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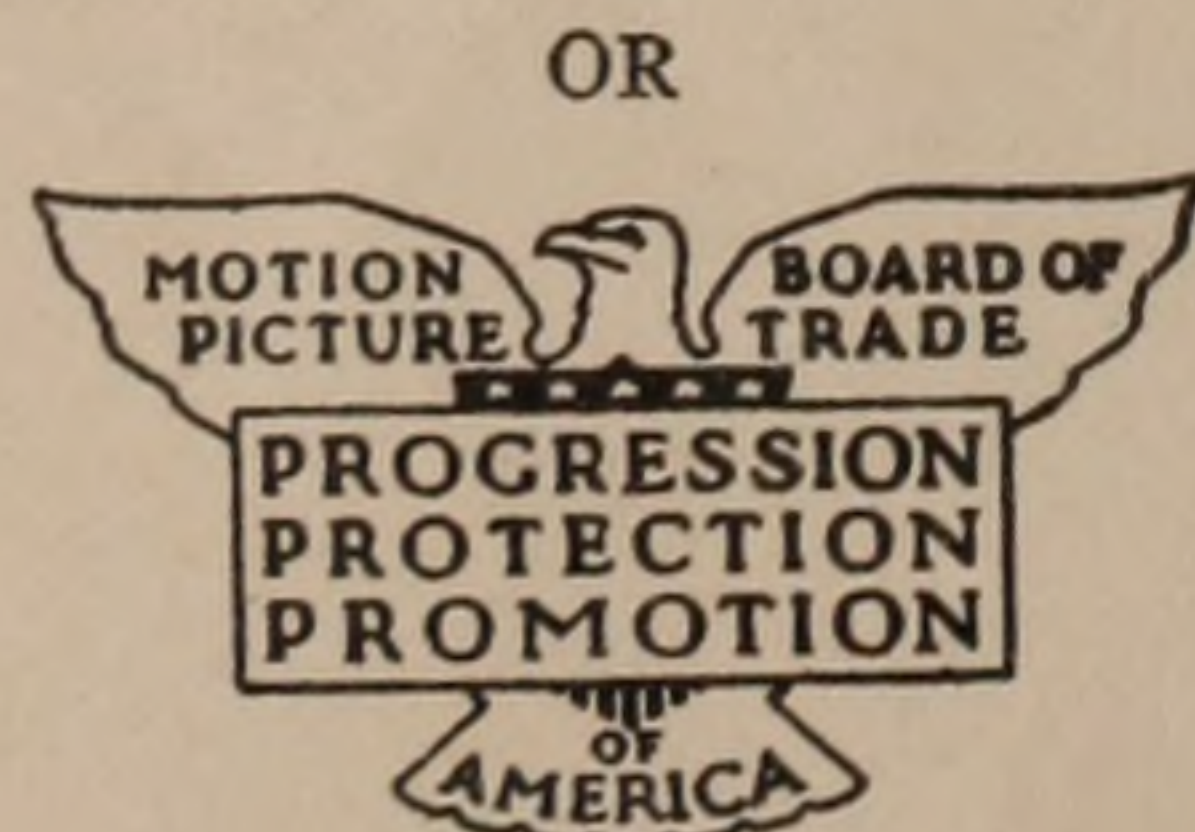
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(Two)

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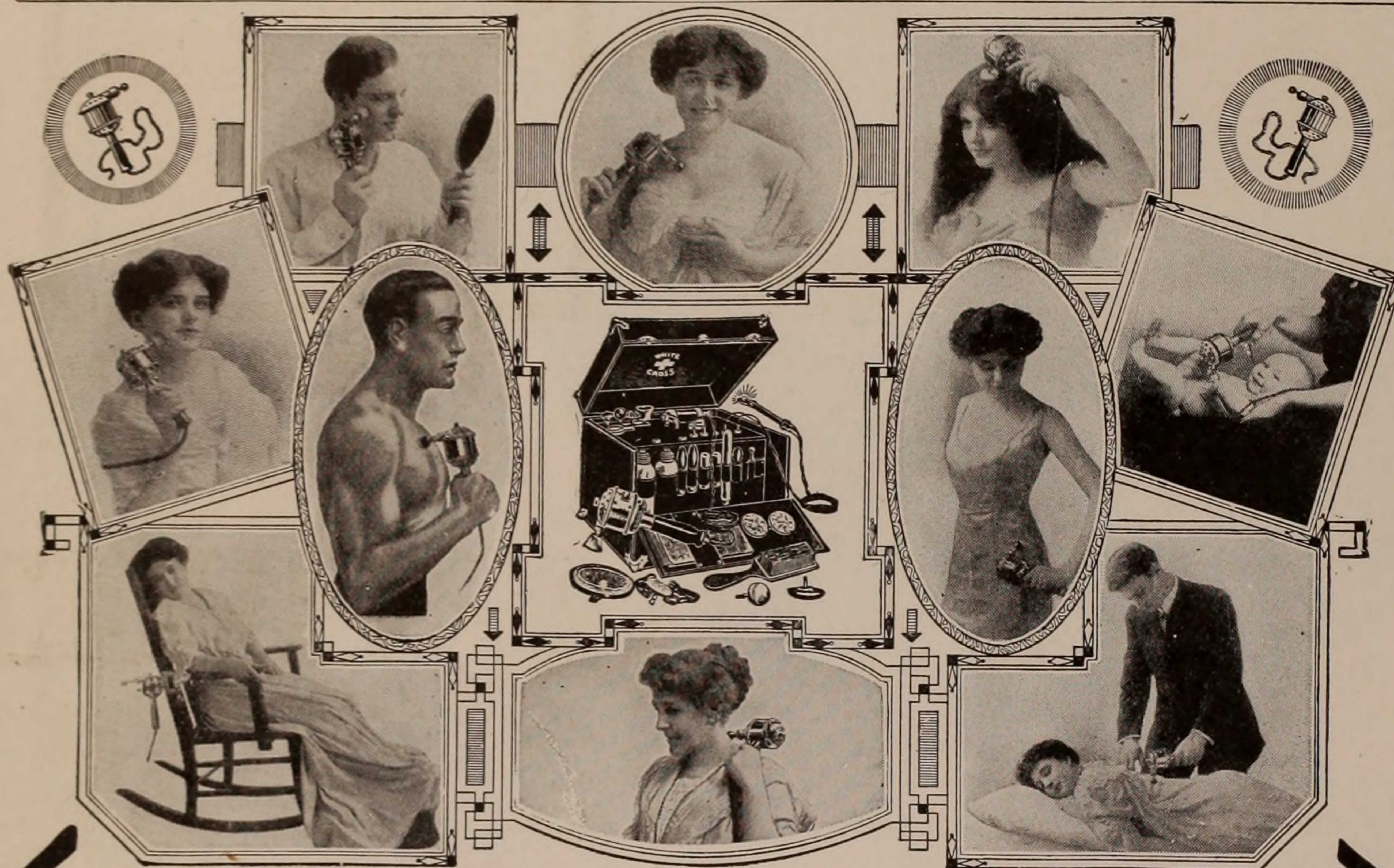
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(Three)

MOTION PICTURE

CLASSIC

VOL. II.

MAY, 1916

NO. 3

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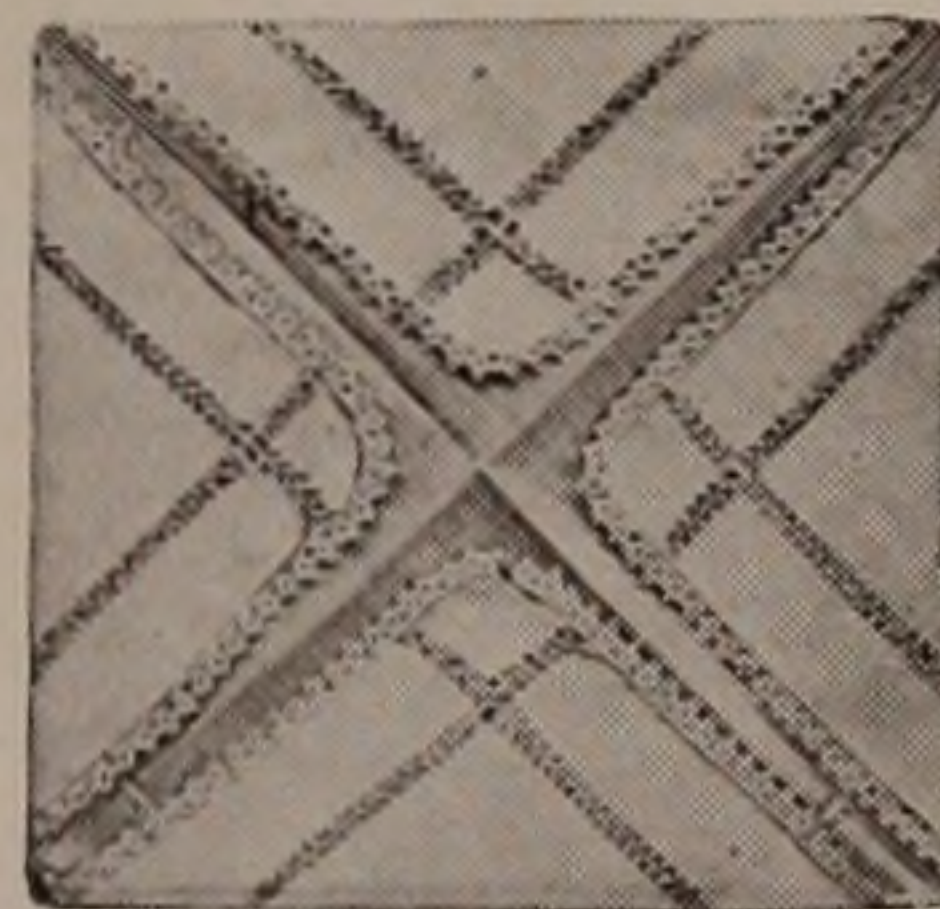
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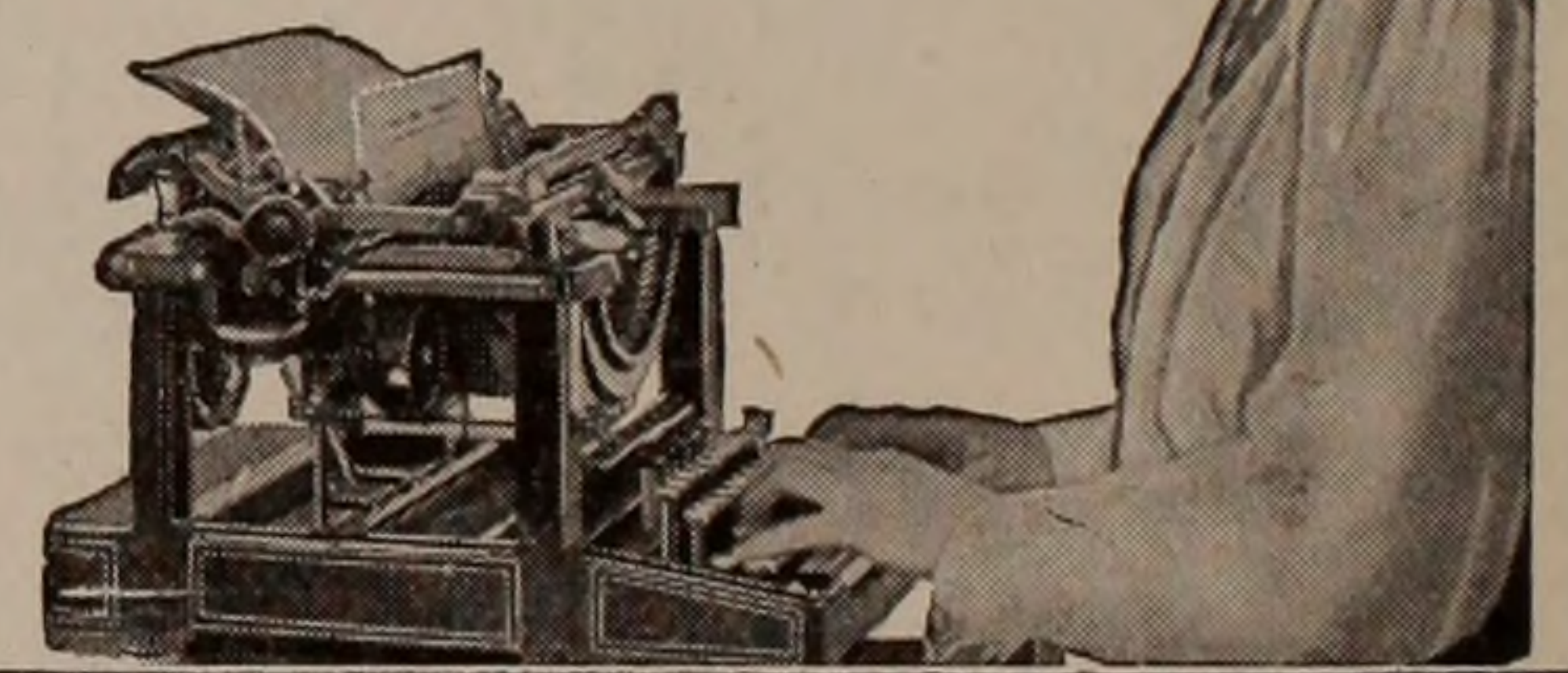
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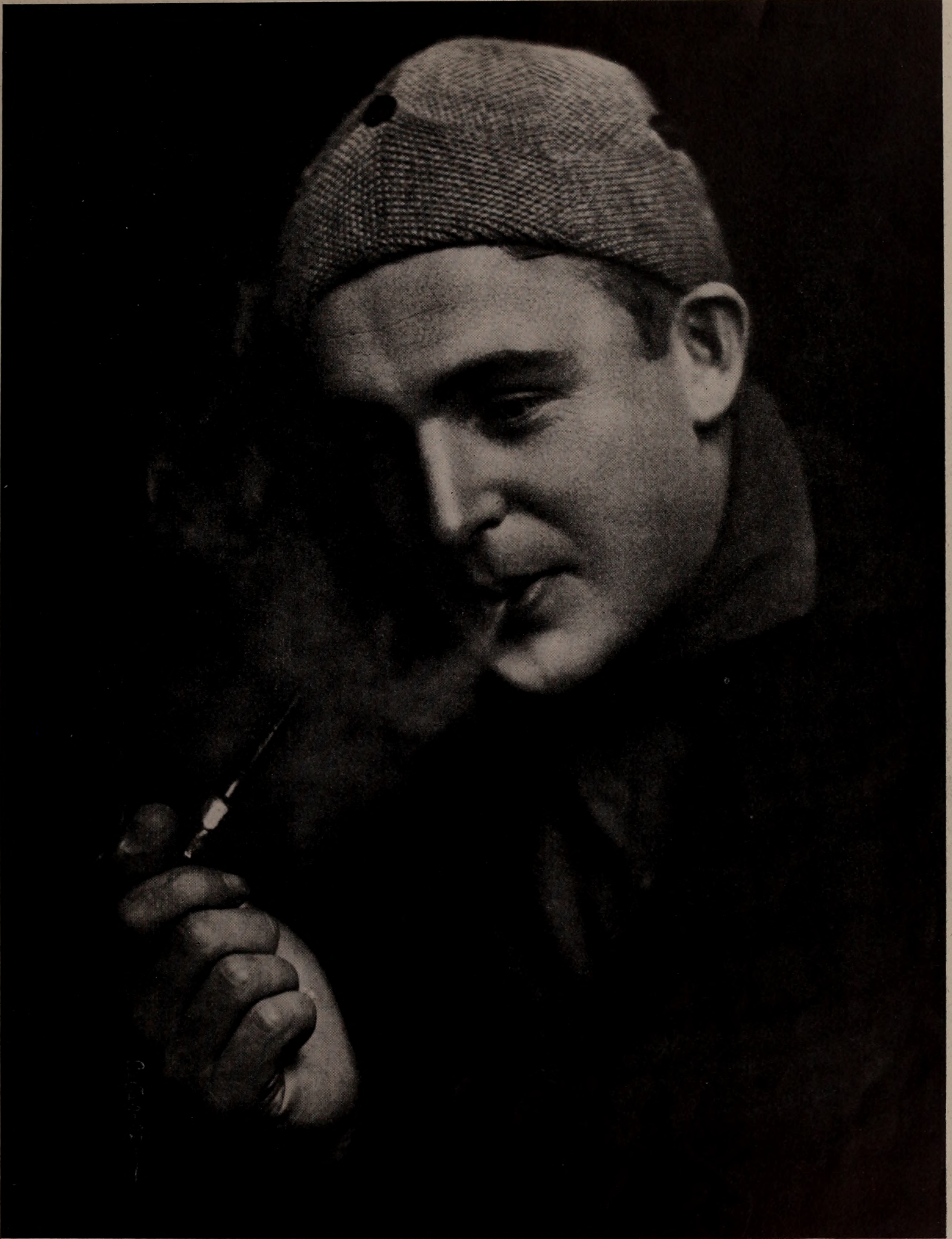


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Child Player Becomes Leading Woman

By HECTOR AMES



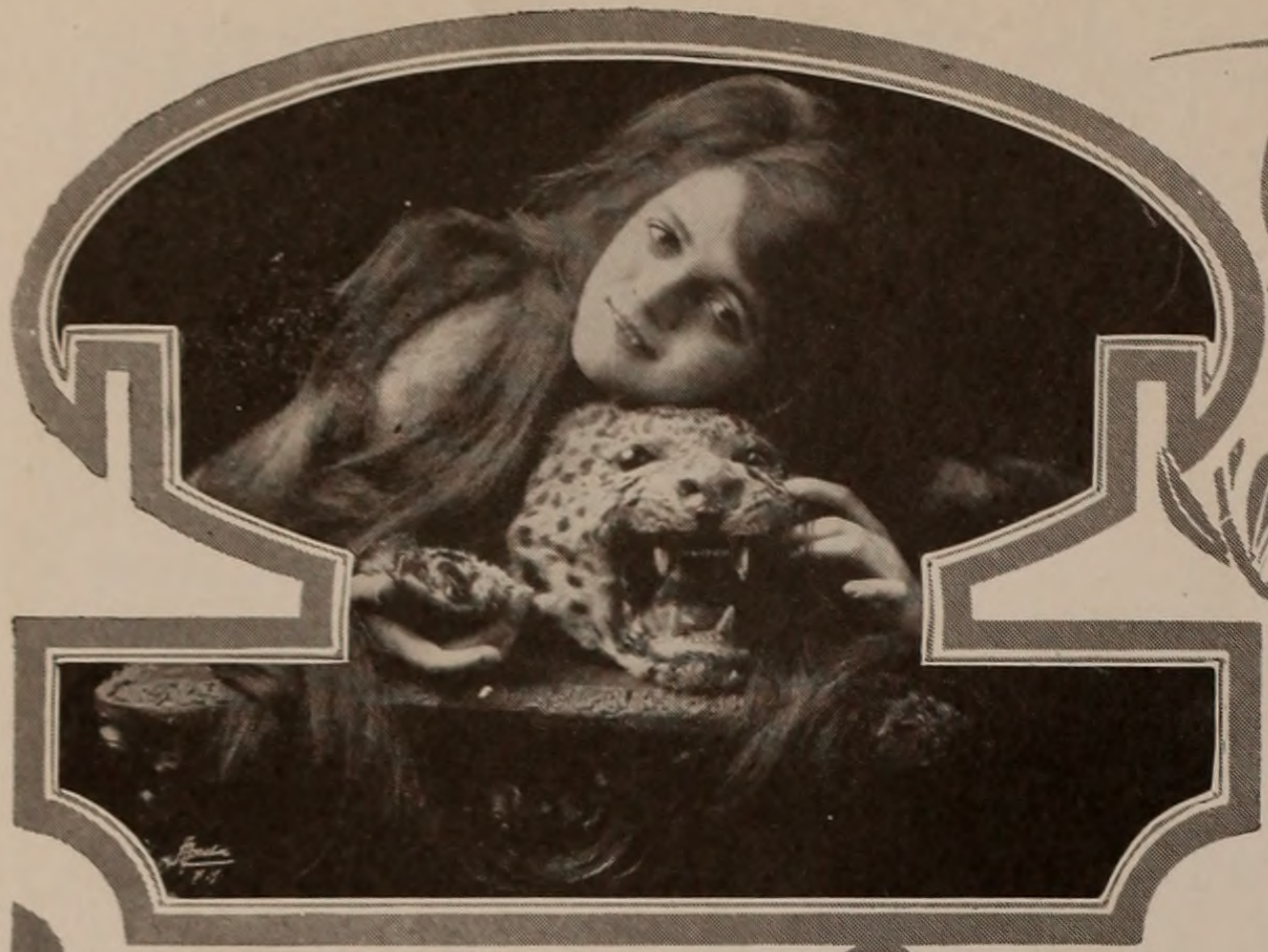
ADELE DE GARDE, OF THE VITAGRAPH PLAYERS

THOSE whose Motion Picture memories go back to the halcyon days when Florence Turner and Maurice Costello, Arthur Johnson and Florence Lawrence, Alice Joyce and Carlyle Blackwell, and one or two others, were the kings and queens of Movieland, will remember that several of the child players also achieved distinction on the screen, among them Adele De Garde and Kenneth Casey, of the Vitagraph Company. This was only four or five years ago, but their reigns were of short duration, and both of these names are almost unknown to the "modern" fan. But, all of a sudden, as it were, one of them, pretty little Adele, undergoes a transformation, and behold, she appears as a fully grown-up leading woman. Adele—or, rather Miss—De Garde has been working hard for some months, and when the pictures are released thousands of her old ad-

mirers will be amazed at the transformation of a child into a leading lady.

'Tis said that the boy is the father of the man, or something of the kind. No less is the girl-child the mother of the woman. And when the little Adele of the other days appeared to vanish from us, she *did* vanish—into a land from which she will not return—as the "little Adele." Gone for her, and her juvenile following, are the crispy, abbreviated skirts (unless in character rôles); gone are the parts thru which she must flounce, and pout, and romp. The infant has been born again—and in the re-birth a leading woman is made. The child had evolved into the woman—the artiste is coming into her own. It has taken lots of growing to do this—to turn from child to leading woman—lots of growing in more ways than physical; there must have been immense mental strides—immense

temperamental ones—and tremendous artistic ones. It is a very narrow space to bridge—that tiny stream between childhood and womanhood—only a step—the step Miss De Garde took, but the tiny stream is fathomlessly deep—deep with lots of emotions, and wonders, and things. It sounds simple enough to say, "Why, she has grown up overnight!" but the chances are that the night has been a very deep one—and one that will make succeeding dawns never quite the same again. So when we see Adele De Garde again—the same soft curls; the same wide, whimsical mouth and big, big, wistful eyes—we will wave a figurative farewell to the lovely, unforgotten child, and bid a royal welcome to the lovelier, unforgettable woman—and wish her all kinds of a bon voyage and safe harborage on her picture career this side of the stream!



ELAINE IVANS



EARLE WILLIAMS



CRANE WILBUR

[We are indebted to Ben Wilson, the well-known Universal director and actor, for many of the pertinent suggestions in this article, which is authoritative.—THE EDITOR.]

"I AM nineteen, singularly beautiful, can act very well, and am sure that I would make a very good Motion Picture actress," she admitted in her letter to the studio director when she sent him her picture and asked for a job.

"You look nineteen; you are singularly beautiful; you may be able to act like Bernhardt, Duse and Mary Pickford rolled into one," answered the director, "but you would not make a good Motion Picture actress—not, at least, until you are sixty years old, when you might begin to play 'old women.'"

Was the director crazy, do you ask? He may have been—some directors are; they are made so by the letters they get from aspirants to movie fame. But if one stops to dissect his letter with a calm and judicial mind, there is really no reason to suspect the above director of having anything worse than a keen perception. With his expert eye, he had seen in the features of the young lady a type of beauty which could not possibly appear to advantage on the screen. Not many directors have such a valuable sense. Some of them have cost their companies lots of money merely because they concluded that a girl should look as well on the screen as she does in real life.

"It's ironical, but true," observed Ben Wilson, the well-known Universal star and director, to the writer, the other day, "that many wonderfully pretty women look as homely as a London fog when it comes to preserving their features in celluloid. A Motion Picture camera dotes on contrasts, and when it doesn't get them it rebels. Lillian's eyes may be like drops from heaven, but, if they're

Have You a

Being the Secret of Why
or Expressive on the

By ARTHUR

light blue, the chances are that Lillian will look as tho she hadn't any eyes at all when one sees her on the screen. In other words, a good camera eye is an eye that stands out—by that I don't mean an eye that bulges, but one that has a decided color contrast with the rest of the face. That, of course, means that the best camera eye is brown. Blue eyes are sometimes acceptable, but only when they are very large and of a very deep tone.

"You see," continued Mr. Wilson, "certain colors photograph exactly alike. White and yellow and light blue all look white, and that is why there are so few blonde movie queens. Mary Pickford is as near the blonde type as it is safe to come, and her hair is a dark shade of gold, and her eyes are brown! Mary illustrates another point by being just at the dividing line. The general rule is that a face that hasn't prominent features is not a good camera face—if a nose isn't of fairly generous proportions it looks like a button on the screen, and a small mouth can't be seen, unless there's lots of make-up on it. Mary is the perfect, petite type; her face is childish and winsome, but, at the same time, taken by themselves, her features are all well developed. There is, in other words, nothing puny about her face—it stands out as tho it were proud of itself.

"Altho roundness of face is not essential, it is still highly desirable. It lends a soft appearance, when photographed, that is extremely pleasing. Any hard points stand out irreconcilably, and as for lines, they are fatal, unless, of course, the character to be played is an old one. This is particularly true just now because of the increased use of the 'close-up,' that placing of the camera very near to the characters to permit the audience to see better what they are doing. A lot of the greatest legitimate actors and actresses, who took fliers into the

Camera Face?

Some Women Are Beautiful
Screen and Others Are Not

HORNBLOW, JR.

movies, took hasty fliers out again when they saw that the deadly 'close-up' was not so kind to them as grease-paint and the spotlight!"

Mr. Wilson, in his capacity of director in one of the largest Universal studios in the East, has had ample opportunity to investigate fully into the matter of movie camera faces. Hundreds of people apply weekly at a film studio for employment, generally basing their claims to fame on the fact that they consider themselves good-looking. Occasionally, when it is doubtful as to whether an applicant could qualify as handsome on the screen or not, and if he could be used if he did, a test picture is made of him merely to determine this one point. The subject is placed before a cinematograph, and about sixty feet of film are taken of him as he stands there. Sometimes he is asked to make faces of one sort or another, in order to test the mobility of his features, but most often he is required merely to look himself. It has been found, on many occasions, that this process has saved the company large amounts of money by preventing them from giving employment to a player who decreased the financial value of a picture because he did not look his part.

"It is sometimes extremely difficult to determine the point," explained Mr. Wilson. "By way of example, a very handsome woman was once sent to me with a letter of introduction from a friend. I learnt that she had had considerable experience on the legitimate stage, and, in sizing her up as to the camera value of her face, everything seemed perfect. Her eyes, her hair—everything seemed to indicate that she would take an excellent picture. I congratulated myself on having made a find, for she certainly was good to look at. I gave her an important part in a Roman drama, in which she had to wear the robes of a Roman noblewoman. When the first

few scenes came from the printing-room, I rushed down to the projection-room with them to see what my new heroine looked like. And, oh, oh, my! Her neck was just one mass of cords—they stood out like the leats of an accordion! It came out eventually that she had studied singing in her youth and that the muscles of her throat had been super-developed in a way that made them abnormally prominent. In everyday life one would not be apt to notice the cords, owing to their continually playing about, but when the camera's eye spotted them—well, you know what I said about a camera's loving contrasts!

"Beauty, as such, is not the only thing which constitutes a good camera face. A person might have all the requisite coloring and prominence of features without being a good subject for the screen. Quite recently, for example, a picture company had occasion to film a cabaret scene for one of its pictures, and, in order to procure local color, the director engaged the entire cabaret cast of a Broadway lobster palace to pose in the scene. Later, when seen on the screen, the scene proved 'flat,' and it had to be re-played by professional 'extras,' who were real movie people. The cause for the failure lay not so much with the appearance of the girls, as it did with the spirit of personality that they failed to inject into the scene. Possibly the most severe test of personality is that given by a Motion Picture camera, which, coldly, without bias and without being influenced in any degree by that powerful agent of personality, the human voice, gives its true and sometimes cruel opinion of the people that come before it. The cabaret artists, despite their physical attractiveness and extreme vivacity, did

(Continued on page 64)



JACKIE SAUNDERS



MYRTLE STEDMAN



JULIA SWAYNE GORDON



BEN WILSON



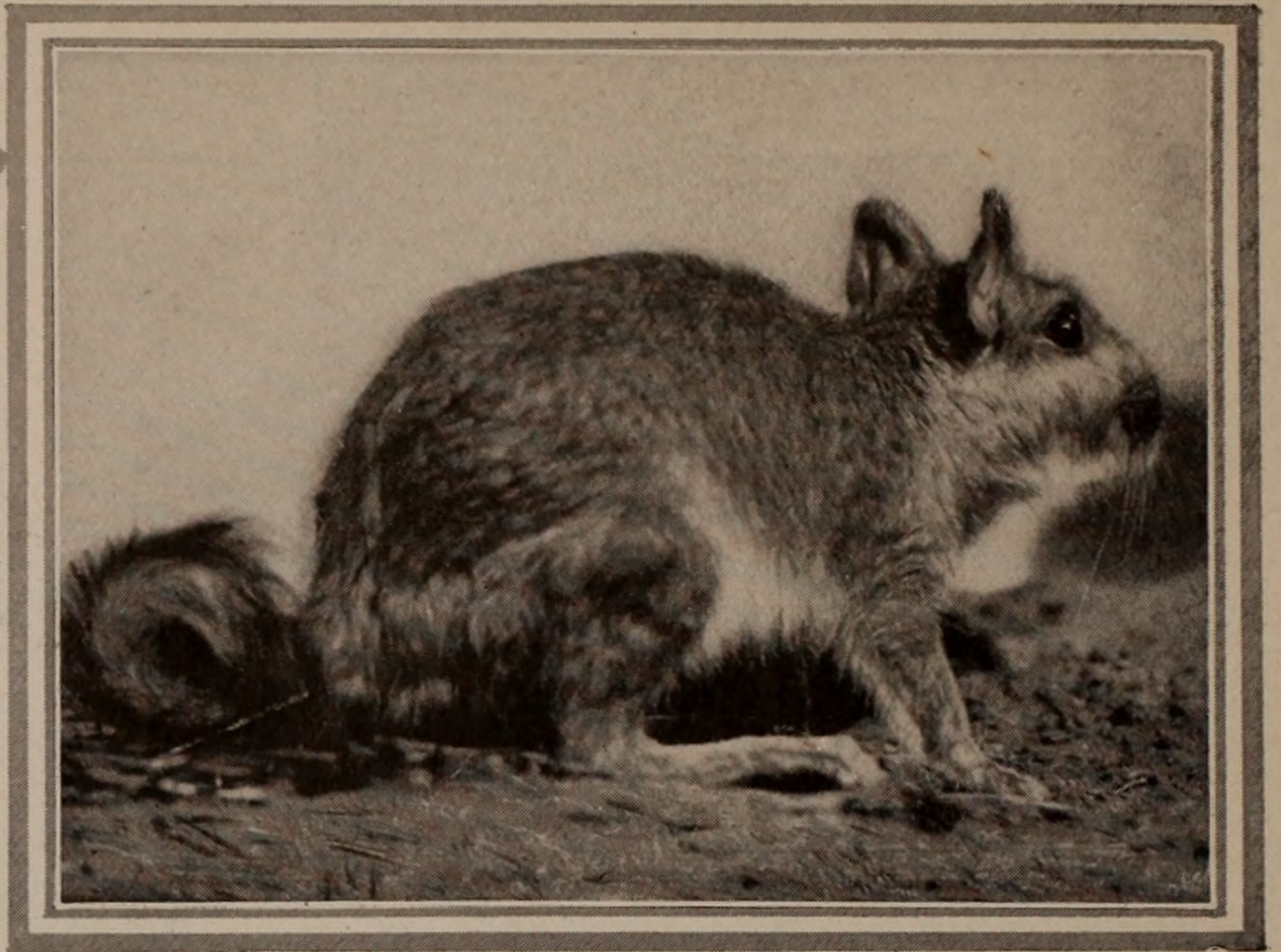
MAY ALLISON AND HAROLD LOCKWOOD IN A SCENE FROM "LILLO OF THE SULU SEAS" (AMERICAN)



ANNETTE KELLERMANN MAKING A 100-FOOT DIVE



"GRACEFUL" DIVING FROG OF TROPICAL AFRICA. HE NEVER LEAVES THE WATER

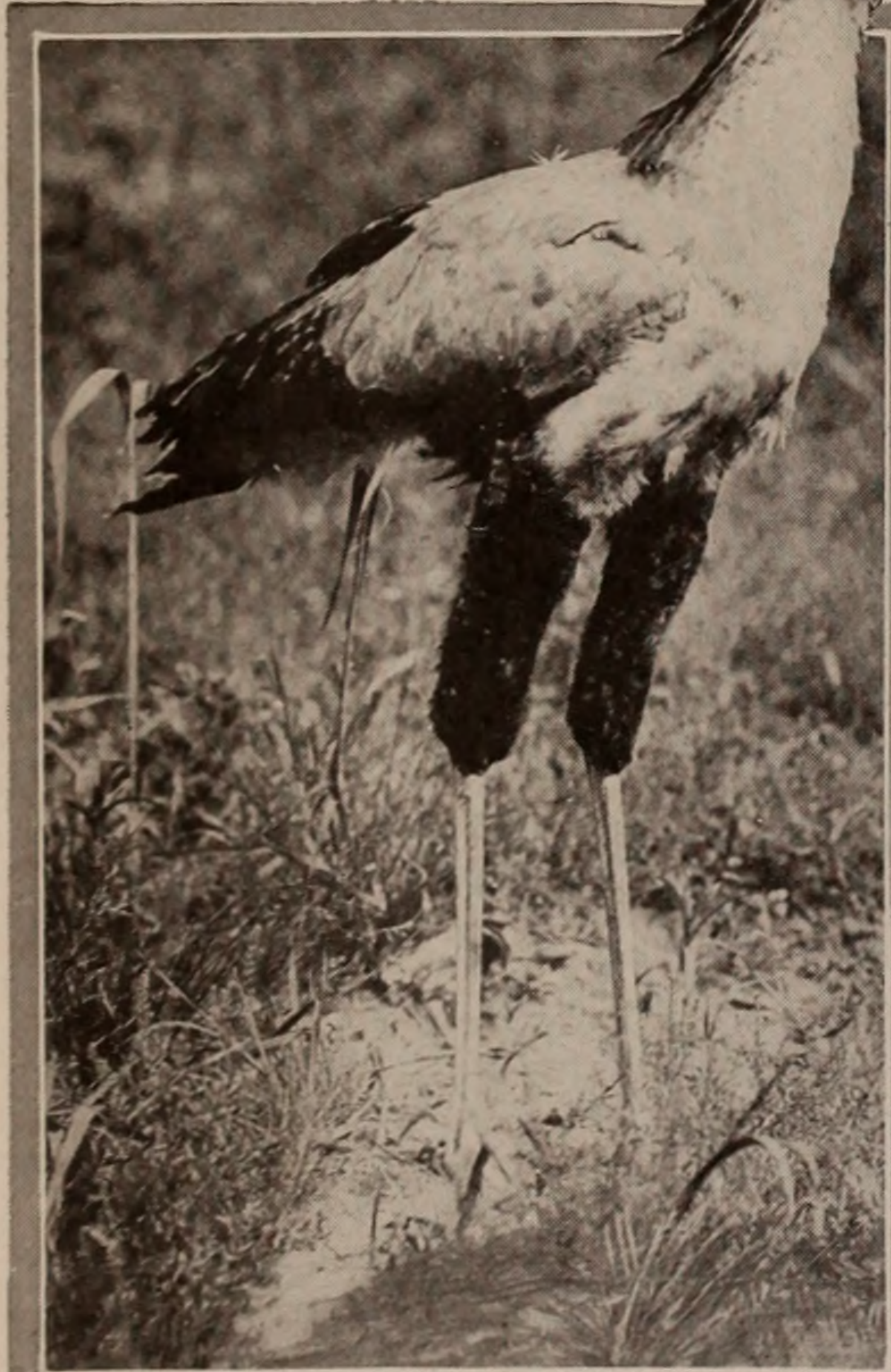


THE RARE VISCACHA, FROM PATAGONIA

Ditmars in Ca

Alice's Walrus Was a Mutton-head

By TARLETON



THE SNAKE-KILLING SECRETARY BIRD OF AFRICA

"THE Ditmars School of Dramatic Arts for Animals" is now open at Scarsdale, New York. This statement can be verified by communicating with Raymond L. Ditmars, Curator of the New York Zoological Park in the Bronx, who has joined the ranks of celebrated directors for the screen.

