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SHIRLEY MASON as Eve Leslie, the beloved

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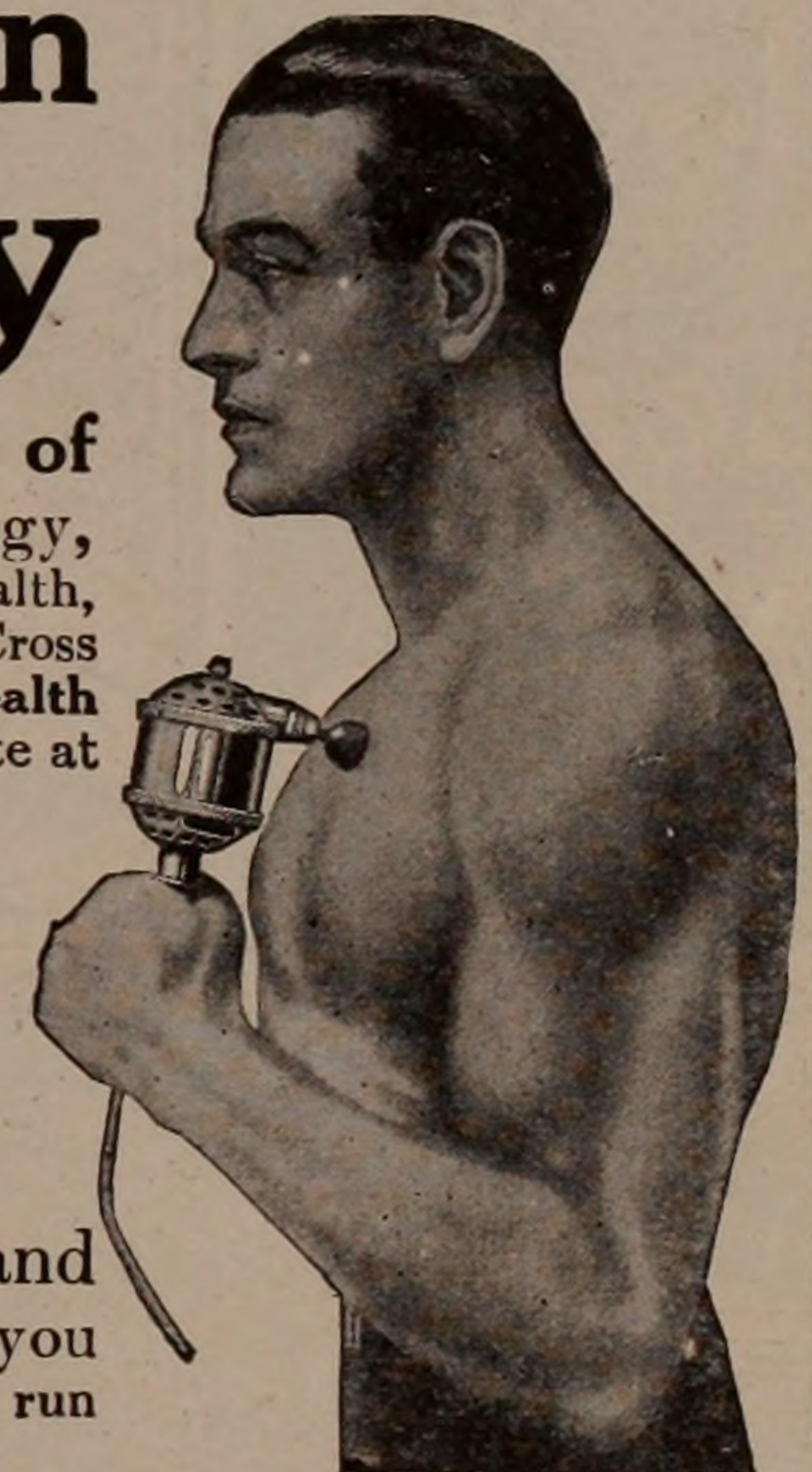
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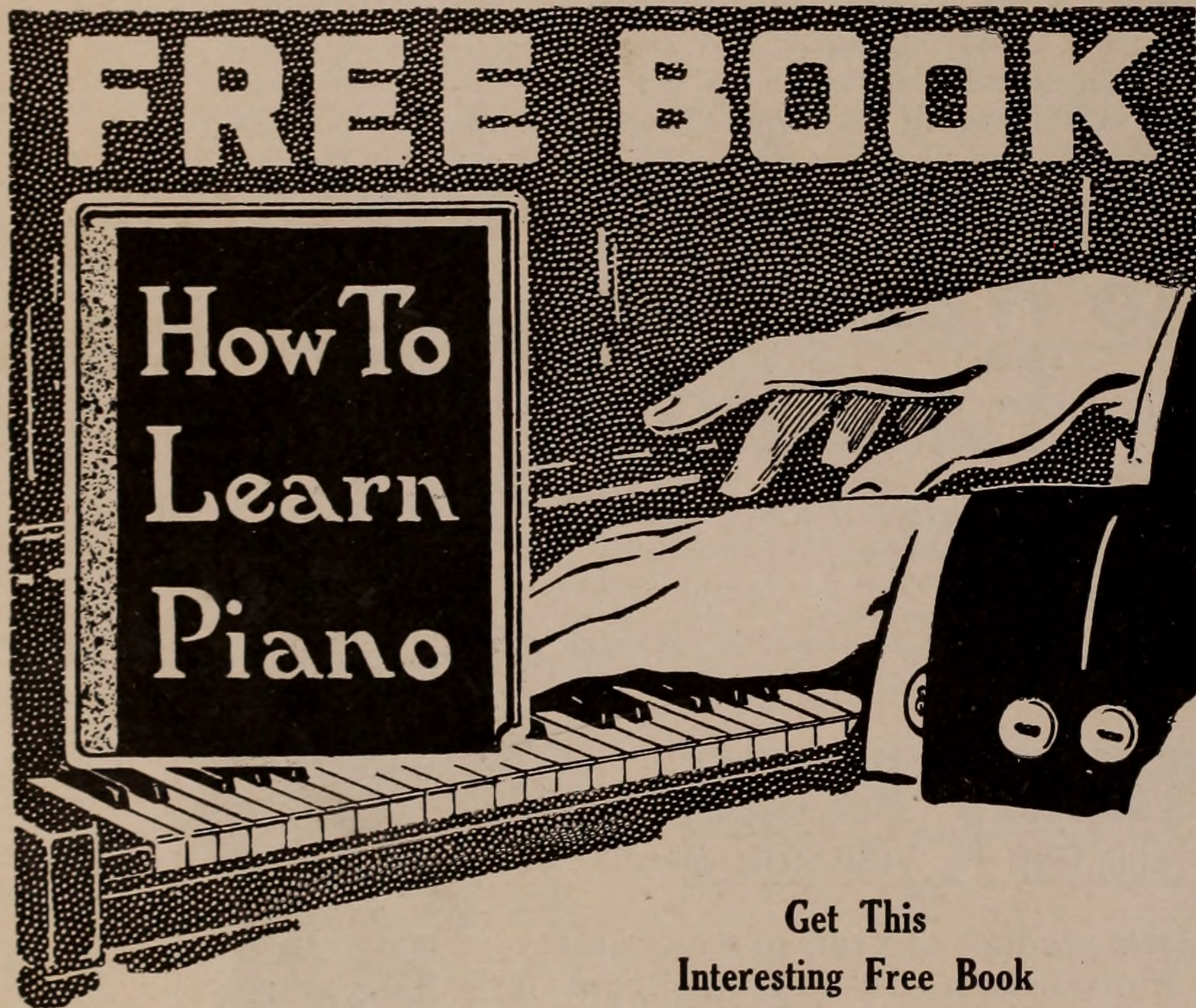
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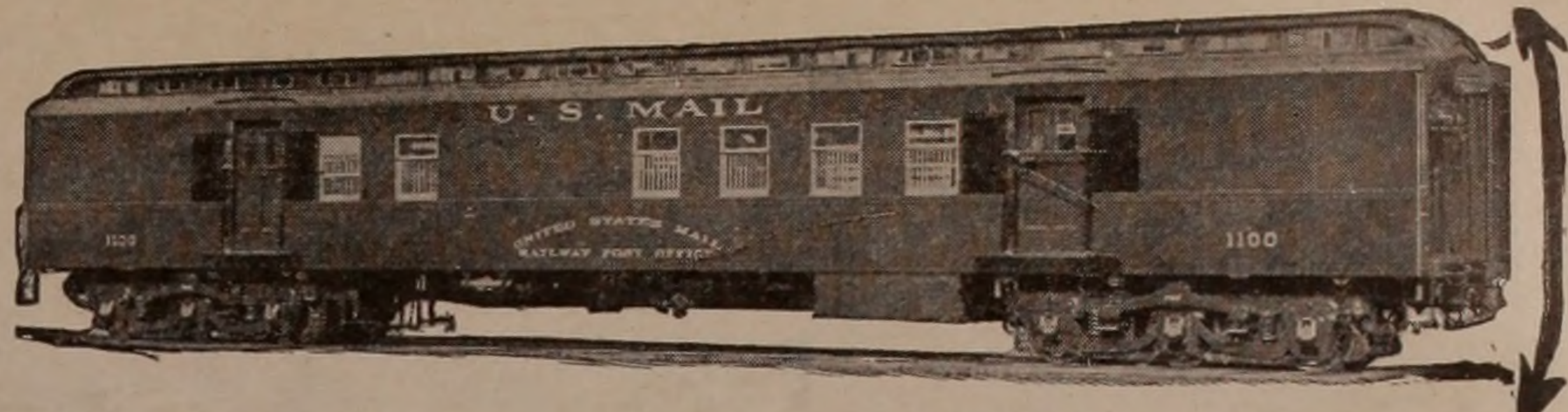
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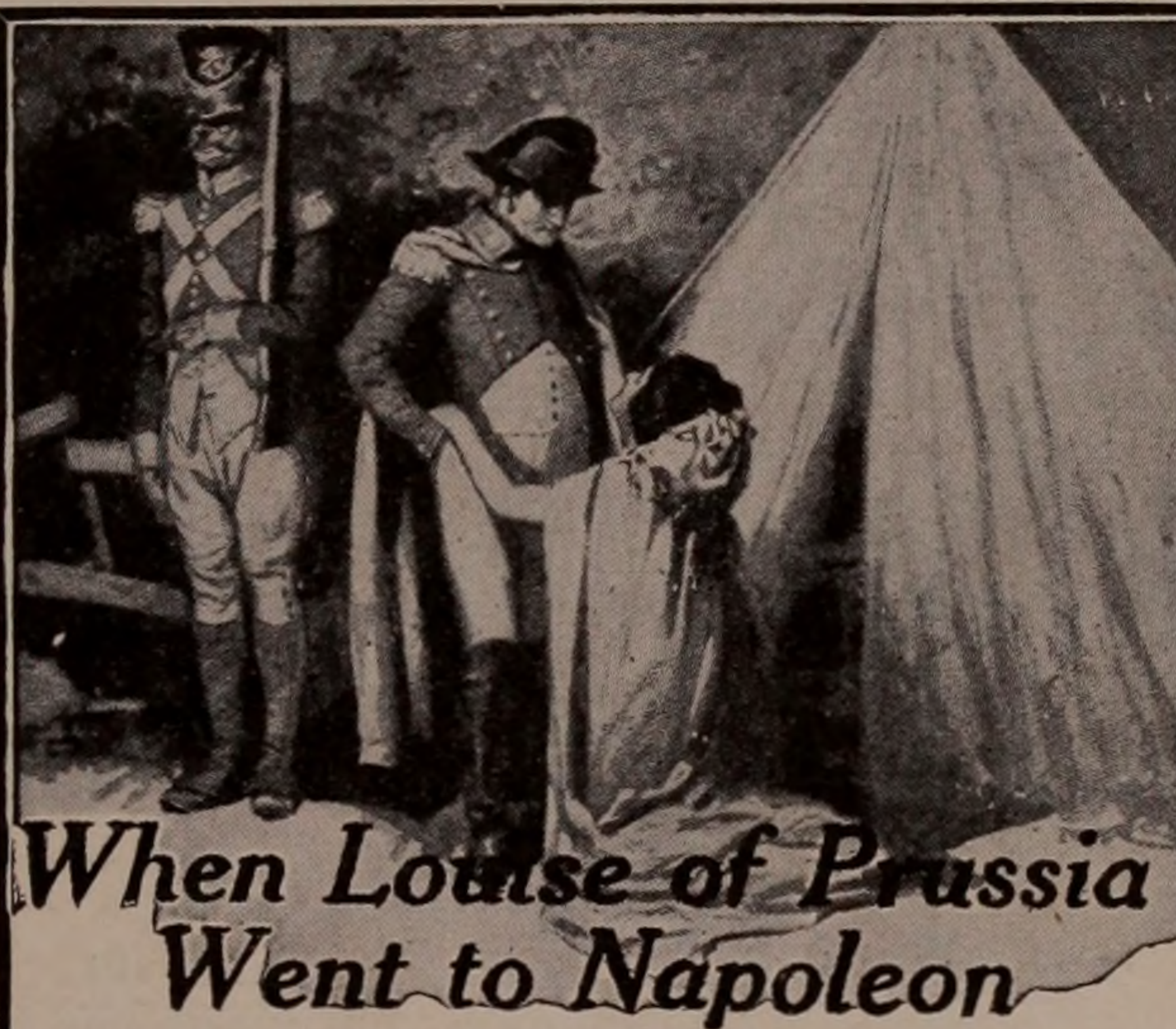
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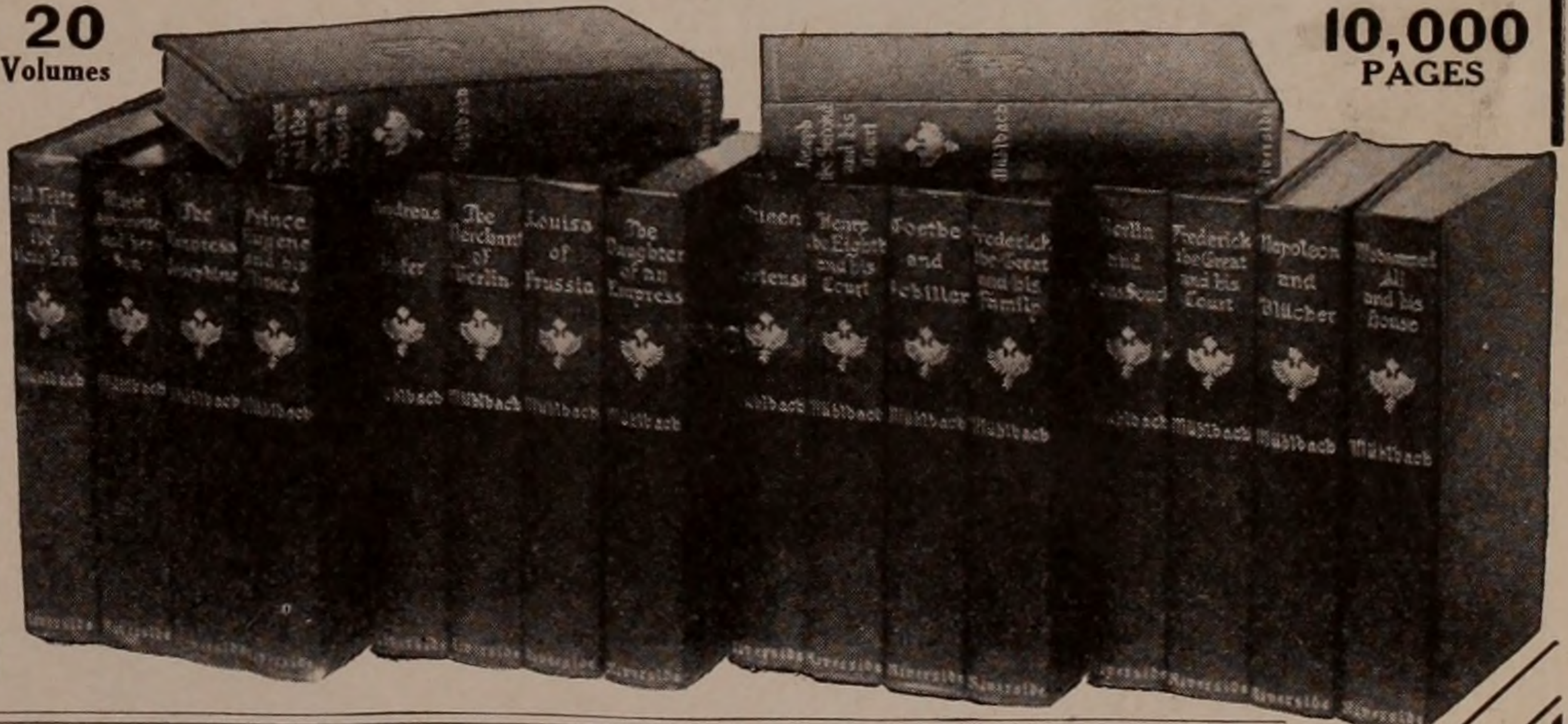
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This is your opportunity. By the proper external treatment you can make this new skin just what you would love to have it. Or—by neglecting to give this new skin proper care as it forms every day, you can keep your skin in its present condition and forfeit the charm of "a skin you love to touch." Which will you do? Will you begin at once to bring to your skin that charm you have longed for? Then begin tonight the treatment below best suited to the needs of your skin, and make it a daily habit thereafter.

To correct an oily skin and shiny nose

First cleanse your skin thoroughly by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now work up a heavy warm water lather of Woodbury's in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

This treatment will make your skin fresher and clearer the first time you use it. Make it a nightly habit, and before long you will gain complete relief from the embarrassment of an oily, shiny skin.

To clear a blemished skin

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy "soap cream." Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this. Let it dry and remain on over night. In the morning wash in your usual way with Woodbury's.

If an oily skin and shiny nose is your bugbear, make the lather treatment a daily habit.

Repeat this cleansing, antiseptic treatment every night until the blemishes disappear. Use Woodbury's regularly thereafter in your daily toilet. This will make your skin so strong and active that it will keep your complexion free from blemishes.

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Just before you retire, cleanse the skin thoroughly by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and lukewarm water.

Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now dip the cake of Woodbury's in a bowl of water and go over your face and throat several times *with the cake itself.* Let this lather remain on over night, and wash again in the morning with warm water, followed by cold, but no soap except that which has remained on the skin.

This treatment is just what your skin needs to whiten it. Use it every night unless your skin should become too sensitive, in which case discontinue until this sensitive feeling disappears. A few ap-

plications should show a marked improvement. Use Woodbury's regularly thereafter in your daily toilet and keep your skin in perfect health.

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Disfiguring blemishes need the "soap cream" treatment.



Tear out this cake as a reminder to ask for Woodbury's today at your druggist's or toilet counter.

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MARIE DORO (Lasky)



GLADYS BROCKWELL
(Fox)



KATHERINE LEWIS
(Vitagraph)



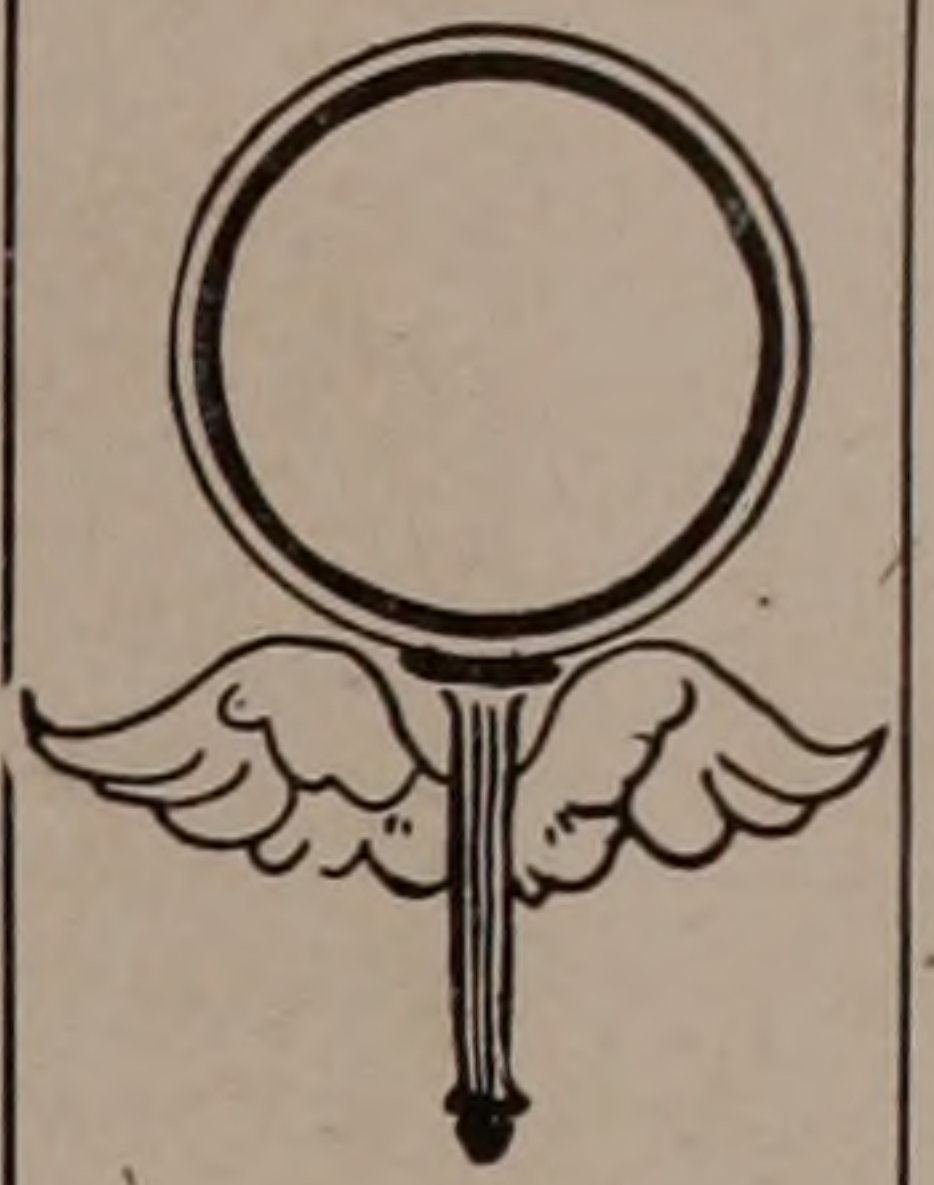
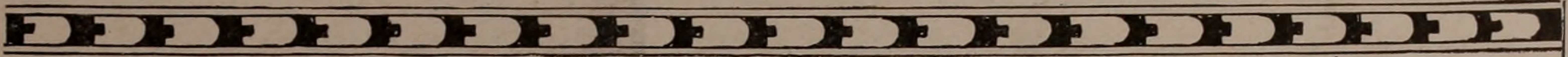
HENRY KING (Balboa)



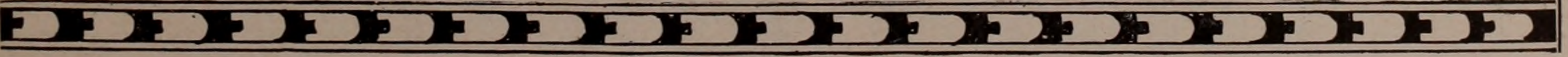
FANNIE WARD
(Lasky)



LOUISE HUFF (Famous Players)



WILLIAM
STOWELL
(Universal)





EDWARD EARLE

The Gentle Art of Make-Up

By PEGGY HYLAND
(The Popular English Beauty with Vitagraph)



M

AKE-UP! It is such a little word, isn't it? But what enormous possibilities it has!

Just think; a few lines and shadows on a face can alter it nearly

beyond recognition, and it is in itself a great art and a very difficult one, too.

I shall never forget my first screen make-up. Oh, it was so funny!—plenty of black round my eyes and red on my lips, and I actually used to spend about three-quarters of an hour beading my eyelashes, until they nearly reached my eyebrows. And I was very proud of my work when it was finished—until I saw it on the screen.

Then I had a shock. For, of course, it looked terribly overdone and artificial, and now, since I have learnt a little about it, I do it all very differently.

Shall I tell you just how I make up for the screen every day? Well, it is really very simple, compared with what I used to do.

First of all I get some good cream

on a cloth and rub it all over my face; then my stick of cream-colored grease-paint comes next, and I rub it on very evenly and smoothly as a groundwork. It looks so funny and white, until I put on soft, brown grease-paint as a shadow over my eyes, and a little lip-salve to color my lips. By that time I am all shiny and greasy, and then comes the welcome powder-puff.

It feels just ripping to get the powder on and begin to look fairly decent again. After that my eyelashes and eyebrows are darkened with some black stuff on a little brush, and the final touch comes with the ever-faithful black hairpin and a candle, with which implements I bead my eyelashes just enough to make them look nice and thick on the screen.

That is my daily make-up before acting for the camera, and I try to improve it every time I put it on. It doesn't sound very difficult, does it? But it isn't nearly so easy as it sounds, and the camera has such a searching eye; it sees every little line and shadow, so that one can't take any liberties nor play any pranks with it.

Do you know, I have a great respect

and a teeny little feeling of awe for the camera. It never says anything; it is just a wooden box with some little wheels inside and one winking eye of glass in front of it, but it misses nothing, I can assure you—not a single point, nor line, nor shadow—and so one feels it very necessary to take great trouble in order to try to please it.

One day I had to be an old lady, and I didn't know how to do it. So every one about was very kind, and they all tried to help me, and each one made little lines and marks on my face and hands—they need make-up, too—and by the time we were ready to take the picture, my poor face was quite wonderful to behold, and I was very anxious to see what the result would be.

However, I think the camera must have been extra good-tempered that day, because, when I saw myself on the screen, I was surprised and delighted to find my shadow-self looked quite splendid, and, of course, I was very grateful to my director and all the kind people who had helped me and given me my first little lesson in character make-up.



However, just as one swallow doesn't make a summer, so one lesson in make-up doesn't teach one everything about it—so I am still learning; and it is so interesting to see what different results one can get.

Do you know that the make-up one puts on for different characters actually helps one to *feel* like them? And it is my ambition to really live the parts I play and not only act them.

Of course the make-up we use for the screen is quite different from the one used on the stage. We might be called "the pale-faces," because we are so pale and white and, I am afraid, uninteresting-looking to the eye compared with the lovely, colored faces on the stage.

Whenever I go to the theater, which is as often as I can get there, I always think every one looks so lovely

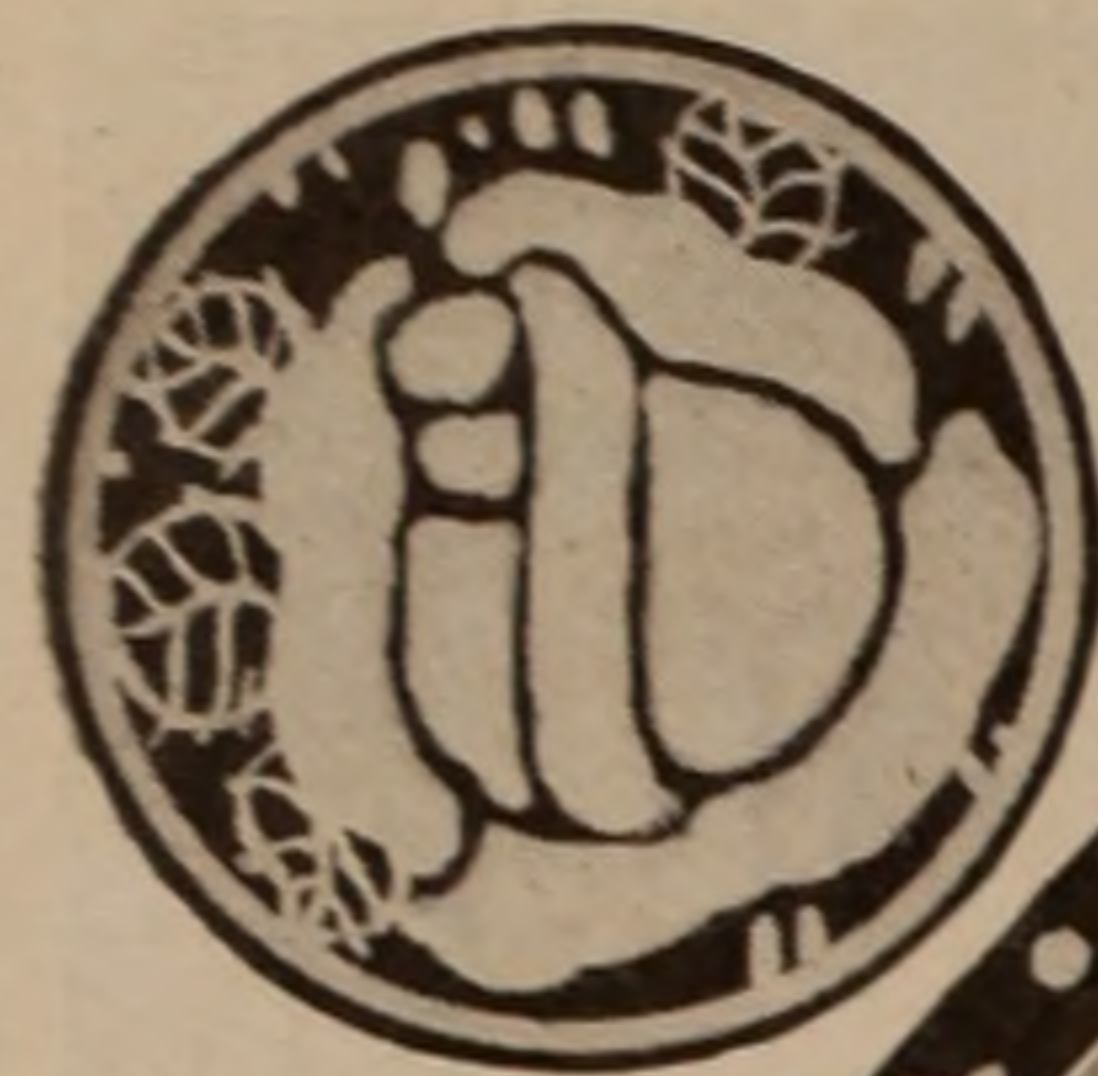
and fresh.

I was on the stage before I went into pictures, and have got all my pink, red, blue and nice-colored sticks of grease-paint put away safely in a box in case I ever want them again.

Of course the stage make-up takes much longer to put on than that used for the screen, on account of blending

in smoothly all the colors. I knew one girl who used to take nearly three-quarters of an hour making up her eyes, but they looked perfectly wonderful when they were finished. Then there is the make-up used for the street, et cetera; but we must only whisper about that. It can be very effective and mightily improves those it suits.

(Sixteen)



Miss
ve



found time to plan and superintend the building of a large suburban home at Douglas Manor, L. I., which, with its delightful environment, expresses their ideal of outdoor country life.

Everything they are interested in and like to do is found right at their door. Across the road is the diving-pier and the yacht-dock. Two superb golf-courses are near-by. The walks and drives are ideal. The house is built in a kind of cigar-box pattern, with a frontage of seventy feet. It resembles a perfect cigar-box, and the two wings smaller boxes. In the center is the great living-hall, with its immense log fireplace, and the walls hung with trophies of the owner's athletic exploits. One of the wings is reserved for the family sleeping-rooms, while the other will be for the convenience of week-end guests.

(Nineteen)

In private life Annette Kellermann is the least affected of her sex and profession—entirely free from the usual "actress-star" haughtiness and freaks of temper. She possesses the true modesty that knows no evil. Her lithe body is the instrument of her amazing athletic virtuosity, just as the pianist's fingers are the instruments of his skill. Her genuine love for natural, healthful activity is evidenced in everything that she says and does. From the time she forsook the career as violinist, which her mother, teacher of Melba, had mapped out for her in Australia—and took like a duck to the water—this penchant has been manifest.

And it is safe to say that Annette Kellermann will be the means of stimulating a greater desire for outdoor life and athletics for women—and many will find, thereby, the royal road to grace, beauty and abounding energy.

The paradoxical part of the Kellermann athletic chronicle is that as a child she was an almost hopeless cripple. "My baby-legs were badly deformed," she says, "and I had to wear leg-braces to correct the deformity. As I hobbled about—a frail and sickly child—no one thought that I would ever amount to anything, and even my fondest relations believed that I was not very long for this world.

I gradually began to improve, however. The braces helped to straighten my crooked limbs, and I found I could get about more easily and rapidly. At this

point the family doctor recommended swimming exercises to develop my frail underpinnings and facilitate the cure he had started. On his advice I was taken to Cavell's Baths. Here, somehow or other, in the course of a few lessons I learnt to swim. The limbs which had served me so ill on dry land found their true congenial element in the water. In Australia, by the way, swimming is by no means so infrequent an accomplishment as in the inland parts of America. On the contrary, it is the universal pastime enjoyed by both sexes and all ages.

"At the age of fifteen," reminisced Miss Kellermann, "I was the champion girl-swimmer of Australia. I had attained a fine physical development, and I enjoyed the output of bodily energy with every fiber of my being. Yes, it is true that mamma, devoted as she was to her artistic profession, wished to make a musician of me. I had a good singing voice, and I was an expert on the violin, having been brought up in the atmosphere of the conservatory, where musicianship was easy. Mother felt that I could win fame and fortune in the distant, more settled lands with the bow and strings. It was planned for me that I should go to Paris, her old home, and there be tutored to perfection by the best violin masters.

"But, almost before I knew it, I was doing professional swimming work in Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide. Such a demand arose for my exhibitions that, almost perforce, I cast aside the thought of musical fame."

"Aside from physique and skill, to what qualities do you mostly attribute your success?" the writer asked.

"Hard work, the never-say-die spirit, and the singular good fortune of being handled by able managements," she answered promptly. "Let me speak of the last-named first. In England my first sponsor before the public was the present Lord Northcliffe, at that time Alfred Harmsworth. His great newspapers staged my Thames and Channel swims as a publicity stunt and rewarded me both artistically and financially. Then Arthur Collins became interested, which resulted in an engagement at the leading London music-hall. That prince of showmen was, in fact, largely responsible for my touring success in Great Britain. Coming to America, I had the good fortune to work several years for the late B. F. Keith and his chain of theaters. My picture debut was in 'Neptune's Daughter,' following which William Fox accepted my plan of a fairy-like film spectacle, 'A Daughter of the Gods,' and now, lastly, Charles Dillingham has contracted with me for the Hippodrome. To these five men I owe the big opportunities of my life."

