

JULY

15 Cents

MOTION PICTURE

Classic

HOW TO GET IN
THE PICTURES
BEGINS IN THIS ISSUE



SWEET PEARLS ARE WORN BY PEARL WHITE

The nearest approach to the Genuine Oriental Pearls in appearance of Lustre, Sheen, Weight and Color.

Experts hesitate to pass opinion on these Beautiful reproductions of the Oriental Pearls.

The strands are 16" in length, with gold clasp and incased in a grey velvet gift case.

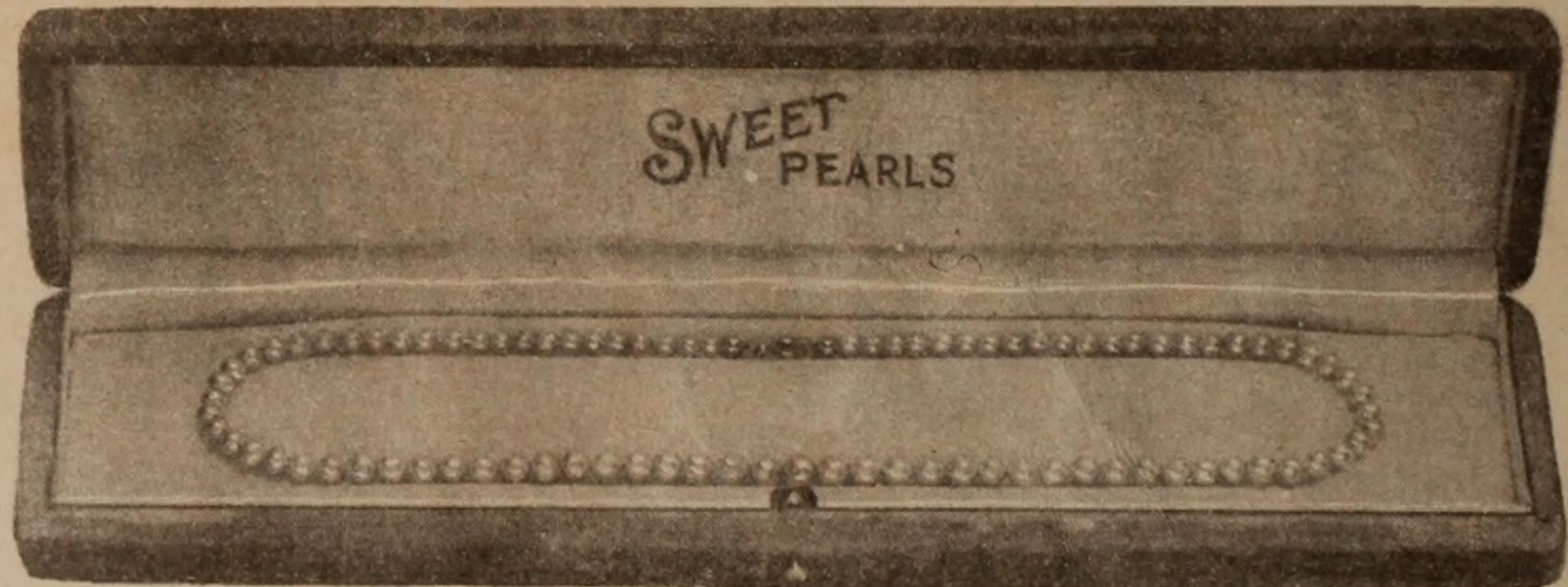


SWEET PEARLS

Their rich, iridescent, illusive beauty is unrivalled. Difficult to describe, white and yet full of dainty shifting tints; shining yet with a subdued lustre are unrivalled. Experts hesitate to pass opinion on these beautiful reproductions of the expensive Oriental pearls.

Do not confuse our exclusive Sweet Pearls with cheap grade necklaces. We are sole importers and selling agents for this renowned pearl. Sweet Pearls possess the smooth lustrous surface, the weight, color, and rich, delicate, rainbow hues of the finest Oriental pearls. These pearls are indestructible and of unchangeable lustre. You can order any size pearls by number. Each necklace complete with solid gold clasp in a handsome grey velvet box as illustrated. All strings are full length, 16"

ALL PEARLS ARE EXACT SIZE
EXCEPT THOSE SHOWN IN CASE



1712—This specially selected unexcelled blue white diamond.
Price... **\$20⁰⁰**
Terms, \$4.00 down, \$2.00 per month.

1707—This specially selected unexcelled blue white diamond.
Price **\$25⁰⁰**
Terms, \$5.00 down, \$2.50 per month.

1704—Sweet's Special Cluster; 7 fine diamonds.
Price... **\$36⁰⁰**
Terms, \$7.20 down, \$3.60 per month. Looks like \$100.00 single stone.

1708—This specially selected unexcelled blue white diamond. Price, **\$50⁰⁰**
Terms, \$10 down, \$5.00 per month.

A BEAUTIFUL NECKLACE or DIAMOND RING SENT ON APPROVAL—NO MONEY DOWN

Your selection of any of the wonderful bargains here shown will be sent for your examination without obligation, all charges paid. If after you have made a thorough examination and are satisfied as to the quality and superior value pay a little down and the rest in easy monthly payments—a few cents a day. If not satisfactory return at our expense, do not pay a cent until you are satisfied. INVEST IN A DIAMOND and get 7½% a year. We furnish a signed certificate guaranteeing the quality of any diamond and to exchange same at an annual increase value of 7½% more than you paid. NO SECURITY, NO RED TAPE your credit is good. Send NOW for our Free Catalog De Luxe No. 49 containing over a thousand photographs of diamonds, watches, jewelry, etc.; and full particulars of this remarkable offer. Select your diamonds now for yourself or loved ones pay later at convenient intervals. Write today.

L. W. SWEET & COMPANY, Inc., Dept. 49, -2 & 4 Maiden Lane, New York City.
"The World's Greatest Diamond Merchants"

A — GRADUATED PEARLS \$10.00

B — GRADUATED PEARLS \$12.00

C — GRADUATED PEARLS \$15.00

D — UNIFORM PEARLS \$15.00

E — UNIFORM PEARLS \$12.00

F — UNIFORM PEARLS \$10.00

G — \$20.00

GRADUATED PEARL STRING 26 INCHES LONG

ONLY
the finest
quality
Blue White
Diamonds, and
the perfect, specially
selected, are given
place in our stock.

Extraordinary Prices on These Oliver Typewriters

Here's Your Chance!

Must Sell a Thousand Machines Quick



NO. 5 OLIVER

The great European War makes it impossible to ship typewriters to Europe. We have 1,000 No. 5 Oliver machines which we must sell quick. And we are determined to dispose of them in this country at prices which defy competition. These grand typewriters must be sold at once. Here is a great opportunity to secure an Oliver at bed-rock prices. You will never have another chance like this, as the small number of Olivers at this ridiculously low price will be sold to the first thousand readers sending in the coupon. Are you going to be one of these fortunate people? Act now if you want a good typewriter. Investigate today.

Genuine Oliver Typewriter Guaranteed a Lifetime

These machines come to us fresh from the factory. Money will not buy greater typewriter value. They have all the wonderful Oliver advantages—visible writing, U-shaped type bar, built-in tabulator, marginal release, universal keyboard with six extra characters, etc., etc. Each full standard size, complete with every accessory and full instructions for operating.

The Oliver has the lightest touch and greatest durability of any typewriter made. Anyone can operate the Oliver successfully.

We will sell you one on the easiest terms ever known. Better still, we cover every single machine with a lifetime guarantee. Other machines are guaranteed for one year. But we have such confidence in the No. 5 Oliver that we will guarantee it for life. When you buy an Oliver you buy "for keeps."

Half the Price of Other Machines Payments Just Like Rent

These 1,000 machines must go at once. And the price we make is so low that we do not dare even publish it. We can quote this price only in a confidential letter. Ask for it, if you need a machine. Don't wait until they are all gone before investigating. Mail the coupon or a post card today. Our price and terms will surely astonish you.

And remember that this is a regular \$100 machine, with many thousands in use all over the world right now. We can always undersell manufacturers, because we have no salesmen with their big salaries and expenses. All of our machines go direct to the consumer, and he gets the saving.

And right now we are going to cut our own low price clear to the bone. Seize this opportunity while you may, for we doubt if it ever can be repeated. At the astonishingly low price we are quoting, these thousand Oliver Typewriters will all be disposed of in a very short time.

Get Our Amazing Price and FREE Trial Offer!

Send for our offer today. Use the coupon or a post card. Find out all about our sensational cut in prices. A few cents a day will buy your Oliver. And we will let you try one free, without sending us a single cent. Mail the coupon now, whether you're ready to buy or not. Then you will know whether you can afford to do without a standard No. 5 Oliver any longer.

TYPEWRITERS DISTRIBUTING SYNDICATE
1510-85-S Wabash Ave., Chicago

Tear Off Coupon **Fill Out and Mail TODAY**

TYPEWRITERS DISTRIBUTING SYNDICATE
1510-85-S Wabash Ave., Chicago

I am interested in owning a typewriter and would like to have your special offer on a No. 5 Oliver machine. I incur no obligation in asking for your proposition.

Name.....
Address.....
.....

(250)



Box of Powder and 4 other Beauty Preparations FREE LIMITED OFFER
 Five Famous Marinello Beauty Preparations Absolutely Free to every woman just to prove why millions of particular women prefer Marinello products. *Miniature Box of Face Powder, Jar of Motor Cream, Tube of Tooth Paste, Box of Phantom Powder, Jar of Rose Leaf Jelly and Book of Beauty Secrets.* Send five 2c stamps for postage and packing now, before offer is withdrawn.
MARINELLO CO., Dept. T, Mallery Bldg., Chicago



ALL THE POPULAR MOVIE FAVORITES WE HAVE THEM 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, Mary Miles Minter, autographed pictures of Jack W. Kerrigan, Creighton Hale, Sheldon Lewis, and other Iron Claw Stars.
 Also actual photos, size 8x10, at 50c each. Send a stamp for new list, JUST OUT, and sample card.
THE FILM PORTRAIT CO., 127C 1st Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

WRITE PHOTOPLAYS
 \$10.00 to \$100.00 paid for each play accepted. Constant Demand. Devote all or spare time. Start at once. NO CORRESPONDENCE COURSE. DETAILS FREE.
Atlas Pub. Co., 798 Atlas Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

CAN YOU? Act For The Movies

Realize on Your Personality Have you ever thought while watching the screen that you have possibilities—that, if you had the chance to show what you could do, you would make good? No one can teach you to be a star like Mary Pickford or Charlie Chaplin unless you have the natural ability and a driving Director to bring it out.

“Motion Picture Acting”
 will tell you some mighty interesting facts about this fascinating profession. Will prepare you at home to meet the greatest test of all—**securing a position.** Don't throw your chance away by not being ready for it. Find out.

- What the Director's Photo Test is.
- How to Prepare for this at Home.
- Whether you are fitted for Comedy or Drama.
- What Personal Magnetism is.
- How Movie Actors Make Up.
- How the Director works.
- What Salary you can expect at the Start.
- Whom to Apply to for a Position.
- Where the Studios are Located.
- How Trick Pictures are made.

Send for THIS BOOK

Don't sit back and wish you knew just what to do. At least give us the opportunity to help you decide this question—to show you what we can do for you. Mail the attached coupon today—enclose it in an envelope with fifty cents, either stamps or money. “Moving Picture Acting” will be promptly mailed and your money just as promptly returned if you are not satisfied.

H. E. GRIFFIN, Dept B
 353 E. 55th Place, CHICAGO
 Enclosed 50c for a copy of “Moving Picture Acting.” It is understood that my money will be returned if I am not satisfied.

Name.....
 Street.....
 City..... State.....

VOTING COUPON

25 Votes

The Great Popularity Contest for the Players

I desire to cast my vote for

.....as my favorite player.

Name.....

Address.....

Niagara to the Sea

VIA THE THOUSAND ISLANDS
 THE PICTURESQUE
 ALL-WATER ROUTE



PASSING QUEBEC

All the charm of quaint, old-world travel haunts. The most satisfying trip in America for health and recreation.

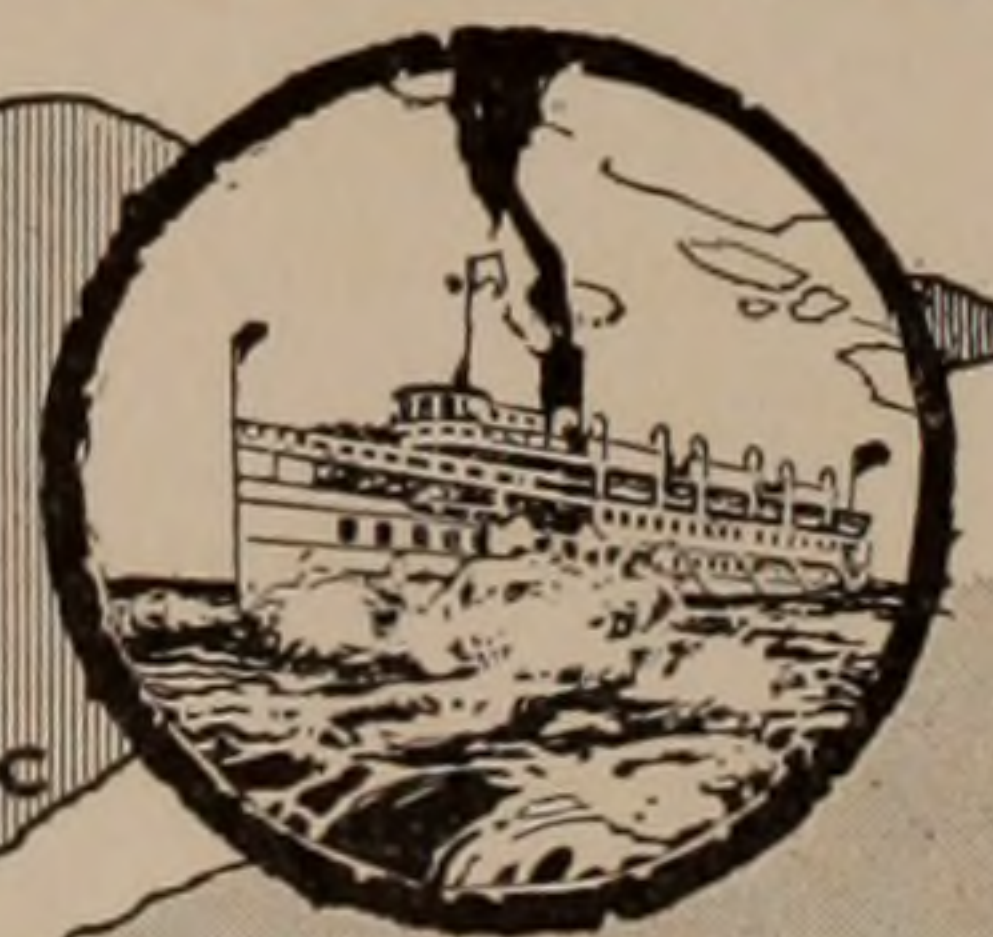
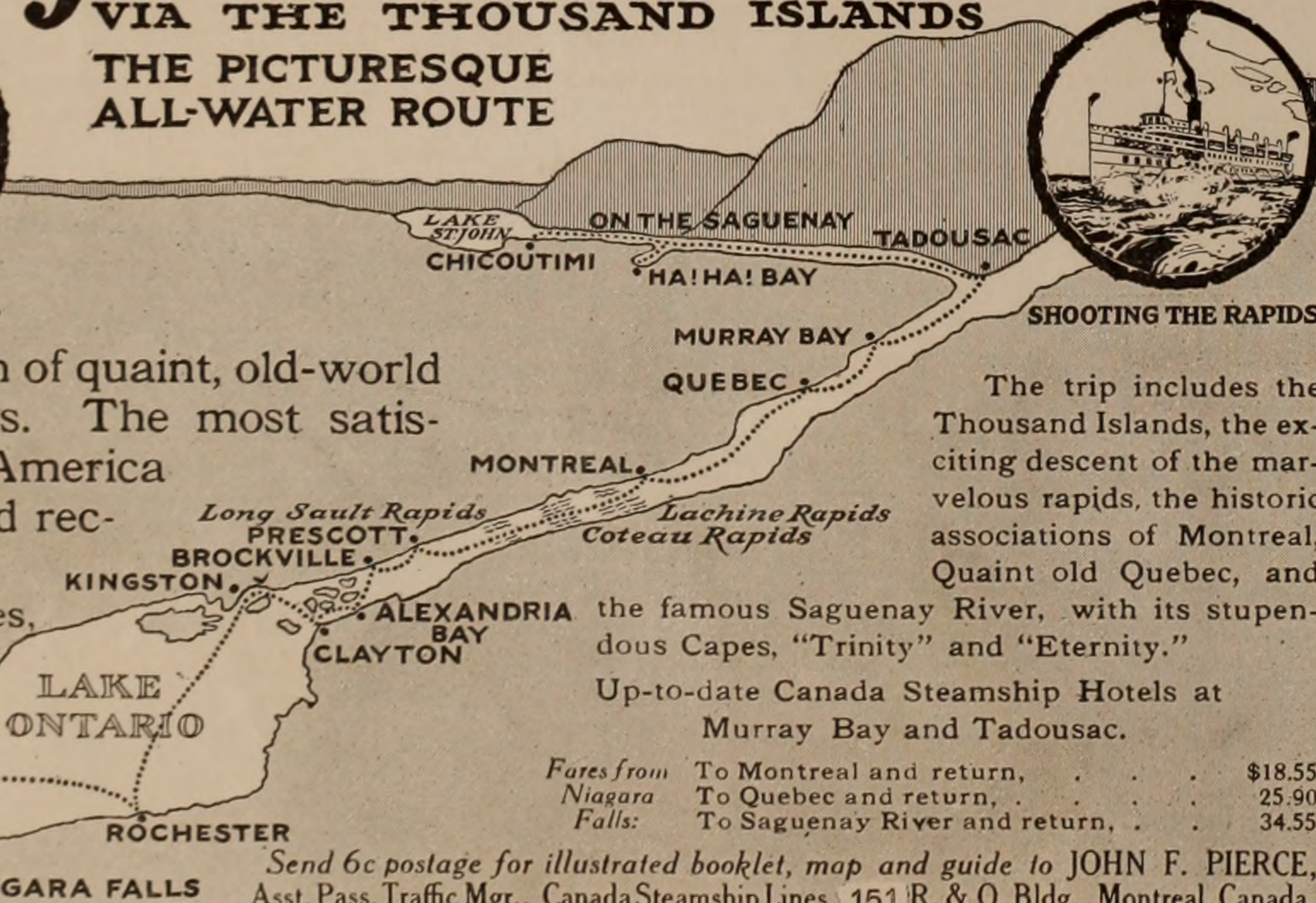
800 miles of lakes, rivers and rapids

TORONTO

ROCHESTER

HAMILTON

NIAGARA FALLS



SHOOTING THE RAPIDS

The trip includes the Thousand Islands, the exciting descent of the marvelous rapids, the historic associations of Montreal, Quaint old Quebec, and the famous Saguenay River, with its stupendous Capes, “Trinity” and “Eternity.”

Up-to-date Canada Steamship Hotels at Murray Bay and Tadousac.

Fares from	To Montreal and return,	\$18.55
Niagara	To Quebec and return,	25.90
Falls:	To Saguenay River and return,	34.55

Send 6c postage for illustrated booklet, map and guide to JOHN F. PIERCE, Asst. Pass. Traffic Mgr., Canada Steamship Lines, 151 R. & O. Bldg., Montreal, Canada.

CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES

OPPORTUNITY MARKET

AGENTS—DELICIOUS SOFT DRINKS in concentrated form. Always ready—just add water—economical—absolutely pure. Every housewife wants them—14 different kinds. Enormous demand—big summer sellers—money comes easy. 250 other popular-priced, fast-selling household necessities. We furnish free outfits. Write today—now. **American Products Co., 4758 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.**

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 IN CONCENTRATED FORM. Greatest seller in years. Wonderful discovery; makes genuine Beer in a minute—just add water. Strictly legitimate. Every dry section a gold mine. Write immediately for territory and Free Trial Offer. **THE AMBREW CO., 5561 Plum St., Cincinnati, O.**

COINS, STAMPS, ETC.

\$\$—OLD COINS WANTED—\$\$—\$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

WANTED—MEN AND WOMEN, 18 OR OVER, FOR U. S. GOVERNMENT JOBS. \$75 month. Vacations with pay. Short hours. Pleasant work. Pull unnecessary. Common education sufficient. Write immediately for free list of positions now obtainable. **Franklin Institute, Dept. L-78, Rochester, N. Y.**

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. Roth, Dept. 11, 45 Frost St., B'klyn, N. Y.**

PHOTOPLAYWRIGHTS

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.**

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.**

Five Years' experience fits me to give you the best satisfaction. Manuscripts of all kinds typewritten. Scenarios, short stories, technical work done on short notice. 10c the page with carbon. **M. A. Haines, Akron, Ohio.**

WRITE MOVING PICTURE PLAYS AT HOME, IN SPARE TIME. Big demand. Pleasant and profitable work. My FREE literature tells how. **H. L. HURSH, 123-M S. Third St., Harrisburg, Pa.**

FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER

Enlarged Photographs from your Kodak, or from Plate Negatives. 3 8x10, or 4 5x7, sent prepaid for 50c. No stamps. Give us a trial. **SPRAUER CO., Stahlheber Road, Hamilton, Ohio.**

MALE HELP WANTED

Government Positions Pay Big Money. Examinations everywhere soon. Get prepared by former U. S. Civil Service Examiner. 64-page booklet free. Write today. **Patterson Civil Service School, Box 1607, Rochester, N. Y.**

PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES, ETC.

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, 4 Main, Auburn, 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.**

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.

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

VOL. II. JULY, 1916 NO. 5

CONTENTS FOR JULY

	Page
Art Gallery of Popular Players.....	5
The Suspect. Featuring Anita Stewart, Gladys Hall	13
Always Up Against It Is Douglas Fair- banks.....Hector Ames	18
Nat Goodwin, Bachelor.....Gladys Hall	20
How to Get In.....Florence LaBadie, Lillian Walker, Lenore Ulrich, Theodore Marston and Iva Shepard	22
Are Moving Picture Plays Getting Better? Robert Grau	25
The Modern Cleopatra.....Virginia Pearson	29
Introducing Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Reid, Roberta Courtlandt	30
Francelia Billington. Photograph.....	33
David Garrick. Featuring Dustin Farnum, John Olden	34
The Movies Have Nothing on the Artists. Drawing.....Harold Van Buren	40
A Play Day with Marguerite Courtot, Grace Wynden Vail	41
Putting the Children in Films and the Films in Children.....B. A. Holway	45
Billie Burke in "Gloria's Romance".....	48
Sold at Auction.....Dorothy Donnell	49
The Autobiography of Claire McDowell....	55
Extras! Extras! Extras!..Ernest A. Dench	57
Answers to Inquiries.....The Answer Man	59
Mother Goose of Motion Pictures, Harvey Peake	63
Greenroom Jottings.....	65
Guide to the Theaters.....	67
Popular Player Contest.....	67



"Don't tell me you never had a chance!"

"Four years ago you and I worked at the same bench. We were *both* discontented. Remember the noon we saw the International Correspondence Schools' advertisement? That woke me up. I realized that to get ahead I needed special training, and I decided to let the I. C. S. help me. When I marked the coupon I asked you to sign with me. You said, 'Aw, forget it!'"

"I made the most of my opportunity and have been climbing ever since. You had the same chance I had, but you turned it down. No, Jim, you can't expect more money until you've trained yourself to handle bigger work."

There are lots of "Jims" in the world—in stores, factories, offices, everywhere. Are *you* one of them? Wake up! Every time you see an I. C. S. coupon your chance is staring you in the face. Don't turn it down.

Right now over one hundred thousand men are preparing themselves for bigger jobs and better pay through I. C. S. courses.

You can join them and get in line for promotion. Mark and mail the coupon, and find out how.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 6653, Scranton, Pa.

25th Anniversary
I. C. S.

In October, 1916, the International Correspondence Schools will celebrate the completion of 25 years of successful educational work in the interest of technical and industrial preparedness. More than 130,000 men and women are NOW STUDYING I. C. S. Courses, preparing for advancement and increased earnings and greater service to their employers and their country.

TEAR OUT HERE
INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 6653, 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"/> Spanish |
| <input type="checkbox"/> PLUMBING AND HEATING | <input type="checkbox"/> Poultry Raising <input type="checkbox"/> German |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Worker | <input type="checkbox"/> AUTOMOBILES <input type="checkbox"/> French |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CHEMICAL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Auto Repairing <input type="checkbox"/> Italian |

Name _____
Occupation _____
& Employer _____
Street _____
and No. _____
City _____ State _____
If name of Course you want is not in this list, write it below.

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.

THE STAGE PLAYING CARDS

The handsomest deck of cards ever made. Pink, cream, green and gold backs; gold edges; flexible, highly finished, lively and durable; fifty-two cards and joker to each pack.

PORTRAITS OF THE GREAT STARS

Each card contains a portrait of a great star, including Marguerite Clark, David Warfield, Julia Marlowe, Alla Nazimova, E. H. Sothern, Willie Collier, Blanche Bates, Rose Stahl, Blanche Ring, Frank Daniels, Anna Held, Grace George, James O'Neill, Ellen Terry, Henrietta Crosman, Frances Starr, Margaret Anglin, Eddie Foy, Mrs. Fiske, Harry Woodruff, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Cissy Loftus, and other well known stars. Most of these great players, and most of the others, have already made their appearance on the screen, and every one of them has made stage history, as many of them are now making Motion Picture history. Why not take advantage of this opportunity to make a collection of the portraits of these great stars, even if you do not want to use the cards to play with? (Please note that this set of cards has no connection with the set of Motion Picture cards in our new game called "Cast.")

Only 50 cents a pack, in handsome telescope box, mailed to any address, postage prepaid, on receipt of price. (One-cent stamps accepted. If a 50-cent piece is sent, wrap it in folded paper and enclose in envelope in your letter. An unwrapped coin sometimes cuts thru the envelope and is lost in the mails. It is perfectly safe also to send a dollar bill by mail.)

THE M. P. PUBLISHING CO.,

175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Art Gallery of Popular Players



Photo by White

FLORENCE LAWRENCE
(Universal)



MARGUERITE CLAYTON
(Essanay)



MAE MURRAY
(Lasky)

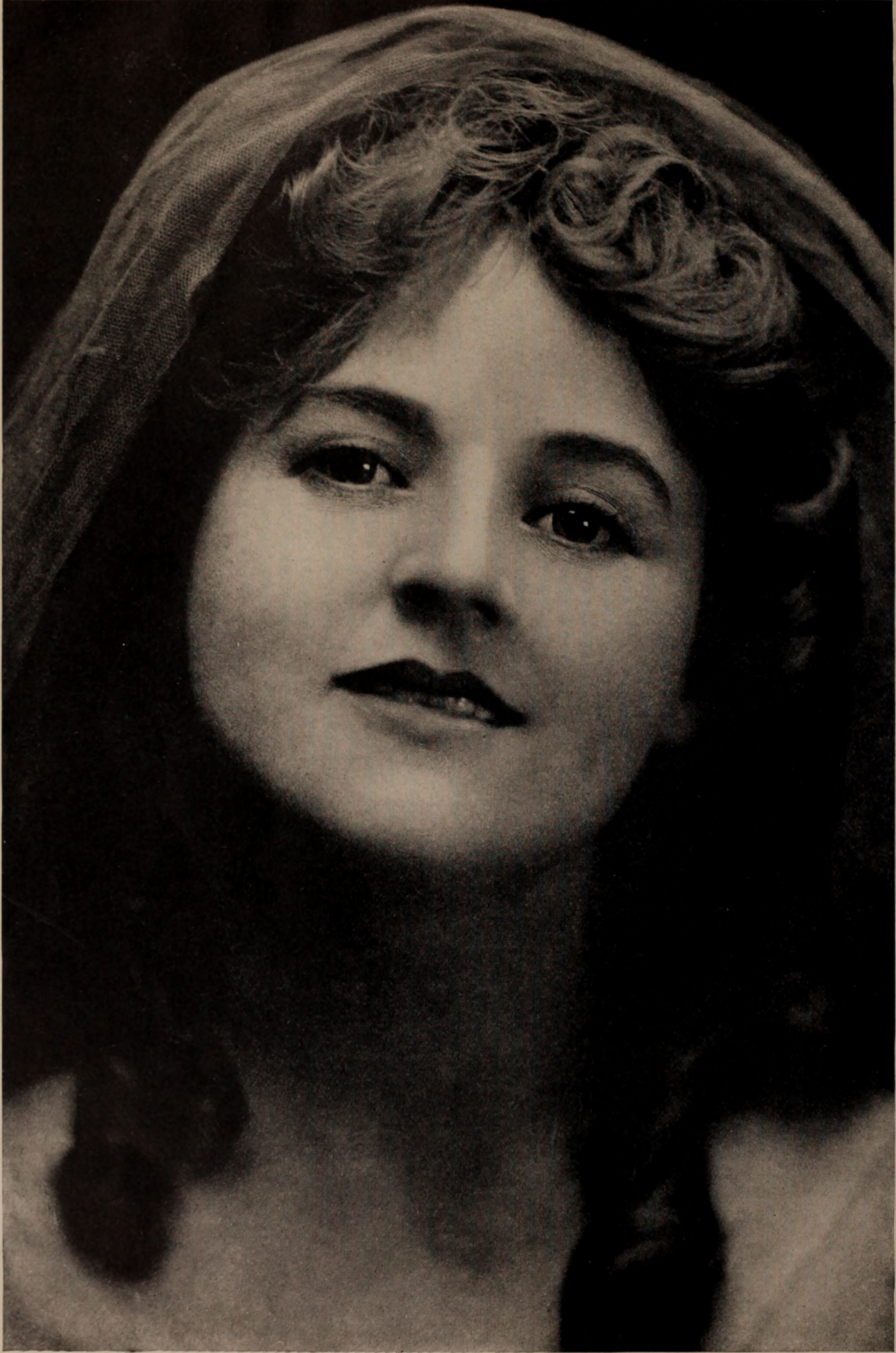


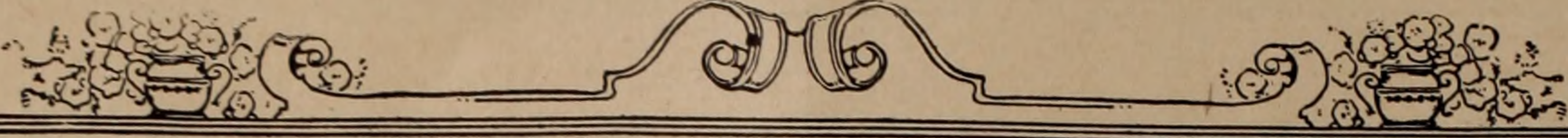
Photo by Floyd

LILLIAN WALKER
(Vitagraph)



Photo by Woodward

HELEN MARTEN
(Gaumont)



Carhenter
L.A.

MYRTLE STEDMAN
(Pallas)





JUANITA HANSON
(Keystone)



Photo by Floyd

HARRY MYERS
(Vim)

The Suspect

by
Gladys Hall

BACK in the darker, more unenlightened days, before there were such things as anarchism, socialism, positivism, absolutism and nihilism, lived and labored the great Russian peasantry, known as serfs—creatures annihilated of individualities; oppressed, suppressed; miserable specimens of man's dependency on man. As so many cattle—and often less than the cattle—they bent their splendid, vital backbones to the earth in feudal, cringing submission to overlords sans any quality of mercy. Gradually there emerged from the masses an independent mind here, a radical thinker there—one, perhaps, with a wider vision, a deeper sympathy. Propaganda was circulated, the dullard blood of serfdom stirred, and the serf raised his head and gazed about him as an individual, thinking, seeing, feeling for himself. There was no thought of socialism then, nor of political reform, nor of the later dawn of terrorism—merely the slowly assertive right of the individual. And so was nihilism originally conceived—an embryo destined to a multiple birth; to much destruction and some construction; to bloodshed and the fine temper of justice; to the hocus-pocus of right and wrong, without which no great Cause is won, or lost.

Sophie Karrenina, daughter of a nihilist, traced her ancestry back to the days of serfdom. She was Russian of the Russians; in her veins ran the tortured, resentful, smouldering blood of the serf, the later heat of the more thinking rebellion, and the great bruises of the oppression which festers the Russian people today and breeds, like some unhealthy malady, the dark fears and the darker realities with which the land abounds.

Sophie Karrenina had been suckled on the Cause; she had eaten it, slept it, drank it. It had grown with her growth. Drummed into her small

head was the relative unimportance of the individual to the propagation of the Cause. If one must die that the truth might live, how glorious a triumph!

And when she was fourteen she witnessed the horrible mutilation and death of her beloved father and the consequent death by shock of her delicate mother. All the teachings of her childhood crystallized and hardened. The nerves in her sensitive body brutalized. The violent shock to her affections—her heart-strings—robbed her of her dawning womanhood, and she turned a face to the Cause, shorn of all mercy or compassion—hard, relentless, crucified of emotion.

Sophie Karrenina stood in front of the great, heavily carved table, and looked at the four men standing at attention. Her full lips curved in a sinister smile; her deep-lashed eyes narrowed. She drew herself up to her superb height and raised her hand. Valdor stepped nearer her—he had been her father's friend and physician, and he had not left her since that night of terror, seven years ago, when Karrenina's ghastly body had killed his wife and turned the heart of a child to a thing of ice and stone.

She was speaking, and the men listened eagerly. "Karatoff, 'The Butcher,' enters Warsaw an hour from now," she said distinctly; "he is—better dead. He stands between us and freedom as a squat, stubborn,



Vitagraph



cruel bulwark to the sea. He is far better—dead. To you, Mouroff, I entrust the throwing of the bomb. Aim well, my man, for the blow is a vast one for the Cause. 'The Butcher' of Warsaw is stained with blood and rotten with women's tears; he is an oppressor—an—" The thick, passionate voice

halted abruptly. The distant eyes were seeing, as always, that piteous, flayed body of the author of her being, and the dead face of her mother. She was seeing, thru her personal tragedy, all miserable victims of man's tyranny to man—all dead women who have died of grief; all children aged and mummified by terror. And the implacable Cause gleamed from her eyes and fired her gaze.

The men filed out silently, slipped down the stairway in the back, entered the cellar, and were admitted into a tunnel in the wall by Vasil, Sophie's silent, faithful man-servant.

Sophie turned to Valdor, and her eyes flamed. "If he succeeds, Valdor," she cried, "I shall have begun—I shall have begun to erase from my memory that poor, poor body. It will not swing before my eyes of nights. I will not hear the lashes in my ears. He will rest quietly in his tortured grave, and the gaping wounds will heal. The dead face of my mother will smile at me; that stricken, mortal look will fade away. I must succeed, Valdor. The Cause—the Cause must live!"

Valdor watched her compassionately and ardently. With her by day, guarding her by night, he had come to love her, silently, sullenly, with the dumb worship of the dog. He had loved her first for her fervent espousal of the Cause he loved himself, then for the womanhood that glowed thru all the crusts of other aims and thoughts. "She is a woman first—a nihilist

second," he would think jealously, "but she does not know it—yet."

"We will succeed, Sophie," he answered quietly; "the Cause is founded on justice and inflamed with the faith of its people. It must have its travail as all other Causes do; it must have its martyrs, too; but its birth will dawn on some heavenly tomorrow."

Sophie touched his arm affectionately. "My good Valdor," she smiled tenderly—"my physician and more than friend—how should I have stood it all if it had not been for you? You have been my rock of strength; you have not failed me; you cannot fail me now."

Valdor winced while he smiled. Then he turned to the window and pulled open the door excitedly. "Some one is heading this way!" he cried. "It is not one of our men—and he is wounded. Ah!"

The stranger leaped over the steps and sagged down against the door. Valdor opened it and dragged him within. "It is Prince Karatoff," said Sophie, as the man swooned and Valdor laid him on the couch. "How is he wounded, Valdor?"

Valdor looked up at her. "Had he not better be wounded—altogether?" he asked meaningfully. "If they have let the father go, here is still—the son."

Sophie was thinking—her eyes taking in the slender form, the high-bred face, the shapely, muscular hands. A strange light gleamed in her stranger eyes. "No," she said—"no—he must—live—"

When Paul, Prince Karatoff, revived, he found the most beautiful woman that he had ever seen bending over him. Her eyes were softer than stars set in a Sicilian sky; her lips were like some flower too tender to unfurl; her lovely, yearning form held all the graces of all the women in the world; and her voice, when it came to him, stirred him like the deeper notes of a harp. "She is more wholly woman," he thought instinctively, "than any woman I have ever seen."

"How did you get here?" she was asking him. "Why did you come?"

Then he told her of his father's and his entry into Warsaw; of the attempted throwing of the bomb at his father; how one of the guards averted it, and how the thrower made good his escape. "I gave chase," went on Paul, "and traced him to almost this very

door. Then I don't know what struck me; evidently he did—the dog; but I ran crazily for a moment, and I awoke with—with your face over me." He smiled up at her. "It was a beautiful awakening," he said simply.

Sophie smiled and exulted, even as she had planned. For all his princely honors, this man was a man still—little more than a boy—credulous and simple of faith.

They talked a little more, and she leaned near him, nearer, till he caught the subtle fragrance of her, probed the witchery of her eyes, visioned her mouth cupped for one perfect kiss, found himself idly contemplating the living strands of her hair. "This is crueler than torture," Sophie was thinking—"more subtle, more evil

gator of the attacks on his father's life, perhaps the successful slayer of his father in time! To end a man's life is to deal him a single blow, half the time of which he realizes nothing. It is to consign him—who knows?—to some more blissful sphere. But to ruin his pride, to sap his very blood, to drag into the mud the name of an autocrat—Valdor, Valdor, can't you see?"

"Yes," assented Valdor, tonelessly, "I can see."

He did not see fit to add that he could see Sophie's heart of stone soften and turn toward the young ardor of Paul Karatoff. He did not expatiate on the hold he would have on her once he had her close within his arms. And a child—God of all

Causes!—what could not a child do to a woman like Sophie Karrenina?

Valdor was right. As the year waxed and waned, Sophie turned ever more eagerly toward Karatoff. As a flower reared in the cold shadow turns its starved face to the sudden sun, so she turned to his love, and her heart opened and drank it in. His kisses numbed her memories; his passion cooled the ferment in her veins; and when the year's close saw the birth of their little son, Valdor groaned and averted his gaze from the pain and the sacrilege. She hung over the tiny bundle with the fond fatuity of the ordinary woman. And to the father she accorded that mysterious something that typifies the indissoluble bond. The Cause was submerged by the Trinity. And to Valdor's remonstrances she said only: "A brief respite, Valdor, that is all. I am a woman—and I must live my little share—awhile. I have not forgotten—no; tell them all I surely have not forgotten."

But Valdor smiled ironically, and knew that she lied with her heart, whatever her lips might say. The warm, satisfying present had obscured the traditional past. The woman had trampled over the Cause and was asserting her right to live—to live a woman's life.

And then, one day, Paul came to her with a strange look on his face—a white look of doubt and entreaty. "Sophie," he began uncertainly, "I have heard a horrible thing—from my father. Why do you pale? I have not finished yet. He says you are—a nihilist—a suspect almost beyond the pale of the mere suspect. Sophie—



"TO YOU, MOUROFF, I ENTRUST THE THROWING OF THE BOMB"

than bombs or sudden deaths."

An hour later Karatoff departed, to assure his father of his well-being, save for the broken collar-bone, and to chant the praises of Madame Sophie Karrenina with all the callow green-sickness of youth. "She is like no woman you ever saw, father," he averred; "more beautiful, of course, but so exquisitely tender—so fine—so purely bred—" And "The Butcher" raised his hand and laughed, and sent Sophie a ring he wore in token of his gratitude for her care of his only son.

A month later they were quietly married, with the grim Valdor and the silent Vasili for witnesses. "It is for the Cause, Valdor," Sophie had assured him in reply to his objections. "Can't you see the irony of it—the dénouement there will be? Paul, Prince Karatoff, the husband of the nihilist leader of Warsaw—the insti-

answer me; tell me. Oh, God Almighty! It is impossible! Not you—not you—my baby's mother—my—Sophie, listen; I am waiting to hear you deny it. I am waiting to hear you laugh at it as ridiculous. Why don't you answer me?"

Sophie put her hand to her throat. "I cannot—deny——" she rasped, and the Lethean waters gurgled and bubbled icily about her soul. The brief thaw of happiness chilled, and she swayed.

He stared at her. "You—cannot—" he repeated—"you mean——"

Sophie woke to sudden, vehement life. She grasped him by the shoulders and faced him, eyes afire. "No," she rang out, "I don't deny it, for, look you, Paul Karatoff, I dare not deny my father's mangled body, nor my mother's stricken face, nor my own abortive age. While man oppresses man with absolute rule, there will be no happiness, no liberty, no glory of freedom to do and to think. Each and every one of us—you, born of the autocracy; I, born of serfdom—each of us is endowed with a heart—a heart that bleeds the same at pain and death, and joys the same at life and laughter. Each of us is born with a mind, an intellect, that triumphs above the peasant or the princely flesh; a splendid, independent, solitary thing—infinately capable—infinately dominant. Each of us—" she stepped nearer, and her voice dropped, "is born with—a soul. A soul that is often hungry—often very hungry, very bewildered, and afraid. A soul that, after all, kneels to the same God—worships at the same shrine—goes at last to the great Heaven of us all. Then tell me, what is this oppression—what is this wanton massacre of humans—what is this creed of the devil that makes Nihilism *live*? But, Paul"—she crept nearer to him, pleadingly—"I am sorry that I married you now, my dear one; not because you have not made me happy—you have. You have given me the only happiness that I have ever had. It is because you *have* made me happy that I am sorry—because our little son has welded us together as I never thought possible. Ah, Paul, are we, then, so far removed—I, who spring from serfdom—you, who have been born of power?"

Karatoff was watching her blankly. "A nihilist!" ran thru his brain—"a

nihilist——" Then his eye caught his little son, and something rose in his throat and choked him. He cast off the clinging hands and sprang for the door. "Paul!" came his name wistfully, but he did not heed. Outside the door, Valdor was waiting. As the young Prince broke thru, impetuously, Valdor raised his hand, and something fell thickly to the ground. Valdor bent over him and lifted him swiftly, then he sped down a secret stairway and out into the twilight with his silent burden.

An hour later he broke into the room where Sophie was still sitting, watching the way that Paul had taken, thinking not so much of the man as of the happiness that he had represented—the peace, the warmth, the manna that fed her hungry heart, nurtured since

and strangled her with its vehemence. She had dwelt in her fool's paradise, and the oppressors had shattered it again. Her son remained to her—to train for the Cause—and the Cause itself. She yearned for the reign of terrorism; for the power to shatter the world's monarchies; for the greater liberty of all the Russias.

