MOTION PICTURE

CLASSIC

SEPTEMBER

25¢

ANITA BOOTH

Lee Sielke, Jr.

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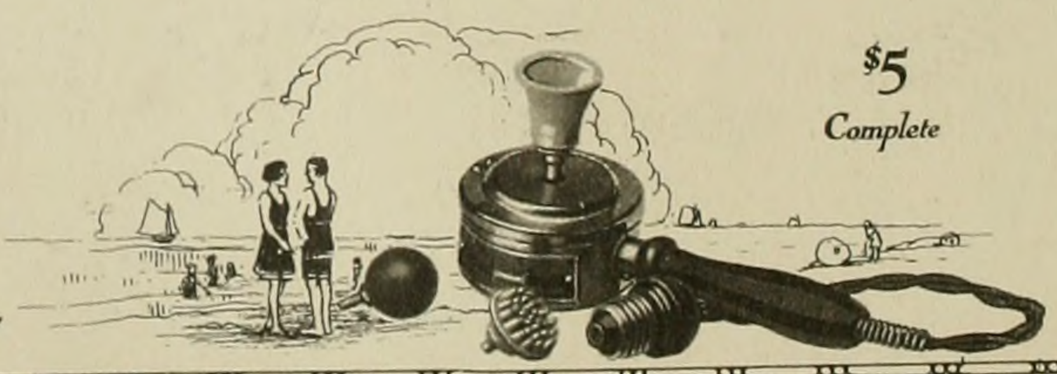

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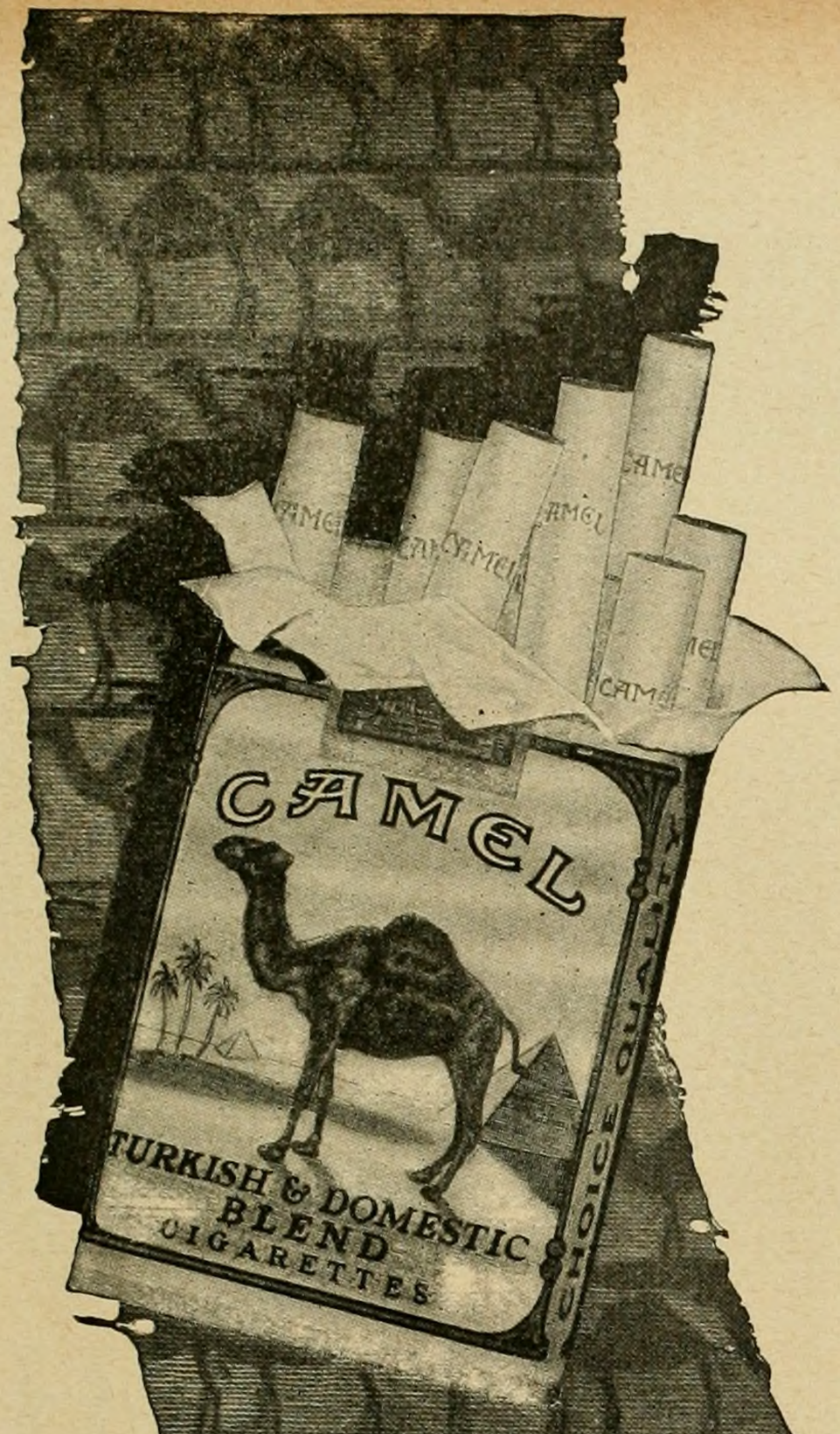

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CONTENTS OF MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

Vol. XI SEPTEMBER, 1920 No. 1

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

(Painted by Leo Sielke, Jr., from a Photograph by Apeda.)

There is no gainsaying the fact that the judges certainly showed an unusual power of far-sightedness when they chose as one of the four winners of the Fame and Fortune Contest of 1919, Anita Booth. Miss Booth has proved her screen adaptability and talent by her work for the Selznick Picture Corporation lately, and the latest rumor to reach our always-attentive-where-Anita-is-concerned ears, is to the effect that she is about to sign with the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

THE CLASSIC will always keep an interested eye on the cinema progress of this little Southern beauty,—and without hesitation, prognosticates that Anita will go far!

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.

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.)

Booth.—"Not So Long Ago." A fragile and charming little comedy by a newcomer, Arthur Richman, telling a story of picturesque New York in the early seventies. Genuinely delightful. Finely played by Eva Le Gallienne, Sidney Blackmer and an excellent cast.

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.

Century Promenade.—New York's newest dinner and midnight entertainment, "The Century Review" and "The Midnight Rounders." Colorful girl shows for the tired business man. A delightful place to eat.

Cohan's.—"The Hottentot," with Willie Collier. Typical one-man farce with the inimitable farceur, Collier, at his best. Ann Andrews lends pleasant assistance. Full of laughs.

Cohan and Harris.—"Honey Girl." Lively musical comedy built about the brisk race-track comedy, "Checkers." This has speed and humor—as well as an excellent cast.

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 McGlynn is a brilliant Lincoln.

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.

Garrick.—"Jane Clegg." St. John Ervine's powerful drama, presented by the Theater Guild, has been running here all season. A drab but brilliant tale of middle-class English life. Superbly acted by the best ensemble in New York.

Henry Miller's Theater—"The Famous Mrs. Fair." Able drama dealing with the feminine problem of a career or a home. Skilfully written by James Forbes, with unusual playing by Blanche Bates, Henry Miller and Margalo Gilmore.

Little.—"Foot-Loose," with Emily Stevens, Norman Trevor and O. P. Heggie. Zoe Akins' well-done modernization of the old melodrama, "Forget-Me-Not." Tallulah Bankhead scores in a difficult rôle.

New Amsterdam Roof.—Ziegfeld 9 o'clock and midnight revues. Colorful entertainments unlike anything to be found anywhere else. Here, too, are the most beautiful girls in all New York.

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.

Winter Garden.—"Cinderella on Broadway." Typical summer girl entertainment designed for the tired business man. The extravaganza this year is based upon the fairy adventures of Cinderella. Plenty of girls, passable music, attractive costumes and a little humor.

ON TOUR THIS AND NEXT SEASON

"The Fall and Rise of Susan Lenox."—Weak adaptation of the David Graham Phillips novel. Alma Tell in the stellar rôle.

"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.

"As You Were," with Irene Bordoni and Dick 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.

"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 of the season. 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.

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

"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.

"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.

"The Ouija Board."—Crane Wilbur's thriller built around spiritism. Real spooks invade a fake séance, solve a murder mystery and provide plenty of surprises. Guaranteed to keep you on edge. Excellent cast includes George Gaul, Howard Lang and Edward Ellis.

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

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

"Mamma's Affair."—Rachel Butler's admirably written comedy—a study of that deadly human species, 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.

"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 rôle.

"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.

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

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

Rialto.—Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

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HELENE CHADWICK - CLARA WILLIAMS - LOUISE FAZENDA - RUTH ROLAND - RUTH STONEHOUSE - MAY ALLISON

In "The Wonder Book for Writers," which we will send to you ABSOLUTELY FREE, these famous Movie Stars point out the easiest way to turn your ideas into stories and photoplays and become a successful writer.

Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by 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 tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality to-day.

"The time will come," writes the authority quoted above, "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!

BUT 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?*

LISTEN! 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!*

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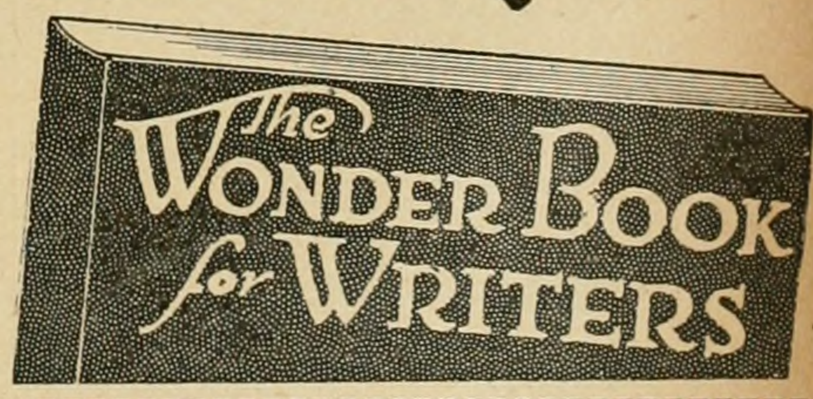

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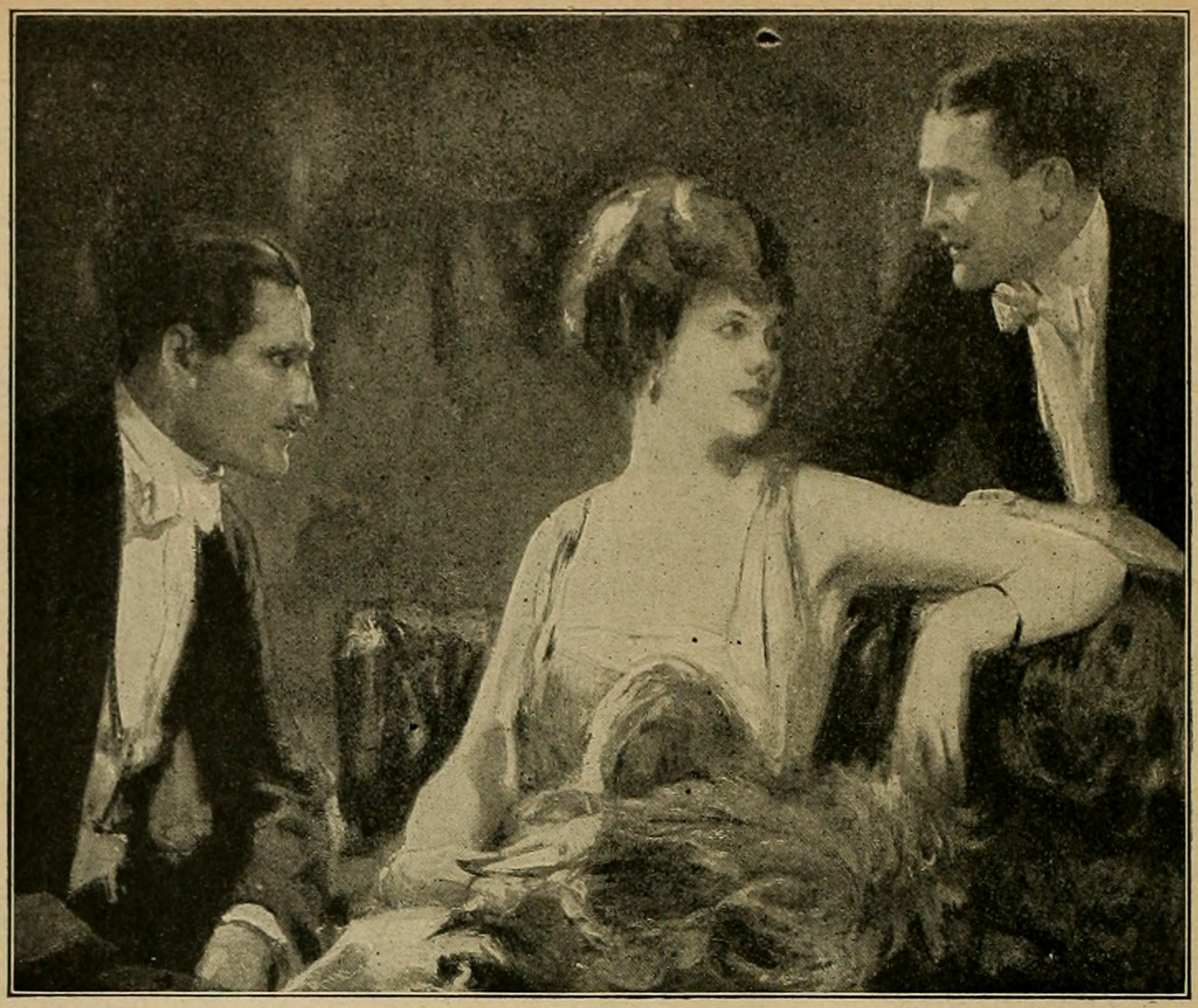
Nearing the End

The Popularity Contest is nearing its end. Everywhere the keenest interest is being shown in the outcome and, judging from the increased number of votes that are pouring into our offices daily, the last moments seem to be the most desired ones in which to bring this unique contest to the grand finale. Here are the results at the time of going to press:

Mary Pickford, 75,306; Norma Talmadge, 40,112; Pearl White, 26,558; Mme. Nazimova, 14,419; Constance Talmadge, 8,502; Bebe Daniels, 4,941; Viola Dana, 4,617; Mary Miles Minter, 4,331; Elsie Ferguson, 4,249; Theda Bara, 3,342; Lillian Gish, 3,303; Dorothy Gish, 3,157; Ruth Roland, 3,121; Marguerite Clark, 2,714; Anita Stewart, 2,561; Ethel Clayton, 2,317; May Allison, 2,146; Olive Thomas, 2,059; Shirley Mason, 1,917; Dorothy Dalton, 1,421; Baby Marie Osborne, 1,342; Ann Little, 1,251; Pauline Frederick, 1,223; Gloria Swanson, 1,211; Olga Petrova, 1,173; Irene Castle, 1,115; Geraldine Farrar, 1,082; Alice Joyce, 1,002; Alice Lake, 958; Marion Davies, 929; Mae Murray, 861; Wanda Hawley, 808; Alice Brady, 801; Edith Johnson, 753; Katherine MacDonald, 729; Doris May, 720; Marie Prevost, 715; Margarita Fisher, 660; Priscilla Dean, 638; Vivian Martin, 571; Blanche Sweet, 568; Phyllis Haver, 511; June Caprice, 476; Betty Compson, 469; Madge Kennedy, 464; Jane Novak, 460; Kathlyn Williams, 459; Clara K. Young, 447; Dolores Cassinelli, 438; Gladys Leslie, 434; Marie Walcamp, 426; Winifred Westover, 423; Pauline Curley, 376; Juanita Hansen, 370; Eva Novak, 355; Billie Burke, 351; Mildred Davis, 339; Corinne Griffith, 331; Violet Heming, 326; Doris Kenyon, 322; Enid Bennett, 291; Marjorie Daw, 289; Marguerite de La Motte, 284; Lila Lee, 277; Dorothy Phillips, 271; Mildred Reardon, 268; Betty Blythe, 264; Mildred Harris, 260; Peggy Hyland, 257; Bessie Love, 235; Mae Marsh, 232; Jean Paige, 226; Constance Binney, 192; Louise Glaum, 183; Ruth Stonehouse, 174; Mary Thurman, 169; Fannie Ward, 166; Virginia Lee Corbin, 151; Mary Garden, 144; Louise Lovely, 143; Marguerite Marsh, 139; Carmel Myers, 137; Eileen Percy, 135; Catherine Calvert, 83; Lina Cavalieri, 80; Grace Cunard, 78; Helene Chadwick, 71; Louise Fazenda, 68; Kitty Gordon, 64; Mollie King, 59; Lois Wilson, 51.

Wallace Reid, 26,705; William S. Hart, 24,869; Richard Barthelmess, 19,217; Douglas Fairbanks, 11,501; Eugene O'Brien, 7,414; William Farnum, 6,227; Charles Ray, 3,959; J. Warren Kerrigan, 3,916; Tom Mix, 3,404; Charles Chaplin, 2,521; Thomas Meighan, 2,108; William Russell, 2,055; Gaston Glass, 1,986; Douglas MacLean, 1,977; William Duncan, 1,661; Tom Moore, 1,642; Ralph Graves, 1,564; Owen Moore, 1,550; Kenneth Harlan, 1,534; John Barrymore, 1,520; Jack Pickford, 1,509; Rodney La Rocque, 1,463; Bert Lytell, 1,430; Antonio Moreno, 1,319; Harrison Ford, 1,202; Harry Northrup, 1,167; Earle Williams, 1,014; Elliott Dexter, 982; Lloyd Hughes, 931; George Walsh, 919; Lewis Stone, 857; Eddy Polo, 772; Robert Harron, 768; Robert Warwick, 760; Harold Lloyd, 734; Marshall Neilan, 721; Louis Bennison, 663; Conway Tearle, 654; Lon Chaney, 641; Tom Forman, 627; Eddie Lyons, 619; Bryant Washburn, 607; Harry Carey, 552; Wesley Barry, 527; Monroe Salisbury, 468; George Fawcett, 463; Henry G. Sell, 460; Webster Campbell, 441; Theodore Roberts, 436; Joe Ryan, 430; Sessue Hayakawa, 417; Creighton Hale, 354; Monte Blue, 347; Robert Gordon, 339; Jack Holt, 337; Emory Johnson, 333; Percy Marmont, 329; Lee Moran, 322; Francis X. Bushman, 268; Albert Ray, 265; Sunshine Sammy, 260; Milton Sills, 260; Fatty Arbuckle, 241; Lew Cody, 234; Raymond Hatton, 231; David Powell, 225; Will Rogers, 220; Thurston Hall, 189; Mahlon Hamilton, 179; Frank Keenan, 166; Charles Meredith, 160; Henry B. Walthall, 151; Jack Dempsey, 117; William Desmond, 112; King Baggot, 82; Nigel Barrie, 74; Lionel Barrymore, 65; Cecil B. de Mille, 63; Harry Depp, 61; Francis Ford, 61; Edward Earle, 60; Cullen Landis, 58; Elmo Lincoln, 54; Lou-Tellegen, 51; Neal Hart, 47.



Your complexion tells a story to the world

HOW fearlessly, how confidently, the girl with a fresh, soft, lovely skin meets the eyes of the world! Nothing to conceal! For almost always a clear, radiant complexion is an indication of a buoyant, well poised nature, healthful living and fastidious habits.

Nothing so quickly creates an impression of your personality as your skin. By keeping it soft, clear, radiant—you can make it speak instantly, unmistakably of fastidious freshness and charm.

Don't let your skin tell a story of neglect or thoughtless habits. Even if through the wrong kind of treatment your complexion has lost the smoothness and freshness it should have, you can give it back the color and clearness that make other girls' complexions so attractive.

For your skin is constantly changing. Each day old skin dies and new skin takes its place. And you will find that this new skin, if given the care its particular need demands, will respond instantly and gratifyingly.

Perhaps you suffer from that embarrassing fault of so many complexions—an oily skin, and a nose that will get shiny. To correct this excessive oiliness use this special treatment:

Every night with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

Use this treatment regularly every night, and see what an improvement it gradually makes in your appearance—how much firmer and drier your skin becomes under this care.

Special treatments for every type of skin

This is only one of the famous Woodbury treatments for improving the skin. Get the booklet of treatments that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and use the treatment for your individual type of skin.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is sold at all drug stores and toilet goods counters in the United States and Canada. Get a cake today—begin your treatment tonight. A 25-cent cake lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment, or for general cleansing use.

"Your treatment for one week"

Send 25 cents for a dainty miniature set of Woodbury's skin preparations containing *your complete Woodbury treatment for one week.*

You will find, first the little booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," then a trial-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap—enough for seven nights of any treatment; a sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream; and samples of Woodbury's Cold Cream and Facial Powder. Write today for this special new Woodbury outfit. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 909 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 909 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

Photo by Lejeau.

Motion Picture Classic

MONROE SALISBURY

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston.

DOROTHY DALTON

The beauteous Dorothy Dalton, who, last winter, proved that she was just as good an exponent of the legitimate drama as she was of the silversheet, has gone back to the screen, and is now again at work over at the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

Photo by Abbe

HARRIETT HAMMOND

Mack Sennett, the Flo Ziegfeld of the screen, has no priz beauty of whom he. is more proud than the blonde Harriett Hammond. Miss Hammond is an example of such unusual pulchritude, that the chains she wears across her shoulder are entirely unnecessary for the enslavement of her beholders.

MILDRED HARRIS CHAPLIN

Mildred Harris Chaplin is fast developing into one of the few real girl stars of filmdom. She completely subjugated the Prince of Wales when he recently visited California, and is one of the most popular of the shadow-players.

Photo by Witzel, L. A.

DORIS MAY

A star over-night is the past history of Doris May, the better-half of the Douglas MacLean-Doris May combination, which has so successfully ridden the top waves of popularity lately. Miss May is the kind of girl who makes you think, no matter how blasé you may be, that after all this old world has some things in it which are real all the way thru.

"Bessie, Love"

All photos Hoover Art Co.

HER name is Juanita Horton, but they call her Bessie, Love, just like that, as tho it were written with a comma. Or sometimes they pronounce it Bessie Love, as tho it were all one word, with the accent on the last syllable. But, however they may say it, they say it all. No one ever thinks of abbreviating it to Bessie.

She's Bessie, Love, to her father and mother, her aunts and uncles, and even her cousins, many of whom she has never seen.

If her name is to be abbreviated, they will tell you, let it be abbreviated to Love; "Miss Love" for strangers. One fancies that the masculine stranger, at least, must have an irresistible desire to take her hand and say, "Little girl, let me protect you," this in spite of capable-looking eyes that, most unmistakably, have strength of character behind them.

Bessie Love is not weak. Tiny, she is, delicate and appealing in appearance, but not weak. She makes you think almost irresistibly of Riley's "An Old Sweetheart of Mine"; not so much of any particular verse as of the entire poem and the spirit of it.

You will remember that in the beginning he spoke of spicing the good a trifle with a little dust of harm, and then in the end there proved not to be any harm at all? Bessie Love reminds one of that.

You can imagine her as being slightly unconventional, but you would also feel quite certain that a chaperon and perfect propriety were lurking in the immediate background.

I found Bessie Love in her dressing-room, fastening at the neck a suit cut in a girlish fashion with a bolero jacket and a skirt sufficiently tight for her to feel that it was restraining, for later, she pulled it up over her knees, with a laughingly apologetic "You dont care?" and sat tailor-fashion on the edge of a chaise-longue in one corner of the room.

She had just finished making some tests of costume and make-up for "The Old Curiosity Shop." She came towards the door, one hand holding in place the still unfastened blouse and the other extended in the customary greeting.

I was surprised that she should be so small; smaller by far than she looks to be on the screen. Her hair is dark yellow and very fine. You would notice her broad forehead and large, oval-shaped eyes the more strongly for the slenderness of her face from her temples to her slightly rounded chin. Her eyes and cheeks still

Bessie Love is tiny, delicate and appealing in appearance, but not weak. She makes you think almost irresistibly of Riley's "An Old Sweetheart of Mine"

By
ELIZABETH PELTRET

showed the traces of a make-up hastily removed, making her look, somehow or other, like a mischievous elf from a Maxfield Parrish picture.

"I believe," she said, "in, as nearly as possible, absolute realism when it comes to getting atmosphere for a picture. When we were making 'The Sawdust Ring,' I spent three weeks with a circus. The first few days I enjoyed, but after that I grew dreadfully tired. We were always on the go, moving all the time, and it wasn't very pleasant to get up and catch trains at any old hour of the night as a regular thing.

"And it was rather funny, too. I dreaded going, because I thought, in a vague way, the same thing of circus people that some from the outside seem to think of the people of the screen. Of course, when I mentioned this to professional friends, I was laughed at. They explained that there is more devotion to the family shown among circus people than in any other class, and I found it so. I grew to love some of the 'cooch' dancers . . . they were the dearest girls . . .

Miss Love was featured as a "Griffith find"; played opposite Bill Hart in her second picture, "The Aryan"; was with Douglas Fairbanks in her next two, "The Good-Bad Man" and "Reggie Mixes In"—and in her fifth picture, "Sister of Six," she became a star

"And now we are going to London on location for the exteriors of 'The Old Curiosity Shop.' We'll probably have to come back here for the interiors; I've heard that the studios in England are impossible!"

Having spent almost her entire life in Los Angeles, Bessie Love has seen comparatively little of the world outside the Western city. But, unlike most professionals, she loves to write letters, and she has carried on an extensive correspondence with numerous friends, relatives, fans and exhibitors. She did not make her first visit to New York until she was an established star.

"But I found that I had friends, not only in New York, but all along the way," she said.

"Of course, most of them knew me very much better than I knew them . . . isn't it peculiar how well you grow to know people from just seeing them on the screen?

"In connection with that, an exhibitor, visiting here, told me rather an amusing thing. He said that he had been showing Bill Hart's pictures in his theater for so long that Bill Hart became to him the most familiar figure in the world. And then, several days ago, he came face to face with Bill in the lobby of the Alexandria.

" 'Do you know, I was absolutely offended with him for a moment because he hadn't recognized me,' said this exhibitor.

(*Continued on page* 86)

The Photoplay of the Proletariat

By
HARRISON HASKINS

You who saw "Humoresque" know with what understanding and sympathy Frank Borzage, the director, presented the "other half" of New York's Ghetto tenements. And no doubt you wondered just where Borzage obtained his singular insight into the real selves of the city's sordid cliff-dwellers.

The answer is simple.

Borzage himself came up from poverty. One of fourteen children, his father a laborer, Borzage fought his way to success against seemingly insurmountable odds. He worked as a hod-carrier, he labored in a mine, he was a member of a railway grading gang, in turn. But all the time that something—that divine fire of ambition—was burning inside.

Let us return to the beginning. Borzage's father is Italian, his mother Swiss. He was born in Salt Lake City. At twelve, necessity forced him to leave school and become one of the bread-winners of the large and struggling family.

The lad's first labors centered around a building gang, for he worked with his father. Then he became a worker in the Silver King mine. All the time he had one thing in mind—he wanted to be an actor! Just where he gained this idea is one of those inexplainable twists of humanity.

(*Continued on page* 88)

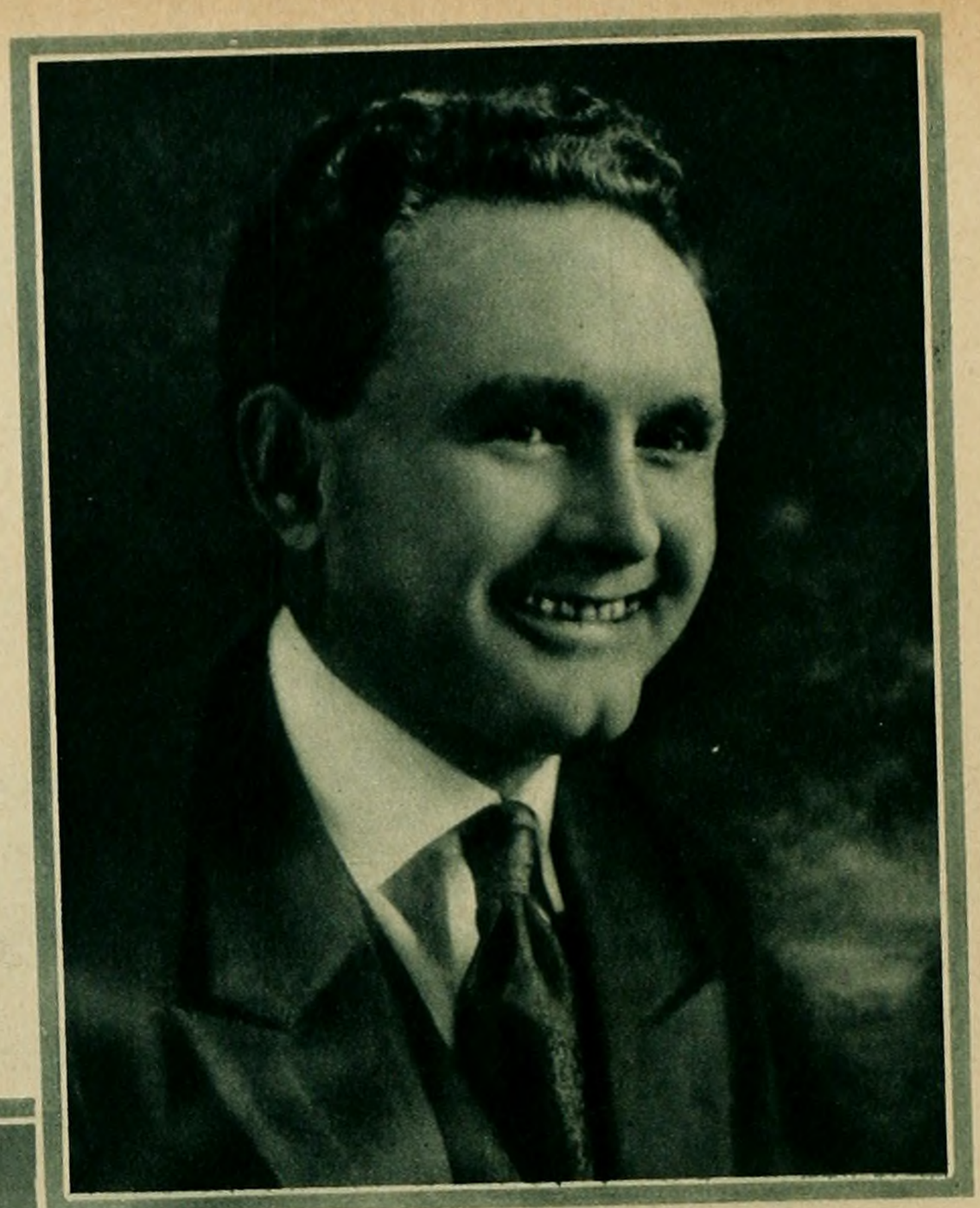


Photo by Campbell

Since the beginning of all things, the most powerful cry of humanity has been "of the people and for the people." Frank Borzage believes this fact to be the greatest force in the motion picture industry—and intends to devote all his energy to genre portrayals of the movies. Left and below, Borzage directing "Humoresque"

The future of Frank Borzage will be a matter of distinct interest to the world of the cinema. "I intend to do stories of the people," he says. "I know the folk who go to motion pictures are interested most of all in the problems, the joys and the sorrows of their own daily life, and I hope to bring to the films a reflection of all this"

The Menace of the Movies

By
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Is a great Wall Street colossus rearing itself in motion pictures—a colossus that will be blind to progress, initiative and all that is artistic? So believes Whitman Bennett, now an independent photoplay producer, but for years a foremost cog in that huge film machine, the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

Believing this, Mr. Bennett has withdrawn from the citadel and cast his fortunes with the independents. His reasons form a vastly illuminating glimpse into the modern making of the silent drama.

"The making of motion pictures is rapidly reaching the point where it will be dominated by one organization, just as the theatrical world was once held in the hands of Klaw and Erlanger, Charles Frohman and other leaders of the 'Syndicate.' As yet this film organization constitutes no out-and-out menace to photoplay progress. Remember that the old stage syndicate did not begin to obstruct dramatic progress until it absolutely controlled the country's theaters. Then its greed asserted itself.

"I believe this motion picture combine will number the Famous Players, Goldwyn and Metro forces. I do not place the blame on any of the leaders of these companies, such as Richard Rowland or Jesse Lasky, whom I highly respect. But Wall Street interests have been slowly seeping in and acquiring control.

