

JUNE

15 Cents

MOTION PICTURE

Classic



Sielke-Dr.

EVELYN GREELEY



Send 20¢
for Trial Bottle

You have never seen anything like this before

TRADE MARK REGISTERED
Rieger's
Flower Drops

Mabel Taliaferro

one of the five stars of "The New Henrietta," well known to the readers of Motion Picture Classic, writes:

Dear Mr. Rieger:--Your exquisite perfume is very appropriately called "Flower Drops" and I am enthusiastic about it. Each drop seems to carry the fragrance of the very flowers themselves like no other perfume I have ever used.

Yours sincerely,

Mabel Taliaferro.

When once you scent the true floral odor of this exquisite perfume you will realize what a wonderful advance has been made in the art of perfume making. Take your choice of five odors—Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet, Garden Queen or Mon Amour. Price only \$1.00 an ounce in 50c and \$1.00 bottles. In concentrated form, Flower Drops comes in handsome hexagonal cut glass bottles with long glass stoppers at \$1.50 each (Lily of the Valley, \$1.75).

Either at your dealers or you may order direct from this advertisement. Money refunded if you are not more than satisfied. "Flower Drops" are sent prepaid of course.

PAUL RIEGER,
146 First Street,
San Francisco, Cal.

Send the Coupon

Just send 20c (silver or stamps) with the coupon or a letter for trial bottle illustrated in the coupon. Be sure to indicate which odor you prefer. Test this exquisite perfume for yourself. Write today. Send only 20c now.

Paul Rieger, 146 First Street, San Francisco, Cal.
Paris. New York San Francisco

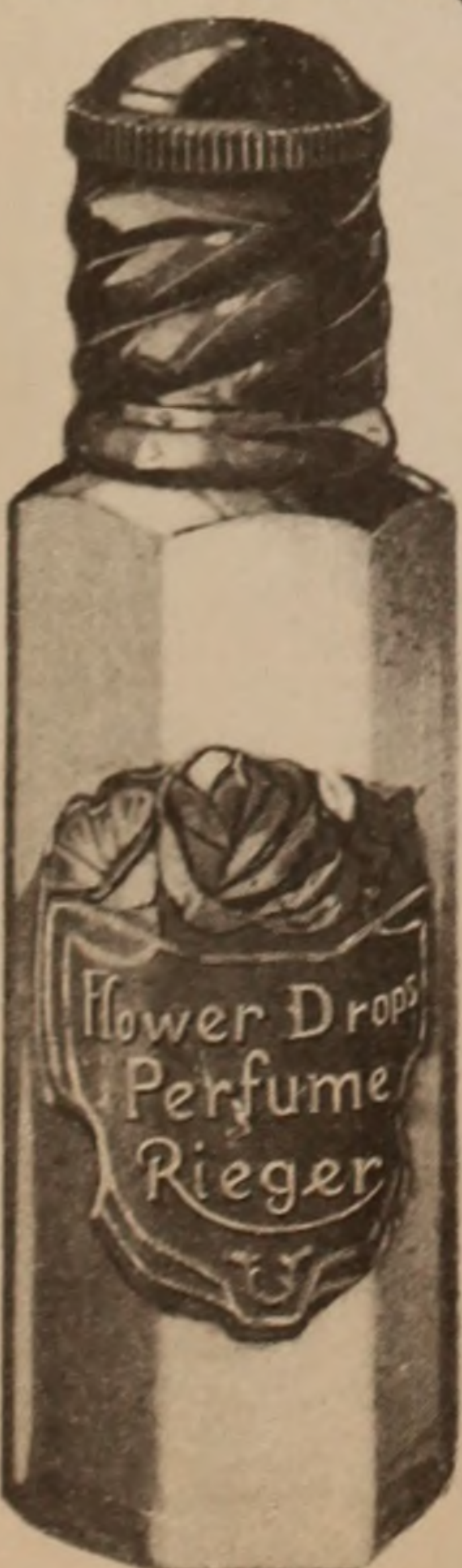
Gentlemen:--Enclosed find 20c for which please send me (prepaid) trial bottle of Flower Drops Perfume, same size as shown in this coupon. I want odor checked below,

Rose Violet Lily of the Valley
 Garden Queen Mon Amour

Name

Address

Send \$1 for Souvenir box, six odors, twenty-five cent bottles. Garden Queen and Mon Amour are the very latest odors. Send for a bottle of each.



Finish This Story for Yourself—

The girl got \$6 a week and was lonely. "Piggy"—you can imagine his kind—was waiting downstairs. He knew where champagne and music could be had. But that night she didn't go. That was Lord Kitchener's doing. But another night?

O. HENRY

tells about it in this story, with that full knowledge of women, with that frank facing of sex, and that clean mind that have endeared him to the men and women of the land.

From the few who snapped up the first edition at \$125 a set before it was off the press, to the 120,000 who have eagerly sought the beautiful volumes offered you here—from the stylist who sits among his books to the man on the street—this whole nation bows to O. Henry—and hails him with love and pride our greatest writer of stories.

This is but one of the 274 stories, in 12 big volumes, you get for 25 cents a week, if you send the coupon.

To Those Who Are Quick

KIPLING (6 Volumes)

Given Away

Never was there an offer like this. Not only do you get your 274 O. Henry stories in 12 volumes at less than others paid for one volume of the first edition, but you get Kipling's best 179 short stories and poems and his long novel—without paying a cent. You get 18 volumes, packed with love and hate and laughter—a big shelf full of handsome books.

Send the Coupon and you will understand why O. Henry is hailed as "The American Kipling;" "The Y. M. C. A. Boccaccio;" "Master of the Short Story;" "Creator of a New Literature;" "Discoverer of Romance in New York's Streets;" "The American de Maupassant;" "The Homer of the Tenderloin;" "Founder of a New Style;" "America's Greatest Story-Teller;" "The 20th Century Haroun-Al-Rashid who takes you to every corner of his beloved Bagdad, New York."

Send Coupon and you will understand as never before why other nations are going wild over him.

Why memorials to him are being prepared; why universities are planning tablets to his memory; why text-books of English Literature are including his stories; why colleges are discussing his place in literature; why theatrical firms are vying for rights to dramatize his stories; why newspapers all over the country are continually offering big sums for the right to reprint his stories.

Send the Coupon Without Money

You get both sets free on approval. If you don't laugh and cry over them—if you don't read and re-read and love them—send them back. Otherwise 25 cents a week pays for them all. Don't wait—send the coupon to-day. This offer is too good to last. It's only the avalanche of letters from disappointed people that made us extend it this long. Send the coupon to-day—and be glad.

Review of Reviews Co., 30 Irving Place, New York

M.P.C.
6-16
REVIEW
of
REVIEWS
30 Irving Place
New York

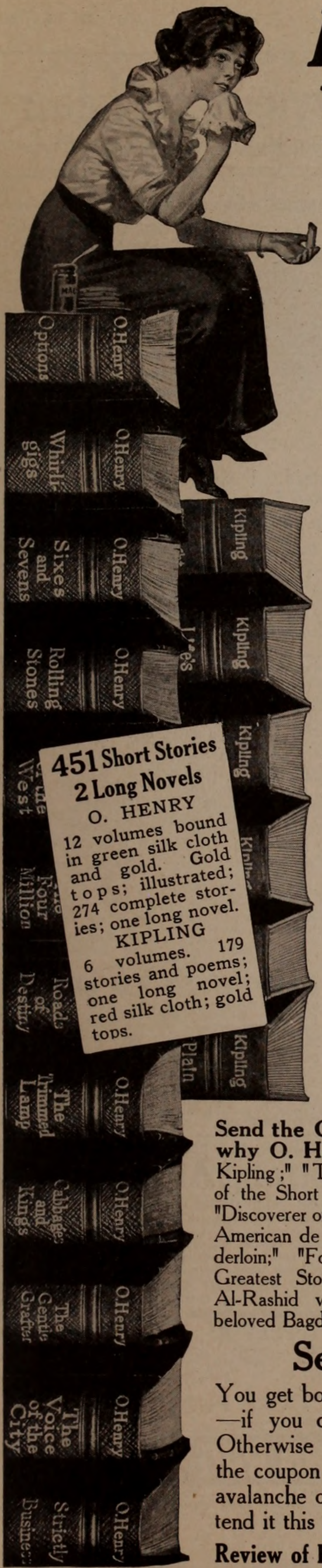
Send me, on approval, charges paid by you, O. Henry's works in 12 volumes, gold tops. Also the 6-volume set of Kipling, bound in cloth. If I keep the books I will remit \$1 per month for 15 months for the O. Henry set only and retain the Kipling set without charge. Otherwise I will, within ten days, return both sets at your expense.

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....

The beautiful ¾ leather edition of O. Henry costs only a few cents more a volume and has proved a favorite binding. For a set of this luxurious binding send \$1.50 for 13 months.



MINIATURE PENNANTS OF THE PICTURE PLAYERS

JUST what you want for room or den decoration. Attractive portraits of the players mounted on 3x8 inch felt pennants in assorted colors. You can choose the subjects you desire from a list of thirty of the leading players.

Fifteen of these pennants will be sent FREE with a year's subscription to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE at \$1.50 or a year's subscription to the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC at \$1.75. A combination subscription to the Magazine and Classic at \$3.00 entitles you to the whole 30 pennants FREE. Add \$1.00 for foreign and Newfoundland, and 40c. for Canadian subscriptions to these prices for extra postage.

All that you have to do is to check the pennants you want on the list below and mail with necessary remittance and the pennants will be mailed you at once, prepaid.

These pennants are not for sale and will be supplied only to subscribers. If you are already a subscriber it will be necessary for you to extend your subscription in order to obtain them.

Our stock is limited to those subjects named in the list and no others can be furnished.

Those subscribing now for the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE or CLASSIC will also be entitled to vote in the Great Popularity Contest described on page 71 of this issue.

In subscribing just fill in the name of the player for whom you wish to vote in the coupon below.

The pennants are bound to go like hot-cakes. Better mail your order early.

Motion Picture Pub. Co., 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

CHOOSE FROM THIS LIST

Francis X. Bushman
Theda Bara
Carlyle Blackwell
Marguerite Courtot
Marguerite Clayton
Grace Cunard
Mary Fuller
Dustin Farnum
Alice Joyce
J. Warren Kerrigan

Gail Kane
Lillian Lorraine
Antonio Moreno
Mary Miles Minter
Mme. Petrova
Anita Stewart
Blanche Sweet
Edith Storey
Marguerite Snow
Mary Pickford

Marguerite Clark
Henry Walthall
Earle Williams
Pearl White
Lillian Walker
Clara Kimball Young
Edna Mayo
Harold Lockwood
Ethel Clayton
Ella Hall

Enclosed please find \$.... for a year's subscription to the { MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE } and pennants checked above. Begin my subscription with the.....issue and credit.....votes forin accordance with your offer on page 71 of this issue.
Name.....
Address.....

You Can Have Beautiful EYELASHES and BROWS (JUST LIKE MINE)

EYEBROW-INE, a hair food, stimulates the quick growth to perfect, heavy, long, Luxuriant LASHES and BROWS, adding 100 per cent. to your beauty, charm and attractiveness. EYEBROW-INE is absolutely harmless—sure in results. EYEBROW-INE mailed in plain sealed cover on receipt of price, 25c, 50c. or \$1.

REES MFG. CO., 950 Columbia Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.



Removes Hair

Yes, it removes hair in one minute you can now have a clear and smooth skin. First rub on, allow to remain one minute and rub off. You will be surprised how clear and smooth your skin will be. All movie stars use hair remover and are admired for their beautiful skin. Send for trial package. Use before attending the dance, theatre, etc. Removes hair from the arms, armpits, etc.

Send Today. Send 10c for trial package or 50c for large jar. Be admitted for your beautiful smooth velvety skin. Postage stamp or coin will do.
MINNIE PAUL, 4759 BROADWAY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

OPPORTUNITY MARKET

AGENTS WANTED

SALESMEN to sell Paint and Paint Specialties, Roof Paint and Roof Specialties. Regular or sideline proposition. Commission paid each week. **Standard Paint & Lead Works, Cleveland, Ohio.**

Beer for Everybody.—New Discovery. Agents sell Concentrated Beer Extract. Makes genuine Beer in a jiffy—just add water. Small package; carry in pocket. Big profits; \$10 a day easy. A postal brings Free Trial Offer. **The Ambrew Co., 5761 Plum St., Cincinnati, O.**

COINS, STAMPS, ETC.

55—OLD COINS WANTED—55—\$4.25 each paid for U. S. Flying Eagle Cents dated 1856. \$2 to \$600 paid for hundreds of old coins dated before 1895. Send TEN cents at once for New Illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x7. Get posted—it may mean your good fortune. **C. F. Clarke & Co., Coin Dealers, Box 155, Le Roy, N. Y.**

HELP WANTED

Over 15,000 Men and Women Wanted this year for U. S. Government Life Jobs. \$65.00 to \$150.00 month. Vacations with pay. No layoffs. Short hours. "Pull" unnecessary. Write immediately for free list of positions now obtainable. **Franklin Institute, Dept. K 78, Rochester, N. Y.**

PATENTS

PATENTS secured or fee returned. Send sketch for Free search. Latest and most complete patent book ever published for free distribution. **George P. Kimmel, Attorney, 262 Barrister Building, Washington, D. C.**

PATENTS THAT PROTECT AND PAY. Books and advice Free. Highest references. Best results. Promptness assured. **WATSON E. COLEMAN, 624 F Street, Washington, D. C.**

WANTED IDEAS—Write for List of Inventions Wanted by manufacturers and prizes offered for inventions. Our four books sent free. Send sketch for free opinion. **Victor J. Evans & Co., 621 Ninth, Washington, D. C.**

MISCELLANEOUS

Moulds and Models for ornamental casting of novelties, statuary, garden furniture, in cement, plaster, Italian marble, etc. Free illustrated catalogue displaying large assortment. **J. M. Roth, Dept. M., 45 Frost St., B'klyn, N. Y.**

PHOTOPLAYWRIGHTS

"Photoplay Pointers" Mailed Free.—Important information for photoplaywrights and people with photoplay ideas. \$25 to \$500 for good ideas. **Paramount Photoplays Co., Box 1402, Los Angeles, Cal.**

SEE HERE! We want your ideas for photoplays and stories! Submit in any form. We'll criticize them FREE, and sell on commission. Producers pay BIG prices. Get details now. **Manuscript Sales Co., 97 Main, Hazel Hurst, Pa.**

SEND US Your Ideas for Photoplays, Stories, etc. We will accept them in ANY form—correct FREE—sell on commission. Big rewards! Hundreds making money. So can you. Write today for full details. **Writer's Selling Service, 4 Main, Auburn, N. Y.**

WRITE PHOTOPLAYS, SHORT STORIES, POEMS. \$10 to \$300 each. Constant demand. No correspondence course. Start writing and selling at once. Details free. **Atlas Pub. Co., 398 Atlas Bldg., Cincinnati, O.**

PHOTOPLAY TEXT BOOKS

"How to Write a Photoplay," by C. G. Winkopp, 1342 Prospect Ave., Bronx, N. Y. C. Price, 25 cents, postpaid. Contains model scenario, "Where to Sell," "How to Build Plots," "Where to Get Plots," etc.

PORTRAITS

FOR \$10.00 I WILL PAINT AN ARTISTIC PORTRAIT from any photograph—from your best snapshot of the baby or a magazine picture of your favorite moving picture star. **ELIZABETH BREWER, 500 Fifth Ave., New York.**

REAL ESTATE

Mississippi

IS HE CRAZY? The owner of a plantation in Mississippi is giving away a few five-acre tracts. The only condition is that figs be planted. The owner wants enough figs raised to supply a Canning Factory. You can secure five acres and an interest in the Factory by writing Eubank Farms Company, 939 Keystone, Pittsburgh, Pa. They will plant and care for your trees for \$6 per month. Your profit should be \$1,000 per year. Some think this man is crazy for giving away such valuable land, but there may be method in his madness.

Save Your Hair

Without Apparatus, Tonics or Drugs

My treatment eliminates hair troubles by a simple, scientific method which forces the blood vessels and hair follicles to furnish the correct amount of nourishment to maintain or produce a luxuriant growth of normal color and fine texture. Results guaranteed. I saved my own hair, and since then I have helped thousands. Let me help you before it is too late.



Free information and testimonials on request

Chas. E. Smith, H. D.

Dept. C. 6

3124 Logan Blvd. CHICAGO

The following statement was filed with the Brooklyn Postmaster on April 4, 1916, and is here published, as required by law: STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., OF THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, published MONTHLY, at BROOKLYN, N. Y., required by the Act of August 24, 1912. Editor, EUGENE V. BREWSTER, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Managing Editor, EUGENE V. BREWSTER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Business Manager, EUGENE V. BREWSTER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Publisher, THE M. P. PUBLISHING CO., 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Owners (if a corporation, give names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of stock): J. STUART BLACKTON, E. 15th St. & Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; EUGENE V. BREWSTER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; ELIZABETH M. HEINEMANN, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; GASTON MELIES, 326 Lexington Ave., New York City; FRANK J. MARION, 235 W. 23d St., New York City. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: J. STUART BLACKTON, E. 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.—EUGENE V. BREWSTER, Editor and Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this fourth day of April, nineteen hundred and sixteen.

GOTTFRIED J. KOHLHEPP,
Notary Public, Kings County, N. Y.
My commission expires March 30, 1918.

1916 Model **FACTORY TO RIDER**
Saves you big money. Buy direct and save \$10 to \$20 on a bicycle. **RANGER BICYCLES** now come in 94 styles, colors and sizes. Greatly improved; prices reduced. Other reliable models, \$11.95 up. **WE DELIVER FREE** to you on approval and 30 days trial and riding test. Our big **FREE** catalog shows everything new in bicycles and sundries. Write for it. **TIRES, lamps, wheels, parts and supplies at half usual prices.** Do not buy a bicycle, tires or sundries until you write and learn our wonderful new offers, low prices and liberal terms. A postal brings everything. **Write now.**
MEAD CYCLE CO. DEPT. N-120, CHICAGO

I will send my 25c Book **Strong Arms** For **MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN**
for 10c in stamps or coin
Illustrated with twenty full-page half-tone cuts showing exercises that will quickly develop, beautify and gain great strength in your shoulders, arms and hands, without any apparatus.
PROF. ANTHONY BARKER
122 Barker Building, 110 West 42nd Street, New York

BE A PHOTOPLAYER! "MOTION PICTURE ACTING" illustrated bound book, 101 pages, complete instruction—how to train yourself, how to secure engagement. Big salaries! Others succeed, why not you? Now only 40 cents postpaid to you complete. Order today!

PRACTICAL PUBLISHING CO.
76 Manhattan Avenue, New York

LEARN RAG TIME
Let me teach you Rag-Time Piano Playing by Mail. You learn easily—in just a few lessons, at home. My system is so simple you'll play a real ragtime piece at your 5th lesson. Whether you can play now, or not, I'll teach you to play anything in happy ragtime. "Money Back Guarantee." Write at once for special low terms and testimonials.
AXEL CHRISTENSEN, "Czar of Ragtime,"
Room 16C, 526 So. Western Ave., Chicago, Ill.

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

VOL. II. JUNE, 1916 NO. 4

CONTENTS FOR JUNE

| | Page |
|--|------|
| High Lights and Shadows....H. J. Krier | 4 |
| Art Gallery of Popular Players..... | 5 |
| The Huntress.....Norman Bruce | 13 |
| The Effect Motion Pictures Have on Heathens.....Ernest A. Dench | 17 |
| April. A Film Story....Dorothy Donnell | 19 |
| Ethel Teare—And That Flirtatious Way, Cecilia Mount | 25 |
| Favorite Recipes of Favorite Players, Lillian May | 27 |
| The Dresden Doll of the Movies, Lillian Walker | 29 |
| Turning Timid Hearts Into Bold Ones, Peter Wade | 30 |
| Adam and Eve.....Harvey Peake | 32 |
| The Moment Before.....Gladys Hall | 33 |
| Making Up for the Movies, J. W. Chamberlain | 39 |
| The Most Beautiful "Good Woman" in the Movies (Anita Stewart).. Tom Bret | 43 |
| Tears as a Screen Asset, Elizabeth Petersen | 46 |
| Dorothy Gish as Joan of Arc..... | 49 |
| A Champion Heroine of Movie Perils.... | 50 |
| When Sparrows Muss Up Motion Picture Scenes.....Ernest A. Dench | 53 |
| The Edwin Booth of the Screen, Henry Walthall.....Richard Willis | 55 |
| Answers to Inquiries....The Answer Man | 57 |
| Greenroom Jottings..... | 65 |
| The Spoken Drama.....Robert Grau | 70 |

Copyright, 1916, by the M. P. Publishing Co., in the United States and Great Britain
Entered at the Brooklyn, N. Y., Post Office as second-class matter

Published monthly by the M. P. PUBLISHING COMPANY, a New York Corporation, at 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. J. STUART BLACKTON, President; E. V. Brewster, Sec.-Treas. Subscription, \$1.75 a year, in advance, including postage in the U. S., Cuba, Mexico, and Philippines; in Canada, \$2; in foreign countries, \$2.50. Single copies, 15 cents, postage prepaid. One-cent stamps accepted. Subscribers must notify us at once of any change of address, giving both old and new address.

STAFF FOR THE CLASSIC:

Eugene V. Brewster, Managing Editor.
Edwin M. La Roche, Gladys Hall, Robert J. Shores, Dorothy Donnell, E. M. Heinemann, Associate Editors
Guy L. Harrington.....Sales Manager
Frank Griswold Barry.....Advertising Manager
Archer A. King, Western Advertising Representative, at Chicago.



Stop!

This Job Needs a Trained Man

You've reached your limit. You can't expect to step into a job that pays a big salary until you've prepared yourself for it.

It's a serious question, this problem of getting ahead. There is only one solution—you must have *training*; you must be able to do work that others *can't* do, or your pay will stay on a level with theirs.

The business of the International Correspondence Schools is to help just such men as you to get good positions and hold them.

Right now over one hundred thousand ambitious men are preparing themselves through I. C. S. courses for the bigger jobs ahead. Last year nearly five thousand reported increased pay as the result of I. C. S. training. These men got their training in spare time and in their own homes. What the I. C. S. have done for others they surely can do for you. But you must make a start—the same start that they made—and the way has been made easy for you. Mark and mail this coupon.

I. C. S., Box 6652, Scranton, Pa.

Reports on 27,000 typical I. C. S. students show 14,990 now receiving \$1500 a year or more; 2451 receiving \$2500 or more; 413 receiving \$5000 or more; 20 receiving \$10,000 or more; and 8 with annual incomes of \$25,000 or more.

WHAT OTHERS HAVE DONE YOU CAN DO

TEAR OUT HERE

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 6652, SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, before which I mark X.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> ELECTRICAL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> SALESMANSHIP |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting | <input type="checkbox"/> ADVERTISING MAN |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Car Running | <input type="checkbox"/> Window Trimmer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Wiring | <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card Writer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telegraph Expert | <input type="checkbox"/> RAILROADER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MECHANICAL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> ILLUSTRATOR |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> DESIGNER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice | <input type="checkbox"/> BOOKKEEPER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenographer and Typist |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Cert. Public Accountant |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Accountant |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MINE FOREMAN OR ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Metallurgist or Prospector | <input type="checkbox"/> GOOD ENGLISH |
| <input type="checkbox"/> STATIONARY ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Teacher |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Marine Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ARCHITECT | <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL SERVICE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> AGRICULTURE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> Textile Overseer or Supt. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigator |
| <input type="checkbox"/> PLUMBING AND HEATING | <input type="checkbox"/> Poultry Raising |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Worker | <input type="checkbox"/> AUTOMOBILES |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CHEMICAL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Auto Repairing |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> German |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> French |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Italian |

Name _____
Occupation & Employer _____
Street and No. _____
City _____ State _____

Is Your Photoplay Worth Anything?

IN the past three years this organization has handled over 15,000 photoplays and to date can show evidence of complete satisfaction to 98 per cent. of our clients and of the sincere co-operation of all the reputable producing companies.

Our business has assumed such tremendous proportions and become so important to the industry at large that we found it necessary to undergo complete reorganization in order to more fully serve the author and fulfil our obligations to the studio. The former system of conducting our business made it most difficult to render the desired service as our business increased and to the end that we should become Clearing House, the most important factor serving both writer and producer, and after a careful study of all existing conditions, we are now reorganized with a new system, under new management and with a broader scope.

We wish it thoroly understood that we are not a "revision company," "school" or "agent." We are the manuscript service bureau of the "Motion Picture Magazine," our influence is far-reaching and we are the real aid to the intelligent author of photoplays.

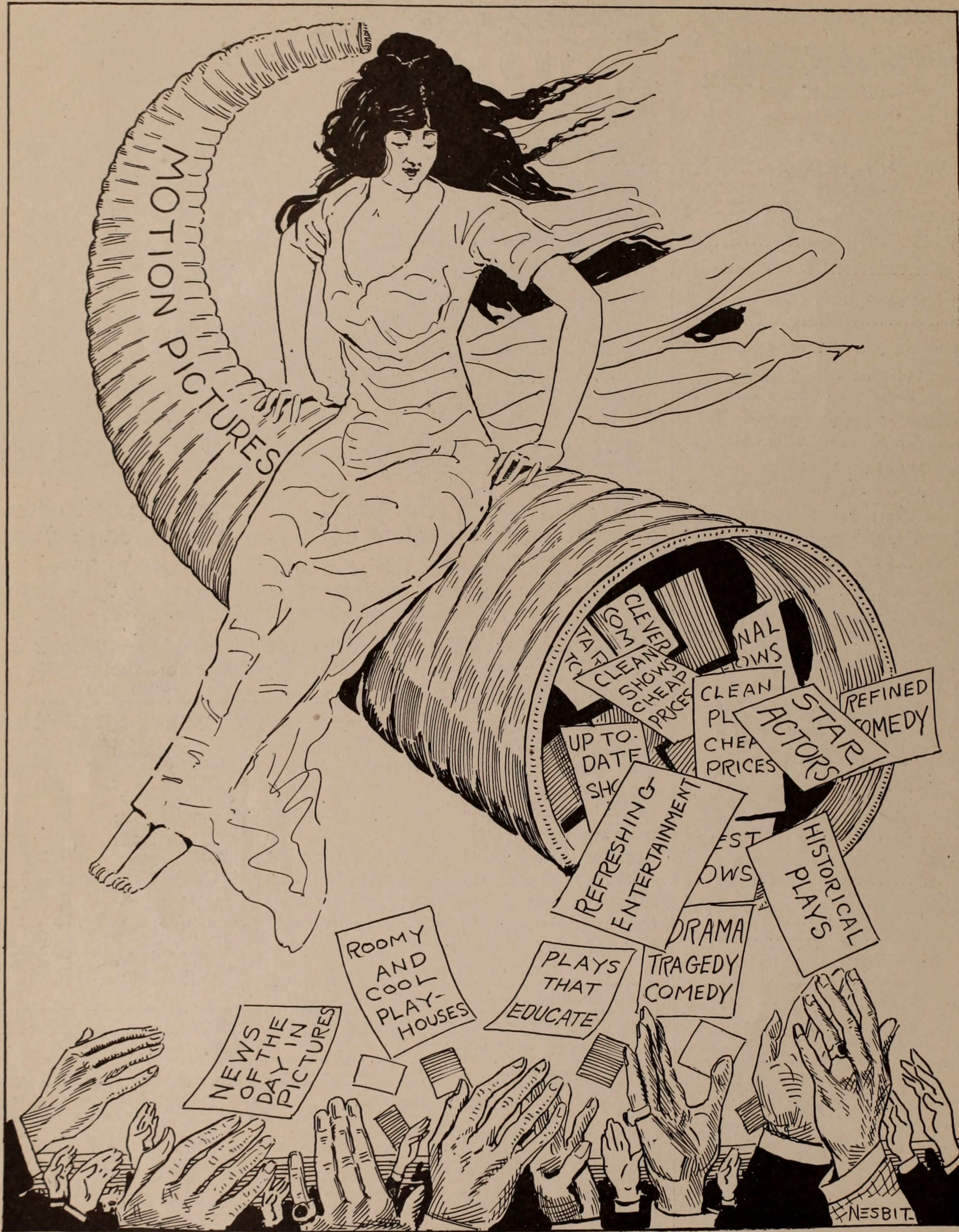
We need you, and you need us. Send stamped, addressed envelope with attached coupon for full particulars.

THE PHOTOPLAY CLEARING HOUSE

175 Duffield Street Brooklyn, New York

Enclosed find 2-ct. stamp for which you will send me descriptive information regarding your service.
Name.....
Address.....

THE HORN OF PLENTY



HIGH LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

By H. J. KRIER

Rejoice with me that every day has end,
 And comes the night with solace and with cheer;
 A time to build new hopes, a time to mend—
 To new believe that life and love are dear.

A time to watch the drama on the screen,
 To share their hope, to see their love prevail;
 A time to think of those who work unseen,
 Without whose toil the greater work must fail.

(Four)

GALLERY of PHOTOPLAYERS



Photo by Underwood & Underwood

RUTH BLAIR
(Fox)



Photo by Underwood & Underwood

JEWELL HUNT
(Vitagraph)



Mlle. VALKYRIEN
(Thanouser)

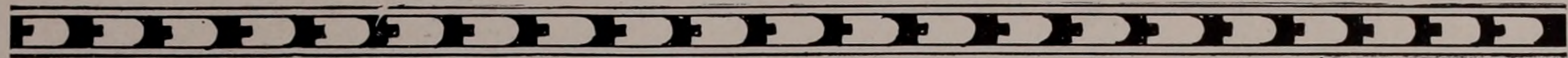


EDNA MAYO
(Essanay)



VICTORIA FORDE
(Selig)

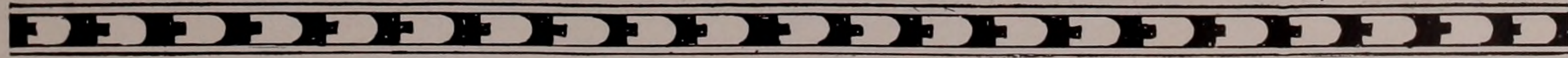




DAVID BRONSON



TOM
CHATTERTON
(American)





J. WARREN KERRIGAN
(Universal)

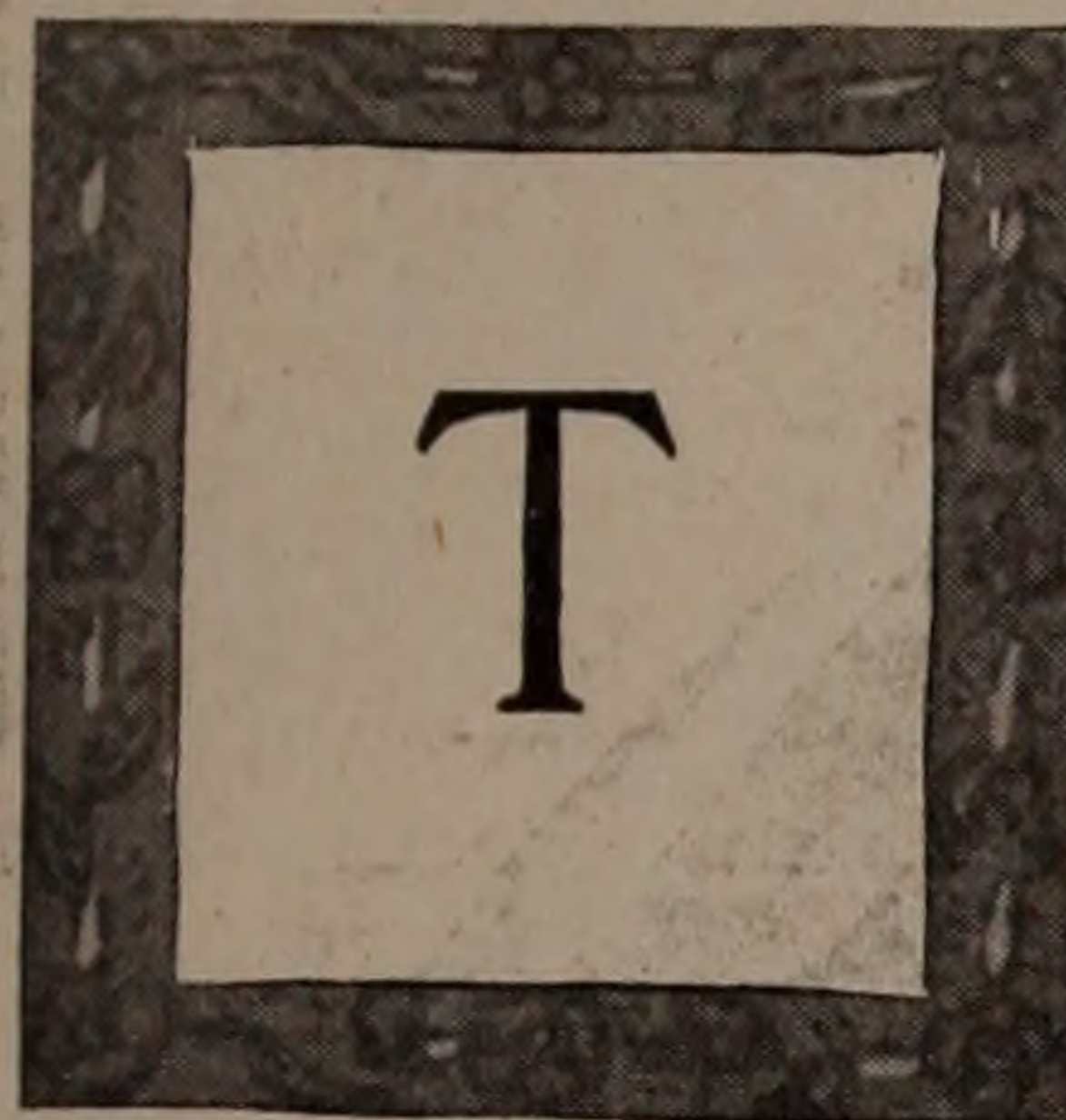
Photo by De Gaston

THE HUNTRESS

BY NORMAN BRUCE

Adapted by CATHERINE CARR from

the Novelette of G. VERE TYLER



THE woman among the tossed, silken sheets and laces of the bed raised round, creamy arms above her head in a luxurious yawn, like Aphrodite rising from the foam. Two heavy plaits of dark hair lay along her sides, dwarfing the pale oval of her face to child-contours, tho there was

nothing of the child in her mocking eyes. Her neck was delicate and pearly-skinned against the flesh-colored ribbons of the robe-de-nuit. She lay back, after her indolent awakening, watching the bar of late morning sunlight slanting across her bosom, with the half-closed, inscrutable eyes of a dreaming animal.

"Est-ce-que mademoiselle peut la chocolat, maintenant?" With the padded foot of service, the maid was beside the bed, silver tray in hand. "C'est bon jour, aujourd'hui, et la manicure viendra—"

"Chocolate? Yes, Felice; but it is making me outrageously fat!"

"Mais non! Mademoiselle est maigre, vraiment! Mon Dieu—fat, ees eet?"

In her secret soul Felice wondered how a woman as small and lacking in fleshly charm as her mistress could be adored, as it was evident, even to her astute French eyes, that mademoiselle was adored by the scores of men who came evening after evening to worship her. She drew the mauve-colored curtains back, raised the pillows deftly, and laid the steaming tray, with its rose-wreathed chocolate-set and little mound of golden toast, on the coverlet.



"Et la robe pour la nuit, mademoiselle?" she questioned on the edge of flight. "W'at gown you weesh I prepair for zees evening, plees?"

The rose-wreathed cup paused midway to the lips of her mistress. She considered, half-smiling between disdainful lips; then her heavy-lidded eyes lifted toward the maid.

"The blanche et noir, Felice," she said, "and the bracelets with the chain and opals."

Comprehension lay in Felice's malicious smile, as she tripped away to get out the most striking of mademoiselle's striking gowns. It meant, as she knew very well, a new man; no doubt the Harcourt monsieur, who had appeared last evening. There was a subtle meaning in every robe in the scented wardrobe. The black-and-white meant conquest.

Over her chocolate, Nadine Girard, known in every club in New York as The Huntress, frowned with sudden memory.

Some puzzlement, some gnat annoyance had buzzed thru her dreams all night, and now she understood what it was. That man last night—the big, broad, silent man with the steady eyes; they baffled her—those eyes—and challenged her.

The Huntress smiled scornfully. She put down the cup and flung the covers back, bringing her body to the edge of the bed. Stooping, she groped for her slippers, then crossed

the deep carpet to the cheval glass, and faced her image within. For a moment she gazed, head flung back haughtily; then she spread out one white hand as one

motions to a fawning dog at one's knees.

"I am not afraid," murmured The Huntress.

"He is big and cool and different from the others—perhaps a bravo among other men—but he shall love me, and I shall laugh at him—him, too!"



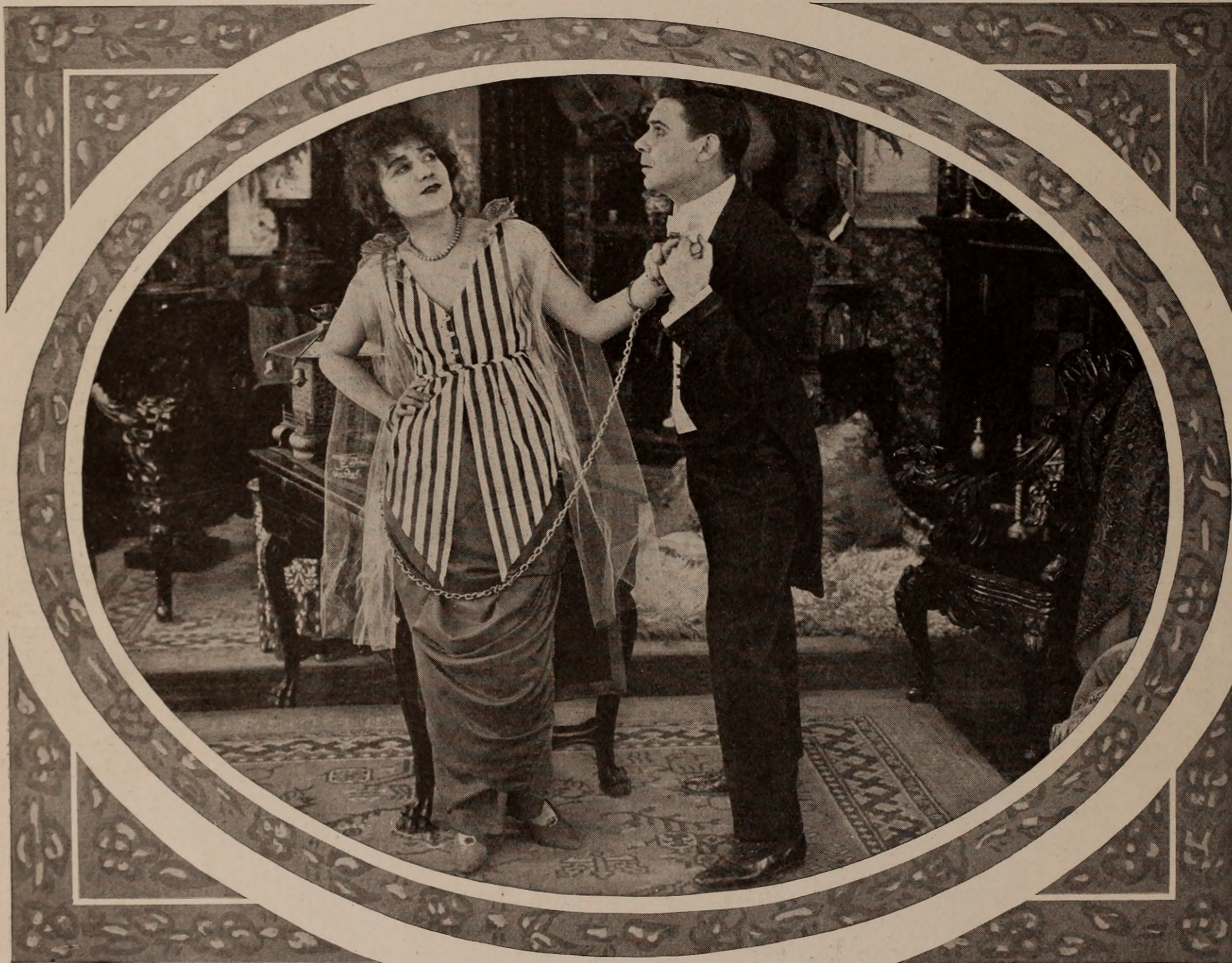
In the embrasure of the French window, Fleming Harcourt let his cigar ebb to a red pin-point of light. Across the flat city roofs the strange electric constellations of the city flared on the sky, as a month ago he had watched the Southern Cross burn red and blue. A jargon of street noises crept up to him—a throaty sobbing of violins from the music-room, where his hostess and her court were lingering over coffee and

room of the notorious Huntress, whose personality, in the two brief glimpses he had had of it, opened the view of as exotic, wild, unexplored a country as any he had seen on his wanderings.