"Pardon me if I intrude," an English, low-pitched voice was saying, "but this is the only carriage empty, I believe."

Sophie raised her head, gave the tall, English stranger a casual nod, and subsided into her magazine again. Valdor scowled at the intrusion, and little Jan watched, absorbedly, the picture on the cover of the military magazine the stranger was reading.

Sir Richard Stanhope watched the face of Sophie Karrenina furtively. A member of the British Embassy in Petrograd, he knew the Russian type of beauty, and knew that hers was incomparable. "What contour!" he meditated, stealing a bashed glance, schoolboy-wise—"what strength! what fire! what nobility! Who can she be?—a 'grande dame,' surely, yet I have never seen her anywhere."

There was no one in the life of Sophie Karrenina who was destined to know her so well or so truly as Sir

Richard Stanhope—no one who had their impressions first-hand as did he—not even Valdor, for his vision was blinded by a passion turned back upon itself, and he saw, as it were, thru a glass darkly.

As Richard Stanhope saw and knew Sophie Karrenina from that day in the London carriage, let him tell it to us.

"I loved her then and there," he said when he told her story to me. "I knew she was big—beyond the bigness of woman—and I knew that she was beautiful. I couldn't place the child, nor the man, Valdor, with the contradictory face, half-mutinous, half-cringing. At first I didn't care. I only wanted to *know* her; to talk with her; to be with her. My chance came when she dropped her purse in the carriage. I found her address, and returned it that night. I found her more wonderful even than I had thought—a trifle reserved to my impatient ardor. I did not understand why until later.

"My sister called on her, and we were very intimate.



THE BRIEF THAW
OF HAPPINESS
CHILLED,
AND SHE
SWAYED

birth on the grim dietary of the Cause. There had been something in their life together that could not come again.

As Valdor entered the room, she pulled the baby to her breast and raised her brooding eyes. "What now, Valdor?" she asked.

The man bent over her and spoke excitedly. "The police have murdered your husband," he hissed; "they are tracking us down. 'The Butcher' already suspects, and when he hears of this it will be all up with us. We must fly—to England; there is not a moment to lose."

The life of a conspirator is an alert one; there are subterranean flights and mysterious vanishings; there must be these things to live. That night found Sophie traveling under her mother's name of Katherine Vedsk, with her son, whom she dubbed Jan, and Valdor, en route for London.

Deprived of the man who had begun to make a living, rational woman of her—his murder but another scab raised from the wound—the old fervor of the Cause rushed back upon Sophie

"Then, one day, when I called there, I found General Karatoff there and was introduced to him as Boris Ivanitch, and at a sign from him I checked my bewilderment. But I had gone too far by then to live on doubts and fears. Karatoff afterwards told me that he had captured a nihilist messenger bound for Katherine Vedsk's resi-

drear childhood, in the very grip of terrorism—as I think of that half-grown, sensitive thing compelled by sheer force to watch the beating to death of her beloved father and the shocking end of her mother—I cannot wonder; I can only be glad that the woman was not wholly killed, that the crucified heart persisted under the armor of stone.

Many times she has told me since, sobbing suddenly in the

"Having tea at her home, one afternoon, I chanced to see the framed picture of a man I had never seen before. His face smiled at me from the frame, casually, debonairly. It seemed to mock my already unsettled mind, and to say, 'I have loved her first, my friend, and loved her well. And she? Were those lips made to grow overripe, unkist? Have those eyes never lit with warmer fires than ones you may inspire?' Ah! it is not only a woman who may feel the demon fangs of jealousy in her breast! It is not for woman alone to wrestle with the green-eyed monster. Why should women fear so, merely for a man—a matter-of-fact figure, take him at his best? But a man's jealousy of a woman—a woman like Sophie Karrenina—woman, the pursued, the desirable, flower-like, fire-like, as heady as tombed wine, and as tender as the Mother of God! When I looked at that picture, reason deserted me. I felt that I could torture her—hurt her—strangle her; anything to wring the secret from her—anything to *know*. I stepped toward her, menacingly. I forgot the watchdog presence of Valdor.



"MY SISTER CALLED ON HER, AND WE WERE VERY INTIMATE"

dence, had intercepted him, tortured him, and finally come himself as Boris Ivanitch, a name well known among the nihilists. He had never seen Sophie Karrenina, and therefore did not recognize her in Katherine Vedsk.

"One week-end I prevailed upon them all to come down to the manor as our guests. There I found Karatoff's catlike watch of Katherine Vedsk insupportable. I told him so, and the Russian laughed coldly.

"'You have heard of Karatoff the butcher, Stanhope,' he said; 'have you ever heard of Karatoff the *father*? My son was murdered in a nihilist's home—the home of Sophie Karrenina, in Warsaw.'

"I said no more, but I did not see what the murderess, Sophie Karrenina, had to do with the lovely, tho misguided, Katherine Vedsk.

"In the meantime—I can say it now, safe, and blest by her most wonderful love—she had grown to care for me. Poor, lonely, tortured heart, out of the bloody mists of her childhood and the rigors of her brutal womanhood I must have seemed to her a harbor safe and sound. As I look back on that

night, that she can hear them yet—the merciless strokes—can see her mother's face—live the whole scene over and over. And to think that I—brute blindness of man—had to cause her still more suffering—I, who loved her then, and love her now, better than life, better than all there is!

"My own jealousy set off the figurative bomb—my own, ignited with that of Valdor.

I shouted in my anguish, 'Who is this?' and as I saw her whiten, I knew that I had put a poignant question. Thwarted desire, baffled curiosity overwhelmed me. 'Who?' I shouted, forgetting myself. 'Tell me—I demand!'

"Valdor stepped from the other side of the room, and his unforgettable face was all twisted and livid. He looked like a man pushed beyond all endurance.



"PARDON ME IF I INTRUDE, BUT THIS IS THE ONLY CARRIAGE EMPTY, I BELIEVE"



"SHE IS SOPHIE KARRENINA, NIHILIST LEADER OF WARSAW, AND THE MISTRESS OF PAUL, PRINCE KARATOFF"

"Who is *she*? you'd better ask,' he snarled, and the betrayal look of Judas Iscariot was on his face. 'She is Sophie Karrenina, nihilist leader of Warsaw, and the mistress of Paul, Prince Karatoff.'

"There followed blank weeks of misery for me—a misery I cannot trust myself to write of—broken by occasional visits from Karatoff, who informed me that the nihilists, including Katherine Vedsk, were shortly to meet in Paris, and that he, as Boris Ivanitch, would gain admittance. 'I did not give myself away,' he said grimly; 'I stood before the murderess of my only son—and smiled.'

"I shall never forget that nihilist meeting in Paris—the first and the last I have ever attended—not the first, but the last ever attended by Sophie Karrenina.

"Mouroff was there—the Mouroff of the old, bomb-throwing conspiracy—Valdor, and Boris Ivanitch. When Mouroff saw Boris Ivanitch, he *knew*—knew that the game was up, and he and Valdor broke down and confessed everything. Behind Mouroff stood a pale, vaguely smiling man, and as Mouroff led him, silently, forward, Boris Ivanitch swayed, and his lips formed 'My son!' bewilderedly. Sophie Karrenina only stared—mutely, dumbly—as tho all the ghosts from her ghost-ridden past were confronting her. Boris Ivanitch turned to Mouroff, and the man cringed. Then explanations came. Valdor told of his jealousy, of his attempted and supposed murder of Karatoff, and his placing of the body on the frozen river. That

(Seventeen)

was the last he had heard of him. Mouroff then told how he and his wife had been driving home from market, had seen the body placed on the ice, investigated, and found life was not extinct. He told of the bodily



IN THE ENSUING STRUGGLE PAUL KARATOFF WENT TO HIS DEATH

recovery, but the mental loss. Paul Karatoff came to consciousness with his past wiped clean from his mind. 'I brought him up to be a nihilist,' finished Mouroff, defiantly; 'I couldn't get the father, but, in my own way, I got the son.'

"General Karatoff pressed to his breast the man who had been listening

quietly to the tale of his life, and, as he did so, the Karatoff police, stationed outside, burst in. The nihilists drew their guns, and in the ensuing struggle Paul Karatoff went to his death at last—lost to his father on the instant of recovery.

"The police outnumbered them, and in the end they all were led away.

"Over Paul Karatoff's dead body General Karatoff sobbed out his heart.

"And as he did so, Sophie's son entered with his traveling companion. 'Madame Karrenina told me to deliver this to General Karatoff,' said the woman. Karatoff opened the small satchel, and read, dazedly, the marriage certificate of Paul, Prince Karatoff, and Sophie Karrenina, and the birth certificate of their son, Michael Paulovitch."

On the platform of the London terminal that evening, incomprehensibly freed, stood Sophie Karrenina and Sir Richard Stanhope. As they stood, silent, passive, a messenger came up and slipped something into Sophie's hand. It was a copy of the document given to the jailor who had freed them. Richard bent over her, and together they read:

My grandfather has made a grave mistake, which I hereby rectify. Miss Vedsk is an English subject, is free from Russian law, and will be escorted to her

native land by Sir Richard Stanhope. I will return to my country to fulfill the duties of my heredity.

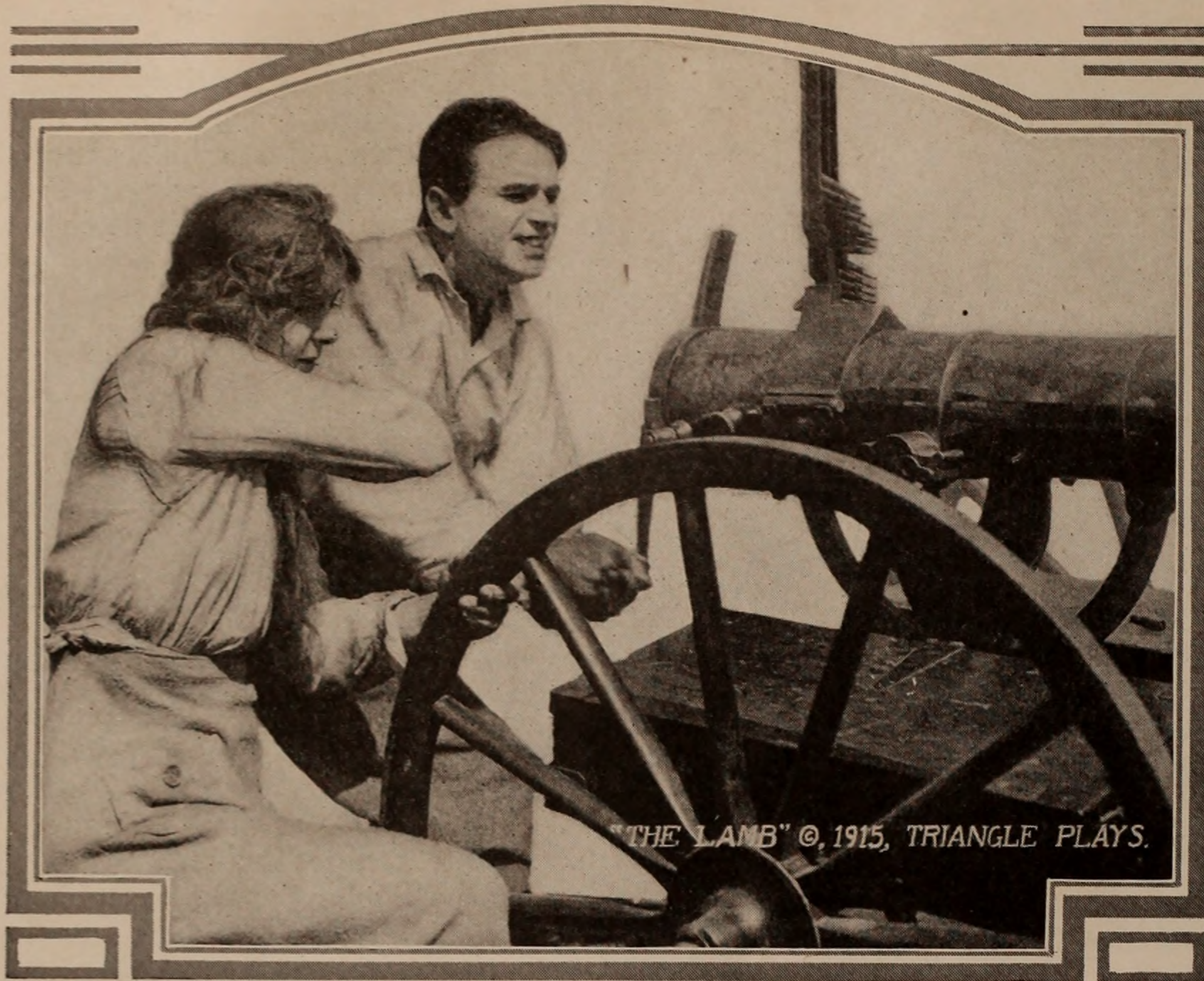
MICHAEL PAULOVITCH, *Prince Karatoff*.

Sophie looked up at Richard, and her eyes swam—with abnegation, with mother-pain and pride. Then her lips smiled. "Freed," she murmured, "by the baby-hand of—an autocrat!"

Always Up

Douglas Fairbanks' Rapid
With Black Eyes and

By HECTOR



FAIRBANKS BECOMES AN UNGENTLE LAMB IN HIS FIRST FILM GAMBOL

A HUSKY, good-natured face grinning with rage, crouched back of a Gatling and ground its bullets into a horde of attacking Yaqui Indians—thus was Douglas Fairbanks literally shot into Motion Picture fame. But he didn't die with one presentation; "The Lamb" was too tough, or too frisky, and he's been cavorting ever since.

And just one more bit of praise. This same D. Fairbanks deserves a thousand curtain-calls for getting away from the slapstick, fall-over-your-feet type of comedy. His plays have plot and deal with the humors of real people; his joys and sorrows spring from the human fount, and are

not the tragedy of a misplaced custard-pie, nor the biography of a knavish garden-hose.

But fights and fisticuffs, mad adventures and tangled love-locks he insists on having. They're part of his very blood, and he has the sinew plus the personality to "get them over," without the slightest resemblance to burlesque.

The slapstick comedian knows how to "break" a fall and to continue nimbly about his business, but not so with Douglas. He falls hard; he lands squarely; he gives and takes a left swing that rattles the molars like dice.

"Let him up—he's all in!" the studio helpers cried as Ed Kennedy, the hard-hitting "pug," clinched and threw, for the steenth time, his determined but "all in" opponent.

"Gosh! but I'm glad *that* scene is over with," exclaimed the owner of the soiled trousers and disarranged hair as the camera stopped its operation. It was Douglas Fairbanks. He had been portraying a gymnasium scene for "The Man and the Test," which was in his film long-ago—his debutant days on the screen.

"The only thing the matter with the picture business," said the breathless Douglas, "is that I have to arise with the robins and retire with the poultry. You can't very well afford to be photographed when your face shows signs of dissipation, and it seems so unnatural and inhuman to be out of bed

before ten in the morning. My first morning in the movies I overslept for about an hour, and my Jap valet had a foreign fit. He kept pounding my door, and I, in sleepy tones, told him to leave me to myself. However, suddenly it dawned on me I had promised Director Cabanne to be Johnny-on-the-spot at the studio early that morning. I missed half my grapefruit, and, fortunately, it was a cloudy morning—that alone saved me from being late. Can you picture such action if I were playing on the stage?"

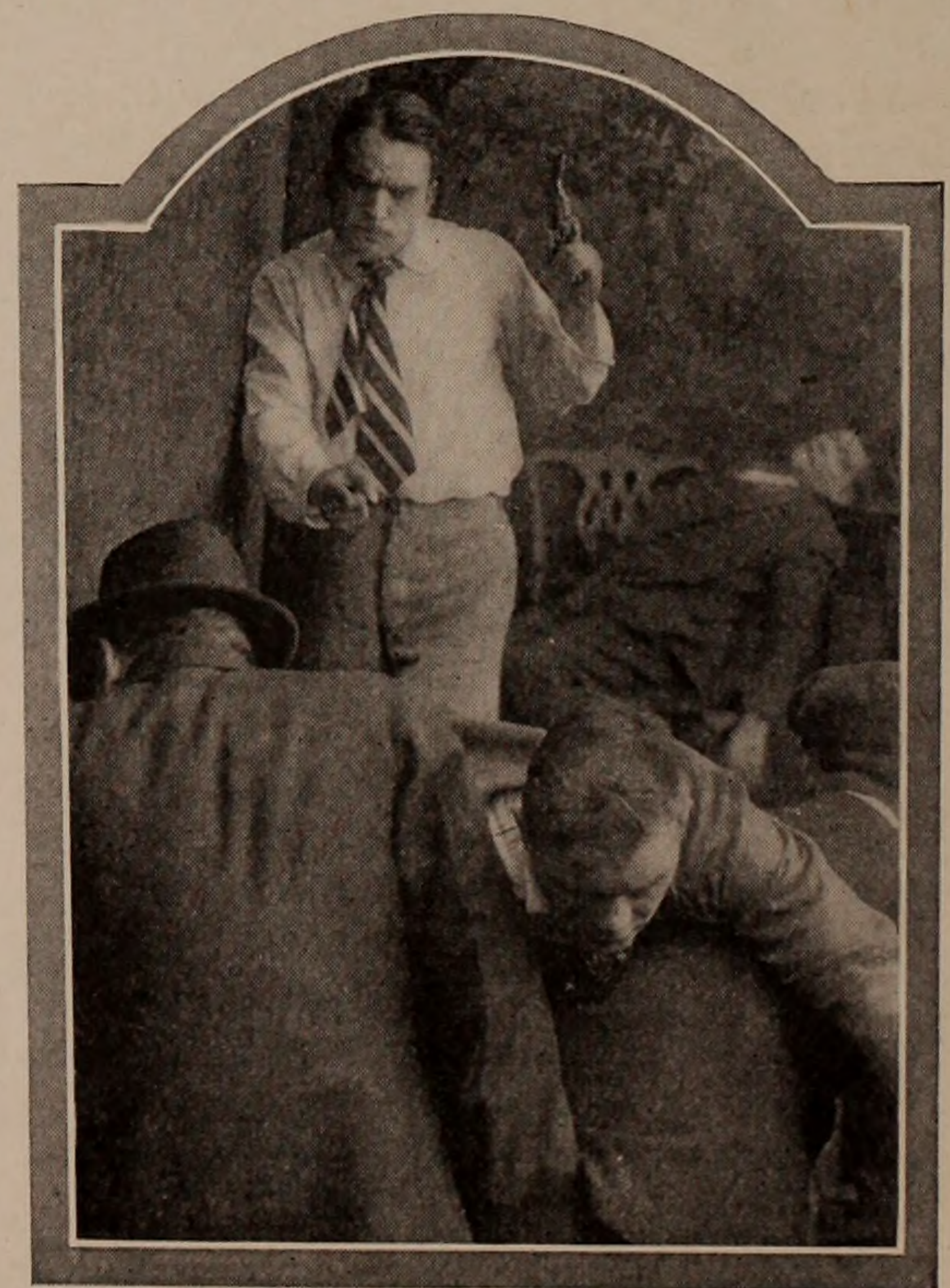
"Mr. Fairbanks," interrupted Director Cabanne, "in this scene you are to (presumably) receive a black eye. Now, Kennedy, don't be afraid to hit hard in this scene—we've got to 'get it across' big. All ready! We will rehearse it once."

This was the signal for Fairbanks to crush a boxing-glove on the trainer's head, and the latter, in turn, displayed his anger by smothering Fairbanks with gloved blows. Well, it sure was a scrap, and in the heat of the fray Fairbanks entirely forgot his manners and landed some stinging blows on Kennedy's jaw.

"Now for the black eye!" cried the director, and a rapid bit of feinting and footwork by ever-ready Kennedy informed Fairbanks' eye that it was



WHEN DOUGLAS BOXES IT HURTS THE OTHER FELLOW



HE'S AN AWFUL HANDY MAN WITH A GUN—A CRACK SHOT

(Eighteen)

Against It

Road to Fame Is Beset Mangled Wardrobe

AMES

about to be called on. A second later the knuckled portion of the pug's glove fitted squarely into Fairbanks' left eye.

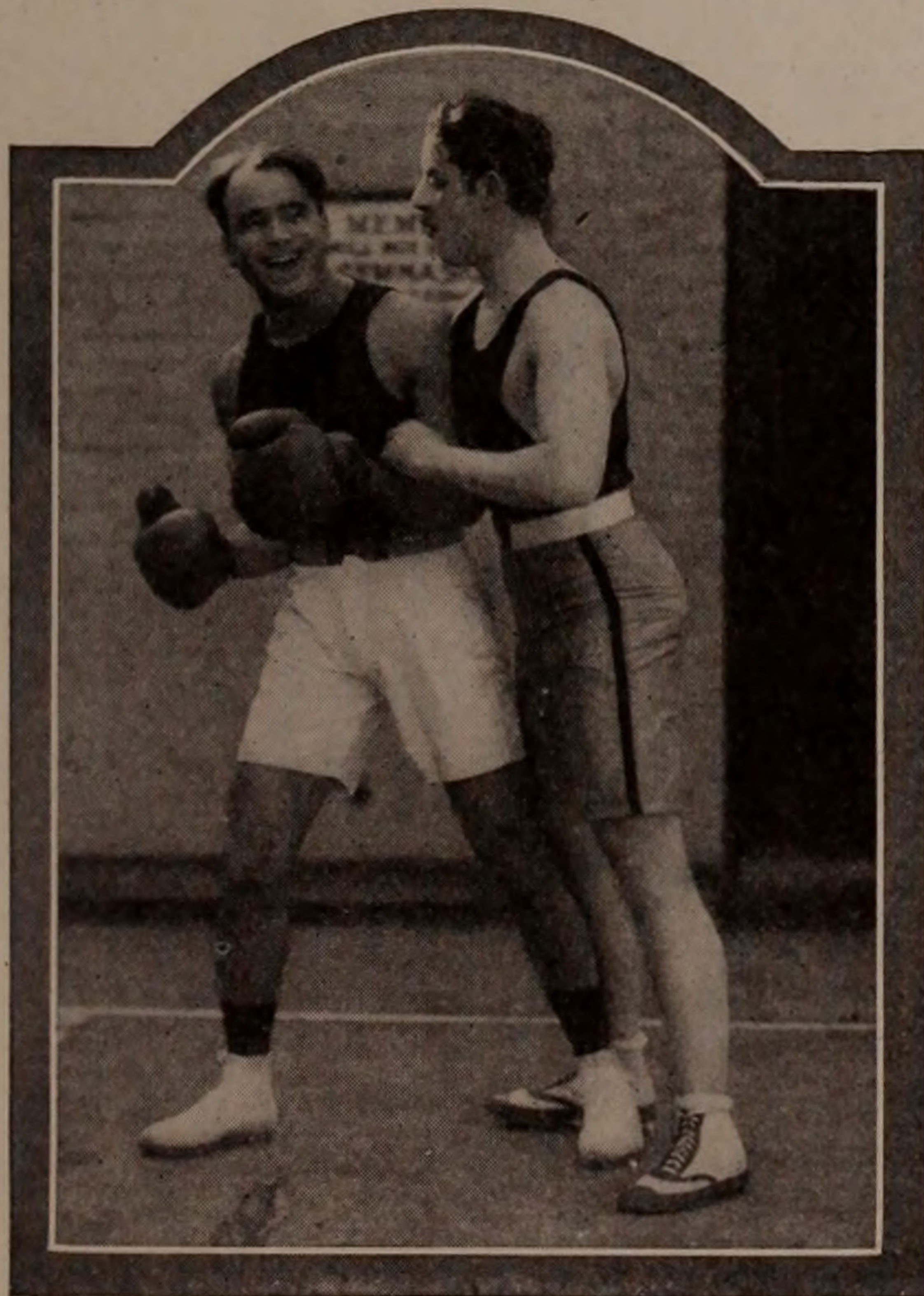
"Stop the camera! Mr. Fairbanks, you stepped out of the camera-lines! Now, boys, we will try it once again. Right idea in that scene—rough stuff! But we've got to pin it to celluloid or get pinched for pulling off a mill." The principals rested on the ropes as the camera-man tinkered with his weapon.

"Ready for the scene, please! Billy, how much film have you got? Fifteen feet? All right; that's enough; fade out on this scene as Fairbanks falls to the floor. Ready! Action! Come on! Mix it up! Kennedy, swing on his eye! Fine! That's it exactly! All right, Billy—cut!"

And so it's been right down the line of Fairbanks' successes—cut, upper-cut, and smile again!

"If you want to draw a double salary," says the irrepressible Douglas, "go into Moving Pictures."

"What is the good of carrying enormous life and accident insurance policies if you don't work them?" he rises to ask. Therefore, when the director shoves Douglas off a cliff and breaks his collar-bone, the actor's one regret is that he was born without a



THE PUGS DIDN'T TAKE FAIRBANKS SERIOUSLY UNTIL HE LANDED

(Nineteen)



EVERY TIME HE TELEPHONES THE INSURANCE AGENT THAT HE'S ALL RIGHT, THE AGENT IS DELIRIOUSLY HAPPY

second one to break in the same tumble—it's no more painful to have two than one leg, arm, or shoulder broken, and the check for damages is just exactly double. Is it any wonder that Fairbanks' accident insurance agents are sitting on the very edges of their chairs these days, wondering, anxiously, where the next instalment of the "Perils of Douglas" serial is to end up? Meantime, the life insurance agents are nervously watching the struggles of their business neighbors and waiting for the evil day which brings the bill for "\$1,000,000 due for one Douglas Fairbanks, laid violently at rest by the movies."

It is a solemn fact that Douglas Fairbanks draws a goodly weekly stipend from this source. To maintain an athletic reputation on the screen is indeed a hazardous stunt. Fairbanks dives off here, tackles professional prize-fighters there, and when he finally comes to, at home in bed, puts out a feeble but insistent hand for his insurance check.

"The Habit of Happiness," one of the latest Fairbanks films, is an example of insurance casualties. During the taking of one scene in this, the actor is attacked by a gang of ruffians. It so happened that, quite by accident, Douglas landed on the jaw of one of them during the skirmish, and, strange to say, the would-be actor failed to have the proper artistic appreciation of this bit of realism. A wholesale fight resulted, in which all the huskies jumped on Fairbanks in a heap, and both camera-man and director kept

cheering "Pretty!" from the sidelines, while they made the camera spin overtime. Of course the same director shouted "Cut!" at just the crucial time, with the result that the public are not "let in" on the finishing tableau to that picture—are also spared hearing what the insurance man said as he wrote the \$250 check for the black-and-blue attack which Douglas suffered as a consequence of the morning's episode.

There is a persistent rumor that several well-known stage comedians, after a shot or two in the movies, are about to be "canned," which is studio
(Continued on page 64)



THE FAIRBANKS SMILE IS SPREADING ACROSS THE CONTINENT

Nat Goodwin Bachelor

An Interview Without a Word About His Former Wives—Is That Not Remarkable? At Least He Thinks So

Pictures Posed Especially for the Motion Picture Classic

by Gladys Hall ~ ~

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN! Oh, ye unbelievers and sons of unbelievers, there is something new under the sun! And I have done it. Tho my young head receives on earth no further leaf of laurel, I am content. I have done that which has no precedent—will have no repetition. I have interviewed Nat Goodwin—peace, peace, be still! I hear you chortling, "Prattler, that is one of the things the world has known a million million times." All the keener is my glory. I stand forth from the million million times, proudly, in bas-relief. I have interviewed him—I am shrieking this—do you hear me?—with clarion, open-stop tones—I have interviewed him without the vaguest allusion to his matrimonial ventures!!! Upon my head will hurtle, I do not doubt me, the cynics, the skeptics, the wan ghosts of past and gone interviewers who have chewed the marital cud with a wearied Mr. Goodwin time upon time. They will hurl maledictions at me—they will hint and hiss at my veracity. But ask him—ask him—that's all I can tell you—just you go ahead and ask him. I'll tell you the honest truth about it—a lovely trait in an interviewer. When we had finished nearly a two-hour, Hymenless confab, I queried: "I'm the first one who ever interviewed you and didn't ask you all about your marriages, am I not?"

Maybe I looked pathetic, or as if I wanted to be devilishly original and keep my job, but, anyway, he smiled sadly and earnestly and kindly. "You most certainly are!" he declared; "I congratulate you." Then he spoke sort of resentfully of De Wolf Hopper and other maritally polygamous gentlemen, and implied that "Out of a city of six million people, why do they pick on me?" I didn't know, so we dropped it.

Now, I suppose you'll want to know what we were talking about for two hours, and why I've headed this chat "Nat Goodwin—Bachelor" so anomalously, and all the rest of it. Just to whet your bumptious curiosities a bit, I'll say, for your information, that the two hours

seemed to me to be about two minutes. And permit me to state further that Nat Goodwin's marriages are by far the *least* important part of Nat Goodwin. I didn't *mean* to be so original—heaven knows it was forced upon me. I just *forgot* all about the array of wives with which he is all too unjustly credited. I was much too deeply interested in hearing him tell funny experiences (*some* privilege from this country's foremost comedian!), and talk gravely of the war, about which he knows some very illuminating things, and tell of being an agnostic, and try his Violet Ray treatment, and speak on Motion Pictures in general—I'll come up for a breath—but we *did* say so much in that two hours! And why should I inquire after a favored few of my own sex? Why?

After generalization, particularization. Well, I was motored out to the Mirror studios in Glendale, L. I., and all the way out I harrowed the feelings of my companions by demanding plaintively, "But what *can* I ask him?—he's been interviewed and *interviewed*." No one seemed to be able to enlighten me, so I followed my escort into his dressing-room, with wobbly knees. Mr. Goodwin was waiting there for a scene—a marvelously debonair, well-groomed, natty Nat Goodwin. He has the nicest, most humorous smile, and the twinkliest, most compre-

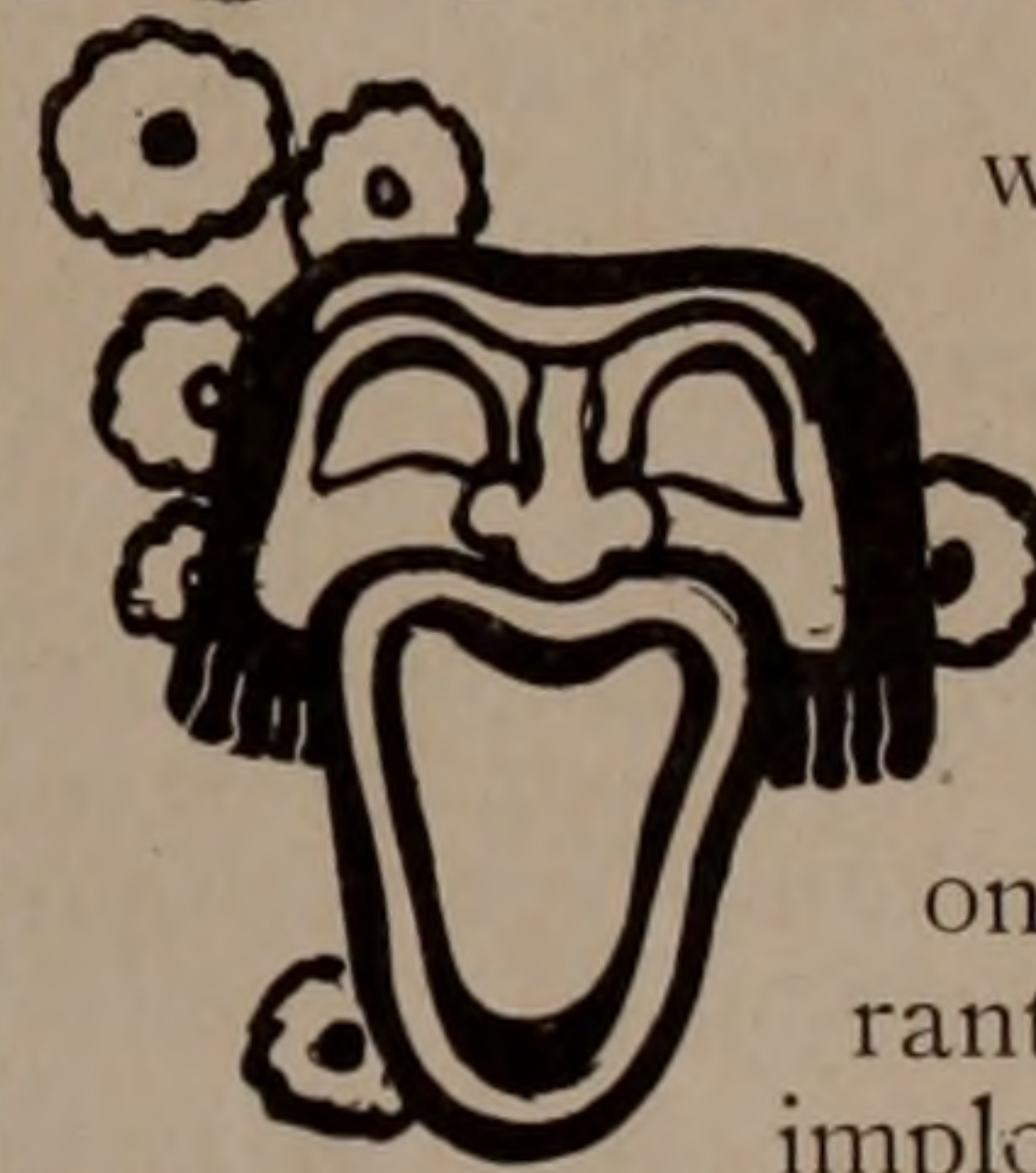


rôles, in which I am alternately irascible, villainous, tender-hearted and suave."

"What do you think of their future?" I inquired.

"Limitless," was the emphatic answer. And, by the way, Mr. Belasco and gentlemen, he has a clever new use for the pictures. When a "legit" stage company is rehearsing, why not have a cameraman on deck to take the action? Then the company can see themselves on the screen, and it will do them more good than fifty rehearsals. To see ourselves as others see us is a giant stride toward perfection. It has enabled many a humble, unsung and unknown Motion Picture player to leap to stardom overnight.

He's living in Forest Hills, N. J., within easy motor distance of the studio. He likes it—says it reminds him exactly of an English village. And every noon his—his—oh, one of his family (there's two,



was hopeless—that they were ruined—that I couldn't go on again—that I mustn't go on again; they ranted and wept and implored and reviled.

I went dejectedly home. I didn't know what on earth to do—had nothing ready—felt down and out. Failure was too new to swallow smoothly. Bill Brady came in to see me. 'Go on, Nat,' he advised, jovially; 'give 'em "Gunga Din"—just talk along spontaneously—do anything!' I did—and, by Jove! I got an ovation. I don't believe I ever had a more enthusiastic welcome, or more stirring applause."

He proceeded to take off the dialog between the Jewish proprietors and himself, and I laughed till I cried. It was a one-act sketch done to order.

Then we veered into religion—or, at least, I did. Mr. Goodwin couldn't, as he is religionless, being an agnostic. "I'm open to conviction," he said, "but I've never been convinced, that's all."

We talked about lots of other little things, such as the war, etc., but some of the things we said are secrets, and I'm not going to tell *everything* I know. If I did, you wouldn't be jealous of my two hours in the Mirror studios. But, anyway, Nat Goodwin is a bachelor—theatrically!

hensive eyes, and we immediately began an animated discussion on the Violet Ray, about which I knew nothing, and he knew everything. He says he uses it when he's depressed and out of sorts, or when he has headache. He gave me a demonstration of it, and it *has* properties! It made me feel utterly at my ease and very conversational. I straightway confessed my plight—about not knowing what to ask him, since he has been so endlessly interrogated. He laughed, and plunged into a discussion of the Motion Picture, which leads me to my title. "I'm not wedded to either stage or screen," he declared. "I'm absolutely a free agent—open to anything—unattached. I enjoy the pictures tremendously, and I really would like to have a company of my own ultimately. I prefer playing these dual

counting himself) motors over with his midday meal, and every night he receives his day's wage. The gorgeous simplicity of it amuses him.

He told me some side-splitting experiences he had had, among them one that happened very recently at the Palace Theater in New York. "It was the first time in my career," smiled Nat, good-naturedly, "that I was a frost. And I was, that first matinée. The house almost hissed me. It fell flat. I could barely go on with the act, which was a splendid one-act thing by the late Paul Armstrong; but there was too much realism—a hospital scene and all that. After I had struggled thru it, I ran head-on into a maelstrom of Hebraic wrath. The proprietors were hysterical with anger. They told me I was hopeless—the act

How to Get In!

Do you aspire to become a Motion Picture star? Or does your son or daughter? Then read these articles and learn how to go about it and what the chances are

EDITOR'S NOTE: Under this title, a series of articles by leading players, Motion Picture manufacturers and directors will be published in the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, showing what the chances are for outsiders getting into the pictures and how to go about it. Every publication, producer, director and player is constantly flooded with inquiries asking How to Get In, and these articles are to cover the field exhaustively and conclusively by the greatest experts in the business. We urge every reader who is interested in the subject to read each and every article in the series, because we find that the opinions differ widely. Some of the writers seem to encourage beginners, while others plainly discourage them. We also urge parents to read these articles carefully because, sooner or later, they may have the problem to solve in their own household. We wish to make it clear that we are not inviting persons to try to get into this already overcrowded business; but at the same time we wish to show that there is still room for certain classes of applicants, and we desire to point out the best methods to bring their qualifications before the proper persons. The first article was by Carlyle Blackwell, and it appeared in the July MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. Our distinguished contributors for this number are Florence LaBadie, Lillian Walker, Lenore Ulrich, Theodore Marston and Iva Shepard. The next contributors will be Anita Stewart, Thomas Chatterton (player and director), Lillian Gish, Marguerite Clark, Wilfred North, Kathlyn Williams, Thomas Santschi, Leo Pierson and Antonio Moreno. Watch for further announcements. There are some surprises coming.

FLORENCE LABADIE, of the Than-houser Company, tells about the kinds that have the best chance

I AM asked to answer a few questions for the benefit of beginners and aspirants for photoplay honors, and I gladly give the results of experience and observation. Opportunities for talented players in the Moving Picture art are always present. If a director is seeking a type and the applicant meets the requirements, experience is not necessary. Many of our foremost players had no previous experience. I do not believe in preparation, such as schools of acting, a study of the drama, amateur theatricals, etc. No particular type is favored; but beauty, in the case of a woman, is absolutely essential for great success. The particular requirements are ability to "register" the gamut of emotions, a knowledge of the technique of the screen, personality, looks, but chiefly *brains*. Application should be made to the casting director of a producing company. Application letters are usually answered, and it helps a great deal if the applicant sends a photograph or two, but it cannot be determined from a photo whether a person will "register" and photograph well.

It is always better for the applicant to call personally at the studio rather than apply by letter, and "influence"

and a letter of introduction are not necessary. Most beginners have to start as an extra, and the applicant should visit the studio daily for an indefinite period before he or she will be given a chance. When that chance is first had, the results will be known immediately. I know of hundreds who have started as extras and who finally became regular players with a company. Stage experience is not essential, but it is mighty helpful. If I had to start all over again, I would simply visit the studios, visit the studios and visit the studios! An extra can always advance himself by attention to duty, if he is not talented at all, and the directors are always willing to coach those extras who show talent and eagerness to advance. Originality is a great asset; in fact, its value is boundless, and it is given a great deal of chance for expression.

I hope that I have answered your questions satisfactorily and that it may be the means of discouraging the unworthy and encouraging the worthy.

LILLIAN WALKER, of the Vitagraph Company, says there is always an opportunity for the right kind

It is hard to advise beginners how to get in the pictures. Some can get in without much difficulty, and some might never get in. There is



FLORENCE LA BADIE

always an opportunity for the right person, provided that person can find the opportunity. Every company is constantly taking on new people and letting old people go, and the demand for "extras" was never larger than it is now. You ask me if the market is oversupplied with photoplayers. I answer that the market is never oversupplied with people of the right sort. Some people say that stage experience is necessary before a person can get employment in a Moving Picture company, but I do not think this is so, tho stage experience always proves a great aid. They will listen to you quicker when they find that you have had stage experience.

I began my picture career with the Vitagraph Company, starting at the bottom of the ladder. If I had to do it all over again, I should try for small parts and hope thereby to prove my value and to get better parts later on.



LILLIAN WALKER

Beauty is not necessary, and there is even a demand for homely girls and boys, and for peculiar characters of all kinds. I think that pronounced blondes and pronounced brunettes have the best chances to get in, but there are also opportunities for especially plain persons and abnormally fat and thin persons. Beauty is not essential, but talent is. I think that *alertness* is the principal requisite, and I mean alertness of mind as well as alertness of body. I have found that the time I have spent on the legitimate stage has been of great use to me in my screen work. It gave me a certain ease and knowledge of gesture which I probably could not have obtained in any other way. But, as I said before, stage experience is not necessary, and there are lots of successful players who have had no experience of any kind before going into the pictures.

I would advise beginners who cannot apply in person to write letters to the Moving Picture manufacturers, and it might be well to address the letter to the casting director of the company. Letters are answered, if they have the time, but even then they are often laid aside and remain unanswered for many months. It is always well to send one or two pictures along with the application, including a full figure and a bust picture. They usually can tell from these whether a person will "register" and photograph well. Regarding calling at the studios, it is my opinion that a beginner has a very

(Twenty-three)

small chance unless he or she has an appointment or a letter of introduction. If possible, I would advise applicants to have somebody make a few feet of film of him or herself and send this along with the application.

You ask me if I advise a beginner to start as an extra. No, not if he or she hopes to climb, but there is often no other way. An applicant must call daily at the studio until opportunity knocks at his door. It may be three or four weeks before he will get a chance. However, I know several people who have worked as extras at first and who were finally taken on.

Extras usually get from \$1.50 to \$10 per day, and beginners who are taken on for regular work usually get from \$15 to \$45 a week. The briefest and best description one can send in is as follows: Height, weight, color of eyes and hair. It is also well to add a few lines about your personality and any experience you might have had in amateur theatricals, or otherwise. If you start as an extra, you will have a chance to advance by intelligent attention to all that you see and hear, and by carefully dressing the part. And don't forget that originality counts for everything, altho some directors do not give a chance for its expression.

As a rule, very light eyes, irregular features and unproportioned limbs are serious detriments. Large eyes that are wide apart, regular features, nice teeth and comely form are important attributes. If the applicant for work in the Moving Picture field is as serious in her desire as she would be in a commercial business, she may succeed after a trial; but so many look on Moving Picture work as play and join the business to have a good time. These persons will not succeed and had better seek some other form of employment.

