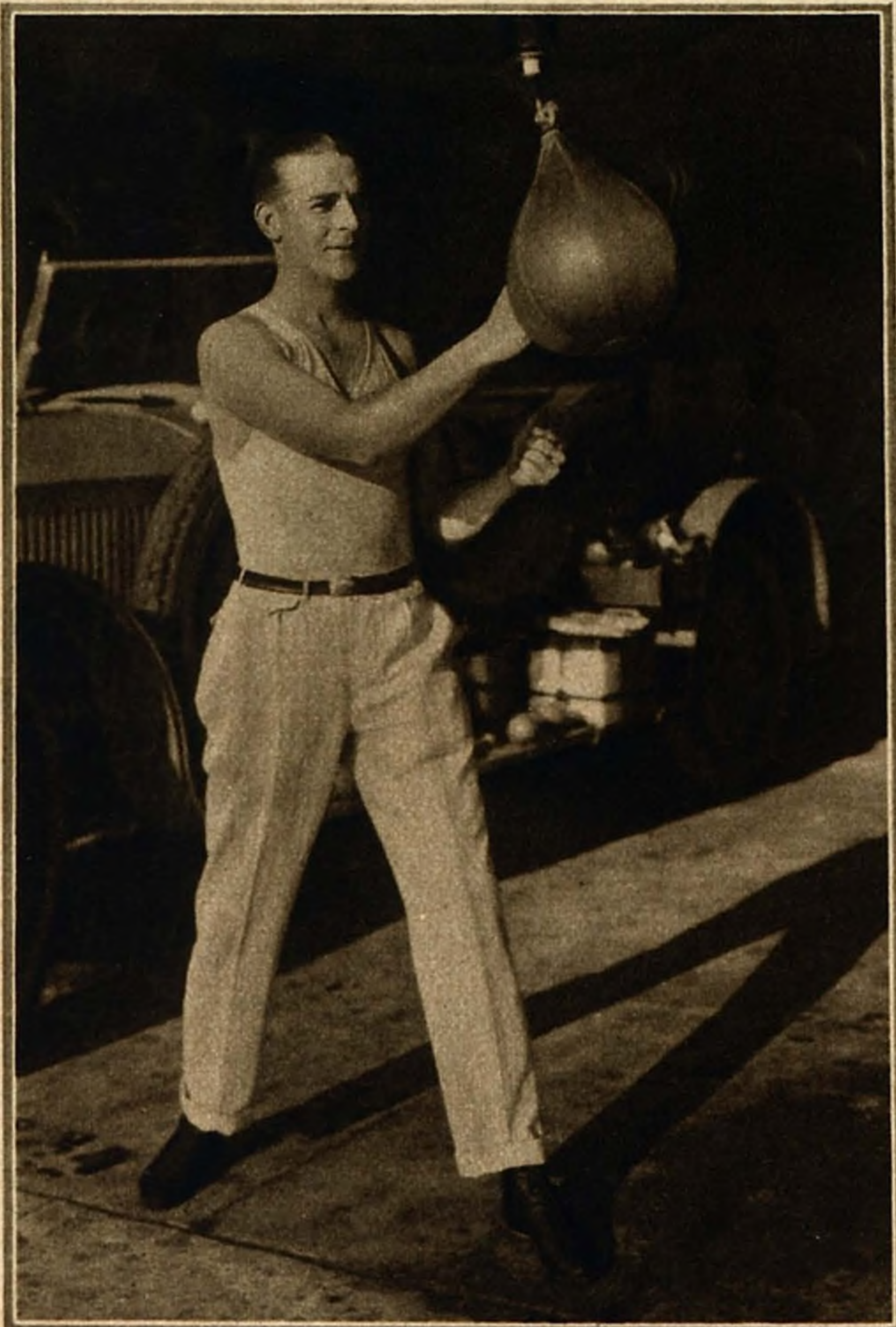


# The Hollywood Boulevardier Chats



Above: Beautiful example of tender solicitude exhibited by director Allan Dwan toward his latest victim—or—er—star, Douglas Fairbanks. Center: Mary Miles Minter still smiling. Below: Wallie Reid putting the all-important "punch" in his picture

Photograph by Paramount



**N**ORMA TALMADGE is appearing in a new rôle as a devoted prospective aunt. An event is expected in the Buster and Natalie Keaton family and Aunt Norma is industriously and lovingly making baby clothes. "The poor little thing will have to be a cripple to wear these," she said ruefully, holding up a very puckery garment with emotional and decidedly temperamental stitches. The lovely Norma says this is the first time she ever tried to sew, but she is going to make something for the baby if it breaks up the whole motion picture profession.

\* \* \*

Harold Lloyd is also an aunt or something, a youngster having arrived in the family of his brother. The infant having been named for him, Mr. Lloyd has decided to attend to his education. Wherefor he is deep in the propaganda literature of Harvard, Yale and Princeton and insists that the baby's blankets be decorated with college pennants.

\* \* \*

Richard Walton Tully has a real British peeress in the ball-room scene of his picture "The Masquerader," now being filmed under the direction of James Young. She is Lady Sackville, a distinguished-looking old lady who came here from New Zealand. She insisted that nobody tell about her being a play-actress. So please dont mention it to anybody.

Photograph by Paramount

\* \* \*

British big bugs seem to be flocking to the pictures just now. In "The Prisoner of Zenda," Rex Ingram has a big scene where the imposter Rudolph is crowned instead of the real king of Ruritania. One of the company of movie diplomats is a real one—Sir James Poppan Young. Lady Young also appears in the scene. Ordering around the British nobility was a new problem for the assistant director who stammered and stuttered. The first time it became necessary to address this actor, he called him "Sir Young" and the next time he compromised on "say, you."

\* \* \*

After the next instalment of the Cora Wilkenning-Mary Pickford law suit is over in New York, Mary will undertake to direct her brother Jack's screen version of "The Tailor-Made Man." Her plans, after that, are indefinite. There are several plays that Mary would like to make, but the public refuse to let her grow up. It looks as tho she would have to go on being a little girl with spindle legs and curls until she is ninety. After "The Love Light," in which she appeared as a grown-up young lady, she received a perfect tornado of letters imploring her to be a little girl again. They said they didn't like her to grow up. So Mary doesn't know what to do. She and husband, Douglas Fairbanks, will appear together in a picture if they can find one; but so far they have not been able to find one. They tried to buy "When



By  
HARRY CARR

Knighthood was in Flower" from William Randolph Hearst, but he refuses to sell; it is understood he is saving the story for Marion Davies. Lillian Gish, it is understood, would also like to buy that story. Mary and Douglas are now dickering for "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall."

\* \* \*

Elinor Glyn's well-beloved nephew has been visiting Los Angeles, but complains of having received a rather bleak reception from Auntie. He remarked wistfully that he guessed she was rather "fed up" on nephews who were too obviously grown up. Nevertheless the fair Elinor continues to be the belle of all the jazz parties of Hollywood. She doesn't care to dance with those too jaded by age to know the new steps.

\* \* \*

Douglas Fairbanks is selecting the cast for "Robin Hood" which will be his next big picture. The Earl of Huntington who assumes the alias of Robin Hood will, of course, be Douglas himself despite the fact that he yearns to appear only as a producer and let some one do the acting. Richard, the Lion Hearted, will be portrayed by Wallace Beery; Maid Marian, the rôle made famous in so many legends and stories will be played by Enid Bennett; Allan Dwan is to direct the picture.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Charlotte Pickford is building a new home in Chester Place which is many miles from the Fairbanks Beverly Hills castle, Mary has been busy helping her mother perfect the plans for the home.

\* \* \*

There seems to be another vogue for Vicente Blasco Ibañez stories. The Lasky company is to do "Blood and Sand" with Rudolph Valentino in Otis Skinner's rôle of the toreador. It will be directed for the screen by John W. Robertson who made the film version of "Sentimental Tommy."

\* \* \*

Rex Ingram is anxious to go to Spain to direct a new Ibañez story which has not been published in book form. Ibañez was so impressed with "The Four Horsemen" that he sent this story to Ingram as soon as he had finished it. Ingram is now superintending the work of a company of research workers who are looking up material for a picture he intends to make from Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea."

\* \* \*

The starring career of Jack Holt is to be continued. As soon as he finishes "Bought and Paid For," he is to make "Val of Paradise" which Joseph Henabery will direct.

\* \* \*

Betty Compson and Tom Moore are co-starred by the Lasky organization in Sir Gilbert Parker's "She of the Triple Chevron."  
(Continued on page 80)



Above: George Walsh and his Indian pal (not Beauvais). Center: Bebe, the irrepresible, goes riding. Below: Betty Compson trying to walk both ways at once. Theodore Kosloff, famous dancer-instructor is showing her how it can be done

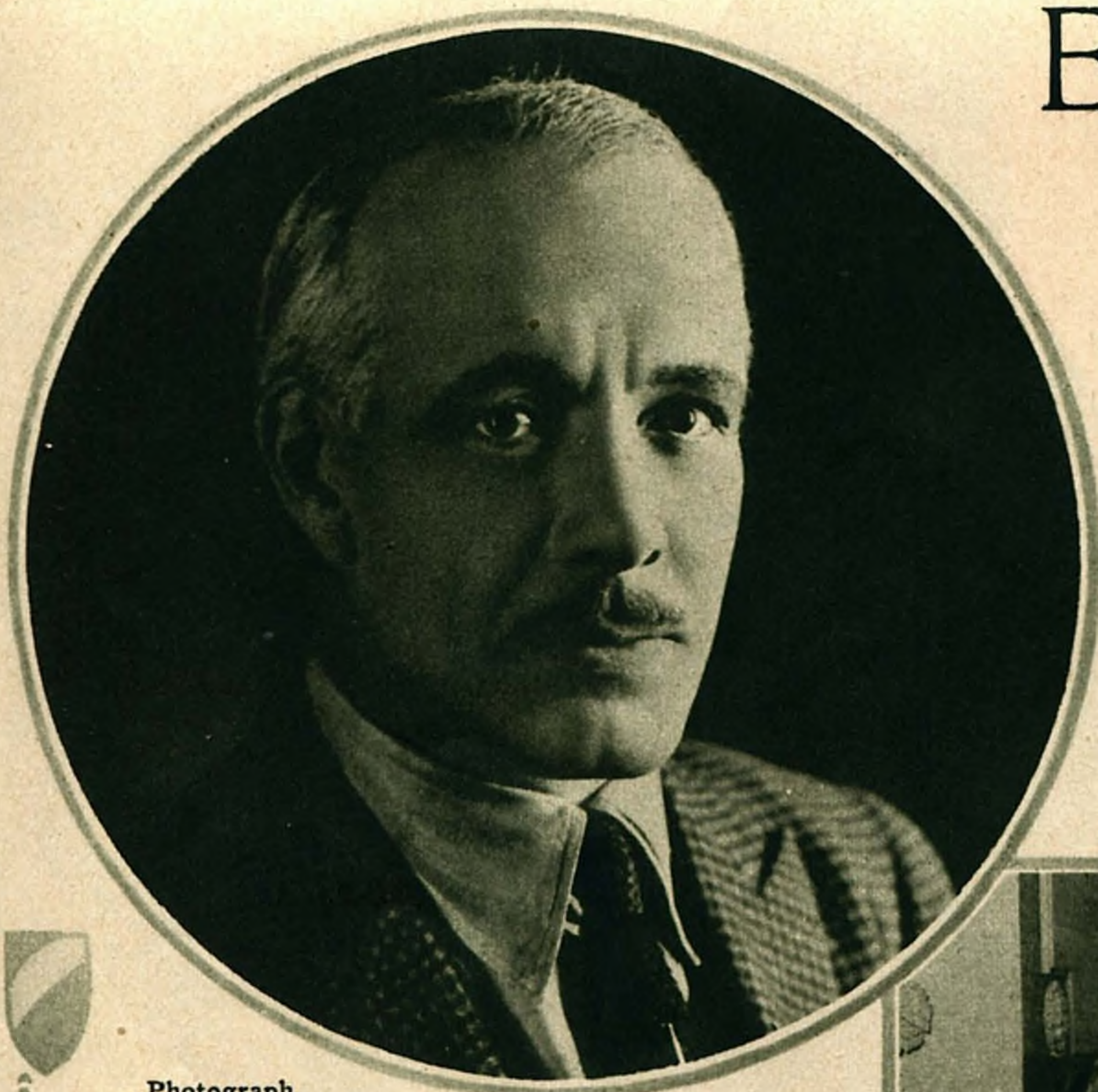
Photograph by Paramount





# Every Inch a King

By  
WILLIS GOLDBECK



Photograph  
by Leonard

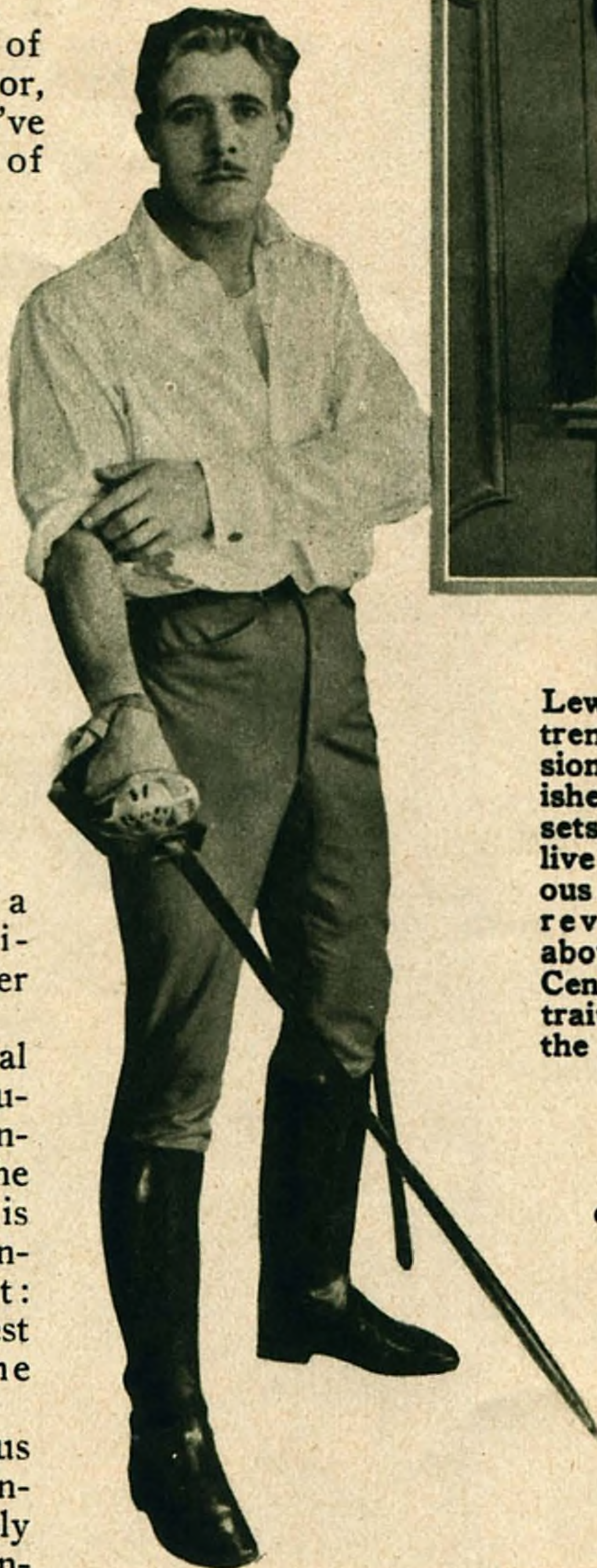
**B**E positive. You'll either be awfully right or awfully wrong; but at least *be* positive."

That is the creed of Lewis Stone.

He is a man of tremendous vigor, aggression, vitality. You've seen him in his pictures of the Great Northwest, in the uniform of the Royal Mounted, smash his man down with a cruel clean blow between the eyes—the criminal he'd tracked for months thru the pitiless, frozen wilderness. He delivers his opinions in that same way—from the shoulder. You may not agree with him afterward, but unless you've prepared your resistance you'll be borne down by them at the moment, to lie in a state of stunned acquiescence thru the remainder of the interview.

He is playing the dual rôle of The King and Rudolf Rassendyl in Rex Ingram's production, "The Prisoner of Zenda." He is playing it because of Ingram's simple statement: "Lewis Stone is the greatest romantic actor on the screen."

There will be numerous howls of disagreement. Ingram has already his reply to them: "Point me out an-



Photograph by Brown

Lewis Stone is a man of tremendous vigor, aggression, vitality. He cherishes his profession and sets before it an ideal to live up to. It is a vigorous ideal—in some ways a revolutionary one, but above all, it is sincere. Center and below: portraits of Lewis Stone as the King in "The Prisoner of Zenda"

Lewis Stone himself makes no comment. One senses that he is content to let his acting speak for itself.

In his dressing-room at the Metro studio in Hollywood he talked to me for perhaps half, three-quarters, of an hour. One could consume the entire allotted space in running over his theatrical biography. It is enough to say that he has been at the top, where he is today, for nigh on a score of years. The theater marked his first success. Now, realizing this new medium of pictures, he abandons the former with a shrug.

"The spoken drama has been spoiled by pictures. People will no longer listen. The power of the voice is not great enough to overcome the crudities of staging, the scenic artificiality. To rival pictures, mammoth sets would have to be carted about the country, an undertaking to bankrupt any production."

Thus briefly does he cast aside the stage. He busied himself during our conversation with stripping  
(Continued on page 86)



# Just two things to do for a perfect manicure



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icure last twice as long. It goes on swiftly, easily and with uniform smoothness, dries instantly, and leaves the most brilliant luster. It will keep its even brilliance for at least a week. When it begins to grow dull, you do not have to put on a separate preparation to take it off. You simply put on a fresh coat of polish, and wipe it off quickly before it dries.

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# The Man Outdoors

By  
ELIZABETH PELTRET



Photograph (above) by Woodbury, L. A.

theater, his father an eminent tragedian and his mother a singer. But the boys were reared in the Methodist church, and were the main standbys of the church socials. Dustin reviewed his past with an amused detachment.

"I had one suit of clothes and a sweater," he said "when I joined the Ethel Tucker Repertoire Company. That was my entire wardrobe, and in it I played twenty-seven parts! I ranted and strutted and shouted—principally shouted—thru them all."