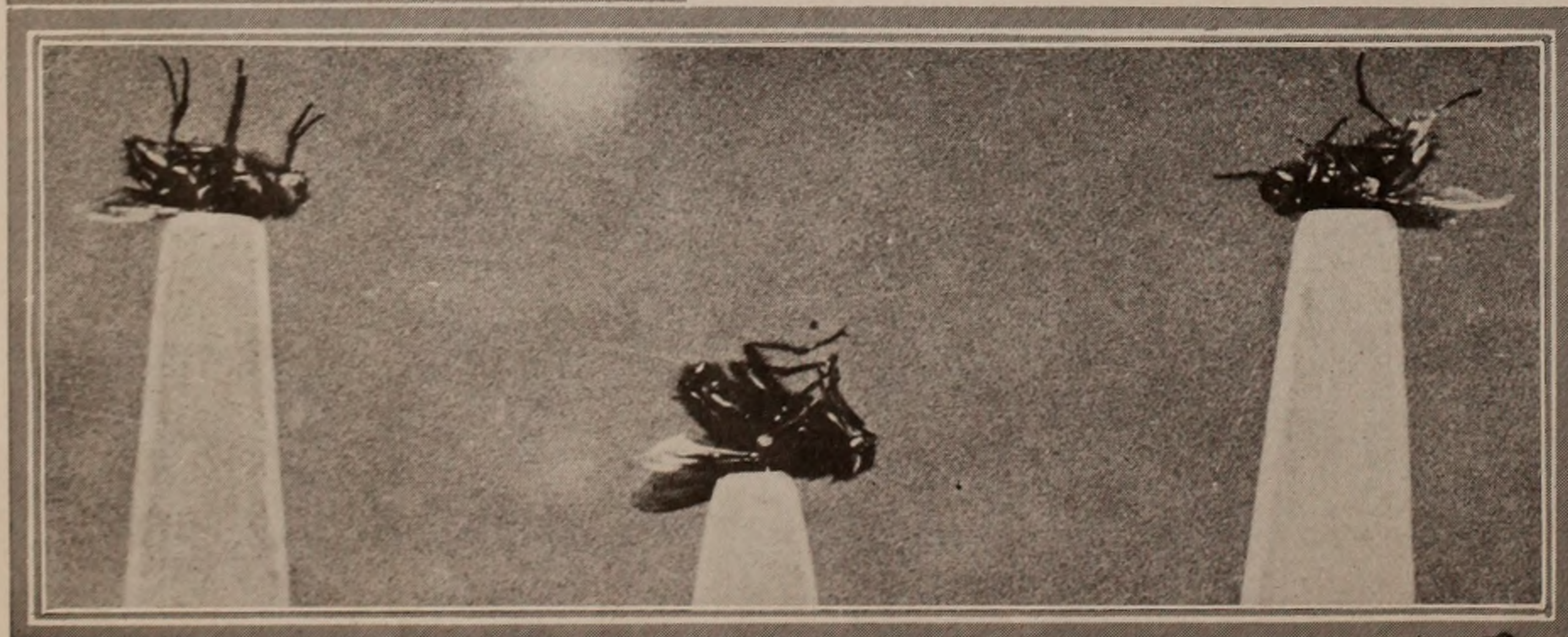
"We are now taking," he announced in answer to my inquiry, "many unique and, I feel justified in adding, wonderful pictures of the inhabitants of the Bronx Zoo, which, of course, will be at the sole disposal of the Paramount Pictures Corporation thru my 'Institution of Learning.' We believe that our films will be a great service to science and that they will be an amusing and instructive boon to grown-ups and children who see them in the best theaters thruout the United States, at

which my jungle stars will appear on the same program with Mary Pickford, Geraldine Farrar, Dustin Farnum, Anna Held, and other mere human beings."

His students have been gathered from the four corners of the world, but their attendance is not voluntary. He is the director, and his stage manager is Charlie Snyder, head keeper and lover of reptiles and animals. The star of the school is not one of the monkeys, as might be expected, but a sober-faced old porcupine, who can portray every emotion of the animal world, and on the Rialto would be called a born actor.

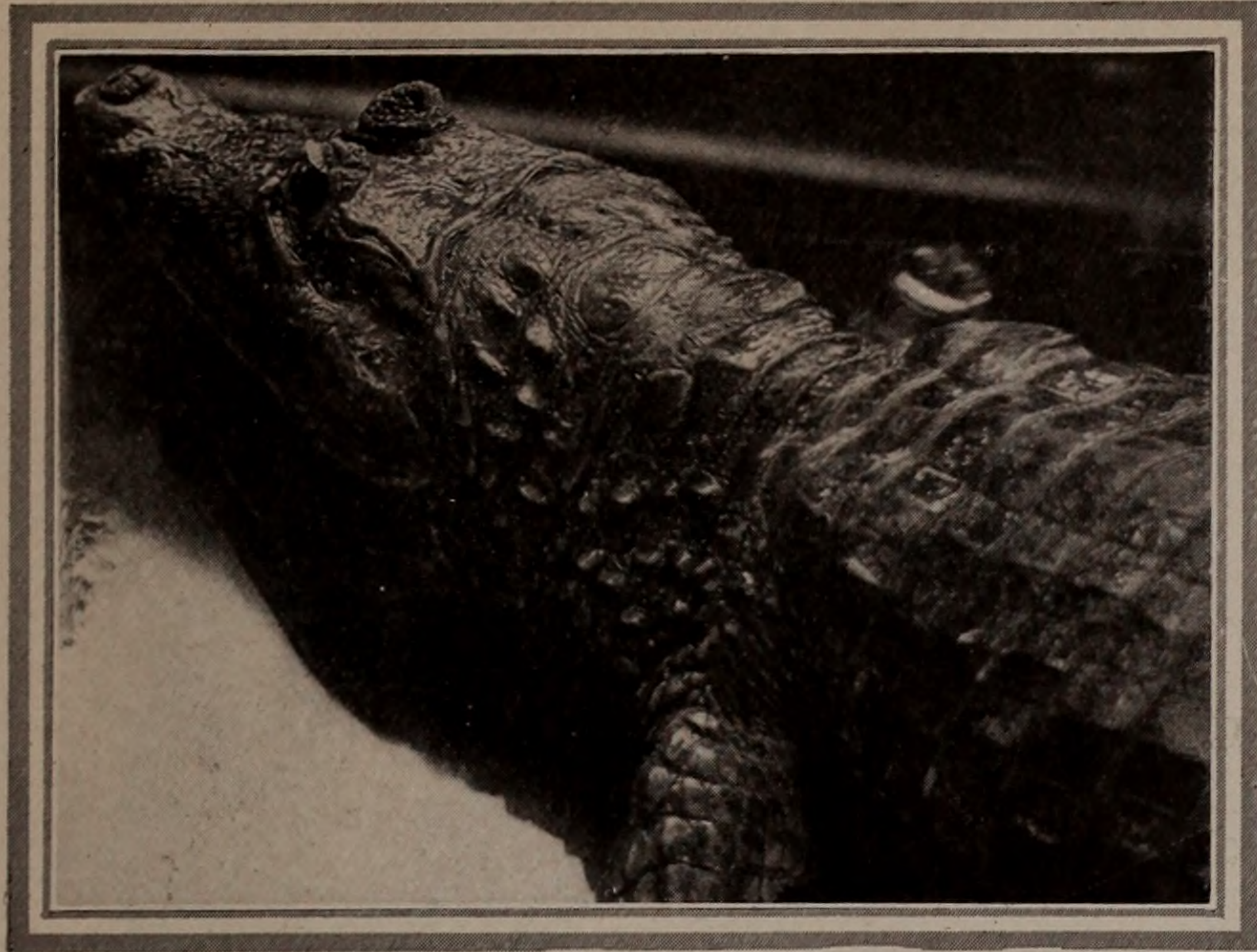
In taking the pictures it is necessary to exercise great patience, for it is mostly a waiting game until the right moment comes and the camera gets into action. After waiting the best part of a week to get a few feet of film showing several monkeys playing a real game of hide-and-seek, he figured out that it would be much better to spend the time wasted in waiting, in teaching the animals to do just what was wanted.

Meeting with success in teaching the monkeys several easy tricks, he decided upon a more serious effort; in widening the scope of the teaching, he also admitted other species to the classes. The next to capitulate to the camera were the trumpeter birds. It took two weeks before "Trumpeter's Romance" was



THE FLY JUGGLING TROUPE, ONE OF MR. DITMARS' HEADLINE ACTS

(Eighteen)



GROCODILES AT HOME. SOME MORE OF THE ACTORS WHO HELP TO MAKE MR. DITMARS' ANIMAL PICTURES WHAT THEY ARE



THE SOFT-SHELLED TURTLE DIVES FOR A FROG: IT HAS A SOFT BATHING SHELL

mera Wonderland

Compared with His Monkeys, Birds, and Flies

WINCHESTER

rehearsed well enough to start the camera. The scenario for this playlet was written by Mr. Snyder, tho "designed" would be a better descriptive word. The scene represented a living-room; in a chair at a table sat the husky trumpeter (Husky is part of its real name); in a rocking-chair was the white-backed trumpeter.

Mr. Trumpeter—that is Husky—yawned and registered his inclination to leave a good home for the club. Exit Husky. There comes a knock at the door and Mrs. Trumpeter flops out of the chair to the door. Enter the Canadian goose, who represents, to quote Snyder, "some villain." The goose registers entertaining conversation, and, when Mrs. Trumpeter turns her head, slyly steals a necklace from the drawer. The bird opposite sees the theft, and demands that the goose return the jewels. There is an attempt at flight, but the trumpeter holds on until the arrival of Husky. The thief is subdued; Husky is the hero of his home. Then the curtain.

To make these birds go over their parts time after time required much work from the wings, and coaching was more exercise than coaching in a world's series game. Heretofore such animal-scenes have always been spoiled by the obvious fact that the animals were being shoved about and on and off by the use of poles. This Mr. Ditmars is avoiding. In filming the subject the stage ranges from a twelve-foot platform to a base the size of a postage stamp.

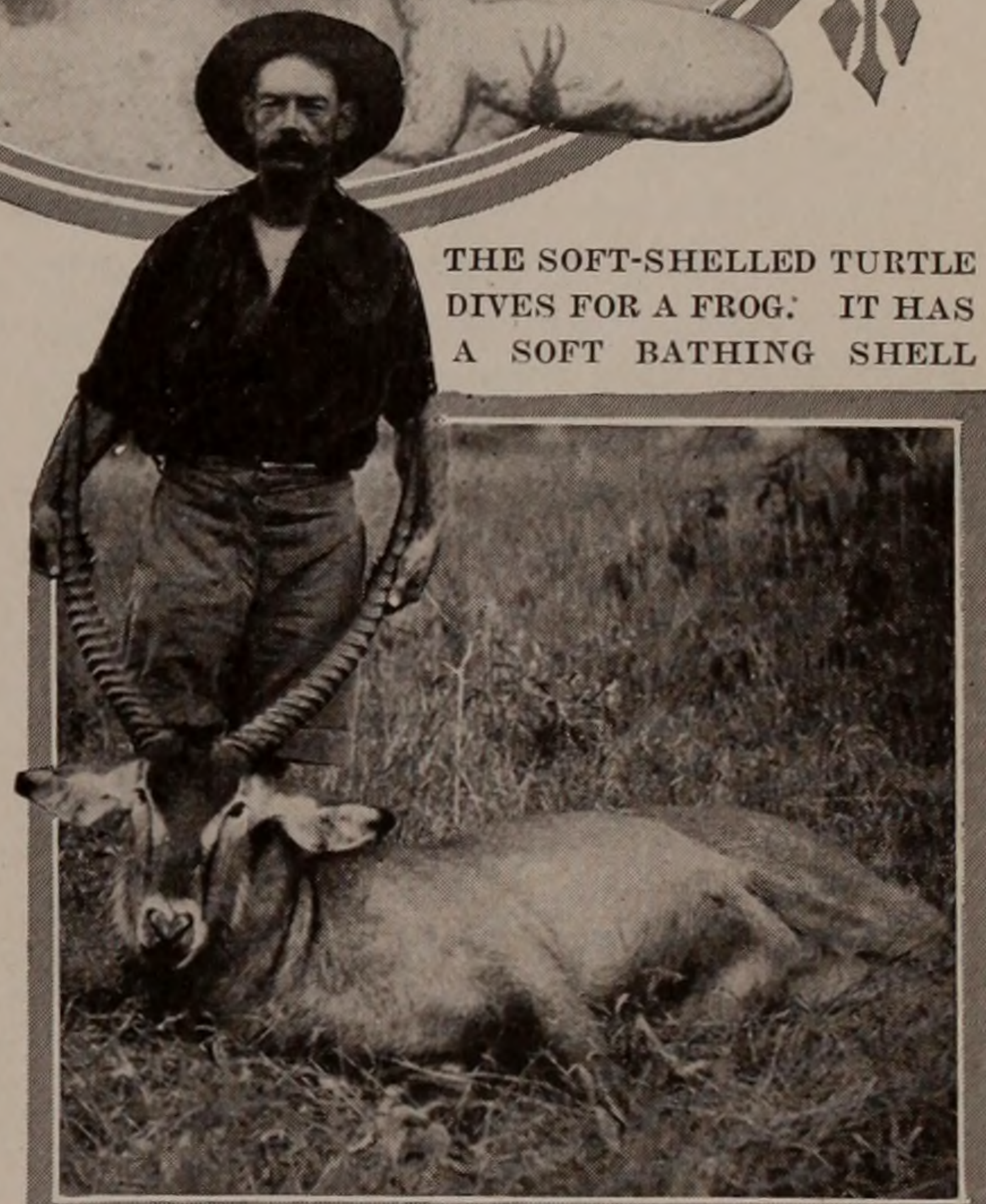
One of the first experiments was the impersonations by monkeys to register moods of the human race—mirth, rage, despair, and sorrow. These have been filmed to portray such enormous faces that to the spectators looking at the screen the effect will be much as the ogre appeared to the youth in "Jack the Giant Killer."

But the monkeys have progressed in rehearsals, and in the porcupine their director has found a real film star. In monkey-drama he has taken real "human" scenes, and the principals have flirted, held hands, and spooned in the most approved fashion. He has tried "Cinderella," but that was too much of an attempt in the present state of the dramatic art in the Zoo.

The second successful play put on at Bronx Park was "The Great Marathon." It showed the exciting scenes attending the arrival of the smaller animals for a great jungle race. For this scene most elaborate scenery was prepared and much care had to be taken in teaching the animals what not to do as well as what to do. For instance, it took a week alone to prevent the Humboldt's snake from interfering with the tame iguana and to teach the blue-fur monkey that it must not try to climb the scenery.

Along the course were side-shows, refreshment stations, and the other adjuncts of a country fair. Fully one hundred varieties of animals participated in the scene and struggled furi-

(Continued on page 68)



PEARSON AND A CAPTURED WATER-BUCK



SCENE FROM "THE NATURE MAN" (UNIVERSAL)

The Boys of the Screen

By STANLEY W. TODD

As we have come to know him in Moving Pictures, the American boy is a bright, irrepressible but likable little chap—all boy, every inch of him. In fact, so dominant is the boy element in our daily life that picture plays would not be like home without an “under-footer” or a Tom Sawyer. Messenger boys, newsboys, schoolboys, office boys, street urchins, country kids—they are all as necessary to a picture as the sun and the camera. It takes real, live boys to play these parts, and the youngster of today has proved himself to be a pretty fair actor, and fearless to the last degree.

Some producers have been so impressed with the strong appeal that youth makes to the average picture audience, that they have formed companies composed exclusively of children, with boys predominating. Even the baby has been used, time and again, to “put over” a picture. Several recent features have been written around familiar boy characters, while there have been not a few “boys’ series” among the weekly releases.

Many of the long established companies having a large output have such frequent use for boys in different scenes that at least one experienced boy actor, and sometimes three or four, can be found on the dramatic rosters of every large studio. There are at least twenty-five boys acting each day before the camera at various studios; receiving salaries that would comfortably support many a small family. Scores of other boys are under special engagement, whether it be as star of a big feature or as one of a crowd in a single scene.

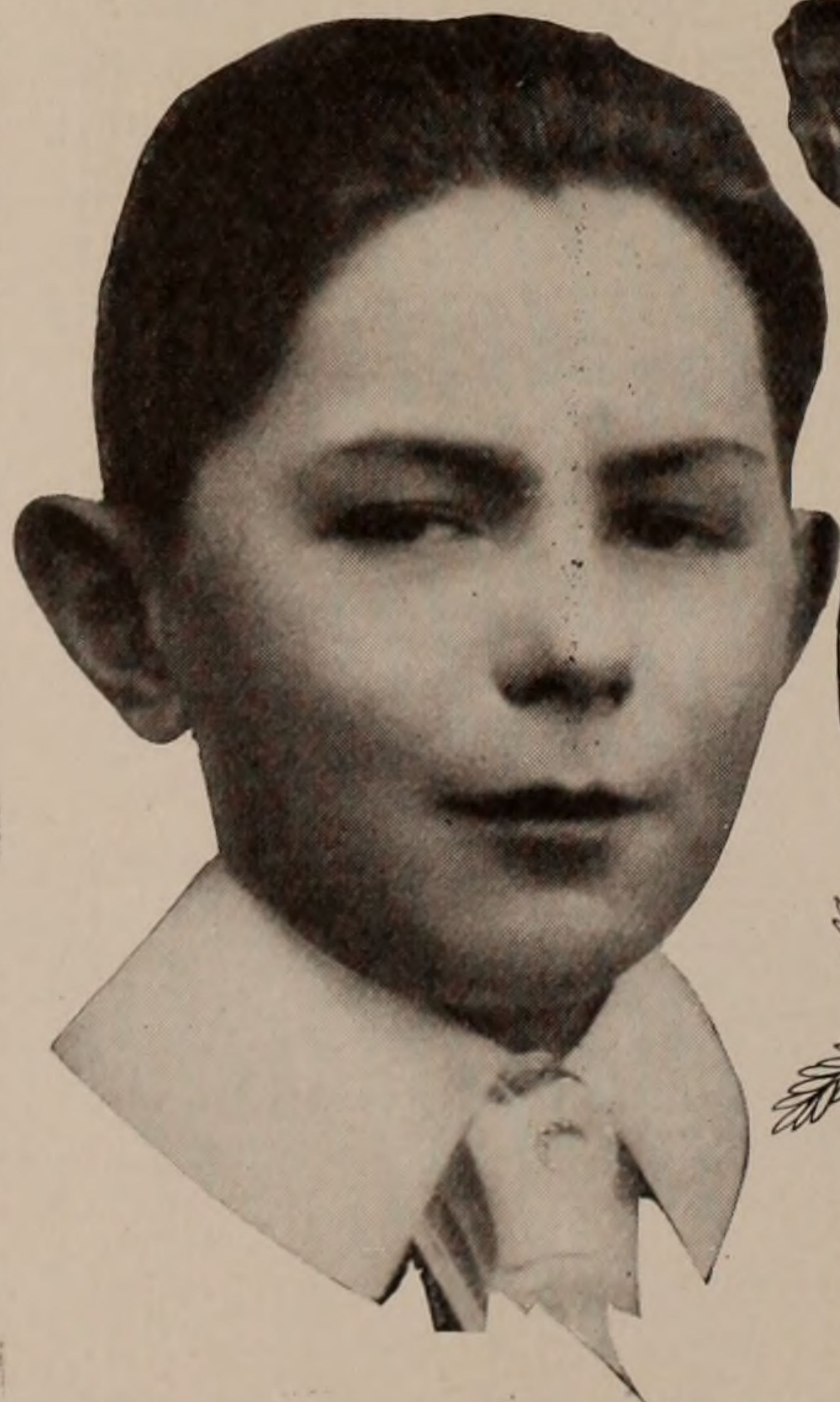
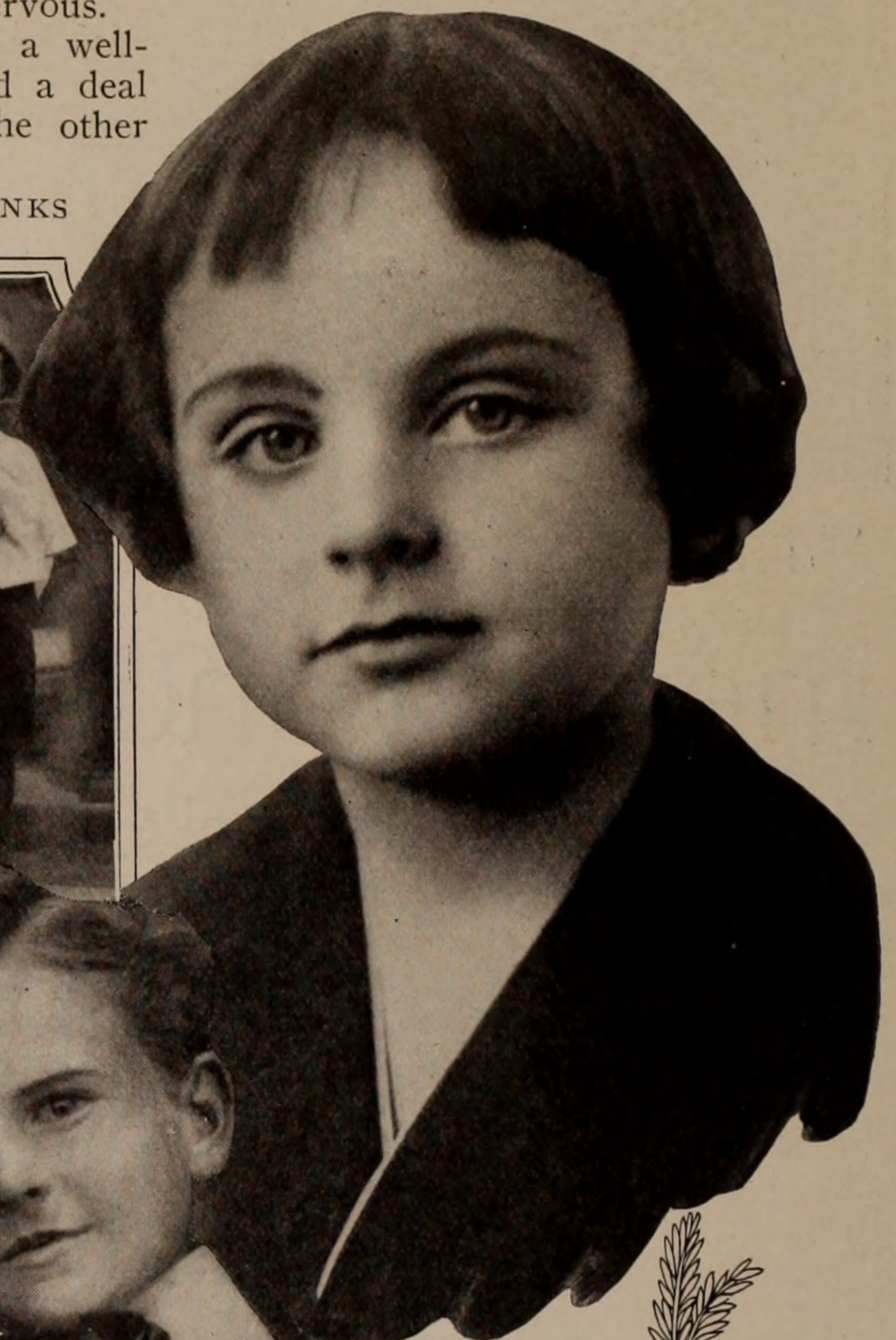
While some boys have displayed exceptional aptitude in their work for the screen, their success has been due in no small part to the tact and patience of directors. It is the usual thing for a director to strive for the friendship of his boyish player. The ordinary kid, be he a stage, screen, or just a plain boy, is loyal to the core and will put forth his very best efforts for the person he likes. Scenes in which children are the principals spell arduous work for directors. There are bashful boys, awkward boys who should be graceful, and graceful boys who should be all hands and legs. Boy scenes, you may be sure, involve forgotten instructions, repeated rehearsals and an “iron strain” all around. Some youngsters—rare treasures in the finding—take to picture-acting like ducks to water, and are not disconcerted even by the presence of

a curious crowd of spectators, which often makes older players nervous.

“Give me the boys,” said a well-known director who has had a deal of experience with them, the other

GEORGE HOLLISTER, JR.

ROBERT MILLER GEORGE BANKS



ANDY CLARK

BROOKS MC CLOSKEY

BOBBY CONNELLY

day; “I’m fond of them. I seldom have much trouble with boys. Usually they’re quick as a flash; they always have plenty of spunk, and, what I like most, they are natural. You can’t make a boy anything else.”

Take, for instance, smiling Bobby Connelly—that five-year-old bunch of winsome, boyish cheerfulness. This little Vitagraph player has made “Sonny Jim” a famous and universally beloved child character. The

"Sonny Jim" series of pictures, because of Bobby's appealing personality, has been vibrant with the charm of innocent boyhood. Bobby began his work in pictures with the Kalem Company when he was three years old. Two years ago he joined the Vitagraph



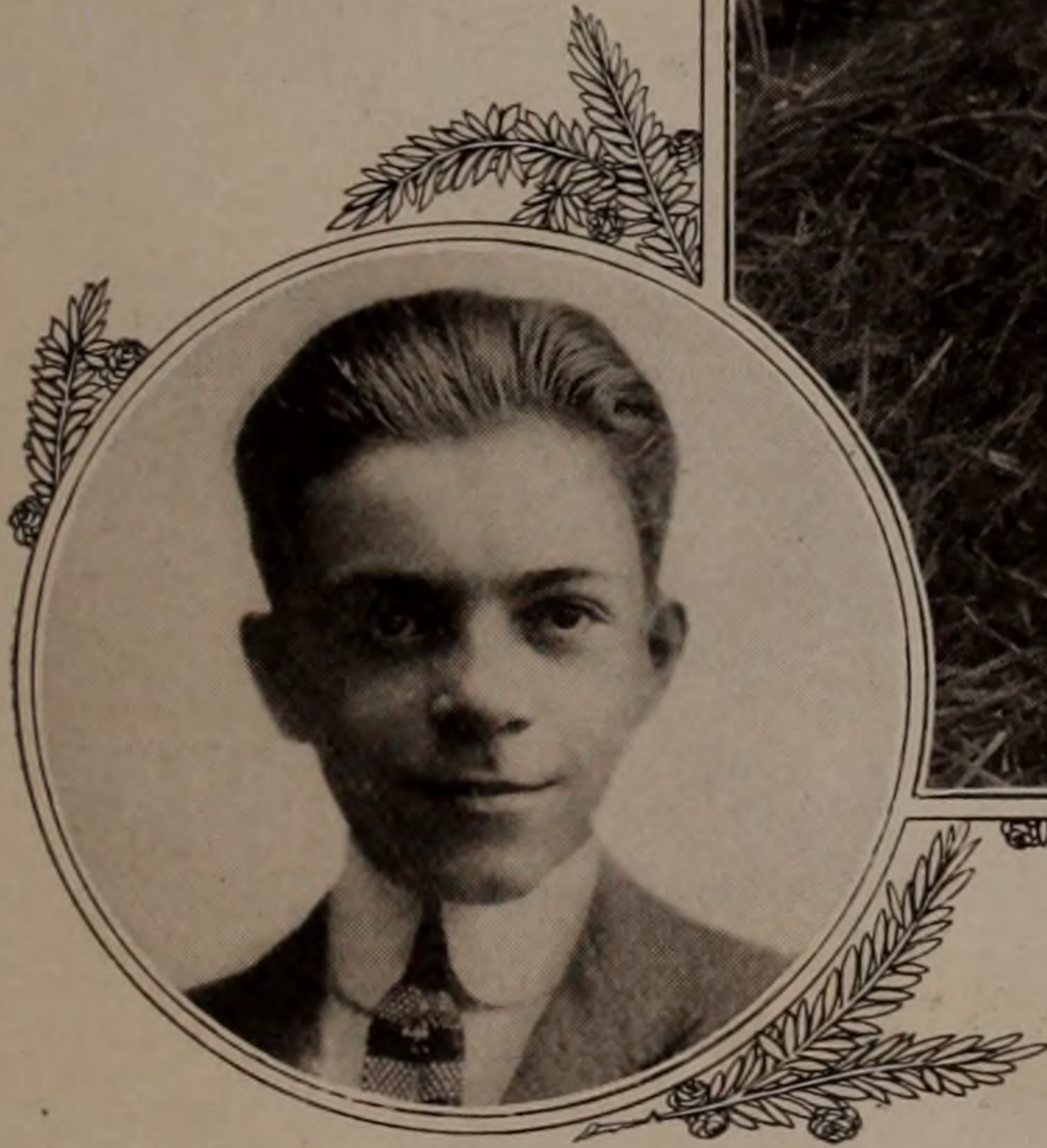
MATTY ROUBERT



SCENE FROM
WORLD PICTURE



WILLIE GIBBON



YALE BOSS

Company, and his first picture, "Caught Courting," with Maurice Costello, was such a personal triumph for Bobby, that he was raised to stardom, put in stock and the "Sonny Jim" series written for him. They have included "Sonny Jim in Search of a Mother," "Easter Lily," "Fraid Cat," "Sonny Jim in Search of the North Pole," "Bear Facts" (in which Bobby played with two bear cubs), "Sonny Jim and the Circus," and a number of others.

Robert Joseph Connelly—if you

would call him by his official name—is a marvel at the studio, his remarkable self-possession and keen memory serving him in excellent stead. During the taking of outdoor scenes, he has never become rattled or nervous and seldom needs prompting during the course of an action. Needless to say, Bobby is the darling of the studio.

Another very young man of exceptional ability is Andy Clark, of Edison fame—a comedian, if you please. Andy was recruited, in an hour of need, from a game of "one-old-cat" outside the studio. The four-foot hero made good at once. Eventually an "Andy Series" was decided upon, because of the youngster's remarkable

work and large following. Andy's favorite rôle was a care-free, happy-go-lucky messenger boy, which was made the central figure of several bright stories of typically American boy life.

It is not so long ago that the Universal Company featured little Matty Roubert as "The Universal Boy," and that lively youngster was made the hero of a series in which he visited many prominent personages and places and was enthusiastically greeted. Matty received much of his training from his father, who is a director, now producing a feature picture entitled "The Waif," with his son as the star.

In Charley Van Loan's story, "Little Sunset," filmed by Bosworth, the shining light around which the plot revolves is the red-haired, freckled bat-boy and mascot of a big-league baseball team. This rôle was essayed in true boyish fashion by little Gordon Griffith, a twelve-year-old "veteran" of the pictures. Gordon put his whole heart and soul into the characterization, while Hobart Bosworth, as "The Terrible Swede," the big center-fielder who chums with the lad, shared with the boy the chief honors of the picture. It is no small task for a boy to assume a star part in a five-reeler, but Gordon emerged with flying colors.

Few boys have had a wider experience in Moving Pictures than Yale Boss, who spent most of his "growing" years with the Edison Company. Yale has played practically all the characters within the range of a boy actor, and the fact that he has been for more than five years with the same company is significant. Recently, as he reached fifteen years of age and slipped into his first pair of "long pants," Yale has been assigned to older parts, which he has been handling exceptionally well. It was Yale who discovered Andy Clark and fetched him in from the street to be almost instantly hurled into fame.

There have been several married Moving Picture players who have brought their sons to the attention of directors, and after having received instruction at home these boys invariably make good. That is the case with little George Hollister, of the Kalem Company. His first appearance was more or less of an accident, but he was soon made a permanent possession of the company. When the Kalemites, several years ago, went to the Holy Land to produce "From the Manger to the Cross," George traveled with his mother. He was selected to play the rôle of the child Christ in that remarkable picture, and his work elicited much favorable comment. Subsequently he was taken

around the world on picture-taking sorties and has probably traveled more than any child of his age in the world.

The Mutual forces have a young daredevil in nine-year-old Leland Benham, of the Thanouser Company. This son of Harry Benham is a graduate of the speaking stage, and his roguish characterizations of the boys required in Thanouser pictures have made a decided hit. Leland's chief present interest in life is little Helen Badgley, a six-year-old lady of the same company.

So confident have the Lubin directors become as to the drawing power of "kid pictures" that a juvenile company of a dozen or more attractive youngsters has been organized. Prominent among the children is eight-year-old Brooks McCloskey, the son of Lawrence McCloskey, the former Lubin scenario editor, and, needless to say, the young man has been doing finely of late. Among recent additions to the Lubin juvenile company are three boys of the same family—Jack, Stephen and Thomas Carr. The boys resemble each other, a fact that was taken advantage of recently when it was necessary, in a three-reel picture, to show the same character at different ages.

In American Company's pictures, the boy rôles are usually essayed by two youngsters living near the studio in Santa Barbara, Cal. One of them, Leo Banks, is the son of two of the players in the company, and is of the sturdy, independent type. He has carried the juvenile rôles in a dozen or more pictures with decided success. Another clever boy in "Flying A" films is Robert Miller, fourteen years old, who made his screen début by appearing in several episodes of "The Diamond from the Sky."

Three boys are regularly employed by Essanay, while scores of other children are engaged for this or that picture, from a list of carefully selected eligibles. Frank Weber, who is seventeen years old, is a Chicago boy, who has been before the footlights as long as he can remember. His graduation to the Moving Picture ranks with Essanay brought him into many feature productions under the Indian Head brand, and his friends predict a big future for him in the silent drama. Tommy Harper, sixteen years old, also with Essanay, has never had any stage experience, but that has not noticeably handicapped him. He has appeared in a number of the Ade fables, to say nothing of dozens of other pictures. In "The Call of the Sea," he traveled twelve hundred miles to Block Island, R. I., to appear in the ocean scenes. In "The Daughter of the City," a five-reeler, he had

a rather disastrous experience with cigars that may make him a non-smoker for life. As the typical, fresh office boy, he added atmosphere by sampling a stogie from the boss' humidor, but, needless to say, he rushed for



CHARLES JACKSON

BILLY HARPER

GORDON GRIFFITH

fresh air after the scene. Billy Harper, aged five, is another clever youngster with Essanay.

Several of the feature companies have boys in their dramatic corps, usually taken on for certain pictures only. Little William Howard Gibbon, for instance, who is nine years old, has played with a half a dozen or more companies having studios in his home town, Fort Lee, N. J. Willie is an expert and daring rider, and his

stunts have been glorified time and again on the Moving Picture screen. In "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" he very nearly lost his life while making a fall from a running horse.

