

SEPTEMBER

15 CENTS

MOTION PICTURE

Classic

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the Pictures

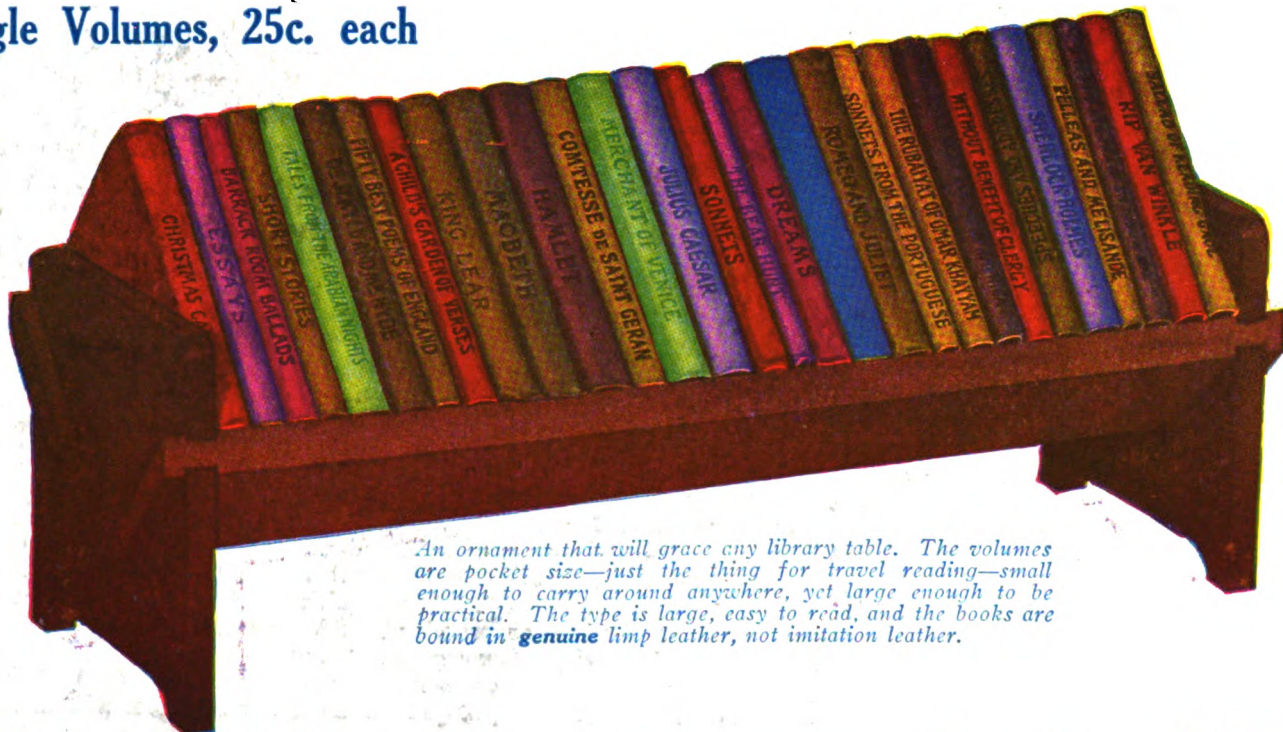
by

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NEW YORK

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

VOL. III. SEPTEMBER, 1916 NO. 1

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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.

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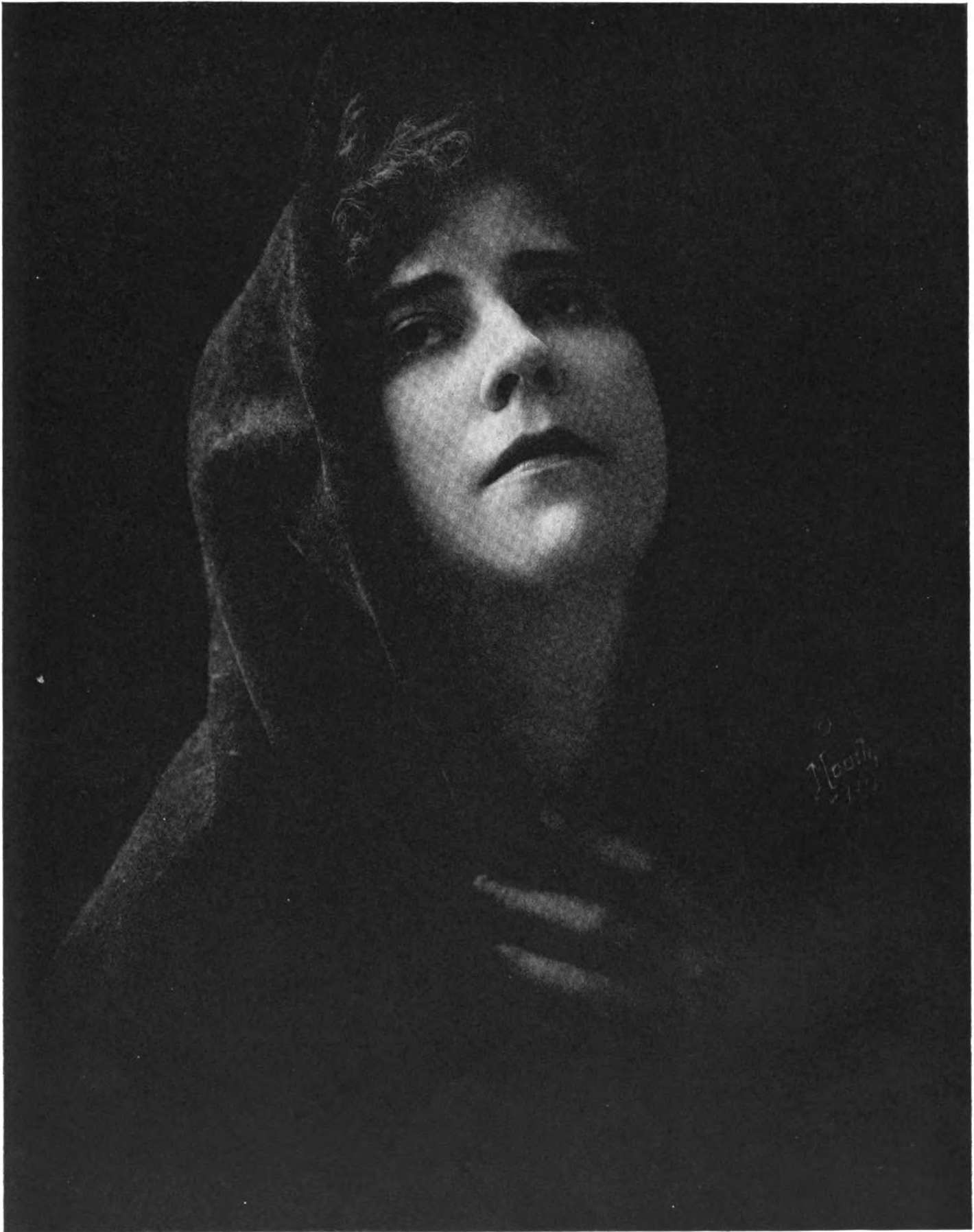
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Gallery of Photo-Players



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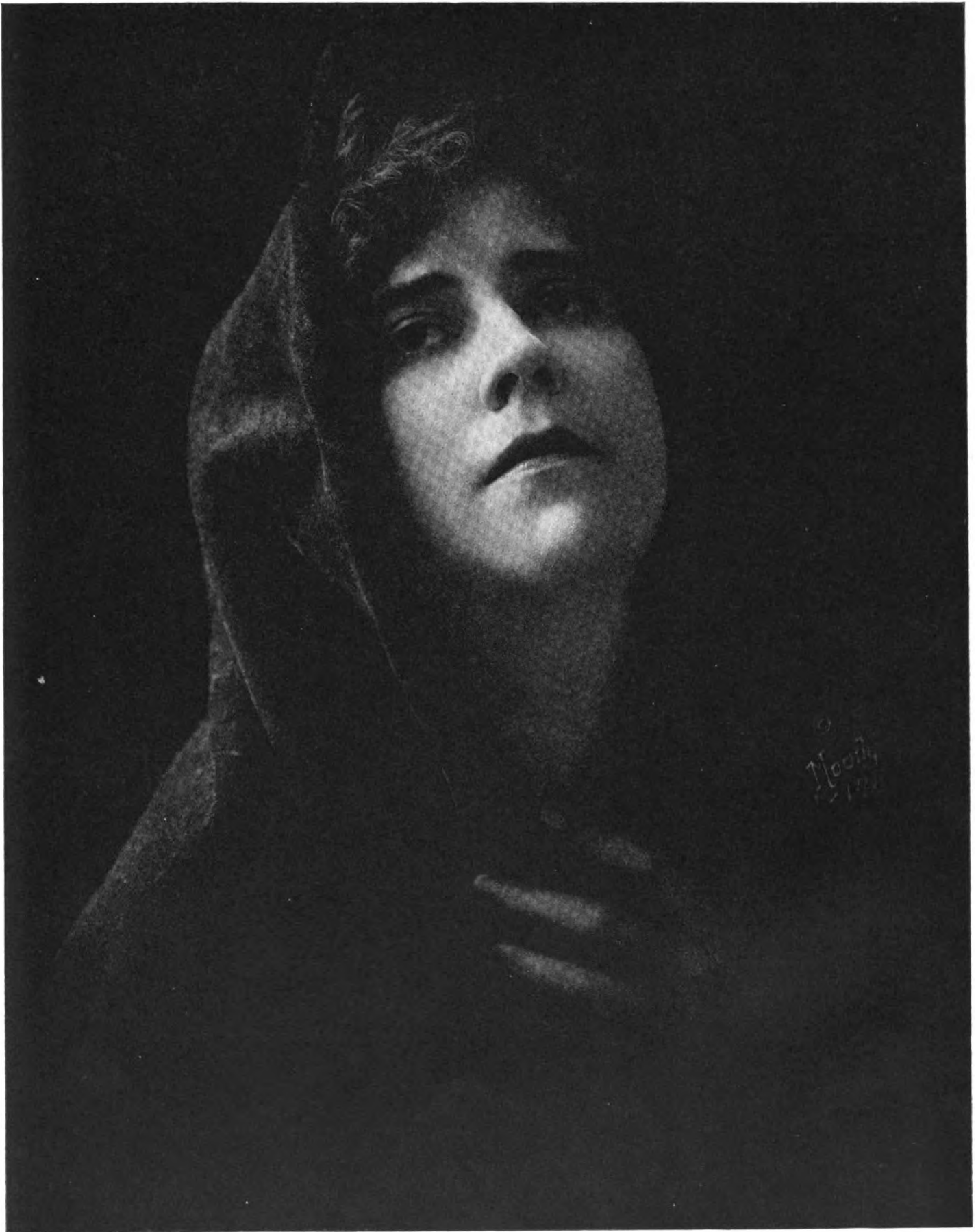
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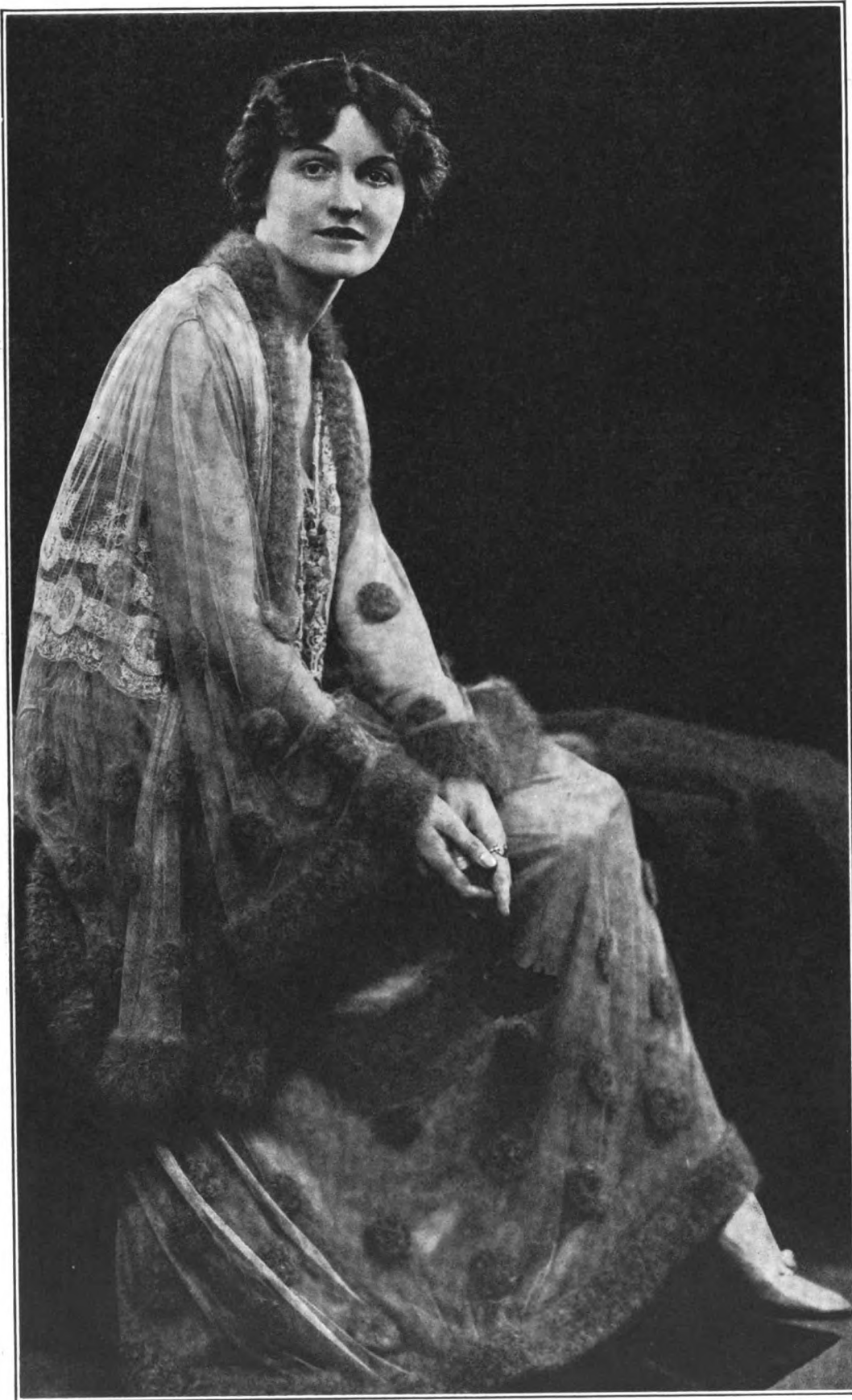
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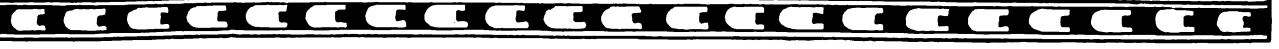


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WILLIAM
FARNUM

(Fox)





ANNA LITTLE
(American)



Bettina Loved a Soldier

(Universal)

By DOROTHY DONNELL

This story was written from the Photoplay and Novelette of LUDOVIC HALÉVY

L'abbé Constantin Begins the Tale

I AM an old man, I, sixty and six next Lady's Day, *Dieu volens*, yet it is very lately I have learnt an astonishing thing. There are people who live in that wild, savage America who are quite civilize. *Vraiment!* I speak only the truth when I say it, for I have seen them with my own eyes. Upon my book-shelf is a book, much illustrated, called "The Native Tribes of North America," and in this so-learned book, the natives wear—oh, la! la!—many beads and feathers, and very little besides. But these Americans who came to Longueval are not at all like that. If I were an *homme du monde* instead of a priest, I think I would call them very beautiful and with costumes of a wonder! And, as a priest, I know them to be good and generous.

A month ago, it was, or perhaps two months. I am an old man, and time does not mean what it did to me, *merci à Dieu*, but I know that the

(Thirteen)

fields were yellow with young wheat and rye, and the lime-trees feathered with white bloom, when the coach drove into the village. Ah! that coach—how my poor people had dreaded its coming! For three generations we of Longueval had fed from the hand of one family—a kind hand, tho it bore a ducal ring and was sometimes laid heavily on tenants dilatory with the rent. And now the estate was sold to strangers—to Americans—*Protstants—mon Dieu! —women!*

It shames me now to reflect how my heart was sad when they tell me what have happen. For worry, what is it but another name for rebuking the good God? But that infamous book was on my shelf—I read, I shudder, I tremble for my flock.

Yet, hark you, in that coach that brought the new owners of Longueval were three ladies—one young lady, and two still younger ones. If you wish to hear how they looked, I will tell

you what my nephew, Jean, who was walking with me, said, for a priest is not to be suppose to notice such things.

"*Mon oncle*," said Jean, holding his cap of a soldier clasp with both the hands to his breast and looking after the carriage, "*la grande dame* is as beautiful as Marie Antoinette, and *la petite* is as beautiful as a rose, but the other, *ma fois*, has the beauty of an angel of heaven!"

He is young, my Jean, but he does not talk in this fashion usually, being rather a sober, silent fellow. For the village girls he never had a look or thought, tho Aimée, the miller's daughter, has set her cap for him openly. It did not please me to hear him approve these strangers so frankly, and I thought to plant a seed of warning in his mind. I suppose I blundered, for, tho I know something of Life and something of Death, I know very little of the thing they call Love. I have sometimes thought I



PAUL DE LAVARDENS MEETS BETTINA AND HER SISTER

might have been a better priest if I could have understood more of that strange, mysterious, human force for evil and good.

"Ah, *mon fils*," I said gravely, "the faces of the new châtelaines of Longueval do not matter as much as their hearts. They tell me they are of a richness incredible. If they should prove generous, they may be a great blessing to us, for the crops are poor this year, and the cottages leak in the rain. Ah, it is as God wills! Soon we shall see."

And the very next afternoon old Pauline, the *bonne* who looks after my Jean and me, came to my study to tell me they were come.

"And, Monsieur le Curé, what clothes they wear!" she exclaimed, raptly. "And, Monsieur le Curé, what gentle ways! And, Monsieur le Curé, what sweet faces!"

I went out into the garden. I bowed low. And then I forget *completely* "The History of the Native Tribes of North America!"

"This is the Abbé Constantin?" said the oldest young lady, coming forward and holding out a small hand,

white as a Frenchwoman's—and for sixty-six years I had thought Americanines had red skins! "I am Mrs. Scott, and this is my little daughter Bella, and this my sister Bettina. It is really Bettina, you know, who has bought Longueval."

"And I hope you are going to help me take care of it!" said Mademoiselle Bettina graciously. "There is so much that a stranger cannot know about the needs of the village. I have brought you twenty thousand francs to distribute among your poor people."

I am an old man, but I never had a thousand francs at one time to give my poor. It is a wonder I did not swoon.

"But, mademoiselle," I stammered, "it is too much! You should not beggar yourself. I—I—would not know what to do with it! And, also—I thought—I was told you were Protestants—"

They all laughed. "No," said Bettina sweetly, "we are of your own faith, Father, and when you have spent that, you shall have another twenty thousand. I would hate my money if I could not do a little good with it, and I want you to show me how."

And this was the new mistress of Longueval we had all been dreading! Of a truth, her heart, at least, was of an angel. At that moment Jean came into the garden, tall, dark, handsome in his uniform. I presented him. Hélas! If one had not seen Mademoiselle Bettina at all, only Jean looking at her, he would have known she was very beautiful.

A châtelaine of Longueval who gives twenty-thousand-franc notes as if they were one! A hundred families made happy! And my Jean at last looking at a woman! What are we coming to? I am an old man, and cannot bear excitement as I used to. My pen quivers as I write, and my heart is full of joy for my people and fear for my Jean, who is like a son to me.

For he was right! Bettina is very beautiful.

As Told by Bettina

It is two months since sister, Bella and I came to this queer little, dear little place, tucked away among the vineyards and poppy-fields of Normandy. And in that time I have had

(Fourteen)

twenty-four proposals! To be sure, most of my suitors needed a shoe-shine and were decidedly frayed as to coat-sleeves, but they were Counts and Barons, and had ancestral castles—very much out of repair—which they were anxious for me to share and shingle for them. It was rather amusing at first, but is becoming tedious. Wherever I go I stumble over noblemen; they haunt the village; they appear at the manor-house with letters of introduction; a new batch springs up every day.

There is one rather attractive count who established a claim upon our regard by being here under our own lime-trees to greet us when we first arrived at Longueval. His name is Paul de Lavardens and he wears his manners as well as he does his clothes. His estate adjoins mine; he rides a blooded horse with spirit and grace and is just the sort of a story-book hero to capture a girl's imagination. But, like all story-book heroes, he is a man of paper and words, and I don't know why I am wasting time on him.

Yes, I do, too. It is because I am afraid to speak or think about Jean Beaupres.

He is the nephew of the Abbé of Longueval. He is as tall as I am short and as dark as I am blonde, and he has the glance of a child and the smile of a boy and the spirit of a man. And I am afraid I am in love with him.

I am afraid because, altho his eyes say he is in love with me, his lips talk about the weather and the village and everything and anything except me, and what is more, I don't believe he ever will say what I want him to say. It is all my wretched money. Think of it! And I never realized how poor I was until two months ago. It is very strange how quickly it came. One moment I was Bettina Scott, laughing and talking to that darling old Dresden china abbé, and the next moment, with Jean's wide, honest gray eyes on me, I was another person, a woman-person, I think, instead of a girl.

But he will not say anything, and I cannot. Aimée, the miller's daughter, is happier than I, for she has no dreadful money to stand between her and happiness. And to the Longueval people I am fabulously rich. Dear old Abbé Constantin nearly swooned when I gave him four thousand dollars to distribute, and he is doing positively reckless things in the matter of coal and flour and tea, and enjoying it deliriously, but that same bank-note stands like an insurmountable barrier between me and Jean's pride. And I glory in it, but something will have to be done, or I think my heart will

break. For Jean has announced that he is going away from Longueval tomorrow morning to offer himself for service in the colonies.

Old Marie, the laundress, told me of it yesterday when she brought my blouses. I have been pacing up and down the rose-walk ever since, trying to puzzle matters out. Is he going because he cares and is afraid to stay, or because he does not care?

Oh, I must stop thinking about him—I *must*. A little while ago I passed the stone bench in the garden where Paul de Lavardens was sitting, talking to that precocious Bella.

"Come now, confess it; you had forgotten I was here at all!" she was laughing. "Do you know what you have been talking about the last hour? Bettina! And again Bettina! And solely and only—Bettina!"

The Count smiled. He really is very handsome. I think he means to propose soon, perhaps tonight, at my birthday ball.

As Told by Jean Beaupres

Tonight the world ended for me. Of a surety, I should never have gone to that ball at Longueval, but, dear God in heaven, I could not stay away! I sang; I whistled. I thought to myself:

"Courage, good Jean. At this hour tomorrow you will be far from beautiful demoiselles with golden hair and a golden fortune—"

And at that I flung the things I had packed out of the trunk, found my dress-suit, put it on, and dashed madly for Longueval. I could not go without seeing her again.

But I was a fool. *Mon Dieu!* what a fool!

The moment that I saw her I knew that I should not have come. I could say nothing. If I had opened my lips I should have cried:

"Mademoiselle Bettina, I adore you! I am a penniless soldier—you an heiress—therefore marry me! I have never loved a woman before in my life; I never shall love any woman but you—therefore marry me! You are beautiful, good, sought after—therefore marry me—"

So when, out of the angelic goodness of her heart, she asked me to dance with her, I muttered something unintelligible and fled. What would you? If I had touched her, it would have been to crush her to me, to kiss her as I have longed to kiss her since I first saw her lips. *Non! non!* There are things *un homme d'honneur* cannot do.

But when I reached the garden, her voice spoke my name close behind.

"Jean," she said, "aren't you going to say good-by?"

I do not know, *moi*, why the good God makes one woman out of all the world of women the most beautiful. The moonfire was tangled in her hair when I turned; the purple of the sky



"COME, NOW, CONFESS; YOU LOVE BETTINA"



"THE MOMENT I SAW HER I KNEW I SHOULD NOT HAVE COME"

was in her eyes, and her lips were the color of a man's first kiss—

"Good-by, mademoiselle," I said hurriedly; "you have come like an angel of light to our little village. Our Lady guard you—"

She was holding out one slim flower of a hand. I bent and kist it, and it went to my brain like wine. And so I left her. I shall never see her again.

In the garden I stumbled against a man. He finished lighting a cigaret, and then he cursed me—the flare of the match had sketched his face. I knew him for Paul de Lavardens.

"Pig of a peasant!" he shouted, "apologize to your betters."

It was plain he sought a quarrel, and the reason was also plain. Mademoiselle Bettina had left him to bid me farewell. But I answered nothing.

"A pretty idyl, 'pon my word!" he laughed sneeringly. "Cant say I admire Miss Bettina's milkmaid tastes, tho. Still, she's rich enough to afford a handsome soldier—"

"Shut your foul mouth!" I said fiercely; "if you utter another slurring word about that pure girl you shall answer to my sword."

"And so the soldier loves a lady, eh?" said de Lavardens, whipping out his sword and standing at guard.

"As the moth loves the moon." I answered sadly—"as a man may love a good woman whom he does not hope to win, humbly and cleanly; and now, *mon ami*, defend yourself, if you can."