He flicked the long, gray ash-bar from his cigar with a nervous gesture, and pressed his forehead to the cool panes of the window, frowning. It occurred to him that he had been a bit of a fool to let Ned Ashley's maudlin panegyrics

"H'm! lucky there's a strike on at my mines," he muttered wryly. "If I didn't have to go West in a couple of days, I might— Well, I might be a d—n fool and stay!"

The cool tinkle of Nadine Girard's laughter trickled like crisp water-drops across his thoughts. He half-turned, took a step toward the curtains, and checked himself roughly, seeing thru the folds that Ned Ashley was with her and



"DONT LAUGH AT ME, NADINE—NADINE!" THE POOR DUPE WAS PLEADING

liqueurs; and six weeks ago he had stood in the gusty moon-washed groves of an African rubber plantation, listening to the chattering of small, brown apes above his head! Well, life was a patchwork of contraries, and he was a bit tired of exploring and journeying into strange places, so he had come home, resolved to put on the sack-coat of citizenry, to marry some comfortable, sensible girl and settle down.

Harcourt laughed softly to himself. Once an explorer, always an explorer, it would seem, for here he was, on his third night in the city, in the drawing-

room of the notorious Huntress arouse his curiosity to the extent of accompanying Ned to her house. He had come, sneeringly, prepared to find a typical vampire woman, either long and sinuous and scrawny or over-developed and provocative. He had found, instead, a slight child-figure with a face of dainty disdain and a short, curling, red upper lip that a man—he realized suddenly—might be willing to die to kiss; and, moreover, this Huntress, to whom rumor credited a hundred conquests, had a mind as well as a body, and a scornful wit like a flashing rapier.

speaking with a deadly earnestness that left no doubt as to the purport of his words.

"Dont laugh at me, Nadine—Nadine!" the poor dupe was pleading. "I tell you I mean it—every word. I cant play poker for thinking of you, nor even read the newspaper. Hang it all! I—I adore you, and you laugh at me! Haven't you got any heart at all?"

"I have never felt it if I have," said the woman coolly—"at least it is certain you will not be able to find it for me, my poor Ned."

She laughed low. Fleming Harcourt

held his breath, gazing. In the black-and-white witchery of her strange gown, with the heavy, gold wristlets linking her slender arms together by a long, golden chain, this woman caught the imagination irresistibly. Once, in an East African forest, Harcourt had met a little, striped feline-creature of the leopard breed and dared to contest the right of way with her. He bore the savage marks of the encounter on his body now, but it had been he who had conquered and watched, thru the raining blood, the humbled cat-creature crawl to lick his feet and die. As he stood in this luxurious house, behind The Huntress' velvet, rose curtains, a sudden memory of the scene flashed across his brain, and he felt his muscles tauten and his blood thicken.

"I could tame her," he thought, breathlessly; "I will tame her!"

B e -
y o n d
t h e

Harcourt's feet. He almost stooped to snatch it up, then, despite the thick beating of his veins, managed a cool, aloof smile.

"I am in New York for only a week longer," he said. "I fear that is too short a time for exploration. But no doubt you will find it a simple matter to get a substitute. And now good-evening, Miss Girard." He bowed, with ironic politeness, met her glance fully, and went out of the room, every nerve in his body quivering.

"Lord!" he muttered, as he went down the steps and paused to light a cigar

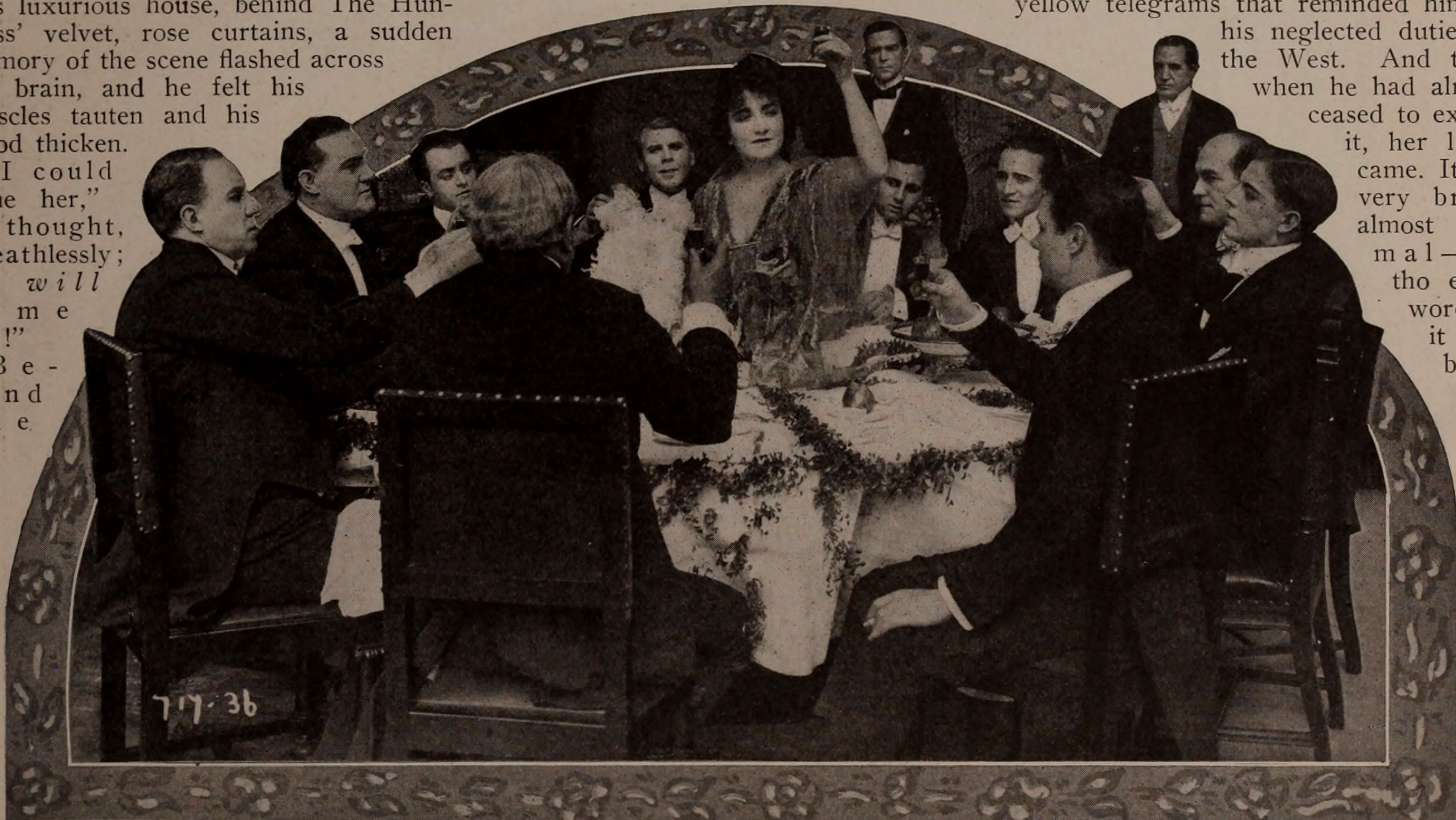
for half of a sleepless night she tossed among her embroideries and laces, recalling every note of a slow, sarcastic voice, every contemptuous expression of a strong, handsome face.

"I hate him—I hate him!" she cried. It was her boast that no man had ever made her love him, but she did not realize that this same hatred was bringing her perilously near her Waterloo.

To Fleming Harcourt the days of the succeeding week crawled by on stumbling feet. With every knock on his door, his heart leaped up suffocatingly, only to sink again at the sight of the yellow telegrams that reminded him of

his neglected duties in the West. And then, when he had almost ceased to expect

it, her letter came. It was very brief, almost formal—a s tho each word in it had been



"I HAVE BEEN FAVORED OF MEN ABOVE ALL OTHERS—EVEN TONIGHT YOU COULD NOT HELP BUT HEAR THEIR ADORATION"

curtains Ned Ashley was sobbing over The Huntress' white hands.

"I might have known I was a fool to dream; but you make us all fools, Nadine," he said; then, with a touch of dignity, "but I'm not fool enough to stay here for you to make fun of, nor to come again. Add me to your list if you want to, but dont expect to get any more fun out of me. I'm done, dear—*done!*"

To The Huntress, smiling secretly over her own thoughts, came a big, quiet figure from the curtained window and faced her, drawing her gaze.

"I owe you an apology," said Fleming Harcourt, slowly. "I played eaves-dropper just now. I was interested in seeing what sort of a woman you were."

"And did you discover?" The Huntress shrugged her shoulders disdainfully. "I give you full leave to find out—for yourself."

The glove of her challenge fell at

(Fifteen)

with shaking fingers, "I'm going to see this thru. A week, did I say? It cant be a day longer, or those strikers out at the mine will get the upper hand. It's up to her now, and, of course, I may never hear from her again. But I dont imagine she ever had a man show indifference before. I'd bet my bottom dollar she writes——"

Here his third match burned his fingers without meeting the cigar-tip, and he flung both away and plunged into the surge of traffic, toward the nearest taxi-stand, hands deep in his coat-pockets. If the woman left alone in her beautiful drawing-room—curling, crimson lip caught savagely between white teeth—could have seen the little matter of the discarded cigar, perhaps it would have eased the intolerable smart of her pride; but, as it was, she sent her visitors home summarily and went up to Felice's ministrations with flashing eyes. And

written grudgingly; but it asked him to call on her, and Harcourt knew, when he read it, that triumph was not so much his sensation as a profound, sickening relief.

"I love her," he said aloud, slowly, over the scented sheets of paper. "I did not mean to, but it is stronger than I. But I am not one of her fools to play to her vanity and weakly take dismissal. She shall never know I love her, until she has confessed first that she loves me."

It was the last possible night of his stay in the city. Tomorrow, whether or no, he must be speeding across the continent to his mines. But he would spend this last evening royally—he would be spendthrift of its few, golden moments, for the stakes for which he was gambling were very high.

The Huntress received him alone, a concession that was almost a confession, if he could have guessed it, and for an

hour the two sat in conventional chatter, wary of each other as two wrestlers watching their advantage.

"He shall look at me," she resolved, fiercely; "he shall not sit there like a stick or a stone——"

"I must be careful," he told himself; "she is very beautiful—the most beautiful woman I have ever seen——"

So he rose, leisurely, and walked away from her, feigning interest in a print on the wall.

"Charming!" he vouchsafed—"eighteenth century? The coloring is a bit decadent, tho——"

"Do you find nothing in my room more worth looking at?" asked The Huntress, in a suppressed voice. Harcourt glanced at her calmly.

"Infinitely more worth while, my dear lady," he assented—"but hardly as safe."

"You are afraid?" Scorn edged her tone. It brought him, as she had desired, to her side. But the look she had desired was not on his face—only fury and a sort of savage purpose.

"Are you trying your tricks on me, my lady?" he asked thru set teeth. "You will find me a different metal from your other—friends."

"Yes?" She was smiling lazily up at him over the rage of her heart. The heavy lids above her dark eyes were violet-tinged. A clear pallor, more warm than color, ran across her skin. The short, curling crimson of her upper lip invited him.

Before he could stop himself, he had her in his arms, kissing her again and again. Then he groaned and thrust her roughly from him, burying his face in his hands. A silver laugh aroused him.

"Different metal?" echoed The Huntress, ironically. "You are only a man, my friend!"

Fleming Harcourt went into the hall and returned with his hat and coat and carrying a long, silken wrap of hers. His face was very white and very—terribly—stern.

"Put this on," he said—"you are coming with me."

"Where—cave-man?" But The Huntress' voice was frightened above the flippant words.

"I kist you," said the man, sternly—"kist you for the first time I have ever kist a woman—kist you as I promised myself, when I was a boy, I would kiss the woman I was to marry. Now you are coming with me. You are going to marry me tonight——"

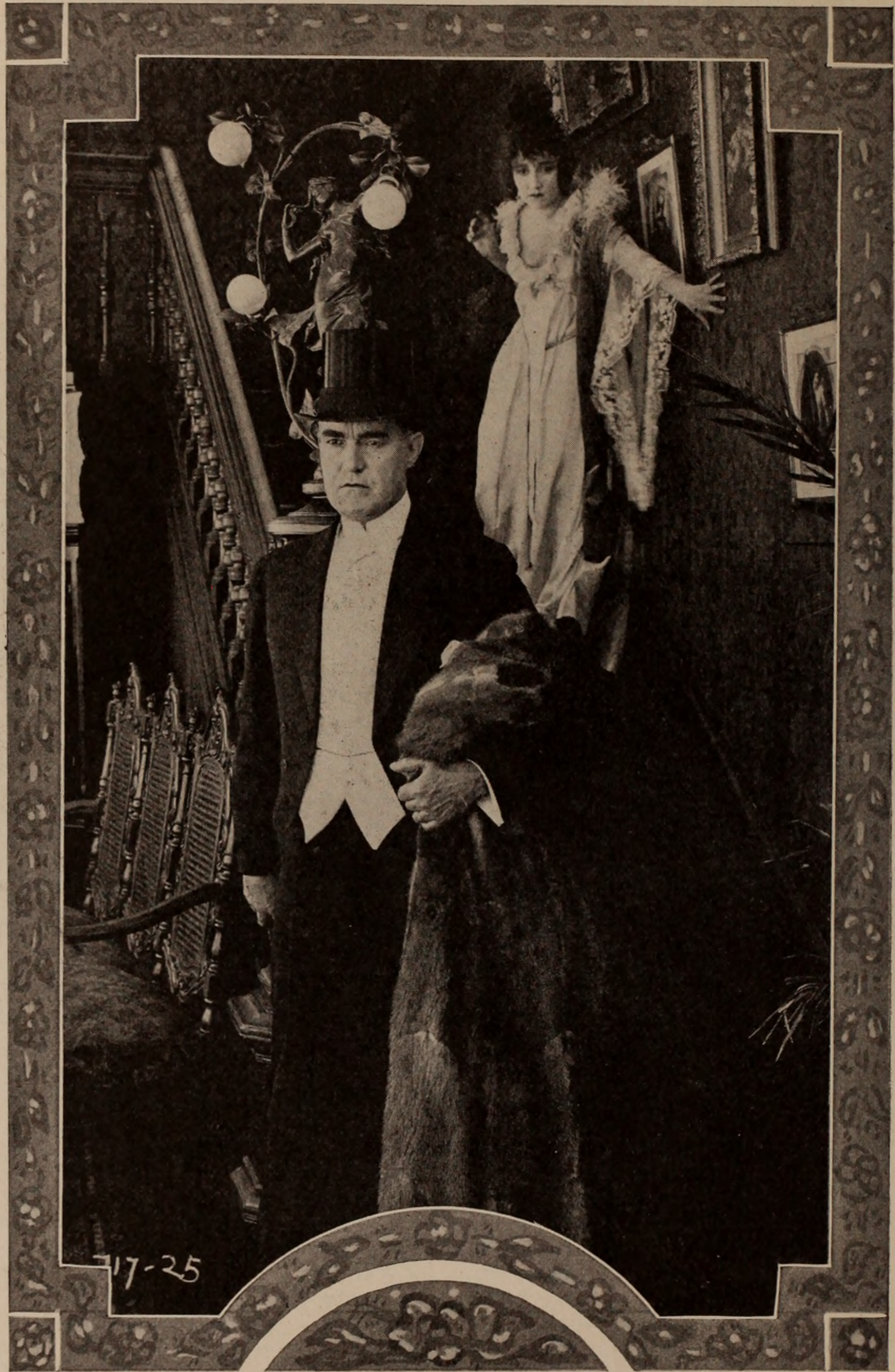
"But I do not love you!"

"It is not a question of loving," he said bitterly. "Put on your wrap. I am waiting. I shall wait until you come."

The comet-like courtship of Fleming Harcourt and Nadine Girard furnished the cocktail of gossip for New York's club-lounges for many days, but nothing

of their buzzing speculations or comments reached the ears of the principals, who had left for the West on the very night of their marriage. Before amazement had had time to tarnish, however, they were back again, and had taken up

of news, The Huntress issued invitations for one of her evenings, sent them to her old court of admirers, and received them gracefully, without obtruding her newly acquired husband's society into the general gaiety of the reunion. And the



"NOW YOU ARE COMING WITH ME. YOU ARE GOING TO MARRY ME TO-NIGHT——"

their quarters in the most exclusive apartment-house in town.

And then elbows were nudged and eyebrows lifted and significant shoulders shrugged. For it became known that Harcourt and his wife occupied two separate apartments on different floors of the building. And before gossip had caught her breath over this juicy morsel

honeymoon was hardly dim before men were worshiping at The Huntress' shrine as hopefully and hopelessly as before.

All this on the surface; but beneath the placid crust of their lives, Harcourt and his wife, each unknown to the other, felt the surge of volcanic upheavals. Before the world and one another they

(Continued on page 63)



SCENE FROM "STANLEY'S SEARCH FOR THE HIDDEN CITY" (CENTAUR)

The Effect Motion Pictures Have on Heathens

By ERNEST A. DENCH

THE modern method of educating heathens is by Motion Pictures.

With the able assistance of a fairly durable projection machine and a collection of suitable films, the missionary can do much to convert them to Christianity.

The missionary may use all the eloquence in his power and distribute books, but the fact remains that the ignorant natives can understand neither at first. Teaching them how to speak, read and understand English is both a lengthy and uphill task.

In the days before Christianity, the recognized thought transference medium, so we are led to believe, was to cut crude pictures on slabs of stone. The modern equivalent of this is the Motion Picture. The eye can absorb much which the brain cannot. Imagine, then, the effect such a classic as "From the Manger to the Cross"

would have on heathens out in Africa or the South Seas. Would not the life of our Saviour impress them to a favorable degree? There are many Biblical stories which could bring home to them the foolishness of worshiping stone and wooden idols.

Educational films, on the other hand, would afford them a comprehensive insight into how the Christian world lives today. American cities, industries, customs and sanitation are some of the subjects which are eminently suited for the purpose.

It must be set on record, however, that the efforts of one missionary in the wilds of Africa were not very pleasing, but one must expect to encounter some pioneer work in this direction as in others.

Besides, the persevering man tried divers ways in order to gain the attention of the hard-to-please natives, but

failed in every instance. So when a stranded American came along to the nearest township and was glad to sell his Motion Picture outfit for a mere song, the missionary decided to try out the Motion Picture as a last resource.

One night he rigged up his camp-show near the heathen village and invited all the inhabitants to be present. Unfortunately, as it turned out to be later, all his films were slapstick comedies, otherwise the right kind of films might have rewarded his untiring efforts with success.

The natives were so astonished at first that they all stood up and then went down on their hands and knees as if to show reverence.

Before long they literally laughed themselves to death and became so unruly that the missionary had great difficulty in continuing the perform-



SCENE FROM "STANLEY AMONG THE VOODOO WORSHIPERS" (CENTAUR)

ance. He experienced a sample of the effect the films had on them when, about a week later, he came across a band of natives acting what they had seen with great vigor.

Particularly exciting were the chase scenes, in which the blacks chased one of the tribe, whose face had been covered with white clay to resemble a white man.

Things looked very serious when they staged the trick incident. One of the films they had witnessed depicted a man beating a tattoo with his club on another man's head, only to find his victim suddenly disappear in thin air.

To the amazement of the natives, however, the victim remained where he was. Just as they were going to

deal the victim another vicious blow, the missionary intervened.

When their attention was eventually secured, he told them that the thing was not done in reality. The fact that they had been deceived "got the goats" of the natives, who, on the next day, attacked the tent, when the missionary was absent, and completely wrecked everything, including the projection machine. They used the strips of film as articles of jewelry.

But in the South Sea Islands, Vicomte de Geron, a Frenchman, runs a chain of Motion Picture shows on the principal islands, which are doing much to breed the spirit of content among the natives.

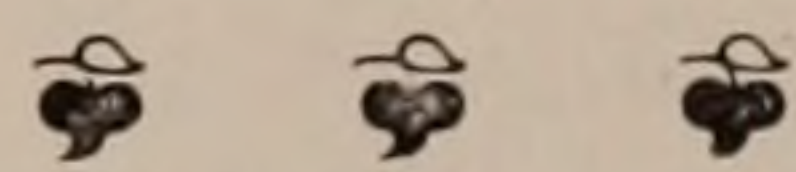
Outside of dances and feasts, the natives have no other form of amuse-

ment, and the Motion Picture, therefore, comes as a boon and blessing.

The theater operator, at the first performance, blundered, which resulted in one of the reels of film running loose from his box. The natives did not know what to make of the incident, so they each purloined a strip of the film as a souvenir.

Today the natives attend as regularly and orderly as any American audience. They are not, however, particular how old the films are. Those they see have first gone the rounds of a number of theaters in New Zealand.

Apart from enlightening them in regard to how the civilized world lives, there has been less law-breaking since the advent of the Motion Picture.



FILMIGRAMS

By EDWARD ABBOTT

YOU never can tell from the looks of a reel how far it will make the business jump.

There may be risks in movie acting, but at least there are no eggs to be dodged—they all land.

Shakespearean actors are gradually turning to the films for their Bacon.

A director can learn by listening even to the woman who scrubs the studio.

Many a career on the screen had as its foundation the ability to wear clothes well.

Some scenario writers are of the opinion that tale should have been called "Ali Baba and the Forty Film Directors."

When a man has had his ear-drums ruined by some cat-voiced prima donna he becomes a firm advocate of the silent drama.

Some movie actors only stop knocking the business long enough to receive their salaries.

It remained for the silent drama to put the real noise in amusements.

Individual preferment among movie stars is very often limited to the man in the mirror.

My profession—may it always be noble; but noble or not—my profession.

APRIL

American

This story was written from the Photoplay of CLIFFORD HOWARD

"PEARS like April is the purtiest month they is!" The girl in the calico gown, sitting on the springless wagon-seat beside Doc Jenkins, caught at the scarlet-budded branch of mountain maple, blown across the narrow roadway, and laughed aloud—the pure, ringing laugh of joyous youth. At the sound, the man turned his weather-colored face, with its quizzical eyes and kindly mouth, toward her. He had grown old here among his mountains and seen life very deeply and very simply, as a country doctor must; but he had never seen anything fairer than this slim, star-eyed girl in the faded pink gown, shrunken till it showed every curve and sweet line of her young body, as the seed-case clothes the unfolding bud.

"Lor'! April-gal"—the wistfulness of age, looking at youth, was in his voice. He put one great square-fingered hand on the bright head, burned by the sunshine of seventeen years, into a dozen shades of umber and tawny orange and ripe gold, and turned her face toward him, solemnly—"if you-all aint the *livest!* Whatever got into ye, honey, to make you grow up this-away?"

He was thinking of savage Tim Fagan and his faded, joyless wife, Martha, with her greasy wisp of hair and eternal snuff-stick—strange parents for the Ariel-like creature at his

side: vivid and eager like a slim flame; sensitive as no mountain-girl should be; avid of life—

The old doctor sighed. He had brought April Fagan into the world, and he loved her as tho she had been his own flesh; but he was afraid for her—terribly afraid.

"I 'low hit's 'cause I was borned in April, Daddy-Doc!" laughed the girl, gaily. "The whole mountain is *livest* then, you know—sun a-shinin', trees comin' alive again, little specks o' blue-an'-yaller posies in the grass! Glory! but I *love* my mountains then, Daddy-Doc!" Her eyes grew solemn, with an odd, mysterious glow of wonder. She pointed away toward the



by Dorothy Donnell

low hills, with one small brown paw.

"But—I dont sense *why*—somehow I wist I knowed what's yonder, Daddy-Doc, beyant the hills."

She looked up at him vaguely. "Sometimes I dream 'bout hit," she said—" 'bout cities with streets an' stone houses an' grand stores, where they sell ribbins an' hats an' purty gowns, an' sometimes I shet my eyes an' pretend I'm ridin' in a fine kerridge, all rigged up in a pink satin gownd with a trail, like the one the actress-lady wore at the Forks Op'ry House, an' all the folks are lookin' at me, an' the men are starin'—"

"April!" cried the old man, sharply. "April-gal!"

"Lor'!" laughed the girl, shamedly, "aint I plumb foolish? Reckon I'd look like crow-bait in one o' they gownds!"

But there was no laughter in Doc Jenkins' soul. His old mouth shook distressfully, and his old hands fumbled with the reins.

"You're a mountain-gal, April," he said harshly. "We-all o' the hills belong amongst the hills; mountain folks an' valley folks dont mix. Hit's agin' God's laws, gal. The air down yonder in they cities—hit's pizenous to hill people. Stick to the mountains, where you-all was borned, an' quit dreamin' o' cities, gal, an'—an'—city men. Aint thar 'nuff beaus in the mountains, honey?"

"Oh, *beaus!*" April's shrugged shoulders scorned them. "Reckon I dont keer so much for *beaus*. Thar's Casper, now"—distaste lurked in her tones—"he's allers a-pesterin' me to marry him, an' dad he's set on Cas-

per, too; but me, I hate him like a pizen snake!"

"Casper's a han'some fellow—" the doctor's voice was troubled. As in a vision, he saw the coarse, reckless features of the young mountaineer; his thick, red-lipped smile; his small, bold eyes and heavy hands on this slim girl-creature at his side. The vision sickened him, but he was stubborn.

"Casper's one o' yore own people, April," he said slowly. "A mountain-lass must make a mountain-wife. Keep yore eyes on the hills, honey—an', mark my words, they's trouble for the hill-gal that looks down into the valley——"

A sudden, vivid rose colored her round, childish cheeks, and the tight breast of the faded calico rose on the swell of her breath. She would not quite meet his eyes.

"Hyar we are home!" she cried hastily. "Good-by, Daddy-Doc. Thank you f'r totin' me."

The old man watched the slim figure vault lightly over the wheel and run up the weedy path to the cabin, vanishing into its dusk like an extinguished sunbeam. He sighed heavily, feeling, on a sudden, old and helpless. "G'lang Dapple!" he said—"g'lang!"

In the low-roofed cabin, odorous with old bacon-scents and crowded living, Tom Fagan and his crony, Casper, sat huddled over a pack of greasy cards. As April entered, a look passed between them—a greedy, covetous look: the young man's greedy of the girl; the other man's, of something else, something that clinked in Casper's hip-pockets as he struck them with his open palm.

"Four hundred," muttered he, following the slim figure with his small, blinking eyes. "Come on. You-all knows you dont keer nothin' for her, Tim, an' never have."

"A father's feelin's comes high," grinned Fagan. "Five hundred's my figger—not a d—n cent less. An' you're gettin' a bargain at that, too!" He chuckled evilly. "I reckon they's others would give hit, yes, an' more——"

"What d'ye mean?" The younger man's voice was ugly. "Ef ye try any low-down tricks with that gal—— I may be a crook an' a counterfeiter an' all that—an' so are you, Tim Fagan—but I mean honest by April. I wants her f'r my woman—lawful; an', by the devil! ef I thought——"

"Quit thinkin', Casper," growled Fagan; "hit's yore deal."

"Whar you-all been, April?" complained Martha Fagan, shifting her snuff-stick to one corner of her slack mouth. "'Pears like you're never hyar when I want you, gal."

Tho her words were whining and fretful, the dim eyes that looked at the girl were full of a passionate pride. In the way of mountain-women, Martha never voiced her love for April, but, if the girl could have read the starved, dreary heart of her, she would have been amazed. It was the only passion left the woman. Life had sucked the blood from her hollowing, gray cheeks, the joy from her heart, the hope from her soul; it had worn her and bleached her and shriveled her, stolen youth and beauty and love; but it had left April, and, looking up at her young, warm beauty now, Martha Fagan was content.

"I been journeyin' with Doc." The girl glanced merrily down at her mother's face. "What you-all think he said?" she laughed. "He said he wondered where I came from to be so different from the other gals—— Why, mammy, what's the matter?"

For the small, wizened face had suddenly gone deathly white. Martha Fagan stole a hunted look at the card-players and leaned back against the chimney, one claw-like hand on her breast.

"The Doc war—talkin'—plumb foolish, April," she said, with difficulty, between blue lips. "Haint you-all my baby, I'd like ter know? Reckon he war hyar when you war borned——"

"'Course I'm yore baby, mammy!" said the girl, wonderingly. "Doc war only funning. What makes you-all look so?"

"Hit war jest my old mis'ry," said Martha. "I been feelin' plumb ornery lately. Reckon some sassafras 'll set me up peart again."

She turned, with an effort, toward the basket on the bench by the fire. "Hit's corn-bread an' aigs an' bacon for the artist-man in the holler," she said, resuming her natural whine. "Reckon you-all have t' tote it down, April. Yore pap haint fitten to talk to when he an' Casper's playing kyards."

April bent her face suddenly over the basket, to hide the color that sprang to her cheeks.

"All right, mammy," she said, dutifully, "I'd jest as soon. Hit's a sightly evenin'."

"Hit looks moughty dark-like yender," worried her mother. "The holler's four miles away, an' hit's gittin' plumb late——"

"Dont you-all fret," said April, gaily. "A few drops o' rain-water wont melt me, I reckon."

She passed out into the sunshine sedately enough, but when she had turned the clump of mountain-ash, already in new, vivid leaf, her steps broke into a little dance. The unhidden blush on her round cheeks was

like carmine velvet; her eyes were shy and eager, and her breath panted between parted lips. It was her fifth trip to "the holler," and four of them had been made with this same sense of tumultuous adventuring. April did not confess to herself the secret of her fast-beating heart or dancing steps, yet her behavior in itself was a confession.

At the turn of the path, a noisy mountain-brook, leaping down hill, left a still pool lying in the sunshine beside the way. April knelt down beside this pool and peered expectantly into the water. It was the only mirror she had at which to array herself for love's eyes. Snatching off her sun-bonnet, she smoothed her golden glory of curls into staid order; she unbuttoned the top button of her tight dress, freeing a warm column of throat, and thrust a handful of scarlet maple-buds into her belt. Then, still dissatisfied, she remembered, suddenly, her cherished brooch, a thing of gilt and colored stones the Doc had given her on her last birthday, and turned back to the cabin to get it.

As she neared the door, loud voices arrested her feet, and her thoughts tripped over her own name on Casper's tongue.

"I tell ye, once an' fer all, I'll give ye four hundred f'r April an' no more," he was saying angrily. "Take hit or leave hit—I dont keer!"

"I'll take hit," snarled the deep voice of Tim Fagan. "Hyar—hand it over now. Whar's the gal, Martha?"

"Gone a-walkin'." The woman's tone was sullen.

"D—n hit!" roared Tim. "Well, when she gits back, you-all kin take her t' th' Forks an' git that thar circuit rider t' splice ye——"

April waited to hear no more. Blindly, she stumbled away from the cabin, down the path, basket swinging recklessly from her arm.

The trip seemed hours long—full of strange pitfalls for her frantic feet. Overhead, the clouds drew on across the sky, and a livid twilight fell, but April did not heed. Her one thought was to reach "the holler," where—she had a strange, unreasoning feeling—she would be safe from brutal fathers who sold their daughters like cattle, and from Caspers with their thick, wet lips and horrible, strong hands.

Jerry Gordon was cutting kindling to replenish his supper-fire when the tragic little figure stumbled, at last, into the clearing beside his tent. At the sight of the stormy look on her face, he sprang to her side with a little, involuntary cry.

"April! What's the matter, dear?"

He had not meant to say that, but the tiny, tender word slipped out

unwittingly on the tide of his anxiety. It was the way he had thought of her for two weeks, and the last thing in the world he had intended to call her; but the harm was done now. In an instant she was weeping and trembling in the artist's arms. Then, suddenly, he knew that he wanted her there—wanted her more than wisdom or prudence or the warning voice of conscience could deny. He had come to the mountains, it seemed to him now, just for this throbbing ment under the lurid, thunderous sky—just for this tender pressure of her round arms against his arms, this sweetness of her hair across his face.

blazed across the sky, tearing the swollen clouds and letting out a cascade of gusty rain.

"Quick!" gasped Jerry, and drew April into his tent, fastening the flap to keep out the wind. Then, a trifle breathless, the two faced each other again.

"I hope you dont mind—this," said

in what he considered a proper, elder-brotherly tone. "On my word, you startled me, child. I thought something had happened to you."

"Something has," said April, shuddering, and, in a few words, she panted out the story of her sale to Casper, who was waiting for her and drinking raw, moonshine whisky back in the cabin.

"But I wont marry him!" she finished in sudden passion, lifting her arms in a wild gesture. "I'd liefer die!

Listen! Thar's a ravine near hyar. Folks call it Sal's Ravine, because a gal, whose lover died, killed herself thar oncet. Ef pap makes



"I WANTS HER F'R MY WOMAN LAWFUL; AN' EF I THOUGHT——"

He forgot that, after her last trip to "the holler" with his basket, he had resolved to go straight home without seeing her again; forgot his mother and father and their conventional, orderly world; forgot, in a word, everything but the glorious fact of April, nestling like a hunted thing in his arms.

So he kist her, and, quite simply and naturally, she lifted her lovely, tear-flushed face and kist him; and this might have gone on quite indefinitely had not a zigzag fork of lightning

Jerry, awkwardly, at last. April's eyes questioned him.

"I mean being here in—in—my tent, you know," he stumpled—"alone with me. If you like, I'll—I'll go away till the shower is over."

"And get plumb wet?" she asked. "Why should you-all do thataway? Isn't thar room for both o' we hyar?"

Her innocence went to his heart like a pain. He drew away from her, trying to forget that mad moment before the rain fell.

"Why did you cry, April?" he asked,

me marry Casper, I'll go to Sal's Ravine!"

The storm roared outside, and the pale daylight in the tent flickered like a blown candle. Jerry strode up and down, jaw set like granite under the skin, hands clenched at his sides. Then, suddenly, with a broken cry, as tho his will had torn itself loose from the clinging hands of memory and reason, he went to the girl and took her gently in his arms.

"Dont think about it any more, April," he said quietly. "Casper shall



APRIL HAD GOTTEN ACQUAINTED WITH JERRY ON HER DAILY TRIPS TO "THE HOLLER"

not marry you. Trust me. You *do* trust me, dont you?"

"I reckon I do," whispered April.

Outside, the thunder died and the rain lost its wilder fury, settling down into a steady, driving all-night pour, that drew a curtain of darkness and silence around the little tent under the trees.

In the wrack of the morning, two men plowed their way, cursing, thru the ruin of boughs and leaves that choked the path to "the holler." Both carried guns, and the faces of both were distorted with drink and rage. April, standing in the tent-door, cried out at the sight of them, bringing Jerry to her side.

"See!" she pointed. "They-all will

kill you. Pap totes the best rifle in the mountains. Oh, you mustn't stay hyar——"

But Jerry put her clinging arms gently aside. His young mouth was set sternly. He picked up his rifle from the table and strode out of the tent to meet the intruders, April at his side, with all her golden wealth of hair blowing blindingly about her face in the fresh wind.

Fagan saw them first and called April a wicked name.

"An' as f'r you," he shouted at Jerry, "you've done me out o' four hundred dollars, you d—d scoundrel, and I'm a-goin' to blow you to h—!"

His gun went to his shoulder, and a shot shivered the peace of the dawn.

But, blinded by rage, he missed Jerry, and before he could pull the trigger again a voice from the pathway stayed his hand.

"Tim Fagan," roared Doc Jenkins, "put down yore gun!"

There was something so authoritative about the doctor's mien that Fagan sullenly obeyed. But he began to bluster instead, and at his shameful words April's face flamed.

"Oh!" she gasped—"oh, Daddy-Doc, you-all dont understand."

"But you're going to understand right now," said Jerry, in a dangerously quiet voice, drawing April to his side. "That besotted scoundrel sold her to another of his breed—*sold* her as you might sell an animal——"

"She'm mine," broke in Casper's sullen voice; he turned to Jerry, and his lips drew back from his teeth in a snarl. "You-all aint our kind. What d'you want o' we-all's women?" April's mine, I tell you—*mine!*"

"What do I want of her?" said Jerry, quietly. "I want to love her and protect her and make her happy. I want to take her home with me to my people. I want her to *marry* me. April, will you—will you marry me, dear?"

"Yes," said April, gladly.

across the wet grass to the two by the tent.

"Ef you-all want to get married, 'pears like I'm the man to do hit," he said. "Reckon a justice o' the peace will do well as a minister. Jine hands, you two, an', Tim Fagan, put down yore gun an' hold yore peace."

"two hours ago. That war why I came to find you. She done told me whar you'd gone."

He was fumbling in a pocket of his old homespun coat, drawing out a tiny bundle of soft, yellowed baby-clothes, richly embroidered, incongruous to a mountain-hand.

"Afore she died, April," he said, "she told me a queer thing. She told



THE PICTURE OF THE CHILD CALLED UP POIGNANT, DEATHLESS MEMORIES

"Yes, Daddy-Doc—I want to marry him."

The old man bent his head to hide the pain in his eyes from her joyous gaze. April was his sun and moon and stars—the light of his lonely life; and April wanted to go away. Yet she was young, and young things must follow the mating call wherever it leads them, even if it be into the valleys beyond the sight of an old man's eyes. Stiffly he climbed down from his saddle and went slowly

It was a strange wedding under the morning sky, with only the two sullen mountaineers as witnesses. At the end, Doc Jenkins kist April and put her gently into Jerry's outstretched arms.

"Take keer on her," he said sadly, "f'r she's all alone in the world now."

Something in the words drew the girl's eyes to his face in terror.

"Doctor!" she cried sharply—"not mammy?"

"Yes, honey," he told her gently—

me that you-all warn't her child at all. 'Pears like her little April died while Tim yonder war off a-huntin', an' some one left you thar in the cabin afore he came back. She never knowed who, an' it 'peared to her then moughty like 'twas God. She knowed Tim would turn you-all out ef she told him, so she let him think you war they own——"

April was sobbing desolately, face buried in the tiny garments. "Mammy! Oh, mammy—ef I'd only *loved* you-all a little harder—ef I'd only told you-all how I loved you——"

Over her bent, golden head the doctor spoke very low to Jerry.

"I reckon she maybe never had a pappy," he said sadly. "Hit are that-away in the mountains often—some pore, frightened gal—God pity um! But ill borned or well borned, she'm April, an' you-all has promised God to love her till death parts you, sir—not



'THAT BESOTTED SCOUNDREL SOLD HER TO ANOTHER OF HIS BREED'

till folks' tongues, nor education, nor valley ways, but till *death* parts you—remember that!"

"I will remember," Jerry promised simply. "I love April and nothing else matters—*nothing!*"

The old doctor watched him lead the girl across the clearing and into the misty grove beyond, saw the protection of the strong arm about her slender shoulders and heard the tender murmur of his voice as he comforted her. Yet there was a shade on his face as he turned heavily back to his waiting horse.

"Mountain and valley," he muttered. "Hit's agin' nature. They's trouble ahead for them, I'm afeared."

But for a glorious springtime month, it seemed the doctor's forebodings were uncalled for. April and her valley husband spent their honeymoon in

the tent in "the holler," where the echo of the world's acrid comments on the young artist's foolish marriage could not be heard; he sketching long, sunny hours at his easel, while April posed for him in the torn grace of her calico gown, and colored gloriously whenever his ardent eyes met hers.

Then, abruptly, into the harmony of their retreat came the De Voes, from the city, like a discord in a pastoral. They were old friends of Jerry's, traveling for Mrs. De Voe's health, and it was quite natural they should call on the young couple. The Judge was big and kind and hearty of voice, and his wife was sweet and gentle and tactful; but, as soon as she could find opportunity, April stole away into the kindly shelter of the woods, where she could still the tumult of her heart unseen. So these were Jerry's people,

these well-dressed, cultivated folks, with their smooth hands and their speech that made her own sound crude and uncouth. April's heart swelled. How ashamed of her Jerry must be before his fine friends; how ashamed of her he would be when he took her down from the mountains into his city world! Doctor Jenkins had warned her, but she had not known what he meant—then. Now she knew.

