

MOTION PICTURE

# CLASSIC

JUNE

25¢



Leo Sielke Jr.

VIRGINIA FAIRE

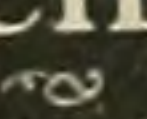
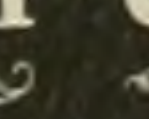
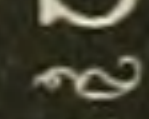
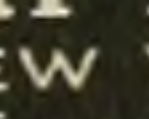




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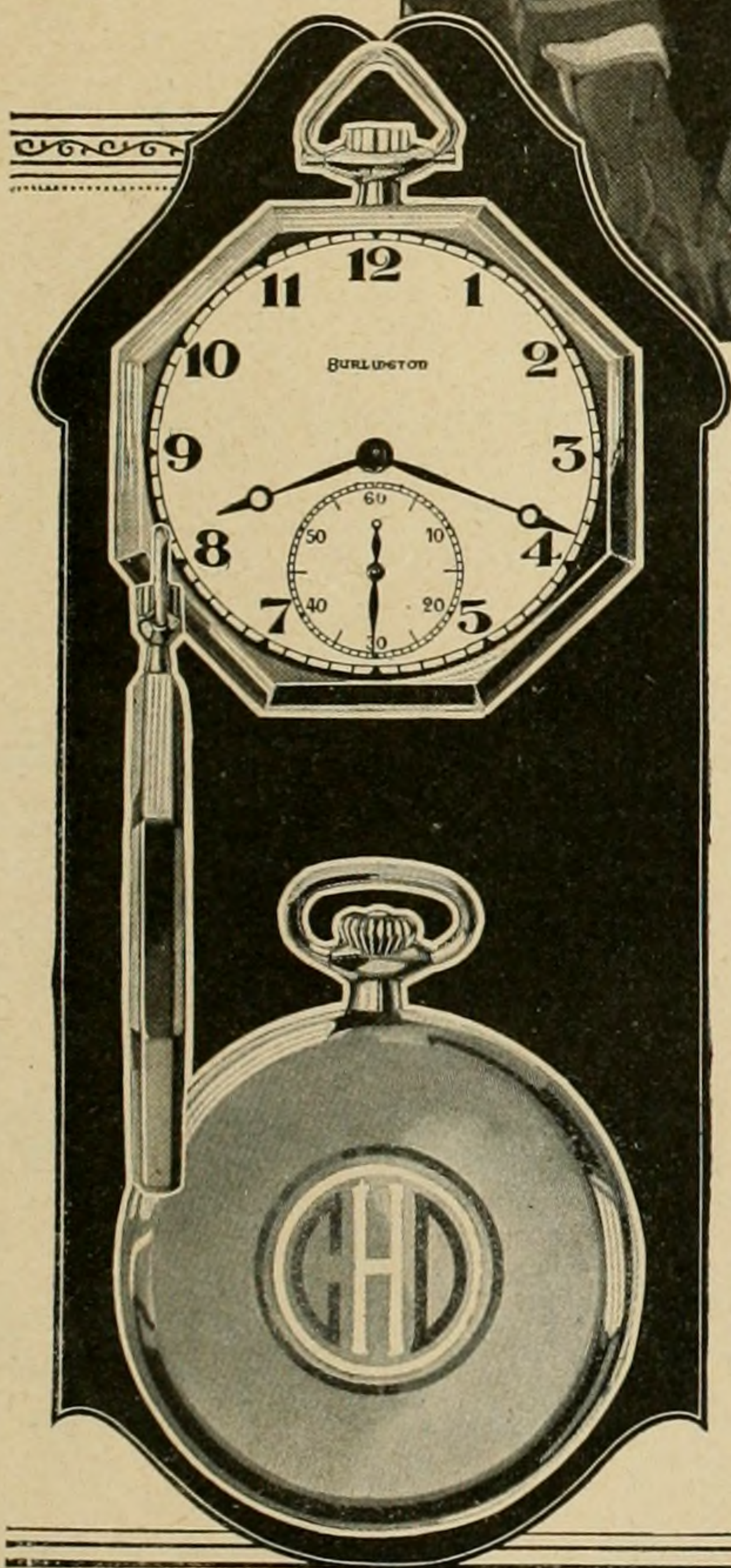
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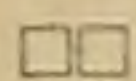
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"The Copperhead"  
With Lionel Barrymore  
Directed by Charles Maigne

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Production  
"Male and Female"

Cecil B. DeMille's  
Production  
"Why Change Your Wife?"

"Everywoman"  
Directed by George H. Melford  
With All Star Cast

George Fitzmaurice's  
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"On With the Dance!"

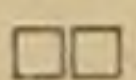
Wm. S. Hart in  
"The Toll Gate"  
A Wm. S. Hart Production

George H. Melford's  
Production  
"The Sea Wolf"

William D. Taylor's  
Production  
"Huckleberry Finn"

Maurice Tourneur's  
Production  
"Treasure Island"

George  
Loane Tucker's  
Production  
"The Miracle Man"



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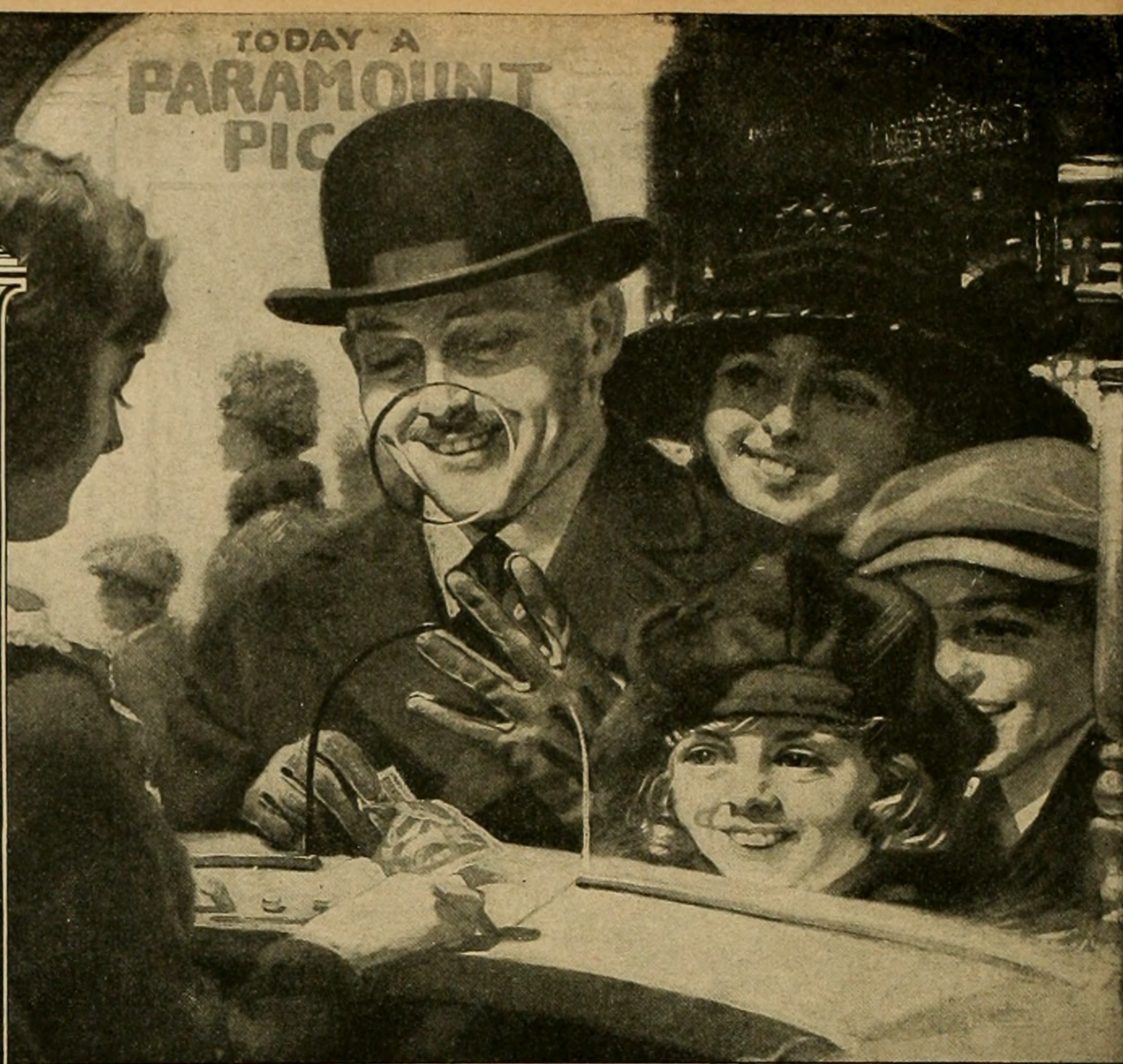


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# The July Motion Picture Magazine!

Some ten or twelve years ago a small periodical, hiding its trepidation under a cover photograph of Thomas A. Edison, went forth on its first journey alone, out into a very indifferent world. The trip could be easily compared to the first trip made by the brain-child of Robert Fulton.

This humble instrument of literature was none other than THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, the same magazine of today—and yet not quite the same, for the growth of its popularity has been remarkable—and tho the seas have sometimes been rough and the sailing uncertain, it has weathered all storms, arriving in port as the greatest magazine of its kind in the world!

You think this a rash statement, perhaps? Get the July number and judge for yourself!

The cover is the latest portrait of Miss Blanche McGarity, a winner of the Fame and Fortune Contest of 1919. There is also an interview with this newly arrived motion picture star.

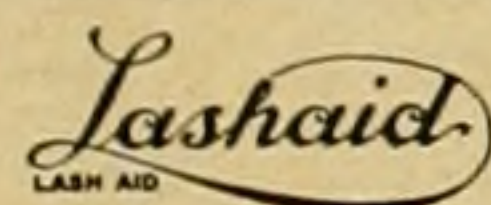
Wonder what a studio mail clerk thinks about? Especially when he has to stagger daily under the carloads of movie fan letters. In "The Confessions of a Studio Mail Clerk," by himself, you will find many new sidelights on this all-important subject.

Bert Lytell is seen thru the fascinated eyes of Elizabeth Peltret. Sometimes it is pretty nice to be an interviewer, says Elizabeth!

Brides are always interesting in the honeymoon stage, and when the bride happens to be Alice Joyce, the bright star of Vitagraph—well, you just have to read what Gladys Hall has to say about it in that interview she had with Alice t'other day!

And the new novelizations—and the new pictures of all the popular stars! And the latest California gossip told by "one who knows."

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# CONTENTS OF MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

Vol. X

JUNE, 1920

No. 4

### THE GIRL ON THE COVER

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

THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC takes a great deal of pleasure in presenting Virginia Brown Faire, one of the four winners of the 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest, as its cover subject. Miss Faire is already well upon her way to fame and fortune with the Universal Company, having a most unusual five-year contract.

Before the Fame and Fortune Contest discovered her, little Miss Faire was absolutely unknown. Her remarkable type of beauty quickly singled her out from among the thousands of contestants and later won her a place among the Universal featured players.

	PAGE
<b>Rotogravure Gallery of Players.</b> Full page studies of Richard Barthelmess, Madge Kennedy, Betty Blythe, Ruth Roland and Betty Ross Clarke.....	11-15
<b>B. C. 1920.</b> Meaning that the piquant Betty Compson becomes a star this year.....	<i>Frederick James Smith</i> 16
<b>The Mid-Day Frolic.</b> Where the stars of the "low-and-behold" comedies come from—and why.....	<i>Truman B. Handy</i> 18
<b>The Cost of the Modern Photoplay.</b> Allan Dwan presents interesting facts about the production of picture dramas.....	<i>Harrison Haskins</i> 21
<b>The Human Photoplay.</b> King Vidor talks about his ideas and his ideals. Both are unusual.....	<i>Maude S. Cheatham</i> 22
<b>Romance Comes to Priscilla.</b> That tomboy of the cinema, Priscilla Dean, bows to Cupid.....	<i>Mary Keane</i> 24
<b>Those Vampire Eyes.</b> .....	26
<b>The Man Who Killed.</b> Mae Murray's newest photoplay told in story form.....	<i>Dorothy Donnell</i> 27
<b>Alec Francis, Pioneer.</b> This able actor was one of the first actors to invade motion pictures.....	<i>Elizabeth Peltret</i> 32
<b>Seena Seen Scenically.</b> A lively little chat with that blending of the East and West, Seena Owen.....	<i>Faith Service</i> 34
<b>Cameo Cassinelli.</b> A colorful interview with the colorful Dolores Cassinelli.....	<i>Lillian Montanye</i> 36
<b>"The Blue Flame" of the Films.</b> Glimpses of Theda Bara in her stage venture.....	38
<b>Sick-a-Bed.</b> A charming story based upon Wallie Reid's newest comedy vehicle.....	<i>Olive Carew</i> 39
<b>The Celluloid Critic.</b> The newest photoplays in review.....	<i>Frederick James Smith</i> 44
<b>A Rose in the Bud.</b> The fascinating real life story of the pretty contest winner, Virginia Brown Faire.....	<i>Barbara Allen</i> 46
<b>What the Fame and Fortune Contest Means.</b> Together with the latest honor roll.....	48
<b>Warwick at Home.</b> Intimate glimpses of virile Robert Warwick.....	50
<b>The Greatest of Popularity Contests.</b> How the stars stand in this unique contest.....	51
<b>Impressions of Screen Folk.</b> Imaginative tabloid descriptions of prominent people of the silversheet.....	<i>Louise Fazenda</i> 52
<b>The Prince Chap.</b> An absorbing short story based upon the Paramount photoplay.....	<i>Faith Service</i> 53
<b>Double Exposures</b> .....	<i>Conducted by F. J. S.</i> 58
<b>The Movie Encyclopedia</b> .....	<i>The Answer Man</i> 92

### Look for the last minute features among the advertising pages

Subscription, \$2.50 a year, in advance, including postage in the U. S., Cuba, Mexico, and Philippines; in Canada, \$3.00 a year; in foreign countries, \$3.50. Single copies, 25 cents, postage prepaid. One- and two-cent stamps accepted. Subscribers must notify us at once of any change of address, giving both old and new address.

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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.



# Wanted: Screen Faces for the Movies

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For the first time in the history of moving pictures it is now possible for you to get consideration from the big film directors. No matter where you live, we get your photograph before the directors, many of whom are in urgent need of new "screen-faces."

Ralph Ince, famous Selznick director, says: "There are many young girls who could make good in the movies. I will be very glad to take advantage of your service." Marshall Neilan, known everywhere for his wonderful production, "The River's End," says: "I am convinced that the service you render screen aspirants offers many new personalities to moving picture directors." P. A. Powers, of Universal, says: "A new crop of film stars will be needed at once to supply the insistent demand."

With the assistance of famous directors and motion picture stars we have prepared a printed guide, "The New Road to Film Fame," just off the press, which tells you what to do and gives full directions.

It also contains endorsements of our service from famous people, statements from directors, portraits of celebrated stars and direct advice to you from Mollie King.

This is a fascinating profession paying big salaries. Don't miss this opportunity. Send ten cents (Postage or Coin) to cover postage and wrapping this new guide. Get it at once—it may start you on the road to fame and fortune. Screen Casting Directors Service, Dept. B-3, Wilmington, Delaware.

If you are not sincere in your desire to get in the movies, please do not send for this printed guide.



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What every young husband and Every young wife should know  
What every parent should know

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# 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.

**Belasco.**—"The Son-Daughter," with Lenore Ulric. George Scarborough and David Belasco's highly colored Chinese melodrama with the vivid Miss Ulric. One of the big hits of the season.

**Booth.**—"The Purple Mask," with Leo Ditrichstein. A stirring, romantic melodrama of the days of the First Consulate in France; tense, colorful and highly interesting. One of the best evening's entertainments in New York. Mr. Ditrichstein is delightful as the royalist brigand, the Purple Mask; Brandon Tynan is admirable as the republican police agent, Brisquet; Lily Cahill is a charming heroine, and Boots Wooster makes her bit of a peasant girl stand out.

**Broadhurst.**—"Smilin' Through," with Jane Cowl. An odd, but effective, drama which purports to show how those who have gone before influence and watch over our lives. Miss Cowl is exceedingly good as a piquant Irish girl and also as a spirit maid whose death occurred fifty years before. "Smilin' Through" will evoke your smiles and tears.

**Casino.**—"My Golden Girl." A passable musical entertainment with a score by Victor Herbert. A chorus girl, Jeannette Dietrich, scores the hit of the show.

**Central.**—"As You Were," with Irene Bordoni and Sam Bernard. A delightful musical show in which Miss Bordoni dazzles as the various sirens of history. Pleasant music and a pleasant chorus lend effective aid.

**Century.**—"Florodora." The much-heralded revival of the widely popular musical show of some twenty years ago. Done with charm, distinction and humor. Eleanor Painter's singing stands out vividly and George Hassell's humor is highly diverting. Then, of course, there is the famous "sextette." Here is a revival that really revives.

**Cort.**—"Abraham Lincoln." You should see this if you see nothing else on the New York stage. John Drinkwater's play is a noteworthy literary and dramatic achievement, for he makes the Great American live again. "Abraham Lincoln" cannot fail to make you a better American. Moreover, it is absorbing as a play. Frank McGlyn, a discovery, is a brilliant Lincoln.

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

**Eltinge.**—"Breakfast in Bed," with Florence Moore. A rather amusing farce satirizing the movies with vaudeville's lady clown, Miss Moore, working very hard to put it over.

**Empire.**—"Déclassée," with Ethel Barrymore. One of the big things of the dramatic season is this clever play by Zoe Akins. Whether or not it has the basis of truth, it is brilliantly written and is well played by Miss Barrymore.

**Forty-Eighth Street.**—"The Storm." A well-told melodrama of the lonely Northwest with a remarkable stage effect of a forest fire. Helen MacKellar is admirable as the piquant French-Canadian heroine.

**Forty-Fourth Street.**—"Look Who's Here," with Cecil Lean. A passable musical entertainment that entertains when Mr. Lean and Cleo Mayfield hold the center of the stage.

**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.

**Harris.**—"Three Showers." A musical comedy of Dixie, staged by the Coburns, who produced "The Better 'Ole." Rather dull and not very inspired. Anna Wheaton is the featured member of the cast.

**Hippodrome.**—"Happy Days." Big and spectacular production typical of the Hippodrome. The diving girls are again a feature, disappearing 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.

**Knickerbocker.**—"Shavings." A pleasant bucolic entertainment based upon Joseph C. Lincoln's familiar Cape Cod stories. Harry Beresford is featured in a gentle, whimsical characterization.

**Little Theater.**—"Beyond the Horizon," by Eugene O'Neill. This powerful drama was produced at a series of special matinées and proved so successful that it won a theater all its own. A gripping study of a human being crushed by environment, told with compelling force. One of the biggest native dramas of years. Richard Bennett heads a remarkable cast.

**Maxine Elliott's.**—"What's In a Name?" The most beautiful musical entertainment, with the possible exception of the Ziegfeld revues, yet seen on Broadway. Colorful new art stage designs, remarkable use of lights and gorgeous costumes lift it into the realm of the exquisite. Intelligently written and put together, too.

**Morosco.**—"Sacred and Profane Love," with Elsie Ferguson. An absorbing—if loosely conceived—drama by Arnold Bennett which marks the return of Miss Ferguson to the speaking stage. It is the story of the remarkable love of a keenly mental authoress for a musical genius who slips into the slough of drugs. Miss Ferguson has many admirable moments and Jose Ruben contributes some brilliant playing as the drug wreck.

**New Amsterdam Roof.**—Ziegfeld 9 o'clock and midnight revues. Colorful entertainments unlike anything to be found anywhere else. Mlle. Spnelly, a Parisian favorite, is now in the cast of the two revues. Mary Hay stands out and the entertainers include Fanny Brice, Carl Randall and W. C. Fields.

**Nora Bayes Theater.**—"Lassie." A charming and pleasantly tuneful little musical comedy of Scotland and London in the picturesque sixties. Based upon Catherine Chisholm Cushing's "Kitty MacKay." Tessa Kosta sings pleasantly and Mollie Pearson and Roland Bottomley are prominent. Dorothy Dickson and Carl Hyson contribute some delightful dance interludes.

**Playhouse.**—"The Wonderful Thing." A human play built around a poverty-stricken but blue-blooded English family into which Jeanne Eagels comes as a wealthy heiress and wife of the eldest son. Pleasant drama.

**Republic.**—"The Sign on the Door." A very good melodrama which boasts many instances of the unexpected—and Marjorie Rambeau in highly emotional scenes.

**Shubert.**—"The Blue Flame," with Theda Bara. A lurid melodrama with the famous Theda in the dual rôle of an ingénue with and without a soul. It is breaking box-office records, proving that every one wants to see Miss Bara "in person."

**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.

**Winter Garden.**—"The Passing Show of 1919." A typical girly garden show in which the famous runway gets plenty of use. The revue presents a number of travesties upon current attractions, particularly colorful being that of "The Jest," with Charles Winninger doing a clever burlesque of Lionel Barrymore.

(Continued on page 8)



# How I Improved My Memory in One Evening

## The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

"Of course I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I do remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed! I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in an hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did. And as he went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn, Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this, I learned later, when he picked from the crowd the sixty men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

\* \* \* \* \*

When I met Mr. Roth—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts, or something I have read in a magazine.

"You can do this just as easy as I do. Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes it was—a really poor memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might

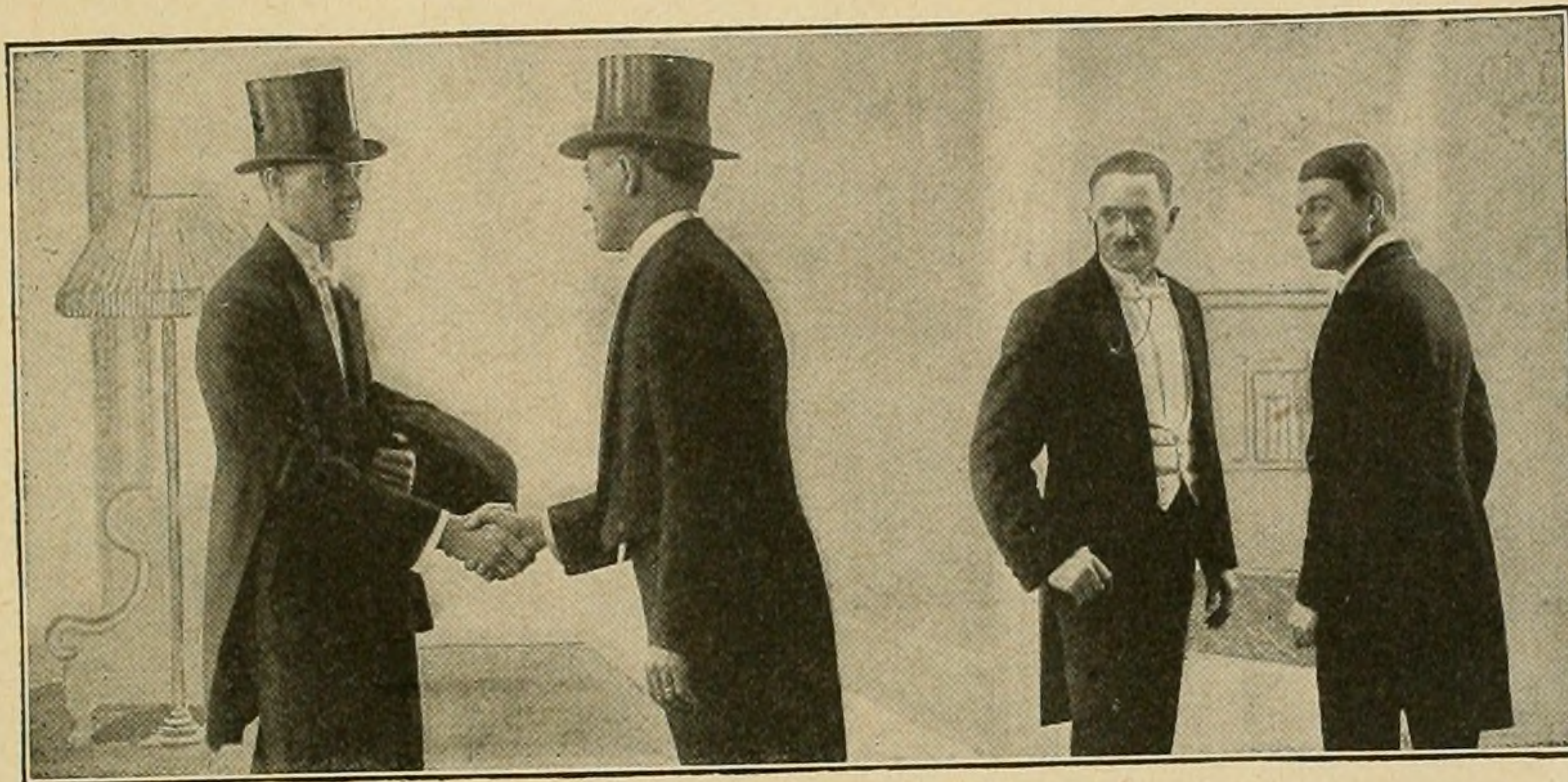
fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in forty-eight states to find that I had learned in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson *stuck*. And so did the other six.

Read this letter from Terence J. McManus, of the firm of Olcott, Bonyng, McManus & Ernst, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, 170



"Of course I Place You! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle"

Broadway, and one of the most famous trial lawyers in New York:

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

Mr. McManus didn't put it a bit too strong.

The Roth course is priceless! I can absolutely count on my memory now. I can call the name of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't sure. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years

to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and see instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth course will do wonders in your office. Since we took it up you never hear anyone in our office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forgot that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer—like a shot.

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## Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(Continued from page 6)

### ON TOUR

"Mamma's Affair."—Rachel Butler's admirably written comedy—a study of that deadly human specie, the hypochondriac who fancies herself suffering from all sorts of ills. Done with distinction and fine discernment. Ida St. Leon scores and important members of the cast are: Effie Shannon, Robert Edeson, Katherine Kaelred and George Le Guerre.

"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.

"The Cat Bird," with John Drew.—A leisurely little play by Rupert Hughes, dealing with an elderly ecologist who straightens out the romances of several people according to the principles derived from his studies among the flowers and insects. Mr. Drew returns to the New York stage after two years as the ecologist. A suave evening's amusement.

"Wedding Bells."—A bright 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.

"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 role.

"The Frivolities of 1920."—G. M. (Broncho Billy) Anderson's girl revue. Lively, speedy musical show with a large measure of vulgarity, but many pretty girls.

"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.

"The Girl in the Limousine."—A decidedly daring boudoir farce by Wilson Collison and Avery Hopwood, in which a pink and white bed is invaded by every member of the cast during the progress of the evening. John Cumberland is very funny and Doris Kenyon, fresh from the screen, is both pretty and pleasant as the heroine.

"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.

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

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.

E. H. Sothorn 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.

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**T**HIS is the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison of New York, one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really can and simply haven't found it out? Well, come to think of it, most anybody can tell a story. Why can't most anybody write a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the

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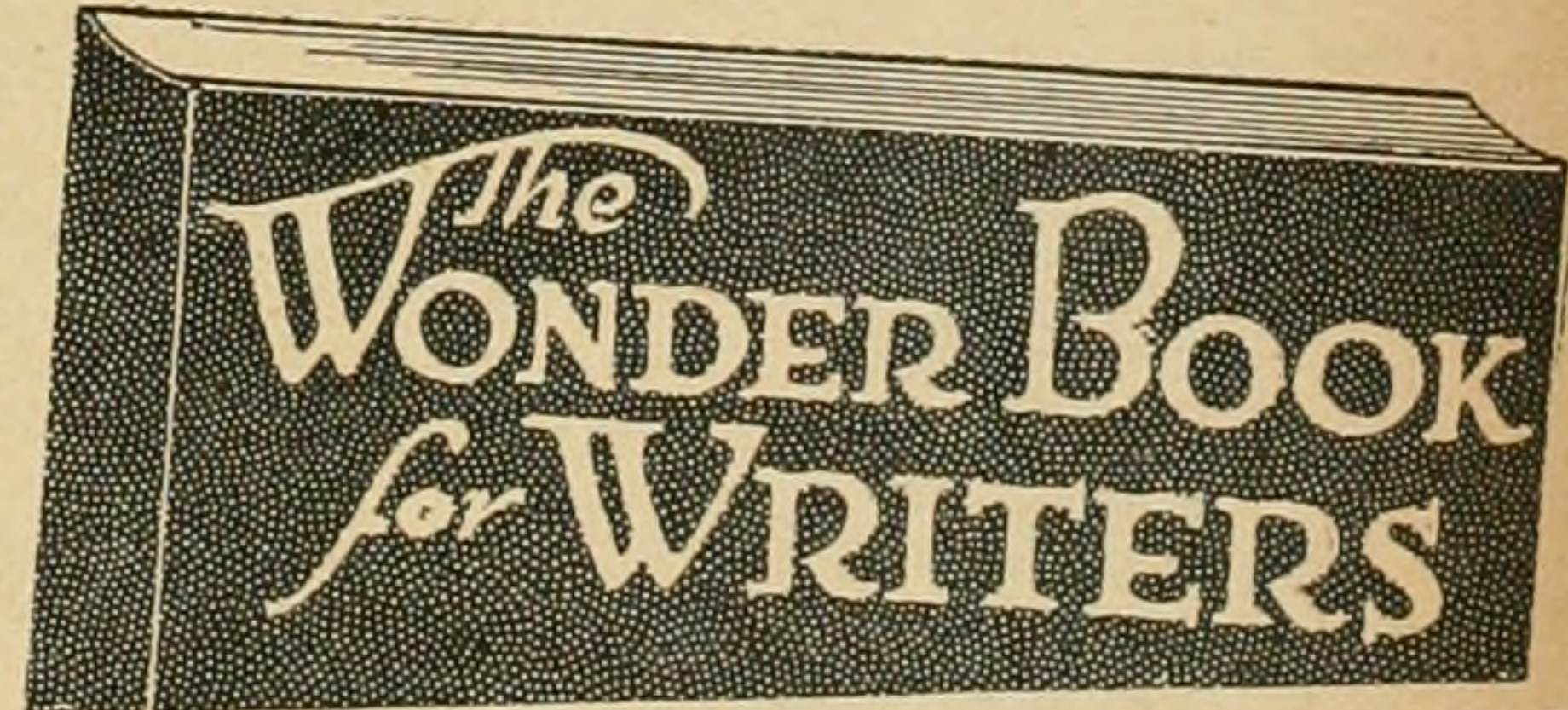
tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality today.  
 "The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them— young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind

counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are The Writers of Tomorrow.  
 For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. Don't you believe the Creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as He did the greatest writer? Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet if, by some lucky chance, they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!

**B**UT two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard often turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.  
 Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. Many of the greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they really learn to write from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you might be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't I learn to write?" Who says you can't?

**L**ISTEN! A wonderful FREE book has recently been written on this very subject—a book that tells all about the Irving System—a Startling New Easy Method of Writing Stories and Photoplays. This amazing book, called "The Wonder Book for Writers," shows how easily stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't dream they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement that their simplest Ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own Imagination may provide an endless gold mine of Ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you ARE a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. How to WIN!  
 This surprising book is ABSOLUTELY FREE. No charge. No obligation. YOUR copy is waiting for you. Write for it NOW. GET IT. IT'S YOURS. Then you can pour your whole soul into this magic new enchantment that has come into your life—story and play writing. The lure of it, the love of it, the luxury of it will fill your wasted hours and dull moments with profit and pleasure. You will have this noble, absorbing, money-making new profession! And all in your spare time, without interfering with your regular job. Who says you can't make "easy money" with your brain? Who says you can't turn your Thoughts into cash! Who says you can't make your dreams come true! Nobody knows—BUT THE BOOK WILL TELL YOU.  
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Just before you go to bed, dip your washcloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in water, and rub the cake itself over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on for a few minutes until your face feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse your face thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible, finish by rubbing your face with a piece of ice.

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BARTHELMESS

Dick Barthelmess has been on the screen since 1916, when he made his debut in Herbert Brenon's "War Brides" with Nazimova. It was not until last year that he scored his big hit—as the Yellow Man of "Broken Blossoms," a characterization which bids fair to be as lasting in favor as Walthall's famous Little Colonel



Photograph by Able

Motion Picture Classic





Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

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**BETTY BLYTHE**

Betty Blythe is one of the most beautiful of the cinema stars. She made her first hit in Vitagraph's "Over the Top" and since has been contributing many interesting characterizations to the films





Photograph by Evans

### RUTH ROLAND

The motion picture serial has no more popular exponent than Ruth Roland, the favorite Pathé star. Life is just one thrill after another for Miss Roland





Photograph by Abbe

**BETTY ROSS CLARKE**

Miss Clarke is a cinema newcomer. She scored in William Farnum's "If We Were King," and has a leading rôle in Doris Keane's "Romance." Miss Clarke has unusual beauty and charm



# B. C. 1920

## Meaning Betty Compson Becomes a Star this Year

beach at Waikiki or some such spot, altho, in truth, our cold was abating. What cold could do otherwise before Miss Compson? For she is—here we find ourselves weeks later still groping for a vivid enough adjective—dazzlingly beautiful. Which is hackneyed, but true.

The cinema camera has never caught the real Compson beauty. A slender, elusive, delicate sort it is, quite Elsie Fergusonish.

All this we enthusiastically conceded to Miss Compson. "Very nice—for a tired editor with chills," she admitted.

Firmly removing our gaze from the Compson profile, we asked the first-aid query of all interviewers: "Your hopes, your real dreams, all that sort of thing, please."

"Betty Compson's career really began slightly over a year ago," she started impersonally. "Before that I had rather drifted along aimlessly and without particular ambition."



**R**IGHT at the start we must confess to a fearful interview *faux pas*.

We did something no interviewer has ever admitted, as far as we know.

We sneezed. It was an editorial sneeze, but still it was a sneeze.

And Miss Betty Compson did something never before admitted of an interviewee. She sneezed.

When you realize that this occurred in the tea-room of the Claridge, you begin to comprehend the enormity of it all.

It was with this spirit of cold camaraderie that our chat began. It was Miss Compson's first outdoor—at least as far out as the tea-room—appearance in four days. We were doing our best to forget terrific chills in huge cups of oolong, said oolong being the only . . . But that is another story.

"'S awful," sighed Miss Compson, from behind the daintiest of handkerchiefs, referring, of course, to the weather.

"'S awful," we admitted—between chills.

"Wonderful city," continued Miss Compson. Despite a haze of bromo-quinine, we suspected a note of satire. But we were wrong. Miss Compson really meant it.

We murmured a long-suppressed longing for a warm

Betty Compson says her career really started over a year ago, with her rôle in "The Miracle Man." "Before that," she says, "I had drifted along aimlessly and without particular ambition. Life was an adventure—and that was all. I never thought of tomorrow. Nobody in particular gave me a second thought. I didn't myself"





By  
FREDERICK  
JAMES  
SMITH

Exclusive Pic-  
tures Taken for  
the "Classic"

"I started as a kiddie in vaudeville and I played a violin in endless theaters. My youth," (we smiled at the youthful Miss Compson's use of the word), "was just one railway station, hotel hall-room and dreary dressing-room after another. It was a livelihood—life was an adventure—and that was all I never thought of tomorrow.

"Then I tried pictures. I gained a little place for myself on the screen. Those were the days when I played in comedies with Roscoe Arbuckle and others. But I never quite struck fire. Nobody in particular gave me a second thought. I didn't myself.

"One day I came to George Loane Tucker, who was seeking a girl for 'The Miracle Man.' I was tired and discouraged—I guess I looked the rôle. Anyway, Mr. Tucker gave it to me.

"From that moment dates my career, whatever it may be. The character interested me and I fairly lived it during the making of the photoplay. Then, for the first time, I felt ambitious and I began to try."

Miss Compson smiled whimsically. "I hadn't read much of particular value before, but I began with a vengeance. I have put my months to good use, I think, for in that time I have read most of Wells, much of Shaw and nearly everything of the younger English authors." Miss Compson paused.

"The world is really just beginning to unfold. I was a dull outsider before—now—well, it's nice."

"Looking backward," we queried, "what impresses you most?"

(Seventeen)



Miss Compson pondered the question. "It's that I think I have discovered at least a part of the secret of screen success. It consists of sincerity. If you are not sincere you cannot possibly last in the films.

"You must feel your rôles. I am positive that Norma Talmadge sinks herself into her parts; that Mary Pickford forgets her identity; that Elsie Ferguson feels her film moods. Sincerity must be there.

"Then, too, you must have some brains to go any distance.  
(Continued on page 74)

"You must feel your rôles to succeed on the screen," says Miss Compson. "I am positive that Norma Talmadge sinks herself into her parts, that Mary Pickford forgets her identity, that Elsie Ferguson feels her film moods. Sincerity must be there"



# The Mid-Day Frolic

By TRUMAN B.  
HANDY

fifteen and eighteen are those best calculated to set on fire the masculine hearts in the movie audiences; (2), cuddly blondes are the most desirable, most marriageable objects on earth; (3), demure brunettes with dimpled knees and a healthy smile are the lineal progeny of the famous Mrs. Venus, and, (4), that Titian-haired sorceresses—the kind rapturous poets have raved over as cavorting about in sylvan dells while moonbeams bathe



**L**EAVE it to the movies to bring forth a new variety of sand witch—a lovely damsel of youth and beauty and perfection of form, who looks so intrinsically luscious that Eastern producers of musical revues have changed their standard of ladies of the ensemble. Indeed, they are now judging chorus aspirants by the mack-sennettian rules and regulations the silent stage formally “adopted” at least two years ago as being *the dernier cri* of feminine pulchritude.

In days more or less gone by pictures used to pick their pippins from the stage choruses. Witness Kay Laurel, the delectable Olive Thomas and the lily-white Marion Davies. But, having plucked from the stage tree a half dozen lemons—frizzly blonde ladees with as many wrinkles as a palm-leaf fan—to every *one* real peach, experts on the subject of cinematic saccharinity decreed that: (1), innocent belles between the ages of

Above, Vera Steadman, the sea-going belle of Fox comedies, and, very much at the right, Dorothy Devore of the Christie forces. Miss DeVore is the tiniest girl in comedies, being just five feet one. Miss Steadman is one of the best divers and swimmers in the films



## Where the Stars of the Low-and-Behold Comedies Come From

their white-white skin in silver hues—are quite the very best means of making the mere men of the country want to leave home.

And it is no use denying that Mr. Mack Sennett was the first to put the sin into cinema. And, to be even more explicit and perhaps a bit more *in-time*, as the French say, it behooves us to admit that Mr. Sennett had his finger jolly well placed on the public pulse when he ordained Miss Sweet Sixteen as the vestal virgin of his comedy temple.

And, inasmuch as Sennettism is more or less indigenous to the California soil, he picked his "decorative background" from the beaches.

Being a mere male myself,



Photographs © by Evans

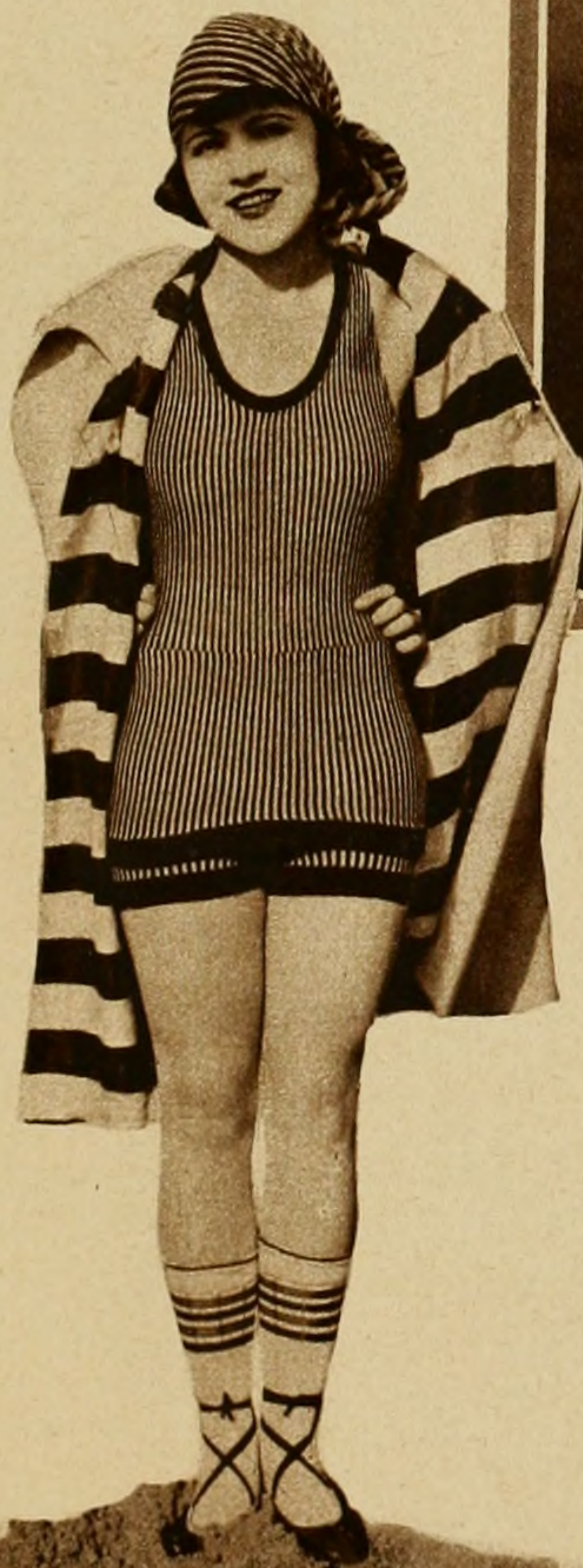
Above, Peggy Davis, a lorelei of the Christie company and, left, the sprightly Marie Prevost of the Sennett beauty squad. Only one girl in 10,000 can qualify for the bathing comedies, says Mack Sennett. Miss Prevost would qualify out of a million

I hereby confess that I am wont to get considerable "kick" out of the screen picture of Marie Prevost in her one-piece bathing-suit. And this, I assure you, is precisely the reason that the movies have stepped forward with their bevy of beautiful bathers.

The sand witches in question must have large quantities of "pep"—and, moreover, their figures must be as perfectly proportionate as that of the Venus of Milo. No angles nor sharp corners for the wind to whistle around.

Brains aren't an absolutely necessary adjunct. Nevertheless, they're always a help, and if a present-day bathing girl chances to possess them she stands an equal chance of achieving the good fortune—and, incidentally, the gowns—acquired by Gloria Swanson.

Every feminine visitor to the Sennett, Fox-Sunshine, Rolin, Christie or other studios making particular use of the decorative feminine background is carried back to her boarding-school days. The dormitory dressing-rooms where the







Photographs by Evans

Helen Darling, above, is a former café dancer. Now she is a Christie beach-combing star. In the center is Phillis Haver, the Sennett favorite. Below is Virginia Hammond, a comparatively recent Sennett belle



Photograph © by Mack Sennett



girls hold forth are precisely like the boudoirs at a socially exclusive finishing school. The walls are covered with the usual feminine assortment of Art, chocolates are on the chairs and gum under the window-sills, ouija boards are on the dressing-table and the spirit of Youth permeates everywhere.

Impression has it that the average comedy beauty is a peculiar variety of fish; a creature who spends the totality of her waking hours in the studio swimming pool, and who eats, sleeps, talks and dreams of—water.

Fact is, the majority of the girls cant swim, and nine out of every ten have never had their feet wet by the splashing ocean.

A very poetical male once wrote that the New York chorus girl is an exotic flower—an orchid which blooms for an hour and then fades. At any rate, she's a distinctive creature who thrives peculiarly under lights—on Broadway after theater hour.

The movies' midday frolickers, on the other hand, have a clause in their contract which makes them liable to dismissal if they're caught out in public later than ten o'clock on week-day nights. Being a camera subject, a girl has to have a "photographic" face—one that will not look like the bird's-eye view of a plowed field.

In addition, she must have qualities that make her individual and different from the average run of females. In other words, she just "is" or she "isn't." If you can lose a girl in a crowd she has no chance on the screen. If her personality does not stand out among other personalities, she simply cant qualify.

Provided she has passed the acid test, she is required to report each morning at 8:30. With another girl she shares one of the aforementioned dressing-rooms. She must exercise; she cant get fat. If walking wont turn the trick, the studio matron requires her to don a gym suit and take a "workout" on a vacant stage. Or perhaps she has to roll.

Stage chorus girls have of the foregoing routine, plus: rehearsals at eleven; lunch; performance at two; rest and dinner; evening show at eight—plenty of one-two-three-kick exercises. No chance to get hefty.

None of the successful contemporary comedy girls—Phillis Haver, Marjorie Payne, of Christie's; Marie Prevost, Peggy Davis, Vera Steadman, Bessie True, of Sunshine; Norma Canterno, Harriet Hammond—have ever had stage experience. The majority have come to the studio directly from school. None have ever seen a theatrical agency, and nearly all have been brought to the attention of the producers by other girls on the "lot."

One girl invites a pal to visit the studio and together they go giggling to interview the manager. Some day the pal is employed in a mob scene. If she "is," she is regularly added to the company, and it is not infrequently that she develops real talent. More than one current first-magnitude star got her start in the swimming tank.

In the beginning, an anxious mother usually accompanies the newcomer. Seeing her cherub

(Continued on page 70)



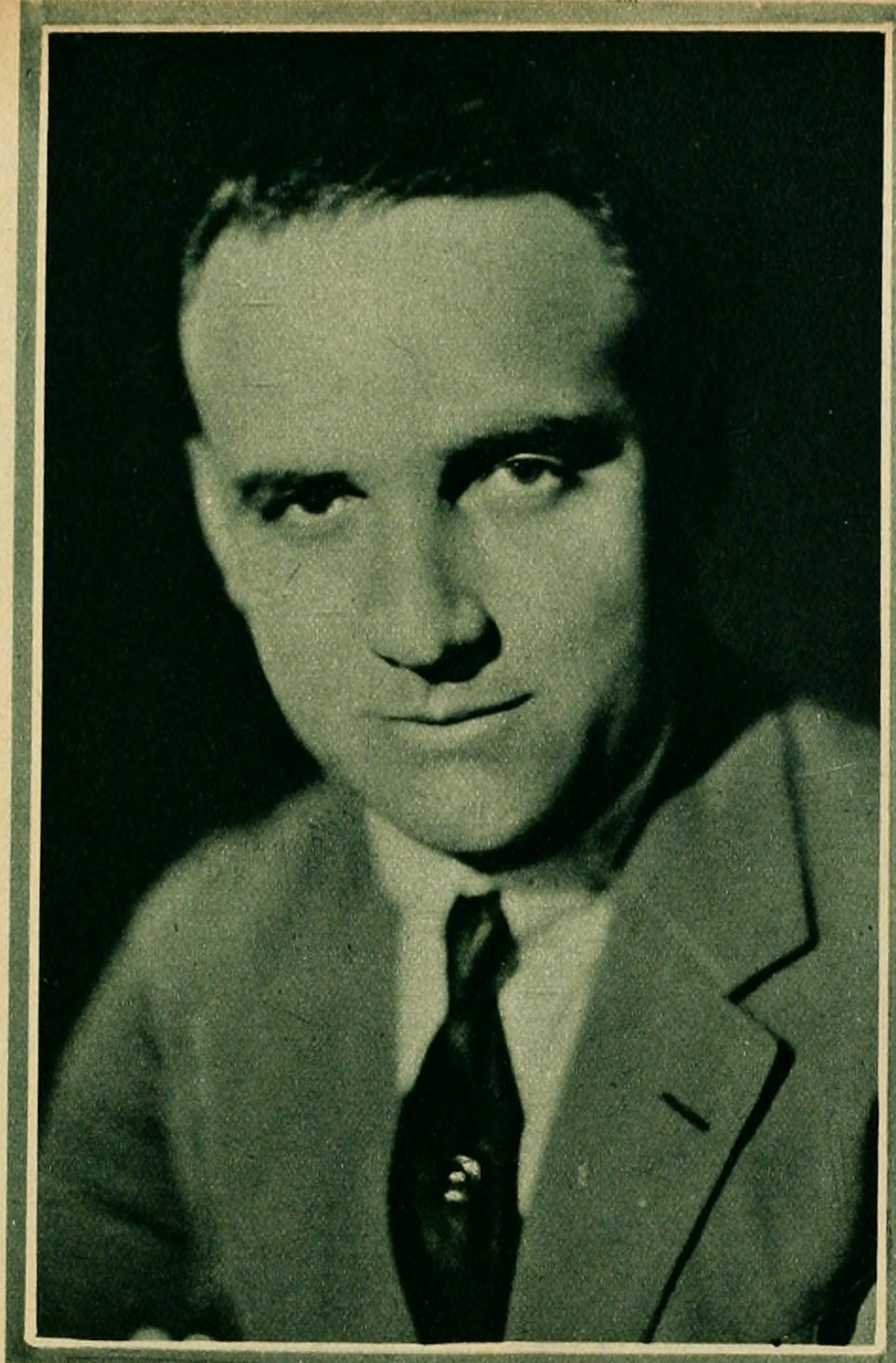
# The Cost of the Modern Photoplay

By  
HARRISON HASKINS

**N**OWADAYS, when motion picture profits and losses are reckoned in millions, few stop to consider the actual cost of production. From a few hundred dollars the cost of filming a regular release photoplay has climbed from the \$30,000 of a year or so ago to \$40,000 or \$60,000, while a feature production easily runs up to from \$125,000 to \$150,000.

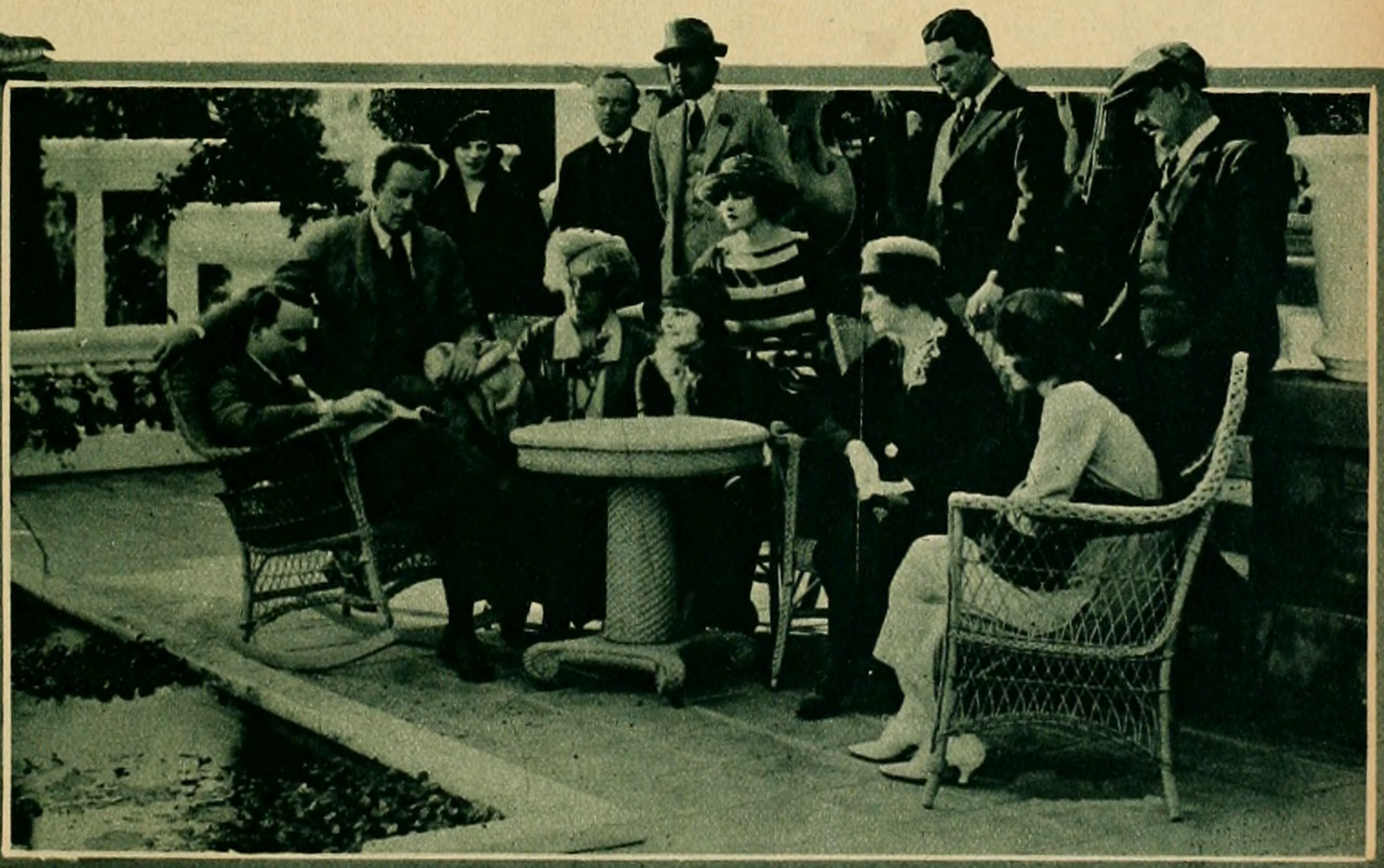
No director is more competent to discuss studio costs than Allan Dwan, who is essentially a business-man director. "I smile when directors talk loudly of art," says Dwan. "I look upon a photoplay in the making as a commercial product, and endeavor to create a picture that will make the broadest entertainment appeal."

