

# MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

MAY

20¢



GLADYS BROCKWELL

-Leo SIELKE-





## KEEPING *the* FAMILY TOGETHER

**I**T takes more than three meals a day and a roof to hold a family together. *That's* only cupboard love!

No, the real *cementing* influence, as many parents have found, is for the family to *enjoy itself together*, as it does at the motion picture theatre.

Son will chip in on the party as well as Daughter and the youngsters, when it comes to seeing with the old folks the first-class motion picture plays of *Paramount* and *Artcraft*.

And there's no pretence about it either—not "*just once* to please Dad",—but they all go because the fascination of *Paramount* and *Artcraft* gets them!

The fascination of the *foremost stars*,—that's *Paramount* and *Artcraft*!

The fascination of *superb directing*,—that's *Paramount* and *Artcraft*!

The fascination of clean motion pictures, conceived and constructed with the fire of genius and the passion of art—*that is Paramount!—that is Artcraft!*

# Paramount and Artcraft Pictures



**Three Ways to Know** how to be sure of seeing Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

**one** By seeing these trade-marks or names in the advertisements of your local theatres.

**two** By seeing these trade-marks or names on the front of the theatre or in the lobby.

**three** By seeing these trade-marks or names flashed on the screen inside the theatre.



**FAMOUS PLAYERS - LASKY CORPORATION**

ADOLPH ZUKOR Pres. JESSE L. LASKY Vice Pres. CECIL B. DE MILLE Director General  
NEW YORK

"FOREMOST STARS. SUPERBLY DIRECTED, IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"



# SAVING THE MONEY THAT SLIPPED THROUGH THEIR FINGERS

How an Investment of \$2.00 Grew to \$7,000 in Seven Years Without Speculation

By ARTHUR H. PATTERSON

MR. AND MRS. B. live in Connecticut. He is a clerk in the office of a manufacturing plant. They have been married ten years and for the first three years of their married life they not only failed to save but actually went in debt over \$400. They now have two children, own a comfortable cottage home which is appraised at \$3,000 and is clear and free. They have savings-bank accounts of \$1,800 and \$1,700 invested in 7% preferred securities. And every dollar of this money has been saved from salary during the past seven years, an average of \$1,000 per year.

I am going to tell you their story, or rather let Mr. B. tell it as he related it to me. If you are facing the crisis in your affairs which the B.'s faced in those early days of married life, it may help you to meet it and come off victorious.

Listen to what Mr. B. says:

I am now 37 years of age; married and the Daddy of two children. When I was married I had exactly \$750 on hand in cash, inherited from my father's estate. Up to that time I never saved a nickel and if this money hadn't come as a windfall, we could not have been married. I held a good position and was earning \$2,000 a year. That was in 1907. For the next three years Jane and I just let things run along, living comfortably on my salary. The \$750 which I inherited went for furniture and home needs and we did manage to buy—on the spur of early married ambition, perhaps—\$300 more of furniture which we paid for out of my salary. But all the rest of it went for clothing, rent, food, amusement, books, cigars, etc. We spent it as it came and it was always a race between our cash and our bills to see which would be on top at the end of the month. Usually the cash lost. But the bills didn't press or worry me. I ran accounts with tradesmen who knew me and knew I was good for it. But gradually the bills distanced the cash and at the end of three years I was in a hole just \$400; and then the situation grew serious because we had a baby and in order to pay the emergency bills of the occasion, I had to let my other creditors wait and they became restless.

Jane and I had tried time and time again to live within my salary and save a few dollars, but it wasn't any use. We lacked the backbone somehow and didn't have the necessary system to help us see it through. One day I came across a remark made by James Hill, the railroad builder, and it set me thinking. It burned itself into my brain. It was this:

*"If you want to know whether you are going to be a success or failure in life, you can easily find out. The test is simple and infallible. Are you able to save money? If not, drop out. You will fail as sure as you live. You may not think so, but you will. The seed of success is not in you."*

I went home and that evening Jane and I had a long heart-to-heart talk. We sat up until one o'clock, studying, planning, debating, wondering how we could change our shiftless, easy-going habits so that we could feel that we were

going to be classified with the successful ones and not the failures.

We made up our minds that from that night on not a penny would be spent for other than bare necessities until every debt had been paid. We resolved to live on half my salary, reasoning that if other people whom we knew could live respectably on \$1,000, there was no reason why we shouldn't. Then Jane said: "We ought to keep a cash account and put down just where the money goes. We can't go by guesswork any longer. We've been living that way for three years. We'll begin now to keep a record of our money."

What Jane said brought to my mind an advertisement which I had seen only a few days before, about an Expense Book for family accounts. So I got the magazine and found the ad. It told about the Economy Expense Book for personal and household accounting. The description told me that it was exactly the thing we needed and before going to bed I wrote a letter ordering a copy. In a few days it came, and Jane and I had an interesting session studying it and entering the Cash and Expenditure Items which we had been keeping tab of since the midnight resolution.

That book taught us something about the science of home economics. We learned, for instance, that in a properly arranged budget a man earning the salary I did could save, without stinting, at least 30% of his salary. But we were beating that figure. We had raised the ante to 50%, and that without suffering for a single need. Of course, we had cut out the theatre, the cigars, the expensive lunches and we'd begun to get acquainted with some of our discarded clothes all over again. And I learned that rent consumed in the balanced budget 17½% (which was about our cost); food was 25% and we cut it to 21%; clothes 17% we chopped to 5% that first year, and it never rose over 10% the first four years.

We started on the new system in April, 1910. The following April when we balanced the books for the first year we found this result: Every single bill paid and \$653 in the savings bank! Glorious! We were out of the woods and for the first time in my entire business career I had visions of success on which I could actually stand without breaking through into the quicksands of despair. We celebrated that night in good style with a dinner and the theatre and that's become part of the program ever since—the annual dinner of the board of directors, Jane calls it.

The rest is easy. We were on the right track and once started nothing could turn us back.

We stuck right to the original program for three years, living on half my salary and saving the other half. Then I got a raise of \$250 and that made it quite a bit easier. A year ago I got another raise, bringing my salary up to \$2,500, where it now stands.

I've never had the least trouble, since starting on the first page of my first copy of Woolson's Economy Expense Book, in living within my income and saving money. That book brought us, not only independence, but it changed me from a worried, half-baked existence into a self-respecting, successful man. I am in a position, as the result of our joint efforts, where I need look to no man for favors; and further than that, my success has brought

us into a circle of friends, both business and social, who value us because we are looked upon in our town as "worth while" and "the sort who are getting ahead."

Woolson's Economy Expense Book is designed to keep track of the income and expenses of the average family in a systematic manner. Each book is made to contain the records of four consecutive years.

No knowledge of bookkeeping or accounting is necessary to properly keep a Woolson Book. The lifetime experience of an expert accountant is in the book. He devised it for his own household and planned it so his wife could keep it.

Two minutes daily is sufficient to keep it written up to date. At the end of each week and month and year you not only know where every penny went, but you will have an analysis and comparative table of all the various expenditures, showing just what it went for. Every detail of money management is provided for by a simple, easy-system that a 12-year-old child could handle.

This book has proved truly a godsend to thousands because it has taught them a sure way to manage their finances. With it you know every minute just where you are money-wise. It automatically shows every penny of income and outgo; just how much for groceries, dress, rent, medicine, amusement, car-fare, etc.—and all this instantly and plainly. It is not complicated or tiresome. In fact, once you have started keeping a Woolson Book you will find it fascinating as a game and a miser for saving money.

The publishers are desirous while the interest of the American public is fastened on the problem of high-cost-of-living, to distribute several hundred thousand copies of the new greatly improved edition and are doing it in this way:

Merely write to them and ask that a copy be sent you without cost for a five days' examination. If at the end of the time you decide to keep it, you send \$2.00 in payment, or if you wish to return it, you can do so without further obligation. Send no cash. Merely fill in the coupon, supply business reference, mail, and the book will be sent you immediately.

GEORGE B. WOOLSON & COMPANY  
118 C West 32nd Street  
New York City

George B. Woolson & Company  
118 C West 32nd Street  
New York City

Without obligation please send me, all charges prepaid, Woolson's Economy Expense Book. I agree to send \$2.00 in five days or return the book.

Name .....

Address .....



**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.)

*Longacre*—"Yes or No." A dandy play that will amuse and delight everybody except the dramatic critics. Very well acted and full of laughs.

*Park*—"Seven Days' Leave." Thrilling, gripping war melodrama appealing to the army and navy. H. Cooper Cliffe, of photoplay fame, is the head of the Secret Service and does finely, and so do William J. Kelly and Evelyn Varden.

*Cort*—"Flo-Flo." Glorified burlesque has at last come to Broadway. Sprinkle some catchy music between the gags, add a flashing chorus, season well with bold if not risqué situations, and flavor with dazzling costumes and you have "Flo-Flo" ready to serve. The stars and support display well-modulated voices and some real honeymoon lingerie.

*Playhouse*—"The Little Teacher." A charming play, full of human interest, and played by a company every one of which makes a hit. Mary Ryan is superb, as usual.

*Princess*—"Oh, Lady! Lady!!" Manhattan's latest chic musical-comedy, presented at the home of smart successes. Daintiness, wit, a well-balanced, all-star cast and catchy music are the outstanding charm of this offering intime. A plot with clever complications, smart costuming, and novelty dances never permit the piece to lag.

*Belasco*—"Polly with a Past." A capital farce-comedy that will delight everybody. The biggest hit of the season.

*Astor*—"Why Marry?" Just the play for Nat Goodwin, who makes it a winner.

*Century*—"Chu Chin Chow." A light-opera spectacle that charms the ear and dazzles the eye with its entrancing music and wonderful scenic effects. The best of its kind that has yet hit New York.

*Plymouth*—"The Wild Duck." A strong Ibsen play exquisitely done by Nazimova and a strong company. The star has a small part, but she makes it a big one.

*Cohan & Harris*—"A Tailor-Made Man." An altogether captivating comedy full of laughs, built around a young tailor who became great thru reading the book of an unsuccessful author and who then hires the latter to work for him.

*Morosco*—"Lombardi, Ltd." An amusing comedy starring Leo Carillo, who is great. A clever play, cleverly acted.

**LEADING PICTURE THEATERS**

*Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof*.—Photoplays; first runs. Daily program.

*Rialto*.—Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

*Strand*.—Select first-run photoplays. Program changes every week.

*Rivoli*.—De luxe photoplays, with full symphony orchestra. Weekly program.

**JANE LEARNS SHE IS NOT A TWIN**

Jane Lee, one of Fox's "Baby Grand" stars (her sister Katherine is the other), is only five years old, and it is not expected that she would know much about nature's problems yet. Recently she heard her mother refer to twin sisters. Jane inquired:

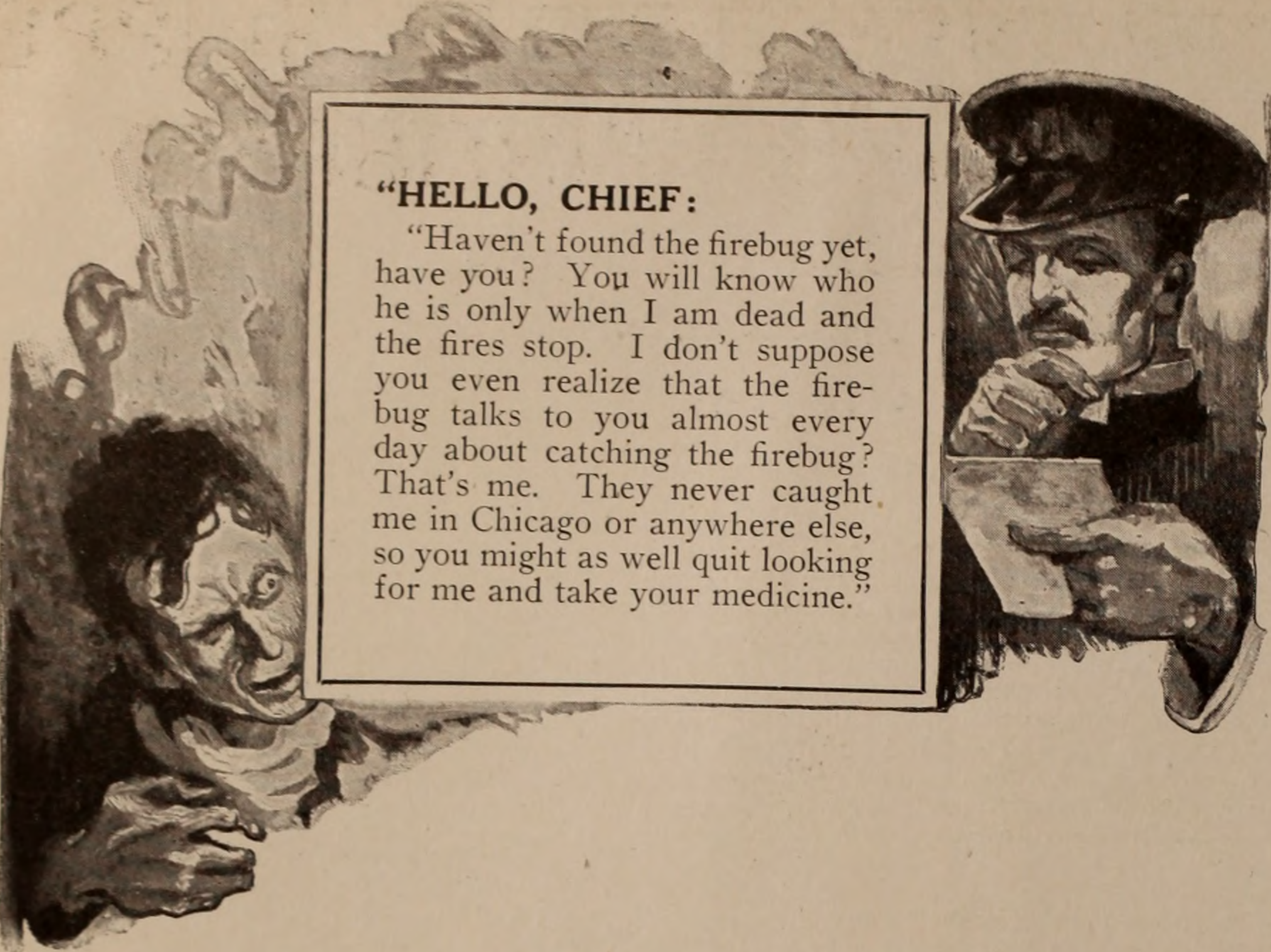
"Mother, am I a twin?"  
 "No, my dear, you are not."  
 "Well, cant I be a twin?"  
 "Quite impossible, my dear," responded her mother.  
 "Why?"  
 "Well, just because it is impossible—that's why."

"Is sister Katherine a twin?" was the next question.

"No, no, my child! You were born in Hamburg and Katherine in London. How could you be twins?"

"Well, dont they have twins in London or Hamburg? They have 'em in New York."

(Four)



**"HELLO, CHIEF:**

"Haven't found the firebug yet, have you? You will know who he is only when I am dead and the fires stop. I don't suppose you even realize that the firebug talks to you almost every day about catching the firebug? That's me. They never caught me in Chicago or anywhere else, so you might as well quit looking for me and take your medicine."

# "The Firebug"

That was the warning which came to the fire chief, unsigned—and then, the very next day, a woman was found nearly dead in a burning building.

It was a mystery that needed the master mind of Craig Kennedy, the scientific detective of this day—Craig Kennedy, who came to life in the mind of

## ARTHUR B. REEVE

*Craig Kennedy*

He is the genius of our age. He has taken science—science that stands for this age—and allied it to the mystery and romance of detective fiction. Even to the smallest detail, every bit of the plot is worked out scientifically.

For nearly ten years America has been watching his Craig Kennedy — marvelling at the strange, new, startling things that detective-hero would unfold. Even under the stress of war England is reading him as she never did before.

Such plots—such suspense—with real, vivid people moving through the maelstrom of life! Frenchmen have mastered the art of terror stories. English writers have thrilled whole nations by their artful heroes. Russian ingenuity has fashioned wild tales of mystery. But all these seem old-fashioned — out of date — beside the infinite variety — the weird excitement of Arthur B. Reeve's tales, in 12 volumes—over 250 stories.

**Col. Roosevelt says:**

"I did a whole lot of reading. I particularly enjoyed half a dozen rattling good detective stories by Arthur B. Reeve—some of them were corkers."

## FREE! 10 VOLUMES

*Edgar Allan Poe's Masterpieces*

To those who send the coupon promptly, we will give FREE a set of Edgar Allan Poe's Masterpieces in 10 volumes—over 200 stories.

When the police of Paris failed to solve one of the most fearful murder mysteries of the time, Edgar Allan Poe—far off here in New York City — found the solution.

The story is in these volumes. He was a detective by instinct—he was a story-teller by divine inspiration. Before or since—no one has had his power to make your hair stand on end—to send chills up your back—to hold you in suspense—terror, O horror! To read breathlessly—to try to guess the ending—to enjoy the perfect, flawless style—to feel the power of the master—that is all you can do in each and all of Poe's undying stories. In England and France, Edgar Allan Poe is held to be the greatest writer that America has produced—to them he is the greatest American classic.

This is a wonderful combination—here are two of the greatest writers of mystery and scientific detective stories. You can get the Reeve at a remarkably low price and the Poe Free.

M.P.C.  
5-18

Harper & Brothers  
Franklin Square

Send me, all charges prepaid, set of ARTHUR B. REEVE—in 12 volumes. Also send me absolutely FREE the set of Edgar Allan Poe, in 10 volumes. If both sets are not satisfactory I will return them within 10 days at your expense. Otherwise I will send you \$1.50 a month for thirteen months.

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....

## HARPER & BROTHERS

Established 1817 NEW YORK CITY







## The GREATEST MOTHER *in the* WORLD

Stretching forth her hands to all in need—to Jew or Gentile, black or white, knowing no favorite, yet favoring all.

Seeing all things with a mother's sixth sense that's blind to jealousy and meanness; helping the little home that's crushed beneath an iron hand by showing mercy in a healthy, human way; rebuilding it, in fact, with stone on stone and bringing warmth to hearts and hearths too long neglected.

Reaching out her hands across the sea to No Man's Land, to heal and comfort thousands who must fight and bleed in crawling holes and water-soaked entrenchments where cold and wet bite deeper, so they write, than Boche steel or lead.

✚ She's warming thousands, feeding thousands, healing thousands from her store; the Greatest Mother in the World—the RED CROSS. ✚

*Every Dollar of a Red Cross War Fund goes to War Relief*

This space contributed to the winning of the war by The B. V. D. Company, of New York, through the Division of Advertising, U. S. Gov't Committee on Public Information





## Victory for the June Motion Picture Magazine

The whole world has turned its face bravely toward the war—the inevitable war—and hopes and prays for victory. All nations cannot win; the competition is keen, but victory will come to the one that can keep its "pep," vitality and enthusiasm, even in the face of seeming defeat and overwhelming odds. So it is in the magazine world. The competition is keen—there are many movie magazines in the field, but the best will know the joy of victory. That joy will come to the June MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE—it's the best yet!

### HAROLD LOCKWOOD'S OWN PAGE

Harold Lockwood has become a writer, and you will find a page of his very own in the June Magazine, telling some of the humorous little incidents that happen in the studio and on location, which the camera does not record. Mr. Lockwood will continue to write for the Magazine each month, and he will undoubtedly have a lot of laughs and sighs for his readers, for he has proven a very realistic author.

### EARLE WILLIAMS' AUTOBIOGRAPHY

This popular star has unlocked the secret door of his past for the benefit of those who read the June MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE—he even tells of the time he was a hardware salesman. Perhaps his ability as a salesman paved the way to screen honors; you never can tell.

### GLADYS LESLIE, VITAGRAPH'S SUNNY STAR

Those who have seen this dainty little girl know why she is called "The Girl With the Million-Dollar Smile." She can't help her smile—it's the reflection of her thoughts within shining without. She is always sunny and happy; it never occurs to her to be otherwise. Read what Herbert Howe has to say about her in the June Magazine.

Our pictures and news this month will be exceedingly fine. There will be a multi-colored picture of Betty Blythe; a picture of Mary Anderson, Carol Holloway; pictures of stars who have answered the call to the colors; a story about that meanest man in the movies, Ned Finley; Nemerov's advanced fashions; unusual information about Dick Barthelmess, and more stars will tell about their ideal men. There will be pictures of nine new stars, and James Montgomery Flagg has a whole page to himself which he will decorate with photos of "The Girls You Know."

Now, isn't this a victory for the June Magazine?

**Motion Picture Magazine**  
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

# Pithy Paragraphs from the Pacific

By ANTRIM ARNOLD

All the studios are working full blast again after the rainy weather has let up. Juveniles are at a premium, the draft having taken a great many of them off to various training camps and others having enlisted.

William Farnum is back on the Coast once more and is at work on a brand-new feature under the direction of Frank Lloyd. Gloria Hope, who has been playing leads for Thomas H. Ince, will be Farnum's leading-lady in his new picture.

Wilfred Lucas is now acting down at the Balboa studios in Long Beach, having left the Universal, where he has been directing Monroe Salisbury in Bluebird productions.

Grauman's new million-dollar theater in Los Angeles is declared to be superior to the Rivoli of New York by every film person of note who has seen both houses. Charles Ray, Douglas Fairbanks and William S. Hart hold the records for drawing the crowds to this theater.

Thomas Dixon's famous novel, "The One Woman," is now being filmed by the Mastercraft Company at the Paralta studios, with Reginald Barker, well known as a director with Ince and Paralta, directing the production.

D. W. Griffith's latest spectacle opened at Clune's Auditorium Theater on Tuesday, March 12th. The house was completely sold out a week before the opening. The picture is a wonder, and is certain to create a stir thruout the country. It is called "Hearts of the World."

Lloyd Hamilton has commenced work on his fourth two-reel comedy for the Sunshine Comedies, which will be released by William Fox. For the first time in years, "Ham" will be seen on the screen minus his famous mustache. He will still stick to the character of "Ham" with this exception, however.

Theda Bara is still working on her latest photoplay creation, "Salome." Herbert Heyes is playing the leading rôle opposite the famous screen vampire, and Albert Roscoe and Bertram Grassby also are prominent in the cast.

The Universal has continued its activities at Universal City once more, and five dramatic companies are now at work in the big plant. Monroe Salisbury and his company of players have gone to Truckee to film snow scenes for his latest Bluebird success.

Sessue Hayakawa, the famous Japanese star, has severed his connections with the Paramount Pictures Corporation and has gone into business for himself, and will make features at the head of his own company, the Hayworth Pictures Corporation. This move has been expected for quite some time by the friends of the Japanese artist, but it was a great surprise to many in the photoplay colony.

Mary Pickford will leave the Lasky studios at the completion of her work in her latest production, "How Could You, Jean?" and go East for the Government to make talks for the Third Liberty Loan. Mary is very proud indeed of her assignment, and it is certain that she will carry out her mission to the best of her ability. Director William D. Taylor is getting thru with "Little Mary's" scenes as quickly as possible.

Frank Keenan is busily working at the Paralta studios on his next release for the

Pathé program. He will portray a newly rich war munitions manufacturer, and the story has several new twists to it. Roberta Wilson, Al Ray, Jack Gilbert, and Helen Dunbar are supporting Mr. Keenan in this feature.

Bret Harte, Jr., grandson of the famous author, is working at the Paralta studios, adapting his famous grandfather's stories for the screen.

A special school-teacher has been engaged by King Vidor, who produces the Judge Willis Brown juvenile stories for the General Film Company, to tutor the youngsters when they are waiting between scenes. When the company go out on locations, the teacher goes along, too, and sees that the youngsters get the required eight hours' schooling every day.

Hank Mann tells us that he will travel back to the Mack Sennett studios within the next few days. Hank left Sennett to be featured by the Fox Company when they started up their comedy companies two years ago.

Another company to go to Truckee for snow scenes is the Alfred Whitman company of the Vitagraph's Western forces under the direction of William Wolbert. Whitman will be seen as a real red-blooded young man in a story especially written for him.

George Beban, the well-known character star, has started his own company going and is filming his first story at the Universal City studios, where he has rented space. Monte Katterjohn is the author of the first Beban vehicle.

Bessie Barriscale hasn't been getting any rest at the Paralta studios of late. Just as quickly as she finishes one feature she starts off on another. She will commence work on a new story within a few days, the original of which was written by William Parker, and put into shape for Miss Barriscale by Jessie Boothe, the Paralta scenario head.

Enid Markey has deserted the screen temporarily and has gone down to San Diego, to play in dramatic stock.

Speaking of dramatic stock, Crane Wilbur's new theater, the Wilbur Playhouse, has been doing capacity business in Oakland, California, ever since its opening, which is a great tribute to the popularity of the well-known star on both the stage and the screen.

Hampton Del Ruth's new touring car is as loud as the 7th Regiment Band.

Grace Cunard has been suffering from a bad cold at her home in Hollywood, and, while it has interfered with business, it hasn't bothered her knitting for the Sammies the least bit.

Edward Sloman and Henry King will alternate in directing the Mary Miles Minter features from now on at the American studios. Pretty soft! When Ed is working, Henry will be taking a rest, and vice versa.

Bill Parker, of the American, says that the only news of interest at the studio, as far as he is concerned, is the arrival of a box of typewriter ribbons. Bill uses them up so fast that the American Company considers it best to order them in gross lots.

Lots more news next month. Hope it dont rain!





## “Hi—there—come out of that!”

Little did they dream—the small boy running away from home and the deckhand who found him hiding under the boat—little did they dream that for this small boy this was the beginning of the most dazzling career that has ever befallen the lot of any American. That little Mississippi boy in his cheap little clothes, was to stand with the great of the world—was to be the companion of kings—was to reign forever a kindly spirit in the hearts of the people of all the world. For that boy was our own

# MARK TWAIN

incomparable, supreme, superb, yet so sublimely simple, so much one of us—our own—that with our admiration and our pride is a love greater than words can tell.

In the dazzle of the coming world supremacy, we need Mark Twain to keep our hearts clean and our souls modest. He is the rich outpouring of our American spirit—the splendid glory of that American humor that to the wise is a symbol of our great easy-going care—calm—conquering.

The joy of eternal youth is in Mark Twain—for he never grew up—not in all his seventy-four years. The feeling of eternal truth was in Mark Twain, for his was a wisdom we are just beginning fully to know.

## Low Price Sale Must Stop

Mark Twain wanted everyone in America to own a set of his books. So one of the last things he asked was, that we make a set at so low a price that everyone might own one. He said, “Don’t make fine editions. Don’t make editions to sell for \$200 and \$300 and \$1,000. Make good books, books good to look at and easy to read, and make their price low.” So we have made this set. And up to now we have been able to sell it at this low price.

Rising costs make it impossible to continue the sale of Mark Twain at a low price. New editions will cost very much more than this Author’s National Edition. Now the price must go up. You must act at once. You must sign and mail the coupon now. If you want a set at a popular price, do not delay. This edition will soon be withdrawn, and then you will pay considerably more for your Mark Twain.

The last of the edition is in sight. There will never again be a set of Mark Twain at the present price.

Remember it is because Mark Twain sacrificed some of his royalties that you can have a set at this price at all. Take advantage of that kindness that was so characteristic of him.

## Send Coupon—No Money—Today

Get your set before these go. Remember, never again will a set of Mark Twain be offered at such a price as this. When this edition is gone there will be no more.



M.P.C.  
5-18  
Harper &  
Brothers  
Franklin  
Square  
New York

Send me, all charges prepaid, a set of Mark Twain’s works in 25 volumes, illustrated, bound in handsome green cloth, stamped in gold, with trimmed edges. If not satisfactory I will return them at your expense. Otherwise I will send you \$1 within five days and \$2 a month for fourteen months, thus getting the benefit of your sale.

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....

**HARPER & BROTHERS,** Established 1817 **New York**



# Lustr-ite

**NAIL CAKE NAIL WHITENER  
CUTICLE ICE SALVE & ENAMEL**

For fifteen years the four requisites of manicuring. Write today for Booklet, "WELL KEPT NAILS."

Lustr-ite preparations for sale everywhere  
THE FLORIDINE MFG. CO., Brooklyn, N. Y.

## WURLITZER



200 years of instrument making

### Play It While You Pay

ANY of the violins shown in our new catalog will be sent to you on trial. After you have played on it for a full week, at our expense, you may either return it, or pay the low rock-bottom price in small monthly payments. The trial costs you nothing.

**Write Today** Send your name and address for our new catalog today. See for yourself the violins from which you have to choose. No obligations.

THE RUDOLPH WURLITZER COMPANY, Dept. 1555  
South Wabash Avenue, Chicago—East Fourth Street, Cincinnati

### FELT PENNANTS OF THE FILM STARS

DECORATE your room with these splendid heavy felt pennants. Send them to your friends. Make pillow tops and table covers. Use them as favors, souvenirs, etc. Big value.

Pearl White  
Francis Ford  
Ruth Blair  
Helen Holmes  
Helen Gibson  
Dustin Farnum  
Theda Bara

Francis Bushman  
George Beban  
Marguerite Snow  
Harold Lockwood  
Marguerite Courtot  
Dorothy Bernard  
Earle Williams

LARGE SIZE, 9x24 inches, 20 cents each; 7 for One Dollar

MINIATURE PENNANTS, 3x8 inches  
22 Popular Players, 50c.  
50 Popular Players, \$1.00

Send three-cent stamp for list of subjects.  
Orders mailed out same day as received.

**D. A. DOBIE**

Dept. 5 C, 29 Monroe St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

### Camera Men Wanted for MOTION PICTURES

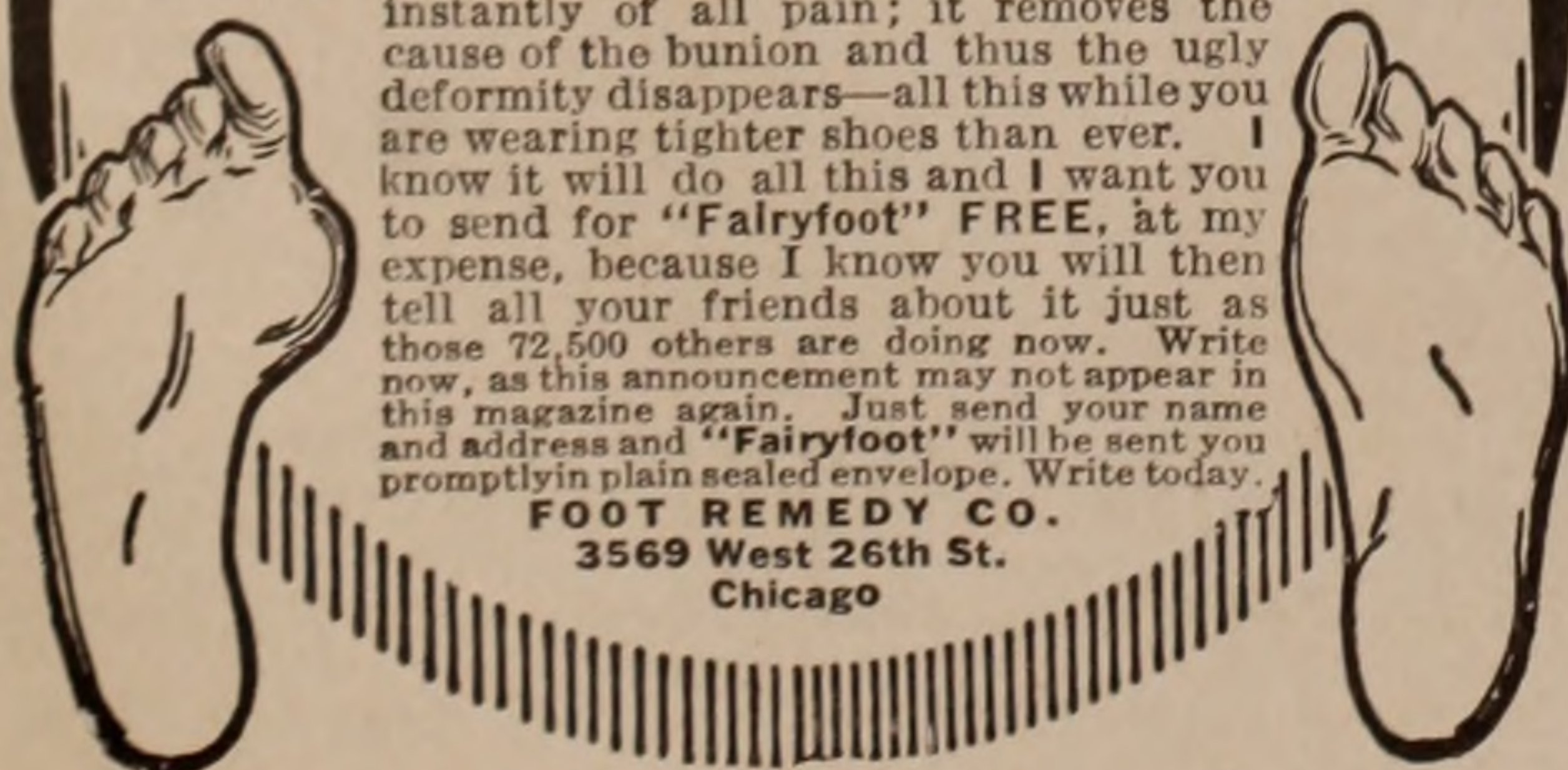


Salaries \$40 to \$150 weekly. Light, easy, fascinating work. Travel everywhere. Government wants Camera Men—rank of Sergeant. Our full Course requires only few weeks. Day or evening classes. No book study; actual practice in up-to-date studio under expert instructors. No schooling required. Easy terms. Special offer to those enrolling now. Call or write for free booklet. Don't delay. Send at once.

NEW YORK INSTITUTE OF PHOTOGRAPHY  
25, 141 West 36th St., New York

### Your Bunion Can Be Cured Instant Relief Prove It At My Expense

Don't send me one cent—just let me prove it to you as I have done for over 72,500 others in the last six months. I claim to have the only successful remedy for bunions ever made and I want you to let me send you my "Fairyfoot" treatment FREE, entirely at my expense. I don't care how many so-called cures, or shields or pads you ever tried without success—I don't care how disgusted you feel with them all—you have not tried my remedy and I have such absolute confidence in it that I am going to send you this treatment absolutely FREE. It is a wonderful yet simple home treatment which relieves you almost instantly of all pain; it removes the cause of the bunion and thus the ugly deformity disappears—all this while you are wearing tighter shoes than ever. I know it will do all this and I want you to send for "Fairyfoot" FREE, at my expense, because I know you will then tell all your friends about it just as those 72,500 others are doing now. Write now, as this announcement may not appear in this magazine again. Just send your name and address and "Fairyfoot" will be sent you promptly in plain sealed envelope. Write today.  
FOOT REMEDY CO.  
3569 West 26th St.  
Chicago



## Star-Dust from the Rialto

Intimate and Professional Peeps at Famous Stage Players and Their Plays

Colgate Baker, well-known playwright and stage reviewer, has been engaged to conduct this interesting and exclusive department for the Classic.

THAT experience in Motion Pictures helps greatly in winning success in the spoken drama, seems to be quite certain. There are dozens of prominent actors and actresses now playing on Broadway who are graduates of the silent drama, and one of the most successful producers of the season, Gilbert M. Anderson, frankly says that he is indebted to Motion Pictures for all that he knows about stage direction. According to the actors who have worked under the direction of Mr. Anderson, he is a veritable genius in the difficult art of staging modern plays and instructing actors. I have never heard players speak of a director with such enthusiasm as they do of Mr. Anderson, who only a few years ago was, under the name of "Broncho Billy," starring in far-western two-reel melos. This year Mr. Anderson is responsible for two of the best-staged productions Broadway has seen, both of them being among the pronounced successes of the year. One was "The Very Idea," which after a long run has taken to the road, and the other play is "Yes or No" at the Longacre Theater, which altho it fooled the critics has proved to be enormously popular with the public. It is odd that freak plays, introducing some new wrinkle in construction, should always excite so much talk and often make a hit in spite of their demerits. "Yes or No" is really three plays in one and two plays are performed at the same time on the stage for three acts, both having the same story, but different environment, illustrating the effect of surroundings on moral character. There is, of course, nothing new in all this but the treatment of the subject, which is certainly most original. I do not fancy that Mr. Anderson will ever go back to acting in Motion Pictures again. He is getting a little over 'the heroic age,' and besides he is needed on Broadway.

Arnold Daly takes himself so seriously, he often makes himself ridiculous. He is a fine actor and his reverence for art deserves to be respected, but when he comes before the curtain and scolds the public, he gets himself in wrong with everybody. At the Hudson Theater, where Mr. Daly has been appearing in Hermann Bahr's comedy, "The Master," the attendance has not been inspiring to Mr. Daly. The play is clever, the star gives a splendid performance of the title rôle, and his support is excellent, but there was no rush to the box-office, altho the "notices" were all favorable, so Mr. Daly was sore. After the second act was over, one night, he went in front of the curtain and berated the public for its failure to show what he thought was proper appreciation of his efforts as a producer and actor, and he solemnly warned the folks present that if they did not hustle around and get more people to come to the Hudson Theater, he (Daly) would quit the stage in disgust and act no more. Some people in the audience said they hoped he would quit, anyway.

The best character acting of the year, many experts agree, is being done by Lionel Barrymore in Augustus Thomas' play, "The Copperhead," at the Shubert Theater. In the opinion of the members of his family, Uncle John Drew, Sister Ethel and Brother John Barrymore, Lionel has for many years been the greatest character actor on the American stage. The Barrymore genius flashes in his work, more vividly than it ever has in the acting either of John or Ethel. For years and years Lionel Barrymore pursued an ambition to become a great painter. In this he was encouraged by his sister and brother, who firmly believed he was another Michael Angelo. John Barrymore also had a desire to shine as a painter at one time and did get along very nicely as a newspaper cartoonist for several years. But Lionel took his "art" in allopathic doses and worked so hard at it he suffered

several breakdowns. But if the road to success on the stage is not a primrose path, the ladder of fame in the art world is beset with many more difficulties, and at last Lionel Barrymore went back to his first love, Thespis, again—what a pity he missed the best acting years of his life, daubing in a studio! The late Richard Mansfield did the same thing.

If any one has any doubts of the vogue of intimate musical-comedy of the new refined brand, "Oh, Lady! Lady!" the latest concoction in this line, by Bolton, Wodehouse and Jerome Kern, at the Princess Theater, will dispel them. This is the best of all the pieces of the new Princess school. It is daintier than "Oh, Boy!" and funnier than "Very Good Eddie"; moreover, it has been given such a cast as the late George Edwardes would give it were he alive today and producing here. Messrs. Elliott, Comstock and Gest have set a new mark in artistic production. They are wonderful girl-pickers, too. The choristers would look well in any Fifth avenue ballroom. However, the real substance in these musical pieces is the music. Without Mr. Kern's melodies, no amount of good casting and stage management would make a success out of any of these shows. The music is inspired. It has style and flavor. Everything is made to harmonize with the music, book, lyrics, scenery, costumes, principals and chorus; all are ordered for the benefit of Mr. Kern's dainty muse—and this is the way to put on light musical-comedy.

Alla Nazimova has repeated at the Plymouth Theater, under Arthur Hopkins' management, the successes which she made in the Ibsen plays thirteen years ago, when as an unknown star, under Henry Miller, she dazzled Broadway. There is no actress who so thoroly understands the psychology of Ibsen's types as this talented Russian actress, whose English now is without trace of accent. Mr. Hopkins has given the productions new and appropriate settings, and fine acting casts, but the note of repression, which the producer insists upon, is a bit overdone by every one, even the star. Fads in production are dangerous things to follow to excess. They get you talked about and advertised, but they are also apt to bore a lot of people who are perfectly open-minded on high art propositions, and insist on hearing what actors say, distinctly. Repression is all right if it does not interfere with understanding; the latter must come first, and a great many disciples of repression have found this out to their sorrow.

Nat C. Goodwin is doing the best acting he has done in many years as the Judge in "Why Marry?" at the Astor Theater. He is going to act again for Motion Pictures next summer.

Al H. Woods is going to have all the Potash and Perlmutter plays picturized some time in the near future; even "Business Before Pleasure," the greatest comedy hit of the season, will be done in films, with the present co-stars in it, Barney Bernard and Alex. Carr, after it has had a season on the road.

"Her Country," the war-propaganda drama, at the Punch and Judy, is another play that will be screened soon. It is an exposé of Prussianism at home. Rosa Lynd, an English actress, has scored as the American heroine, who is the bride of a bestial young Prussian officer.

Al Jolson, the Winter Garden's favorite black-face comedian, who is the star of "Sinbad," the new extravaganza at that playhouse, has signed a contract to be under the management of the Messrs. Shubert for the next ten years.



# CONTENTS OF MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

## THE GIRL ON THE COVER

Ten years of stock repertoire is enough to discourage the most ambitious actress; fame overnight is enough to turn the head of the most sensible. These things happened to "The Wonder Girl of the Screen," Gladys Brockwell, who from the obscurity of the 10-20-30 dingy push-backs rose to stellar heights the night Fox's "Honor System" was flashed on Broadway. Since that golden hour eight new productions have added to the fair Brooklynite's fame—her charming head is exactly the same size, whether posing for a magazine cover or chauffeuring the hay-rake on her California ranch.