"'Pears like hit'll be moughty hard for him," she thought desolately. "'Pears like I cant *bear* hit to make him ashamed—"

Thru the ruin of her world she heard her husband's voice calling her excitedly, as tho from a great distance, but she did not answer. As swiftly as her heavy limbs could take her, she moved out of the grove into

(Continued on page 64)



ETHEL TEARE—AND THAT FLIRTATIOUS WAY

By
CECILIA
MOUNT



A HARD-WORKING press-agent, banging away at a typewriter in the New York office of the Kalem Company, had all but exhausted his dictionary of synonyms. "Vivacious," "sprightly," "captivating," "alluring," "animated," "joyous"—all these, and many more, had been plucked and applied to Ethel Teare. He had even descended to the comparative tameness of "peppery" and "enthusiastic."

Then he emitted a sudden laugh of glee. "I've got it," he shouted. "Just the word that describes her. The one adjective that pictures that dashing, enchanting personality. 'Flirtatious'—that's it." With unholy joy he wrote it over and over again, in advertisements, news stories, circulars and what-nots. He stalked the office with the air of a discoverer.

But little did he reckon the full

effect of his deed. Far out in California, at the Glendale studio, a pair of flashing eyes read the statement, and in a second the studio was a flurry of excitement. When a director with visions of all sorts of calamities finally calmed the little tempest down, he heard a sad tale.

Between gasps and near-sobs, it sounded something like this. "That horrid man—I'm not flirtatious—what does he mean by saying such things—I'd like to pull his hair—flirtatious, indeed!"

Such was the scene when I arrived at the studio to keep an appointment with Miss Teare, for an interview for MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC readers. For a moment I thought that my quest was in vain, but in the quiet of the dressing-room, a few minutes later, Miss Teare turned a smiling face to me, and I saw that the storm had passed.

"I suppose I am very foolish to get excited over it," she said, "but it really isn't very pleasant to be called flirtatious. You know me. I'm not at all flirtatious, am I?"

Appealed to, I sought refuge between tact and flight. "But," I faltered, "you really can't blame him. You—you look that way. He just meant to describe your peculiar fascination and charm."

A cheery laugh and a faint blush were my first reply. Then Miss Teare went on: "I'll overlook that flattery,

if you will promise not to do it again. But, really, if you say I look flirtatious, then I can only reply that it's not my fault. I can't help it. I am just working, with every ounce of energy I have, to please people all the time—that's all. I like to smile and

limitations of the English language." Miss Teare's face puckered in the slightest of frowns. "I really think you are

trying to please. When they don't call you flirtatious, they tell you that you have personality—whatever that is.

"Speaking of that mysterious thing, personality—it is to that I owe my entrance on a picture career. I was playing in vaudeville, when a Kalem director happened to attend a Los Angeles theater at which I was appearing. Before the close



laugh and be gay, and I just can't be dignified, to save my life. If you call that 'flirtatious,' then make the most of it."

"That's why he called you 'flirtatious,'" I volunteered. "You see, on the screen you just radiate good cheer and whole-hearted jollity, and I imagine that was the nearest he could come to describing it with the woeful

forgetting what I said about flattery. It's a good thing you are not a mere man. But, I suppose, I am doomed to go thru life under a cloud of adjectives—flirtatious, vivacious, and so on. That is one of the penalties of

of the engagement, I received an offer from him to take up Motion Picture work. He said I had 'personality' that
(Continued on page 68)

FAVORITE RECIPES OF FAVORITE PLAYERS

Ann Murdock, Pauline Frederick
and Nan Carter Give Some
Interesting Recipes

By
LILLIAN MAY

A "STAR" MENU

- JELLIED SOUP
(Ann Murdock)
- PLANKED STEAK WITH VEGETABLES
(Nan Carter)
- STUFFED CELERY
(Nan Carter)
- PINEAPPLE SALAD
(Pauline Frederick)
- WAFFLES WITH MAPLE SYRUP
(Nan Carter)
- LEMON MERINGUE PIE
(Ann Murdock)

ANN MURDOCK Begins With Jellied Soup

WINSOME Ann Murdock sat curled up in a big chair in her dressing-room. "I have no home," she said; "at least I don't live in one place, if that is having a home. Sometimes I settle down for a summer, or something like that. I have a real housekeeper, and home is where she is."

"I don't have much time to think about cooking or things to eat, but if I were planning meals, I should always have them begin with jellied soup and end with lemon meringue pie—especially the kind I will tell you about."

"*Jellied Soup*.—Wash two pounds of lean beef from middle of round and two pounds of knuckle of veal. Put to boil in four quarts of water. Bring slowly to boil, removing scum as it arises. Cook slowly about three hours. Add one onion filled with whole cloves, one half-cup chopped carrot, one head celery, one half-can tomatoes, one half-dozen peppercorns, three bay-leaves, one-half lemon, half-teaspoonful of sugar, a few leaves of cabbage, salt and pepper to taste. Let simmer till soup is reduced to quantity desired. Have one package gelatine soaking in cold water; add this to the hot soup. Strain thru cheesecloth, set in a cool place, then in the ice-box. This should be clear and firm and enough for twelve persons. Serve in glass cups.

(Twenty-seven)

"*Lemon Meringue Pie*.—Blend together one cup sugar, the yolk of two eggs, one tablespoonful butter. Add juice of two lemons and the rind of one, and two heaping teaspoonfuls cornstarch. Put on stove and cook, stirring constantly. Pour into baked crust. Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, add two tablespoonfuls powdered sugar, two tablespoonfuls each of chopped nuts and prepared

the legitimate stage, I worked half the night, slept all day, and ate any time it happened. This life is much more normal. I go to bed at a reasonable hour, and eat three meals a day. Best of all, I have a real home."

Her home is an apartment on Park Avenue, and it is as dainty and artistic as Miss Frederick herself. The softly shaded lights gave an atmosphere of restfulness. There were flowers everywhere. A small dog, evidently very much one of the family, compelled attention in a most friendly manner—even the canary chirped hospitably.

"I have heard that you are a regular cook and housekeeper, Miss Frederick," I said. She raised both hands in protest. "Not now," she said, "tho I could be; I know how. Let me see. What can I cook best?"

"There comes mother," she said, in a relieved tone. "Mumsie, come here and tell this magazine person what I can do."

"Mumsie" proved to be a strikingly handsome, dignified, but exceedingly gracious, lady.

"Pauline is so modest," she said. "I nearly always

have to see the inter-viewers. We are

New Englanders,

which means that

Pauline was

brought up

to know how

to do every-

thing about a

house. She

was just a

small girl

when we

lived in Bos-

ton, but she

would go

down to the

basement and

coax the cook to

let her help make

bread. The cook

was good-na-

tured, and would

give her a piece



or grated cocoanut. Spread on pie and brown in oven."

PAULINE FREDERICK

Makes

Fine Pineapple Salad

"I never knew the days were so wonderful," said Pauline Frederick, "until I went into Moving Pictures. That is because I go to bed at night instead of the morning, and get up early. When I was on



ANN MURDOCK AT HOME

of dough to knead, and every week she would make her own little loaf of bread. So that's how she learnt to make bread.

"She makes nice hot biscuits, pies and cakes, and, you know, that is something most people don't bother about these days. But we are old-fashioned (and New England) enough to like to have home-made cooking—part of the time at least.

"Pauline does beautiful sewing, and her darning is as artistic as fine embroidery.

If necessary she can

that's the way she does everything—puts her whole heart and soul in it.

"It makes no difference what road to fame one aspires to follow, does it?—whether it is to be an artist on the screen or an artist in the kitchen—that is the whole secret of success," concluded the mother of one of the most popular and dearly loved screen artists of today.

The interview seemed to be over, and I was wishing for one more glimpse of the fascinating Pauline, when she appeared in the doorway.

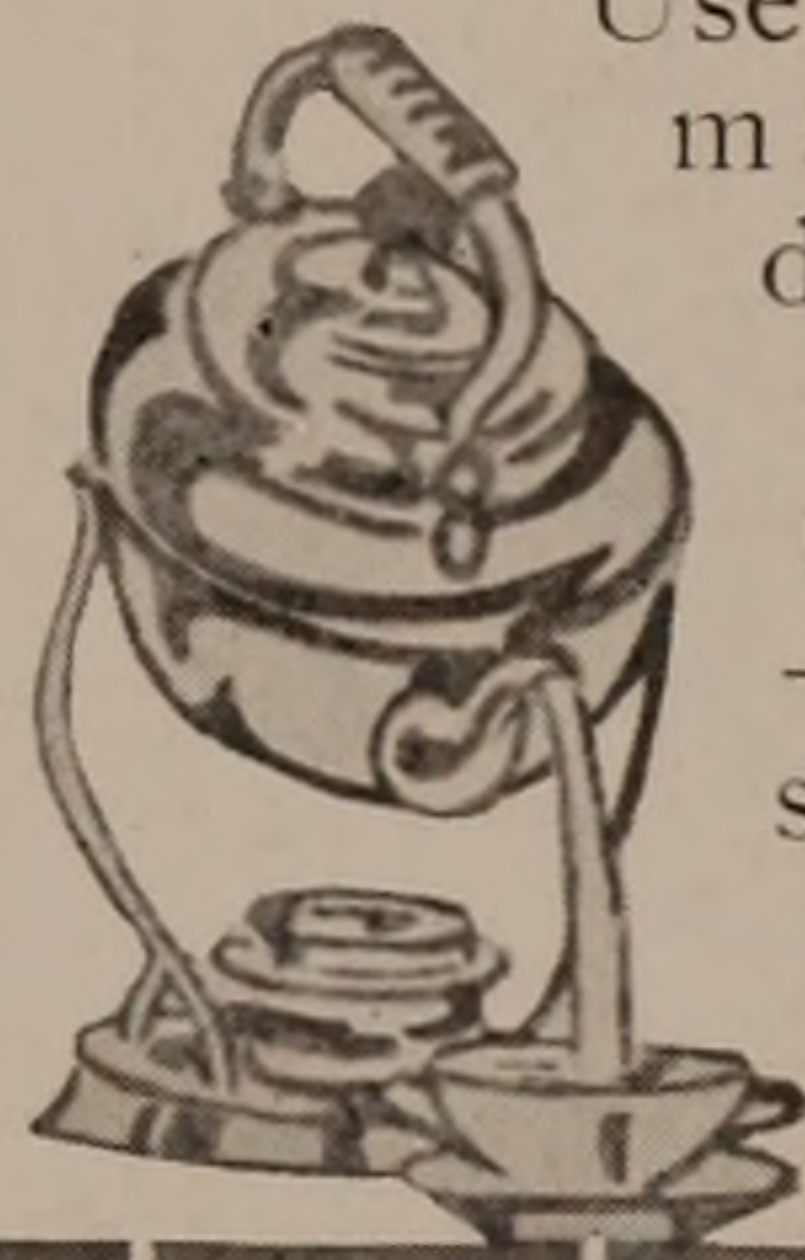
"Salad, mother," she said; "tell them about my fruit salads. It is my favorite kind of salad, and one can have an endless variety by combining different fruits.

"Pineapple Salad.—Place lettuce leaves on individual salad plate. Place one large slice of pineapple on this. Fill the center with a ball of pimento cheese.

Use French or mayonnaise dressing.

"White Grape Salad.

—Use a sharp knife and remove seeds. In the



NAN CARTER

tents of each section with a pointed spoon. Cut a green pepper into small bits, mix with the fruit and serve on lettuce or romaine."

NAN CARTER Is Noted For Her Waffles

"It is neither milk and honey nor a bed of roses," said Miss Nan Carter, "to live only to have a good time. One just goes round and round in a circle, never getting any place. I was afraid I would get to the place where I couldn't even jump over, so decided to make my escape and see what I could do for myself."

It did not take her long to show what she could do for herself, for she is already far along the road to success in the profession she has chosen. Miss Carter is youth, beauty, ambition and pure-joy-of-living personified, so she is bound to succeed.

Before entering upon her career, Miss Carter was very busy at her job of being a society girl, but she has the training and all the instincts of the real home-maker.

"I have never known anything but the home-life," she said. "Do you see that water-color over there? That is our country home. We live there seven or eight months every year. Of course I play golf and tennis, and drive, and go to the country-club dances; there is plenty going on all the time. But we keep only one maid and try to live as simply as possible. It is a real farm, you know, and there is lots of work. I have made butter—yes, I did the churning. I work in the garden and have made all the bread for weeks at a time.

"When we come back to our apartment, it seems so small at first. We seem to be all falling over each other.

(Continued on page 67)

(Twenty-eight)



PAULINE FREDERICK AT HOME

scrub, sweep, do fine laundry work (there's nothing she can't do), and she likes to do it.

"Her director says, 'Nothing is too hard for Miss Frederick; she is full of enthusiasm all the time.' And

center of each put a portion of walnut or pecan meat. Serve them on a nest of lettuce with a dressing made of oil and a little lemon juice.

"Grapefruit Salad.—Cut the grapefruit in halves. Scoop out the con-

The Dresden Doll of the Movies

EVER since Lillian Walker played the leading part in "The Little Doll's Dressmaker," in which she was even more charming than usual, she has been identified with dolls, and it has occurred to many that she is very much of a doll herself. She is not much larger than one; she has the waxen complexion of the daintiest Dresden doll; she has the perfect features of the model doll, and, as for dimples, what doll can boast of such beautiful ones as the fair Lillian? Miss Walker made another big hit in "Green Stockings," which was so admirably directed by Wilfrid North, now her regular director, and also in "Doctor Polly" and "Lily of the Valley."

The title of "Dimples" has stuck to Miss Walker for a long

time, and that is her nickname at the studio; but now it will, perhaps, be changed to "The Doll-Lady of the Movies"—season with the word "Dimpled" and you have her complete.

Among her friends in the "profesh," however, Lillian Walker is known as "Daredevil Lil," having earned this soubriquet thru her ability to do all kinds of athletic stunts. In "Love, Luck and Gasoline," for instance; the dimpled ingénue star won a swimming race, handled the tiller of a racing craft and steered a sea-plane thru the clouds—she is more than ambitious; she has all the qualifications of a duck, having equal command of earth, sea and air. As a diving Venus and danseuse she has turned all the summer girls sea-green with envy.



Photo by Floyd

LILLIAN WALKER

Photo by Floyd

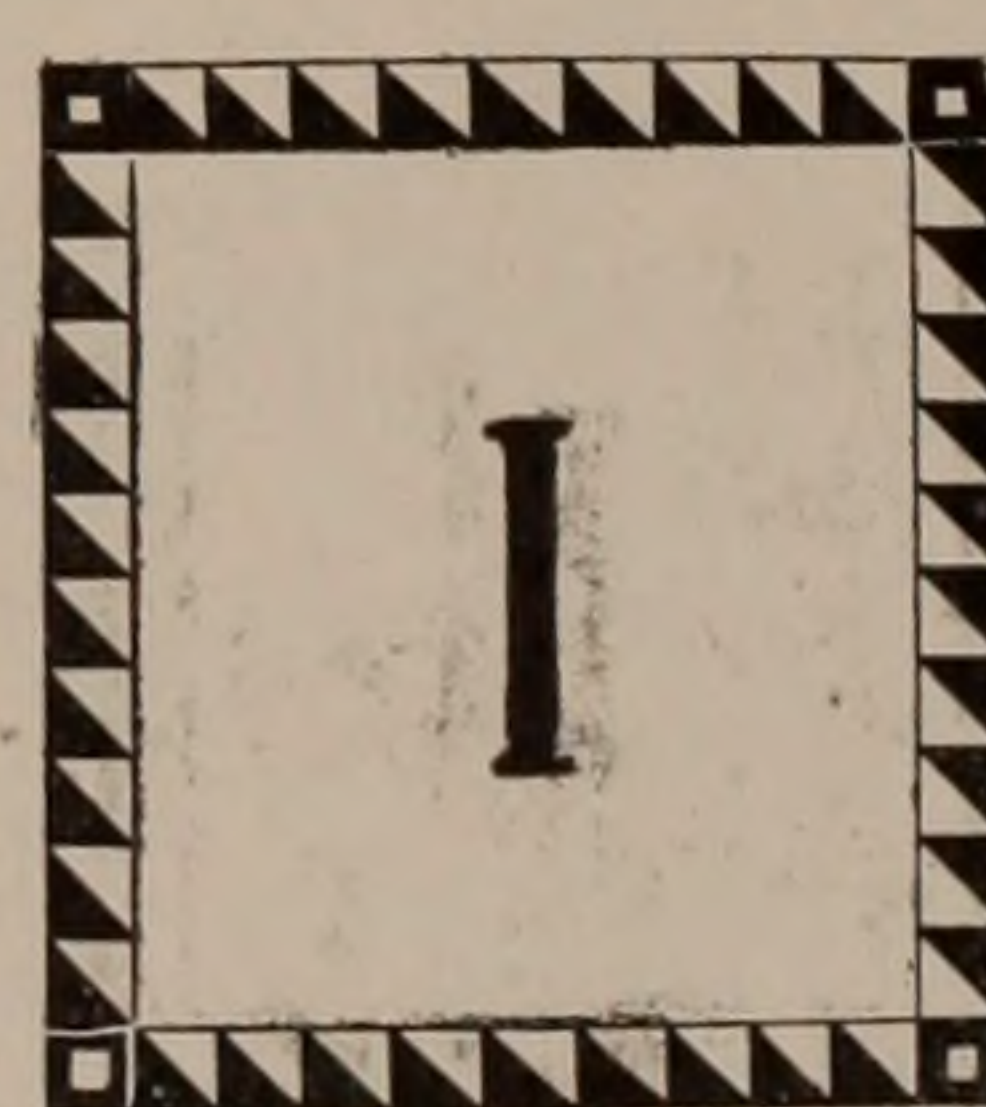
LILLIAN WALKER



Turning Timid Hea

Noah and Nero Didn't Know Half So
as the Modern

By PETER



IT wasn't so long ago that Mrs. Vernon Castle, whose husband is now hovering in a scout aeroplane "somewhere over the firing-line" in France, wired for hotel reservations at a certain swell hostelry in Utica, N. Y. She asked for five rooms with three baths en suite, and got them. But

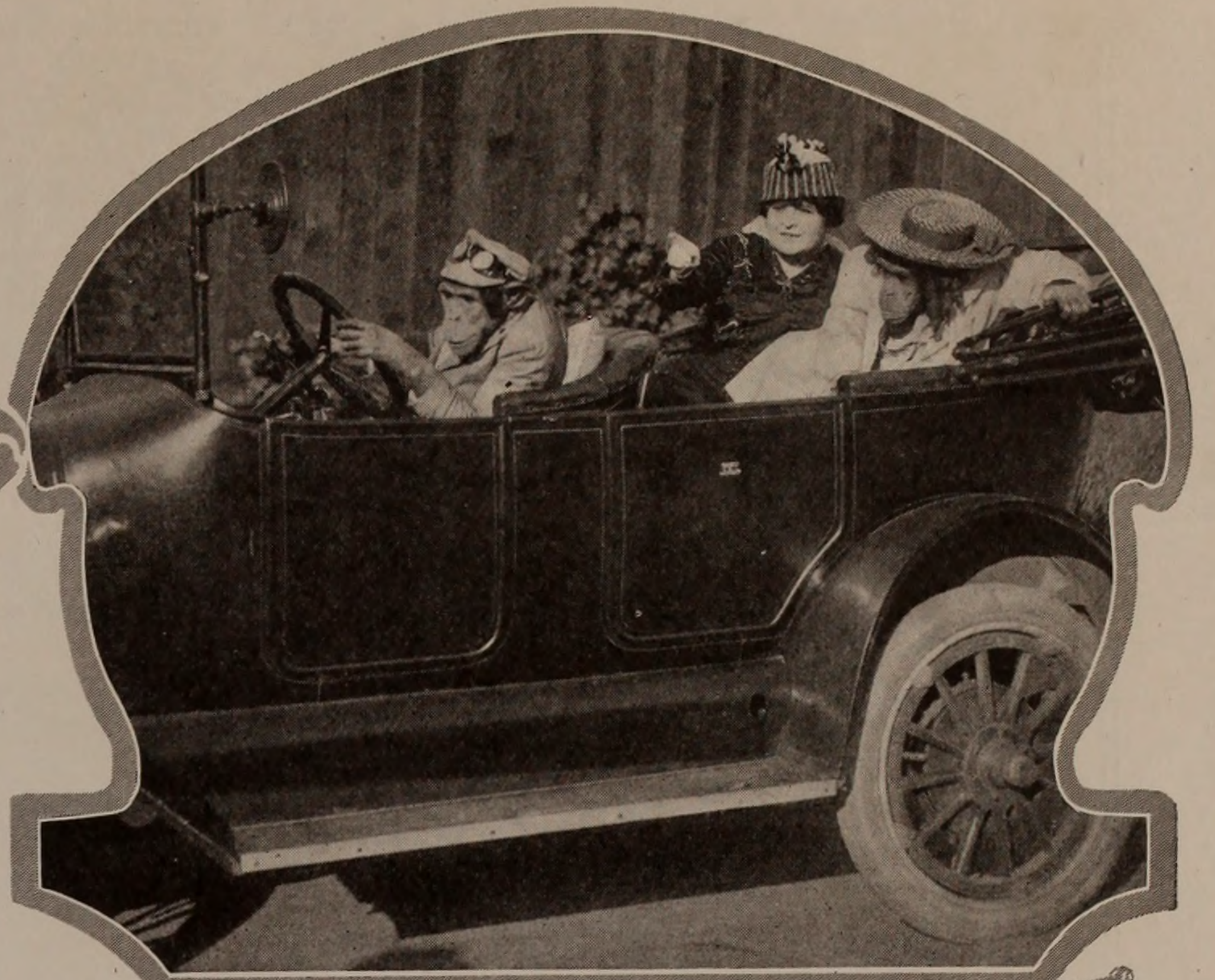
she arrived alone—with an entourage of two spider monkeys, one macaw in his cage, and a Persian kitten worth about eighty-nine cents a cubic inch. The dancer and her maid were to occupy two rooms—the rest were for her pets.

It took some time for the astonished hotel-clerk to become reconciled to the invasion of his immaculate gold-and-white Watteau rooms by the Misses Polly, Tabby and Monk, but, you see, he had never heard of the *art nouveau*.

Mrs. Castle explained things later. By her intimate study of the movements of animals she had devised some of her most graceful and natural steps. But where did the gorgeous-feathered macaw come in? He is nothing but a base imitator himself.

Seriously speaking, the animal kingdom has come into its own and is slowly migrating from the stage to the screen. A few years ago the simple repertoire of Larry Trimble's "Shep," a beautiful collie, set his audiences in a furore of enthusiasm; but with the rapid advancement of pictures the animals have had to keep apace. We now demand them with either a college education or served *au naturel*—the more bloodthirsty, the better. Movie animals, then, are of three distinct types: the educated, the wild, and the domesticated, such as the unambitious cow, or Mary Pickford's silly geese. The common or garden variety can be picked up anywhere, and any one, from an "extra" to a scene-setter, can work in pictures with them. They lend atmosphere, or are classed as "props," like a cup of movie tea. But the trick- or wild-animal specialist is a much-





Steps Into Bold Ones

Much About Wild and Woolly Animals
Movie Star

WADE

sought-after person; in fact, such actors or actresses are dubbed "specials" and always command a fat pay-envelope.

An almost perfect exemplar of the "animal actress" is Lyllian Leighton, of the E and R Company. This sterling character-woman, who was for many years a Selig leading-woman, has the animal instinct developed to a rare degree. Just at present her ménage is composed of a pair of apes, "Napoleon" and "Norah," the male and female of the species. And a rare old boy and girl they are. Nobody knows just how old they are, but they've surely earned their golden wedding as far as salary is concerned. The uncanny skill with which they act with Lyllian Leighton, and she with them, is a latter-day product of screen resourcefulness. Miss Leighton is a "mother" to all kinds of animals and birds. In the environs of her Los Angeles bungalow she is a perpetual wonder to her neighbors—one moment she is gamboling with a litter of lion-cubs; the next she is calling to her pet eagle, who swoops down to perch on her shoulder from his eerie patrol.

Another bird-fancier par excellence is Lois Weber; and a sight that would moisten the eyes of an artist, or of a director with a "seeing soul," is her mother-call that brings a white-and-gray storm-cloud of pigeons around and about her, filling her ample bosom and tapping lovingly at her white kernels of teeth.

So much praise has been sung of Kathlyn Williams, the only legitimate successor to Daniel, the original lion-tamer, that no animal story would be truly wild without mention of her. She shall not be dragged in, editorially, by the heels, as it were. So here's a toast to her: "Kathlyn—lithe as the wrinkling skin of a panther; brave as a lioness fending her whelps; sure-footed as a bighorn scaling the mountain-lined clouds; dowered with the skill of Nimrod, the wisdom of Noah, the compassion of Androcles, and the lion-heart of Richard—we crown you liege-woman of your animal queendom!"

The jungle and the pasture now lie down together.



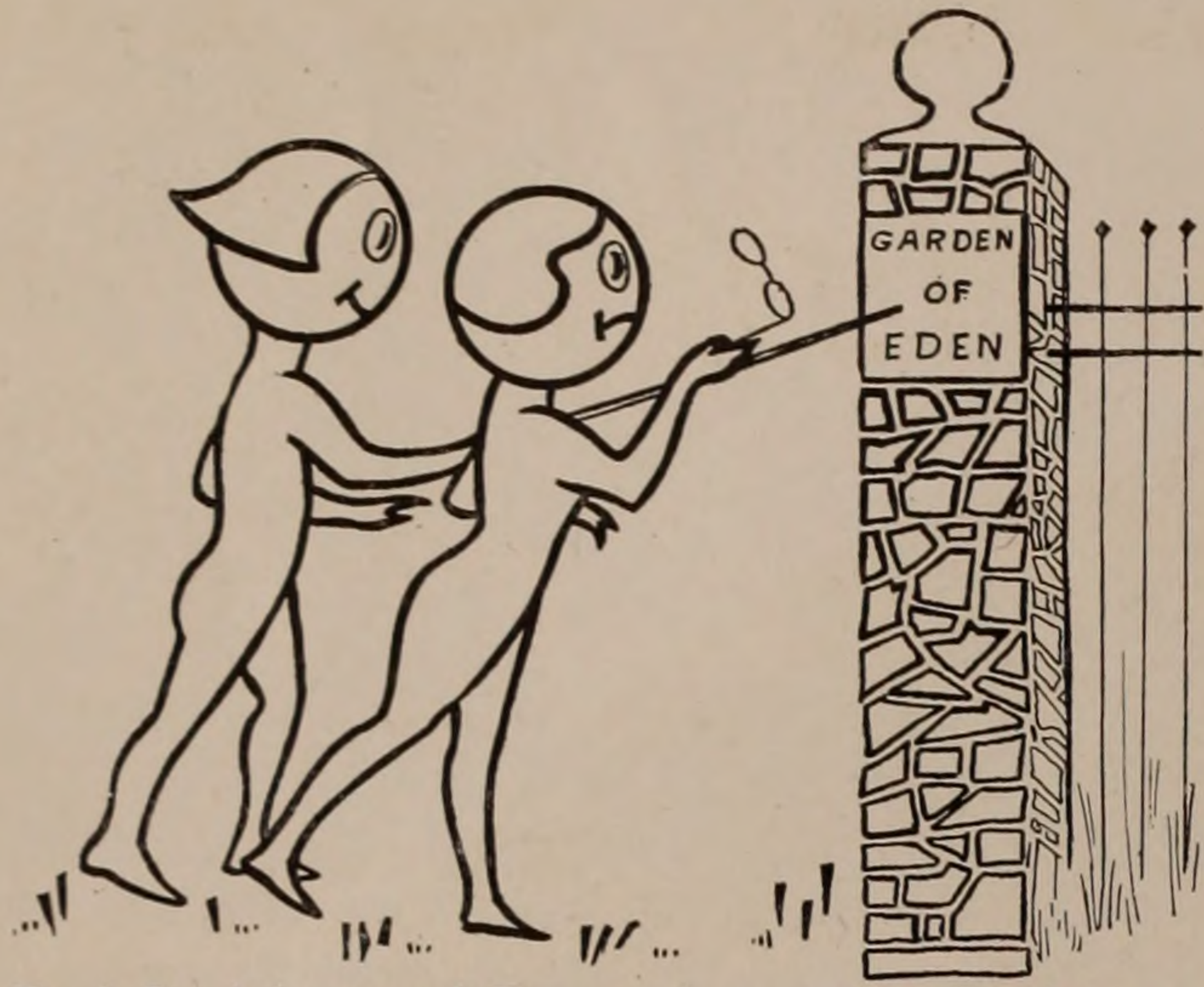
First Authentic
Film Version of

Adam and Eve

In the Garden
of Eden!

Presented in Six Beautiful Reels

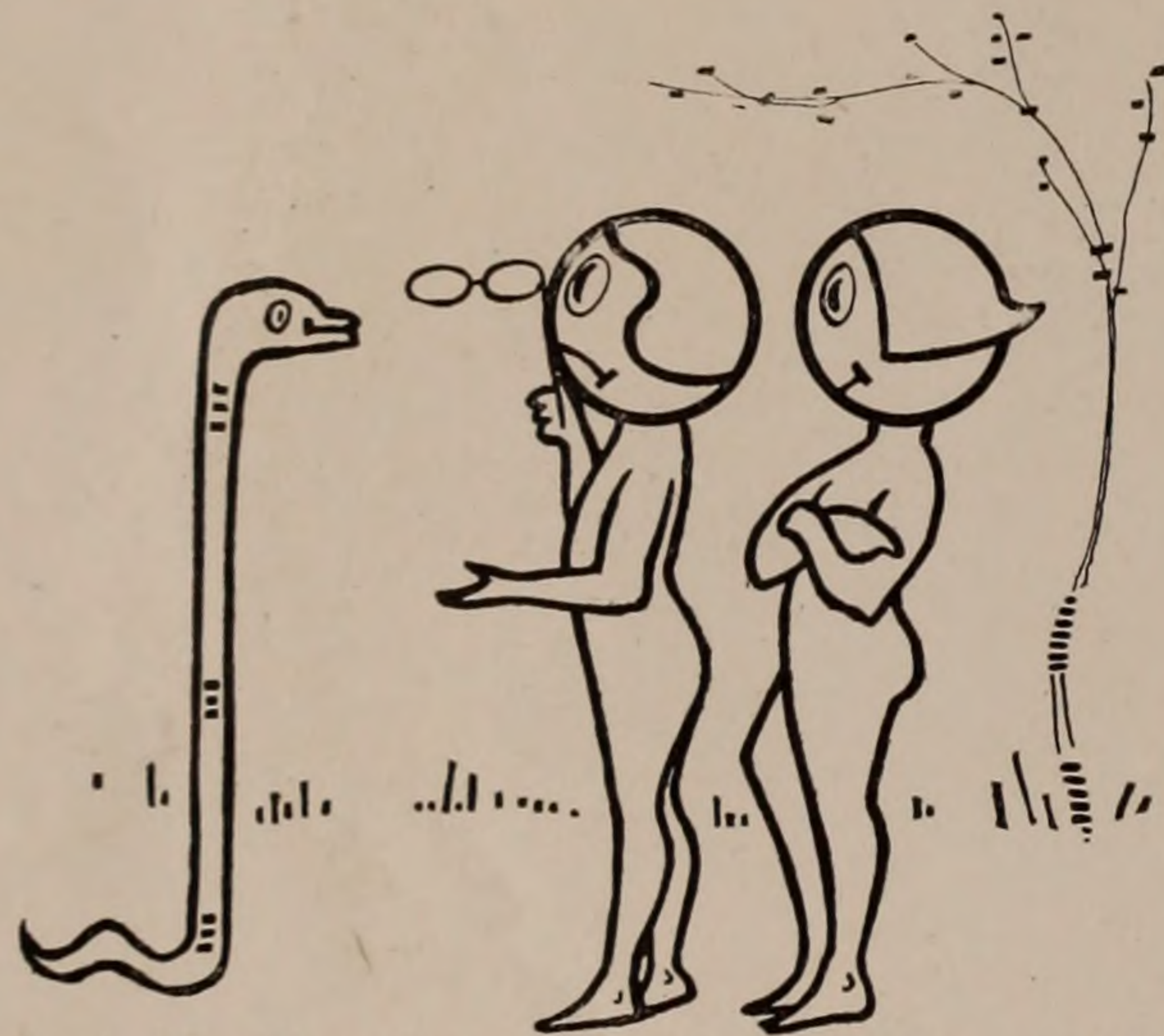
By HARVEY PEAKE



Reel I—Adam and Eve arrive at the Garden and, disliking the name, decide to call the place "Eden Terrace."



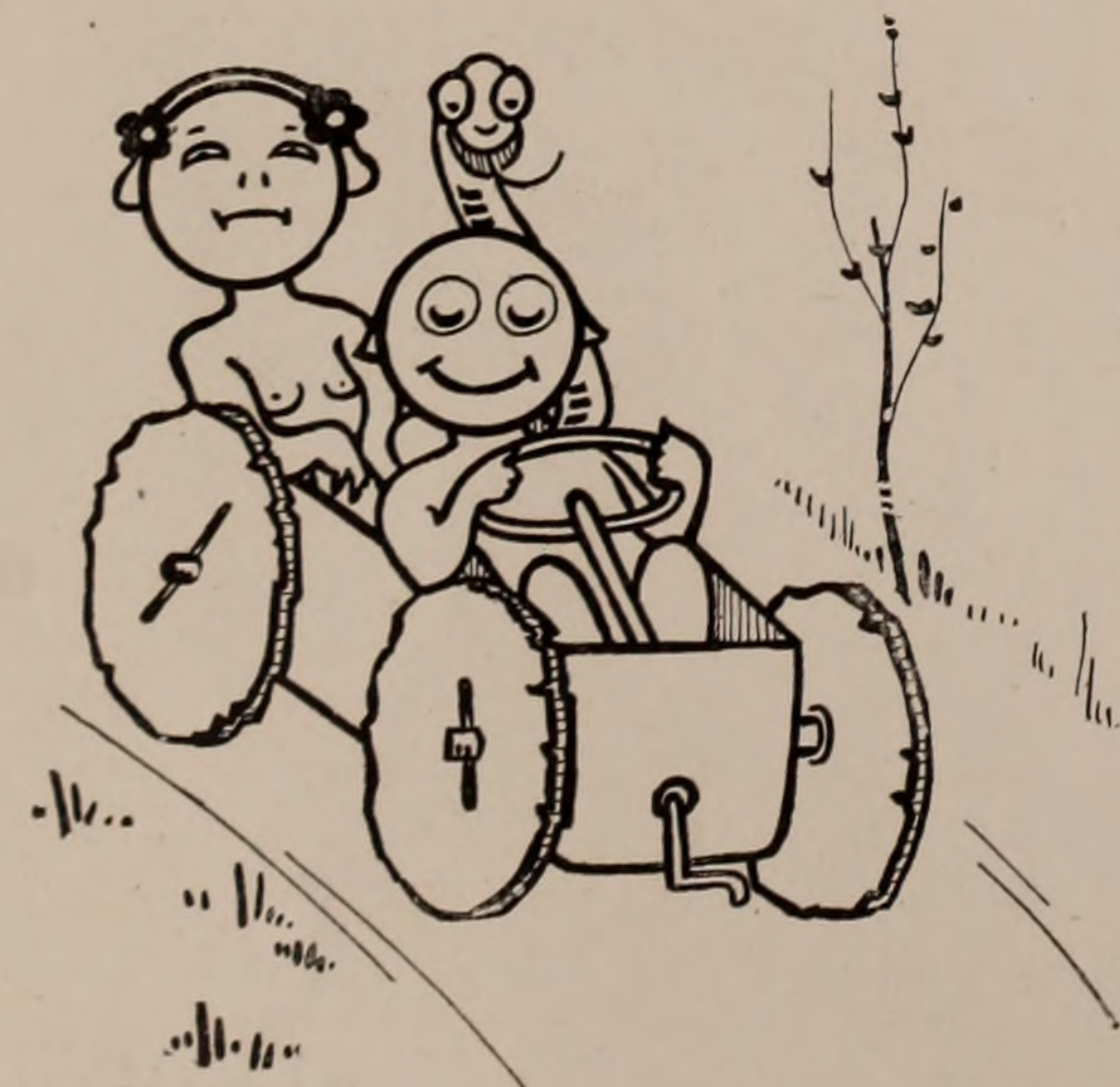
Reel IV—The Serpent proves an adept at mixing apple cocktails. Eve divides the first one with Adam.



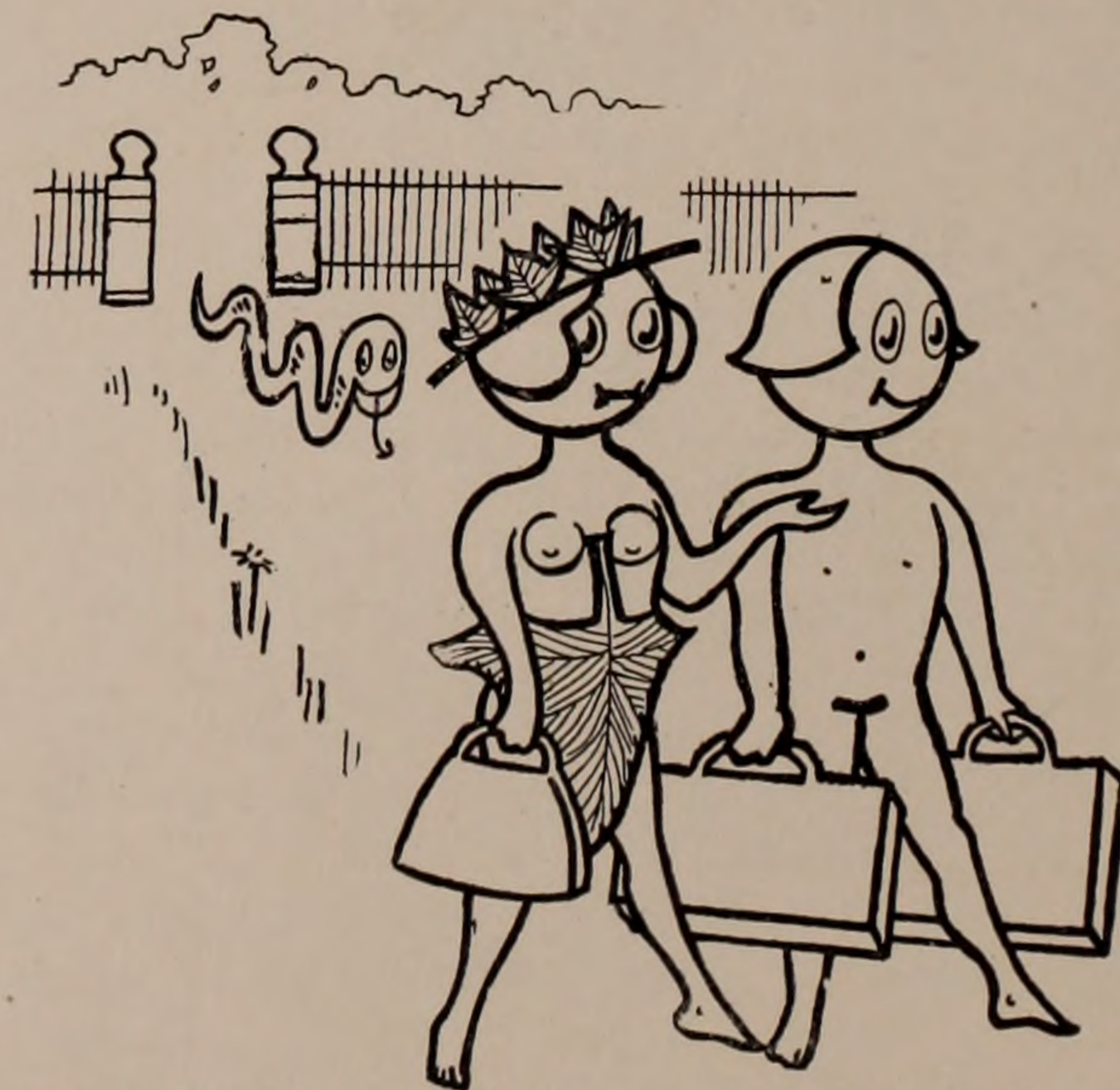
Reel II—The Serpent enters and is unable to give a letter of introduction. He is received upon promise of good behavior.



Reel V—Eve manufactures a gown for herself. "Adam, is it too short?" "No. It's nothing to what they will wear in 1916!"



Reel III—Being unable to hire a chauffeur in the neighborhood, Adam is forced to drive his own car.



Reel VI—The expulsion, with Eve explaining why it was Adam's fault.

