

MOTION PICTURE

CLASSIC

APRIL

20¢



Leo Sichel

BLANCHE SWEET



Paramount and Artcraft Stars' Latest Productions

Here are their latest productions listed alphabetically, released up to February 28th. Save the list! And see the pictures!

Paramount

John Barrymore in "Here Comes the Bride"
 Enid Bennett in "Happy Tho Married"
 Billie Burke in "The Make-Believe Wife"
 Lina Cavalieri in "Two Brides"
 Marguerite Clark in "Mrs. Wiggs of The Cabbage Patch"
 Ethel Clayton in "Maggie Pepper"
 Dorothy Dalton in "Hard Boiled"
 Pauline Frederick in "Paid in Full"
 Dorothy Gish in "Hope Chest"
 Lila Lee in "The Secret Garden"
 Vivian Martin in "You Never Saw Such a Girl"
 John Emerson-Anita Loos Production
 Shirley Mason and Ernest Truex in "The Winning Girl"
 Charles Ray in "The Girl Dodger"
 Wallace Reid in "The Dub"
 Bryant Washburn in "Venus in the East"

Paramount-Artcraft Specials

"The Hun Within" with a Special Star Cast
 "Private Peat" with Private Harold Peat
 "Sporting Life" A Maurice Tourneur Production
 "The Silver King" starring William Faversham
 "Little Women" (from Louisa M. Alcott's famous book) a Wm. A. Brady Production
 "The False Faces" A Thomas H. Ince Production

Artcraft

Enrico Caruso in "My Cousin"
 George M. Cohan in "Hit the Trail Holiday"
 Cecil B. De Mille's Production "Don't Change Your Husband"
 Douglas Fairbanks in "Arizona"
 Elsie Ferguson in "His Parisian Wife"
 D. W. Griffith's Production "The Romance of Happy Valley"
 William S. Hart in "Breed of Men"
 Mary Pickford in "Johanna Enlists"
 Fred Stone in "Under the Top"

*Supervision of Thomas H. Ince

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy "Love"
 Paramount-Mack-Sennett Comedies "Rip and Stitch-Tailors," "East Lynne with Variations"
 Paramount-Flagg Comedy "One Every Minute"
 Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew in Paramount-Drew Comedy "Romance and Rings"
 Paramount-Bray Pictograph One each week
 Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel Pictures One each week

"What's on tonight?"

SOMETIMES it's the man of the house and sometimes it's the woman that starts the ball a-rolling.

An eventful evening two or three times a week is an important part of the art of enjoyable home life.

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Is it an Artcraft Picture?

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FAMOUS PLAYERS - LASKY CORPORATION
 ADOLPH ZUKOR Pres. JESSE L. LASKY Vice Pres. CECIL B. DE MILLE, Director General
 (NEW YORK)



The Secret of Being a Convincing Talker

How I Learned It in One Evening

By GEORGE RAYMOND

HAVE you heard the news about Frank Jordan?"

This question quickly brought me the little group which had gathered in the center of the office. Jordan and I had started with the Great Eastern Machinery Co., within a month of each other, four years ago. A year ago, Jordan was taken into the accounting division and I was sent out as salesman. Neither of us was blessed with an unusual amount of brilliancy, but we "got by" in our new jobs well enough to hold them.

Imagine my amazement, then, when I heard: "Jordan's just been made Treasurer of the company!"

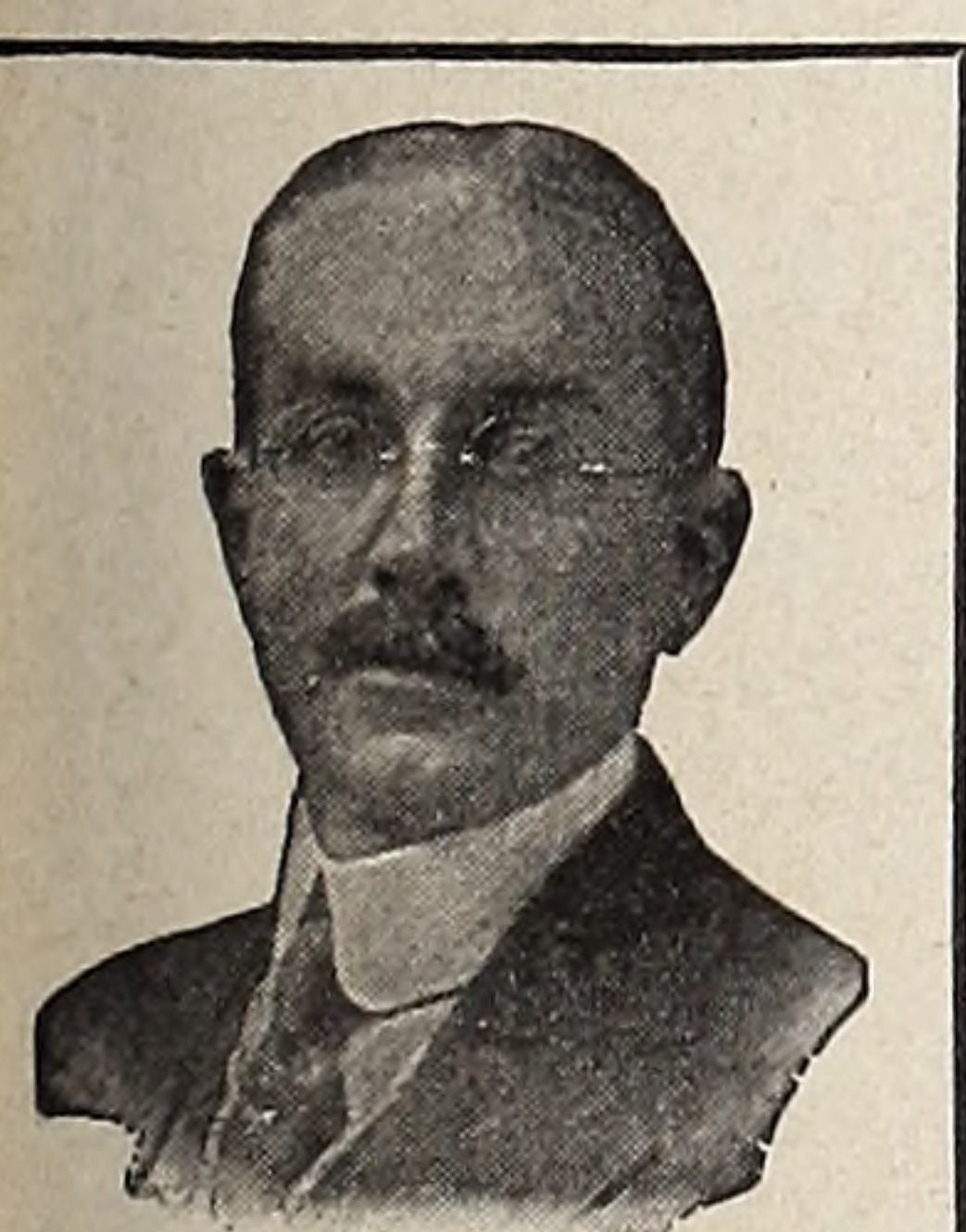
I could hardly believe my ears. But there was the "Notice to Employees" on the bulletin board, telling about Jordan's good fortune.

Now I knew that Jordan was a capable fellow, quiet, and unassuming, but I never would have picked him for any such sudden rise. I knew, too, that the Treasurer of the Great Eastern had to be a big man, and I wondered how in the world Jordan landed the place.

The first chance I got, I walked into Jordan's new office and after congratulating him warmly, I asked him to let me "in" on the details of how he jumped ahead so quickly. His story was so intensely interesting that I am going to repeat it as closely as I remember.

"I'll tell you just how it happened, George, because you may pick up a pointer or two that will help you.

"You remember how scared I used to be whenever I had to talk to the chief? You remember how you used to tell me that every time I opened my mouth I put my foot into it, meaning



FREDERICK HOUK LAW

As educator, lecturer, executive, traveler and author few men are so well equipped by experience and training as Dr. Law to teach the art of effective speaking. His "Mastery of Speech" is the fruit of 20 years active lecturing and instruction in Eastern schools and colleges preceded by an education at Oxford Academy, Amherst College, Columbia University, The Teachers College, Brown University, and New York University. He holds the degrees of A.B., A.M. and Ph.D.

Dr. Law is the author of two novels, two books of poetry, and editor of six school textbooks. At present he is lecturer in English in New York University, Lecturer in Pedagogy in the Extension Work of the College of the City of New York, Head of the Dept. of English in the Stuyvesant H. S. and writer of the Weekly Lesson Plans for The Independent.

course that every time I spoke I got into trouble? You remember when Ralph Sinton left to take charge of the Western office and I was asked to present him with the loving cup the boys gave him, how flustered I was and how I couldn't say a word because there were people around? You remember how confused I used to be every time I met new people? I couldn't say what I wanted to say when I wanted to say it; and I determined that if there was any possible chance to learn how to talk I was going to do it.

"The first thing I did was to buy a number of books on public speaking, but they seemed to be meant for those who

wanted to become orators, whereas what I wanted to learn was not only how to speak in public but how to speak to individuals under various conditions in business and social life.

"A few weeks later, just as I was about to give up hope of ever learning how to talk interestingly, I read an announcement stating that Dr. Frederick Houk Law of New York University had just completed a new course in business talking and public speaking entitled 'Mastery of Speech.' The course was offered on approval without money in advance, so since I had nothing whatever to lose by examining the lessons, I sent for them and in a few days they arrived. I glanced through the entire eight lessons, reading the headings and a few paragraphs here and there, and in about an hour the whole secret of effective speaking was opened to me.

"For example, I learned why I had always lacked confidence, why talking had always seemed something to be dreaded whereas it is really the simplest thing in the world to 'get up and talk.' I learned how to secure complete attention to what I was saying and how to make everything I said interesting, forceful and convincing. I learned the art of listening, the value of silence, and the power of brevity. Instead of being funny at the wrong time, I learned how and when to use humor with telling effect.

"But perhaps the most wonderful thing about the lessons were the actual examples of what things to say and when to say them to meet every condition. I found that there was a knack in making oral reports to my superiors. I found that there was a right way and a wrong way to present complaints, to give estimates, and to issue orders.

"I picked up some wonderful pointers about how to give my opinions, about how to answer complaints, about how to ask the bank for a loan, about how to ask for extensions. Another thing that struck me forcibly was that instead of antagonizing people when I didn't agree with them, I learned how to bring them around to my way of thinking in the most pleasant sort of way. Then, of course, along with those lessons there were chapters on speaking before large audiences, how to find material for talking and speaking, how to talk to friends, how to talk to servants, and how to talk to children.

"Why, I got the secret the very first evening and it was only a short time before I was able to apply all of the principles and found that my words were beginning to have an almost magical effect upon everybody to whom I spoke. It seemed that I got things done instantly, where formerly, as you know, what I said 'went in one ear and out the other.' I began to acquire an executive ability that surprised me. I smoothed out difficulties like a true diplomat. In my talks with the chief I spoke clearly, simply, convincingly. Then came my first promotion since I entered the accounting department. I was given the job of answering complaints, and I made good. From that I was given the job of making collections. When Mr. Buckley joined the Officers' Training Camp, I was made

Treasurer. Between you and me, George, my salary is now \$7,500 a year and I expect it will be more from the first of the year.

"And I want to tell you sincerely, that I attribute my success solely to the fact that I learned how to talk to people."

* * *

When Jordan finished, I asked him for the address of the publishers of Dr. Law's course, and he gave it to me. I sent for it and found it to be exactly as he had stated. After studying the eight simple lessons I began to sell to people who had previously refused to listen to me at all. After four months of record breaking sales during the dullest season of the year, I received a wire from the chief asking me to return to the home office. We had quite a long talk in which I explained how I was able to break sales records—and I was appointed Sales Manager at almost twice my former salary. I know that there was nothing in me that had changed except that I had acquired the ability to talk where formerly I simply used "words without reason." I can never thank Jordan enough for telling me about Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking. Jordan and I are both spending all our spare time making public speeches on war subjects and Jordan is being talked about now as Mayor of our little Town.

So confident is the Independent Corporation, publishers of "Mastery of Speech," Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how you can, in one hour, learn the secret of speaking and how you can apply the principles of effective speech under all conditions, that they are willing to send you 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.

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Publishers of The Independent Weekly.

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Name.....

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OPPORTUNITY MARKET

MOTION PICTURE CL

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FEMALE HELP WANTED

WANTED—5 bright, capable ladies for 1919, to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. \$25.00 to \$50.00 per week. Railroad fare paid. Write at once. Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 16, Omaha, Neb.

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SONG WRITERS

Write the Words for a Song. We write music and guarantee publisher's acceptance. Submit poems on patriotism, love or any subject. Chester Music Co., 538 So. Dearborn St., Suite 193, Chicago.

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Wanted—Stories, articles, poems for new magazine. We pay on acceptance. Handwritten MSS. acceptable. Send MSS. to Woman's National Magazine, Desk 592, Washington, D. C.

Earn \$25 Weekly, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 561 St. Louis, Mo.

GAMES AND ENTERTAINMENTS

Acts, Plays, Entertainments, Etc., written to order. Terms for a stamp. Catalogs of plays, acts, sketches, wigs, etc., free. E. L. Gamble, Playwright, East Liverpool, O.

News of the Studios

William McAdoo, just resigned from President Wilson's cabinet, has been signed special adviser of the Griffith-Pickford-banks-Chaplin-Hart combination at a reported salary of \$100,000.

Dolores Cassinelli is likely to be seen in a series of photodramatic adaptations of Gabrielle D'Annunzio's works.

Pearl White's next serial is to be R. W. Chambers' "In Secret." Walter McMillan will be the lead.

H. B. Warner has been signed by Rosson-Cole to do eight features. Carter de Harbo is to write a two-reel comedy each month for thirteen months for the same organization.

"Upstairs and Down," the farce written by the Hattons, is Olive Thomas' first Selznick Production. Louise Winters' "The Bride" has been secured and Cosmo Hall is to write three stories. Charles Griffith is directing. Appearing with Miss Thomas in "Upstairs and Down" are Robert Ellis, Mary Theby, Mary Charleson, Bertram Gooden, Kathleen Kirkham and Donald MacDonald.

The Famous Players-Lasky has secured Hall Caine's "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" for filming. Hugh Ford is to direct it, Edward Arthur Krows making the adaptation. The novel which Herbert Brenon once planned to produce.

Edward Jose has been finishing Paramount's big Salvation Army feature in the East. The company, including Ruby de Rubeau, was brought on from the coast.

Pauline Frederick is finishing her first Goldwyn at the coast studios. Her husband, Richard Mack, is with her. In the cast are Thea holding, Sidney Ainsworth and Cora Barker.

Myrtle Stedman is to do a series of "Seal Classics" in five parts for Gray Productions, Inc., a new Brooklyn organization.

J. Stuart Blackton's "The Common Cause" is being well received across the country, according to exhibitor reports. Mr. Blackton, J. Stuart, Jr., has returned from the other side, where he has been in military service.

Leonce Perret has completed a film version of Bayard Veiller's "The Thirteenth Chapter" with Yvonne Delva and Walter Law in the cast.

Owen Moore has been signed to play Goldwyn Rex Beach production.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Smith on Jan. 17. Mr. Smith is president Vitagraph.

Warner Oland has been seriously ill with "flu" at his home in New York.

Thomas H. Ince, who has been producing for Paramount and Arcraft for two years, has signed a contract with Adolph Zukor to continue the present relationship for the coming year which commences September. Under the terms of the contract, Mr. Ince will produce four or five series of productions during the year, all of which will be personally supervised by Mr. Ince. This will include Charles Ray, Enid Bennett and Dorothy Gish pictures.

The Frohman Amusement Corporation plans to present Texas Guinan in a series of 26 two-reel Westerns to be produced in San Antonio. (Continued on page 77)

You Have a Beautiful Face BUT YOUR NOSE?

IN this day and age attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. PERMIT NO ONE TO SEE YOU LOOKING OTHERWISE; it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new nose-shaper "Trados" (Model 24) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

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The MAY CLASSIC

Spring, with its reawakening of nature, will have nothing on the first Spring issue of THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC—the May number. Resplendent with the liveliest, newest pictures from all moviedom; the crispest, snappiest interviews, vivid with personality; and the most interesting articles on the photodrama, THE MAY CLASSIC will be of absorbing interest to film fans.

For instance, there will be:

The March of the Photoplay

A keenly interesting article on the development of the screen story by that authority on things of the films, Kenneth Macgowan. Here is an article which everyone interested in the advance of the photodrama cannot afford to miss.

EARLE WILLIAMS

Earle is a difficult person to catch for a chat—and a still more difficult person to get talking about himself. But THE CLASSIC has succeeded in getting a bright interview with the Vitagraph star in his California bungalow, where Williams and his bride are spending their honeymoon months.

LOUISE FAZENDA

THE CLASSIC hasn't been merely satisfied with chatting with the comédienne of the Mack Sennett forces. It managed to get Miss Fazenda to interview herself, and the result, written in Louise's own inimitable style, will appear in THE MAY CLASSIC. Miss Fazenda, you know, has a genuinely humorous literary style all her own.

And Besides—

There will be an unusual and timely article by Frederick James Smith.

Personality chats with Frank Losee, Bebe Daniels, and other screen folks just now in the bright limelight.

The most interesting fictionized photoplays.

The latest honor roll of THE FAME AND FORTUNE CONTEST.

And the newest reviews of The Celluloid Critic.

The Motion Picture Classic
175 Duffield Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

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(Cover painted by Leo Sielke from photograph by De Gaston, Los Angeles.)

Remember the good old Biograph days and "Daphne Wayne"? Daphne turned out to be Blanche Sweet and she has held a certain place in the hearts of film fans ever since. Her Judith in "Judith of Bethulia" is still as vivid to us as yesterday. Miss Sweet has been developing consistently and we shall watch for her forthcoming Garson production with no ordinary interest. For Blanche Sweet is a young woman of remarkable possibilities.

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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.

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APPLY SATIN SKIN CREAM, THEN SATIN SKIN POWDER.

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.—Fay Bainter in "East Is West." The story of a quaint little Chinese maid who falls in love with a young American and, just when racial barriers seem insurmountable, turns out to be the daughter of a white missionary. Has all the ingredients of popular drama. Miss Bainter is picturesquely pleasing.

Century.—"The Betrothal," Maurice Maeterlinck's sequel to "The Blue Bird." Superb production of a drama rife with poetic symbolism and imaginative insight. Remarkably beautiful series of stage pictures. Excellent cast, with Reginald Sheffield as Tytyl.

Cohan's.—"A Prince There Was." George M. Cohan in an interesting rôle of a very entertaining comedy. He plays at a literary game in which hearts are trumps—and wins.

Cohan & Harris.—"Three Faces East." Another Secret Service-German spy drama, this by Anthony Paul Kelly, one of our most successful photoplaywrights. The principal charm of this play is in trying to guess who are the German spies and who are the Allies, just as we were puzzled in "Cheating Cheaters" to know who were the burglars and who were not.

Comedy.—"The Climax." A comedy with incidental music. Excellent, entertaining story of a young opera singer who lost her voice—and heart. Eleanor Painter is convincing but, if she were a more finished singer, the play would have a stronger appeal.

Forty-Fourth Street.—Al Jolson in the perennial "Sinbad." Typical Winter Garden show with lots of girls in Hooverized attire. With Jolson are the entertaining Farber sisters and the danceful Kitty Doner.

Fulton.—"The Riddle: Woman," with Bertha Kalich. Problem drama from the Danish. Ladies with "pasts," a he-vampire and much emotionalism. Kalich gives a picturesque if artificial performance, while Chrystal Herne and A. E. Anson make the most of their rôles.

Hippodrome.—The newest production, "Everything," lives up to its title. It is a maze of varied attractions, ranging from dainty Belle Storey to scores of remarkable roller skaters from tabloid opera to a stage full of tumbling Arabs.

Liberty.—"The Marquis de Priola." Leo Ditrichstein in the best play he has done since "The Great Lover," and in a somewhat similar part. His acting is splendid. While it is too bad to make the conquering of women the theme for a play, and a hero out of such a perfidious reprobate as the marquis, the play is so fine that we forgive its naughtiness for its art.

Lyceum.—"Daddies." Appealing little drama of three bachelors who adopt Belgian war babies. Amusing complications occur when the children develop along unexpected lines. Jeanne Eagels is quaintly pleasing in the leading rôle.

Lyric.—"The Unknown Purple." Interesting and well sustained thriller. The story of a convict who discovers a way to make himself invisible, transforming into a purple ray, and who starts out to get revenge. The invisible man steals necklaces, opens safes and passes thru doors. Richard Bennett gives a vigorous performance of the human ray.

Playhouse.—"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 heart-aches of youth.

Plymouth.—"Redemption." John Barrymore at his best in a remarkable piece of acting and a remarkable Tolstoi play. Sad, but big.

Punch & Judy.—Remarkably interesting season of Stuart Walker's Portmanteau company at this intimate little theater. The season is largely devoted to the glittering and vivid playlets of Lord Dunsany. Admirable acting and finely artistic staging.

Republic.—Channing Pollock has devised an odd drama, "Roads of Destiny," from the O. Henry story. No matter what path one takes, the ultimate result is the same, is the philosophy of the drama. Florence Reed is admirable in three widely contrasted rôles.

Vanderbilt.—"A Little Journey." The comical experiences of a dozen or more interesting travelers on a Pullman which is finally wrecked. Jobyna Howland's creation of a new female type is notable, but many others of the excellent cast press her for the honors. This comedy should prove a winner.

ON THE ROAD.

"The Saving Grace." Delightful English comedy by Haddon Chambers, brilliantly played by Cyril Maude as a cashiered British army officer trying to get back in the big war. Laura Hope Crews admirable.

"Under Orders," another war drama, and a good one, altho only two actors are necessary to tell the story. Effie Shannon is excellent. Plenty of weeps, with a sprinkle of mirth.

"Home Again." A highly entertaining comedy with lots of homey atmosphere and old-fashioned rural characters, founded on the poems and stories of J. Whitcomb Riley. The cast is extremely strong from top to bottom and the story is engrossing.

"Be Calm, Camilla." One of the most charming plays of the season. Lola Fisher makes a hit in a part of the Mary Pickford type and will doubtless be heard from on the screen.

"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.

"Keep Her Smiling." A typical Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew comedy. Mr. Drew does the cleverest bit of acting of his career, and Mrs. Drew is more charming and "younger" than ever before.

"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 Skelly's humor is amusing. Altogether a likeable entertainment.

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

"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 excellent, as usual, and her support is unusually good.

"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.

"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*.

"Parlor, Bedroom and Bath." A roaring farce of the class of "Fair and Warmer," "Twin Beds" and "Up Stairs and Down," and about as funny and racy as any of them.

"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.

"Sleeping Partners." Piquant comedy of the French boulevards before the war. Irene Bordoni delightful. Prismatic farce.

"The Big Chance." A comedy drama that starts in New York and ends in the trenches. It has its laughs and its thrills and is replete with clever characterizations.

LEADING PICTURE THEATERS.

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

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

Rialto.—Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

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

Across the Footlights

LAST month found the New York theaters at the apex of a highly prosperous season. With the metropolis jammed with returned officers and soldiers, members of their families to welcome them, buyers from all parts of the country, and others, the amusement places could not fail to register the biggest business of several years. They say that steel and the theater are the two barometers of prosperity. The theater certainly is an indication of a splendid peace prosperity.

At the moment THE CLASSIC went to press the best selling attractions in New York were: "Friendly Enemies," Hudson; "Lightnin'," Gaiety; "Three Faces East," Cohan and Harris; "Tiger, Tiger," Belasco; "Somebody's Sweetheart," Central; "The Velvet Lady," New Amsterdam; "Tea for Three," Elliott; "Oh, My Dear," Princess; "The Crowded Hour," Selwyn; "Up in Mabel's Room," Eltinge; "Three Wise Fools," Criterion; "The Canary," Globe; "The Unknown Purple," Lyric; and "Listen, Lester," Knickerbocker.

One might think that the stage has been carefully combed for promising material by the screen producers. But we fear they've overlooked several good bets. First, there is Lola Fisher, who played Camilla so refreshingly in "Be Calm, Camilla." Here is a real possibility. And there is the picturesque Fay Bainter, the star of "East Is West." There is an exotic piquancy to Miss Bainter that would be a distinct novelty on the screen. Some far-sighted producer will seize upon her before long. Now let us hazard a third discovery: Margaret Mower, of the Portmanteau Players. Here is a young actress of beauty and unusual tragic power. Her playing of the ill-fated queen in Lord Dunsany's "Laughter of the Gods" was a really magnificent thing. And why hasn't the screen won over McKay Morris, the admirably versatile leading man of the same organization? Really, the screen producers need to employ scouts after the fashion of the National and American League baseball teams.

While we're on the subject of the Stuart Walker Portmanteau company, now enjoying a season at the quaint Punch and Judy Theater, let us say a word of its remarkable excellence. Here is intellectual drama intelligently produced. Mr. Walker has been largely devoting himself to Lord Dunsany, presenting "The Laughter of the Gods," "The Gods of the Mountain," "The Golden Doom" and other playlets of the brilliant Irishman—and presenting them with imagination and artistry.

Another drama is going to reach the stage after being first seen on the screen. This is Cosmo Hamilton's "Scandal," celluloided by Constance Talmadge. The piece is being produced over here by the

(Continued on page 76)



She played to lose

ROUND and round spun the wheel, yet she lost—and smiled. Women are not good losers—but this one—

Behind those burning eyes lay a mystery—a desperate plot.

Craig Kennedy—the brilliant detective—solved it.

If you would forget your cares—if you would be entertained breathlessly—read this astonishing, baffling tale. It is one of the matchless stories by

ARTHUR B. REEVE

(The American Conan Doyle)

CRAIG KENNEDY

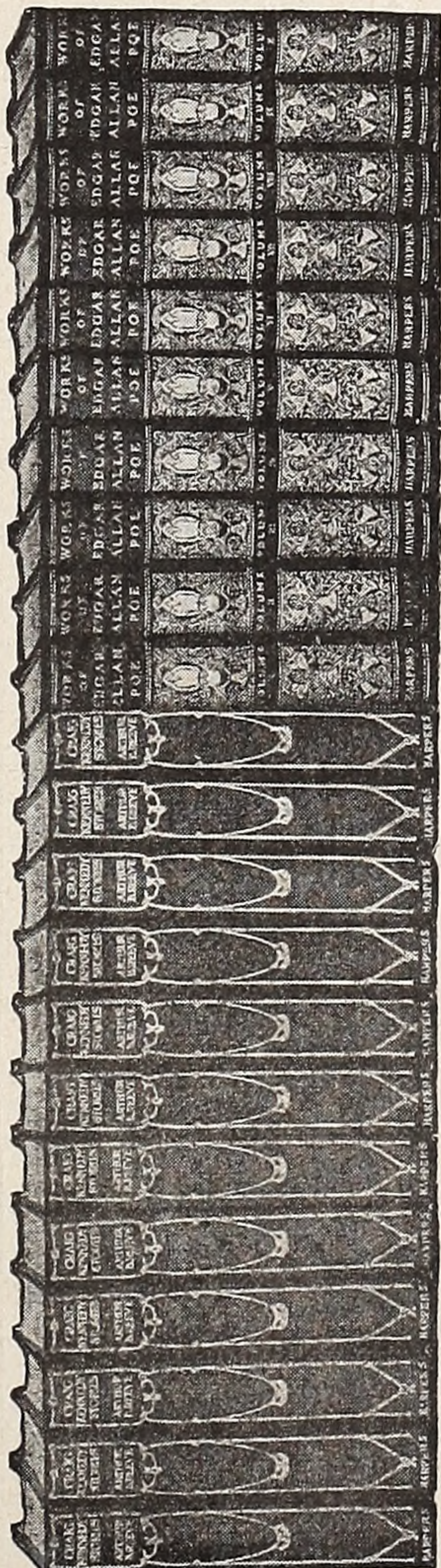
(The American Sherlock Holmes)

He is the detective genius of our age. He has taken science—science that stands for this age—and allied it to the mystery and romance of detective fiction. Even to the smallest detail, every bit of the plot is worked out scientifically. For nearly ten years, America has been watching his Craig Kennedy—marvelling at the strange, new, startling things that detective-hero would unfold. Even under the stress of war, Eng-

land is reading him as she never did before.

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

FREE EDGAR ALLAN POE'S 10 VOLUMES WORKS



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

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

This is a wonderful combination. Here are two of the greatest writers of mystery and scientific detective stories. You get the Reeve at a very low price and the Poe FREE for a short time only. Sign and mail the coupon now.

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Send me, all charges prepaid, set of Arthur B. Reeve—in 12 volumes, maroon cloth. Also send me, absolutely free, the set of Edgar Allan Poe—in 10 volumes, green cloth. If both sets are not satisfactory I will return them within 10 days at your expense. Otherwise I will send you \$1.00 within 5 days and \$2.00 a month for 12 months.

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A Profession Within Your Grasp!

With the Dawn of Peace Comes the Rise of New Opportunities

THE World War was waged against Kaisers and all Autocrats who suppressed the People's Opportunities. Opportunity was relegated to a Favored Class.

THE Favored Class has been abolished and today you and I stand on the Rim of a New Age. One look into the Agonized Face of the Victors tells us that the Supremacy of the Sword lies buried in the Ruins of the Old World which we have forever left behind.

YOU and I—we are the People. And it is true that the people will rule henceforth. But whether or not it be You and I who shall rule is not left to Chance. For our fellows will permit none to rule who has not won his Crown!

SO a new war is upon us—the War of Peace, the War of the Pen. And the Pen is Mightier than the Sword! For the pen is Bloodless and every well-directed stroke means a new rivet in the Renaissance of Right.

THE Pen shall be the scepter of this New World that woke on Flanders Fields. The Pen shall bring the World's Men to the World's Market Places and leave to Unknown Failure the Merchant who does not Advertise. The Pen shall weigh and sway the Opinions of the People until they rock the sphere in the Cradle of the Press, and he who fails to read his Magazine or Newspaper will be blasted with Ignorance. The Pen will rouse the Sleeping Souls of Men to set Monumental Deeds over the graves of Dead Resolutions, and he who has not ears to hear the Voice of the People thru their Orators shall never see the Morning! The Pen shall skim the richness and sweetness of the World's Glories in History, it shall bring the essence of Men's Lives to be relieved in the Library, it shall enchain the tragedies and laughter that storm and sun the Human Soul, in an exquisite hour on a Curtained Stage, it shall last of all Sing the weary world to sleep by sweeping the strings of Poetic Fancy!

HAIL to the Age of the Pen! For the literary Arts are the foundation of all the arts and sciences. Without them success in any undertaking is well nigh impossible. They are stepping-stones as well as independent professions.

SO, the time is ripe for the New Education to rise—The AMERICAN COLLEGE OF LITERARY ARTS. This is the only institution in the World devoted solely to the Word and the Pen. It is consecrated to Opportunity and the People's Need. It puts a Profession within the grasp of the Man Who Has Ears to Hear.

WHY bury a talent in the grime of a back-breaking, soul-rasping, mind-crushing job? This, to the Man or Woman who HAS a talent!

MEN and Women of Talent, we salute you! We greet you with the Key to the Door of Opportunity in our hand.

WE warn you, that the Door stands at the top of a high mountain which only diligent Study and honest Perseverance may hope to reach. We Keepers of the Gate are trustees only. Treasures lie within that none but True Knights of the Pen may lay hands on.

WE are seeking Dreamers of Dreams, to be sure, but none shall pass out with the Seal of Approval until we are convinced that he IS a Doer of Deeds.

OLD Schools have passed away, we offer you one born Yesterday breathing the New Spirit of the Age. Here is a School in the very midst of the Turmoil of Life. Here the Man and the Woman meet Masters, mind to mind and heart to heart, who have solved Life's Problems in their Particular Profession. Here may study Students who never walked in Learned Halls, students who are gray with Age or grimed with Toil, students who commune with their Masters tho they dwell in Timbuctoo or Kokomo, students who are masters of all their time or who can garner a treasured hour a day. The A. C. L. A. plan fits the Student's Mind and Ambition and ignores his or her physical, financial and social handicaps.

IF YOU think you belong to the Ruling Class, if you can Dream Dreams and Do Deeds, if you can follow Opportunity over the rugged paths that lead to the Summit of Achievement, if you would like to peer into the Treasures the New Age holds for YOU, clip the Coupon below, and send it to us and we will send you a handsome Brochure of Inspiration called "The Open Door."

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The Next Motion Picture Magazine

We beam with delight upon our fortune in announcing the contents for the May issue of the Motion Picture Magazine. We take pride in saying that we have prepared stories and interviews and picture pages about more real favorites in this issue than we have ever been able to get together before. Just scan the following headlines closely. You cannot afford to miss such a complete résumé of screen history.

HENRY WALTHALL

Now comes a new Walthall to the screen. A man with a new purpose, a fresh incentive, a burning determination to accomplish big, worth-while things. In a story which thrills because of its very simplicity, Kenneth McGaffey presents the Walthall of today.

FANNIE WARD

This awe-inspiring person talks easily, and knowingly, on all sorts of topical questions. Somehow one forgets the question at issue when marveling at Fannie. She has found the perpetual Fountain of Youth. Read this article and see why.

MARGARITA FISHER

The Fisher devotees have a wonderfully intimate story waiting for them in this issue. They will discover how Margarita really and truly worked her way to success. This interview is as thrilling as a story book tale.

RUTH CLIFFORD

This dainty little lady has had the most unique entrance to Film-land that it's been our good fortune to read about. We found Ruth's story so entertaining that we decided to pass it on to the fans. They will always remember this Ruth's personality story for its charming quaintness.

A BRIEF RÉSUMÉ

We cannot refrain from adding to your state of expectancy by merely hinting at the fact that, if you look real hard in the May issue, you will find up-to-the-minute chats with Eddie Polo, the Sydney Drews, Julia Arthur, the president of Metro, Richard Rowland, Chester Barnett, and Marie Prevost. We pause for breath here—yet we may have left out the best!

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

A Typical 'Blackton' Cast

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SPECIAL FEATURE:

"A HOUSE DIVIDED"



Herbert Rawlinson and Sylvia Breamer

To the millions of photoplay patrons throughout the world, this phrase has come to mean more than a mere figure of speech.

Every Blackton Production is built upon the firm foundation of a splendid story, with real literary merit, and

That story is enacted by a *splendid cast of picture players*, each one chosen for his or her special fitness for the part.

Not "stories to fit a particular star," but "special stars to fit the story."

This is another reason why Blackton Productions are worth while.



Sally Crute



Lawrence Grossmith



William Humphrey

"The Common Cause"

"Missing"

"Life's Greatest Problem"

"A House Divided"

Or any other production from "*The Hand of Blackton*"

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Why My Memory Rarely Fails Me

and how the secret of a good memory may be learned in a single evening

By DAVID M. ROTH

NOTE: When I asked Mr. Roth to tell in his own words, for nation-wide publication, the remarkable story of the development of his system for the cure of bad memories, I found him reluctant to talk about himself in cold print. When I reminded him that he could do no finer service than to share his story with others—just as he is sharing his method for obtaining a better memory with thousands who are studying his famous Memory Course—he cordially agreed to my proposal. And here is his story.—President Independent Corporation.



DAVID M. ROTH

his telephone number and named his occupation, without a single error.

The following evening, in the office of a large business institution, I asked the president of the concern to write down fifty words, numbers and names, and to number each item. An hour later I called out each item, and gave the number opposite which it had been written.

At another time I glanced at the license numbers of a hundred and five automobiles which passed. These numbers were written down by witnesses, in the order in which the cars passed. Later I called each number correctly and gave the order in which the numbers went by.

From Seattle to New York I have appeared before salesmen's meetings, conventions, and Rotary Clubs giving demonstrations of my memory. I have met over 10,000 people in my travels. Yet I am quite sure I can call nearly every one of these men and women by name the instant I meet them, ask most of them how the lumber business is or the shoe business or whatever business they were in when I was first introduced to them.

People wonder at these memory feats. Hundreds have asked me how I can store so many facts, figures, and faces in my mind, and recall them at will. And they are even more mystified when I explain that my memory used to be so poor I would forget a man's name twenty seconds after I met him! In fact that was what led me to investigate and study the cause of poor memory and the remedy. For years I had read books on psychology, mental culture, memory and other subjects. All of these books were good, but none of them was definite or easy enough. So I labored until I found out *what it was* that enabled me to remember some things while I forgot others. Finally I worked out a system that made my memory practically infallible.

I explained my system to a number of friends and they could hardly believe it possible. But some of them tried my method

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M. P. C.-4-19

and invariably they told me they had doubled their memory power in a week. They got the method the first evening and then developed it as far as they cared to go.

The principles which I had formulated in improving my own memory were so simple and so easy to apply that I decided to give my method to the world.

At first I taught my memory system in person. My classes, in Rotary Clubs, banks, department stores, railway offices, manufacturing plants and every kind of business institution grew amazingly in size and number. Memory teaching became my sole profession, and a wonderful experience it has been all the way from Seattle to New York City.

I soon realized that I could never hope to serve more than a small fraction of those who needed my memory system and were eager to take it up unless I put it into a home-study course which people could acquire without personal instruction.

The Independent Corporation, whose President, Mr. Karl V. S. Howland, had become interested in my work as a member of my Rotary Club class in New York, saw the large possibilities of my Course as an element in their broad program for personal efficiency and self-improvement.

So it was my pleasure to join forces with this great publishing house, and the Roth Memory Course, in seven simple lessons, was offered to the public at a price of \$5 (correspondence courses having been sold hitherto at anywhere from \$20 to \$100.)

No money in advance was to be asked, the idea being that the Course must sell itself purely on its merits.

As you have doubtless observed, an extensive advertising campaign was launched by my publishers with full page announcements in all the leading periodicals of the country and in many leading newspapers.

This campaign has continued without a let-up and with ever growing momentum.

From the very start this advertising became successful. The idea spread. Orders came in from everywhere. Edition after edition of the lessons was printed and still thousands of orders could not be filled.

The promise was made that the Course would improve any man's or woman's memory in one evening. And it did! Letters of praise began to pour in almost as fast as the lessons were shipped—and have kept up ever since in a veritable flood.

For example, Major E. B. Craft, Assistant Chief Engineer of the Western Electric Company, New York, wrote:

"Last evening was the first opportunity I had to study the course, and in one sitting I succeeded in learning the list of 100 words forward and backward, and to say that I am delighted with the method is putting it very mildly. I feel already that I am more than repaid in the real value and enjoyment that I have got out of the first lesson."

Read this letter from Terence J. McManus, of the firm of Olcott, Bonyng, McManus & Ernst, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, 170 Broadway, and one of the most famous trial lawyers in New York:

"May I take occasion to state that I regard your service in giving this system to the world as a public benefaction. The wonderful simplicity of the method, and the ease with which its principles may be acquired, especially appeal to me. I may add that I already had occasion to test the effectiveness of the first two lessons in the preparation for trial of an important action in which I am about to engage."

McManus didn't put it a bit too strong. And here is just a quotation from H. O. (Multigraph) Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Co., Ltd., in Montreal:

"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 in a week and have a good memory in six months."

Then there is the amazing experience of Victor Jones, who increased his business \$100,000 in six months. And there are hundreds and thousands of others who have studied the Course and who have secured greater benefit from it than they dreamed possible.

Perhaps the main reason why my method is so successful is because it is so ridiculously simple. You get the method of obtaining an infallible Memory in one evening—in the very first lesson. Then you develop your memory to any point you desire through the other six lessons. There are only seven lessons in all. Yet the method is so thorough that your memory becomes your obedient slave forever. And instead of being hard work, it is as fascinating as a game. I have received letters from people who say the whole family gathers around the table for each lesson!

Men and women from coast to coast have thanked me for having made it so easy for them to acquire an infallible memory. As one man said:

"Memory and good judgment go hand in hand. Our judgment is simply the conclusions we draw from our experience, and our experience is only the sum total of what we remember. I now store away in my mind every valuable fact that relates to my business, whether it is something I hear or read, and when the proper time comes I recall all the facts I need. Before I studied the Roth Course it took me three times as long to gain experience simply because I forgot so many facts."

And how true that is! We say of elderly men that their judgment is "ripe." The reason it is ripe is because they have accumulated greater experience. But if we remember all the important facts we can have a ripened judgment 15 or 20 or 30 years sooner!

Thousands of sales have been lost because the salesman forgot some selling point that would have closed the order. Many men when they are called upon to speak fail to put over their message or to make a good impression because they are unable to remember just what they wanted to say.

Many decisions involving thousands of dollars have been made unwisely because the man responsible didn't remember all the facts bearing on the situation, and thus used poor judgment. In fact, there is not a day but that the average business man forgets to do from one to a dozen things that would have increased his profits. There are no greater words in the English language descriptive of business inefficiency than the two little words, "I forgot."

My pupils are gracious enough to say that nothing will make that fatal phrase obsolete so quickly as the memory system it has been my good fortune to evolve.

Mr. Roth has told his story. It now remains for you to turn it into dividends. This will happen, we are sure, if you will spend the fraction of time it requires to send for his complete Course on absolute approval.

After a few hours spent with the Roth Memory Course the fear as well as the tragedy of forgetting should be largely eliminated. You will obtain a fascinating new sense of confidence and power.