Modest, matter-of-fact Annette! There isn't an ounce of conceit in her nimble brain or her sinuously beautiful body. As she says, she is always *trying*. That of itself spells the difference betwixt success and failure.

~ ~ Popular Players &

A PICTURE-PLAYER who hasn't a pet these days is out of the running. There are those who affect weird creatures, like squeezey boa-constrictors, perfumed civet-cats and armored armadillos—a whole Noah's Ark of furry or scaly rascals—for sweet publicity's sake. And, again, there are others who have gotten acquainted with some of our friendlier fellow animals, and who get a good bit of fun and companionship out of them.

There is Claire Whitney, for instance, whose tiny marmoset is a close pal in her home as well as on tramps afield. Out in Los Angeles there are alternate gloom and joy in the home of Neva Gerber. It all depends upon the disposition of her thoroughbred bull, "Brutus," who, on temperamental days, starts a feud with neighbors' pet tabbies, and on good behavior days is the star's



NEVA GERBER FAVORS THE PARK SWANS



CLAIRE WHITNEY HAS A TINY MONKEY FOR A PET



RUTH ROLAND AND HER COLLIE

constant playmate on her trips to the park. They say it is a sight for the gods to see Ruth Roland, in summery white, frolic on her Long Beach lawns with her year-old collie. 'Tis

Their Pets By Richard Wallace



VIVIAN RICH AND HER NEWFOUNDLAND

a question for artists and athletes to decide which is the more alert. Young-blooded, graceful and just as pretty a picture are the prankish romps of Vivian Rich along the rough-cast coast with her Newfoundland.

No canine blue-book would be complete without mention of Charlotte Burton's Japanese spaniels, "Akita" and "Choshi"—mother and son. From humblest extra up to society queen, every one in Santa Barbara is on a bowing and patting acquaintance with the star and her woolly protégés.

You have got to be a lion-hearted girl to live in Seligville, where the jungle beasts devour three whole bullocks each and every day, and roar blood-shivering "defi's" to man and beast across the studio yard. A friend to them all is Vivian Reed.

(Twenty-one)



LION-HEARTED VIVIAN REED

She is not exactly the official manicure to the huge felines, and perhaps you don't know that they have to have their nails clipped even as you and I, and that they "take on" terribly during the process. It is then that Vivian, the lion-hearted, stands near-by and soothes the outraged paws. Even the lioness purrs complacently when Vivian fondles one of her cubs. Could a king convey a finer compliment?



CHARLOTTE BURTON AND HER JAPANESE SPANIELS



“Lassie Mary

of Killean”



IN this, her latest shadow-play, Mary Pickford is an appealing little figure in the rôle of Marget McTavish, the daughter of the clan chieftain. On the death of her father she bravely assumes his position, and her efforts to rule his people, as her father would want them ruled, are childishly pathetic.

There is an ancient law of the Clan McTavish that none of them shall mate with any one of English blood. Marget

finds her mate in one Jimmy O'Neil, “a braw laddie,” who is a fisherman in the village and a kinsman of the clan. There comes among them a woman who, to the simple-minded villagers, seems like a being from another world. To the ignorant, that which is strange is wicked. So the God-fearing, bigoted clansmen decide that the newcomer is wicked—a “scarlet woman”—and that she must be driven from the village.

How brave little Marget, in “The Pride of the Clan,” with her wistful, flower-like face, solves the problems that beset her beloved clan; how the “scarlet woman” is vindicated and the ancient law set aside by the leader of the clan, and how, once more, the sun of love and happiness shines upon the Lass of Killean—is all told in broad Scotch in a narrow little Highland village, “somewhere in the land of heather and plaids.”

"Stingaree" Forever

A Player and a Part That Have Become Inseparable—With a Look at True Boardman's Mail

By ROBERT E. WELSH



AREN'T you ever going to be anything but 'Stingaree'?" we asked True Boardman.

"Not if I listen to the fans," he replied, with a laugh. "They wont be satisfied when I play any part but 'Stingaree.' And besides, I dont know as I have ever liked any part better. Yes, I guess I'm pretty well satisfied to keep right on being 'Stingaree' forever."

We sat in the comfortable dressing-room that is allotted to True Boardman at the Kalem Glendale studio in California. My remark had come following a silence of five minutes as I watched the player make up before starting the day's work in the studio. I use the term "make up," but, truth to tell, there is little of make-up to it, for True Boardman, as you see him on the screen in "Stingaree," is little different from the True Boardman that my camera had snapped the day before as he mowed the lawn of his Glendale bungalow.

"You're right," he responded, as I commented on this fact. "There are just the soft woolen shirt, the corduroy trousers and leggings, and I am 'Stingaree.' Add to that the ever-present monocle, and my make-up is finished. That was why I didn't know whether to feel flattered or the reverse when the author, E. W. Hornung, wrote that I was just the personification of the gentleman outlaw he had pictured when he wrote the 'Stingaree' stories. Still, I suppose I should feel complimented, for 'Stingaree,' with all his faults, is a jovial, human fellow and the fans surely do like him."

Which brought us back to the question that opened this chat. "Do you know," said Boardman, "I dont believe it's me they like at all, it's just that good-natured villain 'Stingaree.' Honestly, it sometimes gives me a creepy feeling to read the letters from the fans, and feel that they are not talking to me at all, but are addressing the mythical character of the stories. They have got me to feeling that there is a real 'Stingaree'—that I have two identities.

"That was the way I felt when the original 'Stingaree' series came to an end. I felt as tho I were saying good-by to an old friend. But I found that many of the letter-writing fans who

liked 'Stingaree' as well as I did continued with me thru 'The Girl from Frisco' and their letters seemed to give me some sort of connection with the picturesque outlaw.

"Then I heard that the Kalem Company was making a strong effort to



TRUE BOARDMAN IN
"STINGAREE"

induce Mr. Hornung to write another series of stories about the Australian bush-ranger. It seemed impossible that the effort would be successful, for I could not imagine an internationally known author of the standing of the creator of 'Raffles' writing a series of original stories for the screen. But one day the good news came that he had consented. They tell me that it was only after Mr. Hornung had been given a private exhibition of the twelve pictures in the first series adopted from his short stories, that he agreed to write the new stories.

"My joy over the good news seems to have been shared by the fans, if I

may judge by their letters. And now, as you see, we are hard at work on the second edition of 'Stingaree.'"

"I imagine from the way you refer to it that you take considerable interest in the mail you receive from your followers," I said.

"All players do," was Boardman's reply. "You can find encouragement, occasionally a valuable bit of advice, and always something of interest in your mail. And it is especially inspiring when you are playing in a series like 'Stingaree' to know that hundreds of fans are watching every move and action of the character. Then, you frequently get a real good laugh out of your mail. Read this letter that I received this morning."

It was an indignant letter. "If you dont stop making up to look just like me," said the writer, "I'll have you arrested. I wont have myself made ridiculous before my friends by your imitating me on the screen. I dont know what your real name is, but if I did I would probably know your reason for seeking to make a fool of me."

We joined in a hearty laugh. "I'll have to write him today," said Mr. Boardman, "and assure him that I do not make up at all to appear on the screen.

And I am really anxious to know what he means by that word 'ridiculous.' It's a sort of left-handed compliment, isn't it?"

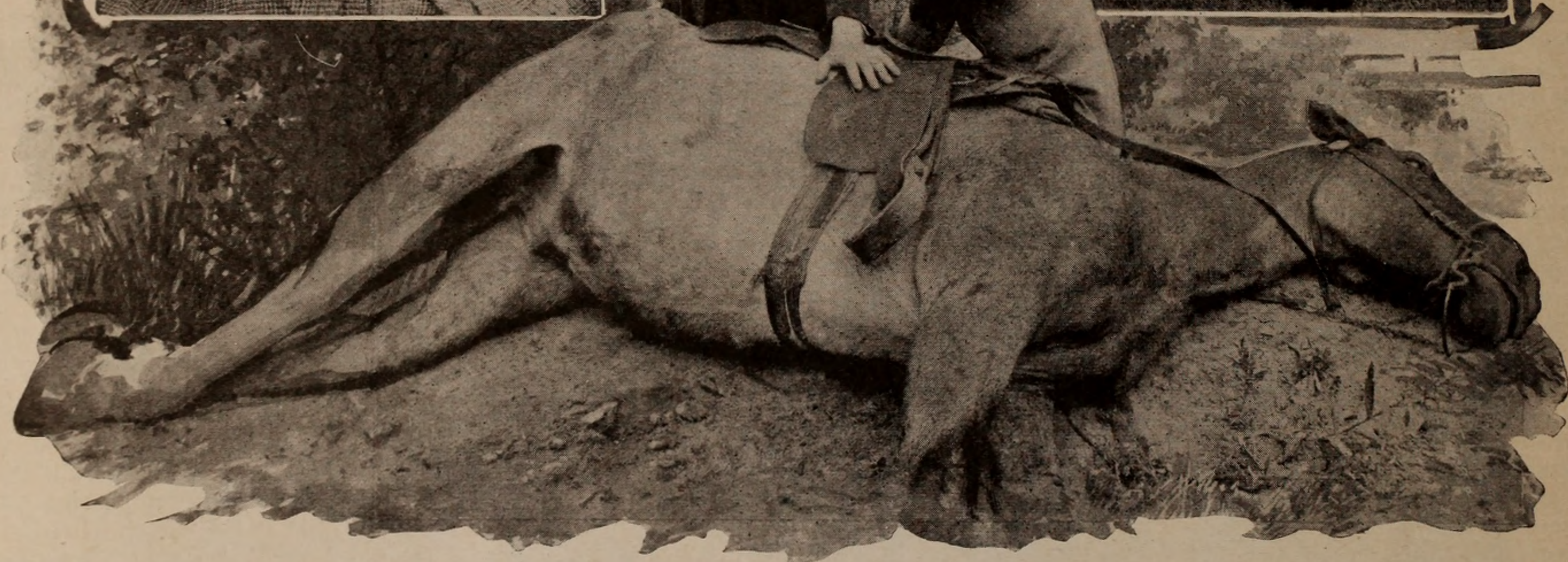
We glanced over a few more of the letters. There were a number received while the player was appearing in "The Girl from Frisco."

"Why did you stop being 'Stingaree'?" said one. "I know you are a very nice hero in 'The Girl from Frisco,' but I

do wish you would give us some more of 'Stingaree.'" Another writer wanted to know if he were the same player as had appeared in the series by E. W. Hornung. "I know it is the same name," read his letter. "But I dont see how you could be a villain like 'Stingaree' and now be a hero. Of course, 'Stingaree' was an outlaw like Robin Hood, who tried to do good, but he was a bad man just the same."

It's a fascinating task, this going thru a screen-player's mail. Most of the letters are just gushy notes of praise, with the never-failing request for a photograph. A few contain querulous complaints over some trivial incident, while some unburden their troubles and

TRUE BOARDMAN AT
HOME AND AS
"STINGAREE" WITH
MARIN SAIS



ask for advice just as if they were life-long friends of the player.

"I try to answer all my letters," said Mr. Boardman. "But the hardest of all to answer are the ones who seek to know the secret by which they may enter the pictures. The girls are not alone in this; there are quite a number of young men who tell you the reasons they must get positions in the pictures, and place the entire responsibility of getting them there on your shoulders.

"The fans don't seem to realize how terribly overcrowded the picture field is right now. If they only could see the number of capable actors and actresses seeking for the same chance that they want. But they seem to imagine that there is some short-cut by which they can overcome the lack of experience and knowledge that they would naturally expect to be required in any other vocation. It is difficult to answer their letters

and make them feel that you sympathize with them while you are trying to be honest and clear and not create any false hopes.

"Here's a rather pathetic little letter that I received the other day. It has taken me two or three days to make up my mind just how to answer it." He tossed me a letter written on a small sheet of note-paper in a wavering hand.

"I live here in Randallsburg with my aunt," it opened. "I have no one else in the world and I do have to work terribly hard. I wish that I could get in the movies, for I see that the girls there all have fine clothes and they seem very happy. Often when I sleep I dream that I am a Moving Picture star, and I know I do just as well as them girls. My aunt is not always kind to me, but I guess she can't help it, 'cause we ain't got much money and it's pretty hard. Maybe if I could become a star I could

get her a fine house and she wouldn't have to work no more. I seen you in a picture the other night, and I just know you are kind and will help me. Wont you?"

"It's going to be hard to answer that letter," said Mr. Boardman as I finished my reading. "But I will do my best, and perhaps I will succeed in putting in a word of encouragement that will smoothen out some of the worries of my little friend and dry the tears that I am sure will well up from her discouraged heart.

"But from the way she speaks of 'Auntie' I imagine she is just the sort of girl who will grit her teeth, clench her little fists, and go right ahead and find her happiness—and find it right in Randallsburg. We players have a responsibility—friend and adviser to every one. Don't you think so, too?"

I'll leave it to you readers of MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC.

Truthful Tulliver

(Ince-Triangle)

By DOROTHY DONNELL

This story was written from the Photoplay of J. G. HAWKS

I COULD wish," complained Silver Lode Thompson, not without bitterness, as he removed a half-inch deposit of alkali dust from the type-font, "that the surface of Arizona was considerable more permanent, as it were." He squinted anxiously among the jumbled compartments of type. "Tulliver, you'll have to change your motto; there aren't but two Old English capital T's in this prehistoric ruin. How about 'Honesty is the Best Policy'? I got lots of H's and P's."

"The Truth, the Whole Truth, and Nothing But the Truth," said Tulliver, firmly. The gentle voice came with surprising effect from the mighty frame humped over the battered table on the other side of the room. "A Roman letter will do, but the motto goes."

"In Glory Hole, telling the truth about

a man means insulting him," grumbled the staff of the new weekly, slapping a stick of type onto the press with practiced hand—"not that I'm fussy about how I shuffle off this mortal coil, y' understand, but you're too young and beautiful to die—"

"Come here, Silver." Tulliver waved an excited hand. His friend regarded the lean, grim face with a silent groan. There was trouble brewing when Truthful Tulliver clamped his jaws in that determined fashion. Gingerly, Silver examined the dingy memorandum in the editor's hand.

"Subjects for the First Month's Editorials," he read aloud: "Shall Gin Govern Glory Hole? Suffering cats! You dont need to plan any more issues if you lead off with that. We'll be just about as popular as two tom-cats singing to the moon at three A. M. Reform is all right; but couldn't you begin sort of easy and gradually work up—say a protest against the habit of wearing spurs

to bed, or something not quite so radical?"

"No!" It was as near a shout as Tulliver ever came. A newcomer, who had just pushed open the office door, paused, startled, on the threshold, as the big man brought down his fist in a blow that nearly demolished the crazy old table. "If the truth about a man cant be known and published freely, he isn't the kind of citizen a town wants, and he'd better leave!"

"You're not planning to depopulate Glory Hole, I hope!" said the newcomer, pleasantly. His tone and the outstretched hand he offered Tulliver were cordial, but there was a cold, unfriendly expression in the eyes above the flashing smile. "My name is York Cantrell," he explained, as they shook hands—"not a native, but my mine is expatriating me from the East for a while. And so you're planning a truthful newspaper, Mr. Tulliver? Well, you'll need a lot of nerve to succeed; we're a bit shy and



"WE'LL BE JUST AS POPULAR AS TWO TOM-CATS SINGING AT THREE A. M."

sensitive about our little failings in Glory Hole!"

For reply, Tulliver laid a hand on the well-tailored shoulder and swerved him about, facing the dirt-crusted window.

"Look at it," he bade him sternly; "it's a town to be proud of, isn't it?—a cluster of wretched shacks huddled about that great barracks of a dance-hall-saloon. What kind of a chance is there for community pride and civic responsibility in a place without library, or school, or church, and with the owner of a saloon

neither to the right nor the left, while the younger girl danced along with the restless glances and conscious airs of the coquette. The same differences spoke in their hair and dress—the one trimly smooth and soberly arranged, the other all flying curls and fluttering ruffles.

Tulliver turned abruptly to Cantrell.

"Who are those girls?" he asked, "and what in Heaven's name are they doing in this rough place?"

"They're the Burton sisters." Cantrell did not quite meet the other's eyes.

"Quite a Sir Galahad, your friend!" he remarked to the silent compositor, with a barely perceptible sneer; "but you'd better advise him to reconsider his Carrie Nation designs on the Forty Rod Saloon, yonder. Of course I don't know who the proprietor is, but he might—just possibly *might*—feel hurt at having his means of livelihood taken away."

Silver Lode Thompson went on sorting commas and semicolons without reply, unless a grunt might be termed an answer. But with the click of the latch



TULLIVER TOOK A "SOCIAL" GLASS WITH HIMSELF NOW AND THEN

taking in all the money that is made and spent in the town——" The words trailed suddenly. He leaned forward, staring out of the window with incredulous eyes. Cantrell, following his gaze, gave a slight start, biting his lip in annoyance.

Along the single, dusty street of the town two girls were hurrying. They were plainly sisters, and both were pretty; but there was a noticeable difference in character to be read in the way they carried themselves. The older of the two moved with a swift, anxious step, looking

The group of loafers gathered before the saloon had stopped the girls and were laughing loudly over some witticism that set Grace's lip quivering. Tulliver's great fists clenched. Without a word, he snatched up his hat and bolted from the room.

York Cantrell saw him descend upon the jeering loafers and push the ring-leader away from their victims with one flail-like sweep of his long arm. An ugly look tightened the skin about his mouth, as he watched Tulliver speaking to the girls, deferential hat in hand.



"HOW SOON DO WE RUN THAT OUT OF TOWN?"

"Grace is the older one; the other is Daisy, I believe. Their father is the superintendent of my mine."

"But girls—*here!*" protested Tulliver. A dull flush ran under the dark skin. "Look at that, now! Shameful!"

behind the visitor's departing back, he raised grimy hands and beat his brow eloquently.

"Ol' man Trouble's a-knockin' at de do," he chanted; "and now—petticoats! And our little friend from New Haven, Connecticut, with the kollege-kut klotches, don't seem to love us over 'n' above a whole lot, either. Aw, well, what do I care?"

Before the bar of the Forty Rod, Tulliver stood at this moment, whisky-glass in hand. He was not a drinker, but he could drink, upon occasion, as much as another man, and this was one of the occasions. He wanted information, and the bartender, a filmy-eyed man with a sad, rabbit chin, was the best one to give it to him.

"You seem to do a good business," he remarked genially, nodding at the impressive display of bottles and glass that stretched down the entire line of shelving. "I expect the fellow who runs this place is getting rich hand over fist."

"The deacon?" The bartender closed

one eye significantly. "Oh, the deacon is getting his little rake-off, but he isn't the main guy, buh-lieve me! There's a man higher up, 's they say——"

Tulliver set down his empty glass and leaned forward eagerly. "Do you know his name?" Instantly the bartender's face lost all semblance of expression.

"Sure," he replied amiably. "It's old Astor V. Rockabilt himself," and he began to polish glasses, whistling a derisive tune.

"All right," said Tulliver, cheerfully,

"He's ambitious for trouble, all right," gloomed York Cantrell, "but hanged if you cant help admiring the fellow for his nerve. However, if he gets too nosey——"

He touched his hip significantly. They exchanged winks, and the hoary-headed deacon gave a hoarse chuckle. "I see him shining up to Daisy and Grace," he prodded the other's ribs with a meaning thumb; "maybe you've got a pair of old shoes he could wear convenient—a parting shot, hey? Haw! haw! haw!"

And perhaps no Presidential message ever received the attention or created the stir that Tulliver's editorial produced. It occupied the entire first page, and the headlines were as large as the job lot of type in the *Clarion's* cases afforded. They announced boldly:

DEACON DOYLE MUST GO!

GLORY HOLE'S SINK SPOTS MUST BE PURIFIED!
IF THE MANAGER OF THE FORTY ROD
SALOON IS CAT'S PAW FOR ANOTHER,
HE, TOO, MUST GO!



"THAT'S WHAT WOMEN WERE BORN FOR—TO BE HOMES FOR MEN"

"but his name on a piece of paper can be cashed for a hundred any day at my office, if you should ever run short of small change."

He tossed a quarter into his glass and strode out of the saloon, a virile, vital sort of figure that drew the glance like a magnet. Two pairs of gloomy eyes followed his going. "H—ll!" growled Deacon Doyle, in disgust. "How soon do we run that out of town?"

(Twenty-seven)

Slow red oozed over Cantrell's sullen face. "Keep out of my affairs, will you?" he snarled, but his eyes, under lowering lids, were filled with the shame of a thief caught with the goods.

The first issue of the *Glory Hole Clarion* came out within the week and had a quick and gratifying sale. There was not a copy to be bought ten minutes after the first one appeared in the saloon.

"It is splendid—*splendid!*" Grace Burton told Tulliver, as he stopped before her gate that afternoon, "but you—you frighten me a little!"

"Why?" asked Tulliver, quietly. He leaned forward on his horse's neck, watching the girl's upturned face with a straight, level gaze. It was a face, he thought, with a little stir of his heart, worth watching—a face to trust, and remember, and like. He had not realized how

much he had come to rely on her opinion in the few days he had known her, but now he awaited her answer with a strange sense of expectation. "Why do I frighten you?"

"Because you do not seem to know enough to be frightened for yourself," she said thoughtfully. "There are bad men in this town—desperate men to oppose. And you are so direct, so smashingly honest! There will be trouble. They will try to hurt you——" She shuddered slightly. He caught the tiny ghost of a movement, and suddenly he knew how much he had wanted her to care. He had been a lonely man all his life. Fighters make enemies; they have no time to win friends; but now it was strangely as tho he had been homesick always and had come home.

"There are good men in this town, too," he answered, hardly conscious of what he was saying in his fear lest he might speak mad things. "Your father—Mr. Cantrell——"

He paused, disturbed by the sudden change in the girl's expression at the name. Her eyes fell, and a deep pallor ran like a blush across her smooth young cheeks.

"I'll be careful," he said abruptly, gathering the reins in clenched fingers; "but if they get me—well, I've always hoped I'd go with my boots on—*fighting!*"

He wheeled his horse with a jerk that brought the animal rearing to his hind feet, and sprang away down the road, his heart choking him with the turmoil of differing emotions within. Could it be that she cared for Cantrell? Yet she had feared for *his* safety. He set his strong jaw grimly.

"I've got my job to think of—the job of cleaning up this town!" he muttered. "That's what men were born for—their *jobs*. But when it's over, then, perhaps—a great throb of longing shook him—"if I could go to her, for that's what women were born for—to be homes for men to go to when the day's work is done——"

Silver Lode Thompson glanced up casually, as his chief entered the office a little later. "Well, the returns have begun to come in," he said cheerily. He jerked a flat, black thumb at a piece of wrapping paper tossed on the table. "That billet-doux was pinned to the door when I came back from lunch. It seems to be a kind of 'At Home' invite——"

Tulliver read in his smooth voice:

I'll be waiting in the saloon at ten tomorrow. If you've got anything to say about me, you can say it then; but no d—n pen-pusher's goin' to run me out of town.

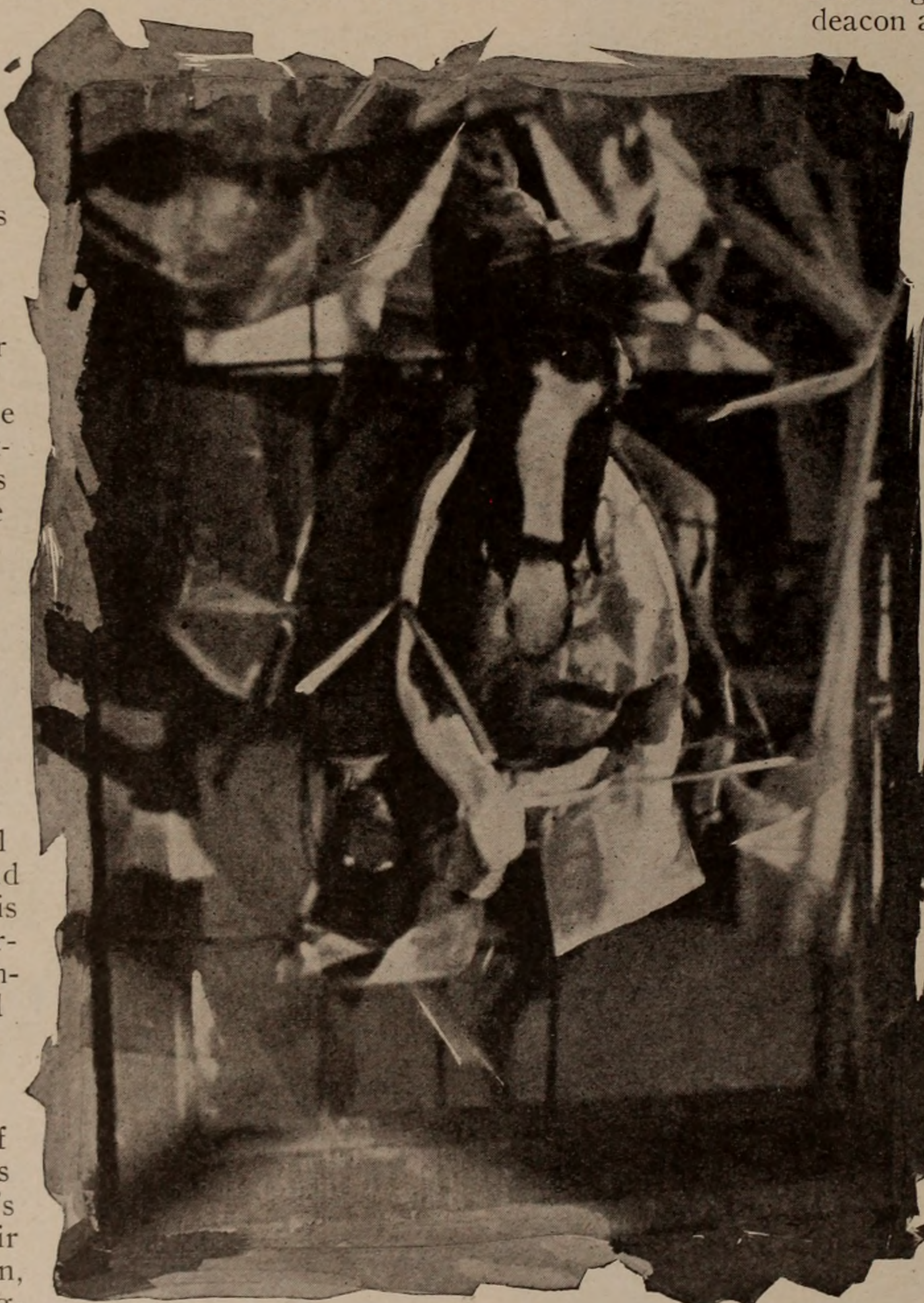
PETE DOYLE.

He tossed the paper contemptuously aside, lips set in a grim line.

"Four o'clock, Silver!" he consulted his watch; "there isn't much time, but we'll hustle lively, and I guess it can be done——"

"What can be done?" Silver Lode's face was wooden. He went on methodically picking out type.

Truthful Tulliver laughed joyfully. "Life looks a little bit uncertain after ten o'clock tomorrow," he explained, "so we're going to get out our second issue of the *Clarion* tonight, and it's going to be some issue, my son!" He put on his hat and turned toward the door.



TRUTHFUL TULLIVER RODE STRAIGHT THRU THE WINDOW

"Is news so scarce that you're going to commit a murder to adorn the front page?" queried Silver Lode, in patient sarcasm, "or where *are* you going?"

"To interview a gentleman who has information I need," said Tulliver, mildly. He opened the drawer of the table, took out a revolver and thrust it conspicuously into his belt. "Some journalists prefer a fountain pen, but in this case the gun is mightier than the pen. So long!"

When he returned, his eyes were shining with the holy light of the reporter who has found out something he is not supposed to know. He took off his coat, flung it across the room, and seized his pencil.

"A scoop! A darned big scoop, Silver!" he proclaimed. "Eastern papers, please copy! Dig out your biggest capitals, beloved squid, and set up what I'll have for you. But leave a vacant column on the second page——"

His voice trailed vaguely; already his pencil was moving rapidly over the paper.

"A vacant column? What for?" growled Silver Lode.

"My obituary!" said Truthful Tulliver, with a grin.

The hands of the Forty Rod clock pointed to five minutes of ten, the next morning, as York Cantrell joined the deacon at the bar.

"See here," he began querulously; "what are you going to do to Tulliver? I wont stand for his being killed. If you must shoot, scare him a little—that's all."

"I'll spoil that silly grin of his!" said the deacon, fiercely. "You'd better let me make it a good job. Scare him? That kind wont scare! Then, before you know it, he'll get something on you, and your fine friends back home 'll get onto what kind of *mining* business you've put their money into, and then——"

The crash of glass cut short his words, and both men whirled as Truthful Tulliver rode on horseback straight thru a gaping hole in the big windows of the saloon. Jaw-slack, they gazed at him, too stupefied to move.

"Well, gentlemen," said Tulliver pleasantly, pointing to the clock, "you see, I'm just on time!"

He took off his revolver and flung it crashing thru the bottles of the bar. Then he turned to York Cantrell.

"In ten minutes the second edition of the *Clarion* will be out," he said curtly, "and it will give the name of the man who secretly owns the Forty Rod Saloon, and it will tell where he got the money to invest in this profitable way."

Cantrell's heavy face was flooded with the purple blood of rage. His hand flashed to his hip and stayed there, tightly pinioned to his side. Beside him the deacon struggled, in a similar coil of rope, with shrill squeals of dismay.

"It's always well for an editor, especially a truthful one, to know how to throw a lasso!" remarked Tulliver, calmly. He gathered the ropes firmly in his hand. "I'm going to conduct you two gentlemen out onto the plains," he explained in his soft voice. "I'll head you toward the nearest railroad, ten miles away, and, if I were you, I'd *stay* headed that way. Mr. Cantrell needn't be anxious about his property, for I'm going to

buy it of him for a town hall. Now start moving, and keep moving, and, if you're real polite and say 'please' pretty, maybe I'll give you a copy of the *Clarion* to read on the way!"

It was dusk when Tulliver rode back into Glory Hole. When they saw the tall, lean figure on his horse coming around the water-tank, the crowd of miners gathered in the square raised a ringing cheer. With the instinct of the mob they recognized their leader, and Tulliver knew, as he saw their cordial,

"York Cantrell!" she moaned. "Where is he?"

Tulliver's lean face went quite gray. But it was characteristic of the man that he did not waste time with his own pain.

"Cantrell is very nearly at the next railroad station by now," he said directly.

She gave a cry of horror. "Then he is going away? He will never come back? Dear God, what shall I do——"

She swayed, would have fallen, but he caught her in his arms. The pressure of her soft, warm body was almost more than he could bear. He laid her gently

single, crooked street two hours later. They were both walking and leading the fagged horse by his bridle-rein. The white dust of the plains covered their clothes, and they moved stiffly, as though they were weary to the bone.

A light shone dimly thru the dirt-crusted office window. At the door Tulliver turned to the other man, his jaw set in a stern line under the drawn skin.

"There's a priest over in the hollow," he said grimly. "I'm going to send Silver Lode for him, and when he comes



"I CANT THANK YOU—THERE AREN'T WORDS TO DO IT IN"

upturned faces, felt the rough good-will of their hands, that they were his to fashion into the splendid, self-respecting community of his dreams.

He was very happy, as he opened the door of the shabby little newspaper office, and so wrapt up in his pleasant imaginings that at first he did not notice her at all. Then a low sob drew his startled eyes toward the slim figure shrinking in the gloom. In one stride he was at her side.

"Grace!" he cried, all bewildered—*Grace!*

She caught his sleeve with frenzied fingers that left their slender mark on his skin.

(Twenty-nine)

on the old, leather lounge that he himself used for a bed at night.

"Dont grieve," he said steadily; "be here in an hour, and I will have him back, if I possibly can. I did not know—he meant so much to you——"

He stooped an instant and laid his lips on her warm, sweet hair. Then he turned, without another glance or word, and a moment later the girl heard the clatter of his horse's feet on the hard-baked alkali.

The moon was drenching the world with a soft, pale glory, turning the squalid little town into an enchanted place, when Tulliver and Cantrell came down the

you're going to marry that little girl that's crying her heart out for you in there. I'm not asking any questions; I dont want to know anything; but there's one thing you may as well know right now. After you're married you're going to straighten up, and live decent, and make her happy, or you'll answer for it to me!"

The other man's face was quivering. "So help me God, I will," he said slowly, "if you'll—just be my—friend and lend a hand——"

In the dingy little office two figures were waiting. One of them sprang forward into Cantrell's arms with a cry of joy.

(Continued on page 68)

"The Individuality Girl"

The Knack of Doing Things Differently—Dancing, Dress-Designing, Posing, Acting—Has Brought the Laurels to Her Brow and the Shekels to Her Purse

By HECTOR AMES



IRENE CASTLE, "The Individuality Girl," has earned her title all by herself. Born in New Rochelle, and married, at eighteen, to an English chorus-man in a highly diverting musical-comedy, her individuality has, in five short years, made her one of the most famous and well-known women in America.

She has always been original—often daring in her ideas. She designs all her own frocks, and, as can be seen from the accompanying illustrations, they are distinctly original and pretty. The gray frock, at the left, quaintly suggests the nun-like garments of a French Sister of Mercy. No woman but Irene Castle could so swathe her head in folds of white Georgette crêpe and still retain her title as a pretty woman. The average woman would look as if she were suffering from an attack of headache and toothache, while Mrs. Castle merely looks distinctive.

When she married Vernon Castle they were, as she says, "as poor as church mice." But, being an individuality girl, that worried the little bride not a whit. She merely resumed her interest in dancing, and, with the aid of her husband, designed a number of pretty, unusual and intricate steps and dances. She took up dances not usually welcomed in polite society—considered really vulgar, for the greater part—and, thru her own ingenuity and cleverness, refined them and made them so attractive that New York and London smart sets tumbled over themselves to become pupils of the Castles.