The MOMENT BEFORE

by Gladys Hall



This story was written from the Play of ISRAEL ZANGWILL



THEY say—the ones who know—that in the great moment of transition—the climacteric, ultimate, miraculous Moment Before—the varied panorama of our human life is lived again. Lived for the last—the toll-taking time in that brief instant of finality. May it not be, perhaps, a screen unfurled for the adjudging eyes of God?—a vision fresh before Him of our life's story?—a piteous story told again in that last

(Thirty-three)

breath when there is no amendment?—a thing held up to Him all stained with human passions and scarred with human wrongs?—a sorry manuscript, blurred with the gray tears of the spirit and awry with the yearnings of the heart? What He does with them we do not know.

But upon the dead, once passionate face of the sorry Duchess of Maldon there strayed, benignantly, the hand of a tender peace.

Lights of a gypsy camp, and the strange, guttural sounds, and the stranger, strong odors. Dirty, pic-

turesque, evil-eyed girls and slender-hipped, indolent men. A scraggy herd of horses here and there, and the motley pitching of the tents, flaps drawn back to show barbaric interiors. Under it all the throb of lawless, ancient Romany blood—the sickly swamp of superstition and the laggard moorings of the nomad.

In one corner of the camp crouched Madge, the light o' desire to every man in the tribe. She was watching two of them—the swarthiest, the most brutal, the most feared of them all—fight with their naked, raw-red hands for the possession of her—men who



RED JOHN WINS THE FIGHT FOR THE HAND OF THE FAIR GYPSY

would knife her for an infidelity, she knew; men who would rend her in bits rather than abandon her, the one to the other; men who would beat her into submission, bruise her into subjection—and call it love. They did not want her mind or her negative soul. There would be no nice analyses with them. They wanted her primordially, nakedly, uncouthly—the touch of her mouth to quell the lust of theirs—the surrender of her twining arms. It was for this that they were fighting.

They knew that she hated them, loathed them, feared them. They did not care. The greater joy would the taming be. The greater triumph the victory, tho her splendid body be a blue-black pulp as token thereof.

And of the two, Red John she hated most bitterly—John, with his hairy arms and hands of an ourang-outang; with his great, thick, sweaty body; his ear-ringed ears; his coarse, brutally seeking mouth. Every fiber of her sensitive flesh crawled at his touch; every drop of her fiery blood chilled and receded at his approach. And she knew that he would win; and, as she watched, a sneer—habitual, cynical, contemptuous—curled

back her voluptuous mouth. The fitful lights played over her sullen, magnificent face, and still more magnificent body, and imbued her with a strange potency. The epitome of all the passions looked from her narrowed, sinister eyes. The curves of her cheeks and chin cried out for the mad kisses of maddened men. The scornful, poisonous mouth laughed out a diabolical defiance to the touch of love. And her crouched body had in its lines the tenacious resilience of the tiger, the soft undulation of the serpent, and the unbelievable whiteness of the flesh of pampered women—a whiteness angrily stained by the flood-tides of her blood.

The tribe had gathered about the fighting men and were glancing at the solitary, brooding figure of Madge with knowing nods and irrelevant, loud laughs.

“John’ll win,” said one; “he’s moon-crazy for the girl.”

“What do they want so of her?” asked an old crone. “She is like an ill-omen—a thing of bad luck.” And the hag crossed herself with gnarled, nut-brown fingers.

The men staggered into the open.

Their bodies creaked and pulled under the strain. They sweated, and oaths burst from their mouths like fetid waters from a pent-up dam. In their belts flashed their knife-blades. Then John caught a glimpse of fingers seeking for his knife, and all of his vast, untampered strength went into a last, mighty effort. He won. And as the vagrants sang and pranced and otherwise held carnival, the girl slunk into her tent and lay there, quivering, like a trapped animal.

The old crone dressed her for the gypsy marriage rite. And when she had done, she drew the girl to her knees and opened her palm. As she looked, her faded eyes closed under their hanging bags of wrinkled flesh. The mystic light of the seeress defied unlovely age, and her voice took on the singsong intonation of the prophetess.

“I see tragedy,” she monotoned—“a death of your own making.”

Madge drew away, but the hag kept tight hold of the hot, nervous hands.

“I see sorrow,” she crooned eerily, “then—your death at high noon.”

“Stop!” cried the girl, and jumped to her feet. “Old hag,” she hissed, “I am going to a million deaths—to



"I SEE SORROW," SHE CROONED EERILY, "THEN—YOUR DEATH AT HIGH NOON"

the low-down embrace of that dog of a man—I—I who have fought them off with my bleeding nails—with my teeth, with my feet, with my body; I who have stood at bay and defied them—the gluttonous, lustful pack; I who have held myself for something that I know there is, somewhere, away from this place, away from these hideous people. I must go to him—to *him*—to be beaten and kicked and bruised like a whipped cur. God! God! take me from this man—from this place! Lead me into tragedy—into death—into passion and despair, but take me from this man—from this people!"

"I see tragedy," moaned the hag, leering, furtively, fearsomely, at the invocative, supplicatory figure, "and then—your death at high noon!"

Once to every man—and to John for the next two weeks—came the heaven of his heart. He had fought

with his naked fists for his woman, and when he obtained her he proceeded accordingly. The law of self-preservation persists under the vilest of degradations, and Madge gave him her sullen, unresponsive mouth for the sake of her own protection. He watched her with the grim, unremitting fidelity of a dog, and for the slightest show of insubordination there was a brutal cut across the vivid face or a warning flash of a ready knife. Days of this brought to the cat-yellow eyes a cringing fear, and into the girl's hot, rebellious heart an agony of hatred.

In such a mood she met Harold, second son of the Duke of Maldon.

Poaching upon the preserves of the castle-grounds one day, John was imprisoned by two of the game-keepers. Watching from a slight distance, Madge saw a slight, erect figure coming toward the scene of the disturb-

ance. Something in her stirred. Thru the sad aftermath of that chance meeting she never forgot her glimpse of the light, boyish form, the leafy, pale-green canopy, and the red-gold in his hair. There was something about him—the something she had wondered about; something clean and aloof and different; something that would count. He spoke to the sullen John and to the two keepers, and then came over to the hesitant gypsy girl. She raised her mutable, wonderful face, and the eyes met and lingered and locked. They had never loved before—either of them. They knew, in that wordless, indefinite way all of us know things sometimes, that they would never love again as they might love one another.

"What do you—want?" he managed at last. And he felt himself a bally ass for standing, without speech, before an unkempt gypsy maid, when he was noted for his insouciance, his debonair

manner among the "Gaiety Girls" and others up in London.

Madge kept her magnet eyes upon him. Her lips spoke what her eyes denied. "His—release," she said at last.

Harold nodded curtly, and spoke an order to the keepers. Then he turned again to the gypsy girl. "We must meet again," he said.

She nodded. Her throat felt thick and choked. Her temples beat with an influx of blood. She quivered, and her nostrils distended. Harold watched her, and he leaned nearer. "You——" he broke off and tried to smile. "Come back again—tomorrow——" he begged.

She smiled slowly, then turned to John, who was awaiting her with the smile of servility on his lips and an evil passion in his eyes.

Harold watched them as they left. "She is the kind of a woman men dream about," he thought, "and read about, and crave while they take what's served up to them. She's the meaning of sex—the answer to the needs of the heart and flesh. God! how that woman could love—to what frenzied depths she could go!"

She came back the next day, and the next and the next. Wonderful, illicit, maddening days they were—days when the heart of the gypsy woke to vivid life, like the heavy, odorous, cloying leaves of the scarlet passion-flower; days when they clung together, lip to lip and breast to breast—when heaven seemed to reach down its ineffable lips and kiss the earth to a riotous exuberance of verve and glamour.

"There is no love like ours," she sighed.

"World without end—amen!" added he. And neither dreamed that they were plagiarizing from the Eden romance.

John ceased to obsess her with the old fear. She felt as tho the love of this man wrapt her about in a garment of soft flame—as tho nothing but his voice could penetrate—nothing but his touch reach.

Then, one day, John found them. The look in his eyes stirred the gypsy's heart to a poignant fear. She jumped to her feet and faced the enraged man, arms akimbo. "Well," she mocked into his face, "are you ready to take me home—husband?"

She drew near to him, and her nearness promised him her lips, her caresses. He swayed a bit, and his savage eyes softened imperceptibly. "By Gar! I'll knife ye if I find ye this way again," he hissed, and he grabbed her rudely by the arm.

Harold watched her swaggering exit, and waited. An instant later she

was flying back thru the trees, but her daring face was white. "I have knifed him!" she cried; "he will be after me! Cant you find me work in your home? Cant you take me?"

Harold nodded eagerly. "I will," he assented.

They were young, and their passion flamed in the gray life of the baronial hall like some incongruous exotic. The startling beauty of the girl, the rapt eyes of the younger son, the all-too-frequent meetings penetrated the dullest consciousness at last.

When it came to Lionel, the elder son and direct heir to the title, he was enraged. In his aristocratic veins ran the undiluted blue blood of his forebears. The family name, the family tree, the family seat—these were the things that mattered to brother Lionel. If he had ever stooped from his correct deportment to the crude sowing of wild oats, he had stooped in guarded privacy, atoned, and gone his untroubled way. An English gentleman was Lionel—one who would marry the pale, proud daughter of an adjoining lineal estate and breed a race of pale, proud children.

The clarion-calls of the flesh were for beefy-faced housemaids and obnoxious "fellers" who walked out Chelsea way of a Sunday afternoon, or for variety actresses and cheap, stage-door habitués with a horrid ambiguity as to their immediate parentage. The idea caused Lionel a shudder down his unbending spine.

His brother's taste was reprehensible. Breach of good taste was the unpardonable. And to bring the wench to Maldon Towers! To defile the peopled corridors where had paced their lady-mother and stately duchesses before! As for her beauty—one could go to the zoo, if one cared for the purely feline, and watch the great cats swing gracilely, evilly by, with fitful, savage lights in their yellow eyes and impossible contortions of their lithe bodies.

When the gossip reached the tenantry, Lionel took it upon himself to speak. Harold took the rebuke vehemently.

"I wont be dictated to," he bawled forth; "you can have the d—d name, Lionel, dontcher know, and the estate and all. I want the girl, and I mean to have her."

"You admit——" gasped Lionel, his delicate ears affronted by the boy's brutality.

"I admit nothing but what your near-sighted eyes have probably already seen," protested Harold. "I love her, if you ask me, yes—yes—such a love as a Maldon has never had the red blood to feel. I love her, and I always shall."

Lionel spoke despairingly to the aged Duke. "He is disgracing us," he lamented.

"Young blood," countered the father, harking back to certain halcyon days before his spirit and his flesh became over-oppressed with titular glories.

"Bad blood!" grunted the heir, and the matter dropped.

Two weeks later the Duke of Maldon stumbled across the dead body of his son and heir in the great living-hall of the castle.

Harold was sent for, and when he saw his lifeless body he collapsed.

"We quarreled," he admitted to his accusative, implacable father, "over—the girl. I struck him; but it seems impossible that it could have *killed* him. Still it must have. God above me! I have murdered my brother; I—— Call the police, father—I'll give myself up.

The old man raised his sunken eyes and looked at his youngest born. All irrelevantly, he recalled him as a sunny-headed baby rollicking on the spacious nursery floor and a nurse predicting a famous future for the lusty youngster. A murderer! The slayer of his own blood! The father shuddered, and his gaze burned from the dead son to the living.

"Go forth and wander as did Cain when he killed Abel," he pronounced, "and may the brand of Cain be upon you. Go!"

Harold bent his head. The spilt blood of his brother must wash away the craving of his heart and wipe out the lusts of his flesh.

Seven years later a lone horseman rode down the dusty road in the heart of Never-Never land. His wearied eyes gazed straight ahead of him as tho he saw a duty to be fulfilled in which was only the dry comfort of the duty done. Abnegation was written on his face, and the starved heart of the much-denied pleaded in his eyes.

A cabin showed in the distance with spirals of smoke curling from its chimney. "I'll stop here," the horseman said, "and put up for the night, if they'll have me."

A woman stood facing the cabin as the man rode quietly into the clearing, and as he looked at her an appreciative light fired his dulled eye. "What lines!" he thought—"what an easy—yet what a weary grace!"

"I beg pardon," he spoke aloud; "I——"

The woman turned, with a springing, startled movement of her body. Her yellow, cat's eyes widened, then narrowed; her vivid, tired mouth opened. "Harold!" she cried; then, sibilantly, yearningly, like a woman



MADGE SAVES HAROLD FROM THE TREACHERY OF RED JOHN

who loves the sound of a certain name, "Harold—lover—mate!"

The man jumped from his horse, and for one filched moment from the miser hands of perfect bliss they wrung their halcyon hours back again.

Life is full of such happenings as that, after all. Page upon page, chapter upon chapter of dull pedantry; then suddenly, unexpectedly, with the radiance of a brilliant gem, one comes across a perfect thought clothed in most perfect rhythm, and the quivering echoes haunt the heart with the sad fragrance of pot-pourri till the heart is a crumpled thing itself.

How our little pawns of selves are moved back and forth across the board, and here and there, and hither and thither, not even immortal Omar could divulge, but turned in his quaint wisdom to declaim, "He knows about it all; He knows—He knows!"

"I am going home—to England," Harold said, after the first rapture and the assurance that John was riding the range and only a deaf but abhorrent black was on the place. "My father has died—and I must take the title. But I am going back—a murderer——"

Madge raised her head. "A—what?" she asked.

"I killed my brother, my darling; that is why I left you so without a word. My father sent me forth to

wander upon the face of the earth with the brand of Cain upon me. I——"

The woman threw back her glorious head and faced him. "Listen to me, core of my heart," she commanded; "you are as guiltless of that crime as you were in your mother's womb. I did not know of your flight—because—John killed Lionel, best beloved, and he forced me to fly with him. Lionel came to me and remonstrated with me after your quarrel with him. I resented it and struggled to break loose from him. John forced a long-sought-for entrance at that moment, and killed your brother Lionel in a jealous fury."

Harold stared at her as one who dreams over long of grewsome horrors and wakes, at last, to the peace of a quiet room and a balmy, untroubled day.

"You have taken the brand of Cain from my shoulders," he whispered; "it has never left me, and neither has your face, my love, my queen. You have crept into my very veins, and you stir me to deliriums. Seven years I have hungered and thirsted for you; sweated for you; moaned for you in my sleep. I have been like a man on a vast desert who gasps in his parched, swollen throat for a draught of water. I have raved for you; sobbed incoherently to God for the touch of

you; cursed you, my sweet, for the very desire you have inoculated me with. And now I shall never let you go. You must come home with me—to stay."

Madge crept close to him. In her gypsy blood there was no law but one—to follow her man tho he lead to the outermost brink of the world.

"Come back for me tomorrow," she begged, "and I will go."

Red John was there when he came, and he leered at him as he faced him sullenly. Madge, crouching behind a clump of bushes, watched the gypsy suspiciously, and her tired eyes gleamed.

John whipped a pistol from his belt and threw one to Harold. "I've fought for her once, by Gar!" he said, "and I'll do it again."

He paused and looked at the woman, gloatingly. She raised a deprecatory hand. "If both of you should go," she begged, "what of me—then?"

John laughed harshly. "There's the black in the kitchen," he said noisomely.

Madge shrank back and Harold dropped his pistol.

"I wouldn't fight a dog like you," he said. "We'll toss a coin for the one to shoot."

The coins tossed and John picked his up. "You win," he said.

Harold paused, and in that pause



THAT NIGHT THEY RODE FROM NEVER-NEVER LAND AGAINST THE WESTERING SUN

Madge saw John's hand creep stealthily to his belt. She knew the skulking meanness of the man—the black blood in his veins. And she drew forth her own gun. There came a sharp explosion, a dense puff of smoke, and Red John lay lumpily still upon the ground. From under his cooling heart there crawled and oozed a deathly stream of blackish red.

That night they rode from Never-Never Land against the westering sun. Ahead of them lay the proud title of the Dukedom of Maldon—a heritage of wealth and beneficent years. Back of them reached the blood-red tares of murder and adultery—lawless passions and the fruits thereof.

People called her “queer”—“a woman with a past”—“an unhappy creature.” Even the tenantry, to whom she was all bounty and loving kindness, questioned her. Her mouth, like a pale pink flower now, smiled

easily, but the dulled yellow of her cat's eyes looked forth, shadowed with a vast tragedy. Life had laid brutal hands upon her. Her own vehement passions had seized upon and annihilated her. The ancient superstitions of her tribe assailed her and she came to dread the hour of high noon.

And two months after their return to Maldon Towers Harold was brought in from the hunting field to die. Only as he lay upon his last bed did the glorious eyes blaze again with a final, surging appeal; and when they closed his ardent, glazing orbs, she bent under the grief as tho stricken to the very earth.

There followed dreary days when she sat in the family pew and listened, avidly, to the holy words, hungering for some token of absolution—craving peace for her troubled heart and peace for the man she had worshiped.

She grew as thin as a reed, and her face was formed on the delicate lines of

a cameo, save where two bright scarlet spots touched her cheeks. But she seemed to stay strong and her eyes were on fire with resolve.

Outside the church, one warm, mid-summer day, she stood talking to the archbishop. “I desire to give all of my property, real and personal, to the church and to charities,” she was saying; “I——” The chimes in the tower tolled sonorously out. It was the minute of high noon. The archbishop looked up at them with a smile of pleasure on his reverend face. When he looked down——

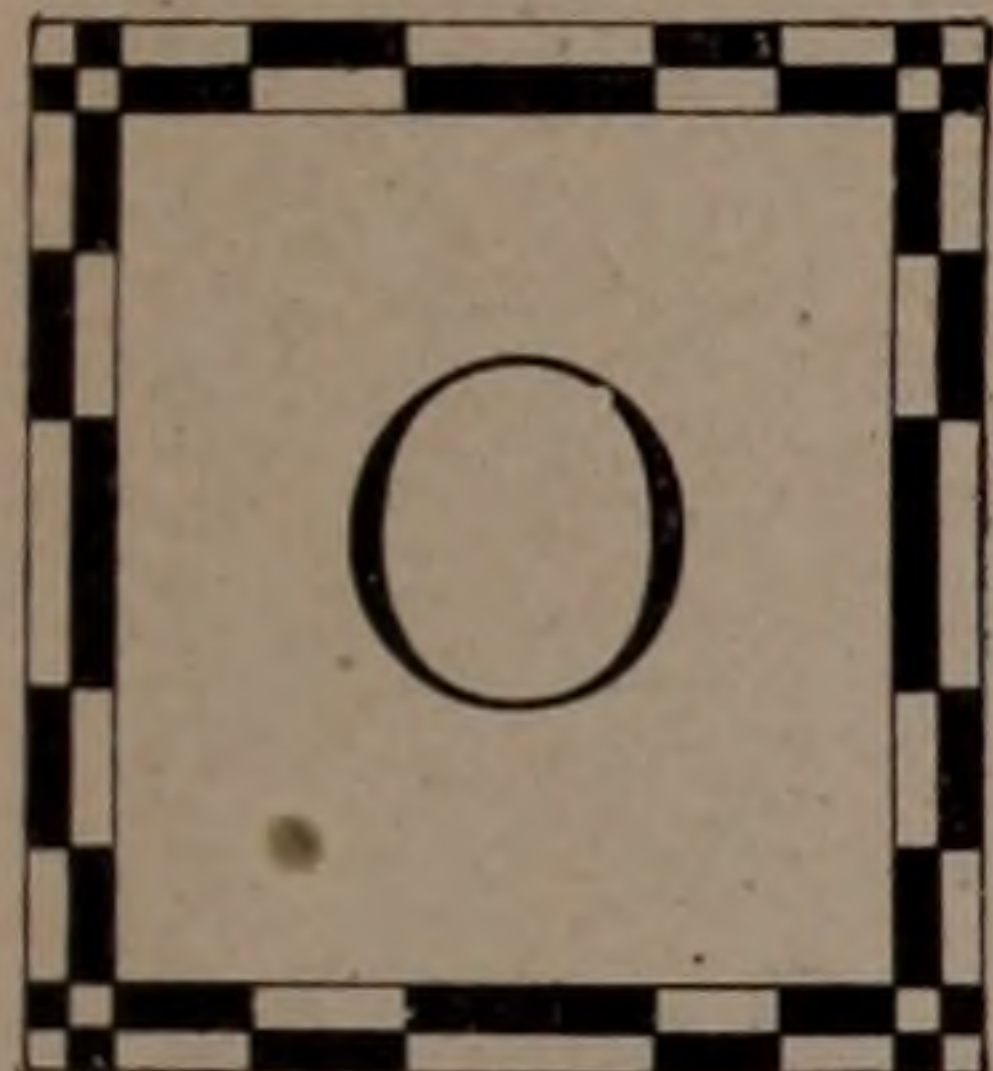
All this passed in that eternal, transitory Moment Before, and the eyes of the Adjudger turned earthward that He might behold a thing held up to Him all stained with human passions and scarred with human wrongs. What He did with it we do not know.

But upon the dead, once passionate face of the sorry Duchess of Maldon there strayed, benignantly, the hand of a tender peace.

MAKING UP FOR THE MOVIES



By J. W. CHAMBERLAIN



ON the stage, where the footlights throw their artificial illumination upward, you behold, evidently, a beautiful girl. Her perfect, cupid-bow lips are

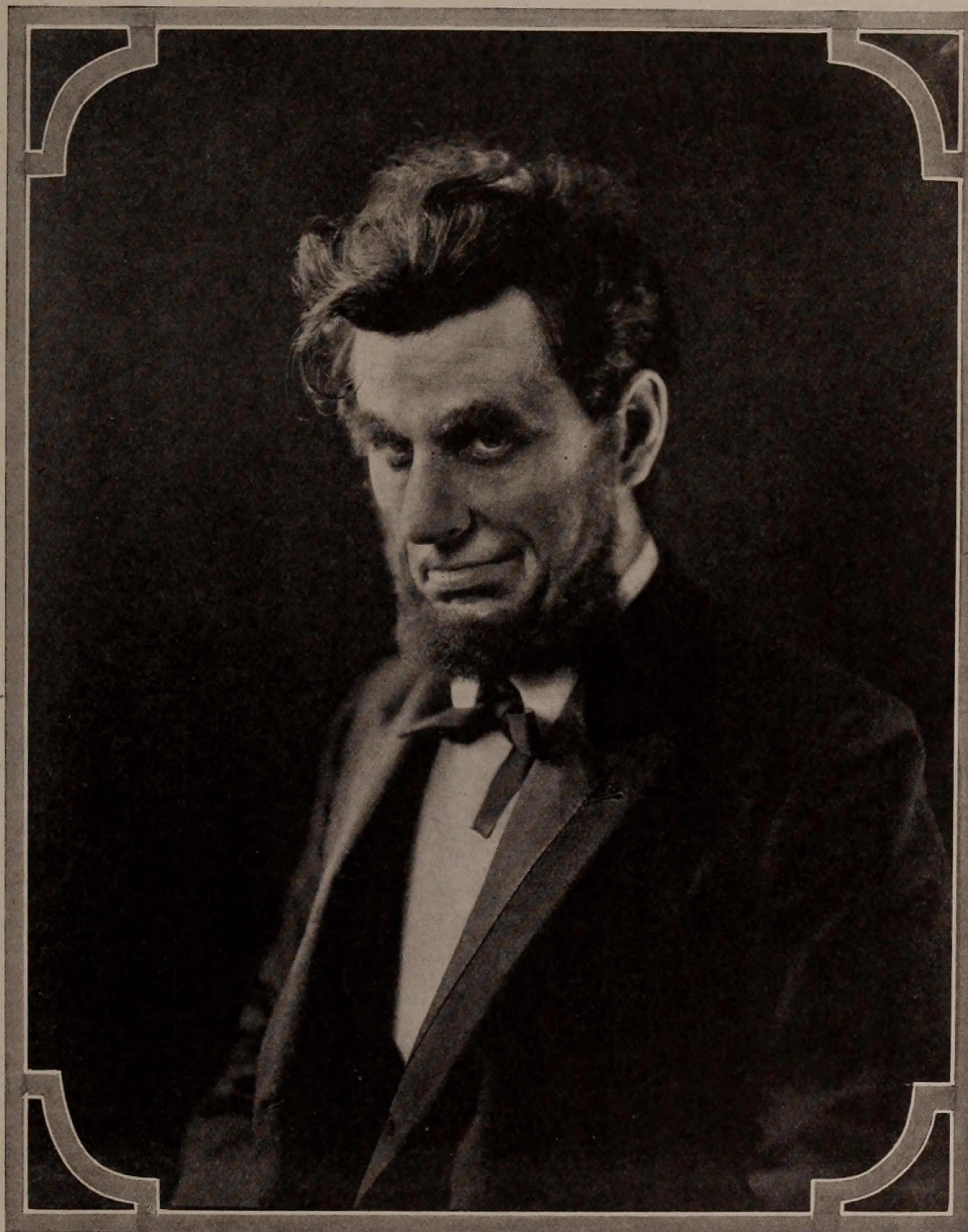
ing Picture screen, is quite another thing. There is all the difference in the world between making up the actor who is to appear in person and making up the actor who is to appear only before the camera in person. Each is an art in itself. Making up for the footlights is an ancient art; making up for the movies is compara-

a dark gray; pink means a light gray; consequently, the ruby-red lips of the actress would appear jet black, the powdered whiteness of her neck turns out a ghastly white, and the peach-blow tint of pink on her cheeks shows upon the movie screen as a light gray, which gives her the appearance of one fading rapidly away into a living skeleton.

ruby-red; her neck and her bosom are like alabaster; her cheeks are like the bloom of the peach, and her large, soulful eyes look out at you with an innocent, entreating gaze from beneath deep-fringed eyelashes and perfect eyebrows. Put this same young lady, with exactly the same make-up on, out in the daylight, before the lens of the movie camera, and what is the result?

Those cupid-bow, ruby-red lips will have become jet black when shown on the screen. Her alabaster neck and bosom will look like the high-lights on a piece of polished steel—hard, ghastly white and cold; her peach-blow cheeks will have become dark and sunken; there will be ludicrous black circles beneath her eye; her eyelashes will appear as tho whittled out of black whalebone, and her perfect eyebrows will have every appearance of having been cut from black court-plaster and stuck in place.

This is because the art of making up for the stage to appear before the footlights in person is one thing, but to make up for the searching lens of the little camera that reels off hundreds and hundreds of feet of film, to appear before an audience on a Mov-



RALPH INCE AS ABRAHAM LINCOLN

tively new, and as yet there are very few real masters of it.

The reason is that the camera knows only two color values, ranging from pure white to jet black, with all the tones of grays in between. Red to a camera means black; bright blue to a camera means white; light orange means gray; a light red means

To accentuate her eyes—to make them appear large and soulful on the stage—they are penciled beneath with blue-black crayon. Before the movie camera this comes out like a charcoal mark. The thick grease-paint around the eyelashes shows in the film but not on the stage, and so it is that the best make-up man in the world for the stage would fall down completely in attempting to make up actors for the movies.

Every big film-producing concern has its make-up man and his assistants. Where there are immense crowds for some of the scenes, it takes the greater part of the day to make them up. Hundreds of them are, of course, only "supes," but they all have to be made up with the greatest of care. The picture must be made in the daylight; the "supes" cannot sleep in their

make-up, as it would rub off, and so there are times when the make-up man has to start in as early as five o'clock in the morning in order to get his characters ready for a picture to be taken at three o'clock in the afternoon.

When the picture entitled "Lincoln's Speech at Gettysburg" was



MARY FULLER, OF THE UNIVERSAL COMPANY

made, the make-up man had to make up seven hundred and thirty-eight characters. He started at five o'clock in the morning and had his seven hundred and thirty-eight characters made up and ready five minutes before the time scheduled for the members of the cast to take their places. In the mob scene from "The Little Minister" he made up five hundred characters, and these were even more difficult than those in the Lincoln scene.

If you were to see some movie actors, especially those in character parts, in person, instead of on the screen, in this make-up, you would see a most grotesque-looking person. The entire face is sometimes made up in deep pink to give the rather sallow, grayish complexion of age. Lines are used between the eyebrows, across the forehead, about the eyes and running down each side of the nose, all of crimson lake—a bright red color which photographs black. When this crimson lake is blended with the pink

color covering the skin and a trifle of light put around the edges for the high-lights, the camera makes it look like real wrinkles. Even the quality of hair in the wig has to be finer for the camera, or else it would look more like the stuffing of a hair mattress than the hirsute adornment of a human being.

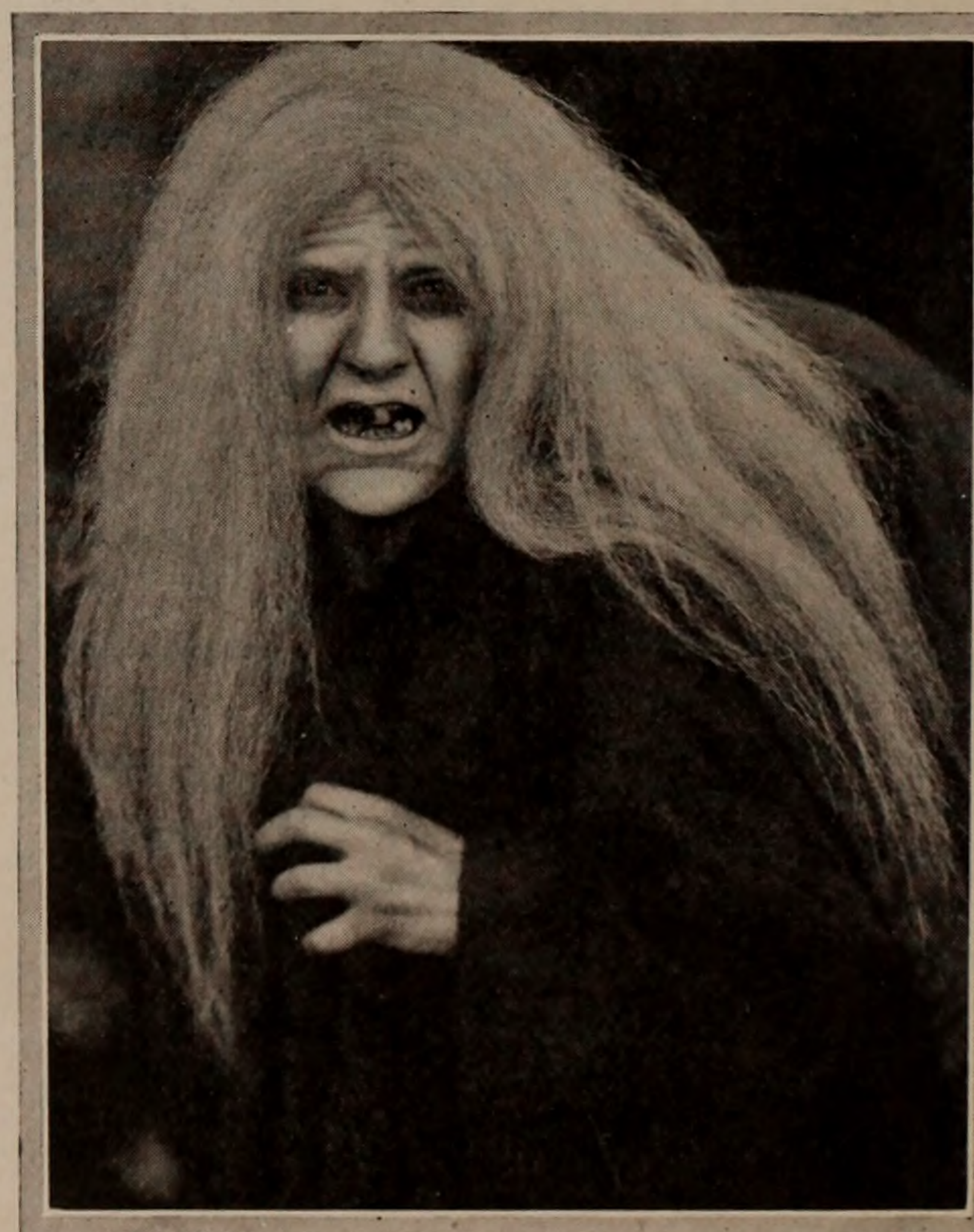
All this hideous mess of pinks and crimson lake, and white outlines around the crimson-lake streaks, makes the face grotesque, laughable and clownish to look at. In the picture the result is perfection.

To see such a character made up as he would appear on a stage before the footlights, the eyes appear as tho they were popping out of the head; the eyebrows look as tho they were glued on, and the false hair does indeed look as tho it came from the musty anatomy of



KING BAGGOT, OF THE IMP COMPANY

an old-fashioned sofa. The lines in the forehead, if examined closely for a moment, look just like what they are—dark crayon lines over the skin. The white paint necessary for the stage make-up makes them look in the photograph like an animate ghost, or as tho the actor had just dipped his head in a flour-barrel. If the actors in a Moving Picture play all looked



ORMI HAWLEY, OF THE FOX PLAYERS

(Forty)

CLASSIC

as they do in these pictures, it would give an impression of a convention of Fourth of July antiques and horrors. For this reason it may be readily understood why there is a great difference between the art of making up for the footlights and making up for the movies.

The same care must be taken in setting the stage for the movies. Every one who has visited a photograph studio to have his picture taken will readily understand this. He will have noticed that there are no scenes in colors. They are in blacks, whites and grays. In the stage-setting for Moving Pictures, the drawing-room of a multi-millionaire, for instance, is a dull-appearing scene to the onlooker. On the stage, such a drawing-room would appear in rich wood panels, beautifully colored tapestry, gilded chandeliers and the like; but these colors are of no use for a movie scene.

MABEL TRUNNELLE, OF THE EDISON COMPANY



cial Wife," the queen of the nihilists attempts to explain why she is a nihilist. As she talks, her vision of the past is thrown on the screen. It is the humble home of a Russian serf. Suddenly the Czar's soldiers break down the door and murder her parents and her lover. All this explains to the audience, without words, just why the beautiful girl has become a nihilist. To make this scene, great care

was necessary in order to get the proper color values. The walls of the room look gray. If, however, they had been painted gray, they would have been the color of the soldiers' uniforms. In order to give a



Photo by Photoplayers Studio

VERA SISSON, OF THE BIOGRAPH COMPANY

They are more frequently a detriment than otherwise. The red rosewood would appear like ebony; the blues and

these scenes for the stage-setting of movies is also quite an art.

In the Russian photoplay, "My Offi-



Photo copyrighted by Hartsok

POLLY MORAN, OF THE KEYSTONE COMPANY

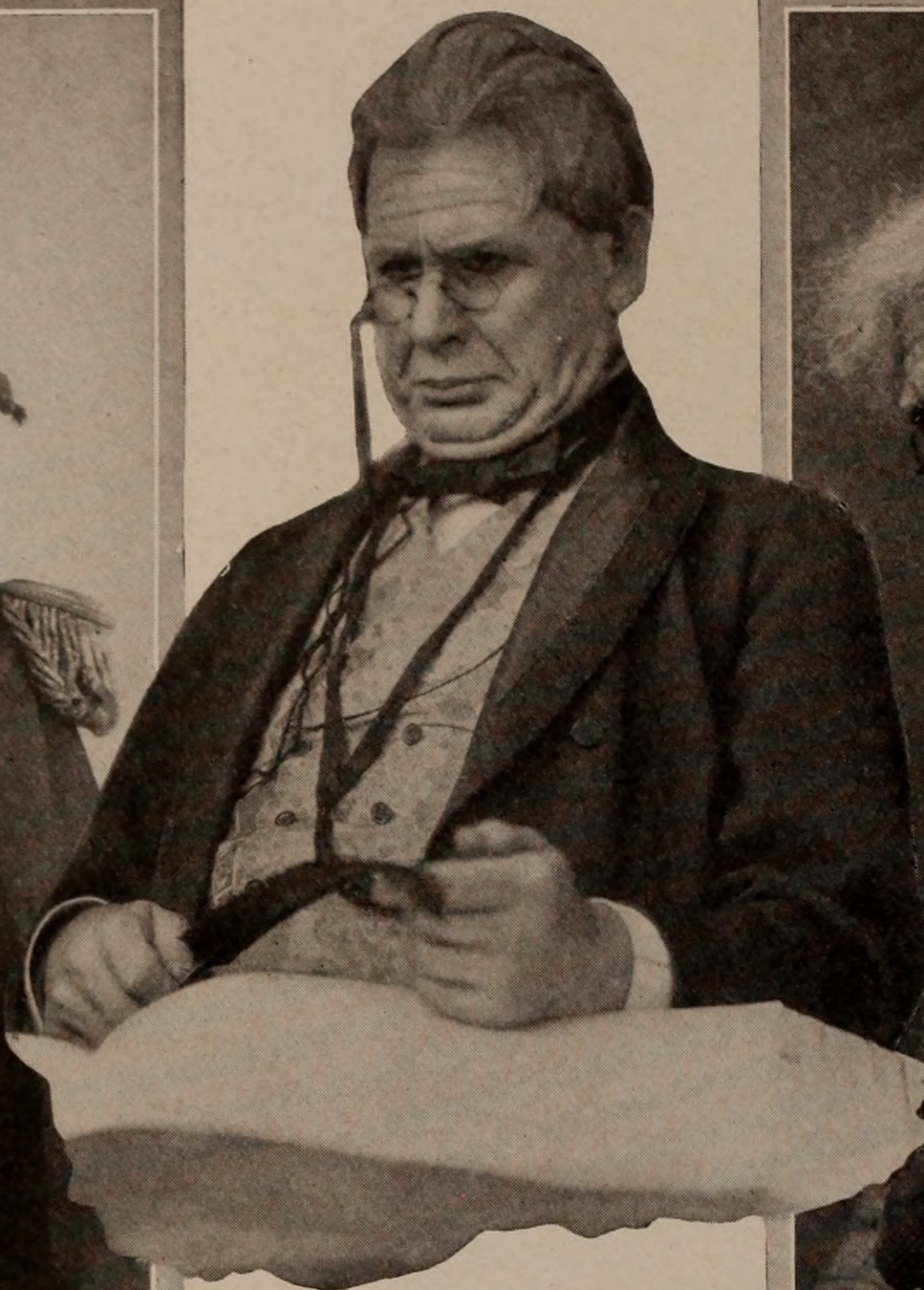
yellow of the tapestry and gilding would turn out a sickly white; the pinks and other warm colors of the rugs and pictures would, on the screen, be a dull gray. Consequently, the making up of

light-gray appearance, the walls were painted a light orange. The peasant's smock, instead of being light blue, as it is in reality, was made of dark blue, because the light blue would have photographed white. The "Queen's" boots appear lighter than those worn by the men. This was brought about by means of making them of light-red leather. They show at a glance to be of lighter and finer material than the black boots worn by the men. To get the perfect gray of the helmets of the soldiers, they were in reality a yellowish orange. Every other detail of these sort of pictures has to be made with the mind always on how they will look in the photograph.