Not only that, but you will have a sense of freedom that you never felt before. You will be freed of the memorandum pad, the notebook, and other artificial helps to which most of us are slaves.

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.

Motion Picture Classic



ALICE JOYCE

There may be stars who photograph more beautifully than Miss Joyce, but it's rather hard to think of 'em in a hurry. Alice has been a joy to the screen since 1910, when Kalem first discovered her—a popular New York art model. Miss Joyce was just optically fascinating then. Now she's an actress of both beauty and emotional force.



MARGUERITE CLARK

Marguerite started out with dramatic aspirations, but the musical comedy stage first won her. It was with De Wolf Hopper, her four feet of ingenuousness being a striking contrast to his elongated comedy. Then came the drama, and finally the screen, where Miss Clark has reached her greatest success. A varied career, indeed!

ROSEMARY THEBY

Rosemary is a graduate of the famous Blackton-Smith school of the photoplay, the old Vitagraph Company. Later on, Rosemary tried comedy with Harry Myers for a time. Now, however, Miss Theby is back in serious photoplays again. She was in Griffith's "The Great Love" and is now with Metro





VIVIAN MARTIN

At the age of six Vivian was playing a kiddie in Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac" with Richard Mansfield. At fourteen she was playing the title rôle in the road company of Barrie's "Peter Pan." Now, at—well, anyway—she's a Paramount star. In other words, Vivian has merited every advancement in her career. And Miss Martin, by the way, has been showing decided progress on the screen lately



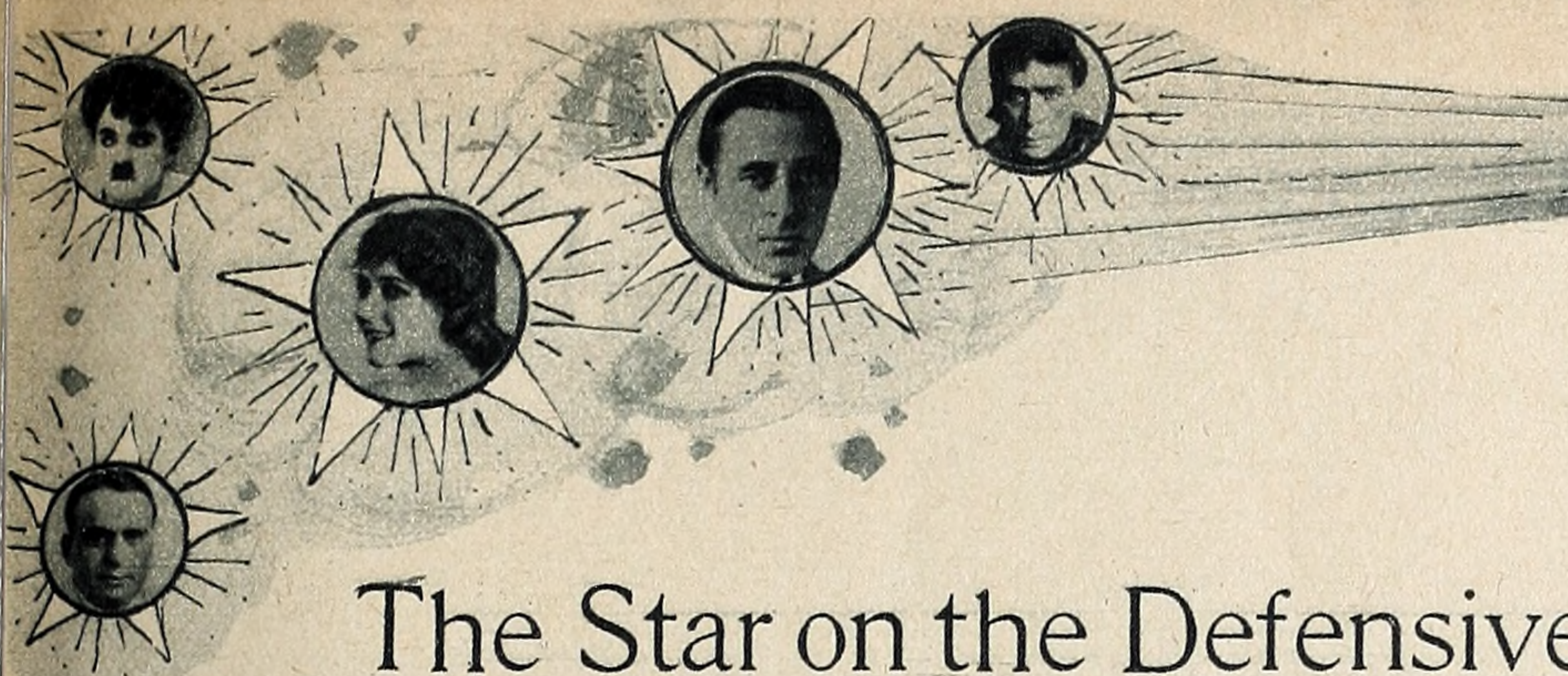
BARBARA CASTLETON

Barbara first dreamed of success on the musical stage, being a cousin of the star, Louise Gunning. By chance she decided to try the movies as an extra. Herbert Brenon saw her and gave her a special rôle in "A Daughter of the Gods" with Annette Kellermann. Since that time her progress has been steady. Her recent work in "The Silver King" with William Faversham was the best of her career



The Celestial Nazimova

Alla Nazimova has another exotic rôle in Metro's special production of Edith Wharry's novel, "The Red Lantern," which was adapted to the screen by June Mathis and Albert Capellani. Mr. Capellani is the director of "The Red Lantern," which is a picturesque Chinese story.



The Star on the Defensive

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

PROBABLY no more significant thing has occurred in all screendom than the organization formed by Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, William S. Hart, Charlie Chaplin and David Wark Griffith and called the United Artists' Distributing Association. That is, these stars are going to independently produce and release their own photoplays.

All sorts of rumors and reported reasons have come from the coast, but the one most broadly talked about is that these stars feared certain impending amalgamations and combinations of producers were against their best interests. Hence, the defensive organization.

The star on the defensive!

All of which leads to many conclusions. "The organization isn't going to shock the world," one producer said. "It means just one thing—that the star, being his own boss, will pay himself just what he receives for his pictures, minus his expenses—in other words, just what he is worth. And it won't be what he is asking from producers!"

But the thing goes deeper than a mere fluctuation in the film market.

For the first time in the history of pictures, the star is on the

defensive. The Pickford-Fairbanks-Hart-Chaplin-Griffith combination may fall thru, nothing may come of it, but the fact remains that the star is passing the point of skyscraper salaries.

What will hap-

pen?

What will happen to the producer of one-a-week and two-a-week pictures if his best stars depart? If there are no big stars who draw to pull over the deadwood stars who don't? Will the turning out of pictures like breakfast food or flivvers wane and die?

Adolph Zukor, head of Famous Players-Lasky, made an interesting statement regarding this angle. "We will go right ahead and create new stars to take the places of those who are leaving our programs upon the expiration of their contracts. We have been creating new stars ever since we entered the industry and we believe we can be successful by continuing to do so."

Does the way to combat the so-called star menace lie in creating more stars? Again, is it possible? Did Famous Players-Lasky create any drawing stars during the past year, from Lila Lee down?

On the other hand, consider the official statement of David Griffith, wired exclusively to THE CLASSIC:

"The dominant purpose of this movement is to provide protection for the American people who patronize motion pictures. The public, thru the exhibitors, has been unable to see the pictures they most enjoyed without being forced to see pictures they did not want.

"To get the films of Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, William S. Hart and some others, the exhibitor has been forced by the distributing agencies to accept also pictures of lesser merit.

"We are willing to make certain pictures which we do not expect to make money, nor care whether or not they do make money. The reward of fame and glory for advancing the art is sufficient. But under the program method we are forbidden to make pictures other than the type of picture that has been found money-makers.

"We expect to cooperate with the exhibitors in effecting a distributing system which will be fair, impartial and sensitive to the public's wants. We shall ask the public to see nothing it does not wish to see. This is not to be an exclusive association. We shall ally ourselves with the foremost talent—that is, proven talent—talent that appeals to the public. The names mentioned are merely leaders, who have taken the first step. But we have the sympathy and support of many others.

"This action is not taken in condemnation of any individuals. It is a protest against a system. It is a declaration of independence against an outworn condition that has not served as it should either the theater, public or the producers. Dictation has come from business men, who acted according to their light. But we believe the production of motion pictures to be an art, and that those who have served long apprenticeship, achieving their success purely thru their personal efforts, should have more voice.

"We saw that there was a trust forming here, an

(Continued on page 79)

Motion Picture Stars' Reasons for Combine

The following statement was issued yesterday afternoon by the "big five" concerning the new combination of motion picture stars:

"A NEW combination of motion picture stars and producers was formed yesterday, and we, the undersigned, in furtherance of the artistic welfare of the moving picture industry, believing we can better serve the great and growing industry of picture productions, have decided to unite our work into one association, and at the finish of existing contracts, which are now rapidly drawing to a close, to release our combined productions through our own organization. This new organization, to embrace the very best actors and producers in the motion picture business, is headed by the following well-known stars: Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, William S. Hart, Charlie Chaplin and D. W. Griffith productions, all of whom have proven their ability to make productions of value both artistically and financially.

"We believe this is necessary to protect the exhibitor and the industry itself, thus enabling the exhibitor to book only pictures that he wishes to play and not force upon him (when he is booking films to please his audience) other program films which he does not desire, believing that as servants of the people we can thus best serve the people. We also think that this step is positively and absolutely necessary to protect the great motion picture public from threatening combinations and trusts that would force upon them mediocre productions and machine-made entertainment.

(Signed)

Mary Pickford

William S. Hart

Douglas Fairbanks

Charlie Chaplin

D. W. Griffith

"Dated at Los Angeles, Jan. 15, 1919"

Fac-simile of the signed statement issued by the "Big Five" and published by the Los Angeles Examiner

A Dozen Chaplins, and They're All Charlie

By HARRY C. CARR

You can always be sure of hearing music somewhere around the place, especially when a picture is in the making. Chaplin is an accomplished violinist. Somewhere in among the notes that come from his fiddle are his motion picture "hunches" hidden. Charlie is always his own director, and he works very slowly; he literally fiddles around in his pictures.

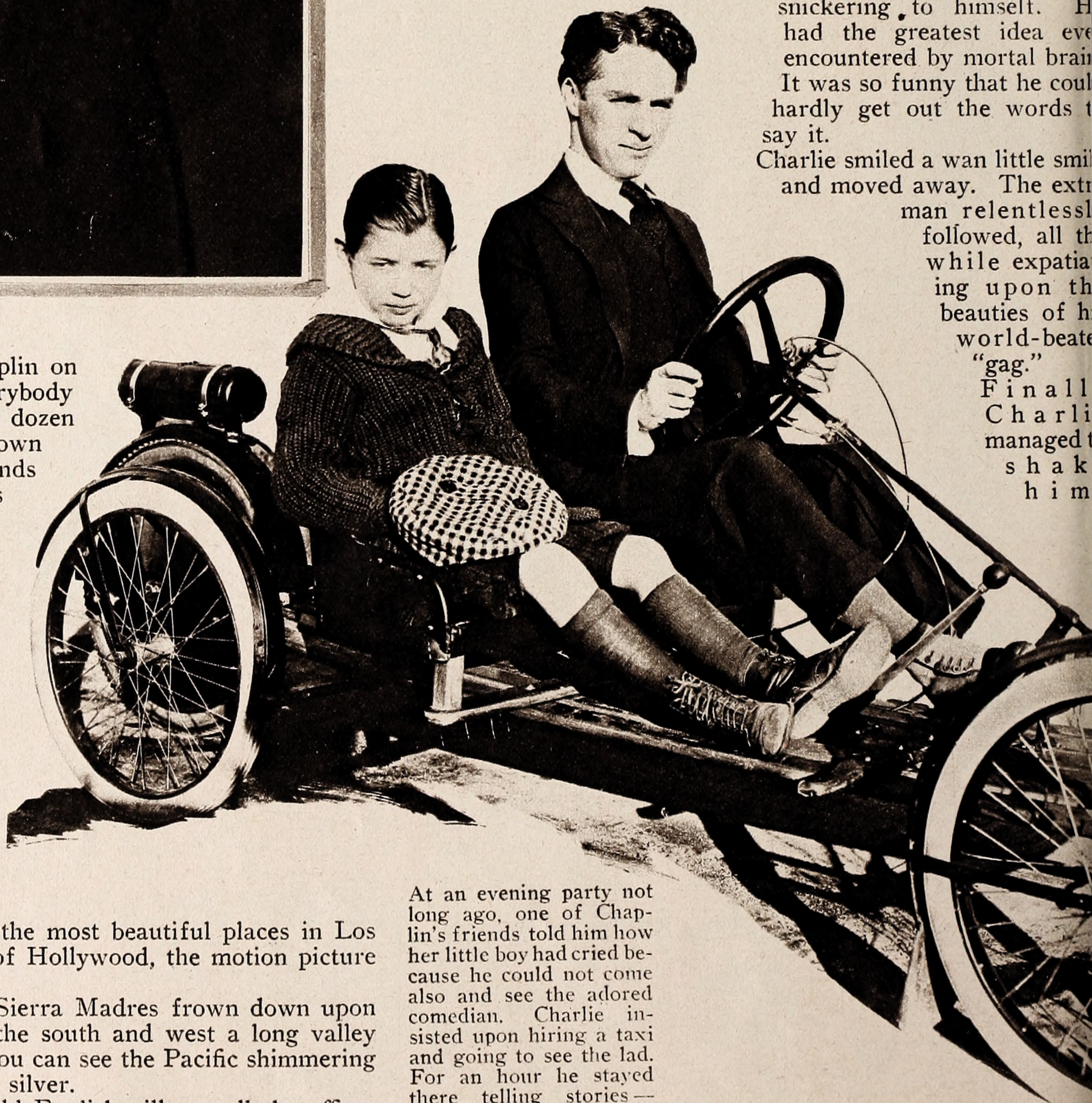
Charlie is working on a motion picture now. The other day they made up the first set. Charlie came out in his big shoes and his funny little derby. All alone he walked out to the set. Trained by experience, the other actors went away and left him to himself. Charlie was about to begin "sniffing" for an idea.

For a solid hour he walked around that set. A boy would have said he was "just foolin' around." He picked up props and put them down again. He pulled skittishly at the ropes controlling the light-diffusers overhead. Then for a while he simply walked around and around the set with his duck feet and his little cane. That is the way he gets his hunches.

In the midst of his meditation a brash extra man came up snickering to himself. He had the greatest idea ever encountered by mortal brain. It was so funny that he could hardly get out the words to say it.

Charlie smiled a wan little smile and moved away. The extra man relentlessly followed, all the while expatiating upon the beauties of his world-beating "gag."

Finally Charlie managed to shake him



THERE is one Charlie Chaplin on the screen whom everybody knows. There are a dozen other Charlie Chaplins known only to his intimate friends and his neighbors in Los Angeles.

There is a ringside-seat-at-the-prize-fights Charlie Chaplin, there is a big business investor Charlie Chaplin, there is a star dinner guest Charlie Chaplin, a violinist Charlie Chaplin and a lot of other Charlie Chaplins that nobody knows about outside of his own home town. Also there is a "my son, Charlie Chaplin," known to a little English lady across the water.

Charlie's studio is one of the most beautiful places in Los Angeles. It is on the edge of Hollywood, the motion picture suburb.

The rugged peaks of the Sierra Madres frown down upon it from the north, while to the south and west a long valley stretches away to the sea. You can see the Pacific shimmering in the distance like a sheet of silver.

The studio looks like an old English village; all the offices are built like quaint English cottages.

At an evening party not long ago, one of Chaplin's friends told him how her little boy had cried because he could not come also and see the adored comedian. Charlie insisted upon hiring a taxi and going to see the lad. For an hour he stayed there telling stories—and he forgot to go back to the party

There's the Comedian, the Violinist, the Star Dinner Guest, the Business Investor and the Various Other Charlie Chaplins

Charlie sidled timidly up to his manager, who was standing around the set. Charlie had the air of a child who is being pursued by an obstreperous bumble-bee.

"Please tell that gentleman," he said, "that we will not need him after all for this picture." And in about three seconds the extra man with the funny bone was in search of another job.

Chaplin is not intolerant of suggestions. He accepts a great many. But he has a quick, active mind, and he knows without long explanations whether or not an idea is a live one. The best way to give him an inspiration for a "gag" is to state the bare idea without details, then walk away without forcing him to the unpleasant ordeal of saying "Yes" or "No" in your presence.

There is no question about it, Charlie is temperamental. Sometimes he will sit for an hour around the set doing absolutely nothing, waiting for "hunch."

Unless he feels funny he won't work at all. No studio emergency will induce him to act if he is not in the mood. And he is very easily joggled out of the mood. It is not infrequent that the sight of a comedian with a bad make-up on will so abbergast Charlie that he will not be able to work again that day. The truth is, this little English artist is as sensitive as a taut violin string. For this reason he does his best work with his own company and under his own direction.

There are times in the Chaplin studio when you would think you were at an orchestra rehearsal. Somebody playing a piano, somebody else a 'cello, and Charlie the violin. Chaplin would, in



© Underwood

Charlie is temperamental. Sometimes he will sit for an hour around the set doing absolutely nothing, waiting for a hunch. Below is a view of the comedian with the writer, Rob Wagner

fact, have been a successful professional musician. As a child he was very poor. His father and mother were second-rate music-hall performers. His father died and left his mother overwhelmed by abject poverty. For a time both Charlie and his brother Syd were charity patients in an English poorhouse. Charlie says his one ambition at this time was to be an orchestra leader. He used to crawl off into a corner of the poorhouse, with a stick for a baton, and pretend that he was leading a great symphony orchestra; the poorhouse was a great theater, glittering with lights and the diamonds of a horseshoe circle.

Charlie's mother now, by the way, lives in England, smothered in all the luxury that her nature can stand. She regards "my son Charles" as the final authority on all earthly questions. If Lloyd

George and the King make a declaration on one side of some question and she gets a postal from "my son Charles" intimating to the contrary, why, the King and Lloyd George are out of luck; that's all to it.

But to return to the studio orchestra. The overture will suddenly be interrupted by the abrupt departure of the violinist; Charlie's "hunch" has suddenly come.

But even after the "hunch" comes, he is a slow and

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Corinne, Chocolate Cake and a Deep, Dark Secre



Corinne Griffith loves the photoplay, beautiful costumes, chocolate cake, melodrama — and Alice Joyce. Success on the screen, she says, is really a matter of good photography and good lighting. Also a careful study of current pictures is essential. Corinne goes to the movies every night



"Do you want to do me a real favor?" asked Corinne Griffith, as she helped us remove our winter overcoat upon entering her Seventy-second Street apartment.

"Yes!" we replied, unanimously. Only in mere type the word doesn't carry the emphasis that we gave it. For we were looking right into Miss Griffith's blue eyes. Her reddish blonde hair fascinated us. She lived up to all the promises of her screen self in her gown of—

But the colors and materials have long since escaped us, if we ever did note them. But we really *do* remember the blue eyes, the piquant hair, the superb profile the—

But let us return to the chat.

We gathered our mental faculties for the shock of Miss Griffith's requested favor.

"I'll tell you afterwards. You're just in time to have tea with me along with some new home-made chocolate cake."

We subsided. What mere masculine interviewer could concentrate upon personality and dry facts when confronted with blue eyes, Griffithian blonde locks—and chocolate cake?

We decided that we had done our interview duty long enough and took the cake.

"This favor," we hazarded later, "what—er—is it?"

"Let's forget it for a while. Ask me lots and lots of questions."

"But we don't interview people like that," we confessed. "We just sit and chat and then go away and write about your aura and the color tint of your personality and that sort of thing."

"Really?" said Miss Griffith, and her blue eyes looked

sort of aghast. "I—I—think I like

the old-fashioned interview best.

You know the ones. Full of

facts—except your age."

"Yes," we said politely and

negatively.

"But I haven't much of a

personality," continued

Miss Griffith. "I haven't

even pets. Had a parrot

but it would get out of its

cage and tear up paper

and muss up the whole

apartment something ter-

rible. So I had to get rid

of him the other day.

Let's see. I read some

when I have time."

On the table was

copy of the

Monk Iliodor's

Russian con-

fessions.

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

"Do you like that?" we asked.

"Sort of," admitted Miss Griffith. "It did rather interest me. But with steady working at the studio, I don't have time to do real reading."

"I was born in Texarkana, Texas," continued the actress. "Our folks have lived there for years and years. Grandfather Griffith was mayor of the town four times."

We looked properly impressed.

"You probably know my story. I was in New Orleans and attended a ball there. I won a beauty prize, and Rolin Sturgeon, the Vitagraph director, noticed me. He offered me a chance to go on the screen, and I decided to take it."

"My family was horrified—but they're very proud of me now," laughed Miss Griffith.

Imagine the conceit of Texarkana these days!

"The family's gotten over the shock, but it was hard on them."



Corinne was born in Texarkana, Texas, her family having lived there for years. Grandfather Griffith was mayor of the town four times. Miss Griffith's antecedents were Italian and Irish, which, as Corinne admits, is "some combination." She has an Italian family coat of arms—but they don't bother about those things in Ireland

"I'm Irish and Italian. Some combination!" Miss Griffith showed us her Italian family coat-of-arms. There was no Irish one. But Miss Griffith's blue eyes prove her Irish antecedents.

"First I went to the west coast Vitagraph studios and about two years ago they brought me East," reminisced Miss Griffith. "Then my troubles began. I simply couldn't get the make-up right for my style of features. The outdoor work in the West had required entirely different make-up. That's why I looked simply terrible in my first Eastern pictures. You remember them?"

But we remained neutral by declaring we hadn't seen them.

"Well, they were," continued the actress. "But now I'm getting it better. You know success on the screen is really a matter of good photography and good lighting."

"I didn't know the first thing about acting when they

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Unto the Third and Fourth Generation

the H. B. Warner type. To be honest, it isn't their fault. Their press-agents or managers generally insist upon it. But H. B. Warner is influenced by something more vital than managers. He is actuated by pride of race.

"That's all there is of me," he says, as he leans over the white-enameled crib that cradles his six-weeks-old daughter, Joan. "In her are embodied all my hopes and aspirations. I live in her."

And one recognizes the mainspring of existence.

Later we left the wide-eyed bundle of his dreams and sought his tasteful living-room, where we ensconced ourselves in luxurious brown velvet chairs. Mr. Warner



PRIDE of race is one of the very few stable emotions in this age of the ephemeral in all things. Pride of profession is more tangible, while love of home and family is quite the provincial thing.

Which, by all the rules of corollaries, should make H. B. Warner stable, tangible and provincial. He is, however, effete, cosmopolitan and admittedly *comme-il-faut*.

Simply proving that contradictory qualities make the most interesting individuals. The least rut-like the person, the more likelihood of his ability to breed ideas that will help make the world move on.

In the realm where actors have their being, H. B. Warner is revolutionary; that is, he starts a revolution in your mental country of preconceived conditions.

Externally he is a Broadway Beau Brummel. He affects baby blue shirts and collars, spats, platinum and diamond scarf-pins, finely cared for hands and all the external attentions that belong to the born exquisite.

And yet the very first thing one stumbles over in the entrance to his apartment is a—baby buggy.

Now most actors warn you carefully not to mention the little wife at home, especially good-looking matinée idols of

Externally H. B. Warner is a Broadway Beau Brummel. He affects baby blue shirts and collars, spats, platinum and diamond scarf pins, finely cared for hands and all the external attentions that belong to the born exquisite. Yet the first thing one stumbles over in his apartment is a—baby buggy

Right, Mr. Warner and Irene Bordoni in a moment of "Sleeping Partners"



The Philosophy of H. B. Warner

By BARBARA BEACH

slowly drew a cigaret from his silver case and lit it. "I want my daughter," he said, "to make her stage début on the same stage that I made mine, that my father and that my father's father made theirs. The English stage has known four generations of Warners. I want it to know a fifth.

"When I was only four years old I made my first stage appearance in 'The Streets of London.' My dad carried me on that I might say I first acted on the same boards that he did."

Young Warner was then sent to school and graduated from the Bedford Grammar School in England. The call of his blood carried him back to the footlights, and he started his career in earnest, playing minor rôles with his father and in the Sir Beerbohm Tree company.

In the summer of 1906, when the two



H. B. Warner is a perfect example of control. He is like a Kentucky race-horse, nerves taut, sensitive, with all of his surplus speed check-reined for the life race by perfect poise and mental balance

Warners were settled in their summer cottage some miles from London, they received a telegram from an American theatrical manager, George C. Tyler. Complying with the request typed on the yellow slip, Charles Warner, H. B.'s father, went up to

London the next day and met Mr. Tyler at the Ritz.

"How-do, Charlie?" said Tyler. "Where's that boy of yours?"

"Harry?" said Warner, Senior.

"Why, yes," said Tyler. "Didn't he get my telegram?"

"I got a telegram from you, George."

"Man alive!" said Tyler. "I don't suppose you even thought to look at the initials. I want your boy. I want to take him back to America with me."

So it happened that the next day the proper Warner met the producer.

"I want you to go to America with me and play leading man for Eleanor Robson," said Tyler.

"How do you know I'll do?" parried H. B. "You've never seen me act."

"I want you. You look the part. You are your father's son. We sail the day after tomorrow—will you be ready?"

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Springtime on the New York Stage

"Listen, Lester," running at the Knickerbocker Theater, is a lively, dancy musical comedy. Much of its success is due to the charming work of Gertrude Vanderbilt and the agile dancing of Johnny Dooley. They are here reproduced in a tense terpsichorean moment

"Up in Mabel's Room" is a racy and piquant farce at the Eltinge Theater. Dudley Hawley and Hazel Dawn have the principal rôles



Gymnastics for chorines
Here is the athletic Vera Roehn and the pretty chorus of "The Melting of Molly" at the Broadhurst Theater



The stage year has offered no more impressive contribution than Lord Dunsany's "The Laughter of the Gods," produced by Stuart Walker as part of the Portmanteau season at the Punch and Judy Theater. Margaret Mower and McKay Morris do some superb work in this glowing drama




The whimsical charm of Barrie makes "Dear Brutus," at the Empire Theater, one of the noteworthy things of the season. Besides, it marks the return of the ever-welcome William Gillette






Some Athlete Is Dorris

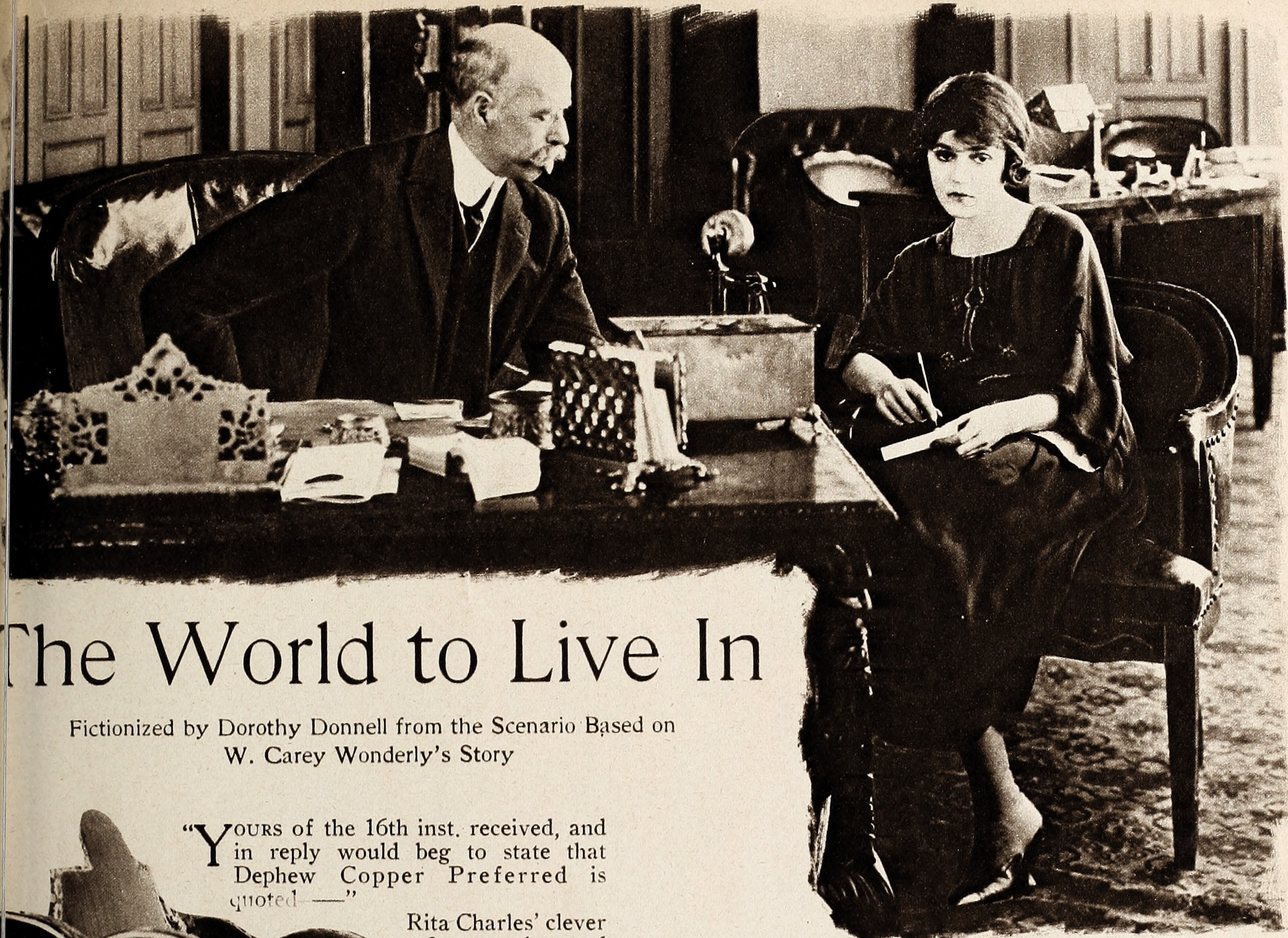
Altho but sixteen, Dorris Lee can dance, ride, row, fence, run and jump over a four-foot fence with ease. Since she was a baby Dorris has had a rigid athletic training, her father being a well-known newspaper sporting writer using the pen name of "Willie Green"



Doris wanted a musical career, and she was something of a prodigy at the piano. At nine she played accompaniments to Kubelik, the violinist, in San Francisco. Then the movies came along and seized her. Miss Lee's debut was in "His Mother's Boy" with Charles Ray



Dorris wanted a musical career because stunts are nothing to her. She loves 'em and is afraid of nothing. Miss Lee will shortly be seen in another Ray picture



The World to Live In

Fictionized by Dorothy Donnell from the Scenario Based on
W. Carey Wonderly's Story

"YOURS of the 16th inst. received, and in reply would beg to state that Dephew Copper Preferred is quoted—"

Rita Charles' clever fingers danced over the words with an experienced nonchalance that left her brain free to follow its own bent. At present it was pleasantly occupied with the wisp of tulle, the scrap of satin and handful of jet

which, in combination, meant the dinner gown she was going to wear this evening.

Supposing that the Recording Angel takes down people's thoughts in celestial shorthand, hers would have run something as follows:

"If that doesn't bring Harrison Chalvey to time nothing will! His family is beginning to get worried—first thing I know they'll be packing their innocent little angel child out of harm's way. Four o'clock and T. J. not thru yet! I won't have time to get that marcel—what chance does a girl that works all day have against those rich society dames? Wonder what T. J. would say if he knew I was riding in his own limousine last night with his son making highball love to me!"

"Miss Charles!" She looked up with a start, to find Thomas Olverson's steely gray eyes fixed disapprovingly on her. "I have asked you twice for the Parker-Mills contract!"

He looked at her, thought Rita, angrily, as she searched thru the files for the missing document, exactly as he looked at the ticker-tape or the telephone or any other piece of office equipment. Rita was

not accustomed to having men regard her in this wise.

The afternoon's work at last over, she hurried home thru

In a deep chair in the corridor she sat disconsolately waiting, outwardly calm, inwardly raging with humiliation and resentment





She sank down on the piano bench, fingers fumbling among the keys. As she looked at a great distance she heard him speaking words which meant an opening sesame to her dreams.

the faint spring dusk, impatient of the stream of traffic that delayed her at the cross streets, even in her shabby business suit and cheap straw turban a provocative, daring little figure which drew men's glances like a lodestone. She was one of those creatures who wear their sex on their sleeve. Every look, glance, gesture proclaimed it aloud—"I am the female of the species! I am woman—made to be loved. I am young, and beautiful, and *female!*"

Wherever she went she was followed by covert glances, speculating, specious. But she never answered their challenge. Rita was out for bigger game. She guarded her respectability zealously, not for its own sake so much as because her shrewd little brain told her that it was her greatest asset in the difficult task she had set herself, that of gaining a foothold somehow—anyhow—on the slippery reefs that led upward to the citadels of society.

The boarders at Mrs. Potts' Select Boarding House were gathered on the stoop, awaiting the summons to dinner. They answered her brief, frigid nod with envious stares that found vent in words as soon as she had passed beyond hearing.

"Wonder who's the meal ticket tonight?" Miss Dobbs, the buyer in Tracey's department store sniffed, with the unfor- giving virtue of a lady on the shady side of forty. "The maid told me that she has a new dress—of course, there's not

enough material in her evening clothes to cost much, still——"

"Three different cars in as many evenings!" nodded the manicurist from the Biltmore. "The head-waiter in the Pan Room says Harrison Chalvey brings her there at least twice a week, and everything from oysters to cheese! For my part, I don't see it! Of course her eyes aren't bad, and that queer dark-red hair——"

"I think Rita Charles is awfully nice!" Carrie Billings said stoutly. She was a sickly little thing who did a song-and-dance act in the three-a-day circuits whenever she was not, as now, recovering from a breakdown. She turned to the silent man beside her. "Don't you, Doctor Varian?"

A wide, baby stare of the utmost guilelessness robbed the question of malicious meaning. For it was a commonly whispered report among the other boarders that Rita Charles was Doctor Varian's reason for being there.

"I think," said the doctor, pointedly, "that it's going to be a lovely evening and, also"—as a bell clanged thru the hall behind them—"that dinner is ready," and, rising, he stood, very tall and straight, to let them pass. But his face, as he followed them, was rather grim.

Ida, the down-at-heel little maid, rapped upon Rita's door; then, in her eagerness, stuck her befrizzled head around

"Please, miss, the car's come and the shover says to tell you I'm waiting." She drew a loud breath of admiration. "My! You look swell, Miss Rita—just grand—like a real sassiety lady!"

The black tulle and satin gown limned the girl's young, striking figure with startling frankness. She had spent the short interval since her homecoming cleverly, and the result was a dainty freshness, a perfection of detail that a French maid could hardly have improved upon. From her sleekly shaved head to the tiny heels of her satin slippers Rita Charles looked precisely like any of the exquisitely contrived young women of the Four Hundred whom she would later brush against in the palmroom of some fashionable hotel—except for her eyes.

Those alone showed her difference, her struggle. There was a strained look to them, a hardness that was almost calculation. Where they should have been lazy, indifferent, they were anxious.

Tonight as she sat on the soft cushions of Harrison Chalvey's town car she was wondering, with all the sickening eagerness of a gambler who has staked everything on one throw of the dice whether she would be able to "land" a proposal tonight. She had played her cards expertly, yet she could not be sure. Chalvey was no novice with women; she did not dare take his attentions too seriously for fear of frightening him away, yet, on the other hand, she had heard disquieting rumors of family interference.

The chauffeur opened the door and handed her out at the blazing entrance of the Highmore Hotel. "The Peacock Alley,

miss," he murmured, in a tone whose servile respect was belied by the knowing leer of his glance. "He will be here as soon as possible."

Head held haughtily high, Rita swept up the carpeted steps and by the liveried doormen, acutely conscious, under her affectation of ease, of her lack of escort. In a deep chair in the corridor named, for obvious reasons, "Peacock Alley," she sat disconsolately waiting, outwardly calm, inwardly raging with humiliation and resentment.

She knew very well that Chalvey would not have dreamed of treating a girl of his own class in this offhand fashion. Pride whispered for her to leave before he came, but it was a feeble whisper, quite drowned beneath other advisory voices. It was a small enough price, after all, she admitted grudgingly, to pay for a dinner at the Highmore, with its lights and flowers, music, exotic and costly food, its flatteringly attentive waiters, its atmosphere of ease and indifference to money which her restless soul craved.

And so she waited obediently and presently he came, blasé, offering careless, casual apologies, a trifle uneasy as he faced her across the snowy table in a semi-private corner of the Turkish Room.

"Here's a pretty go, Rita!" he confessed; "the mater has decided to go to Newport, so I'm off tomorrow! Do you know I hate to go somehow, but the Rock

The meeting was brief, a hurried introduction, a distrustful look exchanged between the two men, a touching of hats and they had passed on



of Gibraltar is a down pillow compared to the mater, once she makes up her mind."

Rita looked down at her Blue Points, sick with disappointment, conscious that she must not show it. She had only this evening then! Well, she would make the most of that.

She smiled into the heavy, rather vacuous face opposite, a slow, challenging smile. It was no time for delicate work. "I wonder," she murmured, "why you hate to go——"

But the fates were working against her. Midway of the dinner a waiter called Chalvey to the telephone. When he

rage filmed her eyes. When all danger of their falling was past she called for her coat and went out into the foyer. Her hand touched her arm. She looked up to see T. J. Olverson, Junior's, face, slightly flushed, smirking down into hers.

"Well, well, sweetness!" he greeted her. "Not calling it an evening so soon? Have a drink with me, eh? No? Well, I'll see you home anyhow—got the old bus right outside."

T. J., Junior, was not yet forty, but he was puffy and flat and slightly bald. There was always the smell of his last cocktail about him, and he wheezed going upstairs. His glare was an insult, his touch a degradation, and Rita, shrinking involuntarily, allowed him to lead her down the steps and across the pavement to his car.

"We—were dining in a—a private room and there was a—a raid. It seems his—his wife had been trying to get evidence for some time so she hired detectives——"

Doctor Varian was just returning home from his settlement house when the Olverson limousine, looking oddly out-of-place in the dinginess of West Twenty-third street, drew up before Mrs. Potts' boarding-house.

To his surprise, the door did not open at once, and he noticed that the old-rose silk curtains within had been unloosed so that they covered the windows.

As he stood, hesitating, he heard a stifled cry from the car, the shuffle of a struggle. With a grim face the doctor sprang across the pavement and wrenched the door open. The limousine opened, catching the slender figure that tumbled out into his open arms.

Before he could make a move Rita Charles

returned it was with his hat and coat. "Awfully sorry, Rita," he explained, "but I'll have to beat it—unexpected business. I know you'll understand. You're a good sport! Don't forget me, will you?" He looked down at the satin sheen of the bare arms and bosom, the sheer loveliness of her, and his voice thickened. "Damn it all! I'm not likely to forget you!"

She watched his thick-set figure disappear, and tears of

had slammed the door she murmured an order to the chauffeur, and the big car was gone. Very pale, but perfect the mistress of herself, she put up shaking hands to her loosened hair and tucked a tulle wisp under her coat.

"He—was trying to kill me," she explained, coolly. "He had been drinking, of course, but—I am very grateful to you for coming just when you did!"

(Continued on page 64)

(Thirty)



"THE WORLD TO LIVE IN"

Fictionized by permission from the scenario by Margaret Turnbull, based on W. Carey Wonderly's story. Produced by Select Pictures; starring Alice Brady. Directed by Charles Maigne. The cast:

- Rita Charles.....Alice Brady
- Carrie Billings.....Virginia Hammond
- Ida.....Zyllah Shannon
- Doctor Varian.....W. P. Carlton
- Hugh Chalvey.....Earl Metcalfe
- T. J. Olverson, Jr.....Robert Schable
- The bride.....Anne Cornwall



Tea He!

Interview in One Act

By GLADYS HALL

nor the complexion of your progenitors . . . your habits . . . your inner self . . . advanced stuff, y'know . . .

HENRY G. SELL (*aggrievedly*)—Still, California, you know . . . Californians *always*—

INQUISITOR (*resignedly*)—Yes, yes, they *always* . . . I know . . . but what's this I hear about your name . . . your changed name?

HENRY G. S.—Well, you see, no human being alive today *ever* pronounced it right. I contracted paralysis of the tongue explaining it. Fans deluged me with plaintive queries. I was generally hailed as a "gazelle," or some other gentle beast. It sort of got on my nerves. Too young for nerves? How nice of you . . . tea he! No, but

Here we have Henry Gsell—er—that is—Henry G. Sell—and below Mr. Sell and Pearl White herself

really, the nerves come from playing in stock, which, nevertheless, I enjoyed greatly. (Continued on page 69)



THOSE CONCERNED

Henry G. Sell (formerly Henry Gsell). Victim
 Gladys Hall.....Inquisitor
 Other Man.....Sedulous Waiter

SCENE

The scene is the Balm Room of the Wiltmore. The action sounds (see cast given above) triangular, which is also peppy, but is, in reality, strictly interrogative and righteously professional. Main characters are discovered at a small, marble-topped table to the right of the dim greenroom. From somewhere off-stage an orchestra orchestrates fitfully. The Sedulous Waiter serves . . . ah, orange pekoe . . . with nervous

dexterity, after the manner of his kind. The Inquisitor, as the curtain rises, resembles a highly agitated interrogation point. The Victim, hero to how many of Pearl White's heroines, appears to be, at least, *un garçon complaisant*.

