MOTION PICTVRE

CLASSIC

JANUARY

25¢

MARION DAVIES

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A Startling Memory Feat That You Can Do

How I learned the secret in one evening. It has helped me every day

WHEN my old friend Faulkner invited me to a dinner party at his house, I little thought it would be the direct means of getting me a one-hundred-and-fifty per cent. increase in salary. Yet it was, and here is the way it all came about.

Toward the close of the evening things began to drag a bit, as they often do at parties. Finally some one suggested the old idea of having everyone do a "stunt." Some sang, others forced weird sounds out of the piano, recited, told stories, and so on.

Then it came to Macdonald's turn. He was a quiet sort of chap, with an air about him that reminded one of the old saying that "still waters run deep." He said he had a simple "stunt" which he hoped we would like. He selected me to assist him. First he asked to be blindfolded securely to prove there was no trickery in it. Those present were to call out twenty-five numbers of three figures each, such as 161, 249, and so on. He asked me to write down the numbers as they were called.

This was done. Macdonald then astounded everyone by repeating the entire list of twenty-five numbers backwards and forwards. Then he asked people to request numbers by positions, such as the eighth number called, the fourth number, and so on. Instantly he repeated back the exact number in the position called. He did this with the entire list—over and over again, without making a single mistake.

Then Macdonald asked that a deck of cards be shuffled and called out to him in their order. This was done. Still blindfolded, he instantly named the cards in their order backwards and forwards. And then to further amaze us, he gave us the number of any card counting from the top, or the card for any number.

You may well imagine our amazement at Macdonald's remarkable feat. You naturally expect to see a thing of this sort on the stage, and even then you look upon it as a trick. But to see it done by an everyday business man, in plain view of everyone, blindfolded and under conditions which make trickery impossible, is astonishing, to say the least.

* * * * * * * *

ON the way home that night I asked Macdonald how it was done. He said there was really nothing to it—simply a memory feat, the key to which anyone could easily learn in one evening. Then he told me that the reason most people have bad memories is because they leave memory development to chance. Anyone could do what he had done, and develop a good memory, he said, by following a few simple rules. And then he told me exactly how to do it. At the time I little thought that evening would prove to be one of the most eventful in my life, but such it proved to be.

What Macdonald told me I took to heart. In one evening I made remarkable strides toward improving my memory and it was but a question of days before I learned to do exactly what he had done. At first I amused myself with my new-found ability by amazing people at parties. My "memory feat," as my friends called it, surely made a hit. Every one was talking about it, and I was showered with invitations for all sorts of affairs. If anyone were to ask me how quickly to develop social popularity, I would tell him to learn my memory "feat"—but that is apart from what I want to tell you.

The most gratifying thing about the improvement of my memory was the remarkable way it helped me in business. Much to my surprise I discovered that my memory training had literally put a razor edge on my brain. My brain had become clearer, quicker, keener. I felt that I was fast acquiring that mental grasp and alertness I had so often admired in men who were spoken of as "wonders" and "geniuses."

The next thing I noticed was a marked improvement in my conversational powers. Formerly my talk was halting and disconnected. I never could think of things to say until the conversation was over. And then, when it was too late, I would always think of apt and striking things I "might have said." But now I can think like a flash. When I am talking I never have to hesitate for the right word, the right expression or the right thing to say. It seems that all I have to do is to start to talk and instantly I find myself saying the very thing I want to say to make the greatest impression on people.

It wasn't long before my new-found ability to remember things and to say the right thing at the right time attracted the attention of our president. He got in the habit of calling me in whenever he wanted facts about the business. As he expressed himself to me, "You can always tell me instantly what I want to know, while the other fellows annoy me by dodging out of the office and saying 'I'll look it up.'"

"Our president complimented me on always being able to tell him instantly facts he wanted to know."

* * * *

I FOUND that my ability to remember helped me wonderfully in dealing with other people, particularly in committee meetings. When a discussion opens up the man who can back up his statements quickly with a string of definite facts and figures usually dominates the others. Time and time again I have won people to my way of thinking simply because I could instantly recall facts and figures. While I'm proud of my triumphs in this respect, I often feel sorry for the ill-at-ease look of the other men who cannot hold up their end in the argument because they cannot recall facts instantly. It seems as though I never forget anything. Every fact I now put in my mind is as clear and as easy to recall instantly as though it were written before me in plain black and white.

We all hear a lot about the importance of sound judgment. People who ought to know say that a man cannot begin to exercise sound judgment until he is forty to fifty years of age. But I have disproved all that. I have found that sound judgment is nothing more than the ability to weigh and judge facts in their relation to each other. Memory is the basis of sound judgment. I am only thirty-two, but many times I have been complimented on having the judgment of a man of forty-five. I take no personal credit for this—it is all due to the way I trained my memory.

* * * * * * *

THESE are only a few of the hundreds of ways I have profited by my trained memory. No longer do I suffer the humiliation of meeting men I know and not being able to recall their names. The moment I see a man his name flashes to my mind, together with a string of facts about him. I always liked to read but usually forget most of it. Now I find it easy to recall what I have read. Another surprising thing is that I can now master a subject in considerably less time than before. Price lists, market quotations, data of all kinds, I can recall in detail almost at will. I rarely make a mistake.

My vocabulary, too, has increased wonderfully. Whenever I see a striking word or expression, I memorize it and use it in my dictation or conversation. This has put a remarkable sparkle and pulling power into my conversation and business letters. And the remarkable part of it all is that I can now do my day's work quicker and with much less effort, simply because my mind works like a flash and I do not have to keep stopping to look things up.

All this is extremely satisfying to me, of course. But the best part of it all is that since my memory power first attracted the attention of our president, my salary has steadily been increased. Today it is many times greater than it was the day Macdonald got me interested in improving my memory.

* * * * * * * *

WHAT Macdonald told me that eventful evening was this: "Get the Roth Memory Course." I did. That is how I learned to do all the remarkable things I have told you about. The publishers of the Roth Memory Course—the Independent Corporation—are so confident that it will also show you how to develop a remarkable memory that they will gladly send the Course to you on approval.

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CONTENTS OF MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

(Painted by Leo Sielke, Jr., from a photograph by Campbell Studios.)

Probably no player who has yet graced the silversheet has ever received the vast publicity campaign accorded Marion Davies, the star of International pictures.

Miss Davies, it will be recalled, was very well known on the musical comedy stage before she invaded the celluloid world with "Runaway Romany." Widely known as a footlight beauty, Miss Davies proved to be a remarkable camera beauty, as well. She has been steadily developing in the films.

Look for the Last Minute Features in the Advertising Section.

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This magazine, published monthly, comes out on the 15th. Its elder sister, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, comes out on the first of every month. SHADOWLAND appears on the 23rd of each month.

Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these spoken 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. Racial barriers seem insurmountable, but there is a happy and surprising ending. Has all the ingredients of popular drama. Miss Bainter is picturesquely pleasing.

Century.—"Aphrodite." Highly colored and lavish presentation of a drama based upon Pierre Louys' exotic novel of ancient Alexandria. Superbly staged adaptation of the play that caused a sensation in Paris. Dorothy Dalton, the screen star, returns to the stage in the principal rôle of the Galilean courtesan, Chrysis, and scores. McKay Morris is admirable in the principal male rôle. The ballet, directed by Michel Fokine, is spirited and colorful.

Cohan and Harris.—"The Royal Vagabond." A Cohanized opera comique in every sense of the words. A tuneful operetta plus Cohan speed, pep and brash American humor. Also tinkling music. And a corking cast, with Grace Fisher, Tessa Kosta, John Goldsworthy and Frederick Santley.

Casino.—"The Little Whopper." Lively and amusing musical comedy with tuneful score by Rudolf Friml. Vivienne Segal pleasantly heads the cast, which also numbers Harry C. Browne, who does excellent work, Mildred Richardson, and W. J. Ferguson.

Comedy.—"My Lady Friends." Highly amusing entertainment adopted from a Continental farce. Much of the humor is due to the able work of Clifton Crawford in the rôle of a guileless young manufacturer of Bibles whose efforts to spend money get him into all sorts of difficulties. June Walker scores in Mr. Crawford's support.

Eltinge—"The Girl in the Limousine." A daring, boudoir farce, by Wilson Collison and Avery Hopkins, centering about a bed, which is invaded by every member of the cast during the evening. John Cumberland is very amusing, and pretty Doris Kenyon, fresh from the screen, lends every aid.

George M. Cohan's.—Elsie Janis and her gang. Lively entertainment built about the experiences of the A. E. F. on the other side. Well put together by Miss Janis, who shines with decided brightness. A pleasant entertainment.

Globe.—"Apple Blossoms." The ambitious and much heralded operetta of Fritz Kreisler and Victor Jacobi, plus colorful Joseph Urban settings. An offering far above the musical average. John Charles Thomas sings admirably. Wilda Bennett is an attractive heroine and Florence Shirley lends a piquant personality to the proceedings.

Hippodrome.—"Happy Days." Big and spectacular production typical of the Hippodrome. The diving girls are again a feature, disporting in the huge "Hip" tank.

Hudson.—"Clarence." Booth Tarkington's delightful comedy, built about the way a returned soldier reunited a disturbed but typically American household. Superb performances by Alfred Lunt, Glenn Hunter and Helen Hayes give the comedy a fine verve.

Harris.—"Wedding Bells." A light and highly amusing comedy by Salisbury Field. Admirably written and charmingly played by Margaret Lawrence and Wallace Eddinger. One of the things you *should* see.

Henry Miller's.—"Moonlight and Honeysuckle." Ruth Chatterton in a charming comedy that might have been a big hit had the playwright taken full advantage of some splendid situations in the last act. As it is, it starts like a hare and ends like a tortoise.

Maxine Elliott's.—"The Unknown Woman." A very emotional melodrama with Marjorie Rambeau in Bendel gowns and tears. Jean Robertson contributes a vivid bit as a "dope."

Morosco.—"Civilian Clothes." A delightful comedy to please everybody. Brand new idea and cleverly worked out. Thurston Hall in the title role shares the honors with beautiful Olive Tell. Support excellent.

Playhouse.—"Palmy Days." A picturesque drama by Augustus Thomas, in which Milton Lackaye does the finest work of his career since "Jim the Penman."

Plymouth.—"The Jest," Arthur Hopkins production of Sem Benelli's colorful and gripping Florentine drama. John and Lionel Barrymore are again seen in their original rôles. An admirable cast and Robert Edmund Jones' settings lend splendid aid.

Princess.—"Nightie Night." Described by the program as a "wide awake farce," "Nightie Night" lives up to its billing. It has plenty of verve, ginger, and some daring. There are scores of laughs. Heading the very adequate cast are Francis Byrne, Suzanne Willa, Malcolm Duncan and Dorothy Mortimer.

Shubert.—"The Magic Melody." A "romantic musical play" with a tuneful score and a picturesque Willy Pogany setting. Charles Purcell, Fay Marbe, Julia Dean, Earl Benham and Carmel Meyers, the last two well known to the screen, head the cast.

Thirty-ninth Street Theater.—"Scandal," Cosmo Hamilton's daring drama which Constance Talmadge played on the screen. Francine Larrimore and Charles Cherry have the leading rôles in the excellent footlight production.

ON TOUR

"An Exchange of Wives." Another Cosmo Hamilton comedy which, however, never attains the spontaneity or piquancy of "Scandal." The chief blush-inducer is a scene on a sleeping porch.

"See-Saw."—A pleasant musical entertainment. The delightful Elizabeth Hines stands out and Dorothy Mackaye is pleasantly cast.

"She Would and She Did." Grace George in a light (very light) comedy founded on a little hole in the golf links which Grace angrily made, resulting in her suspension from the club for two months. Society and golf folks will probably find this an entertaining little play.

E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe in Shakespearean repertoire. These artists represent the best traditions of our theater and their revivals of "Twelfth Night," "Hamlet," and "The Taming of the Shrew," are distinguished in every sense of the word.

"The Better 'Ole." The Coburn production of the musical comedy based upon Bruce Bairnsfather's new immortal cartoon creation, Old Bill. Mr. Coburn's characterization of Bill is still as remarkable as ever.

"A Lonely Romeo," with Lew Fields. A light show running in the usual groove. Frances Cameron, who is developing remarkably, is the bright figure of "A Lonely Romeo." while Mr. Fields is his humorous self. There's a decidedly funny scene in a men's hat shop.

"Chu Chin Chow." An opulent and beautiful musical extravaganza based upon the Arabian Nights tale of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves. Dazzling series of sensuous stage pictures. "Chu Chin Chow" is presented this year with an entirely new edition and new costumes. Marjorie Wood makes a colorful desert woman, Lionel Braham is very effective as the robber sheik and Eugene Cowles makes the rôle of steward stand out. George Rosely plays the young lover admirably.

"La La Lucille." Musical comedy built around the efforts of a loving couple to arrange a divorce in order to live up to the terms of a millionaire aunt's will. A corespondent is engaged and troubles begin. John E. Hazzard and Janet Velie play the would-be divorcées, while Marjorie Bentley and Helen Clark give able assistance. Light summer entertainment.

The Shubert Gaieties of 1919. A lively revue with scores of statuesque girls and stunning frocks. A decidedly attractive entertainment.

"John Ferguson." A straight drama that compares favorably with anything of the kind that New York has seen for years. Beautifully staged and acted. Masterpieces of this kind should be liberally patronized to encourage others.

George White's "Scandals of 1919." All sorts and variations of dancing make up for a lack of story or humor. The real star is piquant little Ann Pennington—as seductive a little jazzer as ever shimmied on Broadway. Then there's the lively dancing of Mr. White himself.

"Friendly Enemies." This is the record-breaking comedy drama of last season, with Louis Mann in his original rôle.

"At 9:45." An absorbing melodrama by Owen Davis. One of those thrillers in which every one in the cast is suspected of murder until the final curtain. Marie Goff proves to be a genuine discovery as the heroine, and an excellent emotional performance is given by Edith Shayne.

"Three Wise Fools." Austin Strong's human little drama of three crusty old bachelors who are bequeathed a young woman and who are subsequently rejuvenated. Melodrama with a heart throb. Helen Menken gives a striking performance of the nerve-racked heroine, while Claude Gillingwater is a delightfully testy old Teddy Findley.

"She's a Good Fellow." A light but pleasant musical comedy built about the efforts of old folks to break up a marriage between a loving young couple. Joseph Santley is a likeable lover-husband, masquerading in skirts for a whole act. Ivy Sawyer, the very pleasing Ann Orr and Scott Welsh lend delightful assistance.

"Listen, Lester." Lively, dancy show with considerable humor. Cast includes Gertrude Vanderbilt, Clifton Webb, Ada Lewis, Ada Mae Weeks and Eddie Garvie.

"39 East." A charming comedy founded on a boarding school romance in which many interesting characters make love-making difficult for a pair of young lovers.

"Up in Mabel's Room." Piquant, daring but decidedly amusing farce built about the pursuit of a dainty pink undergarment which bears the same name as a recent jazz dance. Admirable cast, including the radiant Hazel Dawn. "Up in Mabel's Room" is an admirable example of well-knit farce.

"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.

"Take It From Me." A comedy with music, in which a sporty young man falls heir to a department store and runs it according to the latest musical comedy methods.

"Three Faces East." Another Secret Service-German spy drama, this one 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 burglars and who were not.

LEADING PICTURE THEATERS.

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

Loew's Metropolitan, Brooklyn.—Feature photoplays and vaudeville.

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.

Capitol.—Special screen productions plus a de luxe "demi-tasse" revue. An extraordinarily beautiful playhouse.

AN APOLOGY AND AN EXPLANATION

On October 1st, 1919, practically all of the printers and typesetters in and around New York went out on strike, including those who print this magazine. Without going into the merits of the controversy between the employers and the employees, we will simply say that we had no voice in the matter one way or the other. Several labor unions had differences among themselves, and these differences caused the Publishers' Association to refuse to comply with the demands of certain labor unions. We do not belong to the Publishers' Association. That body conducted all the negotiations. When the printers and compositors walked out, it was not in our power to make them walk back, even if we had been willing to give them everything they asked. Had we terms with one union, another union would have refused to handle our paper, and another union would have refused to make the plates which are necessary for us to have. In other words, our hands were tied. We were helpless. Some publications were fortunate enough to have some of their printing done for them in distant cities, some had it done by some other process (such as typewriting photographed) and some could not have their work done at all. The strike did not end until the latter part of November, having lasted nearly two months.

During this time we did everything possible to supply our readers with this, their favorite magazine, on time and in good condition, but such was not possible. We left no stone unturned and were willing to go to any expense, but in spite of every effort, we were unable to meet the schedule, hence we were late. Furthermore, the magazine that you received was not the one we intended to give you. When the strike came on, this magazine was partly made up and partly printed, but we were unable to move either the type or the parts that had been printed. We managed to get out a MAGAZINE, but it was not the kind of magazine we wanted, it was the best we could. We could not even print an explanation and an apology, hence this one. We hoped, and still believe, that all of our esteemed readers, even those in distant parts, had heard of the great tie-up strike and that they would patiently wait. Some of our contemporaries took advantage of our extremities by issuing extra large editions on an advanced date, hoping thereby to secure some of our readers, instead of extending us the brotherly hand and saying, "Is there anything we can do for you in your distress?" We hope that they have largely profited by their business sagacity, but we believe that we have not lost a single reader. Once a reader always a reader.

We are now fully recovered from the disaster and from now on our readers may expect the finest magazine possible We have done this for ten years and we can do it now. WATCH US.

THE M. P. PUBLISHING CO.

Why Do People Like

William S. Hart and Dorothy Dalton

What Dr. Blackford Says

[Partial analysis made from Photographs]

Miss Dalton has a particularly fine physical organization. She belongs to the vital-motive type. Note the roundness of her features and the fullness of her figure. The motive qualities show in the squareness of her face in full front view, and in the graceful poses and movements of her body. She has splendid recuperative power. This gives vivacity, responsive energies, warmth and enthusiasm of nature.

Miss Dalton is distinctly feminine in type. Note the slightly concave nose, tilted up at the end, the soft curves of her face and body, and the cupid-bow lips. Feminine characteristics are further shown in her large, soulful eyes, her long, curling lashes, and the subtle humor and coquetry in her facial expression.

Miss Dalton belongs to the convex type, with the exception of the nose, which is plane tending to concave. Convexity of features indicates keenness, quick responses, quickness in action and directness in speech. These qualities Miss Dalton manifests in her quick responsiveness to conditions of environment, in her quick comprehension of artistic values and her readiness to make the most of a dramatic situation.

She is very emotional and strongly sentimental, and appeals to these qualities in her audience. One loves Dorothy Dalton because she has the art of winning your affection through her heart appeal.

WHY is Dorothy Dalton so well loved by her followers? Why does William S. Hart attract and hold the admiration of almost every one? They both know the secret of making people like them.

If Dorothy Dalton and William S. Hart can do the thing that makes themselves liked by the most cosmopolitan audience in the world—people they never see—think how much easier it will be for you to master this ability—win the confidence and liking of the people with whom you come in contact.

You too can have the power of making people like you. For by the same method used by Dr. Blackford in analyzing Miss Dalton and Mr. Hart, you can, at a glance, tell the characteristics of any man, woman or child—tell instantly their likes and dislikes, and YOU CAN MAKE PEOPLE LIKE YOU. Here is how it is done.

Everyone you know can be placed in one of two general types—blond or brunet. There is as big a difference between the characteristics of a blond and those of a brunet as there is between night and day. You persuade a blond in one way—a brunet in another. Blonds enjoy one phase of life—brunets another. Blonds make good in one kind of job—brunets in one entirely different.

To know these differences scientifically is the first step in judging men and women; in getting on with them; mastering their minds; in making them like you; in winning their respect, admiration, love and friendship.

And when you have learned these differences—when you can tell at a glance just what to do and say to make any man or woman like you, your success in life is assured.

Paul Graham was a blond, and not until he had learned that there was all the difference in the world between the characteristics of a blond and those of a brunet did he discover the secret of making people like him.

Paul had been keeping books for years for a large corporation which had branches all over the country. It was generally thought by his associates that he would never rise above that job. He had a tremendous ability with figures—could wind them around his little finger—but he did not have the ability to mix with big men; did not know how to make people like him.

Independent Corporation
119 West 40th Street
New York City

Dear Sirs:

It was with great interest that I read Dr. Blackford's character analysis of Miss Dorothy Dalton. From a long acquaintance with Miss Dalton it gives me pleasure to say that Dr. Blackford has unerringly depicted Miss Dalton's characteristics.

Everyone knows of Miss Dalton's outstanding histrionic ability and personal charm, but this is the first time to my knowledge that anyone has stated the basis from which these personal qualities spring. I feel sure that Dr. Blackford's analysis will not only be interesting to everyone but informative as well.

Cordially yours,

(Signed) B. E. SIEBEL
Manager to Miss Dalton.

What Miss Dalton's Manager Says:

Then one day the impossible happened. Paul Graham became popular. Business men of importance who had formerly given him only a passing nod of acquaintance suddenly showed a desire for his friendship. People—even strangers—actually went out of their way to do things for him. Even he was astounded at his new power over men and women. Not only could he get them to do what he wanted them to do, but they actually anticipated his wishes and seemed eager to please him.

From the day the change took place, he began to go up in business. Now he is the Head Auditor for his corporation at an immense increase in salary. And all this came to him simply because he learned the secret of making people like him.

Another example—the case of a large manufacturing concern. Trouble sprang up at one of the factories. The men talked strike. Things looked ugly. Harry Winslow was sent to straighten it out. On the eve of a general walkout, he pacified the men and headed off the strike. And not only this, but ever since then, that factory has led all the others for production. He was able to do this, because he knew how to make these men like him and to do what he wanted them to do.

Another case, entirely different, is that of Henry Peters. Because of his ability to make people like him—his faculty for "getting under the skin" and making people think his way, he was given the position of Assistant to the President of a large firm. Two other men, both well liked by their fellow employees, had each expected to get the job. So when the outside man, Peters, came in, he was looked upon by everyone as an interloper and was openly disliked by every person in the office.

Peters was handicapped in every way. But in spite of that in three weeks he had made fast friends of everyone in the house and had even won over the two men who had been most bitter against him. The whole secret is that he could tell in an instant how to appeal to any man and make himself well liked.

A certain woman who had this ability moved with her family to another town. As is often the case, it was a very difficult thing for any woman to break into the chill circle of society in this town if she was not known. But her ability to make people like her soon won for her the close friendship of many of the "best families" in the town. Some people wonder how she did it. It was simply the secret at work—the secret of judging people's characters and making them like you.

You realize of course that just knowing the difference between a blond and a brunet could not accomplish all these wonderful things. There are other things to be taken into account. But here is the whole secret.

You know everyone does not think alike. What one likes another dislikes. And what offends one pleases another. Well, there is your cue. You can make an instant "hit" with anyone if you say the things they want you to say and act the way they want you to act. Do this and they will surely like you and believe in you and go miles out of their way to PLEASE YOU.

You can do this easily by knowing certain simple signs. In addition to the difference in complexion every man, woman and child has written on them signs as distinct as though they were in letters a foot high, which show you from one quick glance exactly what to say and to do to please them—to get them to believe—to think as you think—to do exactly what you want them to do.

As unerringly as Dr. Blackford has told the characteristics of Miss Dalton and Mr. Hart you can tell the weak and strong points of character in everyone you meet.

In knowing these simple signs is the whole secret of getting what you want out of life—making friends of business and social advantage. Every great leader uses this method. That is why he IS a leader. Use it yourself and you will quickly become a leader—nothing can stop you.

You have heard before of Dr. Blackford the Character Analyst. Dr. Blackford's development and application of the science of Character Analysis has been built on a solid foundation of direct professional study of all kinds of men and women. After years of extensive consulting work among business concerns, merchants, manufacturers, Chambers of Commerce, and trade associations, Dr. Blackford made a trip around the world, observing widely different races, comparing notes with leading specialists of forty nations, comparing theories with such famous authorities as Alfred Haddon, Metchnikoff and Giuseppe Sergi, and studying the exhaustive records of Bertillon. So Dr. Blackford's store of ideas in the realm of human relations has become probably the most carefully arranged exhibit of facts on character study in the United States.

It is not surprising, therefore, that many concerns will not employ a man without first getting Dr. Blackford to pass on him. Concerns such as Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, Baker-Vawter Company, the Laurentide Company, Ltd., and many others pay Dr. Blackford large annual fees for advice on dealing with human nature.

So great was the demand for these services, that Dr. Blackford could not even begin to fill all the engagements. So Dr. Blackford has explained the method in a simple seven-lesson course, entitled, "Reading Character at Sight." Even a half hour's reading of this wonderful course will give you an insight into human nature, and a power over people which will surprise you.

Such confidence have the publishers in Dr. Blackford's Course, "Reading Character at Sight," that they will gladly send it to you on approval, all charges prepaid. Look it over thoroughly. See if it lives up to all the claims made for it. If you do not want to keep it, then return it and the transaction is closed. And if you decide to keep it—as you surely will—then merely remit five dollars in full payment.

Remember, you take no risk, you assume no obligation to buy. The entire course goes to you on approval. You have everything to gain—nothing to lose. So mail the coupon NOW, and learn how to make people like you, while this remarkable offer is still on.

William S. Hart Star in Paramount-Artcraft Pictures

What Dr. Blackford Says

[Partial analysis made from Photographs]

Mr. William S. Hart is a fine example of a keen intellect, dominating and directing both the activities of his muscles and the play of his emotions. This characteristic enables its possessor consciously and unerringly to express in the finest shadings of posture, gesture, walk, and features, just the meaning he wishes to convey.

This is shown, first, by the height, breadth and depth of his forehead and the keenness of his eye, indicating intellectual power of penetration; second by the length and firmness of his upper lip—indicating control of emotion—and the length and firmness of his chin, indicating control of physical activities.

Keen observation is shown in the fine development of the lower part of the forehead, which is prominent just above the eyes, while judgment of human nature is shown in the height of the forehead directly above the root of the nose.

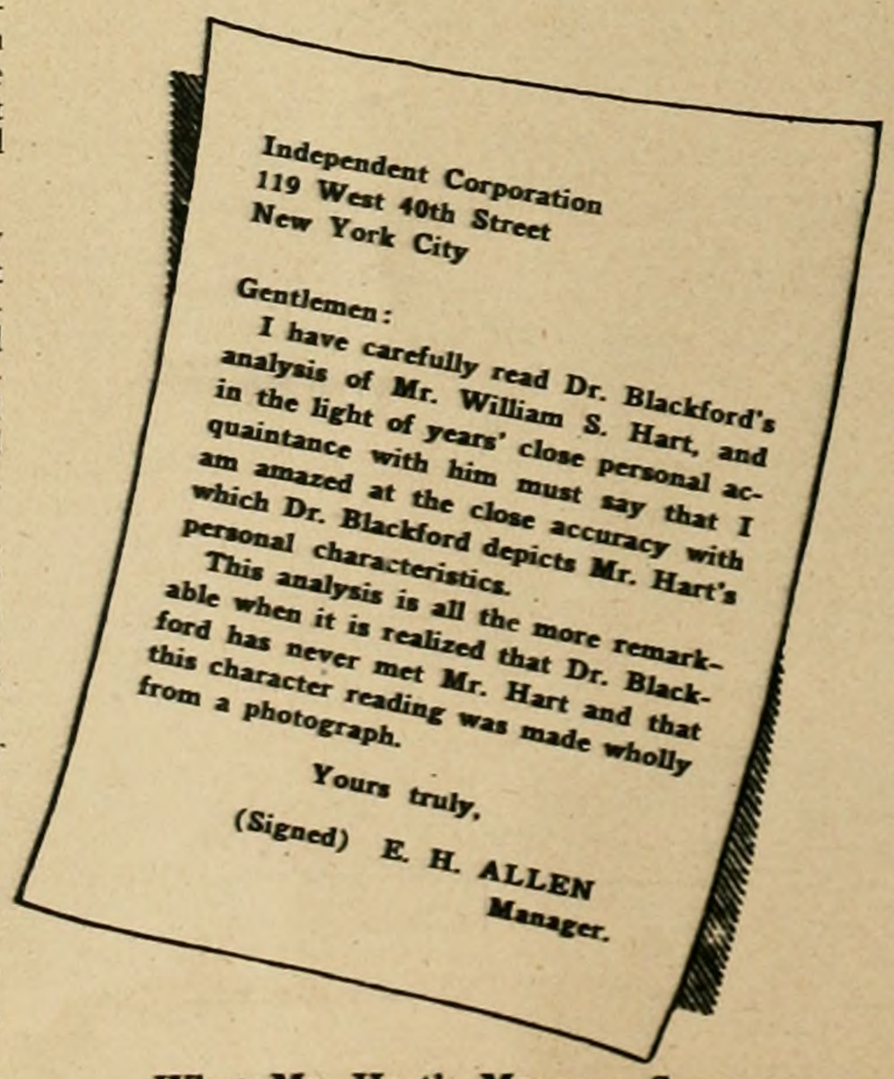
It follows from this that he is keen, shrewd judge of human nature. He uses this knowledge of people not only to portray their joys, their sorrows, their passions, and their sympathies, but also as a basis for judgment as to what will please them in the pictures.

One of the most marked traits about Mr. Hart is his determination which is shown in the long, firm upper lip, the square, deep jaw, the straight, dogged cut of the lips across the face, and the high head.

His determination is backed by courage. Courage is shown in the long, large but well-balanced nose; the straight, level gaze; and the prominence of the lower end of the chin.

So we have in him a man who by keen observation and smoothly working intellect, fixes upon his purposes, who knows how to influence, persuade and direct people to play their parts in his plans, who has the courage to attempt big things and the determination to accomplish them in spite of difficulties and obstacles.

These are qualities which largely explain Mr. Hart's success in motion pictures, but he adds to them an unusual capacity for concentration. He not only starts, but no matter how disagreeable and difficult the job, he sticks and he finishes.



Independent Corporation
119 West 40th Street
New York City

Gentlemen:

I have carefully read Dr. Blackford's analysis of Mr. William S. Hart, and in the light of years' close personal acquaintance with him must say that I am amazed at the close accuracy with which Dr. Blackford depicts Mr. Hart's personal characteristics.

This analysis is all the more remarkable when it is realized that Dr. Blackford has never met Mr. Hart and that this character reading was made wholly from a photograph.

Yours truly,

(Signed) E. H. ALLEN
Manager.

What Mr. Hart's Manager Says:

Free Examination Coupon

Independent Corporation

Publishers of the Independent Weekly,
Dept. B-571, 119 West 40th St., New York.

You may send me Dr. Blackford's Course of seven lessons entitled "Reading Character at Sight." I will either remail the course to you within five days after its receipt, or send you $5 in full payment of the Course.

Name .....

Address .....

M. P. Classic 1-20

If you long for more color

Use this famous treatment for rousing sluggish skin

Just before retiring, wash your face and neck with plenty of Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. If your skin has been badly neglected, rub a generous lather thoroughly into the pores, using an upward and outward motion. Do this until the skin feels somewhat sensitive. Rinse well in warm water, then in cold. Whenever possible, rub your skin for five minutes with a piece of ice and dry carefully.

For pale, sallow skins requiring greater stimulation, use the **new steam treatment.** You will find it in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

To make your skin noticeably lovely - Give it the regular care it had when you were a baby

When you were a baby, your skin was exquisitely soft—clear, delicate—daintily rose-pink and white.

People loved to touch your rose-petal cheeks, your soft smooth little hands.

Do you ever stop to think what kept your skin so fine and soft? What is keeping it now from being as fine and soft as it can be?

No matter how you have neglected your skin, you *can* make it exquisite in texture. You *can* have the glorious color of youth. You must begin at once to give your skin the tender, regular care it received when you were a baby.

Every night before retiring, cleanse it thoroughly—just as thoroughly as a baby's skin is cleansed every night. If your skin has lost its delicacy and clearness, use the particular Woodbury treatment indicated for its needs.

Do you want more color? Are your pores enlarged? Have you disfiguring blemishes or blackheads? These conditions are the result of neglect and the constant exposure to which your skin is subjected. The right Woodbury treatment, used nightly, will correct them.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and have your first treatment tonight. The feeling the first two or three treatments leave on your skin will tell you how much good its regular use is going to do you. In a week or ten days you will begin to notice a decided improvement — the greater clearness, smoothness, fineness and color you long for

Woodbury's is for sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada. A 25 cent cake will last a month or six weeks.

Sample cake of soap, booklet of famous treatments, samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream, sent to you for 15 cents.

For 6 cents we will send you a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love To Touch". Or for 15 cents we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address the Andrew Jergens Co., 901 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address the Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 901 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

Wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is the booklet, "A Skin You Love To Touch." It contains scientific advice on the skin and scalp, and full directions for all the famous Woodbury treatments.

LOU-TELLEGEN

Photograph by De Meyer

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

Photograph © by Alfred Cheney Johnston

MARY MILES MINTER

A Louisiana girl, little Miss Minter, then known as Juliet Shelby, served a long stage apprenticeship as a child. Her real hit came in the girl in "The Littlest Rebel" with the Farnums. "The Fairy and the Waif" shortly after marked her silversheet début

Photograph © by Alfred Cheney Johnston

CORINNE GRIFFITH

Miss Griffith is universally recognized as one of screenland's beauties. Born in Texas, Miss Griffith started with Western Vitagraph—and she has since continued with that organization; altho society drama, rather than rugged frontier stories now serve as her vehicles

MAY ALLISON

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

May Allison is now accepted as one of our foremost comédiennes. Miss Allison is a Dixie girl and a member of the famous Wise family of old Georgia. The stage served as a stepping stone to the screen, where she first attracted attention as a leading woman for the late Harold Lockwood

Photograph by Campbell Studios

JUNE CAPRICE

Miss Caprice is a Boston girl. She made her film début as a star with William Fox in "Caprice of the Mountains" and a star she has been ever since. Just now she is under the Capellani banner

Barthelmess: the Boy

Dick Barthelmess isn't the least like a player. None of the things we call temperament are there, just a down-right, regular, breath-taking boyishness. Not a slam-bang, certain-of-himself boyishness, but a quiet, introspective sort

THIS is no conventional chat-for-an-hour interview — this composite view of Dick Barthelmess. For it is the product of many hours together; in the country, in the city, under varying conditions.

I would shudder to write my impressions of Barthelmess after seeing him once. He is too elusive, too much within himself. He sits half broodingly, saying ery little, laughing now and then ith typical boyish high spirits, tempered by an odd mi-worldliness. But to paint a word picture of im after one meeting would be impossible.

I know that now I have not wholly found the real Barthelmess. But here and there in our conversation flashes have revealed something of this boy who became famous over night for his Yellow Man in "Broken Blossoms."

We first met after the première of the Griffith production. He had every reason to have lost his head in the avalanche of praise. But he hadn't. A singular montal balance is his.

Indeed, he is the most unusual young actor I ever met. Because he isn't the least like a player. None of the things we call temperament are there, just a down-right, regular, breath-taking boyishness. Not a slam-bang, certain-of-himself boyishness either, but a quiet, introspective sort.

Just before this "interview" was written we went to a musical comedy together. Barthelmess didn't laugh at the cheap humor of it. Neither did he assume a high-brow air in commenting upon its banality. But he *was* frankly—and boyishly—interested in the girls.

Some one interviewed Barthelmess on the coast and pronounced him a shrinking lad who loved books. They *didn't* see him as I saw him.

Yet Barthelmess does love good books. He reads a great deal. One night he dropped a volume of Blasco Ibanez to have dinner with me.

But Barthelmess is many sided.

He loves the feminine note in life.

His ideal type of girl? "Rather tall and slender," he said, (and I know he will shudder to read this), "she needn't necessarily be either blonde or brunette, but she must be attractive."

"What about brains?" we parried.

Barthelmess paused. "I was thinking of an ideal dancing partner. Of course, I hope some day to meet a combination of beauty and brains. Possibly I have met them but they have not been able to see me for dirt." No conceit there.

Yes, Barthelmess loves to dance. Cabarets appeal to him.

But he confessed: "After two or three weeks of New York night life—with theaters and midnight dancing—I feel as if I were wasting myself. Sort of as tho I needed a mental bath."

Then—odd as you may think—Barthelmess goes away into the country, near his home in Connecticut.

"I have a quaint old room in a quaint old farmhouse," he relates, "I sleep in a four-poster *and I sleep*. I read a lot and I dream. Somehow, I guess I like that best of all." Did I say Barthelmess is many sided?

No, Barthelmess is not "temperamental" as the word is used in screen circles. Not that he lacks ambition. He has fought every inch of his way.

His mother an actress, Barthelmess came from college to try his luck on the screen. The rôle of the younger brother in Herbert Brenon's "War Brides" with Alla Nazimova, gave him his start. But it by no means made him. He drifted, not quite able to do anything big anywhere.

"I almost starved before my opportunity with Griffith came." he told me laconically, "really almost starved."

Naturally Barthelmess looks

A Composite Study

By Frederick James Smith

upon Griffith with eyes of genuine worship. "He is more like a father than an employer or the master the world sees," the young actor says. "Gee, I'll be glad when he comes east. I always feel that I can tell him all my troubles and always be told just how to solve things?"

That was before Griffith brought his studio staff east and began producing in Westchester. (Right here let me add that the producer remarks anent Barthelmess and Bobbie Harron: "No cleaner minded boys ever lived.")

Of course, Barthelmess just a bit envies the young stars of the celluloid drama who have every means, particularly financial, to advance themselves. "I wish I had money to buy plays and books now and lay them aside for a future day, when I shall have learned enough and made enough friends everywhere to be a star—that is, if that day comes."

His favorite role? Not the Yellow Man but the lover with Marguerite Clarke in "Three Men and a Girl." He likes that sort of light romantic character best. Probably, "I'll Get Him Yet" is his next choice.

The Mexican vagabond hero of "Scarlet Days" interested Barthelmess a great deal. "It was different, at least, to ride a mustang and wear a mustache," he laughs. Critics have said that it was a boyish Walthall come to the screen, this sensitive, glamorous, dashing desperado with the haunting vein of humor and sadness.

Barthelmess has been playing a beachcomber in a forthcoming Griffith story of the South Seas. This will be his latest contribution to the screen — and a fascinating one it should be, with Barthelmess playing opposite Clarine Seymour, the famous "cutie beautiful." Miss Seymour portrays a hula hula maid—and does it vividly, judging from our studio glimpses.

But to return to Barthelmess.