LENORE ULRICH, the Morosco Star, believes the road is hard and you've got to be strong to win out

FAME is a fickle goddess, and, to some of us on the stage, as well as in the studio, comes as quickly as a bolt of lightning out of the blue. I think this particularly applies to the Motion Picture stage, where careers have been made, as it were, overnight; but I don't want to mislead you. The lightning of success usually strikes only where it is due. I can hardly think of a case where a man or woman had been hoisted into pictures thru influence and could remain successful without natural ability. The audiences, after all, are the courts of last resort, and have the final say as to who their favorites are. In my own case I must have been a more or less

receptive subject, for when the studio lightning struck me last year, I had already played eighty-six rôles on the stage, including such difficult plays as "Twelfth Night," and such virile ones as "The Virginian" and "The Deep Purple"—all this in the space of two years. So when Mr. Morosco "found" me, and cast me as the wild little mountain-girl in "Kilmeny," I was more or less prepared for the work of the camera.

But, after all, egotism aside, I believe that acting was born in me. When I was a young girl, in Milwaukee, my irresistible craving was to sit as close to the players as my slender purse would permit, and to study all their movements and expressions. My father, a practical man, advised stenography, hat-trimming—anything but the hard and long road of acting; but I believed in my star, and, after a most modest beginning, was fortunate enough to be singled out to do "little bits" in musical comedy. Now as to giving advice, I am afraid I am not as yet enough of a philosopher to make it really count.

On the night of the première of "The Heart of Wetona," a reporter asked me how I had come to interpret the rôle of the Indian maid with so much feeling. Was it personality? I believe it was, for I had literally thrown myself into the part, body and soul, and, strange to say, had effaced my own personality in that of the Indian maid's, paradoxical as it may seem.



Photo by Moody

LENORE ULRICH

Both personality and the repression of personality is a vital factor in both screen and stage successes.

I don't think influence would help you very much if you haven't the latent ability back of it. It may smooth the way and save you some hard knocks, but, after all, isn't it the hard knocks that count in shaping a career?

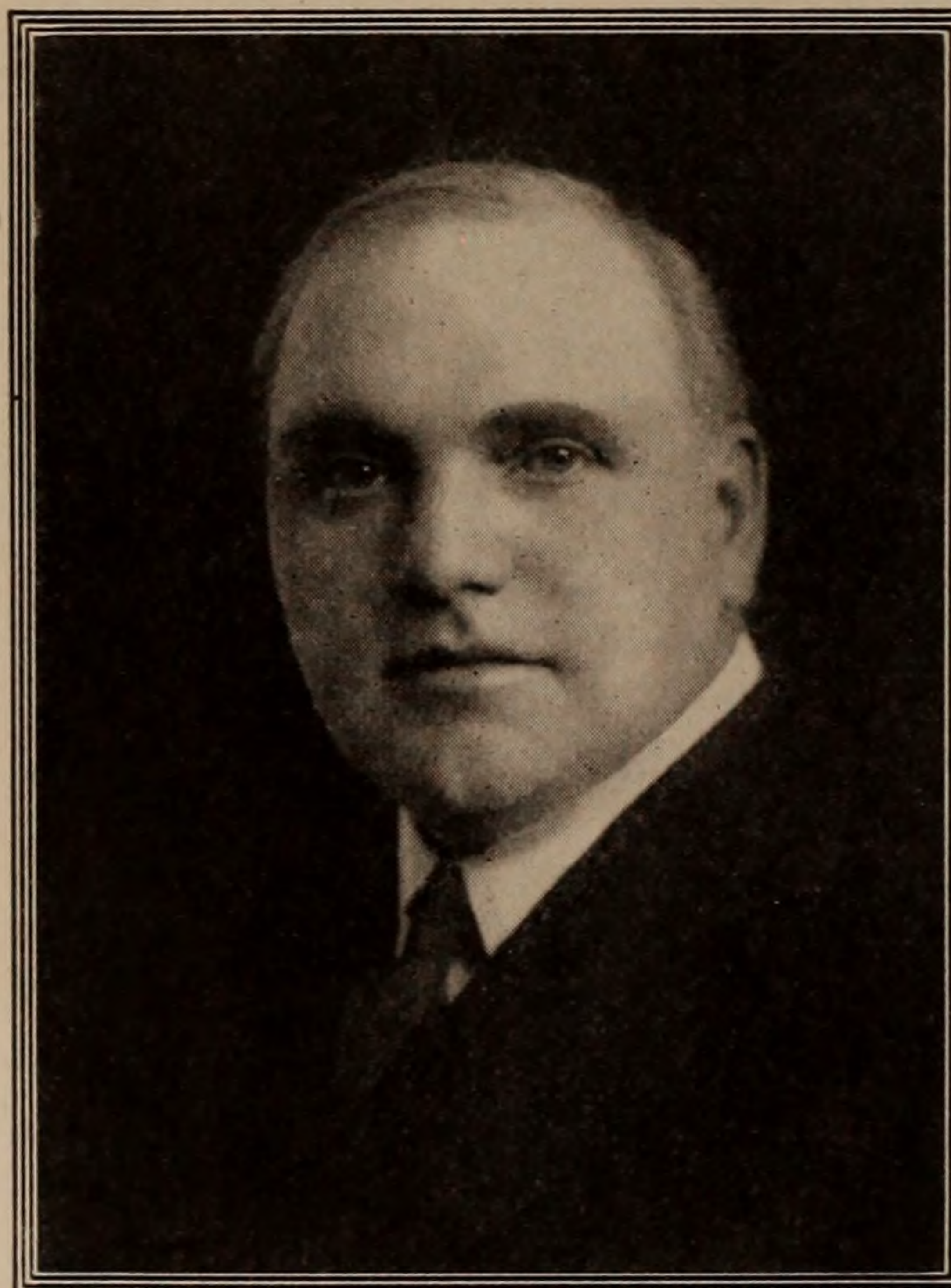
There are many, I understand, who believe that stage experience is not a necessary qualification to studio work, but if it is not essential it is at least a valuable factor. If a young girl or young man is determined to start as an extra, by all means do so, but be sure to come to a thoro understanding with yourself. Tell yourself that hard work, study and ability are necessary before opportunity will knock at your door. I have also heard it said that originality counts for very little in studio work, and the directors want those whom they can put thru the paces the easiest. I must disagree with these, too. If you have an original trend of mind; if you feel differently from theirs; if you can express an emotion truly yet differently, it will not only be appreciated by your director, but will advance you. Good directors are earnest to the core and have a natural repugnance for stock interpretation of any kind. I would say that beauty, and especially regularity of features, are strong qualifications for Motion Picture work. Small features are detriments, and large, regular features, generally, with wide-set eyes, are attributes. The camera brings you so close to your audience, that your face must be your fortune, or your failure, in the end.

THEODORE MARSTON, Vitagraph Director, says that clean-cut young men and women are in demand

ACTING before the camera is an art that can be acquired or developed only by actual experience, and it requires thought, study, and careful attention to detail, combined with personal magnetism and temperament. I do not believe, therefore, in schools of acting, correspondence courses and other devices. Experience is the only teacher. Furthermore, a person with no experience has practically no chance to get placed in a company, except as an extra. This means that a beginner must start as an extra or not at all. Influence and letters of introduction are not necessary, and they don't help much. Nor do I advise writing to the different officials in a Motion Picture company, asking to be given a chance, for such letters are seldom answered. I strongly urge a personal call, and never a letter or

telephone message. As to whom to apply, every company usually has a person designated for that purpose, and he is usually called the casting director, altho in some companies there is a casting director and also a person or persons who have charge of the department that engages extras and "small part people." I know a great many people who started as extras and who finally became regular members of the stock company. Extras usually get from \$2.50 to \$5 a day, and beginners receive from \$15 to \$25 a week.

As to who can and who cannot get in, I would not undertake to say, but I might give a few of the general qualifications. The kind of types who have the best chance to get in are clean-cut young men and women *with brains*, who are willing to begin at



THEODORE MARSTON

the bottom. Beauty is not everything, but it is, of course, a great help. The principal requirements are *ability, temperament, patience*, in the order named. There is very little demand for odd types, such as fat men, old women, homely girls, and the like, except for small parts, and since such parts are not often to be filled, there is not much hope for such characters to get a steady position, unless they are particularly unique, or particularly talented, such as the late John Bunny, Sis Hopkins, Roscoe Arbuckle, and so on.

When a person applies for a position and states that he has had stage experience, his chances are considerably improved. While extras sometimes have a hard row to hoe, and are compelled to call at a studio day after day without being selected, that is the best way. And when an extra finally

gets a small part, he can advance himself by doing the little he has to do *well*. Originality does not amount to much, because the director usually indicates just how he wants the part played.

Personally, I was an actor and stage director for twenty years before entering the Moving Picture business.

IVA SHEPARD, the Gaumont Star, who has done everything from "supe" to "vampire," names the secrets of success

IF I were going into Moving Pictures again, and had to start at the bottom, I am sure I would take a careful stock of my qualifications. Have I the proper temperament? Am I versatile, always willing, and never discouraged? Am I blest with a good disposition and a strong set of nerves? And last, but not least, will the camera treat my face kindly?

You see, I have disregarded matters of ability and training altogether, and am marshaling only what I consider natural resources. Perhaps my own first stage experience will best illustrate my points. I was very young, very ambitious, and knew absolutely nothing of the stage, but I was determined to get on. I heard, where I lived, in Portland, Ore., that a call had been sent out for "supers" for "Quo Vadis?" With a very light but trembling heart, I applied at the stage door, and was jostled in with a stream of applicants. Mr. Barnard, the manager, selected his supers, and then announced that he had a small part—that of "Lucan"—to cast. He allowed one boy after another to read the lines, and usually interrupted them and "bawled them out." In desperation he turned to the girls. I immediately stepped forward with shaking knees.

"Have you ever been on the stage before?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"Have you ever recited?"

"Yes, sir; at Sunday-school." I expected a roar of laughter, but his eyes merely twinkled and he handed me the part to read. Screwing my courage up to the straining point, I read a few lines, in a voice that sounded as frail as a chickadee's in a forest.

"That will do," he interrupted; "you read very well, but remember that it is a man's part you are reading." I was engaged, and, after the third rehearsal, was as bold as brass and as full-throated as an organ.

That was only a beginning. The real hard, tortuous work came afterwards, but I had slipped my foot thru the magic door and I stayed within.

(Continued on page 69)



SCENE FROM "THE GIRL AND THE GAME" (UNIVERSAL); HELEN HOLMES, CENTER; J. L. FARLEY, LEFT; J. P. MCGOWAN, RIGHT

Are Moving Picture Plays Getting Better?

A Wide-Angle View of the Subject by an Eminent Authority

By ROBERT GRAU



WHY are the picture-plays so good? Why are they not better?

These are the queries the present writer has been asked to reply to concretely.

That the present-day productivity of the Motion Picture studios is good is already conceded in the query itself. That, as a whole, it is not better, is, after all, the more vital subject; and as 1916 is well under way at the time of this writing, the moment is a propitious one to endeavor to discuss these queries from every possible angle,

in the hope that the producer, the player, the director, and, lastly, the public, may perhaps become more enlightened.

Why are Motion Pictures so good?

In the first place, as they have not been good so very long, wonder is expressed as to why it took so many years before the present standard of productivity was attained.

Why did it take ten years to convince some of the pioneer producers that the infant art was capable of something more vital than animated pictures of military evolutions and the one-time comical "chase"?

That the pioneers were making easy money and were reluctant to attract un-

due attention; that they refused to encourage the slightest publicity as to their screen offerings, explains why Mary Pickford, who, while not so artistic six years ago as she is today, was not even known by name to the public which already idolized her. It explains why Miss Pickford, once the embargo on publicity was raised, became quickly the most famous of her sex in the world of entertainment, and eventually the highest-paid woman in all the world as well.

Having here explained how Mary Pickford rose meteorically to fame and affluence, the reader may comprehend how others, before hidden in the oblivion of the publicity embargo, were suddenly



Photo by Arthur Porchet

SCENE FROM "LITTLE GRAY HOME IN THE WEST" (GAUMONT)

brought into the lime-light. Men and women, no longer paid like models in the artist's studio, began to stampede the Motion Picture studios.

The writer believes that while lifting the embargo against publicity constituted the greatest force in bringing the Motion Pictures to their present standard, it was the coming into the new field of hard-headed business men with unlimited capital, erecting new and palatial playhouses of large seating capacity, which provided the producers with incentive to immeasurably raise the standard of their productions for the screen. Right here it should be said that the coming into filmdom of famous actors did much to induce this era of building.

Another reason why picture-plays are so good is that the actors are always on their mettle, unlike the speaking stage, where the players are seen for weeks, even for months, in the same characters. The photoplayer is constantly creating new rôles. Every moment he is before the camera he is imbued with the same ambition and tenseness of interest which are only in evidence on the stage of a playhouse at a première. Every day is a "first night" for the photoplayers.

That all the world is a stage, in contrast with the limitations of the four-

walled playhouse, is surely another reason why the film-play has such a large and increasing vogue, and the goal of appearing before countless audiences simultaneously must appeal irresistibly not only to the actors, but to the authors and directors as well. The actor knows that seventy-five per cent. of mankind bow down to the magic screen. Would it not, then, be astonishing if picture-plays were less good than they are?

Another material contributing force to the great improvement in photoplays is the almost unbelievable financial reward for the genius in film-craft. There is no greater romance in the history of the theater than that one which has to do with the men—and not a few women—who never directed a spoken play in their lives, who began in the studios in a small way, but who quickly revealed themselves as "wonders."

D. W. Griffith, Tom Ince, Mack Sennett, for instance, began to direct for the screen around 1910. All hail from the speaking stage. Griffith was so little known on the theatrical Rialto, however, that he had the greatest difficulty to induce any reputable players to work for him. Tom Ince admits that his greatest incentive, when he joined the Imp Company, in New York, was that the five

dollars a day he was paid provided a place of shelter for himself, wife and baby. As for Sennett, the writer recalls his earlier career in the older field as being much like that of the average Thespian. The truth is, that the closest scrutiny of the prolonged stage careers of these three giants of screen productivity indicates in no instance the least suggestion that either would ever earn one hundred thousand dollars a year directing picture-plays.

Now that we have reached the more vital query, "Why are photoplays not better?" it may be well to state at the very outset that the most destructive factor against artistic development has been the so-called theatrical invasion of Moving Picturedom, because it brought about what is known as the "gold brick" era. Scores of more or less famous men and women, attracted by the lure of tremendous salaries, deserted the stage for the screen. This procession into the gold-laden studios has been conducted in a most disorderly fashion. Famous names were sold to the highest bidder. Not one in ten of these stage celebrities has contributed anything important or constructive to the new art's development. The majority were wholly indifferent to the artistic outcome. The great



Photo by Arthur Porchet

SCENE FROM "LITTLE GRAY HOME IN THE WEST" (GAUMONT)

minority of those who came seriously to studio work were invariably of the younger generation of the stage calling, and after their first portrayals were retained permanently on a basis of merit only.

It took but two years to practically exhaust the supply of celebrated stage stars, with the final result that the "gold bricks" have been eliminated. At most, two score have found a permanent haven in the newer field, but these are truly an asset, and may be depended upon to contribute materially to the effort to make photoplays immeasurably better than they now are.

With the passing of the "gold brick" stars, which the vaudeville managers now call "Monday actors," the producer of picture-plays is now confronted with a problem—a sort of blind alley. He knows that there can be no backward movement; hence, as the day is near when the famous name will not attract the public unless the fame is due to distinctly screen achievement, he has but one alternative, and the writer believes that 1916 will witness its adoption—

namely, instead of one highly paid celebrity, solely as a headline attraction, we will see a survival of the stock company, comprising a well-balanced cast of able artists, each selected on a merit basis.

Such a policy is already established with not a few producers. The few famous stars engaged by the Triangle producers were selected because of their peculiar fitness to the work in hand. It is no secret that all three of the artistic heads of this company have decided that, after all, the public prefers the distinctly picture-player. Mack Sennett must know that the comedies he presents on the screen have not added to his fame, when such stars as Raymond Hitchcock, Eddie Foy, and Weber and Fields, were featured. With all his craftsmanship, Mr. Sennett has been unable to provide an ample substitute for the endless "gagging" and "spoken asides" which gave these comedians their fame on the speaking stage.

The late Mr. Keith once told the writer that, in all the years he had purchased "fame," he was never able to discover a single star who actually drew the people

to the box-office to any extent worthy of the amounts paid in salary. Daniel Frohman, who really started the famous players movement less than three years ago, recently stated his belief that there were only two stars in all filmdom who were worth the money paid to them by the producers—namely, Mary Pickford and Charles Chaplin. Mr. Frohman has since qualified his statement, in that he had no intention of insinuating that such successful stars of the stage as Pauline Frederick, Hazel Dawn and Marguerite Clark are overpaid.

But the uninspiring spectacle of famous names converted into cash is not the only reason why Motion Pictures are not better than they are. A far greater menace, in the opinion of this writer, is the unwholesome preponderance of old-time, worn-out plays, most of which were written long before the photoplay era. Undoubtedly the resort to these stage plays was unavoidable, and constituted but one of many expedients in speeding the camera-man on to his final goal; but it is inconceivable that the infant art, which has enriched so many men and



SCENE FROM "THE TWIN TRIANGLE" (BALBOA)

women, will long beckon in vain for a literature of its own.

More people have seen "An African Hunt" the world over than have ever been attracted to see the most successful of stage-plays visualized. Who can deny that "The Birth of a Nation" attracted, as it did, because of its simulation of realism? Mr. Griffith did not utilize a single celebrity in the cast. The real "hits" were scored by the master's protégés. Moreover, as a spoken play, "The Clansman" achieved nothing out of the ordinary. "Quo Vadis?" was a semi-fiasco on the stage. On the screen it earned millions. Why?

Because of the limitations of a four-

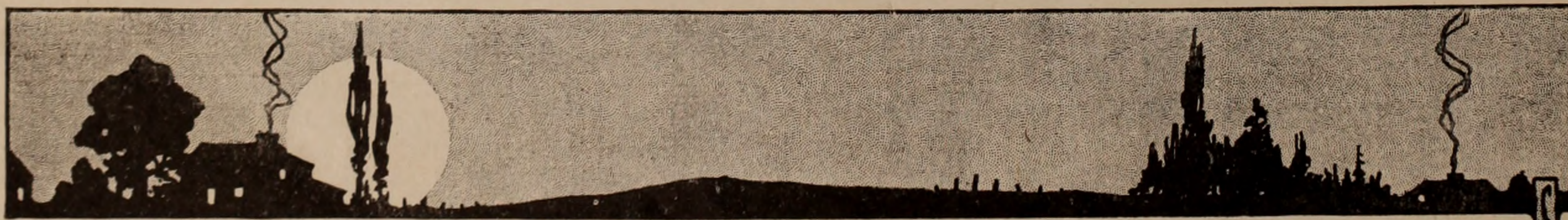
walled playhouse. Very soon the producers will begin to realize that the farther they depart from all theatricalism, the better picture-plays will become.

Somewhere in this big town there is a studio being erected, the productions of which will not be released for ten years. The man who conceived the idea of the Hippodrome has interested a group of financiers in the prodigious plan of filming the Bible from cover to cover. For ten years the outflow of capital must continue, with not a hope of any return perhaps in the lifetime of the public-spirited investors.

Photoplays are so good because they have created a prosperity unparalleled in

the history of amusements. That they are not better is due solely to the infancy stage of development. But that they will become better in each year is well-nigh a certainty. Nevertheless, the writer has his doubts as to whether purely dramatic photoplays are the cameraman's greater function. A decade hence we may know for sure.

The writer believes that Motion Pictures have long ago ceased to be second-class. Always they seem to be getting better; perhaps they will never be as satisfactory to the public as the spoken play. But who can deny that the speaking stage is getting better every day as a result of the influence of the newer art?





VIRGINIA PEARSON
(Fox)
"The Modern Cleopatra"



WALLACE REID

DOROTHY DAVENPORT-REID

Introducing Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Reid

By ROBERTA COURTLANDT

SUPERFLUOUS to state that neither Wallace Reid nor Dorothy Davenport needs an introduction to the Motion Picture public. But it is my privilege (and my purpose) to introduce to you Mr. and Mrs. Reid as they are to their friends off the screen. On the screen, Wally is a brave and manly hero, who has numbered among his more recent achievements the support of Geraldine Farrar, in "Carmen" and "Maria Rosa." Off the screen, he is a violinist of considerable technique and charm, a fancier of his wife's prize cat—and a vehement fancier of his wife.

On the screen, Dorothy Davenport

walks into many blind and perilous traps laid for her unsuspecting feet, thereby giving Lou-Tellegen or Carlyle Blackwell an opportunity to display their rescuing abilities. Among her more recent achievements have been the opposite to Lou-Tellegen in "The Explorer," and "The Unknown" and "Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo" opposite Carlyle Blackwell. More recent still, with Francis Ford, in "The Palace of a Thousand Tears."

Thus, taken separately. Taken jointly, they are "Wally" and "Mrs. Wally," both "jolly good fellows," intensely interested in their home on Elevado Street, a stunning, new automobile, and—each other. Minor interests are Wally's violin, as mentioned heretofore, and Mrs. Wally's cat and dog, which, following the example set

them by Mr. and Mrs. R., live together in perfect amicability.

At dinner one night, a chance remark of Wally's brought up the subject of their wedding, and as I had heard a variety of stories about it, I determined to be a deep-sea diver for the truth.

"If I may be so bold," I began tentatively, adopting a pathetic expression, "please to tell me all about it."

Wally looked startled.

"For publication?" he demanded promptly.

"Yes," I answered boldly, now that the bomb had burst and my limbs remained intact; "think how interested all the fans would be to hear your own story of how it all happened."

"G'wan wid yer blarney!" laughed Mrs. Wally, with an ould sod brogue.

(Thirty)



DOROTHY DAVENPORT-REID AND HER PETS

"Still, why not?" hesitated Wally. A look at Dorothy's laughing, brown eyes seemed to decide him. "All right; I'm game. Lower the lights, Dot, and bring my violin."

"Violin! Is the night to be made hideous, then? We labor under the delusion that you are to tell a story. Let the neighbors rest in peace for one night—do!"

Wally pretended to be deeply hurt, and had to be coaxed to tell the story. But he did so quickly enough when Dot intimated, none too delicately, that she would if *he* wouldn't.



FIRST SCENE PLAYED BY DOROTHY DAVENPORT AND WALLACE REID TOGETHER, AUGUST, 1912

"To begin at the beginning, I came West with Otis Turner in nineteen hundred and twelve," he said. "When we reached Hollywood, and before Mr. Turner could get a company together (I was the only one who came West with him), Mr. Farhney—Milton H. Farhney, directing the old Nestor brand—lost his leading man. And Mr. Turner gave him 'a loan' of me for one picture, which was called 'His Son,' I think.

"By such chance incidents shall Fate be known! Dot was Mr. Farhney's leading woman, and our meeting came that same afternoon. We were introduced with one breath and thrown into each other's arms in the next. It was, 'Mr. Reid, Miss Davenport. Take her in your arms, Reid; tell how much you love her. Ask her to marry you. Don't be shy, Dot; say yes. Don't drag it out too long!' Of course we did

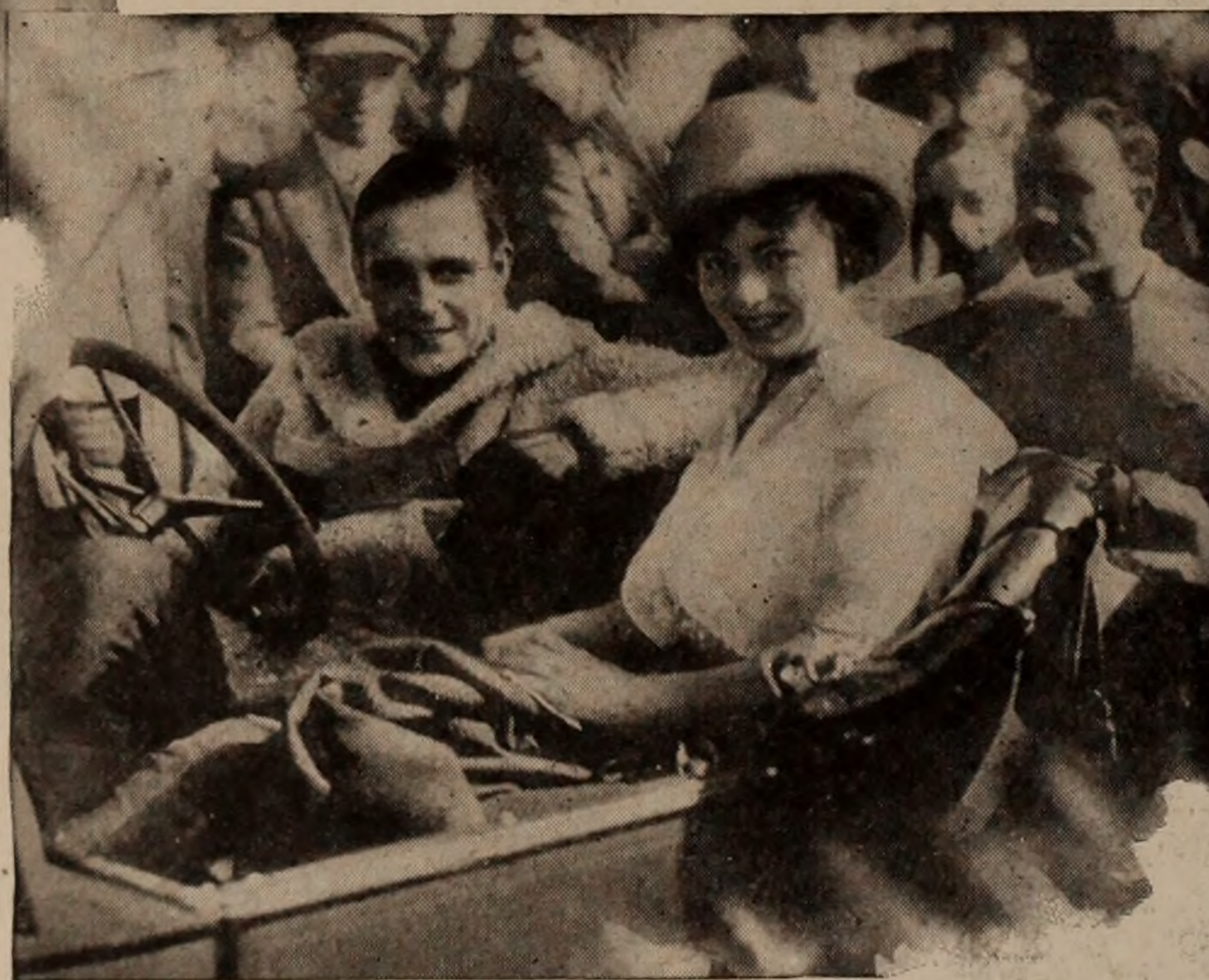
it, but I've often wondered how that scene happened to get across."

"Lucky our emotions weren't photographed," cut in Dot.

"Well, a very few weeks after that I left Universal to direct the second company for the American. We did not correspond, because, you see, I had proposed to her when we were out riding the Sunday before I left, and my answer was, 'No, indeed. We are both entirely too young, Mr. Reid, to contemplate any such idiocy.' I didn't agree with her, for I was twenty-one and she was seventeen. But when I attempted to argue the matter, my answer was a shower of gravel from her horse's hoofs and the sight of my Juliet disappearing around a bend in the roadway in a cloud of California dust. So, as I said, we did not correspond.

"I stayed away six months, writing and directing, as well as playing leads with the American second company. Then I returned to take a company of my own at Universal. I paid her a very chilly call when I returned, to show that I didn't care, after all.

"Well, time passed, as time has a way of doing even out here. After trying out various leading ladies, the firm engaged Dot to play leads for me. Truth—unlovely truth—compels me



MR. AND MRS. REID OFF FOR A BRIEF BRIDAL TRIP, THE MORNING AFTER THEY WERE MARRIED, OCTOBER 14, 1913

to state that we quarreled shamefully and consistently. There were petty spats—temperamental spats—until we were barely on speaking terms outside the studio.

"Then, one day, I was injured during the taking of a scene and carried to the hospital. Dot called, out of a sense of duty. We began to get really acquainted with each other and to be seriously attracted. She called almost every day, and her calls began to mean more and more to me. After two or

three weeks I was released from the hospital and took up my work again.

"After that things hummed. Right in the midst of the picture called 'The Lightning Bolt' we agreed on the old adage that there is 'no time like the present,' and that we were both a whole year older than we had been the year before. Doesn't love do marvelous things to one's mentality? So, on the thirteenth of October, nineteen hundred and thirteen, in a big old church in Hollywood, with only Dot's mother, Ruth Roland and two boys who were working with my company, Ed Brady and Philip Dunham, we were married.

"That was two years ago last October. No, there's no sequel yet. And we are very happy," he finished, with a lovely glance at Dot.

No tale, they say, is complete without the feminine touch, so I turned to Dot and begged, sweetly, "Fill the good husband's story out—please! What do you do off-days? What do you like to do? What *don't* you like to do?"

"Ask me a question," laughed Dot, who is known for her sunny, laughing disposition and her cheerful vigor in meeting the hard work and unexpected disappointments that fall to the lot of the "movie" actress. "Well," she said, fingering her demi-tasse, "I spend all my leisure moments here at home. I love to cook, and during the recent rainy season I have had a gorgeous time among my pots and pans in my little kitchen. I am very proud of that little kitchen," she smiled—"it's so complete and compact, if I do say so as shouldn't. I hate to darn, but when it becomes necessary, as it has a habit of doing, I go after it with a grin. My hobbies are cats—all animals, in fact—and—my husband!" Wally toasted her with his demi-tasse and began fingering his violin, which he had secured by stealth.

"My favorite sports are motoring and dancing. But they live together as amicably as my cat and dog, and my husband and I, for I motor by day and dance by night—and arbitrate thusly.

"Reading, you say? Well, I don't rave much over magazines, except MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC—and for poetry give me Robert Browning."

"Suffrage?" I interposed softly.

"I don't know enough about it to be interested, and I don't care to take time to study it."

Her highest ambition, she says, is to have no enemies. And when I departed—full of dinner, hospitality, the charming Reids and their charming romance—I decided that both of them would reach the topmost pinnacle of their dearest dreams.



FRANCELIA BILLINGTON, of the Reliance Company, playing with one of her favorite pets

David Garrick

(Pallas-Paramount)

By JOHN OLDEN

"LADY, by yonder blessed moon I swear—"

The girl swayed forward in the box. The gray-green stage moonlight filled her young, impressionable face with yearning shadows and wistful lines. Her white cloak, slipping back from round, tense shoulders, shivered with the tremble that

fine ecstasy as at last the velvet curtain unfolded across the World of Make-Believe. Not that she was the only woman



ran thru her. From her soul out, Ada Ingot was a-quiver with the pulse of Romance. The disapproving relatives in the rear of the box, the dark well of the theater afloat with white blurs of faces, the stage itself, even, were non-existent. But the man with the voice of liquid moonshine, the man who was pleading his love down yonder as all the girls of all the world have dreamed love would come to them, the man whom the program black-lettered as the famous David Garrick—she drew a long breath of

in the theater who had been able to locate her heart-strings during the last half-hour, but she *had* been the only one to receive a glance from the dark eyes below the curls of Romeo.

"How wonderfully Juliet read her lines!" gushed her aunt's voice behind. Ada listened eagerly for praise of her beloved. Juliet, indeed!

"H-m! Pretty poor performance," yawned her uncle, disgustedly. "The

leading woman is too old—might be fifty instead of fourteen—"

Ada nodded. She was not even jealous of Juliet, which describes the actress more clearly than words; but what was this they were saying?

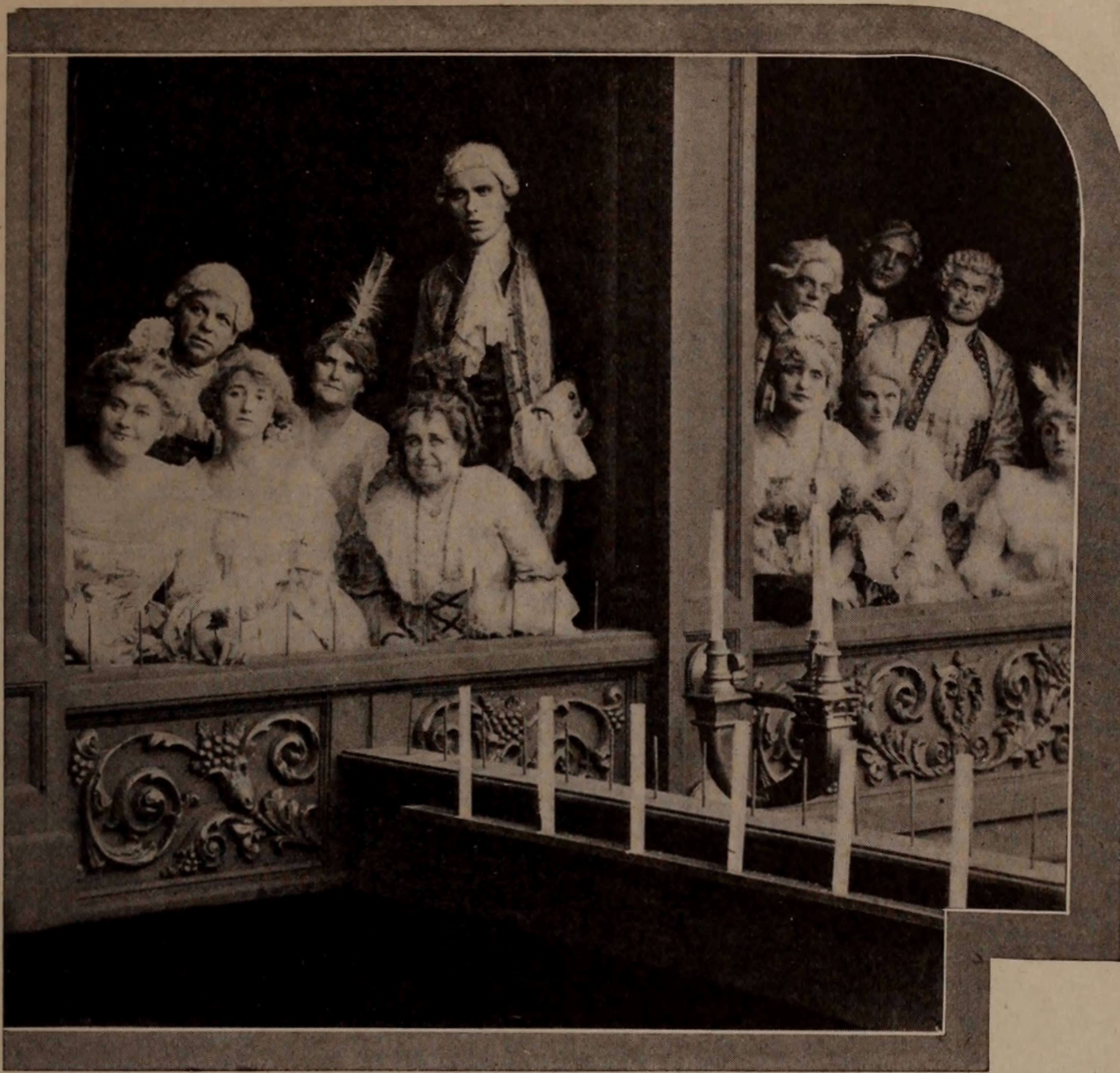
"As for Garrick, he rants like a barnstormer and simpers like a fool! Wish we'd gone to a comedy with some spirit to it—"

An indignant young voice interrupted him; an indignant young face blazed scarlet. "I think he's splendid!" cried Ada, stormily. "This is the tenth time I've seen him, and he's got splendor every time. He's the handsomest, bravest, noblest man I've ever seen! He's got a voice as velvet as my dress, and the most wonderful eyes. Oh, how *can* you call him a—a *barnstormer*!"

The lucky rise of the curtain diverted her attention before it caught the significant glances between her elders. During the remainder of the performance she sat, wrapped about with a mantle of aloofness, in a sort of a dream. Overpowered with delicious woe, she did not move as the lights of the theater sprang out finally and the pandemonium of departure engulfed her.

Shortly after this glowing night, her great adventure came to her apace. By pleas and girlish wiles, she succeeded in persuading her aunt to take her to see the master performer again.

ROMEO
AND
JULIET



The susceptible girl could not have enough of him—he filled her eyes and compassed her heart, and, still by pleas, she prevailed upon her aunt to wait with her in the shadow of the theater's colonnade so that she might catch a final glimpse of her departing idol.

Altho muffled in his cape and bereft of the gay plumage of Romeo, she knew him instantly by his sprightly walk and the brave carriage of his broad shoulders.

As she turned to enter her sedan-chair, perturbation got the better of her singing heart, and the miniature square of lace, misnamed her handkerchief, fluttered to the walk.

Garrick instantly turned, bowed gravely, and passed it thru the chair-window. But in that poignant instant the filmy thing had brushed against his lips in its passage.

Half-frightened, half-swooning with joy, the young girl clasped the treasure, and held it rapturously before her in the long jaunt homewards. Garrick stood back in the shadow and watched the chair disappear. Its link-boy stabbed a receding and jagged hole of light in the murky night, and he, who had never loved until this night, felt the searing brand of the torch upon his heart.

Once arrived at the family mansion, Ada's aunt, who had seen the whole startling bit of by-play from her chair, at once sought counsel with her husband.

She poured the tale forth, with some embellishments and a reasonable share of truth. He was receptive, his cheeks growing ruddy to the flaming-point.

"You had better drop her father a hint," advised his wife, the feminine relish for a family fuss lurking in her unctuous tone. "He's got his heart set on Chivy, as you well know, and Chivy may be good and rich and all that, but, most assuredly, he is *not* handsome, the best you can say of him."

The seed of suspicion having been planted in fertile soil, soon bloomed into a quarrel. Simon Ingot, a fanatic on family, niggardly of acquaintances who "were not born," a man who spelled "right" *race*, was infuriated at the very notion of his daughter's infatuation for a mere play-actor.

He would not have been more annoyed had she fallen in love with his butler. That there could be birth, pride and worth across the footlights had certainly not occurred to him. But a small modicum of common sense told him that to precipitate matters would be fatal. Contrariness was a trait in his daughter's character that had sent her, after strict parental warnings to the opposite, straight to dabble in the very danger denied her. She had, as a consequence, nearly been drowned, burned alive and run over by a coach-and-four before experience had taught her wisdom. However, Ingot's wrath

did not have to smoulder long in concealment. One morning, soon after the theater party, he came on Ada buried to the hilt, so to speak, in a volume of Shakespeare's tragedies, young breast heaving, cheeks pale and red by turns. Trying to keep his temper, the father took possession of the book.

"A foolish thing for a girl to be reading," he reproved. "Better your fancy-work or some other improving occupation."

"Fancy-work does not reach the heart, father," flamed the girl. "Didn't the minister himself quote Shakespeare last Sunday?"

"Is that your reason for reading it, child?"

Ada hung her head. Thru her soft hair her cheeks burned crimson. Then, with a sudden gallant gesture, she looked straight into her father's eyes.

"No, sir," she said deliberately; "I heard David Garrick at the theater the other night——"

"I thought as much!" shouted Ingot, flinging the book across the room. "A cursed pasteboard man—a scented, bewigged fool—a common, cowardly knave of a play-actor! Mind my words, young woman, I'll have no such disgraceful folly going on in my house—d'you dare to tell me, your father, that you're *in love* with him?"

Love feeds on remonstrance. What had begun in a girl's extravagant admiration for a handsome face and golden voice, suddenly loomed into more serious proportions. It was as much anger against her father as it was any tenderer emotion that put the conviction into Ada's voice as she retorted:

"You cant forbid the wind to blow, father; no more can you refuse to let me love whom I choose."

Before he could reply, the door slammed across her departure. Ingot furrowed his brows some moments in thought. Then he strode to his desk and scrawled a note, which he addressed and sealed with grim satisfaction.

"A knave can be bullied," he muttered aloud, as he rang for a servant, "a fool can be bought, and there's more ways than one of guiding an unruly girl."

With which cryptic remark he handed the letter to the butler and settled back in his chair to await the outcome.

Some three hours later by the mahogany clock—pure family in every aristocratic line—a well set-up stranger, in high beaver hat, strolled nonchalantly into the severe nicety of the Ingot drawing-room and bowed

coolly to the master of the house, who advanced to meet him.

"David Garrick, at your service, sir," he said, and waited politely. There is nothing so disconcerting as a wait. It throws the burden of the conversation on the complainant, who has not yet got his temper properly worked up, and, moreover, has no speech of his adversary's to complain of. Ingot hastily revised and expurgated some of the remarks he had intended to make, but came to

the point at once, nevertheless.

"My daughter," he began,

to own a pretty daughter. I've spoken no word to the girl. Surely 'tis not demanded of me to toss my profession aside——"

Ingot thrust a hand into his pocket. Silver jingled from it. "Oh, *that!*" he snarled. "I'll make

Thru Garrick's senses rushed ready expletives, hot to explode—"Mutton!" "Fat-headed bully"—and then the sting of sarcasm barbed his tongue. "But the man is defending his young," he thought; "it's his natural right. I should honor him."

"Mr. Ingot," he said at last, very quietly, "perhaps you are right in wishing your child a better husband than I. At least, I assure you I will marry no man's daughter unless he comes to me hat in hand and begs the honor of the match. Yet we must not let the young lady waste her affections. If you will consent, I have a plan——"

And thereupon, in a very lucid way, he explained his method to rid the girl of her love for him, all the time not knowing that he was plotting disaster for the woman he loved.

In the meanwhile, the Honorable Chivy Mort-house sat, hands deep in empty pockets, before a pile of unpaid bills, in his lodgings in



"MY DAUGHTER IS IN LOVE WITH YOU. . . . I APPEAL TO YOU TO LEAVE TOWN IMMEDIATELY"

in measured tones, "has confessed that she is in love with you." He breathed heavily and glared at the actor, who looked distinctly pleased instead of ruffled. "Of course," he continued angrily, "of course it is preposterous—horrible. I appeal to you to leave town immediately, sir."

"'Pon my word!" drawled Garrick, "a pretty pass when a man must dance at the bidding of any one who happens

it worth a pretty penny more than your loss in your trade!"

"How dare you, sir!"

Ingot drew back from his angry visitor with an uncomfortable sense of unhinged knees. Gad! the fellow was playing the gentleman, was he? He had not counted on his having human feelings beneath that insolently handsome exterior. For a moment the two men glared at each other in silence.

Lincoln's Inn. He was the favorite suitor for Ada's hand with Simon Ingot—pride of race, with its lickspittle glamor—and the time had come, willy-nilly, for him to take up his option on her hand.