THE VICTIM (*hurriedly*)—I was born in California . . . my mother was a blonde . . . my . . .

INQUISITOR (*nonchalantly attacking an inoffensive English muffin*)—I really dont wish to know where you were born . . . nor the color of your eyes, nor . . .

HENRY G. SELL (*with dark suspicion*)—I understood you to be an interviewer. I . . .

INQUISITOR (*continuing blandly*)—Your eyes . . . I see they are gray . . .

The Purple and Gold Darmond



gowned in black velvet. The gown was made long, almost to the ground, and a long black velvet cape hung from her shoulders. Because she looked so distinctly royal, I was vividly reminded of the occasion of our first meeting. Then she had been suffering from a bad cold and the doctor had ordered her to bed. But she had gotten up as soon as he left the house and comfortably ensconced herself in a big armchair. She was wearing a sixteenth century negligée that had recently seen service in a costume picture.

Answering the question of what becomes of their old clothes, she had remarked, "This is too good to throw away so I wear it around the house."

Later, two tiny children had come over from next door and we had left our chairs to sit on the floor, looking at the pictures which entirely filled the lowest drawer in the sideboard. When they left, she had remarked, "My real ambition is to have five children of my own." (And she meant it, too.)

We had iced lemonade, and told jokes and read fortunes. She is very much of a fatalist.

"I never worry about the possibility of death or being in an accident or anything like that," she remarked. (We had been talking of the influenza.) "I think that some things in life are as inevitable as war pictures."

Grace Darmond and her mother not only look like sisters, but they really and truly are chums. They live in a beautiful bungalow in the foothills of Hollywood.

"But do you think that war pictures really are inevitable?" I asked.

She nodded affirmatively. "I've been talking with some soldiers know, and they say that the returning

WERE I asked off-hand to give an impression of Grace Darmond, I would say that she reminds me of a color combination—purple and gold.

There is no "why" for this. Her hair is of a golden color—the shade of "old" gold—but I have never seen her dressed in purple. However, I have heard her say that the kind of gown she likes best on the screen has a long train which moves snakily. (That was when she was leading woman with Earle Williams, but I do not think that she has changed her mind, now that she is a star.)

It was on a cold afternoon in January that I went to interview her at the Willis and Inglis studio. I found her standing in the doorway of her dressing-room,



An Interview in Sixteenth Century Negligée with a New Star

By ELIZABETH PELTRET

troops will love to see war pictures and point out all the errors that the director has made in his production. Certainly, I think that they will be popular!"

"Which will be popular, the errors or the pictures?"

"Both," she answered cheerfully, "but I should say chiefly the errors. It is only human nature that one should like to show how much one knows."

I was introduced to her mother. It is "old stuff" to say that a mother and daughter look like sisters, but in this case the usual complimentary phrase is true. They *do* look like sisters, and they *are* really and truly chums. They live in a beautiful bungalow in the foothills of Hollywood. The other members of the family are "Theda," "Anita" and "Earl," canaries so tame that they are often let out of their cages and permitted to fly around the house, and "Boy" is their pet—an exceedingly lovable tho entirely plebeian puppy.

"We picked him off the street one night," said Miss Darmond. "It was about midnight, and he had been howling outside my window for about an hour. At last I dressed and went outside to see what was the matter. The poor little fellow was cold and hungry and just generally miserable. We took him in and fed him and advertised him, and then when nobody came to claim him, adopted him for our own. He wasn't what we wanted in a dog, for we had been planning to get a Boston bull, and now we cant. One dog around the house is enough."

It has frequently occurred to her to give "Boy" away. "But when it came to the point I couldn't bring myself to do it!" Which is the most characteristic thing about her I know!

But to return to my interview. We went down the steps leading to her dressing-room and crossed the lot to where the "set" was waiting.

"It seems strange," she remarked on the way, "not to be playing opposite Earle Williams." She was with his Vitagraph company for a year.

"I dont believe that your head is a bit bigger," I said, suddenly.

"Do you know," with mock wonderment, "I dont feel a bit different than I did before I was a star! Tho, of course," (here she



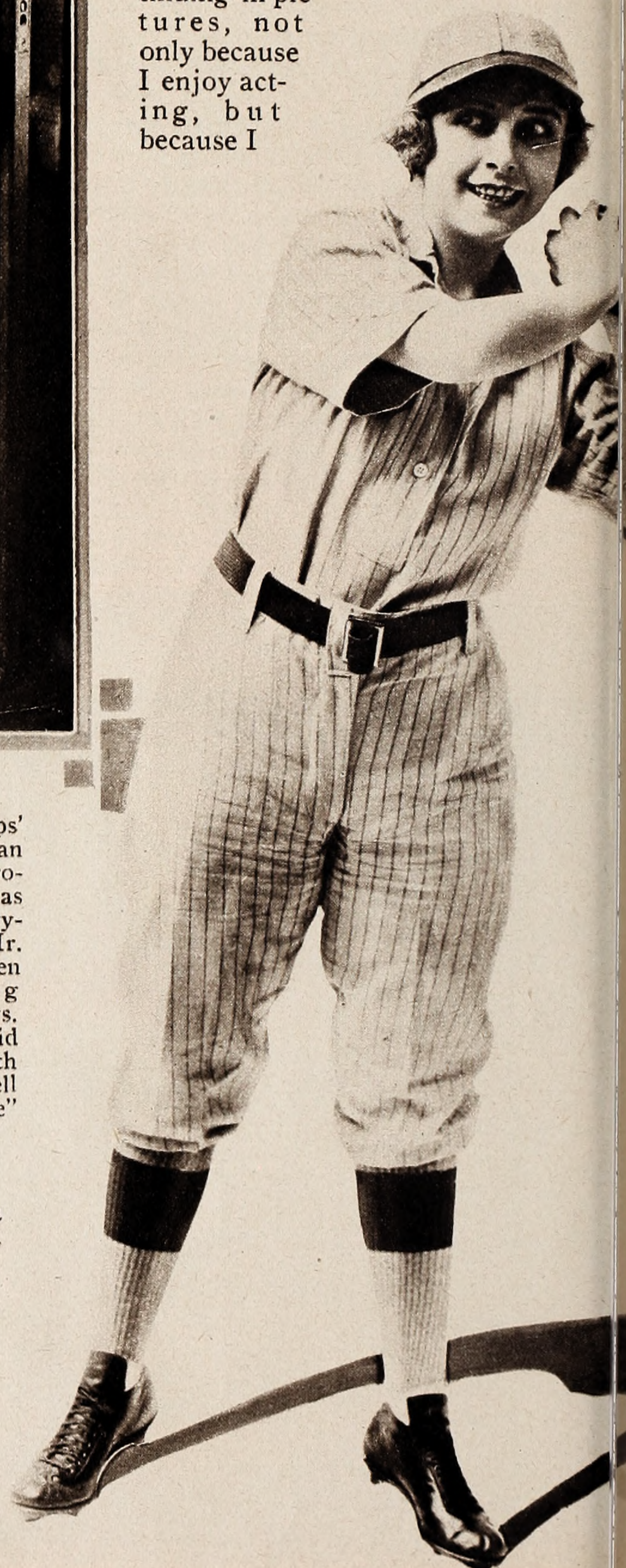
Miss Darmond is twenty years old, likes ham and cabbage and when she was a little girl, her pet ambition was to be a milliner. She was born in Toronto, her father being a concert violinist

gave a screamingly funny imitation of the up-stage star), "I know that by becoming a star I will seriously damage the drawing power of Mary Pickford." She dimpled at the idea, which goes to show that she is not in the least conceited.

I watched her work for a while. They were making
(Continued on page 68)

Dorothy, Alan and Gwen

tragic to think of the poor little unwanted tenement babies—unwanted because there's so much poverty in the world, so much misunderstanding between the parents? You see, even my wedding was romantic. I was Modesty in 'Everywoman' and Mr. Holubar had been engaged for King Love. And he really did fall in love with Modesty and I fell in love with—Love! Then later we went West, and our baby came after I had been in pictures quite a while. Now I'm continuing in pictures, not only because I enjoy acting, but because I



SHE jumped into instant fame thru her success in "Hell Morgan's Girl." The play was so vivid and so well suited to Miss Phillips' personality that every one remembers her girl of the Barbary Coast. Nothing she did subsequently quite touched it—until her recent heroine of "The Heart of Humanity."

Motion picture acting is but an incident to Dorothy Phillips. It is a means to a very important end. She loves to act, but her love is selfless. True greatness is said to arise from unselfish motives. Miss Phillips' whole soul is thrown into her work because, you see, she's not earning a big salary just to buy motors and stunning clothes, but because—

"Gwendolyn is really a beautiful child," came a soft, sweet voice from a dark corner in the set. A big English hall—lovely upholstered settees, a fireplace, dusky corners that suggested romantic love-making—and there you have the background for the Madonna of the Movies.

"They say all mothers make that remark," went on the voice, with the soft Baltimore accent, "but really you must believe me, because I'm not citing my own opinion—everybody says she is beautiful. She has real chestnut hair—something I always wanted myself. You know that chestnut which shows glints of burnished gold in the satiny brown? She would make you think of the shiny nuts we used to love to roast at this season of the year back East. And her coloring is perfect, and she is so full of vivacity and life—I think perhaps that is her real charm.

"I am glad I can act, glad I can give her an easy future. Isn't it

Dorothy Phillips' wedding to Alan Holubar was romantic. "I was Modesty in 'Everywoman' and Mr. Holubar had been playing King Love," she says. "And he really did fall in love with Modesty and I fell in love with Love"

By
FRITZI
REMONT

will be able to
save for her fu-
ture. You see,
Mr. Holubar's
position is such
that I need not
worry from the fi-
nancial point of
view unless I
care to, and so
it's just the
baby that is my
big incentive.

"There, I'm
done. Would
you like to mo-
ve over home
with me and see
Gwendolyn?"

Was any one
going to miss
an opportunity
of seeing the
beautiful child
of a very beau-
tiful screen
star? Unlike
Togo, who re-
plied by saying
nothing, I split
the atmosphere
by as hearty a
'yea-verity' as
ever pleased a
mother-heart.

The Holubars
have a lovely
home in Los
Angeles. As
for Dorothy,
she looks like a
little sister of
the four-year-
old Gwendolyn.
No photograph
half does justice
to the child's
loveliness. She
doesn't like to
have a picture
taken, is not a
bit vain, and
rather sets her

little face in an attempt to be grave, for, be it known, Gwendolyn Holubar is full of roguish smiles, of happy twinkles, and has glorious, deep, sentimental eyes that tug at one's heart-strings. Her greatest possessions are a picture of her mother, selected by herself from dozens submitted, and a little American flag. She has toys galore, and her mother plays with her in every spare moment at home.

At the studio, Miss Phillips has been wearing a gorgeous evening frock of cloth of silver, with magenta velvet, diamond ornaments and rings, and a beautiful string of perfectly matched pearls. At home, she's the embodiment of Southern daintiness. You know how the Southern girls always love organdies and fluffy-ruffles? Well, that's the sort of style Dorothy Phillips brings to California from her Baltimore home.

The gods heaped favors into her tender deep gray eyes,

(Thirty-five)



which look like the mountain lakes of northern California. Dorothy Phillips was born in 1892 in Baltimore, and studied at the high school there, then began in stock company, graduated to the cast of "Everywoman," later did "Mary Jane's Pa" with Adonis Dixey, and then spent her summers working for Essanay, refusing to give up her stage career, which she then considered paramount. Later such inducements were offered Miss Phillips that she gave up the legitimate stage and has been in pictures ever since, her main reason for sticking to the "silent" being mother-love. She is

(Continued on page 70)

Motion picture acting is but an incident to Dorothy Phillips. It is a means to a very important end. Yet her whole soul is thrown into her work because she's not earning a big salary just to buy motors and stunning clothes, but because—

Madge's Own Movie School



"Get this!" says Madge Evans, "you're to have a close-up—try to look dramatic, or something"



"This is the way a love scene has gotta be done," explains little Miss Evans. "Put some zip in it!"



"Now, go to it," commands Madge. "Cut the comedy and make believe you're Doug Fairbanks. Kiss me and then jump over the piano"



"Ye gods!" sighs Miss Evans. "I'm going to can the whole troupe. They're the worst that ever jarred the celluloid"

P. S.—The leading "lady" Madge's brother

An Olive From Sunny California

By SUE ROBERTS

"WE'VE got the 'littlest' company ever formed," said Olive Thomas, "but it's all our own. Isn't it fun?"

When Olive Thomas says "Isn't it fun?" her ingénue eyes, round and innocent and glisteny, sparkle with a spirit somewhat similar to that which must have lighted the eyes of Columbus when first he sighted the western hemisphere.

When Olive says, "I had influenza on Christmas, wasn't it rotten?" her eyes are still alight with the thrill of discovery.

To philosophize upon Olive's eyes is amazingly tempting, but the plot of this little tale demands a more substantial if less intriguing introduction.

In the land of the creeping celluloid there has lived a man whose vast financial moves and producing plans have been closely watched, intensely admired, and bitterly feared by rival producers. To a certain extent, Lewis J. Selznick is a picture Croesus. His touch upon a picture project turns it to gold, for either *himself* or some one else.

A little more than a year ago the name Selznick disappeared from all electric signs, trade paper advertisements and newspaper articles concerning pictures, and Lewis J. became president of the Select Pictures Corporation.

Now it happened that Mr. Selznick has a son, just turned of age, who has been associated in all his father's enterprises. Young Myron didn't like this hiding of the family name behind a bushel. So a short while ago he made up his mind to see what he could do for his country, or rather his patronymic.

Thus the reason for the startling news which recently dawned upon the movie horizon: Myron Selznick had organized the Selznick Pictures Corporation and engaged Olive Thomas as his star at a salary of \$2,500 a week.

After nearly wearing out Mr. Bell's well-known invention, I managed to obtain an appointment with Olive Thomas. There was no time for the pink-tea setting or softly lighted boudoir atmosphere, which the usual interview should have according to all laws. Miss Thomas agreed to see me in the office for a moment or two before train-time.

Picture an office that befits a king of finance. A desk, large enough to swallow a billiard-table, is monarch of the room. Leather chairs, deep, sinking-in ones and divans; Oriental

rugs and silver accoutrements are its subjects. And among these Olive and I held court.

Olive cuddled into her soft sealskin coat with an impatient little shrug. "I certainly do have the worst luck," she announced, in a perfectly unperturbed voice. "Here I come to New York on a two-weeks' vacation, to get clothes and do the theaters before starting our new picture and, lo and behold! I have to get the flu. They trundled me off to a hospital, and there I spent my vacation, being told if I didn't do this and didn't do that, they wouldn't be responsible and I'd probably get worse and maybe die. No theaters, no shops, nothing. Jack (Pickford, her husband) is out on the coast taking pictures, you know, and he wired frantically every day. I spent my Christmas in bed. Jack sent me a diamond necklace by a friend of his who had been in the navy. He showed it to me the day before Christmas, but we were afraid to leave it around, so he offered to put it in his safe-deposit box. Came Christmas, and I wanted my necklace, at least to look at. No way of getting it —wouldn't you know?"

—we had forgotten that he couldn't get it out on Christmas day. No theater, no necklace, nothing. Just bed and ice-bags. "But I fooled everybody New Year's.

All the boys and girls had sent me flowers—pityingly, dont you know. But I made up my mind I was going out if

"We have a house out in California and it's nice weather and all that," says Miss Thomas. "But there's nothing to it. No excitement, no big plays. All I do is work every day and go to the movies in the evening. I told mother I felt just like an Irish workman"

it killed me. When I walked into the club, you'd have thought I was a ghost, every one was so surprised. They greeted me with 'Why, Olive Duffy!' My real name was Duffy, you know.

"For the last two days I have been staying with a friend of mine, and I cant see how she puts up with me. I have turned her apartment into a regular office. There have been insurance agents examining me for \$300,000 worth of insurance to protect the company in case I should expire before my



contract ran out; there were photographers, shoemakers, dressmakers, fitters, people running in with this paper and that for me to sign. You see, the doctors didn't want me to go out. Today's the first day I've left the house for any length of time, and tonight I have to catch the train for Pittsburgh to visit my mother and then hurry out to the coast and work."

We edged in a little remark of "Do you like the coast?"

"Of course I do," she said. "We have a house out there and it's nice weather and all that. But there's nothing to do. No excitement, no big plays. All I do is work every day and go to the movies in the evening. I told mother I felt just like an Irish workman. Working each day, paid once a week, and a half holiday on Sunday."

"But some difference in the pay," I remarked, pointedly. Just at this crisis the door opened and Mr. Selznick, Sr., came in, followed by his secretary. Miss Thomas and I soft-pedaled our chatter and asked as one voice with but a single thought, "Oh, are we in your way?"

The busy picture financier pressed five or six little buttons set in a square box on his desk and said, cordially, as if time were of no consequence in his rushed life, "Go right ahead and enjoy yourselves," and with a nod to his secretary to follow him, he left us in possession of his sanctum.

"We've got the 'littlest' company ever formed," says Olive, "but it's all our own. Isn't that fun?"



"Oh, dear," said Olive, "I do hope I won't have to see any more people today. I look such a fright!"

Which started an argument on the impossibility or possibility of such a thing. At its very height Myron Selznick entered quietly.

"When you two girls finish chatting," he said, "Cosmo Hamilton is waiting outside to see you, Olive!"

"Oh, dear, what does *he* want?"

"To talk over ideas for your new story. Surely you're not afraid of a mere man."

"Afraid?" said Olive, as she rose vigorously to her full height of five feet four. "Have you forgotten that I can beat both you and Jack at wrestling? Afraid of a man! I guess not. Any woman can get the best of a man if she wants to."

Myron and Olive stood side by side, both belonging in the bantam-weight class.

"See my *star*," said Myron.

"See *my* manager," said Olive. "Haven't we got the 'littlest' company?"

"We won't have any one in our company who is over five feet four will we, Olive?" said Myron.

"No, siree!" agreed Olive. "Even Jack is in that class, so he can kind of belong."

"What I like is we're going to have just a little corner of a studio, but it's all our own. Isn't it fun?"

No one can boss *us*. Can they, Myron?"

"No, siree!" agreed Myron.

"I must go," I put in.

"Mr. Hamilton is waiting to talk to you."

"Oh, that's all right," said Olive. "You're just our size, so you can belong, too, can't you, Myron?"

"Yes, siree!" said Myron.

But I saw my duty and departed.

As I passed thru the outer office I saw the famous author Cosmo Hamilton, cooling his bespattered heels until Mr. Thomas found time to see him, and the big producer, Herbert Brenon, waiting patiently for a business conference with Mr. Selznick, Senior, until Mr. Thomas had quite finished with Louis J.'s private office.

But all of these things, which are the natural homage due a queen star, failed to amuse me so much as the fact that momentarily I had forgotten that my companion was Olive Thomas, a famous film star and

the wife of the equally famous Jack Pickford. I had failed to remember that she used to be a favorite in Ziegfeld's well-known Follies.

To me she was a jolly good fellow, just one of the girls.

GREASED LIGHTNING



Andy Fletcher was an inventor. He couldn't help it. He had been born that way

old in Story Form from Julien Josephson's Scenario
By FAITH SERVICE

ANDY FLETCHER was an inventor. He couldn't help it. He had been born that way. From the very dawning of his juvenile consciousness he had been tinkering with things, mending things, dreaming things. He had dreamed gigantic things, revolutionary things. That nine of them had, thus far, come true, bothered him very little. There was always more to dream of. Dreams are happy, prodigal things. Of course, not everybody has the same viewpoint. His dad, for instance. His dad, like manifold dads before him, hammered steel endlessly in his little smithy. He hammered it tirelessly. Three times a day he departed from his anvil to eat. At eight he divested himself of his leather apron, his spectacles and, this for more modest conjecture, no doubt of other impedimenta and betook himself to his sonorous slumbers. There was no departure. Andy did not understand the admirable mechanism of his paternal parent. His parent did not understand the world-building dreams of Andy. They seemed, these dreams, to manifest themselves chiefly in little matters of alarm clocks, ancestral watches, kitchen devices and the like, which, after Andy's touch, never ran again. Or, if they did run, exhibited tendencies like nothing human ever known. Dad did not understand Andy. In due course of events, dad betook himself to an orderly Jerusalem. Goodwife Fletcher speedily followed suit, the result in life having grown upon her. Andy was left alone.

He was a dutiful lad, dreams notwithstanding, and he mourned properly for six months with a sash of taffeta band sewed neatly on his Sunday suit. Then it came to him that he could dream again. He felt a great passion for reforming the world, for making it a better place to live in. But he did not, like many inventors, know just how to begin. He thought of his father, of her old-worn hands, of her anxious,

After the job was completed she stood still and then she went more adequately her ministrations. She took the late inventor into the dining-room and fed him

overworked expression. What might have made life easier for her? Sweeter? Softer? Some people begin in the bowels of the earth, some in the last stratas of the air. Andy decided that *he* would begin right at home. He thought for a whole week, with only the old gray mare and the speckled chicken for companionship. There came to him the thought that there had been an endless procession of potatoes, all of which had to be sliced . . . by hands . . . by his mother's hands. Suppose . . . suppose . . . *she* had not had to peel them. What a saving that would have been . . . of energy . . . of force, precious thing. Thus the invention.

Andy worked tirelessly. Unlike his father, he forgot to eat and, quite frequently, to go to bed. That the world should have its potatoes sliced for it by science seemed to Andy to be the great thing.

The night on which he put it to the test was epochal. His face grew very red and his breathing halted for five perceptible



moments. When it had, however, sliced six successive potatoes without anything further than occasional, very trifling readjustments, he felt that he was justified in presenting his masterpiece to the world. He felt that he moved, unknown as yet, but none the less forceful, with Bell and Maxim, with Marconi and Edison. When he slept he dreamed of laurel wreaths and laboratories where scores of aproned men and girls turned out Fletcher's Little Giant Potato Slicer.

The next day he tacked a huge proclamation on the grandstand at the ball-field and another one on the screen door of the post-office. It announced that at high noon Andrew P. Fletcher would demonstrate his "World-Easing, Labor-Saving Little Giant Potato Slicer. Saves Hands. Preserves Mothers. Elongates Wives."

Pipersville was impressed. Various people were heard to say that "That Fletcher boy allus did have somethin' to him."

The most impressed of the Pipersvillians was Alice Flint, sixteen-year-old daughter of Labar Flint, Pipersville's one banker and one plutocrat. Labar Flint kept "help." He had an auto, mission furniture in his living-room, steam heat, electric light and sanitary plumbing. He had brought the flesh-pots of Egypt to the stale ways and byways of Pipersville. His daughter was a product thereof.

For a year Alice Flint had represented to

Andy finally made it understood that he wished to draw from the bank all his funds because the president's daughter liked a fellow with a car



Andy Fletcher the perfection in femininity. But he was used to dreaming and not so used to actuality. To pull his cap from his head when they met by chance on the street was as far as and as long as Andy ever dared to imagine.

Alice, being feminine, was more largely fanciful. For a long time the vision of the boy before the anvil with his honest dreamer's eyes shining, strangely blue, from the ruddiness of his cheeks, kept coming between her and her dinner, her book, her knitting, the faces of her girl friends.

She liked the way he smiled. She liked the gesture with which he pulled his cap from his tousled hair. She liked the gleam of his teeth. She had never seen a boy she liked so well. She wished that he liked her. It isn't much fun being a goddess when one is sixteen and the month is May. It is still less so when one does not have even the chilly satisfaction of being aware of one's empedestalling.

When Alice read the sensational announcements she was very much excited. Just to prove it she ran home and put on her figured organdie. The old housekeeper had told her that her hair was "yeller as corn-silk in it." She wished that the

boy whose sinewy arms wielded the anvil would see it and think so, too. She hoped that he would succeed. That would be triumphant.

He wasn't a bit triumphant. He arrived, ostentatious, with the marvelous miracle and a bushel of potatoes badly in need of slicing. He looked very much flushed, very anticipatory. Alice had to put her hand over her heart so that people might not see its beating. Not that the people of Pipersville were given to taking notice of beating hearts—

The miracle didn't seem inclined to slicing activities. It tacked the stolid vegetables before it rather wildly and que-

at random. They remained not only unsliced, but quite unmoved as well. Pipersville began to laugh. There was humor. Those who had come to see remained to see. Only Alice was silent, sympathetic, understanding.

When the Hippoloi had gone she came timidly up to the discolorate inventor. He had been stoned by criticism. Pity made her valorous. She became a motor to his isolation.

"I'm awfully sorry," she ventured, and put a timid hand up his sleeve. They stood alone in the public square. Trade had been resumed. How are the mighty fallen!

Andy looked down on her. She was a little thing! Terribly pretty! Sweet!

He gulped. "I'm no good," he lamented; "cant do anything."

Alice became more and more womanly. More and more of that vast army who push with their Herculean courage their men to triumph arches. "Why, you *can*!" she declared, squeezing the rough sleeve just ever so accidentally. "You can, too! You——" She cast about her for inspiration. What *was* it she had read of women behind the throne? What *was* it? "Our—our stove-pipe is awful out of order," she exclaimed, brilliantly; "if you could fix it . . . do you s'pose?"

Andy Fletcher gazed down on her. He felt a healing anointing. Already the Little Giant was becoming littler, losing proportion. He inflated his chest. "Bet I *can*!" he boasted. "Like to see anybody *stop* me!"

So would Alice.

Walking along the board sidewalk to the plutocratic mansion, a dream was coming true for both of them.

Andy Fletcher did miraculous things to the stove-pipe. He seemed to know an amazing amount about everything under the sun, stove-pipes being only among the least of them. Alice watched, adoring.

After the job was completed she plied still further and

re adequately her feministic magic. She took the late inventor into the dining-room and fed him. He was supremely happy. This was more than he had dared to hope for until—well, until that day when he should be ranked with Marconi and his brothers in science.

Alice talked to him. She told him about school, about the high-school hop which she had had all her dances taken and four extras besides and a treat of ice-cream afterward. He said he bet, he didn't wonder and gee whiz!

She said she liked *strong* men best, with muscles in their arms, preferably their *right* arm. She said blacksmiths were awful nice. And inventors—oh, yes! She said that she loved one thing best, tho, and that was a fellow with an automobile. She knew a girl in the city, and the girl had a fellow and the fellow had an automobile, and she wished she was that girl.

Andy Fletcher walked home in a daze. Cooked his simple supper in a daze. Worked at the smithy in still more of a trance. If *he* had an automobile. He had visions . . . he and Alice flying down the road on Sunday . . . all dressed up . . . calling for her for a dance . . . meeting her after church . . . his heart thumped and seemed to make as much, if not more noise, than his anvil mingling flint and fire.

The next day he presented himself at the bank whereof her father was president. His face was very red and his booming young voice very much subdued. He asked to see the president. The president didn't look pleased at the call. He had a testy and a most nerve-racking manner of interrupting with small, volcanic "well, well, wells!"

When the salvage received itself finally into the semblance of a car, Andy christened it "Greased Lightning" with a bottle of his mother's apple cider

Alice Flint represented to Andy Fletcher the perfection in femininity

Andy had a difficult time in getting his mission clearly put. He finally made it understood that he wished to draw from the bank all his funds because the president's daughter liked a fellow with a car.

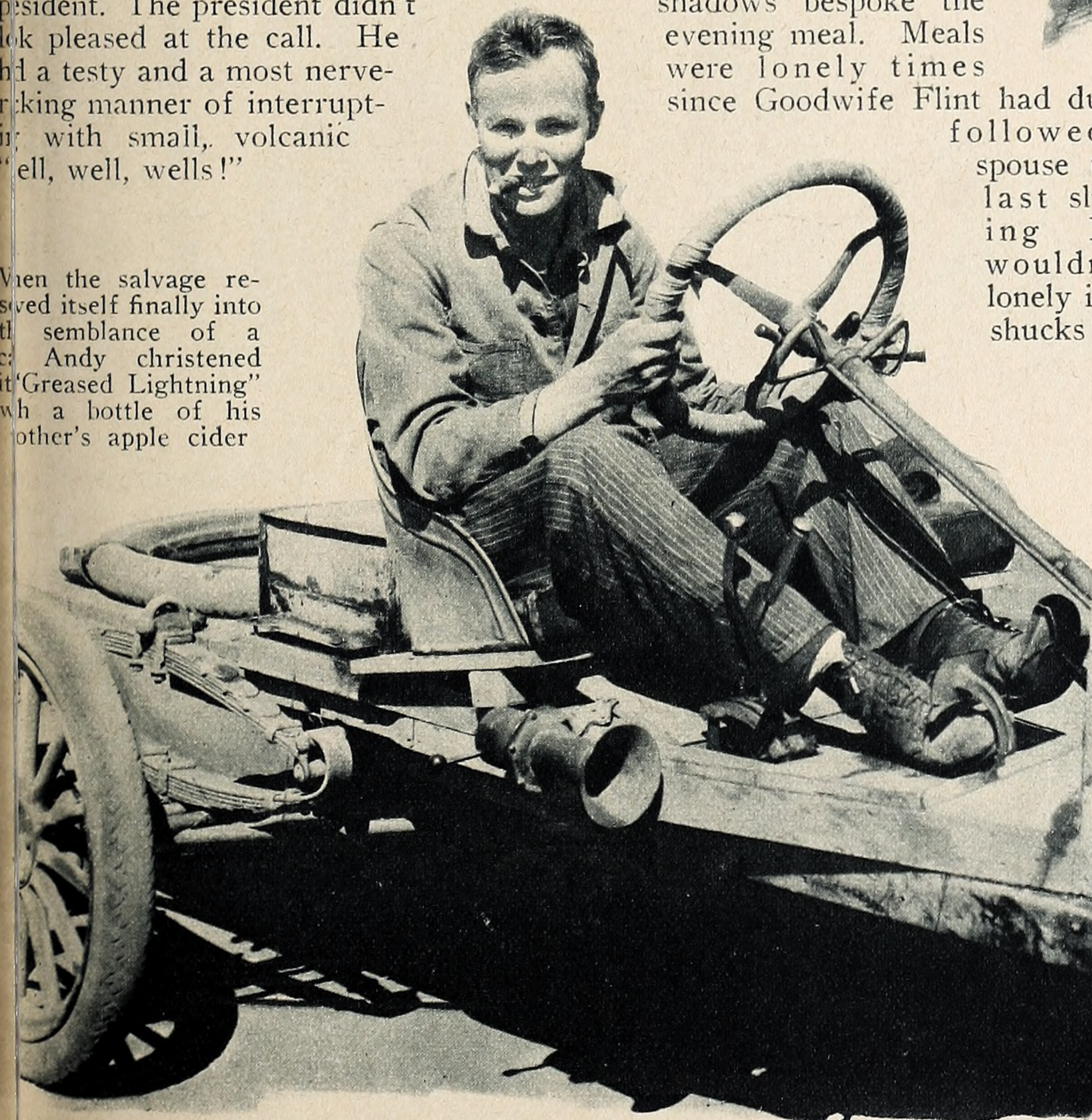
The president glared at him. "I knew your father when we both—ah—stole apples together from the same orchard," he snapped, "and I never knew him for a damn fool, and I never knew he was even fool enough to have a *poor* fool for a son. If I've a fool for a daughter more's the pity. Get out o' here. *You*, not your money!"

It never occurred to the disconsolate Andy that not fifty presidents could deter him from withdrawing his funds if he really had a mind to. The cholera of Mr. Flint completely cowed him. He was vanquished. He shuddered before the man's sacrilege. His daughter a fool! Oh, oh, the worm in man!

Andy sat gloomily before his shop till the evening shadows bespoke the evening meal. Meals were lonely times since Goodwife Flint had dutifully

followed her spouse to his last slumbering. Meals wouldn't be lonely if . . . shucks! . . .

a fellow with an auto! Andy had always been an honest youth. His father had drilled that into him even if it had not been in his small, sturdy body at his natal hour. He had never overcharged. He had never underpaid. But tonight he was bitter with the world. There stood between him and his life's happiness a



miserable—probably—flivver! A flivver . . . when they crawled even this country road like bugs instead of vehicles to pinnacles of glory.

When a rich farmer from a neighboring farm came up with a car badly smashed in the fracas at the country fair, Andy set his grim mouth. "Cost you fifty," he said.

The farmer gasped. "Fifty," repeated Andy, with finality. The farmer shook his head. "Sell you the salvage," he suggested, not with much hope.

Andy ran his fingers thru his hair. His inventor's brain spun around. He saw the wretched salvage taking shape, acquiring action. "Done!" he said.

When the salvage resolved itself finally into the semblance of a car, Andy christened it "Greased Lightning"

was fearfully clad, and over his shoes, which shone like s, he wore what Andy described as "dresses."

Alice introduced him as "Mr. Armitage, from Noo Yo" Andy was left in doubt as to which was the more important of the two, Mr. Armitage or the small city he rather graciously hid him from.

The same doubt seemed to be with Mr. Armitage. He laughed at Pipersville. "Odd little town you have!" he said, and lit a cigaret. Andy always remembered Mr. Armitage



Laban Flint presented Andy with a factory-made machine, shining to the He winked prodigiously. "It's a weddin' present," he said

with a bottle of his mother's apple cider and puffed up the road to call on Alice Flint.

He found her very much engaged. Her manner quite changed. She had a ruffy gown on. Her curls were on her head. And she did not cast so very many shy, sweet smiles at him. She even laughed just a bit at "Greased Lightning," standing, rather crude, at the gateway. Alice was with a strange young man, a very strange young man. He


"GREASED LIGHTNING"

Fictionized from the photoplay by Julien Josephson. Produced by Famous Players-Lasky, starring Charles Ray. Directed by Jerome Storm. The cast:

Andy Fletcher.....	Charles Ray
Alice Flint.....	Wanda Hawley
Alden J. Armitage.....	Robert McKim
Laban Flint.....	Willis Marks
Grandpa Piper.....	Bert Woodruff
Milt Barlow.....	John P. Lockney
Rufus Shadd.....	Otto Hoffman


New York, for his superfluous foot-coverings and for his c-arets. At the particular moment he could think of nothing but the fact that Mr. Armitage was where he wanted to get, getting the smiles he wanted, hearing the words that should have been meant for him.

Mr. Armitage seemed to be able to explain his presence in Pipersville to everybody's satisfaction, save that of Andy
(Continued on page 66)



Bessie is just wondering which is the hardest: the New York subway system or the California mountains

No, Miss Love doesn't usually carry a ladder on her expeditions



Herewith, Bessie is doing a bit of tight rope work, crossing a brook on her California hike

California, Love and Spring- time

We knew directors would start something with their puttees. Now the actresses are taking 'em up. Behold the putteed Bessie

The Celluloid Critic



Madge Kennedy and John Bowers in Goldwyn's "Day Dreams"

Griffith makes another effort to make a comedienne out of Lillian Gish in "A Romance of Happy Valley"



WITH the photodramatic world whirling in a maelstrom of reported amalgamations and rumored changes—unusual even to filmdom with all its sudden shifts—one can hardly expect much of the screen drama. Unrest is good for the soul, however. Here and there are signs of new methods, new ideas, new ideals. The photoplay is on the verge of breaking the fetters of a machine-feature-a-week and raising itself to a new level.

The month itself was dull, with but few high lights. Again the leadership goes to Cecil de Mille, who followed his "The Squaw Man" with his odd study in matrimony "Dont Change Your Husband."

Based on an original story by Jeanie Macpherson, "Dont Change Your Husband," (Artcraft), has not only the merit of being written for the screen, but of coming a little closer to life than the average sugar-coated photoplay. We do not agree with Miss Macpherson's philosophy, but we admire her effort to get out of the silverscreen rut in approaching the realities of things as they are.

Miss Macpherson starts seven years after the conventional movie fade-out has united Leila Porter and her business-absorbed hubby, James Denton Porter. Lazy habits around the house, a penchant for onions and a general letting up of the finer things of life, causes Leila to turn to the dashing Schuyler Van Sutphen. So she divorces James and marries Van only to discover that one husband is quite like another. Van becomes, in his way, another James. Meanwhile, Porter has seen his folly and has developed into an athletic Beau Brummel. So Leila divorces Van and re-marries James. And the final scene shows Porter, again at his old fireside, lapsing into slumber behind his evening newspaper. The moral, according to Miss Macpherson, is that all husbands are alike and a wife might as well make the most of the one she possesses.

De Mille handles "Dont Change Your Husband" with fine taste and dramatic discretion. Just now there's no director as satisfying as the De Mille, whose scenes invariably are everything they should be. "Dont Change Your Husband" is marked not only by distinguished direction, but by fine acting. Gloria Swanson, who played the much wedded wife, is a distinct discovery. Prettiness, sympathy and repression are here. We know of no one who could play the wife so admirably.

And the new Elliott Dexter is James Denton Porter. He follows his superb Squaw Man with a finely sympathetic performance of the negligent husband. Lew Cody is effective as Van Sutphen, but Julia Faye, to our way of thinking, overdoes the ornate little vampire, "Toodles" Thomas.

David Wark Griffith's "A Romance of Happy Valley," (Artcraft), starts with the charm of an idyll and lapses into the most inane melodramatic clap-trap. Here is the soul struggle of a little country boy who finally tears himself away from his little sweetheart and his parents to find himself in the city. Finally he returns, his pockets bulging with money. His father, now penniless and facing eviction, does not recognize him when he comes to the old homestead to stay. That night the old man tries to kill the stranger in order to get his money, but chance prevents the tragedy. It seems that the village bank has been robbed and the posse has pursued the cracksman to the homestead. The boy, attracted by the noise, goes out to investigate just as the wounded bank robber crawls into his room. So the old man chokes the thief to death instead of his son. Consequently, everything ends happily, except for the burglar.

"A Romance of Happy Valley" is Griffith briefly at his best and extendedly at his worst. He seems unable to get out of the slough of the melodramatic punch and the chase. The early portion of the picture, despite exaggeration of rural characters, has many fine moments, such as the little love scene in the corn field between the boy and his sweetheart. But, in the main, "A Romance of Happy Valley" is pretty inferior stuff.

Lillian Gish plays the country sweetheart, Griffith continuing in his efforts to make the most idyllic girl on the silverscreen into an eccentric comedienne. Robert Harron varies as the country boy and George Fawcett completely overdoes the old father. Fawcett is guilty of celluloid ranting in the moments when he fights with his conscience before attempting to kill a stranger within his gates.

Jack Barrymore's "Here Comes the Bride," (Paramount), is good fun in the main. Adapted from the stage farce of Max Marcin and Roy Atwell, the piece lends itself quite effectively to the screen and to Barrymore's methods as a farceur. The comedy is built around an impecunious young lawyer who, in order to earn \$10,000, marries an unknown woman. At that moment his sweetheart, the daughter of a wealthy man, decides to elope with him. All sorts of comic complications result.

Barrymore plays the penniless lawyer in an entirely different spirit than it was originally done on the stage. He is, however, highly amusing. Little Faire Binney, who was in Maurice Tourneur's "Woman," is pleasant enough as the sweetheart.

"The Silver King," (Artcraft), which marked William Faversham's return to the screen, is a creaky screen adaptation of a creaky stage melodrama by Henry Arthur Jones. This is the story of an Englishman who believes he has committed a murder while in his cups, who comes to America and strikes it rich in the West and then goes back to vindication and his wife, who has loved him thru it all.

Mr. Faversham films very well, but is fearfully stagy. You know the sort? Continued glances upward as if one expects rain. All this, of course, to indicate a belief in an all-seeing providence to guide one thru seven reels.

Much more effective, to our way of considering things, is Barbara Castleton's sympathetic playing of the wife. This is Miss Castleton's best screen work thus far.

"Go West, Young Man," (Goldwyn), which marks an early step in Tom Moore's starring career, is a Doug Fairbanks vehicle minus the athletics. Moore plays a millionaire's son who goes West as a tenderfoot and suddenly develops into a man with strength enough to tame a wild western town. He saves an old miner from losing his mine and marries the daughter.

Looking back over a period of some two weeks at "Go West, Young Man," the whole thing seems rather vague, except a remembrance of Moore as the down-and-

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

out tenderfoot washing dishes in Twin Bridge's restaurant. Ora Carew isn't very interesting as the heroine, we regret to report.

Max Marcin's successful trick melodrama, "Cheating Cheaters," has reached the screen via Select with Clara Kimball Young in Marjori Rambeau's original rôle of Ruth Brockton. The story built around the efforts of two gangs of crooks to fleece each other, each believing the other to be a wealthy family, is adequately enough adapted to the screen. There is considerable humor, Miss Young is satisfactory enough, Jack Holt is the heroic scoundrel, and Anna Q. Nilsson's prettiness stands out strongly.

"Out of the Shadow," (Paramount), is the usual hectic sort of thing that has been hurting Pauline Frederick for many, many months. Suspected of killing her husband, Ruth Minchin is acquitted. She suspects that her benefactor is the guilty man and, altho she loves him, she starts out to solve the mystery. In the end another proves to be the culprit, so the widow and her proven friend are united. "Out of the Shadows" is a pleasant evening's entertainment. This sort of thing is right if it points a bit of philosophy or aids one's understanding of life, but not if it is mere machine-made melodrama.