	PAGE
STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE.....	4
PITHY PARAGRAPHS FROM THE PACIFIC.....	<i>Antrim Arnold</i> 6
STAR-DUST FROM THE RIALTO. Up-to-the-minute stage notes.....	<i>Colgate Baker</i> 8
OUR GALLERY OF POPULAR PLAYERS. Gravure etchings of the screen's fairest and best .....	11-18
ANNETTE KELLERMANN. Photo-story of "The Queen of the Sea".....	19
BIG MOMENTS FROM CURRENT STAGE PLAYS.....	20
THE TIGER MAN. A pulsating short-story of William S. Hart's latest screen adventure.....	<i>Gladys Hall</i> 22
EVERYTHING'S LOVELY. A studio afternoon with Marguerite Clayton <i>Martha Groves McKelvie</i>	27
DÉCOLLETÉ. A more than bird's-eye revue of backs that have made the movies famous.....	<i>Peter Wade</i> 30
GODDESSES AND GRACES OF THE SCREEN. Bringing Venus, Hebe and company up to date.....	32
THE SIGNAL CODE OF THE HEART. As wigwagged by.....	<i>Mildred Manning</i> 34
PITY THE POOR ADVERTISING MAN. The novel confessions of a star's press booster.....	<i>Hector Ames</i> 35
MR. BIGGS PUTS IT OVER. Further steps in the career of a film potentate <i>H. H. Van Loan</i>	39
THE LATEST FILM GOSSIP FROM LOS ANGELES. Illustrated with exclusive snaps <i>Sylvester Fleming</i>	43
DOROTHY'S WAR STORY. Dorothy Gish's own story of her adventures in the war zone.....	<i>Fritzi Remont</i> 45
ALICE HERSELF. An up-to-date Declaration of Independence by "Brady's Daughter".....	<i>Lillian Montanye</i> 47
CHATS WITH THE PLAYERS. Personal news that press-agents cant get.. "The Stroller"	49
THE CELLULOID CRITIC. An honest appraisal of the month's leading pictures <i>Frederick James Smith</i>	52
PLAYING AUDIENCE TO BESSIE LOVE'S CHORUS LADY. The Classic's Extra Girl puts in a tuneful and rip-roaring day.....	<i>Ethel Rosemon</i> 54
D'IRWIN NEMEROV'S FASHION PAGE.....	60
PHOTODRAMA IN THE MAKING. The soul-heart-and-brain stuff of a scenario <i>Henry Albert Phillips</i>	65
ANSWER DEPARTMENT. Twisting the tail of the eternal question-mark <i>The Answer Man</i>	68
KINGS AND QUEENS OF THE SCREEN CONTEST.....	71
BEHIND THE MAGIC DOOR. All the month's news in telegram length.....	76
PRESIDENT JAKE AND MANAGER SAM. The unintentional discovery of a Motion Picture star.....	<i>F. M. Wiltermood</i> 78

Entered at the Brooklyn, N. Y., Post Office as Second-class Matter.

Copyright, 1918, by the M. P. Publishing Co., in the United States and Great Britain, a New York corporation, with its principal offices at Bayshore, N. Y. EUGENE V. BREWSTER, President; J. Stuart Blackton, Vice-President; E. M. Heinemann, Secretary; Eleanor V. V. Brewster, Treasurer.

Published monthly at 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Subscription, \$2.00 a year, in advance, including postage in the U. S., Cuba, Mexico, and Philippines; in Canada, \$2.30 a year; in foreign countries, \$3.00. Single copies, 20 cents, postage prepaid. One-cent stamps accepted. Subscribers must notify us at once of any change of address, giving both old and new address.

### STAFF FOR THE CLASSIC:

Eugene V. Brewster, Managing Editor.

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

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC - - - 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

# The 1st of May Thrift Stamp Day In The U. S. A.

The Active Co-operation of Every Reader of  
**MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC AND  
MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE**  
Is Urgently Requested To Make It A Success

May 1st, 1918, will be observed throughout the United States as Thrift Stamp Day! On that day retail stores everywhere in every line of business will ask customers to take *part of their change in Thrift Stamps!* It will be patriotic for every man, woman and child to accept at least one Thrift Stamp as change on every purchase made that day—and to make as many purchases as possible on May 1st.

Here is a big practical way of getting millions of Thrift Stamps into the hands of the people of the United States, and of insuring the success of the Government's War Savings Stamps campaign. Thrift Stamp Day will *help everyone*. It will prove a tremendous boost to business. On May 1st, 1918, the nation should do the biggest total retail business of any single day in our history! The beneficial habit of Thrift will be sown broadcast among the citizens of the U. S. A.! Most important of all, Uncle Sam will be furnished with the sinews of War and Victory!

American business must go "over the top" *at once* in a quick drive to make Thrift Stamp Day an overwhelming success. You wholesalers, you jobbers, you salesmen, must *talk* Thrift Stamp Day among your trade, arouse the *enthusiasm* of the retailers, the storekeepers, the clerks behind the counters. Uncle Sam *needs your help*. A practical *plan* has been prepared showing how each one of you can "do your bit" to make Thrift Stamp Day a red letter day in American business annals. Write for this plan *today without fail*. Remember, in helping Uncle Sam you are helping business and helping yourselves. Address Mr. W. Ward Smith, National War Savings Committee, 51 Chambers St., New York City.

**W. S. S.**

WAR SAVINGS STAMPS  
ISSUED BY THE  
UNITED STATES  
GOVERNMENT

**NATIONAL WAR SAVINGS COMMITTEE**

**51 Chambers Street, - New York City**

(This space donated by M. P. Publishing Co.)

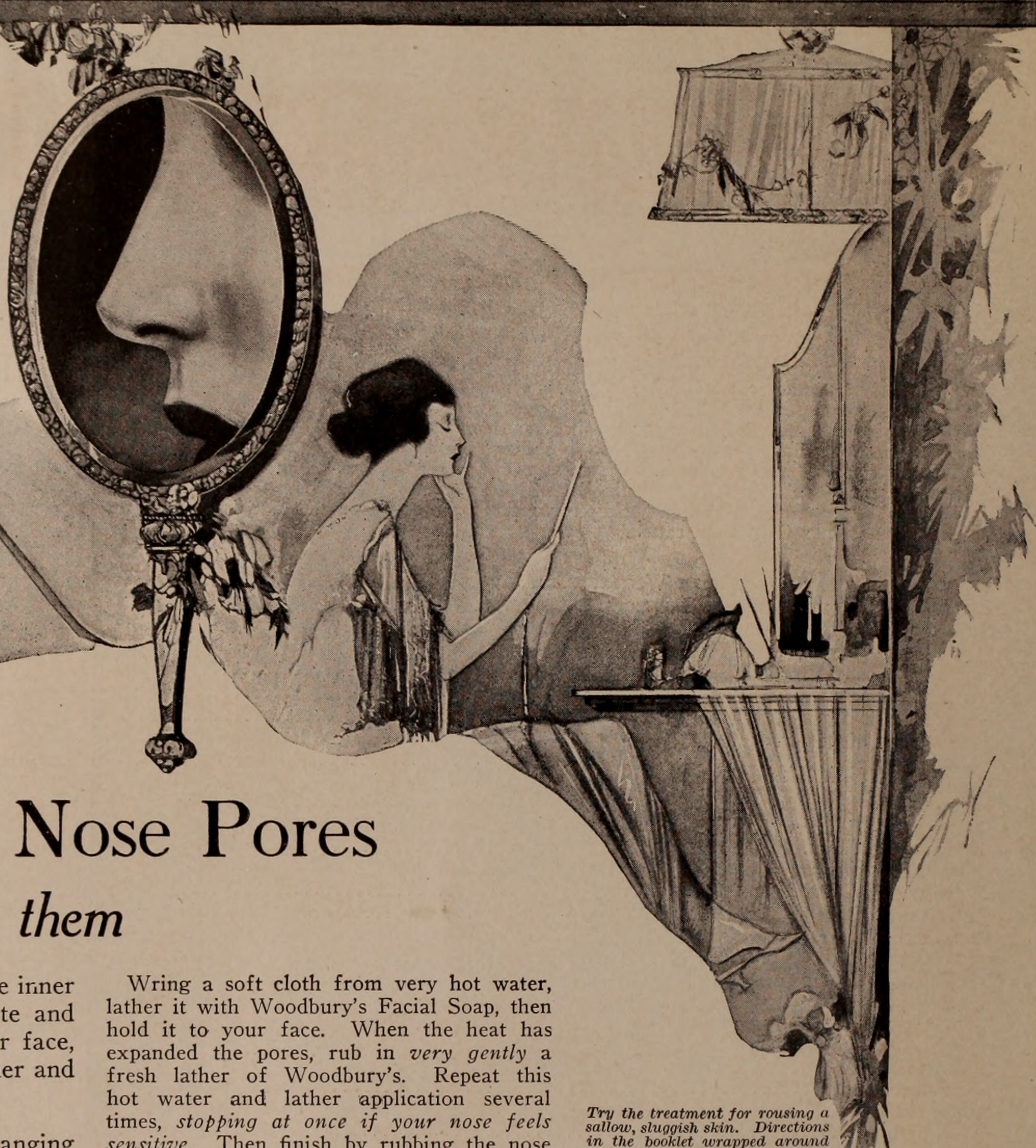
This magazine comes out on the 15th of every month. Its elder sister, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, comes out on the first of every month. Both are on sale at all newsstands in the English-speaking world.

(Nine)





You will find the proper treatment for oily skin and shiny nose in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's



# Conspicuous Nose Pores

## How to reduce them

Do you know why it is that the inner surface of your arm is so white and satiny, while the texture of your face, especially of your nose, is rougher and shows enlarged pores?

It is constant exposure to changing temperatures—sun, wind and dust—that enlarges the pores and coarsens the texture of the skin of your face.

Under exposure to wind and dust and sun, the pores of the face contract and expand. If the skin is not properly stimulated and kept free from dirt, the small muscular fibers, especially those of the nose, become weakened and do not contract as they should. Instead the pores remain open, they collect dirt and dust, clog up and become enlarged.

That is the cause of conspicuous nose pores—the bugbear of so many women, and often the only flaw in an otherwise perfect complexion.

Wring a soft cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in very gently a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, stopping at once if your nose feels sensitive. Then finish by rubbing the nose for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

### Use this treatment persistently

Do not expect to change completely in a week a condition resulting from long continued exposure and neglect. But use this treatment persistently. It will gradually reduce the enlarged pores until they are inconspicuous.

In the booklet which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, treatments are given for the various troubles of the skin. A 25c cake of Woodbury's is sufficient for a month or six weeks of any of these treatments and for general use for that time. For sale throughout the United States and Canada.

Try the treatment for rousing a sallow, sluggish skin. Directions in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap

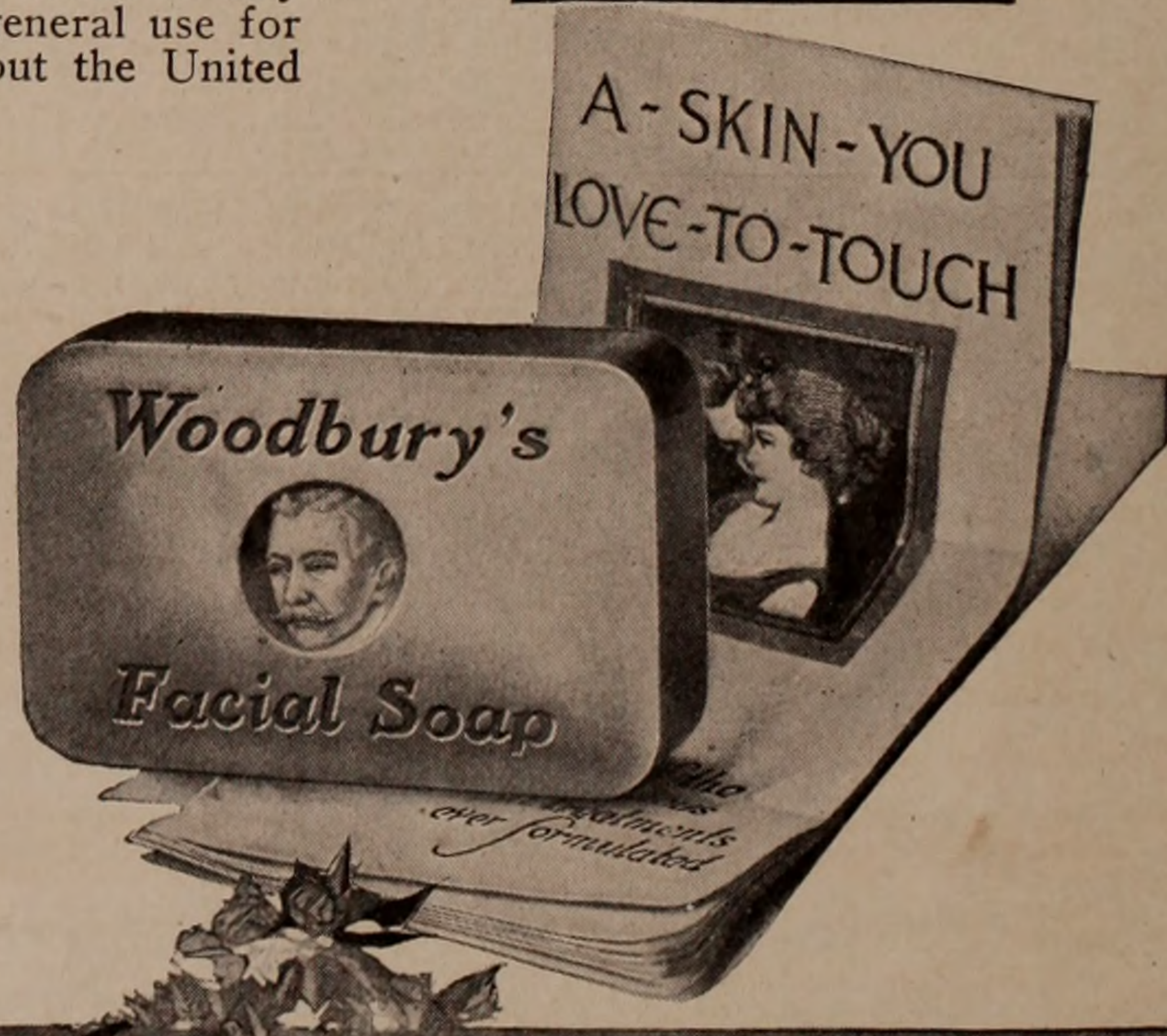


Send for sample cake of soap with booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder

Send us 5 cents for a sample cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury Facial Treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12 cents we will send you samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 905 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 905 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

If your skin has become gradually coarsened, this special treatment and the general use of Woodbury's Facial Soap will make it fine and soft again. For directions, see the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch"





# GALLERY OF PHOTOPLAYERS



© Campbell

DORIS KENYON

The girl who rose from an unknown but sweet-voiced chorister in Brooklyn to become a full-fledged star for Famous Players, shows the trend of the feministic movement by starting her own film company, De Luxe Pictures. Inquiries at the studio show that Miss Kenyon is now far advanced on her first offering, "The Street of Seven Stars," adapted from the wonderfully appealing novel by Mary Roberts Rhinehart.





ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

When Sergeant Empey produced his sketch, "The Diamond Palace Saloon," in a barn "somewhere in France," he never dreamt that less than a year afterwards he would be a Motion Picture star. Such is destiny. Vitagraph's presentation of "Over the Top," featuring its author, this forceful and adventurous young soldier, is the biggest military picture event of the season. Sergeant Empey is crazy to get another lunge at the Huns, and his Motion Picture will no doubt help to raise a new American army.





SYLVIA BRÉAMER

Playing leading-woman to William S. Hart and Charles Ray has brought its rewards to Sylvia Breamer. Altho this olive-skinned beauty hails from a frontier settlement in Australia, she has arrived in the American public's affections with the speed of a U-boat chaser. Miss Breamer has been selected by Commodore Blackton to play the leading rôle of his coming production, "Missing," from the famous novel by Mrs. Humphrey Ward.





© Witzel

VIRGINIA LEE CORBIN

This fluffy little emotionalist, who has winged her way into so many young and old hearts in picture versions of immortal fairy tales, is keeping up her remarkable career by producing a recent fascinating picture version of "Treasure Island." Little Francis Carpenter again shares the honors with Virgie, and Dame Rumor reports correctly that they will continue to play together thruout the balance of the year.





ALMA RUBEN

Less than six months of leading-lady for Douglas Fairbanks and William S. Hart was sufficient to graduate Alma Ruben into the star blue book, thereby adding another convent-bred girl to the screenic Pleiades. Her recent star offering for Triangle was "The Answer," followed by her current production, "The Love Brokers."





WEBSTER CAMPBELL

Beginning his third year with the Vitagraph Company, this handsome young man with collegiate inclinations but an irresistible gift for acting, begins a series of co-starring dramas with the beautiful Corinne Griffith. Their forthcoming presentation, "New York," or "Dangers Within," by Robert W. Chambers, strikes a stirring patriotic chord in response to the Teuton menace within the Empire State.





FAY TINCHER

Putting a "star in stripes" was once this charming comédienne's hobby, and in her Keystone and Triangle days Miss Tincher ranked the highest and drest the loudest of the soubret stars. After a total eclipse of nearly twelve moons, this sprightly portrayer of frailties announces that she is building her own studio, wherein she will navigate her own film course.





RALPH KELLARD

After wooing his former sweetheart, the stage, in "The Eyes of Youth," Ralph Kellard, the perennial hero of Pathé serials, returns to the siren call of pictures and is playing opposite Irene Castle in "The Hillcrest Mystery," a drama whose note of appeal is America's urgent cry for ships.



# "Queen of the Sea"

Annette Kellermann's  
Latest Dive Into  
Films

MERILLA, THE MERMAID, DISCOVERS THE DIVER



BY SLAYING THORN, THE PRINCE SAVES MERILLA AND THE PRINCESS



THE MERMAID'S DELIGHT IN DISCOVERING THAT SHE IS POSSESSED OF A SHAPELY PAIR OF LEGS

EVERY so often Annette Kellermann, the original diving Venus and exponent of the human form divine, does a great spectacle. True, it is thru the Fox lavish expenditure of greenbacks that the spectacle end of the film is provided, but it is Annette Kellermann who adds the real gold of her pulchritude and marvelous swimming and diving stunts to the gilt of trappings and surroundings.

As an initial splash, she gave us "Neptune's Daughter"; this was followed by the famous "A Daughter of the Gods," and now comes "The Queen of the Sea." Like its predecessors, "The Queen of the Sea" is a fairy story woven to fit the fair

Annette's accomplishments. Briefly, it is the tale of Merilla, a mermaid who comes to earth, is changed into a human being, and then follow her adventures in this wicked world and her wooing and winning by a Prince Charming.

One look at these advanced photographs proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that Annette is as much a sylph of the sea as ever.

There have been many other claimants for the title of diving Venus, but no one has ever been able to equal the dauntless Australian.

"I don't like to wear clothes!" says Annette. Neither would we, if—



MERILLA IS PLACED IN THE TORTURE CHAMBER AND SURROUNDED WITH MOVING SWORDS



MERILLA BECOMES THE CAPTIVE OF THORN

(Nineteen)



THE PRINCE GUARDS MERILLA FROM THORN



# Big Moments from

All Photos © by White



Miss Ethel Barrymore, as Lady Cardonnell in "The Off Chance," discovers that Edward Emery, as Major Bagleigh, has been cheating at baccarat and has fleeced her son-in-law, the Duke of Burchester, out of a fortune.



Lou-Tellegen is the greatest matinée idol on which appeals more to the fair sex than that of regeneration. Lou-Tellegen is an idle addict to gone wrong. But he resolves to reform. The has deadened his moral sense is one of the uplift



This scene in "The Copperhead," at the Shubert Theater, is fraught with strong emotion and great issues, and it is superbly acted by Lionel Barrymore, in the title rôle of the play, and Doris Kenyon, who acts the rôle of the wife who cannot understand why her husband is apparently disloyal to the Union and makes her suffer.



No play of the season contains a scene which makes such a pathetic appeal as the closing incident of "The Little Teacher," at The Playhouse. Here, Mary Ryan, the beloved schoolmistress, is forced to give up to the real mother the kiddies she has adopted to save them from the cruelties inflicted on them by their supposed parents.



# Current Stage Plays



Broadway today, and he has never had a rôle the artist in "Blind Youth." This is a play of absinthe, a habitu  of the Quartier Latin, a genius moment when he puts aside the green poison that ing situations in a remarkably strong drama.



There are all kinds of love-making in modern comedy on the stage today, but there is none more sane and convincing than that of William Hodge, in "A Cure for Curables," at the Thirty-ninth Street Theater.



Faking sickness is the theme of "Sick-a-Bed," a farce of the "roaring" variety, at the Gaiety. When medicine is forced down the throat of the patient (Edward Nicander) by the attending physicians, Dallas Welford and Charles E. Evans, the "hero" appeals in vain to Mary Poland, who acts the rôle of the trained nurse.

(Twenty-one)



To find a beautiful young bride comfortably settled down to enjoy her honeymoon in your rooms on returning home after a short absence is calculated to give any young bachelor a shock. This is one of the amusing moments in "Oh, Lady! Lady!!" the latest musical-comedy of the new, intimate type, at the Princess Theater.



From the Paramount Film  
THOMAS H. INCE Production

# The Tiger Man

By GLADYS HALL

THEY say—whoever “they” may be—that in the breast of every man, be he mostly brute or mostly angel, there dwells a spark of the divine. It may be brought forth by the strength of a baby’s weakness; it may be brought forth by a woman’s eyes; it may come of itself in some moment when Nature is praying; it may never come at all. But it is *there*, waiting the potent touch. This is the story of such a man.

His name was Hawk Parsons, but he was better known as “The Tiger Man.”

So far, he had been as elusive of arrest as the tiger-cat of the bait of man. No posse had been swift enough for him, no sheriff sufficiently wary. He had outdared, outwitted all in that lawless land who had given the chase to him, the most lawless of them all. Long and lean and grim and granite, he stood at bay—somber, untouched, unsoftened, totally apart.

“There aint no man could pal with Hawk Parsons,” they said of him; “aint none of pardnership to him.” And, “Aint a woman as could make Hawk Parsons sigh,” they said; “woman aint born to dazzle that devil’s eyes.”

And then a woman came—one who did not dazzle his eyes, true. He had the plains and mountains to do that—the gorgeous banners of the westering skies, the foaming torrents of the uncurbed rivers—but one who, with a hand as timorous as a babe’s, with a face as innocent as the white dawn’s, reached down into his heart like the incense after prayer, and woke, oh! gently, gently, his spark of the divine.

In the early fifties, along about the time of the gold stampede, the Reverend Luke Ingram, a zealot and an ascetic, was moved by the might of God to join a westward wagon-train, to put the word of God into the lawless mouths of the lawless element which had flocked to the gold-fields.

The Reverend Luke was very reverend indeed, and he took himself very intensely.

“There is work for me to do there,” he told his wife; “strong evils follow the trail of gold—drink and lust and the love of these things. There”—here he shuddered—“there the word of God is never heard, save



it is heard profanely. It is my call, Ruth, and I must go.” Privately Ruth feared for the zealot, with a soul like fine flame, but a face like a pale ascetic’s, and a constitution to match his face. But, still more, she believed in him—believed him to be *inspired*; believed in his ability to bring erring sheep back into the fold. Of course, the gold-seekers in the Far West could hardly be called “sheep”; wolves were more like; and still—

And so they made ready, the Reverend Luke and his young wife.

And so, too, they came to the fate of many of their predecessors and many of their followers. Their wagon-train lost its way; their water supply gave out; and they found themselves, a small and stricken group, staring with fast-protruding eyes at a pitiless sky, an endless and endless eternity of sand, and some grotesque clumps of cactus.

For a while there was prayer, led by the still inspired Rev. Luke. Then, before the dry, dread

#### CAST OF CHARACTERS

Hawk Parsons.....William S. Hart  
Ruth Ingram.....Jane Novak  
Indian Agent.....Milton Ross  
Rev. Luke Ingram.....Robert Lawrence  
Sandy Martin, Sheriff...Charles French



SHE WAS THE KIND TO FOLLOW HER MATE TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH

(Twenty-two)



torture of parching thirst, inspiration—even the inspiration of God—died out. Only gasping—choking—tearing at one's throat—fever, and then delirium, was left. There came some nightmare hours. The Reverend Luke was the first to succumb, and this fact added to the already compact burden of Ruth's fears that he would never survive the hardships he must face—if indeed *any* of them ever survived the present one.

"But he must—oh, he *must*," she half-gasped, half-sobbed to a

woman who sat by her with unseeing eyes, rocking, with a ghastly monotony, a feverish, moaning child; "none of us matter, you see—just *him*. He has the word of God to give—as no one else has *ever* had. He is so—so—wonderful. There are souls out there—just at the edge of—this—souls so black—so steeped in sin—and he—*he* can save them. So none of us *do* matter,

FORTY MILEZ FRUM WATER  
 FORTY MILEZ FRUM HELL  
 FORTY MILEZ FRUM  
 NOWHERE  
 GOD BLEZZ OUR HOME

SHE WAS FIGHTING THE DEMON THIRST WITH HER LAST OUNCE OF STRENGTH

you see. If there should come only a little—water—we must all—give it—to him—"

Ruth wet her cracked, parched lips

with a straining effort. She felt as tho, if she could not revive her exhausted spirits with the stimulant of her own words, she, too, would succumb to the mounting, feeding fever—and then—where might *he* be—with his Christly message—his pure salvation from sin?

The woman looked at her in the glaring noonlight, and her terrible lips moved in a terrible smile. "You're a little fool," she said, roughly. "Gawd aint got no use of *him*—no more of the rest of us. Aint my kid dyin' at my breast? Caint tell *me*."

Ruth stared at her. "God is good," she murmured, holding



RUTH WAS THE LAST TO DRINK; AND HAWK TOOK A GRIM PRIDE IN HER

to the clean garment of her unsullied faith with each one of her flagging senses. Then she crawled again to his side and bent above him, stroking his brow with her hot, still tender palm, murmuring to him out of her swollen throat. Small wonder *he* had marvelous faith in God.

Fate moves, sometimes, in circles—



sort of likes to play tag with herself and see who is "it." That morning—the very morning that the little band of emigrants abandoned hope, and the Rev. Luke abandoned his senses for the far fields of delirium—Hawk Parsons was brought to bay at last by the Federal troops in conjunction with the posse headed by the sheriff, Sandy Martin.

On the night of that day Hawk made his sensational escape—still a matter of history in that particular section of the West. "Aint been here since Hawk made his get-away" is vernacular out there. It was simply a matter of Hawk, with his five outlaws, holding up the sheriff and his men when food was brought to them for their evening meal. They knew where their horses were; and before the stunned sheriff came back to earth and his wits again Hawk and his five were

was painted in fierce, large letters the optimistic legend: "Forty miles frum water—forty miles frum hell—forty miles frum nowhere—God Bless Our Home." At his first glimpse of her, Hawk drew up and motioned his followers to do likewise. He was near enough to see that she was fighting—fighting the demon Thirst with every last ebbing source in her fragile, indomitable body. It wasn't so much the fight of her body that wiped away that cruel twist to the thin lips of the Tiger Man—it was *twin* stuff—such stuff as he had ken of that made his eyes open and dilate. Here was a woman—here was a *mate*. No trumpery here. No dance-hall bawdry. This was the stuff of his heart. He couldn't see what she looked like, save that she was dark and

despised women. He had gauged them all by that one woman, with her soft throat—and her low-down game. He had no other code.

But this woman—she was doing battle with death—*mean* death—and she was doing it gamely.

Hawk turned to the perplexed and scowling five. "Come on, boys," he said; "we give that woman the water from the buckboard team."

There was time to save many of them. Ruth was the last to drink; and Hawk took a grim pleasure



"I'LL TAKE THE CHANCE ON SANDY AND GUIDE THIS BUNCH OUT OF THE DESERT MYSELF"

making for the lostnesses of the desert.

But Hawk was never "lost." Certainly not in the desert, of which he was a veritable compass, and could have been an invaluable guide.

Many a party, prone and dying with thirst, have found themselves gazing into the grim, terrible face of a giant of a man—have held out despairful hands to the small, keen eyes looking down into their faces, and have seen him shake his head, mutter "carrion" and speed away, like a black wind, presager of their deaths.

It was the dawn of the following day that Hawk Parsons and his five came into view of the particular wagon-train containing the Reverend Luke—and Ruth.

His first glimpse of them was of Ruth, leaning against a giant boulder, on which

slender and somehow appealingly graceful. He didn't care what she *looked* like—that was well enough for the fools in the towns. He cared for the fight she was making—for the ministering tenderness of her as she turned from the rock and drooped over the others, doing Hawk could not tell what. He could tell, tho, that some of those others would bleach on that desert, long past all pangs and pains.

Long and long ago, when Hawk had been a lean, fierce, restless boy, a mother whom he had, also fiercely and leanly, adored, had played his father dirt mean. A man from the town . . . a prospector . . . his father had shot the man thru his skull, and strangled the life out of his mother's pretty, too soft throat. Hawk had been glad. She deserved it. That was Hawk. Ever after he had

in seeing her hold out to the end.

He took something rather more than pleasure in the look on her face when he turned to the five and said, also grimly, "Boys, you-all scoot for yourselves. I'll take the chance on Sandy and guide this bunch out of the desert myself. Aint never gone none out of my way, and think I'll deal myself a new hand, for the sport of the thing."

"Oh, you are *good!*" Ruth Ingram took his great, horny hand in hers and raised her white, staunch face to his.

"No, ma'am"—Hawk drew his hand from hers, and felt, for the first time in his calloused, defiant life, the thrill of a woman quicken his blood to soft fever. The chase, bloodshed, loot, murder—these thrills, yes. But never just . . .



this . . . before . . . this . . . Gawd-a'mighty, what *was* it, anyhow? No, ma'am," Hawk said again, "'taint that."

Hawk showed less kindness to the men of the wagon-train. "You poor rats," he addressed them, scornfully, "you let a woman tend you—ought to let you stay and bleach along with some of your pards. But come along, get busy and we'll be moving. Get to blazes out o' there, you son of a gun!" he yelled at Connor Moore, loud-voiced ward-heeler, who had, somehow or other, secured an appointment as Indian agent for a Western reservation; "out here," he yelled again at the still shaking man, "we men totes first for the women. Give this woman and babe your seat."

The woman, erstwhile conversationalist with Ruth, stared listlessly at Hawk. "I'll climb along," she announced, a pathetically. "Like as not I'll leave the—the baby—he's—dead—"

The wagon-train got under way and made good progress until nightfall. Then Hawk ordered a halt. "I haven't any night eyes," he announced; "here we stay."

The Reverend Luke was well enough to hold a brief prayer-meeting before the exhausted emigrants—or the survivors thereof—turned in, and during it Hawk Parsons stood apart, his cynical, narrow eyes on the fervently uplifted face of Ruth Ingram. He must have known then, in that moment of the illumination of her prayer, that he could never have her of her own volition. And that was bad. She was the only woman Hawk had ever wanted. And he wanted her—well, he *wanted* her—even as the tiger, stalking and resistless, wants his mate.

"I'm goin' to *have* you, too," he muttered, as he watched beside the wagon-train throuth the night; "I'm goin' to have you—'cause I *got* to. Just *have*."

With the arrival of the rose-golden sun arrived also a small band of Indians

—small, but fighting mad. They attacked, and Hawk Parsons, putting ginger into the others, attacked back. Thanks to Hawk, the repulse was successful. The Indians retreated. When they had gone, Hawk caught a glimpse of a troop of cavalry in the distance. Evidently the troop had not seen the wagon-train, or, if it had, had not thought it in need of assistance, and had moved on. The Indians, spying the cavalry, had retreated until the troop was beyond recalling.

Connor Moore first saw the disappearing troop. "Light a

the town. You'll be safe—safe from everything. If you dont light the beacon the Indians'll be on us again. We're short of shot—they'll probably get us good. You cant light that beacon—*unless*"—here he turned and caught the dark eyes of Ruth Ingram fiercely, dominantly with his own—"unless Ruth Ingram comes with—*me*," he said.

From the scant dozen huddled together a babel of tongues arose: "Go with him, Ruth!" "Remember what you say—only *he* matters!" "For Gawd's sake, Ruth, save us, save us!" . . . Ruth Ingram

did not speak. Her white face was whiter than the white wing of an angel. Her eyes burned with the fanatical fire of the early martyrs. She looked over to the wagon where the Reverend Luke lay unconscious.

The Reverend Luke—and the saving of many souls. And he had said it . . . their sins were as scarlet . . . suppose she refused . . . suppose the Indians killed him . . . before he fulfilled his most glorious mission . . . God, God, that must not be!

What was *she* to that? What need had God of *her*?

The group intensified their appeals to her, standing there in the dawning, stricken and mute.

Hawk Parsons silenced them.

"Be still, swine!" he snarled; "she must come of her own will."

Ruth Ingram raised her sorrowful, reproachful eyes to his. "I will go with you," she said, and under her sobbing breath she murmured, "Oh, Father, he knows not what he does."

Hawk Parsons did not wait to see about the beacon. Connor Moore was already attending to that. He had swung the limp girl to his saddle, and was making away into the desert to the shack that he called home.

And as he felt the strong body of his horse beneath him—felt the soft warmth



BOTH CAPTOR AND CAPTIVE WATCHED THE DEPARTING WAGON-TRAIN

beacon!" he called, excitedly. "Light a beacon, for God's sake! If they come, we're saved—saved—from Indians—from the desert—from all of it! A beacon—a beacon—"

The men in the party began running to and fro. The Reverend Ingram, still weak from the strain and the fever, fainted. Then Hawk Parsons stepped forward and, a creature hewn magnificently from granite, raised his hand. "I'm guidin' this here load," he proclaimed, "and it's this way, puttin' it brief: if you light that beacon the troop'll come back and take you along with them into



of the girl in front of him—Hawk Parsons tasted the bitter-sweet of Paradise. He held her the more tightly, and felt a strong shudder shake her slight body from crown of her dusky head to tip of her weary feet. And a cynical smile twisted at his mouth. "Women," he muttered, "bah! . . ." But he did not believe himself. And he knew that he did not. And a fear came upon him—the first fear he had ever felt; a fear of *pain*—the pain this weak, white thing could bring to him—such a pain as was growing up now, close about his heart—a pain that only her lips could ease—her lips on his—*of her own free will*. Here, then, was something he could not have. Her mouth, yes . . . her driven arms about him; but the spirit of those lips . . . *he wanted that*. Once in his hut, and released from the immediate pressure of the desperado's arms, Ruth swooned. Hawk laid her in his bunk, and

forced her back. "Tell me," he commanded, "why you cant stay here with me. I'm a *man*. I'll play straight cards—for you. I never wanted any woman in all my life before. I've never touched a woman—only you. I want you—hell and all! I stole you! I'll keep you! Ruth, cant you learn to *want* to stay? I'll be good to you—I'll . . ."

The girl was looking at him in sheer, sick horror. "I'm *married*," she explained, "to the—the Reverend Luke Ingram. I . . . why, I belong to . . ."

But—he will go on—and on. And that is best."

"You sacrifice your hopes of heaven—for that?"

"Of course. I have faith."

"And you never—*never* could *want* to—stay? Never be—my—woman?"

"Dont—oh, please dont—say such—wicked, dreadful things to me. Luke is—my husband. I am his wedded wife. It is a sacrament."



SHE HAD BROUGHT THE FIRST TOUCH OF TENDERNESS INTO HIS IRON BREAST

stood looking down at her. Then he looked at his own hands—great, sinewy, powerful. He looked at her white throat where her pulse beat fast and eager. He looked at her childish mouth, her dark, shut eyes, her slenderness.

"Hawk Parsons," he muttered, "you're a stinkin' cur; but, Gawda'mighty, how you want her!"

When she came to, he was gone. Over her hung a short, sharp knife, and this she made a swift grab for. Hawk came in just in time to save her from slashing open her white throat and spilling over his shanty floor her martyred blood. He sat on the edge of the bunk, then, and

him. I—I'd never—never belong to any man but *him*. I . . ."

"You love this here—sky-pilot?"

"He is my husband. Of course. And he is to be a great savior of souls. That is why I came with you." Tears filled the dark eyes, and her voice, breaking, continued with an effort. "You see," she explained, "it's everything to me—his mission. He is appointed by God. No greater evil could befall than that harm should come to him before his mission is fulfilled. I—I do not matter—so much. There must be some sacrifices to—achieve—great ends. Perhaps I shall go to—hell—unless—you—let me go.

"Ruth—do you—like me?"

"I—thought you were good."

"That is all you cared about?"

"That is all that matters, Mr. Hawk. Just—the glory of the Lamb."

And then all at once the Tiger Man was down on his unaccustomed knees; he had the hem of her torn gown in his hands—and he was kissing it.

"I aint never going to be able to forget you," he muttered, brokenly. "Not for as long as I live and breathe. This pain I feel around my heart and lungs is going to grow and grow. In books—they call it—love. I swore at it once—

(Continued on page 77)





# "Every Thing's Lovely"

As far as  
Marguerite  
Clayton  
is  
Concerned  
Says

Martha  
Groves  
McKelvie



If there's one thing on earth I honestly enjoy more than another it's eating crackers after I've gone to bed.

Take a rainy spring night, for instance, when you've

loaned your rubbers and umbrella to the neighbors and have to go to bed to keep warm. Now then, pile your pillows high, light your reading light or candle, get a MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and a box of crackers and "pile in."

You'll be surprised to find what a nice, comfy time you can have of it.

All the time you're reading of Bill Hart's achievements and Theda Bara's conquests and envying 'em, you can cheerily munch crackers.

Of course if you have a roommate, "munching" isn't so much fun. Roommates are cranky things at times. Mine sits up in bed on cracker nights and yells, "For heaven's sake, Martha, quit eating

out loud!"

Now, I think that's unreasonable of her, don't you? It'd be different if Peggy had to sleep with me, but she has a bed of her own, and the cracker crumbs I spill can't bother her a bit.

Of course, eating crackers needn't be a noisy process, but I think it's fun to listen to 'em.

Sam Jones said once, "It isn't *what* you do, but the *way* you do it."

I don't know whether Sam meant us to apply that to the "looks of things" or to the "fun of things."

Peggy says that Sam meant, "It isn't what you do that makes you attractive or unattractive, but the way you do it."

I'm inclined to think that "it isn't *what*

you do that gets the most fun out of livin', but it is the way you do things."

For instance, eating a cracker isn't any special joy, but eating 'em out loud, being just as plebeian as possible about it, makes it a privilege.

I know a girl that I always think of when this saying of Sam Jones' comes to my mind.

It's Marguerite Clayton. Do you know her? Well, she's the kind of a girl





MARGUERITE CLAYTON

I didn't want to get the "dough" mixed up with my writing (they never go together), so I told Edward I'd shake later.

I sat, during the making of two scenes, by the side of a woman who should be sent out as Miss Clayton's press-agent. She asked me every moment or two if I didn't think Miss Clayton "just lovely," and I answered regularly that I "just did!" Marguerite Clayton is much loved and especially by the people with whom she works. I couldn't help but wonder how she accomplished it, for it is conceded—is it not?—that it is the exception and not the rule for one player to boost another. I soon discovered that it was not *what* she did that made people love her, but the *way* she did things.

When she had disposed of the biscuits and washed her hands she came over and sat down by me. She eyed me with wide, blue, childlike eyes from head to foot. "It's lovely of you to come out today," she exclaimed, and, to the girl with me, "My, your eyes are lovely! They'd photograph beautifully."

deeply and devotedly in love with her, and, just as Martha did, go away wondering whether it was *what* she said and did or the *way* she said and did things that made you her everlasting slave.

She's awfully strong for the "kiddies," and all the newsboys know her as a "right good pal." She's a sure-enough bathing girl, a yacht fan, lives at the Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago and is constantly in the water.

Miss Clayton recently joined the Illinois Citizens' Unit, an organization which aids soldiers in every way. Among her duties will be sewing and writing letters to certain guardsmen at the front. Lucky guardsmen! She was one of the stellar attractions at the big movie convention in Chicago, and, unlike most celebrities, does not find such a convention a bore. Just listen to her! "I adore convention crowds!" she says. "They squeeze your hand until you nearly scream with pain; they jam around you, stepping on your toes and dragging you to and fro until, when it's over, your body is a mass of bruises and aches, and they make you talk until your vocal cords are threadbare—but, just the same, I adore them! You see, we of the screen world rarely, if ever, have an opportunity to meet those to whom we owe so much of our success. If it were not for the exhibitors, our pictures could not be shown; and if it were not for our fans, there would be no incentive for showing them."

who would not only approve of the cracker habit, but would probably join you in a box.

I went out to the Essanay studio to see her recently. I trailed her thru halls where signs were posted that read: "Ladies Will Please Use Halls on First Floor in Going to and from Dressing-rooms. This Hall Reserved for Men." This didn't apply to me, of course, because I wasn't going "to and from" any dressing-room.

I finally traced Miss Clayton to the studio proper and found her in the midst of a scene.

A director was on guard and ordered Marguerite to enter from the kitchen, where she was supposed to have been making biscuits. Marguerite entered, much to her "high-brow" sister's disgust, and shook hands with sister's beau (Edward Arnold).

She was quite unmindful of the dough on her hands, the flour on her nose and the pan of biscuits she carried. In her impulsive way and quite without direction from "out front," Marguerite went the scenario one better in the real taking of the scene by holding the pan of biscuits to her side with her elbow in order to have both hands free to give to Edward. This immaculate gentleman wasn't especially pleased, and was, be it known, a little "stuck up." He marched over and offered to shake hands with me.

I mentioned the time Miss Clayton had spent with Gilbert M. Anderson in pictures. She told me how "lovely" Mr. Anderson was to her in her first work, and, following her career on down, explained that every one she had ever known had been "lovely" to her.

There's the secret of her popularity in a nutshell. It is not so much that she says the world is "lovely." Her charm lies in honestly and truly *believing* that it is.

I had always supposed that Marguerite was related to Ethel Clayton, but she explained that this, to her regret, was a mistake. "If you ever see Ethel Clayton," she enthused, "tell her that I just love her! She's quite my ideal, and I think her one of the greatest actresses of the day. She's just lovely!"

She went on to tell me that a bunch of the girls were going "real ice" skating that night and finished the recital of their plans with "I just love skating!" I told her that it seemed to me she "just loved" everything and everybody. Her blue eyes opened wide in surprise. "Why, I *do!*" she exclaimed.

Now then, tell me. If you met a girl—a tiny girl—with lovely yellow hair, a rose-leaf complexion (real), teeth that vied with pearls and eyes of the skies' azure, and she assured you that the world was "lovely," all the people in it were "lovely" and you especially, *what* would you do? Here's betting you'd fall

"Therefore to these two—the exhibitor and the patron—the picture star is greatly indebted for the measure of success he or she has obtained.

"The convention gave me an opportunity to meet both and tell them how much I appreciated their aid to me. Believe me, it was with genuine pleasure that I was drawn into the jam and surge of the crowds and talked until my voice could no longer hold out.

"And do you know many of the people remembered my first appearances with Mr. Anderson and asked me about him and the West. I thought it remarkable and lovely that they should. I adore the West and the plains and the horses. Perhaps because it is my home—I was born in Ogden, Utah, you know—but also because I had my first wonderful initiation into the picture world out there in California. Did you ever hear how I happened to go into the movies?"

I shook my head negatively and held my breath for fear of interrupting her reminiscent train of thought.

"My mother had been on the stage and I was very ambitious to follow in her footsteps, and I was wondering how I should ever get an opening, when I happened to see an advertisement that Mr. G. M. Anderson of the Essanay Company had just opened a studio at Niles, Cal., and wanted girls for photoplay work. I wrote him and sent my photograph. A few days later he told me to





MARGUERITE CLAYTON

come on and try. My salary wasn't much to begin with, but I was happy to get a start, and after several small parts I was given a lead.