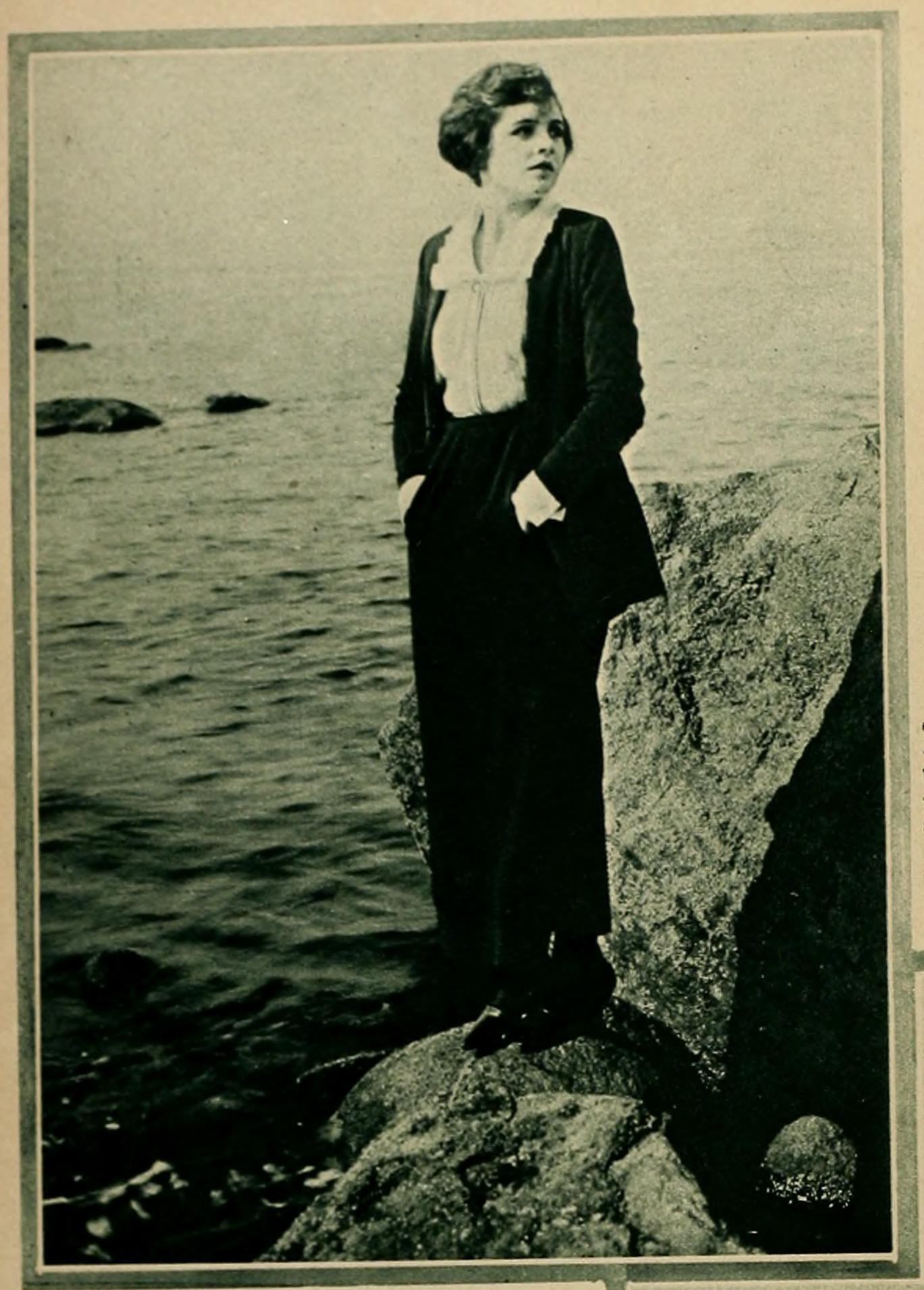
There is no question but that Dick holds a place all his own on the screen. Comparisons have been made with Charles Ray, but the two young men are poles apart. Youth alone makes them comparable. Ray is the film's foremost exponent of the genre school—Barthelmess of the humanely romantic school.

The silversheet has needed just this touch. It has been missing since Walthall contributed his "little Colonel" to "The Birth of a Nation." The Yellow Man was the first idealistic touch of poetry since that lovable character.

There is one vivid thing in Barthelmess' character that I haven't touched upon.

(*Continued on page 74*)

Barthelmess loves most of all to stay at his old home in Connecticut. "I have a quaint old room in a quaint old farmhouse," he says, "I sleep in a four-poster and I sleep. I read a lot and I dream." Two views of Barthelmess in "Scarlet Days" are shown on these pages



The suburbs of Philadelphia were Elaine Hammerstein's background until she was seventeen. She was brought up in a seminary called 'The Armitage.' Across the page is a glimpse of Elaine and Myron Selznick, her manager

The Youngest of the House o' Hammerstein

It was the first taste of November. Rain shot thru the air and there was sufficient chill to warrant furs and a wrap. Brrr!

The soap-scented elevator lifted me to immeasurable heights, where I got out amongst the clouds at the —th floor, and sailed in upon a soft atmosphere of blueness that was —heavenly. A maid told me to wait. (There *are* maids in these places.) And from my glory of azure velvet, underneath a lamp of golden tints, I looked out on the drizzle—doubting its reality.

Elaine came into the room, and I saw the purple of her kimona, the grey of her eyes, and the tiniest auburn veil that glimpses thru her hair—and I knew movies were never like this!

"Good morning," said Miss Hammerstein. My maledictions on November changed instantly to enthusiasm for the season. "Good morning. It's funny how I *can* say 'Good morning,' isn't it, when I thought a few hours ago that everything in the universe was changed. You see, all day yesterday I was working on 'The Country Cousin' at Glen Cove. Last night we were called upon to go to Scarborough to take some scenes of a garden fête, and, due to the many lights that had to be used, and the extras that had to be placed, we didn't actually get started until three this morning, and mother and I didn't get home until five, and—O, well, the world's going around just the same."

She laughed and curled up in a brocaded chair. I was glad it was near the window, because every now and then, as she turned, the light reflected the moist greyness of her eyes, and from the twinkle they flung out I knew I liked her right away—that she was the sort everybody liked—enormously—right away. She was so vibrant, so full of fun.

"Yes, the suburbs of Philadelphia. They were my background until I was seventeen," began Miss Hammerstein. "I was brought up at a perfectly dear seminary called 'The Armitage.' If it wasn't for 'The Armitage,' I suppose I'd be a musical comedy star today. So—thank the Lord for 'The Armitage'."

Then she jovially told me of the sum-

By G. Blythe Sherwood

mer she was vacationing in Canada. Elaine loves the outdoors. She is crazy about swimming, riding, paddling, and keeping generally fit for sportsmanship. Along towards the end of a glorious August came a note from her father which read, "Come home. I have had a part written for you in 'High Jinks'." Elaine's father is Arthur, and Arthur's father was Oscar—the late Oscar Hammerstein. *The* one.

Elaine went. She rehearsed. And had a violent time with the make-up. For "The Armitage" even powder had been forbidden. And the day after the première at the Casino Theater in New York, Elaine—by the critics and by the public—was acclaimed *a hit!* Everyone went wild over the freshness and piquancy of Mr. Hammerstein's young, beautiful daughter. They thought she had the most delightful, natural way. But no one, except Elaine and her mother and her father, knew that she had never sung or danced before in her life!

Elaine Hammerstein loves the outdoors, She is crazy about swimming, riding, and boating. Indeed, she went on the stage in her father's "High Jinks" after a summer in the Canadian wilds

Miss Hammerstein laughed so deliciously as she confided all this to me now, but a moment later she sobered, when she recalled the nights that followed nights with her pictures in the papers—and how it hurt her—along with the way the people of the company felt towards her because of that publicity.

"I didn't care a bit for the old clippings, and worse than that, I couldn't stand the footlights, and the necessity of having to work on Wednesdays and Saturdays—when the sun was out—and on evenings when there was another play I wanted to see, or a party of my friends who were going off to dance or skate. It was a miserable time for me. The only nights that were happy ones were when the boys and girls from school would come and sit in a box, and wave to me. And I'd return the salutations and forget the play—and father would send

(*Continued on page* 78)

The Owner of the "Uncas"

"When the northwest wind is blowing hard,
And blue and white is the sky,
And the sharp-cut waves are streaked and scarred,
Where the darting squalls race by;
When the leeward shrouds are whelmed in green
And the leeward deck's afoam,
And a dancing wake all white is seen
Back toward the shores of home—
Oh, that is the day my heart would choose
For setting sail on an August cruise."

—M. A. DeWolfe Howe.

John Bowers loves his yacht, the "Uncas," more than most anything else in the world. The "Uncas" is a $25,000 schooner yacht — a 70-footer — built on long, graceful lines, painted white and with fittings of mahogany

JOHN BOWERS, leading man of many pictures, has just signed a contract for another year of work with Goldwyn; a year which — who knows?—may end with his becoming a star.

He is very handsome, is John Bowers—but this could hardly be called news—at least six feet in height and athletic looking with dark eyes and chestnut brown curly hair.

He tells a pathetic story about those curls which is worth repeating here in order to have it over with.. It seems that recently, when he went to see one of his own pictures run off at a local theater, he heard a violent argument between two women about his hair. One insisted that "no hair could curl naturally like that" and offered to bet the other "every cent she had in the world" that it was marcelled. Let me say right here that he was more indignant than amused; he has done everything possible to keep it plastered down ever since.

But to get to my interview:

The fact that he is a good actor and handsome are not his only claims to distinction. Along the water front many people entirely unfamiliar with the famous ones of the stage and screen recognize the name of John Bowers just as soon as it is spoken.

"Who, him?" one of these will say, "Why, sure! I know who he is! He's the owner of the *Uncas*, a racing yacht with just about the classiest li'l record you ever saw; bought her some little time ago—"

It is this yacht that John Bowers thinks of as home.

This doesn't mean that he has no love for the little white bungalow just two blocks from the Goldwyn studio, where he and Mrs. Bowers play at keeping house. He couldn't help being fond of it, the place is so pretty. And, too, "We have lived so long in hotels and apartments," he said, "that life in a real house seems like a game." But "a man's home is where his heart is," and on the day I saw John Bowers his heart was away off with the *Uncas* on the Hudson River. He was, I think, the most homesick young man in the world. It was a warm day in early August and a light breeze blew in from the Pacific, reminding one that Venice (and solid comfort in a bathing suit) was only about twenty minutes away. He was playing the part of a photographer. He stood on a London roof at the Goldwyn studio; a nice, solid, realistic roof about twenty feet from the ground with no house underneath, and under Frank Lloyd's direction, photographed the funniest family group I have ever seen. Director and

By ELIZABETH PELTRET

cameraman were precariously perched on a movable platform opposite, which rocked lightly at their least energetic movement while an orchestra, there for "atmospheric" purposes, played teasingly a few bars from "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."

"The *Uncas* is really coming," John Bowers said, joining me when the scene was over. "I've made definite arrangements at last. Hal and Doc Wilson (shipbuilders of Balboa, a sea-side resort near Los Angeles, and his inseparable companions on many a cruise) are going to make up a party of seven or eight people and bring her around thru the canal. I almost think I'd like to sleep until she gets here, the waiting will be so long! Talk about your passionate love scenes—I'm going to stage one when that boat arrives." He was speaking lightly and whimsically but with an undertone of seriousness. "I'm going to wade out into the Pacific to meet her and kiss her right on the bow-sprit!"

He laughed at the idea but he was more than half in earnest. Anyone who has ever owned any sort of a boat knows that it may seem as vivid and living a thing as one's dearest friend and as full of unaccountable moods and actions. And when, in addition to this, she is a beautiful boat and famous — well, one could not ask for more. And the *Uncas* is both beautiful and famous; she has a racing record known among yachtsmen everywhere.

She is a $25,000 schooner yacht—a seventy-footer—built on long graceful lines, painted white and with fittings of mahogany. Her staterooms are large and comfortably furnished. He could take nine guests for a thirty-one day cruise without their missing any necessities or luxuries. One does not wonder that her young owner speaks of her with all the warm enthusiasm of a young man describing his sweetheart as "the only girl." John Bowers has been interested in boats ever since he can remember, he told me. The first one he owned was a twenty-one footer and he built her himself when he was still in his 'teens. He used to sail her around Lake Wawasee, Indiana, and he grew so expert in handling her that the only way he could get any excitement was by purposely "turning turtle" when he knew his parents were watching him, frightening them almost to death and getting a lot of fun out of the many attempts to rescue him. He is, by the way, one of a

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John Bowers has a broad and characteristic philosophy—a belief that everything moves in cycles and that individuals return again and again, each time on a higher plane, until they reach perfection

The Amazing

By FAITH

Photograph by Puffer, N. Y.

THIS is an amazing interview because, (this will require elucidation), it is not amazing at all; that is, save as an interview. It is with Norma Talmadge, and the day I sallied forth to "get" her, I sallied prepared to be amazed. "Of course," I thought, subwaying jerkily along, "of course . . . young, very young, really . . . the extraordinary and undeniable touch of a real genius . . . widely acclaimed . . . at the top of the ladder, so to speak . . . things are bound to have happened in her . . . yeasted in her, as it were . . . sybaritic, perhaps . . . some distinguishing eccentricity . . . couldn't be helped . . . I dont know just what . . . but *something* . . ."

Nothing at all. The girl who, admittedly, stared, some years ago, at the screen and murmured to her mother, in the surrounding darkness, "That's what *I* want to do . . . be a movie actress," who, afterward, wandered solitarily about the Vitagraph studio until she was given a chance—that self same girl talked with me in her own studio, the Norma Talmadge Film Corporation, the other day. Talked *with* me, not *to* me. I say that advisedly.

In one preconceived particular I was right. She *is* young. Marvellously young. More as to viewpoint and general mannerism, or rather, total lack of conscious mannerism, than either line or tint. She is possessed of that sophistication which appears to be unconscious of itself. She has ideals and does not attempt to conceal them. There is no thinly applied veneer of cynicism, nor, on the other hand, is there the sugar-coated baby-staring of the curly ingénue. She is just a girl with a spice of the divil in her and a belief in things . . . probably Santa Claus and fairies. She appears to be quite unconcerned about herself, the eminence she has achieved, the altitude from which she could look down upon the lesser lights.

A (if not *the*) consuming passion with her is her work. It is interesting to know that she really and absorbedly loves it; not the results, only, generally she feels a dissatisfaction with them, but with the work itself, the details of it, the everyday, all-night details. "I took a three months' vacation this summer," she said, "or tried to and after about one month I nearly went mad. 'Phoned the studio every day and finally cut it a month short and got back into harness. I could never stand the gentle art of doing nothing. *That* would be too strenuous for me!"

We had a plain chummy sort of an afternoon, Beulah Livingstone, who does all of Norma's publicity and also that of her sister, Constance, Norma and I. There was only one tentatively uneasy person present. That person was Beulah Livingstone. She had "arranged" the interview and she was immensely anxious that the interviewee and likewise the interviewer should, as it were, come up to scratch. Such did not seem to her to be the case. What possible press-value could result from two giggling people who seemed to be saying nothing more pertinent than admissions of fondness for the same brand of cigaret, for "hen parties" and for certain unimportant persons having nothing to do with the intensive field of interviewing? *What* indeed, thought Miss Livingstone, prodding first Norma and

Norma Talmadge is young. Marvellously young. More as to viewpoint and general mannerism, or rather, total lack of conscious mannerism. She has ideals and does not attempt to conceal them. There is no thinly applied veneer of cynicism not anything of the baby-staring of the ingénue. Center, Miss Talmadge and Wyndham Standing at Miami, Fla.

Photograph by Puffer, N. Y.

Interview

SERVICE

then myself, furtively and occasionally, in the vain hope of turning the talk into publishable channels. Eventually, be it said, she, too, succumbed and we smoked and gossiped and laughed a perfectly good interview away. Also, this is probably more important to me than to anybody else, we spent, Norma and I, several more of the precious interrogative moments in comparing palms, both hers and mine being equally wrinkled, lined and then crosslined. "My child," said Norma, with sagacity, "you're going to have a fearful life, all sorts of weird and interesting things. That is what everybody tells *me*."

We were holding this frivolous session, be it said, in Norma's (I am a realist, so it *has* to be Norma . . . that is, she is going to censor this interview, so it may NOT be Norma, in which event you will know that she has blue-pencilled it, which I lay an

Photographs by Puffer, N. Y.

Norma Talmadge is a "regular person." She is essentially human. She is nothing of the snob, nothing of the highbrow. She detests the easily and prudishly shocked. She is free and easy and talk to-able and at-able

even wager with you she will *not*) as I was saying when I interrupted myself, the wholly desirable "hen party" was held in Norma's private apartment built for her and by her in the Talmadge studio. I believe it is the only thing of its kind in studioivity. I may be mistaken, in which event there will be more blue-pencilling done. This relieves me of all strain. The apartment is delicious, compact and complete, aside from being an innovation. You step from the hammering and shifting and shouting and general activity of the studio into quite another world, quiet, tasteful, apart. There is a tiny entrance hall. There is a large sort of a main room, part living room, part dressing room, which is, of course, its chief use. The walls are a soft cream effect and the high windows are hung in some sort of effective cretonne. There is a mammoth black wicker dressing table topped by an oval mirror framed in black wicker. There is a comfy black wicker chaise-longue, occupied that afternoon by a diminutive and much-beloved "Pom." There are one or two made-to-be-sat-in black wicker chairs. A broad window-seat, upholstered, runs beneath the cretonned windows. There are two capacious clothes closets containing sundry costumes. Aside from all this, there is a complete little

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An Old-Fashioned Girl

Photograph above by Hoover

Wee Willy Winken rins thru th' toon,
Upstairs an' doonstairs in his nightgoon;
Peerin' in th' window,
Cryin' at th' lock—
"Are th' bairns a' in bed? Noo, it's ten o'clock."

THAT was one of little Mary MacIvor's favorite nursery rhymes. Her ancestors on both sides of the family were Scotch, and tradition has it that the women of her clan are small, the men tall and handsome—true defenders of their kith and kin.

Mary never saw her father, but she loves to hear how splendid and how good he was and to look at his pictures. When her brother had passed his ninth birthday, the young father died of double pneumonia, and the shock of his death caused the premature birth of the child. After his death there were money worries, and when all the debts had been paid, the great farm sold and the little family forced to leave the beautiful old house for a smaller place in the mountains of Virginia, Mary's mother had nothing to start on but an income of twenty-five dollars a month derived from some property of her own. The brave young mother did the thing she knew best how to do. She raised blooded stock and pedigreed hunting dogs. Her parents came to live with her and a new life began.

Mary MacIvor was a delicate child. She was unable to attend school regularly and was taught by her mother at home. Her maternal grandparents were scholarly people, and Mary's first recollections are of the poems her grandfather used to recite. His collection of books was her playground. She began to read very early and whiled away the hours curled up in an armchair, either reading to herself or listening to her grandfather. Mary's first

Left, William Desmond, husband of the "old-fashioned girl" and, below, the Desmonds at breakfast in their Hollywood bungalow. Miss MacIvor is just past eighteen and looks like a mere schoolgirl, rather than a leading lady and wife of a star

Photograph below by Stagg

By FRITZI REMONT

great grief came with the death of the only real "daddy" she had ever known.

As she grew up and became stronger, Mary was taught to ride the fine horses her mother bred. She was afraid to take the high jump, but she would nerve herself for it whispering her mother's instructions, "Give him his head when he goes down, pull him up as he lands."

Mary MacIvor is an old-fashioned girl, rich in the traditions of the South. She knows how to do fine hand-sewing and can darn a hole in such a way that it improves a frock. On certain days of the week, her mother used to have Mary prepare the luncheon and taught her how it should be served. At such times Mary put on a tiny cap and apron and waited on the table with great formality. It was a game, but it prepared the girl for the home she manages so gracefully now.

"We had the prettiest wedding! An old friend of ours, in Pasadena, has a rare collection of Chinese works of art. She insisted that we should be married at her home, and we were. We were married in a Chinese room, with a low seat, covered with handsomely embroidered draperies serving as a prayer-bench with canopies overhead of the same rich materials. At our engagement dinner, given by Mr. Desmond, every one had place cards of Kewpies save Little Mary. Mr. Desmond turned to the guests and announced the fact that 'Mary gets an Irishman!'" She opened a Chinese box and took out a funny little image of an Irishman.

Photograph by Hoover, L. A.

Photographs by Stagg

Glimpses of the Desmonds at home and motoring. Mrs. Desmond is a typical Dixie girl and related to the Buchanans and other Southern families

That Chinese box is a veritable treasure house. It contains miniature Buddhas, temples, sombreros, furniture, dishes, holy-water fonts, dice that are almost too small to be seen with the naked eye and hand-carved ivories. Nothing is more than an inch long and most of the treasures are a good deal smaller. They have been sent to Mary from her admirers all over the world who know her fad.

Mary's biggest hobby is—bottles! When she told me about that, I said, "Beer bottles?" Laughingly she answered, "They're almost rare enough now to be saved as souvenirs of the twentieth century, aren't they? But no, my bottles are of all sizes, shapes and nationalities."

She owns a whiskey flask used by high-bred women of the Civil War period, camouflaged in a peculiar manner. It's of china, colored and built like a small prayer book, with a hole at the top for a tiny cork. A "lady" of that period could carry this spiritual volume in her muff without exciting suspicion. It was the fashion to faint in 1865 and old Bourbon was much in demand.

Miss MacIvor is related to the Buchanans and many other famous Southern families.

(*Continued on page* 90)

Above, an interesting scene in Maugham's piquant comedy, "Too Many Husbands," at the Booth Theater, with Estelle Winwood and Fritz Williams

Left, Betty Morton, one of the prettiest girls in "The Greenwich Village Follies"

Right, Helen Hayes, whose work is a joy in that comedy delight, "Clarence," at the Hudson Theater

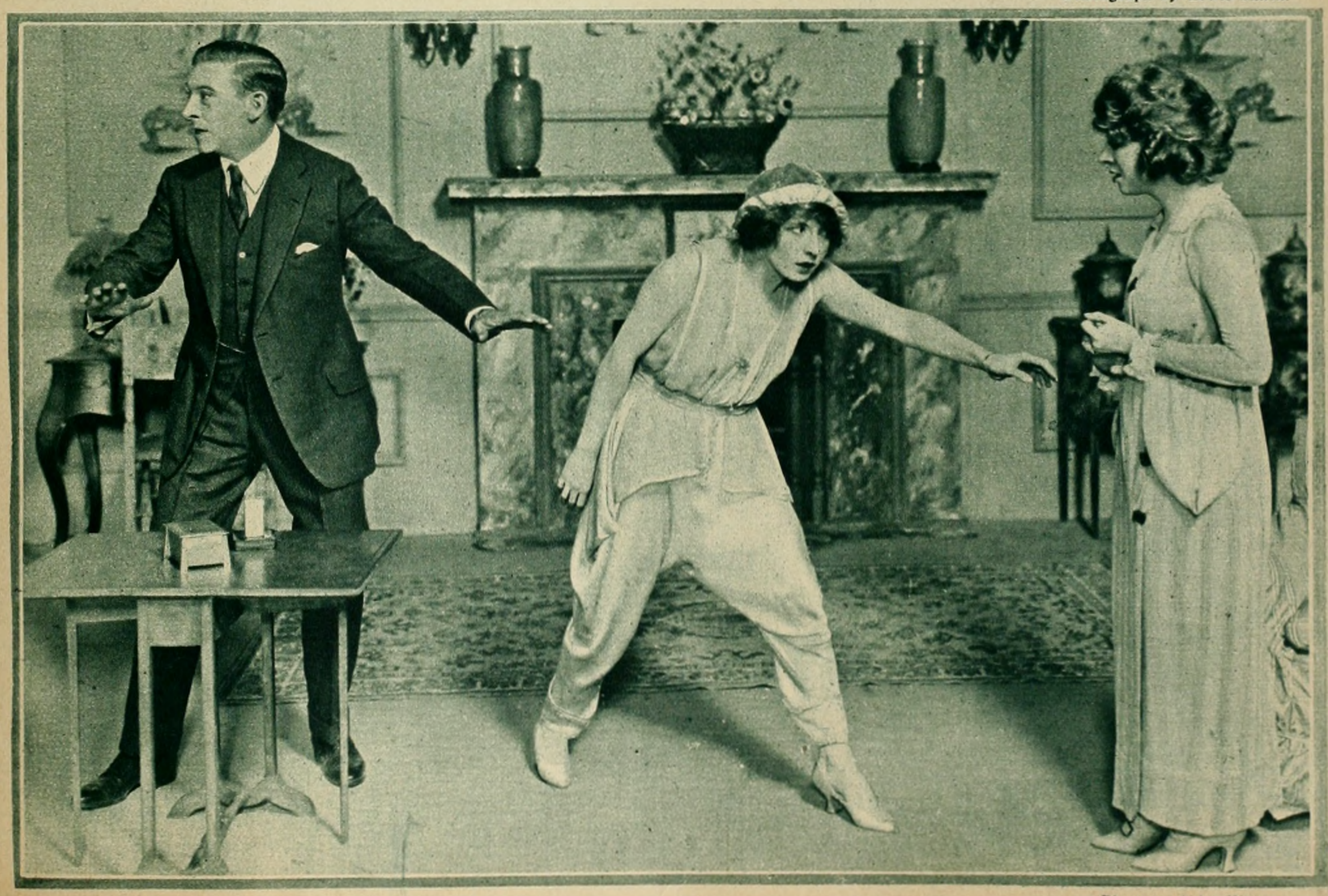
Photograph (top) by White. Both photographs below by Abbe.

The Holidays In the Theaters

Right, Allwyn King, in Flo Ziegfeld's Midnight Frolic

Photograph by Lewis Smith.

Below, a lively moment in "Nighty Night," the rollicking farce at the Princess Theater. Left to right, Francis Byrne, Suzanne Willa and Dorothy Mortimer



Photograph by White.

On Vamps and Ingenues

By Ethel Rosemon

"FROM the ingénue with the golden curls, the floppy hats, the short-waisted frocks and—and everything; from the vamp with the heavy eyes, the carmined lips, the snake glide, the Oriental jewelry and—and nothing, ye gods of the screen, deliver us."

Dorothy Green sat on the edge of the bed, swung one slippered foot in midair, ran the comb thru her bobbed curls and discussed the vamp "on and off." There was nothing of the picture star about her, everything of the typical young American, mentally keen, physically fit to cope with life. The white shoulders that fairly gleamed thru the sheer negligée, the rounded arms, the clear gray-green eyes, the peculiar luster of the dark hair bespoke joyous, vibrant health. Keeping the machinery of mind and body in perfect order is her main object in life, for with it, she declares, you can accomplish everything, without it, nothing.

Photograph © by Lumiere

"Deliver me from the ingénue with golden curls and the vamp with heavy eyes," says Dorothy Green. Miss Green is a healthy type of young woman. She radiates joyous, vibrant health

Dorothy started life—her moving picture life—as a vamp, but she was never the type of vamp from which she prays to be delivered. In her opinion there is no state of society in which the shadow conception can hope to fulfill her destined end.

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If I Were King

Fictionized from the William Farnum Photoplay
By OLIVE CAREW

"AND you should have the sun and moon to wear—if I were king—"

The pen was rusty, the ink vile, the man who bent over the rude deal table a scarecrow figure in a velvet doublet so bepatched it was hard to say what its original color had been. His hair, dark, long and unkempt, fell about unshaven cheeks on which a week's beard blurred the lines of expression, a battered cap, adorned with a draggled cock's feather lay on the bench beside.

"If I were king—ah, love, if I were king—" he read aloud and his voice shook oddly in the reading, and the wild, bright eyes, deep-sunken and surrounded with the fine lines that told a sorry tale in Life's handwriting were actually filmed with strange drops. For the nonce, Master Francois Villon, of unsavory name, pickpocket, rhymster, marauder, sometime jail-bird, empty of stomach, emptier of purse, was transported to that seventh Heaven of the poet—Inspiration.

The Fircone Tavern on the afternoon of a warm June day in the middle Fourteen Hundreds was hardly such a place as would beget thoughts of love and royalty. Rather would one expect its smoke-stained walls, its atmosphere of stale wine and mouldy cheese and unwashed humanity to spawn a litter of evil deeds, of foul oaths and deformed fancies, but the crew gathered before the wide hearth, tatterdemalions, rogues, girls of the oldest profession in the world, merry vagabonds, all seemed happy and at home as they clattered mugs and cans of ale to the accompaniment of brisk tongue wagging.

"Come, Francois! Art dry as that vile stuff Master Robin here serves us for bread," slim Rene de Montigny called to the silent figure in the corner, "canst moisten your gullet with ink, lad? Be not so chary of your sweet company!"

For the nonce, Master Francois Villon, of unsavory name, was transplanted to that seventh heaven of the poet—Inspiration

"Leave him be," said one of the girls, a slip of a lass in boy's habit, who looked despite it no more a boy than stout Colin Cayeux, sprawling on the floor at her feet looked a woman; "he wants none of our company, being in love with his own. Look!" she wagged a derisive hand. "Canst not see he has a goodly crowd about him? There is Sir Villon, poet of Paris, and one Francois, gentleman adventurer come upon evil days; then there is Francois Villon, King of the Cockleshells and Rogue Villon, known indifferent well to the keepers of His Majesty's gaol, and there is Villon the sot, Villon the huckster of rhymes, Villon who has betimes an itch of the dagger and Villon—"

"The lover!" tittered a full-bosomed wench who seemed bursting with ripeness thru the straining sheath of her bodice; "forget not his best rôle, Abbess! Is no other i' all of France can match him at sweethearting!"

Tigerishly the girl sitting on the table's edge, swinging one shapely green clad leg, twisted her lithe body upon the speaker. "Have you been making eyes at my man, minx? I'll teach you to meddle—"

"Come, come," interposed the swinish landlord, thrusting his fat body between, "no hair-pulling! Settle your differences outside, and," significantly looking about the circle of emptied mugs, "settle your scores here! No excuses, mind, in the stead of coins or you'll find a leak i' the bottom of your glasses hereafter!"

The crew of ragamuffins looked askance at one another, and Jehan, the Wolf, slapped a lean pocket forlornly. "Have none of you the wherewithal to appease this grasping ale-draper?" he whined; "if we would keep up the dear habit of eating and the dearer habit of drinking we must find some good burgher whose purse suffers from a plethora and needs bleeding."

Rene de Montigny thrust his hatchet face mysteriously forward. "Know you any of you, Thibault D'Aussigney, the Grand Constable?" he hissed. "Ods blood, if 'tis not he who has just entered—the fellow in the black cloak yonder in the corner, I'll dine on my doublet! There's no hiding that beak—but what can the Constable of France be looking for in the Fircone Tavern?"

"Shall we stick him?" queried an ill-favored Cockleshell, jerking a dirty thumb, "my dagger has no objections to spilling blue blood as well as red."

"Let's ask Francois," Rene suggested, and approached the figure sprawled over his writing, shaking him boisterously. "Come! Enough of rhyming—can you fill your belly with rhymes? We are hungry, and an ill world demands vile silver in return for food. Poems are good but fat capon, cheese, meat pies, pink ham and brown ale are better!" and the rogue's eyes glistened and he licked his lips.

The figure at the table unhooked itself and rose with a gesture of brushing away cobwebs. Francois Villon looked dazedly about him, at the sanded floor, the guttering candles and the motley assemblage turned toward him, looking in the flaring and uneasy light like so many hobgoblins, and the light went out of his face as tho extinguished by a cold gust of memory. Then, drawing back his lips, he began to laugh with no mirth in the sound.

"Welladay, lads and lassies, so ye are hungry!" He struck a fantastic pose, tattered cloak flung back, palms on hips showing the dagger and the vellum book that kept strange company in his leather belt, "that is a fashion all Paris will soon follow unless our straw King finds himself the guts of a man ere long!"

He would have thrust the paper he held into his doublet but the Abbess, leaping forward like a tigress, snatched it away. "Let's see to what mistress he writes now!" she snarled, "of love that ever finds your face more fair"—bah! should I be jealous of a paper wooing—I know better ways of love than that—eh Francois? Eh, my little monkey?"

Francois Villon unwound the arms she flung about his neck and put her aside gently, with a curious look of pity. "If I cannot fill your stomachs I can fill your ears with a well-seasoned tale," he promised, as he took his place, back to the fire, the leaping flames making him a still wilder and more grotesque figure, a knight of the gutter, a gallant of the gibbet. "Hark then to the story of how one Master Villon met with the One Woman in the World."

The Abbess gave a sound of rage, but Villon shook his head. "'Tis the tale of the moth that scorched his wings at a star, Hugette!" he comforted her. "'Tis not love as you understand it but rather something else that only the good God understands, the mystery of the ages, the riddle of the Sphinx. Know, then, that on Wednesday last as I was strolling—for my health alone!—near the Church of Notre Dame, watching the good folk enter, suddenly, I felt myself caught up to Heaven, and I saw—the loveliest she alive beneath the sun. She saw me no more than the pave aneath her little foot, but I saw her, and I see her now, and I shall see her in all the dreams I dream till it comes my time to die! It was not that

"I was standing near the church of Notre Dame when suddenly I felt myself caught up to heaven and I saw—the loveliest she alive beneath the sun."

her hair was so much brighter than the sun, or that her eyes were bluer than the blue overhead, or that her little mouth was redder than the roses in the King's garden; it was something else — a soul that peeped from her eyes, a God-knows-what that made her the queen among women. The sight of her beauty hurt my eyes, the taste of her beauty burnt my lips, and the ache of her beauty troubled my heart, and she passed me by, unseeing and entered the church, and I stumbled away drunk with a headier wine than you have in your rotting bins, Master Robin. And," he groaned, and mocked the groan with a jangle of laughter, "I think I shall be drunken with her all my days."

"Why didn't you follow her into church and get near her in the crowd and pinch her?" queried Colin, sleepily; "I like not your tale, Francois. It has an ill sound in ears that ring with hunger. Love! Balderdash! Oh, for a roll of sausage—" and he looked greedily toward the cloaked figure drinking a sedate noggin in the corner.

At that moment, as tho summoned, the figure rose and moved toward them. "Is there among you a braggadocio ruffian, a loose-tongued fellow known as Francois Villon?" asked a voice from under the concealing hat brim, "if so I have a word for him."

"At your service, good Cuffin!" bowed Villon, airily. "Your description fits me an ill cloak, and I like not the cut of it, but never mind. Has your word the ring of metal?"

The stranger glanced about the circle o wolfish faces, and apparently decided they were birds of a feather. "It has," he answered surlily, "the sound of a thousand francs to one who can do a simple errand."

"For a thousand francs," smirked Villon, "I would carry a message to the devil himself. Out with it, friend! What's to do?"

"Only this," said the newcomer, lowering his voice, "as you know, the Duke of Burgundy besieges Paris and King Louis Do-Nothing sits idly by, willing his people should starve. But some there are of us this likes not, and we want a trusty messenger to carry word," he regarded Villon watchfully, "to Burgundy that the defence of the city is a pitiful myth, that there is no wall but may be carried, that the army dices, and the Court dances and there is nothing in the way of his entering whenever he wills!"

"Ouch!" Villon gave a sudden cry as if of pain and clapped his hand to his side; "I have a cramp—in my sword! It needs exercise!" He drew it, and flourished it fantastically above his ragged head. "It is a French blade, fellow, and thirsty to drink the blood of a traitor!"

Like a frightened hen, the man in the cloak scuttled across the room, and the door erased him. A murmur of discontent rose among the fellows of the Cockleshell. "You fling away a thousand francs glibly, Francois," grumbled Rene, "who'd have suspected you of such a tender conscience? And what difference does it make to you who sits on the throne of France?"

Villon sheathed his sword. "'Tis a whim of mine," he confessed, half ashamedly, "to be loyal. There's no accounting for whims, but I'll not let mine rob you of your supper. Come! The good moon has drawn a curtain across her window like a tidy housewife and the world's adark. I know a church chest waits us, bursting with spoils pilfered from the pockets of the poor. Let's be gone, what say you, Hearts of Gold?"

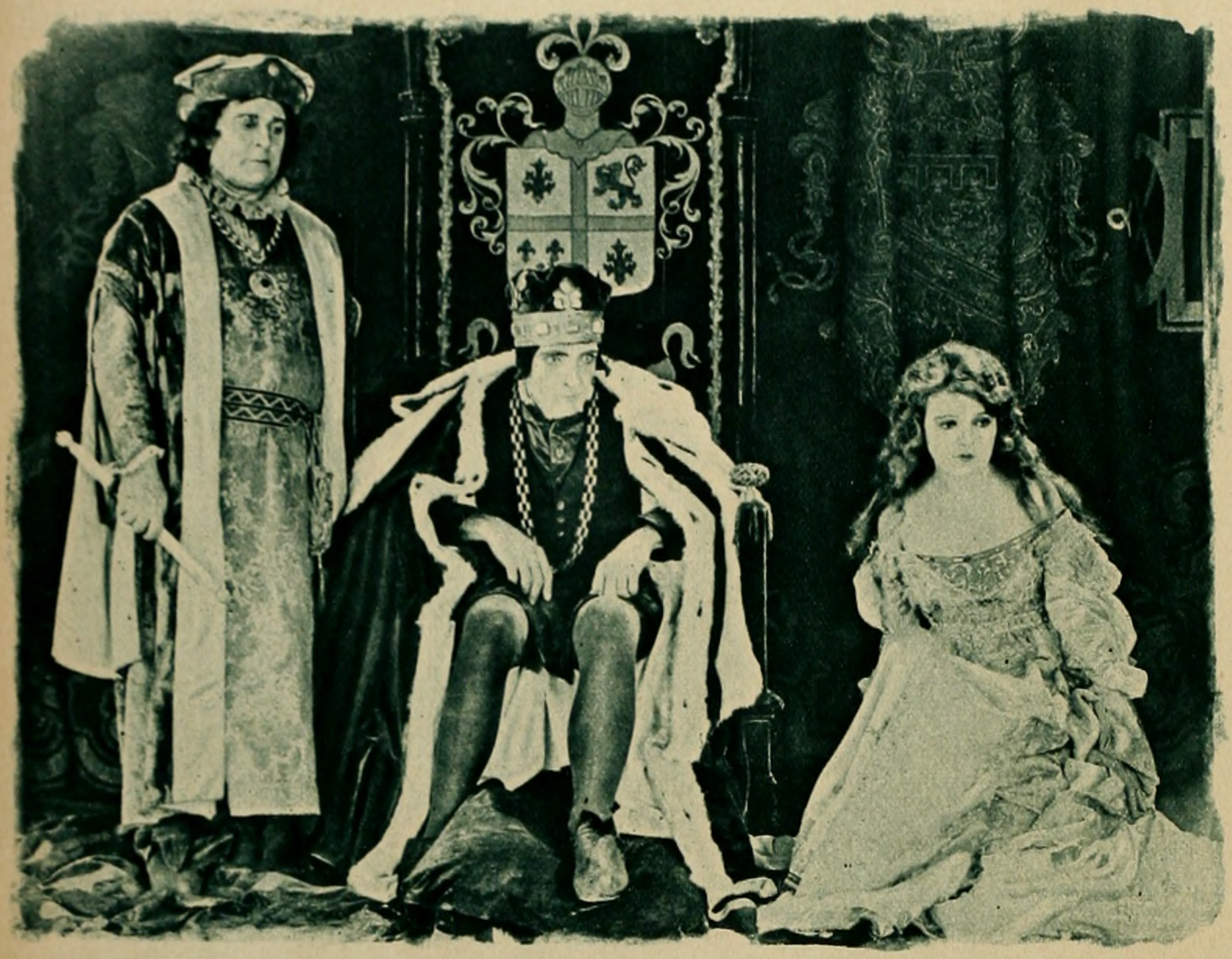
It was a windy night, the gusts rushing down the little crooked lanes, setting the shop signs creaking, and the lanterns flaring overhead. The Fellows of the Cockleshells slunk along the streets like shadows cast by the moon, and without accident eluding the watch, arrived at length at the church. "Ods blood!" then swore Rene de Montigny, softly, "but the fellow's brought us to the chapel of His Majesty!"

"Hist!" waved Villon, "one comes!"

"Who better?" whispered Villon, gaily; "one goes for riches where riches are. Does one seek poultry in a draper's? To work!"

A hasp on a window at the side was loose and Colin, who despite his flabbiness, could twist a bar of iron as it had been cheese, snapped it in two. Pell-mell into the dark interior hurtled the pilferers with as much éclat as tho thievery were not a hanging matter, and Villon followed them. The chest was soon located, its contents distributed among the several jerkins which closed over the yellow metal cosily. Then, as they were about to leave, Villon held up a warning hand. "Hist!" he muttered, "one comes!"

A gleam of a torch pricked the darkness of the chancel. The intruders shrank into the shadows as a woman's figure rayed



Louis turned to Villon, "After such a conquest methinks Burgundy should be easy for you, my Lord Constable," he sneered

about with a nimbus of light paused at the altar and motioned the attendant with the torch away. "Wait me outside," said a voice, like the deep tones of a bell, and hearing it, Villon gave a great start, and forgetful of caution leaned to look down at her. "God in Heaven!" he muttered, "'tis she!"

There in the darkness the five rogues listened to a woman's prayer, a prayer for the safety of France which was dearer to her than her heart's blood, a prayer that a weak King might be given strength—or "that a man should come to court" and rouse the painted puppets to be men. Only one of the eavesdroppers gave the words much heed, chafing to be gone and taste the sweet fruits of their thievery. When at last the white figure had trailed down the aisle, Rene de Montigny prodded Villon's side.

"Come, let's be off!" he muttered, "before another wench comes a-praying!"