Willard Mack's drama, "Shadows," in which Goldwyn stars Geraldine Farrar, considerably discouraged us. In the first place it is the old, old story of the woman with a past who is suddenly confronted with said past at the very apex of her happiness. In this instance Muriel Barnes is the happy wife of Judson Barnes. But some years before she was known as Cora Lamont, at that time being a dance hall belle in gay and giddy Alaska. Indeed, she had been deceived by a rough gentleman named Jack McGuff into thinking she was the lawfully wedded Mrs. McGuff. But the McGuff person really had a wife back in the states.

As we intimated, Cora, or rather Muriel, has reached the point of having everything her heart desired when McGuff appears upon the horizon. But she neatly traps him by scattering her jewels about her boudoir, screaming when McGuff appears and thereby causing his death when a policeman shoots the visitor, thinking him a burglar. So Muriel, alias Cora, is left to her happiness.

The drama is worked out without any particular imagination being displayed upon the part of Mr. Mack or the director. Nor are we attracted by Miss Farrar's performance as Cora-Muriel. If nothing else, she photographs badly. Tom Santschi is hyper-red blooded, if you like that sort of thing, as Monsieur McGuff and Milton Sills is hyper-frigid as the loving husband, Judson Barnes.

There is nothing particularly distinctive about J. G. Hawk's latest drama, "Breed of Men," (Artcraft), in which William S. Hart appears. Herein Hart plays a reckless cowboy and the innocent tool of a land swindler who jams him into office as sheriff and then proceeds to sell out the whole district without regard to the land claims of the original owners. But Sheriff "Careless" Carmody refuses to be a part to the swindle, pursues the swindler to Chicago and brings him back to Arizona to make restitution. Incidentally, "Careless" wins the heart of Ruth Fellows, one of the swindler's victims.

We like Hart as "Careless," but we still keep on wishing for more original vehicles.

Lawrence McClosky's "Silent Strength," (Vitagraph), written for Harry Morey, does little more than provide the virile Vitagraph star with double exposure characterizations as cousins who look alike but are utterly unlike under the skin. Henry Crozier robs his country cousin of an estate and then dares to marry the cousin's sweetheart, still keeping up the pose that he is the honest Dan La Roche. Rather than disillusion the young woman, La Roche keeps silent, even to going to prison for the other's misdeeds. But the villain finally gets his deserts and La Roche gets the girl.

With trick camera work, Morey punches himself in the jaw and does other apparently impossible things, but, outside of this, the story is pretty dull. Betty Blythe is the heroine—and a very, very cold lady indeed.

"Day Dreams," (Goldwyn), is intended for a fragile fantasy, but it rolls lumberingly along, never once soaring cloud-ward. It is the lilt of an odd little girl who fancies that her knight errant will come to her from afar—and—gracious—he does. But he isn't really a knight, for he is no other than Dan O'Hara, hired by George Graham, the cement king, to disillusion the young woman. But Primrose falls in love with Dan, everything ends happily and the amateur knight errant develops into the real thing after all.

Unfortunately, the whole spirit of whimsy is lost. "Day Dreams" is as fragile as hamburg steak and onions. Madge Kennedy can play guileless young woman innocently involved in thin-ice situations, but she certainly doesn't suggest the dreamer, Primrose. In fact, Primrose suggests lunacy rather than fantasy all the way thru. Indifferent acting, but some rather pretty back-grounds.

"Mandarin's Gold," (World Film), is a Kitty Gordon drama, the story of a bridge fanatic who falls asleep and fancies herself in all sorts of tribulations in Chinatown due to her mania for gambling. Miss Gordon is her cold and statuesque self as the bridge dreamer, while Warner Oland make a crafty Chinaman as sinister as only Oland can. "Mandarin's Gold" is, however, just machine-made melodrama.

Vitagraph's "The Lion and the Mouse" impressed us as being rather dull and uninspired. The Charles Klein drama has lost value en route to the screen. Alice Joyce is pleasing as Shirley Rossmore, Conrad Nagel artificial as young Ryder, while the real surprise is Mona Kingsley in a minor rôle.



"Go West, Young Man," with Tom Moore, is a Doug Fairbanks story minus the acrobatics

Gloria Swanson proves to be a distinct screen discovery in Cecil de Mille's "Don't Change Your Husband"



She Doesn't Talk of Her Art

By CHARLES JAMESON

Alfred Heming. Each summer Mr. Heming took a company to Douglas, on the Isle of Man, for a hot-weather season. The Isle of Man is the home of Hall Caine, the author, and Caine became a keen friend and admirer of Miss Heming's father. When the Manxman wrote his best novel, "The Christian," and later dramatized it, the very first performance was enacted by the Heming company. This was for copyright purposes, and Caine himself portrayed the hero, John Storm. "I stood in the wings, a mere kiddie," says Miss Heming, "and watched the performance. Mrs. Caine did Polly Love, mother was the heroine and father played Drake.

"I came to America some fourteen years ago," continued



VIOLET HEMING leisurely removed the make-up from her face. Her acute Englishism, her bloneness, her typical British height and build stood out clearly. Yet there is nothing of a staccato personality about Miss Heming.

She views the stage and screen with a frankly humorous and businesslike twinkle in her blue eyes.

She said nothing about art during the whole chat!

She didn't refer to her ambitions!

We know that Miss Heming doesn't look upon the photoplay as a form of art. To her it has possibilities and splendid remuneration and all that sort of thing. Indeed, she inquired quite blandly if we thought it would continue in popularity. Frankly, she is more interested in the stage. But even the footlights are observed thru half-humorous eyes. Acting is distinctly a business with Miss Heming.

She is proud of one thing—her actor family.

Miss Heming comes of rather distinguished English stage folks. Her mother was Mabel Allen and her father

Violet Heming comes of a distinguished English stage family. Her mother was Mabel Allen and her father Alfred Heming. She came to America some fourteen years ago—a mere slip of a girl



Violet Heming Looks upon Acting as a Business

Miss Heming, "and it was odd that a few years later a project was started to film 'The Christian.' I was offered a rôle. Pauline Frederick, then unknown to the screen, was to have played in it, along with James O'Neil and Brandon Tynan. But the scheme fell thru and later the play was screened by the Vitagraph Company."

We recalled seeing Miss Heming in a road company of "Peter Pan" with Vivian Martin, the present film star, as Peter. Then the dignified Miss Heming was just a mere schoolgirl Wendy, Miss Martin a juvenile and boyish Peter.

Miss Heming laughed. "I thought that had been forgotten. Wendy was my first rôle in this country, the very year I came over. I was just a gawky girl then. Right after that I played 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.' In fact, I was the original Rebecca, Edith Taliaferro playing it in New York after I had played it on the road. Violet Mersereau was the Clara Bell, Edith Storey the Emmy Jane, and Ernest Truex was in the cast. It was a regular movie company, altho none of us thought even remotely of the photoplay then."

Meanwhile Miss Heming kept right on growing. Ingénue rôles came and then leading parts with such stars as George Arliss. Altho she played in companies fairly rife with budding screen stars, the celluloid lure quite passed her by. It was not until a year or so ago that she did her first picture.

"It was terrible and we shall forget all about it," confessed Miss Heming. "I didn't know the first thing about screen make-up and I looked quite awful. My real screen début was in 'The Judgment House,' which J. Stuart Blackton produced.

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Miss Heming longs for the screen to do costume or romantic pictures. "I know that's rank heresy," she says, "but I love picturesque and beautiful clothes"



© Alfred Cheney Johnston

The Girl With the Nursery-Rhyme Name



tious. She has very few pictures; those in her bedroom are all photographs. In the bookcases are many school-books of her own and her brothers', a number of novels, some collections of detective stories and a great deal of poetry. There really is no rose-garden. I put it in with my other impressions because it seemed to me that she belonged in one.

Think of her, then, as dressed in gingham and with her brown hair wavy, tho not in curls, hanging down her back, and you have a picture of her as she looked when I called unexpectedly at half-past ten o'clock New Year's morning.

"If I had known you were coming," she said, "I would have thought up something thrilling to tell you."

So it happened that the conversation turned on thrills, and she told me that, if nothing happens to prevent it, she will go to France with the Douglas Fairbanks company and make several pictures there. She was girlishly afraid that

*"See-saw, Marjorie Daw,
Jennie shall have a new master,
She shall have but a penny a day,
Because she dont go any faster."*

THE word "thrilling" repeated frequently during a conversation, a clear-eyed, wholesome girl who really means it because, to her, everything is thrilling, a California bungalow, a rose-garden, wholesomeness and again wholesomeness, a little, nervous laugh, youth incarnate—Marjorie Daw.

Because she is so easily thrilled at things she has been called "the greatest little 'thrill' girl in the movies."

"That is true," she said, "I'm not a bit blasé." (She has a way of speaking about herself as tho she were ninety, as when I asked her for a picture she had taken with Geraldine Farrar, whose protégée she is, she protested, "But you dont want that one; it was made years ago!" and, too, when we were looking at photographs, the ones she thought best were always the ones that made her look the oldest.) By which it may be seen that she is a real ingénue, even tho she has on her young shoulders a great deal of responsibility. She is sending her younger brother thru school and taking care of an aunt who lives in Arizona.

However, *this* Marjorie Daw receives a great deal more than "a penny a day," and she "dont go any faster," because Doug Fairbanks could not do so many wilds stunts for her if she, too, were moving quickly. She has been with him for five pictures, longer than any other leading lady he has had.

I saw her at her home in Hollywood. It is a simple little place, simply furnished. There was nothing in sight that one would call a luxury. In the front room, for instance, are a handsome rug, a piano and two built-in bookcases. All of her chairs are thoroly comfortable, tho not in the least preten-

The - girl - who was - discovered - by - Geraldine - Farrar as she is today, a glimpse of her playing opposite the redoubtable Doug, and as she was when Gerry first saw her



Something might happen to prevent her going.

"Blanche Sweet asked me to go to New York with her," she said. "I asked Mr. Fairbanks if I could go, and he said that he thought I could, but at the last minute he found that he would have to begin a picture right away, so I didn't get to go. I'm studying French, but I'm not setting my heart on the trip. I sometimes think that if you want a thing too much, you won't get it." Which last was a curious thing for Marjorie Daw to say, because if there ever was a child of fortune, she is that child. Fortune has indeed smiled!

Marjorie Daw was born in Colorado Springs a little over seventeen years ago.



Marjorie has resolved to always carry a notebook. "Because," she says, "I've changed my ambition. I want to be a scenario writer. And, perhaps, after a while I'll write short stories" Center, one of Marjorie's very first pictures

When she was three years old her parents took her to New York City.

"Little as I was when we first went to New York," she said, "I remember the Hotel Belleclaire, where we stayed. There was a fire engine-house across the street and my favorite pastime was watching the engines. Frances Starr lived there—I mean the hotel, of course, not the fire engine-house—and we became quite good friends. I remember her, but, of course, she's forgotten me long ago!"

She was just fourteen years old when she first "broke into" moving pictures. She was not, however, a stranger to the studios. She and Mildred Harris, who is now Mrs. Charles Chaplin, were and are chums. She used to watch Mildred Harris work in "Indian stuff" at Inceville. "And," she said, "it didn't inspire me with the least desire to work in pictures myself; it looked too much like real work! But I like having Mr. Fairbanks do stunts, as the story says, 'for me.'

"We were living in Santa Monica," she went on. "When we moved to the city, (Los Angeles), my brother started working at the Fine Arts studio. So, too, did Mildred Harris."

Marjorie, whose real name, by the way, is Margarita House, spent a great deal of time around the Fine Arts studio, tho she never worked there. Her brother, Chandler, was featured in children's pictures. Chandler is younger than Marjorie, but he is quite tall. (This Christmas he "blossomed" into his first long pants. He is just sixteen years old, his birthday coming in January.) But to return to Marjorie Daw's screen beginnings. Her first picture was with Wilfred Lucas and Cleo Madison at Universal and was called "The Love Victorious." Next came "The Warrens of Virginia," made at Lasky's at the time that Geraldine Farrar came West to make "Carmen."

One day the great star, on her way to her dressing-room, paused to watch the fourteen-year-old girl work for a while. (Oh, well, it's the same old story, except that in this case it really happened. It does sometimes, you know; not, perhaps, so often in real life as in fiction, but often enough to keep hope

(Continued on page 76)

The Fame and

THE amount of pulchritude in America is amazing! That at least, is the opinion of THE FAME AND FORTUNE judges after examining the thousands of portraits entered in the international contest now being conducted by THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

That latent talent and ability were laying hidden in every part of the country was obvious. There are many young women and young men who might easily be successful on the stage if they had one thing—opportunity. THE FAME AND FORTUNE CONTEST is that opportunity. The genuineness of the opportunity is guaranteed by the standing of the two magazines.

But even the judges are surprised at the amount of camera possibilities unearthed by the contest. One thing is certain—it is going to be no small task to narrow the promising candidates down to one or two winners. Indeed, to select an honor roll of seven every fifteen days is almost herculean.

After carefully examining the thousands of pictures entered between January 15th and February 1st, the judges selected for the four honor roll the following seven:

Miss Prudence Eddy, of No. 3225 South Emerson Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn. Miss Eddy is a Chicago girl of the auburn type. Her hair and eyes are



Right:
PRUDENCE
EDDY



Above:
HAZEL O. KEENER

Right:
LUCILE V. LANGHANKE



Above:
ETHEL NEWSOM SMITH

Fortune Beauties

black and she is five five inches in height. Miss Eddy has never had professional experience.

Miss Ethel Newsom Smith, of No. 1128 Travis Avenue, Fort Worth, Texas. Miss Smith was born in Corinne Griffith's birthplace, Texarkana, Texas. Her public appearances have been limited to charity performances. Miss Smith is the first successful candidate to admit of red hair. Her eyes are blue and she is exactly five feet in height.

Miss Gladys Dillman, of No. 398 Sherbrooke Street, Winnipeg, Man., Canada. Miss Dillman was born in



Above:
GLADYS DILLMAN

Left:
ISABELLE FALCONER

Below:
ETHYLE FAUNCE

Winnipeg. She has light-brown hair, blue eyes, and is five feet three and one-half inches in height.

Miss Isabelle Falconer, of No. 423 West 120th Street, New York. Miss Falconer has been on the stage, last appearing in "Jack O'Lantern." She was born in Milwaukee, and like Miss Smith is of red hair, while she has blue eyes. She is exactly five feet four.

Miss Hazel O. Keener, of No. 1 West Grant Street, Bettendorf, Scott County, Iowa. Miss Keener was born at Fairboy, also in Iowa, and is of the blonde type. Her eyes are like her name, and she is five feet six in height.

Miss Lucile V. Langhanke, of No. 1120 East 47th Street, Chicago, Ill. Miss Langhanke has received a dramatic, musical and dancing training. She was born in Quincy, Ill., has dark auburn hair, dark-brown eyes, and is five feet three.

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Evelyn Nesbit in a scene from "Judge Not," in which Miss Rosemon plays an extra

The Extra Girl Becomes a Village Belle

By ETHEL ROSEMON

A HUSH fell on the laughing, chatting girls. They paused with grease-paint suspended in mid-air, with fingers deep in the snowy contents of cold-cream jars or with pans of black cosmetic sizzling merrily over lighted candles. Their eyes turned toward the open door, while their thoughts went wandering back over the years on trains of memory awakened by the low-toned voice in the next room.

"But who was the son of Philip the Second?"

"I dont know."

"Oh, yes, you do. Who was he?"

"I dont know."

"Of course you do. You told me yesterday morning and the morning before that. Why cant you tell me now? Remember, no candy or cake until you do."

"Oh, yes, now I know," piped the small voice. "It was Louis."

"Louis the what?"

"Louis the Lion-hearted."

We could almost hear the teacher chuckle as she announced a recess in the morning's lessons. Her rule

of pedagogy from the inner consciousness

of the eternal

mother, had

been tried and

not found wanting.

Little Russell

scampers happily off

perhaps to play

at being camera-man,

perhaps to see how

far up the scenery

ery he could

climb without

being caught.

We smiled with

sympathy and

renounced our

rôles of eaves

droppers to complete

our faces for those

who were soon to

play before the

camera.

This was a

new phase of the

ever-changing

celluloid world

where stars rise

and fall according

to their own

ability or that

their press-agent

where the sorrows,

the joys, the

triumphs and the

defeats of the

An Evelyn Nesbit Feature in the Filming

very-much-alive shadow folks are never flashed upon the screen in either a long-shot or a close-up, and where the intimate touch, such as this, that makes the whole world akin, is lost in tales of sable coats that cost a princely fortune, of diamonds that are guarded by detectives and of bank accounts that put to shame the rise of the mercury on the hottest day in summer. For instance, you, who will follow with interest the vision of Ruth Hayes, as she smilingly receives her diploma from the hand of the school superintendent, would never have painted the picture of Evelyn Nesbit, the mother, with little Russell at her knee, going over the morning's lessons before starting the usual routine of the studio day—that is, if I hadn't supplied you with the model. The lessons are not haphazard smatterings of this and that, either, but are as carefully planned as if the movie superintendent waiting



on the set were a real one who would rate the teacher according to her methods. And Russell takes to the lessons—well, just about as any normal, healthy youngster takes to anything that interrupts his play. This little dressing-room scene prepared us for the set, where Teacher Ann Eggleston stood primly in her correct schoolmarm black gown and the entire board of directors waited on the platform for the exercises to begin. There was the usual line of fluffy girl graduates, with the corresponding line of awkward boys, who would be doggone glad when all the fuss was over. There were the always-among-those-present groups of doting parents and friends who never fail to thrill when the next generation “goes forth to conquer the world”—and there were the time-honored hard assembly-room seats, thank you.

Top, another glimpse of Miss Nesbit in “Judge Not.” Center, the star trying not to listen to Director Charles J. Brabin’s reading of the script; and, right, Miss Nesbit volunteering as a studio worker, with her son, Russell, as an assistant

When everything was “set,” Miss Nesbit joined the line of
(Continued on page 78)

Gossip of the Pacific Coast

By FRITZI REMONT

Wm. S. Hart has really pulled off something new in make-ups—pulled off is right. He's had his head shaven in order to do a convict rôle. Can you imagine Bill without any hair at all? The funny part is that his new characterization is that of Hair-Pin Harry Dutton, in one of the Boston Blackie stories, running in *The Red Book*. Walter Long is back from service and will play Boston Blackie, George Stone is cast as Donald Dutton, son of the criminal, and Juanita Hansen plays the Poppy Girl, who tries to charm big Bill. By the way, Juanita Hansen has been traveling about under different directors. She's mighty obliging about being loaned about, something like an umbrella in California's rainy season. She just completed a good characterization in Anita Stewart's latest play, under Lois Weber's direction.

One of the prettiest girls in the society world of Los Angeles, a descendant of a fine old French family, Valerie Germonprez, was engaged for Miss Stewart's production also, and has done such good work that her future in pictures is assured.


And now Fay Tincher's back at Universal. She and Jane Novak are doing the principal feminine rôles in "The Fire Flingers," under the direction and lead of Rupert Julian. The latter is advertising all around California
(Continued on page 69)



Here is Myrtle Lind of the Sennett forces in an informal seaside moment. In the Christmas CLASSIC appeared a picture of Miss Lind in the very act of hanging up her stocking. But the portrait was labelled Ethel Linn. All of which very nearly broke little Miss Lind's heart. So this bathing glimpse is presented by way of reparation

ONE of the most stirring events of the past month was the big meeting held at Doug Fairbanks' palatial Beverly Hills home, for the purpose of perfecting a combine of the Big Five, i.e., Mary Pickford, Mr. Fairbanks, Wm. S. Hart, Charles Chaplin and D. W. Griffith, for the production and release of pictures independently of any other organization now existing. Dennis O'Brien, Mr. Fairbanks' New York attorney, came out to conduct the proceedings, and, as Miss Pickford was still confined to her home, her attorney attended the meeting with Mrs. Charlotte Pickford.

This new "trust" has everybody guessing. The plans are not quite perfected, and they do say that the big men like Adolph Zukor, T. L. Tally, Jesse Lasky, et al, are standing like little boys at the circus fence, trying to peep in and find out what's up. They disclaim fear, but if five great money-makers "go it alone" it's surely going to be hard on some of the concerns which have made thousands on their output heretofore.



Mary Pickford upon her first day back at work

Peggy Does Her Darndest

Fictionized by Olive Carew
from the Metro Photoplay

"YOU'RE stalling!" accused Peggy, indignantly; "that last uppercut wouldn't have knocked out a good healthy mosquito!"

Brother Frank ruefully massaged a swollen area under his right eye and investigated a tender spot on the point of his jaw before replying. "That Don Quixote chap who used to go round scrapping with windmills didn't have anything on me!" he declared. "If this is the way you go at it for fun, I'd sure hate to run up against you when you were in earnest!"

Peggy beamed. "My right isn't so bad," she admitted, with due modesty, "but I haven't got the punch in my left I'd like. Tito is showing me how to develop one, tho. He gives me jiu-jitsu every morning in the garage. Want me to show you how I can throw a man over my shoulder?"

Her brother backed hastily away, surveying the small, be-bloomered figure before him with mingled respect and amaze.

"Tito—you dont mean to say the mater's lent you the new Jap butler?"

Oh, I say, sis, beat up the family all you like, but spare the servants. They're so hard to get now!"

"Oh, mother doesn't know about it," Peggy explained easily. "She thinks he's exercising Eleanor's pet Chow!" She raised her slim young arms above her head and indulged in a frank yawn that showed firm, even white teeth. Under the man's golf-cap pulled over her eyes, wisps of red-gold hair straggled about her flushed, curving cheeks. One sleeve of her outing shirt exhibited a hole, and her shoes bespoke a strenuous career in the open.

"How old are you, anyhow, Peg?" Frank Ensloe asked, with sudden seriousness. "Seventeen, isn't it? You ought not to be thinking how to throw a man over your shoulder at that advanced age!"

"PEGGY DOES HER DARNDEST"

Storyzied by permission from the photoplay based on Royal Brown's story, adapted by George D. Baker. Produced by Metro and starring May Allison. Directed by George D. Baker. The cast:

Peggy Ensloe.....	May Allison
Frank Ensloe.....	Dick Rosson
Mrs. Ensloe.....	Sylvia Ashton
Mr. Ensloe	Frank Currier
Eleanor Ensloe.....	Rosemary Theby
Hon. Hugh Wentworth.....	Robert Ellis
"Gentleman Jim" Burke.....	Augustus Phillips

You should be studying the ways of keeping him at your side. Eleanor ought to be able to give you pointers on that accomplishment."

"Oh, *Eleanor!*" Eleanor's sister spoke with open contempt. "She makes me tired, the way she Theda-Baras all over the place! And that stocking she knits on whenever a new young man shows up—like the Penelope dame in the mythology book! The soldier that wears that'll have to use it for the next war. Gee, I wish you weren't going

back to college tonight! Come on, let's try that new uppercut over again. One, two, three—go!"

The battle was raging at its liveliest when an unsuspecting group of people, arrayed in cool summer spotlessness, strolled thru the rose-hedge and paused aghast at the scene of carnage before them. The tall, lean young man in the English-cut clothes showed keen interest, the elder of the two ladies exhibited distinct annoyance, while the younger surveyed the muddy figure of her sister, her bleeding nose and disreputable hair with ill-concealed delight.

"Jove! Ripping!" murmured the guest. "That little fellow has got a punch that reminds me of Bantam Jim's. Look at that left upper to the jaw! Good, eh? Well, *rather!*" "Frank!" Mrs. Ensloe called, in a carefully modulated tone of reproach, "Frank dear, come here a moment! I want you to meet the Honorable Hugh Wentworth."

The two young men shook hands cordially. "You'll have to excuse my appearance, Mr. Wentworth!" Frank laughed. "My kid sister here has been showing me no mercy! Peggy—why, where has she gone?"

For the lawn behind them was unoccupied. Peggy had precipitately disappeared. "Peggy is a sad tomboy, but, of



"You're stalling!" accused Peggy indignantly; "that last uppercut wouldn't have knocked out a good healthy mosquito!"

course, she's a mere *child* yet." Eleanor shrugged. "I hope you won't get the wrong impression of American girls, Mr. Wentworth! If so, I feel that's my patriotic duty to give you another one." She lifted her eyes to him meltingly. Eleanor had large, limpid eyes and used them to their best advantage. "So I'm going to steal you for an hour or so on the lake all by my own self!"

"Charmed!" said the Honorable Hugh, gallantly. "But I say now, was that little fellow your sister, really? No spoofing? Spunky, I call that, my word!"

In the stable loft Peggy cuddled her knees to her Norfolk breast and reviewed the situation impartially. The long young man was undoubtedly the son of the English diamond broker, who had come to bring her father a large purchase of stones. The household had been in a stir over his expected arrival for days and Eleanor had bought an expensive new complexion and several ravishing gowns in preparation for him.

"Why, he looked—nice!" discovered Peggy, wonderingly; "as nice as the policeman at the corner, and the iceman, who lets me drive his cart, and Tito—like a regular person instead of a Young Man!"

Peggy disapproved of Young Men on principle. They all had slicked-back hair and creased trouser-legs and a silly way of talking to girls. But this one was different. She liked the way he smiled with his eyes instead of his mouth, and the way his jaw showed under the dark, clean-shaven skin. She liked——"

"But what's the use?" Peggy sighed, disconsolately. "Eleanor's vamping him already."

There was a bit of cracked mirror on the wall, where Thomas, the coachman, occasionally underwent repairs. Peggy went over to it and regarded the smooched and disheveled young person reflected therein candidly.

"Beauty," she decided aloud, cheerfully, "is not my strong point! But then, look at Cleopatra! She was no cold-cream ad. Just the same, you have to hand it to her for getting what she wanted! And I'm going to, too. Anyhow, I'm going to do my darndest to!"

After dinner, with a glint of malice in her brown eyes she followed her sister and the Honorable Hugh to the vine-covered veranda

Harrison Ensloe came home to dinner in no very pleasant frame of mind. The headlines in three of the afternoon papers had screamed the news of the Honorable Hugh Wentworth's arrival in America to an interested world, not omitting to state in detail his reasons for coming. By now every crook in town knew that "The Light of the World," the most famous diamond in existence, was somewhere in his possession.

"Might just as well have given the combination of the safe and had done with it!" grumbled the discomfited diamond merchant aloud, in the seclusion of his library. "It's lucky I had that new safe-deposit drawer put in before he got here. But even then, there's no telling! They may have an accomplice in my own household——"

He paused, staring at the incredible evidence of his own eyes. Peering over the top of a high-backed chair, a face, shadowed by a huge cap visor and almost concealed behind a ferocious black mustache, was gazing at him menacingly. But even as he stared the impressive hirsute adornment became unmanageable. It slewed to the left, toppled and slid to the floor, as the upper-lip to which it was fastened crinkled in a wide smile.

"Peggy! What on earth——" her father began helplessly. "You frightened me out of a year's growth. What's the idea of the whiskers?"

Peggy slid out of the chair and proudly displayed a large tin disk fastened to her chest. "Read it!" she ordered.



Still more mystified, her father peered down at the badge. "A Binkum detective!" he read slowly. "Am I to understand that this refers to—you?"

"Yep! Correspondence course," Peggy explained importantly. "As soon as I heard that that big diamond was coming I wrote to the Binkum people, and I'm a real detective now! You don't need to worry, dad—I'll look out for it."

Mr. Ensloe managed to turn a laugh into a cough with great presence of mind. "If I'd only known of this before!" he regretted. "But I didn't, you see, and this very afternoon I hired a man from the Central Office to come up here and guard the stone."

"Will he be disguised?" Peggy asked, crestfallen. "All good detectives have to wear disguises. I've got some perfectly swell ones. You'd never guess when I have one of them on that I'm me."

"No, I noticed that," said her father, dryly, "and that reminds me. Wasn't there a young man attached to the diamond? I don't see him anywhere about—"

The sound of an opening door sent Peggy to her feet in a panic. "You'd better set your detective to guarding *him*. He's in a good deal more danger of being stolen than his diamond!" she declared, darkly. "By this time Eleanor has told him that it's wonderful to meet some one who really *understands*, and that she's always liked Englishmen better than Americans, they're so *raaw*, you know, and that it's the *strangest* thing, but she somehow had the feeling that they were going to be good friends!" She faced her father, a small, bloomed figure of wrath. "I'm sick and tired of being a Jack Horner, and I'm coming out of my corner. You watch and see!"

She was marching up the stairs in a whirl of enthusiasm for

her new-formed resolution to "beat sis at her own game," when a voice, deep and broad of vowel, sounded behind her, startling her so that she promptly

fell downstairs and into a pair of outstretched masculine arms.

"Miss Margaret Ensloe, I believe?" The owner of the arms, with remarkable tact, accepted the situation as tho this was the normal way in which he was accustomed to meet strange young ladies. "I've been hoping for the pleasure of meeting you ever since I saw that boxing exhibition this afternoon."

Peggy recovered herself and stood back, a queer new sensation tingling in her cheeks. She did not know that she was blushing. She only knew that she felt very small, and abashed, and very, very trouserish.

"I'm—I'm just Peggy," she murmured. "Margaret is too large in the waist and too long in the skirt for me—it's not a good fit."

In her own room, she stamped a small foot furiously. "I acted," she told herself, "as if I had just had my fifth birthday! It's a wonder I didn't stick my finger in my mouth!"

She marched to the closet, jerked down a ruffly white organdie and kicked off her heavy shoes as one might fling down a gage of battle. "Never you mind, Peggy Ensloe, the bout's not over—only the first round. I may not win, but I'm going to do my darndest anyhow!"

After dinner, with a glint of malice in her brown eyes, she followed her sister and the Honorable Hugh to the vine-covered veranda and seated herself, placidly oblivious to Eleanor's wireless appeal, between them.

"Can you box, Mr. Wentworth?" she inquired, without needless circumlocution. "I've been aching to ask some one who *knew* about the right way of feinting with the left to cover a jab to the jaw. And what is your method of delivering a 'hay-maker'?"

The Honorable

With the moonlight kind to her freckles, Peggy was not only passable—she was even pretty. The heavy waves of bright hair framed her small pointed face charmingly; the simple white ruffles about her neck accentuated the youth of her



Aghast she stared at the shameless and sophisticated young person in the mirror, and for an instant she quailed. But Peggy was game

Hugh's somewhat solemn countenance grew positively animated. He entered into an extremely technical discussion of swings and punches, illustrating with appropriate gestures, while Eleanor, arrayed in her most seductive gown, gazed at her small sister with an indignant amazement that changed, gradually, to thoughtful calculation.

With the moonlight kind to her freckles, Peggy was not only passable—she was even pretty. The heavy waves of bright hair framed her small, pointed face charmingly, the simple white ruffles about her neck accentuated the youth of her, reminding Eleanor somewhat pointedly of her own six years' seniority. And worst of all, there was no doubt that she and the Honorable Hugh were getting along very well. It was high time to put the little chit in her place.

With a tolerant smile Eleanor leaned forward, and spoke as one speaks to a small, forward child. "Peggy dear, you mustn't bore Mr. Wentworth, you know! And isn't it time you were running up to bed? Say good-night, like a sweet child." Her tone actually purred. She laid a white, proprietary hand on the Honorable Hugh's coat-sleeve. "You know I promised to show you the rose-garden! Of course, it isn't like your wonderful English gardens—America is so—so *raw* in some ways—"

Her voice drifted back, honeyed, caressing, to Peggy's ears as she led the helpless Hugh, unresisting, down the veranda and out of sight. It was clever work; Peggy had to admit that, but she did it with bad grace, and spake sundry uncomplimentary and unsisterly things to the moon, punctuating her remarks with angry thuds of small boot-heels against the veranda rail. Afterwards she jumped down and shook a businesslike little fist in the direction of the rose-garden.

"Capturing a *man* is pretty poor sport!" she declared. "They can't help themselves! But there's some *skill* in capturing a criminal! I guess I'll stick to detecting. It's more in my line than this 'rose-garden-by-moonlight' stuff!"

For the next few days Peggy was very busy, but, as she was always that, no one paid her much attention. Eleanor, with a fair field to herself, had the Honorable Hugh so that, Peggy declared to herself with scorn, he would sit up and beg, and roll over and over and be a dead dog whenever she commanded. "The 'Light of the World' reposed in all its scintillant wondrousness in the new safe-deposit drawer that Mr. Ensloe had had built for it in his massive mahogany library-table, and the Pinkerton man, disguised rather feebly as a butler, roamed the halls with an air of mystery that alone was worth the salary he was paid.

On the afternoon of the fourth day since the Honorable Hugh's arrival the chic-est of chic French maids in the kind of cap and apron they wear on the stage was wandering on the lower lawn of the Ensloe place when, turning a corner of shrubbery, she came face-to-face with a tall stranger who wore the dress of a gentleman with the unease of something else.

Palpably startled and discomfited by the meeting, the stranger rallied on perceiving with whom he had to deal and chucked the pretty maid under the chin. "Hullo, sweetness!" he said, with a killing smile. "You look lonesome! I guess it's lucky I happened along, eh?"

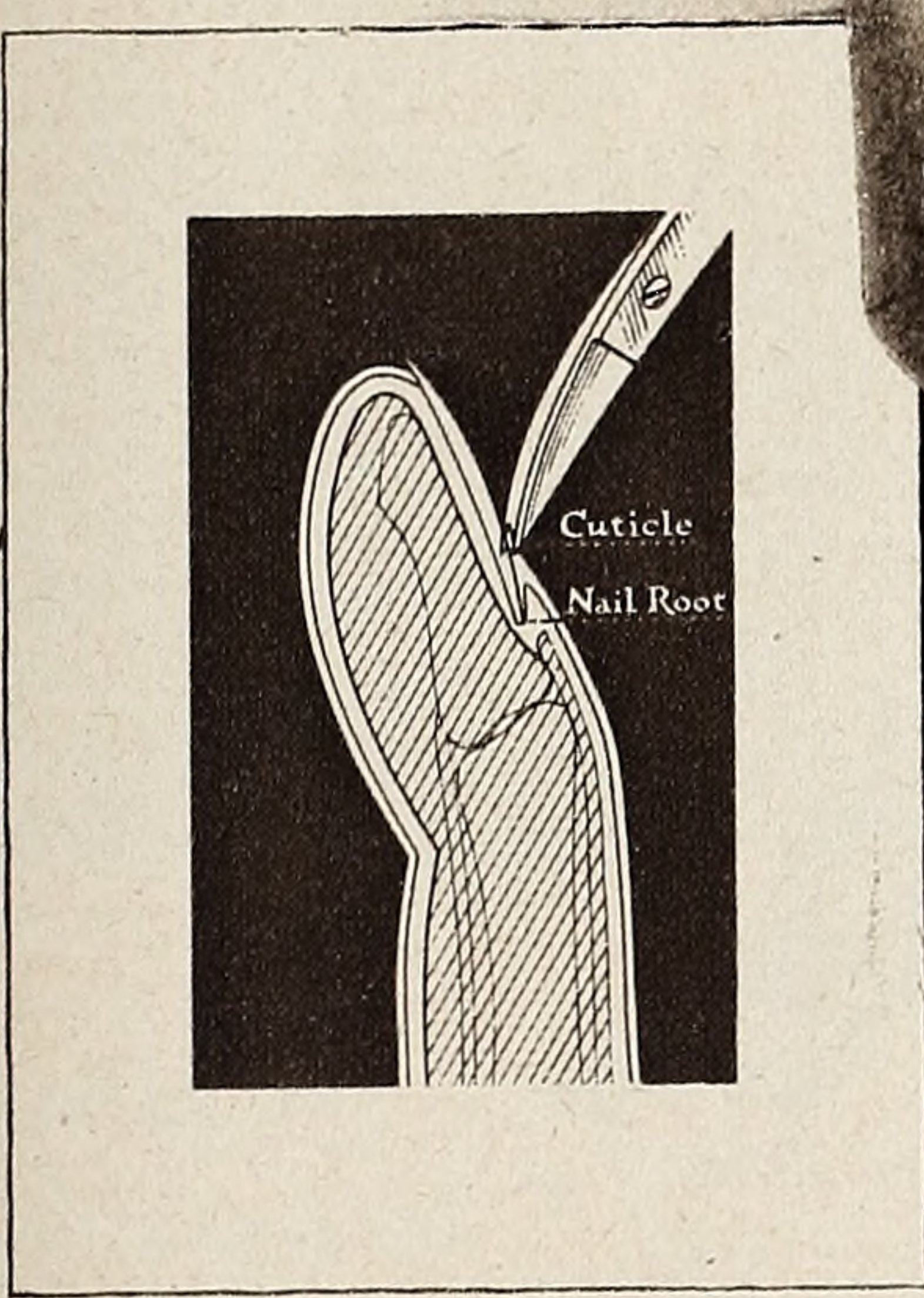
The pretty maid shrugged her shoulders as Paris shrugs them, and spoke several words in a French which Paris does not speak. She gave him to understand that while she did not approve of being chucked under the chin by a total stranger, she was not exceedingly angry. Emboldened, he came closer and laid a large and none too clean hand on the waves of hair that escaped from under the smart little cap.

"Some thatch you got, girlie!" he volunteered. "I always liked that reddish-goldish kind! Say, I know where there's a comb with brilliants set
(Continued on page 82)

(Fifty-eight)



Cutting the cuticle makes it grow more quickly and leaves a ragged, rough, unsightly edge



The more you cut the cuticle the faster it grows

Why cutting makes it rough, uneven

How to have lovely, shapely nails without cutting the cuticle

WHEN you trim the cuticle around your nails you cannot help cutting also into the live part of the cuticle which protects the delicate nail root.

Look through a magnifying glass at the cuticle you have been trimming. You will see for yourself that you have made little cuts in the living skin.

In their effort to heal, these tiny cuts grow more quickly than the rest. They become rough, dry and ragged. Soon you have a thick, uneven edge at the base of your nails.

Nowadays, cutting the cuticle has given place to a safe way of removing it. One first softens it with Cutex, then wipes it off with a cloth, leaving a firm, smooth unbroken edge.



Remove the surplus cuticle without cutting.



moment the surplus cuticle is softened. Wash it off in warm, soapy water, pressing back the cuticle when drying your hands.

Perhaps at certain seasons, the cuticle at the base of your nails tends to become rough and dry. Cutex Cuticle Comfort is a soothing cream prepared especially to counteract such drying.

You will love the way your nails look after you have given them a Cutex manicure. Don't expect, however, that with only spasmodic care you can keep them well-groomed. Make the care of your nails as much a matter of habit as brushing your teeth. Whenever you dry your hands push back the cuticle with the towel. Then once or twice a week give them a quick Cutex manicure.

Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 35c and 65c bottles. Cutex Nail White, Nail Polish and Cuticle Comfort are each 35c.

