

MOTION PICTURE

CLASSIC

20¢

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NO ADDRESS

DECEMBER

LILA LEE





Willy Pogany

[Reprinted from letter of May 25 to Committee on Public Information, and incorporated in] War Activities Report of National Association of Motion Picture Industry

"The people of the country who are working at high pressure to win the war need some form of recreation, and to a vast number of our people moving pictures are the only form of recreation within their means. The majority of the moving picture theatres of the country have placed themselves unreservedly at the disposal of the Government for the furtherance of Liberty Loans, War Savings, and other Government movements, and deserve the thanks of the country for their patriotic attitude."

(Signed) W. G. MCADOO, Secretary of the Treasury

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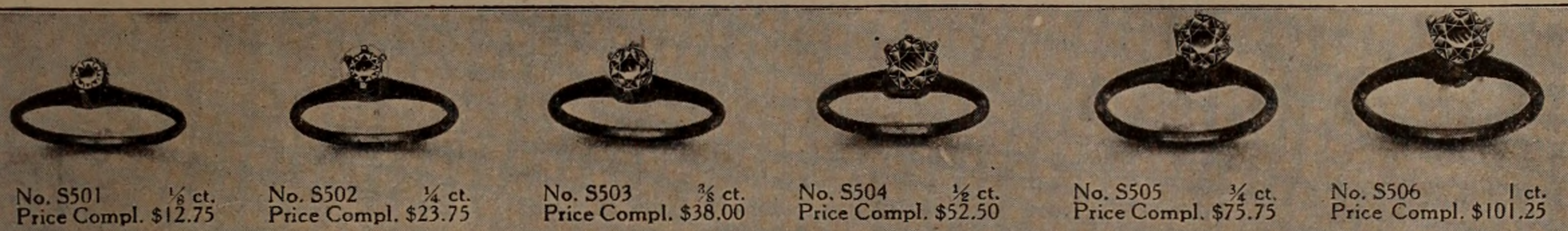


"FOREMOST STARS. SUPERBLY DIRECTED, IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"

57

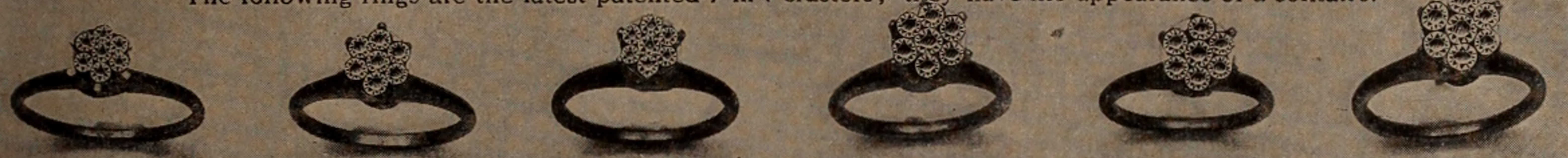
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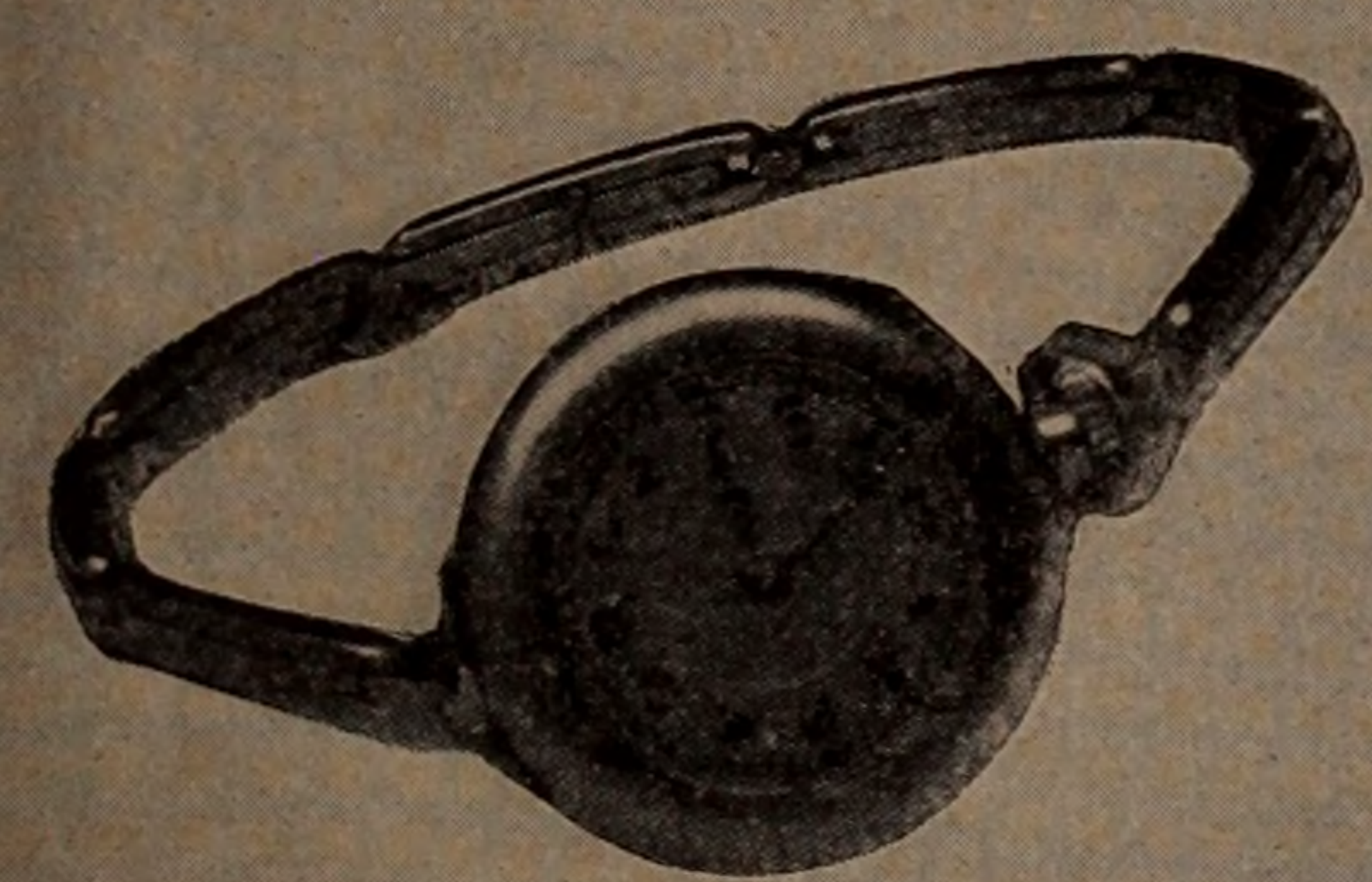
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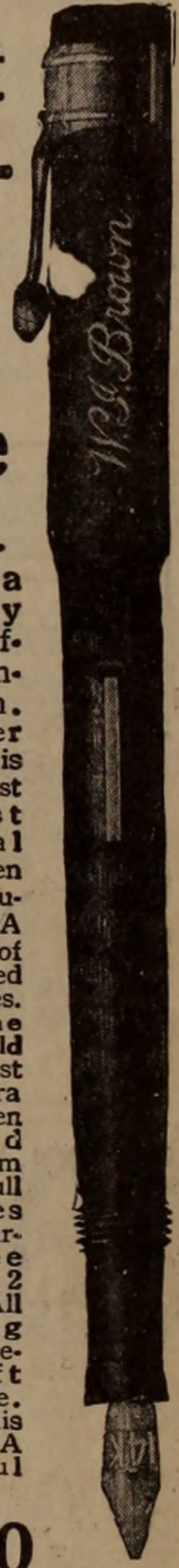


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LILA LEE

Lila Lee, Paramount's new star, is an interesting example of what publicity can do. A year ago she was unknown to screenland. Now her name is a household word from coast to coast. Before coming to Paramount films, Miss Lee was known as "Cuddles" and she was a popular feature in vaudeville.

Lila Lee brings a distinctly new personality to the photoplays. She has youth, she is still in her teens, and she bids fair to become a popular favorite as she acquires experience and surety.

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

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.

(Four)

SUCH IS THE POWER
By GLADYS HALL

Such is the magic screen
That, as I watched,
Your voice thrilled thru my being—in ten-
derness—
And words you have not said these many
years
Come back to bless.
Such is the magic screen.

Such is the magic screen
That, thru the hours,
You seemed so close I felt your pulsing
breath
Caress my face, a-thirsting, raised to yours
Till light brought death.
Such is the magic screen.

Such is the magic screen
That Time stretched forth
A pitying hand—and swept aside the years—
And lo! I felt your lips take mine again
And then . . . the tears!
Such is the magic screen.

Patter From the Pacific

Goldwyn has taken over the Triangle Cul-
ver City studios. All Goldwyn stars will
winter in Culver City, along with Hugo Ballin,
the art director, and other production ex-
ecutives. Mae Marsh is now en route to the
coast.

Bert Lytell has completed Frederick Bart-
lett's "The Spender" and started Richard
Washburn Childs' "Faith." Charles Swickard
is behind the megaphone for both.

The Fox kiddies, the Lee children, are
headed this way, with Director Arvid Gill-
strom in charge.

Doug Fairbanks dashed away on a Liberty
Loan tour a few days ago. Doug received a
wire from Secretary McAdoo on Monday and
he went Eastward on Tuesday morning.

Robert Ellis has been engaged as leading
man with May Allison in Luther A. Reed's
"Thirty Days."

Ora Carew is going to play opposite Tom
Moore when he comes West with the Goldwyn
forces.

Al Roy, cousin of Charlie, is Ruth Clifford's
leading man in the Bluebird, "Home James."

Oliver Thomas is playing a little Belgian
girl in "Blood Will Tell," which Director
Frank Borzage is making for Triangle.

Carl Laemmle, Universal president, has been
Los Angelesing.

A service flag with 25 stars, one of them
of gold, hangs outside the Metro Hollywood
studios.

Tom J. Geraghty has been appointed scenario
editor of the Metro Coast studios.

Roscoe Arbuckle has been doing a comedy
at Catalina in which there will be a lot of
sea stuff.

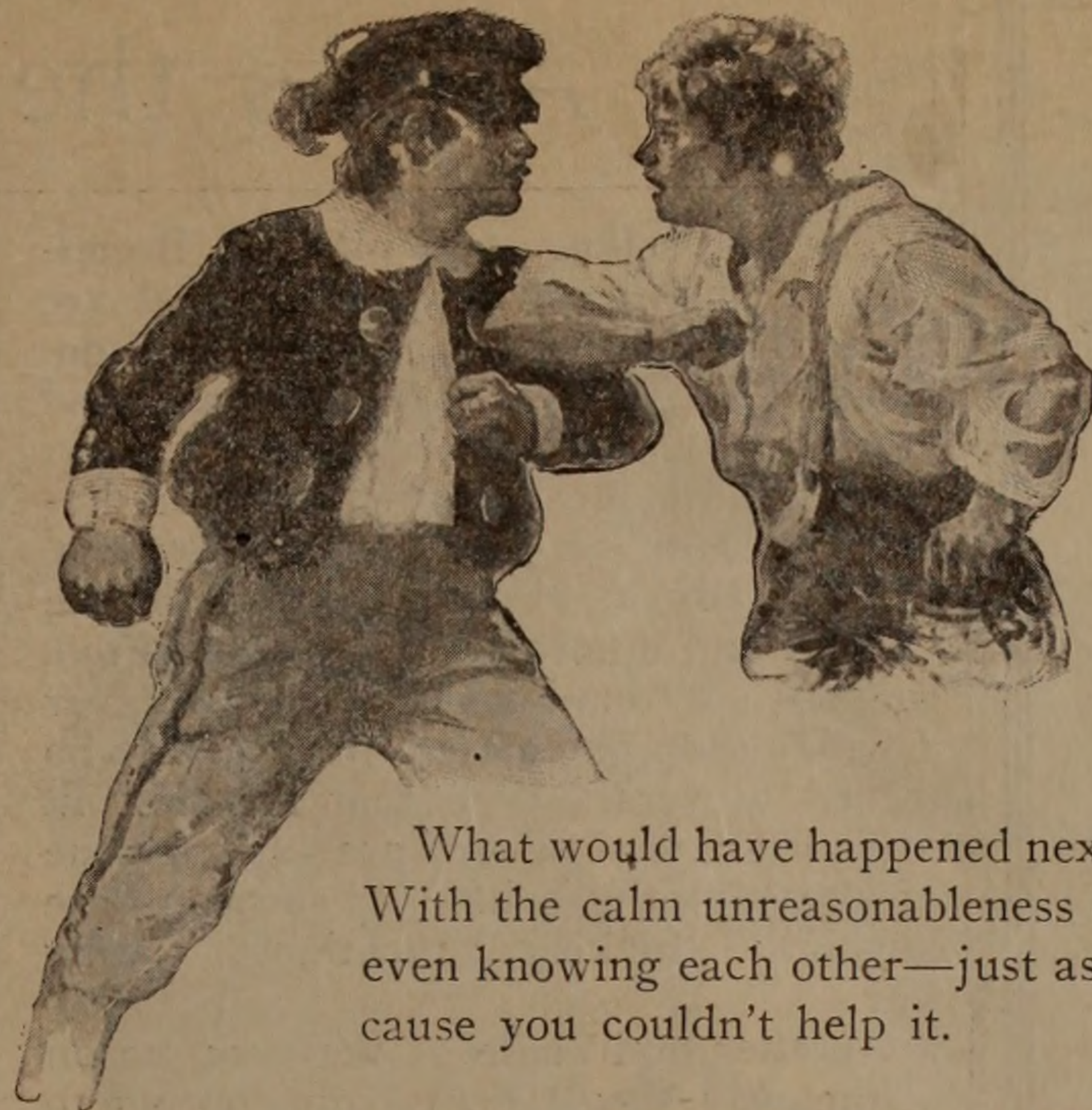
Albert Roscoe, who has been playing op-
posite Theda Bara, has left the Fox forces.

Bobbie Harron has been placed in class 2A
by his draft board in Los Angeles, the classi-
fication to continue while he is at work in prop-
aganda and war pictures.

Niles Welch has been signed by Jesse L.
Lasky for the next four years as featured
leading-man for Paramount-Artcraft stars.
He has arrived on the Coast.

(Continued on page 6)

(Five)



"You're Afraid!"

"I AIN'T afraid."
"You are."
"I ain't."
"You are."

What would have happened next if you were a boy? A frightful mix-up. With the calm unreasonableness of youth these two boys fought without even knowing each other—just as you have fought many a time—just because you couldn't help it.

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Take Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer by the hand and go back to your own boyhood.

A BIG HUMAN SOUL

Perhaps you think you have read a good deal of Mark Twain. Are you sure? Have you read all the novels? Have you read all the short stories? Have you read all the brilliant fighting essays—all the humorous ones and the historical ones?

Think of it—25 volumes filled with the laughter and the tears and the fighting that

made Mark Twain so wonderful. He was a bountiful giver of joy and humor. He was yet much more, for, while he laughed with the world, his lonely spirit struggled with the sadness of human life, and sought to find the key. Beneath the laughter is a big human soul, a big philosopher.

THE GREAT AMERICAN

He was American. He had the idealism of America—the humor, the kindness, the reaching toward a bigger thing, the simplicity. Born poor, growing up in a shabby little town on the Mississippi—a pilot, a seeker for gold, a printer—Mark Twain was moulded on the frontier of America. The vastness of the West, the fearlessness of the pioneer, the clear philosophy of the country boy were his; and they stayed with him to the last of those glorious days, when Emperors and Kings, Chinese Mandarin and plain American, all alike, wept for him. In his work we find all things, from the ridiculous in "Huckleberry Finn" to the sublime of "Joan of Arc"—the most spiritual book that was ever written in the English language, of serene and lovely beauty, as lofty as Joan herself. A man who could write two such books as "Huckleberry Finn" and "Joan of Arc" was sublime in power. His youth and his laughter are eternal; his genius will never die.

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 it. 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.

A few months ago we had to raise the price a little. That raise in price was a very small one. It does not matter much if you missed it. But now the price must go up again. 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. Now is your opportunity to save money. Now is the time to send the coupon to get your Mark Twain

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The Christmas Classic

The January CLASSIC will be as crammed with good things for movie fans as a Christmas stocking. More beautiful, more varied and more all 'round interesting, this issue will start the year of 1919 with a smash. Despite the stiff pace THE CLASSIC has been setting for itself, the January number is going to put all past issues in the shade.

A Few of the Features: JACK HOLT

Holt, the fascinating villain of the silverscreen, has had a career well nigh as fascinating as any of the characters he plays upon the films. Not so very long ago Jack was a civil engineer in the wilds of lonely Alaska. How he found the photoplay forms an interesting chat by Fritzi Remont.

BILL HART

Is the real Hart a bashful Westerner—a woman hater? You will be surprised at Janet Reid's discoveries. There is a side to the grim Bill never before discovered by an interviewer. And it's a side you never in the least suspected.

FLORENCE REED

The beautiful Miss Reed is always interesting. In a chat, illustrated by fascinating new photographic studies, Eileen St. John Brenon presents the real woman. Here is an absorbing personality.

BILLIE RHODES

The comédienne, who has just become a star, has been interviewed by Elizabeth Peltret. Some comedian, after watching Miss Rhodes on the screen, has asked if there are any more at home like Billie. To which Miss Peltret reports her findings: six brothers and three sisters. This is a little informal chat with Billie's own quaint personality in it.

VIOLA DANA

No article about Viola would be complete without Mr. Viola Dana, otherwise John Collins, the star's husband and director. So this, being thoroly complete, is a conjugal talk with 'em both.

THE CLASSIC's fictionized photoplays, always the cream of the screen world, will include Alla Nazimova's "Ception Shoals" and Dorothy Gish's "The Hope Chest."

And, last but not by any means least, there's a captivating Christmas cover of Marguerite Clark.

THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC
175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Across the Footlights

The best selling stage plays on Broadway as THE CLASSIC goes to press are "Friendly Enemies" at the Hudson, "Three Faces East" at the Cohan and Harris and "Lightnin'" at the Gaiety. "Daddies" at the Belasco, "The Girl Behind the Gun" at the New Amsterdam, Alice Brady in "Forever After" at the Central and others are doing nicely, too. In fact, no complaint can be made over a bad season, except by producers who picked flivvers. Note that the element of war is a vital part of nearly every one of these footlight hits. Americans are certainly thinking, breathing, eating war.

Another odd angle of the new season is the way the stage is contributing to the "talkies." For instance, a stage play has just been adapted from a photoplay, reversing the usual order of things. "I. O. U.," Hector Turnbull and Willard Mack's version of "The Cheat," recently at the Belmont, with Mary Nash and Jose Reuben featured. Remember "The Cheat" with the branded Fannie Ward?

"Three Faces East," that masterpiece of clever staging and suspense sustained by the frankest trickery, is the work of Anthony Paul Kelly, the scenario writer. Not only is "Three Faces East" a bully war and mystery play, but it has the most realistic effect of a Zepp raid we've witnessed. It happens off-stage, with merely the crashes and flashes coming to the audience, but it's a hundred times more vivid than David Griffith's raid of "The Great Love." The screen can still take lessons from the stage in the art of suggestion.

Henry Walthall returned to the speaking stage at the Lyceum in "The Awakening," in which every New York critic complimented the Little Colonel's vivid

performance. They talked of the splendid training of the studios and so on. Quite a step from the derision of a few years ago!

Now of the other new stage offerings, John Barrymore is credited with a highly artistic performance in Tolstoi's "Redemption," based on "The Living Corpse," at the Plymouth.

"Sleeping Partners," a French farce redolent of the light-hearted, before-the-war boulevards, is proving a frisky and frothy comedy at the Bijou, where H. B. Warner is starring, with Irene Bordoni as the Parisienne charmer.

Cyril Maude heads a distinguished cast at the Empire in C. Haddon Chambers' "The Saving Grace," which is high comedy at its best. Maude plays a big-hearted duffer of an English army man who has lost his commission in the British army in a scandal over a woman and who eats out his heart because he can't get into the war. Finally he is officially forgiven and is called back to his regiment. Maude realizes the rôle to perfection. Otis Skinner is doing nicely at the Lyceum in H. A. Vachell's "Humpty-Dumpty."

Leo Ditrichstein has returned to town—at the Vanderbilt—in a typical comedy, "The Matinée Hero," which he wrote in collaboration with A. E. Thomas. Ditrichstein depicts an actor who has sacrificed his serious ambitions to satisfy a romance-loving public and who finally "revolutes."

Jane Cowl is at the New Selwyn Theater in "Information, Please," which she wrote with Jane Murfin. (The stars are fast displacing the playwrights this season.) She plays a madcap wife who elopes quite harmlessly and then returns to her absent-minded but loving hubby.

Patter From the Pacific (Continued from page 5)

Charlie Chaplin went upon a vacation at Catalina Island upon completing "Shoulder Arms."

True Boardman, a well known screen actor, died in Los Angeles early in October. He was 39 years old. At one time Mr. Boardman appeared in Essanay Western Features. Later he was with Kalem and Universal.

Monte M. Katterjohn has formed his own producing organization, work to be done in the Brunton Hollywood studios. Katterjohn is the well known scenario writer. Work will start upon the termination of his Famous Players-Lasky contract and the first production will be a Katterjohn Alaskan story. The Katterjohn idea means that, for the first time, an author will follow his creation thru the maze of production from script to the final cutting of the finished negative.

William L. Sherrill has placed Mabel Withey under contract for the Frohman Amusement Company. Miss Withey is a Winter Garden girl and but sixteen years of age, so says the ever-honest press-agent.

George Siegmann, assistant to D. W. Griffith, has received a commission as second lieutenant in the Signal Corps of the United States Army.

William D. Taylor, who has been directing Mary Pickford, has enlisted in the British Army.

Helen Keller, the famous deaf and blind woman, has finished her first picture at Brunton studios. Herbert Heyes, formerly leading man for Theda Bara and May Allison, has the leading male rôle in the film.

One of the impossibilities of life: Alfred Whitman trying to study a script at his home when his two little daughters—Margaret, age four, and Estelle, age two—are not asleep.

The various film stars appeared at the different motion picture houses in Los Angeles every night of the Liberty Loan drive, and after a short address, sold bonds to the audience. Needless to say the coffers of Uncle Sam's treasury profited greatly.

Kitty Gordon is doing her first Coast film for the United Theaters.

Clarence Badger expects to join the Los Angeles film colony very shortly. He has been informed that the Madge Kennedy Company is to come to the Coast to make their Goldwyn features, and as Clarence is Madge's director, that means he will soon be occupying his handsome Hollywood home again.

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.)

Astor.—"Keep Her Smiling." Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew in a typical comedy in which he proves that he is an artist of the first rank—she, a charming but extravagant wife. A big hit and no doubt destined for a long run.

Broadhurst.—"Maytime." A dainty, touching comedy with music. It has a real plot, following the life of a young couple from youth to old age, interspersed with tuneful music and some dancing.

Central.—"Forever After." Alice Brady in a play of youthful love which endures despite many obstacles. Excellently acted thruout. It charms its audience into living once again the violent joys and heartaches of youth.

Cohan and Harris.—"Three Faces East." A mystery melodrama based on the now proverbial German spy system. The mystery is to tell who's a spy and who aint, and Anthony Paul Kelly has succeeded in keeping us guessing till the end.

Cort Theater.—"Fiddlers Three," lively little operetta with considerable fun and much good music. Louise Groody scores as a captivating little ingénue and dancer, while the lanky Hal Skelley's humor is amusing. Altogether a likeable entertainment.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Woman in the Index." War theme again, but this time a Turkish spy instead of a German. Contains several tense situations, excellent acting, and a strong plot.

George M. Cohan's Theater.—"Head Over Heels," with the saucy Mitzi as a delectable little vaudeville acrobat. Entertaining with tuneful Jerome Kern music and the highly amusing Robert Emmett Keane.

Hippodrome.—The newest production, "Everything," lives up to its title. It is a maze of varied attractions, ranging from Houdini to performing elephants, from dainty Belle Story to scores of remarkable roller skaters, from De Wolf Hopper to a stage full of tumbling Arabs.

Liberty.—"Going Up." A charming musical farce written around an aviator, with Frank Craven in an interesting rôle. The music is unusually bright and catchy.

Playhouse.—Mark Swan's "She Walked in Her Sleep," a near-risqué farce of the "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath" type. Built around a pretty somnambulist who wanders into strange rooms clad in a white silk nightie. Entertaining, but not riotous. Alberta Burton is a decidedly pretty lady-who-walks-in-her-sleep.

Winter Garden.—"The Passing Show of 1918." One of the best of the Garden shows. Pretty girls and stunning costumes. Among the features are the amusing Howard Brothers; that lively dancing team, Fred and Adele Astaire; and the laughable Dooley Brothers.

ON THE ROAD

"Tiger Rose." An intense and very popular drama similar to "The Heart of Weyona," in which Lenore Ulric plays the part of an Indian maiden who loves and swears charmingly.

"The Copperhead." One of the big dramatic successes of last winter by Augustus Thomas. A drama that will live.

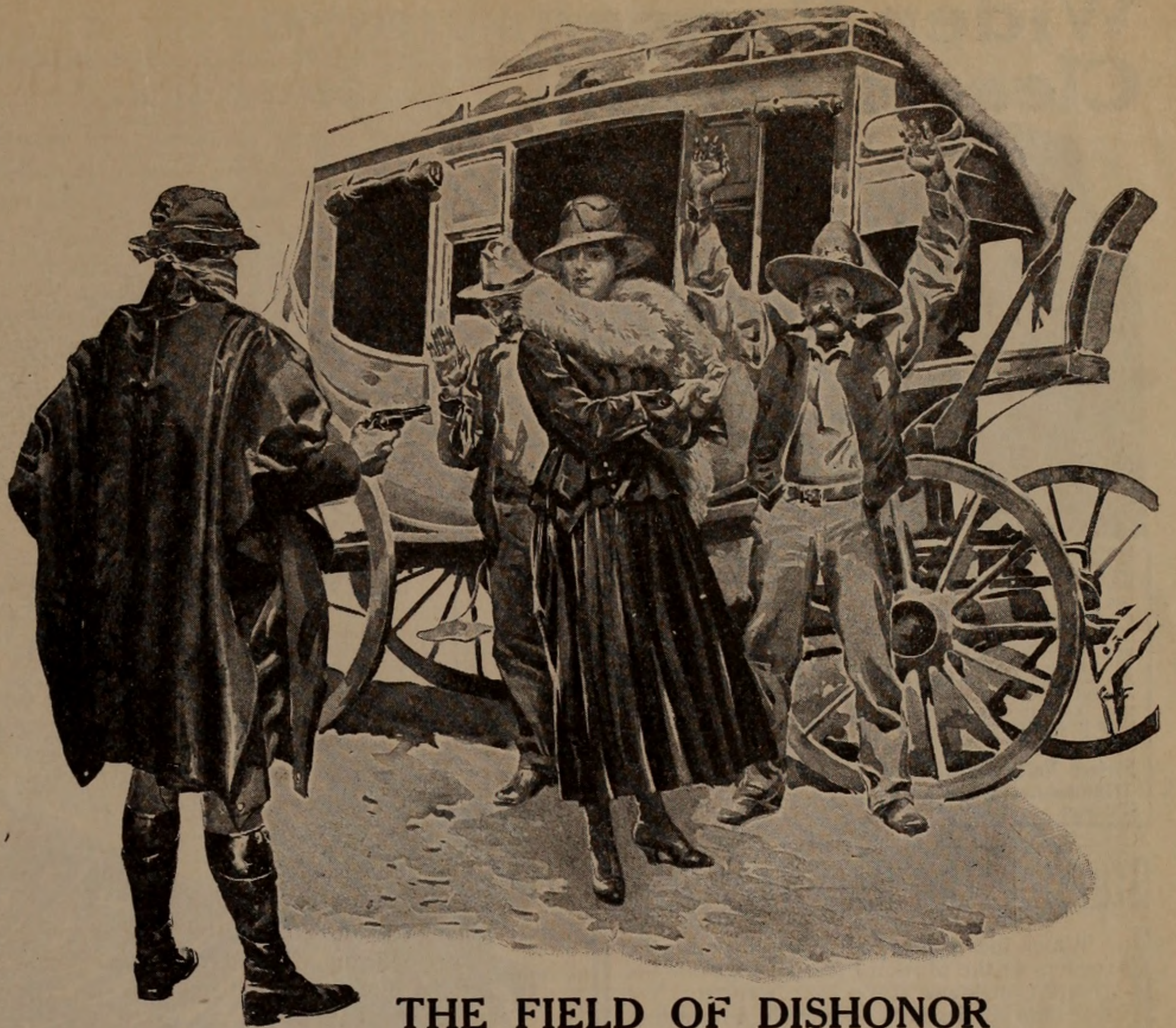
"The Little Teacher." A charming play, full of human interest, and played by a company, every one of which makes a hit. Mary Ryan is superb, as usual, and her support is unusually strong.

"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.

"The Kiss Burglar." One of the most charming of musical-comedies. Pleasant music, distinction of book and considerable humor. Above all the fascinating personality of Fay Bainter. Very pretty chorus.

"Oh, Lady! Lady!!" Chic musical-comedy. Daintiness, wit, a well-balanced, all-star cast and catchy music are the outstanding charm of this offering *intime*.

(Seven)



THE FIELD OF DISHONOR

She had never seen a highwayman before. This one had an army officer's boots and the manners of a gentleman. She laughed and told him so.

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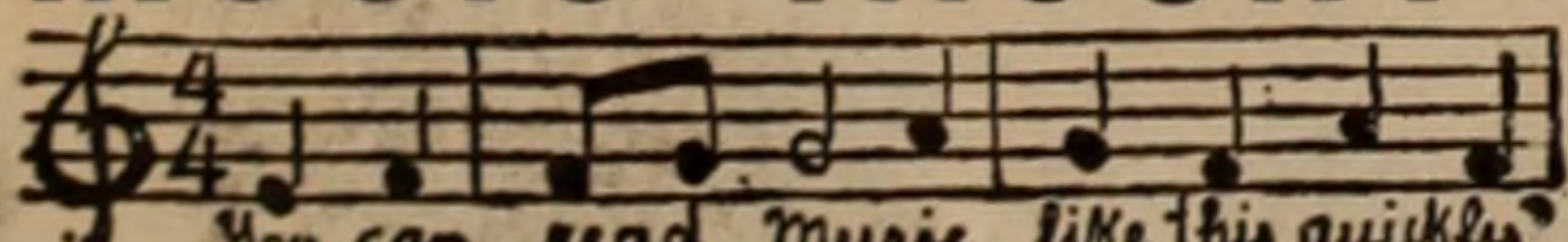
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to the reader of "The Crimson Iris" who most accurately solves the mystery of this great story by H. H. Van Loan.

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Not only will the most interesting novel of 1919 start in that issue, but full details of this remarkable contest will be announced and you can learn how you may earn five hundred dollars.

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Things she's knit and cigarets, a box of candy, too,
Snugly packed to send away with her love so true;
Last of all, but not the least, his favorite magazine,
THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, to bring memories of the screen.
As she packs, she sees a vision of her soldier over there,
Reading, perhaps, with memories of other days more fair
Before the war, when, happily, together they would go
'Most every evening to take in a Motion Picture show.

Behind the Screen

The screen industry, as THE CLASSIC goes to press, is just entering upon a shut-down of activities, at least as far as manufacturers and distributing agencies of the National Association of the Motion Picture Industry are concerned. This organization voted to release no new motion pictures for a period of four weeks ending November 9. It is stated that the epidemic of Spanish influenza, which closed some 50 per cent of the screen theaters of the country, made this move necessary. The association is asking actors and actresses to forego salaries during the period of curtailment. As far as can be learnt, different interpretations are being placed upon the decision, some companies finishing pictures already under way before ceasing activities, while others are stopping abruptly.

Texas Guinan, lately of Triangle, appears in June Elvidge's World Film production, "The Love Defender."

Edwin Arden, the well-known actor, last seen in the Schomer feature, "Ruling Passions," died from heart failure at his Forest Hill, L. I., home on October 2d.

Theda Bara and William Farnum, the Fox stars, have been visiting in the East. Theda is to do a picture in Florida and Farnum is starting one at Fort Lee. Frank Lloyd is directing Farnum.

William Desmond's Triangle contract has expired and he has been in New York. Jesse Hampton will present him in a series of eight productions, released thru the Robertson-Cole Company.

Select Pictures completed its first year in October. The first release was "The Moth," with Norma Talmadge. The corporation started business August 6, 1917, releasing two months later.

(Eight)

An exodus of Metro stars and directors to the Pacific coast has started. Mme. Nazimova's first California picture will be "The Red Lantern," in which she will be directed by Albert Capellani. Viola Dana and Hale Hamilton leave soon, Harold Lockwood will likewise start shortly and Emmy Wehlen will go as soon as she finishes "Sylvia on a Spree."

Allan Dwan's contract as Doug Fairbanks' director has expired. Albert Parker is now directing Doug, the first being a revival of Augustus Thomas' "Arizona." Marjorie Daw is the Bonita.

Peggy Hyland has received word that her father, Dr. Cyril Hutchinson, died at sea while en route to England. Dr. Hutchinson had been in this country on recruiting work.

Barbara Castleton is William Faversham's leading-woman in "The Silver King."

James K. Hackett has returned to the screen, now doing "Liquor" at the Pathé studios. Ormi Hawley and Irving Cummings are in the company.

Nell Shipman has left Vitagraph.

Herbert Standing has received news of the death of a son, Aubrey, in a German prison camp. Aubrey was one of four sons in the British Army.

William P. S. Earle has gone to Los Angeles to direct Lillian Walker. Her first picture under his direction will be John Breckenridge Ellis' "Frau."

Bryant Washburn has been in New York recently with his director, Donald Crisp, filming some Eastern scenes for "Venus in the East."

Bill Hart has also been Manhattaning for the Liberty Loan drive and catching some scenes for "Branding Broadway."

Eugene O'Brien has signed a four-year contract with Famous Players-Lasky. He started it opposite Elsie Ferguson in "Under the Greenwood Tree."

Unusual honor was accorded Maurice Tourneur's first independent production, "Sporting Life," which was purchased by Artrcraft, the first time that organization ever purchased from the open market.

"Good Gracious, Annabel," Clare Kummer's successful stage comedy of last season, is being screened with Billie Burke in Lola Fisher's original rôle.

Fritzi Brunette has changed her name to Florence, Fritzi being too Teutonic.

William Fox has signed Madeleine Traverse as a new star.

Vera Steadman, who has been prominent in Sennett comedies, is now a Lehrman Sunshiner.

Jack Mulhall is playing opposite Lila Lee.

The cast of Maurice Tourneur's third production, "My Lady's Garter," adapted from the late Jacques Futrelle's novel, numbers Sylvia Breamer, Wyndham Standing, H. E. Herbert, Paul Clerget, Clarence Hardyside and Warner Richmond. Miss Breamer was secured by special arrangement with Commodore J. Stuart Blackton.

On and after December 24, the name of Hearst Pathé News will be no more. Pathé will continue to issue its news weekly as Pathé News while the Hearst International News will appear from the offices of the International Film Service Company.

Mary Charleson is resting in New York.