Seated, half at lithe full length, on a cushioned settle, a high-colored, quick-eyed girl watched his every move and strove to read his thoughts.

At last she stole over softly and

(Thirty-six)

kist his cheek. He drew her hands down gently across his shoulders as if in reparation for his words. "I must have a pot of ready money, Fanny," he said—"damme, even if I have to marry it!"

She stood staring down at him, her eyes startled and moist, and, annoyed at her silent inquisition, he lifted her hands quickly and set to work on his bills.

As he jumped up and flung on his cape, Chivy turned at her timid sobs. "Dont take on so," he said, with an attempt at admonition; "this has happened before and will happen till the world's end."

With distaste for a scene, he closed the door quickly and hastened to the narrow court below.

Some half-hour later, an impetuous young man in a very decided rage, hurling himself against the Ingot drawing-room door, collided with another young man just leaving. That the stranger was finely set up and well-looking did not decrease his ill-humor. With a frown as black as his hair, the newcomer confronted Ingot, pointed back with the acerbity of bruised shins, and demanded heatedly:

"Who in hades was the fellow I just met?"

"That, my dear Chivy," replied Ingot, pleasantly—"that was Mr. David Garrick, the actor with whom Ada is in love!"

"Ada! In love! That—that—" Chivy danced gently. "So that's why she just threw me over, is it? The cursed rascal—I'll—I'll—I'll have his blood, damme if I wont!"

Before Ingot could check him, the impetuous lover had bolted from the room. The sputter of his rage sounded faintly from a distance.

"Chivy is hasty," murmured the father, complacently, "but he is like tow, quick to flame, quicker to die down. As for Garrick, he's a clever chap—and—yes—hang it, but he has some of the marks of a gentleman. That idea of his now"—laughter seized him—"it's worthy of myself. Ada will never suspect—she dearly loves a dinner-party. Gad! but I could almost like the fellow for his ready wit!"

"Mr. and Mrs. Smith," droned the butler, "Miss Araminta Jones."

Ada hurried forward, pleasantly flushed with hostessing. The business of shaking hands, of exchanging polite nothings, of introducing and being introduced, delighted her. She fluttered among the guests like a butterfly at a gathering of earth-worms; for it must be confessed that the company gathered on this occasion beneath the Ingot roof-tree was

somewhat peculiar. Knowing what might occur during the course of the evening, the host had selected the less easily offended ones among his friends as guests—a couple of dull and worthy married people; a bachelor who dealt in coal and coke, and stuttered; a maiden of uncertain age, but very positive notions of color harmonies in costume. All these Ada had seen before; but who was this advancing toward her, led by her father? She felt her cheeks burn. "Mr. David Garrick, my dear," she heard her father saying. "Sir, my daughter wishes an opportunity to tell you how much she enjoys your talent."

David Garrick bowed, and as his eyes came to the level of hers, recognition of her fairy face shot thru him like a bolt. A storm of emotion swept over him in that instant: his love, his nightly visions of her, his promise to her father—a silly plan that he had made to cure some old maid of her whim. And all the while her great, burning eyes stared mutely into his. Garrick drew himself up stiffly, and the conventional words fell from his lips.

"I shall hope to have the pleasure of taking her in to dinner, then——"

Could she believe her senses? That mellow, velvet tone—those dark eyes— Timidly she laid her hand on Garrick's proffered arm. He could feel it fluttering there, very small and white. With a sudden distaste of the hideous rôle he had promised to play, the actor bit his lips as he looked down at it. Women—many of them—had admired him, had flattered and fêted and pursued him with gifts, hysterical notes and tearful affection; but this girl *was* different. She was a white page that had never been written on, a rose that had never guessed its own sweetness. These and other figurative thoughts passed rapidly thru his brain.

He bent over her, his youth on fire and promises forgotten.

"Since that night o' dreams," he said, as quietly as he could, "I have wondered if I would ever see you again."

She slowly raised her eyes and looked into his. What she saw there gave her courage—and reliance and trust—for she, too, spoke of the forbidden.

"The handkerchief," she said awesomely—"I have kept it always tucked close against my heart."

Their eyes met again—caressed. Simon Ingot passed close and whispered, hoarsely, in Garrick's ear:

"Remember! you have given your word of honor, as an *actor*, to kill her infatuation for you." It was a poisonous potion for Garrick, but he took it bravely.

"You have my word!" was his quick rejoinder.

Having once undertaken the part, his artistic conscience demanded a thoro job of it. The actor in him elbowed the man aside. As the wines were passed, he made a great show of drinking freely, refusing to see the horror of him that began to dawn in the girl's eyes. As he drank he talked; at first to her, then loudly to the whole table. His hand grew unsteady, his laughter frequent. He made wide, sweeping gestures that threatened the cutlery and punctuated his remarks by pounding on the table till the glasses sang. It was consummate acting, this drunkard's part, that sickened him to the soul as he caught the pain in Ada's young eyes.

"I love—th' ladies!" he informed the company, sentimentally. "They're fon' o' me, too—blessh 'em! I love all—th' ladies——" His eyes wandered about the table, resting at length on the coquettish green feather meadows of Miss Araminta Jones's hair. "I love—you!" A wavering finger indexed his choice. "You're loveliest—lady—'f all th' lovely ladies—sush flemnine grace—sush—sush——"

Ada shrank back in her seat, very pale. Her father noted, with satisfaction, that his nefarious scheme was succeeding better than he had hoped. Gad! that fellow certainly was an actor. Look at him now, would you, waving his napkin in a maudlin, Chautauqua salute to Miss Araminta. Smith was trying his feeble best to remonstrate.

"Shir-r!" complained Garrick, swaying to his feet, "shir-r, I—co'sider—your wor's ninsult—it's m' painfu' duty to pull y' hair——"

"Hold on there, Garrick!" Ingot sprang to his feet warningly, but too late. Dangling from the actor's hands were two wigs, one of rich chestnut curls that had a moment before graced the head of Mr. Aloysius Smith, and the other a snow-white top-piece and false curls that adorned the head of Mrs. Aloysius Smith. The table was in an uproar. Alone of all of them, Ada was calm. Standing very straightly, she faced Garrick with blazing eyes.

"I *never* dreamed you were like this," she said slowly. "It hurts me to think what a fool I was when I believed you to be a gentleman. Dont speak to me! Go—do you hear me? Go!"

The man straightened as tho her words lashed him. An instant he let the cloak of drunkenness slip from his face, and in his eyes she read amazedly—or did she dream it?—pain and shame. A moment later, leering

and swaying, he was gone. At the door a servant touched his arm.

"My master would speak with you, sir."

Garrick leaned heavily against the lintel as Ingot approached him. The look of mingled fright and amusement on his host's mottled countenance brought him up stiffly.

"I trust you are satisfied with the

bulk. He snorted loudly to attract her attention.

The girl turned her misery-stricken face toward him, and his sluggish heart caught with pity at the sight of it.

"I have been mistaken, father. I will marry Chivy wherever and whenever you wish."

A few cold words, but the utter

That night, after the play, he sought relief at the Nag's Head Tavern, with its motley of beaux, gamblers, starving poets and gentlemen-knaves. By some mysterious back-stairs gossip, the story of his adventure had preceded him, and, as he bowed right and left and took his seat, a battery of curious eyes followed him.

One more bold than the rest, his priceless frills dyed with spilt wine, arose and lurched toward the actor.

"So you kept your word," he jeered—"like a gentleman!"

Garrick frowned, shivered slightly with sensitiveness, and turned his back. But the intruder, a famous duellist, would not be coldly fubbed off.

His taunts increased; the babel of conversations slackened, and all lent attentive ears.

Suddenly Garrick stood up, picked his gloves from the table and flicked them smartly across the other's face.

"Alas, poor Garrick!" paraphrased a wit—"his conscience doth make cowards of us all."



GARRICK GROWS DESTRUCTIVE

night's work." Ingot did not dare fence words with his fearsome guest, but hurriedly dragged a purse bulging with gold from his pocket and handed it to Garrick.

As the famous actor weighed it in his hands, Ingot wet his lips and eyed it covetously.

"My hat and cane, sirrah," and as the servant returned with his belongings, he nonchalantly dropped the purse into his astonished hands. With this, his last play—leaving Ingot fairly goggle-eyed with surprise and chagrin—he stepped off moodily into the night.

Ingot returned to his indignant guests, and, with such skill as he could muster, quieted them down and bowed them on their way. His troubles over, he heaved a great sigh of relief, and, stepping into the library to seek solace of his pipe, he came suddenly upon his daughter.

She sat, with her face cupped in her hands, staring piteously before her, and she did not even see his lumbering

wreck of her world was in the saying of them.

The night passed slowly and, in travail, gave birth to a fog-swathed dawn. Garrick was up at daybreak and passed the day in gloomy forebodings. He was too little of a fop, too much of a gentleman, to ponder the countless fair maids and matrons who had flung themselves at his feet. He knew only that his one enduring love was dead—killed by his own hand.



"I NEVER DREAMT YOU WERE LIKE THIS. . . . GO—DO YOU HEAR ME? GO!"

There came a general laugh, but blood—perhaps death—was in the air, and they felt it.

There is a lonely spot back of Bedford House and just outside the pales of the Duke's Park, which the moon rides high over and bathes with a pallid, clear light. And strange sights this bit of smooth turf has revealed to the sleepy watch making its rounds. Bits of torn lace, a blood-soaked cambric frill, jeweled buckles with torn leather clasps, a trampled purse, some-

times a broken, red-stained rapier, are the souvenirs of departed guests.

In the elfin light of dawn men in shirt-sleeves faced each other on the duelling-ground, their blades a-quiver with light, like fairy wands.

"I'm a fool!" thought one, a fine-figured man, in plum-colored breeches and cambric frilled shirt—"a twice discovered fool." And with that he gave his salute and set his narrow blade at play against his opponent's.

There were resentment, rage, murder in the close-set eyes of his opposite, and his wrist was a-tremble to seek the actor's heart and be done with it.

A lunge—a parry—a shivering of steel,

The wit slowly sank to his knees, his hand pressed against his shoulder. And from under the fingers a crimson stain was slowly widening.

Garrick threw down his weapon. "I am thru," he said, "thru forever with the tricks and treachery, sordidness and counterfeit of my lords and ladies. My adieux. Tomorrow I start for a tour of the provinces."

Ada had passed thru the sprightly variations of hysterics, and now, wept dry, she lay back listlessly on the divan, staring out of the window. Her father had attempted to bol-

liquor, but still the heart-breaking, money-pressed Chivy.

"Mush tell you gr-great zhoke on Garrish," he hiccoughed. "Girl was in love with him! Old fish of a fazzur wanted Davy to cure her——"

The story left off suddenly, as Ingot fetched the tipsy narrator a sharp kick under the table. But Ada seized his hands and begged him to go on.

The whole miserable hoax jumbled out then, words stumbling dizzily over each other as they came to the duel set for the following morning. But its meaning was sufficiently plain to the girl. "Oh!" she wailed, as the words flowed under her eyes, "oh—a duel!"



"I HAVE NO HOME. I HAVE COME TO YOU. YOU—DONT WANT ME?"

and the man drew back, to find that his blade had been turned neatly aside.

Then the nerve-jarring scraping of steel against steel again; the quick turn of a wrist; the soft pound of slippered feet on the sod, and always the nonchalant actor stood unhurt before the seeking sword.

A madness fell upon his challenger, flooding his brain with hot blood, and he pressed ever closer, seeking the still heart beneath the frail shirt. "Kill, kill!" sang the words in his brain.

A maddened thrust at close range—the grip of fingers on Garrick's blade.

"You cur!"

Garrick twisted his rapier free, and the blood leaped and surged madly in his head.

"Ah!"

(Thirty-nine)

ster up his conscience all night with the assurance that it would be better to grieve a few hours than repent a lifetime. Yet the words did not ring quite true even to himself. He looked remorsefully down now at his daughter, with the unease that all men feel in the presence of tears.

"My dear, actors are all like that," he said—"vinous; cowardly; abusers of women. Some day you will be glad you found him out when you did."

"Please, father," she sighed, "I'd rather not talk about it."

Guilt makes men garrulous. Ingot would have gone on explaining and protesting until he had talked himself blameless, but was interrupted by a knock. It was Chivy, far gone in

Father, why should they fight with Mr. Garrick? Was it about—me?"

Ingot sank nervelessly into a chair, rested his head upon his hands and poured out the whole wretched business. By some trick of destiny his practical joke had become a tragedy. He had meant no harm—he had been thinking of her own good——

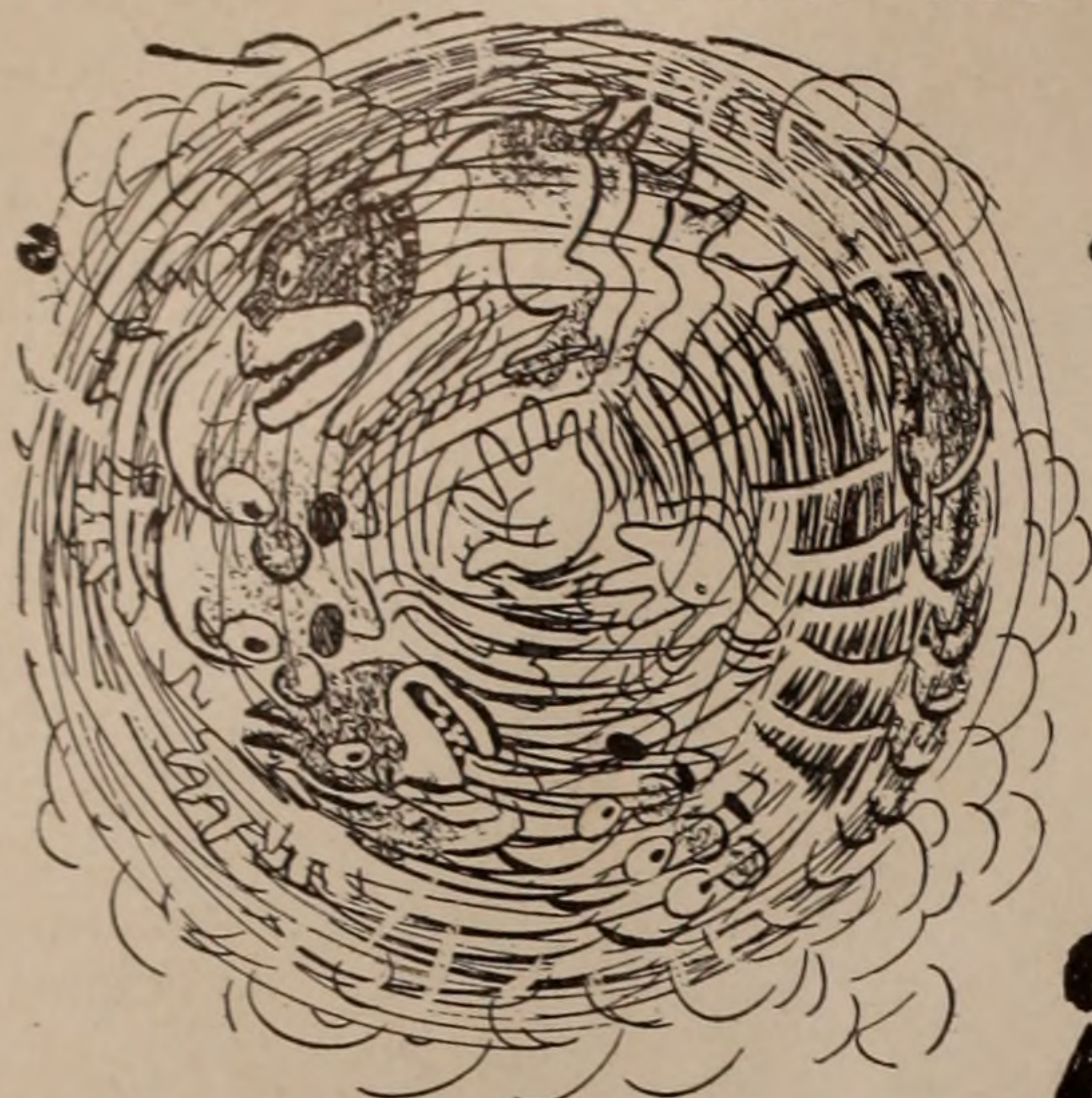
Finishing, he awaited her verdict, but silence alone answered him. Ada was gone.

In the early morning, after a dream-haunted night, Ingot knocked at her door. No sweet answering call responded, and pushing in he found the room in disarray and the bed untouched.

Instead of her sunny head, a note
(Continued on page 70)

The Movies Have Nothing on the Artists!

Long Ago They Knew How to Make Animated Pictures, and They Say That the Movies Have Stolen Their Thunder

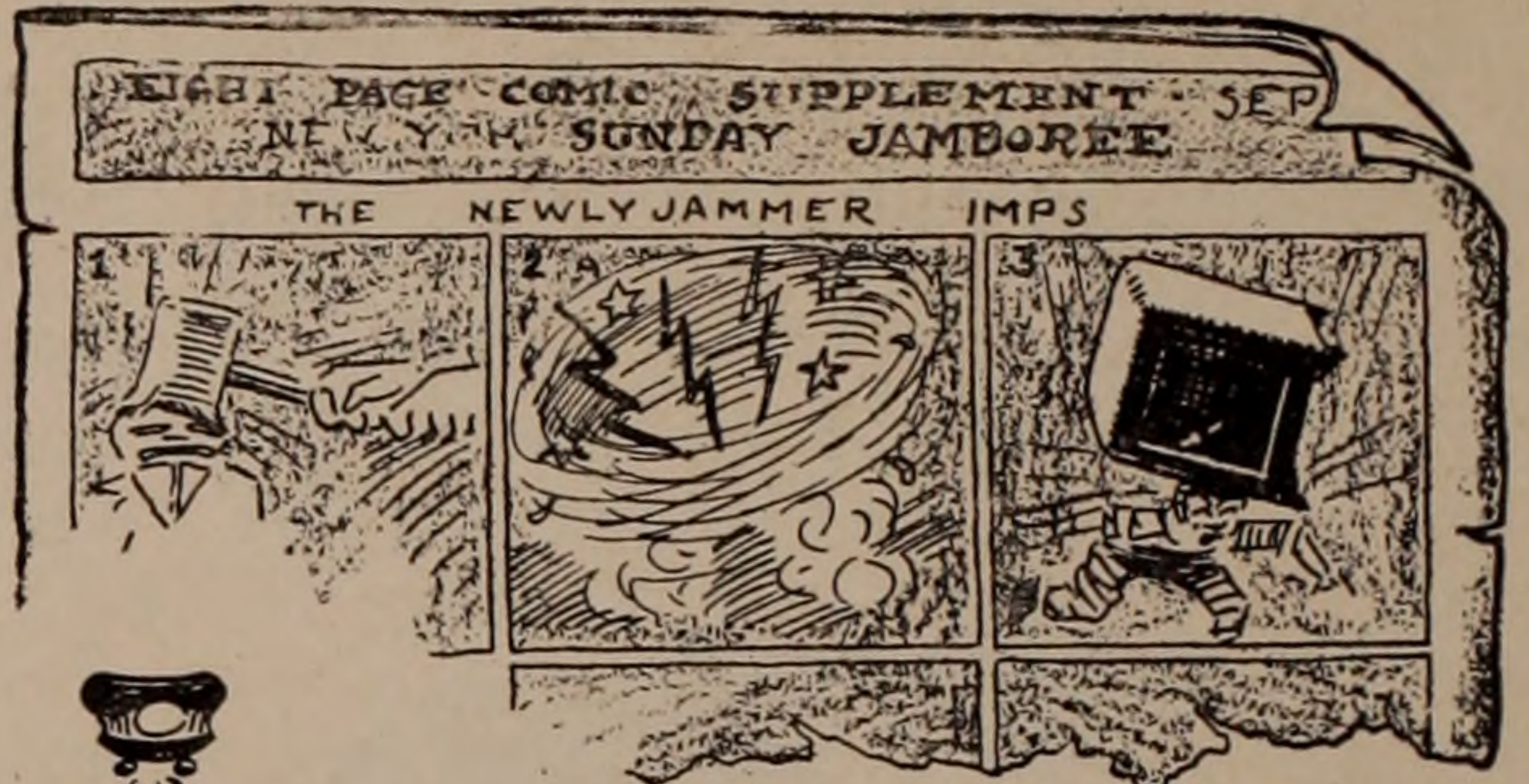


THAT GOOD OLD-TIME WHIRL OF MERRIMENT

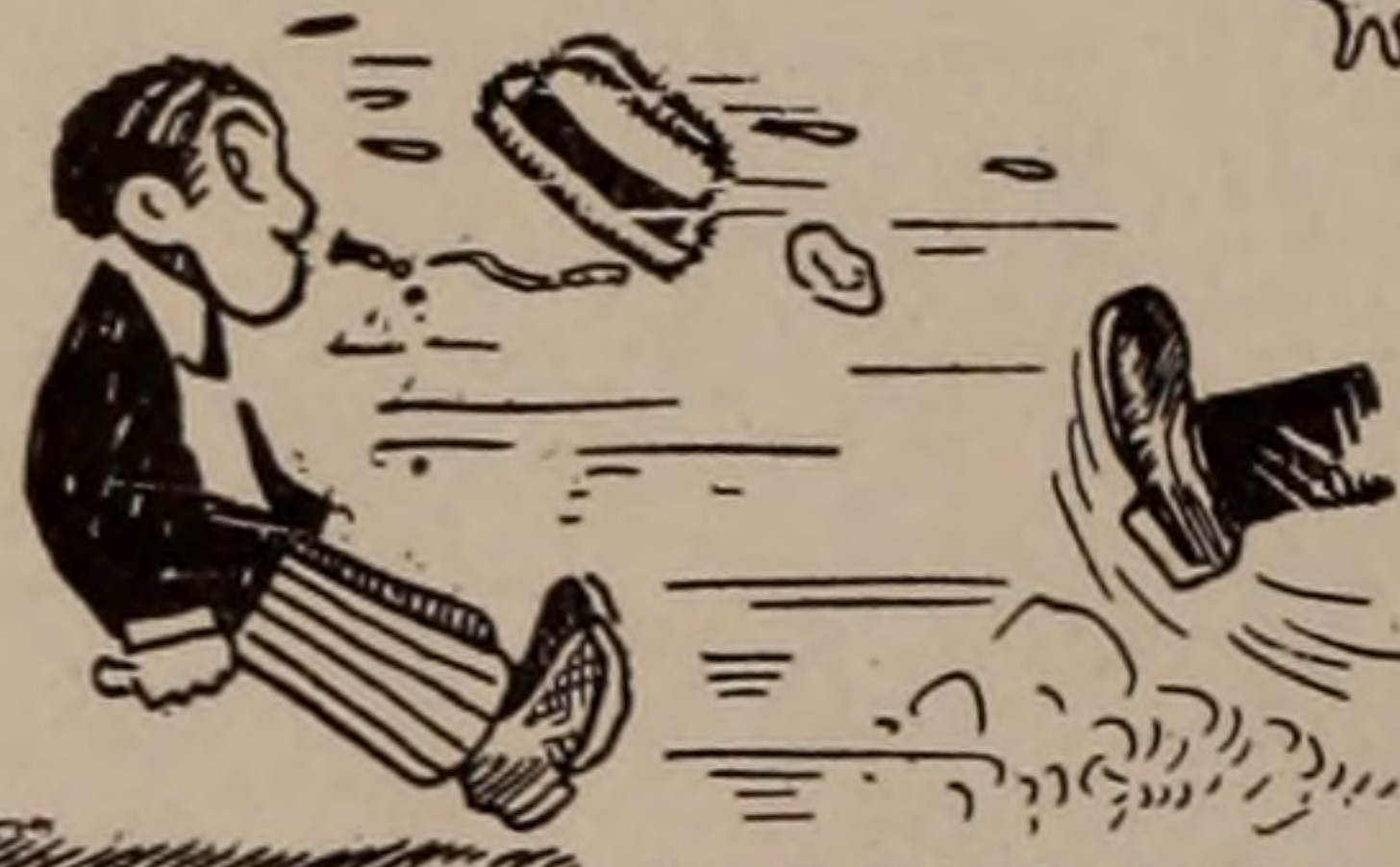


GOING DOWN

GOING UP



THE ONLY ORIGINAL MOVING -- YEA -- EVEN HEARTSTIRRING + CARTOONS



A DROP KICK



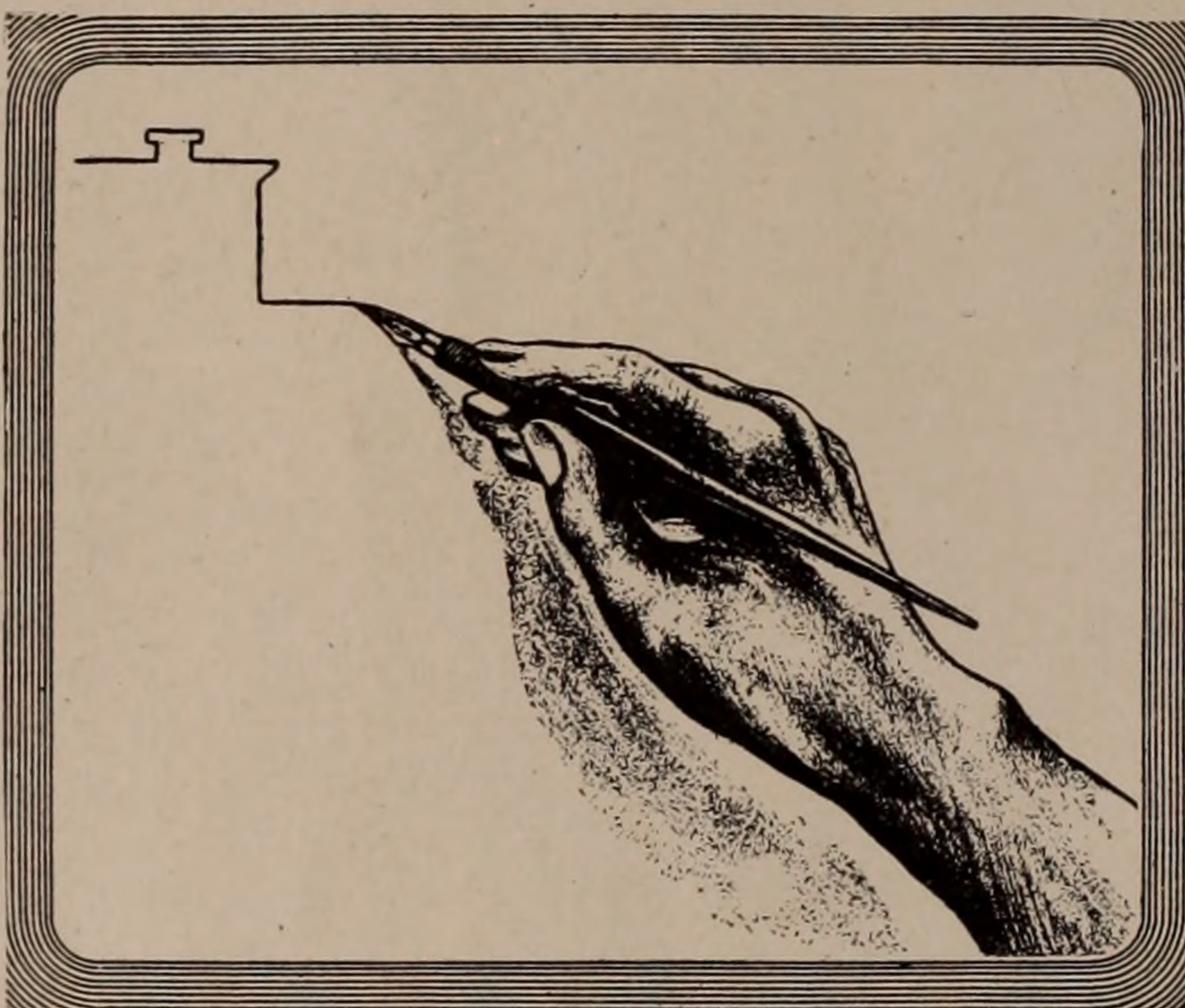
A TAIL OF BRIBERY



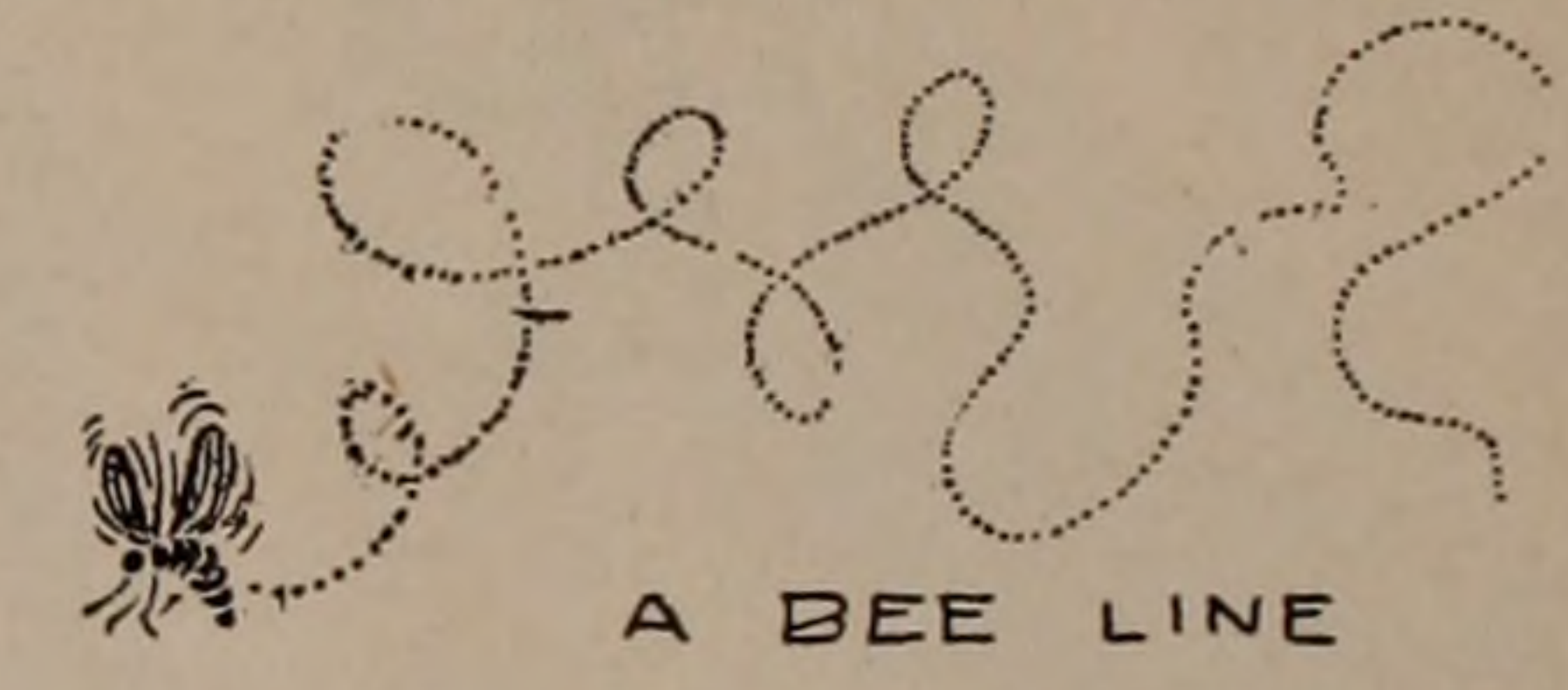
PERPETUAL MOTION



SPRING



AS WE SEE IT ON THE SCREEN



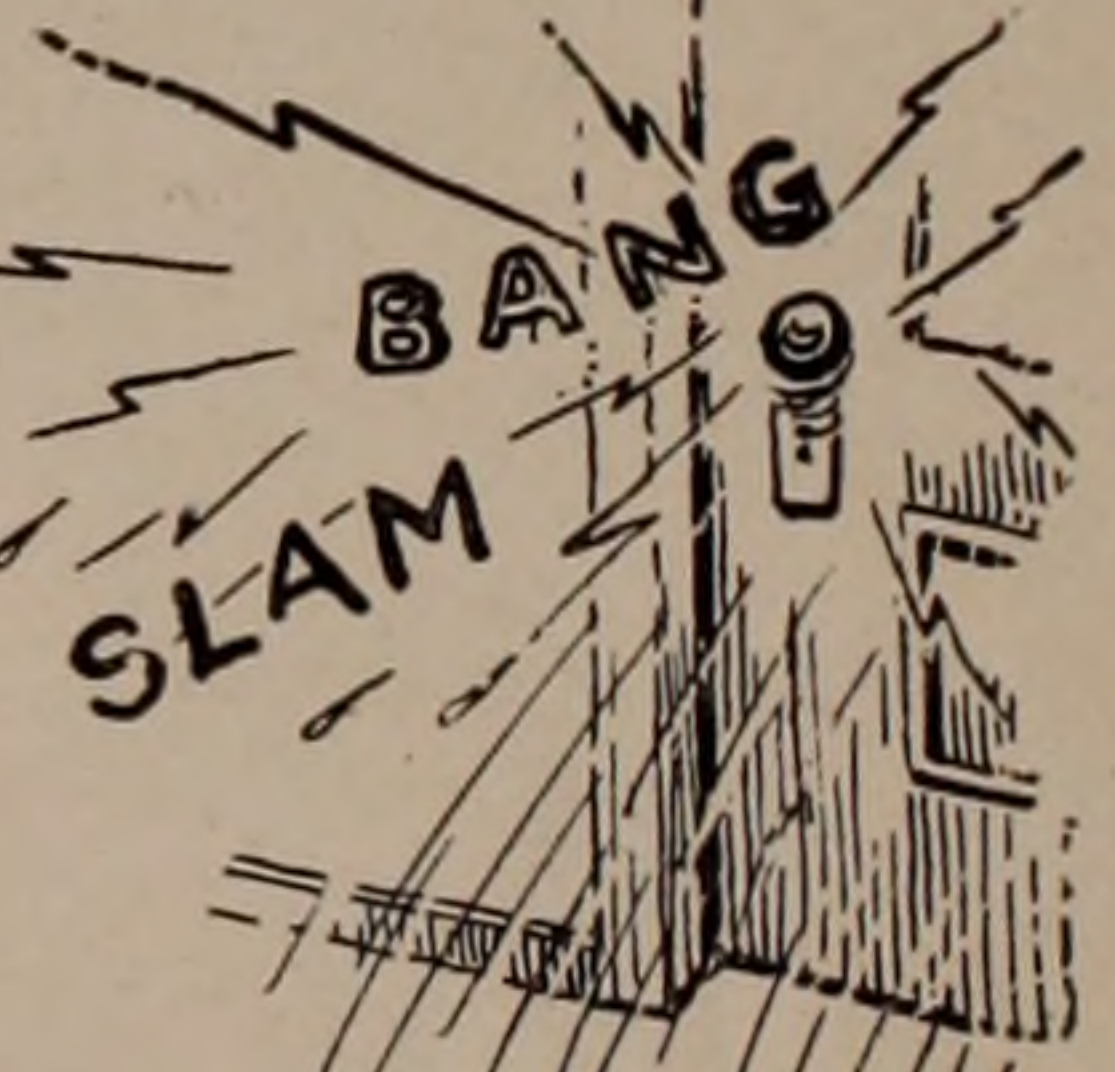
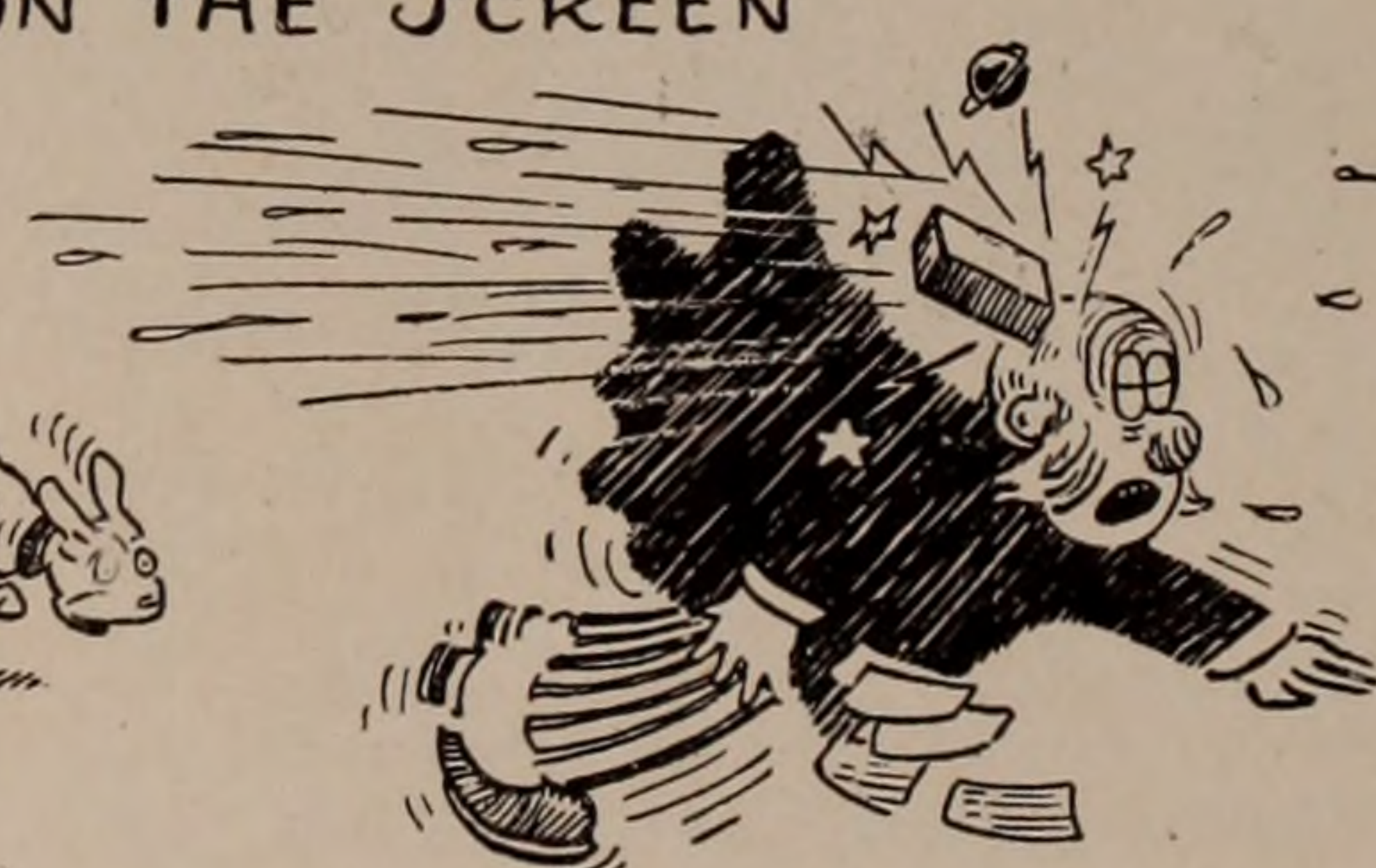
A BEE LINE