It was then that Dwan began detailing production costs. "The average standard release—such as the products of the Famous Players-Lasky, Metro and other concerns—runs above  
(Continued on page 79)



Photographs © by Evans

At the left is a characteristic view of Mr. Dwan directing, blue glasses an' everything. Below he is reading a script to his company, which includes James Kirkwood and Anna Q. Nilsson



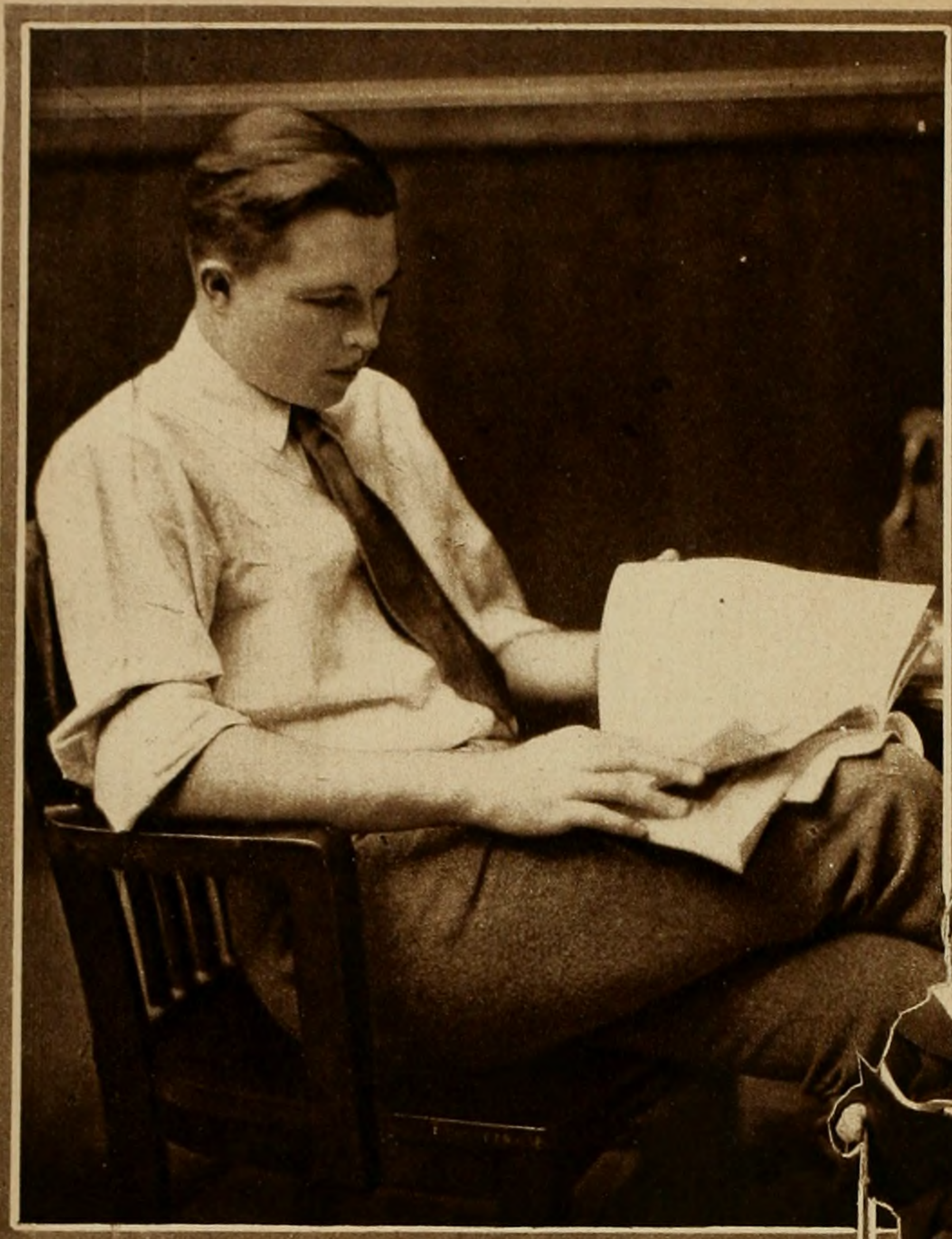
From a few hundred dollars, the cost of producing a regular photoplay feature has advanced to \$40,000. A feature drama now runs to \$125,000 or \$150,000. Allan Dwan predicts that these costs will double during the coming year

Allan Dwan is a type of business-man director. His opinions upon motion picture production costs consequently have unusual significance





# The Human Photoplay



Photograph above by Hoover Art Co.

tical thing in the world, for it is the force, the energy behind action, creating a subtle spiritual power that finds its expression thru the individual who has courage to listen to its call.

Remembering the Vidor pictures, which are ever like a breath of clean, fresh wind sweeping aside the accumulating stale and sordid elements which frequently mar the present-day films, I am glad that he has unfalteringly followed his ideal.

"What is the human photoplay?" I asked, as I tried to memorize the creed before me.

After a thoughtful pause, Mr. Vidor set on record a satisfying definition as he replied, "A human photoplay is one that depicts people and things as they really are—one that is based on truth, life and naturalness, built on drama but devoid of melodrama—a theme that is comprehensive and discernible by the greatest number of people!

"Human life consists of struggle," he continued, "struggle up and out of false beliefs and superstitions that hamper, and it is only thru right thinking that this can be done, so in my stories on the screen, if I can portray a bit of life, a simple story universal in its appeal, carrying an



Photograph left by J. H. Morgan

Above, a recent study of King Vidor; center, Mr. Vidor directing, with Mrs. Vidor and little Ben Alexander; below, instructing Charles Meredith how to make love to Mrs. Vidor

**A**LARGE photographed copy of the Vidor creed hangs over the desk in King Vidor's private study. It dominates the room, even as its lofty principles dominate the life and work of this young director and producer, who has fearlessly broken down many of the cherished traditions in his endeavor to bring better films, with better themes, into motion pictures.

The first time I met King Vidor was in the flush of the phenomenal success following the showing of his initial picture, "The Turn in the Road," and, tho he was pleased and happy over the praise showered upon his work and the honors it brought him, he had not lost his head nor his sane balance. I met him again a year later, when, having backed up this success by several pictures of rare merit, he had demonstrated that his first effort was no accident, but the result of keen judgment guided by an absorbing ideal.

He was still unspoiled, eager and boyish, with a little more confidence, perhaps, but sincerely viewing his past achievements merely as the finger pointing to greater work yet to be accomplished.

After all, an ideal is the most prac-





# The Vidor Idea

By MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

## A Creed and a Pledge

I believe in the motion picture that carries a message to humanity.

I believe in the picture that will help humanity to free itself from the shackles of fear and suffering that have so long bound it with iron chains.

I will not knowingly produce a picture that contains anything I do not believe to be absolutely true to human nature, anything that could injure anyone or anything unclean in thought or action.

Nor will I deliberately portray anything to cause fright, suggest fear, glorify mischief, condone cruelty or extenuate malice.

I will never picture evil or wrong except to prove the fallacy of its lure.

So long as I direct pictures I will make only those founded upon the principle of right, and I will endeavor to draw upon the inexhaustible source of good for my stories, my guidance and my inspiration.

KING W. VIDOR.

uplifting thought that will help, I shall be happy. Life can be excitement and thrills and still be human, or it can be all of this and not be human if it is too far removed from daily experience, too much toward types and exceptions, and so narrowed in its application that only the few can understand."

"Going back to 'The Turn in the Road,' I prompted, recalling that marvelously human film that had sent its vital message into the hearts of many.

"Well, in that picture," began Mr. Vidor, "I had this idea in mind—how can I make it so real, so true, that it will hit home; in other words, make it so universally human that every one who sees it will get the thought and be with the characters as they work out the story, for emotions tend to unite humanity thru the sharing of sympathies!

"With this hope before me, I laid the scenes in a small town, introduced several incidents that would touch any neighborhood and selected characters of every-day folks whom all know.

"In watching motion picture audiences I have noticed that during what I call the human scenes, they are interested and intense, while during the romantic episodes their attention is frequently diverted."

"Then you don't consider the love story an essential ingredient?" I asked, amazed at this iconoclastic suggestion.

"Not what is termed the juvenile love interest, unless it upholds the theme," he replied, laughing at my surprise. "In the

many letters I received from young people regarding 'The Turn in the Road,' few of them mentioned the love story; it was the struggle toward the light that interested them, and many spoke of the help it had afforded, which all goes to show the trend of thought in the audiences of today.

"In my last picture, 'The Family Honor,' it is the love of a sister for her two brothers and her unswerving loyalty which is the theme, the love story being wholly secondary; while in 'The Jack-Knife Man,' by Ellis Parker Butler, my next film, there are no young people in the cast, except a four-year-old boy, and the story is woven around the devotion of an old man for this child.

"Romance on the screen is usually too vividly portrayed, too obvious, too highly colored to be natural and so lacks interest. It is the simple story, simply told, in simple surroundings with which all are familiar, and with characters like themselves, such as they can understand, that has what we call the universal appeal with an audience.

"For instance, the majority of people are not handsome, and in their hearts they haven't the sympathy with those who are, and a handsome hero, like Wallace Reid, has more to overcome in reaching his audience than does a plainer man. Will

Rogers made one of his clever remarks when he said, 'Guess they put me in motion pictures so all the homely birds will feel good—there are so many of us!'"

"What is the most important element in the successful photoplay?" I questioned, finding Mr. (Continued on page 75)



Center, the Vidors in their new car, and, below, little Suzanne gets her first taste of motion picture direction. Ben Alexander appears with Mr. and Mrs. Vidor



Photograph center by Evans  
Photograph left by J. H. Morgan



# Romance Comes to Priscilla



as a son, a dear and devoted one, and—"We're all so happy!" added the little wife, with a new and sweetly serious note in her voice.

Miss Dean is a stunning-looking girl, with her slim young figure, dancing black eyes, rosy cheeks and a radiant smile that shows her merry good humor as well as her pretty teeth.

She is still the "Wildcat," oh, dear yes, irresistible and irrepressible in her vivacity and gay spirits. Her name and her piquant face may be flashing all over the world, but she is not a bit "up-stage," nor the least spoiled—just a democratic, generous "good fellow." She had a jolly "Hello!" for every one who chanced to pass our bench, whether it was her director, Tod Browning, or Erich von Stroheim, the maker and builder of "Blind Husbands," an elderly electrician or a property boy in faded overalls.

"Sure," laughed Priscilla, when I spoke of this. "They are all good scouts; I like 'em and I believe they all like me. They treat me to candy and I play games with them—we are just kids together out here.

"Sometimes I try to be gentle and demure," she exclaimed, gaily, "but what's the use! I just can't be quiet; I must be up and doing every minute, and I'm all over the place, teasing and joking every one."

"I don't see how he ever did it!" I said, watching the eager little face beneath the drooping hat.

"Who did *what*?" demanded Priscilla, briskly.

"Wheeler Oakman—" I began.

"Oh-h!" she interrupted, laughing. "Well, Mae Murray introduced us a long time ago when he was her leading man, but we immediately forgot all about each other. He was in service fourteen months, in France, too, and one afternoon after he returned I met him on the street, but we just spoke and passed on."



Priscilla Dean and Wheeler Oakman were secretly married recently. The romance came about during the filming of the Universal feature, "The Virgin of Stamboul." In the center is a glimpse of Miss Dean "making up" her new husband

**T**HE great romance has come to the little "Wildcat of Paris," and recently Priscilla Dean and Wheeler Oakman slipped away and were quietly married!

It is still a dead secret, but as Priscilla and I talked it all over, sitting on a wooden bench under the huge pepper trees in the Universal studio grounds, I reminded her that these love stories will leak out eventually, so she consented to my announcing the interesting news.

No one knew of their plans except Mary, as Priscilla calls her mother and best pal, and, of course, Mary went along, and tho her heart was a little heavy at the thought of sharing her daughter's life with another, she had already accepted Wheeler





By MARY KEENE

When my picture, 'The Virgin of Stamboul,' came along, Wheeler was cast as leading man, and that's when it began. It just grew and grew until, when we went on location up at Oxnard and were working awfully hard on our desert scenes, he proposed to me. He bet that we would be married within the year, and I bet we wouldn't, but—you see—I lost. Really, this is the first serious love affair I ever had. There wasn't any use *waiting*, so we just up and married without any fuss or excitement.

"We are planning to build a little white colonial bungalow in Hollywood. Wheeler is crazy about a home, and I am domestic, too, for I can cook and wash dishes and scrub and, what is more, I am glad that I know how. We're already scrapping about the dogs—that we *haven't!* Wheeler wants a bulldog and I want a wire-haired terrier. Isn't that a peaceful combination?"

"We both love to entertain our friends with formal dinners and suppers, and we like to swim and play tennis and dance and ride horseback, but neither of us can *see* golf—looks like a lot of walking around with nothing doing. We're picture fans, too, and our chief sport is following serials—we like the 'thrills!' and the little star's contagious giggle made several smiles as they passed us.

Priscilla Dean was born in New York city and at an early age went to the stage with her mother, May Weston-Dean. When she was four she was playing in "Rip Van Winkle," with the great Joseph Jefferson, and she also played with that other actor, James A.



Photographs by Jack Freulich



Below is a view of Miss Dean in her new picture, "The Virgin of Stamboul." The Wildcat of Paris is still her favorite rôle. "I like wild parts," she says, "the wilder the better"

Hearne, in "Shore Acres" and "Hearts of Oak."

At fourteen she did a song-and-dance act—it was toe dancing, too—at the opening season of the *Folies Bergere* in New York, and later made a hit with Harry Pilcer in his famous whirlwind dance.

Then came a period of stage work and pictures, mixed, and four years ago she came to Los Angeles to play comedy for the National.

"You remember that the company busted," recalled Priscilla, cheerfully, "and I was stranded, without a nickel. I met a man connected with the Buick agency, and he suggested that I try for the coming Ascot beauty contest. He had the car dolled up in gay cretonne, and I wore a simple little summer dress, while Dorothy Dalton, Edna Goodrich and the other contestants were all beautifully gowned. I was lucky, tho, for the crowd was with me right from the start and I won the first prize. A little later I won a bathing-suit prize at Venice and, as this had given me much publicity, Universal made me leading woman for Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran in their

(Continued on page 78)





Two interesting close-ups—and a long shot—of Carmen Phillips' eyes. Carmen has distinguished herself as a fil-em vampire. You can judge for yourself upon studying the Phillips optics

Those  
Vampire  
Eyes!



Photograph by Witzel



# The MAN WHO KILLED

Told in story form from the George Fitzmaurice-Mae Murray Photoplay

By DOROTHY DONNELL

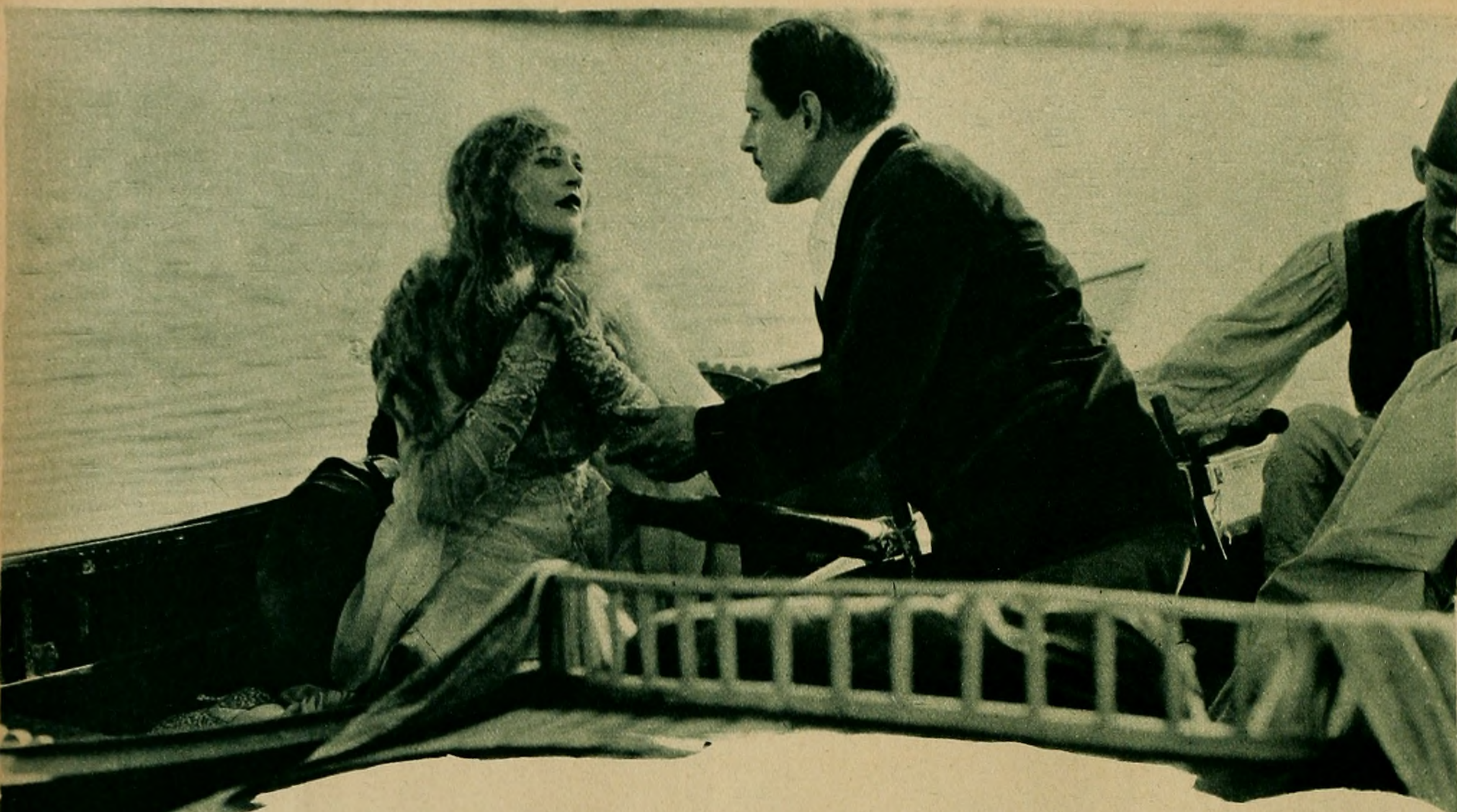
GLORIA, LADY FALKLAND, had been dead five years, but, unfortunately, they do not bury women whose bodies are still able to move about, and eat and drink and breathe. So she carried her dead heart about with her, sepulchred under her beautiful breasts, and looked out at the world with dead, beautiful eyes that never wept, never smiled, even when she gazed down into the face of her little son.

Lady Falkland never looked at Archie without the terror of seeing something of his father in the soft baby curves of him, without fear of some vague hint of the cold cruelty, malice and cynicism that had murdered her girlish hopes beginning to show in the rosy baby flesh. After all, he was *his* child as well as hers.

Yet it was the boy who had kept her in Constantinople these last hideous years, enduring all Sir Archibald's slights, insults, indiscretions, because not to endure them would have meant disgrace for the boy and possibly separation from him. Constantinople, with its hard glare of brassy sun, its heartless gaiety of color on housetop and in market square, its senseless, soulless laughter that jangled discordantly on alien ears—she hated the place—until even the powers of hating had become dulled.

Tonight, muffled in moonlight, it lay along the Hellespont a dream city, with frail minarets and towers like fingers pointing upward. The waters under the prow of her skiff were blue and tipped with little light golden flames, the air was clean and scentless upon her forehead, robbed of the heavy, sickly odors of the day.





It might have been a breath out of the greenness of other springs long ago in England, so long ago that they seemed to her sometimes like a thing she had dreamed and wakened from.

The boatman, a muffled shape in the prow, began to sing a native chant, but the soul of his passenger was far away. There is something about beauty that leads the thoughts toward some

"He has only killed me, Richard," smiled the woman in self mockery, "killed the heart of me. I'm not the Gloria you knew. I'm her ghost"

beautiful thing, and Gloria was back again, six years back, in Sussex with the white hawthorn hedges, like ghost flowers, all about them, and a nightingale setting the moon to silver music and a man's hands touching hers, reverently, as an acolyte his shrine, a man's voice throbbing in her ears. "I love you, Gloria—oh, I love you——"

It had been her beautiful moment and she had let it be taken from her, stolen, cast contemptuously aside to wither even like one of those tender, budding hawthorn sprays. Love! Bah! A word for babies and fools, they had told her. A penniless girl could not afford love when she might have marriage with one of the great men of her country, a lord, wealthy, too—come, come, be sensible!

The clean wind of the Sussex downs. The oaks and little thatched cottages and hedges and a deep voice that faltered over foolish words—"I love you, Gloria——" The hawthorn blossoms that would never bloom for her again——

"Oh," said Lady Falkland aloud, with a little broken laugh of pity, "she was so very young, and she believed so many things, and she put her hand out trustingly to life," for it seemed to the disillusioned woman in the skiff that the girl who had worn a white gown in the Sussex dusk was some one else who had lived and died a long time ago. Surely she was not one with the flouted, scorned creature who had sickened at the shame of sitting at the table where her husband and his mistress made wanton love before her face and crept out here into the dusk for a merciful moment of respite.

The slender boat shell moved silently thru the water, leaving a ribbon of golden ripples behind. The woman sat quite motionless, brooding, her white hands folded lightly in her lap. And suddenly she knew that she did not care any longer what

he did or how he insulted her wifehood or what the insolent, ruddy Lady Edith, with her painted lips and hard glitter of rings, plotted against her. The dead do not feel shame, cannot be humiliated, and she was wholly dead of heart at last.

The cry that rose to her lips now was not of fear, tho the frail boat staggered under the impact of the other skiff that had materialized without warning out of the shadows. "Dick!" said Lady Falkland, "Dick!" and held out her hands with a beautiful, simple gesture to the man who stared incredulously down at her from the other boat. In the prows the two Turks quarreled fiercely over the mishap and the blame thereof. The city lay very far away, and the present, while the two travelers from the past touched hands in greeting.

"God, but you haven't changed, Gloria," swore Richard Loring, and then the moon looked out from her face veil of cloud and fell mercilessly upon the lifted face of Lady Falkland and the words died on his lips. Beautiful still, with hollows where there had been curves, shadows where there had been light, and her eyes—the man gave a stifled groan. "Gloria! What has he done to you?"

"He has only killed me, Richard," smiled the woman, in self-mockery, "killed the heart of me. He would do that, you know, where it would be kinder to kill my body. I'm not the Gloria you knew. I'm her ghost. But I keep right on living. I'm so dreadfully healthy, Richard. It's—rather a shame."

He shook. She felt him even across the space that separated them. Perhaps her soul was closer, I do not know

#### THE MAN WHO KILLED

Fictionized from the scenario of Ouida Bergere, based upon the play of Claude Farrere and Pierre Fromdair. Produced by George Fitzmaurice for Paramount-Artcraft. Directed by Mr. Fitzmaurice, starring Mae Murray. The cast:

Lady Falkland.....	Mae Murray
Richard Loring.....	David Powell
Lady Edith.....	Alma Tell
Sir Archibald Falkland.....	Holmes E. Herbert
Prince Stanislaus de Cermurcz.....	Macey Harlan
Marshal to Sultan.....	Frank Losee
Governess.....	Marcia Harris
Little Archie.....	Lawrence Johnston



But at once, because she was a woman, and women spare those whom they love, she changed her tone, began to speak lightly of conventional things. How did it happen, she asked, that he was here in the East, when she had supposed him in London? Her tone shook, speaking the name, and he sensed something of the awful exile of her soul.

Less tactful than she—men always prefer the fundamentals—he answered her briefly. He was an attaché to the Consul, very lately arrived—yes, yes, every one she knew was well in England when he left. But *she*, he stammered, he had heard things—gossip—idle reports— “And now,” he said, suddenly violent, “now I know they’re true! That beast! Yes, I must say it, Gloria—that’s what he is; no man could treat a woman so, a woman like you, so little, and sweet and breakable . . .”

The boatsmen, from anathemas had progressed to amenities and were now become bosom friends, embracing, to the peril of their craft. Lady Falkland stirred suddenly and looked about her with startled eyes. “It’s late. I must go back.” She was all at once a hunted thing. “If he finds me gone—you see, he’s so anxious to find something he can use—”

“Use?” Loring repeated thickly. “You dont mean—” She nodded dully. “He wants a divorce. Lady Edith—he would marry her if he could, but I wont ask for one. For the boy’s sake. And so—he’s watching—for a chance to sue me. He’s even chosen the man—a Russian prince with great, thick, red lips. You see, I have to be”—she laughed, breathlessly— “careful. I couldn’t lose Archie, you know. He’s the only thing I’ve got in all the world.”

“You’ve got *me*, Gloria,” the man in the other skiff said, very low. In the dim light his eyes burned down into hers with a clean, clear flame. “I—haven’t changed. I never shall. Some men are like that—they want only one woman and

you’re my woman. It’s something stronger than we are, stronger than life, even. It’s drawn us together again after all these years, and it will keep on drawing us until there is no more parting. I dont know how. I just know it’s so. Look at me, Gloria. Dont you believe it, too?”

She shook her head. “I’m dead, I tell you! Can you raise the dead, Richard? There’s nothing left here,” her hands touched her breast, “nothing but ashes . . .”

But that night, within her own chamber, behind the locked door, she knelt for a long time, while the sleepy maid nodded in her corner, wondering why the God of the white race required such endless prayers. But Lady Falkland was not praying, or if she prayed, it was with strange words. “After all these years, and I so changed. Am I still beautiful, I wonder? I haven’t looked into a mirror for so long, but *he* sneers at me and says no man could be expected to be faithful to such a scrawny thing!”

The thin stuff of her negligée slipped back from her out-flung arms, showing their wasted beauty. She had been rather a plump girl, all firm, rosy curves and dimples. The worn beauty of her lifted face was stamped with horror. “Let me stay dead, God!” Lady Falkland prayed. “Living means suffering, and I’m so tired. So tired of feeling—too tired even to love. Let me stay dead, please, God!”

Sir Archibald Falkland was very cordial to the new attaché at the consulate, a trifle too cordial. Robert Loring, seething at the thought of the wrongs a certain woman had suffered at the hands of this stout, jovial, effusive person, could hardly restrain a savage desire to plunge

“Let me stay dead, God,” Lady Falkland prayed. “Living means suffering—and I’m so tired. So tired of feeling—too tired even to live”



(Twenty-nine)





"Look at yourself!" he sneered, indicating her uncovered limbs, her torn, dishevelled hair. "A likely story—"

heir to his wife's old friends, eh, Loring?" and presently he went.

his fingers into the flabby flesh of his throat. But if he was to help Gloria, it could not be by such direct methods, and so he accepted Falkland's invitation to call at his house. "A man falls

The woman who came to meet him, one thin hand on the shoulder of a little four-year-old lad, was the colorless Lady Falkland that all Constantinople knew, light hair dragged back from her forehead, all her careful gowning not quite concealing her pitiful lack of flesh. She gave him a cold, nervous hand. "You should not have come," she quivered. "Oh, I wish you had not come! Of course, he asked you, but he



means something dreadful. I can always tell, because then he's almost kind to me."

It was a shameful thing to see how she shrank and trembled at the thought of her husband, and how the little boy looked uneasily about him and drew closer to her. It made Richard Loring physically sick when he thought what long tutelage had schooled them in this fear. "Gloria," he said, when, after a short, formal call he stood in the hall taking his leave, "I can't stand this. Why don't you end it? Leave him, go back to England! There's no law that can compel a woman to endure what you have to endure!"

"No, but there's a law that would take my baby away from me if I left him," Lady Falkland reminded him, "and so I shall stay. And I shall endure whatever I must, even if it's more than I've had to bear before. But it will be easier if you don't come any more. I'm afraid, Richard, afraid——"

"Not of me, surely, dear?" he asked her. And she shook her head, smiling painfully.

"I'm afraid of—myself," Lady Falkland whispered.

That night Sir Archibald was very drunk indeed. So drunk that he was quite amorous toward his wife, and in horror of his caresses she fled to a small pavilion on the lawn where she had fitted up a little room, a refuge when he made merry with his chosen intimates in the house, as he frequently pleased to do. Lady Edith laughed at his discomfiture. "When a man finds he has a rival," she sneered, "it adds attractions even to a wife, eh, Archie? My word, you were quite taken with Lady Bones tonight! Quite touching to see such husbandly devotion."

The man grew sullen under her gibes, then flared to fury. "Damn her!" he fumed. "I won't stand her virtuous airs any longer. As for Loring, what do you think I invited him here for, if it wasn't to get her where I want her? I'll be rid of her—but I'll keep the boy. She'll whine and whimper to him, and by and by she'll send for him, and then——"

"And then?" Lady Edith fawned, leaning her blowzy beauty to him. "Then, Archie, old boy, what about me?"

He leered at her with rheumy eyes. He liked 'em a good armful, with plenty of color. "Then I'm damned if I don't marry you, Edie," he promised, "if we're still friends."

The woman got up restlessly and moved to the window to hide a frown. If they were still friends! The longer that milk-faced fool hung on to him, the less her chances, for she knew well that her lord's affections were fitful as the wind. She leaned her forehead against the glass, staring out into the night, which was torn apart violently now and again with jagged splinters of lightning, and, so staring, uttered a cry of delight.

"Would you call it grounds for divorce," she pointed triumphantly,

"I shall sleep well," murmured Lady Falkland, "so soundly that I think I shall not even dream—" She took a step towards the edge of the parapet

(Thirty-one)

"if a married woman receives a Russian prince in her bedroom at this hour?"

Sir Archibald was at her side in an instant, peering with the face of an eager devil into the thick dark. When, for an instant it lifted, he saw thru the window of the pavilion his wife struggling desperately in the arms of the unsavory Prince Stanislaus de Cermurcz, whom he had brought to the house a month before in the hopes of this very thing.

"Call the servants. We must have witnesses!" he directed. "I'll go confront them! Give herself damn' virtuous airs, will she?"

The eyes of the two of them, bad man, bad woman, met, and the woman, because she *was* a woman, had an instant's compunction. "He's a beast—and she hates him . . . it isn't sporty . . ."

"Don't you give yourself virtuous airs!" Sir Archibald snarled. "She could have sued me years ago, and she wouldn't, just out of spite. Keep out of this, Edie—it's just as much your advantage as mine."

In the pavilion, from which the Prince had incontinently fled at the first sign of approaching footsteps, the husband and wife faced one another, the woman clutching

(Continued  
on page  
68)





# Alec Francis, Pioneer

and asked ridiculously big salaries. And then, he said, the managers decided to punish him for thinking himself indispensable by dispensing with him entirely.

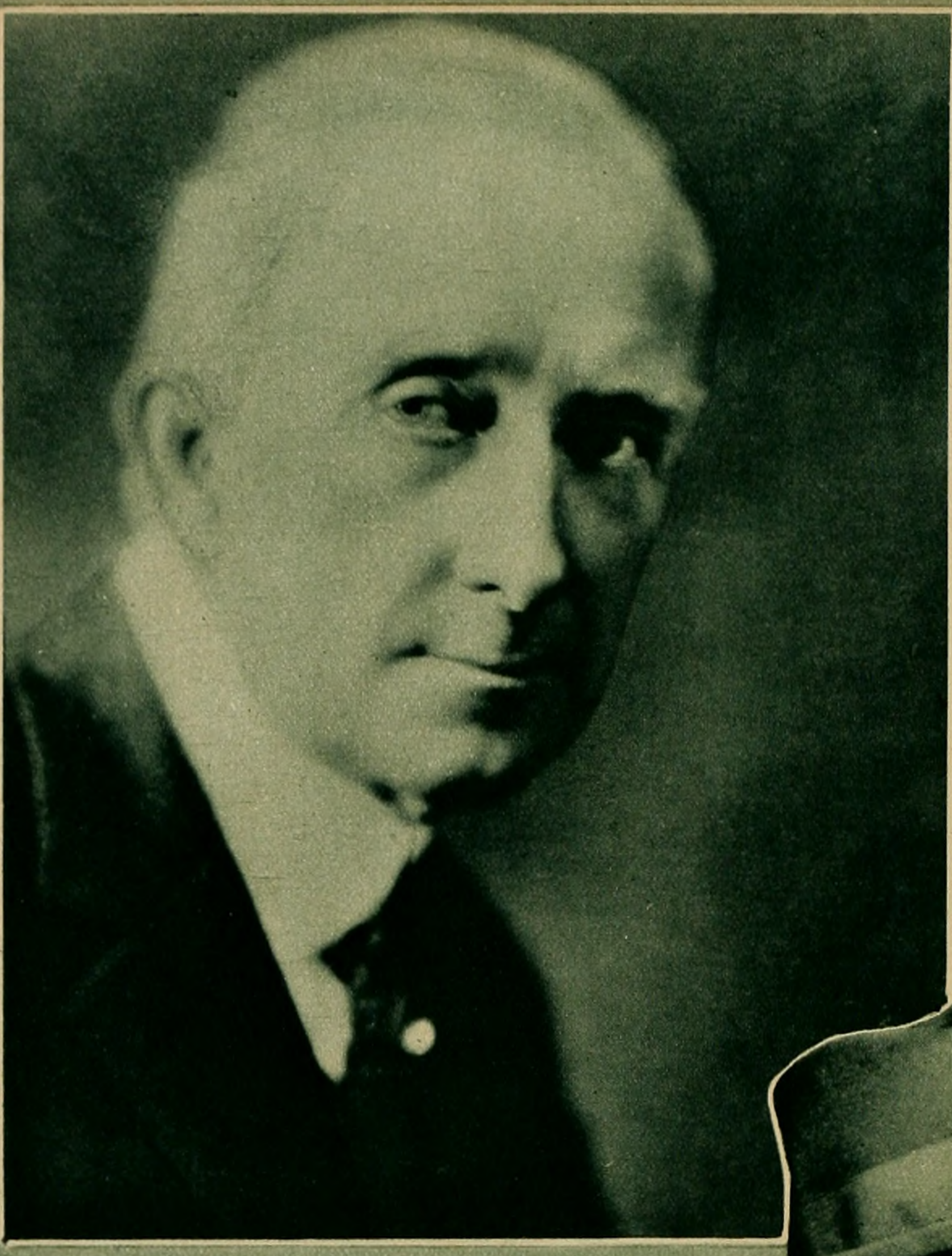
He seems to have reacted to outside events with characteristic intensity. Apparently, he was always too elated or overly cast down. It did not occur to him that this misfortune might be temporary. He had been given such an intoxicating draught of great success that, when the cup was taken away from him, it must have seemed like the end of the world.

He didn't go into detail. He simply said that he walked the streets for hours and then enlisted in a regiment bound for British East India.

"I suppose that I had some idea of punishing myself," he said. He told me that he does not believe anything happens in life which is not according to a perfect plan and necessary to human development.

He left the army convinced that he was very much the better in every way for his experience. He had grown to love India, and South Africa, too, where he also served. In England, again, he found that his entire viewpoint of life had changed. The confinement of his once dearly beloved profession was quite unendurable to him. He had

Alec Francis has had an adventurous career. He served in the British army in British East India. Long stage years preceded his screen debut, which was with Vitagraph



**A**LEC BUDD FRANCIS was born in London, England, and originally destined for the law. But the law did not appeal to him. He liked the idea of presenting an argument to a jury, but that was the only thing he did like; all the rest was drudgery. However, he did his best for a while in order to please his father, who was a prominent barrister, and then, one day, fully convinced that he would not gain greatness there, he left the paternal office to embark on the career he had chosen for himself. You are right—he became an actor.

Now, it is probable that but for his extreme sensitiveness, the very sensitiveness that made him dislike the law, he would be a favorite of the London stage today. Certainly he would never have been a pioneer in moving pictures. His success was too great for him to have left the stage in time.

He was with the Kendals for two seasons and appeared in "The Solicitor," which ran for 365 nights in London. This was followed by two more big successes, "The Barrister" and "The Guardsman."

He became very elated, he told me,





By  
ELIZABETH PELTRET

become imbued with the spirit of "The Empire Builders," so he left the stage again and went to Canada to make his fortune.

"I did every kind of work that I could do," he said, "from running a ranch to nursing in a hospital."

But the fortune did not materialize. It took him several years to work off his restlessness. Finally, however, after wandering a long way around, he came back to the place from which he started—the stage. But it was the New York stage; he has never returned to England.



Photographs by Evans

**Alec Francis is now one of the mainstays of the Goldwyn dramatic personnel. Sometime or other he plans to return to his first love—the stage—for just one production. After that it will be the films again**

He was married while he was on tour with a production named "Comin' Thru the Rye." His wife was a member of the same company.

His first screen appearance was with Vitagraph. He was with Florence Turner in the first two-reeler ever made, "Auld Lang Syne." From Vitagraph he went to World, starring in the first screen production of "Alias Jimmy Valentine,"

which was directed by Maurice Tourneur. Of his Goldwyn pictures those that come most readily to mind are, "The Face in the Dark," "The Cinderella Man," "The Flame of the Desert," "The Street Called Straight" and "Earthbound," a spiritualistic picture from the story by Basil King.

You must imagine him as I saw him at the Goldwyn studio in Culver City. He was sitting erect in a straight-backed chair, one hand clasped over the other, resting on the curved handle of a light-colored cane. He wore a fawn-colored overcoat. His hair is grey, his skin very fair and his eyes a peculiarly intense, "electric" blue.

I amused myself by imagining that I was seeing him in his own house. I could easily fancy myself writing, "The place is marked thruout with an elusive atmosphere of the Orient. This is all the more peculiar because the colors are subdued and the furniture arranged with British nicety."

I don't know whether this would be the case or not. He told me that he loves the Orient. I have said that he impressed me as being a mystic. He also impressed me as being a man with a very highly developed sense of order.

"I have been house-hunting all week," he said. "It seems quite impossible to find a place to live in. My wife and I are alone, (my step-children are both married), but we want a

(Continued on page 73)



# Seena Seen Scenically



Photographs by Abbe



**I** MIGHT add, Seena seen mentally, too, were it not for the cumbrous fact that said addition would make a cumbrous title, and meaning must go by the board when such a point is at stake. Hence . . .

Seena Owen combines—to the outer eye—the bearing and sophistication of the effete East with the love of open spaces, homey people, Colts and Bill Hart photoplays with mustangs and shooting

The setting was the Biltmore, on a Saturday afternoon at tea-time. Scenically, the value of this depends upon one's point of view.

The background was the spiralling of cigaret smoke, grey-blue, which added to the dull gold of Seena's hair, and there was Hawaiian music, against which she did vociferously protest, and also, there were coffee and considerable French pastry. There is something exceedingly clean-cut about the indubitable beauty of Seena. She moves well, too, and she has a charming carriage. She has a rather indolent air and a detached manner, and yet you find, upon after-contemplation, that she has said a great many things which must, necessarily, have come from a fund of thought and feeling. She is unostentatious to a degree. If she is subtle she conceals it, and yet her simplicity is ultra rather than simple.

It would seem super-discriminating to cavil at the necessity of stopping at the Biltmore, yet Seena was so cavilling. Not, however, exclusively at the Biltmore, but at living in New York City generally. "I feel as tho I

cant breathe, as tho I will choke," she lamented. "People in prison must have the same feeling—as if great walls are closing in on them. I miss the blue skies and the open spaces acutely. I could never stand life in a city. And the crowds! It's so different in Los Angeles. It's so homey. Like one big family. Here, you could die of sheer loneliness and there would be no one who would necessarily know nor care. It's a city of strangers. Of course, I do enjoy the café life and seeing the theaters and all that sort of thing, *temporarily*. But I could never stand it, day by day. I know that. Being born in the West, I suppose . . .

"I like to do Western pictures, too," she went on, "the kind I have done with Bill Hart. I had much, much rather do that type of work than the slinky society lady variety. There's something to a Western picture; something *every one* cant do. *Anybody* can do the drawing-room stuff. I like to ride and shoot and throw up my hat. I can do it, so why not? It has real life in it."

The Biltmore, and the French pastries and Seena, satin-clad and fur-enveloped . . . the far plains and Bill Hart and the cold muzzle





By  
FAITH  
SERVICE

of a Colt and Seena dashing about on a mustang . . . rather a far stretch of the imagination, but, (this we say modestly), we *have* an elastic imagination and a great credulity, and we 'ave seen what we 'ave seen!

Seena was here, she knew not whether temporarily or no, it seemed. She was; at the time we talked, just free-lancing, but future plans were more or less in abeyance and pending further consideration. Then, too, there were stage plans. She was quite electric when I asked her whether she would like the stage. "I would be crazy about it!" she declared.

It being a few days prior to the arrival of the Yuletide saint, the conversation ran to said arrival and to the wee generation to whom the arrival looms so importantly. "There is going to be," said Seena, not without wistfulness, "some sort of gathering of the kiddies at the Grand Central Palace on Christmas Day. I am going down there to play with them for a while, since I can't be with Patricia." (Patricia, be it said, is three-year-old Patricia Walsh and a very important part, indeed, of Seena, viewed scenically or any other way.)

"I haven't dared to break the news to them at home," said Seena, "that I will not be with them Christmas Day. We're an awfully chummy family, mother, my sister, Mr. Walsh, my brother and the baby and I. I've been sending all sorts of vague telegrams in an effort to break the ice, but I haven't dared to attempt the final word yet. It's hard to be away, tho, on Christmas Day. I *never* have before."

We spoke of the general irreconciliation of the woman who, so especially in this day and age, is endeavoring to be at once professional and domestic, to combine the child and the career.

Seena admits to puzzlement. The two, she thinks, are, really, irreconcilable; and yet, paradoxically, no woman reaches a high stage of personal development, and hence a high stage of *artistic* development, until she has known the possession of a child. "I," said Seena, "never knew *anything* until I had Patricia. I don't know much now," she added, with a pretty depreciation, "but I knew even *less* before.

"Perhaps," she said, thoughtfully, after a little, "the very struggle between the personal and the professional, the child and the career is part, a very large part, of the development.

(Thirty-five)



Photograph by Abbe

It is hard, but . . . I don't know . . ." She shrugged her shoulders and laughed. "One thing I do know," she said, with a glance which took in the pleasant dalliance of the room, "I could never do *nothing*. I would rather be rushed to death than to be *idle*. That would be to me the one thing I never could stand. I don't see how it's done."

Seena believes in laughter. Lots of it. For all sorts of things, physical and mental. No physician, she thinks, can do for you what laughter can do, mere *fooling*. "I was so depressed a couple of hours ago," she told me, "that I didn't think I should be able to say three connected words, and then, about an hour ago Clarine Seymour came in and we just sat up in my room and laughed and laughed and kidded away like two-year-olds, and now I feel like one. The depression is gone. I don't know any one I have more fun with than I do with Clarine, anyway."

Seena is a sort of an illustration of the impossibility of East  
(Continued on page 69)

No woman reaches a high stage of personal development, says Seena Owen, until she has known the possession of a child. "I never knew anything until I had Patricia," she declares



# Cameo

By LILLIAN



Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

**S**HE claims the distinction of being the only Italian screen artist, and is proud that this is true. She is proud, too, of the fact that she is an Italian, that she was born in the land of sunshine and blue skies, of music and song, of a race with the subtle charm of older civilization and culture than ours—poets, artists, thinkers—of the race that is ready to “kiss or kill,” a hot-blooded, warm-hearted people, with the keen sense of justice that quickly recognizes and seeks to right a wrong.

It was Caruso who gave to his young countrywoman the title, “The Cameo Girl,” and the name has clung. Not because Caruso gave it, but because Dolores Cassinelli is, in truth, a cameo girl—and far more beautiful in reality than she is on the screen. She has the splendid glow, the sparkle, the effervescence of champagne. One sees in her pure, clear-cut profile, her Madonna-perfect face, the wistfulness, the immortal faith of youth; in the flame of her dark eyes the magic of deathless romance. Love, wisdom, comedy, tragedy—are all combined in her.

The interview was accomplished in a restaurant—if a place so unusual and interesting can be called by that commonplace name—on one of New York’s cross streets. I fancy that few New Yorkers, aside from Metropolitan artists, a certain class

**Dolores Cassinelli was born in the land of sunshine and blue skies—Italy. Always a student of music, she began with the Essanay Company in Chicago while doing concert work there**

of “professionals” and their friends, know of its existence. One does not enter—one is admitted at a ring of the bell, volubly greeted in Italian and politely conducted up a wide flight of stairs to rooms that must have been, in days of yore, the scene of many notable gatherings, a place where the élite, the favored few, entertained—and were entertained. A place of charm and dignity, with its many quaintly fashioned old chandeliers, high arched doorways, long mirrors, bare polished floors, tables gleaming with napery and silver at which were gathered interesting and congenial groups.

We were a party of four, Miss Cassinelli, her mother, a friend, myself. While Mrs. Cassinelli was giving her attention to the menu, Dolores was holding court. From this table and that came artists from the Metropolitan stage, from the concert stage, a few from the speaking stage, to greet her, speaking always in soft, liquid, eager tones, their mother tongue. Listening to the inconsequent chatter, the gay laughter, the manifest compli-





# Cassinelli

ONTANYE

ment, one could picture Dolores Cassinelli in her own Italy. A court with vivid flowers blooming, the tinkle of a fountain, olive-skinned swains adoring a dark, vivacious girl picturesquely garbed, behind one small ear a deep red rose.

And then, with a wave of a slender hand, she dismissed her cavaliers and turned to me, a thoroly modern American girl, delightfully girlish in her grey jersey frock, with its glorified vest of old-rose.

Over the delicious Italian dinner I marvelled at her perfect English. "I speak French and Spanish, too," she said. "Languages come easily when one begins young. Of course, I like my own language best of all and love to speak it. But I have tried very hard to perfect myself in English, because I came to America when a mere child and it is really my home. I like the people immensely. They have been more than kind to me. Americans are, perhaps, more cold, more reserved than my people, but it's merely a difference in temperament. Italians

Photograph by Abbe



Photograph above by Alfred Cheney Johnston



(Thirty-seven)

Altho born in Italy, Miss Cassinelli is really typically American. She has lived almost her whole life here. Her musical education is a complete one and she can sing fourteen operas

are more demonstrative, warmer-hearted," gazing appreciatively at the groups of apparently carefree diners about us. "Americans are just as kind at heart—but they are always so busy. They cannot spend so much time on little things because they are doing so many big things—and one cant do everything."

"And you?" I inquired of Mrs. Cassinelli.

"Yes," she said, emphatically, "America *has* been kind. Dolores is really an American. She was educated, grew up here. She has not been back to Italy. I have been back many times, but here I shall be most of the time, because Dolores needs me. I am her manager and attend to all business.

"I, too, have had many offers to act in pictures, but," with a deprecatory shrug, "I have no desire and no time. It is all I can do to look after Dolores—not that she is hard to manage," she said, looking across the table at her daughter, and one saw in the glance they exchanged that they are the most understanding of friends.

Dolores Cassinelli has had a varied career. As she grew up, her abiding love for music, which is one of the characteristics of her race, grew apace with her, and at an early age she began her career upon the concert stage. While doing concert work

(Continued on page 72)



# "The Blue Flame" of the Films

Here are the first scenes from Theda Bara's new stage play, "The Blue Flame." Miss Bara has temporarily deserted the films to star in this exotic drama under the management of A. H. Woods. Theater records have been smashed everywhere—rather indicating an uncommon interest on the part of the public in the famous cinema siren. Donald Gallagher appears with Miss Bara in the scene at the right



Photographs by White Studios



(Thirtysight)



# Sick-a-Bed

Told in story form from the Paramount-Wallace  
Reid Photoplay

By OLIVE CAREW

"SHE says," moaned John Weems, "she says she's going to get a divorce. My God, what shall I do?"

"Let her get it and thank your lucky stars." But Reginald Jay did not say this aloud. He was too much perturbed at the prospect evoked by his friend—blonde Constance, a trifle inclined to stoutness, more than a trifle romantic, free and husbandless, preying upon whom she willed! In spite of the testimony of his mirror and of ladies' eyes, Jay was a modest young man, but even modesty could not blind him to the fact that Connie had been very tender that night in the Forest of Arden. He groaned aloud, and the afflicted husband echoed the groan.

"Yes, think of it! To lose that peerless woman, and all because of a terrible mistake. Oh, why did I ever show that woman over your property? Why did I ever go into that infamous roadhouse to telephone? Why did I fire that chauffeur? And some men can take chorus girls to Palm Beach and get away with it by calling it a business trip!"

John Weems, president of the Weems Patent Clothes Wringer Co., ("Ring out the old, wring in the new," Pat. 1900), was not built for tragedy. A movie director would have cast him in the rôle of the prosperous banker or the successful business man. He was stoutish, baldish, with a mind that worked like ticker-tape and conversation flavoured of the *Wall Street Journal*, but tonight he was undoubtedly moved.

Chalmers, the detective, was inclined to take a more cheerful view of the situation. "Come, come! She's only got two witnesses, seeing as how the lady in the case has disappeared. Lor' love you, sometimes we have to fix up a dozen! The chauffeur wont count for much. He was sore at being fired and, anyhow, juries dont take much to chauffeurs since the taxi fares has went up. That leaves this gentleman here——"

"I'll lie," Reginald Jay declared, "like a gentleman."

"That wont do, sir." The detective shook his head sagely. "The question is, can you lie like a liar?"

"The court will ask you," moaned Weems, "what you were doing yourself at Fender's Place at one o'clock in the morning, and what will you say then?"

Reginald thought deeply. "I might say," he suggested, "that I was attacked by redskins from the bushes, or bitten by a rabid Bolsheviki, or I stopped to buy a postage stamp to mail a letter to my maiden aunt. Or I could say that I was afraid of the night air, or that I felt an attack of

Young Jay started, paled perceptibly at a vision of Constance, coy and determined, piloting him up the aisle to the strains of Mendelssohn . . . what was it she had called him . . . Orlando? Yes, that was it, her Orlando!