He finished with an amused negative shake of his head as one would say, "That was all wrong." But in his official biographies the name of that company is always mentioned. He probably thinks of it with the same sort of tender impersonal affection with which a man regards the memory of his first sweetheart. Undoubtedly, those were glorious days.

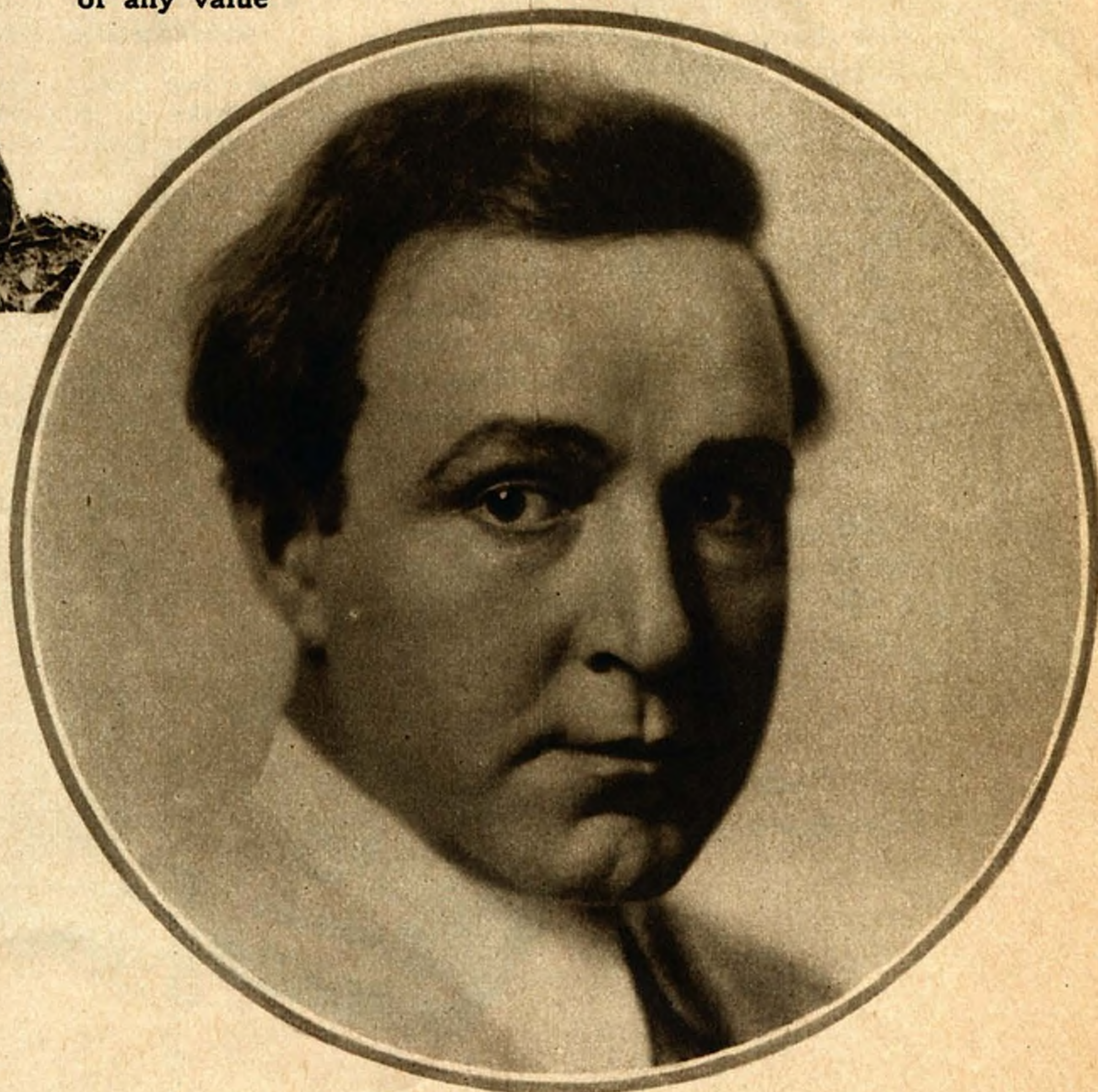
Half unconsciously he gave a very vivid picture of his childhood. There were four children in the family, three boys and a little girl who died when she was seven years old. Marshall Farnum, whose promising career on the screen was cut short by death just when his future looked brightest, was the baby. William was the third child. It is rather amusing that William is almost invariably spoken of as the oldest, probably because he was the first to leave home and go on the stage.

They lived in a very old house built of hand-hewn lumber. "I remember that down in the cellar there were supports of huge squared logs. We had plenty of room and any amount of land around us. It was really an unusually pretty place."

The three boys had a boat that they were intensely proud of. It was an eight-footer and so extremely unseaworthy that accidents were of daily occurrence. Doubtless, this had something to do with developing poise and presence of mind, two qualities Dustin and William Farnum possess to perfection.

(Continued on page 91)

**His love of outdoors probably does more than anything else to give his work the humanness and sincerity that all acting must have before it can be of any value**



**D**USTIN FARNUM is an apostle of the simple life.

This doesn't mean that he goes around barefooted and lives on fruit and hay, and refuses the use of modern conveniences in his house. No one could possibly imagine Dustin Farnum doing anything like that. He is far too moderate in his conversation and too polished in his manner.

His home is one of the most beautiful houses in Los Angeles and it is surrounded by a flower garden that he is justly proud of. There is a tall white flag pole in the front yard, which seems somehow, emblematic of the staunch New England principles that formed the foundation of his childhood training. It will be remembered that Dustin Farnum was born in Hampton Beach, New Hampshire, and spent his childhood in Bucksport, Maine.

You would have gathered that it was a typically New England childhood. His parents were of the



# Every normal skin needs two creams

*One for protection and to hold the powder  
A wholly different cream to cleanse at night*



*To cleanse the skin thoroughly use  
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*To protect the skin against wind and dust,  
apply Pond's Vanishing Cream each time  
before you go out*

**O**NE cream alone cannot supply the skin with all the elements that are needed to keep it in perfect condition. Certain flaws to which the skin is subject can be prevented only by a softening, protective cream. Other flaws need a cream rich in oil that cleanses and stimulates.

### *Flaws that require a daytime cream without oil*

If you do not protect the skin against sun and wind, it will protect itself by developing a rough, coarse surface. To give the needed protection apply a little Pond's Vanishing Cream before going out. This cream is based on an ingredient famous for its softening effect. It leaves the skin fresh and invisibly shielded. Dust cannot work into the pores, wind and sun cannot dry out the skin and make it rough and coarse.

Before you powder, smooth a little Pond's Vanishing Cream on the face. It is absorbed instantly, removing any shine there may be on the skin. Moreover, it cannot come out in a shine later, for there is not a

drop of oil in it. With this softening cream as a base, powder just as usual. You will find that the powder lasts many times longer, and that it shows less, for there are no rough places for it to catch on.

Whenever your face feels drawn and tight touch it lightly with Pond's Vanishing Cream. It brings instant relief to a tired skin, relaxing the muscles, softening the hard, set lines, giving the whole face a fresher color and added vigor.

### *Flaws that need an oil cream at night*

Have you begun to notice little fine lines under the eyes, depressions at the corners of the mouth and the base of the nose, a tendency to flabbiness under the chin? The way to prevent little lines from becoming wrinkles is to give your skin regularly a tonic rousing with an oil cream.

Pond's Cold Cream is a rich oil cream that stimulates the skin, lubricating it and restoring its elasticity. Smooth the cream into the little fine lines, rubbing gently with

the lines, not across them. By the faithful use of this rich cream, you can keep the lines from fastening themselves on the skin and forming real wrinkles.

The dust and dirt that clog the pores, working their way under the surface of the skin, help to form blackheads. Ordinary washing will not remove them. They demand a deeper, more thorough cleansing. After washing the face with warm water and pure soap, rub Pond's Cold Cream into the skin. Let it remain on a few moments, then wipe it off with a soft cloth. This rich cream contains the oil necessary to penetrate the pores and rid them of every particle of dirt.

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# The Loves of Pharaoh



Scenes from Ernest Lubitsch's next great Paramount release, "The Loves of Pharaoh." In the picture above it looks as tho one of his loves had haled him into court! Can history be repeating itself? Below is Pharaoh himself in an effective B. C. vamping posture



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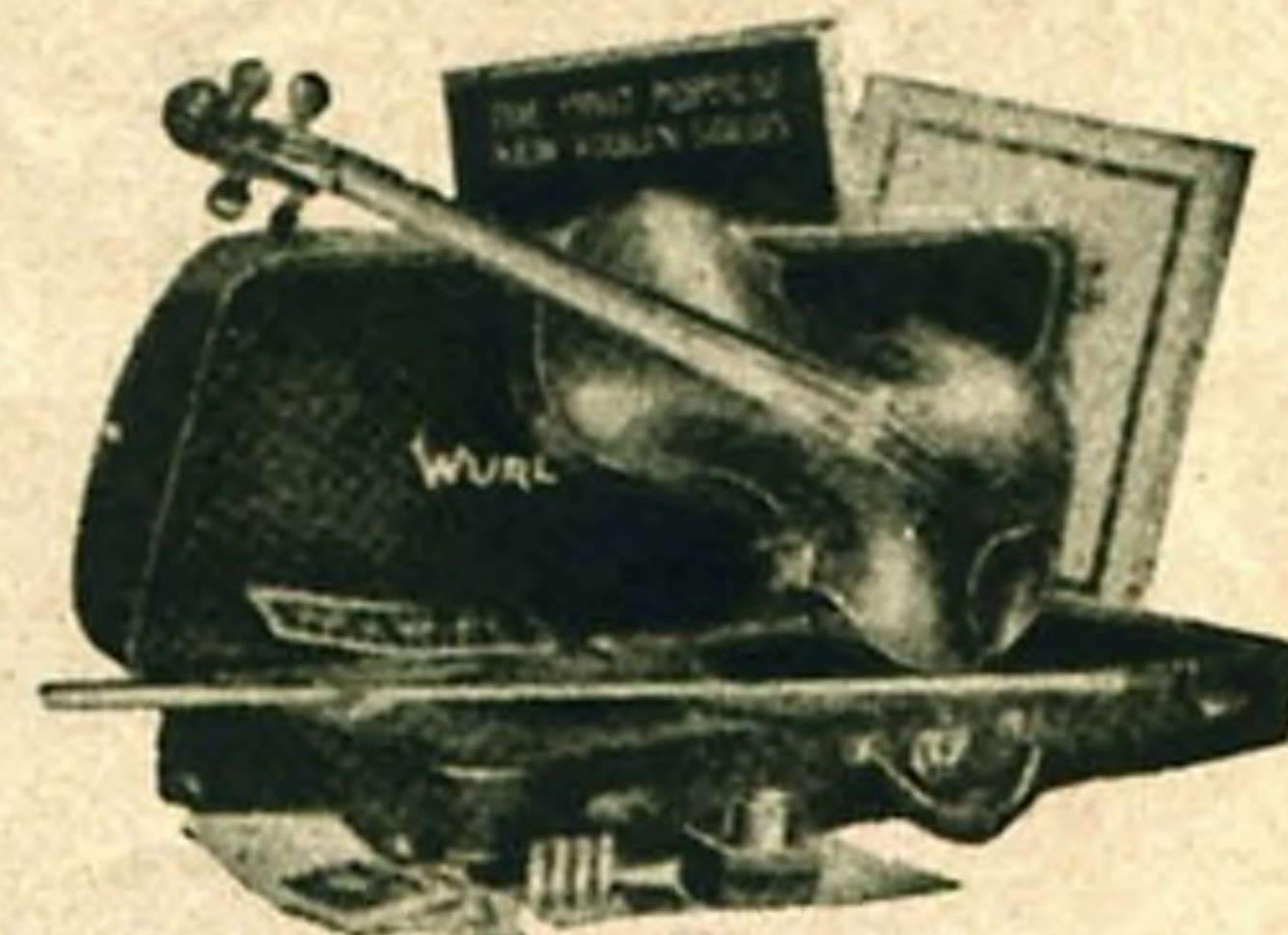
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## Whims of the Gods

(Continued from page 31)

look her over, and if the goods are as represented I'll marry her."

"You said a tubful," replied the detective feelingly.

And so, Light of my Eyes, it happened that when What-Ho next approached the Wing laundry, a large gentleman in a sweater stepped out of a doorway and without saying a word knocked him down. Now What-Ho was yellow of skin but the color did not go any deeper, moreover he saw Ting-a-ling standing in the door of the laundry watching him eagerly. So he lifted up the bundle of wash and started on. "Didn't I give youse a *hint* just now?" asked the large person sticking out his jaw so that he looked like the china dog tied to Ting-a-ling's fence. "Say, I dont kill things like you—I exterminate 'em!"

The gods are undoubtedly on the side of lovers. Otherwise What-Ho would not have thought of the mirror in his pocket, whose rays shot into the gangster's eyes, blinded him and made him an easy prey, even of one half his size. Weeping, the bully ran off, leaving Ting-a-ling to clasp the victor's hand to her lips. I will not say that What-Ho did not grow an inch at that moment. Indeed so valiant did he feel that when Go-Hang's hireling returned with a policeman he would have flung himself upon him also if Ting-a-ling had not held him back.

"No! No!" she cried, "In the United States you must obey the man in uniform."

"You were cruel to this gangman," said the policeman reproachfully, "Tell him you're sorry."

"I am sorry," said What-Ho obediently. When they were gone, he sat beside Ting-a-ling listening to her story of how Go-Hang had demanded her hand—both hands, in fact, in marriage. Presently he arose. His heart was heavy, his voice quivered like a bulrush in the breeze.

"I shall have to go back to Bandit-Land," he said miserably, "I disobeyed the man in uniform who told me I could not get into the United States."

They looked at one another. Ting-a-ling sighed and patted his arm comfortingly. "Never mind, What-Ho," she said, "if I have to marry Go-Hang, I will never forget you."

Imagine, my son, the grief that filled poor What-Ho's cup of unhappiness to overflowing so that it spilled in salt drops down his cheeks. Even now you see I weep to remember his wretched journey back to the turnstile at the Border. I walk beside him, I support his faltering footsteps, I wipe his eyes.

The same Customs Officer greeted What-Ho with a scowl. "Going out of the United States?" he barked. "Where's

your receipt for your income tax? Where is your passport?"

What-Ho shook his head. He had none of these things. The Customs Officer glared at him fiercely and tapped his pocket. "It will take either a passport or a—hm—a ten dollar bill to get out of the country," he said, "or say—I'll give you a bargain—make it nine ninety-eight."

When What-Ho heard that he couldn't get out of the country without disobeying the man in uniform, he turned on his heel and ran all the way back to Arcadia, where he found the Wing laundry closed and a note pinned to the door: "I have gone to the steam laundry to marry Go-Hang. Ting-a-ling"—and the note was blotted with her tears, or perhaps it was only soap-suds.

Go-Hang and Ting-a-ling were just standing before the minister when What-Ho entered the laundry. And the minister, who was really the detective disguised with sideburns, was saying, "Do you, Go-Hang, take the peach-like Ting-a-ling to be your wife"—when he caught sight of the newcomer.

The report of What-Ho's prowess had spread thru Arcadia. The detective turned pale, the gangster who was the best man gave a scream of terror and went thru a window, carrying the frame with him. And Go-Hang fell over backwards in trying to get out of What-Ho's way and tumbled into the button-removing machine which turned him into a very poor grade of bone buttons in the twinkling of an eye, or at least in two twinklings.

And so, Heart of my Heart, What-Ho was married to his Ting-a-ling, and so far they have lived happily ever after! Here she comes now in her palanquin home from the market—ask her yourself if it is not so! Ask her if she is not loved as no wife ever before, ask her if her indulgent husband has not given her all her heart could desire, even to a solid silver tub to do the washings in!

## Gossip of the Eastern Studios

(Continued from page 59)

Germany, also appears in a leading rôle. Lubitsch attended all the film premières while over here, being an interested observer of Griffith's "Orphans of the Storm" and Erick Von Stroheim's "Foolish Wives."

"Foolish Wives," by the way, has been attracting a lot of attention in New York. On the opening night it was fourteen reels in length but has since been cut three reels. *The Celluloid Critic's* review of "Foolish Wives," of unusual interest, will be found on another page of this issue. Von Stroheim's next activities are still unannounced. He is, however, writing a novel version of his "Foolish Wives." It will shortly appear in book form.

(Seventy-two)



## Often a bridesmaid but never a bride

THE case of Geraldine Proctor was really pathetic. Most of the girls in her set were married, or about to be. Yet not one of them possessed more grace or charm or beauty than she.

And as Miss Proctor's birthdays crept gradually toward that tragic thirty-mark, marriage seemed farther away from her life than ever.

She was often a bridesmaid but never a bride.

\* \* \*

Your mirror can't tell you when your breath is not right. And even your most intimate friends probably won't.

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath). Halitosis creeps upon you unawares. You may even have it for years without knowing so yourself.

That of course is when halitosis is a symptom of some deep-seated organic trouble a doctor must correct. Or may be a dentist.

But so commonly halitosis is rather a temporary or local condition that will yield to more simple treatment.

Listerine, the well-known liquid antiseptic, possesses wonderful properties as a mouth deodorant. When regularly used, it arrests food fermentation and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean.

As such it becomes an indispensable friend to people who wish to enjoy the comfortable assurance that their breath is always beyond reproach.

Listerine will put you on the safe and polite side. Provide yourself with a bottle today and use it regularly as a gargle and mouth wash.

Your druggist has handled Listerine for years, and regards it as a safe, effective antiseptic of great merit.

Start using Listerine today. Don't be in doubt another day about your breath—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, Mo.

For  
HALITOSIS  
use  
LISTERINE





## The Cinema Caricaturist

(Continued from page 38)

"It isn't all work with us, for we bowl, play golf every Saturday and have the best baseball team in these parts. We've won eleven out of the last thirteen games we have played," and the crack pitcher of the Semon Nine grinned with pride.