He was a better swordsman than I, but anger spoiled his aim. Within ten minutes I broke his rapier over my knee and flung the pieces at his feet.

"Use a lady's name less freely in the future," I told him, and left him, pale with fury, to come home and finish packing my boxes. They are done. I have been sitting like a watcher by the side of my dead heart all the long night, and it is close upon dawn now. In two hours I shall be on my way. *Dieu!* It is hard to be a man and love; it is harder to be a man and leave love behind.

(Two hours later)

That this wonderful thing should have come to me, Jean Beaupres! It is certain the dear God still performs miracles. But I must tell of my joy in a few words and bring the story to a close. For what is to come belongs to her and to me alone.

I had gone down to bid my uncle good-by, and stopped at the study door, hearing voices within. And then my heart gave a great leap, for the woman who was speaking thru

her tears was Bettina, and she was speaking of me.

"But I love him, Abbé Constantin," she said, "and he loves me. If I had not heard him say so last night to Paul de Lavardens, I should never have come; but—now—you will not let him go? You will make him see that pride is a selfish thing when it means destroying the happiness of us both? Oh, it may be unmaidenly, but, at least, I must see him before I go."

I opened the door. I do not know what I meant to do. But before I could speak Bettina had come to me and laid her hands on my arms.

"Jean," she said very simply, "last night I heard you say you loved me. You would not say it to me because of your foolish pride, so I have flung aside my foolish pride and come to say it to you. I love you, Jean. Will you marry me?"

My uncle came to us and laid his hands on our heads.

"Take her, Jean," he said solemnly: "it is right. God bless you both!"

The rustle of his robe sounded in the doorway and down the hall.

We were alone.

I took my dear love in my arms. I kist her as I had kist her in my hopeless dreams, but it was better than any dream could be.

(Sixteen)



JANE GREY IN "LET KATY DO IT"

Better Pictures for Children

Presenting the Child's Case to the Bar of Public Opinion and the Mothers of the Country

By ELIZABETH RICHEY DESSEZ

Editorial Note: The author has been associated with Mrs. Mary Mason Speed, of New York, as a sponsor for "Better Pictures for Children." They have devoted their entire time and energy to this much-needed reform, and have succeeded in interesting thousands of mothers, as well as inaugurating many Motion Picture performances containing selected children's programs. Every mother with the interest of her children at heart should read this article, and we invite correspondence as well as offer co-operation.

THE demand that the child have his own place in the world of Motion Pictures has grown from a feeble and apparently futile protest, uttered by a few careful parents and zealous educators, to a widespread clamor.

Heretofore in every form of amuse-

(Seventeen)

ment, and in all departments of labor, the juvenile and the adult worlds have been distinctly separate. The grown-up evades the sphere of youth in varying capacities—as director of his work and sharer of his sports. Children have from time immemorial taken part in the labor of their elders as apprentices or assistants. In the Motion Picture theater they share an entertainment planned by the adult for those of mature mind and viewpoint.

The silent drama is pre-eminently the art of the people. It is the greatest folk-play of all the ages. Its comedy is that of primitive man rather than that of the highly cultivated, because it must rely upon situations for effects. There is no flash of wit, no repartee, no rapier-like play of words. Its romance savors of the prince's love for the cowherd's daughter. Its appeal is to the senses rather than to the spirit of chivalry and self-sacrifice

that tends toward the forming of high ideals in the young and growing mind. Its tragedy is that of melodrama, harmless for the adult who brings to bear upon the situation the perspective of the trained mind and the controlled imagination, but too highly exciting for the keen sensibilities and vivid imaginative powers of the young child and the adolescent.

The presence of the child in the Motion Picture theater is the result of accident and proximity. The art of the photoplay developed rapidly from a form of cheap amusement to an entertainment which had its place in every community. Everywhere the child felt the fascination of this most vivid form of story-telling, and those responsible for his welfare did not pause to consider whether this new art was destructive or constructive in its influence. Those who did consider kept their

decade, a shaper of the minds and characters of the young of our generation more potent than any influence the world has ever known, except that of the home. The authority of school and church is thrust upon the child. He seeks the Motion Picture play because it attracts him, and he absorbs its lessons. In it things are presented so vividly to the visual sense that there is no opportunity for the child to put his own interpretation upon a scene as he does in his reading. He sees things as they are. The adult equates the situation and carries away the lesson taught. The child simply acquires a familiarity with scenes that are highly dramatic, tragically sordid or too exciting. The result must inevitably be a deadening of any sense of delicacy, a lack of reticence and a blasé outlook upon life which is unnatural and undesirable.



children away from the Motion Pictures; others, dimly cognizant of the dangers involved, permitted their children to go, quieting their fears with the delusion that the children would not be harmed by contact with situations they did not understand. The great majority did not think at all, and Motion Pictures being cheap, fell into line with ice-cream soda, dill pickles and lollipops — things not beneficial, perhaps, but harmless unless indulged in too frequently.

Now parents and educators all over the country are awakening to the realization that outside their very doors has sprung up, within a

The reaction against young children and adolescents attending any show that may be in their community has set in and the situation is being dealt with in many places. The pioneers of the movement for special shows for children emphasized the educational potentialities of the Motion Pictures. After the manner of grown-ups for ages past, they sought to give the child what was good for him, rather than what he desired to have. They established the children's own shows and joyfully invited them to forsake the lurid drama and come in to be instructed. They even made the fatal mistake of calling these special performances "educational," adding insult to injury by providing six reels for the price of the eight furnished the grown-ups. Motion Pictures, to attract and hold any audience, young or old, must be first, last and always en-



SCENES FROM "ALICE IN WONDERLAND" (ESKAY HARRIS FEATURE CO.)

(Eighteen)

CLASSIC

tainment. Children who go to school five days in the week are not going to the Motion Pictures on Saturday to spend their rare and precious pennies acquiring additional instruction. Would you have done so when you were a child, gentle reader? Would you have given up the circus to go to prayer meeting and put the money you had been saving up in the basket for the heathen? Not unless you belonged in the Rollo or Elsie Dinsmore class.

come because they were dragged in by determined and discriminating elders, but the crowd continued to patronize the program of thrillers down the street.

If the special shows had been established when the industry was in its infancy and the children were not addicted to the performance planned for adults, they would have been content, but we have to deal with young people so accus-

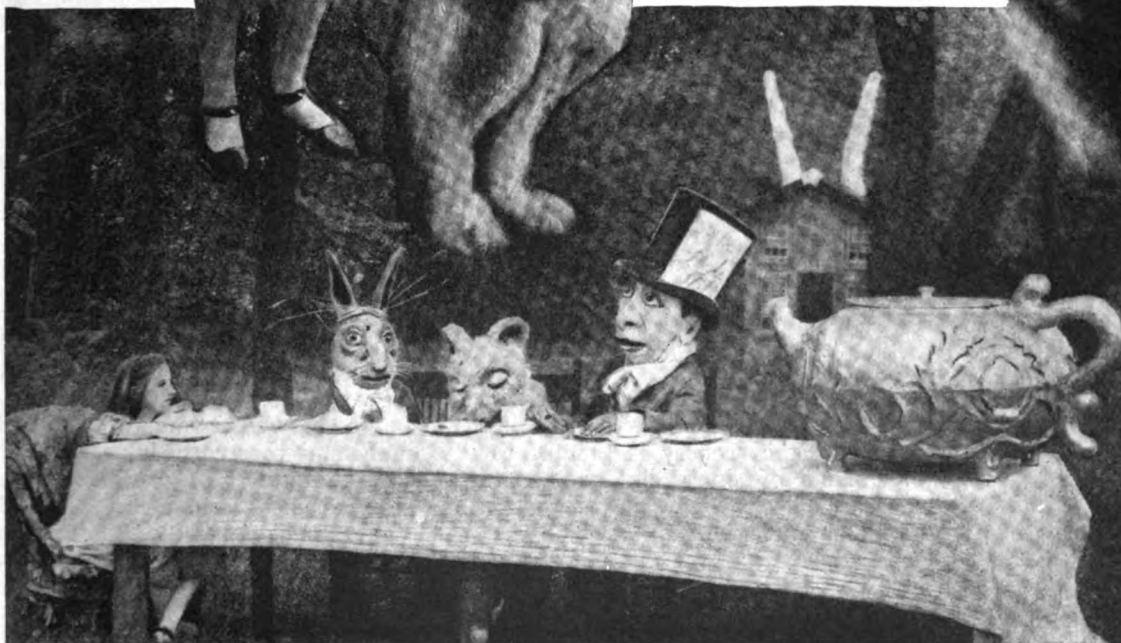
tomed to a dish of highly seasoned food that bread and milk holds no attractions. When a boy is familiar with Charlie Chaplin's manipulations



The attendance at the initial performance was large and promising. The children wanted to see what kind of a show the grown-ups were giving them. Some continued to



SCENES FROM "ALICE IN WONDERLAND" (ESKAY HARRIS FEATURE CO.)



of and modes of wearing his foot- and headgear he will not sit fascinated thru even one reel of "How a Derby Hat is Made." Girls familiar with the methods the screen adventuress employs to feather her nest will not be so enchanted with the way the oriole builds its nest and raises its young as those who are interested in those young persons' welfare may wish.

(This is not an expression of disapproval of the so-called

educational reels. They are invaluable; but in dealing with the situation as it is today, they must be used as accessories—not featured.)

The photoplay showing "The Coming of Columbus" is historically correct, beautifully produced and well acted. It is one that every child should see, but the average juvenile will be content with the information furnished by his history regarding Columbus' famous discovery when left to choose between that and the newest episode of a modern serial. Both show adventure, the one of a high and permanent achievement, the other some thrilling daredevilry of the underworld. The film on Columbus will leave upon the young mind an invaluable and ineradicable impression of that historical event, while the episode will furnish brief excitement, but it is new in features, well-known actors, and stands in its relation to the better play as a new story of adventure to a history lesson.

To establish shows for children and make of them permanent forms of recreation three things are necessary—the co-operation of the exhibitor in whose theater the shows are to be given; a real and lasting community interest in the venture, which will create the audience and assure the management of receipts large enough to cover the expenses of the performance; and a program of such interest and variety that the children will prefer this show to any other.

However willing and public-spirited an exhibitor may be, he cannot have children's performances without the assistance of the mothers whose children he is trying to reach. He is running his theater to make a living, not for philanthropic reasons, but it is to his advantage to please the better class of people in his community. Many exhibitors have responded to the appeal for special and suitable shows for children, only to have the ladies under whose patronage the shows are given lose interest and withdraw any active support. These exhibitors, when approached again on the same subject, are likely to be skeptical and not amenable to reason.

Women who become godmothers of children's Motion Picture shows must not be discouraged by difficulties nor dismayed by lack of enthusiasm.

The obstacle that seems insurmountable in the beginning is the selecting and securing of programs. The whole system of film distribution is opposed to selection. The route of a film has been compared to that of a trolley car. It passes from the manufacturer to the exchange, and from there travels on a circuit of theaters, returning to its exchange as a car

returns to its barn for inspection and repair. Its value decreases with age, and when it has worked long enough to pay for itself and has come home to rest, it is available for the selected program. The calls for films not in the regular service have been so haphazard and irregular that their value has been nominal. In the hectic call for new things these less recent productions were not even listed in many of the exchanges. They are as last week's newspapers and the hat of summer before last. One-reel subjects of scenic, nature study and industries have permanent value and can be obtained without difficulty. There is a great dearth of clean, clever and amusing comedies and too few good stories of two and three reels have been produced. Some of the feature plays released for the general audience provide lively and healthy entertainment for young people and are quite free from too complex situations.

The manufacturers have made attempts in the past to create the market for feature plays of artistic merit and permanent value. George Kleine's magnificent production of "Julius Cæsar," staged in Rome and on the battlefields where Cæsar's legions fought, acted by eighteen thousand Italians, with Antonio Novelli as leading man, with captions written by one William Shakespeare in a play antedating the film interpretation by some centuries, rests upon its home shelf awaiting public appreciation of its merits. The exhibitor does not want it for his usual audience, because it lacks the "punch" that assembly demands. The unusual audience is in the process of creation. The boy or girl studying Roman history or struggling with Cæsar's Gallic Wars in Cæsar's native tongue will get from the splendid pageantry and noble action of this photoplay a picture of the scenes and characters of those times that will add to his work an interest and give to his diligence an impetus he could gain in no other way.

The incomparable nonsense of Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland" is as much a part of every child's education as it is of every parent's. Its photo interpretation will not disillusion those who cherish the book. It is done with appreciative humor, faultless taste and delightful imagination. Viola Savoy is Alice incarnate, the scenery is that of the dreamland of one's childhood, and each animal is a living impersonation of the characteristics with which Carroll endowed it. Yet this film, in the parlance of the trade, has not "made money for the exhibitor." It awaits the call of an audience of youth, in-

cluding those elders "with the grace of youth in their hearts."

Among the newer releases there are many that contain all the qualities desirable for the juvenile audience; others may have undesirable scenes eliminated without spoiling the sequence of the story. Such a one is "Poor Little Peppina," with Mary Pickford, the darling of juvenile "fans." Her rival for first place as favorite, Marguerite Clark, also appears in several plays in this latter class. "The Goose-Girl" shows the improbable and delightful romance of the kidnapped princess restored to her own thru the love of the king's son in the last reel.

"To Have and to Hold," with the close-ups of the villain's exit from this life and from the play omitted, is excellent. It has historical setting, a love story of chivalry and self-abnegation, such a villain as would do credit to any melodrama, shipwrecks, pirates, fighting that is sword-play and swash-buckle, not cold-blooded murder, with virtue and right triumphant in the end.

"The Bugle Call" is all its name implies. Its hero is the kind of a boy we want as "father to the man" of our race. It features real Indians in war-paint and feathers, real soldiers of the United States cavalry and real ladies in antebellum costumes. It provides excitement enough for any boy, romance enough for any girl, and it is a bugle call to patriotism, to family love, to courage and self-sacrifice.

The men who control and direct this commercial art stand ready to supply any product the public demands, but that demand must be an organized one because of the great problem of the industry—that of distribution. When we shall have made this call for special things for children and new things for children insistent, consistent and nation-wide, those things will be forthcoming. There will be opened up a new and separate channel, thru which the juvenile supply will circulate, having the same relation to the general output that the children's department of the public library has to the library at large.

Into this "lyceum of culture" for the young will be gathered those things of permanent worth and lasting beauty which shall be a heritage from one generation to another of this art that has grown from infancy to maturity in our own. Artists and writers will proudly and reverently lay their best talents at the feet of youth, and the message flashed from the screen will be one that gives beauty and form to young minds, that raises the standards of taste from an acceptance of the mediocre to a love of the beautiful—that culture which is true education.

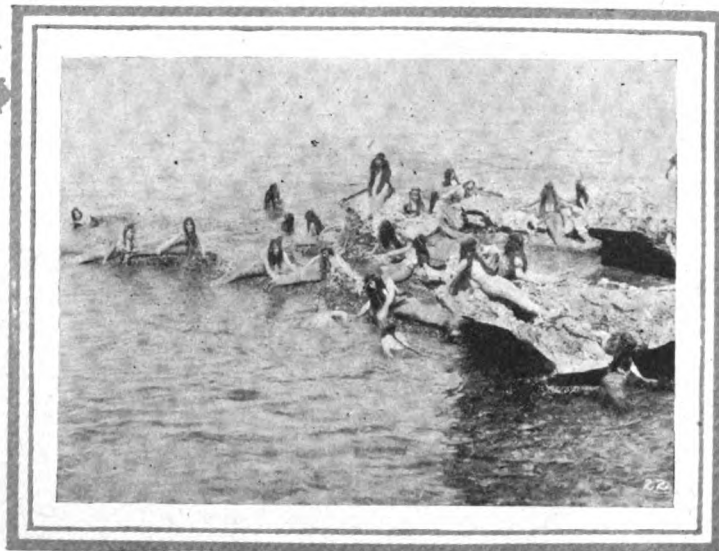


W.H. J.
N.Y.

IDA SCHNALL
One of the Champion Swimmers
and Divers of the Films



JANE LEE (FOX)



MERMAIDS SUNNING THEMSELVES ON A ROCKY REEF. FROM FOX'S \$1,000,000 ANNETTE KELLERMANN PICTURE

Deep-Sea

The Dry Spots of the Globe Are Too Tame Turned to Perilous Ad

By PETER



ONE OF THE "SCENES BEHIND THE SCENE" THAT THE CAMERA DOES NOT GET

"He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd,
and unknown."

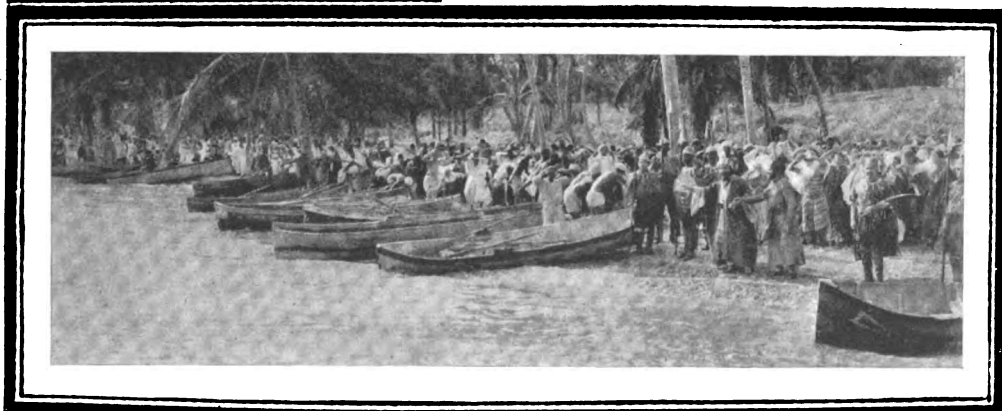


So elegized Child Harold in the youth of our grandsires. Davy Jones' locker was then as overflowing with the secrets of the deep as Mother Hubbard's cupboard was swept bare of canine nourishment. Times have changed. If Lord Byron were living today, and could eke out a poet's living, his lines would read: "Unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unfilm'd." And there would be some that. The omnivorous camera, with its tireless

three legs, has searched out the heart of the desert, the dizzy heights of thin air, and the depths of the sea. The camera-man is no longer human; he is more than amphibian. Armed with the magic film-box, he has won the kingship of the jungle from the lion, has wrested the air from the eagle, and now disputes the ocean with Neptune and his finny minions. To be brief, he's a duck!

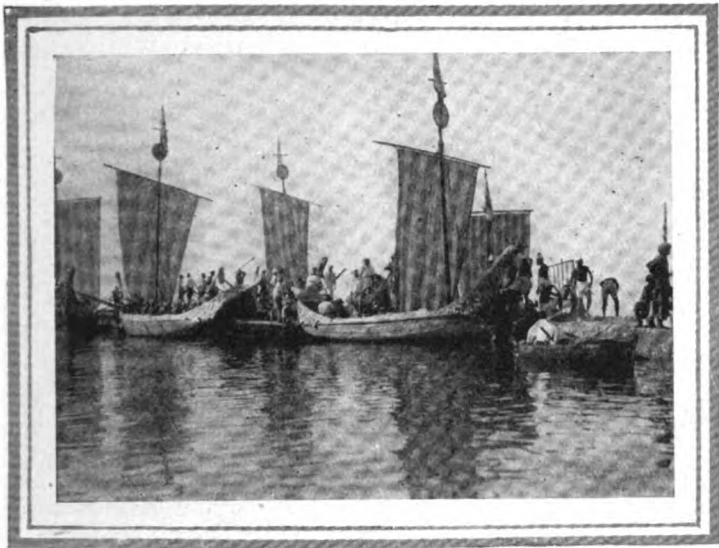
About five years ago, if you had wandered into a certain studio, you would have noticed a lady, in cotton tights, lying on a bit of painted canvas and striking out her legs and arms with all the enthusiasm of a disciple of St. Vitus. The lady in question wasn't throwing a fit, as the busy camera suspended from the rafters above her testified. It was deep-sea stuff, and the cotton-limbed damsel was doing her best to simulate swimming in a canvas ocean.

Shortly after this strictly dry attempt, the camera's conquest of the ocean proceeded one step farther. Some studio genius invented a large, glass tank, which was just wide enough to allow fishes and sea-grasses to disport therein, but was translucent enough to photograph thru. With this "canned" ocean as a foreground, divers made love to mermaids, or slit each other's windpipes on the "ocean-bed" of the studio floor. All this was quite

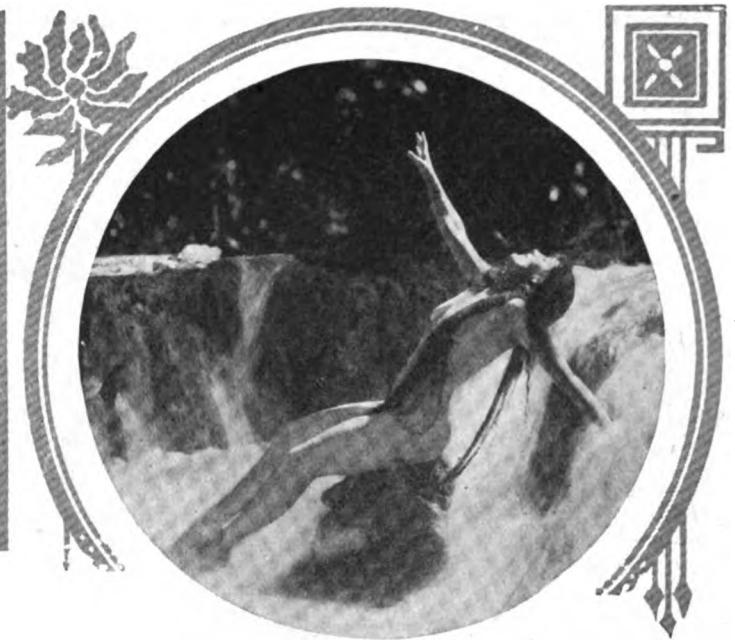


THE LANDING OF THE ARMY IN FOX'S ANNETTE KELLERMANN PICTURE

(Twenty-two)



THE BYZANTINE SHIPS BUILT BY ORIENTALS FOR USE IN THE FOX SPECTACLE



ANNETTE KELLERMANN AS THE WATER-SPRITE IN THE FOX PICTURE TAKEN AT THE ISLAND OF JAMAICA

Stuff

for the Amphibious Camera-Man—He Has ventures in the Wet

WADE

realistic, but not at all wet, and brings home the apt nursery ditty of:

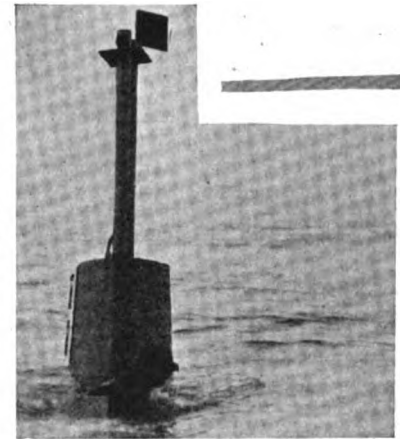
"Mother, may I go in to swim?"
 "Yes, my darling daughter;
 Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
 But dont go near the water."

When that fascinating mermaid, Annette Kellermann, decided to have her picture "took," these dry-shod devices vanished before the genius of invention. Somewhere off the fantastic grottos and caves of the Bermuda coast, a huge glass tank, filled with perfectly real water, was set up, with the camera-man stationed just outside of it. Therein a vivid semblance of submarine dramatics was performed. It was pretty close to a near-tragedy, tho, as the terrific weight of the water shattered the tank and Miss Kellermann was quite badly wounded with bits of darting glass.

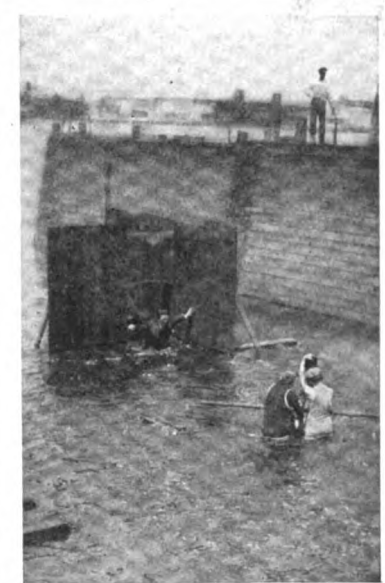
And now has come the real conquest of Mother Ocean herself. The vivid sea-gardens and shining sands, and the intimate life of deep-sea denizens, can all be used as settings for a modern submarine picture. Instead of having the actors perform in an expensive and perilous glass tank, they "tread the boards" in an "honest-to-goodness" ocean, while the camera-man records their action from the glass window of a submerged chamber. Ready access is had to this chamber thru a large tube extending above water, and down which he

climbs with his camera, on a ladder fastened to the inside wall of the tube. The camera-man works, therefore, under normal air-pressure conditions, and has almost as comfortable quarters as in his land studio. The variety and vividness of submarine dramas will hereafter depend only upon the ingenuity of the scenic artist and the ability of the players to accustom themselves to under-water acting.