A ray of the moon, prying thru a shutter, fell across Villon's face, showing it aflame! His fellows stared curiously, as tho they hardly knew him, but Villon gave them no heed. "A man would come to court!" echoed Villon, with a great longing shaking his voice into rags and tatters of sound. "Now if there be a God, how He must be laughing! A nincompoop upon the throne, and a gutter rat with the spirit of a king! If I were the king of France—" His head rocked back on his shoulders, he spoke as one inspired in his beloved rhyme—

"We want a chief to bear the brand—
And bid the damned Burgundians dance—
God! Where the oriflamme should stand
If Villon were the King of France—"

In flaming measures he poured his heart into the words, the wild, untamed, heart of Villon the rascal, beating beneath the rags of shame and terrified by the sound of approaching feet his friends fled from him, diving from the windows with their spoils, bent on saving their skin whole. In the vestibule, a small crooked figure in a velvet doublet, with silken hose sheathing his lean shanks listened, and smiled with wry, thin lips. "A braggart, mouthing easy nothings!" Louis of France murmured to his entourage, "still—the fellow has fire in him. Get him, and bring him to me!"

Dazed, Villon saw himself suddenly surrounded with pikes and the flash of steel, he whipped out his poor blade but too late.

Louis looked down at the wretched huddle of limbs they brought him, and laughed softly. "An ill-looking bird, but he croaks like an eagle. Thibault has gone over to Burgundy and the post of the Grand Constable is empty—take him in, wash and dress him in fine linen and lay him on Thibault's bed. When he comes to himself address him as Grand Constable! We shall see whether he has aught can match his bravery of tongue!"

And so it happed that on the morrow, Francois Villon opened his eyes upon purple draperies and tapestried walls, upon servile faces bowing about his bed, upon gold lace and velvet and plumed hat laid by ready for his donning. "'Tis a monstrous fine dream, at any rate," he murmured, as he was helped to dress, "if I might dream a few gold pieces in my pocket now—"

He thrust his fingers into the wallet at his belt and drew them out full of coins. He raised his eyes and beheld in the mirror before him not the scarecrow figure of yesterday, but a gallant gentleman, barbered, freshly shaven, carrying his fine plumage easily and well.

"His Gracious Majesty the King to speak with the Grand Constable on affairs of state," intoned a voice at the door. The small, crooked figure in black velvet waved his attendants away. He regarded the transformed thief, and sniggered. "Welladay, my good Constable!" shrilled Louis, "I trust you have found all to your taste? We are but humble folk at Vaucelles; you must overlook our failings."

Villon fell upon shaking knees and touched his lips to the hem of the black robe. "Sire!" he choked, "Sire, I know not what to say!"

"Yet last night you were at no loss," chirped the king; "you had a mouthful of fine words and boasts as to what you would

do if you were France's king!" His tone grew sharp, his smile more malign; "I have decided to give you an opportunity to make good your words—if you can. For one week you shall be the Grand Constable of France in very sooth. You shall do as you will and drive Burgundy from our gates if you can. Afterwards," the thin lips sneered, the small cold eyes twinkled up at him, "afterwards your final act as Grand Constable will be to pronounce sentence of death upon one Master Francois Villon, scapegrace and ne'er-do-well, provided that in that week you have not made good your words and won the heart of the Lady Katherine of Vaucelles, proudest lady of the court, and hardest to win!" The wry smile became a cackling laugh. "Egad, it would serve Katherine well to have flouted me and to pin her faith to this thing of rags and tatters!" chuckled Louis.

Villon was very white, but his eyes glowed. "Is that the only choice, Sire?"

"Louis made a contemptuous gesture. "Oh, no, you may don your vile rags and go back to your gutter this moment if you choose a longer lifetime of lying in the mud rather than a week of sitting among the stars."

Villon bent his head. The sunshine was pure gold across the floor at his feet, the air was soft with roses. Life was very sweet even to a poor rogue of a rhymster—yet, to play a man's part for a week—to be near his Lady, to speak with her as an equal, to woo her perhaps—

He bowed low. "I have chosen the week, Sire," he said quietly, "if I cannot make good use of it I would rather die than live longer to hate myself."

Of the strange, wondrous days that followed, there is no space to tell. Francois Villon,

Francois Villon caught the slim white hands with a great cry. "You would do that for me?" he asked

'gutter-born, found himself at no loss among the great lords and ladies of the court. Even when Katherine of Vaucelles bent her shining head to him and spoke in the tone she used toward the king himself, his lips fell into the courtly phrases of compliment and badinage, tho his heart beat to suffocation with great joy and great pain. And the hours sped across the sundial in the castle garden, and still Burgundy crouched without the gates.

Then came a herald, bearing insolent words. "Surrender Paris or taste of our guns!" Louis the King listened, small, weazened face inscrutable, while the court chafed under the insult of the message and the messenger's bearing. "My Grand Constable will give you our answer," said the King, calmly. "He knows our heart, and our will."

Francois Villon rose to his feet, in his soul a great humbleness, in his eyes a flame. He had dreamed always of great deeds that he would do, and now great deeds were possible to him. He spoke with his lips to the herald, with his heart to Katherine. "Go back to your master!" he bade the messenger, "and take him this word from the lips of France Herself. Defiance for defiance, menace for menace, blow for blow! This is our answer"—and he drew his sword and flashed it aloft, "God and Saint Denis for the King of France!"

Up sprang the perfumed courtiers, dragging their sleeping blades from silken sheaths, the air was full of their flashing and the sound of cheers. His words had burned away the painted threads of lassitude that had enmeshed their man-

(*Continued on page* 68)

Erich Von Stroheim and the Miracle

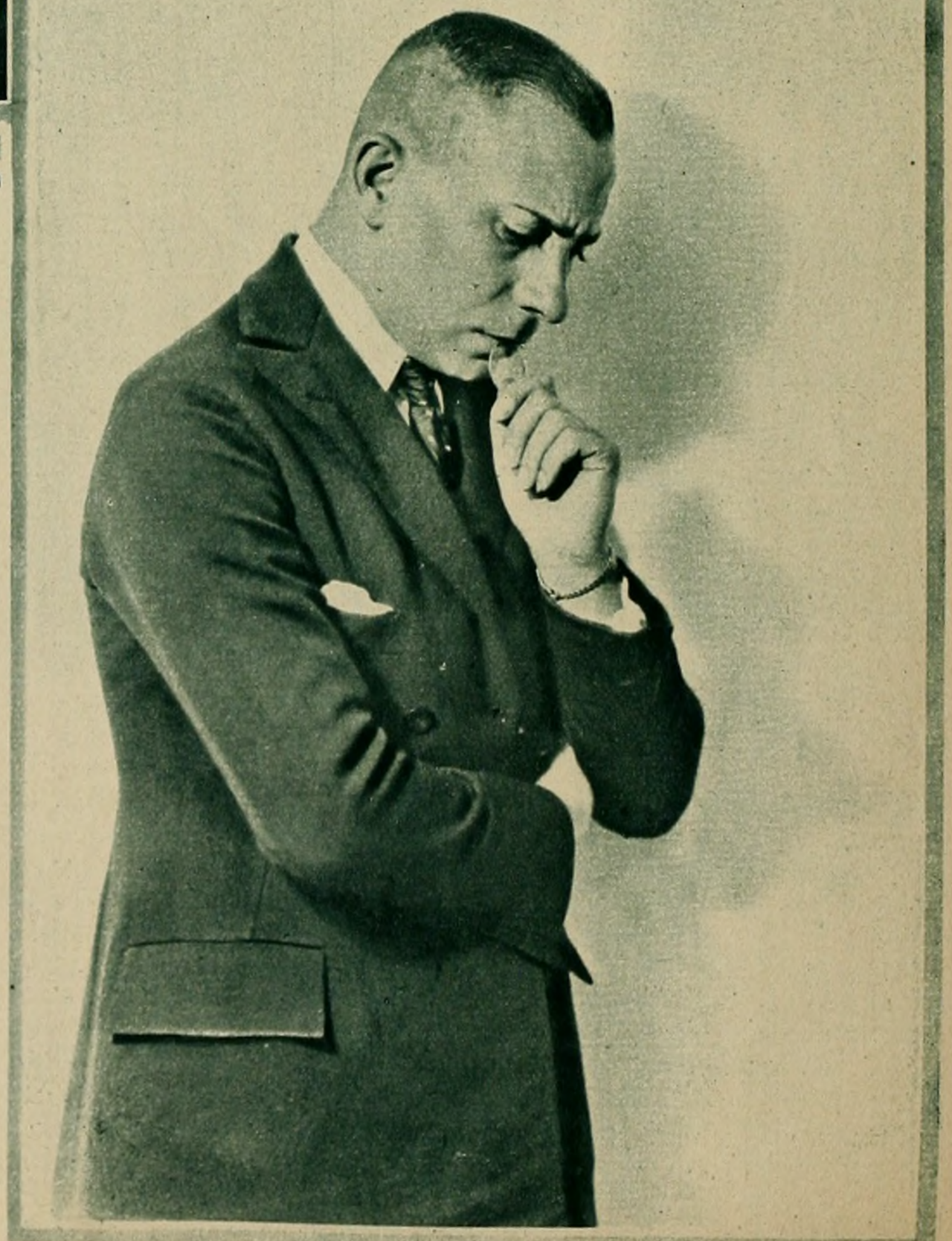
"Perhaps it was your splendid acting in the rôle of the hated German officer in various pictures that helped prejudice the public," I remarked. "I confess that your subtleties made me long to see your punishment several times."

"What could I do?" he replied. "The moment a director saw me I was immediately cast in that rôle. I played it in 'The Unbeliever,' 'For France,' 'Hearts of the World,' 'The Hun Within,' and in 'The Heart of Humanity.' Probably I could never have given such a villainous characterization in the latter picture had I not been conscious of the hatred which every member of the cast felt for me. I sensed their antipathy so distinctly that it was reflected in my acting and I put into the rôle just what they were thinking of me.

Erich Von Stroheim went thru painful privation when he first came to America from Austria. In those days of frayed collars and run-down heels he engaged in every possible occupation, except bartender and waiter

"It was after a disagreeable affair that my father thought the American climate would be good for me and he sent me over for five years, I doubt if I shall ever go back.

"During the years of



"IT is like a miracle! I can hardly yet believe it. After so many struggles with heavy odds against me, to have at last become a director—well, as I say, it is like a miracle!" And while Erich von Stroheim smiled, the eyes remained serious. The memory of those struggles is not readily effaced.

There is a saying about the motion picture studios that in every life there is at least one good scenario. If this be true, Mr. von Stroheim has a dozen stowed away behind those serious eyes, for during his 32 years he has touched the dramatic contrasts of life that develops the emotional powers and he has—*lived!*

Before meeting him I had been told that he was by birth Count von Stroheim, of the Austrian nobility, his father having been a colonel in the Austrian army, and he himself a graduate from the War College of that country in 1905.

When I asked Mr. von Stroheim about these early years he shook his head, saying, "Titles mean nothing." I gave up mine for I am an American citizen.

"This American citizen had a hard time during the war, however," he continued, as we lingered over our sandwiches in the little café at the Universal City studios. It was long past the usual lunch hour and the room was deserted.

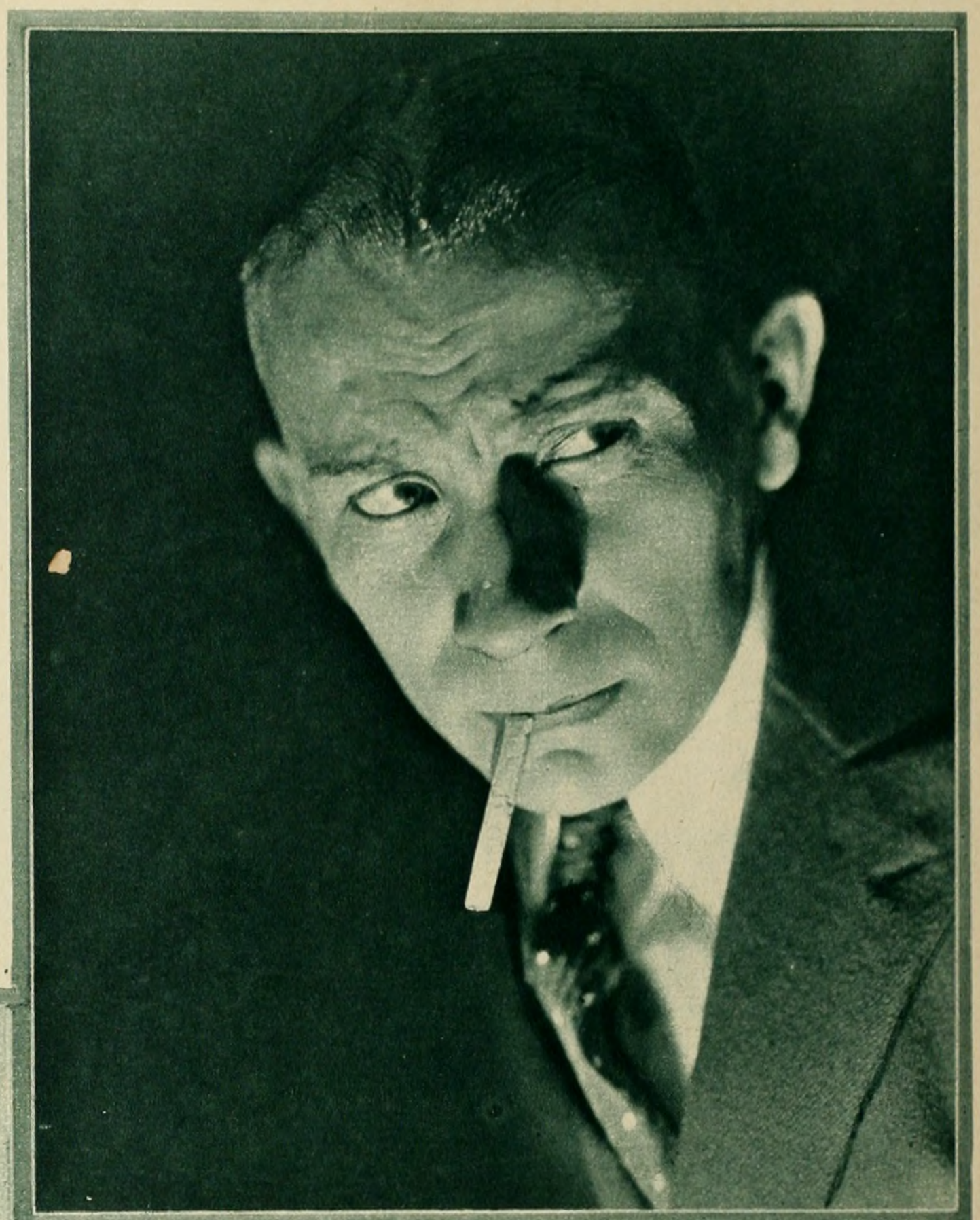
"My name, my face, in fact, my whole Austrian make up was against me. I was shunned and disliked. At one time I was even under observation, but about six weeks before the armistice was signed I was offered a commission in the Intelligence Department of the United States Government. I had served four years in the U. S. Army when I first came over ten years ago."

By Maude S. Cheatham

run-down heels and frayed collar bands I engaged in every possible occupation, except bartender and waiter, to keep from starving. Oh, yes, I was often hungry. I recall that once in New York I didn't have one cent and was miles from my lodging in Brooklyn. I stood by a subway entrance determined to ask someone for a nickel; I had frequently helped others, but I didn't have the nerve and walked home after all.

"Struggles are all right to look back upon, but so far I derive little pleasure in contemplating mine, they are still too recent to have gained any glamour. I came from a fighting family, however, and I fought my way thru every inch."

Whatever the battles, Mr. von Stroheim has finally emerged not only as an actor of subtle force, displaying the rare ability to sink one's personality into the rôle he is playing, but he has achieved a signal success as a director, for his first picture, "Blind Husbands," places this young man among the foremost directors of the day. This may well be termed a personal triumph for not only did he direct the production but he wrote the story, under title of "The Pinnacle," and acted one of the prominent rôles.



Once on the coast, Von Stroheim found the screen no easy goal. He was a life saver on Lake Tahoe, with the unlucky number of 313, before he succeeded in breaking into pictures

"It was Mr. Laemmle who gave me my chance," Mr. von Stroheim replied, when I congratulated him. "He came west just as we were finishing 'The Heart of Humanity.' Meeting him, I told him what I wanted to do and he said to go ahead. I still feel it is a miracle, four months ago I little dreamed my chance was so near."

It was after a series of hardships during which he had tried everything, from writing a vaudeville sketch and playing it on the Orpheum Circuit, to being Life Saver at Lake Tahoe (with the unlucky number of 313) that he broke into pictures.

Being down and out but still determined, he walked over to the Griffith studio in Hollywood every day for two months and waited around the outside, hoping to attract someone's attention.

One day John Emerson, who was playing a rôle in Ibsen's "Ghosts," stepped out of the studio in his evening clothes with a ribbon across his breast. "For the first time in my life I was nervy," observed Mr. von Stroheim. "I stepped up, told him my name and asked if he was playing comedy or drama. When he said drama, and that the ribbon was a badge or decoration of a Chamberlain, I told him it was not correct. 'What do you know about it?' he asked. I replied that it was too long a story to tell

(*Continued on page 69*)

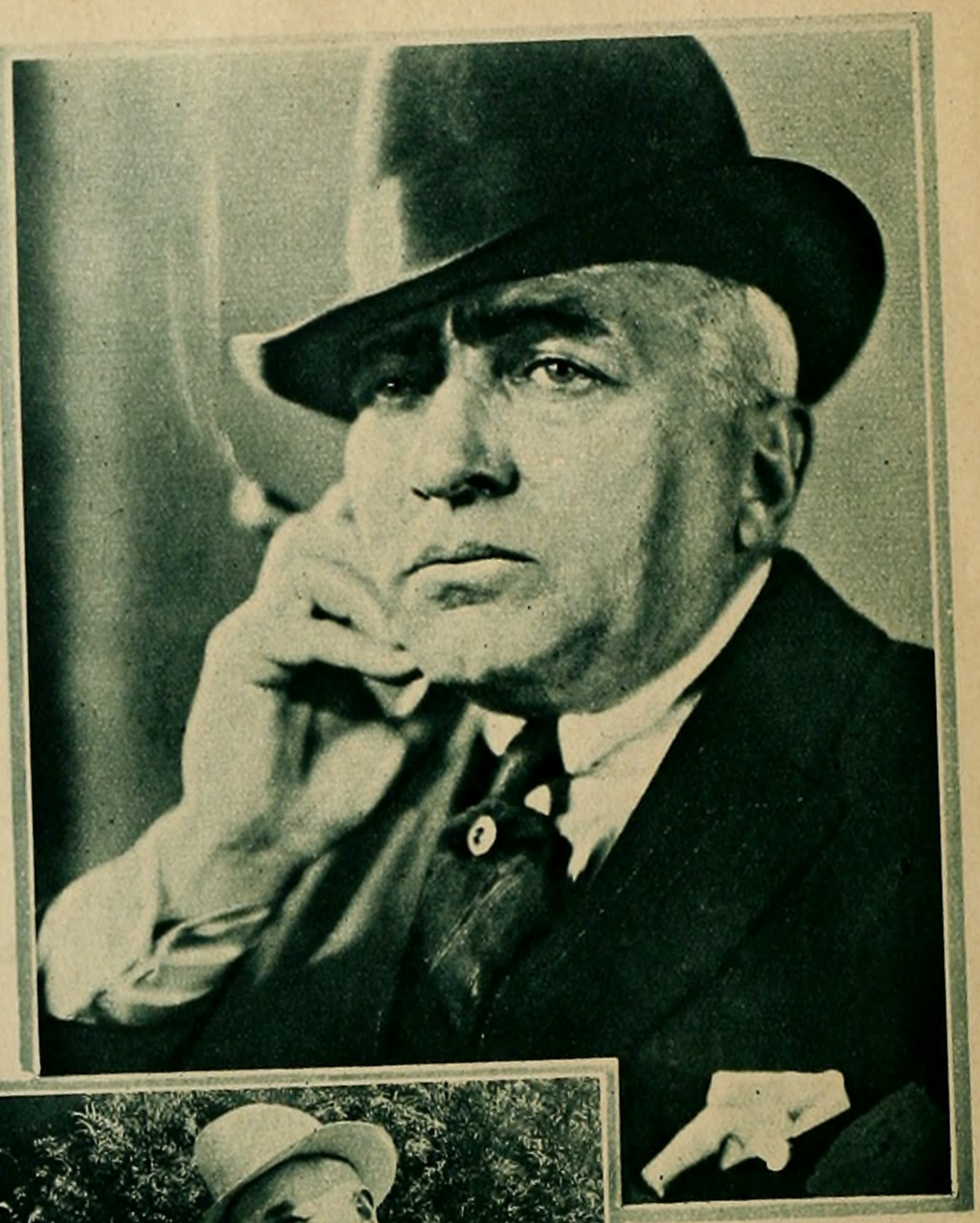
The Director-Diplomatic

By MARY KEENE

You are accustomed to see, or at least to think, of a director in more or less stereotyped attitudes and atmospheres. Reasoning with a temperamental star, perhaps; poring distractedly over scripts; scrambling about on location; searching for said location; overlooking sets; all the usual rest of it.

I saw Edward José differently.

Had I not known the nature of my mission, had I been ushered, wholly unprepared, into the spacious tranquil room overlooking the Hudson and cast mine eyes, all unprepared, upon the stalwart, picturesque gentleman with the intent eyes and the courtly, other-world bearing, clad in a Burgundy silk lounging attire and writing at a huge carved mahogany desk I might have made several guesses as to his pursuit in life, and several would have been wrong. Asked what he did in the world's work—and that he did something would be quite obvious—I think I should have hazarded: "Why, he's a foreign diplomat. Or an emissary from some court." I *might* have ventured, "He's an actor—of the stamp of Sothern and Mansfield." I dont *think* I should have called him a director. I can hardly say why.



Photograph by Puffer

I found him as diplomatic as his appearance conjectured. Quite charmingly so. He has a fine discrimination in giving his point of view and in keeping it. He is a man pre-eminently fitted to direct because there is always a deep reserve fund within himself of power, of thought, of feeling.

He is wholly void of personal egotism. So much so that I found it very hard to keep him to the topic of the hour — *himself*. He talked readily and engrossingly on many things—on the absurdity, for instance, of the individual pitting himself or herself against tradition; against world-old laws and orders. "It is inevitable destruction," he said. "Take marriage, for example. The scenario I am doing now deals with the revolt of a woman against the sacrament of marriage. She loses thruout—of course. What does one case of unhappiness, or two or three, or as many dozen, *prove?* What have you and I to do with what has been ordained from the beginning?"

Edward José with his wife and child and, below, on location with the Norma Talmadge company

I had come, however, to hear him talk about *himself*, and if it had not been for the gentle interpolations of Mrs. José who sat sewing in the adjoining room, I should certainly have gone away with the charm of his indubitable personality about me, but wholly, too, without Joséan information.

Just as a beginner I asked him what he considered the requisite of a truly great director. It is the prize question.

He shrugged his shoulders, elevated his brows, threw up his hand and took a few steps about the room in what I discovered to be a characteristic way.

"If I say," he said finally, "people will think I speak of, or from, or about myself. It will sound too . . . well, too egotistic. It is better that I do not say at all."

(*Continued on page* 80)

The Cinema Comes to Carleton

By HARRIETTE UNDERHILL

WILLIAM CARLETON, JR., laid the corn muffin which he was buttering down on his plate, looked at us seriously and said, "You are right—there is!"

Now William, Jr., is a mild-mannered man and he is particularly fond of corn muffins, so we knew something untoward was egging him on to this display of fierceness and this renunciation of his beloved viands.

"You are right, there is a fly in the ointment. I dont like cinema field days—community acting, if you know what I mean."

"But we dont know," we murmured, outwardly timid, but secretly exultant, because we sensed a story. "What is community acting? Something to inspire good fellowship, like community singing?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Carleton, still gloomily regarding his neglected muffin; "something like community singing, only not so sweet and I cant say that it is particularly conducive to good fellowship—in me, at any rate."

"And what are cinema field days?"

"The same, only more protracted."

And all this because we had inadvertently asked Mr. Carleton if there was not a single fly in his syrup of contentment.

"Never mind," we soothed, "you needn't tell us what community acting is and we can live if we dont know what cinema field days are. Dont excite yourself and we'll talk about birds and flowers."

"No we wont; we'll talk about cinema field days," for William Carleton, Jr., can be a "majerful" man when he wishes. "If it wasn't for them, life in front of the camera would be one sweet song. But people never can be induced to believe that we make motion pictures because it is our profession. They firmly believe that we do it for their delectation. Have you ever made exteriors in a popular summer resort? No, of course you haven't—I forgot."

"Well, you needn't be so superior," we replied. "We have had three offers, but we dont like to work so hard."

"Well, community acting is when the whole community decides to take part in the picture. Cinema field days are those awful days when mothers gather on the site which has been selected for the exteriors for your new picture, bringing with them numerous little Cuthberts and Cedrics who, they fondly hope, will be the picture heroes of the next generation.

"You select a nice secluded spot back of a stone wall for your dressing room. You find a hollow tree evidently placed there by providence to be your make-up table. You work for an hour in the sun. Then the director will say, 'All ready for this scene! Carleton, your nose is shiny. Better touch up your make-up!' and you rush away to your nice secluded dressing room to find an angel-faced, flaxen-haired child digging in your box of powder with a stick. His face is daubed with your grease paint. Mamma sits nearby reading. You take your cherished possessions away from him, get out your mirror preparatory to holding it up to nature and proceed to touch up your make-up. Cuthbert stands wild-eyed. 'Mamma,' he shouts, 'come and see the man putting powder on his nose just like you do!' or, if you carry your make-up with you and hide it under a stone, when you return you'll surely find some coy belle of '84 in a picture hat using your powder puff and mirror. It never fails."

"Poor dear," we murmured, "the subject is evidently a painful one. Tell us some more."

"Well, there isn't going to be any community acting in 'The Copperhead.' That is the picture I am working in now with Lionel Barrymore. Charlie Maigne has made me a deputy sheriff and I am going to wear a 'tin star' and everything just like a regular one. So when the people gather on the field for the ceremonies, as they surely will—10,000 strong, I suppose, to see a real Barrymore, I can order them back and flash my badge and be real impressive."

"Did Mr. Maigne select you as a minion of the law because you are six feet two?" we asked. "And important-looking." (*Continued on page* 70)

Photograph by Otto Sarony

A study of William Carleton, Jr., and two views of him on the screen with Elsie Ferguson. "I love cinema work," says Carleton, "if it wasn't for community acting."

The Gorgeous Gloria

Photographs by W. R. Scott.

This unique bathing-suit is introduced in Cecil B. De Mille's "Why Change Your Wife?" While we rather doubt its sea-going qualities, we frankly admit its effectiveness. If it isn't aquatic, it is optical

Victory

Fictionized from the Maurice Tourneur Photoplay

By FAITH SERVICE

Just now, rankling virulently, was the girl in the Zangiciamo orchestra, lately arrived from Eastern ports and stopping a few weeks at the hotel en route for California

In his very early days Baron Heyst had been badly battered and mauled by life . . . there had been a great many things . . . it had not seemed able to let him be. With the passing of his youth passed, too, his faith. He drew, as it were, an enveloping cape about him and stood aloof, mocking thru badly twisted lips.

"The thing to do," he told his son, shortly before he came to die, "is to do *nothing*. Only by establishing an absolute negation of attitude are you safe. Do not attempt, either, to *be* anything. Be *in* the world, because to remove yourself from it involves an infringement of negation, of all infringements the greatest . . . but be not of it. Stand apart. Live apart. Say little and condemn, inevitably, all that you hear said. If you evolve philosophies, the rabble, swine all of them, will still go nosing for truffles. If you ponder the philosophies of others you will become evolved. Establish an absolute negation."

To establish a negation was not peculiarly hard for Axel Heyst. Curiously, he had never believed very vitally in his own identity, in his own essential existence. He had been, to himself, a shade walking among shades . . . he had established no contacts . . . there had been vague persons . . . even his father with his detached bitterness, so detached, indeed, as not to be bitterness at all, but only a wraith of other days, still shrouded. There had been vague events . . . and many books . . . and travels . . . seen, as it were, thru a haze, darkly . . . nothing had been real, ever. Nothing had given any stabbing joy. Nothing had given any driven pain. There had been no palpable sense of discomfort, nor yet the glow of any substantial comfort.

After his father's death, Axel Heyst left London. He had read of the South Seas and they called to him. There, he thought, on those deep lulling waters, among those drugging scents and thick strong sounds, one might, like mammoth lazy birds, wheel away one's time, suspended between, literally and figuratively, earth and heaven.

One could readily establish negation with the natives. There could be no possible other stand. There would be no intrusions. Things would not happen. There would be no women. Not that Axel thought of women in the way of intruders. Actually, he did not think of them at all. He knew that part of his father's philosophy had had to do with woman's component part in the

VICTORY

Fictionized by special permission from the scenario of Stephen Fox, based upon Joseph Conrad's novel of the same name, published by Doubleday, Page & Company. Produced by Maurice Tourneur and released by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. The cast:

Axel Heyst	Jack Holt
Alma	Seena Owen
Ricardo	Lon Chaney
Schomberg	Wallace Beery
Mr. Jones	Ben Deely
Mrs. Schomberg	Laura Winston
Pedro	Bull Montana
Captain Davison	George Nicholls

She made a difference in the bungalow on the island. Heyst admitted that almost at once

cosmos. And then, with the beginning of the bitterness, woman's part had been ruled *out* of the philosophy and Baron Heyst had expatriated himself from his native Sweden and some sort of a chapter had been shut down, a seal affixed.

Axel Heyst roamed five years among the islands of the South Seas, drugging himself with a sweet narcotism, not so much waking as sleeping. There had been no intrusions . . .

There had been passing dusky faces . . . barbaric sounds and smells . . . lagoons like fluid souls . . . endless blue waters . . . endless gold shores . . . endless sailings . . . coming and goings . . . nowhere . . . to no purpose . . . the world did not knock at his door . . . He might have been his father, entombed, for all life had of him, or he of life . . .

Then, as abruptly as poetry might turn to prose and almost as shockingly, he fell in with Morrison. Morrison was mere man. He didn't know anything about negations. You couldn't have established the abstract fact of negation in his head by any sort of means. He was utterly the positivist. He had a passion, too. A ruling one. An overruling one. It was for his trading brig, the "Capricorn." Morrison had been born on the Capricorn. He had grown up on her, with her, body and soul. He had got his life and his livelihood from her. She was living tissue to him. He had a tremendous sentiment for her, a feeling composed of tissue and blood He had sailed the Java sea on her and now, it seemed, in the port of Timor, because he had no cash, some irregular had been found in his papers and the Portuguese officials were going to impose a fine he couldn't pay on him, arrest his brig and, at the expiration of the week, knowing the fine was beyond him, sell her at auction. Sell the Capricorn . . . It was like the sacrilegious sale, the sacrilegious public sale of some beloved woman . . .

Morrison was in the throes when he ran into Heyst. He was too terribly in the throes to take notice of anything different about Heyst. He was just someone to pour out his heart to . . . his big heart, which was breaking.

It was a sort of a vandalism, after a fashion. Morrison was a sort of a, no, distinctly, a vandal of dreams. He thrust his heavy, hob-nailed boot into the delicate aloofness of Heyst's absolute negation. He showed him a bare heart, a rugged piece of suffering, easily averted.

Heyst was shocked. Of course, he felt at once, the Capricorn could not be sold at auction. He sensed the tragedy there, immediately. Sensed, too, somehow, remotely, the clamor of resistance Morrison was making.

Consummately and very delicately, he made it possible for Morrison to pay his fine and assure the safety of the Capricorn. He turned away before the sight of the big man's heaving joy. It was somehow cataclysmic. The primitive forces in the man slept, or dozed, so close to the surface that one felt the sense of an upheaval of nature in his emotions, forces . . .

"I'll tell you what," said Morrison, after he had released Heyst's sensitive fingers from his blunted ones; "I cant do enough for you. I cant, for a fact. I . . . but what I can do . . . I'll let you in . . . there's coal on the island of Samburan. I happen to know . . . come closer . . . hearkye . . . that's how I know. I've been waiting . . . for the right man. You're him, Mr. Heyst. You're him. You are, for a fact. There's a fortune. A fortune. There is, for a fact. Here's the details. . . ."

Three hours later, Heyst said all right. He didn't know why he had said all right; why he had agreed. It wasn't in accordance—it wasn't in accordance at all with the utter detachedness preached him by his father. He couldn't see why this huge crude man should break thru the delicate, impalpable, yet very potent doorway between himself and the rest of the world. His had been a huge fist knocking . . . knocking smashing sorts of blows . . . he had, it seemed, battened things down. Heyst was conscious of a tingling in his veins. After all, perhaps, outside the thick blue haze shot thru with dreamy

gold in which he had lived and had his separate being, after all, there were men who wept immense tears over the threatened loss of a grubby trading schooner; to whom these staple things of life meant breathing and being. Odd sort of a surmise, but probably true after a limited fashion . . .

And then, it had occurred, even to Heyst, that to dream one must have money. Dreams, even, are quite costly. One must pay, it seemed, to float about on the South Seas watching the curious native life thru half-closed eyes. This coal mine of Morrison's . . . it could be got thru with and then he, Heyst, amply supplied for endless dreaming, could go back . . .

But one doesn't *go* back, it seems . . .

Morrison went to London to float the company and in London he died. There was too much fog there, perhaps—the details were never made very explicit. But he died. And when Heyst heard of the big man's death he felt precisely as tho someone had given him a crude rent with a knife. A most unthinkable thing.

Before he died, however, it seemed that Morrison had been successful in forming the company. Heyst found himself nominated manager and with the mushroom growth of such enterprises coolies were imported, engineers arrived from London, bungalows sprang up, a gallery was driven into the productive hillside and coal in vast quantities was taken out. Heyst had felt quite excited up to the actual time of the mining. There was something, he thought, in the nature of a gigantic dream about it all. He felt detached from it, interested, immensely interested, but as a spectator. He missed Morrison. Morrison had a fresh salt tang. There had been an invigoration to Morrison powerful enough to pierce the veil of Heyst's dreaming. Now Morrison was gone and the old lethargy was creeping about him again. His father had been right . . . detachedness . . . all this . . . what did it amount to?

Shortly thereafter the company went into liquidation and Heyst was left alone on Samburan with his chinaman, Wang. He was content to stay. He had his pipe and the bungalow had been fixed to suit him. He rather thought he would stay on . . . indefinitely . . . he was at peace. On the other islands, when he had gone to and from while the mining was on active process, there had been nasty talk back and forth. Schomberg, the big German who kept the hotel on Sourabaya, seemed absolutely to hate him. This seemed absurd to Heyst, who had never hated as he had never loved, a living soul. Schomberg, it seemed, accused him, with equal absurdity of an absurd thing. He had *used* Morrison, Schomberg alleged, had even been responsible in some occult way for Morrison's death. There had been mysterious dealings . . . hidden wealth . . . Heyst laughed at it, silently, after his fashion, yet it was, he thought, as tho something gaseous, noxious alloyed, unpleasantly, a trade wind from the south, spiced and aromatic . . . It was certainly negative on Samburan. He was forgotten by the world. In his turn, he too, forgot .

When, finally, there came an occasion for him to go to Sourabaya on some sort of a final transaction for the liquidated company he had forgotten along with other things, the dead Morrison and his own brief days of activity, the hatred of Schomberg.

He remembered it when the bearded German glared at him and spat a reluctant consent to his registration at Schomberg's Hotel. The Englishman with the woman's eyes didn't know of Schomberg's hatred . . . Schomberg himself was rather indefinite as to the original source . . . he only knew that he had a deep antipathy for Heyst . . . that his fingers twitched for him and his mouth watered in contemplation of cruelties he might inflict .

Heyst's odd presence inflamed the hatred. Schomberg wanted to talk about it, wanted to plot and plan about it, wanted to allay it. He had wandered on this desert of his de-

And always Ricardo followed Alma, begging her favors, making love to her, threatening her

Alma in the power of Pedro

testation long enough. He was parched.

He couldn't talk to Mrs. Schomberg. The woman had sympathies, despicable trait. Her sympathies, tho, were never for him, for Schomberg. For him she entertained some sort of a primitive passion which did nothing save preclude him from such other, infrequent and diverse pleasures as might chance his way. An occasional native, now . . . Mrs. Schomberg had no sympathies for *him* . . .

Just now, rankling virulently, was the girl in the Zangiciamo Orchestra, lately arrived from Eastern ports and stopping a few weeks at the hotel en route for California.

The girl was different from most people, from almost all the women who came to Sourabaya. She was white, that was one thing, dead white. She was whiter than the whitest flower ever stained with native blood. And her hair was like gold, like the sun that pours like heavy brass, all liquid, over Sourabaya. Her eyes, now, they were blue, sea-blue and sky-blue. She wore a blue uniform, too. Schomberg had a passion, probably Prussian, for uniforms. This one was a particularly taking blue uniform and it matched her eyes. It was adorned with copious brass buttons and considerable gold braid. It fitted her trimly and gave evidence, delicately, of soft, very young lines. She moved gently, too, and rarely spoke.

It was horrible to have the automatic, seldom sympathetic Mrs. Schomberg perpetually between them. It was maddening, like a red banner waved eternally before an inflamed bull. There were so many ways of disposing of automatons on Sourabaya . . .

When Heyst came he listened, the first night, to the Zangiciamo Orchestra. He didn't know why he went in, and once in, he knew still less why he stayed in. The discord, of course, was quite obvious, and outside the sea was murmuring, almost restfully . . . and there was a low sky, all weighted down with depending stars . . . there was a trade wind . . . thickly spiced . . . Heyst had felt a little dizzy . . .

After the Zangiciamo Orchestra had done he knew why he stayed. He stayed because the very white girl in the impossible uniform stayed, solitarily, on the platform, immediately abandoned by the other members of the Lady Orchestra and by Zangiciamo himself. She seemed to Heyst to be shrinking, up there on the platform. She wasn't looking at him, either. On the contrary she seemed to be trying very hard not to look at anybody at all, as tho she were fearful to.

Of course, following the absolute negation, Heyst knew that he should go out at once, lose himself in the night, let it consume him. But he had noticed her as the Lady Orchestra played, vaguely, but still . . . she had had a luminous quality . . . she had seemed to shine softly, faintly, like some fragment of a fallen, drifted moon . . . It occurred to Heyst that she was the loneliest thing he had ever seen. He had always, heretofore, thought that of himself, thought that indigenous to himself. It was a new thought, wholly new. Just as Morrison had been a new thought, Morrison who could weep and wring tremendous hands over the loss of a sailing brig, run with rats and smelling of rope and tar.

Heyst approached the girl and from behind the bar Schomberg glared and chewed his beard, his mustache, his chin itself.

Schomberg had had three new guests the day before and until this instant he had felt some sort of a clammy fear of them. One gets fears of that nature on the South Sea Islands. One of the guests had registered himself as Mr. Jones. That was simple and unfearful enough, certainly, but Mr. Jones belied his name. He had a horrible air of a recent gravel. Schomberg swore to his wife, pinching her the while he mouthed his fears, that there was the smell of grave-mould on this Jones. Ghouls had disinterred him, avowed Schomberg in part, and he had drifted here. The ghouls, he thought, were his two companions, Ricardo, an ex-seaman with a smell of fresh blood about him, and Pedro, their Venezuelan servant with fifty devils in his eyes and a smile cruel enough to congeal the blood Ricardo might well be expected to spill.

Tonight, tho, Schomberg saw the three horrors he was

housing in a different light. That they were bent on human death he was convinced. Plain Mr. Jones had been unearthed from some unholy grave and now he, in his turn, was about to destroy and to raise up. Suppose that Schomberg told them about Heyst, over on Samburan, and about the death of Morrison and the hidden treasure. Suppose they left his hotel, these somehow terrible three, and went to seek out Heyst . . . Schomberg crept up to the corridor where the three occupied three lordly rooms. He whispered to them thru the evil hours until the dawn, sickly, turned to bannered splendor. Now and again he rubbed his hands violently together and mopped his brow. The pale proximity of the plain Mr. Jones beaded him with agues of cold sweat.

The second night, too, Heyst waited for the white girl, who waited, too. On the second night she talked to him. Oddly, he had the dawning feeling that a human being was talking to another human being. Always, before this, he had thought a human being was talking to a shade, soon would sense this to be so, soon would chill and draw away.