His latest appearance was in a World Company release, "The Face in the Moonlight."

Many boys in the studios have played the fresh office boy, but none have done it with more of a swing and impudence than Charles Jackson, twelve years old, more recently with the World Company. His first experience came with talking pictures, followed by a permanent engagement

(Continued on page 68)



MARY FULLER

IN the happy days of "Laura-jean" and "The Duchess" it was the young girl's passion to go on the stage. But times have changed, and so has the girl. Today, her dearest wish is to appear on the screen as a movie star, and it is estimated by the harassed but patient movie producers that out of one thousand girls in a given area, nine hundred and eighty-four have, at one time or other, secretly or openly, craved screen prominence. Of this number, at least eight hundred and fifty-two have sent their photographs, with personal blurbs on the subject of what the neighbors think of their dramatic power, to one or more of the film companies, while of this last number, six hundred and seventy-nine have personally applied at a studio and asked for a job.

What happened to them? They were told either that nobody was needed at just that moment, but they might leave their name; or else, more truthfully, that experience was absolutely necessary, and that, until there was a dearth of trained professional talent no amateurs could possibly be taken on. Which gives rise to the pertinent question, on the part of the aspirant

FORD STERLING



How They Got In

By

ARTHUR HORNBLOW, JR.

to film honors, "Where can I get experience if I can't get a job?" And that is a question which is asked in all walks of life, a righteous protest which is heard wherever jobs are sought after and refused. The one possible answer isn't really an answer at all—and that is "Watch for an opportunity." Sometimes a Moving Picture director just happens to need a "type," he is on the eager hunt for a face that is "distinctly different"—if one may use the phrase without violating the copyright laws. Let us see what happens when he is in such a condition:

Scene: Outer office of the film company. The principal "prop" is one wooden rail and a swinging gate. On the hallowed side of the rail sit a telephone operator with a Queen of Sheba hauteur and several office boys of neglectful mien. On the public side of the rail, ranged in two rows against the wall, is a small but eager crowd of hopefuls. Every man and woman of them wants a job! There is a sign on the wall: "All Casts Are Filled—Nobody Wanted." They heed it not; they have seen it before and they will see it again. It is always there, and only the most thanwhomest amateur would be convinced or disheartened by it.

All these people save one have had either stage or picture experience. The one who has never had either sits far back near the door. She is a timid little creature with great doe eyes and a sad, sad face that makes one want to put a hand on her shoulder and say "Is there anything I can do for you?" She has screwed up her courage to come this far, and she is beginning to feel sorry she has done that. She hasn't seen the sign on the wall because she was too frightened to take a good look around. If she had she'd have left immediately, glad of the excuse. As it is, she lingers longingly. The others look at her, some pityingly, others snif-



ANITA STEWART

fingly. They can tell she's an amateur, and they know the answer *she'll* get.

Enter, suddenly and hurriedly, a very homely man from the inner offices, carrying a piece of paper. He is the director, and as he advances to the rail he quickly and expertly scans the faces before him. They all look, almost piteously, in his direction. He shakes his head mournfully and perhaps curses slightly, that is, slightly for a director. Ah, but who is that crouching back there at the end of the row? "You!" he shouts, as he points a stumpy finger in the direction of the girl with the doe eyes. He shouts it again and louder, before she realizes that he is really pointing at her. Then slowly she rises and comes toward him. "Thank the Lord," mutters the director, graciously, "you're just what I needed!"

That little scene is enacted frequently in the many picture studios dotting this country. Without asking about training or anything, a director will employ a man or woman just because they happen to suit his needs, because they are a "type" that he has urgent use for. That is how the girl with

MABEL TRUNNELLE



the doe eyes got her position, that was her opportunity, and when, two years later, the writer noticed in a trade journal that she had transferred to another company on a \$25,000 per year contract, it was apparent that she had taken advantage of that opportunity.

That is the only possible opening for a person who is without experience in dramatic work. The element of "pull" enters occasionally, but, strangely enough, it is so rarely that a person who benefits by it meets with any marked success, that it can be ignored as an unimportant factor. It is interesting to note that, save for a few exceptions, the film stars who are famous today were bred in those hard but efficient schools of dramatic learning known as stock companies. The devious ways in which these people later broke into the movies are interesting in themselves, but especially so when told by the players themselves.

A number of famous screen artists have written for this article their story of how they "got in." These letters form a series of human documents of interest, not only to the young man or woman eager to get into the photoplay world, but also to any one who has seen these well-known people play and has wondered if they, too, had their troubles like all other people.

Mary Fuller, to begin with, is known in the profession and out of it, not only as a photoplayer of consummate skill, but also as a writer of no mean ability. Mary Fuller writes:

"When the call of the theater is in one's blood, dramatic self-expression is absolutely necessary. When it is patent that the work which is best suited to one is not only lucrative but a mental tonic and balance as well, time spent in idleness is regretted. And when one is thrifty and sees one's small capital dwindling and 'nothing coming in,' action is imperative. For these three reasons I joined the movies.

"In other words, it was a dull season, and, as my company had closed in December and I was waiting for the next engagement in New York to materialize, the suggestion of the movies seemed timely. I decided to apply for an engagement in the 'silent drama,' a somewhat mongrel profession at that time, and thus defray my expenses until the next *real* engagement. Thereupon I journeyed over to the outskirts of town and applied at a small studio—small at that time, but since grown into a little city—told them my dramatic qualifications, and was engaged for a trial. Returning home, I was torn

between delight at my good fortune and nervousness for my first appearance. I don't remember the name of the picture, but my part was an Italian girl whose life was full of drama, love, elopement, poverty and death!

"I remember the rehearsals, oh, so well! I was very nervous and the two men playing opposite me were very self-confident—they had had long picture experience. I recall how the directors helped me—how the other actors stood around and watched and whispered among themselves; I remember the rose-hung garden in the first scene—the bare attic where I died in the last scene—the birds singing outside the studio windows—the terrible glare of the lights; I remember my trepidation as I waited in the little underground projection room to see the film unrolled—the delight I felt when they said the film was a success—my subsequent promotions—and my awakening interest in this new art. Such was my start up the movie ladder of fame!"

Ford Sterling is a handsome young man who might just as well have been a movie hero, but chose, rather, to be a low comedian. He has made his name famous by his clever slapstick comedy work for the screen.

Mr. Sterling writes: "I've done a little bit of everything, I think. I started out, after a rough-and-tumble boyhood, in Notre Dame College, at South Bend, Ind., and it was there that I became adept at the athletics which have since enabled me to perform the crazy stunts I've had to do for pictures. When I left college I went almost directly on the stage, except for some cartoon work which I did for the *Chicago American*. I played in stock during the winters, and did trapeze work in county fairs during the summers. Some existence! By the time I was thru playing with stock companies all over the country I think I'd played about a thousand different rôles. It was wonderful training, and I don't see how any actor, who's not a genius, can go without it. Then I went into vaudeville with Tom McEvoy, now with Biograph, and, while I was doing that, Mack Sennett, then of Biograph, saw me, and, needing a comedian, offered me a job. Well, I had made it a rule never to refuse a job, so I took this one, altho I didn't have the least idea what was wanted of me. But I'm glad now that I did take it—picture work is great!"

A name that has loomed large on the movie horizon for the last few years is that of Anita Stewart, who furnishes one of the few examples among film luminaries of those entering the picture field without previous

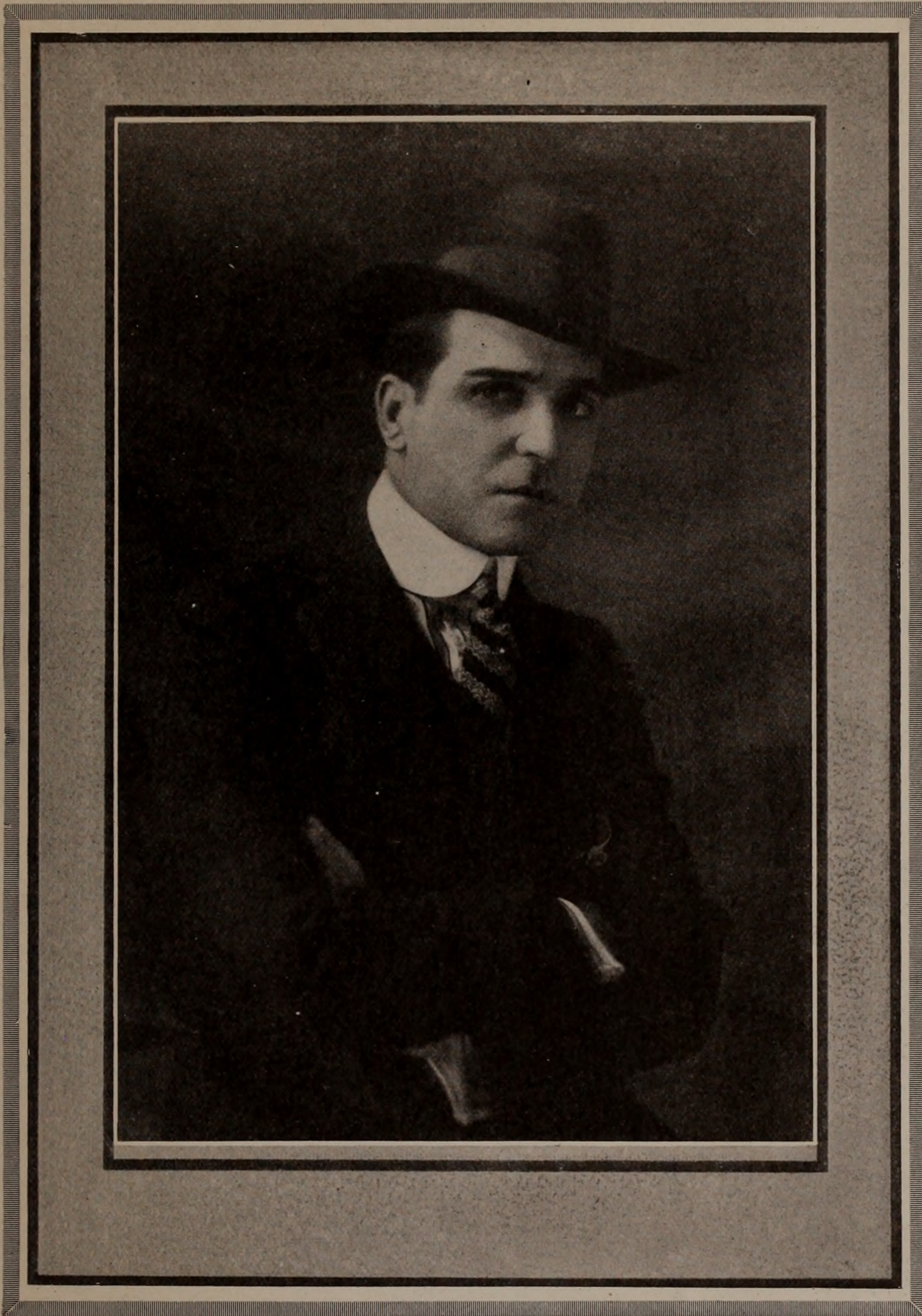
dramatic training of any sort. Miss Stewart has just finished playing to the movie-loving public as the heroine of "The Goddess," the successful Vitagraph serial, and, taking into consideration her extreme youth and her decidedly short experience, her performances were remarkable. Miss Stewart writes:

"I was just a kid of fifteen when my brother-in-law, Ralph Ince, who was a director with the Vitagraph Company, told me to come down to the studio in the afternoons after school and fill in as a little girl 'extra.' I tried it once and liked it, and they must have liked me, too, because they offered me a position with the regular stock, and I took it. I left school and became a regular actress, and my first good part was in 'The Wood Violet'—after that I was a fixture with the Vitagraph, and I've been there ever since. I can say that, from the time I used to play maid parts for the older Vitagraph stars, to the present time, Motion Picture work has been an endless source of fascination to me. To those who are anxious to accomplish things in the movie world, I can send out just one message: 'Be sure, first, that you're equipped with a natural dramatic instinct, and then be willing, when your chance comes, to do any sort of picture work, no matter how humble. There's just one way to get to the top of the ladder and feel safe there, and that's by slowly climbing all the lower rungs.'"

There are but few heroines more beloved than the vivacious Mabel Trunnelle, of the Edison players. Miss Trunnelle's entrance into the films might well form part of a story—here it is, just as she tells it:

"I was on the road with a theatrical company, and suddenly became very tired of it all—you know the feeling, just played out. I wrote a blue letter to a friend of mine who was with the Edison Company, and told her how I wished the season would close. Just two nights later I received a telegram from her, saying 'Hand in your notice at once and come to New York. Will tell all when you arrive.' That dear old telegram! I have framed it now. I followed her advice, and on reaching New York, was told to call at the Edison studio. I was at once engaged on my friend's recommendation, and, without ever having seen myself on the screen, sailed for Cuba to take part in pictures.

"On the boat going there I was dreadfully sick, and J. Searle Dawley, the director, called at my stateroom and told me that they were going to try me out in a little comedy scene up on deck, and asked me to get into



EARLE WILLIAMS

make-up and come up as soon as possible. I didn't want to tell him that I could hardly stand up, so I screwed up my courage, and after slapping on some make-up while lying at full length on the couch, I went, very wobbly, above-decks. There I went thru my first scene before the camera, and I shall never forget that ordeal, with all those experienced actors standing around looking on. Strangely enough, the scene turned out all right, and my sea-sick complexion looked just lovely on the screen!

"I naturally make quick gestures and movements of my body, and my main difficulty at first was in slowing myself down. In Cuba we took a picture called 'The Princess and the

(Twenty-five)

Peasant,' and when the picture was finished and sent on to New York for judgment, Mr. Dawley called me to him and showed me a letter from Mr. Plimpton, the studio manager, which said something about my being just the girl they were looking for. So I'm happy to say I'm going on my sixth year with the company, and they have been six of the happiest years of my life."

Crane Wilbur, long with Pathé, and now starring in Lubin plays, is well known the world over as an actor of considerable histrionic ability. His early training was obtained, as has so often been the case, in stock companies. His good acting and his striking features have made him uni-

versally admired. On the subject of how *he* "got in," Mr. Wilbur says:

"I was always greatly interested in the silent drama, and very often while traveling on the road with some stage production I would steal away after a matinée to some movie show and watch the pictures for hours. Often I stayed so long that I had to go back to the theater for the evening performance without my dinner. Altho the pictures interested me, the stage was my first love, so it never occurred to me to apply to a film company for an engagement. I was doing very well on the stage—I had had ten years of it, and they were profitable years, in which success came, slowly but surely. A friend of mine, Mr. Harry Handworth, was a director for the Pathé Frères Company, and he had in his possession a photograph of myself which he had found in a magazine. One day the head director of the company told Handworth of an unusually fine production he was planning, for which he desired a certain type of leading man. He wanted a young but experienced actor, who could ride a bucking broncho, drive a racing auto, swim with a girl on his back, and be willing to learn to drive an aeroplane. Besides all of these things, the actor had, at the same time, to be able to act!

"I dont know what prompted Handworth to suggest me, but anyhow he showed the head director my photo, and was instructed to get in touch with me at once. They found me appearing with a Broadway production, which made it easy for me

(Continued on page 69)



CRANE WILBUR



MARIE DORO AND HER HUSBAND, ELLIOTT DEXTER, ENJOYING THEIR HONEYMOON AT PALM BEACH BETWEEN SCENES OF "DIPLOMACY" (FAMOUS PLAYERS)

ONE OF THE THREE "ORIGINAL CHAPLINS"

By ROBERTA COURTLANDT



It is not always the easiest thing in the world to interview a noted "funny man." So many of them are, in real life (if you parody and say "reel" life, madam, you will be shot at sunrise), smug, sanctimonious individuals, who look like nothing so much as a country minister who is in a state of perpetual shock over the sins of humanity.

And so, when I sallied forth to interview Billie Reeves, comedian, I determined to be pessimistic. There is nothing, quoth I, like pleasing your victims—a grouch to a grouch—and whoever heard, read or dreamed of a comedian being anything but a grouch?—let us be contrary, or die.

A sad and sallow youth vouchsafed to unearth Mr. Reeves for me when I presented my request at the studio. "Ah, ha!" jeered I, "even unto the third and fourth dependent."

A minute later, a pleasant-faced gentleman appeared upon the threshold—so pleasant of face, with such a wide humorous smile, such friendly laughing eyes and such an air of wholesome geniality that I stared past him nonchalantly. Even when he announced himself as Billie Reeves I felt inclined to argue. One hates to have one's pet theories thus rudely upset. I felt like denying him the right to be himself. But he seemed so very much himself and so very sure of his own identity that I accepted him willy-nilly.

"And what is it you want to know?" he smiled, as he dropped into a chair opposite me. "Please" (his eyes—well, you know his eyes, Screenites—laughed) "don't expect me to say the Motion Picture industry is in its infancy," he pleaded. "The infant has long been weaned."

I laughed and voted him a humorist, despite. "You're English, aren't you?" I asked, with hidden irony.

"Born in London, eighteen-sixty-five," he admitted, "and after a childhood which was doubtless a period of dark despair for my parents, I made my first appearance upon the stage at the ripe age of fifteen. I was with divers English circuses, pantomimes,



etc. I've been with Lubin for forty-four weeks, but"—he raised his palms in an exaggerated protest—"don't ask me what I like best. I'm not sure myself; have not had time to decide. Caution is my slogan. But I believe"—this with ministerial solemnity—"that I like pictures best."

I felt that I had heard some edict issued by the Pope, or other weighty matter, and sighed gustily.

"About how many plays have you played in since you came into pictures?" I pursued.

"About one reel a week—so, forty-four," he answered.

"And which of them have you liked best?"

"All of them"—impartially.

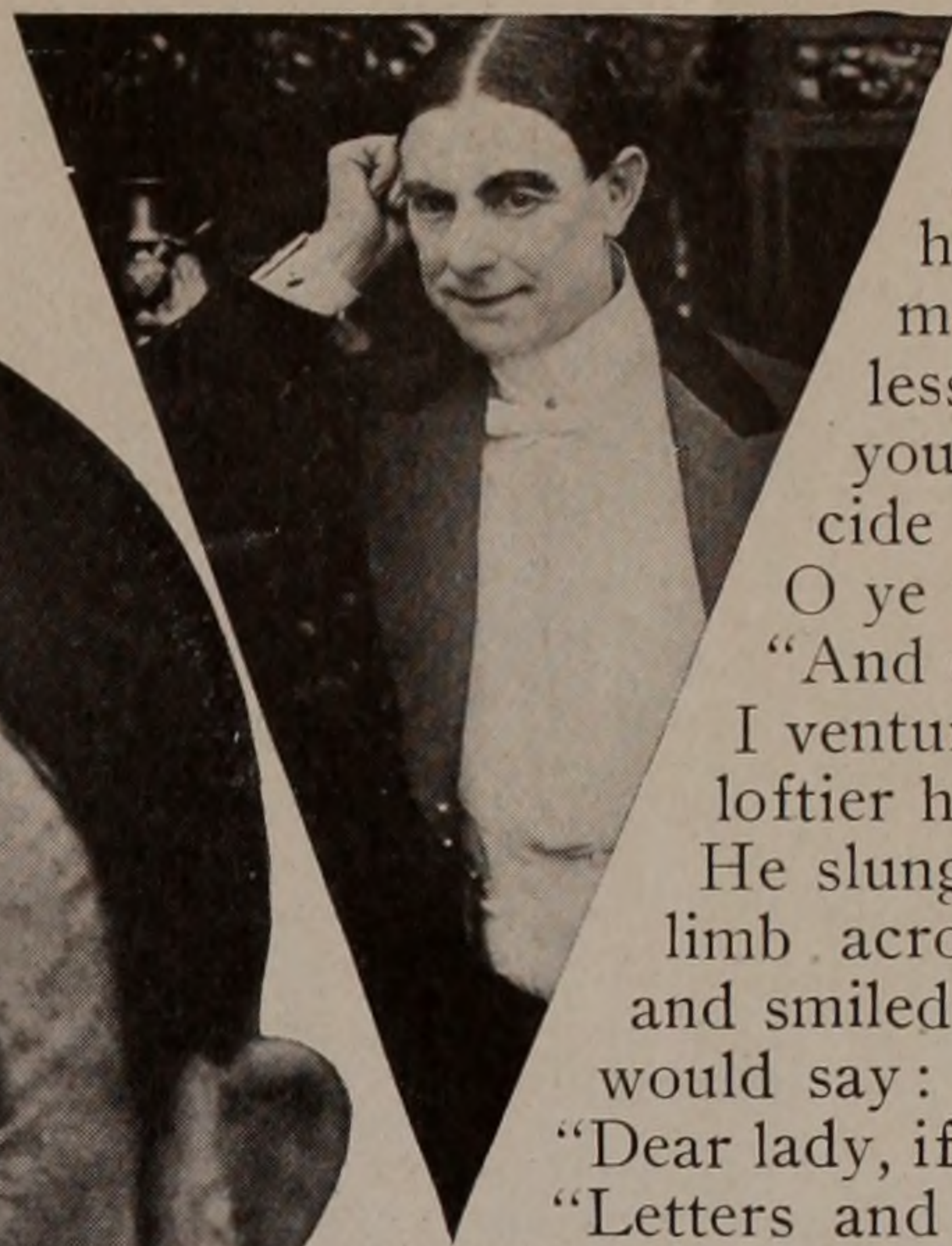
"And what is your highest ambition?"

"To play a part sans any bruise at all"—laconically.

"Are you fond of reading?"

"Not very. I'm fond of Laura Jean Libby's novels, tho," he appended, with a wistful gravity in his big eyes, "and I consider Walt Mason the international laureate. My favorite novel? 'The Alphabet of Love,' lady, and 'Daisy Gordon's Folly'—also 'The Squire's Darling.'"

I'll never know whether he meant it



or not, but there wasn't a twinkle in his eye, and his mouth was guiltless of mirth. So you'll have to decide for yourselves, O ye who watch!

"And do you write?" I ventured, hoping for loftier heights.

He slung one acrobatic limb across the other and smiled at me, as who would say:

"Dear lady, if I could"—but, "Letters and contracts," he admitted guiltily, "and not many of the former."

"Do you consider the moral influences of the Motion Picture studios better than those of the stage?" I asked next, determining to strike deep waters.

"Assuredly," he affirmed, and his eyes widened surprisedly at the question. "Why, the very fact that the working time of the



studio is daytime goes far toward creating a moral atmosphere. The players can live naturally. The unnatural is always immoral. It is so ordained. On the stage you begin work at seven-thirty p. m., say, and you are thru at eleven-thirty p. m. You eat, and by the time you reach home it is a. m. again. You sleep the morning thru—the best working hours of the day—and start the whole thing over again. I've had an awful time getting accustomed to sleeping by night and working by day—I've done the other way round so much."

Mr. Reeves was educated at Ardingly College, Brighton, England. He's the kind of talker one loves to

listen to, and he's immensely popular around the studios.

He isn't in favor of censorship of films because, he says, they cut some of his best work. And he believes that Motion Pictures are destined to outshine the stage, because they reach a wider audience. And the greatest improvement he can suggest in Motion Pictures is—more salary! (All who agree with him signify their pleasure in the usual way. The "ayes" have it!)

Mr. Reeves has brown hair and eyes, and he stands about five feet five inches and weighs about one hundred and fifty-two pounds.

"And do you approve of woman suffrage?" I queried, thinking that, being English and therefore accustomed to militants, he might have an original opinion to express. I wasn't disappointed.

"Sure; let 'em vote if they want to," he answered readily,

with an air of "It-doesn't-cost-me-anything-so-why-should-I-care?"

"Why do you approve?"

"Because I believe in letting the ladies have anything they want. Anything to please them, say I," he responded, very politely.

I had a sudden suspicion.

"You are married, aren't you?" I ventured.

"Yes," he answered, "awf'ly—married!"

So perhaps that's a partial excuse for his attitude toward suffrage!

"Tell me something about your stage career," I ventured.

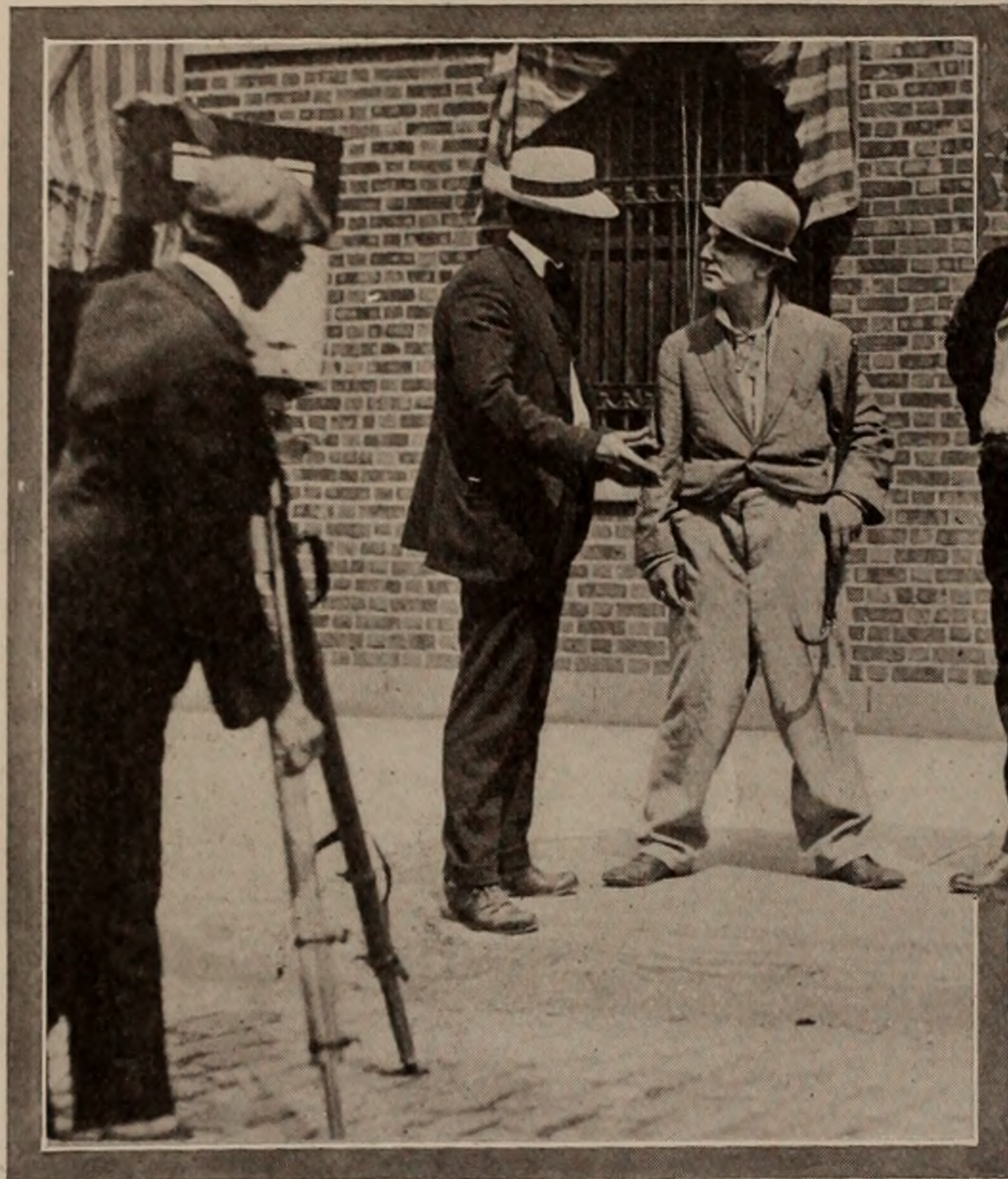
"Everything," he

the hang of some of the acrobatic stunts.

"I made my American debut," he went on, "as a very much inebriated gent in 'A Night in an English Music Hall'; after that my audiences would not allow me to draw a sober breath, so to speak, and I've been the poor skate, who's too full for utterance, in a half-a-dozen vaudeville sketches and in the 'Follies of 1908.'"

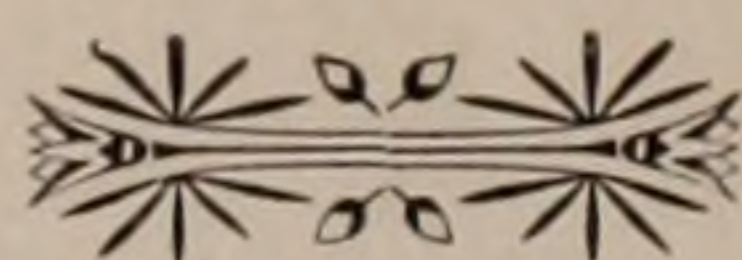
An extra bright twinkle shot into his eyes. "In the 'Follies,'" he reminisced, "my act was laid in a subway station, and I'm trying to get home, carrying several large packages in my arms, and a large one under my belt, also.

Everything that can happen to a helpless, well-meaning boob, happened to me; and all I know is that the 'house' never could get enough of my fool adventures." Billie Reeves ventured a prophecy. "Some day," he said, "I'll put this act in pictures, and you shall see what you shall see. If they don't let me, I'll star in 'Hamlet,' sure as you're born."



said, "if it will

interest you. I began my show-life by being bound over as an apprentice, my master being a famous English acrobat and pantomimist. For months I was a mass of bruises and sore spots"—he rubbed his back reflectively—"and then I began to get



THE MESSAGE OF THE SCREEN

By GEORGE WILDEY

O Youth, hear you the Future's siren call?

Her voice, like tinkling silver, charms the ear;
The roseate tints of promise 'round her fall
And draw your eager footsteps ever near.
So bright the way, the day so rosy-light,
You may not glimpse the hidden snares of night.

O untried Youth, I would not have you rush
With blind, unseeing eyes upon your quest;
I would that sudden peril might not crush
The eager spirit glowing in your breast.
So rough the road, that all enchantment seems,
'Twere well to rouse you from your careless dreams.

Come, then, and sit with me a while, I pray,
And learn to know the heights and depths of life;
Learn how to keep unscathed the clean-cut way
And gird your spirit for the coming strife.
Know, too, the race is but for him who dares
To pluck the golden grain from out the tares.

For I shall show you clearly, not alone
The golden heights that seem so lightly gained,
But what of bitter travail men have known,
Thru which their high achievements were attained,
The cruel stress and striving, envy's sting,
The sharp-fanged wolves of evil crouched to spring.

But thru it all, the endless storm and strife,
As clouds are meshed with sunrays, golden-spun,
So shines for him who seeks the best in life
The joy of vict'ries fairly, nobly won.
It is for me to point the way aright;
For you, O Youth, it is to see the light.

And if among the countless throngs that stay
To read my message thru unto the end
Be some whom I shall help along the way,
With chastened soul no storm of life can bend,
If only here and there be such a one,
It may be said of me sometime, "Well done!"

(Twenty-eight)

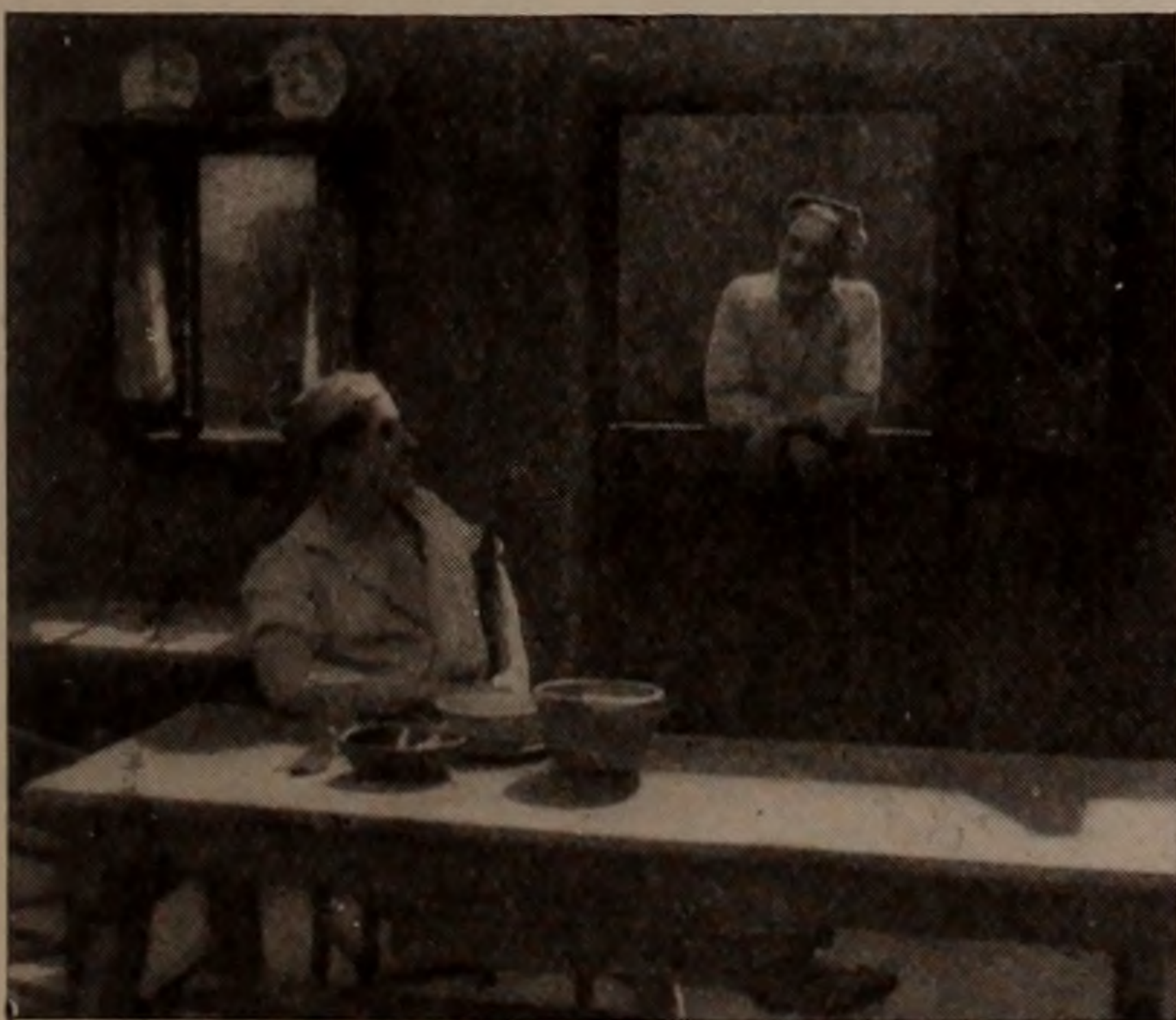


GERALDINE FARRAR

Maria Rosa

A Picture Story of a Picture Play

This story was taken from the drama of Angel Guimera and filmed by the Lasky Company to feature Geraldine Farrar. A full description of each picture will be found on page 32



1. ANDRES AND RAMON

(Twenty-nine)



2. MARIA ROSA AND THE RIVALS



3. RAMON MAKES ADVANCES



4. SHE CHOOSES ANDRES



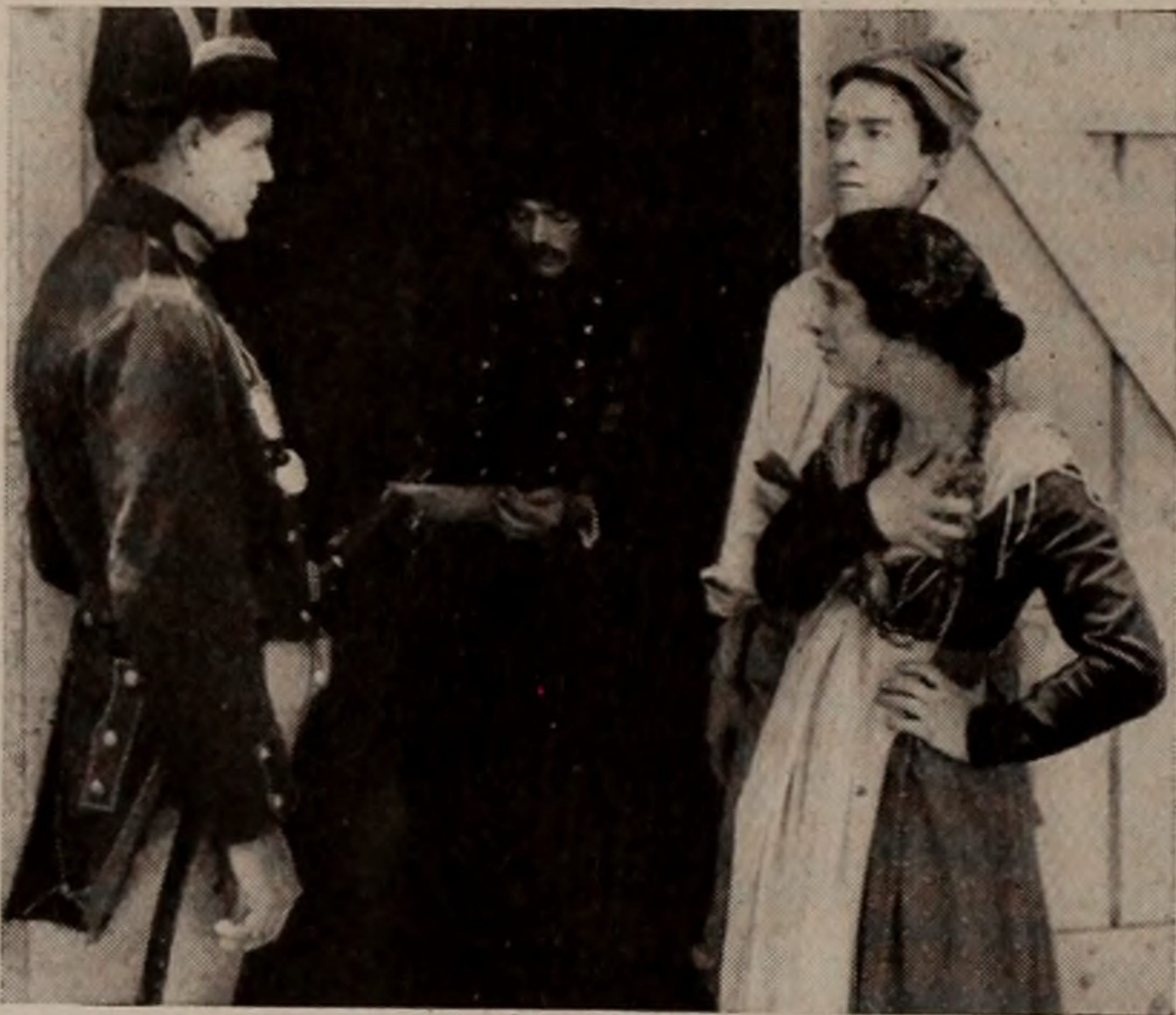
8. ANDRES IS SUSPECTED



12. MARIA READS THE FORGED LETTER



5. A FISHMONGER INTRUDES



9. ANDRES IS CONVICTED



13. RAMON FEIGNS ILLNESS



6. THE THREE QUARREL



10. RAMON IS HOPEFUL ON ANDRES' DEPARTURE



14. MARIA RESISTS RAMON'S ADVANCES



7. RAMON WINS THE DUEL



11. RAMON CONTINUES HIS ADVANCES



15. ANDRES BECOMES A HERO



16. RELEASED, ANDRES GOES TO MARIA'S HOME



20. BREATHING VENGEANCE, MARIA RETURNS



24. MARIA GRASPS A KNIFE—



17. ANDRES SEES MARIA'S WEDDING PROCESSION



21. SHE BIDS RAMON DRINK



25. AND DRIVES THE BLADE HOME



18. MARIA ELUDES HER BRIDEGROOM



22. RAMON BECOMES INTOXICATED



26. RAMON MAKES A DYING CONFESSION



19. SHE SEES ANDRES IN THE MIRROR
(Thirty-one)



23. MARIA FORCES A CONFESSION FROM RAMON



27. THE LOVERS HAVE TO BEGIN LIFE ANEW

Maria Rosa

A Detailed Description of the Preceding Pictures

1. Andres, the peasant youth, turning from his morning meal to greet his friend, Ramon, who, passing by the thatched cottage, stops a moment to bid good-morning.