Tho Larry is still counted among the bachelors, he owns a beautiful home on Vine Street atop one of the highest hills in Hollywood, with Theodore Roberts, Tully Marshall, Marion Fairfax and Kathlyn Williams as his nearest neighbors.

"I'm pretty much of a stay-at-home," he confided, during a lull in the merriment about us. "I enjoy good books, good music, good plays and I see as many pictures as possible. Best of all I love to dance—dont laugh, but I like a tuxedo. Maybe it is because I never get to wear one in my pictures."

Larry Semon insists that the real secret of the successful comedy lies in the direction and usually the comedian finds he must direct himself.

"Most of our work is done on the impulse, wholly spontaneous," he offered in explanation. "We may start out to do a thing that sounds funny when we talk it over but when transferred into action it falls flat. However, situations spring up from unexpected sources and often it is the very failure of the original idea or the dubbing of some stunt that brings the laugh. We never know when we start where the scene will end. That is the reason we must have a company of good all-round actors that can work together with understanding. There is enough action crowded into our two-reelers to spread over a lengthy picture but I've created a style and must keep it up."

"Does your comedy vein never cease flowing, never leave you stranded?" I asked in wonderment, after watching him direct a bit of amusing action in one of the boxes.

"Nope," he responded, cheerfully. "It is always working. New combinations are forever popping up and I have more ideas for this picture than we can possibly use. The chief thing is to be able to space what we call gags, the funny situations, so they will run along smoothly, yet stand out sufficiently to get over and bring the laugh."

It took Larry Semon two years of experimenting to develop his present screen character. Among other things, he found that by simply leaving off the make-up from his upper lip and whitening it like the remainder of his face he could exaggerate his grin in a ludicrous manner, so while immortalizing the boob he is caricaturing his own cheerful smile and it has become his greatest asset to popularity.

Larry's versatility is the result of years of hard work. His father, Zera the Great, a well-known magician and

(Continued on page 85)



M. J. McGowan, of whose remarkable discovery the eminent Dr. Woodruff says: "It leaves little use for us specialists, and none at all for beauty preparations."

## Scientist Discovers a Skin Laxative!

**Evacuates Pores and Purges Skin of Every Impurity in An Hour;  
A Beautiful Skin Now Mere Matter of Personal Cleanliness**

**W**OMEN, give thanks to Mr. McGowan—an English scientist scarce out of his twenties. His discovery means every woman can have her skin made beautiful while she waits.

After five years of experiment, an element has been found that *physic's one's skin*. Its action is gentle, but positive. Its use is delightful, not distasteful, for it is applied outside. Put it on; slip into your easy chair to dream or doze; in less than an hour the skin pores move. Impurities that are clogging your facial pores come out as if squeezed from a tube. It's a wonderful feeling, this flushing of the pores. They tingle with relief and relaxation. When you pick up your handglass you'll almost drop it with surprise—for the new bloom of color and velvety texture of skin are simply marvelous. Such is the magic of modern chemistry. It *always* works, because it is *Nature*

### How It Works

The scientific name of this new element is Terradermalax. It is blended into a soft, plastic clay of exquisite smoothness. Place it on the face like a poultice, and you soon feel this laxative working on every inch of skin. In an hour, or less, wipe off with a towel—and with it every blackhead, pimple-point, speck and spot of dirt. That's all. For a week or two, it is well to move the skin every other day. Then once a week suffices. In the end, the skin is trained to function without aid.

Terradermalax is a scientific achievement, not a cosmetic, cream or other beauty nostrum. Not only harmless, but hygienic and helpful to the skin. Women on whom Mr. McGowan experimented daily for months, show skins and complexions of striking health and beauty. Men's skins, too, are similarly benefited.

### Not on Sale

Unfortunately Terradermalax cannot be stocked by druggists. The active ingredient that loosens the pores of the skin structure must be fresh. The laboratory carefully seals each jar and dates every label. On store shelves, this laxative element would lose its force, and then the application would have no more effect than the ordinary massage. So the laboratory supplies the users direct.

### How to Obtain a Supply of Terradermalax

Making this new material is slow work. But the laboratory fills requests for single jars in the order received. Each jar is a full two months' supply; with it comes McGowan's own directions. Send no money, but pay the postman \$2.50 when he brings it. Furthermore, McGowan, says: "Any woman whose skin and complexion do not receive instantaneous and perfectly astonishing benefits that she can feel and see may have this small laboratory fee back without question."

Sallow, oily or muddy skin will soon be looked on not as a misfortune, but evidence of neglect. So if you desire a skin of Godgiven purity, softness and coloring, fill out this application now; if you expect to be out when postman calls, send \$2.50 with order. Same guarantee applies.

-----  
**DERMATOLOGICAL LABORATORIES**  
329 Plymouth Place, Chicago:

Please send two months' supply of freshly compounded Terradermalax soon as made. I will pay postman just \$2.50 for everything. My money to be refunded if asked. **13**

.....  
(Write your name very plainly on this line)

.....  
(Complete mail address here or in margin)





# 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.

## Why Have Freckles

—when they are so easily removed? Try the following treatment:

Apply a small portion of Stillman's Freckle Cream when retiring. Do not rub in, but apply lightly. Wash off in the morning with a good soap. Continue using the cream until the freckles entirely disappear.

Start tonight—after two or three applications you will see results.

After years of research specialists have created this delightful, harmless cream which leaves the skin without a blemish. If your druggist hasn't it, write us direct. 50c per jar.

Stillman's Face Powder - 50c  
Stillman's Rouge - - - 25c  
Stillman's Tooth Paste - 25c

At Drug Stores everywhere. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Write for booklet—“Wouldst Thou Be Fair?” for helpful beauty hints.

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Please send details of your Special Price Reduction Offer.

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MARTHA.—Here we are again—and spring will soon be here. One thing right after another. Just as we get thru with one season, along comes another. Yes, Wallace Reid is with Famous Players, 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles, Calif. Don't worry! As Lowell says, "Let us be of good cheer, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never come." Nothing so bad but it might be worse.

FLO M.—*Ma chère*—you, too, ask about Rudolph Valentino. Right here and now, I am giving his address—Famous Players-Lasky, 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles, Calif. It seems that every other letter I receive asks something about him. He's certainly right in the glare of the calcium just now, and I'm wondering how long he'll remain there.

A. M. B.—No, I am not married. They only who have loved or hated, know the full meaning of mismatched, so I don't know. Florence Vidor is now working on "The Real Adventure," from Henry Kitchell Webster's novel. King Vidor is directing. Claire Whitney is not playing now. She was with Fox, you know.

BOBBY TWINS.—My regards to both of you. No, I didn't freeze this winter. Pretty well thawed out now. Sure, I can ice-skate. I like it, too. The girls all take a-hold of my beard and help me along. You want to know whether Rudolph Valentino can sing "Kashmiri's Love Song." I never heard him. It was taken from India's Love Lyrics. Shirley Mason, in "Up the Back Stairs."

IMA PEACH.—That's some joke you told me about your grandfather. Is he really that old? The value of Alaska's salmon products in one year is seven and a half times the original purchase price of that territory, so you see it was a good investment. A salmon has been known to produce ten million eggs.

M. B. R.—Better say nothing than nothing to the purpose. You've got the right idea. Sure, I still drink buttermilk. How do you suppose I could do these inquiries if it wasn't for my buttermilk? Antonio Moreno is with Western Vitagraph. You say you don't know whether you like him better than Ruddle or not.

G. C. P.—You say you have a Ford and it contains all the rattles. A noise can be made an agony if we pay too much attention to it, and a silence if we learn to disregard it. Everything depends on getting used to a thing. Agnes Ayres is with Lasky. So you think she is beautiful.

TWEEDLE.—Never give up. Where there's life, there's soap. Louis Cornar, the centenarian, lived in Venice over 400 years ago. He was given up to die when forty years old. You know, they gave me up when I was an infant, but I fooled them. You hold out great hopes for Miss Dupont. She is a winner, all right.

LILLY FLOWERS.—That was a clever letter of yours. Write me again. I am not a Beauty Doctor. Ready BEAUTY if you want to be beautiful. That's how I keep so beautiful. And I don't even use Corliss Palmer's face powder!

R. A. W.—Think! The young man who applies himself to thinking will, by and by, be amazed to find how much there is to think

about. He should never be content to take things as they are. Think them over and see if you can't better them. Tom Moore, opposite Betty Compson, in "Over the Border." Casson Ferguson is also in the cast. No, Mack Sennett is not producing any more bathing pictures.

RED ED.—Hello, Reddy! Are you ready? Joseph Dowling, in "The Kentucky Colonel." Wormwood has nothing to do with worms or wood, but is the Anglo-Saxon "wer-mod," man-inspiring, being a strong tonic. But why wish such things on one? What have I done? Bert Lytell and Sylvia Breamer, in "Sherlock Brown."

LILLY FLOWERS.—Are you here again so soon? You don't mean to let me forget you, do you? So you think Lillian Gish is our greatest actress, and to you she is the high priestess of all things that are beautiful and grand and sacred. Your letter contained many beautiful thoughts. Ernest Lubitsch, the German actor, is twenty-nine years old. Guy Bates Post is doing "The Masquerader" in pictures. If it's as good as his stage play, it will be a hummer. You're welcome.

BOOTS AND BETS.—Well, a man will die for want of air in five minutes; for want of sleep, in ten days; for want of water, in a week; for want of food, at varying intervals, dependent on various circumstances, forty days being the probable limit. May McAvoy can be reached at Lasky Studios, Los Angeles, Calif. Constance Talmadge is playing in "Polly of the Follies."

OLD TIMER.—Mme. Olga Petrova is playing in "The White Peacock," which she wrote herself. It is a stage play. Address her at the Comedy Theater, New York City.

MERMAID.—I don't know of any poetry to quote which adequately expresses this yearning for the wild. When I get time, I will write some. Conway Tearle, in "The Wild Open Town," with Faire Binney. Tom Mix, in "Sky High." Jackie Coogan is playing in "Lost and Found." Virginia Lee can be reached at the Robertson-Cole Company, 723 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

GLADYS M.—And you, too, are writing about Rudolph Valentino. Talk on, rave on, oh, ye fans!

BEBE A.—Thanks for yours. Be sure to write me again.

RUTH S.—A "monkey-wrench" is not so named because it is a handy thing to monkey with, or for any kindred reason. Monkey is not its name at all, but *Moncky*, named after the inventor, Charles Moncky. Harold Lloyd, in "He Who Hesitates." Gareth Hughes is twenty-five years old. Lowell Sherman is married.

FRANCES B.—Few persons know how to be old. Francis Ford is not playing now. You will have to decide for yourself who is the prettiest actress. Claire Windsor and George Hackathorne, in "To Please One Woman." That's some task, too.

RUDIE.—Glad to know you. Hope you will come often. Have no fear; my brains won't go on strike. What I lack is made up by my



readers, who are all clever—else they wouldn't read what I write. Yes, I like May McAvoy.

**EUGENE O'BRIEN FIEND.**—Those were real rabbits, and they are not hard to get. Did you know that one pair of rabbits might become multiplied in four years into 1,250,000 if not affected by disease or natural enemies. It might pay you to buy a pair and try it. No, I didn't see "Devil Dog Dawson."

**WALLACE REID FAN.**—Repentance is being sorry enough to stop. Ruth Roland, at 605 South Norton Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif. You say you have written to Bebe Daniels several times and she does not answer. Bebe, wake up!

**ALIA D.**—James Kirkwood is playing in "If Winter Comes."

**SUGAR PLUM.**—Ah, a friend! A friend is one who makes us be our best. So you are for Cullen Landis. Pauline Frederick, in "Two Kinds of Women." I know more than two kinds. How can I get lonesome with so many friends?

**FORGET ME NOT.**—Kid gloves are not kid, but are made from lambskin or sheepskin. Roy Stewart and Kathlyn Williams, in "Just a Wife." Herbert Rawlinson is married to Roberta Arnold.

**P. D. Q.**—You say you are very fond of old men, but when it comes to eighty-one, you draw the line. You've got nothing on me; I haven't even noticed your line. Richard Dix is with Goldwyn. Grace Darmond and James Morrison, in "Handle With Care."

**NEWCOMER.**—Yes, that was the French Revolution. Napoleon I. was crowned Emperor in 1804 and died at St. Helena, 1820. I'll repeat your little paragraph:

Kind hearts are the gardens,  
Kind thoughts are the roots;  
Kind words are the blossoms,  
Kind deeds are the fruits.

**NICHETTE.**—Wow! You say I have the wisdom of Solomon and the patience and philosophy of Socrates. You are very clever to have discovered this. Many would not have noticed it. I can see that you read everything in the CLASSIC, all right.

**MOONSHINER.**—No, Bebe Daniels is not married. Norma Talmadge is playing in "The Duchess of Langlais."

**A. H. P.**—Both Robert Warwick and Hazel Dawn are playing on the New York stage. Wheeler Oakman is in California. You're welcome; write me again.

**M. AND K. B.**—Of course, I pay my bills—when I've got the money. People who do not pay their debts in money, pay them much more dearly in other ways. I believe in establishing a credit. I could never write these answers if I was constantly worried about debts and harassed by creditors. You say you want more about Wallace Reid. Gloria Swanson is about twenty-five years old.

**M. B.**—I am not so sure that the stars above us govern our condition, because I think we have something to say about it ourselves. Didn't see Richard Dix in "Dangerous Curve Ahead." Will see about that interview with him.

**KITT K.**—All right, come right along. Write me any time.

**BILLIE.**—Well, you want to study how to be respectful toward your employers, and at the same time keep them respectful toward you. You've got the right idea. I wish you luck. All you say about Rudolph Valentino is correct. Be patient.

**R. V. ADMIRER.**—Yes, there was an interview with Valentino in the December, 1921, issue of the CLASSIC, by Herbert Howe.

**SCRAPPY.**—The first complete sewing machine was patented by Elias Howe, jr., in 1846. Elaine Hammerstein, in "Yesterday's Wife." Agnes Ayres, in "The Ordeal," with Conrad Nagel opposite.

**A CERA.**—Little Mary Anderson was in to see us when she was East. She is making personal appearances with her pictures now. I believe children should start to school when about five. The schools of a country are its future in miniature.

**STUBBY.**—Hoot Gibson is thirty years old and is five feet ten inches, and weighs one hundred and sixty pounds. I understand he is to change Hoot to Eddie. 'Tis well. Didn't see 'Red

(Continued on page 82)

(Seventy-five)



# A Delightful Test

## To bring you prettier teeth

This offers you a ten-day test which will be a revelation to you. It will show you the way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth.

Millions of people of some forty races now employ this method. Leading dentists everywhere advise it. You should learn how much it means to you and yours.

### Clouded by a film

Your teeth are clouded more or less by film. The fresh film is viscous—you can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

Old methods of brushing leave much of that film intact. The film absorbs stains, so the teeth look discolored. Film is the basis of tartar.

### How it ruins teeth

That film holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So most tooth troubles are now

traced to that film, and they are almost universal.

### Now we combat it

Dental science, after long research, has found two film combatants. Many careful tests have proved their efficiency. Leading dentists everywhere urge their daily use.

A new-day tooth paste has been created, called Pepsodent. It complies with modern requirements. And these two great film combatants are embodied in it.

### Two other effects

Pepsodent brings two other effects which authority now deems essential. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube and watch these effects for a while. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the filmcoats disappear.

Then judge the benefits by what you see and feel. You will be amazed.

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## The Ruling Passion

(Continued from page 43)

Mrs. James Alden stared at the unbelievable figure before her, and said nothing, because she could not decide whether to scream, laugh, scold or simply have hysterics. And as she debated these possibilities, her husband moved closer and spoke in a mysterious undertone. "When I get home I'll explain everything! And you can say it with flowers or bricks, whichever you prefer. But run along now like a nice girl! I can't possibly get away yet—this is our busiest time.

"I couldn't help it, Alice!" James Alden pleaded as he and his wife sat over their after-dinner-coffee on the terrace that evening, "A man's job—why it's himself! I suppose women don't understand—" the lights of a big car flashed up the drive. He flung out a derisive hand, "Carter Andrews now is the kind of man who toils not, neither does he spin, and yet the lilies of the field smell no sweeter! But some of us are different. We have to *work*, we can't make a business of playing like you women can."

There was a gentle little silence on the terrace while Carter Andrew's car paused before the front door, and then went away again down the drive with a disgruntled rattle of gears. Then, slowly—"I think," said Mrs. Alden, "that Angie is expecting a call from Bill. Oh, yes—" she answered his exclamation, "I know about Bill. Angie told me a good deal and then, while you were lying down before dinner, I went around to the garage and got Bill to adjust the brakes on the Stutz."

"Well?" challenged James Alden, "well?"

"He adjusts brakes very nicely," said his wife impersonally. Alden felt his mouth stretch into a grin in the darkness, but he kept it out of his voice.

"The garage is on its feet, thanks to him," he said quietly, "he's a hard worker. He'll make good. I'm betting a good deal on Bill."

"Angie is a good deal," Mrs. Alden assented. Another little silence, intimate, friendly. Then up the aristocratic driveway clattered and snorted a little flivver and came to a racking stop before the door. They listened shamelessly and heard their daughter's voice, nicely tuned to surprise. "How splendid! Then you can take me over to the country club, and we can talk about that stubborn Grant man on the way!"

The flivver careened automatically away. From the shadows came James Alden's chuckle. "I'll wager, Mother," he said with a little break in his voice, "I'll wager they don't talk about that Grant man after all!"

He had not called her Mother for many years. She gave a little sobbing laugh. "After all," she said irrelevantly, "you were only earning twenty-five a week when I married you, Jimsey—"

Morning is a time for sanity and hard facts. Bill Merrick found the facts ex-

tremely hard. Last night, in the moonlight he had kissed the daughter of James Alden quite as though he were a millionaire and had a right to tell her that he loved her. It seemed impossible that he could have done such a thing and he might have thought that he had dreamed it, if it had not been that James Alden's daughter had kissed him, too. He could never have dreamed *that!*

She probably would never forgive him.

A canary-colored roadster stopped outside the garage. Merrick looked wildly around for John Grant, but he had disappeared. Feeling as though he had been ordered to take an entire German battery single handed—Bill went out to the car, and then the world grew dazzling bright and a thousand birds began to sing. She was *smiling*. "I'm sorry—" Bill began without the least idea of what he meant to say.