Photo by White Studio

"The making of motion pictures is rapidly reaching the point where it will be dominated by one organization, just as the theatrical world was once held in the hands of Klaw and Erlanger, Charles Frohman and other leaders of the 'Syndicate,'" says Whitman Bennett who has cast his fortunes with the independent producers. At the top and bottom are scenes from Mr. Bennett's first production, starring Lionel Barrymore

"Wall Street is always a little slow. Remember that it was the film pioneers who went out and secured the money to bring pictures to their present level. They worked up the credit and backing. Then Wall Street began to take notice, to study the business and to 'get in.' Right now I believe the opinion in the Street is that 'the motion picture business is cooked and ready to eat.'

"Wall Street capital has never been necessary. Enough money passes thru the country's box-offices to support the industry, if properly handled. Extravagance, mismanagement and business errors, coupled with over-ambition, have brought Wall Street into the field. The result is that the men who fought all these years for the best in pictures are being crowded out. Affiliations of and interests of Kuhn Loeb, the Morgans and the Duponts will control the photoplay.

"The outcome is self-evident. It is the difference between the showman and the speculator. Money interests are out to get the most out of the business with an outlay held to minimum. What does Wall Street care for art—for the progress of the photoplay?

"The screen, like the stage, is a segregated artistic business. It has never and it can never thrive commercialized. You cannot take your audience behind the scenes and let it see the wheels working and still be successful.

(*Continued on page* 84)

The Joyous Pagan

Photo by Freulich, L. A.

Josephine Hill has a remarkable philosophy all her own, in which a tiny idol, a cross between a Billiken and a Buddha, figures rather prominently. His name is Korsukan—and when Josephine wants anything very badly, she repeats the idol's name several times—and gets her wish. Try it yourself, and see what happens

THE blonde pagan! It sounds like one of Berta Ruck's novels or a Universal picture, but in reality it's a description of Josephine Hill. For that tiny person, eighteen in years but eighty in wisdom, has evolved a philosophy and a religion all her own. It first manifested itself to me in the tip-tiltedness of Josephine's nose, which caught my attention immediately upon our meeting.

"But it was just good luck that I had that kind of a nose!" declared Josephine—and thereby hangs a tale—the tale of the aforementioned philosophy.

Upon a pedestal in a corner of the room reposed a curious carving. It was a small idol, apparently, a cross between a Billiken and a Buddha, hewn from ivory. And when my eyes were not engaged with Josephine's nose, they were hovering about that strange image. She noticed it, of course, and her mouth crinkled up into a delighted little smile.

"That," she explained, "is *Korsukan*, my god of luck. Every morning when I get up and every evening before I go to bed, I bow before him! Isn't that funny?" She giggled at her own caprice—and yet, was it a caprice? As I learned more of this strange god, I began to suspect that his solitary worshiper had discovered a page from the Book of Wisdom.

But I had not come to discuss newborn philosophies; rather to unearth the life story of this new light in the cinema heavens. Her marriage with Jack Perrin, the Universal star, was the talk of the day. I could scarcely believe that the tiny girl before me was a wife.

"But now, I suppose, you bow before a greater power—the god Husband?" I suggested.

"Indeed, I do not!" Her eyes widened indignantly. "We've been married only three days, and he has left me already!"

"Oh!" I began to suspect that I had said something unfortunate.

"But I cant really blame him," she continued hastily. "It's the awful company he's in!" There was a distinct break in her voice. I mentally belabored myself for having ventured into matrimonial subjects and prayed for a return to safe ground.

"They've sent him on location way off in the mountains!" she finished.

I gasped with relief and hurriedly switched the conversation back to *Korsukan*, the god of luck.

"Long ago, when I was a very little girl indeed," she replied in answer to my questions, "mother used to tell me that there was a little fairy named *Korsukan*, who would always help me out of difficulties if I would only repeat his name to myself a number of times—Kors-u-kan, Kors-u-kan—course-you-can. Do you see? And I always found that if I said *Korsukan* enough, I always could!"

"But the image itself?" I enquired. "Where did that come from?"

"Oh, I had that made when I found that Korsukan came thru every time. It was the decent thing to do, dont you think?" She looked at me rather anxiously.

I nodded gravely.

"And when it came time for me to make my own living, I found that my little god was quite as faithful as ever. For a long time I traveled with father and mother on the vaudeville circuits, doing baby rôles. But when I got big"—she flushed a little when she saw me glance at her feet; they barely touched the floor as she sat in the big rocking-chair!—"I wanted to go by myself. Mother was a little worried by the idea. I think she was afraid I couldn't succeed. But I just said *Korsukan* over and over and went to see Gus Edwards. He was very nice to

By
WILLIS GOLDBECK

me, and when I left I had been engaged to play a part in his famous 'School-days' troupe! I played with him for many months and finally, when Lila Lee left to enter the movies, I took her part, that of 'Cuddles.' It was lots of fun." She smiled happily at the memory.

"But how did you happen to enter pictures?" I asked.

"Oh, I got to thinking about it when Lila left. And when things turned out so nicely for her I felt even more eager to try it. I felt kind of doubtful inside, but *Korsukan* said yes.

"The first man I went to see was Edgar Lewis. He was looking for a leading lady for 'Love and the Law.' I determined to hit high and so I walked in and asked for the part. When I saw all the other girls who were there, I felt a little weak, but that darned heathen god kept insisting. I put up a good argument and when the afternoon was over, all were eliminated but myself and one other. The only great difference between us was the fact that her nose was Grecian while mine was 'pug.' Mr. Lewis couldn't make up his mind, so he called his wife. For some reason, she came out strong for the pug. So you see, I won by a nose."

Mrs. Lewis was speedily justified in her choice. Josephine outdid herself. But she was still in the East when the picture was completed, and California, the movie center, was three thousand miles away. So she declined all offers, packed her bag, and in two weeks was searching for a home in Hollywood. She was engaged by Universal and for a time played two-reel Westerns opposite Neal Burns, and later Jack Perrin. She built up an enormous following among the cowboys and ranchers.

(*Continued on page* 80)

Photos by Freulich, L. A.

Miss Hill's recent marriage with Jack Perrin, the Universal star, was the talk of the day. It was extremely difficult for ye interviewer to believe that the tiny girl on the chair, her feet escaping the floor by a space of several inches, was a wife. Just to the left, you will not fail to notice that our heroine is a real fisherman in every sense of the word, tho we wonder what sort of fish she can hope to catch in this exact spot, unless it be a mud turtle!

Left, Josephine in a somewhat difficult situation in her most recent Metro success, "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," in which, as leading woman, she gives an unusually clever characterization

Another Pickford Star

Photograph by Woodbury, L. A.

WE were all there, Mary Pickford, Mrs. Pickford, Jack Pickford and myself. Now, I thought, this will be a fine time to interview Jack, for he is very diffident when it comes to talking about himself and has a clever way of side-stepping questions, but, with his mother and sister present there would be little chance for this.

Now, the most noticeable characteristic of this young actor is his contagious laugh.

Beginning deep in his throat as a chuckle, it ripplingly ascends the scale, striking each jolly tone, and I am willing to wager that no one could possibly resist its boyish merriment. His speaking voice is unusually soft, with a little drawl suggestive of the South. However, he was born far from the Mason and Dixon line, away up in Toronto, Canada.

Jack is the baby of the Pickford family, Mary being three years his senior, Lottie two. He was less than a year old when his father died, and he followed his sisters onto the stage as soon as he could walk.

Admitting that the process of growing up requires some time, there is frequently one year when the transition seems very marked and the boy suddenly becomes a man. Jack Pickford has just passed thru this kind of a year and, tho he still represents the spirit of eternal Youth, he has taken on the way of a man.

We who recall his splendid work in "Tom Sawyer," with its roguishness and whimsical charm, fervently hope this boyish quality will ever abide with him.

"That was a great story," he remarked, when he spoke of it. "I became so attached to Tom that I was downright sorry when it was finished. I think that it will be refilmed every ten years, for it will always delight because of its youthful experiences. I only hope that the next Tom Sawyer will enjoy making the picture as much as I did. I didn't have a chance for much play of that kind when I was a

At the right is a glimpse of Jack Pickford in "Tom Sawyer" and across the page, in "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come." Jack is the youngest o' the Pickfords, three years younger than Mary. He went on the stage as soon as he could walk

By
MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

Photographs by Hartsook, L. A.

Jack's screen career began at the age of twelve, when Mary became a player at old Biograph. He played messenger and general utility boy around the studio in those palmy days—and little thought of stardom

kid, so I threw myself into the work and had all the fun I could to make up for what I had missed."

Jack's career in motion pictures began at the age of twelve, when he trotted along with sister Mary into the old Biograph studio in New York and stood around, solemn-eyed, hoping some one would notice him. Of course, in those days there were few rôles for him, and he became general utility man of the company, playing messenger and newsboy and helping out in all the "mob" scenes. During his years before the camera he has played with most of the film luminaries. He was with Marguerite Clark in her first picture, "Wildflower," and again in "Little Sister of José."

He played with his famous sister in "Fanchon, the Cricket," and cheerfully remarked that, "Mary and I stage a real rough-and-tumble fight in that picture, and we didn't stop when the camera did, either, but went right on, rolling over and over down the hill until we landed in a nice little stream. Do you remember that, Mecca de Shush?" he asked, using his own little pet name for Mary.

"Do I?" echoed Mary, with emphasis, and sister and brother laughed gaily at the recollection.

It was in "Little Peppina," as Miss Pickford's foster-brother, and as her brother in "The Girl of Yesterday," that Jack had his first important rôles.

Then came that series of youthful romances in which he and dainty Louise Huff won all hearts as they rollicked thru film after film. Now he is no longer rated as Mary Pickford's clever brother, for he has signed with the Goldwyn Company and is being starred in the boyish sort of stories in which he excels.

"We've just finished a corking picture, 'Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come,'" Jack told us. "In the beginning I am a crude mountain boy, and you know how I always like those rôles. The story covers a period of about ten years and so furnishes a lot of variety and contrasts, and we had some mighty interesting scenes. Gee, I thought we would never finish up! You wouldn't believe so many things could happen

(*Continued on page* 82)

The Silken Cotton

Photograph by Bachrach

Lucy Cotton was born in Houston, Texas. She came to New York and studied under Theodora Ursula Ervine at Carnegie Hall. She made her first distinct hit in "The Quaker Girl"

I WISH that I might, with some authoritative marshalling of facts, give the contra-distinctive values of silk as silk and cotton as cotton, the better to illustrate the great descriptive value of my title. Not, however, being scientifically informed beyond the rather general, third-grammar-grade knowledge that cotton grows in the Southland and is picturesquely picked by hand by transplanted Africans, and that silk is fearfully and wonderfully spun by delicate and specially nurtured worms, I must be content to repeat that I employ the title illustratively, I might say symbolically, because I think of silk as something lustrous and smooth, something resilient yet firm, exquisitely fine, pleasing to the eye, to the touch, to the general sensibilities, something with a super-elegance. And of cotton as the firmer texture, the durability making the delicate resilience possible, the sturdiness and substantiality without which the bloom of super-elegance is but evanescent, not really lasting nor worth the having, a more basic quality . . .

Perfectly, to my mind, does this contrasting title describe to me Lucy Cotton, within whose slender, equipoised person the contrast becomes at once a blend, subtle, yet firmly knit.

Cotton and silk are conscious products. They are the results of growth, of tending, of a planned and ordered development. They *mean something*. They are *intended* to mean something. There is thought back of them; there is care put into them. They have a definite mission, a definite fulfilment to attain, and from them stabilities take shape and form, and dreams are spun . . .

Lucy Cotton, if I may employ the simile, is a conscious product. Her rise into recognition and acclaim has not been mere haphazard chance, brought about by some lucky turn of the wheel, by her pretty face, by a box of tricks. She is the conscious product not only of her own careful work and play, but also of her mother's hopes and plans and the wise execution of both of these. Lucy Cotton and her mother have been building ever since Lucy, very tiny, pirouetted before a mirror in a manner that, tho the forecast was long, suggested to her discerning mother an atmosphere of footlights and Cooper-Hewitts . . . since there were no Cooper-Hewitts, we will ascribe that to interviewer's license.

To really know and appreciate Lucy Cotton and what she has done, is doing, hopes to do, you would have to know Lucy Cotton's mother. You would have to talk with her mother. If you gained nothing more—and what you *didn't* gain would quite certainly be your own lack—you would come away with a wider conception of the possibilities of motherhood than the one, wide enough at its *least*, we think of in the everyday.

"Lucy," her mother told me, over caviar sandwiches and coffee in a remote corner of the Biltmore, "is the projection of my early thoughts and desires. I have always been interested in the stage and, before I was married, had my own personal aspirations in that direction, but those were the days of implicit filial obedience and my father's mandate to the contrary was final to me. When I married, however, I determined that if ever I had a daughter who showed the slightest inclination for dramatic work, everything possible should be done to cultivate and to develop that tendency, and so when my three little girls came along and Lucy, particularly, began to give little hints in her unconscious way, I began at once a consistent preparation.

"I tried, first of all, to instil into her, into all of them, the miracle of self-development, that which comes from within. The balanced, poised, full expression of the individuality."

Lucy interpolated softly, "And there *is* nothing so wonderful," she said, "as to feel yourself *growing*, day by day, broad-

By
FAITH SERVICE

Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

ening, learning, fulfilling yourself. Of course, some day, I hope to marry, to have children of my own. I think every real woman does—that is a part, a great part of the development of the whole. But for the present I want just *self*-expression, the best that I can give. I want to perfect in so far as perfection is possible *this* stage of me before I pass on to the next."

Lucy's mother took up the thread, in her grey eyes a whimsical reminiscence, tender yet not devoid of humor. "I tried to bring them up in a world of poetry," she said. "I read to them a great deal—Longfellow, all of the poets, fairy-tales, myths and legends. I tried to have them live a life of the imagination, a sort of mental fairyland, seeing the beautiful in all things, believing in the beautiful in all things. Just by way of illustration, I recall an amusing little incident that occurred when all three children had the measles. A caller came one afternoon and Lucy was left with her alone in the drawing-room while I was momentarily called away. When I returned I found the caller removing traces of recent mirth. Lucy had informed her, she told me between gasps, that the little red spots on her face and hands and other visible portions were 'red flowers growing on me.'

Few people know themselves — and Lucy is one of the few. She is her own critic. She has allowed no outside influence to distract her from the pathway which she has marked for herself — and she walks upon it, pausing only when and where she wills

"We lived in Houston, Texas, you know—Lucy was born there—and, of course, she went to school, dancing school, studied music, did all the usual things a little girl does do. Later she studied for the stage under Alma McDowell, and then, when we felt that Houston had no more to offer us in the way of advantages for advancement, we gave up our home there and came to New York. Here, Lucy studied under Theodora Ursula Ervine at Carnegie Hall and then began to have her practical experience, the stage itself." 'Most everybody knows about Lucy Cotton and, logical consequence, 'most everybody knows what she has done.

"One of the things I love most to do," Lucy said to me, in her effective, delicately modulated tones, "is to give credit to everyone who has helped me on my way. I never forget any one of them or any one of the things they do for me. Everyone has been, oh, *so* nice. Ariadne Holmes Edwards, for instance, was responsible for my introduction to Ina Claire, which was my first success, the opening door . . . Miss Edwards, by the way, has written, among other songs, 'God Bless You, My Dear,' sung by De Luca . . . and after that it has just been a series, one thing after another, not just from my coming to New York, but from the beginning—the beginning of mother's planning and my working—and I have worked. The first night I took Ina Claire's part in 'The Quaker Girl,' for instance, so many people asked me if I suffered very much from stage-fright. I hadn't a vestige of it. I was prepared, you see. That is what training, self-development, conscious preparation does for one, for anyone. I believe it was the happiest night of my whole life. I just felt that here, at last, I was doing the thing I had been born to do, the thing I had worked and planned to do, and I was *glad*. One isn't frightened when one is as happy as I was then.

"And I am happy in pictures—I have been fortunate in being cast happily. I love to give the touch of poetry, half illusion and half fact. The atmosphere of great loves and

(*Continued on page 73*)

The Youngest Movie Magnate

Myron Selznick Is Just Twenty-One

By
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Photo by Lumière

MYRON SELZNICK is just twenty-one. Which makes him by long odds the youngest magnate in the screen world.

While other young men of his age are freshmen and sophomores at college, with their business début some years ahead, Selznick is guiding every detail of the destinies of a big producing organization, which, incidentally, he created himself.

Because the young Mr. Selznick is a son of Lewis J. Selznick, it is commonly assumed that he is but a juvenile figurehead for his father. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Myron Selznick really directs every item of the production of Selznick Pictures. In other words, the making of Olive Thomas, Elaine Hammerstein, Louise Huff, William Faversham, Eugene O'Brien and Owen Moore productions. "And I am going to take on two or three more stars this year," he adds.

It is interesting to note the daily routine of the youthful Myron Selznick.

At 10 o'clock he arrives by motor at (*Continued on page 80*)

Because the young Myron Selznick is a son of Lewis J. Selznick, it is commonly assumed that he is but a juvenile figurehead for his father. Nothing could be further from the truth. Myron Selznick really directs every item of the production of Selznick Pictures

The World and His Wife

By
FAITH SERVICE

Fictionized from the Cosmopolitan Photoplay

THE World and his Wife must talk. There is no help for it. What is more, when they have exhausted fact, they will dip into fiction, and he who listens may profit more or less, but just so long as there is talk, just so long are there ears to receive the talk . . . and so it goes . . .

When Feodora became betrothed to Don Julian of Seville, the World told his Wife that it was a "money match." Don Julian is too old, the tongues tattled, too old for the beautiful Feodora. She should have a lover young as a sickle moon, and slender, with a guitar in his hand and songs upon his mouth. Feodora is making a mistake. She is not following the dictates of her maiden heart. No good will come of it. His Wife echoed back the World's gossip. No good will come of it, she predicted. She might have added, "So let us keep on talking, Don World, and see what may be seen."

As usual, the World and his Wife were wrong. Long, long before Don Julian told the beautiful Feodora of his love for her she had entertained a high and holy passion for him. The dreams she had dreamed . . . the prayers she had offered up . . . the beads she had told . . . watching, many times, his tall figure riding past the courtyard of her home. She had never dared to think that he would turn the eye of his fancy upon her.

It had been a rather beautiful love, tender, deep, or would have been if the World and his Wife had quieted their tongues and let the matter rest.

It began with an act of humanity on the part of Don Julian. Don Sevillo had been his oldest and dearest friend. When he came to die, some few months after the marriage of Julian and Feodora, he begged Don Julian to keep an eye on his only son, Ernesto. "He shall come to us," Julian promised; "you need have no fear for his future, I give you my oath."

Ernesto came to live at the Casa Granda. At first he was deep in the dregs of his sorrow for the father who had been more than father to him. In his sorrow Feodora ministered to him, for his sake, but more for Don Julian's, who implored her to give the boy her tenderness for his wound's sake. After that she continued her talks and walks with him, her rides and moonlight strolls, because he told her of a vast book world in which he had moved and had his being since first he could remember anything, and Feodora, avid, but not overly informed, drank in the strange atmospheres, the enchanted places and peoples, and seemed to expand with the far-off perfumes, the vibrations of other hearts. Don Julian, watching, was, at first, content. He loved Feodora with the love that was content to have her have the desires of her heart. He perceived that it was not Ernesto to whom she listened, but the things of which he told her. And he knew, or thought he knew, that Feodora loved him. If, now and then, it came to him that Feodora and Ernesto were mutually young, that their blood beat dizzily in their veins, while his, Don Julian's, was slowing down, he remembered, too, the vows Feodora had made him on their wedding morn, the passion in her voice, the pulses in her lips. Such things do not lie. Facts might speak, but the instinct of a

It had been a rather beautiful love, tender, deep, or would have been, if the World and his Wife had quieted their tongues and let the matter rest

They paid him a visit, and watched Ernesto and Feodora together

lover should go deeper, know more truly, sense more fully.

If the World and his Wife had maintained the dignified silence they should have maintained, the sand of Seville might not have been streaked with tragic blood and bruised hopes and sorrows. Don Julian might still be—but this is going ahead of my story.

The World *did* begin to talk. At first in a whisper, then, louder and louder, until the echoes came close to the little circle in which Don Julian and Feodora and Ernesto so peacefully and unharmfully moved.

The World began first in the persons of Don Severo and his wife, Mercedes, living in a distant town. They heard of Ernesto's presence in their brother's home, and they had very little else to do or to think about . . . They paid him a visit, and watched Ernesto and Feodora, deep in some legend they had come upon together, the dark heads close bent, the forefinger of the girl tracing out the magic, all but indecipherable words for the eager, dark eyes of the man.

"It is bad, Julian," Severo said, and shook his head.

"You have forgotten your youth, Don Julian," the Doña Mercedes sighed; "you are blinding your eyes and closing your ears."

Julian shook his head impatiently. "You are both absurd," he said; "they are bookworms, the pair of them. They take pleasure in talking together, in poring over books, in arguing abstract subjects I have long since forgotten. What harm in that, can you say?"

"The questions are abstract, my dear brother," Severo made reply, "but those young heads . . . those warm hands, all but touching, those soft lips lingering over enchanted syllables . . . ah, Julian, Julian, how you have lost sense of the call of the blood! You . . . sly one . . . who knew it, once, so well . . ."

That was the beginning.

The next day, while the pair were reading, Don Julian complained of headache and did not go for his usual ride. It seemed to him, then, that the tracing forefinger of Feodora lingered overlong on the difficult page, until that of Ernesto came to meet it. When, later, they strolled away together, he thought their shoulders touched and did not pull away, and it hurt him, for the first time, that they did not insist, demand that he accompany them. He seemed to himself, too, to be cumbersome and ungainly. The slim height of Ernesto gave him an unaccountable pang. He was a dotard! Listening to the paltry suspicions of his brother and his wife, who had never had, nor ever would, anything better to spread than slander. Ernesto was his father's son, the sword blade, cleanly kept, of honor. And Feodora . . . why, Feodora was . . . Don Julian leaned back and closed his eyes against the piercing sweetness of what Feodora was to him, the vivid flower of his heart . . .

But after that Don Julian went no more to ride when the afternoon readings took place, and when Ernesto and Feodora rode or walked he did not wave them jovial farewell, but watched them, thru wistful, half shut eyes. They wore their mantles of innocence securely or shame would have made them see the pain his heart was nurturing.

The riper beginning came when Don Alvarez, a supposed friend of the three, remarked to Don Julian one afternoon at their club that he had seen Ernesto and Feodora riding in the morning. "These young people," he said, with a sneer, "ride solitary paths, it seems to me, and linger overlong, Don Julian, for friends on literary pilgrimages bent."

It may have been the way he felt, but on the way home it seemed to Don Julian that Ernesto was no longer his young friend, his father's son and their good comrade, but the venomous enemy that lay ready to snatch from him the flower of his heart. Youth spoke to him with its many beguiling tongues. He had been a blind fool . . . solitary paths . . . dalliance . . . what flowers had they picked, those twain, on what sequestered paths . . . who knew?

When he had reached the house his rage and fear and roused suspicion had all but consumed him. It was not tempered by sight of Ernesto playing a guitar, lazily, while Feodora lay at full length in a hammock and hummed a low, accompanying tune. They loved, he told himself, insanely; they loved, the young two of them, and he, Julian, was left outside, barred away from them, alone and cold . . . With his temples hammering and his tongue twice its habitual size, he told Ernesto that he was a wife robber, a snake in the grass, a knife in the back, a menace, a curse. "I give you my trust," he snarled, beside himself at sight of the bewildered young faces; "I give you my trust, a sacred thing between man and man, and that is not enough for you . . . you take my wife, too. Steal her—thief! Low-down, damnable thief!"

"Julian!" Feodora's voice was anguished, shocked, too, incredulous, but Julian did not, would not hear that . . .

You lie, Don Julian," Ernesto said, "and I think you know it. I think you *will* know it when those red mists of other tongues have passed away. You were my father's friend. You have been, until this hour, *my* good friend. You are an older man. The least and the most I can do for you, Don Julian, is to leave this country."

If the wagging tongue of the World had given Ernesto time to make good his departure, the ensuing events would be embryonic happenings, but one of the essentials of tongue-wagging is the amazing inopportuneness with which it operates. Ernesto was dining alone at his club. Like most keenly sensitive, imaginative persons, he was suffering, not so much at thought of separation from Feodora as at the injustice dealt him by his life-long friend. Far, so far that no malice could be imputed, beneath all other thoughts, Feodora's darkly lovely face kept recurring to him as it had never recurred to him before. A melancholy seeped thru him and his eyes burned with unshed tears. It was strange to him, the whole of it. Feodora . . . why, it was absurd. And yet, these recurrences of her image . . . the tones of her voice . . . the sudden and somehow stinging memory of her ineffably tender palm laid on his arm . . . memories . . . how infinitely are they more potent to disturb than facts! For memories are numbered not among the quick, but among the dead . . . who, being dead, still live . . .

"The melancholy lover broods alone." At first Ernesto did not hear the mocking voice nor so much as sense the fact that Don Alvarez was addressing himself to him. A little later, and with infinite implication, it was repeated. "The melancholy lover broods alone . . ."

The blood pounded in Ernesto's head. Don Julian was one matter . . . he had housed him and fed him and his suspicions were not without their basis in a possible suffering. But Don Alvarez, knowing nothing, caring less, spattering his noisome mud on the spotless robes of Feodora . . . the image of her face shone brightly before him, and he did not know what he had done when he had knocked Don Alvarez down and challenged him to a duel.

The duel would be a fatal one to Ernesto. The solitary scholar and poet had no more chance than a wisp of straw before the adroitness, the skilled professionalism of Don Alvarez. It would have been laughable had not the matters of life and death been the stakes. "It is sheer murder," said friends of Ernesto. And even the followers of Alvarez showed their teeth and shook their heads, and some made the sign of the cross. "He was full of promise," they said of Ernesto.

The red mists may have cleared away, or Julian may have realized that the impending duel meant that Ernesto was defending the honor of his home, or it may have been merely a strong man's sense of the necessity of fair play. The motives that actuate the great deeds of man and men are obscurely conceived. Julian gave no motive for deliberately insulting Don Alvarez and thus taking Ernesto's place in the duel.

To Feodora the two days seemed to be a mist, a sea of blood thru which she, unwitting cause, walked sickishly, dizzily. This duel between Don Julian and Don Alvarez could prove to watching Seville but one thing—a fundament of truth in the talk about her friendship for Ernesto.

The motives that actuate the great deeds of man and men are obscurely conceived. Julian gave no motive for deliberately insulting Don Alvarez and thus taking Ernesto's place in the duel

If he could only go, take his far trip before the duel. If, after the affair were settled, Ernesto were gone, the gape might soon be healed, things might then go on as tho this storm had never been. People would forget, with the spur to their remembering gone. Gone . . . the word hit, unawares, on her consciousness and stayed there, and chilled her . . . She shook it off. She had become used to Ernesto, to their talks and walks, to his way of doing things, to the worlds he had opened up for her mental and imaginative exploration. And still, gone . . .

If she could only see him, beg him to flee the place, leave it all as it had been . . .

There was no other motive in her seeking him out in his rooms and making her plea. "For all of us," she said. His somber eyes had somehow warned her against the more personal "for me." There were plans to make . . . and they had had, always, so much to say to one another. There had probably, they had often remarked, never been two persons with so great a mental fund, the one for the other. When they were together, time fled by them, noiselessly, unheeded. It was so on this day. They had been sitting in separate corners of the room. Ernesto was telling of what his new life would probably be in South America, the readjustments he would have to make, the way in which he would make them. He spoke of the severance of ties, the tug at the heart because of the association of places and people. There had been nothing said of the Thee and Me. Into this scene Don Julian was carried, all but mortally wounded. Don Alvarez was dead.

There was a horrible scene enacted in the dim room, the first shades of night dropping down on the colorful city without, the hush of night stealing on, the three white-faced, hurt people in the laden room.

Julian had seen with his own eyes. He needed, he said, no further proof than this. Feodora, in Ernesto's rooms. Lovers . . . while he, her husband, had been defending the honor of the twain of them with his own life. It was a grim jest, he said. It came of a man with the flush of youth gone playing the fool of love. The velvet fingers of the heart were powerful to strangulation. He had waited all this time to gather the vivid flower that was piercing him to death with hidden thorns. The bitterness of his pain and hurt poured out upon them in a venomous flood that could not be abated. Feodora knelt by him and wept over him and bathed his wounds with her tenderest ministrations. Ernesto forgot the pride of his manhood and outrage and pleaded with him. The World and his Wife had talked overwell. The seed of suspicion had grown until its fungous growth had conquered the man.

In the morning Ernesto came, for the last time, to the Casa. Don Julian was unable to see him and he asked for Feodora.

"There is only one thing for me to do, Feodora," he told her, "and that is to end the miserable life that has been the cause of the turmoil—my own."

Feodora cried out, "What good could that do? It would cause more heart-break! It would be an open admission of something so dreadful you had to die to cover it. Oh, Ernesto, I pray you, do not think of such a thing! The sunlight will come into this again, will come to us again. Julian will——"

What Julian willed was never known. There was a mad rush, as of some infuriated animal on the stairs, and Don Julian, red with his wounds and his rage, was upon them. The devastating names he called them, the anathema he hurled was but

There was a mad rush as of some infuriated animal on the stairs, and Don Julian, red with his wounds and his rage, was upon them. The devastating names he called them and the anathema he hurled was but half heard

half heard. The blood he had outraged choked his throat and within an hour after the scene he was dead.

An hour later still Don Severo and the worthy Doña Mercedes had turned the offending pair out upon the streets.

"You are murderers," they denounced them, "and of what besides we will spare you the details. Let us see no more of you in my poor brother's home.

"From the beginning," they added, with a venom that increased and gained in momentum as it went along, "from the beginning of his mad, his idiotic infatuation for you, Doña Feodora, he was a lost soul, a gone man. We said among ourselves the day he married you that he was ending his life as a man. We knew that it is folly for a strong man such as he to give the greatness of himself to a girl with nothing but dreaming, the *folly* of dreaming in her eyes and entanglement in her hair. You were not a meet mate for such as he, who had arrived at the ripe time of life when love had ceased to be a toy and had become the sum and substance of his daily life.

"You were a cheat to him. You were a snare and a delusion. The first youth to come along with pretty words and nimble feet you fell for, as the young pale grass is mowed by the first slender sickle. We use the language your poet lover used. And from the day he came, my brother's death was set. We said it among ourselves. You used his love of you to blindfold him. You laughed into his eyes, but you *sobbed* against the breast of Ernesto—and sobs are more potent than laughter . . ."

"It . . . all this is not so . . ."

"Be still, popinjay! It is so. It is so much so that my brother's body lies chilling in that darkened room and outside this door is summer and sunlight—moonlight presently—and you — you and your lover are going forth to meet it. Just this much it is so, and what is *more* so? Tell me that. Out with you, out upon you . . . the infamous, cruel pair of you . . . and may love smite your hearts even as you have used it to smite his!"

The long hours of the night Feodora and Ernesto spent in wandering over the countryside, talking in strained, hushed tones of the conspiracies of fate and love, of hate and injustice, of talk and jealousy.

The day was waking, palely. A crucifix halted their long vigil. Together they knelt there while the world awoke, and with the awakening of the world came an awakening in their hearts, triumphant over Death, over Life—Victorious.

The world awoke and with the awakening of the world came an awakening in their hearts, triumphant over Death, triumphant over Life—Victorious!

THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE

Fictionized from the scenario of Frances Marion, adapted from the screen version of the original by Charles Frederick Nirdlinger, founded on the dramatic verse by Jose Eschegaroy. Produced by Cosmopolitan Productions, for release thru Famous Players-Lasky. Directed by Robert G. Vignola.

The cast:

Feodora	Alma Rubens
Don Julian	Montagu Love
Don Severo	Pedro de Cordoba
Don Alvarez	Charles Gerard
Ernesto	Gaston Glass
Captain Townshend	Byron Russell
Don Julian's Friend	Peter Barbier
Don Alvarez' Friends	Leon Gendron
	Vincent Macchia
Ernesto's Father	James Savold
Mercedes	Margaret Dale
Old Nurse	Mrs. Allan Walker
Ernesto's Mother	Ray Allen

Beatrice From Paree

Photo by Lujean

"I was born in Paris in 1900, at eight o'clock in the morning . . . I do not remember about it, but they tell me I was there!" said the audacious little Parisienne to the interviewer. Gloria Swanson introduced her to C. B. de Mille, but "he couldn't see her for dust," to use her own highly prized American slang

IT was Monday—indigo Monday. I had run out of gas on the way to the Rolin studio at Culver City, been browbeaten by a motor cop when I tried to make up for lost time and had been severely criticized by the studio watchman for parking my car in front of the gate. Therefore I wasn't in a fitting mood to interview Beatrice La Plante; I felt like asking the routine questions regarding age, disposition, favorite picture and leading man, and let it go at that, grouching my way homeward at twenty miles an hour to avoid further difficulties with the speed cop.