"Never was I so frightened. I'll never forget it. However, my part was emotional. So you see my pounding heart and trepidation was really a help rather than a hindrance. After my scene was over Mr. Anderson said, 'Your work was fine, Miss Clayton; you show that you can put feeling into it.' Feeling! I should think I did put feeling into it. If I had had to be calm and composed I never could have done it. Since then, by experience, of course, I have learnt to control my emotions so as to give the right emphasis to my parts, and many of them have been difficult ones. My Western rôles were outdoor girls, and my crudeness of acting was not so noticeable in that informal atmosphere; but here, in Chicago, everything is changed—you cannot be a mountain lioness in a drawing-room, you know—and clothes, manners, etiquette, all have to be given careful consideration. You must feel as deeply, but not express it so openly.

"I just love it here in Chicago, and I like my new plays ever so much. They give me larger opportunities, but it always pleases me when people ask me about the early Niles days. Maybe because, like a first love, they are dear unto me yet. And here's a big surprise—in a few weeks I'm going back to the Coast again, and with a new company, Paralta.

"But there, I've taken you a long way from the convention, anyway. I wish there was a convention every day in the week. I just think they're lovely!"

I'll bet you a box of crackers (and they are now nine cents a box) that Marguerite Clayton is one of the most homey, unconventional, human and lovable girls on the screen. What'll you bet?

(Twenty-nine)



A GIRL OF EXQUISITE PINK, BLUE AND GOLDEN TINTS



# Décolleté—A Revue



Alma Ruben's back would pass in Boston Back Bay society.



Marie Wayne's back is just as alert as her piquant face.  
© White



"DON'T turn your back to the audience; and 'Dont turn your back—that is, if you haven't the back was not considered at all exterminated entrance showing only the way. Nowadays, with the French a meaning of its own. To turn the out a new shade of meaning; the are the exclamation points of expres the neophyte used to wail, but now way into fame equally as well.

Flora Finch says, "I consider that Julian Eltinge's back is a steal on mine."



"The back is everything!", says Lina Cavalieri, and she ought to know.



Charlie Murray thinks that Mary Thurman's shoulders should be one of the sight-seeing stops in Los Angeles.



"The back is the mirror of nature," quotes Helen Ferguson.



Edna Goodrich swears by the jeweled, open-faced back.



# of Famous Backs

ence" is the moss-grown stage admoni-  
back to the camera" applies just as well  
back. In the twilight years of pictures  
pressive—décolleté always made a de-  
front panorama, and retired the same  
shrug in fashion, every little back has  
back upon the camera is but to bring  
dimples and contours of famous backs  
sion. "If I only had a camera face!"  
with a camera back she can shrug her

"This is the best bare-  
back imitation I have,"  
says little Mary Mc-  
Alister.



"The vampire  
back should tell  
everything,"  
counsels  
Theda, "and  
take nothing  
back."



© Witzel L. A.  
Clara Williams' back is a  
camera post-graduate.



Chester Conklin states that backs are  
great insect attracters.



Mary Garden confesses that  
she could not say "La, la!"  
unless she brought her back  
with her.



"Why doesn't camouflage conceal the  
back?" asks Jewel Carmen.

(Thirty-one)



Kitty Gordon's back set is always the nifti-  
est piece of scenery in the studio.



When asked if she objected to this back close-up, Virginia  
Valli cried, "Not a tulle!"



# Goddesses and Graces



MARY PICKFORD

PSYCHE (THE SOUL)—MARY PICKFORD

Soul of the silver screen, pure white and strong, with rainbow-tinted wings of art and fancy which carry her to the sublime heights of dramatic excellence.

FLORA (THE FLOWERS)—MAY ALLISON

Golden as the daffodil, her hair; blue as the violet, her eyes; red as the rose, her lips; white as the lily, her throat; truly, she is Flora, the Goddess of the Flowers.

AURORA (THE MORNING)—HAZEL DAWN

As invigorating as the freshness of the morning, and as full of its rose-and-gold beauty, she presents a glorious picture to all who behold her.

IRIS (THE RAINBOW)—MARGARITA FISCHER

As Iris, the messenger of the gods, was noted for her swiftness, so she is noteworthy for her lightning change of characterizations, each as beautiful and brilliant as the one before, yet different in its color.

HEBE (YOUTH)—MARY MILES MINTER

Youth, and the bloom of health; spring, and the joy of life; hope, and the fire of



GRACE VALENTINE



VIOLET



GRACE DARMOND



© Sarony MAY ALLISON



# of the Screen

By  
HAZEL M. HUTCHINSON



MERSEREAU



GRACE  
CUNARD



MARY MILES MINTER



MARGARITA FISCHER



HAZEL DAWN

enthusiasm; she is all this and more: Hebe, a daughter of the gods.

PERSEPHONE (VEGETATION)—VIOLET MERSEREAU

Barren, indeed, would be the screen without the bloom of this exquisite bit of vegetation, the violet. And she brings her characters to life with all the vigor and strength of the recreation of spring.

The Three Graces—Splendor, Pleasure, Joy

AGLAIA (SPLENDOR)—GRACE DARMOND

Art, eloquence and poetry, a gleam with the splendor of her personality, unite in making her a most splendid "Grace."

THALIA (PLEASURE)—GRACE CUNARD

Wisdom, charm and bravery combine to make her the personification of Pleasure to all those whose privilege it is to witness her on the screen.

EUPHROSYNE (JOY)—GRACE VALENTINE

Youth and beauty, with a soul consecrated to Art, this "Grace" is a veritable "joy forever."



# The Signal Code of the Heart

Posed by  
MILDRED MANNING



© Lumière

DISDAIN



PENITENCE



© Lumière

GRIEF



TWIST FEAR  
AND FURY



A PLEA  
FOR MERCY



COQUETRY



DUBIOUS NEWS



EXPECTANCY



© Lumière

MEMORIES



SEASONED WITH HOME CHEER



# Pity the Poor Advertising Man

By HECTOR AMES



© Hartsook

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

tempestuous thing for the men in the advertising departments of the producing companies.

Here's a sample of the trouble:

## REEL No. 1

Big movie star has a slack day at the studio. Decides to call on the advertising manager of the company. Does so. Sees new lithographs for his new forthcoming production hanging on the wall in the advertising department. Looks at them intently. Dark clouds drop over his face. Dashes from room, muttering beneath his breath.

above me or co-starred with me. Look at that author's name—it's in the same size type as my name!"

General manager looks at star in amazement.

"Why, that author is one of the most famous men in the entire world. His name is one of the biggest selling points we have had in a long time. You ought to be proud to appear in a picture made from his book, let alone getting sore about a little thing like that."

Star—"I've got a right to get sore! My contract is violated! I'm going to see my attorney."

## REEL No. 3

Star does see attorney. Litigation and trouble results. G. M. says to advertising manager: "That's your fault. You oughta know better than that. You oughta know every one of our contracts by heart!"

The contract which this particular



HE life of an advertising man is never a life of ease. There is always something doing in his existence to tear more hair out of his head or add an extra touch of white to the few hairs that

remain. But chasing want ads on a metropolitan daily, or pleasing all the department heads of a big department-store in the daily ad copy, is a veritable sinecure compared with the job of getting by as a Motion Picture advertising man.

And why is the rôle of Motion Picture advertising man so difficult to play?

Listen, my friends, and you shall hear.

It's the stars—bless 'em!—the petted, pampered favorites of the hero-worshipping public, who stir up most of the trouble for the poor advertising man and make him spend sleepless nights tossing in mental agony. It's the stars and those lesser luminaries, the near-stars and the featured players, who make life such a

## REEL No. 2

Star returns to advertising department, accompanied by the general manager of concern.

Star points dramatically at the lithographs.

"Look at 'em," he says.

General manager looks.

"They look good to me," responds the general manager. "They have gotten a perfect likeness of you."

"Oh, drat the likeness!" yells the star. "Look at the billing!" (The "billing," it might be explained, is the lettering that appears on the lithographs.) "Look at the billing! It's a clear violation of my contract!"

"Whadda ya mean—violation of your contract?" queries the G. M., becoming somewhat miffed.

"My contract says that no one is to be starred



© White

MARY PICKFORD

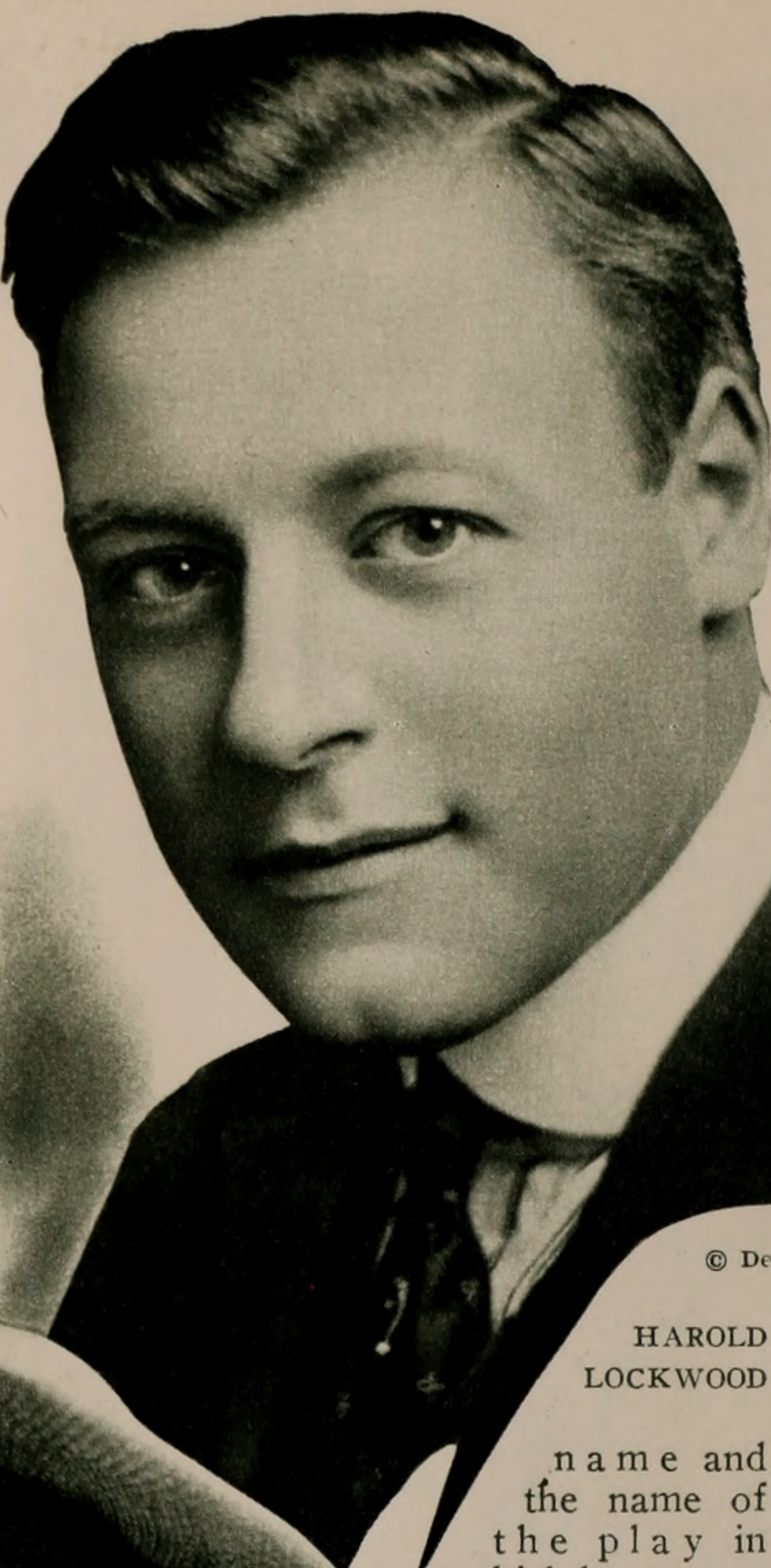


star had (and the above is an actual report of something that actually took place) was nine pages long, closely typewritten! Among the things that it specified was that the star's name was to be mentioned in the biggest-size type used in the billing for the lithographs, all positive film, all press matter, slides, newspaper-cuts and all publicity and advertising matter issued on any play that he participated in. As all the other stars and near-stars and featured players also have contracts containing stipulations along this line, it can readily be seen what a task it would be to memorize them all.

Many of the Motion Picture advertising managers have a card system on which they have the principal points of all star contracts tabulated in handy form. By constantly referring to these cards, they manage to drill along without entirely losing their minds.

Imagine what a task it is when two stars, a near-star and several featured players appear in the same picture, to reconcile all the individual contracts and players in the advertising matter!

Many Motion Picture advertising managers are firmly convinced that the only way a star can be thoroughly satisfied is by having the advertising matter contain only the star's



© De Gaston

HAROLD LOCKWOOD

name and the name of the play in which he appears—the star's name to be in type ten feet high and the name of the play in type about a quarter of an inch high. But

even this would probably not satisfy many stars for the reason that they would want this caption to appear directly under their name: "The World's Great, Most Famous and Most Popular Motion Picture Star! The Star Who Made Motion Pictures Popular!"

If the foregoing were the only troubles that the Motion Picture advertising man is up against, life would not be so very hard, at that.

But the above is merely the beginning.

At the last minute before a picture is released and all the advertising matter has been pre-

MABEL NORMAND

pared and

sent to the engraver's and the printer's and the lithographer's, it is customary for the general manager to change the title of the play, or to re-engage some one of the actors appearing in the production at an increased salary and under a new and more complicated contract.

This step, of course, means that the work must be recalled, the "billing" changed and the whole thing sent back and gotten out at express speed. Even then, a couple of days before the release date, it is not uncommon for the powers that be to desire another change made in the title or in the style and type used for the names of the players.

Right here it might be wise to explain the methods of "starring," "co-starring" and "featuring" players.

When an actor is a star his name appears in the advertising matter like this:

The Blank Film Company  
presents  
PREMIER BONEHEAD

in  
"The Troubles of an Advertising Man."

If another player is to be co-starred the "billing" reads like this:

The Blank Film Company  
presents  
PREMIER BONEHEAD  
MISS ALMA DITTO

in  
"The Troubles of an Advertising Man."

If the two players are to be co-starred and another player featured the "billing" reads this way:

The Blank Film Company  
presents  
PREMIER BONEHEAD  
MISS ALMA DITTO

in  
"The Troubles of an Advertising Man,"  
with Ann Ivoribeau

Sometimes players who are not stars or near-stars are, nevertheless, mentioned in the advertising matter. In such cases this is the "billing":

The Blank Film Company  
presents  
PREMIER BONEHEAD  
MISS ALMA DITTO

in  
"The Troubles of an Advertising Man,"  
with Ann Ivoribeau

Cast including Andrew Tuffnut and Violet Valencennes

Of course, no one outside the theatrical profession knows what all these hair-splitting distinctions mean, but they are body and soul and meat and drink to all actors, and particularly Motion Picture actors, because Motion Picture actors appear in a new production about once in every six weeks, while legitimate actors appear in a new production about once a year. So the movie actors have just that much more opportunity to kick on the "billing."

Every Motion Picture advertising man can tell tales by the hour of the difficulties he has had with his company's stars and near-stars.

Here are a few such stories, and they





are all true, and are about prominent stars whose names would be recognized by every picture fan in the country:

A certain feature was very late in completion. Even up to a short time before the release date the camera-man had not stopped turning the crank on the picture, and it became necessary for the advertising department to grind out the advertising matter without seeing the completed product. The department's office-boy was given the lay-out for a page ad about the picture which was to be used in one of the film trade-papers, and was told to hustle it to the engraver. In the elevator the boy was spied by one of the players in the picture who had been to the office making a roar about not getting enough publicity. This player caught a glimpse of the copy, caught it out of the boy's hand and, upon seeing that his name was not displayed in the size type that he thought proper, tore the lay-out to bits and threw the scraps on the floor of the car. He also "walked out" of the picture—that is, refused to complete his job in that particular production, unless his name were played up the way he thought it should be. This actor got what he wanted, but it kept a whole advertising department at work three nights until 12 o'clock to make the changes.

One of the most prominent feminine stars registered

a rather unusual kick one day. "I see," she said, "that all this new paper" (lithographs are called "paper")—"all this new paper you are getting out has the name of the company played up in much larger type than my name. My contract distinctly states that no one shall be starred over me. By putting the name of the company in bigger type than my name you are starring every one in the company over me and you are, therefore, violating my contract. It must be stopped at once." She got what she wanted.

A certain feminine star held a contract with a company under which the company was



MAY ALLISON

permitted to co-star with her any male star of equal standing in the industry. The male star was picked for her partner and everything went well until the feminine star developed a violent antipathy for the male star. She tried various means of ejecting him from his position as co-star with her, and finally went to the head of the producing company with this complaint: "My contract says that you can co-star a man star of equal standing in the industry with me.

J. W. KERRIGAN

This man is of much less standing than me. He gets only about seventy-five letters a week from people who like him, while I get an average of two hundred!" Rather than fight it out with her the producing company dispensed with the services of the male star and secured another man to be co-starred with her.

An effort was being made by a producing company to put its pictures into the best and newest Motion Picture theater of a large middle-western city. The advertising manager of the company found that one of the actors under contract to the concern came from this city. So he conceived that it would be an effective bit of advertising to have a photograph taken of the company's biggest feminine star shaking hands with this young man—who was only an obscure player—and send this photograph to some paper in the city with a write-up about the man, telling of his appearance in the company's pictures and of the feminine star congratulating him upon appearing in them. The advertising man figured that this would be of great aid in securing the desired theater's account, as the photograph would stir up the interest of the townspeople in the doings of their fellow townsman and make them want to see the pictures in which he appeared. The advertising manager sent a request to the studio for the desired photograph. When the feminine star



(Thirty-seven)



was told what it was for and was asked to pose for it, she promptly refused. "What do you think I am?" she cried, vigorously. "I'm a big star and this fellow is just a minor player. It would hurt my standing if I were to pose for a photograph like that and let it go out in the way you want it to. It would degrade me. Most certainly I won't do it!" And she didn't, and the company failed to get its pictures in the theater.

Quite frequently the bigger theaters in the producing centers, like New York and Los Angeles and nearby cities, ask for personal appearances of stars when some picture in which they are starred is being shown. The stars, of course, are paid by the theater for such appearances, as these personal appearances invariably increase the attendance. One particular feminine star has been asked time and again for personal appearances, but she has always refused. Also, whenever the advertising department asks her to pose for new photographs of herself to be used for advertising and publicity purposes, she also refuses. She also refuses to grant interviews, or to write anything for publication. And then, about every so often, she pens a note to the advertising or publicity manager reading like this: "Why don't you get more publicity for me? It is shameful the way you never get anything in the papers about

me and never get me any publicity." Is it any wonder that movie advertising men are noted for being nervous wrecks?

The most important of all the many jobs that are handed to the movie advertising man is that of getting out the "paper," or lithographs, that are sold to the theaters by the producing companies.

It is an axiom of Motion Picture advertising that the stars and co-stars must appear in all the "paper." It makes no difference whether lithographs that will better advertise and better sell the picture can be made from other scenes or not. Only those scenes can be used in which the big players appear, and it is up to the advertising man to watch this point very carefully.

"I remember," said one movie advertising man in talking about this phase of the game, "the first set of paper I got out. I picked out some photographs that had a big punch, and my artist made some wonderful sketches from them. The lithographers turned out a brilliant piece of work, splendid colors, perfect likenesses. It was a job that I was proud of. But when the job was completed and I took the paper in to the general manager, he hit the ceiling like a toy balloon.

"Great Scott!" he cried. 'Has all this paper been printed?'

"Yes," I replied, still feeling proud of the work.

"How much did it cost us?" the general manager asked.

"About a thousand dollars," I replied.

"Good Lord!" he groaned. 'Well, sell it for waste paper for what you can get for it!'

"Why, why, what's the matter?" I stammered.

"You blanked fool," yelled the manager, 'you've gotten out a set of paper on a bunch of cheap players and extras. The only picture of a star you've got in the whole set shows her way in the background. If we sent out that set of paper every contract we've got of every star and featured player in that picture would be automatically canceled!'

"That was undoubtedly the best paper I ever got out, and I've gotten out a lot since then. There were a punch and real selling force in every piece. It was beautifully drawn, beautifully printed, and every picture meant something. But it cost me my job. Now I get out much less brilliant stuff, but paper that conforms to our contracts, and I keep my job. If I can catch the likeness (or, better yet, the idealized likeness) of a big star in the stress of a given emotion I'm patted on the back."

All of which gives an idea of why it is that movie advertising men all say their name is parted in the middle with a "T," for "Trouble."



© Fairchild

AS JASMINE BYNG IN J. STUART BLACKTON'S PRODUCTION "THE JUDGMENT HOUSE," VIOLET HEMING CREATED A NEW TYPE OF SCREEN VAMPIRE—AN UNCONSCIOUS FASCINATOR. MISS HEMING IS NOW PLAYING TO CAPACITY HOUSES IN THE TITLE RÔLE OF THE STAGE PLAY "THE NAUGHTY WIFE"



# Mr. Biggs Puts It Over

By H. H. VAN LOAN

## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

With Benjamin Harrison Biggs, Mr. Van Loan introduces a new and remarkable character to film literature. He is sketched from real life as are his fellow characters. In the opening chapter we learn that Mr. Biggs was born "somewhere off Grand Street," and that he grew up to be a heaven-born salesman. After a trip to South America, where he promoted the chewing-gum habit, Mr. Biggs returned to New York flat broke. When his little friend, "Shorty" Carl, confided his humble engagement as a Motion Picture actor, the genesis of a stupendous scheme was born in Mr. Biggs' brain.

Accompanied by "Shorty," he called upon Samuel Mills, president of the all-powerful Pearmount Corporation, and announced that "Shorty" was the head of the Flimsy Fillum Corporation, which was starting out to corner the market on stars. Mr. Biggs' conversation was so persuasive that the rival film magnate could hardly restrain himself from making an offer to buy out his still imaginary competitor.

The following morning Mr. Biggs made a desperate play for cash capital by calling upon the president of the Graham Trust Company as the supposed confidential agent of Mills.

His appearance and assurance were so persuasive that the bank president parted with \$250,000 in a certified check. At luncheon Mr. Biggs flourished the check before the eyes of his rival, with the result that Mills presented him with another \$250,000 check for stock in the Flimsy Company. The suspicions of the bank president were lulled by the report of his private detective, who had shadowed the promoter to Mills' hotel.

## CHAPTER IV

**B**ENJAMIN HARRISON BIGGS descended the big stone steps in front of the Astor with a stride which might be described as a cross between a débutante glide and the Castle trot.

It was the morning after his big deal in frenzied finance, and, as he stepped into a big limousine which awaited him, success seemed to stand out boldly in his every action and movement. He had nothing on his chest but two "proxies" for five hundred thousand dollars' worth of money, and when a fellow has such a heavenly burden, bearing the signatures of two of the biggest men in New York, he has a perfect right to expectorate all over Broadway and not care whom it splashes.

His ministerial garb of the day before had been carefully placed in his wardrobe for some future occasion, and today he was dressed in a quiet suit of Scotch plaid, with black checks about an inch and a half in width, and a cravat as red as the Turks have made Armenia. Biggs' pugnacious jaw was the only thing that saved him from being mistaken for one of those dear, sweet members of a certain congregation of chorusmen who flutter along Broadway, calling

each other "Precious," and wear their handkerchiefs in their sleeves.

He had prepared a very lengthy program of labor for the day, and one which would keep him as occupied as a greased pig at a county fair. In addition to this he had given "Shorty" a list of things to do which made the little fellow dead tired after reading it. Arrangements were to be made for leasing the

tors, camera-men, property-men, artists, studio workers and actors. It was a gigantic job, and, for the first time in his life, "Shorty" realized what a lot of work there is in the world.

But the most important part of the day's routine, Biggs decided, was to get the financial end of the organization in some sort of running order, and this could be accomplished only by returning the Mills' check to President Graham before Mr. Samuel Mills learnt of its whereabouts.

So, immediately after he had finished breakfast, Biggs thrust a bunch of duties on "Shorty's" shoulders and then descended to the lobby of the hotel, where he paid his rather tardy bill. He then engaged a limousine for the day and ordered the chauffeur to make his first stop at the Graham Trust Company.

At that moment Benjamin Harrison Biggs was occupying the thoughts of the banker, who, despite the evidence to the contrary, was not wholly satisfied that the check for a quarter of a million dollars, which he had given Biggs the day before, had reached his client.

There was something about the appearance of the man Mills had apparently selected as his messenger which did not fit in with the film magnate's usual custom of doing business. If the report of Meegan was correct—and he had no grounds for doubting his trusted employee, for Meegan had been a most faithful and honest member of his organization for many years—Biggs had apparently delivered the check to Mills when they met for luncheon. That was the question.

"Did he give the check to Mills?" mused the banker, as he leaned back in his chair. "Why did

Mills send this man to get the check? Why didn't he send one of his many trusted employees, as he had on many other occasions?"

His wife, who had been by his side during his whole career, and his beautiful daughter, Eileen, one of the season's débutantes, had often chided him with being too pessimistic. And as he recalled their good-natured accusation he recalled the incident of the day before. "Perhaps they were right," he thought.



BENJ. HARRISON BIGGS DESCENDED THE BIG STONE STEPS IN FRONT OF THE ASTOR WITH A STRIDE WHICH MIGHT BE DESCRIBED AS A CROSS BETWEEN A DÉBUTANTE GLIDE AND THE CASTLE TROT

offices in the Candler Building, furniture had to be bought to equip these offices, telephones had to be installed, stationery ordered, check-books provided, an efficient staff employed, and all the other equipment necessary for such a big organization as the Flimsy Fillum Corporation. In addition to these things, a studio had to be leased for the wonderful productions this company contemplated turning out. Directors would have to be engaged; also assistant direc-



"Maybe I'm beginning to show signs of disgruntled old age. There are times when even one as cautious as I misjudge men—fail to read them correctly." And, half satisfied with this conclusion, the banker brushed the incident from his mind—at least for the time being—and, lighting a cigar, leaned over his morning's mail.

He was somewhat surprised and relieved a little later when a boy entered and announced Biggs was waiting to see him.

Graham heaved a sigh of relief as he instructed the boy to show Biggs right in, and, as he gazed thru his glasses into space, he felt inclined to admit that for the first time in his life he had made a grave mistake in his judgment of a fellow-being. For there was no doubt in his mind but what the presence of his caller would solve the problem which had weighed heavily on his mind during the past twenty-four hours.

"Er—good morning, Mr. Biggs," he said, as he half rose and extended his hand.

"It certainly is," replied Biggs, as he gave the banker's hand a warm clasp. "I aint seen the sun lookin' better'n a year or two. Looks as if somebody'd brought it down here overnight and polished it up."

"Er—er—that's so, the sun is shining this morning, isn't it?" said the banker, somewhat excited.

"I dont wonder you've forgotten 'bout it," remarked Biggs, as he glanced about the gloom-filled room, with its shades drawn. "You shouldn't shut him out like that," he added, as he walked over to one of the windows and jerked a string which released the shade and flooded the room with sunshine. "There, lookit that!" he exclaimed. "You shouldn't shut that old boy out! He's the original trouble buster! There's more cheerfulness in one of his rays than there is in all that golden stuff you've got locked up in that big safe outside."

"But—er—er——," began Graham, who was absolutely astounded at the fellow's temerity.

"Yes, yes, I know all that," interrupted Biggs, as he stood facing the window. "See that now! He's dumpin' a lot er inspiration, ambition an' joy right in on yer! He's challengin' yer to make yer life as bright as that long, yellow streak he's pokin' right thru the window at yer. There's somethin' wrong with a guy what'll shut the sun out. Let him smile in on yer—let him smile!" Then he muttered to himself: "An', believe Uncle Noah, he's goin' ter smile right down on yer 'fore I git outer here this mornin'."

This sudden deluge of informality on the part of this unrefined caller completely shattered the dignity of the ceremonious banker, and he was astonished and bewildered at the sudden boisterousness of the big, rough man before him, who had the audacity to rudely criticize

the sanctum of one of the biggest financiers in New York.

"When you have reached my age, Mr. Biggs," he remarked, rather calmly, "you will realize that the smile of this friend of yours which you have attempted to eulogize isn't always sincere, but quite frequently is backed by a frown, behind which lurks most sinister motives."

"There's where I differ with you," blurted out Biggs, as he drew up a chair in front of the big mahogany desk. "It's all in the way yer look at it. If you think that's so, it's so; if you think it isn't, it isn't."

"However, I have

from his pocket the slip of paper which had been made out to Samuel Mills and toyed with it between his fingers.

"This is rather interesting," said the banker, making an effort to control the anger which rose in his breast.

"But not extraordinary."



not the time to discuss the philosophy of the sun's rays this morning, Mr. Biggs," added the banker quite bluntly, as he tapped his thumb with his glasses rather impatiently.

"Neither have I," returned Biggs. "So let's get right down ter business. The purpose of my visit this mornin' is ter return the check you delivered to me yesterday."

Biggs noted the apparent surprise which swept over the countenance of the banker as he spoke, but he appeared to disregard it, nevertheless, and drew

"DONT PULL THAT LAW

returned Biggs—"in the film business."

"It is quite unusual," Graham corrected him. Then, as he eyed Biggs closely, he added, "Um—er—what prompted such action on the part of Mr. Mills?"

"He didn't need it," answered the "exploiter."

"Are you quite certain that Mr. Mills ever saw the check?" questioned the banker, with an evident show of suspicion.



"The fact that I am returning the check would seem to prove that, wouldn't it?" inquired Biggs calmly.

"Apparently," replied Graham abruptly. Then, unable to control himself any longer, he pushed back his chair and leaped to his feet. "Mr. Biggs," he began, "suppose I was to tell you that I don't believe Mr. Mills ever saw the check!" He leaned over the big man before him and



claimed the banker, his face flushed with anger. "What would you say if I told you I know that the check never reached Mr. Mills?"

"I'd say you were guessin'," replied Biggs. "An', if yer did know, an' wuz content ter sit here an' smoke cigars, an' do nothin', while that poor littel check wuz travelin' around without a chaperone, then yer introducin' a new form of indoor athletics, which no banker, especially when he's reached your age, should take to."

"I wasn't certain that I was right, or I would have stopped payment on the check," returned Graham. "It would have been rather dangerous to take such action before I was absolutely sure."

"And by that time it would have been too late," added Biggs. "You take too long ter think, altogether too long."

"What do you mean?" insisted the banker, as he stared at Biggs.

"Nothin'," remarked the other coolly, "only by the time you'd reached that think the Graham Trust Company would have missed twenty-five of its best scholars at roll-call this afternoon!"

"What's that!" exclaimed the banker. "I don't quite understand that style of language."

"Translated inter yer grammar, that means you would have been shy twenty-five beautifully engraved golden smiles—you know, sun stuff—with one littel 'one' and four cute littel 'O's' followin' behind in each corner."

"You don't mean to say that you have already cashed

that check?" uttered the banker, in astonishment.

"Somethin' told me you'd guess it some day if I didn't

watch yer," replied Biggs, who was now thoroly amused as he studied the surprise on the countenance of the banker.

"I—I—I'll have the payment stopped at once!" exclaimed Graham, as he started towards the door leading to the front of the bank.

"Wait!" called Biggs, as he swung around in his chair and raised a hand. "Sprinkle some sand ahead of yer, or yer'll slide right past the station yer want stop at. Yer cant stop the payment on that boy now."

The banker hesitated and then came

back. "What do you mean?" he shouted at Biggs.

"I wish yer'd close that cut-out of yourn," returned the "exploiter." "Say, if you want land, why dontcher tell me, an' I'll clear a space here so's yer kin slide ter earth gracefully an' not tear up the ground. What I want tell yer is this: If yer want stop payment on that check you kin do it an' still keep within the city's speed limit. Yer startin' out as if yer goin' ter try an' lower the record 'tween here and Chicago. Yer got a lot of power, but cher dont need it, 'cause yer aint got ter go any further than the cashier's cage."

"I thought that would bring yer up for air," muttered Biggs to himself, as he noticed the change which swept over the face of the banker.

"You mean to say that you succeeded in getting that check cashed right here in this bank?" inquired Graham.

"There yer go, pretty, guessin' ag'in," returned Biggs by way of reply.

"I'll fire the man that cashed it!" exclaimed the president, as he made another start for the door.

"I'd do a littel thinkin' 'fore I made my exit, if I wuz you," remarked Biggs, as he rose and faced him. "The man who cashed that check did exactly as you'd done if you'd been in his place. You told him ter make the check out, an' he delivered it ter you in my presence. Under these circumstances, what'd be more natural than for him ter cash it fer me this mornin'? Yer to blame. If he hadn't seen yer hand the check ter me he'd been more careful 'bout cashin' it."

Graham returned to his desk and pressed a button. The next instant it was answered by the cashier, who nodded to Biggs as he entered.

"Bring me that check you just cashed for Mr. Biggs!" commanded the president brusquely.

When the cashier brought in the check he handed it to the president, who glanced at it and then turned it over. It bore the signature, "Benjamin Harrison Biggs," in bold, large handwriting, which seemed to indicate that the indorser possessed considerable character.

"That's all for the present, Watkins," remarked Graham. And the cashier left the room.

"Now, then," he continued, as he looked at Biggs, "give me the two hundred and fifty thousand."

"Just a moment," hesitated Biggs. "If it's all the same ter you, I'd like ter have the pleasure of lookin' at that check again," he added, as he put out his hand.

"It's safer right where it is," returned Graham, as he laid it on the blotter before him.

"Unless you hand me that money immediately I'll be compelled to take it from you!" snapped the banker, as his hand moved towards the row of buttons on his desk.

Biggs, noting his action, added: "While yer playin' round there ring for the cashier again."

STUFF SO MUCH!"

hurled the words into his round face. "Sh!" cautioned the big fellow. "Dont get so loud; you'll wake the children. There's no need of gettin' rough 'bout it."

"Uh!" muttered the banker in disgust, as he threw up his hands.

"Now, go back and sit down and put on your glasses—just as tho nothin' had happened—an' I'll tell yer all about the war," said Biggs, smiling.

"This is no time for prattle!" ex-



The banker hesitated.

"Please do as I ask yer, an' let's get this thin' over with," urged the "exploiter" impatiently.

Graham did as requested, and presently Watkins entered the room again. He started towards the desk of the president, but Mr. Biggs quickly intercepted him. "Here," he said, as he reached in his pocket and drew forth a neat little bundle of new, crisp, yellow bills, "deposit this money to the credit of Mister Samuel Mills."

"Yes, sir," responded the cashier, as he accepted the money.

"Count it," Biggs added.

The cashier quickly ran over the bills. "Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars," he remarked, as he looked up at the "exploiter."

"Correct."

The attention of the banker was distracted by the cashier as he left them, and Biggs, with a swift move, leaned over the desk and snatched up the check from the blotter.

"My idea of wealth used ter be the ability ter keep a taxi wait-in'," he remarked calmly. "But my opinion of success is, tearin' up a check fer a quarter of a million. Yer cant pull anythin' much bigger'n that." And, with this, he tore the dangerous paper into a thousand little pieces, and, walking over to the fireplace behind the banker's desk, he threw them into the flames, chuckling as he watched them burn.

"Now, then,"

he added, rubbing his hands together with satisfaction, "the slate's clean."

"Dont be too certain about that,"

Graham warned him, as he arose and met Biggs' stare defiantly.

"You have committed an offense, and I have the right to see that you are punished."

"You have the right, but yer wouldn't dare!" Biggs challenged him, as he threw the stub of his cigar into the fire.

"Dont be too persistent about that, Mr. Biggs, or I may put it to the test," remarked Graham, with emphasis. "The law has a means of protecting us from such men as you!"

"Listen!" hissed Biggs, as he swung around and glared into the face of the banker. "The law has nothin' ter do with this affair! In the first place, yer aint got a bit of evidence! The check's gone up in smoke, an' you've gotcher money. The only witnesses in the case would be me an' you. In court, my word would be jest as good

as yourn, 'cause my hands are jest as clean."

"It must require a lot of hard labor to keep yours free from stain," mused the banker.

"Is that so?" laughed Biggs. "Well, lemme tell yer somethin'. The majority of you fellers sleep on the letter S, an' most of yer have ter execute some pretty swift movements when yer bank examiners drop in on yer. I'll admit that this here littel deal was not exactly accordin' to the rules of your game. But it wuz within the law. It's a new branch of

"Every bad one, yer mean. Why, lookit here, yer dont know what yer can do with the law till yer try it!"

"I prefer not to tamper with it."

"Yer dont have ter tamper with it. Play all round it, pull it, stretch it, bend it; but dont break it. That's the motto of 'most all of you guys what's in business."

"I suppose this little check affair of yours has been entirely within the law?"

"Absolutely! You'd have ter travel fast ter prove my intentions were dishonorable, or that I planned ter reduce yer green stuff.

An' if yer tried it you'd be sorry as h—! 'Cause why? I'll tell yer. I'd sue yer fer spillin' ink on my character fer 'bout a quarter of a million dollars' worth of harm, an' probably that money

I jest slipped the cashier would come home ter roost again!"

"I've a good notion to make a test case of it," pondered Graham, as he paced the room.

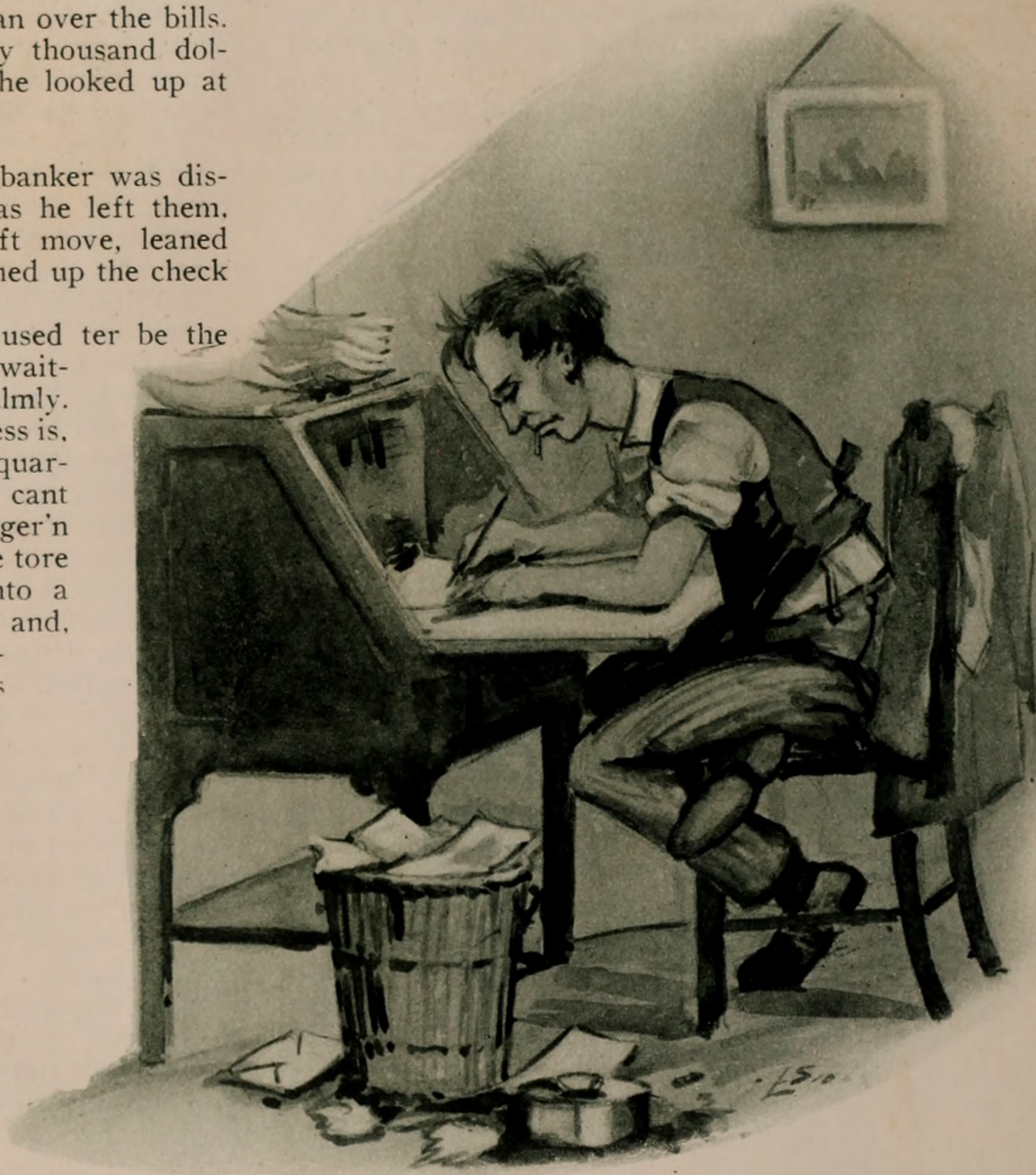
"Yer wouldn't dare!" challenged Biggs.

"It is quite evident—your object, I mean. You probably are aware that banking institutions are not given to seeking publicity, especially when it is of such an unpleasant nature as this is. Realizing the effect the publication of such a story would have on our clients, you feel safe! There's no doubt but that the notoriety which would accompany any action we might take would

seriously injure our standing and question our security. For that reason I will positively postpone any drastic action for the present. However, I feel it my duty, in order to protect this and similar institutions, to inform the police. As I have previously stated, there are other characters we fear more than the one who enters behind a gun."

"The ones yer should fear are them yer trust the most," retorted Biggs. "They ride 'round in swell cars an' have wonderful offices, equipped with furniture they get on the serial plan. They only pay fer their clothes when they go ter order some more, an' their list of creditors, if bound in book form, would

(Continued on page 62)



"SHORTY" AS BUSY AS THE SOUTH AFTER THE CIVIL WAR

business, an' they call it camouflage. It's a perfectly good word, an' yer'll find it in the new Webster's—if yer ever use it—an' it's the only good thin' the war has brought me."

"So you've been camouflaging!" sneered the other.

"Things aint what they seem, these days," Biggs replied, smoothly.

"A miserable desecration of a patriotic word," added the president, in disgust. "There should be a law to protect it."

"Dont pull that law stuff s'much," smiled the "exploiter." "I'm always suspicious of a man who's talkin' law all the time. Yer must be afraid of it!"