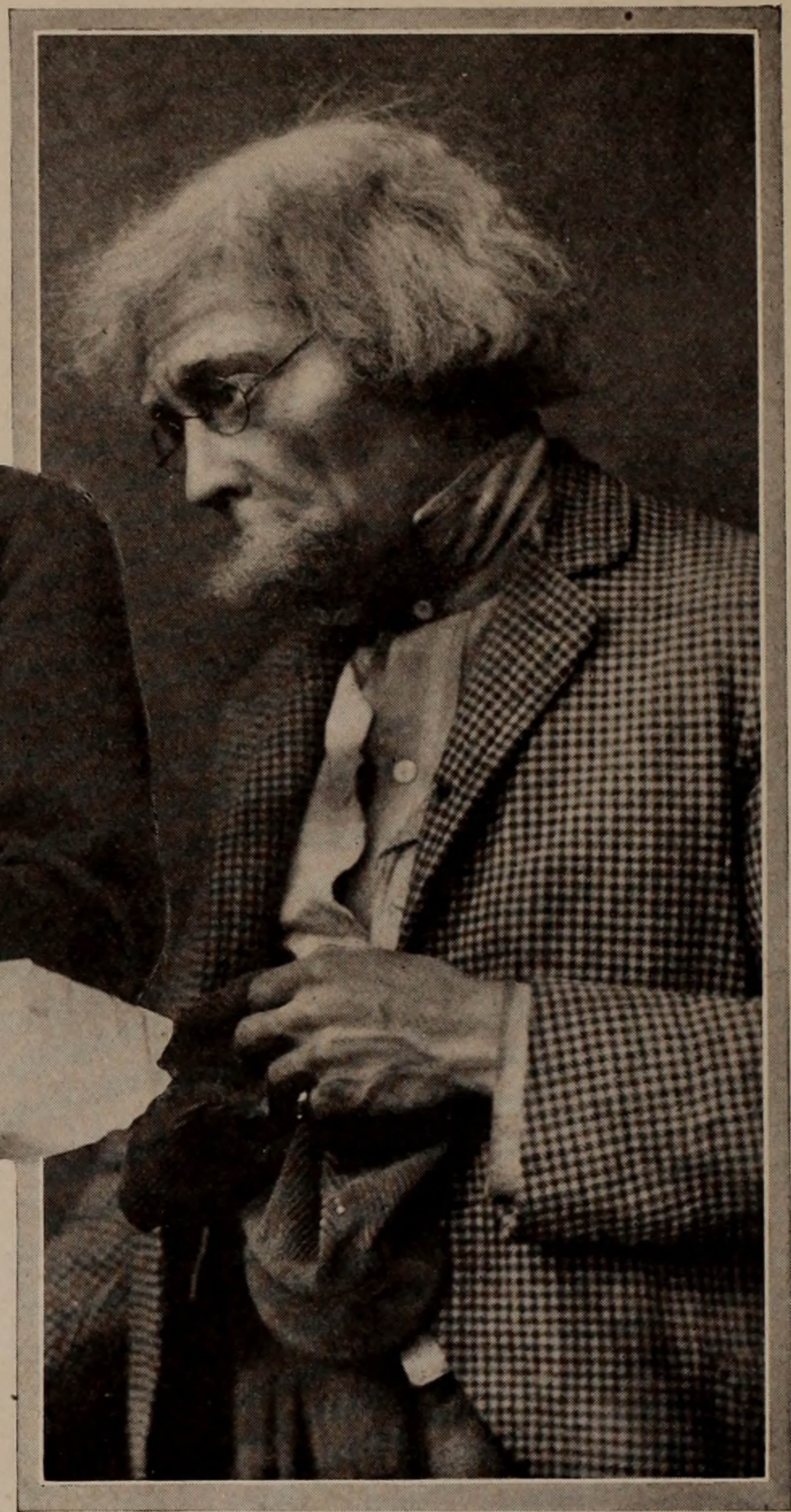


FRANK DANIELS, OF THE VITAGRAPH COMPANY

There is no means of making a woman's eyes appear large and luminous before the lens of a camera. For the footlights, this is easily accomplished; for the movies, only certain types of women who really take a good picture can be used for scenes that demand a beautiful girl. The dark-blue eyes of Irish brunettes photograph quite well, but very light-blue eyes will not make a good picture at all. Dark-gray eyes, and especially hazel eyes, are strikingly beautiful on the movie screen. Footlights always favor the shadows, but the Moving Picture camera favors the high-lights. The skilled movie make-up man becomes a quick judge of just how certain high-lights and certain shadows will appear on the screen, and so he tones down the high-lights and builds up the shadows. He also supervises the colors and the costumes that are worn, because he is responsible for the effect on the screen. The acting is up to the director, but the color values are always up to the movie make-up man; and when he has learnt his art



CHARLES OGLE, OF THE UNIVERSAL



ARTHUR HOUSMAN, OF THE LUBIN COMPANY

thoroly, he has a profession that is worth while and one that brings him an income that would make many a professional man envious.

Learning the wizardry of camera make-up, too, has been the turning-point in many a movie actor's career. "Youth must be served" is an axiom that nowhere more forcibly applies than before the unerring little lens of the camera.

Let a leading-man gather a few crow's-feet under his eyes and not know how to dispel them with make-up, and his career is suddenly, mayhap cruelly, ended.

Speaking of wrinkles, the converse side, or the art of making movie wrinkles, can be no better illustrated than by Ralph Ince, "the man who made Lincoln famous."

His study of the rugged features of deep facial lines was one of months.



Photo by Witzel
HAM AND BUD, OF THE KALEM COMPANY

The Most Beautiful "Good Woman" in the Movies

Great Girl Within Inspires Exudes Joy in Volumes vated by Her Figure for Anita Stewart

a Charming Character Which —An Ardent Jap Capti- But No Wedding Bells

By TOM BRET

I HEARD a rippling melody in prose!

At first in the distance, then gradually drawing nearer, the cheery call of a youthful celebrity re-echoed thru the corridors of the west wing of the great Vitagraph studios, while I waited.

That sound was as clear as the high note of some rich-reeded, soft-toned organ, and as ear-pleasing as the clarion-call of an oriole. And it heralded the approach of a creature as sweet as her voice.

"Well, I got my pie!" And there, in the door of her dressing-room, a radiant vision of loveliness stopped short when she saw that her secretary was not alone, and that I was lying in wait for her.

Mark my words, however, that was a striking entrance, for, as this little leading lady of the films stood there, in her pretty blue gown, with a dash of filmy pink heightening the peach-like complexion of her pretty, inquisitive face, it was so surely natural and vivacious that she seemed to exude joy in volumes, and it revealed, in a mindful manner, the great girl within, the heart of the most beautiful portrayer of the "good woman" in the movies.

I know you're impatient, dear reader, to get a glimpse of the throne-room of Miss Stewart. When I reached there, I found she was visiting in another dressing-room, on her way in; consequently, I reached the conclusion that she is a very chummy sort of a person. This, however, gave me the opportu-

nity to meet her secretary, Mrs. Margaret Talford, who, because of her motherly appearance, gives one more the impression of a chaperon than of a secretarial lady. The dressing-room itself is a dream of white and blue furniture, containing also upholstered, semi-circular divan; olive-green, fireproof lockers, fairly bulging with costly costumes; and an art gallery, strung by brass tacks about brown- and cream-colored walls. In that galaxy of stars are Mother Maurice, Hughie Mack, Wallie Van, Eleanor Woodruff, and nearly a hundred other celebrities of the Vitagraph family, past and present. I was struck by the fact that S. Rankin Drew, that



Photo by Campbell

ANITA STEWART (Vitagraph)

brilliant young scion of a brilliant theatrical house, which includes the Drews and Barrymores, occupied the high altar of Miss Stewart's affections, for his photo stood on a center table, beside a vase of roses and rich, red carnations.

all emblems of undying devotion; while on a dainty side altar, as it were, a portrait of Earle Will-

in another gripping production, entitled "A Million Bid," written by the late Mrs. Sidney Drew, who was Phyllis Rankin. This revered authoress, by the way, was the mother of S. Rankin Drew, Miss Stewart's present director.

The genial young star confided in me further that she is quite as exemplary in her habits as a well domesticated married man. She doesn't smoke cigarets, drink, or stay out late at night.

To the construction of a magnificent mansion, which Miss Stewart is having erected, of stucco and stone, at Brightwaters, Bay Shore, N. Y., is attached a bit of sentiment, for she is to call the place "Wood Violet," in commemoration of the fact that her first screen appearance, three years ago, was as a wood-nymph, in a play of that name.



Photo by Apeda



Photo by Apeda

iams, the celebrated leading man, was also enshrined among a profusion of pink carnations. I had just about sized up the place well, noticing the running water, fancy electric lights, and various other fixtures of modern convenience, when the most exquisite young woman in the movies, the lover of pie and children and pretty things, made her appearance. With the businesslike directness of an executioner, I shortly had her maidenly confusion subdued, and proceeded with the interview. She told me, without a blush, that she is fully nineteen years of age, and that she gets from seventy to a hundred and fifty letters a day, most of them from girls, attracted by her remarkable screen personality. Incidentally, I noticed her toys, a goat (her own—no one's got it yet), and a doll in the gown of a French maid.

Her beauty secret?

Early to bed and late to rise, and, as the devoted Mrs. Talford interpolated, Miss Stewart's abundant good humor.

Talking shop with this bit of female Tiffany, I learnt that she believed her greatest dramatic triumph was not in the famous serial, "The Goddess," but

She is never out late, except at a movie ball, or a charitable affair, where her presence is frequently a notable event.

Her next picture will be a Russian masterpiece, in which she is to grow from girlhood to womanhood and do all sorts of romantic adventures.

involved in matrimonial entanglements for the next five years. In this she seems a most sincere young lady, caring perhaps as little for the admiration

When, rather timidly, I inquired whether or not she was engaged, Miss Stewart became radiantly enthusiastic about not getting married. No; she is not engaged, and positively will not become in-

Photo by White





ANITA STEWART IN HER FIRST GREAT SUCCESS, "THE WOOD VIOLET"

of the opposite sex as she does for jewelry, and she doesn't wear a trinket of any sort.

Here's another mighty pretty thing about her. She doesn't even use slang. Her every effort seems to be to cultivate within herself a refined and noble character, for she is a firm believer in the principle that her personality shows in her work, and, to move and entertain the hearts of the throng, she strives to live so as to reflect a lovable soul as well as a pleasing personality.

She gets proposals by the bushel. A widower, in Wales, with some cash, a farm and a whole hennery full of chickens, said he would pull out his hair and have no peace on earth should she refuse to come to him as his bride. He'll be bald entirely before Anita sees him. Soldier Ramson, 'way over in the trenches at Verdun, wrote her that he expected to die on the morrow, that he had no kith or kin, and so he wrote her a note of farewell, because he had grown to love her on the screen. He has not written since and has probably been killed in action.

But the best of all her mash notes is one from an ardent admirer in flowery Japan. Here it is, fresh from the Orient:

Tokio, Japan,
Jan. 10th, 1916.

MY DEAR MISS A. STEWART:

I saw the biograph of 413, which are very amusing, and the great scale in the

(Forty-five)

picture-theater of our city previously and I specially suit your skilful performance in it. You are very highly spoken of.

I like very much you. Even now I cant forgot yours figure from my head, and therefore if I can see your art in other day, I am glad very much.

I hope to send you anything what you wishes, and I beg you will henceforth favour me with your friendship.

I am anxiously await your photograph enclosed answer.

I remain,

Sincerely yours,

CHOGI YACHI.

She thought that was the "most cunning and cutest thing" she had ever read, and made haste to take the address of her quaint Japanese wooer; then, with hands clasped fervently over her knee, she mused aloud:

"My dear Mrs. Talford, have we sent him a photograph? Let us do it now. We must surely send him one."

I really dont blame the Jap. There are only *seven* reasons why I should not be tempted to do the same thing myself—a *wife and six children*.

Oh, yes; I had a long and enjoyable talk with Miss Stewart, whom I pronounce clever as well as pretty. Her composite loveliness lies in the fact that she has a modest demeanor, the freshness of youth unspoiled by fame, the gift of sympathy, a charming personality, and, withal, a radiant beauty that emanates from a good and perfect heart. 'Tis said by wiseacres that an actress should sink her personality in

her part. If so, I dont want to see Anita Stewart on the screen again; for it is the dainty and charming and heart-whole ensemble of her—her personality—that makes her the hit she is. Seeing this exceedingly remarkable young woman and great artist, one may well be reminded of the poetic tribute of John E. Barrett, the Scranton bard, when he wrote:

For it's not the new woman we want,
nor the old woman,
But the good woman;
Then bend the knee as we address her,
Here's to the woman who's good! God
bless her!



IN HER GREATEST TRIUMPH, "A MILLION BID"

Tears as a Screen Asset

Successful Photoplay Players Are Required to Have the Faculty to Weep at Will

By ELIZABETH PETERSEN



MARY FULLER

For what man is able to master
Or stem the great fountain of tears?
O'SHAUGNESSEY.

SINCE the beginning, tears have been the last and greatest refuge of the gentler sex in their dealings with the male. Hard, indeed, was the heart of a cavalier who could withstand the plea of lovely, tear-stained eyes. Formerly a woman, if she were capable of weeping at will, could use this gift to wheedle herself into a man's heart; but nowadays, with the era of photoplay, it can be used to much greater advantage—in finding her way into his pocket-book.

The tense, dramatic scene seems cold and conventional, if the actress goes thru her part with dry, untouched eyes. It is the tears—

that slowly fill the eyes of the misused one, then trickle gently down her cheeks—that put the human, gripping touch into the scene and strike the sympathetic chord in the heart of the spectator.

Iva Shepard, playing leads with the Gaumont Mutual Company at Jacksonville, Florida, has never found the time when a dramatic climax could not be supplied with real tears. Re-

eyes, she confidently awaited the warm flow of tears; but, to the surprise of the director, Mr. Middleton, and herself, none came.

"It's too cold today, Mr. Middleton; I can't weep," was the forthcoming explanation. All were distracted; the schedule must be finished, so that the production would not be delayed; but without tears the scene would be a dismal, flat and unconvincing failure.

Finally a stove—one of those oil affairs you never really appreciate until you spend a winter in the sunny South—was brought onto the stage. In the embrace of its gratifying heat, Miss Shepard once more brought her dramatic powers to the front, and great, soul-racking splotches of emotion trickled down her cheeks as the camera started once more.

Miss Shepard threatens even to excel her fine performance in "The Drifter," in her newest screen production, "The Sorceress."

Mary Fuller is a convincing and graceful exponent of the watery art. Many a lovelorn admirer has had forcibly to restrain himself from leaping to her

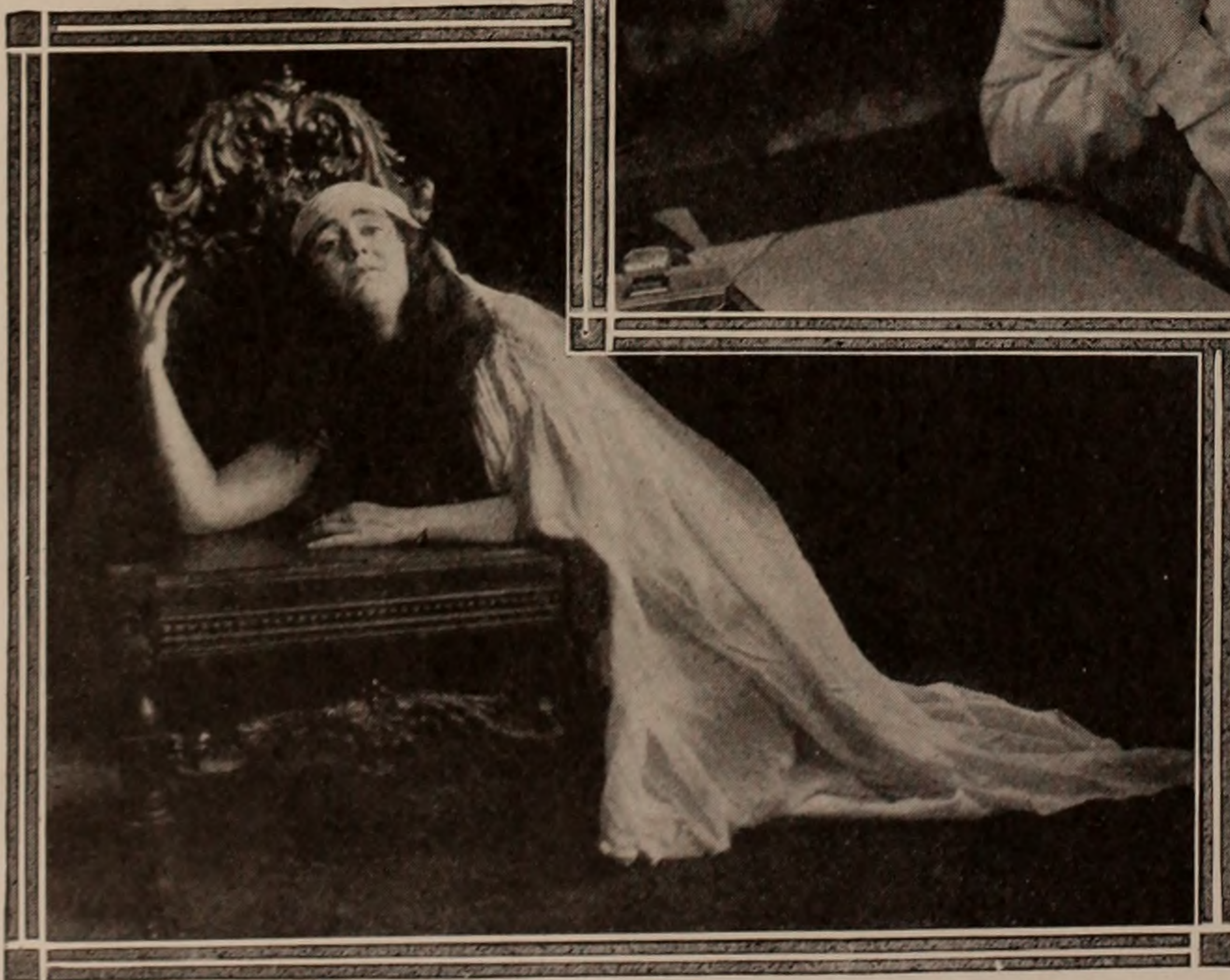
rescue, or trying to comfort her, when a close-up revealed her beautiful eyes desolate with tears.

Perhaps some remote, Irish ancestor is responsible for the temperamental nature of Rosemary Theby. Without warning, her sunny smile will suddenly quiver; big tears will sparkle on her eyes, making them look like drenched, purple pansies, and their tragic loveliness wins your ready



IVA SHEPARD

cently, her reputation was on the verge of a collapse, during a scene in "The Hunted House." Conflicting emotions were portrayed on her face as, with half-closed





IVA SHEPARD

sympathy. Then, before your mood can readjust itself, she is once more the saucy little sprite of a funmaker she was in the beginning, and, with true, Celtic inconsistency, the three-cornered, roguish smile appears once more. Miss Theby likes sympathetic parts; in these, tears are truly indispensable.

In the old Biograph days, when David W. Griffith reigned supreme, a little girl named Mary Pickford was just beginning her rapid climb to success. Owen Moore was leading man in the same company, and the

Now Mary Pickford can weep at will, not needing the spur of outraged feelings to egg her on, for, since those bygone, happy days in the old Fourteenth Street studio, she has climbed the highest pinnacle, and holds her own amongst the best screen-players of the day.

Nor is it only the woman who can resort to this method of winning an audience. Henry Walthall, the emotional actor, caused a quick contraction in the heart

of every spectator when his remarkable courtroom scene in "Temper" revealed his eyes, which are even at their brightest a trifle sad, full of unashamed tears.

In direct contrast to Walthall's dreamy, idealistic nature is William Farnum—virile, strong; essentially the sturdy, out-of-doors man—yet, in "The Plunderer," when he is struck by his best friend, his eyes tremble with sudden

tears. No one—at least no woman—could restrain the little tug of pity felt on seeing this big, apparently so self-sufficient man resort to the luxury of tears.

Cleo Madison is still another of the long list of screen-actresses who have learnt the art of tears à la carte. Her large and eloquent eyes can instantly bedew themselves with the tortures of her soul, and it is needless to say that her audiences suffer with her.

But the High Priestess of the Tear Duct is sans doubt the tousled-headed, great-eyed Blanche Sweet. It is averred by stage-folk that Cora Tanner, of a past generation, invented the stage-tear—at least she was its harrowed mistress in "Camille" and "The Lady of Lyons." And Blanche Sweet has truly caught her secret. In "Judith of Bethulia," the tear-whipped face of the woman who sold her soul and body for her people will never be forgotten. Some day, like kisses, tears will be classified and tagged—spiteful ones, remorseful, self-pitiful, and fearsome. But they will never lose their power as a deadly screen missile.



ROSEMARY THEBY



MARY PICKFORD

older, more sophisticated stock members watched with interest the outcome of their pretty romance.

At that time her dramatic ability had not reached the prowess it now boasts, and occasionally Mr. Griffith could not arouse in her the depths he desired, until one day a happy thought struck him. From that day Mary's tears were at his command. A few sharp words of fault-finding with Owen's acting, and Mary was dissolved in tears. Lights were called. A protesting, weeping heroine went thru her scene, and eventually the finished photoplay started its long round. Ere long, many tears had won for her the sympathy and love of the people of every country in the world—for we all spill tears.





DOROTHY GISH AS JOAN OF ARC

The Champion Hero Exploits, Plots

Pearl White, the Girl with Ninety-nine Perils of Pauline," "The Exploits Hand," and "The Iron

By HECTOR



day, when I was quite small, a strange man came along and stopped at our house for several

Pictures. I have been doing serial work exclusively for two and a half years. It suits me perfectly, tho it is very hard work, every day in the week, with long hours and a great deal of traveling. But, you know, work that interests us, and that we thoroly enjoy, is never drudgery.

"No; frankly, I am not domestic. Could you expect it when I have had no home life whatever since I was a little girl? All the home I know is a hotel. Why, I dont even have a dog. The only thing I have about me that is 'permanent,' as you might say, is my maid. She has been with me a long time.

"Other girls in the profession have homes, but they usually have some one of their own to live with them and help to make a home. I dont know the first thing about cooking or taking care of a house, and as for ordering a meal or suggesting a menu, I should be absolutely helpless. You see, my life has been strenuous, with no time or place for a real home. But I have accomplished things, even tho I dont keep house like a regular person.

"Now, here is a picture of

days. I will never forget how thrilled I was when I found he was a real actor. Father had taught me some things from Shakespeare and Tennyson, and I recited

for the actor person. He told me that I should study for the stage.

"From that moment I had no other thought, and when my chance came to take a small part, I was too happy for words. I have been in the circus, too; that's where I got the nerve and some of the training for the adventurous deeds people think are so wonderful. But it is born in every Western girl to like outdoor life and to do all kinds of wild, daring things.

"I went back to the stage; then my chance came to go in Motion

WHEN one thinks of Pearl White, they are quite likely to think of her as she was pictured in "The Exploits of Elaine" and many other thrilling episodes. But when one meets her face to face, she is refreshing in her simplicity and womanly charm.

"I am a Western girl by birth," she began, "and have been on the stage since I was a wee girl, but every one knows that about me, dont they, and about my work in pictures?"

"This is the way it began—perhaps every one doesn't know that: One



ine of Movie Perils, and Conspiracies

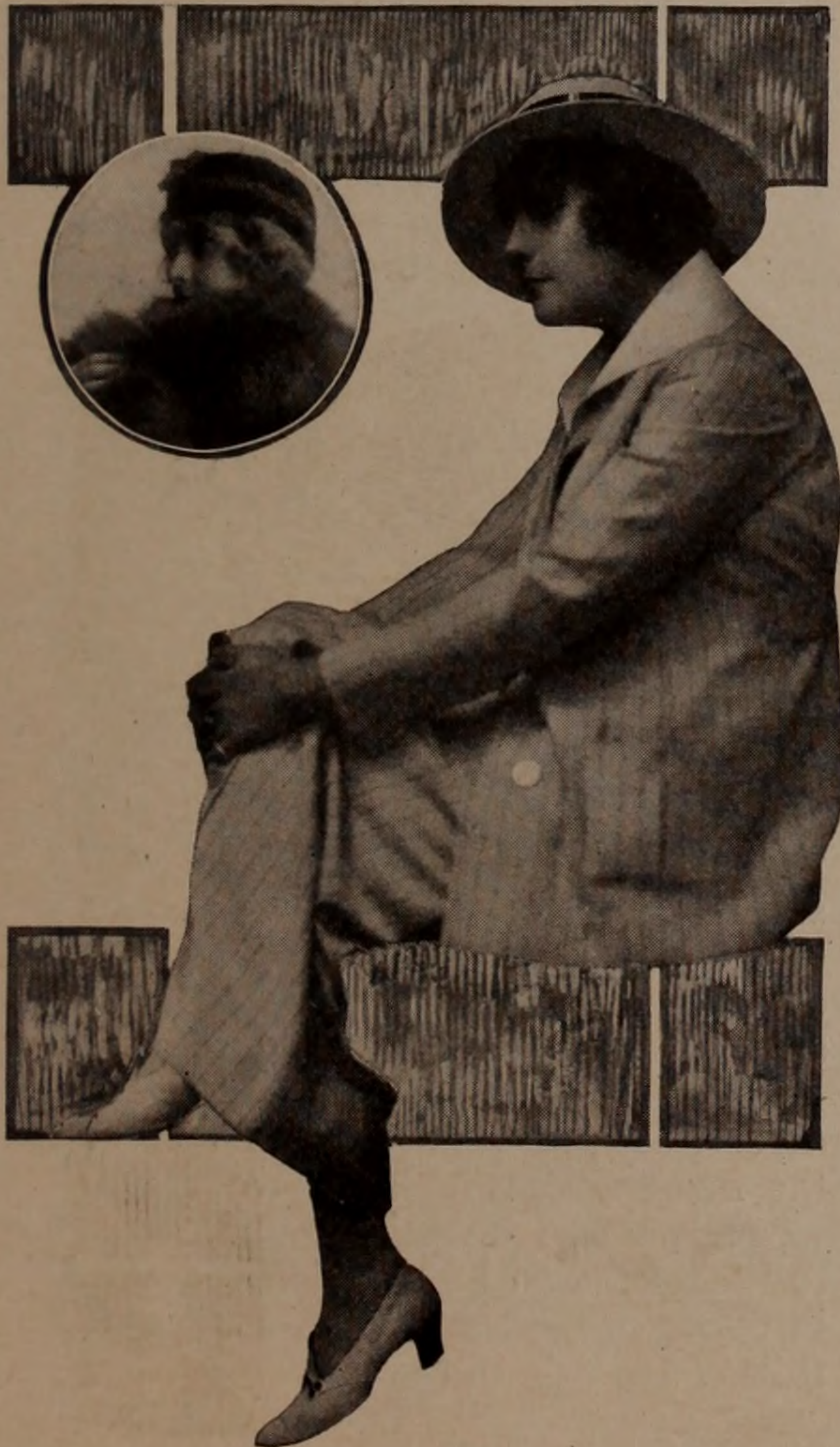
Lives, Has Been the Victim in "The
of Elaine," "The Clutching
Claw," and Still Lives

AMES

my daily life," she said. "I get up in good season, I eat no breakfast at all, and go to work from seven to ten. I eat lunch wherever I am, and as I often work until seven or eight, my dinner-hour is from seven to ten. I like the theater and dancing, but can never make engagements with any certainty of fulfilling them. My life is my work, and that is about all."

Just then her maid came to the corner of the big studio, where we were sitting, with a tray of tea-things. Miss White poured the tea and dispensed lumps of sugar and slices of lemon. "This is as near to being domestic as I ever get," she said.

"If you would ask me what I know about running a car, instead of a horse, I could give you a good story," she went on. "There is just one thing in the world I want to do, and some day I am going to do it. When the war is over, I shall take my car and travel



(Fifty-one)

around the world. I shall start from Honolulu, or some place, and go straight around until I come to Italy; there I stop, and there I shall stay."

I looked at her inquiringly. "Yes," she said, and her wonderful eyes, with their changing lights and shadows, grew misty. "There is one place in the world that I call home, and that is Italy. I am American-born, but see"—turning her profile to me—"that is Italian, and see"—turning her head again—"that is Irish. Can't you see it, and isn't it an awful combination?"

"I have visited my relatives in Italy several times. They are at the front now, and if they and their home are not demolished when the war is over, I think the dream of my life will come true."

"What will you do there?" I asked.



"Play the Italian theaters," she said, "and live and die there—that is, if the Motion Pictures leave enough of me to die anywhere," she laughed, with one of her sudden flashes from grave to gay.

It was at the Pathé studio, and, judging from the hazardous scenes taking place in filming "The Iron Claw," it seemed doubtful if she, or any of the company, would be allowed to die a natural death. Miss White showed untiring interest and cheerful patience in all the details of the work. She was everywhere present, and one

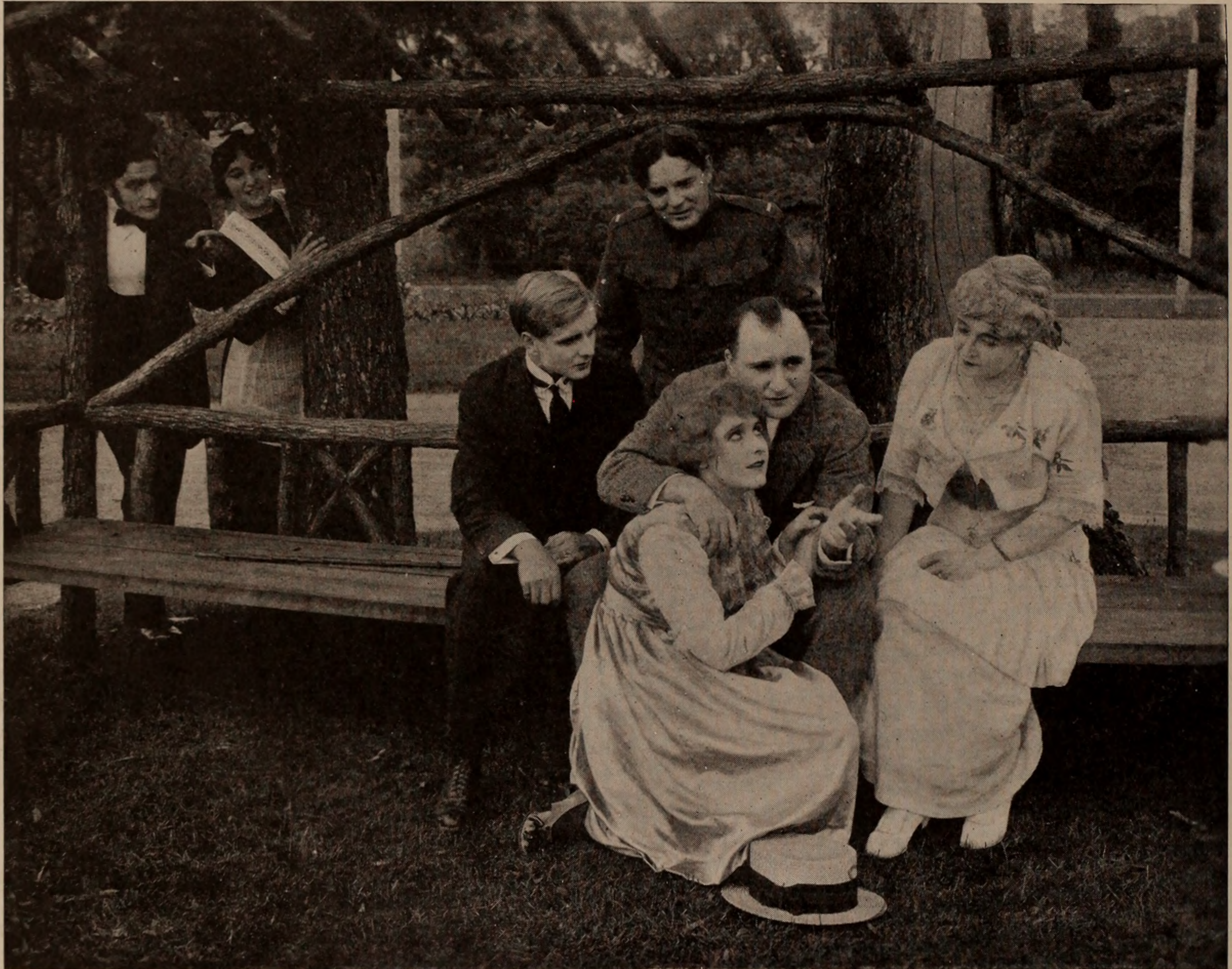
could see that she was adored by the whole company.

A small boy, who had been brought in for a scene, interested Miss White greatly. She tried to make friends, but he shyly withdrew from her embrace and made small response to her kindly inquiries. When she left him, I said, "You were not very friendly to Miss White." He gave me one dis-

work compels the admiration of all lovers of the photodrama. When, at last, it was over, she said, "Now, wait until I change, and I will be ready."

In a few moments she appeared. In the picture she wore a most becoming creation of purple chiffon trimmed with spangly things, purple satin shoes, and purple bands, with more spangly things, in her hair. Now she was

MY DEAR MR. BREWSTER—Your favor just reached me, as I have been away on my vacation. I am quite willing to do all I can to grant your request for an article on "my favorite scene," but for the past two years I have been appearing only in thrilling pictures, in which the big scenes were hairbreadth escapes, and, of course, in these there are no favorites. Of course



CREIGHTON HALE PEARL WHITE ARNOLD DALY

PEARL WHITE'S FAVORITE SCENE, FROM "THE EXPLOITS OF ELAINE" (PATHÉ)

dainful glance. "Oh, g'wan," he said, "that wasn't Poil White." "It certainly was," I told him, but he was plainly skeptical. In a few moments Miss White came back and gave him a bright half-dollar. His impassive face lightened as he gazed at the coin and at her. "Say, you must be Poil White!" he gasped. And from that moment, until she was called to work again, he never left her side.

Soon every one was gone from the big studio but the director and half a dozen of the principals. I lingered—loath to lose sight of this girl, whose

wearing a long fur coat, and a tailored hat, with a veil. She was none the less charming, but different, and I nearly exclaimed, like the small boy, "That's not Poil White."

The following interesting letter from Miss Pearl White came in answer to our request for a few lines and a picture for our "Favorite Scenes of Favorite Players" department. Since writing this letter, Miss White has signed a new contract with the Pathé Company, and is now engaged in doing a new serial:

they are all terrible, and the only joy you derive from appearing in them is when it is all over and you find yourself still alive. I am mailing you, under separate cover, two "still" pictures of the last scene taken in the "Elaine" series, which I can say was the happiest, if not the favorite, scene in my career, because it was then I received the news that I was to have a four-week vacation on salary, and, owing to the fact I had not had one day off in two years, naturally it was a joyful tiding.

Sincerely,

PEARL WHITE.

(Fifty-two)

When Sparrows Muss Up Motion Picture Scenes

By ERNEST A. DENCH

THE sparrow is such a harmless creature that it is hard to believe he is capable of interfering with the production of Motion Pictures. Yet he has spoiled many a Motion Picture scene for the director, who, as may be expected, does not regard his interference in a favorable light.

The roofs and sides of many Motion Picture studios are of glass, and when the weather is favorable the glass windows are opened for ventilation purposes. It is thru these windows that the sparrows fly in and swing on the steel supports.

One director of my acquaintance had just ordered the camera-man to "shoot" a carefully rehearsed scene. The row of arc lamps was switched on, and just as the leading woman was

settling down nicely to her part, two sparrows swooped by her head. She and her companion players hastily quit the scene, as they at first mistook the birds for bats.

The director's temper was ruffled, but the sparrows were driven out of the studio. However, they returned twice more, by which time the director was well nigh crazy. Altogether, the sparrows caused an hour's delay.

Another instance occurred in a romantic photoplay in which the hero enters his house and is reminded of his broken romance by seeing rice on the floor. He shows great sorrow, but when he was acting this situation, three sparrows descended on the floor and started to pick the grains of rice off the carpet. The incident was so unexpected that the hero could not

restrain his mirth, with the result that the scene had to be done over again.

There is a well-authenticated story of a studio that was closed during nesting time. When the company returned and turned on the arc lamps, a protest went up from several hundred feathered throats in the nests above. It took a day and the fire department ladders to oust the little squatters.

A certain popular child player never attends the studio without a bag of rice, with which he feeds the sparrows. One day, however, as he was acting before the camera, a bunch of sparrows flew by his side in expectation of receiving their usual daily ration. The youngster was so touched that he stopped to feed his little charges. Altho the scene was spoilt, the director's sympathy was aroused.



MAY ALLISON

HAROLD LOCKWOOD

HARRY VON METER

A BIG MOMENT FROM "LILLO OF THE ZULO SEAS" (AMERICAN)



ROLLIN STURGEON

NELL SHIPMAN

WM. DUNCAN

EDGAR KELLAR

THE PLAYERS IN VITAGRAPH'S BIG FEATURE, "GOD'S COUNTRY AND THE WOMAN"



CHARLOTTE BURTON

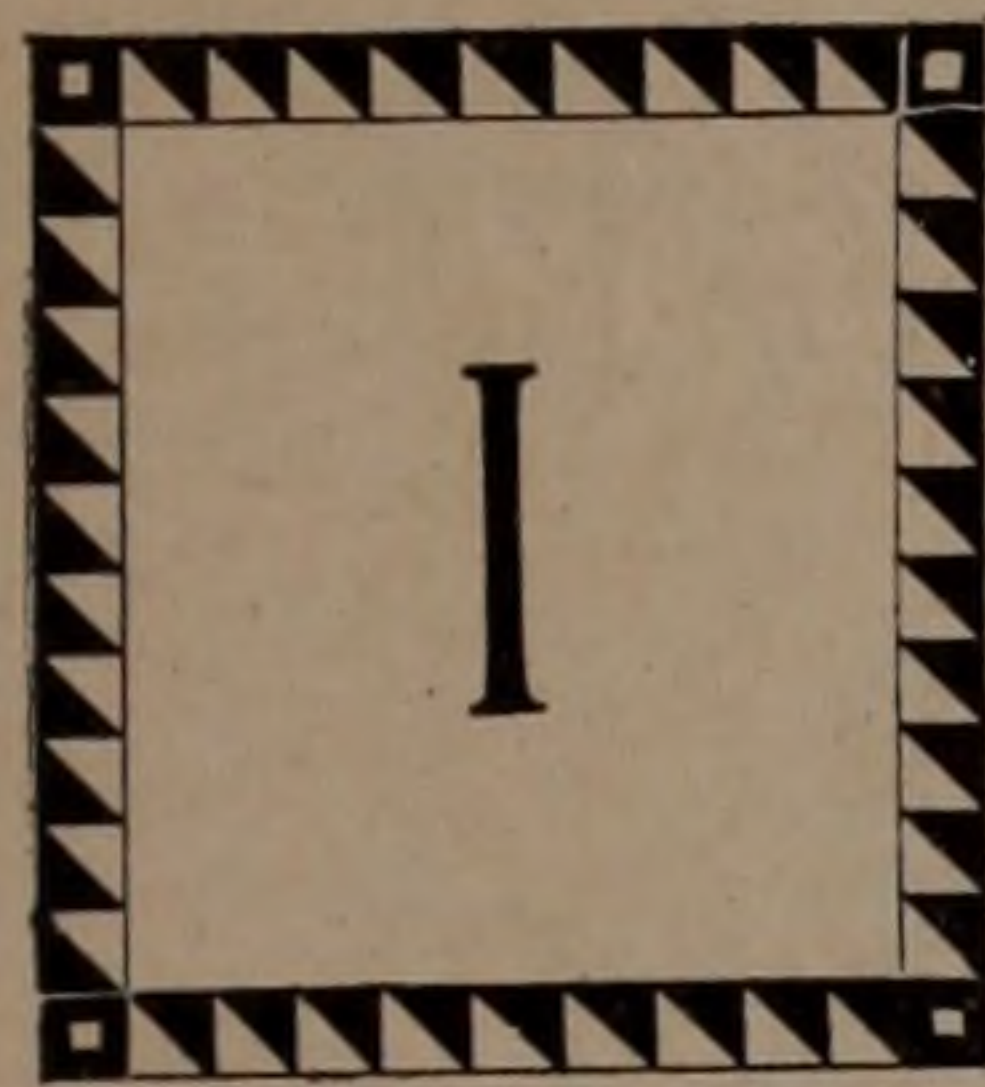
WILLIAM RUSSELL

SCENE FROM "SMUGGLERS OF SANTA CRUZ" (AMERICAN)

"The Edwin Booth of the Screen"

Henry B. Walthall Has
Earned That Title for
Himself, and Has But
Few Competitors

By RICHARD WILLIS



Is there a photoplay fan who does not know the expressive face or the earnest work of Henry Walthall on the screen? It would seem impossible that such could be the case. Yes, I believe that about every one, and his wife, knows the screen-Walthall, but there are mighty few people who know Walthall the everyday man.

To know Walthall, the man, is a privilege enjoyed by the few. This is not because "Wally" thinks himself above having many acquaintances, or that he has a very high estimate of himself and his own abilities. On the other hand, one of his greatest drawbacks in the past was that he underestimated himself and was more inclined to discourage praise than to court it. In fact, it was only after some of his best friends had gone to him and talked to and at him that it dawned upon him that he, might, after all, be a person of some great importance.

He presents one of the exceptions to a general rule. It is said that a man is taken at his own estimate; in Walthall's case he was, and is, taken at other people's estimate; and all the modesty in the world could not prevent his being placed on a pedestal and receiving the recognition due to the man who is said by the best experts to be the greatest actor of them all.

Walthall is not a man who can be successfully interviewed. The best a writer could expect from him would be a short talk, forever being hedged away from the subject of himself and his doings. The padding would have to come from references to other interviews and from talks to those about him. My data have come from the memories of quiet evenings, of talks of many things, and from the careful mind-storage of details which he has dropped from time to time concerning his ambitions, his friends and his past. When he does refer to his birthplace, it is to recount amusing

(Fifty-five)



HENRY B. WALTHALL

tales of childhood's ambitions, joys or woes. The love of the plantation where he was born is very evident, and one easily understands how tenaciously he and his brothers and sisters are holding on to the place o' memories. Walthall says he is going to return there when he is thru with art and work, and that he hopes to

end his days on the place where they started.