Tonight, with this girl, it was different; how he could not say, did not want to say. She did not draw away, either. They walked on the curving half moon of the white beach along the edge of a lagoon within whose calm transparent breast a single star shivered, yet remained . . .

She told him about herself. Her mother, who wore a great deal of jewelry and then was kind, or who wore none and was rather terribly cruel, who spent a great deal of time out, grew very tired of walking . . . pavements being hard . . . Of her father whose name her mother was vague on and so, in consequence, was she. He had been a gentleman she said, her mother had told her she was certain of that, as certain as certain . . . a gentleman, she could bank on *that* . . . that nebulous fact, it seemed, was alone substantial in an insubstantial world thru which this child had drifted, white like a fragment of a moon . . . Her mother had died, after coughing a great deal . . . somehow she had got this job with Zangiciamo . . . and she was here and she was very much afraid . . . Zangiciamo and Schomberg were like two maddened dogs, it seemed; she the pitiful bleached small bone between the pair of them . . . She didn't know . . .

On the third night he waited on the curve of the beach for her. When she came, she came flying. "Oh, take me away with you!" she begged, her breast torn like the wings of a bird, "take me away. Take me away! I'll work for you. I'll live for you and die for you. I wont ever bother you, *any*. I wont . . . I wont . . ."

It was like, even tho unlike, Morrison again . . . something battening . . . this time something soft . . . it occurred to Heyst freshly that he was a man . . . that the world about him was made up of two component parts . . . man and woman . . . fundamentally, inescapably . . . and that he was, he, Axel Heyst, was the man and this white girl clinging to him, was the woman . . .

He took her with him to Samburan, escaping that night, with the help of Mrs. Schomberg, only too glad to be rid of her, and Davidson who passed to and fro on his schooner and had done sundry small services for Heyst in the past.

She made a difference in the bungalow on the island. Heyst admitted that almost at once. It seemed to him, unobtrusively, as tho the house were flower-filled, even while he knew that it was not. Everything seemed softer and, at the same time, sharper. He, himself, seemed to be somehow quickened. Things were more acute, possessed more significance; daily things such as the eating of meals, the drinking of tea before dusk, dinner by candle light. Heretofore they had been things to be got thru with, generally with a newspaper propped before his plate. Now . . . now he liked to linger over each detail of each one of them . . . there were her hands to watch, daily miracles, her eyes catching, holding, giving forth to him, again and again, new and amazing lights. Her talk . . . all to him. Suppose she should ever talk in the same way to any other person, to any other man. He knew, with his newly awakening self, that he wouldn't like that. And then,

(*Continued on page* 81)

Alma made the next sudden move—a knife flashed thru the air—Ricardo toppled over

Helen Lee Worthing, one of the honor leaders in our Fame and Fortune Contest, has an important rôle in Ned Weyburn's revue at the Capitol Theater. She may be observed at the left assisting the Capitol constructors

Photograph (right) by Abbe

At the right is Muriel de Forest, one of the Capitol revue favorites

At The World's Foremost Screen Theater

Broadway's newest home of the photoplay, the Capitol Theater, is now open. This de luxe film institution features an elaborate musical revue, in which Lauretta Harris, at the right, and Helen Herendeen, below, have leading rôles

Photographs (right) by Alfred Cheney Johnston (below) by Jean de Strelecki

The Hidden Egyptian

Exclusive Photographs by NELSON EVANS

HAVE you ever stopped to think how many different kinds of love affairs there are? But of course you have; everyone does at some time or other! There is, for instance, puppy love that doesn't last, and Indian summer love, that doesn't last either. There is the love of the leading man for the leading woman (on the screen) —and the love of the leading woman for the leading man (who is usually a member of some other company) off of it and this lasts—sometimes. But there is one love that lasts thru life and beyond, and that is the love of a player for his, or her, favorite part.

(It influences his mannerisms, his clothes, and, if he happens to be in "the speakies," it even influences his diction. If the truth were recognized, it would be seen that mentally, at least, he frequently goes on playing it forever.)

Think over all the players, both of the stage and screen, whose work you have followed and see if you can pick out the character or scene that they love the best. Frequently, you will find it very easy. You must use your detective powers, however. No true artist ever repeats a favorite scene or a favorite character in all of its details. But it will creep out; as is the case with all true love, they cannot help but show it. Even the very versatile Edith Storey has a love of this kind hidden behind her many distinct and perfect characterizations. If you watch her closely, you may see it there; a persistent suggestion of the Egyptian, in her clothes, her dry quiet humor, her enigmatic smile. Her favorite part was in "Dust of Egypt," a comedy made by the Vitagraph Company about four years ago.

"It was so entirely different from anything I have ever done that every moment of it was a pleasure," she said (she had on a dress of lavender striped organdie at the time. Later when the photographer saw her, she had on a different dress but it was striped, just the same).

The most noticeable thing about Edith Storey is her sincerity. She has the most exquisite sense of humor and her viewpoint on life is a very lovely one, indeed. "I am a regular tomboy," she explains. "My brother and I are the best pals in the world"

"In the beginning of the picture, I was an Egyptian princess. Nothing could stand in the way of my getting anything I wanted. I could take it or have it brought to me. My will was law absolute. And then this Princess died and her mummy came to life in the present century. (In the end it

By Elizabeth Peltret

turns out that she was the creature of a dream).

"Her surroundings were no longer regal, but the princess had not changed in the least. She wants to use a certain table as a couch. It is loaded with beautiful things, but she just brushes them off—(Miss Storey illustrated with a nonchalant gesture)—and orders a bear rug that she fancies brought to her.

"The sub-titles were so good, too.

"Without being in the least conscious that she is saying anything unusual, the Princess remarks to her host, speaking of his wife, 'The Woman is old and ugly; why dont you send her away and get a younger one?' A man interferes with some little thing her Highness wants done and she deliberately attempts to stab him . . . But always she is possessed of a deep inward sense of her dignity as a princess . . . ."

Perhaps the most noticeable thing about Edith Storey is her sincerity. She has a dry, quiet way of talking, her voice is low, rather "husky" perhaps, and even in tone, but never monotonous. She has brown hair, with the prettiest possible little wave in it, and large oval-shaped brown eyes.

The first thing you notice about Edith Storey is her deep humanity. She has a gift of fitting in any scene or becoming one of any group of people in any walk of life. The scenes on these two pages show Miss Storey at her California home

She has the most exquisite sense of humor and her viewpoint on life is a very lovely one indeed.

"I'm not looking very far ahead, towards any wide or distant horizon," she said; "I like to do the thing that is with me now, in the best possible manner. I like to keep busy. I dont even like to sit still and read unless I am doing it for some definite purpose. I would much rather be outdoors. I love mechanics; I can do almost anything about an automobile down to taking it apart and putting it together again. I am a regular tomboy; my brother and I are the best pals in the world."

He is three years younger than his famous sister and enlisted in the navy immediately after the declaration of war. Edith Storey enlisted

(*Continued on page 73*)

Marie: The Mystic

By FRITZI REMONT

Three glimpses of Marie Walcamp at home and motoring. Miss Walcamp, before she gained her success on the screen as a daring cinema serial belle, was a show girl in musical comedy

MARIE WALCAMP will do any sort of stunt so long as she has faith in her director.

And let me whisper: Marie is so sensitive to thought transference that nobody working near her dares think anything that Marie isn't supposed to know.

Now isn't that sensitiveness queer in a girl who is a death-defying, gymnastic wonder?

Miss Walcamp's eyes change color while you talk to her—from grey to hazel, from hazel to grey. Everything about Marie suggests mysticism. Her smile is inscrutable. No two people know her in the same way. Inwardly, she is perfectly sincere, but outwardly she is as changeable as a chameleon.

She may be happy one moment and somberly reflective the next. She isn't just exactly beautiful, but her great individuality marks her as one having a beautiful soul. She is reserved and likes to spend odd moments in reading and study. At night she usually reads herself into a sleepy mood, then tucks the book away under her pillow so that it can easily be drawn forth the first thing in the morning.

Miss Walcamp has a great deal of humor. You need watch her smile but a moment to be convinced of that. She has a large mouth, with perfect white teeth, slightly overlapping on the upper row, and that is why Marie wont smile often before the camera. Meeting her occasionally, one would not even notice the slight irregularity unless Miss Walcamp mentioned it, for her teeth give one only the impression of wonderful strength, resistance and perfect health. However, serial pictures never require smiles, so perhaps that's why the girl changed from comedy to stunts.

"Did you ever attend a séance?" I asked. I hadn't known about the Anna Eva Fay business up to that time, but Marie's mystic eyes—eyes which make one think of looking thru seven veils and trying to pierce an inner shrine—had given me courage to accuse her of being a psychic.

"Yes, just once. It was in a town far away from here when I was about twelve years old. Mother heard of a spiritualists' meeting and decided that it would be interesting for us to go and get a 'message,' if possible. I had always astonished her by my sudden hunches, and she was more or less interested in psychic phenomena anyway, so she mustered up courage enough to take me. It was her first experience also.

"We sat in a darkened room. I felt delicious thrills of expectancy and just a little shiver of fear. After a silence, the medium said—and oh, oh, he was so funny, with an impediment in his speech—well, he said, 'Thumbuddy kicked my calvthes awful hard just then. Does anybody here weckonize that spthirit?'

"I forgot all about thrills, fear, spirits and good behavior, because the idea of being kicked on the shins was so irresistibly funny. I laughed and laughed until I almost rolled off my chair, and then it struck mother, too, and she began to suppress giggles, and a man asked us to leave—and we did! So my first and last séance was a real failure and I never tried it again. I told mother I was sorry we hadn't behaved well, for I did want to see a spirit that had gumption enough to announce its presence in such a forcible way. I always did admire people who had the courage of their convictions, no matter what form they took."

"Do you have hunches about getting hurt when you do stunts?"

"Oh, often. Last week, when Mr. MacGowan was going to throw that block of wood at me, of course, aiming to avoid actually hitting me, I said, 'You are going to hit my head with it.' He said he would aim low and never get near my head. A few minutes later I was almost knocked out by the block! I guess that ought to be the other way around, tho." Again the alluring smile brightened Marie Walcamp's hazel-grey eyes.

"Did you ever play anything along occult lines?"

"Well, you know my coming into the pictures was rather strange. I'll tell you just how I happened to be cast for Bob Leonard's 'The Evil Power,' which was a hypnotic play with a very powerful part in it for me. I certainly loved doing it.

"I was a showgirl with Kolb and Dill and had a great admiration for Laura Oakley, who was their leading woman. Every night I'd go to her dressing-room and watch her make up, glad to get any advice from her as to acting and the show business, or ready to sit quietly by and study her if she rehearsed anything. At that time she was working in pictures as well as with the comedians on the stage.

"One night she suddenly turned to me and said, 'Marie, why dont you try for the pictures? I think you'd make good. You have excellent features for the business.' I said, 'Oh, I dont know; I hardly think I'd have a chance, do you?' She replied, 'Well, nothing like trying. Come out to Universal with me tomorrow and I'll introduce you.'

"Next day I accompanied her early in the morning and was put right into a comedy with Lee and Moran; then I had a chance to work for Mr. Leonard in the occult play; then two pictures with Daddy Turner and 'The Village Blacksmith' with Harry Pollard. I did a great many dramatic leads after that with Otis Turner and Mr. Pollard.

"The first two weeks I worked I earned ninety dollars a week. I simply couldn't believe it. You know what the life of a showgirl means—hardly a cent left for necessaries, so much goes for board

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Miss Walcamp's first film work was in a Lee and Moran comedy at Universal. Her first real chance came in the serial, "Patria," with Irene Castle. After that she did "Liberty" for Universal

The Girl from Out Yonder

Fictionized from the Selznick-Olive Thomas Photoplay

By Dorothy Donnell

"You lost some of your hair, and all of your complexion and one sandal," itemized Flotsam, dispassionately. "I guess that's all. Luckily I happened to be out with the lobster pots." She lifted one foot and scratched the ankle of the other with a bare pink toe in a carefree manner. Like that king of France who replied to a courtier venturing to criticize one of his acts, "I am the State!" Flotsam might have said "Convention? I am Convention!"

Mrs. Reggie Elmer, who had spent a very bad five minutes clinging to an unstable lobster pot and wishing fervently that she had been a better woman, giggled hysterically and made a futile attempt to wring a considerable portion of the Atlantic Ocean out of her salmon colored hair. "If you hadn't come along when you *did*—" she chattered, "my friends would have been saying, 'how natural she looks' in a day or so! I suppose I am a perfect *sight*—you haven't a powder puff about you, have you?"

The young person in the baggy corduroy breeches shook her curly brown head. "Nope. I wanted to send for one out of a Sears Roebuck catalog but Fardie wouldn't let me. If you come up to the house you can have some flour, tho. Are you a week-ender or a permanent?"

Mrs. Elmer seemed to be staring thru a lorgnette. It's all very well to have your life saved, and all that but it *does* put one under obligation to such *odd* people! "I beg your pardon?" she queried, frostily, "if you mean, am I summer boarder at the Point, no. That is my yacht off the Reef."

Flotsam was serenely unconscious of being snubbed. "I thought I hadn't seen you at the Light," she rejoined, pulling the great oars thru the water with magnificent sweeps of her strong young arms, "we're one of the sights, you know. All the summer folks come out to the Reef in Abe Barrow's motor boat and squeal when they climb up the stairs, and say 'how pictures-*que*' and 'I suppose its frightfully lonesome winters,' and buy souvenir postcards."

On the rocky ledge they were approaching two figures stood looking out into the dazzle of blue and gold. The one, sinewy, slightly stooping, with grizzled grey showing beneath the oil-skin hat, waved his hand as the dory swept about the ledge. "Thar they be!" he beamed, "I told ye my gal 'ud find her. She's the greatest hand to be pickin' up queer things out of the water, once 'twas a turtle, and once a devil fish and now your Ma!"

"Aunt," corrected his companion with a slight cough. He was a handsome, well-tailored young fellow whom Captain Joe Barton had classified already as "a city toff." Just now his expression was oddly compounded of anxiety, amusement and boredom. Edward Elmer was usually bored. He found the flavor of Life insipid to his tongue, as is usually the plight of those who have never wanted anything they could not have.

"Oh, Eddie!" chattered his aunt, hysterically as she tottered over the side of the boat. "Oh, *Eddie,* it's a miracle I'm not lying at the bottom of the Atlantic! And after all those expensive swimming lessons I took too! But this water was wetter, or at least it seemed so—it behaved so oddly—and I got a puncture in one of my water wings—oh, Eddie, I have a feeling that when I get around to it I'm going to have hysterics—"

"There, there, Tootles!" her nephew soothed her perfunctorily, patting her upon the back—the infallible masculine remedy for all feminine ills whether of body or soul. But his eyes strayed undutifully from the sodden salmon tinted head upon his shoulder to the quaint little figure dragging the dory up beyond the water line.

Flotsam was small, but her sturdy boy's attire gave her a look anything but frail. She had crisp bronze hair, an audacious tip-tilted nose, a mouth, just a shade too large for classic perfection, not a whit too large for charm, and eyes that, from long gazing had caught the color of the sea, blue and gold, darkening into slate

grey when there was a storm brewing. She gazed directly and honestly at Edward Elmer without a trace of the sex-consciousness which a pretty girl usually shows when meeting a good-looking man.

Gasping and giggling, Mrs. Elmer chattered out an introduction and fled up the rocks to the shelter of the lighthouse for her bathing suit was of the kind that is intended for beach bathing, and likely to dissolve embarrassingly when in contact with water. Captain Barton followed, leaving the two young people alone. Flotsam stood poised on a peak of granite, humming a little song, apparently quite unaware that Convention expected her to make conversation when she had nothing to say. There was nothing uneasy about her silence; it was that of the sea itself, brooding without revealing its soul.

And so began, on the rocks beside the morning sea, the story that was to lead to other, stranger chapters

Edward, who was used to girls that chattered, girls that tittered, girls that flirted, girls that gossiped, but not to girls who said nothing at all, found himself suddenly desirous of hearing her speak.

"It was certainly deuced lucky you were out this morning," he began, with a smile intended to put her quite at her ease, a smile that seemed to say, "Dont be abashed by my grandeur, little girl. I'm awfully democratic and all that!"

"Wasn't it?" rejoined Flotsam, continuing to gaze out to sea with unflattering interest in the fleet of fishing boats just jutting out from harbor. Devil take it, but she was really extraordinarily pretty—rigged out in one of Clarice's gowns she'd be a winner. His tone lost a trifle of its patronage and acquired deference.

"Tootles ought not to go swimming in anything deeper than a bathtub," he confided, "she loses her head too easily! So you live out here on the Reef, do you? I suppose you must—"

"No," replied Flotsam, coolly, "I dont get lonesome winters at all. Yes, indeed, I love the ocean. No, I've never been to New York. Yes, I'd like to. I'm not your baby doll, thank you, and I dont care to row over to the mainland some day and take a little ride in your car."

Edward Elmer stared at the mutinous little face blankly a moment then burst into a roar of laughter. "So that's what they say to you, is it? Then I wont say it. We'll talk about anything you choose, only do let me stay and talk. I'd like to awfully well, honestly!"

Unexpectedly the stormy face opposite broke into dimples. Flotsam sat down on the rocks beside him with as much grace, in spite of her salt-stained corduroys and clumsy shoes, as tho she wore organdie and patent leather pumps. "Then tell me," she begged him, hungrily, "every single thing you know about *clothes*." Her tone quickened, her eyes held a light almost holy. "Are they still wearing narrow skirts?" breathed Flotsam, "and tight sleeves, and are the hats turned up or down?"

And so began, on the rocks beside the morning sea, the story that was to lead to other, stranger chapters, as the sea has other, somberer phases. It was the first of many talks they had, Edward doing most of the talking, while Flotsam sat enthralled, listening to the tale of a world as remote from her ken as Fairyland.

"Why you *allow* it!" marvelled Clarice Stapleton, with the edge of spite in her voice, "that common little thing knows well enough who he is and how much money he has! Of course, I dont mean to imply that Eddie could be so ridiculous as to think of *marrying* her, but that sort is dangerous. Marriage isn't the only way to get hold of a rich man's money——"

Mrs. Elmer looked shrewdly at the speaker. Morning was always unbecoming to Clarice, tho she was still able to shine under electricity. In the full, hard light her face showed every one of the thirty-two years—she only confessed to twenty-eight—of struggle and disappointment. Clarice had tried desperately to marry almost every eligible young man she had met since her début, and the campaigns had left their traces in fine lines about her rather pale eyes, in a certain acidity of viewpoint, and drawn expression about lips that art rendered a vivid vermillion.

"She's young and pretty, you must remember," she remarked sweetly, and apparently without guile, "even in those outrageous togs she wears she manages to look like a little soubrette

in a musical comedy, and withal she's as utterly natural and unaffected as a wild rose." It was not that Mrs. Elmer really approved of Flotsam as a prospective niece-in-law, but—as any feminine reader will understand—she took distinct pleasure in making Clarice writhe.

There were others than those on the yacht who regarded with alarm the friendship of Edward Elmer, clubman, millionaire, first-nighter of all musical shows and Flotsam—the Girl Out Yonder, the village called her. Of these, one, Joey Clarke, heavy of hand and feature, with hair burned a strange, tawny red by long days of fishing under the blazing sun, was the bitterest. Twenty-nine was Joey, a hard man, his fellows called him—a dangerous man. He could drink any other fisherman on the coast under the table without anything to show for it outwardly save a tendency to smile and talk more than when he was sober. He could strike with his tarry fist a blow like that of a sledge hammer. He could hate faithfully—could love bitterly. And he loved Flotsam Barton. There was a burning in his eyes when he looked at her, a thickness on his tongue when he spoke to h-

"Going to let the city dude cut you out, Joey?" his fellow fishermen jibed as the dory with Elmer and Flotsam put out from the Reef, "I hear they're as good as promised a'ready. What gal who c'n have silk gownds and a fine house in the city is going to choose a fisherman's shack?"

To none of their jeers did Joe Clarke reply but his jaw had an ugly set, and his eyes, under scowling brows smouldered. Alone in his three-roomed shanty he considered possibilities. She had liked him well enough before that damned dude with his silk socks and silkier words had come. She would like him—well enough, if he should go. And he *should* go.

"I could kill him," Joey muttered, and played with the thought for a moment, but in the end relinquished it. "But I'm not going to. I'm not hankering to spend the rest of my years in jail—or mebbe get kicked out o' life with a dose of 'lectricity. But if he stays much longer it'll be too late—he's got to go, but how—"

His great fist came crashing down on the pine table, setting the dishes chattering with nervousness. His lips drew back. "Why didn't I think of that afore?" he blazed, "if that dont send him kiting nothing will!"

Edward Elmer was surprised the next morning, to see the shaggy head and lowering face of the most unprepossessing fisherman on the Cape rise over the edge of the yacht to be followed by six foot two of oilskins smelling vilely of fish long defunct. "I beg your pardon, Mister," Joey Clarke said surlily, "but might it be as how I could speak with ye, a moment?"

But when the desired permission was given he seemed at a loss how to begin. His great hands, shaggy with black hair twisted his greasy cap, his eyes were fixed upon the far-away ledge of the Great Reef Light. When he did speak the words seemed somehow wrung out of himself. "It's about Flotsam Barton. I've heard you're sweet on her—is that so?"

Elmer's eyes flashed dangerously, but his tone was level! "I dont recognize your right to ask such a question. However, if it is the least interest to you I am quite willing to tell you that I intend to marry Flotsam. And now—if that was quite all—" he gestured suggestively toward the gangway, "it would be a pity to lose a morning's fishing—"

Joey Clarke's great hands worked silently with the hat, a slow, dreadful twisting movement as tho he were strangling something. "You cant marry her," he said, "you cant marry her. It isn't safe—she comes from a bad stock—"

Edward Elmer laughed scornfully, then, little by little the laugh became mechanical and forced as his eyes studied the other's face. "Just what"—he wet his lips—"just what do you mean?"

"I mean," Joey Clarke said heavily, with monotonous inflection, "that she's the daughter of a murderer! And what's more Barton killed his own father. That's why he's tending the loneliest light on the coast—to keep out of the way o' the Law!"

"You're crazy," stammered Elmer, ashy of face, "stark crazy!"

"You dont believe it?" Joey pointed toward the Reef, white in the sunlight. "Ask him then! He knows I know it—'twas me as found the old man with his head beat in and *him* lying in a drunk alongside with his hands—red—"

They're as good as promised a'ready. What gal who c'n have silk gownds and a fine house in the city is going to choose a fisherman's shack?

Captain Barton touched the great brass reflector with his chamois as a mother touches the cheek of a new-born child. Next to Flotsam, singing below over her housework he adored his Light. It was somehow a symbol to him, those clear white rays brush-

ing the darkness triumphantly away—

"Captain Barton!" He turned, startled, then extended a hearty hand.

"Mister Elmer! I didn't hear ye, ain't you a mite early this mornin? Flotsam's downstairs—"

"I didn't come to see Flotsam," the boy said tragically. The agony in the young eyes searching the tanned weatherbeaten face before him drove the smile from the lighthouse keeper's lips. "I came to see you. To ask you—this man Clarke here says that you—Oh, I cant say it! He must be lying—he is lying, isn't he, Captain?"

The strength seemed to go from the gaunt figure before them. All at once he was an old broken man, an old frightened man with quivering lips that worked loosely and cheeks that twitched. His eyes roved dully from Elmer's tense face to Joey Clarke's implacable one. "So he's told ye?" he wheezed, "I've been payin' him for fifteen year to keep shet o' it. But—it's true—leastwise I s'pose it's true—"

"You suppose it's true?" the boy snapped furiously, "dont you *know?*"

"I was drunk," Captain Barton said, heavily, "I used to go on sprees—those days. And I come out o' one of them with Joey here, shaking me, and hollerin'—and there was Pap—and my clo'es all over blood—"

"God!" said Elmer, and shrank away shuddering. Below stairs came the sound of a brisk broom and the lilt of a clear soprano. "I have heard the mavis singing, her love song to the morn—"

"She dont know," the father cried, as tho in answer to some unspoken argument. "What makes you look so queer like? It ain't her fault! She ain't done nothin'," he plucked feverishly at the boy's sleeve, "what you turnin' away like that for? You aint—going—to leave her 'count—of me—"

"I've got to!" In the face of Life's realities all the affectations and artificialities dropped away from Edward Elmer, and he spoke with his soul to the ears of the other's soul. "I love Flotsam—but I'd be afraid, *afraid* hideously, of the taint in her, afraid of what—my son would be and do—"

"She's good!" babbled the old man. "I wont never see her again—if you'll take her away—I'll promise you you wont never hear of me! I'll give myself up, and tell 'em Pap didn't fall onto the cellar floor like they thought. I'll—I'll do anythin' you say, on'y dont break my baby's heart, dont—"

"I'm breaking my heart, too." But he was turning away, young shoulders sagging, young lips stubborn. "Tell her goodbye for me. I—couldn't bear—I'll have Aunty leave before another morning—oh, Flotsam—"

Moments, hours passed, and the old man in the Light tower stood motionless, then he lifted his face to the great blind blue that showed thru the glass dome overhead. "Help me t' lie, God!" Captain Barton prayed, "help me t' have my little gal."

Flotsam gave a cry at the sight of the face he turned toward her, but he stilled her terrified questioning with a gesture. "I got to tell you something that breaks my heart, baby," he said, thru stiff lips that smiled dreadfully, "but it's the on'y way. I'm not—not yore pappy, not by blood—"

Hours later, Captain Barton climbed the stairs that led to the Light, holding desperately to the iron rail. His knees shook beneath him, his head felt oddly dizzy and confused, incapable of thinking of anything but his duty — the Light that he must send out into the swift autumn darkness, the Light that must not fail whether hearts broke or no.

And he loved Flotsam Barton. There was a burning in his eyes when he looked at her, a thickness on his tongue when he spoke to her

"First o' all that," mumbled he, as he dragged himself up stair by stair, "and after—I'll think o' Flotsam—an' the rest—"

Out somewhere in the dusk he had left her, Elmer's arm about her, with her face, half frightened, half sorry, yet somehow wholly glad, turned to him as he waved her good-bye and dropped over the rail. The ethics of what he had done did not occur to him. He had denied his fatherhood to save her happiness, that was all of it, no more, no less. He had told his lie so well that it had passed as truth, and he thanked God. Somewhere out there—he looked down upon the dark heaving waters—the yacht was lifting anchor to take his little girl away from him, out into the world where even his thoughts would get lost in trying to follow—

"Th' Light—it's pitchy dark a'ready." He was working feverishly now. "Supposin' it shouldn't be lighted and the boat should go on the rocks! Where'd I leave them matches—*God!*"

For his hand, groping in the thick darkness had touched another hand. Joey Clarke's voice leaped upon his ears like some savage animal. "No you dont! The Light aint going to be lighted to-night. Get me? It *ain't going to be lighted!*"

For a moment Barton did not understand. He even tried to laugh in a forlorn, helpless way. "What do you mean, Joey? You're jokin'! I got to hurry because the yacht is leavin'—and it's dark—"

"It's not leavin!" Dreadful mirth shook the great body beside him, "at least—not far. Send Flotsam away, would you? She was mine, I tell you—*mine!* And she aint goin' to be anybody else's!"

There was madness in the wild words, in the gleam of the eyeballs in the darkness, madness in the clutch of the great, hairy hands. "Git out o' here, Barton! I'll tend the Light to-night! Git out o' here afore I serve you as I served your Pappy fifteen year ago—

It was not until the door crashed behind him that Captain Barton realized the meaning of the last words. He beat the panels with impotent hands, but the stout ash mocked his efforts. He shouted, begged, prayed, and listened to the walls toss his own cries back upon him. From within the Light tower was awful silence. He slid to his knees and peered thru the keyhole—darkness, utter, merciless, and—out there, helpless in the night, the yacht driving on the rocks—Flotsam—

Somehow he had staggered down the stairs and into the kitchen, found matches, a can of oil. "Just a minute, dearie, Fardie's comin'!" the old man groaned. He lifted a wooden chair, brought it down upon the stove with terrific force that nearly tore his arms from their sockets. Feverishly he poured oil on the splinters. Another chair—another—clasping the bundle of faggots in his arm, he staggered out into the windy dark, and felt his way down the rocks. Even by daylight it was a hard path to negotiate, steep, with unexpected pitfalls and fissures, but he panted on, falling, crawling on his hands and knees. Below him, and strangely near, sounded the hiss of the water on the pointed rocks. He strained his eyes and thought he saw lights moving thru the darkness—

"Just a minute, dearie," moaned Flotsam's father, and touched a match to the oil-soaked wood. The flames streamed on the wind like wild locks of a Valkyrie's hair. Above him from the darkened tower came a shout of fury, then, sickeningly the sound of a body hurled from a great height upon the rocks—afterward silence.

The torch flared higher, casting wild shadows. In the red light of it the old man's face was hallowed with prayer. "Keep her safe—please God! My baby—keep her safe, please God!"

"Fardie!" Light footsteps ran across the rocks, and Flotsam was beside him, straining him to her with strong young arms. "Fardie! What are you doing? Dont look so, Fardie; it's me, Flotsam! I've come back, and I'm never going to leave you again!"

He continued to wave the torch, staring down at her stupidly. "But—you cant! You're going to be a lady—" His knees weakened. She pushed him gently down and took the torch from him, holding it steadily.

"I'd rather be just Flotsam. To-night—when I saw them dancing—the fine ladies, in their fine dresses—I knew that you'd lied, and that I was truly your girl, and didn't want to be anything else—" her voice broke, denying her brave words, but she went on. "He told me, Edward—everything. And so I came back to tell you it didn't make any difference and I loved you. I rowed away while they were dancing. They'll never miss me, Fardie—I didn't belong there; I belonged here on the Great Reef—Out Yonder; I belong to the Light, Fardie, and to you!"

"And to me, Flotsam!" said a new voice in from the shadow. Tall and handsome in his evening clothes, Edward Elmer stepped into the golden ring of light, hands outheld. "You didn't suppose you could run away from *me*, did you, dear?

They had both forgotten the silent figure of the old man, crouched among his rocks, and, looking from young face to young face shining with a light that was not from the dying torch, Captain Barton rose softly and stole away. Later there would be things to be told, later he might free his name from the taint that Joey Clarke, lying somewhere starkly on the rocks had fastened upon it fifteen years ago. Later he might reclaim the fathership he had denied. He sprang up the steep ledge, into the tower and up the stairs to where the door swung open at the top. A scratch of the match, a flicker of a wick—and the Light shone out, splendid, serene, over the dark fields of the sea.

Out somewhere in the dusk he had left her, Elmer's arms about her, with her face half frightened, half sorry, yet somehow wholly glad, turned to him as he waved her good-bye and dropped over the rail

He held out his hands to the rays of it, ecstatic. "The Light—is stronger than the darkness—" cried Captain Barton, triumphantly, "what's there for us to be afraid of, God?"

THE EXCEPTION

By Walter Pulitzer

There's change in everything, alas! except a fellow's pocket!
This world is full of changes; there's nothing here abiding;
All things are evanescent, fleeting, transitory, gliding.
The earth, the sea, the sky, the stars—where'er the fancy ranges,
The tooth of Time forever mars—all life is full of changes.
Like sands upon the ocean's shore that are forever drifting,
So all the fading scenes of earth incessantly are shifting.
Change rules the mighty universe—there is no power to block it.

Double Exposures

Conducted by F. J. S.

Courtesy Mack Sennett Comedies

THE waif and her pitiful little pet geranium are always with us. Witness the opening scenes of De Mille's "Male and Female" and of Tourneur's "The Life Line."

A company has been formed out in Los Angeles to film the Bible in 204 reels. Some directors we know can hardly get an ordinary story into that length.

Recently we presented our composite feminine star of the films. This month we offer our ideal screen male star with:

Lloyd Hamilton's hair.
Ben Turpin's eyes.
Bull Montana's ears.
Chester Conklin's mouth.
Ford Sterling's chin.
"Fatty" Arbuckle's torso.
Charlie Chaplin's legs.

One of the New York newspapers has been listing the most popular lines of the spoken drama. We submit the following three subtitles to represent the photo-drama:

"A lily growing in the mire."
"Poor but honest."
"The dawn of a new day."

BIG SCREEN MOMENT OF THE MONTH

Bebe Daniels in the allegory of "Male and Female."

The British are protesting about American bathing girl comedies. Why? The bathing girl is the screen prototype of the stage chorus girl. There is no other way to logically introduce the flapper except as an aquatic charmer, hence the bathing girl farce. Why permit the real thing behind the footlights and protest at an animated photograph of it?

Erich Stroheim has been purchasing pages in the trade papers to complain about the way Universal shifted the title of "The Pinnacle," which he wrote and directed, to "Blind Husbands." It's about time some one took a determined stand upon the cold-blooded and brainless way producers twist titles about. Incidentally, Mr. Stroheim notes that Carl Laemmle, president of U., defends his change by saying that "there are more blind husbands in the world than pinnacles" and that, therefore, more people would go to see the re-titled picture. Which, we submit, is considerable reasoning!

Our all feminine football team for the season of 1919-1920:

Gloria Swanson.....Left End
Dorothy Gish.....Left Tackle
Wanda Hawley.....Left Guard
Louise Fazenda.....Center
Corinne Griffith.....Right Guard
Bebe Daniels.....Right Tackle
May Allison.....Right End
Theda Bara.....Quarterback
Lillian Gish.....Left Halfback
Katherine MacDonald..Right Halfback
Elsie Ferguson.....Fullback

"Syd Chaplin Finds Europe Is Unsettled" is the heading of *The Motion Picture News* story of the comedian's attempt to produce on the other side. Something of a discovery, we'll say.

"Aye, there's the rub," comments some one on noting that Chris Rub has been signed as comedian by Universal.

How impressive are statistics! Mary Pickford's tabulator states that Little Mary will make 15 miles of drama in 1920 and that 100,000,000 people will crowd theaters in every land to see her. The subtitles of her plays will be translated into seven languages, including Chinese and Japanese. We'd like to see "Pollyanna" in Swedish.

"American films are stimulating a desire among Brazilians to learn the English language," says *The London Kinematograph*. "Perhaps the pres-

(*Continued on page* 83)

LILLIAN GISH

By CHARLOTTE BECKER

A fairy's gifts were on her cradle shed—
This Pierrette of the screen, whose happy wit
And dainty store of fancy exquisite,
Seems fragrant of old gardens, quaintly spread
With tangled blooms of roses, white and red;
As with swift gleams of joy or sadness lit
Her winsome, little, wistful gestures flit
Thru pictures by her grace dream-garlanded

Sparkling with youth, her charm, shy, whimsical,
Enchanted-wise sets memory astir
Unto the tune of some forgotten dance,
And leads, altho the leaves of autumn fall,
Thru paths of rosemary and lavender,
Back to that far-off country of romance.

The Celluloid Critic

The Month's Photoplays in Review

Two absolutely unheralded photoplays stand out of our month in the screen theater. One takes its place as a veritable celluloid cameo—and easily one of the best pictures of the year.

This silverscreen gem is "The Gay Old Dog," (Pathé), based upon an Edna Ferber story. It was adapted—and admirably adapted—to the films by Mrs. Sidney Drew and produced by Hobart Henley. Since we have long recognized Mrs. Drew's ability to sound the human note and Mr. Henley has heretofore been a director of no particular distinction, we give the major share of the credit to the former. Possibly we are wrong. Anyway, there is honor enough for both.

Now "The Gay Old Dog," isn't dramatic, hasn't the so-called "punch"; indeed, it violates most all of what producers have deemed to be photoplay essentials. It is just a slice of life. It moves leisurely, without forcing, to its logical conclusion. Its story? The bitter fate of one Jimmy Dodd, who, weighted down by his dying mother's request that he "look out" for his three sisters, sacrifices his own love and hopes for his family. Then, as the years pass, he finds himself alone and loveless and he tries to be a "gay old dog." But he just cant—and so the picture ends with the "gay old dog" just a "tired, lonely old man in a ridiculous rose-room gone suddenly drab."

This brief summary does not begin to reveal the direct humanness with which Mr. Henley and Mrs. Drew have unfolded Miss Ferber's tale. If "The Gay Old Dog" doesn't reach your heart—well, something is the matter with your heart. The tear is there, the tear of a vital heart-throb. We beg of you to see it, if only to observe the way thought can be put across on the screen.

John Cumberland, "the gay old dog," has been playing so long before the footlights in risqué boudoir farces that we had come to think him just an average comedian. But his playing in "The Gay Old Dog" is superb in its sublety. The remainder of the cast is well chosen. Indeed, "The Gay Old Dog" is well nigh faultless. The subtitles, for instance, are gems of fine screen expression, so rare these days.

The other pleasant surprise of the month was "23½ Hours Leave," (Paramount), an adapted Mary Roberts Rinehart story, which introduces a new juvenile team, Douglas MacLean and Doris May, to the films. This is a delightful comedy revolving around a nervy young rookie's love for the daughter of the commanding officer of his training camp. There is a delightful freshness to the handling and scores of unforced laughs. Young MacLean proves to be a very pleasant young comedian of whom we expect a great deal. And let us not forget the director in giving credit where credit is due.

Since David Griffith gave us his epic, "Broken Blossoms," we again look forward to new productiors emanating from his studios with something of the expectation we once awaited his old-time Biographs. Mr. Griffith's latest, "Scarlet Days," (Paramount), is a tale of the mining camps of '49, built around a young outlaw, Alvarez, said to have been a real character of California history. There is nothing particular about Mr. Griffith's melodramatic opus, altho Mr. Griffith, by a multitude of tiny touches, gets a little closer to what the

Above, Sylvia Breamer, in "Dawn"; right, Geraldine Farrar and Lou-Tellegen in "Flame of the Desert"; below, Douglas MacLean and Doris May in "23½ Hours Leave"

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

real pioneers and dance-hall favorites must have been. But "Scarlet Days" is distinctive in at least one item: Richard Barthelmess' portrayal of Alvarez, a sensitive, finely attuned romantic performance. Little Clarine Seymour makes a Mexican spitfire stand out and Eugenie Besserer gives a very commendable presentation of a grey-haired mining camp belle.

That high-spirited little comédienne, Dorothy Gish, is not happy in "Turning the Tables," (Paramount), a farce constructed about the effort of an unscrupulous aunt to put a young woman in a sanitarium in order to get control of her money. Miss Gish has her moments, but the comedy itself is lame stuff. So is the direction.

More of Norma Talmadge is revealed in "The Isle of Conquest," (Select), than in any vehicle we have yet glimpsed. For in it Miss Talmadge plays an unhappily married young wife cast ashore in abbreviated masquerade costume upon a desert island with a dashing stevedore. Of course, she comes to love him, believing hubby dead, and they are about to perform a marriage ceremony of their own, that they may become man and wife, when a steamer appears on the horizon. Friend husband is on board, but he promptly dies of heart trouble and things end happily for the sailor and the widow. Miss Talmadge is adequate enough, aside from being optically interesting, but "The Isle of Conquest" is just conventional screen drama.

John Cumberland, above, in "The Gay Old Dog"; left, Clarine Seymour and Richard Barthelmess in "Scarlet Days"; below, Dorothy Gish in "Turning the Tables"

"His Majesty, the American," (United Artists), is another routine Douglas Fairbanks celluline cyclone. Doug gymnastics as a young New Yorker who gets involved in a middle Europe revolution and turns out to be the heir apparent to the throne. The star dashes from mantel to balcony and from housetop to window-ledge with his customary dramatic power. In other words, "His Majesty, the American" is just another Fairbanks comedy of the usual sort.