"Every good citizen is afraid of the law."



# The Latest Film Gossip from Los Angeles

Hand-Picked News and Views  
from the Classic's Special  
California Representative

By SYLVESTER FLEMING



MATT LARKIN AND ETHEL RITCHIE—  
BALBOA STUDIO—A LOOSE CHIN-BAND  
WORRIES MISS RITCHIE

**A**ROUND of the dressing-rooms brought me lots of items for the newsi-gram, and I discovered that—

Louise Glaum is a bit superstitious, and, rather than start her new production on Friday, she shot a few scenes on Thursday night. Thurston Hall is her leading-man, and they are working overtime three or four nights weekly, as well as all day Sunday, in order to release on time. By the way, her name is pronounced with the vowel sound of "ouch!" Dont call her Glawm, please.

Theda Bara, whom you must call Bahra to be strictly



JACK SMITH,  
OUTFIELDER OF  
THE ST. LOUIS  
CARDINALS,  
GIVING  
PAULINE STARKE,  
TRIANGLE,  
POINTERS ON  
THE ART OF  
BATTING



LOUISE GLAUM



RHEA MITCHELL, IN THE PARALTA STUDIO, CARRYING HER EXTRA CLOTHES

up-to-date in movie pronunciation, has leased the magnificent city house of Captain Randolph Huntington Miner, on West Adams Street, facing Chester Place, which is a beautiful little park. A short drive will take her to either studio or shopping district, and she will open her "eyes o' th' night" each morning on millionaires' palaces. Her sister is going into pictures—stage-name not yet decided upon, but the Bara halo will doubtless lighten her entrée.

George Beban is closeted daily with Monte Katterjohn, arguing over a new dago picture, soon to be produced. They wont give me any details, but I heard that they are arranging a schedule by which spaghetti scenes wont interfere with wheatless days.



SELFISH FATES—MR. LAMBERT, ASST. DIRECTOR; JANE NOVAK, AND W. S. HART



Edgar Joseph Regan, born in San Francisco, educated in dear ole Lunnun, and late of the Community Players, in Pasadena, has been engaged to assist Chester N. Withey in directing Griffith productions. Mr. Regan's beautiful home in the City of Rose Carnivals has always been the joyful gathering-spot of delightful week-end parties, which have included prominent "filmities." As a side-line, the new director is raising white mice for the trenches. He confided to me that the "meese" are so patriotic, he's almost afraid to look into their kennels when he returns at night lest he find "standing-room only."

Charlie Chaplin did a "jazz-band" stunt on Sid Grauman's organ at the Million Dollar Theater the other morning which caused the janitors and cleaners to drop pans and brushes and "rag" down the aisles. Outside of the new theater, over the porte cochere, one sees an imitation



LOUISE GLAUM AND RHEA MITCHELL, BOTH IN MAKE-UP

they will serve cane-toothpicks with the Chaplin nut sundae.

Ethel Ritchie and Tom Morgan are doing stunts at Signal Hill, near Long Beach. Miss Ritchie says her guns are quiet for once, and she is depending on perilous falls, daredevil riding and hazardous dives for thrills. She had just come in from location when I saw her carrying a little yellow rubber article which it was impossible to catalog. I asked her if it were her bathing-suit (for Pacific Coast girls wear quality, not quantity), and she gurgled gleefully, "Oh, no; that's an arrangement I put over my hair to keep it in curl until I'm ready for the camera. The sea air would make me look like an after-the-bath poster if I didn't wear it." Miss Ritchie has beautiful dark eyes, and she looked particularly well in her pongee shirt, tan corduroy skirt and hair tied back girlishly with a spiffing brown satin bow.

I was told that some Idiotic Idler tries to drown himself at either Santa Monica or Venice daily, just to see Aileen Allen



GARDNER SULLIVAN AND ENID BENNETT BOTH APPROVE THE SCRIPT OF "THE KEYS OF THE RIGHTEOUS"

bronze bust of the star featured at the house each week. Last week, Bill Hart, life-size, frowned defiantly at the display of hot-water bottles in the Owl drug-store, which occupies part of the frontage, and now Pauline Frederick is smiling sweetly at the girlies who drop in for Frederick sundaes. The Owl makes specialties at the soda fountain to conform to the popular demand for a star's name to dignify these tossy foulard sweets. I'm wondering if

silk thread and gold on white satin, oh, boy!), dried her lox, had the curling-iron hissing and was at the show by 7:30—hungry, but on time. The proceeds of her appearance went to buy surgical dressings, and I hope the boys appreciate her self-denial.

Talking about the Red Cross, Henry Walthall nearly came to grief because of it. He had been on location at part of the Paralta's big acreage and expected to finish the taking of scenes there some days later. Judge of his director's horror when the Red Cross folks began moving in, having been given permission to use the locale for a benefit. The place in question had been the stable of a millionaire in Hollywood, and was exactly suited to the Walthall needs. Getting a hurried warning, Director Rex Ingram bundled the entire company over to the danger-zone, and, while the lower portion of the stable was being filled with chairs and tables for the entertainment, the last scenes of "His Robe of Honor" were shot upstairs and outside of the donated premises. Henry's sister, Anna Mae, has been figuring in some of his output, and has quite a part in "Hum-Drum Brown."

I had lots of fun unpinning Rhea Mitchell the other day. She had been doing some Spanish stuff and was clothed in a yellow embroidered shawl, fearfully and wonderfully wrapped about her and held in place by unreachable safety-pins.

(Continued on page 80)

or Dorothy Burns, holders of many swimming prizes, try to rescue him.

Anita King surely must hold the record for quick work. She turns out about twelve photoplays a year, often writes her own, is one of the life-savers at Long Beach Patrol House, and plans her frocks besides. Her last picture was finished in three weeks, and they do say her director is a wonder—never wastes a moment. The other day Miss King was asked to do a little act for the local Red Cross, and she promised to return to the studio by 4 P. M. Of course, that day she was kept working late on location, as ill luck would have it, and when she landed in her dressing-room at 6:30, with dripping hair, chilled to the heart by a cold swim, there wasn't even time to eat. She whisked into her Chinese kimono (it's a beauty, heavily embroidered in



LOIS WILSON AND HER YOUNGER SISTER



# Dorothy's War Story

By FRITZI REMONT

**S**HE'S quite an important little maid, this Dot over the "I" in Gish. When I called upon her she reminded me of the nursery-rhyme girl "who had a little curl right down the middle of her forehead." Dorothy's curl is just like that, and she twirls it rapidly when enthused. One pink ear is hidden by two short curls, the other muffled by a wavy Niagara of fluffy blonde hair, the sort of blonde which the Fates throw in with the cradle and far removed from A. D. S. bleaching aids. This hair-dressing is distinctly individual, follows no hair-dresser's model, and accentuates the extremely girlish appearance of Dorothy Gish.

Her eyes are placed wide apart and look about in-almost childish wonder. A perfectly natural manner makes one feel at home with Miss Gish, even tho the acquaintance be counted in seconds only. With one fell swoop she scattered frocks, coats and smaller articles from two chairs in her dressing-room, pulled them up to the blinking oil-stove and waited for me to sit down. Then, falling comfortably into the other kitchen chair, placing her dainty slippers on the lower rung

of the one I occupied, she swayed back and forth as if enjoying a luxuriously upholstered rocker.

The old studio is just being done over. Everything is at sixes and sevens, and yet one feels at home just because the Gish girls are once more on the old Majestic-Reliance lot. Dorothy laughed as she surveyed the floor strewn with garments, shoes, steamer trunk and endless theatrical effects, the board which served for dressing-table, the cracked mirror that swung tipsily over it, and said: "I hate to bring you here for a talk; but, at least, it is warm, and we're likely to remain undisturbed for a little while."

(Forty-five)

"You see," she continued, "we are having new dressing-rooms built, and, as we've really only been here for three weeks, having worked on the old lot after we returned from France, we truly have not had time to fix up anything



A WAVY  
NIAGARA OF FLUFFY  
BLONDE HAIR

Besides, it wouldn't be worth while, for Mr. Griffith has designed such a pretty dressing-room for Lillian and me, and we hope to move into it within a week or two. We have worked incessantly ever since we got back. Our first picture will be released very soon now, and I'm rehearsing for the second. Indeed, I expect to be called in a few moments."

"What is the working title of your first picture, Miss Gish?"

"Oh, we don't have titles. Nobody knows what a picture will be called; if Mr. Griffith knows, he never says so. Perhaps he doesn't even name a picture until it is about to be released. We know the picture only by a number."



DOROTHY GISH  
OF THE WIDE,  
CHILDISH EYES

"I'm so glad Mr. Griffith is putting out a big feature again, aren't you?" I queried.

"Oh, of course, we're just delighted. Lillian and I, naturally, don't think there is any one like Mr. Griffith in all this wide world. I don't know what I would do if I had to face some other director."

"Tell me how you came to California, won't you?" I hated to ask the age of this little girl, who looks not a day over sixteen; but I was hoping it might be told for the benefit of other aspiring young folks.

"Our lives really were not a bit exciting until we went abroad," rejoined Dorothy. "We went on the stage when I was four years old, and I acted until I was ten. Then I was sent to school for four years and, after that, brought to California, for we knew Mary Pickford well, having acted with the Pickford children for years, back in New York. I've been in Motion Pictures five years, for, after Mary introduced us to Mr. Griffith, we were taken right on at his studio and have worked for him ever since that time."

"Weren't you glad of that opportunity to go abroad? Do tell me what you saw.



You traveled over alone, didn't you?" I was firing as many shots as I dared at one time.

"Yes, I went alone, for mother and Lillian had gone a week before I received a telegram to join them. I went over with our camera-man and leading-man, and it was on the boat which took General Pershing and his staff. I was so frightened—never had I traveled anywhere without mother; but the General just took me under his wing as if I'd been his own little girl, and it was such a comfort. Going over, we were convoyed, and that made one feel safer, of course. At table I sat between two English officers, and one night in the danger zone I said, 'I'm afraid the submarines will be watching for us.' One of the officers laughed, and said, 'My word, yes, on both sides—both English and German!'

"The first night in the submarine zone we had no convoy—that is, from 10 P. M. until 4 A. M., when the convoy reached us. The purser had called us all into the saloon and told us to remain dressed, but that we could lie down in our berths. He gave us each a life-preserver, showed us how to buckle it on, and left us a pretty well-frightened lot of passengers. General Pershing talked very reassuringly to me, and just hearing his voice and seeing how big and brave he looked made me lose fear. I decided to forget the purser's dismal remarks, undrest, said my prayers and went to bed in orthodox fashion. Oh, yes, I awoke a number of times, because I heard the passengers marching on deck all night—most of them were afraid to stay in their cabins, even."

"Did you experience any hardships because of food shortage?"

"Why, no, we never did. I was rather surprised to hear so much talk about it. When we arrived in England, where mother and Lillian met me at Liverpool, I found they had one meatless day. But before we had been there two weeks this was abolished. They had no cereals in England, and sugar was short, so that we were not allowed to use it on berries; but we had jam and enough sugar for coffee or tea, so did not mind that at all. The meat was apportioned, and so

were other foods, so many ounces per individual; but not even the men in our party kicked over insufficiency, and I know the quantity was always too much for mother and Lillian and myself.

"In France they had two meatless and two pastryless days a week. The French people made such a fuss over the pastry being cut out! You know the reputation French pastry always has had,



© Hartook

THE MOST RECENT ART PORTRAIT OF GRIFFITH'S QUIANT AND BEAUTIFUL PROTÉGÉE

don't you? I didn't mind, for in America there are lots of days on which I never think of having pastry; I think it is ruinous to the complexion, and, anyway, in California fresh fruit is preferable. But there was lots of sugar on everything in Paris and in other French towns. We had cereals there, with cream and sugar—one forgot it was a country at war. You see, that was only last October, before we came home, and the war had really not crippled the cafés, as far as I could see."

"Did you hear any real fighting, Miss Dorothy?"

"In England, they said, one could always hear it. Lillian said she *thought* she heard the Flanders battle, but everybody talked so much about hearing it that I wondered if she did not imagine hearing a noise. I listened very carefully, and I never heard anything that sounded like heavy vibrations. But, oh, those terrible air-raids! That was just as bad as being on a battle-front—I shall never forget it."

Miss Gish's little curl was almost twisted off with nervous reminiscences by this time. She was swaying violently on her improvised rocker, and the big, white sapphire on her little finger blinked defiantly at the isinglass of the oil-stove. Taking a fresh breath, she continued:

"Just imagine it—we were in six air-raids! We would be in our room at the hotel, just about ready to retire, when a terrible fizz-boom-bang, like a thousand July Fourths rolled into one, would seem about over our heads. Everybody rushed to the basement ballroom. The noise was so terrifying that I cannot imagine an earthquake would be half as bad. It seems as if nothing would be left of the whole city. Between the air-raiders and the city's guns firing back, the hotel shakes and the noise is deafening. I simply couldn't describe to you the sensations or the noise one experiences in any raid like that. I would rather face trench-music, I am sure.

"Mother and Lillian always became perfectly quiet, but when anything like a catastrophe is likely to happen I want to talk. Isn't that queer?"

"Something like that scene in 'The Clansman,' when all the family gathered in the cellar and Little Sister wanted to laugh and talk—just a hysterical desire to hear something besides shooting, isn't it?"

Dorothy Gish nodded solemnly. "Yes, just like that—anything to forget what *might* happen to one. Mother thinks it is dreadful for one to do anything but watch and pray at such times, so I ran away from where she and Lillian sat holding hands and plumped myself down on a divan on which sat a lady, moaning, and covering her face with her hands. I began to talk to her, and she looked up quickly and said: 'You are not English.

(Continued on page 75)



# Alice Herself

An up-to-date Declaration of Independence  
by "Brady's Daughter," the Bachelor Maid.

By LILLIAN MONTANYE

She lives in an immense and very modern apartment house, near Central Park, in upper New York. A grand-appearing colored person in livery admitted me and condescendingly announced me by telephone, a no less gorgeous elevator boy carried me to the ninth floor, the door of Suite 63 was opened by a smart colored maid—and there, in all her vibrant young beauty, was Alice Herself.

She had a theater engagement, she said regretfully, and could give me only a half hour; so I proceeded to make the most of it. Her evening gown looked as tho it might have been made from a soft gray cloud studded with innumerable shimmery stars of many hues. In reality, it was gray net threaded with tiny colored beads. It was simple in line, exquisite in detail and wonderfully becoming to its dark-eyed, vivacious wearer, I decided, while she told me seriously, humorously and characteristically of how she came to make a change in her way of working and living—and became Alice Herself.

"You know," she said, "I went on the stage without my father's knowledge or consent. He had a wild idea that I was to study and train and become a grand-opera star some day. But one cant walk from a convent school into grand opera, and I was impatient. So, without father's knowledge or consent, I found a place in musical-comedy, in Boston. He didn't like it one little bit when he found out, either. I graduated to Gilbert and Sullivan opera, and after a season I



ALICE BRADY'S LATEST PHOTOGRAPH

went straight to my father and asked for a leading part in one of his productions. Do you think he just gave it to me? Oh, no. I had to fight, just like any one else, to get what I wanted.

"And when I got a part I had to make good. Being my father's daughter didn't make it easy for me, so far as he was concerned. I had leading rôles in 'Things That Count' and in 'Sinners'—such sad, weepy parts!—and I was exceedingly young in those days. I think dad was rather proud of me, tho

he never said so—but he had to admit I had it in me.

"Then I became very much interested in pictures, and decided to make a try at them, and announced my intention to my father. Of course, he opposed it, but I persisted. 'Cant you be satisfied?' he said. 'You are getting a start and doing all right where you are. What do you want to get mixed up in pictures for?' I said, 'Well, dad, if pictures are not good enough for me, what are you in the film business for? I would like to start with you; but if you wont give me a job I'll get one with some other company.' That settled it. I got my job—but how I

did work! I was still under stage contract and working nights,



THE BACHELOR MAID IS VERY FOND OF LITTLE VISITORS



and dad had me up at all hours in the morning to work before the camera—I think he wanted to make me tired of it; but I'm some little old persister myself!

"I worked much harder than I would have done under any other manager, and dad certainly can't be accused of having shown partiality. Still, I knew that it was often said of me that I could never have won so much prestige had I not been Brady's daughter—and I resented it. I wondered if I really did amount to anything in myself, or was it true that I had won a measure of success just because I was the daughter of William A. Brady. I decided to strike out for myself and show them.

"And I have!" she said triumphantly. "I had always worked for my father or some one connected with him, but I left World Film and started independently. I did not head my own company, as was reported. I went with Select Pictures and am still with them. It was also reported that dad and I had a scrap; but we didn't, any more than we have always scrapped when I insisted upon my own way. You know, family scraps are usually friendly ones," she said, with a roguish smile, "and they are interesting too. Dad and I have always talked to one another with 'the brutal frankness of near relations,' but we are good friends, of course. I realize that dad has helped

work long hours and every day in the week, and it's so restful to have my home to come to at night and to know that if I don't feel like talking or being agreeable I don't need to. Come and see my rooms," she invited.

It is not a formal place, this abiding-place of Alice Brady, nor unduly luxurious, but homey, comfy, tasteful, yes; with an air of being lived in that appeals to the home-maker and lover. My lady's room is rose-color, of course—what color would so well become her dark, piquant beauty? Soft, cream-colored draperies are at the windows, with over-draperies of rose. The bed and chairs are "all dressed up" in the same rosy hue. The full-length mirror, with its little side-shelves for toilet articles, is beautiful in its simplicity. In fact, simplicity is the keynote in this dainty bed-chamber.

There is a

There is an exquisite floor-lamp and clusters of w a l l



MISS BRADY'S QUAIN MAKE-UP "IN WOMAN AND WIFE"

lights artistically shaded. Before the fireplace is a davenport upholstered in green; the easy-chairs are also in green. There are some wonderful in-

laid tables, a pair of candlesticks as tall as oneself, rows of books covering one side of the room, and there was a big bowl of gorgeous red and yellow tulips.

The dining-room, furnished in mahogany, is so perfectly appointed that I involuntarily exclaimed, "What a lovely place—and all for just one girl!"

"It's all worth while for the girl," she said brightly; "but I'm afraid my car is waiting, and I haven't changed my shoes." So, while she changed from slippers to smart high boots, she spoke of her  
(Continued on page 72)

AND THE DAWN OF HER BORDERLAND AGE



THE VERSATILITY OF "ALICE HERSELF" IS EXPRESSED IN HER LATEST PRODUCTION—HER EMOTIONAL WOMANHOOD—

me quite wonderfully; but I have made good as *myself*, tho, of course, some people will always say that I wouldn't have stood a ghost of a chance had I not been Brady's daughter."

"And so you thought you would live independently too?" I said.

"Yes, I thought I'd like being a bachelor-maid, with a place of my own. I

music-room, with a victrola and a piano stacked with music—for Alice Brady, of one-time light-opera fame, keeps up her music. The big living-room, with its golden browns and dark greens, is most charming. The walls and rug are brown. The windows are draped with ecru net, with over-draperies of brown.







# CHATS WITH THE PLAYERS

By "THE STROLLER"



**I** LIVE at the Claridge, I do; I live at the Claridge."

That's a good line—in fact, one of the best lines in the Ziegfeld "Midnight Frolic," New York City.

And, should you ask me, I would say that it contains more truth than poetry, for the actor who cannot afford a sitting-room, bedroom, bath—yeh, e'en a single room at the Claridge, nevertheless "lives" there.

For the white marble hostelry which rears itself proudly at Broadway and 44th Street is so handy for the wandering Thespian. Not only that, but its lounge is so comfy, its luscious velour davenport so inviting that perhaps it is only natural that the actor-man and his most recent "crush" should seek rest in its soft-lighted, soul-satisfying atmosphere.

Comfort is carried to such an extraordinary degree that one dines—if one is prominent enough to procure the most coveted place—sitting on divans with that delicious sinking-inness which makes one loath to part with the cosy upholstery.

Before one, a flesh-and-blood movie show is enacted—only, instead of one star, there are a hundred, all playing in the same scenario, "Dining at the Claridge."

One evening recently, my particular party consisted of Ann Little, Wallace Reid, William Hinckley and Walter Morosco.

Ann was looking particularly charming that evening in a gown of cerise velvet which formed a splendid contrast to her dark hair and snappy brown eyes. Her cloak, which she had thrown over the back of her chair, was also of cerise velvet lined with white satin and trimmed with an enormous collar and cuffs of sable.

You would never have thought she was the same girl you are so used to seeing galloping over mountain trails and billed by press-agents as the greatest rider in pictures.

In real life she is rather demure and much prettier than she is on the screen, due to her lovely coloring.

Ann smiles when you talk about her reputation as a rider, and says: "When I first entered pictures, they asked me if I could ride. I said, 'Yes.' Had they asked me could I drive an aeroplane, my

"dropped in," for Tony wore a brown business suit and his lovely companion was hidden in furs and a new spring hat. Tony stopped just long enough to welcome Wally to the real city with a warm handclasp and "How's the boy?"

Then Olive Thomas came in, looking radiantly happy, girlish and care-free. She was wearing a smart décolleté frock of black tulle which only seemed to emphasize her girlishness. Of course, her good-looking young hubby, Jack Pickford, accompanied her. Jack's hair is so very black and sleek, his form so slender, his face so clean-cut that he doesn't look a day over seventeen in his perfectly tailored dinner-suit.

Later on, they were joined by James Kirkwood, ruddy-haired, vigorous-looking, with the famous scowl which is a part of Jimmy, seeming to denote that the troubles of the whole production, "Dining at the Claridge," rested on his broad shoulders.

At a table still farther on, Tommy Meighan was entertaining a party. Tom's hair is black, his eyes delft-blue. He has a way with him, just as he has in pictures.

And there were Fannie Ward and her hubby, Jack Dean. Jack looks twice her age, and is—well, some younger. Fannie was wearing a bead-incrusted frock of pink georgette crêpe. Dainty as the first bloomed apple-blossom in spring, tiny, fragile and young, a spy-glass couldn't detect a wrinkle.

So the procession goes on, *toujours, toujours*. Take a tip from The Stroller, if you want to see 'em all while in New York, why, dine at the Claridge.

I was talking to Beverly Bayne over the telephone the other day, and she told me that she was very much put out over the report that Metro paid Bushman and



© Matzene

BEVERLY BAYNE

answer would have been the same, and I would have climbed in and taken a chance at driving it, too. Now I can't find a horse speedy enough to satisfy me."

Just then handsome Tony Moreno sauntered in, accompanied by a beautiful blonde girl. Evidently they had just



Bayne so much for each picture as a partnership.

"It is simply ridiculous for any one to publish such a report," said Miss Bayne. "While Mr. Bushman and I are and intend to go on being co-stars, it stands to reason that I get my salary checks entirely separate from Mr. Bushman's, and if any one doubts it, I will have a photograph made of them." And Beverly Bayne's word is to be relied on, take it from one who knows.

I was chatting with a well-known player (name censored by request) who was on a flying trip East, about the peculiar mix-ups stars get into. It seems that Jack Kerrigan broke his leg while his recent picture was being done for Paralta. Instead of taking care of himself, J. Warren got up in two weeks' time. Of course, that caused complications. The leg had to be broken again



© Hartsook

W. KERRIGAN

and stretched, and Jack was off the active list for eight weeks. In the meanwhile, Paralta refused to pay his salary, and now Jack is suing, claiming that, while in Santa Barbara on location, he rode a green horse and was thrown, breaking his leg.

On the other hand, Paralta says he left the hospital two weeks after his accident, against the advice of the house surgeon, got up and went back to Los Angeles; result, the fracture broke again. Therefore, since his eight-week vacation was

everybody hopes Jack won't have to walk with a limp, whatever the salary settlement.

Little Mary Anderson pointed out a new phase of the contract part of Motion Pictures, the other day. Mary, who is very petite and very "cunning," has severed her relations with Vitagraph. In speaking about it she said:

"There is one thing that an actress must stop and consider, especially a screen actress. Her time for being ef-



ANN LITTLE

fective on the screen and for playing leads is limited. Ten years may be even too long a time to calculate that she can hold her looks and her greatest drawing capacity. Therefore, it is only fair that she should harvest her profits while she is at the summit of her powers. Not only that, but it is absolutely necessary that she should do this in order to provide for the future; and yet several film companies are making a general practice of

tying up young, attractive actresses to long-time contracts with a very small salary. In other words, the actress must spend the heyday of her youth at a small salary in order to get a position at the particular time she needs employment."

Which is a pretty good argument for large salaries. Little Mary, herself, is holding out for three hundred and fifty a week, which, we think, is quite modest considering her abilities.

One evening, just before Arthur Ashley left for the South to direct Madge Kennedy's twinkling in "Oh, Mary, Be

(Fifty)





MILDRED MANNING AND WALLACE MACDONALD IN VITAGRAPH BLUE RIBBON FEATURE, "THE MARRIAGE SPECULATION"

Careful," he was unusually tired, and, in spite of many invitations to stay up and watch the White Lights go out, Arthur said, "Nay, nay," and hied himself to bed in his apartment at The Claridge. But scarcely had he entered the land of Morpheus than violent raps on his door awakened him. With many protestations, Arthur arose and found an excited bell-boy outside. The lad explained that Arthur had left his motor standing in the street, against all traffic laws, and that the policeman wished to see him at once. Arthur slipped a long coat over his silken pajamas, grabbed up his hat and went down, thinking, of course, to easily appease the wrathful myrmidon of the law. But nothing doing! The cop insisted that Ashley get in and drive to the station and report his misdemeanor. There, one set of friends says, he had to spend

(Fifty-one)

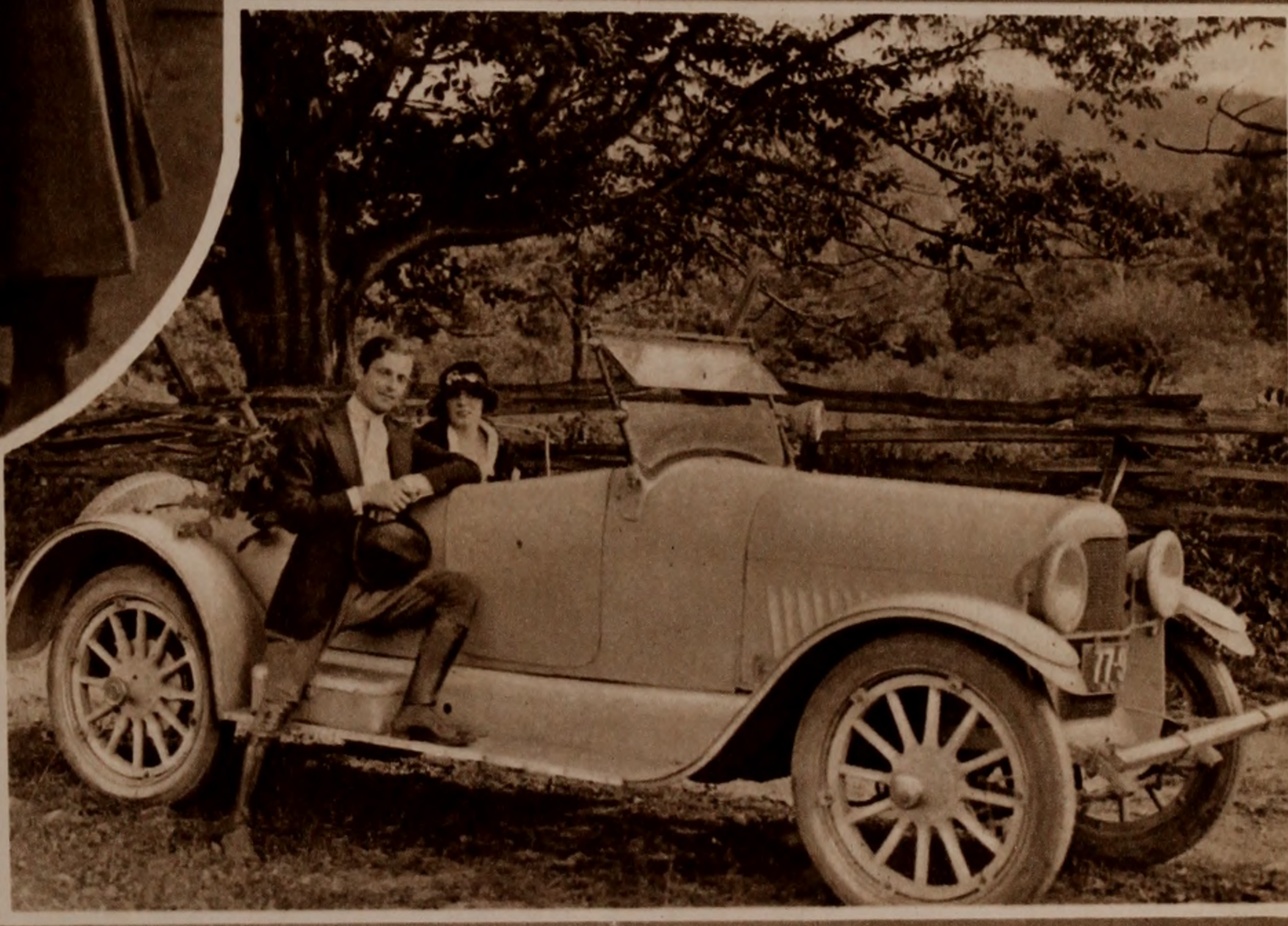
the night behind the bars until, with the morning, the judge came and imposed a fine. Another and simpler version is that Ashley put up a bond for his appearance in the morning, but, be that as it may, all Arthur himself will say about it is:

"Oh, well, you know, they had decided that they would have to pick on some one of importance to make an example of, and I happened to be the goat, that's all."

Wallace MacDonald dropped in to say good-bye to me before his departure for the Coast. Wallace was complaining and hoping to have bigger things to do. "This business of being a leading-man is getting mighty tiresome," he said. "Nothing to do but hang over a fence and make love to a pretty girl."

film companies. Pathé has long been known as the house of serials. No one has ever got across serials the way this company has. Perhaps that is why they have gobbled up William Duncan from Vitagraph. William made such a hit with his "Fighting Trail" serial for Vitagraph that Pathé immediately annexed him to do one for them. Recently Pathé has invaded the star feature field. Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks came within an ace of being added to their star roster, but the price jumped and jumped, and in the end Pathé chose Bessie Love and Bryant Washburn at a mere bagatelle of \$2,000 a week apiece.

At last I have discovered the honest-to-goodness reason why Gail Kane left the American Company after being boomed as their shiniest star. When Gail bought a bungalow in Santa Barbara and became a leading social light in the cottage-pudding town last spring, she confidently expected to play in real Broadway parts fitted to her Junoesque style. Gail is a girl of strong likes and dislikes, and has no use for a woman who plays up the eternal feminine too strongly; in other



ARTHUR ASHLEY AND LITTLE SUNSHINE (OF "SUNSHINE AND TEMPEST" IN THE TWO-A-DAYS) LULLING THE LAW TO SLEEP IN ARTHUR'S DEMON CAR

That may be Wallace's idea of "tiresome," but there are plenty of youths who will disagree with him, especially when one takes into consideration the fact that Pauline Frederick, Mary Miles Minter and Mildred Manning are included in his category of "pretty girls."

Perhaps it isn't generally known, but Pathe, the old French firm which was started years and years ago by Charles Pathe, is financially one of the firmest

words, the clinging-vine type. On the other hand, if she likes an actor in her company she is hail-fellow-well-met, but if she takes a dislike to him—well—

Anyway, trouble began to brew when Gail was given a scenario that she claimed was unsuitable to her type. The stellar rôle in "Service for Two" called for a cutie of the Mabel Normand type. 'Tis said that Gail refused to face the camera until the script was rewritten to suit her.

(Continued on page 70)



# The Celluloid Critic

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

**W**HY not a screen campaign with the slogan: "Make exhibitors see their own pictures"?

One of the big faults of the photoplay's development lies in the fact that audiences have developed, grown wise and discriminating in the ways of the film, while the men who dictate the destinies of their theaters have been so busy counting up the daily receipts that they haven't kept step with their patrons. How, then, can these men understand the wants of the audiences and transmit these wishes on to the men who make the pictures?

The early movie theater invited a cheap class of promoter, and the present exhibitor is an outgrowth of this "showman" of the first days. There are exceptions hundreds of them, of course. For instance, what producer, except D. W. Griffith, has done as much to elevate the photoplay as S. L. Rothapfel, the man who created de luxe screen entertainment?

But I firmly believe the exhibitors' mental average is below that of screen audiences.



WILLIAM S. HART IN "BLUE BLAZES, RAWDEN"



VIOLET MERSEREAU IN "MORGAN'S RAIDERS"



ALICE JOYCE IN "THE WOMAN BETWEEN FRIENDS"

producing plant at least temporarily. But to return to current photoplays.

The most vivid screen playing of months was contributed by Alla Nazimova in "Revelation," Metro's adaptation of Mabel Wagnall's "A Rosebush of a Thousand Years Ago." It is the story of the spiritual regeneration of a fascinating little pagan, a grisette who poses as the Madonna. Mme. Nazimova plays Joline, a cabaret dancer, who becomes the mistress and model of a young American painter. How Joline poses as the Holy Mother when the artist goes to paint an old legend of the vision of the virgin among the branches of a monastery rosebush, which caused the bush to burst into bloom; how the dead branches again blossom under her hand in a second miracle; and how the



HARRY MOREY AND GRACE DARMOND IN "THE OTHER MAN"



VIVIAN MARTIN IN "A PETTICOAT PILOT"

The present depression in the Motion Picture business, due directly to overproduction of bad pictures, would never have occurred if exhibitors had known their audiences—and their films. Producers have been making pictures madly, and exhibitors have been renting them madly, while fans have grown keenly discriminating. Thus one concern, making mediocre melodramatic junk, has had to close its vast

woman, spiritually stirred, renounces her old life and leaves her lover, form a picturesque story. The plot slumps to a conventional





ending when the American, now a soldier for democracy, is brought wounded to the monastery where Joline is a war-nurse. There they are married by the prior.

hundred moods. I respectfully nominate her pagan Joline as the most fascinating screen characterization of the screen year.

Charles Bryant is excellent as the painter, Bigelow Cooper gives poise and distinction to the rôle of a worldly Parisian, and Syn de Conde makes his bit as an Apache stand out. I congratulate George D. Baker on his direction.

I looked linck's "The a brand-

But all these things cant hold up the last two lation."

forward to Artcraft's screenization of Maeter-Blue Bird" with great expectations. Here was new test of the fanciful possibilities of the camera in the hands of one of our foremost directors, Maurice Tourneur.

The search of the woodcutter's little children, Mytyl and Tytyl, for the Blue Bird thru the fantastic realms of the past and the future, and their subsequent finding of the bird in their own home, are, of course, bits of Maeterlinckian symbolism to convey the moral that happiness, altho sought elsewhere, can best be found at home. The final flight of the Blue Bird from Tytyl's cage implies that happiness can be held but for a moment. In the quest, not in the capture, lies the joy of living, implies the Belgian poet.

Oddly, the Kingdom of the Future, wherein wait the children that are yet to be born, impressed me most in Mr. Tourneur's production, and the greatest moment of the play, the graveyard scene, in which the tombs open and



ROBIN MACDOUGALL AND TULA BELLE IN "BLUE BIRD"

Nazimova shades the spiritual growth of the grisette brilliantly, but she really does her best work in depicting the fiery, untamed girl of the Latin Quartier, a creature of passions and whims, who lives but for the moment in her love for her artist and who jealously fights the approach of any one else with the fury of a tiger. Personally, Nazimova fascinated me as the little devil of the boulevards, but lost my interest when she saw the light.

Any cabaret with a Bacchante dancing with the splendid abandon of Joline would be successful beyond calculation. Nazimova proves



NAZIMOVA IN "REVELATION"



MADGE KENNEDY IN "OUR LITTLE WIFE"

flowers burst forth, proving that there are no dead, touched me least. This was because the mechanics were too apparent. Mr. Tourneur has at times achieved a distinctly Continental touch. The production as a whole is probably better than any other producer, save Mr. Griffith, would have

the value of a fine dramatic skill. In a single scene she can depict graphically the fleeting flashes of a

(Fifty-three)

(Continued on page 73)



# Praying Audience

# To BESSIE LOVE'S

# Chorus Lady



IT WAS A BIG DAY WHEN BESSIE LOVE FOUND OUT THAT SHE WAS "THE GIRL ON THE COVER"

"A soubret?"  
 "Yes; he said, with my nerve and his backing, I should worry about the talent."  
 "That's what most of them seem to think nowadays," groaned a veteran ingénue who was placing the final pins in the futurist's dream of "A Field of New-Mown Henna."  
 "Now, in my time——"  
 "Wasn't Bessie Love the cutest little chorus-girl?" my neighbor interrupted the "Reminiscences of Me and Myself."  
 "She was different, tho. She wasn't common or commonplace like most chorus-girls."

"What's that?"  
 flared a strenuous blonde, waving a lighted candle



"THIS IS YOUR PREMIÈRE," SAYS MADAME BLACHE—"BE SPRIGHTLY, CHARMING, BUT, OH, SO NERVOUS"



VER there, over there,  
 The Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming!" . . . .  
 "Oh, what have I done to deserve this? Say, do you think you're Bessie Love, or did some one tell you you could sing?"

"Well, not exactly; but Caruso once told a friend of mine that if she studied about ten years in Paris she might be able to get in a chorus and——"

"And you think your voice is better than hers?"  
 "Absolutely."

"Well, forget it. Every time you start you give me such a fright that I stick the mascaro brush into my eye instead of wafting it gently across the lashes, and it's blamed uncomfortable."

"Oh, gee! I wish I had talent enough to get in the chorus," lamented a dark-eyed extra in the other corner of the dressing-room. "I tried once, but I couldn't sing and I couldn't dance, so the manager said he'd make a soubret out of me."



"HOW I LIKE TO IMITATE THOSE STAGE DIRECTORS"

menacingly. "Who said chorus-girls is common? I was in the chorus for thirteen years. Started when I was ten," she hastened to explain, "and I bet my silk stockings—seam up the back, too—that there aint a woman in this room that's got more natural refinement than me."

"Oh, really, I think chorus-girls are great," the cause of the storm said, hurriedly; "only I mean Bessie Love is so little and cute and young, and, of course, she'll be a star before long."

"Well, I was, is—I mean *am*—young, too," the blonde retorted, camouflaging her upper lip until the

Cupid's bow begged the tip of her nose for a cessation of hostilities. "I could 'a' been a star in burlesque, too, only the manager——"



# Classic's Extra Girl Puts in a Tuneful and Rip-roaring Day

By Ethel Rosemon.



THE ORCHESTRA LEADER DIDN'T PLAY "OVER THERE" TO SUIT HER

"Why, that's Bessie Love," her companion enlightened her. "I wonder how she gets that sad, sweet look."

I recognized the far-carrying tones of the extra whose nerve plus the manager's backing would form a combination guaranteed to cause her to worry about the talent, and turned just in time to witness a sad-sweet expression one might imagine on the countenance of a Sun God during the rainy season.

"Oh, dont," the man next to her begged. "Yours aint that kind of a face."

INVESTIGATING THE SLIPPER THAT ALWAYS PINCHES



BESSIE AS ALERT AS A FOX-TERRIER AWAITING HER STAGE CUE

"Every one on the stage!" Mr. Hollywood's voice resounded thru the Pathé studio, and the blonde's manager was left hanging in the air, where, I am told, some chorus-girls would not step from their limousines to rescue some managers.

This was our second day's work with Bessie Love in "The Spring of the Year"—

at least it was our second day in the studio. Little Bessie had really done all the work and we had just sat in the audience, enjoyed and applauded, not simply because Director Madame Alice Blache had so ordered, but because—well, when one looks at Bessie Love one just wants to applaud her for the privilege, and when she works until the blonde curls become mixed up with the lashes that circle the sparkling brown eyes, well, whose hands wouldn't become sore trying to show their approval? The first glimpse the audience had of the little star was when she tripped lightly out upon the stage with the rest of the chorus, a real live one from "The Riviera Girl."

"Oh, look at the cute legs on that little girl with the curls!" exclaimed an extra, as the chorus danced to the footlights.



ONCE FRANK KEENAN RESCUED BESSIE ON THE STAGE STAIRS





"Well, it's my face, aint it?"

"It is—thank heaven!"

"Attention this way, please, audience," Madame Blache was saying with that fascinating "Good-by, Broadway! Hello, France!" accent which is sweetest music to our ears, next to good old United States. "Musicians, please, a softer noise. Now watch Miss Calhoun and Mr. Hall, and when they finish, applaud. Yes, thank you."

Meanwhile, with smiles and

other in "The Spring of the Year." Manager Willy Lord, not having his "Who's Who in Matrimony" revised to the hour previous to making the contracts, had assembled his company without respect to the previous connubial entanglements of

But if it hadn't been for all this mix-up Bessie would never have been the star of "The Spring of the Year," or, rather, author Henry Kitchell Webster would have had to find some other way out of the difficulty. When Ragna Jansen (Bessie Love) registered such

a hit at the annual entertainment of the Middletown high school that her devoted aunt, none other than our dear friend, Flora Finch, staked her funeral expense money on a trip to New York to put niece on the stage, no one, except Mr. Webster and Agnes Johnston, who wrote the continuity of the scenario, and the property-boy and a few others within the inner circle, had any idea that Bessie's rise to stardom would be so meteoric. Of course, when Aggie Redfern, Donald's "Ex," decided that in comparison with two matinées and six evening per-



BESSIE AND FLORA FINCH GET READY TO STAGE THE HIGH-SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT



BESSIE READY TO GO "OVER THE TOP"



BESSIE WAS AWFULLY FICKLE TO LEADING-MAN DONALD HALL

kindred grimaces, Julia Calhoun and Donald Hall were wooing each other via the song route—that is, to all appearances, they were. In reality, as I learnt from some one who knew some one who knew the property boy, they had been married in the dear, dim, dizzy past, and it was somewhat of a shock to the party of the first part, as well as to the party of the second part, when they found themselves engaged to play opposite each

its members. All of this goes to prove that you never can tell from where you sit whether it's paste or real coal. For instance, when Miss Calhoun planted a lingering kiss on the perpendicular from Donald's ear to his collarbone, some of the audience envied Miss Calhoun; some, Donald. But it took George Hollister, the camera-man, to go back stage with the machine, to which all camouflage is as the light of day, and reveal the fact that "Mrs. Ex's" teeth were intrenched in "Mr. Ex's" earlobe, and that the look of agony on the latter's countenance was changed into a loving smile only when his face was pivoted audienceward. Perhaps "Mrs. Ex" was settling the score of some early breakfast reference to the coffee mother used to percolate. Anyway, Donald Hall said later that making love to one's "Ex," even in musical-comedy, is almost as disagreeable as wearing blacked boots on a rainy day, and Donald's aversion to blacked boots at any time is real and earnest.

formances opposite one's former to-have-and-to-hold, the life of a smelt would be an orgy of wild excitement even without the tartar sauce, Bessie was the logical substitute—on the screen. Off the celluloid and without the pages of the best seller, the manager would have called up half-a-dozen agents and had his office



filled with aspiring prima donnas, while little Bessie would have gone home to her furnished room in the Forties and written a poem on "The Wreck of the Chorus-Girl's Hopes." But, anyway, she got a chance to play the part, and made such a hit that her future was assured as long as she gave a wide berth to Rector's and midnight cabarets.