(Nine)

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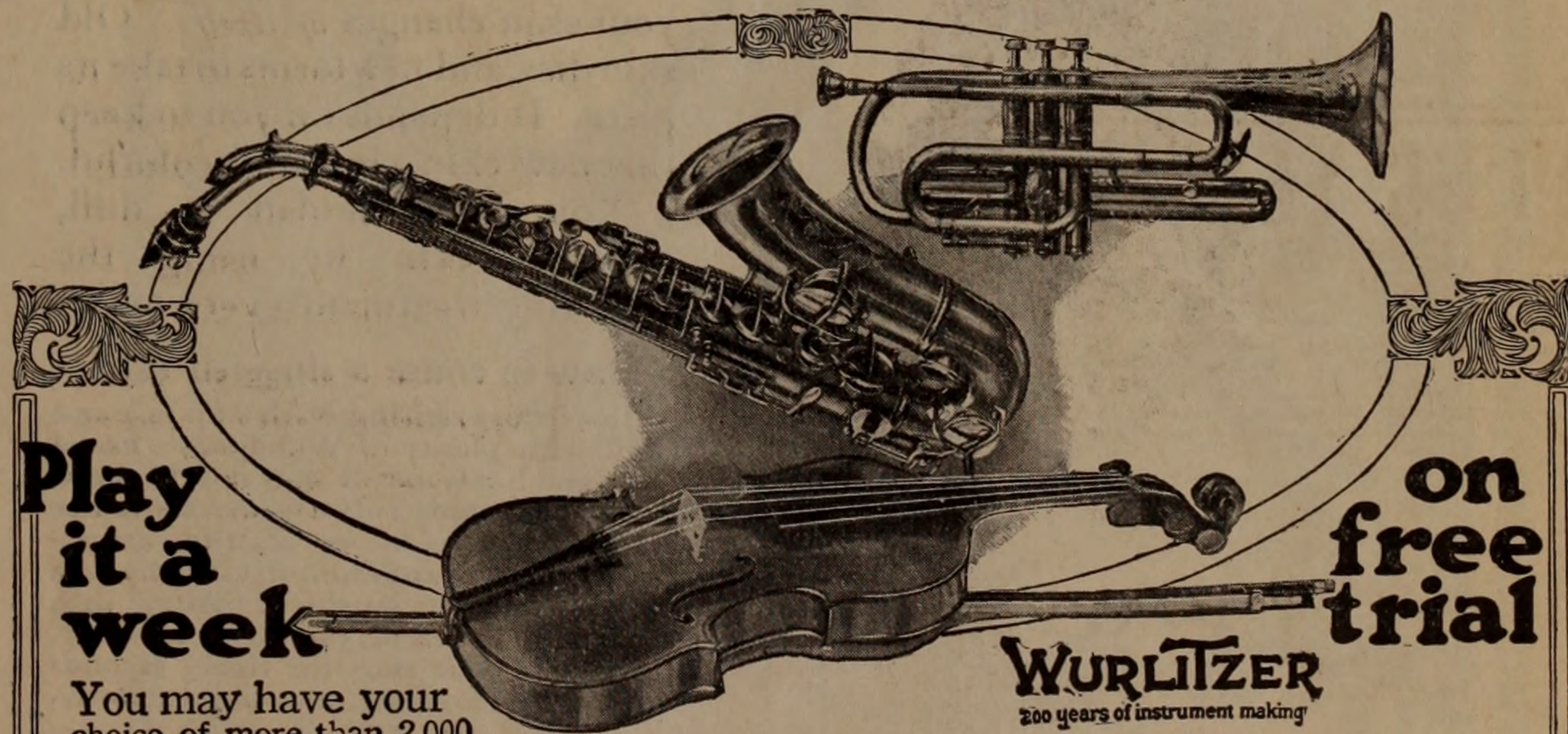
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The very first time you use this treatment, your skin will

feel fresher and invigorated. Within a week or ten days, you will notice an improvement in your skin. But do not keep up the treatment for a time and then neglect it. Only the *steady* use of Woodbury's will give you the clear, radiant skin you long for.

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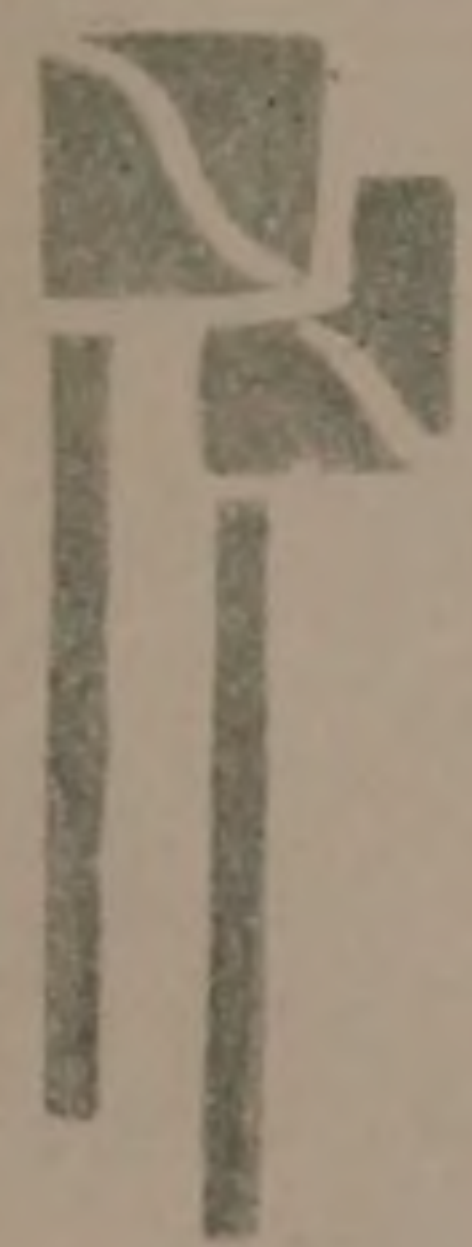
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Players



WILLIAM FAVERSHAM

Ten years ago "Favy" was one of stageland's best beloved matinée idols. Then Faversham suddenly developed into a serious thinking actor and producer. Since then he has given the public "The World and His Wife," "The Fawn," a notable revival of "Julius Cæsar," "The Hawk" and other offerings of dignity and distinction. Now he is doing a revival of "The Silver King" for the Famous Players-Lasky.



VIVIAN MARTIN

Altho Vivian* was born in Grand Rapids, Mich., we generously forego any wheeze anent Miss Martin and furniture. She started at the age of six with Richard Mansfield and played Peter Pan in the Frohman road company, while Maude Adams was doing the lad-who-wouldn't-grow-up in New York. She was a delightful Peter, too. We know, because we saw it. Maurice Tourneur discovered her screen possibilities—and now she's a star.



WINIFRED WESTOVER

Not so very long ago Winifred Westover was a Triangle ingénue. Now she's a leading-woman, playing opposite William Russell in "Hobbs in a Hurry" and "All the World For Nothing." Winifred is a D. W. Griffith discovery, like 'steen dozen other actresses. But Winifred crosses her heart and swears it's true.



ROSE ROLANDA

Miss Rolanda has been coming to the front in Maurice Tourneur productions. She not only played in "Woman," but designed the costumes. Miss Rolanda is a Los Angeles girl. She danced as solo artiste for two years with the original Morgan Dancers, and last year had her own dancing company in the roof show, "Over the Top." She is returning to the stage with her dancers in the new Hazel Dawn production.



BETTY BLYTHE

"Over the Top" established Betty on the celluloid horizon. She was born in southern California, in the San Gabriel Valley, educated in Coast seminaries and sent to Paris to study music. She started in musical-comedy and then along came the movies.

Life and the

David Griffith Talks On the



like one or two masterly screen dramas with which I myself was preparing to enlighten the world and uplift the screen.

"Mush!" said Griffith, briefly. "All these dramatic rules don't matter. Such little tricks are not real drama. Any one can conjure a series of peculiar coincidents. But if you examine these so-called stirring dramatic effects by the cold light of logic, you must come to the conclusion that the more 'dramatic' they are the farther are they really away from the true drama.

"Some day pictures must attain the height of true drama. And only those earnest workers who are trying toward that end will survive.

"The true drama is life. The so-called 'dramatic effects' are not life. They are isolated life conditions shuffled together. The process of getting up these situations is not unlike the ancient industry of manipulating three walnut-shells and an innocent green pea."

"Sounds darned interesting to me," I protested weakly, "that stuff about killing his brother in the gas-mask."

"Peeling an onion is darned sad by the same standards," parodied Mr. Griffith.

"Then what is real drama?"

"Real drama is life, and life is yourself," said Mr. Griffith.

"There is only one subject in which every person is genuinely interested. Man is a self-centered beast. I don't know why we are all put here, but we have a hard row to hoe. The hoeing of it absorbs our whole thought and effort.

"It is literally true that our whole existence is a battle with fear. Our first emotion is fear, or hunger, which is only a fear that we may not get the means of sustaining life. We fear and we hope, which is the reverse side

of fear. This struggle to get on absorbs our whole effort. We are not sincerely interested in anything else.

"When we go to the play or when we read a book, we

THE sun had gone on a little vacation behind the great Babylonian goddess Istar, and the camera had to stop. So Griffith came over and we sat down on one of the battlements of the weather-beaten "Intolerance" set, which still stands in ghostly glory out Hollywood way.

Griffith says the true drama is Life

With tufts of his dark hair sticking out of the peek-holes in the funny old Mexican straw sombrero which "D. W." always wears when directing, he spoke of many things. Unlike the famous walrus, he did not confine his attention to shoes and ships and sealing-wax or cabbages and kings. But he did speak at length of Motion Pictures.

Griffith is a fascinating talker. Out of the depths of a philosophical mind, fed with worldly experience and wide reading, he talks. I only wish I could remember all that he said.

I remember that the subject of plots came up.

"Plots?" he said. And then he added, with a grin, "Go ahead and say the rest of the patter—anti-climaxes, dramatic unities, etc., etc."

He took off the old dilapidated head-gear and surveyed the holes with critical interest. "I'll tell you a typical motion play," he said. "A gallant young soldier, going over the top, encounters a Hun in No Man's Land. They fight with bayonets, and our gallant young hero jabs a bayonet thru the gizzard of the German, thereby killing him to some extent. The Hun's gas-mask is torn off, and our hero discovers that he has killed his long lost brother."

"What's the matter with the story?" I asked. "I think it's a beautiful story." To tell the truth, it sounded very much



Photodrama

Film Play: By HARRY CARR

merely look into a mirror. We are interested in the characters only as they reflect ourselves.

"The boy looks at the heroine of the movie drama and he thinks of himself. He says, 'Gee, I wisht I had a girl like that.' And the mother sees herself. She says, 'I hope my daughter will be like that.' And the father sees himself and the little girl sees herself.

"To the exact ratio that people see themselves is dramatic or literary work a success or failure. There are occasional great works of literature in which the whole world—every one in the world can see the reflection of himself. And it becomes immortal.

"I remember being very much amused when Mr. J. M. Barrie's 'Sentimental Tommy' came out. About every man of my acquaintance confided in me that he was exactly like Tommy, but he didn't see how Barrie could have written him up, as he was positively sure he had never met Barrie. In other words, Mr. Barrie was writing of the man who is in every man's inside.

"In a way, the early primitive works of literature were the truest. There was nothing artificial about the old sagas of the Norseman. One old wandering minstrel after another added to them until the finished result was the poured-out heart of the Norseman.

"'Beowulf' was a great work of art, because in it every swashbuckling old two-handed sword-wielder saw himself as he wished himself to be—killing dragons and demons and spilling blood all over the map. It was the day-dream of the primitive killer set to words.

"Just so 'Siegfried' was the echo of the thoughts of the rough old Germans of that day.

Both of these works are immortal because they



Griffith has a philosophical mind, fed with worldly experience and wide reading

register the heart-throbs of the people of that time. There were no little tricks of plot in those great folk stories.

"The so-called dramatic situation, which in plain terms really means a shuffling of coincidents, as I have already said, cannot be the real stuff, for two reasons:

"The dramatic coincidence does not happen to enough people to give it the universal appeal.

"It is by its very nature physical, not mental or mortal."

"I am not sure that I get you," I said. D. W. was wading into water too deep for me.

"Well, here," he said. "There are twenty millions or more men fighting in this war. They all have folks at home; they all know fear and hope and despair. They all know pain and suffering. These are the universal emotions. How many of that number have killed brothers by mistake? Possibly two or three. Do you think the twenty millions would be more interested in a drama that truly reflected their own emotions and perhaps helped them solve their own problems, or in a drama that touched upon the experience of the one or two men of the twenty million who killed their brothers?"

"I think they would be interested in the story," I said stoutly.

"So do I," said Mr. Griffith. "They would be interested in it not because of the brothers in the gas-masks, but because out of it they got a glint of the horror that they translated into other terms and applied to their own cases."

"Then what's the answer?" I asked.

(Continued on page 70)

Alice in Quest of a

A Chat With Miss Joyce

If you asked us to give an instant mental impression of Alice Joyce, we would say . . . a delicate gray personality . . . wonderful eyes . . . a Botticelli face . . . a sense of humor . . . in a word, a Madonna listening to a jazz band.

For the thing you like most about Miss Joyce, upon knowing her, is not her beauty, but the sense of humor that flashes thru the gentle Joyce surface.

Our last interview with Miss Joyce occurred on a drear October day. The rain was beating down remorselessly. Flatbush looked more Flatbushian than ever.

We had planned to interview Miss Joyce on location. But the weather had ended that. She was quite sympathetic about it, until she caught sight of our umbrella—a borrowed one—in a state of collapse from gentle Brooklyn zephyrs.

Then she subsided into laughter. "You're the wettest interviewer I ever saw," she confided pleasantly.



© Ira Hill



If you asked us for an instant mental impression of Alice Joyce, we would say . . . a delicate gray personality . . . wonderful eyes . . . a Botticelli face . . . a sense of humor . . . a Madonna listening to a jazz band

"Even our ardor is dampened," we admitted.

"I don't know what I can tell you about myself that's new, except that I'm terribly worried over deciding upon a car," began Miss Joyce. "I've had a hired car for a year, and now I'm to get one all my own.

"It's not so much what kind, but whether or not I should get one, since I may go to the coast soon, and it is practically impossible to ship a car across country in these war times.

"But I do want a car. You see I have never been like other stars in the past. I have never had so very much money to spend. And I've always been very careful. (Miss Joyce held up two bank-books). But now I'm changing. I'm getting more self-reliant . . . I think I'm getting a temperament."

At which we laughed. Miss Joyce temperamental!

"I know I have always been as quiet as a mouse around the studio, but now I have discovered that I can ask for things—and get them. It's the loveliest feeling! So I make it a rule to always ask for something each day. Isn't that getting a temperament?"

We admitted the possibility.

Miss Joyce pointed to several scripts and a dressmaker's mannikin upon which was draped a gray gown. "That's

Temperament

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

quiring avoirdupois your mind seems to grow fat, too—fat, lazy and indolent. You grow careless—and oblivion hovers just around the corner from the studio.

"Let me make a real confession," said the actress. "My trouble in the past has been that I lacked assertive faith in myself—in my playing and in my business arrangements."

Conway Tearle, who was playing at the Vitagraph studio in rented space utilized by the Anita Stewart Corporation, had just dropped in, overhearing Miss Joyce's confession.

"Only last night I was at a first-night with Louis Sherwin, the *Globe* critic," said Tearle. "We were talking of photoplays, and he said that you were one of the few real actresses of the screen."

Miss Joyce blushed! (This blush is the first we have observed in a studio for months.) "That was sweet," she said. "I wish I had that faith in myself . . . I might do something real and big."

The rain having subsided, Miss Joyce walked with us to the elevated "L" station near the Vitagraph studio.

"Quite untemperamental for a temperamental star," we reminded.

"I'm afraid it's hard to live up to a perfectly good temperament."

At the foot of the "L" stairs Miss Joyce left us. "Good-by," she said, and subsided into laughter. "That umbrella—that umbrella!" she gurgled.



how I spend my spare time," she explained. "Since the rain prevented exteriors today, I'm reading scenarios and fitting a dress."

Miss Joyce picked up one of the scripts. Then she read an excerpt, "A Madonna-like tableau, with the actress in graceful draperies."

"Why do they insist upon rolling me in cheese-cloth to make a Madonna?" plaintively protested Miss Joyce.

"You want to play——" we began, turning the question.

"Rather emotional parts, human rôles, something that seems real to me; most of all, better stories."

Which shows a decided development. Exactly one year ago Miss Joyce told us that she couldn't understand why they gave her emotional rôles, that she was quite, quite unemotional.

Almost in the same breath, Miss Joyce admitted that she had just been doing a comedy in which she played a gay and heartless coquette. "Quite unlike my

Right—A new study of Alice Joyce Moore, Miss Joyce's daughter

real self," laughed Miss Joyce. But we rather suspect she was spoofing.

Miss Joyce glanced thru another script. "Here they want me to attend a masquerade ball in the costume of a Spanish toreador," she remarked. "I surely would look sensationally slender."

"But being slender has its advantages," we consoled.

"I should say it has," confessed Miss Joyce. "Getting fat is a state of mind. As soon as you begin ac-



The Conversion

Bryant Washburn

By ELIZABETH

You can begin going after a thing by wishing and, if you like, praying for it; but don't stop there. Work for it; not tensely, but cheerfully; and you'll get it, because it belongs to you. I'm not a member of the Christian Scientist Church, nor have I given any special time to the study of New Thought; I have rather worked this philosophy out for myself, because I've found that with me it works!"

The most surprising thing about this is that he is a direct descendant of Dwight Moody, the famous evangelist, and was himself brought up a strict Presbyterian. He still goes to the Presbyterian Church.

"But my belief has changed, radically. I used to really think that I was walking over a fiery furnace where human souls were burning, and that heaven was a place where every one floated around, dressed in long, white robes and did nothing but sing or play on their harps!. As I could neither sing nor play on a harp, I believe that I preferred hell to heaven, tho both seemed very unpleasant places!"

It is an interesting thing that in "Skinner's Dress Suit," his greatest success, he should have found clearly expressed much of his own philosophy. Success is, he believes, as much a state of mind as anything else, and, certainly, he lives up to his own ideas.

I have only met him once, but

BRYANT WASHBURN—The Apostle of the Human Touch.

This doesn't mean that Bryant—(every one calls him Bryant)—goes around borrowing money from his friends. That kind of touch is very human, but not the kind I mean. (On the contrary, if there is any borrowing done, it is probably the other way round.) But only that the first thing you notice about him is a complete lack of heroics. His has been the interesting evolution of a character actor.

You'd never think it to look at him now, but eight years ago he used to play old man parts, with Chinese and negro and "boob" English, and perhaps even Swede stuff on the side. And before that he was on the stage, where life went anything but smoothly.

He hasn't had an easy time of it; he has had to work for everything he has gotten.

"But then, I have always gotten the thing I set out for!"

He has three little books on the power of mind which are, to him, like bibles.

"Of course, I don't believe that a person can get anything he wants by just sitting down and wishing for it," he went on. "But there is a certain attitude toward life which makes for success.

"There is a certain attitude toward life which makes for success," says Bryant. "Work for it; not tensely, but cheerfully; and you'll get it, because it belongs to you"



of a Presbyterian

and His Philosophy

PELTRET

I have seen him at work a number of times. He takes his work seriously, and yet never seems to give an impression of anxiety or nerve strain. Between scenes he is always ready to joke with somebody or take his part in a practical joke, with the result that his popularity is practically unbounded. Knowing all this, from observation, I was anxious to get an interview with him at his home. I wanted to describe his wife, a non-professional, and their little boy, who is "Bryant Washburn IV," and "every inch a king."

"He is only three years old," said the proud father, talking about him. "So you can imagine how shocked Mrs. Washburn was when he stubbed his toe the other day and actually said 'dam.' The worst thing about it is, that she blames it on me. The baby is always playing with George Beban's youngster, so I told her that it would be only fair to blame it on George. But no; she says it's my fault and that nothing will ever convince her to the contrary."

However, I am ahead of my story. I didn't, after all, see Bryant Washburn at his home. He was, at this time, working very steadily, because Donald Crisp, his director, wanted to finish the picture in thirteen days—an effort which was, by the way, successful—so I had to get my interview at



"Letters from fans mean popularity, and popularity means more money, and money means pretty things for her," says Bryant. At the left is Mr. and Mrs. Bryant and across the page a glimpse of them in their garden

the studio. He was not on the set when I got there, but came up a few moments later. After the usual formalities of an introduction, he said:

"Well, we will finish this picture on the thirteenth day, all right."

"Then you are not superstitious?" I remarked.

"I am about the number thirteen," he answered, laughing. "I want to have it in everything. It's my lucky number."

"It's the most curious thing the way that number keeps turning up," he went on. "For instance, when I was in Chicago, the license number of my automobile was three thirteen, three thirteen. I sold that machine and came to California. Here, my license number is thirteen, thirteen, five. I got my two thirteens back again."

All of this time I had been noticing the dimple in his chin. I was almost surprised to find that it was unaccentuated by grease-paint; in short, was exactly "as is." His eyes are brown; not grey-brown, nor blue-brown, nor black-brown, but brown-brown, the color that is being worn a great deal this season. His hair is a shade or two darker. Naturally, I asked if his wife was ever jealous of him. * (A reporter can ask anything.)

"Oh, no," he answered lightly and as if he meant it.

"Not even when the fans write you letters?"

"She likes that best of all! Letters from the fans mean popularity, and popularity means more money, and money means pretty things for her." (Continued on page 73)

May in December

The Coldest Month Is Summer
When May Allison's Around



prove the truth of the superlatives I am ordered to suppress.

But the task invites. One reads regularly of ladies of the screen whose sea-green eyes and milk-white shoulders and otherwise adjectived selves are each and every one the most wonderful star in screenland, in spite of my innermost conviction that May is—

One moment, while I shift my Underwood to second speed.

A happy quotation recurs to me: "Personalities," it reads, "are not revealed brilliantly and in the altogether, but as shy things that peep out, now and then, from inscrutable swathings, giving us a hint, a suggestion, a moment of understanding. Does a man really know what is going on in his wife's mind? Not if she *has* a mind. He judges her as a human being, by bold and scattered inferences. He sees her soul, insofar as he sees it at all, in the way she buttons her boots, in the way she intrigues for a kiss, in the way she snaps her eye at him when he has been naughty . . .

He interprets her ego in terms of her taste in ribbons, the scent of her hair, her quarrels with her sisters, her fashion of eating artichokes, her preferences in the theater, her care of her teeth. Thus, by slow degrees, he accumulates an image of her. After long

years, perhaps, he knows her after a fashion—that is, he knows how many shredded-wheat biscuits she

The golden-haired and girlish, May is independent and self-reliant

BRIEFLY spoke my favorite editor, "I want a personality story on the real May Allison. But," he added, as the memory of a certain predilection for May (in every month as well as December) returned to his consciousness, "remember, only one superlative is permitted!" As if any one could write a personality story about May Allison with one superlative!

Prodigally, I make use of that in my first sentence—May Allison is the *most beautiful* girl I have ever seen.

Therewith I have my little fling at the truth, and visions haunt me of the remainder of these pages being filled with dots and dashes which denote the superlative personality of the young lady in question.

For I refuse to allow even my favorite editor to censor my aptly chosen adjectives. Better than that, give me wordless spaces surrounding these photographs which



By HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

likes for breakfast, how long she can read a first-class novel without napping, what she thinks of woolen underwear, the Irish movement, the family doctor, soft-boiled eggs and God . . ."

Thus I find a vast and adventurous field for a new type of personality story, and I set the wires belonging to Mr. Western Union buzzing:

MISS MAY ALLISON,
Hollywood, Cal.
Wire me a list of your likes and dislikes.

HAZEL.

And later over the wire comes the answer:

HAZEL NAYLOR,
Motion Picture Classic.

If there is anything you do not know about me, I don't know it.

And so I begin at the proper place, the beginning, leaving you who read to form in your own minds a definite and symmetrical effigy.

May Allison was born on a plantation in the southern part of Georgia. A slight, soft Southern drawl is still noticeable in her voice.

Being golden-haired and girlish, blue-eyed and cheerful, one imagines on first acquaintance she might be the clinging-vine type of old-fashioned girl. As a matter of fact, she is independent, brimful of go-aheadness and perfectly self-reliant.

Nor is she a typical bachelor-maid. She admits that some day she hopes to meet her ideal, marry him and have three or four kiddies.

Her life outside the studio is governed by a fragile little mother, charming as a miniature, who in spite of her tiny stature has an indomitable will. Her ambitions for May are even greater than May's for herself.

"Sometimes," says May, "I feel as if my mother expects me to be so perfect it is an absolute impossibility to live up to her ideals."

May Allison's favorite color is Alice blue.

She cannot bear people that are temperish, in spite of which fact she seems to know instinctively how to handle them.

Blessed with a happy disposition, she has never had a sad day in her life. It is a great deal easier for her to smile than cry.

Altho May Allison has no trace of that well-known studio ailment, temperament, in her cosmos, she generally gets her own way.

Never, however, does she rant or rave to get it. She merely smiles and says, "But listen; don't you think——" and the manager of productions, or the director, or the scenario writer, as the case may be, notes the dazzling white of her teeth, the cute little way she has of moistening her lips with the tip of her little pink tongue, when she is particularly in earnest, and always does *cheerfully* see it May's way.

She believes in God and heaven, three good meals a day, early to bed and early to rise, and she has no strange imaginings about formerly having been a princess or the reincarnation of Cleopatra. Neither does she believe in spooks, nor that she is psychic, and she has no interest in such weird items as astral planes.

One of the few things that really thrills her besides finding a good scenario for her next picture is a

May believes in God—and three square meals a day

(Continued on page 70)

(Twenty-three)



Décolleté Connie



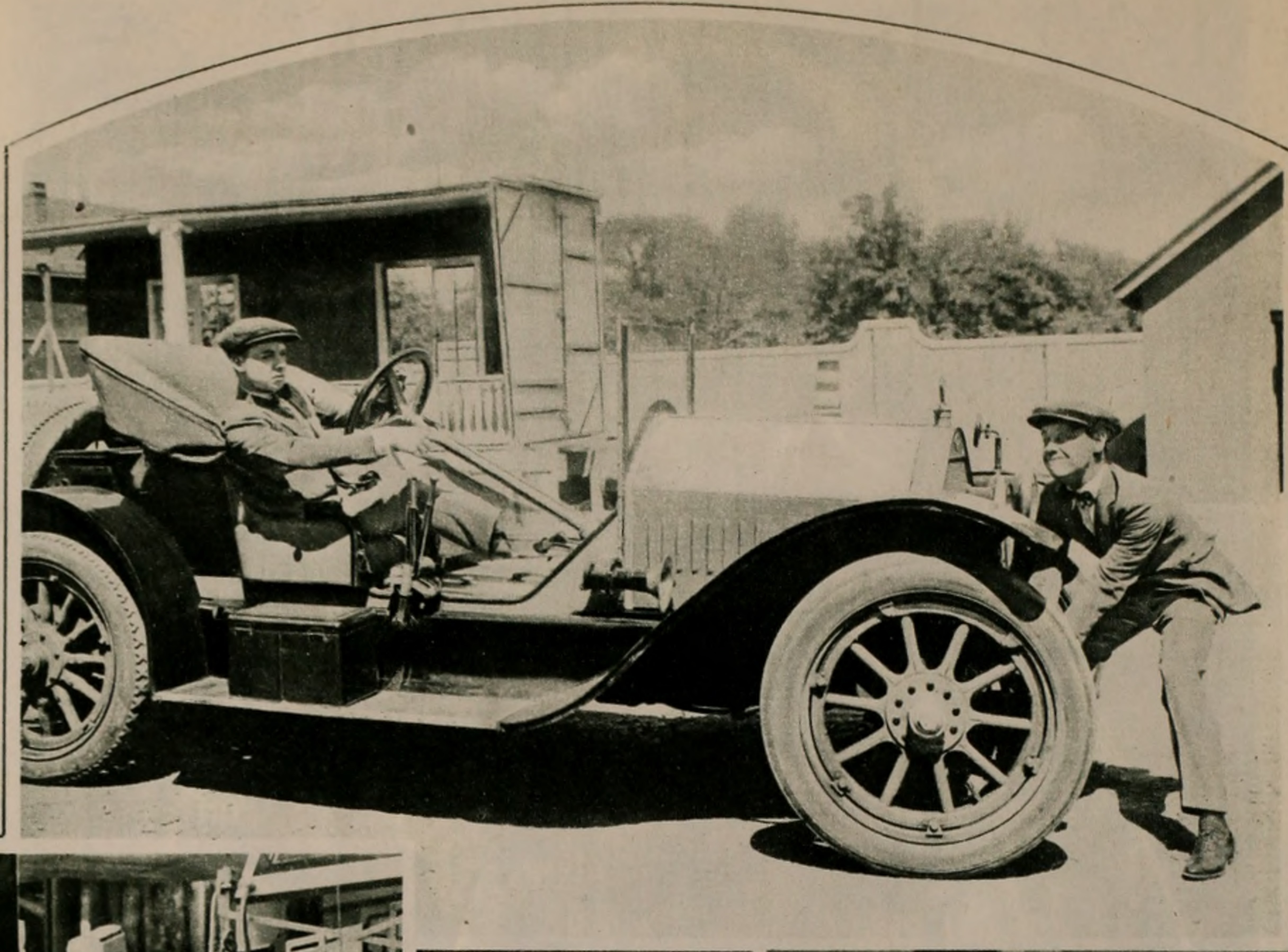
Constance Talmadge is fast becoming not only the foremost screen comédienne, but the leading exponent of celluloid negligée. Here she is in everything—from aristocratic silken pajamas to democratic cotton nightie



No review of Connie in décolleté would be complete without that revealing flashlight moment of "Up the Road" with Sallie"



Seeing
Them-
selves
As
Others
See
Them



Impressed with The Classic department, "Double Exposures," the World Film camera-man decided to make a few photographic contributions. You have seen movie double exposures—here are the first still camera ones



Above—Johnny Hines is acting as his own self-starter. Note the way Johnny orders himself about. If we were Johnny, we wouldn't stand for it

Left—Louise Huff films herself in the giddy rôle of Nellie, the beautiful sewing-machine girl. Louise is going to ask herself for more close-ups in a moment



Right—Madge Evans has solved the problem of Hooverizing energy. Here she is eliminating freckles and enjoying an afternoon siesta at one and the same moment



Above—Here we have Frank Mayo in the odd rôle of a human parade, following himself around the Fort Lee studio yard

The Ford Who Isn't a Flivver

His Name Is Harrison and He's Already One of the Most Popular of Screen Leading-Men

By WALTER VOGDES

ABOUT twenty years ago he was a very small boy in Washington, D. C., the city where the senators and the congressmen and the presidents go to acquire fame. He was seven years old, to be exact, and, right around the corner from the house where he lived, there was a theater.

Each week a new play given by a new company would be shown at the theater, and huge wagons carrying trunks and sets and similar things would drive up to the stage door and stop. The boy became curious about the theater, and often he wondered about the life behind the dark stage doors, and he used to stand about with the other boys of the neighborhood, watching those wonderful people, the actors, go in and out.

One day a strange thing happened. While he was playing with a group of boys in the alley that led to the stage door, a man suddenly stepped up behind him, whirled him around, leaned over, and scrutinized his face carefully. Then the man turned to a lady who stood nearby.

"Do you think so?" said the man.

"I do," said the lady, decisively. The boy noticed that she was richly dressed.

"H'm," murmured the man, thoughtfully. Then he addressed the boy, "Would you like to go on the stage? Would you like to play a small part?"

The boy was astonished, bewildered, frightened, but he managed to gasp out, "Yes, sir!"

Harrison hails from Washington, D. C., and he made his stage debut at the hale and hearty age of seven



Harrison Ford and Constance Talmadge make a delightful comedy team

"All right," said the man. "Now we'll see your parents and find out if we can arrange it."

A visit to the boy's parents resulted in the "arranging," and that night the boy was an actor in the

big theater, with a costume, and make-up, and two lines to speak. That evening marked Harrison Ford's first appearance as an actor.

Now he is one of the best-known leading-men in the pictures, an actor whose well-sustained characterizations have resulted in his playing opposite some of the most famous stars recently. But if that odd trick of fate had not placed him before the public at the age of seven he might never have fought his way to front later on, when he took up acting as a serious profession.

He appeared every night during that week in Washington, then he retired to obscurity, not to emerge until twenty years later. But the germ was there, he had tasted of the glory that is limelight and the grandeur that is fame, and, tho it was only a slight taste, it was sufficient to bring him back





Connie and Harrison
in "Mrs. Leffingwell's
Boots"



when he grew up and had to decide on a profession. His parents suggested law or medicine, but Harrison Ford remembered that week when he had been an actor. And he said—the stage. So he hid himself to Robert Edeson, who was starring in "Strongheart," William C. De Mille's drama of college life with its university-bred Indian hero. With Edeson he secured a small thinking, walking and cheering part. He was "one of the students" in "Strongheart."

But he stuck at the work, studied hard, and seized every opportunity to go forward. And before long he was playing honest-to-goodness speaking rôles with that splendid actor, William H. Crane. Then he was given a chance to play the lead in the stage production of "Excuse Me."

When the screen version of "Excuse Me" was made, the producers asked Harrison Ford to again play the lead. He accepted and since then he has led a film life, altho he did find time to play in "The Bubble," enjoy a season with the Empire Stock Company of Syracuse, N. Y., portray a prominent rôle in "Rolling Stones" and appear briefly in "U. S. Minister Bedloe." He was with the Universal-Bluebird forces for a time and stood out strongly in one of the best-known Bluebird features, "The Mysterious Mrs. M."

He played leads with Fannie Ward in "The Crystal Gazer" and "On the Level." And when Constance Talmadge came west to make those comedies of hers that we all like so well, Harrison Ford was chosen as her co-worker. In "Good Night, Paul!" he shared honors with Norman Kerry, and in "Sauce for the Goose," "A Pair of Silk Stockings" and "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots," he and Miss Talmadge do some sparkling and clever work. In fact, Madcap Connie and Harrison are both unusual exponents of screen light comedy.

Then Lila Lee, the new little Paramount player, came west to be a star in her very first picture drama. And in her first two pictures, "The Cruise of the Make-Believe" and "Such a Little Pirate," Harrison Ford plays the leads and demonstrates once more that he is an actor who has youth, ability and the sort of personality that makes audiences remember him and ask for him again and again.

Ford's playing savors a bit of the unusual—it is unactory, sincere and touched with a certain distinction of method. And he must have a distinct sense of humor, since most of his hits have been made in celluloid comedy.

Ford has been advancing more rapidly than any other screen leading-man within our field of observation. If any young player seems destined to ultimate stardom—it is Harrison Ford. Here's betting that the small boy who used to watch theatrical trunks unloaded in Washington will be a star before another year passes.

Harrison has gazed into the eyes of every starr on the Coast—for the screen



And They Say Baseball Isn't Essential

"Batter up!"
Home Run Vera
Stedman faces the
lucky pitcher

"Ray! 'Ray!"
the blond crowd
(otherwise June
Belmont) is
cheering Vera.
No baseball
player ever had
better support
than Vera—in
this picture



At the left the umpire
is calling Vera out.
Which proves to us that
the picture is phony.
Would a real ump say
Vera isn't safe? We
ask you

Love Is Ever Changing

Montagu Love, Character

time a totally new personality, bringing with it a new atmosphere, creating a new impression. Even as his widely variant Corsican avenger in "Forget-Me-Not," the wily, subtle Japanese diplomat in "Yankee Pluck," the Parisian Jekyll and Hyde in "The Brand of Satan," Russia's black monk in "Rasputin," the famous Cardinal Mercier of violated Belgium in "The Cross Bearer," and others, each one a different person, under a different sun, product of a different people.