AND FALL



WEATHER OR NO

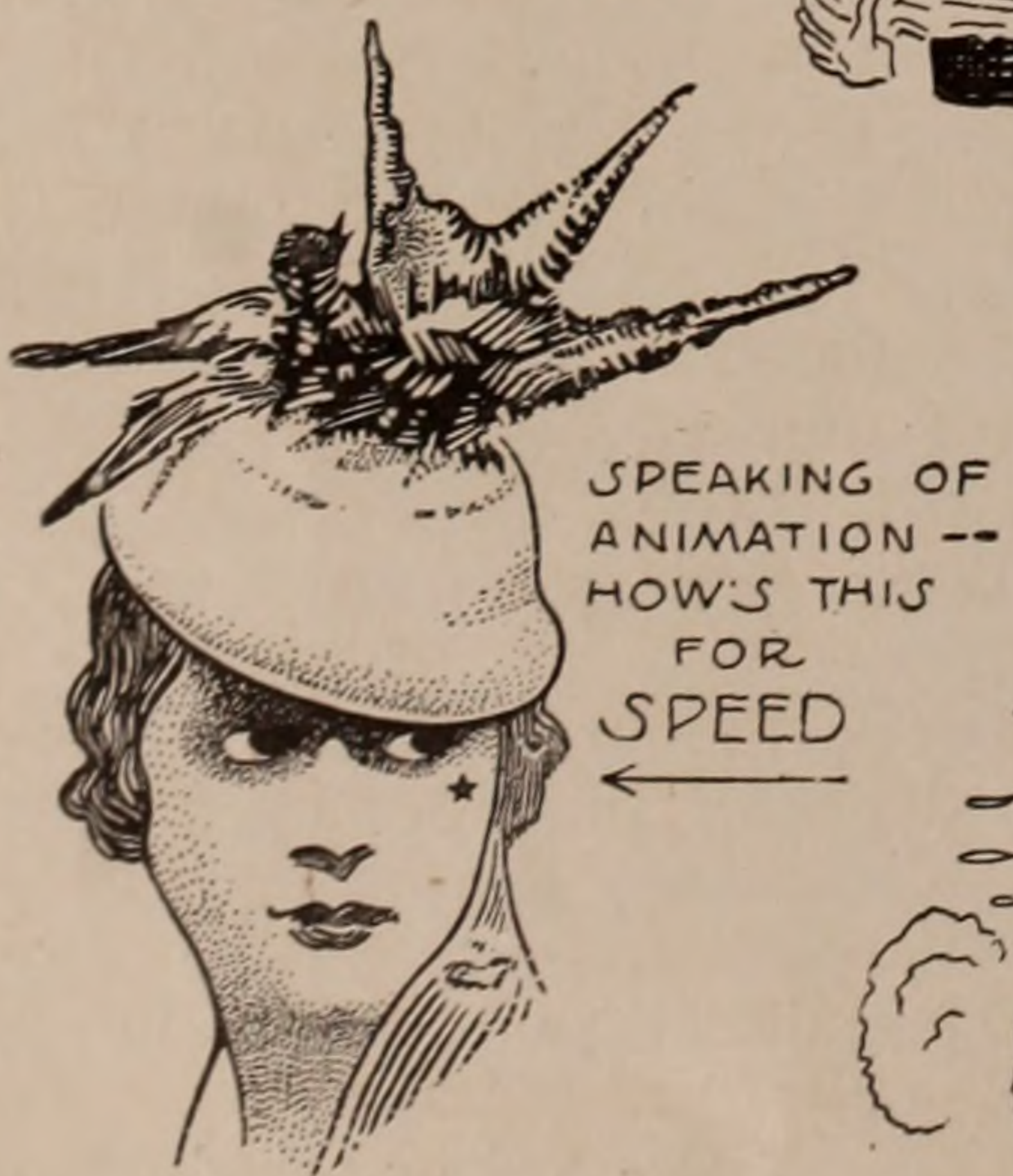


SOUND SEEN

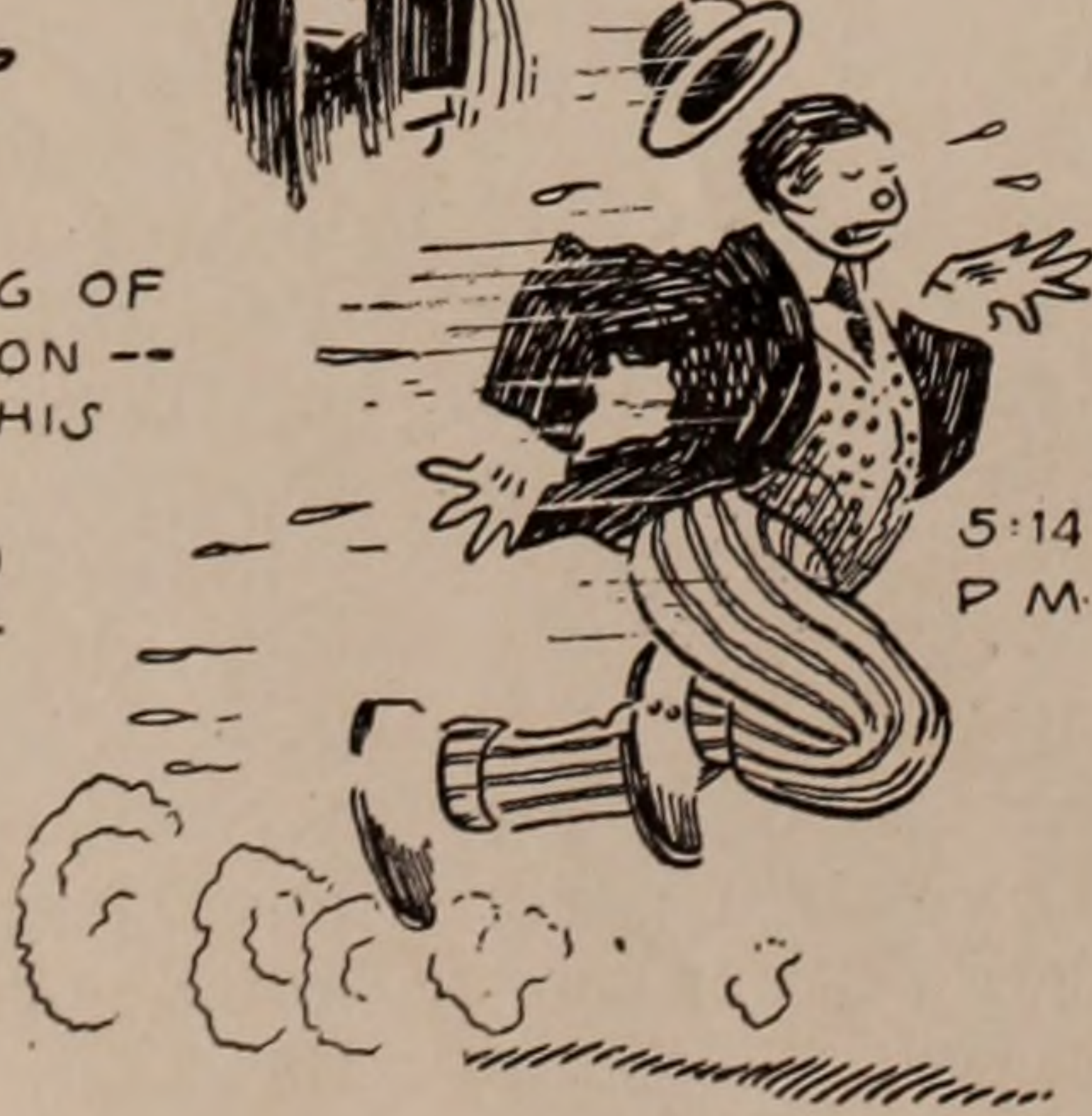


AN E-MOTIONAL STRANGULATION

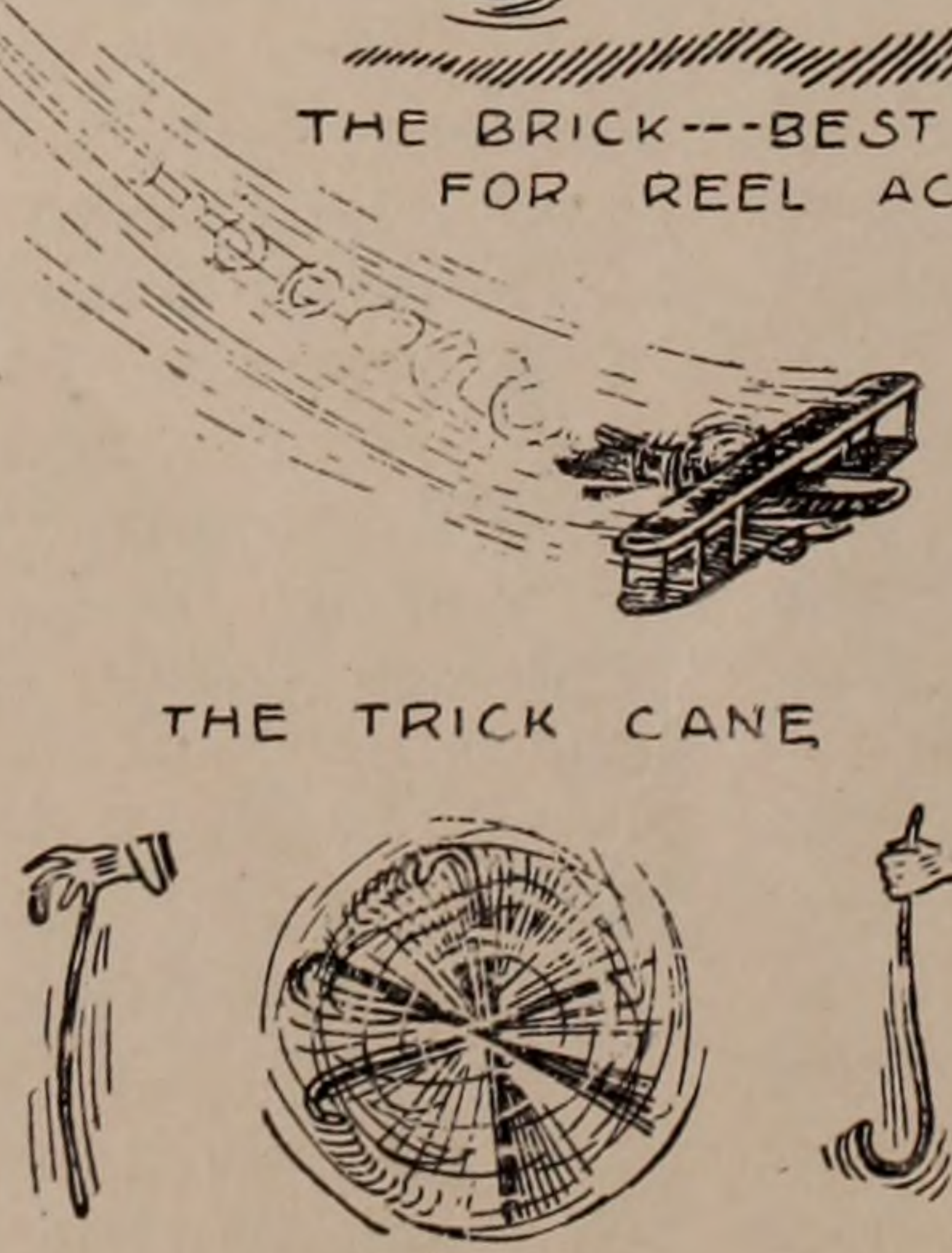
THE BRICK---BEST WEAPON FOR REEL ACTION



SPEAKING OF ANIMATION -- HOW'S THIS FOR SPEED



5:14 P.M.



THE TRICK CANE



STRIKE TUH !!!

HAROLD A VAN BUREN

A PLAY-DAY WITH MARGUERITE COURTOT

by Grace Wynden-Vail



ADVENTURESOME sunlight played a jolly game of tag around two big windows where dainty, white curtains blew gently in response to a seven-thirty A. M.

breeze. Finally three little rays, more brave than the rest, sneaked into the room beyond the curtains and kist ever so briefly some score or more of a headful of curls. The owner of the curls and the head raised one hand from her pillow and slowly opened her eyes. They were big and blue and long-fringed with black lashes. Slowly she took cognizance of the sun, of the breeze, and then, feminine and girl-like, Marguerite Courtot smiled and was awake.

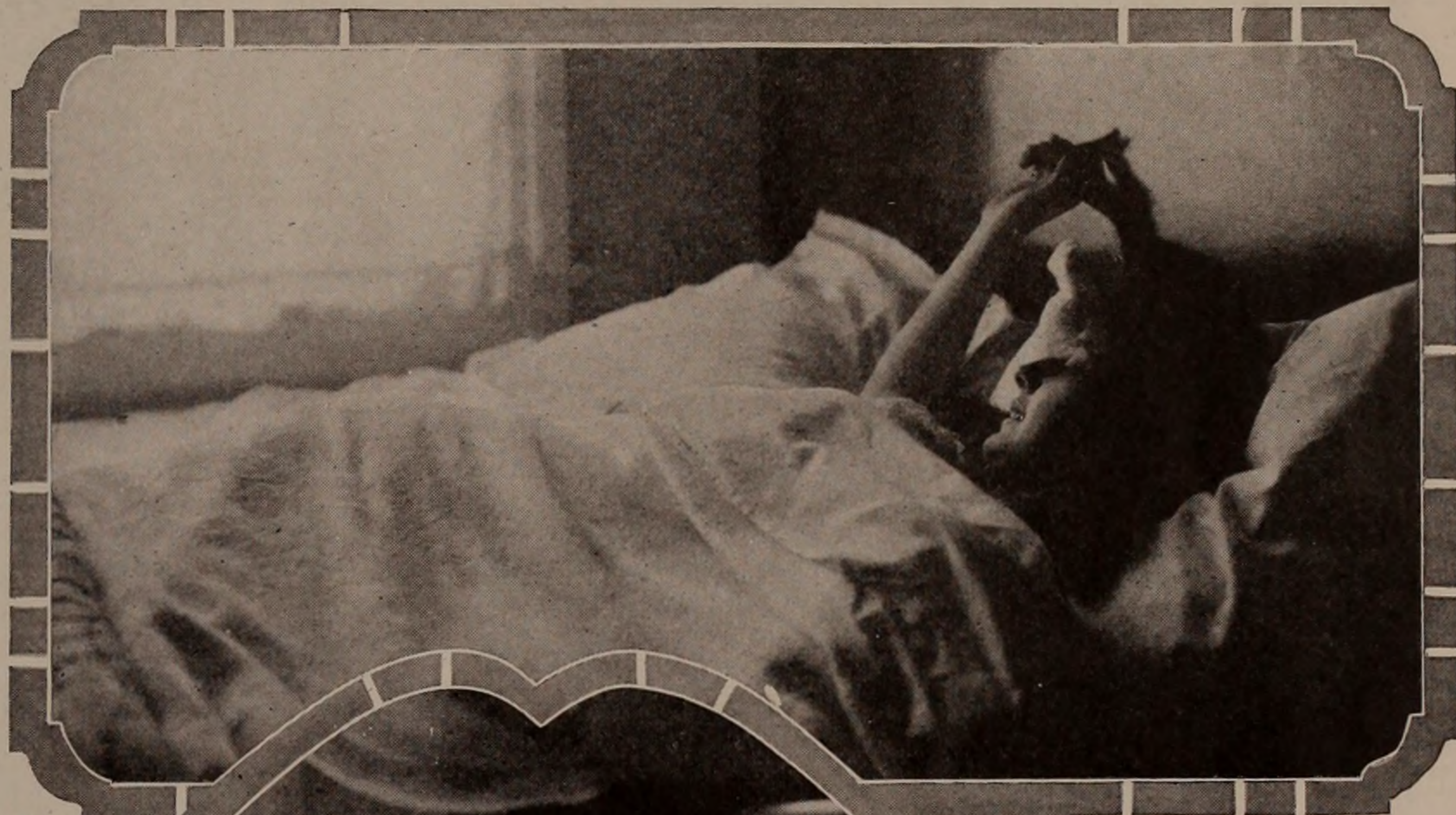
It was the beginning of a play-day for the little screen star, for her first Gaumont Mutual Masterpicture, "The Dead Alive," had just been completed at the Jacksonville, Florida, studio, and Marguerite was having a bit of respite from keen-eyed camera-lens and tricksome lights.

Marguerite lives in a lovely little bungalow out Riverside way in Jacksonville, a gem of a place that was fortunately found willing to be rented—furnished—when Marguerite, her mother and her sister came from New York to Florida last December. It is a home, for it is where the heart is—the hospitable, kindly heart of the Courtot trio.

But seven-thirty—and a play-day!

"Jennie"—Marguerite calls from her bed, and almost at once a slow-footed colored girl opens a door leading to the kitchen and smiles a dental good-morning.

"Jennie, ith there any mail for me, pleath?" Be it noted that Marguerite possesses a sweet little lisp along with her other attractions. During the star's vacation from the studio her mail is delivered to her at home, and even before her young body is bathed of a morning, comes a perusal of her varied assortment of letters. Anywhere from ten to fifty letters a day is the girl's record for mail, and that is a figure quoted from truth, not imagination. Perhaps one of the most different traits in the girl's nature is



SLOWLY SHE TOOK COGNIZANCE OF THE SUN, OF THE BREEZE, AND THEN, FEMININE AND GIRL-LIKE, MARGUERITE COURTOT SMILED AND WAS AWAKE

EVEN BEFORE HER YOUNG BODY IS BATHED OF A MORNING, COMES A PERUSAL OF HER VARIED ASSORTMENT OF LETTERS

her disapproval of the general run of press-stories. She objects strenuously to being credited, thru the press, with owning family servants, automobiles, and half-a-dozen homes. Wise wee thing, she knows that the truth about herself—something of the story of a young, healthy-minded, intelligent girl—is far more interesting than all the fiction in the world. Marguerite Courtot lives a romance every day far more effective than the concoctions of an imaginative brain.

opened the door, peeped in, then, returning quickly for a pillow from her own bed, throws the thing of down-and-linen square at the sleeping form on the bed. Then two brown eyes open, and Juliette says:

"Now, Marguerite, stop that—behave yourself;" but she smiles as she says it, and, nine times out of ten, shies another pillow back at the mischievous, curly head tantalizing her from the door. There are many fine things in the Courtot home-life, and among



MARGUERITE'S BREAKFAST STARS GRAPE-FRUIT, FOR THE EXCELLENT AID TO THE GENERAL DISPOSITION

LITTLE GIRL IS A FIRM BELIEVER IN THE OF A BIT OF ACID EACH MORNING

the rarest is the devotion between the two sisters. A quick run to the bath finally puts an end to the friendly hostilities, and for fifteen minutes the bungalow rings with the splash of water as it runs from the shower-bath, broken at intervals by something that might be intended for a song gone wrong. With all her screen supremacy, Marguerite Courtot never could be called a singer.

Breakfast on a screened-in porch follows. And this brings to mind something that is especially attractive in the little star. With the bath over, the kimona is discarded for a freshly clean shirtwaist and a tailored skirt. Mother-dear Courtot objects to having her young daughter fall into the habit of a constant kimona when about the home. The result is that Marguerite is always a ready-for-anything, happy girl when at home, quite as she is at the studio. There is a psychological malady in kimonas—they make folks lax, lazy, and largesome!

Marguerite's breakfast stars grapefruit, for the little girl is a firm believer in the excellent aid to the general disposition of a bit of acid each morning. Soft-boiled eggs, tea

and biscuit complete her first meal, all to the accompaniment of Florida morning sun and eighteen-year-old optimism.

"Mother, can I bake biscuit today? Jennie, you'll teach me, wont you? Juliette, please play 'When I Leave This World Behind.' Now go on, Juliette. Mother, tell her to."

All this follows in the hurry of girlhood. Juliette adds that Marguerite has selected well when she wants "When I Leave This World Behind" while making biscuit, but Marguerite only teases with the flip of a grapefruit seed that has evaded the eye of Jennie and finishes her breakfast with a flirt of her napkin to the table as she rises.

The Courtot kitchen might have been designed for picture-taking, for it boasts quite the most unique Dutch bench and table—just the sort the camera loves. Here, when the weather is a bit chilly, Marguerite has her breakfast served to her, and here it was that she was first initiated into the mysteries of biscuit-making. The South is spelled with hot biscuit in capital letters—the sort of bread that puffs up a bit when in the oven, then

settles back to a matured sort of light-brown deliciousness, that plays the very dickens with Northern "innards" trained to the respectability of toast for breakfast.

Marguerite has learnt, under the guidance of black Jennie, to bake biscuit such as writers of the South have raved over for decades, and the accomplishment is quite as vast in the mind of the screen-star as any screen achievement she has ever made. Salt, flour, baking-powder, and such—Marguerite handles them with the gentleness of a young mother with her babes. The first batch of biscuit Marguerite was allowed to dominate entirely by herself was divided up into twelve shares, with one biscuit going to each member of the family, and the remaining eight carefully deported to as many friends over at the studio.

And it might be interesting to romance lovers to know that one, and the most choice at that, was carefully wrapt in tissue paper and presented, with a blush that was not a prop affair, to a certain young man thereabouts! All of which occasioned a friendly battle-royal between the sisters that evening when Juliette

heard of the presentation. But who could be as pretty, as spring-like, as gentle, as unaffected as Marguerite Courtot and not have a severe leaning toward romance and heart fluctuations?

The biscuits baked, Marguerite takes herself, her homy gingham apron, a knife and a pan, to the lettuce-beds in the garden at the rear of the home.

The Courtot lettuce is famous in the neighborhood and at the studio. Friends of the star call it milk-fed, for it is of that tender, pale-green variety found only in French millinery and nature's output. All winter the Courtot table has been embellished—in fact, consecrated—with this young salad provocation, and it is Marguerite's special duty each lunch-time when home, or dinner-time when away all day, to prepare a particular dressing for the lettuce. Two spoonfuls of oil to one of vinegar, with a little favoritism to the oil; a generous dash of tobasco; the same of Worcestershire sauce; ditto of paprika, cayenne and salt—then, instead of spending hours mixing the ingredients with a spoon, Marguerite throws them into a bottle, with a stopper attached, and shakes it with all her young strength.

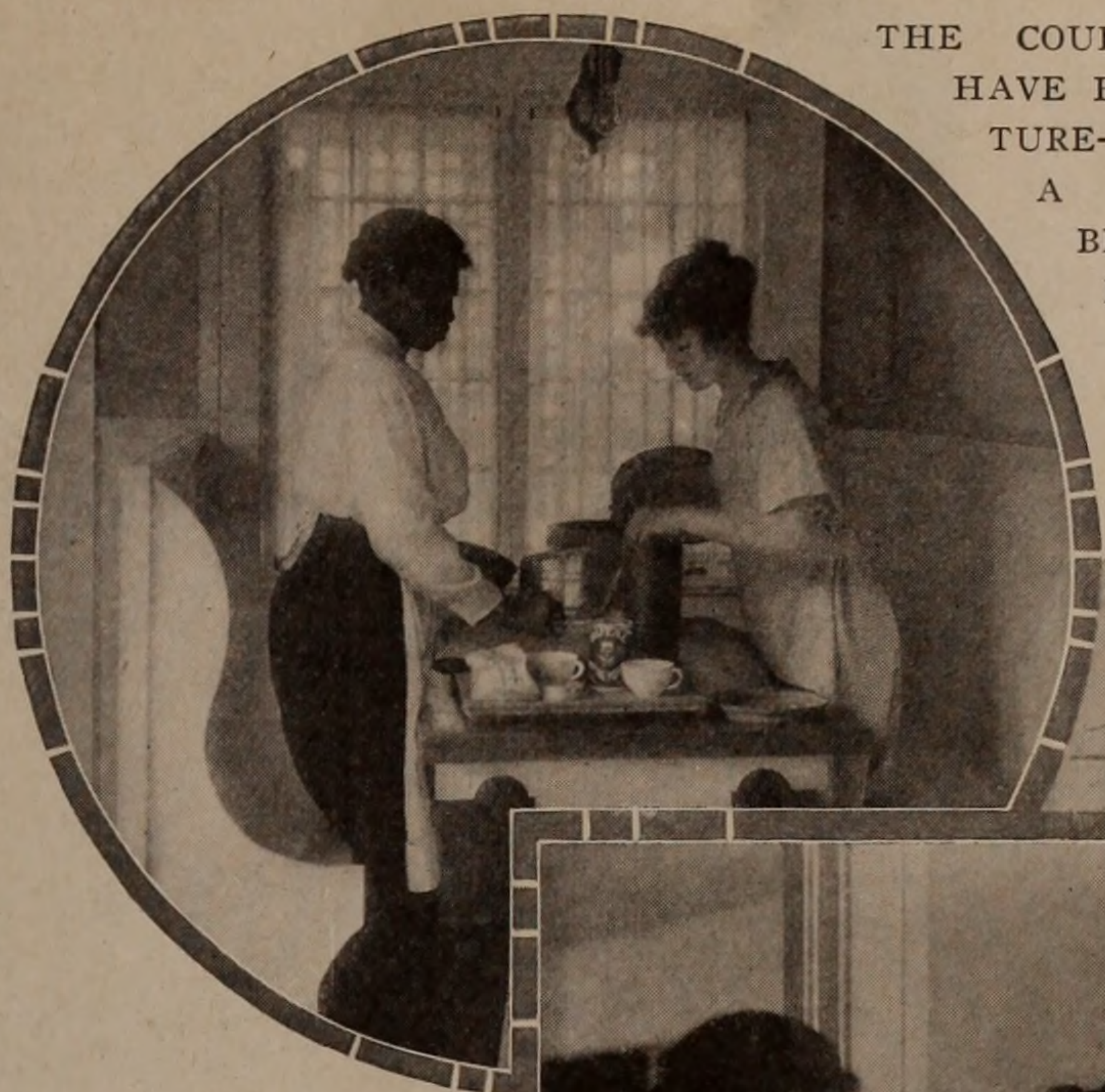
Meanwhile the lettuce, looking as if it had grown to its present good-looks with an eye to pleasing just such a girl as our Marguerite Courtot, has been presented with a powdering of Roquefort cheese. Some half-dozen little, pearl onions, too, have been tossed to the home-plate. Over this is poured a portion of the dressing, and presto! food for the gods and ambrosia for the stomach.

Before noon Marguerite is called on the phone by a score or more friends. Two invitations to dinner-dances are among the messages, but acceptance of them is withheld until mother-dear has been consulted. Marguerite has attended only two formal balls in her life, and at her second, where she was escorted by a fine, young Jacksonville society gallant, the girl gave away all the dances marked by crosses on her program, much to the chagrin of her escort, and then felt slightly hurt that her partner did not dance with her more than the first and last dances. When Juliette later explained that the crosses on the program had meant that her partner intended keeping them for himself, Marguerite looked serious for a second, then said:

"Oh—but, Juliette, I had thuth a wonderful time, anyway!"

Marguerite is an ardent devotee of tennis, and every play-day sees her spending at least an hour on a court located a couple of blocks from her home. The chap who plays a good game of tennis has a huge handicap

(Forty-three)



THE COURTOT KITCHEN MIGHT HAVE BEEN DESIGNED FOR PICTURE-TAKING, FOR IT BOASTS A MOST UNIQUE DUTCH BENCH AND TABLE—AND HERE IT WAS THAT MARGUERITE WAS FIRST INITIATED INTO THE MYSTERIES OF BISCUIT MAKING

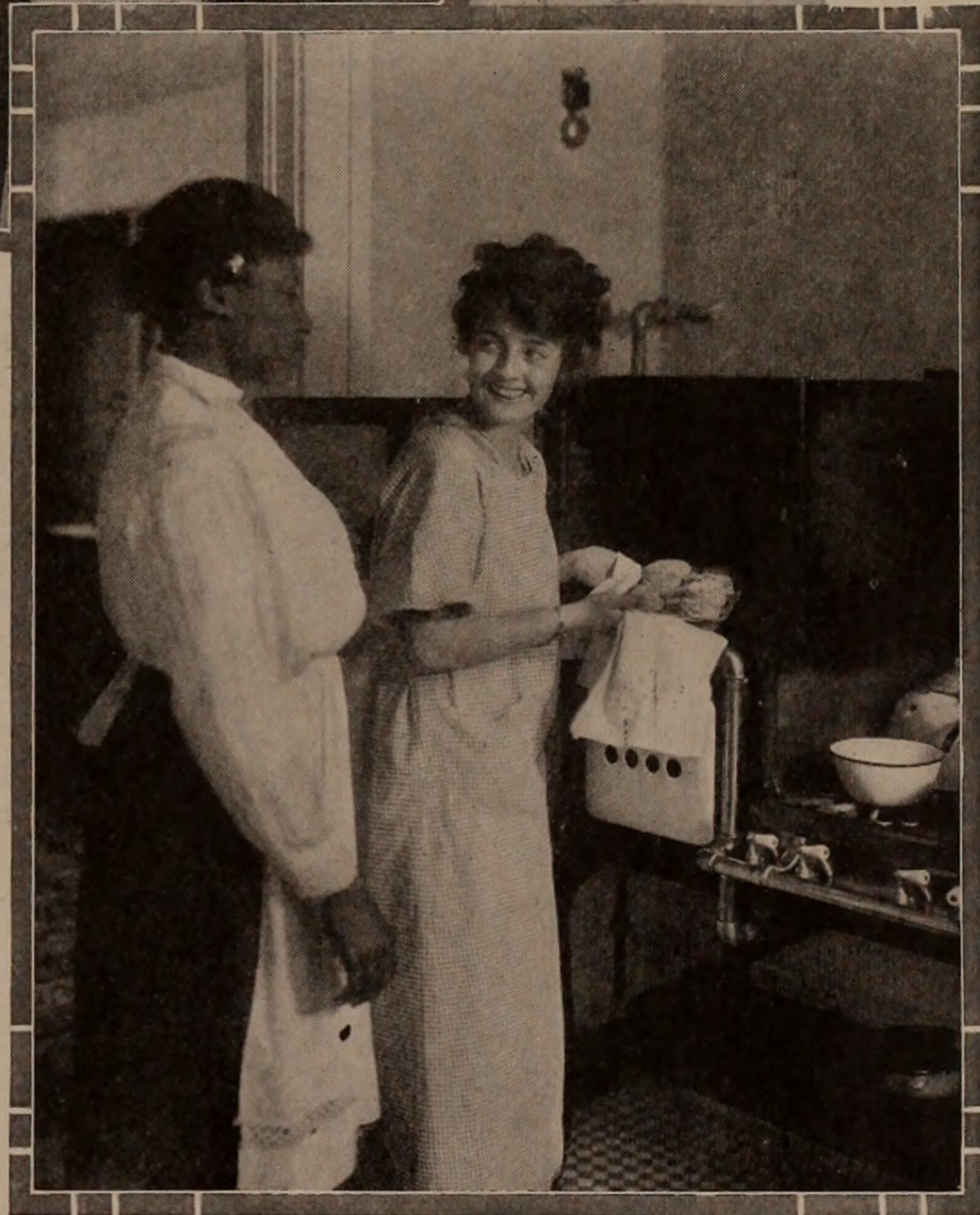
in the race for her affections, for her fondness for the game is truly one of her hobbies.

After lunch Marguerite spends an hour attending to her mail, autographing pictures and just generally reminding her mother-dear that she is about. Marguerite is a kissing bug, her sister declares. She's a baby posing as a grown-up, too; for, like as not, where you might expect to find a screen star a poseur, Marguerite is more than likely to talk to an interviewer from a place on the floor at her mother's knee, or sitting on the arm of her mother's chair.

With all the attention, and really fame, that has come to her, Marguerite Courtot is a little girl, with all of the ways, plays, loves and laughs of girlhood.

Often, in the afternoon, Marguerite goes for a drive in a machine—not her own, she asserts, but kindly put at her disposal by one of her many automobile friends. Her trip from her home to the ferry each work-day is made in a machine—but not her own! For these modest confessions alone does the girl recommend herself to fame!

Before the trip home of an afternoon, Marguerite never fails to stop at Nunnally's candy-shop, where for ten minutes she loiters lovingly over a chocolate ice-cream soda. Chocolate ice-cream soda!—she loves it; she adores it; she dreams of it; and if the independence that latterly comes in



MARGUERITE HAS LEARNT, UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF BLACK JENNIE, TO BAKE BISCUIT—AND THE ACCOMPLISHMENT IS QUITE AS VAST IN THE MIND OF THE STAR AS ANY SCREEN ACHIEVEMENT SHE HAS EVER MADE

every one's life from parental restraint has any one advantage to the girl now, it is that it will mean she may have all the chocolate ice-cream soda she can eat, just once! In Jacksonville they have concocted a particular mixture from the soda-fount wherein chocolate, ice-cream and syrup, nuts, whipped cream, cherries and soda are combined in gorgeous riot, and unto the entire glass of fifteen-cent dissipation they have annexed the title, "Marguerite Courtot Chocolate Choice"—which is surely another symptom of fame!

At dinner the Courtot table is usually enlarged to accommodate guests, and here, frequently, several of both Juliette's and Marguerite's boy-friends are to be found. Mother-dear Courtot has a fund of wisdom behind soft,

brown eyes and gray hair, and her girls are allowed to continue the wholesome friendships they have held for the young men who have happened to come south from New York, within the confines of their lovely home. The Courtots are French and Swiss blood, and hospitality is rife with them always.

A phase of her business life that finds its way into the social atmosphere is

tion as well. Screen-life is so short—we all know that—and what is there left for them when they reach their late twenties and early thirties?

The public will no doubt be tired of their faces, and their minds will be just about where they were at fifteen. Oh—and you know it

special duty to read from some classic for at least one hour each day to her sister. Born of French and Swiss parentage in Summit, New Jersey, the girl has inherited substantial traits of character. Her nature has nothing of display in it. She went to the screen only after a great deal of persuasion.

The Kalem Company in New York made her many overtures before she finally went with them. Today she is devoted to the work. The same screen adaptability and beauty that made her the leading woman in "The Octoroon," after only four months with the Kalem Company, has placed her right to the front among screen personalities today. Of her past achievements, Marguerite speaks glowingly of her work in "The Barefoot Boy." The picture is a gem. And one of Marguerite's hobbies is her admiration of, and loyalty to, Robert Vignola, who was one of her first directors.

The Courtot trio spent more than a year and a half in Switzerland, during one of their visits abroad, and both Marguerite and

her sister attended school at Lausanne at that time. Fond of outdoor sports, particularly tennis and horseback riding, Marguerite is wonderfully popular with the younger set in Jacksonville. To them she is something of usual, wholesome girlhood, yet with a wonderwand touch that makes her a bit apart.

But in the bungalow home of the Courtots, bedtime finds just the girl again, knowing no sweeter repose on earth than the knees of her mother-dear. And that mother, with her hand protectingly stroking the brown curls of spoonful-of-June Marguerite, whispers a prayer to the good God that He will always keep true in the heart of her baby the simple ideals that come to the clean mind that hovers around the home-lit hearth.



THE COURTOT LETTUCE IS FAMOUS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD AND AT THE STUDIO. FRIENDS OF THE STAR CALL IT "MILK-FED"

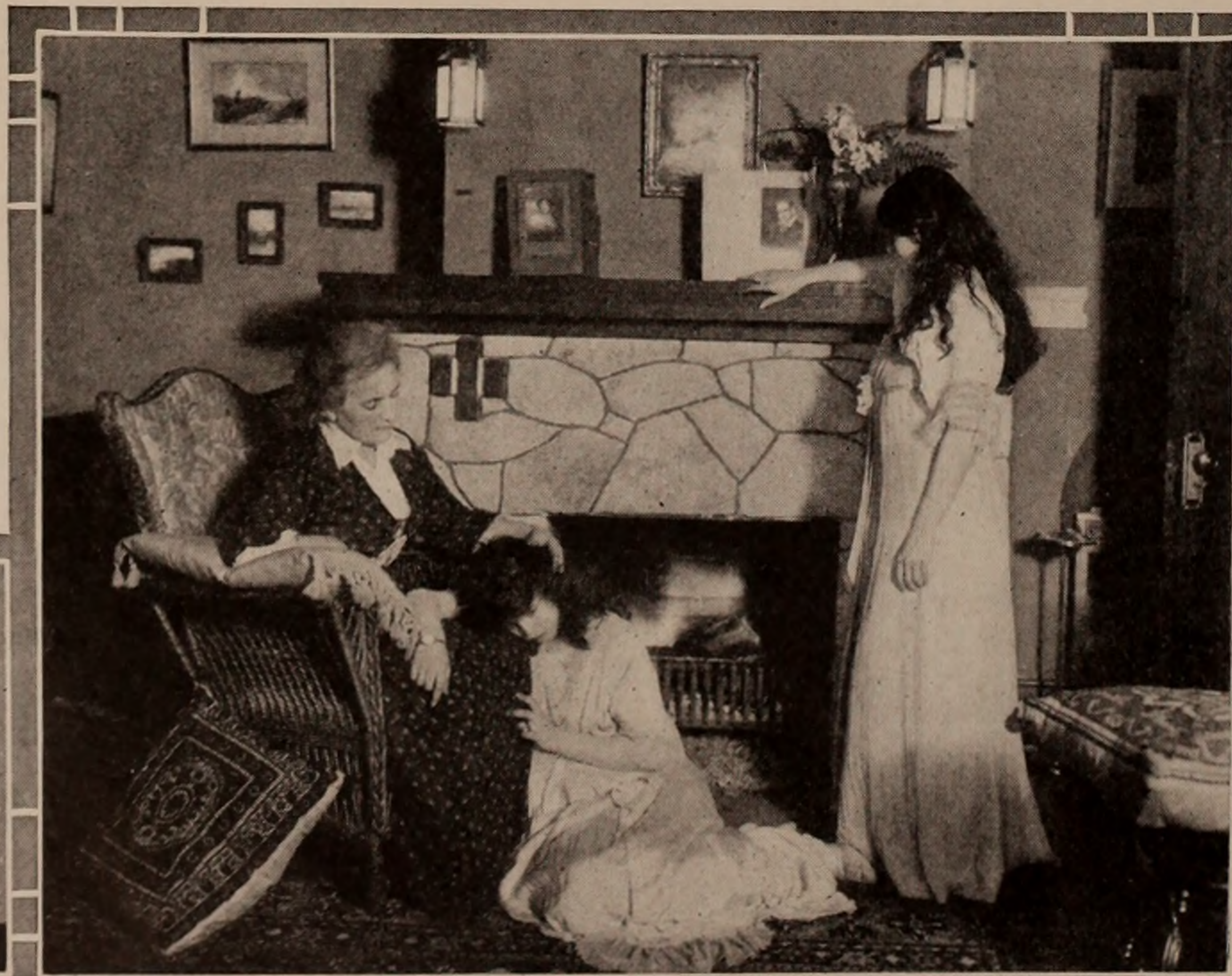
Marguerite's excellent habit of constant attendance on screen productions. Every day the star and her mother and sister visit the picture-theaters. The best of the feature films must be seen, and the trio have refused social invitations when they conflicted with this mission of seeing screen offerings. It is a commendable habit—one that surely must have fruitful effect upon the artistry of the star herself.

There is wisdom in the pretty head of Marguerite Courtot. She will discourse at length upon what she feels are the mistakes of the young girls of the screen today.

"When girls stop school at fourteen and fifteen to appear on the screen, I think it is all wrong for them to stop their educa-

is so easy to get a lopsided view of life when you are playing before the camera, for all you hear is the nice things folks have to say—they never say disagreeable things to your face—and so often it is apt to turn one's head!"

All of which is in the nature of a statement that Marguerite Courtot's education is constantly going on. Every day she spends some time with her text-books, and it is Juliette's



AND THAT MOTHER, WITH HER HAND PROTECTINGLY STROKING THE BROWN CURLS OF SPOONFUL-OF-JUNE MARGUERITE, WHISPERS A PRAYER TO THE GOOD GOD THAT HE WILL ALWAYS KEEP TRUE IN THE HEART OF HER BABY THE SIMPLE IDEALS THAT COME TO THE CLEAN MIND THAT HOVERS AROUND THE HOME-LIT HEARTH



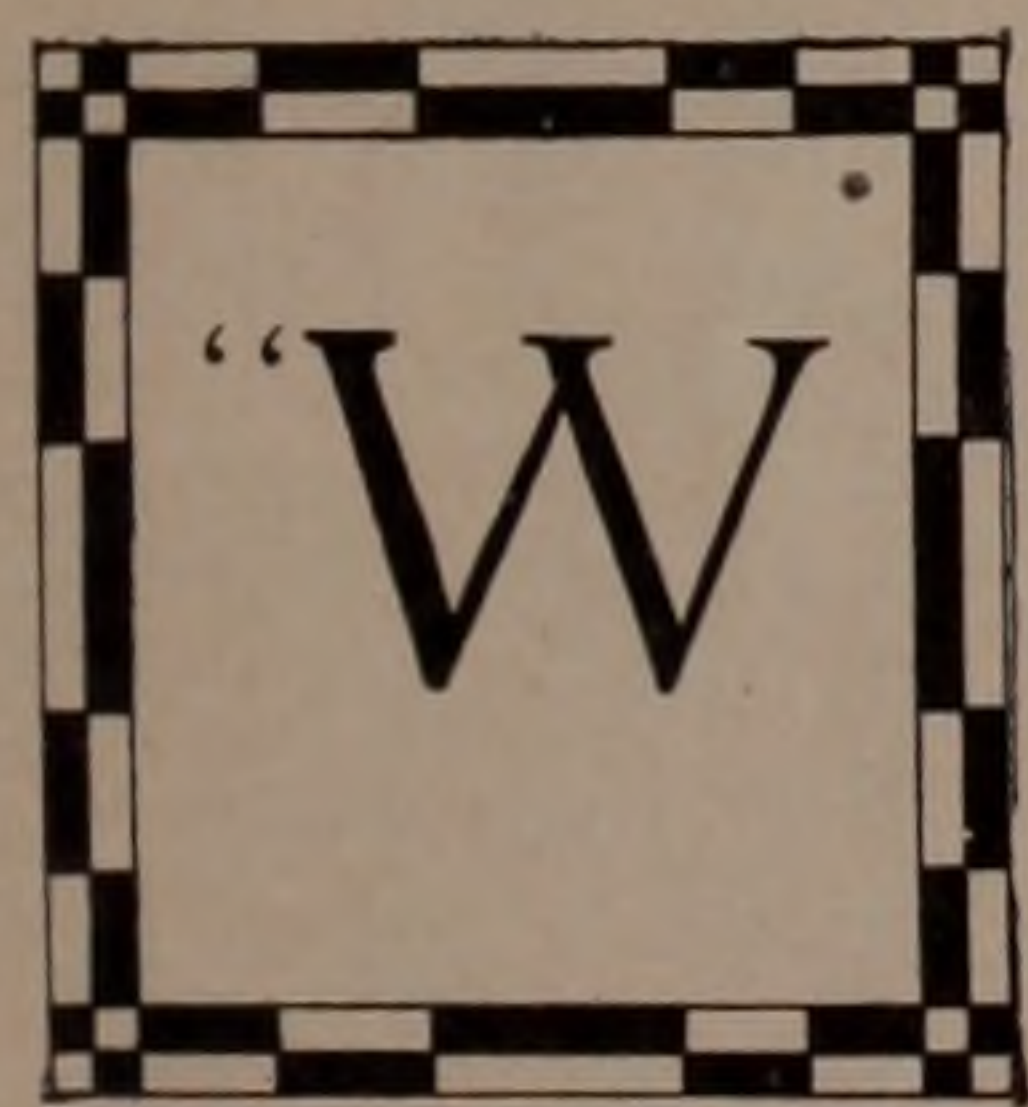
Photo by Hartsuok

BABY ZOE BECH

Putting the Children in Films and the Films in Children

How and Why the Kiddies May Be Encouraged to Attend the Movies

By B. A. HOLWAY



WHY dont you open up your theater in Albany for the children on every Saturday morning and give them some place to go where they can be entertained, amused and instructed at the same time? Dont you know that Albany wants the children's movies, and that unless you theater owners do something some one else will? You are the best fitted for it, and surely you can give up one morning a week for the kiddies."

It was in this fashion that Mrs. M. V. Clark, of Albany, opened up her campaign for educational movies for children in Albany, N. Y.

"I tell you what I will do," Mrs. Clark went on; "I will present this matter at the convention in Pough-

keepsie tomorrow and secure the endorsement of both the Mothers' Assembly and the Parent-Teachers' Association. That will give us a start, and the rest will be easy. If you will leave this in my hands, I will see to it that children's movies in Albany are a success."

Mrs. Clark was true to her word and procured the endorsement of the convention and, incidentally, state-wide publicity. With this backing and the support of the theatrical interests, she returned to Albany and began her campaign in earnest.

She secured an interview with Governor Whitman and enlisted the support of Mrs. Whitman. Judge Brady, of the Juvenile Court, State Superintendent of Schools Finley, the Ministerial Association, and practically all of the social, civic and fraternal organizations of the city responded to her appeal and promised their warm

endorsement and support for the children's pictures.

The inevitable result was overwhelming success. The children attended in large numbers and found the program of selected films entertaining, interesting and amusing. Unconsciously, they found themselves absorbing facts and information that they never could have obtained from the printed page of the school-book, yet all the while they were enjoying themselves and following the natural bent of the modern child—attending the movies.

What Mrs. Clark has done and is doing in Albany, other women can do and are doing elsewhere. The movement in support of children's programs in the theaters is receiving nation-wide impetus and seems destined to play an important part in amusement circles of the future.

The theater is the logical place for

the children's programs. It is a psychological fact that the theater entertainment, whatever may be its character, has a certain attractiveness and drawing power that can be found nowhere else. Perhaps it is because of the glamour that surrounds the theater and the irresistible lure of forbidden fruit.

Interesting figures in this connection have been compiled by Superintendent of Schools R. E. Denfield, of Duluth, Minn., which show that, while only fifteen are in the habit of attending the theater every day, there are 2,621 who attend at least once a week. Further figures show that 1,065 attended Moving Picture theaters twice each week. On an average, 4,500 paid admissions from children go into the box-offices of the Duluth Moving Picture theaters each week.