The early marine pictures of "those who go down to the sea in ships" had their Genesis and their Exodus with as crude beginnings as the submarine drama, but the day of Revelations has come for the sea-story, also. Commodore Blackton, of the Vitagraph Company, recounts his first experiment with a tragedy of the deep. His ships were little models manipulated in a tank not much more ambitious than an apartment-house bathtub, and the effect left nearly everything to the imagination. Later on came the Vitagraph's famous yard-tank, and it is no doubt an astounding revelation to the uninitiated to mention some of the great marine spectacles that were staged in this little water enclosure, some fifty feet square. By cutting off the actual sky-line, the ocean's horizon was reproduced, and many a lifeboat and storm-tossed crew have suffered the tortures of shipwreck and have despaired of ever seeing land again—until the camera ceased grinding and they climbed out of the tank. That



THE SPY'S ESCAPE IN SCENE FROM "THE SECRET OF THE SUBMARINE," SHOWING A PERISCOPE



MAKING A "FLOODED STATEROOM"



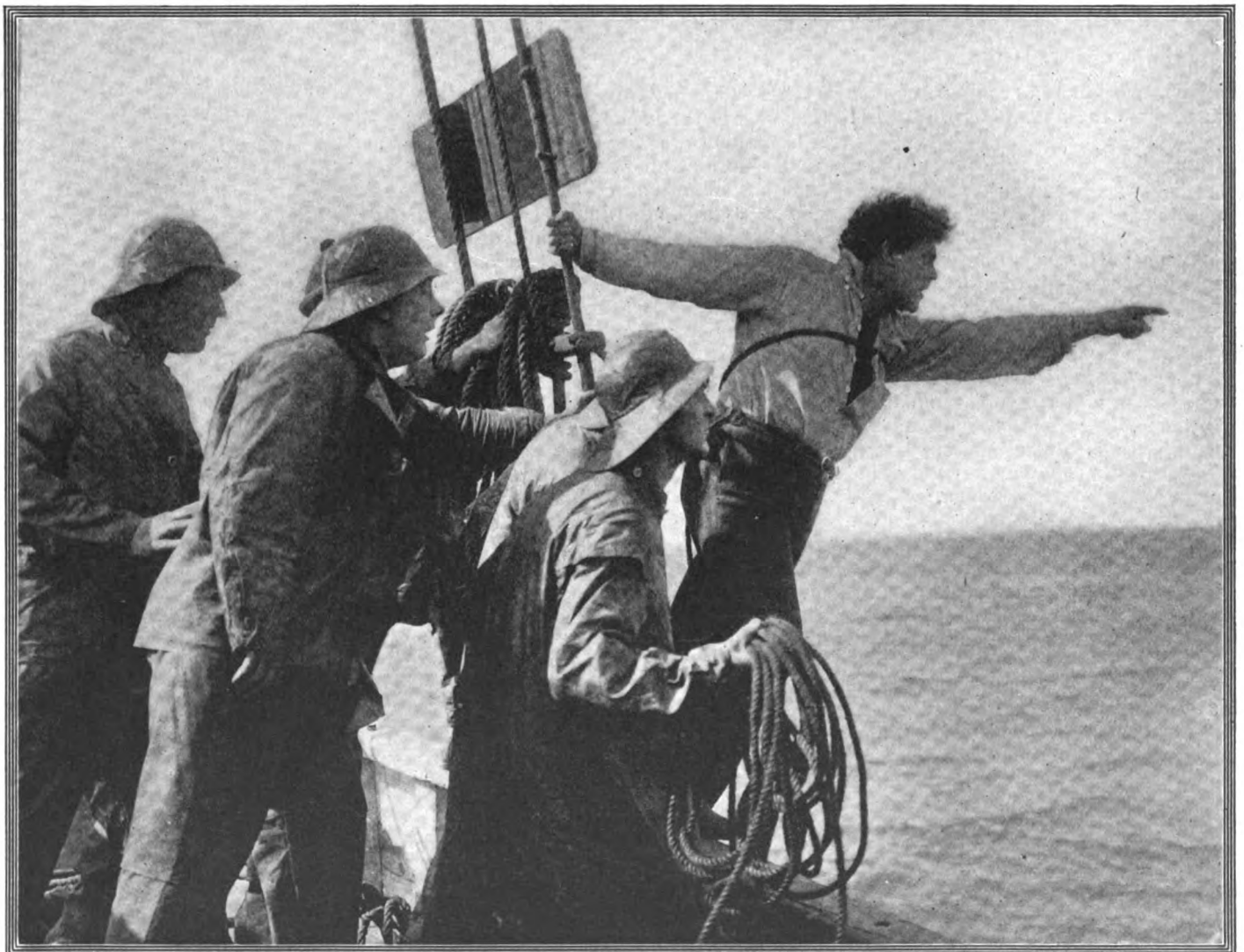
MERMAID SCENE FROM THE NEW ANNETTE KELLERMANN PICTURE PRODUCED BY FOX

famous picture, "A Million Bid," is responsible for one of the most realistic and epochal wreck-scenes ever staged in a studio. It will be remembered that in the depths of the yacht's rocking cabin the water gradually rose until bits of wreckage and furniture were awash in a most furiously realistic manner. And speaking of

realism, it should be mentioned in passing that Harry Morey nearly lost his life by being struck on the forehead with a bit of wreckage, rendered unconscious, and was saved from actual drowning in the nick of time by the camera-man. The "set" of the yacht's cabin took weeks to build and was a remarkable piece of craftsman-

ship. Perhaps it was the inspiration derived from "A Million Bid" that caused the World Company to build a number of permanent tank-sets that can be raised and lowered at will. Just the proper amount of water and the proper dramatic shiver can be furnished by the turn of a crank.

It goes without saying that only a



WILLIAM FARNUM IN "BATTLE OF HEARTS" (FOX)

(Twenty-four)



ONE OF THE MANY PRETTY SCENES FROM "UNDINE" (BLUEBIRD)

limited number of actors care to do submarine- and wreck-scenes. Ordinary hero-stuff on the beach, or seated in a launch, is vastly different from being propelled overboard and held there until the camera has done its work.

In "The Juggernaut," Earle Williams, who is an indifferent swimmer, was compelled to rescue Anita Stewart from a submerged railroad-car's window. The real climax of the scene was never caught by the camera, inasmuch that Mr. Williams was actually rescued from drowning by a husky assistant.

The graphic story that is often told, after the camera has stopped, is well illustrated in this article. "Buck Parvin" was supposed to do one of his famous rescues, but the current was very strong, and the swimmer could not reach the heroine in time. Fortunately, a motor-boat picked her up before life was quite gone, and our illustration shows first efforts at resuscitation. This is one of the many scenes behind the scenes that photoplay audiences are not permitted to see. The great epic of the sea, its "Birth of a Nation," is yet to be written in prosody or verse, or pictured on the screen. Some day we will have it—the travail child of a master—and it will be so true that it will bring salt tears to the eyes of toughened sea-dogs. But, in part payment, a great fantasy of the sea is now in the throes of preparation—a filmy, fantastic tale

(Twenty-five)

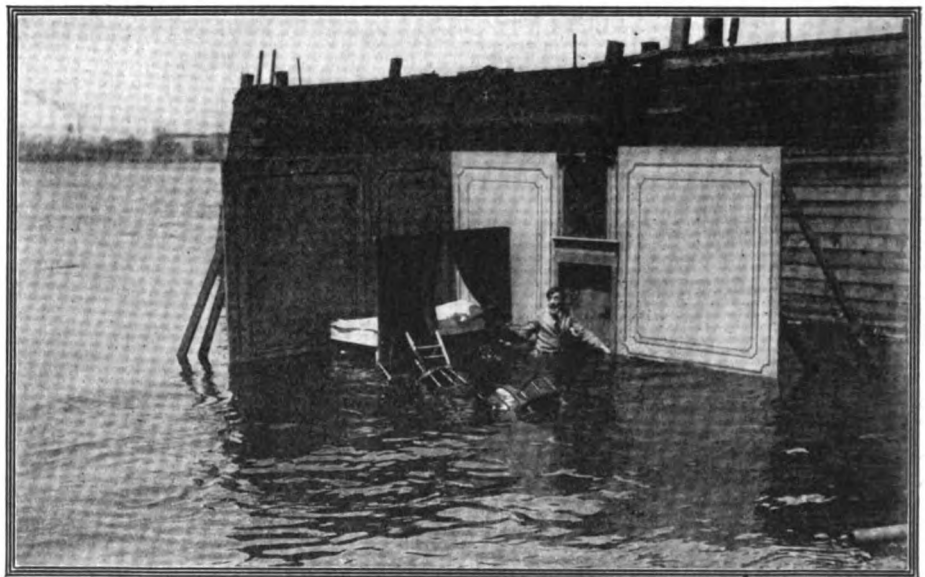
of the Orient that Scheherezade might have whispered to the Sultan.

The story opens with little Katherine Lee as a Roman mariner's child, and her inconsolable grief when her pet canary flies out to sea. Then the mermaids sponsor her, and she is led thru a magic submarine kingdom, which, in turn, gives way to a mystic country of the East. There are ships at sea, and the sprites of waterfalls,

and storms and dungeons and high towers on the sands—all presided over by that genius of aquatics, Annette Kellermann.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at its flood, leads on to
fortune."

Bill Shakespeare could not have been thinking of the movies when he
(Continued on page 70)



THIS "SET" WAS MADE TO DEPICT THE INTERIOR OF A STATEROOM ABOARD A SINKING SHIP. NO SHIP, HOWEVER, WAS USED. THE LENS OF THE MOVING PICTURE CAMERA WAS, OF COURSE, FOCUSED SO THAT IT COULD NOT SEE ABOVE THE TOP NOR BEYOND THE SIDES OF THE STATEROOM WALLS

The Comedy Girl with the Serious Eyes

By ELIZABETH PETERSEN

ANOTHER of those queer, little inconsistencies Nature is so fond of puzzling us with is the serious eyes of that saucy, little vivandière of the ranks of comedy—Mae Busch. She amuses millions with her work in the Keystone comedies—her clever, inimitable acting and bewitching personality have seen to this; and her slender loveliness downs the persistent rumor that successful comedienne must be incongruous of form or feature. She laughs as she capers gayly thru her parts, as refreshing in her youthful grace as is the first, flower-laden breath of spring. Yet despite her glee and utter abandon, that little dash of dignity in her eyes mocks her frivolity, as does the quiet blue of the cornflower chide the vivid, scarlet poppy growing by its side amongst the wheat. There is a mystery in her eyes that many are trying to unravel. Are they saddened by the memory of some half-tragedy of the past, or is it only the softness of the dreams, clinging around the shadow-land of the future that tremble in their pensive depths? Perhaps it is the spirit of some other girl, who lived maybe thousands of years ago in some far country, whose wistful charm is reincarnated in the eyes of this lass of modern times, baffling all, altho she herself may be unconscious of it. In vain we seek a solution—her eyes and her nature are as alien to each other as are the children of two countries at arms. We must leave you, contradictory daughter of the film, with our curiosity unsatisfied, and, even as the monotone of the picture-plays will not reveal their color, so will all our imaginings avail us little in seeking their secret. Are they the prevailing brown of the woodlands in autumn, or the deep tone of the marsh-violet? Are they softly gray, or perhaps the blue of wind-ruffled, summer seas? We do not know, and yet this does not haunt us as does your seriousness, and so we leave you, finding ourselves still asking—why? It can't be that you jumble our emotions?



Photo by Hartsook

MAE BUSCH

(Twenty-six)

Shakespeare in Masque and on Screen

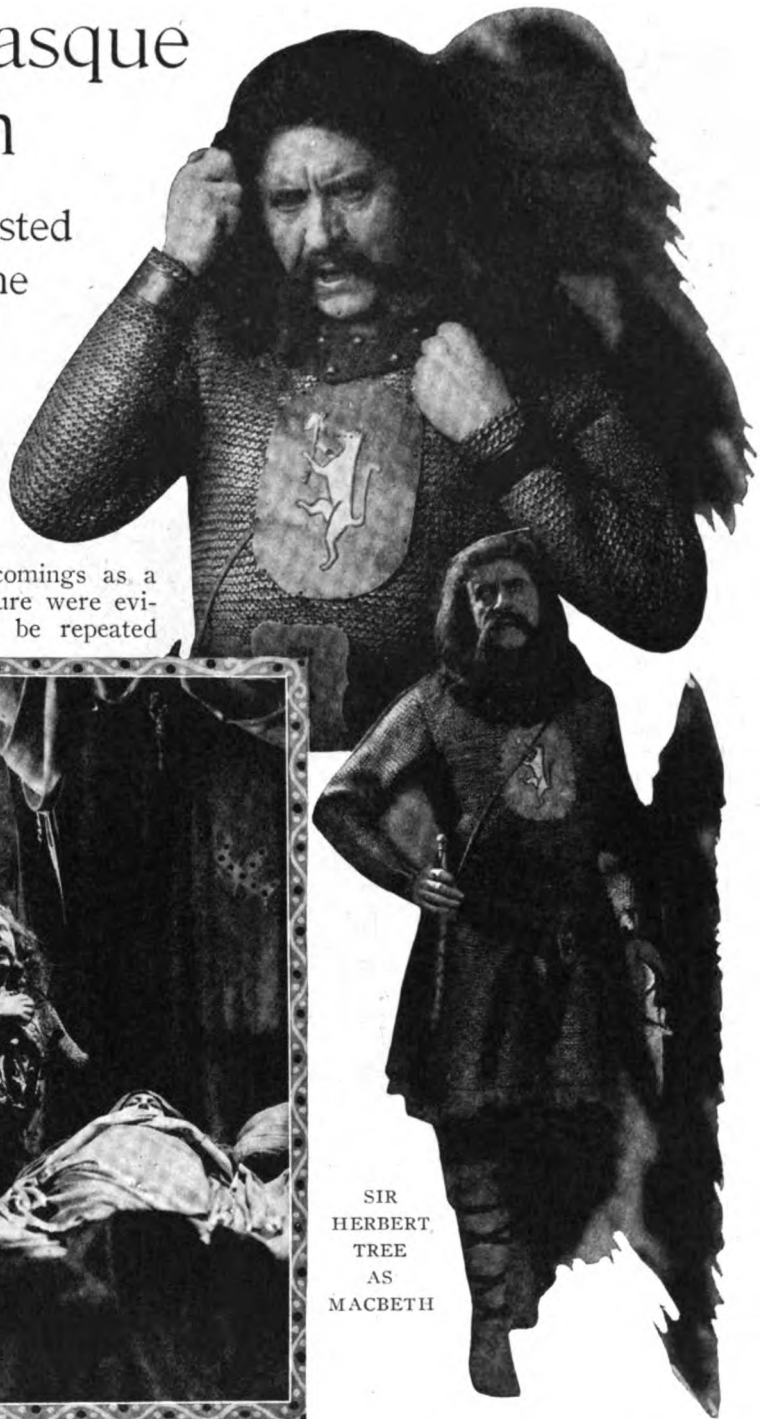
Two Stupendous Spectacles Contrasted
—Wherein the Screen Has All the
Best of It

By HECTOR AMES

PERCY MACKEYE'S masque, "Caliban by the Yellow Sands," an adaptation of Shakespeare's "The Tempest," will go down in dramatic history as one of the most gorgeous, elaborate and beautiful conceptions of the master-playwright's drama. It does more than that—much more—for it depicts "such stuff as dreams are made of," it bares the poet's inspiration to public view, and is a cyclopedic review of the costumes, folk-lore, folk-dances, manners and customs of the Elizabethan days.

It was enacted in New York City in a vast stadium seating eighteen thousand people, and employed fif-

teen hundred persons in its choruses and cast. But its shortcomings as a dramatic venture were evident. It can be repeated



SIR
HERBERT
TREE
AS
MACBETH



WILFRED LUCAS AS MACDUFF

(Twenty-seven)

only at almost prohibitive expense; it was subject to the buffets of bad weather, and the acoustics—or lack of acoustics—could not be overcome. As a spectacle and a tribute to Shakespeare, it was stupendous and sincere; as a drama, "a coherent bit of life taken at its crisis," it was far from satisfying to an average audience. Concurrent with this unique performance, an equally ambitious one has been enacted in the West. The players had no audience, save a cameraman and a director, yet, in time, their efforts will be seen by an audience of twenty million people, and their art of "facial emotions" and gesture will be seen and equally understood by every nation on this round globe.

A short time ago, Frank E. Woods, manager of the Fine Arts production department, announced that Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree had consented to appear in a film version of a Shakespearean play. Then the problem presented itself, which of the series of Shakespeare's works would be selected to serve as a vehicle for the foremost of English actors. After a consultation with Frank E. Woods, the director, John Emerson, decided that "Macbeth" would best lend itself to photodramatization.

It is said that the screen version of "Macbeth" will be much more accurate in historic detail than the familiar stage productions, where dramatic dialog and the magnetic power of the

voice serve to cover the errors of omission in scenic and costume detail.

In searching for accurate data on "Macbeth," R. Ellis Wales, the studio librarian, with Director John Emerson, consulted the archives of both England and Scotland. Here they secured rare costume-plates and rarer books pertaining to arms, implements and household utensils, wearing apparel, forestry and architecture of England and Scotland; folk-lore and superstitions and intimate characterizations of the people.

"I had often thought of 'Macbeth' as a great picture subject," said Mr.

Emerson, "the plot seeming to lend itself so well to the picture method of treatment. The supernatural atmosphere that pervades 'Macbeth,' exemplified by the witches and the visions Macbeth sees at different times, is very difficult to realize on the speaking stage. The witches on the stage do not appear supernatural, and the desired illusion is therefore impossible. On the screen,

with the aid of the camera, the witches are easily given supernatural quality. The same applies to Banquo's ghost, which has always been so hard to produce convincingly on the stage. You can't have a two-hundred-pound man seated at a table and expect an audience to accept him for an apparition. Sir Henry Irving discarded the ghost in this scene, and I believe Sir Herbert adopted the same course in his London production of the play, leaving the whole thing to the imagination of the audience. The visionary dagger is also an impossibility on the stage, but on the screen we can show it in a very effective and mystical sort of a way. And don't forget that 'Macbeth,' aside from its psychological

aspects, is a rattling good melodrama. Another big thing in the favor of the 'Macbeth' production is that scenery can be found in California almost identical with that of Scotland. We are considering doing 'The Merchant of Venice,' and in that case shall build Venice on the canals' at Santa Monica for the exterior scenes.

"I think the few attempts to date

duce Shakespeare on a small scale; there is too much meat in his plots, so it was decided to produce 'Macbeth' in nine reels and thereby avoid omitting any of the essentials of the play. There is great detail accuracy in the production, due to the great deal of time I, with my assistants, spent on thoro research work and securing exactness in detail of costume and settings, in order that the production might have an educational as well as a dramatic value.

"While rummaging thru volumes of historical references, we

discovered that the people in the eleventh century in Scotland did not sleep in night- robes. I had planned to introduce a scene showing King Duncan praying at the foot of his bed, so had to delve a bit deeper, and discovered that the higher classes to which King Duncan, of course, belonged, were just beginning at this time to use night- robes.

This saved the day for me.

"When it came to preparing the screen scenario for 'Macbeth,' the task was not so difficult as I had anticipated. In fact, it was surprisingly easy, as Shakespeare's dramatic structure is more near in form to that of the film than the modern play or novel. Owing to the limitations of the stage, an author must seek to reduce his action to one, two, three, or, at the most,

four localities, in which the action of the various acts takes place. And, of course, time-lapse must correspond exactly with length of acts, whereas on the screen one may have as many different locations as desired, and the lapses of time are more easily covered. A modern play is ordinarily written in three acts. Shakespeare

(Twenty-eight)



CONSTANCE COLLIER AS LADY MACBETH—A STUDY IN FACIAL EXPRESSION

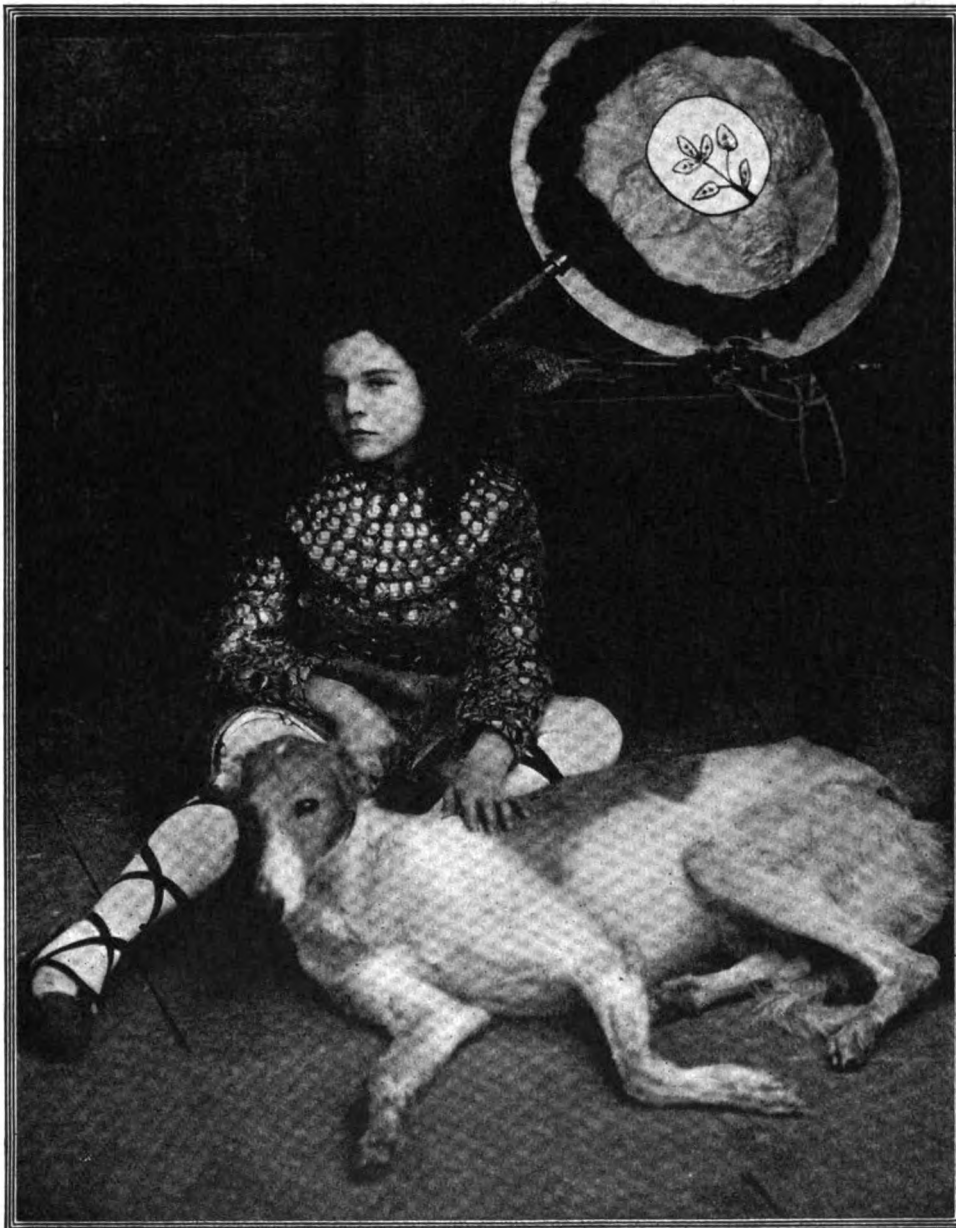
that have been made to produce Shakespeare on the screen have proven fruitless, and the only reason I can logically see for the failure is the effort to produce a play like 'Hamlet,' with a man like Forbes Robertson, in three reels of film, which ordinarily takes about forty-five minutes to project. You can't successfully pro-



MACBETH PLANS TO MURDER HIS GUEST, KING DUNCAN

wrote 'Macbeth' in twenty-eight scenes, so you see how much nearer Shakespeare's play is to Motion Picture construction than any of the modern plays. This is due to the fact that in Shakespeare's time it was not necessary to move the scenery, as they did not have any to move. It is practically impossible to produce 'Macbeth,' as written, on the speaking stage. With the change of sets, it would at least necessitate five or six hours for production, whereas on the screen the scene shifts instantaneously, so we can not only do all the scenes Shakespeare provided for us in practically the same sequence, but are able to fill in the lapses of time by adding scenes merely described in the lines of the play. As, for instance, the

(Twenty-nine)



CHANDLER HOUSE AS FLEANCE IN "MACBETH"

fight between Macbeth and Cawdor and the execution of the latter.

"The coronation of Macbeth, which is completely jumped over in the play, will be one of the biggest scenes in the picture. I employed about a thousand supernumeraries for the coronation. All that is said about the coronation in Shakespeare's play is:

Ross—Will you to Scone?
 MACDUFF—No, cousin; I'll to Fife.
 Ross—Well, I will thither.
 MACDUFF—Well, may you see things well done there. Adieu! Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

"The stone of Scone, where all the Scottish kings were crowned, is duplicated accurately in the picture.

"And another instance, where I elaborated on a line in the play, is Birnam Wood, which is merely spoken of; we show it moving toward the castle of Macbeth.



CORONATION SCENE FROM SIR HERBERT TREE'S EXCELLENT PHOTOPLAY OF SHAKESPEARE'S "MACBETH"

"Our film version of 'Macbeth' will contain approximately two hundred and fifty scenes in nine reels, which means a full evening's entertainment.