It will go big—small doubt of that. And it's never been done before—at least by any one as prominent professionally as Montagu Love—and most certainly it will effect his purpose—never to sate the public.

"I think it a mistake—a cardinal mistake," he said, "to flood the market with pictures—to be constantly *before* the public and in more or less the same type of stuff. One is bound to grow

monotonous—to be an old story. But if one sticks to character work the people will stick, too; likewise their interest, and their curiosity, which is the marrow of their interest. 'What is he like really—as *himself*?' they will want to know. For example, people innumerable demanded

Montagu Love had two decidedly contrasted rôles in "Darkest Russia" (left) and in "Pirate's Gold" (below)

LARGELY the latter.

He is big—even Herculean—and good-looking-homily, if you know what I mean—and red-headed and blue-eyed—and full of a sense of humor.

Likewise he is kindly.

And broad of mind.

And widely tolerant.

He has tenderness—strength.

And epicurean ideas and ideals, professionally and personally.

All of the above being potent characteristics, they deserve special paragraphs. You just naturally *like* him—a lot!

Still more, he is a good sport, and would make Anywoman's life complete by ordering her luncheons and dinners de luxe. I speak from first-hand experience, because we interviewed at luncheon at the Claridge, and—but this doesn't happen to be a *menu*! However, it is a lovely trait in man.

And he was born in India, to revert rather abruptly to first principles.

When he made known that fact, I eyed him severely. It sounded sort of dead-Arabish and bizarre, and hence totally unlike him, who is most thoroly, convincingly, sheerly and unmistakably Mere Man.

"I harbor a suspicion of—publicity," I said, unkindly.

"Monty" shook his nice red head. "No," he declared, "my mother was solely at fault."

I prepared for another query—what is your favorite color, or do you like to motor?—or some such departure from the cut-and-dried. I felt that I *must* give the Kasaba melons a chattish atmosphere. "Monty" saw it coming.

"Dont," he pleaded, in his nice, deep, slightly accented English voice, "*dont* let's interview! Let's just—have luncheon!"

And we did.

But in between Mr. Love told me some of his so-different theories about his work. He is going in, even as he has done in the past, solely and exclusively for character work. That is to be his line, his *forte*. Each one different. Each



(Thirty)

By GLADYS HALL

Actor and Man of Character

to know what the man who was Rasputin could be like apart from his rôle."

"Small wonder," I interrupted, "and not to be irrelevant, the way you *kist* your victims in that picture was *terrible!*"

"Terrible?" laughed "Monty." "I thought it was wonderful!"

"M'm," I murmured, "maybe that is the adjective—but I hope you dont believe in the Rasputin theories."

"I dont know . . ." mused Montagu Love,

"I haven't gone into them very thoroly, but why not?"

"I shall print this," I warned, darkly.

"Go ahead," he dared. "But I do wonder what the inner life of that man must have been."

"You ought to know," I declared.

"I'm out!" he laughed

Love in his dressing room. At the lower left is a character study in "Forget-Me-Not," while above is another vivid role in "The Brand of Satan"



almost impossible for me to describe the various transitions that landed me finally, and probably permanently, on the stage and screen. I just got into the theatrical atmosphere, and the atmosphere got into me. I played in London for a while, and finally Cyril Maude asked me to go to America with him in 'Grumpy.' I was the heavy villain in that. After that I played with Lou-Tellegen in 'The Ware Case,' and one or two other productions, and the rest you know.

The screen was the logical step, especially for me. Types—character types—are my study, and the screen, of course, affords me the widest, the most varied and the most satisfactory field for that study. I hope to bring some of the nice discrimination, the restraint and the reticence, which is part of the real artist, to my greatest canvas—the screen."

Then we rambled off into small talk, of the proverbial "number of things"—of the people about us—hazards as to what they were beyond what we could see—of the war—of his recent severe illness—of cabbages and kings . . .

For instance, a svelte and vampirish lady sat behind us, super-green of eye, super-scarlet of mouth, frantically puffing poutish poufs of Turkish Trophy from between flamboyantly seductive lips.

"Regardez!" said I.

Said Monty: "What studio does she think she's working in?"

"Thank you," I said, as we proceeded to go on our separate (sub) ways, "for this most appetizing interview."

"No, thank you," he insisted, with a courtly charm of manner habitual with him, "for making an interview *not* an interview!"

again. "Let's talk about producing. For instance, I am going to be rather sparing

of my pictures. As I said before, I dont believe in flooding the market. Happily, we are all agreed, generally and specifically."

"Who will your new leading-lady be?"

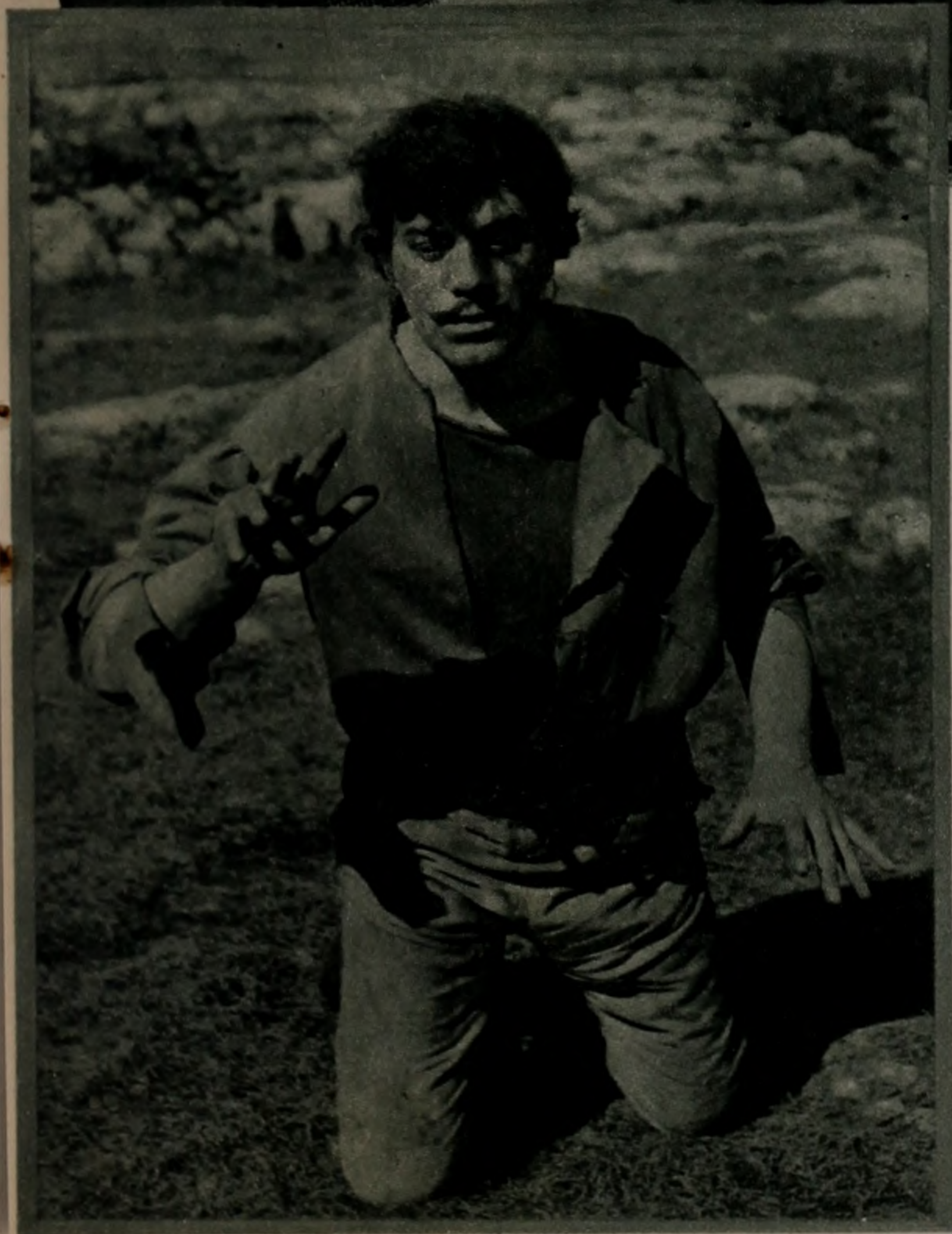
"I dont know yet. But I hope some one *little*. I always like to play opposite the demi-tasse sort of girl—"

"To emphasize your own—well, proportions?" I suggested.

"I didn't like to say so," laughed "Monty."

Then we drifted back to natal, Indian days, and English schools, and ambitions to be an artist, which were in due course of coming true when the stage called and was answered.

"I was a rabid and very zealous disciple of the palette and brush," he said, "and it would be



Stars of Democracy

In J. Stuart Blackton's "The Common Cause," a series of tableaux represents the spirit of the Allies



Julia Arthur is Italy—the land of brave deeds, poetry and imagination, of D'Annunzio and Marconi, of Cæsar and the epic poets. The glory that once was Rome's is returning in the glory of modern Italy



To Marjorie Rambeau is allotted the rôle of America—whose all is in the struggle for liberty and world democracy

Violet Heming is Britannia—the land that, thru history, has fought on and on against countless odds, never giving up—the land that brought civilization to the ends of the earth—the land that, rather than forsake an ally in the dark days of 1914, threw its very life into the balance



Suffering Belgium—who recklessly threw herself in the path of the Hun Goliath—is portrayed by Effie Shannon

The spirit of France is here—for Irene Castle has caught the spiritual fire of the race that, with its back to the abyss, said, "They shall not pass," and stood like a wall of rock against the hordes of hatred and brutality



OF course, it is all a fallacy to accept a legend too seriously or too literally, either in part or in whole. For instance, Galatea as she came down to us was, perhaps indubitably, a marble thing of sheer exquisite, and Pygmalion was at once her creator and her most ardent lover, so ardent that he transformed the chaste marble into responsive flesh and blood. Equally, of course, it would be stretching the credulity somewhat to compare Agnes Ayres with exactitude to the legendary Galatea. But, as a thought-symbol whereby to express her sculptural features, her sculptural calm, her repression of gesture, voice and manner,* all of which is marble-made-animate, the comparison is not only wholly adequate but amazingly fitting. Which brings one to a question of Pygmalion, one that, for all of me, must go unanswered. She spoke of no perfervid youth. She didn't even admit to having been a statue. One must form one's own opinion as to that phase of the matter.

In a certain sense of the word, Agnes Ayres still is, and always will be, sculptural—marble. Not outside her own volition. Not because of a lacking Pygmalion with his vivifying Touch, but because she is a self-professed disciple of Repression, because she believes firmly and implicitly in the high, fine reserve of Art. Returning to statuary, most of us have gazed



© Ira Hill Studio

Agnes Ayres still is, and always will be, sculptural—marble

upon some masterpiece, inevitably and eternally silent and cold, and been thrilled by a sense of vast potentialities. In a sense, that is the form of art Agnes Ayres believes in. It is her cult.

She has a perfect dread of ranting, a horror of overemoting. Still more disgust for hectic vamping. She is the more courageous in the maintenance of her beliefs because she believes, too, that she would "get along better" if she did lose a little of her artistic reserve. "They," she says, with a touch of wistfulness, "would like me better if I threw myself about a little more—ranted a trifle. Perhaps they are right. But if one loses

The O.

Agnes Ayres:

By GLADYS

one's belief in one's individuality, one loses the individuality itself—and that really is, must be, the whole thing—to be apart, isolate, a distinct individual."

I hardly dare to breathe into printer's ink the fact that Agnes is intensively—domestic. I fear the editorial staff will moan, "Old stuff!" I fear the scoffing and the spoofing of the fans, who believe in Rolls-Royces rather than gas ranges. But when, leaf-brown, wild-rose, starry-eyed and sincere, she sat and discoursed to me of home and Mother, of conserve and tomato pickle, gardens and fudge, canning and pies, I beg leave to know what else there is for me to *do* but to *tell* you about it? What if it *has* been written 'steen different times before

(Thirty-four)





roles in the O. Henry stories, with which you are, or certainly should be, familiar. For a variety of reasons. Because they *are* O. Henry stories, primarily. Secondly, but hardly secondarily, because they are O. Henry delicately studied, thought out, thought over. Agnes reads each one carefully herself, tries to see the characters precisely as O. Henry conceived them. "He can put," she said, "the whole of a characterization into three illuminating words. I loved doing 'Transients in Arcadia' and 'Sisters of the Golden Circle.' I believe I am to go on filming the O. Henry stories for the rest of the year."

Apart from these two interests she has no specific others. No particular pals, outside of her mother and Alice Joyce.

She is a thoro little body, Agnes Ayres. She is very, very much in earnest. She is utterly sincere. She is beautiful, intrinsically, not sensationally, wholesomely and lastingly. She is completely natural, both as to person and as to manner. She has the supreme gift of simplicity, fairest child of that broader term, democracy. She believes in helping the other fellow. She is wishful for encouragement, having her moments of despondency. She is prodigal of it herself. She is an enthusiast. Over and above all, she is quiet. And she comes from suburban Illinois.

(Continued on page 71)

Henry Girl

A Modern Galatea

HALL

'bout 'steen different persons? What if it will be written 'steen times more in future? Merely that I shall be neither the last nor the least of the offenders, and that the backbone of the Nation, not the screen but the home, will continue to be—and continue to be beautiful because of the spirits who preside.

Personally, I think it rather interesting, rather sweet and thrilling for a girl who girdles and delights the globe to risk blemishes, blisters and burns over a conserve kettle. There's something inherently *right* in the girl who "fusses" in her home kitchen. Still more so in her mother's home kitchen. And, more than all, when that girl is a star to whom such things might easily grow to be the

(Thirty-five)

At the left is a portrait bust of Miss Ayres made by Lorado Taft, the Chicago sculptor

lesser things, dimmed and somehow unworthy. Something strong and sane and, in the building that, sooner or later, is going to get, not only "across," but into and under the skins of the people—and remain.

All this may be very sentimental over mere matters of jellies and jams, but you ally it to a girl with the face and form of Galatea, to a girl who preaches a doctrine of repression, profound from the lips of near-high-school youth, and you have a combination productive of results or I resign!

Outside of the aforementioned culinary accomplishments of which I have told you, there are her stellar



Koy
Kute
Kathleen



At one time a musical-comedy star and later in vaudeville—doing masculine impersonations — Kathleen Clifford is now a screen headliner to be observed in Plaza Pictures. "The Angel Child" was one of 'em

PAID IN FULL

BY EUGENE WALTER.

Storyzied by FREDERICK RUSSELL from the Photodrama based on EUGENE WALTER'S Play

WHEN I married Joe Brooks I thought that the greatest possible earthly happiness had been given me. I was sure I loved Joe. And so our little flat in Harlem—three rooms and kitchenette with southern exposure—(upon an adjoining brick wall)—seemed Heaven itself.

The years—four of them—passed. We still occupied the same little apartment. It was hard. Most of our neighbors had moved on, to bigger apartments further down town. Some went to family hotels. All my girl friends had beautiful things to wear. That hurt worst of all. For poor Joe didn't seem to go ahead. He worked way down in the shipping district, for a steamship company owned by Captain Williams. In our whole four years of married life, Joe had been advanced just two dollars.

I can't tell how it all happened unless I relate these sordid little details. They're a necessary part of the picture. And then I must go back a year to the beginning of the thing.

It was like most any other night. I had worked all day around the little flat; indeed, I had just completed dinner when Joe returned. He was in the depths. "I asked the old blood-sucker, Williams, for a raise, but he refused."

I was disap-



When I married Joe Brooks I thought that the greatest possible earthly happiness had come to me

pointed, of course, but I didn't want Joe to know. "Never mind, dear," I said, "better luck next time. It was a pretty gloomy meal for us both. Perhaps I looked worn and tired. Anyway, Joe seemed to grow more worked up as he studied me. "This is a hell of a life for us both, always slaving for nothing. You were never meant for a poor man, you hate this work, and your mother and sister hate me for bringing you to it."

Finally I kist away Joe's bitterness. No, I wasn't tired, altho I did ache for beautiful things. And that very night, Joe had forgotten... forgotten that it was my birthday... forgotten in his bitterness. But we had hardly finished dinner, when our door-bell rang. It was Jimsy Smith. Jimsy, I should explain, was Williams' dock superintendent. A wonderful soul is Jimsy... and an

old suitor of mine. Joe has never quite forgiven him for that.

Jimsy handed me a bunch of flowers. "A birthday token,"

he smiled. I tried not to look at Joe. I knew that he must have felt hurt. Poor Joe, he had worked hard all day, had been so deeply disappointed and had forgotten. I went over and kist him to make him know that I understood.

"I could well afford a few flowers, Emma," ex-

Finally I kist away Joe's bitterness. No, I wasn't tired, altho I did ache for beautiful things





I got a match for him and held it while he lighted his cigar. The calculating way he studied me sent a chill thru me

luck in the world—you've got Emma."

Jimsy started to leave soon after that, realizing that Joe rather hated him more than ever, but I made him stay. So Joe went out to buy some cigars. He had hardly gone down in the elevator when mother, sister and Captain Williams dropped in.

Mother has never liked Joe, so she introduced Captain Williams to our apartment with, "I dont think it is nice. I think it's horrible that a daughter of mine should be cooped up and have to do her own housework when she might have done much better for herself."

Captain Williams spoke to Jimsy gruffly. It was one of the few times that I had met Joe's employer, and somehow I couldn't like him. Father, who had known him, had told me that in the old days Williams had been an illicit slave-trader and gun-runner, that his evil reputation had been the talk of seven seas, that nothing was beneath him, that his special weakness was women. He was a hard, ruddy man of some fifty years, grim, with an eye like cast steel. "Well, it does seem as if she should have a hired girl and more than three rooms, but—" he started to say in order to placate mother. But just at that second Joe burst into the room. He was excited. "Do you know why she hasn't?" he demanded of the surprised captain. "It's because you aint on the square. I've worked for you five years and all that time you have been grinding me down." I thought for a second that Williams would strike him at the very second he was speaking. I jumped between them. Williams dropped his clenched fist to his side and smiled cynically. Poor Joe turned, rushed into our bedroom and slammed the door. "It's all right," growled Williams, when I tried to tell him how sorry I was at the outburst. Then, to show that he had forgotten, he drew a cigar from his pocket and asked if he might smoke. I got a match for him and held it while he lighted his cigar. The calculating way he studied me sent a chill thru me. The match trembled in my hand. Then it was that I readily realized Joe's fear of him. The captain noticed it and thought it was due to worry over Joe. "There, there, Mrs. Brooks," he said, "perhaps I have been hard. It's because I've lived a hard

plained Jimsy. "Old boy Williams raised my salary." At which Joe glared angrily. "He turned me down." "Hard lines," consoled Jimsy, "but you cant expect all the

life myself. But Joe keeps his job and this aint going to make a bit of difference." Of course, I thanked him and sighed with relief when they all went.

But they had hardly gone when our door-bell rang again. It is curious how little things change the whole course of our lives, but that chance ring swept the whole current of our lives aside. It was a young couple from upstairs on their way to the theater and they wanted us to go along. Of course, I told them that Joe was tired, realizing that we couldn't afford such extravagances.

I had hardly closed the door when Joe was beside me. "We'll go," he exclaimed. "Why, Joe," I protested, "we cant afford it; besides, I haven't a dress, or shoes, or gloves fit to wear. I'd be ashamed to be seen out." "I dont care, I've saved a little for just such a treat," insisted Joe; "we both need it."

And so we went. But little did I know what it was all leading to.

Two days later Captain Williams went away on a trip to South America, taking Jimsy along. I shall never forget that night, when Joe came home early with the news. "Oh, Joe," I asked anxiously, "you haven't lost your job?" "Hardly," answered Joe. "Williams has gone off on a six months' trip—he's raised my salary and given me six months' back pay."

It was wonderful. That night we planned everything. The little dingy flat would no longer be our prison. We'd go downtown to . . . yes . . . at last . . . to a real apartment hotel. Joe said it would avoid the trouble of trying to get good servants. And I was to get some stunning clothes and . . . even a set of furs. And Joe decided to get evening clothes. At last all our dreams were coming true.

Two joyous months passed. One night mother and sister both were having dinner with us, when the 'phone rang. It was Jimsy Smith, back from his trip with Williams to South America.

"It's old Jimsy," I explained to Joe. Poor Joe! He started and grew pale. I hadn't thought before how he disliked Jimsy for being a rival. So I ran over and kist him. "You old dear," I whispered, "wont Jimsy be surprised!"

"Just back from South America two hours ago," said Jimsy. "You're nicely fixed up here." Joe left Jimsy and I talking together while he went down in the elevator with mother and Beth, who were going to the theater. While he was gone Captain Williams came up on another elevator. "This is a good deal different than the Harlem flat, isn't it?"

I said to the captain. "And, of course, we owe it all to your kindness in raising Joe's salary."

Just then Joe returned. I noticed again how pale the poor boy looked. "Your wife has been telling me how she enjoyed your new income," said Williams, taking

"Why, Joe," I protested, "we cant afford it; besides, I haven't a dress, or shoes, or gloves fit to wear"



Joe's hand: He left soon after that, saying, "I never knew before what a little money meant to a woman." Then he turned to Joe: "I want you to get to the office early tomorrow—there will be two or three gentlemen who will be very anxious to see you."

I thought there was something strange in the captain's attitude, and, when he had left, I spoke to Joe about it. Joe seemed to collapse.

Holding his head half in hysterics, Joe whispered his confession—his terrible confession. "You think I got a raise," he said; "I didn't. All this money you have been living on I stole. And now Williams knows and I am done for. He's been here three days and had men going over my books at night. There's detectives all around the hotel right now."

I turned to Jimsy. "I know everything," he said, "that's why I came tonight—to warn Joe. But I'm afraid it's too late. Captain Williams is as hard as steel. Can I help?"

The whole world seemed to have fallen crashing around me. "No," I whispered, "please go away. I want to be alone with Joe."

When Jimsy went, I broke down in tears. Joe paced the floor. "If there was one person in the world I thought I could turn to, it was you," he snarled, "and you turn on me. What I need now is somebody to help me out."

I felt the reproach. "I'm not wishing to reprove you, Joe, but if I'd only known the truth!"

Joe ran over to look at the clock. It was ten thirty. "I'll be in prison twelve hours from

now," he said. Then he turned to me. I saw him looking at me, the light of an idea in his eyes. For the first time, I began to realize that Joe was weak, and I whispered to myself: "Can this be the Joe of my courtship days?"

Then, thru my sobs, I heard him speak. "If there's anything to be done," he was speaking rapidly, "it has got to be done tonight. Williams is the only way . . . you can square it with him . . . he likes you."

"I dont—dont understand," I answered.

Joe went on half hysterically. "Women are his weak point, every one knows his reputation. He will do anything you ask him, if you go to him right."

I believe my heart half stopped beating. I felt sick with the disillusionment of it all. Then that pleading voice came thru my tears again. "He's gone to his home now . . . close by here. . . You can go . . . No one will know what occurs, but just Williams, you and me."

So this was the real Joe speaking! My love was gone, unutterably crushed. "You dont mean for me to go to his apartment alone . . . now?" I asked, still doubting my senses.

I tried to turn to my bedroom, but Joe barred the way. "Who did I steal the money for?" he demanded. "I did it because *you made me*. I took chances on the races and thought I would win enough to pay it back."

The accusation staggered me. "You hated poverty," he went on, "and I risked everything to give you this comfort. If I go to jail it is because of you."

My love was dead—but Joe's words appalled me. Perhaps, after all, I had been to blame. I had, at least, innocently aided his weakness. I must do something to help this man who had been my lover and who now groveled in weakness before me.

"Whatever I may do or promise to, it is simply because you blame me," I said. Joe was hysterically grateful. He thought I was weakening. After four years Joe didn't understand me.

He ran to the 'phone. "Schuyler 3597," he said . . . Seconds passed. . . "Captain Williams," exclaimed Joe, "it's Joe



"All the money you have been living on I stole. And now Williams knows and I am done for

Brooks . . . Emma is coming over to see you about . . . about that matter." And he hung up.

I could see, even thru the daze of my disillusionment, that Joe felt relieved. Not a thought of the appalling degradation he had mapped out for me. I put on my hat. "You understand that if I bargain with Captain Williams for your freedom, I alone make the bargain, whatever it maybe," I said.

"Yes," said Joe. He was thinking only of himself. So I went out into the night. The cool night air rather revived me. With cars whirling by, laughing folks passing me, the whole events of the last two hours seemed a mad dream. Finally I reached Captain Williams' apartment. He himself answered his door.

He seemed delighted to see me, but I could see thru the mock courtesy of it all. I believe he wanted me to. "You're the first lady to call on me here," he began, then added, "I said *lady*."

I crossed to his desk. A memorandum of Joe's indebtedness lay there—\$16,850, it was. "It's about this I called," I said.

"Dont let's talk business," laughed the captain. "It knocks all the romance out of this visit."

He insisted upon helping me off with my wrap. Then he called me over to see his various keepsakes. One of them was a model of an old-time sailing vessel. "That's the *Sea Queen*," he said proudly. "Sailed her everywhere . . . round the Horn . . . South Sea trading . . . many a tale she might tell . . . women were scarce in those days . . . once I stole the daughter of a South Sea chief. They chased us for miles in their war canoes . . . she was a queer, wild little thing."

"Captain Williams," I interrupted, "some other time. Tonight—"

"I know what's the matter with you, you want a drink."

"No, no!" I exclaimed. While he was drinking, I continued: "You knew my father well. He was as honest as the day. Cant you have some pity for his daughter?"

Williams sat down, and said gruffly, "You have come here on your husband's account. What's your proposal?"

I paused, not knowing what to say. Then Williams leaned nearer. "Your husband sent you, knowing I like women. You are here and I am here—what have you got to say?"

"Is there any honorable way in which I can help him?" I asked, whereat Williams smiled grimly.

"I know what you want me to do," I whispered, forcing myself to look into his cold, gray eyes. "I know what my husband sent me here for—"

"All right," he interrupted; "what are you going to do about it?"

I turned and went to the door, locked it, and threw the key a front of him on the table.

"You have killed men," I told him, "but you've always bought your women. Well, here's your first chance to kill a woman, for that's what you'll have to do."

A queer smile came over Williams' face. Then he spoke, "There are only two kinds of women, good and bad. I banked on your being a good one, and I'm d—d glad of it!"

At first I couldn't understand. "I mean what I say, and I will show you something," continued the captain, and he drew a bit of paper from beneath his desk-blotter.

Thru my tears I managed to read:

To Mr. Jos. Brooks—Your resignation is accepted. I wish to thank you for your services and to assure you that your accounts with the Latin-American Steamship Company have been audited and found to be correct.

AMOS WILLIAMS,
President.

Just then some one pounded, loudly and firmly, on the door. It was Jimsy Smith. He crossed to my side and looked into my eyes. I did my best to smile. Then Jimsy turned to Williams, drew a revolver from his pocket and emptied the cartridges upon the table. "I've been waiting outside—and listening." Whereat Williams laughed loudly.

"How can I ever thank you?" I asked of the captain.

"It's worth that much to me, and a lot more, to have a good woman as a sort of daughter—and, by the way, pay a lot of attention to that fellow, Smith. He's an awfully good friend of yours."

Once on our way homeward, I told Jimsy, "When we get to the hotel, I want you to wait for me." I went up alone in the elevator and knocked at our apartment door. Joe opened it. He was trembling, and beads of perspiration were on his face. I handed him the letter. He read it and crumpled breathless into a chair. "What happened?" he asked. "Did he try to—"

But I stopped him. "Good-by. I am going to my mother's. I am leaving you, Joe."

But Joe ran in front of me to the door. "I want to know how you obtained the letter. It's my right to know."

"The price I paid for that letter is none of your business. I told you that, if I made a bargain, I was to make it alone."

Joe blocked my way to the door. "You're going back to Williams!"

"I thought I loved you, Joe," I forced myself to say. "I always believed you till tonight, and now I know you've always been at heart dishonest. You've struck the downward path and you'll keep going until the end. If you ever had a chance, it was with me, and you've thrust that away."

Joe stepped back, stunned. I crossed to the door and went

out. Jimsy was waiting in the corridor. "Is this the end?" he asked. I nodded. Just as the elevator door opened, we heard a muffled crash. We turned back. There on the floor of our little bedroom lay poor Joe. In one hand was the crumpled letter, in the other a revolver. Across the areaway came the sound of a victrola. Shall I ever forget?

The terrible, black weeks that followed! Poor Joe! I kept thinking of all our days of married life—the gradual disillusionment—the collapse of everything. Joe had been a weak-

ling, and circumstances had finally crushed him. "God's mill grinds slow, but sure."

It seemed that the world must stop. But the whirl of life went on just the same. That is the way of things . . . tragedies sear us, but we go on . . . and on.

To be sure, there had been no love at the end. Not a spark of the old love. But the terrible disillusionment! The shattered idol! That hurt . . . so much. So I went away to start life all over. Months have passed since that night. Out here in the country, I've tried to forget. This afternoon a note came from Jimsy. "I've kept away from you all these months," ran the lonely message. "I'm a patient fellow, and I dont mind waiting for years, so long as you can give me some hope."

So tonight I'm writing—to Jimsy—that I want to start all over—and forget the wreck of things.



"You are here and I am here... What have you got to say?"

PAID IN FULL

Eugene Walter's drama adapted to the screen by Charles E. Whittaker. Starring Pauline Frederick and produced by Famous Players-Lasky. Directed by Emil Chautard. The cast:

Emma Brooks.....Pauline Frederick
Joe Brooks.....Robert Cain
Captain Williams.....Frank Losee
Jimsy Smith.....Wyndham Standing
Mrs. Harris.....Jane Ferrell
BethVera Beresford

Out of the House That Jack Built

Raymond Hatton Once Played Little Eva—But That Was Years Ago

By FRITZI REMONT



WAY back in Red Oak, Iowa, there lived a quiet surgeon who hadn't the faintest idea in the world that one of his boys was born with an infatuation for the stage. Nobody in that family ever had aspired to histrionic honors, the lad's mother was quite a homebody, and the town was so small that first-class theatrical troupes never visited it.

But when Raymond Hatton was ten years old, the good doctor moved to Des Moines, and you can imagine his astonishment when Ray reported that he had just joined a theatrical company presenting "The House That Jack Built." Nobody knew where the youngster ever got his aggression and independence, but after the first excitement died down and the company had played a week's engagement in Des Moines, Ray's parents gave their consent to a theatrical career.

Unchaperoned, save by the kindhearted members of the company, the ten-year-old roamed the country. There were vacations during which he was compelled to study, for his mother worried about the neglected education. Fortunately, Raymond Hatton had a thirst for knowledge and visited public libraries in spare time, read books far too deep for him, and acquired a vocabulary and style which proved that travel and reading often do more than the school-bench in developing intelligence.

From that youthful beginning, Mr. Hatton gradually built up a reputation. It was just because I wanted to know what sort of building material Mr. Hatton used, that I climbed the funny heights to his dressing-room. Right off a corner of the Lasky stages you'll find an open stairway leading to dressing-rooms on props—much like South Sea Islanders live over the water. Pausing at the first tier of rooms, one finds the sign

Two studies of Raymond Hatton and a glimpse of his John Trimble in "The Whispering Chorus"





"These for women only today." Another flight of wooden steps and one emerges on a queer platform way up in the pepper trees, right under the blue vault of the sky. It was for all the world like playing "Swiss Family Robinson" but before I could even say "Jack Robinson," Raymond Hatton extended the glad hand from a dressing-room on the left. One really felt like a birdie in the tree up there; it's cool and the breezes flap the red berries and scatter showers of cheery messengers into the land of make-up, where black-striped cretonne forms a background for bright posies.

There's a tri-cornered mirror enlivened with an electric light at each point, which does service on occasional dark days. The big easy rocker is Mr. Hatton's favorite spot between times, and here he still studies and reads, for he believes that to play "characters" one must be familiar with great characterizations as given in novels, history and biography.

Here it was possible to have a pleasant chat, and it wasn't long before I discovered that Ray Hatton had played Little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," just about the time that little girls were doing "The Prince and the Pauper" or "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Well, it's all in the day's work, and was just another step in the ladder of fame. When fifteen, the lad was doing repertoire, then he played stock and did vaudeville turns, while at nineteen he was engaged as character lead, playing old men sans teeth, sans hair, sans almost everything but his faithful reproductions of inherited family butlers, grandpas or retired business men. The funny part of it was, that the leading-man was forty-five years old.

Eight years ago, Mr. Hatton came to California and played in stock. The engagement was not financially a winner, but it served as an income provider, a necessary thing by that time, for the actor had married at twenty. Mrs. Hatton was an actress, but has not played any permanent engagement since her marriage, limiting her efforts to occasional extra bits at the Lasky Studio. However, her famous husband said very emphatically, "I know what I owe to my wife. She has not only been a constant inspiration and encouragement to me, but she is a very fine critic. She rarely comes over to see me act before the camera, but she attends all rushes, as well as previews, and gives me honest praise as well as carefully considered suggestions concerning improvement in the part I am playing. I would feel very ungrateful if I should attempt to take the glory for such measure of success as I've achieved, without giving Mrs. Hatton credit for her collaboration with me."

Since rapid financial advancement seemed impossible, Ray Hatton thought over the suggestion of a friend who asked him to try Motion Pictures. Like all the early birds in this game, he felt ashamed to go to a studio. It seemed like a backward step and he feared the criticisms of his friends. However, another member of the stock company wanted to see what a studio was like, anyway, and together the men trotted to the old Kalem, at Glendale, where Uncle George Melford, now a director on the Lasky lot, was introduced to them.