Walthall retains the most grateful appreciation of his association with David W. Griffith, and never hesitates to give that great director the full credit of presenting him to screen audiences. It was Griffith who discovered Walthall; that is, so far as

his ability as a photoplay actor is concerned. It was Griffith who had the foresight to know he had a great actor, and it was he who brought out the genius of Walthall thru the medium of the genius of his own direction. Between them there has always been friendship and respect—that kind which makes them both preface each other's name by the courtesy of "Mr." It was not the

and dignified rebuke to a man in his dressing-room. This man asked Walthall to relate some act of charity he had done; he wished it for publication in an article in a Motion Picture publication. Walthall told the applicant of the request that such an act would surely be spoiled by recounting it—especially for publication!

I write Henry Walthall down as a man without sham, without silly pre-

MR. WALTHALL IN SCENES TAKEN FROM
NOTABLE PHOTOPLAYS



kind of friendship which bred contempt.

Henry Walthall is naturally of a sympathetic and emotional character. The blood of the South runs in his veins, and it is not such a hard matter to bring the tears to his eyes. A wounded dog or a suffering child will suffice, and his purse has ever been ready to help the needy. Walthall does not talk of these things; he will not even like mention of it here. I was present when he uttered a quiet

tense and totally without conceit. He has a quiet contempt for successful people who suffer from exaggerated ego. He is a Southerner and slow to anger, but I have seen him angry. I saw him angered at a man over some mean piece of business, and his mobile mouth almost disappeared, his eyes grew hard and his whole aspect changed. Yes; Walthall has a temper, thank goodness—otherwise he

would never get much of the tragedy which he injects into his characters.

The acme of the art of Walthall is that we can see his thoughts on the screen. With all the artists I can recall, I know of but one or two who can actually do this. Florence Turner is one; Charlotte Walker, in "Kindling," did it. Several artists have succeeded in this remarkable achievement in certain pictures, but Walthall manages it in nearly every photoplay he appears in.

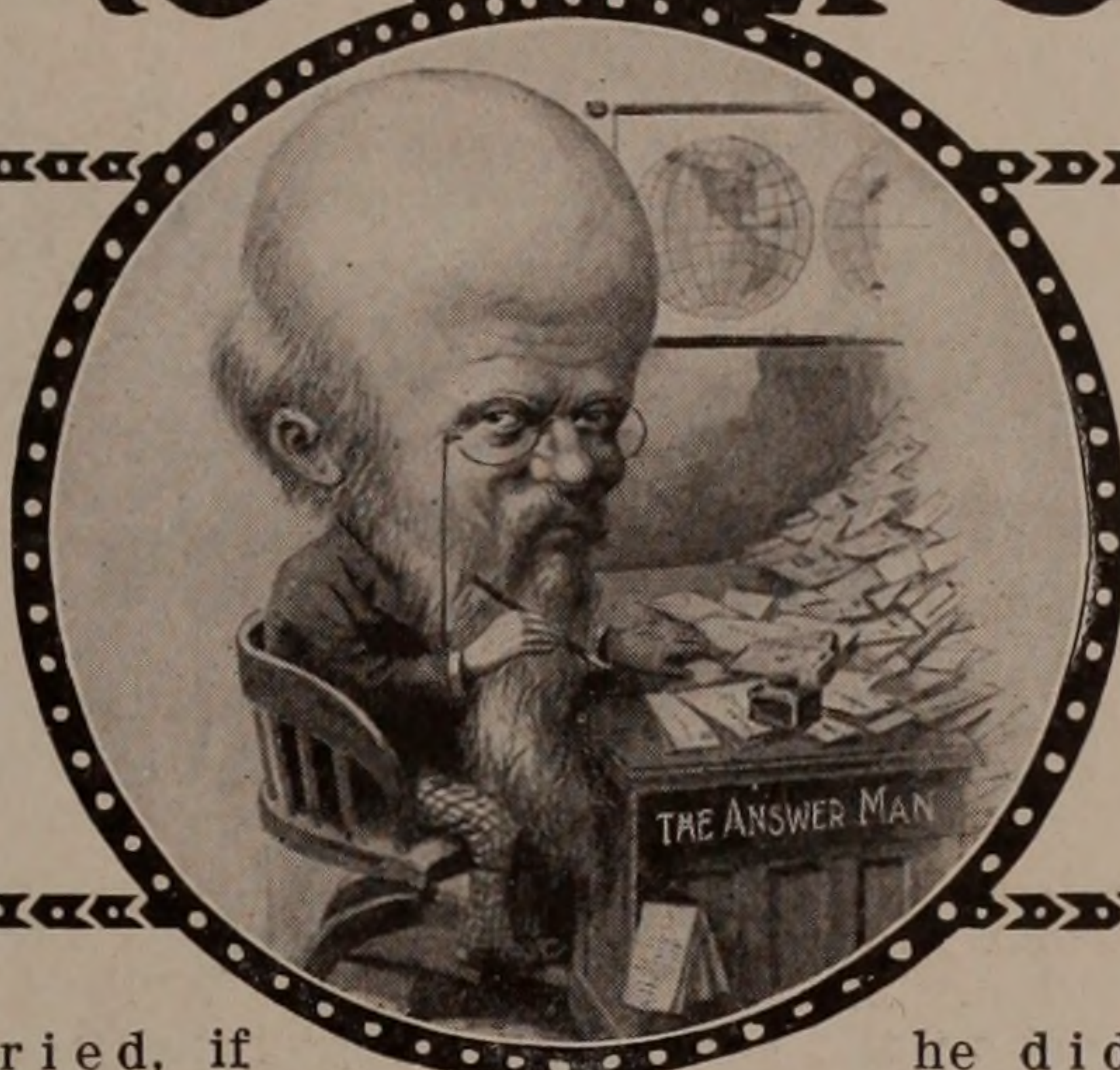
His great performance was, to my mind, in "The Avenging Conscience"—a marvel of character-drawing and of the dragging forth of the inner-

most emotions. In this Walthall was almost uncanny, and every movement of the man—the twitch of the lips, the eloquent changes of the eyes, the hands, even the feet—was caught by the audiences with painful reality. He was helped in this play by marvelous direction.

He will do other great things; it is inevitable. All his work is interesting; and when I last saw him it was when he paid a flying visit to Los Angeles. He was well, full of quiet enthusiasm and happy. He likes his surroundings at the Essanay studio, his director and company, and under such conditions we all look forward to a further fulfilment of his art, thru which the Motion Picture and the great world of photoplay-lovers have been the gainers.

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.

ADA S.—Yes, I consider Henry Albert Phillips a good authority on photoplay writing. Violet Mersereau is 18.

HUMANBUD.—Consuelo Bailey was Dora in "The Gangsters of New York." Yes, I believe he is. Florence Dagmar was Rowena in "Puddin'-head Wilson." We will publish a chat with E. Forrest Taylor soon. Yes, he was Justus opposite Beatrice Van in "The Hills of Glory."

MARY Z.—The picture you enclosed didn't look much like me. Yes, they are constantly changing. Frederick Church is with Universal, Dolly Larkin with Equitable and Arthur Allardt with Kalem. Thanks for your cunning little note.

MELBA, BROOKLYN.—I am sure I cannot tell you why Harold Lockwood got mar-

ried, if he did. When a person dies, they publish the cause of his death. Why not publish the causes of marriages?

O. U. KNUTT.—Hal Cooley was Willie in "Red Lie" (Universal). Garry McGarry was Jack in "From Out the Past." So you liked Rupert Julian in that Universal. He is a good player. Fannie Ward was Tennessee in "Tennessee's Partner." Blanche Sweet was Vera in "Black List." Edna Maison left Universal. Wheeler Oakman is with Fox.

SARATOGA.—You need not be afraid of my shuffling off this mortal coil simply because I am 75. Of every million persons, 906 die of old age, 1,200 of gout, 2,700 of apoplexy, 7,000 of erysipelas, 7,000

of rheumatism, 7,500 of consumption, 18,400 of measles, 25,000 of whooping cough, 30,000 of typhoid, and 48,000 of scarlet fever, so you see that old age is the safest disease, after all. By the time you read this Jack Pickford will be with World. Rosemary Theby and Harry Myers are with Vim.

SHAKESPEARE.—Indeed! We are always glad to get letters telling what you want. We try to please every one, but it is a hard job.

DEMOSTHENES.—I began my career as a very little boy. Eleanor Woodruff is with Equitable, and Paul Kelly is with Imp.

IGNORAMUS.—A whole lot of statesmen (?) have censorship on the brain, but they have very little brain on censorship.



YES, WE DO HATE TO GET INTO THE MOVIES!



**These are the signs
of good health.**

**Has your baby all
of them?**

Has he a good appetite—a clear pink skin—bright wide-open eyes—alert springy muscles—a contented little face? Does he gain each week in weight—does he sleep quietly with eyes and mouth tightly closed?

If he hasn't one and all of these things—look out. Something is wrong with him. And nine times in ten that something is his food.

Your baby can't grow rosy and strong if he doesn't have the right food. Nurse your baby, if you can. If you can't, wean him on

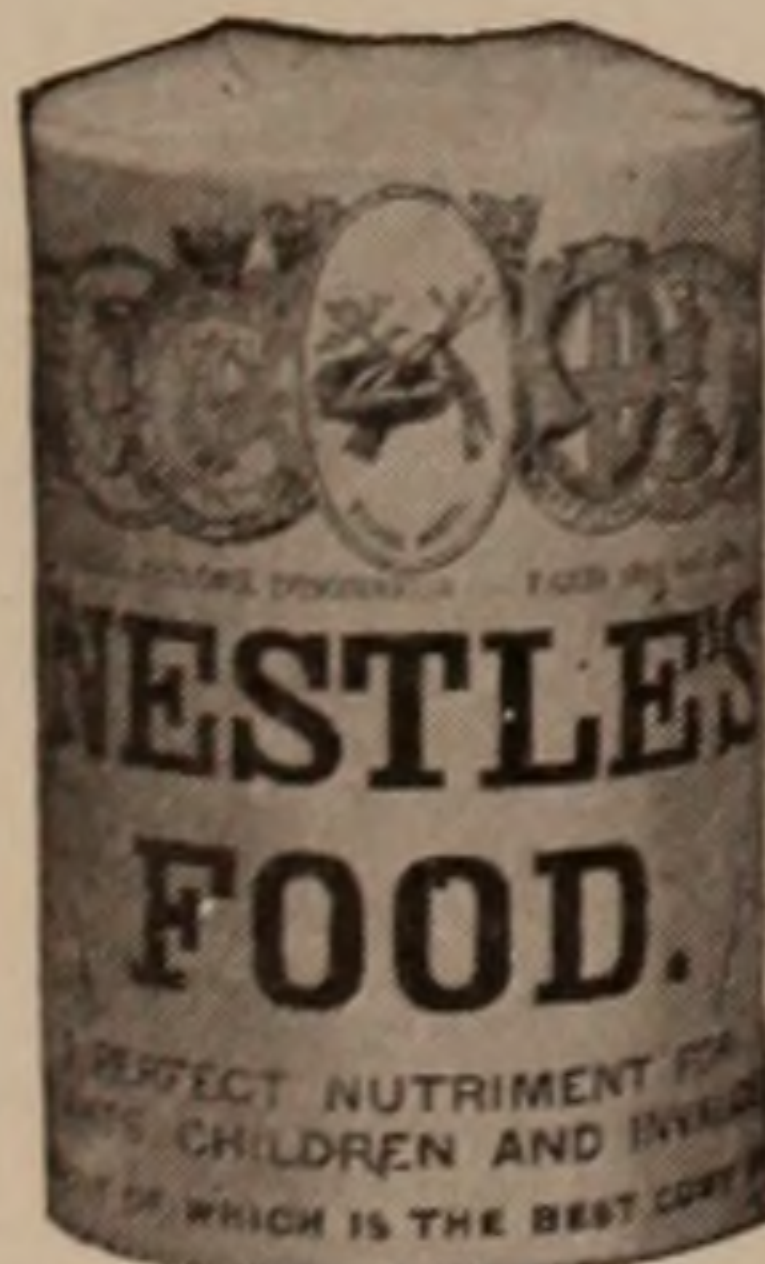
Nestlé's Food

(A complete food—not a milk modifier)

Don't give him raw cow's milk. Cow's milk needs a calf's four stomachs to digest it. "Cow's milk, as ordinarily marketed, is unfit for human consumption," says the U. S. Government.

But there is something in cow's milk that is good for your baby, if that something is modified and purified so that it is as light, as satisfying and as pure as mother's milk itself. That is what is done for you in Nestlé's Food. It comes to you reduced to a powder—in an air-tight can. You add only water—boil one minute—and it's ready with just the right amount of fats, proteids, and carbohydrates that will make a healthy baby.

Send the coupon for free sample box of Nestlé's—enough for 12 feedings—and the Specialist's book on the care of babies. Don't delay. Your baby's health depends on the food you give him now.



NESTLÉ'S FOOD COMPANY

256 Broadway, New York

Please send me, FREE, your Book and Trial Package.

Name

Address

PUNKEYDOODLE.—He was arrested for sneezing. Never sneeze in public places. It spreads germs. I always carry an umbrella, which I raise whenever I see a person about to sneeze. Ker-choo! Lillian Gish is the only name she has. You have the wrong title on that Thanouser.

JULIE A. C.—Thanks for that information about "Rosamond." I shall make use of it. It was kind of you to bother.

G. U. STIFF.—To tell you the truth I don't like your name, but you seem to think it just the thing. Glad to get your opinions. You say the three players who have the most beautiful eyes are Anita Stewart, Clara Young and Alice Joyce. I wonder what my other readers think. Winnifred Kingston was Sally in "The Call of the Cumberlands." I enjoyed yours.

56 MORRIS ST.—You did not give your name. You also do not give a complete title. Do you refer to No. 329? If so, Agnes Vernon was Mary. Thanks for fee.

ARIZONA.—Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of film manufacturers. Then you can write to them about a position. It is a hard job, tho. Write direct to the companies for pictures.

CORALIE.—Sydney Ainsworth was Dave in "The Strange Case of Mary Page." Henry Walthall was interviewed in April, 1916. Grace Darling is not playing

now. You were a little late for May. Glad you like our covers nowadays.

NELLIE F. L.—It is the Jacksonville Gaumont Co. that Gertrude Robinson is with. Theda Bara has been on the stage. Dorothy Kelley plays opposite Donald Hall now. No, they are not married.

BISMARCK.—I suggest the following game for your party: Provide a pencil and paper for the scorekeeper and then start a game of conversation, each person trying not to use the personal pronoun I. Let the scorekeeper charge every person with each offense, and at the end of the allotted time make the winners pay forfeits. Try it.

FORD-CUNARD ADMIRER.—Grace Cunard was interviewed in July, 1915. Francis Ford in June, 1915.

AMELIA T., KALAMAZOO.—You had the audacity to ask me what the weight of a silver dollar in dollar bills is worth. I tried all over to get an answer to this question, but without success, so I borrowed a silver dollar and a lot of dollar bills, and I found that it took just twenty of the latter to equal the former in weight. Now are you satisfied?

DOROTHY.—That was Evelyn Brent in "The Lure of Heart's Desire" and in "The Soul Market." Kenneth Casey is growing fast now. He is playing in vaudeville—plays piano, violin and sings.



MURDOCK MACQUARRIE IN A FAVORITE CHARACTER POSE

The Burlington SMASHES ALL WATCH PRICES



Look!

- ☑ 19 Ruby and Sapphire Jewels—
- ☑ Adjusted to the second—
- ☑ Adjusted to temperature—
- ☑ Adjusted to isochronism—
- ☑ 25-year gold strata case—
- ☑ Genuine Montgomery Railroad Dial—
- ☑ New Ideas in Thin Cases.

Only \$2.50 a month

And all of this for \$2.50—only \$2.50 per month—a great reduction in watch prices—direct to you—positively the exact prices the wholesale dealer would have to pay.

We do not care to quote these prices here, but write—write before you buy. Think of the high grade, guaranteed watch we offer here at such a remarkable price. Indeed, the days of exorbitant watch prices have passed. Write now.

See It First

You don't pay a cent to anybody

until you see the watch. We don't let you buy a Burlington Watch without seeing it. Look at the splendid beauty of the watch itself. Thin model, handsomely shaped — aristocratic in every line. Then look at the works. There you see the pinnacle of watch making. You understand how this wonder timepiece is adjusted to the very second.

Every fighting vessel in the U. S. Navy has the Burlington Watch aboard. This includes every torpedo boat — every submarine as well as the big Dreadnaughts.

Send Your Name on This Free Coupon

Get the Burlington Watch Book by sending this coupon now. You will know a lot more about watch buying when you read it. You will be able to "steer clear" of the double-priced watches which are no better. Send the coupon today for the watch book and our offer.

Burlington Watch Company
19th St. and Marshall Blvd. Dept. A-336 Chicago, Ill.

Burlington Watch Co.
19th Street and Marshall Blvd.
Dept. A-336 Chicago, Ill.

Please send me (without obligations and prepaid) your free book on watches with full explanation of your cash or \$2.50 a month offer on the Burlington Watch.

Name.....

Address.....



Wonderstoen
quickly and harmlessly removes
Superfluous Hair
without injury to the most delicate skin. Clean, sanitary, odorless, non-poisonous. Send for it today. Price, \$1.00 postpaid.

DR. BELLIN'S
WONDERSTOEN
THE
PERFECT HAIR
REMOVER

FREE FROM SULPHUR OR ANY OTHER POISON. ENTIRELY ODOURLESS. MANUFACTURED BY DR. BELLIN'S WONDERSTOEN CO. NEW YORK

Money back if not satisfied. Every woman should have our booklet mailed free.

BELLIN'S WONDERSTOEN CO.
Box 3C, Station W, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Wonderstoen is endorsed by such celebrated chemists as Profs. Benneville, Ferguson and Weinstein of New York City

Have Your Scenarios, Short Stories, Etc., Typewritten
Moving picture companies prefer it. Your chance of it being accepted will increase 1000%. We know from experience many a good scenario has been turned down through not being submitted in proper form. Lowest rates.

CENTRAL STENOGRAPHIC BUREAU
Tel. Bryant 627 1465 Broadway, N. Y.

An Ideal Studio Site

Inland from Nyack-on-the Hudson, in the township of Nanuet, there is for sale 147 acres of land which would make an exceptional site for a Moving Picture Studio.

The scenic attractions of this country are most beautiful, the property having an abundance of trees, open clearances, hills, valleys, brooks, and in fact everything for outdoor camera work. For particulars address

GEO. F. HERRINGTON
65 NAVY STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

AUTOGRAPHED PILLOW TOPS

Your choice of the following stars:

| | |
|---------------------|------------------|
| King Baggot | Alice Joyce |
| Theda Bara | Jack Kerrigan |
| Beverly Bayne | Florence LaBadie |
| Carlisle Blackwell | Harold Lockwood |
| John Bunny | Mabel Normand |
| Francis X. Bushman | Norma Phillips |
| Marguerite Clark | Mary Pickford |
| Maurice Costello | Marguerite Snow |
| Howard Estabrook | Anita Stewart |
| Alec Francis | Blanche Sweet |
| Mary Fuller | Emmy Wehlen |
| Ethel Grandin | Pearl White |
| Arthur Johnson | Crane Wilbur |
| Clara Kimball Young | Earle Williams |

Septa, 35c each; Hand-painted, 50c each. Send cash or money order
6x7 Pictures, two for a dime, six for a quarter, \$1.00 set of fifty.
R. K. STANBURY, Dept. M-F, FLATIRON BLDG., N. Y. CITY
Beautiful 11x14 Hand-colored Pictures, 25c each. Send 2c stamp for folder



Bring Out the Hidden Beauty
Beneath the soiled, discolored, faded or aged complexion is one fair to look upon. Mergolized Wax gradually, gently absorbs the devitalized surface skin, revealing the young, fresh, beautiful skin underneath. Used by refined women who prefer complexions of true naturalness. Have you tried it?

Mergolized Wax in one ounce package, with directions for use, sold by all druggists.

J. B. V.—Well, I should smile! I was indeed very glad to know you. Tom Forman is with Lasky.

Togo T.—Looky here! You must read the rules at the beginning of this department first.

FRENCHIE T.—Earle Williams, the Vitagraph star, stands 5 feet 11 inches, and weighs 173 pounds. He was born in Sacramento, Cal., on Feb. 28, 1880. He was educated in the Oakland public school, and later attended the Polytechnic College of California. It was the Photoplay Philosopher who said "Love is like the film; it is best developed in a dark room." Oh, yes, he is still around; and you want him to start a department in the CLASSIC, do you? Well, he might.

OLGA, 17.—No, m' dear, I do not do up my hair in curl-papers as Lord Byron did. Look at my picture and see if you believe me. I can't tell you anything about Mary Pickford now. Yes, we still have our restaurant in the building, and we have a flower garden in the rear of the building. Come over and see us again.

CARUTHERS, MEMPHIS.—That report about Miss Joyce is true. She does. Ethel Clayton is married. Black Thursday was the day on which a terrible brush fire occurred in the colony of Victory, Feb. 6, 1851.

DORIS W. H.—No, I haven't heard Billy

Sunday as yet. I am the same as you are. And why do you speak of my wife? Alas! I haven't any. You ask me what time I retire. I try to make it ten; but it is more often eleven. I go to bed with reluctance, yet I quit it with regret. I make up my mind every night to leave it early, but I make up my body every morning to keep it late. Everybody should hit the feathers not later than ten every night. Thanks for yours.

JUSTME.—Frederick Warde is still with Thanouser, and Marc McDermott with Vitagraph. I believe Miriam Nesbitt remains with Edison. Joseph Kaufman is a director for Famous Players.

HELEN S., LOGANSPOUT.—Francelia Billington is with Universal. We will, no doubt, have a chat with her soon.

REX, NEW YORK.—You seem to love to dictate; you should have married a stenographer. Yes, you needn't say it; I know it is an old one. Vernon Steel was Robert opposite Olga Petrova in "The Vampire." Winnifred Kingston opposite William Farnum in "The Gentleman from Indiana."

DAN, 88.—That game isn't on the market as yet. It may be out before the first of the year. You want to correspond with a boy whose favorite player is Clara K. Young. You failed to enclose the stamp, Dan.



SYLVIA M. KEMP, OF THE HORSLEY COMPANY, SPENDS MUCH OF HER SPARE TIME MAKING THE ACQUAINTANCE OF SOME OF THE YOUNG GENTLEMEN OF THE BOSTOCK ZOO

CLASSIC

JOHN M.—You want a picture of Francis Ford in the next CLASSIC. Very well, I shall tell the Editor. Yes; Cleo Madison. Wheeler Oakman was with Selig, but now with Fox. Yes, that is the same William Brunton of Kalem, now with Signal.

LESLIE W. H., VERMONT.—Sorry, but you should have put your name at the top of the sheet. Robert Brower was with Edison last. They do say that Lillian Gish was born in the Buckeye State, in Springfield, October 14, 1896, and Dorothy in Dayton, March 11, 1898. Lillian is a beautiful blonde, and was educated in Ursuline Convent, St. Louis. Dorothy plays the piano and Lillian dances.

ELSIE T., BROOKLYN.—May it please the court and gentlemen of the jury—Lottie Pickford (Mrs. Rupp) is the mother of a baby girl. Francis Ford and Grace Cunard are no longer with Universal.

MRS. J. L., B'KLYN.—I believe if you write to Henry Walthall he will answer your letters. "The Birth of a Nation" was taken in California and in the South.

DEMOSTHENES.—Well, well, you here, my child? Gladys Brockwell is with Fox, Arthur Mackley with Fox also, and Lillian Leighton with the E. & R. Jungle pictures. Have you seen those monkeys?

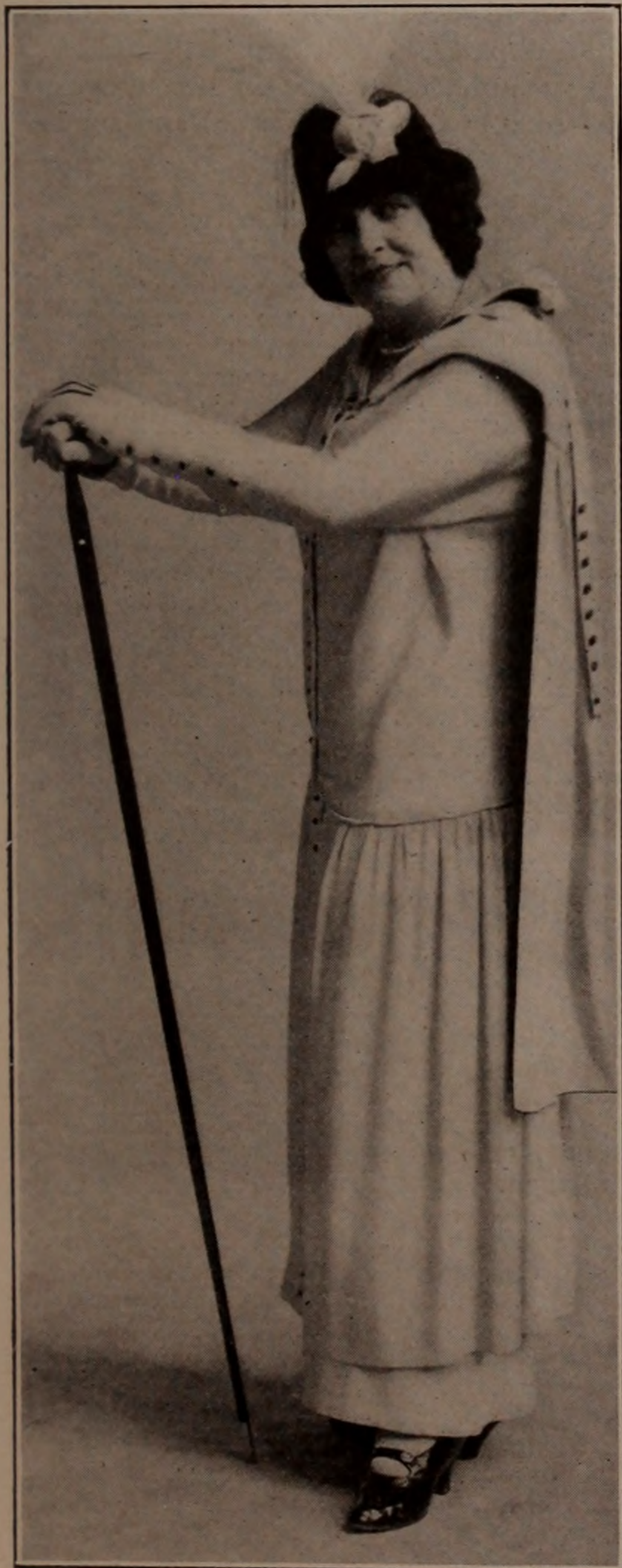


Photo by Photoplayers Studio

EUGENIE BESSERER (Selig)

(Sixty-one)

Resinol



Soap

a friend to tender skins

Almost any soap will *cleanse* the skin and hair, and many toilet soaps are pure enough to do it without *injuring* these delicate textures. But those who want a soap which not only cleanses, but actually *improves* the complexion and hair naturally turn to Resinol Soap. In every way an exceptionally pleasing

toilet soap, the soothing, healing properties which it derives from Resinol Ointment help it to keep the complexion clear and the hair rich and lustrous, as soaps which are merely pure and cleansing cannot be *expected* to do. Resinol Soap is excellent for baby's bath.

Resinol Soap is not artificially colored, its rich brown being entirely due to the Resinol medication it contains. Sold by all druggists and dealers in toilet goods. For a trial size cake free, write to Dept. 13-E, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol Shaving Stick gives a rich, creamy lather which soothes the face.



BECOME A SUCCESSFUL PHOTOPLAYWRIGHT

It is nine-tenths a matter of *Knowing Where to Get Plots* and after that a *Knowledge of Dramatic Construction*. These two prime requisites are now set forth for the first time in the history of Photoplay Writing by the greatest authority on the subject and in a manner that begets immediate inspiration and puts your fingers in touch with ALL THE MATERIAL YOU CAN USE IN A LIFETIME!

Tells What Plots Are—Where to Get All the Plots You Can Use—How to Build Them—How to Make Any Material Dramatic—How to Get the Punch Every Time. Also A SPECIMEN PHOTOPLAY and a Revised GLOSSARY. Used in Schools, Colleges and Libraries thruout the United States. Indorsed by ALL AUTHORITIES.

"THE PLOT OF THE STORY"
"ART IN STORY NARRATION"
"THE PLOT CATALOG" } By the same Author

All valuable to the Photoplaywright. \$1.20 each. Any one with "The Photodrama," \$3.10. Two with same, \$4.00. All four Books, \$5.00.

THE PHOTODRAMA By Henry Albert Phillips
Member of Edison Staff; Associate Editor Motion Picture Magazine; Photoplay Lecturer for Y. M. C. A. Introduction by J. Stuart Blackton, Vitagraph.
224 Pages—Cloth Bound—Stamped in Gold. Postpaid \$2.10

THE CALDRON PUBLISHING CO.
173 DUFFIELD STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Learn Nursing at Home



Earn while you learn

Right in your home, the **HOSPITAL EXTENSION COURSE** teaches you in detail, the duties of the nurse—how to make beds—all kinds of baths—use of antiseptics—making and applying applications, poultices, liniments, solutions and plasters—making of pads—massaging—enemas and douches—relieving pain—proper foods, controlling fevers—nursing in rheumatism, pneumonia, measles, colds, contagion and other medical diseases. Maternity nursing clearly defined. Relieving discomforts of pregnancy—delivery fully illustrated—care of child fully described—what to do while awaiting physician—caring for cuts and wounds—bandaging—assisting the physician.

DIPLOMA, THERMOMETER, DICTIONARY, CHARTS, RECORDS, and other supplies furnished to students free.

This is a chartered School—23 years' experience—affiliated with a hospital—instruction by physicians and graduate nurses.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER. We will send the lessons for one month, examine your papers, answer personal questions, send special feature papers, and give all advantages afforded students; all for \$1.00. Money refunded if not satisfied, or credited if you continue. Address **MISS FRAZIER, Supt., Philadelphia School for Nurses, 2242 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.**

TYPEWRITERS SUMMER PRICES

Our entire stock of latest models is offered at special prices for the summer only.

Factory Rebuilt Typewriters

All trademarked, and guaranteed for one year. Buy now and save as much as \$75. Branch stores in leading cities.

Write for Catalog and Summer Price-List
American Writing Machine Co., Inc., 345 Broadway, N. Y.



DON'T YOU THINK

that your head is chuck full of ideas which could be made into side splitting comedies and fascinating dramas?

DIDN'T YOU

say that you could write as good or better photoplays than the ones you see on the screen?

NOW

do what you said you could!

Our Mr. Daniel Ellis, former scenario editor of The Lubin and other big companies, will teach you how to develop your ideas into photoplays.

Stamped envelope for particulars.

Penn Motion Picture Agency
TRANSPORTATION BUILDING
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Mention Motion Picture Classic



NOTE THE BIG CHANGE

Beautiful Eye-Brows and Eye-Lashes

Give a face charm, expression and loveliness. Actresses and Society Women get them by using

Lash-Brow-Ine

It makes lashes and eye-brows long, silky, giving depth and soulful expression to the eyes. Pure and Harmless. Guaranteed treatment. Send 25c (coin) and we will mail you package prepaid in plain cover.

Beware of worthless imitations; Genuine Lash-Brow-Ine sold only by

4008-D
Maybell Laboratories, Indiana Ave. Chicago, Illinois

THE QUIZZER.—Alan Hale is with Equitable. Isn't it so—the great philosophers live under different conditions? Diogenes lived in a tub, Seneca in a palace, and I in a hall room. Lester Cuneo is with Metro. That is true that Mary Miles Minter is with Mutual. I know Metro denied it.

LUCIA E. LUGO.—Of course you may be my friend, and I have no objections. No; Pearl White has not left Moving Pictures. She had a narrow escape the other day at the Pathé studio. Address your letters to Miss Tapley at the Vitagraph studio.

FRITZ T.—Beware of love at first sight—always take a second look. Ruth Stonehouse will soon be seen in Universal pictures. Well, the Rialto Theater is not quite so large as the Strand. It is on Forty-second Street and Eighth Avenue, and opened on April 21st, 1916.

MARGOT.—Sorry I didn't see you in that play at Madison Square Garden. Yes; Harry Morey did splendid work in "Salvation Joan." Every one liked Edna May's work very much. The "Life of Earle Williams" is a fine book for the money. So you saw many slips the director let go thru in "Heights of Hazard." Surely you don't mean what you say about my \$8 per. I could, of course, support several wives on that.

DELIGHT L.—I think it is more difficult to be a great photoplayer than a great stage actor. The latter has dozens of tricks to aid him, such as accent, intonation, inflection and modulation. If you will send for a list of film manufacturers, it will help you. Crane Wilbur is with Horsley, Hollywood, Cal. Yes, write again, old top.

BARBARA T., NEVADA.—So you thought Ina Claire resembled Mary Pickford very much in "A Wife's Sacrifice." I have heard others say that, too. I would rather be poor and healthy than ill and wealthy.

G. U. STIFF.—Dont call me Eddie. That's not my name, and besides, it is so overworked now. Yes, I have met Mr. Bushman here in the office. He is a fine chap. So you think Bud Duncan is twice as funny as Chaplin. We had an interview with Miss Stewart in December, 1913, and you will see another in the June CLASSIC.

JOY.—I cannot tell you why it is that a woman likes to be called a duck or a ducky, but not a goose. And a chick or chicky, but not a hen or chicken. A bird, but not a crow; a peach, but not a lemon; a dream, but not a nightmare; a vision, but not a ghost; a lamb, but not a sheep. Western Lubin are producing. L. C. Shumway and Helen Eddy are the leads. Kempton Green and June Daye are playing opposite in the Eastern studio.

SMILAX, ROME.—Rupert Julian was Jack, and Zoe Bech was the child in "The Desperado." Next time you come to New York look me up. Reading this department is like eating—of little use without digestion.

ST. L., No. 1.—Pearl White, Creighton Hale and Sheldon Lewis in the Pathé "Iron Claw." No; Arnold Daly is playing in "Beau Brummel" at the Cort Theater, New York. Thank you.

ESTELLE S., NEW YORK.—It will be quite impossible for me to look up those ten players you mention and tell you where they were born. Sorry. Next time I will try to give you a more complete answer.

RETTA ROMAINE.—Thank you. Yes, I am a good reformer, but a bad performer. Lots of reformers are good for nothing else. A horse too fine is useless, for it

will not do for riding, driving nor ploughing. I have indeed missed you. I see Richard Tucker is still playing. I, of course, welcome you with open arms.

ADA K.—George Gebhart is with the Vogue films. Edna Purviance is playing opposite Charlie Chaplin now for Mutual. Vivian Rich remains with American. Princess Mona Darkfeather played Ukana in "None So Blind" (Lubin).

SALLIE T., CHICAGO.—Fred Mace and Anna Luther in "The Village Vampire." So many vampires nowadays. Yes, the scenery was very beautiful in "Sold for Marriage." There were a number of beautiful scenes in that picture, but isn't it so with a good many of the Triangle's?

Popular Player Contest

Here's the Opportunity to Crown Your Favorites

THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is conducting a wonderful contest, which began in the June number, and we are enabled to give our readers a little advance information thereon. Be sure to get a copy of the July magazine and to see how the players stand, with full particulars. You will find a voting coupon elsewhere in this magazine which you should clip out and send in at once.

STANDING OF THE LEADING PLAYERS UP TO NOON, APRIL 24

| | |
|------------------------|-------|
| Mary Pickford..... | 3,440 |
| Marguerite Clark..... | 3,350 |
| Francis Bushman..... | 2,655 |
| Warren Kerrigan..... | 1,785 |
| Henry Walthall..... | 1,755 |
| William Farnum..... | 1,750 |
| Anita Stewart..... | 1,715 |
| Alexander Gaden..... | 1,665 |
| Nellie Anderson..... | 1,540 |
| Theda Bara..... | 1,535 |
| Beverly Bayne..... | 1,285 |
| Earle Williams..... | 1,215 |
| Dustin Farnum..... | 1,100 |
| Crane Wilbur..... | 1,075 |
| Wallace Reid..... | 1,050 |
| Pauline Frederick..... | 885 |
| Pearl White..... | 865 |
| Harold Lockwood..... | 815 |
| Mary Miles Minter..... | 770 |
| William Hart..... | 760 |
| Norma Talmadge..... | 725 |
| Grace Cunard..... | 695 |
| Marguerite Snow..... | 680 |
| Ruth Roland..... | 630 |
| Clara K. Young..... | 625 |
| Edward Earle..... | 620 |
| Carlyle Blackwell..... | 615 |
| E. K. Lincoln..... | 610 |
| Romaine Fielding..... | 600 |
| Cleo Madison..... | 580 |
| Blanche Sweet..... | 565 |
| Edna Mayo..... | 520 |
| Antonio Moreno..... | 515 |
| Florence LaBadie..... | 510 |
| Douglas Fairbanks..... | 505 |
| Ella Hall..... | 490 |
| Robert Warwick..... | 485 |
| Kathlyn Williams..... | 475 |
| Harris Gordon..... | 465 |
| Lillian Gish..... | 445 |
| Ruth Stonehouse..... | 440 |
| Owen Moore..... | 430 |
| Edith Storey..... | 425 |
| Olga Petrova..... | 420 |
| Richard Travers..... | 415 |
| Milton Sills..... | 410 |
| Mabel Normand..... | 400 |

The Huntress

(Continued from page 16)

were coldly polite, finely indifferent, but the small, secret hours of the night often found the man pacing up and down his unshared room, fighting the passionate longing to fling prudence to the winds and go to her with his love humbly, a suppliant; often found the woman staring, dry-eyed, into her mirror at the beautiful face that was powerless to bring her her heart's desire.

And so—for they were both stubborn in their pride—it might have been with these two till the end of the chapter, but for Nadine's dinner-party and the events that followed it.

One morning, over his solitary breakfast, Harcourt opened a rose-tinted envelope, with the suffocating sense of excitement his wife's handwriting always aroused. Then he smiled grimly. It was an invitation to dine with Nadine that evening and to meet her old friends.

"In these days," he muttered, "it is an honor to be asked to dine with one's wife; but—I shall decline."

For he saw that it would be fatal to yield to half-way advances now. It must be surrender or nothing, and he was beginning to fear that it would be nothing. He had no terror of the other men who surrounded Nadine—his greatest rival was himself. He remembered the bitter days of their sojourn at the mines: his sternness, her cold fury, the warring of their wills, and it seemed to him that there could be no tender meeting-ground for them in the long, lonely years to come. He was very nearly at the end of his endurance, when he wrote his answer, pleading a previous engagement to dine with the Countess Panoushka, a dancer of great beauty and greater notoriety.

When evening came, inaction became unendurable. He put on his hat and coat and strode out into the night, to fight out his misery under the open skies. Laughter and the tinkle of glasses and Nadine's voice speaking gaily drifted out to him as he passed her door. He thought of her short, upper lip, curling like a scarlet flower-petal, and clenched his hands till the nails bit the flesh.

"I want her!—God! but I want her!" he cried aloud, as he drove thru the misty streets at heart-breaking speed—"and I want a man's natural life, a home and children, and dear, quiet, gentle ways—"

He was tired almost to exhaustion, when, hours later, he climbed the stairs and pushed open the door of his rooms. And then he fought with the cry that sprang to his lips as he saw Nadine herself standing before him, holding one long, white glove in her hands.

They faced each other silently. Then the woman extended the glove.

"I found this on your dresser. Tell me—is it *hers*—your Countess'; I suppose it is. Only a lover, I believe, cherishes such tokens."

The barbed malice of her tone pierced his heart, but, with an effort that turned his face gray, he controlled himself.

"By what right do you ask?" he said.

"By the right you gave me when you married me," she retorted.

"Then," he said, slowly, "you are right in your surmise that the glove belongs to the woman I love."

Nadine bit her lip. Then, suddenly, helplessly, she began to cry. Great tears rolled down her cheeks, but she disdained to wipe them away. Sudden, strangling hope seized him. He went to her and stood looking down into her upraised face.

"And now it is my turn to question," he said, sternly. "Why did you come here, Nadine?"

She looked down at the glove, then up at him, with a queer, sad little smile.

"I have deserved this, I suppose," she said, quietly—"at least I can take my medicine bravely, I hope. I, who have been favored of men above all others—even tonight you could not help but hear their adoration—am humbled, shamed by the man I have married."

"You are seeking only your natural bent," he said coolly—"water cannot run uphill."

"But a woman must love," she cried, quite hysterically, "or, unloving, die or disgrace herself."