"We found it much simpler on the screen to suggest the evil influence of the witches than on the stage. The opening scene of the picturization presents the witches in their cavern, where they are brewing trouble, which is to come to Scotland thru Macbeth. In the depths of their cavern they draw forth the fires of evil, which are thrown from their fingers down into

the valley of destruction, where Macbeth and the traitor Cawdor are fighting for supremacy.

"It became necessary at times to take liberties with the text, in order to knit the story closely enough to be able to project it in the limits of two hours and yet retain practically all the incidents of the play. While taking these liberties, we have endeavored to show a spirit of reverence for the text and have consulted Shakespearian authorities for justification on every alteration we made. One change in

particular was in the sleep-walking scene. In the play, a gentleman and doctor overhear this scene. But, in order to knit the photoplay structure together, it was essential that Ross and Lennox overhear this scene. We justified this change by the statement of the gentleman to the doctor that she had seen Lady Macbeth walk and talk in this way night after night. Why couldn't Ross and Lennox see her one night as well as the doctor and the lady?

(Continued on page 70)



FRED MAEK DOUGLAR FAIRBANKS SIR HERBERT TREE CONSTANCE COLLIER WM. FARNUM

SIR HERBERT TREE'S DEPARTURE FROM LOS ANGELES WAS MADE MEMORABLE BY THE PRESENCE OF MANY NOTABLES

(Thirty)

Bryant Washburn's Family

By • ROBERTA COURTLANDT

SHRIEKS of laughter greeted me when I stopped at the door of the Washburn domicile, not far from the Essanay studio. The opened doorway revealed a scene that would have made an instantaneous hit with all the audiences who have come to look for the clean-cut impersonations of Bryant Washburn. Mrs. Washburn, brown-haired, blue-eyed, and very, very pretty, clad in a pink, linen apron, greeted me at the door and made me welcome. In the center of the room was a white wicker baby-carriage, enthroned in which sat the dimpled, crowing autocrat of the Washburn household—Bryant Fourth, aged nine months. Down on all fours, his black hair tousled, was Bryant Third, father of Bryant Fourth, playing "bear" for the amusement of his small son. Every "Woof! g-r-r-r!" from the man elicited a shout of glee from the baby. Another interesting participant in the scene was a beautiful dog—a toy, English bulldog, with a formidable pedigree, which was pretending to attack the "bear" with bulldoggish humor and patience.

If you have seen Bryant Washburn in "The Blindness of Virtue," "Destiny," or any one of half a dozen strong, virile dramas in which he was the much-persecuted but always triumphant hero, it will be hard to imagine him in the scene I have just described. I found it difficult to reconcile the two at first, but by the time I was ready to leave, the man on the floor seemed the more interesting of the two by far.

Another likable thing about him was that he did not appear at all embarrassed by being caught off his guard. He merely rose, brushed his hair out of his eyes, and shook hands. Mrs. Washburn removed the blue-eyed, happy baby from the carriage and seated herself in a low rocker, while Mr. Washburn sat down opposite them, where he could keep his eyes continually on his treasures. The dog

rose and walked across the room, to seat herself at Mrs. Washburn's feet, her eyes fastened on the baby. If ever human love shone from the eyes of an intelligent dog, then it did from this one's.



BRYANT WASHBURN THE THIRD AND BRYANT WASHBURN THE FOURTH

"Here, Kewpie, old lady," called Mr. Washburn, suggestively, patting his knees.

But the dog only looked at him, as if to say, "I like you fine, old man, but you dont understand. I've got this baby to take care of." Mrs. Washburn laughed, a little tenderly, at the dog's devotion, and stooped to caress her.

"Kewpie was queen of the household," she explained, "until baby came. That, of course, put her nose out of joint. Such an exhibition of canine jealousy I have never seen before. Then, finally, when baby was about two weeks old, she ran away. Bryant and I worried about her a great deal, and finally got her back, by advertising in all the newspapers. And now she has formed a very keen attachment for baby, and they play together all the time."

By this time the baby had made a fascinating discovery. By bending forward just as far as the close clasp of his mother's arms would let him, he could just touch the velvety head of the dog. And immediately, with a brief crow of triumph, he made use of the discovery, with a divine confidence in the strength of his mother's arms to prevent an accident.

"How old is baby?" I asked.

"Born on the twelfth of October, nineteen hundred and fifteen," answered baby's mother, proudly.

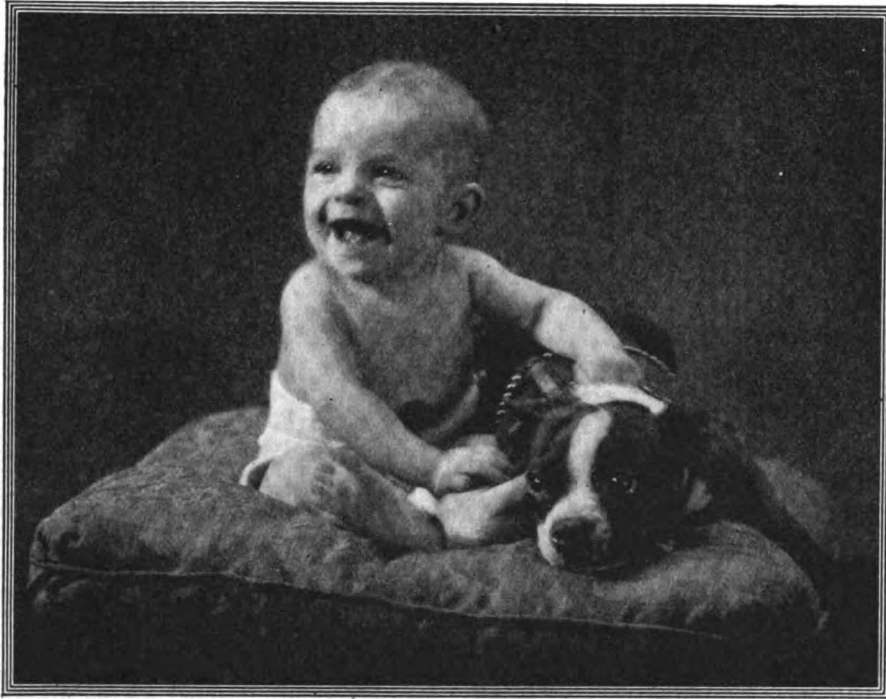
"And acted in a picture on the day he was three months old," added his father, proudly.

"The picture was called 'Destiny,' and his advent into the studio, to play his part, had something of the nature of triumphal entry of a famous Broadway star making his first appearance in movies.

It was the first glimpse most of the studio folks had had of him, and he interrupted the work for more than an hour."

I have no doubt that he did so, for a more fascinating morsel of babyhood would be hard to imagine. There isn't a woman alive who is so cool and aloof that she doesn't get excited over a new baby. And Bryant Fourth would arouse excitement just by his own charms.

The marriage of Bryant Fourth's



THE DOG WAS JEALOUS OF THE BABY AND RAN AWAY; BUT NOW SHE HAS RETURNED, AND THE TWO ARE FAST FRIENDS

father and mother was the result of a really-truly studio romance. Mrs. Washburn, who was Mabel Forrest (usually known as "Billie" by her intimates), was born in Kinsman, Ohio, but when she was six years old her family moved to Chicago, where she took up the study of music. She sings beautifully and is an accomplished pianiste. The thought of movies seldom entered her head. She enjoyed them, but cared little about knowing those who made them possible by their work.

One day, with a party of girlfriends, she visited the Essanay studio. There she was introduced to Bryant Washburn, who at that time was doing "heavy" rôles with the company featuring Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne. Being a wholly feminine



HIS THRONE A WHITE WICKER BABY-CARRIAGE, HE RULES, KING-LIKE, OVER THE HOUSEHOLD, FOR HE IS BRYANT IV.

girl, she was more interested in the villain than the hero, for the villain was good-looking, and his deeds on the screen hinted of that most fascinating thing to a girl—a "past."

Mr. Washburn sought and secured permission to call and meet Mr. and Mrs. Forrest. And the call was followed by others. Finally, just five months after the meeting, he led Mabel Forrest to the rose-bowered altar.

Mr. Washburn was born in Greenfield, Vermont, of a somewhat religious family. His uncle was Dwight L. Moody, the famous evangelist. And, as a boy, Mr. Washburn, who is now almost twenty-eight years old (his wife is almost twenty-one), spent a great deal of time with his famous uncle. There was a bond almost as strong as kinship between them, and it lay in the sweetness of young Bryant's singing voice. He recalls how on many a quiet evening he sang the old, sweet hymns that inspired his uncle in his broad field of work.

Later, when Bryant attended the Lake View High School, in Chicago, he sang in the Glee Club, and the resonance, the sweetness and the clear enunciation of a soloist still remain in his speaking voice.

Bryant Washburn, by the way, is one of the few leading men who does not resort to the art of make-up, unless a character part is to be played. He has a dark, olive skin that lends itself naturally to the camera, and his eyebrows are so well defined that it is never necessary to pencil them.

Immediately after the wedding, Mrs. Washburn became terribly interested in Motion Pictures—so much so that she enlisted as an Essanay extra girl, and worked for about six months, doing a number of "bits" that were unusually good. However, she neglected her music to appear at the studio. And her parents and her husband, who believed that her music was much more important than the studio work, prevailed upon her to give up acting.

"And now," laughed Mr. Washburn, "she has something to take her mind off pictures for good—His Lordship, the Baby."

Mrs. Washburn laughed, too, in utter contentment, holding the baby a little closer. It's easily seen that she doesn't care about anything so tame and humdrum as mere picture-acting when she has a real live baby to play with.

"There's a great deal of difference in your home-life as it is and as some of the public believe it to be," I suggested.

"Well, if the public has an idea that an actor's life is composed of cocktails, bright lights and excitement, we would be glad, for our part, to prove that they've another thought coming," answered Mr. Washburn with some heat.

Then he continued:

"Mrs. Washburn and I go out very little, for we are so much happier in our home-life than we could possibly be in any place of amusement. And the baby's more fun than a circus."

Does that change your idea of the home-life of a movie player, dear reader? At all events, it should, if it doesn't.



MABEL FORREST
(MRS. BRYANT WASHBURN)

(Thirty-two)

Discovered — The "Homey" Girl

By ELIZABETH PETERSEN

YES, she is here, just the kind of a girl that abounded in those far-off days when mother was young. Think of it—she actually does not care a snap of her dainty little fingers for athletics, and would much rather spend a cool afternoon on a shaded porch (we were tactful and did not inquire with whom), embroidering and painting, than partaking in a game of tennis or golf, and prefers a spin in her Buick 6 to an exciting canter across country.

Her daintiness is vivid, and gorgeous in its tints of sapphire and gold and rose, borrowed from all the lovely things of summer—sunsets, and quiet seas, and flowers, brightly flaunting their colors after a cooling shower. She is essentially feminine and adorable; and with her come memories of maids whose tiny feet have long since traveled their last, flower-strewn path; whose slim bodies no longer sway to the stately measures of the minuet; and whose blushes have vanished as completely as the rose that died last year. There are few like that now, and her contrast to the "modern" girl is cameo-like in its distinctiveness.

She loves gardening, and the one surrounding her little bungalow is artistic in its simplicity. The little bungalow is a *real* home, for there is ensconced her adored mother, whose greatest joy in life is her pride in her daughter, and the place fairly breathes of comfort, and happiness, and love. It is here she paints those clever water-color sketches her friends are so proud of and so delighted to receive at holiday time. She has a wonderful appreciation of colors and a knack all her own of combining them to their greatest advantages.

Another of her chief delights is cooking, and she never tires of trying all sorts of new experiments and perfecting old ones. Wrapped in a gingham apron, she potters contentedly around the sunny kitchen, dead to the fashionable world for the time being.

Her charm is unaffected and sincere; she does not think of herself, when one meets her; she makes one feel that it is she, and not you, that is having the honor. Her friends adore her, and it is very easy for her to gain new ones. Her appeal is universally felt, for her screen admirers are many and ardent. Success is looming very near for her, and we hope it will bring her happiness also, for she deserves it; but, most of all, we hope that thru it she does not lose her unconscious, winsome girlishness that played such an all-important part in bringing it to her.

(Thirty-three)

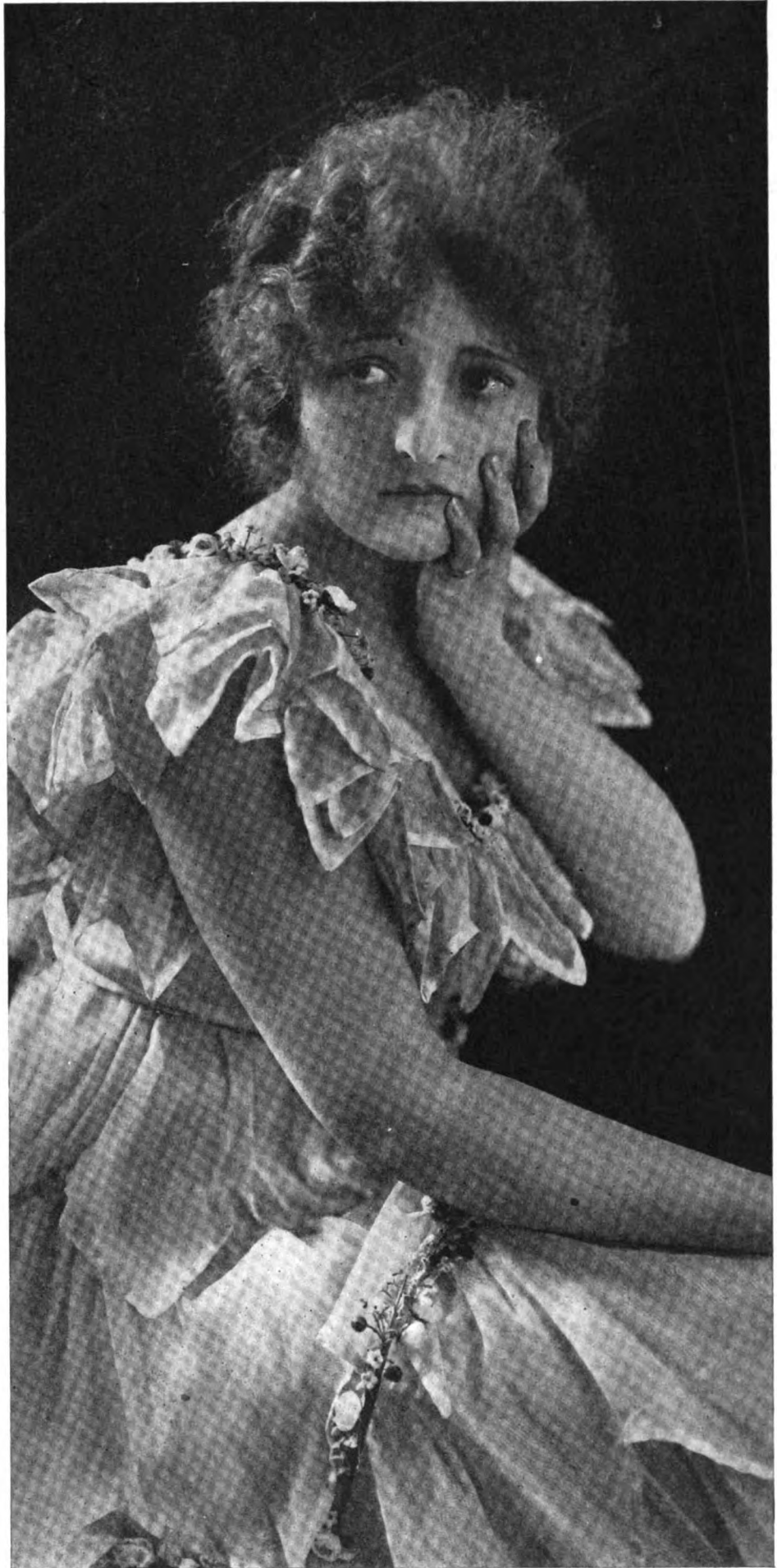


Photo by Witzel

VERA SISSON

PUBLIC OPINION

T

HE stranger pursed her thin lips together and eyed the large-busted, anxious-eyed landlady with the large superiority of conscious righteousness and conscious scorn. "Do you mean to *tell* me," she demanded, "that Hazel Grey—Hazel Grey from Westport—boards *here*?"

Mrs. Skenk drew herself up, but her eyes were a shade more anxious. "She does," she defended, with an attempt at asperity, "and a nice-spoken, nice-doing, respectable young woman she seems."

"Ah—seems"—volumes of derision came from the thin lips. "Well, I'll just tell you, then, my poor woman, that Hazel Grey is from *my* town, and I know *all* about her—and she's a *bad* one thru and thru. She is simply an *outcast* in Westport—it's a respectable town and we're all respectable, God-fearing people, and when a girl elopes with a *married* man, I say it's time to *act*. No, Mrs. Skenk, I couldn't *consider* rooming here. My ma would be half sick—a name's all a poor girl's got, I always say, and let them as wants to lose it, *lose* it. Not *me*!"

Mrs. Skenk lost her asperity. This stranger was well dressed, and this thin-lipped, prim type were always good, prompt pay if they *weren't* just honey and cream to get along with—and gentlemen roomers were few—and all told—

"Will you confront Miss Grey with this to her face, ma'am?" queried Mrs. Skenk.

The stranger sighed: "Duty is duty, *I* always say," she declared, following the carpet-slipped feet of the landlady from the room, "and Lord knows *I'm* not one to shirk."

Hazel Grey was in her room, resting from a long typhoid case she had come from the night before. She looked up as they entered, and her eyes lighted up swiftly at sight of a familiar face. "Why, Prudy!" she welcomed—then stopped.

She didn't look very evil, certainly. She was very young—with a nimbus of pale gold hair, wistful, innocent eyes, and a wistful, pleading mouth. She

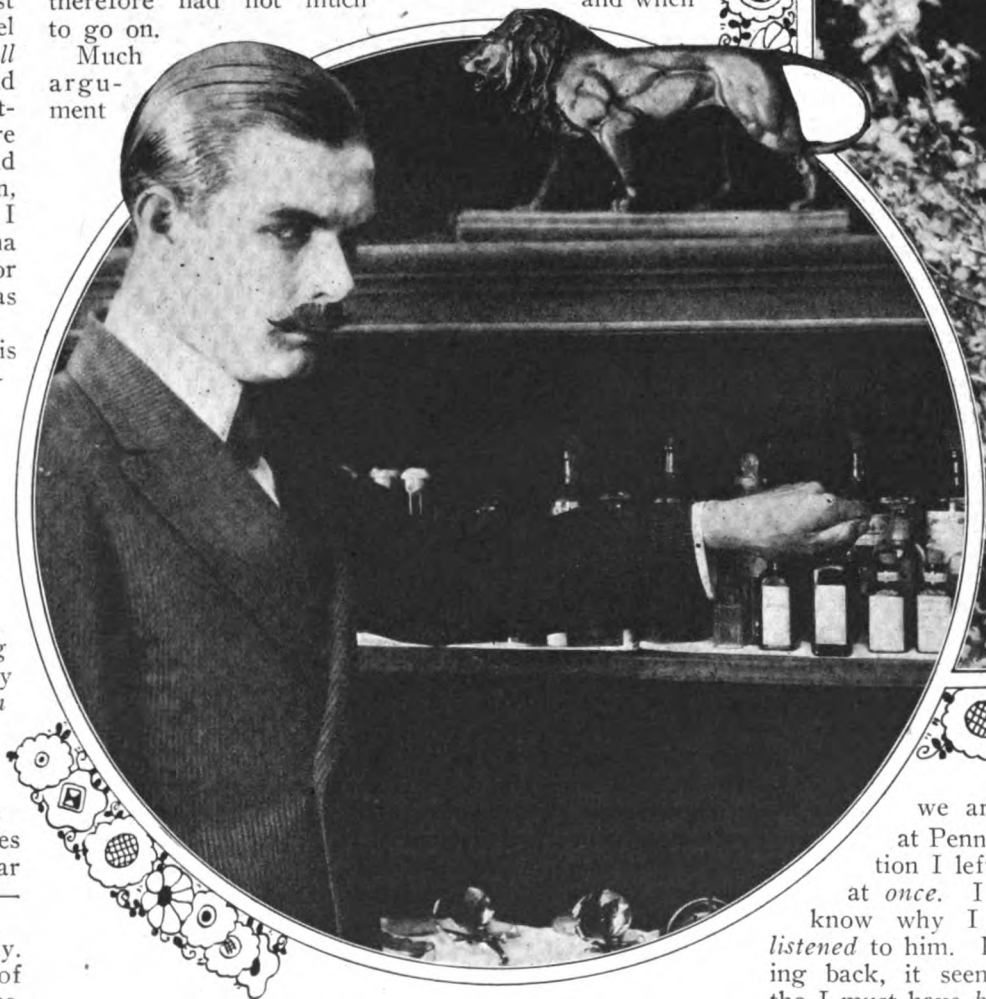
looked the type whom men sent violets to—and candies—and soft music—and petted—and proposed to—and adored; not at all the designing creature to consider married men her legitimate prey.

"Why, of *course* not!" she denied, when Prudy confronted her with the story. "Yes, I know what Westport thinks; I know what even my family think; but—well—" with a helpless, little gesture, "I am here—working—and he is, I don't know where—and do not care— Oh"—turning to Mrs. Skenk now, "of *course* it isn't so; can't you *see* that it isn't?"

Mrs. Skenk admitted to thinking it "queer," but she had not been raised to a sense of perception, or intuition, and therefore had not much to go on.

Much argument

led to nowhere, and Prudy finally departed in a huff, leaving Hazel and the landlady still arguing. "Now that she has gone, Mrs. Skenk," Hazel said, "I'll tell you that I *did* come in on the train with the man—I never knew he was married until that ride, and when



THE POISON BOTTLE

we arrived at Penn. Station I left him at *once*. I don't know why I ever *listened* to him. Looking back, it seems as tho I must have *known* him as he was; but I

(Thirty-four)



PHILIP BEFRIENDS HAZEL

~by~
**GLADYS
 HALL**
 ~Lasky~

heard bitter things, terrible, blighting things, and often and often of nights, when the long, hard-toiling day was over, she would lie in her bed and think of the baby that used to be, and hope to God that some one was being kind to the outcast woman that was.

"You may stay for the present, Miss Grey," she said, and left the room abruptly.

Left alone, Hazel Grey collapsed and wept hot, despairful tears. On duty she was marvellously self-controlled, efficient and resourceful. Off duty, she was all girl, all femininity—wistful, and dependent, and afraid.

Looking back over the twenty-four years of her life, there was singularly little of sunshine to brighten it—a loveless, hard-working childhood in a town that Prudy Smith had rightly described as "respectable, with God-fearing people"—a young girlhood deprived of all that fair time's rights—four years of rigorous training in a city hospital—a year of hard private work, with a summer "vacation" in Westport—and the meeting with the man who had so tragically blackened her name.

He *had* been persuasive—good to look at—a strong appeal to the senses all unappealed to before; but the rigid, rigorous years had given the fragile-looking girl a sturdy, indomitable will, a solitary uncompromising virtue, and she had not wavered an instant when he had told her of his marriage and asked her to stay with him until such time as he could secure a divorce.

Then had come Philip—Philip, so young, so clean, so virile, so in earnest—Philip, with his boy's love and his man's faith and his dear idealism. Their love had been a tender, dreamful thing—built among the clouds, far, far from the land wherein dwelt Mrs. Skenk and her regime—the land of pain and suffering and of the death wherein moved Hazel for her daily bread—the land wherein dwelt the married man and his kisses of profanation and his hot, false vows.

They planned a glorious life together—such a life as first youth *always* plans and always and pathetically believes in—despite the fact that *nowhere* do they see it being lived.

"If he should turn against me too," thought Hazel, "I think I should turn

was lonely—and credulous—and tired from overwork—and he was very persuasive. It was just a mistake—that's all; but nothing—*absolutely* nothing more—surely nothing to be so *persecuted* over. *Please* believe me, Mrs. Skenk, and please don't tell Philip Carson—he's my one friend—we've been such chums, and it isn't fair that one silly girl-mistake should ruin my

whole *life*. If *you* had a daughter, Mrs. Skenk, and she was all alone, you'd want some one to believe *her*."

That told. Mrs. Skenk *had* had a daughter—a tawdry, flighty, pretty girl, who had listened overlong to some man's blarney—been his dupe—and vanished with him—to vanish at the same time from her mother's ken forever. Mrs. Skenk had known the man, and she had

(Thirty-five)

against *myself*. I shouldn't think there was anything in life—not anything save the torture of the body I see, and the torture of the soul I'd feel."

But Philip was very much preoccupied that evening—too much so to notice the strange air that fell on the little company when Hazel Grey entered the room, or made a remark, or laughed.

After dinner they took a walk, and he told her about it. "It's my family again," he explained; "you know, I had to quit the house because of my stepfather. He's a sure-enough devil, and he was worse when I was around; so I cut away. I adore my mother, of course. She's awfully wealthy, and very philanthropic, and was all the world to me; but when she married this man our life

It would be wonderful, sweetheart, to have you know my mother."