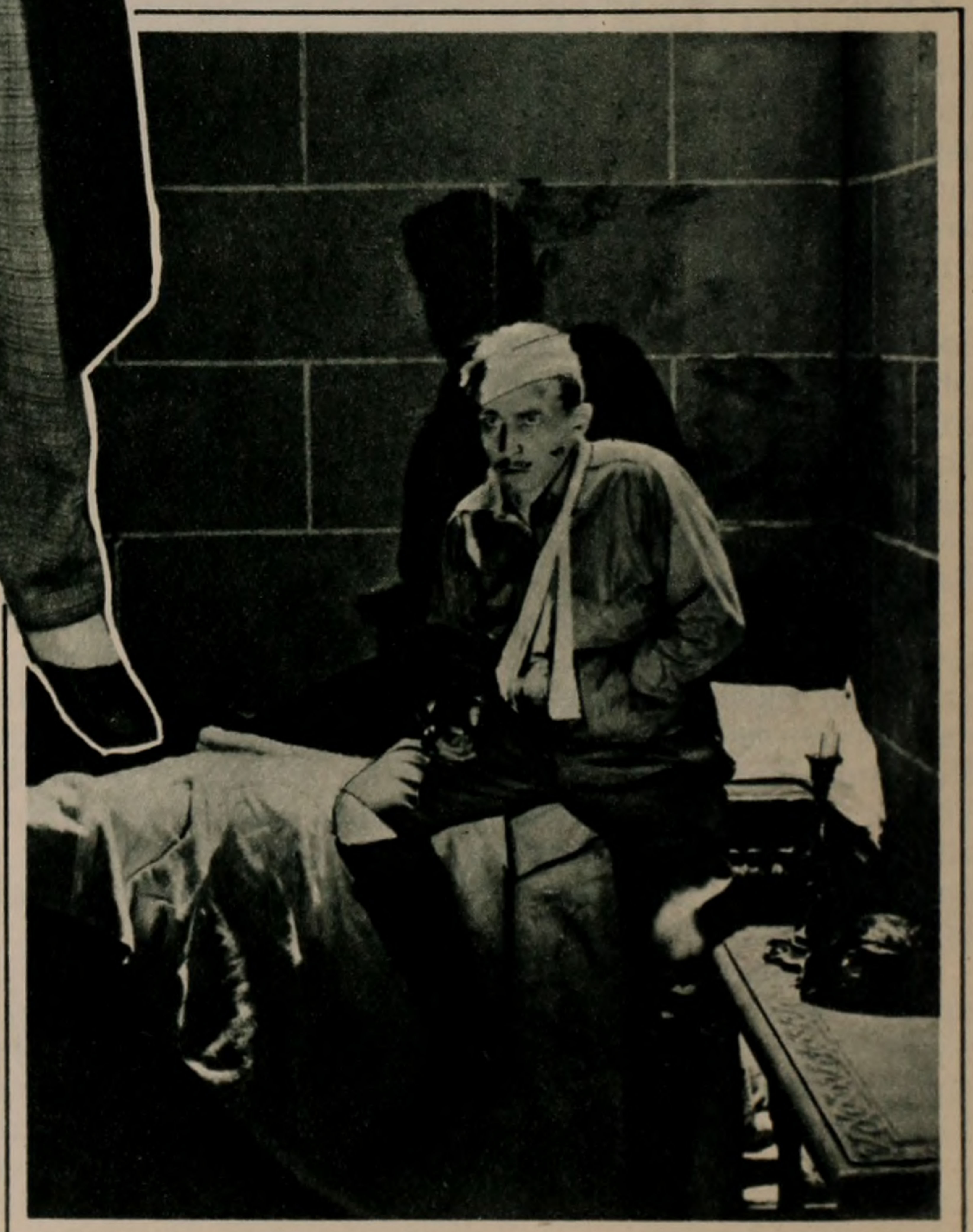
Mr. Melford looked them over critically. Then he said briefly, "Well, you might as well stay a while, put on whiskers and a blouse and make up like Russian peasants."

Make-up was neither expensive nor beautiful in the early days and, after Mr. Hatton had put on some prosperous looking whiskers and an outing flannel nightie,

held in by a belt, he felt quite ready for deportation to Siberia. The first day's work went very well, but on the

Hatton in "The Cruise of the Make-Believe" and "The Firefly of France"

(Continued on page 72)



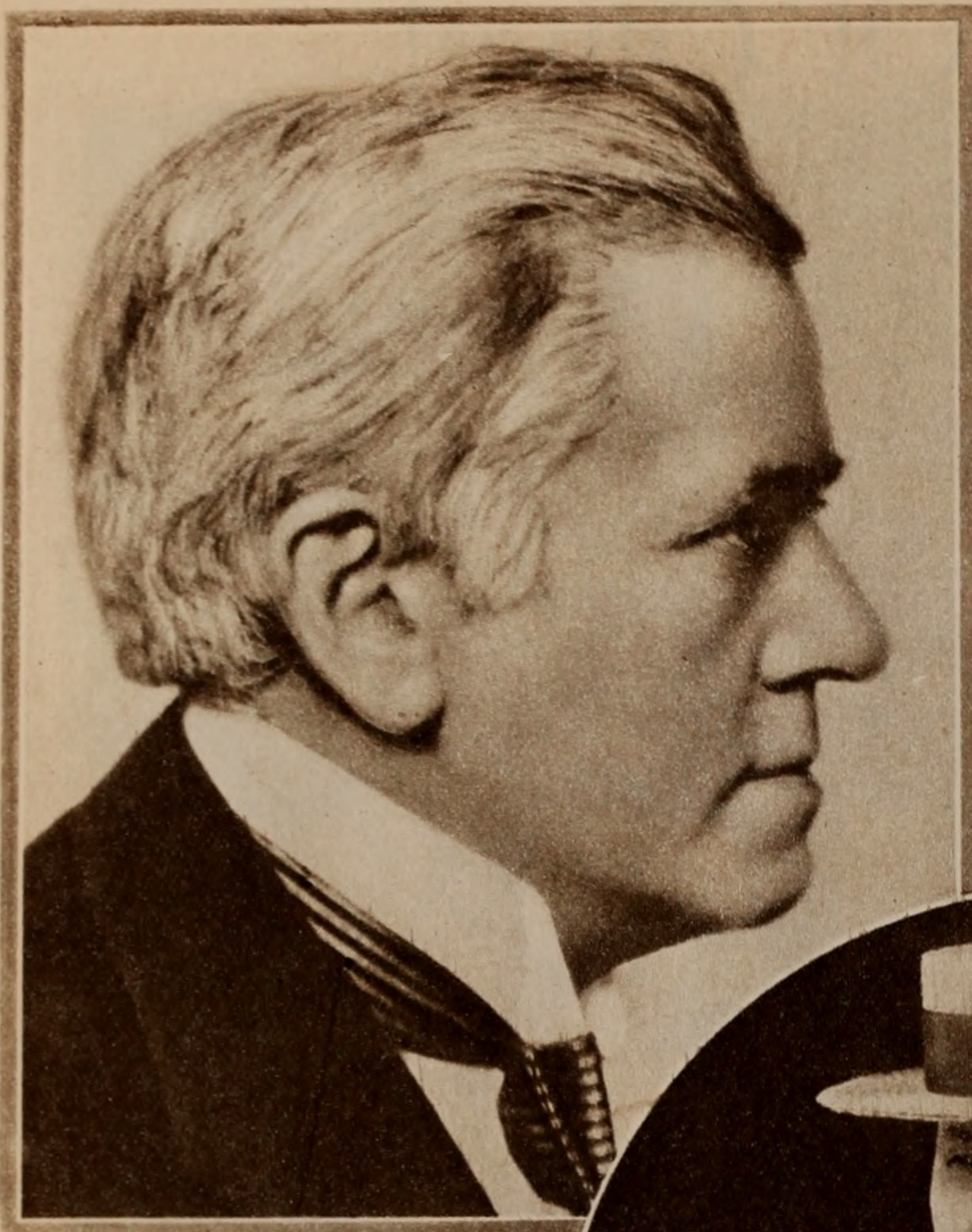
O! Olive!



Some new negligée glimpses of Olive Thomas snapped at the Triangle studios. Miss Thomas has been very busy on special productions recently, despite her seeming inactivity. It's all because these pictures aren't appearing on the regular "Tri" program

The Thin

There Still Are a Few Hold-Outs Left—
They Will
By ARTHUR



has tucked away in the closet of a decade ago a single trip into filmdom when the industry really was "in its infancy." For instance, who would suspect that the same George Arliss who lately gladdened the heart

was as wide a discrepancy between photoplays of then and now as there is between the ancient stink-pots of the Chinese soldiery and the modern mustard gas that the Allies are flinging back against the Huns. One would think it scarcely necessary to mention that circumstance with emphasis, but the fact is that contempt of hold-outs, having the same attitude as George Arliss, is based wholly upon these crude experiments of pioneers in the field and no knowledge of the better things done today. That pictures have advanced by leaps and bounds, both inspirationally and technically, is no secret to confirmed picture-goers who read these pages; nevertheless, it seems to be to George Arliss and several other excellent actors who should know better.

In a way, screen experience

It seems scarcely possible, in this age of the world—this enlightened period of the gas-mask and *schrecklichkeit*—that there could be a living person who wouldn't go into the pictures if he had a chance. Nevertheless, Rollo, there are a few stragglers among the dramatic stars who have yet to learn the tremendous advantages of the close-up over the worn and splintery center-stage.

The strangest part of all is that, if you try to count them on your fingers, you will find the job considerably larger than your hands will hold—you will have your hands full, so to speak. You will have to call for assistance upon the hands of your best girl; or, if you are nobody's sweetheart, upon the hands of George Creel or those of Secretary McAdoo. The doubters are that many. David Warfield has not yet appeared in pictures, altho he once sang topical songs, made up as a Yiddish peddler, in slapstick burlesque. Neither have Otis Skinner, Laurette Taylor, John Drew, Leo Ditrichstein, Frances Starr, Henry Miller, Margaret Anglin, Ruth Chatterton, Francis Wilson, Maude Adams, J. E. Dodson, Grace George, Frank Craven, Guy Bates Post, Julia Marlowe, and a lot more.

In a way it was foolish of me to say all those names in one breath, because it is so easy to slip on the banana-peel of forgetfulness and slight the memory of some two-reel "feature" in the attic days of Famous Players or the London Film Company, that may have slid these names into screen archives. Many a stage star who now seems "untainted" by the greedy hand of the kinetografter



Top, David Warfield; center, Leo Ditrichstein; and right, a recent portrait of Maude Adams

of Lawrence Reamer, the dramatic critic, by contributing a tirade against Motion Pictures to the staid columns of the *New York Sunday Sun*, once made a one or two-reel picture for World Film? I may be mistaken, but I repeat, who would suspect it? Again, how many recall that Mrs. Fiske once made a venture as a screen actress with pardonable results that she would rather forget?

This is not said in a spirit of unkindness. Pictures were different then. There



Blue Line

If They're Not Blue About It Now,
Be Later

EDWIN KROWS

too early in the game has ruined for a number of excellent stage stars what ought to be sane and healthy recognition of a sister art.

But it is impossible to consider the hold-outs in classes. Each case is indi-

In many cases, even when films were better from the production and photographic standpoints, stage stars were not presented in plays either well enough designed or well enough developed to show them for the first time to a new public. We have at least one recent instance of inadequate presentation in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back,"



Top, Otis Skinner; center, Grace George; below, Frances Starr at her Lake George summer home

vidual, and most of them are wavering in greater or lesser degree. William Faversham, who made one film a long time ago, a version of "The Right of Way," and another the name of which I have forgotten, has lately announced that he intends to appear soon in a screen adaptation of Henry Arthur Jones' celebrated melodrama, "The Silver King." Then, to show another degree of inclination, Otis Skinner once was scheduled to appear as a bright particular star of the now defunct California Motion Picture Corporation; in fact, it is said he even started work. Then he was claimed by Herbert Brenon, and now he is rumored in a new connection for portrayal of his old part, Hajj, the Beggar, in Edward Knoblauch's "Kismet."



with Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson. The play was photographed as almost a literal transcript of the stage version; then (and there is reason to believe without the knowledge or consent of the producer, who is a man of proved intelligence) it was slashed and hastily printed until virtually all the quality of both star and play was ruined. Had Sir Johnston not appeared previously in films, this single experience might well serve for him to retire, without another "farewell appearance," bitterly convinced that the cinematograph is all its detractors say of it.

It is a curious but noteworthy fact that Daniel Frohman has been the greatest single factor to bring the celebrated players of the speaking stage into the picture field. At once a connecting link between the stage of Booth and Modjeska and the stage of George M. Cohan, and between the stage itself and the screen, Mr. Frohman's sympathetic understanding has leveled more than one obstacle that might have discouraged ripening acquaintance.

(Continued on page 64)

The Celluloid Critic



THE time has come, we fear, for a strenuous protest against the way film producers are giving away the back studio secrets. Consider Fred Stone's "The Goat," for instance. Here is a supposed exposé of studio life—amusing, but nevertheless damaging.

At least half of the appeal of the stage and screen lies in the glamour, the romance, the actual mystery of it. Some ten or so years ago theater producers began presenting plays in which the back stage artificialities were exposed, played upon, revealed in all their starkness. And the stage was irretrievably hurt.

Now the screen, searching for new thrills, is doing the same thing. Picture dramas like "We Cant Have Everything" and "The Goat" will amuse and interest for the moment, but they are injuring every screen play that is to follow them. Is it worth it, Mr. Producer?

We frequently hear protests over screen stars appearing in theaters. Idols are shattered and so on, we are solemnly told. But the producers are doing a hundredfold more damage by showing the mechanism of the silverscreen.

To return to "The Goat," (Artcraft), which is Fred Stone's second screen endeavor. Stone plays an ironworker who, stung with the movie bug, decides to be a screen actor. He lands a job of a "double" for the star; that is, he is hired to do the daring stunts supposedly performed by the star. He is injured and, when he finds that the star gets even the glory of the injury, he decides to forget the films, enlist and get some regular adventure. If producers must show studio life, let them be accurate. Here we have Stone as Chuck McCarthy doing the double stuff unknown to the studio forces, except to the star and manager. In reality there is no secret in studios over doubling. So "The Goat" borders on the ridiculous as far as reality is concerned.

Fred Stone, with all his homely homeliness and his agile acrobatics, is amusing and gets across very well. "The Goat" doesn't amount to much as a comedy, but it has its laughs and entertaining qualities, due wholly to the star.

Some of the strongest dramatic moments of the month were contained in "Kildare of Storm," Metro's adaptation of Eleanor Mercein Kelly's novel. It is the story of Kate Leigh, who marries the brutal Basil Kildare, scion of an old Southern family. In time she comes to love a young doctor of the neighborhood. Later Kildare is found dead after a struggle with the physician, who is tried, convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment. Finally he is pardoned and, when a mulatto girl confesses to the actual killing after Kildare had been left stunned at the roadside, he is united with Kate.

It is a sordid story, but decidedly strong, of primitive situations. Emily Stevens, who is starred as Kate, is utterly miscast, but King Baggot gives a gruelling performance of the bestial Kildare—a portrayal of remarkable virility. Of but little less strength is Crauford Kent's playing of the doctor. "Kildare of Storm" is strong movie fare and we recommend it—if you can forget Miss Stevens in disheveled negligée.

We must blame ourselves for not becoming a May Allison

Maurice Tourneur's "Sporting Life" is the most artistically produced melodrama ever screened



fan before this. But, if nothing else, "The Return of Mary," (Metro), won us over completely to the blondly charming star.

A railroad engineer, imprisoned after a wreck, conceives the idea of getting revenge upon the president of the road by passing off his daughter as the railway head's long lost daughter, who was stolen as an infant. Then, when the railway king's family comes to love Mary, the disillusionment engulfs every one. But Mary has come to love the president's son, so the king gets a daughter-in-law anyway.

"The Return of Mary" is all Miss Allison. Billie Burke at her very best was never more bewitching than this star, who has verve, piquancy and unusual beauty.

We were vastly interested in Maurice Tourneur's adaptation of the Drury Lane melodrama, "Sporting Life," because we consider Tourneur at the very forefront of our directors. "Sporting Life" is very bald melodrama of the old ten, twenty, thirty, school, but Tourneur gilds it with imagination, lifts it into a thing of photographic beauty and stages it so adroitly that it becomes the most artistically produced melodrama ever screened.

Far be it from us to attempt to unfold the plot, which revolves around the deep-dyed machinations of a scoundrel, Malet de Carteret, and his vampire wife, Olive, to ruin an honest young nobleman, the Earl of Woodstock, and get possession of his horse, the Derby favorite. The sporting events of the picture are not palpable imitations, but vastly real. There is a prize fight with a

Ernest Truex gives a nicely shaded comedy performance in "Come On In"

Fred Stone, with all his homely homeliness, is amusing in "The Goat"

whole theater packed with enthusiastic spectators. The picture has a cast of comparatively unknown but more than adequate players. There are a score of fine instances of Tourneur at his best, but one instance is enough to mention—the London night street scenes with the fine ef-



By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

fect of dense fog. Yet, (we cannot help adding), we hope Tourneur does not waste his abilities upon such material again.

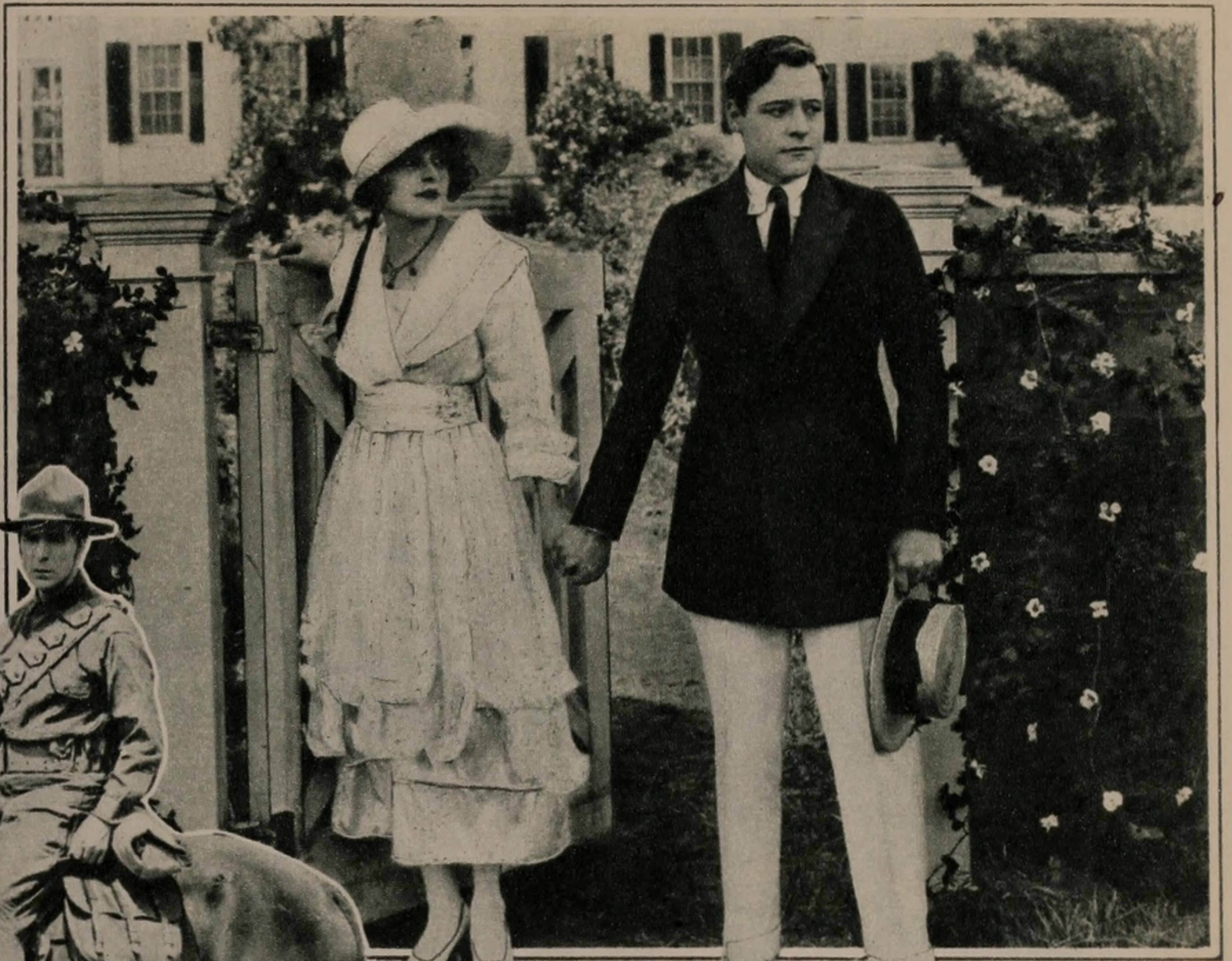
Speaking of imagination, William Fox's newest Annette Kellermann production, "Queen of the Sea," is an interesting—we should say uninteresting—example of utter lack of it. Supposedly it revolves around the love of Merilla, "the queen of the sea," for Prince Hero, and the efforts of the wicked King Boreas to wreck the romance. The director alternates fifteen or so feet of tank swimming, with fifteen of mermaids lolling upon rocks and fifteen of near-story thru the whole six reels. At least, as far as we observe it, the whole thing—in scenario and direction—is completely infantile. We departed before the finish, we must confess.

Miss Kellermann's costumes are largely by Hepner, the wig manufacturer, but even this frankness bored us. The whole cast is lost, except possibly a little unknown, Mildred Keats, who makes the slender rôle of a princess stand out.

George Bronson-Howard is named as the author. He has good grounds for damages.

We expect pleasant things of the new juvenile team of Shirley Mason and Ernest Truex, with John Emerson and Anita Loos behind them.

Dorothy Gish shows humor—and the need of a restraining hand in "Battling Jane"



Harold Lockwood is the typical screen idol in "Pals First"

Bill Hart's "The Border Wireless" merely substitutes hun agents for bandits

The first Mason Truex comedy, "Come On In," (Paramount), a satirical slam at the German plotters, is slender but amusing. Miss Loos plays upon words even with her characters, the hun agents becoming Ophul Schmel, Von Bumstuff and so on. It was daring to playfully burlesque the war, but Miss Loos gets away with it.

Truex gives a nicely shaded comedy performance and Miss Mason is wholly likable. We're looking forward to their next picture.

Some of the reviewers pronounced William S. Hart's "The Border Wireless," (Artcraft), a novelty. We fail to see it. Here is the same old theme with German plotters substituted for the conventional bad men.

Bill plays Steve Ranson, wanted for murder. He meets the usual blonde cutie, unearths a German wireless rigged up in a deserted mine and aids in the capture of the hun agents after a running fight from room to room and up and down stairs. All the while United States cavalymen are clattering over the hills to the rescue. Then, of course, it is proven that Steve's original crime was merely done in self-defense, and, naturally, Steve gets the blonde.

Pretty Wanda Hawley plays the girl in question and does it with sympathy and charm. Wanda held our interest, if Bill and the plot didn't.

"Pals First," with Harold Lockwood, is a special Metro release, probably because it is in six reels. Herein Danny Rawland, a crook of the underworld, takes the place of Richard Castleman, a wealthy young Tennessean whom he resembles in every detail. He wins the love of a young Dixie girl, and when confronted with proof of his duplicity, proves that he is, in truth Richard Castleman. He had been robbed of his clothes and papers in 'Frisco by the real Danny who, upon taking passage to the Orient, had been lost at sea. A longing for adventure prompted Richard to pose as Danny and come back to masquerade as himself.

The trick finish is the best thing about "Pals First." This surprise is adroitly hidden. Harold Lockwood does Richard in screen idol style while James Lackaye really overtops him thru the six reels as Dominie, Danny's pal, a fat exclergyman and whilom crook. Ruby de Remer, as the heroine, is hopelessly amateurish.

Dorothy Gish has a distinct sense of humor, but she is about as repressed as a gentleman suffering from St. Vitus' dance. She needs a restraining hand—and needs it badly.

In "Battling Jane," (Paramount), she has much
(Continued on page 80)





Violet Heming, who plays the Secret Service agent in "Three Faces East," at the Cohan and Harris Theater, is proving herself one of the most sympathetic and appealing of our younger actresses.

Elizabeth Hines, one of the delightful personalities of the new Princess Theater show, "Oh, Yes!" Miss Hines is a fascinating dancer—and folks are calling her a second Mrs. Castle



Cyril Maude gives a delightful performance in "The Saving Grace" at the Empire Theater, and he is ably aided by that splendid comedienne, Laura Hope Crews

The War-Time Theatrical Season



Musical-comedy has no more piquant figure than Mitzi, the saucy little star, who is scoring in "Head Over Heels" at the George M. Cohan Theater.

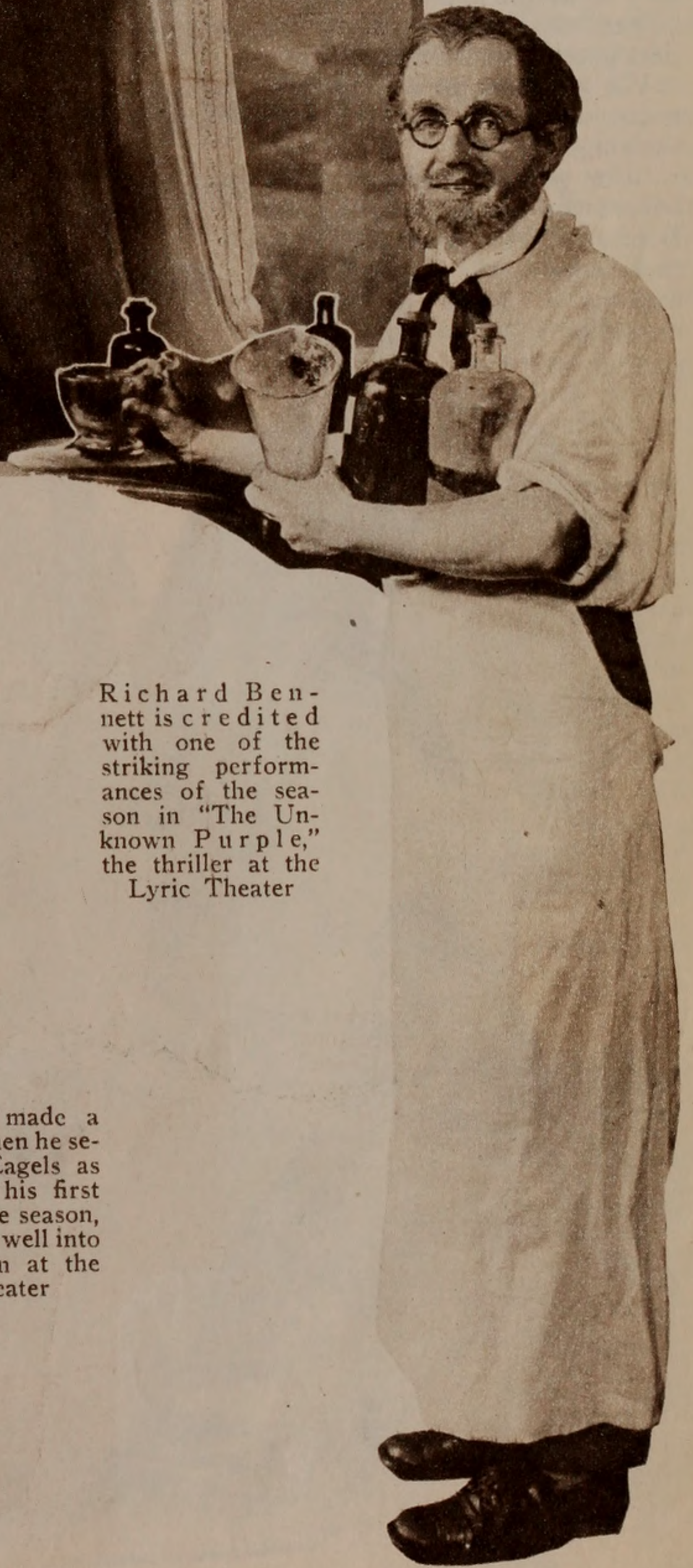


No more captivating somnambulist than Alberta Burton could be found. Miss Burton is the heroine of the comedy, "She Walked in Her Sleep," at the Playhouse



© Strauss-Peyton

David Belasco made a happy choice when he selected Jeanne Eagels as the heroine of his first production of the season, "Daddies," now well into a successful run at the Belasco Theater



Richard Bennett is credited with one of the striking performances of the season in "The Unknown Purple," the thriller at the Lyric Theater

It was odd, watching the Sidney Drews from the wings of a real stage. For the Drews are playing on Broadway in a "noisy drama," "Keep Her Smiling."

Sidney Drew was making a curtain speech, a nervous, seemingly hesitating one. In it he referred to himself and his "splendid co-partner" as the "Mr. and Mrs. Sapolio of the Movies," all because of their belief in spotless movies.

Whereat the audience shook with laughter.

Then he joined me in the wings. Mrs. Drew came, too. "Sid, there are a lot of fans out front tonight," she said. "Did you hear them?"

"How can you tell film fans from regular theater followers?" I asked.

"When we hear half-suppressed ahs and ohs and half-audible comments we know that some of our film fans are out there in the darkness, and that they've just forgotten for the moment that they're at the talkies," said Mrs. Drew. "Then, too, we can tell by the applause that greets our first appearances."

We retreated to Mr. Drew's dressing-room while the scene-shifters changed the stage setting.

"I'm going to answer your question before you ask it," laughed Mrs. Drew. "We haven't deserted the screen—yet. In fact, we're making a series of two-reel comedies right now at the Biograph studio. We've finished one already.

"If 'Keep Her Smiling' goes on the road, after a while, it will be comparatively easy to keep up our screen work in other cities, such as Chicago, Boston, and so on. Yes, Sidney is going to work hard this year."

"You see," sighed

Sidney, "I thought it would be a great idea to present my wife with my services for a year as a birthday present."

"So I'm managing him for a year," said Mrs. Drew, triumphantly, "and Sidney is going to be kept busy. I love the studio best of all, because I not only act, but direct and work out my own scenarios, while Sidney loves the stage most. It's in his blood."



Back Stage With

By CHARLES

Here I must flash back in my interview. Mrs. Drew's faith in her husband as an actor gives an interesting angle upon their co-partnership. I had been standing in the wings watching Mr. Drew a few minutes before when Mrs. Drew seized my arm.

"Listen to the way he puts a catch in his voice in 'this next speech,'" she whispered.

I listened—and heard. "It's wonderful, isn't it?" exclaimed Mrs. Drew.

But to return to the interview.

"When my year is up," continued Mrs. Drew, "I fear he will take 'Keep Her Smiling' and myself and go to England and Australia. He's longed for that for years. He wants

The Sidney Drews in a scene from the Astor Theater comedy, "Keep Her Smiling"

to do it. It will be meeting old friends and be a sort of rest



woman of 42 or 45. We gave her youth, because we know, for one thing, that audiences wouldn't sympathize with an extravagant butterfly of that age. We have tried to tone down everything, to make it near life. Of course, we couldn't eliminate the improbable extent to which success drops upon Henry Trindle in the end, but we have helped it here and there."

Mrs. Drew asked me for an opinion of her characterization. Then she explained: "Some of the critics took exception to my baby voice. Of course, that is part of the rôle. Normally I talk deeper, entirely differently. But a heavy voice would not go hand-in-hand with the flighty Polly Trindle."

"My characterization has changed materially since the opening night," said Mr. Drew. "At the start I played Henry Trindle in a broader comedy manner. Now I'm trying to shade the rôle in more subtle ways. At

the beginning they laughed at Henry, now they chuckle. That proves to me that Henry is becoming more real. The 'laugh inside' means the human note——"

"It means," interrupted Mrs. Drew, "that audiences love Henry Trindle too much to laugh at him."

Mrs. Drew hurried away to her dressing-room to change costumes for the ensuing act. Then Mr. Drew picked up a cigar-lighter, rusty, worn and battered.

"Some one came in yesterday and gave this to me. Said it had belonged to my son, Sidney Rankin Drew, who had given it to him in Paris.

"It hurts, of course, to have these memories stirred. But it doesn't sadden me. People wonder why I haven't shown more sorrow over Rankin's death, fighting for his country in the skies over the Flanders fields."

The mask of comedy had disappeared. Sidney Drew's tired eyes glowed. The worn, lovable old Henry Trindle stood erect. The very room seemed exalted.

"It's because he died so bravely," exclaimed Mr. Drew. "It does hurt to realize that the last of the Drews is dead, that the name of Drew will die with my generation. But it is good to know that

Rankin died better than any Drew has ever lived or died."

the Sidney Sapolios

JAMESON

for him. Then the screen will really lose him for a while."

Mrs. Drew told me that she wanted two-reel comedy ideas. "Please tell your readers to send them in—just the bare ideas—we will do the rest. We do need them terribly."

We talked of "Keep Her Smiling," which, in brief, is the story of Henry Trindle, a middle-aged bookkeeper, who, after marrying a butterfly wife, innocently extravagant but loving, is actually dragged up the business scale in his efforts to keep pace with his expenses until he becomes a partner of his former employers. Success is piled upon his head.

"We have labored from the first to humanize the story," explained Mr. Drew. "At first the wife was a

Mr. Drew, Mrs. Drew and De Witt C. Jennings in an amusing moment of "Keep Her Smiling"



All-Starring "The Squaw Man"



Cecil De Mille is making a special production of Edwin Milton Royle's Western melodrama, "The Square Man," for Artcraft. Herewith are presented five members of the all-star cast: Jack Holt as the villainous Cash Hawkins, Katherine MacDonald as Diana, little Pat Moore as Hal, Ann Little as the Indian girl, Naturitch, and Elliott Dexter as the squaw man, Jim Wynnegate



The Panther Woman

Storyzied by JANET REID

From the Novel, "Patience Sparhawk and Her Times," by GERTRUDE ATHERTON. Picturized by MARY MURILLO

June——

I am always wondering these days—the *why* of me keeps hitting against my heart—and against that Thing which I feel must be my soul. The Beautiful Thing which hates the dirty ranch-house and the terrible woman who is my stepmother. I don't seem able to fathom even myself—myself least of all. My father is dead—and my own mother. They died too soon. There are many questions they ought to answer me. They ought to tell me whether they handed down to me the need for beauty which is in me. They ought to answer me when I want to know whether their legacy was for good or bad. I think for good. My father's picture dreams with its eyes, and my pretty mother's loves. Those are the two things I need—need bitterly—to dream and then—to love!

I haven't ever had anything to love—nor any one. Perhaps when I was a very tiny child—but the heart of a child, it seems, forgets. The heart of a woman—never! Oh, there is dear old Mr. Foord, of course. I do love him. But somehow, dear as he is, he is more a *mind*, just a dreaming, remembering, quaintly lovely and learned old mind, than anything vital and live and *mine*. He is relieving, day in and day out, his romance days with his glorious Spanish wife. Her memory is more live than he. I hope some man loves me some day as he must have loved her. Swinburne says, "That one should love me with real love—such things have been"—to live, to love and then to die! If I might have the first two I should turn to kiss the third with ever willing lips . . .

June—Later.

Mr. Foord has let me read Byron's poems. I am not the same. A while ago I wanted the whole of life—I saw it as a confused pattern—as a swirling mass of vivid, indiscriminate

colors and objects—I was groping and grasping—everywhere at once. Now I know what I want. I want to love. I want to love till I am swallowed up in it—submerged—overwhelmed. To love—that is to live. I know that now. Suppose I never do! Suppose he never comes—*he*, holding his power over me in his hands like some high, valorous sword. I want to die—I want to die, if that be so!

Mr. Foord says it will. He says I am like a magnet—that love would beat a track to me though I dwelt alone in a trackless desert. He says to hope, to wait, to have faith. But it is hard!