At first, these dances and their pretty exponent were confined to hotel ball-rooms, and then an astute theatrical manager discovered that this slim little woman would be an asset to Broadway. So, with very little preparation, Irene Castle danced into "Watch Your Step" in a way that made her, instantly, one of the biggest acting-hits on Broadway. After a highly successful season in this comedy, Mrs. Castle had an offer to dance her way into Filmland.

When she first signed a contract with the International Company, to play "Patria" in the preparedness serial of that name, the company had a great deal of trouble getting her to pose for photographs. She resented the suggestions of the photographer, which are more like commands; she disliked the poses he asked her to assume; and, being merely a bundle of nerves contained in a slim, fragile body, every séance with a photographer ended in hysterics and nervous excitement that prevented her working for a day or so. Finally, the publicity

manager arranged Mrs. Castle be her own poses and word of suggestion Mrs. Castle had posed ready for the picture, word, the cam blinked — and

with a photographer that allowed to suggest costumes. Not one was given. When herself and was she gave the era's shutter that was all!

Mr. Shakespeare Was a Poor Scenario Writer

By E. H. SOTHERN



SHORTLY after it became known that I intended appearing before the Motion Picture camera, many people asked me which of Shakespeare's plays I intended to select. Almost without exception they expressed surprise when I declared that I did not intend to appear in any Shakespearian play in Motion Pictures. Naturally I was asked for reasons.

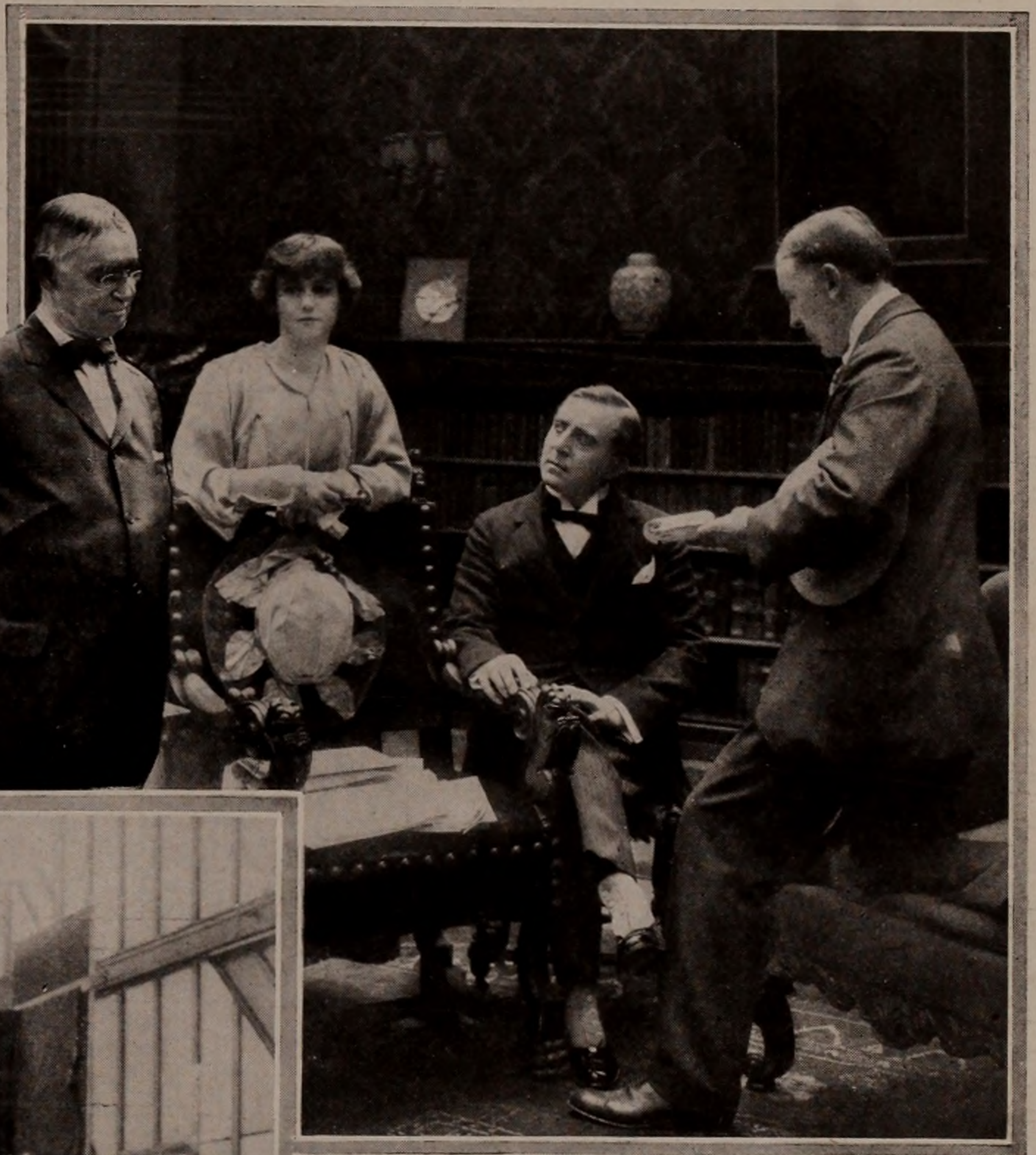
Much as I admire the genius of William Shakespeare as a playwright, I do not think he ever wrote a great scenario. I mean that his plays, as he wrote them, are not, to my mind, adapted for really high-class Motion Picture production. Furthermore, I believe that the average Motion Picture editor would turn down Mr. Shakespeare's manuscripts on the instant, because of the fact that the great Bard of Avon was not aware of either photographic limitations or possibilities when he wrote his works.

Shakespeare, to be sure, sought and attained the artistic, but the element of action as it applied to Motion Pictures was, if discernible at all, only partly defined in even his most spectacular plays, because he wrote with the limitations of the stage always in mind. The great thoughts he amplified in words will some day be picturized, no doubt,

movies. Let me set myself right, however, with regard to my opening statement about Shakespearian plays and the pictures. I want it distinctly understood that I do not mean to say that these classics are too elevated for the minds of the Motion Picture spectators. The fact that the big feature pictures like "The Birth of a Nation," and others, have managed to thrill

MELVILLE STONE

DIRECTOR THOMPSON



PEGGY HYLAND

E. H. SOTHERN



E. H. SOTHERN

J. STUART BLACKTON

E. H. SOTHERN

STUDIO SCENES DURING THE FILMING OF "AN ENEMY TO THE KING" (VITAGRAPH)

thousands is proof positive that the great classics can be produced in pictures and that those who see them have taste and refinement.

The script is the thing I have in mind. Shakespearian works in their original construction do not make suitable scenarios, and to rewrite them would take too much of "Shakespeare" out of them. These, you might say, are the variety of reasons for my not wishing to be seen in Shakespeare's plays in Motion Pictures.

I do not pretend to know much about the movies, but have seen enough of the methods employed to realize that there are so many other plays better adapted for the screen that it would be unwise to attempt Shakespeare.

I know that, at any rate, Movie-land is not one of those countries" from whose bourne no traveller returns." It has been an adventure for me in a way, still nothing absolutely new, for since I first saw my father in the plaid trousers and side-whiskers of "Lord Dundreary," I have

when the right man comes to work them over into the form that the photoplay requires.

But I shall not play Shakespeare for the screen, much as I should like to do so, for the simple reason that I fear Shakespeare's productions are not yet ripe for popular favor in the

inhaled the fragrance of paint and crêpe hair and the fun of part and play is as much a part of my life as the pulse of my heart. I find playing before the camera is the same in many important respects as playing before an audience, altho the three screen plays in which I have acted call for entirely different rôles.

The King of

By GERTRUDE



BETWEEN the woes of having his name misspelled constantly, denying accusations that he is a dope-fiend, and the strenuous work of playing the wonderful feature films of the

Lasky film company, in which he thrills millions of Moving Picture fans, Tully Marshall's life is anything but a bed of roses, successful star that he is.

Long before the films claimed him in "dope" rôles, Mr. Marshall had sent scores of women into hysterics and men to the nearest bar to recover from the effects of his marvelous portrayal of the morphinist, Haddock, in that gruesome play, "The City." Before that he had gotten on the nerves of hundreds of audiences as

Joe Brooks in "Paid in Full." So well did he present

talented wife, Marion Fairfax, the well-known dramatist who herself contributes no small fame to the family name, Mr. Marshall is simply a "regular fellow," not at all eccentric, rather quiet, with a tremendous fund of effective humor, and thoroly interested in and ready to talk about any of his favorite sports—golf, motoring, horseback riding, swimming, even tennis and walking. He does not like to hunt.

"Can't see any use in killing something just to show that you can," is his terse dismissal of an invitation to any such "party." He would sooner walk out into the great woods near his home and make friends with the wild things than chase them to kill them.

When he is not outdoors, or working in the studios, he is reading, and of this recreation he says he cannot seem to

get enough. The amount of reading Mr. Marshall has done is remarkable. Just now he is giving the classics a thorough perusal, "and finding something new and good almost on every page," he said enthusiastically.

His vigorous appearance would lead one to think he might follow a regular line of exercise—diet, rest, and sleeping rules. "But I don't," he said, when I asked him. "I am fifty-two years old and have held my health this far without rules and regulations—other than living as I desire and keeping my desires within reasonable and healthful bounds. So why change my habits now?"

Reverting to the strange ideas people in general have regarding the relation of himself, the real man, to his work, he said, in a talk given not long ago, "My whole life seems to have settled itself into pretending to the public I am one sort of person, some abnormality, and in disprop-

TULLY MARSHALL
IN "THE
DEVIL'S
NEEDLE"



AS A PARIS APACHE
IN "A CHILD OF THE
PARIS STREETS"
(TRIANGLE)

the character of this irritable, dissatisfied young husband, that, when people would meet him personally, they expected him to be the same sort of person he appeared to be on the stage. When he first appeared in films he had a monopoly on drug-using rôles, but now he also is being cast for heroes and "comics." But still his best work seems to be in his picturizations of some weird conception of human nature or distorted characterization of human appetite.

Meeting Tully Marshall in the midst of his home-life, in the company of his

ing this in private. I know people say I am a dope-fiend and that I have spent weeks in sanitariums learning how to act 'dope' parts. But that is not true. I honestly can say that in all my life I never took 'dope' of any kind, not even medically, and never, to my knowledge,

(Thirty-two)

Dope-Fiends

GORDON

have I seen a man under the influence of any drug; neither have I ever seen any person take any kind of 'dope.' I study these weird parts as I would study any stage rôle, whether it be a romantic lover, a benevolent old man, a priest, or a blind man. In any rôle I undertake, I faithfully study everything connected with it. The pictures of these drug-using creatures I play build themselves up in my brain as I think them over and what they would do. Acting is imagination put to use.

"But the realism of these characters I have put on the screen has done some good. I have received thousands of letters from persons who have seen my work on the stage and in the films, and they have told me how they had been awakened to the horror of the drug habit. While and since I played Hannock in 'The City,' at least one hundred persons have sent me word or told me personally

that they were cured of using different kinds of 'dope' after they had seen that portrayal. One woman wrote and said she had been cured of smoking cigarettes. People sometimes write, giving

me instructions how to break off the habit, which they suppose has gripped me. I even have had physicians offer to treat me. On the street people stare at and, I know, sometimes pity me. Yet, personally, I know nothing of the effects of any kind of drug.

"As to my name," here he laughed heartily, "I chose the 'Marshall,' but 'Tully' was my mother's maiden name, and she gave it to me, never dreaming how she was afflicting



MAE MARSH



FAY
TINCHER



me. Some people call me 'Tooley.' Others, seeing the name in a newspaper, directory or magazine, jump to the conclusion that I am a fair representative of femininity, instead of a cigar-smoking, shaving, occasionally swearing specimen of masculinity. As a result, I always am well supplied with samples of powder, perfumes, hair-curlers, candies and cold creams; and advertisements are showered on me for garters, corsets, pneumatic devices for reduction, complexion masks, hair dyes, and articles of many kinds, made of wood, silk, rubber, steel, paper, wire and other materials—articles the use of which I have not the slightest idea. And as to addresses they almost turn my hair gray. I get mail addressed to Miss Tully, Miss Lully, Miss Lala, Miss Tilly, Miss Trilby, Miss Lilly, Miss Tralala Marshall. Only the other day there came a new horror—'Miss Tyllly Marshall.' I defy even the person who wrote that to say it."

Since his childhood, Mr. Marshall has leaned toward the stage. When he was a boy, he formed dramatic companies, charging two pins for admission. He was born April 3, 1865, in Nevada City, California. His father was William Lemen Phillips, a direct descendant of that Augustin Phillips who was a member of the company of players to which William Shakespeare belonged. His mother—"Well," he says of her, "she was an angel, nothing less. From the time I could talk I was that pest—a 'piece-speaking' child. My mother had bright visions of me as a shining light in the pulpit, or at the bar (which, truth to tell, I have reached, intermittently), or even as an auctioneer. She never thought of the stage, until, one day, a traveling company, coming to our town, wanted a small boy to speak a few lines, and I was

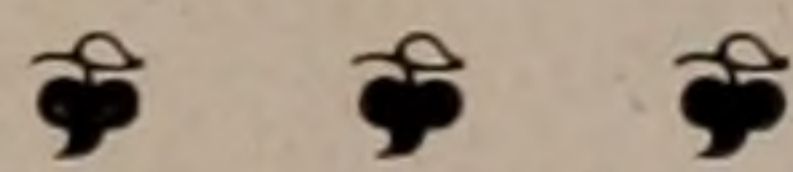
selected as the honored one. After that, I acted morning, noon and night. I imitated everything I could think of in the heavens above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth. Fact! Even imitated a whale in one play, and flopped about most realistically in a big tub of water. Everything I could lay my hands on went for scenery, props and costumes. Once, when I wanted a magnificent costume, which could not be supplied from the tags and ends I had stored in the old tool-shed, which was my theater, I broke into the stable which sheltered the town hearse. I robbed it of plumes, tassels, gold fringe, and yards of silk. I never will forget that midnight adventure as, with chattering teeth, trembling limbs and palpitating heart, I 'looted' the gloomy vehicle. But next day! Oh, next day! My mother learnt of it. She made me take all my plunder back. She whipped me, and, in addition, bade the stern, unsmiling owner of the hearse to punish me also. He did! He locked me in the stable, alone, for a day and part of the night. I never realized the glory of the blessings of freedom, sunlight and food until, thoroly chastened and repentant, I was liberated from that awful spooky, dark, squeaky stable. But even that did not cure me. As my mother said, the next time she heard an announcement of one of my 'shows,' 'Tully still is play-acting. I am sure nothing will save the stage from my son.'

"As keen as my recollections of my early dramatic efforts is the memory of my first love-affair. It began the first day I went to school. She was the teacher, and red—red face, hair and nose. She dressed in red and she had a red temper. But I loved her. I could find no fault in her. She was the ideal of my dreams. My whole life resolved it-

self into an effort to grow up quickly, become a wealthy actor, and lay my riches at her feet—regardless of the fact that she wore number sevens. This lasted until the first time she chastised me. For a while I was bitter against all women. At the age of eight I decided that they were false and faithless. I meditated living in a hermitage or monastery, where they could not enter. Later I modified my views—quite a little," and he smiled, like one who is well beloved.

When again we were talking of his marvelous characterizations, he said, "It is folly for people to say actors must 'live' the parts they play. It is no more necessary for them to really feel all the emotions they portray than it is for them to assimilate into their own bodies the clothes they wear. For instance, had I really been addicted to the use of any drug while playing 'The City,' could I have acted the rôle in exactly the same degree, night after night, as I did? Certainly not. An actor cannot succeed if he weakens his mentality or body in any way. He must keep in physical trim by wholesome living and healthful exercise and rest. He must keep his mind alive and alert and be at all times clear-headed, or else he must be content to either fail or remain a mediocre nonentity."

Personally, Mr. Marshall is absolutely different from his stage-rôles. As himself he is a very interesting and entertaining gentleman, a deep student, and an absorbing conversationalist. He is delighted with his film work, and is planning a number of rôles which will please his legion of admirers. Mr. Marshall's work is of the quality which elicits the very highest praise from thinking critics—the kind of work which sets a standard for all time.



The Spoken Drama—A Vital Prophecy

By the late ROBERT GRAU

ONE hears so much about the distinction between the so-called legitimate players and the distinctively screen actors that the temptation has always been great to particularize those in each field who have scored permanent successes as compared with others in both fields who have merely converted their fame into cash, securing for themselves a temporary vogue.

Of the latter it is a remarkable fact that for every celebrity whose name alone induced the photoplay producer to mete out an abnormal salary, the aftermath more often than not has been a relegation to almost oblivion. One may truly ask what becomes of the one-time idols of the stage who failed to embrace the screen seriously, for the truth is that practically every stage producer has fought shy of those legitimate actors who rarely were seen in more than one photoplay. One producer poignantly refers to the screen as the temporary realm of the "star-killer," and not a few of what are called

standard stage players have persistently resisted all temptation to have their names immortalized in the picture studio. That these latter possessed a keen perspective as to the longevity of their own careers is amply illustrated by the known fact that the new theatrical season has started with an almost insistent demand for new faces, for new names, and, above all, for new rather than for old stage methods.

The astounding rapidity with which a fickle public has practically ended the vogue of stage stars has its greatest lesson in the warnings that were issued by such stage producers as have never hearkened to the siren call of the screen. Now we witness the utmost economy being practiced not only in the stage calling, but even the photoplay producer has had his awakening, for the dream days are well-nigh over and the call is now persistent for a sane appraisal of the talent. That this is as it should be is recognized by all save those who still hold to the illusion that the new art which has for two decades

enriched (as it has also bankrupted) both actor and producer alike, could go on everlastingly on a sort of "endless chain" basis.

The day had to come when the heads of the spoken play would take cognizance of the unwholesome mode of business procedure which obtains in Filmdom, hence the immediate outlook is the revolutionary yet progressive change of conduct in the effort to secure greater artistic results in the two fields of endeavor which still have so much in common with each other. Moreover, the day cannot be far off when some of the more vital problems which have for their purpose a more concrete understanding between the producers of stage and screen plays will find a solution, and it would be well for those who have prospered so amazingly in the interim to prepare for that day, for the trend is unmistakably for better things in every branch of the theater, and the photoplay will for many years to come find its mission similar to that of the older field.



“Rinky-Dink” Charlie

Putting Wheels on the
World’s Funniest Feet



waiter, posing as Sir Cecil Seltzer, C. O. D. Then the fun begins. Mr. Stout's equally flirtatious wife coquets with Edna's father; Mr. Stout persistently follows Edna around, and the whole thing works up to a side-splitting, floor-spilling skating climax, when all the principals come together.

Each one fears exposure. The wife fears that her husband will learn of her flirtation with Edna's father; the husband fears she will learn of his misdemeanors; Charlie, even, stands in fear of exposure—that Edna will learn that he is only a bogus count. In fact, Edna is the only member of the party who isn't afraid that they will pin something on her. Charlie has the whip-hand, since he knows perfectly the peccadillos of the others. So his secret seems reasonably safe. The whole thing winds up with a wild raid by police, a chase thru the streets on skates, and Charlie's final disappearance, his trusty cane hooked against the back of a racing car, his skates aiding in his escape from the furious guests. And as a skater—take the floor's word for it—Charlie is some skate!

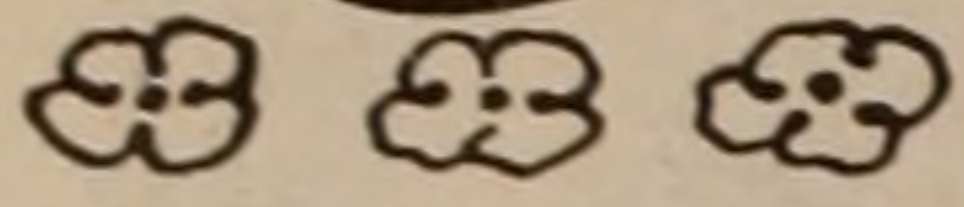
A FLIRTATIOUS fat man learning to skate; a pretty girl on pleasure bent; the wife of said flirtatious fat man; the father of the pretty girl—and a busy (?) waiter, seeking recreation between “waits”—these ingredients, properly mixed, compose the newest Chaplin comedy, “The Rink.”

The scenes are laid principally in the rink and the café, where Charlie honors the patrons by getting their orders mixed and spilling soup over them. There is another waiter—a brow-beaten, miserable

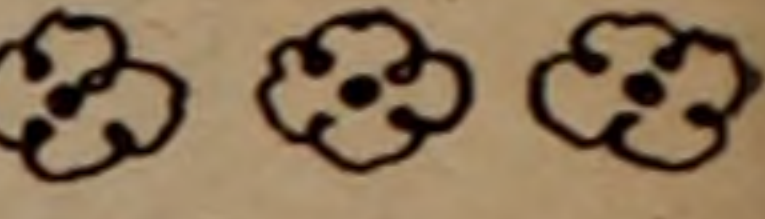
wretch—upon whom Charlie wreaks vengeance for every misadventure that happens. There is also a brow-beating boss, an uncertain swinging-door, and the other odds and ends that one expects from such a café. The skating-rink, however, plays the title part in the picture.

The rink is well filled when Edna arrives, intent on an afternoon's innocent amusement. Flirtatious Mr. Stout arrives and is followed by Charlie, the

On The Beach at



~ by ~



Now this is the lay of a
South Sea play that
was staged at Santa
Cruz,
Off the coast of the
Golden State out
West,
Where the sun shines
down with never a
rest;
Giving a photoplay
all of the zest
Of pretty locations,
every which way a
good director could
use.

AFTER it was all
over, everybody
blamed his trou-
bles on the goat. It was
a Guatemalan goat, altho
in what respect the Central
American species differed
from the common or garden
variety it was difficult to see.
Its ownership, too, was varied and
a matter for conjecture. First,
Harry Pollard, the director, had it, but
some one, or something, got it from him.
Then Margarita Fischer, Pollard's lead-
ing woman, had it. She lost her goat,
tho, the night the lizard dropped on her
neck from the rafter.

After that no one was in possession of
the animal long enough to call it his or
hers. The camera-man was without the
goat all the time, and, when the party
returned to Santa Barbara, the Guate-
malan emigrant was an orphan.

There were other animals, however, on
the picture-making expedition to Santa
Cruz Island, which, take it from the sec-
retary of the Santa Barbara Chamber of
Commerce, is the bright pearl in the
diadem of the Pacific and only an hour
or so across the channel from the main-
land. A ring-tailed monkey, yclept
Caruso, had been taken along for "atmos-
phere," and Sandy, a dog of indetermi-
nate breed, also was a member of the
club. Sandy and Caruso would have
nothing to do with the goat, but struck
up a strong attachment for each other.
Sandy found the monkey useful, and
would lie for hours while Caruso ex-
plored his comrade's back for those mani-
festations of nature which keep a dog
from forgetting he is a dog.

The association of pearls with Santa
Cruz Island must have attracted Pollard,
who is everything to the Pollard Picture
Plays, Inc. He had a story, "The Pearl
of Paradise," to produce, and picked this
particular pearl for the play. Not to
pepper this paragraph with "p's" too
plentifully, he and his company went to
Santa Cruz for ten days of location work.
They were there six weeks.

Pollard, accompanied by Margarita
Fischer, Beatrice Van, Frank Ormston,

and the
others of his
company, set sail
for Santa Cruz from
Santa Barbara on a
certain day in the
midst of the vernal
equinox. Mention of
the vernal equinox is
important, if technical.
It contributed to the
causes which stretched ten
days into six weeks.

As soon as they left
Santa Barbara harbor their
troubles began. Their craft was
a decrepit, fifty-foot freighter with
no ballast and a one-cylinder gasoline
engine for motive power. The captain
admitted he "didn't know much about
such things" and was on the job only to
oblige a friend.

The little ship rolled and pitched vi-
ciously when the high waves of Santa
Barbara channel were reached. The
wind had stiffened to the proportions of
a miniature gale. Every one, even the
crew of the freighter, was seasick, but
their very real danger of being swamped
made them forget their qualms.

Every now and then the engine would
shudder and hesitate, as if about to give
up the uneven struggle. When the stern
of the boat was lifted by the choppy seas,
the propeller would race and rack the
vessel. And if the motor had "died,"
and the boat been left without steerage
way, "The Pearl of Paradise" would

have
been
a gem
still un-
discovered.

But two
half-brothers, who
had come along to be of gen-
eral assistance to Pollard—
Wiley Caballero and Joe

JOE MORALES



Waikiki ~ ~ Perhaps

Mosgrove Colwell

HARRY POLLARD AND MARGARITA FISCHER



WILEY CABALLERO

Joe knelt beside the gas-engine and nursed it tenderly, Wiley steered the vessel. The cap-

(Thirty-seven)

out of the question. Night was coming on, so they cached their paraphernalia, their cameras and "properties," and made their way over a hill into the comparative shelter of a canyon.

There they pitched their tents and struggled with camp-fires on which to brew some warm coffee. They did not attempt to cook anything else. All were too weary for that. Even in the hollow they could hear the huge waves dashing against the cliffs around them, while the wind whistled thru the canyon. And after they had gone to bed, and had begun to lose the uncomfortable sensation of a rocking earth caused by the trans-channel trip, the wind blew the tents down.

Then there was nothing to do but to crawl, with blankets and canvas, into the caves and crevices lining the canyon. The Guatemalan goat had a good night's rest, they said.

Passing lightly over the next three days as the scenario writers do, but as the wind did *not*, "The Pearl of Paradisers" came to the incident of the lost man. Now, the location chosen for most of the scenes, while capital for film purposes, was hardly a place for real humans to make their home. So the players, instead, pitched their permanent camp on the other side of a mountain from the location. On fair days it was possible to sail in the schooner for the mile or so between the two points, but on stormy days, when the waves were high, there was nothing to do but walk.

It was Frank Ormston's father who filled the rôle of the lost one. The players had started to walk over the mountain from location to their camp. Before they had finished their journey it was dark. The trail in many places was so steep that only one could descend at a time, while the men picked each foot-rest for the women in the party.

They made their way to camp in safety, and then a count of noses showed that one was missing. Not only was the nose missing, but its owner was not to be seen.

Pollard, Wiley and Joe started back along the trail, but could go but a short distance. What had not been dangerous to descend in the dark was impossible of ascension, and the searchers quit until daybreak.

tain had quit some time before. He said "It"—meaning the sea—"was the worst he had ever seen, and he didn't know much about steering such boats, anyway."

They finally swung around the west end of Santa Cruz and into shallow water. Here a wide rip, racing with the current of a mountain brook, made their landing perilous. But Wiley Caballero jockeyed the boat to a landing-place, and, with Joe Morales rowing, a life-boat carried the picture-makers to shore. After their shaking-up, it was a simple matter to jump, when the waves lifted them to the exact point, to a ledge of rock on shore.

They learnt later that the same day a sailing vessel, on the way to Santa Barbara to convey a Fox company under the direction of Oscar Apfel, also to a location on Santa Cruz, had been lost in the storm. When the Pollard craft put back to Santa Barbara, the next day, it brought the Fox players to the island. The boat, chartered from Pollard, cost the Fox Company one hundred and seventy-five dollars for a two-hour trip.

But, altho they had landed safely, the vernal equinox had not finished with them. The wind swept across the rocks so strongly that making camp there was

Morales—saved the situation. While

Joe knelt beside the gas-engine and nursed it tenderly, Wiley steered the vessel. The cap-

When the sun's first rays gleamed from yon hilltop, et cetera, the searching party found the missing one seated calmly in a cavern in the mountainside, with a cheery fire at his feet. After that it was the rule that any one who got himself lost should stay in one location until day-break and rescuers arrived.

Just as each drama has its comedy relief, so the hardships of the Pollard players were lightened (?) by the peculiar manifestations of the fauna of the island. A parrot, which had been imported along with the Guatemalan goat, the ring-tailed monkey, and the dog of indeterminate breed, added much to their gayety. To say nothing of a vocabulary replete with words, represented usually by dashes, the bird picked up the phrases of the picture-people. More than once the camera-man was pleasantly surprised by the command to "Cut" in the midst of a scene, and the parrot's other cute little tricks were highly diverting. When he had nothing else to do, he would pinch the tail of the monk, which would then nip the dog, which would then bite the goat, which would butt the nearest object in the line of fire, which would— But why continue? (Why, indeed?—EDITOR.)

And then there was the lizard. Even little lizards, eight or ten inches long, are not attractive things to drop on one in the middle of the night. Miss Fischer learnt this during a peaceful slumber,

when a prehistoric reptile landed on her back from a roof-beam. After that the fair Margarita was sheltered by mosquito-netting during her sojourn on the island. What she said at the time is not recorded. We're shy on shriek language.

The picture nearly made, the "punch," or big scene, was reserved till the last. A practical house had been erected for the play, and the closing thrill called for the burning of the house, while Pollard, bound and gagged, lay near-by, helpless to rescue Miss Fischer from the flames. Then, somehow or other, he was to work himself loose, take her from the dwelling, and flee to the schooner at the landing.

This action, the most important on the island, was rehearsed several times, and small fires were built to test out the scene. The parrot, of course, added effectively by calling, "Put the fire out," each time a stage-hand lit a flare. Finally the bird was exiled to the schooner and the real blaze was started.

At first it worked beautifully. The camera-man got several fine "shots" of the struggling hero and of the rescue. The finale was to show in a "panoram," a picture of the burning house, with the rolling hills in the background and the gentle waves of the Pacific close up, as the fugitives sailed away.

Sounds pretty, doesn't it? The fugitives reached the schooner, on board of which a camera had been stationed. They made their romantic farewells and the

schooner started to sail past the burning dwelling. "Started" is used advisedly. Before the house came within "shooting range" the schooner slowed, then came to a halt. The flames licked merrily at the dry timbers. Those on shore signaled frantically for the others to hurry before the fire burned out; but the schooner stayed where it was. The gas-engine chugged in vain.

It isn't every one who knows what kelp is, but the Pollard people learnt then and will never forget. Kelp is a tough, rank seaweed which grows in great profusion and accumulates in large masses, floating on the surface of the sea. It was into a bed of this growth that the schooner had pushed itself.

Wiley and Joe came to the rescue again, as they had done so many times. With poles and oars they pushed and pulled the kelp aside. And just as the roof of the building fell in, the schooner ranged into line and some fine scenes were obtained. Then it was that a happy time was had by all, for it meant the finish of the picture.

But they all had their revenge on the Guatemalan goat. It had been taken along for "atmosphere," and in the cutting-room, several feet of close-up, showing the goat, were cut out by Director Pollard.

"It's too much of a hoodoo," he said; "I won't take a chance—not by his sacred (?) whiskers!"



SESSUE HAYAKAWA AND TSURU AOKI (LASKY) KNOW A GOOD THING WHEN THEY SEE IT

Here Comes the Latest Thing in Vampire Ladies! 'Ware, Theda!

By P. A. PARSONS



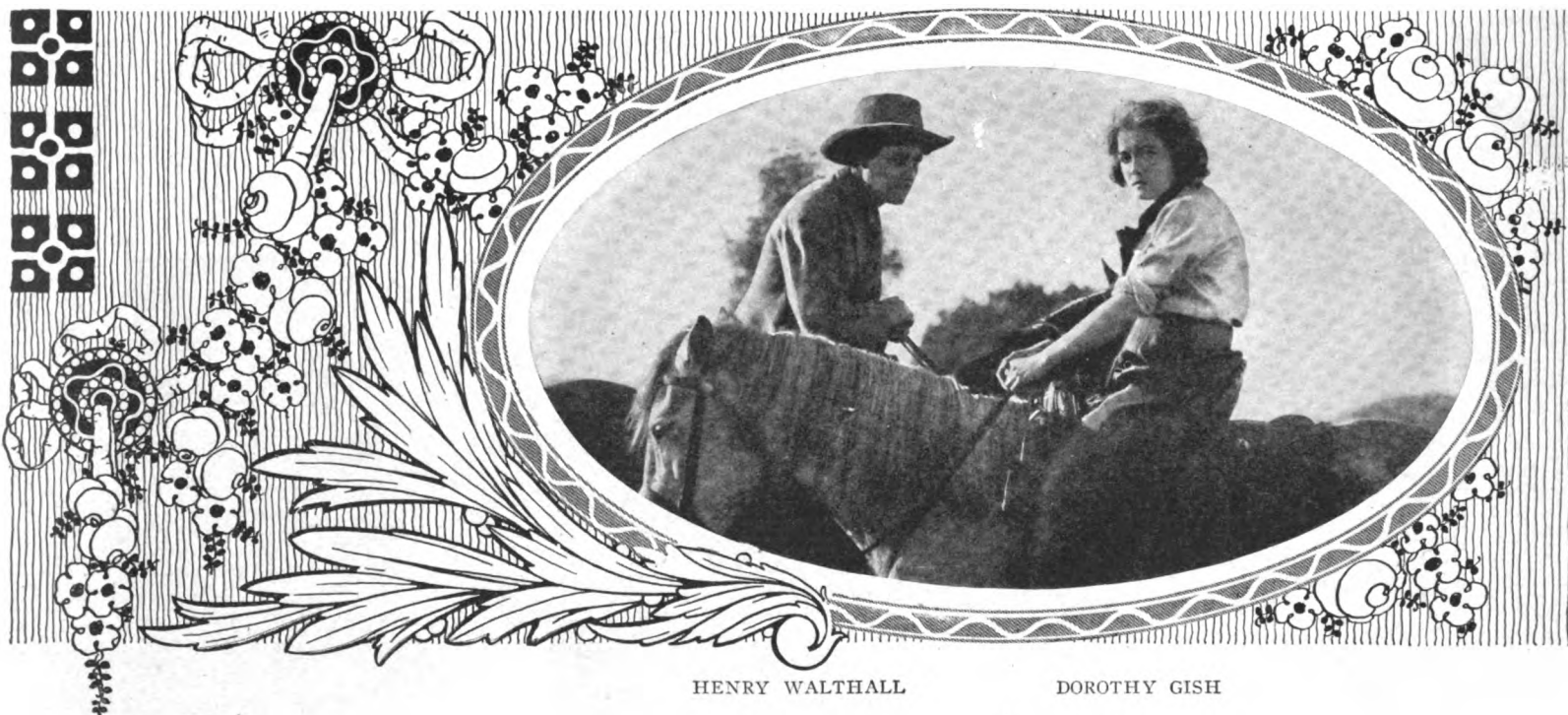
Photo by White

MARIE WAYNE IS THE SNAKY, SINUOUS LADY WHO HAS BEEN HAILED BY CRITICS AS THE NEWEST SURE-FIRE VAMPIRE. HER INIQUITIES ARE DIRECTED TOWARDS PEARL WHITE IN THE PATHÉ SERIAL, "PEARL OF THE ARMY"

(Thirty-nine)

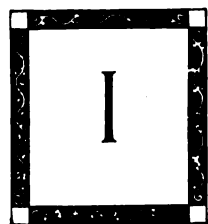
WHAT'S in ancestry, anyway?