Mrs. Arthur Stone, of New Rochelle, N. Y., member of the National Board of Censors and one of a committee of two appointed to pass on special pictures for children, said, recently, in this connection:

"I have found that the children will go to the theater when they will not go to see the same Motion Picture entertainment in a school

want to be amused and entertained, not educated, and it is along these lines that the children's programs must be worked out.

Mrs. Stone expresses the situation very aptly in her statement:

"I used to think that the only thing was educational pictures, but I have learnt better. The first thing is to entertain and amuse the children. The second is to slip in the educational element indirectly. I have come to the conclusion that this can be done more effectively and with better results thru the medium of the established picture theater than in any other way."

Historic subjects have been found to be particularly interesting to the boys and girls of all ages. Not long ago a theater in

development of the story. With the opening scene of the Boston Tea-Party their interest changed to patriotic enthusiasm, and, as each historic character was shown on the screen,



BILLY JACOBS AND HIS COMPANY OF CHILD-PLAYERS (UNIVERSAL)

building or woman's club. They dont want to be educated, but want to be amused. So, just as soon as you say 'school,' they rebel and immediately class it as an educational affair."

This attitude on the part of the New Rochelle youngsters is indicative of the attitude assumed generally by the children all over the country. They

Mount Vernon, N. Y., gave a children's entertainment consisting of a four-part children's story, a comedy subject and a descriptive picture on the general historic theme, "The Boston Tea-Party and Declaration of Independence." In the former the children showed strong interest and paid close attention to the

their applause and eager recognition was spontaneous. It was something that they knew all about and had read in their school-books.

In Albany, Mrs. Clark has been quick to recognize the importance of the historic picture in developing the educational side of the movies and has used these pictures as the basis for working up further interest in the purely instructive films. Her original

idea was a prize of some sort for the best essay on the historic subject shown the preceding week, the awarding of the prize being made one of the features of the entertainment. The first prize offered was one dollar. As she handed it to the ten years of tow-headed urchin who had won it, she asked:

"Well, little man, what are you going to do with your prize?"

"I'm going to bank it, ma'am."

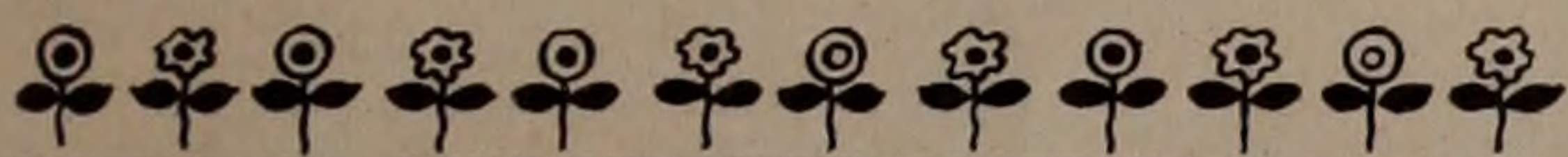
The boy's reply forcibly impressed on Mrs. Clark the idea of making the prize each week the beginning of a bank account and thereby instil some thoughts of thrift and economy in the minds of the young people. It was no difficult matter to make arrangements with the local banks, and the following week the prize awarded consisted of a bank-book with one dollar deposited to the credit of the winner. The success of this plan has been overwhelming. Governor Whitman's

fact that he loses whatever business he might otherwise get from adults,

Parent-Teachers' Association, have started a movement of a similar nature.

HELEN BADGELY

LELAND BENHAM



LELAND BENHAM

HELEN BADGELY



HELEN BADGELY

LELAND BENHAM



DOROTHY BENHAM

interest was attracted, and he volunteered as the donor of the prize at a recent entertainment. The business men of Albany also became deeply interested and have volunteered their aid in making the children's movies a distinct success.

Mrs. Clark, however, has by no means a monopoly on the educational movies for children idea. In Galax, Va., under the leadership of Mrs. Lida Crabill, the Women's Auxiliary School League has arranged for the use of a local theater one night in the week, when special programs suitable for children are shown.

A small admission fee is charged to make the movement as nearly self-supporting as possible, but, as Galax is a small town, the cost of the program often exceeds the receipts of the evening. Only a nominal rental is charged by the proprietor of the theater, despite the

(Forty-seven)

and whatever deficit there may be is made up by the league.

In Calgary, the mothers, thru the

in various subjects then being taught. Investigation developed, as has been

(Continued on page 69)



BILLIE BURKE, in a frock designed by HENRI BENDEL, which she wears in "Gloria's Romance" (Kleine)
written by MR. and MRS. RUPERT HUGHES



Sold at Auction



by Dorothy Donnell.

Balboa

This story was written from the Photoplay of D. F. WHITCOMB



I AM going to try to write it out just as it all happened, from the very beginning, and then, perhaps, I can forget it and not dream it over every night.

and nice, white teeth, and such a nice, friendly smile.

"Hullo!" he said, just as tho I was a little girl (I forgot to say I am very small). "Have you any long-lost heiresses in the



but maybe, if any young it may help her to keep out of danger. I am sure that if my mother had lived and told me what terrible things there were in the world, I would never have spoken to the woman with the rusty-red hair, and I would have known, as soon as I saw it, that there was something queer and wrong about the house with the drawn blinds. And now I'll begin.

You'll have to excuse me if I don't tell it like a regular writer-person, for, of course, Mrs. Hopkins wouldn't hear to my going to school with Helen, and I never had time to read much, there were always so many dishes to wash and wipe, and floors to sweep, and shirtwaists to iron—not mine, you know—Helen's. But I'll do the best I can.

To begin with, I suppose, since I'm the heroine, I'd better tell you who I am, tho I never knew myself till a week ago; but I'll explain about that later. My name is Nan, and there never was any more to it than that all the time I lived with the Hopkinses—just plain *Nan*. I've lived there ever since I can remember, and Mrs. Hopkins used to tell me often, when she wanted to be particularly hateful, that I was a foundling that she'd brought up for charity, and that she could put me out into the street any time she wanted to. Besides my name, I have sort of wavy, brown hair and blue eyes, and Hal says I am pretty, but you mightn't think so. (I tried to keep Hal out of the story, but he *would* get in, so I suppose I'll have to tell you about him, too.)

I was eighteen years old and peeling potatoes when Hal happened. I heard a rap on the kitchen door, and there he was, six feet tall, with nice, thick, bushy hair,

—wouldn't you have been? But I said, "No, there is no one lives here but Mrs. Hopkins and Helen, and I don't think either of them could be an heiress. Mrs. Hopkins has gray hair and very little of it, and scowls so much that there is a little scowl-mark above her nose even when she smiles, and Helen chews gum and wears a wrapper to breakfast and curl-papers."

You see, I thought an heiress meant a lady with golden hair, and rings, and a diamond necklace, and heaps and heaps of velvet and silk and satin clothes, like the society page of the Sunday paper, or Laura Jean Libby's books, or *Sleeping Beauty*. Hal—of course he wasn't "Hal" then, but you know what I mean—laughed and laughed.

"Well, what about you?" he asked; "you live here, too, don't you?"

"Oh," I told him, "I'm just Nan."

have no objections to my staying."

"I'd like you to stay," I told him, mournfully, "but I've got the potatoes to peel, and Mrs. Hopkins will be back to dinner in half an hour."

"I'll help peel 'em," he said. "Got an apron? Fine! Now tell me all about yourself—'just Nan.'"

So I told him about being a foundling, and Mrs. Hopkins' scolding, and Helen's shirtwaists, and the kitty I'd adopted, so as to have some one to talk to; and he listened without saying a word, only his eyes got kinder and kinder, and once he sort of reached out and patted my hand with the potato he was peeling. And then, when I'd finished, he told me all about himself: how he was a reporter in the city (the city is fifteen miles away, and I'd never been there—then), and how his editor had sent him out to look for a lost heiress, and how he'd found me

He looked at me of queer, and n he just ed the door walked in! You funny lit-girl, you," he , smiling down me. (I said, nt I, that I very small?) guess the ed-had the wrong be, and I'll bably get fired falling down the story, but hang it!—I'm oing to stick round and talk to you awhile, you quaint kid, you—that is, if you

instead. By the time the potatoes were peeled we were quite acquainted. When he got up to go, he took my hands and held them tight. "My lucky star was on the job today, little lady," he said solemnly; "I've got to go now, but I'm coming to see you again, 'just Nan'—soon."

And he did; and by-and-by—I don't know just how it happened—we were engaged. Of course I'd like to tell all about that—about the place in the woods near the station, where I used to meet him, so that Mrs. Hopkins wouldn't know, and the bird's

have any one act happy—there are folks like that, you know. But she never suspected a thing. She was too much worried over the letter to pay any attention to other things.

The letter was the beginning of the whole trouble. It was written in big, splashy handwriting and came from the city, and when I brought it to Mrs. Hopkins she turned as pale as a sort of brick-red complexion can turn. After she read

the kitchen, an hour later, all dressed up in their best clothes, and said that they were going into the city, and to have corned-beef hash for supper, and to tell the milkman, if he came, he'd have to wait for his money, I never dreamed what that trip was going to mean to me.

After they had gone, I cleared up the house, and washed my hands, and put on a clean apron. I was expecting a letter from Hal, and somehow it seemed as tho his letters deserved a clean apron to read them in—that's the way I felt, anyway. And, sure enough, it came; and what do you think? It said he had got his raise, at last, and would be here in a week to get me. I didn't even try

to keep from singing when I read it. I was so happy, I even began to think of kind thoughts about Mrs. Hopkins and to wish I could do something for her. The only thing I could think of was to blacken the stove, so I did that, with the kitten on my shoulder and Hal's letter in one hand, and—

But I mustn't stop over that letter. Maybe some of you have had love-letters. If you have, you'll know how happy I was over mine. (Did your letters say

"THE ONLY THING I COULD THINK OF WAS TO BLACKEN THE STOVE, SO I DID THAT—WITH HAL'S LETTER IN ONE HAND"

nest we used as a postoffice, and the things he said (they were lovely things)—but I've got to hurry over it and get to the woman with the rusty-red hair. Some day, when I've forgotten all about her and the house with the drawn blinds, maybe I will write another story about Hal and me, but I've got to forget the other first.

We decided not to tell anybody about being engaged till Hal got his raise, and then we could be married and no one could say or do anything hateful. So I kept on washing dishes and trying not to sing, for fear Mrs. Hopkins would suspect how happy I was. She hated to

it she flounced up out of her chair and went into the parlor, where Helen was drumming on the piano, and I could hear them talking and scolding all the forenoon. Once I heard Helen say, "But he's never seen his daughter since she was a baby, has he? Suppose you take me instead."

And after that I heard Mrs. Hopkins say, "Sh-h! Speak lower, cant you? Do you want to ruin everything?"

I wonder, now, that I wasn't more curious about what they meant, but I was thinking about Hal, and there wasn't room for any other thoughts. Even when Mrs. Hopkins and Helen came out into

"dear-darling" things, and "little bits o' sweetheart" ones?) Because, all the time, while I was being so happy, there was a house with drawn blinds going on in the world—Dear God, please let me forget it some time!

It was late in the afternoon when Mrs. Hopkins and Helen got back, and I could see right away, by their faces, that they had had a pleasant time. They were both smiling, but those smiles frightened me more than their scowls ever had. I didn't know what to make of them.

"Nan," said Mrs. Hopkins, "I hope you realize how much I have done for

you all these years and what a grateful girl you ought to be."

I ought to have realized it, as many times as she'd told me!

"You are now eighteen," went on Mrs. Hopkins, "and, of course, your board and lodging and clothes are a great expense to me. Many women would send you away, but I have decided to let you stay on here. I only hope, in return for my kindness, you will try to make yourself useful about the house. That is the least you can do."

"Mrs. Hopkins," I said quietly, "thank you very much for your offer, but I shall have to refuse it. I am going to be married."

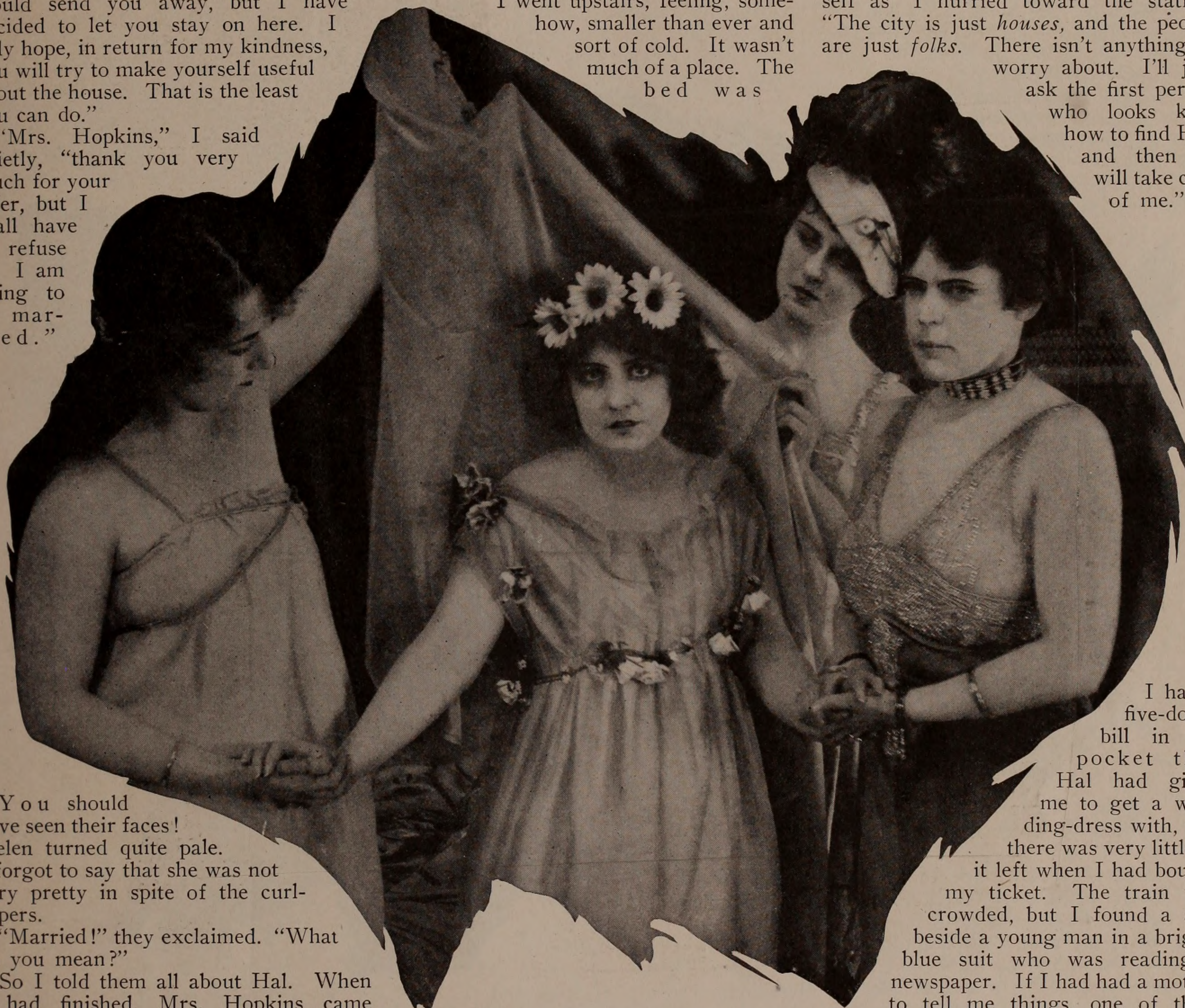
"Go find your precious young man!" she fairly shrieked, "and mind you don't take a stitch of clothing with you except on your back! I'm done with you—treating me like this—me that's been a mother to you all these years!"

"Me, too!" cried Helen, with something that sounded like "big sister."

I went upstairs, feeling, somehow, smaller than ever and sort of cold. It wasn't much of a place. The bed was

out alone in the dark, and never been to the city at all—there were always so many dishes to be done evenings. But I put my hand in my pocket and held onto the letter, and it was a little like holding Hal's big, warm, protecting hand.

"What a silly you are!" I said to myself as I hurried toward the station. "The city is just *houses*, and the people are just *folks*. There isn't anything to worry about. I'll just ask the first person who looks kind how to find Hal, and then he will take care of me."



You should have seen their faces! Helen turned quite pale. I forgot to say that she was not very pretty in spite of the curl-papers.

"Married!" they exclaimed. "What do you mean?"

So I told them all about Hal. When I had finished, Mrs. Hopkins came across the room, took me by the shoulders, and shook me.

"Ungrateful girl!" she cried, biting her lip with her false teeth—"just when you were beginning to be of some use around the house. A pretty way to reward me for all my kindnesses to you. I suppose you expect me to give you a wedding, too, perhaps? Well, I shant! You march straight upstairs to your room, put on your hat and coat and go. I won't have such a double-dealing hussy in my house another moment!"

"Let her wash the supper dishes first, ma," suggested Helen.

"Go, Mrs. Hopkins?" I faltered. "Where shall I go?"

"BUT WHEN I SAW MYSELF IN THE GLASS I FELT SICK AND FAINT"

hard, and the furniture old odds and ends, and there were holes in the carpet, but it was all the home I'd ever had. My fingers shook when I put on my hat and coat, and I hardly knew my face in the mirror, it was so white and scared-looking. Downstairs I could hear Mrs. Hopkins' shrill voice and Helen's angry replies, and suddenly even those sounds seemed familiar and sort of—*safe*. I felt in my apron pocket for Hal's letter, put it into my coat, and crept downstairs and out the front door.

It was nearly dark. I'd never been

I had a five-dollar bill in my pocket that Hal had given me to get a wedding-dress with, and there was very little of it left when I had bought my ticket. The train was crowded, but I found a seat beside a young man in a bright-blue suit who was reading a newspaper. If I had had a mother to tell me things, one of them would have been—I am sure now—never to talk to men I didn't know. But he seemed like a polite young man, and smiled at me so pleasantly that, before I knew it, I had told him the whole story. He was very much interested.

"Then no one knows you're coming?" he asked. "But, of course, you told the woman you were living with the name of your friend?"

"No; I didn't," I said. "I don't even know all of it myself, only the Hal part. Do you think it will be hard for me to find him?"

I suppose my voice trembled, for the young man answered hastily, "No, no; not at all. But it will be rather late to

hunt him up tonight. Have you any friends in the city you can stay with?"

I told him no—only Hal.

"Jove! what luck!" he said once or twice under his breath. Then he leaned close to me and spoke in a very low tone. "Now, I expect my—er—my sister to meet me at the train. If you like, I'll introduce you, and she will be glad to take you home for the night. Then, tomorrow, I'll help you look up your friend. How will that do?"

I thought I had never seen a kinder young man. "Oh, thank you," I said; "that would be lovely. But I hate to trouble your sister."

"No trouble at all," he said, getting up and putting

hard at her, "this young lady has come to the city to find a friend of hers. Unfortunately, she hasn't his address, so I told her you would look after her tonight. This is my sister, Madame Renaud, Miss—er——"

"Nan," I said.

"Certainly!" said Madame Renaud, patting my shoulder. "I shall be charmed to look after you, my dear. Your first visit here? There is plenty to see. William, tell Peter we are waiting."

"Thank you, ma'am," I said, "but I'd better look for Hal tomorrow, I think."

The lady laughed. "We'll see," she said. "I have a party at my house tomorrow evening. I'd like to have you stay to it—you would meet some very pleasant people, and I think you would make quite a hit. But we can talk about that later, for here we are now."

The automobile stopped with a jerk, and the young man opened the door and helped us out. I had only time to see that we were standing before a big house, with a piano playing somewhere within, altho there was no sign of light in the windows, before they hurried me



"AND THE MEN WERE BIDDING—I CANT REMEMBER—I WONT REMEMBER"

on his coat. "Here we are, too. Your bag? Didn't bring one? Well, no doubt my sister can fit you out for a few days. Hang on to my arm, or you might get lost, and that would be bad! A city is a dangerous place for a girl all alone."

We went out onto a long platform and walked what seemed like miles thru rows of people. It was the biggest, noisiest place I was ever in, and I felt smaller and smaller every step. The lights made me dizzy, but the young man hurried so fast I had to run almost to keep up with him. Suddenly he stopped and pulled me thru the crowd into a little, sheltered place under a great, winding staircase. A woman with rusty-red hair and a soft, rich dress stood there, turning a great diamond over and over on one finger. When she saw us she came toward us, smiling, but, somehow, I didn't like her smile very well. It didn't seem to fit her eyes.

"Emelie," said the young man, looking

We went out of the station, and I caught a glimpse of the city—millions of lights, great towering buildings, crowds of men and women passing by. My heart sank. How was I ever to find Hal in such a place? But I didn't have much chance to look around before Madame Renaud and her brother had helped me into a big automobile, closed the door, and pulled down the shade as we started to move. Then, while I was still wondering about this, I found them both looking at me in the strangest way.

"You must let me do your hair in the latest fashion, my dear," said the lady, smiling until her teeth seemed to flash like the diamonds on her hands. "With that and a dress—say, something rather pale—eh, William?—pink or blue, or some baby-color—she would be quite a beauty!"

up the steps and into a front hall blazing with electricity under a dozen red and yellow and green glass globes. On either side of the hall were richly furnished rooms, also brightly lighted. Then I saw that the windows were shuttered and hung across with heavy, velvet curtains, and—I didn't know why—but my heart began to beat wildly.

There were people in the rooms—women with bare shoulders and wonderful gowns; men, too, who stared at me.

"This way, my dear," the lady with the rusty-red hair said; "I will take you to your room."

I stumbled after her along a hall carpeted with something thick and soft, so our steps made no sound. A little, yellow man with slanting eyes opened a

door for us, bowing. I had never seen any one like him. I screamed and hid my face in my hands.

"What was that?" I shuddered. "I am frightened. I—I never saw a face like this before!"

The woman with the rusty-red hair laughed again.

"That was my Japanese butler, my dear," she said softly. "All my servants are Japanese. As for the house, what is there about that to frighten you?"

"All those people," I tried to explain, "and the shutters over the windows——"

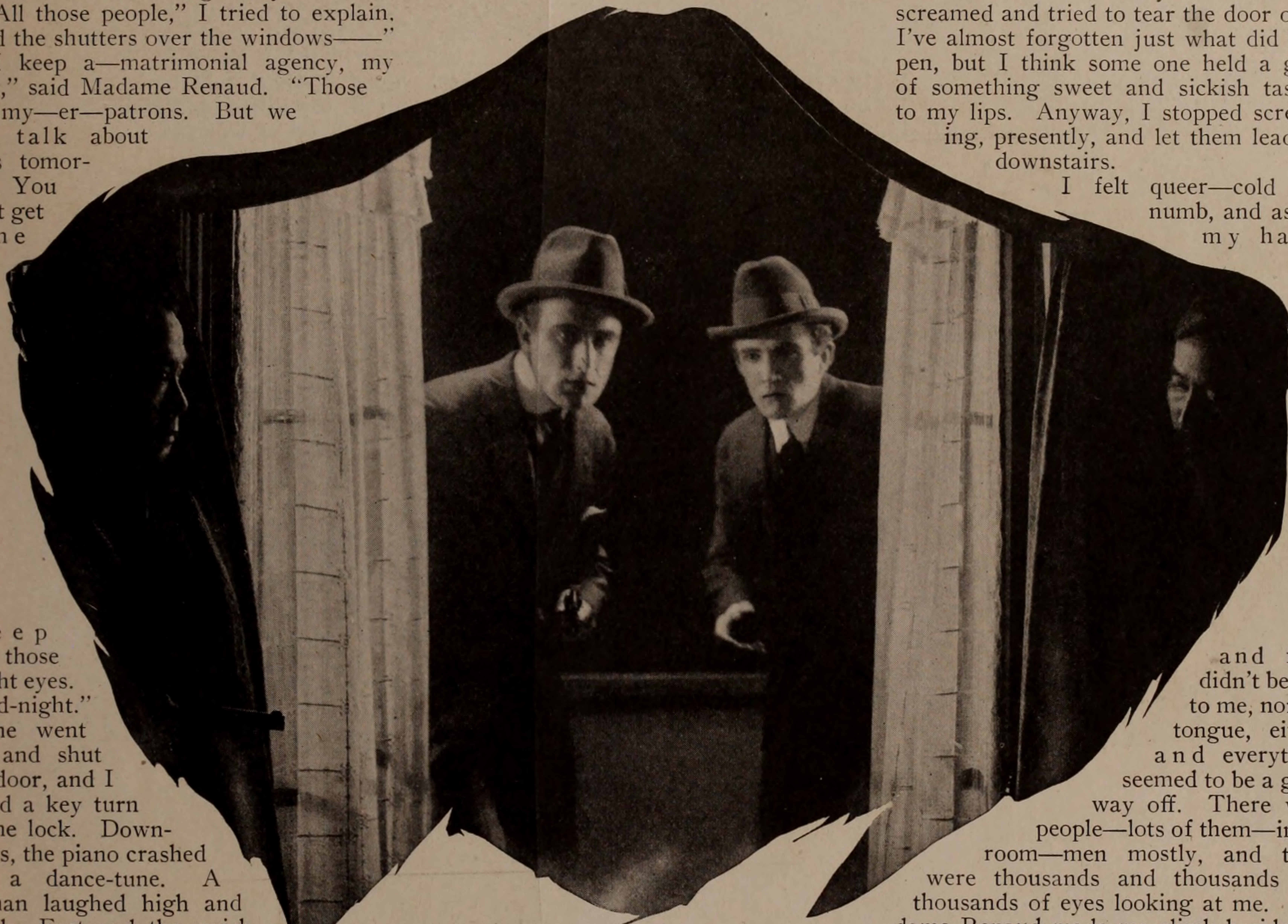
"I keep a—matrimonial agency, my dear," said Madame Renaud. "Those are my—er—patrons. But we will talk about this tomorrow. You must get some

There was the sound of a chair pushed back. "Run along, sonny," drawled Madame Renaud—"it's late. I've got to see about getting the girl dressed."

In a moment my door opened, and the woman of the rusty-red hair came into the room, with two others carrying the most wonderful clothes I'd ever seen. There was a dress, all shiny satin and lace, and slippers and stockings and white, frilly under-things. Madame Re-

then I did not know just what frightened me. Putting on a lovely dress ought not to scare a girl, but when I saw myself in the glass, I felt sick and faint. That girl with the bare shoulders and flower-wreath on her hair could never be me—Nan. I must get away—I must find Hal; but suddenly I knew what I wouldn't even let myself suspect before. They did not mean to let me go. I think I went sort of wild then. I struck out at the woman with the rusty-red hair and screamed and tried to tear the door open. I've almost forgotten just what did happen, but I think some one held a glass of something sweet and sickish tasting to my lips. Anyway, I stopped screaming, presently, and let them lead me downstairs.

I felt queer—cold and numb, and as though my hands



sleep for those bright eyes. Good-night."

She went out and shut the door, and I heard a key turn in the lock. Downstairs, the piano crashed out a dance-tune. A woman laughed high and shrill. Feet and the swish of skirts sounded in the hall outside. I crept into bed, and lay there shuddering and cold. Somehow, the thought of my bare, ugly little room at the Hopkinses' made me homesick. I never closed my eyes all night long. But the morning sun, creeping thru the darkened windows, made me feel a little safer, and I fell asleep and slept till late afternoon.

It was the sound of angry voices in the next room that awoke me finally.

"You'll get your usual percent and no more," Madame Renaud was saying. "Dont try any of your blackmailing threats on me, Will—I wont stand for it!"

"I'd like to know who found the girl?" snarled the voice of the young man of the train. "She'll bring a high price, and you know it. You've got to come across fifty-fifty this time."

(Fifty-three)

HE HAD BRIBED THE JAPANESE SERVANTS TO LET THEM IN WITHOUT FIRING A SHOT

naud laid them all on the bed and turned to me.

"How would you like to wear these at my party this evening?" she asked.

I tried not to seem frightened. "You're very kind, ma'am." I said, "but I must go and look for Hal now."

"Wont Hal keep till tomorrow?" asked madame, "and are you quite sure, my dear, that you really want to marry him? Is he rich enough, for instance, to buy you dresses like this? You'd better let me find a husband for you. Perhaps, if you are very pretty, I can find one tonight. Come; get up and try on the dress. I'll have your dinner sent up on a tray."

I got up; what else could I do? Even

and feet didn't belong to me, nor my tongue, either, and everything seemed to be a great way off. There were people—lots of them—in the room—men mostly, and there were thousands and thousands and thousands of eyes looking at me. Madame Renaud made me climb beside her on a sort of platform and turn around and around, and the men were bidding—I cant remember—I wont remember.

They laughed and talked. There was one man, white-haired and big, with a face I seemed to remember to have seen once in a dream.

"Hal!" I kept crying—"Hal!" and all the time I made no sound—only turned and turned.

Then, suddenly, a crashing sound tore across my brain. I thought it was in my head, but the others heard it, too, so I knew something had happened. The air, sweeping across my bare shoulders, cleared my thoughts, and then—I saw Hal coming toward me thru the struggling crowd.

"Nan!" he cried, hoarsely, as he sprang upon the platform and took me in his big arms. "Oh, my poor little

girl! Thank God I came when I did! Nan! Look at me, Nan!"

Then, I think, I fainted.

Afterward I found out how he happened to come to the house with the drawn shutters. It was the young man of the train who had sent him to "write up" the affair for the newspaper. He did it to get even with Madame Renaud, and bribed the Japanese servants to let them in without firing a shot.

But that wasn't the strangest part of it. When I came out of my faint, the first person I saw was Hal bending over me, and the second person was Mrs. Hopkins! And she was actually crying and calling me "poor lamb" and begging me to forgive her for the way she'd

treated me all these years. And, little by little, the queerest story came out: how my father had hired her to take care of me when my mother died, and sent her money every year for me, and finally asked to see me. That was the letter that had worried her so. She didn't want to lose her servant-girl, you see. So she had passed Helen off as me, and my father had dismissed her with a gift of money and his blessing. I said, somewhere, didn't I, that Helen wasn't exactly—attractive?

But Mrs. Hopkins began to feel guilty, after I had gone, and at last she decided to confess her deception to my father. So she had come down to the city, quite scared because she had let me go, and

gone to his home. But he was not there, and his servant had sent her to—Madame Renaud's! And the white-haired man I had seen in that dreadful place had been—*my father*. His heart had been weakened by his excesses, and the shock of her confession killed him.

That is all, except that Hal and I were quietly married this morning. He is taking me away for a honeymoon among the hills, where there will be no reminders of this cruel city, nor the house with the drawn shades, nor the woman with the rusty-red hair. He says I will forget them all—they are just dream goblins—that I will not think of anything in all the world except him.

And yet, I wonder—



SCENE FROM "TRUE NOBILITY" (AMERICAN)

The
AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL
of CL

M

My birth had the dramatic effect of causing a "stage wait." My father, Eugene A. McDowell, was playing in Brooklyn, and I selected a matinée

day for my first appearance on any stage. Having some pardonable curiosity on the subject, my father waited to have a look at me. He saw me at 1:10 p. m. and dashed madly on his way, only to find on his arrival that, after much excitement, an understudy had been substituted and he was free to go home again.

Some six weeks afterward my father started on his annual tour of Canada, and I was bundled up and taken on the long trip to Montreal. My father and mother, Fanny Reeves McDowell, were great favorites throughout the Dominion, and at the time of my birth the Montreal papers suggested that I be named Victoria in memory of the Toronto metropolis, but I was named after a pet part of mother's—Claire Ffolliott in "The Shaughraun."

Father was a government clerk in the Treasury Building at Washington when he got the stage fever. He gave up his position and came to New York, where he got an engagement at Mrs. Conway's Theater in Brooklyn. While there he conceived the idea of taking a first-class company to Canada. Railroad fares were almost prohibitive, so Canada had been shunned by all companies of importance. For that reason the better classes had no theatrical entertainment at all. Therefore, when father's company appeared, producing New York successes of the preceding season, they were taken up with enthusiasm. Lord Dufferin was governor-general at the time, and he and Lady Dufferin as patrons of the arts entertained lavishly for my parents, who were then engaged to be married. The marriage was made a public event, the banks closing for the afternoon because the choir was composed of bank clerks.

Sir Hugh and me showered across I was given by ward La The A was built a contra play the equally Canada. rison to real sold tary play

My father at recognition and many came great first chance by him. Among others his younger brother Melbourne, J. H. Gilmore, Andrew Robson, Henry Miller, Felix Morris, Julia Arthur, May Robson and Annie Russell were members of his company while yet unknown to fame. One company, I remember, had Mary Hampton, Percy Haswell, Timothy D. Frawley, George Fawcett and our late John Bunny.

During my first season on the road, to which I have referred, I was carried on as the baby in "Caste" and starred on the bill as the Honorable George D'Alroy, Jr. In big black type were the words, "Her first appearance on any stage." I have a few of those programs, but do not use them for publicity purposes because they are dated. How stupid to put

preserved in an jar refused to have the thing in the cabin, so it was tied securely outside the window. One day a sailor was discovered in a dreadful state of intoxication, and the captain accused father of giving him drink. The affair remained a mystery until it was discovered that the jar containing the tarantula had been opened and the alcohol drained off!

I never played children's parts after my first appearance, altho I was toted round the country until I was eight years old. Then I was sent to school. After graduation I went to art school, where I studied for a while, but was forced to seek work that would bring in money right away. I played small parts in Charles Froh-

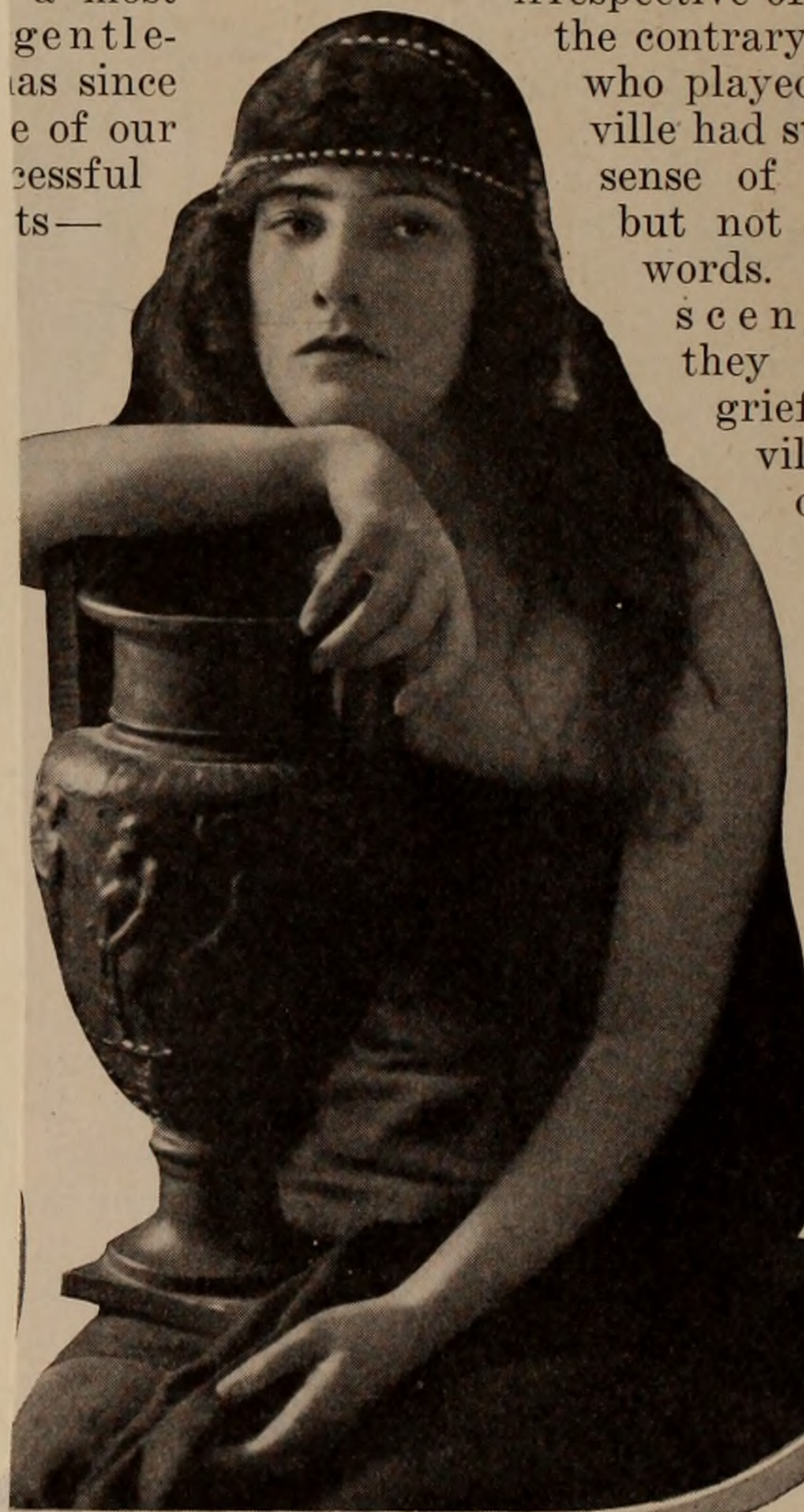
man's companies for four years and understudied desperately all the time. I am blessed with a remarkable memory for

I had the stored-up energy of four years' ambition to work off in that next season. The audience felt my wild me half-liss Opp, re lovely company, was the business. a "sun-he Froh- "S k y on was a me back and I udeville eeks in a a most gentle-as since e of our cessful ts—

"heavy" business, adventuresses and such—and must have been the meekest little "heavy" ever. I must have been really funny in some of the parts I had to play. The leading woman was much taller than I, also heavier; and my standing around abusing her and wrecking her life, as I had to in many of the plays, I imagine was very amusing.

Many funny things happen in stock companies, and ours was no exception. I remember, along toward the end of the season, when we were all growing tired, we put on the time-honored "Camille." Mabel was playing Nanine and had studied her lines

irrespective of cues. On the contrary, the man who played De Varville had studied the sense of his lines, but not the exact words. So in a scene together they came to grief. De Varville, instead of saying, "And she died?" asked, "Is she dead?" and Mabel solemnly answered "S h e did."



Next season I left the Frohman

... too, for sometimes I insist on singing, anyway.

I got my first real dramatic opportunity that season when "Don César de Bazan" broke out like a rash all over the country. All the smaller road companies played at it, and Hackett and Faversham gave it on Broadway simultaneously. I was with the Faversham company as a Spanish peasant in the first act and a dancer in the third. The version in which Mr. Frohman presented Faversham was called "A Royal Rival," and Jessie Busley was playing the boy rôle of Pedro. She got the understudy for me, and later, when she was needed for another Frohman production, they gave me a trial performance and I "made good."

Winehell Smith. He and the other players were kindness itself, but in spite of this those were the loneliest three weeks I ever spent. Toward the end of the third week Marie Dressler, who was the headliner on the bill, came up beside me as I stood in the entrance and, putting her hand on my arm, said: "How's the little girl tonight?" I nearly wept on her shoulder, and she must have wondered what ailed me.

After that I went into stock for the summer in Syracuse, N. Y. I had applied for ingénue rôles, but that line was already filled by one of the sweetest pals I ever had—Mabel Trunnelle. So I got seconds—that is,

fold for Brady and Grismer's "Way Down East." I got no more salary and was playing the dreaded "one-night stands," but what cared I? I was playing a real leading part—Anna Moore, one of the fattest, which, being translated, means easiest and best, rôles ever written. I was rather young for an emotional lead and took the engagement a second season to prove I was equal to it.

The following season I played in Thomas Dixon's "The Clansman." My role was the ingénue, Nellie—a part not in the picture, "The Birth of a Nation." That was a record-breaking season. We played to capacity business and then some, and while

(Continued on page 68)



THIS ILLUSTRATION, A SCENE FROM THE LATEST ANNETTE KELLERMAN PICTURE (FOX), SHOWS AN UNUSUALLY LARGE AGGREGATION OF COSTUMED EXTRAS

Extras! Extras!! Extras!!!

There Are Tens of Thousands of Extras—Some Do It for Money and Some Do It for Fun

By ERNEST A. DENCH

THE extra is such an important individual that no producing company can get along without his or her assistance. And who are these players that they are so essential? you might ask.

Some photoplays demand so many minor rôles that the company's regular players are totally insufficient. This often occurs when a big drawing-room or restaurant scene is staged. Dancing couples and diners are needed to dress-in the scenes.

Extras of a different kind are those who figure in mob scenes.

It must not be assumed that they merely "walk in." Their acting can make or mar a play. The director is the man who drills them into proper form—a no mean task, I can assure you.

The Italian and French producers easily excel in handling crowds of a thousand upwards in the big, spectacular productions for which they are noted. But their American brother

can best manage fifty or so in a modern drama. I am dubious about the ability of the average British producer, because more than once I have seen a picture in which the mob was running in all directions in a manner as tho uncertain of what they had to do.

Practically every company experiences great difficulties in obtaining really qualified extras. One thing that puzzles them is studio slang, which the producer uses instead of plain English.

Now, whenever he wants the players to stop for a moment or so to read a letter, or for some other purpose, he calls out, "Hold it!" which, in other words, means to keep back the action.

Well, recently a director handed a bomb to an extra and told him when to light and throw it into the picture. The director resumed instructing the principals in the background; then came the command, "Hold it!"

The novice thought the order was meant for him, so he held the bomb. He spent several weeks in the hospital recovering from injuries.

If you imagine that all extras play solely for an income—and an uncertain one at that—you are wrong.

Personal vanity is one reason. Such persons gratify their desire of being in the proud position to be able to prove to their friends that they have played in a film.

Others do it for the sake of getting near their picture "idol." You should see how they all scramble to be nearest to him or her, and the rivalry that exists to perform some little personal service called for in the scenario. It's a sight for the gods!

A no small number are prompted by ambition. They have a hankering to become a picture "star," but, first of all, have to start at the bottom of the ladder. It is hard to stamp one's individuality when in the extra



EXTRAS MUST HAVE A VARIETY OF TALENTS—THE ABILITY TO WEAR A DRESS-SUIT, FOR INSTANCE, AND THIS COMES HARD TO MANY OF THEM

class, but it is the only way to attract the director's notice.

When extras apply for work they leave their card, giving personal information on the back, and also a photograph. Then, when the pro-

ducer is in want of one or more extras, he just runs thru the cards and photos and selects the types he needs. They then are told when to report for work.

Their payment for a day's work

varies from two dollars and fifty cents to ten dollars.