But, scarcely had I entered the confines of the studio when, from a long gallery above, came a throaty voice that spoke in clipped, childlike sentences, and down the staircase flashed a small figure bundled from head to foot in a crimson bathrobe. Two amazingly large brown eyes, a piquant nose and apple-red lips were framed by a fluff of bobbed hair, and before I could speak, two tiny hands had one of mine, and Beatrice was telling me, all in a breath—her English fascinatingly sprinkled with French cadences and idioms—that she was *so* glad I had come—would I come up to the dressing-room while she did her make-up?—*Mon dieu!* she was smothering in the bathrobe—had I seen her pictures with Hayakawa, and did I ever see such damhot weather?

I followed her up the stairs to her dressing-room, done in grey and blue. The indigo shade of the day had already given way to a lighter hue. I defy any-

one to have a grouch with Beatrice La Plante in the vicinity.

"Sit down, do, please—*voila!*" she urged, unceremoniously clearing a chair of heaped-up garments with one sweep of her arms. "Now we

Photograph by Shirley Blanc, L. A.

By
EMMA-LINDSAY SQUIER

will talk while I grease-paint the face —*n'est-ce pas?*"

I said we would, and while I was thinking what I wanted to ask first, she forestalled me, talking with her lips, her eyebrows, her shoulders, and occasionally gesticulating with a stick of "fleshing" with which she was plastering her cheeks.

"You want to know am I French," she said positively. "Everyone ask that. But yes, I am born in Paris, in 1900, at eight o'clock in the morning—I do not remember about it, but they tell me I was there!" The audacious brown eyes dared me to dispute it.

"And in France I was not an actress. I was in school—and very strict school, too. I was not naughty Parisienne—until I came to America. People here like to think French girl as 'oo-la-la' kind—is it not?"

I admitted it mostly was, but Beatrice had plunged into her story once more, pausing now and then in the middle of a word to critically examine her make-up in the mirror, or to exchange the grease-paint stick for an eyebrow pencil.

"I came over to America

Photo by Witzel, L. A.

Photograph by Shirley Blanc, L. A.

Miss La Plante's first real chance came with Sessue Hayakawa in "The Beggar Prince" and after that she was featured in "The Stranger." She now has a contract with Pathé for one-reel comedies

to be with my sister, who married a colonel in the American army, but when they left California, I decided to stay and work. English—no, I did not spoke it. I understood a little, but I was afraid of getting the ha-ha's, so I kept still. The first word I ever speak—you could not print it—some taught it to me before I knew how it meant."

She paused, eyebrow pencil suspended, almost ready to quote the unprintable word, then she thought better of it and began beading her eyelashes with

(*Continued on page* 71)

Ann o' the Vikings

Photograph by Woodbury

Ann Forrest first became interested in pictures in her native city in Denmark, where old Broncho Billy pictures were shown. She would attend with her schoolmates, and often wished that she might act. Now her friends are all interested in her success

By way of paradox, a wag of the studios nicknamed Ann Kroman "The Melancholy Dane," for when Ann weeps the work is so thoroly done that onlookers furtively fish for handkerchiefs.

Tom Moore had a way of making Ann laugh just when she was supposed to be at her weepiest, but one day when I happened on to Stage 4 at Goldwyn, the little Danish girl had her revenge. She had withstood the engaging, genial Irish smile of Mr. Moore and, clasped in his arms, was doing her "scene" so thoroly that the sympathetic star forgot everything but Ann's seeming suffering, and the very next thing was a close-up of Tom Moore with big tears dribbling down his cheeks—a thing not written in the script at all!

Since that time, Tom Moore hasn't attempted to make Ann spoil rehearsals.

Oh, I forgot—you were wondering how Ann Kroman came to be named Ann Forrest, weren't you?

It was down at the bottom of Grand Canyon. William Farnum looked over the five-foot-two of blonde, fluffy leading lady from Scandinavia and thought ponderously of the many mispronunciations of her inherited cognomen. Then William the Conqueror spoke boldly.

"Ann, you should have a name that people can remember and pronounce. I'm going to give you that name and"—looking about the scenery carefully for inspiration, then up at Bright Angel Trail, and the great trees silhouetted against the sapphire and amethyst veils far above them—"I herewith christen you '*Ann Forrest.*'"

Eight years ago Ann was going to school in Denmark, her birthplace, and learning English and French rapidly. She speaks without accent, in deep alto tones, entrancing in quality. Visitors never can believe that the voice they hear from the distance belongs to a *little* girl like Ann.

When Mr. Kroman lost a fortune abroad, the family decided to emigrate as it was trying—in a country where caste rules strongly—to be half poor. The parents, with five children, came to Tacoma, Washington, and two and one half years ago, Ann began her screen career. She lost over eight months of that

Photograph by Evans, L. A

By
FRITZI REMONT

time, however, because of a wonderful visit in New York, sightseeing, studying pictures, going to theatrical performances, attending lectures and shopping until her eyes were dazzled with the splendors of Fifth Avenue.

Ann's eyes are deep baby blue—sparkling with the ice-crystals of her north country—remarkable eyes, always elusive and subtle in expression. She has a perfect snow-maiden complexion and uses no make-up off-stage and very little *on*. Her spun-gold hair is wavy, but she wails that it is a trifle darker since she came to sunny California, which with its alkali waters does have a tendency to change the shade. Mahlon Hamilton happened along while we chatted and said: "Ann, you're the first *real* blonde I have known. I never saw such baby-gold hair as yours before!"

Saucy, sparkling Ann, who speaks English so rapidly that one has difficulty in following her, laughed back with a flash of

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

Photograph by Woodbury, L. A.

Ann speaks four languages fluently, has a talent for writing, and is to study voice culture as soon as time permits. She's a very melancholy Dane when really blue—but that happens so seldom that one's impression of Miss Forrest is of a wonderfully magnetic personality set in a beautiful exterior

perfect teeth. "Yes—*now!* But I may have to come to the *bawtle* yet!" That little accent on "bottle" was about the only Scandinavian touch I had noticed.

Ann Forrest's family life is ideal. The parents are young still, having married at nineteen. Two of the boys were studying architecture when they were called to the great war, and served almost three years without injury. Now they are in the production end of the film industry, having decided that this would offer greater opportunities than the rather dull field of architecture in a country where bungalows are supreme.

One of Ann's sisters has a very lovely contralto voice, so Miss Forrest is paying for her musical education in Los Angeles. Later, Mabel will go to New York to study under the best masters. The third sister is a school-girl.

"We have the best times at home," said Miss Forrest. "At night, when we all assemble for dinner, we are a tremendously hungry family, for we are all healthy and young, including daddy and mother. We eat voraciously, almost silently for twenty minutes—for all of us have worked hard all day. Then some one begins to relate something—another follows—daddy draws us out, mother makes comments—and so

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Kathleen's Anchor

Photograph by Jack Freulich

KATHLEEN KIRKHAM is securely anchored to the affairs of every-day life by a husband who is six feet two inches tall and every inch a business man.

This doesn't mean that Kathleen is overly inclined to flightiness. Far be it from me to suggest such a thing! There is about her an air of capability that you would notice the instant you met her. She is five feet eight inches tall, graceful, well-groomed. The sort of actress who would carefully plan her effects rather than leave them to the inspiration of the moment.

She thinks, and to some purpose. If all goes well she will be producing at the head of her own company before this appears in print. At this writing she is negotiating with two big distributing firms, neither of which I am at liberty to name.

At first there seemed to be much difficulty about her getting a suitable story.

"No one wants to take too many chances on a new star," she said, "but still we felt that we had to have a good story—and good stories come high. At last, one night, when I couldn't sleep from worrying about it, a story came to me in complete continuity. Not just a scene, or a suggestion for a climax, which is the way stories have come to me before, but a perfect story; I could almost see the action, scene by scene, from beginning to end."

It was a godsend, she added, a sort of miracle. (Of course, that was inspiration.) Those who have read the story say that there are two feminine parts in it of almost equal strength and that the story is unusual as well as dramatic. (Who was it said that when an actor can write at all, he can write well?)

No, you would not call Kathleen Kirkham flighty, but you would not call her phlegmatic, either. As a matter of fact, she is a very feminine young artist, delighting in her work, but easily discouraged, for the moment, at any breath of adverse criticism, no matter from whom it comes.

Kathleen Kirkham is as clever a writer as she is an actress. She says that when she gets too old for pictures, which to her way of thinking is the age of thirty, she intends to make a profession of writing

"I think," she went on, "that I will take up writing as a profession as soon as I leave the screen." She has promised herself that she will leave the

Photograph by Hartsook, L. A.

By
ELIZABETH PELTRET

screen when she is thirty years old. "But I dont know whether I could do it or not! Sometimes I think that I haven't the patience. I would rather write short stories than scenarios, and I know that I would never write a novel. It seems to me that I would have to dash off a story in a single night, not stopping until I had finished it, or I would never finish it at all. With stories running into four and five thousand words, as nearly all of them seem to, that would be difficult, to say the least!" she finished, with a laugh.

But I was telling you about her anchor.

The W. H. Woodruffs, as Kathleen Kirkham and her husband are spoken of in the society columns of the Los Angeles papers, live in a pretty, artistic eleven-room house on the outskirts of Los Angeles. Kathleen Kirkham is very proud of her home, and well she may be. The only trouble is that they are situated directly between two aviation fields.

"I do hope," said Kathleen Kirkham, "that some one will invent a muffler for aeroplanes soon! But that isn't the worst! You can never be sure that some reckless driver isn't going to come into your house by way of the roof."

With them are Kathleen's mother and father, the latter a successful artist and photographer, and the two children of a sister who is dead. A little boy eight years old and a little girl six whom their actress-aunt is taking care of as if they were her own. Mr. Woodruff is in the marine insurance business—a professional pessimist, as it were.

"It is his business to find faults in what appears to be a perfect chain," his wife said, "and so, when I get overly enthusiastic and start ballooning towards the sky, he calmly pulls me back to earth again." She is, by the way, only twenty-four years old.

Another member of her family of whom she is very proud is Mitchell Leisin, now designing sets and costumes at Lasky's. He is a cousin of hers, still in his very early twenties, and he came West at her suggestion with the idea

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Photograph by Hartsook, L. A.

Kathleen has an anchor in the form of a six-foot-two husband. He is every inch a business man, and serves to keep Kathleen's fancy-loving soul on earth instead of in the dwelling-place of pink-tipped clouds to which it would otherwise fly

Photograph by Stagg, L. A.

"Herb"!

By C. BLYTHE SHERWOOD

Photograph by Apeda

"How do you say it in your language, *cahnt* or *kant*?"

It was the first thing thirteen-year-old Herbert Rawlinson asked of the first person he met when he landed in America. He learnt that it was *kant* and it's never been *cahnt* since.

At a neighboring table in the Algonquin, a bespatted gentleman had just ordered, midst unintelligible "haws" and "hems," "cahntishly" from Leon, the head waiter. "I have no use for any one who has lived in this country for a number of years and still persists in bean-ing 'been' and sade-ing 'said'!" Rawlinson wasn't contemptuous, but outraged.

His father was a Britisher. His mother very strikingly resembled the present Queen. He was born in England himself. And yet one does not come in contact with him without thinking—"A Yankee, thru and thru!" A whole-heartedness, youthful enthusiasm, sincere enthusiasm, definite enthusiasm—these mark at once his vibrant personality.

"Perhaps it's because I'm not a sentimentalist. I cant be, concerning England. It would be hypocritical. There really weren't any home ties."

And then he went on to tell me, in a straightforward manner, without superlatives or emotion influencing one way or the other, that there are two sisters whom he has never seen who are now in Australia; and a brother he can hardly recall; the governor had been a very busy real estate business man; and mother, whose head of close-cropped, mischievous ringlets had just been brought to mind, was never exceptionally robust. Of course, there was an attachment to the memory of "Clovevilly," (he began to sketch the outline on the cloth), a charming, ivy-trellised cottage that had an immense open fireplace, and gravel paths weaving a design outside thru the green. He did remember the gravel paths! And the hedges! (I prayed it would not be the duty of Leon to clear our table and note the architectural attempts.) But "Clovevilly" was visited only at year-ends, as he'd been sent across the Channel to school in France. Oh, yes, there was

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"Herb" (as his friends call him) Rawlinson was born in England, and yet one does not come in contact with him without thinking —"A Yankee, thru and thru." He is one of the pioneer players in filmdom —and one of the few whose popularity has grown with the industry

Little Miss Rebellion

By DOROTHY DONNELL

Told in story form from the Dorothy Gish-Paramount Photoplay

The picture of the Grand Duchess taken for Sunday supplements and souvenir post-cards showed her as a stately young person in eight yards of satin train and wearing a crown haughtily

HER Grace the Grand Duchess Maria Louise sat at luncheon, a very small island totally surrounded by very large flunkies whose chests seemed made for the purpose of wearing gold braid. The picture of the Grand Duchess taken for Sunday supplements and souvenir post-cards showed her as a stately young person in eight yards of satin train and wearing a crown haughtily; but with the train laid away in camphor, and the crown at the imperial jeweler's for repairs, (she had flung it to the floor in a temper), the most noticeable thing about Her Grace at present was her scowl.

In one less exalted by birth, such a scowl would not have been remarkable, but Maria Louise had nothing to scowl about, as Jennings, the English governess, often pointed out in her maddeningly reasonable way. "Her Sublime Grace," Jennings would drone, "is most fortunate indeed. Has she not lands, jewels, a summer and a winter palace and, above all—blood?" (It was positively gruesome how Jennings gloated over this item!) "And she has but to issue an order and it is fulfilled, if, of course, it is suited to Her Sublime Grace's royal position," the latter hurriedly added in view of the fact that Maria Louise's latest wish to have a hurdy-gurdy and its performer added to the court retinue, had most emphatically *not* been fulfilled.

To which her sublime charge had retorted most unroyally and concisely, "Piffle!" Despite all urging, she persisted in using English rather than her own tongue, because of its greater opportunity for picturesque expressions of this kind.

Now, the Grand Duchess, as we have said, sat at luncheon, and scowled over the dainty food served upon china of ethereal translucence, and drew small devils upon the priceless napery with the point of her restless fork. She looked gloomily at the wooden retainers, whose greatest pride was not to show the faintest symptom of being human; she looked about the great room, hung with tapestries, smothered in velvet and carved oak; she looked down at her plate, with the royal arms of Transmania stamped on it in gold, and——

"Oh, damn!" sighed the Duchess, drearily.

The shocked retainers pretended not to have heard this terrible lapse of royal decorum, but Jennings, at the farther end of the table, humbly below the salt, was so grieved that the tip of her bleak, spinsterly nose became empurpled. "Oh, Your Grace!" she moaned. "Such an expression! In all my connections with the nobility—and they have not been few—I do

The Grand Duchess sat at luncheon and scowled. She looked gloomily at the wooden retainers, whose greatest pride was not to show the faintest symptom of being human

not recall hearing such a phrase, altho His Exalted Highness, the Prince of Rutabagia, at moments of extreme irritation, used sometimes to remark, 'Tut! Tut!' "

"Not strong enough," Maria Louise rebelled. "I'm not irritated, Jennings; I'm something much worse—I'm bored. Just think, out there," she flung out a reckless arm toward the window, "beyond that ten-foot wall, life is going on, and I'm not there to see it! Just because I happened to be born on the wrong side of that fence, I have to live with a lot of rusty armor and moth-eaten tapestries and never, never have any *fun!*"

"*Fun*—oh, Your Grace!" the governess spoke the plebeian word with loathing, folding her outraged lips tightly about her bluish-china teeth. "A Duchess must not desire *fun;* she must be above such common things; she must remember that her great-great-great-great-grandfather was a King!"

Maria Louise arose with what, in a less blue-blooded young woman, would have been called a pout, and passed out of the dining salon between rows of motionless footmen. She found a moment's amusement in wondering what would happen if she should suddenly shout "Boo!" at them; then grey lassitude descended upon her. Listlessly she allowed her ladies-in-waiting to assist her into her riding habit, which, in spite of impeccable cut and tailoring, gave her slim little figure the appearance of a rather rowdyish boy; she allowed the First Groom of the Royal Stables to help her mount her staid horse, which was quite aware of his place as bearer of a Sublime Grace and moved with the circumspect self-consciousness of a steed on a stained glass window.

The retinue left the palace gates, turned down the Mall and entered the Royal Park. The rebellion smouldering under the black curls of the small Grand Duchess flared higher into seething flame. Always, every pleasant day since she was able to sit upon a horse, she had ridden at precisely the same hour along precisely the same dull, uninteresting avenue, to be stared at by owl-eyed tourists, clutching Baedekers and huzzaed by the populace with stereotyped cheers, like the chorus in a musical comedy. On either side small, wooded paths beckoned her imagination into the realms of romance and adventure, but, being a poor, unfortunate Grand Duchess, she must ride past them——

The thread of Maria Louise's ruminations broke off with a snap. Under the hanging branches of one of these by-paths she saw something that held her fascinated gaze—a small, knock-kneed donkey, ridden by a loutish youth whose long legs dragged upon the ground on either side. She cast a quick glance around, tugging on the reins—no, Gräfin Schmidt was engrossed in looking haughty, and Gräfin Oppe was occupied in looking indifferent, and the others were too far ahead to notice her defection. With a jerk Maria Louise swerved her disapproving mount aside into the by-path, running completely over the remonstrant shade of her great-great-great-grandfather, the King.

"Quick!" she panted, sliding to the ground and laying violent hands upon the bewildered owner of the donkey. "I want that donkey! I never rode on one before, and I'll never have a chance to again. Hold my horse, and if any one asks where I am, tell them I've run away."

Sheer amazement at her impudence led the donkey to carry the Grand Duchess some distance before he knew exactly what was going on, then he stopped. Stopped with such suddenness that the Duchess shot neatly over his head, reached wildly for his ears and missed them, and landed in a very unroyal position indeed, facing him, upon the ground. They regarded each other appraisingly. Maria Louise's chin grew grim. She arose laboriously. In the long line of her progenitors was one Knight Geoffrey of the Iron Will, who, it was legended, fought with a dragon and overcame. Knight Geoffrey looked out of her dark, defiant young eyes now, as stealthily she approached the donkey. "I'm going to ride you," she declared; "you cant do that to me again."

It was five minutes before this long-eared dragon knew that

it was overcome. In that time the Grand Duchess had assumed many odd positions, sometimes sitting facing his head, sometimes his tail, but she had hung on. Her hair was loosened from its royal braids, and hung about her crimson cheeks in little-girl tousles, her habit was torn and mud-splotched and her knees, when she descended from a thoroly licked little donkey, gave unexpectedly and wobbled her into a fallen tree-trunk, where she sat panting, laughing, gloriously alive, but she was happy.

"I wont go back—ever!" she cried, "or not for years and years, till I'm old and too tired to play. I'll——"

A howl of pain from around the bend of the path brought her back to reality; they had found her horse; they were beating the poor, clownish lout because he couldn't or wouldn't tell them where she had disappeared. Maria Louise rose, the smile slipping sidewise on lips that quivered, but she did not hesitate. "Noblesse oblige—drat noblesse!" she murmured, as she moved reluctantly back toward the old life she had escaped from for a few stolen moments. It was a muddy, bedraggled little figure who faced her retinue furiously, tossing her wild, dark hair from her flaming eyes, every one of her few inches a Grand Duchess.

"Stop! This instant, cowards! Or I'll have you flogged—flogged——"

They quailed before her red wrath, like serfs listening to their liege lord, and none of them—Maria Louise least of all—realized the absurdity of her words. Then, head held high despite the derby askew upon it, the small Duchess swung upon her horse and led her stricken retinue into the bridle path beside the Mall. Gräfin Schmidt no longer arranged her doughy features into an expression of hauteur; the Gräfin Oppe looked distinctly worried. Presently, as they passed a squad of American doughboys swinging hilariously along to the refrain, "Say, darkies, have you seen de massa wif de mufstache on his face?" Gräfin Schmidt leaned toward her companion.

"Did you see him stare at Her Grace—the one in front?" she trembled. "Did you see him look at Her Sublime Highness precisely as tho she were a girl instead of royalty?"

"I saw," nodded Gräfin Oppe, her double chins agitated; "that is what democracy does! It destroys one's respect for one's betters!"

"See! He is saluting her! He touches his cap! He smiles—he actually smiles at Her Serenity!" The good Gräfin rocked in her saddle at the sight of such sacrilege. "And she—did you see her?"

"I saw," nodded her friend, dolorously. "The Grand Duchess is very young. He was not bad-looking, either, and he did not seem to know that the glance of a common soldier into the eyes of royalty is an insult. But what is the world coming to when such things may be?"

After the affair of the donkey, Maria Louise found herself more closely hedged in by ceremonies than before. Her Prime Minister, a stout man with a mighty mustache, at which he continually tugged, hinted that it was time to be considering the question of a husband for her, and brought her a portfolio of portraits of marriageable Dukes and Princes, varying from the stripling heir to the tiny kingdom of Monarcho, a chinless youth of seventeen with weak eyes and five wilted blond hairs upon his lip, to the thrice widowed old Duke of Prascovia, bald as a roc's egg and a great-grandfather.

"Any of these," he tugged, "would be a suitable consort for Her Gracious Grace. Her Sublimity is nearly eighteen; it is time for her to consider her—h'm—her duty to the state——"

But Maria Louise flung the portfolio furiously to the floor and stamped one small foot. "I will not grow up, do you hear," she stormed, "not until I have at least had a chance to be young! And as for a husband, when I marry"—and she colored gloriously—"it will be for love, and love only."

"Where did Her Grace get such plebeian notions?" despaired faithful Jennings. "Love! What has that to do with marriage for a Duchess? I am sure she never learned of such heresy from *me!*"

Sitting sullenly in her splendid chamber, the little Duchess felt as tho life were closing in on her relentlessly. Today she might defy them, tomorrow—but in the end they would have their way, for they had the past with them, and tradition, and what small white girl soul is brave enough to oppose these? Her heart beat madly; her breast rose on the swell of a cry, "I must have something to remember—afterwards,

The tale of how the Grand Duchess of Transmania, Hereditary Countess of Blatatski, had run away from her palace to play baseball with a dozen American doughboys, ran like quicksilver thru the courts of Europe and almost lifted the crowns from scandalized royal scalps. Another atrocity! Would the horrors of war never cease? What next?

The Celluloid Critic

Top, Mary Pickford as the romantic slavey, Amanda, in "Suds," which is a drab tragedy told in terms of Keystone Comedy. Center, Douglas MacLean, in the hands of the village vampire in "Let's Be Fashionable." Below, a scene from J. Stuart Blackton's "Passers-By," with Herbert Rawlinson and Louiszita Valentine

King Vidor has proved himself again. Mr. Vidor it was who startled the celluloid world somewhat over a year ago with his "The Turn in the Road," which, despite certain weaknesses, revealed its producer as possessing a singularly human touch. Being sure of his ability, we have waited for Mr. Vidor to do something bigger.

The bigger thing has occurred—Ellis Parker Butler's "The Jack-Knife Man," (First National). Here is a gently drawn little genre study, finely conceived and done with admirable workmanship and an excellently restrained sympathy.

Briefly, "The Jack-Knife Man" is simply the tale of two old men's love for a baby. One is a quaint old fellow living a solitary existence on an old river boat. The other is a derelict hobo. The baby is the daughter of a cast-off town girl removed by death from the sordid depths.

Oddly, there is a compelling grip to the fragile fabric of this story—to the little jealousies and hopes and dreams of the old men for the child as they drift aimlessly in their battered river-going haven. In the end, busybodies take the child away from them, but——

We will not relate the story, because we want you to see it with a fresh view-point. "The Jack-Knife Man" is worthy of your attention, for it belongs to the photoplay school of tomorrow. No pasteboard melodramatic characters, no machine-made plot development, no trite methods of screen telling are here. For Mr. Vidor—we are sure of this now—is just finding himself and before long he is going to turn out a big and human celluloid document. Indeed, "The Jack-Knife Man" in itself is a splendid thing.

Mr. Vidor touches the heart in scores of places. And he makes his characters live. The old river man of Fred Turner, for instance, is a finely limned creation, so real that nowhere does it seem like acting. Florence Vidor appears but briefly, yet her moments with Mr. Turner are among the vital ones of "The Jack-Knife Man." There are photographic moments in the visualization that are veritable camera lyrics.

"Suds," (United Artists), Mary Pickford's newest screen vehicle, left us rather cold. It is a drab tragedy told largely in terms of Keystone comedy. Based upon a whimsical stage comedy, "'Op o' Me Thumb," written by Frederick Fenn and Richard Bryce, it is a tragic story of a London laundry slavey—a pathetic little drudge who weaves a weird romance around a shirt left by a mysterious stranger. The tale lifts her to imaginary happiness—until the idealized stranger calls for his shirt. With her dream gone, the end of "Suds" finds the shabby little slavey sobbing out her heart on the laundry steps as the other workers hurry away upon a holiday.

This is one of two endings. The other—the happy dénouement—shows the slavey finding happiness in the love of a faithful laundry driver. We did not see this ending.

The Newest Photoplays in Review

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

At first glance, "Suds" might seem to be a grey and shadowy tragedy, but in reality it is told with broad slapstick humor. There is, for instance, an episode where the slavey takes an old cart-horse out of the rain up to her second-story tenement room. Aside from this, there are all sorts of comic incidents in the laundry basement.

Personally, we do not believe "Suds" will make the broad appeal of the more popular Mary Pickford vehicles. It runs too strongly in the single key of drab farce. Not that Miss Pickford does not give a very carefully drawn portrayal of the slavey. No other feminine star would hide herself beneath the fearful make-up of Amanda. And only once does she discard the dirt and grime of the laundry drudge, in the brief flashes of the slavey's imaginary romance built around the shirt. Nowhere, however, does she achieve the poignancy of her Pollyanna. We liked Harold Goodwin's playing of the slender rôle of the laundry driver.

Douglas Fairbanks topped any of his recent productions with the whirlwind, "The Mollycoddle," (United Artists). Here may be found thrills, adventure and a swiftly moving background. Richard Marshall starts off as a spineless individual—until he meets The Girl at Monte Carlo. By the time he has pursued her across the ocean as a stowaway and fought his way across the desert of the Southwest, he is as strenuous a hero as any maid could desire. The whole thing ends in a terrific fight in a Hopi cliff village. The hero leaps from a high ledge upon the villain in a tree, and the struggle continues as they drop, tier by tier, thru the adobe cliff huts until, on the crest of a landslide, they plunge into river rapids at the bottom. It is as startling a fight as you will ever see on the screen. And if there is a funnier scene than Doug's adventures in the villain's fish-house, we would like to observe it.

Top, Dorothy Gish in "Remodeling Her Husband," which was directed by Lillian Gish, who reveals unusual directorial possibilities. Center, Doug Fairbanks in "The Mollycoddle," his best vehicle in a long time. Below, Wallie Reid and Bebe Daniels in "Sick-a-Bed"

In a sentence, "The Mollycoddle" is a winner. Doug has turned out but two or three better comedy melodramas in his whole celluloid career.

After observing Dorothy Gish's "Remodeling Her Husband," (Paramount), we are confident that Lillian Gish could easily develop into a director of fine originality. This is the little comedy drama in which Miss Lillian directed her sister last winter.

It is the old, old opus of the bride who sets out to cure her hubby of his flirtatious tendencies. Of course, as soon as he feels that he is losing his wife, he repents—and things end in a reconciliation. There are dozens of touches in which one can recognize the delicate and gently lyric hand of Lillian Gish, such as the delicious moment where Dorothy, as the angry Jane Wakefield, hurries thru the park and demonstrates how she can attract masculine attention. Dorothy Gish lends her inimitable humor to the proceedings, but Lillian is the real star, even if she does not once appear on the silversheet.

Charles Ray gives another superbly human performance in "Homer Comes Home," (Paramount), another tale which would be conventional plus in any other hands. Once again he plays a country lad who goes to the city to

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The Home Stretch!

LIKE a throng of eager spectators at the finish of a race, our readers crowd against the fence and anxiously await the outcome of the Fame and Fortune Contest of 1920, which has been running in THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and SHADOWLAND for some time past. The contest closed on the first day of August, 1920, and every one interested in it—and that is saying thousands of people from coast to coast—await the decision of the judges with much anticipation.

The judges, consisting of Mary Pickford, Mme. Olga Petrova, Howard Chandler Christy, Thomas Ince, J. Stuart Blackton, Maurice Tourneur, Samuel Lumière, Carl Laemmle, Jesse Lasky, David Belasco, Blanche Bates and Eugene V. Brewster, will meet the honor roll members of the contest at the Long Island estate of Eugene V. Brewster and will watch the contestants while they are given a thoro camera test. The lucky winners will then be chosen, and, as soon after as possible, the announcement will

Photo by Apeda

Top, Miss Juliette Compton, New York City; center, Miss Allene Ray, San Antonio, Texas; lower left, Miss Gladys Stetson, Brooklyn, N. Y.; lower right, Miss Mary Louise Lizare, Sandusky, Ohio

Photo left by Hixon-Connelly; right, by Bishop

Photo by Nagel

The Honor Roll Winners For August

be made in all three of our publications as to the outcome.

To the winners there will be given every opportunity to gain screen fame and fortune. They will immediately step into international fame by reason of the publicity given them in all of our publications. This will include interviews with the winners and pictures which will not only appear in our publications, but will also appear in all the leading newspapers and periodicals thruout the country. The winners will be launched on their careers under the most auspicious occasion possible.

Not only the winners of the contest, but the final honor roll members will be given an immediate opportunity to show how much screen talent they possess, for there is being produced in connection with the Fame and Fortune Contest a five-reel feature drama entitled "Love's Redemption." The story is one of the triumph of love over vice, and there seems no doubt of its being a dramatic success, for no expense is being spared in the production of this play. The cast will be one of unusual merit, including the following well-known people:

Edwin Markham, the world-famous poet; Hudson Maxim, the famous inventor; Dr. Carroll Leja Nichols.

Octavia Handworth, the popular film player, who has recently been absent from the screen, has been engaged to play one of the leading rôles, and we are quite sure that her return to the silversheet will be an event of great interest to all film lovers.

Photo by Albin

Photo by White

Photo by Witzel, L. A.

Top, Miss Helen Trigg, Valiant, Okla.; center, Miss Evelyn Yvonne Hughes, McKeesport, Pa., and, below, Miss Ester Marie Ritter, Los Angeles, California

Others who make up the cast are Blanche McGarity, Anetha Getwell, Dorian Romero, Lynne Berry, Katherine Bassett, William R. Talmadge, Arthur Tuthill, Cecile Edwards, William Castro, Ellsworth Jones, Seymoure Panish, Joseph Murtaugh, Dorothy Taylor, Effie Lawrence Palmer, Bunty Manly, Alfred Rigali.

Erminie Gagnon, Edward Chalmers, Charles Hammer, Jr., William A. White, Clarence Linton, Sophie De Leske, Mrs. J. A. Gagnon, Mr. Hammer, Sr., Mr. McCabe, Doris Doree, Mrs. F. Mayer, Colonel Hervey, George Costa, Titus Cello, Mrs. Dale, Marion Dale, the Schwinn twins, Ruth Higgins and Marjorie Longbotham.

This month's honor roll for THE CLASSIC is probably the most interesting one to date. As is usual in contests of this sort, the finale always brings in its wake a tremendous increase in the number of photographs sent in. It is doubly difficult to choose the right ones from so great a number, and it is only by great care and deliberate judgment that the honor roll winners are chosen. The lay-out will, we think, convince you that the judges are going to have some little difficulty in making their choice. The entries number among them some of the most beautiful girls in the whole country, and we feel assured that the final winners will

(*Continued on page 96*)

The Shakespeare Specialist

Photo by Lumière

MONTAGU LOVE is a hero to his valet. I have tried for three weeks to get away from that outstanding fact that I might, as per my mission, expatiate on his Shakespearian plans, ideas, ideals, beliefs, *et al.* I went there for said Shakespearian purpose. I came away with the opening paragraph (see above) howling in my cerebellum. It will not be gainsaid. Nor downed. Perchance, if I get it out of my system via the Underwood, it will let me be, and I can then get on to the Bard of Avon as expounded by Mr. Love.