"Sorry because you kissed me?" Angie asked reproachfully.

"No!" roared Bill, and then and there he did it again! A pair of oil-stained jumper sleeves is not the best thing in the world for silk sport clothes, but love laughs at dry-cleaners as well as locksmiths. Then he grew serious, stern, Sidney Carton in overalls saying that the thing that he did was a far, far better thing than he had ever done.

"Tonight," said Bill resolutely, "I shall see your father and tell him that we love each other. And then," said Bill, tightening his muscles and looking very virile and determined, "I shall go to work and try to make enough to support you in the way to which—"

"Piffle!" said the young lady unromantically, "I think it would be lots of fun to start housekeeping over the garage," she put the roadster into first, smiling at him witchingly over her shoulder. "Don't worry about father! They're not doing the stern parent stuff now-a-days. Good-bye till tonight—*Bill!*" He had never guessed before that he had such a poetic name.

The three Aldens were sitting in three attitudes of strained unconcern that evening when the bell rang. Angie sprang up, blushing rosily, the soft folds of her evening frock fluttering like petals in a little breeze of haste. On the way to the door, she turned and gave each of her parents an ecstatic hug, "You've been just perfectly old dears about this!" she cried, and was gone. They heard her high voice and a deep one speaking with long pauses between. The words were inaudible, but their tones were a rhapsody—the tune to which the world was set in the beginning when the morning stars sang together.

"I suppose," Mrs. Alden said tremulously, her double chins quivering, "I suppose we do seem very old to them."

"Nonsense!" cried James Alden stoutly, "we're only just comfortably middle-aged. Give us a kiss, Mother!" But his eyes, above her carefully marcelled grey head were humorously dismayed.

(Seventy-six)



**De Miracle**  
Every Woman's Depilatory

**Hair Remover**  
Genuine—Original

BY actual test genuine De Miracle is the safest and surest. When you use it you are not experimenting with a new and untried depilatory, because it has been in use for over 20 years, and is the only depilatory that has ever been endorsed by Physicians, Surgeons, Dermatologists, Medical Journals and Prominent Magazines.

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We make you expert in all branches, such as muscle strap, mud pack, dyeing, marcel, skin work, manicuring, etc. Earn \$40 to \$75 a week. No experience necessary. Study at home in spare time. Earn while you learn. Authorized diploma. Money-back guarantee. Get FREE book, Oriental System of Beauty Culture, Dept. 44, 1000 Diversey Blvd., Chicago

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## The Photoplay in Stagnant Waters

(Continued from page 34)

professed to have seen but few of them. One however, he named with genuine enthusiasm. It was Griffith's "Broken Blossoms." "That is a true work of art," he said. And he enthused over the work of Charlie Chaplin. We asked him to name the foremost American film players and he again lapsed into diplomatic silence. But when we asked him to select the foremost film player of Europe, his eyes lighted and he named Pola Negri without a second's hesitation. And he listed Emil Jannings, Paul Wegener and Weiner Krauss as among the foremost celluloid actors. Incidentally, Lubitsch confirmed the report that Jannings, the unforgettable Louis XV of "Passion" and Henry VIII of "Deception," is of American blood. Jannings is of American parentage, altho he was born in Switzerland.

Lubitsch briefly explained his method of work, which differs but little from those of our own directors. Save in one important particular. Before starting a production, he goes away with his scenario editor and together they devote a month to working out the continuity.

Here Lubitsch pointed out that European continuity differs from American in one essential aspect. Motion pictures in Germany, Italy and Sweden are shown after the style of spoken plays—in acts, usually four in number, with intermissions between the parts. This necessitates building to act climaxes, after the fashion of the footlight drama. Lubitsch declares this to be easier than the American continuity, which must sweep steadily upward until it reaches its climax.

"My actual methods of direction are, I suppose, similar to American ways. I have but one fixed rule: I never use players until I know their personalities and real inner selves. In that way, I never ask more of them than they can give."

Lubitsch looks but lightly upon the present film depression. "A war reaction," he explains. "During the struggle the people of every country had more or less excess money to spend. And they had to do something steadily to forget. So even film rubbish attracted, for the war-time audiences sought only amusement.

"Now conditions are different. Money is scarce. People have no horror to forget. They think before entering a theater and they sit with a critical attitude. All over Europe conditions are psychologically the same as in America."

Lubitsch laughs at the idea of German motion pictures injuring American film making. "We must interchange—for we all need the best products of every country. Never forget that the photoplay is international and that the people of every land are essentially the same in every way. And do not forget that the photoplay is the one art speaking all languages."

(Seventy-seven)

# \$250<sup>00</sup> in Prizes for Amateur Artists

**Do You Like to Draw?** Copy this bathing girl, and send us your drawing—perhaps you'll win first prize. This contest is for amateurs only (17 years of age or more), so do not hesitate to enter, even if you haven't had much practice.

1st Prize.....	\$100.00
2nd Prize.....	50.00
3rd Prize.....	25.00
4th Prize.....	15.00
5th Prize.....	10.00
6th to 15th Prizes, each.....	5.00

**FREE!** Everyone entering a drawing in this contest will receive a beautiful full-color reproduction (suitable for framing) of a painting by a nationally known American illustrator—and also a *free test lesson in drawing* prepared by the Federal School faculty.

If the thing you most long for is to be a real commercial artist, listen! Capable artists readily earn \$50, \$75, \$100, \$150 a week and upwards. Hundreds of ambitious young men and women have found their true work in life—often have quickly doubled and trebled their incomes—through the Federal Home-Study Course, recognized by authorities as America's Foremost Course in Commercial Designing. With proper training of your ability, you, too, should succeed. By all means enter this contest—see what you can do.

### Rules for Contestants

This contest open only to amateurs, 17 years old or more. Professional commercial artists and Federal students are not eligible.

Note these rules carefully.

1. Make your drawing of girl exactly 4½ inches high, on paper 3½ inches wide by 7 inches high.
2. Use only pencil or pen.
3. No drawings will be returned.
4. Write your name, address, age and occupation on the back of your drawing.
5. All drawings must be received in Minneapolis by May 1, 1922. Drawings will be judged and prizes awarded by Faculty members of the Federal Schools, Inc. All contestants will be notified of the prize winners. Make your drawing of the girl now and send it to

### Federal School of Commercial Designing

1002 Federal Schools Building  
Minneapolis, Minn.





## Helen's Hungry Heart

(Continued from page 25)

and I would be left in solitary splendor in the disarranged dressing-room. That was usually my cue to burst into tears and when the casting director would catch me crying, in sheer exasperation, he would say: "If I let you work in this scene will you stop crying?" My tears would miraculously disappear, and I would put on my make-up with hands that trembled with joy.

I had been doing mob scenes for about ten months, when late one afternoon one of the directors decided that he needed another maid for the scene. He happened to think of me, and told the casting director that he wanted the "kid with the sad eyes." In my eagerness and joy I pushed the candle I was using to heat my cosmetic too near my make-up mirror, and set fire to the dressing-room, but the girls all helped me put it out so we only destroyed a few bits of make-up.

I was considered the kid of the studio, and the casting director finally decided that I would never be an actress, and encouraged me to try stenography, by firing me with great regularity. But each time that he ordered me off the lot I would report with more determination the next morning.

When I had been there for two years I decided for myself that I wouldn't give up until I had failed to make good with a given opportunity. So with knees that knocked together I sneaked into the general manager's office, greeted him with a nervous "Hello," and gasped out my frantic desire for a "chance." He asked how long I had been in the studio and what I had done. I told him that I had been there for two years and had been fired seven times. He told me that I would do the lead in a little two-reeler the next week, and I did, and stayed on playing leads with all of their stars—Taylor Holmes, Bryant Washburn and Jack Gardner.

Then they fired me again . . . and it took.

With positively no knowledge of the Big City and with \$150 in the world I left, during one of Chicago's noted blizzards, for New York. I was sixteen and had never been out of Illinois before. I felt just as courageous about tackling New York as I had felt at first about tackling Essanay, and I met with about the same lack of success. A book of stills, the old ambition and a love of work is not sufficient to prove an open sesame in a city so completely absorbed in successes.

It took me two months to spend my savings, two weeks to realize that I couldn't live on the stills and ambition, and two days to find a clerical position. Then I sent for my mother. I worked for forty dollars a month in this office until I ran into an old friend of mine, Raymond McKee, on the street one day and he got me a part in a picture that

the government was making. From there I went with Commodore Blackton and did a picture with Mitchell Lewis; from there I went to Metro and did "Why Germany Must Pay."

Then the "flu" epidemic broke out and caused an almost complete shut-down of the studios and I was idle for four months. After that I did a picturization of the experience of the "Lost Battalion"; went right to Vitagraph to do "The Gamblers"; then a Jack London story for an independent concern; a prison story for another independent company, and then Goldwyn sent me to California to do a Rex Beach story, "Going Some," and when I finished that I decided to stay on the Coast. I went right to Fox and did a picture with William Russell; to Metro and did two Jack London stories with Mitchell Lewis; back to Fox for another picture with Mr. Russell; to Vitagraph for one with Earle Williams; to Fox for one with Buck Jones; to Universal for one with Harry Carey; First National for one with David Butler; back to Fox again for two more pictures with Buck Jones, and another one with William Russell. Then I signed a contract with Lasky for a William de Mille picture, and did "Miss Lulu Bett," and from there I went right to Goldwyn for another picture, the one I am doing now—"Hungry Hearts," from the pen of Anzia Yezierska, and in my estimation not only the best part of my "career," but the best picture I have ever worked in. I want you all to see it. It is a story of the struggle of the Russian Jews in America, and while I'm not a Jewess, and have always hated the little hump on my nose, I now love it because it brought me the part I love so.

Incidentally, the casting director who fired me so religiously is the assistant director on this picture, and we are now the best of friends.

### HANDS

By HELENE MULLINS

#### I.

White,  
Transparent  
Hands,  
Luxuriously soft,  
And luxuriously helpless . . .

#### II.

Slightly red,  
Slightly roughened hands,  
Without vanity  
And without desire.  
On the left finger of one  
Gleams a plain gold band.  
This—  
Is her compensation . . .

#### III.

Tender hands,  
Solemnly holding a prayer-book.  
No eager restlessness here,  
No thirst for knowledge,  
Only a simple faith—  
Calm,  
Unwavering . . .

(Seventy-eight)

The Sole Agent for the

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Foundation Cream . . . . . 50¢  
(To be used together)

Face Rouge . . . . . 50¢  
Lip Salve . . . . . 50¢

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We guarantee all of Miss Palmer's preparations to be perfectly harmless. Her formulas call for only the best ingredients. She has been declared, by competent judges, the most beautiful girl in America, and she has made a thoro study of beauty and of what helps it and of what injures it. We have thousands of the most glowing testimonials praising her preparations. Try them once and you will use no others.

### "Art that Conceals Art"

is Miss Palmer's motto—hence she strives to imitate nature, and believes that a lady should not appear painted or made up, but natural.

**Richard Wallace**  
Brooklyn, N. Y.



## The Heroine

(Continued from page 21)

work with him. I am tremendously interested in pantomime. If you can master this art you can have your back to the camera and still convey your meaning. Henry Walthall is an adept at this. His whole body, especially his sensitive hands, carry his emotions. Odd thing, in 'One Clear Call,' he was my husband yet we did not have a single scene together."

Lois Weber has a penchant for naming, as well as making stars, and deciding her new twinkler was an English type of patrician beauty she promptly christened her *Claire Windsor*. This proved a happy inspiration, for it suits her so perfectly that I believe she has forgotten that her own name was Olla Cronk.

Being feminine, we felt the romance of the twilight hour and mused on love and marriage.

Much publicity has been given to rumors that Charlie Chaplin and Miss Windsor were to wed, but she declares there is no truth to them, she and the great comedian being merely very good friends, that is all.

"I'm sorry so much has been made of his attentions to me," Claire explained, simply. "It may spoil our friendship and I have enjoyed it and been proud of it, too, for Mr. Chaplin is the most interesting man I know."

While she is ambitious for further glory in her work, Miss Windsor confesses she is more woman than artist and does not hesitate to say she would willingly exchange the hopes of a successful career for a happy marriage.

"I would be almost afraid to mix the two," she confided, dubiously, puckering her brows. "It must be a hazardous experiment, so many fail, tho I dont see why they should. However, no amount of fame can take the place in a woman's heart of a home, the love of a husband and children. Her public life can last but a short time and at best it isn't worth too much of a sacrifice."

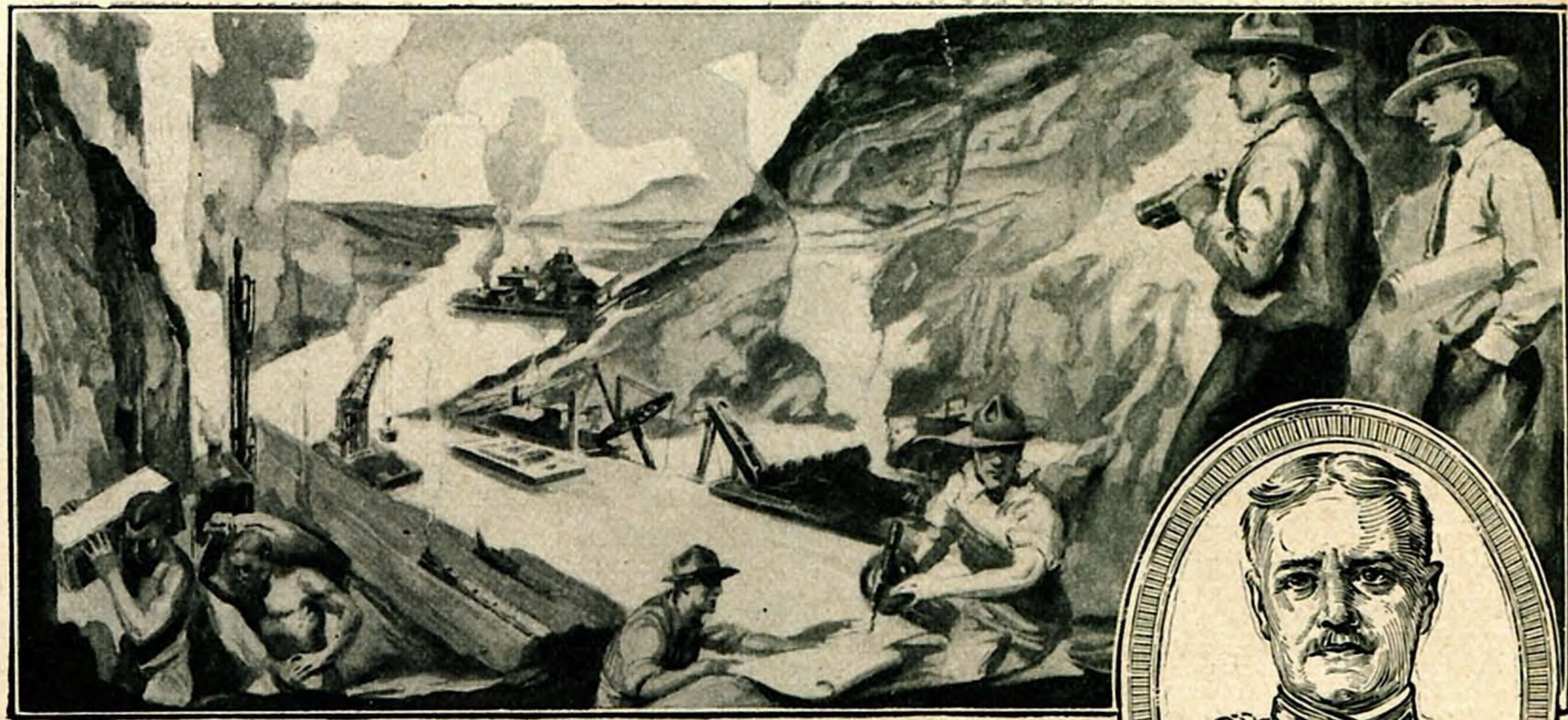
Back again with her father and mother, surrounded by their love and encouragement, Claire has taken up the broken threads of her girlhood and before I left she gaily lead me into her pretty ivory and rose boudoir to show me the new gown she was to wear to a dinner at the Ambassador Hotel that evening. It was a beautiful thing of shimmering sequins in gorgeous peacock shades.

Of course she loves to dance, she rides horseback, too, and drives her own sedan, swims and golfs besides.

"I'm vacationing this week," said she, happily. "In a few days I start to work at Goldwyns on 'Brothers Under the Skin,' the Peter B. Kyne story. I'm always thrilled with a new picture, with its new character to develop and new situations to meet."

With her sweet dignity, winsomeness and appealing feminine charm, Claire Windsor seems waiting, perhaps a little wistfully, to be shown the way to her Big Opportunity.

(Seventy-nine)



# Did YOU Ever Dream of Being a Great Canal Builder --

*Like Goethals?*

**T**HE greatest men are the greatest dreamers. In youth they look years ahead and picture themselves doing the big things that later thrill the admiring world. As boys—they imagine themselves directing the boring of gigantic tunnels underneath towering mountain passes. They see mammoth trans-oceanic ships—like floating castles—Leviathans—all creatures of their own creative brain. They see great ship canals—channeling through trackless jungles in spite of a thousand obstacles that had threatened failure.

All this they see in their youthful dreams. But at last it comes—the great day in which the dream comes true.

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Did these men sit back and dream idly? No. No. They had the good judgment to know they must **prepare themselves** for their great chance. They began by determinedly making the first step early in life.

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### From \$35 to \$100 a Week

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THE ROGERS ELECTRIC LABORATORIES CO.  
2063 East 65th St. Cleveland, Ohio



## The Hollywood Boulevardier Chats

(Continued from page 65)

The screen version will be called "Over the Border." Penrhyn Stanlaws will direct.

\* \* \*

Cecil de Mille's first picture after his return from Europe will be "Man-slaughter" from the *Saturday Evening Post* story of that name. The leading rôle will be played by Leatrice Joy who also appeared in De Mille's "Saturday Night."

\* \* \*

Wallie Reid is going to do a Willie Collier on the screen, playing "The Dictator" in his next story.

\* \* \*

Realart stars are glimmering dimly. Wanda Hawley has been selected to appear in a picture in support of Dorothy Dalton, and May McAvoyn will support another star.