It was on our second day at the studio that Bessie rose to stardom. In her uniform of khaki she was ready to go "over the top" of anything this side of Me-und-Gott's palace. The young lieutenant, home from somewhere on a furlo, who taught Bessie the proper way to salute and coached her in the etiquet of the Allies, looked as if he thought serving Uncle Sam plus Bessie Love wasn't half-bad. The enthusiasm with which she heralded the coming of the Yanks could have left no room for doubt in the minds of either party, and at the climax, when she seized the flag, the audience rose to its feet and cheered just as a regular audience would have done—only the Stars and Stripes and the proud American bird perching on top got so mixed up that the little star couldn't possibly wave the big ones—not on the first "take," anyway.

"Wait a minute, Mr. Orchestra," she called. "My eagle has stage-fright."

And the proudest moment of that orchestra's life was when Bessie hopped over the footlights, took the baton in hand and led her own "Over There." The men played it thru with a swing they had not given it before, much to the gratification of my Johnny-on-the-Spot Graflex.

There were a whole troop of extra soldiers and a

(Fifty-seven)



THE CHORUS-GIRL'S DREAM FOR BESSIE—A SPOT-LIGHT AND AN APPLAUDING AUDIENCE

hospital of Red Cross nurses there that day. Time after time, as the curtain ascended, or was propelled, skyward, the former became artistically wounded on the field of battle just so the latter could just as artistically hold their heads, hands or feet. As nurses, the young women needed some training as chorus-girls.

THE FIRST TIME BESSIE TRIED THOSE RICKETY STAIRS SHE DID A JACK AND JILL



They were instructed to march off stage near the end of Bessie's song, half right, half left. But the right half always heard the call to duty seven bars before the



BESSIE MIGHT AS WELL HAVE TRIED TO LIGHT THE TORCH OF MISS LIBERTY

left half and marched proudly off, leaving their sisters like the last six olives at the company table.

"Why dont you join the army and become regular soldiers?" some one called, as the troop crossed the stage.

"Cant," returned one of its members. "There are too many widows dependent upon me."

"Oh, I didn't know he was married," gurgled she of the soubret aspirations.

"Please wont somebody rock the infant to sleep?" moaned her neighbor.

Meantime Mrs. Love, who



is Mrs. Love only because she happens to be the mother of Bessie Love, was sitting just off scene beaming her approval of the performance.

"She dances as if she loved it," a visitor commented.

"Music is her one hobby," the mother replied. "She has always had operatic ambitions. She went into pictures rather by chance. She had to stay out of high school for a year and couldn't bear the thought of being at home with nothing definite to do. One day she suggested going over to the studio in Los Angeles to try her luck in pictures. I encouraged her to do it, for her father and I have always given our support to all her little ambitions. Mr. Griffith immediately gave her a part, and also her name. 'Bessie Love is what the child should be called,' he said, and Bessie Love she has been ever since."

"And you've been Mrs. Love?"

"Yes, in the film world. But the name does suit Bessie, doesn't it?" continued the mother, eagerly.

The visitor smiled assent. Something in her *modus operandi* aroused my suspicion that she, too, was connected with the scribe class. "She gives herself fully to her work," she remarked, casually.

"No one realizes how fully. When she leaves the studio in the evening she is generally too tired to eat dinner, but, seeing her enthusiasm up to the last minute, one would never guess it."

"Really?" Bessie was asking some one who had called a bit of advice to her from the wings. "Dont tell me to do it if it isn't right, because I believe everything. Some one told me George Washington had a brother Abie, and of course I thought it was true."

"See that young chap in uniform?" the friend of the friend of the property-boy was saying. "That's Chester Barnett. In the play he's Bessie's sweetheart. He's in the chorus now; but when Donald Hall—doesn't he look grand in khaki?—gets sick, Bessie begs the manager to give him a chance, and he becomes leading-man."

"And who's the woman in black? Looks like a vamp, doesn't she?"

"That's Florence Short. She is the vamp in the play, but off the stage she's all right, and saves Bessie when Donald tries to make love to her."

"Gee! I wouldn't want any vamp butting in and saving me," babbled the soubret. "I think he's just grand. He looks as if he knew something. Oh, well, I suppose he's married."

"Say, that manager better soubret you while the soubretting's good," her neighbor warned. "It aint safe to let you around loose. With your looks and the dollar and a half a day you're making, you're a temptation for any man."

"Oh, quit your kiddin'," she simpered, coyly.

"All off for lunch!" Mr. Hollywood interrupted.

Three of us extras who had been engaged by studio manager C. Fred Wilson, and therefore had a common bond of sympathy, withdrew with our sandwiches, pie and coffee to a secluded corner of the studio.

"Tastes good when you're hungry," the first commented, attacking the bread and ham.

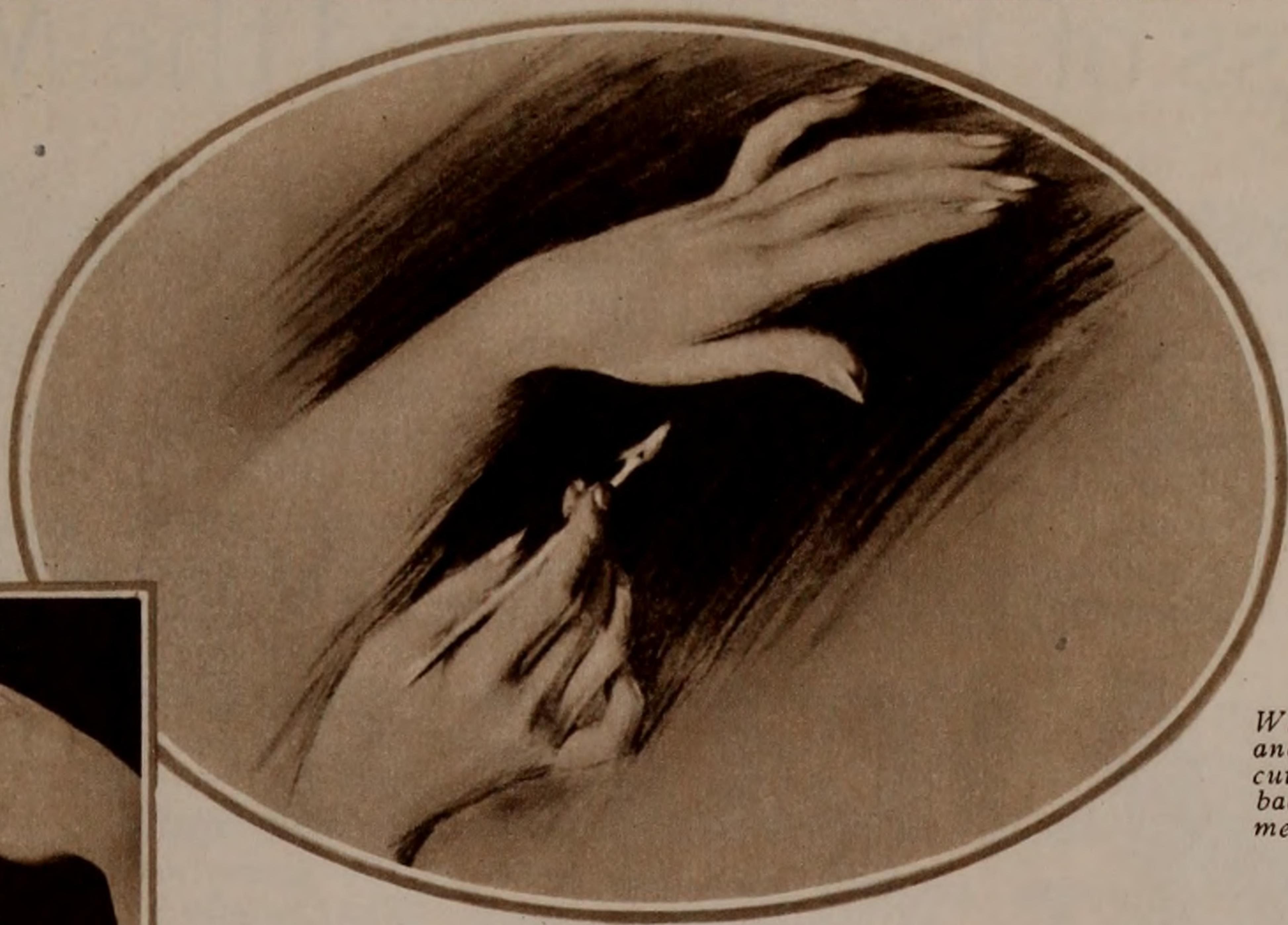
"You bet," the other added. "Wish I had had this about three weeks ago in Burlington, Vermont. I was out with a show. Made a big mistake. Thought the manager had engaged me as an ambitious little actress. Instead of that he had just invited me to take a gambol on the green. Well, I'm a little lamb when it comes to gamboling, but believe me that green was far too narrow for comfort."

(Continued on page 67)



YOUTH AND OLD AGE OBSERVE THEIR BEAUTY LINES. COMMODORE BLACKTON, PRODUCER OF "WILD YOUTH," IS AT THE RIGHT; GUSTAV LEYFFERTIZ, OLD AGE, AT LEFT





When you see how smooth and firm Cutex keeps your cuticle, you will never go back to the old cuticle-cutting method

For years women struggled with cut, mutilated cuticle. Learn now how to manicure without cutting the cuticle



## What happens when you cut the cuticle

When you cut or trim the cuticle, it grows tough, coarse and dry. It constantly breaks and causes hangnails. Everyone notices how unsightly your hands are. Read how you can have the most delightful manicure you ever had, without cutting the cuticle.

Everywhere skin specialists and doctors are warning people not to cut the cuticle. "Cutting is ruinous," they say. "Under no circumstances should scissors or knife touch the cuticle." Dr. Shoemaker, the famous skin specialist, says: "Some persons are so obtuse to the beauty of the delicate edge of skin at the base of the nail that they actually trim it away, leaving an ugly, red rim, like the edge of an inflamed eyelid."

No matter how dry, rough and unattractive cuticle-cutting may have made your nails, with Cutex you can really transform them.

It is absolutely harmless, and removes surplus cuticle without injury, leaving the skin at the base of the nail smooth and firm, unbroken.

Everyone who uses Cutex, even once, is so enthusiastic about it that we want you to try it, too. Send today for the Cutex Midget Manicure Set offered below and see the difference for yourself.

### Start to have lovely nails today

In the Cutex package you will find an orange stick and some absorbent cotton. Wrap a little cotton around the end of the stick and dip it into the bottle. Carefully work the stick around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle. Almost immediately you can wipe off the dead surplus skin. Then rinse the fingers in clear water.

If you like a snowy-white nail tip, apply a touch of Cutex Nail White (a soft white cream) underneath the nails. Apply di-

rectly from its convenient pointed tube; then spread under evenly and remove any surplus cream with orange stick. Finish with Cutex Nail Polish.

Try Cutex *once* on your nails. When you see what an improvement the very first application makes, you will wonder how you ever got along without it.

You can secure Cutex, the cuticle remover, wherever high class toilet preparations are sold. In 30c, 60c and \$1.25 bottles. Cutex Nail White is 30c. Cutex Nail Polish, in cake, paste, powder, liquid or stick form, is 30c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort, for sore or tender cuticle, is also 30c. If your store has not been supplied, order direct from us.

### Enough for six "manicures" for 15 cents

Put your name and address on the coupon and mail it today with 15c (10c for the set and 5c for packing and postage) and we will send you a trial manicure set of Cutex preparations, complete with absorbent cotton, orange sticks and emery boards. Enough for at least six "manicures."

### NORTHAM WARREN

Dept. 905, 114 West 17th St., New York City

If you live in Canada, send 15c to MacLean, Benn & Nelson, Limited, Dept. 905, 489 St. Paul Street West, Montreal, for your sample set and get Canadian prices.



Bessie Love, one of Pathe's most delightful stars, says: "The Cutex way of manicuring is indeed pleasing, especially when your hands must always look freshly manicured"

## Send today for this complete Midget Manicure Set

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 15c TODAY



If you wish an especially brilliant lasting polish, use Cutex Paste Polish first, then the Cake Polish

Don't think you can get along with old-fashioned cuticle-cutting—even for another day! Send 15 cents and get your Cutex Manicure Set now

NORTHAM WARREN  
Dept. 905, 114 West 17th St., New York City

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



# The Glass of Fashion and the Mold of Form

By D'IRWIN NEMEROV, of Russek, Fifth Avenue

CONTEMPORARY women will do well to bear in mind the real meaning of asymmetry. Whereas the Greeks, whose conception of the everlasting fitness of things has largely guided our own, went for their inspiration to the human form and thereby acquired a deep and lasting preference for symmetry, as

exemplified by the anatomical coincidence of two eyes, two hands, etc., they took no account of things internal, which are, of course, not arranged symmetrically.

The Orientals approached still nearer to first principles. They found a monotony in an everlasting sameness, quite as we do in mechanical music. They undertook to find those things that would balance, have rhythm, and still avoid monotony. They found this in a study of nature, in the silhouet of trees, which stand upright, are balanced perfectly, and yet spare us the agony of overwhelming sameness. That briefly is

the underlying principle of modern art and modern dress.

The question to be asked is: "Is it rhythmical; does it balance? Is it like mechanical music, or does it possess that variation from the metronome's beat that bespeaks the master musician at the keyboard?"



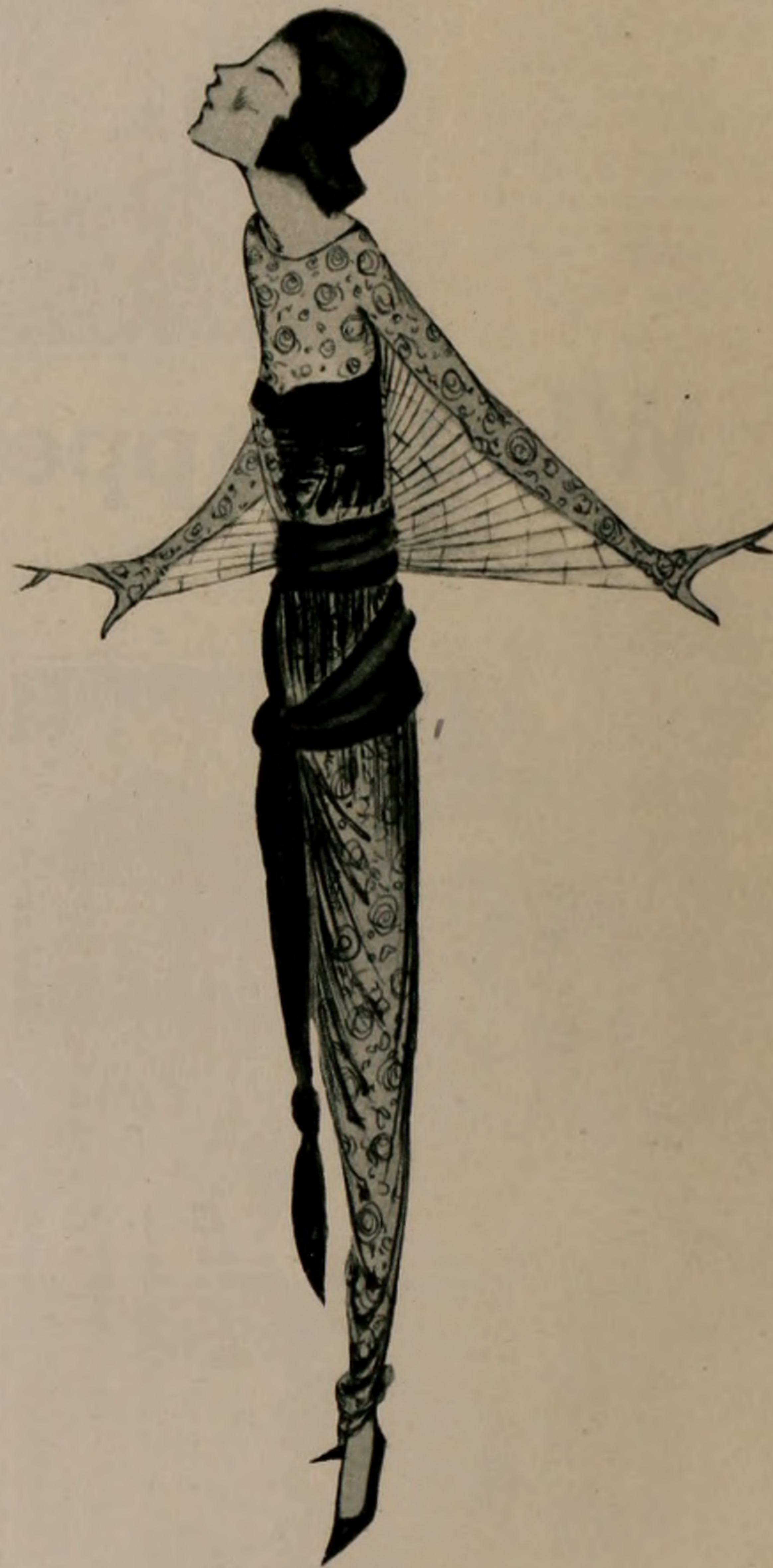
KATHLYN WILLIAMS

Kathlyn Williams, an artist at all times, naturally would inspire a gown artistic in theme. This Oriental brocade bodice and draped, deep blue meteor skirt, having for its background a cape over but one shoulder of black satin lined in meteor of Chinese blue.



LOUISE GLAUM

Orientalism sheds its influence over this robe of meteor and Oriental jewels, inspired by Louise Glaum. The temperament of the wearer is expressed in the voluminous wrap, as distinction hangs in its every line of chinchilla and ermine.



CHRISTINE MAYO

Christine Mayo, loveliest of persons, asked for a black lace dress, and this is what she impelled. I am told it is very beautiful.



# No Money In Advance

## This Marvelous CAMERA

### On FREE TRIAL!



Only 10,000 of these marvelous, instantaneous picture-taking and making cameras to be sent out absolutely on approval without a penny in advance just to prove that it is the most wonderful invention—the camera sensation of the age. So you must send for it quick! Just think of it—the new Mandel-ette

### Takes and Makes Finished Pictures INSTANTLY!

You press the button, drop card in developer and in one minute take out a perfect, finished post card photo 2½x3½ inches in size. Camera, itself, is about 4½x5x7 inches. Loads in daylight 16 to 50 post cards at one time.

### No Films—No Plates—No Dark Room

Not a bit of the muss and bother of the ordinary kodak or camera. It is instantaneous photography! Universal focus lens produces sharp pictures at all distances. Pictures develop and print automatically. Can't overdevelop. Results positively amazing.

#### Better Pictures—Less Bother

I received your Mandel-ette Outfit yesterday and after trying it out today, I must indeed express my astonishment at the work that can be done with it. The first three pictures that I had taken were better than most of the snap shots that I took with a film camera, and there is much less bother and work in making the pictures. I have shown it to a number of people today and I am sure that you will be able to sell at least 75 or 100 here if you would have some way of demonstrating the goods. I am going to show my outfit to everyone that I meet and you can rest assured that I will do my best in boosting your wonder camera.

I. M. BROWN, Poplar Bluff, Mo.

#### Wouldn't Sell It At Any Price

I received my Mandel-ette and am much pleased with it. I took some pictures and even though it was a cloudy day, they came out just grand. I wouldn't sell the camera at any price.

SUSIE KINSEL, Gloucester, N. J.

#### Surprised At Fine Pictures

I am making some fine pictures with no trouble at all. All who see my Mandel-ette Camera say that it is fine and they are surprised when I make a perfect picture in one minute.

WALTER G. HERMAN, Newburg, Ore.

## We Trust You

No difference who you are, where you live or what your age, we will send you the complete Mandel-ette outfit absolutely on approval and give you ten days to test it. If not satisfactory return it. But when you see what elegant pictures it takes—so quick, so easy, with no trouble at all—if you wish to keep it you simply send us \$1 per month until our special price of only \$5.50 is paid.

## Easy Payments— No Reference

No red tape of any kind. Monthly payments so small you'll not notice them. Simply fill out and send coupon today. Send no money. No references required. Lots of fun and big profits.

## No Experience Required

Plain instructions and everything complete with outfit so you can begin taking pictures the moment it arrives. We guarantee that even a child can operate it. Mail coupon now. No risk or obligation to keep camera.

**Chicago Ferrottype  
Company,  
Desk 215 Ferrottype Bldg.,  
Chicago, Illinois**

**Chicago Ferrottype Company,  
Desk 215 Ferrottype Bldg., Chicago, Ill.**

Send me at once complete model Mandel-ette outfit including supply of post cards and instructions. I agree to examine and test it thoroughly and if satisfied pay you \$1 a month until your special price of \$5.50 is paid, otherwise I will return it at the end of 10 days.

Name.....

Street and No.....

Town..... State.....

#### Friend Sends Order

My Mandel-ette arrived early Saturday morning O. K. Thirty minutes after it arrived I took my first picture and it was a great success. Any person after mastering your simple instructions should get good results with your Mandel-ette. I don't see how I ever got along without one.

After I had unpacked mine, my friend, Theo. Murdoch, New Petersburg, Ohio, came along and he was so enthused over it he sent for one the same morning. Several more of my friends are thinking of sending for Cameras in the near future.

HERMAN R. STOBEL, Greenfield, Ohio.

#### No Chance For Mistake

Your special outfit reached me by express this morning. It sure is all you claim it to be and there is no danger of my sending it back, as the first picture I took was of my wife and two children and it is the best I have ever seen.

That was the first time in my life that I have ever tried to take a picture, in fact, it is the first time that I have ever used a camera of any kind and by following your instructions in the circular there is no chance to make a mistake.

TOMMY WEST, Louisville, Ky.

#### \$18.00 In Two Days

I wish to say that I am well pleased with your camera. I am using my Mandel-ette this week at the Bedford County Fair. I have made about \$18 so far with my Mandel-ette and today is only Tuesday.

IKE THURMAN, Jr., Shelbyville, Tenn.

#### Make It Pay In 2 or 3 Hours

I received your camera O. K. and am well pleased with it. I have already made some dandy pictures and I am sure I can make it pay for itself in two or three hours. Enclosed find orders for more cards.

J. B. HONEYCUTT, Beelog, N. C.

#### Camera Success—Want Agency

As I have bought one of your Mandel-ette Cameras and found it to be very successful in taking pictures, I wish to make application to become your agent. I have several young men here who are anxious to buy one and I will send you their orders as soon as I hear from you.

GEO. REUTIC, Ft. Collins, Colo.

#### More Than Paid For Itself

I am very pleased with the Mandel-ette Camera. I have made some very good pictures with it and it has already more than paid for itself.

CHAS. E. MEARS, Jasonville, Ind.



## Mr. Biggs Puts It Over—(Continued from page 42)

# WRITERS' FREE BOOK!

A WONDERFUL BOOK—READ ABOUT IT!

Tells how easily Stories and Plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't DREAM they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special instruction, learn to their own amazement that their simplest Ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How your own imagination may provide an endless gold mine of Ideas that will bring you Happy Success and handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you ARE a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement, and the pitfalls of Failure. HOW TO WIN! This surprising book is ABSOLUTELY FREE. No charge. No obligation. Your copy is waiting for you. Write for it NOW. Just address

## WRITER'S SERVICE

Dept. 42,  
Auburn,  
N. Y.



TELEPHONE, 5499 MAIN

## The Wm. G. Hewitt Press

Printers and Binders

SPECIALIZING IN BOOK, CATALOG  
AND COLOR WORK

Sixty-one to Sixty-seven Navy Street  
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

## The EMPIRE STATE ENGRAVING COMPANY INC.

NEW YORK

DESIGNERS  
RETOUCHERS  
ENGRAVERS

PRINTING PLATES FOR  
ALL PURPOSES

165-167 WILLIAM ST. NEW YORK

OPEN DAY & NIGHT



DON'T YOU LIKE  
My Eyelashes  
and Eyebrows?  
You can have the same

LASHNEEN  
A Hair Food

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

LASHNEEN the Original—Accept no substitute.

LASHNEEN COMPANY (Dept. 19), PHILADELPHIA

## Be an Artist

Comics, Cartoons, Commercial, Newspaper and Magazine illustrating. Pastel and Crayon portraits, and Poster. EARN BIG MONEY. Taught by Mail or Local Classes. Write for illustrated booklet, terms and list of successful pupils.

ASSOCIATED ART STUDIOS

24A Flatiron Bldg., N. Y.

take up as much room as a set of encyclopedia de luxe!"

"Our clients include some of the most reputable business men in New York," Graham proudly informed him.

"I'm absolutely aware of that," agreed Biggs, with emphasis, as his face lighted up with a peculiar smile. "But," he added gravely, "unless this transaction of ours remains a profound secret you will lose one of your best clients!"

"Whom do you mean?" inquired the president.

"Mister Samuel Mills!"

"I—I—dont—quite—understand—you!" gasped Graham, in astonishment, as he stared at the "exploiter."

"He is one of my partners!" added Biggs, with amusement.

"One—of—your—partners!" repeated the banker, in amazement.

"My time's too valuable ter repeat what I say," remarked the big fellow, with indifference. Then he added: "An not only will yer lose him, but yer'll lose a big, new client who's vice-president of a hundred-million dollar corporation an' who intended transactin' all his business thru the Graham Trust Company! Now, then, yer'd better croon over that a while an' lemme know if yer still feel it's yer duty ter slip this here stuff ter the police!"

As he finished, Biggs drew from his inside coat pocket a little leather-bound book and tossed it on the desk.

The banker adjusted his glasses and picked it up. It was a deposit book of the Graham Trust Company, and on the cover was written: "Flimsy Fillum Corporation."

After he had recovered from this blow, the banker, with nervous fingers, opened the book, and there, staring at him on the first page, was the following entry: "Dec. 27—Deposited—\$250,000."

"Say, that sun's shinin' brighter'n ever, aint it?" remarked Biggs, as he gazed out of the window.

"Er—just what is this Flimsy Fillum Corporation?" inquired Graham, still bewildered.

"The greatest thin' of its kind in the world! You'll receive a copy of our by-laws with yer first cigar tomorrow mornin'," remarked Biggs, as he picked up the bank-book and shoved it in his pocket. "I guess I dont need yer any more this mornin', so I'll hitch up the mare and drive on." And, with this, he started towards the door.

The president arose and followed. "Well, I think there is little doubt but that the company will become a tremendous power in the film industry, for it has two very shrewd and clever men at the head of it," said he.

"Of course, a new concern like the Flimsy Fillum Corporation must have a lot er publicity an' advertisin' at the start," said Biggs thoughtfully. "At this moment the vice-president of our company is considerin' a suit against a very

prominent banker fer defamation of character."

The effect was almost magical.

"I dont think the police would be interested in our transaction just now, anyway," remarked Graham, with a weak smile. "You see, they're pretty busy these days with our German element."

"I guess the courts are pretty busy, too, hearin' spy cases," added the "exploiter," as he opened the door.

"Good morning, Mr. Biggs," the banker said, rather pleasantly.

"The sun smiled right down on yer this mornin', all right, didn't it?" remarked Biggs by way of reply. "It must be Jewish, 'cause it's full of gold!"

And, for the first time that morning, the banker was laughing. Biggs left then.

When Biggs returned to the hotel he found "Shorty" as busy as the South after the Civil War. He was seated at one of those regulation hotel desks, which were invented more to amuse than to use.

"What cher doin', 'Shorty?'" said Biggs, as he rushed into the room.

"I'm collectin' funds fer the Grave-diggers Annual Ball," remarked the president of the Flimsy Fillum Corporation.

"You certainly know yer stall, all right, 'Shorty,' 'cause yer 'bout as funny as a fifty-second-rate funeral," was Biggs' repartee, as he threw off his coat.

"Dont ask a feller what he's doin' when yer can see it. I'm workin' like a trench-digger," added the official, as he raised his head for an instant.

"Impossible—yer couldn't work that hard at that small-time desk," protested Biggs, as he lighted a cigar. Then he smiled as he studied his pal. For "Shorty," even if he wasn't very busy, certainly had all the atmosphere about him. His collar and tie were off, his shirt was unbuttoned and the sleeves rolled up to his shoulders, while his hair looked as tho it had been irritated by a high-powered typhoon.

"Well, whether yer're workin' or not," mused Biggs, "you've certainly surrounded yerself with a lot er local color. If yer feel that way 'bout it, why dont-cher take yer clothes off? I can see right now we'll have ter keep a suit of pajamas in yer private office in case yer wanter work some day."

"I dont see's you've worked up any sweat doin' anythin' terday," blurted out the little fellow, as he tickled his head with a pencil.

"Say, 'Shorty, if I ever get good an' mad it'll be at you!" exclaimed Biggs, almost hidden from view in a cloud of smoke. "Yer know them little lozenges yer buy in drug stores? Well, they named 'em after me—I work while you sleep!"

"What er yer do that fer? Wanter keep it in the dark? Yer certainly keepin' it a secret, 'cause I never ketch yer doin' anythin'," muttered "Shorty."





Louise Lovely—I use D. D. D. Lotion frequently and so do my friends.



Clara Williams—My face feels so smooth after using D. D. D. Soap.



Mary Anderson—You have no idea how much better my skin looks!

# Rashes Skin Blemishes Embarrass and Disfigure

Send for a trial bottle of D.D.D. and get instant relief from your skin trouble. How many times have you looked into the mirror and wished you had an unblemished skin like other women. You will sigh with relief at the first magic touch of D. D. D.—a soothing wash of oil.

## D. D. D.

### The Standard Skin Wash

The logical remedy for skin affection is D. D. D. It is a soothing compound of oil of wintergreen, glycerine and other ingredients. Skin specialists know that this prescription is uniquely successful in the care of the skin. Read the testimonials on this page of moving picture stars.



Ruth Stonehouse—I consider D. D. D. Soap and Lotion just what my skin require after a hard day's work out-of-doors — after using it my skin feels so soft and velvety.

## TRIAL BOTTLE FREE

Mail the coupon for liberal trial bottle. This wonderful skin wash sinks into the pores, kills the germs and throws them out. The inflamed tissue, rid of the parasites—the pores left open to receive nature's healing aid, are soothed by D. D. D. Eczema, psoriasis, salt rheum, summer rashes, prickly heat, localized skin afflictions such as bites of insects, felons and black-heads—all yield to D.D.D. Try it yourself, and you will know why hundreds of grateful people have found D. D. D. a great aid in relief of skin trouble. Send the coupon today for trial bottle.

D. D. D. Laboratories,  
Dept. 1555,  
3845 E. Ravenswood Park,  
Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen:

Please send me a trial bottle of D. D. D. Prescription. I enclose 10c. to cover postage and packing.

Name.....

Address.....



**D. D. D. Laboratory Soap**  
For sensitive skins, D. D. D. Soap is remarkably effective. It is a refreshing toilet soap of delicate texture. It allays irritation while purifying the skin.

**D. D. D. LABORATORIES**  
Dept. 1555, 3845 East Ravenswood Park, Chicago



**"Sammy" Favorite**



**5¢ A DAY BUYS A GIBSON**

Terms as low as \$1.00 down and \$1.50 per month. Mandolin or Guitar sent on approval. Liberal allowance on old instruments in exchange for the "Gibson." Get our new Free Book—112 pages, 111 illustrations. Valuable information for player and teacher. Explains wonderful new violin construction with carved and graduated Top and Back and Stradivarius Arching. Also free treatise on "How to Practice."

**Teach and Sell the Gibson Make \$1800 to \$5000 or More a Year**

Become a teacher. Splendid opportunities for Mandolin and Guitar teachers—either sex, in every locality, for private and class instruction and sale of "Gibsons." They have "made" many a teacher professionally and financially. We have permanent teaching and business opportunity now open for either sex. Other positions pending. Write promptly. A. C. Brockmeyer, St. Louis, Mo., Teacher and Director writes, "Will do \$10,000 business in 1917; did \$7,000 in 1916." Wm. Place, Jr., Providence, R. I., Star Soloist for Victor, unqualifiedly endorses the "Gibson."

**Do Business On Our Capital**

Become our agent. We help sell. Agents' territory protected. Stock furnished. We pay the advertising. You make the profit. You pay for goods when sold. Return goods not sold. Try our "Still Hunt." FREE to those interested our new \$1.00 book "The Organization, Direction and Maintenance of the Mandolin Orchestras," by America's most successful director, Wm. Place, Jr. Write now for Catalog, Treatise, "How to Practice," Psychologically Explained, all free. Don't wait; ACT NOW. Fill in the coupon.

Gibson Mandolin-Guitar Co., 605 Parsons St., Kalamazoo, Mich., U.S.A.

U. S. A. Gentlemen: Without obligation send me free book and complete Catalog, free treatise, also information about the Wm. Place, Jr. book and instrument checked. If teacher check here

Mandolin  Mando-cello  Guitar  
 Mandola  Mando-bass  Harp-guitar

Name.....  
Address.....  
Be sure you have checked instrument.

**Stories for Photoplays in Demand REDUCTION COUPON**

This coupon entitles the holder to a reduction of 50 cents per reel on each photoplay sent in to us for criticism, the regular fee being \$1.00 per reel; and on synopses up to 3,000 words, the regular fee being \$1.50. Coupons not accepted on revision or typing orders.

RATES FURNISHED CHEERFULLY ON APPLICATION

The SCENARIO SERVICE BUREAU, 175 DUFFIELD ST. BROOKLYN, N. Y.

**BE A BANKER**

Prepare by mail for this high profession, in which there are great opportunities. Six months' term. Diploma awarded. Send for free book, "How to Become a Banker." EDGAR G. ALGORN, Pres. AMERICAN SCHOOL OF BANKING 465 East State Street, COLUMBUS, OHIO

TELEPHONE, 5499 MAIN

The **Wm. G. Hewitt Press**

Printers and Binders

SPECIALIZING IN BOOK, CATALOG AND COLOR WORK

Sixty-one to Sixty-seven Navy Street BROOKLYN, N. Y.

**Cuticura For Baby's Itchy Skin**



All druggists; Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. B, Boston."

The Oracle of Wisdom speaks from the pages of the "Motion Picture Classic." You have but to turn to the pages of his Dept. and behold the genius of the Wizard of Knowledge from whose pen sparkles the wit to tickle the intellect.

**STRAIGHTEN YOUR TOES BANISH THAT BUNION**

ACHFELDT'S Perfection Toe Spring

Worn at night, with auxiliary appliance for day use.

Removes the Actual Cause of the enlarged joint and bunion. Sent on approval. Money back if not as represented. Send outline of foot. Use my Improved Instep Support for weak arches.

Full particulars and advice free in plain envelope.

M. ACHFELDT, Foot Specialist, Est. 1901 MARRETTOR BUILDING Dept. 148, 1328 Broadway (at 35th Street) New York



"But I always bring home the catch, dont I? That's more'n you do," added Biggs.

"I aint s'posed ter do anythin'," whined the little fellow. "That's the understandin'. Yer said so yerself. I'm the president!"

"Well, if yer goin' ter president round me you've got ter learn ter keep yer coat, collar and tie on. You've got ter look decent. Put that under that wild hair of yourn, an' keep it there!"

"But, Biggsy, I've been laborin' terday," said "Shorty." "I done more work since yer seen me last than I ever did before in my life. It gits me all excited!"

"That'll do yer good," Biggs reminded him. "You've been sittin' round too long gittin' fat, while that Keystone gang slung pies at cher. Yer need ter reduce, 'Shorty.'" Then, as he gazed over the little fellow's shoulder at the little pile of papers, he added: "What have yer been doin' terday?"

"Transactin' a lot er business," replied the president, as he straightened up with an overdose of pride.

"Did yer get the offices?"

"Yep."

"Sign the lease?"

"Yep."

"Fer how long?"

"Year."

"Did yer order the decorations?"

"Yep."

"Furniture?"

"Yep."

"Stationery?"

"Yep."

"Stock-book an' seal?"

"Yep."

"What's all that stuff you've got here?"

"Bills."

Biggs reached over and picked up the paper which was on the top of the pile and studied it with interest. It was a long sheet and crowded from top to bottom with items. He glanced at the writing, and then his gaze returned to the heading, which read: "The Second-hand Furniture Corporation, 22 Grand Street."

"What the —!" He tried to finish it, but words were too inadequate to express himself. "Yer poor, sick shrimp! . . . I could say lots more, but they wouldn't print it! What er yer think yer doin'—openin' up in the auction business?"

"But, Biggsy—"

"Dont talk, or I'll knock yer down!" exclaimed Biggs. And his face grew as red as the French Revolution. "Why didn't cher go ter the five-an'-ten-cent store? Yer could equip a whole floor with better stuff than yer got here fer 'bout two bits! Yer startin' off like a tramp with a pair of patent-leather shoes on! What would people think ter see a hundred-million-dollar firm with such a bunch er junk in its offices? If I didn't like yer, I'd hit yer fer this. A feller like you has to be treated externally, 'cause you've got nothin' inside ter fix up!"

"But I—I—was tryin' ter hold down expenses," protested "Shorty" weakly.

"Listen!" shouted the big fellow, as he brought his big fist down on the desk, narrowly missing the nose of his pal as he did so. "The only thin' you've got ter hold down is yer job. I'm makin' the money round this plant, and when the time comes fer trimmin' you'll find me hangin' 'bout here somewhere. Yer needn't fall in love with these dollars jest 'cause they've got women on 'em! What er yer think we're startin'—a colony for the aged and decrepit scrub-women?" he added, as he went over the list. "You've got thirty rockin'-chairs here! I s'pose that's so our employees can sit round an' rock themselves ter sleep! 'Shorty,' 'bout the only thin' yer'll ever be good fer is a mascot. This furniture you've bought couldn't live thru the winter. Where's the stuff?"

"It's on the way uptown now, Biggsy," replied the humbled president.

"Judgin' from the prices yer paid fer these articles, I'm convinced they're too old and weak ter stand the journey," remarked Biggs. "But, if they do, yer better go down ter the office an' see that they're chaperoned right back ter Grand Street."

"Maybe they wont take the stuff back," pondered the little fellow.

"If they dont, yer can have it brought up here ter yer room, so yer can have somethin' ter play with," suggested the "exploiter." "I'll bet yer idea of recklessness is ter stand up in the subway, or eat peanuts all the way home. We aint goin' ter talk in hundreds or thousands, but millions—*millions!* It'll take 'bout twenty-five thousand dollars ter make our offices look pretty. If yer want ter make a success of this game yer must be reckless. Yer want ter look big, talk big an' act big. Say big words yer dont know the meanin' of, an' dont be 'fraid of slippin', 'cause the bunch yer'll be doin' business with dont know whether Webster's is a hair tonic or a cousin of the Hudson River. Some of 'em are still writin' ter Shakespeare, askin' him ter pound out a few scripts. If yer'll be a hard man ter see, change yer clothes every day an' eat in Rector's.

"Takes a big man ter do that, dont it, Biggsy?" inquired "Shorty," who had inhaled every word.

"Takes jest what yer've got, 'Shorty,'" emphasized Biggs.

"What's 'at?"

"Nothin'," laughed his pal. Then, as he turned away, he added: "Now, yer go down there an' flag that furniture, an', if yer're a good boy, I'll take yer with me termorrow an' show yer how a real movin' pitcher organization should be equipped."

"All right, Biggsy," answered "Shorty." He put on his collar and tie, slapped on his hat and coat and the next minute started towards the door.

"Dont stay away till yer get old," Biggs cautioned him, as he went out.

(To be continued)



# Photodrama in the Making

A Department of General Interest to All Readers, Showing How Photoplays Are Plotted, Written, Submitted and Sold

Conducted by HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

## REEL NEWS

**M**R. AND MRS. SIDNEY DREW have announced their intention of going into the legitimate. There used to be an adage something like this: "John Drew, but Sidney didn't." It is our personal conviction that the Drews are among the finest contributors to Screen Art today. As to the Stage Art we were not so convinced.

According to reports from "outside" writers, we are informed that Thomas H. Ince, Inc., does not want outside contributions. Hence it will be well to comply with their wish and save postage and patience.

Charles Sarver is now the man in charge of the World Film Corporation's Scenario Department. They want plays for Kitty Gordon, Carlyle Blackwell and Montagu Love.

Metro has a new man star, Robert Lytell, who needs material with a dash of comedy.

Herbert Hoagland is now in charge of the Scenario destinies of the Pathé Exchange, 25 West 45th Street. Look over their outfit on the screen and send them something.

Herewith is an authentic List of Long Record Manuscript Holders that deserve a niche in some place beside the Hall of Fame:

World Film Corporation (William A. Brady)—sent October 4, 1917.

Horkheimer—sent June 14, 1917.

John Collins (Viola Dana's director)—sent May 25, 1916.

U. S. Amusement Company (Herbert Blache)—sent August 13, 1917.

Commonwealth Film Corporation—sent January 10, 1918.

Margaret Anglin Film Co.—sent August 24, 1916.

Arrow Film Corporation—sent January 16, 1917.

I have inquired in some cases repeatedly, but have never had the honor of a reply or an explanation. I trust they liked my offering.

## CHOICE CHAPTERS IN THE CAREER OF A FREE-LANCE

### CHAPTER III

#### *The Writer Cuts His Eye-Tooth on a Stiff Upper Lip*

It is so easy to write for most New Writers that they could do it with one hand tied behind their backs and one eye blindfolded.

Why, they just dip their pens in their thoughts, as 'twere, and the words burst forth in a never-ending stream, much to their nearest and dearest friends' regret.

Some try it on the dog, others on their sweethearts, others on dozing relatives and still more poetic others on babbling brooks. There are specific reasons why all the aforementioned are not harsh nor condemnatory nor murderously inclined.

Writers never sell this Scum of their Souls.

If you ever intend to write you must get it off your chest—or wherever it comes from—or it may grow in, and obviously that would be awful. So you give it to your friends, and they get it square on the chests. That's what friends are for. Our gifts that nobody else will stand for we offer to our friends.