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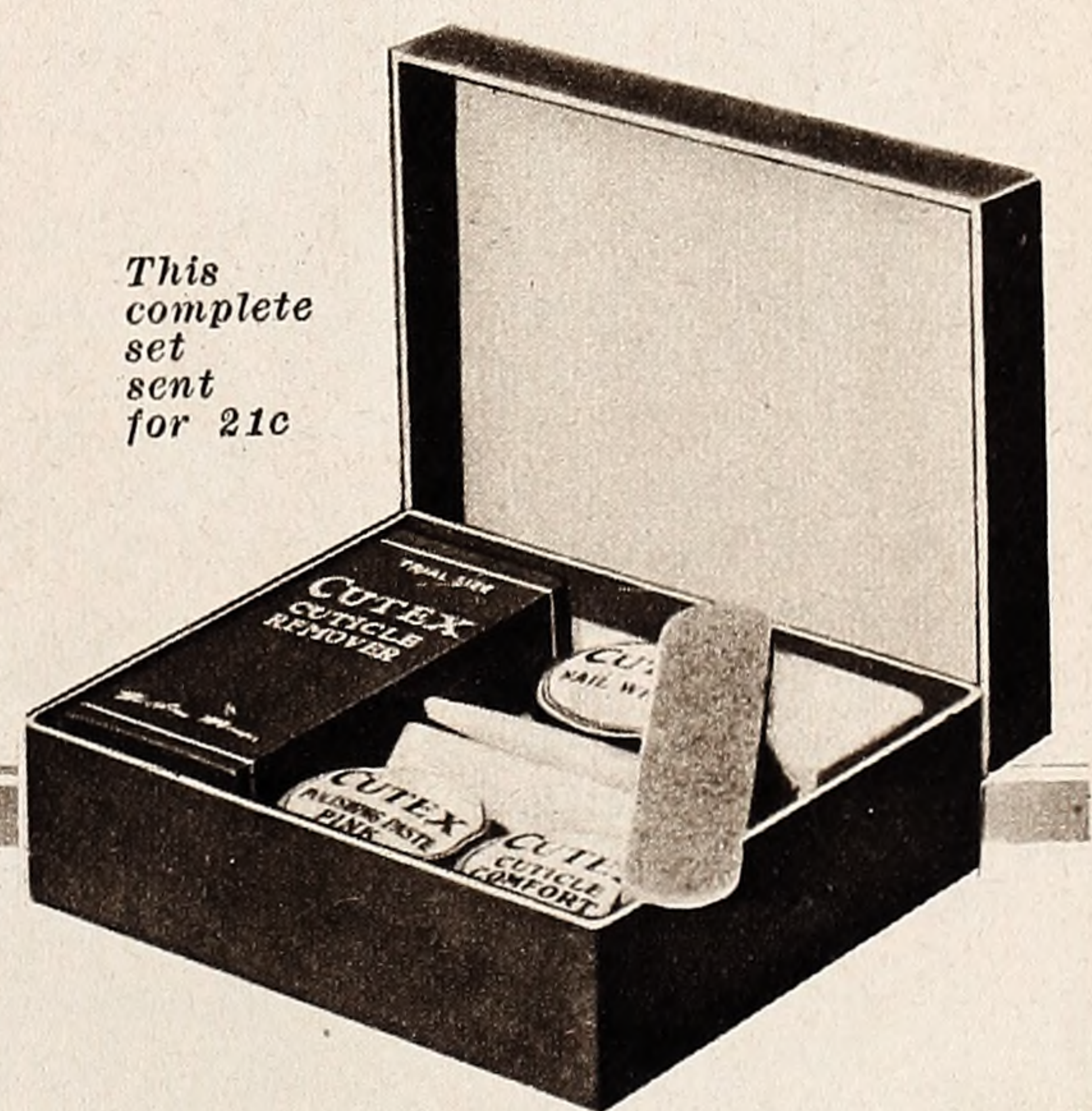
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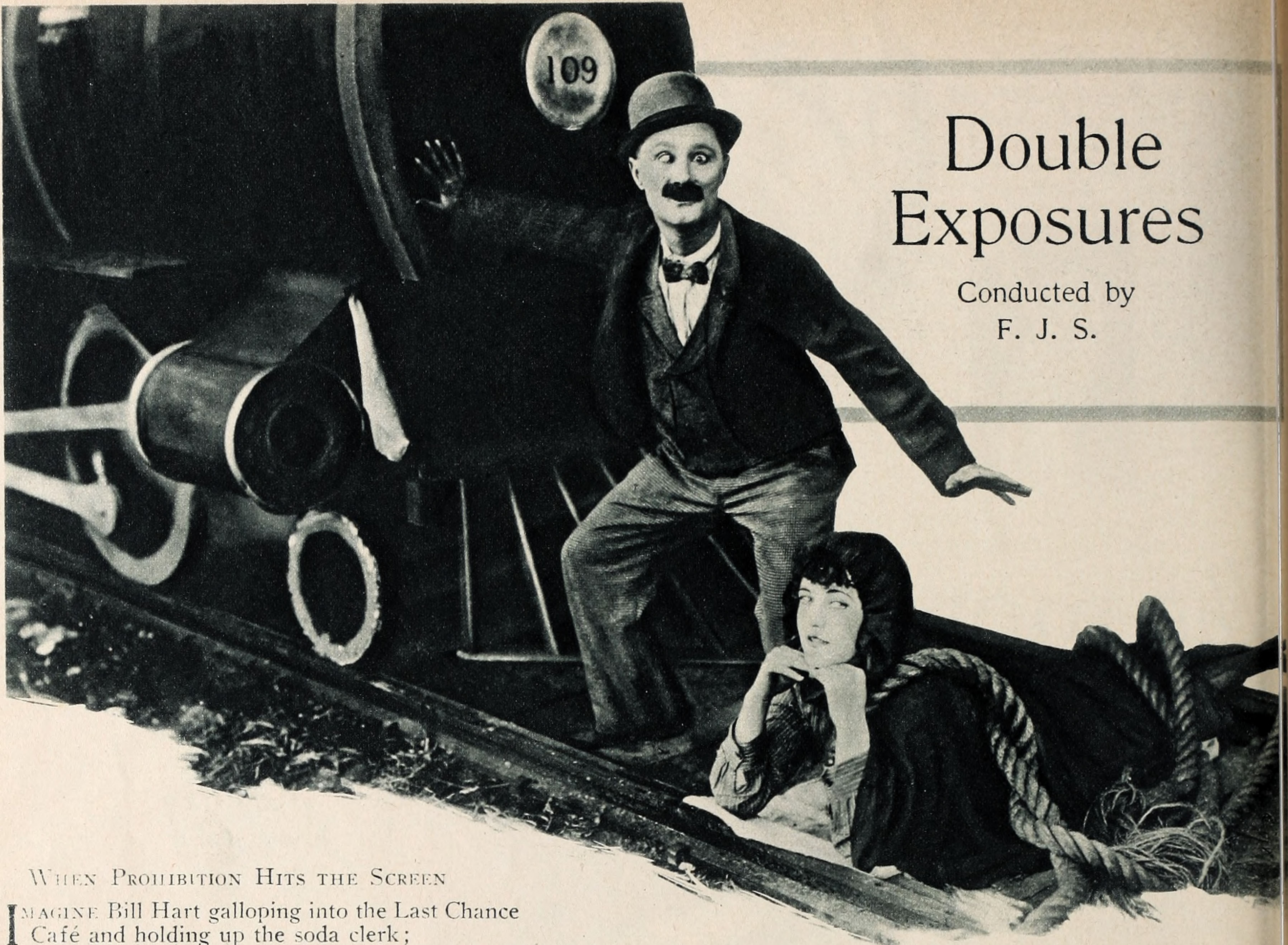
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F. J. S.

WHEN PROHIBITION HITS THE SCREEN

IMAGINE Bill Hart galloping into the Last Chance Café and holding up the soda clerk;

The meeting of Desperate Jack Holt and his confederates in the back room of the Mirror Candy Store;

Handsome Harry Holmes, the city chap, drugging the peach sundae of innocent little Miss Gig L. Gingham;

Charles May, as a young man about town, staggering out of the De Luxe Soft Drink Emporium;

and

Imagine Theda Bara, cigaret in one hand, wickedly sipping a chocolate soda.

Now that ex-Railroad Dictator McAdoo is in the movies, it will probably be impossible to get a chair anywhere.

Maurice Tourneur does "Woman."

William Fox follows with "Woman, Woman."

Now if some one will only do "Woman, Woman, Woman."

HOW THOSE THRILLING SCREEN MAGAZINES AFFECT US

Imagine the punch we find in this series of celluloid:

1. Ushers of the Blank Theater in the act of bowing to camera-man.
2. President John K. Jones receiving the degree of LL.D. at the University of Mugwump, Mugwumpville, Texas.
3. Floods almost destroy the town of Pawdunk, N. H.
4. The suffrage convention in Scott County, Iowa.
5. A dangerous freight wreck on the K. & G. R. R. at Rocktown Center, Cal.
6. The making of hemp rope:
 - (a) The native method of making rope in the Sunkist Islands
 - (b) Loading rope on board steamers
 - (c) Unloading rope from steamers
 - (d) Selling rope to studios making Western dramas.
7. Vice-President Marshall visits his home town.
8. The cartoon adventures of Happy Katzenjammer.
9. Sunset on the Green River, filmed June 30, 1919.

"Let's not announce this as an all-star cast," says Myron Selznick, referring in his publicity to his first production. We are much more entitled to this description than many of those who use it—but let's not."

From which we gather that Myron thinks he has an all-star cast.

We read with interest an advertisement of Billie Rhodes' forthcoming drama of a hula-hula girl. "It will bring to the screen her personality," confides the adv., "in surroundings that show her off to the greatest advantage."

Henry Lehrman has had the influenza! And Mack Sennett hasn't! Is Henry becoming original?

Once in a while we stumble across a cheering subtitle like this, clipped from a recent Madge Kennedy film: "Many days and months have tripped by with happy times."

What chance has the screen extra these days? Thomas Ince has just added a weather bureau to his studio, so that he can ascertain whether tomorrow will be cloudy or rainy before hiring his extras.

THEY GO HAND-IN-HAND

Top-drawers and revolvers.
Nursemaids and policemen.
Villains and silver cigaret-cases.
Vampires and clinging gowns.
Politicians and cigars.
Reporters and notebooks.
Ben Turpin and bathing girls.
Goldwyn dramas and concrete stairways.



Doris Kenyon
in "Wild Honey"

In this thrilling "fillum" Doris depicts a little Western flower growing wilder every hour. From where we sit it looks very much as if Doris were deliberately tantalizing the young gentleman in the Wild West costume.

De Luxe Pictures, Inc.
Photoplay

New York City

May 2, 1918

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It has a distinctive therapeutic quality, in addition to its softening and cleansing properties. Its daily use will tone up the skin and keep it in a healthful condition. Begin today to guard and enhance your complexion with Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Buy it in either 50c or \$1.00 Size

There is Beauty in Every Jar



(145)

Ingram's Velvcola Souveraine FACE POWDER

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"Just to show a proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately heightening the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Delicately perfumed. Solid cake. Three shades—Light, Medium and Dark—50c.

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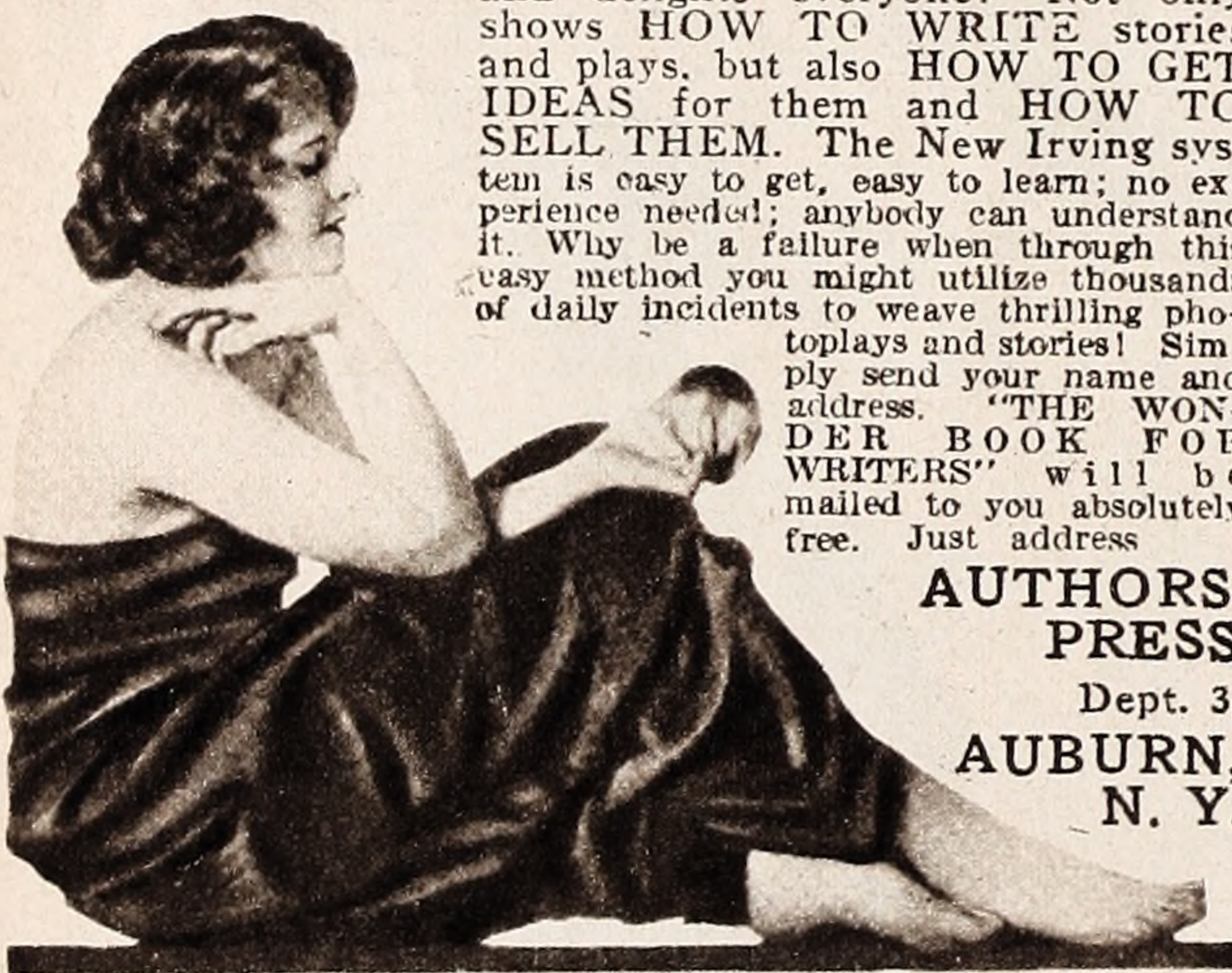
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THE HAWAIIAN INSTITUTE OF MUSIC
1400 Broadway, Suite 804, New York

The Fame and Fortune Beauties

(Continued from page 51)

Miss Ethyle Faunce, of No. 760 Hobart Place, N. W., Washington, D. C. Miss Faunce was born in the capital city. She has light-brown hair, gray eyes and is five feet three inches in height.

The contest has brought forth many interesting angles on national beauty. Texas and the South West seem to be remarkably productive of beauty. The coast has been going remarkably strong. New York, the supposed home and center of national pulchritude, has been barely holding its own.

THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE for May will carry the fifth honor roll, presenting the seven best contestants entering their pictures between February 1st and February 15th. THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC will follow with the honor roll for February 15th to March 1st. This will be continued until the close of the contest.

Here are some important things to note:

If you wish your portrait or portraits returned, enclose the right amount of postage to cover mailing. Attach stamps to pictures with a clip. *Do not place stamps in separate envelope.* These pictures will be returned upon examination by the judges for the monthly honor rolls.

If your pictures were entered before February 1st and you have not won a place on any of the honor rolls, try again. Because you have submitted one or more pictures does not bar you from trying again. The quality of your portrait, weakness of photography, etc., may have had something to do with its failure to win a place.

Try not to send hand-colored portraits. In reality these injure your chances of consideration. The judges prefer to consider all contestants equally. Besides, if a colored picture is selected for the honor roll, it will not reproduce as well in an engraving as an ordinary portrait.

The contest is open to men. This should be repeated, perhaps. Many masculine contestants have appeared, but, we regret to report, their average hasn't nearly approached the so-called weaker sex.

Upon the closing, the final winner will be selected. Undoubtedly he or she, (as the contest is now open to men), will be selected from among the various semi-monthly honor rolls. It is possible that three or four leaders may be chosen and invited to come to New York for test motion pictures, after which the final winner will be decided upon.

It is also possible that a first prize may be awarded to both a man and a woman. This will, however, be decided later, an announcement being made in both THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Since the winner will be named from the various honor rolls, it is important that contestants submit their portrait, or

portraits, at the earliest possible moment thus getting, if possible, an early place on these rolls.

It is important, if you have already won a place on the honor roll, that you submit at least several more pictures to be used later by the judges. In case, contestants should write the words "honor roll" across the face of the entrance coupon which is attached to each portrait. The words should be written in red ink, to be plainly distinguished.

Let us briefly outline the purpose of the contest once more:

The two magazines will give each year's guaranteed publicity to the winner. This will include cover portraits, special interviews, pictures, special articles, etc.—the sort of publicity that could not be purchased at any price. THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will secure an initial position for the winner and other opportunities, if necessary. At the end of two years THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE guarantee that the winner will be known throughout the civilized world.

The Fame and Fortune jury includes Mary Pickford, Thomas Ince, Cecil Mille, Maurice Tourneur, Commodore Stuart Blackton, James Montgomery Flagg, Howard Chandler Christy and Eugene V. Brewster.

The terms of the contest follow:

1. Open to any young woman, or man, 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 CLASSIC or THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, a similar coupon of their own making.
3. Contestants can submit any number of portraits, but upon the back of each must be pasted an entrance coupon.

CLASSIC ENTRANCE COUPON

Contestant No.
(Not to be filled in by contestant)

Name.....
Address.....
.....
.....
Previous stage or screen experience in detail, any
.....
.....
When born.....
Birthplace.....
Eyes (color).....
Hair (color).....
Height.....
Weight.....
Complexion.....

How Seven Evenings' Study Qualified Me for a \$10,000 Position

By F. H. Drummond

A Gripping Success Story That Will Make All Ambitious Men and Women Ask Themselves the Question: "Why Can't I Do the Same?"

I will never forget the words of Charles M. Schwab, the biggest steel manufacturer in the world, who began life as a poor boy at a dollar a day. He said: "Nothing is so plentiful in America as opportunity. There are more jobs or forceful people than there are forceful people to fill them. . . Captains of industry are not hunting money. America is heavy with brains—and faithful, loyal service. No one as a corner on success. It is always up at auction; the one who pays the most for it gets it. Whatever you resolve to be you can be." Emerson tells us that our most important asset is not what we are, but what we are capable of being.

But to go on with my story. I was 18 years of age, living in Farmington, Ill., which at that time was a town of 1,800 inhabitants. I had no trade, no special training for anything, no idea of what I wanted to be in life—except that I wanted to be a success. I took stock of my surroundings. Here I was, in a town of limited opportunity. I had the choice of working in the mines, the mill, one of the general stores, or possibly the bank, as a life respect. Frankly, it didn't appeal to me. I shrank at the thought of living a life that so many people go through in small towns. They get a half-way decent living wage and are content with it. Thousands of them die, never to know the great possibilities they had locked up in themselves.

I deplored the fact that I had no capital to start in business somewhere, not realizing that money is not the only real capital a man should have. I was not alive to the fact that a trained brain and conscience are the true success capital.

And so I asked myself what I could do to prepare myself for a successful business career. Shorthand appealed to me as being the logical study to embrace. This was impressed upon my mind from what I had seen others accomplish through it. Three of our former townsmen—men who are today large figures in business in Detroit and Chicago—struck out for themselves in their youth, after learning shorthand, and through their knowledge of this art made a brilliant success in business.

As I reasoned it, shorthand would, first of all, assure me of a living wage no matter if I made further progress through it or not. On the other hand, I could use it for business no matter how far up the ladder I might go. It would be invaluable in taking down word-for-word conversations over the telephone; jotting down notes of meetings I might be called into; making quick memoranda of the hundred-and-one details that come up daily in business. In short, it would make me a more accurate and a more efficient business man.

As one of them explained it to me, you can be a clerk or bookkeeper all your life and never get anywhere to speak of. With a shorthand writer it is different. You come in direct personal contact with the executives of the business—the men who are conducting it. From them you take dictation of the innermost things in that business and gradually absorb everything in connection with it. In this way you fit yourself to take on more and more responsibility, relieving the heads of the business of details with which you are perfectly familiar. Naturally, you become more and more valuable as your capacity to take

responsibility grows greater, and in this way work yourself up into the business.

I asked the advice of a number of older acquaintances whom I knew were shorthand writers and was encouraged by them to take up its study. The principal drawback seemed to be the time it was necessary to devote to the study in order to become master of its intricacies and a proficient writer. It seemed, however, that this was a necessary evil, and although somewhat discouraged at the prospect, I decided to enroll in the local business college.

While waiting for the new term to open, I chanced upon an advertisement of a shorthand which claimed as its principal merits, simplicity—no shading or position, a limited number of characters and rules to learn—yet absolute adequateness for any purpose for which shorthand could be used. This shorthand had been so arranged in lessons as to make it possible to learn it at home in a comparatively short time—and, as it was clearly stated in the advertisement, that if I was not satisfied with the Course, I could return it without charge to myself, I sent for it.

This was my first step in the right direction. I studied it diligently and within a week had learned all of the characters by heart, and after practicing for a month, felt so thoroughly the master of my newly gained knowledge that I decided to go to Chicago and seek a position immediately.

I felt that placing myself on my own resources in a large city would broaden me and make me a bigger man in every sense. It would call out the biggest things in me—make me rely upon myself and not lean upon friends and acquaintances for assistance and encouragement in business.

I secured a position as stenographer in a publishing house. Six months later I was made head stenographer at \$30 a week. This brought me in frequent contact with the General Manager, who delegated more and more responsibility to me as time wore on.

In a little over a year I was made Office Manager. That was just seven years ago. Today I am Vice-President and General Manager, with a small but growing interest in the business. My salary, with my bonus, netted me slightly in excess of \$10,000 for 1918. In all these years of work in the various departments of the business of which I am now the directing head, I found my knowledge of shorthand to be invaluable and I use it today in many time-saving short-cuts.

It may be of interest to mention here the splendid progress which a younger sister of mine made by learning the same Course which I took. She was a saleswoman in one of the local stores at the time and studied evenings. In three months she secured a position as stenographer in a large Plow factory in Galesburg, Ill. Today she is the secretary to the Vice-President of the Company at a salary of \$125 a month.

And now, as I look back to those days in Farmington, where Father proposed that I take a job as weigher in the mines, I think of the black prospects I had at that time. And I thank my stars that I had the courage of my convictions to prepare myself for something bigger and better—and Paragon Shorthand was the means of helping me make myself.

The story that Mr. Drummond recounts is the story of many of America's greatest business men. If you

have read the stories of the lives of the principal figures in business in this country today, you will have noted that almost invariably their start to fame and fortune was through their ability to write Shorthand. Take such men as Charles M. Schwab, Theodore Roosevelt, Frank C. Vanderlip, George B. Cortelyou, William Loeb, Jr., Edward Bok, and others too numerous to mention, and you will find that Shorthand was the instrument they used in carving out their marvelous careers.

Whether you are on the bottom or the top rung of the ladder, you will find Shorthand a wonderful aid to you in your climb to success. It will unlock the door to Opportunity more quickly than any other study you might undertake. It will prepare you for rapid advancement and groom you for the bigger job that is waiting for you.

The quickest, easiest and most inexpensive way to learn Shorthand is to learn the PARAGON System. You can learn it all in the evenings of a single week at home. It is the simplest, most easily mastered system of Shorthand in existence, totally different from the ponderously technical, involved and intricate old-time systems that require many months of study before they can be put to practical use.

Here, for instance, is a letter that is typical of the experience of thousands of Paragon Shorthand writers:

"Enclosed please find my check for \$5 for the Paragon Shorthand Course. I don't see how you can afford to sell it at such a low figure. I thought it next to impossible (until I tried it) to believe that any system could be so concise, short, simple, easy to learn and remember and still authentic. I compared the knowledge I have attained after but ten evenings' study to that of a student of a commercial school who has been giving his undivided time to it for three months, and candidly, I can write and read much more than he can. The difference in time, expense and the amount to learn is all in favor of Paragon.

A. L. S.,
Savannah, Ga."

Name on request.

You can use Paragon Shorthand for any purpose for which Shorthand can be used—for dictation, taking down telephone messages, speeches, conferences, sermons, lectures, lessons, court testimony—anything and everything. Business men, professional men, students, clergymen and literary folk will find a knowledge of PARAGON Shorthand a great help to them. Fathers and mothers could give their sons and daughters nothing that would help them more quickly to be self-supporting than this simple Course of Paragon Shorthand. It is used in the largest corporations. Paragon is taught in Public and High Schools and Business Colleges in many of the largest cities.

For 25 years the Author has taught PARAGON Shorthand by mail, with examinations, at the regular fee of \$25. He teaches it today in the classes of the Paragon Institute, one of the largest educational institutions of its kind in America, at a regular tuition fee of \$50. In order that this valuable knowledge may be brought within the reach of everybody, the Author has arranged the Complete Course in two Volumes, with an ingenious self-examination method that enables everyone to learn PARAGON easily and quickly in the privacy of their own homes. This Course is identical in every respect with the one always taught by the Author by correspondence for \$25, and the one taught in the Paragon Institute for \$50.

To give everyone an opportunity to satisfy themselves of the amazing simplicity of PARAGON Shorthand and its adequacy for all purposes, the Paragon Institute Home Study Department will gladly send you the Complete Course of Seven Lessons on seven days free trial, to use just as if it were your own. You are not required to pay a penny in advance. You obligate yourself in no way whatever. If, after giving it careful study, you are not perfectly satisfied, simply re-mail the Course to the Institute and you will owe nothing. If you decide to keep it, send us a check or money order for \$5.

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601 Broad St., Suite 347
NEWARK, N. J.



Motion Picture
Classic, 4-19

You may send me the Complete Course of Paragon Shorthand with the distinct understanding that I have 7 days after its receipt to either re-mail the Course to you or send you \$5.00.

Name.....

Address.....

The World to Live In

(Continued from page 30)

The big hands of the doctor knotted. "My God!" he spoke fiercely. "To think you should expose yourself to such things! It's monstrous—it's unthinkable! Any drunken scoundrel can insult you——"

"Oh, no!" Rita's voice was ironic. "Not *any* scoundrel, Doctor Varian—only those who have at least a million. I am very exclusive in the matter of insults, you see!"

Standing there in the soft spring moonlight, she looked very small, very helpless and fragile and alone. And seeing her so, the doctor forgot all his braggart resolutions and caught her two small, cold hands in his own. "Rita, Rita," he begged her, "I never meant to speak of my love again, after that time you told me you couldn't afford to love, but I can't stand by and see you fling the youth of you and the beauty of you and the wonderfulness of you recklessly away! I tell you I know you better than you know yourself. I know it isn't the real you that wants these pitiful things—excitement, good times, money, admiration. You're pure gold underneath——"

"I am—nothing underneath," Rita Charles said, wearily. "I'm a hollow sham. I'm not good, I'm not bad—yet. I'm just a tin-panner, that's all. And I'm not worth your loving, Doctor Varian."

She slipped from him and ran up the steps, turning in the doorway. "I forgot to tell you I'm going to Atlantic City tomorrow—a belated vacation. You may think of me—if you choose to think of me at all—as sporting in the waves in a midnight blue satin bathing-suit! It's a very becoming suit—if you happen to think of me! Good-night, doctor, and good-by!"

In her own room she stood a long while gazing into her mirror thoughtfully. "It won't do." She shook her head. "Imagine me married to a poor man, wearing cotton stockings, and seconds at that, buying beef for stewing, scraping and scrimping and growing scrawny and slatternly. Remember, Rita, my girl, *it won't do!*"

The first few days at Atlantic City slid by eventlessly.

And then, on the fourth evening of her vacation, she entered the sun-parlor of her hotel and came upon Harrison Chalvey himself, evidently waiting for her.

"You!" she gasped, taken off her guard for the moment. "Why, I thought you were in Newport——"

"Thought so myself," he assured her cheerfully. "But you see, there's a reason why I'm here instead. And you're the reason, Rita."

She felt her knees trembling, and sank down on the piano bench, fingers fumbling among the keys. As tho at a great distance she heard him speaking the words which meant an open sesame to her dreams. At the same great distance

she heard her own voice make incredulous reply:

"Let me think it over till tomorrow night—you have taken me very much surprise! I must be sure—sure——"

Late that night she lay sleepless, sinking into the darkness, and suddenly laughed aloud, remembering the ludicrous surprise of Chalvey's face when she saw him. Perhaps after all it had been a wise thing not to jump at his proposal, but why, *why* had she hesitated?

"I am a fool, but I've got to see it again," she said presently and, reaching up, she switched on the light and found a telegraph blank in the desk drawer. She scribbled a hasty message, rang for the maid, and handed it to her with directions that it should be sent at once. Then, wide-eyed and quivering, she stretched herself on the bed and waited for the dawn.

She was her usual controlled self when she met Doctor Varian the next afternoon. "I sent for you," she told him, and they walked along the beach in the teeth of a brisk wind, "to make you despise me."

His eyes rested gravely on her vivid face. "Then," he said, quietly, "you have set yourself a difficult task."

She set her teeth hard on her quivering lip. Her voice was hard. "I've got to do it, because your loving me stands in the way of what I mean to do. I want to marry for money—I want luxury and ease and softness. I want silken clothes for my body and expensive food and servants to wait on me, but you see——"

Her voice broke over a sob.

"Yes," he prompted, gently, "yes, Rita?"

"But you see, ridiculous as it is, I love you." She shrank from the joy of his lean, good face. "No, no! Don't look at me that way—you don't understand——"

The words died on her lips as she looked up, to see Harrison Chalvey coming toward them along the boardwalk. The meeting was brief, a hurried introduction, a distrustful look exchanged between the two men, a touching of hands, and they had passed on.

"Who was that man, Rita?" Doctor Varian asked. She met his eyes deliberately.

"The man I am going to marry." She saw him wince from the words, tho they had been a whiplash, and hurried on before she should lose her courage. "I love you—and I am going to marry *him*. Now do you understand what sort of a woman I am? Ah, yes, do! I said I was going to make you despise me—and I *have, I have!*"

Shimmer of satin gown, shimmer of satin skin, Rita Charles stood in the lounge that evening waiting for Harrison Chalvey. It was already five minutes after the appointed time when a pale, screaming her name thru the curious crowd, handed her a note. With a sense of disaster clutching at her heart, she



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opened it and read the few curt lines within:

"Dear Rita—The wind was the wrong way this afternoon, and I heard what you said to that man. I guess I've had my answer, whether it's the one you intended to give me or not. Maybe it seems queer, but it wasn't just what I wanted—but your love, too. Good-by. H. C."

T. J. Olverson, Junior, flabby, faintly purpled, as ever, found her staring down at a crumpled sheet of paper, a serious, mirthless smile twisting the beautiful scarlet mouth. "I'm in luck!" he wheezed. "Never dreamed of finding you here. What d'you say to a little ride and a bite of supper at a nice place you know, eh, girlie? How's that listen to you?"

She looked up at him with sudden recklessness, tho her eyes did not match her laugh. "Why not?" she cried defiantly. "After all, what's the odds? I'll get what I can out of life anyway!"

It was late the next afternoon when Doctor Varian knocked at the door of Mrs. Potts' third-floor-back room and, without waiting for an answer, opened it, stepped inside and closed it behind him. The limp huddle on the bed stirred and lifted a face that brought a shocked exclamation to his lips.

"Rita! My poor girl——"

Rita Charles dragged herself to her feet and faced him, pushing back her disheveled hair with a sickly, hopeless gesture. Her face was ghastly, blotched with weeping, twisted and drawn out of all semblance of its old nonchalant beauty.

"Wait!" she told him, harshly; "wait! You may not have seen the evening papers, so I'll tell you. Last night—the man I said I was going to marry turned me down—and I went to a roadhouse with another man. We—were dining in a—a private room and there was a—a raid. It seems his—his wife had been trying to get evidence for a divorce for some time, so she hired detectives——" She began to laugh monotonously. "It was rather—horrid! And so you—see—I'm not going to be married after all—I'm going to be a co-respondent——"

She staggered, and would have fallen but for his arm about her.

"Dont, Rita!" begged the doctor. "Listen, dear, I know all about it! I didn't come home yesterday afternoon. I—well, I sort of hung around in case you should need me. And about midnight I saw that befuddled scoundrel tumble out of his car with your coat across his arm. I got the whole story out of him—as well as he could tell it—and the upshot of it was I persuaded him"—she felt the muscles of his arm tauten under her close-pressed cheek, but his tone was cheerfully matter-of-fact—"I persuaded him to keep your name out of the case. So you see no one will ever know anything about it——"

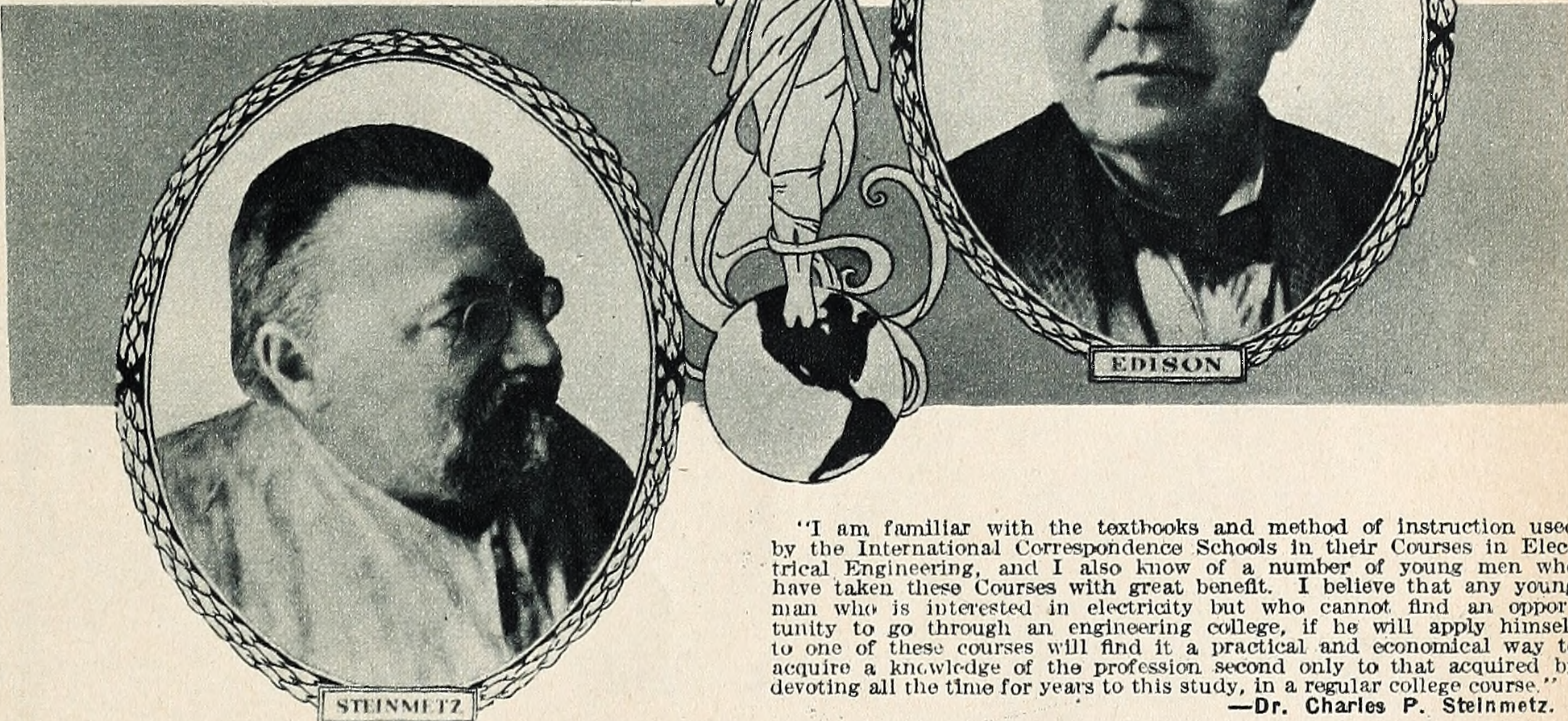
She spoke in a small, smothered voice. "But—you know——"

"Oh, I!" said Doctor Varian. "I dont

(Continued on page 79)

(Sixty five)

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—Thomas A. Edison.



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So he said, "I will turn that moisture to steam, then explode it. Thus I will burst every food cell so digestion can instantly act."

It Took Years But He Did It

He finally solved the problem by sealing the grains in huge guns. Then he revolved the guns for one hour in 550 degrees of heat.

When he shot the guns every food cell exploded. About 125 million steam explosions occurred in every kernel.

Airy, Flaky Bubbles

The grains came out shaped as they grew, but puffed to bubbles, eight times normal size.

The fearful heat created a toasted nut flavor.

The explosions created flimsy morsels, which melted away at a touch.

He had what is recognized everywhere now as the most delicious wheat food in the world.

But above all it was a whole grain made wholly digestible. Every food cell was broken, and that never before was done.

He applied the same method to rice. Then to pellets of hominy, and created Corn Puffs.

Now there are three Puffed Grains, each with its own delights. And happy children are now getting about two million dishes daily.

Don't let your children miss their share.

Keep all three kinds on hand.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice
and Corn Puffs
Each 15c Except in Far West

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(3034)

Greased Lightning

(Continued from page 42)

Fletcher. To Andy there seemed to be only one good and sufficient reason why any one should remain in Pipersville. That reason was Alice Flint. Mr. Flint further complicated matters by taking a liking to the suave young gentleman from New York. The final outrage was that Armitage possessed a perfectly good, perfectly new and shiny and wholly adequate racing car. There seemed times innumerable when Andy Fletcher, working at his smithy, looked up to rub the dust from his eyes, to see Armitage and Alice spinning down the road. Outside the shop "Greased Lightning" stood, disconsolate.

It finally transpired that Armitage was in Pipersville for purposes of a race meet. Where once Andy had advertised the demonstration of the potato slicer, Alden J. Armitage advertised the race meet, with an offer of \$200 for the winner of the five-mile auto race.

Andy read the elaborate posters and looked grim. That night he overhauled "Greased Lightning." The inventor worked; the lovelorn youth was forgotten. Night slipped from him and day rose up, red-bannered and triumphant. Andy Fletcher rose up, too, red-visaged and triumphant. "Guess you'll go now!" he said, fiercely, to the nude, stripped-looking vehicle before him. "Aint much but go to you!"

All Pipersville overhauled their various flivvers for the great meet. Mostly, they painted and varnished, or, among the more light-minded, adorned them with floral wreaths and drapings. Alden J. Armitage had told them that the meet would "boom" Pipersville. "It's what you folks have needed," he told them, "what you've had to have—your town'll be a big burg after this. It'll be in all the papers."

It was in all the papers, but not just in the way Alden J. Armitage had led the trusting villagers to believe. Still more, Andy Fletcher was in them, but not at all in the way he had led himself to believe.

The day of the meet had dawned, golden and clear. At one the entire population of Pipersville turned out upon the ball-grounds, from which the competing cars were to start and to which they were to return. The entire population, with the exceptions of such personages as Laban Flint, the postmaster and the express agent. Alice Flint was there, however, roseate in the eyes of Andy Fletcher. Alden J. Armitage appeared for a brief instant, and in another briefer instant disappeared.

The cars started from scratch bravely, ribbons flying, futile flowers dropping—all the cars saving only "Greased Lightning." That stood mulishly still. Andy, very red, tinkered desperately and in vain. The people on the grandstand laughed. Alice Flint felt her eyes welling with tears. The mothering feeling came back to her again. She had never felt that way about Alden J. Andy must

(Sixty-six)

ave worked so hard, too . . . it was a shame . . . "Greased Lightning" looked shamed of its own ugliness. Andy had admitted the stark ugliness, but had said that "Greased Lightning" was "stripped for action." He had added, further, that there was "nothin' but go to her!" There seemed to be none of that comnodity at all. The people roared. They houted such pleasantries as that "Fletcher was winnin', by gum!" "Go back to your anvil, Andy!" and other witticisms. Andy grew red to the point of being perfectly unbelievable. Both he and "Greased Lightning" were painful to behold.

The competing cars came back, one Timothy T. Tidwell, butcher, proud and boisterous winner. There was no sign of Alden J. Armitage. No sign of the maledictorian two hundred. There came only the bedraggled spectacle of Pipersville's one plutocrat dragging his apparently mutilated person across the ballfield. Pipersville gasped and was still. This was a day of strangeness. Cars that were stripped for action, but would not run, prizes that were won but not donated, plutocrats who came before the populace in rags and bleeding. Only Alice detached herself and ran to meet the battered specimen, who was her choleric parent. Alice . . . and Andy . . . fearful of her fear.

Laban Flint was badly mused up, but quite venomously coherent. He informed his daughter, Andy and his townspeople, collectively, that Alden J. Armitage and a "gang" had attacked him, rendered him "insensible and as you see me, sirs," and was even now fleeing the spot in the much-admired roadster.

Andy heard no more. He fled back to "Greased Lightning." He called "Greased Lightning" names. He exhorted her. He apostrophized her. He swore and prayed at her. All at once she gave a frightful snort. She jumped, she leaped, she seemed to live, and all that Pipersville could see of Andy Fletcher was a whirling spiral of dust.

Pipersville cheered. Alice caved in. "I knew he'd do it," she said.

Such were the details that got into the paper. Andy Fletcher found himself chronicled as the famous Village Blacksmith. He became a figure of romance. He had not only captured a notorious gang and the leader thereof, known in less exclusive circles as Black Peter, but he had won a race, broken a speed record, captured the girl of his heart.

Laban Flint was properly appreciative. He presented Andy with a factory-made machine, shining to the eye. He winked prodigiously when he made the presentation. "It's a weddin' present," he said.

Andy and Alice retreated to the old barn. They kist. "You wanted a fellow with a car," reminded Andy.

"I've—I've learnt since then. He—that man—I found out that a car doesn't make any difference after all. Nothing does—except—"

She laid her soft cheek on his. She flushed. "I—" she began, then valorously, "I dont care a bit about the car," she said, "with . . . you . . ."

(Sixty-seven)



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The Purple and Gold Darmond

(Continued from page 33)

simple little scenes—just entrances and exits. Once the action was interrupted by a laugh from the assistant director. "What is it?" asked Director Hampton.

"What's the matter?" said the star. The assistant explained: "You have your hand out of the window, and it is supposed to be down; you can see the sash!"

The scene was, of course, retaken. The picture has not, at this writing, been named, but it is from a scenario by William Parker, and the cast includes Forrest Stanley, Wilfred Lucas and Charles Clary. It is directed by Jess Hampton, the head of the company.

Grace Darmond was born in Toronto, Canada. Her father was a concert violinist. After his death, she and her mother went to Chicago, where a friend, a scenario writer, gave her an introduction to the Selig company. Her first picture was a comedy, "When the Clock Went Wrong."

"I was the most disappointed person in the world when I saw it," she said. "Not because I looked so bad, I didn't, but because I could not see myself at all. I played an important part, too—it was really the lead—but I didn't know how to 'play to the camera,' so all anyone could see of me was the back of my head or my heels."

After about six months with Selig she went to Vitagraph. Her worst difficulty at that time was in overcoming a curious little mannerism she had, "a way," she said, "of twisting my lip; it looked dreadful on the screen!"

Some of her pictures which come readily to mind are "The House of a Thousand Candles," "The Millionaire Baby," "A Texas Steer" and, more recently, "The Man Who Came Back" and "An American Ace," with Earle Williams. The latter is her favorite picture. She paid an earnest tribute to its director. "I've had more help and encouragement from James Young than from any other director I've ever worked for."