\* \* \*

Max Linder has had a very narrow escape from blindness from the worst case of Kleig eyes that has been seen in Hollywood in many a day. He has recovered, however, and has finished his burlesque of "The Three Musketeers." Max lives in Beverly Hills. His next-door neighbor recently took a short trip to San Diego. While there he received a telegram from Max saying: "Must see you; very important." The recipient of the telegram left a dinner party; ordered out his car and, at the risk of his life and liberty, came tearing up on an all-night ride to see what the emergency was. When he came panting into Beverly Hills, Max met him at the door. "I just wanted to know," he said, "if it would be all right for me to put one of my cars in your garage; mine is overcrowded."

\* \* \*

Guy Bates Post, who has been in several of the Richard Walton Tully plays, will have the lead in "The Masquerader." The cast will include William Standing and Marcia Manon.

\* \* \*

Talk of a trip to the Sahara Desert for the filming of "The Garden of Allah" has been resumed once again in the case of Norma Talmadge. This project has been talked of for a long time, but she has had much difficulty in getting the story, the film rights of which are owned by Col. Selig. Frank Lloyd who is directing Miss Talmadge in "The Duchess of Langeais" is to direct "The Garden of Allah."

\* \* \*

Frances Marian says she is thru with directing. She declares there are too many disappointments. She is to stick to writing. She has two pictures to her credit as a director—"The Love Light"

and "Just Around the Corner" from a story by Fannie Hurst. She is now writing stories for both Norma and Constance Talmadge.

\* \* \*

A season of Italian opera has been occupying the attention of the film colony. Tony Moreno, Conway Tearle and Ramon Samaniegos, a striking young Spaniard discovered by Rex Ingram, are in the opera house literally every time the doors open. Samaniegos is both a talented pianist and a dancer.

\* \* \*

Sessue Hayakawa and his wife Tsura Aoki are ardent admirers of Tamaki Miura, the little Japanese prima donna who sings "Madam Butterfly." Together with Charles Spencer Chaplin, they held a public reception for her, all the grantees of California society being present.

\* \* \*

Rudolph Valentino's new house (with no bride apparent) on Whitley Heights, Hollywood, is the most sensational and exotic piece of property in the movie colony. Nobody knows what he is going to do with it. Presumably he bought it in a fit of exuberance on discovering that he would not have to pay alimony in connection with his divorce from Jean Acker.

\* \* \*

The golden evidence of Charlie Chaplin's penchant for blondes is Mildred Harris, May Collins and Claire Windsor. But just how should Lila Lee be classified with her raven tresses? Maybe Charlie's mood has changed since he went to Paris. At any rate he goes to the opera with the lovely Lila.

\* \* \*

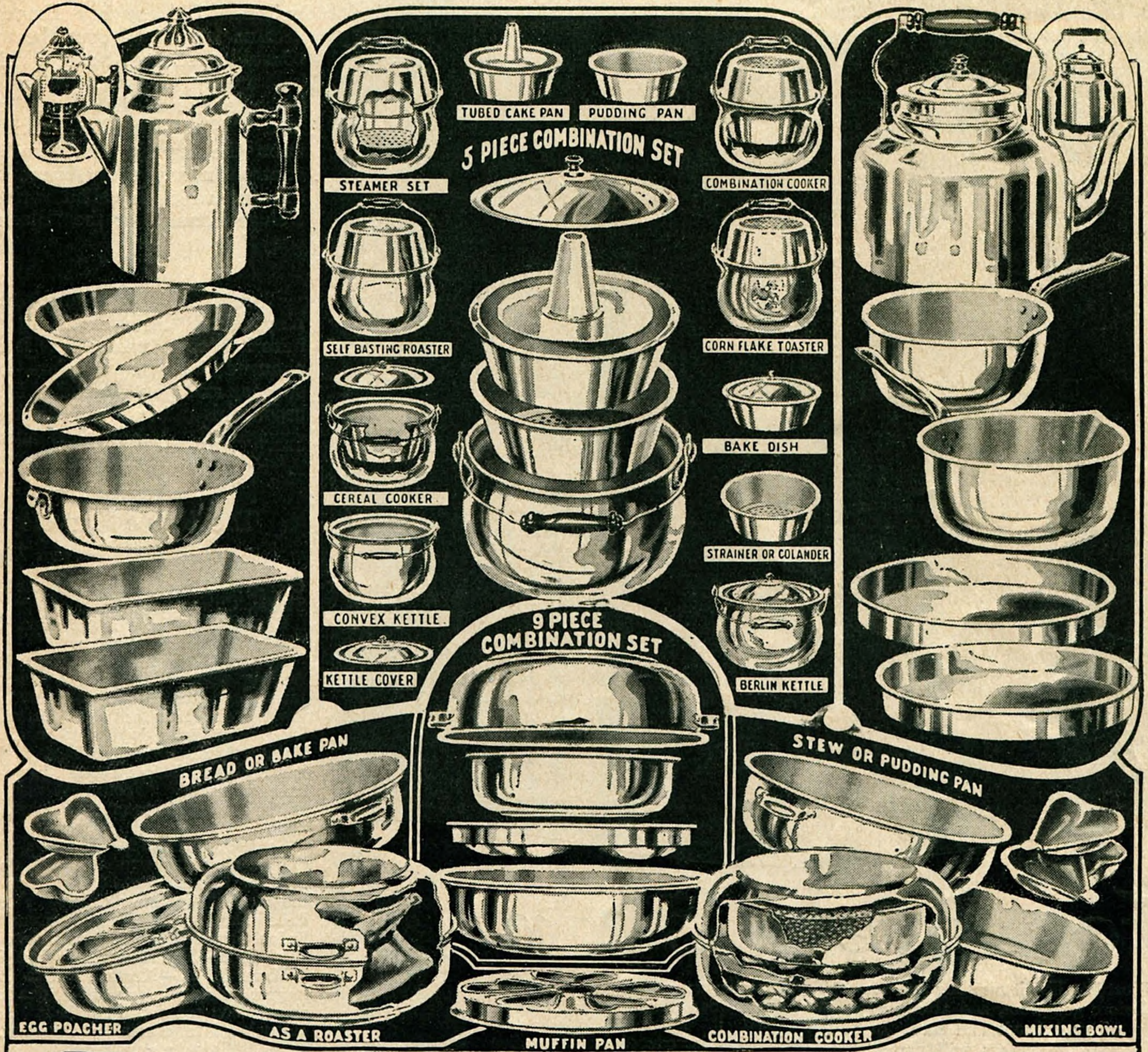
Raymond McKee, picture actor, and Frances White have announced their engagement. Miss White is a Los Angeles girl and began her career here at the same burlesque house where Fatty Arbuckle began his. Mr. Arbuckle, by the way, is beginning a propaganda campaign for a return to popular favor. He has issued a statement to the press in San Francisco saying that it is not being tried for murder which hurts his feelings; it is not losing all his money; it is losing the love of the dear public which breaks his heart. So now we know all about it.

\* \* \*

"The Vermilion Pencil," which Sessue Hayakawa has just finished, is a story of China written by Homer Lea, the mysterious California crippled boy who went to China and became a general in the war between the Dowager Empress and the forces of the im-

(Continued on page 82)





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## The Hollywood Boulevardier Chats

(Continued from page 80)

prisoned Chinese boy Emperor. Lea became known all over the world as a consulting strategist and is said to have had much to do with making the naval plans for the defense of the British Empire. "The Vermilion Pencil" is based upon the strange secret society which controls nearly every event in Chinese life and which is called variously "The Deluge Family" or the "Black Lily Society."

\* \* \*

Thomas H. Ince is about to release a play called "Skin Deep" in which the hero is a crook whose face is completely changed by the wonders of plastic surgery and who thereafter is able to go among his old pals unsuspected and unrecognized. Milton Sills and Florence Vidor have the chief rôles.

## The Movie Encyclopædia

(Continued from page 75)

Courage. Harold Lloyd, at the Hal Roach Studio, Culver City, Calif.

BONNIE B.—Yet it is the same. Heap much thanks for the compliments.

MABEL.—Now Mabel, stop teasing your old Answer Man. Of course I use soap on my face. Soap was first manufactured in England in the sixteenth century. Better read our BEAUTY magazine *in re* soap on the face. Yes, I think Agnes Ayres is a beauty. Marie Doro is married to Elliott Dexter, but I think they have separated. "Foolish Wives" is running at the Central Theater, Broadway, New York City.

SOMEBODY'S STENOGR.—I always write my inquiries on a typewriter. No, I do the touch system. Gloria Swanson is playing in "Beyond the Rocks," opposite Rudolph Valentino; and Bebe Daniels, in "Nancy from Nowhere." Ralph Graves is in California now.

M. R. B.—You refer to Leatrice Joy.

MARY E. K.—North America is the third largest continent. Asia and Africa have greater areas. You see, we're not in it. Yes, Richard Headrick is a charming youngster. Did you know he is quite a swimmer?

V. MERCER.—Yes, I saw the "Sheik." Also read the book, but I didn't go raving mad over either, and don't approve of naughty naughty books. Well, worth-while things were never accomplished without persistent effort, so that's why I keep at this job eternally.

R. B. G.—Well, I don't know what to tell you, except that very few of the studios are accepting manuscripts from outsiders. Most companies are producing from books and stage plays. See above for Harold Lloyd's address.

A LOVER OF MOVIES.—It matters not how long we live, but how. Yes, Miss Dupont, in "The Rage of Paris." Had a letter from Rose Tapley the other day, and she wishes to thank all of her dear friends who voted for her in our recent contest. We hope to see her back on the screen some day.

## The Green Temptation

(Continued from page 58)

"you're cutting a dance with me, but it's not too late to retrieve yourself. I beg your pardon, Count, but this moment is pledged to me."

Oudry's eyes followed them with an angry stare. He would have the emerald anyway. Genelle would not dare

(Continued on page 90)

(Eighty-two)



## For Lovely Skin

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# The Young King

(Continued from page 19)

dont get divorces"—another cogitating pause—"I've got a scheme tho. I will quit being a Catholic for three or four days and be something else—but I'll say my prayers every night just the same."

I lifted an eyebrow quizzically.

"How'd you do that?" he exclaimed, wide-eyed.

I repeated the eyebrow movement. He attempted to imitate, but one brow refused to budge without the other.

"Can you wiggle your ears?" he challenged, to cover his defeat.

I couldn't.

"I can!" he exclaimed triumphantly, lifting the golden brown hair from one auricle which moved obligingly.

Having tied in feats of muscular control, the conversation reverted to Patricia.

"She's an Irish Jew baby," observed Jackie. "When she is tough she is Irish. When she is soft she is Jewish. I have to make a Catholic of her. She's a Christian Scientifcer."

"How did you happen to marry a Christian Scientifcer?"

"How did I happen to marry a Christian Scientifcer?" He reflected a second. "She wasn't one when I married her. It got into her sudden."

"You love her?"

"Yes, I love her." He burst into a demonstrative refrain—

"I'm just crazy about my honey, 'Cause she dont make me spend all my money . . ."

"Jackie, why dont you recite a piece for Mr. Howe?" put in grandmother, who seemed a bit disturbed by the turn our talk had taken.

"I dont feel like it, 'Nanna dear," Jackie glanced toward his grandmother. "Oh, all right, I will."

He scrambled down from his stool and stationed himself opposite me, introducing his recitation with—

"'My Madonna,' a poem by Robert W. Service."

With feeling and significant gestures he read the entire poem without the least hesitation. As he came to the last line he lifted his eyes reverentially and softly murmured, "The Virgin, Mother of God."

"Now recite 'The Shooting of Dan McGrew,'" urged grandmother.

"I cant, 'Nanna dear. I dont know it—I cant say it well—and I dont want to recite it when I cant say it well."

"But you used to recite it beautifully."

"I know, but I was younger then," replied Jackie, blythely caroling a popular refrain about, "Oh, how I wish I'd never grow older."

Having gone around the world with Nelly Blye, Jackie suggested that we play cards. He went into another room and dragged out a card table with a frayed baize top, which I helped him to set up.

"Thank you," said he—then examining the worn cloth—"Must have been money on this table. What do you play—bridge, casino, rummy? I know, I'll play a game of solitaire for you."

He first counted the cards judiciously and then dealt them. We chatted of the movies in the meantime. He informed me that Charlie Chaplin was the greatest actor in the world. Of the actresses he prefers Mary Pickford and Juanita Hansen. . . .

"I like Gloria Swanson, too. And Wallace Reid and Douglas Fairbanks—I know Douglas."

I asked if Charlie Chaplin would play a part in one of Jackie's star pictures as sort of reciprocity for Jackie's work in "The Kid."

"No," said Jackie, "but I guess he'd like to."

I thought I detected a glint of sage humor in the somber brown eyes. Jackie seldom smiles, and when he does it is to display numerous vacancies among his teeth. Every now and then he would make a curious grimace with his mouth. His grandmother demanded to know the reason for it.

"Cold sore," said Jackie. "That's what I get for kissing people you tell me to."

Thruout the afternoon he maintained a solemnity as rigid as Buster Keaton's. Apparently unaware of his importance and utterly devoid of the self-consciousness that usually goes with precocity, he keeps his individuality aloof, untouched by the influences that flow around him. His greatest charm is this unawareness, a free, unconscious independence of thought and action. One moment he will utter the wisdom of Confucius and the next, with the same sphinxian gravity, demand to know whether you can wiggle your ears.

"Do you know Wallace Beery?" he asked suddenly. "You ought to know him. He tells fine bear stories. He plays the plumber in my new picture, 'The Plumber's Boy.' We start work tomorrow. No more play then." He sighed heavily.

I asked him if he would rather act than play. He glanced up with a sly, *entre-nous* expression and shook his head.

"But I like to act, too," he added.

"It is about fifty-fifty, isn't it?" compromised grandmother.

"No," said Jackie. "It is about fifty-twenty."

The fifty-twenty percentage didn't seem just right to him. He studied a moment, deeply perplexed, then gave it up with a shake of the head and the explanation that the fifty was playing and the acting was twenty.

"I'm going to have a tutor pretty soon," he said, by way of apologizing for his mathematical deficiencies. "I



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guess it is about time. I'm seven years old and haven't read a thing."

I marveled that a star should confess as much.

Jackie Coogan is not essentially a comedian, altho, as I have said, he has that solemnity of mien which sets off slapstick antics and makes them ludicrous. He has an extraordinary mind, alert and keen, a marvelous gift for mimicry and, over all, a sensitive, delicately attuned nature. For all the adulation he has received and the adult associations of the studio he is not assertive or "fresh" but shows always a quaint Chesterfieldian courtesy. Always it is "'Nanna dear" and "Mr." Chaplin, never "Charlie."

You feel instinctively a real superiority in Jackie Coogan, a fine, almost uncanny intelligence behind his odd reserve. I do not think that this is merely a premature development but a precocity that distinguishes uncommon genius. Greater than his power of mimicry, which may be that of a bright child, is the fundamental character which now shows itself, a sensitiveness, imagination and clarity of thought that indicates unusual mental attributes. In jazz surroundings he shows innate taste for finer things. When I asked him to do the dance which he did in "My Boy," he said:

"You mean the Chicago toddle? I will do it for you but I do not like it."

I didn't like it either; the vulgar gyrations seemed incongruous and without humor. By contrast the spiritual quality, the poetic idealism of the child seemed stronger than ever, and my thought stole back to the gentle rapture with which he murmured, "the Virgin, Mother of God." And in fancy I saw in him the Young King—

In the raiment of a king he stood, and the gates of the jeweled shrine flew open, and from the crystal of the many-rayed monstrosity shone a marvelous and mystical light. He stood there in king's raiment, and the Glory of God filled the place, and the saints in their carven niches seemed to move. In the fair raiment of a king he stood, and the organ pealed out its music, and the trumpeters blew on their trumpets, and the singing boys sang . . . and the Bishop's face grew pale, and his hands trembled. "A Greater than I hath crowned thee," he cried and knelt before him. And the young King came down from the high altar, and passed home thru the midst of the people. But no man dared look upon his face, for it was like the face of an angel—

And so I vision Jackie Coogan, a Young King with the heart of a child and the soul of a divinely-wrought artist.

### PARADOX

By HAROLD SETON.

That prayers are answered, well I know,  
But let me, further, pause to say,  
As punishment the gods bestow  
Some of the boons for which we pray.

(Eighty-four)



## The Cinema Caricaturist

(Continued from page 73)

ventriloquist, always carried a few vaudeville acts of comedians, dancers and acrobats with his show and it was only natural that the boy should under-study the entire company and be ready at a moment's notice to step into any act.

He was thirteen when his father died and, as he had a special aptitude for drawing, it was decided he should enter an art school. He secured his first position as cartoonist on the *New York Herald*, where as Lawrence Semon he quickly made a name for himself as a political cartoonist while following the campaigns of Roosevelt, Taft and Wilson. Later, he became one of the leading sport cartoonists in New York and advanced until he occupied the first comic post with the *Evening Sun*.

The old lure of the stage caused Mr. Semon to look with interest toward motion pictures, and when James Stuart Blackton offered him a chance to become his assistant director at Vitagraph studio, he decided to take a fling with the new art and put his caricatures on the screen instead of into newspapers.

Said Larry, "I went into comedy simply because at the time I started they were in need of comics. At first I didn't act but I was always monkey-shining around and when I couldn't get the others to do as I wanted I would turn in and try it myself, so before I knew it I was doing most of the acting."

"Tho our comedies are speeded up so briskly in the showing, it takes between six and seven weeks to make our two-reelers. Frequently, as in this picture, 'Props,' we spend as much on sets, costumes and extras as they do for a feature drama.

"One advantage of comedies is that they do not drop into oblivion as quickly as the feature. They keep going for years, for they deal only with the lighter things of life, side-stepping the weighty problems, and so are always timely.

"I'll stick in comedy, there is always the demand for them and I like the work. After all, the world has enough sorrow, enough tears of its own, so why not help it along with a laugh?"

So, Larry Semon, the Jester, the Comedy Clown, is enthusiastically putting his merry caricatures onto the screen.

### TO A SPANISH DANCER

(La Bilbianita.)