"On the whole," the doctor mused, "I think I shall prescribe a nurse for you. An ornamental nurse . . ."

end by gettin' Mr. Weems hung! You'll have to fade, that's all, afore the process servers get you."

"Fade?" Jay repeated vaguely. "I'm sorry, but I dont just—"

"Vamoose! Skip! Beat it! Make your getaway!" the detective snapped. "Without your testimony the lady cant get the goods on her husband, and seeing he was doing you a favor by carrying the lady around"—and here he winked with the eye farthest from Weems—"it's up to you to take a little trip to Canada till the whole thing blows over."

Reginald Jay opened his lips, but the shrill pealing of the

my old malady, housemaid's knee, coming on, or—"

"My Gawd!" the detective groaned. "It's no use! We cant trust you on the stand or you'll

only hope, too. "I'd prefer the flew to the flu," he ventured, with ghastly humor, "but you provide the doctor and I'll provide the corpse—er—that is, the patient. And perhaps"—hopefully, as one determined to see the bright side of things—"perhaps my case will be desperate enough to call for a dose of Green River every hour or so."

It was a very sick man who lay, groaning dismally, the next morning when Chalmers ushered in two small and weedy gentlemen, equipped with black bags and tall silk hats, and introduced them cheerily as "Doctor Widner and Dr. Flexner, who will attend to your case."

Under cover of a groan, Jay pulled the detective down. "Doctors?" he whispered. "Real M.D.'s?"

Chalmers grinned. "N.D.'s—nearly doctors," he reassured him. "The Van Dyke beards and the hats are props, m' boy. They understand the situation, and have no objections to a

door-bell interrupted him. When he returned, he carried a legal-looking paper which brought a disgusted "Hell!" from Chalmers. "Too late! Y' cant leave the State now!"

Weems collapsed heavily on the davenport. His flabby cheeks quivered, a small, forlorn tear trickled down the side of his nose. "My Constance! Married for four years and I've been faithful to her—never hired a stenographer under fifty, even. And if she gets her divorce she'll marry some other man—"

Young Jay started, paled perceptibly as a vision was vouchsafed him of Constance, coy and determined, piloting him up the aisle to the triumphant strains of Mendelssohn. What was it she had called him while they wandered thru the darkness that night, trying to find the inn—Orlando? Yes, that was it, *her* Orlando! "I—I might commit suicide, I suppose!" he cried. "That would be better than getting married—"

"You mean than getting divorced," Weems corrected him. He sat up suddenly on the couch, a pale gleam of hope flickering in his watery gaze. "Look here; couldn't you be sick? Sick-a-bed? Out of your head? Forbidden to testify under the doctor's orders? Jay, you must do it! It's my only hope—"

Reginald Jay considered. Bed for an indefinite stay was bad enough, but Constance was worse. It was his



well patient, provided the fee is all right. Doctors, I wish you would make an examination of this gentleman."

The doctors opened their bags and drew out sundry impressive-looking implements that caused Jay to turn pale and start to rise, only to be forced back upon the pillows, while Messrs. Widner and Flexner listened solemnly at his chest, took his temperature, counted his pulse and wagged their heads mournfully. "Very serious, very. My dear fellow, your life depends on your remaining in bed for two weeks at least, without seeing any callers."

Wing Chow, the impassive butler, was called in and given instructions to admit no one. An official-looking chart was hung over the bed, the shades were drawn and a large bottle and a spoon arranged on the stand beside the bed. Chalmers, obviously impressed by these realistic arrangements, shook hands with Jay feelingly. "Good-by, old man, and if worst comes to worst, God bless you!"

The patient's smile was painful. "Do you know a nice, kind-hearted undertaker?"

"Leave that to us," Dr. Flexner assured him cheerily; "we'll attend to all those little details."

Left alone in the dimmed bedroom, Reginald was forced to admit that he *did* have a queerish feeling—in his heart, it was, or perhaps his lungs. Come to think of it, his grandfather had died of Bright's disease, and a great-uncle had passed away of phthisis at the age of ninety-two. The more he reflected, the worse he felt. He hadn't a single grandfather or grandmother left—in fact, nearly all his ancestors had died from something or other. There had been a surprising amount of mortality among them . . .

He groaned with real feeling, and then groaned again with still more feeling. For the door had been unceremoniously flung open and Constance Weems burst plumply into the room. "Reginald Jay!" she accused him; then, in a softened tone, "Orlando, how could you treat your Rosalind so?"

The sick man gave a really brilliant imitation of one in the last throes of dissolution. "Very—sick," he trailed out, and sank beneath the bed-clothes; "think—going to—die—"

"Nonsense!" The irritation got the upper hand in the lady's voice, giving it the pleasing quality of a nutmeg grater. "You know as well as I do that it's all a put-up job to cheat me out of a divorce. But if you and my husband think for one moment that I'm going to be stopped by child's play like this, you'll find you're very much mistaken!"

Reginald Jay spoke pleadingly, "Have a heart! I'm really ill. It—it came on me suddenly."

Mrs. Weems sniffed, then drew out a handkerchief bedewed with delicate scent and dabbed at her eyes. "It's because I have a heart that I want to be free. Have you forgotten our Forest of Arden? Orlando! Orlando! My heart is fluttering like a bird—a little, tender homing-bird that would fly to its own nest!"

"Help! I'm dying!" moaned Reginald, and, as if in answer, the door opened to admit Dr. Widner, followed by the apologetic Wing Chow.

"I no can helpee! Lady velly bigger than me. I say no can come in. She say go-to-hellee!"

"I am sorry, madam," bowed the doctor, "but this gentleman cannot be disturbed. A very serious case of—hem—post-mortem anterior metabolism, with complications. Quietness is essential. Wing Chow will keep you informed as to his progress," and the amazing little man actually succeeded in bowing the lady out and closing and bolting the door behind her. Jay sat up in bed and shook hands with him.

"You're a wonder! A moment more and she'd have got her divorce and married me!" he exclaimed, wiping his bedewed brow. "Some women rob the cradle, and some rob the grave. My God, I'd stay in bed a year to keep my old friend Weems safely married!"

"On the whole," the doctor mused, "on the whole, I think I shall prescribe a nurse for you. An—ornamental nurse," he hastened to add, at signs of explosion, "one whom it will not hurt the eyes of an invalid to look upon."

There are compensations to everything, even to sickness. Nurse Durant was such a compensation. She had a neat little figure which the prim blue uniform set off to perfection; she

"There, there!" cooed Nurse Durant, smoothing his forehead, quite professionally, of course; "you mustn't get excited"







Late one evening the resourceful Constance appeared to reiterate her plea that he recover and help to free her from a man who could never understand her soul-needs

had soft, wavy brown hair with glints of gold in it which the absurd little cap made no pretense of hiding, and she had a smile that made one pray fervently—but not for speedy recovery. Then and there Reginald Jay determined that his illness should

be lingering if it did not become chronic.

"Have you brought your trunk?" he asked, feebly. "I'm going to be sick more than a suit-case worth."

The nurse seemed surprised. "And yet you look so well!"

"Do you think so?" Jay cried, eagerly. "Of course, I need a shave, but when I'm dressed up I've been told I ought to try for a place in the movies. There's a photograph over there on the bureau somewhere——"

Nurse Durant blushed and made a great pretense of studying the chart at the head of the bed. "Temperature normal—pulse normal," she read aloud. "Mr. Jay, how long have you had this—this illness?"

"It began," explained the patient sadly, "with a love affair."

"Oh!" The nurse's tone was suddenly remote. She was turning away, but Jay caught her skirt.

"You don't understand. It wasn't that I was in love, but the lady. Listen—oh, please listen! You can't blame me if a married woman insists upon falling in love with me, can you? Her husband was an old friend of mine, and I never dreamed of such a thing. But she asked me to go to walk, and a storm came up and we couldn't find our way back to the inn till midnight. And she kept talking about how romantic it was!"

"I suppose she's very beautiful?" but the pretty nurse's tone was a trifle less frigid.

"Beautiful!" Jay growled. "With her hair all out of curl and plastered over her face! And she would skip, tho she weighs fifty pounds too much, and now she's trying to get a divorce from her husband because I happened to meet him coming out of a roadhouse that same night with a woman he'd been showing real estate lots to! And she wants me to be her witness, and afterwards she means to——" He broke off, shuddering.

"There, there!" cooed Nurse Durant, smoothing his forehead, quite professionally, of course; "you mustn't get excited. It's very bad for a man as sick as you are. Don't worry at all. No one shall marry you while I'm around."

Ensued several delightful days during which Jay's chart testified that he was at least holding his own. Constance and the Forest of Arden were quite forgotten, while Nurse Durant and her patient discovered singular similarities of taste. They both liked limburger cheese, ragtime music, Robert W. Chambers, auction bridge and Coney Island. They both disliked the subway, highbrow plays, blondes, bologna and grand opera. And when they both at the same moment stated that their favorite movie star was Norma Talmadge, they looked at one another awed. It was almost supernatural to feel so much alike about all the essential things.

But even a nurse has to have some sleep and, late one evening, while Reginald lay unprotected and helpless, the resourceful Constance appeared via the fire-escape to reiterate her plea that he recover and help to free her from a man who could never understand her soul-needs. She was just getting nicely under way when voices outside the door warned of the approach of a visitor.

"My husband!" Connie whispered, dramatically. "Well, it is Fate!" However, she showed distinct uneasiness, and just



as Jay was on the point of fainting away she plopped plumply into the clothes hamper and drew the cover down, concealing all but one peroxide curl. At the same moment the door burst open and Weems flung himself in, quite purple with some emotion which he immediately proceeded to explain.

"I've got the evidence!" He waved a small pink slip of note-paper threateningly. "A letter in her own hand, beginning 'My Own Orlando,' and now, as soon as I find who the fellow is, I'll start a counter suit—what's the matter, Jay?"

For his friend had choked alarmingly, and now sat up among his pillows, regarding the clothes hamper, which was swaying violently to and fro in a very odd manner indeed. Luckily, Weems was too full of his own grievance to notice. "Yes, sir," he declared, violently, "I'm on the track of Orlando right now, and when I find him—" He brought his fist down on the lid of the hamper by way of emphasis.

"Wing!" called Jay, faintly, "Wing Chow!" And as the Chinaman appeared sleepily in the doorway he pointed to the hamper. "Take the laundry basket out into the other room. The man will be here for it tomorrow morning, and it's always well to be forehanded. Take it out! And keep it out—don't let it get back in here!"

Doctors Flexner and Widner wore a distinctly worried look as they entered the sick chamber the next morning and silently laid upon the bed a court order that Dr. Macklyn, the prominent physician, should be allowed to examine one Reginald Jay on behalf of Mrs. Constance Weems, who claimed that he was not sick enough to claim exemption from testifying in her divorce suit.

"There's just one thing to be done," Flexner observed, gloomily, to Widner, across the prone form of the patient, "and we'll have to do it or go to jail."

"Certainly," agreed his co-practitioner, "and the sooner the better. That Macklyn may be here at any moment."

They then both regarded Jay with an expression that caused lively foreboding in that gentleman's mind. "What do you mean?" he asked irritably.

"Which would you prefer to have?" Flexner inquired, as he opened his case, removed several small vials and a hypodermic needle and held them one after the other, to the light. "Now, we can give you a beautiful case of cholera, or perhaps you'd prefer leprosy? Or a touch of Asiatic fever? Come, come; choose and be quick about it? You can't expect us to go to jail because you aren't really sick. Be reasonable!"

"I'll be da—" Jay began, but the appearance of Nurse Duncan changed the expletive to "switched." She was bearing the breakfast tray and looked puzzled.

"Dr. Richard Macklyn is outside," she said; "what can he want? Do you know?"

"Then you've got a case for life"—he kist her—"for I have the best medical authority that my case is incurable!"

(Forty-three)

## SICK-A-BED

Told in story form from the scenario of Clara G. Kennedy, based upon Ethel Watts Mumford's story. Produced by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, starring Wallace Reid. Directed by Sam Woods. The cast:

Reginald Jay.....	Wallace Reid
Nurse Durant.....	Bebe Daniels
John Weems.....	John Stepping
Constance Weems.....	Winifred Greenwood
Chalmers.....	Tully Marshall
Dr. Macklyn.....	C. H. Geldert
Dr. Widner.....	Lucien Littlefield
Dr. Flexner.....	Robert Boulder
Lady Customer.....	Lorrenza Lazzarini
Wing Chow.....	George Kuwa

The two pseudo doctors collapsed with two groans onto two chairs, while the invalid showed strongly marked symptoms of getting out of bed, but sank back on second thought upon his pillows, running his fingers distractedly thru his hair. "Oh, we know, all right!" he said, dismally. "He wants to prove I'm faking sickness so he can send these fellows here to jail and marry me off to Con—to Mrs. Weems. Now, I wouldn't care if it meant jail for me, but—the other! And she'll marry me sure as fate if she gets her divorce . . ."

"Never!" cried Nurse Durant. These nurses have such a wonderful devotion to their duty! She set down the tray beside the bed, gave her hair a touch at the mirror and sailed out of the room militantly, returning in a moment with a disagreeable-looking man, carrying a battered medicine case and scowling over thick-lensed spectacles.

"Here is the patient, Dr. Macklyn," she said sweetly, "and these are the attending doctors. Any questions you may want

(Continued on page 74)





# The Celluloid Critic

finally gives up his life in a battle with natives, and the waster, stirred by his ideals and religious faith, becomes regenerated in the love of the island maid.

This clash of untrammelled passions and age-old conventions is not new, of course, but at least we expected Griffith to weave it into a human fabric. But "The Idol Dancer" never approaches reality anywhere and is merely bald melodrama working up to the inevitable Griffith chase, this time a boatload of natives, led by the beachcomber, racing back to the village in order to save it from headhunters. These savages, by the way, live up to Griffith tradition by spending hours battering away at the missionary's door.

Clarine Seymour is the island girl and as piquant a figure as ever we hope to see celluloided. No such half-caste girl ever existed on a tropical island, but why quibble at reality? Richard Barthelmess is effective as the derelict beachcomber, if rather youthful for a waster of such experiences as the subtitles paint. And Creighton Hale handles his rôle of the tubercular lad from the States very well. Here and there are "Griffith touches," but "The Idol Dancer" is a distinct disappointment.

Clarine Seymour is the island girl in "The Idol Dancer," and as piquant a figure as ever we hope to see celluloided. Below, Dorothy Gish in "Mary Ellen Comes to Town"



Photograph by Abbe

**D**AVID WARK GRIFFITH is a man of unique personality. He can be good, bad and indifferent, all within the scope of a few weeks. It is his latest celluloid creation, "The Idol Dancer," which prompts us to this comment.

"The Idol Dancer" is Griffith at his worst, despite as colorful and exotic a background as any screen painter could desire. Griffith places upon a desert isle a picturesque triangle: a beautiful half-caste girl thru whose veins throbs the blood of several passionate races, a beachcomber waster and a missionary's sickly nephew from New England. Then comes the inevitable clash of passion and ideals. The weak youth



(Forty-four)



# The Newest Photoplays in Review

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

We rate the Metro visualization of Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Right of Way" as the best thing created by that organization since Alla Nazimova's unforgettable "Revelation." It is a tragic story, and Metro went at least a step in the right direction by preparing two endings. One presents the novel as the author saw it and the other offers it as motion picture producers imagine audiences demand it. The production is admirable as to consistent continuity plus direct and sincere handling. And Bert Lytell contributes one of the best characterizations of the year as that arch-cynic, Charley Steele. Another fine bit of work is that of Gibson Gowland as Joe Portugais.

John Barrymore's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," (Paramount), will likely be an unforgettable thing in the minds of those who see it. For Barrymore makes the Robert Louis Stevenson creation a ghoulish thing of nightmares. True, he idealizes Jekyll into a poetic and melancholy youth of classic profile and lacy waistcoats. But his Hyde is a terrible being, with the most ghastly make-up we ever recall seeing in the films. Memories of the bent and gloating Hyde, loping thru the London fogs, will haunt your dreams. The film adaptation isn't the original story of Stevenson, since all sorts of things, from the addition of feminine interest on, have been done with it. Yet it is a finely workmanlike piece of screen-craft. Out of the cast stands a vivid figure of the London depths, played in remarkable fashion by one Nita Naldi. You will hear more of Miss Naldi, or we



Above, Bert Lytell contributes one of the best characterizations of the year as the arch-cynic in "The Right of Way." Center, Priscilla Dean as The Virgin of Stamboul, and below, Charles Ray trying to keep cool in "Alarm Clock Andy"

miss our guess. Martha Mansfield makes a rather pretty figure as Dr. Jekyll's sweetheart.

Universal apparently spent a small fortune upon "The Virgin of Stamboul" as a super-vehicle for Priscilla Dean. It is all about the desperate tribulations of a pretty beggar girl of Constantinople who is desired by a villainous sheik, a gentleman who apparently cares nothing for the H. C. of L. in combating harem overhead expenses. Then, too, the girl is beloved by an American soldier of fortune. We give you one guess as to who wins. But it doesn't happen until scores of camels and horses chase each other across the Sahara, endless extras walk up and down the streets of Stamboul and a desert city "in the direction of Mecca" is stormed.

(Continued on page 101)





# A Rose in the Bud

By BARBARA ALLEN

and keep up with her class at school. She was in the first year at high.

"Virginia will not give up her studies, however," she told me. "She is fond of them, in the first place, and we realize that the wider her knowledge, the more conversant she is in different subjects, the better her work will be. She is particularly fond of French and literature, but there will be other subjects as well. One of the first things we'll attend to when we reach California is securing a good tutor."

I asked Virginia if she liked picture work.

"I love it," she answered, and I have come to know that Virginia loves many things. She loves dancing, swimming and



EVERY time I have seen Virginia Brown Faire—and I have seen her often and under many widely varying conditions—I think of a rose. Not of a deep red rose, nor of a white or pale yellow rose—rather of a pink rose, delicate and fragile, not full blown, but in the bud.

Virginia is the essence of girlishness—still in her 'teens, she has not stopped to question why. She is fortunate in having a mother who is a pal and a father who takes his pleasure in making her happy. If she has weighed the world it has not been to find it wanting—and yet she is not selfish thru the things which have come to her. There has been an element of wisdom in the love which she has known.

Before signing her Universal contract and leaving for California, she came often to the magazine offices, and there has been no more welcome visitor. Her utter naturalness and the lack of any desire upon her part to impress went so far as to impress even the office-boy—that, in itself, is superlative. And there is no one who knows her who is not delighted over her good fortune—there could be no greater test of sincerity of feeling.

"How did I feel when I learnt I was one of the contest winners?" she reiterated. "Why, very happy. At first it seemed too good to be true, and when Universal offered me the five years' contract and the generous salary—well, I just didn't know any one could be so happy."

Her mother was with her and she told me that Virginia had left school this term, because they knew she could not accept any offer

Virginia Brown Faire is one of the four winners of the Fame and Fortune Contest of 1919. She is now at Universal City doing special productions under a remarkable contract which has five years to run





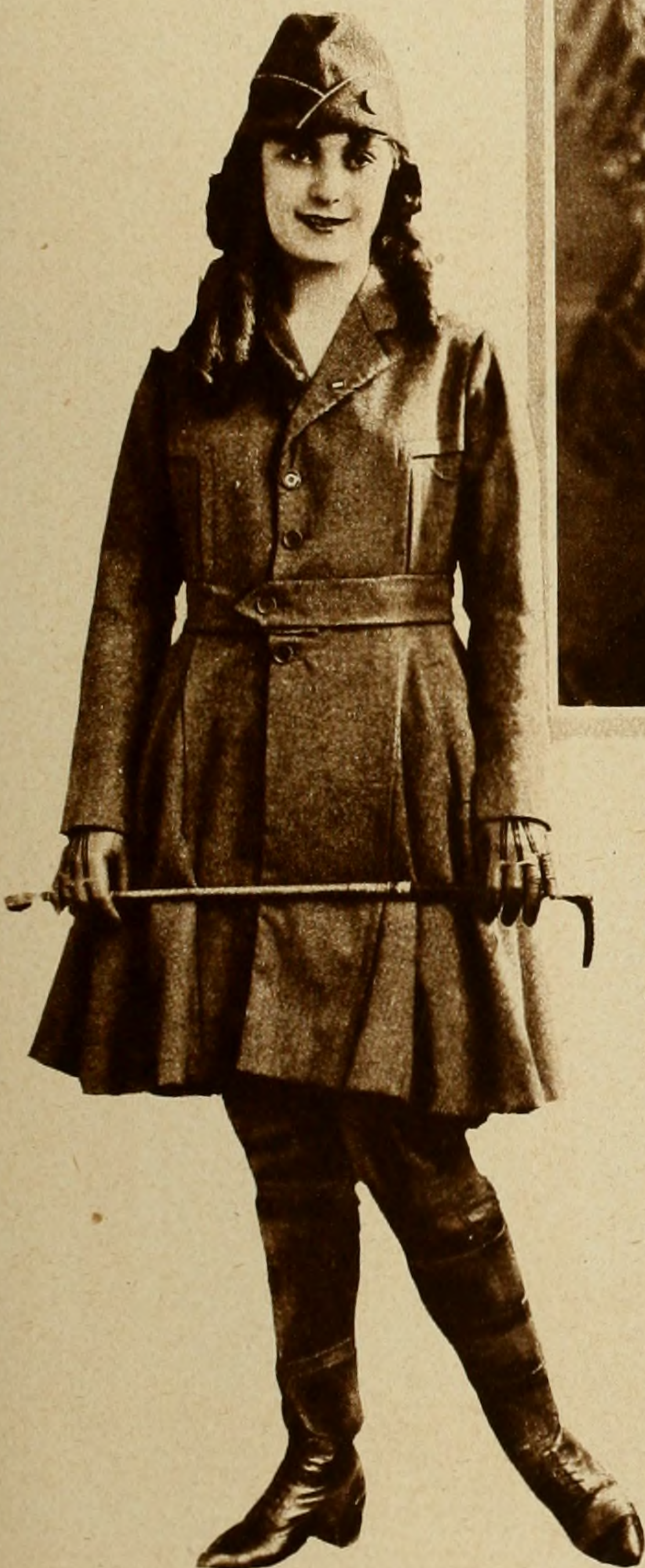
## Impressions of Virginia Brown Faire

horseback riding—and she loves people. Perhaps that is why people love her, for there is no more mutual thing than love. Love begets love.

"I expect it will be ever so much nicer now, working with one company and knowing just what I will be required to do from day to day," she said. "I have done just a little motion picture work, you know—not very much, but I love it," and she smiled a Virginiaesque smile.



Photograph by Freulich



Virginia Brown Faire loves dancing, swimming and horseback riding. All of which comes in good stead in her motion picture work. Readers of **THE CLASSIC** should watch for her forthcoming Universal appearances

On this day she was thinking of the new frocks it would be necessary to take to California with her, and, like every other girl in her 'teens the world over, she was quite absorbed in the question.

"I'm having the prettiest new evening dress," she said, happily. "It is maize color, of chiffon and very simple. Do you think gold cloth slippers would be prettiest with it?"

I thought so, and into my mind there came a picture of Virginia at her first party in the movie colony at Hollywood. In her shy little way she will be as charming as the most brilliant star—no one will be lovelier than our little Virginia in her delicate yellow frock, with her black curls pinned upon her pretty head and her skin like rose-tinted ivory. I wish that I might see her.

The next time I saw her the metamorphosis was quite complete—tangibly, of course; intangibly it was non-existent. She has taken the family name of Faire and hereafter we will know her as Virginia Faire. Her contract with Universal had been sealed, signed and delivered—she stood on the brink of stardom. But with it all she was the same little girl who entered the contest—shy, modest and appealingly winsome, supremely happy in honors which had come to her, most appreciative of all that had been done for her, but entirely lacking in any pose or affectation.

(Continued on page 86)



# What the Fame

**W**E are a link in the great chain of the motion picture industry. We are a medium of expression between the silversheet, with all that lies behind it; *i.e.*, the producer, the director, the scenario, the star, and the spectator. Daily the gigantic force of the screen grows in strength and, as a part of this new world-power, we realize its possibilities.

We firmly believe that the motion picture industry is—as all great industries should be—a field open to all. We know that the opportunity in this particular field is greater than that of any other industry of its size. Why? Because it is practically new. It is the youngest of world industries. It is the second largest and most powerful!

As a medium of expression between the silversheet and the spectator, we are trying to strengthen the connecting chain as much as possible. Last year we inaugurated a Fame and Fortune Contest. At the conclusion of this contest we launched four winners upon a career of unlimited possibility; four young women who would otherwise have never been given an opportunity to show their talent.

The results of last year's contest were so unusual as to make us decide upon a repetition of the contest. We were able to profit largely by our experience and to map



Photo by White

Above, Kay Bardine of New York City; and center, Gertrude Crossman, Brooklyn, N. Y.



Photograph by Champion Studios

Right, America Chedister of Seattle, Washington





# and Fortune Contest Means

out a course which would tend to place the new venture on a higher scale. After much thought and deliberation, we decided upon the following plans for our new 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest:

First of all, the contest is open to every one, male and female, the only limitation being previous professional experience. Secondly, we have decided to produce a five-reel feature drama, the scenario for which has already been secured, and in which all the members of the final honor roll and, of course, the winners will take part.

Thirdly, for the final winners of the contest, we shall procure contracts with leading motion picture companies—and shall launch each winner with a two-year publicity campaign, thru our three magazines, *THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE*, *THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC* and *SHADOWLAND*.

It is a source of great pleasure to us to know that we have been the means of serving our readers, as well as the screen profession. This feeling has caused us to back the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest with all enthusiasm, and we intend that it shall surpass in every way any previous contest of its kind.

*(Continued on page 88)*

**Top, Thelma Goeddel of Pittsburgh, Pa.; center, Anna Kelley of Brooklyn, N. Y.; lower left, Hazel D. Reeves from Chicago, Ill.; and, lower right, Alva Ansley of Washington, D. C.**

Photograph by Sarony



Photograph by Hargrave

*(Forty-nine)*





## Warwick at Home

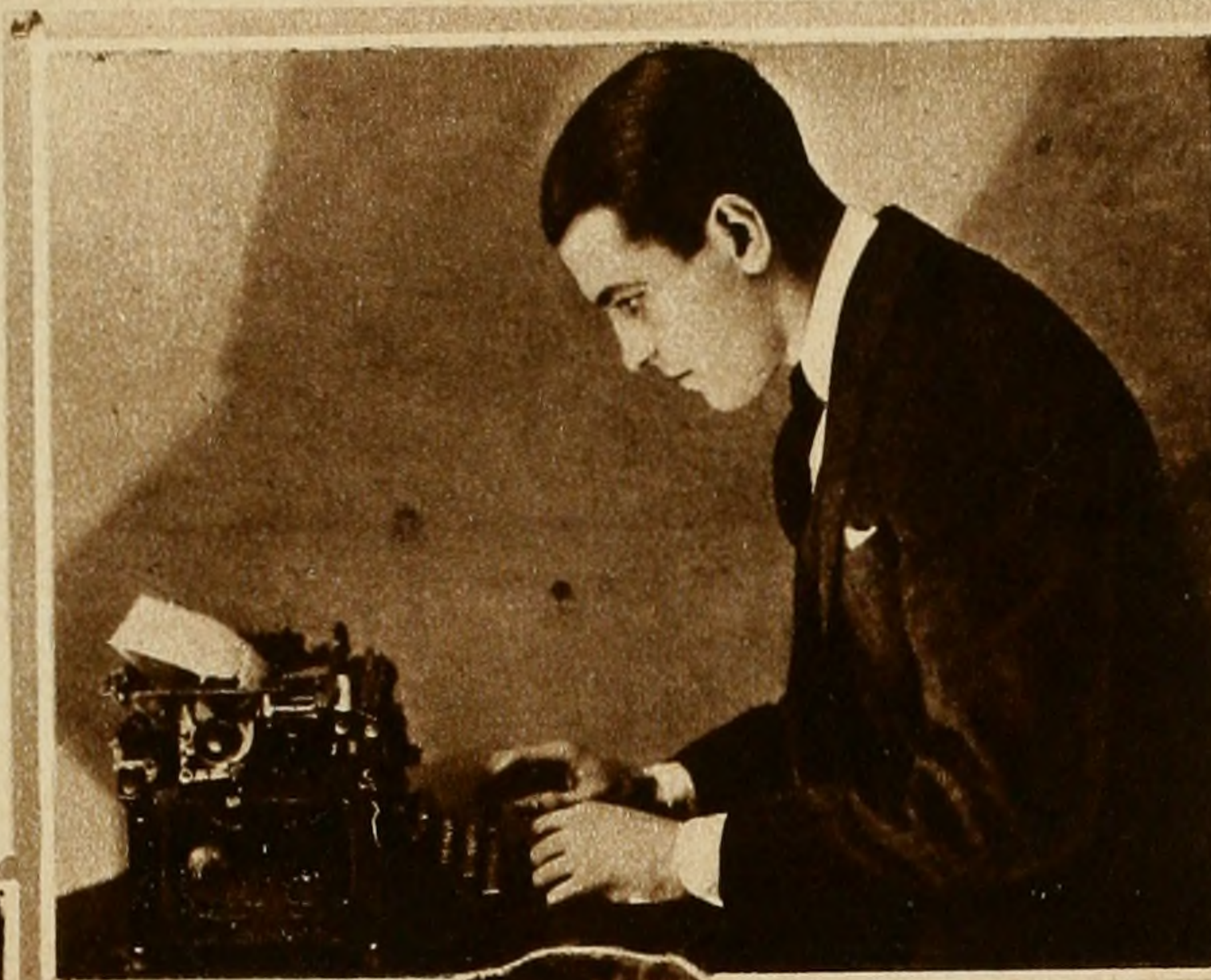


Herewith are three glimpses of Robert Warwick, the Paramount-Artcraft star, at home in his California bungalow. Mamma Warwick presides over the Warwick domicile



The  
First  
Complete  
Tabulation  
of  
Leading  
Candidates

The  
Greatest  
of  
Popularity  
Contests



Photograph  
by Abbe



Photograph  
by Campbell



Some of the  
leaders. Top  
center, Richard  
Barthelmess; center,  
Norma Talmadge;  
left center, Pearl  
White; right center,  
Mary Pickford;  
left circle, William  
S. Hart; right  
circle, Wallie Reid



**T**HE pop-  
ularity  
contest  
is booming.  
The intense  
interest  
manifested  
by votes  
and letters  
from Can-  
ada, South  
America,

Australia and New Zealand, as well as from nearly every town and city in America, is an inspiration to our editorial offices and is blazing the way for a greater popularity for our stars than ever before enjoyed by them.

Our readers are both intelligent and discerning and, in the letters received, it is interesting to note the reasons set forth for choosing their favorites. Most of the feminine stars are chosen for their beauty, or because of a certain appeal, but the male characters are chosen for their rugged strength or for their fun-loving proclivities. With or without reason, every movie fan has one or more favorites.

The interest is twofold, too, for not only does the reader have the opportunity of boosting the player who has given them the most happy hours, each reader also has the opportunity of winning one of the splendid prizes depicted and described in detail on another page.

representative number of votes. Here is the result of the contest at the time that this issue of the magazine went to press:

Feminine stars: Mary Pickford, 13,160; Pearl White, 10,481; Norma Talmadge, 9,875; Nazimova, 4,002; Viola Dana, 2,851; Constance Talmadge, 2,247; Elsie Ferguson, 1,450; Shirley Mason, 1,247; Lillian Gish, 1,150; Theda Bara, 1,057; Dorothy Gish, 981; Ruth Roland, 981; May Allison, 900; Mary Miles Minter, 900; Anita Stewart, 900; Marguerite Clark, 870; Marie Osborne, 750; Irene Castle, 647; Geraldine Farrar, 603; Mildred Davis, 550; Margarita Fisher, 550; Olive Thomas, 550; Gloria Swanson, 550; Pauline Frederick, 523; Marie Prevost, 518; Ethel Clayton, 451; Vivian Martin, 451; Mae Murray, 450; Marie Walcamp, 447; June Caprice, 489; Priscilla Dean, 489; Madame Petrova, 489; Dorothy Dalton, 356; Bebe Daniels, 356; Alice Joyce, 313; Juanita Hansen, 216; Alice Brady, 212.

(Continued on page 80)



Photograph  
by Sarony



Marguerite Clark—  
Little Red Riding  
Hood..A snow-  
bird..Moonbeams.  
Cecil Bruenner  
roses..Story of The  
Little Red Hen.  
Molly

Charles Ray—In-  
diana..Tandem bi-  
cycles..boiled din-  
ners..Correspond-  
ence schools..Boys  
that cant dance



Mary Pickford—  
The Princess in the  
fairy story..May-  
poles..The doll at  
the top of the Christ-  
mas tree..White  
kittens

## Louise Fazenda's Impressions of Screen Folk

Anita Stewart—  
Apple blossoms..  
Swans on summer  
lakes..Rainbows..  
Memory of a smile..  
Breezes thru lilacs



Photograph  
by Campbell

Nazimova—Sam-  
ovars and aigrettes..  
A knife in a satin  
sheath..Ravens..  
Zithers thru lattice  
windows..A pet pan-  
ther..Breath of  
Araby

Miss Fazenda is more  
than a farce comé-  
dienne as the accom-  
panying impressions  
show. We know of no  
one who can paint as  
vivid a picture with a  
half dozen words as  
Miss Fazenda. The  
Mack Sennett comé-  
dienne really wrote  
these and she will con-  
tribute more to forth-  
coming issues of THE  
MOTION PICTURE  
CLASSIC

Will Rogers—Thru  
Arkansas on a mule..  
Whittling..A lariat  
on a dusty road..  
Bull Durham..Bill  
Nye..Side-shows



Norma Talmadge—  
Poppies in wheat  
fields..Dinner by  
candle-light..Scent  
of jasmine on an  
evening breeze..  
Sables

Pauline Frederick—  
Agate..Reincarna-  
tion of a gypsy  
queen.. "The Second  
Mrs. Tanqueray"..  
Lamplight thru the  
fog



Photograph  
by Hartsook

William Farnum—Hamlet  
of the north woods..A  
cello..Logging camps..  
Painting of a lion

Bill Hart—Maynard Dix-  
on's painting of the des-  
ert..Camp-fire silhou-  
ettes..A mirage..Forty-  
fours and pounded silver  
chaps..Eagles



Photograph  
by Puffer

Ben Turpin—Mark An-  
tony in caricature..Court  
jesters..East Side mani-  
kins..Horseradish

Dorothy Gish—Young  
America..Hallowe'en..  
Middy blouses..Ice-cream  
sodas..Skipping-ropes and  
swings



Photograph  
by Hoover

Constance Tal-  
madge—Caesar's  
wife..Platinum  
wedding-rings..  
White duck..  
Yachts..Pine-  
apple ice..Honey-  
moons by water

Charlie Chaplin—  
Rachmaninoff's  
"Prelude" in rag-  
time..Fly on a  
custard pie..Cal-  
liopes..Moving  
day..Frank-  
furters and beans..  
Hurdy-gurdys..  
Lost puppies





# The Prince Chap



Told in story form from the Paramount Photoplay

By FAITH SERVICE

"AND so," finished Peyton, "the Prince Chap went away and left the Be-u-tiful Princess spinning the mantle for his Glad Returning in her Faithful Tower."

Claudia's rapt eyes held a certain puzzlement. "If he loved his Be-u-tiful Princess so much," she said, in her eight-year-old treble, "and *she* loved her Prince Chap so much, why did he go away? Peoples who love like to stay close, *I* think."

Peyton sighed and shook his head. "All around Love, my child," he said, "there are the Briers of Necessity. The Be-u-tiful Princess had to have silken sandals for her milk-white feet and a mantle of true blue for her slender shoulders and a cap of moonshine and stardust for her golden head. The Prince Chap had neither gold nor precious stones, and so he had to go out among the briers and brambles and find the fortune to lay at his ladye's feet. He is still searching, child, very sad at heart sometimes and often sore of foot. But when he is most tired and most sad, when the way seems the

roughest and longest, he thinks of his truly blue Princess in her Tower of Faithfulness and his way is made glad again . . . and he can shut his eyes . . . and dream . . ."

"That's loving . . ." said the child, in an awed little whisper. "Oh, Prince Chap, I hope, some day, I will be a Princess in a Tower of Faithfulness waiting for my Prince Chap to come down the path of the Moon."

Peyton leaned over and kist her. The little lovely touches of womanhood were becoming perceptible even now, he thought. And the thought brought an ache to his heart.

Two things happened to little Claudia when she was eight and a half. Two productive things, which, in their effects, were to remain with her and tinge all her years. One was that she learnt that fairy tales are, almost always, true. At any rate, the fairy story which had delighted her bedtime hour since first her mother had given her, as God was taking her, to Peyton, was true. The

## THE PRINCE CHAP

Fictionized from the scenario of Olga Printzlau from the play of Edward Peple. Produced by Famous Players-Artcraft Corporation. Directed by William de Mille. The cast:

William Peyton.....	Thomas Meighan
Runion.....	Charles Ogle
Alice Travers.....	Kathlyn Williams
Jack, Earl of Huntington.....	Casson Ferguson
Phoebe Tucker.....	Ann Forrest
Claudia.....	{ 4 years—Peaches Jackson
	{ 8 years—May Giraci
	{ 18 years—Lila Lee
Aunt.....	Lyllian Leighton
Ballington.....	Bertie Johns
Claudia's Mother.....	Florence Hart
Yadder.....	Theodore Kosloff
Helmer.....	Clarence Geldert
Housekeeper.....	Agnes Marc





At Christmas time there came a box of toys for Claudia

Prince Chap was her "Daddy" Peyton and the mythical, golden-haired Princess Alice in her Tower of Faithfulness was a lovely lady named Alice Travers, who lived in a distant country called, rather pleasantly, California.

The lovely lady had a father with many millions and lived in a palace set among showering roses. It was all as beautiful as the fairy tale, Peyton told her, one lonely twilight hour when waiting and pain had made him take the child as confidante for the love that was gnawing away his resistance.

But it wasn't a fairy tale . . . Claudia could not quite explain why, but it made it different. It made it all very different. Suddenly, she didn't want to hear about it any more. Not any more, ever. She didn't want Peyton to be the Prince Chap and she didn't want the Princess with the shining hair to be the lovely lady in her garden of showering roses in that land called California.

Of course, she didn't know it, but with the merging of the fairy tale into a reality of pain, jealousy was born in her . . .

The second thing was the arrival, in person, of the lovely lady. That, as may be imagined, was a most tremendous happening.

Claudia had been reading Grimm's, quite alone, in the window seat. Peyton was out for the afternoon, but had promised to take her to supper and the play later on. They did things like that, the lonely man and the fanciful child. Sometimes some of the other sculptors and artists in the building went along. Claudia was the Queen of them all. They had, each

and every one of them, known her beautiful mother when, in the heyday of her youth and beauty, she had made them rapturous, artistically, by posing for them. They, each and every one of them, accepted her little girl as a sacred trust, even tho she had chosen to give her into the specific keeping of Peyton.

It had been just about twilight. Claudia loved to read fairy tales at twilight. Peyton had very solemnly assured her that none of these tales could ever, ever come alive.

There had come a rap at the door, very gently . . . Claudia had called "Come!" very dulcetly, too. And then the door had swung open and Claudia had known at once that the lovely lady was before her. Her first instinct, too, was one of a fierce little pain. S'pose and s'pose the lovely lady had come to take Peyton home with her to that land called California, where, Claudia knew, he had been as a little boy . . . ? S'pose and s'pose she should take him away from her . . . ? A pain, unchildlike in its bitterness, stabbed her small and loudly thumping heart.

There was something unfriendly, almost distrustful in the way the lovely lady came into the room and over to the window seat, from which, with difficulty, Claudia managed to rise and bow.

"Are you," the lady said, in a tone as thumpy-sounding as Claudia's heart, "are you . . . Mr. Peyton's little . . . girl?"

"Yes," said the child, for the first time, inadequate.

The lovely lady dropped into the chair Claudia held out for her.

"I have come a long way," she said, "to find out."

"Didn't you know," Claudia said, "about me?"

"I had heard," the lady said, "things . . ." There was a



silence, then, "What do you call him, my dear?" she asked.

"Daddy, of course," said Claudia, adding, "that is, when I don't call him Prince Chap."

The lady didn't answer, and Claudia took the silence to be an invitation. "You see," she said, entertainingly, "Daddy tells me a fairy story, or he *used* to tell me a fairy story, and it was all about a Be-u-tiful Princess who sat in a Tower of Faithfulness spinning a mantle for his Glad Returning. He used to tell it to me 'most every evening, just about now. It helped him when he was sad. Then, one day, he was sadder than ever, and he told me that it wasn't a fairy story at all. The Prince Chap was himself and the Princess was . . ." Claudia paused and caught her breath . . . "The Princess was make-believe," she said. It didn't seem the thing to do to tell the lady with the cold eyes that the Prince Chap wove the twilight with the bright jewels of his radiant love for her. The Prince Chap, it came to Claudia, had been wrong. It had been the wrong sort of fairy tale . . . it had had the wrong sort of Princess . . .

Alice Travers was staring into a space greyer than any space she had ever known before. Grey, and thronged, too, with the ugly images the past few years had brought to her, ever since Bill Peyton had gone away to win fame and fortune, and hadn't won it . . . suspicions nurtured to growth by her father, by her aunt, by Helmer, the man with the millions who wanted to marry her . . . suspicions she had made up her mind to accept or to lay into the dust where she had hoped against hope they might belong. She found her voice and said, rather than asked:

"Your . . . your daddy loved your mother, didn't he?"

"Of course," said the child, with fierce partisanship she felt for the dead she had loved; "everybody loved my mother. Daddy said, often, that hers was a face to 'launch a thousand ships and burn the topless towers of Illium.' 'Course, indeed, he did love her."

"Of course . . ." said Alice Travers. Claudia thought she had the disagreeablest laugh she had ever heard. It didn't go at all with a dream of a lovely lady, whose voice should be as a tinkling bell.

After the laugh, Peyton came in. When he saw Alice, Claudia hid her small, troubled face in her hands. There was such a glory on it. "I didn't know," thought the child, "he was waiting like *that* . . ."

Then she heard Alice say words like "suspicions" and "honor" and "tests for me" and then the word "honor" again,

reiterated several times. It sifted into her small intelligence that the word honor had, somehow, to do with her. More clearly she got the fact that it had to do with Peyton's sending her, Claudia, away. If he kept her with him the lovely lady would know that he had no honor. If Claudia stayed, the lovely lady would go away . . . definitely . . . forever . . .

"You must accept my *word* of honor," Claudia heard Peyton say, his voice all stiff with an intolerable ache; "it must be enough for you, Alice . . . oh, my dear . . ."

That last, thought Claudia, must melt the ice away from the coldest blue eyes, must warm to a fierce tenderness the most hidden heart.

"I will not be made a laughing-stock," Alice was saying, "for any living man. That is what you would do with me. You would have me take to my bosom the living token of your infidelity. You are mad."

"I have been," the man said; he added, "dreamers are always mad, I guess . . . they build castles made of hopes and span the very heavens with bridges of their own tears."

"Will you send the child away?" The woman's voice was becoming tense, impatient.

"I will not."

"Do you love her better than you do me?"

"I love her better than this thing you ask me to do for you."

"Then it is good-by. Forever, you understand?"

"I understand. You have made me."

"Very well. Good-by."

"Good-by, dear."

Claudia crept into his arms, there on the old window seat where he had spun for her the fabric of her young imagination. She closed her slender little arms about him and held him in a vise. After a great while, his tears fell on her hair and hung there, emblematic. "She didn't care enough, Claudia," he said.

"She didn't know how," said the child, and kist him fiercely on his eyes, his hair and on his listless hands.

At Christmas time there came a box of toys for Claudia, gaudy affairs, and a note for Peyton announcing the marriage of Alice Travers to Robert Helmer.

The years never effaced for Claudia the memory of Peyton

"I will not be made a laughing-stock," Alice was saying, "for any living man. That is what you would do with me. You would have me take to my bosom the living token of your infidelity. You are mad"







playing kid games with her, zestfully, with his heart, hurt to death, in his eyes.

Claudia had a tenacious memory or the memory of Alice would never have persisted, because she was twenty before she saw or ever heard of her again.

She was a very beautiful twenty, too, with dreams in her eyes and tenderness in her fingertips. She was so very beautiful, indeed, and there were so many broken hearts attributed to her that gossip began to wag its finger at the ménage of Peyton and herself, unchaperoned. Peyton, instantaneously alert, engaged a house-



keeper. Claudia, instantaneously enraged, protested.

"It's absurd!" she stormed. "I've taken care of you all these years, capably, if I do say so. We are happy just as we are, just the two of us, you and I. We never have needed another living soul. We are complete. Now here you go, blundering, and destroy the whole thing. You bring a woman into our home and pay her wages. Daddy dear, how *could* you?"

Peyton explained, with what discrimination he could, and Claudia never called him daddy again.

She never did because she never again felt the same as she had before that window-seat talk when Peyton tried to tell her that the little girl was grown up, that he was not her daddy, nor any sort of blood relation, and that the world . . . well, the world . . . and Claudia understood . . .

She understood a great many other things, too. She understood, for instance, the breaking hurt in Peyton's heart the years had never wholly swept away. She understood what it means when a woman loves a man, or a man loves a woman, and there is no way out. She understood why she had never been able to love the Earl of Huntingon or any of the other nice boys who had come to Peyton's studio and sued for her favors. She had never been able to because . . .

She understood why she

**It made Peyton's occasional calls elsewhere, without her, intolerable hours**



had mothered Peyton so all these years, why she had suffered when she had learnt, years ago, that the fairy story of the Prince Chap was not a fairy story at all, and why, when Alice had gone away, she had been able to take the broken man into her arms and kiss him and soothe him as a woman might have done.

All these things had been possible because she had loved him. Because she loved him now. Because she must always love him so long as he was he and she was she and the world revolved about them. She was made for this.

It made everything rather different, of course: Painfully, delightfully different. It made their tête-à-tête teas together stolen paradises. It made Peyton's occasional calls elsewhere, without her, intolerable hours. It made the memory of Alice, still visible in his eyes, an aching dreariness . . . It made a touch a thrill . . . a word a sacrament . . . it gave a fever to her veins, flinging a violence of roses into her cheeks . . . a brilliance almost supernatural into her eyes . . .

It made the coming of Alice into their lives again a cup she could not pass and dared not drain . . .

Claudia learnt a great deal about love after the meeting with Alice. She learnt that part of love which is renunciation. She grew so greatly that she could find peace in the thought of Peyton winning his peace at last after his suffering years.

The night after their meeting Peyton and Alice took a long stroll. They were at a summer hotel, and Peyton told Claudia not to wait up for them. She didn't, but she waited in bed with a heart as cold as ice until their footsteps and their whispered good-nights sent the hot tears flooding down her face.

"Prince Chap," she murmured in the honeyed darkness, "please let me be glad when you are glad . . . you have been sorry like this so long . . . and I have been sorry like this only for a little, little time. You have borne it, and so will I. But oh, my darling, if it could have been me . . . if it could have been me . . ."

The next morning, at the breakfast-table, Peyton told her all about it. It was a habit of theirs to tell each other everything. The habit had precluded, all their lives together, any sort of shred of misunderstanding arising between them.

(Fifty-seven)



There was, there had always been, only glad, confident morning in their mutual tie.

"Alice is a widow," Peyton said; "she has been for nearly five years. I . . . you see, Claudia honey, it has been a long while with both of us. Flames abate, even such a flame as there was between us. We think, Alice and I, that there could be no one thing in all the world so fascinating as to set up those ashes, revive that flame, make those dear dead dreams live, lovely things again. We are going to try together to win back our youth, the love of our youth."

"It would be beautiful," said Claudia; "you . . . you might even build . . . again . . . the Tower of Faithfulness and

(Continued on page 85)

"It has been a long, long path of moonbeams, Prince Chap, and most of the time it has seemed to waver and shift . . . but you have come . . . safely . . . at last"



# Double Exposures

Conducted by F. J. S.

THAT popular phrase, "won over by the films," now reads "won over by the stage."

"The Virgin of Stamboul" has destroyed our desire to ever visit Constantinople. The architecture of the city is just like that of every movie theater we've ever been in.

Our idea of a 100°-in-the-shade combination: Lew Cody and Betty Blythe. Yet the press story reads that Miss Blythe is to appear "in the late Lew Cody picture."

These Americanization films—preaching the lesson of America—will be a fine thing—if only some of the movie magnates themselves see 'em.

## BIG SCREEN MOMENT OF THE MONTH

Cutie Beautiful in the hula-hula moments of "The Idol Dancer."

Universal has engaged a "plot doctor," which opens the way for:  
Scenario surgeons.  
Photoplay physicians.  
Philm pharmacists.  
Drama druggists, etc.

Now we have an epidemic of rural dramas about to descend upon us. Witness David Griffith's "Way Down East" and Metro's "Shore Acres." Watch 'em come.

Another prediction: Watch for studios to be built in Cuba.

Just when all the movie producers start on their spring exodus to Europe, Albert E. Smith, president of Vitagraph, comes back to America. He's visiting in Los Angeles after nine months in Brooklyn.

Suggestion to producers—Why not produce a story touching upon prohibition?

Yeh, divorce is in the air in filmland. The continuities seem to be all wrong. Harold, all wrong.

So retakes are in order.

## DO THE SPIRITS GIVE A RAP?

Anna Eva Fay, who has starred as a fortune-teller for lo, these many years, is invading the film world, making a photoplay dealing with "psychic phenomena." A scenarioist is now doing the script with the aid of a ouija board.

Louise Glaum's new di-



rector, A. Lincoln Hart, claims—prior to his screen debut—to have been the first man "to introduce the refined cabaret." Will some one please explain this for us?

Some one is always taking the joy out of life. Just when Francis X. Bushman announces his permanent retirement from the screen, some one else announces the film debut of Francis X.'s son.

If bad news interests you at all, you will be absorbed to learn that a new company has been organized to film favorite poems. They're starting with one based upon Ella Wheeler Wilcox's lines, "Laugh and the world laughs with you."

Some day we hope to read an interview with a feminine star in which there is no mention of:

Chaise-longues.

Blue chintz.

Their mothers.

Ravishing gowns.

Said star's definition of love.

Ditto of marriage.

It's just a hope, y' understand, just a hope.

Down in Washington the religious organizations have put up a huge electric sign, asking the city to come to God, or words to that effect. Maybe Louis Selznick is going

to have some electric sign competition, after all.

Sicilian brigands recently kidnapped a motion picture director. They returned him at once, upon discovering his occupation. They have to draw the line somewhere.

## OUR IDEAL SCREEN STOCK COMPANY

All the producers are organizing stock companies these days. Here's our idea of a perfect organization:

*Leads*—Charles Ray, Richard Barthelmess—Nazimova, Elsie Ferguson, Lillian Gish.

*Seconds*—Conway Tearle, Thomas Meighan—Jane Novak, Alma Tell.

*Heavies*—David Powell, Antonio Moreno—Betty Compson, Bebe Daniels.

*Characters*—Hobart Bosworth, George Fawcett—Mary Alden, Eugenie Besserer.

*Juveniles, Ingénues*—Douglas MacLean—Dorothy Gish, Clarine Seymour.

*Others*—Wallate Beery, Al Chaney.

*Directors*—Supervision, David Griffith; continuity, George Loane Tucker; advisory, Mrs. Sidney Drew and King Vidor; lighting, Maurice Tourneur and George Fitzmaurice; choice of setting and location, Mr. Tourneur.

Combinations we'd like to see:

Ben Turpin and Nazimova.

Big cinema psychological moment of the month:

Olive Thomas in pajamas in "Footlights and Shadows."