Here's Marie Wayne, who is a creepy, sinuous, snaky and dangerous sort of villainess in Pathé's new serial, "Pearl of the Army," and her grandfather was a Methodist bishop. Probably the old gentleman often preached against the type of woman the charming Marie portrays. Miss Wayne was born of American parents in Tokio, Japan, where her father held a position in the U. S. diplomatic service. She ran away from home when seventeen years old, to go into vaudeville. Then came her chance in the Winter Garden show: more vaudeville, and now the screen.



What I Demand of Movie Stars

By DAVID W. GRIFFITH



I BELIEVE that the makers of pictures have, in many ways, already surpassed the art of the speaking-stage! And perfection in Motion Picture drama has by no means been reached. Far from it, altho we are advancing with great rapidity. Now, to equal the art of the speaking-stage, a great deal is needed of the people who make these picture-plays, the movie actors and actresses as they are best known. To exceed the art of the speaking-stage, still greater things are needed and demanded of the leaders in the production of a photoplay.

Granted that the person has a moving-camera face—that is, a person who photographs well—the first thing needed is “soul.”

“Soul” sounds rather queer in speaking of a movie actor, does it not? Yet, that is just what I mean. The people of the speaking-stage call it temperament, stage presence, technique, and many other things. But there is such a wide difference between the spoken drama and the Motion Picture drama that the big people in the cast of a movie must, in reality, have “soul.”

By that I mean people of great personalities, true emotions, and the ability to depict them before the camera. Stage emotions will not do; some of the greatest of actors appear stilted and “stalky” in front of the camera. Every big star in the movies, whether a romantic, tragic or comic, really has a most interesting per-

sonality. When they step in front of the camera, they do not have the “over-the-footlight” feeling and manner that we see in the actors in the spoken drama. It wouldn’t register well at all. When a really good actor stands before the camera, he puts his soul into it—he isn’t wondering what the people “down front” are thinking of him. He or she knows there is no audience in front, but a grim, cold-blooded, truth-in-detail-telling camera lens which will register every quiver of the facial muscles, every gleam of the eye, every expression of the face, every gesture, just as it is given.

The movie actor cannot add to his art a soft voice; rising or falling inflection; a deep, piteous sigh; a quickly intaken breath expressing surprise. There can be no gay, rippling laughter, nor solemn tones of warning; no sad, sweet, pleasant tones; no shrieks of fear—not a sound can help the movie actor. He must express every emotion with his face and hands and with general gestures and movement of the body.

The actor with the soul enters into the work with all the ardor there is in him. He feels his part, he is living his part, and the result is a good picture. I can get quantities of beautiful, doll-faced girls, but, alas! they have no more soul than a doll; they can smile sadly or faintly, or giggle, and that exhausts their capabilities.

For principals I must have people with souls, people who know and feel their parts, and who express every single feeling in the entire gamut of emotions with their muscles!

They do not practice and practice to do

that. It comes naturally to them. They practice over and over many stunts, many jumps, dives, and other things, so as to time themselves accurately or so as to learn to do it just right; but when it comes to emotional scenes, whether it is love, hate, joy, sorrow, surprise, chagrin, exultation, or any of the scores of shades of the larger emotions, the best of the actors and actresses just go ahead and do it as tho it were a part of their really and truly experience in life.

This is but one thing I demand of movie stars. The first thing I demand, of course, is that they have a movie-camera face, and I not only demand that of stars, but of the humblest filler-in. If the person is to appear at all in the picture, that person must be one to photograph well.

A studio picture is quite different from a Moving Picture portrait. A studio picture has every light and shade diffused and thrown here and there so as to accentuate beauty and to hide defects. The negative is then retouched, until the matron of forty comes out on the print like a woman of twenty-five.

We cannot diffuse the light for an interior in the movies, because the people are, naturally, moving. Retouching is out of the question, because one could not retouch a mile or two of film with thousands upon thousands of pictures. Consequently, a director must demand people who take good pictures. Taking a “good” picture does not mean taking a beautiful picture. An old, withered-up woman may take a splendid picture for certain characters. John Bunny did not take a “beautiful” picture, as every one

(Forty)



LILLIAN GISH

knows, but he certainly took a good picture.

People with very light hair and light-blue eyes are seldom successful before the movie camera, because the eyes look white and wild or startled.

Good hair, good eyes, good teeth—these are essential for good movie actors, except with character parts. It takes careful search and study to pick out the right people. A graceful carriage is also necessary and the ability to forget the presence of the camera. This prevents restraint, awkwardness and clumsiness, and all these things must be demanded, especially of movie stars.

Somehow, most of the stars who come to us from the regular stage lack sincerity, at least in their earlier efforts before the camera. Mrs. Fiske, in "Tess," was a notable exception. I know she drew from me the tribute of tears. The Comédie Française actors, notably Coquelin and Le Bargy, who appeared in some of the French pictures, were wonderful in the breadth and strength of their exquisite character portrayals. On the other hand, some of the most widely advertised and most-admired spectacular pictures from abroad suffered from the defect of mediocre acting. Of what use are magnificent scenes with only puppet-like actors? Here in America we are training a school of silent actors who bid fair to surpass the finest efforts of the Old World schools.

In the old days we followed the modes of the stage somewhat slavishly. Few of us sensed we were dealing with a new art form. The primitive picture-play was laid out in acts, strict unity of time and place being always observed, the same-sized figures shown in an unvarying time sequence of single action.

I remember what a sensation I caused in the old Biograph studios, in Fourteenth Street, when I invented the "close-up" figures.

"That will never do at all," objected

the proprietors. "The actors look as if they were swimming—you can't have them float on, without legs or bodies!" But I persisted, and had my way, tho it was alleged that the audiences always knocked disapproval with their feet whenever the "close-ups" were exhibited. Today the "close-up" is essential to every Motion Picture, for the near view of the actors' lineaments conveys intimate thought and emotion that can never be conveyed by the crowded scene.

I borrowed the "cut-back" from Charles Dickens. Novelists think nothing of leaving one set of characters in the midst of affairs and going back to deal with earlier events in which another set of characters is involved. I elaborated the "cut-back" to the "story within a story" and to the so-called parallel action. I found that the picture could carry not merely two, but even three or four simultaneous threads of action—all without confusing the spectator. At one point in my latest drama, four actions are represented simultaneously by the device of switching scenes every few moments. Each action heightens the effects of the others—a technique that, so far as I am aware, is absolutely novel in story-telling art. My point is that photographic drama is constantly progressing, and he is indeed foolish who would set arbitrary limits as to what it can or cannot accomplish in the course of its marvellous evolution. For one thing, the telling of history, the education of old and young, may be entirely revolutionized by its strangely new processes.

The old schools are coming to us, and appropriating such of our devices as the "cut-back" and the parallel action; and I could name one actress, with a tremendous New York hit of two years to her credit, who built up her justly famous part from close study of the methods of our Los Angeles picture actresses!

Already it is admitted that as to poetic beauty the Motion Picture entertainment

is far ahead of the stage-play. Poetry is apparently a lost art in the regular theater, but it is the very life and essence of the motion playhouse. We have staged most of Browning's stories, many of Tennyson's, innumerable Biblical and classical fables. Not only beauty but thought is our goal, for the silent drama is peculiarly the birthplace of ideas. No one can tell what the Motion Picture will become, for we are at present only at the infancy of it.

I doubt if there ever will be a Shakespeare or Homer of the movies, because the Motion Picture is action, and the fashion of action changes with each age. The stage-work of Forrest, Macready, Kean or Kemble, for example, if it could be accurately reproduced, would appear crude, stiff, awkward to us of today. The acting of today may, similarly, seem unnatural or impossible to the people two hundred years hence. But the immortal stories will be there—the world's legacy of great characters and great scenes—to be picturized according to the changed ideals of the succeeding generations.

I also demand the ability to work, and to work pleasantly and uncomplainingly. It takes endless work to produce a big Motion Picture. Unless the stars are willing to be human and get right into the work, instead of hanging back and acting like superior beings, we cannot produce a really good play.

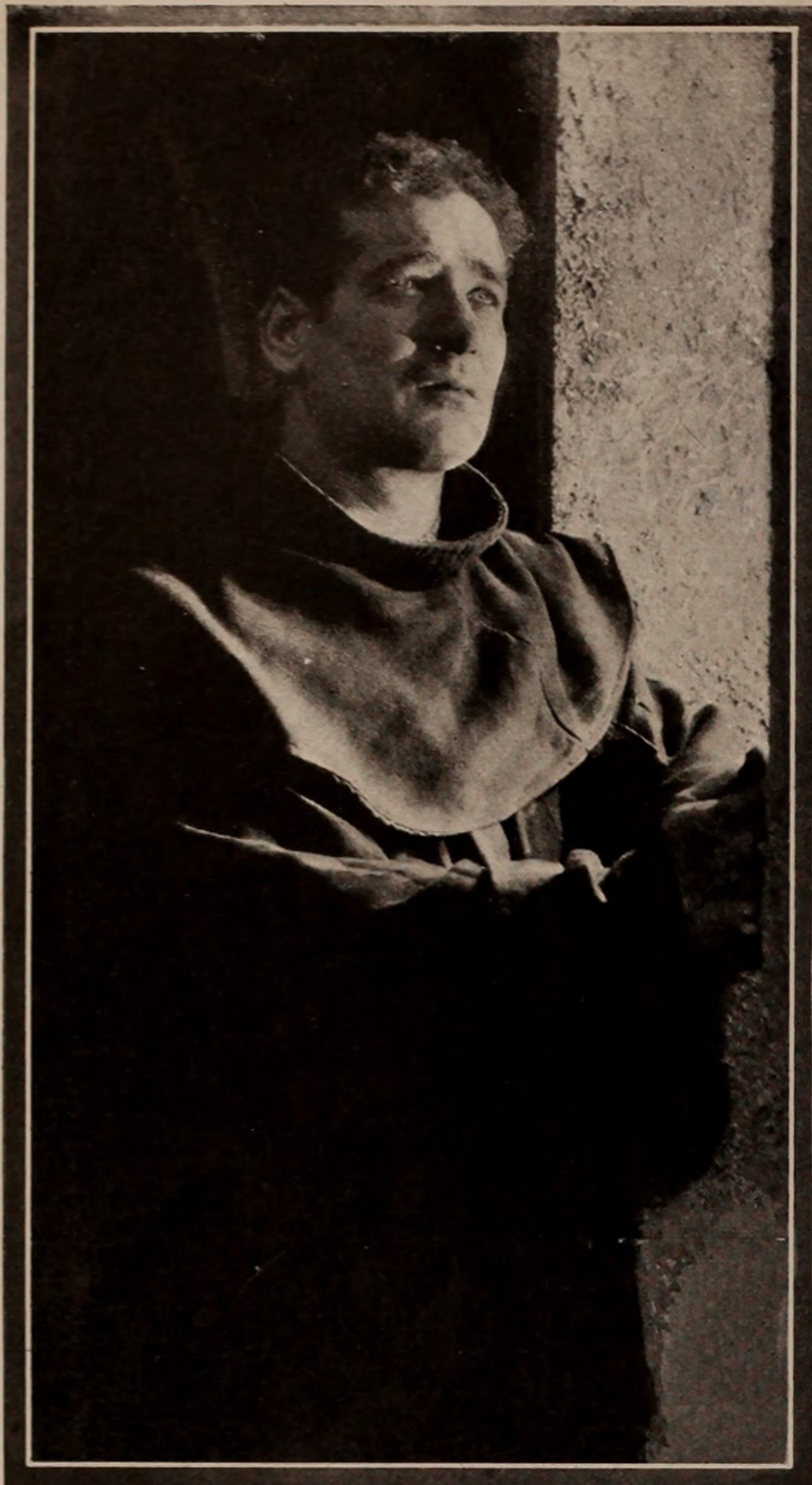
There is also endless detail. Let me illustrate by the concrete example of "The Birth of a Nation." First comes the scenario or written outline of the plot. In this case there was a previous stage-play. If we are wise, we forget as much as we can, for the Motion Picture is a novelizing or story-telling form, not strictly a stage-form; it is epic rather than dramatic; much of the work is of the great outdoors. We have a period of history to cover, the scenes of a wide territory to revivify. Therefore, we must

(Continued on page 68)

The Garden

By JOHN

From the immortal novel of ROBERT



THOMAS SANTSCI AS BORIS ANDROVSKY

No one but God and I know what is in my heart.—*Desert song of the freed negroes of Touggourt.*

DOMINI, after the death of her father, left England with only her maid as companion. Her destination was Beni Mora, which she had never seen. She chose it because she liked its name; because she saw on the map that it was an oasis in the Sahara Desert; because she knew it was small, quiet, face to face with an immensity of which she had often dreamed. Idly she fancied that perhaps, in the sunny solitude of Beni Mora, she might learn to understand herself. How? She did not know. She did not seek to know. Here was a vague pilgrimage, as many pilgrimages are in this world—the journey of the searcher who knew not what she sought!

The man's face, as they arrived by train at Beni Mora, was illuminated by the setting sun. The faint lines near his mouth looked deep, and suggested most powerfully the dreariness, the harshness of long-continued suffering. For a minute the man's eyes held hers, and she thought she saw in them unfathomable depths of misery. And she thought of the outer darkness spoken of in the Bible.

Count Anteoni and Domini Enfiliden approached the edge of his brilliant garden. From its edge stretched the desert of Sahara, as eternity stretches from the edge of time. An Arab passed

on the path below them. He was singing to himself, in a low, inward voice.

"Do you know what he is singing?" the Count asked.

Domini shook her head. She was straining her ears to hear the melody as long as possible.

"It is the desert song of the freed negroes of Touggourt—'No one but God and I know what is in my heart.'"

In the Street of the Dancers, Domini again met the stranger, who escorted her to her hotel. He was going away, but she stopped him. "My name is Domini Enfiliden," she said in English.

"My name is Boris—Boris Androvsky," he replied. There was a sound in his voice as if he were insisting, like a man making an assertion not readily to be believed.

As the days passed, Boris and Domini became friends. The mysticism of the desert came upon them and the marvel of its silence, and they seemed to be set there in a wonderful dream. . . .

Domini met Boris Androvsky's eyes. He was getting up to leave the dining-room of the hotel. His movement caught her away from things visionary, but not from worldly things. She still looked on herself moving amid these events in an oasis at which her world would laugh or wonder.

"Tomorrow I am leaving Beni Mora," said Boris Androvsky.

"Tomorrow?" she said.

She did not see the desert beyond, or the moon. Tho she was looking at Boris Androvsky, she no longer perceived him. At the sound of his words it seemed to her as tho all things she had ever known had foundered.

The next day, in the Count's garden, there came realization to Domini that she loved Androvsky. Everything in her loved him; all that she had been, all that she was, all that she could ever be, loved him; that which was physical in her, that which was spiritual, the brain and heart, the soul, body and flame burning within it—all that made her the wonder that is woman—loved him. She was

love for Androvsky. It seemed to her that she was nothing else, had never been anything else. There was no room in her for anything but love of Androvsky. Besides the truth of love within her, there was one other thing in the world that was true. Androvsky was going away. She was stunned by the thought.

Presently there came a step upon the sand of the garden-walks. It was Androvsky. In his eyes there was a fixed expression of ferocious grief that seemed mingled with ferocious anger, as if he were suffering from some dreadful misery, and cursed himself because he suffered. Such an expression may sometimes be seen in the eyes of those who are resisting a great temptation. His eyes saw Domini; his figure straightened. "I came to say good-by," he faltered. He caught hold of her left hand awkwardly, but held it strongly with his, close to his side, and went on speaking.

"Nobody is happy alone; nothing is—men and women, children, animals." A bird flew across the shadowy space under the trees, followed by another bird; he pointed to them; they disappeared. "The birds, too, they must have companionship. Everything wants a companion. But



THE RESTLESS STREETS OF BENI

(Forty-two)

of Allah (Selig)

OLDEN

HICHENS (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

then—you will stay here alone in the desert?"

"What else can I do?" Domini said.

In the distance of the garden rose the twitter of a flute. Little notes of African love, of love in the desert, where the sun is everlasting and the passion of man is as hot and direct as the sun.

Then Androvsky put his hands on Domini's shoulders. Then he sank down on the sand, letting his hands slip down over her breast and along her whole body till they clasped themselves around her knees. He pressed his face into her dress against her knees.

"I love you," he said. "I love you—but don't listen to me—you mustn't hear it—you mustn't. But I must say it. I love you—I love you."

She heard him sobbing against her knees; she put her hands against his temples.

"I am listening," she said. "I must hear it."

He looked up, rose to his feet, put his hands behind her shoulders, held her, and set his lips on hers, pressing his whole body against hers.

"Hear it," he said, muttering against her lips. "Hear it. I love you."

Dawn came, struggling like an exhausted pilgrim thru the windy dark. It slowly lit up Beni Mora with a feeble light that flickered in a cloud of whirling sand, revealing the desolation of the almost featureless void. The sand swept along the narrow streets, eddying at the corners, beating upon palm-wood doors, behind which the painted dancing-girls were cowering; battering upon the all-white tower, on whose summit Domini had first spoken with Androvsky; raging thru the alleys of Count Anteoni's garden.

Father Roubier married Androvsky and Domini Enfielden in the little church, while the wind howled and the sand stormed without. Then she was in the palanquin, with Androvsky close beside her. The camel began to get up. As it did so, from the shrouded group of desert men one started

forward to the palanquin, throwing off his burnous and gesticulating with thin, naked arms. It was a native sand-diviner. He shook his hands above his head toward the desert, still staring at Domini with his fanatical eyes. The wind shrieked; the sand-grains whirled in spirals about his body; the camel began to move away from the church slowly toward the desert.

Night had fallen over the desert. A clear, purple night, starry, but without a moon. The members of the caravan, presided over by Batouch, were celebrating the wedding-night of their master and mistress. A contralto voice came to Domini and Androvsky:

No one but God and I
Know what is in my heart.

"But is it true? Can it be true for us tonight?" Domini whispered. Together they entered the tent. When Androvsky had fastened the tent door, he turned around and saw her kneeling. He stood quite still, as if petrified, staring at her. Then, as the flame, now sheltered from the wind, burned steadily, he saw the crucifix. With a look of fierce and concentrated resolution on



HELEN WARE AS DOMINI

his face, he went swiftly to the crucifix and pulled it from the canvas roughly. He held it in his hand for an instant, then moved to the tent door and stooped to unfasten the cords that held it to the pegs, evidently with the intention of throwing the crucifix into the night. But he did not unfasten the cords. Something, some sudden change of feeling, some secret and powerful reluctance, checked him. He thrust the crucifix into his pocket. Then, returning to where Domini was kneeling, he put his arms around her and drew her to her feet. She did not resist him. Still holding her in his arms, he blew out the lamp.

When Androvsky rode in from a hunting trip, he was met by Domini, who informed him that Monsieur de Trevignac and several of his French Zouaves were to be dinner guests, that they had come upon the camp in the desert. It seemed to De Trevignac that he had seen, perhaps known, Androvsky, at some time in his life. He searched his memory. When Domini, who had left the tent for a moment, returned, she found Androvsky sitting alone. De Trevignac had left it suddenly, mysteriously.

In the morning Domini arose to see De Trevignac and his men continue their journey. De Trevignac's face, burned scarlet by the sun, had a look of exhaustion on it, but also another look—of horror. She thought as if in his soul



BENI MORA ON THE EDGE OF THE DESERT

he was recoiling from her. "Good-by," he said at last, coldly. It seemed to her that he was going to say something of tremendous importance to her. His lips opened to speak; but he only looked toward the tent in which Androvsky was sleeping, and then at her. Then De Trevignac, as if moved by an irresistible impulse, leaned from the saddle and made over Domini the sign of the cross. Then, without another word or look, he rode away to the north, following his men.

That afternoon, as the sun glowered over the desert, which fell away from them on all sides like the immensity of the sea, Domini and Boris sat close together, yet a distance like the desert's breadth had come between them. Boris shivered. He took his hand forcibly from Domini's. His voice failed. He bent forward and took Domini's face between his hands.

Androvsky looked profoundly agitated. His hands dropped down.

"I must go," he said. "I must go to the priest."

"When you come back," she said, "I shall be waiting for you, Boris."

He looked at her. There was in her eyes a piercing wistfulness. He opened his lips. At that moment Domini felt that he was on the point of telling her all he knew. But the look faded; the lips closed. He took her in his arms and kist her almost desperately.

"No, no," she said; "I'll keep your love—I'll keep it." She looked at him thru her tears. "Boris, if you love me, you must trust me; you must give me your sorrow."

The night drew on. Boris had started off rapidly on foot towards the desert's rim, where the priest lived. Domini was alone for hours, sitting before the tent, waiting for his return.

Suddenly she was conscious of a sensation of unusual weariness, uneasiness, even dread, then, again, of an intensity

of life that startled her. She looked out over the sands and saw a moving blot upon them coming slowly towards her—very slowly.

As the blackness upon the sand drew nearer, she saw that it was a man walking heavily. The man had her husband's gait. When she saw that she turned. Her sense of shyness died when she was at the tent door. After what seemed a long time, she saw Androvsky coming across the sand. He was walking very slowly, as if wearied

spirit was beyond domination. He would do what he meant to do regardless of her—of any one.

"What is it, Boris?" she whispered. "Tell me. Perhaps I can understand best because I love best."

He put his arms round her and kist her, as a man kisses the woman he loves when he knows it may be for the last time, long and hard, with a desperation of love that feels frustrated by the very lips it is touching. At last he took his lips from hers.

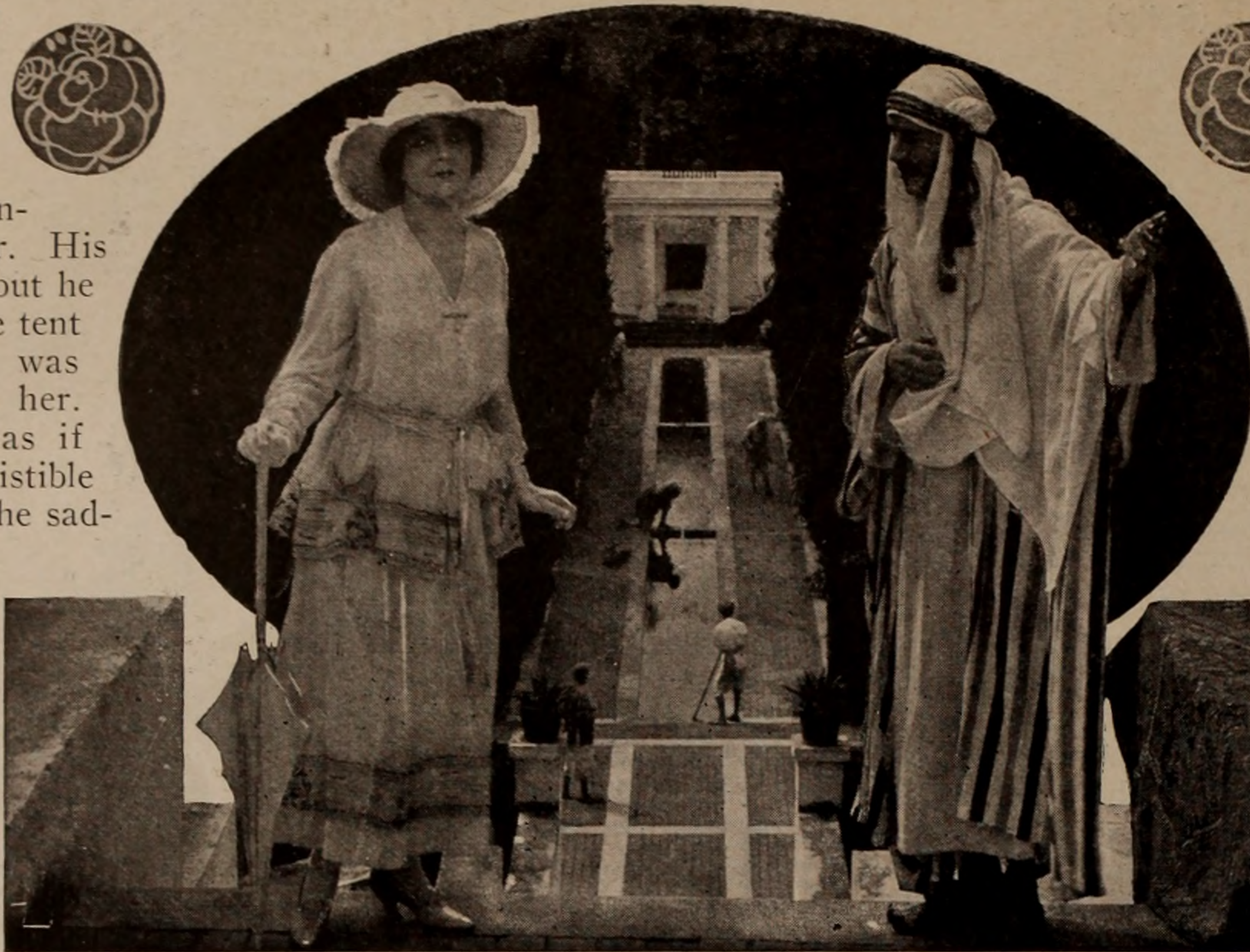
"Domini," he said, and his voice was steady and clear, almost hard, "you want to know what it is that makes me unhappy even in our love—desperately unhappy. It is this. I believe in God, I love God, and I have insulted Him. I have tried to forget God, to deny Him, to put human love higher than love for Him. But always I am haunted by the thought of God, and that thought makes me despair. Once, when I was young, I gave myself to God solemnly. I have broken the vows I made. I have—I have—"

The hardness went out of his voice. He broke down for a moment and was silent.

"You gave yourself to God?" she

said. "How?" He tried to meet her questioning eyes, but could not.

"I—I gave myself to God as a monk,"



DOMINI VISITS THE RECLUSE AND ÆSTHETE, COUNT ANTEONI

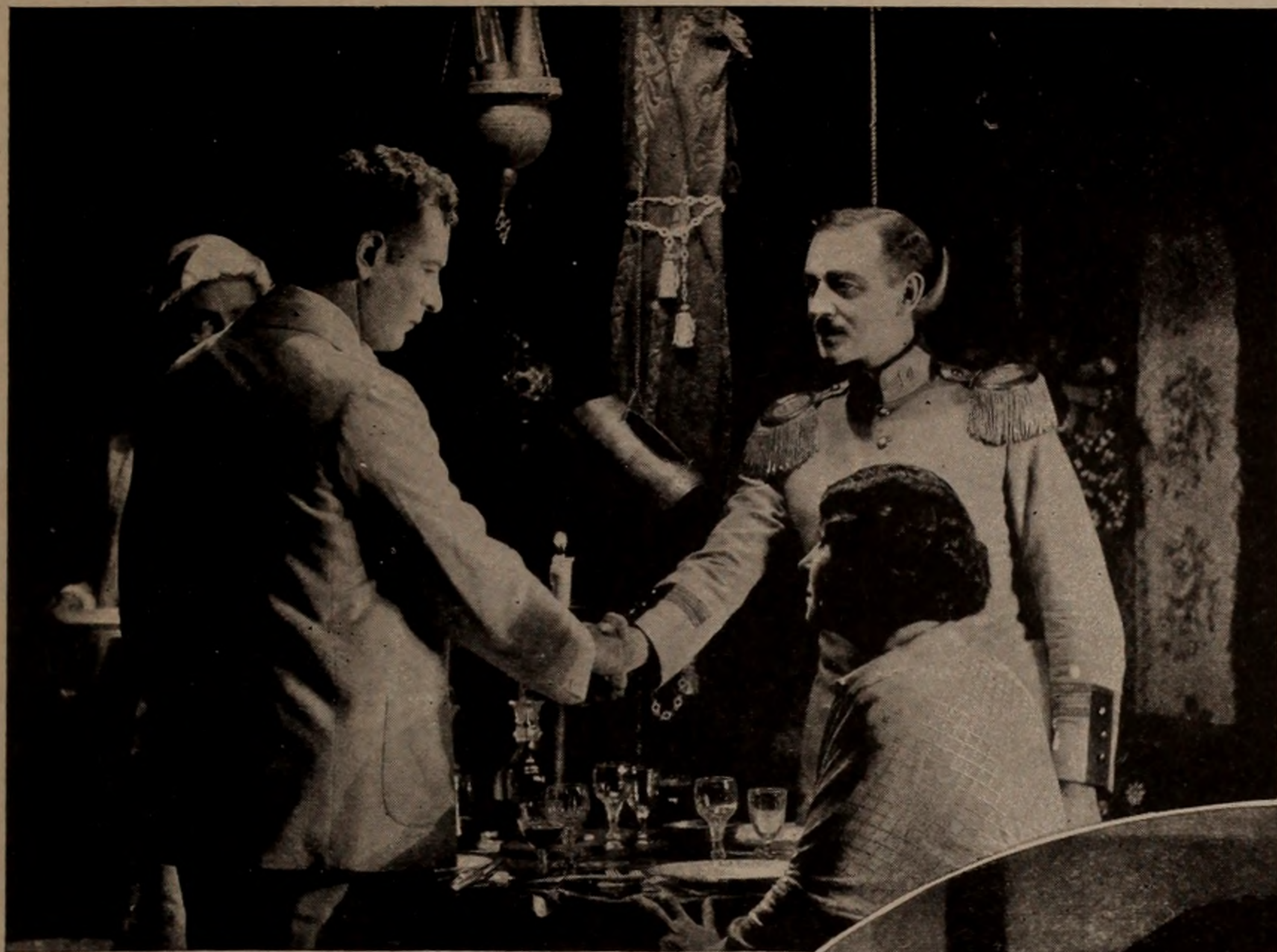


THE DESERT—THE GARDEN OF

ALLAH—HAS ITS PASSIONS, TOO

his head drooping. Then he stopped and gazed at her. The moon—she





BORIS MEETS DE TREVIGNAC
—AFTER MANY YEARS

he answered after a pause. As he spoke, Domini saw before her, in the moonlight, De Trevignac. He cast a glance of horror at the tent, bent over her, made the sign of the cross, and vanished. In his place stood Father Roubier, his eyes shining, his hand upraised, warning



accompanied him to the monastery doors. He spoke of his happy spiritual life there; he alluded to De Trevignac, who had spoken with Boris in the monastery and who finally had recognized him there on the desert; he told of the stranger who had tempted him and of how he had finally left the monastery.

It was days later when Domini ordered the coachman to drive them to El Largani, the monastery. When the carriage stopped, Domini lifted her face from her hands. She saw before her a great door, which stood open. Above the door was written "Les Dames n' entrent pas ici" (Women enter not here).

Domini sat quite still. Androvsky got up from his seat and stepped heavily from the carriage. He leaned toward Domini and looked at her with tearless eyes. At last she leaned downward and touched his forehead with her lips. Then Androvsky



moved slowly in thru the doorway of the monastery.

THE FACE OF THE MONK HAD BURNED ITSELF INTO THE SOLDIER'S MEMORY



THE PARTING
IN THE
GARDEN OF ALLAH



her against Androvsky. Then he, too, vanished, and she seemed to see Count Anteoni dressed as an Arab and muttering words of the Koran.

"Domini! Domini, did you hear me? Domini! Domini!" She felt his hands on her wrists.

"You are the Trappist," she said quietly, "of whom the priest told me. You are the monk from the Monastery of El Largani, who disappeared after twenty years."

"Yes," he said, "I am he."

"What made you tell me? What made you tell me?"

There was agony now in her voice.

"Give me your truth!" she said.

Then Boris spoke the words of revelation. He told Domini of how his mother

"Love watcheth and, sleeping, slumbereth not. When weary it is not tired. When weary—it is not tired." Domini's lips ceased to move. She could not speak any more. She could not even pray without words. Yet in that moment she did not feel alone.

In the garden of Count Anteoni, which has passed into other hands, a little boy may often be seen playing. Sometimes, when twilight is falling over the Sahara, his mother calls to him, to the white wall where she is sitting beneath a mimosa.

"Listen, Boris!" she whispers.

An Arab is passing below on the desert track, singing to himself as he goes:

No one but God and I
Know what is in my heart.

When his voice has died away, the mother puts the little boy down. It is bed-time. But the mother stays alone by the wall till night falls on the desert.

She whispers the words to herself. Always, when night falls, she sees the form of a man praying who once fled from prayer in the desert; she sees a wanderer who has at last reached his home.

Why They Go

By ONE



ETHEL BARRYMORE

Her association with a long line of stage gentle-folk has bred thrift

"Isn't Bernhardt's love for her art just wonderful!" an acquaintance exclaimed, the other day, while we were discussing the arrival of the "divine Sarah."

"Isn't Bernhardt the grasping thing—still after more American dollars to add to her millions!" another friend said, within the same week.

And both were wrong, in a way. Sarah didn't come over here, with her added years and artificial leg, because she loved her art so dearly that she couldn't bear to sit still during the sunset of her life. Neither did she make the dangerous and tiresome trip to add American dollars to her millions, for the simple reason that she has no millions.

In other words, Sarah Bernhardt is "broke." And she is proud. She has lavished millions upon others, in charity, in divers ways. She has spent freely all her days. And now she is actually in need.