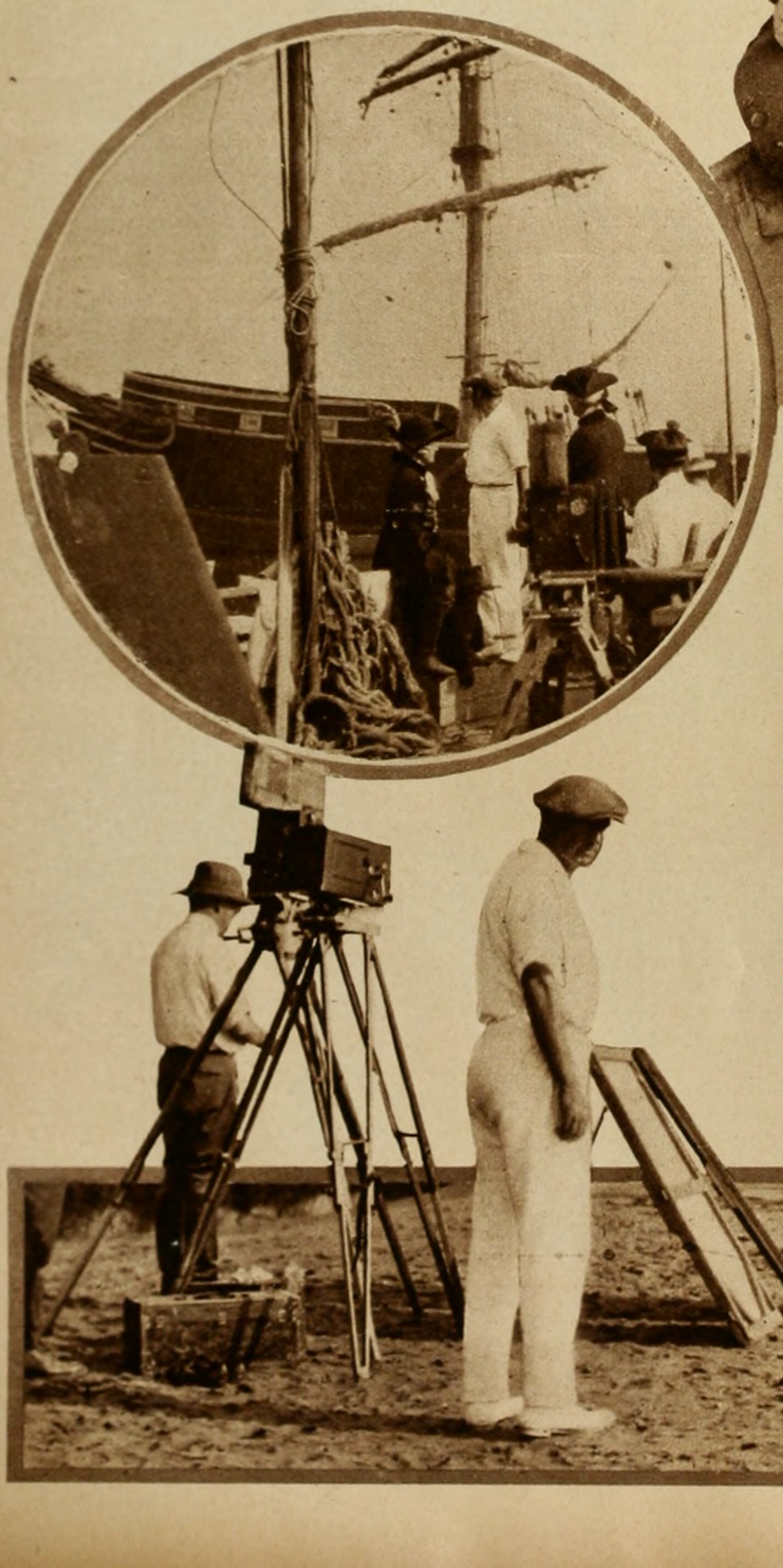
Geraldine Farrar's newest, "Flame of the Desert," (Goldwyn), does not impress us. Miss Farrar has the rôle of a British girl in Cairo during a threatened revolution of natives. She loses her heart to an Arab leader who turns out to be a British officer on secret service. Lou-Tellegen is the Arab-Englishman. "Flame of the Desert" is a machine-made vehicle and nothing more. It has all the careful photography and direction of Goldwyn productions—and all their lack of heart and imagination.

Dolores Cassinelli's "The Right to Lie," (Pathé), is hectic, unreal stuff. Miss Cassinelli is seen as the daughter of an American who has innocently been guilty of bigamy. He cannot reveal his first marriage, but does his best to right matters, making the child his ward. Every one suspects a sordid relationship and there are reels of tears and emotionalism.

Constance Talmadge's "A Virtuous Vamp," (First National), is, despite the cheapness of its title, a bit more amusing than Miss Talmadge's recent vehicles. An artless young British society belle, under an assumed name, invades the American business world and just cant help vamping every man in sight, thereby upsetting business organization with every flash of her smiling eyes. It is adapted from Clyde Fitch's "The Bachelor," the whole comedy being ruthlessly shifted from masculine to feminine

(*Continued on page* 89)

Filming "Treasure Island"



Maurice Tourneur is filming the Robert Louis Stevenson classic for the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. Above is a glimpse of Shirley Mason as the boy hero and Mr. Tourneur himself. At the left is a reconstructed "Hispaniola" and below is a view of Mr. Tourneur visualizing the desert island scenes with the aid of a score or more "pirates"

The Riddle Man

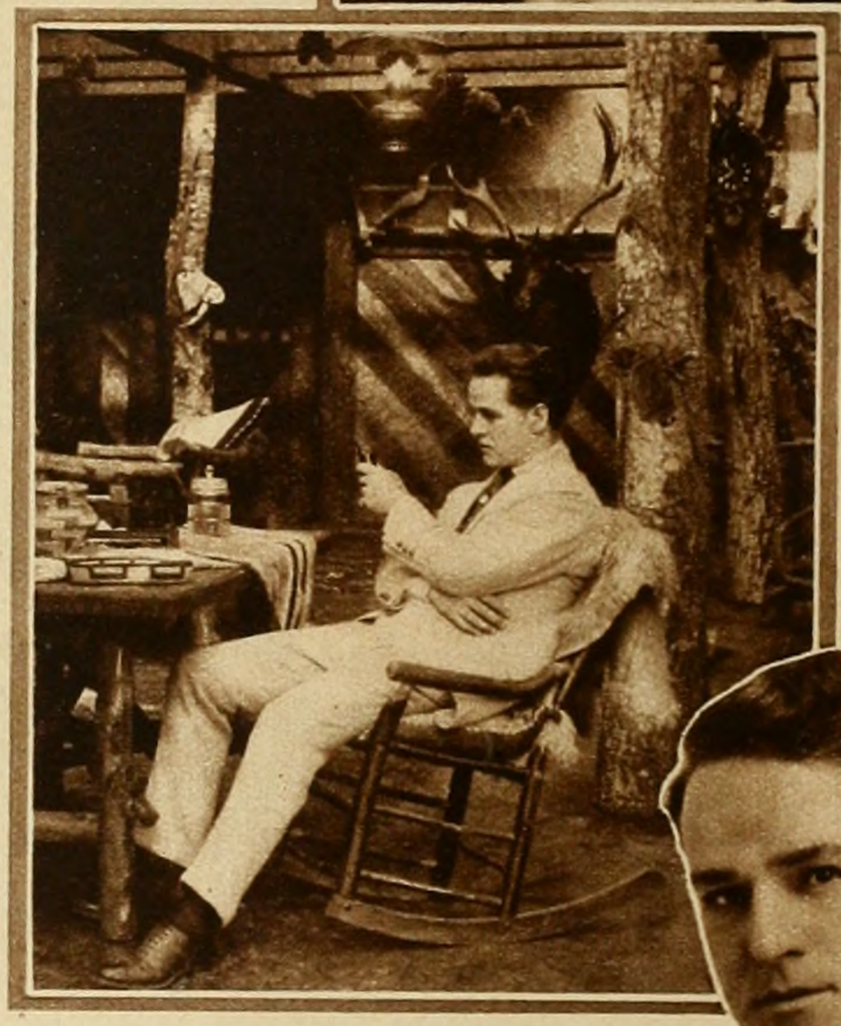
By PEARL MALVERN

When I went to "get" William Russell I went to the Victor Studios somewhere on 11th Avenue and I French-heeled shakily over cobblestones and slunk into weird arched doorways and around somehow sinister corners. There was the rankly humid smell of docks and of salt water against the docks, and I felt that I might be in "Limehouse" rather than on an interview. There was something distinctly "different" about it all.

However, I thought, when I get into the star's dressing-room I shall be in atmosphere again. He will run true to form, some form or other. Perhaps he will be tailored, and correct and, to the eyes, an "objet d'art," and we will discuss his fans and his hobbies and I will *know* that I am on an interview.

Which only goes to prove one dare not think in tracks on *any* man.

I found Bill Russell to be quite in atmosphere. Oh, quite—in Limehouse and the cobblestones. He was *nothing* if not in atmosphere. Besides being Gargantuan in build, which is not his fault but quite to his attraction-credit, he was attired in a flannel shirt open at the throat, nondescript and *very* utilitarian. There was a tie bound round about his brow and he talked with great difficulty, having to hold in two recently displaced teeth besides the little matter of enunciating.



"Men want good women," says William Russell, in discussing marriage, "wholesome women — strong, sanely balanced women. Women who are, primarily, good comrades"

The two teeth, one of which fell out upon the floor with quite a thud during the course of the subsequent conversation—I tell you this to kill suspense—I wish mine might have been as briefly killed—the two teeth, I say, had been removed from their moorings during a "scene" taken some fifteen minutes or more, or less, before my toothsome arrival. Which is a rather conclusive proof that when Bill Russell is before the camera he is not merely posturing. He fights his fights as literally as he would fight them were he in the Klondike or the Northwest, or Limehouse or any section where gentlemen with giant builds make pleasant havocs of their fellowmen.

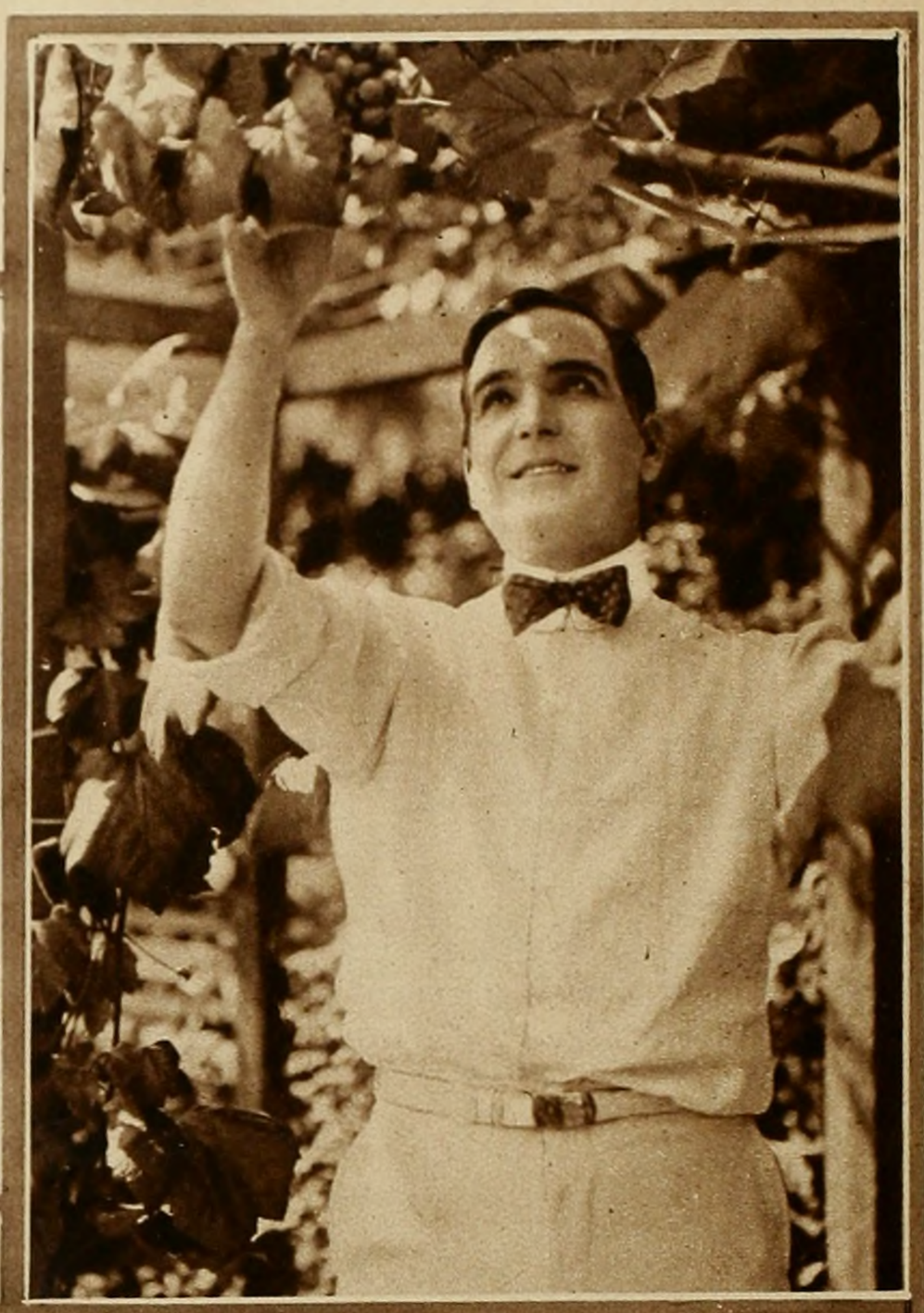
There is none of the obvious about Bill Russell. He gets you guessing. You dont know whether you're going to like him, or whether you're not. You dont know whether he's going to *let* you like him. He doesn't gush. He doesn't pose. He doesn't attitudinize. There is none of the mummer. He has the air of reflecting quite outside of your being there at all. He talks quietly and it takes him some time to warm up to his subject. He weighs things. He does not speak lightly or glibly. Just in the beginning you begin to despair of him as "copy." You dont quite know what to make of it, of him. You fidget and begin to believe that you had better go. Then you find that he is saying things here and there that are immensely worth while. He is saying them in a manner of speaking as tho he were alone and musing aloud. You realize with something of a shock that he had no formula ready to spring on you. He is just talking—is just himself. He may and may not have said these same things before. If he has, he doesn't know it. It is the thing he is thinking of at the moment. You have the impression of something deep and primitive, of some mighty force leashed up, of something barely stark and elemental. It comes to you that the confines of the dressing-room are far too small. There is a need of space and then more space.

He talks with a few wide gestures, with every so often a piercing look from his eyes which are deep-set and grey. He talks sparsely, but one gets big canvases of thought . . . impressions . . .

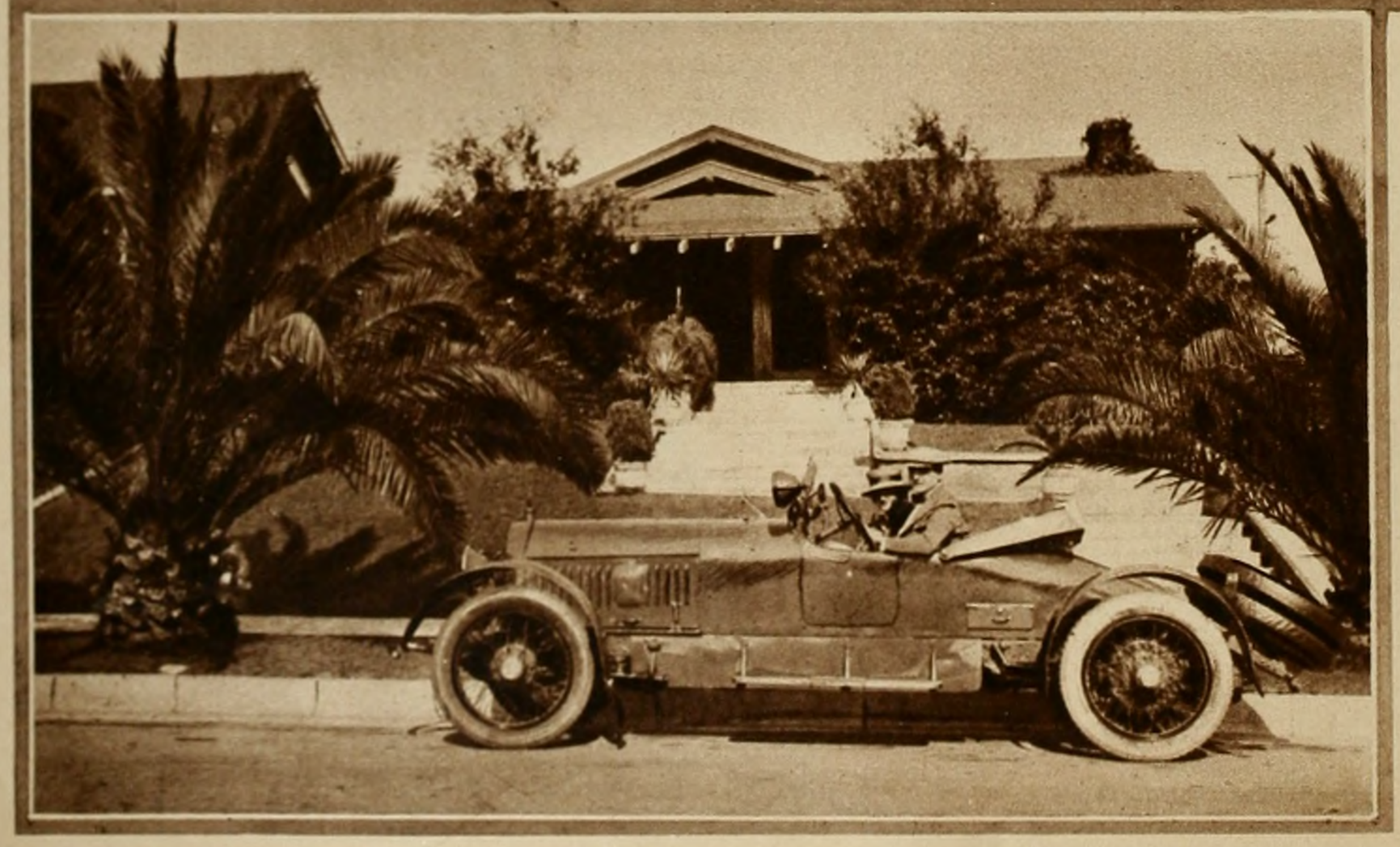
He is tired of stage life, he says. He wants to travel the great world over. Roam the seas and blaze strange trails and climb peaks that ravage the skies. He wants a good comrade by his side—a woman. "That would be more than half the joy of it," he said.

(*Continued on page 74*)

An Earle and His Domain



Earle Williams recently returned East to do a picture play or two for the Vitagraph Company. These snap-shots were made for THE CLASSIC just before he departed from the golden west and show Earle during the progress of a perfect California day



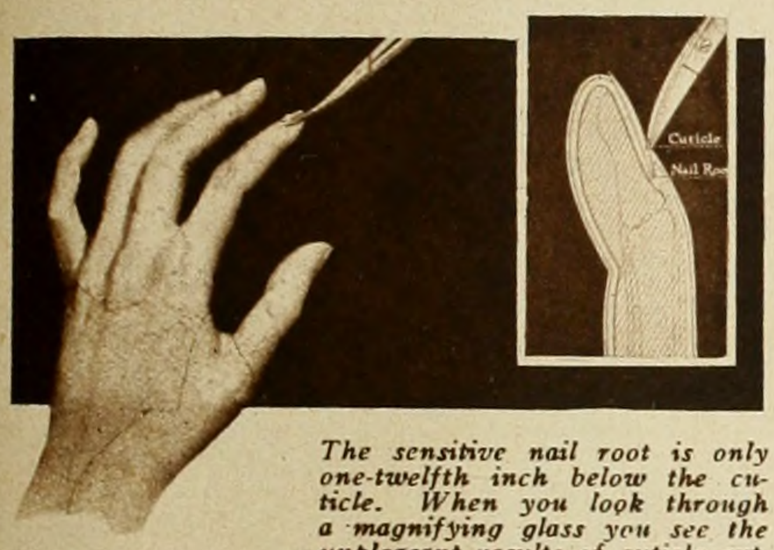
At the left is a glimpse of Mr. and Mrs. Earle Williams with the Williams bungalow as a background

THE RIGHT WAY TO KEEP YOUR NAILS ALWAYS PERFECTLY MANICURED

Just a little regular care makes your hands beautiful

NAILS like rosy pearl inlaid in a delicate setting—a setting of smooth unbroken cuticle, a perfect curve which repeats the curve of the nail tips.

It is easy for anyone nowadays to have this alluring grace of perfect nails and cuticle—so easy that people no longer excuse the lack of it.



The sensitive nail root is only one-twelfth inch below the cuticle. When you look through a magnifying glass you see the unpleasant results of cuticle cutting.

Today ill kept nails are as unpardonable as ill kept teeth. For it takes but a few minutes of regular care each week to keep your finger nails always perfect, your cuticle smooth, thin, unbroken.

Make some day of the week your regular day for manicuring. Then regularly on this day give your nails the care they need.

Do not forget that the most important item in the appearance of one's nails is the care of the cuticle. Broken cuticle is like a broken setting to a jewel. Coarse overgrown cuticle is equally unsuitable. Yet many people ruin the cuticle through ignorance of the proper method of caring for it. *Never cut it.* This is ruinous. The nail root is only 1/12 of an inch below the cuticle. When the cuticle is cut, it is next to impossible to avoid exposing the nail root at the corners or in some other little place. The root of the nail is so sensitive that Nature will not permit it to remain uncovered. The moment a tiny bit is exposed, new skin grows very quickly in that place to cover it. It grows much more rapidly than the rest of the cuticle. This spoils the symmetry of the curve at the base of the nails. It causes uneven cuticle and hangnails. It gives a coarse ragged appearance to the border of your nails.

Realizing this, an expert set himself to the task of discovering a safe, effective way to remove overgrown cuticle. After years of study he worked out the formula of a liquid, which gently, harmlessly softens and removes the surplus cuticle. This he called Cutex.

Wrap a little cotton around the end of an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package), dip it into the bottle of Cutex and work it around the base of the nails, gently pushing back the cuticle. Instantly the dry cuticle is softened. Wash the hands, pushing back the cuticle with a towel. The surplus cuticle will disappear, leaving a firm, even, slender nail base.

If you like snowy white nail tips apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails directly from its convenient tube. Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish. For an especially brilliant lasting polish, use Cutex Paste Polish first, then the Cutex Cake or Powder Polish.

If your cuticle has a tendency to dry and grow coarse, apply a bit of Cutex Cold Cream each night. This cream was especially prepared to keep the hands and cuticle soft and fine.

It takes only about fifteen minutes a week to give your nails this complete manicure. Do this regularly and your hands will always have that peculiar attractiveness which adds a subtle appeal to one's whole appearance.

To keep your cuticle a perfect frame for your nails, you must use the right softening method.

A complete manicure set for only 20 cents

Mail this coupon (below) with 20 cents and we will send you a complete Midget Manicure Set, which contains enough of each of the Cutex products to give you at at least six manicures. Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, Dept. 901, 114 West 17th St., New York City.

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A Sennett Salome

Marie Prevost is the latest silversheet Salome—essaying the rôle in a Mack Sennett comedy. Miss Prevost's performance, we'll admit, gives considerable insight into the—er—character of the Biblical maid

Photograph © by Mack Sennett Comedies

What Does Your Mirror Reflect?

Are you proud and satisfied because it reflects a skin that is healthy, glowing and altogether charming?

Or are you discouraged because you have tried so many recommended treatments and still your skin looks muddy, oily and colorless?

Give Resinol Soap a trial. Its soothing, refreshing lather, searches every pore, and helps to cleanse them from the impurities which have lodged there, giving the skin a chance to breathe.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN TOILET GOODS

Resinol Shaving Stick delightfully soothing to men with tender faces.

Resinol Soap

Alla in India

Mme. Nazimova in her forthcoming Anglo-India drama, "Stronger Than Death," released by Metro. "Stronger Than Death" has its basis in I. A. R. Wylie's novel, "The Hermit Doctor of Gaya"

Photographs courtesy Metro Corporation.

Myrtle Stedman
In "The Silver Horde"

As star in the screen presentation of Rex Beach's world-famous story of the great north, "The Silver Horde", Miss Stedman has enhanced her popularity. Note the "twelve pound look" Myrtle's beautiful back is receiving.

Goldwyn Picture

Los Angeles, Calif.

July 6, 1919

F. F. INGRAM CO.

May I speak a good word in behalf of Ingram's Milkweed Cream? It "plays opposite me" daily—on my dressing table, and I'm sure I do not know what I would do without its aid.

Myrtle Stedman

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

You may have noticed how we emphasize the therapeutic property of Ingram's Milkweed Cream. As we have said before, it is exclusive to Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

We lay stress upon this therapeutic quality because it does actually "tone up" the skin tissues and keep them in healthful condition. Ingram's Milkweed Cream is a wonderfully softening and cleansing emollient with this specific therapeutic quality that is so wonderfully helpful to the skin.

Buy it in either 50c or $1.00 Size

Ingram's Velveola Souveraine

FACE POWDER

A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that *it stays on*. Furthermore a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh and Brunette—50c.

Ingram's Rouge

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

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Fishing Tackle and Lip Sticks

Photograph © by Evans, L. A.

Herewith the Al Christie comedy girls—unfortunately nameless — demonstrate the relative value of a fishing pole and that first aid to femininity, the lip stick. Personally, we pin our faith to the last named article

"The Proudest Moment of Our Lives Had Come!"

"We sat before the fire place, Mary and I, with Betty perched on the arm of the big chair. It was our first evening in our own home! There were two glistening tears in Mary's eyes, yet a smile was on her lips. I knew what she was thinking.

"Five years before we had started bravely out together! The first month had taught us the old, old lesson that two cannot live as cheaply as one. I had left school in the grades to go to work and my all too thin pay envelope was a weekly reminder of my lack of training. In a year Betty came—three mouths to feed now. Meanwhile living costs were soaring. Only my salary and I were standing still.

"Then one night Mary came to me. 'Jim', she said, 'why don't you go to school again—right here at home? You can put in an hour or two after supper each night while I sew. Learn to do some one thing. You'll make good—I *know* you will.'

"Well, we talked it over and that very night I wrote to Scranton. A few days later I had taken up a course in the work I was in. It was surprising how rapidly the mysteries of our business became clear to me—took on a new fascination. In a little while an opening came. I was ready for it and was promoted—with an increase. Then I was advanced again. There was money enough to even lay a little aside. So it went.

"And now the fondest dream of all has come true. We have a real home of our own with the little comforts and luxuries Mary had always longed for, a little place, as she says, that 'Betty can be proud to grow up in.'

"I look back now in pity at those first blind stumbling years. Each evening after supper the doors of opportunity had swung wide and I had passed them by. How grateful I am that Mary helped me to see that night the golden hours that lay within."

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If I Were King (*Continued from page* 33)

hood, and where there had been a hundred coxcombs, stood now a hundred soldiers eager to fight for honor and country and king. Katherine Vaucelles came swiftly up the steps of the dais and flung herself on her knees before Villon, taking a ribband from her hair, still warm.

"You will wear my colors, my lord Constable?" she asked with a wonderful blush, "and until you come back I shall pray for you!"

Louis looked down at her, smiling evilly, then turned to Villon. "After such a conquest methinks Burgundy should be easy for you, my lord Constable!" he sneered. "It is easier to win a woman under a borrowed name than wearing one's own! I wonder how the lady would answer the love-making of one Master Francois Villon?"

The Grand Constable stood motionless, staring blankly down at the mocking smile of the King, then suddenly he groaned as tho the words had been daggers piercing his heart. "I have been living in a fool's paradise!" quoth Francois Villon, "but I'll not die with a lie on my lips. Katherine!" he turned to the girl, standing wonderingly at his side; "Kate! Listen to me, and loathe me! You have known me one week as the Grand Constable of France, a very gallant nobleman, who loves you—better than aught else under the sky." His voice shook, but he forced it on. "Yet the name is not mine, this fine suit—borrowed, my position here at court a whim of the King. Only my love is no sham, but purest gold, Lady—Lady! Aside from that—" he drew his great figure proudly up, facing the court, "I am a pitiful impostor, a pasteboard nobleman, known better as one Francois Villon, wine-bibber, wastrel—and worse a sottish fellow unworthy of any woman's love, least of all of yours, Sweetest of Women!"

Katherine Vaucelles did not cry out, nor shrink away. But in her eyes he read the horror of him, and turned away, trying to smile. "At least I shall hope to crown a shameful life with a good death, Sire," Villon said quietly, "if Heaven is kind I shall never see tomorrow's sun!"

In the great court of the palace on the morrow workmen were raising a stark structure, a tree of evil fruit, the gibbet that loomed, a thing of dread in the sweet yellow morning air. From the terrace the King looked down at it smiling ironically at his secret thoughts. Presently he turned to Katherine Vaucelles, who with the other women of the court stood beside him, and his tone mocked her white silence.

"It is a pity—is it not, Kate, that our patchwork Constable did not get his wish for an honorable death? But no doubt you will be glad to see him dangling from yonder gibbet who dared make a mock of winning a great lady's love!"

The girl did not answer. She stood motionless as the court gradually filled with a rabble, eager to welcome the liberators of Paris back again. Even when the fanfare of trumpets heralded the victorious troops and with Villon riding at their head as they entered the square, she did not lift the heavy lashes that hid her eyes. Very tall, very straight, Francois Villon mounted the steps of the terrace and knelt to lay the torn battle flags of Burgundy at the feet of the King; then rising he lifted his hand for silence.

"And now the Grand Constable of France has one more duty to perform," said Francois, in a ringing voice, "and that is to decree that Master Villon shall be hanged from yonder gallows until he is dead, for the many sins that he has sinned."

A great cry rose from the crowd, which surged forward threateningly, but Louis, the King merely smiled his twisted smile. "Which of you will die in Master Villon's stead?" he asked them, "and thus save the life you seem to prize?"

The murmur died. Men shrank back, looking whitely into one another's faces. Then, clear and high came a woman's voice across the sullen silence, and Katherine Vaucelles moved down the steps until she stood at Francois Villon's side. "I will die for him, Sire," she said gladly, "for that I could not live without him—"

Francois Villon caught the slim white hands with a great cry. "And is that so, oh my dear Love?" he asked her, "you would do that for me?" He lifted his face to the sky. "Now I thank thee, God in Heaven, that this thing has come to me!" He touched his lips to the slender fingers reverently. "And now, Brave Heart," he told her, "leave me, for a little while, I think that we shall meet again, Kate—beyond the stars."

"If you go, I go also," said Katherine, lifting the crimson flower of her lips to his, "but first, give me my betrothal kiss, Francois—"

Again the multitude moved forward, again the voice of Louis, nasal, faintly amused halted them.

"I have made a great discovery, friends—I have found one man whose heart is pure gold, one woman whose soul is all angel. I give the man his life, the woman her lover. True man and true woman—to each other's arms!"

And who would venture to disobey a king?

The Answer Man

PEARL WHITE FAN.—Study hard. You'll get there some day. Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers. Fay Tincher is with World. Marion Davies is with Select. What do you mean when you say that that player is "tough"?

ORIENTAL THEADA.—Why not? Poetic talent is given as well to the peasant as to the knight. Florence Turner isn't located permanently. All in care of Fox.

BOBBY LINKS.—I'm pretty sure it was James Bryce who said "America should be particularly thankful for its remoteness from European quarrels and menaces," but that was several years ago and he could not say that now. Very few players have time to write personal letters.

Erich Von Stroheim and the Miracle

(*Continued from page* 35)

him there, but that I did know, for I had worn such a ribbon myself. 'All right,' he said, 'go ahead and get me the real thing.'

"Borrowing three dollars from my landlady, Lord knows how much I already owed her, I bought the ribbon and tho in the meantime Mr. Emerson had given up the part, Henry Walthall wore it. Later, Mr. Emerson asked me if I had ever read 'Old Heidelberg.' I told him I had seen its first performance in Vienna and knew much of it by heart. I nearly fell over when he told me he was going to film it and that I was to be his assistant director as he wished the details to be correct. I had been starving and the $18 per week seemed a fortune.

"Then, one day he asked me how long it would take for me to get ready to go to New York with him. Thinking of my limited wardrobe of a couple pair extra hose, a shirt or two and a few stray collars, I replied that about seven minutes would do. Then, like a flash I remembered the many debts I owed—who would pay them? I told Mr. Emerson about them and jumping into a car he drove around with me and paid them all. Great, wasn't it?

"Now, someone had borrowed my only satchel, so wrapping my few clothes in a newspaper I started for New York! I stayed three years, returning for 'Hearts of the World.'

"My opportunity really came because of my understanding of detail—and I am a crank about this. Detail is the unmistakable atmosphere that places the story and there are always many spectators who know what is correct, we must not forget this."

Returning to the big stage where Mr. von Stroheim is directing another picture, we forget all about the Past and spent several hours in a very vital Present.

After calling the company together and discussing a few points, the work began. "His Great Success" is a big story containing an after-the-war problem and laid in Paris at the present time. With the orchestra playing the dreamy "Je T'Aime Waltz," over and over, while an intense scene between Clyde Fillmore and Una Trevelyn was being directed, I grew deeply interested in watching Mr. Von, (as he is affectionately addressed by his company), for he acted out the entire scene in detail for each one, rehearsing several times until it was .satisfactory. He knew exactly what he wanted portrayed—subtle touches, mere suggestions —which carry such weight in the psychology of a picture.

"Here is a play," said Mr. Von Stroheim, when the scene was over, "with all the allure, the vivacity and the lightness of Parisian life, with a tragedy, and it must be handled very carefully to express the meaning desired. I try to have the scenes taken consecutively, whenever pos-

(*Continued on page* 98)

The Cinema Comes to Carleton—(*Continued from page 37*)

"No. He selected me because I feel so strongly on the subject."

Here Ruby de Remer stopped at the table and we presented Mr. Carleton. "Meet Miss de Remer," we murmured, just like a movie title. One of our friends said that nobody ever introduced anyone that way in real life and we are going to prove to him that he is wrong. We do. That's how devoted we are to the cause. If the movies do not talk like real people, let real people talk like the movies. The effect will be the same.

Miss de Remer joined a party at another table and the waiter brought some hot corn muffins but it seemed as tho everyone we knew was at the Knickerbocker that day. As they say in the movies "came Robert Warwick" and "came Edward Earle" and "came Percy Marmont" and to each we said boldly, "Meet Mr. Carleton."

"You know them all, dont you," he said, when we had returned to our muffins.

"Oh, yes!" we assured, "and it is fascinating to go around with them and have people stare at you. One day when we stopped to talk to Alice Joyce in front of Claridge's the crowd got so thick we had to call a traffic policeman to get us thru."

"You don't see any such demonstration over me, do you? I haven't made enough pictures yet to become internationally famous."

"Dont worry; anyone who saw you in 'The Society Exile' with Elsie Ferguson, isn't likely to forget you. But the trouble with you is no one would recognize you. We were all prepared for a dark man with a moustache, wearing a uniform, and here you are—"

"Dressed in tweeds with a smooth face and also red-headed. But, you know, red hair takes black on the screen."

"You and Petrova," we said musingly. "But you do look, oh, so different in real life."

"So it seems. I went over to the studio on Fifty-sixth Street the other day and the boy at the door held me up. 'What do you want?' he said. 'I want to go to work,' I answered. 'We ain't doing any casting today. Come in Monday.' But wait until you see me in 'The Copperhead!' I have to portray a boy of twenty and an old man of seventy-one. When they were casting the play they told me of their quandary and asked me to look around for a good actor who could look twenty and make up to look seventy-one."

"A good actor?" we said.

"Yes," answered William, Jr., "and, of course, that let me out. But I scoured the country and couldn't find anyone who wished to undertake the job. When I reported this to Charlie Maigne, he placed both hands on my shoulders, looked me straight in the eye and said, 'William, you and I have been friends for a good many years; you must play it!' 'I can look seventy-one all right, but how about the twenty,' I answered.

"You know the advertisement, 'Is she twenty or eighty?' Why didn't you consult them?" we asked.

"Dont be flippant. It is a serious subject. A man who was the original 'Shade of the Sheltering Palm' man in 'Floradora' doesn't look twenty. You know that. But I got busy and worked with spirit gum and juvenile powder until I had done my darndest and when I went down they all agreed that angels could do no more. So I went back and tried the old man and for my pattern I used a picture of my revered grandfather. He was a kindly soul and his make-up was not difficult to copy. I found it far easier than the other. My efforts met with equal success, too, and Mr. Maigne said 'The part is yours,' just as tho I had been begging for it.'"

"An incident that occurred in the studio made me think that perhaps I possessed latent powers of make-up which I never suspected. On my way to the dressing room I asked one of the men in the studio if Mr. Barrymore had come in yet. He hadn't so I went upstairs to experiment with my juvenile make-up. When I came down I asked again and he said 'No, he isn't in. Your father was looking for him awhile ago.' Later, after I had put on the old man's make-up, I stood talking to Lionel Barrymore and the man saw me and said, 'They have got the whole family in this picture, haven't they?'"

"How many pictures have you made?" we asked.

"Only a half dozen—no, not that, only five."

"How does it happen that you have waited so long to get into pictures? You have been such a success and it might have happened long ago."

"I wasn't ready," answered Mr. Carleton. "I wanted to sing."

"But, look at Caruso and Mary Garden and—and Geraldine Farrar!" we added, hastily, as being, perhaps, a happier illustration.

"Yes, I know, but I had inherited the Carleton voice, they said, and I was sort of expected to sing. Had been doing it ever since I was a choir boy at the age of ten. And then, you know, I was in Boston most of the time and in Europe part of the time and to tell the truth I never had any particularly brilliant offer made me."

"But you certainly are a good actor on the screen and you have that peculiar something which has nothing to do with beauty and which is, to us, at least, far more essential. Miss Ferguson has it, too. That is why you are so delightful opposite her. That 'peculiar something' is what some people call 'class,' which would be a very good word if it were not such an overworked one."

"Thank you for them kind words. Particularly for 'class.' The word does not offend my aesthetic soul in the least, and if one must earn his living (and one must) there is no more congenial way of doing it than by working in front of the camera. I love the work."

"If it weren't for the cinema field days," said we, "and the community acting," said he.

THE SCREEN MONTH IN REVIEW

Juanita Hansen is being starred in the Pathé serial, "The Red Snows." Kathleen Clifford is playing opposite Douglas Fairbanks in his latest picture.

Macklyn Arbuckle has returned to the screen, with the San Antonio Picture Corporation. Alan Forrest, long Mary Miles Minter's lead, is playing opposite May Allison in "The Walk Offs."

Lieut. Frank C. Badgley has brought suit for divorce, in the New York Supreme Court, against June Elvidge.

Bessie Love's Vitagraph contract has expired.

Lew Cody is now making his own pictures at the Astra studios in Glendale, Cal. Noah Beery and Mabel Julienne Scott have the leads in the forthcoming Paramount revival of "The Sea Wolf," being directed by George Melford.

King Vidor has severed his connection with Brentwood and will produce for himself, featuring his wife, Florence Vidor. The Vidors were recent visitors in New York.

Bernard Durning, in private life Mr. Shirley Mason, made his screen début in "When Bearcat Went Dry." Now he's under a long term contract with the C. R. Macauley Photoplays, Inc. Miss Mason is the featured player in Maurice Tourneur's forthcoming visualization of "Treasure Island."

Edgar Lewis productions are to be released thru Pathé. The first will be Andrew Soutar's "Other Men's Shoes."

Pauline Frederick has been visiting in New York. Also another Goldwynner, Tom Moore.

Earle Williams is producing for Vitagraph in the East. He will make "The Fortune Hunter" and two others at the Flatbush studios.

Harold Lloyd is rapidly recovering from injuries sustained, on Aug. 24, in an accidental bomb explosion. Jay Dwiggins, long a Famous Players-Lasky character actor, died on Sept. 8 in Hollywood.

Kay Laurel heads her own film company, with J. M. Shear as executive head of the organization. Jack O'Brien will direct.

Syd Chaplin has returned from Europe.

Marshall Nielan has purchased Booth Tarkington's Penrod stories and will present Wesley Barry as the boy hero of the tales.

David Griffith is now producing in the East. He arrived with his staff early in October and has recently been in Florida.

Eugene O'Brien has recovered from a severe illness and is busily engaged on "The Broken Melody." The Carter de Havens have been signed by the Famous Players-Lasky, going over to that organization in November.

DEATH OF BILLY PARSONS.

"Smiling Billy" Parsons died at his home, in Los Angeles, on September 28. Mr. Parsons was founder and president of the National Film Corporation, the maker and star of his own comedies and long an active figure in the film world.