It is said of Mr. Young that he grows very much excited when things go wrong and is even likely to throw a new hat on the ground and stamp on it.

"He doesn't do that any more," said Grace Darmond. "He told me that he realized how much he had been harming himself and intended to take things calmly from now on!"

She has not been long enough with Director Hampton to become familiar with his methods. "He seems to be very quiet," she said, "and just as kind as can be!"

Again, during a pause in a scene, her eye fell on the long line of buttons on her tunic, and she began counting, "Roman, poor man—"

"What is it to be?" I called at the end, and she called back, laughing, "doctor!"

She is twenty years old, likes ham and
(Continued on page 70)

(Sixty-eight)

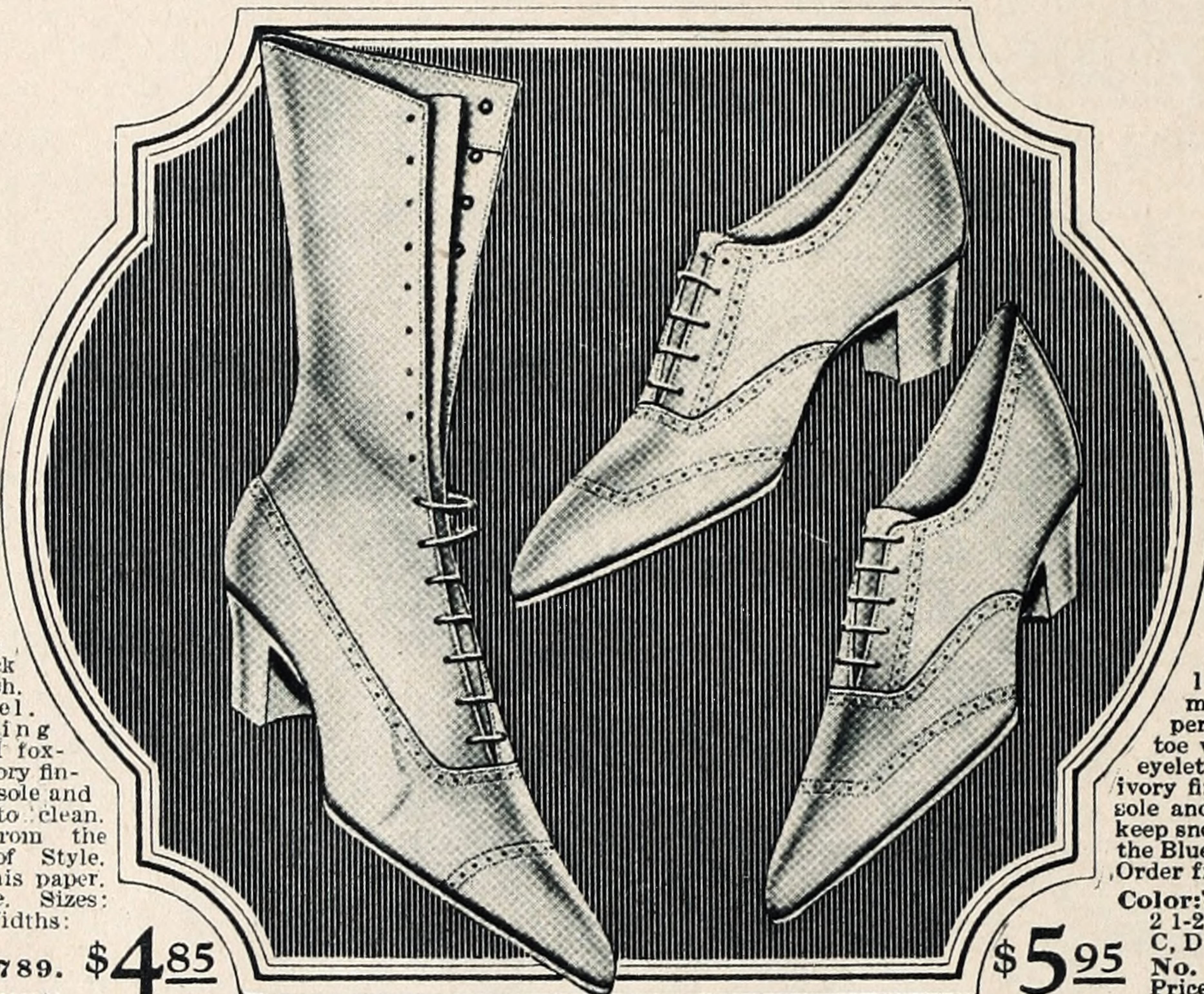
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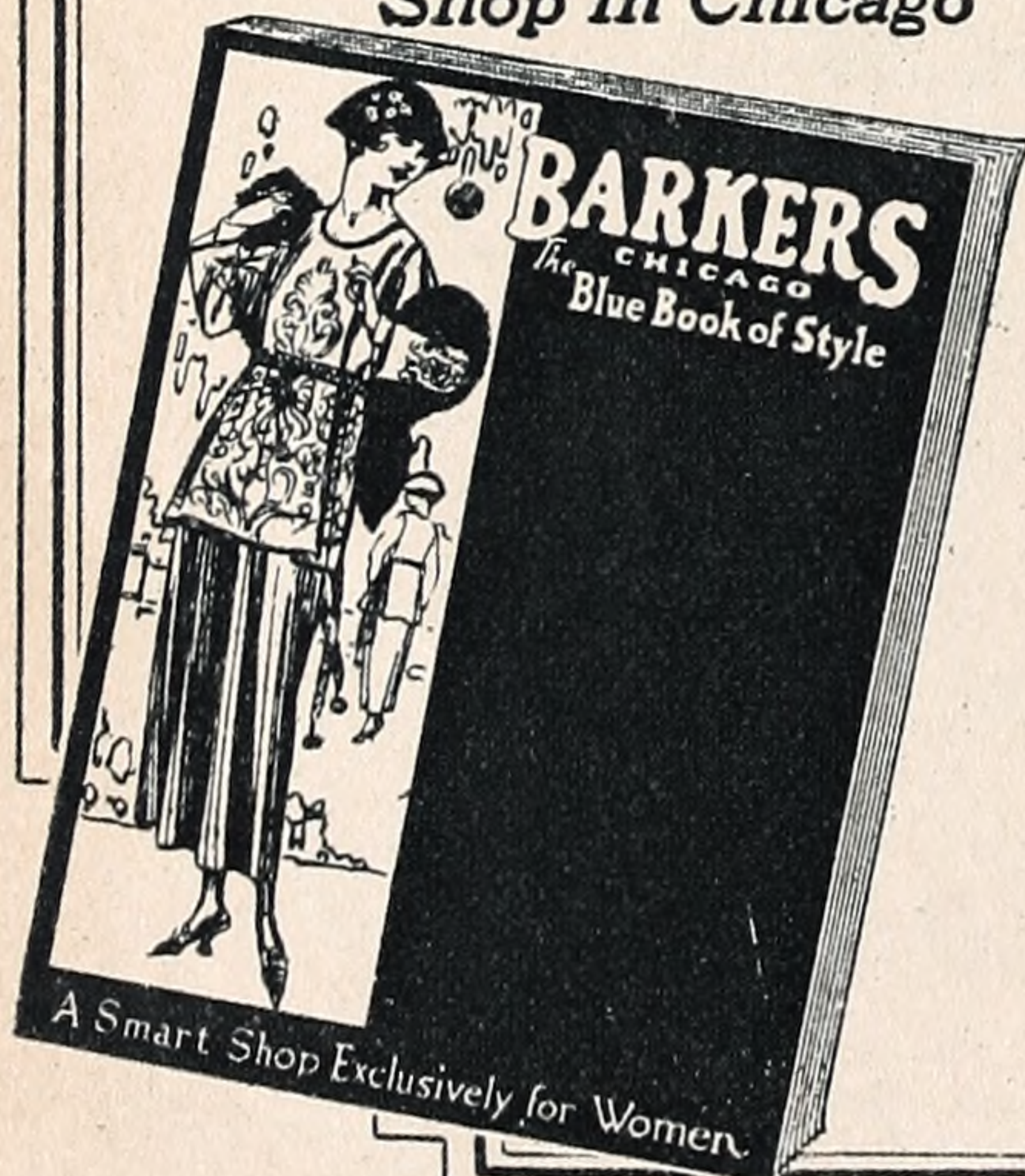
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Tea He! (Continued from page 31)

It was rather strenuous, however. Quite often I'd start the night in one town and finish it in another. After that I had Laurie in "Little Women." Enjoyed that immensely. Oh, yes, the little matter of the name. I finally decided that it would be rather nice to have a handle somewhat pronounceable. More convenient and all that. So you'd know yourself when you heard yourself called. And yet I didn't want to go too far afield. After sleepless nights I decided on a mere separation of the name already known—take the "G" from "sell," and there you have it—Henry G. Sell! Thus I shall be known in future. Only professionally, of course. What could be simpler?

INQUISITOR—What could be? (Pause during which Victim lights an accomplished cigaret to the flicker of the Sedulous Waiter's match.) I suspect you of a sense of humor . . .

HENRY G. S.—Is that a lead? Good enough! Well, your suspicion is correct—I hope. A person without a sense of humor is like fizz-water without the fizz. A sense of humor is the only difference between your optimist and your pessimist. Mine must have developed in my first early youth, because, in high school, I used to consume my midday "ham and eggs" straddling a tombstone in a yewful cemetery. Can't you just see me dangling my agile limbs against some mouldering "Here lies"? I enjoyed it greatly.

(Inquisitor shudders appropriately.)
INQUISITOR (shudders subsiding)—I suppose you like serials . . . and Pearl White . . . an' a' that?

HENRY G. S.—I do, indeed. Especially Miss White. She is a peach to work with—unspoiled absolutely and the best ever! As for serials, I know some people disparage them, even laugh at them, but, to my mind, the most important thing in the theatrical game is to keep working. If you do, steadily and without breaks, you're bound to keep working up. The second most important thing is publicity. Serials are the best little publicity-givers ever. So I'm not planning any definite moves . . . just keeping on . . . and enjoying it hugely.

INQUISITOR (splashing about in the orange pekoe)—Er . . . not forbidden suits, I hope, but . . . er . . . marriage . . . home life . . .

HENRY G. S. (cheerily)—Not in the least. You may say that I am not married with perfect safety—even with perfect truth. You may also say that I am going to be some day, I hope. I don't care about going all thru life as the gay bachelor lad. As for home—three rooms in the thirties, wherein I do all the most approved bachelorsque things. I have one especial hobby—reading Oscar Wilde's "Dorian Grey." I generally read it in bed, with a light, specially adjusted for that purpose, winking down upon me. I am a great admirer of Wilde and particularly of "Dorian Grey." I suppose this is a dangerous admission.

INQUISITOR (coolly)—And the silver-

(Sixty-nine)

framed pictures . . . now tell me . . . what of those?

HENRY G. S.—I've only one silver-framed photo in my rooms . . .

INQUISITOR (with knowing look)—And that?

HENRY G. S.—My mother's!

(A clock strikes five. There is a buzz of new arrivals. Inquisitor and Victim rise under the hovering ministrations of the Sedulous Waiter. New arrivals nudge one another, and there is an undercurrent of mingling voices, saying, "Henry Gsell . . . Pathé serials . . . last week . . . I saw . . ."

Victim gives a deprecatory smile. Responsively the remote orchestra breaks into "Smiles." Inquisitor and Victim make their way out among the tables and palms. Near the exit the Victim bends over to the Inquisitor. There is a mischievous look upon his face.)

VICTIM (speaking of the photographs)—I said only one silver-framed one. (Speaks with great meaning. Cocks one eye.)

INQUISITOR (plainly inarticulate)—Oh-h-h! Ah-h-h!

(As they disappear from view she bends into a veritable interrogation mark, with a whole battalion of inquiries in her eyes. Henry G. Sell is still smiling, hat in hand.)

CURTAIN

Gossip of the Pacific Coast

(Continued from page 54)

for a double, but so far nobody has just been able to come across with that perfectly good Julian air-sniffer.

Thurston Hall has always made a great hit with Morosco Theater audiences, and since last summer he's been in demand at the studios also, having returned to films after a time spent solely on the stage. Mr. Hall is to support Prissy Dean in "Raggedy Ann" this time.

Ruth Clifford actually lost ten pounds during her flu incarceration. She says she gained back six of 'em as soon as she returned to Universal and began to toy with the cafeteria "eats" there. Ruth is usually very happy, but tire troubles with her Oldsmobile have been so frequent and distressing that even her hair has gone off on strike and kinks rebelliously, she says.

Enid Bennett is doing a "snografer" rôle in a newspaper play written by C. Gardner Sullivan, who is a former newspaper man. To see Enid chase the alphabet all over the lot—beg pardon!—typewriter, is very diverting.

Edwin Stevens, who delighted audiences at the Orpheum not long ago, and who is one of the veteran comedians, dancers and comic opera "headlights," is now supporting Dorothy Dalton. The strange part is that Mr. Stevens must dissemble and pretend to know nothing about dancing, and Dorothy is teaching him the fox-trot in her new picture.

Blanche Sweet was seen coming out of Frederick's Beauty Parlor the other day, wearing a smile, a gray squirrel cape and a tiny toque.

Mitchell Lewis is now a Select star and has completed arrangements to visit the snow country around Truckee for the filming of scenes in a picture which will be of "The Barrier" type. Mr. Lewis is one of the few stars who can boast of a downtown office, but he is associated with his brother in a business way and spends odd moments right near Fourth and Broadway, entertaining business or social visitors at the handy offices.

(Continued on page 72)



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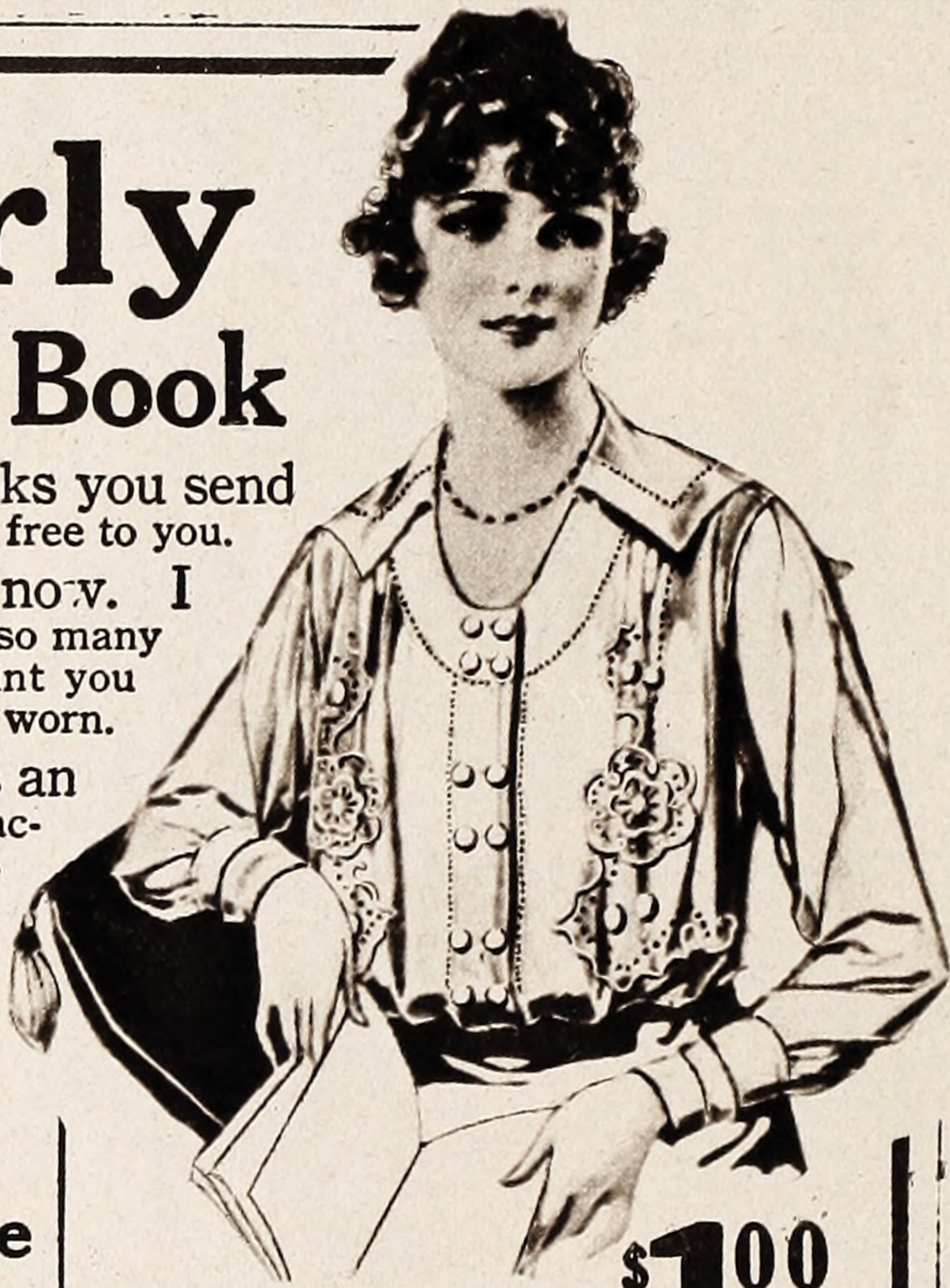
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Dorothy, Alan and Gwen (Continued from page 35)

able to stay in one place, and no moth wants to travel about, facing footligh

Alan Holubar was born in San Francisco in 1889, so he is just a few years his wife's senior.

Miss Phillips played some victrola records of which she is especially fond. "You see, I became accustomed to music at the studio. While I don't always allow music while I act—for instance, strong emotional parts I need without erratic, exciting music. In sad rôles I want something like the Chopin 'Beethoven' or E-flat nocturne, or one of Nevin's tender, pathetic little songs. But there are some straight parts which require so much thought for their working out, so much detail work and not strong emotions, that I would be distracted if I heard any music. I just can't help listening when I hear music, I love it so. My attention would be diverted from a serious portrayal if I heard something either wildly exhilarating or sentimental. I believe that music is always necessary to spur on the emotions, to bring about moods. At least, that is how it affects me."

And every day winds up with a real truly tea-party on the lawn, where Miss Phillips' hand-crocheted table-cover graces a portable table, and where Gwendolyn has a little picnic table right close to "mother dear." And there's nothing in this whole world that Dorothy Phillips undertakes which does not in some way include a thought of love for her baby.

"And will Gwendolyn act some of these days?"

"That's up to her, in slang parlance," laughed Miss Phillips, happily. "She never has, of course, and we do not take her to the studio. We have a very fine housekeeper, who looks after the baby while we are away, and we are letting Gwen have a normal, healthy development. If the germ which has bitten her doting daddy and myself should one day inoculate her, she won't be held back from us, but we are planning that she should have a splendid education, that if she should pass out she will be provided for, and that she's to be so sensibly brought up that she won't become selfish or extravagant. I do believe that we three are the happiest people in the world!"

The Purple and Gold Darmond (Continued from page 68)

cabbage and, when she was a little girl her pet ambition was to be a milliner. Her contract is with the J. D. Hampton Productions Company.

I almost forgot to say that she has bought a gorgeous new car, which, just now, she loves to talk about to her friends who have cars that "can't be beaten."

"Some day when you come to see me," she said, "I may be showing off a new airplane; who knows?"

A Dozen Chaplins, and They Are All Charlie

(Continued from page 19)

...al worker. Sometimes he will re-
...e a scene ten times and "take it"
...y times over.

I could not be truthfully said that he
...s; he leads. Usually he shows

...member of the cast how to do his

...The actors of the company always

...him. Charlie is a splendid fellow.

...ets the name of being a miser be-
...he does not follow the usual actor

...od of calling in the neighbors to
...him dispense his charities. His

...ities are offered with the shy timid-
...f a child holding out a cookie.

...The fact is, Charlie knows very little
...of his own or anybody else's money

...ers. He couldn't buy a bag of pea-
...without being cheated in the proc-
...His brother Syd invests all his

...y, and a very shrewd investor is
...ey.

...Sometimes Charlie has a whole twenty-
...r bill in his pocket, and he feels a

...l's delight in it. He weighs it around
...crinkles it up and shows it to his

...eds.

...late years Charlie has been in-
...ged into "stepping around in society."

...There is a peculiar charm to social
...ions in Los Angeles. Probably no-

...one in the world do so many great
...erities make their home. To a sort

...ree-and-easy Western air is added
...s charm of individual distinction.

...Charlie would choke to death trying to
...he the air of a stiffer and more

...al society, but he finds a charming
...nionship in a certain circle of well-

...Los Angeles people who welcome
...He doesn't have to pose; he can be

...mple, genuine self.

...The truth is, Chaplin is so shy that in
...arlier days in Los Angeles he used

...wait in his hotel room until a bell-boy
...reported that the barroom was

...y, when Charles would take a long
...ace and slide down for a glass of ale

...e anybody could find him. If any
...interrupted him in his solitary liba-

...he turned and scuttled out like an
...itted crab.

...Even today, when you first meet Chap-
...e is painfully bashful. The simplest

...conventions seem to be anguish to
...I once saw him left alone in a

...with a man to whom he had not
...een introduced. He looked around

...ch a wild and alarmed way that I
...ght he was going to leap out of the

...row to escape. But when he is sure
...ce is broken he is a charming com-

...ron. He has read a good deal and he
...found some quaint angles to all of

...eading.

...When you can turn the conversation
...s own early struggles you are sure

...golden hour.

...One night at dinner a prominent so-
...t woman in Los Angeles was trying

...at Chaplin at his ease by talking of
...own days of poverty.

...ou dont know anything about pov-
...y" she said to him. "Why, when I

that I used to get up before daybreak to
scrub off the front doorstep so that the
neighbors would not know that we did
not keep a servant."

"My God!" said Chaplin, wringing his
hands in mock wonderment; "imagine
having a doorstep!"

When Charlie finds a congenial soul,
all sense of time, place and circumstance
are forgotten.

Not long ago Chaplin met a young
English author and his wife. They took
a great fancy to each other. They all
had dinner together and they spent the
evening together. When at one o'clock
the café closed, Charlie went out to the
author's home and stayed until four
o'clock in the morning, talking of books
and music.

At an evening party not long ago one
of Chaplin's friends told him how her
little boy had cried because he could not
come also and see the adored comedian.
His sympathetic heart touched, Charlie
insisted upon calling a taxicab and they
went out to the friend's house. There in
the nursery they found a little tear-
stained face upon the pillow. The baby
had cried himself to sleep.

Can you imagine where heaven was
that night, when the kiddie waked and
found Charlie Chaplin sitting on the side
of his bed? For an hour Charlie sat
there telling him stories. To the rage of
the distant hostess, who lost her star
guest, Charlie forgot all about the party
and did not go back.

There is another social circle of which
Charlie is more afraid than he is afraid
of ghosts. They caught him just once,
never again.

It is a high-brow circle headed by a
motion picture director's wife. She is a
culturine expert of illustrious and high
degree. She has salons at which every-
body soars. None of them know exactly
what they are talking about, but that is a
detail. Charlie sat frozen to his seat.
Ever since then, on occasion, he has been
giving the most excruciatingly funny imi-
tations of the people he saw there. There
is no Chaplin picture on the screen as
funny as Charlie's take-off of the lady
who quoted Bergson. If she ever sees it
there will be a murder.

Every Tuesday night Charlie is a
prize-fight fan. Just beyond the edge of
the city there is a little factory town
named Vernon, where sports flourish.
There are two or three roadhouses
where the one-step is propagated. There
is Jack Doyle's fight arena, where the
fistic art is cultivated. Almost every big
movie star in the business is to be seen
at the ringside every Tuesday night.
Charlie rents two ringside seats by the
year. Near him sits Douglas Fairbanks.

When she is in California, Mrs. Ver-
non Castle has the ringside seats next to
Chaplin's. It is an eminently respectable
place, attended by almost as many women
as men. It is more fun to watch Chaplin
at a fight than it is to watch the fight.

(Continued on page 80)



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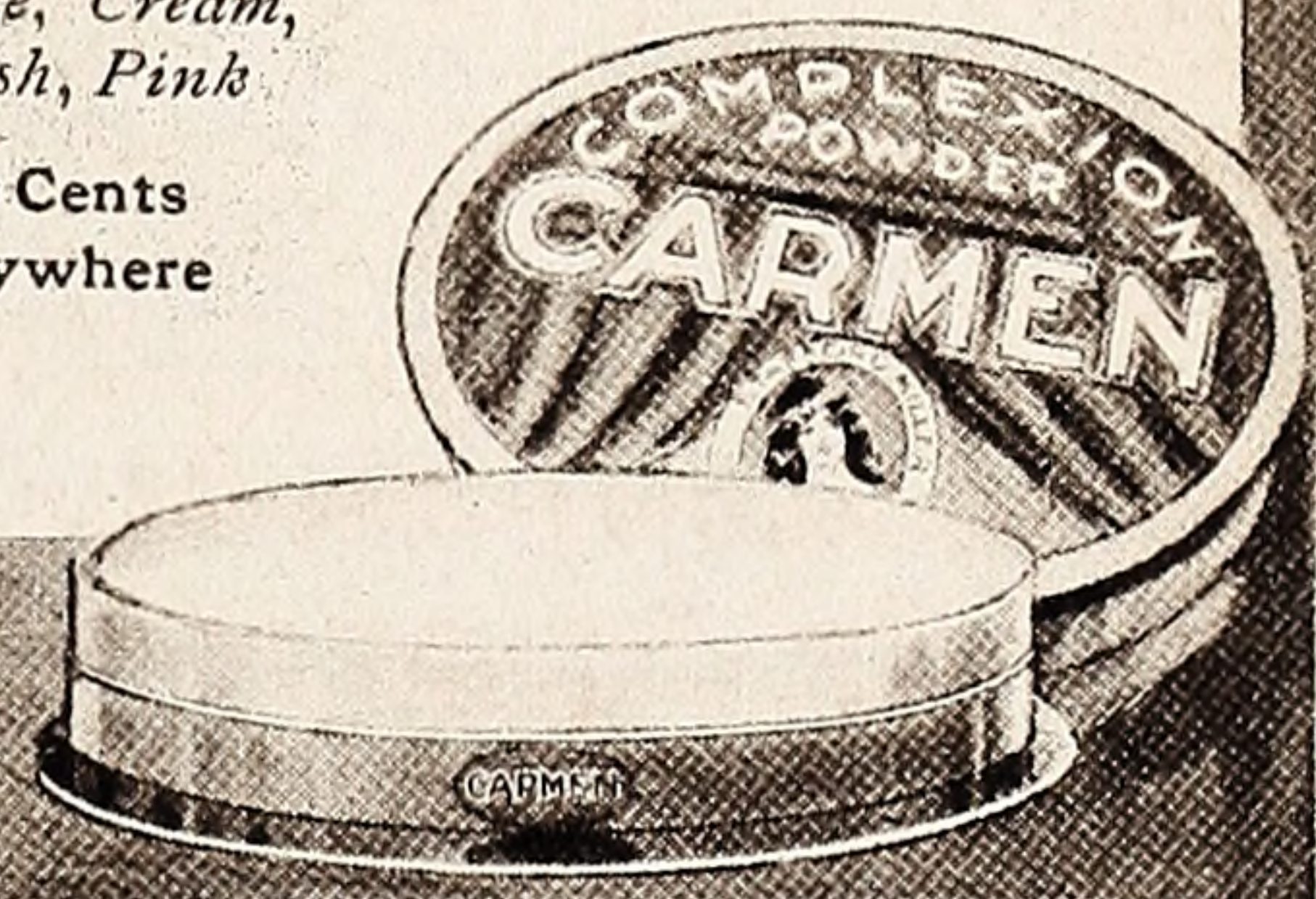
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Herbert Rawlinson, Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, Lieut. Lawrence Grossmith, Sallie Clifton and Sylvia Breamer snapped between scenes during the filming of Commodore Blackton's "A House Divided"

Gossip of the Pacific Coast

(Continued from page 69)

Hobart Bosworth is doing a two weeks' turn on the local Orpheum, starring in "The Sea Wolf." All the photoplayers colony rush to see him, and he's been deluged with flowers nightly.

Since Mildred Harris is to return to the screen, Miss Weber will not direct Anita Stewart's next picture. It seems that Mrs. Charles Chaplin thinks nobody can direct her but Lois Weber, and Miss Weber is tremendously enthusiastic about Mrs. Chaplin's possibilities, so the change has come about. This really puts Lois Weber again under the Universal banner, and it's rumored seriously that Micky Neilan is engaged to direct Anita.

Sid Franklin, who directed "The Heart of Wetona" for Norma Talmadge, is directing Mary Pickford in "Daddy Long Legs." Miss Pickford returned to the studio the last week in January, after quite a vacation at home, enforced by quarantine and flu. The first day she came back the whole company "poodled" Little Mary and insisted on waiting on her as if she were a newly hatched chick. She did look a bit frail after that sick spell, and they're giving her lots of lacteal fluid to bring back the rosy cheeks. Did you ever stop to think that a star may not allow herself to be sunburned? Mary wears thick gloves when lurching, for if her hands suddenly photographed dark because of sunburn, the picture would be ruined.

Anna Nilsson has been at Truckee, for she's featured in "The Way of the Strong" and surrounded by a strong cast, including Joe King, Harry Northrup, Irene Yeager and directed by Edwin Carewe. Anna recently slipped over an eighteen-foot snowbank and had to be hauled back by ropes tied about her waist. There's one beautiful thing about it, Miss Nilsson was born in Sweden, land of the ice and snow, so she didn't mind the toboggan act.

Dorothy Phillips nursed Allen J. Holubar while on their way back from New York, and so contracted influenza herself. When the train arrived in Los Angeles, Dorothy was as sick as her husband, and both were taken home and put in charge of trained nurses. They are both working again now, however.

Nigel Barrie, who before the war was in pictures, supporting Marguerite Clark and Clara Kimball Young, and who has been a lieutenant in the Royal Air Forces, has ar-

rived in Los Angeles to support beautiful Alma Rubens. They are doing "Diana of the Green Van" under the direction of W. Worsley. Mr. Barrie was an aviation instructor in Toronto, Canada.

A joke was played on Viola Dana but the little lady came back with a strong one still. It seems that one of her intimates gave her a telephone number one day, saying, "Vi, if you ever get stuck for a car, call the Phoenix Garage, you can get a machine there day or night, and they're mighty ready people to deal with."

Some weeks later, Miss Dana was intended to remain at home with her mother, at Hollywood, the new Hollywood home, and dispatched her chauffeur for the evening. Later, she remembered an errand in town which must be done at once, so called up the number by her friend and asked for a taxi. A laudatory response told her that she had called up the Hollywood Fire Department. Well, Viola was off and remembered that her friend had promised something nice coming to her.

Next time Violet drove to town in her friend's car, the auto got stalled, and Miss Dana offered to get out and call a garage. Instead, she nabbed the nearest copper and found him her friend was blocking the highway. Of course, her friend was "tagged" and Miss Dana disappeared promptly and rode back to Hollywood in a California Cab chuckling so the driver looked about often to see if his patron were in her senses.

Jack Pickford has switched leading ladies, having borrowed Marguerite de la Motte from Doug Fairbanks. Clara Horton had been originally engaged for the rôle, but after two weeks' lay-off for the entire company, something went wrong and so Marguerite got the benefit of the ill wind that surely did somebody good.

One big excitement happened in Hollywood for at the Fox Film Corporation, big changes took place the day the entire Sunshine comedies company, including Director Lehman, were fired. The Fox Company gave a statement to the effect that it was for the interests of the corporation, financially otherwise, to disband the Sunshine Comedies Inc. They will now produce bigger and better comedies, but under different direction and policy.



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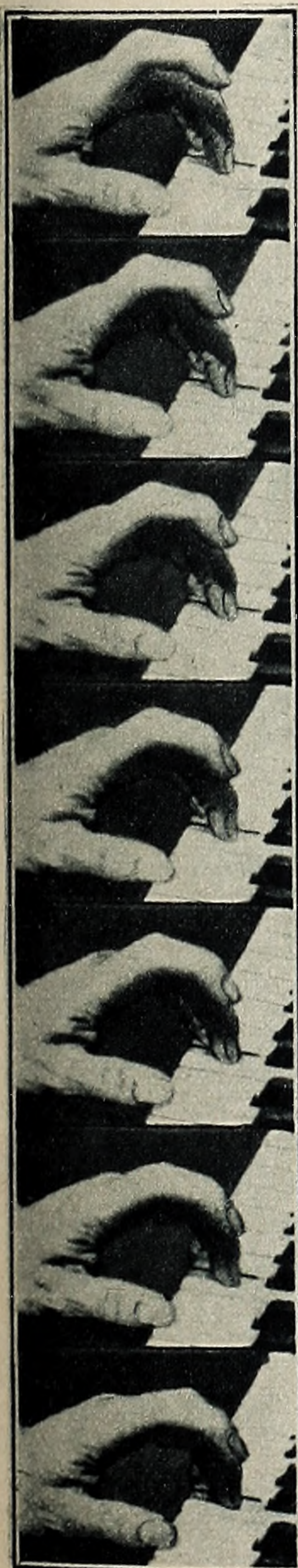


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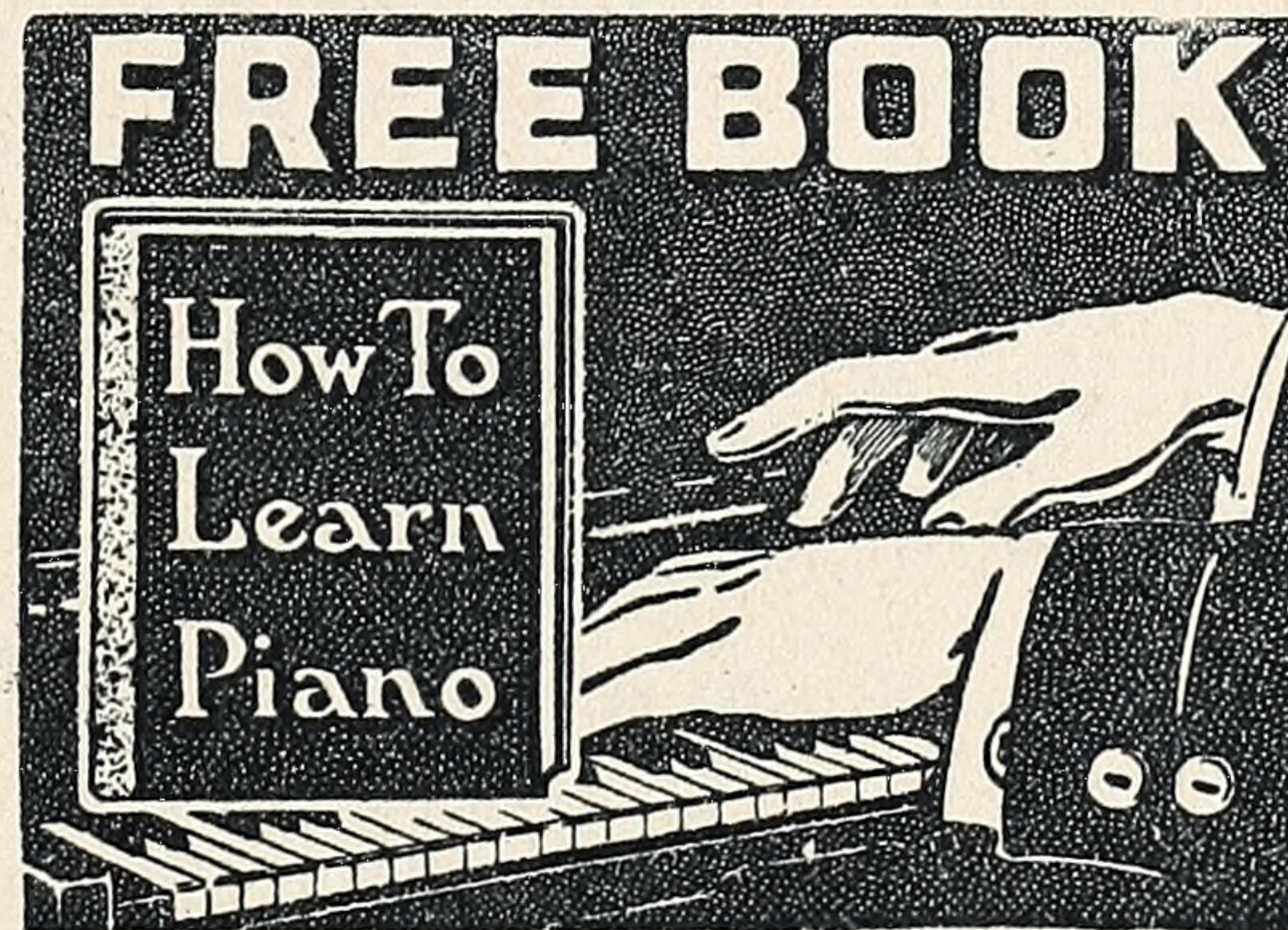
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She Doesn't Talk of Her
(Continued from page 47)

"I soon discovered that the screen and stage were radically distinct things. I think, too, that every actor who has played in pictures has been helped to see himself for the first time. I think the films are a sort of first-aid to acting."

Miss Heming, who was sitting in her dressing-room at the Cohan and Company Theater, where she has been playing this season in "Three Faces East," paused in removing her make-up.

"The salaries in the films have been wonderful," she smiled, "but even now they say they will not continue. Theater managers tell you every year that they are going broke at the high salaries, but they keep right on producing plays. I suppose it will be the same on the screen."

Miss Heming loved playing opposite Geraldine Farrar. "She's a fascinating and splendid to work with," she said. "But really the most interesting experience I've had in the studios occurred only the other day, when we were making a war benefit picture. Cyril Maude was the principal rôle.

"We'll start tomorrow at 8:30," the director told us. "Don't wait for breakfast. The first scene is a fast scene, we'll have real food and we can save time and expense by having it right in the set."

"Knowing studios, I fortified myself with breakfast before I started in the morning. But poor Mr. Maude believed what they told him. It was exactly when the breakfast was served. For a time Mr. Maude was in a state of complete lapse. Then the director informed us that he was about to take a series of close-ups, which meant that we had to only eat while the camera was upon us and then wait for everybody else to be filmed. We had to keep even in the breakfast.

"They turned on the ghastly Cooper Hewitts just as Mr. Maude looked at his plate. He had scrambled eggs, but the queer green light made them look quite awful. 'Oh, I say,' protested Mr. Maude. 'I can never eat these horrible things.' But he did. Every time I see him he shudders and mentions his 'pale breakfast.'"

Miss Heming longs for the screen to do costume or romantic picture. "I know that's rank heresy," she smiled. "every one says the public won't go to them. But I'm sure that's because romantic photoplays have been stilted and unreal. Were they just as human as modern stories, the costuming would give a picturesque aid.

"You see, I love beautiful clothes." "Do you intend to go back to the films?" we ventured.

"Going back on the screen? Of course. Doesn't it always get you in the 'Three Faces East,' being a sort of melodrama, seems to have fascinated the film magnates. I've been receiving film offers and film offers. One of them is going to get me before long."