Here, up in this mission tower, where



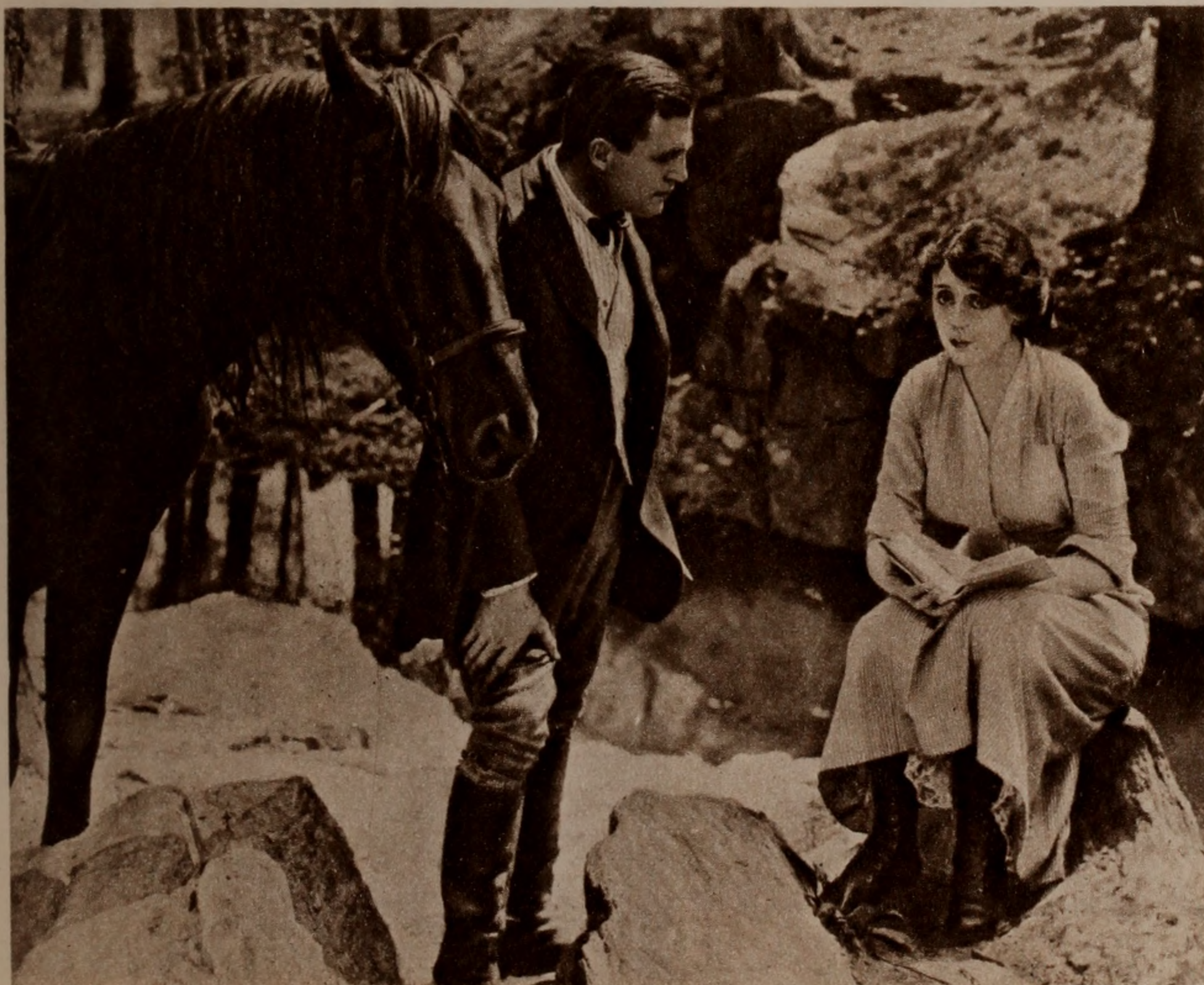
the bell hangs, broken now, I read and dream—and wait. Before me, slender as a ribbon drawn, winds the road to Monterey. Inside the garden walls dreams seem to linger, to be loath to go. Sometimes I feel them touch me, the gay doñas, the brave caballeros. There is a scent of musk about them. There is a clinking of their spurs. I almost seem to see a poppy, red as blood, against a slender throat, as white as milk. I hear soft laughter, amorous and low. They lived, they loved and they died.

I only dream and dream and dream—and read Byron's poems.

July——

I knew that he would come today. If I should tell that, even to

I walked a bit down the road to Monterey with him—and I had never known before how beautiful it was. It is a miracle how one person—one single person—can make the world that which it has never been before.





Mr. Foord, whose Spanish Carmelita comes to him every night, he would laugh at me. But I think it is because I am alone. In all the world there is no one more alone than I. When I walk thru the town the townfolk jeer at me. "You hold your head too high for such as you!" they mock. "You—with who knows for a father and a drunkard for a stepmother!"

I know they cannot hurt me by their words. My father died leaving no trace, it seems, that he had lived. And my stepmother—she is shudderingly terrible. How can a woman grovel so? How can she be so deaf as not to hear the echoes of sublimity?

Mr. Foord says I am incurably the idealist. He said it, shaking his delicate old head sadly.

"Christ was an idealist," I said, "the greatest . . ."

"They crucified Him," said my friend, and stroked my head.

"He rose again," I maintained, "triumphant . . ."

"Oh, as to that," he said; "but the Cup, my child, did not pass from Him."

Nevertheless, I knew that *he* would come today. I crept down to the tower very early in the morning, with my books and some luncheon I made in the ranch kitchen before I left.

When I climbed to the top, and found Too Whit waiting for me, I felt it at once. The doñas and caballeros felt it,

That night when I went home I found her flat upon the floor. She was hideous

Garan Bourke looked at me. He said no word, but I stood—tried and convicted

too. There was faint, delicious fluttering all about. There seemed to be a whispering . . . an anticipation . . . vague . . . I hoped he would come so that I would *surely know him*. I hoped my faith would not be tasked too hard. I thought of that splendid, moving old tale of Tolstoi's, where the old cobbler waits all day, having been told that the Christ will visit him. A beggar comes, with whom he shares his bread. A woman with a babe to whom he gives his milk. A tramp, I think it was, to whom he gave his shoes. But the Christ came not. The old cobbler was bitterly disappointed. But at midnight he was reading his Bible just the same when the shadow of the Highest fell, one of living light, across the page, and a voice, divinely tender, spoke and said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto them ye have done it unto Me"—and the cobbler knew

that the Christ had come not once, but thrice. Not merely as Himself—in many guises.

I hoped, tho, that he would come just as himself.

He did. Just at noon he came walking up the narrow road, leading his horse. He saw me a long way off. I waved my hand. He seemed surprised, but then he could not know that I had been expecting him.

"I've lost my way," he said, but I did not feel a lack at the commonplace words. Of *course* he had lost his way—his *journey's way*! I knew he liked me. It leapt into his dark, blue eyes, it curved his lips anew, his dark cheeks flushed, and in his broad, strong chest I sensed the added thumping of his heart.

Then we talked. No one, ever, had talked to me before—saving Mr. Foord, and his is almost always of the shadowy Carmelita.

He told me wonderful things . . . things that will linger . . . he said there are as many tomorrows as there are yesterdays. He said that we must make of past mistakes mere stepping-stones—never tombstones for hope or faith. He told me I was the splendid type of American woman—that I would go on and on until I dropped.



Standing beneath me there, he gave me faith in myself, hope, belief, ground beneath my feet. And he gave me love.

I wanted to tell him that I would never forget him. I wanted to tell him that I loved him. But I couldn't. The near-to-nature part of me urged me to. The panther part of me that would stalk her jungle mate. But the shy, wistful doñas, fluttering, wavering, for some bold caballero, the wistful waitings of a generation gone, withheld me. So I said it with my eyes.

I walked a bit down the road to Monterey, with him, and I had never known how beautiful it was. It is a miracle how one person—one single person—can make the world that which it has never been before.

Then he was gone. Somehow I did not mind. I knew that he would never be gone from me.

August 1st.

It happened today—the Horror—the Horror that has been impending for the Sparhawk ranch for years. When I walked down to Mr. Foord's today for another book, the girls and boys were more terrible than ever. Youth is a terrible thing. A deadly, cruel thing. I shall be glad when I am no longer young. I am afraid of my own coldness. I am afraid of my chilliness, my unexpansiveness. They said: "Your mother nearly did the town up last night with the hired man. Cant you find some better company for her, Patience?"

I winced. Then they were worse than ever. That night when I went home I found her flat upon the floor. She was hideous. Her depravity was hideous. I felt a revulsion against my father. Perhaps she *had* been young and pretty—then. But I would have known, I felt, I would have sensed it—this coarseness. I spoke to her, harshly, I suppose. Anyway, she answered me. She said vile, obscene things. The next thing I knew I was a panther—I *was*. I sprang. I hadn't hands—I had talons. I dug them into her fat, working throat. I dug *in*. I wanted—I wanted to *stop* her—her words that ran out at me, thickly, like sewage—her breath that was heavy with cheap whisky and gin—I wanted her to be *dead*! Then they pulled me away—the hired man pulled hardest. Once I got my talons from her throat I lost my terrible desire. I felt differently. The lust to kill was gone. In its stead was another feeling—I am not sure that it was more cleanly. A feeling of horrible, nauseous disgust. I knew that I could never live again under the same roof with *that*. I went to my room and got my things. Then I went into the parlor and said good-by to my father's picture—my father, with his dreaming eyes. "Good-by," I said, and kist him; "good-by—I'm sorry—but I *cant*!"

Then I went down the road to Mr. Foord's. "He will know," I said to myself; "he will tell me what to do."

August 2d.

The Sparhawk ranch burned down last night. My step-mother—didn't survive. I am not sorry about that. Maybe she knew purification thru fire. I am not sorry about my



What a pathetic thing hope is . . . the hope of a woman for love . . . it is the hope of a miracle

They are stirring about me again . . . those dear, dead dreams . . . their ghosts merely . . . one cannot feed on dreams alone . . . and live



father's picture, either, tho it is all there was left of him. I am afraid that, soon, his eyes would have ceased their dreaming.

Mr. Foord *did* know what to do. He is sending me to his sister, just outside of New York. He thinks I had better go. Life is too short, he says, for me to spend it here, living down my stepmother's shame. It is no concern of mine. And he, he says, will be quite soon with Carmelita. I love him—so I hope he will. His old heart is almost breaking for her. One little, little person out of all the world—what they can do, what they can do!

September—
I am here at last, in New York, with Aunt Harriet Tremont. She is not much like Mr. Foord. She doesn't dream—she *acts*. She does good, all the time. But she doesn't do it as I would. But then, she is older, wiser—she must know best. She has a Temperance Hall, and she converts sinners. But if they *show* very sinful—drunk or anything like that—she doesn't let them in. I think her conscience aches for them—maybe her soul—but not her heart. My *heart* aches me most—for pain and the hurt of pain.

Today I met the Peeles, Aunt Harriet's relations. They dont seem one bit like her, so I cant imagine why they take such an interest in her. Mrs. Peele asked me, quite disagreeably, whether I knew the extent of the Tremont fortune. I said that I didn't know, hadn't thought anything about it. "How ingenuous, my dear!" she said, and laughed horridly.

Beverly Peele seemed rather awful to me. Mostly his eyes. They sort of—of—*eat*.

Hal Peele, his sister, is quite different. Jolly and American and nice—just nice. She hugged me and hoped we'd be friends.



"I shall save you—yet," he whispered, close against my mouth

shuddered from him. Honora, I felt, hated me. Hal was jolly.

When I went home Aunt Harriet was ill. Two days later

she was *so* ill that we saw she could not live. Beverly and Hal and their mother came up. Aunt Harriet saw Beverly look at me. He told her he loved me, wanted to marry me. I never saw any one look as Aunt Harriet looked. "I have come to love her, too," she whispered, and the death-rattle was shaking her poor old throat. "Like the child—I—never—had—marry him, my dear, I beg . . ."

Death gripped me with its inevitable hysteria. I felt that I must fling happiness into its cold face. I must bludgeon it with roses. "I will!" I cried to her

(Continued on page 74)

"THE PANTHER WOMAN"

Adapted from Gertrude Atherton's novel, "Patience Sparhawk and Her Times." Scenario by Mary Murillo. Produced by Petrova Picture Company. Directed by Ralph Ince. The cast:

- Patience Sparhawk.....Madame Olga Petrova
- Garan Bourke.....Rockcliffe Fellowes
- Beverly Peele.....Vernon Steele
- Mrs. Peele, his mother.....Matilda Baring
- Hal, his sister.....Gene Burnell
- Mr. Peele.....Frederick Truesdale
- Governor of New York.....Tefft Johnson
- Honora Mairs.....Violet Reed
- "Old Foord".....James Fury
- Mrs. Sparhawk.....Norma Seifert
- Latimer Burr.....Captain Harry Lambart

The Extra Girl Plays Nurse to the Lee Kiddies

By ETHEL ROSEMON

"SHALL I save the child and spoil the scene, and thus scare my timid career out of another year's growth?"

This was the question that one-stepped thru my mind as I crouched closer to the screen that hid me from the camera's view. Both eyes were fastened in horror on the bassinette in which two-weeks-old Dorothy was gurgling and gurgling, all unconscious that her foundation was tipping.

"Walk out of the room now, nursie," Director Gilstrom had ordered the moment I had given the final tuck to the baby's

blanket and, tho I felt at the time I was entrusting my charge to an unstable craft, I was forced to obey.

I had a suspicion that if Dorothy's hair wasn't parted just exactly in the middle that bassinette was going to favor one side more than the other, and that's just exactly what happened.

"Oh," I groaned, "if friend husband will only discover that his wife is asleep and steal out before the baby does an Annette Kellermann that isn't according to script!"

"All right there, Charley Slattery, tip-toe out," Mr. Gilstrom called.

I breathed again. Ollie Leach would soon cease grinding and all would be well along the Potomac. The moment the commotion on the other side of the



camera told me the scene was ended, I sprinted across the room and grabbed Dorothy from her peaceful slumber.

"My, but you're an ambitious nurse," Mr. Gilstrom laughed, as he witnessed my rapid return to duty.

"Oh, I thought the baby was going to fall out and spoil the picture—I mean her face," I explained, hurriedly.

"Nonsense! That thing cant tip," cheerily returned the director, proving conclusively that he had never been a mother whose offspring looked as if she might take the downward

path, even tho she later changed her mind. Thus with a man.

I have always been obsessed with a wild desire to play mother to those Lee kiddies. Perhaps my desires are too wild to admit of fulfillment. Anyway, after some trotting to the Fox office, plus a great deal of wishing and more struggling,

the genial director engaged me to enact the difficult rôle of nurse to their mother upon the arrival of the home's son and heir, none other than little Dorothy.

In the picture, Jane and Katherine were not anxious to share their parents' love with the new baby, but in real life, little Dorothy was the center of attraction. The little stars never left her side, unless called to work, during the two days she was at the studio. Katherine,



The Lee children in a quaint little scene from their new picture, "Swat the Spy"

with the serious, grown-up expression she often wears, sat by the hour with the little mite in her arms, while Jane cuddled close by and registered admiration.

"Let's buy it, Jane."

"All right, Katherine. I'll ask the mother how much she wants for it."

"Two hundred and fifty dollars," reported Jane, returning from her shopping. "Phew! that's a lot of money."

"Well, I guess it's worth it," supplemented

the practical Katherine. "Lots o' clothes go with it, dont they?"

"Nope; the mother said that was without the clothes."

"Well, Jane, I'll buy the baby and you buy the clothes, and then we can share it."

"All right, Katherine."

And the baby was the only one in the studio that could keep cyclonic little Jane quiet for more than five minutes at a time. If she wasn't dancing around the set, she was climbing all over the scenery and taking perilous dives which made every

one's heart stop beating, but which brought her to her feet laughing, ready for another adventure. Before the camera the director never tells her how or when to be funny.

Jane's comedy is all of her own manufacture.

The great task is to keep her from being funny all the time. The young director, Arvid Gilstrom, who came from the West to direct "Swat the

Spy," was Jane's particular hobby. At first he found it rather disconcerting to have a

golden head fly out of the atmosphere and precipitate itself against his shoulder at five-minute intervals, but by this time he has probably become accustomed to the flying leaps of his little star. Katherine also shared Jane's admiration for Mr. Gilstrom, but she showed it

father made to blow up all those old Huns, and Katherine and I find it out and follow him with some soldiers, and I jump into the water when Pat tries to get away in a row-boat, and—"

"Come, Jane; it's time to get wet," interrupted Mr. Gilstrom.

"Tell her the rest, Katherine," instructed Jane, as she was led away for her ducking.

"Well, you see," Katherine took up the tale, "when Jane and I go to our father's laboratory one day, and he's writing out some figures, he tells us he's writing a letter to God to send us a baby brother, and then pretty soon the stork

brings Dorothy, and that's the reason you're here. The next time we disturb him when he's writing he tells us the same thing. We watch him and see where he puts the letter. It isn't a letter at all—just some words telling the government how to make the new powder—and we take it out and put one in its place, telling God we've had enough baby brothers, thank you. I wish it was true, tho, that our own mother would get us two baby brothers, so Jane and I could each have one."

"Well, I guess your mother has her hands full as it is," I suggested.

(Continued on page 68)

Jane is always for Katherine, and Katherine is always for Jane—that's the motto of the Lee children

in her own quiet, sedate little way.

"Now I've got to get wet all over," Jane informed me one day, as I sat watching the scene. "Know why?"

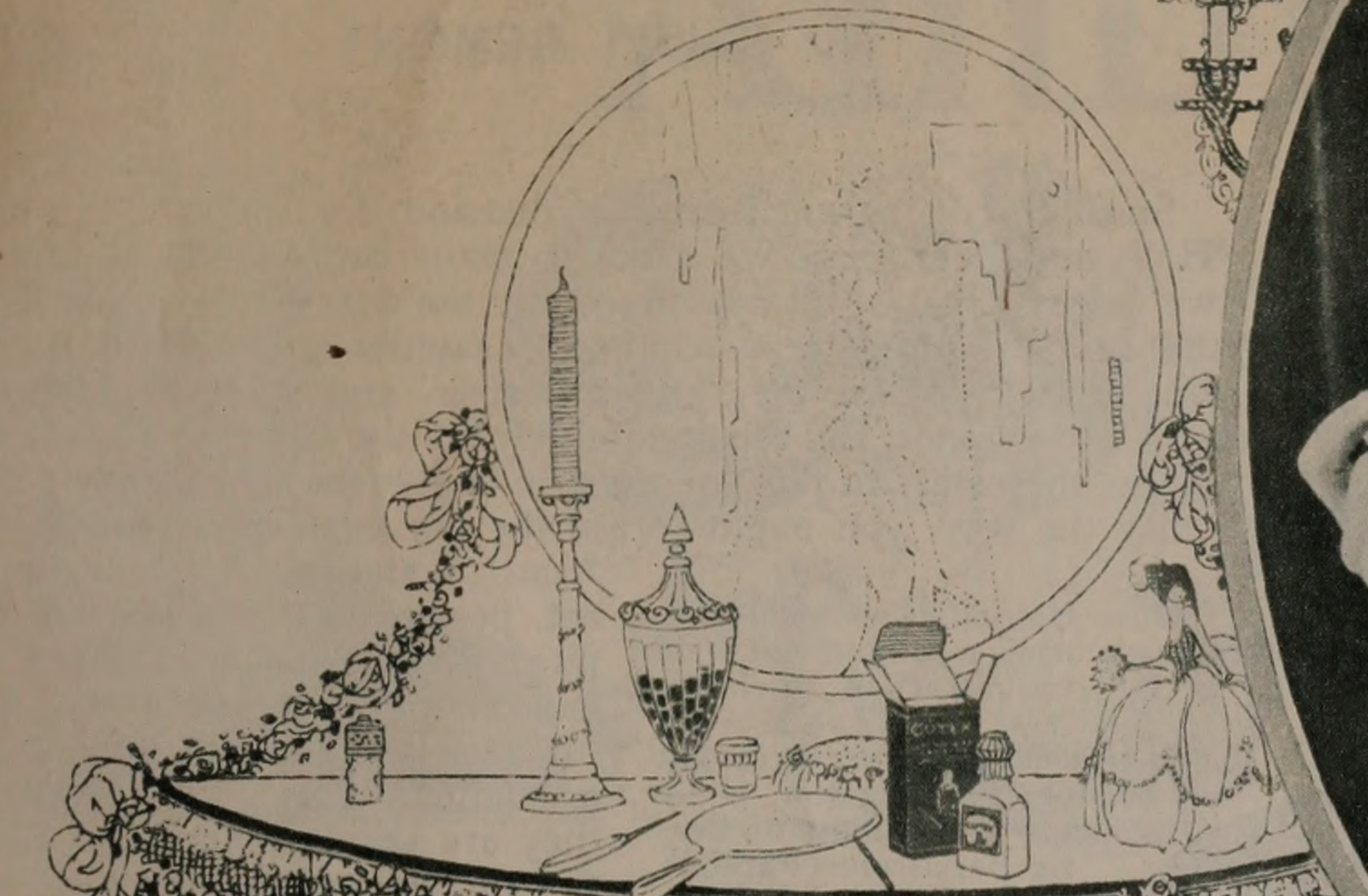
"Never could guess."

"You see that fellow, Pat Hargigan. Well, he's our father's butler, and he's a spy. So's our cook, Miss Ashbrooke. Now the butler runs off with the invention that our



"I have found Cutex the quick-
est, easiest and most effective
way of taking care of my nails"

Clive Brady



To make your cuticle smooth
and firm, use Cutex



A little Cutex Nail White
underneath nails makes nail
tips snowy white



See what a lasting gloss Cu-
tex Polish gives

The harmfulness of cutting the cuticle

WHEN you cut the cuticle, you ruin the appearance of your whole nail. It was to meet the need for a harmless cuticle remover that the formula for Cutex was prepared. Cutex completely does away with all need for cutting or trimming, and gives a smooth, shapely outline to the nail.

Send for the complete manicure set illustrated below, and give your nails their first perfect manicure. In the Cutex package you will find an orange stick and some absorbent cotton. Wrap some of the cotton around the end of the stick, dip it into the bottle and work around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle. Then carefully rinse the fingers with clear water, taking care to push back the softened cuticle when drying the hands.

If the skin around the base of your nail dries easily at certain seasons of the year,

as that of many women does, apply a little Cutex Cuticle Comfort. This Cream will help to keep your cuticle always soft and pliant.

You will be amazed at the improvement just one application makes in your nails.

The Compact Cutex set, price 50c, contains trial sizes of the Cuticle Remover, Cutex Nail White, Cutex Cake Polish and Paste Polish; it has also a flexible file, emery board, orange stick and absorbent cotton—all for 50c. If your store cannot supply it, we will be glad to fill your order direct.

You can secure Cutex in any drug and department store. The Cuticle Remover comes in 35c, 65c and \$1.25 bottles. Cutex Nail White is 35c. Cutex Nail Polish in cake, paste, powder, liquid or stick form is 35c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort is also 35c.

An individual Manicure Set for only 21c

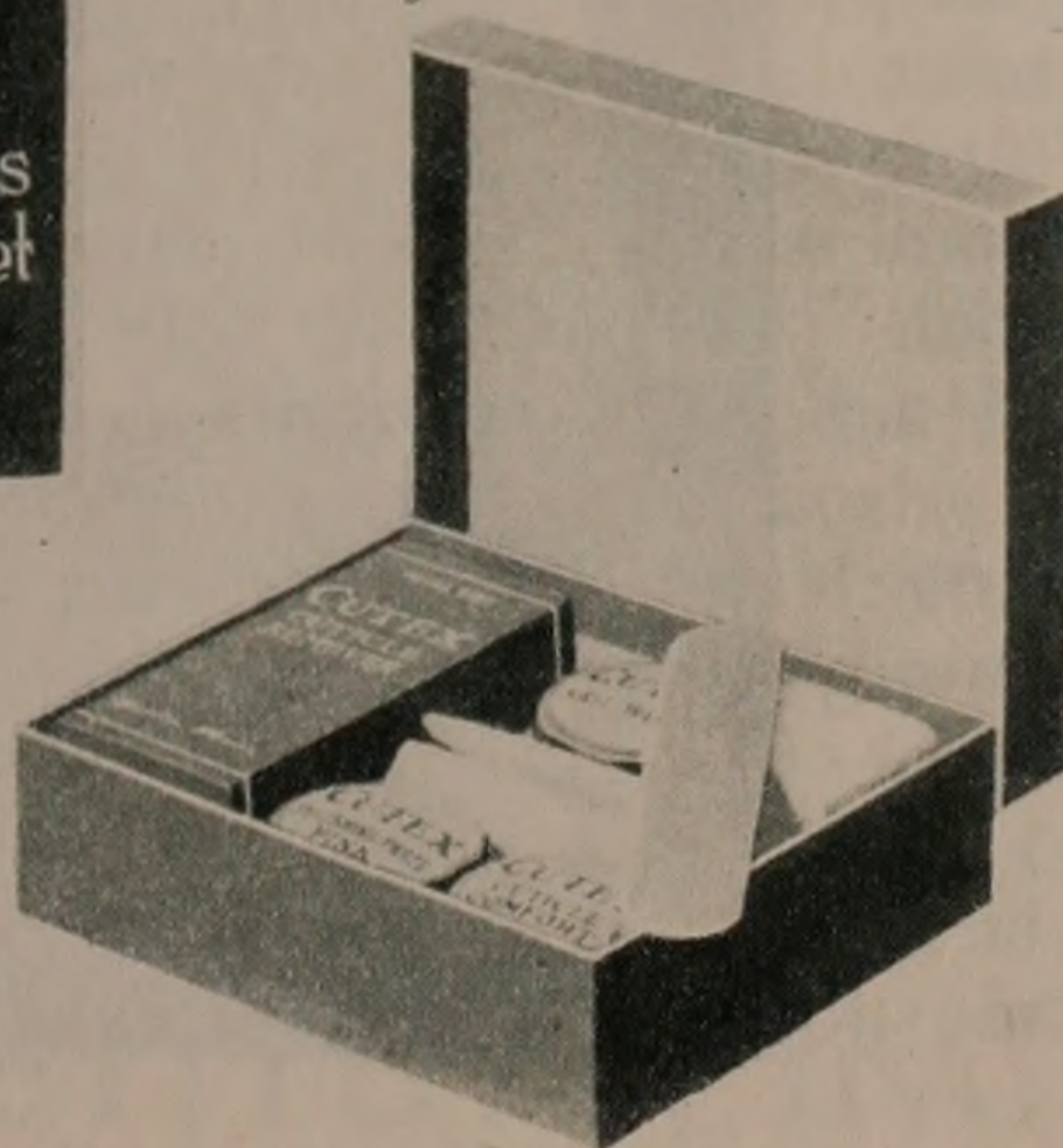
Mail the coupon today with 21c and we will send you this complete Midget Manicure Set. Address Northam Warren, Dept. 912, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

If you live in Canada, send 21c for your set to MacLean, Benn & Nelson, Limited, Dept. 912, 489 St. Paul Street West, Montreal, and get Canadian prices.



Above is the Cutex Traveling Manicure Set wrapped with its new Christmas design. The set is complete with emery boards, orange sticks and cotton. For Christmas this year these sets are especially appropriate. Their price is low—their usefulness no one will question. Sold in all drug and department stores. Price, \$1.50.

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Gossip of the Pacific Coast

By FRITZI REMONT



Speaking of *types*, there's a demand for *kaisers* out in Hollywood, for since we make so many propaganda pictures we've got to have Bill reproduced by the dozen. They say it's the funniest thing to watch extras saunter in who are convinced they possess the "imperial nose" and the overbearing war-lord manner, and the minute they hit the casting director's offices they start to pull up one arm to give the shriveled effect.

By the way, you ought to see the big containers placed in front of studios to catch apricot, peach, nectarine and plum pits. These are used in the manufacture of gas-masks, and 'tis said two hundred will save a soldier's life. Incidentally, they are saving other lives, for the sudden inclination to eat a lot of fruit is making us "healthy, wealthy and wise." You know "An apple a day keeps the doctor away."

(Continued on page 73)

Juanita Hansen (Universal), after capturing a bathing-suit prize at the coast beaches, is shown at the left; Vivian Martin (Paramount), center, is caught outside her bungalow, while below is a glimpse of Bessie Barriscale (Paralta) with Captain J. E. Reinburg, commanding the naval base at Point Loma, San Diego, Cal., of which Miss Barriscale is the war-time godmother.



LOS ANGELES (Special).—Lila Lee was introduced to Los Angeles in the biggest house in the burg, not only in "The Cruise of the Make-Believe," but in person. The former "Cuddles" sang an introduction to herself, which consisted of a rather poorly rhymed autobiography to date. Miss Lee has a faint, sweet voice, like the fragrance of lilacs, is prolific in gestures, and wore a darling frock of pale pink, with much-ruffled skirt, and bodice cut very low, sleeveless, ornamented with flying narrow ribbons, which gave a sort of May-pole effect when she gestured. Her big garden hat hid the "ear-warmers" which make her distinctive, but she removed it for the final curtsy.

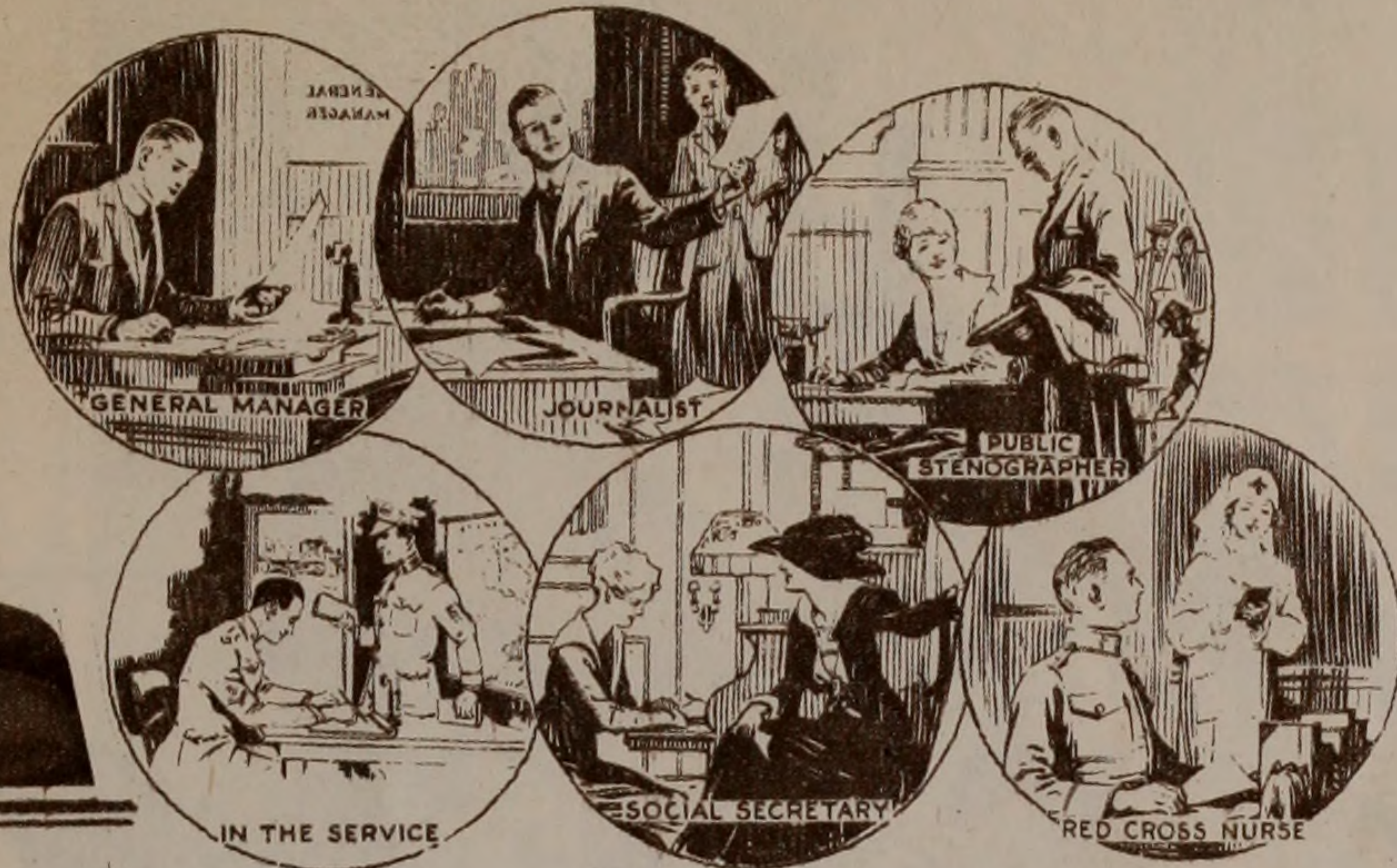
Los Angeles is agog over the display of Theda Bara's "Salome" gowns, shown in the New York store windows. Unfortunately, Miss Bara's not there to show them off, for she went to New York with Miss Loro Bara. Since her advent here in February, Theda has made five feature pictures besides "Salome," and her newest is called "The Siren's Song."

George Fisher has left for Camp Kearny, having been exempted several times, but finally called to the colors. At a little series of farewell dinners George received lots of useful things for camp and service abroad. The sweater knit by Mrs. Frank Keenan is one of his choicest possessions. One of the movie girls gave him a set of socks, all neatly tied at toe, heel and top with tri-colored ribbons. Constance Talmadge donated endless cigarets, candy came in as if we weren't fretting thru a sugar shortage, and air-cushions and sundry other comforts, as well as a comfort-kit from the Stage Women's War Relief, made the house look Christmasy. Fortunately, George had just finished a picture and there wasn't any mix-up about retakes.

Sessue Hayakawa called his company, mechanics, etc., together and made an impassioned speech for subscriptions to the new Liberty Loan. Everybody promised to subscribe, too, no matter how many previous bonds he might have taken. Have you noticed how plump Mrs. Sassy is getting lately? Quite Oriental.



The Birth of Ambition



How shall I shape my career so as to be most successful—in my vocation and in my social life?

With the birth of ambition—which comes to everyone—arises also this inevitable query: "WHAT SHALL I DO THAT IS BEST FOR MYSELF?"

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Use K. I. Shorthand at the theatre for jotting bright remarks, at the movies for making notes of your inspirational thoughts (you can write our shorthand in the dark); furthermore, you should use this delightfully easy ("thinks for itself") system in recording your ideas of plays, scenarios, books, stories, or the like.

Young men or women in business will find their progress to higher positions wonderfully speeded up because they know K. I. Shorthand. Many a young person has received some splendid opening for advancement because he or she happened to write shorthand—an opening that might never have offered but for this fact. It is not to be denied that the ability to write shorthand brings one into closer contact with the employer, gives you an intimate knowledge of the business and therefore makes you all the more indispensable. Be sure to learn K. I. Shorthand, not only because it is so easily learned, but because it prepares you for earning money so far ahead of any other system.

Learn K. I. Shorthand in only 5 evenings

YOU can learn K. I. Shorthand much easier than you learned your A-B-C's. Thousands have learned to write it within five hours—why, not you? After acquiring the principles, it is easy to gain speed by pleasant practice. You'll be surprised and delighted with your progress.

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If you are between ten and eighty years of age, if your education enables you to read this announcement—you are capable of becoming an expert stenographer, using K. I. Shorthand.

The old systems of stenography, those which require months of school study, are as needless FOR YOU as is a mule-cart in making a journey. The old systems were good enough in their day, but for everyday, practical use, all purposes are served by K. I. Shorthand by which persons write 80-140 words per minute—faster than ordinary dictation.

No bother about shadings, positions upon or over lines—or other such details which cause mental friction and impede progress in both learning and practice.

WE TEACH YOU BY MAIL. Many lawyers, bankers, reporters, secretaries, public officials, doctors, Army and Navy men, public

and private stenographers, business men and women—and legions of others, write in K. I. Shorthand.

Learn K. I. Shorthand to add to your earning power and to promote your general efficiency. Let our method save your time—let it do your remembering for you.

You can read your K. I. Shorthand notes days, months or years after they are written. Also, other persons who have learned our method, can read your notes and transcribe them. Consider this advantage! This can be done only rarely with other systems.

The cost of learning K. I. Shorthand is so little that it will make you smile. Indeed, you may learn for nothing if you recommend your friends to learn, according to the liberal offer that we will send you.

THESE LETTERS

are but a few of legions. We will send you many with the Free Lessons.