JOBS WE'D LIKE TO HAVE

Camera-man at the Mack Sennett studios.

Ditto at the Christie studios.



# Do you realize how often eyes are fastened on your nails?



Are you willing to be judged by their appearance?



**Y**OU gesture freely as you talk to him. His eyes follow your moving finger tips. What are his impressions?

Men are especially sensitive to little deficiencies in a woman's appearance. Many men habitually judge a woman by the

trouble. The skin about the nail is sure to grow tough, uneven, to cause roughness, hangnails. When you cut the overgrown cuticle, you inevitably cut the live skin. As it heals, the skin is left thick and ragged. There is danger also of injuring the sensitive nail root, which is only one-twelfth inch below the surface.

It is possible to keep the cuticle thin, smooth, evenly shaped without cutting it. Your hands and nails can be so lovely you will be proud to have them noticed.

Cutex will soften the cuticle and keep it in good condition—it will dry up the

hangnails and rough places. In a very short time you will find that your nails are as lovely as you have always wished.



With a bit of cotton wrapped around an orange stick and dipped in Cutex, work around the nail base, pushing back the surplus cuticle



A brisk rub with Cutex Nail Polish brings a high gloss to the nails

Follow the directions under the illustrations. Once or twice a week, depending on how fast your cuticle grows, give your nails this quick manicure. The consciousness of flawless nails will add greatly to your poise—your general charm.

You can get Cutex at any drug or department store in the United States and Canada, and any chemist's shop in England. Cutex Cuticle Remover comes in 35c and 65c bottles. Cutex Nail White, Nail Polish and Cold Cream are 35c each.

### Six complete manicures for 20 cents

Send the coupon below and 20 cents for the Introductory Manicure Set. This is not as large as the Standard sets, but it contains enough of the Cutex preparations for at least six manicures. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

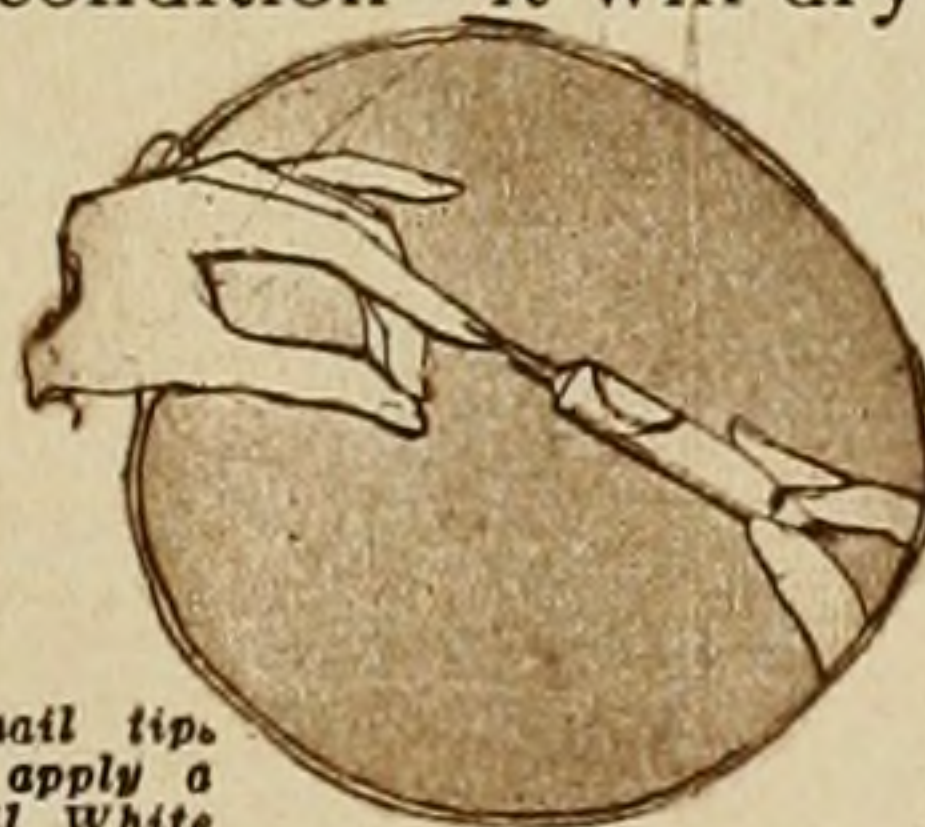
condition of her hands. The impression given by carelessly manicured nails is a hard thing to overcome.

Wherever you go you are being silently appraised by your nails. Lovely hands, smooth, even nails immediately suggest a background of refinement.

Perhaps you find it is not possible to have a professional manicurist care for your nails regularly. Yet when you try to manicure them yourself you find you cannot keep the cuticle smooth. The more you cut it the worse it grows.

The most important part of your manicure is the care of the cuticle. To cut it with scissors or to bruise it with a sharp instrument invites

To keep your nail tips white every day apply a bit of Cutex Nail White underneath them directly from the tube



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# The Pride of

By ELIZABETH

**A**NNETTE KELLERMAN said she will never, so long as she lives, get over her fear of poverty. She told me this one afternoon as we sat in comfortable rocking-chairs on the lawn in front of a big, typically Californian house in South Pasadena that she has rented for the season. She took this house because, with its broad lawn and orange and lemon groves, and situated as it is on the top of a hill from which she can see miles of open country, it is as far removed from the atmosphere of the theater as tho it were in a different world.

"I remember one period in London, when I was trying to get my first engagement," she said, and you would have guessed from her expression that distance has not greatly softened the memory. "My father had heart disease and we were desperately poor. We got lodging in King's Cross for one pound, (five dollars), a week, which included meals for us both.

My room was in a garret, where the ceiling was so low that I couldn't stand up straight. I used to comb my hair kneeling in front of the bed. One thing I have always been thankful for is that my father never saw that room. He was unable to climb the stairs. It was at that time that I began to be afraid of the poorhouse. The very thought of it was unbearable. It comes back to me now, sometimes, and at the moment I am able to think of all sorts of things that might happen to send me there! And then, at other times, I am glad that I had that experience; I think that it is a good thing." Undoubtedly she feels that this was the principal motive power that drove her on to success, a success that her father never lived to see.

"Do you think that he knows about it?" I asked, and she answered, "Yes, I am certain that he does." She paused. "It is a curious thing," she went on, "I've felt somehow . . ." She finished her sentence with a gesture which clearly meant "that I've had help."

The thing that would impress you most about Annette Kellerman is, of course, her tremendous vitality. Her clothes were de-



Photograph © by Evans



Photograph by Campbell

Annette Kellerman was born in Australia and, as a little girl, was a cripple. Swimming brought her back to health. When she first tried to make her living as an exhibition swimmer—she almost starved to death

# the Anzacs

PELTRET

signed for comfort and gave no least hint of perfect figure; a figure which has repeatedly been said to be the most perfect in the world . . . she wore white cotton stockings and broad-toed, low-heeled shoes. She has a frank, comradely way of shaking hands. Her voice is the voice of a sports-woman, hearty and free from affectation. There is never a moment in which she appears to be self-conscious of her fame.

As a little girl, Annette Kellerman was an almost hopeless cripple. "I had to wear iron braces on both my legs," she said. "These extended to the hips and hurt me horribly." In addition to this, she was told that there was very little hope for her ultimate recovery. She was sensitive, timid, above all, afraid of the water. But her father, a typical Australian, was resolved that she should learn to swim, and she did, very slowly, she says, but very thoroly. This was in Sydney, New South Wales, where she was born and spent her childhood. Little by little she felt her crippled limbs growing stronger until, at last, there came a day when she was able to discard her braces entirely. With returning health came a new confidence and, by the time she was thirteen years old, she became so proficient a swimmer that she was given an engagement at exhibition swimming with a salary of five pounds, (\$25.00), a week, which attracted a great deal of attention.

Soon she began making records with her two, five and ten-mile swims, and her family talked things over and decided that there would be more opportunity for her in some big city, preferably London. So she and her father left Sydney, promising to send for the family with the first dawn of prosperity. But for a while it looked as tho the prosperity was never going to materialize.

(Continued on page 80)





## Poise and Charm

These are usually possessed by the woman who knows that in the careful execution of her toilet, she has left no opportunity for slighting comment. Every detail has had attention—particularly her complexion.

She is equally at ease in the witching candle light of the tea room and the bright sun-light of the busy street because she knows that her skin is smooth, soft—delicately lovely.

RESINOL SOAP is often found among the toilet requisites of such a woman, because it refreshes and invigorates while it lessens the tendency to oiliness, roughness, blotches, chapping and other blemishes. Try it today not only for your complexion but for your bath.

At all drug stores and toilet goods counters.

Trial cake free on request.

Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

# RESINOL SOAP

RESINOL SHAVING STICK cannot be excelled for the man with a tender skin.





# The Home-Made Girl

By PEARL MALVERN



Photograph by Lumière

THERE is always something fresh and charming and never-to-come-again about a *beginning* of anything. Stevenson said something or other very apt and very lovely concerning a first sunset, a first love, the incomparableness of both of these. He might, just as truly, have said the same of the first of a career, especially when that career is the silversheet and is being embarked upon by a young girl with tawny-colored hair, a gentle manner and starry eyes. There is something wholly inspirational, a trifle wistful and very sweet in such an inception. There is so much roseate optimism, so much grave earnestness, so much of the first and tender fruitage of the young success. There is an atmosphere about it of a young bride, a new baby, all the fresh things of life and living. There is so much of hope and faith. Success, full-blown, has never that delicate bloom of success still glimpsed in its entirety upon some dim horizon.

Alice Calhoun had the air, the night I talked with her and with her mother, who is also her best friend, in their apartment on upper Riverside Drive, of a child standing, expectant and delighted, on tiptoes looking into a shop window, marvelously filled. There was about her the unspoken thought, "This is too good to be true."

What she really did say, however, not once, but many times, almost, indeed, the theme of our talk was, "People are too good to be true."

Hers is a grateful as well as an eager little heart. The sunshine of chivalry, of a helping hand, of kind words and encouraging praise falls upon receptive soil, anxious to give back again all and more than it has received.

"Everybody has been so kind," she said. "I think movie people are the most understanding, the most open-hearted, the kindest people in the whole world. I haven't been disappointed in a single one of them, nor in a single thing about the work. I love every bit of it. When I first began going to pictures—remember, mother?—you used to say that you always knew where to look for me after school—in the nearest picture house—Maurice Costello was my hero. I used to say that I was going to marry him when I grew up. I never dreamed in my wildest dreams, tho, that I would ever play in a picture with him. And then, just the other day, down at Vitagraph, I did. I played in a picture with him. It seemed almost too good to be true. And he is just as dear and nice as I thought, courteous and thoughtful and considerate. Vitagraph seems just like another home to me and all the Vitagraph people are like sort of an extension of my own family."

"Would you ever leave?" I wanted to know, realizing that the word "ever" is a little word to the very young.

Miss Calhoun made a small dissenting gesture. A very clean, real sort of loyalty is hers. There is, one perceives, a steel-trueness both in the chiseling of her fine features and the chiseling of her keen young spirit. "I wouldn't *want* to, I know," she said, "and I certainly never *will* until I have proven to them that the faith they have placed in me has been justified. They have all said, in so many words, 'Go ahead. We know you can do it,' and I want, more than anything else in the world, to show them that I *can* do it before I ever leave, even if I ever do then."

"How did it all begin?" I asked.

"Accidentally, in a way," laughed Alice. "Mother and I had just come to New York from Cleveland and were looking for an apartment. We happened, while looking, to run into Frederick A. Thompson, who had an apartment he wanted to lease, or something of the sort, in the very house we were in. While we were all talking together he kept looking at me, and suddenly he said, 'You would screen well, do you know that?'"

"I, of course, just gasped. It was as tho he had put his hand right on my secret dream and dragged it out into the light of day. I guess my eyes told him better than my lips that, of all the things in the world, that very thing was the thing I wanted most to do. I must have 'registered,'"

(Continued on page 83)



Photograph by Ed Van Buren

Alice Calhoun invaded the screen accidentally. Seeking a New York apartment, Miss Calhoun and her mother met Frederick A. Thompson, who saw her film possibilities. And so she became a Vitagrapher. In the center is a glimpse of Miss Calhoun in a recent screen drama



Photograph Campbell Studios



# Your skin needs

# Different

# kinds of Care at Different Times

Before you go out,  
protect your complexion from the  
dust, wind and sun  
this way



More and more women are discovering how they can remain powdered and free from shine for five or six hours. Before powdering, they apply a bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream

## Your skin needs two creams

One without any oil, for daytime and evening needs—Pond's Vanishing Cream. It will not reappear in a shine.

One with an oil base—Pond's Cold Cream. It has just the amount of oil the skin needs.

Neither of these creams fosters the growth of hair or down.

Get a jar or tube of each cream today, at any drug or department store. With these two creams you can give your skin the different kinds of care it needs at different times.

YOUR skin is not a piece of fabric that can always be cared for in the same way. It is a living thing which has different needs at different times.

Before an outing, for example, your skin needs a special kind of care.

When you go out, rub a tiny bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream into your skin. It disappears instantly, leaving your face soft and smooth. There is no oil in Pond's Vanishing Cream, so it never reappears in a wretched greasy shine—and it gives your skin the protection it needs from the coarsening caused by dust, wind and sun.

Then, about powdering—do not expect powder to stay on for hours without a powder base.

Before you powder rub a tiny bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream into your face. Instantly it will disappear, leaving the skin softened. Now see how smoothly the powder goes on, how natural it looks. It will stay on two

or three times as long as ever before. Because it is without oil, Pond's Vanishing Cream can never reappear in a shine.

At night, before retiring, is the occasion when your skin should have a special kind of cleansing. Only with a good oil cream can the dust that has worked into the pores be removed. Before retiring give your face a thorough cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. It has just the amount of oil to make it best adapted to cleansing the skin and clearing up the clogged pores.

Watch out for the times when your face looks lined and your skin lacking in vitality. These are the times you need massage. Pond's Cold Cream is made exactly the consistency to work well into the pores and give a perfect massage.



The dust specks that work deep into the skin should be removed each night with Pond's Cold Cream

# POND'S Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

One with an oil base and one without

### FREE SAMPLE TUBES—MAIL THIS COUPON

Pond's Extract Co., 137-P Hudson Street, New York

Please send me, free, the items checked:

A free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream

A free sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Instead of the free samples, I desire the larger samples checked below, for which I enclose the required amount:

A 5c sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream

A 5c sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Name.....

Street.....

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

(Sixty-three)



# The Glamorous Glaum



Photographs by Abbe

During her recent visit to New York, Louise Glaum posed in two negligée creations of Bonwit Teller and Company. Above, is a costume of antique cashmere of Indian design and colorings; while, at the left is an Oriental creation of georgette, in Arabian design and modernized head-dress





*Lady Mary*  
"the fashionable  
fragrance"

Send 15c to Vivaudou, Times Building New York, for a sample of Lady Mary Perfume.

Face  
35c

Face Powder 50c



***Fashionable***

because its delightful fragrance is a mark of distinction in fine homes.



# Confessed Calumny

## Warner Oland Tells His Secrets of Screen Villainy

By TRUMAN B. HANDY

**T**HIS is a series of confessions!

We who concoct fascinating fripperies anent the cinematic constellation for the daily papers aren't prone to be startled. In other words, we only too often fail to register a thrill.

And, moreover, only too often we've heard how all bad screen villains—the kind that pursue the movie cuties unto the very last reel; the sort of men whom mothers warn their daughters to stay away from—are fond husbands and devoted daddies to a baker's dozen of progeny; how 'Papa Bluebeard' dotingly prepares the evening meal while friend wife whispers honeyed harmonies into his ever-ready ear. And all that—*i.e.*, how all film bad men are home-growing saints in real life. It's gotten to be an old, old story and a sad tale.

Hence, I hesitate to state that Warner Oland, the wickedest of 'em all, is strictly a home product. Such is the case. Sad, but true. How very interesting it would be were we to see Mr. Oland surrounded by a den of vampires, or hatching a plot to dig up his neighbor's favorite rosebushes! What a thrill we would get were we to observe him in the act of choking his wife or of raising hell with his flock of domestics! And how interestingly intricate would it be were we to have definite proof that he were footing a scheme to turn his peaceful home town, Glendale, into a seething hell-hole of anarchy!

As it is, we are forced to record that said gentleman of the voracious viciousness was actually and ostensibly observed to



Photograph by Hartsook



Warner Oland, the screen's deluxe villain, is shown, center, on a vacation roughing-it trip with his wife. Below, Mr. Oland is seen double-crossing Mr. Oland, by means of trick photography, in "The Third Eye"

be muchly occupied in the overt act of culling "Toots," his wife's pet poodle, of fleas!

And, furthermore, we shed large quantities of salty tears

as we announce that Mr. Oland speaks perfect English in a soft, semi-Southern drawl. And has never even slapped his mother-in-law, the very charming Mrs. Shearn, one of those real, old-time, genuine women who have received advancing years gracefully!

The profession of wreaking screen havoc is one peculiar unto itself, we learn as we hold conversation with him who gave us cold chills when we saw him as the Japanese Baron Somebody in "Patria." Of course, you are always good friends with the leading lady whom the script requires you to calumnize. And, besides, you always feel ashamed of yourself when you have to bind and gag the helpless hero, whom you know in real life to have a wife and seven children to support.

And somehow or other you never can quite get over kicking yourself for having

(Continued on page 76)

(Sixty-six)





4

Great Special Bargains

Misses' Poplin Sport Suit

A charming sport suit of mercerized poplin, with collar in contrasting color, edged with white ruffled organdy. Also cuffs to match. At waistline is a stylish novelty sash belt to match the collar. Sizes 15 to 20. Colors Copenhagen or Rose.

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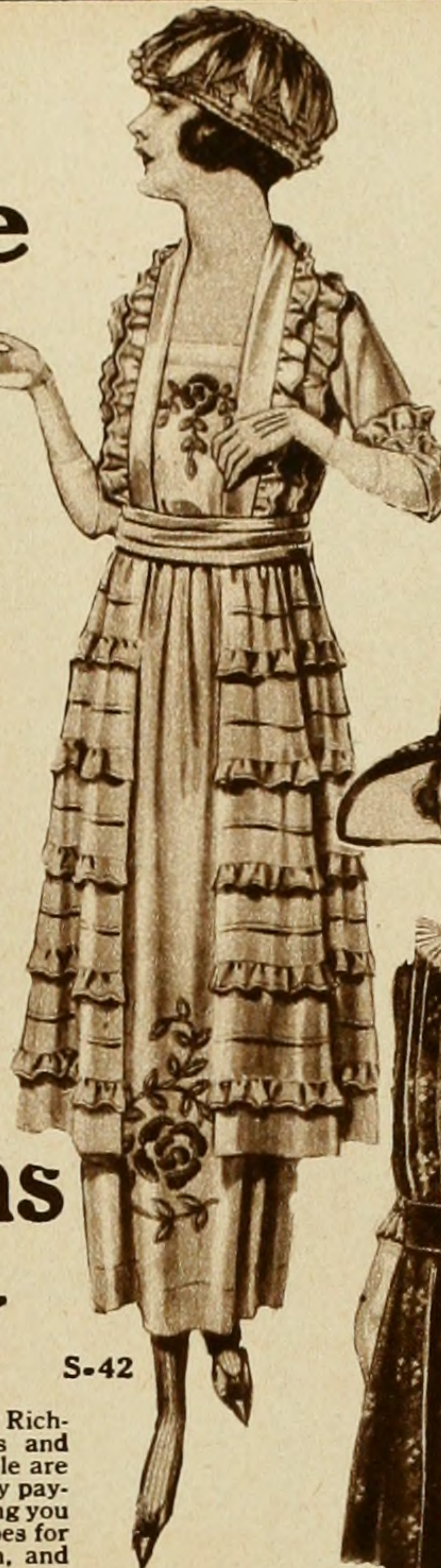


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## The Man Who Killed

(Continued from page 31)

about her the garment, almost torn from her body by the lust of her husband's hireling. She read in his hard, pitiless glance that she was beaten at last in her gallant, desperate game, knew that no words she could say would save her, and yet said them, with trembling lips that strove for control, with fearful, agonizing earnestness, even with piteous, futile little efforts to appeal to his pity, his old affection. His *pity!* As well might she have struggled to stop the lightning flashes with her small, naked hands.

"Look at yourself!" he sneered, indicating her uncovered limbs, her torn, disheveled hair. "A likely story! You—" and he called her a vile name that streaked her face like a white whip-lash.

She covered from him, and from the vision of the future his words evoked, a divorced woman, stained with public shame, driven out of her husband's house to drift in dubious and always more dubious circles in provincial towns upon the Continent, the butt of whispers, the prey of adventuring men . . .

And suddenly she began to shriek in a shrill, tearing, senseless way. She was a cornered animal thing, bereft of humanhood, save that her shrieks took the form of words. "God! Oh, God! Dont let him! Dont let him! Oh! Oh! Please, God!"

He choked the cries with great, cruel hands. "Dont be a damn fool. There's no one to hear you, no one that would care if he did—"

"And there," said a new voice, in an odd, breathless fashion, "there's where you're mistaken, my friend! I heard, and I—care. Take your hands off her or I'll be delighted to kill you, you *hound!*"

Richard Loring advanced from the threshold, very white and quite ridiculously a man, with his great shoulders squared, his hands clenched into sledgehammers. Sir Archibald made a mistake. He pointed derisively at the shaking figure of the woman, crouched against the wall. He laughed. And Richard Loring sprang toward him, knocking the lamp over as he sprang.

Clutching her torn gown about her, Lady Falkland fled from the pavilion into the storm, and thru a back way to the house and her own rooms, where she fell in a swoon upon the floor. And afterward, with only the maid to watch over her, she fought a hundred desperate, delirious fights all night long.

The finding of Sir Archibald Falkland's bruised body in the disordered pavilion the following morning set all Constantinople buzzing. The mystery was not who could have wished to kill him, but which one of the many who had cause to wish to kill him had finally accomplished the deed. It was Lady Edith, distraught over the ruin of her plans, who accused her rival, the wife of the dead man.

"Ask Lady Falkland where *she* was!" she clamored. "Ask the servants who saw them quarreling in the pavilion! Ask her maid how her mistress came in last night!"

The obvious absurdity of accusing the frail little woman who lay raving upstairs in the flaming clutch of fever was slightly mitigated by the fact that tho otherwise greatly bruised and torn, it was plain that what had caused the baronet's death was the thrust of a knife which was found beside the body and which Lady Edith instantly identified as belonging to the wife. Within three hours Lady Falkland had been publicly accused of the murder of her husband, and in spite of the fact that she was too ill to be lifted from her bed, the trial was begun in the library of the Falkland mansion.

It had hardly begun when a servant came, soft-footed, to the side of the Marshal, a stout, kindly, conservative Englishman, and whispered to him that some one wished to speak to him outside. In the hall, Richard Loring, haggard with sleeplessness but dressed immaculately and very calm, rose up to meet him.

"I have been told," he spoke, slowly, as tho testing each word, "that Lady Falkland has been accused of the murder of her husband. Is that true?"

The Marshal nodded, regretful but tremendously official. "And she is very ill, too, poor lady. But one mustn't let pity interfere with the law. The trial is even now proceeding within, and the testimony of the servants seems conclusive. No doubt she had cause. I have heard stories, really beastly stories, but what can one do? The law—hem—the law must be preserved."

"Then you shall try another prisoner," Loring said, jaw set in a grim line, "for it was I who killed the degenerate beast who was torturing her. That is, I had the honor of contributing greatly toward the happy result, altho it was a Greater than I who turned his own knife against him in the struggle. I refer to the Lord, who always had great reverence for women."

The Marshal chewed his straw-colored mustache in dire perplexity. "H-m! Most 'straordinary! Two murderers, and you say he was—h-m—torturing her?"

"He was taunting her with the threat that he was going to shame her publicly for the lustful attack made on her by a man in his pay." Richard Loring did not raise his voice, but the low words seemed to fill the hall with hideous clamor. The Marshal, a family man with two young daughters, writhed visibly. "I happen to love the lady. I have loved her for seven years. But if I had been a perfect stranger, I could have done no less than I did, and still call myself a man."

The Marshal walked the hall in deep dejection. "H-m! But there must be an accused. It is obvious there must be an



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accused Aha!" He actually chuckled, this absurd, simple creature. "I have the idea. There is a criminal, a desperate creature who broke jail last night and was found drowned in the Dardanelles this morning. Now he would make an ideal accused for us——"

On the narrow ledge of the tower parapet Gloria, Lady Falkland stood and looked out dreamily into the pure blue deeps of the sky. Her fragile night draperies floated about her; a strange, mysterious smile curved her white lips. The fever was gone, the horror of the night, and the years before the night was passed and at last freedom awaited, and forgetfulness and peace.

"I shall sleep well," murmured Lady Falkland. "The boy will go back to England to my sister. He will smell the spring in Sussex. He will see the hawthorn bloom—white—like bridal wreaths—but I shall be sleeping, so soundly that I think I shall not even dream——"

She took a step toward the edge of the parapet. But before she could take another, strong arms were about her, drawing her back to life.

"Not yet, Gloria, my beloved!" cried Richard Loring. "We will go back to England together, and the white hawthorn shall be your bridal wreath——"

"Dick! You must not keep me," she moaned, tho she clung to him with quite earthly terror, her overwrought mood gone. "They accuse me—and I have written a confession so that they could never accuse you. Dear, it was the only way. I couldn't bear—any more——"

"That is all over," he told her gently; "by and by I will explain. But no one accuses either of us, nor ever will. There is nothing for you to die for. There is everything for you to live for—Gloria! Gloria, listen to me, my dearest. Let me tell you what there is to live for——"

And as he told her Death drew back, discomfited, and all about them the air was splendid with the shinings wings of Love . . .

**Seena Seen Scenically**  
(Continued from page 35)

meeting West and vice versa. She has, to the outer eye, the bearing and sophistication of the effete East, and to the more trained sense the love of open spaces, homey people and places, Colts and Bill Hart photoplays with mustangs and lots of shooting!

Hence, Seena seen scenically is not Seena in the Biltmore, sipping tea and enwreathed by slender blue spirallings, but Seena on the prairies with the prairie dust about her!

ALICE C.—Vivian Martin in "Husbands and Wives," released thru Gaumont. June Caprice in "In Walked Mary." So you want me to make this department longer. I'm a little short of time, you know, and the editor is a little short of space, and the typesetter is a little short of breath. So you think Dorothy Gish and Richard Barthelmess are perfect opposites. Better send in a stamped, addressed envelope for those casts.

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ESTABLISHED 1897

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## The Mid-Day Frolic

(Continued from page 20)

for the first time in a one-piece bathing-suit before the camera, mother clucks and sputters and follows daughter around the picture camp with a belligerent and watchful eye. But the life she sees and the routine of hard work is so decidedly humdrum that she promptly retires, completely at ease as to the pitfalls and snares in the wake of a virtuous flower, satisfied to let the matron put arnica on bruised knees and to see that the wardrobe mistress fits her into the requisite low-and-behold attire.

The various companies making use of this rarified feminine "atmosphere" differ in their handling of the girls. In the first place, requirements of production differ. Sennett's beauties, such as Phillis Haver and Harriet Hammond, are the languid, gracile type of girl, replete with eyelashes and soulful eyes. Hampton Del Ruth, when he selects girls for Sunshine comedies, never wants a girl who is more than five feet five inches in height. His system of weights and measures is meticulous, as follows:

Height	Weight
5 ft. 1 in.....	105 lbs.
5 ft. 2 in.....	110 lbs.
5 ft. 3 in.....	115 lbs.
5 ft. 4 in.....	120 lbs.
5 ft. 5 in.....	125 lbs.

Questions relative to height and weight are the first asked at any studio. No experience is necessary. The majority of the producers prefer to get girls unspoiled by any idea of technique or tricks. When a girl comes to Del Ruth with the intimation that she is a second Mary Pickford, he promptly disillusion her.

Both Sennett and Christie, while they use girls in the ensemble, insist upon the beauty being brainy enough to understand the fundamentals of acting, inasmuch as the background has to be decorative enough to play a principal part in the picture. Phillis Haver, for instance, could never have been the beauty in "Salome vs. Shenandoah" if she had not possessed both beauty and histrionic ability. Nor could Marie Prevost have appeared in "Yankee Doodle in Berlin" had she not manipulated her grey matter as well as her shapely legs.

"I got a girl," remarked Al Christie, proprietor of the comedies, "who had not a particularly good figure, but a very winsome smile. I figured that I could use her. We could cover up her underpinning and play up her teeth."

Christie prefers to get girls with experience, inasmuch as each damsel of necessity must be able to do a certain amount of legitimate dramatic comedy. He will consider no girl applicant more than five feet six inches in height. His girls are slightly different from those at the Sennett and Fox studios, because they generally play "dressed-up" parts and are

more apt to appear in afternoon tea-gowns than in a bathing-suit, altho one of the Christie beauties, Vera Steadman, wears bathing apparel whenever the scenario editor can find a suitable excuse for it.

But Vera, too, is required to thespianize—to use facial expression as well as a beautiful figure to "put her over." Helen Darling, another of the Christie flock, is a former café dancer, chosen for the comedies chiefly because she is graceful and can walk thru a door without giving the impression that she's all left feet. Dorothy DeVore, perhaps the tiniest girl on the screen, is five feet one inch tall, a former singer in a Los Angeles café. She is a good type, because she has a bright, snappy personality. Marjorie Payne, on the other hand, is taller and of more languid aspect. She is the winner of a national magazine beauty contest and has a wistful, Mona Lisa face. Florence Gilbert was picked particularly for her face, as a type opposite to Miss DeVore, who is a brunette. Miss Gilbert is almost the fluffy blonde type and is possessed of a lovely oval face. Peggy Davis, on the other hand, is the vivacious, sprightly, medium-sized brunette lorelei.

On the Sunshine lot, Dorothy Lee represents the terpsichorean coterie of mirth-maids. She, like Dorothy DeVore, is small and extremely vivacious, with a snappy personality. Norma Canterno, a large-eyed, beautiful Italian girl, is possessed of perhaps the most beautiful shoulders in comedy, while Bessie True, a brunette with light-blue eyes, was selected particularly because of her knees and ankles. Lillian Hackett's feet are the smallest on the "lot," while Dorothy Terry's arms, hands and shoulders are proclaimed ideal.

The lovely, dreamy, blonde Phillis Haver is the ideal girl on the Sennett lot, experts have testified. Miss Haver has deep, baby-blue eyes and lips that form a natural pout. Her arms and hands are slender and her fingers are tapering, and her legs are as perfectly formed as those of a young child. Marie Prevost is her exact countertype, with a live-wire, sprightly manner and a "mickey" personality that has proved extremely attractive to thousands of film "fans."

Only one girl in 10,000 can qualify for the movies' decorative background. So says Mack Sennett, the originator of the mid-day frolic in front of the camera—the Ziegfeld of the films!

It was only a few years ago that Sennett conceived his idea of the feminine atmosphere, inspired by the success of musical revues thru their attractive chorus. Bathing-suits for the movie maids were the most natural garb imaginable, and the California beaches furnished exclusive, original locale.

(Continued on page 73)



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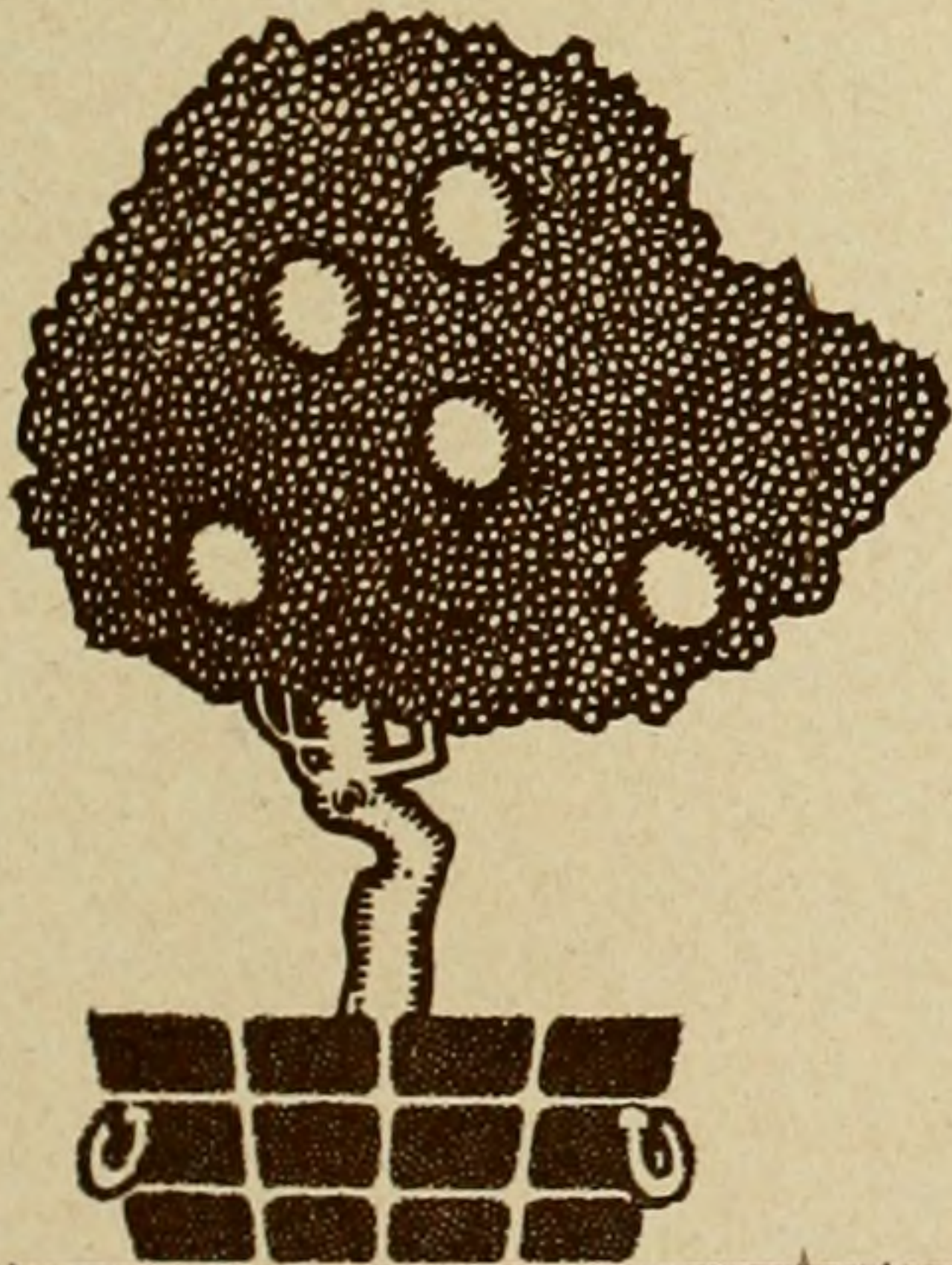
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# Hinds Honey and Almond Cream

## Cameo Cassinelli

(Continued from page 37)

in Chicago her beauty and charm attracted the notice of the Essanay film producers and in one of their famous productions she made her screen debut. Upon the completion of her contract with Essanay she left the silent drama and again took up concert work as a member of the Chicago Opera Company, meanwhile posing as a model for paintings and etchings for distinguished foreign artists.

After two years of concert work the young artiste again harkened to a flattering call from the movies and returned to the screen to co-star with E. K. Lincoln in Leonce Perret's big production, "Lafayette, We Come." Following this she was featured in many Capellani productions.

The Italian beauty is not keen on talking about herself. "Why should I?" she said. "Does Caruso go about talking of himself? Do any of the great artists, musicians, writers, go about telling how wonderful they are? No! And they have done something worth talking about. I have done nothing but sing a little—act a little—any one can do that.

"My music? Yes. It was born in me to like music. I loved to study it, always. My music is a pleasure, a pastime. I play the piano, I sing because I love it. It is true that I can sing fourteen of the operas, but I have studied and sung them since I was a child. They are just a part of my education."

"And your hobbies—ambitions?"  
"Music!" she laughed.

"I go to the opera every chance I have, and study, study, study. Some day I hope to sing the great operas in some great opera house. My brother—he, too, sings—even better than I. Together we compose music. Perhaps we may write a great opera. Who knows?"

"And I read—romance, history, adventure. Especially I like D'Annunzio, and one of my ambitions is to screen one of his masterpieces. I should like to idealize the Italian type on the screen—and yes, I should like to go back to Italy and study and work—but not yet."

Mrs. Cassinelli consulted her wrist-watch. Our party was over and we went our separate ways, but with me there remains a memory of an unaffected, girlish girl alive with enthusiasm for her work and all things beautiful, who is giving us thru the medium of the screen "glorious, golden songs of silence."

**NEW COMER.**—Come right in. Glad you weren't afraid to write. You know I'm drawing \$9.50 per to answer questions, so keep me busy. And you haven't received Norma Talmadge's picture after writing three times. She's a very busy lady, but I have reason to believe that she means to treat everybody kindly.

**FLO U.**—Thanks for the fruit, particularly the dates, altho when I eat them I will be consuming time, and there's none too much. Owen Moore in "Sooner or Later." Yes, he's single now. Bessie Barriscale in "The Woman Who Understood." You'd rather see action on the screen than to hear the voice on the stage. I'm glad there are a lot more like you.

## KILL THE HAIR ROOT

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 21, 1912, OF MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT 175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y., FOR APRIL 1, 1920. State of NEW YORK, County of KINGS. Before me, a NOTARY PUBLIC in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared EUGENE V. BREWSTER, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the PRESIDENT of the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown on the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, EUGENE V. BREWSTER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Editor, B. F. WILSON, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Managing Editor, FREDERICK J. SMITH, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Business Manager, GUY L. HARRINGTON, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) EUGENE V. BREWSTER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; ELEANOR V. BREWSTER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; E. M. HEINEMANN, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; GASTON MELIES, 326 Lexington Ave., New York City. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) NONE. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements, embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is—(This information is required from daily publications only.) EUGENE V. BREWSTER, PRESIDENT. (Signature of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner). Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of March, 1920. E. M. HEINEMANN. (My commission expires March 30th, 1920.)

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**The Mid-Day Front**

(Continued from page 70)

It was, as Sennett says, a mere adventure at the time, but with the passing of years a precedent has been established. The original coterie of bathing beauties has risen to heights of stardom—Gloria Swanson, Mabel Normand, Juanita Hansen, Ora Carew and Mary Thurman—and tomorrow the lovely ladies who furnish divertisement today for the bald heads in the thirty-cent seats may see their names in gleaming electrics over a feature production.

And it has come to pass that the New York managers are commencing to look to the movies for fresh, unspoiled girlhood. The day of the blasé chorus kicker is past, and the café soubrette who screams jazz thru a corrugated-iron throat is passé.

Girlhood is selling at a premium, and the decorative background continues to grow more decorative each time a new baby vamp with dark hair and sparkling, champagne eyes steps out of the classroom into a bathing-suit—and out before the camera.

**Alec Francis, Pioneer**

(Continued from page 33)

place by ourselves and a place large enough for ordinary comfort.

"I think I have found one now. It is a rather attractive house in the Wilshire district."

He added that they had been having much trouble with their servants. They had found it impossible to get a capable one.

You feel that these things are very disturbing to Alec Francis. He is undoubtedly overly sensitive for his own happiness. He told me that if two or three things go wrong in succession the accumulated effects will make him ill in spite of all his philosophy and his power to reason against it.

Occasionally he would lift one hand from his cane and make a short, level, sideways gesture, but for the most part he sat very still.

He told me a story of his first season on the stage which illustrates the changes he has seen take place.

"We had only gas lights then," he said. "One night, during my big scene, some one noticed that the lights were at half-cock and turned them all on full. Every globe in the house burst." He will never forget the panic that followed. Of all the things that have happened in his eventful life he apparently remembers this most vividly.

"I want to go back to the stage for just one more production," he said, in conclusion. His contract with Goldwyn has another year to run. "I am planning to appear in a comedy-drama which I may produce myself. After that I will return to pictures."

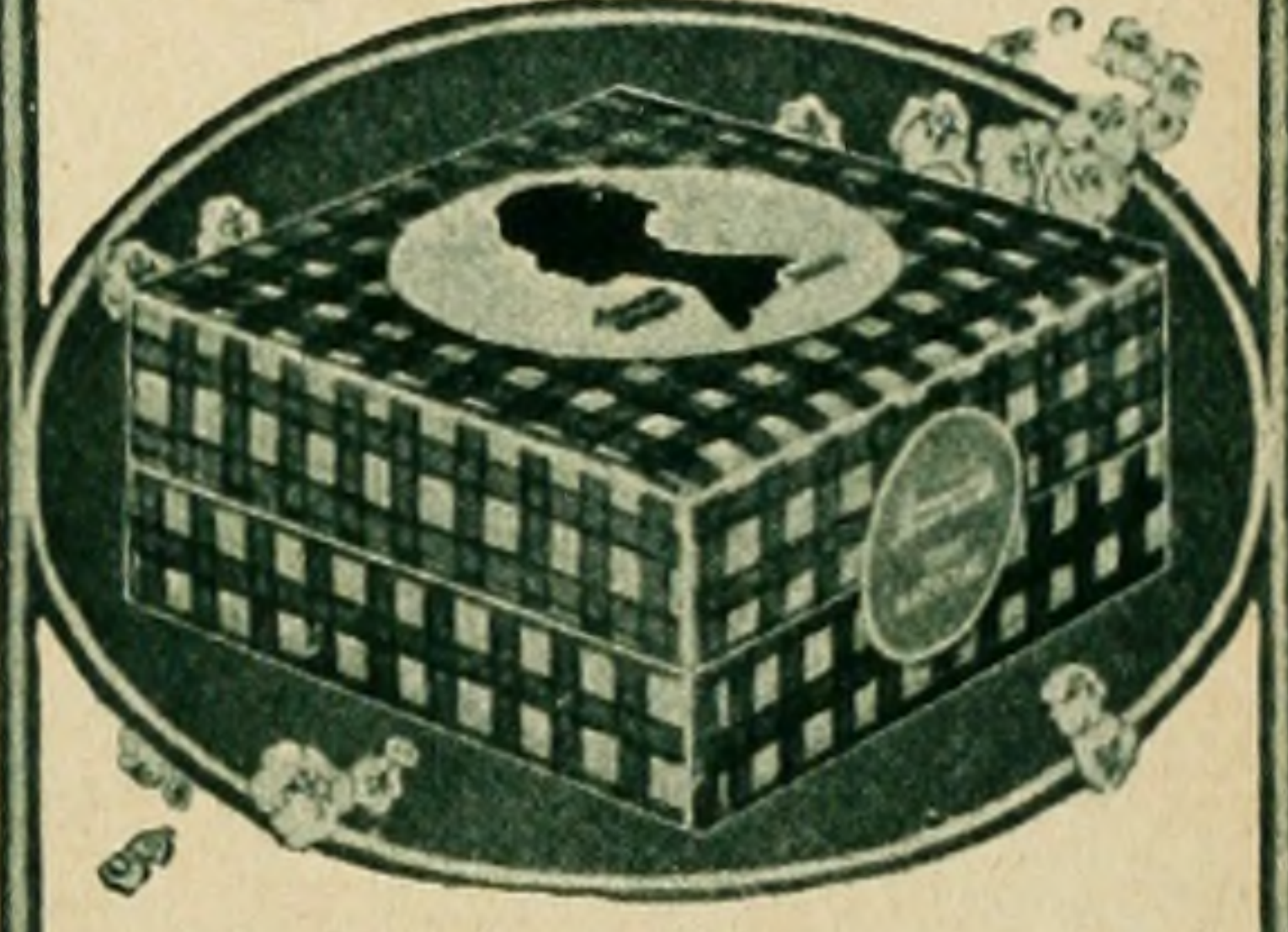
Which goes to show that even a pioneer loves his old home best, and there is no love like a first love after all.

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## Sick-a-Bed

(Continued from page 43)

to ask them I am sure they will be only too happy to answer."

"Humph!" Dr. Macklyn opened his case and drew forth a clinical thermometer, squinted at it and shoved it into Jay's unwilling mouth. "Don't want answers. Want facts. Very different things. Humph!"

Jay's eyes sent out an agonized S. O. S. over the glass tube, and the nurse answered it by slipping a piece of ice from the tumbler on the tray between his lips as she stooped to smooth the pillow. The doctor removed the tube, glanced at it once contemptuously, once incredulously, and uttered an exclamation. "My God! The man has no temperature! He ought to be dead!"

He shook the thermometer and reinserted it. Again Jay sent out his wireless and again was answered when Nurse Durant slid a bit of smoking-hot muffin deftly into his mouth, as she drew up the blankets about his chin.

"Heavens alive!" muttered the amazed doctor. "It's gone up to 105 in two minutes. This is terrible!"

He drew out his stethoscope and applied it to the portion of pajama front beneath which Jay's heart beat normally and in perfect health. Nurse Durant did not hesitate. She saw her duty and did it. Stooping over the doctor's head, she implanted a kiss upon Jay's forehead!

"Powers that be!" howled the doctor. "The fellow's heart is speeding away like an express train. He went last the day out. It's a wonder to me he's still alive!"

From the doorway came a shrill scream. "She did it! I saw her kiss him! Oh, Orlando! Orlando! You have broken my heart!" Constance Weems wailed. At the same instant her husband's burly form shot by her and to the bed, where his brawny hand lifted the invalid by the collar-band and shook him violently.

"Orlando! So you're Orlando!" yelled John Weems. "Well, what d'you mean by making love to my wife, eh?"

"I didn't make love to her!" Jay gasped. "I wouldn't make love to her if she was the last woman on earth!"

This did not tend to placate the infuriated husband. "You wouldn't? I'd like to know *why* not? She's a woman any man would want to make love to! What do you mean by insulting her?"

A soft voice fell across his rage like cool water. Nurse Durant, very trim and demure in her blue starched uniform, had taken one of Reginald Jay's hands with the most charming blush in the world. "He means," she explained, "that I've agreed to see that he doesn't make love to any other woman, no matter how much he'd like to! Isn't that it, Reggie dear?"

Already the two fake doctors had slipped unostentatiously away. The specialist, scowling ferociously over his glasses, snapped his case to over the stethoscope. "Love-sick! Humph! That

accounts for the symptoms!" he growled. "Some day some doctor is going to win everlasting fame and the gratitude of his sex by inventing an antidote. But this case is incurable. Humph! Good-day!"

Her dreams of romance receding, Constance turned her glance upon her husband. After all, a husband, even a patent clothes wringer husband, was preferable to nothing. She cast herself into his arms with a shrill wail, "John! John! Have you come back to me, my ownest own?"

In this feminine manner did she take the ground out from under his feet and put him once and for all indubitably in the wrong, abjectly in the proper masculine position of begging for forgiveness for her sins. And so together they went away, and lived forever after, but whether happily or not the reader must decide on the grounds and evidence presented in this tale.

And Nurse Duncan and her patient were left to themselves.

"Dearest," he began tentatively, and, when nothing happened, "Darlingest," he cried, rapturously, "you've made me the happiest man in the world."

"A nurse has to do her duty," said Nurse Durant, coldly, but it was noticeable that she did not draw perceptibly away. And correctly interpreting this, Reginald Jay arose from his sick-bed and took her in his arms to the scandal of the prim little cap atop the brown curls.

"Then you've got a case for life"—he kissed her—"for I have the best medical authority that my case is incurable!"

## B. C. 1920

(Continued from page 17)

You cannot portray emotions for others if you cannot study and analyze these emotions. And you have to have some grey matter to do that." Miss Compson smiled and added, "That's why I'm reading furiously."

"And beauty—is that needed?" we reminded.

"Perhaps," responded Miss Compson, "of a kind."

"If one had both?" we insisted.

"Gracious," Miss Compson said, "you go right home and do something about that cold."

## DOLLS

By CHARLOTTE BECKER

I love them just as much today  
As when, a dreamy little girl,  
I decked them out in remnants gay,  
And proudly smoothed each mussy curl.

And, up and down the busy street  
The people that I do not know,  
The faces of the dolls repeat,  
In toyshops of the long ago.

I long to take each lovely one  
And set them in some make-believe,  
Quaint games, where they'd have heaps of fun  
In thrilling stories that I'd weave.

And all the ugly ones I want  
So very nice a time to give,  
That they'll forget the jibes that taunt,  
And find how good life is to live.

(Seventy-four)



## The Human Photoplay

(Continued from page 23)

Vidor's vigorous ideas intensely interesting.

"The theme," he replied promptly; "the underlying reason for the picture being made. I try to look at a picture as *one*, in which all the elements are well balanced and work together harmoniously, but the *big idea* must be there!"

Artificiality comes when there is no longer a fresh and urging impetus, but this young man—he is only twenty-six—seems to have an inexhaustible supply of visions which promises to stimulate his pictures for some time to come.

In all human endeavor is the element of the unexpected which comes to thwart the best laid calculations; this, of course, creates the plot, and it is the working out of these difficulties in the *right* way that concerns King Vidor.

It was as a schoolboy down in Galveston, Texas, that Mr. Vidor first decided he wanted to direct motion pictures, and after many disappointments and struggles, during which he was learning much, he finally reached his goal, creating a veritable sensation with his first production, "The Turn in the Road," and he is considered one of the principal possibilities of the screen.

"I am now with the First National," he told me, happily, "and they are affording me a greater opportunity and more freedom than I have ever had, and with my new studio, which is being built, I hope to make my pictures reach the highest standard."

A year ago little Suzanne could only gurgle delightedly at me, for she had been a Christmas gift to the Vidors and was but a few months old. Now she is a regular chatterbox, and I predict she will be a comédienne, with her twinkling eyes and merriment. And she should be, for her pretty mother, Florence Vidor, who is her husband's leading woman in all his pictures, excels in emotional work, and King Vidor believes there should be an equal amount of drama and comedy in each film.

"Comedy," he told me, "serves to make people forget their troubles and gives them a chance to see life in its true perspective. Much of the worry of the world comes from trying to plan ahead. There is no past, no future, only the glorious present, and if we are striving for the *right*, all our needs will be met at the proper time!"

Who knows but the name of King Vidor will prove a pivotal one, by reason of what he will accomplish and of his far-reaching influence on the motion picture art itself!

SAPHO.—Church bells were first suggested by Paulinus, an Italian bishop, and were intended for "driving away spirits and ridding the air of devils." No, Carol Dempster is not engaged to Richard Barthelmess. You're right; come again.

HAROLD R.—Write Gloria Swanson, Los Angeles, Cal. No, Harold, I don't think I have written anything yet that will live. I have been answering questions for nearly ten years, and I am thankful that I still live, even if my answers don't. Write me again some time.



Paul Schofield

A year ago he was a rank outsider. He studied the Palmer Plan. To-day he is under a 2-year contract as staff writer with Thos. H. Ince Studios.

# The Famine

Stars and producers are searching the country for new, workable motion picture stories. Literary genius is not a prime factor. They want new story-plots told in the language of the screen. 95% of the book material is unsuited to motion picture production. Learn how this new opportunity can be mastered more easily than you may think.

## In Photoplays

### 5000 New Stories Wanted

*If the Motion Picture Industry is to Survive*

(This figure does not include material needed for religious, commercial or educational films.)

**H**OW many times in the last few years have you felt that you could write a better plot for a story than some you have seen in the motion picture theatres?

Well, perhaps you could. At least there are many people who could. And producers want you to make the attempt. For there has been a big change in motion pictures in the last few years. People don't go for the novelty any more. They want to see a story with a good plot. A scene with fat women rolling down hill no longer packs a theatre. The star is no longer able to carry a poor story to success.