I talked with Mr. Love at his apartment. In the room with us besides books, two photographs of small boys and a fireplace, was a dinner-table set for six, rose-shaded candelabra and all. A dinner party was impending. Hovering over Mr. Love, lighting his cigarets, supplying his sundry needs, even to occasional gaps in our conversation, was Victor. Victor is the last word of the opening paragraph. (See above.)

Some years ago, it seems, Mr. Love rescued him from a street accident and took him to his home. The accident left Victor crippled and devoted. His devotion was charming and very real. Wherever Mr. Love moved, there the eyes of Victor followed, wistful and adoring. Whenever Mr. Love said a humorous thing, a reflection of the humor touched Victor's sensitive mouth. Before Mr. Love could utter a behest, the nimble fingers and swift foresight of Victor had supplied it. There is poetry in such an adoration. There is psychology. There is so *much* of psychology that your personality

Mr. Love reads, breathes, inhales and exhales William Shakespeare. He is an enthusiast on him for the stage—and also for the screen. He has studied Shakespeare as, probably, no other actor ever has, or will

Photo by A. K. Kersdyk, Cape Town

interviewer would need go no further than Victor to take the measure of the man. Such being the case, let us consider the measure of Montagu Love taken and pass on to the next.

The "next" is the Bard of Avon, again (or yet) in the limelight. If his stones—I mean bones—be disturbed by such apparent flippancy, let him observe that in this day and age frail, flaunting poppies grow on sacred graves.

Mr. Love reads, breathes, inhales and exhales William Shakespeare. He is an enthusiast on him for the stage. He is also an enthusiast on him for—something new is about to burst upon you—for the *screen*.

He ought to know. He has studied Shakespeare as, probably, no other actor ever has or will. He has studied him in sections and *in toto*. And what is more, he has played him, all of him.

I asked him what made him believe that Shakespeare would "go" on the screen.

He had a diversity of reasons for his belief. Among them:

"I *know* he would be wonderful for the screen," he said; "in the first place, he was himself, first of all, before he was anything else, an actor. He wrote plays with a capital 'P,' and his plays were *pictures*, surcharged with color, with rhythm, with action and emotion. These are all picture qualities. The screen *requires* the *story* first of all. It requires characterizations. It requires situations. Shakespeare knew all there is to know about all three. He knew all there is to know about the presentation of all three. Think for a moment of 'The Merchant of Venice' or 'Othello.' Every line is a word picture. Every paragraph is a situation. Every character *is* a character. There isn't a person in the cast who wouldn't have a definite opportunity. There is some controversy on the subject because of the fact that the Shakespearian plays are costume plays. That is, of course, footless. Consider 'The Birth of a Nation' or 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.' Cos-

Photo by A. Simpson

By
PEARL MALVERN

tumes *are* pictures, and pictures are what we want. We must not underestimate the pictorial quality, even when it comes to the individual. After all, the appeal is, on the surface, optical.

"Shakespeare on the screen is what I want to do. Also on the stage. I have always wanted to do this. Consciously, all my other work has been in preparation for the greatest of them all. I believe, what is more, as a sop to commercialism, that Shakespeare on the screen would be successful. I am not egotistical, but I have studied my job and I've never been wrong in my judgment of a play for the screen. I'm willing to back my judgment now. Shakespeare is a pretty sound bet, you know."

I reminded Mr. Love that he had been called the Mansfield of the screen, and I asked him whether he had any objections, for the reason that Mansfield was essentially a character actor.

Said Mr. Love, "What difference does it make *what* one plays when one is an actor, first of all, and 'all the world's a stage'? I love every form of acting, whether it be stage, screen or pantomime. I get something, and I hope I give some-

Photo by Lumière

Photo by A. K. Kersdyk, Cape Town

Montagu Love has been called the Mansfield of the screen, and has played a wide and varied rôle of characters. All the way from the rôle of Rasputin to that of a roughneck, he has never lost sight of his goal, and that is the portrayal of Shakespearian characters on the silver-sheet

thing to every rôle I play, juvenile or character actor. I've played Rasputin and I've played the roughneck, and the only rote I go by is the rote of progress, the arrival at some sort of goal. My goal has been Shakespeare. In a sort of way I may be said to have reached that goal, having played Shakespeare as I have, but I might put it in the sense that I should like to be a specialist in Shakespeare, giving him to the screen as I believe it could be, *should* be done."

"Assuming," I said, "that your plans go thru, what rôle will you give to the screen first?"

Mr. Love towered above me, massive.

"Titania, I think," he said, with an immense gravity. "What do you say, Victor?" he added. It is his characteristic addition to any speech.

"Yes, Mr. Love," said Victor, giving me a small, highly appreciative wink. He would, I know, have said "Yes, Mr. Love," if the amicable Love had proposed a jolly little jaunt into the nether regions, and have given that same little wink, as tho to say, "Isn't he having his little fun, God bless him!"

The specialist in Shakespeare plus a hero to his valet.

The Dauntless Anita

By
LILLIAN MONTANYE

THERE is a tradition to the effect that Southern women are the clinging vine variety—sweet, lovable, accomplished, ornaments to the home and society, but unaggressive, not given to asserting themselves, unambitious so far as fame and glory for themselves are concerned, a bit mystified at the trend of modern women toward careers and economic independence—things that their mothers and grandmothers would have considered entirely out of the sphere of a gentlewoman. But slowly and surely Southern women are breaking the shell of tradition or environment or whatever it is. They are going in for suffrage, careers, independence. For instance, there is Anita Booth.

She was born in Virginia, on an old estate that has been in the family "always," she says. There's a big old Colonial house with wide verandas surrounded by well-kept grounds, conventional flower-beds with old-fashioned posies and tall trees with sweeping branches that hold in their massive trunks the secrets of centuries. There is a typical Dixie father. There was, until a few years ago, an idolized mother—a real Southern gentlewoman. There was a family of happy girls and boys.

Anita, the youngest of the family, was educated in Washington, D. C., at a day school that permitted her to return each night to the home she so much loved. Despite her environment—a female ancestry that has been "ladies" for generations—there was none of the clinging vine about Anita. She must have been born with a clear perspective, because, sub-consciously, she saw things clearly, herself included, and knew what she wanted—and being the youngest of the family and of beguiling personality, she usually got it.

Photograph by Apeda

Photograph by Pach Bros.

Nothing venture, nothing have, decided Anita one day—and as she wanted to have dramatic experience more than anything else, she set out to get it. And she did. We fearlessly predict that the combination of Southern beauty and determination will carry Anita a long way on the road of success

During her school days in Washington she attended the theater frequently, always carefully chaperoned. Critically she watched the characters live the story on the stage, in her heart, feeling that she could do it quite as well, and decided that, more than anything else, she wanted to be an actress. But, she knew that she could not at once shake off the old traditions and she bided her time. Then the mother died, the family scattered here and there, as families will, the father retired from his business of coffee exporter, and, leaving the old home for a time, he and Anita made their home in Washington.

It happened that last summer, when The Fame and Fortune Contest conducted by THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND was nearing its end, Anita Booth saw the announcement and "just for fun" sent in a photograph. It was most favorably received, but too late for the honor roll, even too late for publication in one of the magazines, but, with twenty-four other girls, Miss Booth received an invitation to come to New York for a test before the camera. The letter followed her to

(*Continued on page* 70)

Photos by Ira D. Schwarz

Upper right, Eva Le Gallienne as she appears in "Not So Long Ago," the charming comedy of New York in the seventies

Above, Alma Tell, as the persecuted heroine of "The Fall and Rise of Susan Lenox," based upon David Graham Phillips' posthumous novel. Right, Norman Trevor and Emily Stevens, in Zoe Akins' "Foot-Loose," based upon the old melodrama, "Forget-Me-Not"

Mid-Summer Theater Days

Double Exposures

Conducted by F. J. S.

Courtesy Mack Sennett Comedies

"Has it ever occurred to you," asks a correspondent, "just how sharply differentiated are the leading directors' methods of attack?

"Take Shakespeare's 'Romeo and Juliet,' for instance. D. W. Griffith would probably show the maid of Verona hiding in a cupboard to escape her brutal father and later on there would be a chase to prevent the lovers from taking the fatal poison. Cecil de Mille would feature a startling scene in Juliet's boudoir, and he would probably give historical flash-backs to various famous lovers of history. He'd probably call it 'Why Change Your Potion

"George Fitzmaurice would do the whole thing with glorious light and shade photography and with Mae Murray as a new type of Verona cutie. King Vidor, on the other hand, would humanize every incident. He'd probably center upon the nurse and her love for Juliet. The Bard of Avon's passion would be transformed into spiritual uplift.

"But if Mary Pickford ever tried it, no doubt she'd do the thing as a sort of dual rôle, playing Juliet along with a slavey in the Capulet kitchen. But if Doug tried it! There would be a landslide, a flood and an earthquake to enliven the proceedings. No doubt Bull Montana would play the friar.

"Probably they'd make two endings. Of course, there would have to be happy conclusion for the exhibitors who firmly believe their audiences 'dont want no sad endings.' Probably they'd change the title, too. Can you imagine an exhibitor booking a fil-em with two peoples' names as a title?

"It's a great life, if you dont weaken."

Things We're Interested in Seeing

"'Way Down East."

Betty Compson's first starring picture.

Charlie Ray's "45 Minutes from Broadway."

King Vidor's next.

The forthcoming Fitzmaurice-Murray production.

We note that Georges Carpentier, the French pugilist, saw his picture, "The Wonder Man," in his own Pullman, *en route* across country. We envy Georges. Fancy being able to sleep comfortably at a photoplay—and yet be getting somewhere.

The White House seems to suddenly have become a movie theater *de luxe*.

By next year we predict that both houses of Congress will have symphony orchestras and feature pictures. Imagine the trade papers. "The Senate is now playing Paramount Pictures exclusively" or "Metro production now feature House of Representatives program."

The Higher Ed—

The Educational Films Corporation has started releasing bathing-girl comedies.

The screen has received its ultimate uplift. The Nick Carter stories are being filmed.

À Bas La Passion

The state board of censors of Pennsylvania insisted upon changing the title of Louise Glaum's "Sex" to "Sex Crushed to Earth." What are they going to do with:

"Madonnas and Men"
"The Restless Sex"
"The Inferior Sex"
"Passion's Playground"
"Sick-a-Bed"
"The Mother of His Children"
"The Virgin of Stamboul"
"Body and Soul"?

At last the dream of every press agent is realized. In Allan Dwan's "A Splendid Hazard," a prima donna's jewel-box is actually *rifled*.

Our Favorite Moment of the Month

Dorothy Gish's flirtative promenade thru the park in "Remodeling a Husband."

A ROAD

By Le Baron Cooke

O shaded road beside the sea,
Your hilly, winding ways I know;
And why you wander wild and free
So near the eddies' rise and flow,
Where white-winged crafts sail to and fro.

Your bowered vale, with joy is filled,
And undisturbed your peace by strife;
On every hand your fields are tilled
With trustful songs of simple life,
Where hearts of sacrifice are rife.

O sea-kist road, your sacred charm
Surpasses all that man portrays;
Let here no hand destroy the calm
That streams like music thru your ways,
Where dark-eyed poets chant you lays.

Trumpet Island

Told in story form from the Vitagraph photoplay

By
OLIVE CAREW

WE live in a world of strangers. So near each other that arm touches arm, yet an invisible wall separates us from those who might be our friends, our patrons—perhaps our loves. Its name is Convention. Some braver souls dare to scale this wall, but for most of us it is a barrier impassable. Eye meets eye, quickening with a message from soul to soul, but the lips are silent, and we pass—strangers.

Eve de Merincourt was thinking of a man, and it was not of the man whose engagement to her was to be announced that night. She did not know what his name was, indeed, or anything at all about him, save the important fact that he was tall and young, and that for one moment of springtide wonder he had gazed into her eyes thru the iron bars of the convent gate. Then Sister Marie, the pretty nun, had come quickly and hurried Eve away, but she had not scolded her, and her grey eyes, under the soft folds of her veil, had been misted with tears.

Six months ago, and she remembered him as tho she had seen him every day since, as perhaps she had. A thinnish young face, a trifle grim; thick, strongly growing hair and a way of walking like young Sir Galahad, he was the illustration of her secret girl-dreams. The fact that he had been shabbily dressed she had not noticed at all. He might be, for all she knew, a butcher boy, a poet or a tramp. What was the difference to eighteen, so long as he was tall and strong and vibrantly a man?

And now she was going to be married! She felt like one in a troubled dream when she thought of the jumbled whirl of events in the last two months, since her father had sent for her at the convent to meet the man he had chosen for her. Eve laughed aloud when she pictured Henri Caron as she had seen him that first night, fat, in spite of desperate corseting, scented, pinkly bald, with red-rimmed little eyes that had yellow whites and looked at her in a way that made her feel ashamed and strangely naked.

"He's a horrid little sausage," she had written Hilda that night, "but he's rich, and daddy says we can have everything in the world we want. So I'm engaged. He kist my hand and put a ring on it, a diamond. It's lovely, brighter than the altar with all the candles lighted, but the kiss was horrid. I shall slap him if he ever does it again. He has a beautiful face to slap . . ."

Eve de Merincourt looked down at her diamond cloudily. It would be nice to be rich, for richness meant fur coats and pink silk underclothes and an automobile and breakfast in bed, and all the candy one

The shoulder of her dress ripped with a jagged sound and she felt avid lips on her neck and arm

wanted; and being poor meant unpleasant things like scrubbing floors. Daddy had said that they would be very, very poor unless she married the little fat Frenchman who had made millions out of the war with his aeroplane factory. She did not want to be poor. But she did not want to marry Henri Caron, either, for she suspected that marriage would give him a right to kiss her hand and would take away her right to object. She didn't know exactly what being married was, of course—they didn't speak of such things in the convent. All the same, there had been stray hints—a newspaper blown across the wall; a book of poems one of the girls had smuggled in. There was one poem Eve had read and reread, feeling the heart beneath her young bosom pounding furiously, she did not know why—

"To be a sweetness more desired than spring—
A bodily beauty more acceptable than the wild rose tree's wreath that crowns the fell—"

No. She was quite sure there was something about marriage that meant that that detestable little man with the yellow eyes could kiss her—and she simply couldn't bear that! Now, when she heard the sound of her father's steps on the threshold, she turned and flung herself upon him, trembling. "Daddy! I—I dont want to marry an old, fat, dreadful man. I would rather have a young, thin husband. Please, please find me one. There was a man like that I saw once beyond the convent gate——"

Jacques de Merincourt was horrified. The very notion that she should have looked at a man without an introduction drew down his lip-corners, brought his thin, conventional brows together. "My child!" he exclaimed gravely, " a stranger—one does not marry *strangers!* Henri is my friend. He has courted you properly and you have given your word. All is as it should be. Trust your father to do what is best for you." He did not finish, "and for himself"; he preferred not to admit that.

And so Eve went down reluctantly to the gaiety and the lights and music below, a childish figure in her fragile net frills and sashes, who smiled bashfully at the congratulations of her father's friends and trembled like a child when Henri Caron minced dapperly to her on his high, varnished heels and laid a jeweled vanity case in her hand, bowing so that she saw the shiny scalp at the top of his head. "For the most beautiful Beautiful in the world," he said, but his look said other things.

She danced. The music was very different from that of the convent organ that made one think of solemn processions and dark, wide skies and mighty wings. This was hot and swift—it made her uneasy and rapturous and dizzy. To try to think, she slipped from the arms of her partner—his fingers burned hot thru the thin sleeve—and went to the window, drawing the long velvet folds behind her that she might lean her throbbing forehead against the cool glass. And, leaning so, she looked into the face of the Stranger Man for the second time.

He was standing on the sidewalk, beneath the window, with a curious look of waiting, as tho he had expected her. The dark was all around him, except for his face, lifted, faintly smiling. Her lips parted. Her father had called him a stranger. Absurd! Why, she knew him better than she did Henri, even if she had not spoken; she knew him better than——

"Ah, here you are, cherie!" her betrothed was purring in her ear; "they've gone in to supper—I've been looking for you everywhere. Naughty to run away from its Henri!"

The curtain folds fell across the black square of the window, like a relentless hand pushing her back from her glimpse of life. She felt as if she must scream, must struggle in the soft, strangling net of fate closing about her, but the futility of it all kept her silent. What, after all, could she say—that she had seen a passer-by in the street whose eyes had spoken to her eyes? That she would leave all her safe past, her conventional present, her golden future gladly to go out into the unknown dark with him? Her father was right—they were strangers. Strangers!

"Your neck was made for a man to kiss!" Caron's voice had thickened. She looked at him wonderingly, with a stirring of fright as she saw his congested face and the glitter in his tired, watery eyes. Suddenly her heart's thudding almost suffocated her. She began to creep away from him with piteous precaution, like some little hunted animal, but with a short bark of laughter he was holding her in his stubby, muscular arms. "Dont play with me, Eve! I've got a right to you. I'm tired of having only the tips of your fingers——"

The shoulder of her dress ripped with a jagged sound and she felt avid lips on her neck and arm. In the convent she had dreamed of hell, and the dream had been no more dreadful than this struggle against his animal strength and lust.

TRUMPET ISLAND

Fictionized from the story adapted by Mr. and Mrs. George Randolph Chester from the book of the same name by Gouverneur Morris. Directed by Tom Terriss. A Vitagraph Masterfeature presented by Albert E. Smith. The cast:

Eve de Merincourt.....Marguerite De La Motte
Richard Bedell.....Wallace MacDonald
Allan Marsh.....Hallam Cooley
Jacques de Merincourt.....Joseph Swickard
Henri Caron.....Arthur Hoyt
Hilda.....Marcelle Daly
Valinsky.....Percy Challenger

Five moments later a man, standi g drearily by the water-front, staring down into its muddy lethal stream, saw a wild little figure in torn lace and crushed net flounces running along the quay. His thoughts were paralyzed, but instinct acted. She screamed insanely once, twice, when he reached her, and tried to spring, but he dragged her back. He had never felt anyone tremble as she trembled now against him, and then she lifted her white, hunted face and for the third time their eyes met.

"I—thought you were—*that man!*" she panted, clinging convulsively. "I didn't know—you see—what he wanted, and when—I found out, I knew I would rather die. Oh, much rather!"

He drew a slow breath. Two derelicts of life, brought together almost at the point of shipwreck by the tides, the dark, strong, silent tides of fate that move resistlessly. In the last two months these tides had tossed him hither and yon in sport, from the depths of despair and poverty, to sudden, undreamed-of riches, thence down into the depths again—of self-loathing and broken nerves and the sick desire to escape himself. There must be some meaning to it all, when the one girl he had ever really looked at had broken thru the bars of the convent and come across the months into his arms!

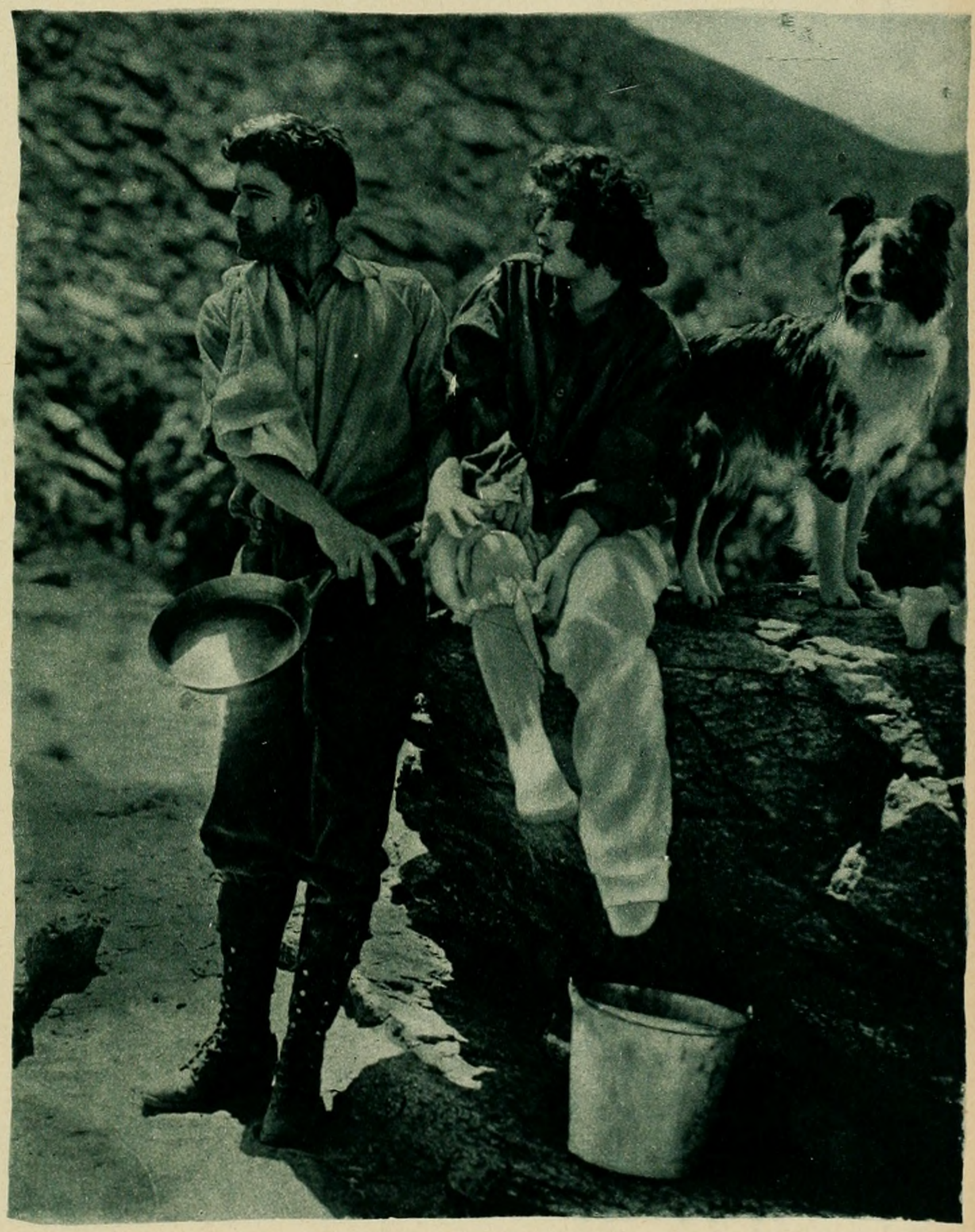
"Eve!" They had neither of them noticed that a limousine had drawn up behind them and two men leaped out, until the older of them laid authoritative hands on the girl, and the other, glaring, pushed her rescuer away. "All this excitement has been too much for you! Come home, my darling, and you shall rest. It's nerves, Caron—a totally inexperienced girl suddenly brought face to face with the facts of life. But she'll come around—be patient with her!"

"I shall be patience itself, *mon cher Jacques!*" the shorter man assured him, as they led the shuddering, speechless girl away between them, "she is worth waiting for——"

The Strange Man looked after them, seeing, instead of two gentlemen in conventional evening clothes helping a girl into a costly car, two satyrs dragging their victim in triumph between them. Then the great machine sprang forward into the night and was gone. But the Strange Man did not return to his fixed, morbid questioning of the water. He had no idea of dying now. As long as that girl was on earth, he could not leave it. Preposterous, of course! A stranger—but he knew that he had not seen the last of her; that, once again, under some sky, beside some far waters, they would stand together as now, and then——

"And then," he said aloud to the night, opening his arms violently, "then I shall be what I was when I first saw her. I shall go away, to some empty place, and win back what I have lost these last accursed weeks. When I see her again I shall be a man, and that time I shall not let her go!"

If Jacques de Merincourt had expected hysterics, stubbornness, defiance from his daughter, he was surprised by her attitude, after she had recovered from the first shock of the night's experiences. Something seemed to have gone from her



He groaned. "God!" said Richard to the sea, "how am I going to stand this seven months longer? It's asking too much of a man!"

She tried to break away and run to him, and turning, they looked into the muzzle of his leveled revolver, and into two eyes loaded with trouble

puzzlingly. But her beauty was left unharmed and she was very gentle, very humble, making no plea when he urged a hastened marriage. Indeed, she seemed to desire it, for some unexplained reason of her own. There was only one wish that she expressed, and that was that immediately after the ceremony Caron would take her on a honeymoon in one of his fast-traveling passenger aeroplanes to a famous winter resort on the coast of Florida.

On the morning of her wedding day, Eve wrote a note and mailed it. Afterward she was almost gay and there was not a trace of shrinking when Henri Caron put his ring on her finger, not even when he kist her and called her, greedily, "My wife." Jacques de Merincourt, with a fat check in his pocket and peace in his heart, watched the bridal couple ascend smoothly into the sky and presently disappear into the blue void, and felt that, all things considered, he had put in the best day's work of his life. To be sure, Eve did not seem to care for the man she had married, and, as a matter of truth, Henri Caron might be a trifle passé and emotionally frayed, but tush! No well-brought-up girl would even think of her probable predecessors in her husband's arms. After a short while, he would doubtless leave her to herself; she would have position, money—and independence. What more can a wife desire! No, no; he had done his parental best for Eve, of a certainty.

In the seat of the flying car the bride, smiling with strange fixity, looked down, looked up, looked away. She did not glance at the squat figure at her side. In the panoply of flying gear Henri Caron was even more repulsive than before. His goggles gave him the aspect of some giant beetle, his voice came to her ears, thin and squeaking, above the roar of the exhaust, "At this rate, in three hours we'll sight the coast! And then—the honeymoon begins!"

Her smile deepened. Stealthily one hand went to the belt about her waist, touching the buckle reassuringly. But she was in no hurry. Three hours more of the sunlight and the strong, fresh air in her face, and then—she would keep the tryst she had made . . .

Two days later a pretty young nun, face seamed with crying, fluttered like a frightened grey moth into Jacques de Merincourt's complacent

(*Continued on page* 68)

She lifted her face to him, rosy with the new day, and the new joy within her soul. "Perhaps you can," she whispered, "but I cant, Dickie"

Photoplasmic Peregrinations

By
LOUISE GLAUM

Being the first of a series of literary rambles thru the Hollywood screen colony

I AM sure there are no more interesting streets in the world than Broadway, New York, Chicago's Michigan Boulevard and the Hollywood Boulevard of Los Angeles, where all the motion picture folk promenade o' nights.

It is a picturesque boulevard, this Via Cinema, as it might be called.

Here the business man from Los Angeles or the visiting millionaire from Kansas City who happens to be sojourning in Pasadena have full opportunity to see picturedom *en famille*, so to speak.

From the contents of the mass of "fan" correspondence which reaches me at the studio, it would seem that, had each motion picture devotee an Aladdin's lamp, he and she would wish themselves at once upon this pathway of the famous, and yet Hollywood Boulevard might be said to represent disillusionment to the layman, for along this highway one can see Charlie Ray, with the youthful Mrs. Ray in the Ray supermobile, and write the folks at home that now he knows for sure that Charlie *is* married, et cetera, and immediately Oshkosh or Gallup will be inundated with a saline flood from the tear-ducts of "eligible femininity."

Here, again, one will see Charlie Chaplin in his off-scene rôle, (so well known to the screen colony), of the melancholy Dane.

He will see Anita Stewart, Enid Bennett, Jack (J. Warren) Kerrigan and Wallie Reid, with Mrs. Reid and the Reid Kiddie, hobnobbing on terms of delightful intimacy.

Now, some people have told me that the public consider the moving picture star possessed of an extreme hauteur and a quite regal self-consideration. This, I assure you, dear readers, is not a fact. Maybe I am disillusioning you in telling you this. On the other hand, perhaps I am doing my profession a great service in relating to you the human qualities of the people who make up the screen colony in Los Angeles. For here in Hollywood, one discovers the Bohemianism of the West. The screen colony is not only the exclusive *quartier* of motion picture players—it also embraces the allied arts and professions, for screen artists are really the most gregarious animals in the world, and the most democratic at heart.

Before I wrote this article, the editor of this publication seemed to be interested in my story of the way the public's silversheet favorites live, and so in our rambles thru Hollywood, I am going to try to give you an intimate glimpse of the *real*.

(*Continued on page* 91)

Niles Welch, leading man for Mayflower Productions, pauses a moment in his motion picture activities to rest on top of a California hill. Center, Mildred Davis, Harold Lloyd's leading woman, sets off in so demure a fashion, the charm of ye Quaker gown. Below, Allan Dwan makes an intimate investigation concerning his leading woman, Mary Thurman, while his assistant, James Hogan, looks on and offers suggestions

Photo by Woodbury, L. A.

Photos by Hartsook, L. A.

Temperamental Una

"I'm so happy and pleased that the critics seem to like my rôle of Grace Goodwright in 'The Devil's Passkey,'" said Una Trevelyn and smiled contentedly.

"That was the second picture I ever made, the first being a small bit with Bessie Barriscale. One day I went out to the Universal studio to see the casting director, and the instant he saw me he exclaimed, 'You're just the girl.' He sent for Erich von Stroheim, and when he came in he took one long look and repeated the remark with emphasis, 'You're just the girl.' It seems they had been looking for a certain type—I was the type—so they signed me then and there to play the leading rôle in Von's second big production.

"If I climb to the heights of film fame," she continued, merrily, "it will be thru a vale of tears, for in this play I wept for fifteen solid weeks. Really, I became so depressed that I would wake up in the middle of the night, sobbing bitterly. It was a splendid part, tho, sweet and sympathetic, for, you see, the trouble was caused thru no direct fault of mine and I could easily throw myself into it.

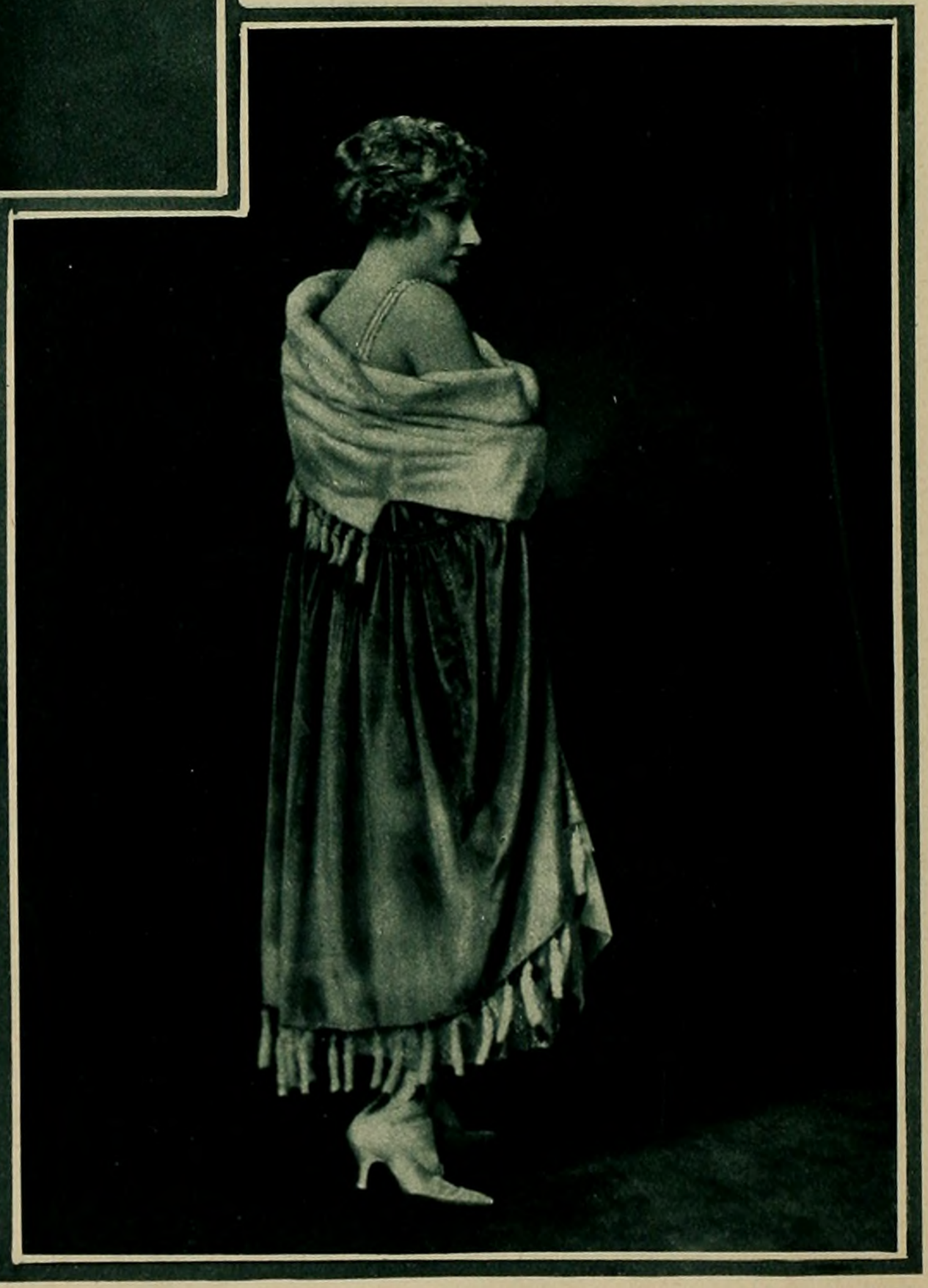
"After all the misunderstanding and misery, there is a pretty ending—with a bright new hope—the scene being at dawn. We tried for six weeks to catch the sun at just the right place for that final scene.