Before invading the screen, Mr. Parsons was highly successful in the life insurance business. It was after fourteen years of success in that field that Mr. Parsons turned to pictures. His first picture, "Tarzan of the Apes," was a big money maker, definitely deciding him to take up the screen in earnest.

Mr. Parsons was 41 years old. He was recently married to Billie Rhodes.

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Marie: The Mystic

(*Continued from page* 49)

and ordinary expenses and the salaries are so small. I had hardly known when I went into pictures that there was so much salary in the whole world. It made me dizzy and I hoped and prayed it would continue. They signed me up when the two weeks were over and I gladly turned my back on musical comedy, one-night stands and general discomforts.

"I finished the last five episodes of 'Patria' with Irene Castle. I wasn't in any of the swimming or diving pictures. That was out of the question then, because I hadn't learned to swim. My real advertising came with Mrs. Castle because the film was so much discussed before it was suppressed. I consider that my real chance. I did 'Liberty' also."

"When did you take up swimming?"

"We went to Hawaii to shoot some scenes and there I met the Duke Kahanamoku—the famous swimmer of Honolulu, who personally instructed me. When I left, he gave me a beautiful ukulele which he had made himself—one of my treasured mementoes of a happy holiday."

"Miss Walcamp, did you ever call the Duke by his WHOLE name?" I had been watching her spell it to me—spellbound, as it were.

"Why, of course I did. Just like this . . . . . ." What I heard sounded like a muffled alarm clock trying to tell the hour. Marie has a deep contralto voice, gained by much shouting over the hills of the U's big "Back Ranch." She had a shrill soprano at one time, but while the contralto sometimes breaks "on her," Marie considers that it is generally reliable for classification in the "female baritone" class. She seldom sings now—the serious business of acting has taken up all her powers of concentration.

"Isn't it queer how many players are doing serials just now and making good?" said Miss Walcamp, suddenly taking charge of the interview. "I believe the serial is the savior of the motion picture business. An exhibitor as well as the producer has something to fall back on—it's a sure bet. The serials are making money everywhere. Anne Luther and Herb Rawlinson are doing splendid stories and there are many others who are beginning to see the advantage of holding public attention. Of course, it's always the same old thing, I get chased, abused, nearly killed, rescued in the nick of time, loved, hated—and finally there's a happy forever after! The stories are much alike in that respect, but the pleasure to the actress is in the many new locations — just think, next I'm going to Japan to work on a serial—the ingenious devices used and the unexpected situations which are quite as entertaining to her as to any audience. I can hardly imagine myself out of

(*Continued on page* 85)

The Hidden Egyptian

(*Continued from page 47*)

in the service of her country, too. She drove an ambulance in New York, meeting the ships as they came in and carrying wounded to various debarkation hospitals. And, she will tell you, there was nothing in the least depressing about it. The most tragic things somehow became beautiful.

"That was when we were all excited, of course. When there was no call for the ambulance, I used to go to the hospitals and talk with the boys there. I dont think that they realized what it would mean to be crippled for life. There was one little Irishman, for instance, who had lost both his legs. He never grumbled about that, but he used to make a fuss about the most ridiculously little things—things you would wonder he would even think of in the face of his big tragedy. Yes, he was a giant in big things, this Irishman, but he was a baby in small ones. He used to hate the boy in the cot next to him. This boy had twenty-seven wounds all from shrapnel and had won the Croix de Guerre and he always insisted on having his coat hanging on the back of a chair near his bed so that everyone could see the Croix. He was kiddish, too, this boy and I suppose that that is what got on the nerves of the Irishman—" she smiled reminiscently, a smile that grew into a laugh and then she explained. It seemed that the Irishman had a habit of talking about battles he had never been in at all, tho he never said a word about the one in which he had lost his legs.

"And now it is all over and we must all begin living in prose again. I hope I get some really big and cheerful stories. You dont know how difficult it is! Nearly every scenario we get has the same old 'wronged woman' in it somewhere."

The first thing you notice about Edith Storey is her deep humanity. She has a gift for fitting into any scene, or becoming one of any group of people in any walk of life, that is far beyond ordinary adaptability. It is as tho she had, herself, belonged to every nationality and lived thru every possible experience in the world.

Edith Storey, a New Yorker by birth, went on the stage when she was eight years old. She appeared in "Audrey" with Eleanor Robson, in "The Little Princess" and in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." She joined the Vitagraph Film Company when she was about thirteen.

"That was at the time when J. Stuart Blackton used to direct and Albert Smith, the present head of the company, cranked the camera. When the men finished acting they used to don overalls and build the set they were to work in next day. I remember that Maurice Costello was the first actor we had who refused to wield a hammer. He insisted that he was an actor, not a carpenter, and soon the others followed suit and the profession gained new dignity."

In addition to doing child rôles and "pages" she was the official "stunt" actress. She could swim, ride, fall or climb to any director's satisfaction and so she was frequently called on to do all of them—("Once, when I was about fourteen years old," she said, "they needed an old lady to fall off a bridge. With the aid of a grey wig, I was the old lady!")

She is quite as athletic now as she was when a little girl and, incidentally, she hates to cook, cant cook, and wont cook.

She likes to live rather on the edge of things. Her Long Island home is some miles from anywhere, and when I saw her recently in Los Angeles she had just rented a bungalow within a block or two of the city limits—some miles from anywhere, too. It is a pretty place, however, with big high ceilinged rooms, plenty of windows and a low, broad cement porch. I found her cutting dead leaves from a fern.

Sooner, her favorite dog, was there too; a cuddly white ball curled up on the porch sound asleep. Sooner had just given her quite a fright, she told me. It seems that she had left the hotel and rented a house especially for Sooner and then, on the first day they moved in—(her mother and brother are both with her now)—Sooner disappeared.

"I was afraid he had gotten lost and would never find his way back," she said. "I went all over the neighborhood calling him." Instead of a whistle, her call for Sooner is a short, shrill rolling note blown thru her puffed lips—("Bl-bl-bl Bl-bl-bl")—

"I walked blocks bl-bl-bl-ing at every step, but still, no Sooner. I suppose the neighbors think that I'm crazy—"

He showed up all right but not until evening and he had another dog with him. It seems that the first thing Sooner does in a new neighborhood is to make friends.

You see, then, that Edith Storey's home atmosphere is simple and wholesome; no "dust of Egypt" about it anywhere but just a little touch of the exotic in her own personality to lend additional charm and mystery.

The Answer Man

LOVIE.—Of course that's my picture at the top. You ask if I have the five wits—common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation and memory. I have the latter, for I remember you. Clara Young is out West.

BILLIE D.—The more, the merrier! Yes, write to him. That's right, art is long, why not hair? Thomas Chatterton is on the stage in San Francisco.

BLUEY BY HERSELF.—Dont think it was Betty Blythe; perhaps Ruby de Remer.

F. L. H.—No, Richard Barthelmess did not play in "Experience" nor "The Man Who Came Back."

BERENICE.—An interview with William Desmond? Yes, in January, 1919.

The Riddle Man

(*Continued from page* 59)

We talked about women—or he did. We also talked about marriage. He said he believed in, longed for it. He thinks there is one love, one love only and many counterfeits. He thinks we believe in the counterfeits because we so greatly want to, need to. He talked with something of a sympathetic sadness of a certain type of girl of today—girls who degrade their youth by painting their faces and smoking cigarets and sitting in the vitiated air of cabarets. It is a mistake, he says, to believe that men, worth-while men, want that.

"You women want good men, dont you?" he asked; "good men? Well, we men want *good women*. Wholesome women. Strong, sanely balanced women. Women who are, primarily, good comrades."

He told me of his home in California and the sweep of land and sea and sky it had and the free, out-of-door life he led there. He told me, too, in relevance to our talk of women and men, that no woman was permitted to smoke in his home nor to touch wine. "They may do it where they will," he said, "I dont doubt but what some of them did, but I dont want to have to see it, and I have a right to preserve my ideals in my own home, haven't I?"

I asked him if he thought many people had ideals, consciously. He said he thought they did. He has never, he says, lost his simple first faith in human nature. Never swerved in his empedestalling of women. Never relinquished the belief that the great and good life, the secret of lasting happiness, the alchemy of deep content is the simple life, the quiet life in the country with little of the fever of ambition, with books and a few friends and the woman one loves. "Love is the greatest thing in life, of course," he said.

"I couldn't stand New York," he went on—"the elevated over my head; the subways underneath me; the look on the faces of most of the people I see; the strain and push and sweat and grind. I'm going back to California where, if anywhere, people really live

"I was born and brought up in New York City, but that doesn't make me love it. I was born and brought up in a theatrical family. That doesn't make me love the theatrical, either.

"I have come thru to a lot of beliefs I didn't have, of course, say ten years ago. I have not always had this philosophy or this way of looking at things. I'm a Christian Scientist and that has solved a lot for me, given me light. And then, too, I have gone down and lived in the very depth of things, not because I was ever so unfortunate as to have to, but because I wanted to, for the experience. I wanted to test out the theory that environment will make or break a man. *It will not.* It is the *man* every time. A man can keep intact his immortal soul as well in a dive as in a mansion. No person or no place or no circumstance has power over him. His is the power. His alone. Man cannot blame his state on circumstance, since he moulds circumstance—or could."

We talked a while of books. Bill Russell likes to read biographies and autobiographies—because they're *real*

We talked of hobbies and the pursuit of pleasure—and he has his pipe—not cigarets; and he likes to take his car and ride about the Westchester hills—when he is in the East—and feel the freedom of the winds he loves sweep past him as he goes.

He likes to dream as men dreamed long ago when the world was new—and he has built about him a shield of idealism that these dreams be not destroyed.

A Man-Person. A flash-back to Adam, the first man, when he walked in the cool of the first morning.

Barthelmess: The Boy

(*Continued from page* 17)

It is his mother love. Now mother love, I am afraid, is a thing that may become destructive, foolish, a figurative ball-and-chain. Not with Barthelmess and his mother. Between them there is companionship, pal-dom, love.

Before our interview his mother had been ill, confined in a Long Island sanitarium for weeks. Barthelmess spent every week-end with her.

"Mother does not want it," he told me when I heard him turn down an invitation to a house party, "but I know her heart—and I am not going to disappoint her."

Her recovery was slow but finally she has been able to join her son in New York. Once again Barthelmess has the companionship he longs for, and when time permits—(the Griffith players frequently work far into the night)—he does the theaters with his mother.

"The two pals," they call them. And well they may.

ANNETTE
By La Touche Hancock

Your eyes were blue,
When first we met;
I thought you true,
Annette! Annette!

But with your eyes
A snare you set;
They were but lies—
You were a—net!

For candy yet
I owe a debt;
Oh! how you 'et,
An' 'et, an' 'et!

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On Vamps and Ingenues

(*Continued from page* 28)

"What men are worth vamping?" she asked, with the seriousness one should give to such a weighty question. "The men whose brains have raised them above the mass of their fellows. Now when the generally accepted type of vamp knocks at the door of these same brains, the man is put on his guard at once. He looks at the curve of the lips, the slant of the eyes, the cut of the black gown and knows that the lady has but one purpose in view, to vamp him. If he is wise—or even if he but thinks he is wise—he turns from her at once. Then comes the sweet, child-like, wonder-eyed girl, the girl who looks as if she were born to pick daisies, to chase butterflies, to coo sweet lullabies at twilight, and, lo, you find him hanging a diamond—or a limousine—on each curly eyelash. That vamp is the real actress. Behind the baby stare may be a mind plotting to overthrow a throne; the girlish giggle may be more deadly than a siren's song, but the man never guesses it and therein lies the great secret of success.

"And the screen vamp has set the example for the vamp in real life. Have you ever noticed young girls who are blessed—or is it cursed?—with the innate desire to lure fashioning their dress, their actions on the model of some famous screen vamp? The latter's method of luring must be the correct one or why has it succeeded with so many men thru so many reels of so many features? They dont seem to realize that vamping talents come from within, that a girl cant don the generally accepted gown and accessories of a vamp and be miraculously endowed with the capacity to vamp. She must first have the feeling—and, I may add, the brains—for it, and then the proper setting will come as a matter of course.

"And the ingénue! As soon as one star, by her personality, won the heart of the screen public, her type became the accepted one for the ingénue. If a girl in any way resembling her crossed the path of a picture director she was at once hailed as a "find," while hundreds of others just as truly typical of the young American girl knocked vainly at the screen door. I like ingénues. I enjoy playing them much more than I do vamps, but the one that appeals to me is the girl who requires characterization, not the one who is simply "sweet," and is content to let it go at that."

Dorothy Green is sure that to be perfectly normal one must be a "nut" on some subject and she is a nut on sanitation. She took me thru her doll-house apartment, just a stone's throw from the theatrical district, but far enough away to forget if need be the noise, the bustle, the White Lights, and exhibited its spotlessness; that, too, upon the eve of forsaking it for a new home further uptown.

Most of the star's friends are girls in other professions.

"I am just as interested in their lines of

work as they are in mine," she said. "It keeps me from becoming narrow, from viewing life from the sole point of view of a moving picture actress."

At that very instant the 'phone rang. It was one of Dorothy's business chums with her own particular problem to solve, and Dorothy gave her advice just as wisely as if she had been sitting behind an office desk for years.

"Dont ever bob your hair," she warned me as she stopped for a moment with the comb suspended above the fluffy mass. "If you have two inches, nurse them carefully and pray fervently that at each harvest time, another quarter of an inch will be added."

"How did you ever have the courage to do it?" I inquired, recalling the heavy dark braids coiled at each side of the head that were part of the Dorothy Green I had known.

"Why, it's just like falling in love," she answered thoughtfully. "One doesn't need courage; just an idle moment. One does it and then spends hours wondering why."

"And regretting?"

"Sometimes."

Dorothy admits two hobbies beside sanitation: jazz music and sheer hosiery. To her mind the success of the Pied Piper is easily explained. He was a jazz artist and she is sure that, had the Garden of Eden been hung with sheer hosiery instead of prosaic apples, Eve, not Adam, would have had the tag line of the play.

Of course, the moon for which the baby Dorothy cried was a stage career. Her childish dreams were woven about great actresses whose glories would some day descend upon her young shoulders. Then came that operation on her throat that marked on the stage door, "No Admittance." But fortunately for Dorothy and the public, pictures were beginning to come into their own.

It was in Mr. Lasky's "The Country Boy"—playing the chorus girl—that she laid the foundation of her career as a vamp. She continued to "vamp" for William Fox, the World Film, and then she decided to turn over a new leaf and be an ingénue, not any kind of ingénue, but one permitting characterization.

And what if there had been no silent drama? Then Dorothy would have invented some method of giving expression to her dramatic talent. For she has originality—the originality that laughingly discards the ladder with the broken rungs and makes for itself a new one.

The Answer Man

BLUEBIRD.—So glad to hear from you. Haven't her age. You think Douglas McLean resembles Marjorie Daw. Cant see it. He's an actor. You want a list of all the players' birthdays? Now, cant you think of something more I can do for you?

H. M. D. D.—But the present is never a happy state to any human being. Leo Delaney is 34 years old. Yes, I have a hard time managing with the high cost of sodas.

ISABEL C.—Glad to hear from you. Remember, what is said for effect will soon have no effect. Owen Moore is not dead. Marie Doro is in Europe. Pearl White continues to act in serials. Come again, I implore you.

The Youngest of the House o' Hammerstein

(*Continued from page* 19)

back word, 'You're ruining my show!'

"I had to remain with 'High Jinks,' because that is the only way I knew I could satisfy dad—to get it over with."

That was all musical comedy had of Miss Hammerstein. In the few years that have followed, the cinema has fared far luckier. And yet, managers are still clamoring for her in their stellar rôles. That is why she calls the Selznicks the best friends she has in the world. "Myron is my boss, you know, and he refuses to let me play any theatrical engagements while he's starring me on the screen." She laughs over the titles of her productions. "The Argyle Case," "The Madcap Lover," "An Accidental Honeymoon." A few months ago she was billed all over the country as "Elaine Hammerstein—'Wanted for Murder'," and this, her first Selznick picture—"Elaine Hammerstein in 'The Country Cousin.'" Her second stellar piece is called "Love," and her mother, who had just entered the room, said she hoped it wouldn't be advertised as "Elaine Hammerstein *in Love*."

A Fillum Fatality

By WALTER E. MAIR

"O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"
Sub-titled the star as he mourned 'neath a willow.
But straightway on payday he bought him a loud
And luxurious necktie as large as a pillow.

He bought him five shirts of the costliest weave,
He bought a blue diamond to add to his splendor,
Then, nicely, precisely, from out of his sleeve
He drew forth a roll for ye touring-car vendor.

He bought him a phoney Los Angeles farm,
And stocked it with high-balls and white leghorn chickens;
The latter, I flatter him, did him no harm,
Being not of the species that raiseth the dickens.

He bought and he bought, did this film Galahad sad,
Who so nobly declaimed, with such soulfulness utter,
Till play-day, not pay-day, was all that he had;
His credit—his job—took a spin to the gutter.

"O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"
He has married an extra-girl—Garlic-tooth Rhoda.
'Tho he walks and he talks with his head in a cloud,
He is back at his old twenty-per, jerking soda.

The Owner of the "Uncas"

(*Continued from page* 21)

family of three and his brother and sister —non-professional, both of them—have never taken the slightest interest in the sport that interests him so greatly. He has a broad and characteristic philosophy; a belief that everything moves in cycles and that individuals, like events, return again and again, each time on a higher plane, until they reach perfection.

He does not like detail. Perhaps the most noticeably characteristic thing about him is his love of dashing thru things; his impatience of any restraint. He looks to be about twenty-seven years old.

His stage and screen career is so young and so much has been said about it recently, that it does not need recounting here; enough that it, too, has moved quickly. He began in amateur theatricals in Indiana. From that to professional work was just a step, and two years after he went on the stage he landed on Broadway, New York. He has been on the screen for two years, his first moving picture work being with World.

Five o'clock came—"at last!" He drove me back to Los Angeles. His motor car is painted green. On the way, we talked of the *Uncas,* moving pictures, real estate, money and the *Uncas* again.

"I wish I could be with the Wilson boys when they make that trip," he said. "Doc Wilson told me that they'll be sixty days on the way, stopping, of course, at all the interesting ports." He cut a corner sharply. "Do you know," he went on, "I'd like to have money enough to be absolutely free. Not rich, you understand, there is no freedom in that—but, say, an independent income of a hundred dollars a day. If I had such an income, I dont believe I'd work any more"—remember this was said at the close of a busy August day—"or, if I did work, I'd like to do something else. I think I'd like to be a recognized writer. Those chaps can go anywhere, any time they want to. I knew one, a writer of advertisements, who had his yacht next to mine in the Hudson. He was always going off somewhere because that was his whim and there was nothing to stop him."

By which you may see that the owner of the *Uncas* was homesick for a long cruise and, anyhow, it is characteristic of August that no matter where one is he sits down and wishes himself elsewhere.

THE SILENT DRAMA

By Clarence E. Flynn

Out of the silence often comes
A voice that breaks the stillness deep,
And with an eloquence unheard
Calls hidden mem'ries from their sleep.
It carries power unknown to speech;
It speaks directly to the heart,
Grown thoughtful in the silences.
Such is the screen's appealing art.

It calls the strong to lost resolve,
It thrills the weak to better things,
It touches sleeping hopes to life
And in the songless heart it sings.
It opens scenes of loveliness
For eyes long used to barren spot,
This sacred silence that is heard
Where thought is all and voice is not.

The Director Diplomatic

(*Continued from page* 36)

Later, I returned to the attack. His very reluctance was my goad. His reticence hid revelation.

"Well," he said, cleverly, with a twinkle in his eye: "well—let us have *patience*, then. That is, surely, the indispensable requisite."

And he was not to be tempted farther.

When it came to his early days he was more fluent, tho, always, the "I" was toned down, passed over, dismissed. He was born in Belgium, but is "American now," he says, and he has the lingering of his native land in his speech. He was to be a musician, his father being one before him and when, later, he gave up music for the stage, José père almost disowned him, considering the step, no doubt, a distinct drop in caste.

He told, too, with reminiscent amusement tinged with the young tragedy it must have been to him, of playing with Sarah Bernhardt on an opening night in Paris — or, more accurately, in Sarah Bernhardt's company. He had a small part, he said, only six or eight lines, but the character, that of a young king, is very much discussed by the other players before his entrance. His arrival is heralded with pomp and fanfare. "I stepped upon the stage," he narrated, "in full panoply of sword and satin, tripped upon the sword and measured my length upon the floor of the stage. A moment and the house burst into ruinous gales of laughter. The opening was a farce. It was horrible at the time. You can imagine the distraught state of my mind as I went to Bernhardt's dressing-room and tendered my most abject apologies, promising to act better the next time. 'Act!' said Bernhardt, justly enraged, 'young man, *you* will *never* act!' It was terrible—terrible" —sighed José, shuddering again over the span of years.

He toured the provinces, then, he said, for some years, with his wife, playing in Africa, the Far East, etc., and finally, believing that there was little chance of big money for the general actor, went into the managerial end of it. He came to America for six weeks' stay, I think he said, and things went so successfully that —why, that he is still here and has been for more years than the number of weeks he planned.

He fought his way upward, starting with vaudeville. Always he clung to his artistic ideals—thru thick and thin.

Pictures, he said, always appealed to him. Chiefly from the directing end. At first, however, he played in pictures for Pathé, also with Theda Bara in her first picture, "A Fool There Was," and he, incidentally, introduced her to the screen, engaging her for the part from the rank and file of many applicants. He said, with another canny wink in my direction, that it was a very good thing for a director to have been an actor first—thru the mill, in other words — tho not necessarily essential, he added.

It came out bit by bit, waived by him at my slightest appreciative sign, but emphasized by his wife, that he not only reads every book that comes out, writes his own scripts, casts them, directs them but follows the raw stock of the film straight thru to completion. "I wish you *would* emphasize that," said Mrs. José, who is ideally the comrade-wife; "I believe that it is quite exceptional."

We touched upon the controversial question of the Screen as Art or Commercialism.

Mr. José seemed to be momentarily amazed that there could be any controversy on the subject.

"An Art, absolutely," he said; "those people who take the other side of the question do not take into consideration the tremendous work, the detail, the time and the often colossal expenditure in even the least picture. Only Art achieves such results, however short that Art may fall of its ultimate possibilities. *All* Art has some room for progression, for further perfecting. High spots are not the everyday run. 'The Miracle Man'—and 'Broken Blossoms'—pinnacles!"

Back of Director José (this is s. p.—Strictly Personal) there is another director. The director behind the director! A feminine person, aged three and answering to the name of Helene José. His little girl. "She is the one soft spot with Ted," said Mrs. José, smiling at him over the tea-cups—the director had left his desk and was drinking his four o'clock tea and having his four o'clock cigaret, a ceremony he never omits, even at the studio, where Mrs. José is with him and serves it for him, as at home.

"Well, but how can I help it?" asked the wee Helene's Assistant Director, with a smile; "her little talk—and all, it is so wonderful—" He got out of his big chair and took a large photograph from the book shelves to show to me. "I saw her as I came in," I said; "she is adorable." Mr. José nodded. "Yes, now, isn't she?" he asked, "can you blame me? And do you know, she has no respect for her father at all. She calls me 'Ted' and when I try, at times, to be very stern and very paternal, she laughs at me. She takes me for a humorist. Maybe I am—with her."

Mr. José is not, strictly, a humorist, unless in a very super-sense of the word. He is the rare being who can make an adaptation of life; who can live it and at the same time, play it. He can direct because he is, himself, *by* himself, directed. He accepts traditions and does not bruise the vigor of his years battling, inadequately, against them. He comes from the Old World and he brings some of the old world's riper philosophy with him. He can run a gamut, which is good. He can be the great director (he would modestly eschew this) and he can be the playmate a tiny child calls "Ted."

Victory

(*Continued from page* 43)

too, he told her what to read, directed her reading, discussed the books with her afterward. At once, the characters sprang to life, lived, breathed, had vital sorts of beings. Everything was animate. Her viewpoint, too, it was deliciously strong and tender . . . he had thought himself so wise, who was not wise at all—at best, he was wise enough to *learn* . . .

Several weeks of this slipped by and then, with the same unexpectedness Schomberg had felt, the plain Mr. Jones arrived on Samburan. He had with him Ricardo and Pedro.

Heyst made them comfortable in one of the abandoned bungalows. He had no reason not to. Their discomfort at his hospitality fired the abstract alarm the plain Mr. Jones gave him. There was something quite horrible about Mr. Jones; he was so unnecessarily pallid. Even the spice of the trade winds gave him, Heyst noticed, only the unpleasant greenness of decay. Heyst felt him to be very unhealthy. Of course, appearances . . .

He was afraid for Alma, too, as he had come to call the white girl. These men . . . their attitudes . . . a woman alone, as Alma was . . . Suddenly Heyst felt himself to be very much a man and Alma very potently a woman, needing his protection, needing *him* . . . The blood so long quiescent in his veins awoke and pounded. How wrong his father had been! What a false premise his negation had been! Or else, how long and how bitterly he must have starved and thirsted! That was it, perhaps, someone had long denied him and decried him; someone very dear to him, as Alma might be dear . . . Heyst felt, suddenly, none of his former pride in his father, cold tribute, but burningly sorry for him, bitterly compassionate, yearning . . .

It became apparent almost at once, certainly to Alma, that these men were here for a purpose. Ricardo, she soon learned, included *her* in his purpose. She had one desperate encounter with him and sent him spinning across the room, after which his attitude was more, rather than less devotional. Still later, he became consuming. He would be dangerous, Alma knew, dangerous to Heyst. With the cunning of a woman who loves Alma knew that the safe way for Heyst was for her to dally with Ricardo, to worm their motives from him, to lead him on. For herself . . . she was accidental, anyhow, a fragment conjured out of some detached nothingness; it had been easy to come; so would it be easy to go back. But Heyst . . . Heyst was different. Heyst must go on living, a god, apart. "The love that loves for love" came to the girl's mind . . . without thought of any other thing than that love's sake . . . and it came to her, too, that it might not be unpleasant to sleep on this fruitful island lullabyed by the seas . . dust, some day, beneath his pass-

ing feet . . . beneath his scattered flowers . . . of course he would not forget her, would not be oblivious of her . . . he was not so made.

The climax came before a clearing of the situation presented itself. It was all very strange. Of an evening Mr. Jones and Heyst would sit together and play backgammon, each watching the other with a cold intensity. Heyst felt, always, that some presence from a long-filled grave had come to dally with him for some weirdly pleasant hour. Mr. Jones did not betray what he felt, unless it was the faintness of a disbelief, an unwilling sort of a liking, chilling in the extreme.

And always Ricardo followed Alma, begging her favors, making love to her, threatening her, lavishing extravagances of praise upon her, hinting that their presence on Samburan had to do with treasures Heyst had stolen from dead men and buried there, on the wane of the moon.

On one of these nights, as Ricardo was making his most violent assertions Alma looked up to see Heyst and Mr. Jones standing in the doorway. Mr. Jones convulsed her with sick shudders. He looked as a corpse might look who has been rudely disturbed from his slumbers.

"What did I tell you about women?" he muttered, levelling his pistol, suddenly drawn, at Ricardo, all his dispelled animosity suddenly concentrated toward the Venezuelan; "what did I tell you about women . . . about women . . . what, answer, rat, what?"

Alma made the next, sudden move—a knife flashed thru the air—Ricardo toppled over at a thrust of her strong arm—Mr. Jones fired and when the din and the powder cleared away Heyst had Alma in his arms, over both of them her blood flowing, bright red and somehow victorious.

"I did this to save you," she whispered to him, holding her throat in which the pulse leapt, frighteningly; "I did this to save you . . . I led him on . . . I let him think . . . They would have killed us . . . for gold . . . they think we have gold . . . but now he is gone and you . . . oh, *you* are . . . safe . . ."

The pulse in Alma's throat seemed to Heyst to be his own heart pumping her blood away . . . Negation . . . how thin . . . how thin! Himself, a shade among shades . . .

Outside the surf was pounding and tomorrow the hot sun would draw all the strong scents of the earth into its passionate heart and there would be a shimmer of hot gold over all the land, squandered flowers . . . natives dancing . . . this white woman . . . where? Where would she be? . . . In his arms . . . close to his heart . . . because he knew . . . he knew . . . the riddle of heaven and earth . . . the sea . . . the sky . . . all living things and all things dead . . . He loved her . . .

And pressing his mouth on hers . he told her so . . .

Double Exposures

(*Continued from page* 55)

ence of British made films in the States will arouse the same feelings of pardonable curiosity among the Americans."

Speaking of subtitles, why doesn't some company sign Daisy Ashford to write captions?

Anne Luther wore 103 gowns during six days of the making of the serial, "The Lurking Peril," and wrecked them all doing stunts. After seeing a serial, we know just how a gown feels after participating in one.

The British may poke fun at our screen methods, but their sense of humor stops short of reading their own film press material. We had to send to the nearest drug store for a restorative after our office-boy had glanced over a batch of recent screen press stories. Note these choice bits, bearing the plea "for the favor of insertion":

"Whilst riding on the Downs for a scene in her new production, 'The Gentleman Rider,' Miss Violet Hopson was thrown from her horse, and altho not seriously hurt, this popular star sustained a severe shaking. It will be remembered that whilst acting in the Broadwest film, 'A Fortune at Stake,' last year, Miss Hopson had a bad accident in Rotten Row and was for some time unable to work owing to a severely sprained ankle."

And this:

"If you had been privileged to look in at the Broadwest studio one day last week you would have found a very merry party at dinner. Somewhere behind the scenes, rag-time tunes were being played to 'get the atmosphere,' altho no piano appeared in this particular scene. It was effective, however, for when a call of 'speed up that rag' spurred the musician on to syncopate the already raggy tune, the artistes 'got going' and the scene proved a huge success."

German kinemas, according to film men just returned from Berlin, are against providing remarkable musical programs. The popular film demand is for detective and society dramas. The reported wave of immorality in the German kinemas seems to be without foundation. The moral level of films there is pronounced excellent.

The manufacturing of German lenses and projectors is being taken up rapidly. This will shortly have an effect on the American market.

At present American activities on the other side are interesting to note. The Italian Kinema Union, the biggest film organization in Italy, has signed Herbert Brenon to produce a series of pictures starring Marie Doro. The first will be "The Mysterious Princess."

Reel Realities

Photoplay fashions change, indeed!

Consider the screen idol of some two years ago, the vampire, the be-curled ingénue.

All of them are in the discard, altho the curly-headed flapper has fought hard for screen life.

It is distinctly a man's year in the films. Producers declare that the world war has centered interest in masculinity. Anyway, nearly all the new stars on the horizon are men—Eugene O'Brien, Owen Moore, Lew Cody, David Powell and others.

But the days of the Bushmans, the Williamses and the other typical film idols have waned.

Note what Crane Wilbur says on another page of this CLASSIC.

Photoplay followers have sickened of the clothing store manikin who personified every virtue. It's thumbs down for the film idol wearing an arrow collar and a halo.

Today the popular man on the screen must be different—and human. The début of Douglas Fairbanks marked the dawn of this era. He did something besides pose.

Observe how players like Wallie Reid are turning to comedy, how Bert Lytell has switched to character studies in "Lombardi, Ltd."

Recently we had 'Gene O'Brien, in "The Perfect Lover," as a painter who decides to put his affairs of the heart behind him and settle down to domesticity.

And now we have Lew Cody bringing another male character to the screen—the typical boulevardier, the man about town who, according to Mr. Cody's own announcement, is "always charming in manner, with a *distingué* air and a way with women—in brief, a man of personality who is not disliked by men, tho they envy him his *savoir faire* and his knowledge of the secret of living."

Thus the screen male who is a mingling of good and bad. Some miles from the virtuous but unsoiled blacksmith of the pioneer film days!

For women the steps must necessarily come slower. Yet the lady of dead black morals—the vamp—has passed.

The guileless ingénue—of dead white morals—is also in oblivion.

This year we have had our not entirely spotless but more or less humanly good women of "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," "Katherine Bush," and other popular photodramas.

Not to mention the sophisticated ladies of the De Mille dramas who can look a divorce in the face without quivering a single beaded eyelash.

The whole style in women folk has changed. We have our Nazimovas, our stately Katherine MacDonalds, our lureful Gloria Swansons and our beauteous Corinne Griffiths where once gamboled the be-curled ingénue of other days. We consider the very human frailties of our film heroines as calmly as once the flapper star watched her pet canary.

The photoplay can be safely said to be advancing when it no longer demands that its characters be good or bad as in the old-fashioned melodramas—white or black of heart in the most obvious style.

We have discovered that there is something of good and something of bad in everyone! Which means that our stories are passing the kindergarten stage. Does not Maugham say, in his "The Moon and Sixpence," "I did not realize how motley are the qualities that go to make up a human being? Now I am well aware that pettiness and grandeur, malice and charity, hatred and love, can find place side by side in the same human heart."

The coming few months will see a definite stand taken against the cutting of feature plays to fit de luxe theater programs.

Recall what David Griffith said recently in THE CLASSIC?

Mary Pickford has just announced that she will not permit her future productions to be cut in any way by exhibitors, either to shorten their programs or because they do not like certain scenes.

This winter is going to see an interesting experiment. While American companies are talking of invading England and the Continent to produce pictures, a British film company is coming, bag and baggage, to produce in California.

The organization, G. B. Samuelson's all-British Company, will probably produce at Universal City. Mr. Samuelson is bringing his entire company, including Madge Titheradge, the well-known stage star, and his whole technical staff, from directors to cameramen. The company arrives via Montreal, heading direct for the coast.

Mr. Samuelson is planning to make at least two productions: Gertrude Page's "Love in the Wilderness" and Ridgewell Elkin's "Night Riders."

Reports from Germany indicate that the late "central power" is returning with vigor to the making of motion pictures. An official embargo exists on all foreign films, but, it is said, American and French films are being smuggled into the country in large quantities and are being openly exhibited. The officials in fact are winking at the embargo.

Marie: The Mystic

(*Continued from page 72*)

serials; especially now that Mr. Jaccard has returned from France to direct me."

"Yes, you and he have worked together so long, it must be regular team-pulling now, isn't it?"

"I've loved and respected all my directors—few girls have had so many charming experiences as I have had under Mr. Turner, Mr. Pollard, Bob Leonard and Tom MacGowan. But I feel that the greatest laurels belong to Jacques Jaccard. We thoroly understand each other. You might call me temperamental—I dont call it that. But there are times when I feel cross or blue; at other times, I feel exuberantly happy. He knows how to handle me, tho no word is spoken. I get his moods in the same way. I have absolute confidence in him, so that when he says a certain dangerous trick must be done in this or that way, I never hesitate to do it. I know he understands me and understands the situation perfectly and I always feel sure that I'll come thru all right.

"Every night we write together. Mr. Jaccard has only used three stories in five years that were written by outsiders. He devises plots and thrills and we go over them carefully. That's why I dont have time for pleasure. I have only been to the movies twice in the last four months!

"It is usually very late when I get home from the studio. We use all the daylight possible and then comes the long drive back, dinner, and after that we're ready for the serious business of concocting a story that may run thru fifteen to seventeen weeks. Sometimes I jump up for a few moments and play the piano to relieve the tension of an entire day spent in work and then we get a fresh start, but I retire about ten because you see I have to be up very early in the morning in order to get made up at Universal City in time."

"But what do you really do for amusement—when you do work in a little spare time?"

Miss Walcamp hesitated, began, hesitated again and said slowly, "I *hate* to tell you—it will seem silly to an outsider, I'm afraid. But if I ever have a few days off between pictures, I take everything out of my bureau, chiffonier and closet and put the whole place in apple-pie order. The fact is. that it just rests me and is a regular treat to be able to clear up boxes, drawers and closets. Honestly, I cant think of anything I'd rather do than that, save acting. Of course, when it is all finished, I take account of stock, make a memorandum of what I need and go down town in my Stutz and shop. I'm like the rest of the girls—I do love clothes."

I should say Marie does love clothes. Hanging in the dressing-room closet was a eautiful black evening gown, made of real Irish lace brought to her

by—well, I promised not to tell who brought it, so mum's the word. It will be worn in "The Red Glove" which is being adapted from "The Fifth Ace" by Douglas Grant. Hope Loring is churning out episodes in continuity as fast as her nimble fingers can dash over the typewriter and the two girls hobnob in odd moments on the lot, discussing innovations.

During the shooting of "The Red Ace" Marie Walcamp proved herself an uncomplaining martyr, for a sudden fall broke her wrist. Having learnt many different ways of swimming from the Hawaiian teacher, Miss Walcamp decided not to postpone work on this serial; had her arm put in splints and, on the fourth day after the accident, was doing high dives and endurance swims in Great Bear Lake, a cold natural tank up in the mountains.

"Oh, I didn't mind the break, but I was worried for a few hours lest it would interfere with finishing the episode. However, I really think that cold water did me a lot of good. You see the boards kept me from knocking my arm against anything. It was not really dangerous. After a few days, I felt no inconvenience whatever," said the intrepid lassie.

Marie Walcamp's attitude toward animals is interesting. She has such perfect self-control that the dumb brutes seem to sense it. She is always the judge of any horses brought in for her to ride; sizes up their points; tries them out and teaches them tricks.

"Baby lions are so interesting! Have you ever seen a lioness put her little ones to bed?"

Having lived a safe and sane apartment house existence, I hastily disclaimed such knowledge.

"Well," continued Mystic Marie, "the mother gathers up one cub and walks up and down the cage swinging it by the neck the way a cat carries a kitten. Then when it seems ready to doze off she puts it down, sets her foot on it and, if it doesn't move, gets up and takes the next one and swings that to sleep."

But just then props arrived with a boiled egg and a bit of bread, hustled across the fields in a U-bus, so our chat was interrupted for a very tiny luncheon on Marie's part, so tiny in fact that I ejaculated, "You're far more spiritual than material. I believe you live in the mental realm."

"A-b-s-o-l-u-t-e-l-y," answered Marie the Mystic slowly. "I dont care anything about material things. I like to spend my time thinking, trying to fathom things. You cant do that if you are wondering whether it will be steak and onions for dinner or sausage and waffles for breakfast. I want to spend my time on the worth-while things and they're *absolutely* mental, aren't they?"

So I'm wondering if Marie is not protected by "presence of mind"—a quality she exercises constantly.

The Amazing Interview—(*Continued from page 23*)

bath with a marble shower and a most complete little kitchen equipped, electrically, with every device known to culinary use.

"I prepare my stewed fruit in there," said Norma, huddled at the time in one of the wicker chairs, hair slicked nonchalantly back, wearing the serge bloomers, middy and socks in which I had come upon her taking a scene. She told me, too, of the time Madame Petrova had come there to interview her and they had prepared tea and sent out for cakes and all sorts of things. Constance, she said, had loudly observed that there was *"real* food!"

The Talmadges are distinctly a family group. A strong camaraderie and interest exists between the sisters, which is unusual and rather sweet. Norma and Constance see each other's pictures run, are critical or enthusiastic as they honestly believe the occasion demands, but always constructive, and pleased at each other's triumphs and successes. Natalie, the third sister, was, at the time "up with the cows trying to get fat," as explained by Norma.

Later on in the afternoon we paid a visit to Constance who occupies a large dressing room and studio on the floor above. We found her with golden baby hair and a blue dressing-gown bemoaning and bewailing over her new picture with Conway Tearle she had seen run that morning. She appealed tragically to Norma. "It is something awful," she declared, "aw-ful!"

"What's wrong?" asked Norma, with sympathy and a wink.

"Everything . . . story . . . lighting . . . *me* . . . most of all, ME! Conway saw it and he agrees with me. Simply AWFUL!"

Norma informed me on the way back to the cretonned sanctum that it is not half so bad as Constance would have it. I was thinking on other matters, having been of the opinion that it probably was not anywhere *nearly* so bad. "What," I demanded, "is the reason for the several dozen kewpie dolls I observed in Constance's room?"

Norma laughed. "Everyone gives Constance a doll," she said; "they probably think she's a nut, or simple minded, or something." The laugh, you know, was an affectionate one and the explanation lovingly without malice

"And the parrot?" I prompted; "I saw (and heard) a huge parrot in there."

"Dick Barthelmess gave her that, out in California. She named it Richard Barthelmess Talmadge and travelled cross continent with it, taking endless pains. Lillian Gish has one, too. They brought them together and arrived in New York looking, according to themselves, like immigrants."