But at the present time producers cannot get enough good stories. Over 5,000 are needed each year. 95% of book material is not suited to the screen. And at present there are simply not enough men and women writing for the screen, even though incredible prices are being paid. More must be trained if the industry is to live. So if you have a spark of creative imagination, if you have any story-ideas, the opportunity is golden.

#### Literary Genius Not Essential

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation makes no extravagant claims. It merely points to the list of successful photoplaywrights it has developed through Correspondence. People from all walks of life—mothers with children to support, ministers, clerks, magazine writers who failed when they tried for the screen. In short, we have demonstrated that anyone with good ideas can write photoplays, once he learns the fundamental principles.

#### \$2,000 for a Story Not Uncommon

Producers now pay \$100 to \$500 for a clever comedy; \$250 to \$2,000 for a five-reel manuscript.

One of our students, formerly a minister, sold his first story for \$2,000. The recent success of Douglas Fairbanks, "His Majesty the American," and the play, "Live Sparks," in which J. Warren Kerrigan starred, were both written by Palmer students. James Kendrick of Texas has sold six stories since enrolling less than a year ago.

Many of our members have taken staff positions in studios, four in one studio alone.

#### Not a Tedious Course of Study

Most of our successful students begin to sell their photoplays a few months after enrolling. For you start to work on your manuscript almost immediately. We teach by direct example.

We furnish you with the Palmer Handbook with cross references to scenarios that have been produced.

We give you a glossary of studio terms and phrases. In short, we bring the studio to you.

Then you begin the real work with our Advisory Service Bureau. This Bureau gives you personal, constructive criticisms of your

manuscripts—free and unlimited for a year. Every critic in this Bureau is an experienced photoplay writer.

#### Special Contributors

Included in the Palmer Course is a series of lectures by twelve leading figures in the motion picture industry. They cover every technical phase of motion picture production.

You can judge their value from the fact that they are contributed by such notables as Frank Lloyd and Clarence Badger, Goldwyn directors; Jeanie MacPherson, noted Lasky scenario writer; Col. Jasper Ewing Brady, of Metro's scenario staff; Denison Clift, Fox scenario editor; George Beban, celebrated actor and producer; Al E. Christie, president Christie Film Co., Hugh McClung, expert cinematographer, etc., etc.

Our Marketing Bureau, headed by Mrs. Kate Corbaley, formerly photoplaywright for Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, helps you sell your work. In constant touch with the studios, she knows their needs. When members so desire, she submits their plays to Directors and Scenario Editors in person.

#### Send For This Book and Investigate

For those who are really interested in this great new opportunity, we have prepared "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing," which lays before you the Palmer Course and service in greater detail.

If you have any story-telling ability, you owe it to yourself to write for this book.

Remember that many photoplaywrights have never written a line for periodicals. Literary ability is not what is wanted. Producers want outline plots written from a knowledge of their specific needs. A simple story with one good new thought is enough.

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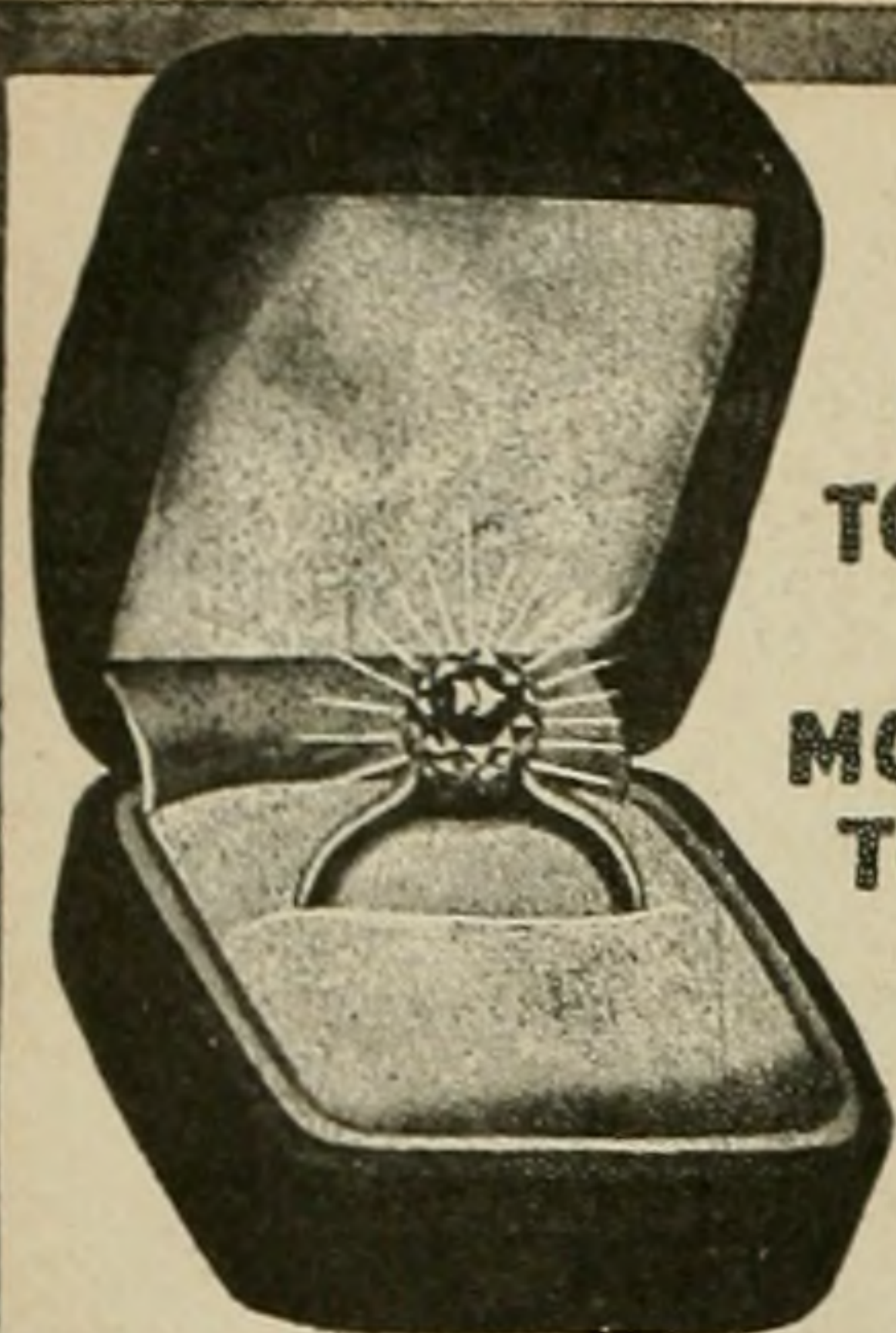
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## Confessed Calumny

(Continued from page 66)

kicked up such a cinematic rumpus over a package of *mere blank writing paper*, which the scenario has designated as the million-dollar plans of an imaginary movie mine.

All this from Oland, as he continues fleecing "Toots" for the leaping dandruff!

Mr. Oland, as I have said, resides in the peaceful suburb of Glendale, twenty minutes by Cadillac (this is a perfectly free gratis ad) from Los Angeles. His house is precisely like any other comfortable abode, with a piano, victrola, hot-and-cold running water, Jap boy, flower-garden and various other comforts of home. You step into a spacious sun-parlor, and you are confronted by an unfinished oil painting on an easel.

Does Mr. Oland paint? This you ask breathlessly.

No, Mr. Oland does *not* paint, you learn, but Mrs. Oland *does*. You glance at the piano and note a ballade of Mousorgsky thereon. Another disappointment! Mr. Oland does not play, neither does he sing. It is Mrs. Oland who is thusly accomplished. You see a large-sized box of Murads, (another free ad), reposing temptingly on a mission oak table in the sun-parlor. Still another heartache, because you, being a writer, are plebeian and inhale the aroma of Virginia's purest weed, rather than that of Turkey-on-the-Hudson.

The thrillingest bit of dirty work Oland ever did on the screen was when he nearly pushed Pearl White off a fast-moving box-car. Of course, the aforesaid box-car wasn't going fast, but the camera made it look as if it simply burned up the track. And the camera box was nailed onto the hind end, some three feet below the level of the roof. Oland was escaping, and the darned heroine positively *insisted* upon following him by climbing over the roof of the moving train.

The director wanted him to kick her in the face—gently, of course, but, nevertheless, to implant a healthy boot in the center of her proboscis.

"I really couldn't do that," Oland confessed. "Miss White was *such* a nice girl. And then the director coyly suggested that I step on her hands as they clenched the roof of the car. And I just couldn't bring myself to do that, either. And so we compromised by my pounding her lily-white fingers gently with my fist, and she, suffering only the exquisite agony capable of screen heroines, dropped to the camera-stand three feet below!"

And it was in "The Witness for the Defense" that he had to choke Elsie Ferguson! Actually choke her!

"How did she feel?" I inquired, gasps punctuating my breathing spells.

"Oh," drawled Oland, languidly, "she just thought of it as a dramatic situation and told me to be *rough* with her for the sake of art."

"And you?" again from breathless me.

"Oh, I'd been married to her seven years in the story, and while Elsie is a charming girl, the scenario writer insisted that I'd had enough of her. And I choked her lovingly, gloatingly. It was a good scene and we didn't have to do a retake."

"The result?"

"Miss Ferguson merely had to retire to her dressing-room to again make up her neck so that we could continue the day's labor."

"It's the first time in his life he ever mistreated a woman!" Mrs. Oland insisted, indignant. "The things they have him do! No wonder he gets temperamental after he's worked on a picture for months."

But hearken! I haven't told the half of it.

"My pet trick," added Oland, "when my picture prey went tell the hiding-place of the diamonds, is to twist his wrist. Camera-man takes a close-up, and the public shudderingly shivers, 'How awful!'"

"You know, I never really hit them in pictures. I generally plan all the screen dirty work, and my 'adherents' put in the actual punches. If I do hit them, I'm ever so gentle. Why should I want, merely because I'm the heavy, to hurt them? They never get a chance to come back at me, and—well, my conscience always fails me."

This screen villainy is commencing to be a fad with our subject. He eats and sleeps slinkingly, slyly, thinking up new dastardly tricks to play on the members of his company on the morrow.

But what he wants to do is to play the part of a farmer! He has a farm in Massachusetts, where, when possible, he retires to rest and Mrs. Oland to paint, and both to collaborate in translating Strindberg, twelve volumes of which have been thus far anglicised by the Olands.

You'd think, from seeing Oland on the screen, that he is a Japanese and, from hearing him talk, that he's English. Wrong again! He was born in the northern part of Sweden, of Swedish-Russian parents. America claimed him at an early age, but, nevertheless, he's wholeheartedly in love with the literature of Bjorkman, Hauptmann, Strindberg, Sudermann and other Norsemen, and when he's not too busy villaining you'll likely find him working on English translations of their works.

And he has, for years, been intensely interested in the little-theater movement. In fact, when he produced and played in Strindberg's "The Father," his own translation, some years ago at the now defunct Berkeley Theater, New York, the presentation was the forerunner of the art-theater wave in this country.

Originally he was to have been a grand opera baritone. Fate later sent him to the Boston School of Expression, where he became interested in the drama while

(Continued on page 82)

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a Year-round Necessity**

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**Marie Antoinette  
SKIN  
BLEACH**



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**T**HE fascinating charm of a lovely, youthful blemish-free skin may be yours through the magic of this wonderful discovery! There is no longer any need to envy the perfect complexion—no longer any need to endure the embarrassment and discomfort of a clouded or blemished skin. Vi-Rex Violet Rays bring beauty in a simple, enjoyable manner through the power of soothing, pleasant treatments in your own home.

Beauty is largely a matter of health—no amount of skillfully applied rouge and powder can counterfeit the allurements of a clear, unblemished complexion. Violet Rays bring beauty by building health first. Gentle currents of ultra violet light penetrate every cell of the skin and body, imparting youth and vigor to tired tissues. Through the marvelous tonic effect of this new discovery you may thus obtain lasting, vibrant health and beauty. You will be amazed at the splendid, quick results obtained from the remarkable Vi-Rex Violet Ray.

# VIOLET RAYS

*The Amazing New Source of Health, Energy and Beauty*

**V**I-REX VIOLET RAYS are effective for a host of disorders and ailments. Physicians in all parts of the country are adding this scientific outfit to their equipment and recommending its use to their patients. Beauty specialists have long realized its efficiency for inducing a clear and healthful skin. Until recently expense prohibited the use of this remarkable health-building force in private homes. Now the practical, inexpensive Vi-Rex Violet Ray Machine enables everyone to enjoy the benefits of this marvelous treatment at home.

The operation of the outfit is simplicity itself. Current from your electric light socket is transformed into an effective healing agent as pleasant to the senses as a ray of spring sunshine. It may be used on the very young and the very old without the slightest discomfort. No shocks or jolts—just a soft, steady ray of violet light filled with an abundance of health and energy. (Special equipment is supplied to you at a trifling cost if electric current is not available.)

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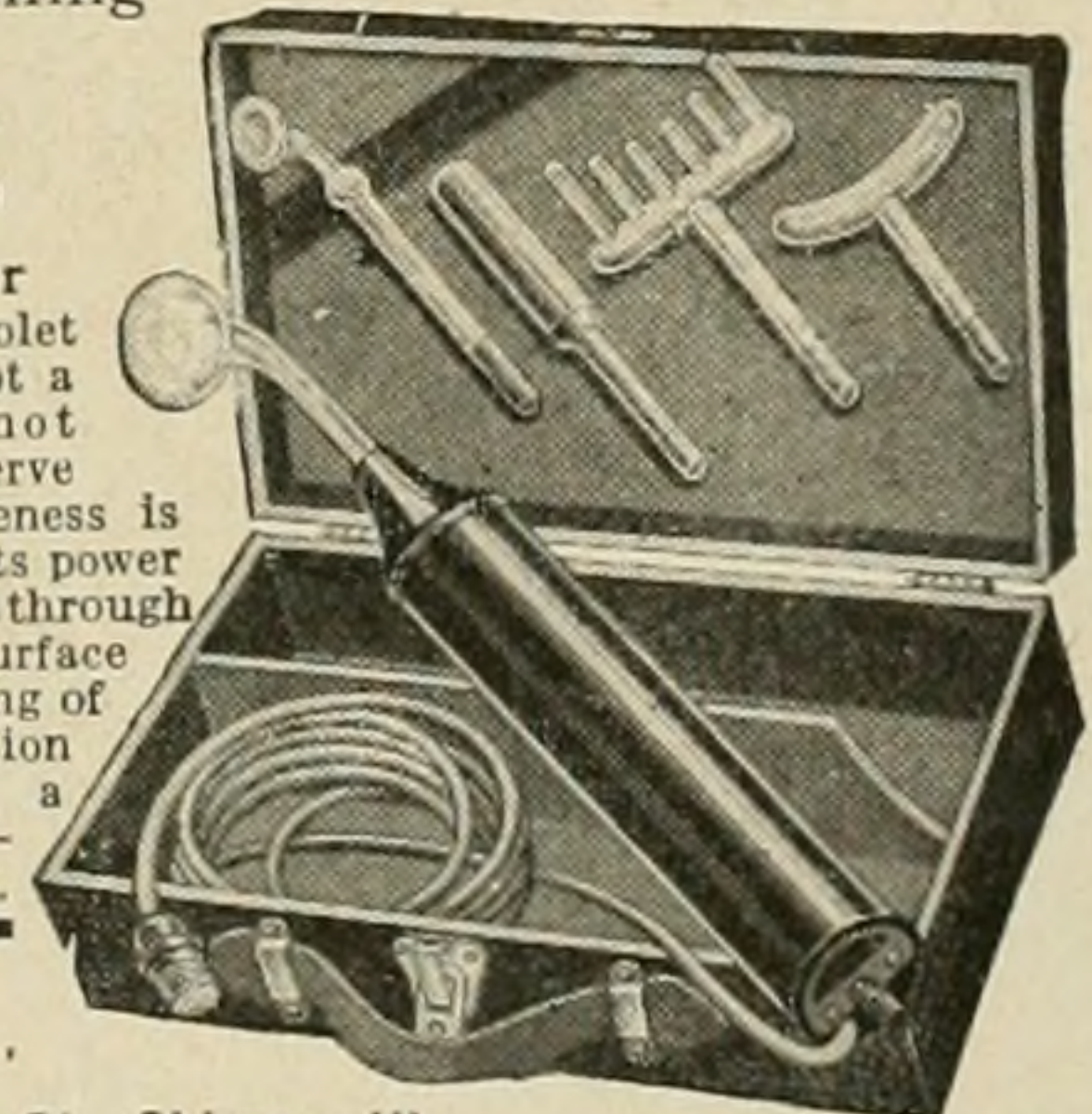
You don't have to take any risk in giving Vi-Rex Violet Rays a trial. Take 20 treatments in your own home. Use this marvelous machine morning and night for ten days. If you do not find quick relief—if you do not feel better, sleep better, look better, send it back and you will not be out one penny. This special offer is now open, but it may be withdrawn at any time, so act quickly!

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Write to-day for our free booklet describing the wonderful Vi-Rex outfit in complete detail, and particulars of our liberal 10-day trial offer. Find out how Violet Rays will help you. Read what hundreds of users say about the Vi-Rex and astonishing results which have been obtained. Learn why it is the most economical and practical machine of its kind available. You may use it to gain health, vitality, beauty! There is no limit to its beneficial powers. Mail the coupon or send a postal. Do it now.

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The Vi-Rex Violet Ray Machine is not a vibrator—does not shock or jar the nerve ends. Its effectiveness is obtained through its power of penetration—not through manipulation of surface muscles. No feeling of soreness or exhaustion after use—only a comforting, agreeable sense of relief.



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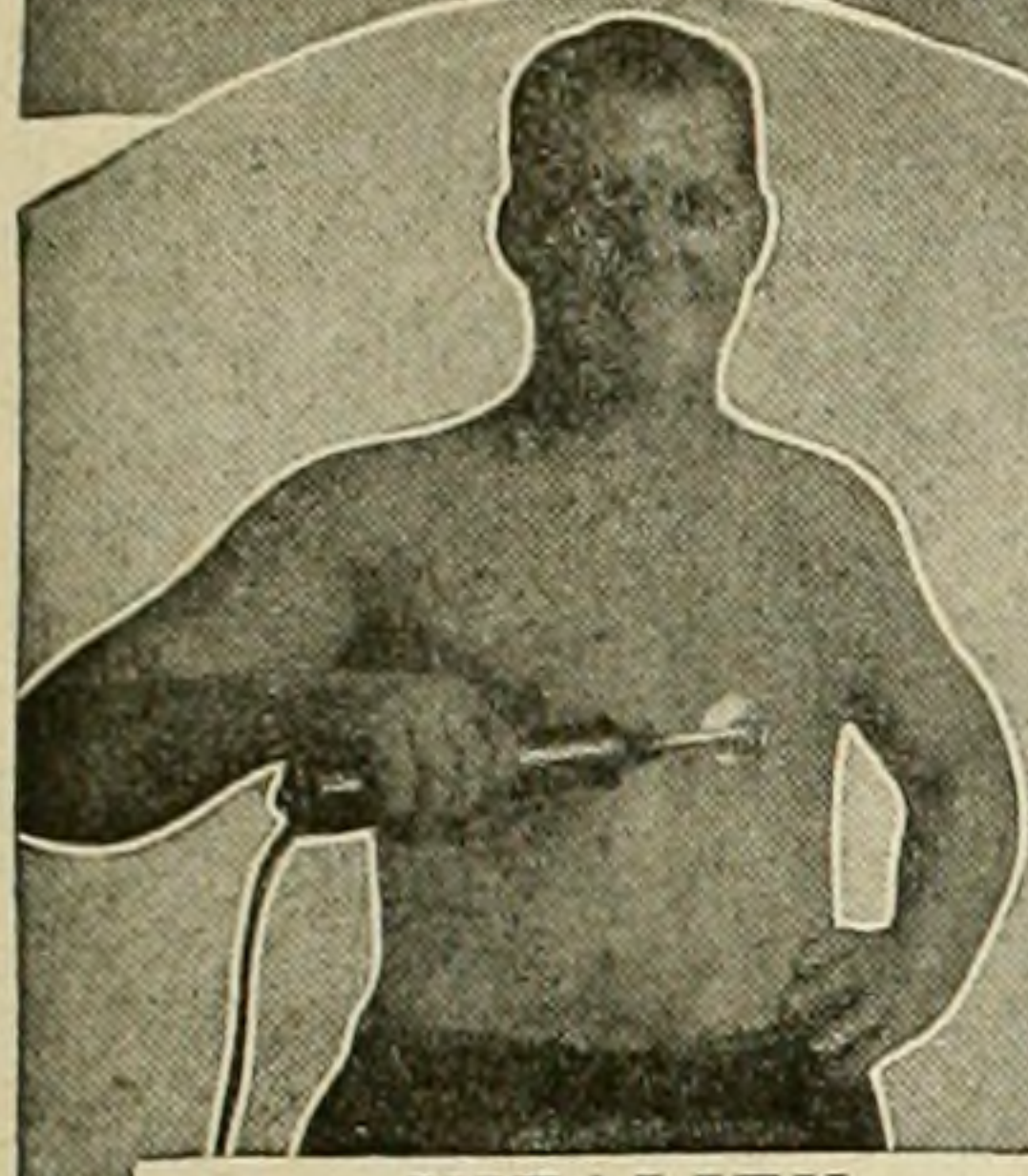
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This is only a partial list of the many ailments that can be treated successfully with Violet Rays right in your own home:

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| Bunions       | Neuralgia     |
| Callous       | Neuritis      |
| Catarrh       | Obesity       |
| Chilblains    | Pains         |
| Colds         | Paralysis     |
| Corns         | Piles         |
| Constipation  | Pimples       |
| Dandruff      | Pyorrhea      |
| Deafness      | Rheumatism    |
| Earache       | Skin Diseases |
| Eczema        | Sore Throat   |
| Eye Diseases  | Sprains       |
| Falling Hair  | Tonsilitis    |
| Hay Fever     | Whooping      |
| Headache      | Cough         |



## Romance Comes to Priscilla

(Continued from page 25)

comedies. They are two fine boys, and comedy is good training, for it teaches you to think and act *fast*—that's why I like it. After I began doing heavier work I had to keep slowing down the speed all the time.

"Of course, my favorite rôle was the Wildcat of Paris—I *loved* her. She was a regular spitfire; laughing or crying, she was full of pep, never quiet a minute. Anyway, I like wild parts—the wilder, the better!"

Miss Dean went on to tell me about "The Virgin of Stamboul," a seven-reeler by H. H. Van Loan, which proved to be her romance picture, culminating, as it did, in her marriage to Mr. Oakman in real life as well as on the screen.

"I lost *pounds* making that picture," declared the little star, solemnly, "for we worked so hard, and all night long many times. Tod Browning has directed me in nearly all my pictures, and he understands me so thoroly that we have to do little rehearsing. That helps a lot. Funny how things happen—he and my mother used to play in the same company on the stage, and I have known him *always*."

"My next picture, 'False Colors,' in which I play dual rôles, a naughty French actress and an American girl, will afford the first chance I have had to wear gorgeous clothes before the camera, and I'm having a beautiful time designing them. They're mostly of satin—all shimmery and very long and *snaky!* Can't you see me swishing around in them? For my personal wardrobe I prefer plain, trim suits and sport togs, and always of the quietest colors. Surprising, isn't it?"

As we watched the animated panorama of studio life which the noon hour brings, Priscilla confided that the lure of the stage still holds her and that she never sees a musical comedy without wanting to jump on the stage and take part in the singing and dancing.

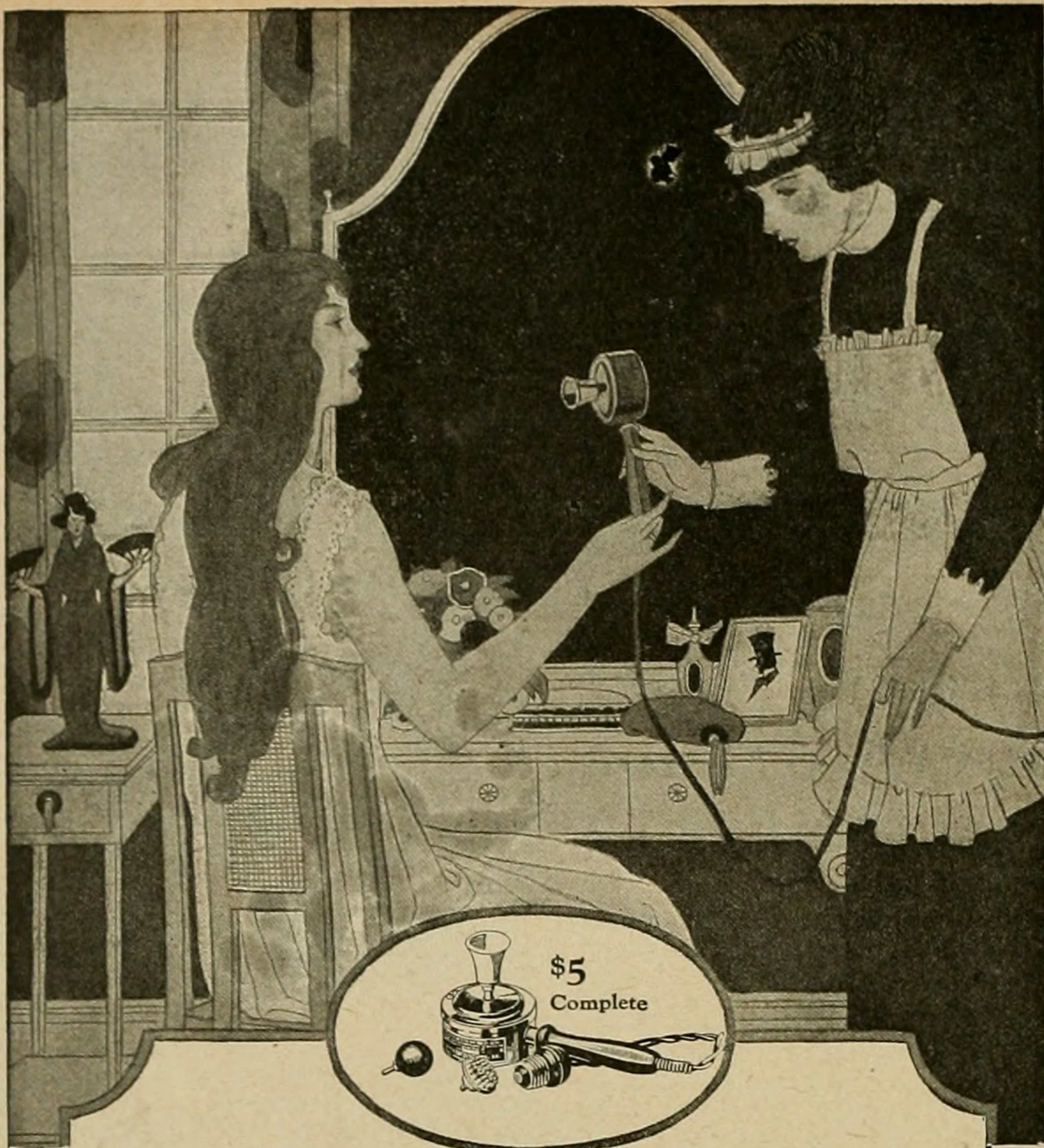
Of course, she is still so young that many new triumphs on both screen and stage await her. Already several overtures have been made by big producers to induce her to bring her fascinating type of madcap personality to the stage. However, her contract with Universal still holds good and the present—with her devoted husband—is absorbing her thoughts, for, after all, before the actress is the woman, and Priscilla Dean is at all times essentially *feminine!*

## HILLS

By BETTY EARLE

The patient hills wait also.  
I lasso them with my loneliness; tho far away  
I clutch them close and closer.  
A heart I yield to them with human heart-beats.  
I rumple their leaves to manifold whispers; I  
expose my soul to their wandering pathways;  
I weave in shadows the pattern of my gloom.  
Together now we face the mourn of owl, the  
wind's low urge, the solitary star's blue  
quietude.  
Yet feel no loneliness; only a kindred faith.  
Because we wait together.

(Seventy-eight)



**"Tonight I'm going Decolleté,  
thanks to Electric Massage!"**

**D**OES your figure permit you to wear the prettiest of evening frocks? Then resolve that this embarrassing condition is going to be *changed!* In the privacy of your own boudoir soothing electric massage brings back the roses of youth into your cheeks, keeps your hair and scalp in fine, healthy condition and develops your figure into one of graceful lines and girlish contour.

The woman of fastidious tastes, young or old, realizes that beauty is but a natural reflection of health. Wrinkles, "crow's feet," eyes that have lost their youthful sparkle, obesity and other unwelcome facial blemishes are, to a great extent at least, brought on by what we term "the

strenuous life." Muscles are sure to become weary and congested unless they get relaxation. And complexions are certain to suffer unless properly taken care of. Home electric massage is recognized as the building-up process nearest to Nature's.

The Star Vibrator should be *your* "beauty parlor." Used and endorsed by stage and screen celebrities for beauty helps, and fatigue, nervous headaches, insomnia. Ideal after motoring, golfing or bathing. *Keeps your skin at its best!* On sale and demonstrated free of charge at most drug, department and electrical stores. Or direct from us. Fitzgerald Mfg. Co., Dept. 216, Torrington, Conn. (Canadian Price, \$7.50.)

The **STAR VIBRATOR** *Electric Massage*

For Wrinkles, "Crow's Feet" and  
Dull, Colorless Complexions!



## The Cost of the Modern Photoplay

(Continued from page 21)

the \$30,000 mark, and it frequently slips above \$50,000 towards \$75,000. But not often.

"Today the average special feature costs \$125,000 to \$150,000 and frequently much more. Let me detail a production, using my 'The Heart of a Fool' as basis. Place the original story cost at \$25,000. It required a cast of ten able players for eight weeks at a salary of \$5,000 to \$6,000 weekly. This totalled about \$55,000; \$10,000 went to players of smaller rôles, extras, etc. The overhead costs—for staff executives, cameramen, etc.—ran to about \$2,000 for ten weeks, since these people were engaged for a longer period than the players. This then climbed to \$20,000. 'The Heart of a Fool' necessitated unusually elaborate interiors—\$25,000 went for the building of settings, the renting of props and the renting of studio space; \$5,000 went in furniture; while the electrical department required \$5,000. The wardrobe cost \$10,000, the two principal women needing unusually lavish gowns.

"In 'shooting' the picture we used something like 75,000 feet of raw stock. This cost \$3,000. Developing and printing some 50,000 feet of final positive cost \$2,500 more. Incidental items, such as editing, making titles and cutting, ate up \$1,000 more. I have not added in my own salary as director, because I draw against the profits, but this is another big item, running usually to \$20,000 or \$30,000 for just an average man and way up for the big directors.

"You can see for yourself how the items pile up. 'The Heart of a Fool' here runs over the \$160,000 mark. I predict that production costs are going to double themselves in the next year. Producers declare this impossible, that such photoplays cannot make money. But I know the reverse to be true.

"Today a \$150,000 production draws, let us say, \$500,000 gross. The middleman—the exchange distributor—pulls down half of the profits. Directors and stars are now organizing in combines such as the Associated Directors, to distribute their own pictures. With competent handling, these photoplays can take in \$750,000 to \$1,000,000. Of that we are confident. So there is no reason why a \$250,000 or \$300,000 film production isn't feasible—and profitable.

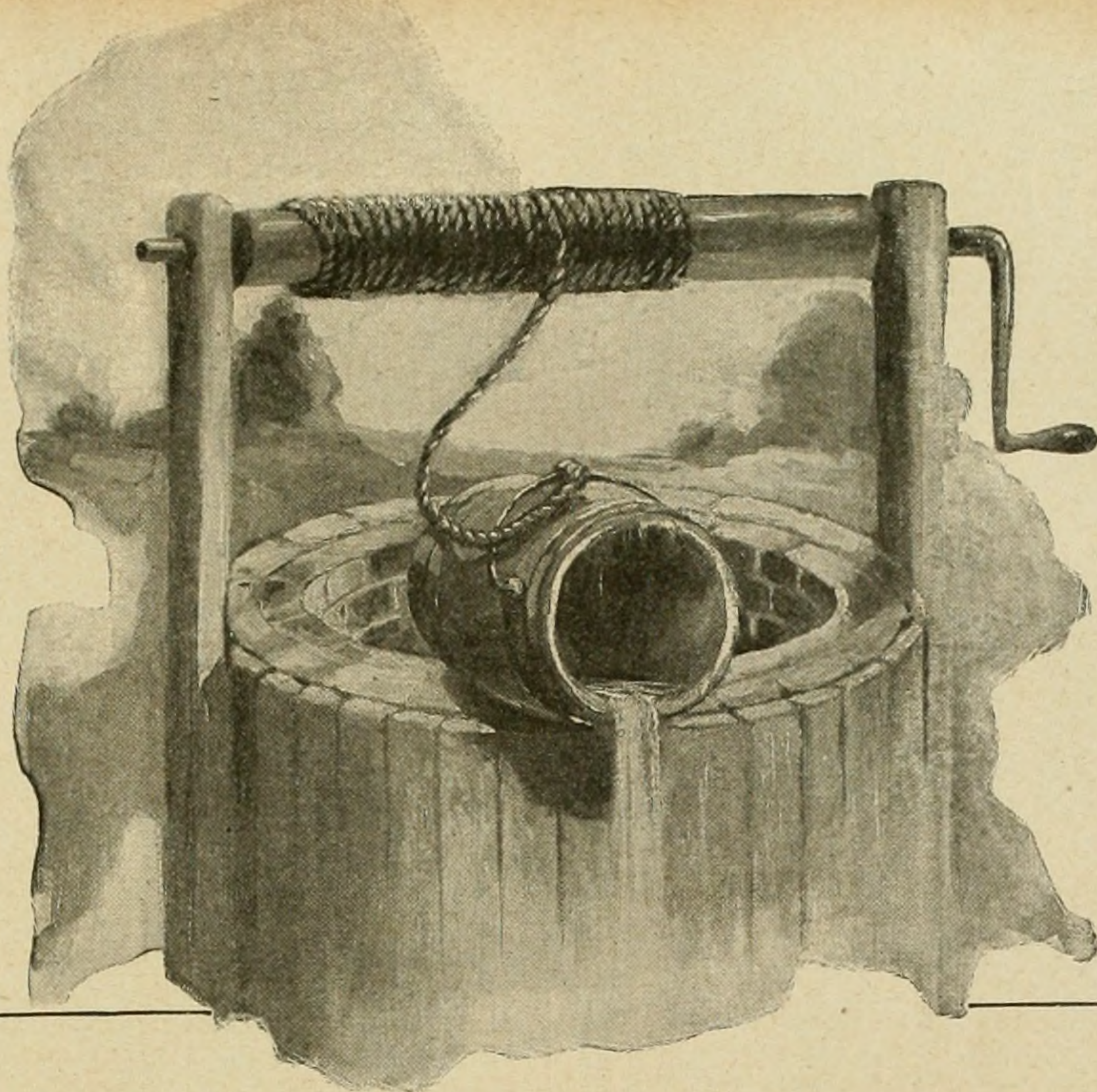
"Indeed, it will be necessary. A good story now costs up to \$75,000 or \$100,000. Players' salaries are steadily mounting. Other costs are advancing. It will really cost \$300,000 to make a big picture very shortly."

Thus has the once lowly movie advanced. And only a few years ago a producer needed only a camera, a haphazard story, a man to operate the machine and a half-dozen actors at five dollars—or less—a day.

Dwan protests against New York as a national première center for this country.

(Continued on page 80)

(Seventy-nine)



## The high cost of water

This is one reason why Quaker Oats will often cut breakfast cost ninety per cent.

Quaker Oats is only 7 per cent water. It yields 1810 calories of food per pound. Many costly foods are largely water. Note this table.

Percentage of water			
In Quaker Oats	7%	In hen's eggs	65%
In round steak	60%	In oysters	88%
In veal cutlets	68%	In tomatoes	94%
In fish	60%	In potatoes	62%

### The cost of your breakfasts

Here is what a breakfast serving costs in some necessary foods at this writing:

Cost per serving	
Dish of Quaker Oats	1c
Serving of meat	8c
Serving of fish	8c
Lamb chop	12c
Two eggs	10c

In cost per serving these other good foods run from 8 to 12 times Quaker Oats.

In cost per 1,000 calories—the energy measure of food value—they will average ten times Quaker Oats.

\* \* \* \*

Quaker Oats is the greatest food that you can serve at breakfast. It is nearly the ideal food—almost a complete food.

Young folks need it as food for growth—older folks for vim-food.

Yet it costs only one cent per dish.

Serve the costlier foods at other meals. Start the day on this one-cent dish of the greatest food that grows.

# Quaker Oats

World-famed for its flavor

Quaker Oats dominate because of the flavor. They are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We

get but ten pounds from a bushel. You get this extra flavor without extra price when you ask for Quaker Oats.

15c and 35c per Package

Except in the Far West and South

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover





# De Miracle

Every Woman's Depilatory



## Removes Hair

Immediately—safely

BY actual test genuine De Miracle is the safest and surest. When you use it you are not experimenting with a new and untried depilatory, because it has been in use for over 20 years, and is the only depilatory that has ever been endorsed by Physicians, Surgeons, Dermatologists, Medical Journals and Prominent Magazines.

De Miracle is the most cleanly; after use there is no mussy mixture to wash away. You simply wet the hair with this nice De Miracle sanitary liquid and it is gone. De Miracle alone devitalizes hair, which is the only common-sense way to remove it from face, neck, arms, underarms or limbs.

Three sizes: 60c, \$1.00, \$2.00  
At all toilet counters, or direct from us,  
in plain wrapper, on receipt of 63c,  
\$1.04 or \$2.08, which includes war tax.

# De Miracle

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## Buy Direct From the Importer

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**FREE** finest grade POWDER PUFF  
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Instructors. Installments taken. Emile Brunel operates 20 studios in New  
York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit, Pittsburgh.  
Call or send today for Booklet C.



## The Pride of the Anzacs

(Continued from page 60)

"We were always poor," she said, "and those days in London were terrible! We went from manager to manager, but none of them would take a chance on me or pay any attention to the records I had made in Australia. Whenever any one asked our address we used to avoid giving it by saying that we were expecting to move as soon as we could find a suitable place. Of course, anything was better than admitting that we lived in King's Cross!"

At last, when they had only one ha'penny left, she got her chance. *The London Daily Mirror* offered to back her if she would enter the Channel swimming contest. It was explained to her that she would have to remain in the water long enough to make a showing—at least three hours, and the longer she stayed after that the more money she would get. She suffered from nausea, but whenever she was tempted to give up she reminded herself that the longer she stuck the more she would get, and thinking of that single ha'penny, which was all her worldly wealth, she remained in the water for six and a half hours. (On another occasion, when she attempted to swim the Channel, she remained in the contest for ten and a half hours and got three-quarters of the way across, a record for a woman.) For her first attempt she was given thirty pounds (\$150.) But it was not until some time afterward that she began to make a steady income. The real incentive of her many record-breaking endurance swims was her very great horror of extreme poverty. The following year she and her father came to America, and she gave swimming exhibitions at White City Park in Chicago. They charged ten cents admission and gave fifty-five performances a week. Her first vaudeville engagement was at a salary of \$300 a week. Her popularity was so tremendous, however, that her salary grew to \$1,200 and she worked for two years in the Keith theaters without a day's vacation. But she was denied the joy of sharing prosperity with her father as they had shared their poverty. This was her greatest regret.

At this point, Mr. Sullivan, her husband, came up to ask if I wouldn't like to see the exercise room. It was a perfect little "gym," converted from a screened porch in the back of the house, overlooking the orange grove. This "gym" is large enough and equipped in such a way that she can practice her golf and tennis strokes with ease. She continues to keep in practice with her ballet dancing and tight-rope walking; in fact, with everything that serves to keep her fit.

After a conversation with Annette Kellerman one carries away an impression of bulldog tenacity of purpose, almost awesome in its intensity.

"Tennis means more to me right now than anything else," she said. "I am never so happy as when the Bundys or

Mary Browne tell me that I have played my game well."

Tom and May Sutton Bundy, Mary and Nat Browne are her nearest friends.

"Isn't it odd," Annette Kellerman went on, "how, when you really want to do a thing, the importance of it seems to grow and grow until nothing else matters at all? For instance, I spent hours and hours trying to learn how to walk a ball. There wasn't any particular use in my knowing how to walk a ball, but I kept on with it until I could do it quite easily. Of course, it will come in handy now."

We had returned to our favorite spot on the lawn where the sun was warmest.

"No more fairy stories?" I queried, referring to her recent arrangement with Sol Lesser under which she will make moving pictures with her own company which will be exploited and controlled by him.

"Not for a while at least," she answered. "You know, the way this arrangement came about was that I made some one-reel educational pictures on how a woman could keep healthy. I showed these to Mr. Lesser and he liked them so well that he made me this offer to do five-reel comedy-dramas in which I will play a modern athletic girl. I think that it will be something really new!"

## The Greatest of Popularity Contests

(Continued from page 51)

Male stars: William S. Hart, 5,982; Richard Barthelmess, 4,821; Wallace Reid, 4,624; Douglas Fairbanks, 3,829; Eugene O'Brien, 2,317; William Farnum, 2,019; Charles Ray, 1,752; Douglas McLean, 1,546; J. Warren Kerrigan, 1,503; Tom Mix, 1,207; Charles Chaplin, 1,050; William Russell, 911; Tom Moore, 816; Kenneth Harlan, 700; Antonio Moreno, 700; George Walsh, 700; Harry Northrup, 515; Harrison Ford, 447; Ralph Graves, 447; Louis Bannison, 389; Elliott Dexter, 389; Bert Lytell, 389; Thomas Meighan, 341; Rodney La Rocque, 325.

## The Cost of the Modern Photoplay

(Continued from page 79)

"The district between Fifty-ninth and Forty-second streets, wherein lie all the big New York movie houses, is a land of jaded, cynical theatergoers," he maintains. "Their opinion isn't worth anything as a criterion to judge a photoplay's reception by the country at large. They care nothing for the staple realities; they want something to stir their blasé appetites. Hence the enthusiastic reception of 'Broken Blossoms' and the lukewarm way 'The Miracle Man' was received in New York. Producers are coming to avoid New York for film premières."

Which we submit as Mr. Dwan's opinion—and manifestly not our own.



# How Every Woman Can Have a Winning Personality

## Let Me Introduce Myself

**D**EAR READER: I wish to tell you how to have a charming, winning personality because all my life I have seen that without it any woman labors under great handicaps. Without *personality*, it is almost impossible to make desirable friends, or get on in business; and yes, often must a woman give up the man on whom her heart is set because she has not the power to attract or to hold him.

During my career here and abroad, I have met a great many people whom I have been able to study under circumstances which have brought out their weak or strong points, like a tiny spot on the lens of a moving picture machine will magnify into a very large blot on the screen. And I have seen so many people, lacking in personality, try to make a success of their plans and fail completely, in a way that has been quite pathetic. I am sure that you also are familiar with one or more such cases.

## Success of a Winsome Manner

I saw numerous failures that were so distressing that my thoughts could not help dwelling upon those shattered and vain conditions. I have seen women of education, and culture and natural beauty actually fail where other women minus such advantages, but possessing certain secrets of

loveableness, a certain winsomeness, a certain knack of looking right and saying the right word would get ahead delightfully. Nor were they naturally forward women. Nor were they the kind that men call clever. Some of them, if you studied their features closely, were decidedly not handsome; yet they seemed so. They

didn't do this by covering their faces with cosmetics; they knew the true means. And often the winning women were in the thirties, forties, or even fifties. Yet they "appealed." You know what I mean. They drew others to them by a subtle power which seemed to emanate from them. Others liked to talk to them and to do things for them. In their presence you felt perfectly at ease—as though you had been good, good friends for very long.

## French Feminine Charms

The French women among my friends seemed to me more generally endowed with this ability to fascinate, than did my friends among other nationalities. In the years that I lived in Paris, I was amazed to find that most of the women I met were enchanting.

"Is it a part of the French character?" I asked my friends.

"Were you born that way?" I would often ask some charming woman.

And they smilingly told me that "personality," as we know it here in America, is an art, that is studied and acquired by French women just as they would learn to cook, or to sing by cultivating the voice. Every girl and woman possesses latent personality. This includes you, dear reader. There are numerous real secrets for developing your personality. In France, where the women have always outnumbered the men, and where opportunity for our sex is restricted, those who wish to win husbands or shine in society, or succeed in their careers, have no choice but to develop their charms in competition with others.

## How Men's Affections Are Held

Lately the newspapers have been telling us that thousands and thousands of our fine young army men have taken French wives. It was no surprise to me, for I know how alluring are the French girls. Nor could I help conceding the truth in the asser-



You may have all those attractive qualities that men adore in women

tion of a competent Franco-American journalist that "American girls are too provincial, formal, cold and unresponsive while the French girls radiate warmth of sympathy, devotion and all those exquisite elements of the heart that men adore in women."

And I who am successful and probably known to you by reputation through my activities on the Faubourg St. Honoré can tell you in all candor, as one woman confiding in another, that these French secrets of personality have been a very important factor in the successes of mine. But it is not my tendency to boast of myself, the Juliette Fara whom I want you to feel that you already know as your sincere friend, but I speak of YOU and for YOU.

## French Secrets of Fascination

My continued residence in France enabled me to observe the ways and methods of the women closely. I studied and analyzed the secrets of their fascinating powers.

When I returned to the dear old U. S. A., I set myself at work putting together the facts, methods, secrets and formulæ that I had learned while in France.

Of one thing I am absolutely convinced—every woman who wishes it may have a winning personality.

## Overcoming Deterrent Timidity

I know I can take any girl of a timid or over-modest disposition, one who lacks self-confidence, or is too self-conscious for her own good, and show her how to become discreetly and charmingly daring, perfectly natural and comfortable in the presence of others. I can show you how to bring out charms which you do not even dream you possess.

## Uncouth Boldness—or Tactful Audacity

If you are an assertive woman, the kind that suffers from too great forwardness, I can show you in a way that you will find delightful, how to be gentle and unassuming, to tear away the false fabric of your repelling and ungracious personality and replace it with another that wins and attracts. By this method, you will succeed, oh so well, while by uncouthness or misapplied audacity you meet with setbacks.

I can take the frail girl or woman, the listless one who usually feels that the good things in life are not for her and show her how to become vigorous and strong, tingling with enthusiasm and good cheer and how to see the whole wide world full of splendid things just for her.

## Become An Attractive Woman

I can take the girl or woman who is ignorant or careless of her appearance, or the girl who dresses unbecomingly and instill in her a sense of true importance of appearance in personality; I can enlighten her in the ways of women of the world, in making the most of their apparel. All this without any extravagance; and I can show her how to acquire it with originality and taste. You realize, of course, that dressing to show yourself to advantage, is a real art and without that knowledge you will always be under a disadvantage.

## For Married Women

There are some very important secrets which married French women know that enables them to hold the love, admiration and fidelity of their men. How the selfish spirit in a man is to be overcome so ingeniously that he does not know what you are accomplishing until some day he awakens to the fact that his character and his manner have undergone a delightful change—that he is not only making you happy, but he is finding far greater pleasure in life than when he was inconsiderate. There are secrets in my compilation that are likely to change a turbulent course of married life for one that is entrancingly ideal. And this power lies within you, my dear Madam.

## Acquire Your Life's Victory Now

What we call personality is made up of a number of little things. It is not something vague and indefinable. Personality, charm, good looks, winsomeness and success can be cultivated. If you know the secrets, if you learn the rules and put them into practice, you can be charming, you can have an appealing personality. Don't think it is impossible. Don't think you must be born that way.

Don't even think it ought to be hard to acquire it; because the secrets of charm that I have collated and transcribed for you are more interesting than the most fascinating book you have ever read.

Once you have learned my lessons, they become a kind of second nature to you. When you notice the improvement in your appearance, how you get on easier with people, how your home problems seem to solve themselves, how in numberless little ways (and big ones, too) life gets to hold so many more prizes for you, you will decide to put more and more of the methods in practice in order to obtain still more of life's rewards.

## No Fad—the Success of Ages

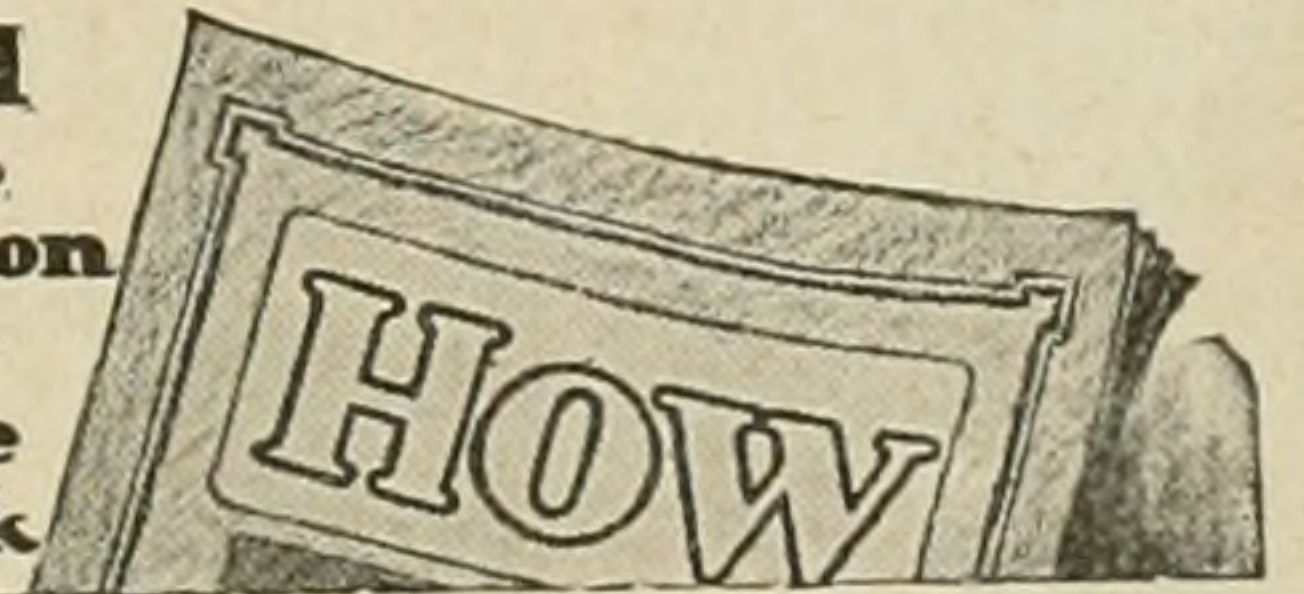
I am well enough known by the public not to be taken as advancing some new-fangled fad. All my life I have understood the value of plain common sense and practical methods. And what I have put into my course on the cultivation of personality is just as practical as anything can be.

I could go on to tell you more and more about this truly remarkable course, but the space here does not permit. However, I have put some important secrets for you into an inspiring little book called "How" that I want you to read. The Gentlewoman Institute will send it to you entirely free, postpaid, in a plain wrapper, just for the asking.

My advice to you is to send for the free book "HOW" if you want to gain the finest of friends and to possess happiness with contentment that will come to you as the result of a lovely and winning personality.

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- Tissue Cream**—for wrinkles and crow's feet.
- Whitening Cream**—for freckles and bleaching.

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## Confessed Calumny

(Continued from page 76)

studying for a chair of oratory. One day he was persuaded to see E. J. Morgan for "extra" work in the latter's production of Hall Caine's "The Christian," merely for training in stage technique. The stage manager wanted a man to sing the baritone solo, "Jesus of Nazareth," and luck would have it that Oland could fill the bill. Result? A year on tour with "The Christian" company, in which he subsequently played a prominent part. After this came a two-year engagement with Viola Ailen in "The Eternal City" and repertoire, followed by a season with Sothern and Marlowe in repertoire.