"I must ask you again," Harcourt said quietly, "why did you come here tonight?"

Nadine watched his face closely, altho her eyes were dancing with defiance. "I could not leave you," she said simply, "without saying good-by, and, perhaps, leaving a wifely kiss behind me."

"Then you are going?" She read the agony in his eyes, back of the words.

There came a moment of silence—the rending of their world. "I came," she decreed slowly, "because I love you and could not stay away."

"Nadine!" he cried. "Oh, my girl! At last—at last, Nadine!"

And he caught her in his arms. "Sweetheart," he whispered, "that is your own glove. I picked it up where you had dropped it long ago. It is worn away—almost—with kisses. It was all I had of you, Nadine."

The face against his breast was shy and solemn. The Huntress of men's hearts was gone, and in her place stood a bride on her marriage night.

"But now," she whispered, so low he had to bend to the words—"now there is no need to kiss—a *glove*, for—if you want me—I have come—to stay."



No more delicate compliment can be paid a woman than this—"she is as pretty as a picture."

Women who desire a complexion that will be **admired** and **not** questioned cannot be too careful of the powder they use. Ordinary face powders (no matter how fine they may seem in the box or between the fingers) are disappointing under the **real** test—on the face.

Such powders deaden the skin with a lifeless hue. Or they do worse—bespeak "make-up." To use them is to be haunted by the fear that they will fail you any minute—in the wind, in the glaring light or in the heat of the dance. There is **one** complexion powder that stands **every** test—

Carmen Complexion Powder

The **one** powder perfected under such a process as to impart 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.

50c Everywhere
WHITE, PINK, FLESH, CREAM
Our "On Trial" Offer

Purse size box and mirror containing 2 to 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 2 cent stamp.

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



COIFFURES BY MAIL
AT AMAZINGLY LOW PRICES
"ENCHANTRESS CURLS"
A NOVELTY DESIGNED FOR
★ PEARL WHITE ★

See them on many models in all the Fashion Magazines
See that the maid mails your order with sample of your hair
See the postman bring you a chic, handful of 7 soft dangling curls attached to a shell hairpin; easy to dress with the knot—high, low or on the side. Made of finest quality human hair—matching your sample perfectly. Price \$2.25 postpaid.
See how becoming it is to you.
See our guarantee of satisfaction or money returned.

Write for our FREE illustrated new CATALOG OF FINE HAIR GOODS

FRANCES ROBERTS COMPANY
The Mail Order Hair House
100 Fifth Avenue Dept. 95 New York City

April

(Continued from page 24)

the pathway, crouching till the trees hid the tent from view, and ran, panting, muttering over and over, with dry lips:

"He mustn't be ashamed of me—he mustn't be ashamed of me—"

Sal's Ravine lay dank and earthy-smelling, shut away from the sunshine by moss-strung trees and wet rocks, whose dripping sounded in the stillness like falling tears. April shrank from the edge of the bluff with a healthy recoil of soul, but her purpose, stronger than fear, urged her on. Suddenly faint, she sank down on the moss. A few moments—she must have a few moments more of life to gather together the precious memories of the last month to take with her into the cold dark. Jerry's words, Jerry's kisses—she went over them all as a drowning person cons over all of life in one crowded moment. Then, very white, she got to her feet.

"Good-by, Jerry," she said aloud, quietly—"good-by, world—"

Sudden feet thudded on the path above her; a big figure vaulted down; strong, frightened arms closed her round.

"April!" cried her husband's shaken voice in her ear. "Oh, my God! little girl, what were you going to do?"

The raw agony of his voice broke thru her chill lethargy, warming her to her shivering soul. She clung to him, as frightened as he.

"I reckoned," she whispered between his kisses—"I reckoned you'd be—plumb—ashamed o' me—"

"Ashamed of you? April—April—and I love you so! I remembered what you said once." He drew a deep breath and tried to speak quietly, but she could feel his big frame trembling. "Dear, the most amazing thing has happened. You remember the little baby-clothes Martha gave the doctor? Well, I showed them to Mrs. De Voe just now and she almost fainted when she saw them. For she had *made* them, April, for her own little baby, who was stolen by a discharged nurse and never found. For you—do you understand, dear?"

"My father and mother?" She whispered the words, awed, incredulous. Then, suddenly, she looked up into Jerry's face.

"It's mighty strange," she said. "I reckon I ought to be glad; I reckon I *am*; but somehow, now, nothing matters, except—"

"Except—sweetheart—"

"Except you an' me, Jerry," she murmured, "and—bend yore head down, honey—and—the baby that's comin' to we-all—some day—"

(Sixty-four)

Diamonds \$250 On Credit 1 Month

Your credit is good with us. You wear the Diamond while paying for it at the rate of only eight cents a day.



Rock Bottom Prices Easy Credit Terms

Our import prices "direct from the mines to you" cut out all the wholesaler's and retailer's profits. You get the benefit of this saving along with our liberal credit terms—eight months to pay—and you wear the Diamond while paying for it. Our large catalog is free, write for it.



"DIAMONDS WIN HEARTS"

A Diamond is the ideal gift for a loved one, it lasts forever, and every day reminds the wearer of your regard and good judgment.

FREE Examination

You don't pay one cent until you see and examine any article you desire right in your own hands. If you like it pay for it on our easy credit plan. If not entirely satisfied return at our expense.

GET OUR GREAT 116 PAGE CATALOG. It contains over 2,000 beautiful illustrations of Diamonds, Watches, Solid Gold Jewelry, Silverware, Novelties, etc.—all the latest and most up-to-date designs at our Importer's bargain prices—and easy terms of payment. Send for catalog today before you forget. IT IS FREE.

LOFTIS The National Credit Jewelers

Dept. A 616, 108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.

Stores in: Chicago Pittsburgh St. Louis Omaha

THE EMPIRE STATE ENGRAVING CO.

PHOTO-ENGRAVERS GOOD CUTS

Half-tone and Line Work for Printing in One or More Colors for Any Purpose

DESIGNING :: :: RETOUCHING

165-167 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK

Evans Art Pianos and Players Factory to You

\$125



and up can be saved by my plan of selling direct from my factory to you. I can save you from \$125 to \$250 on an **Evans Artist Model Piano or Player.**

Freight Paid The easiest kind of terms, weekly, monthly, quarterly or yearly payments to suit your convenience. **All middlemen, jobbers, dealers and agents profits cut out.** These are some of the reasons why I can sell the **Evans Artist Model Pianos** for such little money. Let me send you the other reasons.

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

If you are not entirely satisfied, we will take it back without any cost to you—you are the sole judge to decide.

Music Lessons Without Cost

We will give a two years course of piano instruction free. Ask about our insurance plan.

STORY & CLARK PIANO CO.
F. O. EVANS, Gen. Mgr., Dept. J-49 Chicago

WHO IS YOUR FAVORITE?

WE HAVE ALL ON POSTCARDS

Send the names of eighteen of your screen favorites and twenty-five cents or a dollar for a hundred in splendid poses on postcards. 7 poses of Mary Pickford, 3 of Marguerite Clark, 3 of Chaplin, 3 of Theda Bara, Edna Mayo, autographed pictures of Jack W. Kerrigan, Creighton Hale, Sheldon Lewis, and other Iron Claw Stars.

Also actual photos, size 8x10, at 50c each

500 LIST SENT WITH ALL ORDERS OR FREE ON REQUEST

THE FILM PORTRAIT CO., 127C 1st Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

TELL ME YOUR FOOT TROUBLES



It will ease your Mind;
I will ease your Feet.

Enlarged Joints Reduced and Toes Straightened by

ACHFELDT'S "Perfection" TOE SPRING

Worn at night without inconvenience, with auxiliary appliances for day use. Sent on approval. Money refunded if not as represented.


Use My Improved Arch Supporter for "Flat Foot" and broken down instep. Send outline of foot. Full particulars and advice free in plain sealed envelope.

M. ACHFELDT, Foot Specialist

DEPT. K.H. 1326 Broadway, at 34th St., (Marbridge Building), NEW YORK




You Have a Beautiful Face BUT YOUR NOSE?



IN this day and age attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. PERMIT NO ONE TO SEE YOU LOOKING OTHERWISE; it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new nose-shaper "Trados" (Model 22) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night. Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses without cost if not satisfactory.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist, 549 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.



DON'T YOU LIKE My Eyelashes and Eyebrows?

You can have the same

LASHNEEN

A Hair Food

applied once each day, will absolutely produce thick and long eyebrows and eyelashes. Easy to apply—sure in results. Lashneen is an Oriental formula. One box is all you will need. Not sold at Druggists. Mailed on receipt of 25c coin and two cents postage, or Canadian money order.

Beware of Imitations!

LASHNEEN COMPANY (Dept. 19) Philadelphia

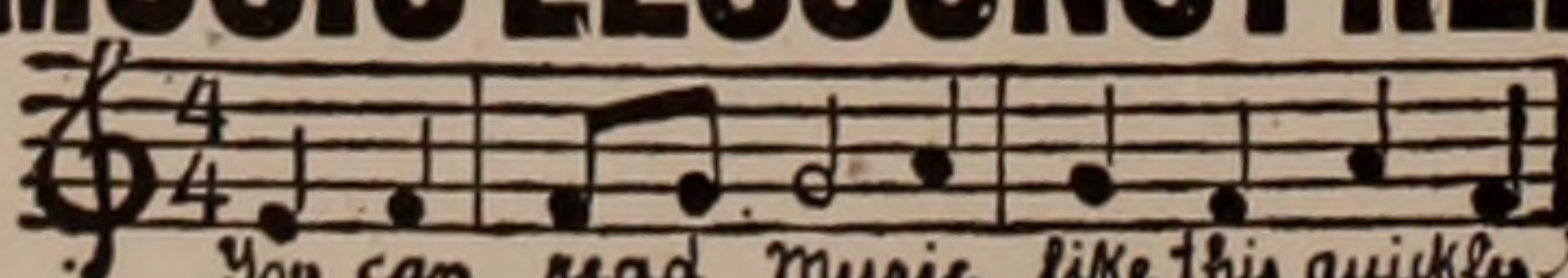
Go Into MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

Small Capital Starts You

on our easy payment plan. Begin now and get your share. We sell everything. Write TODAY.

Capital Merchandise Co.
Dept. 51 525 S. Dearborn St., Chicago

MUSIC LESSONS FREE



You can read music like this quickly.

At Your Home. Write today for our booklet. It tells how to learn to play Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, etc. Beginners or advanced pupils.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 89 Lakeside Bldg., Chicago



June Daye should worry just because Siegmund Lubin received a self-commendatory letter t'other day from one aspirant named May Knight.

Naomi Childers, who recently announced her engagement to the manager of Shraft's candy factory, has sorter gone back on sweets. There's a saying "Too much is enough," or something of the kind.

Kate Price hears from the war zone that she is the only anti-fear tonic they know. Whereat Kate is more joyous than ever.

Huntley Gordon, recently supporting Ethel Barrymore in "Our Mrs. McChesney," is another recruit from the vocal boards. He has recruited himself to the Vitagraph forces.

Kittens Reichert, of the Fox Films—and Kittens is her name given in baptism, too—has a large and ever-increasing family of dolls. Each doll is named after some particular star, and not always very flatteringly to the star, however. Kittens also has a "mind-child" called "Margo." Margo accompanies her everywhere, and is the airy heroine of many astounding adventures.

There are disciples and apostles of Realism—but listen here! Anita King, the Paramount girl, drove up a steep incline in a racing automobile that belonged to the famous driver, Barney Oldfield, and shot into space, landing on a cushioned platform 72 feet away. And some women are afraid of a mouse!

Florence Dagmar, Lasky ingénue in Paramount Pictures, has just had a girls' club named for her in Louisville, Ky.

Since it became known that Mary Pickford wore corduroy trousers in many scenes of "Poor Little Peppina," many have been the requests from Italian mammas for the donation of the afore-said corduroys. So many have been the pleas, indeed, that Miss Pickford has decided to preserve strict neutrality and hold on to them herself. It isn't safe—mixing up in these foreign affairs.

First we had Gerry Farrar in "Carmen," then Theda Bara, and now—oh, merry Fates, Charlie Chaplin! Not as "Carmen," of course, but as "Don José."

The actual shooting of an actual oil-well will be one of the big scenes in "The Toilers," starring Nance O'Neil.

William Wright, the Kalem executive, says that new themes are needed in photoplays. Too many of the prominent authors seem to think that their hashed-over ideas are good enough for the screen.

Henry W. Pemberton spends his absent-from-studio minutes in raising chickens and dogs.

Friends of Carlyle Blackwell, who have watched his nomadic wanderings from one company to another, can now look forward to three unchanging years. For Carlyle has signed a three-year contract with the World-Equitable.

John Mason is responsible for the rise to stardom of one of the Equitable program's best-known stock players, Clara

Whipple. After viewing the finished picture in which Miss Whipple appeared with him, he declared that her work in the picture merited co-starring. It was done, and now passers-by will see Clara Whipple's name along with the great historian's.

After some years with the Universal Company—years of faithful work and artistry—Edna Maison has left. She plans taking a short holiday before deciding just what her next step will be.

Lives there a woman with purse so dead as to refuse Charlie Chaplin's bloated salary? Yes. Ruth Roland is "her." It has been connoted (?) that if the King of Comedy gets the trifle of over half a million annually he'll have to give \$26,870 of it to Uncle Sammy for income tax. Says Miss Roland, "To be separated from that much money for taxes would surely kill me, and I dont want to die yet."

Roland Bottomley, who is Jackie Saunders' new leading man, has had the distinction of rehearsing under Bernard Shaw, and of appearing in the London première of two Bernard Shaw plays. He is full of anecdotes of the famous satirist.

In her latest feature production, "The Battle of Truth," Vera Sisson doubles as her own ghost. If all spooks were as lovely as Vera, dying would outdo the dance craze.

Just hang over a garden gate—the rest is E Z. That's what Vola Smith, the dainty Biograph star, was doing—opposite the Eastern Biograph studios. D. W. Griffith came along, decreed a career for her in pictures, and there you are—voilà tout!

José Ruben was Bernhardt's leading man for several seasons before he joined the Filmers. He is a marvelous impersonator of female rôles.

Anna Luther will return to her fans very shortly in "The Village Vampire." Work was begun on this picture nearly three months ago, but owing to a serious operation which the young star had to undergo, it was necessary to delay the filming.

"Happy" is Myrtle Reeves' new nickname—and this notwithstanding her "vamp" rôles. She has a crop of hair as sunny as her disposition—and—well—the sobriquet fits as none other could.

Ruth Roland, who has been appearing in the Balboa serial, "The Red Circle," recently received a letter from a girl in Pennsylvania who stated that she awoke one morning with a red circle around her right eye. As she had been attending the weekly instalments of "The Red Circle," she wondered—We wonder too—We dont know what Miss Roland thinks about it, but perhaps she is wondering also.

Hugo Munsterberg, the well-known psychologist, is soon to utilize the screen to teach the fundamentals of psychology in colleges.

The Pallas Pictures are to give Lenore Ulrich a car if her favorite ending in "The Heart of Paula" is upheld by the public as well as the press.

Positions Guaranteed!

Every day we receive requests from Marinello Shops everywhere for our graduates. But requests come faster than our students graduate. We absolutely guarantee to secure a good position for you upon graduation, if you do not wish to open a shop. No other school does this. The Marinello School is a high class, reliable institution. You risk nothing when you join—your future is assured.

Marinello graduates earn \$15 to \$25 weekly, while others who open Shops enjoy incomes of from \$2000 to \$6000 yearly. Can you ignore such possibilities? Then mail the coupon!

Become a Beauty Culturist

—master the famous Marinello Beauty System—get your share of the millions spent yearly by women everywhere for beauty treatments. Beauty Culture is today your opportunity for prosperity, independence and happiness. It is woman's natural calling, and the only profession that affords steady employment and large salaries. Don't waste your life as an underpaid stenographer, clerk, nurse, dressmaker, etc. Such jobs are unsteady—unimportant—pay small wages. Mail coupon!

MARINELLO

World's Largest Beauty School

Do not confuse us with ordinary resident or correspondence schools. Bear in mind this is the world's largest and foremost institution of its kind—operating and teaching on entirely different and advanced principles.

Marinello students attend our big college in Chicago—enjoy actual daily practice and study under eminent authorities. Don't waste your time and money trying to learn Beauty Culture by mail. Mail Coupon!

The complete Marinello Course teaches you Massaging, Shampooing, Hair Dressing, Manicuring, Chiropody—how to remove warts, pimples, moles, birth-marks—teaches you everything about Beauty Culture according to the latest principles. Mail Coupon!

Start NOW!

The openings await you! The requests for our graduates will increase. Begin at once. Marinello graduates never fail! The hundreds of women of all ages who have come to us are today prosperous and happy. Send the free coupon now. Success awaits you. Mail it NOW!

MAIL THIS FOR POSITIONS OPEN

Marinello Co., Dept. 7, MaHers Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Send, without cost or obligation to me, Marinello Catalog telling all about graduates' success, low tuition fees and opportunities open to me.

Name.....

St. Add.....

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

"HERE LIES"

By L. CASE RUSSELL

WE have exhausted the first edition of "Here Lies," but not its demand. A second edition is now ready. This clever and timely booklet on **How Not To Write** photoplays is invaluable to bewildered and discouraged writers. The greatest obstacle in the road to success is the "Has been done before" rejection slip. At least 80 per cent of the unsold scripts now on the market were written around stale plots. For the first time, these forbidden themes have been collected, classified, crucified and buried in "Here Lies." Read what studio editors think of it:

Its subtle humor is delicious, while underlying it all there is so much truth that it is worth reading many times. It is of value to the trained and professional author, as well as to the amateur.

CALDER JOHNSTONE,
Universal Film Manufacturing Co., Pacific Coast Studios.

It would save some of these poor beginners many a heart-ache if they would learn what to avoid, and you seem to have struck the keynote in your Dont List. LOUELLA I. PARSONS,
Editor of Scenarios, Essanay Film Manufacturing Co.

Sent postpaid on receipt of 25c in stamps or coin
THE PHOTOPLAY CLEARING HOUSE
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

RUBBER REDUCING GARMENTS

for the Prevention and Reduction of

Superfluous Flesh

The only positive method for reducing flesh and keeping the figure in proper proportions. Phenomenally successful. Physicians endorse by purchasing for their own use the celebrated

Dissolvane Rubber Garments

We have been manufacturing and selling these garments for ten years and have thousands of satisfied customers.

Write to-day for Illustrated Booklet

DISSOLVENE MFG. CO.

18 D WEST 34TH STREET
NEW YORK
(Adjoining Waldorf-Astoria)

SIGNET RINGS

Gold Shell. Best grade. Warranted 5 years. Price includes engraving of Monogram. Sample sent upon receipt of price. Amount refunded if not satisfactory.

80c. 51934
60c. 60044

C. K. GROUSE CO.

North Attleboro Mass.
Box No. 1

HOW PRETTY SHE IS!

Her face beams with the soft, glowing complexion of youth—because she uses the proper toilet article.

You take pride in your looks. American Maid Products will make you beautiful. Try them once—and you will always buy them.

| | |
|------------------------------|--------|
| La Rae Face Powder | \$.50 |
| La Rae Rouge | .25 |
| La Rae Nail Polish | .25 |
| La Rae Lip Stick | .25 |

Special combination offer. All four articles, postpaid \$1.00


La Rae Toilet Specialties

278 Cooper Street
Brooklyn, N. Y.

WRITE FOR MONEY

Send us YOUR IDEAS FOR PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES, etc. We will accept them in ANY form—correct FREE—sell on commission. Big Rewards! Make money. Write today for full details.

WRITER'S SELLING SERVICE
5 Main, AUBURN, N. Y.



The Philad'a BIRD FOOD Co's BIRD MANNA!

The great secret of the Canary Breeders of the Hartz Mountains in Germany. Bird Manna will restore the song of cage birds, will prevent their ailments, and bring them back to good health. If given during the season of shedding feathers it will carry the little musician through this critical period without loss of song.

Sold by Druggists and Bird Dealers. Pailed for 15c.

In order to bring out the song of the feathered warbler almost immediately, mix a few drops of the Philad'a Bird Food Co's BIRD BITTERS, with the bird's drinking water. These Bitters will infuse new life and vitality into the household pet. Very often their magical effects are produced in a few minutes. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

Be careful not to accept substitutes.

THE BIRD FANCIERS' HAND BOOK

A handy volume, 120 pages, beautifully illustrated, describing Cage Birds and domestic Pets of all kinds. Diseases of birds, loss of song, mode of feeding, etc. are accurately described. Mailed on receipt of 15 cents in stamps. Delivered free to any one sending us the correct addresses of 25 ladies who are interested in cage birds.

THE PHILADELPHIA BIRD FOOD CO.,
No. 400 North Third Street, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

We hear that Essanay have bought the picture rights to "Septimus," and will star Henry Walthall therein.

Helene Rosson, leading woman with the American Company, has started a fernery in her dressing-room. Callers complain that the fernery is an ulterior thing—a snare and a delusion—for if a sprout is inadvertently stepped upon, Helene shouts at them, and altogether a call in the fernery is a nerve-racking procedure. A method in her madness?

Henry B. Walthall has been doing excellent work in the "Mary Page" serial. But there are many who will be glad to see him again in some good, strong feature. Walthall in a serial is somewhat out of place.

Mabel Normand is to appear in a new field—comedy-drama. She has burst the bounds of Keystone comedies with her ability. As there has always been a touch of drama in her comedy, so there will undoubtedly be a touch of comedy in her drama. She will appear in plays something on the type of "Peggy," Billie Burke's pronounced success.

Alexander Gaden, now a leading man with the Gaumont Company at Jacksonville, Fla., is quoted as preferring the professional type on the screen—rôles of the brainy, quiet sort. It is not to be wondered at, since Mr. Gaden has wrestled with bears, fallen from a ship's mast, been thrown from a train, fallen down an elevator shaft, et cetera, et cetera.

Valeska Suratt got in wrong with the London authorities because she simply couldn't help writing home the interesting things she had seen in France, where she showed Motion Pictures to convalescent soldiers. After being summoned to Scotland Yard and there reprimanded, then sedulously watched and followed, Broadway sounded pretty good to Valeska—which accounts for her hurried departure for home.

Virginia Pearson comes from the South, and believes firmly in some of the old darkey remedies. The stomach-ache—despised malady, for instance—catch a beetle with both hands and throw it over the left shoulder without looking back—then just wait and see!

The Rialto, Broadway's latest picture palace de luxe, opened its doors on April 28th—symphony orchestra, uniformed corps of ushers, grand opera interludes, but no stage—the ghost of stage-sets has finally departed. Douglas Fairbanks and Roscoe Arbuckle head-lined the program.

Mary Miles Minter has signed with Mutual, as has also Audrey Munson of "Inspiration" fame.

In the future, Vivian Martin will be seen in Morosco-Paramount features.

Announcing the return of Alice Joyce to the screen. Negotiations are pending in several quarters. Definite connection will be published later.

Evangeline, the temperamental "Iron Claw" parrot, has acquired a habit of crabbing all the scenes in which she appears.

Sydney Ainsworth, the "villyun" in "The Strange Case of Mary Page," is a veteran of the Spanish-American War.

See "God's Country and the Woman," the eight-reel Vitagraph. It's a hum-dinger.

Harry Myers and Rosemary Theyby are now making one-reel comedies for Vim.

We have with us this evening: Mary Fuller and Sydney Bracey, p. 14; Joseph Girard and Mary Fuller, p. 16; E. Forrest Taylor and Helene Rosson, p. 22; Pauline Frederick, p. 33; Edward Sturgis, Pauline Frederick and Thomas Holding, p. 37.

Beautiful Wavy Hair

You can wave or curl your hair beautifully, quickly and easily in the latest fashion without fire or electricity, just by using these marvelous new

Martha Washington Curlers

NO HEAT EASY TO USE

Just wind hair as shown in illustration and the curlers do the rest. Will not irritate the scalp or injure the hair in any way. Send 10c for 3--nickel finished curlers and we will include--free instruction chart for Correct Hair Dressing.

3 FOR 10c Postpaid

(6) COLLINGBOURNE MILLS, Dept. 639, Elgin, Ill.

BANNERS

YALE BUILD UP

a selling agency. Sell our pennants in your club, school or college. Generous discounts for quantities. Catalogue Free.

ARTHUR MFG. CO., DEPT. L., LOWVILLE, N. Y.

Class Pins

EMBLEMS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. Two catalogs FREE for the asking. Pin shown here with any letters, numerals, or colors. Silver or Gold Plate 30c each; \$3.00 per dozen.

UNION EMBLEM CO., 481 Greiner Bldg., Palmyra, Pa.

ROZALIA

The Royalty of Creams

The Aid to Beauty

A perfect cleanser and massage cream, will remove facial blemishes and give the face a clear soft tone. As a night cream, will remove freckles. Will not grow hair. Perfumed with Rozalia.

Postpaid, 50 cents and \$1.00 the Jar
In tubes, 50c
(Money Order or U. S. Currency)

DAINTY—Medicated Cream—White—Rouge, all three \$1.50

RAY MFG. CO., Dept. C, 222 West 42nd St., New York

LEARN TO PITCH

Lessons by "MATTY," ED. WALSH, "DOC" WHITE, WALTER JOHNSON, "NAP" RUCKER, "SMOKY JOE" WOOD. PITCH THE FADE-AWAY, SPITTER, KNUCKLER, SMOKE BALL, etc. Clearly described and illustrated by 56 Pictures. Entire COURSE OF LESSONS SENT POSTPAID for 50 cents.

J. C. DORN, 721 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 298 Chicago, Ill.

RIDE a RANGER

1916 Model bicycle and know you have the best. Buy a machine you can prove by actual test before accepting.

DELIVERED FREE ON APPROVAL and 30 days' trial. No expense to you if you do not wish to keep it.

LOW FACTORY COST, great improvements and values never before equalled in our 1916 models.

WRITE TODAY for our big catalog showing our complete line of 1916 bicycles, TIRES, sundries and parts, and learn the wonderful low prices and new offers and terms we will give you. Do not buy until you know what we can do for you. Write a post card now.

MEAD CYCLE CO. DEPT. N-120, CHICAGO

WRITE PHOTOPLAYS

Constant Demand

\$10.00 to \$100.00 paid for each play accepted.

Devote all or spare time. Start at once

NO CORRESPONDENCE COURSE

DETAILS FREE

Atlas Pub. Co., 798 Atlas Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Orations, Addresses, Special Papers, Essays, Debates, etc., prepared

for individual requirements. Literary assistance. Social, formal articles. Original and accurate, with the true ring. Five minute paper (500 words) \$1. Longer writings in proportion. EPHRAIM BUCHWALD, Dept. S., 113 East 129th St., New York.

Be a DOCTOR of CHIROPRACTIC

\$75 TO \$100 WEEKLY

The need now for Doctors of Chiropractic is tremendous—your opportunities are enormous. The public is awake to the wonderful advantages of Chiropractic (drugless healing). The possibilities to earn \$10,000 a year or more are here. There's room for you—the field is wide open.

Learn at Home in spare time. No experience necessary—anyone can easily learn by our complete simplified, illustrated course and complete set of free charts, in life-like colors.

5 Lesson Sections FREE! Absolutely without cost to you—greatest offer ever made. Write now for free facts.

Illustrated Book Free Proves how you can become a Doctor of Chiropractic—tells all about Diseases and Chiropractic treatment, what you need to know to become successful in this dignified, prosperous profession. Write for big free offer.

American University, Dept. 548 162 N. Dearborn St., Chicago

Favorite Recipes of Favorite Players

(Continued from page 28)

But I like it—no stairs to climb and everything so convenient. Of course each place has its advantages. Yes, I can do every kind of housework, make my own clothes, and, truly, I do trim all my own hats.

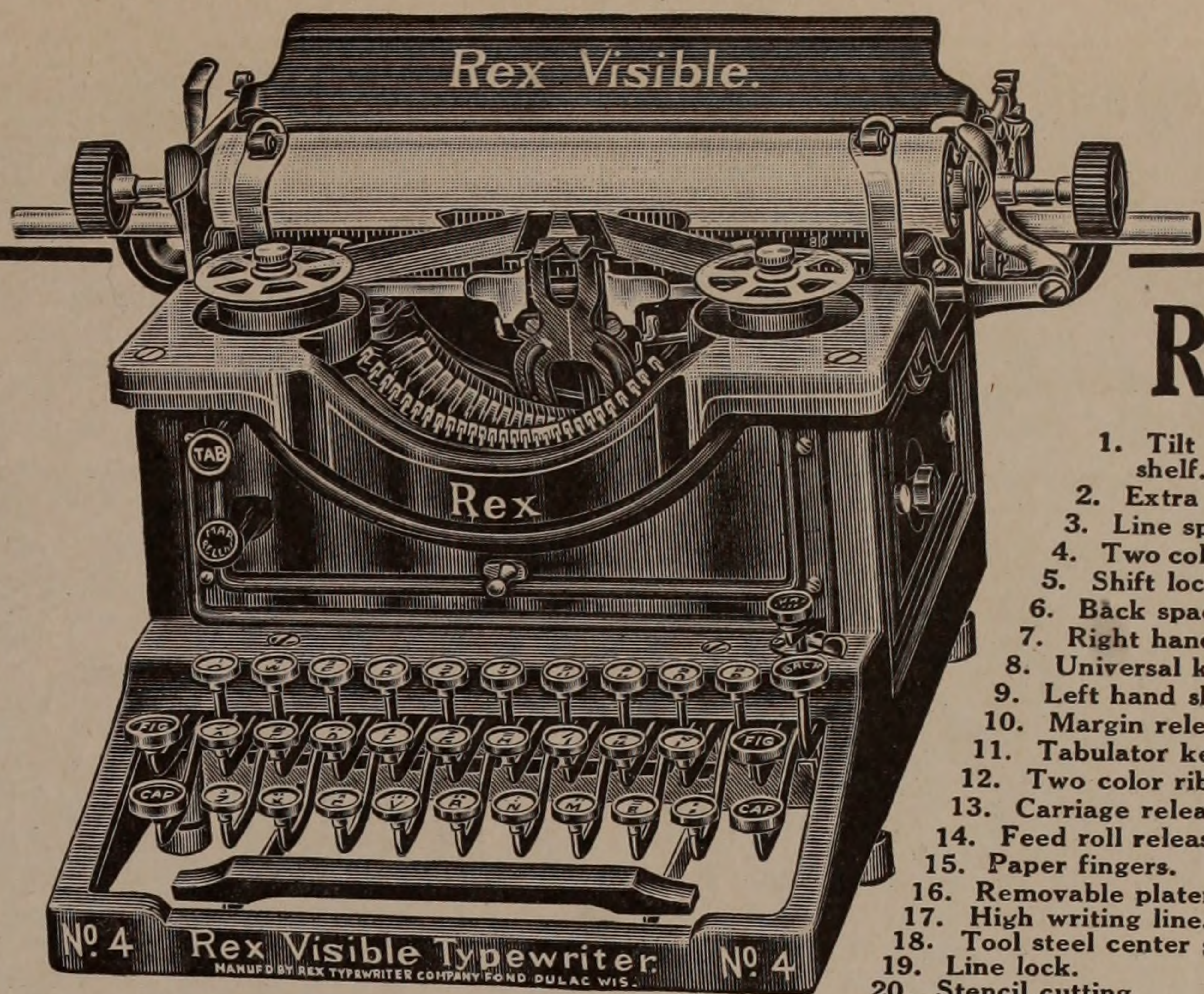
"I'll tell you how I learnt to cook. In our family there are just mother, two sisters and myself. When we are in the country we girls take turns getting the dinners. That means I have two, sometimes three, dinners to plan, buy and cook every week. That is real practical experience, you see, when one has all the responsibility for meals.

"I have given waffle parties, and cooked all the waffles myself, for twenty people. Can you figure out how many waffles that would be? Some one is always saying, 'I want your recipe; I never ate such delicious waffles.' That is absurd. I make them just as any one does. My cooking is mostly plain, substantial things. You know what I mean—real things for hungry people, like planked steak and plenty of vegetables.

"Planked Steak.—Have plank very hot. Place steak of required size on this and broil in oven. The length of time to do this depends on individual taste, as some require well-done steak. Have peas, carrots and mashed potatoes ready for serving. In a frying-pan have hot fat ready, and drop into this spoonfuls of the hot mashed potatoes. When done, they will be round, brown balls. Place steak on large platter. Put the peas, carrots and potato balls around. Thicken the gravy from the steak, add one pepper and one small onion that have been put thru food chopper, pour over steak and serve. On the bread-and-butter plates I put nice stalks of celery, with the hollows filled with cheese. Any brand of soft cheese preferred, or plain American cheese may be used, first putting it thru the food chopper.

"Waffles.—Mix and sift three cupfuls flour, one teaspoonful salt, one tablespoonful sugar, one half-teaspoonful baking soda. Add two cups sour milk gradually, yolks of eggs well beaten, two tablespoonfuls melted lard and whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Cook on hot waffle-iron. Serve with maple syrup or honey and butter. Waffles may be served for luncheon, supper, breakfast, or 'high tea.' The waffle-iron should fit closely on range, be well heated on one side, turned, heated on other side and thoroly greased. In filling put table-spoonful in each compartment. If well heated, turn almost at once."

(Sixty-seven)



Read!

1. Tilt back paper shelf.
2. Extra wide platen.
3. Line space lever.
4. Two color ribbon shift.
5. Shift lock.
6. Back spacer.
7. Right hand shift keys.
8. Universal keyboard.
9. Left hand shift keys.
10. Margin release key.
11. Tabulator key.
12. Two color ribbon.
13. Carriage release key.
14. Feed roll release lever.
15. Paper fingers.
16. Removable platen.
17. High writing line.
18. Tool steel center guide.
19. Line lock.
20. Stencil cutting.

\$2⁵⁰
A Month

Buys this **Brand New 1916 REX**, The King of Typewriters. Absolutely the Finest, Standard equipment—10 year guarantee. You don't pay a cent to use it for 10 days. You try it **before** you **buy** it—no money in advance.

SPECIAL!
RECORD BREAKING
OFFER!
TYPEWRITER PRICES
SMASHED!

WRITE—Write Before You Buy

Don't spend a cent, not even \$15 until you get our competition defying, amazing, rock bottom, factory price! Nothing like this new, startling, revolutionizing price ever heard of in the history of typewriters. **THIS ASTOUNDING PRICE** is lower than the regular wholesale price—about what you would have to pay for a good, late model, second hand. We prove the REX to be superior to any other \$100 typewriter made—tested for eight years—used by America's leading merchants, banks, railroads and professional men.

SEND THIS COUPON →

For **FREE CATALOG** and valuable free information about typewriters and the cost of making and selling them—no charge—no obligation—send today—**NOW**.

REX TYPEWRITER COMPANY
DEPT 116, STEGER BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Free Instructions in Typewriting

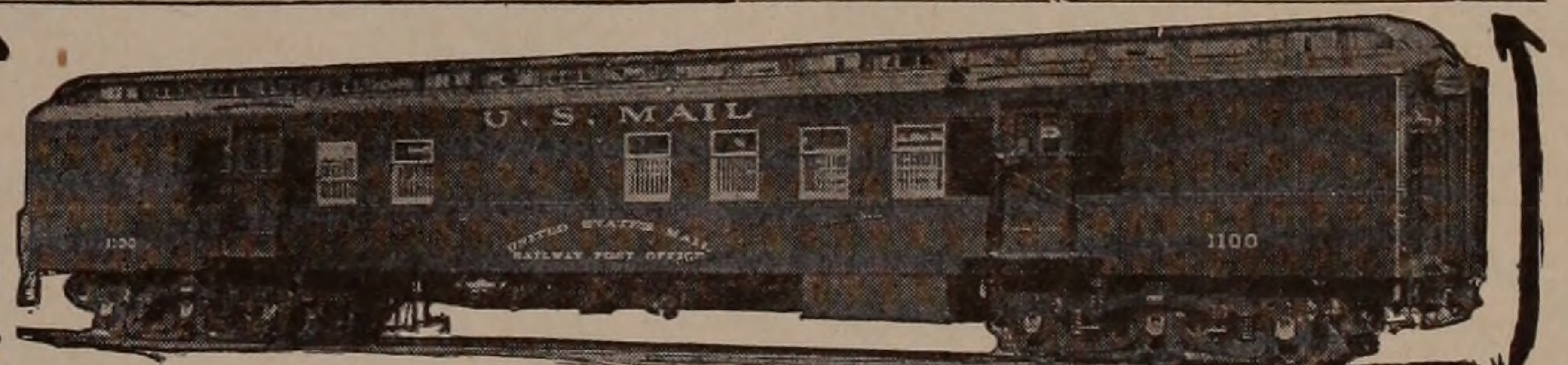
REX TYPEWRITER COMPANY
Dept. 116, Steger Building, Chicago, Illinois

Please send (prepaid postage) your free catalog and wonderful special cut price easy payment offer on REX Typewriters.

Name.....
Address.....

WANTED

Railway Mail Clerks
\$900 to \$1800 a Year
(\$75 to \$150 a month)



Business Boom means hundreds of appointments

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE (The Pathway to Plenty) Dept. J 126, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Rapid advancement to higher Government Positions. "No lay-offs" because of STRIKES, WARS, FINANCIAL FLURRIES or the WHIMS OF SOME PETTY BOSS. THE POSITION IS YOURS FOR LIFE.

Country residents and city residents stand the same chance for immediate appointment. Common-sense education sufficient. Political influence NOT REQUIRED.

We will coach 25 candidates free of charge
If you want to be one, send coupon immediately

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. J 126, Rochester, N. Y.

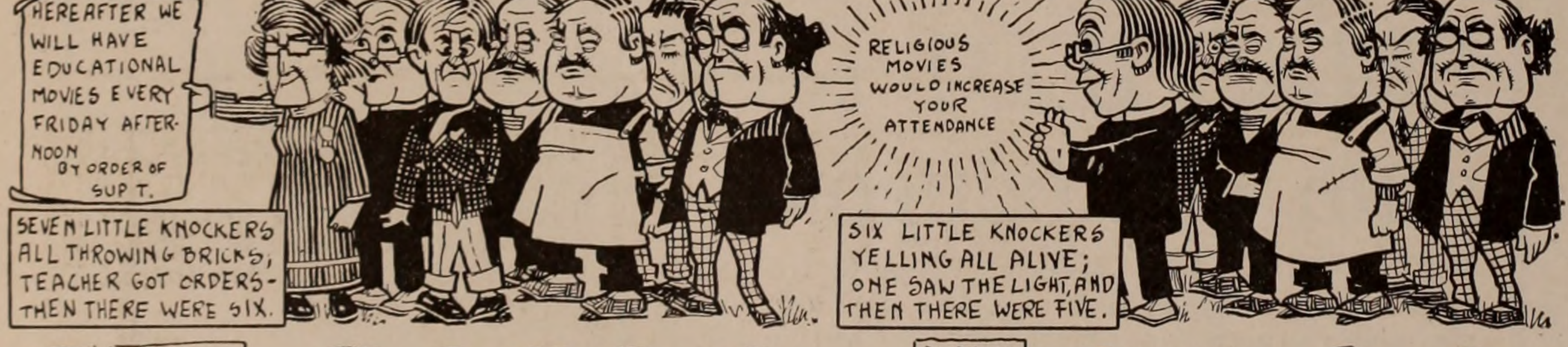
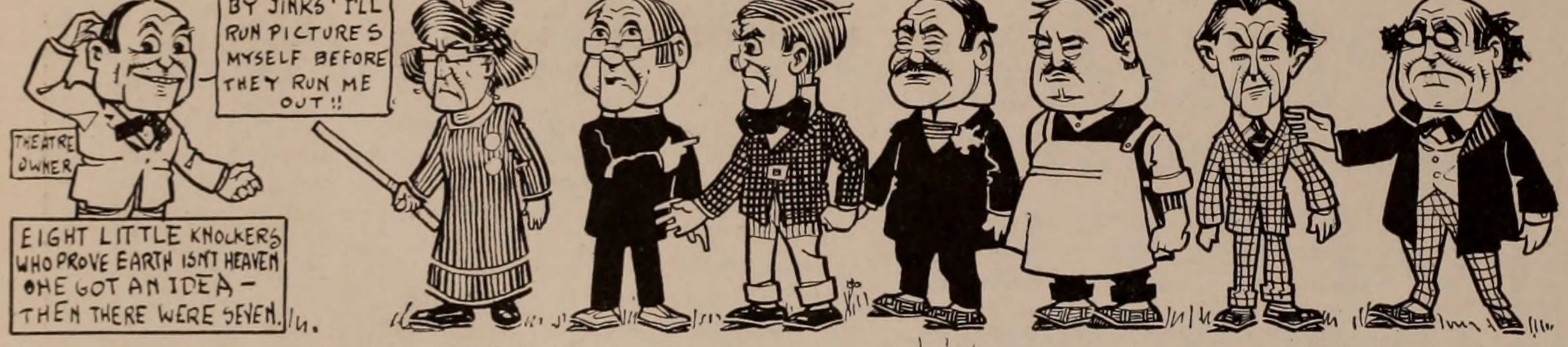
This coupon, filled out as directed, entitles the sender to a free copy of our book, "Government Positions and How to Get Them," a list of Government positions now obtainable, and to consideration for Free Coaching for the position here checked.