"I go to the village today," says Andres, "with Maria Rosa."

"Friends well met," says Ramon, "for my path leads me in the same direction."

2. With the fascinating Maria Rosa, whose booth at the village market-place was the most popular of all the stalls, the two friends, Ramon and Andres, start to the village. Altho admired by each, Maria Rosa much prefers Andres to the sullen Ramon.

3. Across the fields the three journey, but Maria Rosa laughingly is called upon several times to repulse the friendly advances of Ramon.

4. At the market-place the young woman makes a choice of which strong pair of arms shall lift her to the ground. She chooses Andres, a bit of by-play which seems to interest every one except the docile donkey.

5. The two young swains, Ramon and Andres, are not alone the admirers of Maria Rosa. Pedro, the fishmonger, intrudes himself in a most unwelcome manner.

6. Ramon and Andres, returning, rescue Maria Rosa from the low fishmonger, who, in his resentment, strikes Ramon on the face.

7. In the ensuing quarrel the fishmonger swears vengeance on Ramon, altho Maria Rosa tries to placate the fighters. Andres, in the scuffle, loses his knife, on which his initial, "A," is carved, which is picked up by Ramon, who uses it in a duel with the fishmonger. The two fight in a lonely lane, Ramon finally killing the fishmonger. Conscious of the fact that Maria loves Andres more than him, Ramon, in a jealous fit, leaves Andres' knife beside the dead body, knowing that suspicion and arrest will follow the discovery of the weapon.

8. The gendarme finds the weapon, traces its ownership to Andres, and, despite the tearful pleas of Maria Rosa, Andres is placed under arrest.

9. Even at the prison gates Ramon remains silent, refusing to clear Andres of the accusation. He sees in the elimination of Andres as a suitor a chance to win Maria Rosa for himself. Later his plan works successfully, as the court-guard reads to the panic-stricken Maria Rosa Andres' sentence to life imprisonment.

10. With the departure of Andres, Ramon continues his assaults upon Maria Rosa's heart. She, however, is convinced of the innocence of Andres, and, as long as she holds hope for his release, she postpones the day when she must give Ramon her final answer.

11. Ramon, however, is insistent, and, following the tearful tryst at the old well, he schemes to make Maria Rosa forget Andres. This to no avail, he then forges a letter saying that Andres has died in jail.

12. The forged letter is read by the heart-broken Maria Rosa, who can scarcely believe it is true. With the forged letter before her, falsely telling of Andres' death, Maria Rosa swears that some day she will find out who killed the fishmonger and who by silence convicted Andres. That night she goes to her room and prays to the Blessed Virgin to give her strength in her time of trial.

13. Suddenly she hears a knock at the door. "Who can it be," thinks she, "that is abroad at this late hour?" Responding to the plea for assistance, she goes to the door, hearing Ramon's voice. The insistent lover, admitted, feigns that he has met with an accident.

14. Finding Maria Rosa partly disrobed, he tries to take her in his arms, but she successfully defends herself. At last, hearing voices of men on the roadway outside, Ramon decides to leave the house on the hour of midnight, knowing that the whole village, the following day, will ring with the scandal of a clandestine meeting. The insults and glances of her neighbors, the spirit of Maria Rosa is unable to withstand. Desperate, she finally consents to marry Ramon. The wedding party, returning from the little church, presents a merry sight. In the happiness of many congratulations, Maria Rosa, for the moment, forgets Andres and accedes to the carefully planned attentions of Ramon.

15. Meanwhile, as a life prisoner, Andres has all but given up hope of ever being able to right the cruel wrong that has been done to him. One day, however, when government visitors are inspecting the work of the convicts, a little child's life is in danger by the explosion of dynamite. Brave and fearless, Andres rushes to the baby, holds her in his arms and saves her from injury. For this brave deed the government frees him.

16. With a heart full of expectancy, he arrives at the home of Maria Rosa. Entering, he finds the room empty, but the table is set as for a wedding-feast.

17. Secluding himself in Maria Rosa's room, he sees Maria Rosa, as a bride, enter with Ramon, who, before the laughing company, takes her in his arms and tries to kiss her.

18. Maria Rosa, breaking from the clasp of the bridegroom, runs around the table and tells him to catch her. Highly excited, she dashes into her own room and closes the door.

19. Overcome with emotion, she sits for a moment at her table in prayer. Raising her head, she sees in her mirror a reflection that makes her heart stand still. Before her is the vision of her true love—Andres. Believing what she sees to be a phantom, Maria Rosa raises her hand to feel the figure. Startled, she turns in her chair as if to flee, and before her stands Andres, whom she believed to be dead. For a moment the two stand transfixed. A few hurried questions—a few pointed replies. "It is all a terrible mistake!" cries Maria Rosa. "Run, Andres; run and bring the good Father, that we may stop this shame before it has gone too far!" Andres turns and flees.

20. Maria Rosa, breathing a prayer of peasant vengeance, re-enters the breakfast-room.

21. Now playing her game carefully, and suspicious of the sullen Ramon, Maria Rosa bids him drink, in the hope that she may learn all. More drink, and more, she urges on him—he becoming more and more boastful of his prowess.

22. Finally, Maria Rosa turns and says: "Would you kill for my sake?" "I have," says Ramon.

23. "Would you lie for my sake?" "I have," says Ramon.

24. Then Maria Rosa, remembering her oath of vengeance, grasps a knife and says: "I will make you pay as you made Andres pay!"

25. The blade is driven home, and the villain, Ramon, sinks back.

26. At this moment Andres and the good Father enter the room.

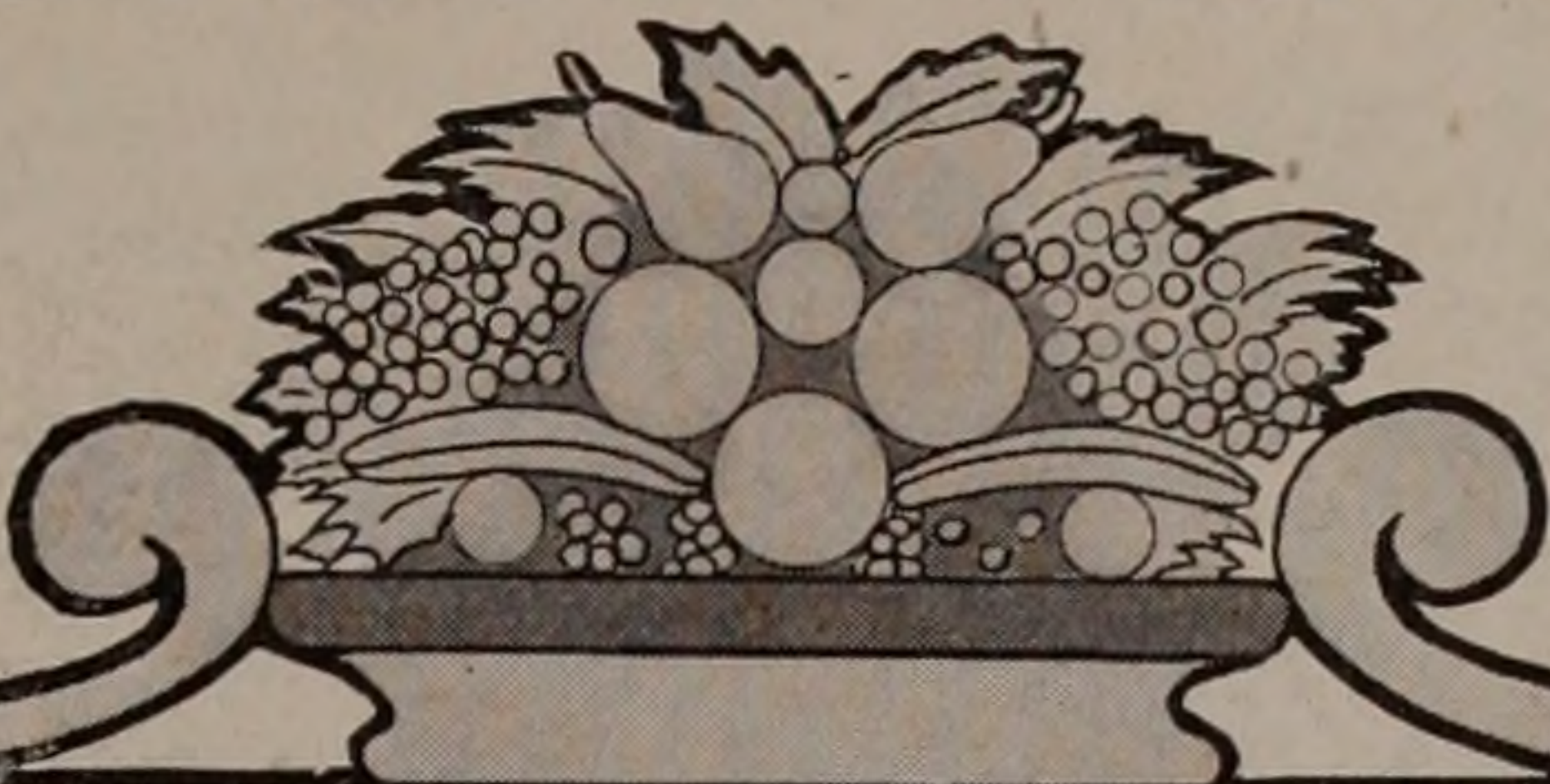
"Speak," says the priest to Ramon. "It was all my own doing!" the dying man breathes, thus withholding accusation against Maria Rosa.

27. Then the lovers, blest by the priest, leave the cottage, to begin life anew.

FAVORITE RECIPES OF FAVORITE PLAYERS

Valli Valli, Beverly Bayne and Rosemary Theby Give Some Interesting Recipes

By LILLIAN MAY



VALLI VALLI is just as fascinating as a screen star as she was before the footlights—and as a real person she is most charming. She looks decidedly French, but “I am English and proud of it” she told me in her dressing-room at the Rolfe studio.

“Am I domestic? Well, I should rather say I am! Dont I look it?” she said, pointing to a curly-haired dog, adorned with a huge ribbon bow, who was curled up beside her. “Dont forget to include Boyce in the interview. He is quite important just now, as he is in the picture I am working in. It is said that he is a very good actor.

“Seriously,” she continued, “I am very domestic in my tastes—that is because I am English, and the English are all home-lovers, you know. I have my own apartment—my little home with my dog and my maid. It is both quiet and restful and I am happy and content.

“In New York especially there are so few real homes. So many people live in hotels or in apartment houses and eat most of their meals at restaurants. I was not brought up to live that way and could never get used to it. In England it is an event to go out for a meal; but here, going out for meals is an institution.

“Even professional people like myself,” Valli Valli reminisced, “have their little homes over there—a little garden, some flowers and dogs, but here, if one wants a garden, it has to be an estate up the Hudson or some such place, and of what use is a home if it cant be near one’s work? I like the American people; they are very good to me. America is a wonderful country, but it is so big and things are done on such a large scale; sometimes I feel quite lost.

“Yes, I can cook,” she replied to my question, “but prefer to have my maid do it as I dont keep in practice. What would I serve to guests? I

should ask them what they like best, and then proceed to get it. I care very little what I eat. I like a nice cup of tea when I am tired, and know how to make it. Not because I am English, but because I am particular about having the water *freshly* boiling, and using a teaspoonful of tea to each person, and serving at once.”



VALLI VALLI

“With thinly sliced lemon, loaf-sugar and a clove or two,” added the maid, who was standing near.

“Yes, if one likes it,” concluded Valli Valli with an eloquent shrug of her shapely shoulders. Beverly Bayne, the much admired

Metro star, who has long been the leading woman for Francis X. Bushman, is celebrated among her friends for her ability and ingenuity as a “chef.” “Oh, yes; I would just love to talk to you,” she said. “You see I spend so much time just *acting* that I welcome an opportunity to talk.

“Isn’t my dressing-room going to be dear?” she said, with a comprehensive wave of her hand around the room, which, it was quite evident, was in a state of being renovated. The walls were freshly tinted a pale pink. There were pink chintz draperies with cream-colored borders at the windows—and with her own hands Miss Bayne was busily sewing on yards and yards of the same material. “For my dressing-table and wardrobe curtains,” she explained. “I have to spend so much time here, I want my room to be attractive. Pink is my favorite color as you may have guessed. See

my bird?” pointing to a green cage with vines and pink roses trailing over it, and with—yes—a small green *wax* bird sitting jauntily on a perch.

“No, it’s not a regular bird. I wouldn’t have the heart to shut a real bird up here, but I thought this a good substitute.”

“What do you like to do best?”

“Well,” she said, with that charming seriousness of hers, “as to my work I like to have people take my hand and say, ‘You *are* a real person, aren’t you?’ I get hundreds of letters from young girls, saying my work makes them happy.



"Aren't Motion Pictures wonderful," she asked, enthusiastically, "and getting more wonderful all the time? I try to put personality in my work. I try to imagine the kind of audience that is going to see a certain kind of picture and try to vary my mood to suit them."

"And what do you like to do at home?" asked I, intent on my purpose—"or don't you have a home?"

"Cook," she ex-

"Certainly; I can bake bread and all kinds of things. I will give you my favorite menu for a buffet lunch to serve on Sunday evenings when friends drop in. I make a specialty of Sunday night suppers, as that is about my only chance to entertain:

- COLD BOILED HAM
- PERFECTION SALAD
- SANDWICHES
- BROWNIES
- COFFEE AND CHOCOLATE

dropped in cold water. Pour this over the ham. It will harden, making the ham a delight to the eye, and delicious to taste.

"Perfection salad: Soak one envelope gelatine in one-half cup cold water five minutes. Add one-half cup vinegar, juice of one lemon, one pint boiling water, one teaspoonful salt and one-half cup sugar. When beginning to set add one cup finely shredded cabbage, two cups celery, one quarter can sweet red peppers, finely cut. Put slice of tomato in small molds. Fill molds with jelly and set aside to harden. Serve on individual plates with lettuce leaves and mayonnaise dressing, or line large salad dish with lettuce leaves, pile molds of jelly on this and cover with mayonnaise.

"Brownies: Cream two cups sugar and one-half cup butter. Add two beaten eggs, four squares melted



ROSEMARY THEBY

claimed gleefully, "and of course I have a home. When we came to New York our friends said, 'Why don't you live in a hotel?—it would be so much less responsibility.' But I did not care to live that way. There is so much strain and stress with my work, I want a real home where I can relax and do anything I want to."

"And can you really cook?"



BEVERLY BAYNE

"To boil a ham: Put the ham to cook in boiling water with the skin side down, and keep simmering until tender. Allow about twenty minutes' cooking to each pound. Let remain in water in which it was cooked until cold, then skin and place on large platter. Cook together two cups brown sugar, one-half cup vinegar and one cup sherry wine until it hardens, when a small amount is

chocolate and one cup of chopped nuts. Add one or more cups of flour, one teaspoonful baking powder, and one of vanilla. Drop in mounds on large dripping pan and bake.

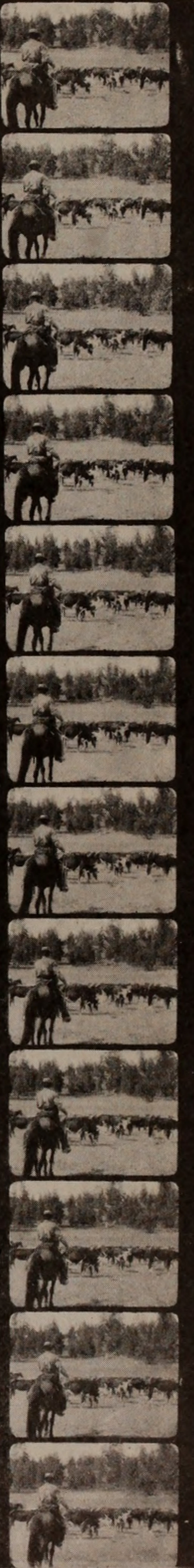

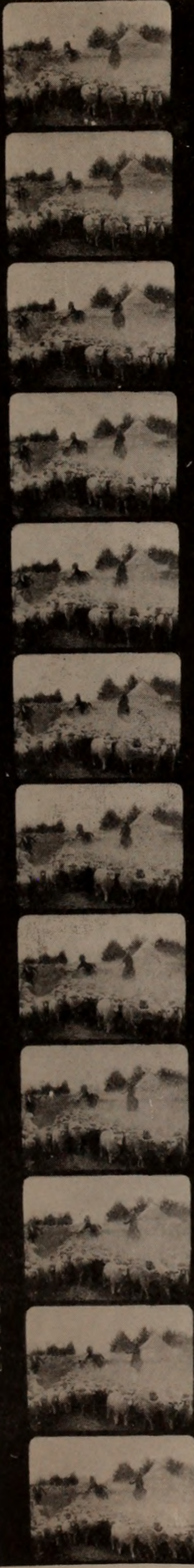
"Sandwiches: Cut rye bread in thin slices, butter, spread with thin slices of Swiss cheese, put slice of bread over, and bake until cheese melts.

"Be sure to serve the ham whole," concluded Miss Bayne, "and in carving see that you have a sharp knife."

The salad dressing recently mixed by Rosemary Theby for a small party held in her dressing-room consisted of a thick mayonnaise into which had been pressed, thru a fine strainer, the pulp of several pimentoes. The mayonnaise was the color of deep coral and had a delicate flavor that completely mystified Miss Theby's guests. It masked a salad of cauliflower and chopped celery.

Teaching Agriculture by Motion Pictures

By ERNEST A. DENCH



AGRICULTURE is the latest addition to the Motion Picture's conquests, and the credit belongs to two college students.

They realized how eminently suitable the Motion Picture was to teach scientific farming, so they outlined their plans to Prof. Thomas Nixon, of Harvard, who, with the approval of the Department of Agriculture, formed the Rural Organization Service.

Assistant Secretary Galloway, of the Department of Agriculture, then organized a committee, the duties of which were to produce films for experimental purposes, review scenarios, make recommendations and coördinate the Motion Picture work.

The Section of Illustration, Division of Publication, was accordingly provided with the necessary equipment for taking, developing and exhibiting films. When the chief of any division, bureau or independent office suggests a way by which Motion Pictures can assist his work, the committee gets busy. The proposition is passed upon by the committee, which, approving of same, hands it over to the assistant secretary for a final decision.

The cost is charged to the bureau, division or office using the films. The funds from these sources, however, have not proven sufficient to enable more than a few prints to be taken from each negative. This has greatly curtailed the activities of the department, which has been obliged to turn away requests from educational and charitable institutions. It has, in fact, been a hard enough problem to supply the needs of the lecturers attached to the department.

The department, during its first year of operation, produced thirty different subjects, comprising thirty-one reels. These educationals differ from those produced by the regular photoplay producers. The latter, for instance, show you the actual growth from a seedling to a sturdy plant within a few minutes. The department, however, disapproves of this "wizardry," so it cuts out the actual growing. Instead, the seedling is shown as in real life, without a movement, and, when it has grown a little more, a subtitle appears to explain the lapse of time.

These films are shown at the state colleges as well as at farmers' institutes and county fairs.


In many rural communities, however, electricity is not available, and as the present equipment of the department prevents any other generating power being employed to operate the projector, it has not been possible to reach all farmers.

The department is endeavoring to surmount the difficulty with a portable lighting outfit, on which they are now experimenting.

At the time our government adopted the Motion Picture, Canada followed suit.

The Ontario Department of Agriculture has always been famous for its enterprising methods, so it only lived up to its reputation. Canada is still in a state of development, consequently the number of new settlers is big. Many of these know practically nothing about scientific farming, and the Ontario Department of Agriculture had a series of films produced so as to dispense the necessary knowledge. These pictures depicted the most important phases of modern agriculture.

Operators tour the farmers' institutes thruout the province and lecture to the films.



NOTE: These photos were made from strips of film and they are the exact size of the films used in the theaters. You will observe that no two photos are alike, there being a slight advance in position in each successive picture.

(Thirty-five)

"Sympathetic Peggy"

By ELIZABETH PETERSEN



THE keynote of Marguerite Snow's charming personality has been found at last. It is her frank, unassuming sympathy and interest for one and all with whom she comes in

contact, that characterizes even her screen work.

"Nut-brown Maiden" she has been lovingly called by her intimates, but as Miss Snow, the beloved "Lady Bountiful" of the masses, she is known to those fortunates who have been made happy by her fullness of heart and ever-ready purse.

The dearest title of all to the little lady herself is "Mother"; but not even the all-absorbing love with which she worships her baby daughter can exclude from her ready sympathies the numberless little kiddies whom she has befriended from time to time and who worship devoutly the divinity that understands and loves them.

Jimmy Cruze does not think there is

any one just like his "comrade wife," and, tho their present engagements keep them apart, it is truly a case of "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." Uncle Sam's mail service is filled with letters bubbling over with news at such times as the telephone wires are having a rest from their chats.

Marguerite Snow is an interesting personage, but "Mrs. Jimmy," the adored wife and worshiping mother, is a very much more surprising one. Nothing pleases her quite so well as to prow around the kitchen, making all sorts of experiments with her cook book, much to the delight of her husband and any friends he chooses to bring home. He frankly confesses this is a method of making them envy him his lovable little pal, who is never quite submerged in the rôle of wife.

(Thirty-six)

Featherfoot

GAUMONT

by
Gladys
Hall.



This story was written from
the Photoplay of PAUL
M. BRYAN



THREE brothers stood on the brink of the Great Divide, on one side of which is Boyland, and on the other the mysterious country of Man. They shuffled their earth-stained, hob-nailed boots, restlessly, and stared into futurity with eager, adventuring eyes. "You tell first, Tom," said Dick, shyly—"you're the oldest."

(Thirty-seven)

"Aw-w——" Tom flushed; then he leaned over and pulled up a daisy, carefully. "Here's my future," he said, and his kindly, dreamy boy-eyes glowed—"here—among the flowers. They— Well, I can't explain, but they—they seem kinder like what I should think mother's fingers would have felt like if she'd have lived to

stroke our heads. Anyway, they're my friends, and I never want to leave them."

"That's a'right," affirmed Dick. Harry grunted disdainfully.

"What's yours, Dick?" asked Tom, recovering from his embarrassment.

"Mine's to be a buccaneer—like in 'Treasure Island.' I want my little hammock swung on my schooner brave; I want the sea a-lashin' and a-swishin' at my shipside; I want the Fiji Islands, the South Seas, and the grinnin', child-hearted South Sea Islanders for my friends; and, after a while, when I'm old and have had my roll, I want a home on a South Sea island, and—and a wife, I guess, to—to sorter cook and be around."

Tom smiled acquiescently. "That's great," he agreed, "but I love flowers best, and—and, now that you've owned up, I'd—I'd kinder like a wife, too, Dick—and I'd like to have a kid, too—a little girl who'd be like my flowers, y'know—sweet and pretty-looking, like the flowers are. Now, what's yours, Harry?"

The youngest gazed into the country of Man, and his eyes hardened. "I want *money*," he said grimly. "I want the power it gives to men—men who aren't all bent over and tough and gnarled—like dad. I want the city and the city ways, and money—money



"I WANT THE FIJI ISLANDS, THE SOUTH SEAS, AND THE GRINNIN', CHILD-HEARTED SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS FOR MY FRIENDS"

everywhere. And I don't mind saying that I *don't* want a—wife. Don't like girls, anyway—silly things, and I'd have to divvy up my money. Money—all to myself—that's mine."

Three brothers—on the brink of the Great Divide. Three fresh-faced, sturdy lads with adventuring eyes and wistful, eager lips.

Forty years later, an old man, with fragile, silver-sprayed head, straightened up from his flowers and looked down the length of his greenhouse, for which, be it said, he was world-renowned. At the end of the fronded, fragrant walk stood a slender girl and, bending over her, a dark, eager youth. The old man rubbed his coat-sleeve across his misted eyes, and his mouth smiled. "Rarest, loveliest flower of them all," he muttered—"grown from the soil of my heart, watered by the life-blood of my love—you are living over again, for my eyes to see, the sweetness of the blossom-time."

The man, to whom love and the

flowers had taught the divine lost chord of Life's symphony, moved cautiously down the aisle. The man was leaning nearer the slender girl. "Elsie," he was saying, huskily, "I'm not near good enough for you, my sweetheart; you're like your father's loveliest flowers; but I'll work for you—honest I will—all my life—and be so proud and so glad to do it. Will you take that, dear one—my life, and my work, and my love?" His eyes looked anxious and humble, and the girl's laughing mood suddenly stilled. She raised her soft, young mouth for its first woman's kiss—then her father came up behind her. She jumped, startled, but the old man smiled at them and kissed the girl very tenderly.

"I'm glad, my girl," he said. "I'm glad you are going to live the life your father has proved the *only* life worth while—a life where the simple things are the *real* things—where love is a grave and a beautiful reality, books are friends, and flowers are about you everywhere. In such a life, my chil-

dren, there is the work that is its own fruition; leisure that is perfumed by the incense of the hearthstone, and love that is bound together by the ligaments of the earth. Ward, you have been a faithful co-worker with me, here among the flowers; you have proven yourself clean, and honorable, and strong—the three notches by which my daughter's mate must measure. And little Elsie——" he looked at the wistful, glorified face, tenderly. "Long ago," he reminisced, "my brothers and I stood together and mapped out what we were to be—what we wanted to do. Dick wanted to be a buccaneer and a South Sea Islander. Well, he had his heart's desire, even to the wife. Dear, bluff, hearty old Dick—the sea has brought him the freight of his soul. Harry wanted *money*, the city, and the city ways, and Harry is a soured, cramped, disappointed man today. He has thrown away his birthright—the birthright of every son of Adam—for a mess of pottage. And I said I wanted the flowers—and a wife—and

a baby-daughter, who should be as sweet as the flowers and as pretty-looking. I, too, in Arcady! Always I have had my flowers; and for a transient, beautiful hour I had—my wife. She was a rare and delicate bloom, lifting her fragile, unearthly beauty for a fleeting instant, then drooping as from an unkind sun. Some there are, it seems, who are pre-

daughter leaned together, and Ward Roberts watched them, worshipfully—the fair, warm gold of Elsie's hair shining with a more than living glory against the silver of her father's. Then Elsie sprang away and laughed, childishly. "Father," she cried, "you should see the scarecrow that Ward has made. I named it 'Feathertop' because it looks like a picture in 'Feathertop'—

a pastoral to the occupants of the smart, foreign car that came swiftly over the drive and halted within speaking distance of the trio.

"Yes, that is my brother," the man with the chauffeur was saying, and something unusual shone for an instant in his cold, calculating eyes, "and that's his daughter—my niece, I suppose. I must confess to being almost a stranger to my family."

Percy Morleigh lifted his monocle and took a better look at the gold-crowned girl. "'Pon my soul, Green," he declared lazily, "I wouldn't be a stranger to such a family. The girl is a beauty, I declare."

Grace Dalton simpered at Green and flashed her teeth. "She is



"SHE RAISED HER SOFT, YOUNG MOUTH FOR ITS FIRST WOMAN'S KISS"

destined, who bloom by the wayside for too brief an hour; but, oh, the sweetness that they leave in the lives they touch is a distilled attar—so rare, so perfect, so tender and so sad.

"And I have had—you." The old visionary turned to his daughter, and his eyes went beyond the speech of his tongue. "You have been more than my flowers to me," he said—"the rarest and loveliest of them all—a gracious presence in my life—sunshine and bird-song and laughter. You have been all this to me, my dear."

For a long moment the father and

Hawthorne's story. I haven't read the story, but I have seen the picture. Oh, he is an adorable scarecrow!"

The three walked off toward the scarecrow and gazed upon it admiringly, while Elsie insisted upon taking Ward's picture with his "twin brother."

It was a pretty picture—the long, graceful greenhouses, showing blurs of varied color under the breath-dimmed panes of glass; the warm sun overhead; the beneficent flower-poet; the young lovers making merry over the grotesque scarecrow. It seemed

lovely, Mr. Green," she enthused, a bit saccharinely; "you *must* have her in town. Mamma and I will be charmed to chaperone her *anywhere*."

Harry Green, multi-millionaire and misanthrope, looked mildly surprised at the suggestion, but, being used to impossible advances on the part of Grace Dalton and other female eligibles to his millions, said nothing. At that moment Ward caught sight of the car, and the trio advanced to meet the all but unknown uncle and his guests.

"Mr. Morleigh and Miss Dalton want to see your flowers, Tom," he told his brother, "and I do, too. How's things?"

"Very fine, Harry," smiled Tom, really pleased that his important brother should honor him with this visit, and mildly amazed at the manner and general appearance of the guests.

Elsie was left to Percy, who discovered an all-but-forgotten zest in bringing the roses to Elsie's warm cheeks.

"Of course! I'd love to visit Uncle Harry," Elsie exclaimed, after Percy had painted the great city in glowing colors. "Father's told me that he has a big, splendid house, and dozens of servants, and everything. I'll miss father and—and Ward, but I'd like to come for a little while."

Between them they arranged it, and the next week old Tom and young Ward watched the blithesome departure with aching eyes. "I don't like the atmosphere," sighed Tom, "but she's as innocent as a daisy, and it isn't fair that she shouldn't see anything of the world before she settles down. She must learn to choose between the false and the true."

"Yes, she must learn," echoed Ward, but his big, loyal heart sank to his clumsy boots.

It was a new world to Elsie. It seemed much as tho Grace Dalton, with the help of Percy Morleigh and the unwitting help of Uncle Harry, took the old world in her ringed hands and turned it firmly and smilingly upside down, spilling out all the old beliefs, old ideas, old clothes, old love, old desires in the process. When it righted itself again, a different Elsie smiled at herself in the mirror of her satin-walled boudoir—an Elsie with unreal-looking eyes; with startling "Duff-Gordon" clothes; with still more startling coiffure, and a set of manners snipped at random from the most extreme of the extreme set in which her uncle moved—an Elsie who had begun to look upon Percy Morleigh with a sense of approbation, and to look back on ungroomed Ward with a feeling of mixed pity and contempt.

"Our protégée is coming along," observed Grace, one evening, as they waited for Elsie in the foyer of her uncle's home.

"She has arrived," agreed Percy, feeling of his scented tresses with a long-nailed, inutile hand. "The country Jane has quite went."

Elsie learnt her Manhattan well from Grace and Percy. Uncle Henry, a bit ashamed of his laughable friendship for Grace Dalton, dropped out of things and watched the transformation of his niece with a growing distaste. It was like seeing a fresh and lovely flower made over into a waxed, artificial one by a clever, unscrupulous hand. The three of them "did" the town; they orgied in every orgying direction. They did nothing by halves and everything by extremes—from dress to fads; from Madison Avenue to the slums, and from Washington Square to Chinatown. They consorted with the mondaine—ladies of society with newspaper names and sub-rosa scandals; men with young faces and ancient eyes; men with idle

prattle and brutish hands and hearts. They "played about" with weird, pimpled "geniuses," who recited columns of indistinguishable poetry and talked the latest topics perfervidly; spindly girls with bone-rimmed goggles, limp cigarets between anemic lips, and Futurist clothes—strange, abortive creatures with "souls" which were occasionally, and always righteously, obscured by the flesh. They did the dance craze; they panted thru the skating craze; they drank tea unwholesomely, and other things secretively. They got to be known about—knew at least four head waiters intimately; had the right to demand, and pay for, their favorite music at the Claridge or Delmonico's, and were altogether in the swim.