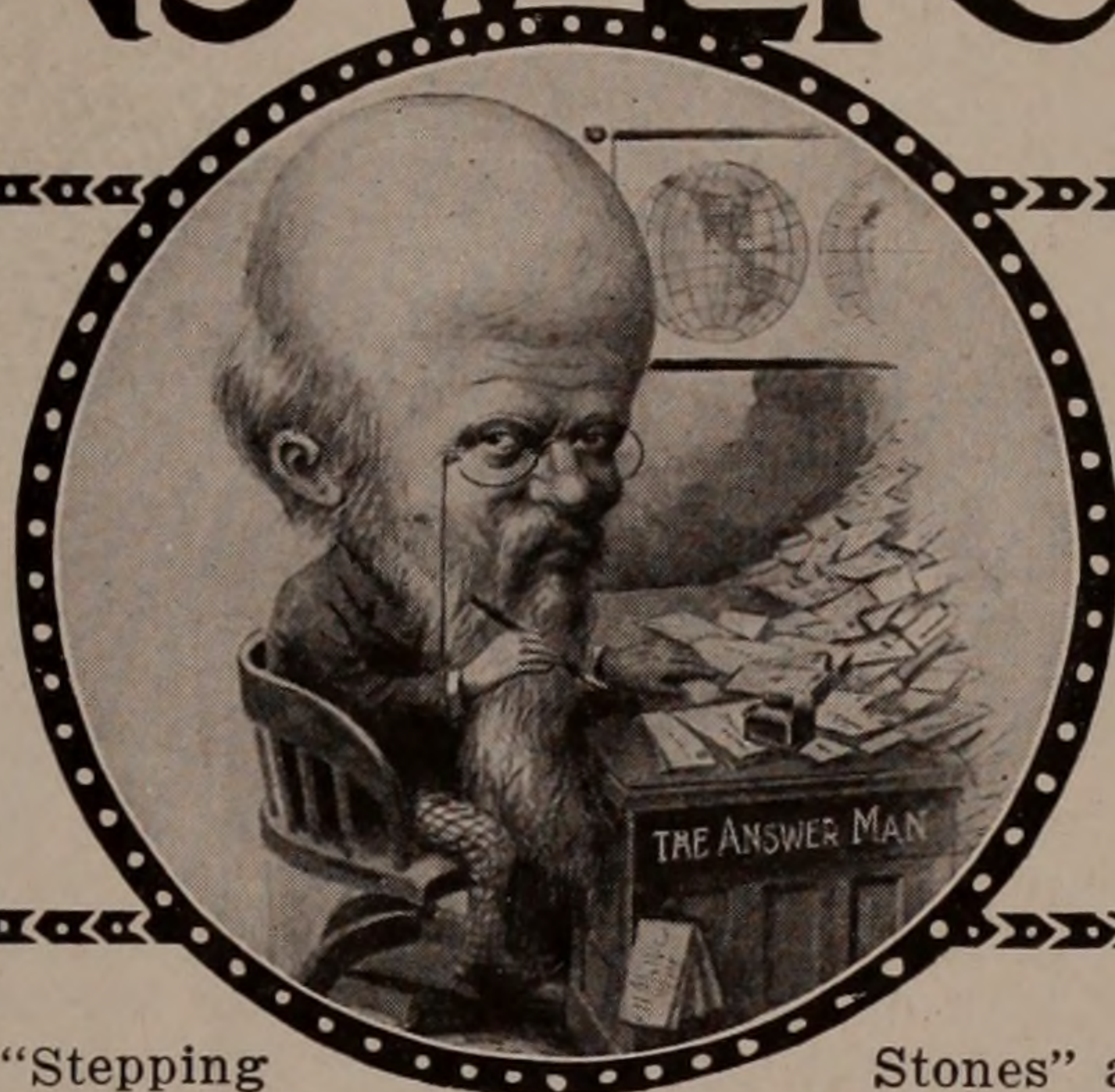
A player, such as a maid or butler, is not an extra, for all big film companies have artists on their regular payroll for small parts like these.



HERE ARE A NUMBER OF EXTRA PEOPLE WAITING TO BE SELECTED BY THE DIRECTOR. OBSERVE THAT SOME OF THEM ARE "CAMERA-CONSCIOUS," AND HENCE ARE NOT ACCOUNTED PROMISING

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.

JULIA T., SYRACUSE.—Mary Fuller is playing in "Thrown to the Lions." Augustus Phillips played in "Why Mrs. Kentworth Lied." Ray Gallagher and Billie Rhodes in "His Wooden Leg."

JOSEPH BERKELEY.—I shall try to keep your secret. As Franklin said, three may keep a secret if two of them are dead. Tom Mix was Tom Melford in "The Man Within" (Selig). He also directed it. Edward J. Piel in "At Piney Ridge" as Mark Brierson.

TYLYE.—You ask me what kind of a car I prefer. Well, I usually take the Greene and Gates car, but sometimes the subway. You just bet that Nell Shipman is "a comer."

KITTY T.—King Baggot was the leading man and Edna Hunter was Josephine in "Won with a Make-up" (Imp). Hobart Bosworth was Dr. Samson, Dorothy Davenport was Hazel and Gretchen Lederer was Miss Hall in "Dr. Neighbor."

THE QUIZZER.—All I can do is to give you Victor Hugo's opinion: The greatest Pelasgian was Homer; the greatest Hellene, Æschylus; the greatest Hebrew, Isaiah, the greatest Roman, Juvenal; the greatest Italian, Dante, and the greatest Briton, Shakespeare. As to the greatest American, it is a toss up between Billy Sunday, Dr. Munyon, Bryan, Willard and myself.

WEEPING WILLOW.—Harry Benham has a "Flivver," and he is proud of it. He can climb the hills of Fort Lee better than the trolley cars. And now Ben Wilson has bought a home at Universal Heights, N. J.

ULLYSIS.—I never have any pity for conceited people, because I think they carry their comfort around with them. Well, if you are satisfied that you are doing well enough, you have reached the top of only an imaginary ladder, and you will never climb any higher.

MARTHA T.—Lois Wilson was Helene, Maude George was the Countess and J. Warren Kerrigan was Lord Arthur Waring in "The Gay Lord Waring." Jane Novak is with Universal. Yes, the world likes the man who loses his heart, but it has no use for the man who loses his head.

JOHN S., WINNIPEG.—Glad you like the covers. Yes; Cleo Madison is very accommodating about writing letters to her admirers. Your other question will be answered later. Write to Universal, 1600 Broadway, N. Y. C., about "The Broken Coin"—ancient history now.

MABEL, LOCKPORT.—So you thought

"Stepping Stones" a fine picture.

Too many of those domestic trouble pictures. Well, we must have the fools as well as the philosophers—dont you think?

THEBES.—No, the Vitagraph Bulletin is no more. They issue a press sheet which contains a cast for publicity purposes. Most all the companies are issuing press sheets now. Anna Nilsson and Tom Moore are playing in "Who's Guilty?" which is a serial released thru Pathé.

DORIA, FLORIDA.—Yes, I liked Violet Mersereau in "The Great Problem." I thought she was very cunning. Also liked Lionel Adams—he was very dignified and pleasing. Your trouble seems to be that you think you are thrifty, whereas you are spendthrift.

MICHAEL.—Ah, yes, alas! I am quite sure, brother, that Pygmalion is not the only person who ever fell in love with his own work. Ruth Stonehouse is going to play opposite Eddie Polo.

CHARLIE T.—Billie Burke played in "Gloria's Romance" (Kleine). That is Harry Watson, Jr., in "The Mishaps of Musty Suffer." I think he is quite good. Marguerite Clark will continue with Famous Players. You want to make sure to see "God's Country and the Woman," a Western Vitagraph, which played at the Fulton Theater, N. Y., for a week. The scenery was very beautiful.

PATRICK V.—Yes, I try to go to the picture theaters about three or four times a week. It is essential that I keep up with the different players, and I ought to go three times a day to do that. Florence Lawrence resigned from Universal. It is said she "developed a temperamental streak." Belle Bruce is still with Vitagraph. She is doing very good work, and so is Jimmie Morrison. You will see them soon.

MADGE, MEMPHIS.—Yes, there is a Rolin Film Company. This exhibition is certainly going to be a big success. I will tell you about it in the next issue.

HENRIETTA G.—The old men are distinguished from heavies by their gray hair. The part is usually dignified, exhibiting noble or pathetic qualities, such as tenderness of feeling and magnanimity. Less frequently the vices of old age are portrayed. Mme. Réjane is playing in "Alsace."

MONTGOMERY.—Haven't you heard that many people have been dead a long time?—their friends have neglected to bury them, that's all. Of course, I dont refer

to you. Look up the last two issues for your information.

HANK T.—I would rather bear with patience the scoff of fools than to swell with pride at the praise of flatterers. In the first case, I may profit by criticism; in the second, I may lose by conceit.

GERTRUDE V.—Pavlova appeared in "The Dumb Girl of Portici," produced by Universal, and a wonderful play it is—one of the best I have seen. Gladys Hulette is with Thanouser. Your Samsonest is good. Wallace Reid played in "Old Heidelberg" (Triangle), but he is with Lasky. So you want Charlie Chaplin censored to Jericho.

GORD. BASTEDO, TORONTO.—Jewell Hunt was born in Adairsville, Ga. And then you ask if Pauline Frederick is French. She is an American. You refer to Florence Dagmar. Mary Miles Minter will be directed by James Kirkwood. She will play in Western American plays.

MARGARET D.—One dollar is equal to about four shillings in your money. I have not yet joined any army, except the Salvation Army, and they believe in preparedness for the next world.

SARATOGA.—No, bon ami. You are not right about that player. You must believe only what you see, and nowadays you cant believe that. Audrey Munson played in "Inspiration" for Fox, and she is now with Mutual.

HERMAN.—Yes, indeed, a number of the players change their names. Here are a few: Rose Coghlan is Mrs. John Sullivan; Hazel Dawn is Hazel Tout; Maud Fealey is Mrs. James Durkin; Annette Kellermann is Mrs. James R. Sullivan; Edna May is Mrs. O. Lewisohn; Mabel Taliaferro is Mrs. Thomas J. Carrigan. What, you dont know what T. R. stands for? No, not Terribly Reticent, but "To Run," and there isn't much doubt that he will—if he can.

PATSY D., BETHLEHEM.—Edward J. Le Saint is no longer with Universal. Yes; Mabel Norman will still be seen under the Triangle program. It is rumored that James Young will leave Lasky to direct her. I would even leave the Magazine to direct her, or to let her direct me.

BRUNETTA, 17.—Yes, there is a book, "The Butterfly on the Wheel," written by C. Ranger Gull. You thought there was some mistake in "The Beloved Vagabond" as they wore the same costumes thirteen years later. That sort of mistake happens too often. Clothes, like ways, are never too old to mend.

BUY DIRECT

Wonderful Offer Postpaid



DURO GUARANTEED SHIRTS

3 DURO SHIRTS \$2

Made of white percale with neat stripes of blue, black and lavender. One of each color, same size to the box. Coat cut style, cuffs attached, laundered and fashionable. Sizes 14 to 17. Send name and address of 5 friends and receive **NECKTIE FREE.** DURO Shirts are the biggest sellers in the world. Guaranteed not to shrink, fade or rip in six months or new shirts free. These shirts would cost you \$1 each in stores without guarantee. Highest bank references. Order today. **WRITE FOR CATALOG** of shirts of all kinds, underwear, hosiery, pajamas, etc. Every one a money-saving article and you get valuable premiums.

GOODELL & CO., Room 220, 158 E. 34th St., N.Y.

THE

EMPIRE STATE ENGRAVING CO.

PHOTO-ENGRAVERS
GOOD CUTS

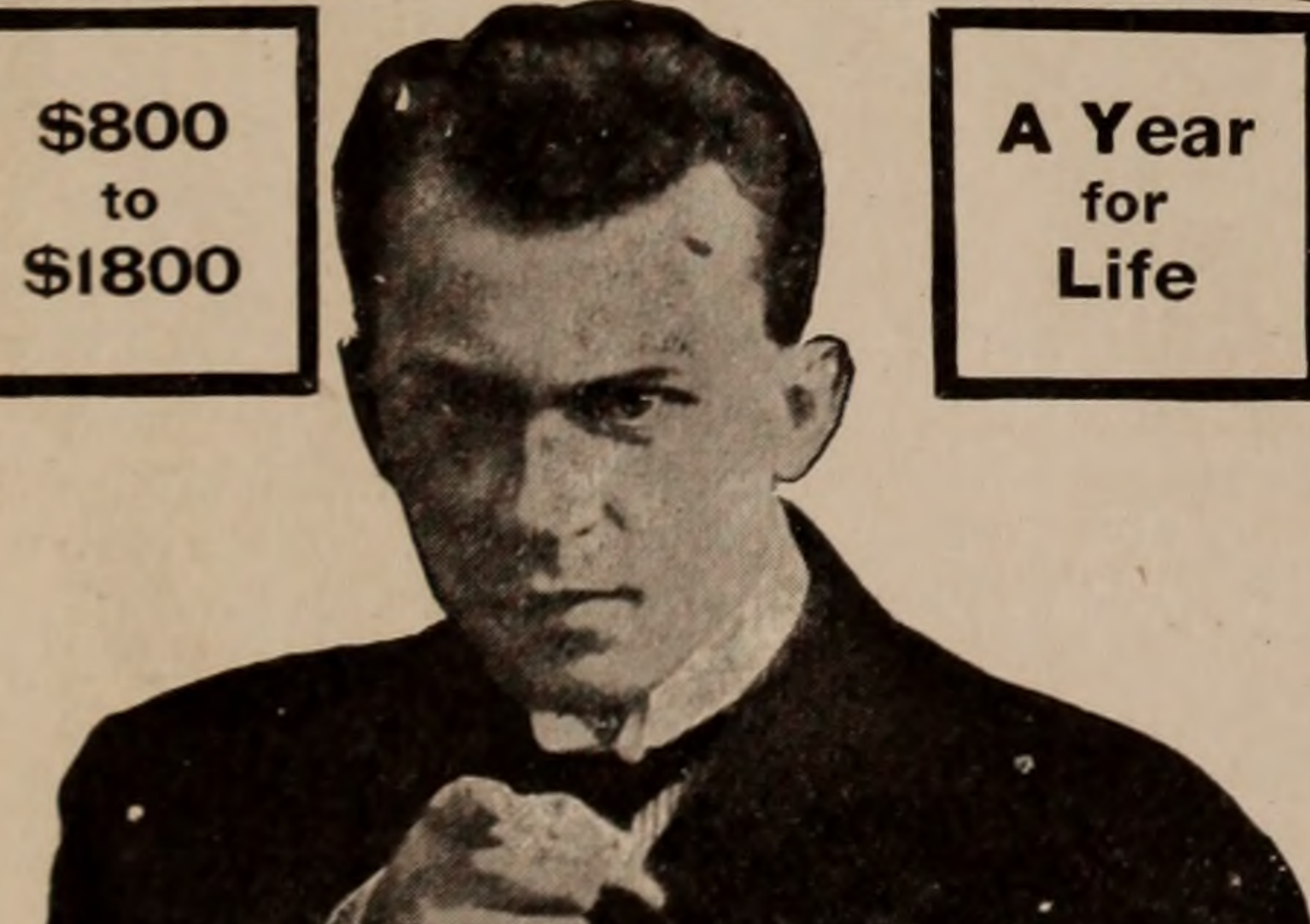
Half-tone and Line Work for Printing in One or More Colors for Any Purpose

DESIGNING :: RETOUCHING

165-167 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK

**\$800
to
\$1800**

**A Year
for
Life**



YOU.—GET A GOVERNMENT JOB

Candidates Coached Free

No "layoffs" without pay, because of strikes, financial furies or the whims of some petty boss. If you want immediate appointment, send today for free list of positions now obtainable. Any delay lessens your chance of early appointment.

Send Coupon below

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
(The Pathway to Plenty)
Dept. K-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 full list of positions now obtainable, and to consideration for Free Coaching for the position here checked.

COUPON

.... Railway Mail Clerk (\$900 to \$1800) Stenographer (\$800 to \$1500)
.... Bookkeeper (\$900 to \$1800) Internal Revenue (\$700 to \$1800)
.... Postoffice Clerk (\$800 to \$1200) Clerk in the Departments at Washington (\$800 to \$1500)
.... Postoffice Carrier (\$800 to \$1200) Canadian Government Positions
.... Rural Mail Carrier (\$600 to \$1200)	
.... Customs Positions (\$800 to \$1500)	

Name.....
Address..... K 126

Use this before you lose it. Write plainly.

LYDIA H.—Harry Millarde was Richard in "The Strength of the Weak." I shall always be glad to hear from you. Courtland Van Deusen is no longer with Vitagraph. He is with International.

CHARLOTTE W.—I shall hand your verses to the Editor. And now you want an interview with Mary Pickford in the CLASSIC.

HOMER RICE.—Harry Beaumont is playing opposite Marguerite Clayton now for Essanay. He was born in Abilene, Kans., in 1888. You will next see Billie Burke in a serial, "Gloria's Romance." The ideas!

MARIE W.—Will tell the Editor you want a picture of Valeska Suratt soon. Why, yes; Leah Baird is still with Vitagraph. Bobby Joseph Connelly is the youngest actor at Vitagraphville. He was born on April 4, 1909, of Irish and French parents. Eleanor Woodruff with Equitable.

IDA H. H.—William Sheere was Dudley, Hobart Henley was the son, Glen White was Stanford, and Jack Curtis was Murphy in "Graft" (Universal). Yes, we all miss Lottie Briscoe. Earle Williams was born on February 28, 1880. He was born under the sign of Pisces, and people born under this sign are said to be very loyal, and are excellent critics, artists and writers. Look up the Zodiac.

S. T. K., PHILADELPHIA.—Hazel Daly opposite Tom Mix with Selig last winter. Six months ago she was pursuing her placid studies in high school—now the villain still pursues her thru the cactus

and sagebrush. Some thorny little jump to fame in six months! Adele Farrington will play in "What Love Can Do." You know "He loves best who loves last."

THAIS, SARATOGA.—You seem to feel less shame for what you have done than for what your friends have found out that you have done. Ha, ha; he, he, and likewise ho, ho! We are discovered! as the Indians cried when Columbus landed in 1492. Gertrude McCoy will be seen in "The Isle of Love" (Gaumont). Seems to me that everything is love these days.

MODERN PRISCILLA.—You say your friends call you an old maid. You know there's no fool like the old maid. William Russell and Charlotte Burton in "Soul Mates."

GRACE DE C.—What, you dont know and ask me? Gracious! Three teaspoonfuls equal 1 tablespoonful, four tablespoonfuls equal one wine-glass, and four wineglassfuls equal one cup of liquid. Louise Bates is playing for Mutual, opposite Harris Gordon.

JOHNSON T., PITTSBURG.—Nan Carter, in "The Serpent" (Fox). In private life her name is Nana B. Sigourney, and she is accused of being one of the leaders of the smart set. She will have to step pretty smart to keep up with the doings of Theda. You want Jane Novak's picture?

JULIA T.—Peggy Hyland playing in "Saints and Sinners." You did wrong, but I forgive you, m'dear. But the innocence of the intention does not lessen the mischief of the example. Try Metro.

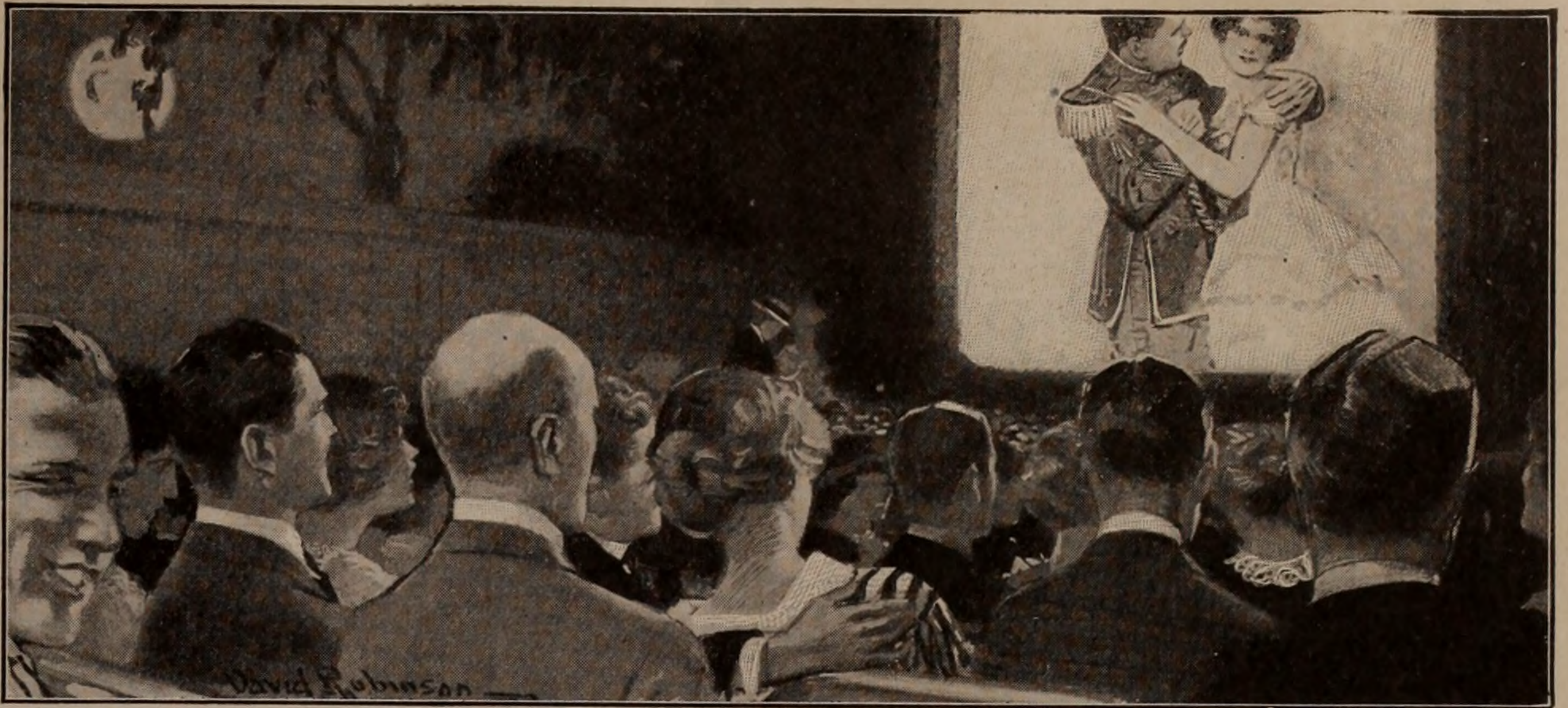


HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE OF A NOVICE PHOTOPLAYER AFTER HIS FIRST DAY BEFORE THE CAMERA

HELEN T., OGDENSBURG.—Eddie Polo and Eddie Lyons are not the same persons. They are both with Universal.

LIZETTE T.—Katharine Kaelred and Julian L'Estrange will play in "The Girl with the Green Eyes." You are not educated right if you say that. To have no education is a misfortune; to have a wrong education is a calamity.

DUNCAN McR.—Oscar and Conrad are two comedians who are playing under Thanouser brand. Of course you will see old Universals with Rosemary Theby and Harry Myers in them, but they are now with Vim.



Copyright U.S.A. 1916 by The B.V.D. Company

Night or Day, at Work or Play, B.V.D. Conserves Your Comfort

NOTHING is so typical of the American "level head," as the nation-wide popularity of B.V.D. It is the Summer Underwear of Efficiency—of the man who conserves his comfort at work or at play, just as he conserves his health—as an asset.

Loose fitting, light woven B.V.D. Underwear starts with the best possible fabrics (specially woven and tested), continues with the best possible workmanship (carefully inspected and re-inspected), and ends with complete comfort (fullness of cut, balance of drape, correctness of fit, durability in wash and wear).



Copyright U.S.A. 1916 by The B.V.D. Company



Copyright U.S.A. 1916 by The B.V.D. Company

If it *hasn't*
This Red
Woven Label



It *isn't*
B. V. D.
Underwear

(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries)

B.V.D. Closed Crotch
Union Suits (Pat.
U. S. A.) \$1.00 and
upward the Suit.

B.V.D. Coat Cut Under-
shirts and Knee Length
Drawers, 50c. and
upward the Garment.

The B.V.D. Company, New York.



ROSETTA BRICE (LUBIN)

(Sixty-one)

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.



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 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.

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.

For Sprains Lame Muscles



Absorbine, Jr., brings quick relief. Keep it always at hand for instant use.

Athletes use Absorbine, Jr., for the muscle that has been strained; for the cut or laceration that runs a chance of infection; for the abrasion that pains and the limbs that are stiff and lame from over-exertion.

Absorbine, Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

When applied to cuts, bruises and sores, it kills the germs, makes the wound aseptically clean and promotes rapid and healthy healing. It allays pain and inflammation promptly. Swollen glands, painful varicose veins, wens and bursal enlargements yield readily to the application of Absorbine, Jr.

Absorbine, Jr., is made of herbs and is non-poisonous—safe to use anywhere, even by the smallest member of the family.

It Combines Efficiency with Safety

Only a few drops of Absorbine, Jr., are required at each application, which makes it an economical liniment to use. One ounce of Absorbine, Jr., added to a quart of water or witch hazel, makes an antiseptic, general liniment of more than ordinary efficacy.

Absorbine, Jr., \$1.00 a bottle at most druggists or delivered

A LIBERAL TRIAL BOTTLE will be sent to your address upon receipt of 10c. in stamps.

W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F.

162 TEMPLE STREET, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Photo-Plays, Plots, Original Stories

Wanted by a new company. Submit in any form. Also rejected manuscripts. Protection guaranteed. No correspondence school agency. Enclose return postage.

CALIFORNIA SCENARIO COMPANY, INC.
Los Angeles, California

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

330 \$75		383 \$50
362 \$75		403 \$50
532 \$100		529 \$50

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. 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

415 \$25		425 \$75
420 \$50		428 \$100

ORA T., COLLEGE POINT.—So you are plumb down on Harry Northrup because he does not answer your letters, and because he is too conceited. He who thinks too much of himself generally thinks too little of others, and thinks that others think too little of him. But I think you are entirely wrong about H. Northrup. Did you know he was a poet?

O. U. KNUTT.—Grace Darling was a special "camera-man" for the Hearst-Selig animated weekly. She has not since gone into film posing. Perhaps we admire a beautiful soul more than a beautiful face, but we don't run after them quite so hard.

JACK C.—Vogue is one of the branches of Mutual. Gladys Hulette played in "When She Played Broadway." You ask me if Sidney Drew acts with Mrs. Drew. How can he direct her? Come to! Haven't you ever heard of an actor-director? In the case of the Drews, however, they take turn and turn about at directing. Mrs. Drew applies the branding-iron when Sid is doing the doleful, and t'other way around. If I didn't have the patience of Job, and just at present one of his boils,

you'd drive me out of my job. How can I tell whether Sidney Drew really committed suicide in "The Swooners," or what he was saying thru the telephone? Studio telephones are dummies in both senses of the word, and are not connected with my exchange; so please ring off.

SAMUEL T.—Yes; Geraldine Farrar's "Carmen" was popular in New York. Lasky claim that 144,000 people paid admission to see it at the Strand Theater in one week. Henry Walthall is still playing for Essanay.

J. T. C.—There is a new company springing up every day. But most of them are of the mushroom variety. Jane Gail is with Universal. Mary Fuller and Augustus Phillips in "The Three Wishes."

G. U. STIFF.—Pearl White is 28 years old, and I don't intend to answer any more questions on ages. Yes, ours is a good pattern. Grace Cunard is making productions of her own, and releasing them thru Universal. Edna Fisher is Mrs. Rollin Sturgeon, and they are now the proud owner of a baby boy.



HOW WE FEEL GETTING IN TO THAT CENTER SEAT

(Sixty-two)

Mother Goose of Motion Pictures

By HARVEY PEAKE



"Hush-a-bye, baby,
Why do you cry?"
" 'Cause there's no Picture Show
Anywhere nigh."



Jack Spratt could eat no fat,
No lean filled wife's plate;
But one thing both agreed upon—
That Motion Plays were great!



**To keep your baby
perfectly well this
summer**

1. Keep the baby cool.
2. Keep him outdoors as much as possible.
3. Give him plenty of boiled water.
4. Consult your doctor at the first sign of illness.
5. Make his food light. You, yourself, don't eat as much heavy meat in summer as in winter. Lighten your baby's diet also.

Don't give him raw cow's milk with its heavy, indigestible curd—and its germs of summer complaint—summer complaint that kills more babies than any other cause in the world.

Nurse your baby, if you can. If you can't, give him the food that's as safe from germs—and as light as mother's milk itself—

Nestlé's Food

Nestlé's is a complete food—not a milk modifier. It can't sour; no germs can touch it.

In Nestlé's you get milk from healthy cows, purified, free from germs; the calf needs are modified—the baby needs are added. Reduced to a powder, it comes to you in an air-tight can. No hand has touched it—no germ can reach it. It is a complete food, so you add only water and boil one minute—and you can know that you are giving your baby the food his little body needs.

Don't shock your baby's stomach by changing him from your breast milk to cow's milk. In Nestlé's he will feel no change.

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.

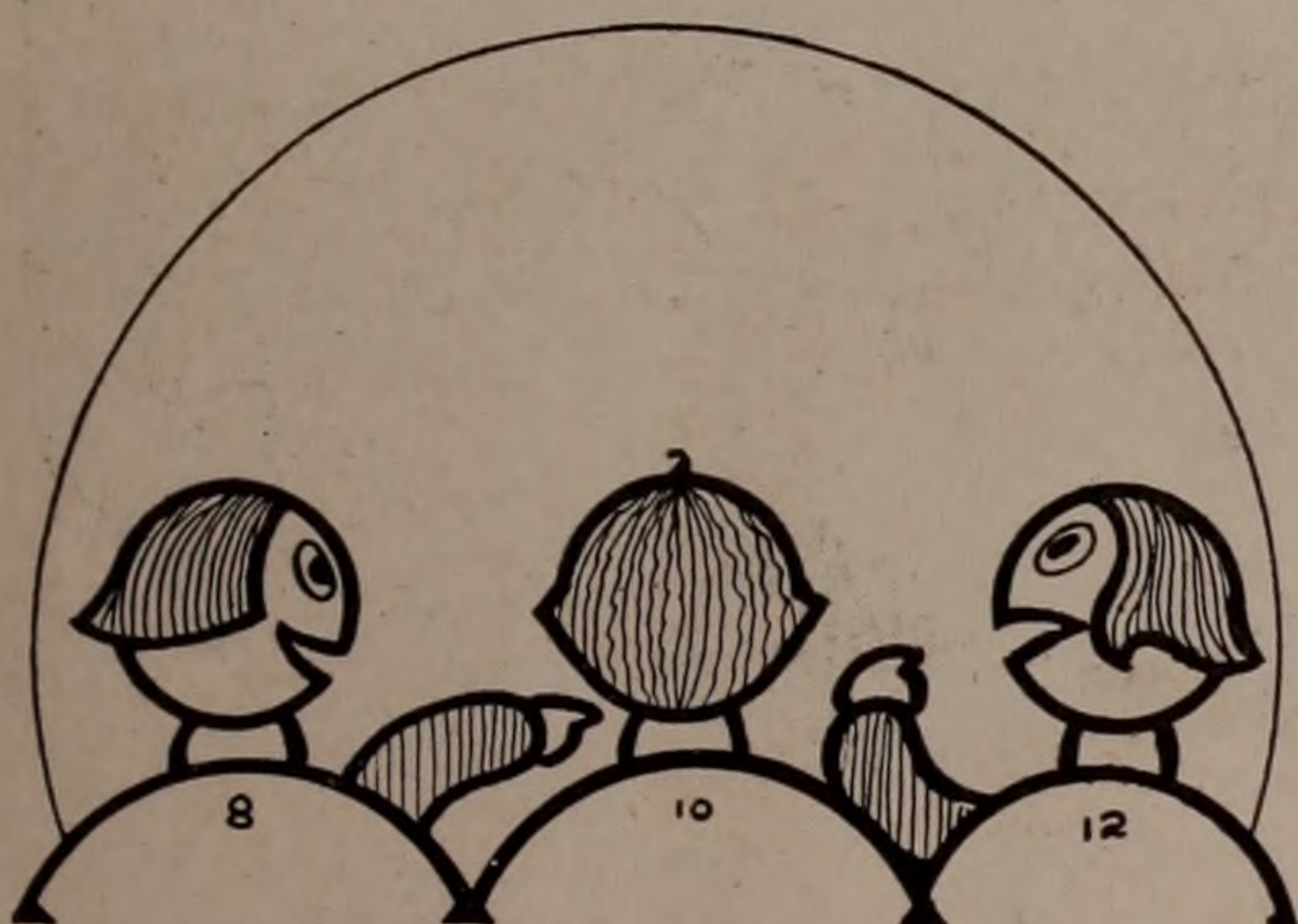


NESTLÉ'S FOOD COMPANY
256 Broadway, New York

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

Name.....

Address.....



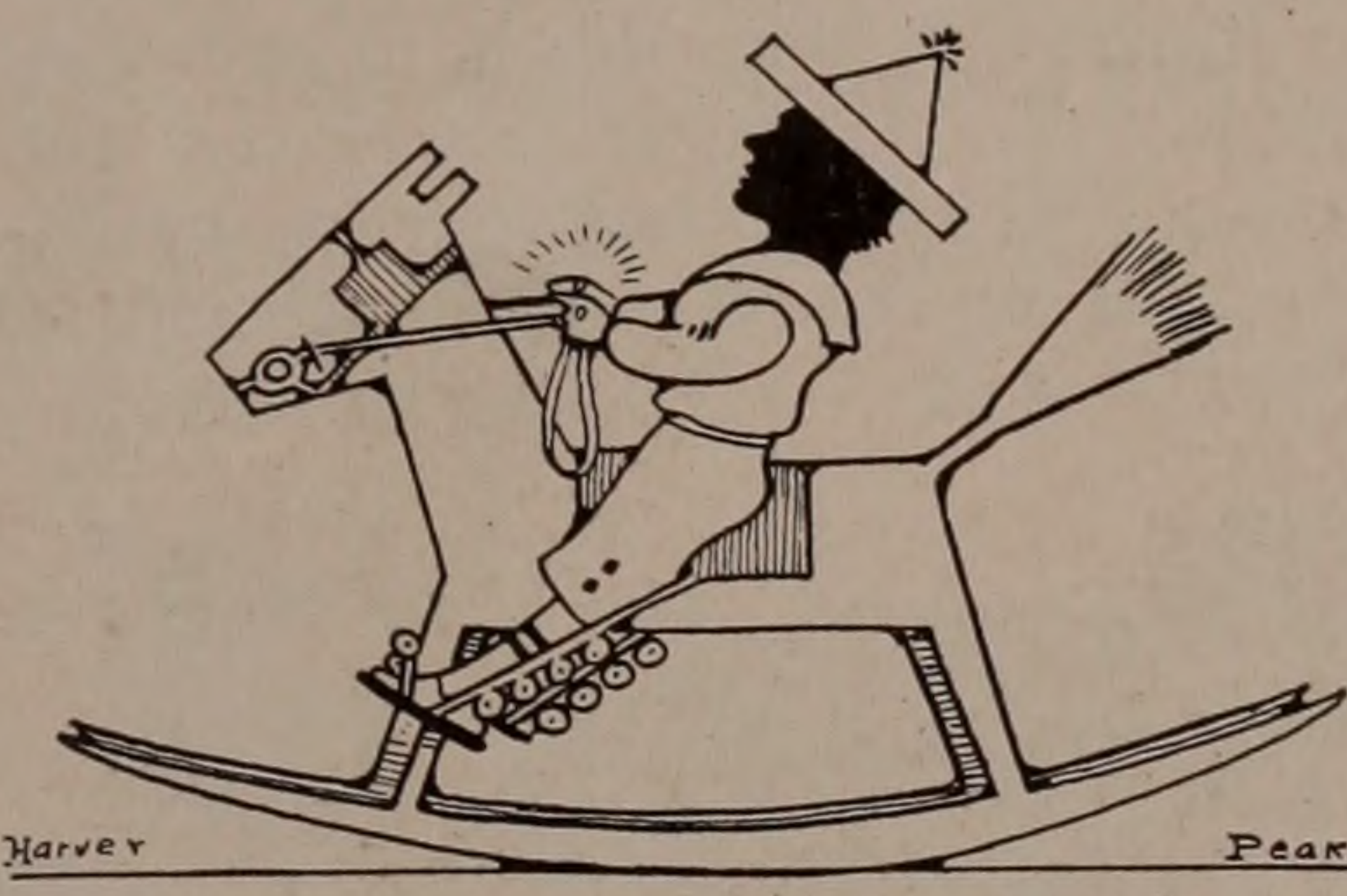
Said three wise men of Gotham,
At a Picture Play one time:
"Why should we go
To a two-dollar show,
When here's just as good for a dime?"



Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Writing a Picture Play;
He put in a scene that was new on the screen,
And it brought him a check one day.

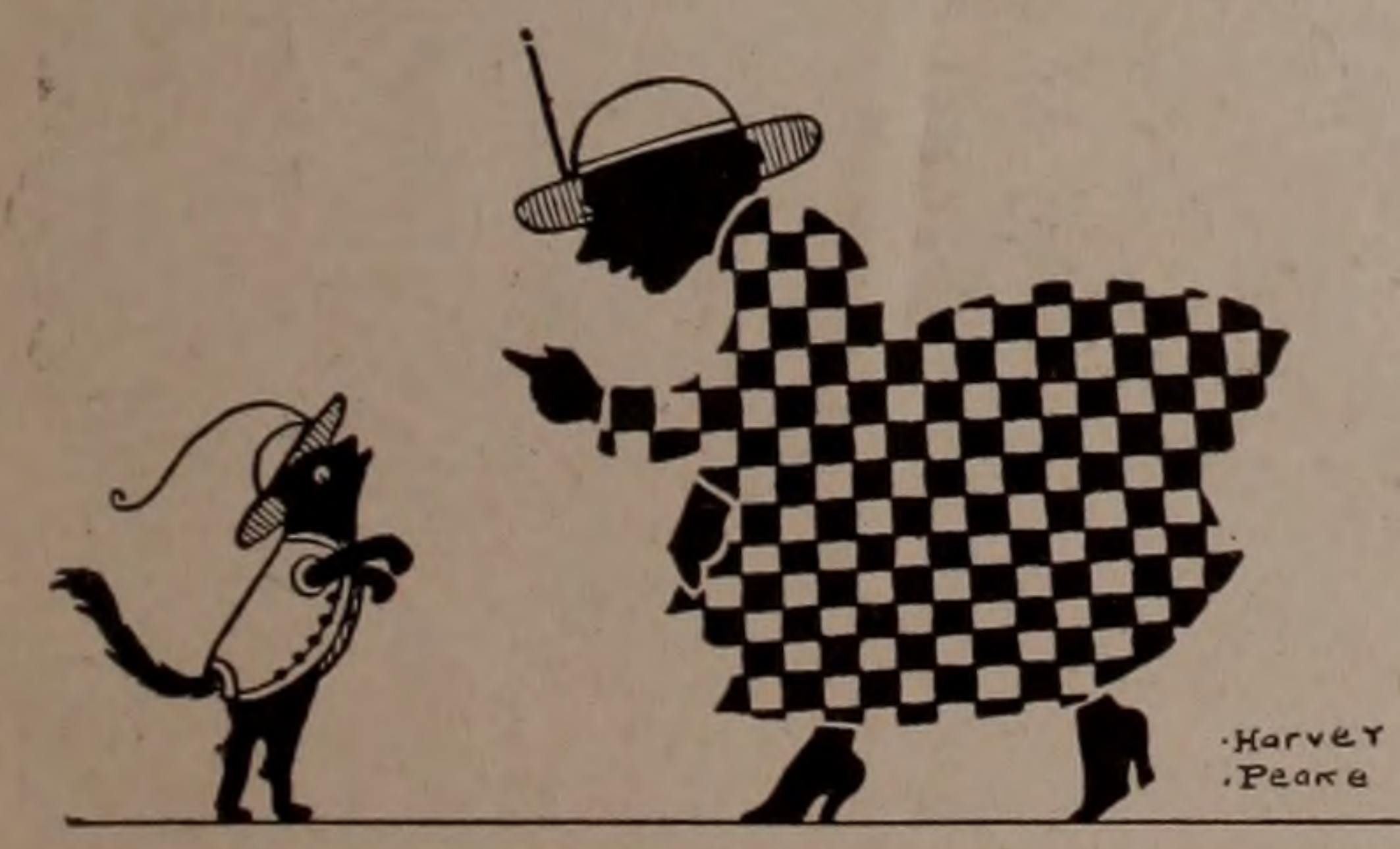


Hickory, dickory, dock;
The mouse runs up the clock;
And when it strikes one,
The children all run
To the Picture Show on the next block.



Ride a-cock horse
To Banbury Cross,
To see Little Johnny get on his white horse;
With rings on his fingers,
And bells on his toes,
He'll look fine on the films at the Motion Play Shows

MOTION 5 PICTURES



"Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, where have you been?"
"I've been up to town to see plays on the screen!
And every thing moved, horses, women and men,
And tomorrow and next day I'm going again!"

(Sixty-three)



"Little Miss, Pretty Miss,
Blessings light upon you;
I have a dime, pray dont decline,
I'll spend it all upon you!"

Here's \$18
for you—
study
advertising—

For \$2 we will send you complete course in modern advertising by the President of Buffalo Advertising Club.

Many have paid \$20 for practically same tuition. You pay \$18 less than that—if you act NOW. Similar to usual \$100 course.

\$5,000 a year is pay of many advertising experts. Men in all kinds of business have made fortunes by learning advertising. Here is your opportunity to study this money-making art at a saving of \$18. In order to introduce this Course, we offer only

500 Introductory Complete Courses at \$2

Send \$2 and we will mail you complete 90 lessons in book form for your confidential possession. This is just the book you have been wishing for—it is brim full of new ideas, etc. Every advertising man should own one. Pin a \$2 bill to your letter-head and mail it today. Do it *Now*.

NU COMPANY

120 West 32nd Street

New York



IN "HIS PICTURE IN THE PAPERS" FAIRBANKS WAS ALMOST BRUTAL TO HIS SUPPORTING CAST

(Continued from page 19)
parlance for "losing his job." And the reason is that they grumbled—aye, broke into open rebellion—at the perilous stunts they were made to perform. But not so Douglas—he loves the movies. "They appeal to your game-ness," he explained. "With the little,

old bull's-eye of the camera looking at you, there's nothing for it but to go thru with anything." And for his pains—however painful—he's getting the balm of the "long green." Insurance checks are served regularly, with eggs and coffee, every Sunday morning.

Note the Big Change Beautiful Eye-Brows and Eye-Lashes give a face charm, expression

Society women and actresses get them by using

Lash-Brow-Ine

It promotes in a natural manner the growth of Eye-brows and Eye-lashes, making them thick, long and silky, giving depth and soulful expression to the eyes. A guaranteed Pure and Harmless treatment. Send 25c (coin) and we'll mail package prepaid in plain sealed cover. Get our FREE Beauty Book.