- COUPON**
- | | |
|--|--|
| ..Railway Mail Clerk..(\$900 to \$1800) | ..Customs Positions..(\$800 to \$1500) |
| ..Bookkeeper.....(\$900 to \$1800) | ..Stenographer.....(\$800 to \$1500) |
| ..Postoffice Clerk.....(\$800 to \$1200) | ..Internal Revenue..(\$700 to \$1800) |
| ..City Mail Carrier....(\$800 to \$1200) | ..Clerk in the Departments at Washington.....(\$800 to \$1500) |
| ..Rural Mail Carrier...(\$500 to \$1200) | ..Canadian Gov't Positions..... |
| ..Auto Chauffeur..... | |

Name..... Address..... J126

Use this before you lose it. Write plainly

The Sad Story of the Ten Little Knockers



*OUR HOME-MADE DICTIONARY GIVES -- "KNOCKER" - A PESSIMIST; A CALAMITY HOWLER; A VOODOO SINGER.

Ethel Teare, and That Flirtatious Way

(Continued from page 26)

would get over on the screen. I wasn't quite sure that I had what he said, but I ended my vaudeville tour right there in Los Angeles, and the following week found me out here at the studio.

"I can assure you that I am glad of the change. Instead of those long rehearsals in a stuffy theater, I have the glorious outdoors of my native California; and in the place of the stuffy hotel rooms and jouncing trains, I have a pretty little bungalow, with my mother and sister and everything that makes 'home.' Believe me, 'This is the life!'

"I imagine I have been rather fortunate for a girl who has been in Motion Pictures only a year. I started with Lloyd Hamilton and Bud Duncan, in the 'Ham and Bud' subjects, and, I must confess, I enjoyed playing with those funny fellows so much it wasn't really work. Then, when Ham suffered his unfortunate accident, it was up to Bud and me to bear the burden entirely.

"The company officials evidently liked my work, for when Ham returned, they suddenly surprised me with the news that I was to star in a company all my own. They said that letters from the fans, and reports from exhibitors, showed that I had secured a large following, so I deserved to be a star all alone. You can see that I owe a whole lot to the dear fans, who are thoughtful and kind enough to write letters once in a while. More than one star has been made thru the good-will of the fans, who enjoy saying a good word.

"But I hope the fans dont think I am flirtatious, too. I guess they dont, or they wouldn't be so kind, because no woman or girl likes a flirtatious cat."

"Supposing we leave it up to them," I declared. "Let me take some of these very pretty photographs that I am sure I might almost describe as 'flirtatious.' We will publish them in the CLASSIC, and leave it to the readers themselves to decide just what adjective applies."

But I had stumbled into expressing an opinion of my own--so there was nothing left for me but to cover my confusion by quickly securing the photographs and seeking safety in flight. As I went down the road from the studio, I turned to see Miss Teare waving a pretty farewell. I may get my hair pulled for it, but I am going to say right here, that the only word to describe that bewitching personality standing at the end of one of the outdoor stages, and waving a good-by to me, is the word "flirtatious."



We, Babies, Protest

against the use of safety pins that accidentally open and prick our tender skins. We want our Mothers to use

STEWART'S DUPLIX SAFETY PINS

TRADE MARK REGISTERED
"CONSAPICO"

Made of stiff, strong brass wire, nickel plated, and cannot open unless deliberately unfastened. Guaranteed rust-proof.

A patented tongue in head and guard over the spring coil prevent the most delicate fabric from catching and tearing.

Send 2c stamp today and name and address of your dealer for free sample card.

Consolidated Safety Pin Co.

Dept. S. BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

CROCHET—EMBROIDERY—TATTING \$1,000 WORTH OF NEW MODELS



All Shown in This Big New Book with Complete Instructions for Making, only **10c**

Think of it! Nearly a hundred entirely new designs in Night Gown Yokes, Corset Cover Yokes, Collar and Cuff Sets, Boudoir Caps, Luncheon Doilies, Dresser Sets, Dresser and Piano Scarfs, Guest Towels, Pillow Tops, Bed-spreads, Curtains, Party Bags, Coin Purses, Sport Scarfs, Baby Booties, etc. Every one of these handsome new models was personally selected from hundreds submitted to our Studios and represents the cream of the best Cluny, Irish, Venetian, Filet, Maltese and Hardanger work of the world's most skilled needleworkers. This book is handsomely printed on fine paper, beautifully illustrated and every pattern fully described so that even the inexperienced needleworker can duplicate these wonderful models. Send only 10c for this big book. Money back if not satisfied. Address

VIRGINIA SNOW
Elgin, Ills.

Studio 939



Be an Artist.

And Draw for Magazines, Newspapers, etc.
Earn Big Money
Send Sample of Your Work for Honest Criticism

All Branches of Art Taught by Mail or Local Classes. Write for illustrated booklet, terms and list of successful pupils.
ASSOCIATED ART STUDIOS, 2155 Flatiron Bldg., N. Y.

MILL REMNANTS Crochet Threads and Flosses

For only 10c we will send you a one-ounce box of assorted mill remnants of our famous Collingbourne's Mercerized Threads and Flosses—rich, lasting colors—sure to please **10c**

COLLINGBOURNE MILLS, Dept. 739, ELGIN, ILL.

FREE BOOK



Learn Piano!

This Interesting Free Book

shows the keen delight which a musical training will bring you; and how you can obtain this training easily and thoroughly in your own home at one quarter the usual cost.

It explains the social advantages of musical skill; and tells how to increase your earning power by professional playing or by giving musical instruction in your spare time. Write for the book today; it is free. It tells of thousands of men, women and children who have learned to play the piano or organ at one quarter the usual time, effort, and cost, through

Dr. Quinn's Famous Written Method

including this wonderful patented device the COLOROTONE. You play chords at once and a complete piece in every key, within four lessons. Revolutionizes musical study. Endorsed by leading musicians and heads of State Conservatories. Successful 25 years. Graduates everywhere. Scientific and systematic, yet practical and simple. Hand and finger positions fully illustrated. For beginners or experienced players, adults or children. Practice in spare time whenever convenient. All music furnished free. Diploma granted. Special reduced terms this month. Investigate without cost or obligation by writing today for 64-page free book, "How to Study Music."
M. L. QUINN CONSERVATORY, Box 650 K F, CHICAGO, ILL.

(Sixty-nine)



VIVAUDOU'S MAVIS TALCUM

breathes the harmonious fragrance of crushed flowers. It is *your* Talcum if your skin appreciates a luxurious sense of softness.

Talcum 25c, Face Powder 50c,
Toilet Water 75c, Extract \$1.00.

Send 15c to Vivaudou (Dept. 18,
Times Building, New York)
for a generous sample of
Mavis Extract.



Vivaudou
Paris.

Naomi Childers prefers Mavis perfume for her personal use and recommends it in the highest terms.

VOTING COUPON

The Great Popularity Contest for the Players.

I desire to cast my vote for

.....as my favorite player.

Name.....

Address.....

25
Votes



"Kneel to the Prettiest"

How much real life there was in that old game—
"Kneel to the prettiest, bow to the wittiest, and kiss the one you love the best." Man has always worshipped beauty. No wonder women desire it.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

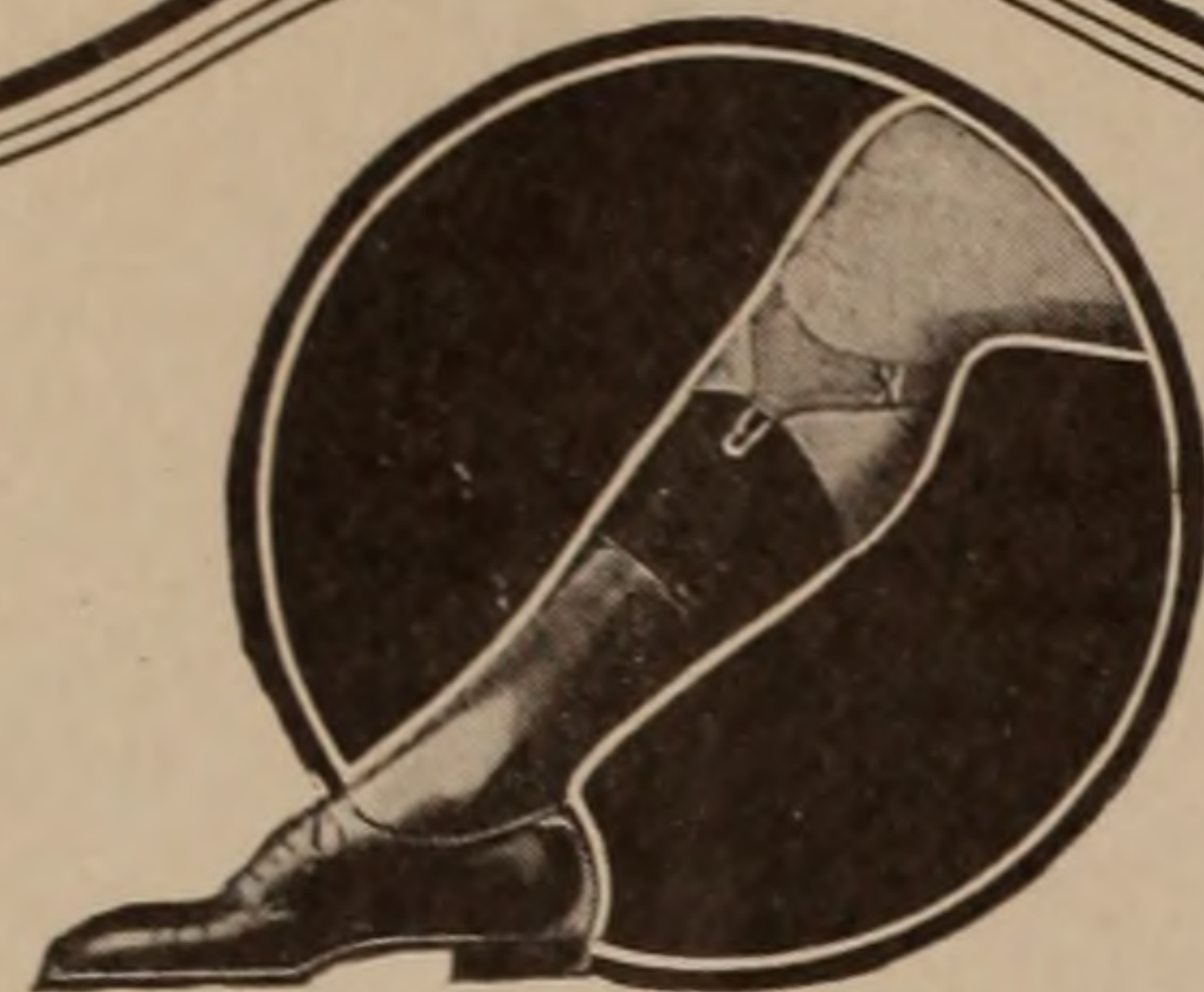
50c and \$1.00 at Drug Stores
Preserves Good Complexions—Improves Bad Complexions

Its use overcomes skin disorders and sallowness, as well as undue redness, sunburn and freckles—a necessity for the girl of blooming beauty or for her who shows signs of years or nerve strain. You are young but *once*. You can look young *always*. Ingram's Velveola Souveraine Face Powder beautifies and lasts. 50c—in four shades. Don't be afraid to use Rouge if it's Ingram's—the "pink of perfection."
Ingram Offer—Send us 6c in stamps to cover cost of packing and mailing, and get free our Guest Room Package containing Ingram's Face Powder and Rouge in novel purse packets, and Milkweed Cream, Zodenta Tooth Powder, and Perfume in Guest Room sizes. Address

Frederick F. Ingram Co., Established 1885 83 TENTH STREET, DETROIT, U.S.A. WINDSOR, ONT.

There is Beauty in Every Jar





"ALL my life every magazine I've looked into has had a picture of a man's leg with a certain kind of garter on it—Boston. So when I go into a store to buy a pair of garters I just naturally say 'Boston.' So do you!"

—AMBROSE PEALE

in the delightful play

"IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE"

By Roi Cooper Megrue and Walter Hackett
now in its third successful year.

Boston Garter

SILK 50c
LISLE 25c

Vital Grip

GEO. FROST CO.
MAKERS, BOSTON

"Motion Picture Acting"

Will not only help you decide whether you are adapted for this profession, but will prepare you at home to face the greatest test of all—securing a position. Don't throw your chance away. Send for this book. Let us help you decide. Let us tell you first—What the Director's Photo Test is—How to Prepare for This at Home—Whether You Are Fitted for Comedy or Drama—How the Director Works—Whom to Apply to for a Position—Where the Studios Are Located—What Personal Magnetism Is—Salary—Make Up—and a great many other important facts that are absolutely necessary for you to know.

Don't Trust to Luck

Looking for a position. The stakes are too big. Be sure you are right—then go ahead. Directors are constantly looking for Types. You may be the one to have the personality, the ability to make good.

I am offering for a short time—to readers of this magazine—"Motion Picture Acting" for only fifty cents a copy. Enclose either stamps or money in an envelope with your name and address. My book will be promptly mailed and your money promptly returned if you are not satisfied. I guarantee this to you and to "Motion Picture Classic."

H. H. GRIFFIN, 353 East 55th Place, Chicago, Ill.

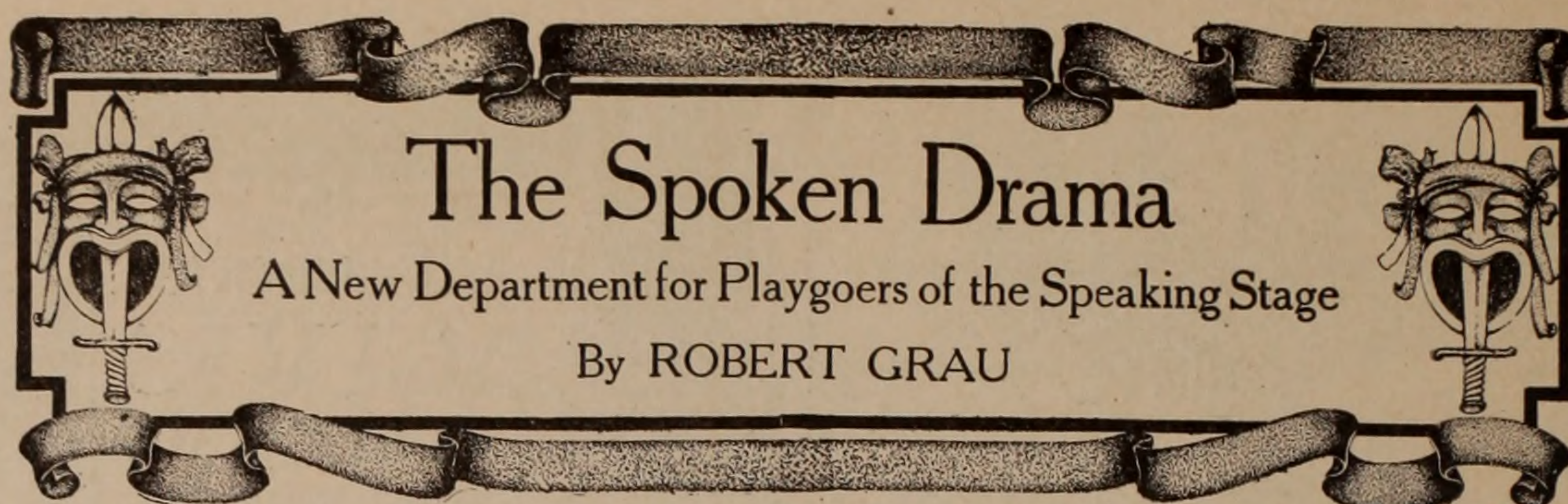


Make Your Hair Beautifully Curly and Wavy Over Night

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

Liquid Silmerine is applied at night with a clean tooth brush. Is neither sticky nor greasy.

Entirely harmless. Serves also as a splendid dressing for the hair. Directions with bottle. At all druggists.



The Spoken Drama

A New Department for Playgoers of the Speaking Stage

By ROBERT GRAU

ALTHO there are many plans just now to intermingle the distinctly Motion Picture play with that of the spoken drama, the writer does not believe that such combinations will be attended with the happiest results.

It is known that the present successful régime at the New York Hippodrome has in mind to stage a combination photoplay, interspersed with spoken text, on a colossal scale, the coming season; but up to now it is not believed that the Motion Picture producers, who have the most at stake in the outcome of such combination productions, are in sympathy with such undertakings.

The reason for this is not difficult to explain. In the first place, the financial results of every effort heretofore made to intermingle film and spoken plays have either been disastrous or else, in desultory instances where they have been partly successful, it was discovered that the public was not interested in an exposé of the secrets of the screen. One producer, Thomas H. Ince, who scored by far the greatest success as yet achieved with such a production, concluded that "An Alien" was less appealing to the public in mixed form. After its New York City première, just as the picture play combination was about to be withdrawn, he devoted the last week of its run to eliminating the spoken text, with the final result of a greatly improved presentation, larger box-office receipts and a sensational success of the film ever after. This, too, despite the fact that George Beban's spoken portrayal of the "big scene" of the play has never been approached.

There is that something about the picture play—the technique of its construction—which should decide those who have the art of the screen at heart to discourage the directors of photoplays against trifling with the constantly accumulating miracles of a wondrous new art, and there are those who believe that the motives of producers bent upon combining the two arts are wholly selfish, and mostly due to a desire to ultimately discredit the infant art.

The greater Motion Pictures of tomorrow will have less to do with plays than with vital truths, and we are now only on the threshold of this wondrous art, which a few years ago would have scorned to affiliate with our spoken

players, but enlightenment is so progressive these days we expect to see in the present decade a type of play on the screen which all mankind will proclaim as ushering in the vital era. Until then, it is enough to know that photoplays have led and spoken plays have followed.

Their fields are distinct, as are their methods of expression, and we should not attempt to confuse them by mixture or to weaken either by unfair comparison. That the photoplay will breed a race of new players for the spoken stage is a most probable prophecy.

Guide to the Theaters

Plays That Are Worth While

By "JUNIUS"

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

Harris.—"Hit-the-Trail Holliday." A farce dealing with small-town folks, featuring Fred Niblo in a sort of Billy Sunday character, who becomes a spectacular temperance lecturer. A trifle old-fashioned, but it seems to be popular.

Thirty-Ninth Street.—"A King of Nowhere." A romantic comedy-drama of the first class, beautifully staged and played. Lou-Tellegen is handsome and picturesque and so is Olive Tell, but Sydney Greenstreet, as Henry VIII, more than shares the honors—he is great! An unusually entertaining performance—one of the best that Broadway has seen for many a day.

Booth.—"The Co-respondent." An interesting, well-acted drama featuring Irene Fenwick, who plays excellently the part of a too-trusting country girl who is nearly wedded to a millionaire villain by a make-believe judge, but who finally wins a managing editor, and everybody is happy.

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.

Lyric.—"Potash and Perlmutter in Society." Those who enjoy Jewish types and wit should not miss this highly amusing farce, which is quite as laughable as the original, of which this is a continuation.

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

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.

(Seventy)

Forty-Eighth Street.—"Just a Woman." A strong melodrama in which Josephine Victor admirably shows what a woman can do when everything seems to go against her. A strong play, strong cast, strong plot.

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, don't 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.

Comedy.—"The Fear Market." An interesting drama with a few comedy touches, showing how society people are blackmailed by alleged reformers.

Metropolitan Opera House.—The wonderfully beautiful Russian Ballet, and wonderful music by a wonderful orchestra. If you like dancing, don't miss this classic.

Cort.—"The Blue Envelope." A bright, breezy farce, full of amusing situations that keep the audience good-natured thruout, and causing occasional explosions of laughter. A trifle old-fashioned, and it does not run so smoothly as it might.

Astor.—"Cohan Revue." Wonderfully clever musical burlesque of the popular plays of the season, done by thoroly competent players.

Playhouse.—"Capt. Brassbound's Conversion." Grace George and Robert Warwick make the most of this effective, pleasing, Shaw comedy, which is in about the same class with Miss George's other great Shaw success, "Major Barbara."

Gaiety.—"Erstwhile Susan." A comedy in which Mrs. Fiske proves that she is still entitled to first honors among our great comedienes. The author might have made more of a splendid opportunity. Interesting, but there is not much humor in the play.

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.

Eltine.—"Fair and Warmer." One of the best farces that New York has seen in years. Full of amusing situations thruout, and a laugh in every line.

Your Favorite Player Wants Your Vote

THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is conducting a great Popularity Contest for players, which, from the returns so far received, promises to be the greatest contest of its kind ever held.

Picture-players come and go. Many of those who were popular a year or more ago are now little known. The object of this contest is to decide who are the more popular players now.

HOW VOTES WILL BE COUNTED

The votes of this contest will be counted as follows:

- Coupon to be found in this issue of the Classic . . . 25 votes
- Coupon to be found in the Motion Picture Magazine . . . 10 votes
- A year's subscription to the Motion Picture Magazine . . . 100 votes
- A year's subscription to the Motion Picture Classic . . . 150 votes
- Combination subscription, Magazine and Classic . . . 300 votes

Subscription prices: MAGAZINE, \$1.50; CLASSIC, \$1.75; Combination, \$3.00. Add 30 cents for Canada, and \$1.00 for Newfoundland and Foreign to these prices for extra postage.

Those subscribing for the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE or the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC will be entitled to both the votes above mentioned and an attractive set of players' pennants, as described in the announcement on page 2 of this issue.

SPECIAL PRIZES TO READERS

A cash bonus, divided into first, second and third prizes, in addition to liberal commissions, will be given to those who send in the most subscriptions to either the MAGAZINE or the CLASSIC during each month. Thus, by becoming a Special Solicitor for the MAGAZINE and CLASSIC, you can help boost your favorite player and in addition earn some extra pin-money.

Begin voting now by sending in the coupon which you will find on page 69 of this issue of the CLASSIC, and if you desire to enroll as Special Solicitor, just fill out and mail the coupon below.

All communications should be addressed to the

GREAT POPULARITY CONTEST, M. P. PUBLISHING CO.
175 DUFFIELD STREET, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

GREAT POPULARITY CONTEST:

M. P. Publishing Co.,
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.:

I desire to enroll as a Special Solicitor for the Great Popularity Contest. Kindly send me complete information.

Name.....

Address.....

Attention! Special Offer!

Send \$1 With Your Photoplay—
or Idea—and Join

"THE MASCOT DOLLAR CLUB"

Advantages—Six Months' Membership.
One Photoplay corrected so that you can re-write into proper salable form.

Leading film producers' names and addresses—what they want.

Reliable advice and instruction about Photoplay Writing given all Club Members for half year.

Your ideas worth money. We show you how to put your ideas into acceptable shape.

Producers pay \$25.00 to \$100.00 for good Photoplays. Don't delay—enroll your name for membership at once. Address "MASCOT SERVICE," Dept. E, P. O. Box 142, Morristown, New Jersey.



MY EYELASHES and EYEBROWS are BEAUTIFUL now

But they were very short and thin before I started using

NOVITA

You can see what it has done for me. NOVITA, if applied each night, will do the same for you. Easy to apply—sure in results. Not sold at druggists', but mailed on receipt of 25c coin and 2c for postage. Zenithon Company, Dept. 3, Minneapolis, Minn.

(Seventy-one)

DIAMONDS —ON— CREDIT



Eight Months to Pay
Beautiful Diamond Sent on Approval—No Money Down

No obligation; pay as you can. Order any diamond from our catalogue; when received, if not absolutely satisfactory, return it. Otherwise keep it and pay 20% of the price, and only 10% per month thereafter. Ten per cent discount for all cash. A binding guarantee as to quality with each diamond. Exchangeable at any time at an increase of 7½% MORE THAN YOU PAID.

SEND FOR FREE CATALOGUE DELUXE.49 Contains over one thousand photographs of rings, pins, diamonds, and other precious stones.

L. W. SWEET & CO., INC.
2 and 4 Maiden Lane, New York City



FREE OF COST

This late model Underwood Typewriter

equipped with 2-color automatic ribbon, back spacer and tabulator, shipped to you WITHOUT OBLIGATION

After you have tried the machine for 10 days and found it all that we claim, you pay the express agent our special bargain price of

\$43.85

(less than one-half the manufacturer's price)

and the machine is yours. This is the greatest typewriter offer made. Let us prove it. Easy payment plan can be arranged.

Write today

METRO. TYPEWRITER CO.
65B Front St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Guaranteed for 5 Years

GENUINE BLUE WHITE
PERFECT CUT



DIAMONDS 88

SMALL
SIZES AS LOW AS
\$6.25

Think of it!
—You Save 35%

And More!

Only from BARNARD can you get genuine, Blue White, Perfect Cut Diamonds at the

astounding price of \$88 per carat. And here's the reason: We import direct from the European cutters and sell direct to you! You save all middlemen's profits. You pay us only one small profit—small because our vast, nation-wide business enables us to work on a smaller margin. \$88 per carat is our price to you for diamonds which the retail jeweler asks \$150 per carat for. Think of the saving you make! Our price to you is even lower than the retail jeweler must pay wholesale. And when you deal with us you have the satisfaction of knowing that you are dealing with a house of established integrity and responsibility.

CAUTION!
Beware of houses that advertise what they claim to be diamond bargains and don't dare to use the words **BLUE WHITE**. Why pay big prices for orange-white and other off-color stones? When you buy direct from us, you get **FINE QUALITY** and save 35% and more.

Per
Carat

1/3 Carat
\$50 Value
Genuine Blue White Perfect Cut Diamond of fiery brilliancy, in 14k. solid gold Tiffany style solitaire ring. Guaranteed \$50 retail value. Our import money-saving price,
\$26.88

Special! 1-3 C.
Blue White Diamond. See full size at right. 14k. solitaire. Complete **\$8.00**

Special! 1/4 C.
Blue White Diamond. See full size at right. 14k. solitaire. Complete, **\$17.25**

Special! 1/2 C.
Blue White Diamond. See full size at right. 14k. solitaire. Complete, **\$42.75**

Special! 3/4 C.
Blue White Diamond. See full size at right. 14k. solitaire. Complete, **\$67.13**

Special! 3/4 C. Blue White Diamond. See full size at right. 14k. solitaire. Complete **\$71.13**

1 C., \$88

Special! 1 carat Blue White Diamond. See full size at right. 14k. solitaire. Complete **\$92.50**

3/4 C., \$64.25

These illustrations are 1/2 size

1/2 C., \$40.25

3/8 C., \$29

1/4 C., \$15.50

1/8 C., \$6.25

NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

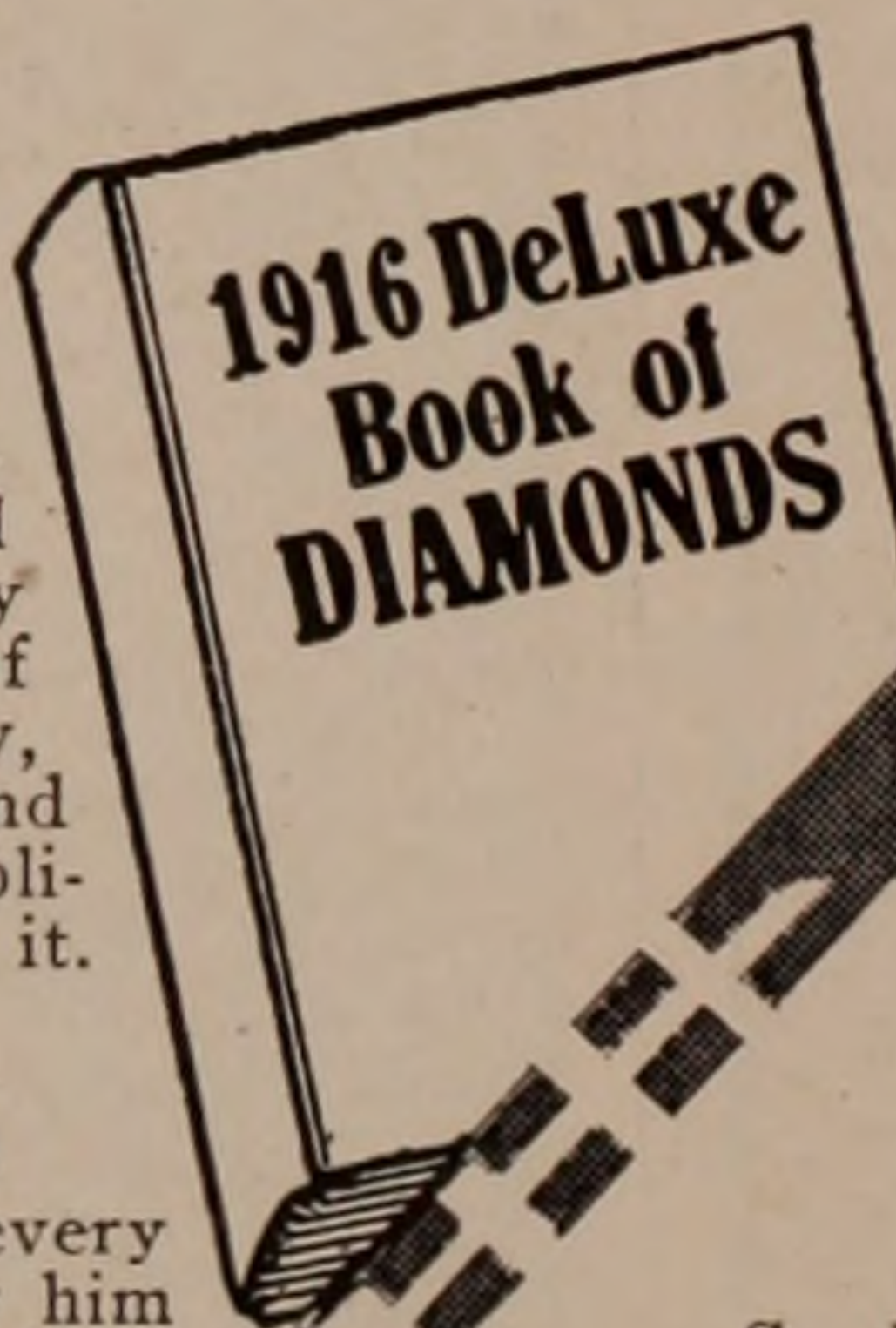
Send no money. No, not a cent. Not even a deposit. No references, no waiting, no red tape or formalities like other houses require. We don't believe in that. Our plan is "different." *It's your protection.* Simply select from this ad or from our catalog the diamond and mounting you would like to see. We put it right in your hands for FREE examination. Decide whether you want to keep it or return it after you see it. We pay all shipping charges. No cost or obligation to you at all. Everything at our risk and at our expense. We KNOW that we give the *biggest values*—that's why we can dare to sell on this amazing plan.

Bankable, Legal Money Back Guarantee

The only BANKABLE cash refund contract in the entire diamond business. Permits you to return the diamond you buy direct to us or through any bank for instant cash refund. No delay, no quibbling, no red-tape. Also allows *full price* in exchange *any time* should you wish to purchase a more expensive diamond. Also legally certifies weight, color, quality and value of the diamond. Buy your diamond by the carat weight—the safe way—and buy it from BARNARD and have the protection our remarkable guarantee affords you.

Get This 1916 De Luxe Book of DIAMONDS—FREE

Get this wonderful diamond book by all means whether you intend buying now or later. Mail coupon or send us a postcard. Our De Luxe Book of Diamonds is the authoritative guide for the diamond buyer. A real bound book, full of expert's facts, profusely illustrated. Shows our wonderful array of the new 1916 styles. Tells you how to judge, buy, tell value of diamonds. Makes everything simple and easy to understand. Comes to you free and without obligation. Mail coupon or write; or a postal will bring it. Write NOW!



Our References

Rogers Park National Bank, Chicago, your own banker, any Commercial Agency or any Magazine Publisher will testify to our fair and square methods.

USE THIS COUPON

BARNARD & CO.

Dept. MP 588
S. W. cor. Wabash and Monroe St., Chicago

Without obligation on my part, please mail me, Free and postpaid, your 1916 De Luxe Book of Diamonds.

Name.....
Address.....

Above illustrations are half size



Expert Personal Service
Mr. Barnard personally serves every customer. Years of experience qualify him to satisfy every taste. Our patrons value this BARNARD feature. You will too, because it means much to deal personally with a life-long diamond EXPERT instead of with some unqualified subordinate.

BARNARD & CO.
DIAMOND IMPORTERS
Dept. MP 588
S. W. cor. Wabash and Monroe
CHICAGO

Care of the Skin In Summer

Ladies keep and increase their beauty by using Pompeian Massage Cream. It is especially helpful to those bothered with an excess of oil in the pores. It cleanses the pores and refreshes the skin as it rubs in and rolls out in its own peculiar way.



Complexions made cloudy by modern life are cleared, beautified and youth-i-fied.



POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM



Pompeian HAIR Massage makes the hair healthy and beautiful. It is a clear amber liquid. Not oily. Cannot discolor the hair. Falling hair is often caused by neglected Dandruff or Itching Scalp. Don't wait until too late. Use Pompeian HAIR Massage. In 25c, 50c & \$1 bottles at stores.

Pompeian NIGHT Cream cannot wake up the skin like Pompeian MASSAGE Cream, but Pompeian NIGHT Cream does soothe and soften the skin *while you sleep*. It overcomes the effects of wind or weather, and gives a velvety softness to harsh, dry skins. At stores, tubes 25c; jars 35c & 75c.



Clip this Coupon

Both creams are used by many women in a special beauty treatment. First the Massage Cream to cleanse and youthify the skin, and then the Night Cream to leave on the face over night. Try this beauty hint.

Trial Sizes as offered on coupon.
Be sure to put X after goods you want. Clip coupon now.

The Pompeian Mfg. Co., 128 Prospect Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose stamps or coin for goods I have marked with (X) in the little squares.

Pompeian MASSAGE Cream, Trial Size 4c

Pompeian NIGHT Cream, Trial Size 4c

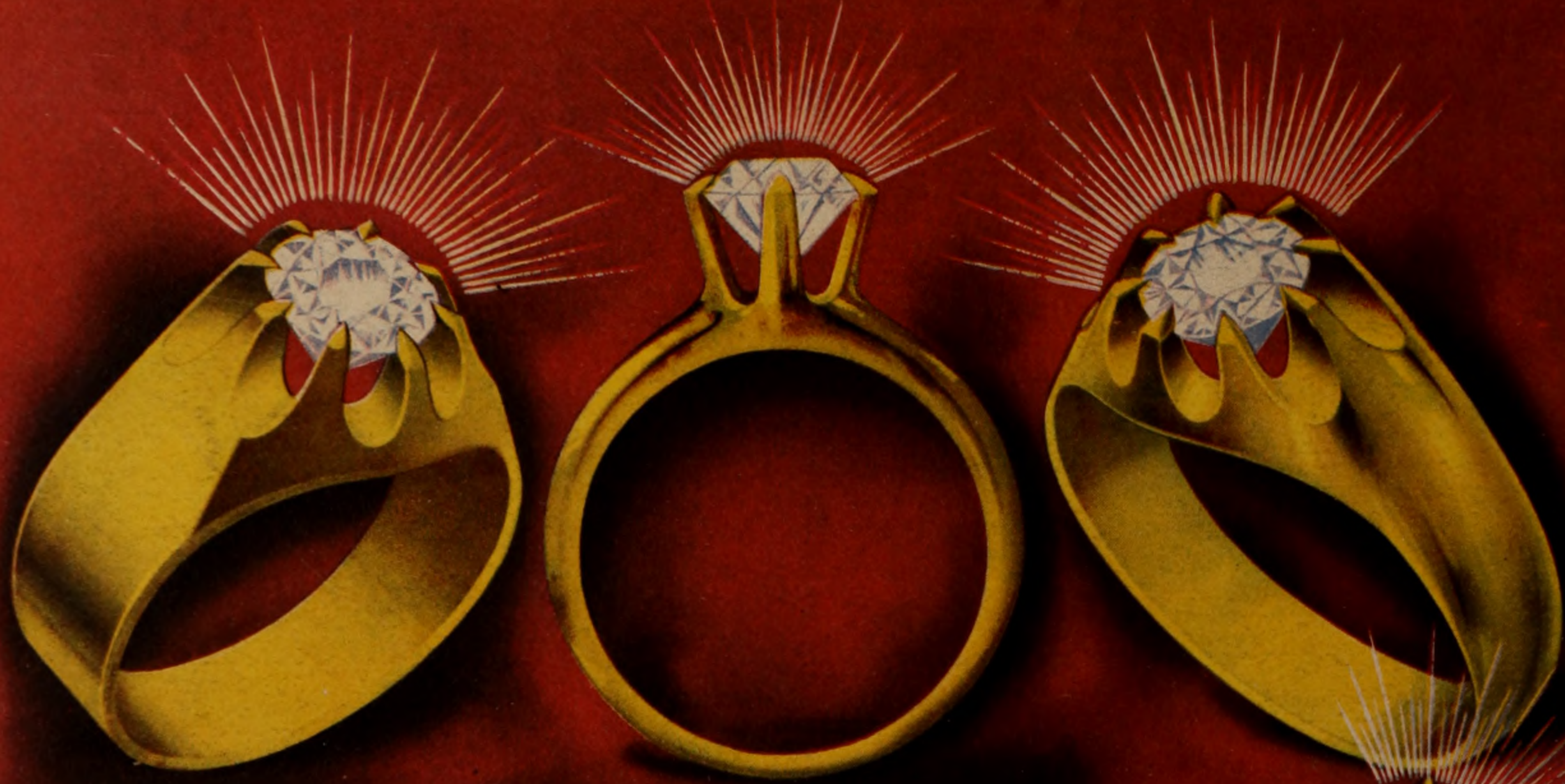
Pompeian HAIR Massage, Trial Size 6c

Name

Address

City State

The Pompeian Mfg. Co., 128 Prospect Street, Cleveland, Ohio



3 $\frac{1}{3}$ ¢ a Day

Pick out one of the glorious radiant Lachnite Gems—set in solid gold and get it on *ten days free trial*. Wear it to the ball—to the opera—on the street—to work—everywhere—for ten full days—then decide whether you wish to buy or not. Put it to every diamond test you ever heard about—fire, acid—make it cut glass. Hold it up by the side of a diamond. Test it in every way for 10 days—then—if you can tell the Lachnite from a diamond—send it back at our expense. You don't pay us a penny for the trial. If you decide to keep it, pay only the rock-bottom price, as you can afford. Terms as low as 3 $\frac{1}{3}$ ¢ a day without interest. Your credit is good. Send the coupon for free book.

Marvelous New Discovery

A problem of the ages has been solved. Science has at last produced a gem of dazzling brilliance. They are called Lachnites and, when you see and wear one, you will not be able to distinguish it from a diamond. They are perfect in color—dazzling in brilliance and are cut by world-renowned diamond cutters. You are invited to send for one *on trial*, so that you can see it for yourself. Lachnites stand fire and acid tests and cut glass. They are guaranteed to keep their brilliance and wear forever. Send the coupon today for new jewelry book.

Set Only in Solid Gold

These precious gems are the master products of science—the realization of the dreams of centuries. They are never set in anything but solid gold. All kinds of pins, bracelets, LaVallieres, necklaces, scarf pins are yours to choose from. Write for our new jewelry book today—it's free.

Send the Coupon for New Jewelry Book

Put your name and address in the coupon or on a letter or a postcard and send to us at once for the big new book of exquisite Lachnite Gems. Read the fascinating story of how at last Science has conquered Nature and has produced a glorious, radiant gem of dazzling brilliance. Do not delay an instant. Put your name and address in the coupon now—get the free book immediately while this offer lasts.

Harold Lachman Company

12 North Michigan Avenue
Dept. A-336—Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen; Please send me absolutely free and prepaid your new jewelry book about Lachnite Gems and full particulars of your free trial, easy payment plan. I assume no obligations of any kind.

Name.....

Address.....

Harold Lachman Company

12 No. Michigan Avenue
Dept. A-336
Chicago, Ill.