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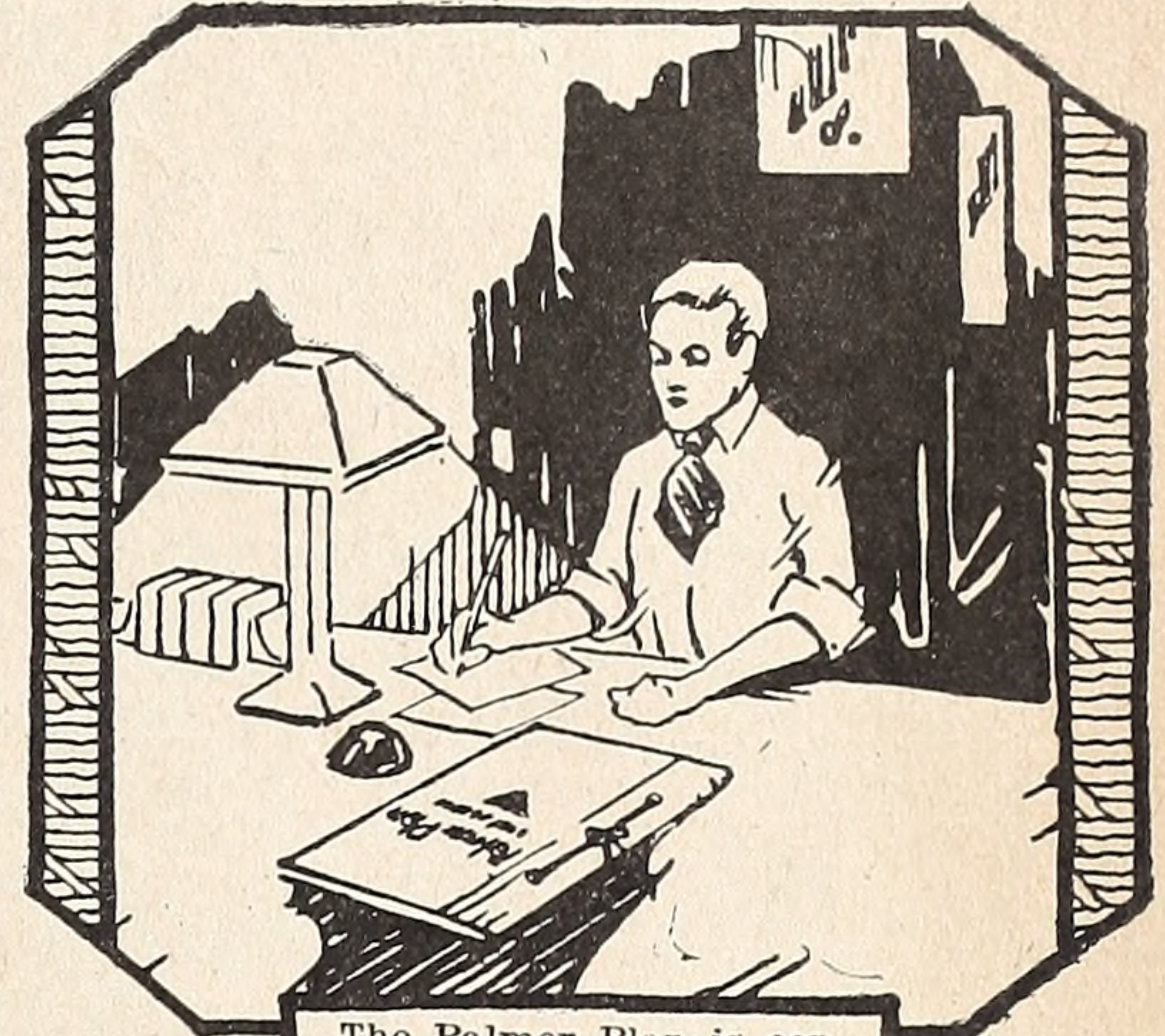
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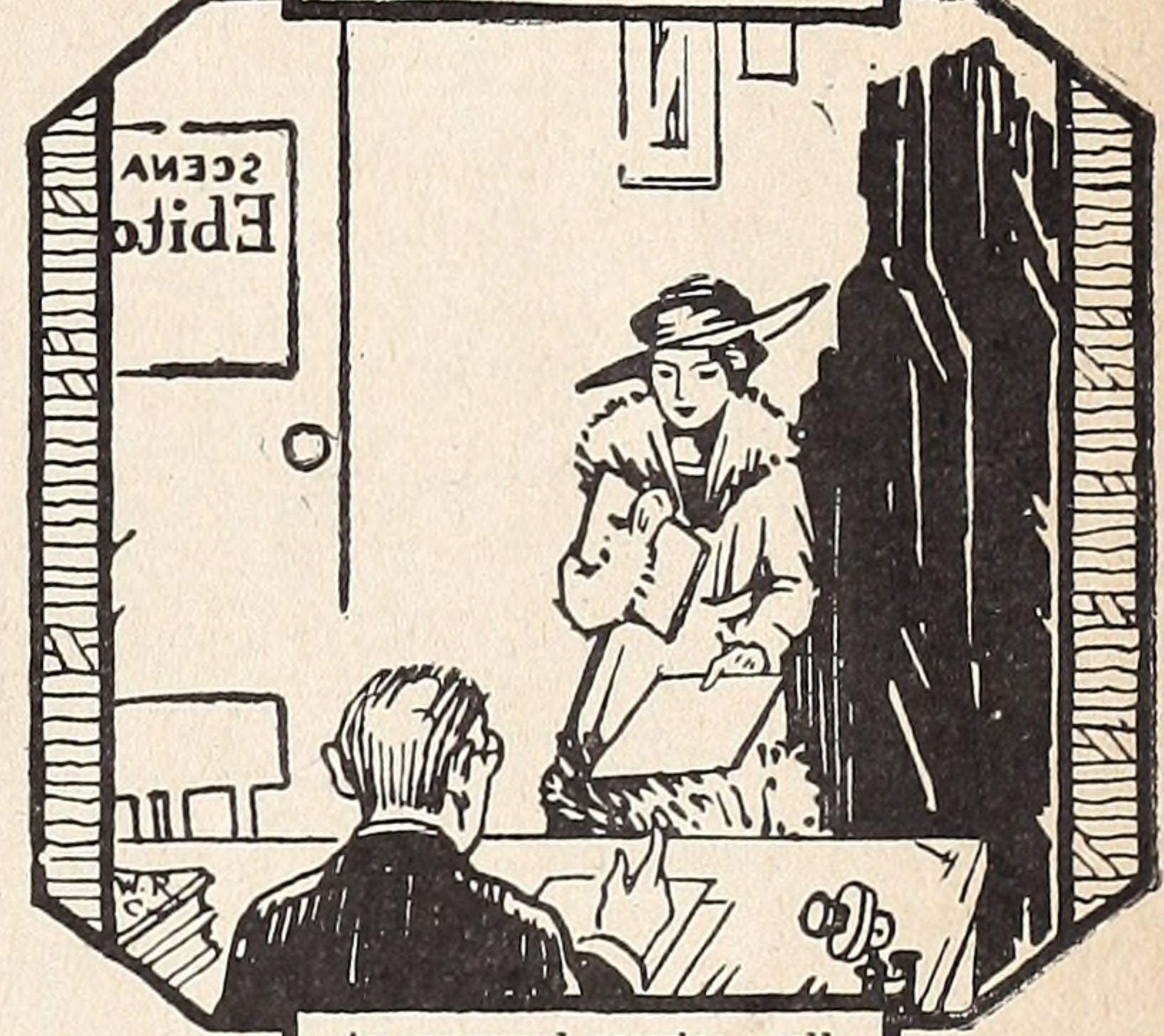


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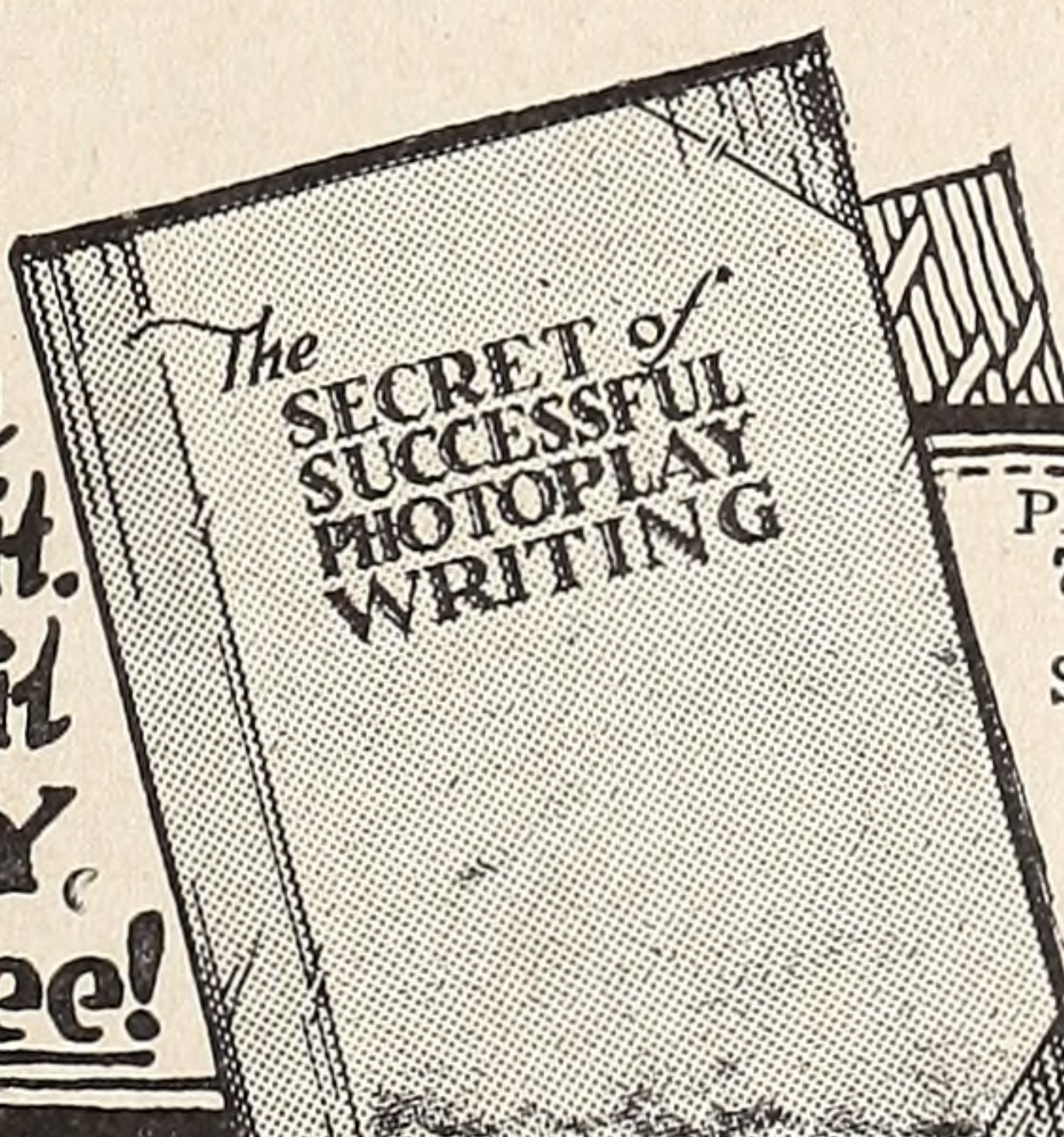
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The Girl With the Nursery-Rhyme Name

(Continued from page 49)

alive in the breast of the beginner.) Marjorie Daw was "discovered." At Geraldine Farrar's advice, Cecil B. De Mille gave the child a five-year contract.

"And that," said Marjorie Daw, "was the greatest thrill of my life!"

After "The Warrens of Virginia" she appeared in "The Secret Orchard" with Blanche Sweet, "The Puppet Crown" with Ina Clair and Raymond Hatton, and "Out of Darkness" with Charlotte Walker.

When she reached the "awkward" age the company sent her away to school. Among the pictures made since her return are "The Jaguar's Claws" with Sessue Hayakawa and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" with Mary Pickford.

The Fairbanks pictures are "The Man from Painted Post," "A Modern Musketeer," "Bound in Morocco," "He Comes Up Smiling" and "Arizona."

"But I think that the most thrilling experience I ever had in a picture was when we were making 'A Modern Musketeer,'" she went on. "You know some of the scenes were taken at the Canyon Du Schley. Before we left here I was looking forward to a glorious time. Mildred Harris had a vacation about then, so she and her mother went with us. Then I fell and broke my ankle and had to be sent home. It was thrilling but disagreeable!"

She belongs to the most exclusive club imaginable. They meet every Tuesday night at the home of Lillian and Dorothy Gish. The club has only a few members, the Gish sisters, Blanche Sweet, Constance Talmadge, Mildred Harris and Marjorie Daw being the most faithful. (Tuesday is the night that they are least likely to have engagements, because it is "fight night" at Vernon, and among the men the younger set is likely to be there in a body.)

I almost forgot to tell you about Marjorie Daw's New Year resolutions. She is going to try and be more careful about business and from now on she is going to carry a notebook with her wherever she goes.

"Why the notebook?" I queried.

"Because," she said, "I've changed my ambition. I want to be a scenario writer. And, perhaps, after a while I'll write short stories, too; who knows?"

Across the Footlights

(Continued from page 7)

Shuberts. "Scandal" has already reached the footlights in London, where it is a distinct hit, with Arthur Bouchier and Miss Kyrle Bellew in the leading rôles. There is a piquant "nightie" scene in the stage version that has had London gasping.

STAGE NOTES

Mrs. Vernon Castle has returned from London. She says she will not dance again, but will appear on either the stage or screen.

Nat C. Goodwin died at the Claridge
(Continued on page 83)

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(Seventy-six)

News of the Studios

(Continued from Page Four)

Emerson has recovered from a serious case of the flu.

White has been resting at Palm Beach starting her new serial, "In Secret."

Reed is dividing her time between stage drama, "Roads of Destiny," and the studios, where she is at work on her production under that organization's name. Marc MacDermott is playing opposite her in the drama, as yet unnamed. Miss Reed's first United production was "Her Code of Honor."

Robert Warwick has returned from Europe. At the time THE CLASSIC went to press Warwick had just signed with the Paramounts and his return to the screen will be in the film version of "Secret Service."

Reports that he would produce in England after all, Herbert Brenon sailed for England early in February, taking Dorothy with him. Mr. Brenon's first production in England will be "Twelve Ten," by Earl Carrol. Later Mr. Brenon will produce Louis Joseph Vance's "Daughter of the Lone Wolf" and Richard Roden's "The Impudence."

de Mille is now at work on Edgar Selwyn's "For Better, For Worse." Mr. de Mille isn't a study in marriage or a war but "the biggest subject I have ever seen."

Petrova has returned to vaudeville for the time being.

Griffith announces that he may take a break from the theater for a repertoire screen season presenting a series of his productions from his newest, "The Fall of Babylon," "The Birth of a Nation," "Intolerance," "Hearts of the World," back to "The Sign of the Cross," "The Avenging Conscience," "The Single Standard," "Home" and "The Sign of the Cross."

Mower is now playing opposite May McAvoy.

Leslie Murray, the Mack Sennett comedian, announces that he is to return to the stage.

Leslie and a Vitagraph company have just returned from the South, where "The Girl from Dixie" was filmed.

Morrison is out of the army and back in "cits" again.

Samuel L. Rothapfel, former director-general of the New York Rialto and Rivoli, is now head of Rothapfel Pictures Corporation with offices at 130 West 46th Street. The organization plans to produce complete features, including features, comedies, scenic magazine reels.

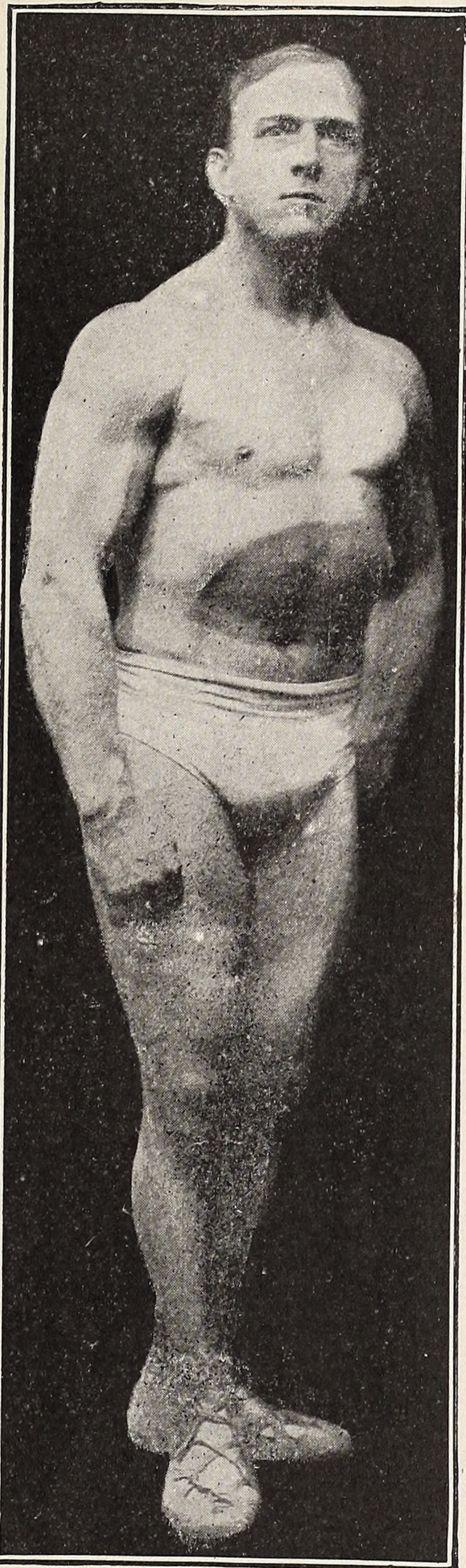
Alm Strauss, the artist, has organized the Alm Strauss Feature Films and will produce a series of photoplays starring Lelia Brando. Mr. Strauss believes Miss Hope is a star.

FOUND CLASSIC IN DUG-OUT

Reggie Lyons, of the Land and Air Unit, A. E. F., writes to THE CLASSIC from Base Hospital No. 31, Contrexville, that he is still alive. Reports had reached the studio that Lieut. Lyons had been killed. That another officer of that name was killed. Lieut. Lyons was with the 79th Division Signal Corps photographer, serving in a strenuous campaign until hostilities ended Nov. 11. Later he was taken ill with pneumonia and had been in the hospital for five months at the time of writing.

Lyons was with the Vitagraph company for nine years. He reports that he found a copy of THE CLASSIC in a German dug-out near Bois de Consengoye, France.

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Are you strong, vigorous, healthy, with good red blood in your veins and an abounding vitality, that will impart to your children the same qualities when you bring them into the world?

Or are you weak, thin, stoop-shouldered, with your blood like water, or poisoned by constipation; dyspeptic, bilious; eating poorly and sleeping poorly—just dragging yourself through your daily tasks, with no biff or pep or get-up-and-go about you?

What YOU are, your children will be, only MORE so. There's no getting around it.

The Law of Heredity Can't Be Evaded

You can be the father of strong, sturdy, happy children, no matter what you are now; if you take hold of yourself and build yourself up into the kind of man you ought to be; the kind of man you WANT to be, and—above all—the kind of man your wife or the girl who is to be your wife, wants you to be and BELIEVES YOU TO BE NOW.

Don't Be Only Half a Man!

You never can get ahead; you never can be successful; you never can be happy or make your wife happy or have happy children unless you WAKE UP and pull yourself out of the rut. Unless you build up your physical organism, strengthen your vital organs, clear the cobwebs out of your brain: FIT YOURSELF to live a whole man's life and do a whole man's work in the world.

If you have erred in the past and are suffering now, or fearing the later consequences of those youthful indiscretions, get hold of yourself, BE A MAN; correct the conditions that will be fatal to your own happiness and the happiness of the girl you love if you should enter the state of matrimony while those conditions still exist.

NO MATTER WHAT CAUSED YOU TO LOSE YOUR MANHOOD; whether it was your own fault or circumstances you could not control, YOU CAN BE A REAL MAN AGAIN and the father of happy, healthy, laughing children—AND I CAN SHOW YOU HOW TO BECOME ONE.

Let Me Help You Become a REAL MAN

I can help you build yourself up; help you strengthen your nerves, heart, lungs, liver, stomach; help rid you of headaches, dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation. I can help you turn that thin, watery blood of yours into the rich, red blood of a fighting man fit to fight the battle of life under ANY circumstance and WIN IT.

Whatever handicap you may be laboring under, the result of weakness caused by early errors, I can help you correct it and without the use of powders, pills or potions of any kind. I can help you mentally and physically to become the kind of man you want to be: a man your wife and your children and YOU YOURSELF will be proud of—the kind of man who is A SUCCESS IN THE WORLD.

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Unto the Third and Fourth Generation

(Continued from page 23)

"I will," said young Warner, and two days later he sailed for America and has lived here ever since.

In America he appeared successfully in "Nurse Marjorie," "Susan in Search of a Husband," "Salomy Jane," "These Are My People." He became a full-fledged star in "Alias Jimmy Valentine," from which time he has remained one of the most popular men on our stage.

This winter his Broadway success was called "Sleeping Partners," but he has signed a contract to go to California and do pictures as soon as he can leave this popular play.

"It's better that the baby should be in the land of sunshine, where she can be out of doors all day long. For myself perpetual sunshine is as tiresome as perpetual rain. The bad must come to make the good appreciated.

"Do you like pictures?"

"I like them if they are produced properly, which, I might add, is seldom. Frankly, I cannot tolerate a lot of noise, a lot of vulgar swearing. I will be with pleasant people—the Robertson-Cole Company. I am sure they will let me have things as I would have them. I am going to make it a rule that there be no swearing or roughness about the studio. To make a production that is artistic in any sense of the word, the atmosphere must be congenial."

Mr. Warner is a keen student of human nature. He is a wide reader, and, of course, a clever talker. His voice has the soft-tone quality, resultant from generations of culture. He is a perfect example of control. He can feel, but you would scarcely know it. Possessed of a keen sense of humor, he never laughs boisterously. He is like a Kentucky race-horse, nerves taut, sensitive, with all of his surplus speed check-reined for the life race by perfect poise and mental balance.

"Marriage," says H. B. Warner, "is a success when it is fifty per cent. teamwork and fifty per cent. sense of humor. The trouble with most couples is that they forget the other party is human. Wives should realize that men are creatures of failings. Did they laugh at them all annoyances would be forgotten. Women love strength in a man. Strength of mind, character, or physical strength.

"I believe married life is the only happy existence. As some one once said, 'Man was not meant to live alone.'

"My sister lives in England, you know. She has her own little home in the suburbs. She is comfortable. For eight years I have tried to persuade her to come and visit us. You see, I couldn't make her stir herself out of her comfortable rut even to come and see me. But now there's Joan, so I am sure she will come to us in California, and then I will have all my people with me. I shall be a perfectly happy man."

"Will you mind leaving your New York friends?"

"I have very few real friends," said he, philosophically eyeing his cigarette smoke. "I seldom see those I have. Were they in trouble, I would walk to them barefoot over glass-covered pavements, if it would help them. A friend is a person who loves one for one's faults and wishes to help one overcome his failings. It is easy to call one's friend when all is rosy.

"I believe in luck, you know. Luck is the only thing that makes one person succeed where another fails."

I gasped. "You believe in luck?"

"Certainly. Opportunity knocks—a person makes a great success. He may have no more ability than another man who plods all his life. But he showed him his opportunity."

"And you really want your daughter to go on the stage?" I asked, my mind reverting backwards.

"Certainly, if she wants to—and she will want to, I am sure. I am proud of my profession. Why shouldn't I be? The stage does as much for the happiness of humanity, perhaps more, than any other business. People who condemn its immorality are all wrong. I may not go to church as often as some. My religion is in my own heart. I know what is right or wrong according to my own ideals. I do not fear death. I know I were going to die tomorrow, I would not be afraid. Death is the smallest thing."

We are glad that H. B. Warner is coming back to the screen. A man who has separated the gold from the dross of existence, a man whose talents are inborn, and who has real knowledge of life as it should be, can give to the silversheet an authority and poise and understanding.

The Extra Girl Becomes Village Belle

(Continued from page 53)

graduates. She smiled a greeting to every one in general, and every one in particular thought she intended to smile for him and smiled back. That was the way with a genuine smile. Any number of people may take it without infringing on the rights of others.

Of course, it was Ruth who received the greatest round of applause, for she was the most beloved girl in the village. It was Ruth for whom Ann Egger reserved her best smile, for she had responded to her teaching more than any other child in the school. When Ruth's mother, Miss Kingsley, shed tears of joy at her unmistakable popularity, which tears said nothing to preserve intact for the close-bending back until her face was parallel with the skyline. It is only through tears can be prevented from following the line of least resistance, trailing downward and disappearing. Tears and other queer reactions, too. When

(Continued on page 87)

The Star on the Defensive
(Continued from page 17)

arrangement to bring about moving picture world dominion, and we came together. There is no reason why others who make first-class pictures, such as Norma Talmadge, Clara Kimball Young and others, could not join our organization should they so desire.

"We have plenty of capital and business backing to put into effect the necessary booking machinery, and the public will be the gainer by the new organization."

The big stars will and must produce fewer and better stories. This means the coming of the story into its proper place. We see signs of this everywhere. Mary Pickford pays \$80,000 for "Pollyanna" and "Daddy Long Legs," while Anita Stewart buys "Virtuous Wives" for \$40,000. Any price for a good story! In time similar prices will be paid for original scenarios and the big writers will begin to create for the screen. Then will the photoplay begin.

It isn't an impossible conclusion to believe that producers will of a necessity cease to turn out photoplays on machine schedule and divert their attention to creating from four, six or eight sincere, dignified, well-done productions a year—productions that will draw because the name of the maker will come to mean something.

We are told by exhibitors that just four stars can be depended upon to draw in any sort of weather: Chaplin, Pickford, Fairbanks and Norma Talmadge. Yet, with one exception, the draw of even these fluctuates. Chaplin maintains his tremendous pulling power because he devotes two months or more to making three reels of comedy; to cutting, eliminating and changing until he has a well nigh perfect bit of film. Chaplin alone of all screenland is looking into the future with prophetic eyes. On the other hand, Fairbanks turns out "Arizona" and flops. His next may pull him up again. Miss Talmadge draws ahead with "The Heart of Wetona" after one or two just average pictures. So it goes.

The star combination, whether it is just a strategic scheme for the moment or a permanent thing, foreshadows just one thing:

The making of better and fewer pictures, with increasing valuation placed upon the story.

The World to Live In
(Continued from page 65)

count. But oh, my dear, if I could I'd give you all those things that you want—wealth and happiness and the whole wide world—"

"You still love me?" asked Rita, in a queer little voice.

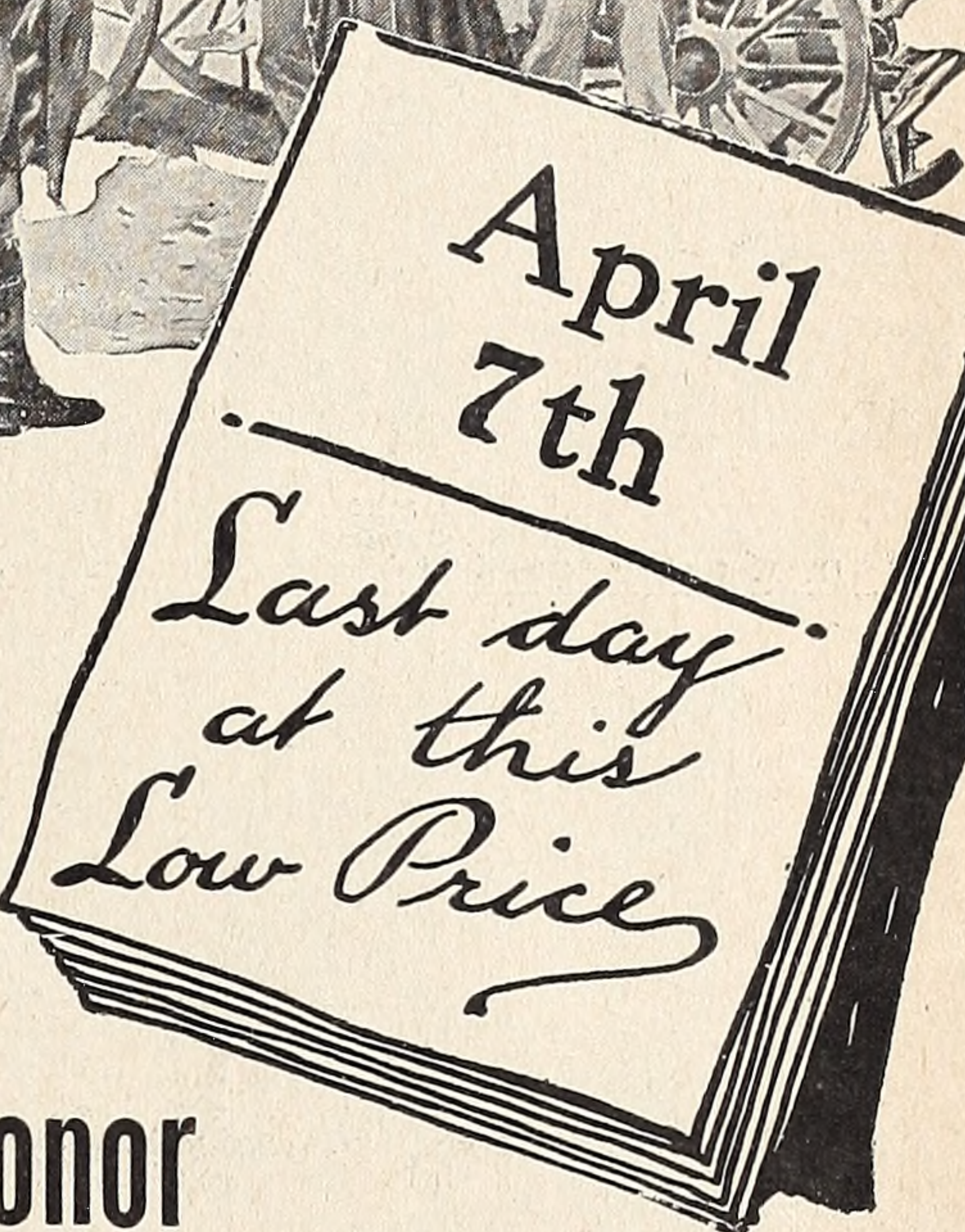
"I still love you," nodded the doctor, "after everything."

"Why, then you have given me all those things!" Rita cried. "Wealth—and happiness—and the whole world!"

And she snuggled her head against his rough tweed shoulder.



The Field of Dishonor



SHE had never seen a highwayman before. This one had on army officer's boots and the manners of a gentleman. She laughed and told him so. But it was serious business for him. He faced death, prison, disgrace. It is a story so startling and curious with its tangle of romance and adventure—with its daring, thrilling climax—that it could only be told by that maker of romance—

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M. P. PUBLISHING CO.

175 Duffield Street

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Corinne, Chocolate Cake and Deep, Dark Secret

(Continued from page 21)

put me in pictures. The best I could do was to try not to look dazed. But really was. Now I've learnt how to put my identity a little in a part, I think.

"I want to do melodrama. I think that best. There's one play I'd just like to do—'The Willow-Tree.' There's a possibility that I shall have it, too."

"Every night I go to the movies. Miss Griffith ran on. 'It's the only way to advance. I study all the stars, I love Alice Joyce best. When I tell her that, and also that I have the next dining-room to Miss Joyce down at the graph, every one marvels. By all the rules, we should be throwing make-up at each other. But she's a dear.'"

Miss Griffith sighed. "If I could photograph like that! My!

"I love rôles that call for beautiful costumes—simply love 'em. Gue have a luxurious soul."

We hated to stop the confessions that mysterious favor was preying on our mind.

"What was that you wanted us to do for you?" we asked, casual-like.

"It's this," said Miss Griffith, all earnestness. "Tell folks I'm not married... 'cause I'm not."

"Really?" we ventured, recalling every one fancied she was Mrs. We Campbell.

"Honest and true. It's awful to be credited with a husband when you haven't got one. And I haven't. It started when I was in California. A report got out that I was to be married. A press-agent here in New York read it and used it in publicity just as if it had happened. And I've never been able to stop it ever since. That report keeps right on going and going. It's—horrible!"

"Frightful!" we appended.

"When you haven't really got a husband," continued Miss Griffith. "I wish my husband weren't out shopping. She'd prove it to you."

But we couldn't wait for mother's return from her shopping expedition. So we present our facts as we gathered them.

Corinne certainly ought to know.

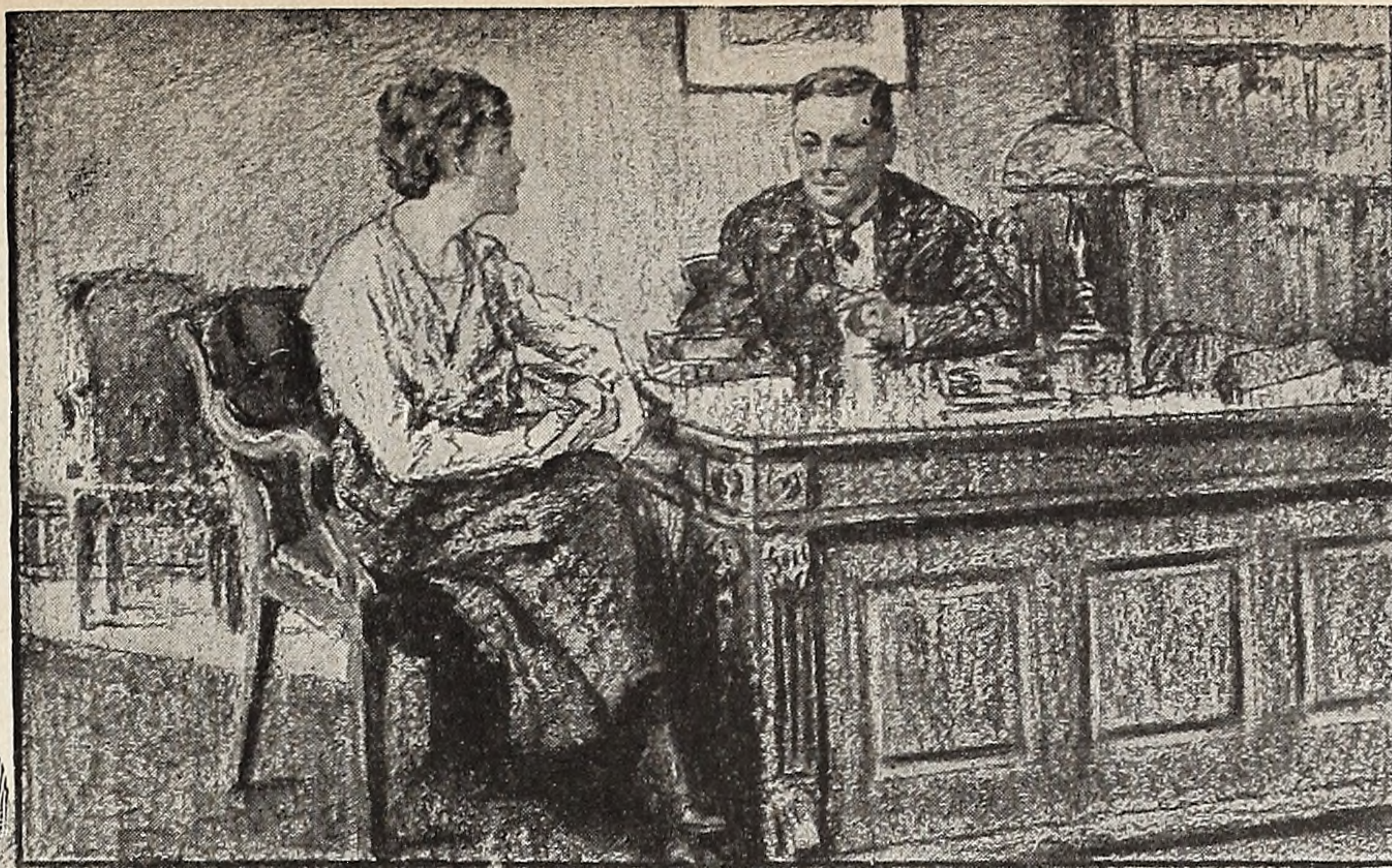
Anyway, we believe it, because we looked into those blue Griffithian eyes.

A Dozen Chaplins, and They Are All Charlie

(Continued from page 71)

You have seen people sitting beside a chauffeur mentally driving the car. You can see them stiffen as they jam imaginary brakes and step on imaginary throttles. Well, that's Charlie at a fight. He ducks and snorts and dangles his lacerated ribs. When the knock comes and one of the fighters is on the floor squirming and writhing in pain, Charlie's face looks worse than the sufferer.

Many minds with



but a single thought



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Peggy Does Her Darndest

(Continued from page 58)

in it that would go swell with your hair!" He came closer, leering down at her. "Listen, baby-doll, I got a hankering to see the inside of the house yonder. If you slip down tonight at twelve, say, and let me in, that comb is yours! And a kiss in the bargain. How's that listen to you?"

The French maid considered, smiled delightfully and without guile. "Mais certainment!" she told him. "Tonight at twelve—wee, wee!"

During dinner that night Peggy was unusually silent. And afterward she disappeared as completely as tho Fate had simply erased her from the blackboard of Life. On the porch below, saccharine with moonlight, confidence-compelling, the Honorable Hugh held the fair Eleanor's hand, and thought, so clever are women, that he did it because he wanted to.

In the room above a small figure was busy assuming, one after another, various strange and wonderful disguises, from that of a minstrel show negro, thru low-comedy Irishman, caricatured rustic, to the same ferociously mustached individual who had disturbed Mr. Ensloe's soliloquies in the library some nights before. But none of them was fully satisfactory. They did not, so Peggy decided, make her look *different* enough.

Chin in cupped hands, she considered the question, and a great light was vouchsafed her. Eyes shining, cheeks flushing, she stole from her room and down the hall to the pink and puffy chamber where, amid rose Du Barry curtains, French gray and cane and crystal jars and bottles, her sister planned her conquests. From a well-filled wardrobe Peggy chose a vampire gown of satin strung with jet, daringly cut, worldly wise, and, clasping this wickedest of costumes to her breast, she scurried back to her own room and proceeded to array herself in it.

Aghast, she stared at the shameless and sophisticated young person in the mirror, and for an instant she quailed. But Peggy was game.

"Tho it's queer," she reflected, as she sat herself down in the big chair by the window to wait, "how much more disguised I am by taking things off than by putting things on!"

Let us now, in the manner of the poets, proceed to apostrophize midnight and bid it hasten on black-sandaled feet to keep its nightly tryst with the world.

No doubts or apprehensions disturbed Harrison Ensloe's slumbers. No fear of impending matrimony writhed thru the Honorable Hugh's dreams. Neither her steel-pronged halo of curlers nor chin-strap harness awakened the vampirish Eleanor from pleasing visions of being presented at the Court of Saint James.

Crash! And again a crash, succeeded by a hollow groan.

In the library below Peggy stooped calmly over the prostrate figure outspread at her feet, examined a rapidly swelling protuberance on the point of his

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in and spoke aloud, with pardonable complacency:

"A bully uppercut, if I do say so! But that left is still weak."

Inarticulate sounds in several keys drew her gaze to the doorway, wherein good framed the Ensloe family and the honorable Hugh. Peggy beamed upon them, waving an explanatory hand at her victim. "After the diamonds," she explained, succinctly. "Your precious Sherlocko overslept himself, dad, so I had to step in."

Mrs. Ensloe ran to her daughter with hysterical sob. "But precious," she muttered, "he had—a—gun!"

"Sure he did," assented her daughter, calmly, "but I just naturally handed him an upper to the jaw and it took. That's all."

"Oh, I say—ripping!" cried the Honorable Hugh, taking a step toward her, managing to look, in spite of his disadvantageous costume of pajamas and dressing-gown, extremely dignified, remarkably handsome, essentially masculine.

Glancing at him, Eleanor was suddenly reminded of the curlers and chin-strap and fled with a shriek, followed more slowly by her father and mother, who had caught a certain look on the two faces they were leaving, and were wise to their generation.

However, they might have stayed for all the Honorable Hugh. To him there was only one person at present on earth, a slim, gallant girl-creature with shy brown eyes and a wistful, frightened smile. With a little low laugh he went to his One Person and took her into his arms.

"Peggy," said the Honorable Hugh, "I love you!"

"Maybe," suggested Peggy, against a crimson brocaded shoulder, "maybe it's just this dress—"

"Maybe it's just—you!" said the Honorable Hugh, with a shake in his deep voice. "Oh, little Peggy-girl! Wont you say that you do care—just a little—for me?"

Peggy's red-gold hair nestled against his breast, Peggy's red lips lifted to his kiss. "Well," whispered Peggy, contentedly, "well, I'll do my darndest to!"

Across the Footlights

(Continued from page 76)

Hotel, New York, on Jan. 31. His last appearance was in "Why Marry?" in Philadelphia a few days before.

David Belasco has just produced a drama of Irish village life, "Dark Rosaleen," in which Eileen Huban has the leading rôle.

Marjorie Rambeau is playing the star rôle in Leighton Graves Osmun's "The Fortune-Teller," prior to departing for London for an English season.

Henry Miller and Blanche Bates are appearing in Philip Moeller's "Molière," Miller playing Molière, Miss Bates appearing as Madame de Montespan and Holbrooke Blinn being seen as Louis XIV.