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

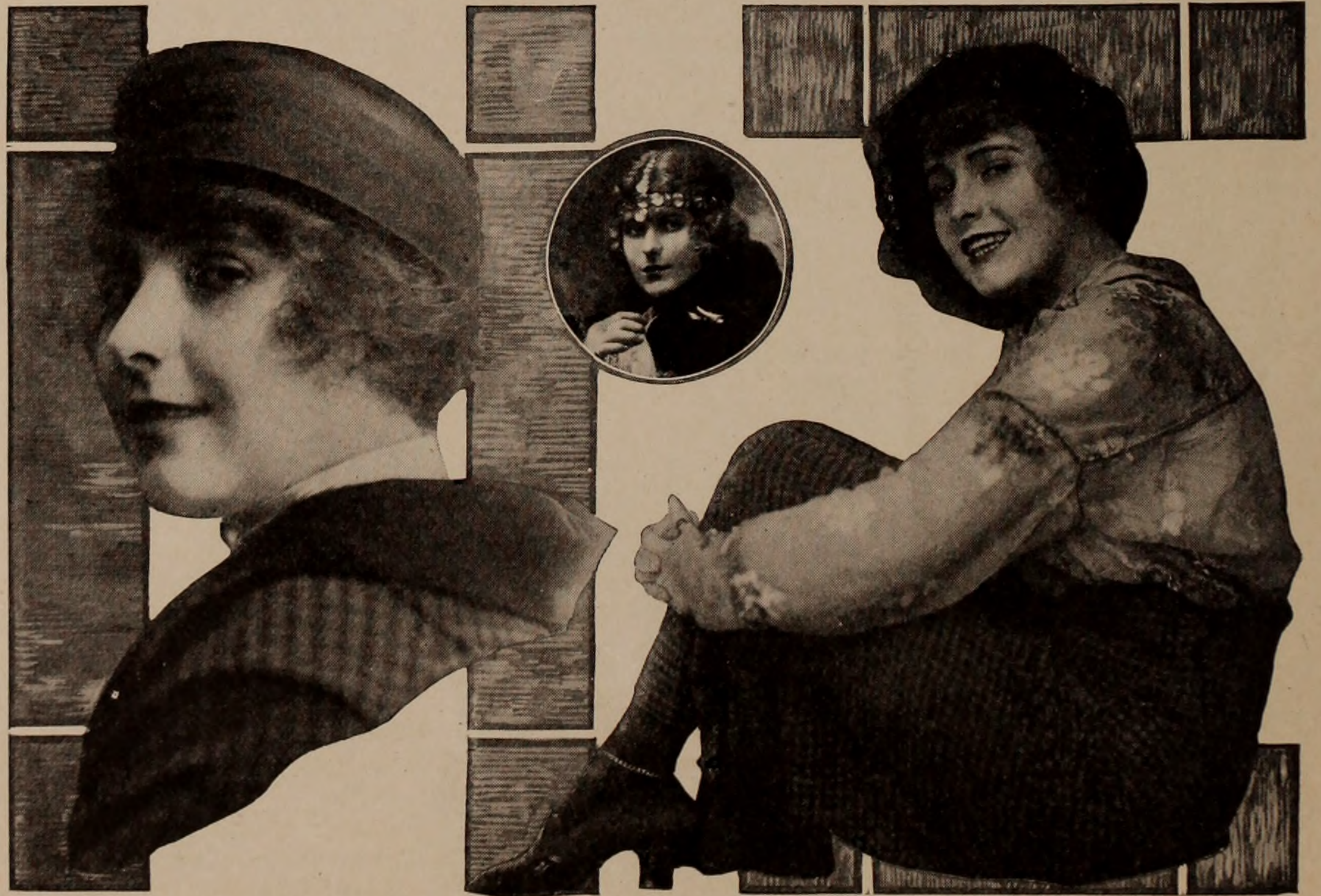
Maybell Laboratories, 4008-G Indiana Ave., Chicago, Illinois

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.



PEARL WHITE, HEROINE OF "THE IRON CLAW," PATHÉ'S LATEST SERIAL OF HAIR-RAISING ESCAPES AND DARING "STUNTS"



The mating season is here, and J. W. Kerrigan, with his customary enterprise, is already dawdling a four-months-old girl. Not a property baby in pictures, but the real tootles in real life. She is the daughter of Jack's brother, Wallace Kerrigan. Is Jack rehearsing to become a fond parent?

Here is glad news for Alice Joyce admirers—as we all admire this beautiful screen artiste, it's glad news for all of us. Miss Joyce has re-entered pictures, and will cast her charming shadow on the screen under the Vitagraph emblem. She will probably be the heroine in their coming super-feature, "The Battle Cry of War."

The Clara Kimball Young Company requests that we withdraw her name from the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE'S Popularity Contest. They regret the action, but do not explain it. Perhaps she wasn't getting enough votes to suit them.

Like a lover's oft-repeated farewell, Geraldine Farrar has not yet said her final good-by to pictures. A little bird whispers that she will be the star of a coming production under the direction of Cecil De Mille, the erstwhile dramatist.

Gertrude McCoy is suffering with writers' cramp. At the Madison Square Garden Exposition she distributed over 8,000 postcards of herself, all personally autographed. And now the sad part begins. The distribution of these has brought a demand for over a million, and Miss McCoy is quoting, "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off."

The Famous Players seem to run to pony stars. To settle all disputes, let it be known that Ann Pennington, their latest sprite, is not so tall as Mary Pickford, but is real "grown up" compared with Marguerite Clark.

Two of the most popular members of the Los Angeles film colony recently met their death in an automobile accident. They were Clinton Stagg and George Platt, members of the Lasky scenario staff. Following upon other similar catastrophes, their death has cast a gloom over the players, and unnecessary trials of speed will hereafter be frowned upon.

On account of being so handy to the studios, amateur movies are now all the rage in Los Angeles. Several of the country clubs are featuring everything, from their golfers and racket-wielders to Jap chefs and Kanaka pages.

Douglas Fairbanks recently gave a barn dance and jamboree at his home in Hollywood. When the Griffith cowboys started to shoot blank cartridges, the local police force entered on the run. He was subdued, however, and soon was mixing in the fun.

Roma June, who supported Arnold Daly in the stage play, "Beau Brummel," playing in New York, has joined the Vitagraph Company to play an extensive number of pictures.

Just because gasoline is on the luxury list with champagne does not deter the players from buying autos. The latest converts to the motor colony are Webster Campbell and Lucile Lee Stewart, of Vitagraph, and Eugenie Forde and Juanita Hansen, of American.

Pauline Frederick and a party of friends have gone to the Adirondack Mountains on a hunting and shooting trip. As the game laws are strict, they are hunting and "shooting" only scenes.

If you want a copy of the cutest painting ever made of "Little Mary" Pickford, you will find it on the cover of the next MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, for sale everywhere on and after July 1st. Don't miss it!

Little Ruth Stonehouse, of the Universal Company, injured herself in a fall from a trapeze, during the taking of a recent picture, and will have to undergo an operation in consequence. She is receiving the attention of many friends, and it is stated that the result is not expected to be serious.

Film companies don't do things by halves nowadays. In "Whispering Smith" (Helen Holmes-Signal Company) a dozen freight-cars are going to be piled up in a wreck. The wreckage has already been contracted for by a match company and a wholesale junk-dealer.

Little Mistress Thelma Salter, who played the rich little girl in "An Alien" with George Beban, has toddled over to the Horsley-Mutual studios, toting along a full set of baby dolls with sweet little layettes that she has made all by her lonesome.

Anna Little is having her troubles these days. Recently her car was stolen while she was shopping in Los Angeles, and on the same day her pet Chow dog was kidnapped. In both cases the thieves were clever, as the police have discovered no clues to them.

Miriam Nesbitt and Marc MacDermott are one. Their courtship was almost as long and quite as romantic as Aucassin's and Nicolette's. They were associated together in the Edison studio for over six years, and their wedding was the outgrowth of a deep mutual respect. In spite of the secrecy of their plans, a movie camera snapped them as they emerged from the Jersey City license bureau.

Quite a little building bee is now on among Vitagraph players, who run mostly to bungalows—the expensive kind. Leah Baird has just completed hers on the south shore of Long Island; Edith Storey is shaping up a pretty lodge of rubble-stone and weathered shingles at Northport, on the north shore, and Anita Stewart is putting the finishing touches on a dream of a villa at Brightwaters.

(Sixty-five)

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.

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 Prof. Benneville, Ferguson and Weinstein of New York City

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

PILLOW TOP FREE!

To prove the superior quality of our celebrated Embroidery Floss, we will send this beautiful Pillow Top (size 17x21 in.) stamped on White Embroidery Cloth, FREE to any lady sending only 10c in stamps or silver to pay for postage and the material to embroider it. On this remarkable offer you get

Pillow Top—Stamped—Ready to Work
One Complete Instruction Diagram
Two Skeins Collingbourne's Floss

Send for this free Pillow Top today. If you are not pleased, your 10c in stamps will be returned promptly. Address

COLLINGBOURNE MILLS, Dept. 439, ELGIN, ILL.

Rose Bead Necklaces
Made from Real Flowers

Each bead retains permanently its natural fragrance. Have one of these attractive necklaces to wear with each gown. **Old Rose, Violet, Orange Blossom, Mignonette and Black-Eyed Susies.** 20 inch necklace 50 cents; 34-inch necklace \$1.00. Sample string showing colors for six cents in stamps.

ENDORSED BY
—Mary Fuller

LICHTENSTEIN BROS.
10-12 West 22d Street, Dept. C, New York

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.

C. K. GROUSE CO.
North Attleboro Mass.
Box No. 1

80c. 51934 60c. 60044

WILL SEND MY 25c BOOK Improve Your Face

By Making Faces—for 10c—stamps or coin

This book contains a complete course of instructions in Physical Culture for the Face. More than 90,000 persons are following these instructions to-day. They will do more to build beauty than all the paint and powder in the world, for they get right at the root of your facial defects and overcome them. **Not simple or silly.** Just physical culture applied to the facial muscles; common sense—that's all. If you want to improve your looks, send 10c for this book, to-day, at once, while it's on your mind.

PROF. ANTHONY BARKER
5121 Barker Bldg., 110 W. 42nd St. NEW YORK CITY

**MINIATURE PENNANTS
OF THE FILM STARS**

DECORATE your room or den with these neat 3 x 8 in. felt pennants. Just the thing to make round pillow tops and table covers. Use them as favors, souvenirs, etc. Something new.

Blanche Sweet	Earle Williams
Francis X. Bushman	Dustin Farnum
Beverly Bayne	Theda Bara
Mary Anderson	Anita Stewart
Ruth Roland	Jack Kerrigan
Crane Wilbur	Mabel Normand
Francis Ford	Pearl White

---and 93 others. Write to-day.
Send two-cent stamp for folder.

10 for 25 cents **22 for 50 cents**

Estimates on large quantities on request

D. A. DOBIE
Dept. B, 29 Monroe Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.



**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'.



**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.

LOOK

Send us your IDEAS for PHOTOPlays and STORIES. Your manuscript READ and CRITICISED FREE. NO correspondence course. Our Motto: SQUARE DEALING—We can HELP you to SUCCEED. ORIGINAL IDEAS WORTH MONEY. Write AT ONCE for FREE BOOKLET of valuable information about PHOTOPLAY CONSTRUCTION.

MASCOT SERVICE

Dept. A—P. O. Box 142, Morristown, N. J.



Wrinkles

Thousands have successfully used this formula to remove traces of age, illness or worry: 1 oz. of pure

**Powdered
SAXOLITE**

dissolved in ¼ pt. witch hazel; use as a face wash. The effect is almost magical. Deepest wrinkles, crow's feet, as well as finest lines, completely and quickly vanish. Face becomes firm, smooth, fresh, and you look years younger. No harm to tenderest skin. Get genuine Saxolite (powdered) at any drug store.



Greenroom Jottings—Continued

Marguerite Clark's latest triumph is "Silks and Satins," and an excellent story of the play appears in the August issue of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Florence Lawrence's re-entry into screenland has resolved itself into a triumph. A Florence Lawrence song has been dedicated to her, and she, in turn, has donated its receipts to the Actors' Fund for aged actors. And then she went and resigned.

Lillian Walker has discovered a new tonic—it's a wonderful bracer. She has just returned with Evart Overton and Robert Gaillard from Highland Falls, N. Y., where they "shot" a series of scenes in an iron mine. The fair Lillian drank liberal potatoes from springs in the mine, and says she is now feeling as frisky as a robin struggling with his first spring worm.

Henry Kolker, who supports Billie Burke in "Gloria's Romance," is a pretty handy man with his "dukes." In the first episode, which was actually taken in the Florida Everglades, among the Seminole Indians, a fight occurs in which he lands some "corn-crackers" on the anatomy of several distinguished chiefs.

Mutual Weekly's camera-man has just arrived in New York after a hurried and undignified exit from Chihuahua. When he set up his camera in Villa's home town, the supply of aerial vegetables that were forcibly presented to him would have delighted a huckster by their variety and ripe old age.

A movie cop was recently discovered by a police inspector in the act of smoking a cigaret in Central Park. A crowd quickly gathered while the inspector read the riot act to the dumbfounded "extra." Madame Petrova finally extricated her humble support, and as a balm for his wounded feelings he is now smoking some choice Russian "coffin nails."

William Conklin, Balboa's leading man, is two-handed with a vengeance. Each day, as soon as he is out of his make-up, he hurries to his desk in his big automobile agency in Long Beach, Cal., which he is managing with success.

Cleo Ridgely is the center of all eyes with her new outfit of sport coats. They are striped after the manner of tennis-blazers, and the color schemes must have been worked out after a survey of all the barber poles and awnings in Los Angeles.

A well-known but misguided studio star, whose reputation for excellent portrayal does not quite equal his remarkable ability to transfer his affections from one company to another—as eagerly as an urchin joins Sunday-school around Christmastime—has announced himself as a candidate for the Presidency of the United States. No one else appears to have announced him. His campaign slogan is "Let us have free silence. Censorship is hell!" Gracious! Have we come to this?

Dont miss Theda Bara's defense of her "vampire" parts in the August MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

The Vitagraph Company announces a move that is epoch-making in the film industry. It will recapitalize for \$25,000,000, making it four times larger than any other Motion Picture company or combination of companies. Mere size means nothing, but if Vitagraph is true to its promises and follows the history of other great industries in the systematization and upbuilding of its product—great directors, great casts, well-balanced programs and famous authors—we may look forward to a second great stage in both the art and science of Motion Picture advancement.

Duncan McRae, a brother of Bruce McRae, and who last appeared on the screen as leading man for Florence Reed in "The Woman's Law," has been engaged as leading man for Viola Dana, and they will make their initial Metro appearance in "The Flower of No Man's Land."

Louise Huff has recently become a Famous Player, and is now on Block Island with a company, creating a seacoast drama, "Destiny's Toy," in which the little star plays the part of a fishermaid.

Everybody is reading our "How to Get in the Pictures" articles. And why not? Do you know of anybody who does not want to get in, or who has not a daughter or friend who does? We have some big surprises coming—watch out for them!

A wonderful painting of Anita Stewart will appear on the next CLASSIC cover.

Helen Gibson, the daredevil Kalemette railroader, has received an official warning from a Western railroad company that her stunts are too dangerous for them to risk the lives of their train-crews. In a recent scene Miss Gibson persuaded the engineer to "take a chance," with the result that his engine-tender jumped the tracks, and "Helen o' Hazards" barely escaped with her life.

The Los Angeles' famous bathing parade has at last been held, all objections to the contrary, and 300 girls from the various studios garbed in the latest bathing creations passed in review before 50,000 critics at Santa Monica Beach. The first prize for ideal figure and costume was awarded to Mabel Johnston, of Thomas H. Ince's "Civilization" company. Her swimming togs were a creation of silver cloth with scarlet belt and cap.

Kathlyn Williams is to have a new leading man, one who at last will frame up to her in goodly proportions and ability. The gentleman is Courtenay Foote, formerly of Vitagraph and Morosco fame.

We have with us this evening: Anita Stewart and S. Rankin Drew, p. 13; Lois Meredith, p. 50; Frank Mayo (left), p. 53; Dustin Farnum and Herbert Standing, p. 36; Winnifred Kingston and Dustin Farnum, p. 39.

The persistent and prodigious rumor will not die down to the effect that Mary Pickford is about to ally herself with the Vitagraph Company. Notwithstanding our prayers and importunities, Little Mary will not commit herself to deny or affirm.

Popular Player Contest

THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is conducting a Popular Player Contest, and we herewith give our readers a little advance information thereon. A voting coupon will be found elsewhere in this number of the CLASSIC, and full information will be found in the August number of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, which will be on sale July 1st.

HOW THE LEADERS STOOD UP TO MAY 23

Mary Pickford.....	17,865
Marguerite Clark.....	15,130
J. Warren Kerrigan.....	11,970
Francis Bushman.....	10,910
Theda Bara.....	10,420
William Farnum.....	9,795
Henry Walthall.....	9,330
Anita Stewart.....	8,935
Edward Earle.....	8,680
Wallace Reid.....	8,535
Earle Williams.....	8,055
Alexander Gaden.....	7,000
Nellie Anderson.....	6,685
Pauline Frederick.....	6,360
Pearl White.....	6,270
Grace Cunard.....	6,205
Beverly Bayne.....	6,180
William Hart.....	6,165
Harold Lockwood.....	6,150
Blanche Sweet.....	5,000
Ruth Roland.....	4,865
Crane Wilbur.....	4,815
Dustin Farnum.....	4,635
Marguerite Snow.....	4,485
Mary Fuller.....	4,335
Mary Miles Minter.....	4,280
Robert Warwick.....	4,145
Mary Anderson.....	3,000
Carlyle Blackwell.....	2,755
Marguerite Courtot.....	2,700
Florence LaBadie.....	2,565
Olga Petrova.....	2,435
Cleo Madison.....	2,330
Antonio Moreno.....	2,310
Ella Hall.....	2,295
Francis Ford.....	2,290
Edna Mayo.....	2,285
Clara K. Young.....	2,215
Charles Chaplin.....	2,145
Harris Gordon.....	2,050
Edith Storey.....	2,045
Romaine Fielding.....	1,820
Richard Travers.....	1,695
E. K. Lincoln.....	1,675
Herbert Rawlinson.....	1,655
Henry King.....	1,480
Owen Moore.....	1,470
Bryant Washburn.....	1,445
Norma Talmadge.....	1,435
Nell Craig.....	1,430
Kathlyn Williams.....	1,375
Violet Mersereau.....	1,290
Dorothy Gish.....	1,290
Alice Joyce.....	1,275
May Allison.....	1,260
Douglas Fairbanks.....	1,260
Edward Coxen.....	1,245
Lillian Gish.....	1,240
Tom Forman.....	1,215
Anna Little.....	1,200
Ruth Stonehouse.....	1,085
Creighton Hale.....	1,075
Louise Bates.....	1,075
Robert Mantell.....	1,045
Geraldine Farrar.....	1,045
Mae Marsh.....	1,025
Mabel Normand.....	1,025
Florence Lawrence.....	1,025
House Peters.....	1,020
Milton Sills.....	1,010
Hazel Dawn.....	1,010

(Sixty-seven)

Guide to the Theaters

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.

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

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.

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.

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

Astor.—"Cohan Revue." Wonderfully clever musical burlesque of the popular plays of the season, done by thoroly competent players.

Gaiety.—"Erstwhile Susan." A comedy in which Mrs. Fiske proves that she is still entitled to first honors among our great comediennes. The author might have made more of a splendid opportunity. Interesting, but there is not much humor in the play.

New Amsterdam (Roof).—Ziegfeld Danse de Follies—the show-place of New York after midnight—offering a program of far above the average quality. Good music, excellent artists, and a multitude of pretty girls. Plenty of space for those wishing to dance, and well-arranged tables for the lookers-on.

Fulton.—"A Woman of No Importance" in four acts, the first of which might well be omitted entirely; most of the second, also. In spite of some brilliant dialog, the play drags until the third act, which works up to a fine climax. Margaret Anglin is as charming and clever as ever, but Holbrook Blinn is miscast. Either bad acoustics or bad elocution makes about one-third of the lines of the play unintelligible.

Hudson.—"The Cinderella Man." A charming, romantic comedy, intensely interesting and remarkably well done. One of the hits of the season.

Lyric.—"Katinka." An amusing, tuneful operetta of the conventional kind. It is enjoying a long run.

New Amsterdam.—"Merchant of Venice." Sir Herbert Tree superb as Shylock, but the talented Elsie Ferguson failed to make the most of her opportunities as Portia in this wonderfully beautiful production.

Cort.—"Molly O." An operetta in two acts with catchy music, bright lines, new features, a good company, and some pretty girls. It is here for a run, if—

Physical Culture for the Face

My Beauty Exercises will make you look Younger and more Beautiful than all the external treatments you might use for a lifetime. No massage, electricity, vibration, astringents, plasters, straps, filling or surgery—**nothing artificial—Just Nature's Way.**



Results come soon and are permanent. My system makes muddy, sallow skins clear, and the complexion as **fresh as in girlhood**, firms the flesh, and never fails to lift drooping and sagging facial muscles, **removing the wrinkles** they cause. The too thin face and neck are rounded out and hollows filled in. **No one too old or too young to benefit.**

My system makes double chins disappear quickly, and it leaves the flesh firm after the superfluous fat is worked away.

No matter how tired, five minutes of my Facial Exercise will freshen your complexion and give it a most **exquisite coloring for a whole evening.**

Write today for my new FREE booklet "Facial Beauty Culture." If you will tell me what improvements you would like, I can write you more helpfully. Your letter will be held in strictest confidence.

KATHRYN MURRAY
Suite T-27 Garland Building, Chicago
The first woman to teach Scientific Facial Exercise

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 |

Sepia, 35c each; Hand-painted, 50c each. **Send cash or money order**
5x7 Pictures, two for a dime, six for a quarter, \$1.00 set of fifty.
R. K. STANBURY, Dept. M-G, FLATIRON BLDG., N. Y. CITY
Beautiful 11x14 Hand-colored Pictures, 25c each. Send 2c stamp for folder

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.**

MARK YOUR LINEN WITH

CASH'S WOVEN NAMES
Prevent loss at the laundry. They are neat and durable. Made in many styles in fast colors of Red, Blue, Black, Navy, Yellow or Green.

Your full name for { \$.85 for 3 dozen
1.25 " 6 "
2.00 " 12 "

Samples of various styles sent free

J. & J. CASH, Limited
1017 Chestnut St. S. Norwalk, Conn.

REDUCE YOUR FLESH

Wear my famous Rubber Garments a few hours a day while walking or exercising and your superfluous Flesh will positively disappear

DR. JEANNE WALTER'S
FAMOUS
RUBBER GARMENTS
For Men and Women

Cover the entire body or any part. The safe and quick way to reduce by perspiration. Endorsed by leading physicians.

FRONN ERADICATOR..... \$2.00
CHIN REDUCER..... 2.00
NECK AND CHIN REDUCER... 3.00
BRASSIERE..... 6.00
ABDOMINAL REDUCER..... 6.00

Also Union Suits, Stockings, Jackets, etc., for the purpose of reducing the flesh anywhere desired. Invaluable to those suffering from rheumatism. Send for Illustrated Booklet.

Dr. JEANNE M. P. WALTER
Inventor and Patentee
353 Fifth Avenue NEW YORK
Cor. 34th Street, 3rd door East

The Photoplay Hit of the Season
The Little Book of Honest Advice
"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.

GOV'T POSITIONS NEW BOOK FREE!

Earn \$75 to \$150 monthly at once. Rapid promotion. Easy work. Short hours. 15 and 30 day vacations. Full pay. Lifetime positions. No strikes, no "lay-offs," no "straw bosses," no pull needed. Ordinary education sufficient. American citizens 18 or over eligible no matter where you live.

NEW BOOK FREE Tells about Railway Mail, Post Office, Panama Canal, Custom House and many other Gov't positions. Tells how to prepare for Examinations under supervision of former U. S. Civil Service Sec'y-Examiner. Write today—postal will do. Address **PATTERSON CIVIL SERVICE SCHOOL**, 97 News Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

WRITE TODAY

BASEBALL CURVER

Fits the hand, cannot be seen, with it you can throw Big Wide curves. Boys, get this Base Ball curver and you can Fan 'Em as fast as they come to Bat. By mail 10c, with booklet on how to pitch all curves. **ARDEA CO.**, Desk 62, Stamford, Conn.

BECOME A PHOTOPLAY ACTOR OR ACTRESS

One of the most pleasant and well paid of professions. Send stamp for particulars.

THE P. A. BOOKING OFFICES, Box C-363, Chicago, Ill.

"CHARLIE CHAPLIN TRICK"
A BRAND NEW ONE

Roll the little cigarette into Charlie's mouth and make him happy. Easy when you know how. Send a dime today. **10c**

THE FLORENCE COMPANY
892 St. Nicholas Avenue New York City

The Autobiography of
Claire McDowell
(Continued from page 56)

we were turning people away we closed up a lot of smaller companies ahead and behind, because all the audiences waited to see us. The work was killing, and nothing but the enthusiasm of audiences kept us alive.

When we started out they sold the gallery to negroes, but in Atlanta a fight started after the cave scene, where the negro, Gus, is hypnotized and made to plead guilty to the attack on the child. After that they let no more negroes into the theater, and in the little towns the galleries were scrubbed out and sold at two dollars a seat to the quality folks.

That season I married Charles Hill Mailes, the actor who played the rôle of Gus. He has always claimed that he did "some stunt" to win a girl while wearing a black face make-up and playing such a revolting part. We signed for the next season, and I played the lead, Elsie Stoneman.

Both those seasons were so eventful that even excitement became monotonous. The negroes all thru the South signed petitions to have the play stopped and resorted to all manner of threats. In Savannah, Ga., one of the oldest theaters in the United States was burned by negroes just before we reached the town. The management immediately hired a skating-rink with a platform stage at one end, and we played there with such scenery as they could get together.

The park where the rink was situated was a long trolley ride out of town, and we actors were all given orders to get out and mingle with the crowd after the performance, as we would be in danger of attack if we went home alone later. There was very little make-up taken off in the theater that night, you may be sure, and most of us played the last act in our street clothes.

I stayed at home for two years after that, raising two husky baby boys. Later I went on the road for a season, playing Bathsheba in Faversham's production of "Herod." How I did enjoy that play! I love costume plays, and I look better and am more at home in them than in modern society plays.

At the close of the "Herod" season I read the writing on the wall and went into the picture business. My husband and I have been with Biograph so long that we feel like veterans, and we love the work which has brought us the esteem of millions to whom, otherwise, we must have remained unknown.

La Delilah ☆ ☆

LIQUID COLD CREAM

A new liquid skin emollient made from pure vegetable ingredients. Will not promote growth of hair. Free from all deleterious substances. Gives a clean, clear, soft, smooth skin. Price 50c. at best shops, or

Endorsed by RUTH ROLAND

DELILAH CO., Dept. C, 44 West 34th St., New York

LOOK AT THESE !!!
Before Buying Photos Elsewhere
PHOTOS SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS

DECORATE your room or den with these handsome 7x11 portrait pictures of movie favorites each mounted in a heavy folder.

Make Your Selection from the Following:

Carlyle Blackwell	Mary Pickford
Beverly Bayne	Blanche Sweet
Charlie Chaplin	Marguerite Snow
Mary Fuller	Anita Stewart
The Goddess Group	Norma Talmadge
Alice Joyce	Pearl White
Jack Kerrigan	Ben F. Wilson
Lillian Lorraine	Earle Williams
Mary Miles Minter	Crane Wilbur
Wabel Normand	Lillian Walker
Olga Petrova	Clara Kimball Young

Theda Bara
Francis X. Bushman

Ten Cents Each—A Set of 12 for a Dollar
Send currency or money-order to
S. BRAM, Publisher, Dept. D, 126 W. 46th St., N. Y.

CROCHET BOOK FREE

Contains 147 illustrated lessons with new designs by Virginia Snow. To introduce our new best hard twisted, mercerized Crochet Cotton, we will mail free **Collingbourne's Encyclopedia of Art Needlework** to any lady sending only 10c for a sample ball and 4c to cover postage.

Collingbourne's CROCHET COTTON
comes in White and Ecru—sizes, 1, 3, 5, 10, 15, 20, 30, 40, 50, 60, 70, 80, 100; also in all leading colors—sizes, 5, 30 and 50. Crochet Book contains many original ideas in Crocheting, Tatting and Embroidery. Also list of 26 Free Premiums. Send today. **COLLINGBOURNE MILLS, Dept. 39, ELGIN, ILLINOIS**

WRITE FOR MONEY

Have you Ideas for Photoplays, Stories, etc.? If so, we will accept them in ANY form—CORRECT FREE—sell on Commission. Big Rewards! Make Money. Write today for full details. Send scripts NOW!

WRITER'S SELLING SERVICE
5 Main, AUBURN, N. Y.

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

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.

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.

LEARN NURSING Study it at odd moments without interfering with your present duties. Write for free booklet and special low offer.

R. I. College of Nursing, Dept. P, Providence, R. I.

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., 445 Greiner Bldg., Palmyra, Pa.

Putting the Children in Films and the Films in Children

(Continued from page 47)

too frequently the case elsewhere, that the cost of installing the necessary projecting apparatus, complying with the fire regulations and meeting the additional insurance rates, would be prohibitive were the original plan of holding these entertainments in the school buildings carried out. The offer of the Grand Theater management, in turning over the free use of the theater on Saturday mornings to the Parent-Teachers' Association, solved the question very nicely, and, at practically no initial expense, the educational movies for children was started. It is already predicted that the movement thus started will spread thruout the province of Alberta and that it is only a question of time before it will embrace all of Western Canada.

The theater owners and managers thruout the country are more than ready to fit in with any plans that may be brought forward for the development of children's programs, but in most instances they have learnt by experience that of themselves they can do but little, as they cannot always afford to be philanthropically inclined, and when launched by them as a business proposition but little support is received.

If the children's programs are to prove successful, it must be thru the coöperative efforts of the mothers of the community. It has been demonstrated that, when agitated by influences outside of the theater, the civic and social organizations of the city respond readily, but let there seem to appear any element of commercialism, or any attempt to put special programs for children on a business and self-supporting basis, and all support is coldly withdrawn. Upon the mothers and public-spirited women of the country devolves the duty of promulgating the children's entertainments. The field is large and the opportunities for effective work are many.

How to Get In!

(Continued from page 24)

The same broad rules apply to the stage as to the studio. When a director once realizes that his humble extra possesses the qualities above mentioned, his or her advancement will be rapid. You will be put to the test soon enough, and it is then that you have got to sound the reveillé and call up your waiting recruits—Privates Grit, Nerve, Fearlessness, "Sunshine"; and Corporals Versatility, Willingness and Disposition. I dont believe

(Sixty-nine)



"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.

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 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 stamped, self-addressed envelope for which you will send me descriptive information regarding your service.

Name.....
Address.....

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 71 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 2 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.....

DIAMONDS

ON CREDIT — \$
TERMS AS LOW AS

2.50

A MONTH



Ladies' Loftis Belcher Ring designed to make Diamond appear larger than it is.

Great Reduction in Credit Terms and Prices
Think of it! A high grade, guaranteed, genuine diamond, perfect in cut and full of fiery brilliancy, set in solid gold or platinum mounting for only \$2.50 a month—8 cents a day.

The Loftis 7-Diamond Cluster Ring
Contains 7 Diamonds set so that the cluster has the appearance of a beautiful Solitaire Diamond that costs 3 or 4 times as much.

14K

Send for 116-page Jewelry Catalog containing over 2000 beautiful illustrations of Diamonds, Watches, Silverware, etc. Make a selection either for yourself or as a gift for a friend or loved one. We will send the article for your examination, all charges prepaid by us. You assume no risk; you are under no obligation. **You Don't Pay a Cent** until you see and examine the article. If perfectly satisfied pay one-fifth of the purchase price and the balance in eight equal monthly payments. If not entirely satisfied, return at our expense. Whether you buy or not, get Our Catalog. It is an education in Diamond and Jewelry values and easy credit buying. Send for catalog today—before you forget. It is FREE.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO., The National Credit Jewelers
Dept. B616, 100 to 108 N. State Street, Chicago, Illinois
(Established 1858) Stores in: Chicago Pittsburgh St. Louis Omaha

The

Photoplaywright's Primer

By L. CASE RUSSELL, AUTHOR OF "HERE LIES"
The Cleverest Book Ever Written!
The First, Last, and Most Authoritative Word on the Biggest Subject Today

It is fresh from the facile pen of L. Case Russell, author of the famous little "Here Lies" book (which has outsold all other similar books three to one), and just off the press.

As Important as your Dictionary!

This book covers every phase of photoplay writing in such a complete and novel way, as to be almost amazing. It is as useful to the past master as to the beginner.

Not a Re-hash—Nothing but New Ideas
Contains All the Points, and only 50 cents a copy

It is printed in large type, 64 pages, size 4½x7½, with numerous illustrations.

Mailed to any address on receipt of fifty cents in one cent stamps or a fifty cent piece. (If the latter, it should be carefully pasted to letter or wrapped so that it will not cut thru the envelope.) For sale only by

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

BANNERS

YALE

BUILD UP

a selling agency. Sell our pen-nants in your club, school or college. Generous discounts for quantities. Catalogue Free.

ARTHUR MFG. CO., DEPT. L., LOWVILLE, 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

Dissolvène 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

DISSOLVÈNE MFG. CO.
18 D WEST 34TH STREET
(Adjoining Waldorf-Astoria) NEW YORK



that it is possible, except by straight-from-the-shoulder methods.

Photographs of yourself—full-faced, bust, full-length, and in profile, with a detail description of your height, weight, color of your eyes, hair, etc.—will help to put a dent in the director's memory. Some girls even have gone to the trouble and expense of offering a few feet of film of themselves for the director's projection, but I don't believe this is of any use if it simply exhibits still poses. It is necessary, of course, to show you under the stress of some emotion, or at least instigated by some idea—posing in action. Unless you are very carefully rehearsed by a competent director, a film picture of yourself is likely to be a fizzle. I will say this, however: if you have done some good extra work in a previous studio, or have performed a small part, it would be a valuable aid to obtain a strip of this film and to show it whenever you seek a new engagement. If it is permissible, it may be necessary for you to haunt a studio for weeks and months without a chance of appearing, and then—presto! a scene is about to be taken in which you will be given a chance. I don't believe in carelessly applying at a studio on a hit-or-miss principle. Find out from some one when the next production is to be cast and extras engaged, and be "Johnny on the spot" at the proper time.

David Garrick

(Continued from page 39)

lay on the pillow, and he picked it up and read the tear-blurred words:

Dear Father—Forgive me for leaving home, but since I have learnt the truth about Mr. Garrick, I cannot, and will not, marry Chivy. He whom I love is in danger. I am going to him.

ADA.

For a moment the room swam, and Ingot was near to swooning; then, with an oath, he steadied himself.

"By the martyred saints!" he cried—"this is rank rebellion! I will get Chivy, and when I find her—she'll marry him on the spot." Hat at a rakish angle, coat askew, he plunged down the steps and hailed a passing cab.

"The Garrick Theater!" yelled Ingot. "Double quick—double pay!"

The dressing-room was very hot and stuffy and small. Ingot drew in a lungful of grease-paint, cold cream, cigarets and dust and wiped his forehead. Whatever else there was here—and there seemed to be nearly everything in the alphabet—Ada was not present—yet. Footsteps sounded outside; a cold draught of air, fol-

lowing in their wake, set the limp garments on the hooks a-dance. The footsteps paused outside the door. Ingot glanced about desperately—a screen—a stride—the door opened to admit Garrick. The actor sank into the single, creaky chair before the dressing-table and buried his head in his hands. Ensued a silence, broken now and then by a heart-sick groan. Suddenly both men in the room started violently. Ada had crept in so quietly that neither guessed her presence till she spoke.

"Are you—dead?" she begged. "Was there a duel? Did anybody get killed? Oh, please, are you dead?"

Garrick sprang to his feet and took his stand by her side, looking down into the piteous, stained little face. His mouth was grim, but his eyes yearned.

"You ought not to be here, you know," his stern mouth said, but—"I'm glad! glad!" shone from his eyes.

The girl began to laugh, a trifle hysterically. "You look awfully alive," she whimpered. "I don't care if you did kill that man. He used to w-wear m-m-musk on his handkerchief!"

"He got a scratch—not serious," Garrick said implacably. Suddenly he clenched his hands savagely and folded his arms for fear they would go around her. She had cared!

"I thank you for coming," he said slowly. "It's given me a warm thing to remember. But you must go now. I am going to take you home."

"I have no home," she said, in simple confession. "I have come to you. You—don't want me?"

Suddenly the longing heart of him would have its way. Yet he did not come any nearer to her.

"Yes—that is why I'm going to take you home," he said steadily—"because I want you. It is hard on a moth to be so near a candle. I tried to make you hate me—and I failed, thank God! But you shall at least forget me. I promised your father."

"There was a condition, tho, to that promise," said a voice behind them. Ingot held out his hand.

"I have come to you, Mr. David Garrick, to beg the honor of your marriage to my daughter," he said. "And—my hat is in my hand."

His voice shook with emotion, and his big frame trembled violently.

"D—n Chivy!" he burst out in unconscious apology, "he was a louse compared to you, Mr. Garrick."

His big hands closed over the eloquent one that had stood up for his girl's good name, and for years to come Simon Ingot was David Garrick's greatest admirer, haunting the Old Drury Theater and making the painted rafters ring with his applause.

(Seventy)

Overheard in the Studio

By JOSEPH F. POLAND

A GROUP of extras:
 "She gets three hundred a week, does she? Say, I knew her when——"

"Yuh know, they gave the part to that young chit, when I, with my fifteen years' stage experience, could play the innocent young girl to perfection."

A director, rehearsing a scene:
 "You enter, and find your husband dead! Show grief. No, no! Dont look as tho you were thinking of his insurance—show grief!"

"Now we'll rehearse that scene just once more."

"Gee! He's said that ten times already."

"Oh, lights—lights, please! What is the matter with that man? Hey! Lights! I wanta take this scene some time this year!"

"Say, Jimmy, lissun! I want you to scour the suburbs. I've got to have a house built in Colonial style, with a brick balcony outside the drawing-room windows. There must be elm-trees around the house and a garage in back. Get it quick—my people are held up—I cant do a thing until I get that house!"

"Hello, Jack, what are you today? I'm a Royal Northwest Mounted policeman."

"Oh, I'm a general in the Russian army. I was a French captain yesterday and a British private the day before. Quick promotion—what?"

"Oh, lights, lights, please! Over here in this drawing-room set."

"No, I'm not casting today, Miss Bittersweet. I have my people picked for this picture. Maybe next month——"

"Oh, Anita, you look too sweet for anything in that riding habit! You certainly make a dandy Russian countess!"

"Lights, lights, please!"

"All ready, camera-man; grind, grind! That'll do; that's enough. Now we'll take some close-ups."

"Hello, old top! Back from the North?"

"Yes; nearly froze to death taking some snow scenes. And now we're off for the South, to be baked alive taking tropical scenes!"

The star:

"Four o'clock, and I'm finished for the day, with just enough time left to go shopping. John, bring the car around to the main entrance!"

"All right, boys, strike this set! I wont need to use it again!"

(Seventy-one)



VIVAUDOU'S MAVIS TALCUM

Made for those who know the charm of a luxuriously soft skin. Its fragrance is like the simple melody of a sweet voice.

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.

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 69 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.



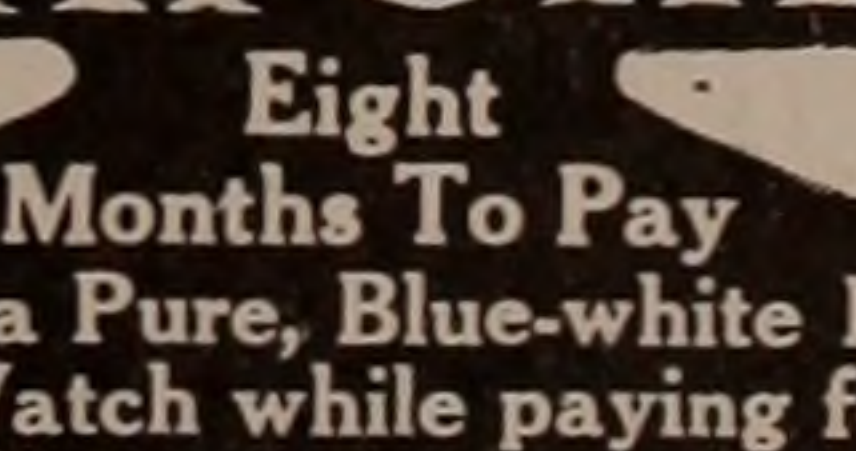


CHOOSE FROM THIS LIST

Francis X. Bushman	Gail Kane	Marguerite Clark
Theda Bara	Lillian Lorraine	Henry Walthall
Carlyle Blackwell	Antonio Moreno	Earle Williams
Marguerite Courtot	Mary Miles Minter	Pearl White
Marguerite Clayton	Mme. Petrova	Lillian Walker
Grace Cunard	Anita Stewart	Clara Kimball Young
Mary Fuller	Blanche Sweet	Edna Mayo
Dustin Farnum	Edith Storey	Harold Lockwood
Alice Joyce	Marguerite Snow	Ethel Clayton
J. Warren Kerrigan	Mary Pickford	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 69 of this issue.

Name.....
Address.....

DIAMONDS - WATCHES ON CREDIT

Eight Months To Pay

Wear a Pure, Blue-white Diamond or Watch while paying for it on easy terms, 20% DOWN - 10% A MONTH.

Any honest person given credit. No security required.

All transactions confidential. Goods sent prepaid subject to approval. Binding Guarantee with each Diamond covering quality and value and providing for exchange at full purchase price. 10% DISCOUNT allowed for cash.

Write today for FREE CATALOG No.78 containing 4000 photographs of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, etc. No obligation to buy.

Dept. (P)

JAMES BERGMAN

Est'd. 1896.

37-39 MAIDEN LANE
NEW YORK CITY

The Burlington SMASHES

ALL WATCH PRICES



Look!

- ☐ 19 Ruby and Sapphire Jewels—
- ☐ Adjusted to the second—
- ☐ Adjusted to temperature—
- ☐ Adjusted to isochronism—
- ☐ Adjusted to positions—
- ☐ 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.

Burlington Watch Co.
19th Street and Marshall Blvd.
Dept. B-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.....

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. B-336 Chicago, Ill.