Grace Miller White, who wrote "Tess o' the Storm Country," and other famous screen plays, says:

"A truly wonderful thing is K. I. Shorthand. It surely is simplified stenography that anyone can learn in a few hours; and then it is a pleasure to speed up in writing one's own thoughts or taking down what others are saying. I am amazed at your beautifully easy method of acquiring such a valuable accomplishment."

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"Four months ago I knew absolutely nothing of the first rudiments of shorthand. Today I am holding a position as stenographer in the office of Inspector of Buildings of Baltimore where the terms apply almost wholly to building construction. I think this sufficient recommendation of your system."

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"For some time now I have been writing at a speed of one hundred words per minute and I have no difficulty in reading my notes days or weeks afterward."

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"I learned the K. I. Shorthand principles in five hours and after not quite two weeks' practice I can write almost as fast as anyone would dictate. It is easier to read than any other system I have seen."

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THE EASY LIFE
OF AN EDITOR

Scene — The sanctum of a film magazine editor. Desk piled with pictures and manuscripts. Stacks of packages containing jewelry, etc., from admiring stars.

The editor opens first letter. It contains the graphic life story of Beda Thara, who admits that she wasn't really born in the shadow of the pyramids. Well told, too, with brand new pictures. The editor staggers uncertainly.

Subtitle: "Seeing motion pictures never affected me like this before."

Opens another letter. It contains a highly amusing publicity interview with Francis X. Tremond, which doesn't explain why that gentleman hasn't enlisted. Neither does it need a single change to be ready to use. It's exclusive; so are the pictures. The editor fumbles uncertainly at his collar.

Close-up here of a bead of perspiration slipping down editor's classic brow.

He picks up a third package, which, upon investigation, is found to contain a complete set of new portraits from the Lox offices, sent without a single one of the conventional six requests. The editor opens the window to get fresh air.

He next examines a note from the press-agent of the Seeograph Company, who actually offers a good idea for a spread upon one of the Seeograph stars. Close-up here of the editor's hand trembling.

Subtitle: "Nothing like this has happened since the surface of the industry was scratched."

The editor goes on opening mail. Live stuff begins to crowd his desk. There isn't a single letter from a fan asking if Crane Blackwell's eyes are pink and, if so, why. The editor's eyes look glassy. He rocks vaguely.

At this moment something rings. Is it the telephone? . . . No. . . . What is it, Rollo? . . . What causes that harsh clanging? . . . What . . . It's the alarm clock.

Close-up of clock face, registering 8 A. M.

When Artcraft filmed the subway rush in a recent George M. Cohan feature, we thought the last word in catching the whirl of New York life had been sounded. Now along comes Metro's "Five Thousand an Hour," with scenes in the giddy Trinity Church yard.

THE TENSEST PHOTOPLAY MOMENT OF THE MONTH
May Allison in trousers in "Kate of Kentucky."

Louis Sherwin, the critic who used to hurl bricks at the movies from *The New York Globe*, is now special press-agent of Goldwyn. Shades of William Winter! The first thing we know George Jean Nathan will be writing advs for Ivan Abramson.

Double Exposures

Conducted by F. J. S.



Billie Rhodes, says her press-agent, has just purchased a Swiss chalet on a hill. Now that's settled, Foch can go right ahead with the war.

When we glance over the trade papers and find this simile: "—will seize upon your sympathies like a bridal wreath of orange-blossoms."

We realize that not all the bachelors have been drafted yet. Some of 'em are writing movie adv copy.

MODESTY NOTE

Herewith we reprint a current photoplay advertisement: "Positively and unequivocally the great big smashing knockout of the film year. Seven reels of thunder and lightning melodrama that starts with a rush, gathers speed like an avalanche and ends with

'The Kaiser's Finish'

We took the measure of popular taste—we have been feeling the public pulse—we know what they want and we've put it all in."

From which we gather that "The Kaiser's Finish" is considered rather spiffy by its makers.

Goldwyn needs a referee—or something.

Here's Mabel Normand billed in "The Perfect 36" and Madge Kennedy in "A Perfect Lady."

Some day a picture will be produced that isn't destined to mark an epoch in motion picture history, but, darnitall, such a picture *will* mark an epoch in motion picture history. So what's the use?

Maurice Tourneur reports that he had trouble finding an ideal Eve for his production of "Woman." Boy! Page Mack Sennett!

William Fox has an interesting angle on ancient Jerusalem. Read his description of the items used for the sake of historical accuracy in his production of "Salome": 200 loads of sand, 25 tons of plaster, 25 tons of cobblestones, two score camels, 2,500 horses, donkeys, elephants, goats, sheep, lambs, bull-cocks, and oxen, dogs, cats, cockatoos, doves, pigeons and peacocks.

Now that Caruso and Paderewski have invaded the screen, it's only fair that some movie stars enter opera, doing their rôles in silent pantomime. It would be a neat and pleasant idea, as far as we can see.

We cant help viewing with growing alarm the new vogue of reviving old photoplays with new casts. Time was when, once seeing a film, you were comparatively sure you wouldn't have to see it again.

You can safely use Pond's Vanishing Cream just before going out. It vanishes immediately



Pond's Cold Cream has exactly the consistency demanded by the best masseurs



Wind and Cold coarsen the texture of your skin

WIND and cold contract the tiny cells of the skin so that they cannot secrete a proper amount of the fluids that keep the skin soft and pliant, and the naturally lovely texture of your skin is ruined!

As a famous authority says, "The deficient secretions must be replaced by outward application."

Learn now, before winter comes, how to keep your skin soft and smooth—free from chapping—throughout the cold weather.

Every skin needs two creams to help it resist the effect of wind and cold

To keep your skin supplied with just the softening property it needs to help it withstand the roughening effect of cold weather, rub a little Pond's Vanishing

Cream with the tips of your fingers over your face. Your skin takes it up as parched sand absorbs water. At once it vanishes—never to reappear in an embarrassing shine.

Then look closely at your face in a hand mirror and see what a difference *your first application* makes. You will find your complexion smoother, fresher, lovelier than ever in coloring.

During the day, especially before you go out of doors, protect your face from the cold by applying Pond's Vanishing Cream.

At night when your pores have plenty of time to absorb its healing, soothing properties, the use of a *cleansing cream*

—a cream with an oily base—is of the utmost importance. Pond's Cold Cream is especially liked for its smooth, easy-to-work-in consistency. Its formula is such that this cream supplies just what the tiny cells of the skin require. Faithfully use these two creams and you will find that instead of suffering with a dry, harsh skin, with chapping and irritation, your skin will retain its softness and freshness throughout the most severe weather. Neither cream will cause the growth of hair or down.

Free sample tubes—send for them today

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131-M Hudson Street, New York City

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 Pond's Cold Cream

Instead of the free samples, I desire the items checked below, for which I enclose the required amount:
 A 5c sample Pond's Vanishing Cream
 5c sample Cold Cream

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....





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includes
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Remember—Freeman's Face Powder is distinctively a quality powder that delights the most fastidious.

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All tints at all toilet counters or miniature box for 4 cents stamps.

Watch for the square box.

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Marguerite Clark and her hubby, Captain H. Palmerson Williams, snapped for THE CLASSIC on their honeymoon.

The Thin Blue Line---(Continued from page 45)

He brought Marie Doro, Elsie Ferguson, Pauline Frederick, Marguerite Clark, James K. Hackett (who made the first American five-reeler, produced by Famous Players), Ethel Barrymore, Mary Pickford and many others. Some day the earnest workers in Motion Pictures may get down on their knees and thank an omniscient Providence that Daniel Frohman lived at the time he did and that his advancing years did not stagnate his understanding to denial of a brand-new art.

The work that he began, to tie together the representatives and methods of two arts, is being carried on today by a number of screen players who are returning temporarily to stage work. There is no question but that the present stage appearances of Sidney Drew, Nazimova (whose "Revelation" was substantially one of the finest screen dramas of recent seasons), Lionel Barrymore, Thomas A. Wise, Emily Stevens, John Barrymore, H. B. Warner, Ethel Barrymore, Alice Brady, Lenore Ulric and the rest, will have pronounced effect in leveling differences of opinion over the respective merits of "movies" and "talkies." Indeed, let us hope that the resultant dignity will relegate those two awful terms to the gutter whence they came.

No less will be done by the constant adaptation of stage plays to screen purposes, together with the growing attempt to produce the stage version after the screen use, the latter illustrated by Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen." But in this connection the value is almost offset by the failure to keep in the screen adaptations the spirit and quality of the originals. Too many good stage plays have become flat and uninteresting when scenarioized piecemeal or twisted out of recognition to fit the insipid countenance of some ingénue all of whose brains

were in the head of her director. And there is still more harm done by the efforts to make bricks without straw—screen successes out of stage failures.

But all this is apart from the question of "The Thin Blue Line." Among the unquestioned converts to screen work from the "regular" stage may be numbered Sarah Bernhardt, Mary Pickford, Fannie Ward, Mabel Taliaferro, Douglas Fairbanks, Marguerite Clark, Emily Stevens, John Barrymore, William S. Hart (who once was leading-man to Modjeska), Ethel Barrymore, Frank Keenan, Sidney Drew, Kitty Gordon, Marie Tempest, Marie Doro, George M. Cohan, Marjorie Rambeau, George Beban, Dustin and William Farnum, Pauline Frederick, Theodore Roberts, Taylor Holmes, Maude Fealy (so many have forgotten that she once was leading-lady for William Gillette and for E. S. Willard!), Wilfred Lucas (who played on Broadway opposite Rose Stahl in "The Chorus' Lady"), and H. B. Warner. And of course there is Lila Lee, who used to be "Cuddles" in Gus Edwards' Song Revue.

Among those who are now undergoing the probation period and may yet declare themselves opposed to Motion Pictures are Fred Stone, Houdini, Marie Dressler, Will Rogers, Julia Arthur and Enrico Caruso—and if we are going into Sam Goldfish's aviary with the songbirds, we should have included Geraldine Farrar in the last paragraph. I include Houdini in this list because as I write he is doing some tense acting for his new serial on a lawn just below my house, and I fear he may unlock my manuscript-case as I pass and find I have not mentioned him.

Those who have probably withdrawn from the screen for a period of thought, after more or less successful attempt, are

Weber and Fields, Raymond Hitchcock, Maxine Elliott, Eddie Foy, Mary Garden and William Collier. In several of these cases I am persuaded that they suffered materially from inadequate vehicles. There are some who point here and there to an age limit, but I decline to believe that drama in Motion Pictures is confined to youth, with matrimony an end instead of a beginning, any more than I believe that it is true in the regular theater.

I had hoped to recall some of the photoplays in which Robert Edeson, James K. Hackett, Thomas A. Wise, E. H. Sothorn, Margaret Illington, Wilton Lackaye, Jane Cowl, De Wolf Hopper, Elsie Janis and some of the others who seem definitely to have retired from picture playing, made their screen debuts, but space is limited, and there is room only to speculate on how many years, months, days, hours or minutes, as the case may be, will pass before the hold-outs give in.

In the first place, there is one hold-out I don't think will ever give in. That is George Arliss. It is not that he will not come to recognize the possibilities of the screen, for he is too sincere an artist to deny ultimate truth; it is just that, in order to be consistent, if he is to return after his brief and unsatisfactory experience, he will have to swallow bitter words. I fear he is too proud for that.

David Warfield probably will make his screen debut in about two years, seven months, three weeks, four days and six hours. He will be accompanied or shortly followed by David Belasco, his manager, who will be converted about then. I won't tell you how I arrive at that conclusion, either. It's a hunch.

Otis Skinner is due on the gold fibre probably within ten months. Laurette Taylor is likely to be detained for a time until her husband has squeezed all the stage value out of his play, "Peg o' My Heart." When that little drama comes to the screen, Miss Taylor will come with it. John Drew probably will make one picture and then retire. He is wobbling with uncertainty even now. One may see it in his eye.

Leo Ditrichstein is likely to succumb at the end of almost any season. His first picture will be written by him from a French, Italian or German original, and directed by himself. He is certain to make his debut at the head of his own company, making plays on the "star series" plan. Frances Starr unquestionably will be star of one of the first of the Belasco offerings—when they come. Henry Miller will be seen some day or other toward the end of 1919, probably in a screen version of "D'Arcy of the Guards," despite the fact that the play already has been done by the old All-Star Feature Corporation. You know they're doing "Arizona" and "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" over again.

Margaret Anglin has been dickered with the picture magnates for some time. She was interested in the Sanger

(Sixty-five)



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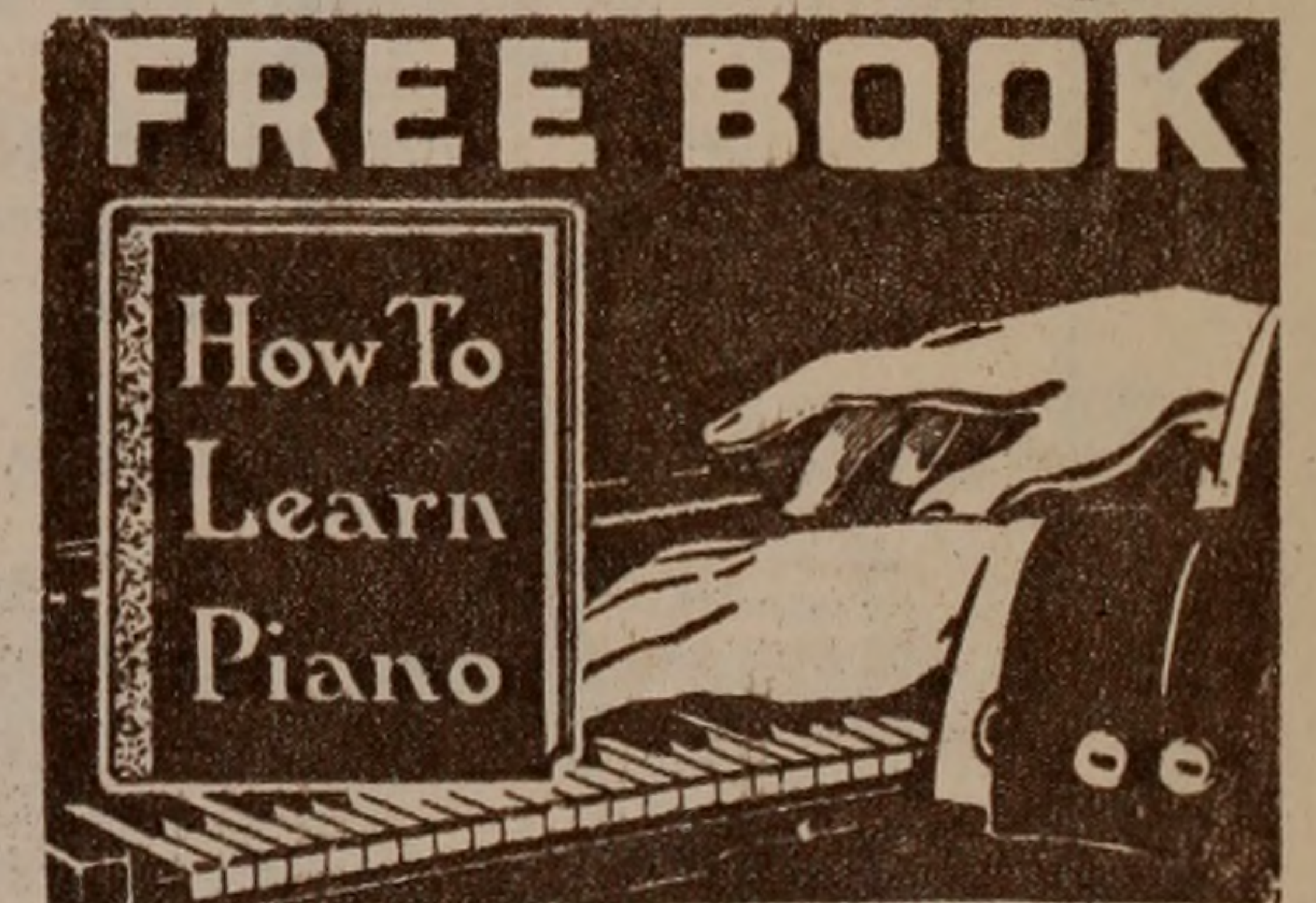
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picture concern that disappeared from
view a year or so ago, before active work
began. She may make something for the
screen before the end of 1919. Ruth
Chatterton will appear probably before
Henry Miller, her manager. This proph-
ecy because she is young and more im-
pulsive. Francis Wilson should make
his debut early in 1920 with a version of
"The Bachelor's Baby." Maude Adams,
I fear, will hold out longer than any one
else save George Arliss. At hazard, I
set the time of her appearance at 1925,
and I hope it will be all of that time,
when developed subtleties of the screen
may be at her command to register deli-
cacy. Grace George doubtless will give
in within a season or two. Her husband
is William A. Brady, and her step-
daughter is Alice Brady. That's two
against one.

Frank Craven will be a mine to the
producer who enlists him as a screen
possibility.

It is impracticable here to attempt to
analyze the possibilities and the time ele-
ment concerning Guy Bates Post, Julia
Marlowe, Hattie Williams, Rose Stahl,
Leon Erroll, Charlotte Walker, Cyril
Scott, Mary Shaw, Louis Mann, Sam
Bernard, Mary Ryan, Mitzi, Al Jolson,
Cyril Maude, William H. Crane, Wallace
Eddinger, Blanche Ring, Donald Rob-
ertson, Annie Russell, the Coburns, Julia
Sanderson and Ben Greet—and, in truth,
I am by no means certain that all of these
have not been in pictures at least once.
However, if I were asked to select those
to whom an immediate invitation should
be extended, I would name Louis Mann,
Cyril Scott, Wallace Eddinger and Julia
Sanderson.

Robert McKim's Lament

Robert McKim, the premier villain of the
Thomas H. Ince studios, has a grievance. To
quote the "villainous" Robert, "Here am I, a
villain by profession! In the old days I was
appreciated; I knew each morning that before
night I would have been thrown out of win-
dows, kicked out-of-doors, punched on the
jaw, and left for dead. There was some zest
in life then—and I was happy. Now what
have I to look forward to? Sometimes I go
for days without even being kicked! It's dis-
heartening! Why, the last picture I saw my-
self in the audience actually cheered! They
mistook me for the hero! It's all wrong!
Give me the good old times, when villainy was
always properly rewarded and appreciated."

The Ince scenario department is to blame.
For some months they have refused, or ne-
glected to give McKim a real bad part.
Wishy-washy villains are not to his liking.
Over McKim's dressing-table, in big, black
letters, are the following words:

"I do the dirty work—the nice, clean, dirty
work;
Behind tree and shrubbery, that's where I like
to lurk;
Ten, twenty, thirty work—bad all thru—
I create the hero by the dirty work I do."

"That is, or was, my motto," said McKim,
sadly. "But now I'm a nice clean villain, who
wouldn't even harm a Hun, thanks to the
overlords of the scenario department. It's all
wrong!"

Having unburdened himself, the "villainous"
Robert bit savagely on the end of a black
cigar and flicked its ashes derisively on a
scenario that lay before him.

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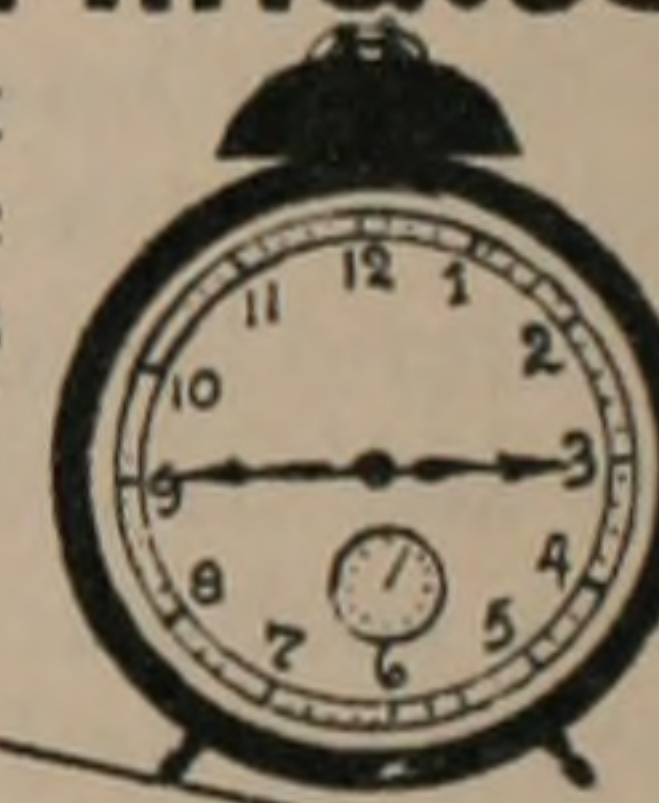
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(Sixty-six)

Mr. Biggs Puts It Over

By H. H. VAN LOAN

Benjamin Harrison Biggs arrives in New York flat broke. When his little friend, "Shorty" Carl, confides his humble engagement as a motion picture actor, a stupendous scheme is born in Mr. Biggs' brain.

Accompanied by "Shorty" he calls upon Samuel Mills, president of the all-powerful Pearmount Corporation, and announces that "Shorty" is the head of the Flimsy Fillum Corporation. Mr. Biggs' conversation is so persuasive that the rival film magnate can hardly restrain himself from making an offer to buy out his imaginary competitor.

The following morning Mr. Biggs makes 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 is so persuasive that the bank president parts with \$250,000 in a certified check. At luncheon Mr. Biggs flourishes the check before the eyes of his rival, with the result that Mills presents him with another \$250,000 check for stock in the Flimsy Company. Biggs again calls upon the banker and opens an account.

Biggs finds time to engage Mary O'Neil, a sweet and unassuming girl who applies for a position as private secretary. About this time a representative of James Dorgan and Sons calls to see Mr. Biggs.

He makes arrangements with Biggs to star Dolena Dare, a Bergere chorus girl. Biggs puts Dolena over as Yara Maga, daughter of an Arab sheik. Dorgan and Sons are merely acting for a client, Raymond Rice, the biggest newspaper owner in the country. Yara Maga gets wide publicity before she starts work for the Flimsy Corporation. Yara has a chorus girl friend, "Billie" Downs, a demure, utterly unspoiled young woman from the Middle West. Billie becomes a member of Yara's company.

The advent of the new star arouses the bitter enmity of Maizie Bitzel, former feature star of the Flimsy. Meanwhile, "Billie" Downs tries to persuade Yara to drop the millionaire, Rice.

"Why, it's common knowledge that she only married him for his money," protested Yara, referring to Rice's wife. "If she did, then I'm thinkin' she deserves all she's got for her selfishness."

"I understand she's preparing to divorce him," continued Billie. "If so, I don't think it would do you very much good to have your name mentioned as co-respondent."

"It certainly wouldn't do me much harm," argued Yara. "Besides, y'know an actress don't become famous until she's been scandalized in the newspapers!"

"In other words, you believe in scandalous success," reflected Billie.

"I believe in anythin' that keeps one's name before the public," emphasized Yara. "You know, Billie, nobody amounts to much until people start talkin' about 'em."

But Billie shook her head; she was beginning to believe Yara was beyond salvation. It troubled her, too, for she realized that Yara was serious. If she wasn't so serious when she said these things it would have relieved Billie considerably. Billie decided that wild youth was responsible for Yara's behavior and that time and grim experience would have to be relied on to work out a reformation in the girl.

A few moments later a big limousine drew up in front of Yara's dressing-room and the star of the Flimsy hurried gaily forth and, stepping into the car, threw herself back into the big, comfortable cushions.

As the chauffeur closed the door, Billie, who stood gazing on the luxurious little scene,

(Continued on page 71)

(Sixty-seven)



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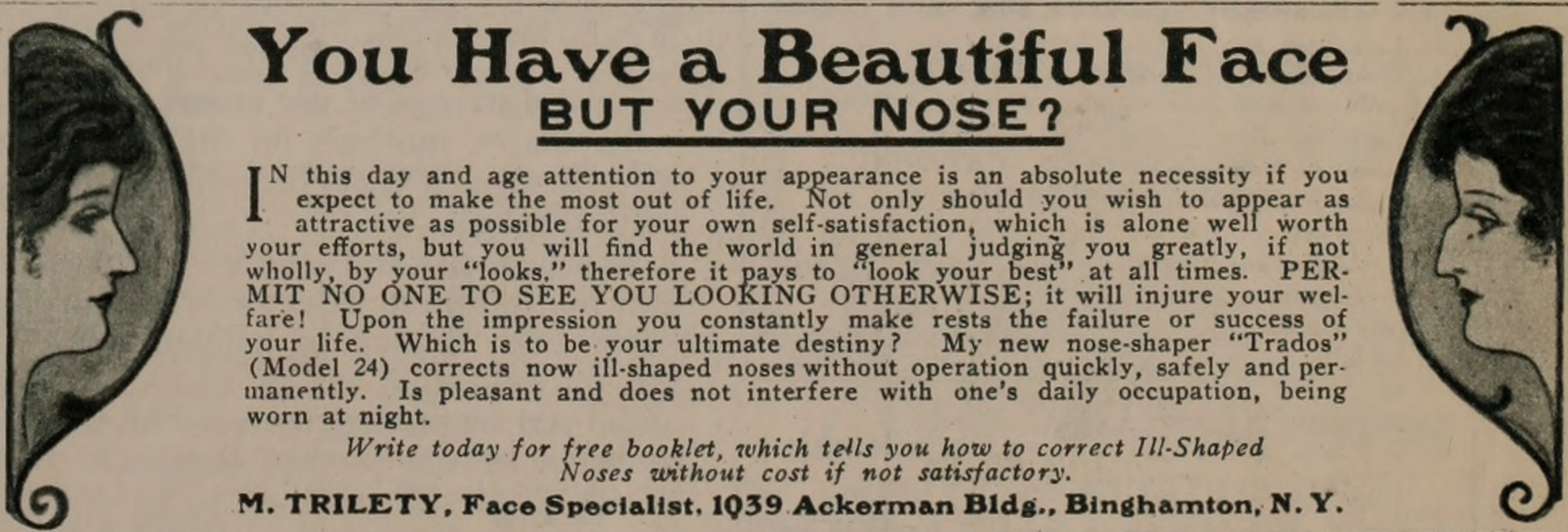
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The Extra Girl Plays Nurse to the Lee Kiddies

(Continued from page 58)

"Oh, they wouldn't bother her any. I'd take care of them all the time."

And now Jane returned to us from her visit to the lake. With every shiver, water dripped from her clinging dress and her bobbed hair.

"Urrrr! but it's cold," the little rascal chattered, inwardly glorying in "being wet all over."

"Ready to run on the scene now, girls," Mr. Gilstrom directed, after he had carefully explained the action to them.

There was great excitement when the kiddies entered, followed by the butler in custody of soldiers. The war committee had met in state to receive the formula from Mr. Sheldon, and then, just at the moment of the ceremony, it was learnt that it had disappeared in company with the butler, the cook and the children. When the butler was searched it was found he didn't have the formula at all, only the letter to God, cancelling the order for the baby. That, of course, wouldn't have been well for the spy, because the Kaiser never would have seen the joke, not being that kind of a Kaiser.

All this was before I appeared upon the scene. My nurse's costume of blue and yellow had occupied one chair after another for an entire day, but had not succeeded in making its impression upon one single foot of Fox film.

"Thru for the day—eight tomorrow morning!" Ben Berk, Mr. Gilstrom's assistant, called.

"Made up at eight, or here at eight?" I questioned, judiciously, not to say boldly.

"Made up at eight," he replied.

Now I don't know what made me believe him, but for some unknown reason I landed at the Victor studio at 7:30. At exactly 8:02 I was deftly tying the strings of my apron, when—

"Upstairs, mother; on the set, nursie," Mr. Gilstrom's cheerful voice resounded thru the hall.

Right then and there I christened him the lightning director. It really has never been known to happen before in the movies—that is, to my knowledge, and I am beginning to feel like the Methuselah of the picture business. Miss Wiggles is still inclined to be doubtful about it, but then why should I invent such a wild tale? Now, I ask you.

And when I arrived on the set my duties began. Mrs. Sheldon, the mother, who was putting the finishing touches on the trousseau of the expected baby, was about to be served with breakfast. I was to push the wagonette into view, take the dishes from the tray of the butler and place them before Mrs. Sheldon. I knew when that camera started to grind something was going to happen, and, sure enough, it did. The wheels of the wagonette entered into a heated controversy with the lamp-cord, and the coffee-pot and the salt-cellar did a jazz

dance on their way to their destination. Of course, this is apt to happen in the best regulated families, but not in the best regulated films, so the coffee-pot and the salt-cellar had to put on a fresh make-up and try it over again. Then I discreetly stood behind a table and folded baby garments when Father Sheldon brought the kiddies into the room and explained to the mother that a jostling of his elbow by the little girls had brought about just the combination he sought to make his deadly powder.

"You see, Jane and Katherine, your mother is sewing on the little garments that the new baby is going to wear. You must take them up and examine them in surprise," Mr. Gilstrom instructed.

"Our father doesn't know that the new baby's coming, does he?" questioned Katherine. "So it won't do any good to ask him what they're for?"

And then the curtain descended for a few minutes to denote the passage of time. The baby entered the scene. The doctor announced to Mr. Sheldon that it was a boy. Immediately the fond father saw visions of it grown to man's estate, entering where angels fear to tread and canning the Kaiser right to his face. I interrupted one of these visions with the jarring announcement that he could now see his wife. True to the paternal instinct, he hurried forward, with eyes for no one but the little mite that was nestling in its mother's arms. But in the entire two weeks of Dorothy's existence she had never before nestled where lights so brightly shone. When Mr. Sheldon pulled back the cover to gaze upon his young counterpart she wrinkled up her little face and registered sorrow with the gusto and enthusiasm that would have done credit to a more experienced actress.

But—

When Mr. Gilstrom moved the camera to get a close-up of the same scene, she insisted upon shutting her little eyes and dozing peacefully away. Not for the world would she shed a tear. Such, O mortals, is temperament.

Next the kiddies, accustomed to romp all over the house, burst noisily into the sick-room. The father, the doctor and I would have ejected them without warrant, but the mother begged to show them their brother, otherwise little Dorothy. Not appreciating the delicacy of the new arrival's feelings, the kiddies made personal comments about the non-screening qualities of her mouth, eyes and ears, illustrating their remarks by jabbing the members under discussion.

"Did the stork bring the baby?" they queried.

"No, the doctor brought it," the father answered.

But after measuring the doctor's bag and then measuring the baby, Jane evinced disbelief of this story.

(Sixty-eight)

"Jane's a German," some one teased, while we rested between scenes.

"I am not!" Jane flared back.

"Well, you were born in Hamburg."

"Well, anyway, my mother took me out the next minute and made me an American."

Before one has worked with the kiddies very long he knows instinctively that the surest way to bring down upon himself the full power of Jane's wrath is to express a doubt of her babyhood allegiance to Uncle Sam. Katherine's pet aversion is the name of Katinka. I tried it one day.

"Please," she said, drawing herself up like a tragedy queen, "call me Katy, Kitty or anything you like, but never, never Katinka."

Meantime things were threatening to become exciting for Dorothy, the latest recruit to the movies. The kiddies had found the bomb the butler had hidden in the drawer of their father's desk in the hope of blowing him and his invention beyond recognition, and hastened to amuse the baby brother with the ticking of the clock. They registered their intention of leaving it beside him to soothe his slumbers. It was nearing four o'clock, the hour set for the merry little thing to send forth its message of peace. Suddenly the kiddies changed their minds and decided to search the kitchen for a hammer to investigate the cause of the ticking. It was this little explosion from the lower part of the house that later caused me to trip rapidly upon the scene to see if my two charges were safe.

Then I ran to the bassinette to see if Dorothy had survived the shock. I pulled back the covers and, there, instead of being greeted by baby's wrinkled little face, a roll of absorbent cotton winked calmly up at me from its blue wrapping. I admit it was a bit of a shock, but with the exception of a slight quivering of the third-from-the-end eyelash, I gave no sign of my surprise to the interested multitude. This feat alone should bring me favorably to the notice of William Fox.

"I thought it would give the baby a rest, and I knew it wouldn't be seen in the picture," Mr. Gilstrom explained.

But it almost was, and besides, it might have upset the equilibrium of a less experienced actress.

Mr. Gilstrom seemed to forget that I was only a movie nurse. Every time he wanted the baby carried to another part of the studio he called, "Oh, nurse!" and I just as frantically paged the mother.

"What's the matter, Miss Rosemon? Afraid of her?" Jane teased. "She wont hurt you. Now I'd carry her all over, only—the mother wont let me. But just look now. Katherine's holding her, and this is the twenty-second time today she's had her."

"But you're only a baby yourself, Janie," I comforted.

"Well, I'm strong just the same."

"Oh, Janie!" I called, as I felt the approach of one of my sudden flashes, "do

you like butter-scotch? I think there may be some down in my dressing-room."

"Miss Rosemon," she cried, jumping from the bed to my lap and catching me in a strangle hold, "do you know every night when I go to sleep I dream—I dream of butter-scotch?"

Her first thought when I placed the candy in her hand was to run upstairs to share it with Katherine, and Katherine would gladly have given Jane half the baby if there had only been some way of arranging it, for Jane is always for Katherine, and Katherine is always for Jane, and Miss Wiggles and I and the rest of us are always for the tiny stars, Jane and Katherine.

Aren't we, Jane?

Yes, Katherine.

FILM EXPORT FIGURES FOR YEAR MADE PUBLIC

The export branch of the Motion Picture business shows excellent financial strength during the many ups and downs of the war. One hundred million feet of film has been exported during the twelve months. The National City Bank pointed out that the United States is now the world's largest manufacturer of films for the camera and the projecting machine.

The bank points out that it was only in 1912 that the exportation of this class of merchandise was considered of sufficient importance to justify a mention in the statistics of our international commerce. In that fiscal year the total exports of films amounted to 80,000,000 feet. By 1914 the total was 188,000,000 feet, and in 1915 it was 151,000,000 feet. It was figured that the value of the 1918 Moving Picture exports was close to \$7,000,000, against \$8,978,000 in 1916 and \$5,000,000 in 1915.

Of the films exported in 1918 over one-half were exposed, ready for use. The average export price of the exposed film was 6 cents per foot, and of unexposed film 2½ cents per foot. The valuation per foot of the imported film was less than that of the films exported, the stated value of 50,000,000 feet of unexposed films imported being about 1½ cents per foot, and nearly 3 cents per foot for the exposed, of which, however, the quantity was extremely small.

Most of the films exported go to Great Britain and Canada, the total to Great Britain in 1918 amounting to 24,000,000 feet and to Canada 16,000,000 feet. While no exact figures are available on the quantity of films now produced in the United States, an estimate based upon the known quantity exported suggests that the entire domestic production considerably exceeds 1,000,000,000 feet, with a value of approximately \$40,000,000 per annum when exposed and ready for use in the projecting machine.

The character of the views presented on the exposed ready-to-use film exported was, the bank said, quite similar to that of the films in use in the United States, probably three-fourths being photoplays and the remainder chiefly travelogues, "news service," and comedies. The value of the Motion Picture films exported from the United States since the official record of exports was begun in 1913 aggregates about \$36,000,000, while that of the imports since 1910 amounts to nearly \$10,000,000, including unexposed and exposed positives and negatives.

Of the 128,000,000 feet of exposed films exported in 1917, it was said 30,000,000 went to England, 16,000,000 to Italy, 15,000,000 to Russia, 11,000,000 to France, 14,000,000 to Canada, 10,000,000 to Australia, 6,000,000 to Argentina, 2,375,000 to Japan and 1,320,000 to China. The American-made films are also in great demand in Cuba, Porto Rico, Philippines and Hawaii.