But sooner or later our friends get tired of listening, the dogs do bark, the sweethearts sigh for more action and the brooks dry up—and then we think of selling our Gems to an unconscious world!

All might go well with our designs were it not for our hereafter constitutional enemy—the Editor.

The Editor doesn't know a good thing when he sees it; that is a well-known secret among all New Writers. The Editor is consistently rude to New Writers who call and insolently

(Sixty-five)

refuses to correspond with them, except by means of caustic printed slips.

It suddenly dawns on us what outrageous profits Uncle Sam grinds from the lightest literature conceivable. We learn, too, that it costs as much to run a typewriter as it does a Ford and very little less to own one. This illuminating thought saves many a would-be Writer from Potter's Field.

Most of us kid ourselves along with the art gag, swearing that wild mules could not tear us from our vocation.

You can see, as your friends and nearest relatives see, that it is going to be very, very sad. And so the Writer begins his or her flapper stage, where they wear flowing ties and long hair and sad eyes and ecstatic poses.

This is all Scum of the Soul that must be skimmed, and will all come off like scales with the application of a few bank drafts of fresh air.

## EXPERIENCE MEETING

We must not be too hasty in giving judgment thru our experiences.

*For instance:*

I saw Goldwyn's "Dodging a Million" the other night. Incidentally, I saw the major part of one of my own plays therein.

I went home and looked up my records to see if the Goldwyn people had ever had the play in which the plot in question was the sum and substance.

I learnt that Goldwyn had held it from August 6 to September 11, a month and eleven days!

If I were a New Writer, unfamiliar with the tricks of coincidence, or were I not well acquainted with the fine personnel of the Goldwyn institution, I might be hasty in jumping at a wrong conclusion.

Now, in my ripened wisdom, I wait until lightning strikes twice in the same place. Even then I am cautious, knowing that God Himself not infrequently makes twins, not to mention quintuplets. If God and Nature can think and conceive two or more human documents of exactly the same pattern, it is possible we might fall into the same divine coincidence.

The fact is that I sold the aforementioned story immediately after having it turned down by Goldwyn. The coincidence is further marked in that the plays have been produced within two weeks of each other.

Go see both Goldwyn's "Dodging a Million" and then Triangle's "Heiress for a Day" if you would like to see exactly what I mean.

\* \* \* \* \*

I learnt a severe lesson a few weeks ago that cost me considerable money, fame and almost friendship.

The truth is that I have been railing at producers right along for holding up our mahuscripts so long as to jeopardize our bread-and-butter income. I could not always see why, when one Company was holding a manuscript interminably, another Company might not take a squint at it, too. There is always that delightful possibility of having two Companies want to buy your play at ONE time. It so seldom happens!

And this is what happened:

I sent a play to the Goldwyn Company. A month elapsed, during which time I had inquired politely about the fate of my child, but was not enlightened.

In the meantime, the American Company did me the honor to inquire if I had any stories on hand of a certain type. I sent them a carbon copy of the play the Goldwyn Company was holding.

The American Company wired me soon after, asking an option on the play. I asked them to wire me IMMEDIATELY they de-



## Save Your Skin from the Tax of Late Hours

LATE hours and loss of sleep inevitably leave their traces, unseen at first, upon the skin, preparing the way for lines and wrinkles. Smooth out the traces—forestall the wrinkles with D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream. Give your skin the softness, the color, the beauty Nature intended it should have.

The daily use of D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream is an aid to better looks, to greater attractiveness, to social success. Depend on it to cleanse and improve the skin and develop a natural and beautiful complexion—one that charms by its loveliness and naturalness.

## DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S PERFECT COLD CREAM

*"The Kind That Keeps"*

To counteract the drying, roughening effects of wind or sun, give your skin the sure protection of D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream. Your hands and arms will also acquire an added beauty, a lovelier charm, through the regular use of this safe, satisfying, and perfect toilet help. When you buy toilet cream, let "Safety First" be your motto. Demand D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream, "The Kind That Keeps"—the kind that cleanses, clears, and revitalizes the neglected or impoverished skin. Pure, perfect; a daily need, a daily comfort, a skin reviving toilet delight for every day in the year. In tubes and jars 10c to \$1.50.

Put a tube in the soldier's kit. A comfort in the camp or trench.

POUDRE AMOURETTE—a face powder without a fault. The D. & R. label is a guarantee of its purity, its perfection, its pre-eminence. Flesh, white, brunette, 50c.

TRY BOTH FREE

Trial samples of Perfect Cold Cream and Poudre Amourette sent free on request.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL

Dept. 258 D. & R. Building, New York

## Get Your Movie Star On a Postcard

WE were the first to produce postcard photos and photographs of the movie stars and today are the largest direct-to-you distributors. Our personal acquaintance with the screen favorites enables us to offer you exclusive and recent poses at lowest prices. Send a quarter for eighteen of your own choice or fifty cents for forty or a dollar for a hundred. Billie Burke, Mary Pickford, Clara Kimball Young, Francis X. Bushman, Theda Bara and over 500 others that you know. Actual photographs in attractive poses. Size 8x10, of all Feature Stars, at 50 cents. Get 3 beautiful photos of your favorite in different views and poses. Special at \$1 for 3. Send a stamp for sample card and our list, sent free with all orders. Still of well known stars 10 for \$1. Send the names of your favorites, we may have them. FILM PORTRAIT CO., 127 1st Pl., B'klyn, N.Y.

## HOTEL BINGHAM -- Philadelphia IN THE CENTER OF EVERYTHING

LARGE well lighted and comfortable rooms. Hot and cold running water in every room. Only hotel having direct Subway and Elevated connection with all railroad stations, ferries and department stores. Roof Garden. Club Breakfast. Special Luncheons. Rooms without bath, \$1.50; with bath, \$2.00 up. FRANK KIMBLE, Manager.



# "Old Town Canoes"

## For a Quick Spurt!

You can depend upon an Old Town to carry you first over the finish line. Old Towns are light, speedy and staunch. A lifetime of experience enables us to give you "the Master Canoe"—complete in every detail. Get an Old Town. With its use come strength and energy. Prices \$39 up. Dealers everywhere. Send for catalog.

Old Town Canoe Co.  
1775 Main St  
Old Town, Maine



## PAINTINGS FOR SALE

Two hundred oil paintings by the greatest American painters for sale, including Inness, J. B. Brown, Bogart, De Haven, Tyler, Hart, Blakelock, Eugene V. Brewster, etc. Also numerous paintings by Leo Sielke, Jr., and others, that have appeared on our covers. On view at our offices. Prices from \$10 to \$1,000. Tell us what you want and we will describe the painting and state the price. Then you may call and see it or send your expert. Every picture guaranteed.

**THE M. P. PUBLISHING CO.**  
175 Duffield Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

## 1/2 PRICE—To Introduce



To prove to you that our blue-white MEXICAN DIAMOND exactly resembles the finest genuine South African Gem with same dazzling, rainbow-hued brilliancy (Guaranteed), we will send you this beautiful, high-grade, 12-kt. gold-filled Tiff. Ring, set with 1-kt. gem, regular catalog price \$4.98, for **One-Half Price, \$2.50**. Same gem in Gent's Heavy Tooth Belcher Ring, catalog price \$6.25, for \$3.10. Wonderful, dazzling, rainbow brilliancy. **Guaranteed 20 Years**. Set, \$1.00 and we will ship C. O. D. for Free Examination. Money back if not pleased. Offer limited. Only one to a customer.

Act quick. State size. Catalog free. Agents Wanted.  
MEXICAN DIAMOND IMPORTING COMPANY, Dept. C. A., Las Cruces, NEW MEXICO  
(Exclusive Controllers of the Genuine Mexican Diamond)

## Movie Acting!

A fascinating profession that pays big. Would you like to know if you are adapted to this work? Send 10c. for our **Twelve-Hour Talent Tester** or **Key to Movie Acting Aptitude** and find whether or not you are suited to take up Movie Acting. Instructive and valuable. Send dime or stamps today. Interesting. Illustrated Booklet on Movie Acting included FREE!

Film Information Bureau, Sta. C, Jackson, Mich.

**FILMS** Developed, Printed and Enlarged by our new system are the best ever. Prompt, low-priced, perfect. Send your name for full details. Sample roll developed 10c. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 207 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

## Wider Range Clearer Tones



Do you wish to possess a sweeter, stronger and clearer voice with a wider range? And have complete control of your voice at all times? This is now possible by the latest scientific discovery, the Feuchtinger method. This method will improve your voice 100 per cent. This is what it has already done for others. Simple, silent exercises—just a few minutes every day—you will be surprised at the daily improvement of your voice; imparts strength to the vocal organs and gives a surprising quality of richness to the tones. Be sure to send coupon for facts and proofs. Don't delay improvement of your voice.

## FREE Consultation!

Every person who is interested in voice is entitled to FREE consultation. Take your problems to Mr. Feuchtinger. WRITE him today. You can consult with this institution at any time about your voice. This service is absolutely free. This is the only institution of its kind offering this service. Write us today and we will send you full particulars FREE.

## Send the Coupon

and our NEW BOOK ON VOICE will be sent you FREE and prepaid. We will tell you just what this method is and what it can do for you. You are under no obligations in sending for this information. Send coupon today.

Perfect Voice Institute  
1772 Wilson Av. Dept. 1555  
Chicago, Illinois

Perfect Voice Institute  
1772 Wilson Av. Dept. 1555  
Chicago, Illinois

Without any obligations on my part, please send me full particulars regarding the Feuchtinger method.

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

decided to take it. Incidentally, I at once wrote Goldwyn that another Company wanted the play they were holding and to name a price or return it to me.

A week elapsed without a word from any one—a week of delightful agonies. Then the American sent me a letter of acceptance. Then the check and release which I signed and sent off. The Goldwyn incident was forgotten—until the next morning.

The next morning Goldwyn informed me that they had decided to buy the play. I informed them that it no longer belonged to me and that I had written giving them an option, which they had ignored. They told me that they frankly thought I had been kidding them into buying the play by saying some one else wanted it, that this was a common practice among certain authors.

Later I was rung up again and told that I must be joking and informed that One Thousand Dollars was waiting for me for the play, which was considerably more than I had received for it.

Thereafter I was threatened with the law by both Companies and underwent a couple of anxious days. The play is "The Primitive Woman," which was released April first.

I see now that my attitude has not altogether been a fair one heretofore. There are circumstances entering into the consideration of a manuscript that has a real chance of acceptance which we writers are inclined to overlook. For example, the Goldwyn Company was removing their offices and reorganizing their entire Scenario Department during the time I was focussing on a single manuscript they held!

On the other hand, Goldwyn was at fault in not taking my serious inquiry seriously. American should have wired acceptance instead of waiting nearly ten days, when subsequent events showed they intended to buy it.

Most serious of all was the possible injury of a personal friendship and esteem for these two companies in particular, which stand highest in their effort to be fair to Writers.

### THE MAIL COACH

Mrs. A. M. C., Pendleton.—Your outline of a play is not of sufficient length to warrant giving an opinion, tho I will say that should you submit it with more care to spelling and grammar it will receive better treatment.

J. W. F., Buffalo.—(1) A Company has no right to use your plot, providing they obtained it from YOUR MS., unless they compensate you for it. (2) You have little or no protection from thieves; however, let me assure you that it is seldom done. (3) Name your price if you choose, but accept their offer. (4) Companies usually get your acceptance before sending a check, and you sign a release which makes them the owners of your idea. (5) Handwritten MSS. are NOT acceptable.

B. T., Great Falls.—A twenty-page MS. is TOO LONG. Do not typewrite on BOTH sides of the paper. A beginner may expect from One Hundred to Three Hundred Dollars for a Five-Reel Photoplay. The Producers usually reserve the right to change the title or parts of the plot to suit their purposes. Address all communications to "the Company." Sound business policy looking toward a successful future prevents a Company from stealing a play, not to mention honesty. The Writer's protection is a Company's integrity. Reserve ALL other rights. Copyright does little or nothing for a MS. To copyright you will have to have the MS. PRINTED and then it is merely RECORDED—which is all the Government does for you.

H. L., Harrisburg.—In submitting a MS. for Gold Seal, Nestor, Victor and all other subsidiary Companies of the Universal, send to The Universal Film Company, Universal City, Cal. In the case of the Mutual Company you should send to the individual Companies making up the Mutual Programs. It is not absolutely necessary to give a detailed cast, but it is expedient.

L. A. A., Holyoke.—Stories of the Canadian Northwest and Hudson Bay are popular where there are male stars.

### But I May Do My Bit at Home

By GEORGE WILDEY

They tell me I'm too old to join  
The lads across the sea;  
That war is not for such as I—  
It's glory not for me.

I would that from the fount of youth  
'Twere mine new life to drink,  
That with the Sammies "over there"  
My fortunes I might link.

But I may watch them, eager-eyed,  
In many a battle scene,  
And cheer them as they charge the foe,  
Or march across the screen.

And tho I may not stand or fall  
Beneath yon sky's blurred dome,  
I find some comfort in that I  
May do my bit at home.

### When the Pictur's Come to Town

By NELLIE ERWIN GRAVES

Ma and me got pow'ful lonesome  
Since th' boys had gone t' war;  
Seemed th' evenin's were much longer  
Than they'd ever been before;  
But a feller that's right sprightly  
Come t' town th' other day—  
And now there's Movin' Pictur's  
In a buildin' 'cross th' way.

Seems we're purty old for sich things,  
But we go there ev'ry night,  
And we feel a heap sight younger  
After seein' things that's bright.  
Them love-scenes are mighty pleasin',  
And we like th' comics, too—  
Nothin' ever struck us better  
Than them Movin' Pictur's do.

If a pictur's over-pleasin',  
Then we stay t' watch it twice,  
'Cause it dont cost any extry,  
And we think it's awful nice  
For t' spend sich pleasant ev'nin's,  
And not feel so awful blue,  
Settin' home and worryin',  
Like we always used t' do.

### Just What Did He Mean?

Douglas Fairbanks, who has a young son of his own, knows how innocently pointed a child's remarks may be. He has a story to prove it. Whether it is his own story or not he is not telling.

Supper was in progress, and Doug was telling about a row that took place on the main street of a little Western town.

"The first thing I knew, I saw one man deal another a vicious blow, and then a crowd gathered. The man who was struck grabbed a large shovel and rushed up, ready to knock the other man's brains out, so I stepped in between them."

The young son of the family had become so greatly interested in the narrative that he had stopped eating his pudding, and his eyes fairly shone as he cried:

"He couldn't knock any brains out of you, could he, father?"

Father looked long and earnestly at the frank, open countenance of the lad, gasped slightly and resumed his supper.



## Playing Audience to Bessie Love's Chorus Lady

(Continued from page 58)

"As I was saying, one night in Burlington I was as hungry as I ever expect to be. I had hunted all afternoon for the manager in the hope of coaxing some of my back salary from his pocket into mine. At six I gave up the hunt and wandered into a restaurant with aches in my feet, fifteen cents in my pocketbook and a five-dollar cavity in my corporeal woman. I read the menu down the right-hand side, then one-stepped across to the left-hand side, and found that fifteen cents was the call-number of a hot roast beef sandwich. Upon introduction I discovered that it was the smallest specimen of cow that had ever dared face hunger alone and unarmed. At this juncture I walked the missing manager and leading-lady. They seated themselves at a table in front of mine, and that man read the menu from top to bottom—the left-hand side, of course—dwelling with particular stress upon the tenderloin steak with mushrooms, to see if he could find anything to tempt the lady's appetite. Can you imagine how I longed to flag my back salary together with that tenderloin steak, accompanied or unaccompanied, and do you wonder that every time I see food I hear the conductor call, 'Burlington, Vermont?'"

At that moment my gaze wandered stageward, and I discovered Bessie in the act of trying to light her cigaret from its fellow in the mouth of Mr. L. W. Brownell, every inch of his six feet four a still camera-man.

"I'm going to reach it if I have to hold the scene up for the rest of the day," the little star laughed.

I prayed that her efforts would not be rewarded until the faithful graflex and I had arrived upon the scene. Sure enough, Mahomet was still trying to come to the mountain when "click" went Friend Graflex.

"Back on the set!" Mr. Hollywood called at that moment.

"And now, audience, if we pay strict attention and do not have to retake, we finish so much quicker," Madame Blache told us when we had taken our seats.

Of course we wanted to please the Madame, but who cared how long we stayed while Bessie continued to sing and dance? However, we did pay rapt attention, and before we realized that a few hours had passed Madame Blache was dismissing us in her best Franco-American.

Then the orchestra started—

"Allons citoyen,  
La jour de gloire est arrivée,"

and we all stood at attention in honor of the little French director, of the boys "over there," and of the great tie that binds, while on the stage above us, against the background of Old Glory, was Bessie Love proudly exhibiting her newly acquired military salute.

(Sixty-seven)



## Miserable Corns— How to end them

Touchy corns make thousands suffer—on pleasure trips—in business—at home—everywhere.

Until they once try Blue-jay. Then they are corn-free forever.

Painful corns are utterly needless. Science has brought relief. The medicated spot of wax on a Blue-jay Plaster stops pain instantly.

Then in 48 hours the corn painlessly comes out.

Harsh liquids are dangerous and messy. Paring may bring infection.

No corn can resist Blue-jay. Yet this way is most gentle.

The chemist of a concern known the world over for its surgical dressings discovered Blue-jay. He studied corns for 25 years.

So with Science's way at your command, no touchy corn need ever bother you again.

Blue-jay Plasters are sold everywhere at drug stores for 25 cents per package. Buy a package now.

End your corn at once and never let one pain again.

**BA&B**

**Blue-jay  
For Corns**

*Stops Pain Instantly  
Ends Corns Completely*  
Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

**BAUER & BLACK, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc., Chicago and New York**

## THE STAGE PLAYING CARDS

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

### PORTRAITS OF THE GREAT STARS

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

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

**THE M. P. PUBLISHING CO.**  
175 Duffield St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

## Short-Story Writing

A Course of forty lessons in the history, form, structure, and writing of the Short-Story taught by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, for years Editor of Lippincott's.



Dr. Esenwein

One student writes: "Before completing the lessons, received over \$1000 for manuscripts sold to Woman's Home Companion, McCall's, Pictorial Review and other leading magazines."

Also courses in Photoplay Writing, Versification and Poetics, Journalism. In all, over One Hundred Courses, under professors in Harvard, Brown, Cornell, and other leading colleges.

150-Page Catalog Free. Please Address

THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL  
Dept. 112 Springfield, Mass.

## "DON'T SHOUT"



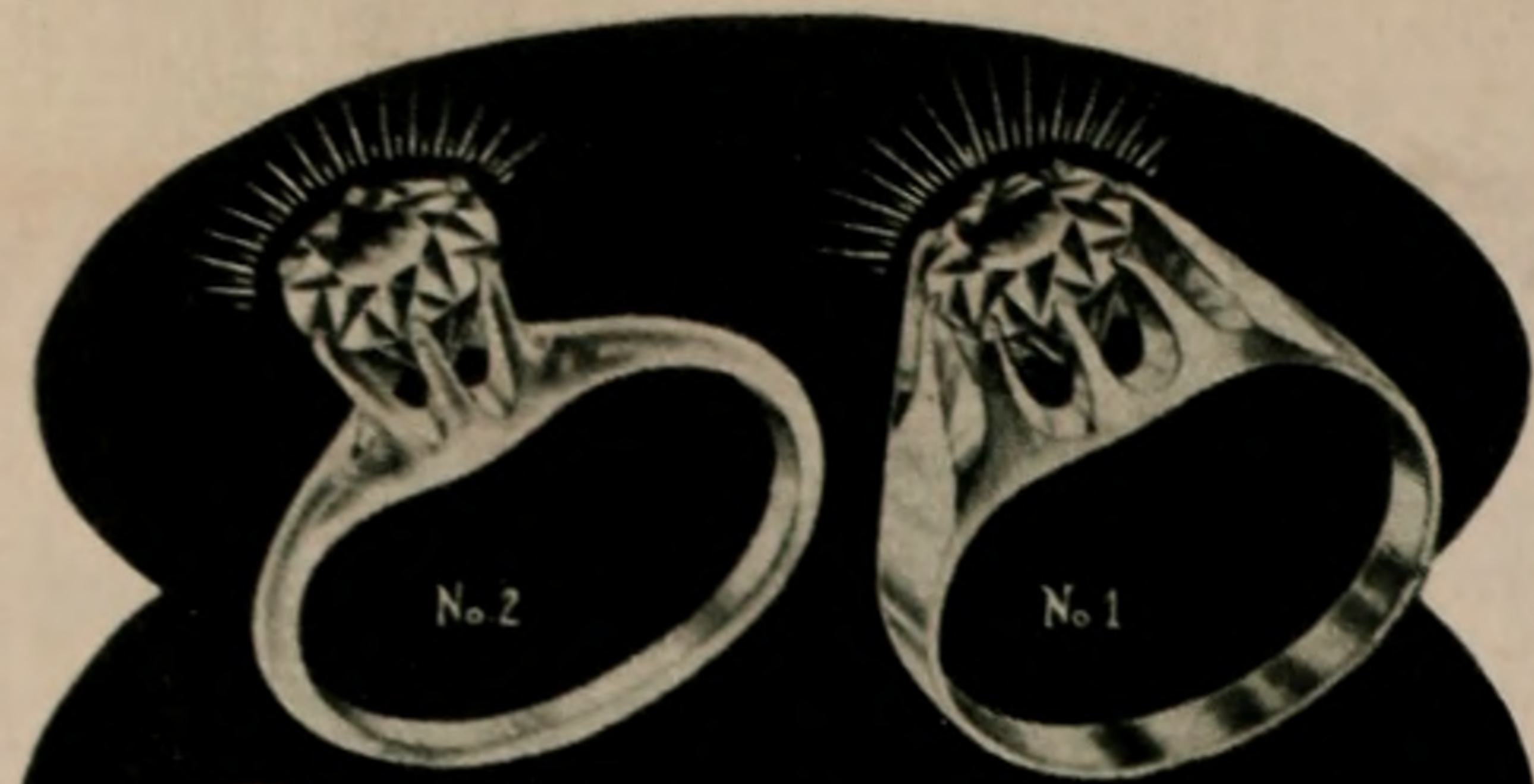
"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. 'How?' With THE MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in, myself, only that I hear all right."

"The Morley Phone for the  
**DEAF**

is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it."

Over one hundred thousand sold. Write for booklet and testimonials  
THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 792, Perry Bldg., Phila.





**Free to Wear  
10 Days**

Send no money. Just ask us to send you either of these wonderful, dazzling, genuine Tifnite gem rings to wear for ten days. See how beautiful it is. See how it stands all diamond tests. Write now while this offer lasts. Say which one you want.

**No. 2—Ladies' guaranteed genuine Tifnite gem ring in beautiful six-prong solid gold mounting. Almost a carat Tifnite gem. Sparkles like a genuine diamond. An amazing Gem. Send no money.**

**No. 1—Gentlemen's guaranteed genuine Tifnite gem ring in solid gold eight-prong Belcher mounting. Almost a carat large. Tifnite Gems contain no glass, will scratch glass, won't file.**

In ordering send strip of paper fitting around second joint of finger. Yes, send for either of these beautiful rings. If satisfied upon arrival, pay only \$3.50—then \$3.00 monthly until our low price of \$12.50 for either ring is paid. Otherwise return the ring within ten days and we will refund any payment made. This offer is limited. Send while it holds good. Send no money. Address **The Tifnite Gem Co., Dept. 319 Rand McNally Bldg., Chicago**

## Nadine Face Powder

(In Green Boxes Only)



### Keeps The Complexion Beautiful

Soft and velvety. Money back if not entirely pleased. Nadine is pure and harmless. Adheres until washed off. Prevents sunburn and return of discolorations. A million delighted users prove its value. Popular tints: Flesh, Pink, Brunette, White. 50c. by toilet counters or mail. Dept. M.C., National Toilet Company, Paris, Tenn., U. S. A.

## Be a Moving Picture Star

Do you know that many Moving Picture actors and actresses get from \$500 to \$5000 a week? Many young ladies and young men working for small wages could do just as well if they knew how. This book will teach you everything from start to finish. Also tells how and where to apply for a position. Gives the addresses of all the studios and managers and tells everything in detail. It is a pleasant and profitable profession and the demand exceeds the supply all the time. We will mail the book to you for 10c and 2c for mailing.



YOUNGS PUB. CO.

Dept. H, East Norwalk, Conn.



## Learn Piano!

### This Interesting Free Book

shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ in your own home, at one quarter usual cost. Dr. Quinn's famous Written Method is endorsed by leading musicians and heads of State Conservatories. Successful 25 years. Play chords at once and complete piece in every key, within 4 lessons. Scientific yet easy to understand. Fully illustrated. For beginners or teachers, old or young. All music free. Diploma granted. Write today for 64-page free book, "How to Study Music." M. L. Quinn Conservatory, Studio K.E. Social Union Bldg., Boston, Mass.



## LEARN AT HOME BY MAIL TO DRAW—PAINT

Be a Magazine, Newspaper or Commercial Illustrator; a Cartoonist; Paint in Water Colors or Oil. Let us develop your talent. Free Scholarship Award. Write for particulars and free illustrated Art Annual.

FINE ARTS INSTITUTE, Studio 195, Omaha, Neb.

## MUSIC TAUGHT FREE

IN YOUR OWN HOME

You can read music like this quickly  
Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, etc. Beginners or advanced players. One lesson weekly. Illustrations make everything plain. Only expense about 2c per day to cover cost of postage and music used. Write for FREE booklet which explains everything in full.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 70 Lakeside Building, CHICAGO



## 48 Photos of Movie Stars

reproduced in half-tone. On cardboard, suitable for framing. Arbuckle, Bara, Chaplin, Pickfords, Anita Stewart, Pearl White, etc. Both male and female STARS are all here in CLASSY POSES. By mail postpaid 15 cents. Stamps or Coin.

ARDEE PUBLISHING CO.  
Dept. 150, Stamford, Conn.



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 encyclopædia in existence.

**N. S. D., JUDSON COLLEGE.**—Anita Stewart isn't playing just now. Olga Petrova was born in Warsaw, Poland, about 33 years ago; educated in Brussels, Paris and London. She is 5 feet 6 inches tall, and has dark-red hair.

**R. T. FISHAL.**—Florence Vidor was Irene Stuart in "The Widow's Might." Blanche Sweet hasn't been playing lately. Frank Losee was the father in "Bab's Diary."

**MRS. D. W.**—Your first letter? Good! Always glad to make new friends. The total man power in the war is, I understand, as follows: Entente, 91,700,000; Teutonic, 25,050,000, or 78.5 per cent. against 21.5 per cent. Some players achieve publicity and imagine it is fame.

**FRANCIS MACDONALD FAN.**—You want a chat with Francis soon. Evelyn Greeley played in "The Beautiful Mrs. Reynolds" as Margaret. Everybody should read at least one fiction book a month. But never read unless you feel so inclined; otherwise it makes no impression.

**J. MCB.**—Louise Glaum is with the Paralta. Adda Gleason and J. Barney Sherry had the leads in "Fanatics." Mary Miles Minter and Alan Forrest in "Beauty and the Rogue." Yes, this is the season for new suits. Dress has a moral effect on the conduct of mankind.

**MIDGET, 18.**—Wallace Reid's son's name is William Wallace Reid, Jr. You ask, "Do blonde actresses have success in the movies?" I don't know whether they are as successful as the brunets, but I guess they are, as a rule. Your letter was most amusing.

**BRUNETTA, 17.**—Yes, Alma Ruben has made rapid progress in the past year. Well, sometimes I get a seat in the subway, but generally I stand. People look at my gray hairs (what there are of them) and take no pity. It is usually the women who offer me their seats. God bless all good women! To their soft hands and pitying hearts we must all come at last.

**EMMA L. T., BROOKLYN.**—You have picked out some great men all right. You ask me to link their names with their greatest work. Joseph Jefferson, "Rip Van Winkle"; Milton, "Paradise Lost"; De Foe, "Robinson Crusoe"; Gray, "Gray's Elegy"; Cervantes, "Don Quixote"; Chaucer, "Canterbury Tales"; Holmes, "Autocrat"; Bryant, "Thanatopsis"; Dante, "Inferno"; Homer, "The Iliad"; and Bunyan, "Pilgrim's Progress." What are you going to link my name to? Why did you leave me out? Muriel Latham was played by Martha Mansfield in "Broadway Bill," opposite Harold Lockwood.

**JANE NOVAK ADMIRER.**—Yes, L-Ko is a Universal brand. Edith Johnson is 24 years old. Cant answer your last. Treat your friends considerably, but not oftenly.

**KENNETH D.**—June Elvidge was Marcia and Montagu Love was John in "Broken Ties" (World). Louise Huff is in California with Paramount. The only way to secure photos of the stars is to write to them or to their companies.

**LONELY MARY.**—You say that with three days' riding with me in a carriage we could become better acquainted than if you wrote to me every day for five years. All right; let's try it. But what kind of questions would you ask? Frank Lanning is with Universal.

**WILLIAM FARNUM FIEND.**—A picture of

Clifford Bruce. Yes, but I don't mind growing old. Old age is the ripest and the sweetest part of life. Octavia Handworth is playing in vaudeville.

**JUST A COUNTRY JAKE.**—Lucky boy! So you received a picture from Jackie Saunders. No, she didn't get to see us when she was in New York. I'm sorry you have such a long nose, Jake, but it can't be helped. Both Napoleon and Wellington had noses longer than the average, and it is considered a good sign.

**SILVER SPURS.**—You say you just finished two hours' practice on the piano and violin. Do you play them both at once? Your letter was mighty interesting, and I want you to confide in me. I think your essay quite bright.

**JOHN P. P.**—Edwin Stevens and Eric Mayne in "Yellow Menace." But everything is so—sorrow, money, trouble and poverty are very unequally divided in this world. We either get too little or too much, and some of us get more than our share.

**GENEVIEVE M.**—No, I haven't the name of that chap. Sorry. Irene Castle was Roslyn and Harry Benham was Rodney in "Convict 993." Jack Sherrill was Robert in "The Crucible of Life." So you like Tom Mix. I believe there has been some talk of publishing a book of "Bright Thoughts from the Answer Man Department." What say you?

**PAULINE W.**—Yes, he was the same child. We would be glad to use his pictures. We are always glad to use pictures of the players, provided we can get good ones. A star's lament on meatless and wheatless days: "To fast and pray we are by Scripture taught; oh, could I either as I ought? In both, alas! I err; my frailty such, I pray too little and I fast too much."

**MARIE ANTOINETTE.**—Emily Stevens and Emmy Wehlen are not the same. Augustus Phillips played with Emily Stevens. Glad you liked "Cleopatra." In marriage, as in war, it is permitted to take every advantage of the enemy. And believe me, it is being done.

**ADOLPHUS F. R.**—You don't care for Bill Hart's pictures since he has been with Artcraft. You say you don't like to see him holding up stage-coaches and cleaning up dance-halls with his bare fists. In other words, you want him to reform and be a gentleman. That would be a public calamity. Even tho I write my answers in a hall-room, that's nothing. John Bunyan wrote "Pilgrim's Progress" in a prison cell, and Cervantes also gave birth to the immortal "Don Quixote" at the expense of the state.

**A. K. J. L.**—No, it makes no difference what you say, ours or yours, when you are talking about this department. It is more your'n than our'n. You didn't care for that player's singing? When a singer's throat is raw, you can't expect her song to be well done. You were lucky to hear her at all.

**O. B. JOYFUL.**—That's my motto also. Don't ever change your name. Stay an old maid. Kitty Gordon was Madeline and Gelene Johnson was Helen.

**BABE, LOS ANGELES.**—Carlyle Blackwell has renewed his contract with the World Co. I would advise you not to lend your friend money. Don't you know that money lent receives poor return, for it usually brings back neither interest, principal nor friend?



MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

LILLIAN T., PORTLAND.—No, I didn't do much skating this winter, except when walking to and from the office—and most of the time that was real ice-skating. Of course, I am glad you think so often of me and wish to know my likes and dislikes. Just read this department carefully and you'll soon know me like a book. About seven hours' sleep do I require, eat a very light breakfast, sometimes so light I don't taste it; a hearty luncheon, and a big dinner at seven.

ROY.—Hey, thar! What be you doin'? Just trying to see how the Answer Man would look without his whiskers? Kindly desist, Reginald. Ann Murdock was Mary and David Powell was Blake in "The Impostor." Sure thing, I like a little jazz every now and then; then, too, I like Moszkowski, Mendelssohn, Leschetisky, etc.

RICHARD H.—Yes, "Innocent" was a fine thing, and Fannie Ward is always pleasing. I always did like John Miltern. Can't say that I cared a great deal for "Lest We Forget."

MAX.—You say you don't know whether the title is "Just For a Woman" or "Oh, For a Woman!" Well, it's quite important to know what you want. The former is the title of the Julius Steger play.

SENATOR BILL.—What's that—if you want to keep warm, keep thinking about the Kaiser? We may be wheatless and meatless and eatless, but as we are not mindless or sightless we can still enjoy the movies. Murdock MacQuarrie played in "The Kingdom of Love." Happy title, isn't it, Bill?

ALICE T., SYRACUSE.—You say you don't know whether you like Louise Fazenda as a downtrodden servant girl or Mae Marsh as Apple-Pie Mary. I don't think that Napoleon was the creator of the remark, "God is on the side of the heaviest artillery." The Roman Tacitus said, "The gods are on the side of the stronger," and in 1770 Voltaire said, "It is said that God is always on the side of the heaviest battalions." The Kaiser says, "Me und Gott," assuming that he is the big gun. These remarks should be contrasted with that of Abe Lincoln when he was asked whether he was sure that God was on "our side." "I don't know," he replied, "but I am very anxious to know whether we are on God's side."

JENNIE C.—Alice Hollister was Stella in "The Knife." She is now in the hospital with appendicitis. Robert Vignola directed it. (Please don't think I refer to appendicitis—I am answering Question No. 3, Who directed "The Knife"?) And thereby hangs the tale.

ELLA VATOR.—Joseph Kaufman died of pneumonia.

PERCY.—You say you are your mother's only son. So wise, so young, they say, do ne'er live long.

HERBERT T., ROCHESTER.—Mae Murray played in Ziegfeld's "Follies" before going on the screen. She was born in Ol' V'ginny, just about 21 years ago. Fantine was played by Sonia Markova in "Les Miserables."

LOTTIE DU V.—Every boy should read "Robinson Crusoe," every girl should read "Alice in Wonderland," and everybody should read "Don Quixote," "Les Miserables," "Vanity Fair" and "David Copperfield."

REGINALD L.—Mary Moore was Genevieve, Jack Ellis was Jim and Jean Sothorn was Joyce in "Miss Deception." You just bet we ought to help the Y. M. C. A. In 1900 the Y. M. C. A. of North America had 359 buildings, valued at \$21,300,000, and in 1916 it had 782 buildings, valued at \$83,300,000. In 1915 alone the association opened 23 new buildings, valued at \$6,000,000, and expected to erect as many more in the coming year. The association's activities have greatly increased in extent and effectiveness since the beginning of the present war.

ESTHER F., ATLANTA.—Arnold Daly was Philip Nolan and the two lieutenants in "My Own United States." Gerald Daly was President Lincoln; Frank Murray was General Grant.

(Continued on page 71)

(Sixty-nine)



## "I Got the Job!"

"I'm to be Manager of my Department starting Monday. The boss said he had been watching all the men. When he found I had been studying at home with the International Correspondence Schools he knew I had the right stuff in me—that I was bound to make good. Now we can move over to that house on Oakland Avenue and you can have a maid and take things easy. I tell you, Nell, taking that course with the I. C. S. was the best thing I ever did."

Spare-time study with the I. C. S. is winning promotions for thousands of men and bringing happiness to thousands of homes all over the world. In offices, shops, stores, mines, mills and on railroads, I.C.S. trained men are stepping up to big jobs, over the heads of older men, past those whose only qualification is long service.

There is a job ahead of you that some man is going to be picked for. The boss can't take chances. When he selects the one to hold it he is going to choose a trained man with sound, practical knowledge of the work. Get busy right now and put yourself in line for that promotion. You can do it in spare time in your own home through the International Correspondence Schools, just as nearly two million men have done in the last twenty-five years, just as more than 100,000 men are doing today.

The first step these men took was to mark and mail this coupon. Make your start the same way—and make it right now.

TEAR OUT HERE  
**INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS**  
BOX 6674, SCRANTON, PA.

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

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> ELECTRICAL ENGINEER            | <input type="checkbox"/> SALESMANSHIP   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting and Railways | <input type="checkbox"/> ADVERTISING  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Wiring                | <input type="checkbox"/> Window Trimmer   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telegraph Engineer             | <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card Writer                                       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telephone Work                 | <input type="checkbox"/> Sign Painter   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MECHANICAL ENGINEER            | <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Trainman                                      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman           | <input type="checkbox"/> ILLUSTRATING   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice          | <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating           | <input type="checkbox"/> BOOKKEEPER   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL ENGINEER                 | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenographer and Typist                                |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping          | <input type="checkbox"/> Cert. Public Accountant                                |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MINE FOREMAN OR ENGINEER       | <input type="checkbox"/> TRAFFIC MANAGER  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Metallurgist or Prospector     | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Accountant                                     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> STATIONARY ENGINEER            | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Marine Engineer                | <input type="checkbox"/> GOOD ENGLISH   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Ship Draftsman                 | <input type="checkbox"/> Teacher  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ARCHITECT                      | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects                                 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder         | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman        | <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL SERVICE  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder               | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk                                     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer            | <input type="checkbox"/> AUTOMOBILE OPERATING                                   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> PLUMBING AND HEATING           | <input type="checkbox"/> Auto Repairing <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Worker             | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation <input type="checkbox"/> on phonograph disk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Textile Overseer or Supt.      | <input type="checkbox"/> AGRICULTURE  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CHEMIST                        | <input type="checkbox"/> Poultry Raising <input type="checkbox"/> French        |

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Present Occupation \_\_\_\_\_  
 Street and No. \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

### THE CLEVEREST BOOK



L. Case Russell

Shakespeare said: "The play's the thing!" Nowadays, an audience of 20,000,000 says: "The plot's the thing!" Fame and fortune await the new profession—the photo-dramatist. \$2,000,000 is paid each year for clever plots, and a strong "plot-maker" is caught up and captured alive. We have retained the services of L. Case Russell, the O. Henry of screen story-writers, to tell how it is done. No lessons, no textbooks, no dry detail—a simple, readable, "inside" story of plot catching is

#### THE PHOTOPLAYWRIGHT'S PRIMER

Nothing but new ideas—the confessions of a big plot-writer told in a way to please and stir you. Mailed on receipt of 50 cts, stamps or coins.

M. P. PUB. CO., 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

**This FREE Shoe Book**  
 is crowded with photographs and descriptions of Ez Wear Shoes for Men, Women and Children. Ez Wear Shoes are sent postpaid, guaranteed to combine comfort, style and quality, to fit perfectly or money back. Amazingly low prices. Send for your copy today.  
 The FO Simon Shoe 1539 BROADWAY BROOKLYN NY

# REALIZE

## YOUR TWO GREATEST DESIRES

Be Beautiful, Prosperous—learn advanced method of Personal Culture. Possess perfect complexion. We teach you—make you an expert in care of Face and Scalp, Facial Massage, Electrolysis, Scalp Treatments, Shampooing, Manicuring, Marcel Waving, etc. Improved Beauty and Business independence assured. \$12.00 to \$25.00 a week positions guaranteed all who qualify. \$18.00 to \$30.00 a week made in your own home. Write for FREE information. MARINELLO CO., Dept. 1, Mallery Bldg., CHICAGO

## BEAUTY-PROSPERITY

**POPULARITY FOLLOWS THE UKULELE**  
 If you play quaint, dreamy Hawaiian music or latest songs on the Ukulele you will be wanted everywhere. We teach by mail 20 simple lessons; give you free a genuine Hawaiian Ukulele, music, everything—no extras. Ask us to send the story of Hawaiian music. You will love it. No obligation—absolutely free.  
 The Hawaiian Institute of Music  
 147-K W. 34th St., New York, N. Y.



An official photograph of the club used to "finish off" wounded Italian soldiers. 32,000 of these were recently captured by the Italians.



## THE DESTRUCTION OF CIVILIZATION

**T**HIS is in grim reality what we are fighting this war to prevent. The club pictured above—from an actual official photograph—might be the weapon of a savage cave man of five thousand years ago. It is in fact the weapon with which the German soldiers finish off the enemy wounded who have fallen on the battlefield. There is only one answer to make to such methods—the defeat of the German armies. America has taken up the sword to give that answer. Our Army is in France to help win this war on the battlefield—that civilization may be safe, that America may be safe.

**YOU CAN HAVE YOUR SHARE IN AMERICA'S ANSWER TO GERMAN SAVAGERY**

The Third Liberty Loan is your opportunity. It is the most direct blow that can be struck at German military supremacy. It is the most powerful aid that can be given our soldiers in France. It means rifles and helmets and gas-masks—the best protection for our men from German brutality. It means big guns and shells and airplanes—and VICTORY.

Invest today in bonds of the Third Liberty Loan, and save the lives of American soldiers.

**SAVE CIVILIZATION, SAVE AMERICA, YOUR OWN FAMILY AND YOUR OWN HOME**

Liberty Loan Committee,  
Second Federal Reserve District,  
120 Broadway, New York City.

# ROTOPRINT GRAVURE CO. INC.

JULIUS HERMAN, PRESIDENT

PRINTERS OF

## Rotogravure

TRADE MARK REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE

263 NINTH AVENUE COR. 26<sup>TH</sup> STREET.  
TELEPHONE 6356 CHELSEA. NEW YORK CITY



Do you like the way this Magazine is printed? It has been produced by new methods and we are printing it. There is nothing finer than **Rotogravure** and we are leaders in this new art.

Compare our rich and velvety pictures with those appearing in other periodicals and note the beauty of every single illustration. The old method of printing cuts was good enough in its way, but the world moves on and the public insist upon constant progress in this industry as well as in others.

The man in charge of your advertising will be neglectful of his duty unless he investigates the merits of Rotoprint quality. He will find that whenever large editions of illustrated printed matter are in contemplation, our prices compare favorably with any other kind of printing.

The quality of our work speaks for itself.