During a pause in the activities, Elsie took time to have herself photographed. "It's the best picture you ever had taken," declared Percy, indelicately, "because *you* are all there is in it. Your—er—apparel is—lacking."

Elsie had had some of the bloom—the delicate, pollen bloom of the flowers—rubbed off, but somehow she did not realize what the photograph would mean to Ward and to her father.

Four days later she received the word of her father's death, and the same day she motored home.

Can it be that in all of us there is a streak that harks back to our aboriginal ancestry—a strain that demands the stimulus of wild things—wild ways? However it may be, Elsie, after her father had been laid to rest, turned back, with a longing heart, to the lure of the city. Somehow, the flowers had lost their charm; the old music of the tree-tops flatted to her ear; the love of Ward Roberts seemed a bovine thing, not to be compared to the wine-delirious vaporings of Percy Morleigh.

"Are you going back, Elsie?" Ward asked her one evening as they sat on the steps and watched the moon ride slenderly high in the black sea of the sky.

"I think I will, Ward. I—I don't know—"

"I do!" Ward broke out heatedly. "They've got you—with their painted words, their glitter of sham, their excitement that will never satisfy—never give you peace. You are moving in a world of coxcombs, Elsie—of people with heads of sawdust and prattling mouths. You have torn yourself from the *real* things—the things your father loved, and I loved, too. Soon you will be, not a flower, but a noxious weed—like your friends out there. They have heads of straw, I tell you, and hearts of brass."

Elsie rose, excitedly. "I will not

listen to you, Ward!" she said shrilly; "you are doing your best to cajole me and frighten me, but you are not going to succeed. You are jealous of my life, and this ends everything. Here is your ring. I am returning to my uncle's house in the morning."

Ward flushed, painfully, and held the diamond between nerveless fingers. Then he looked after the proudly erect figure and his eyes flashed. "Read 'Feathertop'!" he called after her—"both your father and I read the copy you sent to me."

Three months later Henry Green died of apoplexy, and his entire estate was left to his brother Dick, in the South Seas, with the proviso that he take up his residence in the Fifth Avenue mansion. To his niece, Elsie, he bequeathed only a copy of the book, "Feathertop."

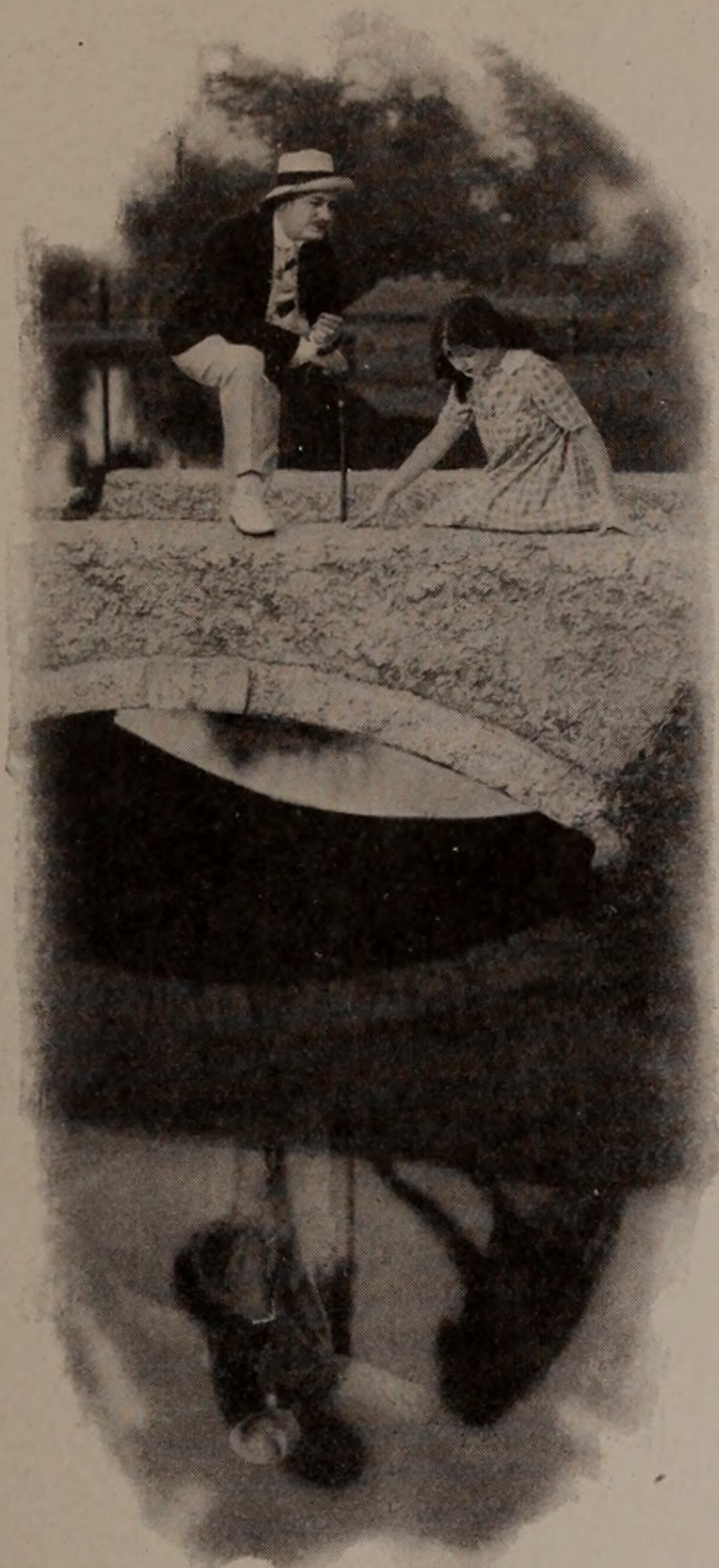
With startling celerity, Elsie's city friends abandoned her—and with varying degrees of politeness. For the first time in her well-beloved life she came to know what it feels like to be loved for what you have and not for what you are. Ward did not make an advance, and the girl suffered in silence until the arrival of seamanly Uncle Dick and alarmingly clad Aunt Sarah. It then penetrated the witless heads of Elsie's city friends that she would be the heiress of Uncle Dick, if not of his brother, since she was now the nearest of kin. They, therefore, besieged her once more, and she was able to show Aunt Sarah a most amazing time. For many years Aunt Sarah had borne the South Seas in silence and gorged her soul upon novels treating largely of millions, cities and society. Therefore she was in her element now—the one thorn in her flesh being Uncle Dick, who persistently refused to see God or gain in the metropolis, and who dwelt at length on the peaceful beauties of the home they had abandoned. "I reckon I can stand a *short* cruise among all these millions here," he confided to her, "but I tell you it's awful rough navigatin'."

Aunt Sarah sighed gustily, and flew off to "tea" with Elsie and Percy.

Upon his brother's daughter Uncle Dick looked with some awe and considerable pain. "She's a face like a wild rose, with the soul of a Easter lily," he mused; "but, doggone me if her actions aint a piece of work!"

After dinner that night he laid the copy of "Feathertop" in his niece's lap. "Elsie," he said, "strikes me that your legacy may do you a darn sight more good than mine does me. Try it, anyway."

That night Elsie read "Feathertop"—protestingly at first—then fascinated by a weird similarity. The witch with



ELSIE DISCOVERS THAT PERCY IS REALLY A FEATHERTOP IN DISGUISE

her incantations seemed to the girl to be the hag-like spirit of Manhattan, creating the spineless Percys—the scarecrow dressed in his gaudy clothes and courting Polly Goodkin; the scarecrow, gazing nonchalantly at his own vacuous, fearsome image, seemed to be Percy Morleigh and herself. She dropped the book, at last, with a crash—with revelation-wide eyes and uncomfortably scarlet cheeks. Percy—Percy was the scarecrow—a silly, pumpkin-headed thing with weakling, straw-stuffed body and vaporing, fatuous mouth. Why, of course Percy was not a *man*—a man who *did* things red-bloodedly, healthily, virilely—like—like Ward Roberts! And they were all like that—the people for whom she had abandoned the *real* things—all pumpkin-headed, straw-stuffed, vapor-tongued—all puny little puppets dancing up and down and puling vacuous wit at the incantation of the witch, Manhattan. Perhaps they, too, like the scarecrow in “Feathertop,” would cease to be could some one hold to their smitten eyes the mirror of truth. For a long, long while Elsie sat, with the closed book on her lap, thinking the long, long thoughts of an awak-

(Forty-one)

ened soul and a newly beating heart. And in that hour her spirit returned to the flowers and communed with the gentle spirit of the father whose death she had caused. And her heart went back to her first love—the man who had offered her so eagerly his life and his work and his love.

A moment later Aunt Sarah came into the room. “Have you been reading?” she asked, seeing the book and Elsie’s tear-stained face. Elsie told her what her legacy had brought her—“part of it,” she finished, ruefully, “too late.” And Aunt Sarah kist her and hugged her, and told her how glad she was and how sensible she thought her. Then she cleared her throat and wiped her eyes, and began, hurriedly: “My dear, dont you want to come on a trip home with us? We—are leaving—tomorrow.”

Elsie sat up. “Tomorrow!” she exclaimed; “why, how is that?”

“My dear, you know I’ve been missing your uncle lately all the time, and today I discovered where he has been concealing himself. He has rigged up a room, on the top floor, like a schooner, and there I found him asleep in a hammock, with nautical pictures all around him and looking as comfy and as happy as he must have been when, as a little boy, he planned his lifetime out. I’ve—I’ve never had a

in me—lying there. After all, he’s all I’ve got. The sea and the island is his life, and I knew it when I took him ‘for better or for worse,’ so I’m goin’ back; and, anyway, Elsie, I’m a mite sick of all this myself, tho you’ve been awfully good to me, dearie, and shown me the gayest time my old bones ever dreamed of. And we want you to have the money. But I’m kinder pinin’ for the swing o’ the hammocks, and the slosh o’ the sea, and the breadfruit trees, and the lagoons, and the Black boys, and the cocoa palms—and we’ll be going home.”

“If you go, then I go, too,” exclaimed Elsie; “I am just heart-sick of this life, and I am—oh, so sad.”

The next day the *Sarah Green* set out on the long, lazy South Sea trip. And on board was a bronze-faced man with mighty sinews and eager, deep-lit eyes. He seemed to keep in hiding from Elsie, but from his hiding-places he watched her every move.

Elsie was standing on deck, looking sadly toward the rapidly retreating land. Suddenly a man crept up behind her, urged on by Aunt Sarah, who quickly disappeared.

“Elsie!” he breathed. The girl turned sharply at the sound of that voice.

“Ward!” she cried, cramming into it all that the world holds of longing and regret.

“What is it going to be, Flower-Girl?” Ward crushed her so close that she gasped for her answering breath. She looked over at plain Aunt Sarah, holding her captain’s hairy, grizzled hand, with a beatific expression of countenance, and her eyes filled with sudden tears.



“WHAT IS IT GOING TO BE, FLOWER-GIRL?”

child, my dear, but they say every good woman mothers the man she—she loves. I guess I might as well mother him. He touched the mother

“For better or for worse,” Elsie whispered to her lover, a new tenderness thrilling her voice, “till death do us part.”



LUCILLE STEWART, SISTER OF ANITA STEWART, WHO IS NOW RALPH INCE'S LEADING LADY AT THE BAYSHORE VITAGRAPH STUDIO



HELEN MARTEN

A Between Scenes Lark

Movie Actresses Hold a Pink Tea for Their Pets

By SALLY ANN



THE particular Jacksonville, Fla., brand of "gentle" sunshine was streaming down Bay Street and slipping over into Main. It was 8:15 in the morn-

ing. Hurrying along, eyes ahead, prettier than anything that had been seen hereabouts in many moons, two young girls were seen turning the corner at Bay Street and making toward the Jacksonville Ferry.

One was a bit smaller than the other.

(Forty-three)

She had happy brown, curly hair that peeked from under a small blue hat and veil, a face that proved without question that it had won a Gibson Girl contest in New York a short while ago, and she wore quite the smartest and springiest of blue suits, full-coated and stitched in white. In her arms she hugged a great, pensive-eyed Angora cat, gray in color, and with wondrous long hair. The tabby was justly a haughty, reserved bit of beauty—no common grimalkin this.

The other girl was black-haired. She wore a nifty black and white checked suit, a small white hat, natty

white spats, and carried in her arms a something that looked like a cage all done up in tissue-paper wrappings. She was beautiful in the way of a Jack-rose—all color, gorgeous eyes and white teeth. It is only for the screen that girls like these two seem to have been made, for to plant them down among the girls of lesser charm would be deadly to the peace of mind of most of us—and the other girls.

The girls reached the ferry just as the huge boat arrived. With a hurried good-morning to the ticket-man at the gate, they hustled thru to the boat. Then, seated, each relaxed her

HELEN MARTEN AND GERTRUDE
ROBINSON

hold on her burden a bit, looked at each other and smiled.

The girl carrying the cat was Helen Marten, her companion was Gertrude Robinson, both of the Gaumont Company. As the boat slid into the river, Miss Robinson gently uncovered her parcel, revealing a big brass bird-cage holding the seven little Robinson birdlings. Miss Robinson and Miss Marten had, the day before, completed a picture for the Gaumont Company, and because of the absence from the city of both Directors Garrick and Vernot with their companies, the big stage of the company was temporarily out of business. Hence, the girls had decided

that the time was ripe for a tea and sun party for their pets.

Arrived at the South Jacksonville side of the river, the walk to the studio was over in five minutes. Soon Miss Robinson was earnestly instructing her birds just what was expected of them on the occasion: sun-bathing and plenty of melody. "Teddy," the daddy of them all, perked his head a bit, and threw out a note that trilled of the sunshine he had been born in, and wisely promised to cicerone his children. Only Miss Robinson and Teddy understood all this, but pretty girls and cute little canaries have much in common. The cage was hung in the sun; Miss Marten's Angora began a stately, bored exploration of the stage; the two girls settled down to a

morning of sunny seams, gigglesome gossip, and much else that we ken not of. And if it hadn't been for the unfeeling workmen, who came at one o'clock, and demanded the stage for the building of a big cabaret scene, who knows but what little Gaumont Garrick, a ferocious black and white bit of dogology, might not soon have discovered the cat and birds there, and a real climax to an outing have ensued. But workmen of the stage have little in common with canaries, cats or girls (if so, they worship them in secret and from afar)—so the pretty maids and their pets were driven out of their sunshiny Garden of Eden.

(Forty-four)

"OVERALLS" by Dorothy Donnell

American



HERBERT DREW took the last twilight steps that led from the pitchy windings of the tunnel into the sooty sunshine of the construction camp, and filled

his great bellows of lungs with the outer air. His steady eyes bore the impact of the daylight without blinking; his grave, rather grim, young face gave no faint clue to the ticking of his thoughts behind the broad forehead. And yet he was puzzled—puzzled and harried as he had never been before in all his rational twenty-nine years; and his reason for leaving the spitting drill and hissing oil-torches in the tunnel was to find a quiet place where he could take out these same perplexing problems in decent privacy, examine them reasonably, and decide exactly what disposition to make of them.

His chief problem was visible this moment beyond the litter of lifting cranes and slab shacks, standing in a blur of pink dimity in the doorway of Mother Malone's boarding-house. With the far-sighted eyes of imagination, Drew could see now the fluff of honey-colored hair, the wide, set eyes of a blue like that of violets that have been drenched with dew, and the wilful red lips that were Bettina Warren's character index. A man might, he thought whimsically, flirt with witch-a-way hair like hers—might love the wistful flower-eyes; but the straight, clear-cut little lips called for respect and even a little awe, or—the slow color swept his brown cheeks—for kisses that a man has saved thru the long, clean years of his youth for the one woman.

"Hullo, Overalls!"

Drew did not turn at the salutation that came with startling suddenness close to his shoulder, but a frown drew his eyebrows together. Familiar as the title was, the young foreman of the Warren Construction Company permitted, even encouraged, its use by the several hundred hands under him. It was only on the lips of this one man that "Overalls" became a subtle insult instead of a tribute of affectionate respect. But he only answered evenly:

(Forty-five)



"Good-morning, Finnegan. Glad you're able to be at work today. There's a lot to be done, and we're a bit shy on picks."

The man, a hulking brute of a fellow with undershot jaw and red veins in his eyeballs, cast an angry glance at his foreman, and a spark sprang far back in his small porcine eyes.

"I was sick yesterday," he said, with a threat in his voice—"had a cramp in my stomick, I'm tellin' yer."

"And the day before, and the day before that," said Drew, quietly. "You must be more careful what you eat, Finnegan—and *drink*."

He looked coolly into the angry face at his side. "I've warned you once already. This makes twice. Next time you lay off to go on a drunk, I shall fire you."

Without waiting to hear Finnegan's muttered answer, Drew turned away, but the shadow of an indefinable trouble lay over his thoughts. For some reason the slender girl-figure had faded into the background, to make room for a suave, faultlessly dressed man-image with shiny hair above a

shiny forehead and eyes that shifted unpleasantly in a handsome face. He had forgotten to remember Walter Daniels, Bettina's attorney and the trustee of her fortune until she should marry—Daniels, who had come with the girl from the East to visit her father's property, and who was, the camp predicted sagely, "a wise guy with an eye on the main chance."

And, after all, why should he think of Daniels' courtship so scornfully, when the same sordid motive might be attributed as fairly to his own day-dreaming? Drew clenched his big jaw fiercely and the muscles tautened thruout his great frame.

"The foreman of her works, at two hundred a month," he muttered in self-scorn. "She pays my wages; I mustn't forget that. But, Lord, what a woman she is, too!" His eyes dreamed, then grew somber. "I *must* forget that," he said. "I will forget that."

Behind him, Finnegan bared his teeth in yellow-fanged mirth.

"Crow yer d—d little cock-a-doodle-



A FEW DROPS OF WATER HAD SPATTERED THE LAWYER'S SHOES

certainly over the next step, small hands tense on the pine rail. Bettina Warren, who had watched every important "first night" for ten years from the sedate shadows of her father's box, had never felt her blood stirred by handsome hero or uniformed matinee idol as now at the sound of the young foreman's voice. Overalled and grimy, he towered above the cowed Daniels, jaw set and great shoulders squared—crude, powerful, a man in every inch of his six feet of lean, muscular height.

Bettina drew a quick breath, and the small, ringed hands fluttered to the breast of the pink gown. She had dreamed and hoped that there were men like that in the world, but her eighteen years had

do, Mister High 'n' Mighty," he muttered. "There'll be somethin' doin' before long, I'm thinkin', that'll maybe pull a tail-feather or two."

He spat contemptuously upon the trampled earth and lounged unsteadily into the tunnel, unaware that at that very moment his prophecy was coming true.

In Mother Malone's boarding-house parlor—given the impressive title from a half-dozen wooden chairs, an airtight Franklin and a bunch of dried puma grass in a blue china shaving-mug on the mantel—a snickering crowd of loungers stood in a pleasantly expectant circle about a little serio-comedy, in which Peggy, the landlady's buxom daughter, took the part of leading lady.

Daniels, immaculate with neatly creased trousers and mirror-like shoes, had elected to walk across the exact portion of the floor which Peggy was scrubbing with all the elbow-energy of her Scottish pedigree. A few drops of water had flown from the impact of a particularly lively swirl of her brush and spattered the lawyer's shoes; and the idlers, standing around and back-tilted in Mother Malone's chairs, had applauded the "Eastern dude's" discomfiture, whereupon he had kicked over the pail of

dirty water upon the apologetic girl. In a moment a ring formed, and Peggy's voice, upraised in shrill exasperation, floated out above the grinning crowd.

With the insensibility of an unwomaned parcel of men, the loungers chuckled loudly as the small, drenched figure charged upon Daniels, scrubbing-brush upraised in one seamy, grimy little hand; even when the lawyer raised his cane threateningly, they saw no grounds for interference, and slapped one another's shoulders in the transports of their glee.

"Sic him, Peggy!" "Swat His Nibs in the bean!" they advised. "Good gal—haw! haw! haw——"

Their mirth died in their throats as a tall form blocked the doorway and two muscular hands swept a pathway thru the crowd.

"You contemptible cad!" said Drew, between tight lips; "you dirty coward! I've a notion to manhandle you; but no"—for Daniels' face had turned a sickly white and he was casting painful glances to right and left—"dout cry! I'll let you off easy. Just get down on your knees and apologize to this young lady, and you can go. We'll throw your hat out after you."

On the stairs, a pink figure hesitated, one slippered foot poised un-

shown her only the invertebrates of society, like that sneering, pasty-cheeked creature down there babbling a furious apology to the little scrub-girl.

"I wonder," she thought—"I wonder who he is?"

Then, as Daniels, shaking with futile anger, jerked himself free and hurried out of the house, she drew back quickly and ran into her own room, with strange furies beating their wings about her ears. For she had seen something that stripped the civilization of generations from her and left her a mere woman-thing—sister to Peggy Malone herself, with her red hair and crude tongue and hot heart.

She had seen Herbert Drew turn to the scrub-girl in her stained gown, smile at her, speak to her, pick up her pail and scrub-brush as tho she had been a lady who had dropped her fan.

"She isn't bad-looking," Bettina acknowledged, justly, to her own mirrored image. "In decent clothes she'd be almost pretty. Perhaps he is in love with her."

The course of the next few days saw large issues determined in the Warren Construction Camp. They may be stated briefly from the viewpoint of Herbert Drew, with the most important thing placed last. He lost

his position of foreman, he was nearly killed, and—he met Miss Bettina Warren. To shift the viewpoint to Bettina, three things happened to her, also. First, she protested to Daniels against his discharge of the young foreman who had held him up to ridicule, and was told curtly that until she was married she had no voice in the management of her company; second, she received some dozen proposals of varying degrees of warmth and eloquence, from "Buck" Johnson's friendly invitation to "hike over to the gospel-slinger's and git hitched up," to Walter Daniels' more eloquent but similarly received request; and third, and most important, she met Herbert Drew.

The occasion of their meeting was significant. Daniels, casting about for a congenial subordinate to put in the place of Drew, hit upon Finnegan, and promptly appointed him foreman. Half of the men rebelled against the loss of their popular Overalls, and were discharged—the shifty, the lazy and the vicious element of the camp remaining under the leadership of Finnegan. On the first day under the new régime, the two parties came to blows, and sticks and stones began to fly. In the middle of the mêlée, as Drew was endeavoring by every art of persuasion at his command to quiet his followers, he was horrified to see Bettina Warren walk, composedly, into the very thick of the battle. The air was shrill with stones and bricks and ugly bits of metal. A piece of jagged pipe cut close to the girl's shoulder, tearing the frail cloth of her sleeve, but still she came on, as calmly and unhurriedly as tho she were walking in a flower-garden.

"Go back!" shouted Drew, plunging toward her with waving arms. "You'll be hurt! For God's sake, go back!"

She shook her head obstinately. Drawing herself up very straight, she faced the angry men with the air of a young princess.

"What does this mean?" she asked coldly. "I am the owner of this camp, and I insist that you stop this brawling and go back to work. If not, I shall discharge every one of you."

An angry murmur rose like a wave that roars nearer and nearer shore. With something of a wave's movements, too, the crowd stirred, moved closer.

"Back—get back, all of you!" Drew flung himself before the girl and faced Finnegan and his crowd. "You cowards! You wouldn't hurt a girl, would you? Get back——" Under his breath he flung short, savage words over his shoulder to Bettina. "Quick! I can't hold them much longer. It's that brute, Finnegan—and half of the

others have been drinking. Run while I talk to them—do you understand?"

"I will *not* run," she answered, quietly; "I am not the running kind."

He looked at her with a sudden lightening of his grim young face, and took a quick step toward her. For an instant they looked deep into each other's eyes, while around them whirred a fresh shower of missiles and hoarse growls arose from the crowd.

"Tell me," she said proudly, "do I look like that sort of a person?"

"You look"—he breathed deeply—"like a very wonderful sort of a person. I did not know that there were women like you in the world."

The crowd was surging closer now. Its threatening breath reeked in their faces.

"Overalls!" jeered Finnegan's thick voice close by—"Overalls losht one job, an' now he's after 'nother. Pretty soft—marry 'n heiress—eh, boys?"

He broke off short, uttering a yelp of terror as Drew's fist shot against his brutish jaw. The deposed foreman laughed aloud.

"Look at him! Cuts a warlike figure, doesn't he?" He jerked a thumb toward the bully, groaning, as he nursed his bruised jaw. "Come, now, boys, no more of this nonsense. Get to work—all of you! Your foreman isn't killed, in spite of the fuss he's making." He turned to Bettina, with a boyish bow. "Let me take you back to the boarding-house?" he asked abruptly. "I think the trouble is over—for today at least."

"It was all Walter's fault for putting that horrible man in your place," Bettina said, as they walked back, thru piled-up ties and heaps of scrap-iron, toward Mother Malone's. "I have been inquiring, and know what a splendid hold you had on the men. Oh, it's a shame!" She stamped one small foot in a gesture that the young man thought adorably feminine. His answering laugh stuck oddly in his throat. It was to him suddenly as tho they two were walking thru a grove or a garden or an enchanted glen, instead of in the hideous squalor of a construction camp. There were flowers in the air, and the singing of birds, and the odor of spring, and new-created things. He did not know, afterward, what she had talked of nor how he had answered her. It was almost as tho they had spoken without the clumsy aid of words, in some truer, silenter language of the soul.

As for Bettina, she went straight to Daniels, and her new tenderness for one man was transmuted by the freakish alchemy of love into intolerance for the other.

"Give him back his place as fore-

man," she finished. "He is the man for the work, and you know it as well as I do."

"You show a remarkable interest in the fortunes of this Overalls," sneered the lawyer, shifty gaze on her flushed face. "Perhaps you are considering him for—hem—another place as well?"

The splendid color drowned the girl's cheeks, but her eyes did not falter. "And suppose I am?" she said proudly—"suppose I am; what then?"

Behind downcast eyelids, Daniels considered the situation rapidly, concealing his discomfiture as best he could. It was no part of his plan that this impulsive heiress should slip out of his fingers, and he knew her stubbornness and pride well enough to foresee that opposition would only weaken his own cause. Her pride—ah! He could hardly conceal a smile at the cleverness of his idea. There was hardly a perceptible pause before he leaned forward and began to speak compassionately as a father might break unwelcome news to his beloved daughter.

And, as he spoke, Bettina's color faded, leaving her face oddly old and gray.

Herbert Drew plunged thru the shadows with the physical effect of a man battling with substances. Two weeks had passed since his first walk with Bettina, and he had not spoken to her again. To be sure, there had been words, the polite patter of acquaintances, chilly conventionalities, but no more of the beautiful friendliness of soul that had made their first meeting a sacred memory.

"It is as tho I had reached out my hand and touched her once, and the next time found her gone," he thought, in a daze of misery. "What have I done? Why have I lost her? How can I find her again?"

For a week of nights he had taken his pain into the woods, where there was none but the far, pitying stars to see, and walked and walked until he was too tired for thought. He was not a man who had ever known women lightly, and this first love went hard with him. Tonight, however, he had an odd feeling that his questions were soon to be answered. In what way he could not guess. Yet, even if he had been able to foresee the pain and horror of the next hours, he would have chosen, no doubt, to live thru them for the joy that lay at their end.

Beyond the tall oak he was approaching lay an open space, white in the moonlight, and in the open lurked half-a-dozen shadows that were not cast by the trees. As Drew, blind with



THE SHADOWS CLOSE IN UPON DREW, BEAT HIM INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS, AND LASH HIM TO A TREE

his deep thinking, passed out into the clear light, the shadows closed in upon him with sickening blows and beat him down. The struggle was too uneven to be a long one. Presently, as they had come, the sinister shadows slipped away, and the moon shone white in the clearing as before. But against the oak-tree dangled a grotesque something that had not been there before.

The moon had set when Drew opened heavy eyes and looked about him. Gradually, thru the sick surge of the world, memory came back, and with it realization of his predicament. Arms lashed by a rope to the trunk of a great oak-tree, toes barely touching the ground, he was hanging with nearly his entire weight on his wrists. The first involuntary movement sent a thrill of pain thru arms and shoulders to his brain, warning him poignantly that he could not hope to free himself by his own efforts.

There was nothing to do but wait

as patiently as possible for morning, and even then he realized with a sinking heart that the odds against any one coming thru the grove in time to rescue him before exhaustion overcame him were ten to one. Feverishly he set himself to counting, to keep his thoughts from unmanly panic—one hundred—two hundred—nine hundred—a thousand—

His head swam. The trees and path grew far away, indistinct. With a great effort he forced them back into focus, clearing his brain.

"This wont do," he said aloud. "I mustn't play the baby. I mustn't—run—away. *She*—isn't the running kind—"

Eons passed. Hands numb, Drew hung from his branch, sometimes speaking aloud, sometimes biting his lips to keep back delirium. Then came fits of blankness, and other fits of horrible superconsciousness, in which he seemed to see a red world, with

strange, crawling creatures sitting about his tree, waiting for him to die. Sometimes he heard a faraway, hoarse voice singing a gay love-song; sometimes the same voice prayed; more often than all, it cried aloud, over and over, a girl's name. He wondered stupidly whom it was calling—who the girl might be.

Later he knew. It was early dawn-light when he opened sane eyes, at last, on the sane world of his own room, and cried her name once more, faintly, with her dew-drenched, violet eyes looking down into his drawn, pain-ridden face.

"Miss Warren—" Drew murmured, "Bettina—was it—was it you—you who found me and—"

He tried to lift one heavy hand and touch her, to make sure that she was real, but they lay like dead things at his side. Perhaps she guessed his wish, for her own small hand crept timidly to his forehead and rested there.



FINNEGAN ACCUSES DANIELS, AND BOTH ARE ARRESTED FOR THE ASSAULT OF "OVERALLS"

"Yes," she said, quietly, "yes—good friend—I helped—a little."

His eyes questioned her. Bettina shook her head.

"By-and-by," she said; but he insisted mutely, and she told him of the night just passed—how Finnegan and his drunken rabble had come back to camp, and dropped boasting hints of what they had done; how a posse of twenty or thirty loyal workmen had started out to hunt for him and found him just in time; how they had brought him home thru the dawn.

"But you?" Drew questioned; "how do you happen to be here?"

The girl met his wistful gaze steadily, tho the color rose in her cheeks.

"I went with them," she told him—

"Peggy Malone and I. Then they accused Finnegan, and Finnegan finally accused Daniels of putting them up to it, and then they were both arrested. And when they brought you here, I—stayed. That is all."

One of his swollen, purple hands, stretched out on the coarse counterpane, moved painfully till it found her warm sleeve.

"But why have you avoided me all this time?" It seemed as tho the world hung upon her answer; and she answered as tho that were so, bravely, proudly, from her brave, proud heart.

"He told me—Daniels—two weeks ago, that you were engaged to Peggy Malone, and I tried to put you out of my thoughts, but tonight I knew that

I could not do it, because—I—I just couldn't, and so I went out to hunt for you with the men——"

She paused, and for the first time her eyes fell.

"And then"—her voice was hurried—"then I heard you calling—my name, and I asked Peggy, and she told me Daniels had lied. And that is why I—I stayed."

"Miss Warren—Bettina," whispered Drew, "might I say something to you now I have long wanted to say——"

He glanced down at his useless arms; "they wont work," he continued. "It's a duffer's way of—of——"

With a little, tender laugh, that was half a sob, Bettina lifted the great hands in hers and held them there.

THE GIRL THAT LOOKS LIKE YOU

By FLORENCE JONES HADLEY

The lights are low and a magic spell
Seems laid on the motley throng;
No sound is heard as across the screen
The players troop along.
But what to me is the passing show
As I wait the long act thru,
Until on the screen I see at last
The girl that looks like you?

There's no one else on the stage beside,
And she plays to me alone,
But under the current, deep and swift,
Runs memory's undertone.
And I almost stop my heart to hear
A name that our love once knew,
While my soul calls out in a wordless cry
To the girl that looks like you.

The lights are out, and adown the street
The human current streams,
And movie lover and movie maid
Have slipped down the Road o' Dreams.
O heart of mine, could I follow them!
But I watch the long night thru
And count the hours till I see again
The girl that looks like you.