Benefit?

Surely, even in the midst of all her troubles, Paris would give Sarah a benefit that would keep her in comfort all her days. So would the people here. In fact, some of her friends in America are secretly working for it, but Sarah must never know it, for she is too proud to allow such a thing—even to allow any financial aid.

"Why, oh, why, do actresses go broke? Why do so many suddenly turn and dive straight thru the bankruptcy court in self-defense?"

The question has often been asked. I think I know the chief reasons. I have been mingling with these stage-folk for more years than I will admit. A few save—just enough to make the exception that proves the rule. But most of them talk Spanish. When the matter of saving a nest-egg, or for a rainy day, comes up, they say, "Tomorrow."

Actresses lose their money, waste it, dribble it away, take risks with it, and just sort of naturally let go of it in some way or other, and I suppose they always will. Away back in the old days the prominent actresses were forever making fortunes and suddenly becoming poor. Sarah Siddons was

forced to lecture, scarcely a year after her retirement, and many critics abused her and called her miserly and grasping because they believed she already had a fortune. In truth, she was "broke."

There was that wonderful and mighty Jewish actress, Rachel, who was so poor that she raved over her poverty on her death-bed. And, coming nearer to our own generation, there was Mrs. D. P. Bowers, the ideal of the public during the late sixties. She retired with a fortune. But three years after her husband died she was financially ruined and went looking for an engagement to play old-woman characters.

More, many more, I could mention who have lost all, either thru the folly or the downright treachery of those whom they trusted with the savings of years of hard work and modest living. But the bankrupt lady is of a different type—she knows not modest living. She is of today, and this is a time of luxury, extravagance and display. She would rather have but two nickels to rub against each other in a gold mesh purse with a diamond clasp than own the seven one-hundred-dollar bills it cost and have to carry them in a leather wrist-bag.

All these financial losses are as easy to explain as they are impossible to justify. The thing that somewhat puzzles me is why do nearly all these bankrupt ladies



Photo by Sarony

BILLIE BURKE

\$5,000 spent on the costume creations of an episode is a mere nothing



Photo by Apeda

EDITH STOREY

Good taste but not lavish display in dress—with a self-earned country place—is her distinction

belong to one wing, as it were, of the profession?

Read the list over—nearly all of them are of the singing, dancing, comedy-playing order of artists: May de Sousa, Fritzi Scheff, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Marie Cahill, Mildred Holland, Truly Shattuck, Mrs. Willima Lemoyne, Elita Proctor Otis, Rose Coghlan, Odette Valery. Possibly one or two of these may not have actually gone thru the bankruptcy court, but all were destitute.

Into Bankruptcy

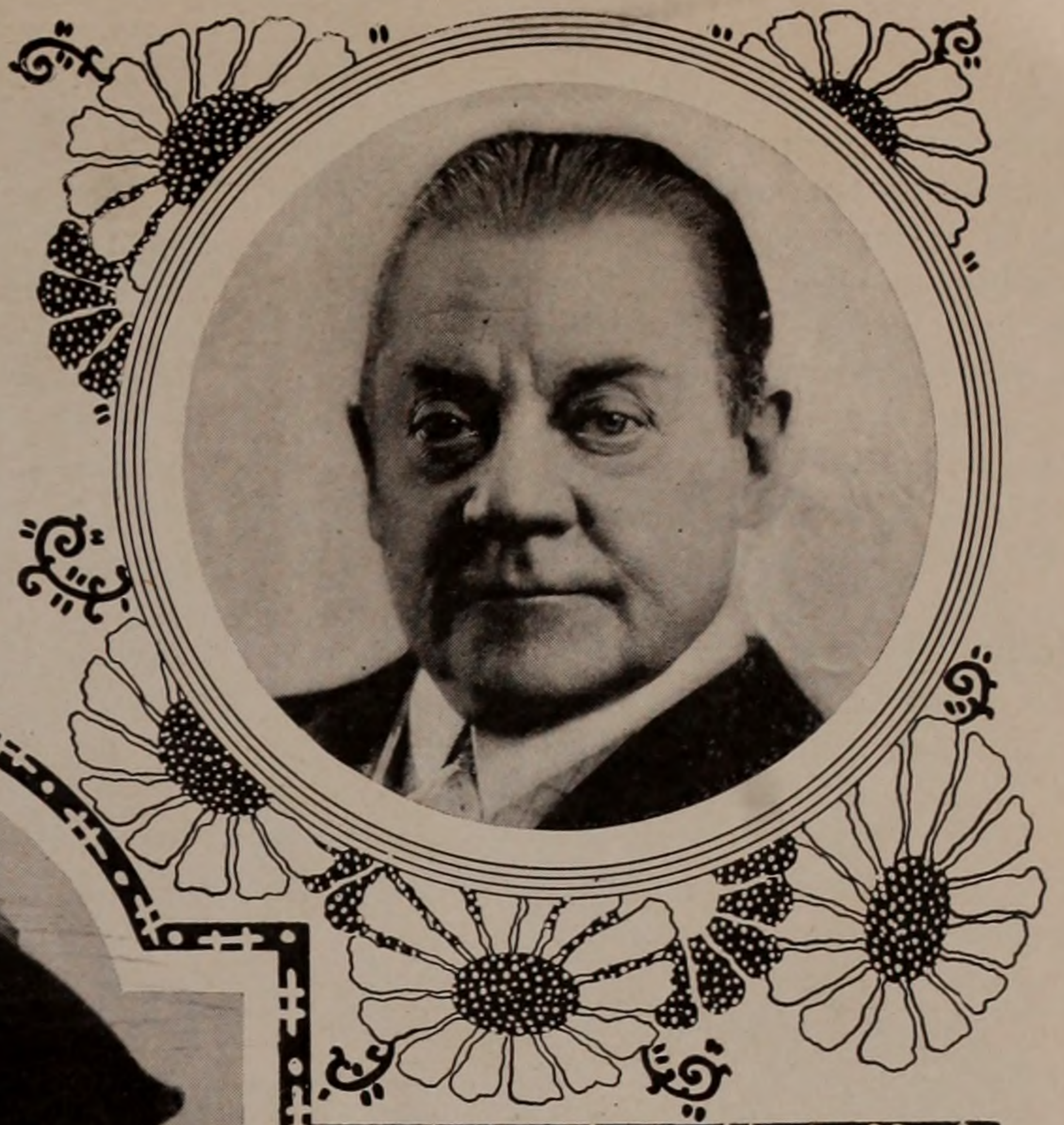
OF THEM

Miss Otis and Mrs. Leslie Carter represent the more serious line of work. Bulwer declared that, "In the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as 'fail,'" but far more truly may it be said that in the accepted lexicon of the actress there is no such word as "retrenchment." She can't spell it, pronounce, define or apply it—hence the bankruptcy court.

But, to understand the woman who seems recklessly to throw her money away, one must know something of that woman's girlhood. You see, these handsome, generous, fetching comedy stars have not, as a general thing, sprung straight from the lap of luxury to a place in the back row of the chorus. They are far more likely to hail from a hall bedroom or the family flat.

Now, in a struggle to rise, there is no finer incentive than poverty, and it is the glory of these actresses that they never deny a former lowly station in life. It is in their very period of neediness that that veritable passion for clothes (over which the world wonders later on) is born. These pretty daughters of the poor, starting out in life, can count their assets on one hand, with fingers to spare, since they have only their graceful, healthy bodies, their pretty faces and their shrewdly clever wits.

Now, when a girl has beauty she longs to adorn it; she craves, she



FRANK DANIELS

The richest self-made actor in the studios



SARAH BERNHARDT

Her charities run into the millions—hence her seeming avarice to continue



SIDNEY DREW

Related to the first families of the stage, his tastes run to simplicity

hungers for delicate raiment, for God has made her

so. Nay, she suffers from, and is repelled by, cheap and tawdry things; so cramped and narrowed is she by her sordid life that for her all the beauty of the world is contained in luxurious raiment. She would stand unmoved before a glorious painting, saturated with sunlight, full of air, with wide, open, blowy places. No thrill of awed delight could come to her before the stern, high loveliness of carven stone, but her

poor little soul will quiver with rapture over the graceful sweep of a splendid feather, and her heart will beat double time with joy at the mere touch of the soft, almost living warmth of fine furs.

If, then, beauty can only reach her thru the medium of clothes, think how precious a thing to her must be a gorgeous wardrobe!

Then, when such a girl—pretty, clever, poor—lands in the front row, third from the left of the line, it's a toss-up whether she remains right there till her round, smooth throat becomes lean and scraggy, or whether some chance, some jack-in-the-box trick, tosses her into the middle of the stage and a sudden, head-turning popularity.

It seems strange that these people, who so often reach success by luck, never remember that luck, like a good rule, works both ways—and never, never prepare for the inevitable change.

In her strange, new affluence, the girl who has made "a hit" develops needs amazingly. The cab habit is acquired in a week. In less time she knows the joy of walking on "the sweet, sunny side of Broadway," wearing a hundred-dollar hat. She who in the old days asked nothing better than a sliver of any old kind of soap for her bath in the family zinc-lined tub, can no longer use soap at all, but only almond meal; so delicate becomes the favorite's skin, that her hot, aromatic baths, or stimulating spice-baths, or cooling, fragrant rose-baths, are as necessary as they are expensive. It is

"dead easy" to acquire habits of luxury, but try breaking them once! They are far more likely to "break" you.

Nor does she deny herself the joy of extravagant giving, for every actress is a bread-winner for some one besides herself.

Did you ever watch the flight of an arrow sent aimlessly into the air? It will describe a perfect arch, rushing upward and straightening itself out horizontally, and at the apex of the arch it will seem for the part of a second to be stationary. Then the point slips to the downward rush—the completed arc and obscurity for the arrow! 'Tis the life of most actresses.

It is just during those years of popularity and high pay, the years that correspond to the stationary arrow, that the public imagines its favorite star to be cutting a wide swath in safety-deposit circles, or at least putting aside many large, round "nest-eggs." But, instead of that, she is adding about forty per cent. to her expenses by taking a husband.

If he has brains enough, she turns him into a sort of gentleman courier, to purchase tickets, check luggage, and "jolly" newspaper men. Sometimes he is not up to more than running errands or training her dog, whom he will teach to sit up and beg almost as well as he can do it himself. And, when evil days come, her sole effort at economy consists in eliminating that husband from her list of expenses. She drops him overboard.

If it is folly to live right up to one's income, it is a sin to live beyond it. Most actresses commit this folly, nor will they take any hint—profit by any warning. There is always some old friend or relative to say, anxiously:

"You are putting by, aren't you, Nellie child? This is your harvest time—you are saving for the future?"

The answer never changes: "I shall begin to save next season, my dear."

Then follow the usual excuses. Her expenses have been so heavy this season, and she must go abroad this summer—an actress is so provincial who has never been in London or Paris. But next season—oh, yes, she means to own her own

home before she quits the business, and next season—

The "next" season will open only with the millennium. Then there comes to her that incredible thing—a bad season—and she searches the world for excuses. There have been great floods, or fires, or a panic in Wall Street, or it's a Presidential election that's on. Anything—anything rather than acknowledge the truth that the public wants a change—that the play is worn out.

Now, if she is a real star, playing on a percentage, she loses money heavily and rapidly; for just as money pours in when everything is right, just so it rushes away when everything is wrong. Reduced income, sustained expenses, land her on the verge of the quicksands of debt.

Will she draw in the purse-strings? Will she retrench, reduce expenses a bit, live more modestly, till a new play helps her to her feet again? She will not. She honestly believes in the power of show. She puts up what she calls "a good front," and goes into debt to do it. She believes that if she lets that French cat with her earrings, or that chit, Cissie Lozenge, with her peck of pearls, outshine, outdress her, she will be suspected of being in straits and that managers will look coldly on her.

There is to be a new play. Gambling on a chance, she borrows wildly—as, of course, the play will put her right with every one. The play fails, and she—she

gaily chases into bankruptcy, sheds her debts as a snake sheds its skin, and comes forth resplendent—one of the best-dressed women in New York.

But there are those who feel that bankruptcy is a dainty, beautifully decorated net with which the devil himself takes captive the delicacy, the pride, the honor, and the sensibility of women, leaving them coldly indifferent to others' pain or need. I know one of these bankrupt ladies, and so twisted is her reasoning that she really feels herself rather noble when she publicly acknowledges obligations she never intended to discharge.

One may seek the bankruptcy court's relief once with good intentions, no doubt, but the woman who goes into bankruptcy two or three times would take pride in being called the greatest debt-dodger of her day.

At all events, bankruptcy pays better than acting does, and I would not be surprised to hear of a new Golden Rule being in use, reading: "Do unto others what you would not have others do unto you—borrow money of them." But, oh! the pity of it all; the strain; the sacrifice in honor of the great god, Dress, in whose beauty they bask, in whose power they believe.

Charlotte Cushman, Miss Lotta, Maggie Mitchell kept their savings, and they are the necessary exceptions to make the rule that all actresses lose their money—by the folly or treachery of others, or thru mad extravagance. And there you are.



"LITTLE" MARIE DRESSLER HAS JUST FORMED HER OWN COMPANY. SHE'S LOOKING FOR A "STRONG" DIRECTOR



MILDRED MANNING (VITAGRAPH)

My Lady of the Great Outdoors

DESPITE the misstep that she was born within sight of Broadway, Mildred Manning, pretty Vitagraph player, is a girl of nature. She spends the greater part of her leisure time under nature's own "Kleig"—riding, hunting, fishing, "Annette Kellermann" at Manhattan Beach. She is a splendid rifle-shot and drives her own machine with a verve and dash that keeps her friends anxiously watching the list of casualties in automobile accidents.

And where do you suppose this girl o' nature was discovered when D. W. Griffith gave her her first job in pictures?

(Forty-nine)

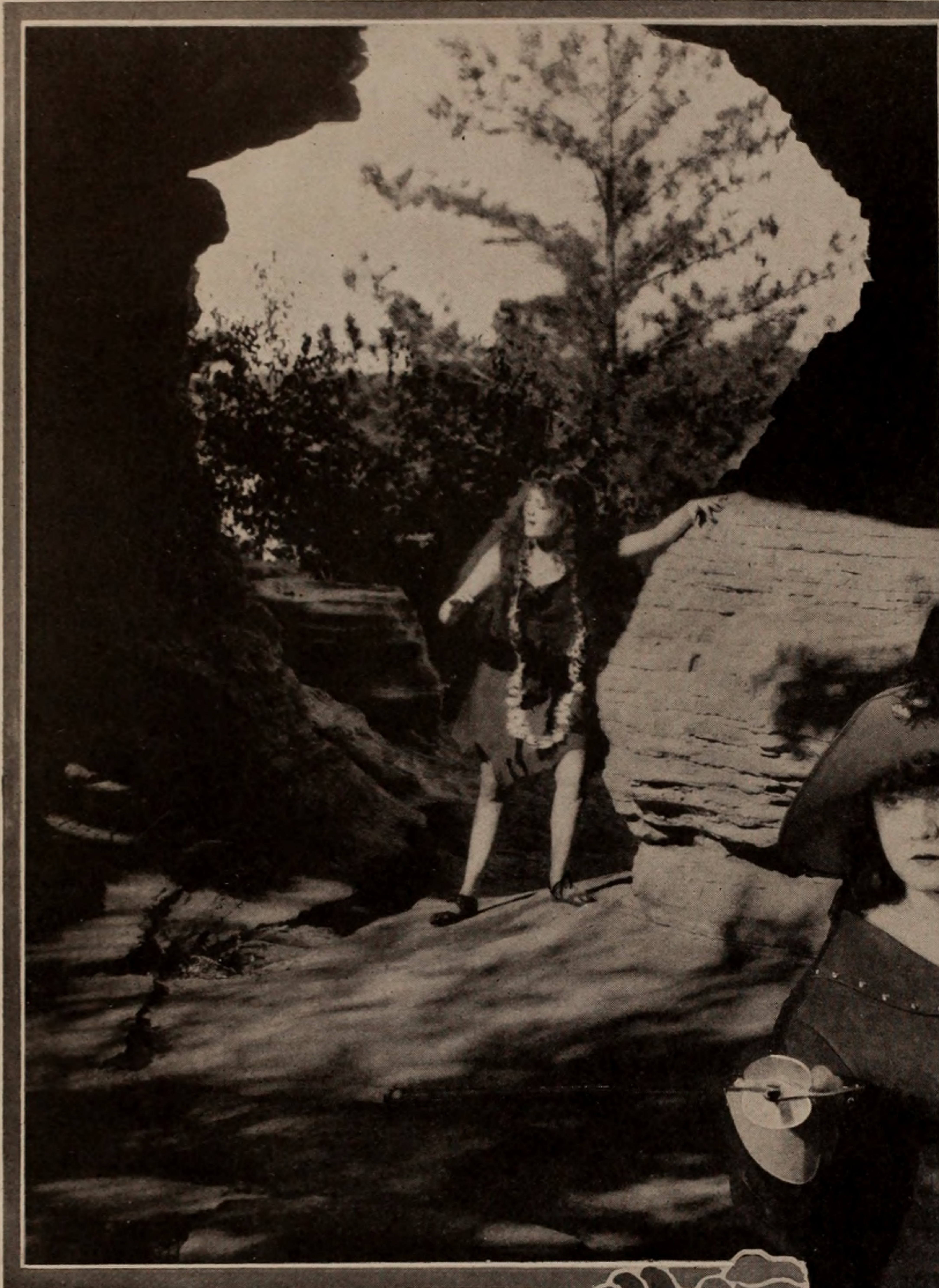
As one of the "merry-merry" in a Broadway musical show. She sang and danced her way thru the intricacies of "Little Nemo," "Over the River," "Dancing Around" and "Oh! Oh! Delphine." It was while she was playing in the latter that she caught and held the attention of Mr. Griffith, and so it came about that it was her very last stage engagement.

Under her brilliant director she blossomed forth in the Biograph studio, doing leads in such pictures as "The Charity Ball," "Poor Relations," "Concentration," "By Man's Law," and so on world without end. When the Vitagraph Com-

pany was assembling its cast in support of Sothorn in "An Enemy to the King," a high-and-low search was made for a pretty foil to Edith Storey's graceful "Princess." A piquant, pretty lady-in-waiting must positively be cast, and so Mildred Manning stepped up and at once filled the bill.

She has brown hair and eyes and the olive complexion that properly accompanies such coloring. She is five feet four in height, weighs one hundred and twenty pounds, and, as one can readily see from the accompanying pictures, is a distinctly personable young woman.

Favorite Players in



EDNA MAYO



BLANCHE
SWEET
IN A

EDNA MAYO DOUBLE RÔLE



WE all have our favorite players and the favorite plays in which we have seen those players. Of course the player, too, has his own favorite rôle—that one which, for some particular reason, appealed more than any other rôle that he may have played in. Therefore this department. It will not attempt the newest rôles of the players—the trade publications do that much more thoroughly than I could ever hope to do. It sometimes happens that a player's favorite rôle is one that he or she has played years ago. Sometimes it is a rôle that has not yet been shown the public. More often, tho, it is an old part.

One of the exceptions is Edna Mayo, whose favorite rôle is Eve in "The Return of Eve," recently released on the V. L. S. E. program. In this Miss Mayo

plays the part of a beautiful girl of nature, scantily clad in garments furnished by Mother Nature herself—skins of animals and wild flowers. On her feet are rudely constructed sandals. Miss Mayo's reason for preferring this rôle is that it is a part entirely different from anything she has ever played—it was made almost entirely in the beautiful dells of Wisconsin, and the character was a most lovable one. It called for strenuous emotion, charming little



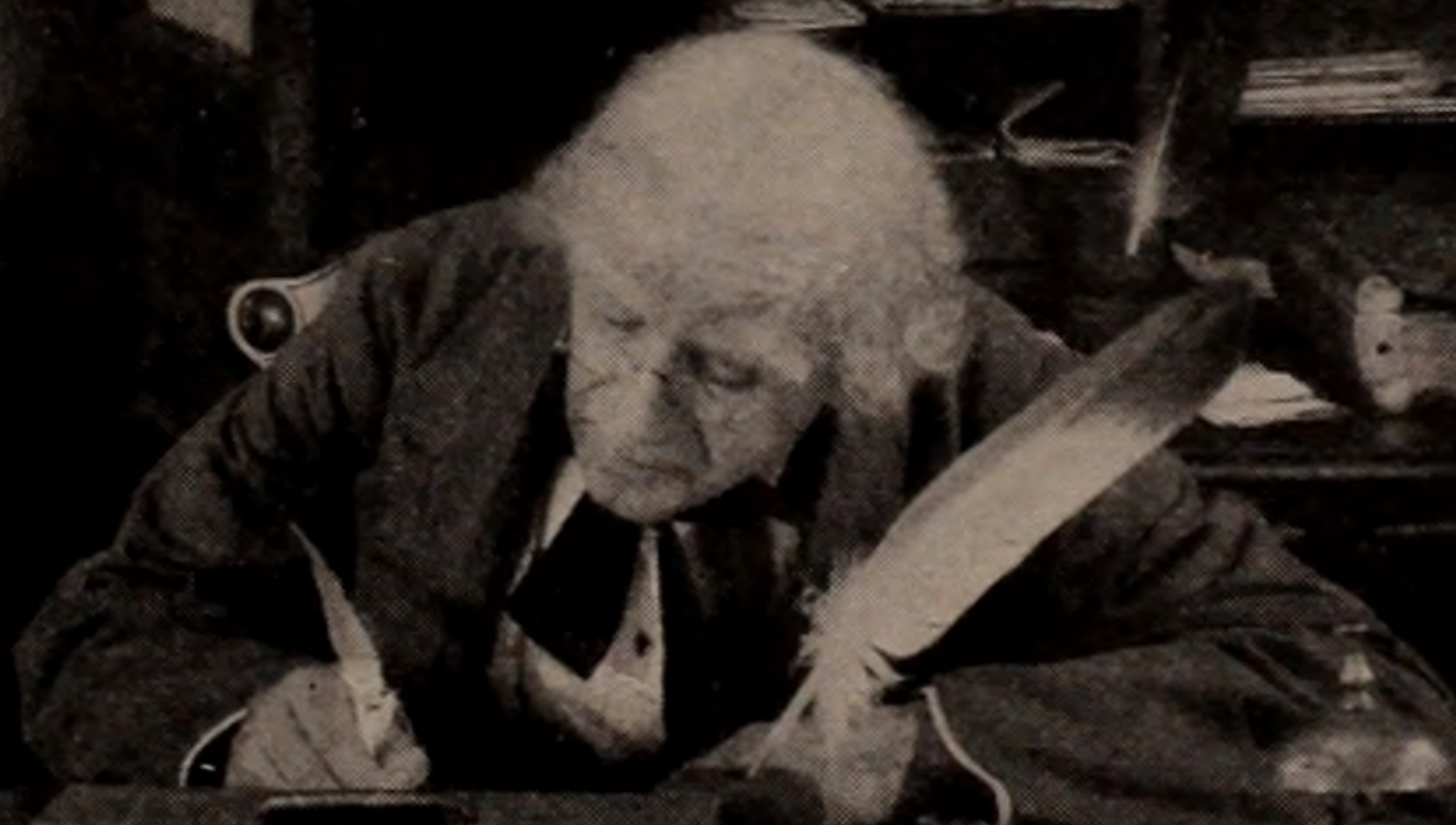
EDITH STOREY

Favorite Rôles

By
ROBERTA
COURTLANDT



MARY PICKFORD



BLANCHE SWEET (ABOVE), HENRY WALTHALL (BELOW)

laugh- touches, and, in short, was an ideal

Edna Mayo part.

On the other hand, Earle Williams' preference is for a part played quite awhile ago—John Storm in "The Christian." He prefers it because, as he expresses it, it gave him a chance to

comprehensively portray a noble nature; because the response to his rendition has never been equaled by anything in his career; and, last, because he may be said to have created the rôle in Motion Pictures.

Crane Wilbur names his rôle in "Wasted Years," a recent release, as his favorite rôle, for several reasons: First, he wrote the play himself, and, naturally, the character appealed to him; second, because he believes he has done the best dramatic work of his entire career, so far, in this rôle; and third, because his powers of make-up were brought into full play,

in depicting the old bum, who at the end of the Road of Life sees enacted again the story of his own misspent life in the semi-symbolic play of "Youth." One of the best, or rather one of the most pleasing scenes was the unconscious pathos of the scene in which the man finds the child whom he does not know to be his own—when the young spendthrift returns to his machine, left standing at the curb during his trip to the club, and finds there a little, golden-haired street-waif, asleep. His scene with her is a beautiful one, and, tho he never discovers that she is in reality his own child, Mr. Wilbur's handling of the scene was most pleasing. Another reason for his preference for this rôle was the unusual make-up which he employed as the old man and which was described in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, recently, under the title of "Triumphs in Make-Up."

Edith Storey's preference is for her rôle as the Egyptian princess in "Dust of Egypt." It isn't hard to understand this preference, remembering Miss Storey's wonderful success in it. Her characterization, one of the most difficult that has been shown on the screen for



CRANE
WILBUR

months, was almost perfect. Her make-up was another unusual feature. Miss Storey's portrayal of this rôle has received the highest commendations from Egyptologists, who, as a usual thing, don't concern themselves with anything so terrifyingly modern as Motion Pictures, but who found, in "Dust of Egypt," a play that was clean-cut, a star who had really studied her part and fitted it out as nearly perfect as human mind may dare; so there isn't any wonder that this part holds a big share of Miss Storey's by no means fickle affections.

Henry Walthall's portrayal of Edgar Allan Poe, the ill-starred Southern poet, in "The Raven," was one of such depth and ideality that the picture is often referred to as "The Life of Poe," or similar titles. Mr. Walthall is a Southerner by birth and deeply interested in the work of this much admired and revered countryman. At the beginning of the picture, an old daguerreotype of Poe, taken shortly before his death, was shown, and, this fading out, Walthall's face looked out from the same frame. The resemblance was startling. And, no matter how many other plays the well-beloved "Little Colonel" of "The Birth of a Nation" may play, he will always feel a fondness for the character of Poe. It was a most difficult part, owing to the fact that so many of the scenes depended upon the star alone. The emotion and dramatic intensity of Mr. Walthall will always make the play stand out, clean-cut

as a cameo, in the minds of the people who were lucky enough to see it.

Alice Hollister, for all her vampire work, and the fact that she is really the screen's first vampire, loves simple, innocent, girlish parts. One of her favorite parts is shown here—a still picture from "Maker o' Dreams." A slim, elfish bit of girlhood, dancing her way thru the woods, that are all she knows of the world, she is betrayed and goes to the city, where she falls lower and lower, until— But it was the first part of the picture that Miss Hollister liked so much. After so many vampire parts, she says that it was a posi-



EARLE WILLIAMS

tive joy to play, even for so short a time, a girl who was simple and sweet and innocent. And Miss Hollister's characterization was a "positive joy" to picture fans.

Mary Pickford, "America's Little Sweetheart," loves best the character of Cho-Cho-San in "Madame Butterfly"—this in spite of the fact that a recent contest in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE proved that the majority of the fans liked her best in "Tess of the Storm Country." Hear Mary's reasons for preferring little Cho-Cho-San:

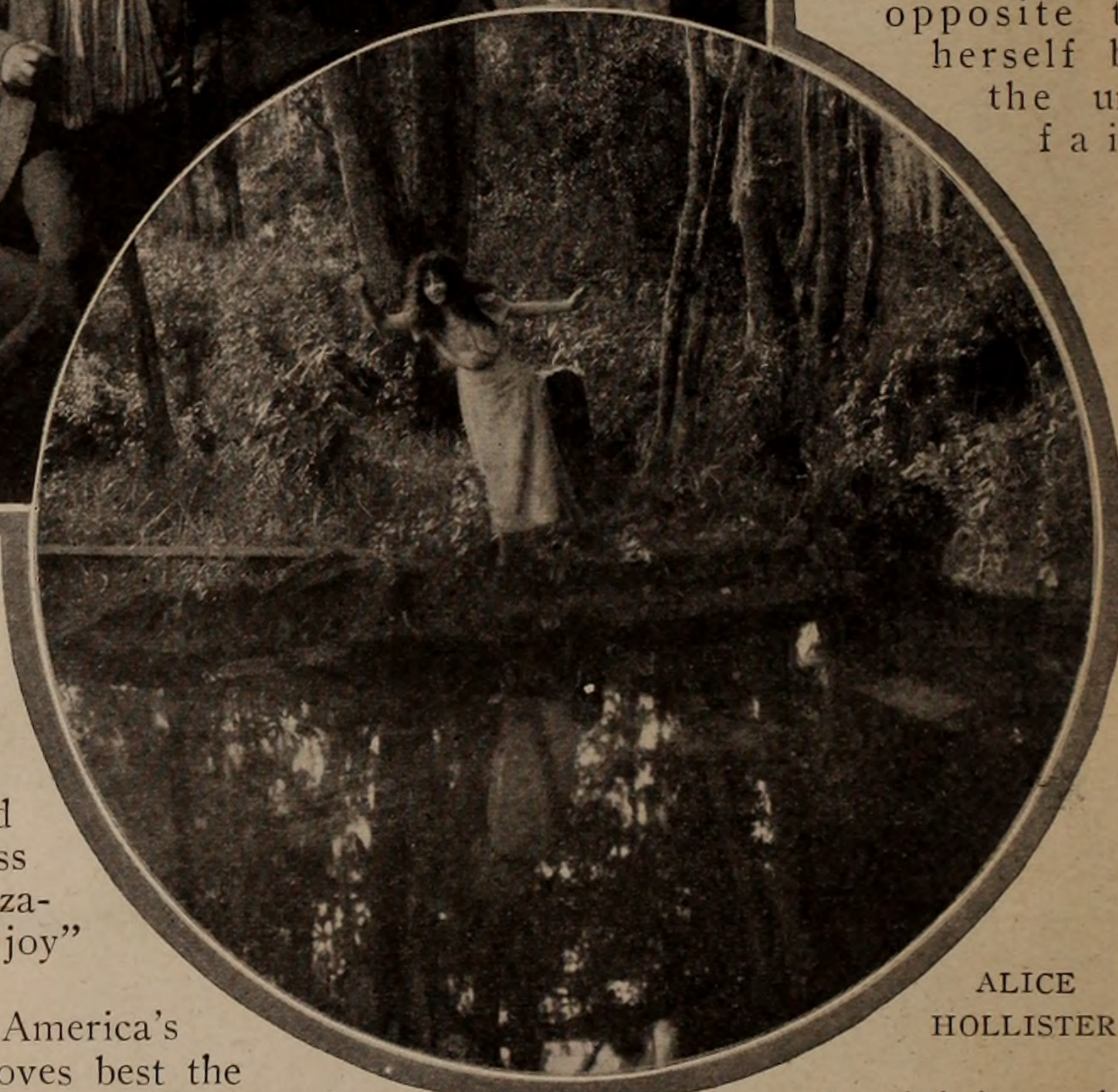
"Of all the rôles I have played on the screen, the most lovable has been Madame Butterfly. Tho I adored the broader characterizations, such as the Italian in 'Poor Little Peppina,' and the Dutch girl in 'Hulda from Holland,' there was an appeal about the romantic atmosphere of

the Japanese girl, and the tradition which clings about her, that made her an everlasting joy to me. She is the symbol of absolute faith and devotion and is one of the sweetest characters I know. It was a delight to interpret her for the camera."

Blanche Sweet likes her part—or should I say parts?—as the twin sisters in "The Secret Sin" better than anything else she has ever done. There was an excitement, a sort of contagious enthusiasm, according to Miss Sweet, about playing two such different characters at one time before the camera. The accompanying photograph gives an idea of the difference in the characters of the two girls. They don't even look alike. And you may be sure that Grace and Edith Martin, the rôles assumed, were entirely different girls in character, traits, man-

nerisms, disposition, mentality, and, in fact, everything else that goes to distinguish woman from her fellow creature in this world of likes and opposites.

'Tis said that Blanche Sweet was inspired to assume the difficulties of playing opposite to herself by the unfair



ALICE
HOLLISTER

criticism that "she played all her parts alike." The amazingly distinct characterizations she achieved in "The Secret Sin" put all her critics to rout and proved her to be an emotional actress of the first water.

The man in the middle is Frank Reicher, who was responsible for the direction of "The Secret Sin." It has been under the direction of Mr. Reicher that Miss Sweet has done some of her finest work since leaving D. W. Griffith's company.