Hazel squeezed his arm. "I'd be glad to, Phil dear," she said, "and oh, boy, I would do my very, very best!"

The next morning Mrs. Skenk pursued Hazel from the breakfast-table into the hall with something like the expression Prudy Smith had worn. She coughed nervously once or twice, then said firmly: "I'm sorry, Miss Grey, but you will have

of humor gave a faint twinge at mention of the Fairfax sisters—poor things, they were so crude and so flagrant—but on the whole, it was not a case for humor. A sense of anger assailed her, and she began a spirited defense. This angered Mrs. Skenk in turn, who felt that she had suffered quite enough from a third-floor-backer, and in the midst of the dialog Philip Carson came in.

This pleased Mrs. Skenk. It gave her splendid vengeance. She disregarded Hazel's swift, tense appeal and poured forth Prudy's version, with embellishments.

Philip looked bewilderedly at Hazel, who quietly gave him *her* version.

"I'm afraid, Mrs. Skenk," he said finally, "that you will have to *prove your* accusations, and I'd advise you



THE NEW BOARDER IS ACCUSED OF BEING HAZEL GREY, FROM WESTPORT

changed. Women, even the best of them, do fall for the *queerest* things in men. How my mother—my queenly, beautiful, brilliant mother—could have *believed* in that *gas-bag*, I don't know. But, anyway, he 'phoned me today that my mother was ill and asking for me. I went up to the house, and it was sad, I tell you. She acted as if she would never get enough of me—and she *is* ill, Hazel. I'm going up again tomorrow morning, and I'm going to *insist* on another doctor—just because stepdaddy is an M. D. doesn't qualify him in my eyes—and, darling, if I should ask *you* to come as nurse—*would* you?

to go. My boarders has got wind of your—your past—and are all upset over it. The Fairfax sisters is real young, childlike girls, if they *do* act in vogue-vill, and they say their ma'd be *crazy*. I can't afford to lose them, Miss Grey—nor yet any of the others. And you know yourself, Miss Grey, this is a thoro respectable place with no off-color touch about it in *any* way. Of course, the neighborhood aint the Avenoo; but the house itself, Miss Grey, is unquestionable—and goodness knows, Miss Grey, I aint *always* kept boarders."

Hazel Grey nodded dully. Her sense

for your own sake not to get into the habit of such dangerous statements."

Then he turned to Hazel. "Will you come?" he asked. "My mother wants you. I've told her—a little—of—us."

Hazel assented gratefully. She quite thrilled to the nobility of his speech, tho deep down in the fond, foolish heart of her she wished that he had refused her version of it—refused even to listen to any further mention of it as an absurdity.

"Do you expect an *immortal*, Hazel Grey?" she asked herself angrily, as she packed her uniforms for the case, and her trunk for departure. "No," nagged that

(Thirty-six)

small, annoying voice—"no—just a *man*, mighty in faith, valiant in trust—" "You are a *fool*," answered back Hazel Grey—"a perfect, *damfool*—there, I've said it!"

An hour later Philip was introducing her to his mother. From the moment they met they loved each other. Mrs. Carson-Morgan loved the girl for her sweet face and tender, steady eyes—and for the sake of her beloved, only child, who loved her too. Hazel loved Philip's mother because a splendid life was written for all to see on a splendid, beautiful face. There were battles there—bitterly fought and won—pain vanquished, self conquered, strength born of travail of weakness, flesh triumphed over by spirit—yes, it was a glorious battle-ground, and a glorious victory.

When Philip introduced Hazel to his step-father, it was fortunate he did not notice—the girl's face

went whiter far than the white face with closed eyes on the pillow; even her red lips blanched, and her eyes distended as with mortal fear. "I'm going to faint," she thought desperately; "I'm going to faint, and give it all away—oh, God! give me strength."

And all the time she was returning Dr. Morgan's greeting, and staring straight into his leering, triumphant eyes—eyes that said, as surely as tho each one had a tongue, "I've caught you now, my proud beauty, trapped you helpless here, in my own home."

"I would like to speak to you, nurse," was what he was saying, and he drew her into Mrs. Morgan's dressing-room with the close touch that shocked every fibre in her.

"Now," he smiled down on her as he closed the door—"what *now*?"

"I shall leave, of course," she said, recovering herself, "immediately—"

"Oh no—not unless you wish *my* side of the elopement given Philip—I fancy *he* is the one you wish deaf to it all—and I *can* be very convincing, you know."

"You—fiend!" Hazel shrank against the wall, wondering in her flayed spirit

(Thirty-seven)

how she could ever have tolerated so much as the glance of this man.

Morgan laughed, and stepped nearer her. "You'd make a pretty shrew," he said; "temper is all that is needed to give flame to your cold beauty. Come, Hazel, we loved once—pretty ardently; this woman who is my wife—well, it is *you* I love and want, my girl—I—"

"Hazel!" called Philip's voice, "come on in. Mother says she would like to talk to you now."

There followed tortured days for Hazel—days half impossible with the Doctor's persistent and obnoxious attentions—half beautiful by her closer knowledge of Philip's wonderful, great-souled mother. And, as the body grew steadily frailer, the spirit burst its bounds and grew steadily more luminous.

and the threats held ugly hints of a past partnership in sin—seemed to imply that Dr. Morgan was not only lax in his methods with women, but something far more sinister.

Hazel had been in the house two weeks, when Mrs. Morgan died. She felt that she had been in the woman's heart all her life. She knew, as she closed the white eyelids over the fearless eyes, that she would not care so deeply for her own mother's death—her virtuous, hard-working mother who had made an old age of her childhood, and a pariah of her indiscreet youth.

"Rheumatism of the heart," said Dr. Morgan, as he was summoned to the death-chamber by the distraught Philip.

"Well, well—poor Allison!"



"NOW!" HE SMILED DOWN ON HER AS HE CLOSED THE DOOR, "WHAT NOW?"

Strange things were happening in that house of impending death, and illicit desire, and foul undercurrents too. In her capacity of nurse, Hazel recognized as the Doctor's most frequent visitor, and apparent crony, a confirmed "coke" fiend. The man had reached the stage where he was absolute victim to the drug—ready to commit any crime for it—obsessed by it to forget all honor, all respect.

"I'm doing all I can for him, poor old chap," the Doctor said benevolently, as he gave Hazel some medicine and confirmed her in her opinion of Bill Smith; "but he's pretty far gone."

"I haven't noticed any improvement, either," returned Hazel, harshly.

Bill Smith was a frequent visitor, and the more Hazel thought about him the less she liked it. Often his whining voice would reach her in some part of the house—pleading, cajoling, threatening;

When Dr. Miller arrived, summoned by Hazel ten minutes before the end, he looked grave.

"It does not look," he said, "like rheumatism of the heart to me, Miss Grey. I demand an autopsy."

Dr. Morgan and Philip protested vigorously. Hazel alone was still.

"How can you," declaimed Philip, "wish my mother subjected to—that, Hazel? God in heaven, it is *too* awful!"

"Your mother's body is beyond all evil, dear," the nurse said gently; "if a wrong has been done her, her spirit will wish vindication. *That* lives, and is immortal."

The result of the autopsy showed unmistakably arsenic poisoning. The powders were called for—the maid testified that she had handed them to Miss Grey direct—and Hazel searched for them in vain. "I cannot find them," she said, face white and eyes helpless at realization of this new tragedy impending.

"It is very strange!" they said.

She was arrested and the trial set. Public opinion began. The individual mind is individual only so long as small

issues are at stake. Let a great scandal, a great upheaval of some kind become known, and the individual mind ceases to exist. This girl had had a "past"—she had murdered the handsome Dr. Morgan's wealthy and middle-aged wife—how and *why* should one digress from so patent a fact? One didn't. Perhaps some conjectural soul said vaguely, "I wonder if she *did* do it"—but the wonder never grew. The papers said so—they said so on street corners, in clubs, in grills and social gatherings. They wondered how so fair and sweet a girl could possess so perverted, so foul a soul. The prosecution was strong. The defense was faltering. There seemed to be no defense. Prudy Smith gave her damning testimony—all personal digressions from accepted morality are damning at such a

ried their own conviction. Perhaps he, of all of them, felt the spirit of Philip's mother never absent since the girl was accused.

At any rate, when the jury filed out—when *all* of them voted guilty save himself, he was gifted with a very passion of ringing eloquence. He defended her as tho he spoke from the pure white depths of her heart revealed—he conquered them, still unbelieving, to a man. And when the jury filed back, Gordon

Grey," cautioned one of the court attendants; "the—the mob is pretty—raw."

Some one stepped to her side—a strong hand gripped her arm. She never forgot that first meeting of Gordon Graham's eyes. There wasn't a thrill about it—nor any fire—*then*; but the one thing she had dreamed of—"a man—mighty in faith—valiant in trust." And all at once she *knew*—she remembered seeing him file in with the others—his lean, exhausted, triumphant face. He—*he* had saved her, because he *trusted*—because *he believed*. Here was the foundation love was built on—love that time cannot touch, nor dishonor destroy.

"Will you ride in my car?" he asked gently.

"Oh—please," she breathed, and her grateful soul worshiped him.

Her fame had preceded



AS THE BODY GREW STEADILY FRAILER, THE SPIRIT GREW STEADILY MORE LUMINOUS

time—and created a perfect furore by identifying Dr. Morgan as the man in the case.

Even the jurors raised their eyebrows. It seemed as tho the last doubt as to her guilt must have vanished.

When she took the stand in her own defense, and told her simple, uneventful story, made vivid only by her guileless affair with Dr. Morgan, only one among them listened—and believed. That one was Gordon Graham, a young millionaire about town who reluctantly served on the jury. Gordon Graham believed—perhaps because he had seen enough of the false to distinguish the true thru all the chaff of public thought. Perhaps the girl's white face and anguished, bruised lips penetrated to his inmost self and car-

Graham shaking as from palsy, they voted "Not guilty," to the unsuppressed astonishment of all present. The girl herself fainted.

When she came to she was in an ante-room, and Philip was standing in front of her. She raised her stricken eyes to him, bright with a sudden fitful hope. Oh, if he would only take her to his heart—kiss some of this dreadful pain away—soothe some of this horror that racked her—

"I've come to say good-by, Hazel," he said. "I stood by you thruout the trial; but now—well, you deceived me *once*, you know, and—"

Hazel nodded. "Yes, I know, Philip," she said tonelessly, "and now—please go—good-by."

"You'd better not go out alone, Miss

her, and everywhere she was denied admittance. Legally she had been freed—but only legally.

Finally, he thought of a little, old woman who had nursed him and tutored him in boyhood—a little, old woman who believed what he said to be the truth, just because he said it. There he left her.

Every day he called for her and took her to ride, hoping to see some vitalizing sign in the white, set face. Every day he learnt to love her more—as he had not believed people *can* love today.

One day Philip came back. She listened to him silently, as he protested that he knew she *couldn't* have done it—that he still cared, still wanted her—and would she marry him at once and come away.

Then she shook her head. "You are

(Thirty-eight)



IT SEEMED AS THO THE LAST DOUBT AS TO HER GUILT MUST HAVE VANISHED

too late. Philip," she said; "your unbelief has killed the love I thought I had. It was a boy-and-girl love, Phil—illusionary and unstable. Now it is dead."

Gordon Graham came up the steps as Philip was leaving. When he found Hazel standing alone, just as Philip had left her, her nimbus of fair hair making her pale face very fragile and wistful, he took her in his arms. "I love you, dear beloved," he whispered—"I want the right to love you—always."

The first tears came to the girl's eyes—and thru them she sent her love to him. "I cant, my dearest," she answered; "not now—not *this way*."

"It does not exist," the man declared.

"It does," she corrected—"to *me*."

"Have you no suspicions?" he asked her, fearful to open a raw wound, yet longing to help.

"Yes"—she seemed galvanized into sudden life—"I suspect Craig Morgan him-

self. And tomorrow I am going to the house again to see—no, I am going alone, dearest—it will be better so."

When Gordon Graham, accompanied by two detectives, entered the Morgan house the following day, he stepped in just in time to prevent Hazel from interrupting a bullet meant for the Doctor—a bullet fired by a man with twitching face and shaking, drug-ridden body—a man who, nevertheless, shot perilously near the heart.

"What does this mean?" demanded Graham, and the two detectives stepped over to where the trembling "coke" victim stood at bay, his smoking pistol in his hand.

Craig Morgan raised himself and stared thru a death-glaze at Hazel's sorrowing face. "My wife," he muttered, "my wife is in this room—there by you, Hazel—bending over you. I"—a harsh laugh escaped him—"I murdered my

wife, gentlemen—as I murdered one before her. I intercepted the prescription and put the arsenic in—*she* gave it with her own hand—but I—I—did it——" Blood bubbled at his lips and trickled down his white coat. Hazel bent over him and wiped his chin. "I did it," he repeated; "do you all hear and understand? *I did it—so help me God!* I wanted her money—I wanted this girl—so I poisoned her—and hid the real medicine in where I kept the 'coke' for—this poor devil. He—found them—was threatening me when she—and my wife—my wife—came in. Anyway—nothing else matters except that I—I did it. Good-by—Hazel; good-by—Allison; I——"

It all came out in the papers that night—the whole bitter shame of the injustice—the whole clean vindication. All save the rapt faces of a woman and a man set toward the High Star of Desire.

AT THE PICTURE PLAY

By RALPH GARNIER COOLE

From the lights of dear old Broadway
To the Land of Sunset Skies;
Across the burning desert miles
Fond memory swiftly flies.
And my heart forgets its aching
As I watch the Pictureplay;
Forgets the tinselled city
With its flashing Gay White Way.

(Thirty-nine)

I watch the old familiar scenes;
I see the hills I love;
The fertile valleys stretching wide;
The azure skies above.
The city's sounds are hushed and still,
As the reel goes clicking round,
I span the years to childhood—
Cross the miles with just a bound.

Then when the picture runs its course
And leaves a snow-white screen,
I sit and ponder deeply—
Will the sheet show just as clean,
When He who films life's story
Thru eternity's decades
Has registered *my finis*
And the picture slowly fades?



JANE GALE, in a twelve-reel Universal Feature which is as yet unnamed

The Real Charlie Chaplin

The Personal Side of the Famous Comedian as His Associates Know It

By STANLEY W. TODD

WHEN the Twentieth Century Limited arrived in New York, one day not so very long ago, a good-looking young man stepped out of one of the Pullman cars and walked briskly into the Grand Central station. In the rotunda he was enthusiastically greeted by a group of personal friends and business representatives. But the reception was brief. They hustled him into a waiting automobile and drove off immediately.

As that is an everyday occurrence, none of the travelers took particular note of him. If, however, some one had shouted, as they are wont to do, "There's Charlie Chaplin!" there is not the slightest doubt that it would have been necessary to have called out the police reserves to have kept the crowd back.

Yes, it was Charlie Chaplin, but it was not surprising that no one recognized him. It was Chaplin as his friends know him—sans mustache, sans that famous walk, sans everything by which the screen has made his name a household word in all four corners of the globe. He had come to New York to attach his signature to a paper—not a "scrap of paper"—that assured him more money in a single year than any mortal American has ever earned for services rendered in that period.

Chaplin's recent unostentatious visit to New York is characteristic of himself. He was not welcomed with a blare of trumpets—he could have had them—because that is not his way. He doesn't believe in posing as a little, tin god on wheels; he likes to keep his own per-

sonality out of the lime-light. He prefers to let himself stand before the world as t h a t

happy-go-lucky, shambling, acrobatic tramp—punctured derby, generous trousers, brogans, cane, *et al.*—that has been reproduced in pictures, cut-outs, plaster casts and toy balloons a million times, more or less.

There is hardly a civilized human being who does not know this Chaplin of the screen. Humanity became acquainted with his amusing ways in old Keystone days, from the time he was pictured walking in front of camera-men, making a desperate effort to film the Santa Monica auto-races. Humanity laughed at his antics in numerous other Keystones, with that hilarious six-reeler, "Tillie's Punctured Romance," as the climax. Humanity followed him in the Essanay series, and it is still following him in his Mutual appearances.

Yet, in all of this, the real Chaplin—the personality of this youth of twenty-six, who has set the entire world agog with his antics—is kept in the background. But let us go behind the screen, so to speak, behind that well-known make-up, and learn something about Mr. Chaplin as his friends know him. We are certain to encounter some surprises.

It is well-nigh a necessity for any one in the public eye to maintain an entourage of assistants to take care of the many details that such a position involves. Particularly is this so with Moving Picture players, so over-burdened with mail from every place on the map of the world. Such letters cannot be disregarded; the expedient, the average photographer does not like to be discourteous. When a man receives a salary of six hundred and seventy thousand dollars, and the fact is common knowledge, he becomes a target for all sorts of appeals—more work for somebody.

Mr. Chaplin—let us accord him his proper dignity—finds it necessary to employ a chauffeur, a valet and several secretaries.



Photo by Underwood & Underwood

(Forty-one)



CHARLIE SIGNING THE \$670,000-A-YEAR CONTRACT WITH THE MUTUAL COMPANY.
PRESIDENT JOHN R. FREULER TO THE LEFT, SIDNEY CHAPLIN
CENTER. (THIS PICTURE IS NOW A CLASSIC
—AN OLD MASTER)

While he has attempted some hazardous stunts on fast automobiles in the pictures, he is by no means a speed maniac. As a rule, tho he owns several automobiles, the comedian does not drive, himself, but calls his chauffeur whenever he takes a spin. His valet is a young Englishman whom Mr. Chaplin brought across the Atlantic some years ago. One of his secretaries takes charge of Mr. Chaplin's business matters—a job all by itself. Another handles the bulky correspondence that comes every day from admirers in every section of the universe. Sometimes, after studio hours, the comedian essays that task himself. He often devotes two hours a night to answering his correspondence and attending to personal business matters that his secretaries refer to him. The comedian will answer a letter from a boy in Australia or from a girl in Scotland with as much consideration as he gives to one from his personal representative at New York. When it comes to big money matters, like the recent Mutual contract, Charlie calls upon his Brother Sid, who is a financial wiseacre—and an excellent film comedian, too—to act as general financial representative. And they say that Sid is pretty good at figures.

As most of the Chaplin pictures—except, perhaps, a few of the Essanay—have been staged under Southern California skies, let us watch the daily routine of this most famous comedian of all time as we find it in the Los

Angeles environment. 'Tis said he rises each day at six-thirty in the morning—that his valet wont let him sleep any later. In five minutes more the comedian is in his bath. Emerging from that, he places himself in the

hands of his barber. Then comes breakfast, a half-hour with the morning papers, and a visit to the chiropodist, whom Mr. Chaplin employs especially for his own needs. And why not a chiropodist? Who wouldn't take care of his pedal extremities when they mean so much to himself—and the world at large?

If he has time, a ride thru one of the Los Angeles parks precedes his arrival at the studio, but you can surely expect him not later than ten o'clock.

"Morning, Charlie," the studio doorkeeper will probably say.

"Hello, Tom," says "Charlie" to him.

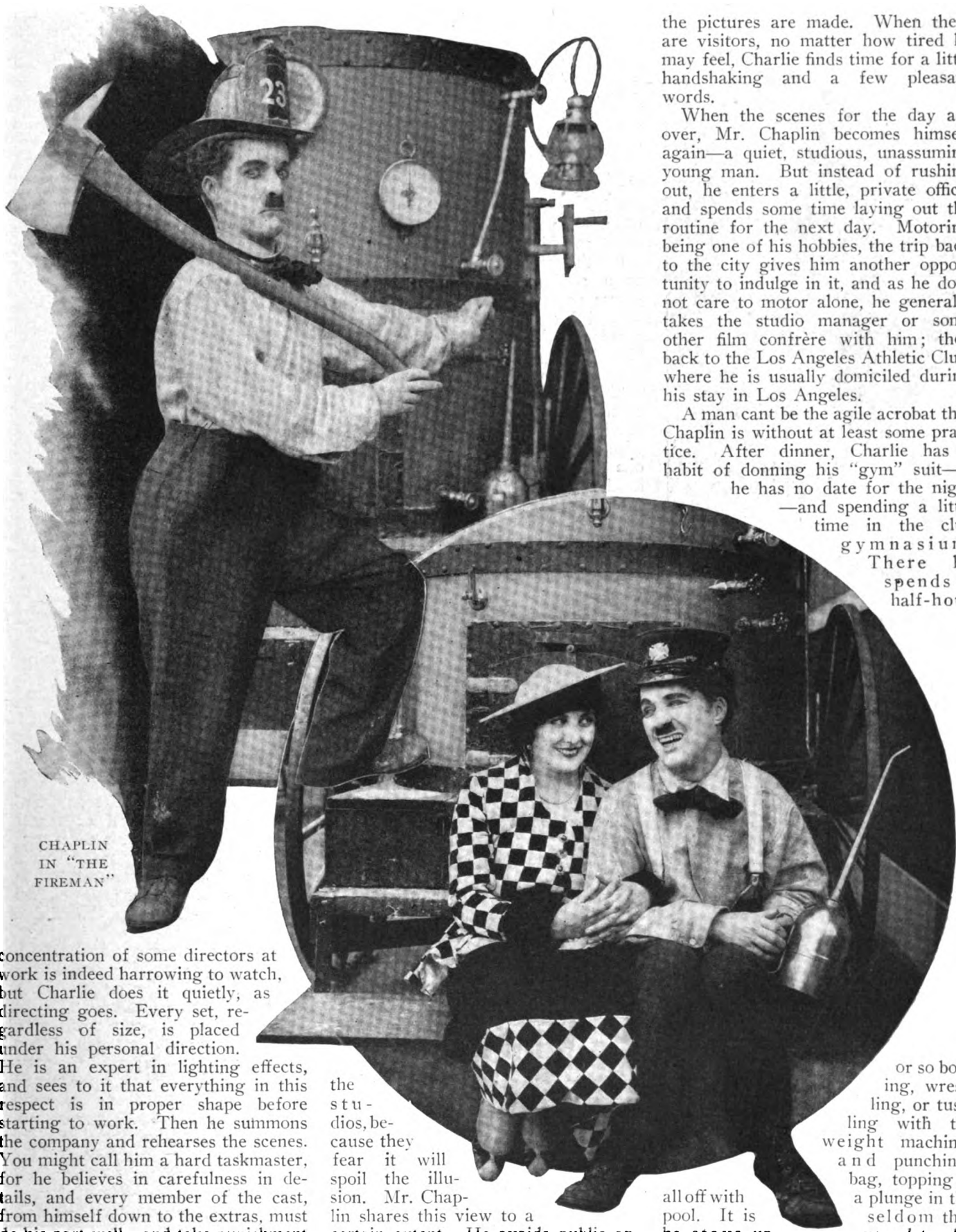
By which you may gather that it is "Charlie" to everybody around. But his moments are golden—calculate it out for yourself—and he gets to work at once. The day starts with a brief conference with the studio manager, members of the Chaplin Company, and other important factors in the picture-making. Charlie—let us also call him that—disappears, and soon reappears as the Charlie of the screen that we all know.

As you might readily imagine, watching a Chaplin rehearsal is an absorbing pastime. While there is a director on hand to assist, everything is left to Charlie, who is really a prodigious worker. Charlie selects his own scenarios, lays out the action, and directs as well as acts. The mental



CHARLIE CHAPLIN ARRIVES IN CHICAGO ON THE WAY TO LOS ANGELES.
HIS BROTHER SIDNEY TO THE LEFT, AND HENRY P. CANFIELD,
CHAPLIN'S NEW STUDIO MANAGER, TO THE RIGHT

(Forty-two)



CHAPLIN
IN "THE
FIREMAN"

concentration of some directors at work is indeed harrowing to watch, but Charlie does it quietly, as directing goes. Every set, regardless of size, is placed under his personal direction. He is an expert in lighting effects, and sees to it that everything in this respect is in proper shape before starting to work. Then he summons the company and rehearses the scenes. You might call him a hard taskmaster, for he believes in carefulness in details, and every member of the cast, from himself down to the extras, must do his part well—and take punishment without whimpering—before the cry of "Action! Camera!" is given.

There are some Moving Picture manufacturers who do not believe in the practice of permitting visitors in

(Forty-three)

the studios, because they fear it will spoil the illusion. Mr. Chaplin shares this view to a certain extent. He avoids public appearances wherever he can. But he realizes that comparatively few of the many millions attending photoshows each day in this country ever get inside of a studio, or really know how

the pictures are made. When there are visitors, no matter how tired he may feel, Charlie finds time for a little handshaking and a few pleasant words.

When the scenes for the day are over, Mr. Chaplin becomes himself again—a quiet, studious, unassuming young man. But instead of rushing out, he enters a little, private office, and spends some time laying out the routine for the next day. Motoring being one of his hobbies, the trip back to the city gives him another opportunity to indulge in it, and as he does not care to motor alone, he generally takes the studio manager or some other film confrère with him; then back to the Los Angeles Athletic Club, where he is usually domiciled during his stay in Los Angeles.

A man can't be the agile acrobat that Chaplin is without at least some practice. After dinner, Charlie has a habit of donning his "gym" suit—if he has no date for the night—and spending a little time in the club gymnasium. There he spends a half-hour

or so boxing, wrestling, or tussling with the weight machines and punching-bag, topping it all off with a plunge in the pool. It is very late, despite the fact that as a bachelor he is entitled to all privileges. According to latest reports, he has not had a fatal attack of heart trouble—the kind that no doctor can cure.