Beauties of the Screen



Photo by Underwood & Underwood

VIRGINIA PEARSON, OF THE FOX PLAYERS, IN A PICTURESQUE POSE



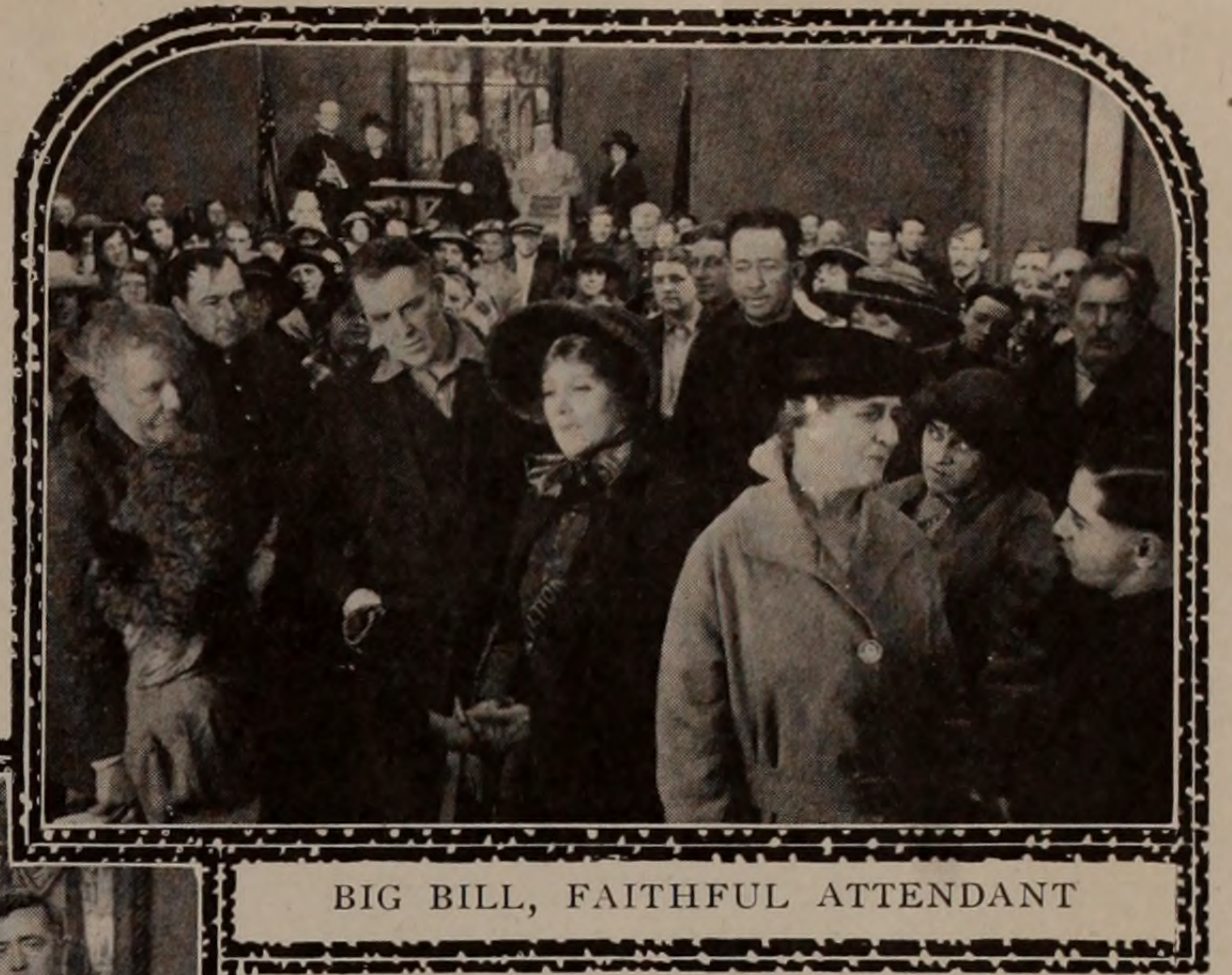
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THE STORY THAT RUTH BLAIR'S MIRROR TELLS

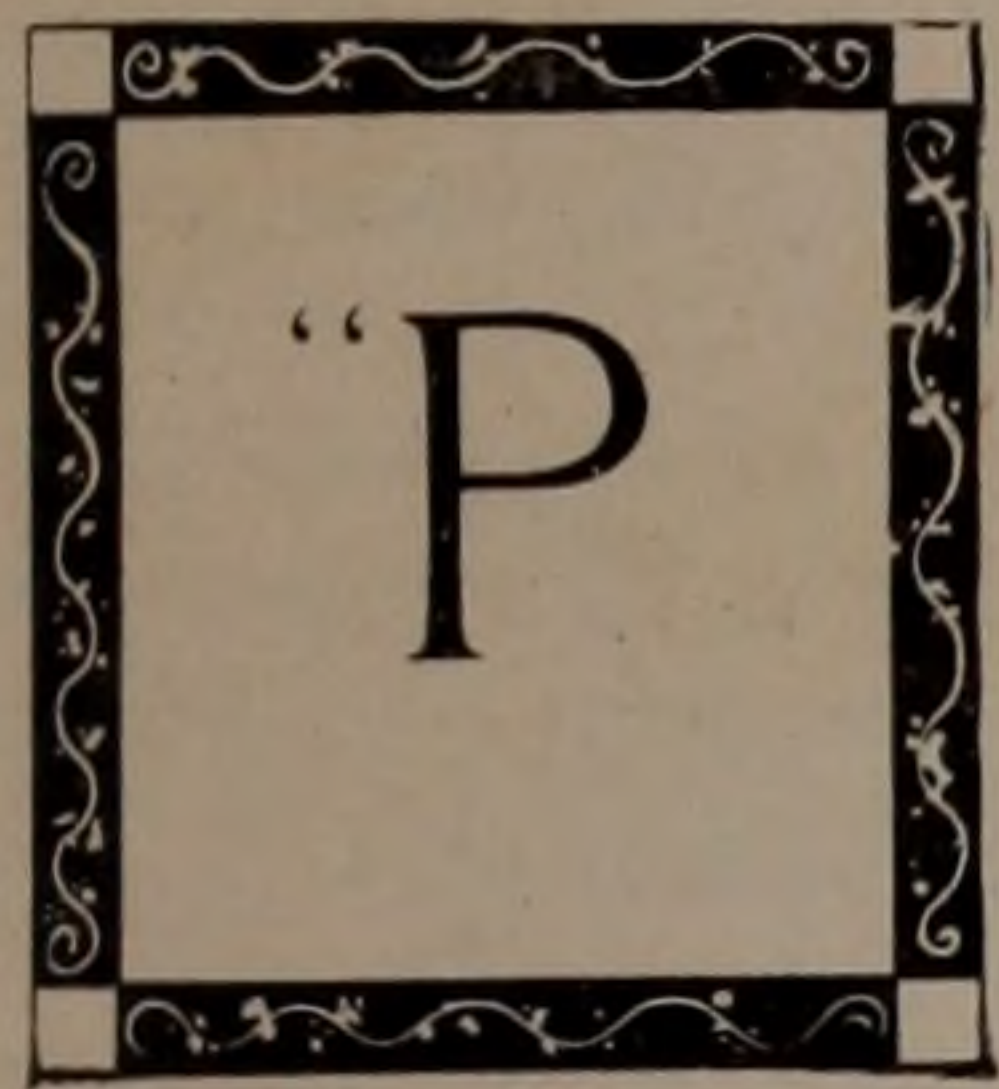
SALVATION

by Norman Bruce
(Vitagraph)

JOAN



BIG BILL, FAITHFUL ATTENDANT



PULL fer th' shore, sailors—pull fer th' shore!"

Cracked baritones, drink-blurred tenors and shrill sopranos

fell upon the hapless chorus with gusto, aided and abetted by the blatant tones of a cornet and the inevitable bass-drum. The result was unbeautiful, but to the slender, thoughtful-eyed girl in the blue lassie's uniform, standing on the platform, it had in it many of the overtones of beauty.

She was one—tho no one could have guessed it from her look or manner—to whom the opera and symphony concert were old stories, and she thought, looking down into the weary, stolid, hopeless slum faces before her, lighted momentarily by their eager reaching for melody, that she had never been moved by Caruso's golden voice as she was moved now.

In the back row a man stopped singing, with a little catch of the breath. He was a great hulk of a creature, slouching of shoulder, but surprisingly clear of skin and smooth-muscled for one of these undervitalized castaways of life. His shabby suit was neatly brushed, and he carried a shoddy green fedora in his great fingers.

The last wailing notes of the hymn died away and the audience shuffled uneasily from its seats into the narrow aisle. The momentary glow of interest faded from their faces like lamps blown out. They moved out silently, visibly taking up their burdens of poverty, sickness and worry at the door of the mission.

The lassie on the platform closed the lid of the ancient organ, straightened a chair or two, said good-night to the sallow chaplain and turned to go, then hesitated. A faint color warmed her cheeks. She stood under the flickering oil-lamp, in her prim, blue dress, looking down at her clasped fingers, a tiny smile tilting her lip-



SALVATION JOAN, LEADER

corners. At the sound of the heavy footsteps on the platform-stairs the smile deepened. She turned and held out one slim, ringless white hand to the tall figure with the green fedora pressed to his great chest.

"Good-evening, Bill," she said.

"Evenin', Miss Joan."

The big hand closed over her small one did not loosen its hold, and suddenly her rose deepened to crimson. She spoke fast and lightly to cover her confusion.

"Not *Miss* Joan, Bill," she laughed; there was an undercurrent of fright in the hurried sound. "You forget that we Army folks have given up worldly titles like that. We're none of us countesses, or Misses, or Mrs.'s here—we're just comrades, all of us together, Bill."

She made a tentative effort to draw away her hand, and found it powerless. Her troubled eyes sought the face bending above her—a rugged, grim-featured face, just now very gentle, with a light that was not of the flickering oil-lamp. And suddenly her heart gave a queer, hurtful throb. So the end of her dear adventuring was come at last!

"There's another name I'd like to call you," Big Bill said, slowly, and even in her panic she thrilled with mother-pride at the painfully correct pronunciation. Her two months' lessons had not been wasted. Then: "Do you want to hear what it is, Miss Joan? No, dont think I'll let you go now—not till after I've told you what

I've been wantin'—wanting—to say ever since I saw you first. You're a woman, Miss Joan. You must have guessed I loved you." He paused and took a step nearer, so his rough coat brushed her sleeve and his voice grew almost stern. "And the name is—*wife*," he said slowly—"my wife, Miss Joan."

"Oh, no!" The girl's voice was almost a wail. She sprang free of him and covered her face with her hands, trembling thruout her slim length. "Oh, I didn't mean—I didn't want this. You dont understand what you are asking."

In the tiny silence that fell, the big man's face grew rather white. Then, very gently: "Mebbe I *dont* understand," he said. "Will you—explain it to me, please?"

"Oh!" said the girl, woefully—"oh!" Suddenly she drew a long breath and looked up at him bravely, laying one hand on his sleeve. "Listen, Bill," she said; "what do you know about me—about my life when I'm not here in this hall? What do I know about yours? Dont you see how different they may be, and how unhappy either of us would be in the other one's world? Let's let things go on as they have gone. It's the better way—the safer way; it's the *only* way for us. Just comrades, Bill; good pals—*friends*. Dont you want me for a friend?"

"We cant be just friends, girl o' mine," said the big, slum fellow, quietly, in his clumsy, awkward syllables. "'Course I know I aint—I'm not fit for you, but I been straight since you came, and I'll be square and honest with you always. But if it cant be *wife*, dear, it's got to be good-by. I'm a man and you're a woman, and there aint any other way."

"Then—good-by, Bill," said the girl, faintly. She did not look after him as he went down the aisle and out into the garish street. If she had looked, she would not have seen him for the tears that filmed her eyes.

It was quite an hour later when she

got up, wearily, from the wooden chair under the smoking lamp and put on her coat. It was a strange coat for an Army lassie to be wearing—velvet, richly full and graciously made, with a hood that drew the softening line of a beautiful fur about her pale face and plainly brushed hair. In this coat Joan Crawford became another person.

She let herself out of the back door of the mission into a quiet, rear street, where an electric limousine awaited her. A chauffeur, with a disapproving expression but respectful manner, opened the door for her and turned his car's aristocratic back contemptuously upon the odoriferous neighborhood, into the smooth, chastely lighted avenues of the wealthy West Side.

Another menial, twin brother of the chauffeur, to judge by his expression, opened the door of the Crawford mansion, at Joan's ring, and helped her off with the cloak. The prim blue dress beneath twisted the butler's haughty features like the taste of vinegar. Joan's household disapproved vigorously, in their several degrees and manners, with her latest fad.

"Is Mrs. Ellison in the drawing-room, Parker?" asked the girl.

"Mrs. Ellison is at the opera, miss." The butler's tone hinted, delicately, that the opera, at least, was a commendable place to spend the evening. "Mr. and Mrs. Van Alstyne and Mr. Ralston called for her, miss, at 'arf-past eight."

Joan started. A hurried look at the gilt wall-clock brought a frown to her brows. Midnight, and the opera, as she knew, was "Rusticana," the shortest of the season.

"Very good," she said quietly; "I will wait for her, I think. Is there a fire in the drawing-room? Yes? Then you need not wait, Parker. I will let my sister in."

She went into the drawing-room and over to where the warm comfort of the fire beckoned.

If Madeline had not married a jealous man, her gay, light-hearted indiscretions would not have been such serious matters; but Joan knew the caliber of Robert Ellison too well to misunderstand the grave folly of his wife's flirtation with the handsome young man-about-town, Philip Ralston. Madeline had a little, hard, green, unripe soul and a flower face that turned obediently to each new masculine sun that shone on her, and Ellison was in Europe at this mo-

ment, dickering with governments and powers over some diplomatic errand of a treaty, serenely entrusting his pretty, chameleon mate to her sister's care. It really *was* unpardonable in Madeline!

Joan sank into a chair and turned a mutinous glance on the red coals. "If Philip were a different kind of a man, I wouldn't worry," she thought; "but there is something—something *furtive* about him——"

She thought suddenly of the words she had listened to this evening in the deep, husky voice of her underworld lover: "We can't be just friends." The presence of the other man—big, blunt,



JOAN ANXIOUSLY AWAITS HER SISTER

masterful—was too near her to be denied, and so, because she must learn to forget him, for pride's sake—what would her world say of Big Bill?—she gave herself this one hour of luxurious remembering. Bit by bit she went over their strange acquaintance—the first meeting when he had saved her from a mob of roughs; their talks after meeting in the barren Army headquarters; the glimpses of his life he had let fall in rough-hewn man- phrases, a rough, hard, full life, that fascinated her society-starved imagination; the lessons she had given him; the touch of his great, blunt hands.

She rose, wearily, to her feet and stood still, frozen with dismay. In the hall a clock was striking two.

"Madeline!" she murmured—"I had forgotten. *Where is she* at two in the morning?"

In answer came the sound of a taxicab panting to a stop outside, then dragging footsteps and a faltering hand on the knob. Joan flung the door wide, drew her sister into the hall and turned on a cluster of pearl-and-gold globes on the newel-post. Then she strangled a cry. In the pale light, Madeline's face was ghastly.

"Come into the other room—not here! The servants will hear us talking."

Joan spoke vaguely. She put an arm about the swaying figure, in its crushed, evening frippery—a silly little gown of rose-colored chiffon—and drew her into the fire-lit drawing-room. Then, with a long breath, she faced her sister.

"Don't cry," she said quietly; "don't scream or have hysterics or faint away. That would only make things worse than they are. Nothing is absolutely hopeless until every one knows it. Tell me just what has happened."

"No—no; I—I can't!" Madeline shuddered from head to foot. "Oh, Joan, it is horrible! I— Oh, let me go upstairs—I can't stand any more. I'm sick, I tell you—sick!"

"Tell me," said Joan—"don't be afraid, little sister."

In broken phrases, the sick voice told the elder sister of her folly.

"And I've been lonesome, Joan, with Robert away, and you, too, most of the time—and Ralston was awfully good fun. It wasn't flirting, either, truly; we talked most of the time about Robert; he seemed awfully interested in the treaty he was getting, and everything, tho, of course, I couldn't explain it

all, for I'm such a great stupid—— "And then tonight—I had a headache at the opera—such screeching! I wanted to come home, and he said he'd bring me.

"I didn't think it would do any harm for just a minute, Joan—of course I know I oughtn't have gone, but he'd told me so much about his rooms—and I thought it would be fun.

"Joan! he locked the door! He stood there, smiling at me—and then I knew! I screamed and begged him, and then I fainted, I think. Joan! Joan——"

"Wait, dear," Joan pressed the golden head to the bosom of her Army dress. "We must think what to do."

In the silence her brain worked

fast. A vague suspicion, roused by her sister's story, caught her thoughts. Ralston, she had said, was interested in Ellison's mission—had pumped her dry of information, and then this hideous deed of tonight. "Why?" she asked herself—"why? He was not in love with poor, weak, little Madeline; he had not even pretended to be—then why?"

Joan's head spun. She rose to her feet, drawing her sister up with her.

"Foolish—yes, poor, little Madeline," she soothed, "but you meant no harm. Robert wouldn't understand that, so Robert must never know. And now, dear, we will go to bed. Try to cut tonight out of your thoughts, dearest; it means your happiness and Robert's and little Bobby's, as you well know."

Thru the days that followed, Joan saw, with a tender scorn, that Madeline had taken her advice literally and put the ugly episode out of her mind. Joan, on the contrary, burdened with no guilty secret or conscience

trance, two men in evening dress, but with workaday faces and manners, rose from their places beside the wall-safe and bowed, sheepishly, toward the women's white shoulders.

"Detectives," said Ellison, shortly. "There's a treaty in that safe yonder that would be like a match to tinder if those foreigners should get hold of it before Washington has it under lock and key. It would mean war if it should be stolen, and there are plenty of international thieves on its trail. One of 'em nearly had it on shipboard. Lord!" he wiped a harassed brow, "but I'll be glad when I get it out of the house tomorrow morning!"

"How thrilling!" Madeline clapped her hands delightedly. "Think of hav-

aware of a vague uneasiness, and at the first opportunity she stole away to the conservatory to think things out clearly.

Nobody in this town, Robert had said, knew that there was a treaty in the house. Why, Philip Ralston knew it, for Madeline had told him. Joan sat rigid and white on the bench by the fountain, watching a small, peevish goldfish with unseeing eyes.

"I wish," the girl thought aloud, "that I were a man! Men always seem to know what to do."

She heard a step and rose hastily to her feet, dragging a smile like a mask across the trouble of her face, and then she gave a little cry and held out her arms to the tall man who stood wondering before her.

"You!" she cried. "Oh, I've wanted you so!"

"Joan!" said Big Bill, huskily—"girl o' mine!"

And she felt his arms about her, and for a little while the world stood still. Then, looking up at him, she saw what she had missed at first in the glad miracle of his presence on the threshold of her need. And, seeing, she drew a little away, and the joy faded from her gaze. For this man of the conservatory was and was not the man of the tenements. Faultlessly arrayed in the conventional garb of her world, with a new air of poise and assurance, he was as distinctly a part of the time and place as was she herself in her shining satin, instead of the rough, blue, Army garb.

"What is the matter?" he asked, noting her look.

Joan laid her hands on his coat-sleeves, in a gesture that begged for understanding.

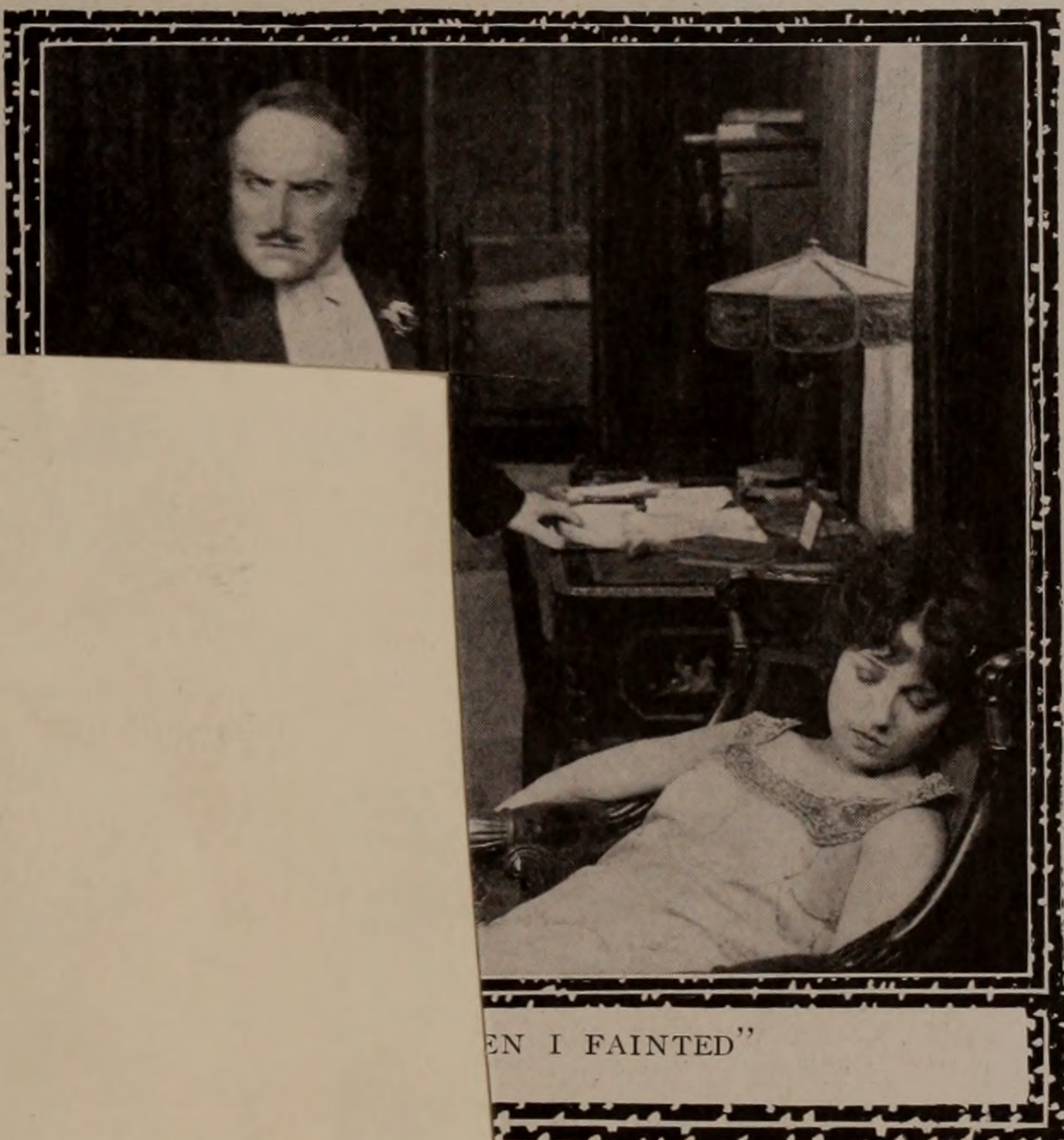
"Tell me," she whispered; "what does this mean? You are not what I thought you, that is plain. What are you, then?"

"Now, and always, your lover, girl o' mine," said the big man, quietly. "Cant you trust me for the rest a little longer? Can you—Comrade Joan?"

She raised herself on tiptoes to study his face, and suddenly her fears slipped away.

"Yes—oh, yes, I can trust you," she said. "And now I must go back to my guests. But it is not good-by this time."

It was hours later, as Joan sat before her dressing-table, in her white night-robe, studying the face between the dark folds of her hair, in the innocent joy over her own beauty that



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 with a grave face.
 they are enough,
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 Ellison laughed boy-
 t any danger, child.
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 e."
 led across the con-
 Joan to her duties
 next hour was too
 rent thought. Yet,
 ht chatter, she was



"YOU?" SHE CRIED

comes to every woman who lives, that a knock fell on her door, and Madeline, looking more than ever a child in her froth of ribbon and lace undress, slipped into the room. She was rouged, but the false flush only made the pallor of her cheeks more startling, and Joan's heart sank.

"Did you see—*him*—Ralston—here tonight?" Madeline began, nervously. "Joan, what do you think he told me? It wasn't me he was in love with; it wasn't even me he wanted that night in his rooms. It was the treaty—Robert's treaty he was after—a poor, mean, dirty little scrap of paper, and I was just the way he took to get it!"

Joan rose to her feet, tall in her straight gown.

"What do you mean?" she breathed. "You are saying that Ralston—"

"Is one of those international thieves Rob spoke of," said her sister, hastily. "He means to get that paper tonight. I found him spying on the den, and he made me tell him all about the treaty and who was guarding it, and everything."

"You *told* him that?" Joan's voice was incredulous.

"I had to," said Madeline, wearily. "He threatened to tell Robert everything unless I did."

For a moment the sisters stared into each other's horrified face in silence. Then, at last, Joan spoke.

"The cad!" she said slowly—"the beast! So *that* was why!"

The full meaning of the situation swept over her like a cold wave—war! And yet, on the other hand, her

sister's happiness was at stake. What should she do? What *must* she do?

Madeline shrank from the strange Joan, who turned to her, at last, and pointed to the door, sternly.

"Go back to bed," she said, "and stay there, no matter what you hear, and, above all, keep Robert from coming downstairs."

The clock in the lower hall struck one, lingeringly, as Joan slipped out of her room into the hall. She stood a moment, listening intently, and then moved toward the stairs, one hand hidden in the folds of her white nightgown. There was

slow breath and raised the cold, steely thing, aiming it deliberately at the figure kneeling before the safe.

Then the light fell clearly across the face, and the pistol dropped harmlessly at her side, for the kneeling thief was not Philip Ralston, but her lover, Big Bill!

Stunned, she watched him as he swung the heavy door open, took out a packet of papers, and placed another packet of similar shape inside. Then, unaware what she did, she gave a little moan and swayed forward into the room. The man turned sharply, uttering a low exclamation.

"Joan! what are you doing here?"

He was at her side, grasping her shoulder with a grip that hurt. And suddenly she felt herself lifted like a child in his great arms, carried into the recessed window of the library, and laid gently upon the cushioned seat. One moment his face, limned by the moon, shone over hers, and she felt his lips on her forehead.

"Forgive me, sweetheart," he whispered—"it was the only way—"

Of the swift events that followed, two pictures

that in her look that sleep-walkers wear—something fixed, unseeing, terrible. Down the dim stairs she felt her way, thru the drawing room and library, to the door of the den. A faint light glimmered here, showing the sprawling forms of the two detectives sleeping in their chairs. Joan slipped into the shadow of the portières and stood waiting, hand hidden at her side.

The moment dragged, the door struck again and again, and still the girl stood motionless, watching the dim stretches of the drawing-room. Suddenly a shudder went thru her; her muscles grew tense, and her hidden hand lifted bearing something cold and ugly that caught the light on its sides.

A shadow had moved across the drawing room.

As she watched it stole into the library, crossed so near her she could have touched it, and passed lightly into the den. Joan dre



"A FLASHLIGHT OF A ROOMFUL OF MEN AND PISTOLS"

on Joan's memory. One, a flashlight of a roomful of men and pistols; of Philip Ralston's handsome face set in the mask of unwholesome purpose; of two rough men kneeling before a safe, tinkering with the lock; of the same room in the throes of an explosion, filled with acrid smoke, and Philip Ralston's body crumpled beneath the iron door of the safe he had violated honor and friendship and love to rob.

The other picture was one which, whenever she recalled it, brought the burning blush of shame to Joan's cheeks and the humbleness of shame to her heart. She had been so generous with her lip promises of trust, so niggardly in redeeming those pledges. At the first test she had failed her lover—had believed him the thief that he had come to protect her household from.

"What does this mean?" Ellison's cool voice asked from the threshold, Madeline clinging to his arm. From the group of gray-clad, resolute-looking men who had sprung up miraculously at his signal and closed in on the safe-breakers, Big Bill stepped forward, holding the rifled packet of papers in his hand. Joan held her breath.

"It means that the tip we got at the Central Office was correct, Mr. Ellison," said Big Bill. "We've had our eye on this gang for two months, and today we learnt that they were to make a try for your treaty tonight."

(Fifty-five)

"I don't know quite how to thank you," Ellison said, as he took the papers; "I guess, on the whole, I'd better not try, Mr.—"

"John Arkroyd, of the Secret Service," answered Joan's lover, gravely.



BIG BILL STEPPED FORWARD, THE PAPERS IN HAND

"Big Bill is only one of the characters I have had to assume in my work." He then turned to Joan, and his big hands closed around hers.

"You did not trust me, Salvation Joan," he said, "but I suppose you are not to be blamed."

"I am really distressed, Mr.—Mr.—"

Bill," stammered Joan—"to think that I—I could not understand and that, for a moment, my faith in you deserted me. But now——" The others of the group discreetly stepped aside and became interested in the all-important packet, and Big Bill widened the distance by gently withdrawing Joan to a corner of the room, where he could speak the words that were burning on his lips.

"It seems like some novel, dear," he breathed. "Little did I think that Salvation Joan was a rich society lady when I found myself losing my heart to her."

"Nor did I think," broke in Joan, "that you were other than the big-hearted man of the slums. And to think that you let me go on teaching you how to speak correctly. Why didn't you tell me?"

"There were many reasons, dear. I was playing a part, you know, as we detectives often have to do, and I thought I had better keep it up a while longer. But when I found you had gone, and that I could find no trace of you, imagine how I cursed myself for my folly. But fate led me back to you, and we meet on equal terms—thank Providence. I will never lose you again—that is, if——"

He held her close and looked down into her blue eyes. The look that he saw there and the little squeeze she gave to his hands were sufficient answer.

"You're cold, girl o' mine, and shivering. I can only say good-night, Joan, but not good-by. There will never be a good-by again, will there, my sweet?"

"No, Comrade Bill," she tenderly whispered as she nestled up to him.

The Man Who Made the Rose Famous

George Beban, the Premier Portrayer
of Italian Characters

By
HECTOR AMES

FIRST in vaudeville, then as a four-act stage-play, and finally, and most successfully, on the screen, George Beban has taught us all what a little flower can do. On the stage, his play was called "The Sign of the Rose," while on the screen the title was changed to "An Alien."

As a portrayer of Italian characters, Mr. Beban probably has no superiors and few, if any, equals. They are real, and they are lovable. His work in "An Alien" has brought tears to the eyes of men and women who are unused to them. This play was first produced at the Astor Theater, N. Y., the first part being done in photoplay, and the last act being performed on the stage by the same persons who had appeared in the preceding pictures. He is now doing a new Italian character for the Morosco Company.

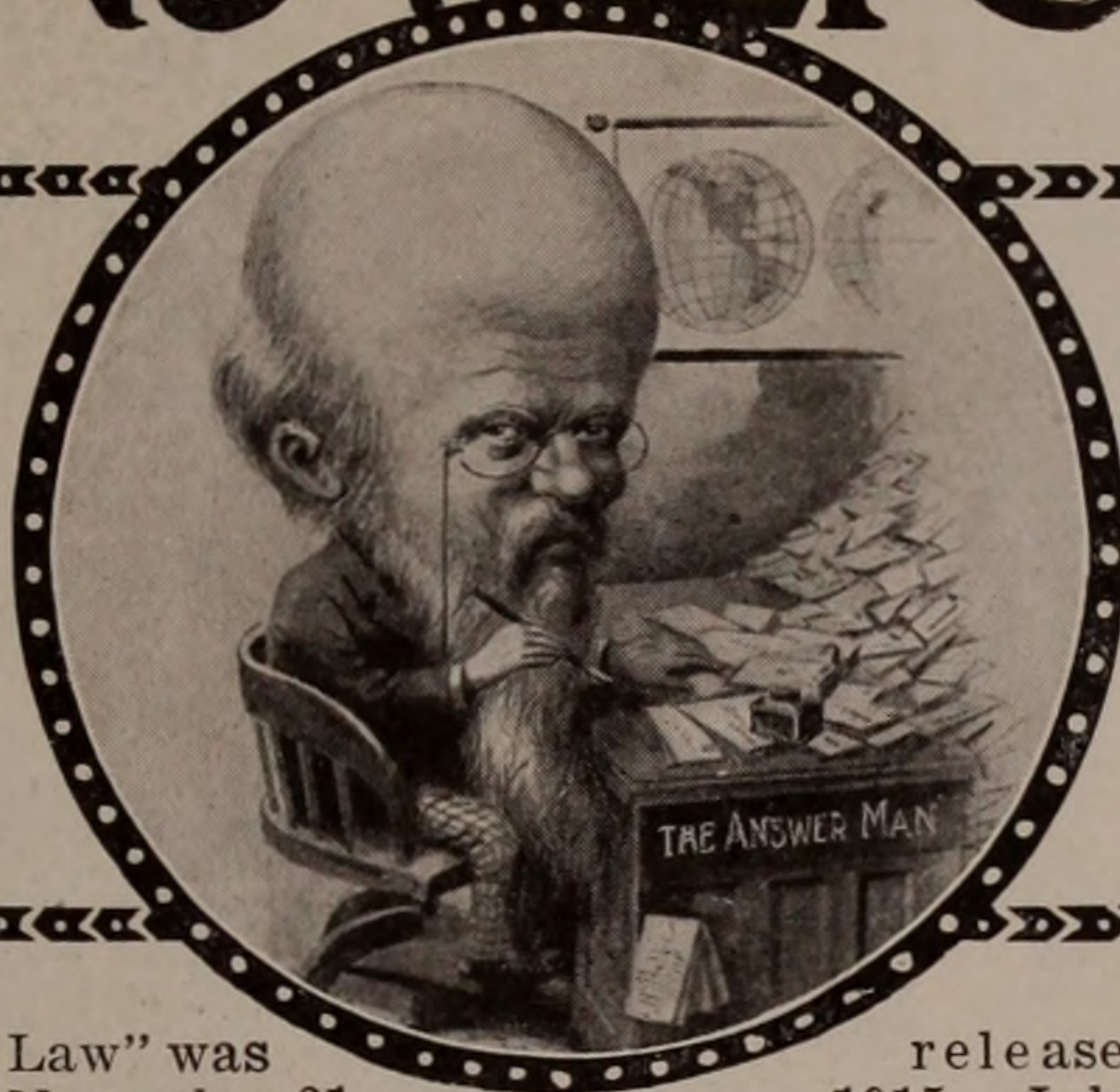


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(Fifty-six)

The ANSWER MAN

This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this maga-



zine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. 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.

SMILAX, ROME.—Bessie Barriscale is a blonde, with brown eyes. She weighs about 130 and stands five feet two and a half inches high. You have that title wrong. Be sure the first word is right, otherwise I cant look it up. You know I have about 15,000 cast cards to look thru when you dont give the right title.

J. S., WINNIPEG.—Hobart Henley did play in the East. So you heard from Cleo Madison personally. Oh, yes, she is very nice about answering letters. Why ask me such questions? Well, it's this way, the average pulse in infancy is 120 per minute, in manhood, 80; at 60 years, 60; it is more rapid in females.

JULIUS T. D.—Much obliged to you, sir, for pointing out my faults, but I already had a pretty good line on my faults, which I got by keeping a sharp eye on my enemies. Theodore Roosevelt was born October 27, 1858.

GENEVIEVE C.—Herbert Rawlinson was Bob in "The Big Sister's Christmas." Dorothy Phillips was Nell in "The Futility of Revenge." Webster Campbell was Bob and Joseph Harris was Tom in "The Once Over" (American).

LEAH S., BURLINGTON.—"The Island of Regeneration" was taken on the Long Island shore at Oyster Bay and at the Brooklyn Vitagraph studio. "The Broken

Law" was released November 21, 1915. I believe that the first daily newspaper published in America was "The Penny Packet," 1784.

DUTCH.—Louise Orth was the sweetheart and Reggie Morris was the florist in "Knocks and Opportunities" (Universal). Jean Dumar was the girl in "Up in the Air" (Edison). Alice Rodier was Miss Twinkletoes in "Midnight at Maxim's."

BRUNETTA, 17.—So you dont hear much of Ormi Hawley. Too bad her plays aren't released oftener. She is at Jacksonville. Dorothy Phillips and Ben Wilson in "In His Own Trap."

GERTIE.—Glad to hear your voice. I am not prepared to give medical advice, because I am not a physician. But this paragraph from Horace Fletcher seems to apply to your case. "Were I an iron and steel automobile, instead of a flesh and blood automobile, which I really am, could I get a license for myself, as a chauffeur, to run myself with safety, based upon my knowledge of my own mechanism and the theory and development of my power?" In other words, know thyself better, and you can then keep your machine in good order.

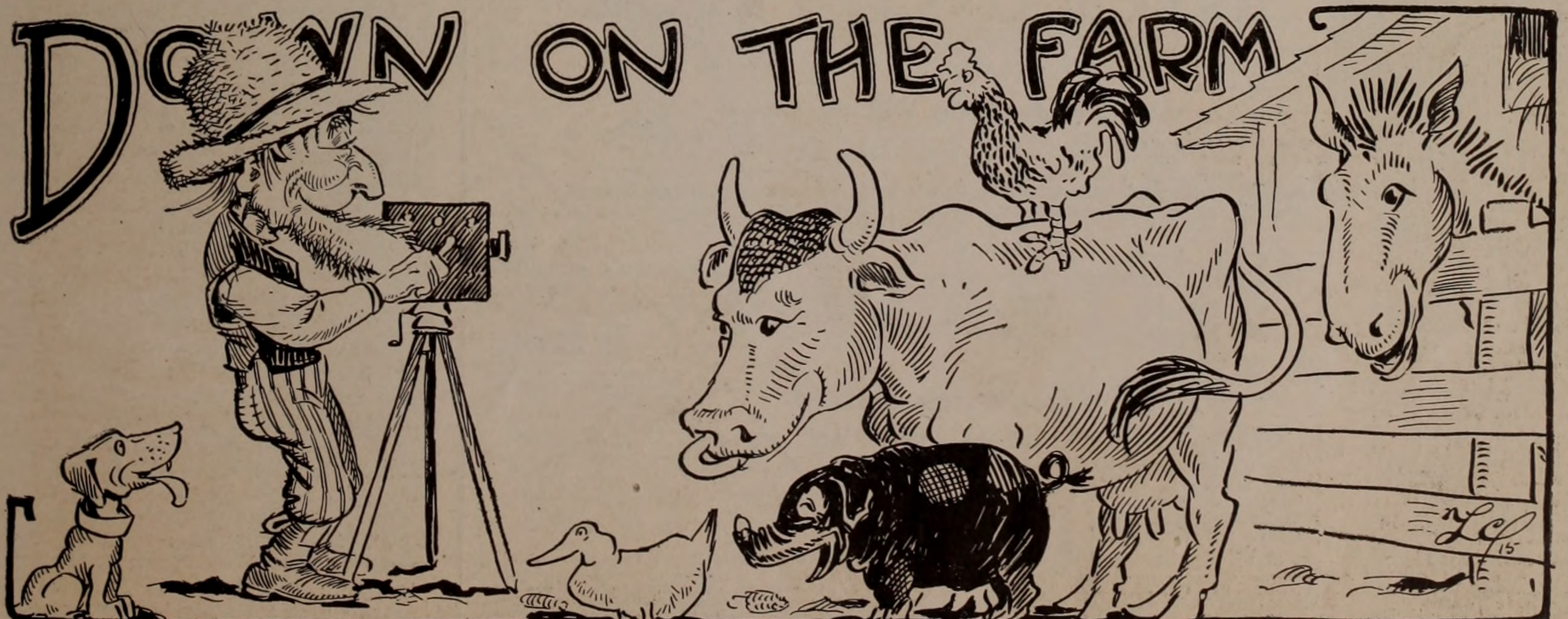
CICERO.—Dorothy Barrett is with the Monrovin Company, and will appear in

"The Argonauts." Neva Gerber is with Eldorado. You know it isn't so much what a man knows as it is what he doesn't tell that makes us believe him wise. Pleasant company is always accepted. This means you.