Big Moments from Popular Serials

A Pocket Edition of All the Current Instalment Dramas

From time to time the Motion Picture Classic will collect and publish lay-outs from all the leading serials. Some of these photographs will be in advance of the serials' release dates. We do this in deference to the enormous audience who follow their favorites week by week



Grace Darmond, as Leontine, is rescued by the unknown Ravengar, from the wreckage of a disastrous earthquake ("The Shielding Shadow," Episode 4)

Juliet Musidora, as Irma Vep, and H. Leubas, as Satanus, are about to kill Enrique Moreno with an electric gun ("The Vampires," Episode 6)



Charles Richman, as Phillip Barr, and Dorothy Kelley, as Madame Savatz ("The Secret Kingdom," Episode 2)



Jimmie Dale, wealthy society man, makes a club bet that he can commit a robbery and escape undetected. The morning after the robbery he is horrified to receive a letter, signed only with a grey seal, accusing him of the robbery and commanding him to take up a career of crime. Under threat of exposure, he is forced to obey, altho his entire energies are bent toward unearthing his unknown accuser. In this scene are shown the four principals of the "Jimmie Dale" series—E. K. Lincoln, as Jimmie Dale; Edna Hunter, as Marie La Salle; Paul Panzer, as Henri La Salle; and Doris Mitchell, as "The Woman in Black." This dramatic moment is a struggle to secure evidence involving life and freedom ("Jimmie Dale, Alias the Grey Seal," Episode 4)

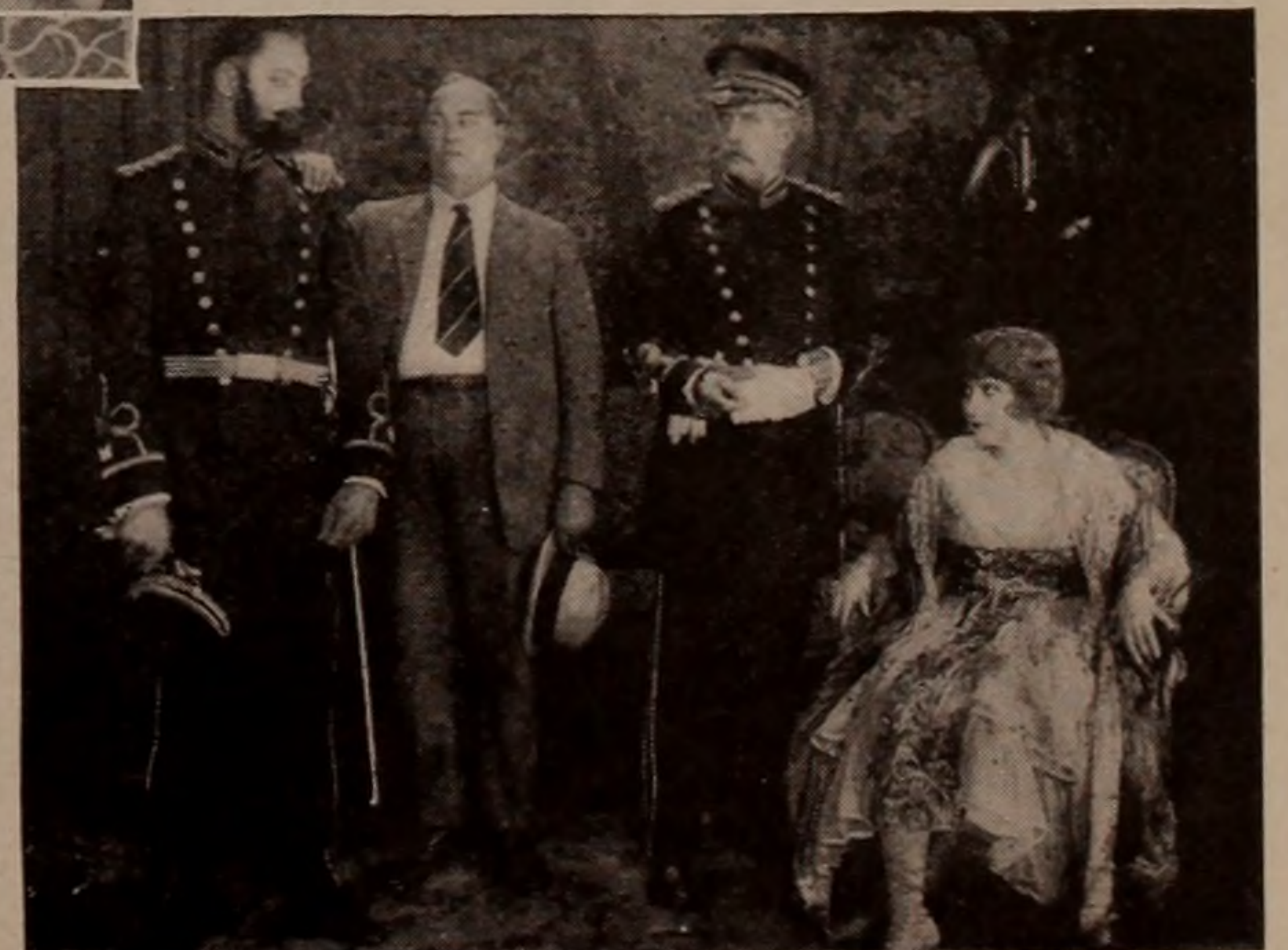


Driven to action by the discovery of a bullet-marked skull in an abandoned house, the police cannot unravel the mystery. Tommy Grant, a police reporter, discovers that years ago the house was rented by a boarding-house keeper, Henri Theophile. Grant traces his daughter and gets a confession from her. It seems that Theophile had become infuriated because his daughter Babette (Ollie Kirkby) was about to marry Alphonse, a poor artist (T. Justin Dow). Theophile (William McKey) traced them to the artist's studio, and, after a thrilling scene, killed his daughter's lover ("Grant, Police Reporter," Episode 2)



Charlotte Walker, as Molly Pitcher, the Joan of Arc of the American Revolution, in "Sloth," the 4th Theme of "Seven Deadly Sins."

Florence Martin (Marguerite Clayton), tired of her village home, elopes with Chester Randolph, city chap (Sydney Ainsworth). Randolph turns out to be a crook whose cruelty finally drives Florence to desert him. Her wedding-ring is "the burning band." She obtains a position as a secretary to a millionaire's wife, and falls in love with William Conklin, a wealthy youth (Edward Arnold). The newspapers report Randolph killed, and Florence weds Conklin. Then Randolph appears in her bedroom as a robber, discovers her marriage, and seeks blackmail. Florence fears to reveal her past to her husband, but finally, in an exciting scene, Randolph is shot to death by his crook "pal," and all ends well for the others. ("Is Marriage Sacred?" Theme 1—"The Burning Band")



Ralph Kellard, as Captain Payne, is accused of betraying his country. Pearl White resolves to clear him. ("Pearl of the Army," Episode 1)

The Mona Lisa

By L. CASE

OLGA PETROVA



PETROVA IN ACTION

DIMLY I recall one of the fairy stories that delighted my childhood days—that of the little Princess, at whose christening twelve fairies attended, each of whom gave to the Princess her choicest gift: one bestowing surpassing beauty of face and form, another beauty of soul, another wealth, others showering great talent, charm, the sympathy that makes and holds friends, and so on, until the tiny babe had within her all the elements to insure a life which should attract as well as radiate happiness. Then came the bad fairy, who spoiled it all by a clause about a spindle, this latter resulting in the Princess getting into most grievous trouble.

Since I have been privileged to know the wonderful woman whose appearance under the Metro banner has been one of the greatest achievements yet encompassed by that organization, I have arrived at the conclusion that Madame Petrova is the reincarnation of my Princess of childhood days. Gifts have been lavishly bestowed upon her—alluring, physical beauty; histrionic ability; literary attainments along several lines; a keenly analytical mind; charm, augmented by that rarest of all possessions and the most uncommon—so-called “common” sense; the culture that comes from blood and breeding, enriched by intelligent travel; a beautifully modulated voice, made all the more attractive by a fascinating foreign inflection—all these and more have been heaped in the lap of this favorite of fortune; but, as in the early story, the bad fairy must have attended the christening. Just what the curse was I do not know, but I rather think she tried to spoil all the good fairies’ kindnesses by wishing the Princess might always be unhappy. Out of the great,

dark eyes seems always to gaze a troubled soul, and her sweetest smile has in it a wistful sadness.

Her first screen appearance—“My Madonna,” inspired by Robert Service’s poem—established Madame Petrova in many minds as the embodiment of the *tragedy of womanhood*, and her wistful smile reminds us of the inscrutable Mona Lisa. She has received scores of letters to “My Madonna of the Screen” and to “Our Lady of Troubles.” It is not Madame Petrova’s creed, however, to supinely accept the narrow confines allotted women. She is an ardent and intelligent advocate of the present-day trend toward an ever-widening field for the activities of her sex. The cobwebs of musty conventions cannot blind her clear vision. She thinks for herself—a rare accomplishment, by the way.

Unlike most beautiful women, she is not content to depend upon the gifts of



kindly nature, but believes it her duty to develop to the full all the talents which she possesses. Before she became the great artist who can sway millions, she had made an enviable name for herself as a writer of verse, articles and stories in the *London Tribune*. This literary ability she has lately applied to feature photoplays, “The Weaker Sex” and “The

of the Screen

RUSSELL

OLGA PETROVA



PETROVA AT HOME

"Orchid Lady" being two excellent stories from her pen, soon to be released.

Not content with keeping two directors busy, she takes three music lessons a week, and has entered into a contract with one of the largest manufacturers of phonographs to make records both of her original poems and her voice in song.

(Fifty-five)

Her many admirers the world over will now be enabled to hear, as well as see, their favorite screen artist. It was just outside the pale of the big studio scene in our forthcoming story of Corsica—for I have the honor of recently collaborating with the gifted Petrova—that she recited for me a little gem which I begged to be allowed to incorporate in this brief chat. The sweet wistfulness of it quite shut out the harsh discordancies of the busy studio. Much of the charm is lost when you do not hear the music of her voice, but as this is one of the records recently made you may soon have that privilege:

TO A MOTHER.

Mother, why do you weep?
Because your birds grew too big for the nest?
Because they left the soft down of your breast,

When they stretched their frail wings and flew to the west?

Mother, why do you mourn?
When the sun rises lone o'er the tall pine trees
And the wind sighs sad on the autumn leas,
And the ringdove laments to the evening breeze?

Mother, why do you sigh?
Remember, you, too, left the parent tree
And flew with your mate far across the sea,
Nor heard your mother's tears in that Land of To-Be.

Mother, why do you smile?
Because your bird has flown back with a broken wing,
And forgotten the songs that she used to sing,
And you've anointed the wing and healed the sting?

Thru this you may glimpse the sentiment and tenderness which, true daughter of Britain that she is, she seldom displays. And that brings me to the question that is no doubt uppermost in your mind, as I find it the one most frequently asked by her admirers, "Is Madame Petrova a Russian?" No, she is not. She was born in Warsaw, her mother being Polish, and her father English. The name Petrova is that of her husband.

Educated in England and France, and having traveled all over Europe as well as India and Egypt, and being possessed of a retentive and well-trained mind, Madame Petrova is of invaluable assistance to her directors. There is not a people with whose manners and dress she is not familiar, and she gives freely of this knowledge in the production of her pictures. She is most particular about the minutest details, which accounts for her features having a most convincing

atmosphere. For instance, in one of my stories, "The Black Butterfly," soon to appear, Madame Petrova personally superintended every detail in the café scene, making a most realistic reproduction of a famous Parisian resort.

Before the silent drama claimed her, the gifted artist appeared in New York, in the old Folies Bergère, and later made a tremendous hit in "Panthea." Until the war made ocean travel hazardous, she has made an annual tour abroad, which she contemplates continuing as soon as feasible.

Among Madame Petrova's most pop-

ular plays are, "My Madonna," "The Heart of a Painted Woman," "Playing with Fire," and "The Eternal Question." "Extravagance" is the title of her latest release, with "The Orchid Lady," "The Weaker Sex," "The Black Butterfly," and the Corsican play, "To the Death," soon to follow.

From the thousands of letters received by the popular star, one would judge that patrons of the screen are automatically disproving what disparagers of the silent drama contend—that a real artist cannot be appreciated in the shadow play. To those who worship at the shrine of "Our

Madonna of the Films," let me bear assurance that their incense ascends to no unworthy idol, for added to unquestioned talent are beauty, rare mental attainments, and boundless capacity for work, which is, after all, the secret of any lasting and worth-while success.

And this, as a last little whisper aside, despite the tragic eyes and the wistful smile, your "Lady of Woes" has a keen appreciation of humor, a quick wit, and a merry laugh—that toast to good fellowship—that is almost enough to dispel my theory that the bad fairy attended the christening at all.

What Happens in the Audience

By ANNE SCANNELL O'NEILL

WHILE the joys and sorrows, the love-affairs and the tragedies of screen-folk are flickering across the stage from Shadowland, it is often the case that just as joyful and sometimes just as tragic events are happening in the audience.

Another tribute to the world's sweetheart, Miss Mary Pickford, has recently found its way into print. A group of soldiers, on a brief respite from the vermin-infested trenches, visited the picture theater. The play was a love-story, featuring the little queen of the movies, and, of course, she won her way straight to the soldiers' starved hearts by her winsome grace. Tears came to them and heartache, as the story carried them back to the days when they, too, were privileged to laugh and love. After the play was over, they wrote a letter of appreciation to Mr. Adolph Zukor, expressing their admiration for the actress and asking for her picture to be placed in a niche of honor in the trenches. The first signature was that of Robert Lermusieux, brigadier of the Belgian Royal Guards, and contained the signatures of ninety-six of his comrades.

"It is the finest compliment I have ever received," said "Little Mary," as, with characteristic thoughtfulness, she selected the charming picture of herself taken with a pet kitten and sent it abroad in answer to the respectful request.

That screen lovers can sometimes interrupt the most important event of one's life was demonstrated not long ago when a young couple journeyed from Madison, Illinois, to St. Louis, Missouri, to be married without the knowledge of prankish friends. Tired with shopping, they put off their trip to the courthouse and dropped into a theater to rest a while. Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne were the featured stars that held the young strangers enthralled until darkness had fallen over the city and the license-clerk and judge had long since departed

to their respective homes. However, a trip to East St. Louis found a kindly clerk and justice, and by nine-thirty that evening the young couple were man and wife.

Sad, indeed, is the story of the poor little Englishwoman who, after losing both her husband and eldest son in the war, was forced to see her only remaining son, George, leave for the front. Months before she had received official notice that George had been killed while bearing dispatches from one trench to another, but this day fate decreed that her cup should be drained to the dregs. Entering a picture theater to try to forget for a space, she saw some old war-scenes. One of these was of soldiers breaking camp for their start to the front. There, in the foreground, was George. A moment he worked busily, and then, evidently in answer to the request of a camera-man, he faced forward and saluted with an embarrassed laugh. Oh! that boyish laughter! How it brought him back! Surely he could not be dead! "He was just away." But the strain proved too much for the mother's overburdened heart, and they found her sitting there, dead, when the lights flared up.

It is an old story now about the miracle performed by Ham and Bud, of Kalem fame. A young British soldier was so badly gassed at Ypres that he was invalided home, supposedly deaf and dumb for life. When he was convalescent from his other injuries, a nurse accompanied him to a Motion Picture theater. A Kalem comedy was on the bill, and the funny antics of Ham and Bud so tickled the soldier that his laughter startled the house. When the confusion died away, it was found that he had recovered the use of his suspended senses. But the wonder grows that he owes this miracle to Ham and Bud! Boy, page Charlie Chaplin.

The *Moving Picture World* tells of a

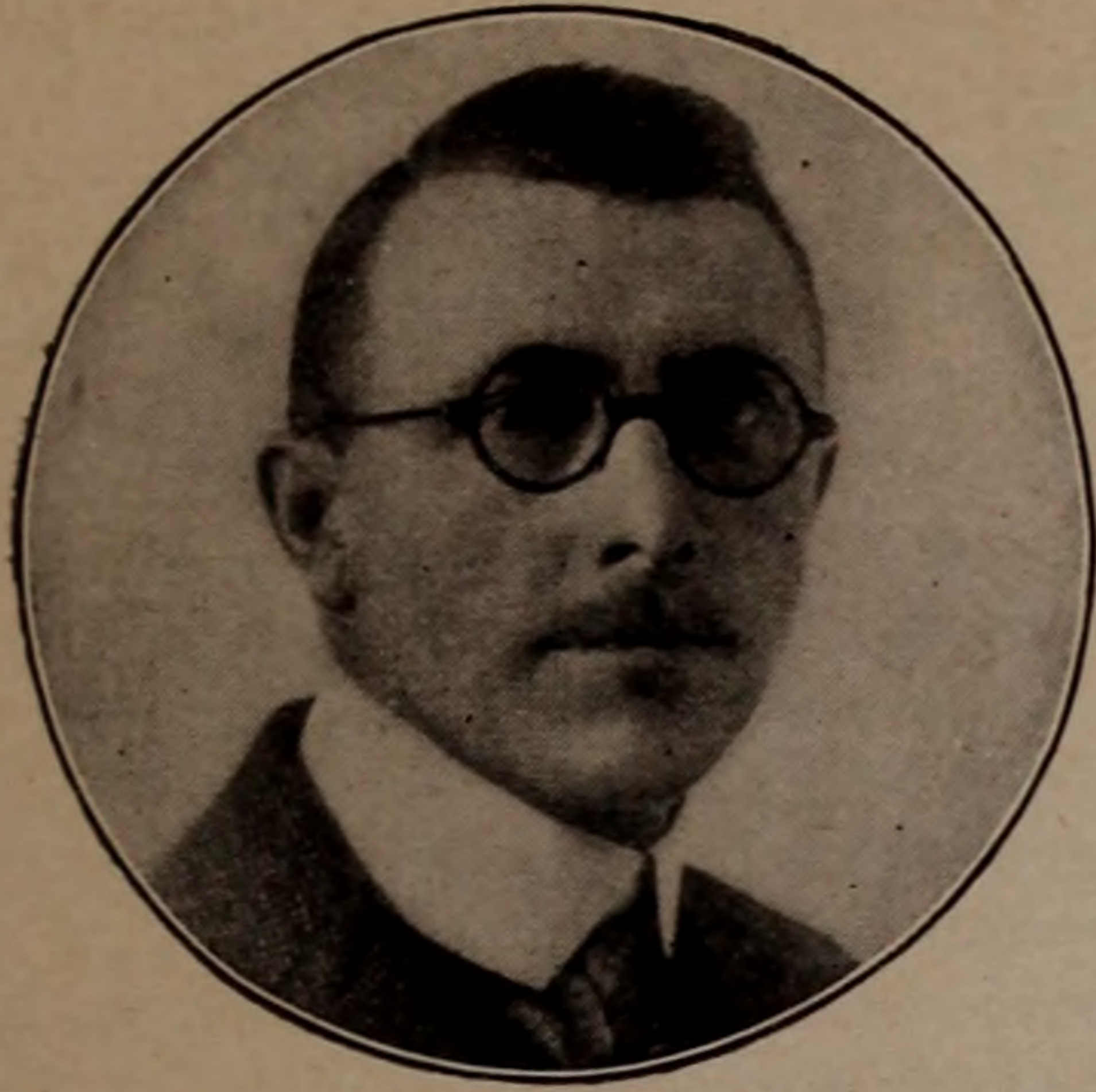
letter received from the superintendent of the Nava Vidyalaya, Hyderabad, Sind, India, pointing out the unexpected result of showing Wild West and bandit pictures there. These have been the means of suggesting to Indian outlaws the value of the automobile as an aid in the commission of crime in making a quick escape. It is said that the bad men of the hot country are very quick to take advantage of any suggestion that they can glean from the pictures as to how *our* bad men ply their trade.

One cannot waste any sympathy on the young farmer who was swindled out of one hundred and sixty dollars by a supposed ranchman from whom he requested work. The man took him into a picture theater, where some ranch pictures were being shown, and declared that they were watching scenes on his own ranch. The young farmer eagerly accepted a position with the swindler and turned over his money to him for safe-keeping. In the darkness the man escaped with the money, and at last accounts the farmer was applying for a position on the police force.

A clue furnished by a picture in Massachusetts was followed across the continent by a forlorn little woman, who eventually appeared in a Los Angeles court and demanded the arrest of the husband who had deserted her. It was while sitting in a theater, watching scenes taken during the tournament in Pasadena, that she saw her husband standing in the throng. "I wouldn't have been so mad, judge," she sobbingly explained, "but there he was laughing away and having a good time, and here I have been breaking my heart for fear he was dead or something dreadful like that."

The novel contention that a film influenced a jury to convict four men who were charged with train robbery was made in the United States Court of Appeals by their attorney, recently, while

(Continued on page 67)



HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

The Photodrama

A Department of Expert Advice, Criticism,
Timely Hints, Plot Construction
and Market Places

Conducted by HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

Staff Contributor of the Edison Company, formerly with Pathé Frères; Lecturer and Instructor of Photoplay Writing in The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, also in the Y. M. C. A. of New York; Author of "The Photodrama" and "The Feature Photoplay" and many Current Plays on the Screen, etc.

**Close-Views
and
Inserts**

Then there is the newspaper dramatic critic who serves out caustic comment about photoplays.

This man is ostensibly paid as an expert to report truth for the information and guidance of the public; instead we find him something of a dilettante laddling out opinion to the edification and misguidance of himself.

He dismisses the whole panorama of photodrama with a "But dont take them too seriously, for they are all a part of the silly-ass movies, you know."

I refuse to know any such thing.

In the first place, I'll warrant that nine-tenths of the intelligent readers of every newspaper in the world are more or less interested patrons of the photodrama and that fifty per cent. of them are photoplay "fans."

The province of a critic ought to be tolerant at least and encourage a new phase of artistic expression that largely patronizes the advertising columns of his paper, and he should pass over shortcomings in the knowledge that all beginnings are basically crude.

I'm afraid that some of our so-called critics are hide-bound. They refuse to accept the premise which we must all admit before we can enjoy the photodrama. It would seem that he visited the theater in a skeptical mood, and when "The Conquest of Canaan" was announced as the title of the current photoplay, he shook his head in sheer scorn. "'Conquest'? How absurd! I see only a series of photographs. I saw the stage-play, 'The Conquest of Canaan' and there was something that made me thrill!"

See how hide-bound this is! He refuses to accept the photodrama as a distinct drama by itself. How long will he continue to judge it by the standards of the stage?

And just where and how is stage drama more convincing, more appealing or more real than photodrama?

Let us assume that a person with a mature, intelligent mind should see a stage-play for the first time in his life—just as countless thousands of us have come to witness the photodrama in our middle-aged wisdom. Our imaginary-person's first impression of the stage-

play would result in a mental revulsion against the theater's statement that this play is *Life!* Why, all that any one may see is a platform framed like an oversized picture and filled with obviously painted scenery. Amidst this artificial setting actors make their way and imitate some highly spiced fragment of Life. How preposterous! King Lear and Princess Cordelia indeed—why, they are none other than John Bunk and Lizette Hotair, a couple of half-starved actors!

Thus we may readily imagine the public's comments when stage drama was first presented.

Fiction is open to the same criticism that it is not Life but a printed page! And so is all Art—the marble statue, the painted picture, etc. Even the outward Man is but a counterfeit of Truth. How seldom do we really *know* what is going on within his soul and mind! Only under the stress of emotion do we ever truly find out. And there lies our whole problem in Fiction, in Drama, in Art—to portray Man in his moments of emotional Truth.

We sum it up in a few words: All Drama, Fiction, Art consists in an endeavor to express thru an outward and visible *symbol* some great inward and invisible Truth or spiritual struggle.

Art, therefore, is fundamentally pictorial and dramatic.

So then the printed page, the picture-frame stage and the animated photographs are all *symbols* by means of which we convey our dramatic message, story and play. We must grant that they are artificial—just as we accept the polite Man as artificial—but the soul of the Man or the Play must be Real in order to command our further serious and fair consideration.

Photoplays that are unreal merit scorn; but photodrama that is Truth deserves encouragement, praise and a place beside the fairest sister-arts of Fiction and stage Drama.

**Plotting
the
Photoplay**

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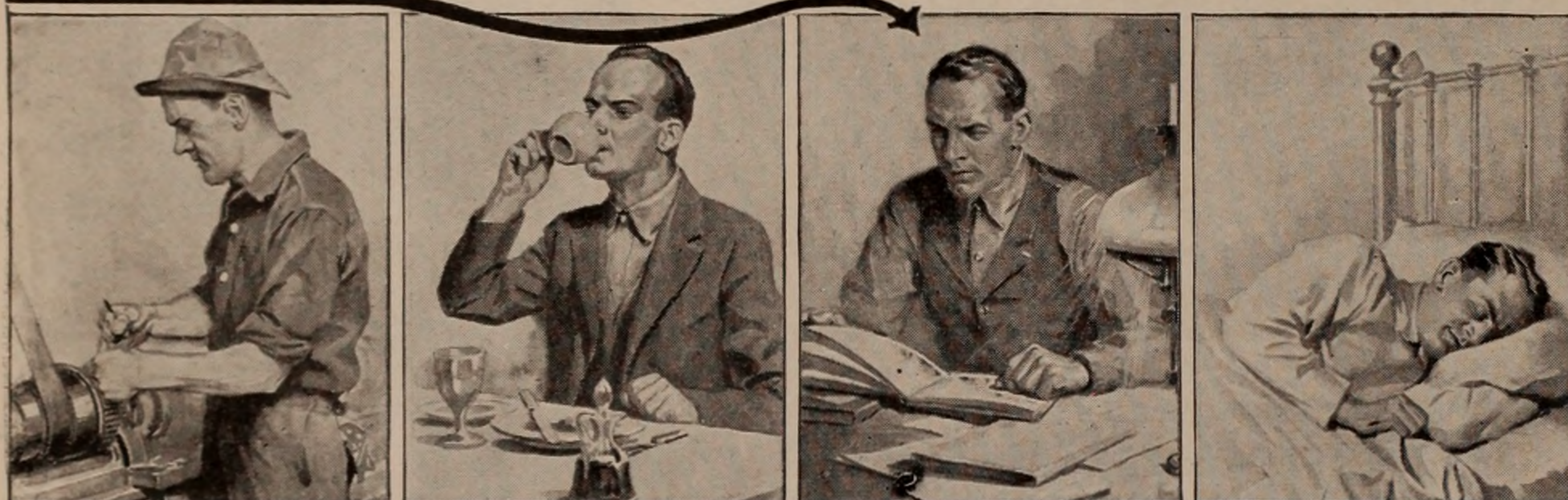
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Plot material may consist of any fragment of dramatic action.

If ordinary material is employed it must be at white heat, or pathetically simple, or viewed amidst some extraordinary phase—be suggestive of more than the obvious.

Thus, thru plot selection, the commonplace becomes electrified when the trained plotter attaches his current of imagination to it. In fact, the highest art attainable in plotting is that which is capable of effectively utilizing the ordinary and the commonplace phenomena of life.

Plotting becomes easier in ratio as it deals with the extraordinary, but narration more difficult, because of the greater task of rendering the extraordinary material convincing.

Screenings from Current Plays

Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I have just seen one of my own plays screened. Again it has proved to be one

of the sad hours of my life. Furthermore, I intend to lay the same heavy hand of the law upon its malefactions just as tho I had not been its parent.

Before we go further, I'll confess that I was responsible for the birth of this brain-child—its upbringing and debut, however, are in the main the result of its screen foster-parents.

Who else could be responsible in the course of picturizing your idea?

Well, it is a case not unlike our old alphabet: A stands for Author's Child; B bit it; C cut it; D directed it; E edited it—and so on to the end of the alphabet.

I cant swear that Mary Miles Minter did not delineate my character of Millicent in my play "A Dream or Two Ago." Actresses—big or little—are supposed to obey literally what their directors tell them to do.

Nor can I say for a certainty that James Kirkwood was responsible for Millicent's change of front. Directors are supposed to abide by the working scripts that are given them.

Now we come to the writer of the working script. I am inclined to suspect him—yet, writers of working scripts are supposed to incorporate suggestions offered by scenario editors.

My Millicent groped her way out of my imagination just as tho her former life had happened a dream or two ago. But Mary Miles Minter romped upon the screen a vixenish hoyden, referring to the delicate matter of her lost memory with a "Gee, I guess I'm gittin' nutty!"

No, this was surely not the girl of my dreams.

If I were to ask why my play was not scenarioized as contained in my synopsis, I would probably be told because it was too long to include in five reels. This was true in a measure. But there is such a thing as selecting essentials

from among non-essentials. For instance, I had not the honor of numbering an organ-grinder's monkey among my characters. I still consider the little beast a non-essential. Yet the Monk stole the "lead" in several scenes in which he appeared *alone*. See how we writers have honors thrust upon us.

In defense of having submitted a crowded synopsis, I will ask why several hundred feet were wasted on captions, dialog inserts and the like that were perfectly covered in the action itself?

In one place we find Millicent's father and mother bickering on the screen. The screen was not made for bickering. Nevertheless, we find these two characters conversing back and forth for not less than seven or eight times. Screen art consists in saying *once* in the mouth of one character all that is necessary, but implying possibly what in literature it takes many "he said's" and "she said's" to cover. Captions or dialog are a last resort in photodrama when we have exhausted our ingenuity in trying to express the same thought in action.

Thus we see that even the selling author has his troubles—troubles which are not always necessities. Time alone will not remedy them. Protest alone will root out abuses.

It was not thought necessary, for example, to be particular about the precise name of the author of "A Dream or Two Ago." The posters outside said it was taken from the story of "Albert Phillips," while the screen had it "Henry A. Phillips," but my real trade-mark is

Yours faithfully,
HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS.

Lessonettes

There is no other way of setting down your ideas, expressing your thoughts

and telling others what you mean, than the grammatical way.

Hence, we may examine briefly the specific photo-power of our nine parts of speech:

EXAMPLE: (1) *Noun*, tells us what or whom you are talking about; have no more nouns than you want objects, and no object that is not clearly visible; (2) *Pronoun*, use the Noun in preference if its repetition permits; (3) *Verb*, the action word; the dynamo of emotion and the most important word in photoplaywriting; (4) *Adverb*, the word of color, fine subtlety, charm and pathos; (5) *Adjective*, the quality word that visualizes the image and without which there is no description; (6) *Preposition*, the word of passing, the bridge; pause at it and you will have suspense; (7) *Conjunction*, joins qualities, objects and groups and may connect words and short statements or break long ones; (8) *Article*, is insignificant unless it singles out objects; (9) *Interjection*, represents the less artful way of expressing emotion.

HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS.

(Fifty-nine)

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Film Fables

The Fable of the Scenario That Sounded Well

By JOSEPH F. POLAND

ONCE a Gink who sold ribbons in a dry goods emporium was seized with a Tremendous Idea for a Scenario. As he smelled off the yards of ribbon for the ladies, he saw, in his mind's eye, the people falling all over themselves to get in and see his photoplay at the movie theaters; he heard the thunderous roars of applause, and envisioned the double-column spread that the newspaper critics would hand it.

For sixteen nights (consecutive nights, at that) he consumed the midnight gas, tearing off his masterpiece. When he had perpetrated the last page, he sat back and read with satisfaction, rumpling his hair just like a real author. It was most beautiful—he admitted so, himself.

It opened with a description of the breezes singing in the tree-tops, of birds caroling on the branches, of horses neighing and of cows lowing. The little brook gurgled over the stones, the motorboats chugged by. Horses' hoofs were heard in the distance, also the splash of the oars of an approaching rowboat and the whip-poor-will in the woods. And so on, at great length.

Having gotten all this out of his system at one fell blow, he picked out a company on which to inflict his offering, and mailed it, breaking his last jitney for postage.

The next day he overslept, arrived at the store late, and was reproved by the Grouchy Boss. Haughtily he resigned on the spot, and, going home, sat down to await the large and juicy check that would be forthcoming.

Several days passed, and anon several more, as the novelists are wont to chirp.

Then our hero received a bulky envelope in the mail. Surprised, and wondering if they had sent more than one check, he tore the thing open and beheld his scenario, sent back to father! Coming out of his coma, he read the brutal and unfeeling editor's comment:

"Your script *sounds* very good, but unfortunately, the Motion Picture camera is unable to portray noises. The only sound we can put in pictures is the Long Island Sound. We advise you to turn this into a book, or an orchestration, and bestow it upon some worthy institute."

Firmly grasping his superlative script in his little hands, our amateur scribe tore it from stem to stern. Next morning, at seven-thirty o'clock, he was endeavoring to grab his old job again.

Moral: A job in the fist is worth two (or more) tremendous ideas in the mail.

What Remained

The movie censors had registered their complaints and gave a sigh of relief. They felt the thrills which come with thoughts of work well done. "Now," they said to the director, "let us see what remains."

The operator was ordered to proceed. The censors settled back in their seats to enjoy the production. There was a click, a flash of a desert scene—that was all!

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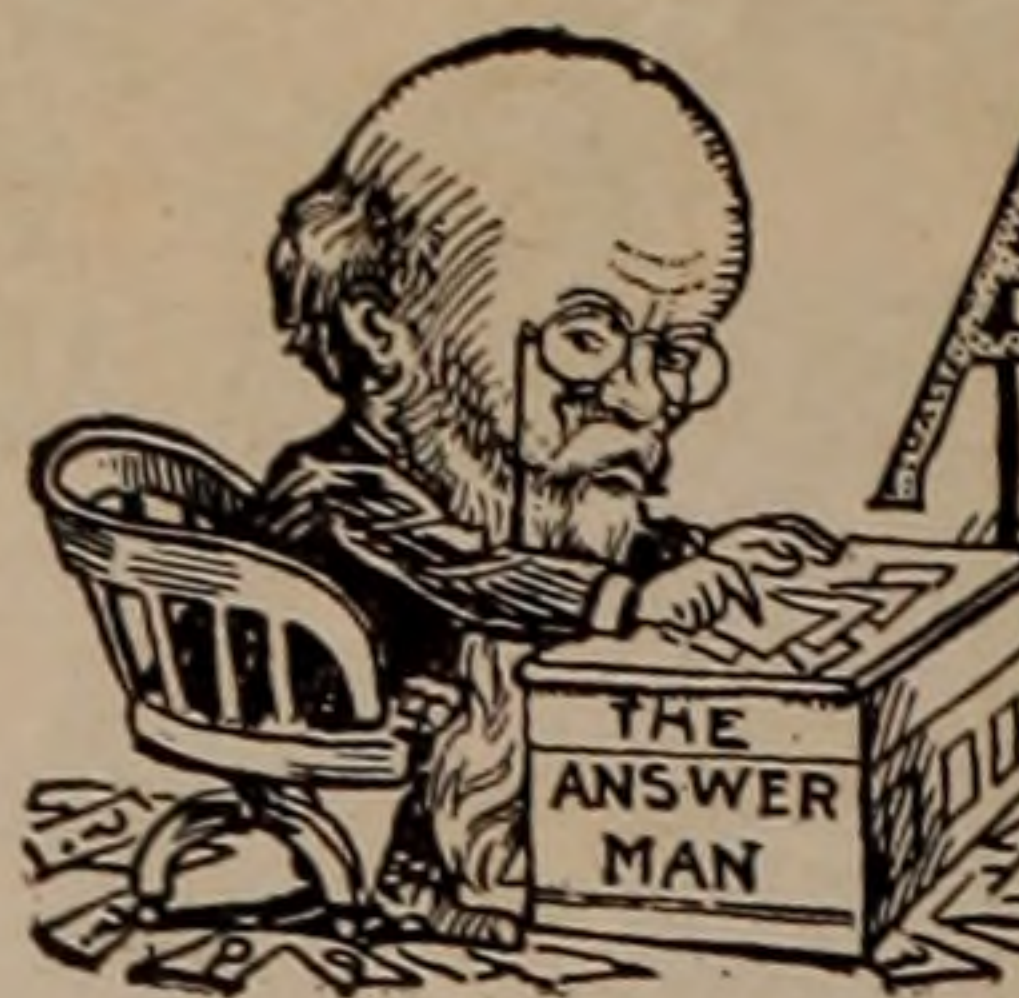
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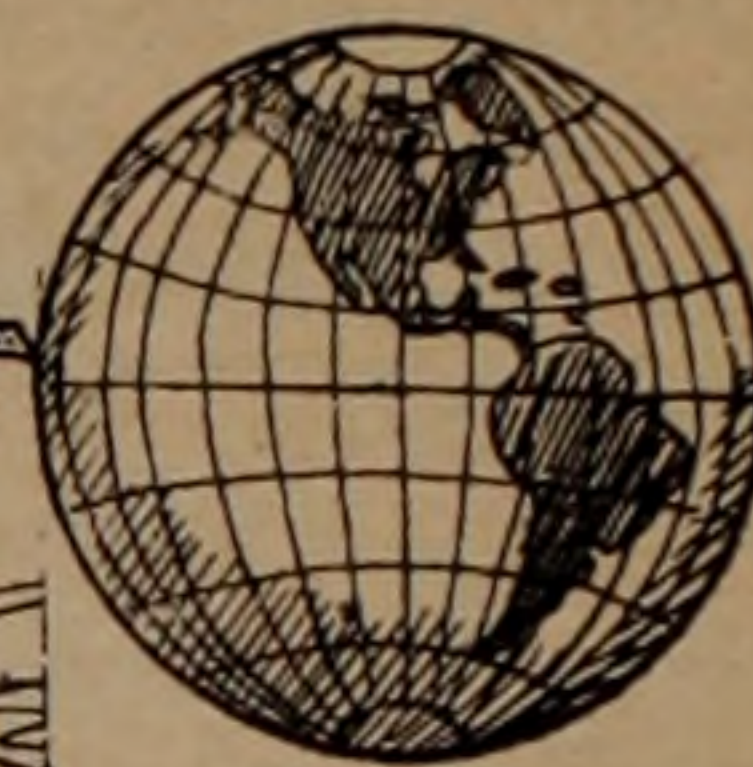
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ANSWER DEPARTMENT



This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them. This is the only movie encyclopaedia in existence.