Address all inquiries to:

**ROTOPRINT GRAVURE CO., INC., 263 Ninth Ave., New York City**

## Chats With the Players

(Continued from page 51)

Now comes the parting of the ways. The play was rewritten. Either by accident or design, a low-comedy, soubret part was introduced. In producing "Service for Two" this part and the way it was acted ran away with the story. Miss Kane naturally felt that the star had been left out in the cold. So as soon as the last scene was shot, Gail packed her forty-'leven trunks' and left Santa Barbara. And now American is being sued for \$35,000, as Gail felt that her contract had been violated to that amount by not casting her in suitable rôles. Since then the girl, whose two names are characteristic of her, has retired temporarily, and friends say she should worry, as she is very well blessed with this world's goods, her collection of diamonds alone being worth a king's ransom.

Mary Garden is known to be quite superstitious, and never stages a new rôle without consulting a high-priced astrologer or palmist. While in Paris, Madame Thebes, who predicted the death of President Carnot and the Austrian Empress, as well as the present war, told Miss Garden she would be asked to picturize "Thais" upon her arrival in America. A funny story is going the rounds of the film Rialto about Mary Garden's quick wits and love of betting. Soon after her arrival in this country, she was visited by some intimate friends, and appeared in a wonderful kimono, apologizing for her appearance and saying she had just come from her bath.

One of the men said, daringly: "Why didn't you entertain us while you were in your bath? I'll bet you are afraid to."

Mary Garden answered defiantly, "I'll bet you anything you like that I will entertain you all tomorrow afternoon at tea while I am taking my daily plunge. Come now, what's the bet?"

Of course, they all fell for it, and next day arrived in due course to enjoy Mary's two-dollar-an-ounce tea. Mary was in the bathtub all right, but, alas! the tub was filled to her neck with *milk!* And Miss Garden won enough out of her stakes to buy a new set of furs that she'd had her eye on for a month.

HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR.

### AN HONORED GUEST

"When working in the wilds of the Northwest," says William S. Hart, "I was entertained at dinner by a family who had as a guest Lord Ellston, who was in America for a hunting trip. A child of about five years, named Ethel, heard her father and mother now and then say, 'My lord this,' or 'My lord that,' or 'Will you have some of this, my lord, or some of that?' and was completely awed by the presence of the distinguished foreigner.

"Finally, when the mother was interested in the conversation of another guest, Ethel noticed that milord was gazing interestedly at a dish of relish quite out of his reach. The child thought she saw a chance to please Lord Ellston, and in a clear voice exclaimed:

"'Mamma, God wants some pickles!'"

(Seventy)



## A Last Word to the Queen- and King-Makers

Royal Announcement on Coronation Day, May 15, in the June Classic

Presentation Day on June 15 Brings the First King's or Queen's Portrait

THE Kings and Queens of the Screen Contest continue to march triumphantly on, gathering into its ranks vast armies of recruits under the royal pennants of the various contenders for the thrones of Beauty, Charm and Portrayal. The contest closed on March 20th and the last voting coupon was published in the March CLASSIC. Since announcing the closing date our offices have been literally deluged with a storm of paper, each slip a warrior missile for its favorites. As only back issues of the CLASSIC now contain coupons, we are not announcing results for this month, but are working upon the grand and final tabulation to be announced in the June CLASSIC, published on May 15, when the Queens of Beauty, Charm and Portrayal will be crowned and the Kings of Handsomeness, Charm and Portrayal will grasp the royal scepter. May 15, then, is set for Coronation Day, when, drest in our best anticipation, we are all invited to the royal salon.

A complete list of all the players who received one thousand votes or more will be published, these comprising the ladies-in-waiting and courtiers for the royal gathering.

According to royal custom, Coronation Day will be followed by Presentation Day, set to coincide with the July CLASSIC, published on June 15. On Presentation Day the living, breathing likeness of one of the newly-crowned Queens or Kings will be presented to his or her loyal followers, in the shape of a stunning, hand-painted autographed portrait in natural colors, including a message from the new monarch to his or her subjects dear. Other Presentation Days will follow, month by month, until all the Kings and Queens have received the homage of all their devout followers. There is also a strong probability that we will publish the portraits of the Royal Princes and Princesses, or those who finished second in their respective kingdoms. The complete set of portraits will make a priceless and beautiful group to frame, as the portraits published on Presentation Days represent the labor of love of over 5,000,000 faithful followers, thru ten months of stress during the furious battle of ballots in the Kings and Queens Contest.

And now, having greeted you, loyal subjects, the royal herald retires into the Kings' and Queens' pavilion to consult the court costumer and the court painter and to make the new monarchs ready for Coronation Day.

(Continued from page 69)

HELEN OF TROY.—Olive Thomas was Minnie in "Limousine Life." Shannon Fife wrote "Love Letters." That is, he wrote the scenario. He never wrote the letters.

TEMPLAR.—Yes, I agree with you—it's a peculiar name. The Sidney Drews have gone on the stage. No, Mary McAlister did not come to see me when she was in town, but her mother phoned her regrets. Mary is certainly some little player.

ROSE.—Restrain the mind, and let mildness ever attend the tongue and pen. Louise Lovely was Lou in "Painted Lips."

LILLIAN C., BROOKLYN.—Ruth Roland in "The Price of Folly" (Pathé), with eight chapters of two reels each. H. Cooper Cliffe in "Raffles." H. Cooper Cliffe and Otis Skinner have what I call stage charm, and their elocution is of the best.

GRACE T. B.—Mary Fuller isn't doing anything just now. Constance Talmadge, yes, in "The Shuttle." Conway Tearle in "Stella Maris," opposite Mary Pickford. Yes, she really played both rôles. Catherine Calvert played in "Think It Over" for Sterling.

PEORIA, ILL.—William S. Hart is with Artcraft in California. In your journey thru life always keep in mind this dictum: Courtesy is the password to the house of success. True Boardman and Mildred Harris in "The Doctor and the Woman."

HERMAN T. B.—Germans who came to the United States to make their living and their home, but who did not become citizens here, could have kept their German citizenship by having their names and the names of their children immatriculated in the records of the German consuls officiating in their districts. This had to be done within ten years after leaving Germany. If they did not become citizens of the United States and neglected this immatriculation, they are now men without a country, neither United States nor German citizens. Oh, yes; Tom Moore did play in "Dodging a Million" with Mabel Normand.

MARITTA, BROOKPORT.—Jane Novak played in "The Eyes of the World" (Clune). So you expect to be a great writer some day. Good luck to you, but try to acquire clearness, strength, precision and conciseness. Adopt a style all your own.

MAX T., NEW YORK.—I can see from your letter that you are about as affectionate as Napoleon. Dorothy Dalton was Flare-Up Sal in "Flare-Up Sal."

AMOS T. B.—Well, I'm afraid you will have to step a little livelier when you come to New York. There are a lot of people here, and they are all in a hurry. Stop in and see me when you do come. Franklyn Farnum was Billy in "The Fighting Grin."

DAMA.—J. Gordon Edwards directed "The Forbidden Path." I don't agree, but Disraeli says it destroys one's nerves to be amiable every day to the same human being. That's why he never married. Madge Evans in "Gates of Gladness."

SOCRATES.—As Aunt Eliza says, all good players leave luck while winning. The higher the heap of luck, the greater the risk of a slip, and down comes all. Fortune pays you sometimes for the intensity of her favors by the shortness of their duration. She soon tires of carrying any one long on her shoulders. Alfred Paget is playing for Fox.

SONIA.—My, how cross you are today! All the perfumes of Arabia could not sweeten this little hand. Come, cheer up; it may not be true.

MAY, BUFFALO.—George Bunny is the son of John Bunny. He did play in "The Heart of Romance." Sonia Markova is the girl you refer to in the Fox. The great French Academy of Immortals has forty members, elected for life, after submission of their nomination to the head of the state. It was founded in 1635 by Cardinal Richelieu.

BESSIE.—Sorry you don't get along well with the girls. If you want enemies, excel others; if you want friends, let others excel you.



**Exquisite Individuality**

More than mere enhancement to an already lovely complexion—more than mere beauty to the otherwise unattractive—Carmen Complexion Powder imparts an exquisite individuality as unique, lovely and inspiring as the burst of the Jacqueminot Bud.

**CARMEN**  
COMPLEXION  
**POWDER**

leaves that touch of smartness, with a challenge—withhold your admiration if you can. And one boldly mingles at the evening's close or the early hours of day in sunshine or wind. No fear for beauty's sake. Carmen holds supreme—the choice and secret of that elusive beauty which compels admiration.

Know for yourself what Carmen loveliness really means.

White, Pink, Flesh, Cream  
50c Everywhere

## To Our Readers

The *Motion Picture Classic* guarantees the reliability and integrity of its advertisers. However, should there be any misrepresentation whatever, notify us promptly and either the advertiser or ourselves will refund your money.

M. P. Publishing Company

175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.



## You Have a Beautiful Face BUT YOUR NOSE?

IN this day, and age attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. PERMIT NO ONE TO SEE YOU LOOKING OTHERWISE; it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new nose-shaper "Trados" (Model 24) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct Ill-Shaped Noses without cost if not satisfactory.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist. 1009 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

## BUY U. S. WAR SAVINGS STAMPS HELP WIN THE WAR



### PICTURES PLAY THEIR PART

WHEN evening's shadows are gathering and visiting friends are comparing impressions about the movies, it is pleasant to be able to lead them thru your own

### GALLERY OF 80 FINE PORTRAITS

of the most prominent Players on the SILVER SCREEN.

These portraits are MADE FOR YOU in rich and warm tones, suitable for mounting or framing and measure 4 1/4 x 8 1/4 inches.

#### YOU CANT BUY THESE PICTURES

and can obtain them ONLY by subscribing for MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE or MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and sending 15 cents to cover mailing cost.

#### YOUR FAVORITES ARE HERE

- |                   |                     |                     |                    |                    |                   |
|-------------------|---------------------|---------------------|--------------------|--------------------|-------------------|
| Jackle Saunders   | Lucille Lee Stewart | Mary Pickford       | Dorothy Gish       | Mme. Petrova       | Mary Fuller       |
| Virginia Pearson  | Charles Richman     | Marguerite Clark    | Bessie Barriscale  | Valli Valli        | Mary Miles Minter |
| Kathlyn Williams  | Jewell Hunt         | Pauline Frederick   | Norma Talmadge     | Mrs. Sidney Drew   | Pearl White       |
| King Baggot       | Alice Joyce         | John Barrymore      | Douglas Fairbanks  | Sidney Drew        | Ormi Hawley       |
| Henry B. Walthall | Peggy Hyland        | Owen Moore          | Mae Busch          | Ethel Clayton      | Edwin August      |
| Charles Chaplin   | Alice Brady         | Virginia Norden     | William S. Hart    | Carlisle Blackwell | Kitty Gordon      |
| Beatriz Michelena | Fannie Ward         | Theda Bara          | Louise Glaum       | Mollie King        | Mae Murray        |
| Earle Williams    | Cleo Riggely        | Bessie Epton        | Fay Tincher        | Muriel Ostriche    | Blanche Sweet     |
| Frank Morgan      | Marle Doro          | J. Warren Kerrigan  | Billie Burke       | Jane Grey          | Anita Stewart     |
| Huntley Gordon    | Vivian Martin       | Edna Mayo           | Viola Dana         | Frances Nelson     | Wallace Reid      |
| Anita Stewart     | Dustin Farnum       | Helen Holmes        | May Allison        | Marguerite Courtot |                   |
| Lillian Walker    | Myrtle Stedman      | Clara Kimball Young | Beverly Bayne      | Ruth Roland        |                   |
| Leah Baird        | Lenore Ulrich       | Lillian Gish        | Francis X. Bushman | Annette Kellermann |                   |
| Dorothy Kelly     | Edna Goodrich       | Mabel Normand       | Harold Lockwood    | Fritzi Brunette    |                   |

#### SUBSCRIPTION PRICES

	Magazine	Classic	Magazine and Classic
United States.....	\$2.00	\$2.00	\$3.00
Canada.....	2.30	2.30	3.60
Foreign.....	3.00	3.00	5.00

Fill out coupon and send with remittance. Be sure to add the 15 cents for Mailing Portraits.

### M. P. PUBLISHING CO.

175 Duffield Street

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

M. P. PUBLISHING CO., Brooklyn, N. Y. for which send me a year's subscription to the Motion Picture Magazine and the set of 80 portraits.

Enclosed please find \$.....

Name.....

Address.....

### Alice Herself

(Continued from page 48)

work. "Yes, I shall go back to the stage some day, I think; but I do like pictures and the infinite variety the work affords. Of course, they are a steady, all-the-year-round job, and therefore more lucrative—and we're all mercenary at heart," she said frankly.

"Oh, yes, I've lots of favorite parts. I liked my part especially well in 'The Knife.' You know, it was picturized from the famous Broadway play by that name. And quite recently I did 'Jane Eyre,' produced under the title of 'Woman and Wife.' I loved the part, but am afraid I made 'Jane' fearfully modern. If only," she went on plaintively, "I could be given a chance to try some comedy. I am naturally buoyant and happy, yet I am always cast for melodrama—just why I don't know."

She slipped into a fur-trimmed, rose-colored evening wrap and we went down to the waiting car. As we sped down Broadway, she spoke enthusiastically of her present work. "The picture is called 'Ruthless Russia,' she said, "tho it's hard to say what it will be called by the time it is finished. I am a short-haired musician—a typical Russian type. It's most interesting, and it's wonderful how the present Russian effect in women's clothes helps out. I have had to buy scarcely anything. It was amusing, one day, when a Columbia man, who is helping us with Russian data, said to me, 'Miss Brady, that gown is just right—you could not have made a better selection.' 'I'm so glad you like it,' I said; 'it's my very best street dress.'"

She left me at my door with a friendly good-bye. "Well," I mused, "I see how it is. This independent, up-and-coming and lovely young person is 'Brady's daughter,' with all his indomitable will and energy. And it's this same will and energy that has made and will keep her—'Alice Herself.'"

### REPUDIATED

"Yes, let us 'save the sweets for the soldiers' and everything else we can, and let us economize on our pleasures and put all our money into Liberty Bonds," said Douglas Fairbanks, "but let us not become too well known for our economics as did one fabulously wealthy man.

"He appeared at the gates of heaven and was met by St. Peter and Gabriel, recorder of deeds. St. Peter said:

"What have you done to cause you to think that you should come into heaven?"

"Well," said the applicant, timidly, "I met a crippled child and gave it two cents."

"Um-m," said St. Peter; "that was something. Is that all right, Gabriel?"

"Yes," grudgingly answered Gabriel.

"That is not enough. Anything else?" asked St. Peter.

"Yes. I met a newsboy. He was crying because he was stuck with his evening papers. I bought a paper."

"Um-m," said St. Peter; "that was good. Is that all right, Gabriel?"

"Gabriel answered in the affirmative.

"St. Peter thought an instant, then consulted with Gabriel in low tones. Finally Gabriel closed his records and said impatiently:

"Oh, give him back his three cents and tell him to go to purgatory!"

(Seventy-two)

For style and comfort women now wear

Men's **Faultless** Pajamas

since 1881

"The NIGHTwear of a Nation!"





## The Celluloid Critic

(Continued from page 53)

accomplished. Yet it makes clear the limitations of our screen of today. And "The Blue Bird," minus its spoken imagery, loses most of its whimsical humor and tends towards a mere parade of scenery.

Robin Macdougall and Tula Belle fit the requirements of the children, Tytyl and Mytyl, very nicely.

Why must the movies sugar-coat life? "The Song of Songs," Artcraft's adaptation of Edward Sheldon's version of Sudermann's novel, is an instance in question. As Lily Kardos, Elsie Ferguson gives an admirable performance, not the best she has done for the screen, but marked by her usual splendid restraint and depth. The film traces its version of the story from the moment Lily is forced from home by a drunken mother, thru her marriage as a shopgirl to a wealthy senator, the tragic ending of the match when the husband's jealous housekeeper forces the girl into a compromising situation with a friend, Dick Laird, circumstances thus finally making Lily his mistress. Ultimately she finds real love in a young musician, hearing "the song of songs" in her heart for the first time. But rather than wreck his life, she goes back to Laird.

The late Joseph Kaufman directed Miss Ferguson in this, her fourth screen vehicle. His work is sincere, but does not measure up to Maurice Tourneur's handling of the other three productions.

The sheer beauty of Alice Joyce makes us forgive "The Woman Between Friends." I offer the glimpses of the Joyce in her robes of an art model as the pleasantest optical moments of the month. The photoplay tells the story of two friends, one of whom marries. The wife runs away with the other, the husband never learning the identity of the man in the case. A model, by chance, reveals the name of the false friend, and the other demands that the guilty one commit suicide on the anniversary of the woman's disappearance. The villain attempts suicide, but doesn't die, with which the other man forgives him—and marries the model. Marc MacDermott and Robert Walker play the friends. The story, by Robert W. Chambers, is Chambers at his "Cosmopolitanest." But Miss Joyce is admirably sympathetic and—there's no other way of saying it—darned restful to a tired movie eye.

"The Wooing of Princess Pat" is a Zenda-Graustark effusion built about the cuteisms of Gladys Leslie, who, of course, is the wilful, petulant little ruler. She marries the ruler of the neighboring country of Waravia to save her own land from war, and, altho she doesn't think at first that she loves him, she finds after five reels that she does. Uninspiring plot. Miss Leslie has appeal, but she shouldn't be asked to hold up a feature all alone—yet.

"The Other Man" is mediocre stuff, with Harry Morey and that ultra-blonde, Grace Darmond, featured. Morey plays a physician who hits the toboggan when his wife proves unfaithful. In a cheap boarding-house he comes to love Dorothy Harman, in reality a rich girl living in the slums on a wager, and starts out to make himself worthy of her. He quickly acquires success and whiskers, meets Dorothy in high life, makes love to her and is rejected. Dorothy still loves the man of the old boarding-house. So the physician shaves off his whiskers and wins Dorothy. I can hardly term this sort of stuff life.

"Men Who Have Made Love to Me," presenting the much-discussed Mary MacLane in supposed love episodes from her own life, had a bizarre and really compelling interest to me. It was pleasant to get away from sunset fade-outs and becurled ingénues, even to the torrid MacLane apartment. Miss MacLane, praise be! doesn't try to act, self-consciousness doesn't disturb her and she surely does hold your attention while she reveals her odd knowledge of sex psychology thru her piquant *affaires d'amour*.

Clara Kimball Young's latest, "The Marion-

(Seventy-three)

ettes," adapted from Pierre Wolff's play, is light material, the star playing a little convent-bred girl who is married by her family to a dissolute young nobleman. She becomes a butterfly, of course, and fascinates her errant hubby back into the fold again. Miss Young is better in her more sophisticated moments, while Nigel Barrie, who does the husband, is expressionless. He has, however, the most dramatic spats to be observed anywhere in celluloid drama.

Olga Petrova's second independent production, "The Light Within," is a pleasant little symphony in germs, with anthrax and meningitis microbes frisking thru the heavy rôles. Petrova plays Dr. Laurie Carlisle, doctor of bacteriology, who is married to the brutal Clinton Durand, altho she loves her co-worker, Dr. Leslie. Finally, Leslie volunteers to prove the efficacy of the woman's anthrax cure, has the deadly germs pumped into his system and awaits Laurie's antitoxin. Hubby smashes the test tube of precious serum, incidentally cutting his hand and inoculating himself in a way that escaped us. Wifey manufactures some more serum. Leslie is cured, but Durand expires in agony—and the last reel.

Lumsden Hare is excellent as the heartless husband in this medicated romance, while Thomas Holding is fearfully ministerial as the lover. I suspect that Petrova selected "The Light Within" because it gave her an opportunity to wear striking surgical costumes.

Bessie Love makes the change from the Triangle to the Pathé forces with "The Great Adventure," another story of a country girl who comes to New York, is immediately given the leading rôle in a Broadway show and becomes the rage of the metropolis. Trite is a tame word to apply to such hackneyed effort to pad nothing into five reels. Miss Love is an appealing little person in certain rôles, but "The Great Adventure" gives her a very bad start on the Pathé program.

"Our Little Wife," with Madge Kennedy as another piquant bride, is really in two distinct episodes with a slump in between. Dodo marries Herb, but she insists upon taking her three rejected loves along that they may not pine away. Herb's anguish over the honeymoon, which becomes an excursion, and his efforts to shake the despondent also-rans, form the first episode. Then we flash ahead to the point where Dodo's rejected ones are married and see how an innocent situation mixes up the jealous wives and husbands. A comedy with some amusing moments, despite the arid middle portion. Miss Kennedy improves in "Our Little Wife," but her cast isn't up to the standard of past Goldwyn performances.

"Headin' South," the latest Doug Fairbanks drama, shows a continued trend towards lively melodrama and away from satirical comedy. Doug plays a wild Western bandit who turns out to be a mounted police officer, wins the heart of a fair Spanish señorita, and captures one Spanish Joe, upon whose head is an award of \$5,000. Plenty of pep and punch, with Frank Campau making a bully Spanish Joe.

William S. Hart, minus his pinto pony, plays the reckless leader of a lumber gang in "Blue Blazes Rawden." Blue Blazes kills Ladyfingers Hilyard, the crooked owner of a dance-hall, and takes possession of the place. Then from England comes Mrs. Hilyard, the unsuspecting mother of Ladyfingers, to visit her dear son, little knowing of his past or his death. How Blue Blazes lies to the old woman that her illusions may not be destroyed, and how she takes him into her heart because he was the friend of her departed son, present a situation of supreme irony. "Blue Blazes Rawden" has a strong if dragged-out idea, happily minus all ingénue love-interest. Gertrude Claire is admirable as the aged mother of Ladyfingers, who never comes to know. Hart oversteps his usual restraint and overdoes the anger of his early scenes, when his face convulses and he fairly barks at the camera.



**Freeman's  
FACE POWDER**

The followers of Fashion's dictates prefer Freeman's because of its exquisite quality. Freeman's does not rub off.

Try a box of your favorite tint—  
at any toilet counter—or send 4  
cents in stamps for miniature box.

The Freeman Perfume Co.  
Dept. 104, Cincinnati, Ohio



25c

**The BOBBET**



**NEW EAR PUFFS**

Reproduce the coiffure of a famous actress in one of her late screen pictures. As fetching as bobbed hair. Extra Quality. Full and Rich. Made expressly to match your hair. Send Sample. Price per pair \$3.00. Greys Extra.

**MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED**

Write for our **FREE CATALOG**  
of  
**GUARANTEED HAIR GOODS**  
Transformations, Pompadours, Switches, Wigs, Curls, etc.  
**WIGS AND TOUPEES FOR MEN**  
AT LOWEST IMPORTER'S PRICES

**FRANCES ROBERTS CO.**  
100 Fifth Ave. Dept. 411 New York

**DIAMONDS  
WATCHES**

**ON CREDIT**

**Our Special  
Low Prices**

Our Diamonds are distinctive in beauty and brilliancy. A Genuine Diamond is the best investment into which you can put your money. With stores in leading cities and our extensive Mail Order House, our large purchasing power puts us in position to make prices which are impossible for small concerns to meet.

**The Handsome  
Solid Gold La Vallere**  
No 925, hereshown, is our big leader. Four beautiful perfect cut Genuine Diamonds  
**\$25 TERMS: \$5 Down,  
\$2.50 a Month**

**Send for Free Catalog**  
There are over 2,000 illustrations of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, etc. Whatever you select will be sent, all shipping charges prepaid.  
You see and examine the article right in your own hands.  
If satisfied, pay one-fifth of purchase price and keep it; balance divided into eight equal amounts, payable monthly.  
Our Catalog shows all the new watches—15, 17, 19, 21, 23 Jewels, adjusted. Guaranteed by the factory and further guaranteed by us. Watches that pass railroad inspection as low as \$2.50 a month.  
Every article in our Catalog is specially selected and priced direct to you.

**LOFTIS BROS. & CO.**  
THE NATIONAL CREDIT JEWELERS  
Dept. N616 108 N. State St., Chicago Ill.  
STORES IN LEADING CITIES





# June Motion Picture Classic

*Like a full-blown flower, the June Classic will bloom forth in all its beauty.*

## "Too Many Mary's Make a Mae"

We announced last month that there would be a story about Mae Marsh, by Hazel Simpson Naylor, in the May Classic. We had intended, most certainly, to use it. But wouldn't you have kept Mae's followers waiting another month if, by so doing, you could have obtained specially posed Mae Marsh pictures? You'll be glad you waited when you see Mae, with her family and in her home, in the June Classic.

## "Captain Dick of the U. S. A."

In this charming little story you will learn why Richard Travers forsook the camera at the height of his career, bade good-by to his bride of a short time, his Canadian mother and father, and entered the Officers' Training Camp, from whence he emerged a *captain*. Altho above the draft age, this man, as well as hundreds of other brave chaps, felt and heeded the call of duty, and when you read about Dick Travers in the June Classic you will realize that Filmland is composed of *real* men.

## "An Hour With Fannie Ward"

Roberta Courtland spent a very happy hour with Fannie the other day. The popular star showed Miss Courtland some of her newest gowns, and, between gowns, Miss Courtland obtained a lot of Miss Ward's very interesting history.

We have scooped the best of all the countless number of pictures sent in to us, and are printing the ones we know you are watching for—perhaps we will strike just the one for which you are saving that silver frame. There will be many pages devoted to pictures of such popular players as Charles Ray, Jack Pickford, Wallace Reid and Douglas Fairbanks; also many scenes from coming productions.

**MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC**  
175 DUFFIELD STREET BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Vivian Martin is steadily improving in her screen work. Her Mary 'Gusta in "A Petticoat Pilot," Paramount's adaptation of a Joseph C. Lincoln story, has sincerity and appeal. Mary 'Gusta is a quaint little orphan, who becomes the ward of two old salts, helps them run their village store and eventually marries the youth of her heart. Theodore Roberts, plus a splendid gathering of real alfalfa, gives a masterly portrayal of one of the crusty old guardians.

"The Guilty Man" is adroitly constructed melodrama of the Parisian "Madame X" school, but with an eye on theatric effect rather than on life. The theme deals with the retribution following a weddingless affair. Well acted, particularly by Vivian Reed as the lady-without-a-wedding-ring and by Gloria Hope as her nameless daughter. Excellent direction.

The Triangle average hasn't been well maintained of late. "The Captain of His Soul" is a confused melodrama of a murder, in which the scenario writer and the director lose all sense of proportion.

Cavalrymen clatter thru Fort Lee at \$2.50 a day, while the ever-cheering populace cheers again, in "His Royal Highness," another tale of fanciful principalities. Herein Carlyle Blackwell, late of Harvard, invades Wallarya, masquerades as the prince, reorganizes the country, defeats the attempt of the King of Terresta to make war and wins the hand of the Princess Diana. If I were Harriette Underhill or Kitty Kelly, I would mention that the Blackwell pedal extremities in tight Wallaryan garb must disillusion feminine film fans, even if they didn't shatter Princess Diana's dreams.

In "Whims of Society," an Ethel Clayton World film, the poor "woiking" girl again marries the brutal rich employer's honest and upright son. Papa is about to disinherit his son in a new will, when a discharged foreman blows him up, along with three lawyers. Miss Clayton makes the factory girlie more appealing than she deserves.

"Broken Ties," a June Elvidge-Montagu Love-Arthur Ashley "all star" production, is lurid melodrama plus. Corinne La Force, a half-breed girl, kills her guardian when he is about to reveal the secret of her birth. Every one in the cast is suspected until Corinne stabs herself in the last reel. To like this you must have a brain which enjoys perusing the *Evening Journal's* magazine page.

The super-fluffy-haired Violet Mersereau was presented in "Morgan's Raider," in which we again see the Southern heroine, who loves a Yankee officer, riding thru the Northern lines with the paper upon which depends the fate of the Confederate army.

That near-Fairbanks, Franklyn Farnum, essays the dual rôle of men who look exactly alike—one a timid, studious chap, and the other a prize-fighter—in "The Rough Lover." A heavy, lumbering and pointless comedy with an eugenic cutie, Juanita Hansen, as the chief feminine interest.

"Wild Women," another Universal product, depicts the dream of a cowpuncher who fancies he is shipwrecked on an isle peopled by undulating ukelele girlies. This 5,000-footer has enough story for 500 feet. Built on the idea that a bevy of cuties in cuticle and grass skirts will put it over.

"Jilted Janet," a Margarita Fischer-Mutual vehicle, is a celluloid cream-puff of passable merit. About all we can recall of Edna Goodrich's "Who Loved Him Best?" is that the star films badly.

I can't arouse any particular interest over Edgar Lewis' "The Sign Invisible," in which a young derelict doctor refuses to believe in God until a sign comes in the marvelous cure of a wounded Indian. Mitchell Lewis is the Indian.

We must comment upon Captain Hesser's feature, "The Triumph of Venus," which shows life at old Mt. Olympus to have been just one darned classic dance after another. This was built on the supposition that the mentally callow will stampede box-offices in order to catch flashes of nude nymphs.

(Seventy-four)



**Fannie Ward**  
Famous Photoplay Star  
Recommends  
**Lash-Brow-Ine**

## "Mirrors of the Soul"

EYES—the most important feature of the face should possess charm, beauty and soulful expression. Your eyes may be dark, blue, grey or brown; in all cases, however, the eyes that possess fascinating charm are shaded by long, thick, silky lashes and beautiful, well-shaped eyebrows.

If your eyebrows and lashes are short, thin and uneven, you can greatly assist Nature in improving these defects by simply applying a little

## Lash-Brow-Ine

nightly. This well-known preparation nourishes in a natural manner the eyebrows and lashes, making them long, thick and lustrous, thus giving sparkling expression to the eyes and great added beauty to the face.

Maybell Laboratories, Chicago  
Gentlemen:—  
I can sincerely recommend Lash-Brow-Ine as a splendid preparation for stimulating and promoting the growth of the eyebrows and lashes. I use it regularly with the most satisfying results.  
Sincerely,  
Fannie Ward, Pathe Exchange

Lash-Brow-Ine which has been used successfully by thousands, is guaranteed absolutely harmless. It has passed Professor Allyn's McClure-Westfield Test for purity.

Two Sizes  
50c and \$1

Send price and we will mail you the Lash-Brow-Ine and Maybell Beauty Booklet prepaid under plain cover. Remit by coin, currency, U. S. stamps or money order.

Satisfaction Assured or Price Refunded

**MAYBELL LABORATORIES**  
4008-72 Indiana Avenue  
CHICAGO



## LOOK, MOVIE FANS, HERE ARE THE REAL PORTRAITS!!

YOU admirers of the clever screen stars, just glance through this selected list of the BIG ONES. Wouldn't you like to receive by return mail a dozen portraits, original poses by the Stars and Autographed, your own selection?

Ten Cents Each or a Set of Twelve for One Dollar

Here's the list:

Theda Bara	Olga Petrova
Carlyle Blackwell	Mary Pickford
Beverly Bayne	Bianche Sweet
Francis X. Bushman	Marguerite Snow
Charlie Chaplin	Anita Stewart
Mary Fuller	Norma Talmadge
The Goddess Group	Pearl White
Alice Joyce	Ben F. Wilson
Jack Kerrigan	Earle Williams
Lillian Lorraine	Crane Wilbur
Mary Miles Minter	Lillian Walker
Mabel Normand	Clara K. Young

and 100 others

Check the 12 you'd like, pin a dollar to this advertisement with your name and address written plainly on the margin, and mail TODAY to

S. BRAM, Dept. A-37, 126 W. 46th St., NEW YORK  
If you are not satisfied, we will refund your money.

Send stamp for descriptive list.

## NAIL POLISH THAT LASTS

Soap and water can't take away the brilliant polish from your nails if you use **NAILUX** a nail food, keeps the nails from getting brittle. Just one application a week is necessary to maintain a permanent luster.

INTRODUCTORY OFFER. We will send one 50c. size Nailux (3 months' supply) and our special combination list of guaranteed toilet specialties for 25c. Money refunded if dissatisfied.

B. HERMO CO., 542 E. 63rd St., CHICAGO.





## Dorothy's War Story (Continued from page 46)

are you? You are so vivacious, and Englishwomen are stolid and seem to bear suffering without complaint—one hardly sees their faces change.' I said, 'I'm an American. My name is Dorothy Gish. What is yours?' Why, that woman just threw her arms around my neck and said, 'Thank God, an American! And you're the little star of the movies, too, aren't you?' Well, we talked and comforted each other for several hours, until the shooting was over and we could go to bed.

"That poor woman—I felt so sorry for her! She was afraid to stay in England and afraid to go back to the States. She had been in the *Lusitania* disaster—had jumped overboard because they told her she would be safer that way than attempting to get into a life-boat. She had clung three hours to a deck-chair, wearing a life-preserver. Finally, she was rescued; but she says she never can cross the ocean again—she gets wild with fear when she sees it. She can't go to France, where it is really much safer to remain, because it is impossible to get a permit unless one has special business there."

"But how did you travel about so easily, Miss Gish?" I was determined to get all the news from the front—of the camera!

"Mr. Griffith and his company were guests of the English and French governments. You see, it's this way: Mr. Griffith donates this film for free use in those countries, and all they can make out of it will be theirs for the war or for Red Cross work. For this concession we were allowed to pass in England and France, staying in ruined villages in the latter country. Why, Mr. Griffith was commanded to appear before the Queen Mother—you know, before Queen Alexandra—because she had seen 'Intolerance' and was enraptured over it and wanted to see the man who could direct such a spectacle. Yes, and he spent a day with Lloyd-George and Baron—oh, I forget his name. But, anyway, he was dined by the nobility a number of times."

"Did you appear at Court, too?" I had visions of little girls in court trains, bobbing up and down before the throne of their British Majesties, in that quick, fluttery robin fashion so peculiar to the Gish girls.

Dorothy Gish laughed. "Oh, nothing like that in the Gish family. We worked hard every minute over there, for you may know we were more than anxious to get back to the United States. I would rather face ocean dangers any time than hear air-raids in London."

"Did you buy any clothes in Paris?"

"Very little. You see, we are allowed only sixty pounds of baggage crossing the English Channel, which, by the way, was not a bit like my knowledge of it gained from a New York school geography. It was like a lake when we crossed. We had steamer trunks, with costumes, so

that we could not buy much without exceeding the sixty pounds allowed. But, in Paris, we went every afternoon late to see the models show off costumes, and the shops were always crowded—so many buyers are coming in from Spain and making exportations to that country whenever possible. We enjoyed seeing the mannikins and were desperate not to be able to buy all the dainty things that were exhibited; but when we left England we looked like emigrants, as I told mother. We had gone over so hurriedly that we took only the most necessary duds; but, coming back, we each had bundles, hat-boxes, bags and suitcases, on which we sat at the wharf. We bought lots of things in England. The things that would not fit into our bags we wore—sometimes one coat on top of the other. We were like stuffed sausages, but we were determined to bring some frocks back from abroad. Do you know, mother lost thirty-five pounds, just worrying over our safety while we traveled from place to place? She never really had a peaceful day, for, in France, we heard the fighting close by—we were always near the villages where fighting went on. In Havre, we could hear the guns booming plainly.

"In Havre, the women work as motormen and conductors, but in England very few women work on the street. We saw one driving a postal cart, piled high with bags. She wobbled upon her high seat so that we thought she would land on the paving almost any moment. The Englishwomen are wonderfully brave; they say little, work hard, and make endless sacrifices. The French are more lovable—they are like us Americans, vivacious and pleasure-loving, apt to mingle amusement and joy with their sorrows."

A shadow fell in the open door of the Gish dressing-room. Lillian Gish ran in hurriedly. Seeing me, she apologized for her hasty entrance and greeted me cordially as Dorothy introduced us. Lillian wore the make-up which had seen foreign service. She is far prettier than on the screen, has an ethereal look, is very thoughtful, introspective, yet sociable. She had an overcoat of grayish blue, lined with red; the hood was pulled over her head, throwing an aureole of red silk about her piquant little face.

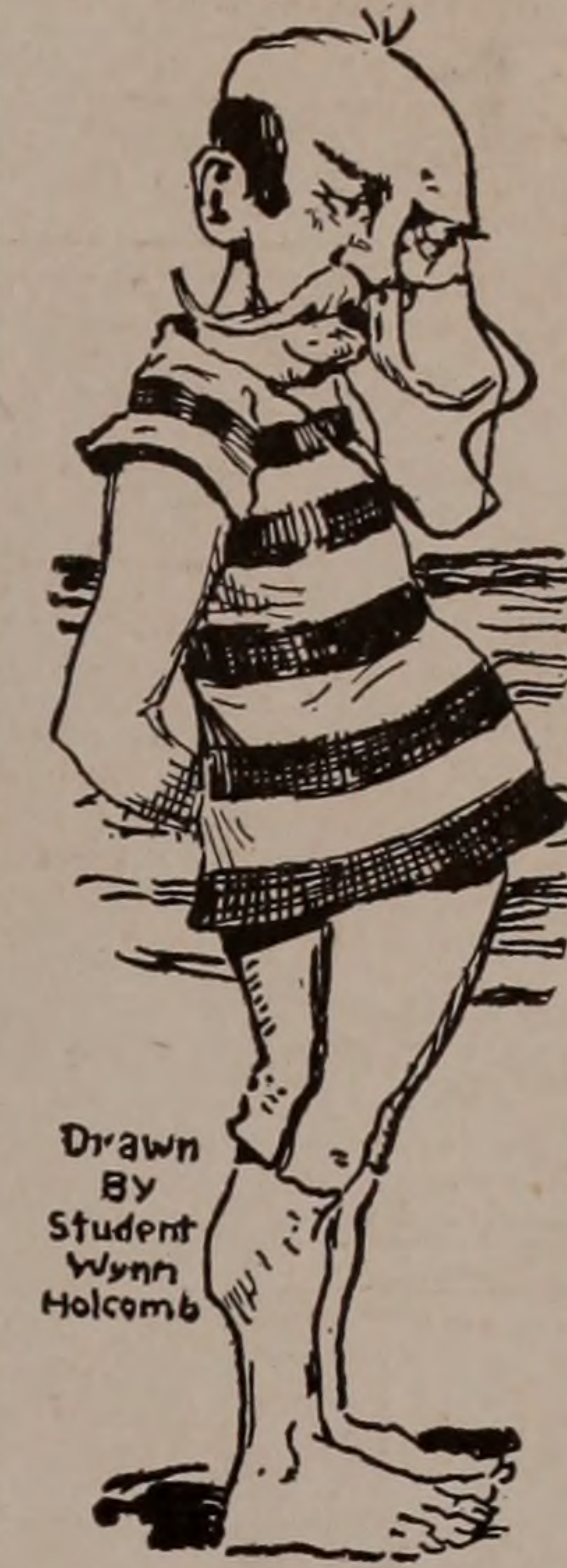
Another shadow—this time Mr. Griffith to call the sisters to work: Lillian, to finish her scene in the big foreign picture; Dorothy, to rehearse her newest rôle on the set just completed.

"We must run now!" shouted the girls in a chorus. "Yes, but you must come and have tea with us in our new dressing-room—we'll phone you as soon as it is in order," added Lillian. "You'd better come as soon as we do phone you," chimed in Dorothy, "for we always have the place in beautiful order the first few days; then when the rush begins it looks like the last days of Pompeii."

(Seventy-five)

## DRAWINGS WANTED

By Magazines, Newspapers, Advertisers



A good picture can tell a story better than 1,000 words! Publishers and advertisers realize this fact, and they are clamoring for artists and offering big prices for pictures. Readers of magazines and newspapers demand that they contain plenty of illustrations, and publishers must supply that demand. There is a crying need all over the country for artists and their work.

## BE AN ARTIST

Learn at home in your spare time how to become a good artist. Illustrators, Cartoonists, Commercial Artists make big money. You can earn \$25 to \$100 a week and more. Learn under personal direction of Will H. Chandlee, famous newspaper, magazine, advertising artist of 30 years' successful experience.

## BOOK and ARTIST'S OUTFIT FREE

Complete outfit free to new students. Write for handsome, new book, "How to Become an Artist." Tells what course includes, shows many drawings made by Director Chandlee and many students. Describes our new method Home Study Course. Write for our free art book and special offer NOW. Mail postal before you turn this page. Address Washington School of Art, Inc., 1145 H Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

**Learn SHOW CARD WRITING**

Fascinating profession pays big money. Opportunities everywhere.

**EARN \$20 TO \$75 A WEEK**

Become an expert in spare time at home. Earn while you learn. **FREE** Complete Show Card Writer's Outfit to new students. Write postal for amazing offer and free booklet.

**Litholia System of Lettering,**  
125 Flatiron Bldg., New York, N. Y.

## OPPORTUNITY MARKET

## PHOTOPLAYWRITERS

**FREE TO WRITERS**—A wonderful little book of money-making hints, suggestions, ideas; the A B C of successful story and play writing. Absolutely Free. Just address Writer's Service, Dept. 4, Auburn, N. Y.

**STORIES AND PHOTOPLAY IDEAS WANTED** by 48 companies; big pay. Details Free to beginners. Producers League, 441, St. Louis, Mo.

**Wanted—Stories, Ideas for Photoplays.** Any form acceptable. "Pointers and model scenario" furnished free. Write today. Paramount Photoplays Co., Box 1402-J5, Los Angeles, Cal.

**Henry Albert Phillips' Books for Photoplaywrights:** "The Photodrama" (\$2.10); "Universal Plot Catalog" (\$1.25); "Plot of the Story" (\$1.25); "Art of Story Narration" (\$1.25). All four books, \$5. Best "How To Do It" books written. Caldron Co., 173 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

**Write Photoplays for Us. Good Pay.** Send for our free book, "Photoplay Writing," which gives full instructions. Midland Motion Picture Co., Box 469, Des Moines, Ia.

**See Here!** We want your ideas for photoplays and stories. Criticized free. Sold on commission. Send for Guide. M. S. Sales Co., Dept. 95-C, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

**Plots, Ideas, Etc.,** arranged in correct photoplay ("Detailed Synopsis") form for writers who desire neat and careful work only. Submit script or write for rates. H. L. Hursh, Dept. 3, 123 S. 3rd St., Harrisburg, Pa.

## HELP WANTED

**Thousands Government War Positions Open** to men and women, 18 or over. \$100 month. Rapid increase. Short hours. Pleasant work. Vacations with pay. Pull unnecessary. Examinations everywhere. Common education sufficient. List positions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. N 78, Rochester, N. Y.

**Foremen, Shopmen and Officemen Wanted** to work spare time as special representative of large, well-known mail-order house, selling watches, diamonds and jewelry on credit. Liberal commissions and exclusive sales rights granted. No investment or deposit required for outfit or samples. Write at once for details. Address S. D. Miller, Dept. 36, Agency Division, Miller Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

**Ladies**—Fascinating home business tinting postcards, photos, pictures, etc., spare time for profit. \$5 on 100; no canvassing; samples 10c (stamps). Particulars free. Artint, 650-E, Station A, Brooklyn, N. Y.