S. T. KOLESCH.—Ethel Barrymore was born in Philadelphia in 1880; Douglas Fairbanks at Denver in 1883; Dustin Farnum at Hampton Beach, N. H., in 1876; Geraldine Farrar, in Melrose, Mass., in 1883; William Faversham in England in 1868. Yes, there were a lot of legal mistakes made in "The Strange Case of Mary Page," but if they had not named the scenes as having taken place in New York State, it would not have been so bad. I have heard lawyers laugh at some of the mistakes.

W. T. H., BROOKLYN.—I observe that Henderson's Monthly has suspended publication, or has shrunken terribly. You found a picture of your "Imperial One" in the Gallery, and I think you are instrumental in bringing this about.

E. P. R.—The N. Y. Public Library is 390 feet long and 270 feet deep, covering 115,000 sq. ft. The seating capacity is 1,760, and there are over 63 miles of shelving with a capacity for about 2,500,000 volumes. Robert Vignola has gone with Famous Players.



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Name.....
Address.....
Occupation.....

JONATHAN, ELMIRA.—Owen Moore, Tom Moore, Matt Moore, Alice Joyce and Mary Pickford all belong to the same family—that is, they are all Moores, and Matt is the only Moore bachelor. You say that the closer you get to me the more distant I am. You don't get close enough. Move up a little.

SIDNEY T.—Melvin Mayo was Paul and Helen Wolcott was the woman in "A Modern Paul."

CLARKSON T. G.—You should complain to your exhibitor if you do not see your favorite. He can get plenty of Carlyle Blackwell and Crane Wilbur films if he wants to. Carlyle Blackwell played the part of Harrington in "The Clarion." Marion Dentler was Esme.

DR. JOHNSON.—Ernest Truex is on the stage, but he has recently done a film for the Vitagraph Company, "Artie, the Millionaire Kid," which I think was the first he has done since "The Good Little Devil" with Mary Pickford. He plays boys' parts, but he is a married man and has several children, one of whom is 18 years old. I think you must have the willies, or the glooms. I get them sometimes myself. To entertain thoughts of failure or forebodings of defeat, or to distrust in your powers of accomplishment, is to invite disaster and to supply misfortune with ammunition.

MARY L. P.—Right you be, it's Julia Hill, the girl with the brilliant voice, who is now in Moving Pictures. Mildred Gregory is with Gaumont, and John Bower with Famous Players.

BERNARDINE BETSY.—Tom Mix and Kathlyn Williams in "Chip of the Flying V." I am afraid these columns of mine are getting to be more voluminous than luminous, but it is mainly because you folks don't send me interesting questions.

LYDIA HILLIS.—Long "e" in Moreno. You say you worshiped Crane Wilbur until you saw his teeth. Yes, I agree with you that it is too bad that players who are married often choose to play in different companies in different parts of the country. Absence oft maketh the heart grow fonder—of somebody else.

LITTLE MARY.—Kate Bruce is with Triangle, and Elsie MacLeod with Vim. Kate is no relation to Belle Bruce. Maude Milton was Mrs. Dupont in "Damaged Goods." Thanks, I should like to see that picture.

MRS. CHARLES B., CLEVELAND.—That was May Allison opposite Harold Lockwood in "Hearts and Masks." Franklyn Ritchie is now with American, and Billie Burke has joined the Kleine Company.

PINKY.—We have never used a picture of George Relph in the Gallery. I don't believe the horrid thing you say—that Roscoe Arbuckle overeats! What a peculiar dispensation—one-half the world eats twice as much as they need, and the other half can't get half enough to eat.

C. E. L.—Frank Elliott was the lord in that Lasky. No, I am not Dr. Lyman Abbott. I haven't heard from you for some time, but I shall never forget that fine box of confectionery you sent me.

PINKEYDOODLE.—I am afraid you have the wrong title on that Balboa. Gerda Holmes with Equitable. Of course Lillian Gish is considered a star. Edward Coxen has left the American Company, and Franklyn Ritchie will play opposite Winnifred Greenwood.

N. H., MONTREAL.—Harold Lockwood with Metro, New York City. The first freight railroad cars in America were run at the granite quarries of Quincy, Mass., in 1826.

CLASSIC

A. J. W.—Not Henry Walthall, but House Peters in "The Great Divide." Es-sanay produced "Turn of the Wheel," and Henry Walthall did not play in that. So you still think Vitagraph are on top now. I fear you are wrong about the ease of getting into the pictures. So long as our hearts possess desire, our minds will foster delusions.

DEAN.—Grace Cunard has undergone two or three operations during the past two years, but she has not gone under and is all right at present, I am glad to say. Yes to your second and third. Rhea Mitchell is now with American. Miles Welch is back with Metro. Huntley Gordon is with Vitagraph.

BOYD E., UTICA.—Carlotta De Felice was Grace in "One Million Dollars" (Metro). Seena Owen did not play in "The Price of Power." Thelma Salter was one of the children in "The Corner" (Triangle). You ought to subscribe, and then you will get beautiful portraits.

MELVA.—How short! Winifred Kingston was Sally in "The Call of the Cumberlands."

HELEN G., NORFOLK.—William Courtleigh is playing on Broadway at the present time. Anna Q. Nilsson and Tom Moore in "Who's Guilty?" and there will be fourteen separate two-reel dramas.



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VERA SISSON (BIOGRAPH)

(Fifty-nine)



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MATILDA T. C.—Mrs. Sidney Drew was born in Sedalia, Mo., April 18, 1890; was educated in schools of Sedalia; was a student at the Sedalia College of Music and Nebraska Wesleyan School of Expression, and was on the concert stage. James Morrison and Belle Bruce, I guess.

M. A. S.—Sessue Hayakawa is a native of Tokio. He graduated from a college in Japan. He is an all-round athlete, fond of swimming and boating, and his favorite sports are fencing and "jiu jitsu." Is married to Tsuru Aoki, his leading woman. Mr. Hayakawa is well known in this country as a director of Japanese drama and a brilliant actor.

BETTY W., 15.—You may write as often as you like. Of course you haven't bored me. Your question is hard to answer, because you do not give the conditions. The amperage necessary varies according to the nature of the screen, the character of the film, the size of the picture, the illumination of the house, the atmosphere, the electrodes and electrode setting, and the quality of the lenses.

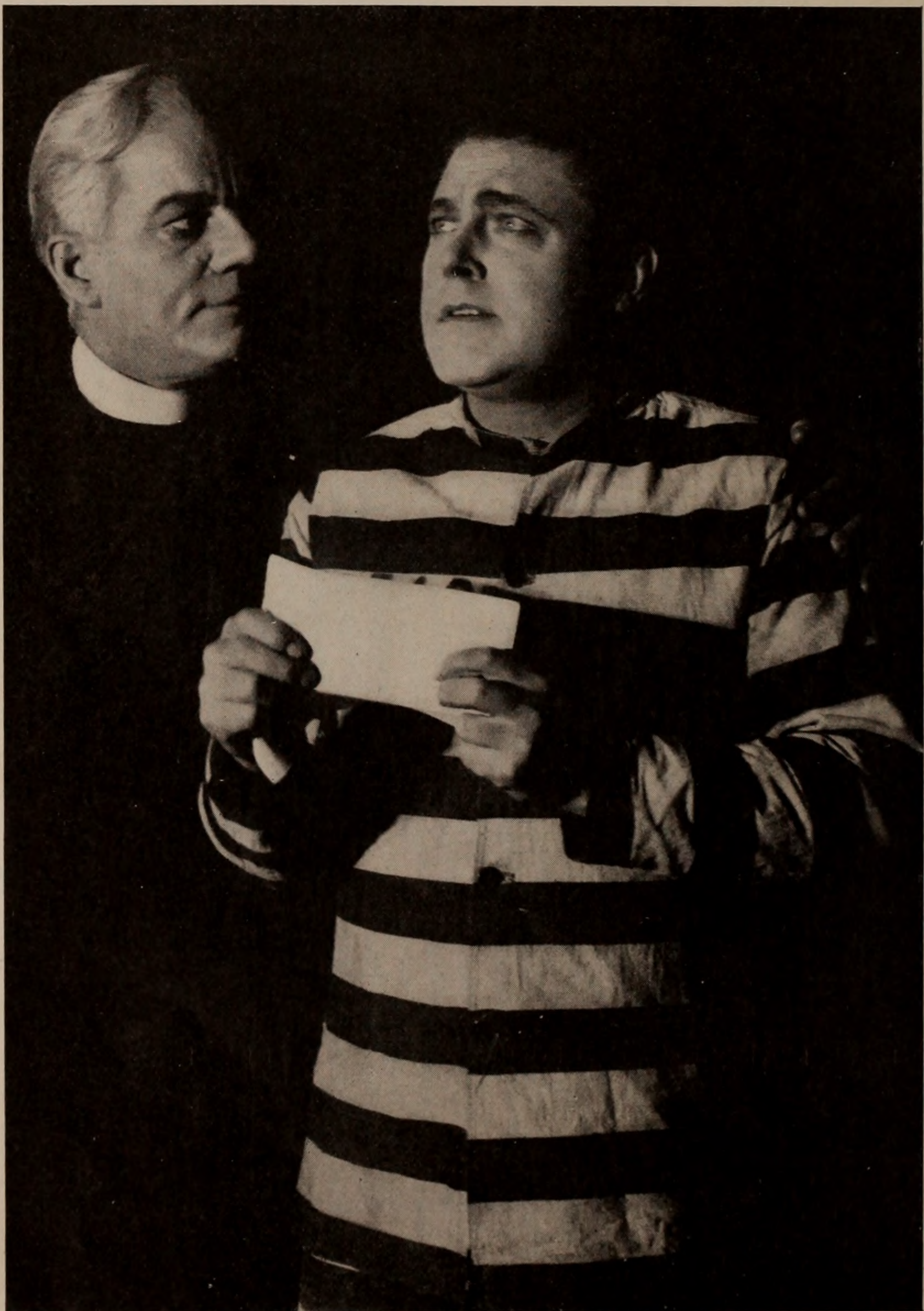
JULIUS T. C.—Martha Hedman is with Metro. She played in "The Boomerang." Edmund Breese is also with Metro. Oh, yes, Grace Cunard and Francis Ford are playing in "Her Sister's Sin."

MARION T. C.—Norma Talmadge was born at Niagara Falls on May 2d, 1895. She was educated in Brooklyn. Brown eyes, brown curls, five feet three inches. She has never been on the stage. Van Dyke Brooke, of the Vitagraph, first saw her possibilities and brought them out. Since then I have not seen much of her.

TEDDY, BROOKLYN.—Ah, yes, I have seen Zoe Beck. She is very cunning. Her last picture was "The Desperado."

JOHNSON T., ST. LOUIS.—Alan Hale isn't playing now. Carlyle Blackwell has signed up with Equitable for three years. I believe Hal Cooley is with American.

OLD DUTCH.—Gladys Hanson in "The Havoc," five acts for Essanay. *Beth* in Hebrew means a house. You must be content with your lot—particularly if it is a lot, or a corner lot. Sis Hopkins is a Kalem headliner.



WILLIAM FARNUM IN "FIGHTING BLOOD" (FOX)

EDNA, ELTON ST.—All you say is true, and you might add to your list that sealing wax is not wax, that cork legs are not made of cork, that cat gut is not cat gut, but silk or sometimes sheep gut, that camel-hair brushes are not made from camel's hair, that chamois does not come from the chamois, that Dutch clocks are not made by the Dutch, that Lord Bacon was not a lord, and that the Apostles' Creed was not the creed of the apostles. That will be about all. Mary Pickford and Charles Chaplin are the two best drawing cards, I guess.

MATHILDA T.—Gail Kane is now called "The Equitable Girl." Yes; William Faversham is still with Metro. I believe you. There are 175,000,000 cells in the lungs, which would cover a surface 30 times greater than the entire outside of the body. You see you must take in a lot of air to keep all this fresh and clean.

MICHAEL, CLEVELAND.—William Clifford and Margaret Gibson in "The Hidden Law."

JONSIE T. D.—I like your billet-doux. I cannot tell you whether Wilfrid North is married or not. Where ignorance is bliss it is unwise to be otherwise. Francis Bushman is a pretty good athlete, I believe, or, at least, he used to be. He is too busy now to keep in training.

PERICLES.—It's a poor mule that dont work both ways—not a poor rule, for a rule that works both ways is no rule at all. Andrew Arbuckle is with Universal. Gladys Brockwell also. Doris Pawn is with Fox.

JUSTME.—Haven't seen that play yet. Did you know that Adele Farrington is

Mrs. Hobart Bosworth? Well, she is! Mae Gaston was with Horsley last. G. Raymond Nye with Universal.

BISMARCK.—Habitually serious parts devoid of comedy elements and calling for strong feeling are played by a "heavy." Actors who assume important rôles are "leading heavies."

FANNY.—Did you say fan or fanny? So you are several kinds of a fan, including baseball fan and picture fan. So am I. Our head office boy defines fan as a thing used to brush warm off with; also a person who fans his enthusiasm into a flame and then cant put it out.

DEMOSTHENES.—Mary Pickford's next will be "The Eternal Grind." Yes, I have seen the song, "The Heart of Paula," by Lenore Ulrich. Edna Hunter is King Baggot's leading woman now.

BONTON.—I am glad you do not think this department is dry, but I dont agree with you. It would be if I allowed cobwebs to collect in my brain-works. George Larkin is with Equitable opposite Jane Grey.

THAIS, SARATOGA.—Did you try Famous Players? I hardly think many companies are buying scripts at present. Just now they seem to be after stage plays, "best sellers" and big names. But times will soon change.

OLGA.—I miss you in this issue, and I cannot account for it—explain yourself!

JONSIE T., CINCINNATI.—Very few Biblical plays have been produced. There is little demand for them. Mary Pickford is still with Famous Players, but the Lord only knows where she will be when you see this—perhaps with Vitagraph.



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ONCE UPON A TIME

By JOHNSON BRISCOE

March 17, 1905.—Zena Keefe (Equitable) had for several years been associated with that popular melodrama, "The Fatal Wedding," in which she played the rôle of Jessie, the little mother, but it was such a long part that she alternated it with another little girl, Cora Quinten, there being considerable rivalry between the two of them. It is to be hoped that this day they had a jolly time of it—tho it is an open question!—celebrating St. Patrick's Day, at the Grand Theater, Wausau, Wis.

March 18, 1900.—Arthur Mackley (Mutual) had then little thought of acquiring as a trade-mark his "sheriff" habiliments, at this moment being stage director and character man of the Hopkins Stock Company, St. Louis, where upon this Sabbath day he was to be seen as Flamant in "Sapho."

March 19, 1909.—Paul Scardon (Vitagraph) was vainly endeavoring to tide himself over one of those barren periods which practically always come along in the career of all actors, trying his hand at a vaudeville sketch, of which Nance O'Neil (Lubin) was the star, playing a deputy sheriff in "\$1,000 Reward," at Keith & Proctor's One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street Theater, New York.

March 20, 1905.—Dorothy Gish (Triangle) found it a very easy task to hold her audience captive every time she spoke a line, as little Hope, in that splendid object lesson, "Her First False Step," which began a week's engagement at the Bijou Theater, Jersey City.

March 21, 1882.—Charles Kent (Vitagraph) was playing juvenile parts in this long-ago, as a member of the stock company at the Boston Theater, Boston, and he probably could, if he would, tell some very interesting tales of this particular occasion which marked the Boston première of the big English melodrama, "Youth," which had a run of eleven weeks, Mr. Kent being cast for the rôle of Owen.

March 22, 1907.—Fay Tincher (Triangle) was probably not in a particularly happy frame of mind at this time, because she had just reached the end of a Broadway engagement of thirteen consecutive weeks, being a member of Joe Weber's company at Weber's Theater, and she had the joy of speaking lines right out in public, in the rôle of Mabel Peck, in the burlesque, "Dream City."

March 25, 1901.—Fannie Midgley (Ince), who has endeared herself to screen patrons thru her able work in various character disguises, was cutting

comic capers with a liberal hand, as Primrose, the negro cook, in "Brown's In Town," which, after a season of much strenuous travel, had settled down for a week at the Crescent Theater, New Orleans.

March 28, 1898.—Charles Arthur (Fox), whose busy stage career embraced the drama, stock, vaudeville, and musical comedy, was having a fling, at this time, at the last-mentioned, playing Lord Comarthy, son of the Earl of Kilbeggen (which rôle, incidentally, was filled by the present-day American director, Thomas A. Ricketts), in Rice's "The Ballet Girl," which opened a week's engagement at the Harlem Opera House, New York.

March 29, 1911.—Gail Kane (Equitable) was making a modest bid for histrionic fame, this being her first year behind the footlights, at this moment playing the small rôle of Miss Doane in "As a Man Thinketh," in which John Mason was starring, at the Thirty-ninth Street Theater, New York.

March 30, 1906.—Edward Earle (Edison) had not then embarked upon the musical-comedy career in which he was afterward destined to know such striking success, for he was playing in the support of Bertha Galland, being both the Master of Ceremonies, in the prolog, and Darby O'Donovan, in the play proper, in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," which this night was a sort of attraction de luxe, at the Elyria Theater Elyria, Ohio.

March 31, 1904.—Marie Doro (Lasky) was ambitiously climbing the ladder of fame, having just left the frills of musical comedy behind her, appearing at the Lyceum Theater, New York, in the support of William Gillette, with whom she played Lady Catherine Lasenby, in "The Admirable Crichton."

April 1, 1909.—Gertrude McCoy (Gaumont), who had no thought then but to serve Thespis behind the footlights, being reasonably sure that she could hold down the center of the stage when the opportunity came her way, was a delightful feast for the eye as she pirouetted about the stage of the Princess Theater, Toronto, Can., a member of the supporting company surrounding Lulu Glaser, in "Mlle. Mischief."

April 2, 1912.—Antonio M. Moreno (Vitagraph) was serving a brief term in the musical-comedy field, seemingly quite at home, too, playing the rôle of Stubbs, in "The Man from Cook's," a Klaw & Erlanger offering, which was not having an especially brilliant run

of it, at the New Amsterdam Theater, New York.

April 3, 1907.—Mabel Trunnelle (Edison) probably thought that she had received rather a cruel jolt at the hand of fate this night, as she entered the star dressing-room of the Didsburg Theater, Walden, N. Y., ready to get into the trappings of the heroine, Leila Crofton, in "Under Southern Skies."

April 4, 1900.—James Durkin (Equitable) was, at any rate, doing the best he could with the material at hand, playing leading parts with Charles Leyburne's Bon Ton Stock Company, who were glad to have you come and see them act, at the rate of ten, twenty and thirty cents, offering such classics as "The Black Flag," "Love and War," "The Castaways," "The Census Taker," and "A Desperate Man," this day being in the midst of a week's engagement at the Opera House, Westfield, Mass.

April 5, 1909.—Eleanor Woodruff (Pathé) always recalls this day with a smile of pleasure, because it marked her first appearance within the glare of the footlights, appearing among the "and others," with the Orpheum Stock, at the Chestnut Street Theater, Philadelphia, the bill upon this momentous occasion being "As You Like It."

April 6, 1910.—June Daye (Lubin) was a thoroly captivating picture as the little girl, Flora Cameron, in "The Clansman," which happy thriller was completing a stay of four days at the Majestic Theater, Peoria, Ill., she being billed, of course, under the name by which we so long knew and loved her, Vinnie Burns.

April 7, 1900.—Sidney Ayres (Universal) was contributing his histrionic mite to the somewhat limited rôle of Mr. Dent, in "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," in which William Morris was starring, this night concluding a lengthy, trying tour of the South, at the Academy of Music, Norfolk, Va.

April 8, 1901.—Mary Pickford (Famous Players) was in a great state of excitement this day, let me tell you, for, as a member of the Valentine Stock Company, at the Princess Theater, Toronto, Can., she achieved the ambition of every child actress, being cast for the rôle of Little Eva, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and so great was the thrill of all this, that she almost forgot that upon this very same date she also celebrated her eighth birthday!

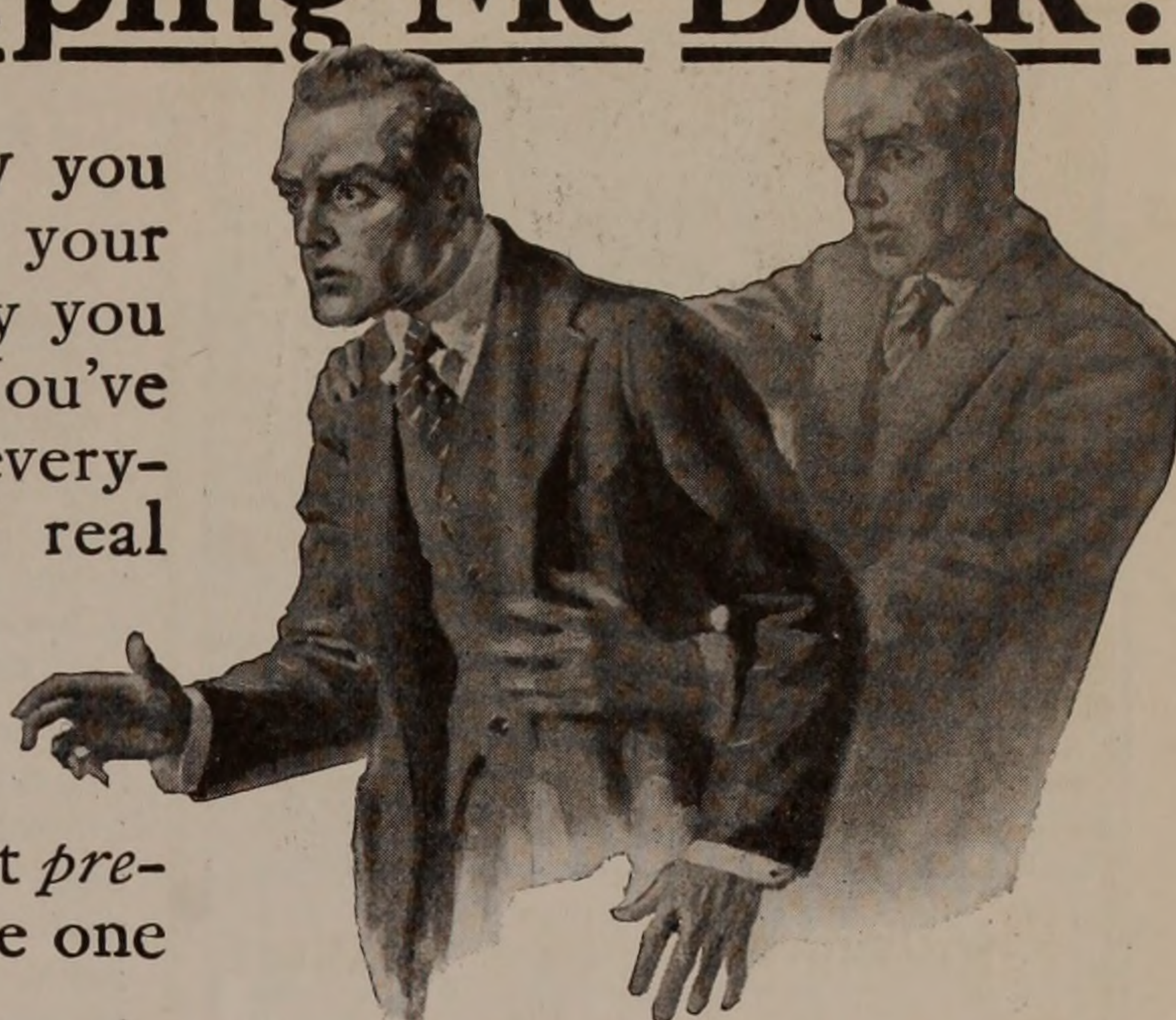
April 10, 1894.—Sidney Drew (Metro) was flourishing in the showy opportunities afforded him in the old English comedies, being principal comedian in the support of his mother, the illustrious Mrs. John Drew, who this day played "The Rivals," at Greenwall's Opera House, Fort Worth, Tex., in which son Sidney distinguished himself in the part of Bob Acres.

(Sixty-three)

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(Continued from page 15)



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not have camera personality, and for that reason their picture value was worthless.

"The matter of film personality," said Mr. Wilson, "is possibly, after all, the most important one. I have seen people, who might be called positively homely, go before the cinematograph and, by reason of the personality and spirit expressed in their faces, be transformed on the screen into extremely good-looking types. How often have you heard people say, 'I saw So-and-So, the great film beauty, the other day, and she didn't look half so well as she does on the screen'? That is frequently very true, and, invariably, it is because that particular actress was possessed of such unusual spirit of mind and personality that the light of it, reflected in her face by the mysterious camera, rendered her beautiful!

"And, lastly, the power of expression is an all-important one. A man might be as handsome as six Greek gods put together and still be utterly unable to qualify as a photoplayer. The face must do everything, far more than the face of an actor on the stage. The latter has the words of the play and the inflections of his trained voice to get his points across, whereas the movie actor has nothing but his face, and a very occasional sub-title, to express his meaning. He must be able to run the gamut of human emotions by merely altering his expression, and, altho this may sound fairly simple, it is a gift that comes to but one out of many thousands of people. It is primarily a matter of knowing, not what to do, but what not to do. If I ask an applicant at the studio to express prodigious grief, during his test, and he begins a series of agonized facial contortions, I at once know that he's no good. If, on the other hand, his eyes look straight and tragically ahead of him without moving, and if his nostrils dilate very slightly, and his lower lip quivers as he catches it with his teeth—then I know that he has the right idea. Simplicity of expression is always the most natural expression. People in real life never act. And the highest form of Motion Picture acting is behaving just as people would in real life.

"Photography, when all is said and done, is a matter of lights and shadows, and one can readily see why prominent features have the advantage over smaller ones, especially at an average foreground. Possibly in the close-up there would not be so much difference. This, of course, does not hold good in all cases. The

lens of the camera is much keener than the human eye, and very often it will get a twitch of the mouth, or the lift of an eyebrow, or some little thing about some one that is hardly perceptible to the eye. These are essentials that are the making of features for camera work, especially so in women. And let me repeat that personality is the one gigantic asset essential to picture work, and oftentimes, when it is not apparent to the eye, the camera-lens has an uncanny way of bringing it out, for, as I have said before, that certain twitch, or little characteristic, that passes unobserved to the eye, is forcibly brought out by the camera-lens.

"Women very often lose a lot of their finer points by the eternal changing of style in hair-dressing. They dress their hair becomingly enough to the eye, but, by covering the temple, forehead, ear, or some part of the face or head that holds that little attraction so necessary, they lose that something which the camera needs to bring out their personality more forcibly, and for this reason I believe that women should study, or accept advice about, their attractions and try at all times to keep their best points well in the foreground. The complexion which I consider best for camera work is the fair, with brown hair and hazel-brown eyes. One's skin must not be too thin, as the blood too close to the surface will naturally cause one to photograph dark. As for myself, my features are big, and I have been told by experts that my face was particularly adapted to the screen.

"My complexion is very much the same as I have described. I don't use this argument because I happen to be so constituted, but I find, in nearly all cases, that it is true. Take Earle Williams—a splendid photographic subject—and I think you will find his complexion the same. On the other hand, King Baggot is fair, while his eyes are light, yet he will tell you how long it took him to overcome the disadvantage of light eyes. However, he has mastered it, and is to be given credit for having overcome that difficulty by the art of make-up."

Features that are prominent, and yet not too prominent; a coloring that is full of contrasts; a personality so strong that it can be felt even by seeing a shadow on a screen; a power of expression that can portray all the elements of drama by simple pantomime—these are the prime requisites. Have you, dear reader, a movie camera face?



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Speaking of this same Virginia Pearson, she was once the chief of the Book Lovers' Library of Louisville, Ky., her native city.

Producer David Wark Griffith recently entertained Governor and Mrs. Hiram T. Johnson at his California studio. The governor was amazed at the expansiveness of said studio.

Claire Whitney, who has been "wronged," variously and villainously, in pictures, was once a model in a Fifth avenue hat shop.

D. W. Griffith had another happy thought when he selected "Don Quixote" for De Wolf Hopper's screen debut. Every one knows De Wolf, not every one knows Don Quixote—now we'll all know them both.

Crane Wilbur has made a sensational find—a lissome, vampirish, Pat-Camp-

bellish, Olga-Nethersolish person. You'll see her in "The Love Liars."

Dont ever say the pulpit hasn't humor! Just see George Ovey in ministerial garb!

The Knickerbocker Star Features have not only star features, but star actresses --Jackie Saunders, the Maude Adams of the screen, for one; Margaret Landis, a meteoric young person; Marguerite Nichols, and Myrtle Reeves.

Kathryn Adams, starred by Mutual in "A Bird of Prey," planned an operatic career, but the movies called her—and the call was strong!

Margaret Gibson wishes she had lived in ancient Rome when women didn't have to wear tight clothes—this desire since her rôle in "The Heart of Tara."

Edna May, who was queen of musical comedy, is now en route to screen queen-dom. She recently emerged from blissful matrimonial retirement to play the lead in Vitagraph's "Salvation Joan." Her salary of \$100,000 for appearance in this single picture is to be given to the Red Cross.



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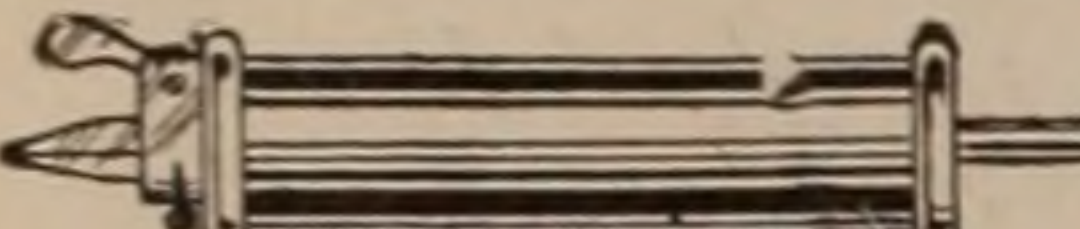
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Said Enrico Caruso to Charlie Chaplin on meeting, "Ah, ze Caruso of ze cinema, I greet you!" Said Charlie Chaplin to Enrico Caruso, "Delighted—the Chaplin of the opera—I congratulate you!"

Edna Hunter has just announced that she will not be able to grant any more requests for locks of her hair; not that she misses them—oh, no. But the insurance company that insured her hair for a hundred thousand dollars stipulates that it shall not be "tampered with, or the contract is null and void."

King Baggot and the Imp Co. are in Savannah, working on "Half a Rogue," a five-reeler, based on the novel by Harold McGrath.

Plaintively laments Ethel Teare—"I try to be nice, but I wish the girl fans who write letters to me would enclose postage. It cuts into my pin-money something dreadful."

After crashing to earth in an aeroplane, Bud caustically hissed at Ham, "Leave your shoes off next time. What do you think an aeroplane is?—an elephant?"

The "first Mutual Chaplin" is a hundred-foot picture showing Chaplin and Pres. John R. Freuler, of Mutual, signing the contract which gives Chaplin the world's biggest salary.

Mary Miles Minter, whose honest-to-goodness name is Juliet Shelby, is a direct descendant of Governor Isaac Shelby—first governor of Kentucky.

Mme. Petrova is literarily as well as screenically talented—she contributes to the leading magazines of New York and Boston, and is an authority on Ibsen, Sudermann, Bjornson, Shaw and Tolstoy.

Mollie King, young and dainty World Film star, is in North Carolina, producing "The Call of Love" amid the most picturesque scenery of the South.

Harry Palmer is going back to the cartoon idea, for which he was the screen sponsor. The entire time of the Gaumont staff will be devoted to animated cartoons.

Gladys Hulette makes her stellar debut in the Mutual masterpiece de luxe edition, "The Flight of the Duchess," an adaptation of Browning's famous poem.

Thomas Chatterton loves to act. He loves it so well that every once in a while he stops his labors as a producer and just acts.

The picture players at Universal City recently added one of the youngest of professional dancers to their staff. She is eight-year-old Lena Baskette, and she has been nicknamed Pavlova Junior.

Mary Fuller thinks kindergartening is her true vocation. She recently had eight babies in one scene, fed them certified milk, amused them with toys from the property room, and was more than maternally successful.

Valeska Suratt was once a milliner in Terre Haute, Ind. She has not forgotten the art.

Cleo Madison umpired a baseball game last Sunday when members of Yale Alumni played a game. She made good, believe me!

Charlie Chaplin has subscribed \$1,300 to the Actors' Fund of America.

Louise Glaum is about to become a vampire. She will vamp initially in a new Ince production.

Collier, Jr., looked scornful when asked if he would rather play or work in pictures. "Picture work is play," quoth Collier, Jr.

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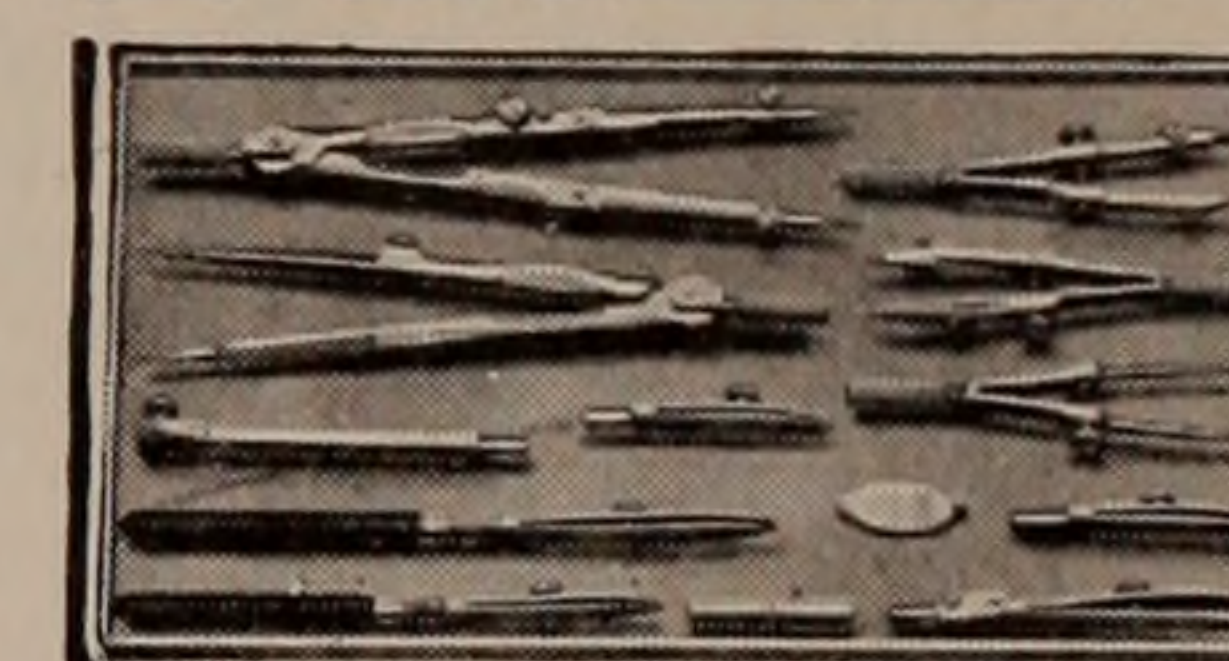
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(Sixty-seven)

Enid Markey likes weepy parts because she likes to move audiences, and her sex, she laughs, always finds more comfort in tears than laughter. The men? Mere trifles! Let 'em weep!