The next season saw him playing Peer Gynt with Hilda England, the Swedish actress—a year before Richard Mansfield appeared in the celebrated rôle. Closing, he went for a year with Nazimova, her second year in America, at the old Bijou in New York, in Ibsen's "The Master-builder," in which he played Ragnar, the idealistic youth, and in "A Doll's House," where he was first Krogstad and later the male lead.

And, a few weeks ago in Hollywood, he saw Nazimova for the first time in years as she was emerging from a picture theater.

"Ah, Mr. Oland," she said, "do you remember when you used to be the boy in my play? Now you are the villain!"

After the Nazimova engagement he went to Williams College to produce plays for the institution and the Cap and Bells dramatic society. Which he did alternately for three seasons, meanwhile appearing in a production of Edgar Allan Woolf's "House of the Vampire" and one with Helen Ware in "The Price."

Following the latter he put on his own production of "The Father," and followed this by superseding Robert Hiliard in "A Fool There Was" for two years. And ultimately he played the villainous chief of the Okrana in "The Yellow Ticket."

It was then pictures claimed him for the heavy with Theda Bara in "Sin." He did three more with her and others with Fox, at length joining Olga Petrova's company. Other stars he has played with include Clara Kimball Young and Kitty Gordon at the World studio; Mrs. Vernon Castle in "Patria," "Convict 993" and "The Mysterious Client"; Pearl White in "The Fatal Ring" and "The Lightning Raider"; Doraldina in "The Naulahka"; Fannie Ward in "The Yellow Ticket"; and Elsie Ferguson in "The Witness for the Defense" and "The Avalanche." And now he is deep in calumny in a Pathé serial, "The Third Eye," of which he is the star.

And when serialing is finished and he gets a vacation, Oland and Mrs. Oland will retire to their Massachusetts farm, where Mrs. Oland will put onto canvas the beauties of nature, where Warner—"Jack," as she calls him—will callous his hands chopping wood and coaxing the rich, warm milk from his herd of good old New England cows.

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## The Home-Made Girl

(Continued from page 62)

because he said to me, 'Come to the studio and I'll give you a chance.' And I went . . . and that began it.

"I'm the most fortunate as well as the happiest girl in all the world. No one else, it seems to me, ever had so beautiful a beginning, so kind a start. I only want to deserve it, that's all—and work and work and WORK as hard as I can. I can hardly wait to get to the studio in the morning, and I don't care if I ever leave at night. I like to play all sorts of rôles for the love of the experience, but I think the things I like to do most will be the character parts that go right into the hearts of the people and make them go away just a little bit happier, even if they don't quite know *why*."

"What did mother think of all this?" I asked of the smiling woman, rocking in her chair nearby, who had helped "Sister," as she called her young daughter, with here and there a sympathetic or a reminiscent mood. There was, it was tenderly evident, a great bond between the two.

"There was a great deal of opposition for Sister at first," her mother said; "no one in the family had ever done such a thing before, and I suppose we had the prejudice of the more or less uninformed layman against the stage and what we thought it stood for. Her brother, too, was aghast when he first saw her on the screen. We hadn't dared to tell him by word of mouth, and it wasn't until he saw her in 'How Could You, Caroline?' the first picture she did, with Mr. Thompson, that he knew anything about it. He was outraged. Wrote and said, in part, 'Mother, what *can* you be thinking of?' But now, with the kindness Alice has been the recipient of, and her own interest in her work and perhaps, too, his better understanding of the whole, he has become a very ardent and assiduous fan, even of Alice herself."

"I think," interpolated Alice, in her gentle little way, "that he really has had a throw-back to our kiddie days in Cleveland, when we played theater in the garage and charged the children of the neighborhood admission to watch us, or rather *hear* us, declaim."

"It's always been *acting* with Alice," said Alice's mother.

Then Alice served home-made grape-juice and home-made cookies and dainty little cakes and promised, upon my manifest delight in the delicacies, to invite me some night to a wholly home-cooked dinner. Alice is a home-made girl. One knows that. What she gives to the world via the screen will have had its root in the sincerity bred of home-life and home-love, of a mother who has been first of all a comrade and a friend, by her own natural domestic and womanly tendencies, practical in their demonstrations.

There is nothing in her charming head now save these things of the work and the home she loves with a sort of a blent

(Continued on page 88)

(Eighty-three)



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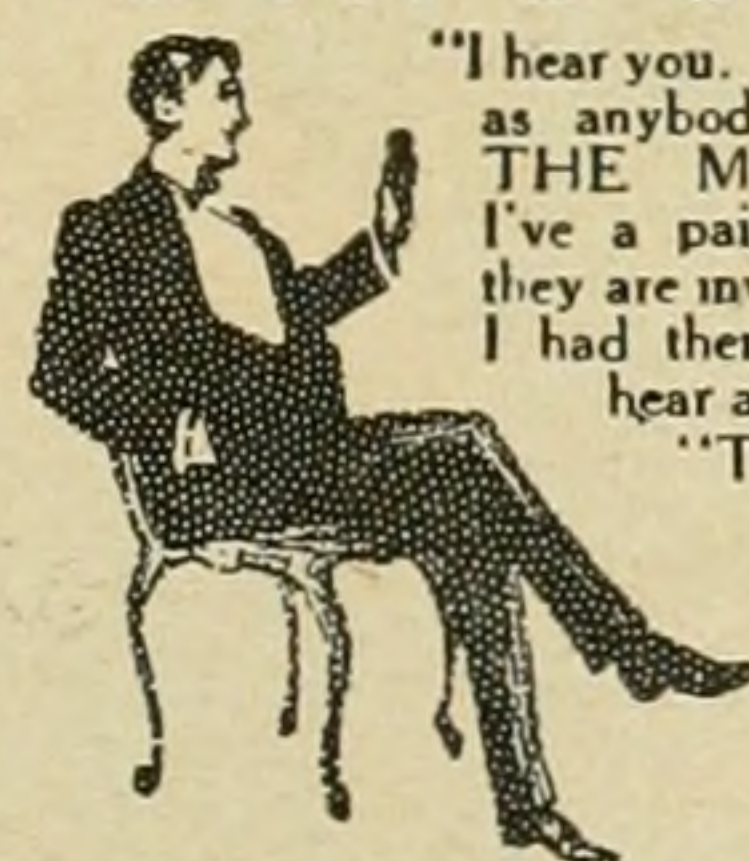
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# The Blue Bird Alights on the Silversheet

By MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

coming has created a stir in the film colony, for the Belgian poet is probably the most brilliant and distinguished of the many literary lights who have fallen under the lure of the motion picture.

Before settling down to work he will spend some time studying the cinema art, and already he is deeply interested in the vast possibilities for theme development on the screen.

Genial and charming, with a serenity born of quiet hours spent in contemplation, he talked freely regarding his plans, but as he frequently reverted to French and spoke very rapidly, I was often left far behind except when Mr. Russell smilingly would halt the poet's flow of enthusiasm while he interpreted the conversation.

When I asked what phase of the picture building interested him most, Mr. Maeterlinck wrinkled his brow and, turning to Mr. Russell, inquired the meaning of *phase*. Then followed a debate between the two while the word was fully explained.

Returning to my question, he replied, "The plot or story. I find there will have to be an entire transposition of method, for previously the author has rendered thought thru the image or force of words, allowing the spec-

(Continued on page 89)



Photograph by Mishkin

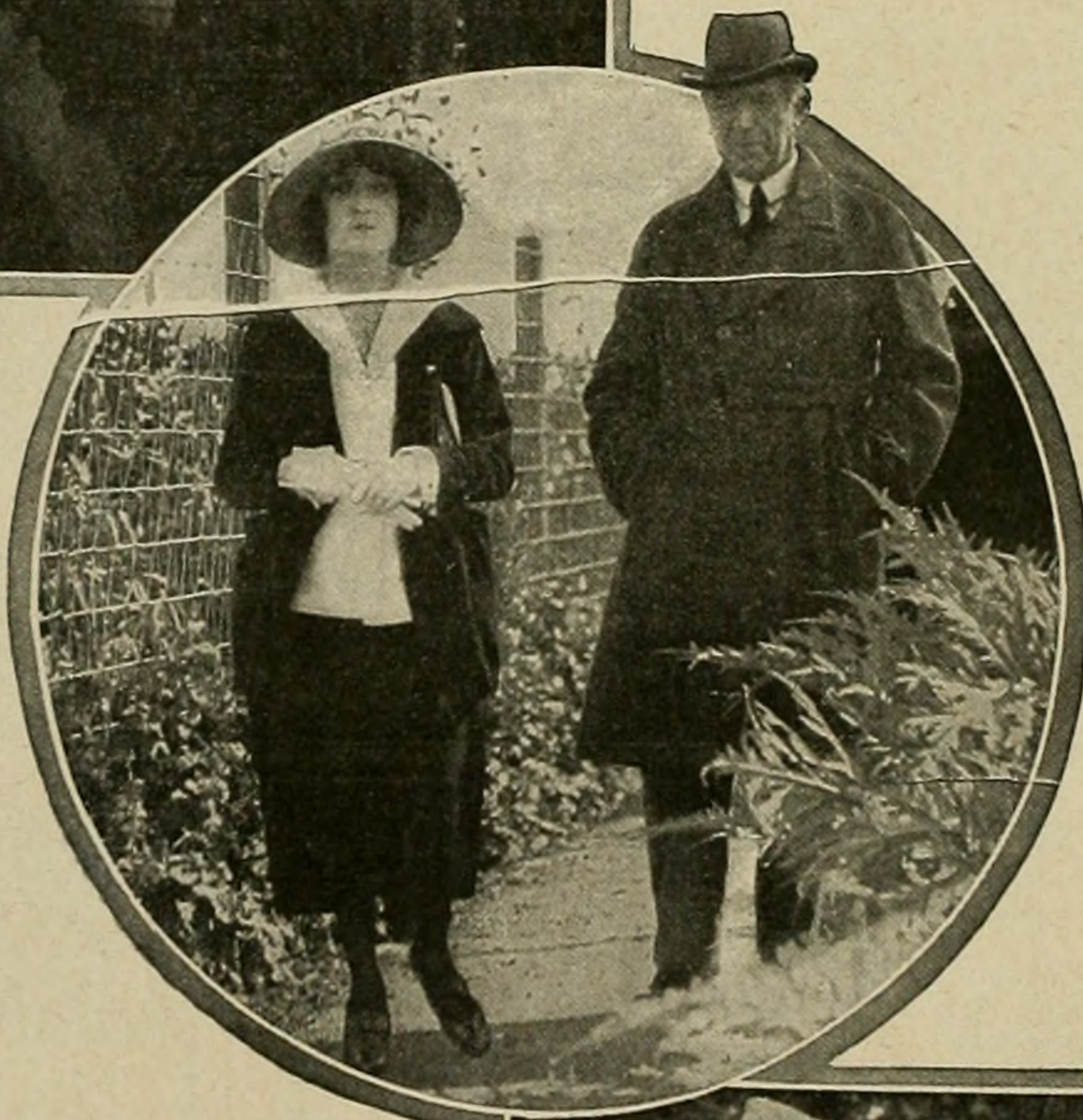
It was in the mystic twilight hour—just as the day creeps into the shadows of the night—that I met Maurice Maeterlinck, the famous Belgian poet-dramatist and philosopher.

After the formal greetings in the dusky living-room we drifted toward the open windows, from which could be seen the glory of the sunset's afterglow on the limitless expanse of Pacific Ocean before us. In the distance, deep purple shadows were obscuring the rugged outlines of the Santa Monica mountains and the waiting world seemed poised, breathless, for an instant, before letting the day become one "with yesterday's seven thousand years!"

"This shall be my inspiration," said Mr. Maeterlinck, in slow, precise English, spreading his hands to take in the magnificent view. "I could never grow indifferent to such beauty." And while I watched an inner light suffuse the calm, perfect features of the poet, I wondered what exquisite vision would come to him here.

Mr. Maeterlinck, accompanied by his youthful bride, Madame Maeterlinck, and their two good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Russell, of Monte Carlo, are occupying a lovely home on the Palisades in Santa Monica, fifteen miles from Los Angeles, during their stay in California.

He has recently signed a contract with Goldwyn Pictures Corporation to write one original picture-play a year for this company, and his



Top, Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian poet-dramatist and philosopher; center, the Maeterlincks outside their lovely home on the Palisades in Santa Monica, where they are spending their honeymoon among the roses; below, the little bride who looks like a fourteen-year-old schoolgirl, proving the theory that mi(gh)te makes right, while their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Russell, of Monte Carlo, enjoy the performance





## The Prince Chap

(Continued from page 57)

wear upon your shoulders the mantle of your Glad Returning."

Peyton stared ahead of him, and something saddened the curve of his mouth. "No," he said, "there was no Tower of Faithfulness . . . ever, you see . . . and the returning is not a glad one . . . it is not even a returning . . . it is just a chance meeting . . . of a woman and a man who, very long ago, played at love together . . . and, somehow, lost . . ."

"Love never loses, dear," said Claudia, in her little-mother voice, "not when love is real. And if it isn't real . . ." She paused, while her young eyes clouded over with an immemorial pain . . .

"If it isn't . . ." prompted Peyton, and found himself thinking, "How young she is, how young and how lovely . . ."

"If it isn't," the girl said, "why then, it doesn't very much matter, anyway, does it? . . . no matter how much it may seem to . . ."

To Claudia, just at first, looking on, it seemed as tho Alice and Peyton must be succeeding, if only because they were so much together. They did, too, all the things they must have done in the fairy-tale days . . . they danced and swam and read the books they had read then and talked and took long, rambling walks . . . and it seemed to Claudia, too, just at the first, that she couldn't possibly nor conceivably stand it. Any day, now, the miracle would occur and Peyton would come to her with his shattered heart all whole and well and all his dreams come true within his eyes.

Then, just a little later, she decided to stay on and take care of him. He looked so tired, so sort of baffled and wearied. He never looked like that, she knew, when he and she played about together. His eyes had a light in them, even over the broken pieces, and his voice had a sort of Glad Returning ring . . . it came to her, suddenly, that they were trying, trying desperately, not to capture that which had eluded them, but to revive that which was coldly dead, which, even more, had never been warmly living . . . they were trying to instill into a corpse the revivifying breath of life, where life had never been . . . and if they should, each of them, know this, abandon the dream for futile, turn, each one, to face a new horizon, why then . . .

After that Claudia determined to fight. Why should she sit by, all palpitant with life, while the bleached bones of a by-gone structure struggled wearily for re-erection? She, who had gifts to give . . . largesse . . . prodigal red roses . . .

It was woman to woman between them, then . . . youth fighting precedent . . . desires fighting dreams . . . and after a week more Alice, rather abruptly, left.

The morning following her departure Peyton breakfasted with Claudia. He had always told her everything and he

(Eighty-five)



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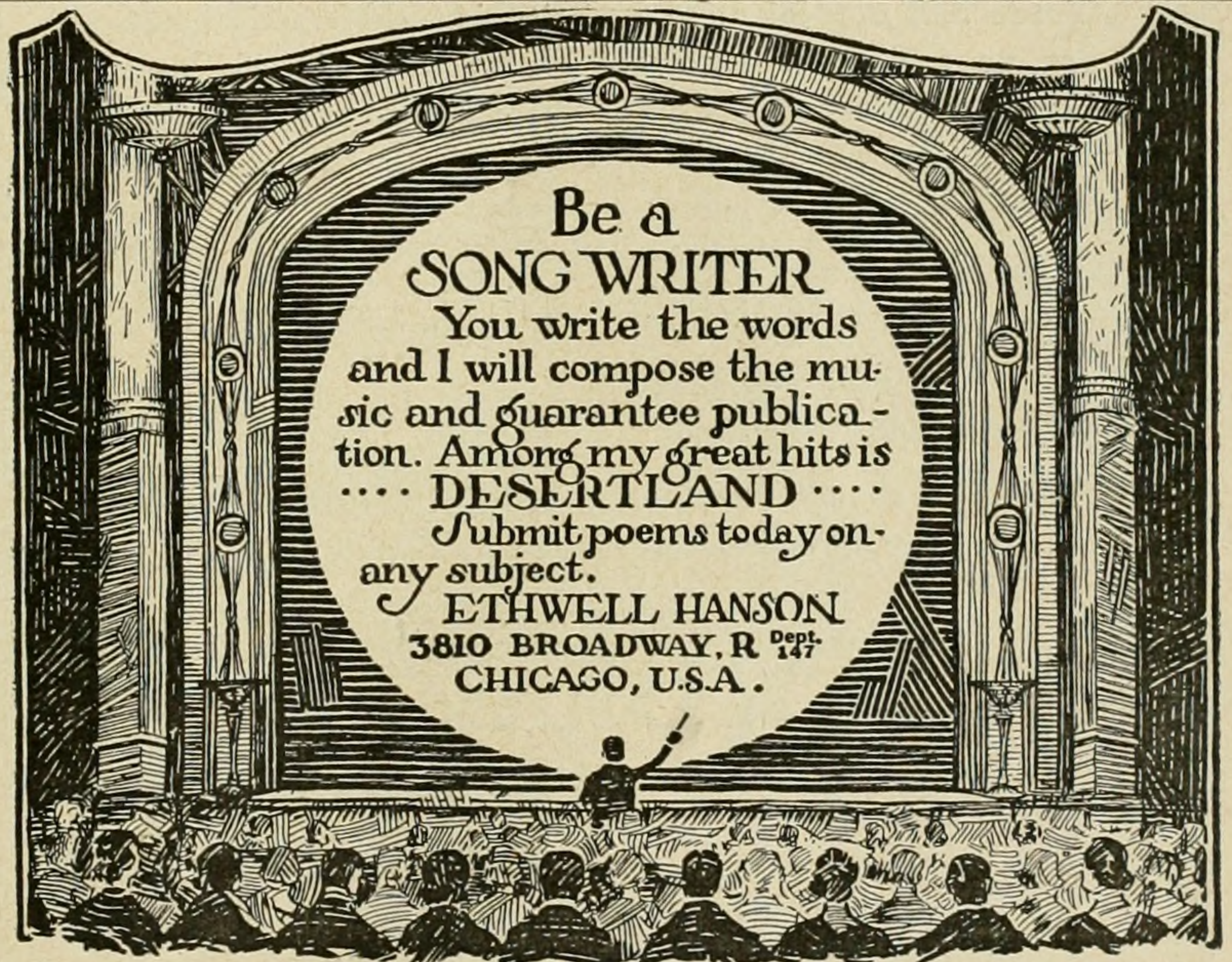
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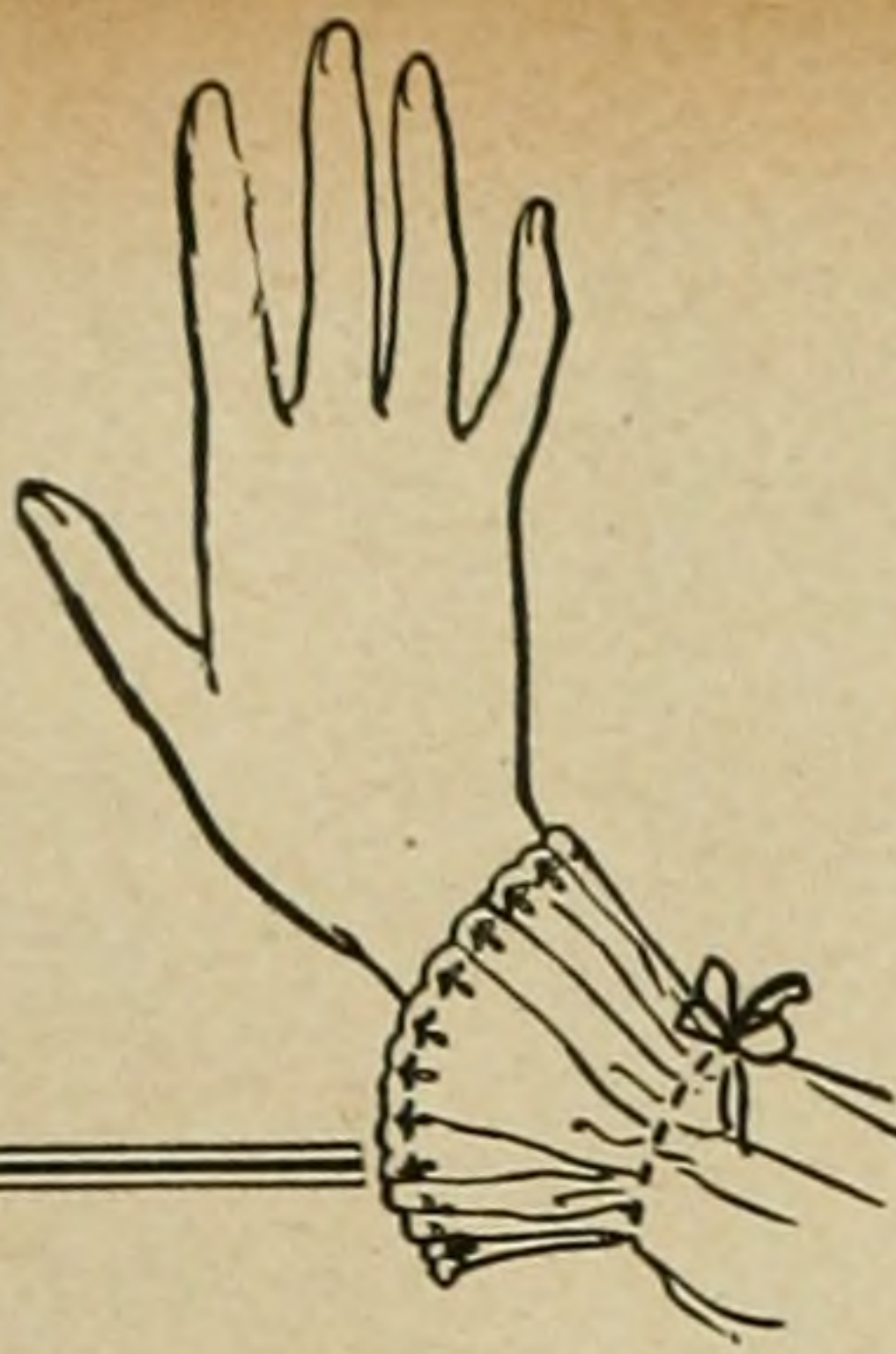
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would, she knew, tell her this. After a while, feeling his way carefully, as it were, he did tell her. Mostly, he told her what a fool he had been. He had permitted unrealities to fetter his footsteps and imprison his soul. He had bound himself round with thongs and thews and found them to be, after all, non-existent. "You see," he said, in conclusion, "I found two days after Alice had come that what you said some time ago was utterly true . . . you and I have never needed another living soul. We are complete. We are, each unto the other, sufficient. Only, I did not know that it was . . . love. I have dwelt so long with the semblance of love that I . . . I did not know. Dear, you who have always mothered me so, pity my ignorance, pity my blinded years, which have only been so many years of preparation for this . . . for . . . for you, if some day, some wonderful *how*, you will have me . . . Claudia . . ."

"It has been a long, long path of moonbeams, Prince Chap," the girl said, "and most of the time it has seemed to waver and shift . . . and break . . . but you have come . . . you have come . . . safely . . . at last . . ."

And then she kist him.

## A Rose in the Bud

(Continued from page 47)

The staff of the magazines had journeyed en masse to the Grand Central Station to see her and her mother off for sunny California. It seemed fitting, somehow, that she should go there, for California is the land of roses—it would naturally be kind to this little rosebud.

Friends and officials of the Universal Company were gathered about, and she was showered with flowers, baskets of fruit and books and candy. But when "Toodles," her little white dog, ensconced in his traveling basket, set up a howl, apparently anything but pleased at the prospect of his trip across the continent, she knelt down and tried to soothe him, quite oblivious of everything else.

The station master, who, by virtue of being a movie fan, had permitted the party to go thru the gates, a thing ordinarily tabooed, asked her how she felt about the honors thrust upon her.

"I love it. Wouldn't you?" asked Virginia, with her shy little smile.

And Mr. Station Master can probably be numbered as her first fan.

Later, on the platform of the train, they posed her for the flashlights.

"Please let my flowers show," said Virginia.

All too soon came the familiar sound, "A-l-l A-b-o-a-r-d!"

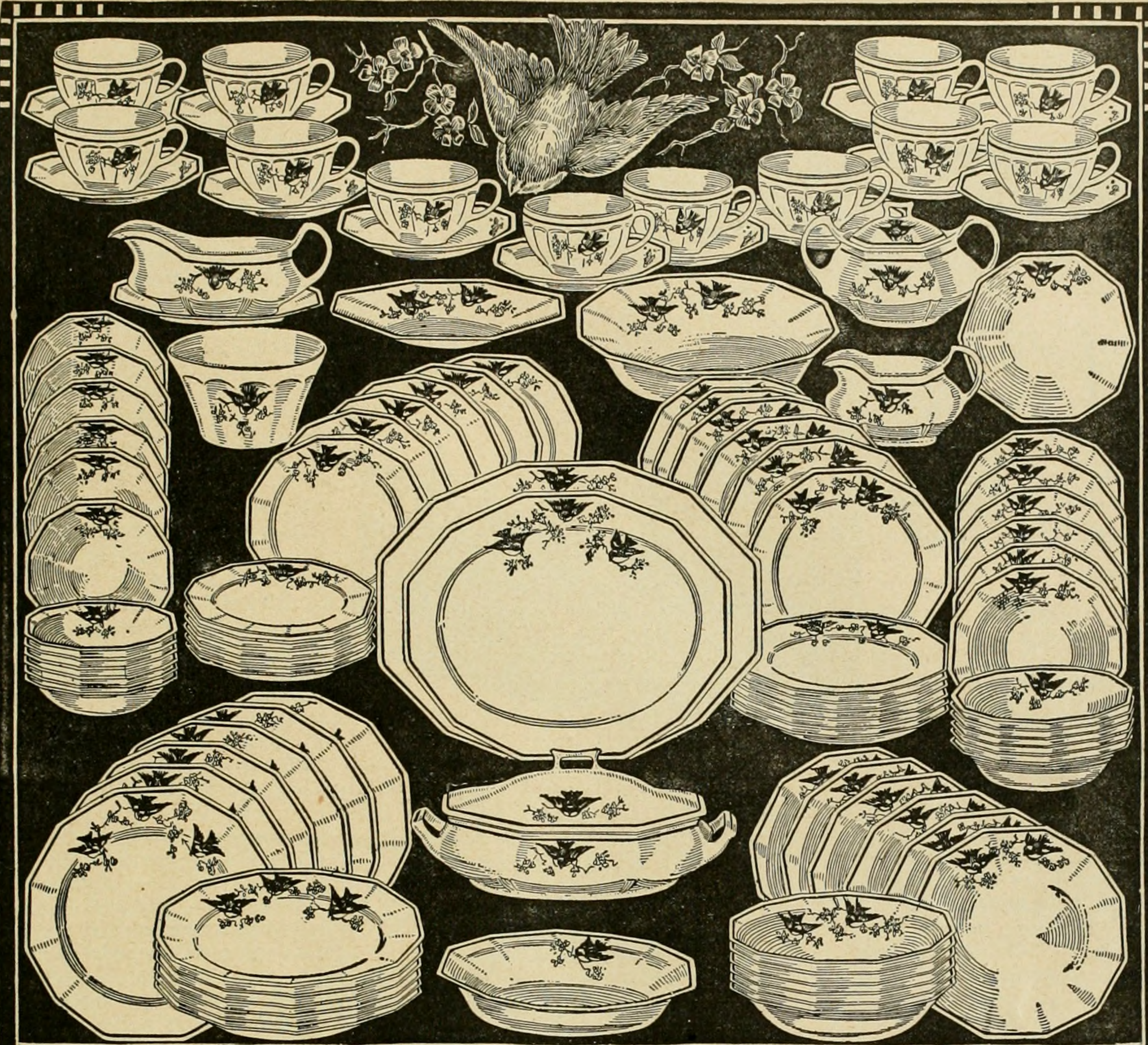
Slowly the *Century Limited* pulled out. On the platform stood Virginia and her mumdear, arm in arm.

"Good-by! Good-by!" she smiled, waving her tiny white-gloved hand.

Virginia had started on her journey to stardom—methinks she will not find it a very long journey.

Make room in the cinema firmament for a new and brightly shining star—Virginia Faire!





# 110 Piece Dinner Set

## Famous Bluebird Design

**\$1**

**Down**

Amazing value. This offer breaks all bargain records. In each piece the highest type of color harmony and exquisite design has been attained. The entire set is in the popular colonial shape, decorated with that emblem of happiness, the Bluebird, whose varied hues blend wonderfully with the perfectly natural colorings of the flowers in pink, green and lavender. Has lovely blue bordering on each piece. Each piece is fired in the glaze and guaranteed not to check or craze. Then, too, that splendid Old English finish is applied to the clay even before it is fired. This finish permeates and gives to the piece the indestructible glaze of rich snowflake white. This wonderful dinner set can be yours for only \$1.00 down and \$2.70 monthly. Price, in all, \$29.95. Complete satisfaction guaranteed.

A Complete Service—

**110 Pieces** This splendid set consists of 12 dinner plates, 9 in.; 12 breakfast plates, 7 1/2 in.; 12 coupe soups, 7 1/2 inches; 12 fruit saucers, 5 1/2 inches; 12 cups; 12 saucers; 12 oatmeal dishes, 6 inches; 12 bread and butter plates, 6 inches; 1 platter 11 1/2 inches; 1 platter, 12 3/4 inches; 1 covered vegetable dish (2 pieces); 1 oval open vegetable dish, 9 1/2 inches; 1 round vegetable dish, 8 1/2 inches; 1 gravy boat; 1 gravy boat stand; 1 bowl, 1 pint; 1 sugar bowl and cover (2 pieces); 1 cream pitcher; 1 pickle dish; 1 butter dish, 7 1/2 inches. This set is one that will add tone and beauty to any dining room. With ordinary care it will last a lifetime. Weight shipped, about 100 pounds.  
Order by No. G5979A. Send \$1.00 with order, \$2.70 monthly. Price of 110 pieces, \$29.95. No C. O. D. No discount for cash.

# Send the Coupon

**Easy Payments** Open an account with us, we trust honest people anywhere in the U. S. 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 special cash price. We cannot offer any discount from these sensational prices. **No C. O. D.**

**30 Days' 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?

**Free Catalog** Send for it. Shows thousands of bargains in furniture, jewelry, carpets, rugs, curtains, silverware, stoves, women's, men's and children's wearing apparel. Send the coupon today—NOW.

Along with \$1.00 to us now. Have this 110-Piece Bluebird Dinner 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 the coupon today. **Right NOW!**

**Straus & Schram,**  
Dept. A155, W. 35th St., Chicago

**STRAUS & SCHRAM,**  
Dept. A155 West 35th St., Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find \$1.00. Ship special advertised 110-Piece Bluebird Dinner Set. I am to have 30 days' free trial. If I keep the set I will pay \$2.70 monthly. If not satisfied, I am to return the set within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any express charges I paid.

110-Piece Bluebird Dinner Set No. G5979A, \$29.95.

Name.....

Street, R.F.D. or Box No.....

Shipping Point.....

Post Office..... State.....

If You Want Only the Catalog, Put X in the Proper Box Below:  
 Furniture, Rugs, Stoves, Jewelry  Men's, Women's, Children's Clothing



### What the Fame and Fortune Contest Means

(Continued from page 49)

And perhaps the most interesting fact which we gathered from the overflow of pictures was that they came from all parts of the country. Some from the crowded cities, others from small middle-western towns and others from rural districts where the coming of the old, slow, plodding nag, bearing the postman and his precious burden of Uncle Sam's mail, is watched for with eagerness and expectation.

From 101 Travella Blvd., East End, Pittsburgh, Pa., there comes the portrait of Thelma Goeddel, who has never had any stage or screen experience and who faces a very pleased world with blue eyes, golden-brown hair and very fair complexion.

Anna Kelly, of 284 Clinton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., is the possessor of a large number of huge golden curls. With fair skin and dark blue eyes, she easily deserves a place on the honor roll list.

Chicago has blown us Hazel D. Reeves, of 3972 Ellis Avenue, who has never had any previous stage or screen experience and whose hazel eyes and auburn hair frame a face which 'tis not very difficult to gaze upon.

The home of Alva Ansley, who has played in amateur plays and who swims and dances, is at 217 Pennsylvania Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C. She possesses naturally curly hair of light-brown, blue eyes and fair complexion.

A girl of Manhattan is Kay Bardine, of 1324 St. Nicholas Avenue, who has studied voice with Mario Salvini, and who is a classic and eccentric dancer of no mean talent. With very fair complexion and dark-blue eyes, this little blonde is no mean competitor of the Fame and Fortune Contest.

Again Brooklyn, N. Y., comes to the front with its allotment of beauty in the person of Gertrude Crossman, of 87 Woodruff Avenue, who has done extra work in pictures and who has dark-grey eyes, light-brown hair and fair skin.

All the way from 423 Twenty-third Avenue, South, Seattle, Washington, does America Chedister send in her photograph. Her eyes are a dark grey-green, which shine under a mass of light golden-brown hair.

### The Home-Made Girl

(Continued from page 83)

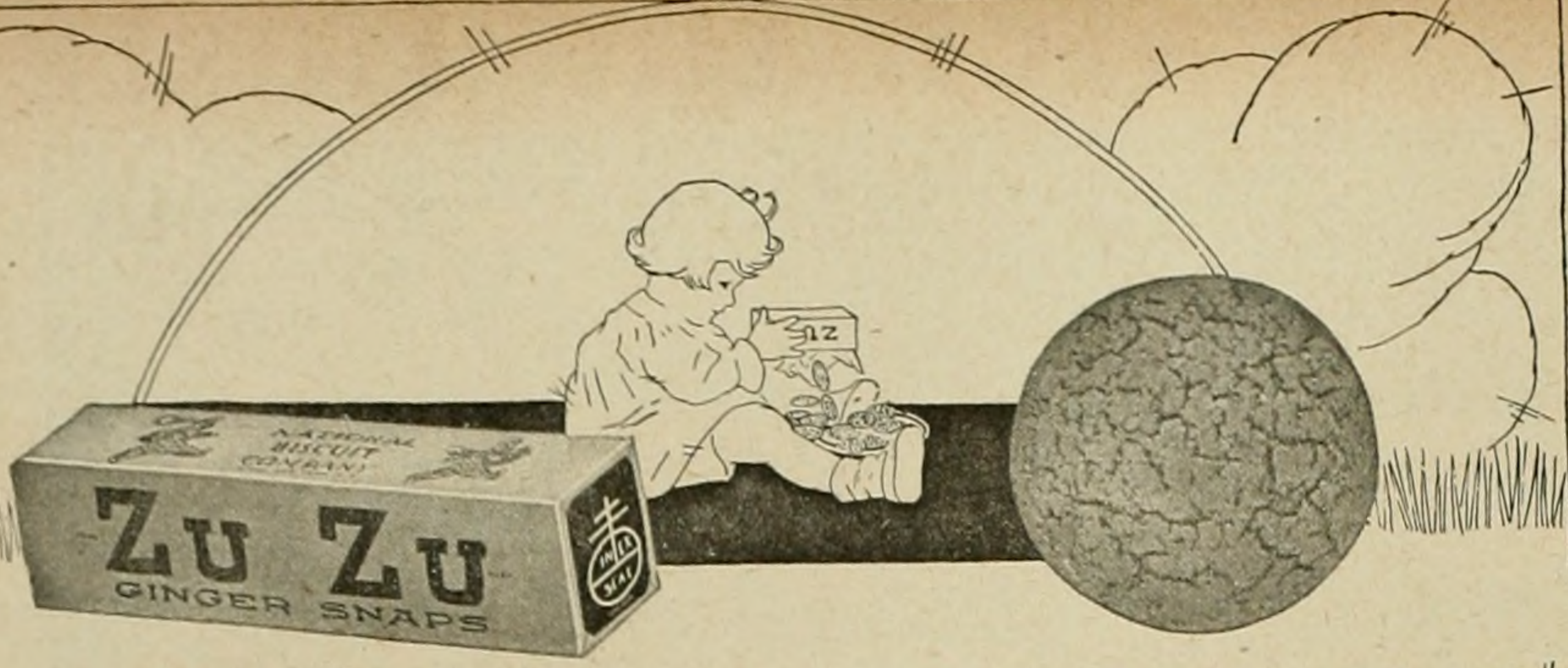
and eager impartiality. It is "mother" and the "Vitagraph." These are the two names constantly on her lips.

She has her first doll, too. I asked her whether she played with it yet. "I dont actually play with her," she said, "but I love her just as I always did, and I like to see her in my room when I come home at night."

And so there is a fund of tenderness, too, from which, with the mellowing of youth, many of the fragrant, lovable things of the artistry which is best may come.

Alice at dawning . . . !

(Eighty-eight)



WHEN young appetites and any N. B. C. product meet — both quickly disappear. And wholesome nourishment follows great enjoyment.

#### ZU ZU GINGER SNAPS

Round, crisp, spicy morsels that whet the appetite as no other ginger snap ever did.

#### N. B. C.

#### GRAHAM CRACKERS

Crisp, golden squares of nourishment that appeal to the most delicate appetite.

#### UNEEDA BISCUIT

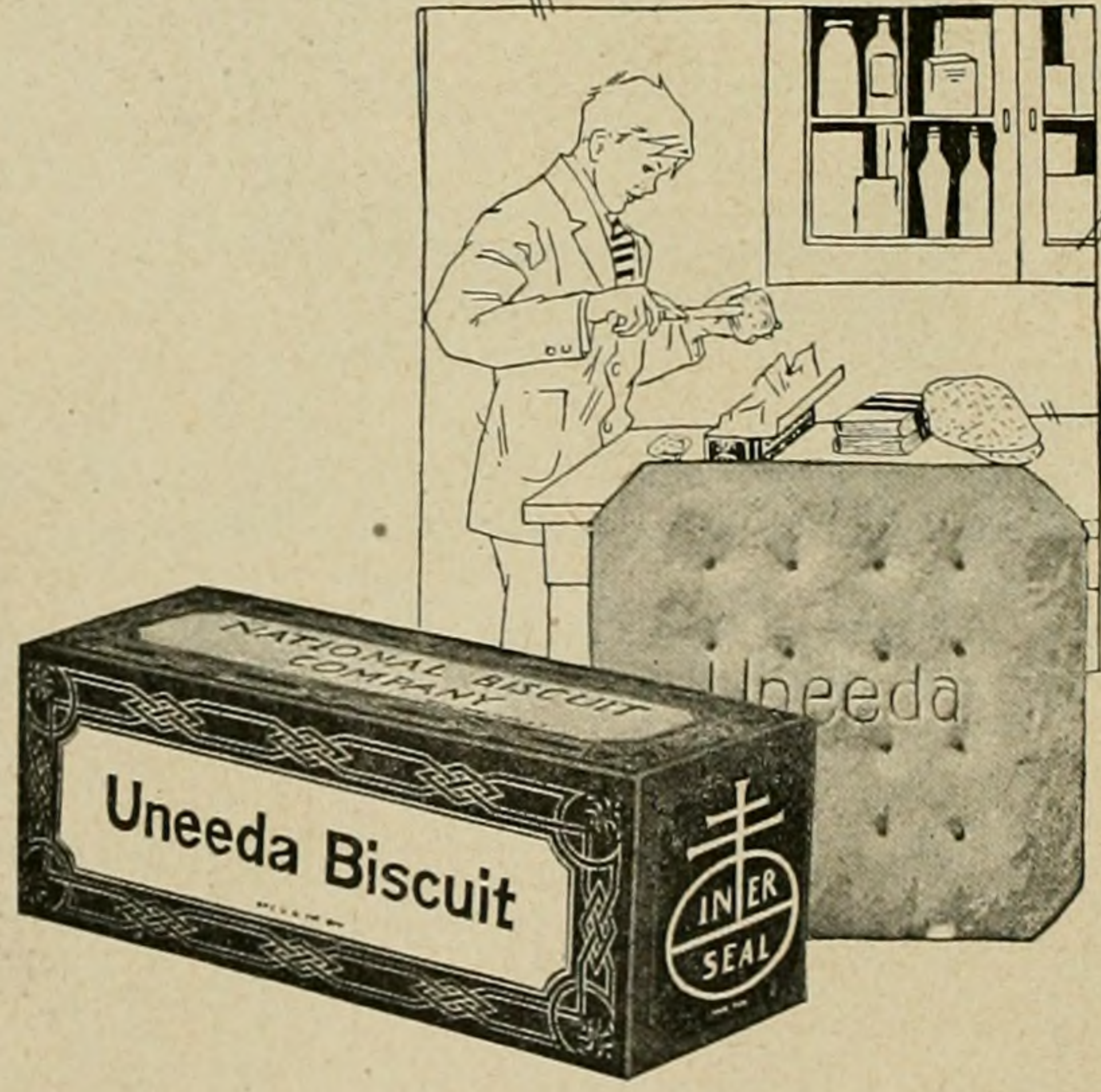
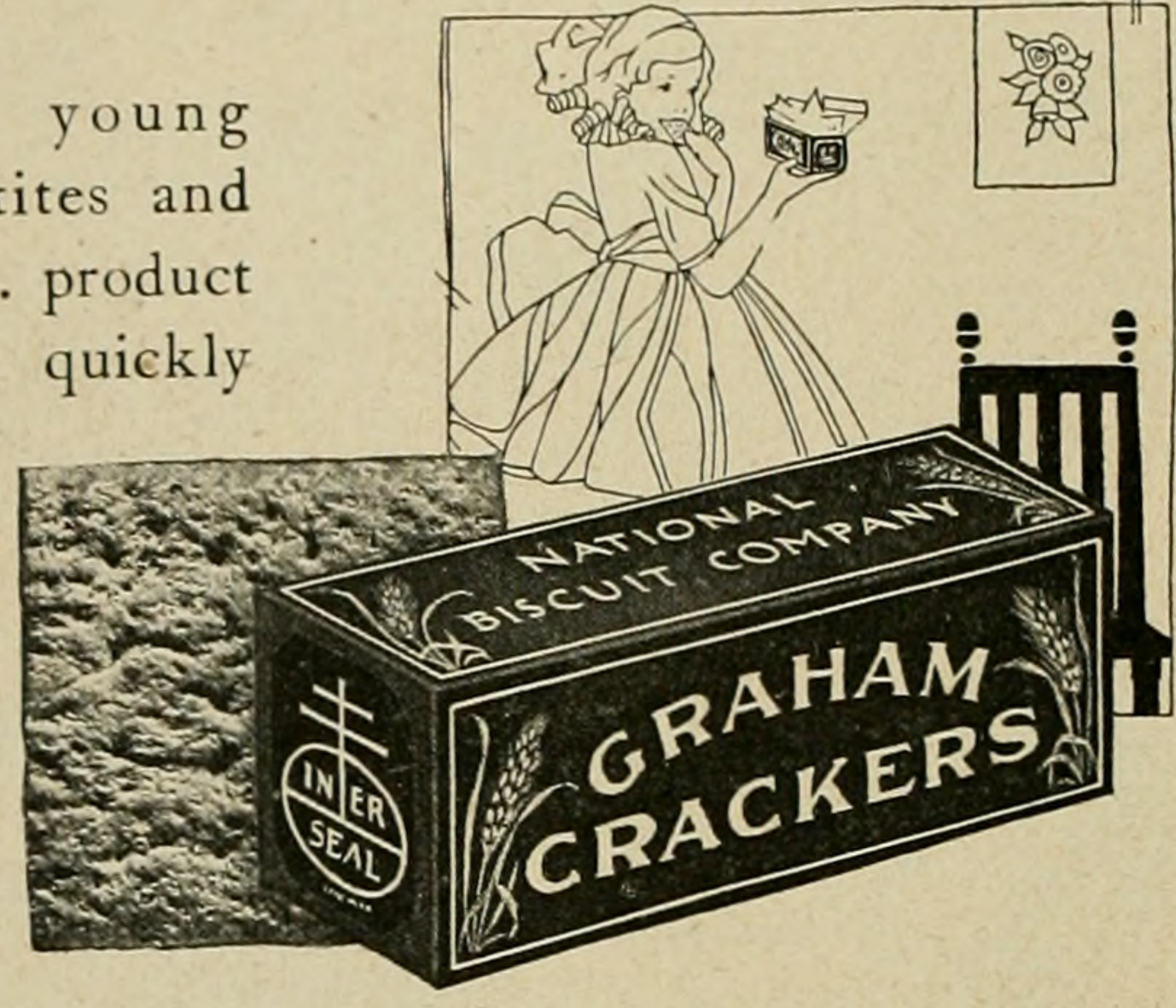
The world's best soda cracker, whether measured in terms of crispness, flavor, nourishment, or popularity.

#### NABISCO

The nation's dessert wafers. Delicious accompaniments to fruits, ices, beverages, sherbets.

Sold in the famous In-er-seal Trade Mark package

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY





(Continued from page 84)

tator's mind to form the picture, while now the picture must serve to interpret the thought without words."

"That spiritual quality that has always dominated your writings—can it be transferred to the screen?" I questioned.

After studying the red roses in a tall vase beside him for a moment, he said, "I hope and believe this will be possible. Already some success has followed efforts in this direction. It is not so difficult to express the finer thought in your picture as it is for the public to grasp it.

"The producer says, we want a play that is unusual, different, better; then when the author brings it to him, he reads it, shakes his head and remarks that it is too far away—what do you say?—too high over their heads. So we must develop the thought of the audience gradually, step by step. Therefore, the first thing to do is to select a theme that will appeal to all. It may have a strong material side, but in its treatment the spiritual significance must be retained."

"Do I like California?" and Mr. Maeterlinck laughed boyishly at my foolish question. "How can I help it when I am given such a royal welcome? Here, near the ocean, it reminds me of my home in Nice, only it is warmer. Your season is perhaps six weeks ahead of ours.

"Oh, this prohibition! No more is there pleasure in one's meals—all attraction is gone. In France I have perhaps, one, two glasses of red or white wine, not much—but just enough to bring joy. The Latin countries use light wine and beer, and there is no harm in them. The American banquet consists only of speeches and a glass of water, and sometimes I have gone to four in one day—it is indeed very sad." Smilingly, he shrugged his broad shoulders.

On the following day Maurice Maeterlinck and his party visited the Goldwyn studio, and as they drove thru the imposing entrance he declared that it made him think of a great exposition. He was surprised to find the studio built on such an artistic as well as elaborate scale.

The first point that seemed to arrest the author's attention as he watched a scene from Rupert Hughes' "Scratch My Back," in which Helene Chadwick was depicting the frenzy of fear of a man who was threatening her, were the strains of music coming from an orchestra hidden behind the set. The fine psychology of emotional upbuilding with the aid of music, and also of certain colors used in the set, interested him greatly.

Mme. Maeterlinck, who looks like a fourteen-year-old schoolgirl, danced about in an ecstasy of enthusiasm. She is hoping to play in her husband's new picture and is to have a test made within a few days. She said, "This would be my

(Continued on page 94)

(Eighty-nine)

# Watch the Luster

## Come Back to Your Teeth

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities



### The Cloud is Due to Film

When pearly teeth grow dingy they are coated with a film.

There is on all teeth a slimy film, ever-present, ever-forming. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

Brushing in the usual way does not end this film. That is why so many teeth discolor and decay. Most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

### Now We Combat It

Dental science, after years of searching, has found a way to combat this film. Able authorities have proved this by many careful tests. Leading dentists all over America are now urging its adoption.

For home use the method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And all who ask are sent a ten-day test to show them what it does.

### Based on Pepsin

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

A recent discovery makes this method possible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has now found a harmless activating method. Now active pepsin can be constantly applied.

Pepsodent is now doing for millions of teeth what nothing else has done. We urge you to see what it does for your teeth. Compare it with the old time methods and judge the results for yourself.

The test is free. Make it for your sake and your children's sake. Cut out the coupon now.

**Pepsodent** PAT. OFF.  
REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Druggists everywhere are supplied with large tubes

### Watch the Results for Ten Days

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

### Ten-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY, Dept. 270,  
1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

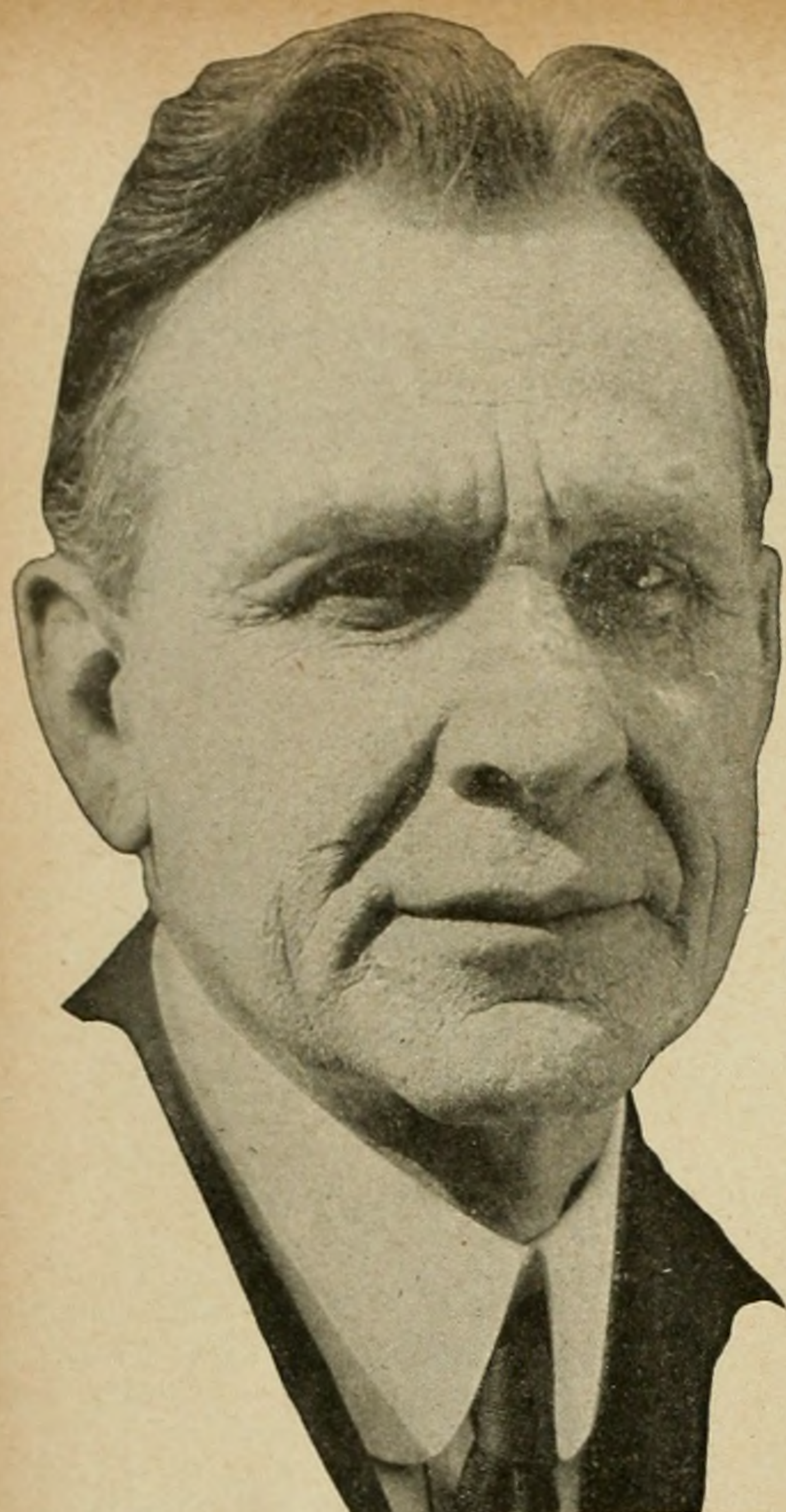
Name.....