**Five Bright, Capable Ladies** to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. \$75.00 to \$150.00 per month. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 16, Omaha, Neb.

## GAMES AND ENTERTAINMENTS

**Plays, Vaudeville Sketches, Monologues, Dialogues, Speakers, Minstrel Material, Jokes, Recitations, Tableaux, Drills, Entertainments, Make-Up Goods.** Large Catalog Free. T. S. Denison & Co., Dept. 63, Chicago.

## NEWS CORRESPONDENTS

**EARN \$25 WEEKLY,** spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 457 St. Louis, Mo.



# OPPORTUNITY MARKET

(CONTINUED)

## MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

**\$35.00 PROFIT NIGHTLY.** Small capital starts you. Outfits sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Capital Merchandise Company, 511 Franklin Bldg., Chicago.

**\$35.00 PROFIT NIGHTLY.** Small capital starts you. Outfits sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Co., 426 Franklin Bldg., Chicago.

## REAL ESTATE

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

## PHOTOPLAY TEXT BOOKS

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

## AUTHORS' MANUSCRIPT

**STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, ETC.,** are wanted for publication. Good ideas bring big money. Submit MSS. or write Literary Bureau, 134, Hannibal, Mo.

## OLD COINS WANTED

**"Old Money Wanted."** \$2 to \$500 each paid for hundreds of coins dated before 1895. Keep all old money. Send 10c for new illustrated coin value book, size 4x6. You may have coins worth large premiums. Get posted. Clarke Coin Co., Box 155, Le Roy, N. Y.

**OLD COINS**—Large spring coin catalog of coins for sale, free. Catalog quoting prices paid for coins, 10 cents. William Hesslein, B, 101 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

## PATENTS

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

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

**Invent Something. Your Ideas May Bring Wealth.** Send Postal for Free book. Tells what to invent and how to obtain a patent through our credit system. Talbert & Talbert, 4723 Talbert Building, Washington, D. C.

## BUSINESS CHANCES

**DO YOU WANT \$2,000 A YEAR INCOME** without any work, worry or inconvenience? Then investigate our co-operative fig orchard enterprise. \$5 starts you owning a fine Magnolia Fig Orchard and interest in co-operative preserving factory. Best figs grown. Estimated profits from 5 acre orchard \$2,325.00 annually, or more. Demand for Magnolia Figs cannot be supplied on account of the limited area for growing and lack of facilities for preserving fruit for the market. Best investment on earth. Assures you an orchard home in the most fascinating country in the world and an independent income for life. Present offer limited. Our Free book tells all. Send for it Today. Address Gulf Coast Fig Orchards Association, 523, Dept. 46, Merchants Bank Building, Indianapolis, Ind.

**Big Opportunities to Make Money in South** explained in our Magazine. To increase our subscription list will send three months free. Address Union Trust Co., 560 Hoffman Bldg., Houston, Texas.

## SONG WRITERS

**We Revise Your Poems,** arrange melody, copyright in your name, submit to music publishers, phonograph record and music roll manufacturers. Write for free "Manual Guide." Cooke & Malool, Music Publishers, Dept. C, 224 Market Street, Newark, N. J.

**WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG.** We write music and guarantee publisher's acceptance. Submit poems on war, love or any subject. Chester Music Co., 538 So. Dearborn St., Suite 193, Chicago.

**SONG POEMS WANTED**—Big Demand. Writers receive over \$1,000,000 yearly from publishers. Send for National Song, Music and Sales Service Booklet, Brennen, Suite 55, 1431 Broadway, New York.

## MISCELLANEOUS

**ZODIAC HOROSCOPE READING,** showing character, talents, possibilities; invaluable for your life guidance. Send birthdate and one dime for trial reading. E. M. Heath, Dept. 26, Crown Point, Ind.

**VALE ESTELLE.** For Piano. Easy to play. 20 cents a copy. By composer of "Dance of the Wood Nymphs." Send orders to Roy E. Nolte, 111 Hite Ave., Louisville, Ky.

No library is complete without the **MO-TION PICTURE MAGAZINE** and the **CLASSIC.** The world's mirror of the latest and best news of the Theater, Screen, and Stars. Pithy paragraphs about the inside lights of screen and stage, containing corking good short stories by the best writers.

# Behind the Magic Door

## Thumb Notes of Players' Doings—Their Work and Play—Their Exits and Entrances

Westward ho! is the song of picture players nowadays. Fannie Ward, after recovering from a slight illness, has flown to the Coast to do her next Pathéplay, "A Japanese Nightingale."

Bessie Barriscale had a perfectly grand street all finished for one of her productions, when the California rainy season burst all of a sudden and washed it all into a sodden mass.

At the same time Wallace Reid was giving a little "at home," and as his dripping guests entered the Reid domicile they had to be put thru a wringer before they were able to join in the festivities.

"Bill" Hart, the bad man of the screen, has captured Katherine MacDonald to make love to in his forthcoming production, a "sea" story. Bill, having suffered the tortures of the desert so often, will now get water to his heart's content, for most of the scenes will be made out of sight of land.

Having finished his production of "The Bell Boy," Roscoe Arbuckle, fearing he might wear himself away to a shadow, went to San Francisco for a vacation. He no sooner landed, tho, than several on-the-job theater-managers inveigled him into telling the story of his life to their audiences.

Taylor Holmes says the old-time style of press-agent is going out. "The old-timer was about as veracious as Baron Munchausen. I recall one fellow. He had a glib imagination and a weakness for liquor. One day, while somewhat 'influenced,' he sent a story to the papers to the effect that I had once studied for grand opera, and when he sobered up he sent out a yarn that I had always been tone deaf."

William Russell's leading-woman in real life, Charlotte Burton, will be his leading-lady in his next play, called "Hearts and Diamonds," an adaptation of the novel, "Adrienne Gascoyne."

The World Film Co. is paying Irving Cummings to support Kitty Gordon in "Her Great Moment."

The pictures of that beloved bad man of the films, "Broncho Billy," are being reissued by George K. Spoor.

Don Barclay's new Essanay comedy, "All Stuck Up," shows the well-known comedian of the Ziegfeld "Follies." He takes the part of a paper-hanger—"nough said!"

After having vamped all over the United States, Europe, Egypt and part of the Northwest country, Dorothy Dalton is going to shed her vampire habits and come to the rescue of the United States Government in a patriotic story called "The Triple Cross," by Octavus Roy Cohen.

As soon as she is thru honeymooning with Fred Niblo in real life, Enid Bennett will commence "Desert Mating" with Thurston Hall.

Charles Ray, with twenty members of his company, trekked to Truckee, California, to get "snow stuff" for "The Law of the North."

Roscoe Arbuckle has a Jazz band all his own. Buster Keaton strums the ukelele, while Al St. John toots upon the saxophone. "Fatty" himself frolics with a banjo. Alice Lake does the dancing.

Rube Goldberg, famous cartoonist of the New York *Evening Mail*, has invaded the animated cartoon field with a pair of twins called "Mike and Ike, They Look Alike."

Metro believes in coöperation. By entering into agreements with their theatrical managers, three of their stars are now also playing on Broadway, New York. Nazimova is doing Ibsen plays at the Plymouth Theater, Ethel Barrymore is playing in repertoire at the Empire Theater and Emily Stevens is appearing in "The Madonna of the Future" now on tour.

Viola Dana's most recent namesake is a goat, the mascot of one of the gun crews in the United States navy. The sailor who wrote Miss Dana about it ingenuously remarks, "We hope you wont be offended when you learn the mascot is a goat. We gave it the name of a lady, because that is the kind of a goat she is."

Wheeler Oakman is now wearing khaki and undergoing training at Camp Kearny, San Diego, in order to take a part in the world war "over there."

Edith Storey and Viola Dana are going to burn up the Ascot Track in Los Angeles in an auto race. An automobile agency is to supply two racing cars of the same power and equipment for the contest, and each will have a woman mechanic. The Metro stars refuse to divulge the stakes.

Frank Keenan has taken a house in Hollywood directly across the way from Bryant Washburn. They have recently been busy hunting a house for Bessie Love in the same neighborhood, and they plan to invoke the aid of the town council in changing the name of the thoroughfare to "Pathé Promenade."

Director Hobart Henley is at work on his second Mae Marsh picture, "When Carey Came to Town," from the well-known book by Edith Barnard Delano.

Tsuru Aoki, in private life Mrs. Sessue Hayakawa, entertained recently at the Kinema Red Cross Tea-room, Los Angeles, attired in the raiment of her native land.

Billy Mason, while driving in a scene for a Christie comedy, and while doing nothing more exciting than shifting gears, broke two ribs and is unable to work for the time being.

"'Hand-Picked' Cast to Appear in Support of Madame Petrova in 'The Life Mask,'" is a headline we like immensely, but who's the picker?

June Elvidge is acting as a commissionaire for a number of French soldiers occupying a trench sector near St. Mihiel, selling metal flowers for them made from shell fragments. The sums Miss Elvidge realizes from these go to purchase comforts for their wives and children.

Next to changing titles, the favorite sport of Moving Picture producers seems to be changing release dates.

While skating at a New York rink, Marjorie Rambeau recently fell and suffered a compound fracture of her right-hand underpinning.

The two busy bees, Francis X. and Beverly, are beginning "Breaking Into Eden," an ambitious little job.



MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

Viola Dana has already planted her California garden. She confidently expects a big crop, for she planted her potatoes and onions so close together that the onions will make the potatoes' eyes water, thus doing away with danger from draught.

Bert Lytell is the newest star to be added to the Metro constellation. He played in Herbert Brenon's "Lone Wolf."

During Norma Talmadge's recent trip to Palm Beach she tried her good luck at the roulette-wheel in the Casino, and, with the good fortune that invariably follows her lead, all but broke the bank.

Travers Vale, the veteran director, signalizes the renewal of his contract with World with Montagu Love and Barbara Castleton in "The Swami." The locale of this new picture is India, the land where ancient and modern history meet face to face.

Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks is developing into a billiard champion, since she nearly beat her husband in a recent game. The latter is an expert and would make any champion look like a discouraged salesman.

Mary Pickford says that riding in the side-car of a motorcycle contains more thrills to the linear foot than any other sport. No, Mary doesn't indulge as a regular thing, only for screenic purposes in "Amarilly of Clothes-line Alley."

Hugh Thompson has been engaged to play leading-man to Doris Kenyon in her first De Luxe Pictures release, "The Street of Seven Stars."

Theodore Roberts would shave off his whiskers if he could, but they wont let him. He has to wear the hirsute adornment in "M'liss," Mary Pickford's new Arcraft picture.

In Wallace Reid's forthcoming Paramount picture, "The House of Silence," there are a number of scenes at a Red Cross Bazaar. When Director Crisp started to rehearse him, Wally raised his hands in protest and said it was unnecessary, as he had had enough practice from his Eastern trip. "I know exactly what to do," said Wally; "spend all my money and get out." The star promptly emptied his pockets and headed for his dressing-room. Crisp, calling him back, declared that no vacation had yet been declared.

J. Stuart Blackton, who is in the West making Paramount pictures, has decided never to return East to produce for the screen. Commodore Blackton has been joined in California by his family.

A Star That Doesn't Shine in the Dark

Crane Wilbur, at a recent Elks' Benefit held in Santa Monica, was called upon for a reading. He went triumphantly thru Robert W. Serviss' "The Odyssey of 'Erbert 'Iggins," from "The Rhymes of a Red Cross Man." That is, Mr. Wilbur's triumph was complete until he neared the concluding lines:

"It's my silly old feet wot are slippin',  
It's as dark as a 'ogs'ead o' sin."

Not for all the fame, fortune and Motion Picture contracts that could have been laid at his feet could Mr. Wilbur remember the word "ogs'ead." Afterward he stated that he knew it was something that meant absolute darkness. But at the time the only thought that came to him in regard to the hero of the poem was that he had "reached his destination safely." So he nonchalantly informed his audience, "Oh, well, he got there all right, anyhow!"

And the Elk assemblage laughed its loudest and applauded its hardest.

(Seventy-seven)

The Tiger Man

(Continued from page 26)

laughed at it—but it's—so. I'm sorry—but it's—so. But if I—took you—I couldn't forget neither. I couldn't take you, shrinkin'. I couldn't—lay hands on a saint."

He took her back on his horse, and as he gave her into the trembling, joyous clasp of the Reverend Luke she smiled up at him. "You are good," she said, softly, gratefully; "I knew it. And I will . . . I will pray for you."

Two weeks later, as Sheriff Sandy Martin and his deputies were sitting in the sheriff's "office" glooming over the slender chance the sheriff had for reelection, owing, chiefly, to his slip-up on the Tiger Man, that desperado himself suddenly appeared in the doorway and covered them.

"Hands up!" he said, coldly.

All hands shot up. The various facial expressions of consternation and bewilderment would have made a fortune for a film magnate.

"Mister Sheriff," then said Hawk Parsons, "you'd like almighty well to coop me up—isn't that about right?"

"Straight," agreed the sheriff, rather quaveringly.

"Then," said Hawk Parsons, "you can do a little trick for me, and if you do it and do it straight I'll come back and hand myself over. You can lock me up for keeps, and—you'll be sheriff of Cactus County again. How are you on it?"

"Shoot!" said the sheriff.

"There's a sky-pilot here name of Luke Ingram," said Hawk, "who has been puttin' up, near as I can make out, a pretty stiff fight for some services on Sunday. The gamblers in this hell-hole are against him—nat'rally. It aint clear to me yet if you are against the gamblers—or with them. I'm goin' to find it out—and find it out now. You and your white friends here are the logical ones to see that the little pard of the Almighty gets away with his prayer-fests. He wants 'em. His wife wants 'em. So do I. You see that he gets 'em—and I see that you get—me? Are you on?"

"What's your game, Hawk?"

"That aint a part of the contract, pard," and Hawk Parsons narrowed his evil eyes, in whose narrow depths, while he was speaking, a light unbelievably soft had been showing; "that's mine—the REASON. Shoot!"

"I'm on," said Sandy Martin.

"World without end, amen," said the Reverend Luke Ingram, and raised his saintly face to heaven.

"Amen," repeated Ruth, and smiled to see the awed faces in the crowd before them.

"Hell—without — end — amen," whispered Hawk Parsons, locked, double-locked and guarded in his prison cell. And his huge chest rose and fell.



**PAY \$100 to \$150 MONTH**  
U. S. GOVERNMENT WANTS  
Railway Mail Clerks—City Mail Carriers—Postoffice Clerks—Clerks at Washington, D. C.  
**THOUSANDS MEN AND WOMEN WANTED**  
Common education sufficient. Send coupon immediately. We coach candidates free.

**FRANKLIN INSTITUTE**  
Dept. N123, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

This coupon, filled out as directed, entitles the sender to (1) free sample examination questions; (2) a free copy of our book, "Government Positions and How to Get Them;" (3) free list of positions now open; and (4) to consideration for Free Coaching for the examination here checked.

**COUPON**

.. Railway Mail Clerk	[\$900 to \$1800]	.. Customs Positions	[\$800 to \$1500]
.. Postoffice Clerk	[\$800 to \$1200]	.. Internal Revenue	[\$700 to \$1800]
.. Postoffice Carrier	[\$800 to \$1200]	.. Stenographer	[\$1100 to \$1500]
.. Rural Mail Carrier	[\$500 to \$1200]	.. Clerk in the Department	at Washington [\$1100 to \$1500]
.. Bookkeeper	[\$900 to \$1800]		

Name.....  
Address..... N. Y. C.

Use this before you lose it. Write plainly

Who will write the  
**SONG-HIT OF THE WAR?**

With this country entering its second year in the "World War" it is doubtful if the song which will be known as the "Hit of the War" has as yet made its appearance. While it is true that such War Songs as "Over There" and "Liberty Bell" have made some impression, have Our Boys adopted another "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," which has been the great favorite with the "English Tommies"? Inasmuch as several Commanders of our training cantonments have requested boys in the service to write such a song it appears to be still wanting.

Have you an idea which you think might be used as the subject for a Patriotic or War Song? If so, you may secure some valuable information and assistance by writing for a Free Copy of our new booklet entitled "SONG WRITERS' MANUAL AND GUIDE." We revise song-poems, compose and arrange music, secure copyright and facilitate free publication or outright sale. Poems submitted examined FREE.

KNICKERBOCKER STUDIOS, 75 GAIETY BLDG., N. Y. C.

**Don't Wear a Truss**

**Brooks' Appliance, the modern scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that relieves rupture, will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads.**

**Brooks' Rupture Appliance**

Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Protected by U. S. patents. Catalog and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address today.

C. E. BROOKS, 297-A State St., Marshall, Mich.

**RIDER AGENTS WANTED**

Everywhere to ride and exhibit the new Ranger "Motorbike" completely equipped with electric light and horn, carrier, stand, tool tank, coaster-brake, mud guards and anti-skid tires. Choice of 44 other styles, colors and sizes in the famous "Ranger" line of bicycles, all at Factory-to-Rider prices.

**DELIVERED FREE** on approval and 30 DAYS TRIAL. Send for big free catalog and particulars of our Thirty Days Free Trial offer and marvelous offers and terms.

**TIRES** Lamps, Horns, Wheels, Sundries, and repair parts and supplies for all bicycles—at half usual prices.

**SEND NO MONEY** but tell us exactly what you need. Do not buy until you get our Factory-Direct-to-Rider prices, terms and the big FREE catalog.

**MEAD CYCLE COMPANY**  
DEPT. P-120 CHICAGO, U.S.A.

**HELP WIN THE WAR!**  
Buy U. S. War Savings Stamps



# President Jake and Manager Sam

By F. M. WILTERMOOD

(From Jacob Loud, President of The Gilt Edge Film Co., of New York, to his Studio Manager, Samuel Seeley, at Los Angeles)

NEW YORK, June 21.—Dear Sam: Well A Woman's Soul got here today and we run it off and say Sam I am writing this in long hand so that no stenographer here can see how I feel about my own personal opinion is that for a five reeler the picture is rotten but maybe I can market it to the state rights guys somehow. I'll try to get a dollar a foot for it but Sam I should think you could put more kick into these features. Now Sam do the best you can and I should ask you to fire that mutt of a heavy Dean for he always mugs and looks like an amateur stiff all the time and Sam you should not get sore at me now for what I have done as I have worked hard to boost you as general manager of our west coast studios and now Sam I have had to borrow another five thousand from old man Egglestine to keep our business going and I have pledged myself to make a face card out of his only daughter Sadie. She is not much of a good looker but do the best you can Sam and make a star out of her or break her neck and so she and her maid will leave here for Los Angeles tomorrow and will make a stopover at San Francisco as Sadie is to do some confidential mining stock business there for her father. Now Sam I have given Sadie a personal letter to you and so kid her



SADIE EGGLESTINE

along the best you can for her father has more money than Carter has pills. Sadie should have a script written especially for her so have Miss Clark dope out a 3 reeler that will make a mad-cap type out of Sadie and lives by the seashore and have Sadie doing water stuff for she says she can swim like a shark. Now Sam her father made me promise to keep her real identity a secret from the press and magazines and so I have doped out this name for her



PRESIDENT JAKE

of Gertrude Gold and so be careful not to let anybody get wise to who she really is as her father says it might ruin his wall street business if people found out he was financing a film plant. Now Sam do the best you can with this girl Sadie and ship me some stills of her on location after she gets camera broke a few days. Have Bert Earle direct her easy and tell him a stall about she is a girl under which we are under obligations for many favors from her relations. She dont know grease paint from cheese so have some actress make her up a few times till she learns how. Well Sam do the best you can.

Yours truly, JAKE.

(A New York Newspaper Society Note)

Miss Sadie Egglestine, the accomplished and beautiful daughter of Henry Egglestine, Wall Street banker, will depart tomorrow on a sightseeing trip to the Pacific Coast, and will visit San Francisco, Los Angeles, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado and other points. She will be accompanied by a maid and expects to be away from her Riverside Avenue home for several months. The recent report that she was betrothed to Jack Bracken, son of the financier, Ezekiel Bracken, has been denied by both families.

(From Manager Sam to President Jake)

LOS ANGELES, July 1.—Dear Jake: Well Jake that Egglestine girl got here today and she certainly needs some training for she sure is no prize beauty. She showed up about 10 this morning and if she did not have your personal letter of introduction I would never believe she was Egglestines girl. She said her maid got sick in Frisco and she left her in a sanatorium, also her 2 wardrobe trunks got shipped off by the railroad company in the wrong direction and she is still waiting for them to show up. Miss Clark has fixed up a first class 3 reeler for her about a fisher maiden that lives near a rockycliff and the Egglestine girl sure will

have to go some in leaping off rocks and swimming. I eased the skids under that mutt of a heavy Dean and I give the job to Herb Thomas who I believe is a comer in the heavy stuff. I am sorry you do not like A Womans Soul but Jake you know I had to make that film at about 40 cents a foot which is going some in economy believe me. Bert Earle and the Egglestine girl with the rest of his company will pull out tomorrow early for



MANAGER SAM

the rocky ocean point five miles south of Redondo and Earle says he will put Gertrude Gold thru some sensational water stuff at high tide on the rocks and high cliffs. Well Jake I will now close and



"WHERE IS SADIE?" HE YELLED

(Seventy-eight)



MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

remember that I am making film as cheap as feature stuff can be made by anybody.  
Yours truly,  
SAM.

(From the film news column of the Los Angeles Sun)

Miss Gertrude Gold, a handsome young actress identified for several years with leading Eastern dramatic companies, arrived in the city yesterday from New York and will be starred in a series of feature dramas at the Gilt Edge studios in Hollywood. Miss Gold formerly was a notable member of the Newport society set and is famed for her prowess as a swimmer, equestrienne and dancer.

(From President Jake to Manager Sam)

NEW YORK, July 6.—Dear Sam: Well Sam I got your letter today and am pleased that you should get to work so quick on a picture with that Egglestine girl for her father was in to see me this morning and his doctor has ordered him to quit business for a while and take an outing trip and so Sam he is going to Los Angeles and said he dont want Sadie to know he is coming so as to give her a surprise. Now Sam keep this stuff a secret between us and dont let on to Egglestine when he arrives that I have put you wise but have the studios running full blast and have some nice stills of Sadie to show him. Now Sam do the best you can in making good with Egglestine for I have not been able to sell A Woman's Soul yet and maybe we will lose that money and have to borrow much more cash from Egglestine. So do the best you can in making a big show before Egglestine when he arrives at our studios. He is leaving here tomorrow and so you wont have much time on this so get busy.

Yours in haste,  
JAKE.

(From Manager Sam to President Jake)

LOS ANGELES, July 13.—Dear Jake: Egglestine got here today and the girl we have been starring up all the time in front of the camera is not Sadie at all for she has gone to Japan and there has been such an excitement here today that I am hardly myself but I will try to tell you all about how she imposed on us. Well when Egglestine showed up at the studios about noon he came into my office and introduced himself and asked where Sadie was and I told him she was working on location below Redondo. He asked if I would take him in my car down there and so we left the studios him and I alone. When we arrived at the ocean rocks such a sight met our eyes for as we stood on the rocks the girl star had to leap into the waves and save the leading man McDonald from drowning sure enough for he had been flung against a rock by a big wave and made insensible. That was not in the drama

(Seventy-nine)

but the camera-man kept on grinding and we got it all and such sensational stuff will make the greatest feature in years. At last the girl was brought ashore and then Egglestine come down to the shore to meet his daughter but when he saw the girl he said why thats only Sadie's maid and he yelled where is Sadie. As soon as the girl saw Egglestine she trembled and beat it down the beach to make a getaway but he says there is something wrong here and told me to find it out. So I ran down the beach and caught the girl and brought her back to Egglestine and she cried and confessed everything that Sadie had met that rich young fellow Jack Bracken the bankers son in Frisco and they had got married and left on a liner for Japan and that for a joke Sadie had given the letter of introduction to the girl and told her to go to Los Angeles and take her place at our studios. The girl's name is Lutie Ryan and she is a wonder as a swimmer for she was born and raised on the East Side of New York and she says she used to dress in boys clothes and go in swimming off the docks before she became a lady's-maid to Sadie. Egglestine was all broke up over the way Sadie had deceived him by eloping but when we got back to the studios there was a letter there from Sadie to him and she told him all about how she had married Bracken in spite of his opposition. Now Jake we lose nothing for the picture is certainly one of the greatest features ever made with water stuff and if that girl Lutie was not a crackerjack swimmer our leading man McDonald would have died in the ocean. We will change the story to make the stuff all fit in about how the fisher girl saves her sweetheart from drowning in the waves near the rocks. Lutie begged me not to have her arrested for the trick she played on us by making me believe she was Sadie herself but I told her to forget it as she would be hired in our regular stock. And Jake tonight we had a print made of the scenes we took today and that girl Lutie and her stunts is simply grand. Egglestine has gone to Frisco to look up all the marriage records of Sadie and Jack so he will have his mind at rest that everything is O.K. Well Jake I will ship you the picture by express the first thing in the morning and if this does not prove to be the greatest feature in years why then I am badly fooled. I will start another water stuff feature with Lutie right away and she likes the name of Gertrude Gold as her film name and so lets use it. Now Jake I am going to have some swell straight pictures of Lutie taken and I need a young feller to write all sorts of foolish stories about her. Also I got to get her a lot of flash jewelry and clothes. Well Jake I have done the best I could in all this mixup and so let us be glad we got a big feature which is sure to set the fans wild.

Yours to the finish,  
SAM.



80 to 100 Words a Minute  
Guaranteed!

Learn at Home  
10 Easy Lessons

A wonderful new method of acquiring skill on the typewriter has been discovered. Almost overnight it has revolutionized the whole typewriting situation.

Already thousands of stenographers and other typewriter users who never exceeded thirty to forty words a minute, are writing 80 to 100 words with half the effort and with infinitely greater accuracy than they ever could before, and their salaries have been increased in proportion.

NOTHING ELSE LIKE IT

Don't confuse this new way of typewriting with any system of the past. There has never been anything like it before. It is as different from the old touch system as day is from night. Special Gymnastic Finger-Training Exercises bring results in days that ordinary methods will not produce in months. It is the greatest step in typewriting since the typewriter itself was invented—already its success has become world-wide.

DOUBLES AND TREBLES  
SALARIES

Among the thousands of operators who have taken up this system are hundreds of graduates of business colleges and special typewriting courses—many were so-called touch writers—yet there has hardly been a single one who hasn't doubled or trebled his or her speed and accuracy, and the salaries have been increased from \$8 to \$15 a week (their former pay) to \$25, \$30 and even \$40 weekly. And the new way is amazingly easy for anyone—there are only 10 lessons and they can be quickly learned at home.

VALUABLE BOOK FREE

We cannot describe here the Course in detail. But we have prepared a book which tells all about it and which is free to those interested. It is a big 32-page book, brimful of eye-opening ideas and valuable information. It explains how this unique method will quickly make your fingers strong and dexterous, 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. It also describes a new kind of typewriter practice which makes the keyboard as familiar to you and as easy to remember as a pencil! The New Way Course also includes a complete Library of Business Practice for Stenographers.

Business concerns and the U. S. Government are calling for high-grade stenographers and typists. Salaries are higher than ever to those who can qualify for the top-grade positions. Now is the time to prepare yourself for advancement. If you are ambitious to get ahead—if you want to make your work easier—if you want to put more money in your pay envelope—get this book at once. It will be a revelation to you as to the speed and salary that are possible to typists. Mail a postal or letter to-day—Now. Address

THE TULLOSS SCHOOL

1942 College Hill, Springfield, Ohio

The Tulloss School  
1942 College Hill, Springfield, Ohio

Gentlemen—Please send me your free catalog about the New Way in Typewriting. This incurs no obligation on my part.

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State.....

NOTE—If you are interested also in New Way Short-hand, write "yes" here.....



## The Latest Film Gossip from Los Angeles (Continued from page 44)

Flowers at her belt, flowers over one shoulder, other shoulder bare, and a big breeze blowing her golden bob-curls, Miss Mitchell looked to me more like the impersonation of midsummer. Rhea is leading-lady to Bryant Washburn and thinks that the Paralta plant is "perfectly lovely" and that the new dressing-rooms will be "magnolious." In her old dressing-room she looked entirely comfortable as she stretched her hands over the oil-stove while I pivoted her around, searching for those elusive sorority pins. I happened to see an almost finished sweater on the window-seat and asked inquisitively, "Why such thick yarn?" She reparteed quickly, "Because such cold soldiers!"

As I passed Lois Wilson's door, she peeped out to say "Buenos dias!" Her little sister was over for a visit, and she looks enough like Miss Wilson to make one feel sure she'll win a beauty contest when she's out of school and enters the same vocation as that pretty little star. The lovely part of Lois Wilson is that she is so naive, unspoiled and a real home girl. I asked her what she considered her greatest achievement, and Lois looked surprised as she answered bashfully, "Oh, that is yet to come, you know!" Every afternoon the little sister and chauffeur drive over for Lois, and the girls spend every spare moment knitting. Miss Wilson cares nothing for society life and thinks her mother is the best pal in the world.

George Stone saw the choir-boys, in full regalia, emerging from the side-door of our Pro-Cathedral recently and asked his mother whether they were all going for a hair-cut. This cassock and cotta garb is a new one on George, and he doubtless considers it quite "barber-us!"

Nell Shipman opines that one may appraise an actress's salary by the number of valuable dawgs she feeds, and, with license fees at three dollars a year in Los Angeles, they do diminish the family income somewhat. She is starting the guessing game by annexing an expensive French bull, the sort one expects to use for a paper-weight. Why she named him *Mickey* is beyond me, for it would seem as if Napoleon might be more suitable to his nationality and love for the bony part—of a dinner.

Richard Bret Harte has returned to Paralta Scenario Department, Mr. Kidd is again doing plays and has forsaken the publicity room, and Paul Dowling, whose stories we've all enjoyed in the Magazine, and who forsook free-lancing to join the Lasky forces, is now hustling his offices into shape and unearthing the deep secrets of Pathé and Paralta stars. Mr. Dowling has enlisted in the Naval Reserve, however, and may be called out soon, so he is working overtime on news items and studio stiffs.

Baby Mary McAlister got off a good story the other day. She had been taken to visit relatives on a ranch, where there is a particularly good artesian well. The house-grounds are fenced in and a pump invites thirsty wayfarers to partake from the gourd which hangs at its side. For years strangers have enjoyed the cold draught, but Mary's auntie was horror-stricken at the idea of germs lurking in the cup, took the vessel inside to scour it, delivered a dissertation on germs in general, and declared that there would be no more free drinks in that front yard. A few hours later Mary returned to the living-room and said a man had insisted on coming in and taking a drink from the sterilized gourd, that she had told him he must not touch it because he would leave germs behind, and that he had not paid any attention to her, but drank quite a lot of desert nectar while she scolded hard. Auntie said, "Well, what did he say to you, dearie?"

Mary struck a dramatic pose and recited tragically, "He said to me—he said, 'Ridiklious midget!'"

What greater insult could be offered a star of the silent?

Let me tip you off, ye hopeful aspirants. The movement on foot to do away with stock companies is assuming alarming proportions, and yet it does seem the wisest method of economizing and procuring the greatest variety for lovers of photoplays. It is almost impossible to get even extra work for a day now at any studio, for types are all well established and recognized players remain at home and emerge only at a telephone call, instead of wasting hours on benches at the lot. It will be the general policy to engage leads and perhaps a character man and woman on contract, and all others will be chosen with especial care in order to obtain good ensemble playing.

I asked Lois Weber who was in her company now, and she smiled at me with "Mildred Harris is really my 'company,' and we carry no stock, but engage a new lead to play opposite her each time and select all the others to dovetail around her personality and the play's demands."

The new scheme is much better for experienced players, who will now feel it worth while to live in Los Angeles permanently and be sure of receiving all the extra work that is given out. There is sufficient work here, but it has been farmed out so often to newcomers that residents have failed to make sufficient income. The saving of time to the player and of temper to the director, who is annoyed with "would-be's who cant be," appeals to the film corporations.

Chaplin bought his latest suit at the Salvation Army headquarters, for he wanted something quite ultra for a new comedy. This raiment was built when Los Angeles was a pup.



## To an Actress

By CHARLES DIVINE



Flicker, flicker, little star,  
On the evanescent screen;  
You are near, and yet so far,  
Flicker, flicker, little star.  
How I wonder if you are  
Thirty-five or seventeen!  
Flicker, flicker, little star,  
On the evanescent screen.



## 'Are You an Actress?' They Cried

Texas Guinan, who recently joined the Triangle Players at the Culver City studio, was speeding to location with her director, E. Mason Hopper, the other day, when two urchins halted the car on the state highway and requested a ride. Miss Guinan and Hopper picked up the youngsters and continued on their way until one of the boys noticed the grease-paint on Miss Guinan's face and startled her with a yell of dismay.

"Are you a movie woman?" he cried. "Are you a regular actress?"

"The jury is still out," replied Miss Guinan, rather disturbed. "I am working at the trade, and they pay me, so I guess they think I may be."

"Well, if you are, let us out right away," demanded the youth, "because our mother told us if we ever had anything to do with these actresses around here she'd lick us good."

After considerable discussion of an argumentative nature, Miss Guinan at length established an alibi for herself and the party continued merrily on its way.





## Restore Your Hair To Its Youthful Shade

To restore does not mean to dye. Many women will not use hair dyes because they know it deceives no one. Q-BAN HAIR COLOR RESTORER, however, is quite different. No one need hesitate to use it because it actually restores the lost color, giving the hair its original color and youthful lustre.

If your hair is streaked with gray or faded, it can positively be RESTORED by the use of

**Q-ban**  
TRADE MARK

HAIR COLOR RESTORER

(Guaranteed)

The change will take place gradually and evenly and the result will delight you. No color to wash or rub off or to stain the scalp.

Does not interfere with shampooing or waving the hair. Easily applied at home by simply brushing or combing through the hair.

Sold by good druggists everywhere on Money-Back Guarantee.  
Price 75c.

**Q-ban Hair Tonic**  
50c and \$1.00

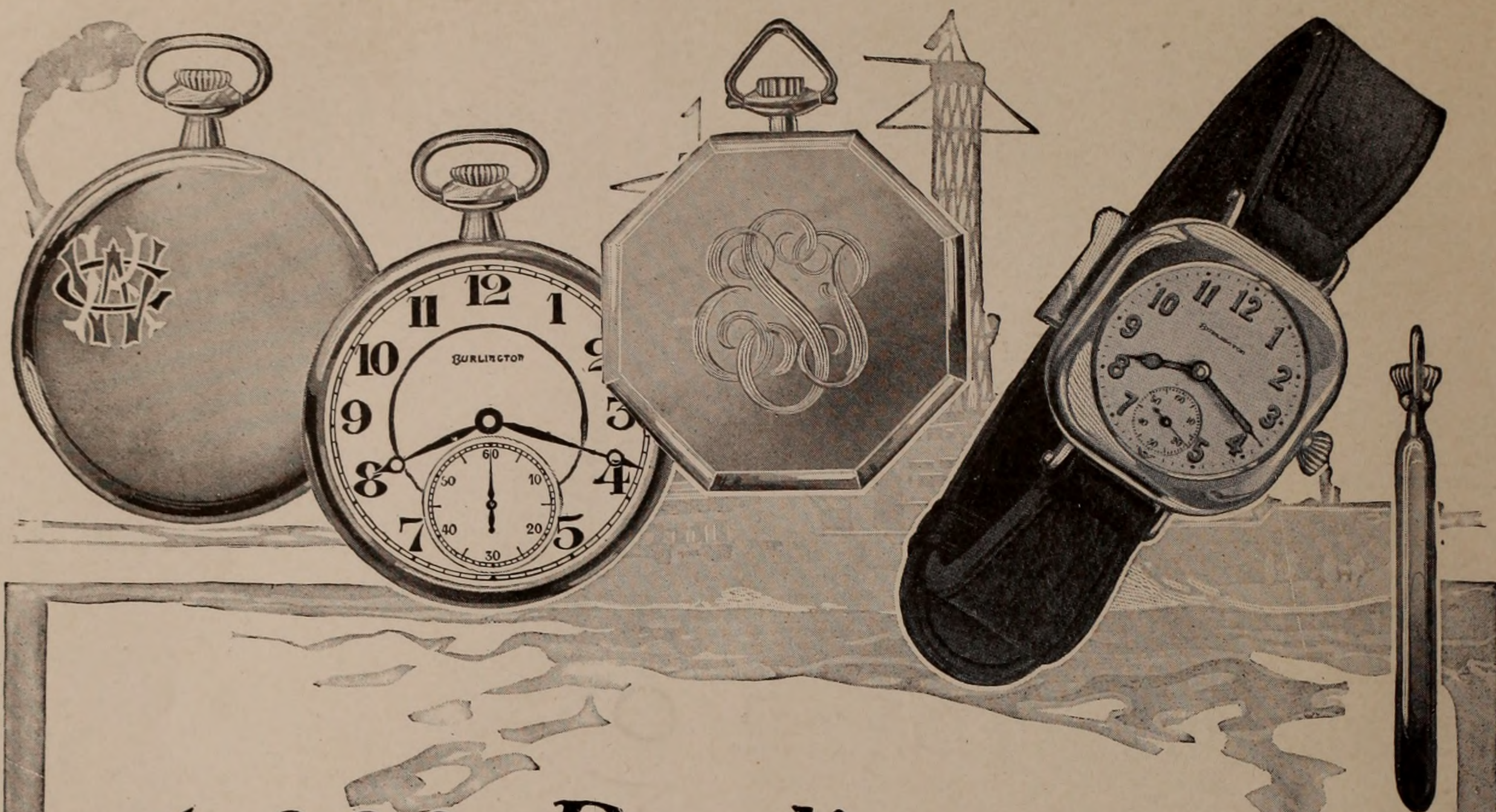
is an antiseptic, hygienic hair dressing. Should be used daily by children and adults. Removes dandruff, keeps the hair soft and promotes its growth. Ensures a healthy scalp. Milady's toilet not complete without this delightful dressing.

Your druggist also carries Q-BAN LIQUID SHAMPOO, Q-BAN TOILET SOAP and Q-BAN ODORLESS DEPILATORY.

HESSIG-ELLIS DRUG COMPANY  
MEMPHIS TENNESSEE







# 6,003 Burlingtons in the U. S. Navy—

A WATCH has to be made of sturdy stuff in order to "make good" on a man-of-war. The constant vibration, the extreme heat in the boiler rooms, the cold salt air and the change of climate from the Arctic to the Tropical are the most severe tests on a watch. If a watch will stand up and give active service aboard a man-of-war, it'll stand up anywhere.

6003 Burlingtons have been sold to the men aboard the U. S. battleships. Practically every vessel in the U. S. Navy has a Burlington aboard. Some have over 100 Burlingtons. The victory of the Burlington in the U. S. Navy is testimony to Burlington superiority.

**21-Jewel Burlington \$2<sup>50</sup> A Month**

And yet you may get a 21-jewel Burlington for only \$2.50 a month. Truly it is the master watch. 21 ruby and sapphire jewels, adjusted to the second, temperature, isochronism and positions. Fitted at the factory in a gold strata case, warranted for 25 years. All the newest cases are yours to choose from. You pay only the *rock-bottom-direct-price*—positively the exact price that the wholesale dealer would have to pay.

**See It First!** You don't pay a cent to anybody until you see the watch. We ship the watch to you **on approval**. You are the sole judge. No obligation to buy merely because you get the watch on approval.

## Write for Booklet!

Put your name and address in the coupon or on a letter or post card now and get your Burlington Watch book free and prepaid. You will know a lot more about watch buying when you read it. Too, you will see handsome illustrations in full color of all the newest cases from which you have to choose. The booklet is free. Merely send your name and address on the coupon.

**Burlington Watch Company,**  
19th St. & Marshall Blvd., Dept. 1555, Chicago, Ill.

**Burlington Watch Co., Dept. 1555,**  
19th Street & Marshall Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

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

Name .....

Address .....





Miss Louise Lovely  
in the Bluebird Photo-  
play, entitled  
"Painted Lips"



# Ingram's Milkweed Cream

Do you catch yourself envying some other woman's charming complexion and wishing your own could be improved? It is time wasted if you do. For a good complexion is largely a matter of correct and constant care. You can immeasurably improve your complexion by using Ingram's Milkweed Cream steadily, at night and upon waking.

Thousands of women, in every state, city, and town, thruout the country lay their clear, colorful complexion to their steady use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream. The secret of its efficiency is in its peculiar ability to give life and health to the delicate skin tissue. In this way it differs from the usual face creams you hear of that merely soften and cleanse. Begin the use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream tonight and continue its use.

Buy It in Either 50c or \$1.00 Size

There is  
Beauty  
in Every  
Jar



## Ingram's Velveta Souveraine FACE POWDER

A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that it stays on. Furthermore, a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh and Brunette—50c.

## Ingram's Rouge

"Just to show a proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately heightening the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Delicately perfumed. Solid cake. Three shades—Dark, Light and Medium—50c.

# Frederick F. Ingram Co.

Established 1885

Windsor, Canada

83 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

Universal City, Cal.  
Jan. 5, 1917.

F. F. Ingram Co.,  
Detroit, Mich.

Through constant use I have found your Milkweed Cream keeps the skin always soft and clear and with Ingram's Face Powder forms a combination unexcelled as a most valuable adjunct to every woman's toilet. With kindest regards,

Louise Lovely

Send us 10c in stamps for our Guest Room Package containing Ingram's Face Powder and Rouge in novel purse packets, and Milkweed Cream, Zodenta Tooth Powder, and Perfume in Guest Room sizes.





AN EVENING AT "THE CASCADES"  
(Grand Ballroom, The Biltmore, New York)

**S**O long as fashion decrees sleeveless gowns and sheer fabrics for sleeves, the woman of refinement requires Delatone to conform modestly to the revelation of arms and shoulders. Delatone is an old and well-known scientific preparation, in powder form, for the

quick, safe and certain removal of hair. Beauty specialists recommend Delatone for the removal of hair from the face, neck and arms. After application of Delatone, mixed with a little water, the skin is clear, smooth, of natural color, and hairless. Druggists sell Delatone,

or an original one-ounce jar will be mailed to your address upon receipt of \$1.00 by the Sheffield Pharmacal Co., Dept. G. H., 339 So. Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill. In the Dominion of Canada, orders and remittances should be sent to Lyman Bros. & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.