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The January Magazine

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LOUISE FAZENDA

Wherein the daughter of a religious family entered the motion picture field of comédiennes on roller skates.

BESSIE BARRISCALE AND THE VILLAIN

A peep into the ideal married life of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hickman.

HAVE THE MOVIES FULFILLED THEIR WAR OBLIGATIONS?

Here's the answer! A complete summary of what the picture people have done to win the war. Kenneth McGaffey has written an interesting story, told in a snappy, breezy style.

HOW DUNCAN'S DARING DEVELOPED

A virile story of one of the biggest serial actors in the film world.

INVADING THE NOISY DRAMA

A chat between scenes with Alice Brady, Tony Kelly, and the Sidney Drews on Broadway, where their stage successes are booming.

FRANCES MARION GOES "OVER THERE"

Mary Pickford's scenario writer answers the call of the government and goes to France.

FRANK MAYO

All there is to know about the World Film star up to January 1st, 1919.

BILL FARNUM

Bill proves there's something more than *fight* in him.

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The first article of this remarkable woman who has overcome the great obstacle of being born deaf, dumb and blind—yet now enters pictures.

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THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Life and the Photodrama

(Continued from page 17)

"The answer," said Griffith, "is the drama of human character without too much worry about situations, climaxes and plots. The answer is the drama of realities—of situations that do happen, not those that don't happen.

"'Vanity Fair' is one of the supreme masterpieces of literature, yet you couldn't tell me the plot of the story. But Becky Sharpe stands out so clearly that she is a part of your life, a part of the world. Becky Sharpe plays more part in your life and my life than the Statue of Liberty and the city of London. Becky is everywhere. We meet her every day. We learn to govern our lives and control our judgments because we have known her. So with 'Hamlet,' with 'Oliver Twist.' It is an axiom of the theater that all the great masterpieces of literature are difficult to dramatize because you can't find a plot."

"And then . . ." I suggested.

"Camera!" said Mr. Griffith, abruptly, for the sun had stopped flirting with Istar and had come out again.

PATRIOTIC SCENARIOS WANTED

The Advisory Board of Motion Picture Directors, Division of Films, Committee on Public Information, is very anxious to obtain stories suitable for production in Motion Pictures.

All stories submitted must be written around themes that will be helpful to the United States and her allies in various war work.

Suitable subjects would be such as would have the effect of speeding up labor in shipyards, munition plants and other forms of government work, stories that would be of material assistance in Liberty Loans, War Savings Stamps and other drives, and stories that could be utilized to advantage in the foreign work of the Division of Films.

It is recognized by the United States Government that the Motion Picture is one of the most effective means of reaching the people of any country.

Not only will these pictures be shown in the United States, but also in every Allied country and every neutral country.

This board is particularly desirous of obtaining good stories that fit present-day conditions in Russia, Italy, Mexico and Central and South America.

Bare plots in brief synopsis form are all that is required. All plots submitted will receive careful and immediate consideration by experts, and those accepted will be given the finest production possible by the foremost producers in these United States.

Submit all stories to James Vincent, Secretary, Advisory Board, Division of Films, Times Building, New York City.

May in December

(Continued from page 23)

fire-engine. The thrill comes not from the fire, but from seeing the engine go by.

Besides this she considers the New York subway the most thrilling, death-defying of all institutions. She has never become accustomed to riding in it, and when she does she feels as if she were taking her life in her own hands.

She says any one would take her for a farmerette, for odd similes of the plantation are always filtering thru her sentences. For instance, "I don't give a row of beans," and she considers us "knee-high to a grasshopper."

She is in love—with her sister's baby, and transplanted the whole family to Hollywood, California, so she would not be deprived of the baby's presence; also to help her sister in its care, for sister isn't well.

There are a couple of golden freckles across the bridge of her nose, which alone prove she is a real live girl; she is otherwise so flawlessly beautiful.

Her one fad is to wear immaculate and perfectly fitting shoes and gloves.

Her gowns are the *chefs d'ouvres* of such master costumers as Harry Collins, Lucille and Russek; for she considers it her duty to give her screen friends glimpses of the latest New York fashions. Nevertheless, I have seen her look just as charming in a simple gingham apron.

May Allison adores chocolate ice-cream, takes her tea with cream instead of lemon, loves to dance, but her greatest love is her work.

She has a miraculous sense of humor and is her own harshest critic.

Thus you know just a little of the real May Allison, a girl of dauntless ambition, of superb confidence; a girl who never forgets the humblest person she may meet; an actress who never rests satisfied with her laurels, but pushes on, each day seeking to do something bigger and better; a young girl who realizes full well that self-satisfaction is death to achievement; a beauty who is unspoiled.

All in all, May Allison is the kind of girl you would want your sister to be, the quality of woman you would worship as your wife, the friend who is a friend indeed.

THE INEVITABLE FINISH

By HARRY J. SMALLY

Gwendolen loves Clarence, but the villain still pursues her!
He swears unless she marries him he surely will abuse her,
And what he does to Clarence in those four goshawful reels
Is sad to view, I'm telling you; he has him by the heels!
He makes life miserable for Gwen, her lover and her parents.
Fear not! She'll thrive and stay alive and in reel five she'll wed her
handsome Clarence!

Gwen is tied, the cabin burns, but Clarence comes to loose her;
They get away, but close behind the villain still pursues her!
His gang make way with Clarence and she's in the villain's clutch;
He proves her dad has got in bad by forging notes and such.
So she agrees to marry him to keep poor pa from prison.
He'll never mend, I apprehend, but in the end he surely will get his'n!

(Seventy)

Mr. Biggs Puts It Over— (Continued from page 67)

noticed the initials "R. R.," in delicate gold, on the side of the car.

CHAPTER XV

Now, a beautiful girl seldom goes thru life without leaving a trail of broken hearts behind her, a long list of admirers and a fairly good crowd of lovers. The world seldom censures her for this, for she is always welcome, and this dreary old earth would not seem half as sweet without her. She's a necessity and helps us to take our minds off the dull routine of things. A beautiful girl can do almost anything and be forgiven, and when she has passed on her way to new fields, new duties and new conquests, she leaves many sighs behind her. But we are glad that she journeyed our way.

Each change of environment brings new loves, new lovers and new admirers into her life. They are new epochs in her career, and she welcomes them with great joy, for without them she could not live. To her, the world is a place for loving, and the greatest tragedy in her life comes when men cease to love her; then she dies.

Yara had reached this age for loving, but, previous to her coming to the Flimsy, she had never loved. It was true, as she had told Billie, she did not love "Mondy" Rice. As far as looks went, Rice was not objectionable. In fact, those who knew him were inclined to think him handsome.

Like most men of his type, he had an heroic wife, because she overlooked all his vices and endured him. His dissipation had aged him, but it had also put premature lines in the face of his pretty wife. But she bore her burdens well, bravely and silently, never complaining. She knew of his affair with Yara. Some of her friends had been kind and thoughtful enough to acquaint her with the truth. While she was having tea one afternoon at the Ritz, she saw him with the actress. They were seated near the fountain, in the Palm Court, and he had been cruel enough to bring Yara over to her table, where he introduced her as an acquaintance. The evenings he spent away from home and the week-ends out of town convinced Beulah Rice that she was being neglected for the screen actress. At first, she thought she understood. These things had happened before, and she recalled that, despite these various intrigues, her husband had always returned to the place he had started from—to seek repentance at her shrine. And she had always forgiven him, for she realized he was weak. But this time he seemed different, and it worried her.

Up until now, Rice had had no rival with Yara. The moment an attractive girl makes her debut at a moving picture studio she immediately creates a panic among the male contingent.

"Looks as tho Doyle is beggin' for trouble," said Bill Forman to Toby Stumar one afternoon, as they were standing in a parlor set.

"Why?" asked Toby, who was busy focusing.

"Every time I look around I see him talkin' to 'The Harem Queen,'" remarked Forman. "He's over there gabbin' with her now," he added, as he pointed across the lot.

"I dont see anythin' sensational in that," said Toby, calmly, as he glanced at the couple who were standing in the shadow of the wardrobe building.

"No-o, not as long as Aldrich aint hep."

"What's Aldrich got er do about it?" asked the camera-man.

"Oh, nothin'," said Forman, rather cynically, "only he's notified about everybody on the lot to keep away."

"I dont believe it," announced Toby, as he continued adjusting his camera.

"Well, ask Hank Weaver what he said to him yesterday," suggested the director. "From what Hank says, Aldrich seems to think he's got a monopoly on this dame."

"What do you think?" asked Toby.

"I think he's got just as much chance of

(Seventy-one)

gettin' her as you have of becomin' a Griffith."

"Well, he needn't give up hope, then."

"Perhaps not, but he might as well confine his thoughts elsewhere."

"I dont get cher."

"Evidently you aint noticed that \$15,000 buggy that eases into the yard every day about closin' time."

"I'm one of the very few, Bill, that dont see everything that's goin' on around here," admitted Toby, as he wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"Well, that's somethin' you ought er notice, Toby, 'cause it's the finest wagon in New York and belongs to no less a personage than Raymond—informally known as 'Mondy'—Rice."

"I'll say she gets the big stuff, then," remarked Toby, surprised. "There's some class to her selection."

"And, if what I hear's true, Aldrich aint got er chance."

"That's tough, for he works hard at everything," mused the camera-man. "If he ever does fall for 'The Harem Queen' he'll put on a big production before he'd quit."

"It aint really his fault, I guess, for they tell me she's always vampin' him," added Forman.

"She's playin' him, that's what she's doin'," vowed Toby. "You know as well as I do, Bill, that a lot er these female stars think they've got er vamp the director to get a lot er clos-ups and hog the whole picture."

"It aint playin' fair, Toby. She's just leadin' Aldrich on and makin' a fool out er him. Girls like Yara dont pick ginks like him, and you know it."

"If you want to know what I think about this whole thin', I'll tell you," continued Toby. "I think Maizie Bitzel was handed a raw deal. There's a dame who can act. She's proved it and's got a long list of successes to back it up. Her pictures sell, she's a drawin' card, the exhibitors like her, and the fans are crazy about her. She spells money for any firm."

"She's goin' to blow after her contract's up here," Forman added.

"If she does, Biggs is gittin' rid of somethin' he cant afford to lose," vowed Toby.

"This dame, Yara, is all messed up—she's vacant above the ears, I'm tellin' yer! Why, d'you know she had the nerve to walk into a close-up the other day with a No. 6 dark-brown grease-paint and insisted that I shoot her! I wish there'd been a torpedo in my camera—she wouldn't have had to ask me twice."

"What was the result?" inquired Forman, greatly amused.

"Oh, nothin' much. She made an African nigger look like a white house, that's all," said Toby.

"Why didn't cher complain?"

"Complain? What good would that do? She's here for some other reason than her ability. Between Biggs, that Rice guy and Aldrich there's a fine chance for a complaint guy. Biggs is afraid er Rice, Rice is in love with her, and Aldrich is mad about her. She, on the other hand, knows all this and dont care a d—n about anybody!"

(To be continued)

The O. Henry Girl

(Continued from page 35)

She believes the raising of a family is the transcendental thing in life. She loves the bygone days and ways of our grandmothers. She is veritably suggestive of cold marble made sympathetic flesh. She is the actress who is first of all the woman. Or more forcibly, the actress because of the woman. She is modern, with the fragrance of old lavender. She is Today, who has distilled the sweetness of the vanished Yesterday.

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Out of the House That Jack Built (Continued from page 42)

second, the men were compelled to carry torches for a lurid night scene.

Waving his torch wildly over his head, Ray Hatton forgot all about tar-drips, and first thing he knew fire ran up the nap of the outing flannel shirt, caught the long whiskers and, while the camera ground on, the character man was clutching frantically at the hirsute covering, and cursing Le Page's glue. The director shouted from a distance, the camera-man seemed to have forgotten everything but the taking of a mob-scene, and hundreds of feet of film were ruined because a Russian peasant was tearing burning hair from his face when he should have been storming a citadel.

By the time Mr. Melford got close enough, Ray's face was badly burned, and the director spent the rest of the day in playing nurse. No scars were left, thanks to his first-aid treatment.

The next step in career building called for rube parts, much safer than torch-light processions, of course. After that, Mack Sennett and the Biograph engaged Mr. Hatton at various times, and he felt quite happy and financially contented in motion pictures. But the old call was too strong, and one day he cut loose again and went to Sacramento, playing stock. Later he did a two years' turn on the Pantages' Circuit, doing Japanese characterizations. At this time, stories of Japanese war plots were very popular, and the sketch was a success right along.

Later, at Universal City, Raymond Hatton was directed by Lloyd Ingraham, and enjoyed meeting his old pal who had traveled in theatrical companies with him years previous. A sudden jump landed Mr. Hatton at Lasky, where he seems to have built his "house" in magic leaps. Howard Hickman was working with Mr. Hatton at this time, but later he was directed in "The Girl of the Golden West" by Mr. De Mille. An engagement with Kathlyn Williams in "The Warrens of Virginia" came next and ever since the public has been watching for his character parts, which are almost as many as the hairs on Raymond Hatton's head.

In "Joan the Woman," Raymond Hatton astonished every one by his portrayal of the feeble French king. In a company of famous players, headed by Farrar, this characterization stood out as a gem, giving insight to the weakness of a spoiled monarch.

But it was "The Whispering Chorus," with its gruesome finale, that really brought Hatton to the attention of the Motion Picture public. When I asked Mr. Hatton how he liked playing a part which must have been very wearing, he said, smiling:

"I never like to make my characters totally depraved. Perhaps you noticed that even when Trimble sank to the lowest ebb, he wore a flower. When kicked into the gutter as a hop-fiend and drunk, he became half-awake to the fact that a crushed rose lay in the mire—and he

saved and loved it. There was just a little bit of godliness left even in this man who was martyred thru the suggestions of 'The Whispering Chorus.'

"The end—with the crushed rose-leaves falling from Trimble's hand—was one of the finest bits inserted in the play, I thought. Mr. De Mille and I talked it all over, and he suggested that this crushing of the flower was the logical way to work it out, since I'd insisted on wearing flowers in every change of environment. Besides, he thought it would soften the horrors of an inevitable death.

"The picture was a difficult one to make because of the many times the film had to be exposed to get in the various characters—some scenes required the film to be run many times. I would sit for the proper count and would have to turn my head in listening attitude for just so many counts—then I moved away and a black velvet drape was thrown over the chair I had occupied and the film run to get in some other player as shadow—and the slightest mistake in the count ruined the scene. With so many entering the picture, you can imagine that it was difficult to time each move just right. I sat some hundreds of times before we got them all in properly. I worked at it over two months and lost ten pounds in the making and unmaking of John Trimble!"

"Do you think you'll always be satisfied with character parts, Mr. Hatton?"

"I know I won't. I have a great idea bubbling up right now. I am very eager to enter legitimate comedy—clean, diverting, like an elongation of the Drew comedies. I want five-reelers with delightful stories, tales that cheer the many who need encouragement just now, for almost any trial is bearable if one has some sense of humor. Haven't you noticed how great tragedians almost invariably are humorists at heart? All those with whom I traveled were droll, liked to stop stalking and become funny mimics, or resort to sardonic quips and sarcastic sallies. Take Charlie Chaplin for instance—he would be one of the great tragedians if the public would let him. Haven't you noticed the sadness in his face? I consider him the greatest man on the screen, but he isn't allowed to do the rôles best suited to his talents. You will notice that clowns are so often very deep thinkers and tragedy appears in their faces when the whitewash is removed. I want to play parts which change swiftly from pathos to humor."

"And may a kind fate speed that happy day," I said enthusiastically, preparing to descend half a hundred steps from the tree-tops to the prosaic, every-day earth-life. It's so much easier to be idealistic when one lives almost in the clouds, has climbed those heights by way of one's own achievements, and is just about to be discovered as a new star. But that's an astronomical secret which wasn't supposed to reach fandom just yet.



Harold Lloyd, the Pathé comedian, and some farmerettes who played with him in a recent picture. Snapped on the Frank Chance cattle ranch near Glendora, Cal. Chance is the old leader of the Chicago Cubs.

The Conversion of a Presbyterian (Continued from page 21)

Over on the set Wanda Hawley, his leading-lady, was trying to look comfortable wrapped up in a big coat with a heavy fur collar. Director Crisp alone looked cool. I thought I knew the reason when I heard him say,

"Wait a moment, till I get my powder puff."

He then put his hand down the neck of his sport shirt in quite the accepted manner, but what he drew up wasn't a powder puff at all; it was a diminutive whisk broom. After the laugh which followed had cleared up the atmosphere he turned to Mr. Washburn and said:

"Bryant, I'm not going to use you for several scenes, so why not go outside and be interviewed in cool, peace and comfort?"

So we went outside and sat in the shade and talked philosophy—the philosophy with which this story opens. It was here that Adam Hall Shirk and Henry Vogdes joined us. They belong to the publicity department, so when they looked out of their office window and saw us sitting there looking cool and comfortable, they decided to come on out and help. They knew lots of things that Bryant Washburn would be much, much too modest to tell on himself; so they stood in back of us and showered me with fascinating facts. The only trouble was that they both talked at once, and some one came out and took our pictures, and I was trying to write shorthand, which I don't know much about (and, anyway, I never did hear what they were saying). Only, I managed to make out that Bryant Washburn was born in Chicago, Ill., got his first stage experience as an extra man with George Fawcett, has been in pictures for nine years, likes

(Seventy-three)

situation comedy best of all, and is tickled to death about his next Paramount picture, "Venus in the East."

"Because it is just full of human touches."

Gossip of the Pacific Coast

(Continued from page 60)

Raymond West has undergone a very serious nervous breakdown and was compelled to take a rest-cure.

Kitty Gordon's *back*—with fourteen trunks and three *cars*—which somewhat reminds one of the old story about the girlie who visited the house in the woods and found three of everything in it. Perhaps Kitty needs three autos for the same reason, one for the big bare, one for the medium-sized bare and one for the little bare backs she wears. And her biggest limousine surely is a *bear*—everybody says so!

Dorothy Gish's much-talked-about ring is a circlet of diamonds set in platinum chain, a collapsible ring, and one which she doesn't mind flinging on the floor when her rôle calls for a broken engagement of marriage and a defiant hurling of the badge of love to the farthest corners of the room. Imagine throwing gorgeous diamonds on a studio floor!

It's whispered that Constance Talmadge is being borrowed for an episode in the new play D. W. Griffith is putting out, a sort of sequel to her fine work in "Intolerance." Miss Talmadge will be working in two plays at the same time, and doesn't look for any great amount of beauty sleep while the rush is on. Many critics have said that Constance never did anything so good as her mountain maid characterization under Mr. Griffith since she became a star.



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The Panther Woman

(Continued from page 56)

receding senses, frantically. "Do you hear me? Do you hear me? I will!"

She is the only woman who ever was kind to me. She is the only woman who ever held me in her arms.

Since then they haven't given me time. They've torn me from my grief and appended me to marriage. Tomorrow I marry him.

For the first time since we walked the silver road to Monterey, he seems very far away.

November

I haven't kept my little record for some time. I have been too sick to. I have never been sick before, neither in body nor in soul. I am so now, in both. Taint, which before I have merely looked on, has touched me. Taint—the taint of a love which is not a love—there is no horror worse. I know, too, that I have profaned an altar. God is love. There is but one God. Therefore . . .

Oh, where are you, where are you? Why did you let me do it? The strength of man . . . that is a woman's need. The strength of man.

Tonight the Peeles are giving a reception—in honor of me, they say. Tonight I am to be introduced at large as Beverly Peele's wife. But I am not his wife—I am not, I am *not!* I am divorced from him, asunder from him, in every muscle, every fibre. Marriage—oh, God, I didn't know—*before*. Not even death could have hurled me into—*this*—if I had—known.

After the reception something drew me out onto the driveway that winds like a serpentine and loses itself, finally, among the trees. I felt that I must lose myself—must hide away from the look in Beverly's eyes. It is a repelling look, infinitely; it is profaning. He denies my soul. He smirches my body.

Once out on that winding road, its pebbles like silver mica under a low-hung moon, I knew that I was walking toward adventure. I was. *He* came from out the shadows. Came toward me, stopped. "You!" I said, then, hoarsely, "you!"

"What are you doing here?" he asked, and if my senses had not been so befuddled I might have noted how his own voice shook in his throat.

Somehow I couldn't tell him. I wanted that moment with him, untainted by even so much as the name of Beverly Peele. I wanted him to think of me only as the girl who had walked with him the road to Monterey in the company of the doñas and caballeros.

"Have you found love?" he asked me, after a while. Something told him—something subtler and surer than I—that the world had touched me. I had not needed to speak.

"If you had come back . . ." I said, and paused.

He took hold of my arm and stopped me. "I have always dreamed," he said,

(Continued on page 77)

(Seventy-four)

Look Here, Folks!

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"Gosh," groaned Private John Stanton, "I'd give my right eye for a good game of solitaire."

"Well, I'd sacrifice a month's pay for a good picture of Marguerite Clark," sighed Private Charles Newton.

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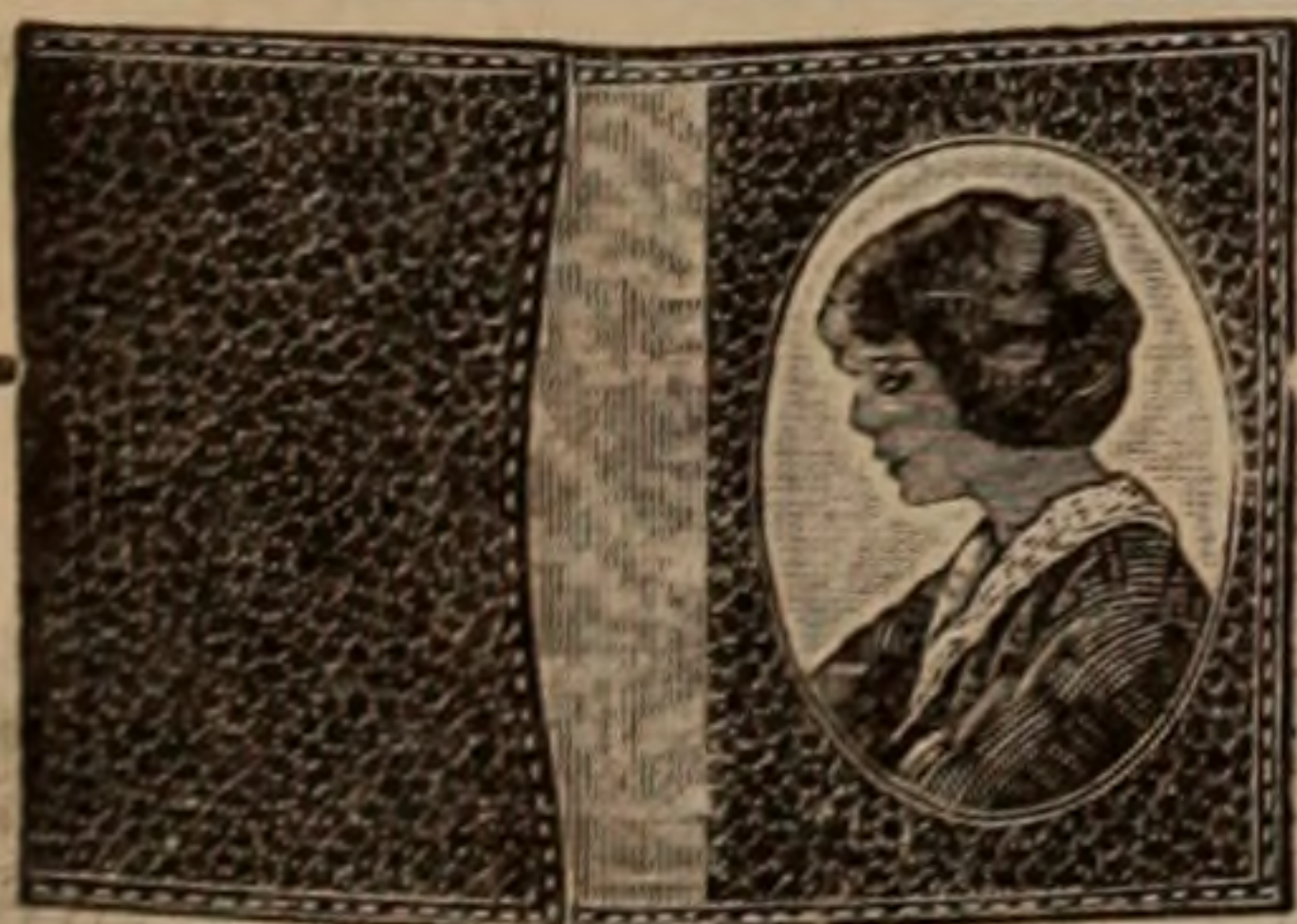
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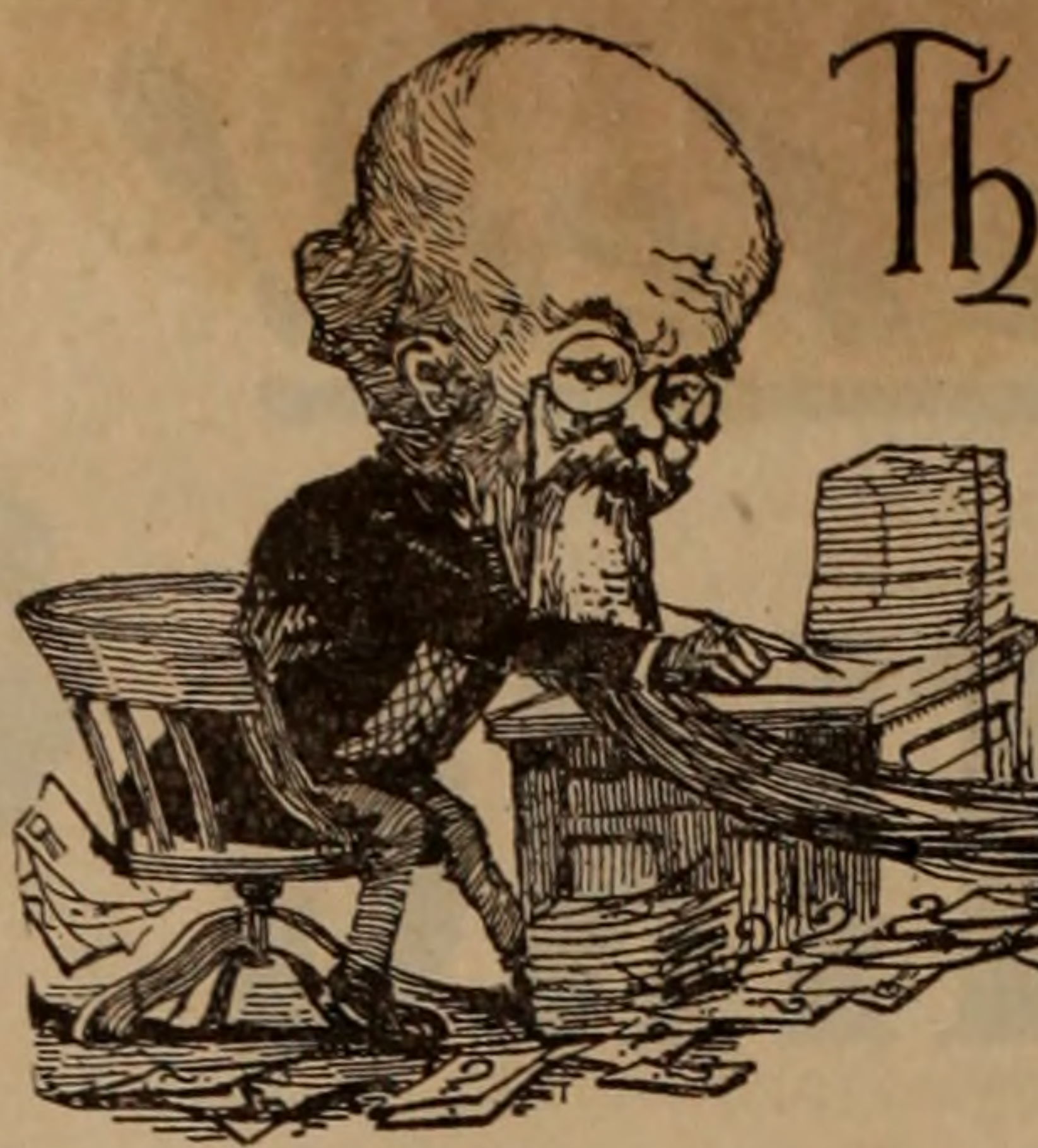
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The Movie Encyclopaedia

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Top of the morning to you all!

J. V. S.—Cleo Madison is back in pictures—cant keep her out. We are always glad to see her. She is playing in "The Flame of the West." Address her at Los Angeles, Cal. "Portia" was produced by Cines with Mlle. Josette Audroit and M. Bataille. Harry Millarde is directing for Fox. Let me hear from you again.

SYLVIA.—Yes, I am A. M., but after P. M. my brains are sometimes M. T. Your letter was crisp as the autumn leaves. That handsome chap was Roderick La Rocque. Madge Kennedy is with Goldwyn. No, not Jerusalem, but Rome is the eternal city.

JACK PICKFORD FAN.—It is my duty to answer questions, and if you leave the path of duty, shall we not be liable to run into the path of danger? Stick to the straight and narrow path. I will try to answer every question asked. Nothing spoils a man's memory so quickly as a habit of promising things to a woman. And now that I'm 77, I often forget. Harry Beaumont is directing for Goldwyn.

ELLIS S. O.—Speaking of Herbert Rawlinson, wait until you see him opposite Billie Burke in "Goodness Gracious, Annabelle." Handsomer than ever. "Shark Monroe" is the name of the Hart picture you speak of. Your letter was as sweet as the honey dew.

T. N., WESTERN AUSTRALIA.—Julia Arthur has the lead in "The Woman the Germans Shot," based on the murder of Edith Cavell, Red Cross nurse, by the Germans. In the cast are Creighton Hale, Paul Panzer, J. W. Johnston, Joyce Fair and others. The story was written by Anthony Paul Kelly. Lottie Pickford expects to return to the stage.

DOUGLAS J.—You are *bon diable*. Your ambitions are much like a pin, pointed in one direction and headed in another, but not as small. But dont be like a pin—rather stick to one thing than get stuck in many. Yes, several of my correspondents are on the seas, and they tell me they are well fed; but just because the sea is choppy is no sign the sailors get mutton. Ship ahoy, lads! Isabel Rea playing in "America Must Win," as President Wilson's mother. Let me hear from you again.

SYLVIA A. M.—Why do electric lights smoke? Never knew that they did, and I suspect you of some ulterior motive. That was some description you gave of me, but you're all wrong. In the first place, I have all my white ivories. You ask, "Why do white sheep furnish more wool than black ones?" and answer, "Because there are more of them." Say, looky here, are you answering questions, or am I? Remember, you are the questioner and not the questionnaire.

G. W. K.—You can reach Carlyle Blackwell at the World Co., 130 West 46th St., N. Y. C., and Monroe Salisbury at Universal City, Cal.

PEGGY, 20.—I would not undertake to say which of the players you mention is the most intellectual and moral. Speaking of character, the gambler has a winning personality; the pickpocket, taking ways; the waiter, fetching

manners; the baseball umpire, a man of decision, while the Answer Man has a questionable character. Thanks, I do. Beverly Bayne still supporting Francis Bushman. Supporting, did I say? No, they're married and both working.

SINTERCOURSER.—Sure, I remember Eddie Dillon of Biograph days. He is now directing George Walsh in Fox pictures. Myrtle Gonzalez is with Western Biograph. You're welcome indeed.

JOVIALIS THE JOVIAL.—Hello, there! I remember you in the Magazine. Oh, but it's easier to get married than to stay so. Walter Miller is only twenty-six—a mere lad.

C. P. HITTON.—Your suggestion to raise me 25c a week is a good one. Editor, please take notice! \$9.25 a week—yes, and worth it! Sure, I'll jine your club. Your letter was a humdinger. No, I never take a disappointment as a discouragement, but as a stimulant. Nazimova, Harold Lockwood, Viola Dana and Hale Hamilton are all East, taking pictures.

AUBURN HAIR.—And you, too, accuse me of being a woman. You flatter me! Ah, come now! Isn't woman like the reed, which bends to every breeze, but which breaks not in the tempest? Sweet creatures! Wish I had one to bring in my slippers and smoking-jacket when I leave my cage, but how can I on \$9 a week? Sorry, but I never investigated whether actresses who bob their hair also shave their necks, like men do. Yes, my legs fit around behind the chair.

WINDY.—What kind breeze blew you in? You had better write to Anita Stewart. James Kirkwood is directing Evelyn Nesbit.

J. T. Z.—Writers in newspapers and magazines usually mention Francis X. Bushman when they speak of movie matinee idols, refer to Mary Pickford as the darling of the screen, to Chaplin as a prince of funny men and to Fairbanks as a laughing acrobat. I know of no other players who are so often mentioned and whose names are almost household words, unless we add the name of Hart as a typical Westerner.

ROSE RILEY.—No, I'm in no hurry, but I've lost an hour early this morning and I've been looking all day for it. Several companies produced that play—which do you mean? William Courtleigh, Jr.?

BETTY'S ADMIRER.—You should be guided by your admirations, rather than by your disgust. Yes, indeed, I do all my own mending. As yesew, so also shall ye rip? You refer to Irene Rich. Write in again.

MISS SERIOUS.—Three rings for you. Tell that to the marines. Constance Talmadge and Casson Ferguson in "The Shuttle" (Select). The Dolly sisters live in Brooklyn. So do we.

SUNSHINE SUE'S SISTER.—I cant tell you why some are more affectionate than others. Affection is the true difference between the agreeable and the beautiful. Oh, I'm *very* agreeable. Also very affectionate. Edna Hunter and Leslie Austere and Stuart Sage in "Two Little Imps." At this writing Mary Pickford hasn't signed up as yet.

JUNE CAPRICE FAN.—Kitty Gordon was born in England, 1878. My little vegetable garden in my back yard turned out great, thank you. All the crops appeared to be good this year. The only crop that bids fair to be a complete failure this year is the crop of sedition Germany tried to plant in this country. Send along the maple, please.

PEACHES.—That reminds me—when I was a young man, away back on February 16, 1862, General U. S. Grant replied to General Buckner: "No terms other than unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works." Ft. Donelson was accordingly surrendered to General Grant with more than fifteen thousand prisoners. Al Russell is the husband of Vola Vale. You read of her baby girl and thought she must have a husband. Quite true! You think Seena Owen and George Walsh must have been mated by angels. No, my dear; he was only a minister. No doubt. Yes, about Jack London.

INQUISITIVE ANN.—You say I'm witty—thanks. But I fear my wit is like the sole of a Chinese lady's foot, because brevity is the soul of it. In other words, it's mighty scarce. How old is Ann? The word *materialism* is made from matter and material, and means, more or less, the belief that matter is the all-important thing and mind is of less or no importance. What is mind? No matter. What is matter, never mind. Emmy Wehlen is Sylvia in "Sylvia on a Spree." Can you picture Emmy?

HARRIETT.—Women forgive injuries but never forget slights. Same applies to old men. I would like to hear from you again, but in a different tune. George Larkin played in "The Border Raiders" with Betty Compson. In "Hands Up" now.