CHARLIE SOMETIMES CRANKS THE CAMERA

Without at all attempting to pose as a model youth, Charlie Chaplin neither smokes nor drinks—except in the pictures. He says he has smoked but one cigar in his life. It must have been an awfully bad one, for he never cared to make another try.

"I'm mighty glad I never acquired the habit," he has said. He referred, not to smoking, but to drinking. His total abstinence has enabled him to stand the strain of long hours when a big production has to be rushed. That means night-work, sometimes.

Occasionally you hear of Charlie Chaplin accepting an invitation to lead an orchestra. He did, some time ago in Los Angeles, and more recently at the Hippodrome in New York, when a benefit performance was given. It was hard to convince some people that he was not burlesquing the average musical conductor. As a matter of actual fact, however, he was oblivious to the immense throng watching him. But the musicians understood and followed him, while the more discerning in the audience realized that he was actually directing the rendering of the selection and had his whole heart in it.

Not every one knows that Mr. Chaplin is a violinist of commendable ability. He does not claim to be a Kubelik or an Elman, but he has an ambition to play in concert work, if

he can ever find time to practice and study a bit more. He plays by ear, and can run thru selections of popular operas, or rattle off an Irish jig, or a negro melody, with the ease of a vaudeville performer. He owns a beautiful instrument that was given to him by a friend in the East. Charlie has had a composing-bee, and some of his pieces, have found favor with the public, particularly the march-song which he wrote for the Hippodrome event, at which he swung the baton.

Off the screen, his friends know him as a serious-minded young fellow, whose accession to affluence has not spoiled his democracy or ambitions. He is continually seeking to better himself in other lines than as the funny man of the films.

"No man or woman," he said, recently, to a newspaper representative from the East, "should be satisfied with having won a fortune or fame in one line alone. But it means work—hard work. I know from experience. Money isn't everything; happiness comes in work. I expect to be at it fifty years from now."

Even tho Mr. Chaplin is still young, he has seen times in his life when money did not flow so freely, and that is why he appreciates the value of it. He is not penurious, but he believes in getting a dollar's worth for every hundred cents he spends. When he dines out, the best restaurants are none too good for him. When on the road, he lives in the best hotels. He numbers among his friends people who live in what some have called "high society." When he made his last visit to New York, he attended a performance at the Metropolitan Opera House, and it was noticeable that he hobnobbed not only with the famous artists behind the stage, but was sponsored by several of the matrons of the "diamond horseshoe." As a budding society man, he has mastered the intricacies of golf.

We might dwell upon Mr. Chaplin's literary leanings, but enough's enough. "He has read Shakespeare from beginning to end," one ardent admirer remarked recently; "is familiar with the works of George Eliot and other noted writers, and is a stickler for poetry." Chaplin a poet? Ye gods! what next? Oh, yes; he is an expert tennis player, and is an exceedingly clever dancer—not the kind of dancing that he demonstrated when paired off with Marie Dressler in "Tillie's Punctured Romance."

Charlie Chaplin's first appearance with Mutual was signaled in "The Floorwalker," which has established a new high-water mark for the inimitable young man who makes the whole world giggle. Almost an entire de-

partment store, with an escalator, was erected in the Mutual studios as a suitable setting, and Charlie, for the first time in many moons in a frock coat, had an absurdly dignified position before his usual downfall.

Some idea of the tremendous vogue of Charlie Chaplin may be gained from the fact that the first Mutual picture of him required five hundred prints to meet the bookings made before the release date had arrived. That meant that on that memorable day one million feet of Chaplin, in "The Floorwalker," was being presented on the screen thruout the country, and that at least that number of people were being amused all at the same time by this very remarkable, very earnest and very resourceful young man.



CHARLIE MAKES A WHOLE LOT OUT OF THE MOVING STAIRWAY IN "THE FLOORWALKER," ABLY ASSISTED BY THE MAN ABOVE

(Forty-four)



SCENE FROM "PURITY" (AMERICAN), FEATURING AUDREY MUNSON

Is the Venus di Milo Out of Date? Anyway, Leonie Flugrath Thinks So

THE Motion Picture is going to be responsible for the recognition of a new and modern type of beauty, according to Leonie Flugrath, the youthful and beautiful little Edison player. The original of the Venus di Milo might have caused the heads to turn when she walked along the streets of the old town of Milo, or wherever she lived before she was married, but, according to Leonie, there is no reason why she would make even a commercial traveler from the Windy City turn and

(Forty-five)

look at her if she should walk up Broadway today. The original of the Venus di Milo might have been a peach in her time, and the veritable queen of her village, admits the fair Leonie, but at the present time she wouldn't be allowed to carry a duster in the back row of the chorus. And, as far as getting on the screen goes, she would film like a truck-driver after a long day's work.

Why all these sacrilegious sentiments—these sentiments that will cause many devotees of old-time art and life to be discovered registering horror and indignation? The riddle is easy. Leonie is an enthusiastic American, and she believes that



LEONIE FLUGRATH



SCENE FROM "PURITY" (AMERICAN), STARRING AUDREY MUNSON

anything that cannot be found in this country and this age cannot be found anywhere or in any time. Her philosophy might not make a hit in Washington Square, where people spend their futures looking into the past, but it has a ring of the new patriotism that is most refreshing and inspiring. And her attitude is not the result of any lack of knowledge of the events of the past. Indeed, Miss Flugrath is quite a student of history, but the more she studies the "glories that *were* Greece," the more enthusiastic she becomes over the "glories that *are* the United States."

"I'd just like to know," said Leonie recently, with a trace of indignation in her voice, "who said this Venus di Milo represents the ideal type of woman, and, if so, who had any right to say it? Just because the Greeks adored this type of woman, and just because some sculptor who died a million years ago, more or less, made a statue of this ancient ideal, why should the people of this age feel obliged to look upon it as their standard of feminine beauty? This isn't Greece, and we are not living in ancient times. And the ideals of races and nations change with the passing of years. Every once in a while some long-whiskered professor comes along and starts a beautiful woman contest strictly in the interest of art. Having spent most of his life thinking about ancient Greece, he believes that there is no one just like his little Venie, so up go her measurements as a standard of all beauty. And those who approximate her in their proportions are all right. Why shouldn't they be? But those who do not happen to be built on a pat-



LEONIE FLUGRATH

tern that went out of date a few thousand years ago have to be content to be null and void and likewise nit.

"The screen has proven positively that modern people do not care for the ancient ideal of beauty. Think of all the Motion Picture stars whom you can visualize, those, of course, who have not been taken from the legitimate stage just because of their fame as actors, and without exception you will find that the feminine favorites of the

(Forty-seven)

screen are of a type entirely different from that of the Venus di Milo. If the original of the Venus di Milo were alive today and could make a dash past a casting director and get into the movies, she might not break the camera, but she surely would break the company that attempted to make a star of her. She is too large, and she lacks the daintiness that is being demanded of modern feminine favorites. And her features would spoil her chances on the screen if her size did not. For, in modern times, people seem to prefer faces of a less severe and intellectual cast—faces that are more human and less divine than that of our old friend Venus di Milo."

Miss Flugrath believes, and she can support her theories with convincing arguments, that the type of beauty that is demanded by the millions who patronize the movies is the type of beauty that is the ideal of the twentieth century. And, because of this, she contends that the ancient Greek ideals of a perfect woman should be abandoned in judging the beauty of American women of today, and a modern type of perfection laid down.

"We should not be bound by Grecian ideals when we have such a vast and wonderful country of our own, and when such a vast and wonderful people inhabit it," she argues. "There is no more sense in following the Grecian ideals than there would be in following the Oriental ideals. The people of Turkey, for instance, believe that the fatter a woman is the more beautiful she is, and by using this well-known fact I can add great force to my argument in favor of abandoning the perfect type of woman as represented by the Venus di Milo. If the ancient Greeks had believed as do the Turks of today, the statue of Venus di Milo would be that of some five-hundred-pound beauty. And, if it were, the majority of the women of today doubtless would be striving to attain the ideal expressed by it. I am sure that it is impossible to fix any permanent standard of beauty, and I know that the ideal of Greece is no longer the ideal of America.

"I am strong for dropping Venus di Milo and getting an up-to-date and true type of modern beauty," concluded the smiling little star. "What a silly idea it is to

aspire to a standard of beauty set by a woman who never attended a movie show or got mixed up in a bargain rush!

It makes me indignant to think of it, and it makes me wonder why the men, who are so much more interested in the women than the women themselves, do not get busy and evolve a Venus di Manhattan, so that we women can know whether or not we are beautiful, according to modern specifications."



Film Fantasies

by
Bill Craig

HOW THE BROOK GOT SQUARE

ONCE upon a time there were a little brook and a little boy—playmates out in the woods. They were very companionable. The boy would put bark boats in the brook, and it would run away with them, laughing at the boy, and carrying them to its sweetheart, another little brook further down the way, with whom it had a standing engagement every day.

One day the little boy got mischievous and put some mud and rocks and sticks in the brook's course, damming it until the brook could go no farther. It was a bad trick to play on it, because that day the brook missed its appointment with its sweetheart, the first time such a thing had happened in its life.

The other little brook had to go on without her sweetheart. She cried all the way. You could hear her tears as they fell over the waterfalls.

The brook got terribly angry at its playmate. It begged and pleaded with the little boy to free it. But the boy stood on the shore, laughing and dancing with glee at sight of his companion swollen with anger and overflowing.

"Never you mind," said the brook. "I'll get even some day. You don't know what it means to have a sweetheart and miss a regular engagement with her. But just you wait."

Finally the brook, in desperation, swelled with such strength that it broke the fetters and tore at full speed down its path to try to catch up with its sweetheart. As it fled, the little boy could hear it call back:

"I'll get even! I'll get even!"

The years grew on. The little boy was now a young man. He had moved to the city. The brook was grown, too. It had overtaken its sweetheart, and they were so happy that they were to wed and thus become one.

And now the boy had a sweetheart, a beautiful girl with dark hair and laughing eyes. He loved her, oh, so very much. He was as happy as happy could be.

But the brook was scheming revenge. And this is how he got it. Together with all the brooks he and his bride had passed into, he traveled to a place where a great river ran into a huge reservoir. There were passages in the dam thru which the brook and his bride flowed into huge turbines which they whirled around, making the turbines create electricity.


Then the brook and his bride passed on, for their work of vengeance was finished. For the electricity their turbines generated now went over wires to the city in which the boy and his sweetheart lived. There it went along other wires into a picture show, where it was transformed into a great, bright light that made the pictures.

Now, the boy and his sweetheart went to the picture show every day. One of the phantoms that the electricity projected upon the screen was of a tall and handsome actor.

The sweetheart was first pleased and then attracted by this phantom. Every time the electricity threw him before her eyes, it was performing its duty to the vindictive brook. For the sweetheart soon grew fascinated by the actor's phantom. She thought him the most attractive man in all the world.

There came bitterness to the boy's heart as he saw this handsome phantom stealing his love. But he was powerless to help it. The electricity carried back the news to the brook, and it went along, singing happily in its revenge.

The boy was miserable. His sweetheart forgot him in her new-found love. The brook had got even.



A Moving Picture -

Romeo & Juliet

Metro -

By CHARLES LAMB

THE two chief families in Verona were the rich Capulets and the Montagues. There had been an old quarrel between these families, which was grown to such a height, and so deadly was the enmity between them, that it extended to the remotest kindred, to the followers and retainers of both sides, insomuch that a servant of the



torches to burn bright, and her beauty to show by night like a rich jewel worn by a blackamoor; beauty too rich for use, too dear for earth! like a snowy dove trooping with crows (he said), so richly did her beauty and perfections shine above the ladies her companions.

While he uttered these praises, he was overheard by Tybalt, a nephew of lord Capulet,

beauties of Verona were present, and all comers were made welcome if they were not of the house of Montague. At this feast of Capulets, Rosaline, beloved of Romeo, son to the old lord Montague, was present; and tho it was dangerous for a Montague to be seen in this assembly, yet Benvolio, a friend of Romeo, persuaded the young lord to go to this assembly in the disguise of a mask, that he might see his Rosaline, and seeing her, compare her with some choice beauties of Verona, who (he said) would make him think

his swan a crow. Romeo had small faith in Benvolio's words; nevertheless, for the love of Rosaline, he was persuaded to go. For Romeo was a sincere and passionate lover, and one that lost his sleep for love, and fled society to be alone, thinking on Rosaline, who disdained him, and never requited his love with the least show of courtesy or affection; and Benvolio wished to cure his friend of this love by showing him diversity of ladies and company. To this feast of Capulets then young Romeo with Benvolio and their friend Mercutio went masked. Old Capulet bid them welcome, and told them that ladies who had their toes unplagued with corns would dance with them. And the old man was light-hearted and merry, and said that he had worn a mask when he was young, and could have told a whispering tale in a fair lady's ear. And they fell to dancing, and Romeo was suddenly

struck with the exceeding beauty of a lady who danced there, who seemed to him to teach the



who knew him by his voice to be Romeo. And this Tybalt, being of a fiery and passionate temper, could not endure

house of Montague could not meet a servant of the house of Capulet, nor a Capulet encounter with a Montague by chance, but fierce words and sometimes bloodshed ensued; and frequent were the brawls from such accidental meetings, which disturbed the happy quiet of Verona's streets.

Old lord Capulet made a great supper, to which many fair ladies and many noble guests were invited. All the admired

(Forty-nine)

that a Montague should come under cover of a mask, to flier and scorn (as he said) at their solemnities. And he stormed and raged exceedingly, and would have struck young Romeo dead. But his uncle, the old lord Capulet, would not suffer him to do any injury at that time, both out of respect to his guests, and because Romeo had borne himself like a gentleman, and all tongues in Verona bragged of him to be a virtuous and well-governed youth. Tybalt, forced to be patient against his will, restrained himself, but swore that this vile Montague should at another time dearly pay for his intrusion.

The dancing being done, Romeo watched the place where the lady stood; and under favor of his masking habit, which might seem to excuse in part the liberty, he presumed in the gentlest manner to take her by her hand, calling it a shrine, which if he profaned by touching it, he was a blushing pilgrim, and would kiss it for atonement.

"Good pilgrim," answered the lady, "your devotion shows by far too mannerly and too courtly: saints have hands, which pilgrims may touch, but kiss not."

"Have not saints lips, and pilgrims too?" said Romeo.

"Aye," said the lady, "lips which they must use in prayer."

"O then, my dear saint," said Romeo; "hear my prayer, and grant it, lest I despair."

In such like allusions and loving conceits they were engaged, when the lady was called away to her mother. And Romeo inquiring who her mother was, discovered that the lady whose peerless beauty he was so much struck with, was young Juliet, daughter and heir to the lord Capulet, the great enemy of the Montagues; and that he had unknowingly engaged his heart to his foe. This troubled him, but it could not dissuade him from loving. As little rest had Juliet, when she found that the gentleman that she had been talking with was Romeo and a Montague, for she had been suddenly smit with the same hasty and inconsiderate passion for Romeo which he had conceived for her; and a prodigious birth of love it seemed to her, that she must love her enemy, and that her affections should settle there, where family considerations should induce her chiefly to hate.

It being midnight, Romeo with his companions departed; but they soon missed him, for unable to stay away from the house where he had left his heart, he leaped the wall of an orchard which was at the back

of Juliet's house. Here he had not been long, ruminating on his new love, when Juliet appeared above at a window, thru which her exceeding beauty seemed to

break like
the light of
the sun in the

east; and the moon, which shone in the orchard with a faint light, appeared to Romeo as if sick and pale with grief at the superior lustre of this new sun. And she leaning her cheek upon her hand, he passionately wished him-



ROMEO—MY LIPS, TWO BLUSHING PILGRIMS, READY STAND

(Fifty)

self a glove upon that hand, that he might touch her cheek.

She all this while thinking herself alone, fetched a deep sigh, and exclaimed, "Ah me!"

Romeo, enraptured to hear her speak, said softly, and unheard by her, "O speak again, bright angel, for such you appear being over my head, like a winged messenger from heaven whom mortals fall back to gaze upon."

She, unconscious of being over-

heard, and full of the new passion which that night's adventure had given birth to, called upon her lover by name (whom she supposed absent): "O Romeo, Romeo!" said she, "wherefore art thou Romeo? Deny thy father, and refuse thy name for my sake; or if thou wilt not, be but my sworn love and I no longer will be a Capulet."

Romeo, having this encouragement, would fain have spoken, but he was desirous of hearing more; and the lady continued her passionate discourse with herself (as she thought), still chiding Romeo for being Romeo and a Montague, and wishing him some other name, or that he would put away that hated name, and for that name, which was no part of himself, he should take all herself. At this loving word Romeo could no longer refrain, but taking up the dialog as if her words had been addressed to him personally, and not merely in fancy, he bade her call him Love, or by whatever other name she pleased, for he was no longer Romeo, if that name was displeasing to her.

Juliet, alarmed to hear a man's voice in the garden, did not at first know who it was, that by favor of the night and darkness had thus stumbled upon the discovery of her secret; but when he spoke again, tho her ears had not yet drunk a hundred words of that tongue's uttering, yet so nice is a lover's hearing, that she immediately knew him to be young Romeo, and she expostulated with him on the danger to which he had exposed himself by climbing the orchard walls, for if any of her kinsmen should find him there it would be death to him, being a Montague.

"Alack," said Romeo, "there is more peril in your eye than in twenty of their

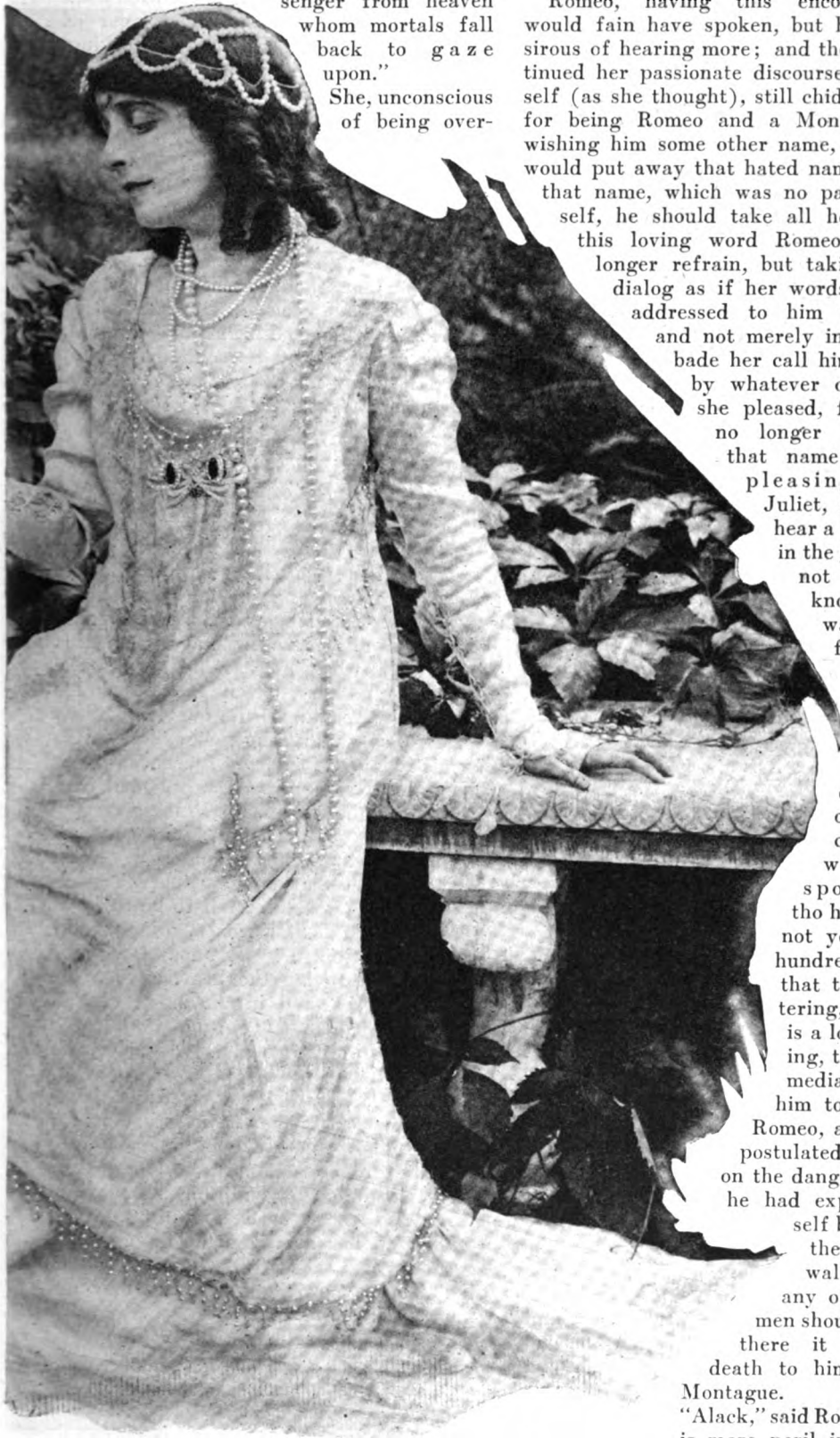
swords. Do you but look kind upon me, lady, and I am proof against their enmity. Better my life should be ended by their hate, than that hated life should be prolonged, to live without your love."

"How came you in this place," said Juliet, "and by whose direction?"

"Love directed me," answered Romeo: "I am no pilot; yet wert thou as far apart from me as that vast shore which is washed with the furthest sea, I should adventure for such merchandise."

A crimson blush came over Juliet's face, yet unseen by Romeo by reason of the night, when she reflected upon the discovery which she had made, yet not meaning to make it, of her love to Romeo. She would fain have recalled her words, but that was impossible; fain would she have stood upon form, and have kept her lover at a distance, as the custom of discreet ladies is, to frown and be perverse, and give their suitors harsh denials at first; to stand off, and affect a coyness or indifference, where they most love, that their lovers may not think them too lightly or too easily won; for the difficulty of attaining increases the value of the object. But there was no room in her case for denials, or puttings off, or any of the customary arts of delay and protracted courtship. Romeo had heard from her own tongue, when she did not dream that he was near her, a confession of her love. So with an honest frankness, which the novelty of her situation excused, she confirmed the truth of what he had before heard, and addressing him by the name of *fair Montague* (love can sweeten a sour name), she begged him not to impute her easy yielding to levity or an unworthy mind, but that he must lay the fault of it (if it were a fault) upon the accident of the night which had so strangely discovered her thoughts. And she added that tho her behavior to him might not be sufficiently prudent, measured by the custom of her sex, yet that she would prove more true than many whose prudence was dissembling, and their modesty artificial cunning.

Romeo was beginning to call the heavens to witness, that nothing was further from his thoughts than to impute a shadow of dishonor to such an honored lady, when she stopped him, begging him not to swear; for altho she joyed in him, yet she had no joy of that night's contract; it was too rash, too unadvised, too sudden. But he being urgent with her to exchange a vow of love with him that night, she said that she already had given him hers before he requested it; meaning, when he overheard her confession; but she would retract what she then bestowed, for the pleasure of giving it again, for her bounty was as infinite as the sea and her love as deep. From this loving conference she was called away by her nurse, who slept with her, and thought it time for her to be in bed, for it was near to daybreak; but hastily returning, she said three or four words



TO SMOOTH THAT ROUGH TOUCH WITH A TENDER KISS

(Fifty-one)



JULIET—GOOD-NIGHT, GOOD-NIGHT! PARTING IS SUCH SWEET SORROW

more to Romeo, the purport of which was, that if his love was indeed honorable, and his purpose marriage, she would send a messenger to him tomorrow, to appoint a time for their marriage, when she would lay all her fortunes at his feet, and follow him as her lord thru the world. While they were settling this point, Juliet was repeatedly called for by her nurse, and went in

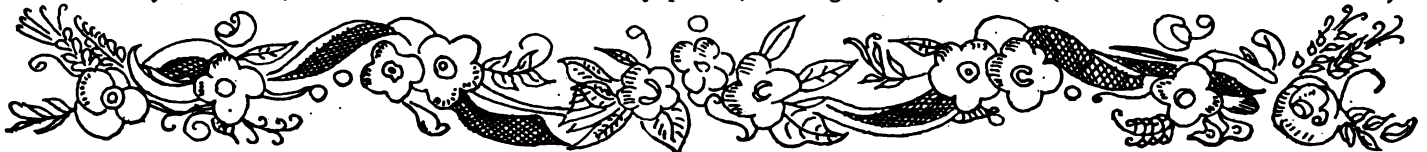
and returned, and went and returned again, for she seemed as jealous of Romeo going from her as a young girl of her bird, which she will let hop a little from her hand, and pluck it back with a silken thread; and Romeo was as loath to part as she; for the sweetest music to lovers is the sound of each other's tongues at night. But at last they parted, wishing mutually

sweet sleep and rest for that night. The day was breaking when they parted, and Romeo, who was too full of thoughts of his mistress and that blessed meeting to allow him to sleep, instead of going home, bent his course to a monastery hard by, to find friar Laurence. The good friar was already up at his devotions, but seeing young Romeo abroad so early, he conjectured rightly that he had not been abed that night, but that some distemper of youthful affection had kept him waking. He was right in imputing the cause of Romeo's wakefulness to love, but he made a wrong guess at the object, for he thought that his love for Rosaline had kept him waking. But when Romeo revealed his new passion for Juliet, and requested the assistance of the friar to marry them that day, the holy man lifted up his eyes and hands in a sort of wonder at the sudden change of Romeo's affections, for he had been privy to all Romeo's love for Rosaline, and his many complaints of her disdain: and he said, that young men's love lay not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes. But Romeo replying, that he himself had often chidden him for doting on Rosaline, who could not love him again, whereas Juliet both loved and was beloved by him, the friar assented in some measure to his reason; and thinking that a matrimonial alliance between young Juliet and Romeo might happily be the means of making up the long breach between the Capulets and the Montagues; which no one more lamented than this good friar, who was a friend to both the families and had often interposed his mediation to make up the quarrel without effect; partly moved by policy, and partly by his fondness for young Romeo, to whom he could deny nothing, the old man consented to join their hands in marriage.