Address.....



# Laundry Buttons and Grease-Paint!

By FRITZI REMONT



home to "the wife." When Mr. Ogle is not ogling for the camera, he's right by his own hearthstone enjoying domesticity to the utmost. Perhaps it is because he has to be at the studio so much of the time that he is so keen on home comforts in the few hours left at his disposal.

Just lately, for instance, Mr. Ogle took his beauty sleep in the dressing-room, in a sort of catch-as-catch-can manner. He was doing "Treasure Island" for Mr. Tourneur and working at nights with Jimmy Cruze in "Hawthorne, U. S. A." The part of the one-legged Stevenson rogue, Long John Silver, was a particularly trying rôle in the Tourneur production; in fact, the most difficult characterization from the physical standpoint yet essayed.

Charles Ogle just takes you. You don't have to acquire a liking for him; it's as contagious as the sympathy which he puts into his voice. You know he's always picking up forlorn curs on corners, and putting small kittens into his ulster pockets to take home to "the wife." Center, an interesting moment in "Jack Straw," and below, as Long John Silver in "Treasure Island"

Mr. Ogle's left leg was strapped up behind, then the foot strapped again to the right thigh, and with loose trousers the illusion was perfectly preserved. As much of the acting was done on a rough boat, tossed about by gentle currents in the Pacific and only one crutch was utilized, Charles Ogle says he was just about crippled in reality when night came.

"But—everybody was so kind. Two of the boys would strap and unstrap me, and massage my numb muscles into action again. We've gone over the rushes of 'Treasure Island' carefully, and I defy any one to find two legs on Long John Silver," said Mr. Ogle.

(Continued on page 93)

Photograph by W. R. Scott



(Ninety)

**L**AUNDRY buttons, yellow, brown and black, a frameless mirror, a modest little hand-glass, stacks of grease-paint and face creams, large boxes of safety matches, suspenders that fairly seemed alive with their wearer's individuality—all the trivial things which of themselves seem nothingness—until you meet Charles Ogle.

Why not some other star? Ah, there's the old-time connection of Charles Ogle, character man with the Chauncey Olcott Company, and the Pickford kiddies who started life in that genial Irishman's "Edmund Burke."

"Why, yes," the deep voice of M'Liss' good friend answered my question as to the Smith children. "We put Jack into his first panties in that very show. And Mary was just as winsome and as good a pal of mine then as now."

Charles Ogle just takes you. You don't have to acquire a liking for him; it's as contagious as the sympathy which he puts into his voice. There's a bit of comedy about his ample mouth-corners and a softness in his big brown eyes that makes you know he'd be picking up forlorn curs on corners and putting small kittens into his ulster pockets to take



# She Became Famous Overnight!



VIRGINIA FAIRE

Maybe you will be as fortunate as Miss Virginia Faire. She is now a star! And one year ago, she was just a regular movie fan herself;—going often to the movies, and only dreaming about an opportunity to get on the screen.

Her opportunity came with the Fame and Fortune Contest, which was conducted by THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND last year. Miss Faire, together with hundreds of others, grasped at the chance. Knowing that she had a perfectly fair and equal chance to win, she entered the contest. There were four winners instead of one,—Miss Faire being one of the four.

They have all signed up with large companies. Their salaries are well up in five figures. Their pictures have appeared in all the magazines and newspapers with write-ups, etc.

You have precisely the same opportunity now. If you have confidence in yourself, or believe that you could make good on the screen, fill out the coupon below, and paste it on the back of your photograph and mail it in immediately.

## RULES FOR THE CONTESTANTS

Contestants shall submit one or more portraits. On the back of each photo an entrance coupon must be pasted. The coupon must be from THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC, or SHADOWLAND, or a similar coupon of your own making.

Postal-card pictures and snap-shots not accepted. Tinted photos cannot be reproduced in magazine.

Photos will not be returned to the owner.

Contestants should not write a letter accompanying photo requiring a reply. Thousands of photos will be received and it will be impossible to answer each one. All rules will be printed in all three magazines.

Photos should be mailed to CONTEST MANAGER, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Send as many as you like.

The contest is open to everybody, no age limit, except those who have already played prominent screen or stage rôles.

Contest closes Aug. 1, 1920.

## CLASSIC ENTRANCE COUPON

Name.....

Address..... (street)  
..... (city) ..... (state)

Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any.....  
.....

When born..... Birthplace.....

Eyes (color)..... Hair (color).....

Complexion.....



# X-BAZIN

Famous FRENCH Depilatory  
for removing hair

A delicately perfumed powder; removes hair, leaves skin smooth, white; for arms, limbs, face; 50c, also \$1.00 size, which includes mixing cup and spatula.

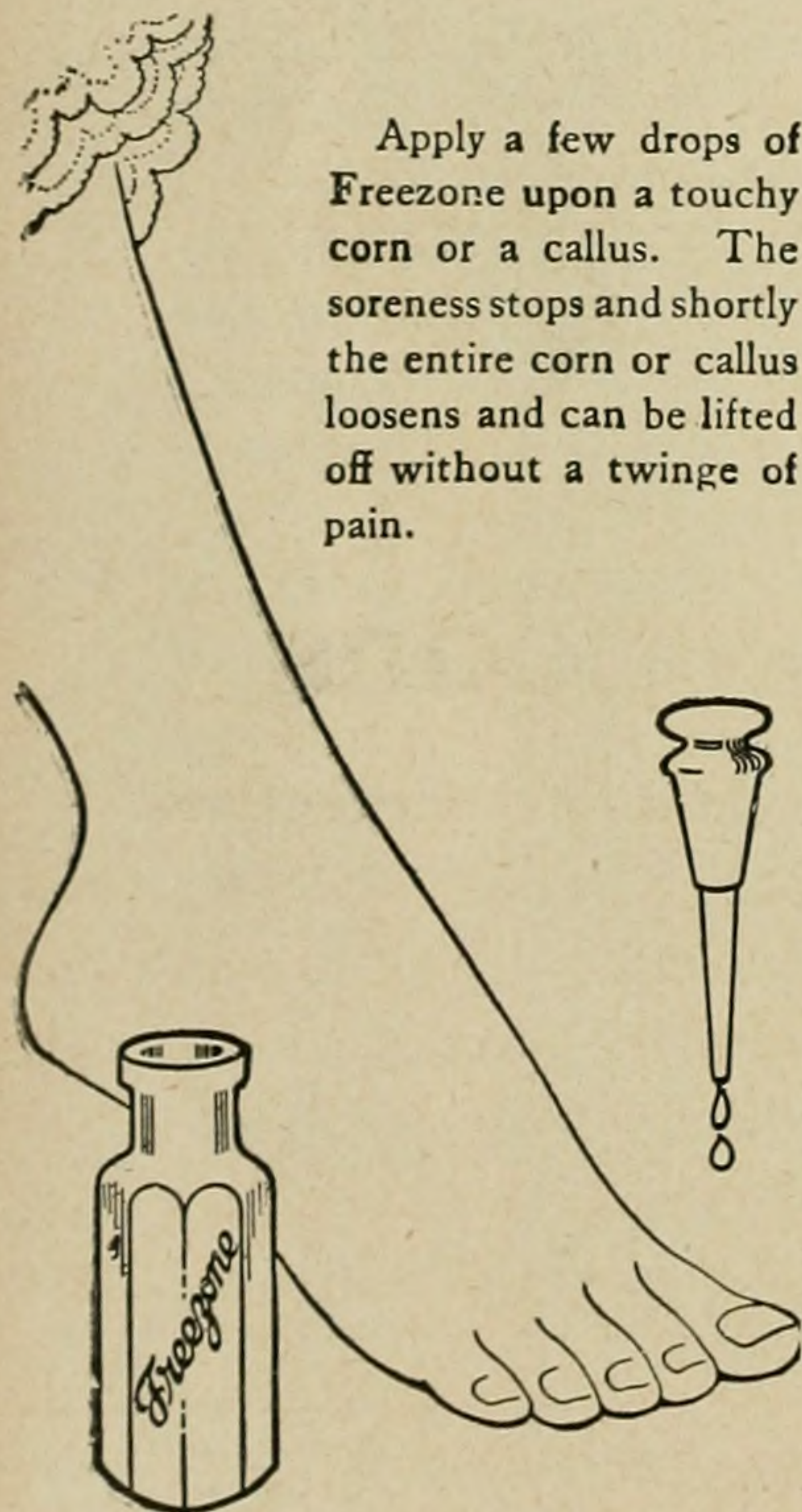
AT DRUG AND DEPT. STORES  
Send 10c for Trial Sample and Booklet.



HALL & RUCKEL, 101 Waverly Place, N. Y.

## Lift Corns Out With Fingers

A few drops of Freezone loosen  
corns or calluses so  
they lift off

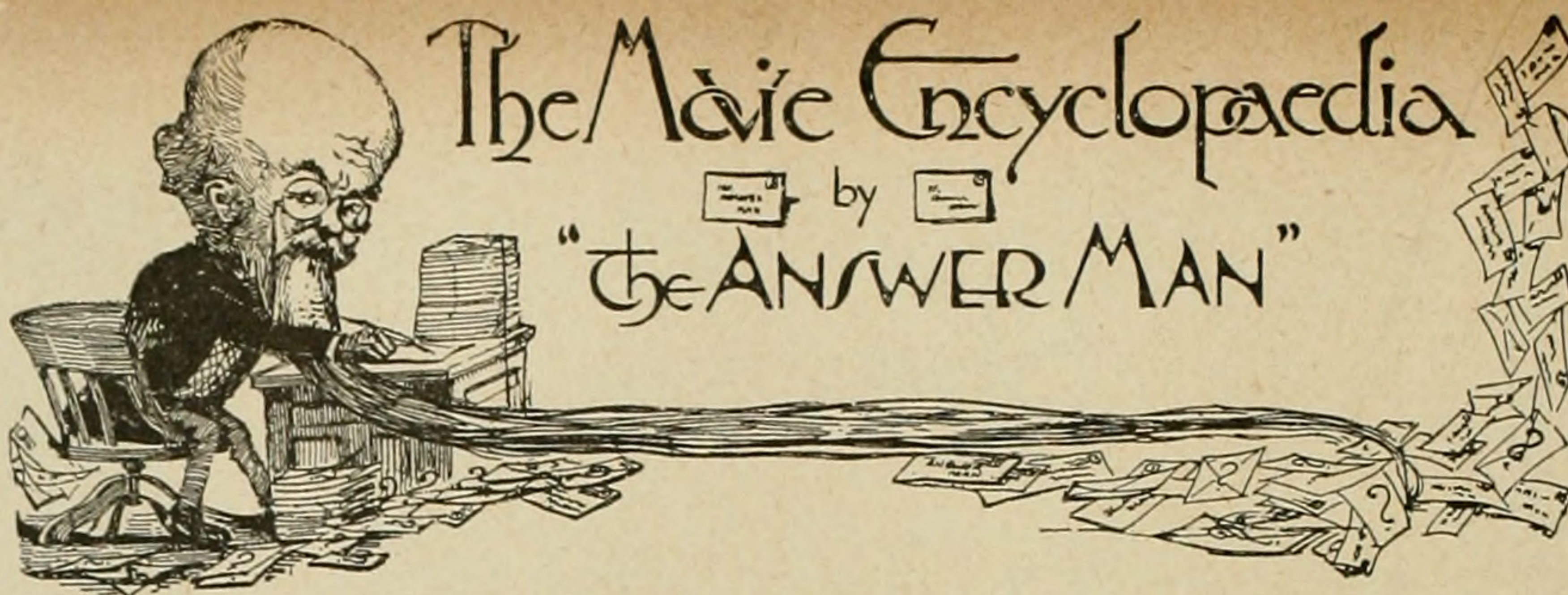


Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a touchy corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Tiny bottle costs few cents  
at drug stores—anywhere



# The Movie Encyclopaedia

by "The ANSWER MAN"

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

Hello, friends! Once more we meet in the month of flowers and sunshine, after the severe snowstorms of winter. We are now back on schedule time, and if you don't get your answer when you should you are entitled to register a great big "kick."

A SOLDIER'S SWEETHEART.—I hope you're true to him. So your favorites are Sessue Hayakawa, Louis Bennison and Hallam Cooley. No, I haven't tried it yet, but I understand the Mexicans have been making whisky from cactus. It ought to have a sting to it. Cleo Madison, Universal Co., in "The Radium Mystery."

THE MOVIE FANS.—You seem to think that the face is the most valuable requisite for a motion picture actress, yet Mack Sennett and the editor of the CLASSIC seem to prefer pedestals. Of course, Mary Miles Minter's hair is naturally curly. Billie Burke is married. One child. Is that all?

LILY MAY.—Glad to hear you enjoy the department by the Sage in SHADOWLAND. You know, he's kinda uppish on himself now since he became a papa not so long ago. Monte Blue is not married and he is in Los Angeles. King Baggot is to play opposite May Allison in "The Cheater." Yes, come in again any time.

MISS V. SAUNDERS, WAIRARAPA.—Address Pearl White, Fox Company, Fort Lee, N. J.

GERTRUDE T. E.—So you are writing scripts. Did you read where Sir James Barrie has made over \$100,000 out of one play alone? Encouraging, isn't it? Valeska Suratt is not playing in pictures now. Virginia Rich is back and she is playing in "Would You Forgive?" (Fox).

LYDIA N.—I don't know that player's salary and wouldn't tell if I did, unless it was public property. Don't believe all you read about salaries. The printer, and sometimes the publicity man, add a figure by mistake, and 100 is made to read 1000. Yes, Mary Pickford will answer you if you write her. Don't know how you can see her acting in a scene unless you go to California.

VIOLA DANA ADMIRER.—So you don't believe that I am nearly 80 and that I get only \$9.50 a week, and hence prefer to believe me a lyre. Alas, alack! No, you have me wrong—there's nothing romantic about me. Yes, I think 16 is about the age when most young girls want to become actresses. Ask dad; he knows.

NADE.—No trouble at all. Eric Von Stroheim, Universal Co., Los Angeles, Cal. Wallace Beery with Famous Players. Oh, about 25 cents.

NAZIMOVITE.—You say Herpicide is an excellent hair tonic and want me to try it. Why burden myself with a lot of hair to brush and take care of? If you write direct to our Circulation Department they will be glad to supply you with back issues. Keep up the good work; you're a mighty clever writer.

A. W. P.—Your letter was very bright. The religious Russians do not eat pigeons because of the sanctity conferred on the dove in the Scriptures. The most perfect lover on the screen? Bless your heart, I'm no judge of such things. Wait until I get down to Virginia Lee Corbin and I'll be able to tell. English,

you know. Yes, I liked John Cumberland in "The Gay Old Dog." It was very well done, and I don't see how the ending could have been different.

U. DIE I. BURY, UNDERTAKERS.—Say, what's this all about? You're right, I haven't shaved since Noah brought me from the Ark. Well, the whiskers came in mighty handy this past winter, except on occasions when they bore icicles. You want more of Constance Talmadge in the MAGAZINE and CLASSIC. Come to think of it, you're right.

FATTY.—Why don't you diet? Yes, Elliott Dexter is married to Marie Doro. May Allison, Los Angeles, Cal.—Metro, of course.

M. I. WELCOME.—You just bet you are. Yes, it is true; Alice Joyce is married again. She married a New York hotel man. Percy Marmont is playing opposite Billie Burke in "Away Goes Prudence."

M. S., MOBILE.—Just take this little tip—the excesses of youth are drafts on our old age, payable with interest, and sometimes they are payable at sight. From one who knows. Yes, Norma Talmadge is in New York, 318 W. 48th St. Her own studio, of course.

H. V. S.—You are just a little late. Sorry, old dear, very sorry! To Dorothy Davenport. No, William Hart isn't. Mary Pickford was recently married to Doug Fairbanks in Los Angeles. Marjorie Daw was bridesmaid. Yes, Charles Pathé is still alive.

MRS. E. DE M.—Thanks a lot for the fee. I'll do all I can for you.

M. T. GARRET.—There are others! Why is this thus? You say the reason telephone girls are called operators is because they cut you off in the middle of a conversation. More air!

ROGETTE.—Well, yes, I walk very erect, having been straightened by circumstances. Did you think I was old and bent? Will Rogers, Goldwyn Co., Los Angeles, Cal. Well, I didn't have to worry about an income tax. That's one thing nice about this job, and one reason why I have refused better offers.

IMA WALLACE REID FAN.—Yes, Fox are re-issuing "Les Miserables," "Salome," "The Honor System," "A Tale of Two Cities," "Cleopatra" and "A Daughter of the Gods." Sylvia Breamer has signed up with Mayflower. Yes, Ann Little is back with Bill Hart.

BELL DEL C.—Bessie Love is not married, and Tony Moreno at Vitagraph Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

NELL FROM FLORIDA.—Eugene O'Brien, in viewing Niagara, called it "The Pride of Rivers." That pride certainly has a tremendous fall. Yes, I have been to Niagara—but not what you mean. Fritz Brunette is playing with Warren Kerrigan. Rosemary Theby and Conway Tearle in "Michael and His Lost Angel." Sessue Hayakawa is married. You want D. W. Griffith to produce another "Broken Blossoms." P'r'aps he can't.

BROWN EYE.—Your letter was true, all right. You know words from the mouth die in the ears, but words from the heart stay there. Yes, Charlie Ray is with Arthur S. Kane Pictures Corp., 452 Fifth Ave., New York. He is coming to New York soon.



## Laundry Buttons and Grease-Paint!

(Continued from page 90)

"Dont you think that the study of law aided you in dissecting character, in analysis and expression?" we asked.

"Oh, I'm sure of it. You see, I studied for the ministry, because father was an oratorical preacher and dead against the stage. However, my college days gave me plenty of work in theatricals, and so I finally followed the natural bent and took to the boards.

"For fifteen years I acted—out with road companies or at home in stock. After the first few years of acting, and to please my mother, I finished college. I studied law and practiced with my brother—and I know that in those early days I was really acting for the jury, watching what effect my words or gestures had on them.

"But I returned to the stage—and later came back to the law office. I was a regular Klaw and Erlanger pay-roller. Perhaps you remember 'The Blue Mouse'? We did 'Father and Son' also. And I had a good part in Rex Beach's 'The Spoilers.' For three years I traveled with Chauncey Olcott, and altho I again practiced law, it never had any allurements for me after tasting the excitement relative to creating living, pulsating beings of the imagination. So after some years of stage life, I became interested in pictures in 1909 and have been at them ever since."

I had been told that Mr. Ogle makes his first visit in the morning to the offices of the Famous Players-Lasky, there to bury his expressive nose in the stock report of the daily paper. So I ventured another question.

"Do you make a hobby of dabbling in stocks?"

"Well, it's not a fad—I don't like fads. I suppose you might call it a hobby, *oom, hoom,*" (Charles has a habit of saying "oom-hoom" in place of the generally accepted affirmative, and it makes one think of a fat, happy bumble-bee burying its proboscis in a particularly luscious blossom!), "for I have not only invested conservatively—very conservatively—but have had about six hundred students."

"Students? What sort of students?" We had not heard of any financial school of the sort around these parts.

"*Oom, hoom;* students in investing money carefully. I've tipped off at least that many on this and other lots. You see, I never advise anything—either from the legal standpoint or from my own observation, study and experience—unless I am sure it is very safe. I haven't done anything with oil stocks, for instance. If I were to invest, I should simply take Standard Oil stock and be satisfied with the returns. There are some who make a fortune out of oil—but you'll find thousands who have lost everything in wildcatting.

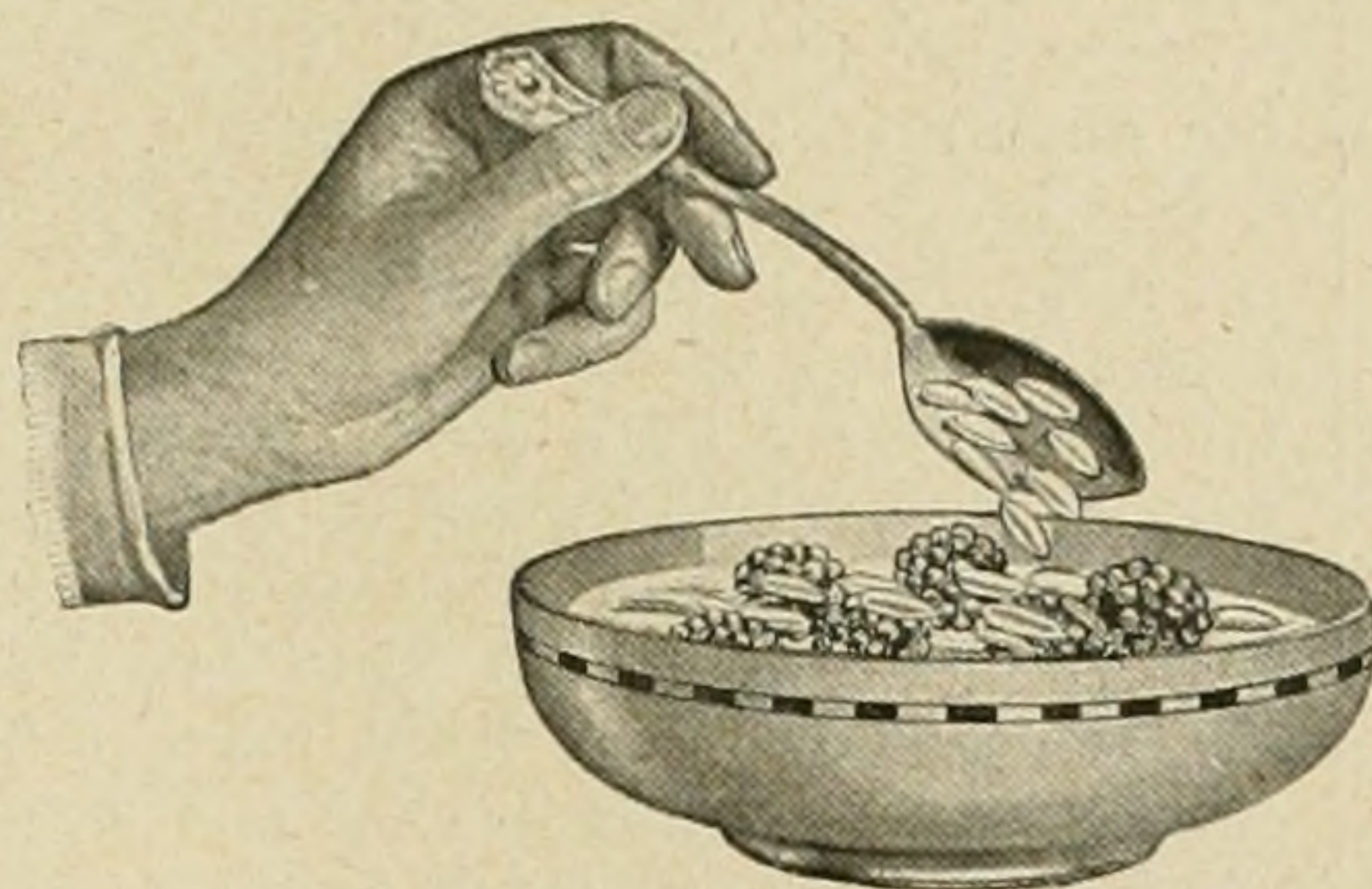
"Just this morning a chap called and had a lot of the boys excited over oil and tried to interest me. I wont say I never lost a cent on stocks, but the losses

# June Mornings

## Bubble grains on berries

Mix these airy, flimsy bubbles in every dish of berries. Use Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs. The blend is delightful. It adds what crust adds to a shortcake.

At breakfast, also, serve with cream and sugar—any of these fragile, fascinating grains.

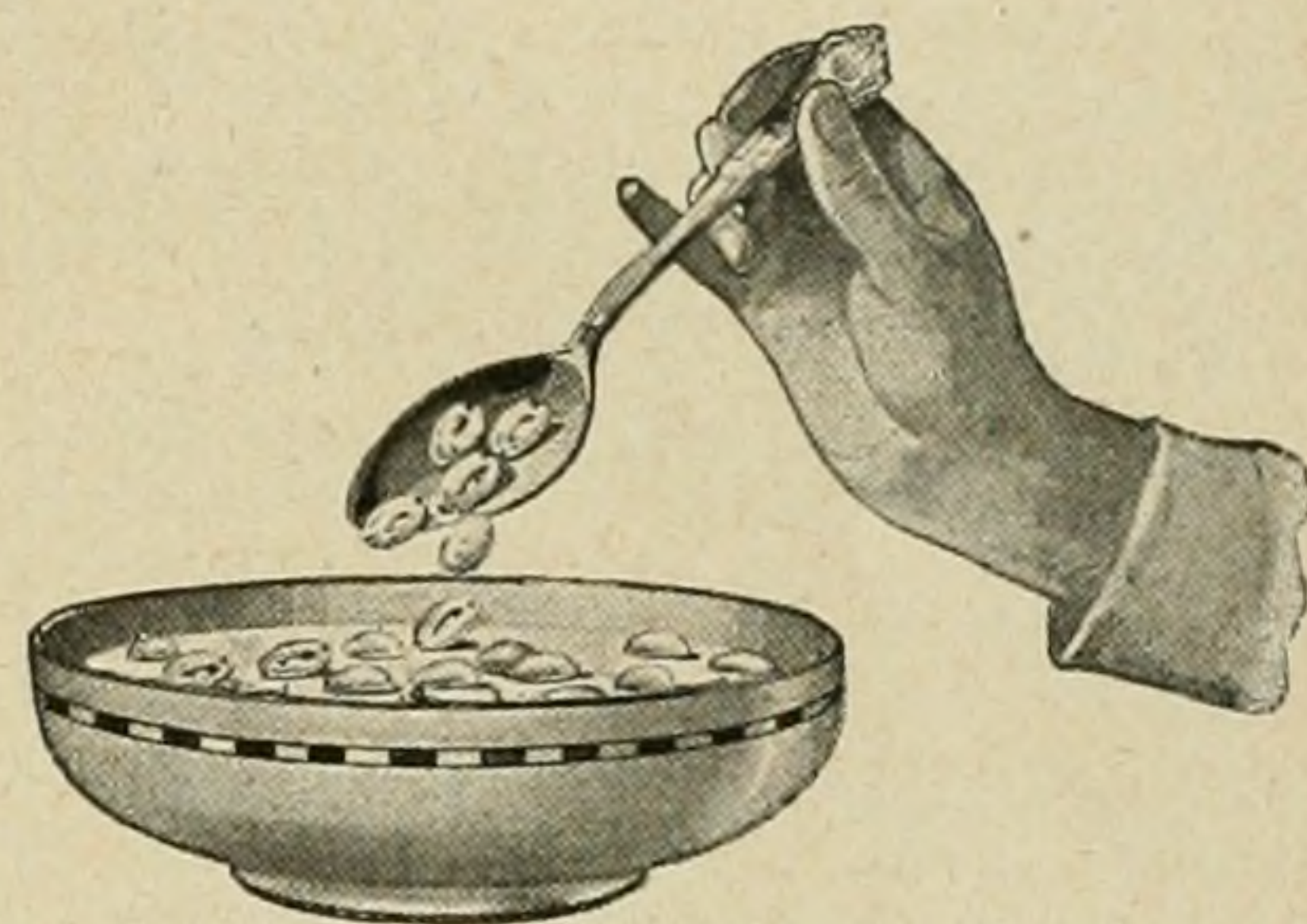


# June Evenings

## Whole wheat steam exploded

For suppers, float Puffed Wheat in milk. That means whole wheat with every food cell blasted. The grains are puffed to eight times normal size.

They seem like tidbits, but every flaky globule is a grain of wheat made easy to digest.



# June Afternoons

## Airy, nut-like confections

For hungry children, crisp and douse with melted butter. Then Puffed Grains become nut-like confections, to be eaten like peanuts or popcorn.

Use also like nut-meats as a garnish on ice cream. Use as wafers in your soups.



**Puffed  
Wheat**

**Puffed  
Rice**

**Corn  
Puffs**

**Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour**

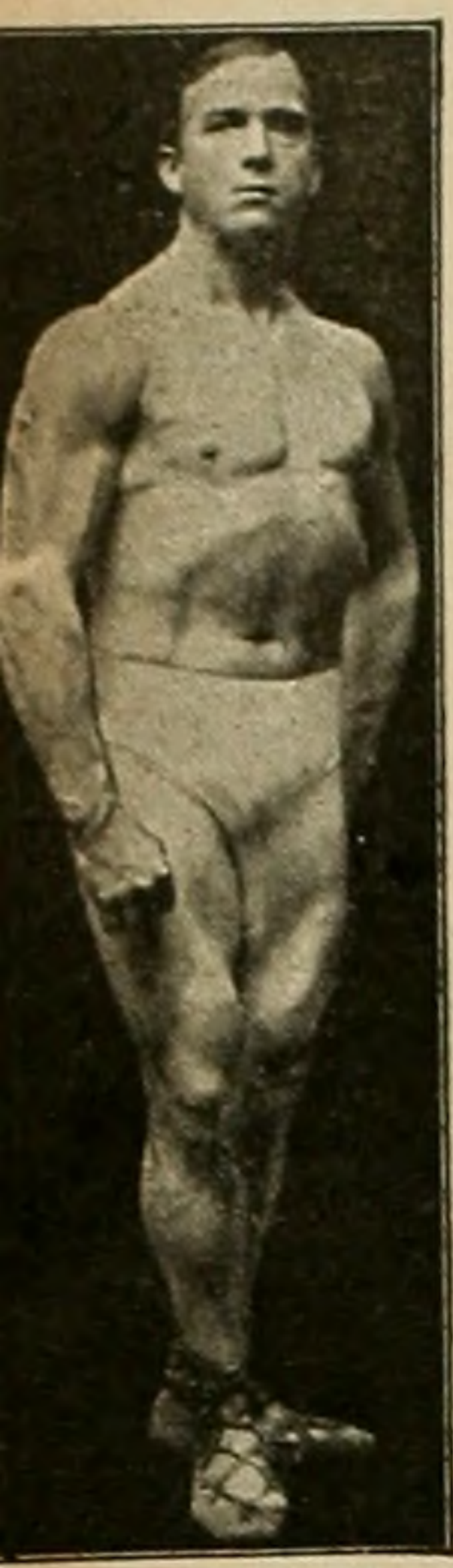
**The Quaker Oats Company**

Sole Makers

3369



# Don't Be a Sickly Grouch!



**STRONGFORT**  
The Perfect Man

Nobody loves a grouch—nobody likes to meet him in the street, do business with him or have him around. And you can't help being a grouch if your internal machinery is running wrong; if dyspepsia or biliousness make your life miserable; if headaches and backaches take the tuck out of you; if constipation is poisoning your blood and beclouding your brain.

## Get Rid of Your Ailments

You are only half a man when you stagger along under such handicaps; you can't win out, you can't make a success of anything; you are bound to be a failure—you know it, your wife knows it, and all your friends know it. Don't lay it on your stomach or liver or lungs—

take hold of **YOURSELF**—build yourself up into a **MAN** again; turn over a leaf and live life as Nature meant it should be lived.

## STRONGFORTISM Will Show You How

Strongfortism is Nature's way, and there isn't the slightest doubt in the world that she can build you up and bring you back to health and strength and the enjoyment of living life again, if you give her half a chance.

Strongfortism has salvaged thousands of human wrecks; has put vigor, vitality, hope, happiness into men who felt they were hopelessly down and out. Strongfortism will help **YOU**, as it has helped them; will show you Nature's safe, simple, **sure** way back to health and strength and mental vigor. Don't delay a single day; learn about Strongfortism—the one way to happiness for you.

### Send for My Free Book

"Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy" tells you all about Strongfortism. It tells how I became the strongest man in the world by practicing it, and how my pupils in every part of the world have freed themselves from the handicaps that held them back, and are forging ahead in the world.

Remember, Strongfortism is Nature's way, the one sure way; no drug store dope or patent medicines—just giving Nature a chance to dispel your ills and build you up. Send three 2c stamps to cover postage and packing and I'll mail you a copy at once. **SEND TODAY**, using coupon below, indicating your ailment thereon.

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Physical and Health Specialist

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Mr. Lionel Strongfort, Newark, N. J.

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- |                |                |                    |
|----------------|----------------|--------------------|
| ..Colds        | ..Deformity    | ..Rheumatism       |
| ..Catarrh      | ..Insomnia     | ..Poor Circulation |
| ..Asthma       | ..Short Wind   | ..Muscular         |
| ..Hay Fever    | ..Flat Feet    | ..Development      |
| ..Obesity      | ..Constipation | ..Heartweakness    |
| ..Headache     | ..Billousness  | ..Bad Habits       |
| ..Thinness     | ..Torpid Liver | ..Weakness         |
| ..Rupture      | ..Indigestion  | ..Skin Disorders   |
| ..Neuritis     | ..Nervousness  | ..Round Shoulders  |
| ..Neuralgia    | ..Poor Memory  | ..Lung Troubles    |
| ..Flat Chest   | ..Weak Eyes    | ..Increased Height |
| ..Falling Hair |                |                    |

NAME .....

AGE..... OCCUPATION.....

STREET .....

CITY..... STATE.....

WRITE PLAINLY

were trivial—not worth mentioning at all in view of the fact that I covered them fully in larger returns on other stocks. I have made an intensive study of the stock market for over twenty years. It's not a thing for people to go into as a gamble. It is a study—like chess. If you can't see the difference, you are sure to go wrong." The sage of the stock market nodded solemnly.

Charles Ogle is a musician. He might earn his living in a half-dozen ways; shows marked versatility, has an alert mind sharpened by a college education, extensive travel and constant study.

Every director of note has employed Mr. Ogle at some time. In "The Valley of Giants," as a blind man, fans worshipped this veteran character actor. He has received thousands of letters saying that this sympathetic rôle appealed more than any other part Mr. Ogle has essayed. When asked if it were not more difficult to play a blind than a deaf or lame man, Charles Ogle replied, "No; that one-legged man in 'Treasure Island' gave me more trouble than anything I ever did in my life."

Another doubling feat which Mr. Ogle carried thru was day work in "The Squaw Man" with Cecil de Mille and all-night hustling for "The Dub," in which Wallace Reid was starred and which proved to be one of Charles Ogle's most successful parts. He's an indefatigable worker, his fine mental and physical vitality carrying him thru long sieges on the lot, where cat-naps are the rule and meals are irregular.

So that plain little dressing-room on the third tier at the Lasky lot overlooking the stages, flanked by waving pepper trees and where the sounds of saw and hammer and the strains of Max Fisher's violin blend with swishy little breezes, has become a shrine to many. When there's a business bother or a love-tangle, Daddy Ogle is the legal adviser, confidential friend and ministering angel to the perplexed photoplayer.

## The Blue Bird Alights on the Silversheet

(Continued from page 89)

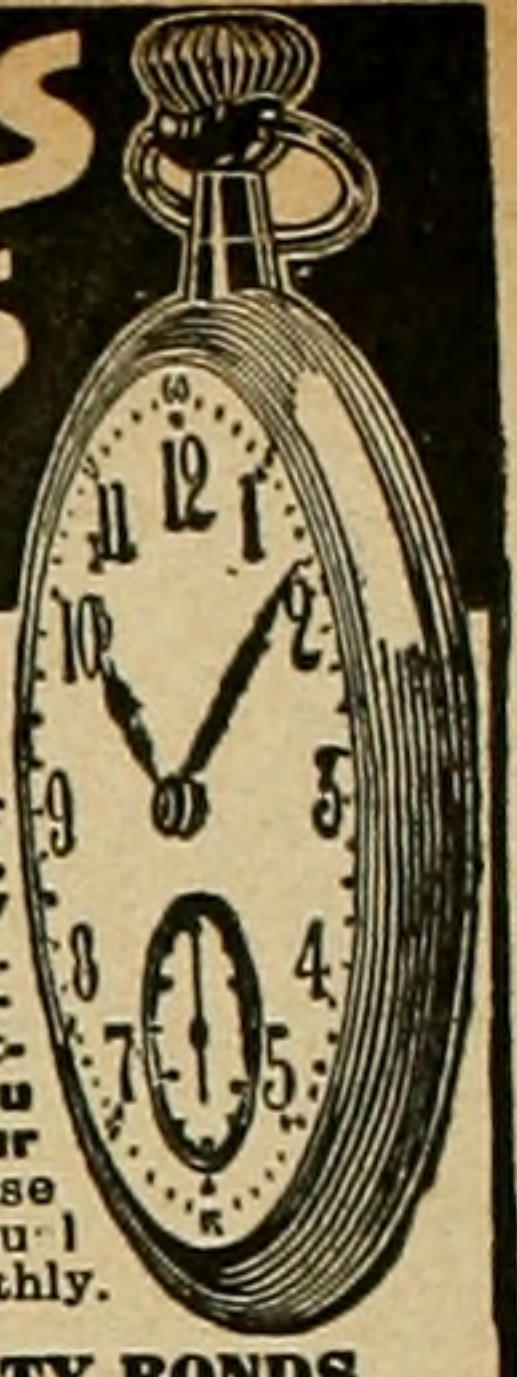
ideal of stage life—acting out in the open—the hills for the setting, the audience—the world."

The little bride is called Selysette by her husband in memory of the artistic portrayal of her rôle in his famous play, "Aglavaine and Selysette," in Paris.

"We are on our honeymoon," she confided demurely, clasping a huge bouquet of roses in her arms. "I think California is the land of 'The Blue Bird,' and I do not like to think of the time that we may leave—after a while."

With this new romance in his life, who can doubt that the famous poet-philosopher, Maurice Maeterlinck, in his sheltered nook among the roses and with the rhythm of the great Pacific in his ears, will produce an inspirational masterpiece which shall set a new mark in the ever rising tide of the art of the motion picture?

# DIAMONDS WATCHES ON CREDIT



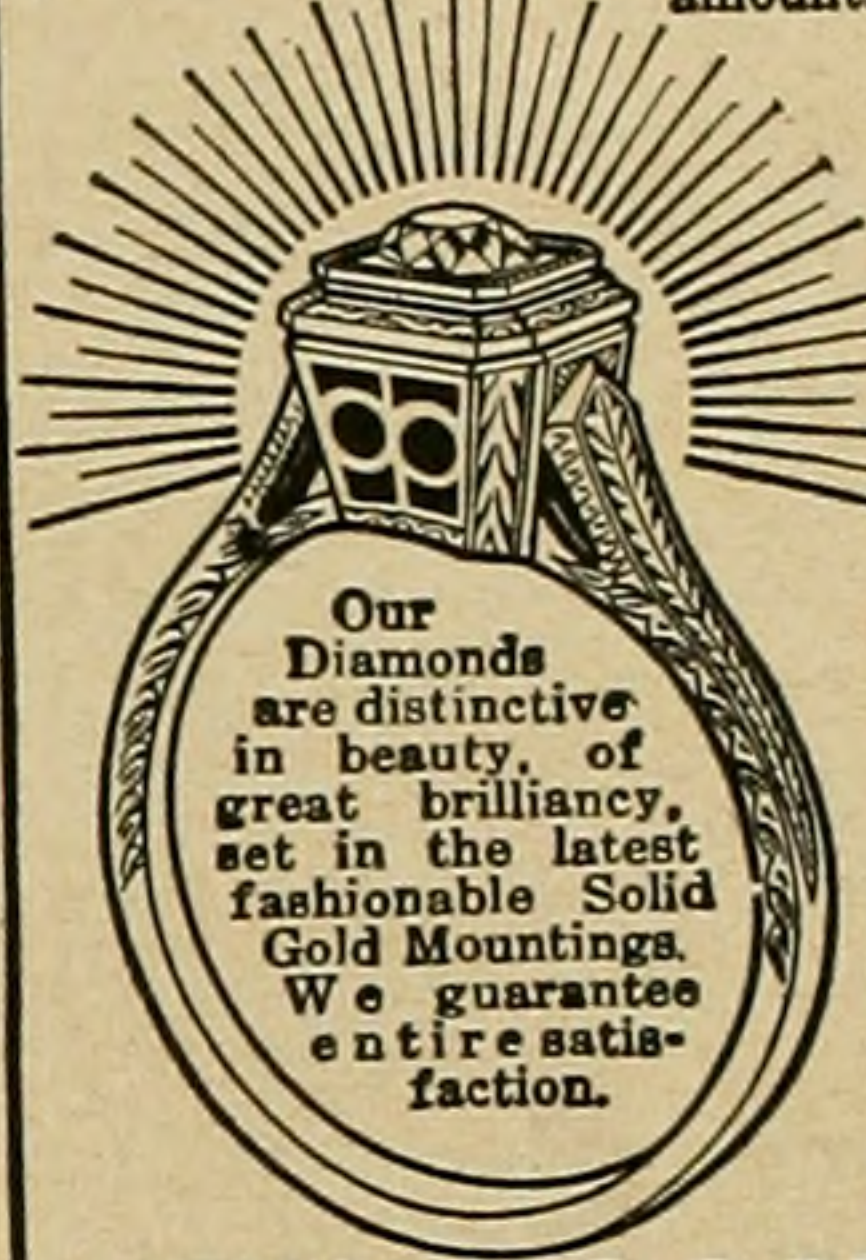
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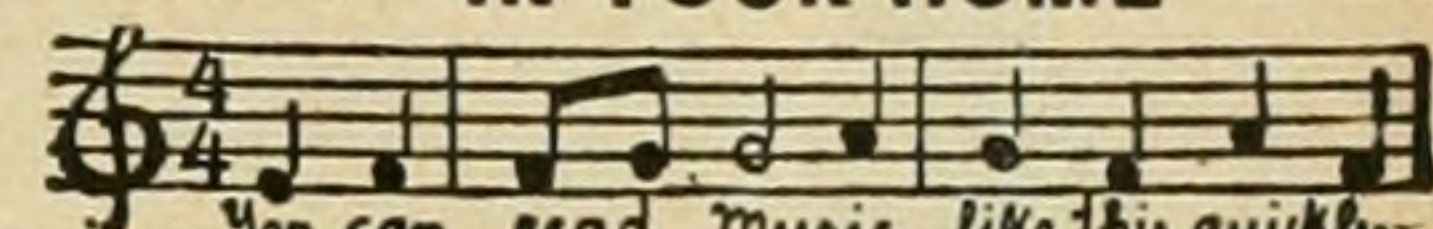
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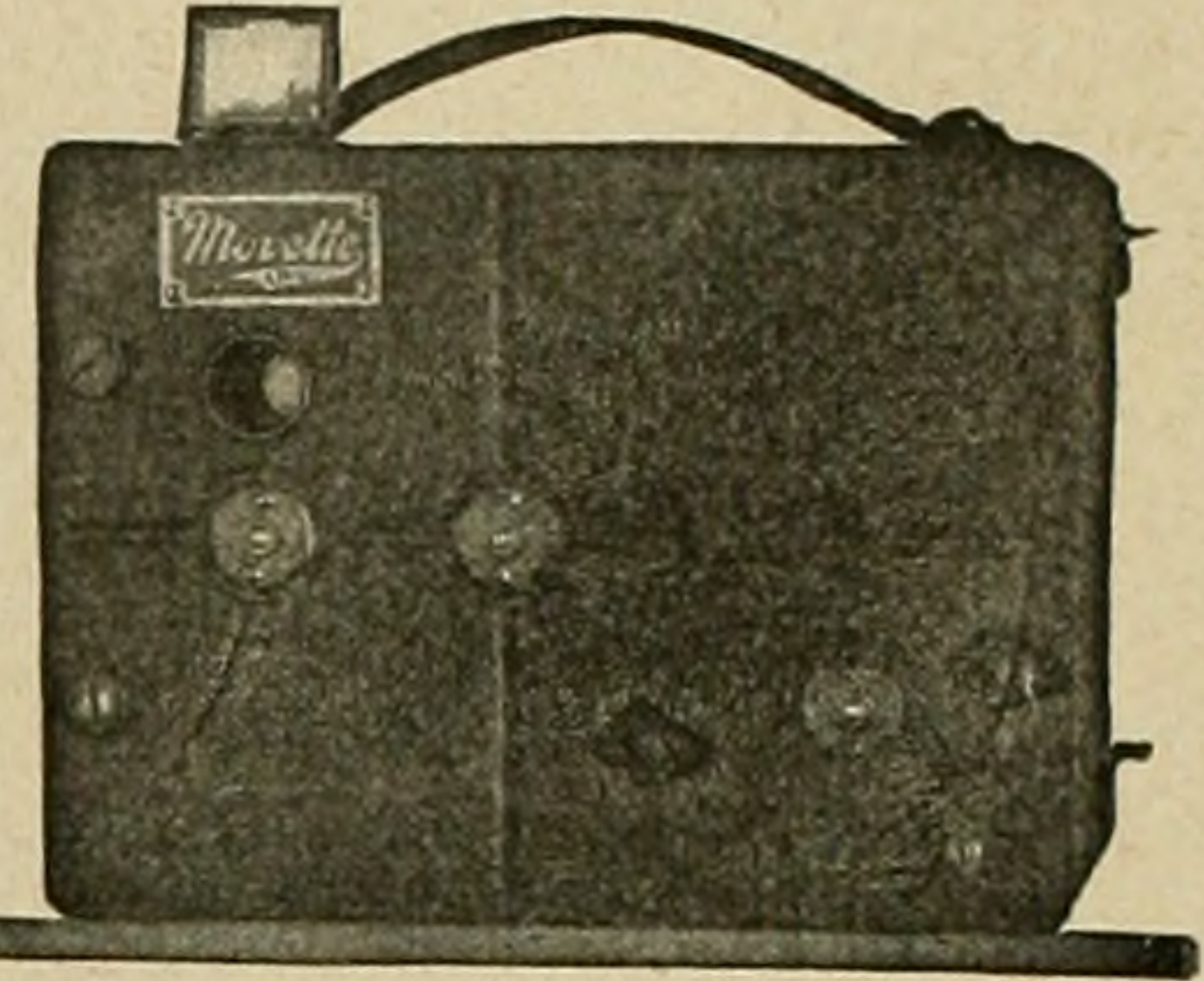
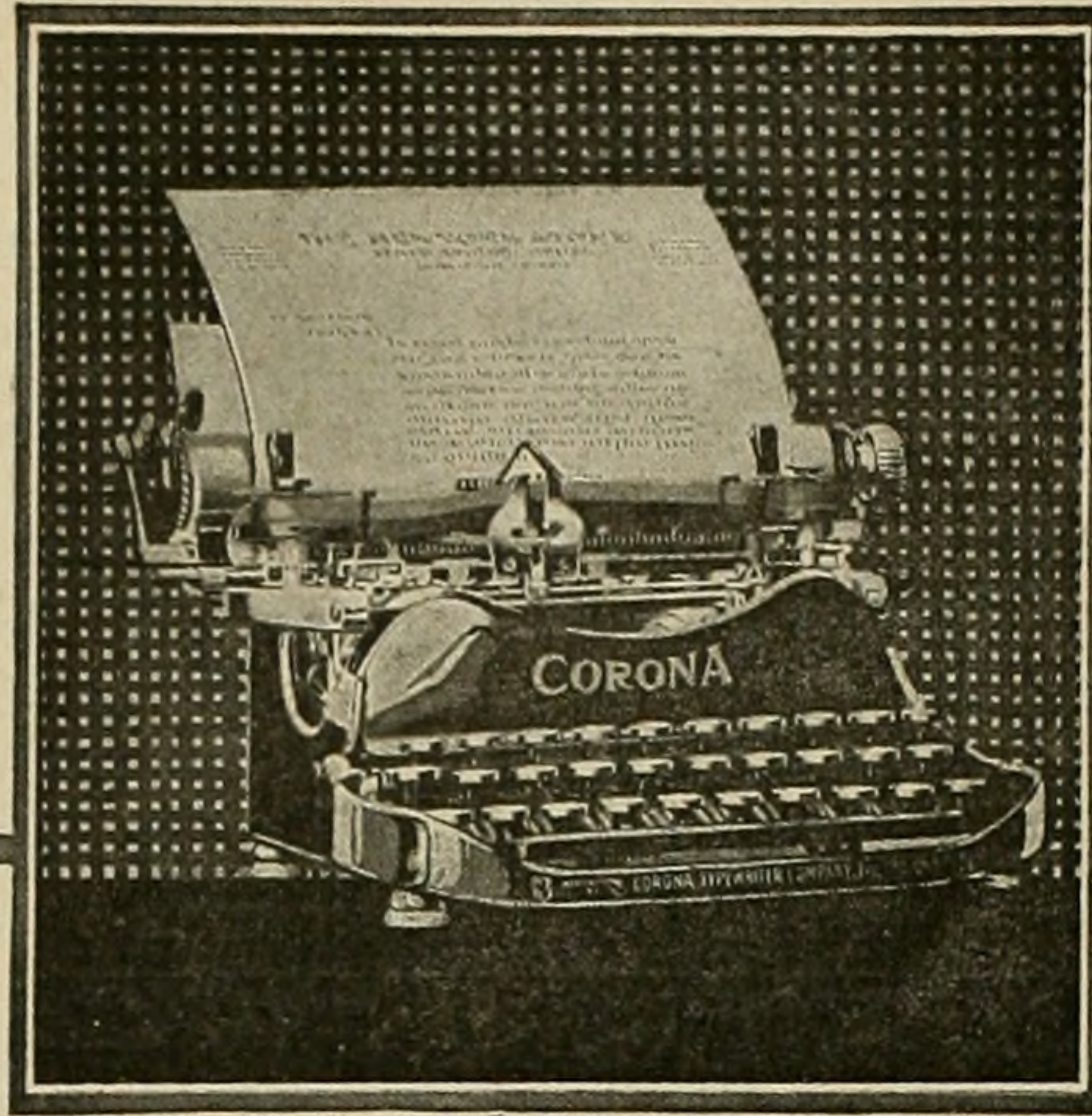
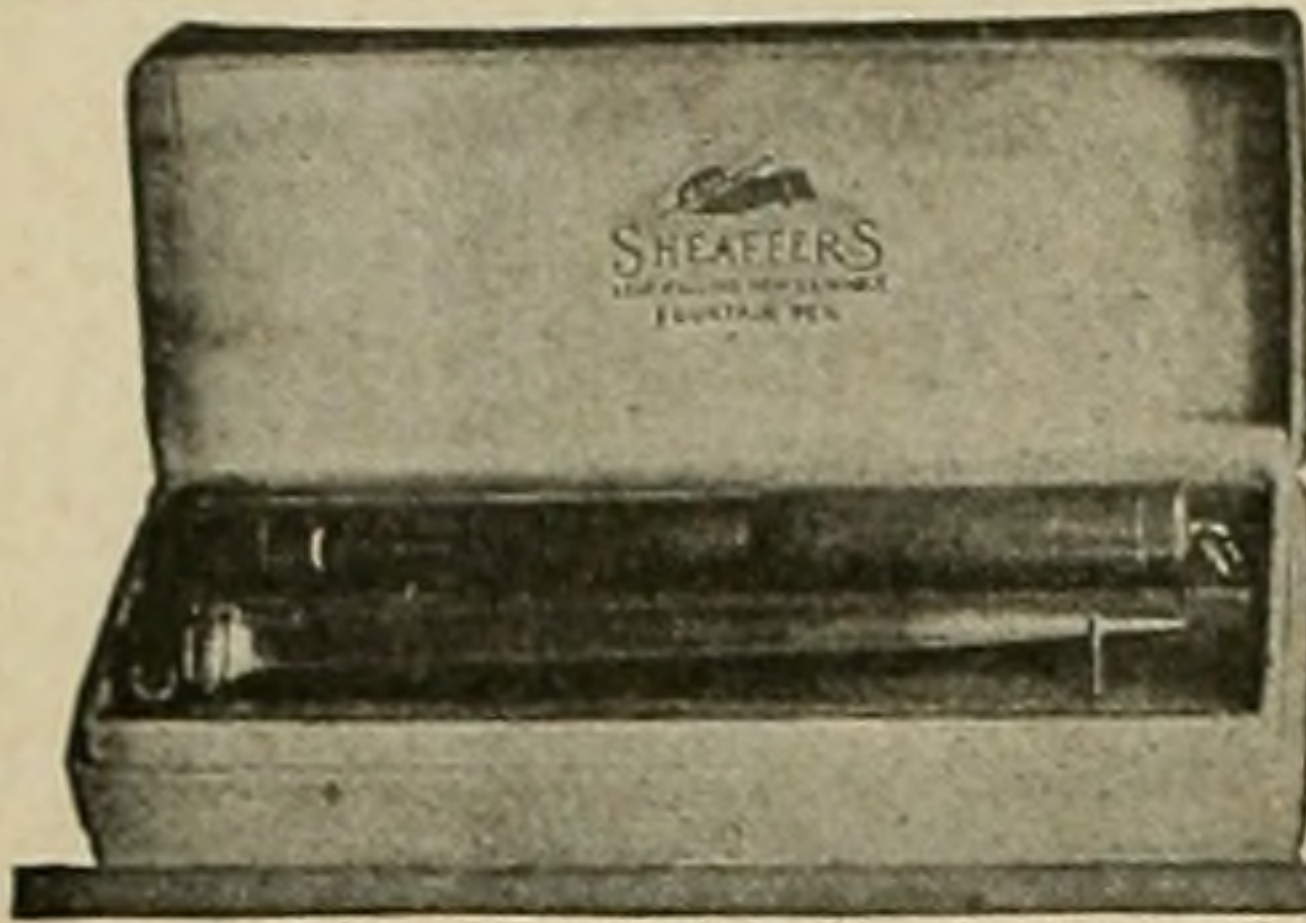


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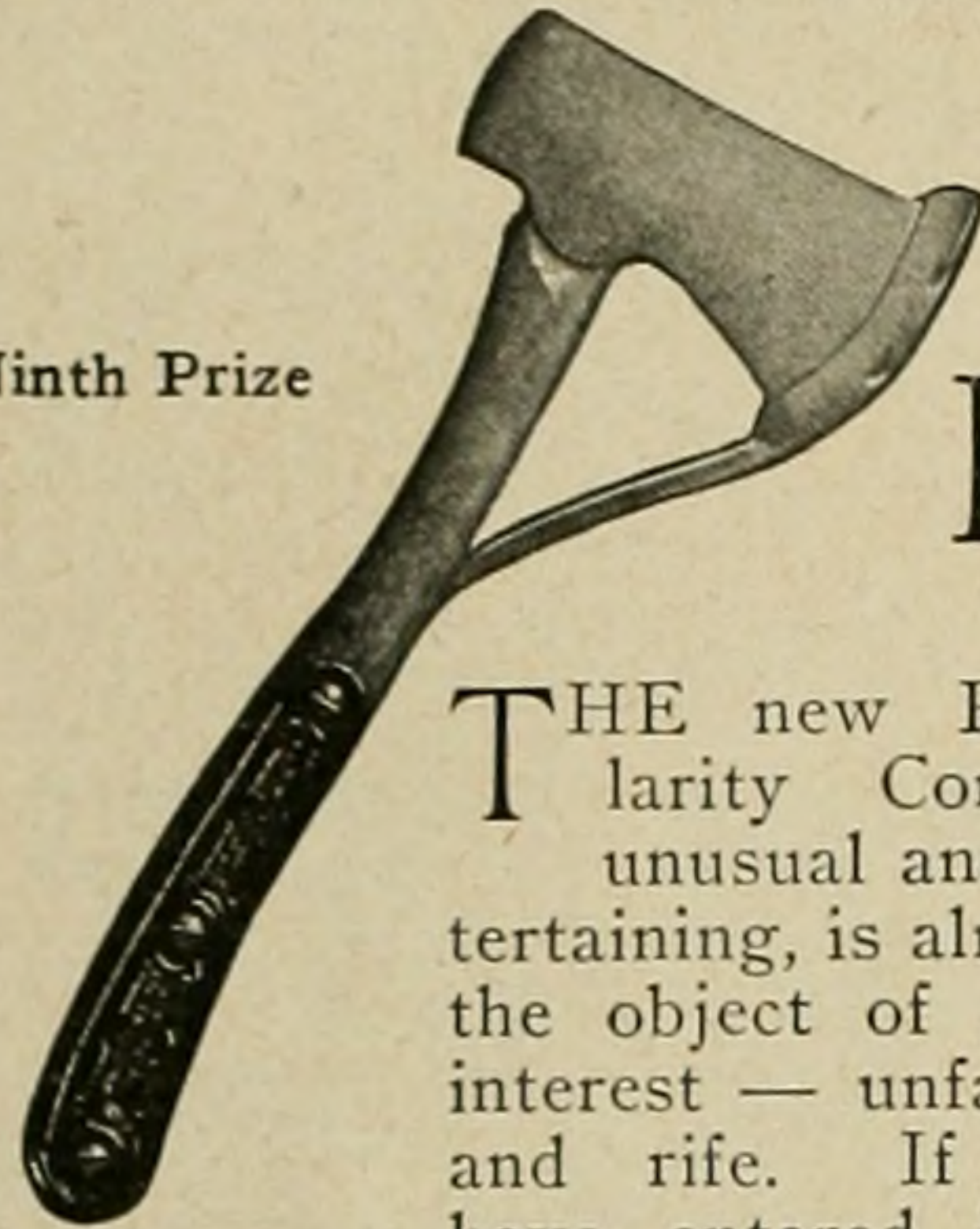
Prize

Second Prize

Fourth Prize



Ninth Prize



# Popularity Contest Awards

Sixth Prize



THE new Popularity Contest, unusual and entertaining, is already the object of great interest — unfailing and rife. If you have entered it or have read the announcements which have appeared, and will appear, from time to time, containing the rules and regulations, you know it is actually a double contest—a contest in which both the public and players are equally interested.