By HELENE MULLINS

You are not frivolous,  
Tho you hide your mouth  
With the tip of your fan  
And sway voluptuously  
'Neath your swirling skirts.  
Why do you laugh  
And flirt recklessly?  
To hide the breaking  
Of your heart?

(Eighty-five)



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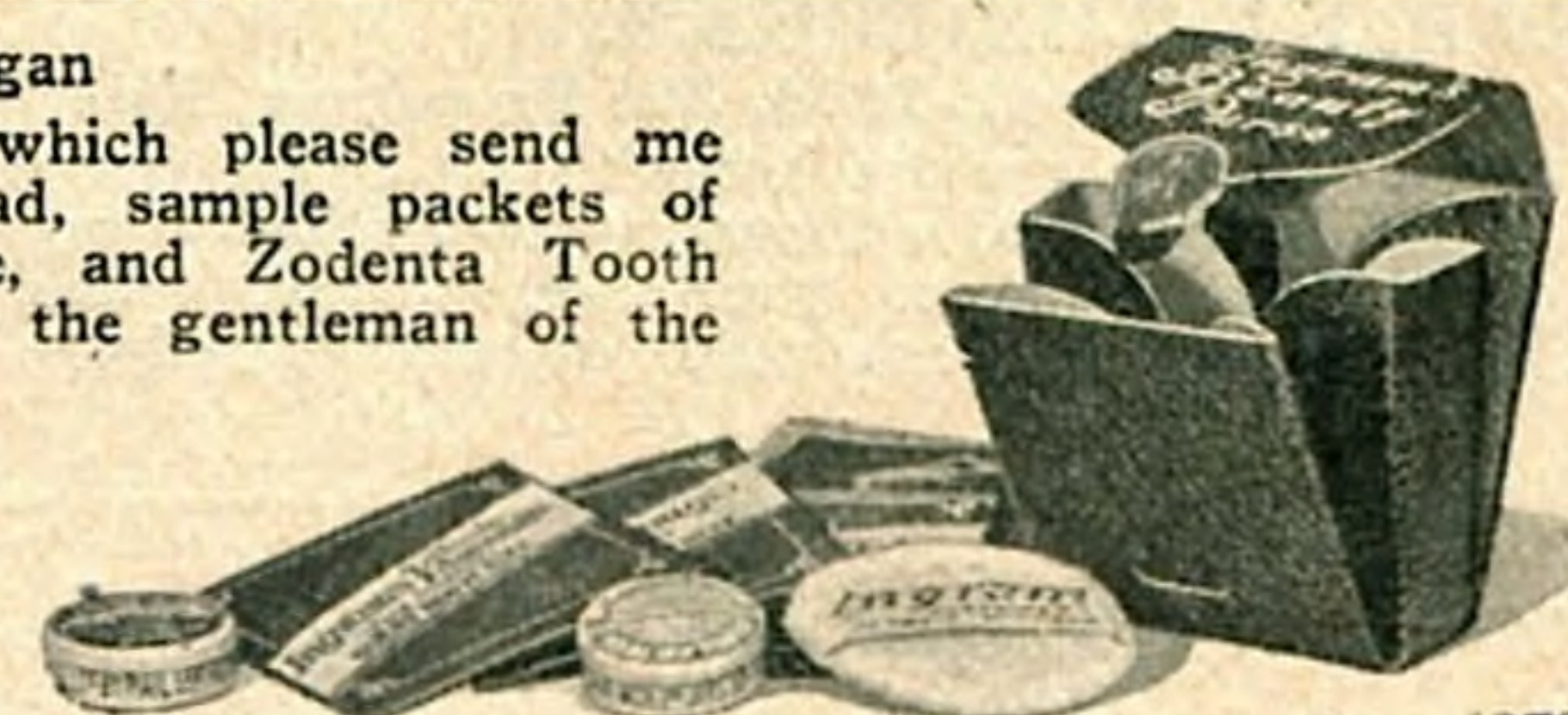
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## HOW I INCREASED MY ARM 6½ INCHES

When a youngster, I was a thin, frail boy who showed little promise of being anything but a weakling. I always envied my robust companions and wished that I could be like them, but I had been told the old story that strong men are born, not made. What a terrible falsehood this is. And to think of the thousands of people who have been robbed of their ambition by these false teachings. When I entered High School I was fortunate enough to meet an instructor, who was willing to work with me and who started me on my road to success. By faithfully following his teachings and by hard work, I gradually developed myself to have an average sized body so that I at least need not be ashamed. My arm measured 10 inches in circumference and my whole body had developed into fair proportions.



EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

### The Secret Discovered

I was so pleased with these results that I decided to make this my life study, so I bought all the books I could obtain on "human anatomy" and tested various forms of exercise to see what their effects would be on my body. I finally discovered the real secret of progressive exercise and I want to say right here that never was a man more happy than I. I knew at once my fondest hopes were realized. I could feel real vim and vigor thrilling my veins and was soon able to accomplish feats of strength which I had thought impossible.

Friends who met me on the street began to look at me in astonishment. The boys started to call me the strong man and you can imagine how delighted this made me.

### The Result

As I mentioned before, my biceps measured but 10 inches before I made this discovery. Today they are exactly 16½ inches. This is not only far beyond that of the average strong man of today, but is conclusive proof to me that my secret method far surpasses that of any other system.

Numerous demands were soon made of me to appear in public, displaying my wonderful development, and also perform the numerous strength tests which I was able to accomplish. After traveling throughout the country as the headliner in the various theatrical houses, I decided to become a public benefactor and impart this knowledge to others. Today my pupils run into the thousands and I receive letters daily from other men who have sprung into prominence like myself by following my guidance and instructions.

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## Every Inch a King

(Continued from page 66)

away the beard of the King, reverting again, with the aid of a large flat powder puff, to the clean-shaven rôle of the Englishman, Rudolf Rassendyl. He is a tall man, evidently of no mean strength, unusually erect, with a granite composure of countenance and a delightful smile wherewith to lighten it. Beneath the blond hair of Rudolf, his eyes were startling in their brilliance. They seemed black, all iris. He turned them upon me now and then to emphasize some point of argument.

"You ask me about romantic pictures, the possibilities of a revival. I ask you to tell me one certain method whereby one can gage the wants of the public. You may pick up trade reports from five different sections of the country, Chicago, Butte, Kansas City, Des Moines, Sioux Falls, and tho they concern one picture they will read varyingly from: 'Wonderful picture! Had to run extra show,' to 'Rank failure. Couldn't get a soul in the house.'"

He applied some rouge carefully to his mouth.

"What *do* people want? I don't know. Nobody knows. One would think that with our newspapers, our quick communication, telephone, telegraph, opinion would in some measure be standardized; but it isn't. One comes to the conclusion, then, that the only rule of a picture's greatness is its power to make money."

This from one of the country's most proved and prominent actors! The critics will groan; but let them reply.

Of the costume play he says further: "It was never the costume that caused the disgust. It was the actor who wore it." A few years ago picture actors and actresses were incapable of donning a powdered wig or panniers without becoming ramrods of discomfort. Naturally the public cried, 'Let us have no more costume pictures!' But today the motion picture race is to the swift. To the greater degree, deadwood has been chopped away. Now we have players who can put on a wig and forget it. A saber at one's side, they know, is not just a thing to stumble over. So I should not be surprised at a continued good reception for the romantic costume picture.

"But there are other things that I could see remedied. If they would only do away with these monstrous close-ups! Nine-foot heads with popping eyes that make little children scream with fear! They destroy the continuity of the story and wreck the illusion. Someday perhaps someone will have the courage to abolish them."

Decidedly the man has opinions! And decisively he voices them. His voice, resonantly deep, lends an effective dignity.

I suggested that perhaps credit should be given to the German pictures for convincing the public that costumes could be worn gracefully.

"Perhaps. I saw 'Gypsy Blood' the other evening and if that is an example of a good production! . . . I shall not soon go to another German picture. I may be narrow minded. But I cannot accept the standard of 'Gypsy Blood' as my criterion.

"Our own pictures are made with perhaps too great a concern for the camera angles, lighting and technical perfection, a concern that works for the detriment of the other side, the acting side. But that, in the main, is the fault of the individual. A good many players will be photographed only at certain angles; because those are their most beautiful angles. They become camera-wise, working deliberately for prominence and effective place before the lens. I tell you that in my opinion the actor or actress who once starts that is doomed to a quick artistic grave. It is as impossible to give a sincere performance with one's mind on camera angles as it would be to give a good performance in Chinese. With your mind on the language, where would the acting go?"

Stone, on the face of it, cherishes his profession and sets before it an ideal to live up to. It is a vigorous ideal; in some ways a revolutionary one. But above all it is sincere.

Reverting to *Zenda*, one asks himself again who else might better fit the part. Robert Edeson said to me—he plays the stern Bismarckian Sapt—"There is no other. Stone has the romantic touch. He *is* the king!"

### A Georgian Episode

(Continued from page 45)

given over to the varieties. At one time she appeared in a Valerie Bergere sketch. Just before her film début she played with James K. Hackett in "A Grain of Dust."

Miss George's home and interests are centered in Los Angeles. She plans to play her way westward, thus returning by way of vaudeville to the cinema once more. Her hopes are wrapped up in the world of the celluloid play.

These are some random things for an interviewer to check up when he leaves Miss George:

She doesn't mention her art.

She doesn't want to be a big emotional star. Or maybe she does. Anyway she doesn't say so.

She doesn't talk about her "following"; *i. e.*, otherwise the army of fans every actress insists is interested in her and her only.

In other words, she admits she is just a hard working player. Yet, somehow, we maintain that this ain't right, to be plain speaking. Of course, you will say interviewers can never be satisfied but—ahem—when you see her breakfasting on the twice aforementioned Monte Carlo balcony you will understand our masculine disappointment.



# The Celluloid Critic

(Continued from page 49)

drinker of perfume, base student of feminine psychology, unscrupulous thief, scoundrel guilty of all the sins on the calendar; yet fascinating withal. We guarantee you wont forget his Count Karamzin.

The foolish wife is played by Miss Du Pont, and the envoy-husband mostly by Rudolph-Christians, altho there are some shots with Robert Edeson doubling for Mr. Christians, who died during the making of "Foolish Wives." The adventuresses are adroitly done by Maude George and Mae Busch and Dale Fuller, a former Keystone comedienne, contributes a striking bit as the maid who so effectively brings out the Monte Carlo fire department.

About the last stage success to sell for a record figure before the present depression was the Winchell Smith-John Hazzard footlight effort, "Turn to the Right," which comes to us *via* Metro.

"Turn to the Right," with all due apologies to the stage taste of New York theatergoers, is just plain hokum. In it you find the honest youth who loves his mother but is unjustly sent to prison; his self-sacrificing white-haired mother who keeps the light burning in the window; the very coy sweetheart, the hard-hearted skinflint deacon with the mortgage; the wicked city slicker; the benevolent millionaire; two crooks ripe for reformation and friends of the hero, and the comedy rube grocery clerk. Every thing happens on schedule, for the honest youth gets the coy sweetheart and becomes the jam king—or something—in the last seconds.

Just why Metro had Rex Ingram do "Turn to the Right" is beyond us. Bucolic melodrama surely isn't his *forté*. Apparently he made up his mind to follow in Griffith's footsteps in making "Way Down East," *i. e.*, he decided to do all the awful stage comedy as awfully as possible. Unfortunately he did not succeed in imitating the vital element of "Way Down East"—the much miscalled human punch. Of course, "Turn to the Right" actually had no real vigor. Yet the film version proves something we have steadily observed in Ingram's direction. He cannot build drama, being too concerned in getting a series of fetching pictures. He does not know where and what to emphasize. This is glaringly apparent in "Turn to the Right."

Actually, Ingram's failure with "Turn to the Right" is even more palpable than we have indicated. He completely failed to transfer the story to cinema language. There are long stretches of action almost lifted bodily from the stage version.

Another item is to be checked against Ingram, who has been rated as an able selector of players, probably because he fortunately hit upon Rudolph Valentino for his "The Four Horsemen." Ingram picked Jack Mulhall and Alice Terry for the country lovers—and we can find no

two players more ill-fitted for these rôles.

While we have our axe well sharpened, let us consider Thomas H. Ince's personally supervised production of "Hail the Woman" (First National), an original scenario by C. Gardner Sullivan and directed by John G. Wray. Here Sullivan has simply dressed up the good old movie melodrama ingredients to point the moral of a plea for the single moral standard.

Thus the son of a bigoted New Englander is forgiven for his lapse while the daughter is driven into the usual melodramatic night for being merely under suspicion. But bigotry gives way before the chain of coincidences and false situations devised by Mr. Sullivan. "Hail the Woman" does not ring true anywhere. We particularly resent the platitudinous sub-titles anent the ill-treated but altogether illustrious womanhood of the world. You see, we observed "Hail the Woman" the day we mailed our semi-monthly alimony check. The acting is as unreal as the story.

Let us note *en passant*, another tendency of Ince pictures. Like a melody from Tin Pan Alley, they always seem reminiscent. "Hail the Woman" has flavors of "Way Down East," "Humoresque" and other films. Particularly do we resent the Lillian Gishing of Madge Bellamy. We do not blame Miss Bellamy, whom we recall as doing excellent things on the stage, but we wish Mr. Ince would stand on his own feet. "Hail the Woman" is what the trade papers call an audience picture. That is, it's full of stuff that has succeeded before and should again. Me'be so, me'be so!

We found Betty Compson's latest vehicle, "The Law and the Woman" (Paramount), based on Clyde Fitch's "The Woman in the Case," to be highly discouraging. Penhryn Stanlaws, the director of all Miss Compson's vehicles, seems to be delegated to the task of eliminating the star from the film firmament. She did shine out of "The Little Minister," but one or two more productions like "The Law and the Woman" and the most promising young actress on the screen might as well try another field of endeavor.

Fitch has a highly theatrical idea in his play, revolving around the efforts of a young wife to save her husband from electrocution for a crime he never committed. To achieve his freedom, she assumes the outward life of a woman of the streets in order to wring a confession from the blonde but guilty lady culprit. Of course, the confession comes just as the death chair is being dusted off for service.

Miss Compson is so heavily and matronly disguised that one hardly recognizes her in the early part of the play, while, in the final reels, she runs to the other extreme to hit some strange idea

(Continued on page 92)

## How I Earn

# \$15 to \$25

a week, writing show cards at home in my SPARE TIME

by W. S. Coulthard



To begin with, I had a good job—I have it yet. But I had a lot of time on my hands in the evenings, Saturday afternoons, etc.—for I had no hobby—and besides my expenses had been mounting fast—so you will see the receptive mood I was in when I saw your little ad, "MAKE MONEY AT HOME."

I sent for your free booklet. I read it. Your plan looked good to me—your guarantee so liberal—and on investigation I found you were reliable, so I accepted your offer. If others could make money by your plan, I could. That was less than a year ago.

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I have been offered positions writing show cards, but I am not interested, as my present position is perfectly satisfactory, but I certainly am glad I enrolled in your school—my spare time money is exceedingly attractive. Besides, I find show card writing an interesting occupation that fills in those evening hours that used to drag so. In fact, it is really a hobby now with me—and a profitable one, as you can well imagine. Only last week I received a check from your school for \$70.00 for work done over the last three weeks. Of course, you'd have paid me regularly each week if I'd bothered about it, but I was too busy to tell you the amount of work I'd finished.

There are times, however, that I feel show card writing by your simple method is almost too good a thing—that's when I have so many orders ahead that I cannot see my clear to finish them—and have to turn down work.

Your system of supplying work to your students has certainly helped me, but sometimes you send too much—I'm only working at it in my spare time, you know. Please note this, and don't try to overload me so much.

By the way, I think you'll be interested to know that previous to enrolling in your school I had never tried my hand at any work of this nature.

I'm glad to thank you for what you've done for me—and you can certainly use my name and tell prospective students, for I feel I'll be doing anyone a real good turn if I can help them get started in this profitable work.

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WM. S. COULTHARD.

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## Metro's Eldest Son

(Continued from page 63)

With pride, Mr. Connelly told me that in point of service he was the oldest member on the Metro staff. "I've been contented to stay in its fold," he said, "for the legitimate actor has a struggle to convince the producers who have depended wholly on types, that experience counts and that he can play many parts. I have no favorite rôle and do not care a whoop whether it is sympathetic or heavy, just so it is consistent. This depends greatly on the director's viewpoint and I am satisfied to lean on him. I've watched the actor, both on stage and screen, who thought he had a better conception of his part than the director, but invariably it was found it didn't fit the rest of the production. An actor can be as out of key in a play as a violin in the orchestra and the same awful discords will result.

"When I was a young man I used to hear the older actors talk about the halcyon days of the past, but I say, motion pictures make today the halcyon days of opportunity for the youthful aspirant, the world is his—for the taking. Success on the screen does not require the long hard years of training that the stage demands. While pictures lose the power of the voice, and what a mighty power it is in emotional expression, it has increased the charm of pantomime and has developed a technique and art of its own.

"Whiskers and mustaches are Ingram's mania; he can detect a stray hair a block away," chuckled Mr. Connelly, giving the blond addition to his upper lip a last adjusting before slamming the door of his dressing-room.

As we walked over to the stage, the actor told me something of his life, which has been full and varied.

He was born in New York City and being the first son of Irish parents it was naturally supposed he would be a Catholic priest, but the boy decided otherwise, he wanted to become a newspaper man.

So, he started out to be a *devil*—a printer's devil on the old *Chicago Post and Mail*. As a relaxation, he joined an amateur dramatic club, which also included at that time, Lillian Russell, Lois Fuller and Amy Leslie. After appearing in several plays in and around Chicago, Mr. Connelly was offered a chance with a traveling company, thus his career was launched and for forty years he has followed his Muse.

He humorously recalls his discovery of motion pictures. This occurred at the opening performance of "The Good Little Devil," which took place in Washington. He says that during the rehearsals of the play he had noticed the pretty little creature with golden curls who headed the cast, but had not heard her name. When she stepped onto the stage that night she received an ovation worthy of Sir Henry Irving at his height. Amazed, he turned to a fellow

actor and asked who she was. "Why man," came the enthusiastic reply, "that's Mary Pickford, she's the Maude Adams of the movies!"