Now was Romeo blest, indeed, and Juliet, who knew his intent from a messenger which she had dispatched according to promise, did not fail to be early at the cell of friar Laurence, where their hands were joined in holy marriage; the good friar praying the heavens to smile upon that act, and in the union of this young Montague and young Capulet to bury the old strife and long dissensions of their families.

The ceremony being over, Juliet hastened home, where she stayed impatient for the coming of night, at which time Romeo promised to come and meet her in the orchard, where they had met the night before; and the time between seemed as tedious to her as the night before some great festival seems to an impatient child, that has got new finery which it may not put on till the morning.

(To be concluded next month)



My Lady Favorite's Wardrobe De Luxe

Miss Movie's Days of Hand-me-downs Are a Thing of the Horrid Past—By LILLIAN CONLON

No more can the heartless girl critic in the audience exclaim, "There's Screenie Toplights, and she's wearing the same old-rose taffeta that Mayme Tripod used in the death scene last week!"

according to the up-to-date Hebrew magician, "Abracalam camera!" The

too elaborate, or too new, or too costly to become their favorite players.

The glory of Gloria's creations has been told on screen and in many a press story, but here is a modest little summer frock that bespeaks the primness of mignonette, but yet is as chic as a Lucille dream.



MARY ALDEN

BILLIE BURKE

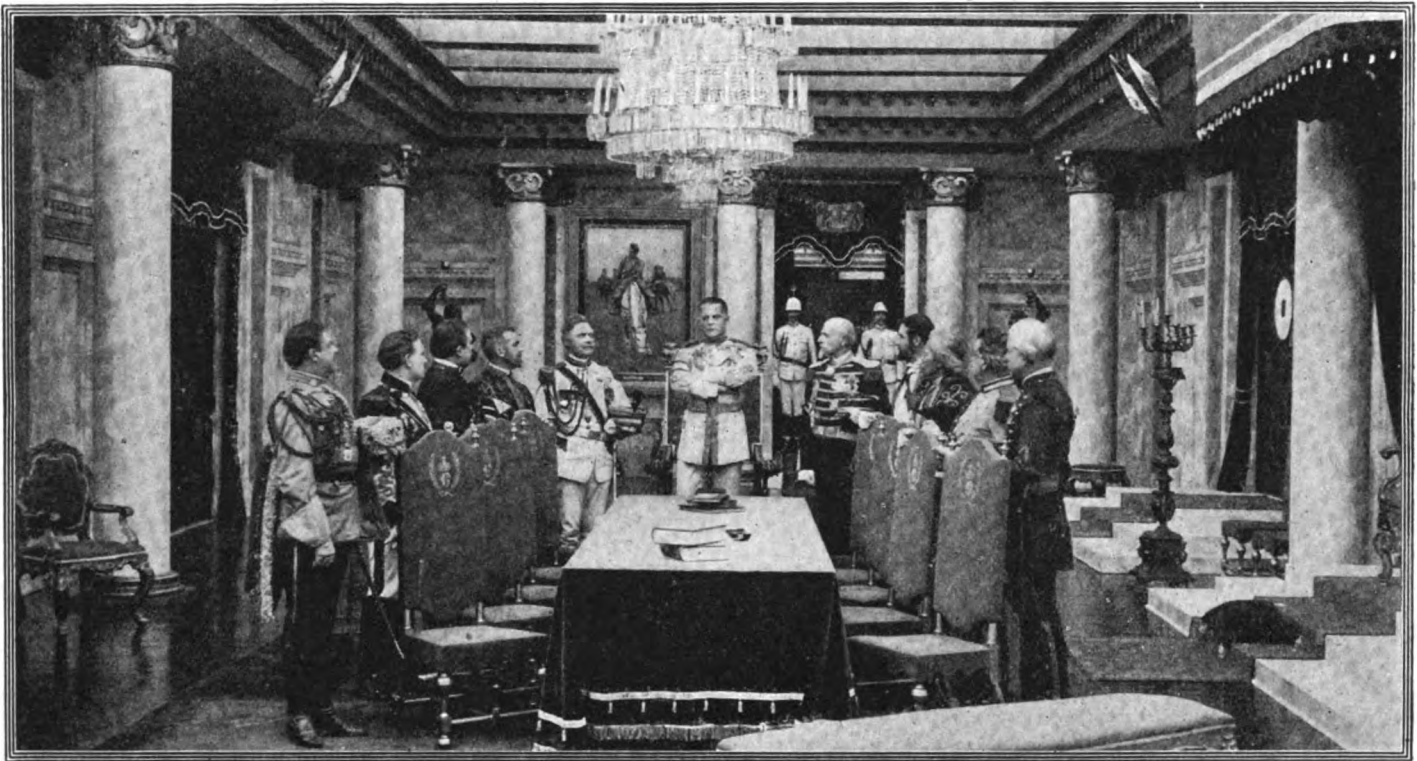
"Used" is the proper word. Until this lavish year, frocks and gowns and opera cloaks were loaned to the movie stars, to be hustled back to the wardrobe mistress for future use by another luckless heroine.

But "Abracadabra!" or, better,

studio managers have caught the trend of things, and now no gown is

A *fin de siècle* picture needs must air Miss Favorite's wardrobe from slippers to negligée. Her audience must see her *inside* and *out*, and so has come the charming parade—to some of us—of dainty lounging gowns, breakfast coats and *robes de nuit*. The stage has given first place to the screen as a fashion mart, and all the couturiers, bootmakers, and lingerie shops of Paris and Fifth Avenue have rallied to the support of Miss Movie's wardrobe. The dainty pergnoirs and matinées of grandma's day—those fragile breakfast things—have been revived to grace the studio stars. This lace negligée of Mary Alden's was fashioned out of silken cobwebs, to screen her beauty—and then again, not to.

(Fifty-three)



THE CONSULTATION OF WAR IN THOMAS H. INCE'S MASTERPIECE, "CIVILIZATION"



PROLOG SCENE IN THOMAS DIXON'S "THE FALL OF A NATION"

(Fifty-four)

Marin "Versatile" Sais

By

CECILIA MOUNT

"MARIN SAIS Featured in a Series of the West." So read the announcement. I could scarcely believe my eyes. Had I not seen Miss Sais for many weeks past as the lavishly gowned star with Ollie Kirkby in "The Social Pirates"? It did not seem possible to picture that dainty society butterfly as the dashing, fearless heroine of the West. There must be some mistake on the theater billboard announcement.

So off to the Kalem studio at Glendale I journeyed. If there was no mistake, I intended to officiate at the ceremony of re-christening Marin and making certain that her middle name became "Versatile." I had scarcely set foot on the Kalem grounds, however, when my own eyes gave evidence that there

memory of our followers is. Why, it's only two or three years ago that I

tility, I suppose you don't remember when I was in slapstick comedies? But let's go into the dressing-room, and we'll look over some of the photographs. It will save me the trouble of talking about myself."

While Blue Devil snorted impatiently, we adjourned to the dressing-room. Thru the photographs we went, with a running fire of interesting comment from Miss Sais.

"Now, if you want something ingenuous," she laughed, "how about this?" And I looked at a bewitching, bare-shouldered ingénue, with hair a-flying in riotous curls, an audacious dare in her eyes and the curve of her lips. "Or if it is a pretty gown and a débutante touch that you want,"



was nothing wrong with the announcement. For there stood Marin Sais, in the corduroy and rough garments of the West, preparing to mount her famous horse, Blue Devil.

"Why should you be surprised?" was her response to my astonishment. "It only goes to show how short the

(Fifty-five)

played in a number of rapid-fire Western dramas. And, as for versa-

went on Miss Sais as she passed another photograph to me that displayed a last-minute Paris creation.

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

"But here is one I like better, because it gives Blue Devil a chance to star," and the demure debutante gave way to a touch of the poetic, a snapshot of Miss Sais and Blue Devil. The deep, far-away look of a girl of the outdoors rested in Marin's brown eyes. We were getting deep into this question of versatility. Then the big surprise came. All thoughts of the society bud and the wood-nymph were scattered afar. Miss Sais astride, a perilous perch on Blue Devil, greeted my eyes.

"That's the sort of stuff I like best," declared the star. "And I get plenty of it in 'The Girl from Frisco.' But I also get an opportunity to wear pretty clothes—you know what that means to a woman—for in Robert Welles Ritchie's stories I am an heiress who meets with these different adventures in guarding her vast interests.

"It is the new West with which these pictures deal—the West of irrigation, oil interests and so on. This is the West that is really more romantic and interesting than the old blood-and-thunder West of the dime novel, yet it is the West that has been neglected by the screen. But, to go on with the photographs, suppose we look at one of the old Western type. Here is where I save the persecuted girl from



the dreadful villain. But that is enough of blood-and-thunder; let's get

to something more homelike." From the woolly West I

(Continued on page 68)

(Fifty-six)

HOW TO GET IN THE PICTURES

By Crane Wilbur, Ruth Roland and Norma Talmadge

EDITOR'S NOTE: Under this title, a series of articles by leading players, Motion Picture manufacturers and directors are being 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.

By CRANE WILBUR

THAT question is asked of me many, many times, and I usually suit my reply to the result of the mental summing up I give the person who puts the question. There are many that I seriously advise not to waste their time trying to "get in," for why encourage false hopes in the mind of one who is unfitted for such a profession, only to have those hopes shattered by bitter disappointment?

(Fifty-seven)



CRANE WILBUR

Conditions in this business are about the same as in any other line of endeavor. Of course there are many photoplayers out of work; but for all

of that, there's always room for real talent, if it can only get itself discovered. There's the secret of success in this work—how to bring your talent to the light of day; provided, of course, that you possess said talent.

Past experience is most desirable, but not absolutely essential. I could name many successful ones who entered the game without any previous experience. As to type, it depends absolutely upon what line of work you wish to follow. He or she who would play leading "straight" rôles,—I mean the hero or heroine of a story—should possess youth and some claim to good looks. They should have a good sound education, be well-read, and they should also have the knowledge and means to dress correctly and in good taste. For one who would play such parts, a good appearance is absolutely necessary. To be successful, they should also possess a vivid imagination. I mean by that, that when they are given a part to play they should be able to "imagine themselves into it"; they should be able to feel every emotion that is supposed to move the character they are playing. Those who enjoy and understand good books, who can see the characters of the story live in their mind's eye, are mentally fitted to become photoplayers, and, provided they possess the physical requirements I have named above, they stand a good chance of success.

Of course all photoplay stories are

not made up of heroes and heroines; it takes all kinds of people to make a world—and a picture, too. Good comedies are always in great demand, and, consequently, good comedians to play them. Those who are anxious to enter the field know in their hearts just what they would like to do and what they are fitted for, and that's the line of work they should try for, and nothing else.

If you live in a city where Moving Pictures are taken, or near one, it is advisable to call at the studios in person. Do not come unprepared. If possible, get introduced to one of the directors, or the managing director, by some influential person. Bring several good, large photos that show you at your best. Money invested in such photos will be most profitable if you are really in earnest. And right here I would like to say that only those who are in deadly earnest should ever try to get in the pictures. Curious ones and trifling idlers will soon be found out and shown the door. It is a most serious business, in which millions of dollars have been invested, and producers have so much at stake that they don't like to be trifled with.

An application by letter must be most unusual to receive serious consideration; that is, provided you have had no experience and are not known. Motion Picture studios are located in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Los Angeles. If you have the time and the means to visit these places, do so, and make your applications in person. And when you go, go prepared to stay awhile—"Rome wasn't built in a day!" If such a visit is impossible and you must make your application by mail, send two good photographs with your letter; have them taken especially by the best photographer you can find, one full figure and one bust picture. Do not send any foolish little snapshots or cheap photos of any kind—they'll go in the waste-basket. Have your letter typewritten on the most expensive stationery you can find, and make it short and to the point. State truthfully and clearly what experience you have or have not had, and, if you possess any athletic qualifications, name them. Suggest that you are willing to begin on the lowest possible salary. Naturally you will be expected to, anyway. One who climbs a ladder don't start in the middle.

I really do not advise any one to begin as an "extra." By the word "extra" I mean the usual hanger-on who picks up a day's work when he

can, and who is content to loiter about the waiting-room day by day on the chance that he will be called in. No producer has any respect for such a person, and this kind of an "extra" will always be an "extra." If you get a chance to do a "bit," no matter how small it is, suggest to the director, or the person who engages you, that you are willing to work on any sort of weekly guarantee, no matter how small the amount may be. Tell him you are afraid the word "extra" will stick to you and hold you back—and it surely



NORMA TALMADGE

will. Above all things, do not become discouraged, and do not be afraid to step to the front and ask loudly and boldly, yet respectfully withal, for the thing you are after. Timidity don't get you a thing in the outer office of a Moving Picture studio. If you hang back, shy and embarrassed, the office-boys and the telephone girls will walk all over you, and they won't let you see anybody. Assumed importance sometimes works wonders with the underlings; but, of course, you must know how to handle it, for they are wonderfully worldly-wise, and if you make a slip they'll

quickly catch on. Above all things, an influential introduction is the best way; if you can get one honestly, do so, and play it over the board!

In closing, I would like to say one thing to the young girls who are anxious to enter this profession: I would like them to digest this statement sensibly and then read it to their mothers and fathers. Much has been said and written about the so-called "temptations" that are supposed to exist in the life led by girls upon the stage and in the pictures. I have had considerable experience in both branches of the art, and it is my belief that any really good woman will stay good no matter where you put her. If you enter this business you'll be all right to the end if your heart was all right in the beginning. Good luck to you all!

NORMA TALMADGE,

Writing from the Train on Her Way East, Sends a Frank and Encouraging Letter to Would-be Studio Actresses

DEAR MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE:

It is awfully hot on my trip across the continent, and from my car window I can see that the cows and horses and all the green things are suffering from the heat. But they are no hotter than I am, and my heat comes from enthusiasm. You have been so good to me in the past, that anything that I can do for your wonderful Magazine—a friend indeed to all studio folk—will rally my pen and myself at all times to your assistance.

I think the summer is a poor time for applicants to apply at the studios; for just at present, production has slumped on account of the closing of many city theaters for the summer, and the rush of applicants seems to be unusually large just now. In the early fall there are usually many changes both in cast and production. Lots of traveling companies are sent out, and there are at least a hundred migrations from New York to Florida, each with its company in search of new locations.

The day is over when amateurs can make a success in Motion Pictures because they are amateurs. Now they must succeed in spite of being amateurs. I don't think beauty is an essential. A personality which is so pronounced that it will show a person's character is an essential more important than beauty. In a way, it is beauty, too, for a strong personality shows beauty of character, soul and heart. It is by these things that we learn to read the faces of our

(Fifty-eight)

favorites on the screen, and to love them. A young girl or young man should not stint herself or himself in trying to enter a studio. A selection of photographs in all kinds of poses are a valuable asset, and if you can register simple emotions effectively, it would be a very good idea to have a few feet of film taken of yourself to exhibit at the studio where you apply. The expense of both photographs and film would probably run from \$50 to \$100.

I think the time is soon coming when all studios will carry a large number of young women and young men in stock. In many cases their salaries will be modest; but it is so important nowadays to have the bits of business of minor characters done well, that the studios cannot count upon the ability of impromptu "extras." Sometimes the plot hangs upon a clever bit of business done by a minor character, and, as stories grow better and truer to life, this will hold more and more importance.

In the Fine Arts studio at Los Angeles, which I have just left to come East for an engagement with the same company in New York, I knew intimately a number of the girls in stock who had started as "extras." It is needless to say that they were the survival of the fittest, and that many others are qualified to be only the humblest sort of "extras."

My own experience in getting into Motion Pictures was interesting, but commonplace. I had grown up in Flatbush, near the Vitagraph studio, and had set my heart on being one of their players. One day, when I was sixteen years old, I went there alone and made application to become one of their actresses. Much to my delight, I was given a small place in stock at a salary of \$25 a week. After that I did not let my first success spoil me, but worked hard and earnestly under all sorts of trying conditions, until the management took notice of me and began to give me more important parts.

My career was shaped a good deal by able directors, who took unlimited pains in helping me become a trained actress. I think this is true of every studio. There are always directors who are anxious to encourage talent if they can discover a young girl in the ranks who has personality, pleasing manners, attractive mannerisms, a ready sense of grasping instructions, and who can take advantage of criticism. Such "finds," when trained and developed, reflect great credit upon their instructors. So I believe that the studios themselves will be the broad training-school for most of our coming screen players.

Please give my love and respect to every one connected with the Magazine, and believe me,

Most sincerely,
NORMA TALMADGE.

(Fifty-nine)

By RUTH ROLAND

So many articles have been written, are being written and will be written concerning the player known as "extra," that, like the usual after-dinner speech, there seems to be little left to say. And yet somehow there is a great deal that I could say about "getting into the pictures."

Day after day at a studio one will see many being turned away from the employment office with the information that "there is nothing today," and yet the stream of applicants continues. I believe that when pictures were first being made—Motion Pictures—so many then ridiculed them, and those who worked in them, and would not apply for positions, that at that time it was difficult to obtain players. And then pictures became a factor to be reckoned with, and, growing in popularity with



RUTH ROLAND

the public, they also grew in popularity with players—and other people; people, men and women, who from every walk in life flocked to what they heard of as "easy work"—playing for the camera. And they continue to come, without much thought as to their suitability for this work beyond the idea that it is a fascinating sort of work—long rides in automobiles, short hours, and long, very long, remuneration. This is what a great many bring as their claim for work before the camera. It would be as sensible for me to undertake to be a bank-cashier without further training for the position, as it is for some people who haunt employment bureaus for work as Motion Picture actors.

There is the player who has dramatic

experience, both on the stage and very often previously before the camera, who at this time cannot obtain work beyond one or two days a week, perhaps not even this, but whose work in life is being an actor. To these I give my every assistance and good thought to help them along their way, and wish there could be more work. But for those who seek Motion Picture work as "something to do," I would say, first, Give your own talents and brains deep thought, and then choose sewing, stenography, nursing—the profession suited to you; but don't put on your hat and run to the first employment bureau, or office of a Motion Picture concern, and ask for work. So many need this work that are fitted for it.

A certain class of the public, seeing and realizing the futility of the overcrowded market for players for the silent drama, and realizing, too, the many unthinking people who, absolutely unsuited to its work, are flocking to it and its so-called "easy money," that they have started up a by-product, as it were—schools of dramatic training; schools for scenario writing; schools for every branch of Motion Picture work. And the foolish ones—virgins and otherwise—see in these schools, and their clever, lurid advertisements, a certain entrance to the Hall of Fame thru the white canvas square; and savings that should go for other things, the daily needs of life in many instances, are given to the managers of these schools. At the end of the "training," a letter is given the now competent and talented actor, and he is sent forth, to be told by many employment offices of Moving Picture concerns that his "training" is almost useless, and in many cases (depending on the letter of the "school") worse than useless.

There are those who have never been before the camera, and who possess talent for the work, and the knowledge of this talent, and these must "have a chance." I think application in person, where it is possible, with photographs showing different poses, is the best way to obtain a hearing, and intelligent consideration of an individual as one to become a player. There are offices in almost every Motion Picture studio where certain hours of each day are given to interviewing applicants for work, where those desiring a hearing will be met with courtesy and frankness. Competent men and women are in charge of these offices and give consideration to those applying, and are competent to judge the qualifications of the applicant, and their suitability for whatever parts are open. Those who cannot apply in person should enclose addressed envelope, stamped, for a return reply, and send photographs.

(To be continued next month)

"Splash Me, But--- A Revue of the

TO MAKE THAT TARRY OLD SINNER, NEPTUNE, SIT UP AND TAKE NOTICE IS THE AMBITION OF FRITZI BRUNETTE, THE CHIC SELIG STAR. THIS IS HER WEDDING-GOWN AS A "BRIDE OF THE SEA"

SHALL WE BE "WETS" OR "DRYS"? IS THE ALL-ABSORBING QUESTION THAT BILLIE RHODES, THE NESTOR STAR-FISH, IS WHISPERING UNDER HER SUN-SHADE TO EVE STRAWN



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JACKIE SAUNDERS, THE BALBOA MERMAID, IS HAILING ANOTHER SEA-ROVER—SEX UNDISCLOSED—AND WE CAN HAZARD A GUESS THAT SHE WANTS A CONVOY IN HER SWIM ROUND THE CHANNEL-BUOY



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ADDRESS.....

A RANCH GIRL.—The characters are not the same in "The Fall of a Nation" as in "The Birth of a Nation." A different photo of me than the one above? Nay, nay. Kittens Reichert is about four years old.

J. A. P.—No, Mirror haven't released as yet. In spite of my age, I still enjoy a hearty laugh. When young, most people have all they can do to keep from laughing when they shouldn't; and when old, they have all they can do to laugh when they should. Percival, Percival, come hither.

K. S. P., PORT HURON.—What could be sweeter? The last interview with Clara K. Young was in the May 1913 Magazine. Mary Miles Minter is with Mutual. Carlyle Blackwell with Solax.

LYDIA, PHILADELPHIA.—Johnnie Walker was Larry in "The Man from Nowhere." I guess that you and I became friends too quickly. Friendships quickly formed are often quickly ended, for how can we love a friend we do not know?

JULIA A. F., BAYVILLE.—I can't give you any more information about "How to Get In" than the players are giving. That's all very true—the face is often the fortune of some and the ruin of others.

VANITY KIDS.—Creighton Hale was born in Ireland 25 years ago. Richard C. Travers is a doctor, a soldier of fortune, a warrior, and a man about town, and was brought up in the great Northwest which he pictures so well.

MELVA.—That's right, I know I promised you a picture of Robert Leonard for the Gallery. We haven't received new pictures from him for some time.

PETER B.—William A. Brady's first production on the stage was "She." E. H. Calvert and Lillian Drew in "The Clutch of Circumstances" (Essanay). Rapley Holmes and Richard Travers in "The Buffer." Sheldon Lewis was Lemuel, and Nell Craig was Dominica in "Braga's Double" (Essanay). Richard Travers was Captain and Lillian Drew opposite him in "Vain Justice."

ROSE C.—Ruth Stonehouse and Richard Travers in "Surgeon Warren's Ward." Wallace Beery in "Education." Bryant Washburn and Charlotte Mineau in "Rule Sixty-three." Guy Oliver was with Lubin. He was a cub reporter once.

SUNNY SAMMY.—Thanks for the pictures. Yes, your handwriting is very good. I enjoyed your little chat.

JULIA D., BROOKLYN.—Come on, there, tortoise, speed up! I got tired reading thru nine pages of your interesting letter only to find one little question tucked away in the last corner. Yes; Robert Edeson played two parts in "Fathers of Men"—really three.

EMHEY H.—You certainly put the ball right over the plate in your criticism. Mabel Normand is in Los Angeles, Wallace Reid also; Theda Bara in New York, and Florence Lawrence in New Jersey. Frank Keenan was Elihu and Mary Boland was Mary in "Stepping Stones."

LILOLA.—Norma Phillips was June in "Run-

away June." Marguerite Snow was the leading woman in "The Woman in White." Lawrence White was Lafayette in "Friend Wilson's Daughter." I am not acquainted with any of those Motion Picture promoters, and never bought any stock. Those promoters are usually fellows who exchange brain for capital, and keep both.

BINGO.—You might try it. Hazel Dawn and Wilmuth Merkyl in "Niobe." Yes, "The Battle Cry of Peace" is being shown yet. Likewise "The Island of Regeneration." Tefft Johnson was Thomas in "The House on the Hill."

ANNA H., HARTFORD.—Thanks for the warning, but I always suspected that my charms were such as to cause thousands of women to be after me. The heart-strings of a woman, like the tendrils of a vine, are always reaching out for something to cling to, but I do not intend to let them fasten onto me. You will see more of Warren Kerrigan's productions. You know he has been playing in that serial.

RUDOLPHUS, 11.—Tom Forman was born on a Texas ranch in 1893, and attended the Texas State University. He has fair hair, hazel eyes, and stands five feet ten inches. He is an all-around athlete. Your letter was splendid.

WHEELER-BAYNE.—Of course that's true about George Cooper going into the movies when he lost his voice while with Fiske O'Hara. Yes, send in as many coupons as you can get. No; Frank Mayo did not play in the "Mary Page" series. Only Edna Mayo. New York Evening Mail, 15 W. 44th St., New York City. Where did you learn to write such clever letters?