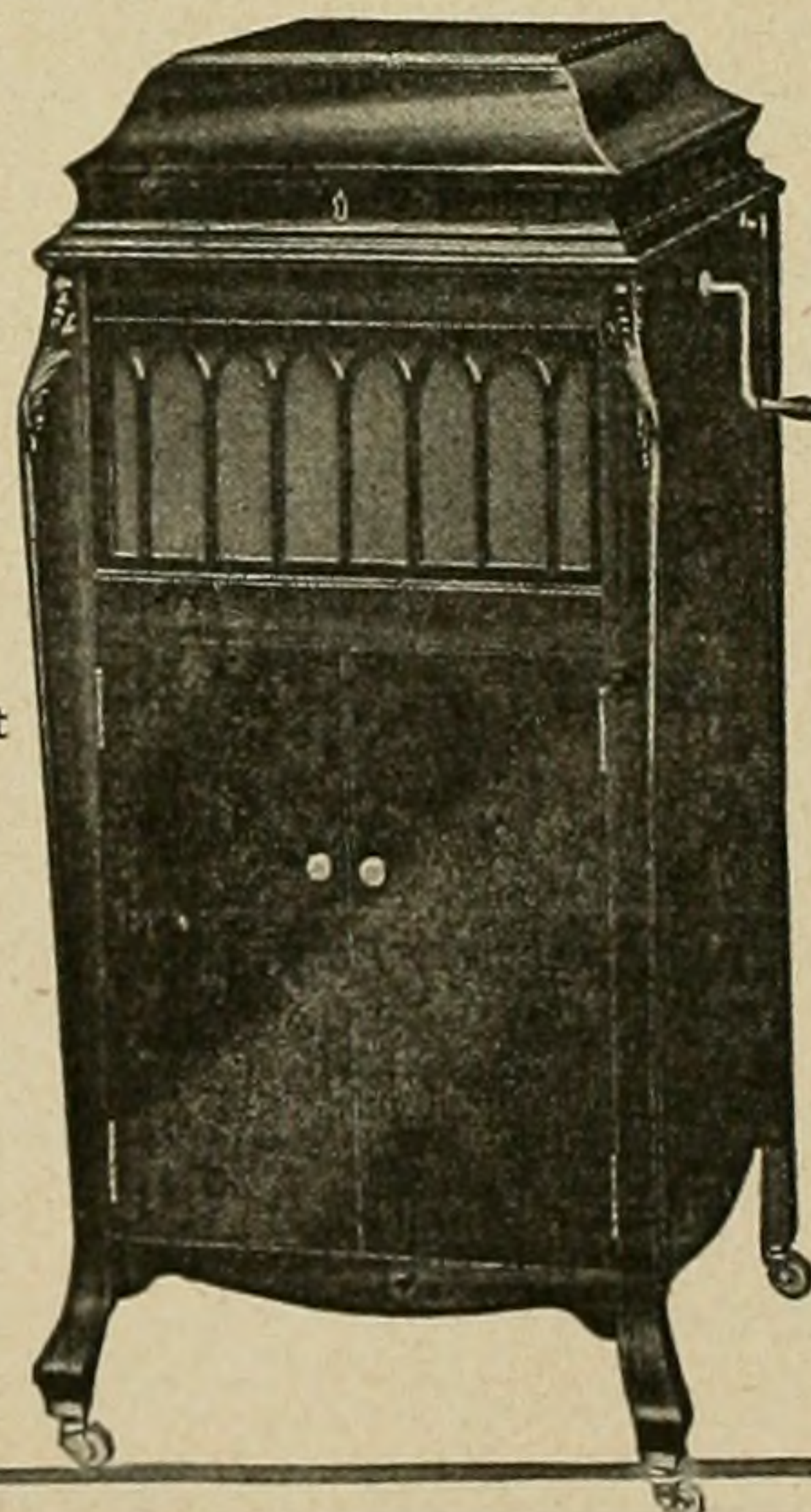
The prizes depicted above and below were selected after much careful thought and attention and each one is destined to make some one happier, from the beautiful Crescent phonograph which suggests a twilight hour with the gems musical genii have given to the world, to the Marble nickel-plated axe which brings to mind a jolly time in some invitingly green woodland.

Perhaps you have not yet decided to enter the contest—if not do so *now*. Don't lose an opportunity of enjoying the unique entertainment it affords or of capturing one of the lovely and useful awards.

## FIRST PRIZE

Crescent Phonograph, piano mahogany finish (value \$160). Plays all makes of disc records: Victor, Columbia, Pathe, Edison, Emerson, etc., without the use of extra attachments or intricate adjustments; a simple turn of the sound-box is all that is necessary in changing from a lateral cut record to playing a hill and dale cut record.

A Crescent owner can enjoy a repertoire of the greatest opera singers, popular songs, dance music or anything that is turned out of the disc record. The tone of the Crescent is full, round, deep and mellow. It has a large compartment for records.



First

Prize

## SECOND PRIZE

Movette Camera and three packages of films (value \$65). Compact, light, efficient, easily operated. Think of the possibilities during your vacation trip — your canoe trip—in pictures — pictures of your family or friends—living pictures that you can project at any time in your home. A priceless record of your life.

## THIRD PRIZE

Corona Typewriter with case (value \$50); an all-round portable typewriter, light enough and small enough to be carried anywhere, and strong enough to stand any possible condition of travel. It is trim and symmetrical and does not give one's study the atmosphere of a business office. Fold it up and take it with you anywhere.

## FOURTH PRIZE

Sheaffer "Giftie" Combination Set, consisting of a Sheaffer Fountain Pen and a Sheaffer Sharp-Point Pencil, in a handsome plush-lined box. Gold filled, warranted twenty years. Cannot blot or leak. A beautiful and perfect writing instrument.

## FIFTH PRIZE

Bristol steel Casting Rod agate guide, cork grip, strong and durable. Packed in linen case. Can be easily put in traveling bag.

## SIXTH PRIZE

Loughlin Safety Self-Filling Fountain Pen. No extensions to remember, no locks to forget.

## SEVENTH PRIZE

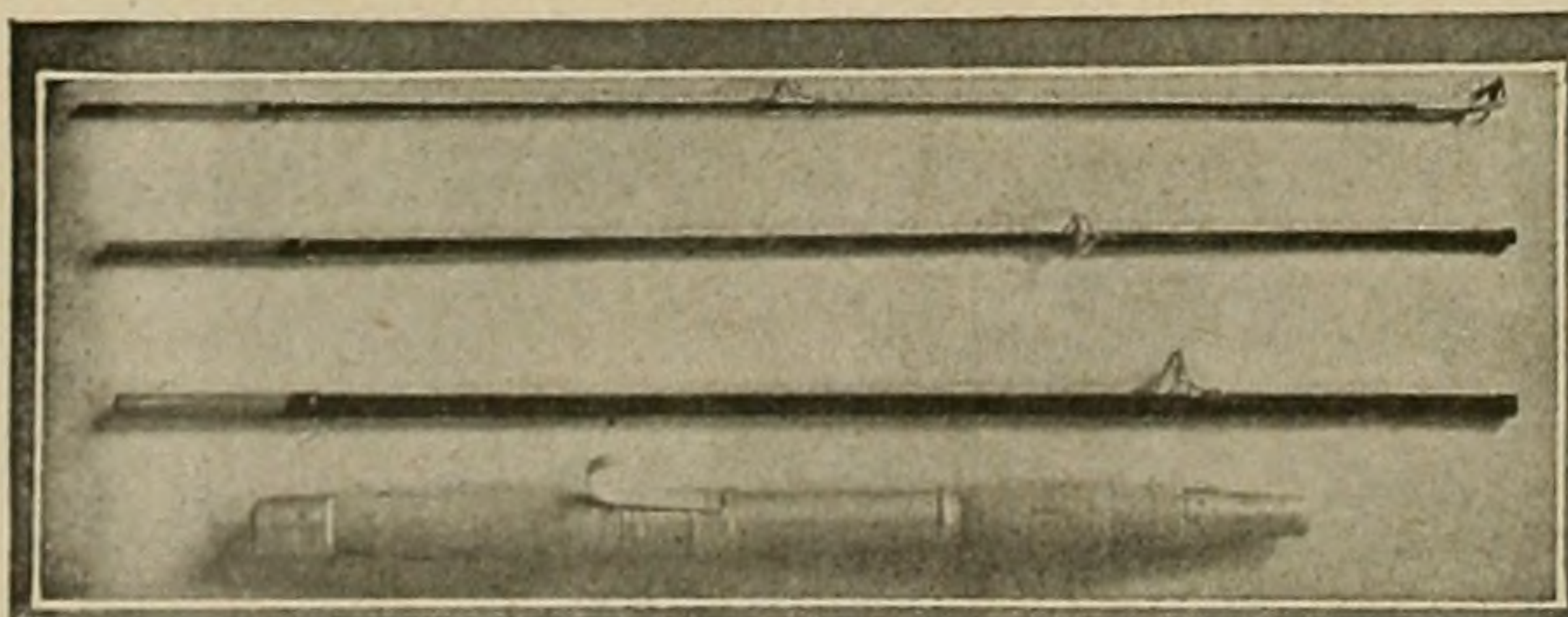
Star Vibrator, handsomely finished in nickel-plate with three attachments. Alternating current. Excellent for massage. Use it in your own home.

## EIGHTH PRIZE

Same as Seventh Prize.

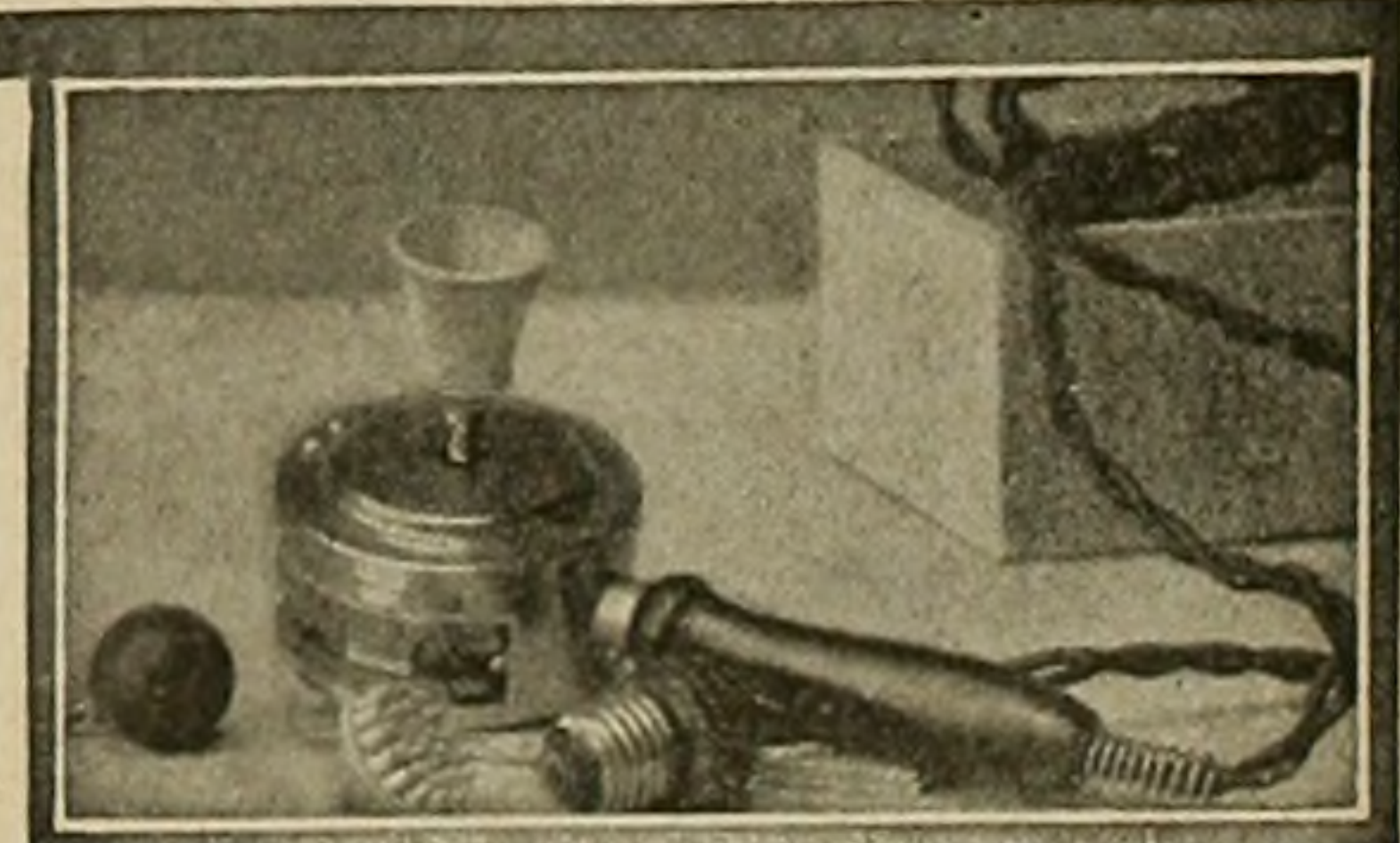
## NINTH PRIZE

Marble nickel-plated pocket axe of tool steel, carefully tempered and sharpened. Indispensable in camp or woods.



Fifth Prize

Seventh and Eighth Prizes





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# 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 September 30, 1920.
2. There will be ten ballots as follows:
 

December	1919 ballot
January	1920 ballot
February	1920 ballot
March	1920 ballot
April	1920 ballot
May	1920 ballot
June	1920 ballot
July	1920 ballot
August	1920 ballot
September	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.



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News that you can't afford to hurry by.

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in

## Motion Picture Classic

## Reel Realities

Mary and Doug, here are our sincerest and deepest congratulations!

The announcement that the honeymooners will make a tour of Europe, doing a photoplay or two en route, arouses all sorts of fancies.

Here is an event well calculated to stir the imagination, for the coming of the two will be unparalleled in history. We can already see Little Mary, almost deified by the cinema, being received by royalty, (what royalty the war has left behind), moving thru crowded streets, for Doug and Mary are known and loved in every land, and are being fêted as no one has ever been.

A picturesque honeymoon, indeed.

Not so long ago theatrical producers used to weep and gnash their teeth when their stars "lowered their prestige" by going into the lowly movies. Who would pay two dollars to see a player after being able to observe her for a quarter or less, they reasoned.

It remained for the present theatrical season to really prove the utter fallacy of this reasoning. A. H. Woods decided to present Theda Bara in a footlight play, "The Blue Flame." Miss Bara promptly shattered records in Washington, Philadelphia and Boston and started her New York run with a smash. Had the play been at all worthy, she would still be breaking records. Instead of detracting from Miss Bara, the screen has built up an enormous following anxious to see her in real life.

Again, consider Elsie Ferguson in her return to the stage after two years' absence. Her vehicle, "Sacred and Profane Love," is attracting capacity New York audiences. Out on the coast, in Los Angeles, to be specific, Wallie Reid has been playing in a stage piece, "The Rotters," with striking success.

And now the stage producers are falling over each other to persuade screen stars to make a theater return.

The times *have* changed!

Recently American producers offered George Bernard Shaw a million dollars for the film rights to his works. The canny Mr. Shaw sat down and began figuring. Then he rejected the offer, figuring that he would not only not make a million on the deal, but would actually lose \$17,000.

Mr. Shaw arrived at his conclusion after considering just what British, United States and New York State taxes would do to such a settlement. So "Arms and the Man," "Candida," "Cæsar and Cleopatra" and the other gems of biting Shavian humor won't reach the films—for a while, anyway.

Despite the fact that New York's newest *de luxe* house of the films, the Capitol, goes in for extremely long, all evening programs, the trend everywhere

in the country is towards shorter bills.

The general impression—and there is no denying its existence—is that theaters have gone the limit in working up *de luxe* entertainments of music, singers, dancers, short films, etc., to the detriment of the feature. Result, audiences have departed tired and even bored. Naturally, the feature, buried beneath the elaborateness of the program, has suffered severely.

It is an interesting commentary that one of New York's biggest money-making theaters is the New York, an old, out-of-date house, but one presenting *only* pictures.

Our comments upon program length must not be taken as a slap at the short film, whether dramatic, comic or scenic. Tremendous and most praiseworthy strides are being made in this field of motion picture endeavor.

In short comedy the American motion picture is particularly advancing. We venture to say that Harold Lloyd, for instance, is as popular as any feature star of the cinema, with possibly an exception or two. Remember the way the late Sidney Drew was beloved? On every side these days we see the short comedy, which Mr. and Mrs. Drew so ably pioneered, making splendid advances.

And now London, just as did New York, welcomes "The Miracle Man," following the hit of David Griffith's "Broken Blossoms." There is no doubt that these two productions stand out as milestones in American film progress.

George Loane Tucker is acclaimed as one of the great directors of the cinema. It is interesting to note the enthusiasm of the London press over Betty Compson.

More than 50,000 miles of motion picture film were exported from the United States in the calendar year 1919, or enough to stretch more than twice around the world at the equator, says the New York National City Bank in a circular just issued. To be exact, says the National City Bank, in a discussion of this growing feature of our export trade, the films exported aggregated 273,270,120 linear feet, of which the exposed film was 153,237,260 feet and the unexposed film 120,041,012 feet; the value of the exposed film being \$8,066,723, or an average of 5.5c per foot, and of the unexposed film \$2,680,000, or an average of 2.2c per foot.

This is by far the largest total, says the bank's statement, of motion picture films exported in a single year, whether measured by quantity or value. In 1918 the total length of films exported was only 151,000,000 feet; in 1917, 166,000,000; 1916, 125,000,000; in 1915, 199,000,000 feet, and in the year prior to the war, 1913, 146,000,000. It was only in

(Continued on page 100)

(Ninety-eight)



# Our New Spring Suit!

Isn't it a joy to throw away that old and shabby winter suit you've been wearing so long that you felt it had become a part of you? Isn't it a g-r-r-rand and glorious feeling to see how everybody turns around to look at you as you pass, and to know that they are all admiring—and, perhaps, envying you a little? We know just how you feel, for we, too, are coming out in our new spring suit—and it's great to shake off the troublesome clothes of the past winter—all full of patches made by the printers' strike, and the paper shortage, and the late schedules.

We have a stunning new cover for our June number of SHADOWLAND, and the latest thing in pictures, and the newest stories about every one on the stage and screen that you like. It will be the best and most interesting number ever issued.

There's Walter Pritchard Eaton's first contribution to SHADOWLAND. One of the foremost writers of the day, he offers a brilliant article on the theater.

Adolph Bolm, Master of Terpsichore, tells Frederick James Smith, in an unusual interview, of the development of the dance in America.

Have you ever thought of the political power of the cinema? Lynde Denig, in his "Will Motion Pictures Elect a President?," gives you much food for meditation.

*There are the wonderful color plates of the most popular stars; very clever reviews of the plays and cinema features for the month; the latest offerings of fashion from Paris; the newest novelizations; and, as an added feather in our cap, we have made arrangements with all the leading photographers of America for first use of their best work!*

*The publication date of the June Shadowland is May 23*

## SHADOWLAND

175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

(Ninety-nine)



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Sincerely, FANNIE WARD.

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50c and \$1.00 a jar at Drug and Department Stores. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name and \$1.00, and we will send you in plain wrapper, a full-sized jar, postage and war tax prepaid.

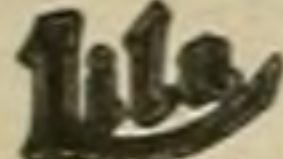
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YOU, yes, you, write the words for a song and submit to me. If I find the subject or idea suitable for use in a song, will agree to give your poem a musical setting and have the complete song printed according to the plan of the

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Address me as follows:

Edouard Hesselberg

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914 S. Michigan Ave., Suite 138 Chicago, Ill.

## Reel Realities

(Continued from page 98)

1912 that this class of exports was considered of sufficient importance to justify a separate statement in the record of exports, the total for that year being 62,241,000 feet, valued at \$5,502,000. The value of the films exported since the beginning of 1912 is nearly \$60,000,000.

A very large proportion in the earlier years went in the unexposed form for use in making photographs in other parts of the world. At present, as above indicated, considerably over one-half, (153,000,000 feet), of the films exported are of the "exposed" class—those films bearing photographs made in the United States—while considerably less than one-half, (120,000,000 feet), are blank films for use in making pictures in other parts of the world.

These 52,000 miles of motion picture films exported in 1919 went to all parts of the world. While the details of 1919 distribution are not available, those of 1918 show that motion picture films of the "exposed" class ready for presentation on the screen went to no less than fifty-three countries and colonies of the world. Thirty-three per cent. went to Europe, 29 per cent. to North America, exclusive of the United States; 14 per cent. to South America, 14 per cent. to Oceania, a little over 7 per cent. to Asia, and 3 per cent. to Africa. Of the unexposed films, of course, a very large proportion went to Europe, 85 per cent., in fact, while the remaining 15 per cent. was distributed to the North American countries other than the United States, Asia, Oceania and South America.

While our exports of motion picture film have mounted, the importations have quite naturally declined, the total number of feet imported in the calendar year 1919 having been but 17,000,000 feet against 26,000,000 in 1918 and 76,000,000 in 1917, which was the high record in importation of films from abroad. The average import price of the exposed film was about 5.5c per foot as against 5.3c per foot of the exposed film exported. Of the 153,000,000 feet of exposed film exported in 1919, 39,000,000 feet went to the United Kingdom, 15,000,000 to Canada, 13,000,000 to Australia, 9,000,000 to France, 7,000,000 to Argentina and nearly 6,000,000 to Brazil. The character of the views presented on the exposed "ready to use" films is quite similar to that of the films in use in the United States, probably three-fourths being photoplays and the remainder travelogs, "news service" and comedies.

While no exact figures are available on the quantity of films now produced in the United States, says *The New York Morning Telegraph*, an estimate, based upon the known quantity exported, suggests that the entire domestic production nearly exceeds 2,000,000,000 feet, with a value of approximately \$75,000,000 per annum when "exposed" and ready for use in the projecting machine.

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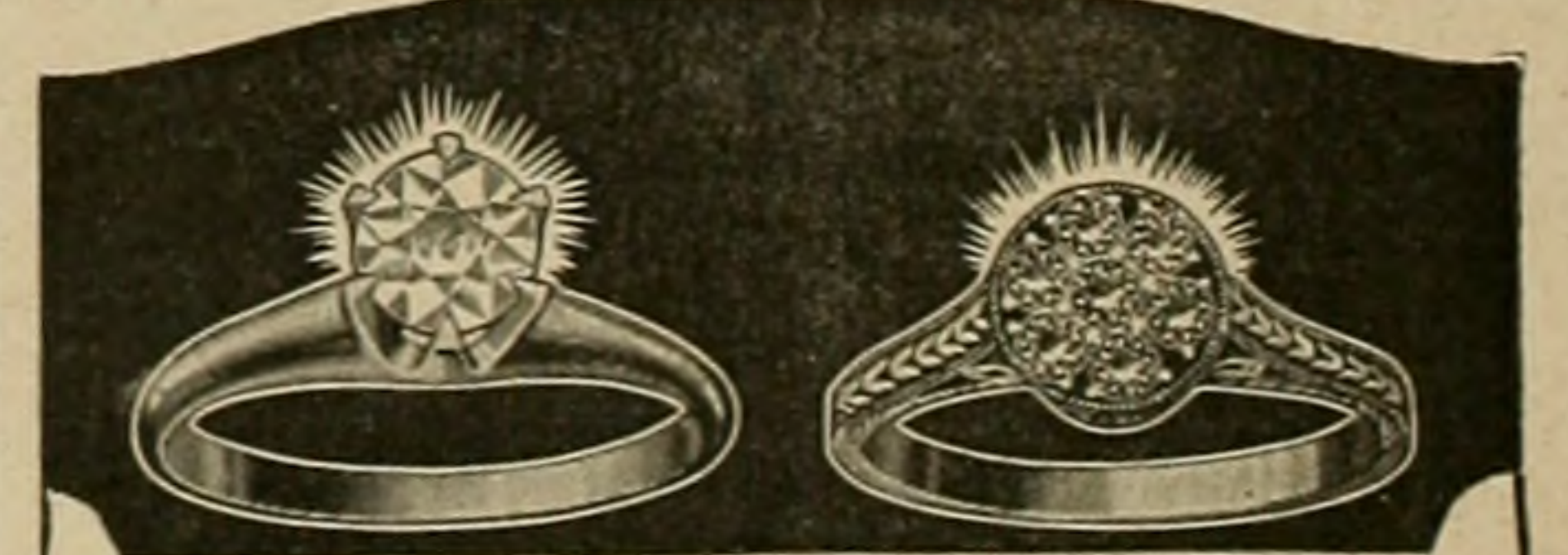


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The Celluloid Critic

(Continued from page 45)

No, "The Virgin of Stamboul" is not particularly impressive. It is too long, for one thing. The direction of Tod Browning is cumbersome and H. H. Van Loan's story but trite melodrama. It does, however, reveal the effect of the shimmie upon Turkish life. Miss Dean nowhere achieves the note of spontaneity.

Charles Ray can invest any screen opus, no matter how banal, with the life of reality, which, to our way of thinking, closely approaches something popularly called genius.

Consider "Alarm Clock Andy," (Paramount), the romance of a bashful clerk who develops into a success. It is obviously a made-to-order story, (by Agnes Johnston), but Ray takes it, gilds it here and there with sincerity, and—lo and behold! the thing seems a human document in which the tear is close to the smile. Jerome Storm has directed the theme adequately.

Constance Talmadge makes "In Search of a Sinner," (First National), a piquant and highly diverting comedy. John Emerson and Anita Loos have cleverly adapted Charlotte Thompson's story to the films, giving it a tinge of the risqué. Miss Talmadge seems to be centering upon this note of late. We do not say this in a spirit of censure, for she has the verve to dash with the lightness of thistledown over thin ice thru which most other screen comédiennes would crash disastrously.

"In Search of a Sinner" presents a young widow, one Georgianna Chadbourne, who has been so bored by her first and very moral husband that, upon his demise, she sets out to find a wild-man. When her quest thru New York unearths just one possibility and all sorts of difficulties ensue, Georgianna realizes that wickedness doesn't pay and is quite glad to accept the possibility, even tho he turns out to be a head of the Purity League. David Kirkman's direction is spirited and Rockcliffe Fellowes at least looks the caveman-purity leaguer.

"Mary's Ankle," (Paramount), was adapted from May Tully's stage farce for the use of Douglas MacLean and Doris May. A youthful trio, headed by a young doctor in search of patients, is in desperate financial straits. Finally the near-physician sends out wedding announcements in the hope of drawing down a check from his wealthy uncle and possibly salable gifts from here and there. Then a young lady of identically the same name as that of the fictitious bride sprains her ankle in front of his office. Thus begin the complications. It is very broad slapstick farce of the footlight type and not comparable to the MacLean-May gem, "23½ Hours' Leave." When will movie producers discover that stage farces do not lend themselves to the screen?

If it were not for the fact that Dorothy Gish is the star of "Mary Ellen Comes to Town," (Paramount), we'd say something rude about it.

(One hundred and one)



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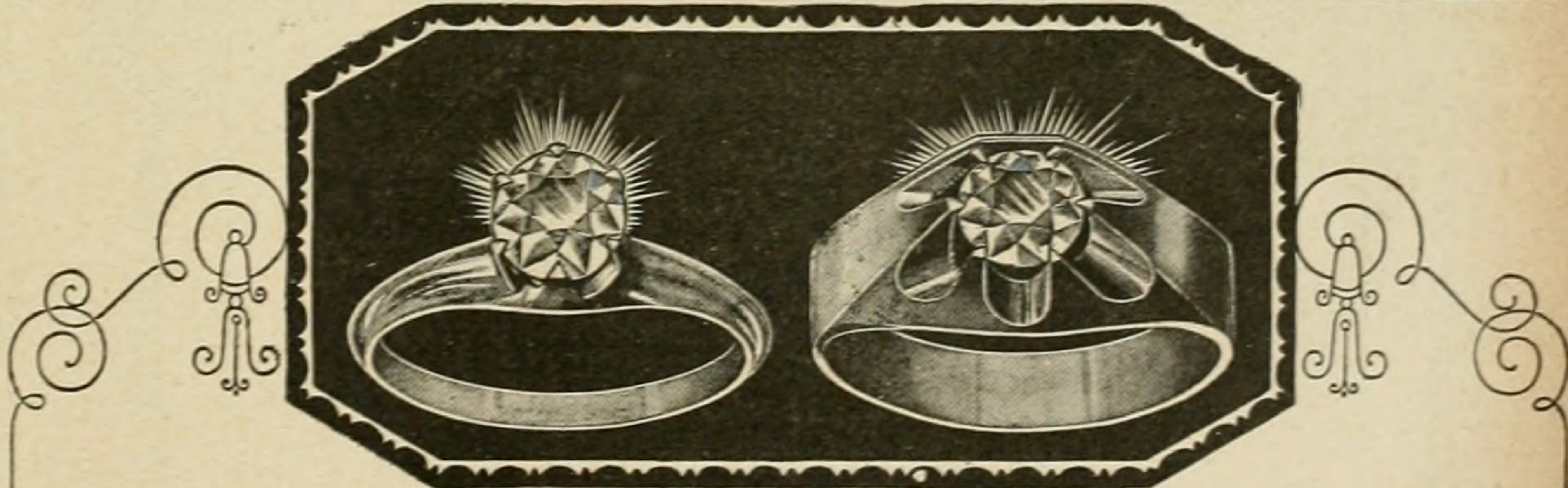
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## Behind the Screen

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks were married in Los Angeles, Cal., on Sunday, March 28th, by the Rev. J. Whitcomb Brouger, pastor of the Temple Baptist Church. Robert Fairbanks, a brother of the bridegroom, was best man, and Marjorie Daw was bridesmaid.

John Barrymore's sudden illness—a nervous breakdown—caused the abrupt termination of his engagement in "Richard III" in New York. The revival had scored a sensational success. Mr. Barrymore's illness is said to have been caused by his hard work while rehearsing "Richard III" and doing the film production of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

Billie Burke has postponed her stage revival of "The School for Scandal," in which William Faversham was to have appeared, and will devote her time to the photoplay.

Agnes Ayres is to be starred by Albert A. Kaufman.

William Faversham's forthcoming screen vehicles, starting with "The Man Who Lost Himself," will be released by Myron Selznick.

Constance Talmadge has secured the film rights to the stage success, "Wedding Bells."

Realart's first starring vehicle for Wanda Hawley is a film version of Jerome K. Jerome's "Miss Hobbs," originally played behind the footlights by Annie Russell.

C. Gardner Sullivan, Thomas H. Ince's scenarist-in-chief, has departed on his world tour. Genoa is the first stop.

Thomas Meighan is back on the coast, making a film adaptation of Leonard Merrick's "Conrad in Quest of His Youth" for Paramount.

Ethel Clayton has renewed her Famous Players-Lasky contract. She will make two pictures in London.

Jack Mulhall has been signed under a long-term contract by Paramount-Artcraft.

The Andrew J. Callaghan Productions, Inc., is to star Bessie Love, her first picture being Charles Tenney Jackson's "The Midlanders."

Myron Selznick has signed Louise Huff as one of his stars.

J. Stuart Blackton is doing a story of spiritualism, "The House of the Tolling Bell," by Edith Sessions Tupper. The cast is headed by May McAvoy and Bruce Gordon.

Tsuru Aoki is visiting in Japan.

(One hundred and two)



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THE B.V.D. COMPANY  
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Pacific Coast Gossip

By FRITZI REMONT

LOS ANGELES, CAL., (Special)—One of the very best raconteurs in the film world is William Duncan. Unlike most Scotchmen, Bill is a good talker and loves to swap anecdotes on the lot.

He related an amusing incident of his early experiences in pictures. Before going on the stage, Mr. Duncan was an exponent for the Bernarr MacFadden exercisers, as well as a good boxer. His younger brother had put on the gloves while in his teens and become a light-weight champion. Thru Bill's early associations, he was able to put his brother "next," and the youngster soon became engaged for well-advertised bouts.

Mr. Duncan's parents were orthodox Scotch, averse to publicity and quite upset over William's theatrical experiences. One day, the newspaper held glowing accounts of the younger Duncan's successful fight, as well as of William's serial. The family read the paper and silently laid it down for Father Duncan to peruse at night. There would be no use in hiding it, for the elder Duncan would merely buy another copy and scold over the carelessness of women who mislaid the publication.

That evening, Father Duncan read his paper after dinner as usual. He said nothing for an hour or so, then suddenly turned to his wife. "Misthress Duncan, dont ye think we should be *prood* of our bairns? I think we should praise the guid Lord daily for gi'in us sic a fine family. It's not many that be blessed with lads and lassies like ours—nought but d—— prize-fighters and actors!"

Some years have passed since that sarcastic outburst, and now that William Duncan is famous thru serials, his father is a first-nighter every week to see the current episode. Moreover, his son has just signed a new contract with Vitagraph and reluctantly Father Duncan admits that after all there is "some guid in play-acting."

Wandering over the Famous Players-Lasky stages, I happened on "Bob" Warwick's set. He is doing "Hunting Trouble," which is an adaptation of "The Man from Blankley's," and is supported by the nineteen-year-old Bebe Daniels.

Of course, Bebe and her stunning evening gown got me. She was wearing a combination of white satin, silver lace, handsome jewels, high-piled coiffure with Spanish combs and silver slippers. As we gossiped, Miss Daniels' jewels attracted attention. One of the men asserted that he could tell the difference between the imitations and her own valuable pins, rings and bracelets, all worn at one time. She laughingly defied him.

She was wearing a long bar pin of diamonds and platinum right over another of different pattern. I happened to view a safety catch under the lower pin, so decided on its worth at once.

"Oh, I forgot that would give me away!" Bebe Daniels laughed, merrily.

(One hundred and three)

# \$1,000 and Film Fame for a Scenario Like "April Folly" by Adrian Johnson



LUCY COTTON  
"Miracle of Love"



CATHERINE CALVERT  
"Romance of Underworld"



LEAH BAIRD  
"The Capitol"



CARLYLE BLACKWELL  
of 100 Successes



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"Aladdin's Lamp"



EMMY WEHLEN  
"Miss Robinson Crusoe"

One of the world-famous producing companies has just made this generous offer for a story suitable for one of its stars—Miss Marion Davies, and asks you to see the ADRIAN JOHNSON photoplay "APRIL FOLLY" and pattern your story along similar lines.

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### WE SELL YOUR SCRIPTS

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You need not be a "genius" or "born writer," or anything but just what you are. If you have average intelligence, a story-telling ability, and a creative imagination, even in embryo, we can teach you to write photoplays. Obscure unknowns are jumping into Fame and financial independence daily.

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"I bet you cant tell these bracelets apart!" I couldn't, but the connoisseur guessed correctly. The rings baffled us all. Every imitation was perfect, and we finally had to be shown. She had worn the real jewels, lest they be stolen if left in her dressing-room, so fans will have an opportunity to judge for themselves when Bebe's next release appears. The little string of real pearls she wears constantly was a parting gift from the Rolin studio folk.

Running over to the Christie studio, I found that Chic Sale is now doing "The Smart Aleck," by Irvin Cobb, a "Satevepost" story. Mr. Sale has a vaudeville reputation which is national, so, with Coleen Moore playing leads, the comedy drama should make a hit. There is a new star in the shape of Lucile Ruby, a seventeen-year-old recruited from the Famous Players.

Strange to say, "Smiling Bill" Parsons' comedies will be finished by "Smiling Bill" Jones, said to be a former English grand opera singer. Billie Rhodes has been resting, but has resumed production, now that the Lenten season has passed. A big photograph of the late "Smiling Bill" Parsons hangs over the mantel at the National studio sitting-room, and it seems as if the jolly husband of Billie must come back any day. It has been very hard for the little star alone, and so her absence from the screen is due to her inability to settle down to work since her bereavement.

Henry Walthall, of the National, has been playing at the Community Theater, Hollywood, in a one-act play based on the life of Napoleon.

### APOLOGIA

By CHARLOTTE BECKER

Altho I garnered no wealth nor fame,  
Nor played a hero's gallant part,  
Nor bore a sage's honored name,  
Nor any place in song or art:

Not all unworthy have I proved,  
Life of her joy should make me free—  
For I have suffered, I have loved,  
And one good woman has loved me.

### THE STORM

By CHARLOTTE BECKER

The East Wind rides to war tonight—  
I hear his eager steeds,  
With rustling panoplies bedight,  
Come plunging thru the reeds.

Deep in the wood, where Captain Oak  
Commands the valiant trees,  
The fearsome little primrose folk  
Are crouching on their knees.

The gaunt weeds hide in ambushade  
Behind the garden wall,  
The hollyhocks are sore afraid  
Lest Major Sunflower fall.

\* \* \*

Now, hark, the battle has begun—  
The East Wind's trumpets blow,  
And soldier branches, one by one,  
Fall on the ground below.

The hollyhocks drop thick and fast,  
Their petals stained and torn,  
Where Major Sunflower breathes his last,  
Of all his glory shorn.

And overhead the doleful sky  
Is weeping tears of rain,  
Because the flowers that shattered lie  
Will never bloom again!



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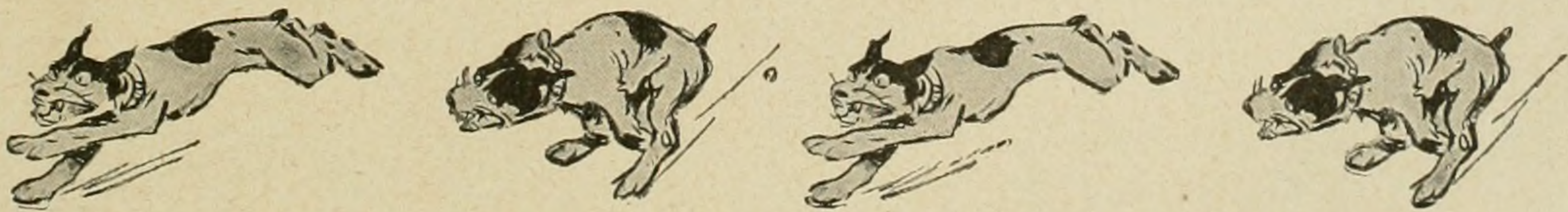
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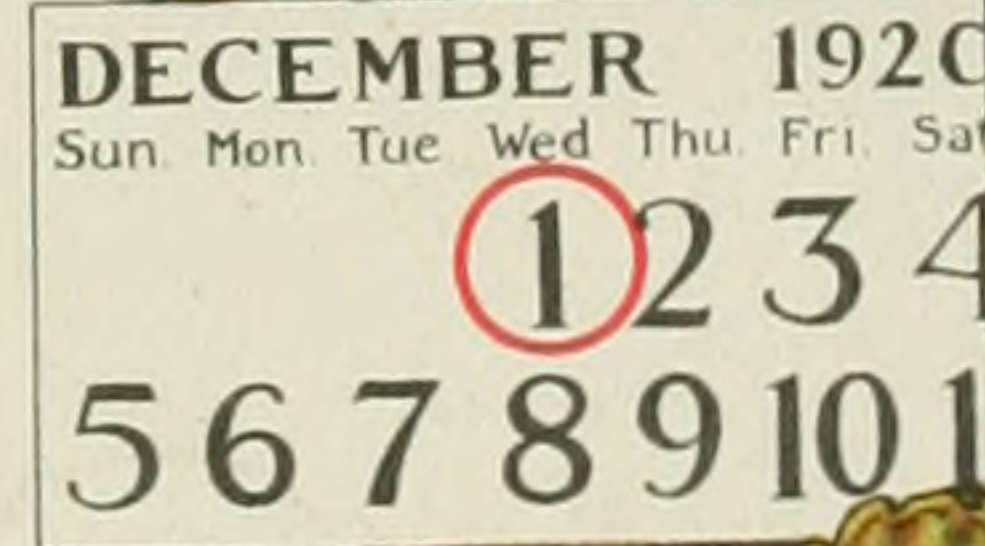
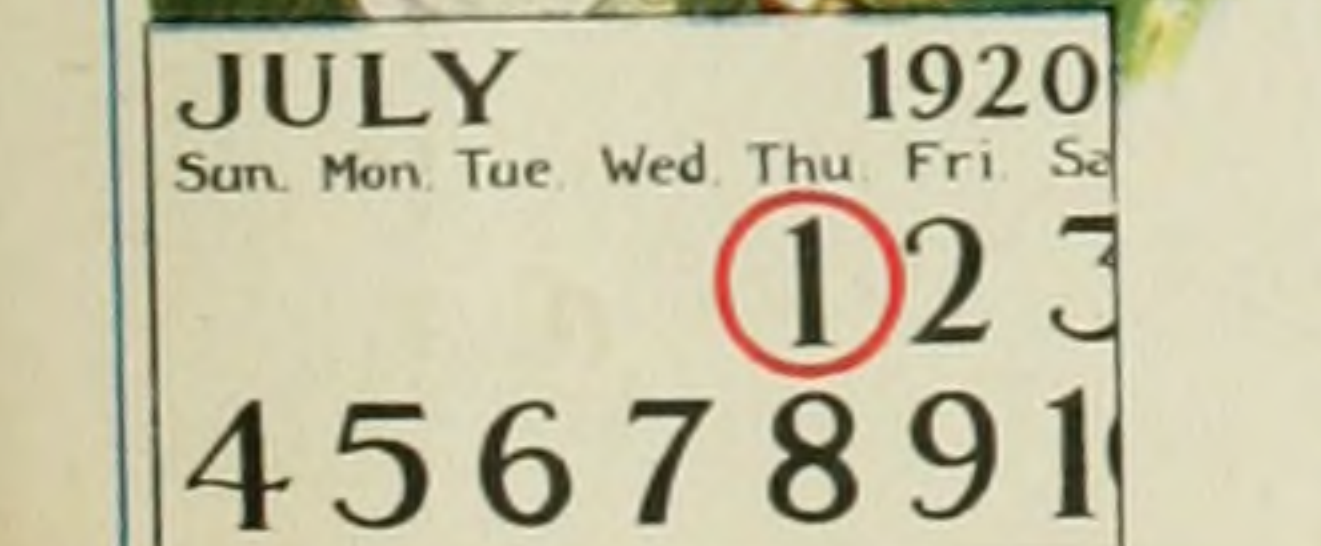
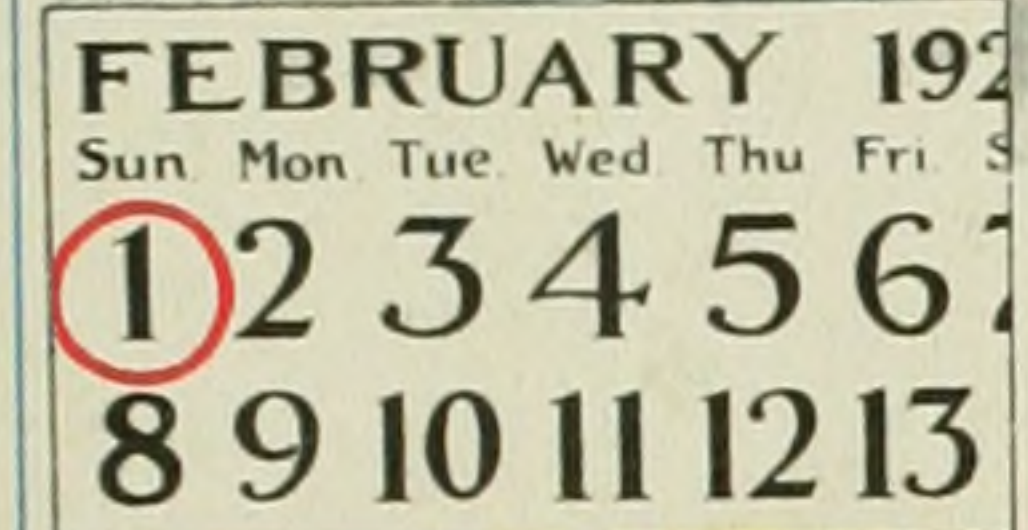
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*The beauty secret of Cleopatra hidden in every cake*

## How washing your face makes rouge and powder harmless

**Y**OU should not blame your skin imperfections on the rouge and powder you may use. Modern cosmetics are usually harmless enough if applied to a *clean skin*.

It is only by leaving them on—one application over another—that the damage is done.

Then they combine with dirt, oil secretions and perspiration in an impervious coat. This clogs and poisons the delicate network of pores and glands we call the skin. Coarse texture and ugly blotches are the result.

Wash your face thoroughly once a day with a pure, mild soap and you needn't fear rouge and powder.

Most actresses know this secret, which keeps their complexions fresh, clear and young in spite of the make-up used. It is really the oldest of beauty secrets, discovered by Cleopatra.

*But—it all depends on the soap*

If you say "but soap is too harsh for my skin," you either haven't found the right soap or have used it the wrong way. This essential cleanliness must be obtained with a mild, soothing cleanser, such as is yours in

Palmolive. And the way you use it must be governed by the kind of complexion you have.

For this modern combination of the palm and olive oils Cleopatra used as cleansers is as bland as a lotion. Its profuse creamy lather leaves the skin soft, supple and smooth.

Yet, while money can't buy a more satisfactory facial soap, the price of Palmolive keeps it within reach of all.

*Why isn't Palmolive expensive?*

Manufactured in small quantities it would be. Palm and olive oils are costly and come from overseas.

Enormous production and factories working night and day—ingredients ordered in gigantic volume—is what reduces production cost.

Thus we are able to keep the price of Palmolive to a very moderate sum—no more than ordinary toilet soaps.

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When the skin is inclined to oiliness wash thoroughly with Palmolive. Use warm water for the actual cleansing, rinse with cold. Apply a little Palmolive cold cream, removing all surplus.

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