Later, Daniel Frohman started his motion picture productions by filming "The Good Little Devil," and Mr. Connelly made his screen debut, the company playing at the theater at night and working before the camera during the day.

His second picture was also the second one ever made by Metro. This was George Ade's "Marse Covington," and he was featured in the title rôle which he had played with such success thruout the Orpheum Circuit.

Without doubt, Edward Connelly's greatest screen characterization was Rasputin, the mad monk in "The Fall of the Romanoffs," made in 1917, and which brought out the universal approval of the critics.

He declares this was the most difficult part he has ever played, but it is also his favorite, with the rôle of The Devil in the Ince production of the play used by George Arliss and dear old Uncle Nat in "Shore Acres," close seconds.

He played the Nipponese model maker in "The Willow Tree," and fooled the Japanese members of the company with his make-up. He was Colonel Dolittle in Marshall Neilan's "Old Kentucky," then, as the lodgekeeper in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," he meted out righteous judgment to the villain, played by Wallace Beery. After vibrating between stage and screen several years, Mr. Connelly came to Los Angeles in 1919 to play Jung Lu, in Mme. Nazimova's Chinese spectacle, "The Red Lantern."

"They told me it would take about seven weeks, but I have remained three years," he remarked with his cheerful smile. "I doubt if I ever return to the stage. Mrs. Connelly, who was a popular prima donna when I married her thirty years ago, loves it here. We have a bungalow, a real home, which means much after our years afloat. There isn't a one-night stand in America that I haven't caught at some time, so I'm willing to let the younger generation take up the battle, while I bask in California's sunshine."

As I was departing, Rex Ingram left the set where he was directing to tell me he considered Edward Connelly one of the finest actors on the screen today.

"He has the rare ability of getting his thoughts across without a movement," declared Rex, eagerly. "I am planning to feature him in two productions as soon as I complete 'The Prisoner of Zenda,' and 'The Black Orchid.' One will be from an original story of my own, the other a famous classic which we'll make in Italy.

So, the forty years of dramatic life may lie behind Edward Connelly, the future still beckons with promises.



## A Day's Work

(Continued from page 33)

papers, and I get letters from all over the world telling me how much they enjoy my work. Is it not wonderful?"

I nodded. I felt with her that her intense ambition must be a proof of her ability. I know that she is a very enticing actress on the screen. I told her so and her queer foreign looking eyes filled with the dew of gratitude.

"Oh, do you think so really?" she exclaimed, "you have made me so happy."

Yes, I do think so, now more than ever. It is such a joy to find a screen actress who does not take to compliments as a duck does to water. Little Shannon Day deserves her success, merits every iota of praise that the public can lavish upon her. For she has had the discretion to see clearly, to climb alone and unaided, and has escaped the dread malady of "ego inflatus" so prevalent in the rarefied atmosphere of near stardom. I want to see her develop into a second Pauline Frederick, a miniature Bernhardt, for as we passed thru the office on our way out I saw a dizzy blonde drape her clinging arms about an official and pucker up her cherry-painted lips provocatively. "Will Daddy give um's baby the biggest fattest part next time?" she cooed.

Yes, I hope to see Shannon Day's name in the electric lights some day soon. She is such a serious, hard-working youngster and anyway I hate . . . dizzy blondes with clinging-vine arms.

## The Queen Bee

(Continued from page 17)

funny stories and has a hearty laugh when she hears them. She dislikes trips, going abroad for instance, and even being in New York, because it puts the continent and worse between her husband and home and herself. She says she's just got to have romance and it's awfully hard to keep it going with a world between. She is interested in and fond of her small step-daughter, aged eight, and takes a vicarious maternal pride in the young person's development et al.

She is a sound and wholesome spirit, with a dash of humor, a dash of spirituality and a saving one of profundity. These qualities should be recorded of her by the only one capable—a woman. Our astigmatic masculine confrères are, of course, physiologically unable to get beyond the exquisite epidermis. To be so darned beautiful and, at the same time, a worker, an awfully good sort, a famous personage and a married lady is out-queening any queen yet crowned, we'll state without reservation, mental or oral.

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(Eighty-nine)



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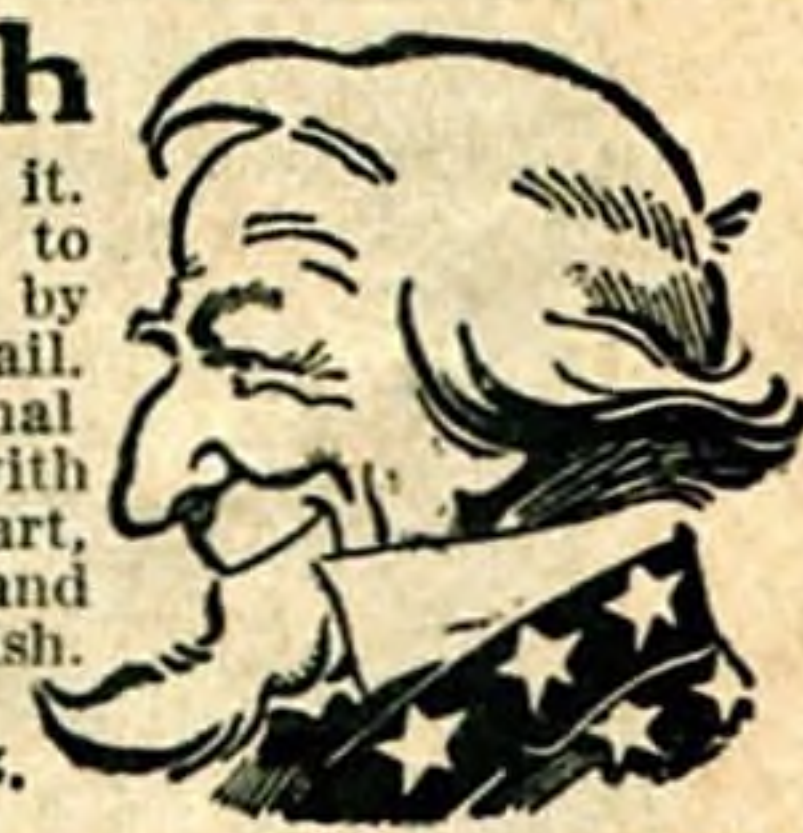
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It's Great To Be Great

(Continued from page 61)

pajamas—just as you dont see me now, and eating breakfast with Dad and Mother, and feeding my chickens! And!" triumphantly, "the camera cannot lie!"

"You tell 'em, tree," I murmured. "You've got the bark."

She groaned pleasantly and carried on. "Yes, I'll have to give those things up." She sighed and thumped her heels, and then added quickly, "But I have no regrets, none. I honestly want to get out and know everybody."

Certainly her arrivals will not be veiled in obscurity. If you dont get acquainted, it will not be Viola's fault. She is reaching out a magnificent hand of comradeship. With that motion picture announcement the week before, the mayor to meet her at the station, the newspaper reporters to greet her frequently and often, anywhere, all the time, a suave young manager to introduce at each theater—and her own brilliant smile! . . . We wonder whether all of Cleopatra's heralds were so fine as these?

But the delightful part of Viola Dana—"Vi" everyone calls her—is her utter lack of ostentation, her unassuming embrace of success. Success is hers, yes; decidedly so; but it isn't as with most of us a jewel acquired only after long years of stubborn effort. It is an integral part of her being. It has always been hers, as much as her nose has been hers—a distracting retroussé nose, by the way—and just as her crimson mouth—"a pomegranate cut in twain, white-seeded"—has been hers. And so it cannot affect her one way or the other, it cannot harm her. It adds only the final sparkle to her vivacity, the quality of enduring zest to her life and her work, the ultimate degree of surety. She is decidedly and always *au naturel*, just herself.

She is setting forth, then, on a caravan to you. Leaving home and father, so to speak, to bear the good word, confide the high sign . . . or learn it. With all the talk of keys I couldn't figure out which. She is making the trip across the continent in three and four day hops, facing strange hotels, strange wildernesses. The Ford is the shepherd she will not want, but in all probability she'll have to take it to get there—and sigh for the Cadillac limousine garaged at home. No; Dad drives a Dodge. And remember the Mayors! Oh, it's great to be great!

### The Green Temptation

(Continued from page 82)

betray him. She could not, without betraying herself.

The guests were all laughingly grouped together watching a solo dance, when Mrs. Duyker became suddenly conscious that her emerald was gone.

(Continued on page 93)



The Man Outdoors

(Continued from page 68)

Anyhow that boat expressed their natural love of travel; those two belong to the few who are travelers by temperament rather than by chance or necessity, this according to Dustin, who said that William's interest in travel is very much the same as his own. It is interesting that practically every reminiscence of that afternoon concerned some sort of vehicle.

For instance, there is the story of his first automobile. It was, incidentally, the first automobile seen in Bucksport. He said that it was the most loosely built piece of machinery that was ever put together. They used to feed it gas and water, but otherwise they let it take care of itself. But he added that he had more fun out of that old Maxwell than he gets out of riding in a Marmon or a Packard today.

Those who have followed the theater need only be reminded of "The Virginian," "The Ranger," "The Squaw Man," "Cameo Kirby," and "The Littlest Rebel," in which he co-starred with his brother William, and in which Mary Miles Minter, then known as Juliet Shelby, played the name rôle, to realize how much Dustin Farnum has done toward making stage history. That he is playing as important a part in the making of screen history is a certainty.

He has made "The Squaw Man," "Cameo Kirby," and "The Littlest Rebel" for the screen. Other pictures that come readily to mind are "A Gentleman from Indiana," "Captain Courtesy," "David Garrick," "Parson of Paniment," "Ben Blair," "The Light of Western Stars," "The Man in the Open," and, more recently, "The Primal Lure."

His love of the outdoors probably does more than anything else to give his work the humanness and sincerity that all acting must have before it can be of any value at all. Between pictures, he doesn't go to some café or run around to parties. Instead, he goes fishing or hunting, finding his recreation in the mountains or at sea. You'd have noticed that he held his eyes half-closed, as one does who has been guarding against the glare of sunlight on water. His face was tanned and his hands were brown and callous.

He sat in a comfortable-looking swivel chair, one hand resting on a desk that was covered with unopened mail, the other hand resting on the arm of his chair or occasionally on the back of his chair as he swung away from his desk.

He and his brother look very much alike except that Dustin's face is, perhaps, a little stronger. His manner is exquisite. He has a natural, Old World sort of charm; a quiet, slightly humorous way of talking that makes the visitor like him at once, and the charm of his personality grows more marked as the conversation progresses.

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# How the Shape of My Nose Delayed Success

By EDITH NELSON

I HAD tried so long to get into the movies. My Dramatic Course had been completed and I was ready to pursue my ambitions. But each director had turned me away because of the shape of my nose. Each told me I had beautiful eyes, mouth and hair and would photograph well—but my nose was a "pug" nose—and they were seeking beauty. Again and again I met the same fate. I began to analyze myself. I had personality and charm. I had friends. I was fairly well educated, and I had spent ten months studying Dramatic Art. In amateur theatricals my work was commended, and I just knew that I could succeed in motion pictures if only given an opportunity. I began to wonder why I could not secure employment as hundreds of other girls were doing.

FINALLY, late one afternoon, after another "disappointment," I stopped to watch a studio photographer who was taking some still pictures of Miss B—, a well-known star. Extreme care was taken in arranging the desired poses. "Look up, and over there," said the photographer, pointing to an object at my right, "a profile—." "Oh, yes, yes," said Miss B—, instantly following the suggestion by assuming a pose in which she looked more charming than ever. I watched, I wondered, the camera clicked. As Miss B— walked away, I carefully studied her features, her lips, her eyes, her nose—. "She has the most beautiful nose I have ever seen," I said, half audibly. "Yes, but I remember," said Miss B—'s Maid, who was standing near me, "when she had a 'pug' nose, and she was only an extra girl, but look at her now. How beautiful she is."

IN a flash my hopes soared. I pressed my new-made acquaintance for further comment. Gradually the story was unfolded to me. Miss B— had had her nose reshaped—yes, actually corrected—actually made over, and how wonderful, how beautiful it was now. This change perhaps had been the turning point in her career! It must also be the way of my success! "How did she accomplish it?" I asked feverishly of my friend. I was informed that M. Trilety, a face specialist of Binghamton, New York, had accomplished this for Miss B— in the privacy of her home!

I THANKED my informant and turned back to my home, determined that the means of overcoming the obstacle that had hindered my progress was now open for me. I was bubbling over with hope and joy. I lost no time in writing M. Trilety for information. I received full particulars. The treatment was so simple, the cost so reasonable, that I decided to purchase it at once. I did. I could hardly wait to begin treatment. At last it arrived. To make my story short—in five weeks my nose was corrected and I easily secured a regular



position with a producing company. I am now climbing fast—and I am happy.

ATTENTION to your personal appearance is nowadays essential if you expect to succeed in life. You must "look your best" at all times. Your nose may be a hump, a hook, a pug, flat, long, pointed, broken, but the appliance of M. Trilety can correct it. His latest and newest nose shaper, "TRADOS," Model 25, U. S. Patent, with six adjustable pressure regulators and made of light polished metal, corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently (diseased cases excepted). Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

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The Celluloid Critic  
(Continued from page 87)

of a bizarre lady of skidding morals. Still clutching tight to our remaining shreds of faith in Miss Compson's promise, we express the fond hope that Mr. Stanlaws will be permitted to direct someone else. Outside of that, we think that "The Law and Woman" is badly built, slow in getting any interest, and certainly not developed in a way to add to Miss Compson's laurels.

We regret to report in belated fashion about "Theodora," the Italian-made spectacle built about the old Victorien Sardou drama and released by Goldwyn. Theodora is the wife of the Roman emperor, Justinian, and, so far as we could gather from the film, a lady of considerable past and present indiscretions. We admit we may be all wrong about this, since we did not remain all thru the spectacle. Indeed, Theodora may have been a perfect lady. We merely present our supposition as it stood when we selected our exit.

In truth, "Theodora" bored us unutterably. For the first time in our life, the cast of characters had us completely confused. We simply couldn't remember who was who in the spectacle. Everybody acted profusely and looked alike to us. We were further confused by the immense amount of statuary which apparently littered up Byzantium at the time.

If you like immense spectacles, with hundreds of gesticulating extras, and dont mind trying to figure out your cast from dozens of principals who look alike, you may like "Theodora." We understand there are some very excellent lions in the big amphitheater scenes. We are sure of one thing, if Pola Negri had been the Theodora—instead of the uninteresting and unsiren Rita Jolivet—we would have remained.

Speaking of Pola Negri, reminds us that some of the Polish-German star's old films, made long before her hit in "Gypsy Blood," are being released over here. "The Last Payment" (Paramount), for instance, is nicely calculated to hurt the Negri vogue, unless audiences understand that it was made back in 1916 or 1917 and accept it as of ancient vintage.

In "The Last Payment" Pola plays a modern home wrecker of decided effectiveness. But the whole thing is told in such an old-fashioned way that we should think the American distributors would be ashamed to foist it over on the strength of Miss Negri's popularity.

Cecil de Mille is fast slipping from his luxuriously upholstered seat as one of our foremost directors. It is utterly beyond our ken how Mr. de Mille could take Leonard Merrick's superbly written short story, "The Laurels and the Lady," and transform it into such utter inanity as "Fool's Paradise" (Paramount). If you have loved and admired the work of that superb stylist, Merrick, you will remember his tale of the lonely blind



man who thinks himself a poet and the girl who assumes the personality of a famous actress in order to make his dreams seemingly come true. All this takes place before a South African background. Mr. de Mille has readjusted all that. He has shifted the tale to the Southwestern border, has his hero blinded by a trick cigar, and has an honest gal of the nearby café assume the guise of a famous dancer who has infatuated him in the past. For a time he lives in his dream, but he soon recovers his eyesight and pursues his fancied ideal around the world, only to realize at last that the honest café gal was the right maid for him after all.

Out of this mess of piffle stands Dorothy Dalton as the café siren. Miss Dalton not only has bobbed her hair, but she seems to have acquired a new and sprightly personality along with the haircut. In fact, right now we consider Miss Dalton a highly promising young actress. The rest of the cast isn't so much. The production is itself as tinsely and unreal as the Coney Island midway.

Speaking of Dorothy Dalton, reminds us that she does rather promising work, too, in "Moran of the Lady Letty" (Famous Players-Lasky), based upon the late Frank Norris' tale of a wealthy wastrel who makes good after being shanghaied and who loses his heart to the maid of the schooner. We thought that George Melford's direction took the edge off the opus, but we were entertained by Rudolph Valentino as the shanghaied youth and, as we have said, by Miss Dalton as the lady of the sea. Yet "Moran of the Lady Letty" isn't what we would call a really good picture.

The lowest ebb of the month was struck by Bebe Daniels in a lofty composition called "Nancy from Nowhere" (Realart). Here is the familiar tale of the browbeaten slavey who wins the love of the rich youth and lives happily ever after. Pretty poorly done all thru.

"The Bride's Play" (International), and starring Marion Davies, seemed to us a lot of money wasted on nothing. It presents the impelling tale of a sweet Irish lassie who nearly marries a worthless, tho wealthy poet, but gets the right man after all. The scenes are laid in a very spic and span Ireland. An effort has been made to brace the tottering tale by injecting a historic flashback showing how a former lady of the hero's castle loved in medieval times. The production never rises even to the mediocre level, despite the money lavished upon it. As for Miss Davies, we thought her very inadequate.

### The Green Temptation

(Continued from page 90)

"Wait," she said in deadly calm, to the amazed assemblage. "Do not move. My emerald has just been stolen."