"Detail is Erich von Stroheim's first, second and last name," went on Miss Trevelyn. "Why, he even took me along when he selected the furniture, colors and perfumes to be used in my boudoir sets—to insure the personal touch!

"He is very temperamental—how we used to clash—our two strong wills!" and Una laughed in memory of frequent tilts. "However, I fully appreciate all I learnt from him," she went on, seriously, "for Von makes you *work*. He expects you to throw yourself into the rehearsals as completely as if the camera was going, and by the time I had gone thru the action several times I became so imbued with the spirit of the scene that I hardly realized that I was acting a part—I was actually living it.

"Following 'The Devil's Passkey,' I made a picture with Lois Weber, 'What Men Want.' In the rôle of Renee, I played a dope fiend, a vicious sort of girl, and had some strong dramatic moments. It is always easier to do a big scene than one requiring less emotion—somehow you urge

Una Trevelyn was born of English parents, in English waters, on an English boat. She is a graduate of Ward-Belmont College of Nashville, Tenn., but after her graduation, she ran away from home and came to New York



By
MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

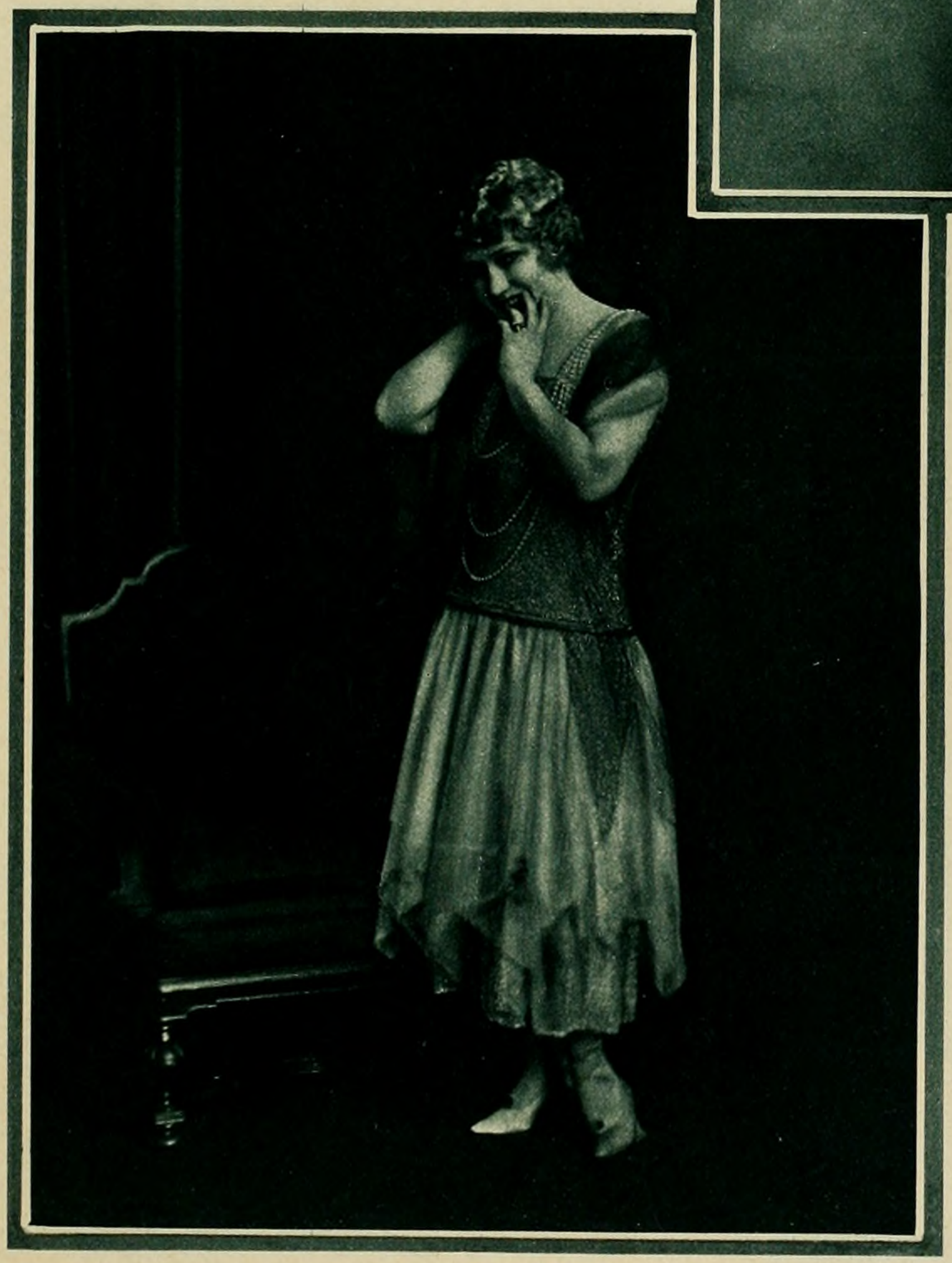
yourself on when there is a demand for a crashing, thrilling situation."

Una Trevelyn was born of English parents, in English waters, on an English boat, and is a daughter of the United Kingdom, tho she has never set foot on English soil. Her father, being a younger son of the well-known Trevelyns, decided to answer the call of wider opportunities offered by the United States, and it was a few hours after her parents had set sail for this country that Una's arrival in this world occurred.

After remaining in New York for a short period, the family went on down to Memphis, Tennessee, where they established their home.

Una spent her school-days at the exclusive Southern college, Ward-Belmont, in Nashville, where she was graduated. All this time, deep within her heart, stirred the ambition for a stage career.

Tho reared in the strictest home atmosphere, where the theater was never mentioned, Una says that her mother has often told her that when she was a wee girlie she was always acting. Whenever she was corrected, the child would stage a big, emotional scene, the mother knowing all the time that Una herself was conscious that she was acting.



Photos by Hartsook, L. A.

Miss Trevelyn first joined a stock company which was playing in Sioux City, and, after that, "just happened" into pictures, by reason of the fact that she was ordered West on account of her health

Several times during the summer vacations, Miss Trevelyn dabbled a little with local stock companies, but the family's opposition was so pronounced that she realized she must seek fame at a distance, so, after graduating, she ran away to New York.

"Odd thing, to look back on one's first steps," mused Una, one afternoon as she told me the story over a cup of tea in the cool tea-room at the Alexandria Hotel. "Before I had a chance to become discouraged in New York, I met a chap I had known at home, and he introduced me to a friend who was forming a stock company to take out to Sioux City. Well, I fibbed a little about my experience, and he promptly signed me.

"After I had settled down in Sioux City, thinking everything was lovely and wondering how I should break the news at home, the family found me thru detectives—you see, I was still under age. This served to make me more determined than ever, and at Detroit I eluded the detective who was taking me home and went on to New York. There I reached mother by 'phone and tried to make her see my side of the question. *(Continued on page 96)*

"My Irish Molly-O"

By
ELIZABETH PELTRET

Photographs by Clarence L. Bull

HAVE you ever imagined what it would be like to meet a girl out of a popular Irish song? If you have, it was probably with an inner feeling that no such thing could ever happen, which is, of course, all wrong. For instance, take Molly Malone.

You would know that she was a girl out of a song the instant you looked at her. She is a tiny girl . . . about five feet small, you would guess . . . with fine, thick, bobbed hair, which is often in rebellious disorder, and large, expressive brown eyes. And she has all the qualities portrayed in those songs, too! Impulsive, sometimes to the point of being headstrong, and warm-hearted and sincere and plucky and lovable. She has a way of looking up at you that makes you want to grab and hug her, it is so reminiscent of a very serious six-year-old child. But to get to my story:

She had not expected to work that week but was called to the studio on the day of our appointment just too late to let me know, so I arrived to find her not at home.

"I can tell you all about her," her mother suggested, hopefully. I said that I was afraid that that wouldn't do, but we chatted for a while, anyway, before I left to go to the studio.

But luck was with me. Just as I was leaving the bungalow court, where she lives, I met Molly Malone and we turned back to the house.

Molly Malone was, all press-agent stories to the contrary, not a success at first in pictures. It was only when she had failed completely and started all over again from the very bottom of the ladder, that she really began to make progress. She is now being featured in a series of Supreme Comedies, the first one being named "Molly's Millions"

"I didn't have my week's vacation after all," she said; "I've been working all morning." She was without a hat and the long mauve cape that she wore accentuated her girlishness.

I was suddenly impressed with the suitability of that bungalow court as a place for her to live. Standing at the entrance of it as we were, it looked more like a toy village than anything else.

There are seventy quaint little houses, all exactly alike, from the number of stairs leading to each front door to the width of each tiny square of lawn, all set facing a narrow court with a fountain in the center of it. Inside, these little bungalows are as cozy and pretty as you could ask for.

"Tho," said Molly Malone, "there is too much figured stuff." One of her many ambitions is to become an interior decorator. She has a great many books on the subject and she really studies them and talks about them with lively interest. For instance, she described her ideal room. It would be done in French grey with hangings of flame. Soft lights and a flame-colored sofa-cushion on a grey lounge.

"I think that makes the prettiest color combination imaginable," she said.

So, you see, her childishness is only skin deep,

(*Continued on page* 88)

How to keep your nails fashionably manicured

This season's fashions are built to display the hands

BRILLIANT fans to permit a graceful motion of a perfect hand. Sleeveless gowns that lead the eye down the slender arm to rest on the finger tips. These and a dozen other pretty fancies this season are especially designed to display the hand.

Never before have hands been so conspicuous. Never before have women given so much thought to their care.

The chief beauty of the hands is the nails. The cuticle must be slender, even, firm. It is unpardonable this year not to have perfectly kept nails and cuticle.

Fortunately, it is no longer hard to keep the nails lovely.

An easy, quick, safe way has been discovered for manicuring your nails! A way which thousands of women are using regularly.

With fifteen or twenty minutes given regularly each week to this simple, scientific method of caring for your nails, you can keep them always exquisite.

Cutting the cuticle leaves a ragged, irregular edge. The more you cut it, the more rapidly the cuticle grows — the tougher and more uneven it becomes.

With a bit of cotton wrapped around the end of an orange stick and dipped in Cutex work gently around the base of the nail. Now wash your hands, and, as you dry them, push the cuticle back.

For snowy white nail tips, apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails. Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish. To keep the cuticle soft and pliable so that you do not need to manicure as often, apply Cutex Cold Cream at night.

Cutex softens and removes surplus cuticle quickly and harmlessly

Cutex Nail White gives snowy nail tips

Cutex is on sale at drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and at all chemists' shops in England. Cutex Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Nail Polish, and Cold Cream are each 35 cents. The Cuticle Remover comes also in 65 cent bottles.

Six manicures for 20 cents

Mail the coupon below with 20 cents and we will send you the Cutex Introductory Manicure Set, containing enough of the Cutex products for six manicures. Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 909, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

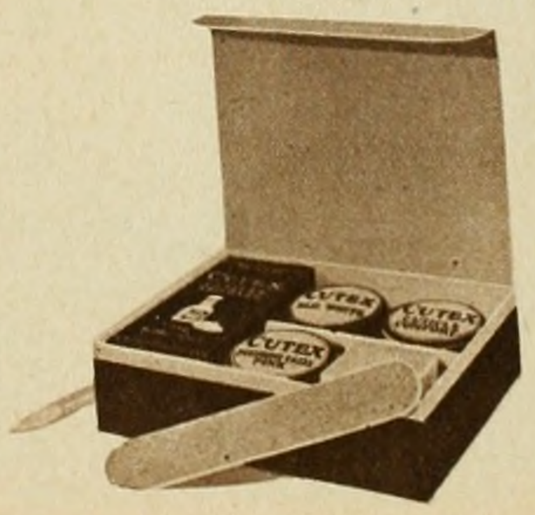
Mail this coupon and 2 dimes today to Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York City.

Name .....

Street .....

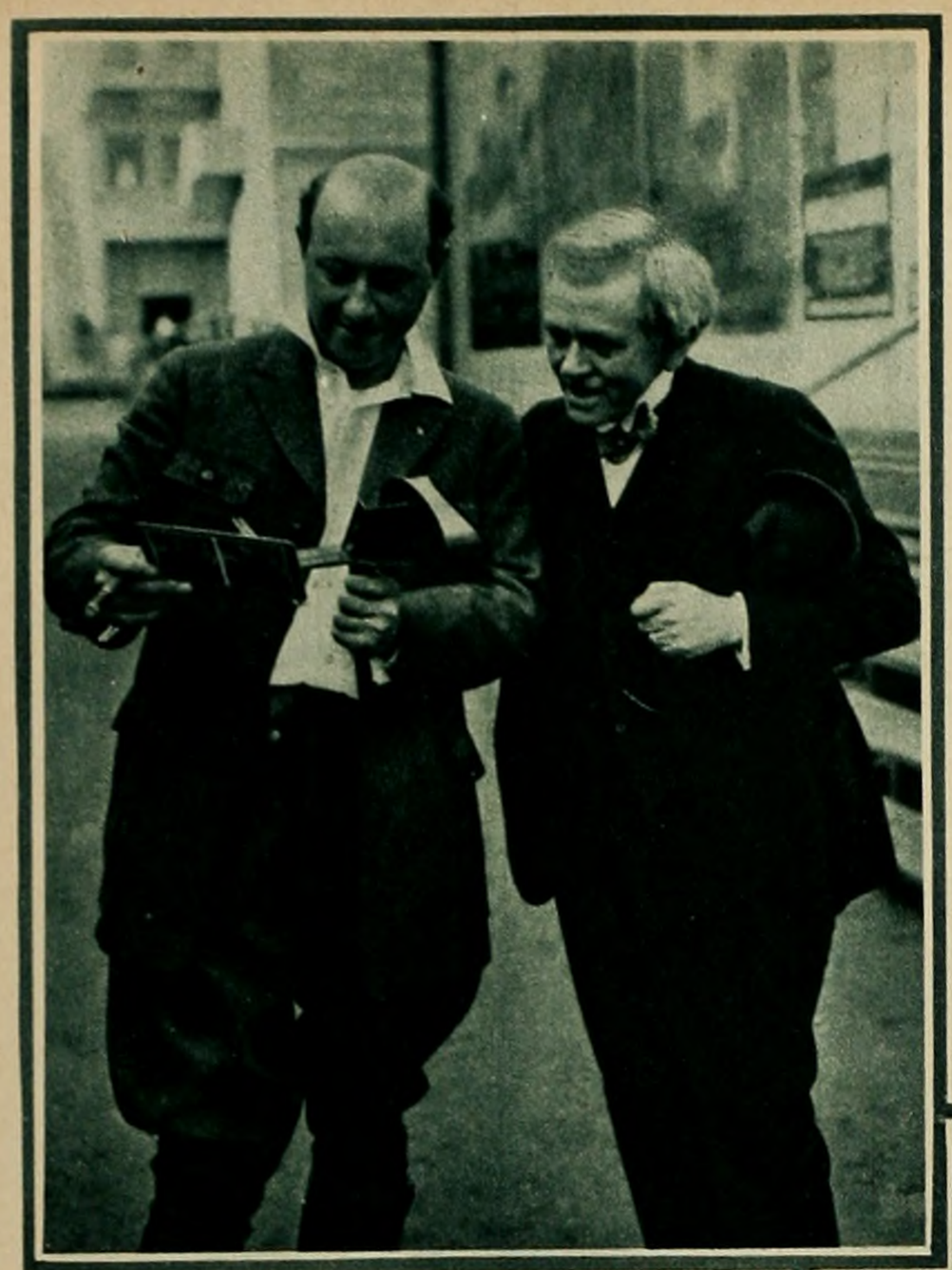
City .....State .....

909

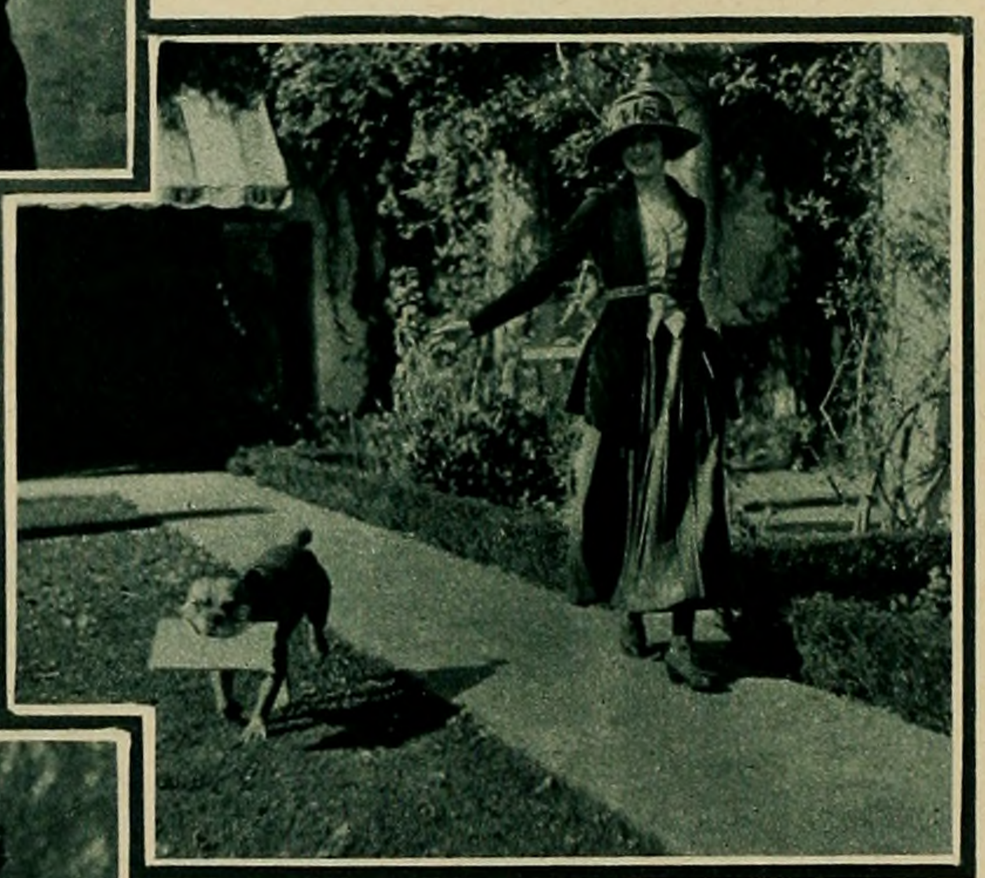


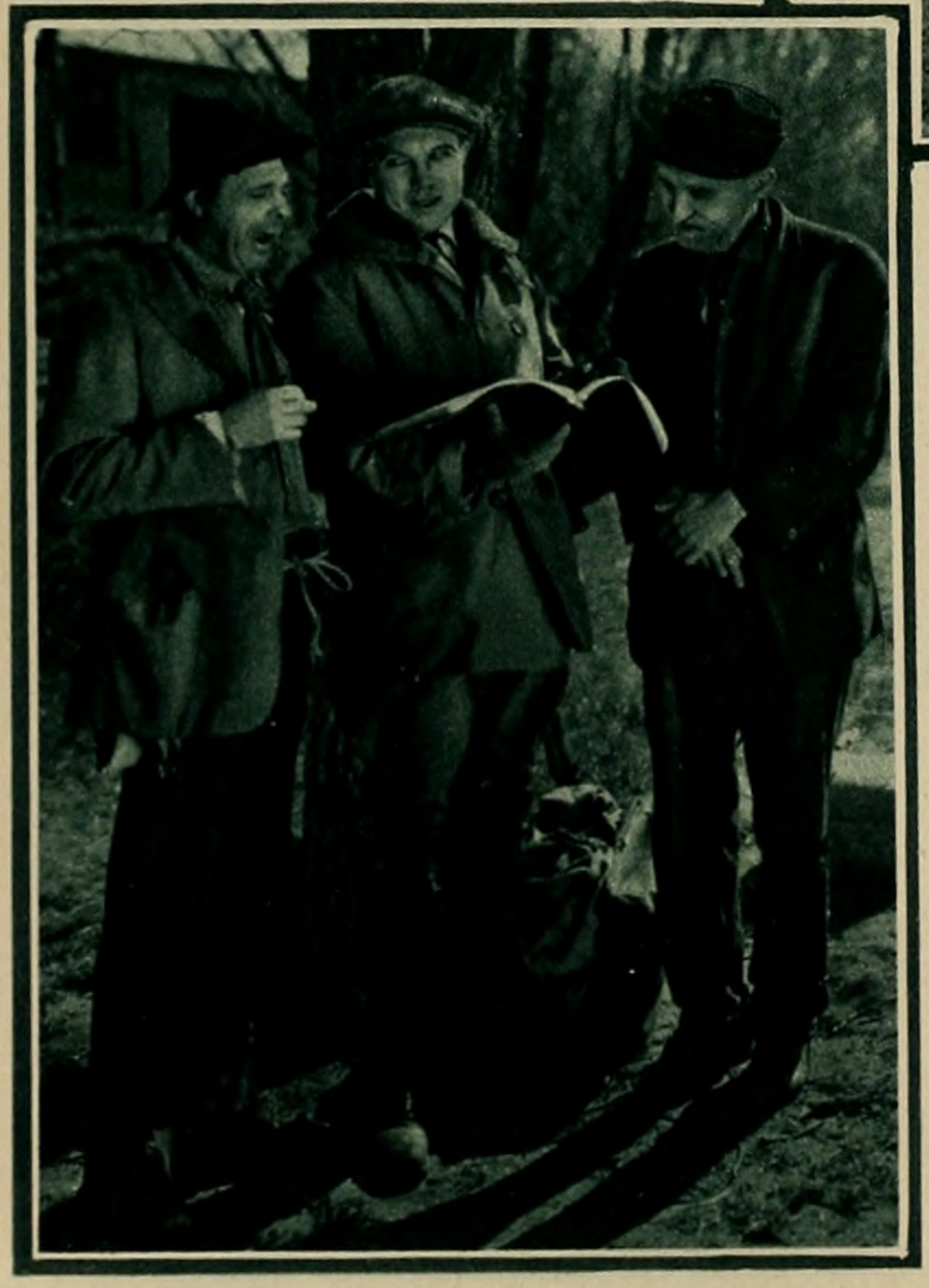
Pacific Coast Paragraphs

By
HAZEL SHELLEY



David Warfield, the beloved veteran of the dramatic stage, marvels with Cecil de Mille at the wonders of an old-fashioned picture projector—the kind you used to see providing amusement to visitors in the office of the country dentist. Center, Anita Stewart has discovered a new way to alleviate the burden of Uncle Sam's postal clerks. Below, King Vidor, the promising young director, discusses the script of his latest picture, "The Jack-Knife Man," with Harry Todd and Fred Turner, who both appear in this play





PACIFIC is the most proper and fitting title for anything and everything pertaining to the West Coast studios. That is, on the surface . . . Peace, the perpetual sun and a layer of dust reign supreme. Desultory stage hands whack at a solitary nail, the safety-pin of tremendous structures, as if it mattered not at all whether tomorrow came or went. In the yards hundreds and hundreds of automobiles are parked, a slight layer of yellow dust soiling ever the most pretentious, as if, indeed, they had waited here long and long forgotten their claims to speed.

On the stages themselves a few actors are being measured for proper camera focus; directors stroll around; a Sabbath quie envelops the gardens where motion pictures are grown.

A peaceful lethargy seems to enfold the studios in a benignant calm: the peace of the Pacific.

Out here I miss the hurry of New York—so far I have knocked down ten persons on the Los Angeles sidewalks in my mad endeavor to create a little speed. Here time and tide wait for every man—and tomorrow will do as well as today.

And yet under this brooding calm, great things are happening . . . enormous plans are being formulated. The King is dying, long live the King—for in these peaceful Pacific places, new stars are being born—new geniuses being given a chance.

And speaking of chances, another erstwhile comedy queen is about to come into her own under the magic De Mille management. Ora Carew is the latest pretty bathing girl to park her bathing-suit in moth-balls forever and aye—having just affixed her name to a contract by which she becomes William de Mille's leading woman. Her first picture under the direction of Mr. de Mille will be "His Friend and His Wife," adapted from Cosmo Hamilton's novel.

And while speaking of the De Milles, Cecil, that wonderful exponent of silken lure, has chosen Forrest Stanley to succeed Thomas Meighan and Elliott Dexter, as his leading man. Both of these splendid players have graduated to stardom, you know.

Yesterday, while discussing the addition of Stanley to his forces, Mr. de Mille said, "He has youth, intelligence, ability and the sort of experience which I am certain will combine to place him speedily in the forefront of screen players."

What picture Cecil de Mille will make next is not yet ascertained. He has two stories, one by Jeanie MacPherson and the other by Hector Turnbull, both of which he will film, with the question of precedence the only one now to be determined. One is a satire and the other a spectacle—and it all depends upon Mr. de Mille's mood which he selects to make first.

The most active person out at the Metro studios these days is the doorkeeper. It matters not how often I journey to the other end of Los Angeles for the express purpose of visiting the Metro stars, each and every time he eyes me with distrust; nay, more . . . every one of his muscles quivers, as he jumps up and down madly in his wild desire to throw me out. And always just in time, the publicity department comes to my rescue and I am permitted to pass.

(*Continued on page* 94)

How to overcome the havoc wrought by sun, wind and dust

Do not live in terror of the powder coming off, revealing a shiny face. Hold the powder on with the right greaseless powder base.

THE exposure of the skin to summer weather often inflicts deep, permanent injury on the delicate cells of the skin.

Repeated sunburn over-stimulates the oil glands and gives the skin a greater tendency to shine. Wind coarsens the texture of the complexion. Dust works deep into the pores and irritates them.

However, with a little intelligent care you can overcome these ill effects.

TO overcome the tendency to shine caused by sunburn, you must counteract the over-secretion of oil. This oil may be absorbed and discouraged by constant contact with a good face powder. But to bring results you must apply the powder in such a way that it will stay on the face. If powdering is to be at all lasting, the thing to do is always to apply a powder base. For this a special cream is needed, a cream which disappears instantly and will not reappear. Pond's Vanishing Cream does just this. It is made entirely without oil. The moment you apply it, it vanishes, never to reappear. Before you powder apply just a little Pond's Vanishing Cream. It holds the powder to the face twice as long as ever before and prevents it from shining.

THE coarseness due to the wind may be gradually overcome by the use of a special greaseless cream during the day, to soften the skin and protect it from further injury.

Pond's Vanishing Cream contains an ingredient famous for years for its softening effects. Before every outing, apply a bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It will protect your skin and gradually make it finer in texture.

Deep into the pores the crafty dust specks work. You need a different cream to get them out—a cream with an oil base.

DUST is the worst enemy of your skin. It quickly works deep into the pores and darkens and irritates them. To restore clear color to the skin, you must give the pores a deep cleansing with an entirely different cream—a cream *with* an oil base. Pond's Cold Cream has just the amount of oil to work deep into the pores and thoroughly cleanse them. Before you go to bed cleanse the face with Pond's Cold Cream. In a few weeks, your skin will be clearer in color, finer in texture.

Stop today at any drug or department store and get a jar or tube of these creams. Every normal skin needs both. You will be surprised to discover how quickly they will enable you to overcome the injury of sun, wind and dust.

POND'S
Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

One without any oil and one with an oil base

Mail this coupon today

Pond's Extract Co., 116-E Hudson St., 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 items checked below, for which I enclose the required amount:

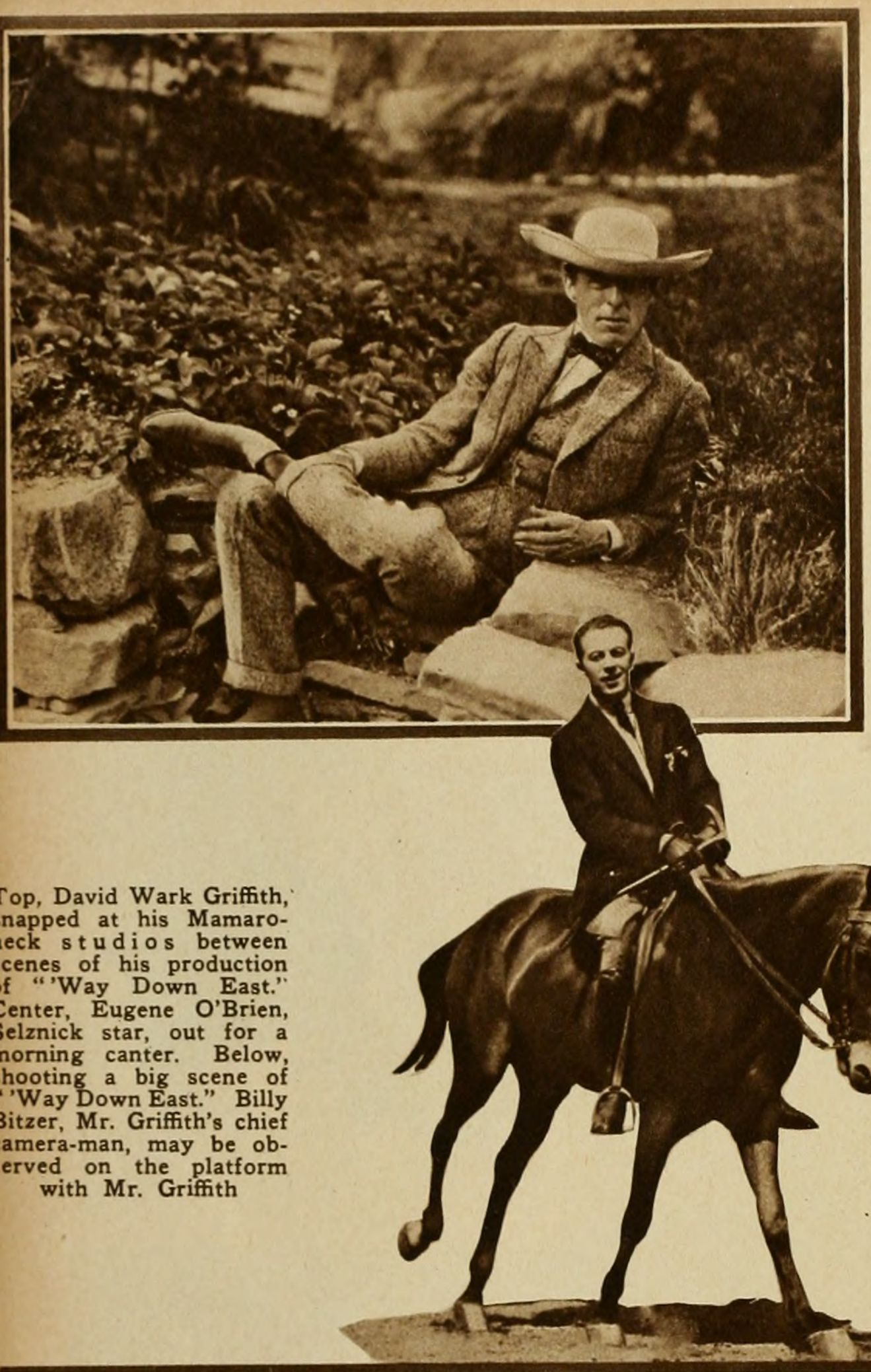
- A 5c sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
- A 5c sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Name.....