ROGER BEAN.—You refer to the Fairbank Twins in "The Little Girl Next Door." It was not an Essanay, but an Edison. That's all right.

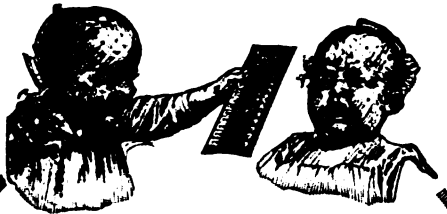
MABEL T. C.—The Old Testament miracles, known as the Ten Plagues, were: Water made blood; frogs, lice, flies, murrain, boils and blain, thunder and hail, locusts, darkness, first-born slain, and parting of the Red Sea. Look it up. Rosetta Brice was born in Sunbury, Penn., in 1892.

GABRIEL F.—Of course I am not angry with you. How could I be? I am terribly sorry that your answers did not appear. I do not know how many times Nat Goodwin married, but I think he has had at least four different wives. He has probably been trying to get a good one. Mind you, he did not have more than one at one time. That would be polygamy. Where there is only one wife at a time it is called monotomy.

EDWARD EARLE ADMIRER.—Not sure about Edward Earle. Louise Vale is with Universal, having left Biograph. If you and the others keep on working for Edward Earle he will win. Of course I like him.

LYDIA H.—Thanks for the fee. I usually have for breakfast some desecrated codfish and buttermilk, and for a cereal, bath-brushes and cream. Yes, indeed, Bessie Love is coming along fast. Yes, I'll remember you.

(Sixty-two)



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MILBURN H., COUNCIL BLUFFS.—The doctor was not cast. I like William Farnum's acting very much—he is so manly and virile. If man is the lord of creation, woman is the lady of recreation. Fruit and flowers for the fourth, wedding anniversaries. But no lemons are allowed.

MATHILDA B., OSWEGO.—See here, this is no matrimonial bureau, but I will say that I see no objections to marriage between persons of unequal age. Mohammed at 20 married a wife at 40. Shakespeare married Ann Hathaway, who was seven years his senior. Dr. Johnson married a lady twice his age, and Jennie Lind was ten years older than the man she married. I know lots of other cases, too. Your five minutes are up—ring off, please!

ROBERT WARWICK ADMIRER.—Antonio Moreno was Harry, Muriel Ostriche was Kate in "Kennedy Square" (Vitagraph). Lorraine Huling was Gladys Lorimer in "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch" (American). Mary Pickford and Harold Lockwood in "Tess of the Storm Country." Come right along, and don't be afraid.

VIRGINIA VANDERHOFF.—Hope you were not frightened when you saw the Answer Man. You see, you still live. Thank you for the little visit.

HERMAN.—Is this it? How many sick ones wish they were healthy? How many beggars wish they were wealthy? How many ugly ones wish they were pretty? How many stupid ones wish they were witty? How many bachelors wish they were married? How many benedicts wish they had tarried? Single or double, life's full of trouble; riches are stubble, pleasure's a bubble.

ESTHER S., MEMPHIS.—I don't know, either, what the trouble is. Earle Williams has been playing in "The Scarlet Runner" ever since he finished "The Goddess." I know the public want to see him, and he is anxious to see the public, but somehow Vitagraph aren't ready to release it. Why don't you complain? Lillian Walker was born in Brooklyn in 1888.

A RANCH GIRL.—Mary Malatesta was the girl in "Count Twenty" (Biograph). No to your second. Julie Cruze played in "A Million Dollar Mystery." No. Helen Gibson with Kalem and Helen Holmes with Signal. The latter was formerly with Kalem. Billy Elmer was Rafferty in "Kindling."

MARIE T., DELAWARE.—Why don't the modistes (they used to be "dressmakers" when prices were lower) wake up? Of Elizabeth Drew, I think it was Oscar Eagle who said, "Give me a woman, regardless of looks, who can wear clothes, and I will make a star of her in six months." Of course he could not have been thinking of Miss Drew with "regardless of looks."

IVAN W. DICKSON.—No, I did not work on the 4th of July. My day out shooting off firecrackers. Marie Cahill in "Judy Forgot" (Universal). She was born in Hoboken, but she has gotten over it. When you said the girl with the wink, I knew you meant her or Cissy Fitzgerald.

ELTON T.—On account of the studios in and around New York being widely scattered, there is no large screen colony such as there is in Los Angeles. Many of the players of New York live on Long Island, N. Y., and in various suburbs. Pearl White is one of the most recent ones to set up as a "country gentleman," her home being at Bayside, L. I. Lubin's first picture was a half-reeler, entitled "Horse Eatin' Hay."

MARTIN T.—Norma Talmadge is playing in the East. You want to see her on the cover, do you? Well, we haven't room for them all.

MERMAID.—The average Moving Picture exhibitor around here is a man of few words, and these are generally disagreeable ones. Glad to hear that you are so cool. How could I help keeping cool with so many fans?



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LEAPING FISH.—Yes, I liked those Leaping Fish in that play. Fairbanks was real funny. Of course he is popular. Yes, he looks to be in fine health, and I guess he is a pretty good sort of fellow. Our general health is a speedometer that tells how fast we are living. Yes, everybody is free to give his opinions, except lawyers, and they sell theirs. Lawyers are a necessary nuisance.

RACHAEL D., MIDDLEPORT.—Men like Griffith, Ince and Sennet have not always had smooth sailing. Genius is an infinite capacity for overcoming the opposition of mediocrities. Triangle is not prospering.

EDITH T.—Violet Cameron in Victor. Yes, she used to Salome it with little Gertie Hoffman; and Salome, if she were living, would be mighty catty about it, too. Helen Case in "The Kick-out" (Knickerbocker). She is "horsey," and last year was Western Vitagraph's rough-rider.

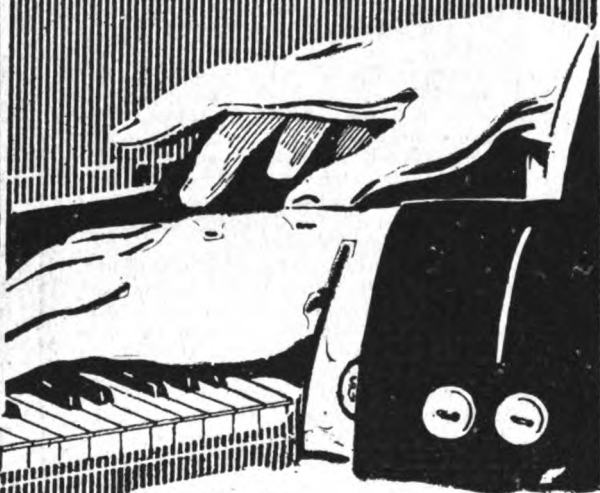
DOLPH.—The real can never equal the imagined, and it is easy to create ideals, but difficult to realize them. That was Marie Empress in "The Firefly" (Famous Players), not Lina Cavalieri, to whom she bears a remarkable likeness and for whom she is often mistaken.

MARION.—Antoinette Walker, supporting Henry Walthall, is a cousin of Walker Whiteside, and formerly played with him on the stage. Alas, alack! Woe is me!

Dor O. G. A.—Good-morrow! Heap much thanks for the pencils.

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Mary Pickford.....	76,295
Marguerite Clark.....	68,826
Warren Kerrigan.....	52,940
Francis X. Bushman.....	50,650
Anita Stewart.....	39,280
Pearl White.....	39,085
Theda Bara.....	39,045
Edward Earle.....	38,335
Henry Walthall.....	37,140
Wallace Reid.....	35,514
Earle Williams.....	30,760
William Farnum.....	29,725
Harold Lockwood.....	29,240
William Sherwood.....	28,555
Wm. S. Hart.....	27,985
Grace Cunard.....	27,675
Pauline Frederick.....	22,715
Alexander Gaden.....	22,710
Ruth Roland.....	22,350
Nellie Anderson.....	20,635
Beverly Bayne.....	19,840
Blanche Sweet.....	18,755
Mary Fuller.....	18,080
Mary Miles Minter.....	17,765
Crane Wilbur.....	17,685
Marguerite Snow.....	17,500
Robert Warwick.....	17,290
Mary Anderson.....	16,965
Dustin Farnum.....	16,260
Nell Craig.....	14,920
Florence LaBadie.....	14,685
Carlyle Blackwell.....	14,520
Olga Petrova.....	13,200
Norma Talmadge.....	11,750
Clara K. Young.....	11,500
Bryant Washburn.....	11,355
Creighton Hale.....	11,090
Cleo Madison.....	10,735
Edna Mayo.....	10,710
Charles Chaplin.....	10,675
Antonio Moreno.....	10,640
Edith Storey.....	10,510
Francis Ford.....	10,450
Marguerite Courtot.....	10,420
Ella Hall.....	10,225
Lillian Gish.....	10,120
Harris Gordon.....	10,070

(Sixty-four)

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Herbert Brenon, the director par excellence who produced "Neptune's Daughter" and "A Daughter of the Gods," featuring Annette Kellermann, has agreed to disagree with the Fox Company, and will start a studio of his own. He is partial to women stars, and his first picture will probably introduce Mary Garden, who out-Salomed Salome in grand opera.

Bathing-suit pictures are now the vogue, and Mary Miles Minter is the latest star to succumb to the charms of being "shot in the wet." In "Youth's Endearing Charms" the pony favorite insisted on swimming far out, until after nightfall, much to the consternation of the special beach patrol who were her sea chaperons.

The early fall migration of players has begun, and the following changes of players are of noteworthy interest: James Young, after a series of lightning changes, is now with Lasky to direct Blanche Sweet; Cyril Chadwick has wended from Thanouser to Famous Players; Harold Vosburgh has deserted Terriss Films for Famous Players; Keystone has captured Charles Arling from Lasky; the Kalem Company has persuaded Priscilla Dean to come over from the Vogue forces; Mahlon Hamilton has decided that his chances are better with Metro than with Famous Players; Billie Quirk will direct Max Figman and Lolita Robertson for the Rolma Company; Alice Hollister, in association with William Howell and George K. Hollister, is going in for juvenile pictures to be produced in Jacksonville; the Ivan Company has persuaded Louise Vale to transfer her baggage from the Biograph camp, and Frances NeMoyer has fitted from the Lubin breastworks to the Kalem trenches. Quite a little merry-go-round in these days of rapid changes.

The admirers of Alice Joyce will know where to find her for some time to come. Recently she joined the Vitagraph Company to play the feminine lead in one picture only, "The Battle Cry of War"; but now Miss Joyce has decided to make the Vitagraph Company her permanent studio home.

It is with deep sorrow and reluctance that we announce that Roscoe Arbuckle, the beloved roly-poly of the films, has been sent to Sing Sing prison, N. Y. Roscoe's confinement is voluntary, as he can get out whenever he wants to, and it's simply a case of "putting another star in stripes."

The vast army of Little Mary Pickford's friends will be pleased to hear that she is already back in harness, and is now rehearsing a new Famous Players' picture, after an absence of several months. Her rôle will be entirely new, and the scenes are laid in India.

Valkyrien, the Danish beauty, has joined the Fox Company, and her first venture will be a deep-sea drama.

Another important capture from the footlights is Ralph Herz, who was last seen on Broadway in "Ruggles of Red Gap." He will brighten a series of one-reel comedies for the Metro Company, the first of which is "The Lady Killer."

Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne, co-starring in Romeo and Juliet, recently had a discouraging if not thrilling experience at Brighton Beach, N. Y. During the taking of a scene "on the streets of Verona," a terrific storm arose and demolished the medieval Italian city, driving the stars to cover in the nearest shelters. The toppling walls and vivid flashes of lightning all around them were hazardous and untoward realism.

Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree has returned to Los Angeles, where he will fill a three months' engagement with the Fine Arts Company, starting in and producing a repertoire of Shakespearian photoplays.

The clandestine marriage of Bernice Selbeck, a famous dancer, to Earl Page, of the Universal Company, has just come to our ears. The wedding was performed at midnight after a hurry call upon a justice, and contained all the thrills of a runaway couple.

Eleanor Woodruff, who starred in Vitagraph's "Island of Surprise," has just returned from a long tramp thru the Green Mountains, and has joined the Frohman Amusement Company. Her first production will be in "Jaffrey," from the William J. Locke novel of that name.

Herschel Mayall, of Kay-Bee; Edwin Cecil, of Biograph; Joseph Levering, of Solax; Glen White, of Universal, and Marian Swayne, of Thanouser, have all been gathered into the Fox encampment in one fell swoop.

Fritzi Brunette, the charming Selig comédienne, known in private life as Mrs. William Robert Daly, recently entertained the Selig West Coast players at a dinner party in her Los Angeles home. The occasion was the second anniversary of her marriage.

In appreciation of their charming work in a recent picture in support of William S. Hart, this portrayer of rugged western parts has sprung a delightful surprise upon little Frances Carpenter and George Stone, two of the Fine Arts child players. Each received a silver loving cup, monogrammed with their initials and those of their likable donor.

Francis Ford and Grace Cunard are in a hurry to finish up the remaining episodes of "Peg o' the Ring." With the finish of the serial the co-stars are looking forward to a location-hunting trip to Honolulu.

Charles Richman and Arline Pretty, who are the headliners in Vitagraph's coming serial, "The Secret Kingdom," are putting some rather lively action into their work. Some of their adventures are as hazardous and risky as Keystone comedy stuff—aerial swings from house-roof to house-roof, etc.—but they have been accomplished so far without an accident.

All reports to the contrary, Fanny Ward, who starred under the Lasky banner with such success in "The Cheat" and "The Gutter Magdalene," is on her way from New York to the West Coast to resume her connections, and to begin a production of a photodrama entitled "Each Pearl a Tear," which apparently is in the sob-story class.

(Sixty-six)

Marguerite Clark is not yet lost to picturedom, and in her coming production, "Little Lady Eileen," a raft of little studio children in the guise of fairy folk will support her.

May Allison, at present in the Thousand Islands, N. Y., was delightfully surprised by a dinner party given in honor of her eighteenth birthday. She was led blindfolded into the dining-room, and her eyes were unmasked, to discover her friends around the beautifully decorated table, with glasses raised for a toast.

The super-courageous Douglas Fairbanks is recovering from a recent painful accident in which he was shot in the eyes at close range with the charge from a blank cartridge. Begoggled and bandage-covered, the only Douglas threatens to return to the studio at once, despite his damaged optics.

The shark scare we hope is transitory, but the original studio fish is dainty Marguerite Clayton, of Essanay, who has not missed her daily swim since the first day of June. She takes her dip at sunrise, too.

Helene Rosson is a naturalist. Her love of birds caused her to build some twenty little homes for stray song-birds in the mountains around Santa Barbara. These are now becoming as overcrowded with feathered tenants as the city tenements, and the municipal authorities have agreed to enlarge and assume Miss Rosson's work.

Carlyle Blackwell is off on a well-earned vacation. He has made himself a veritable "knight of the road" by starting to hoof it from Fort Lee, N. J., to Lake George, N. Y., a distance of some two hundred miles.

Alice Brady recently conducted a series of lectures in Chicago on "How to Get In," which were attended by some three thousand young girls with studio ambitions.

J. Warren Kerrigan has blossomed forth with an autobiography in book form, entitled "How I Became a Motion Picture Star." 'Tis said that it is grabbed off the counter like hot-cakes.

The Universal Company is deeply indebted to Marie Walcamp for her recent actions during a real fire in Universal City. Miss Walcamp not only succeeded in getting a lot of the animals out of the danger zone, but braved the flames to rescue a lot of recently completed films that the firemen had forgotten.

Mary Fuller is the first screen star to appear in "sport trousers." They are tight-fitting, dainty little striped affairs that peep beneath a short skirt, and are rounded out with white silk stockings. She carries a cane with them, of course, which is modeled after the "swagger sticks" of the English Tommy Atkins.

Edna Mayo has been adventuring in the dells of the Wisconsin River, in the taking of her coming feature, "The Return of Eve," a charming modern fantasy of the Garden of Eden type.

Ruth Stonehouse is the first woman to be electrocuted in screenland. In her latest play, "The Saintry Sinner," she undergoes all the terrors of the Sing Sing death-chamber; but, of course, she isn't shocked.

Clara Williams, the petite and appealing ingénue of the Kay-Bee wigwam, has been raised to the rank of a full-fledged star, and will hereafter play title rôles, name parts and emotional leads in the film firmament.

Claire McDowell, for over five years a sterling favorite with the Biograph Company, has been secured by the Universal Company, and will make her first appearance in a romantic drama, "Sea Mates."

(Sixty-seven)



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Marin "Versatile" Sais

(Continued from page 56)

passed to the prize photograph of the collection. I looked my doubt. "Yes," declared Miss Sais, "it's a cake I am making, and it was a real cake, too. If you don't believe me, ask any of the players around the studio, for they all had some of it, and they cried for more. Now I'm becoming boastful, but it's because I am getting to something I like to boast about—my home. I could talk all day about the pretty bungalow, the Rhode Island Reds, the pigeons, and what not. They take every minute of my spare time when I am not riding 'cross-country on Blue Devil. Now that I am getting plenty of riding in the making of the pictures, the bungalow gets all my spare time."

Until a few months ago Miss Sais had thirty-five head of horses in the Kalem corral at Glendale, but in May she completed the purchase of a ranch in Utah and shipped the horses to that property. It is her ambition, Miss Sais states, to some day play in real life the part she is now taking in "The Girl from Frisco," and guide the destinies of a big stock farm just as the heroine of the Kalem series manages her father's vast irrigation, mining, oil and cattle interests.

"But I suppose," she sighed, "that, like all other players, I'll never be able to tear myself away from the studio. We all have our ambitions, and like to talk about them till we bore people, but there's a fascination and charm to the screen work that we are never able to give up. We just keep on playing day after day and telling ourselves that soon we will realize our pet ambitions. Like as not, we wouldn't be away from the studio two months when we would be seeking to get back into the harness again. But, then, there is a lot of fun in looking forward to these ambitions, anyway, even if we never do realize them."

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When the Stars Appear

An Up-to-the-Minute Résumé of Popular Players' Plays During August

At the request of thousands of readers who desire to find out, at a glance, when and in what photoplays the leading players will appear, we give here with a condensed list of releases during August, but it is impossible to cover all.

Dorothy Davenport (Universal)—"The Yoke of Gold," a tense portrayal of the pitfalls of wealth.

Marie Doro (Lasky)—"Common Ground," modern character-drama.

Hazel Dawn and Owen Moore (Famous Players)—"Under Cover," a picturization of the society crook stage-play.

Helen Holmes (Signal)—"Judith of the Cumberlands," mountaineer drama.

Charles Chaplin (Mutual)—"One A. M.," Charlie's adventures in the home of a millionaire naturalist.

William Russell (American)—"The Man Who Would Not Die," the "man-who-finds-himself" type of drama.

Gertrude McCoy (Gaumont)—"Gates of Divorce," divorce problem drama.

Vivian Rich and Alfred Vosburg (American)—"Pastures Green," a refreshing love pastoral.

Edward Coxen (American)—"Out of the Rainbow," romantic intrigue-drama.

Anita Stewart (Vitagraph)—"The Daring of Diana," emotional drama, dealing with politics and the press.

Marguerite Clayton (Essanay)—"According to the Code," romantic Civil War drama.

Marin Sais and True Boardman (Kalem)—"The Girl from Frisco," a red-blooded serial of the West.

Hughie Mack (Vitagraph)—"A Cheap Vacation," a comedy camping misadventure.

Billie Burke (Kleine)—Installments of "Gloria's Romance," the romantic, adventurous career of a girl.

Bessie Barriscale (Triangle)—"The Payment," modern-life sex drama.

Jackie Saunders and Roland Bottomley (Zalboa)—"The Grip of Evil," a serial melodrama.

Lina Cavalieri (Pathé)—"The Shadow of Her Past," emotional drama.

Kathlyn Williams (Selig)—"The Ne'er-Do-Well," a picturization of Rex Beach's novel.

Annette Kellermann (Fox)—"A Daughter of the Gods," a super-feature with Oriental and sub-sea atmosphere.

Harold Lockwood and May Allison (Metro)—"The River of Romance," an idyllic love-adventure drama.

Henry B. Walthall (Essanay)—"The Sting of Victory," a character-study intense drama.

Edna Mayo (Essanay)—"The Return of Eve," a pastoral fantasy.

Marguerite Courtot and Owen Moore (Famous Players)—"Rolling Stones," a comedy-drama of modern life.

Alice Brady (World)—"Miss Petticoats," a New England character-study drama.

Gail Kane and Gladden James (World)—"Paying the Price," a romantic sea drama.

Carlyle Blackwell and Muriel Ostriche (World)—"Sally in our Alley," an East Side heart-interest drama.

Earle Williams (Vitagraph)—"The Scarlet Runner," an automobile serial of romantic and adventurous interest.

Dorothy Gish (Fine Arts)—"Gretchen Blunders In," a N. Y. slum and crook story.

Lillian Walker (Vitagraph)—"Hesper of the Mountains," a city girl's Western heart triumphs.

Clara Kimball Young (C. K. Y. Corp.)—"The Story of Susan," emotional, heart-interest drama.

(Sixty-nine)



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Shakespeare in Masque and on Screen
(Continued from page 30)

"In the acting of the play we had the tremendous advantage of Sir Herbert Tree's profound experience, and his excellent supporting cast, including Constance Collier, Wilfred Lucas, Spottiswoode Aitken, Mary Alden; and George Hill, the recognized camera expert, as the photographer.

"In spite of the fact that this was practically Sir Herbert's first picture experience, his adaptability and dramatic intelligence were of such a high order that, a week after the picture was started, he was playing like a screen veteran."

A further insight into the elaborate detail of the screen performance and the amount of research involved in its preparation is commented on by Ellis Wales, the studio librarian.

"A peek into Scotland in the early eleventh century," said Mr. Wales, "thru the microscopic glass of research, reveals so little of working material that the researchist is put to the utmost resourcefulness of research when attempting to supply accurate historical detail for 'Macbeth.'"

"All lovers of Shakespearean drama have often sought, by book and imaginative fancy, to picture the actual historic scenes of the time of Macbeth and Duncan, yet have found it difficult to reconcile historic facts with Shakespearean imagery and convenience.

"Shakespeare has Duncan the hoary-headed saint, yet history pictures him as a youth with a penchant for conquest and power. Shakespeare has Duncan murdered in Macbeth's castle, yet history has him assassinated by hirelings in a roadside inn.

"It is the purpose of Director John Emerson to reconcile the photoplay with the familiar stage version of 'Macbeth,' yet in a general way portray history in all its accuracy of detail, particularly in fabric and design of costume; war, court and household paraphernalia.

"The drama is of the period of barbaric festival, conquest of tribes and clans, physical supremacy, and masses of dramatic and chaotic incident that go to make history for the textbook. The photodrama, 'Macbeth,' therefore, is essentially an educational presentation of history, delineated with all the fire and skill of the world's greatest Shakespearean tragedian, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, and the graceful, majestic, ambitious Lady Macbeth, by Constance Collier.

"In this photoplay panoramic scenes will be revealed, showing at one time five hundred camp-fires, thousands of torches, great cataracts of boiling pitch, marching masses of men at mid-

night, the terrific onslaught at Macbeth's castle, the weird, picturesque witches, who dominate the story, and Macbeth and Duncan walking directly out of the historic past, in all their eleventh century grandeur and fierceness, surrounded as they were by half-naked barbarians and gorgeously bearded noblemen and women.

"Witches play dominating parts thruout the play, and in the cavern some of the most wonderful electrical and mechanical effects will be seen, and the apparition of the naked child, the tree and the crown, the skeletons, and the bubbles from the ground exploding in the air.

"On the heath the vivid display of storm and lightning, Macbeth riding in his own element. The battlefield—the beheading of Cawdor—the wild highlanders who fought in the old days stark naked. In the picture also are shown some wild dances of highlanders.

"We secured some special, large greyhounds, obtained at great rental expense—each dog valued at \$1,000—for use in the picture. We reproduced accurately the great gates and portcullis of Macbeth's castle—exact copy of the ancient gates, that work in full view of spectators—and the huge drawbridge of Dunsinane Castle and the terrific battle there, scores of men falling from high walls into the moat below.

"The approach of Birnam Wood—always merely suggested on the stage—but in this photoplay the forest actually moves to Macbeth's castle at Dunsinane, thus fulfilling the witches' prophecy that Macbeth would meet his death with the 'coming of Birnam Wood.'"

Deep-Sea Stuff

(Continued from page 25)

dashed off these lines, or else he could have commanded a director's fat salary. When the Mutual Company recently decided to picturize Wilkie Collins' tragic novel, "Armada," they were both literally and figuratively at sea as to how to stage the big scenes in which the false Allan Armadale meets his death by drowning in the flooded stateroom of a steamship. The necessity for a large tank and elaborate mechanical devices stared them in the face, until the inspiration of building the stateroom set on dry land at ebb time, and of taking the picture during a rising tide, came to Director Richard Garrick. Time and tide wait for no man, but in the still hunt for deep-sea stuff the camera-man has taken both these aged impediments to man's progress by the forelock and led them a merry and submerged jig right under the eye of his camera.

(Seventy)

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(Seventy-one)



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