We found Mother Talmadge awaiting us below and making a great fuss over aforementioned Pom. "What have you done to your hair, Norma?" she greeted her illustrious daughter; "looks different."

"Combed it, probably," responded Norma, genially.

There is a nice air of being "regular people" about Norma which augurs, above all else, a sane perspective, a nicely balanced sense of things. equipoise. There is none of the irrational about her, no bizarre evidences of temperament. If you didn't know her for a star . . . well, you wouldn't know her for one, if you get my meaning. She is with you and me and all the rest of us. No doubt but what she gets a real enjoyment out of what she has done and is doing and the way in which it has all been received. She is essentially and quite evidently human enough for that. She is nothing of the snob, nothing of the highbrow. She detests the easily and prudishly shocked. She is free and easy and talk to-able and at-able.

"I've always had ideals," she told Miss Livingstone and myself, who had doubtless just denied the same; "and I still have 'em . . . more than ever . . . I've never seen any reason *not* to!"

Those of us who have ideals *give* them . . . beautifully when we can and always and necessarily helpfully and inspirationally to the great many, many "others."

Thus Norma Talmadge and the Art which is *herself*.

TO A VAMPIRE

I want to be your victim, rare, robed wrecker of the screen.
I want to cringe and crawl and do 'most anything that's mean.
I want a mustache, steely grey, a wife and children, too,
That you may see and sneer and snarl and curse them, thru and thru!

I want to break a bank and kill the man who gave me fame;
I want my folks to die because I've spoiled the family name;
I'd slink up to your slimy side and kneel to kiss your shoe,
If I could be the victim of a vampire such as you!

I want to kiss your false, famed face; I want to curse and cry,
To beat, bruise, batter, then beseech of God to let me die;
To tear your snakelike arms away and dash, with bated breath,
Down to the old canal and die a most befitting death!

I want you, pampered, poison pet! Believe me when I say
I'd dare death-dealing deviltry, beneath your vicious sway!
Seek what you will! Hound me with hate! There's not a hair-breadth scene
That I wont do to humor you—but only on the screen!

FAN FANCIES

Close-ups lend enchantment.

No thin vampire no sin has.

Go West, young fan, go West—they're all in 'Frisco!

Hero—Never too great to send—you his autograph.

Heroine—A glint in the eyes is sufficient.

Comic—A squint in the eyes is sufficient.

No fan but would be the hero's valet.

It's the wronged dame that gives kids learning!

Hallam Cooley's Trail

By JANE L. STUART

HALLAM COOLEY'S trail begins at Minneapolis and zigzags down thru the Wisconsin woods to Highland Park, Illinois, where he put in laborious days at the Northwestern Military Academy. From Highland Park the trail runs towards the wild and woolly Southwest, the home of the sagebrush and cacti.

Following this trail about nine years ago, Hal struck a town called Yuma—not a bad town in itself, but one which did not yearn to take him to its heart. He balanced trays in one of its hot and murky restaurants, and the incongruity of the task must have impressed any transcontinental traveler who happened to see him there. In those days, however, Cooley followed his star regardless of consequences. He was out for experience!

When he grew weary of Yuma, he went down to the station and hopped aboard the Sunset Limited. Under cover of the darkness, he crawled on top of a Pullman and journeyed into Calexico. He had heard that the gentlemen adventurers of Madero's forces were receiving five dollars a day, that Calexico was the place where a man could enlist and, in these circumstances, Fortune spread her golden net before him.

He found the Calexico army. It consisted chiefly of two hundred and fifty hoboes from the American side and a large number of Mexicans and Yaquis. There were only thirty-two guns for the crowd and, naturally, Cooley didn't get one. Instead, the generalissimo handed him a bucket and told him to carry water. He cooked his own tortillas. dished up frijoles and performed various other culinary rites, but he never saw the promised five dollars a day. He saw plenty of fighting, however, chiefly among the tatterdemalions themselves. They had an abundant supply of whisky and tobacco, and whenever an altercation took place,

(*Continued on page* 93)

Hal Cooley's picturesque trail leads across nearly the whole expanse of America Not so long ago Hal was a waiter in a restaurant in Yuma, down in the sun-baked Southwest. Tired of that, he crawled upon the top of a Pullman and—. But read his story

Photographs by Evans, L. A.

The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page 57*)

interest. Director David Kirkland has overemphasized his points thruout, yet "The Virtuous Vamp" will entertain you, for Miss Talmadge's singular comedy sense gets much play in it. Conway Tearle is a good foil and Gilda Grey, the famous "shimmie" artist of the New York white light district, makes a trembling screen début.

Wilfred North has hit upon a singularly timely theme in his "The Undercurrent," in which the pugnacious Guy Empey enters civil life—on the screen. Empey depicts a returned soldier who, upon discarding his uniform, gets involved with the Bolsheviki, but recovers himself in time to prevent rioters from burning the local steel mills. Working under handicaps, Mr. North deserves a large share of praise.

J. Stuart Blackton's newest production, "Dawn," (Pathé), is a visualization of Eleanor Porter's story of a young man who goes blind and his subsequent regeneration into a man of vigor, despite his handicap. We fear Mr. Blackton has selected too depressing a theme for wide popularity. Again, we believe Robert Gordon miscast in leading rôles. This, of course, is our personal belief, but we think Mr. Gordon is a character player and that he is lost in his present type of work.

A Request

By Walter E. Mair

If there are visions in the solemn night
That wait for me with eager, trembling hands,
Plucking my sleeve, and bidding me to write,
Ere drift away the swiftly-spilling sands:

If there are unborn truths beyond the veil
That yearn to find their being in my pen,
If I may voice oppression-stifled wail,
And champion the cause of shackled men:

Say not of me "He is a fool to cast
"Away the glut and glitter of his Art!"
Breathe only that I held unto the last
Love's single jewel of wonder to my heart.

Tell them when I have finished, "Ay, he wrote
"Because he loved, nor found the world too kind,
"Except that this one splendor showed no mote
"Of tarnish, ere the Angel struck him blind."

Say this, and all your little world of tears
May roll its course, while I go on anew,
Clasping my single jewel thruout the years,
Yet knowing I have given it to you!

An Old-Fashioned Girl

(*Continued from page* 25)

She has a bottle of Hungarian glass, red and white, with one small wine-glass to match, which was used by President Buchanan in his own home. There are scent bottles, tall cut-glass bottles for the dresser, Chinese lacquer bottles, old majolica bottles—in fact, the array of liquid-holders is simply astounding. Mary is a connoisseur who delights the owners of old curiosity shops.

Mary MacIvor is just past eighteen and looks not a day over fourteen. One cant believe it possible that she presides over the lovely home at 2018 Cahuenga Avenue, a terraced, flowered bungalow in Hollywood. She wears simple frocks, little one-piece dresses like those of a small girl, and her sunshiny hair, which waves and curls quite naturally, is held back at the nape of the neck by an amber pin. A huge, floppy straw hat with a ribbon twisted around the crown and pulled thru the brim at the back is as unadorned and plain as if Mary MacIvor were a schoolgirl instead of a leading lady and the wife of a star.

Mr. Desmond, who had been entertaining a business caller on the veranda, blocked the door and shook his finger threateningly. "Dont make this too confidential, Baby. Remember, every word you utter will go down in black and white."

"I suppose Mr. Desmond will play leads with you?" we said.

"Yes, when she gets a little older; she cant make up to look old enough just now," he answered.

"How did you come to pictures, and why?"

"Necessity! Need of money. There was no romance connected with my first appearance at all. I was at a fancy dress ball in Culver City, had been taken there by friends, and Thomas Ince saw me. He offered me a job with fifteen dollars a week wages——"

"Engagement, Sweetie, and one gets a salary in the movies, not wages!" groaned the Irishman from Dublin.

"Some day Beedee, (as she calls her big husband), and I are going to build a fine house, aren't we, Beedee? A house with a six-foot fireplace and logs that burn three days, enormous chairs everywhere, a landscape window ten feet wide, a private den for Beedee and a little room where I can write whenever I feel like it. Yes, I write short stories and poems, but I hate scenarios or continuity or anything with numbers in it.

"I love the Bible because it contains all I want—poetry, history, love stories and battles, but I never really enjoyed it until I was given one without numbered verses, written just like a novel. It used to distract me to read about Ruth and Naomi with those old figures straggling down the page—reminded me of a movie script: Scene I. Ruth says 'Entreat me not to leave you.'"

"Have you experienced anything unpleasant in pictures?"

"Yes, once. A director swore at me. Men may swear before me, but not at me. A girl's defensive armor is her self-respect and I shall always maintain mine. Never did I work under that man again, altho he made the apology I demanded." The pride of Scotch ancestry and Southern environment sparkled in Mary's wistful grey eyes.

SHORT CUTS TO FILMDOM

Things are not what they screen.
It's a wise author that knows his own script.
Rome can be built in a day—leave it to props!
Dont hitch your wagon to a star—be one!
Marry in haste, divorce at leisure.
Dont look before you leap—it's only a papier-mâché cliff!
Nine tailors may make a man, but one good modiste can make a star.
Self-possession is nine-tenths of the lore.
Fortune favors film stars.
The pay's the thing!
A fan's a fan for a' that!
Custard-pie covers a multitude of things.
A press agent at hand is worth reams of gush.
A reel of Chaplin makes us all akin.
Plots—All that aren't swiped are old.
Still drama brings sleep.
Too many crooks foil the fan.
A sweet ingénue is half the plot.
The vamp is the mother of dissension.
Cast curls for all lines.
Fan-cied is as fancy does.

THE SOUL OF THE SCREEN

By Frederic T. Cardoze

I am the voiceless soul of many a scene,
My realm the boundless regions of the screen;
A million million vassals I command
With but an idle gesture of the hand.
I am the whole wide earth, I am the sea,
I wing the universe on pinions free;
I am the hill of smiles, the vale of tears,
I am a day, I am a thousand years,
I am the jade Deceit, I am the truth,
I am maturity and I am golden youth,
And I am folly, frivolous and vain,
Yet I am wisdom, when I will, again.
To me there is no hidden road or path,
I hold the keys to gladness and to wrath;
I am the silent guide to every glade
Where glows the sun or falls the somber shade.
Today I steal a garment from the light,
Tomorrow, from the wardrobe of the night;
I am a ragged beggar, bowed and grey,
Yet I am Crœsus, flinging gold away;
I am the cold and flaunting Mistress Pride,
And I am Modesty with Diffidence allied.
The deeds of ages, dead and quick, I trace;
I barter not with time nor yet with space.
Tho from my tightened lips there falls no word,
The messages I bear are clearly heard;
The fair and foul things of life I glean—
I am the soul and spirit of the screen!

THE OUTCOME

By Clarence E. Flynn

Life's always at its best upon the screen.
It is not perfect. Life is never so.
There runs a struggle thru each shifting scene,
And shadows often come, their pall to throw
Across the landscape. Things go wrong a while.
But always comes at last the shine's glow,
And gloom is followed by the song and smile.

In every drama wrong must have its reign,
In every tale the villain has his day;
Gladness we see, contrasting it with pain,
And truth is valued but by error's sway.
The right and wrong are alternate in power,
The scene is now in sun, now shadow cast,
But tho the wrong may triumph for an hour,
The right is seated on the throne at last.

Pathé
Feature Photoplays

reveal the Progress in Motion Picture Art, an Art which had its Origin with Pathé.

THE first motion picture feature, a scant two hundred feet in length, but truly picturizing a written story and enacted by experienced actors, was made by Charles Pathé over twenty years ago. Never before had a story been put into a motion picture!

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Thus each step in the evolution of the well written, well directed and well acted feature of today was first taken by this great pioneer. And today, as yesterday, Pathé Photoplays present the best in authorship, direction, acting and production.

Among the producers are Frank Keenan, Hobart Henley, Edgar Lewis, J. Stuart Blackton, Albert Capellani, Leonce Perret, Edwin Carewe and Jesse D. Hampton. Man for man, measured by achievement, these producers have no superiors in the business.

Ask the manager of your favorite theatre when he will show Hobart Henley's "The Gay Old Dog", adapted from Edna Ferber's story; Blanche Sweet in "A Woman of Pleasure", produced by Jesse D. Hampton and adapted from James Willard's famous play; Albert Capellani's "The Right to Lie", with Dolores Cassinelli; and J. Stuart Blackton's "Dawn". They are first presented this month.

Charles Pathé

Pathé Exchange, Inc.,
25 West 45th Street, New York City.

For your entertainment's sake seek the theatre with the Pathé Rooster on its screen!

Comic Conkling

By MARY McAUBREY

pute our rancher, so let's go," bantered one.

"Get him to tell you about his flock of bees he's fattening up for Christmas," called another, as the group vanished into the dressing-rooms.

"Are you a rancher as well as a comedian?" I asked.

"Sure," laughed Mr. Conklin. "I work at comedy and play at ranching. That is a fine balance, for you cant work at comedy all the time—it wears you out, and ranching is the greatest play there is."

Sitting on the steps of the big yellow street car, marked "The Wait In Vain Transit Co.," which figured in the new picture, the little comedian whose antics have occasioned thousands of laughs during his years on the screen told me all about his ranch, a hundred miles north of the city.

There are 320 acres, with 65 in citrus fruit; there is a wonderful view across the desert, with its fascinating lights and shadows, that lures one into its very heart. You cant get away once you succumb to its spell! There are several thousand turkeys, and then there are the bees!

THE forest fires raging in the mountains back of Pasadena flung a curtain of smoke over the valley, making exterior camera work a difficult matter in the many studios in Hollywood and Los Angeles.

Out on the Fox studio lot a group of players were waiting for the haze to lift long enough to finish their scene.

"I should say that motion pictures make the greatest little patience exerciser in the world," remarked Chester Conklin. "You must learn not to worry over delays in this business or you would go crazy. There's no hope, boys," he continued, with his mild blue eyes fastened on the grayish sky, "there'll be no more sunshine today."

"No one will dis

We forgot all about pictures and interviews and forest fires and overcast skies, while he told me many interesting things regarding the habits of the little creatures. He finds them an absorbing subject and is collecting a library on bee culture. Recently he had to move his bee stands nearer to the honey flow—meaning the orchards, for in season these tireless workers labor so hard that they wear themselves out; in fact, they frequently die of exhaustion.

Suddenly, while talking, Mr. Conklin took off the paintbrush mustache which has formed a veritable trademark for this comedian, and he was so completely changed that I should never have recognized him.

"Why," I gasped, "you look *years* younger!"

(*Continued on page* 97)

Chester Conklin works at comedy and plays at ranching. He owns 320 acres and devotes the space to citrus fruit, turkeys and —bees. Honestly!

Hallam Cooley's Trail

(*Continued from page* 88)

they smashed one another over the heads with boxes of twenty-five cent cigars. Cigaret tobacco was so plentiful in camp that a whole sackful was rolled up in each cigaret. Nine quart bottles of Canadian Club whisky were often traded for a needle and thread.

This life, however, finally palled on the young adventurer. So he decided to "hit the trail" again, and this time he made for the C. M. Ranch, where Uncle Sam gave him a job hauling supplies for the U. S. Reclamation Service. He had to rise at three o'clock in the morning, light the fire, hitch up a team of mules, load a wagon and set out before daybreak to visit camps on the farther side of the Colorado River. His favorite plan was to drive to the banks of the stream, disrobe and wade across with the mules. Thousands of buzzards pursued him upon these excursions, waiting to breakfast on the scraps that might fall from his wagon-load.

When he had exhausted the thrills and adventures of this way of living, Cooley worked his way westward towards the Pacific Ocean and finally landed in Los Angeles. He did not make his advent in hero style. He came into the City of Angels on foot and the Salvation Army befriended him.

By hook or crook he drifted into pictures. It wasn't long before his natural talent for acting asserted itself. His good looks, his spontaneity and dash won him good parts and he cashed in without delay on the knowledge of life he had gained "roughing it" on the trail. He worked for Selig, Universal, American and finally for Ince. He appeared in the Al Woods picture "The Guilty Man," as the heavy with Charles Ray in "The Girl Dodger" and with Enid Bennett in "Happy Tho Married." Later he had a season with another concern, playing important rôles, and he is now with Famous Players-Lasky.

"I was born in Brooklyn," he went on, "but I think I prefer the West to the East, particularly since I have found happiness here. You know I was married last Christmas to Miss Elizabeth Bates, of Columbus, Georgia. We are building a house on Lanewood Avenue, Hollywood—just the sort of place I've always dreamed of—a home of the Pueblo sort, with a big patio and wide verandas. Also, I'm going to have cacti growing in the front yard—lots of it—for, despite my wild experiences in the desert country, I learnt to love sand and sagebrush and cacti. There is mystery and an enchantment about the desert that only those who have lived in it can know. It speaks with a voice that is heard by the heart—its very silence is full of music!

"Yes, I am happy! I have found myself! I have found peace and joy in my work and I have discovered that home is where the heart is. If heaven is a state of mind, I am living there now!"

Blanche o' Biograph

Photographs by Hoover Art Co., L. A.

Remember Blanche Sweet as the "Biograph blonde" of the old days? She has long since established herself as one of the personalities of the silversheet. Miss Sweet's forthcoming releases are appearing thru Pathé. They will be watched with unusual interest by fans

Comic Conklin

(*Continued from page* 92)

Grinning at my surprise, he replied, "Guess this mustache keeps me from getting mash notes. I receive lots of letters from all over the country telling me they like this or that in my pictures and even asking for my photographs, but never a love note.

"When I was a youngster back in Oskaloosa, Iowa, I knew a man with just such a mustache. It always amused me and I used to hang around his shop waiting for him to talk so I could watch it move up and down. When I came to motion pictures and was trying to think up a funny character to create for my comedies I naturally remembered that mustache."

Armed with this make-up and adding those ridiculously loose and baggy clothes and enormous shoes (which he obtains from the largest policeman on the Los Angeles beat), Chester Conklin has succeeded in establishing an amusing screen comedy character that has endeared him to a host of fun-lovers.

Now, Chester's father was a contractor and builder and he hoped the son would follow in his steps, but after speaking a few pieces at church festivals and winning an elocution prize at the age of 12, Chester upset these plans by announcing that he intended to be an actor.

The comedian's eyes twinkled as he recalled these early experiences. "Father urged me to stay at home and let him make a man of me," he began, cheerfully, "and he kept saying that he had never seen an actor who was worth a hill of beans. I guess he didn't change his mind about this for several years after I started out, for I called on him repeatedly for money. Now? Oh, *now*, he thinks I'm great!

"I finally ran away from home and got a job at the Grand Theater in Des Moines and I was the happiest kid in the state. Sometimes I carried a sword, sometimes a spear, and sometimes I was lucky enough to have a real bit. Then followed a little of everything, stock and road shows, several vaudeville acts, and I also took a turn at being a circus clown.

"When you love your work you dont care how hard it is. Unhappiness comes when people struggle along some uncongenial rut to make a living while longing for something different all the time.

"Now, I'm sure I am in the greatest business there is and I'll be satisfied if I succeed in making people laugh. There are enough sorrows and tears in the world without making pictures about them. I never did hanker after your heavy stuff!"

After watching a very red sun drop thru a haze of smoke in the western sky, Mr. Conklin went on. "To me the greatest fascination of motion pictures is the thought that these films we are making will reach the people in all countries. No matter who or where they are, they all understand the same fun and a laugh is the universal language. Often, when I am doing some nonsense before the camera I think of this and I'm *glad*, clear thru, that I can help jolly the old world along."

It was Charlie Ray who started Chester Conklin on his screen career. They had played together in a vaudeville act up and down the coast, and at the end of their tour Mr. Ray had ventured into pictures under the Thomas Ince banner, while Chester went back on the road with a circus. Drifting into Los Angeles again a little later, he decided to follow Charlie's suggestion that he, too, try pictures, and so for six years Chester Conklin has been one of the Sennett prize comedians. A few months ago he brought his mustache, along with his merriment, over to the Fox lot to become a star of the Sunshine Comedies.

"Where do we get the ideas for our pictures?" He repeated my question. "Well, I should say from everywhere. Just pluck them out of the air sometimes. For instance, the comedy we are now making was suggested by the recent street-car strike. We are picking up some ludicrous situations and making a good two-reeler out of it. There are funny sides to every question, if we'll only *see* them.

"To play before the camera one must keep, themselves in good physical and mental trim; you cant afford to go stale. Your mind has to be open to all the light touches, real comedy can never be forced."

Chester Conklin is a quiet, diffident little fellow, reluctant to talk about himself. He has a sane, wholesome outlook on life and declares that living in the atmosphere of comedy clears away the clouds and depressions.

"Comedy," he remarked, as we walked toward the gate thru the deserted stages, "is nothing more than what should be happening all the time if we would only forget to worry."

This cheerful attitude permeates his work on the screen and he has succeeded in bringing to his pictures a refreshing spontaneity, for many of his best efforts at fun-making are achieved on the spur of the minute, many laugh-provokers being the result of a sudden whim.

So, Chester Conklin may well be satisfied—for he is indeed "making people laugh!"

The Answer Man

ROXBOROUGH; FLORENCE P.; MARY F.; FAIRE BINNEY FAN; XXX; MOVIE FAN; CONNIE J.; ERMA M.; EVELYN W.; CHUMS; AUDRA; R. C. Z.; PEARL; M. M.; AGNES MC; BELLA K.; RUTH M.; W. S. HART ADMIRER; BLAKE B.; L. S.—Most of your questions have been answered elsewhere in this department, and you leave me nothing to say. S'long.

MOI POUR MARY.—Thanks, but I dont object to the punishment. That's right, Mary; home is the place where we are treated best but grumble most.

CHARLES BRYANT ADMIRER.—So you think it's a novelty to write to a stranger. Umph! Am I a stranger? Some of your letters are novelties, too; worth framing. My dear, women throw away three things—time, money and health. In New York, girls wear spring suits, pumps and straw hats in February. If that isn't flirting with death, I'll be hanged.

Erich Von Stroheim and The Miracle

(*Continued from page* 69)

sible and the big, crashing final scene will be made last of all, for by that time the actors will fully grasp the undercurrent and depths of the preceding situations. Taken now, they would not feel the true values.

"Yesterday, we had some highly emotional scenes and—"

"You should have seen him," interrupted Una Trevelyn. "While he was making me cry as if my heart would break, I looked up and he was crying, too—he feels everything he is directing. He knows all about period furniture and decorations, and all the great paintings," went on Una, as we watched him arrange the yellow satin drape on the table in the foreground of the set.

"And music," said Sam de Grasse; "he has a thoro acquaintance with the musical classics and knows what should be played during each scene to bring out the best efforts. He plays the violin himself."

"He knows all literature, too," chimed in Clyde Fillmore. "I can't see how he has managed to learn so much in his few years, it must be the result of his continental education."

As I left the studio and stepped out into the late afternoon sunshine, with the haunting melody of the "Je T'Aime Waltz" ringing in my ears, I was still thinking of Erich von Stroheim's last words and the smile, which included the eyes this time, accompanying them.

"My ambition," he said, "is to write and direct. To go on—on, worthy of what my friends believe I can do—making bigger and better pictures."

WIND-IN-THE-WILLOWS

By Lydia M. D. O'Neil

Wind-in-the-Willows, you stand so tall—
  Slender and straight as a sapling pine;
Youth's in your footstep, youth's in the call
  Of your lifted eyes when they meet with mine.

Wind-in-the-Willows, the day is glad—
  Sunny the mesa and gold the sky;
What is it fretting me, Indian lad?
  Search you the heart of me, tell me why!

Gold is the sky, but the gold will fade,
  And youth will pass like the fading light,
Fretting in vain at the fates that made
  Your skin so tawny and mine so white.

I am one of the dominant race;
  I am bound by the dominant law;
But Wind-in-the-Willows, youth's in your face,
  And I wonder, I wonder—who'll be your squaw?

The Movie Encyclopedia

(*Continued from page 95*)

INQUISITIVE ANN.—Good grief, Frank Mayo and Edna Mayo are no relation. Neither is Woodrow Wilson and Marjorie Wilson, nor the Answer Man and Louis Mann. Naomi Childers is going to play opposite Bert Lytell in "The Blind Man's Eyes."

MARION F.—Never been there, but it has been estimated that the Roman Coliseum could accommodate about 87,000 spectators. But dont shout at me. I cant stand it. Pleasant and kind words, if they be sensible and well meant, are cords that all men may be led by. Women, take the cue. No, Frederick Smith is not past 50—he is about 29, and—period.

WEST VIRGINIA FARNUM FAN.—My dear, give the woman credit—they'll always take it. Mrs. William Farnum is non-professional. Earle Williams is with the Western Vitagraph.

DIXIE DEE.—You can reach Marguerite Clark, Paramount Company, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. You say you like "Silver Spurs." So do I. Good for you; stick to it. Of course I'm happy, because I'm busy.

COLLY.—Your letter was a corker. Have passed your idea along. Yes, it is true that my hours of strenuous work are very long, but I find time for play, to loosen the mental tension and so obtain perfect harmony and recreate power. More power to you also.

INQUISITIVE HARRY.—Why, Wally Van will direct the comedies for the Rothapfel films. The Bankhead girl is Goldwyn. You might write to Enid Bennett. Taylor Holmes, he's 5 feet 8½ inches high. You didn't care for "Virtuous Wives" and you thought Anita overacted and appeared very amateurish in the scene where she bids farewell to her husband as he departs. Witness refuses to answer on the ground that it might tend to incriminate him.

QUESTION MARK.—No, Theda Bara is not married. Yes, I am glad spring is here. You bet I have a new spring suit. Yep, a blue one, and I look like a bluebird in it. The spring brings a change of air in the studios, with changes in the casts. Change of diet is excellent, but change of companionship and a new heart interest are sometimes more rejuvenating than a tonic.

EDDIE.—Madge Evans is about ten years old. Yes, Sylvia Breamer has beautiful eyes. I always try to rebuke with soft words and hard arguments, and if this does not take, I try a club.

LEONARD W.—Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of the film manufacturers and then address the player in care of the company.

SOPHIE E.—Thanks for the thrift stamp. Yes, I understand. Why, the oldest lunatic on record is Time—out of mind. Indeed, I am a musician. I dont like to speak about my talents, but there are those who say that I play the pianola and jew's-harp without creating any hard feelings.

LAUREN G.—Glad you subscribed. Hope you'll always be a subscriber. Mary Pickford's salary? She's part owner in a company now, and therefore draws dividends. No, just separated.

VERNOR J.—Never heard of Eva Campbell. Your plan sounds logical, but instead of reviving the old plan of limiting the wealth of the rich, why not pass a law limiting the poverty of the poor? Doris Kenyon in "Twilight."

JEAN F.—Address Theda Bara care of Fox and Carlyle Blackwell care of World, both in New York City. You ask why does a loaded car run more easily than an empty one? Because it's the load that makes the car go. Wonderful!

B. V. D.—It's not what you wear so much, for fine feathers are frequently found on coarse birds. Mme. Petrova has gray-green eyes and a wonderful figure. Yes, Carol Dempster. Handed your letter to the interviewer.

MANILA GIRL.—No, Wellington Cross is in vaudeville. Goldwyn released Rex Beach's "The Brand." Viola Dana in "Satan Junior," Metro.

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CHRYSTAL COURT.—Sidney Drew and his wife are in "Once a Mason," released thru Paramount. Zasu Pitts was not in the cast. Jack Mulhall was born in New York. No, I think once a star long absents herself or himself from the screen, they are soon forgotten. Yes, I have read those letters.

WILD KITTY.—Sure thing, you're welcome. Doubt whether that player can "come back." However, yeast, the compressed, will rise again. Better not ask me how to become a movie star. Your letter was some wild, Kitty, and it sure was rip-roaring comedy.

JOSEPHINE S.—Too bad! Misfortunes never come singly; they are always married. I never sit up late and I advise you to quit it. Late suppers and late hours make men unhealthy, unwealthy, unwise and otherwise.

FRECKLES.—Nothing doing! You must sign your full name or I dont play. See?

QUESTIONARE 14.—Yours was quite a chatty little letter. Dont be haughty. Haughtiness lives under the same roof with solitude. Dont pay to be uppish. Yes, I saw that headline, "Charles Bryant returns to support Mme. Nazimova." We hope he has been supporting her these last years. He's her hubby, you know.

MATILDA M.—Last I heard of Pearl White she was on her way to France. Crane Wilbur has gone on the stage opposite Marjorie Rambeau in "Eyes of Youth." Pessimists are moral squinters, who, being incapable of a straightforward view, imagine that penetration is evinced by universal mistrust. Get me?

M. V. Z.—Madge Kennedy in "Leave It to Susan." Bessie Love with Western Vitagraph. Irving Cummings playing with Ethel Clayton in "Men, Women and Money." Evelyn Nesbitt in "My Little Sister" for Fox. Sure thing; drop in to see me again.

NORMA, BUTTE.—Beaut, or from Butte? Ann Little played opposite Bill Hart in "Square-Deal Sanderson." Enoch Herbert Crowder, the "Father of the Draft," was born in Missouri, graduated from West Point, served in the Philippines and with the Japanese army, was Secretary of State in Cuba, appointed Judge Advocate General, directed an enrollment of 24,000,000 men between the ages of 18 and 45 years for military service, and directed the registration of 14,000,000 men under an amendment to the selective service law. Some pedigree, eh, what? Yours was pretty long, but I'll excuse you this time.

DREAMER.—Which studio is the most beautiful? Haven't been in all of them, so would not venture an opinion. Sorry I cant help you. Yes, Woods, Shuberts and Selwyn are affiliated with Goldwyn. Wheeler Oakman will play in "The Third Eye" for Pathé. She is West.

JUDIE.—You will find "I can tell where my own shoe pinches me, and you must not think to catch old birds with chaff," in Don Quixote. Your letter wasn't as sweet as it might be. You cant catch an old bird with chaff, either, you know. Make the best of everything, think the best of everything, and hope the best for yourself. Harry Morey was Christopher, Maurice Costello was Henry, Betty Blythe was Barbara and Robert Gaillard was Dempsey in "The Man Who Won," released in July. Story was by Cyrus Townsend Brady.

DREAM GIRL.—Yes, Alice Brady is back in pictures. She is married. Dont complain. We did not make the world, but we may mend it, and must live in it. We shall find that it abounds with fools who are too dull to be employed and knaves who are too sharp to have to work.

ROBIN.—You think I am about the size of William Hart, with Douglas Fairbanks' smile and hair like William Farnum! Oh, I'm better looking than that. You just ought to get your peepers on me once and see how beautiful I am. Madge Evans in "Home Wanted," produced by Tefft Johnston.

BEEF.—Wallie Van is in Los Angeles now. Richard Barthelmess played with Nazimova, Florence Reed and Madge Kennedy before going with Griffith. Lillian Walker is coming to New York to play in a serial. Beware of the little green snake—it may be just as dangerous as a ripe one.

BANDANNA.—Thanks for the thrift stamp. No, I am neither. Of course I dance. Norma Talmadge is 22; Dorothy Phillips, 27; Agnes Ayres, 22, and Beverly Bayne, 24. Fatty Arbuckle remains with Paramount for three more years.

THOMAS R.—First you knew how Charles Chaplin looks human without his make-up on? Yes, indeed, he's quite human. No, I dont keep the addresses of my readers. Sorry. Donald Hall is playing in "The Carter Case," released by Oliver Corp.

SNOOKUMS.—Enjoyed reading your opinion. Aunt Eliza's opinion of some men is quite cruel. She says, "Men, fate and the pawnbrokers are very much alike. They find out the very least which you will accept, and then offer you just a little less." Girls, to be happy, put a high valuation on yourselves. Mary Miles Minter and Alan Forrest in "Social Briars."

NUTTY.—So you were crowded out of the Magazine. Yes, I know my space has been cut down a lot, hence so has yours. Why, J. W. Johnston was Horace in "On the Quiet." Frances Burnham in "On the Jump." Suff-ren slippers, but you wont obey me!

ESTHER K.—You want an interview with little Mary Jane Irving. Perhaps later.

MISS VIVAUDOU.—Yes, it is a very amusing world if you do not refuse to be amused. Montagu Love is playing on Broadway in "The Net."

FRANK E. H.—Eternal vigilance is the price of keeping track of the players. Will have to call them shooting stars—they shoot from one place to another so much. I was all wrong about Doris Kenyon last month. She is with the Dietrich-Beck combination—I had another Doris in mind. Sessue Hayakawa in "The Man Beneath." Neva Gerber and Ben Wilson are married, but not to each other.

EAGLE ROCK.—I'll have you understand I am not an old man—only seventy-nine. Always respect old age—except when you get stuck on a pair of old spring chickens. Pauline Frederick in "The Peace of Roaring River." Tom Moore in "Lord and Lady Algy."

TROY O.—Yes, Jim Corbett played in that Universal. Corinne Griffith was born in Texas. Yes, Douglas Fairbanks is building a home in Los Angeles, near the Beverly Hills Hotel, costing about $175,000, with bowling alley, private projection room, swimming pool, etc., etc., but I wouldn't trade all that for my hallroom.

STELLA.—Welcome! Friends are divided into two great classes—those you need and those who need you. You want a picture of Constance Talmadge on the cover of the MAGAZINE, and a picture of Wallace Reid on the cover of the CLASSIC. Editor, please note: You've got the right idea.

FRANCES III.—Home, James; home, James! You want me to answer your questions in the Boston *Post*. Now, if you will arrange with that paper to help me add to my income tax, I'll seriously entertain your proposition. You're wrong, all wrong. No, Billie West isn't playing now. If you dont see your answers, Francis, let me know.

EMMA MAY D.—The only way you can see the picture is to have your theater manager try to run it. Norma Talmadge's next is a Russian story. And then you will see Marc MacDermott, Marguerite Clayton, Marguerite Courtot and Betty Hutchinson.

BOB WHITE.—Yes, but the men should work and think and the women love. Monroe Salisbury is with Universal. Marshall Farnum is not a brother to the other Farnums.

CURIOSITY.—Cant tell the name of the second oldest brother in "The Heart of Humanity." Elliott Dexter is the husband of Marie Doro. Billy Elmer was the burglar in "The Dub." Light. Theda Bara's next is "When Men Desire."

EDAYN M. J.—Carlyle says, "There are remedies for everything but death," so get busy and recover. If I were to give you the cast for the three plays you mention, you would take all the space allotted to me. Send a stamped, addressed envelope.

GREEN-EYED FLOSSIE.—Cast your optics on the paragraph at the beginning of this department.

Classified Department—Continued from page 100

PEGGY, 20.—No, the two literary editors are not related, except that one is a smith and the other a nailer. Sounds like a blacksmith or carpenter shop, doesn't it? So you thought the two little stars on the covers stood for men in service. That's a good joke on you. No, Peggy, they are private news company marks. Ormi Hawley was there, all right. You know she has gotten much thinner. Ormi has a pretty face, but she was on the road to obesity for a while.

AUDIE T.—So you have been doing your bit. Good! Yes, indeed, young ladies should be employed in the post-office, because then they can manage the males. Boy, water please. (Turn on the hose!)

HENRY E., BERLIN, N. H.—Henry, and you living in Berlin? You should change the name to Lerbin. Write Norma Talmadge at Talmadge Studios, 318 E. 48th St. Try *Moving Picture World*.

LOCKWOOD FANNETTE.—Some day you may be discovered. A motion picture director is not like an astronomer—unless it is when he discovers a new star.

A WOMAN.—But where is the rest of you—address, name, etc.?

IONA FORD.—Have you got it yet? Well, it's a rattling good car. Oh, I get $10 a week now, and I will be owning a Ford one of these days. Got a raise on the first. Yep! Now I can buy war saving stamps, and buttermilk, and chocolates, and chewing-gum, and live comfortably. It is difficult for a woman to keep a secret, but I know more than one man who is a woman in that respect.

MOUNTAIN LASSIE.—Whoop-la, and a couple of tuts! And a hull lot of gnashing of teeth! Here's a reader who dont think I get all the letters that are answered. Zounds and gadzooks! Ask the housekeeper who empties my basket. And such questions you ask! "Do Alice Brady and Pearl White smoke cigarets?" Norma Nichols was Chiquita in "The Ne'er-Do-Well," by Selig.

RUEBIE B.—You have a great opinion of me. Harry Morey in "Hoarded Assets." Both Sessue Hayakawa and his wife, Tsuru Aoki, had the flu.

ELLA M. S.—You say, in putting a tax on rouge, Uncle Sam makes it a war-paint. To arms! Ella, your letter reminds that the mind of the idler never knows what it wishes for. Pat O'Malley and Marie Walcamp are playing in "The Fifth Ace," directed by J. P. MacGowan. Zoe Ray with Universal on the coast.

LUELLA B.—You want too much information. See you later.

LOVIE.—A *serviette* means a napkin in French. But it's not death, it is dying, that alarms most of us. Mary Boland in "The Prodigal Wife." Harry Hilliard and Edith Roberts in "Set Free."

M. P.—You want a picture of Eugene O'Brien on the cover. All right, we'll think it over. And you want Richard Tucker in the gallery. All right, we'll think that over, too. And you want a biography of the Answer Man in THE CLASSIC. Not at all, and we wont think that over. Nothing doing! Pat O'Malley played Tom in "She Hired a Husband."

MAYME A.—Most of your questions have been answered above. God bless 'em, we couldn't get along without the fools. If they could look wise and say nothing and not write letters, nobody would ever take them for fools, and they might even be mistaken for philosophers.

SEMPER FIDELIS.—Roy Stewart was with Triangle. Dick Barthelmess is about 5 feet 7 inches tall. Thanks for your hopes. You are studying to be a sculptor. Your letter is interesting. Phidias was a celebrated sculptor of Athens, whom Pericles appointed superintendent of all the public works, both of architecture and statuary, and I suggest that you read his biography.

ROSALIND F.—Mary Pickford is about 5 feet tall, or rather, short. Shirley Mason 5 feet and Viola Dana 4 feet 11 inches. Bert Lytell and Mary Anderson in "The Spender."

MA CHERIE.—You bet I'm a jolly old cuss. Usually he who talks much accomplishes little, and that's why I am sometimes taken for a clam. That was Emmy Wehlen in "Sylvia on a Spree." (*Continued on page* 105)

Greatest of All Popularity Contests

Unique Competition in Which the Voters Share in the Prizes

WHO IS THE ONE GREAT STAR OF THE SCREEN?
Is it CHARLIE CHAPLIN or ELSIE FERGUSON?
Is it RICHARD BARTHELMESS or WILLIAM S. HART?

Concerning this matter there is great difference of opinion. Every fan, in fact, has his own idol. The Wall street broker swears by MARY PICKFORD; his wife thinks TOM MIX is the best actor the cinema has produced; the office boy has a "crush" on THEDA BARA and the stenographer collects photographs of DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.

What do **you** think? If you had a vote would you give it to NAZIMOVA or to LILLIAN GISH? Would you vote for a man or a woman or for little BEN ALEXANDER?

Shadowland, Motion Picture Magazine, and **Motion Picture Classic**—the three great magazines of the Motion Picture world—have decided to refer this question to their readers by taking a popular, world-wide vote. In regard to matters concerning the stage and theater their audience is the most intelligent and discerning; the most wide-awake and well-informed in the world today. If any picture patrons can pick out the leading star, it will be those who read **Shadowland,** the **Magazine** and **Classic.**

The coupons will show you how to enter your own name and the name of your favorite player. But you may vote on an ordinary sheet of paper in Class Number 2 provided you make the ballot the same size and follow the wording of this coupon. We prefer the printed coupons for uniformity and convenience in counting.

There will be prizes for voters and prizes for stars.

Votes registered in Class Number 1 will probably be cast by favor. Votes registered in Class Number 2 will call for a wide knowledge of the Motion Picture business, keen powers of perception and skill at detecting the trend of popular favor. You cannot guess the winner offhand.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. The contest began on December 1, 1919, and will close on June 30, 1920.
2. There will be seven ballots as follows:

December	1919 ballot
January	1920 ballot
February	1920 ballot
March	1920 ballot
April	1920 ballot
May	1920 ballot
June	1920 ballot

3. The result of each month's ballot will be published in each one of our magazines the second month following such ballot.
4. No votes will be received prior to the opening date or after the date of closing.
5. Each person entering the contest and observing the rules thereof shall have the privilege of voting once in each class, each month, for each one of our magazines. You may send us one vote in each class for **Shadowland** every month, and the same for **Motion Picture Magazine** and yet again the same for **Classic.** Thus, you will have three votes in Class No. 1 each month, and three votes in Class No. 2 each month.