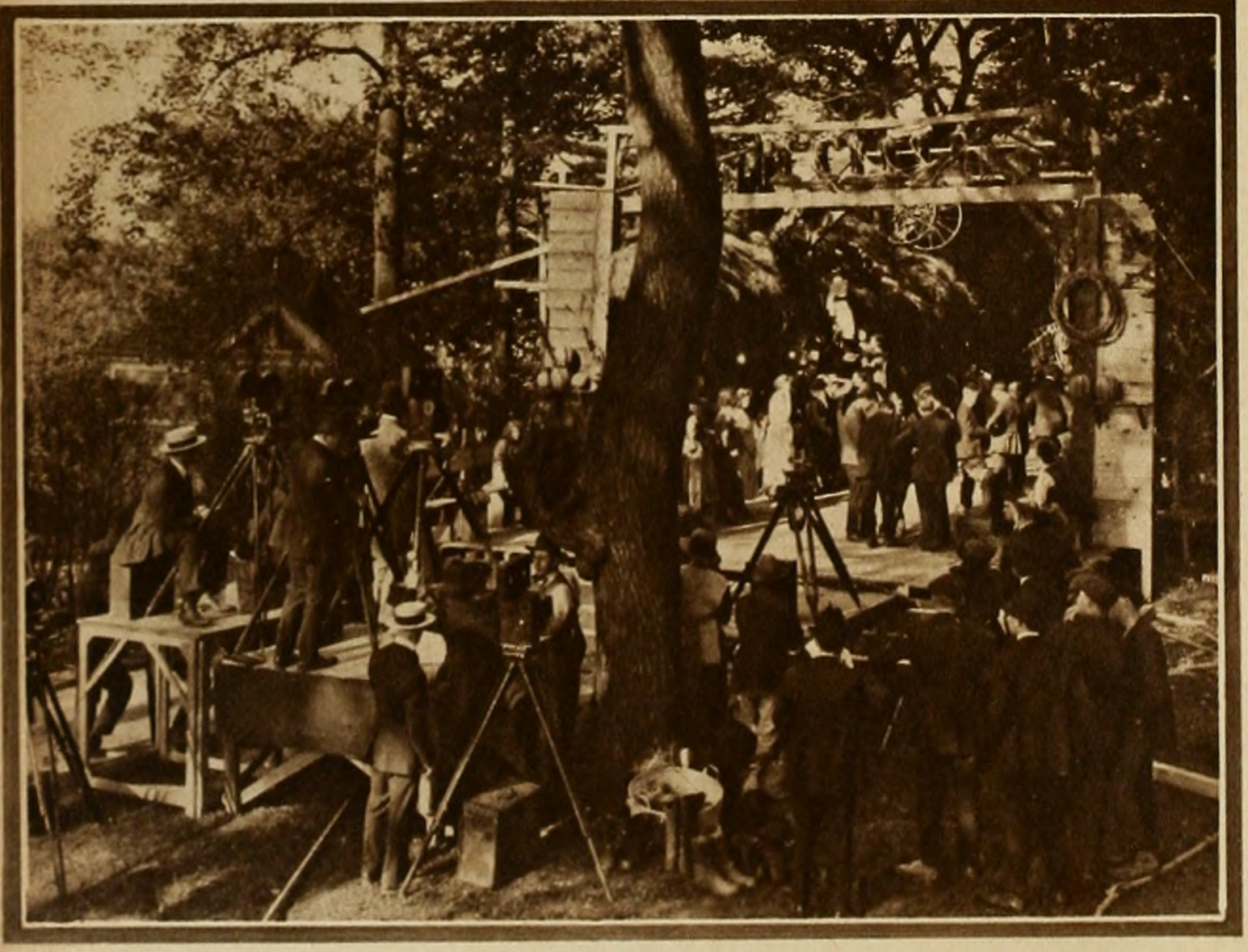
Street.....

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

Gossip of the Eastern Studios



Top, David Wark Griffith, snapped at his Mamaroneck studios between scenes of his production of "'Way Down East." Center, Eugene O'Brien, Selznick star, out for a morning canter. Below, shooting a big scene of "'Way Down East." Billy Bitzer, Mr. Griffith's chief camera-man, may be observed on the platform with Mr. Griffith



EASTERN screen interests now seem to center in David Wark Griffith's forthcoming film repertoire season at a New York playhouse to be named later. Mr. Griffith's seasons are now annual events—and things to be looked forward to. Recall that his last season at Cohan's Theater produced "Broken Blossoms."

This year Mr. Griffith will start, some time late in August probably, with "'Way Down East," which he has been shooting since before last Christmas. The total footage ran to between 600,000 and 700,000 feet, and, at this writing, the cutting has brought it down to 26,000 feet, or 26 reels. As the production will, it is expected, be released in eight reels, Mr. Griffith still has quite a task ahead of him. Prominent in the cast are Lillian Gish, Dick Barthelmess, Mary Hay, Creighton Hale, Burr McIntosh, Kate Bruce and others of prominence.

Another feature of Mr. Griffith's repertoire season will be "The Love Flower," originally produced as "Black Beach" and the production which the director bought back from First National to elaborate and enlarge. Carol Dempster has the leading rôle.

Bobbie Harron is doing nicely with his individual productions, made at the Griffith Mamaroneck studios and which are to be released thru Metro. The first of the star series is "Coincidence," directed by Chet Withey. June Walker, who scored last season on the stage in "My Lady Friends," with the late Clifton Crawford, is leading woman.

Film fans will be interested to know that Betty Compson's new pictures, beginning with "Prisoners of Love," will be released thru Goldwyn channels. Miss Compson is the young actress who scored so sensationally in "The Miracle Man."

Bessie Love has been visiting in New York. Ethel Clayton has been in the metropolis, too, prior to departing for Europe.

By the way, nearly every American star will be on the Continent or in the Orient before the year is over, it seems. Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and Theda Bara are in England. The Talmadges and Dorothy Gish plan to tour Europe. Elsie Ferguson has gone to Japan.

The first seal of the new Motion Picture-Theatrical Association of the World was awarded to "Suds," Mary Pickford's latest vehicle. The presentation was made on the stage of the Strand Theater, New York, on June 27th, by Frank Bacon, secretary of the organization. As Mary was absent in London, the gift of the replica in gold of the seal was accepted on her behalf by her mother, Mrs. Charlotte Pickford.

Realart announces its newest star to be Justine Johnson, well known to the stage. Her first picture will be George Scarborough's "Moonlight and Honeysuckle."

A Strenuous Game-then

Delightfully Cooling Resinol Soap

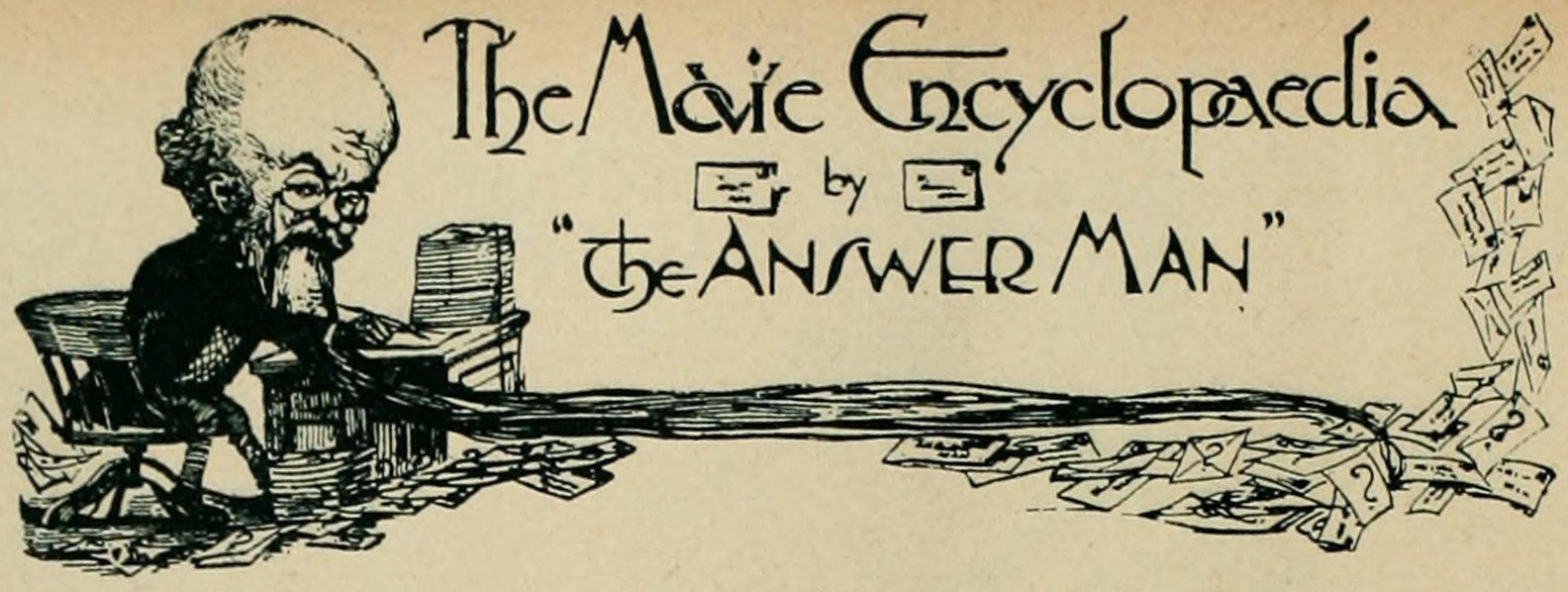
Because it contains the soothing, healing Resinol properties, Resinol Soap is unusually qualified to stimulate and refresh your burning, tired skin. Even if used with a cold shower its lather is generous and pleasingly fragrant.

Besides being soothing and cooling, Resinol Soap is an ideal skin cleanser. It lessens the tendency to enlarged pores, by ridding them of impurities, and it relieves excessive oiliness and redness, while it in no way injures the skin's texture.

RESINOL SOAP allays the inflammation of sunburn, and is a valuable aid to the woman who wishes to keep her complexion unharmed through summer's heat.

At all drug and toilet goods counters

Resinol Soap



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.

MYSTERY GIRL.—Why, I began my career as a very little boy. "Love's Redemption" is the name of the play that we are producing. Yes, on the New Amsterdam Roof, 42nd Street, New York. Mary Pickford's "Op o' Me Thumb" has been changed to "Suds." Yes, I know that many of the women and children of Siam are clay-eaters. Me for Siam if the h. c. l. keeps up.

ADELAIDE N.—There's no fool like the old maid, they tell me. So you liked Cullen Landis in "Pinto." R. A. Walsh is directing for Mayflower. Elaine Hammerstein in "The Shadow of Rosalie Byrnes."

TENNESSEE.—You say, "Why be so hard-hearted? Why not publish a full-page picture of yourself in SHADOWLAND—if you really want to help the magazine along—so all your admirers will see just how handsome you really are?" Boy, oh boy! Do you want me to ruin the Brewster Publications? Peggy Hyland is in England now. No, she is not married. Yes, we gave a special subscription price for all three. Let me hear from you again.

W. S. E. W.—I know for a fact that what you write about Mary Pickford is not true. A lie has no legs and cannot stand long without many other lies to help it, but it can run fearfully fast and cover a lot of ground. Rudolph Cameron is Anita Stewart's husband. William Russell and Francelia Billington in "Slam Bang Jim."

GERTRUDE P.—Ruth Roland, Hollywood, Cal., will reach her.

INQUISITIVE JESS.—Had some time trying to decipher your English. You ask, "Who is the greatest motion picture player on the field?" Pretty hard. Give me another field. Dustin Farnum played in "The Squaw Man," "Cameo Kirby" and "The Littlest Rebel" on the stage.

GERTRUDE B.—My, it took me some time to wade thru pages and pages of green ink. You can write to the Blackton Productions, 25 W. 45th Street, New York City. Oh, thanks, awfully! I can return the compliment. Human beings who reside in crystallized domiciles should not project geological specimens. Get me? Send on some more green ink, Gertie B., and then exchange names with "Irish."

A SOUTHERN BRUNETTE.—Your first letter? Welcome to the sanctum. We have three dogs now, Corot, Ranger and Zorko. Shep isn't with us any more. Yes, I have framed pictures of the players on my walls. I'm a regular movie fan. Yes, I have been in love. You say it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all. Not so. It is a misfortune for a woman never to be loved, but it is a humiliating calamity to be loved no more. *Ness pa!*

TOTO MAC.—Thanks for yours, write me again.

ANNEXING BILL.—Sorry, but I cant give you any information about Lieut. Locklear, who played in "The Great Air Robbery." I understand he is quite smitten with Viola Dana, but there may be nothing to it. Yes, your questions are a little out of my line. I have no air-line.

LILLIAN R.—No, no, Norma Talmadge does not live at the studio on 48th Street. She has a real home of her own. I think it is true that actresses who cry easily are the best actresses. They are the most emotional. It is also true that widows who cry easily are the first to marry again. There is nothing like wet weather for transplanting. Wow! Bring on the fan! Viola Dana in "Dangerous to Men." Not to me, Viola.

FOUR BELLS.—That's what you get for staying out all night. You say that if your shoes would ever acquire the shine your nose does, you would be in 10 cents every day. Why should you not be just as proud of a shine on your nose as you are of a shine on your shoes? Samuel Lumière and Charles Albin are our official photographers. SHADOWLAND is 35 cents.

DERE MABLE.—I am quite sure you have the wrong Marion Davies.

PHYLLIS.—Baby Marie Osborne played in "Baby's Diplomacy," "Tears and Smiles," "The Little Diplomat," "Sawdust Doll," and "The Evidence." You will see Wesley Barry playing in leads when he grows up. Surely a girl living in Canada may join the Fame and Fortune Contest. Why not?

JACK.—Yes, I like your stage name. You ought to bob your hair. I have been thinking seriously of doing it. King Baggot played opposite May Allison in "The Cheater."

THE QUAKERS.—The ghost walks around here every two weeks. You know why they call it that name? Because it makes our spirits rise. Yes, to your Constance Talmadge question. She has been in here lots of times—we all love her.

CLASSIC.—Milton Sills is in California now.

ESTELLE.—Short and sweet is right.

SUNSHINE.—Pauline Frederick is released from her Goldwyn contract. Her last two pictures are "Roads of Destiny" and "Madam X." Anita Stewart is playing in "Harriet and the Piper." Irving Cummings and Charles Richman in the cast. Perhaps we admire a beautiful soul more than a beautiful face, but we dont run after it quite so hard.

FAIRBANKS.—Thanks for the clipping. It wasn't reviewed as severely as that in the East.

BLUE EYES.—Honestly, if Norma Talmadge corresponded with all the people who asked me that question today you would never see her on the screen, because she would have to spend all her time writing. Have a heart girls, and boys, too; you expect too much of the players.

DANA, AND THAT AMEN GUY'S WIFE.—Good luck to you, girls, and remember your oath at the altar. Obey!

LILA LEE FAN.—I am not sure whether Mary Miles Minter has a brother in Los Angeles, but I doubt it very much. Ralph Graves is not married. Yes, this seems to be a very disordered world of ours. Some are overworked, some do not have to work, some are being worked by those who do not have to work, and some who want to work, cant find work.

La Creole Liquid Shampoo

La Creole Hair Tonic

Right care means plenty of good looking hair

Men and women both should have it—but many do not

It is really surprising that men and women so commonly permit their hair to lose its good looks and actually to fall out in unsightly quantities.

Men's hair becomes disagreeably oily and stringy and gets thinner and thinner. Women suffer with falling hair and dandruff. Their hair loses its life, beauty and luxuriance.

All this can be easily prevented. Plain neglect is the cause. No more care than is given the teeth will assure abundant, vigorous, beautiful hair if the care is wisely directed.

Simple directions

Regularly, two or three times a week, apply "La Creole" Hair Tonic, using the balls of the fingers to rub it into the scalp with a rotary motion. "La Creole" tonic stimulates the scalp circulation, supplies the hair roots with the nourishment needed for a beautiful, vigorous growth of hair.

Scientific endorsement

Scientific authorities endorse "La Creole." No other hair tonic we know of possesses such distinction. No other possesses such merit.

An important ingredient is "Euresol," recognized by the Council of the American Medical Association for the treatment of dandruff and unhealthy scalp conditions. Scientific tests and actual use both prove the results "La Creole" Hair Tonic brings in the new beauty and health of your hair.

Use this superior shampoo

At last the ideal shampoo has arrived. It has been long sought.

"La Creole" Liquid Shampoo is a recently achieved formula based on long experience and now added to the list of "La Creole" products. It brings a combination of stimulating and cleansing qualities never before attained in a shampoo.

Its base is a mentholized cocoanut oil—an absolutely distinctive formula never before attempted. It is standardized by our laboratory processes to assure uniform high quality because cocoanut oil varies in quality unless so treated. The unvarying superiority of "La Creole" is thus assured. Its delightful, stimulating, cleansing effects are immediately noticeable.

At *regular* intervals, every ten days or two weeks, the hair should be washed thoroughly with this superior shampoo.

It keeps the glands and pores of the scalp glowing with clean health and vigor to function properly.

It makes the hair soft, lustrous and fluffy. It puts hair and scalp in ideal condition. After its use added benefits follow from the unfailing application of "La Creole" Hair Tonic.

For gray hair

For hair that has grown gray, gray streaked or faded "La Creole" Hair Dressing is prepared. It is a *treatment* for the gradual restoration of the hair's natural color—lightest brown to deepest black, whatever the natural color was—in from three to six weeks. It must not be confused with common dyes. It does not give the hair a dyed look, it cannot stain the scalp and there is nothing to wash or rub off. Refinement approves its use. Guaranteed to bring back the hair's color or money refunded.

Mademoiselle La Creole

The wonderful hair of the Louisiana Creoles is a mark of their pure French-Spanish blood as well as of the care they give it. "La Creole" toilet products are favorite for the purpose.

All La Creole preparations are noted for their excellence.

At Drug Stores and Toilet Counters

La Creole Hair Tonic, 75c
La Creole Liquid Shampoo, 50c
La Creole Hair Dressing, $1.00

If your dealer can't supply you, write us direct. We will see that you are supplied.

LA CREOLE LABORATORIES
317 Tenth Street, Memphis, Tenn.

Trumpet Island

(*Continued from page* 56)

presence and laid a crumpled letter in his hand. He read it and went ghastly white. "When you read this, I shall be beyond your reach and *his*. You have chosen a husband for me, but I have the right to choose for myself, and the only husband I shall have is Death. That is why I asked for the aeroplane. It will be very easy to loosen the buckles of the safety belt. Good-by, daddy. Forgive me, but I *couldn't*. He would want to kiss me, he would say he had a *right*—and it is far easier to die.—Eve."

Then there were telegrams, reporters, search parties, newspaper sob-stories and finally forgetfulness. Jacques had a crêpe band sewed about his coat-sleeve and cashed his large check mournfully. Another candle burned on the convent altar and the world wagged on its way.

But on a small, deserted island many miles off the coast of Florida, the story that was begun with the meeting of two pairs of eyes thru the convent gate went on to another chapter, as it was meant to go on from the beginning of the world.

Richard Bedell, voluntary exile, had deliberately destroyed the boat that brought him to this wild, unvisited spot, knowing that until his year of regeneration was over and his friends had come to find him, as they had promised, he would see no other human soul. But man cannot get away from fate, tho he travel to the ends of the earth, and so, one sparkling morning, he had come out of the hut he had constructed for himself, his dog at heel, to find that he had a visitor who had fallen from the very skies.

In a crumpled heap under the tree which contained the fragments of the aeroplane, Eve lay as tho she were asleep. As he bent over her she stirred drowsily and her eyes unclosed. His heart leaped as she looked up into his face, then sank like a stone, for her gaze was shallow and empty and placidly unremembering. The shock of the fall had left her beautiful body miraculously intact, but had taken her mind away! It was a cruel jest of fate. Somewhere in the limitless void, he could imagine peals of cosmic mirth, mocking them.

Eve found herself in a puzzling world. The puzzle was not why or how she came to be there. That seemed quite natural. She accepted Richard, the hut, the island contentedly, but she could not understand why he would not let her do the things she wanted to do. There was the matter of clothes. She hated the ones that she wore, heavy, clumsy things that gave her a strange sort of fear when she looked down at them. So at night, when she was alone in the hut and Richard was sleeping in a shelter of boughs outside, she took them off and was pleased and delighted to discover charming pink, soft things underneath. But when she ran to him in the morning, clapping her hands with pleasure in herself, he behaved very strangely and even, she thought, almost unkindly.

He told her, with his back turned, to put on her clothes, and she answered, triumphantly, that she had burned them because they were nasty. Then he found a much-too-large shirt and a pair of trousers and dressed her in them, rather clumsily, because his fingers fumbled queerly over the task. She saw that he was angry and her lips quivered. "Eve didn't mean to be naughty!" she begged. "But why is it naughty to wear pretty things instead of ugly things?"

He groaned at that. "God!" said Richard to the sea, "how am I going to stand this seven months longer? It's asking too much of a man!"

She was frightened. She climbed upon the rock beside him and kist him with the open, careless lips of a child. He looked at her with suffering eyes, bent his head and clenched his hands at his sides. When he lifted it at last there was sweat in beads on his forehead, but he was smiling patiently. "No, no, Eve!" he said, in a tired voice. "Mustn't do that, dear. That's naughty, too. Now let's go fishing! I'll let you hold the rod."

The days drifted away into eternity, the suns rose in opal and amethyst, set in crimson and purple, the moons grew red and swollen beyond the moss-bearded trees and Richard Bedell felt the old strength and pride of rewon manhood setting in a strong tide thru his veins. Three years in the Flanders trenches, two months of discouraging search for work, two more months of unbridled dissipation had added years, but fierce physical toil, hewing of trees, the matching of his body against the elements and Nature sloughed them off again.

Thru it all Eve was ever-present, running barefoot on the sands, dancing wild little dances, singing formless songs, laughing the laugh of a three-year-old child with the ripe, fervid, glowing lips of a woman. She was a bell made to give forth rich, vibrant music, but, thru an invisible flaw, forced to tinkle instead. She was made for the dear offices of love, and yet she could only be pitied and protected. It was a situation to test the mettle of a philosopher, and at twenty-eight a man does not live on the dry crusts of philosophy. But Richard starved himself and kept his guardianship untarnished by a single word or act that might reveal the pent human hungers within him.

And then, one night, six months after the one in which the splintered aeroplane had pitched out of the sky upon his island, Richard awoke, his ears ringing with the echo of a scream. He listened, groping for the loaded Colt which he kept always at his side. Thru the crevices of his shelter he saw a light in the hut beyond and struggling shadows flung thru the single window across its path.

The two men in the hut were too intent upon their business to hear the sounds

(*Continued on page* 92)

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The Dauntless Anita

(*Continued from page* 50)

Atlantic City, where she and her father were spending a few weeks. "That I was surprised at the invitation is expressing it mildly," she said, "but I persuaded daddy to let me come to New York to see what it was all about."

She arrived late one afternoon and was conducted at once to the editorial sanctum, a pink-cheeked, starry-eyed, radiantly expectant vision. The editor was obviously interested.

"You must come out to Roslyn tomorrow with the other girls for a test," he said.

"I shall be delighted," said Anita. "But I must go back to Atlantic City tonight and explain to daddy and get some clothes. I brought nothing with me."

"But you cant possibly go to Atlantic City and get back in time. Cars for Roslyn will leave the offices promptly at nine."

"Oh, yes, I can," she said confidently. "See if I dont!"

Arriving at the offices next morning, we found girls, girls, girls. Girls blonde and dark. Girls merry and taciturn. Girls confident and apprehensive as to what the day might bring forth. And, seated quietly in one corner, but with a personality so magnetic that all eyes were attracted to her, was Anita Booth.

"How *did* you get here?" we wanted to know.

"I flew," she said calmly.

"You *what*?"

"I flew over in an aeroplane. It was the only way there was to come and get here in time—and I just had to come. So, last night when I got back to Atlantic City, I made arrangements and—I flew back this morning. It didn't take long." And that's Anita Booth—as we met her—as we have found her always—practical, self-reliant, splendid in her young and unvanquished ambitions.

At Mr. Brewster's estate at Roslyn, Long Island, that day, Anita Booth was in high favor with the contestants, the newspaper men, the celebrities gathered there for the momentous occasion. She was friendly, confident, alert, nothing escaped her. She knew nothing of the mysteries of make-up but was anxious to learn. She posed before the camera, alone and in groups of girls. She telephoned her father at Atlantic City for permission to stay over another day. She stayed. She did her individual bit and she went back to daddy.

Many weeks passed, and one day there breezed into our offices Anita Booth, chic, smiling, altogether captivating. She had come to say "How do you do and thank you." When it was officially announced to her that she had been chosen one of the winners of the contest, she cried. Not because she was one of the winners—of *course* not—but because she was glad and happy and, most of all, surprised.

And then the powers that be told her that in accordance with the plans and promises of the Brewster Publications a position would be secured for her. It might take some time—it probably would. But she was not to worry. A "job," and a good one, would be hers in time.

"That's perfectly wonderful of you," said Anita," and I cant tell you how much I appreciate it—but I came back to New York two weeks after the contest closed and got myself a job. In fact, I have already finished one picture with Selznick and am soon to begin another!" And she had, and she did—and then she did two more, playing opposite Ralph Ince in "The Law Bringers" and "The Isle of Pines." She also did a picture with Elaine Hammerstein—a rather vampish part which she didn't like a bit, she says, and now we hear that she is playing a stage engagement with a stock company for "experience and discipline."

"You see," she confided to me recently, "daddy is quite willing now that I take a chance at doing what I want to do. He knows my heart is set on making a success on the stage and screen, and I think he really likes my pluck. He enjoys going about with me and will be with me a great deal. He likes New York, especially in the opera season. That's where I get my love for music. Opera is my favorite pastime, you know. Last winter, when I was working so hard at the studio, making those terrible trips to Fort Lee in the storm and sleet, I would hurry home and dress for the opera instead of going to bed as I should have done. But daddy says that good music is 'rest for the body and food for the soul!' and he is right. Isn't it funny how things come about? I, Anita Booth, country born and bred, here in New York and actually acting—or trying to—in pictures!"

"And do you think the Fame and Fortune Contest really started you upon your career?"

"Well, it may have hurried it up somewhat—but sooner or later I should have started," said the dauntless Anita.

IN A MIST

By Le Baron Cook

A silvered mist screens us from each other,
But thru the slender shafts of rain
I sense your presence
Like the nearness of God,
And hear your voice,
Vibrant as a bell,
Calling me to service.

WEARYIN' A WEE

By Betty Earle

Wearyin' a wee tonight,
Wanderin' alone,
Wishin' for an old delight
To be all m' own;
Wantin' little lovin' words
Flutter round m' heart like birds—
Baby birds that bide a wee,
Soft and warm and white:
Wistful all th' heart o' me
Wanderin' tonight—
Wonderin' if you could be
Wearyin' a wee.

Beatrice from Paree

(*Continued from page* 33)

the quick, decisive movements characteristic of her.

"Anyway, I picked up some little English, and thought of pictures. I had exactly one hundred dollars, and I thought until that was gone—I should have a worry—so Gloria Swanson and I took a house—it cost eighty-five dollars a month—can you imagine that?—and I got down to three dollars by the clock.

"Gloria introduced me to C. B. de Mille, but he didn't like me—couldn't see me for dust"—she emphasized with a candor typically Gallic and a slang typically American—"but I got in the Madlaine Traverse picture, 'Rose of the West,' and then Bill Desmond engaged me for 'Dangerous Waters.'

"Then I had my first real chance with Sessue Hayakawa in 'The Beggar Prince,' and after that I was featured in 'The Stranger.'"

"And now?" I queried, as she drew breath.

Her tip-tilted nose wrinkled slightly.

"I have a contract with Pathé for one-reel comedies," she said briefly.

"They tell me it is good experience," she added, with a resigned shrug of a slim shoulder. "And no doubt that is the truth; but I want to cry, to make the emotion—to make big name for myself—and then I am push off barns and hid under tiger-skins—can you beat it?"

I sympathized, but Beatrice's lightning-change mind was already on another subject.

"When you describe me," she said earnestly, "dont say my eyes are like deep pools of muddy water or that my lips are like Cupid's bow—just say that when God made curly hair, He left me out; I have to put it up in curling kids at night, and I feel like I sleep on marbles."

Her plaint was real enough, but there was a glint of laughter in her eyes. It is impossible for her to take anything seriously—even "sleeping on marbles."

As a matter of fact, I hadn't had time to consider whether she was beautiful or not. Her startling brown eyes, which are by turns naïve as a child's and sardonic as those of a woman of the world, her flexible eyebrows, which move with every change of expression, her lips turned up slightly at the corners as if she were forever on the verge of a laugh—perhaps at your expense—her whole vivid personality, combined with an amazing frankness and a delightful sense of humor, entirely captivate one and put the question of mere beauty into the mental background. Her English vocabulary has been acquired from a hundred sources, not all of them pedantic. She catches up every slang phrase with the avidity of a child and swears upon occasion with utmost naïveté.

"Now, I am ready for my costume," she pronounced, flashing a last critical look at herself in the mirror. "There is not much of it—I am a model in this pic-

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Little Miss Rebellion

(*Continued from page* 43)

mechanical dolls worked by strings as far as he was concerned. He left the theater, hopeless but hungry. Youth may suffer, but it *must* be fed, and at the window of the nearest white-tiled eating place he stopped, staring with unbelieving eyes. For there, before the griddle, struggling with a spreading puddle of pancake batter, stood a small, boy-slender figure with masses of dark hair escaping untidily from under the cocky little cook's cap.

Richard dived thru the revolving door so tempestuously that he sent the stout, respectable citizen in the next compartment reeling in a disreputable manner along the pavement. Unheeding the efforts of a blonde beauty to lead him to a seat, he leaped the brass rail by the griddle and treated an enthralled audience of homegoing theater patrons to the interesting spectacle of a young man taking the cook in his arms while the batter blackened merrily, unturned.

After a moment, however, it did occu to Richard that there was something od and perhaps uncalled for in his attitude and he released Maria Louise. "Why—what—who—when?" he babbled. "*Yo* —in New York—working in a hashery, Grand Duchess——"

"Not any longer, Richard!" Mari Louise smiled sadly. Then the sadnes vanished. "Do you know the reason I a in New York, Richard? Because—th day so long ago you told me it was whe you lived."

Another total eclipse of the cook w threatened, but an interruption in t shape of an irate manager intervene "Wha's all this!" he began belligerentl "Comin' in here an' burnin' up my gri dle. D'you want me to call a cop?"

Richard drew himself up splendid So far as is known, his great-gre great-grandfather was not a king, but butcher in Keokuk, Iowa, but he spo as royalty might address a meni "That will do, my good fellow! T young lady is no longer in your empl Maria Louise, take off that apron a cap and get on your things. I am go to take you home."

And Maria Louise, enraptured at be ordered about, as all women, whet Grand Duchesses or waitresses, are raptured when they find a man who bully them, obeyed.

There is no doubt that the distance New York are great, and that the s way service is not all it should be, s even admitting this, it does seem a t odd that it should have taken Rich and his little ex-Grand Duchess hours to go from Forty-second Stree Thirty-ninth! And there, in the di little sitting-room of Maria Louise's di little flat, they found a stoutish ge man, with a drooping and dispirited m tache, slumbering, an alarm clock se midnight in one hand.

"Poor Arneau will insist on co for me every night," Maria Louise plained, as they gazed down at the

Prime Minister. "I think the dear old fellow feels it very bitterly because I dont wear a crown to work. He is old, Richard, and he doesn't understand the new world. Come, let us wake him and tell him the news."

When the ex-Prime Minister saw the joy in his ex-Duchess' face, he sprang up and brought his tired old body sharply to salute. "You have had good news?" he asked breathlessly. "You are going to be Grand Duchess again?"

"I have better news than that, Papa Arneau!" Maria Louise laughed, and drew Richard close to her side. "I am going to marry Richard tomorrow as soon as the marrying-place is open, and I am the happiest girl in all the world!"

The glow of hope faded from the old man's countenance, but his eyes, upon the two radiant young faces before him, were resigned. It was unthinkable, but after all, so long as she was happy——

He bowed, magnificently, from the waist. "It shall be as Your Sublime Highness desires," sighed the ex-Prime Minister.

The Silken Cotton

(*Continued from page 25*)

strong faiths and dreams . . . things such as 'The Broken Melody,' for instance."

I left Lucy Cotton and her mother with the happy sensation of having *terra firma* under my feet the while my head was encircled with the softness of dreams. I felt that she was remarkable. I felt that she had achieved. She *knows herself*. She has made a study of herself. She is her own critic. She has allowed no outside influence to detract her or distract her. She has marked herself a pathway and she walks upon it, pausing only when and where she wills. She is gentle and she is firm; she is tender, yet one knows that she is strong. She loves her work, loves her family, her mother first and foremost, of course, her sisters and her one little nephew, who declares that he is going to "marry you, Lucy, when I get big." His companionship," she said, in her silken-cotton way, "means more to me than I can ever say. I get, oh, so much out of it."