MARIETTA.—I liked your letter very much, but you don't ask any questions. Send a stamped, addressed envelope, and I will send you a list of the film manufacturers. You want a cover picture of May Allison?

EVELYN T.—Yes, I have read the novel, "Wild Olive," but I haven't seen Myrtle Stedman in it. Yes; Jackie Saunders and Roland Bottomley in "Grip of Evil." It is awfully sad, but paper is getting so scarce and dear that shoemakers will soon not be able to use it in our soles.

ESTELLE, ALTOONA.—Yes, it is true that Max Linder is now in America and is going to play for Essanay. Jewel Carmen has left Triangle and is playing for Fox.

CHARLES F. H.—Was glad to hear from you again. Yes, my beard keeps me warm in the winter, but I wish I had it on the top of my head.

EDNA MAYO ADMIRER.—Your votes were taken care of. You ask no questions, therefore I can tell you no lies.

VIDA E., SUGAR LAND.—Come, now; you don't mean that you want a description of Charlie Chaplin. Ask any two-year-old that. Arthur Ashley was John in "The Revolt." Ivy Close was Nell in "That Pesky Parrot," but she is in England just now. Surely, I am always glad to hear from you.

MARY JANE A.—You can get in touch with those players in care of the studio. Alfred Vosburgh has joined Thomas Ince.

MELVA.—See above. I have a letter here awaiting you. So you would mourn your loss if you were a player and had to ruin some of the wonderful creations. Yes, it does seem a pity.

PICKLES.—I don't know how to advise you. I think you ought to take your father's advice. You were fortunate to have the position offered to you.

JULIUS T.—Frederick Warde to appear in "The Vicar of Wakefield," also "King Lear."

IRENE.—The sequel to "The Diamond from the Sky" has been released. There will be four chapters, and the announcement of winners will appear in the film.

BETTY C. ALISON.—No, we have never printed the story "Mice and Men" (Famous Players), nor "Madam Butterfly." You have the wrong title on your third. House Peters and Beatriz Michelena in "Mignon." There are several "Impostors"—which do you mean? Norma Talmadge in "Battle Cry of Peace" opposite Charles Richman. Thomas Holding opposite Pauline Frederick in "The Eternal City." Harold Lockwood in "Wildflower." Charles Waldron in "Mice and Men." See that you keep your promise.

JACK J. P.—I don't understand this great demand for those new dimes—you can't buy anything for a dime nowadays, anyway. You refer to Jewel Carmen. You're right about the election.

MARION T. B.—That's right, Louise Lovely's name is, or was, Louise Carbasse. Since with Universal it has been changed.

WILBANKS E., TULSA.—Charlie Chaplin's latest is "The Rink." Billie Garwood will play opposite Enid Bennett for Triangle. The threatened railroad strike that the President drove away seems to have a return ticket.

CATHERINE OF ARAGON.—I am sorry you don't care for Mary Miles Minter. You are

right about Theda Bara. Yes, indeed, let me hear from you again. Here are twenty Pickford photoplays which I suggest for re-bookings: "In the Bishop's Carriage"; "Caprice"; "Hearts Adrift"; "A Good Little Devil"; "Tess of the Storm Country"; "The Eagle's Mate"; "Such a Little Queen"; "Behind the Scenes"; "Cinderella"; "Mistress Nell"; "Fanchon the Cricket"; "Dawn of a Tomorrow"; "Little Pal"; "Rags"; "Esmeralda"; "The Girl of Yesterday"; "Madam Butterfly"; "The Foundling"; "Poor Little Peppina"; "The Eternal Grind"; "Hulda from Holland."

POOR PET.—William Farnum and Bessie Eyton in "The Spoilers." Potatoes are selling for less in Berlin than they are in Brooklyn.

CHIEF, MIAMI.—We very often have photos of Olga Petrova. Just write to Metro. With the way paved by the "divine Sarah," James K. Hackett, Mrs. Fiske, Henry E. Dixey, Lily Langtry, James O'Neill, Cecilia Loftus, John Barrymore and Cyril Scott followed in rapid succession, giving the movement of a great impetus against which those few who have already been named have stood firm. Frank McIntyre will play for Famous Players.

KNOW-IT-ALL IN MOVIELAND.—Thanks, but you must always sign your name. Yes, Bryan is trying to lead the Democratic donkey to water and make him drink. I doubt if he will succeed in his dry-cleaning process.

BILLIE F.—Thanks, Billie. And you want to come to New York. That's every country girl's ambition. "Achievement is a comparatively small matter, but the spirit in which things are done is the essence of the whole thing," and I agree.

MARGARET MCE.—We have forwarded your letter to Harry Myers. Look up his letter in the February Magazine in answer to the number of letters he has received since our publishing his article on "How to Get In."

BERTHA E. W.—Frank Elliott was with Lasky last. So you like George Walsh and want us to have an interview with him. I am intoxicated with your delicious flattery. Like wine, it goes to my head.

PITTSBURGH BLUES.—Come, cheer up. Life's too short. Yes, we had an interview with Douglas Fairbanks in the December 1916 issue, and a picture of him in the June 1916 issue. Yes, Page Peters is dead. Long "e" in Theda. That mustache of Stuart Holmes is the real thing—no make-believe. I know, too. Sorry, but I can't obtain that information.

HARRIET.—Bought popularity does not last long. June Caprice is a very young, new and equally pretty favorite. She was born in Boston, and is only 17 years old. The ability and beauty of Miss Caprice promise for her, I think, a dazzling future.

HONEYPIE.—No card for that old Biograph. Pretty old, you know. Dustin Farnum is with Imp. Pauline Starke was Columbine in "Puppets." Frank Losee was Uncle Josh in "Old Homestead." Denman Moley was Happy Jack. And you want a picture of True Boardman to appear soon.

M. E. B.—So you want Harold Lockwood to marry May Allison. I'll see if I can't oblige you. Wallace Reid is still with Lasky. Yes, Marguerite Clayton in "The Prince of Graustark." Bobbie Vernon with Powers.

EDITH F.—Here's a good one. Recently Marin Sais, the heroine of "The Girl from 'Frisco," received a broken nose when her horse, shying, threw back its head against her face. The bone has set perfectly, and her nose photographs better than ever: I mean Marin's, of course. The winner of "The Diamond from the Sky" series wont be known until the sequel is finished. Victor Moore in Klever Komedy (Paramount).

JOSEPHINE P., ST. LOUIS.—Ethel Barrymore was born in Philadelphia August 15, 1879. Her beauty, accomplishments, and talents have made her a welcome guest in the most exclusive society, both in this country and abroad. Yes, there was an Edward Elkas who used to be with Vitagraph.

ALICE E. B.—Mme. Petrova is still playing for Metro. The Colosseum at Rome was started A.D. 80, and seated 90,000 persons. At its dedication by Titus, 5,000 wild beasts were killed and the celebration lasted nearly 100 days. Of course, Fox release comedies.

LAURA T.—Address Harry Hilliard in care of Fox. Send for a list of film manufacturers. Theda Bara in "The Darling of Paris."

GLAD.—No, May Allison did not play in "A Fool There Was." Well, the first report we printed was incorrect—false rumor—at least, that is what they say. Second, correct; ditto, the third. You have got Whittier himself beaten for wit.

CHARLES H.—A "set" is a studio stage-set usually made of painted canvas. In the early days sets were like theater back-sets and represented only one side of a room. Later on, with the invention of the panoramic camera, two sides were shown, and then three. I understand several sets have been built recently depicting all four walls of a room. William Farnum in "The Price of Silence."

F. X. B. FAN.—They are stage stars, and, therefore, I have no record of them. On Jan. 6, 1916, Mary Pickford signed her contract with Famous Players retaining interest in the Mary Pickford Corporation. You want a picture of Norma Talmadge. Thanks for your good wishes.

RUTH E., PHILADELPHIA.—A bushel basketful of thanks for your kind remembrance. As Publius Syrius says, "I am not your friend unless I share in your fortunes as well as your misfortunes." Yes, Nell Shipman in "God's Country and the Woman." Constance Talmadge in "Intolerance."

JUANITA.—No, we have never had a picture of Antonio Moreno in the Classic. Thanks for your most generous fee.

ELSIE W.—Yes, Artcraft is the name of the brand of film Mary Pickford is producing. When you feel blue like that always compare past woes with present happiness.

MINNIE B.—You want Warren Kerrigan and Louise Lovely to play opposite. Yes, do write again. There are fifteen episodes to "Secret Kingdom."

AUDREY F.—Well, well! You refer to Viola Dana in "The Flower of No Man's Land." Of course. I have a weakness for marshmallow fudge.

TESSIBEL.—I seldom read stories, but I read yours. While it is very good indeed, I refer you to Shakespeare's maxim, "An honest tale spreads best when plainly told." Bessie Love was Mary in "The Aryan." Theda Bara was the vampire in "A Fool There Was."

ELBERTA K.—Victor Trevarre was Fantomas in "Fantomas." James Cooley was Eugene in "Immortal Flames." Maude Fealy was Ada. Yours are pretty old.

GENEVIEVE.—Dont forget that "hell is paved with big pretensions." So you liked the picture of Pearl White on the last Classic. Picture of Harry Hilliard in the February Magazine.

MARION, PITTSBURGH.—Ah, ha! I see that "A word to the wise is resented!"

RETTA ROMAINE.—So glad to hear from you again. What about Henri? He's a friend of mine. Yes, I am always glad to hear from Anthony, but he never came to see me.

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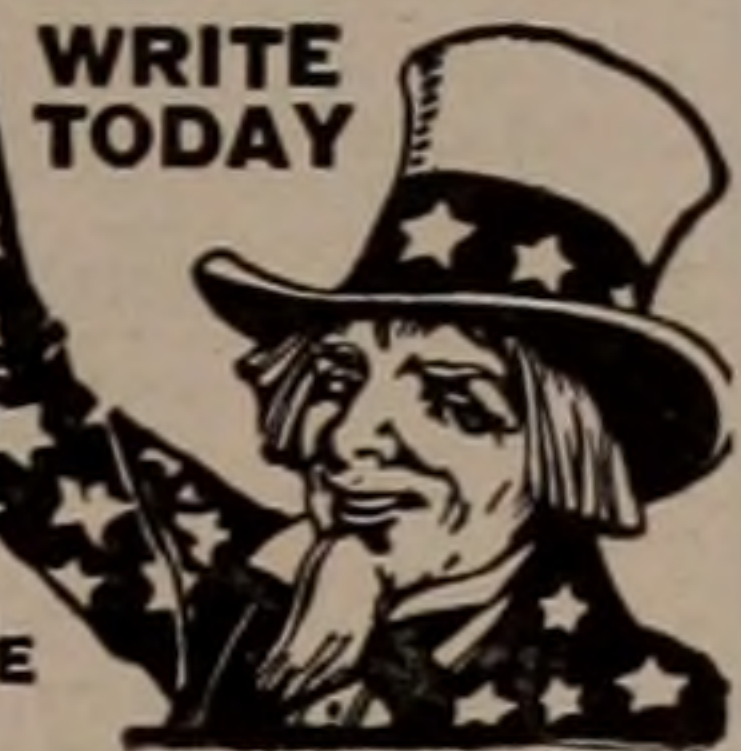
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GAY LEE.—"Is Francis Bushman any relation to Helen Dunbar?" What next, pray tell me? No. Yes, Frank Lanning. He was with Kalem. No, I have no correspondents from Africa. So you would like to go to Africa, would you? Yes, Mary Charleson in "The Country That God Forgot" (Selig), and also in "The Truant Song" (Essanay). She is with the latter now.

GERTRUDE C.—You forget that it is impossible for a national board to censor for any particular audience. Take that up with our Circulation Department.

MILDRED E. K.—Yes, surely we still have the piano and we have a dandy recreation room here. No, I have never had the pleasure of meeting Warren Kerrigan personally. Hope he comes in to see us when he comes East.

LUCILLE, TURNBULL.—Lottie Briscoe is not playing now. Yes, Mary Miles Minter has had a private tutor. So you are mad with me, are you? Well, friends, truly friends, can never long be foes, so you will soon get over it. Alma Hanlon is with Art Dramas.

PLUSIE.—Oh yes, Thomas Chatterton has a dark complexion and curly brown hair and brown eyes. He is a fine artist and is very athletic.

SOUTHERN GIRL.—No, I don't detect a resemblance between Virginia Pearson and Marguerite Clark. Victor Sutherland was Cliff in "The Sultana." But you must put your name at the top.

WALTHAM ADMIRER.—The birthstones are as follows: Jan., garnet; Feb., amethyst; March, bloodstone or jasper; April, diamond or sapphire; May, emerald or camelian; June, agate or chalcedony; July, ruby or onyx; Aug., sardonyx; Sept., chrysolite; Oct., opal or beryl; Nov., topaz; Dec., turquoise. Anna Leigh was the sister of Col. Whiting in "The Sting of Victory."

SCRANTON, 17.—Yes, William Hart has played on the stage. Dorothy Kelly is playing at Vitagraphville yet. The Bastille was not built prior to 1370, and was destroyed by the mob in 1789.

MELVA.—Creighton Hale is supposed not to be married. Irene Fenwick signed with Famous Players on Oct. 11, 1916.

BRUNETTA, 17.—Robert Vaughn was the doctor in "Still Waters." Now you think

Anna Nilsson and Marin Sais resemble each other. Next couple, please. They are joined together afterwards. You're welcome.

NORA, PONCE.—Lillian Tucker is still with Pathé. Florence Reed was born in Philadelphia. She was starred on Broadway. That was an old Pathé with Andrew Arbuckle.

W. M. L. RADIO.—Yes, she is divorced. A divorcée is a female fugitive from injustice. No to your P. S. Just where Abbeokuta and Yoruba are I don't know, and I haven't time to scour a geography just now.

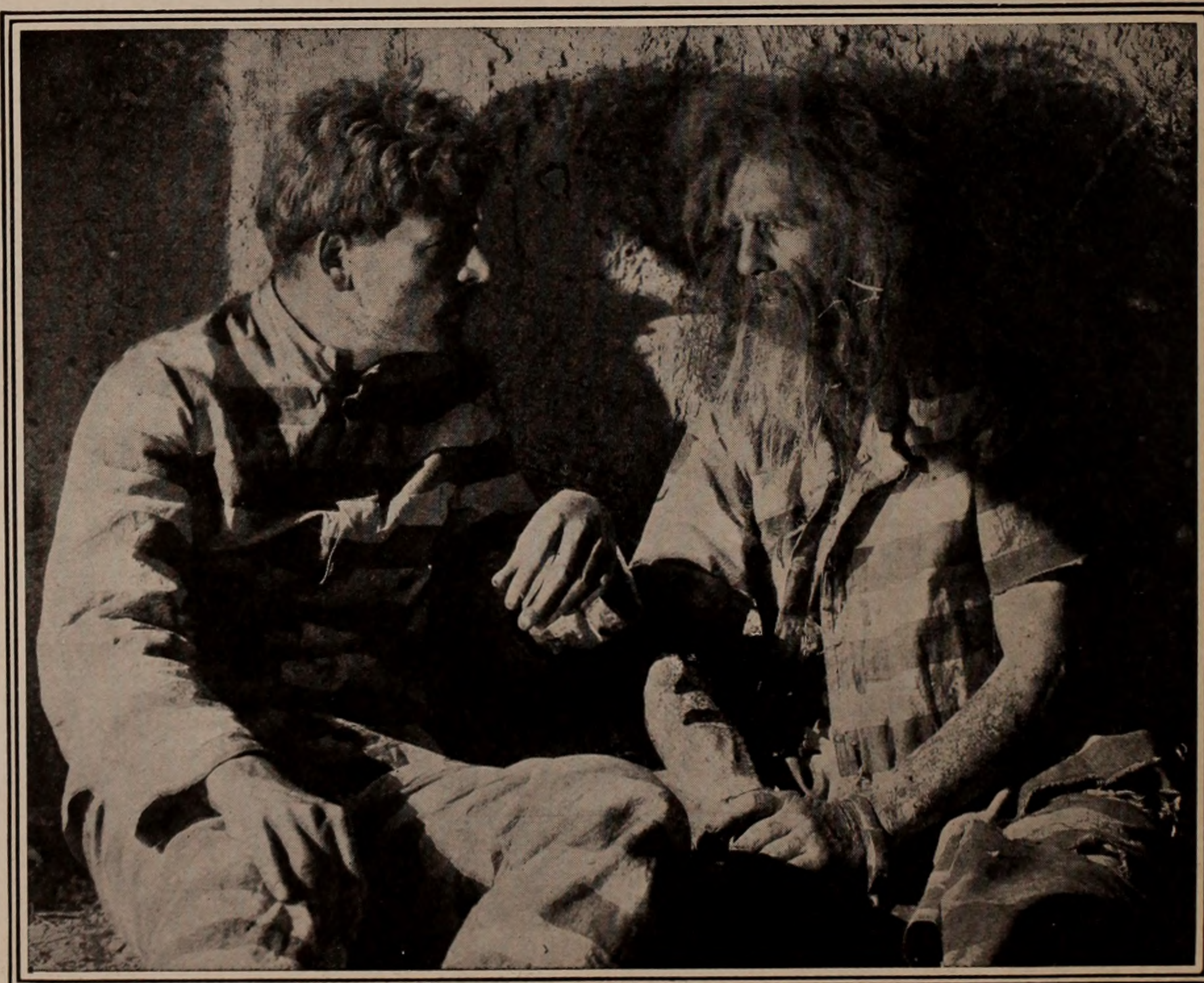
LILLAS ST. CLAIR.—So glad to hear from you again. June Daye is no longer with Lubin; sorry I can't help you. Nigel Barrie was Bert in "Play Ball." Charles Bartlett is with Universal and Robert Grey is with Universal. M. Maurice was the dancing-master in "The Quest of Life." Donald Hall was Barnett in "Hesper of the Mountains." Elliott Dexter was Gordon in "Public Opinion." Claire Anderson in "Jerry and the Blackhanders." Richard Sterling in "Ramona." Let me hear from you again.

BESSIE J.—Gene Gauntier was in Europe last. Marion Leonard is not playing now. Gertrude Robinson was with Gaumont some time ago. Muriel Ostriche was with Equitable last. Your letter was a gem; write again.

OTOE F.—Harry Myers at Jacksonville, Fla. Many players put their salaries to work by engaging in business ventures. Cleo Ridgely has a poultry farm and sells eggs and chickens to the Lasky studio; Monroe Salisbury has a successful fruit-farm with a ranch near Mt. Baldy, Cal.; Tom Chatterton has a large stock and grain ranch in northern California, and William Conklin, Balboa, runs an automobile agency in Long Beach, Cal.

AMELIA.—Last photo of True Boardman was in November, 1914. Ethel Teare opposite Ham and Bud. Thanks for the interesting news.

ALOHA.—Thanks for your very kind fee. "Susie Snowflakes" was taken in Easton, Pa. That was Ann Pennington's first picture. She has been with Paramount since Jan. 22, 1916. She was born in Camden, N. J., and is twenty-four years old, 4 feet 10 inches high and weighs about 100 lbs. Give my regards to Hukahula.



SCENE FROM "THE HONOR SYSTEM" (FOX), A PRISON PROBLEM PHOTOPLAY



Charlie Chaplin fans, lend an ear! 'Tis said that Japan boasts a "funny man" quite as funny, according to Japanese standards, as Charlie is to America and Americans. Can it be possible?

American announces that the contest for a suitable sequel to "The Diamond from the Sky" has closed. The lucky winner of the ten-thousand-dollar check is Mrs. Helen O'Keefe, 3019 Eastwood Ave., Chicago. She says that the money will go to finish paying for her home and the education of her two small children.

Announcement is made that Mary Pickford's next picture will be in Eleanor Gates' stage-play, "The Poor Little Rich Girl." This is big news to her army of loyal picture fans.

Flora Finch announces that a company has just been formed, under the name of The Flora Finch Motion Picture Company, to produce comedies that are downright funny, with Miss Finch as leading woman and featured star.

Mary Miles Minter gave a Christmas-tree celebration to the little slum children with whom she became acquainted during the filming of "A Dream or Two Ago." A jolly time was had by all, for Mary as well as for her guests.

And now for some shiftings in the planetary system: Olive Stokes (Mrs. Tom Mix) from Selig to Horsley, to play leads opposite Crane Wilbur; Marie Walcamp from Universal to International, to play in "Patria" with Mrs. Vernon Castle; Mignon Anderson with Universal; Fay Tincher has left Triangle and is at present taking a short vacation before announcing her new plans.

Mary Fuller has returned to New York after an extended and much-needed vacation in the Virginia mountains. She is prettier than ever and in vigorous health. She will announce her plans early in the new year.

Lois Weber and her clever husband, Phillips Smalley, have left Universal and are now producing "on their own." Miss Weber says that now she will have an opportunity to do some really big things, such as she has always wanted to produce.

Leonore Ulrich begs for a part that is American. She says she is tired of wearing mantillas and woe-begone expressions of foreign innocence and unsophistication. Just one real, honest-to-goodness American-girl part, she begs. Scenario writers, take heed!

If you are inclined to star-gazing, it might be well to keep this list handy: Theda Bara will be seen next in "A Darling of Paris"; William Farnum in "The Price of Silence"; Mabel Taliaferro in "The Key to Possession"; Irene Fenwick and Owen Moore in "A Girl Like That."

Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, having signed Mae Marsh, announces the following scenario staff: Avery Hopwood, Margaret Mayo, Bayard Vellier, Irvin S. Cobb and Roi Cooper Megrue. Truly, with a staff like that we may expect great things of Goldwyn!

Ruth Stonehouse has at last achieved her greatest ambition—to be a director. She is directing and playing the lead in her first "self-made" picture, "Red Dick, the Good-Hearted Gunman," from a script by her husband, Joseph Roach. Quite a family affair, eh, Ruth?

Lois Weber's last Universal play will be "Even as You and I," which features Mignon Anderson and Ben Wilson.

We are sorry to announce the dangerous illness of Earle Williams, popular Vitagraph star. He contracted cold; refused to stop

work and to nurse the cold, which, aggravated by exposure, finally confined him to his bed. He is doing fairly well, as this goes to press, and his many friends hope to see him back at the studio soon.

Anita Stewart is rapidly learning the dances of all nations. Strangely enough, in the last few months she has had plays in which national dances were necessary. So Anita is becoming, in spite of herself, a skilled exponent of the goddess Terpsichore.

A recent most satisfactory test of the efficiency of the fire-fighting staff of Essanay occurred when a fire breaking out in a small storehouse was controlled so successfully that the only loss was ten million feet of disused film.

Astronomical note: A shifting of the stars has been noted as follows: Anna Nilsson from Fox to Erbograp; Agnes Eyre from Essanay to Powell, supporting Nance O'Neil; Matt and Mary Moore to Artcraft; Charles Arling from Keystone to Fox; ditto Hank Mann; Violet Reed to Metro; Carl Stockdale from Triangle to Lasky.

"Features may come and features may go, but serials run on forever." Here are just a few of the newest: Francis Ford and Grace Cunard in "The Purple Mask"; Mrs. Vernon Castle in "Patria"; E. K. Lincoln in "Jimmie Dale, alias The Grey Seal"; Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne in "The Great Secret"; Earle Metcalfe in "The Perils of Our Girl Reporters" (no, of course, Earle doesn't play the title part! The idea!); Mary Anderson in "Dangers of Doris." And so on, and on and on, like Tennyson's brook.

Little Billy Jacobs seems to have joined the shifting planets. Here he is, shifting again. This time it is from Lasky over to Selig, where he has an important part in "The Garden of Allah," opposite Helen Ware.

Victor Moore, Lasky's "Chimmie Fadden," is now in Jacksonville, Florida, producing Klever Komedies for Paramount.

Mabel Taliaferro recently gave another proof of her originality. She wanted to give a party, but she said it was too near Christmas to give a formal party, where people wore expensive gowns. So she called it a "Rag Party" and everybody came dressed in rags. Elsie Janis wore her "Cinderella" costume; Julian Eltinge was a pathetic figure as a girl of the slums, and the hostess herself was garbed in tatters. From all accounts, it was a most enjoyable party.

Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy, whom we loyal Americans know best as the husband of our own Southern authoress, Amelie Rives, has asked permission to paint Viola Dana as the Madonna. Pleased, Viola has bravely given up her Sundays to posing—only Motion Picture and theatrical people can appreciate such a brave sacrifice!

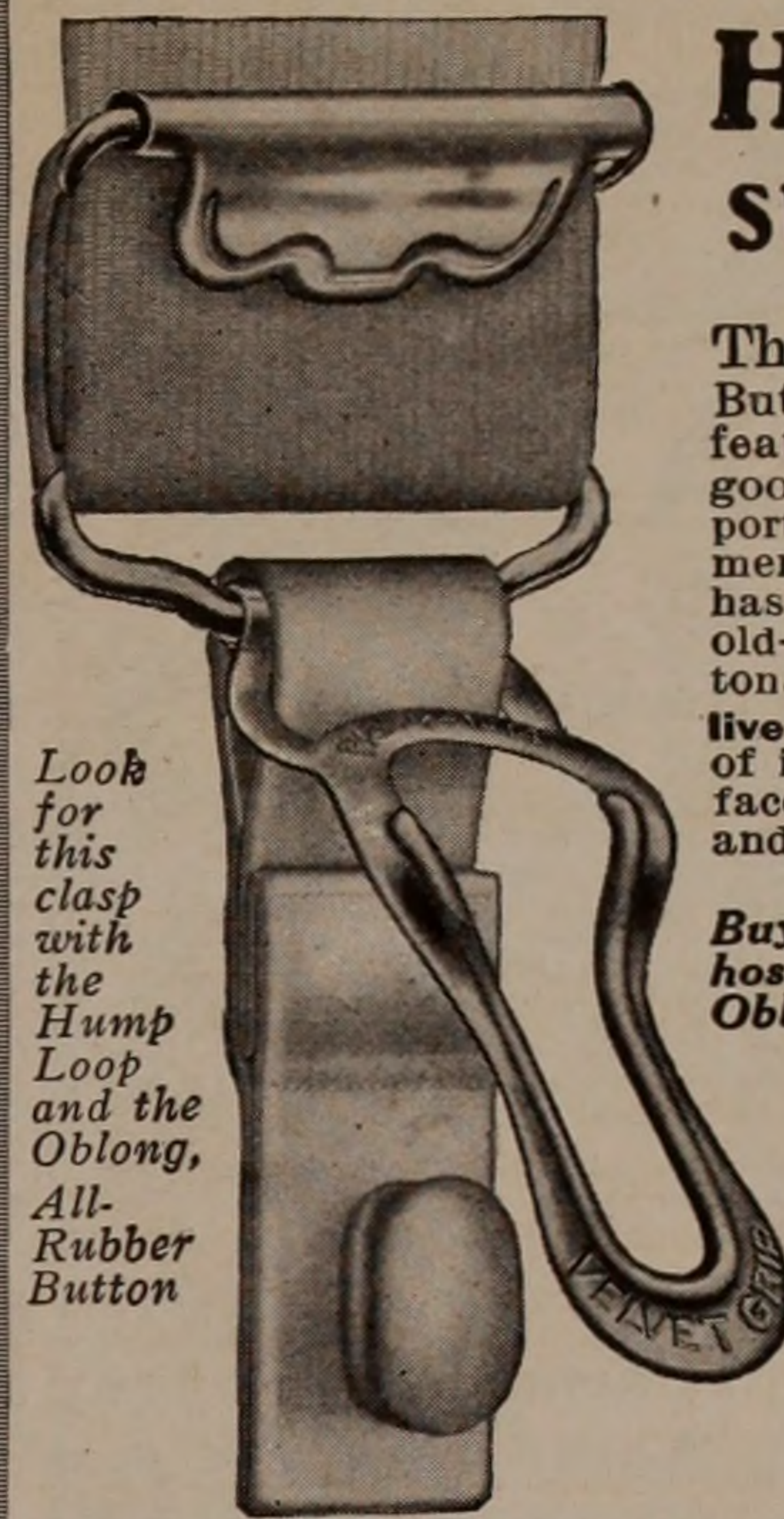
William Farnum recently played in a picture, in which he aided the children of America, as a Congressman. But now he has done so again, this time in real life. Assisted by members of the Fox company, he gave a benefit performance of "Virgilius"; the proceeds, among which were several generous checks, going to the Children's Hospital in Los Angeles.

Vitagraph has purchased the Motion Picture rights to the "Captain Barnacle" stories, and they will be done in pictures with Bobby Connelly and William Shea as the featured players.

Cleo Madison's first screen-offering, under the direction of the Cleo Madison Film Corporation, will be in a picturization of "Maid of Niagara."

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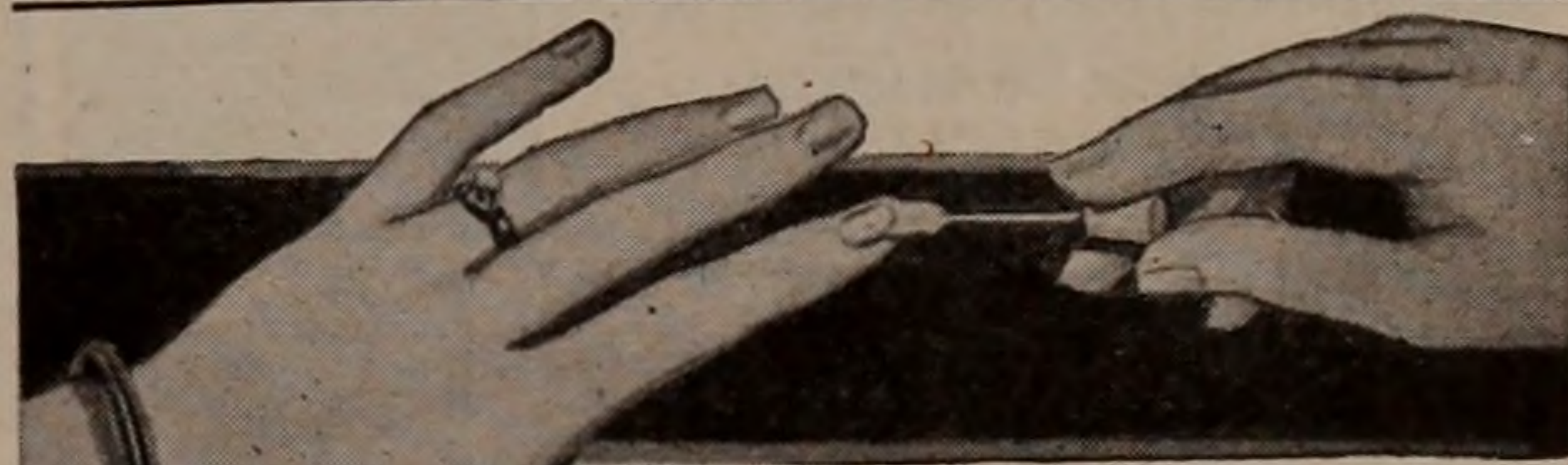
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Here's good news for admirers of Pauline Bush! She has returned to the screen and will be with you on January 13th, in "John Bates' Secret," supported by Murdock MacQuarrie.

Nell Shipman is making a tour of the Eastern theaters, at the request of various theater managers, who find her a huge drawing-card, in connection with "God's Country and the Woman."

If you watch closely, you will soon see your favorites in the following pictures: Sessue Hayakawa in "Each to His Own Kind"; Vivian Martin in "The Wax Model"; Lou-Tellegen in "The Black Wolf"; June Caprice in "A Modern Cinderella"; Virginia Pearson in "The Bitter Truth."

It is not generally known that Madame Olga Petrova is almost as talented a writer as an actress; she is the author of several books of poetry which have been distributed privately among her friends, as well as two recent scripts, "The Eternal Question," and, even more recently, "The Black Butterfly," which was written in collaboration with L. Case Russell. Madame Petrova has just joined Lasky and starts production in April.