Mary Miles Minter's tour of Canada was a triumphal march strewn with flowers and favors from young and old.

Clara Kimball Young is going to take an eight weeks' vacation on July 15th. She will tour Egypt, Algiers and part of northern Africa.

Anna Held is wearing mourning for "Ranger," a beloved horse, who broke both front legs during a mountain journey, and in the absence of a veterinary had to be shot.

Flora Finch, co-player with the late John Bunny for so long, has returned to New York from Jacksonville, Fla., where she appeared in a comedy for the Mirror Films.

Vivian Rich was born at sea, and the sea-wind, the sea-sun and the sea-mystery seem to be parts of her nature.

Dorothy Dalton, supporting H. B. Warner in "The Raiders," is said to have refused to enter the social whirl of Chicago, in order that she might go on the stage. Her father is a wealthy real estate operator.

Lucille (Lady Duff Gordon) designed the gowns Edna Mayo is wearing in "The Strange Case of Mary Page."

George Beban, in "The Pawn of Fate," was the pawn of many pastoral mishaps while taking the scenes. Aside from herding sheep and milking cows and collecting eggs, he was chased by a mad bull and thoroly stung by hornets.

Hughey Mack nearly lost his young life recently when he got caught in a revolving door. He affirms that he traveled 2 miles 6 feet 7 4-5 inches before he was released—large bodies in small spaces!

Bertha Kalich is opposed to censorship—she does not consider it a rational thing, since, argues she, the majority of players, producers and writers are moral, sane, reasonable people—and there's good and bad in everything.

Lucille Taft recently entertained the girls of Gaumont at a fish dinner. Afterward they swam—why, the girls, of course!

Marguerite Snow, last seen in "A Corner in Cotton," was raised around Savannah, Ga., so the "locales" were highly familiar to her.

Harry Neville, character actor in "Dimples," once produced Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar" with a complete Hindoo cast.

Helen Holmes found a brand new eight-cylinder coupé and an exquisite diamond ring awaiting her on her arrival home from Las Vegas, Nevada, where she and her company have been filming "The Girl and the Game." "Yours for your excellent work," the gifts read. Who wouldn't work for such as these?

De Wolf Hopper has five screenic reasons for melancholy. They are: (1) He has to get up in the morning. (2) He never gets a "hand," no matter how well he acts. (3) He cant sing into a film. (4) D. W. Griffith wont let him recite "Casey at the Bat." (5) He is afraid De Wolf Hopper, Jr., is going to look like him. Conceive of being humorous under such a load!

We have with us this evening: Geraldine Farrar and Wallace Reid, p. 29; William Stowell, Warren Elsworth, Rhea Mitchell and Estelle Allen, p. 49; Sidney Mason and Marguerite Courtot, p. 41; Rogers Lytton and Dorothy Kelly, p. 53; Edna May and Harry Morey, p. 54.

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will give you an opportunity to vote for your favorite. It will give you an opportunity to show your appreciation for that player who has afforded you the most enjoyment, and this kind of appreciation is equivalent to applause.

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Further announcement as to the time of the closing of this contest and as to the prizes will be made in the next issue of this magazine.

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Note.—In sending in subscriptions, write on a separate slip of paper the name of the player for whom you wish to vote. No coupon is necessary.

Boys of the Screen (Continued from page 22)

with Eclair as the villain in a "kid series." He played the boy rôle in "Alias Jimmy Valentine" and had the fresh office boy part in "The Little Church Around the Corner."

In "Hearts of Men," a Charles K.

Harris picture, a delightful story of children is interwoven, in which Master Frank Longacre and Nicholas Long, Jr., are rivals for the friendship of charming little Ethelmary Oakland, while a crowd of other youngsters are used in several school scenes.

These, then, are some of our principal boy friends in the films, and they

may be trusted to do full justice to the American boy as we know him in our everyday life. Naturally enough, these clever boy actors are called upon to do hazardous stunts. Sometimes they find themselves in a tight fix. But they never balk or show the white feather; they are heroes both inside and out.

During the taking of a scene on the St. John's River in Florida, recently, little Georgie Hollister was thrown fifty feet out into the stream, instead of a few feet, as the director had planned. The boy could not swim and he was in a dangerous plight. He was rescued, true enough, but it was a close call.

"That nearly got me that time," he exclaimed, as they laid him out comfortably in the back seat of an automobile; "but will it—will it make a good picture?"

That is the spirit of our boy friends in the films.

Ditmars in Camera Wonderland

(Continued from page 19)

ously for victory. In this connection it is well to state that not even the stage manager was able to prevent the excitement of the scene from communicating to the audience in the grand-stand, and in the last lap the more excited spectators climbed the grand-stand railing and entered the race.

Two great difficulties had to be overcome in this scene. One was to get all the contestants off when the monkey fired the starting-gun, and the other to distribute handicaps so skilfully that the swiftest could not race ahead of the less speedy. Each detail had to be worked out, and each animal having a "speaking" part had to be trained. It required four months' steady work before the camera man was called in.

This scene required a stage of forty feet. The next most difficult performance required a stage the size of a postage stamp. Upon this performed the star of the fly juggling troupe. This fly rides into the arena in a chair upon the back of a beetle; then it juggles dumb-bells.

The children will be delighted with what has recently been done. While the work of Mr. Ditmars' dramatic school is not strictly scientific, it will be of great value in promoting an interest in animals among children, to say nothing of grown-up folks. He is attempting to do with the actual subjects what Kipling did in the Jungle Tales with imaginary ones. And as for Alice in Wonderland and her Walrus and her Hare, they were pretty flat creatures to the real actor birds and beasties of today.

(Sixty-eight)

How They Got In
(Continued from page 25)

to appear before the camera in the daytime. I was greatly interested. The vigorous outdoor work appealed to me, and it was all very different from the stage. Instead of words, here always was action—I did not only act my part, I really lived it with nature's own scenery for a background. The picture, when finished, was called 'A Western Memory,' and in its way was quite successful. I remained under the banner of the Pathé Company for four years, concluding at the termination of the famous 'Perils of Pauline' serial."

Earle Williams is considered by many to be the handsomest man on the screen, and his enormous popularity may have something to do with that fact. But apart from good looks, Mr. Williams has accomplished big things, and he deserves a prominent place in the front ranks of stardom. Mr. Williams, in very characteristic handwriting, says:

"I had been on the stage for ten years. My last engagement was with George Beban in 'The Sign of the Rose,' in vaudeville. Not having had a very long season, I looked around for something to do during the summer. I was introduced to Messrs. Smith and Blackton, the Vitagraph chiefs, and they immediately engaged me.

"My first part was the lead in the picture called 'The Thumb Print.' Miss Helen Case played opposite me and Harry Morey played the heavy. It was interesting work from the start. It was very different from the stage, more different than most people could possibly imagine. The lights came from the top instead of the bottom. The make-up was entirely different, and the stage was about one-eighth the size, except when we played outdoors, and then it was much larger than the usual stage.

"I must have made good in that picture, for they engaged me permanently, and I have been with the Vitagraph Company ever since that time, four years now, and I hope I will be with them for many years to come."

Thus it may be seen that even the greatest of picture players have had their trials and tribulations. Save in very few exceptions, all the screen people who are admired and starred now, were, just a little while ago, struggling actors and actresses, learning their part in life in the hard, hard school of the "one-night stand" troupe. There appears to be no short-cut to fame; once more can it be seen how difficult it is for the aspiring neophyte to step into the star's dressing-room and public film favor overnight.

(Sixty-nine)

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The Spoken Drama A New Department for Playgoers of the Speaking Stage

By ROBERT GRAU

As recently as two years ago, the stage producers who produce spoken plays were so befogged in their perspective that, with rare exceptions, they predicted that the disastrous conditions on the speaking stage were wholly due to the maelstrom of influences which created and eventually perpetuated the vogue of the photoplay.

It is now conceded that, instead of ultimately operating destructively, the Motion Picture play has helped immeasurably, not only to vastly extend the vogue of the silent drama, but all the time that the millions of photoplay patrons were creating an overwhelming new public for the screen, slowly, but surely, this public was getting acquainted with the drama on stage and screen alike.

In a volume published by the writer three years ago appears the following as a foreword:

"The gentlemen who produce for the stage and who have as an entity been so reluctant to recognize that an all-compelling new art is no longer lying dormant, will awaken perhaps too late to a realization that the most constructive influence of the Motion Picture is the part it is already playing in creating a nation of playgoers, for while the photoplay public is constantly increasing, the number of spoken playgoers as yet is small, but that it is perceptible requires no scrutiny."

With this viewpoint, not one in a thousand would agree. Daniel Frohman was one to not only see the light a year later, but the latter's influence in creating new playgoers for the spoken play is evidenced by his own words on the very day he began to produce photoplays.

Said Mr. Frohman:

"Some day I am going to produce for the stage again. On the horizon I see a new public to whom photoplays alone have appealed. This public once acquainted with our drama will one day not far off find its way to the four-walled playhouse in a desire to see the actor and hear him as well."

It is in the belief that photoplays are gradually enticing all the people to their realm, and that the spoken play may one day attract the masses to only a lesser extent, that the writer has urged the Editor of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC to undertake the unusual, namely, to inaugurate a spoken-play

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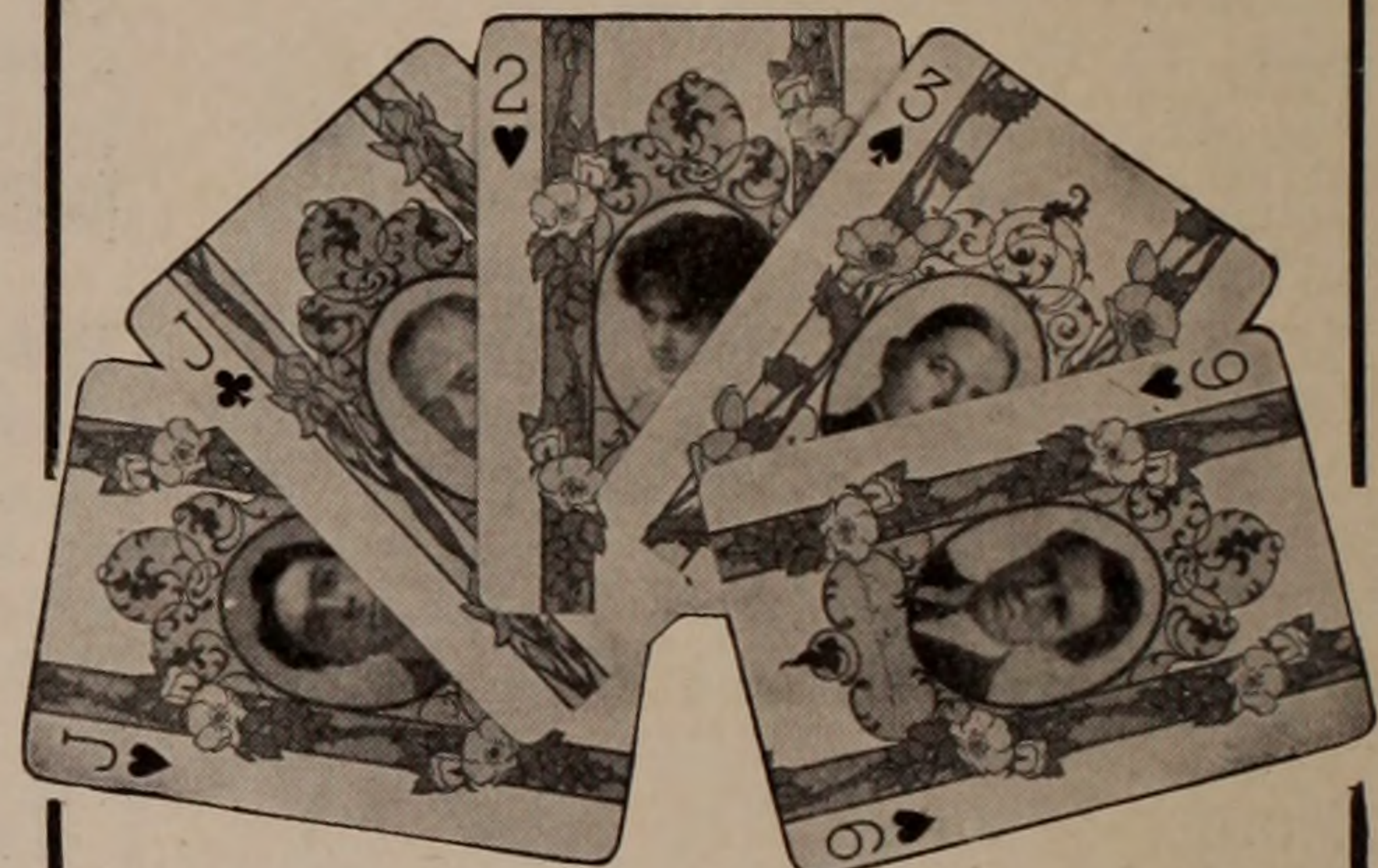
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Most of these great players, and most of the others, have already made their appearance on the screen, and every one of them has made stage history, as many of them are now making Motion Picture history.

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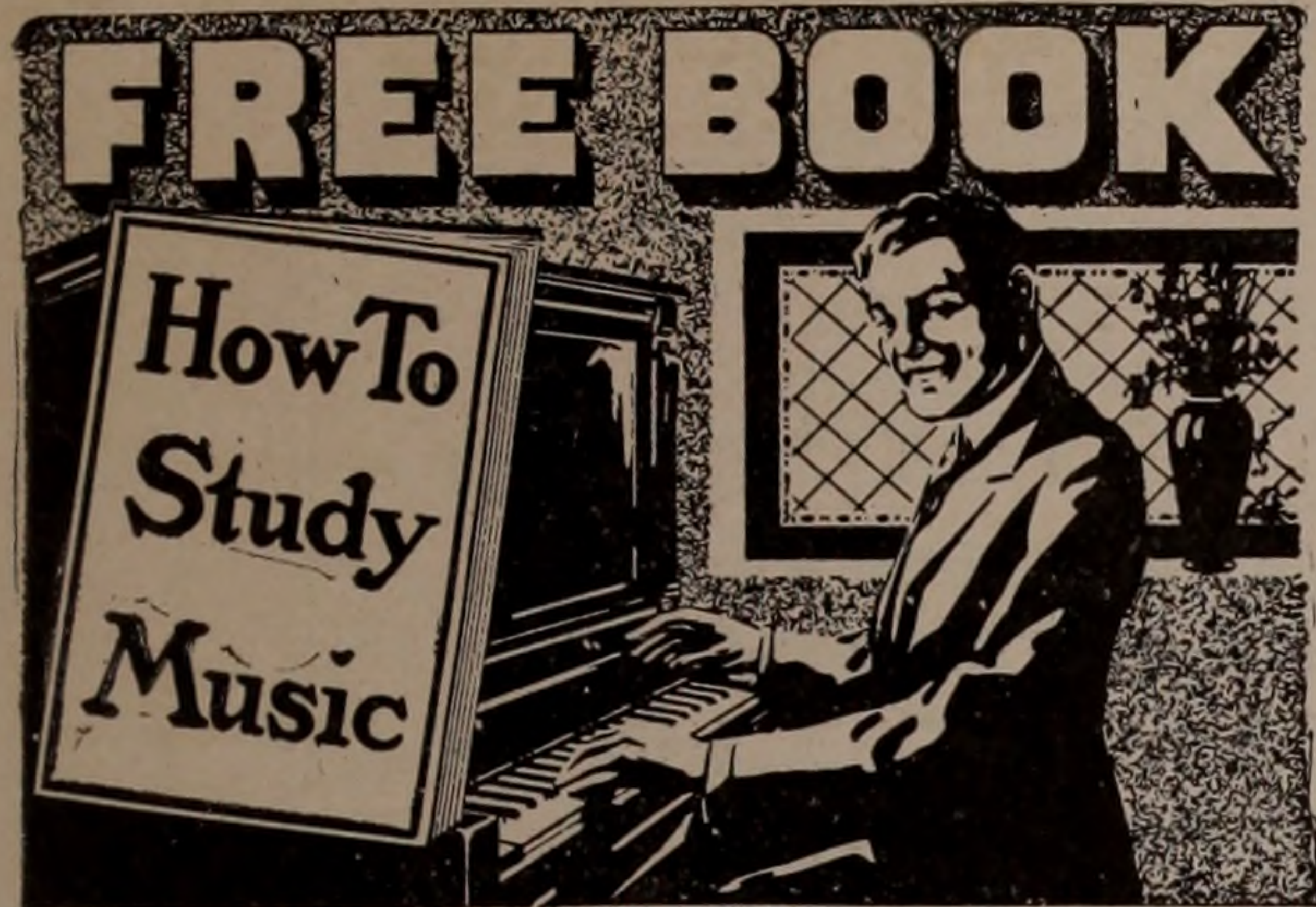
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(Seventy-one)

department of briefly reviewed plays. And just so surely as the day is near when public interest will increase for spoken plays when picturized, the day is not so very far off when original photoplays, conceived with the screen alone in mind, by the world's greatest screen geniuses, will be dramatized for the stage.

Guide to the Theaters

Plays Now or Recently in New York That Are Worth While

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

Longacre.—"The Great Lover." An exceptionally fine romantic comedy with Leo Ditrichstein in a particularly happy rôle. Interesting thruout, interspersed with pathos and humor, and with a great big smile as the final curtain goes down.

Lyceum.—"The Heart of Wetona." A pleasing Indian story with Lenore Ulrich and William Courtleigh, who are well known in pictures, beautifully staged by Belasco, and splendidly acted by an excellent cast. Of its kind, this play has seldom been equaled.

Punch and Judy.—"Treasure Island." If you like fairy stories (with fierce pirates as fairies), and the sea, and picturesque settings—including a real ship—and Stevenson's sea yarns, dont miss this elaborate production. It is exceedingly amusing. The young folk will be held spellbound, and the old folk will have a hearty laugh. It is handsomely and wonderfully done.

Hippodrome.—"Hip-Hip Hooray." A tremendous spectacle of dazzling scenery, music, ballet, dancing, skating, and fanciful acts that will offend nobody and delight everybody. A veritable circus, drama, opera and comedy combined, in which there are a hundred novelties and a thousand people.

Empire.—Hall Caine's "Margaret Schiller." A war drama—it might even be called a tragedy—starring Elsie Ferguson as a German spy in an English home, who loses her heart and sacrifices her life. It is of unusual contemporaneous interest, and, while founded on an almost impossible situation, holds the interest thruout, and gives good opportunity for the star to show her dramatic ability.

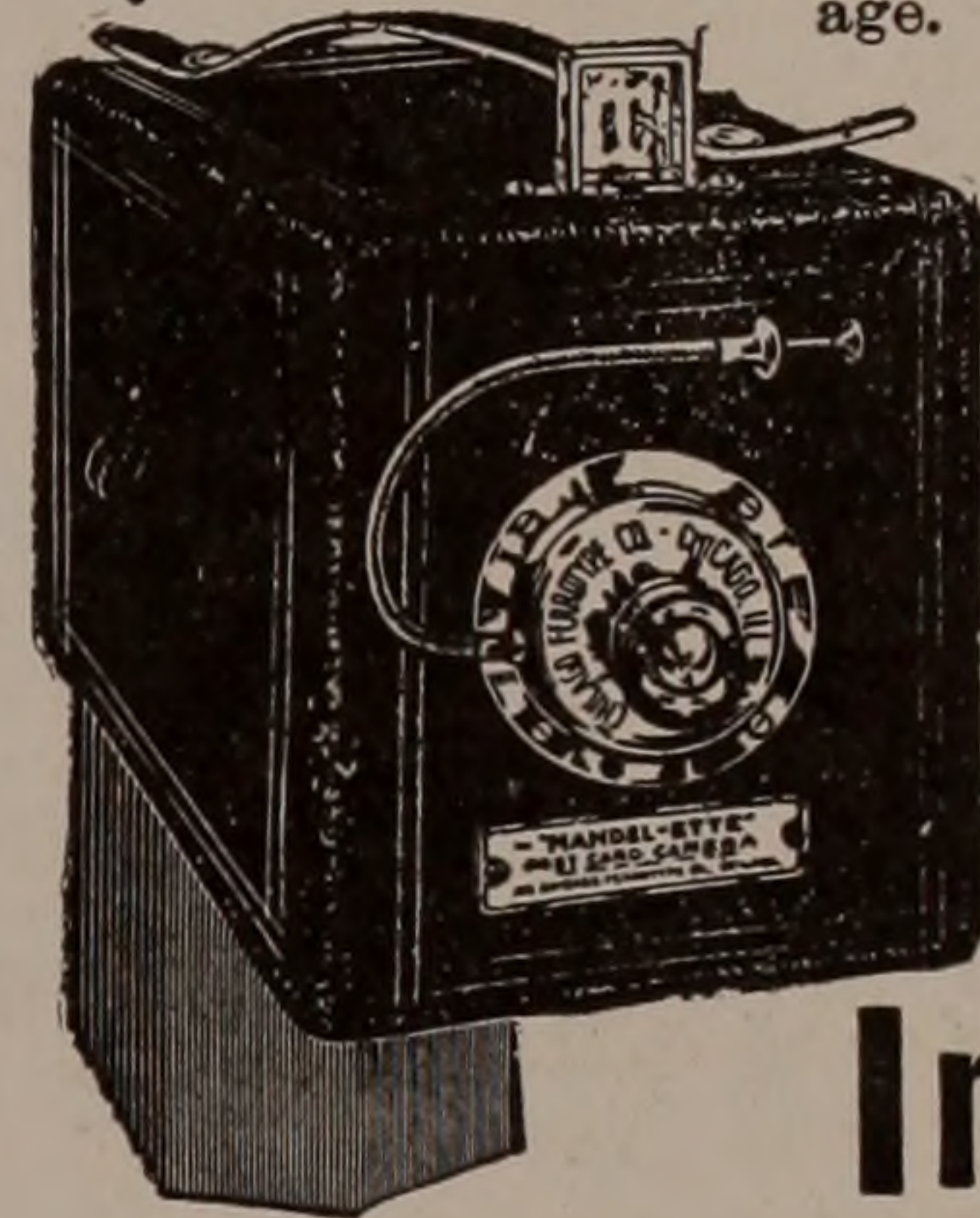
Shubert.—"Alone at Last" (now on tour). A beautiful light opera with an excellent cast, superb scenery, and high-class music that has seldom been equaled in operas of this kind.

Belasco.—"The Boomerang." One of the most popular comedies of the season. Entertaining and laughable thruout, exquisitely acted and wonderfully produced—it runs along like the works of a fine watch.

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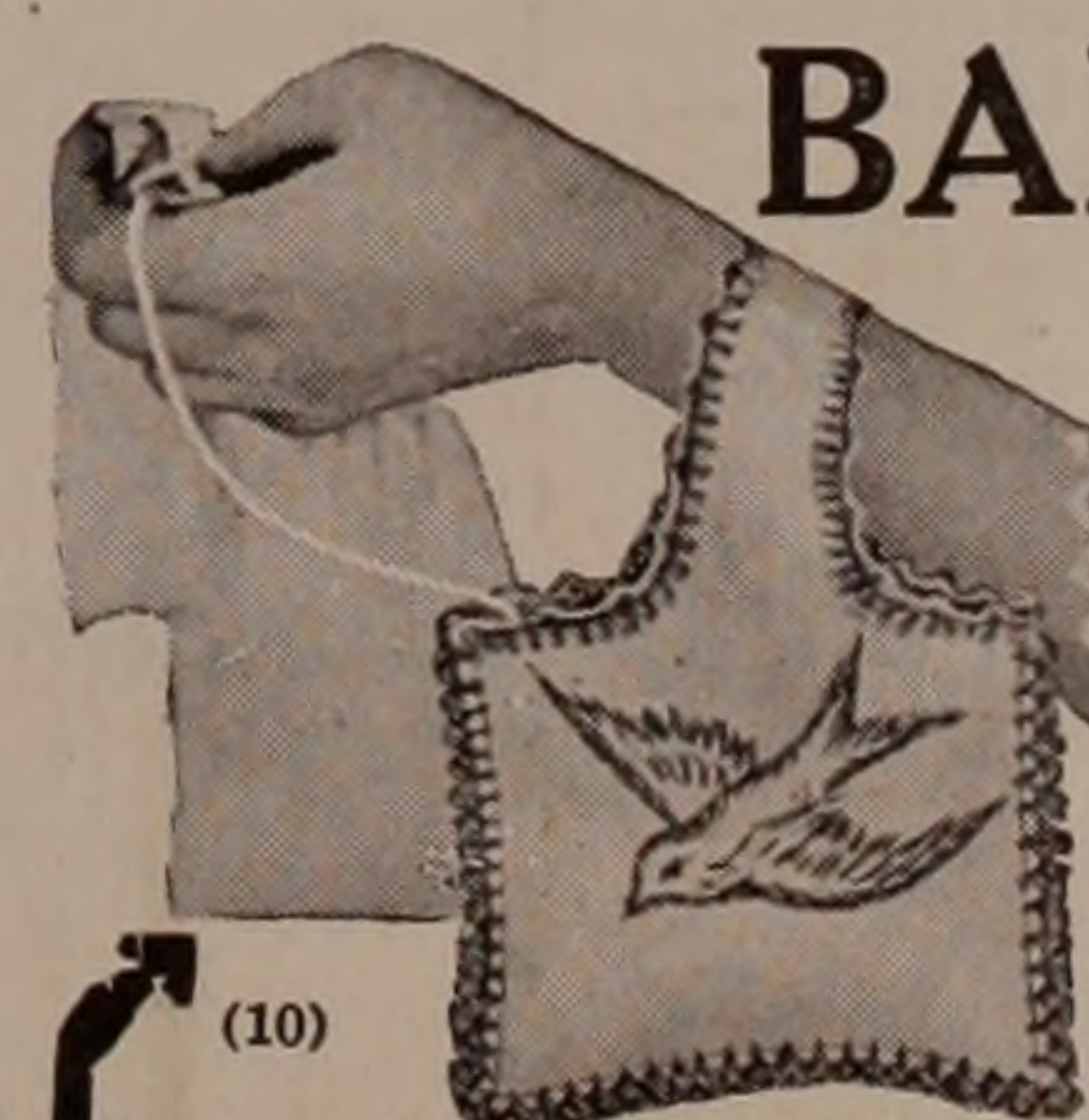
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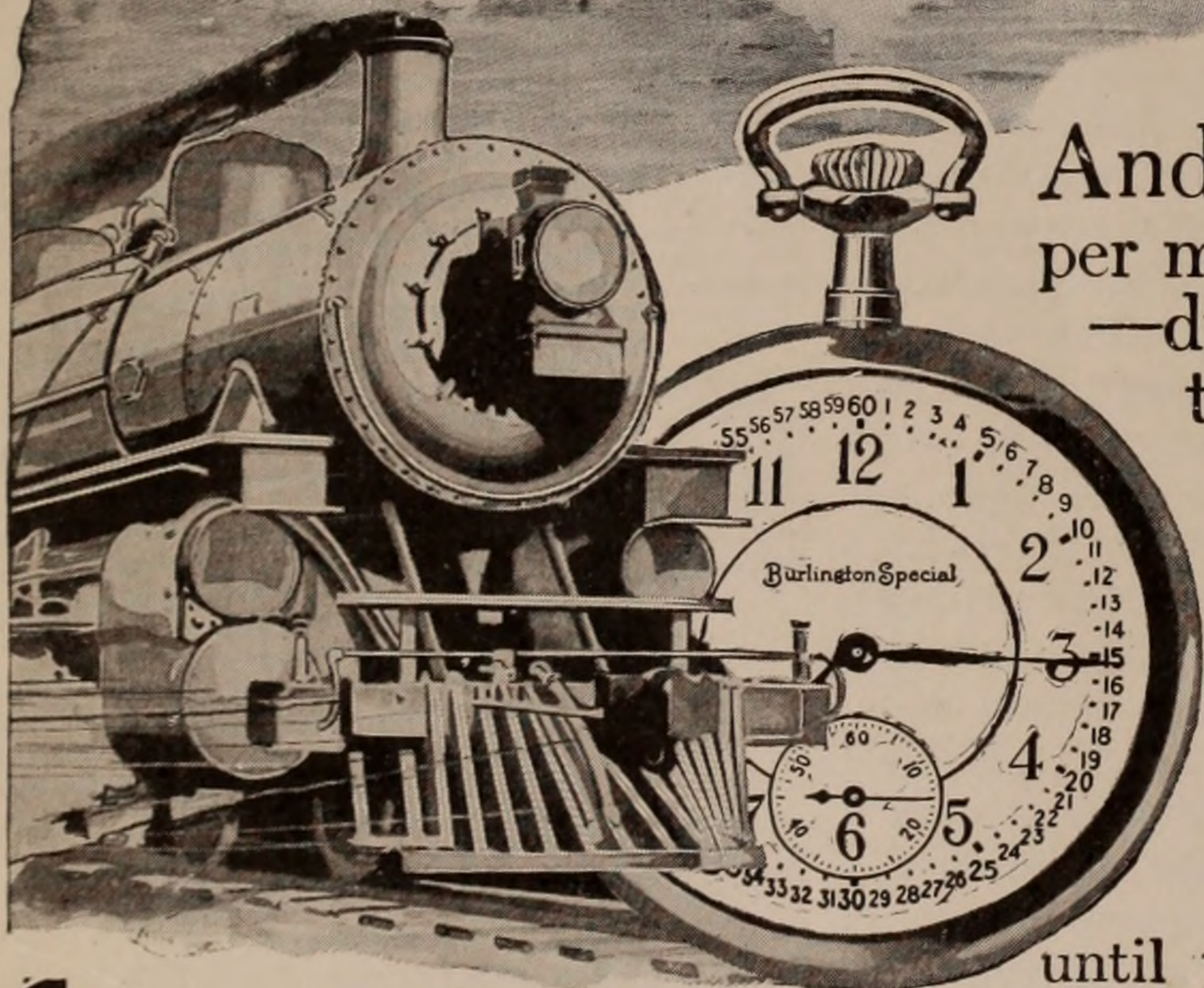
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EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

AMONG THE MANY INTERESTING ARTICLES THAT ARE SCHEDULED FOR THE JUNE CLASSIC ARE:

"A Play Day with Marguerite Courtot." By Grace Wynden Vail.

This is a four-page article, illustrated with seven beautiful pictures of Miss Courtot:

"Making Up for the Movies." By J. W. Chamberlain.

Illustrated with pictures of Ralph Ince as Lincoln, Mary Fuller, King Baggot, Ormi Hawley, Mabel Trunnelle, Vera Sisson, Polly Moran, Frank Daniels, Charles Ogle, Arthur Housman, Lloyd Hamilton and Bud Duncan.

"Putting the Children in Films and the Films in Children." By B. A. Holway.

Illustrated with pictures of Little Billy Jacobs, Leland Benham, Helen Badgley, Dorothy Benham and others.

"Tears as a Screen Asset." By Elizabeth Petersen.

Illustrated with pictures of Mary Fuller, Iva Shepard, Mary Pickford, Cleo Madison and Rosemary Theby.

"Favorite Recipes of Favorite Players." By Lillian May.

Including those of Ann Murdock, Pauline Frederick and Nan Carter. And many other articles just as interesting.

June Motion Picture Magazine Out April 29th

THE JUNE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE WILL CONTAIN THE FOLLOWING INTERESTING ARTICLES, AMONG OTHERS:

"Why De Wolf Hopper Allowed Himself to be Shot." By Bennie Zeidman.

This is a five-page article with an elaborate lay-out of pictures on every page, including one of Mrs. Hopper, one of Sir Herbert Tree and many of Mr. Hopper in various costumes.

"Sirens of the Screen." By Waldemar Wynefort.

This is an unusually interesting article, and the illustrations are beautiful. Theda Bara heads the list of Screen Sirens, but there are many others who promise to give Miss Bara an interesting race for first honors.

"The Lannigans and Brannigans." By Jas J. Gable.

In which these funny Irish characters created by Mr. Gable discuss film topics in their usual entertaining style.

"Movie Censorship as It Should Be." By Freling Foster.

A witty satire showing the folly and futility of official censorship.

"Adventures of a Cub." By Martha Groves McKelvie.

In which the "Cub" runs into Eddie Foy, which makes an interesting collision.

"Two Is a Company." By Rose Standish.

This is an interview with Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew and is illustrated with full-page pencil sketches by James Montgomery Flagg.

Great Popularity Contest.

In this issue begins the most important contest for photoplayers that was ever conducted. We advise you to get in early on this, and to get your friends in, so that your favorites will be kept in the race. Don't let other people's favorites get a run-away start on you.

"Tableaux from Children's Picture Plays." By Harvey Peake.

This is a cut-out puzzle for the young folks, and tells how to make four scenes from "Little Red Riding Hood."

"What They Do When Not Acting." By Howard Reich.

The busy stage and screen player has other serious affairs demanding attention, and this interesting article tells how Howard Reich, Eleanor Woodruff, Robert Warwick, Alice Brady, Jane Grey, Frank Sheridan, Muriel Ostriche and Carlyle Blackwell spend their spare time.

"Frozen Echoes from the Movies." By Lillian Blackstone.

Here are some of the recipes to be found in this article, and they will help to keep you cool this summer: Dorothy Gish Mint Frappé, Blanche Sweet Special, Marguerite Courtot Cherry, Anita Stewart Goddess Fluff, Cleo Madison Three-in-One, and Geraldine Farrar Carmel Carmen.

"What Are They Saying?" \$250 Prize Contest.

While this contest has closed, the winners are yet to be announced, and everybody will be interested in reading some of the clever answers.

And don't forget the numerous departments, such as the "Limericks," illustrated with pen-and-ink cartoons, the Popular Plays and Players, the Answer Man, the Answer Lady, As Others See You, the beautiful Gallery of Players (16 pages) and the wonderful illustrated stories of the films. Don't miss the June number of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

In spite of the high cost of paper, which is about double what it was a few months ago, and the scarcity of good paper at any price, we purpose giving our readers just as good a book as we ever did, and even better. Our aim always has been to make our readers exclaim, with each successive issue, "The Best Yet," and we do not purpose breaking that record. Don't forget that the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will be on sale on all newsstands on and after April 29, and the next Classic on May 13.

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She shares honors with the rose whose complexion glows with the charm that only such a powder as Carmen can impart.

It is the **one** powder perfected under such a process as to bestow the fresh bloom of girlhood without a trace of artificiality. It does not rub or blow off.

You are **sure** of a charming complexion at all times—regardless of strong lights or of the effects of perspiration. The scent enhances its refinement.

50 Cents Everywhere

White, Pink, Flesh, Cream

STAFFORD-MILLER COMPANY
519 Olive Street St. Louis, Mo.

**In
the Red
Trimmed
Orange Colored
Box—Seen
Every-
where**

CARMEN

Our "On Trial" Offer

Purse size box and mirror containing 2 or 3 weeks' supply of Carmen (state shade) and full 35c. box of Carmen Rouge (light or dark) sent prepaid for 25c.

If only purse size box of Carmen Powder and mirror are wanted, send only 10c. silver and 2c. stamp.

STAFFORD-MILLER COMPANY
519 Olive Street St. Louis, Mo.

Name

Address