She gets something from everything, Lucy Cotton, something beautiful, because something in some way constructive. The garments of illusion have never dropped from her. The candid eyes from under the level brows still see in poor plain measles red flowers, growing . . .

Happy Lucy! Happy world! Amen!

THE NEW POETS

By Wright Field

In the old days
Rose here and there a giant oak, which thrust
Its shadow all the further centuries thru;
But, save for these, the barren earth, a-dust,
Thirsted for beauty, as the centuries grew.

In these new days
The oak gives place to humbler wayside trees,
The thrill of life is felt in every clod;
Now songs, like blossoms, spring to every breeze—
At last the common people talk with God!

Kathleen's Anchor

(*Continued from page 37*)

of becoming an actor. But the costumes he designed for "Male and Female" caused so much admiring comment that he has definitely decided to make designing his profession.

"I wanted to be a designer at one time," said Miss Kirkham, "and I think I would have made a really big success at it . . . I certainly didn't have any great gift for the stage. Marshall Steadman once told me that I would never make an actress."

She feels that all her dramatic ability has been developed by work and experience. She has appeared in over thirty moving pictures, eleven of them made last year. In many of these she played the "heavy."

"I've been married to almost every character man on the screen," she said, "and I've been the mother of many a young girl who was really older than myself, or, anyway, just one or two years younger.

"But really, I've had a very easy time—almost too easy a time. There used to be nights when I would actually pray that my parents would lose everything they had so that I would have to work for a living! That sounds terrible, I know, and yet there were times when I would refuse calls I really should have accepted. Afterwards, I would feel sorry about it and wish that I might be like some of the girls I knew, so poor that I would have to work whether I wanted to or not!

"But now I can see how my financial independence was really a protection. Unlike the girl who has to be careful of her job, I didn't have to take any insults from anybody—I could always quit. And in this, as in practically every other kind of work, it is true that nothing succeeds like success. The girl who looks as tho she doesn't need a position is generally the one who gets it."

Kathleen Kirkham was born in Menominee, Michigan, in 1893. As a little girl she was in stock for a while at Lakeside, Wisconsin. In the same company were Walter Long, now at Lasky's, and Matt Moore. She was also with Dustin Farnum in "The Squaw Man" and "The Virginian." Following a period of training in two Los Angeles dramatic schools, she started free-lancing around the studios.

"I have never played atmosphere, exactly," she said, "but I have never been under contract. I worked for quite a while at Universal and getting on very well, I thought, so I offered to sign a contract with them for as long a term as they liked at a salary of $15.00 a week and they turned me down!" This was only a little over four years ago.

"It was 'The Eyes of the World' that established me as a 'heavy,'" she went on, "and I dont regret it in the least! At that time there were only about five 'heavies' in Los Angeles and no end of work. Often I used to wish that there could be a little more competition so that

life would be more exciting. And then when a new girl would come up, I'd say to myself, 'Kathie, you'll have to look out now; you'll have to work a little harder!' and I loved it!

"And then I became a star, you know," she smiled, "at Balboa."

"How much did they get you for?" I asked.

"Only two weeks! That was because I had made a rule never to wait more than a week for my salary. I've always said that if my salary wasn't ready for me on a Saturday night, I wouldn't go to work Monday morning.

"They weren't what you would call exceedingly good pictures. I remember one day I took my family to see one of them at a nickel theater on West Pico Street. There were six or seven murders in it. I played a sort of vampy character who had to faint in just about every scene.

"'There she goes again!' the man in front of me would say every time I fainted. But the funniest thing was my entrance!"

It seems that some man in the audience drawled in a high voice, "Gawd, look who's here."

"After all," she remarked, thoughtfully, "I haven't gone ahead as rapidly as many of the girls I know and started with. But then, speed is only relative . . .

"That reminds me of a story my mother tells about her first automobile ride. It was in one of the first automobiles ever made and my mother was leaning back, enjoying the rapid motion and the feel of the wind in her face. Finally, overcome with curiosity, she leaned over and touched the driver.

"'How fast do you think we are going?' she asked. And he answered in an awe-struck voice:

"'We're going fifteen if we're going a mile!'"

Some of Miss Kirkham's pictures that come most readily to mind are the three she did with Douglas Fairbanks, "He Comes Up Smiling," "A Modern Musketeer" and "Arizona." Others are "For Husbands Only," "The Gay Lord Quex," "When Dawn Came" and, latest of all, Angelica in Screen Classics' "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," the last named something new for her in that it is farce comedy.

Beatrice from Paree

(*Continued from page* 71)

ture, and I do a dance of seven veils—with six of them in the wash."

Sorry as I was to miss the dance of the seven-minus-six veils, I had to go back to town. But, *mon dieu,* what a difference! It wasn't blue Monday at all, I discovered. The gateman apologized for his remarks, the car started without a cough, and on the way back to town I saw the motor cop, who waved his hand to me. Perhaps it wasn't all Beatrice's doings, but I'm not so sure. Anyway, I recommend her as a cure for the blues—even the Monday variety.

"Herb"!

(*Continued from page* 38)

another brother, Stanley. Stanley mingled with the English lads at the conservatoire, he with the French. Stanley was rather vague.

As a youngster, Master Rawlinson showed none of the signs of being the physical culture specimen he is now. His languid condition so worried the elders that, after completing his elementary course in French, the Isles lacking beneficial climate, a farm in Canada was designated for his future habitat. Arriving here, an adolescent, alone, without a mission other than to grow into sturdy manhood, his wonder at the vastness that was before him, his awe at the opportunities that awaited, culminated only in the greeting, "Well, here I am! Do your darndest. I'll do mine!"

That he was an actual farmer I do not conclude. All I could grasp from his unconnected, happy, rapid phrases, (Rawlinson doesn't talk in stories; he hasn't time, especially about himself), was the mention of fields and sunshine and ecstatic sensations of dogged fatigue when he came to the end of perfect days. He couldn't have been a thorobred harvester, because there were plays he'd go to see and circuses in which he wallowed. In truth, one circus absorbed such vital interest that glowing, growing Herb forsook the hay for the sawdust and ran off with another chap to join the troupe.

That started it. Then came the lure of the stock companies. And one, of which he happened to be very much a part, ceased meandering for a while when it reached Los Angeles, long enough to give a moving picture director the chance to see Rawlinson and ask him if he'd ever thought of becoming cinematically entangled. Rawlinson hadn't thought, but he had a laugh. The figures financially confided by the M. P. D., that screen work would involve, choked Rawlinson's chuckle at its zenith. The comparisons of the salaries of a stock company actor and a moving picture actor weren't odious, but serious. The minstrel band next week continued its tour without its popular juvenile.

That was quite a while ago. "Florodora's" sextette can claim its originals, and also the Klieg-light industry. If ever a boast is to be made, the director who spied Rawlinson need not only label himself a pioneer, but add the laurel of having vision. It's all right to start something and better to finish. But what is more wonderful—it shows in the careers of overnight stars—is to start and *not* to finish. Rawlinson has come thru with this man's predictions materialized. The phenomenon is that he still is *coming*.

And no wonder. At this season's Lambs Gambol, presented at the Metropolitan, the excitement of the evening was credited to him. Not once on the program did he appear, after a lengthy absence from the stage, but twice—in specialty numbers. It is good the first was scheduled when it was, an act, alone,

with a ukulele, some songs and snappy monolog. The second, a dramalet, demanded of him to box another chap, and he once more "did his darndest," fought too joyously and vigorously for footlight illusion, and answered the clamor of his curtain-calls with a felicitous black eye.

That night set him thinking and his telephone ringing. Managers called to ask him to talk over with them a "great part in a new play." And the fellows at the club would exclaim, "Rawlie, why, to sing and dance and play the uke the way you can, you'd be crazy not to go into musical comedy."

Pals in the hotel would enthuse, "Rawlie, why, to 'emote,' and act and be able to use a voice like yours, you'd be crazy not to go back to drama."

He doesn't know what to do now. At present he's working on J. Stuart Blackton's "The Soul-Spinners," because he's well aware of the fact that hell knows no fury like desires torn, and to be energetically steeped in labor is to ease one's puzzled self. He's "sure of the movies. Even has contracts pending. There's pecuniary advantage. And he's faithful to the screen public," etc., etc. Yet the personal audience, the applause, the triumph at the Metropolitan "got him"—and who can blame him, or restrain old blood from tickling?

At any rate, not until he has an offer of the right vehicle will he be moved towards Longacre. He doesn't want to rush things or to be rushed. His conviction is that everything will come in its right time and place.

About Rawlinson there are three distinctions: a laugh, a boyishness, a radiance. Humor, to him, is as elusive as a firefly to the moon. In the same pace that pursuit is laid for the will-o'-the-wisp, he chases a joke and goes in quest of fun. The glory, then, to have captured! "Come on," he cries, "let's go!" And where does he go? Just off, into the merry roar of Rawlinson. His exuberance is intoxicating.

Boyishness, because of his spontaneity. He doesn't *wait* to like or dislike. And he'd much rather "like."

Radiance, if from nothing else than health, and being dazzlingly clean and trying to be happy.

There is nothing of the superfluous about him. He is sincere. One is sure of his dependability. There is nothing of the extreme, other than a completeness in balance. He is normal, a red-blood. No tantrums, no temperamentalities, no mopes, no under-the-weathers and up-in-the-skies for which every one else is expected to pay. A vigorous law unto himself. A radical.

MY MEMORIES

By Le Baron Cooke

My memories
Cleave to me,
Like an old garment
Stained with many
Bright and sober
Spots.

Ann o' th' Vikings

(*Continued from page* 35)

each evening we spend two hours or more at the dinner-table.

Ann was named after her grandmothers, great-grandmothers and—but, they are traced back to 1630 clearly—all Anns. Further back, she comes of a Viking strain. That gives her the courage, endurance and great love of all out-of-door work. She rides, swims, golfs, "tennises" (as she calls it), skates, shoots—and just a few weeks ago brought down her limit of wild ducks at Great Bear Lake, California.

"Next December, my parents and I go to Denmark for a real old-fashioned Christmas—with plenty of skating and home-baking and spicy trees, and the game we shall shoot, for daddy is a great sportsman, too."

Ann first became interested in pictures in her native city, where old Broncho Billy pictures were shown. She would attend with her schoolmates on Wednesdays and Saturdays, when pupils have half-holidays over there. Often she wished she might act—and now her friends are all intensely interested in her success. They go to see Ann's plays, and can scarcely wait until she arrives in Denmark for the Yule festival.

"I'm afraid some young Dane will want to marry you and keep you over there now that you are famous," I ventured.

"That's what daddy is afraid of. He says they will spoil me. But I say: *'No!'* I marry only an American. I love the old country, but not to live in any more—my parents feel the same about that. But I'll tell you my ambition. I want to marry in America and have *lots* of children. I think all those who were raised in a big family, want big families of their own, dont you?" I didn't, but that's neither here nor there and far be it from me to spoil Ann's idealism.

Miss Forrest has a prized trophy—the whip with which she was beaten in "Dangerous Days"—inscribed by every one connected with the production. Mary Roberts Rinehart cried at rehearsals—and some one thought her displeased or disappointed, but she said intensely: "Oh, no, I'm just crying over that dear child's acting. She is the very embodiment of my little heroine." Mrs. Rinehart inscribed a copy of the book to Ann and wrote on the whip: "In memory of a very great piece of acting done by Miss Forrest."

Another inscription read: "From your brutal director." The scenario writer penned the words: "We always beat the thing we love."

Miss Forrest has a unique collection of film cut from every production in which she has appeared. One of the men on the lot has assembled these as she gets them and so now they may be run anytime Ann wants to see how she's getting along. But mostly—

"Yes, mostly, I want to keep them for my grandchildren, and when I am an old lady in lavender and real lace, I want to show the little folks how their grandmother looked in her teens, when she played with handsome men—most of them long dead now!" Ann looked decidedly romantic. Perhaps she has cause to, for no longer is she to be forced to play ingénues. She has betrayed so versatile and adaptable a nature, such great histrionic development, that Ann Forrest henceforth will be cast as an emotional lead, playing characters from up-to-the-minute novels. Gouverneur Morris is to write a special story for her one of these days. He takes a keen interest in her work.

Miss Forrest cares nothing for clothes. She buys handsome frocks for her productions, but as *garments*, she loves them not. She is essentially feminine, frilly, but she's courageous enough to do anything that a Diana would attempt. She was one of the first women to ascend in an aeroplane, having gone up with Silas Christopherson, a compatriot of hers, in Tacoma, about seven years ago. Ann drives a Stutz and has done her 75 miles an hour without facing a judge or parting with a fine.

She has played the part of a twelve-year old child in "The Prince Chap," switched over to an abused little German girl in "Dangerous Days," played a lead in "The Rainbow Trail," with William Farnum, a thriller with Houdini, and is well on the way to celluloid heaven with its meteoric possibilities and special reservations for new stars.

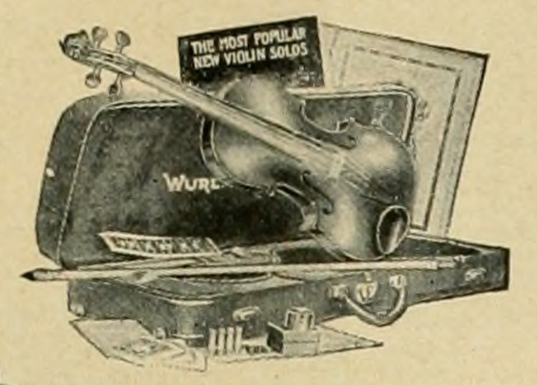
Ann speaks four languages fluently, has a talent for writing and is to study voice culture as soon as time permits. She's a very melancholy Dane when really blue—but that happens so seldom that one's only impression of Miss Forrest is that of a wonderfully magnetic, charming personality set in a beautiful exterior.

It's not a bit difficult to *know* Ann Forrest. She is so cordial, well-read, entertaining and lovable that if a watchful wardrobe woman were not present on the upstairs tier of dressing-room row, one would surely outstay the time set by Dame Decorum.

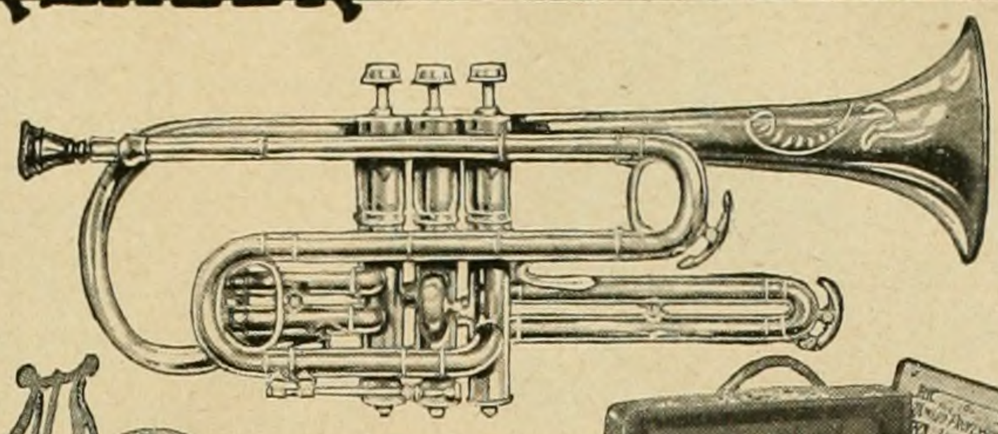
So when the estimable matron strolled in with a huge bouquet of yellow roses, laburnums and heliotrope, saying "Miss Forrest, these just came off a set, will you take them home?" and plunged into a conversation about silver lace, beads and charmeuse, I knew it was about time for me to stalk off like Hamlet's ghost.

But the memory of a bewitching little face, with eyes like an aurora borealis and teeth like the snows of her native land, remained with me for hours afterward . . . for with sweet graciousness, Ann Forrest had pressed the flowers into my hand, saying: "You will enjoy those, I know, and I would love you to have them."

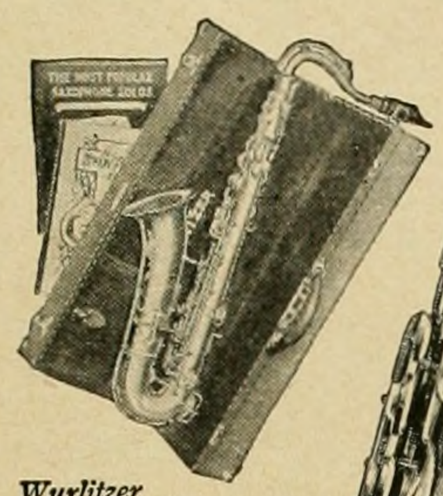
WURLITZER



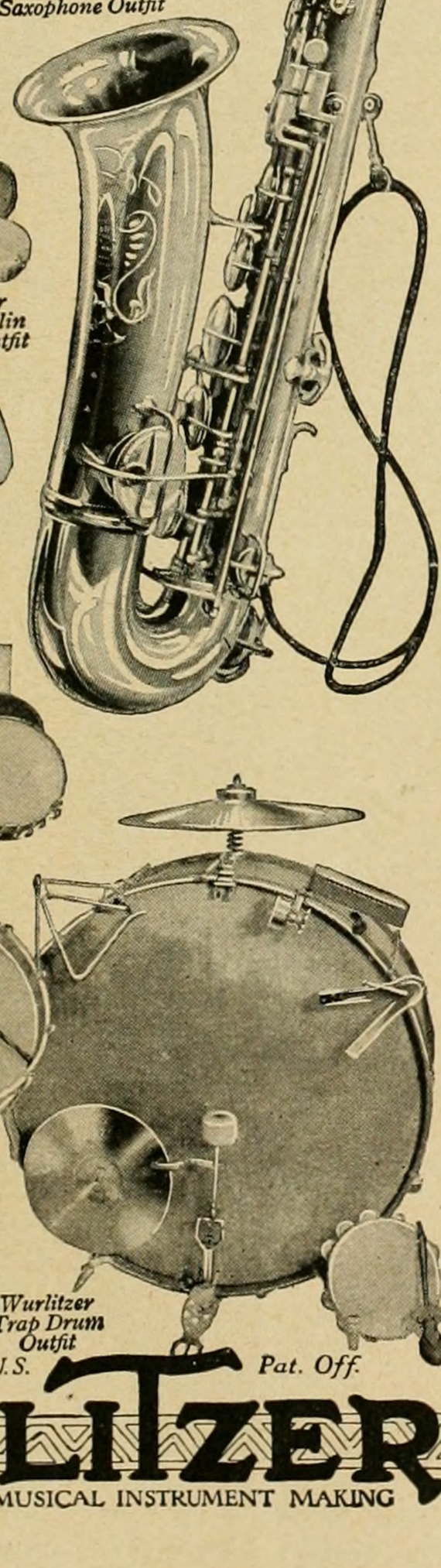
Wurlitzer Violin Outfit



Wurlitzer Cornet Outfit



Wurlitzer Saxophone Outfit



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The Youngest Movie Magnate

(*Continued from page* 26)

his office in the Selznick Fort Lee studios.

Between ten and one o'clock he goes over the multitude of details of his production, scenario and business departments. He is here, there and everywhere; one moment conferring with a director on a stage, at another checking up production charts with a chief of that department.

At one o'clock he has lunch in his office.

Until six o'clock he handles further details.

At six o'clock he usually motors to his New York offices to glance over any problems that may arise there.

Then he goes home, most of the time with two or three scenarios under his arm.

He admits that he is so occupied with business all week that he finds little time to devote to scenario reading. He usually goes to the Gedney Farms in Westchester County over the week-end and there reads script after script.

It is interesting to note that Myron Selznick has more producing units working under his personal direction than any other man in the whole film field. Today his activities keep four studios in and near New York busy: the Selznick, the old Biograph, the Peerless and the Solax studios. Until recently he was producing on the coast also. But he came to the conclusion that the cross-country distance prevented intelligent and adequate team work.

Myron Selznick exhibits no particular pride over his achievements. He is a son of his father, that's all. And his father is, as we have just related, Lewis J. Selznick, one of the screen world's foremost sales organizers.

"I heard photoplays talked all my life," smiles Myron Selznick. "I guess my father has marketed some five hundred pictures. What was more natural than that I should enter the game? My dad wanted me to go to college and I did—to Columbia for two months. But I couldn't contain my restlessness any longer and I told my father I wanted him to give me a chance.

"He smiled—and I guess he decided to cure me. At least he put me to work the following morning in the film-examining room at World Film. The work-day began at seven A. M. and I received five dollars a week. It was a strenuous job, for it meant carefully looking over film in a dark room, watching for flaws and defects. At the end of a week I could hardly move my fingers, they had been so cut by film.

"I stuck," laughed Myron. (Which rather sums up his character.) "Father moved me thru his purchasing and advertising departments. 'You'll learn the whole game,' he grimly told me.

"Then business changes came about and father disposed of his interests. The post of managing Norma Talmadge's studio was offered me. That instilled an idea. I wanted to carry on the name of Selznick. I resolved to produce and I signed Olive Thomas. That's all, for I have been steadily adding stars ever since.

"Please make it clear that I direct Selznick Pictures. Dad hasn't been over to our studios twice in a year. True, I frequently talk over things at night with him, as is quite natural, but I *manage* my own companies in every sense of the word.

"My methods?" Myron Selznick paused. "Nothing more or less than to make entertaining photoplays and to build up and maintain the best organization with that end in view."

Here we pause to note the youthful atmosphere of camaraderie about the Selznick studios. Nearly every one—from star to carpenter—is young. "I believe in youth," says Myron, whose twenty-second birthday comes next October.

"We're one big family and there is no red tape about our organization," he went on. "Anyone can get to see me at any time. That's why I have my office in my studio rather than in Times Square. We're all working together, and I'm here to be seen."

All of which is true. For instance, they have a baseball team at the studio and Myron plays short-stop upon it. There is nothing up-diamond about him, for chauffeurs and electricians who play with him talk to him forcibly and naturally about his playing without thinking of him as their employer. It's all part of the spirit of the Selznick studios.

"I've made something like fifty productions so far," Myron Selznick concluded. "I know their faults. But I'm learning and I think we are steadily working ahead. Anyway, it's great fun!"

The Joyous Pagan

(*Continued from page* 21)

But Western pictures did not appeal to her as a permanent thing. After persistent requests, she was cast to play opposite Frank Mayo in "Burnt Wings." Universal believed that they had discovered a star and offered her a five-year contract, with the assurance of an immediate twinkle. For various reasons, she refused. After that came the rôle of the innocently sinning wife in the Metro production, "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath."

"So you see," said Josephine, "I have done quite a bit, if I am only eighteen. *Korsukan* is a relentless slave-driver! I suppose that is very ungrateful."

Her eyes wandered about the room.

"I do wish Jack would come home," she sighed.

"Did your heathen god have anything to do with bringing you Jack?" I enquired, somewhat rashly perhaps.

"Oh, indeed yes! When he first wanted to k—to hold my hand, he didn't feel sure whether he could or not, so I just said, *'Korsukan'*—and he did!"

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Another Pickford Star

(*Continued from page* 23)

to delay us, and every day seemed a week to me, for I was afraid my trip East would be spoiled."

"How can you ever leave your aeroplane even for New York?" I asked, knowing that he spent every spare moment with his new six-thousand-dollar machine.

"Olive!" he replied, simply, but the tone spoke volumes, and I remembered that his wife, Olive Thomas, was still making her pictures in the East and he was planning a visit with her in New York.

"Jack is so reckless," sighed Mrs. Pickford, smiling fondly at the boy. "It frightens me to think of him flying. He comes over the studio and seems fairly to touch the telegraph poles."

"Nonsense, mother; I'm miles above them!" He spoke soothingly, while he winked mischievously at his sister.

"I believe I have always been battling his speed craze," went on Mrs. Pickford.

"Sure, mother, for it began a long time ago. When I first went into pictures I begged for a motor-cycle, but you told me you would never buy me one. You were so emphatic I knew you never would. I determined to earn the money and buy it myself, but, by that time, I was all over my motor-cycle notion and bought a Stutz roadster. Only had it a couple of weeks when I had a terrible accident. We spun around four times, then landed in a heap, and, tho I crawled out unhurt, the car was a total wreck."

There have been many cars since then, each of a greater speed, but he longed for even a swifter machine and was among the first of the film colony to become interested in aeroplanes, now possessing one of his very own.

"If you hadn't followed your sister into pictures, what do you suppose you would have been?" I asked, watching him smooth his hair with both hands, one of his characteristic movements.

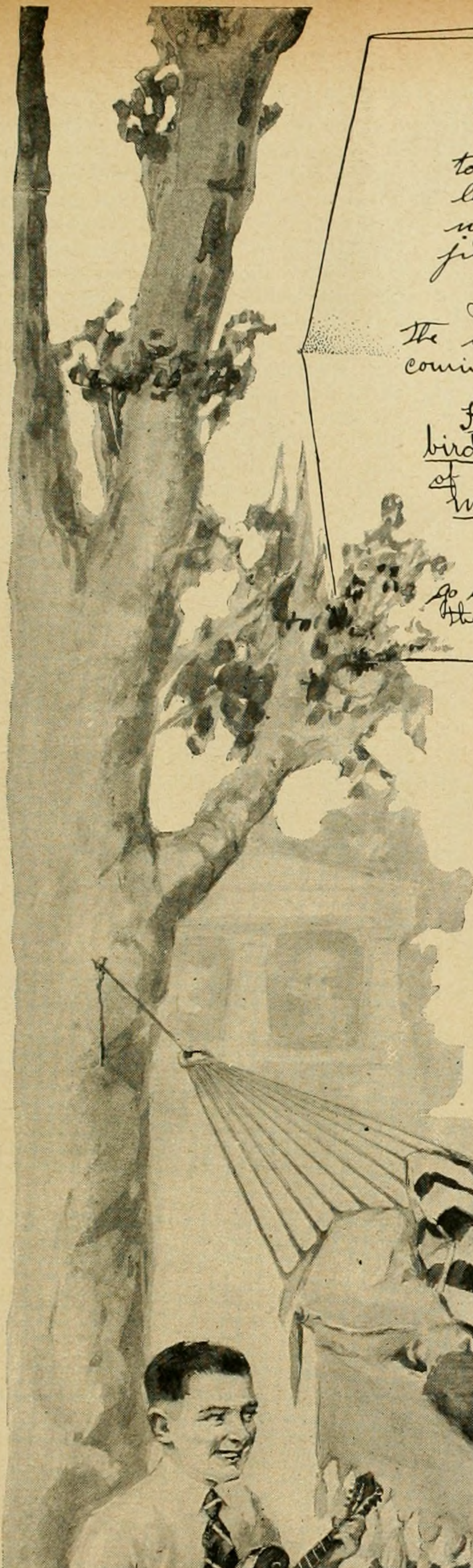
"Dont know," he replied cheerfully; "run a street-car, I guess."

"No, you would probably have been a baseball player," chimed in Mary. "He passed thru a serious attack of baseball fever."

"Maybe," assented Jack, easily. "I think the first ambition I ever had was when we were playing with Chauncey Olcott. I wanted to be a stage carpenter. They gave me fifty cents a week for helping set the stage, and I remember the big hammer I carried around in the hip pocket of my small trousers."

The Pickford family have had many interesting experiences, and we sat there for a couple of hours, while Jack and Mary recounted their childhood pranks.

As I was leaving, Jack caught my hand, whispering, anxiously, "You wont put in all that stuff, will you?" He looked so like a little boy as he stood in the open door, and there was a hint of Mary's wistful appeal in his dark eyes, so I promised.



Dear Marjorie:-

A chap across the street just treated me to a real thrill. No, he didn't appear on the window ledge in indelicate negligee and do setting up exercises or anything like that. He just showed me a picture.

If you can look at that picture without the same sort of thrill, then I'm sorry I'm coming home next week! Just get a look!

Hammock; old maple tree down by grape arbor; birds and grasshoppers; bees and summery little whiffs of breeze across the flower beds; sweet little girl; music—

Oh, Madge! Finish the picture yourself! I've just got to go and take that mandolin away from that fellow across the street; if he keeps on playing ourtunes I'll go diffy—

You know you ought not to read any more of Marjorie's letter—because you're almost sure what the rest of it is, and you wouldn't want everybody to read *your* letters, or pry into the intimate little memories and vague longings that are brought to your mind by this "picture."

Queer what music, or the mere *thoughts* of music, will do to a person's mind—yet not so queer after all. Music is so intimately personal, no wonder we automatically associate it with the things that are nearest and dearest.

But think of the barren places in the lives of those who do not know the joy of *making music!* Yet even these are just as human as we—they get the same thrill from Marjorie's letter and the picture—but it's a thrill with *something missing.*

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The Menace of the Movies

(*Continued from page* 19)

"The effect of this huge growing film octopus is already evident. On every side you see the big forces—the leading directors and stars—withdrawing to 'go it alone.' Suppose that the coming combination could find it possible to substantially eliminate all outside production. How much of art would be left? Where would the photoplay be without its Griffiths, its Inces, its Neilans and its Pickfords?

"The result of such a colossus would be a similarity and sameness of product. That would be inevitable, since the productions would be decided upon by one body of men. Thus you would see the creation of two or three kinds of screen production and the loss of all artistic individuality.

"If such a film organization could grip the country, you would quickly see a falling off in quality. It is inevitable and human, if the theaters could be shackled and screen production dictated to audiences, that the whole thing would be brought down to the point of paying the biggest dividend. Do not forget how the theatrical syndicate gained such a grip and then demanded so high a percentage from stage producers and from theaters that artistic productions were well-nigh impossible.

"I know of what I speak. In my position with Famous Players-Lasky, I worked hand in hand for the very ideas which I am now fighting. Indeed, I created some of them. But I did not realize the menace of Wall Street.

"I was, for instance, one of those to first instil the idea of producing stage plays, thereby controlling ultimate screen rights and getting all the profits from the outset. I know the attacks this scheme has attracted. But I see no menace in it—even from my present view-point. It is charged that it will bring a lowering of the stage's artistic level and that it will mold our stage drama into melodrama, since motion picture producers will present only plays of action, these being fitted for later film purposes.

"Let me answer this specifically. I cannot see where the stage—man for man—is higher artistically than the screen. In answer to the direct charge, I say that film-footlight producers will bring a vitality to the stage by injecting action, while, at the same time, the screen will gain along the lines of the thought drama. I believe that both will be gainers.

"But to return to the menace, as I see it. The time is ripe for an independent movement and already it is appearing. The First National Exhibitors' Circuit is the one big organization as yet. This is a combination of exhibitors.

"The independent movement must come from the exhibitor. At present I find that certain far-sighted exhibitors and exhibitor organizations realize this in a measure. Unfortunately, the word independence to some people seems to mean a lack of organization. When we cast off from England, our colonies did not remain disorganized. They united for the common cause. Exhibitors must do likewise, if they wish to gain their independence—the right to have a say in those things in which they are concerned.

"I know the attacks that are made upon the exhibitor. It is customary to call him the weak link in the photoplay chain. But it isn't true in 1920. I have been studying the exhibitor at first-hand and I have observed his tremendous improvement. The old-type exhibitor is disappearing. Nowhere is this clearer than in the Middle West.

"The independent movement must come from the exhibitor. That is clear. The exhibitor must guarantee theaters to the producer, so that the producer, in turn, can be sure of a market and can guarantee artists and authors theaters in which they can secure a dignified representation. Today an independent producer could not sign a reputable star without being able to guarantee him a reputable channel of release.

"Thus the independent movement must start from the source of the photoplay. *With exhibitors organized, the photoplay could in every sense of the word be independent of Wall Street.* And in no other way can the photoplay advance."

SORROW-BIRD

By Betty Earle

Late I heard the night-wind sighing, sighing,
Slipping thru the dim leaves, dripping white with dew;
Pitiful you listened; turned then, crying,
And all because a hurt bird struck its harp for you.

And all because a wild bird wanting, wanting—
Lonely for the lost mate only robins knew,
Thru the halls of anguish haunting, haunting,
Opened up its sorrow-heart and sobbed for you.

Blindly then you clutched me, hoping, hoping—
Leaping into glad arms, weeping, too;
Dimly as the night-wind lips reached, groping—
Wistfully the bird went but we never knew.

IDEALS

By Vara MacBeth Jones

He untwined the star-glow strands from the fabric of a dream
Where were woven Life's ideals, as to eyes of Youth they seem,
And rewove its shimmering glory where silversheet lights gleam.

And it mirrored Hearts redeemed from the stain of worldly dross,
And the bubble myth of Gain that is blown at Honor's loss,
And Achievement's height that's reached in the shadow of a cross.