Consternation seized the assembled guests. They looked at one another in

(Ninety-three)

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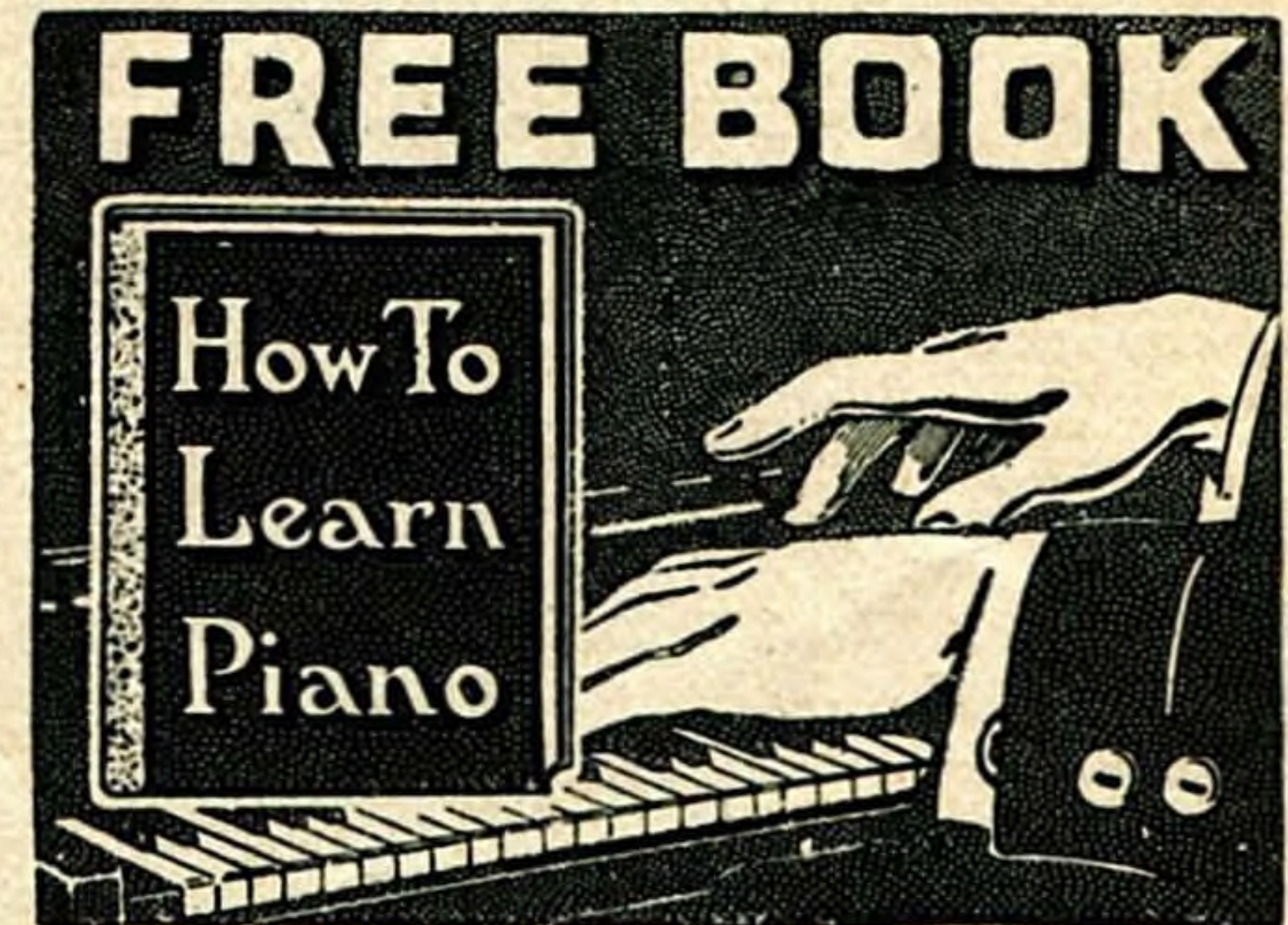


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### Marriage Means Misery to the Unfit

Ask yourself, before you propose to some pure, innocent girl—whether you are fit to be her husband and the father of her children—and whether your offspring will be healthy youngsters—a joy and blessing to you both—or sickly, defective little ones—a burden and reproach to you as long as you live. What you are, your children are bound to be, and your weaknesses will be increased as you pass them along to your children, who may live to curse you for their inheritance of woe. This is the Inflexible Law of Heredity. You cannot avoid it. You dare not neglect it.

### Fit Yourself for Matrimony

You are not fit if you are weak, sickly and under-developed. You dare not marry and ruin some trusting girl's life if Youthful Errors, Bad Habits or Excesses have sapped your vitality and left you a mere apology for a real man. Don't think you can save yourself with dope and drugs. Such unnatural materials can never remove the cause of your weaknesses and will surely harm you. The only way you can be restored is through Nature's basic Laws. She will

astonishment. Oudry stepped forward and spoke in a voice of authority.

"Madame, the woman seated beside you, who calls herself Joan Parker, has your emerald: She took it once before, from your sister, Madame la Duchesse de Chazarin. She is Genelle, of Paris."

Genelle rose to her feet. "No," she cried. "No. It is not true. Genelle is dead. I have not taken your emerald, Mrs. Duyker. You may search me—right now—immediately. I insist," she added as Mrs. Duyker showed signs of demurring.

Of course it was a fruitless search. She did not have the emerald. When they returned to the big room, there was an excited buzz of conversation. Mrs. Duyker turned to the Count and asked for an explanation of his extraordinary accusation. Genelle obeying a peremptory signal from Allenby allowed him to lead her from the room.

"My dear girl," he said gently, "why have you done this thing a second time?"

(Continued on page 97)

## On One Named Phyllis

(Continued from page 47)

I mean the interview. And on our way out she revealed a startling economic complex.

"I'd rather be a landlady and collect rent than drive a Bearcat and pay for gas," was something the way she put it. "I have bought a lot out in Beverly Hills (one of the elect Los Angeles suburbs) and I am building a nice apartment house, three or four family one. And then I am going to buy another lot nearer Hollywood and build myself a home. Not a great big. Just cozy. For Mother and me."

And so we find Phyllis accepting success philosophically, quite sanely, certainly with all due respect to normalcy.

"I have ambitions, of course. I should like to do dramatic work, but comedy drama preferably. I am content to come to it gradually. My contract now may eventually cover that sort of work. It is a very generous one."

On our rattling way to Hollywood, Phyllis drove and I held the baby—the telephone lady, that is.

"But hold it low," said Phyllis anxiously, "else we'll be in the papers tomorrow—scandal," she looked at me demurely.

"Oh, shall we?" I said hopefully, and held the baby higher.

Thus blithely did we ride, conversing of mud-baths and diamond bracelets (Phyllis got one for Xmas! Set in platinum! A bracelet, I mean, not a mud-bath). Kansas oil-wells and pincushions (Phyllis came from Douglas, Kansas, where oil is the chief item of diet), and the horrors of prohibition. I did most of the talking about that.

Phyllis, then: a peach, a pippin. My word on it. I offer a pointed pen and a wicked typewriter in her defense.



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## The Secret Sorrow

(Continued from page 52)

in his eyes, a hearty hand-clasp and a quick, easy walk that suggests, more than any other obvious characteristic, his time spent on the stage.

He sat in a little stiff-backed chair at a typewriter desk in Barrett Kiesling's office at the Realart studio in Hollywood. And while Barrett was showing Miss Maizy and Miss Helen Kinney, whose famous property at Venice, California, has been photographed in comedy and drama ever since its first canals were dug and its first pier built, just how pictures are made, Warner Baxter smoked a couple of cigarets, (his famous pipe was not in evidence) . . . and told me briefly, in an hour, the Life Story of a Leading Man.

To begin with, he is married and he doesn't live in Hollywood. He and his wife, Winifred Bryson, live in a little flat in the Wilshire district of Los Angeles. And while he has been away at the Realart studio making love to Constance Binney and Wanda Hawley and Justine Johnston or at Lasky's making love to Ethel Clayton, Mrs. Baxter has not been staying quietly at home. On the contrary, she has been at another studio, being made love to by another handsome leading man. Mr. and Mrs. Baxter were married four years ago while they were on the stage together, and have been separated for only one week in all that time.

"Where a husband and wife are on the stage or in pictures it isn't the love scenes with other people they have to worry about so much as the professional separations," said Baxter earnestly. "Where a couple are separated for the greater part of a year, they are inclined to forget each other, since each has separate interests and different work to do.

"I suppose I should say that reel kisses are not real at all. And, of course, they're not. Still, I can play a love scene very much better if my wife is not on the set. And I believe she feels the same way about me. It isn't that either of us is jealous, but that it makes for self-consciousness. One of the stiffest and most self-conscious love scenes I ever played was when we were on the stage together and I had to make love to her.

"I've played about everything on the stage; comedy-drama, drama, farce and musical comedy, with the usual experience in barnstorming and hard-times that everyone has at some time or another. Oliver Morosco has been a wonderful friend to me, and I want to say that I owe him a real debt of gratitude. If you want my life story, I'll have to tell you how I happened to be leading man at the Burbank and Morosco theaters in Los Angeles, but first, I'll have to tell you about my hard-luck days.

"I was trouping thru Texas, Oklahoma and Kansas with a typical barnstorming company and having the time of my life playing leading parts for



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See how many of these questions you can answer. They are a fair test of what you know about the important little rules that draw the line between the cultured and well-bred, and the uncultured and ill-bred.

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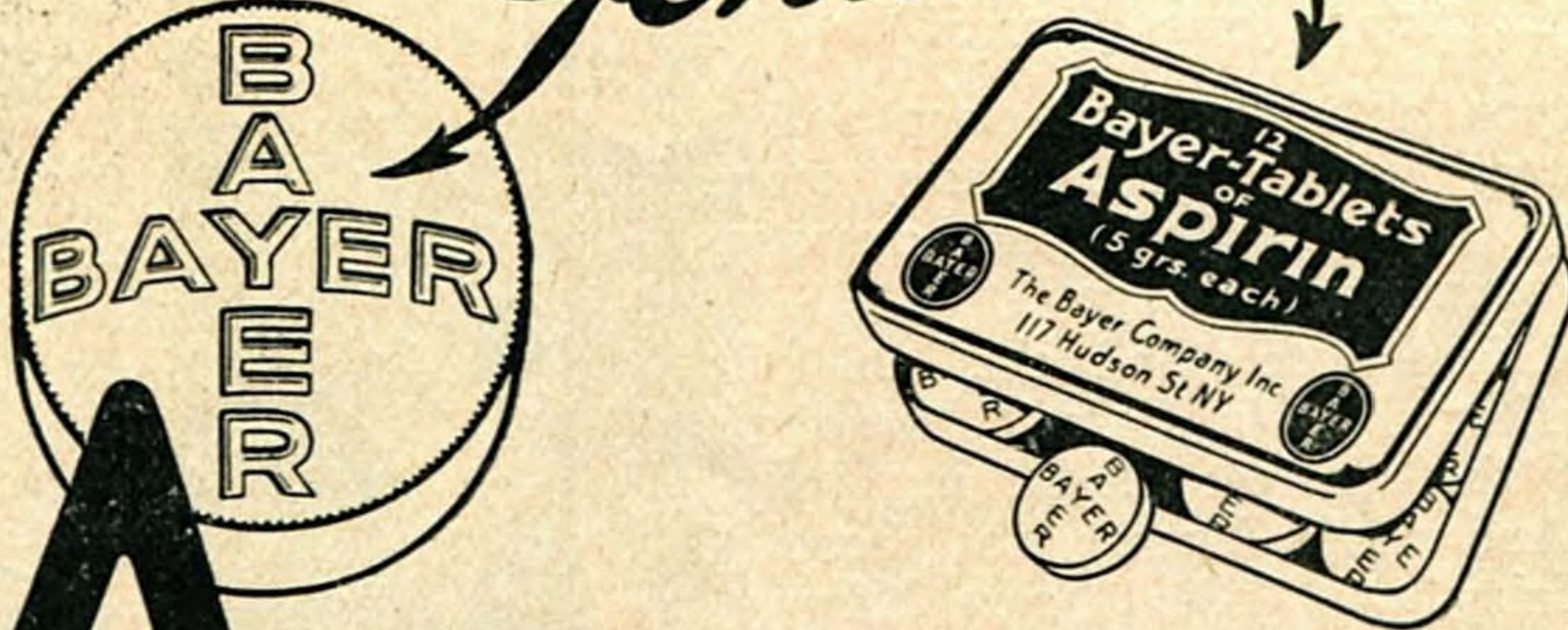
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thirty dollars a week, officially, and my meals and accommodations, actually, when I first got the idea that I wanted to go on the screen.

"I might never have gotten the idea by myself, but everyone in the company, and a number of small town critics, advised it and I finally began to think that perhaps they might be right.

"We were playing under canvas occasionally, with here and there a regular theater, or often in town halls. But we used to give them good plays: 'Kindling' for instance, and 'Brewster's Millions,' and all we changed about those plays were the titles and the scenery and the costuming, and such minor details. We had one title that fitted them all perfectly; this was 'The Way of the World.' So whenever we came to a town and saw that our company was advertised to appear in 'The Way of the World,' we would gather around the stage manager and ask him what we were going to play. Not that it made any difference to us, but we had two costumes each and we always liked to know which one we were going to wear. And then, we had two scenes, also, one painted on either side of our set. Those were the days when you could get a meal for twenty-five cents, and money enough to eat on was doled out to us a quarter at a time. But I was absolutely happy.

"To please my mother, who didn't want me to go on the stage, I had tried first to do other things. I was fairly successful in salesmanship; at any rate, I became sales-manager of a large concern and rose to the dignity of a desk, a private office, and a stenographer. That was in Columbus, Ohio, my home. Just before I went on the stage, I had the Studebaker agency in Tulsa, Oklahoma, and was putting on plays for amateurs. But there wasn't so much money in automobiles then as now, so when my chance came to join the company I've just been telling you about, I joined it gladly and enjoyed every minute I was with it, until I left to go to Los Angeles with the idea of going on the screen.

"But I didn't go on the screen. I tramped from studio to studio without finding a job, until Oliver Morosco came to my rescue by engaging me as leading man at his Burbank theater. I was leading man there for four years."

The rest of his history to the present time is very recent and very well known. He made a New York success in "Lombardy, Lmtd.," and last season appeared in "Mom," "Seven Miles to Arden," and "June Love."

His first moving picture, made for Realart in the East, was "Sheltered Daughters" with Justine Johnston as the star. Since coming to California he has made "First Love" with Constance Binney, and "The Love Charm" with Wanda Hawley, for Realart; "Her Own Money" with Ethel Clayton for Paramount; and "Barry Gordon" an all star feature, for Universal.



## The Green Temptation

(Continued from page 94)

He felt around in his pocket and drew out the Maharanee's emerald.

"Why did you slip it into my pocket? Were you looking for an accomplice? And if so, why not the harlequin instead of me?"

Genelle shook her head a little wearily. "You will not believe me, perhaps, but I only took it to keep Gaspard from getting it. I had to trust somebody, so I trusted you. Give it to me. I will return it to Mrs. Duyker."

Allenby handed it over. It came over him suddenly to test this woman, to try to see if the war's handling had really changed her and made her brave and true. He wanted her to be brave and true. She *must be* brave and true.

"Genelle," he cried suddenly, "we've got the emerald. It is enough to take care of us the rest of our lives. Let's make the best of it and get away. We—"

"So," said the cold steel voice of Gaspard, who appeared suddenly in the room. "So. He is your lover. You have the emerald. But you shall not keep it. All my life I have lived to possess that bit of green fire. It is mine. See, Gaspard takes what he wants."

He whipped out a revolver with one hand and snatched the emerald from the nerveless fingers of Genelle, with the other.

"Give it back to me, or I will scream," she said weakly, but determinedly.

Gaspard raised the revolver and took deliberate aim. Allenby made a frantic jump in his direction but fell short. The man's hand was suddenly jerked up from behind. He turned and fired with incredible quickness. There was a second report and he crumpled up like a collapsed balloon.

"Pretty close, Captain, wasn't it?" said the voice of Inspector Baird, emerging from behind the curtain.

"Yes. Good work, Baird, I'll see that you are promoted for this," replied Allenby. "Here is the emerald," he added taking it with difficulty from the stiffening fingers of the dead harlequin. "See that it is returned to Mrs. Duyker. Keep the crowd out of here." He turned toward Genelle who, now that the danger was over, stood white and shaking against the wall.

"Scotland Yard?" she asked, mustering up the ghost of a smile.

"Yes," he replied, "Captain Allenby of Scotland Yard. At your service, Miss Parker."

"Then it wasn't true—about your asking me to go away with you and keep the emerald and—spend it?" she said somewhat incoherently.

"No," he answered happily, "I was only testing you. *Forgive me, dear.* I love you. I wanted to be sure—sure Genelle was dead before I asked Joan to be my wife—will she?"

"Yes, oh, yes," whispered Genelle, seeing visions.

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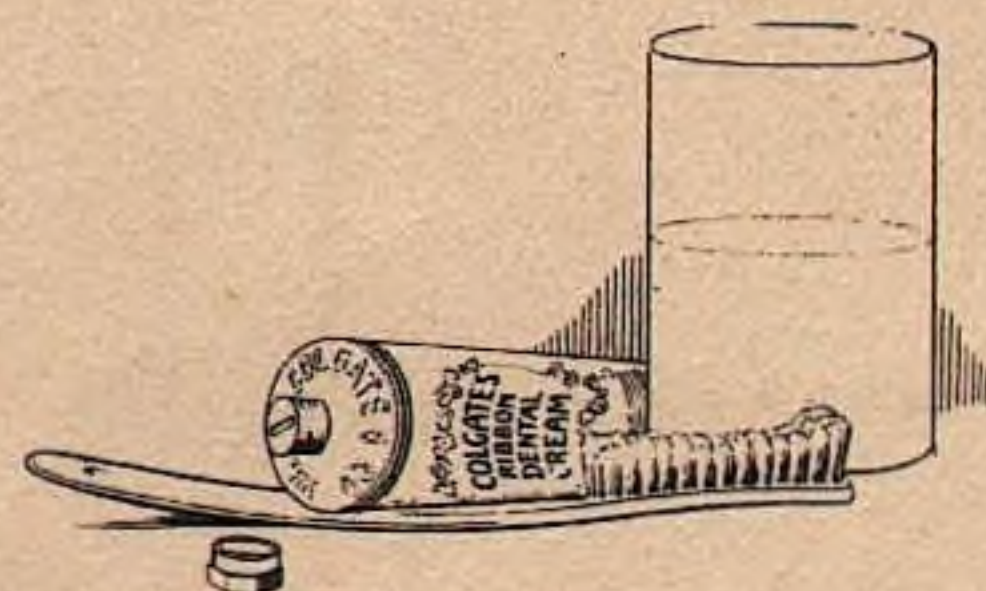


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