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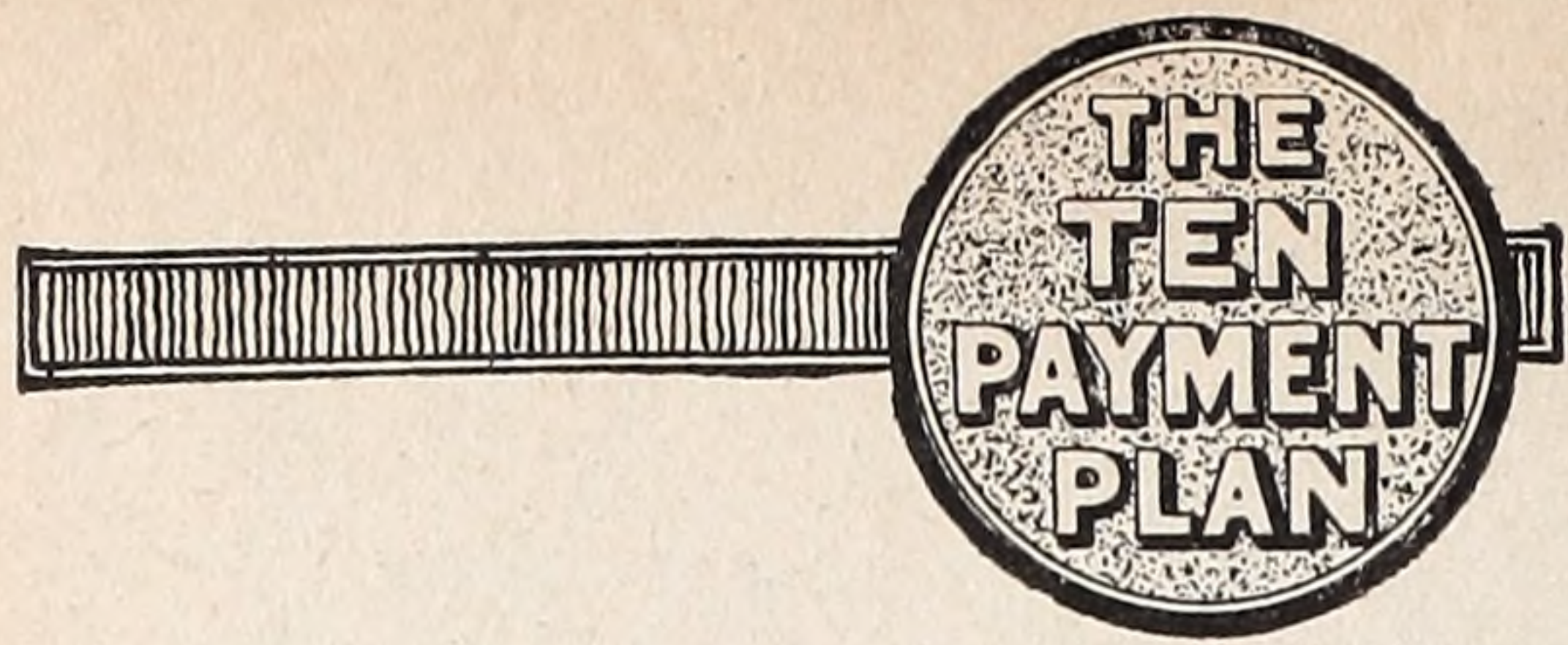
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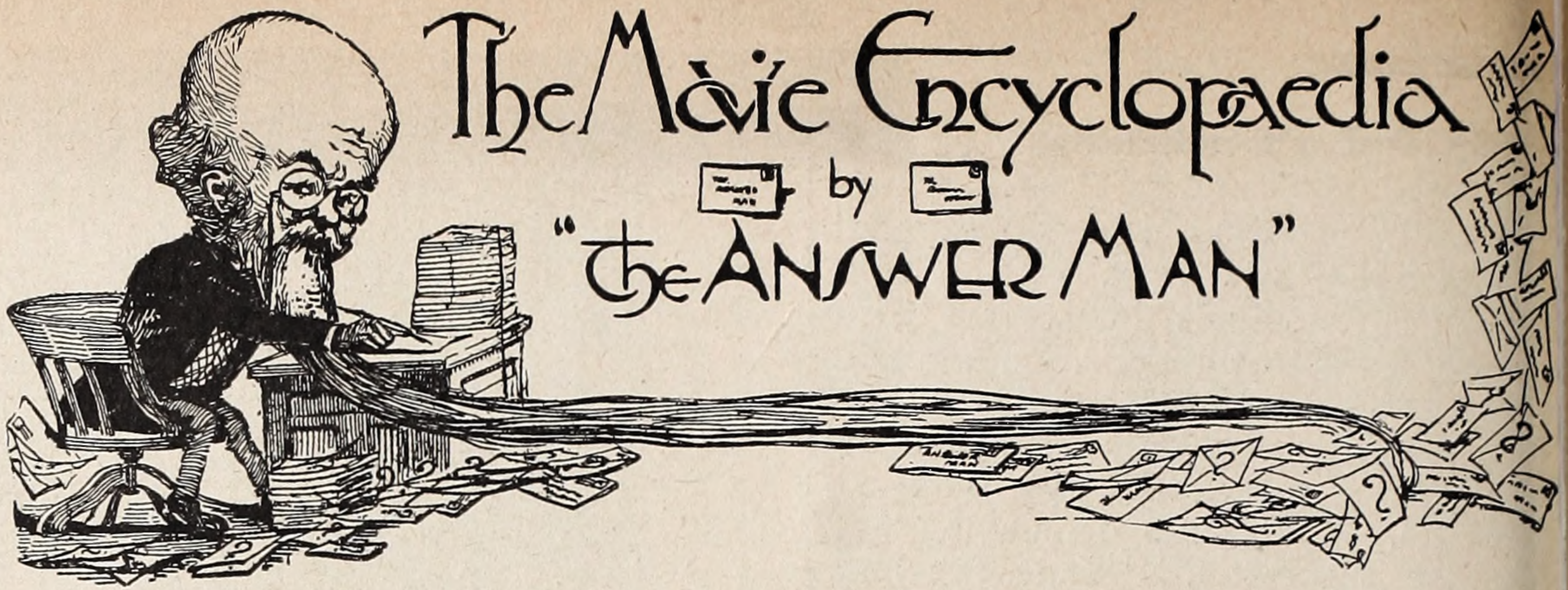
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WM. P. S.—Oh no, Charlie Chaplin is handsome without his make-up. His wife is a little beauty. Carol Holloway is with Vitagraph. Thanks so much. When I get letters like yours, it makes me try to turn on my cheerfulness and lighten the way for my readers.

LILLIAN L.—Lincoln's famous Gettysburg address was delivered Nov. 19, 1863. House Peters with the Garson Company. His last play was "The Forfeit." Jack Holt is with Paramount, and Ben Wilson is not playing.

JOVIALIS, THE JOVIAL.—Never noticed that. You like "Bleak House" best. Remember when I was a youngster I always liked "Great Expectations" and "Tale of Two Cities."

Mrs. J. M. W.—La Marseillaise, the French national anthem, was composed at Strausburg, and was so called because it was first printed at Marseilles. May Allison's sister never played in pictures. Dustin Farnum is 44 years old and William Farnum is 42.

BELIEVE MUH.—You ask why is it that on most of our covers the players have their mouths open. He who has fine teeth laughs most. Thanks for all you say, but applause is the spur of noble minds, the end and aim of weak ones.

SLIPPERY SLIM.—So you have been called a sweet kid. Reminds me—Willie fell in the molasses barrel in the shed. "Now I'll lick you, Willie," his mother said, and that's what I ought to do to you, kid. But for your tender years I would—you're so sweet. All letters should be addressed to players in care of their company. Yes, yes—go on!

FLORETTE DE GRASSE.—It was General Joffre who said to the French army at the Marne, Sept. 5, 1914: "The hour has come to advance at any cost, and to die rather than fall back." They are thinking of renaming Ocean Boulevard in Brooklyn Joffre Boulevard in honor of him. Sessue Hayakawa is going to remain in pictures and not go to Japan.

M. V. W.—I never brought up any children, so I can't advise you—a little out of my line. But I know that a boy resents injustice more than punishment, and nothing has a better effect on children than praise. Try it.

SALLIE SAPHIRE.—A fool's heart is in his tongue, but a wise man's tongue is in his heart. What does this mean to you? When you find yourself inclined to be angry, speak in a low tone. Save yourself, Sallie.

SUSAN B.—For some reason or other, I haven't been hearing from the soldier-boys. They are all too busy. Soviet is a Russian word and means council or committee. It is used particularly at present to designate the councils of the working men and soldiers who are controlling the actions of the revolutionary government.

DAME ELMORE.—Elsie Ferguson has played in "The Danger Mark," "Hearts of the Wilds," "The Lie" and "Doll's House." Pauline Curley in "Bound in Morocco."

RUSSELL.—Your letter was a cracker-jack. The shortage of coal is due to the lack of labor, congested transportation and increased consumption. But if there were no little people in the world we should not be great, and we

ought not to be great except for their sakes. Henry Walthall played briefly in "The Awakening" on the Broadway speaking stage.

FRANK.—No I am not so bald that I don't know where my bald head leaves off and my face begins, nor do I keep my hat on when I wash my face. You want more about Robert Harron. Didn't you know that two-thirds of life are spent in hesitating, and the other third in repenting.

ALICE O'H.—Too late now.

TOE DANCER.—As a toe dancer you may be wonderful and also a good singer, but I can't help you get in the pictures. You apparently are a good automobilist. And, as you say, actions, looks and words step from the alphabet and spell character. Some character to the Orientals.

BLUEBIRD.—Thanks for the dime. All about Eugene O'Brien. He's quite a boy, and getting a place in the sun for himself. Don't know how you would describe it, but alimony is the cost of an affinity. No, I never belonged to the Alimony Club—how could I on \$9 per?

PRINCESS L.—Wallace Reid, he is 26. Frank Mayo married—no. But our general health is the speedometer that tells us how fast we are living.

EYE-WANNA-NO-SUM-MOHR.—Shoot, and you will get it. Mignon Anderson, Metro; Miriam Cooper, Fox; Marguerite Courtot, isn't playing. Mack Sennett is in California. Yes, for the Brady picture. Join one of the clubs. There—is not your store of information enriched?

PEARL WHITE ADMIRER.—Pearl White is writing a book on her life. Will let you know when it is finished. Shouldn't take much longer, because she isn't very old. Isn't it so the higher we rise, the more isolated and colder we are? You see if I was an ice man I'd be colder still.

CLOWN PRINCE.—Jules Raucourt was Pierrot in "Prunella." Edna Goodrich in "The House of Lies." Nothing is too much for me. James Kirkwood directed Evelyn Nesbitt in "I Want to Forget."

THU JAYS.—You ask what is the difference between the moon and a drunkard. That one is so old that it has whiskers. Because the moon is full once a month, and the drunkard is full every night. But, pray, what has this to do with M. P.? So you are going to be married according to the fortune-teller. My boy there is no teller of fortunes except Bradstreet and Dun.

SHRIMP FLYNN.—Alice Brady was Flora and Helen Montrose was Mrs. Maitland in "The Death Dance." Alice Brady is playing in "Forever After" at the Plymouth Theater, New York. And why worry? Shrimps don't worry. The two great causes of worry are idleness and ill health.

DAKOTA BILL.—Well, a box came in to me for Christmas without any contents, marked "Received in bad condition," and that may have been from you, Bill. Thanks just the same. Carlyle Blackwell and Evelyn Greeley in "Love in a Hurry."

(Continued on page 86)



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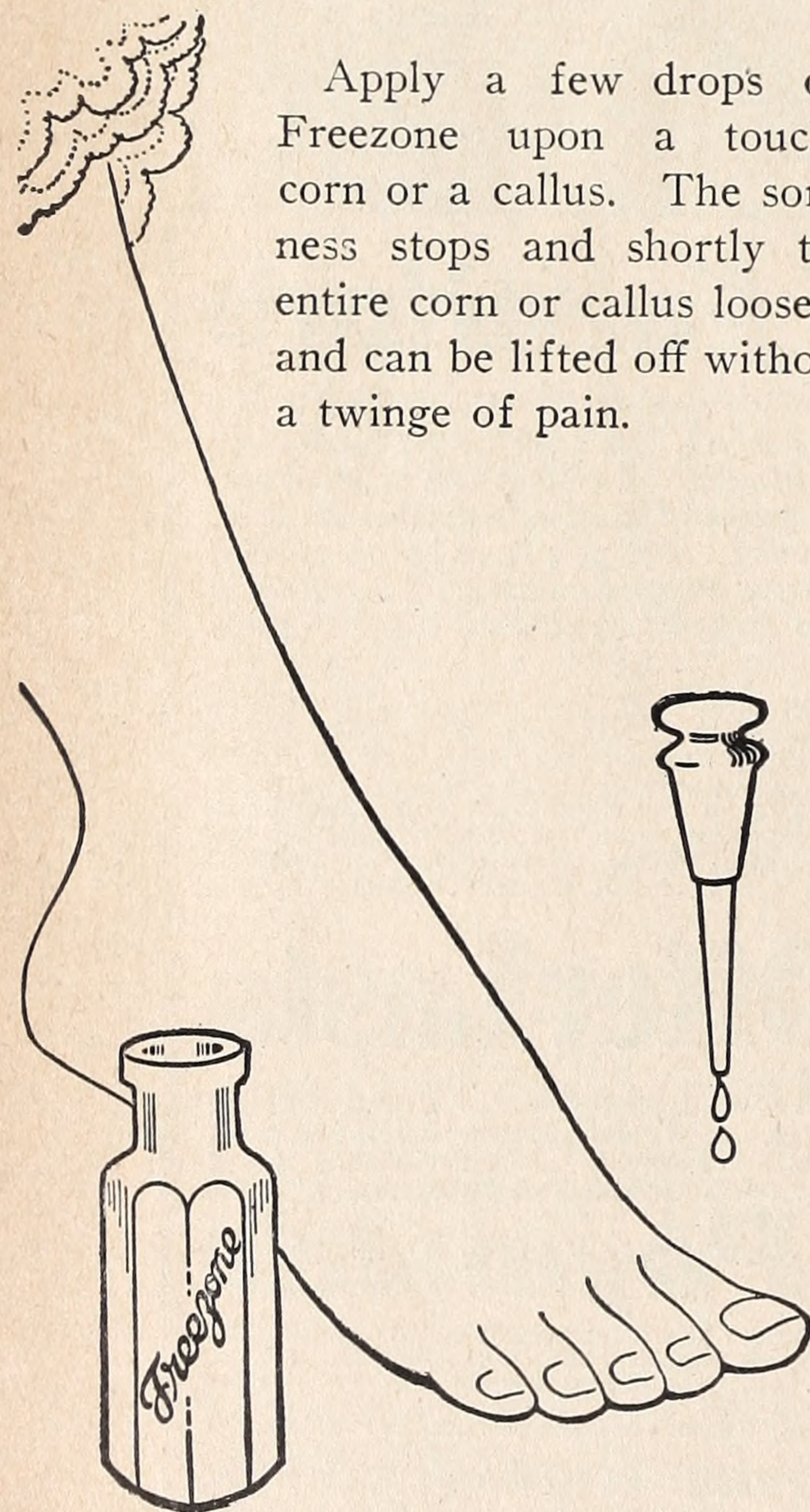
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The Movie Encyclopaedia

(Continued from page 84)

BEE S.—Irene Castle has denied that she is to wed Tom Powers of the old Vitagraph. Some day we'll have an article in THE CLASSIC on how double exposures are made. Your ending is good, but let me say that there is one thing worse than dishonesty—incompetency, and you have neither.

MISS MOVIE.—So you think I am getting old very fast. Not any faster than the rest of you. Billie Burke is about 32. Antonio Moreno is again playing for Vitagraph. No, I haven't been bored by your letter, and you can go on wondering whether I'm a lady or gent, as you put it. Nothing doing—you can't bribe me. (Note—Did you know that a gent is a person who wears pants and pronounces *Italian* eye-talian?)

INQUISITIVE ANN.—Fire away, Ann; I've got my typewriter all set. A regular old Monarch machine, electric lamp alongside of me, huge opening, (they call it my waste-basket), and letters in front of me, letters behind me, and—well, just letters everywhere, volleying and thundering. Let me know how you make out with your studies.

DAFFODIL.—Reminds me of spring. Looking in the florist's window the other day, I read a sign, "We give a packet of seed with every plant." Across the street in another florist's shop, read a sign, in bold type, "We give the earth with every plant." Yes, Gale Henry is still commédienning it.

LOTTA NERVE.—Not so much. Clovis established the kingdom of France upon the site now occupied by the great Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris. Oh, but Frank Losee was Uncle Tom.

APPRECIATIVE.—Dont know where you can reach Leo Reed.

BUSHWICK COMMERCIAL GIRL.—Harold Lockwood was his real name. Robert Walker is 31 years old. Yes, E. K. Lincoln is married. Thanks for the fee.

ANNEXING BILL.—Florence Vidor played in "Till I Come Back to You." Your letter was encouraging toward the end, but it sort of back-fired at the start.

GENE.—Some one here is agin me. Who is it? The Spartans do not inquire how many the enemy are, but where they are. I am not a woman. *I am not a woman.* I AM NOT A WOMAN. The next person who intimates that I am should prepare for the worst. I have the grandest little bunch of spinach on my anatomy called the chin that you ever saw, and women dont usually grow such luxuries. So you dont think Fred Stone ought to be revealing the screen secrets. Mae Marsh is m-a double r-i-e-d now.

SUN MAID.—No, my child, you always get an answer in THE CLASSIC. So you want to see more of Mary Miles Minter. Then you should see her in her bathing-suit. And you dont like Olive Tell, because she smokes and makes fun of God's image, "mankind." You're right; the mens should not be made the laughing-stock of women.

SUGAR LUMP.—Thanks for the picture. My dear, description only excites curiosity; seeing satisfies it. Gloria Hope was in "The Auction Block." Join one of the correspondence clubs; a list of addresses furnished upon receipt of a stamped, addressed envelope.

MADELENE.—So you dont think we ought to publish the private lives of the players. Why so, when they agree to it and our readers demand it? Tom Chatterton is on the stage.

I. O. U.—That's a bad title to select. Are you so used to signing it that you have the habit? May Allison and Joseph Kilgour in "Social Hypocrites." William Duncan in "Fight for Millions." Yes, Earle Williams is really married, and happily so. Mary Anderson is married also. Yes, Alfred Whitman is married.

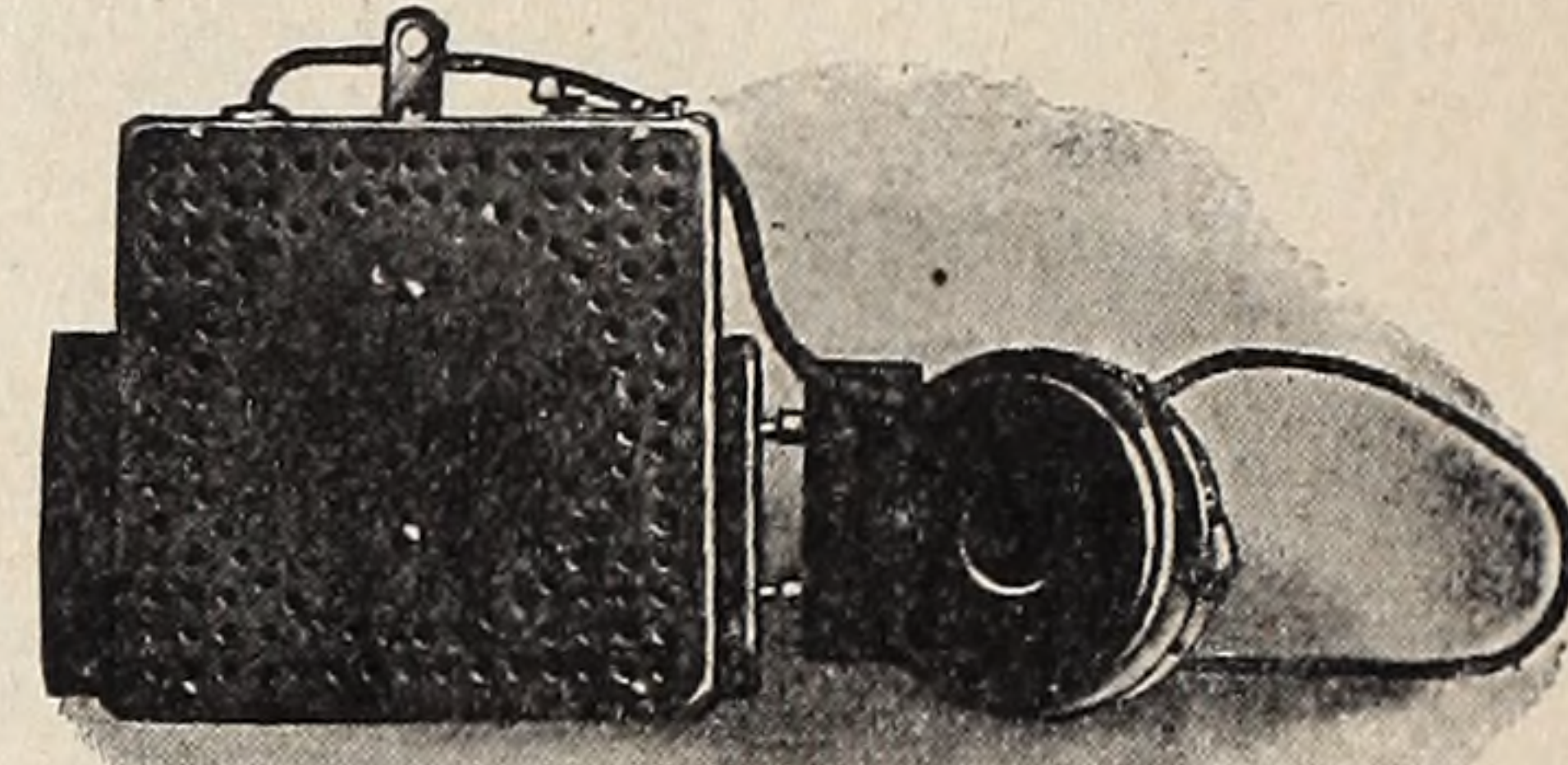
JOAN.—Irene Castle was with Pathé. If you care enough for the result, you will almost certainly attain it.

HAZEL H.—All right, Hazel. But marriage often unites for life two people who scarcely know each other. Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne in "The Poor Rich Man." They are now playing at the Vitagraph studio.

MARGARET AND DINAH.—You just write to them and they will send their photos.

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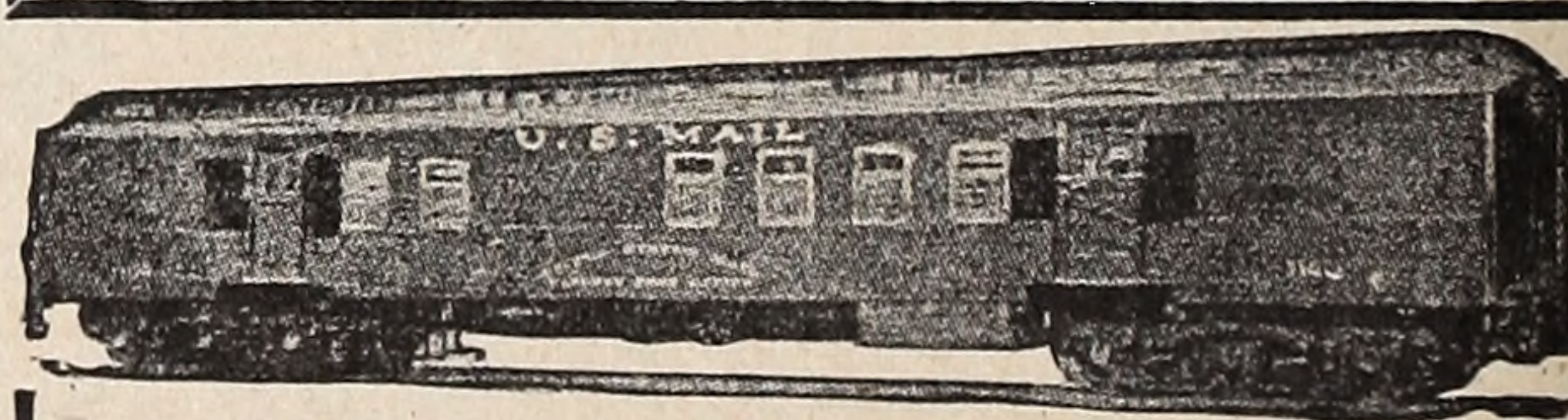
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The Extra Girl Becomes a Village Belle

(Continued from page 78)

tors see them—real ones, that are in no way related to the bottle of glycerine reposing in your medicine-chest—they give whoops of delight and insist upon the preservation of those tears, no matter how dear the cost to the neck of the generator.

But Director Charles Brabin appreciated them. Does this name bring up any associations, dear fans? Yes, he is the same six feet something of director who gave me my first engagement at the Vitagraph 'way back in the dear dim past. You will remember he was directing Peggy Hyland at that time, and you will also remember that I entered his presence with fear and trembling. When I ran into him one evening at the Fox office, I greeted him with all the joy one bestows upon the returned collar-button.

"Want some work?" he asked.

I confessed that and the hope that some accident might hurl me into W. F.'s arms, or else that I might fall gracefully in front of his patent-leathers so that he would be forced to give me some sort of notice—these and nothing more were the causes of my several pilgrimages to 46th Street.

"Well, ask Johnnie Kellette what to wear, and be at the studio tomorrow morning at nine," he concluded.

"Well, it's winter, Ethel, and—and—well, look as old-fashioned as you can. See?" So said Kellette later.

I nodded understandingly, and sat up half the night trying on bows and dresses that Miss Wriggles says I wore when she was a babe in arms, but which I am still sure must have waved merrily from one of my ancestral clotheslines.

Anyway, the next day I obediently clapped and clapped and clapped while Mr. Brabin was taking a thousand feet of tears. So well did my applause register that the director said I might flash some more in his picture; in fact, a great deal more, and then, just when the birthday party came along and all the other girls and boys of the village were there, I got "it"—even now I am afraid to encourage its return ever so softly by its name, and Miss Wriggles and I sneezed and sneezed and sneezed, and took all sorts of medicines and all sorts of nourishment, while the Klieds and the Cooper-Hewitts daily shone, but not for us. They took the birthday party, ate the cake and everything without us, and Kirah Markham, Mr. Brabin's secretary, told me how very effective it all was and how Miss Nesbit's surprise was so genuine that it brought a lump into her, Miss Markham's, throat. Then after Miss Nesbit had bravely fought it off for a few days and later Mr. Brabin had stubbornly declared that it shouldn't touch one of his six feet, life again resumed its normal joyous course.

This picture, "Judge Not," is the kind that always makes the women slyly wipe their eyes in the friendly darkness of the little playhouse and causes the men to

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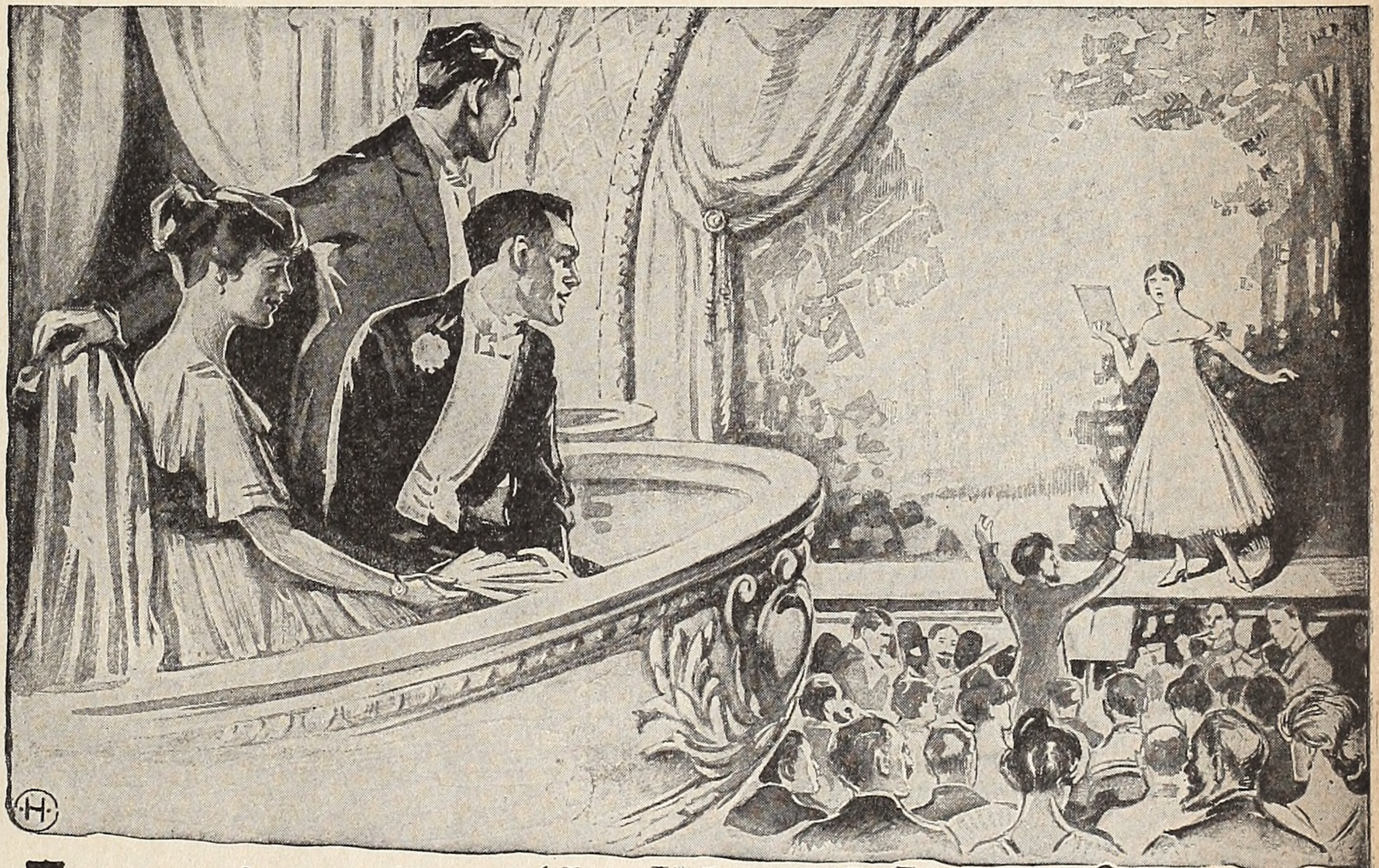
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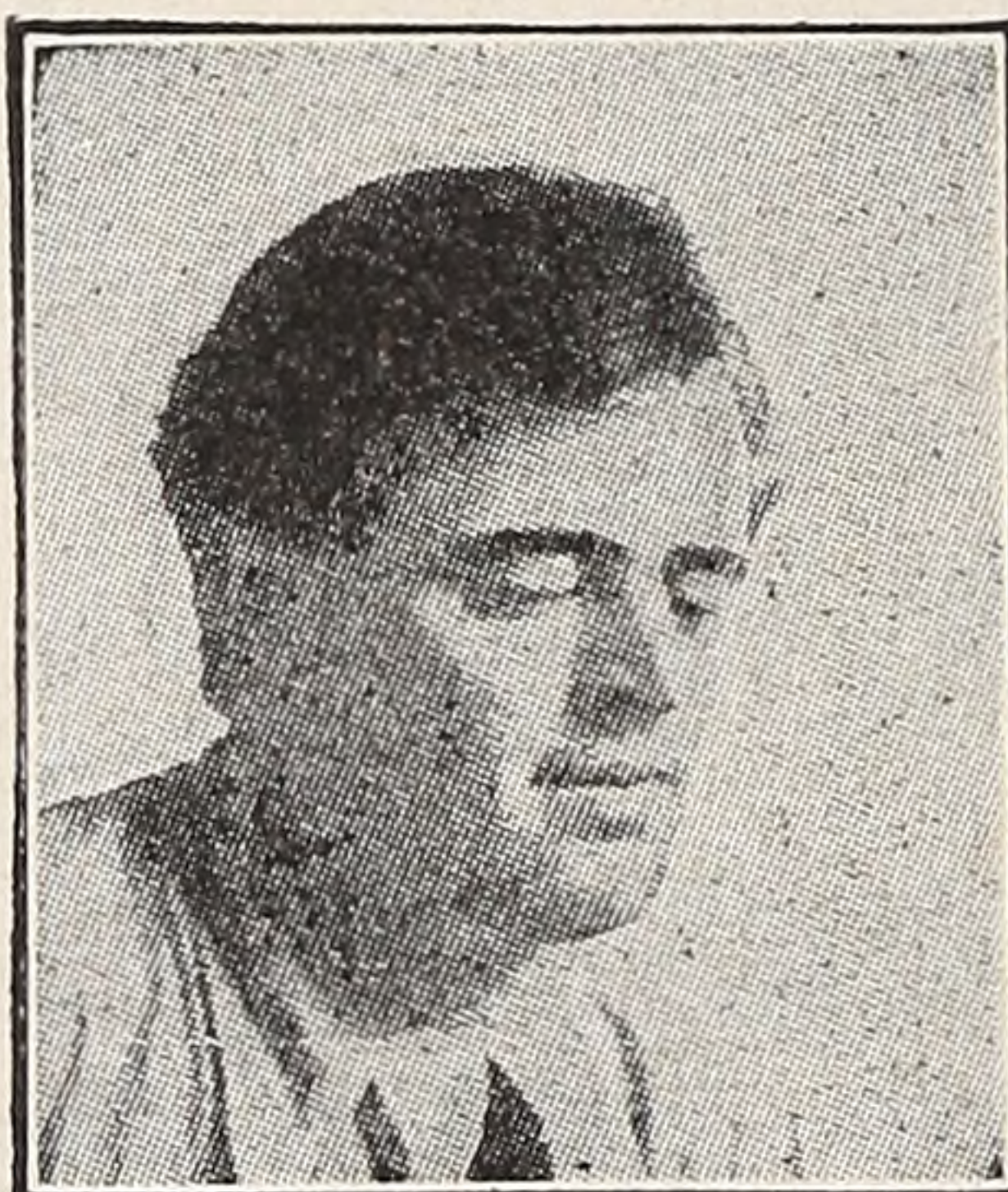
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wish they hadn't and determine not to again. Of course, there's always a handsome young minister in such a story—the romance of the plain, older ones never sees the light of the celluloid—and he always presides over a tiny white church. Such a little church Director Brabin found viewing the surrounding country from a green knoll in Old Tappan, N. J.

The clang of a trolley bell has never disturbed the roosting of the chickens of Old Tappan, nor has a railroad ever lifted the mortgage from an Old Tappan farm by running gaily thru its back yard. As it was in the beginning, it nestles sweetly and quietly far away from the beaten track. We were glad that it was so, both for Old Tappan's sake and for our own. Trolleys and railroads have ceased to thrill us seasoned travelers, while sightseeing buses that pick you up at the Fox office in New York and whirl you thru miles and miles of unbroken country—well, how could they help but cause joy to the human soul? Now and then we had to get out and walk up one hill or down another, and at regular intervals we were forced to admit that the air was a bit frosty for even the summer days of January. As far as the Jersey side of the Weehawken Ferry every one was talking at once, and then by degrees a general calm settled down over the two big buses.

As we were going down the final stretch to Old Tappan we caught sight of Miss Nesbit, Mr. Brabin, Andy Culp and the rest of the staff eagerly scanning the road for our approach. George Lane and his camera were already stationed opposite the church, all set for action.

"Gee, it makes you feel just like a star to be late and keep everybody waiting and everything, doesn't it?" joyfully exclaimed one of the extras.

"Dream on, fair one," encouraged her companion. "Your check will be the best little alarm clock you ever had."

In one corner of the tiny Tappan church we balanced mirrors and make-up boxes on our knees in a sad attempt to make up.

Meanwhile star and director paced the countryside while the sun slowly but surely continued to slip over to say "Hello" to the picture folks in California. At last, however, we were ready, and Andy Culp arranged us in groups on the lawn, just as if we had stopped to gossip at the close of the morning service. Some of us were still exiting from the little white doorway, and soon Ruth came forth in a becoming purple hat, a long blue cape and a quaint ruffled dress. Two of her girl friends tried to coax her to walk home with them, but, intimating that she had prospects of more pleasing companionship, she smiled her way thru the gossiping groups, stole quietly past her mother and father, who were exchanging choice bits with friends in the foreground, over to the fence, where Alec Peters, (Gladden James), was waiting for her.

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 242 3 Sapphires or Rubies, 4 fine Diamonds, \$30.00
 243 Hoop Ring, 2 fine Diamonds and Ruby, \$45.00
 244 Twin Ring, 2 fine Diamonds, \$35.00
 245 Tooth Ring, 1 fine Diamond, \$60.00
 246 Ladies' Belcher, 1 fine Diamond, \$35.00
 247 1 fine Diamond, 4 Diamonds in shank, 18K White Gold, \$225.00
 248 Ladies' Ring, 1 fine Diamond, \$25.00
 249 Ladies' Ring, 1 fine Diamond, \$25.00
 250 1 fine Diamond, White Gold Ring, \$65.00
 251 Red Cameo, 1 fine Diamond, \$20.00
 252 18K White Gold Ring, 1 fine Diamond, \$150.00
 253 7 Diamond Cluster, \$90.00
 254 16 fine Diamonds, \$175.00
 255 7 Diamond Cluster, \$80.00
 256 Engraved Belcher, 1 fine Diamond, \$50.00
 257 Cluster, 12 fine Diamonds, Sapphire center, \$100.00

There was a reason for her "stealing by" her parents. They in no way approved of her seeming fondness for Alec, who was brakeman of the train on which Ruth took her daily trips to high school. Alec came from New York and easily dazzled Ruth by his city ways. Ruth's father, however, had seen him gambling around town and had failed to be dazzled. That night when Ruth, who had stayed out later than usual, tried to gain her room by the ancient and honorable method of removing her footgear, she dropped one of her slippers, which is also an ancient and honorable method of announcing one's arrival to a sleeping household. She soon found herself looking into Père Hayes' angry face. He warned her that if he ever saw her with Alec Peters again he would disown her. The next day Ruth told Alec of her father's threat, and he persuaded her to elope to New York with him, promising to marry her as soon as he could obtain a license. Of course, Ruth didn't know that he wouldn't, but you do, and you also know that he will finally cast her off and leave her alone in a big city.

The next time we appeared at the Old Tappan church, which was really just after we had consumed our sandwiches and pie, but on the screen is months and months later to allow for the minister's trip to New York, his rescue of Ruth from the life she has been forced to lead and her return to her heart-broken mother, we were a very much excited congregation. The minister had persuaded Ruth to resume her former place in the choir, and then he had preached a sermon on the Magdalene, hoping thus to soften the hearts of the congregation toward the wanderer. It didn't seem to do much good, tho, for as she came from the church on the arm of her father the youngsters started to jeer and gossiping women turned their backs and drew aside their skirts.

"The idea of the hussey's coming to church!" one of my group ejaculated, vehemently.

"But the minister approves," I declared just as vehemently, for we had been ordered to hold indignation meetings that would "register."

"Of course he does. There's a reason. Cant you see he's sweet on her?" said Teacher Eggleston.

The only excuse I can offer for our uncharitable attitude is that in reality we had not heard Crawford Kent's sermon on "Judge Not." He is scheduled to preach it to us tomorrow, but I dont think it's going to make any impression upon us, for if it did, we would have to return to Old Tappan and take the scenes all over again. We have assured Crawford that he need have no scruples about extending the sermon over an indefinite period. If it finds no resting-place within our narrow minds it will find a welcome-little-stranger wreath hung in the window of our flat purses, so here's hoping!

And hoping!



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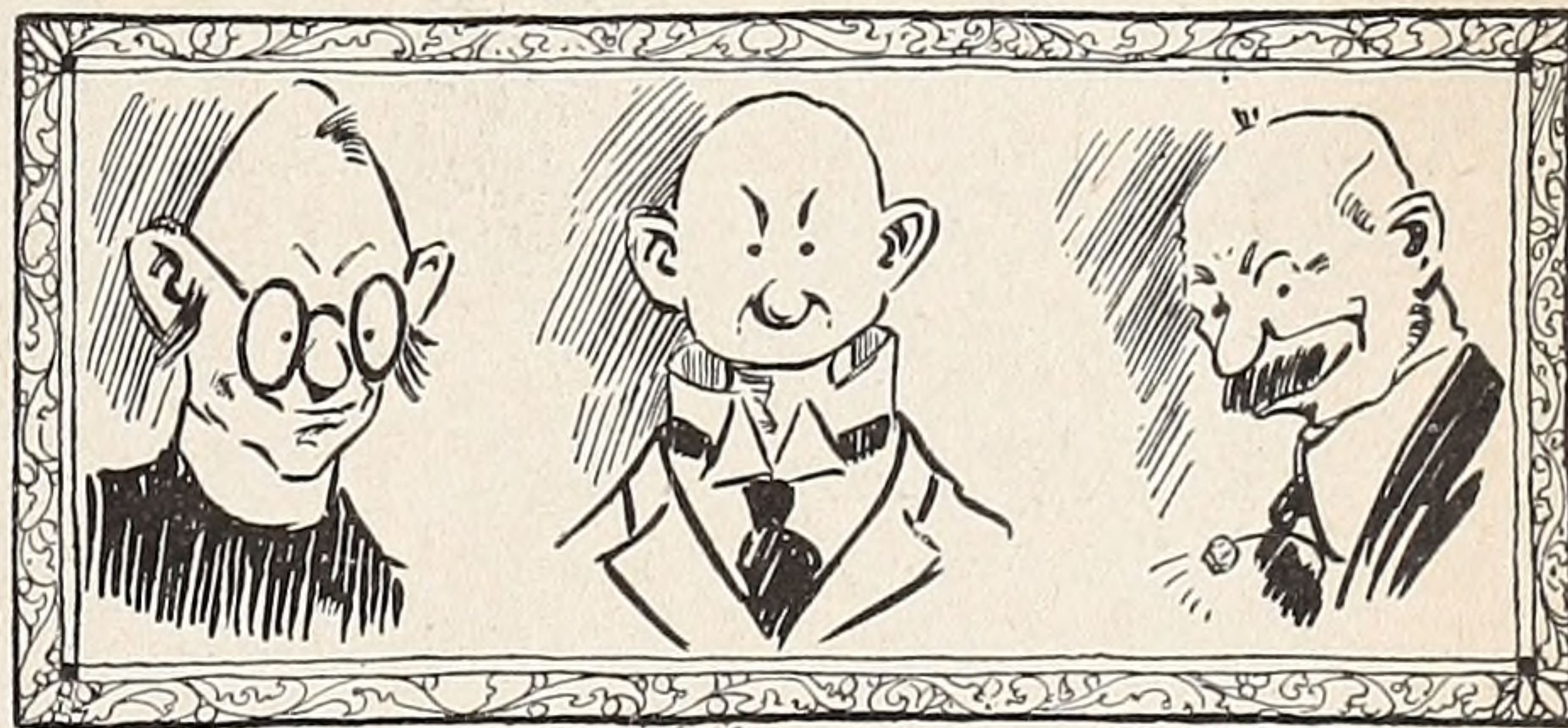
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