Class Number 1

Shadowland, Magazine and **Classic:**
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I consider ..... the most popular player in the entire field of Motion Pictures.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....
State.....
Country.....
(Dated).....

Class Number 2

Shadowland, Magazine and **Classic:**
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I believe that ..... will win the Big Three Popularity Contest with ..... **votes.**

Name.....
Street.....
City.....
State.....
Country.....
(Dated).....

Remember! This is the greatest player contest in history.

Elliott Dexter Has Come Back

By MAUDE YORKE

It was a red letter day at the Lasky studio in Hollywood—Elliott Dexter had come back!

For six months he had been ill, at times perilously near the border-line, and great was the rejoicing among friends and associates to have him among them once more, well and strong.

After the camera man had celebrated the event by taking several pictures of him with Cecil De Mille and Tommy Meighan, we found a quiet little nook to talk it all over.

Mr. Dexter is thinner, both in face and body, but this merely adds a new distinction to his good looks and he is handsomer than ever, while the quiet dignity, ever one of his chief charms, is perhaps, intensified. His dark eyes are clear, his cheeks bronzed, for he has spent many of the recuperating days at the beach, and he declares that he possesses more vigor and strength than ever before.

"Queer thing," he remarked, reflectively, after asking permission to light his pipe. "But it seems as if we must all have a good, hard bump of some kind to wake us up. This is the first illness I have ever had and I assure you I went thru every possible mental state during those long months.

"There was a time, at the very first, when I didn't care if I recovered, and all my old interests seemed to drift away. I didn't want to think of pictures or my career, in fact, nothing seemed worth while, but *now*," and he squared his broad shoulders and laughed, "I can hardly wait to begin my new picture.

"*Everything* interests me, I feel thoroly fit, and I want to plunge in and make up for all this lost time. I guess a little introspection and retrospection does one good. My whole viewpoint seems changed, I have learnt much during the months while I have been absent from the world and I am sure I shall do better work than ever before."

"As a star, too!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," he laughed, boyishly, "as a star! My illness came just as I had reached the goal for which I had been working during these three and a half years in motion pictures. I was to have played in Cecil De Mille's 'Male and Female,' then be starred, but—I took to my bed instead. Seems years since I had to give up.

"I am quite mad about my first picture which is to be 'The Prince Chap.'

"*Any* part that is consistent and human, I enjoy playing," replied Mr. Dexter to my question as to his favorite rôle. "I found much satisfaction in the

(*Continued on page* 108)

Photograph above by Evans, L. A.

Two glimpses of Elliott Dexter upon his return to the Lasky studio after his serious illness. The camera shows Dexter being greeted by Thomas Meighan, Cecil De Mille, Wallie Reid and Wanda Hawley

Photograph by W. R. Scott

The Movie Encyclopedia

(*Continued from page* 102)

SLIM H.—Yes, I have noticed the tight skirts. How could I help it? They are decreed to prevent the girls from running after our returned soldiers. Skirts that they cant run in, shoes that they cant walk in, corsets they cant breathe in—such is woman! Alice Brady and Conrad Nagel will be seen in "Redhead" (Select.)

GEORGE N. C.—Couldn't comply with your request, son. Join one of the clubs.

M. A.—Donald Hall with Goldwyn last.

WALLACE REID FAN.—They all do it sooner or later—Katherine Lee, age nine, and Jane, age six, have started their own company. Nothing like getting a little *leeway* in pictures. Some one told you Pearl White had no ears—cant you see for yourself? 'Deed she has ears, and they are like Pearls.

TWO BUGS.—What kind of bugs? Dont you think that men in general are but children of a larger growth? So you thought Eugene O'Brien and Norma Talmadge were ideal, and that when it came to kissing they were bears. You say, "You are old enough to know better than to tease your readers that way." Why, do you know a better way?

FRENCHY.—Dick Barthelmess is not married.

PRINCE DANTAN.—Sure I would be content with little if nobody had any more. Thanks for the picture. You're not a bad-looking chap after all. Fairbanks twins are on the stage in New York. We have no photographs of Florence LaBadie for sale. Run in again.

NORMA TALMADGE ADMIRER.—So this is your first to me. You say you had an appointment at the Commodore Hotel to meet Lillian Gish, and you got "cold feet" and were afraid to meet her. Try woolen socks.

MARC MACDERMOTT FOREVER.—Last I heard of him he was free-lancing. Jennie Lee, of the old Biograph pictures, is playing in "Jim of the Rangers."

PINKY ROSE.—You want me to tell you how Gladden James ever got into pictures. Is this an inquiry or a stiletto thrust?

DORIS N.—Robert Louis Stevenson was the author of "To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little and spend a little less, to make the world a little happier by our presence—here is a worthy task." We had an interview with Elsie Ferguson in June CLASSIC.

JO JOKEY.—Why, the word Czar comes from Cæsar and became adopted thru Simeon, Grand Khar of Constantinople, A. D. 900. Cæsar has become, in German, Kaiser, and that individual has become obsolete. "Shadows of the Pasts" is Anita Stewart's next picture.

A. V. R.—Yes, I believe in prayer, but the best way to get a prayer answered is to pray hard, then get out and hustle. That's what I do. Sorry I haven't his name.

HOUSE PETERS FAN.—Yes, everybody ought to read "Don Quixote." Cervantes laid many of the scenes in La Mancha, an old province of Spain, in the southern part of New Castile. Gail Kane is on the stage. Sure I can keep a secret. Age is the only secret a woman can keep.

BILL FARNUM LOVER.—Yes, and the old fellows who used to whittle the chairs from under them now go to a movie show. William Farnum has been playing for about five years. You're excused.

CONSTANCE M.—You say all you have to have to get in the movies is luck. Then all players must be lucky, which is not so. No, no, little one, you're all wrong. Yes, Charles Clary is married.

RED HEAD.—You have been reading Darwin, I'll wager. Our ancestors, even tho they were monkeys, weren't so ignorant as some folks fancy—they were generally educated in the higher branches. *Pardonnez moi.* You ask what was my ambition when I was small—if it will give you any pleasure, to be a policeman. To be continued.

ANNA L. F., MEMPHIS.—Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of film manufacturers. The stage has had all the characteristics. In Greece, it was a form of religion. The Greek theater had all the beauties. The world progressed, and light always came from the stage.

SHADOWLAND

A MAGAZINE OF BEAUTY

. . . "The best in this kind are but Shadows and the worst no worse, if imagination but emend them."

SHAKESPEARE.

Among the hundreds of letters and telegrams addressed to us by friends of SHADOWLAND there were many felicitous phrases. One of these lingers in the mind like a strain of music. "SHADOWLAND!" said a poet, "is the BROKEN BLOSSOMS of the magazine world!" This, in our opinion, is about the highest praise a magazine can win.

We dreamed of creating a magazine that would be useful, inspiring, uplifting and appreciative of all the arts. Beyond all this, we dreamed of creating a magazine that would be prized for sheer beauty alone—a magazine that would give one a thrill comparable to that which one receives from a bouquet of wild roses on a cottage window sill.

If we have come so near to our ideal that SHADOWLAND suggests the Griffith masterpiece; if it is the BROKEN BLOSSOMS of the magazine world, or nearly, it has not been done in vain. Beauty, like a fairy godmother, will watch over it as it grows up and beauty lovers everywhere will take it to their hearts.

SHADOWLAND

175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York

Elliott Dexter Has Come Back

(*Continued from page* 104)

'Squawman,' for he was a great character and held my interest from first to last. So was my rôle in Mary Pickford's 'Romance of the Redwoods.' The man was redeemed thru a woman's love and this situation is always a vital one.

"I believe I took a keener pleasure in making 'Dont Change Your Husband,' than I have in any picture. There was comedy and emotional acting, with a splendid opportunity for good character work which I always gladly welcome. It is an inspiration to be under De Mille's direction. He works much as they do on the stage, making the scenes as they come in the story, whenever possible. This keeps us in the spirit of the action, and when, at last, we gather up all the currents of the plot in the final scenes, we can give a more convincing climax.

"Making motion pictures reminds me of a dress rehearsal on the stage. Everything is perfect, yet there is no responsive audience to applaud or criticise, and we all miss it. This is partly met thru the fan letters, and I assure you I read every one that comes to me, appreciating the words of encouragement and deriving some of the same thrills that applause would bring."

Elliott Dexter's voice is full and deep and he speaks slowly, betraying his Southern origin, for he was born in Galveston, Texas. From his earliest childhood he dreamed of a stage career and at the first opportunity he went to New York, planning to enter a dramatic school, but instead joined a stock company.

"My first appearance was in 'The Great Diamond Robbery,' and, tho I was merely 'suping,' I was the happiest boy in the world," said Mr. Dexter. "I remember that on that very night, standing in the wings, I solemnly determined to work on until I became a star.

"This was the beginning; there were much hard work and many disappointments before me, but it is wonderful what a tremendous force ambition is in our lives—the moment we attain even a little success, we no longer count our struggles."

Mr. Dexter's stage experience included playing in "The Tyranny of Tears," with John Drew; "The Heir of the Hurrah," with Guy Bates Post; "Diplomacy," and with "The Lily."

After reaching stardom on the stage he was willing to experiment in pictures and played with Marguerite Clark in "Helene of the North." Tho enjoying the work and seeing the possibilities he was not quite ready to forsake the spoken drama and went back for a season before making another picture. This time it was with Hazel Dawn in "The Masquerader." When this was completed he had fully succumbed to the lure of motion pictures, and casting his lot with them he has steadily ad-

(*Continued on page* 110)

SHADOWLAND

A Magazine for Dreamers

"Many a man has a secret dream
Of where his heart would be;
Mine is a low verandahed hut
In a tope beside the sea."

So sang **Laurence Hope** and few people knew more about dreams and shadows than she did. Dreams were all about her —the pink flowering almonds of Kandahar—the hiding places of the blue poppy—the purple fields of peaks that stretch from Northern India to the snows of Thibet—the shadow of clouds upon fields of iris—the shadows of moonlight falling on mosque and tower and minaret. To read her is to see the Char Minar again, to feel once more the scent of the yellow jessamine and the champac.

Every dreamer knows that the shadow is sometimes more than the substance—it was Emerson himself who said that the faintest reverie is divine.

Shadowland will call your dreams to mind. Something of all men's dreams will come into it—the dream home and the dream child; dream pictures; dream plays and the players that haunt our dreams; poetry and those age-long dreams of the human race—health and happiness.

If **Laurence Hope** could come back to the world she loved, we venture to say that she would like **"Shadowland."**

She would say that it fits into a world where dreams are king —where men first dream of what they wish to do and then find means to make their dreams come true.

If you are a dreamer, you belong to us.

SHADOWLAND, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York

Eiliott Dexter Has Come Back

(*Continued from page* 108)

vanced until now he takes his place in the ranks of the foremost favorites.

Elliott Dexter has not depended on his charming personality and his good looks for popularity, but he has given us splendid acting that makes his finely drawn characters stand out as real human beings. His work is always the essence of good taste and perfection of detail, and no less an authority than Cecil De Mille declares that his technique is the most finished of any actor on the screen today.

"Do you study the script and thus form the idea of your rôle?" I questioned, curious as to his mode of procedure.

Relighting his pipe, Mr. Dexter replied, "Usually De Mille tells us the story, painting it so vividly that I see my character, clear and distinct, as if it were photographed before me. I have always been able to do this, for even on the stage I visualized my rôle with the entire action, as soon as I read the play."

"What a gift for directing!" I exclaimed. "Will you direct—some day?"

"I hope so," he smilingly confessed. "I can think of no greater satisfaction than to have directed a successful picture, and seeing it on the screen know it will be shown all over the world, swaying thousands with its message."

"It must give you a little thrill to know so many friends and admirers are welcoming you back to health and the screen with sincere affection," I remarked, after Gloria Swanson, William De Mille, Wanda Hawley, Wallace Reid, Major Robert Warwick, Raymond Hatton, Alvin Wyckoff, and Director Wood had filed by joyfully extending their hearty greeting.

Mr. Dexter's voice was a bit husky as he replied, "I can never express all that it means to me. Oh, I am so happy to be back!" And stretching out his arms, he took in the whole world.

Elliott Dexter possesses a simplicity and a genuine modesty that are of a very fine quality. He has sounded a new depth, he has caught a new insight into emotional intensities, which promises an added strength and warmth in the upbuilding of his future work in motion pictures.

THE WRITING FAMILY

By La Touche Hancock

We are a writing family,
  We are! We are! We are!
My mother, brother, sister,
  Myself, and even pa!
Mother writes short stories,
  Which nobody will read;
Sister's writing play on play,
  Which never will succeed!
I write so-called poetry,
  Which nobody will print;
Despite rejection notices
  I never take the hint!
Brother writes facetious screeds,
  Which are the greatest trash,
While pa writes checks upon his bank,
  Which nobody will cash!
Oh! we are a writing family,
  We are! We are! We are!

Fame and Fortune Contest for 1920

THE first Fame and Fortune Contest having come to a happy and successful end, and several prospective stars of the first magnitude having been selected and started on their careers, it is with pleasure that we announce a similar contest for the year 1920, beginning with the January number of

Motion Picture Magazine, Classic and Shadowland

Once more we shall go thru America with a fine-tooth comb, as it were, in search for budding beauties with Motion Picture ambitions. No longer can any young lady or girl say that she has not had a chance. We shall give them all a chance—that is, every one that appears to have sufficient personality, charm, beauty and winsomeness. The first test is the photograph. If that gives promise, we publish it and ask for more. If the others are equally promising, we secure a personal interview, and finally we make a "test" Moving Picture and send it broadcast thru the theaters. Many of the girls whose pictures appeared in the Honor Rolls of our magazines, received many flattering offers from producing companies, and this proves that we are doing a good thing for ambitious American beauties, even tho we might err in our final judgment in selecting the winners. The Honor Rolls will continue each month in all of our publications, thus giving something like *two hundred* girls *honorable* mention, including a published photo. One or more of these we promise will be made

Stars of International Fame

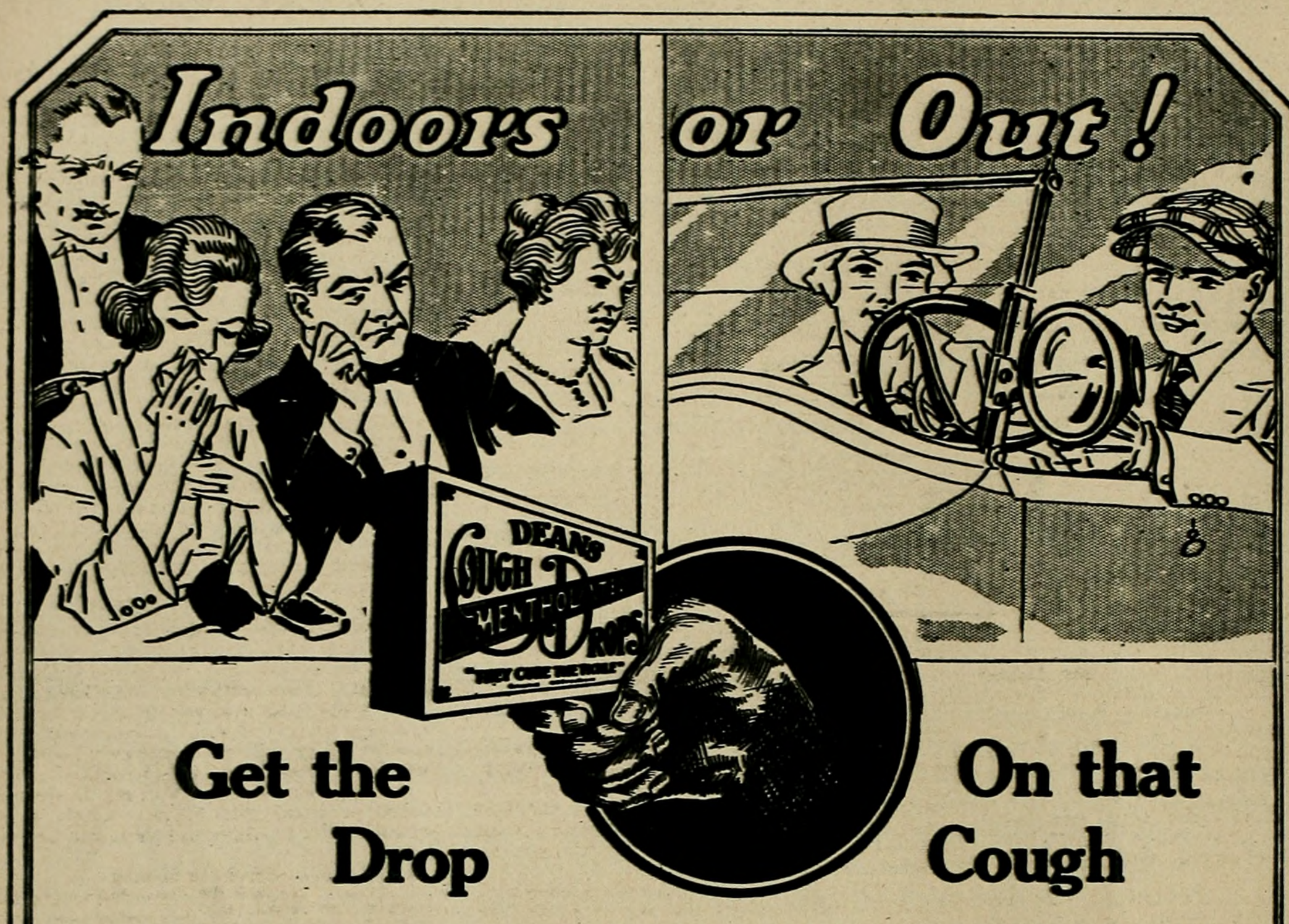
Just think of what a prize this is! The contest just closed attracted nation-wide attention. The newspapers everywhere published illustrated accounts of our final test, and several of the News Weeklies of Current Events showed scenes of the happy party at Roslyn, which were flashed on nearly every screen thruout the United States.

What an opportunity! If it does not interest *you*, tell your neighbor about it or your distant friend—they may have a daughter just looking for a chance of this kind.

One thing we want to impress upon all aspirants—be careful in the choice of the photograph you submit. Postcard photos will not do. Poorly printed photos, and small ones, cannot be considered. We feel that many beautiful girls lost out in the last contest just because they did not go to the trouble of consulting a good photographer. Furthermore, dont submit *photos that lie!* They may get you on the Honor Roll, but they will never see you thru. We recall in the last contest several young ladies who submitted wonderful pictures, and succeeded in getting on the Honor Roll, but when they appeared on the scene, alas, we found that the *camera had lied.* We want pictures that do you full justice, even flattering ones, but not dishonest ones. If you are a giant or a midget, if you have an impossible profile, or an ugly nose, or some other defect, dont let the photographer conceal these things—it will be to your loss and disadvantage in the end. Your features may not be perfect, but you may win in spite of that—only, we want to know all. Hence, please do not try to deceive us. Make yourself appear to the best advantage, but do not overdo it.

Rules and date of Contest opening to be announced in next issue.

Select Your Photographs Now!



Get the Drop On that Cough

In that tense, still moment at the climax of the play—a cough! Annoying of course, and unnecessary. Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops prevent it.

Or motoring along some smooth highway—everything serene—but for dust and wind that dry the throat and induce a cough—unless one has Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops.

A preventive when the first slight sensation in the throat is felt—"they cure the tickle." A delicious and pleasant source of relief for harsh, rasping, stubborn coughs—Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops. Good for the whole family.

Have a box on hand always—indoors or out.

DEAN MEDICINE COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

DEANS COUGH MENTHOLATED DROPS

How We Stopped the Leaks that Kept Us Poor

How Howard Lindsay and His Wife discovered an Easy Way to Save ONE-THIRD of Their Income. A Secret that Applies to Any Income.

By HARRISON OTIS

WHO should walk into the room but Howard Lindsay! Of all men perhaps he was the last I had expected to find as the president of this great new company. They had told me that Mr. Lindsay, of the Consolidated, was looking for a fine country home and was interested in buying the Dollard Place in Englewood; so as executor of the Dollard estate I had come to discuss the terms with him.

But Lindsay! Surely some miracle had happened. For it was the very man who had come to me "dead broke" about four years back and had asked me to help him get a new job.

"You are surprised, Mr. Otis, I can see that without your telling me. Let that real estate matter rest for a moment while I tell you how the change happened. It won't take five minutes. It all seems simple as A B C as I look back on it now.

How It All Began

"Our new life began when we discovered *how to save money.* That happened soon after I started in the new job you helped me secure. And it all came about right in my own home. Our sole source of supply was my salary of $3,000. That first year we didn't save a cent. Besides that, we woke up on New Year's day to find a big bunch of unpaid bills to be taken care of somehow or other out of future salary checks.

"When I asked myself the reason for all this I found that I did not *know* the reason, and no more did my wife, because we hadn't the faintest idea what our money had been spent for.

"Then we looked around among our friends and learned a great lesson.

"The Weeds, I knew, were getting more than $5,000 a year. They lived in a modest apartment, did not wear fine clothes, seldom went to the theatre, did little entertaining, yet we knew they barely had enough money to pay current bills.

"In the case of the Wells, I found a very different story and one that set me thinking hard. Their income was $2,000 a year, yet, to my amazement, they confided to us that they had saved $600 a year ever since they were married. They didn't have any grand opera in their program—except on their little Victrola—but they did go to the theatre regularly, they wore good clothes, entertained their friends at their home and were about the happiest and most contented couple of all our married friends.

"The difference between these two families was that in one case the expenditures were made without any plan—while in the other the income was regulated on a weekly budget system.

"We sat down that evening and made up a budget for *all* our expenses for the next fifty-two weeks. We discovered leaks galore. We found a hundred ways where little amounts could be saved.

"In one short month we had a 'strangle hold' on our expenses and knew just where we were going. In one year my wife proudly produced a bank book showing a tidy savings account of $800.

My New Grip on Business

"In the meantime an extraordinary change had come over me in business.

"I didn't fully realize this until the president called me in one day and said, 'Lindsay, you have been doing exceptionally well. I have been studying your work for the last year and you have saved the company a lot of money. We have decided to give you an interest in the business.'

"So there you are. It is wonderful, isn't it? I often wish I might tell my story to the thousands of young married couples who are having the hardest time of their lives just when they ought to be having the best time."

So now I have the opportunity and you are lucky, if only you will act on the wonderful message this story contains.

HARRISON OTIS.

The Magic Budget Plan

The Ferrin Money Making Account System is built on the experience of Howard Lindsay. This system, which is simplicity itself, comprises:

The Ferrin Money Making Account Book.

The Ferrin Kitchen Calendar (for the household).

The Ferrin Pocket Account Book.

The Ferrin Investment and Insurance Register.

The Ferrin Household Inventory and Fire Insurance Record.

Compact information is given on Making a Budget, Keeping Expense Accounts, Making Safe Investments, Making an Inventory of Household Goods.

There is no red tape or complicated bookkeeping in this system—it is so simple that any one can keep it—so convenient that you will not notice the few moments of your time required to make entries. The Pocket Account Book (price when sold separately 50 cents) contains *printed* slips so that you have only to jot down the amounts of your daily expenditures. The Kitchen Calendar (price 50 cents) keeps track of household expenses. At the end of each week or month these amounts are transferred to the Money Making Account Book, which contains 112 pages, size 8¼x10¾ inches, and is bound in half blue Silk Cloth Back—Cadet Blue Cover, Paper Sides—Turned Edges, semi-flexible, stamped in gold on Front Cover. This book has been prepared by an expert to fit any salary from the smallest to the largest. Incorporated in it is a recapitulation for every month of the year, which shows at a glance the Budget and the amounts paid out during the month for the various classified items of expense. It is the only book to our knowledge which has a Budget column for every month. Special columns are provided for items on which an income tax does not have to be paid, so that these amounts may be deducted at the end of the year.

One Money Saving Feature

A war tax is now levied on almost every kind of article you buy. Few people know that the amounts so paid on daily purchases may properly be deducted from their income tax report. By keeping track of these war taxes on the pages for daily expenditures, and transferring the weekly or monthly totals to the Money Making Account Book, you will effect a saving on your income tax that will surprise you and that will pay the small price of the System many times over.

The Ferrin Investment Insurance Register is designed to keep an accurate record of your investments, insurance policies, etc. Contains 32 pages, size 5x8 inches, price separately, 50c. The Ferrin Inventory and Fire Insurance Record will enable you to make and keep a complete inventory of every room in the house; also provides for record of your fire insurance policy. It is an absolute necessity in case of a fire. It may save you many thousand times the cost, which is 50c when sold separately.

Two Minutes a Day

The Ferrin Money Making Account System takes only two minutes a day. Any bright grammar school boy or girl can keep the accounts. This method is not a hard task.

Now you need not worry about the money you spend for clothes, food, rent or the theatre. You will spend it freely because you will know how much you can afford to spend.

The Ferrin Money Making System is a most practical gift to any newly married couple. Many people use them for Christmas gifts.

Send No Money

See how magically the Ferrin Money Making Account System works, no matter how much or how little your income. We know what you will think of it when you see it. So we are willing to send you the complete system without your sending us any money in advance. Just mail the coupon, and back will come the system by return mail. If you feel that you can afford not to have it, simply send it back and you will owe nothing.

But when you have seen what big returns the Ferrin System will pay you, you will surely want to keep this wonderful aid to money-making, especially as we are now making a special, short-time offer of only $3 for the complete system.

You will appreciate what a remarkable offer this is when you consider that other expense account books are sold for $3 and cover a period of only two years. The Ferrin Money Making Account Book covers four years, and therefore has twice the value, $6. And in addition you get the Ferrin Kitchen Calendar, the Ferrin Pocket Account Book, the Ferrin Investment and Insurance Register, the Ferrin Household Inventory and Fire Insurance Record, each worth 50c, or $2.00. You have the opportunity, therefore, of securing $8 value for only $3.

But we can make this special combination offer only for a limited time. We expect to place this system in one hundred thousand homes this year. We want your home to be one of them. You are therefore urged to mail the coupon now—to do so costs nothing and does not obligate you in any way, and it may be a revelation to you of how much more you can get out of your income.

Read!

Letter from Head of Financial Department of largest corporation of its kind in the United States

Independent Corporation,

Gentlemen:—I consider your account book a remarkable contribution to the people of this country at this time.

In our company we have 5,000 employes and it was a revelation to me in giving them advice in regard to the making out of their income tax returns to find how few had any intelligent idea of their income and their living expenses.

The simplicity of your plan, which by comparison with previous methods of accour keeping would seem to be wellnigh automatic, appeals to me strongly.

They say you can't teach an old dog new tricks, but I will say to you that I am going to use the Ferrin Book for my own family expenses, and consider it will make money for me right from the start.

(Signed) D. S. BURTON.

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

Independent Corporation

Publishers of The Independent Weekly

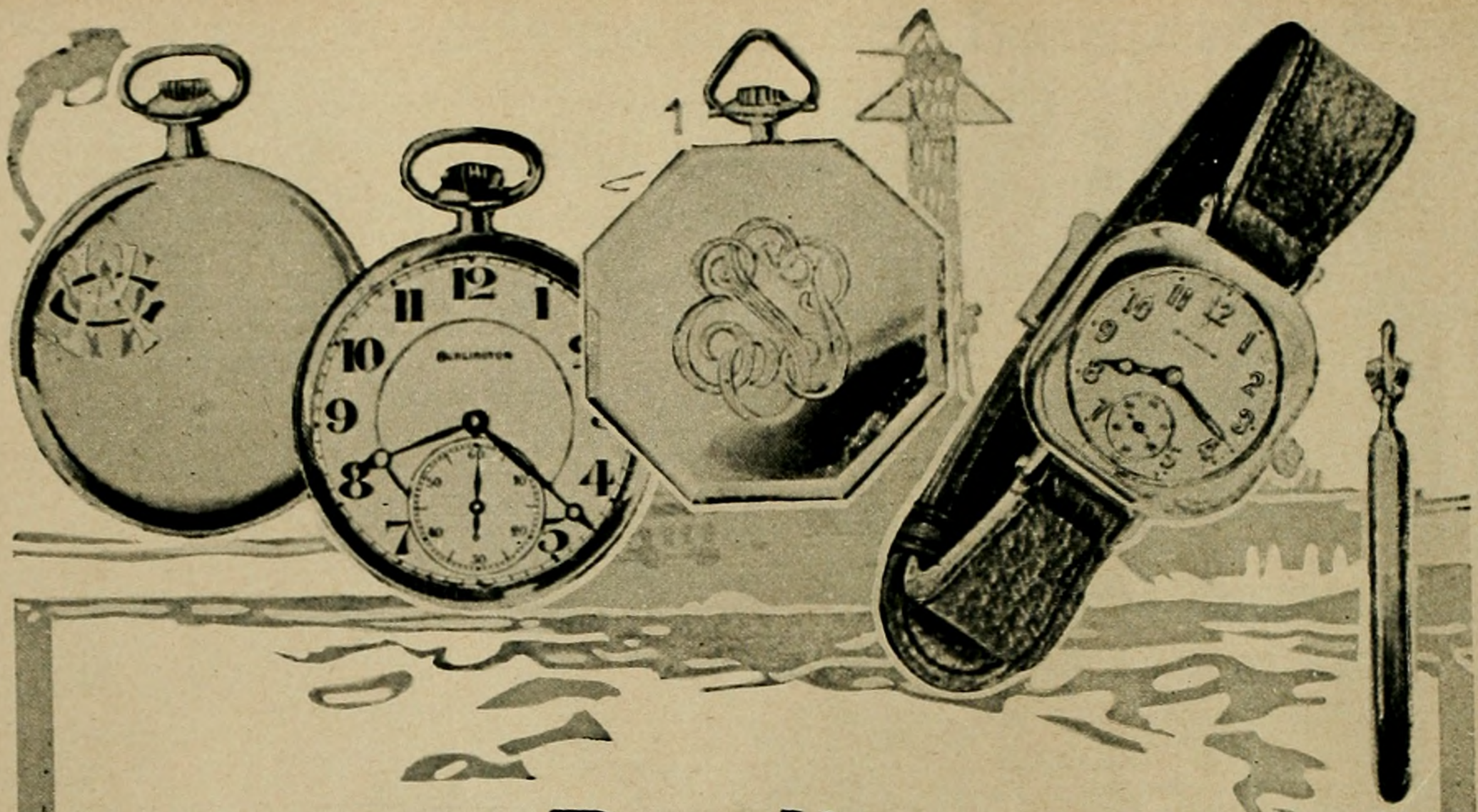
Dept. F-5712 — 119 W. 40th St., N. Y.

Please send me the Ferrin Money Making Account System (the entire five books) for Free Examination. I will send you $3 in full payment within 5 days after receipt, or return the books.

Name.....

Address.....

M.P.Classic—1-20



8,320 Burlingtons in the U. S. Navy—

8,320 Burlingtons have been sold to the men aboard the U. S. battleships. Pr ctically every vessel in the U. S. Navy has many Burlington watches aboard. Some have over 100 Burlingtons. The victory of the Burlington among the men in the U. S. Navy is testimony to Burlington superiority.

A watch has to be made of sturdy stuff in order to "make good" on a man-of-war. The constant vibration, the extreme heat in the boiler rooms, the cold salt air and the change of climate from the Arctic to the Tropical are the most severe tests on a watch. If a watch will stand up and give active service aboard a man-of-war, it will stand up anywhere.

21-Jewel Burlington $3.50 A Month

And yet you may get a 21-jewel Burlington for only $3.50 a month. Truly it is the master watch. 21 ruby and sapphire jewels, adjusted to the second, temperature, isochronism and positions. Fitted at the factory in a gold strata case, warranted for 25 years. All the newest cases are yours to choose from. You pay only the *rock-bottom-direct-price*—positively the exact price that the wholesale dealer would have to pay.

See It First! **You don't pay a cent to anybody until you see the watch. We ship the watch to you on approval. You are the sole judge. No obligation to buy merely because you get the watch on approval.**

Write for Booklet!

Put your name and address in the coupon or on a letter or post card now and get your Burlington Watch book free and prepaid. You will know a lot more about watch buying when you read it. Too, you will see handsome illustrations in full color of all the newest cases from which you have to choose. The booklet is free. Merely send your name and address on the coupon.

Burlington Watch Company,
19th Street and Marshall Blvd., Dept. 1261 Chicago, Illinois
Canadian Office: 355 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

Burlington Watch Co., Dept. 1261
19th Street & Marshall Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me (without obligations and prepaid) your free book on watches with full explanation of your cash or $3.50 a month offer on the Burlington Watch.

Name _____

Address _____

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Paris VIVAUDOU New York

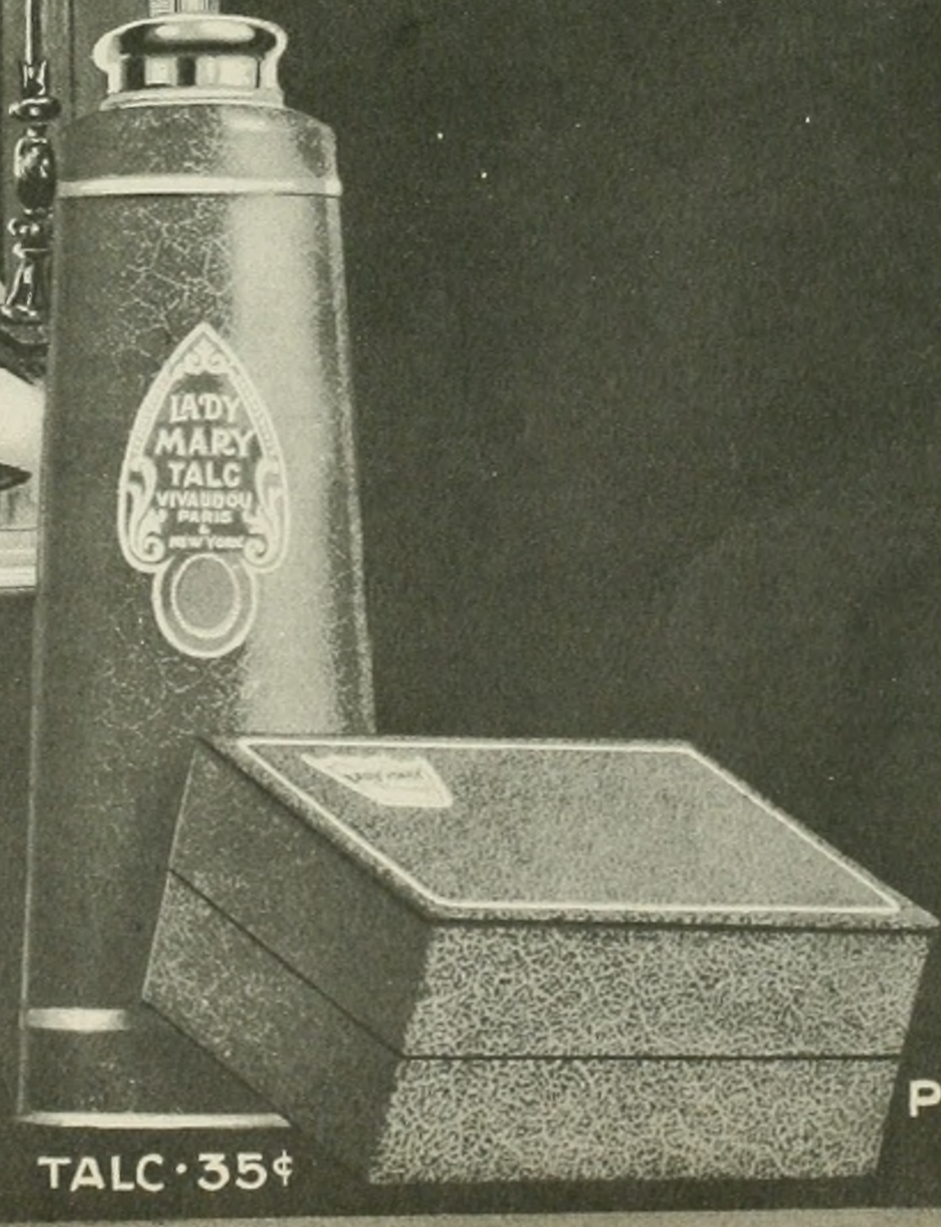
Lady Mary

The fashionable fragrance—

Fashionable—

because its delightful fragrance is a mark of distinction in fine homes.

Send 15c to Vivaudou, Times Building, New York, for a sample of Lady Mary Perfume.



TALC · 35¢

FACE POWDER 50¢

6-Piece Set
Fumed Solid Oak

$1.00 DOWN A Room Full of Furniture-

Send only $1.00 and we will ship you this handsome 6-piece library set. Only $1.00 down, then $2.70 a month, or only $29.90 in all. A positively staggering value and one of the biggest bargains ever offered. Look at the massive set, clip the coupon below and have it shipped on approval. Then see for yourself what a beautiful set it is. If you do not like it, return it in 30 days and we will return your money. All you have to do is send the coupon with $1.00. This magnificent library set is not shown in our regular catalog. The value is so wonderful and the demand so great that there aren't enough to go around. So send today—sure. Either have library set sent for you to see, or tell us to mail the catalog.

6 Pieces

This superb six-piece library set is made of selected solid oak throughout, finished in rich, dull waxed, brown fumed oak. Large arm rocker and arm chair are 36 inches high, seats 19x19 inches. Sewing rocker and reception chair are 36 inches high, seats 17x17 inches. All four pieces are padded, seats upholstered in brown imitation Spanish leather. Library table has 24 x 34 inch top, with roomy magazine shelf below, and beautifully designed ends. Jardiniere stand measures 17 inches high, with 12 inch top. Clip the coupon below, and send it to us with $1.00, and we will ship the entire six pieces, subject to your approval. **No C. O. D.** Shipped K. D. We ship K. D. so as to save you as much as one-half of the freight charges. Easy to set up. Shipping weight about 175 lbs. Money back if not pleased. **Order by No. B5824A Send $1.00 cash with order, $2.70 monthly. Price, $29.90. No discount for cash.**

Act Now—While This Special Offer Lasts

Don't wait a day longer. Sit down today and send in the coupon for this 6-piece fumed Solid Oak Library Set. For a limited time only are we able to offer you this stupendous bargain. Prices, as you know, on everything are going up, up, up. It is impossible to tell you just what day it will be necessary for us to increase the price of this wonderful fumed Solid Oak Library Set. So act, but act quick. Fill out the coupon and send it to us with the first small payment and we will ship you this wonderful 6-piece fumed Solid Oak Library Set. **Pieces not sold separately.**

Free Trial Coupon
STRAUS & SCHRAM,
Dept. 1551 W. 35th St., **Chicago**

Enclosed find $1.00. Ship special advertised 6 Piece Fumed Oak Library Suite. I am to have 30 days' free trial. If I keep the suite I will pay you $2.70 monthly. If not satisfied, I am to return the suite within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any freight charges I paid.

☐ 6-Piece Library Set, No. B5824A. $29.90.

Name.....

Address.....

Post Office.....*State*.....

If you ONLY want catalog put X in box below

☐ Furniture, Stoves and Jewelry
☐ Men's, Women's and Children's Clothing
☐ Roofing

Send Coupon

Along with $1.00 to us now. Have this fine library set shipped on 30 days' trial. We will also send our big Bargain Catalog listing thousands of amazing bargains. Only a small first payment and balance in monthly payments for anything you want. Send coupon today.

Easy Payments

Open an account with us. We trust honest people. No matter where you live, Send for this wonderful bargain shown above or choose from our big catalog. One price to all cash or credit. **No discount for cash.** Not one penny extra for credit. Do not ask for a special cash price. We cannot offer any discount from these sensational prices.

30 Day's Trial

Our guarantee protects you. If not perfectly satisfied, return the article at our expense within 30 days and get your money back—also any freight you paid. Could any offer be fairer?

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Send for it. Shows thousands of bargains in furniture, jewelry, carpets, rugs, curtains, silverware, **stoves, porch and lawn furniture,** women's, men's and children's wearing apparel. Send the coupon today.

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