Cleo Madison has a dog—that is, she says he is a dog, and her friends take her word for it—at any rate, there's a small bundle of fur in her dressing-room that barks at one end! So be careful—don't wipe your feet on the mat in her dressing-room—the mat might nip you.

William Sherwood, the Metro juvenile who made such a creditable showing in our recent Popular Player Contest, is quite a busy man these days. Daytimes, he works in pictures for Metro; evenings, he plays "Paul Lowell," a most lovable, juvenile leading rôle with the Bramhall Players, at one of New York's most unique playhouses.

If you are still interested in moving movie-folk, here are a few more roamings: Alan Hale from World to Fox; Willard Mack from Triangle to Famous Players; Helen Badgely, "The Thanouser Kidlet," to Metro; Edna Flugrath from Edison and Vitagraph to Universal.

May Allison sends us this echo of Christmas: "In the afternoon, a party of girl friends and I went on a slum-tour, distribu-

ting some good things to eat among the people who could afford no holiday luxuries. In the evening, we had the regular Christmas dinner in Southern style at my house—and then the tree!" Quite some good time, eh, wot?

The Technicolor Motion Picture Corporation, at Jacksonville, Florida, are to make Motion Pictures in natural colors. They have engaged Niles Welch and Grace Darmond as stars for the new venture.

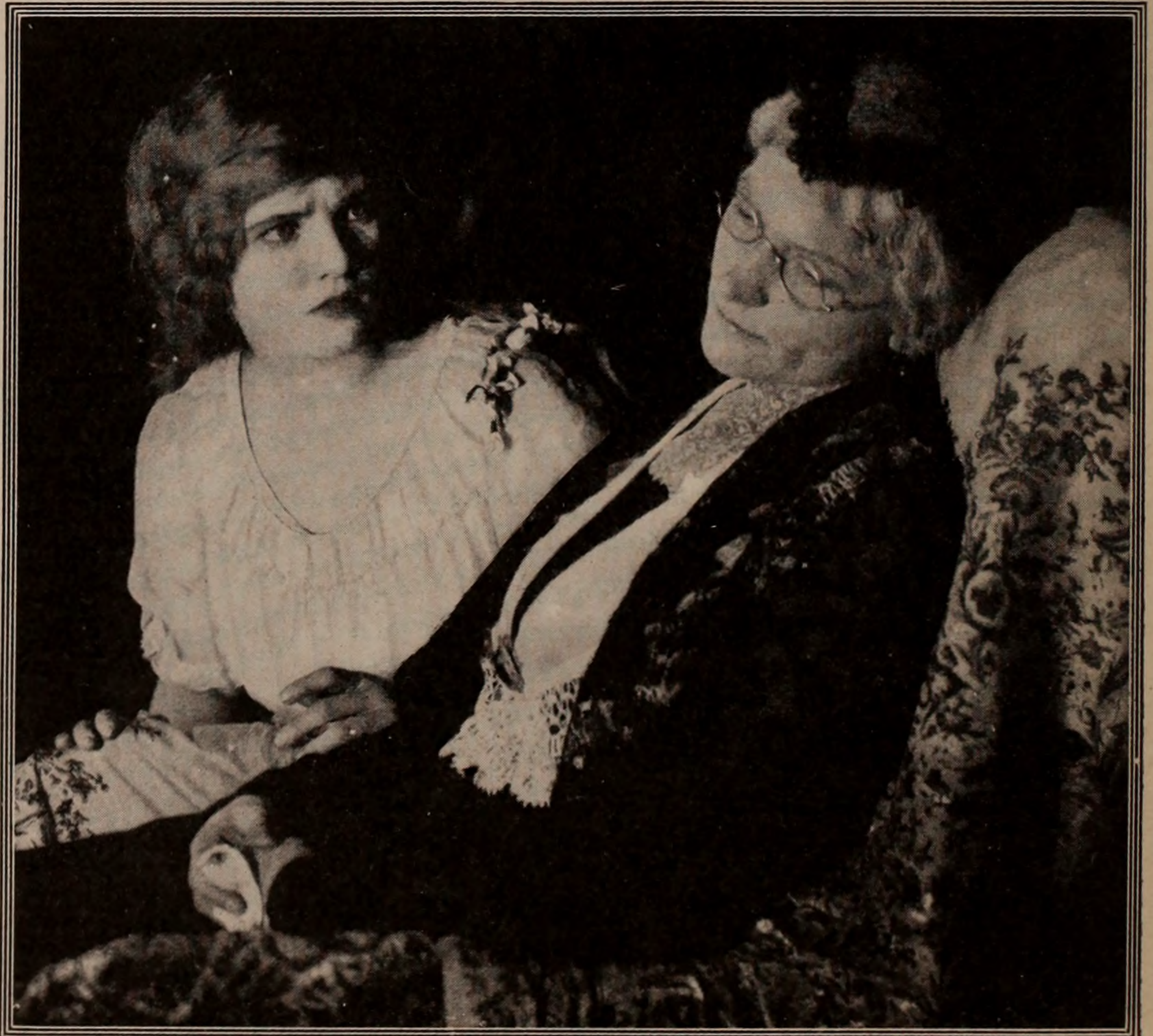
Albert Roccardi, one of the most lovable of Vitagraph's former character men, is in St. Mark's Hospital suffering from a severe attack of blood-poisoning. Two operations have been performed, and a third is threatened. The days are very long and lonely, filled with pain as they are, and Mr. Roccardi would be very glad to see any of his friends who care to call.

Marguerite Clark says that working in "Snow-White" was like taking a crowd of "kiddies" to the circus. The dwarfs who worked with her are all genuine midgets, and, this being their first picture work, they are like children over it. Needless to say, all of them fell in love with Miss Clark.

The prisoners at the U. S. Disciplinary Barracks, on Governor's Island, N. Y., have officially adopted Valentine Grant, the popular Famous Players star. She visits them every Sunday; carries five-reel feature films over to show them, and does everything possible to alleviate the monotony. They call her "Our Little Movie Mother."

"Christmas Week at Bushmanor" tells of a visit to a house-party given by Francis X. Bushman, for the Christmas week, at his country home, Bushmanor. It is a bona fide account of the man at home, and if you are a Bushman fan you'll enjoy it. Watch for it! Coming March number!

It is not generally known that Betty Howe, of International, and formerly of Vitagraph, is a descendant of that Elizabeth Howe who suffered martyrdom by being executed as a witch near Salem, Mass., on the 19th day of July, 1692. Accused by a half-witted girl, Elizabeth Howe, a model of piety and virtue, was executed, with Suzanne Martin and Sarah Wilde.



MARY MILES MINTER IN "DULCIE'S ADVENTURE" (MUTUAL)

"Donts" for Would-Be Playwrights

Good Advice in Twenty-four Tabloids

By HENRY W. SAVAGE

THE spoken and the silent dramas are so close of kin that whatever good advice applies to the would-be playwright will also apply to the would-be scenario writer. The difference is mostly in technicalities, and nowadays the wise scenario editors will supply bushels and bushels of technicalities, if the author will only come across with the real goods in the way of a good, clean and interesting plot.

Would-be playwrights, for the most part, seem to think that the theatrical producer is a veritable pirate—that he plays favorites, borrows their plots, and otherwise hands them their hat instead of royalties.

But those who know understand that this is so far from the truth that it isn't worth discussing. Mr. Henry W. Savage, who has discovered a great many playwrights, and produced a great many plays from writers who were previously unheard of, is still searching for good writers. He never lets an opportunity slip past to go thru a manuscript, and he answers all letters with almost religious promptness and sincerity.

Not long ago he received and turned down the manuscript of a play that came pretty close to being a poor paraphrase of "The Pirates of Penzance." The author promptly wrote him a letter of rather bitter complaint. Instead of tossing the letter in the waste-basket with a sigh, Mr. Savage replied to his man, and gave him twenty-four "Donts" for playwrights. The disgruntled author was a fortunate man. He may not realize it, but if there's any merit in him he will make good by following Mr. Savage's advice. If it isn't in him, all the "Donts" and all the "Dos" in the world wont help him.

However, whether you have a secret longing to write the spoken drama or the silent sort, or both, these "Donts" will help you immensely.

Here are Mr. Savage's twenty-four "Donts":

"Dont write about smugglers, pirates, or bandits.

"Write a clean love story—the kind that, when you were a boy, made you curl up in a corner and continue reading while the folks went to dinner.

"Write something new, even if you never saw it on the stage before. It might go.

"Dont select as a subject any current news topic.

"Dont attempt to write about anything with which you are not familiar.

"Make your characters natural. To be so, they must do only what men and women do in real life, and not what the story-books say they do.

"Make your characters speak good English.

"Dont use stilted words.

"Dont say, 'I have found the papers with the old man's will secreted,' etc.

"Dont give the villain whiskers, nor make the hero clean-shaven. Try it the other way for a change.

"Dont make your hero a black sheep returning from Goldfield with the wealth of a Havemeyer; make him a smart chap disinherited for marrying a chorus-girl.

"Dont make the injured husband seize the heroine by the wrist and fling the lady from him with a curse on his lips.

"Dont preach. The public can secure free seats in a church.

"Dont forget the audience has imagination.

"Dont forget the public reads newspapers and has real human intelligence.

"Dont use soliloquies. Monologs are for vaudeville and minstrel shows.

"Dont put too much in your play.

"Dont have one scene on an island, another at Herald Square, and a third in Chicago.

"Dont begin the first act in a cheerless garret in the winter of 1866 and then jump to the summer of 1909. Those forty-three years contain enough material for a thousand good plays.

"Make the action of your play take place all in one day, if possible.

"Dont think all managers are vampires. Brains are a common article. A dozen people may have thought your thought before you thought it.

"Dont expect a manager to produce your play this season. 'The Merry Widow' was in my office nearly eighteen months.

"Dont submit your first manuscript until you have written a second one. Then go back and rewrite the first.

"Before submitting a manuscript, go out behind the barn and read it aloud; then ask yourself if you would pay for a seat in the first row to see it."

STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

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

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

Harris.—"Our Little Wife." A fairly good farce, with lots of laughs, but Margaret Illington is rather miscast.

Playhouse.—"The Man Who Came Back." A strong, gripping drama that holds the interest from beginning to end; superbly acted by Henry Hull and Mary Nash.

Longacre.—"Nothing But the Truth." A clever farce which William Collier makes uproariously funny from curtain to curtain.

(Continued on page 69)

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Pithy Paragraphs from the Pacific

By RICHARD WILLIS

Lloyd Ingraham, the Fine Arts director, once owned a nice Chandler car. He and Mrs. Ingraham were recently held up in Los Angeles, and the robbers added insult to injury when they took jewels and money and made the couple exchange their car for a badly used up Buick which in its turn had been stolen.

George Periolat has appeared in hundreds of photoplays. It is the American actor's boast that he has bought some article of apparel for every picture he has appeared in. His dressing-room is cluttered like a cleaner and dyer's establishment.

Antonio Moreno, Vitagraph artist, has joined the Los Angeles Athletic Club. He has taken to the West more ardently than has his acting partner, Edith Storey. Miss Storey longs for those Eastern friends of hers.

It rained four days and the newly formed Motion Picture Electric and Equipment Corporation did a land-office business with its self-generating truck and numerous studio lamps. Howard Hickman, president, and Henry Otto, vice-president, are smiling broadly and are considering just where and how to spend those dividends.

The little adopted daughter of J. P. McGowan and Mrs. McG. (Helen Holmes) will be one year old next month and no prouder mamma and papa could possibly be found. Both of them are wrapped up in the baby and a new manager of the McGowan home has come into being.

Ben Turpin, the Vogue comedian, has returned to work. His injured leg does not bother him any more. Every one is glad, for little Benny is a good-hearted, cheery chap.

No, Evalina; Charles Ray was not a chauffeur at any time. Charlie says emphatically that the only time he has chauffeured, or chauffeufs, is when he is leaving the studio and his friends beg a ride home. They get it.

Mrs. Talmadge is here visiting daughters Constance and Natalie. Natalie keeps house and drives the car, while Constance draws down her big salary weekly. Norma is coming for a short stay to complete the family circle. Welcome, Mrs. S.!

Isidore Bernstein is preparing a fine studio for Cleo Madison, who will start producing for the newly formed Cleo Madison film concern in the new year. Bernie is wearing overalls at this time and is the busiest Issy in Los Angeles.

Did you know that Chester Conklin was an expert tennis player? He is, and, moreover, he is a bloated ranch-owner and lots of his earnings are going into farm machinery and what not.

William D. Taylor, director, late of the Morosco Company, has started producing for the Fox Company and has Dustin Farnum as his star. With "Dusty" and "Bill" Farnum on one lot, there is plenty of story-swapping; both are absorbing raconteurs.

William V. Mong, the Universal actor-director, made the hit of the evening with his sketch, "The Dyspeptic," when the annual "Movie Revue" was held at the Los Angeles Mason Opera House on behalf of the Hollywood Artillery Company. Mong gave them all a big surprise.

I was present at a pre-view of Clune's "Eyes of the World," and, believe me, it is a wonderful photoplay. It follows "Intolerance" at Clune's big Auditorum Theater and will hold 'em. Monroe Salisbury, Jack McDonald and pretty Jane Novak all stand out in a splendid cast.

Kathlyn Williams gave two fine performances in the features she appeared in with the Morosco Company, probably the best things outside of Cherry Melotte she ever

did. She enjoyed the direction of William D. Taylor.

Met Grace Cunard the other day. She had a worried look. Asked the trouble, she replied, "My new car has arrived, and gee! I can't get it until tomorrow night!" Dear, oh dear, what a lot of troubles we do have to put up with!

Margarita Fischer knows every concession man and woman on the Fair lot at San Diego. In "The Butterfly Girl" she made use of a large number of them, and of course they all fell for this charming little lady. Her ready smile was enough to assure that.

Bessie Love made a lot of cute little things for Xmas presents in between scenes at the Fine Arts. She is generally singing as she works. Li'l Miss Love is a happy young person; it is always good to meet her.

Mignon Anderson and Morris Foster are both busy at Universal City. They have caught on there and have rented a pretty Hollywood bungalow. Miss Anderson is playing leads for Lois Weber, a good start for her.

"Rich Man, Poor Man, Fireman, Tramp!"

Charlie, Like Dickens, Knows His Characters

WHEN a cowpuncher wants to show his regard for a former pal, he says, "Why, I kotched my fleas offen th' same blanket with that galoot!" Homely—vulgar, if you will have it so—but true to life, earthy, intimate, a rough man's term of endearment.

Charlie Chaplin, too, has walked the hard road—a Dickens road from the workhouse to printer's devil, from the buffets of a circus hand to "hitting the rails" as a tramp. He knows life because he has lived it, and his characters are his many-sided self.

Charlie's sense of humor, his happy-go-lucky spirit has conquered his frail beginnings; and, today, a rich man, his "The Tramp," "The Floorwalker," "The Fireman" are only the ghosts of early days coursing thru his veins.

Charlie is great because he has lain down under the blanket of adversity and has, with Robert Burns, drunk his sorrows and his joys from the common cup.

What's in a Name?

By W. E. DOLAN

"Poker chips!" quizzed the desk sergeant. "I thought you were playing euchre?"

"Well," answered the raided one, "I—er—that is, we were using them as counters."

"Very likely, very likely," sneered the D. S. "What's your name?" he added, pen poised over the blotter. "What's the name?"

"My name?" parried the luckless gamester. Then, after a moment's deliberation: "It's—it's—why, Charlie Chaplin."

"All right, Charles," quickly responded the D. S.; turning to the arresting officer, "Francis X., put him in the cooler. Next!"

(Sixty-six)



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Think of some episode in your own life, in the life of another, or, if you possess the gift of imagination, write a story that is purely imaginative, but at the same time is TRUE TO LIFE, and send it in to us, to compete for one of the prizes set forth above. There is no entrance fee and anybody may compete. No manuscript will be returned unless it is accompanied with a stamped, addressed envelope. The scripts that win prizes will become our property.

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Limit Your Story to Five Hundred Words

Millions attend the Motion Picture theaters nightly. To satisfy the ever-increasing demands of these millions of movie fans, the great producing companies must have stories. Several of these film corporations, who are exceedingly anxious to please the movie patrons, have acknowledged to us that they need stronger plots. We want to encourage the art of plot writing.

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All the big studios now employ writers who work out the stories into scenes, and put them in proper shape for the screen. But there is a great dearth of stories. The companies must have new plots, new ideas, new incidents, and they are obliged to depend in a great measure upon the public. Moreover, the studios are now willing to pay big prices for plots alone. The price is constantly rising, and, at the present time,

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Your story may be incomplete—lack dramatic interest, suspense, climax, surprise, novelty, characterization or any of the other elements that go to make up a salable dramatic story. If you think so you may submit it to us for criticism. For a fee of \$1.00 we shall be happy to point out to you the defects in your work, indicating why certain things should not be done, and suggesting others that will materially improve your script. In other words, we shall be glad to collaborate with you in turning out a strong and appealing tale. This work will be done only by well-known scenario writers, who have had studio experience, including the editors of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and CLASSIC.

In addition to an honest, upbuilding criticism, we will mail you a list of producing companies, to whom you can submit your story in case you do not wish to enter it in this contest. You may enter your story whether or not it has been criticized, but under no conditions will we answer questions regarding the merits of stories. Thus we shall be treating all writers alike. CRITICISM OF YOUR STORY IS ENTIRELY OPTIONAL WITH YOURSELF.

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(Sixty-seven)

What Happens in the Audience

(Continued from page 56)

arguing for a new trial. The attorney contended that after the evidence was all in the jury was allowed to go to a local theater, where they witnessed a story depicting a thrilling train robbery in which one or two of the passengers were shot by the bandits. The attorney insisted that this picture influenced the jury to such extent that they could not return a fair verdict.

That a Motion Picture may often prove a tracer of lost persons is shown by the case of the young engineer whose wife left him after a youthfully tragic quarrel. For months he had searched for her in vain. He was living at a hotel, and he kept her picture on his dresser. Naturally, the maid became familiar with the features of the missing wife, and one day, when she happened into a Motion Picture theater, she thought she recognized one of the nurses on board a steamer leaving for the front with other American nurses and doctors. Returning home, she spoke of it to the engineer. He went to the theater and identified the nurse as his wife. Now he is on his way to France, determined that if she will not return to him she shall have the task of nursing a wounded soldier whom she once called husband.

In Corpus Christi, Texas, a traveling man happened into a theater between trains. This man had a secret sorrow in his life. Three years before, his motherless, stage-struck daughter had run away from home, and he had never been able to trace her. What was his delight to see her name flashed on the screen in the cast of one of the pictures and, when the scenes were shown, to recognize his young daughter playing a part in a California setting. He traced the film company that produced the picture and left at once for California to rejoin his child.

Among the German war novelties introduced at the front, the Moving Pictures play a prominent part. The men are shown pictures of the villages and towns they are supposed to capture on the morrow, and the hills, forests, ridges in the ground, the difficulties of the march, the existing trenches, and the best places to throw improvised bridges over streams. Incidentally, one cannot help but wonder what some of those soldiers are thinking, as they watch these pictures. Many of them know that they are gazing upon their probable burial place.

We will draw a veil over the countless loss of hearts when sweet sixteen sits in the audience and watches the dashing hero, or the picturesque villain, and make up their minds to write him about it when they reach home. It is all a part of living one's illusions, and surely this is a tribute justly earned by those conscientious actors and actresses who work so tirelessly for us. When they thus open, by their art, the gates to the Land of Eternal Youth, let us also enter, with a child's heart, and shut out, for a time, this sinful, war-racked world.

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Truthful Tulliver

(Continued from page 29)

"You came back!" sobbed Daisy Burton. "You *did* love me, after all! And I was afraid—afraid——"

Tulliver turned slowly to Grace, a great hope dawning in his haggard eyes.

"Then—it was your sister—I brought him back for——"

She touched his arm and led him a little aside from the two clasped in each other's arms.

"I cant thank you—there aren't words to do it in," she said softly; "but it meant everything to Daisy—and to me. You see"—a slow blush swept her face to the soft line of her hair, but her honest eyes did not falter from his face—"they had—been foolish—oh, very foolish and wrong; but I think he loves her, and Daisy worships him. When she found he had gone, she told me—everything, and I came to you. Oh, how can I thank you so you'll know how much I mean the words?"

"I dont want thanks, Grace," said Tulliver; "I dont want words——"

He lifted her face between his great hands, so that she saw and read aright the deep longing in his eyes. "There's just one thing I want in all the world," he said—"just one thing; but I want it with all there is of me—mind, body and soul. Will you give it to me, Grace—sweetheart?"

Slowly, eyes still on his, she came to him; slowly she laid her head upon his breast. And so Truthful Tulliver, wanderer thru life, came home at last.

What I Demand of Movie Stars

(Continued from page 41)

prepare the locale as well as the actors—the tasks of the landscape artist, and in some sense of the civil engineer, are before us. For a month the actors rehearse without the camera.

And now South Carolina, in Reconstruction days, is measurably before our eyes. Elsewhere the battle backgrounds of the Civil War are springing into being, helped by expert advice of old "vets" and modern West Pointers. The costumes, settings and documents are laboriously prepared for the facsimile historical scenes, like those of the Emancipation Proclamation, the Appomattox surrender, and the Lincoln assassination. By the way, twenty-four "Lincoln actors" were rehearsed before the right Lincoln was found! This was because I demand "soul" of the movie star, and for this scene Lincoln was the star part. The Blue and the Gray, the Southern white gentry and the colored contingent all have been drilled under their respective leaders. And then the film-making begins.

At an early stage of the work, after the rough outlines have been filled in, the scenario is thrown away. The building and rebuilding of the story, the pic-

ing of intimate bits and the discarding of the useless go right on while we are living the history, so to speak, from day to day. Nearly twenty-eight miles of pictures—one hundred and forty thousand feet of film—are taken. And how much of these are used? At the finale we discover that we have thrown away eight-tenths of our product; we have remaining twenty-six thousand feet, or, say, five miles of consecutive story. But that is twice too long. We condense, condense, condense. At the end of two months more of hard labor we edited "The Birth of a Nation" to twelve thousand or thirteen thousand feet—two and a half miles—or, theater-wise, two hours and forty-five minutes' stage entertainment.

Naturally, a director must demand patience and sincerity as well as "soul" of his movie stars.

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Something New Wanted

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Doctor:I'll tell you, Mr. Smith, medicine is not what your wife requires. What she needs is an entire change of scene—something new.

Smith:Thank you. In the future we'll cut out the serials and only go to one-reel comedies.

"Taking Off" Photoplayers

By K. A. BISBEE

Mr. Staylate:Would you like to see me mimic a celebrated Moving Picture actor?

Miss Sweet:No, I'd much rather see you take yourself off.

A Killing Retort

By K. A. BISBEE

Actor:Darn that scenario writer! I wonder why he kills me in the second scene?

Director:Perhaps he knew you'd get this part, and sacrificed you, instead of killing the whole play.

Seen on a poster: "The Drunkard's Home' in five reels." H'm! How he must have hurried! Most drunkards we know cant reach home in a hundred and five reels.

Obliging the Censors

"We object to the young woman's costume in that bathing-scene," said the spokesman of the Board of Censorship.

"Very well," replied the director; "I'll have it removed."

(Sixty-eight)

(Continued from page 65)

Century.—"The Century Girl." The biggest musical show New York ever saw, and in its most beautiful theater. The talk of the town.

Gaiety.—"Turn to the Right." One of the big hits of the season. Review later.

Belasco.—"Seven Chances." A bashful young man has seven chances to marry and inherit \$12,000,000. His efforts to get a wife are excruciatingly funny. An excellent cast, with Carroll McComas, makes this a bright farce well worth while.

Hudson.—"Pollyanna." A glad play after the order of "Daddy Long-legs," "Peg o' My Heart" and "The Cinderella Man"; intensely interesting and beautifully done. A big hit.

Eltinge.—"Cheating Cheaters." A thrilling crook-play, full of suspense, surprises and a few good laughs. Marjorie Rambeau and entire company are fine.

Punch and Judy.—"Treasure Island." If you like fairy stories (with fierce pirates as fairies) and the sea, and picturesque settings—including a real ship—and Stevenson's sea yarns, don't miss this elaborate production. It is exceedingly amusing. The young folks will be held spellbound, and the old folks will have a hearty laugh. It is handsomely and wonderfully done.

Booth.—"Getting Married." A Bernard Shaw play that sparkles with wit and Shaw philosophy, capably played by an unusually strong cast which includes William Faversham, Henrietta Crosman, Charles Cherry and Hilda Spong.

Cohan's.—"Come Out of the Kitchen." Ruth Chatterton is always charming, but her opportunities in this Southern play are not as winsome as those in "Daddy Long-legs," even with Bruce McRae to assist her.

Lyric.—"A Daughter of the Gods." Fox's "Picture Beautiful" with Annette Kellermann as the star submersible and dancing Venus. A very elaborate spectacle.

Liberty.—"Intolerance." David W. Griffith's gigantic film spectacle. Dazzling to the eye, but not as great as "The Birth of a Nation."

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"Under Sentence." A strong, gripping drama which has been hailed as another "Lion and the Mouse." It should enjoy a long run.

"Rich Man, Poor Man." One of the most engrossing dramas that George Broadhurst ever wrote, and one of the popular plays of the season.

"Mr. Antonio." A drama full of heart interest, in which the inimitable Otis Skinner plays the part of a picturesque organ-grinder splendidly, supported by Eleanor Woodruff and a good company.

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

"Paganini." George Arliss in a very clever characterization. A high-class comedy on the order of "Beau Brummell," "Garrick" and "Mr. Lazarus."

"His Bridal Night." A farce in which the Dolly Sisters, famous dancers, get so mixed up that the bridegroom cannot tell them apart. Result, several highly interesting situations, as you can easily imagine.

"Somebody's Luggage." A farce that is different, in that James T. Powers plays a "low comedy" part. He seems a trifle out of place at first, but when one gets used to him he wins a roar of laughter. In this particular line he has no superiors.

"The Silent Witness." A virile drama on the order of "The House of Glass" and "The Co-Respondent," and quite as good, containing some tense and thrilling moments. A play that holds the interest from start to finish, giving a fine cast some excellent opportunities.

"Sybil." One of the hits of last season. A very pleasing musical comedy with Julia Sanderson, Donald Brian and Joseph Cawthorn.

(Sixty-nine)



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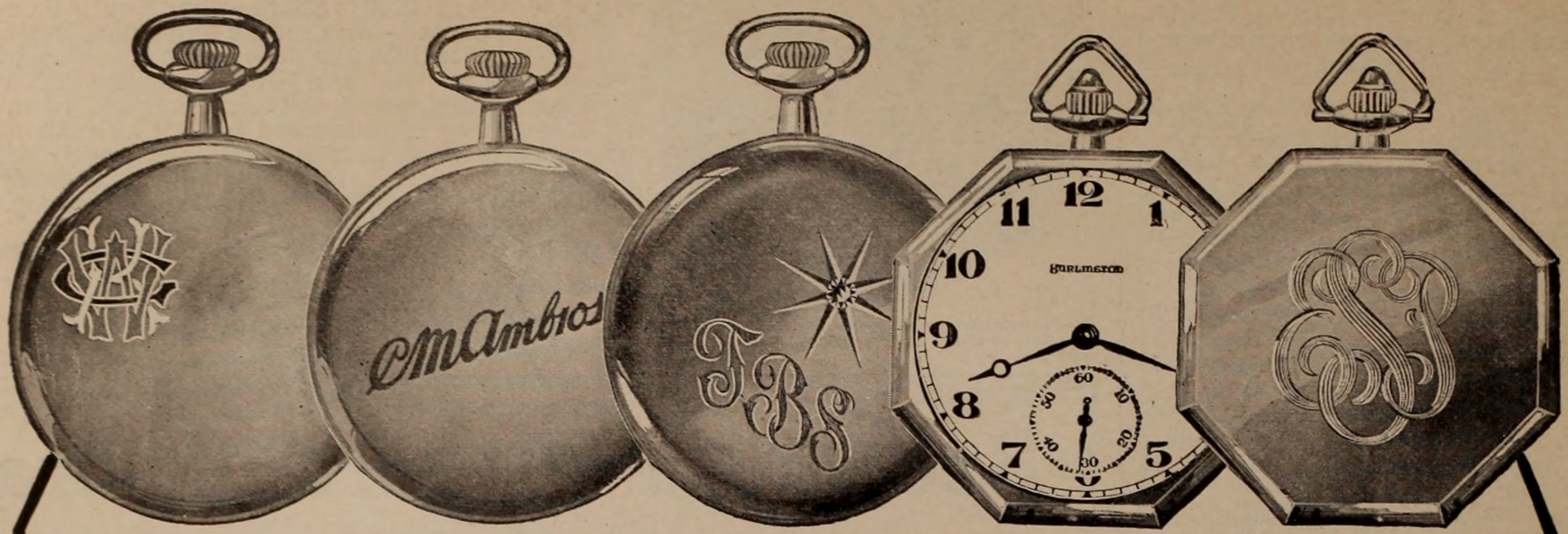
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Gymnastic Finger Training That Doubles Typewriting Speed

A wonderful new method of acquiring speed and accuracy in typewriting; 80 to 100 words a minute now easy for anyone; how it has doubled and trebled stenographers' Salaries

By FRANK J. SIMMONS

IN Europe, and in America for many years it has been a regular part of every musician's training to take special gymnastic finger exercises. Teachers would no more expect their pupils to become good pianists without special finger exercises, than they would expect them to play without first learning to read notes.

Now for the first time has this principle of gymnastic finger training been applied to typewriting. Its necessity is proved by the fact that the one great difficulty which handicaps ninety-nine out of every hundred stenographers is their inability to gain full control of their *finger movements*.



Strengthening the finger muscles

The average stenographer typewrites thirty to forty words a minute. A "trained finger" operator can typewrite eighty to one hundred words a minute, without errors and with amazing ease. There you have the reason for the difference in salaries paid to stenographers. A fifty-word-a-minute gain in typewriting speed must mean a vast increase in the amount of *finished work*

turned out in a given time.

And since employers pay for nothing in the world except quantity and quality of work produced, it is obvious that no matter how good a stenographer may be at shorthand, he or she can never expect much increase in pay until *speed, real speed and accuracy* on the typewriter are acquired.



Simple exercises practised away from machine, that double typewriting speed



The New Way in Typewriting



Making each finger independent

The trouble in the past, from the stenographer's standpoint, has been that there was no successful method of training the fingers to secure high speed and accuracy in typewriting. Piano exercises were useless for typewriting needs—they were designed to secure a different kind of result—and they were too hard—took too much time and required too much effort.

It remained for R. E. Tulloss, who is known the country over as among the greatest typewriting authorities of the present day, to invent a marvelous system of finger exercises which can be learned in only ten remarkable easy lessons, and which with amazing quickness bring this wonderful flexibility, speed and control of the fingers.

Already thousands have adopted the new method with results bordering almost on the miraculous. Many of them were so-called "touch writers," others, after years of fruitless effort, had practically given up hope of ever attaining

more than merely average typewriting ability, many had taken other courses, with no marked increase in speed—yet, by the New Way practically without exception, they all have developed the remarkable speed of eighty to one hundred words a minute.

Raising Stenographers' Salaries

That this New Way in Typewriting raises salaries of stenographers is shown by actual figures given in the letters written to Mr. Tulloss by hundreds of stenographers. For example, Mr. John H. Marquette of Smith's Falls, Ont., never averaged more than forty to forty-five words per minute until he began to typewrite the New Way. His speed quickly increased and soon he was typewriting at the phenomenal speed of 85 to 90 words a minute from shorthand notes and as a result of this increased speed in typewriting, his salary was raised 20 per cent and within a few months 20 per cent more. As Mr. Marquette says, he is now earning about twice as much as any of the other 14 stenographers in his office.



In a few days you notice the difference

Then there is the story of Miss Anna S. Cubbinson of Harrisburg, Pa., who writes—

"I am today filling the position of Chief Clerk to the Department of Parks in this city, my salary being exactly double what it was when I took up the study of the New Way in Typewriting."

A. H. Gardiner of Madison, Wis., was getting \$70 per month when he began the study of the New Way in Typewriting. In a remarkably short space of time he increased his speed from 50 words a minute to 80 words and his salary jumped to \$150 a month—*more than double what it was.*

I could go on and give hundreds of other instances of the remarkable results achieved through the speed and accuracy acquired by typewriting the New Way. But the school has prepared a remarkable book, for free distribution, which goes into detail and reproduces many other letters which bear out the claims made for Mr. Tulloss' system.

Amazing Book Free

This interesting book is brimful of eye-opening ideas and valuable information. It explains how this unique new method will quickly make your fingers *strong and dextrous*, bring them under *perfect control*, make them extremely rapid in their movements—how in a few short weeks you can transform your typewriting and make it *easy, accurate and amazingly speedy*.

If you are ambitious to get ahead—if you want to make your work easier—if you want to get more money in your pay envelope—don't wait a single moment before sending for this book of information and proof.

This new method is bringing such marvelous results to others—is proving itself to be so sure a means of quickly increasing salaries—that you will be doing yourself a big injustice if you fail to write for it *at once*. Just send a postal card request *now* to The Tulloss School, 1922 College Hill, Springfield, Ohio, enclosing 4c in stamps to cover wrapping, mailing, etc., and your copy will be sent by return mail without cost or obligation. Do this now, before you turn this page.



For speed in striking the keys



If You Can Tell a Lachnite from a Diamond—Send it back

YES, we will send you one of these exquisite man-made gems and you can wear it for ten full days at our expense. Put it to every diamond test you ever heard about—fire, acid, the diamond file. **Compare its brilliance with the brilliance of a mined diamond.** Notice how it is cut—by world renowned diamond cutters. Test it in every way. Wear it everywhere you go. Then after ten days—if you are able to tell which is your Lachnite and which is your diamond—or if any of your friends have been able to tell the difference—send the Lachnite back to us. **The trial does not cost you a penny.** If you decide to buy the Lachnite pay only the rock-bottom price, and if you wish—at the rate of a few cents a day. Our new jewelry book (sent free) tells all about our generous terms. *Write today.*

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