LILLIAN P. B., TOLEDO.—You want to know the size of Charlie Chaplin's shoes, the length of Mary Miles Minter's real curls, the height of Douglas Fairbanks, the age of Wallace Reid, the kind of cold cream used by Marguerite Clarke, how many times Francis Bushman has been married, how many children Mary Pickford has, the size of Pauline Frederick's corsets and the size of her bust. Rebecca, fetch in the children, the board of health is coming! Wait until you see Mabel Normand in "A Perfect 36." Some splash! and some figger!

PETITE.—I'm telling you there's no barber shop in the Martha Washington Hotel, New York. Women dont shave—yet. Violet Palmer in "Rough and Ready." That was Lawrence Grant. There often seems to be an alliance between genius and poverty. I seem to have a fair supply of the latter, but the former is few and far between.

CAPTAIN MOLLY.—No, there is no way of preventing such acts, but there are only a few theater managers who advertise a picture in that way and then dont show it. You say all the Griffith players act in a nervous, jerky way, always bobbing their heads. Yes, there is that Griffith touch.

TALMADGE FAN.—I cant say whether Norma or Constance has the sweeter kiss. The dictionary says to salute with the lips, but I say a kiss is like a sermon or essay properly divided, because it requires an introduction, two heads and an application. Whew! Gol darn it, says I.

SWEET MARIE OF KY.—So you have been trying to write to me for the last two years. What's been keeping you? No, I never indulge in Clover Clubs, Bronxes or Manhattans. Buttermilk for mine. How could I forget you?

H. ZE D.—The favorite word with all women is the last one. And dont they always get it? They insist upon it. Conway Tearle. A picture of Eddie Polo soon. Be that as it may, but when literature is the sole business of life it becomes drudgery.

RO-ME-O.—A calumet is an Indian pipe. In olden times a treaty of peace with the red men would be ratified by smoking the calumet. Oh, yes, he is well read. But dont books associate us with the thinking and give us the material of thought? E. K. Lincoln and Dolores Cassinelli are playing in "Stars of Glory."

(Seventy-seven)

The Panther Woman

(Continued from page 74)

"of one day meeting the woman. When I left you—that day in Monterey . . ." then he paused, too.

"If you had come back . . ." I repeated. I couldn't say more.

He bent over me. I felt that he was going to kiss me, and I knew that he must not. I could dream of this—now—but if he kist me, who am Beverly's, I could dream no longer.

"Dont!" I said, and this time my voice was sharp and strident, ungirl-like, almost unwomanly. "Dont—I—" then I turned and fled into the green and silver shadows.

The next time I saw him I was standing by Beverly Peele's side. "Mr. Bourke, my wife," he said.

Garan Bourke looked at me. He said no word, but I stood, tried and convicted.

To live, to love and then to die . . . the ashes of a dream . . . are not . . . enough . . .

November—Later.

Since that night of the reception—of the public announcement—I have felt as one feels who lives upon a diet of stale and rotting fruit. I feel sick. I feel defrauded. I feel trapped. I am not living. I've not the strength to die. I sicken under Beverly's hot, miserable eyes, watching me, watching me . . . I sicken under the whole fabric I have wound about my body as a leper winds a cloth. Sometimes I cannot believe that I am I—that this has happened to me! It doesn't seem fair. I dreamed so high. I dreamed so clean. I builded castles whose white summits reached the feet of God. Then why, whence, by what tortuous byway have I come to *this*?

Beverly is insanely jealous of me. It is a repellent jealousy. He is jealous of my eyes that they see the faces of other men. He is jealous of my hands when they meet other hands. He is jealous of my voice lest it caress while it speaks. He is a sultan. He would shroud me in thick veils, then tear them from me, frantic at their clinging. He would obscure me. If it were not for the base gratification of himself I feel that he would annihilate me. I think he would be happy in my death. He would feel that he were safe. He is in torment, but it is a torment shorn of the dignity of pain. It is a suffering utterly undefied. It has not even the jungle quality of blood and fight—he watches and sickens—and sickens and *watches* . . .

December—

Garan Bourke . . . Garan Bourke . . . I write your name . . . and after I write it kiss what I have written . . . and know that I am getting all I have had of love . . . all I have had of life . . . but I persist . . . I write it again . . . kiss it again . . . and feel that I am rocked in strong green seas . . . and know the height of mountains swooning

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in the clouds . . . and feel the tang of pine . . . and breathe . . . and hope . . .

December—

What a pathetic thing hope is . . . the hope of a woman for love! It is the hope of a miracle . . . it is a mirage that will not die . . . but it is sad . . . sadder than ever it is glad . . .

January—

I have left Beverly Peele. Left him. Left him. I feel as tho I had washed in some miraculous fountain of perennial youth—as tho I were young again after being very old. We had a frightful scene. I was walking about the grounds and was overtaken by Hal's affianced. He was rather unpleasant. I escaped, and escaped—straight into Beverly. He went mad. He accused me. I felt that I had played the game, the whole game, according to the rules. I felt that even the dear dead could not decry me. After all . . . it was love for death. A bitter toll.

And now I am alone again . . . yet not so much alone as I have been. They are stirring about me again, those dear, dead dreams . . . their ghosts merely . . . but their perfumed cerements exhale as they move a rarely sweet perfume . . . dreams . . . one cannot feed on dreams alone . . . and live . . .

January—

I am starving—starving. I am famished. I am athirst. My heart is parched—and my soul is arid and sere as a leaf that blows in a gray November.

Everywhere I turn there is light, color, warmth, laughter. Everywhere I turn. But love cannot come to me unless it comes with his face, to touch me with his hands, to kiss me with his lips . . . love cannot come to me . . .

March—

Now I am really alone—Death and I. We are alone in a tiny cell . . . waiting . . . and waiting . . . he has me in his chill embrace . . . Death. His gray lips brush mine, his hands bear heavily upon my heart. It is a long tale. I feel that I should write it and then, after I am gone, he can read it—Garan Bourke can read it, and know that he was in my life the only thing, the single thing that made it worth the living. What was it I once said? To live, to love and then to die . . . and to me comes . . . the dying . . . Ashes of roses . . . why couldn't the roses . . . be red?

But I must be chronological. I suppose—when one is wandering, somewhat lost, in the Valley of the Shadow, one lays stress upon the things which might not seem to matter otherwise . . .

Soon after I left Beverly Peele his father came to me. "Beverly is ill," he told me. "The boy is half frantic over the loss of you. You seem to have—obsessed him. Our physician declares that nothing short of peace of mind will affect a cure. I feel that I must, in his

MOTION PICTURE

mother's name as well as my own, plead with you . . ."

He talked a great deal more—Beverly Peele's father. He has made talk an asset in his profession, which is that of accumulating millions. He sketched Beverly as quite pathetically changed. I felt that it was a form of duty. After all—a life to save. I did not figure on the value of the life. I thought, "Garan Bourke would go—if he were called." Just because it was so unpleasant I felt was the strongest argument in its favor. I went.

Beverly was indubitably ill. He was wretchedly ill. But he was Beverly none the less. His eyes followed me just the same—burningly, persistently. He made himself still worse by his hysterical reiterations that I had never loved him—never loved him—never loved him. He laid the blame for this lack on my part on the head of any helpless person he could call to mind. When he could attack me from no other angle he harried me with requests, with orders, with commands. I had stipulated that I would come back only in the capacity of a trained nurse, to be paid as such, to be treated as such.

I felt that every one in the house, excepting Hal, hated me and blamed me for the illness of Beverly. Particularly Honora Mairs. Her baby eyes were quite as bad as Beverly's. I felt, too, that she had come to hate him, who once had loved him. I felt that her passions were not like her eyes, infantile. I distrusted her.

One month after I had come back Beverly was found dead in his bed in the morning. Dead!

Of all mysteries, death is the last and greatest, because it is the most silent. It is there, and it is not there. It is tangible, and it is not tangible. Lips are there, but they are sealed. A riddle is there, but no solution. And it casts about it a mantle of isolated grandeur. Beverly, living, had been a source of anxiety, curdled affection or red hatred to everybody. Beverly dead was—to his parents at least—a white, sculptured martyr.

I was accused of the murder—an overdose of morphine. Honora Mairs, whose room communicated with mine, which in its turn communicated with Beverly's, swore that she saw me give the overdose. They put their heads together and every word I had ever said in that house was twisted and contorted till it showed a black, murderous face. I had once told them how I had nearly murdered my stepmother. Mrs. Peele remembered that, and dragged it forth, triumphantly. I could not blame her—he was her son, her own. I might have done no less. Hal, again, stood by me. If I were not to die I should like to live that I might repay her friendship in like coin. That is not to be.

For some reason or other I am not suffering. Sometimes I lose the sense of why—I feel, merely, the sense of strong

(Seventy-eight)

arms beneath me, bearing me up. Then I know. I know it is because Garan Bourke came to me and offered to be my defense. Thru the bars he took my hand. My eyes sought his. I know they held a prayer. I was numb, chilled, cold with the presagement of the impending. I wanted a word . . . a word . . .

"I believe in you," he said, "professionally and personally. I believe . . ."

He defended me—oh, he defended me. He defended me as a murderess and as a woman. He spoke as tho his soul had taken possession of his tongue. He spoke as a man speaks when he is fighting for that which he holds dearer than life—more immortal than death.

Honora Mairs was the only other potent factor in the courtroom. I was not potent because I was cold. Men do not care for cold. But I was cold—very, very cold. I was rigid. Honora Mairs was young—she drooped—she appealed—she was all wide eyes, all wistfulness, all tenderness and sorrow. The jurors are men. They are men.

He lost. Garan Bourke lost.

That is all I could think of—that he lost. It was *he* who lost, not I, since thru him I live—and without him I die. I am guilty, they say. Guilty.

The chair! The chair . . . end of all my dreaming . . . end of all my loving—last of all my living . . . but I rave . . . I have dreamed—but dreams are nothing when one comes to the end—I have never loved as I could love—I have never lived. To die—to die—starving—death before life—how can that be?

Garan Bourke came to me afterward. He took me in his arms. His face was terrible in its stark pity. He kist me, but there was no passion in his kiss. Death had chilled it before it had known life. "I shall save you—yet—" he whispered, close against my mouth. "I know you will," I said, and kist him, too—and there was tragedy, not love, in that embrace. Love—with Death beside holding up a hand.

Then I waited—just waited. I seemed to stand with my back to my dreaming—why had I dreamed so fair? I seemed to stand with my back to love—why could I love so deep? I seemed to stand with my back to life—and life could be so vital . . . and nearing me was Death . . . and I am hoping . . . he is . . . kind . . .

It is very lonely. We are very lonely, Death and I.

I am not ready for him yet.

I am too immature. Life has not yet had her will of me. He comes, an importunate bridegroom. I am not ready—not ready.

He is cold.

Oh, God, where are You? Where are You? It is so dark, so dark!

In the night I hear a weeping. Some poor wretch. Life exits awkwardly from these poor wreckages . . . Death takes a crude possession. How shall I die? How shall Death come to me? I have a sick fancy . . . I should like to

(Seventy-nine)



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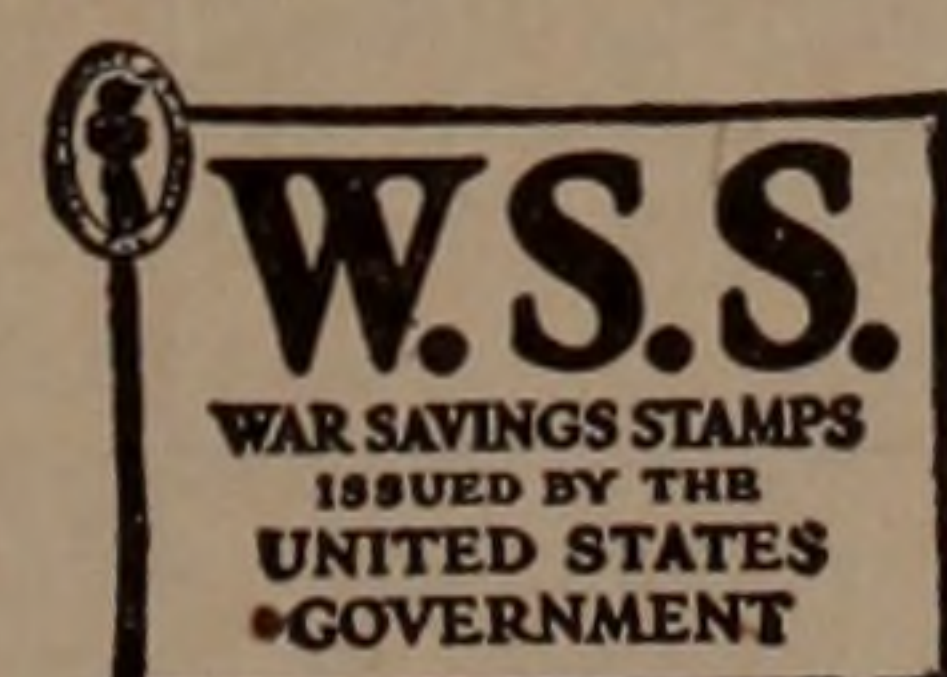
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The Motion Picture Magazine and The Motion Picture Classic will make an internationally famous screen player of the winner of this contest.

The contest is open to any young woman in the world, except those who have played or are playing prominent rôles in the films or on the stage. Contestants shall submit one or more portraits and, from the pictures entered, the judges will select the person whose beauty and personality seems best suited to the screen. Every contestant has an equal chance. There is absolutely no charge or fee of any kind.

The Motion Picture Magazine and The Motion Picture Classic will give two years' guaranteed publicity to the winner. This will include cover portraits in colors, special interviews, pictures, special articles, etc., publicity which could not be purchased at any price. The Motion Picture Magazine and The Motion Picture Classic will secure an initial position for the winner and other opportunities, if necessary. At the end of two years The Motion Picture Magazine and The Motion Picture Classic guarantee that the winner will be known thruout the civilized world.

JURY OF INTERNATIONAL NOTE

Next month The Motion Picture Magazine and The Motion Picture Classic will officially announce the jury of its Fame and Fortune Contest. This jury will include the foremost producers, painters and art authorities in this country.

Every fifteen days after December 1, the jury will pass upon the contestants' photographs, selecting the six best portraits submitted during that period. These honor roll pictures will be published in the subsequent numbers of The Motion Picture Magazine and The Motion Picture Classic. The duration of the contest will be announced later. Upon the closing of the contest the winner will be selected. It is possible that three or four leaders may be named and invited to come to New York for test pictures, after which the winner will be decided upon.

TERMS OF THE CONTEST

1. Open to any young woman in the world, except those who have already played prominent screen or stage rôles.
2. Contestants must submit a portrait, upon the back of which must be pasted a coupon from either The Motion Picture Magazine or The Motion Picture Classic, or a similar coupon of your own making.
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When born..... Birthplace.....

Eyes (color)..... Hair (color).....

Height..... Weight.....

Complexion.....

go to him covered with white roses, dropping them as I go . . . and I should like him to tread upon them and stain his chill feet scarlet. He might grow . . . to . . . love me . . .
Garan Bourke has saved me!

May-----

It is long since over now. As one wakes, stricken, from a nightmare hideous beyond coherent speech, so have I awakened. I have awakened and been comforted.

Garan Bourke saved me!

He suspected Honora Mairs all along—of, at least, complicity, or some foul knowledge. "One must always," he said, "take heed of a woman who loves—and is denied."

When all else failed he prevailed upon her father confessor to exhort her to confession. He was there. Honora is a Catholic before she is a woman. She confessed. She had seen—with her own eyes—Beverly Peele pour himself an overdose of morphia. She had seen it—and she had kept silence. By her stupid red love of him you may gauge her stupid red hate of me.

Garan broke the records of the railroad—got to me—brought my pardon—saved me—as they placed the cap about my head—

"The world forgetting, by the world forgot"—that is the paradise to which we are sailing—Garan Bourke and I—to live, to love, to gather us roses while we may—and then, together, to die when the glass runs out.

The Celluloid Critic

(Continued from page 47)

of the make-up of her little street singer of "Hearts of the World." But this time she is an American tomboy in a small Middle Western town who adopts a motherless baby and, aside from other adventures among the non-understanding villagers, prevents the hotel-keeper's guileless daughter from eloping with a villainous city slicker.

Miss Gish is all over the film. There is no other phrase to describe it. Still, she is funny at times and undoubtedly audiences will like the novelty of her. But a little of this characterization goes a long way. We hope for at least a subdued variation in the next Gish picture. The beautiful Katherine MacDonald is the innkeeper's daughter and badly miscast.

Louis K. Anspacher's "A Woman of Impulse" (Paramount), with Lina Cavalieri, proved to be decidedly weak. The star plays a prima donna wedded to an exceedingly jealous Spaniard. In defending herself from the advances of a young Southerner, she draws a dagger, stabs the man and faints. When she recovers the Southerner is dead. It subsequently develops that a mulatto girl, who loved the man, stabbed him while the prima donna was unconscious. (An old duplication of the "Kildare of Storm" story, this.) There is a palpably weak climax, in which the mulatto confesses without any apparent reason, except to end the drama happily. Old-fashioned direction and clumsy handling of the story make the creakiness of the plot very glaring.

Madge Evans, the juvenile world star, is to appear on the speaking stage in a Klaw and Erlanger production.

George Archambaud, former World Film director, is now a lieutenant in the United States field artillery.

How I Improved My Memory In One Evening

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

"Of course I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I do remember correctly—Mr. Durroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed. I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this, I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

* * * *

When I met Mr. Roth again—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or something I have read in a magazine.

"You can do this just as easily as I do. Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes it was—a really poor memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

(Eighty-one)

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did: I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in forty-eight states to find that I had learned—in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson *stuck*. And so did the other six.

Read this letter from C. Louis Allen, who at 32 years became president of a million dollar corporation, the Pyrene Manufacturing Company of New York, makers of the famous fire extinguisher:

"Now that the Roth Memory Course is finished, I want to tell you how much I have enjoyed the study of this most fascinating subject. Usually these courses involve a great deal of drudgery, but this has been nothing but pure pleasure all the way through. I have derived much benefit from taking the course of instructions and feel that I shall continue to strengthen my memory. That is the best part of it. I shall be glad of an opportunity to recommend your work to my friends."

Mr. Allen didn't put it a bit too strong.

The Roth Course is priceless! I can absolutely *count* on my memory now. I can call the name of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to my mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't *sure*. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning, most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years, to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and *see* instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear anyone in *our* office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer—like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph" Smith? Real name H. Q. Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Company, Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:

"Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice, anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his Memory 100% in a week and 1,000% in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in *increased earning power* will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES.

While Mr. Jones has chosen the story form for this account of his experience and that of others with the Roth Memory Course, he has used only facts that are known personally to the President of the Independent Corporation, who hereby verifies the accuracy of Mr. Jones' story in all its particulars.

SEND NO MONEY

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to double, yes, triple your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course, send only \$5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

Independent Corporation

Division of Business Education, Dept. 5710, 119 W. 40th St., New York
Publishers of *The Independent* (and *Harper's Weekly*)

Please send me the Roth Memory Course of seven lessons. I will either remail the Course to you within five days after its receipt or send you \$5.

Name

Address



FRANK CHANNING HADDOCK

\$300,000 a Year Paid by Business Men For His Money-Making Advice

ONE hundred thousand people are paying this enormous sum for the help and advice of Prof. Frank Channing Haddock, a scientist whose name ranks with such famous mental-culturists and psychologists as Bergson, James and Royce. As a result of his help, these people are increasing their earnings by leaps and bounds.

Here are a few instances:

One man writes that a single day's study of Prof. Haddock's advice netted him \$300. Another man says that, after reading Prof. Haddock's helps, his first week's profit was \$897. A third man was helped to close a \$2,000 deal which had been hanging fire for months. Still another man increased his sales from \$200 a week to \$7,500 a week. Another remarkable case is that of the young man who increased his earnings from \$25 a week to \$1,000 a week as a result of Prof. Haddock's advice.

And what sort of help does Frank Channing Haddock prescribe? He simply teaches men how to increase their will power. He maintains that the one outstanding weakness in every failure and in every partially successful man is a weak will power. He claims that, through disuse, our will power has become dormant to such an extent that when we want to use it we are unable to. It is just like a hinge that has grown rusty from lack of use—it won't swing when you want it to, even though that is its natural function.

Undoubtedly there are tens of thousands of men, who have every faculty necessary to success, yet who do not succeed. They plod along year after year earning but a bare existence. There are other men with no greater knowledge of business affairs, with no greater advantages of education, with no greater desire to win success, who become wealthy.

Prof. Haddock states that the difference between the successful man and the average man can be measured by the difference in their will power. Two men may have a million dollar idea. One man has the will power to put his idea across and the other hasn't. The brain capacity of each man is the same. One man has the force of mind to capitalize to the fullest extent what he knows, while the other is timid, afraid, lacking in self-confidence.

Is it any wonder that thousands of people every year ask for Prof. Haddock's advice on how to increase and capitalize their will power?

The secret of success is no secret at all—it is a **knack**. Once you learn the knack of turning all your efforts into money, your fortune is assured. And that knack is interpreted by thousands of people as Will Power.

Money is being made in practically every business on the face of the earth. Somebody is making it. You see it all around you. There is money in **your** business. If not, why do you stay in it? Isn't it because you are afraid—you haven't the will power to "take a chance" by changing jobs?

It is most probable, however, that there is money in the business in which you are

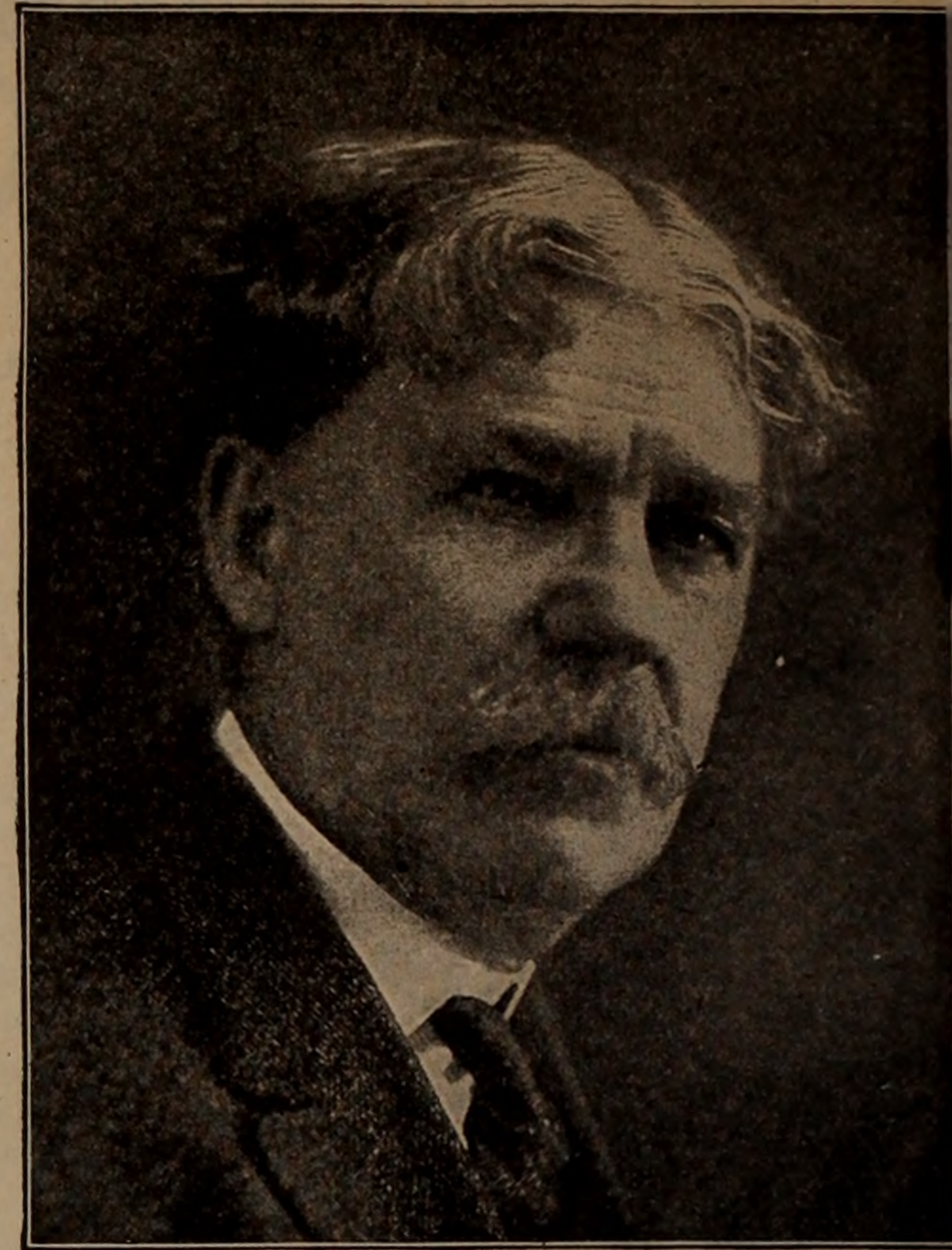
engaged. But you are carrying out the will-power of others. You are making someone else wealthy, someone with more will power than you possess! Every year you learn more about your work, and you earn a few dollars more per week, but what does it amount to? What will you be earning five years from now, if you don't do something startling with your brain?

Hundreds of thousands have found that their will power is their one weak spot—is the one thing that had been holding them back. It may very likely be the one thing that is holding **you** back. Isn't it worth finding out, particularly at this trying time when only the men with strong dominating wills are able to forge ahead?

Prof. Haddock, after twenty years of research and study, has prepared a series of rules, lessons and exercises which are scientifically designed to develop the brain faculty called will power. These rules, lessons and exercises do for your will what physical exercises do for your muscles. They are mental gymnastics, yet they are amazingly simple and easy to perform. The very first day you begin to feel like a new being. There is a new light in your eye. There is a new determination in your soul. You feel that success is just within your reach and you are going to get it. You begin to look upon life from an entirely different angle. Obstacles that looked like mountains begin to look like tiny mole-hills.

These rules, lessons and exercises in increasing your will power, prepared by Prof. Frank Channing Haddock have been placed in book form by the Pelton Publishing Company. I am authorized to say that you need send no money in advance—that you may examine the book for five days free. In other words, if after five days reading, you do not feel that this book is worth \$3, the sum asked, return it and you will owe nothing. When you receive your book for examination I suggest that you first read the articles on: the law of great thinking; how to develop analytical power; how to perfectly concentrate on any subject; how to guard against errors in thought; how to drive from the mind unwelcome thoughts; how to develop fearlessness; how to use the mind in sickness; how to acquire a dominating personality.

Some few doubters will scoff at the idea of will power being the fountainhead of wealth, position and everything we are striving for. But the great mass of intelligent men and women will at least investigate for themselves by sending for the book at the publisher's risk. I am sure that any book that has done for thousands—what "Power of Will" has done—is well worth investigating. It is interesting to note that among the 250,000 owners of "Power of Will" are such prominent men as Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, Ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Lieut.-Gov. McKelvie, of Nebraska; Assistant Postmaster-General Britt; General Manager Christeson, of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis; Governor Arthur Capper, of Kansas, and thousands of others. In fact, today "Power of Will" is just as important, and as necessary to a man's or woman's equipment for success, as a dic-



tionary. To try to succeed without Power of Will is like trying to do business without a telephone.

As your first step in will training, I suggest immediate action in this matter before you. It is not even necessary to write a letter. Use the form below, if you prefer, addressing it to the Pelton Publishing Company, 43-S Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn., and the book will come by return mail. This one act may mean the turning point of your life, as it has meant to so many others.

You hold in your hand, this very minute the beginning of a new era in your life. Over a million dollars has been paid by readers of "Power of Will" who sent for it on free examination. Can you, in justice to yourself, hesitate about sending in the coupon? Can you doubt, blindly, when you can see, without a penny deposit, this wonder-book that has won fortunes for so many readers and for which a million dollars has already been paid?

The cost of paper, printing and binding have almost doubled during the past three years, in spite of which "Power of Will" has not been increased in price. The publisher feels that so great a work should be kept as low-priced as possible, but in view of the enormous increase in the cost of every manufacturing item, the present edition will be the last sold at the present price. The next edition will cost more. Urge you to send in the coupon now.

PELTON PUBLISHING CO.
43-S Wilcox Block Meriden, Conn.

PELTON PUBLISHING CO.
43-S Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn.

I will examine a copy of "Power of Will" at your risk. I agree to remit \$3 or remail the book in 10 days.

Name

Address

City State

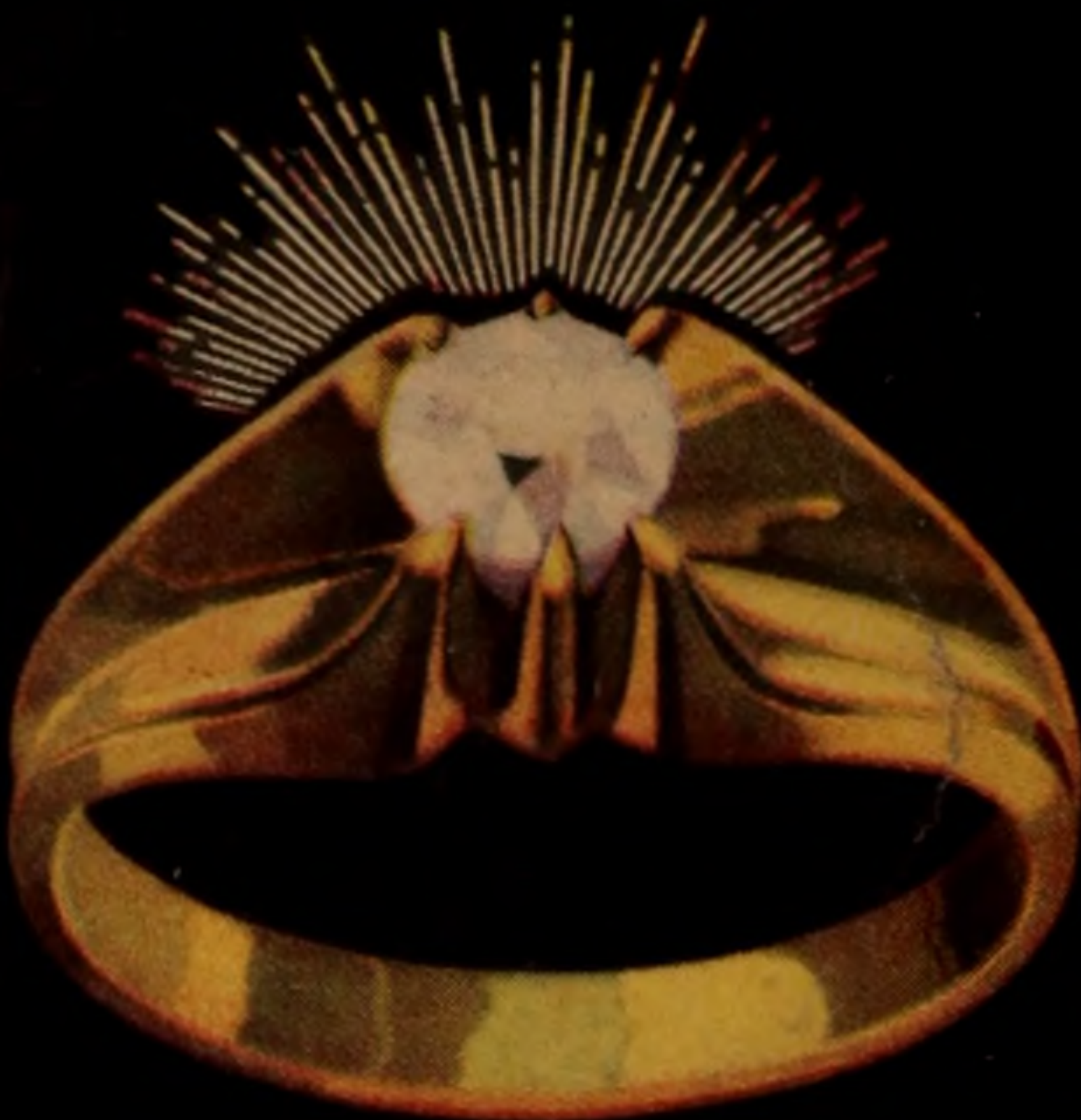
(Eighty-two)



WALLACE MAC DONALD



7B 1410



7B 1409



7B 1517



7B 1539

7B 1504



7B 1404

Send the Coupon -we'll send you a Lachnite

Send no money. Just send us your name and address and we will send you, pre-paid, on approval, a genuine Lachnite Gem mounted in a solid gold ring. These sparkling gems have the eternal fire of diamonds and are guaranteed forever. Select a ring from this advertisement. Wear it ten full days free. **Then, if you can tell it from a diamond, send it back.** If you decide to keep it you may pay for it in small monthly payments.

No. 7B 1410

This solid gold, ladies' solitaire is the essence of good taste. The Lachnite gem weighs about 1 carat.
Deposit with postman **\$4.75**
Monthly payment... **2.50**
Total..... **18.75**

No. 7B 1539

This solid gold, heavy, hand made, six prong, gentlemen's ring displays beautifully a flashing Lachnite gem weighing about 1 ct.
Deposit with postman **\$5.50**
Monthly payment... **2.75**
Total..... **22.00**

No. 7B 1409

The exact counterpart of a \$300 diamond and platinum ring is this ladies' solid gold solitaire with 14k white gold crown. Lachnite about 1 ct.
Deposit with postman **\$5.00**
Monthly payment... **2.50**
Total..... **19.75**

No. 7B 1504

The eight heavy prongs of this superb solid gold ring hold a brilliant Lachnite gem weighing about 3/4 ct.
Deposit with postman **\$4.75**
Monthly payment... **2.50**
Total..... **18.75**

No. 7B 1404

Exquisite, hand engraved, solid gold, Royal Belcher mounting set with a brilliant Lachnite gem weighing about 3/4 ct.
Deposit with postman **\$5.00**
Monthly payment... **2.50**
Total..... **20.00**

No. 7B 1517

Heavy weight, hand engraved, solid gold, aristocrat model ring, set with sparkling Lachnite weighing about 1 ct.
Deposit with postman **\$5.75**
Monthly payment... **2.75**
Total..... **22.50**



Ten Days' Free Trial

Don't send a penny. Wear this beautiful 15-jewel, hand engraved, ladies' wrist watch ten days free. If you keep it, pay a small sum each month. Up to date, gold dial. Guaranteed high class movement. Watch and bracelet heavy gold filled, guaranteed more than twenty years. Shipped in handsome velvet case.

When the watch comes just deposit \$5.00 with the postman. If, after ten days, you decide not to keep it, deposit will be refunded immediately. If you keep it, pay only \$3.50 per month until \$12.75 has been paid. Don't lose this chance. Send the coupon today.

Pay As You Wish

When the ring comes, just make the first small deposit with the postman. This is merely a deposit. If you send the ring back within ten days your deposit will be refunded immediately. If you keep it, the price list shows the small sum you pay each month.

Harold Lachman Co.
12 No. Michigan Avenue
Dept. 1559 Chicago, Ill.

Send the Coupon

HAROLD LACHMAN CO., Dept. 1559, 12 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Send postpaid, for ten days' free trial

Ring No. _____
Ladies' Wrist Watch _____
When it comes I will deposit \$ _____ with the postman. After ten days' trial, I will either return the article and take my deposit back or I will keep it and pay you \$ _____ a month until full price has been paid. I enclose my finger size.

Name _____

Address _____