But the pen was vitriol dipped that the critic used to flay,
And the mocking crowds but came to see a visionary's play;
Yet among the throng that came to scoff three remained to pray.

For the soul of a Scarlet Woman writhed at the birth of shame,
And a Renegade of Honor felt the acid-sear of blame;
While a Hopeless One glimpsed afar the glow of hope's bright flame.

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"Lloyd is a big league comedian, his company is big league, and whoever does the directing is big league," says a magazine critic of these wonderful comedies.

"Lloyd is the chief bulwark of the Strand (New York) program this week in 'An Eastern Westerner,' a two-reel comedy," says Variety, a leading theatrical magazine. "In this laughing delight not a foot is wasted from start to finish. One laugh chases another constantly up the throat. In short this issue is a corker and should continue Mr. Lloyd on the pleasant trail of ten thousand weeks, which is understood to be his speed."

"Astonishingly fresh and diverting."—N. Y. Tribune. *"Lloyd made a hit."—N. Y. Globe.*
"The audience roared. 'Haunted Spooks' is the funniest comedy of the season."—N. Y. Sun.
"The man who discovered Harold Lloyd deserves a vote of thanks."—Minneapolis Tribune.

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"Bessie, Love"

(*Continued from page* 17)

'It was fully a minute before I realized that he had never seen me before in his life.'"

It will be noticed that Bessie Love talks more like a "fan" than an actress and so she impresses one. She is an actress, of course, and a very clever actress, but she is essentially a product of the screen. She has never been on the stage nor very closely connected with the stage in her life. She could, I think, be described as Griffithian, tho in her case the Griffith mannerisms are softened and changed by her own personality.

"I just wanted to go on the screen thru having seen so many moving pictures in company with my father," (a Los Angeles physician), she said. "My mother wasn't at all interested in pictures at that time; the photography was bad and the flickering figures hurt her eyes. But they interested my father as they did me, and we went often.

"I hadn't the least idea how to go about getting on the screen, and it didn't occur to me that there should be any particular difficulty. I decided to go and ask Mr. Griffith for work. It didn't occur to me that there would be anything unusual in my asking for Mr. Griffith personally. I thought that it was the thing to do.

"Mr. Woods told me a funny thing just a little while ago. He said that Mr. Griffith had started to leave the studio, but stopped when he saw me talking to the gateman. He knew by my manner that I wanted work. He gave orders that if I asked for him, I was to be admitted and then went back to his office and waited for me!"

So the little "fan" was featured in her first picture as a "Griffith find"; played opposite Bill Hart in her second picture, "The Aryan"; was with Douglas Fairbanks in her next two, "The Good-Bad Man" and "Reggie Mixes In," and in her fifth picture, "Sister of Six," became a star.

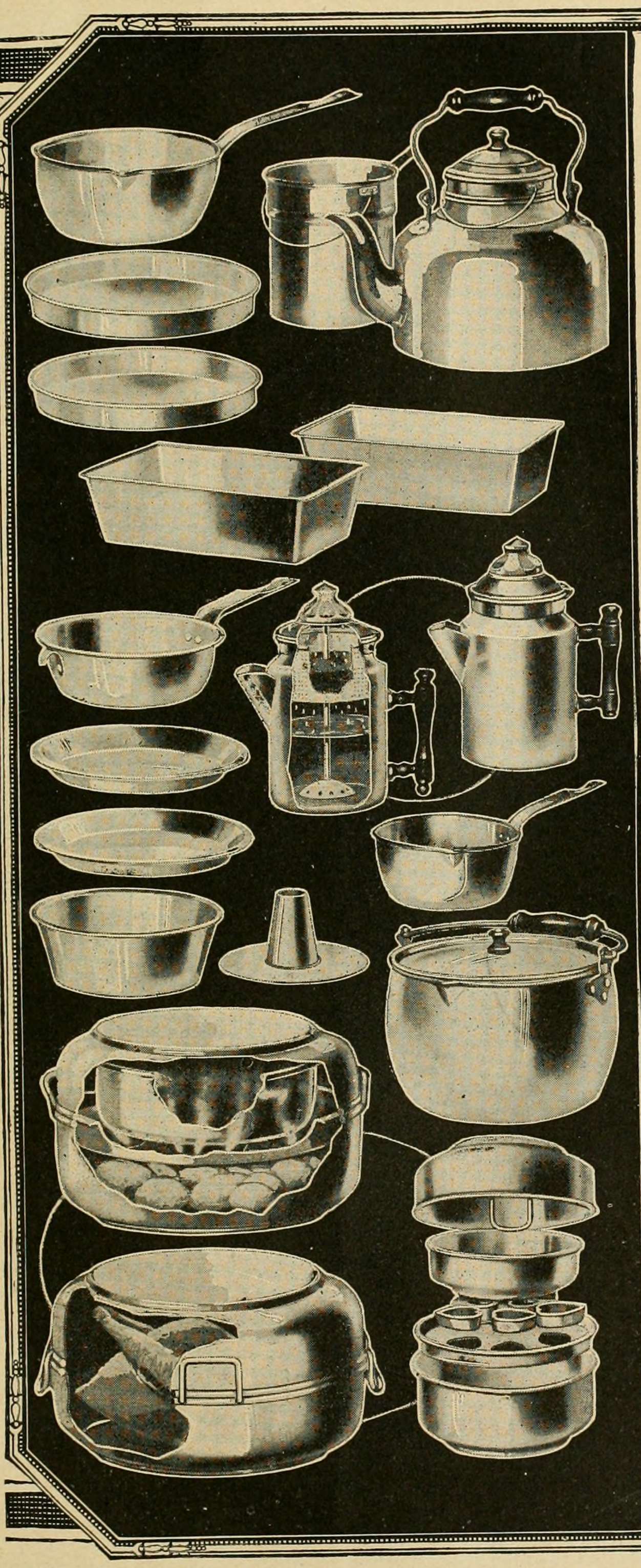
Now her own name of Juanita Horton is almost forgotten, even by those who gave it to her. If you were to meet Mrs. Horton, she would probably tell you that she is "Bessie Love's" mother. Bessie Love is as much Bessie Love at home as she is on the screen.

She has no brothers nor sisters, is not married, and lives with her father and mother in a pretty bungalow in Laurel Canyon.

Of all her achievements, I think Bessie Love is most proud of having succeeded in graduating from the Los Angeles high school last year.

"I left school when I started to work with Mr. Griffith," she said, "but I wanted to finish so dreadfully, that with all the work I had to do, I didn't neglect a study. And so, last year, I was able to show that I had completed my entire course and, after passing my examinations, graduated with the class."

And there you have Bessie Love, the girl Griffith waited for.



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The Photoplay of the Proletariat

(*Continued from page* 18)

His fellow workers laughed at his oddity and made sport of his ambitions. But Borzage was determined and he saved every cent with this end in view. An advertisement of a dramatic school in Salt Lake City lured him to its doors and, when the man who conducted it told him that he was about to take all his pupils on tour, Borzage fell into the trap with enthusiasm.

"My mother wept, as all mothers do," said Borzage, reminiscently, "and my father was quite furious—but I went. At that dad came to the train and, as I boarded it, slipped a roll of money—fifty dollars—into my hand. When you stop to consider what fifty dollars meant to him, you can realize his sacrifice for something he could not understand.

"Of course, the company went broke, altho the manager borrowed my fifty. I had just enough money to get home and, without letting my father know, I slipped into my old bed.

"Early the next morning father pounded upon my door. I pretended to be asleep, but dad rattled my bed. 'I just got home,' said I, sitting up and rubbing my eyes. 'Yeh,' growled father. 'Get up! It's seven o'clock—time to go to work!' So I went back to mixing mortar.

"How the men did kid me! No gentle kidding, either. But I saved up again and tried another company. This time we stranded in Montana. I was broke and nearly starved to death. Finally a man gave me a job on a railroad grading gang in the hills, and that put me upon my feet. I went back to the stage and worked in endless stock companies, playing character parts—all sorts of rôles, big and small. Eventually I landed in Los Angeles.

"I went to Thomas Ince—and, right here, I want to say that I owe everything to him. He looked at me and said, 'I'll put you on salary at twenty-five a week until I can find a leading man's part for you.' 'But I'm not a leading man,' I answered; 'I play character rôles.' 'All wrong,' said Ince. 'You'll be a lead from now on.' And he made good, giving me my first film rôle in 'The Wrath of the Gods' with Sessue Hayakawa and Tsuru Aoki.

"I went on and on from that point. I gained a lot of screen experience in acting. I went to directing, combining acting and directing, and went to the American studios. Then back with Ince at Triangle and next to doing specials for state righting. I tried to keep on acting and directing, but I finally realized that I couldn't do both—and do them well. So I decided that directing meant more to me. 'Humoresque' gave me my opportunity, that's all."

Some confusion exists regarding "Humoresque." The story of the New York Ghetto, as written by Edna Ferber, ended with the departure of the young musician for France. Borzage wrote the screen story as it stands, altho it originally had a different ending. The genius of the violin returned with an artificial hand in the original celluloid version and the tale worked to an unusual climax. But the celluloid powers that be changed the story to its present "happy" dénouement.

Borzage's future will be a matter of distinct interest to the world of the cinema. "I intend to do stories of the people," he says. "I know the folk who go to motion pictures are interested most of all in the problems, the joys and the sorrows of their own daily life, and I hope to bring to the films a reflection of all this.

"Of one thing I am sure—the photoplay has been too far from the realities of life. Screen people haven't breathed with life. Their film experiences have been false and artificial adventures. I want to go beneath the surface of things. I think the photoplay of tomorrow lies in that direction."

Borzage speaks with sincerity. There is nothing of the artificial about him. The rugged directness which carried him from the Utah mines to success has not been lost in transit. He knows life and, unless something unforeseen shifts him from his course, he is going to bring it to the screen.

We asked Borzage about his dad. "What does he think of it all?" we queried.

The director laughed. "I guess it puzzles him. But he is happy, for I have the whole family comfortably fixed out in California. I guess he simply sits—and wonders."

"My Irish Molly-O"

(*Continued from page* 60)

after all. A psychologist might say that in all probability the color combination of French grey and flame expresses her nature; that she would incline to extremes of seriousness and gaiety. However that may be, she has plenty of Irish pluck and Irish luck to carry her thru to the "top o' the world."

Molly Malone was born in Denver, Colorado, in 1897.

"But I dont remember much about Denver," she said. The most vivid recollection of her childhood is of a visit she and her mother made to her uncle, who is chief metallurgist of the Van Ryn gold mine in South Africa. This was when she was about eleven years old. She was there for a year, and then her mother brought her to Los Angeles and she was given her first protracted taste of the discipline of school. Naturally, she didn't like it.

"I hated arithmetic and I was always wanting to do something differently from the way in which I was told to do it." So it was that as a student at Polytechnic High School she took six art periods and made up her mind to become an actress.

One day she was at the Vitagraph studio, talking with another girl who, like herself, was applying for work, when a man high in authority saw her and or-

(*Continued on page* 90)

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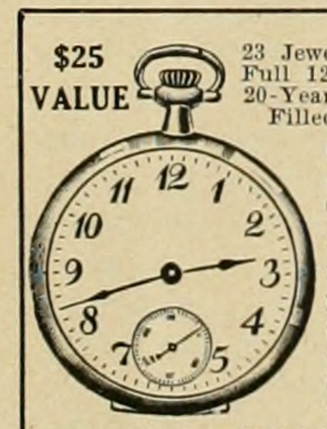

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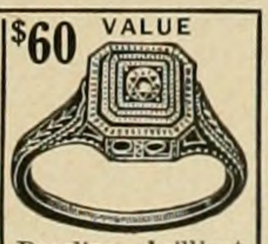

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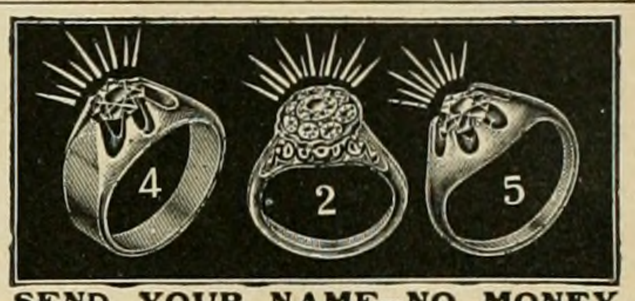

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"My Irish Molly-O"

(*Continued from page* 88)

dered that a test be made of her. Her loveliness photographed perfectly and she was given a leading part in a picture, with a promise of a big contract if she should make good.

(Yes, I know you have read that paragraph before. As a rule, it would go on to say that she was a success from her first moment before the camera.) But Molly Malone was not a success. On the contrary, she did what ninety-nine out of a hundred girls would do when suddenly placed in a leading part without previous training. She very humanly and naturally failed. (As a rule, the stories of girls who become famous "overnight" are only half truths. If you look into the facts deeply enough, you will generally find that months—perhaps years—of training have gone into the making of that "sudden" fame.)

"After that," said Molly Malone, "I went back to school again."

We sat on a chaise longue with our feet tucked under us and a box of sweets conveniently within reach.

"My next attempt to go on the screen," she said, taking another piece of candy, "was at the very bottom of the ladder. I went to Lasky's and just stayed around there, doing nothing in particular for eight months. I wasn't given a part there at all. Then I played leading parts at Universal City." (Among others, for George Cochrane and Harry Carey.)

"I love drama and I want to go back to it some time. But, I realize how much the comedy training means. It gives you lightness, dont you think?" She was quite serious. I, for one, expect to see her follow in the path of many another comedy favorite as, for instance, Betty Compson, Alice Lake and Gloria Swanson.

After leaving Universal, she played leading parts for the late "Smiling Billy" Parsons. Like Alice Lake, she was leading woman for Roscoe Arbuckle—"The Hayseed" and "The Garage" are two of the pictures that come most readily to mind—and she is being featured in Supreme Comedies, the first three being "Molly's Millions," "Molly's Mumps" and "Artistic Temperament." A fourth had not, at this writing, been named.

I think I should have forgotten how very little and childish she looked if it had not been for an accident which might have come out of one of her own comedies. On the day I saw her, she and her mother had just moved back to the court from Venice, where they had spent the summer. They had been unable to get the same cottage that they had last winter, and among other things wrong with the one they did get was the telephone, which was much, much too high for Molly to reach. It rang just as I was leaving, and her mother, who had answered it, called, "This is for you, Molly," and hastily pushed a little box underneath for her to stand on. But the box wasn't strong enough and Molly went thru it, skinning her nose on the edge of the 'phone as she fell.

The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page* 45)

make his fortune. Two years later finds him still the thirteenth clerk in the employ of a prosperous firm. Homer decides not to wait for future success, but to go back to Mainesville with his three hundred dollars savings for a vacation. He electrifies the old town into believing him a millionaire by indulging in all sorts of extravagances, from engaging the village taxi for two weeks to occupying the hotel's bridal suite. And, of course, he hits upon an idea which brings him to sudden success and wins the village belle away from the hotel owner's surly son.

Mr. Ray invests the rôle with a hundred and one subtle touches of humor and humanness. Between Mr. Ray and Jerome Storm's direction, "Homer Comes Home" becomes decidedly likeable.

In his visualization of C. Haddon Chambers' "Passers-By," (Pathé), J. Stuart Blackton does two things better than he has ever done before. He catches the damp greyness of the foggy London streets better than he has ever captured any photoplay atmosphere before. And his camera work is better, frequently being finely artistic. But it seems to us that he misses the heart note in this moving drama of Chambers, in which a young bachelor invites three passers-by into his rooms out of a storm—and finds one of them to be his sweetheart of years before. "Passers-By" is not especially well cast, William J. Ferguson, the sterling old character comedian, simply running away with the film as a whimsical old rogue of a valet.

Tom Moore gives a likeable celluloid performance in Ben Ames Williams' "The Great Accident," (Goldwyn). Moore plays a harum-scarum youth who is finally awakened when the great accident comes—*i.e.*, when he is elected mayor of his town as a practical joke. The action moves thru a series of fearfully trite melodramatic incidents, but Moore maintains a certain interest. Jane Novak is an effective heroine.

"Married Life," (First National), is a five-reel Mack Sennett farce done in the broadest slapstick fashion. We admit our liking for two-reel Sennetts, but, in truth, this five-reeler bored us, altho there are many ingeniously devised laughs. "Married Life" is described as a domestic satire, but in reality it merely relates the episodic adventures of "a man's man," played by the slant-eyed Ben Turpin. The thing is ridiculously amusing—at times. But two reels is enough of this sort of thing.

Douglas MacLean and Doris May have yet to duplicate their little comedy classic, "23½ Hours' Leave." Their latest, "Let's Be Fashionable," is a mild comedy revolving around the efforts of a loving young couple to ape the domestic indifference of their surburban colony, where every hubby is faithful to a wife—of someone else's. You will find "Let's Be Fashionable" fairly entertaining—and little more.

To our way of thinking, Wanda Hawley got off to a bad stellar start with "Miss Hobbs," (Realart), remotely based upon the old Jerome K. Jerome comedy. It is the much-used idea of the fair man-hater who is eventually won over to love. Here Miss Hobbs gives herself to barefoot classic dancing in the morning dew, futuristic bungalows and mannish garb, until the piano-tuner, alias a rich youth in disguise, appears on the horizon. Then fads are forgotten. "Miss Hobbs" is piffling stuff. Moreover, it forces the gently pretty Miss Hawley into an affected, unreal and even unsympathetic rôle for her first starring production. We thought Donald Crisp's direction rather unimaginative.

Photoplasmic Peregrinations

(*Continued from page* 57)

Here is a little incident that may illumine you regarding one man who has been for many years the idol of screen fans the world over—Hobart Bosworth. You remember, of course, his immortal characterization of Jack London's "Sea Wolf"—in the original production, of course—and I am sure those of you who saw him in "Behind the Door" will never forget his vivid portrayal of Krug.

Hobart, good fellow that he is, drove over to a little restaurant in Hollywood the other day; he was in his overalls, begrimed and greasy, for he had been tinkering with his new machine. After ordering breakfast, he was addressed by the proprietor of the place, who evidently did not recognize in Bosworth the favorite of millions of moving picturegoers.

"Want to make a little extra change?" asked the restaurateur.

"What doing?" smiled Hobart.

"Well," the man explained, "I have a leaky pipe in my cellar that needs repairing. It will only take a few minutes to fix it. I'll take you down right after breakfast and show it to you."

Henry Kolker, the director, happened to be passing Hobart's table and explained to the café owner that he was talking to Hobart Bosworth, the famous actor.

"My Lord!" ejaculated the fellow. "How could I tell?" pointing to Bosworth's overalls.

"Dont you see the beautiful car out there?" said Mr. Kolker. "That belongs to——"

"Oh, well!" interrupted the abashed proprietor. "'Most every plumber has a swell car these days, but, of course, if Mr. Bosworth *isn't* a plumber, I wont bother him any more about my pipe."

"Dont you believe it," roared Hobart, thoroly enjoying the situation. "I work just as hard in my profession as any plumber, even if I dont make so much money as some of them. Come on, now! Show me that pipe!"

And, would you believe it, here was this great actor voluntarily playing plumber, with the help of Mr. Kolker and the restaurant man! And I understand he fixed the pipe just as well as any professional could have, too!

Trumpet Island

(*Continued from page 68*)

of his coming, or even to notice when he stood, dangerous as a taut trigger, upon the threshold. One, a smallish, stoutish man with a limp, uncurled jauntiness about him, had his hands on Eve's shoulders, while he spoke down into her terror-twisted face gloatingly. "So you pretend you dont remember me, eh? Of course, a husband cant expect his wife——"

Eve screamed again. "Wife!" she cried in a suffocated tone, like one coming out of ether. "Wife! There was a man once called me that! I dont want to remember—oh, Dickie!"

She tried to break away and run to him, and, turning, they looked into the muzzle of his leveled revolver and into two eyes loaded with trouble. The man holding Eve was disconcerted, but he did not release her. "I beg your pardon," he began, elaborately sarcastic, "if I'm intruding, but you see this lady you have been entertaining happens to be my wife. I am Henri Caron, and we were married on the morning of the day my machine broke a wing-brace and threw me into the ocean. A tramp coaster picked me up. It was bound for South America, and didn't boast a wireless. There was a revolution on when we arrived, and for one reason and another, I was not able to make a search for Eve until very lately."

There was the ring of truth in his words; even Richard, hating him as he did, had to admit that. His revolver wavered, dropped to his side. He looked at Eve and she saw farewell in his gaze.

"Her father is waiting on my yacht yonder," the suave voice continued, enjoyingly. "Perhaps you will allow me to take my wife with me. We are very grateful, of course, for any services you may have rendered her, but a stranger's claims——"

"A stranger's!" Eve had torn herself free at last and stood by Richard Bedell's side, soft young bosom heaving. "Never! Something has happened—like waking out of a happy dream. I had forgotten—but now I remember everything! I remember that I wanted to die rather than be your wife! I even remember things that I dreamed these last months—and the man who did these things, kind, wonderful, tender things, is not a stranger! Oh, Dickie! Dickie! Why did I have to wake up?" She leaned to him, desolately, and very gently he patted her bowed head.

"He is right, I suppose," he said slowly; "he has the law and convention and all the smug habits of humankind on his side. I cant ask you to defy the whole world, Eve. There is nothing between us except—everything!"

They went out of the hut and to the cliff's edge, Richard walking beside the girl, who wept in long, silent shudders, but made no further plea. It was as tho the two were caught in the inexorable grip of some senseless but terribly powerful machine called civilization and felt themselves whirled into its crushing maw, helpless to save themselves. Henri Caron, watching the way her slender body leaned to the tall, straight figure at her side, thinking perhaps how she shrank from his touch, felt himself swept by the bitterest jealousy known to jealous mankind, that of the going for the coming, that of tired age for youth that can still feel and thrill, of surfeit for the old, undimmed wonder of desiring.

On the edge of the cliff, where Richard had cut a steep, ladder-like flight of steps down to the beach far below, he broke his lifelong habit and let his emotions have full control. Shaking with baffled fury at the savorlessness of his triumph, he sprang to Eve's side and brutally flung her away from the other man. "If I thought——" he panted; "she seems infernally sorry to leave—if I thought——"

"I advise you," Richard spoke levelly, "not to think. All men aren't like yourself, you know. There might even be one whose notion of love might interpose itself like a drawn sword between his baser self and the dear honor of the woman he loved."

"A likely tale!" shrieked Caron, and lunged at him, blind with hate. The earth crumbled under his heel; for a single instant he reeled against the sky, clutching frenziedly at nothing, then pitched backward and was gone. Richard motioned the other man, a common seaman, toward Eve. "Take care of her," he directed briefly, and let himself down upon the stone ladder. When, long moments later, he reappeared, he spoke quietly. "There is nothing that can be done for him. Row out to the yacht at once and bring the others. Explain how Caron met his death. Tell her father that Mrs. Caron is here, safe and well."

Side by side they waited, while the sound of oars melted into the eternal monotone of the sea, while the stars faded and the east grew pale. They did not speak. There are things that can be said better without words.

Morning grew luminous all about them; the little, eager waves had tips of flame. "Eve," the man said, at length, with a deep tremble in his voice and a deep awe, "Eve! Eve!"

"My man," she answered, and her voice was like a muted string. Below, across the morning sea a little boat raced fussily toward the shore, its motor barking like the voice of Custom baying at the Cosmos. But they did not hear or see. They rose and stood against the golden glory of the sky, alone in the universe.

"You have lost me three times, Dickie," she reminded him, tenderly chiding, "you wont let them take me away now?"

"Not even God could take you away from me now!" he cried, with the splendid insolence of young love, "not Life nor Death nor any creature." He looked down at her, the new, strong lines of patience cutting deep down about his mouth.

The Anniversary Number of Shadowland

The September issue of SHADOWLAND is the anniversary number of this magazine. It is just one year old—merely an infant in arms as yet—but showing symptoms of prodigious strength and growing ability.

To show our gratitude for the many kindnesses received at the hands of our friends and readers, we have made this anniversary number the best and most beautiful one yet issued.

We have a story on the new Russian ballet by Oliver M. Sayler who has written several well-known books on the subject.

We have a humorous satire on the movies by the popular writer, Benjamin de Casseres;

We have a prophetic forecast of the coming theater season; articles of unusual merit by Louis Raymond Reid, Frederick James Smith, Lisa Ysaye Tarleau, and other well-known writers;—the pictures have never beeen equalled; the color-plate photographs are of such beauty that you will have them framed,—and all in all, the September number will be one that you will read—and read again.

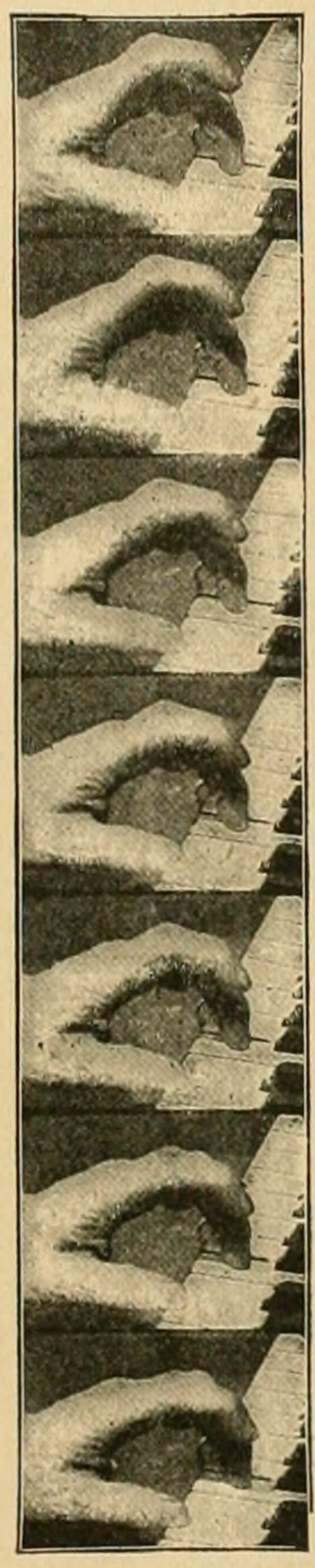
SHADOWLAND

175 Duffield Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

Let Me *Prove* I Teach Piano In Quarter Usual Time

Write for my free booklet. Ask for the names and addresses of accomplished players of piano or organ near you who obtained their ***entire*** training from me by mail. I have students in all parts of the world and scores in every state in the Union.

Although my way of teaching piano was laughed at when I first started in 1891, yet I now have far more students than were ever before taught by one man. Could I have fought my way up against prejudice like this, year after year for over a quarter of a century, unless my method possessed REAL MERIT? ***Investigate,*** is all I ask.



I'll teach you piano in *quarter* the usual time and at *quarter* the usual cost. If you have not previously heard of my method this may seem like a pretty bold statement. But I will soon prove to you that it is not in any way exaggerated if you'll simply send me your name and address on the coupon below.

My way of teaching piano or organ is *entirely different* from all others. Out of every four hours of study, one hour is spent *entirely away from the keyboard*—learning something about Harmony and The Laws of Music. This is an awful shock to most teachers of the "old school," who still think that learning piano is solely a problem of "finger gymnastics." When you *do* go to the keyboard, you accomplish *twice as much,* because you *understand what you are doing.* Studying this way is a *pleasure.* Within four lessons I enable you to play an interesting piece not only in the original key, but in all other keys as well.

I make use of every possible scientific help—many of which are *entirely unknown* to the average teacher. My patented invention, the COLOROTONE, sweeps away playing difficulties that have troubled students for generations. By its use, Transposition—usually a "night-mare" to students—becomes easy and fascinating. With my fifth lesson I introduce another important and exclusive invention, QUINN-DEX. Quinn-Dex is a simple, hand-operated moving picture device, which enables you to see, right before your eyes, every movement of my hands at the keyboard. *You actually see the fingers move.* Instead of having to reproduce your teacher's finger movements from MEMORY—which cannot be always accurate—

Dr. QUINN AT HIS PIANO—From the famous sketch by Schneider, exhibited at the St. Louis Exposition.

you have the correct models before you during every minute of practice. The COLOROTONE and QUINN-DEX save you months and years of wasted effort. They can be obtained *only from me* and there is nothing else anywhere even remotely like them.

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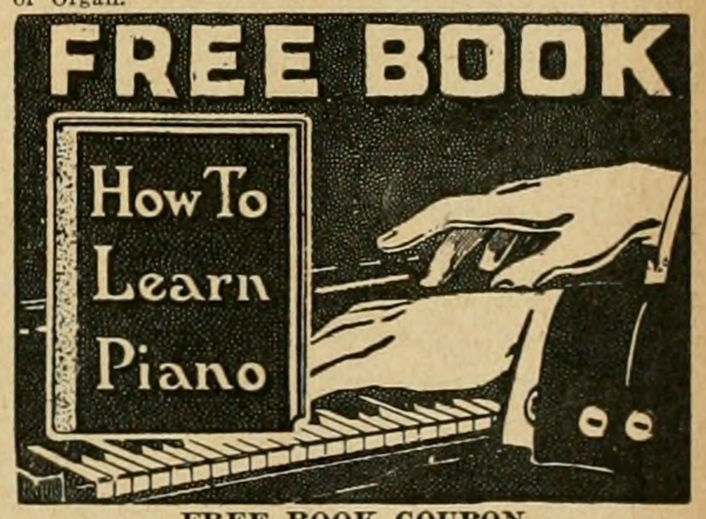

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THIS IS THE LAST BALLOT

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. The Contest began on December 1, 1919, and closes on September 30, 1920.
2. There will be ten ballots as follows:

December	1919 ballot	May	1920 ballot
January	1920 ballot	June	1920 ballot
February	1920 ballot	July	1920 ballot
March	1920 ballot	August	1920 ballot
April	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) . . . . . .

Pacific Coast Paragraphs

(*Continued from page 62*)

The Metro studio, like an extremely hardy weed, has grown and grown. Its roots stretch over acres and acres of dissimilar architecture. The newest sprout is its section of office buildings and dressing-rooms, which boast a fresh coat of white paint.

On the stage, I followed my ears instead of my nose, and by the wail of a violin found myself in a Klieg-lighted scenic hallway, where Winifred Greenwood, wearing a lovely clinging frock of dark blue beaded georgette, was "emoting" under the tutelage of Phil Rosen for a scene in "Are All Men Alike?" May Allison's new starring picture.

Miss Allison, who is the most beloved person about the studio because of her cheerful disposition and her kindness to everyone, which extends even to the smallest extra and the studio dog, was removing her grease-paint in her ivory-and-blue dressing-room preparatory to departing to her beautiful new home in Beverly Hills.

Here I met Viola Dana for the first time—and if anyone can meet that tiny cut-up and not fall irresponsibly in love with her—well, show 'em to me.

Miss Dana is about five feet tall—in her French heels—and the most irresponsible, mischievous, pert, tomboyish ticket I have ever seen. She was wearing a heavenly evening frock of jade-green velvet combined with green-and-gold brocade. She couldn't resist spreading her trim little feet apart and dancing around to show me the pantalette effect of the skirt as she pirouetted about; her bobbed locks flying, her rounded shoulders and small feet jazzing, she reminded me of nothing in the world so much as a naughty little boy dressed up in sister's best dress.

She told me, with a wave of her delectable arm, "I've been made up like this for the last three hours—supposed to start on my new picture, 'Blackmail'—and *now* they send 'round word that they wont need me today, I can go home—fine stuff, I'll say!"

I called her attention to a new joke sprung recently by Roscoe Arbuckle when he was watching Lieutenant Locklear, noted airman, do his famous flying stunts above the Lasky studio.

"Wonder how he does it?" cried a lady visitor.

"Why," remarked "Fatty," "Locklear wasn't born! He was hatched!"

At my recital, Viola dramatically placed a hand over her heart.

"My word!" she said. "I get a real thrill every time I hear his name."

Miss Dana, you know, spends most of her spare time in the air with Lieutenant Locklear.

The Brunton studios are practically a gold mine these days. Because of their tremendous size and excellent facilities for making pictures, each new company that is formed trots over to Mr. Robert Brunton and rents space, offices, accoutrements in his studio to make their pictures, which is much simpler than building new studios of their own. Here Mary Pickford makes her pictures—and I walked down the street which was built for "The Hoodlum"—remember, East Side, New York? It was silent and woebegone, dusty and deserted—it seemed sad that its usefulness was over and that the puppets who played down its alleys had long since departed.

Just around the corner from this deserted section I bumped into a street of Old Mexico—here greasy Mexicans, the real article, were playing Black Jack, or some game with cards, while they waited to be called to take part in Brunton's new serial, "Double Adventure."

A little farther on I was introduced to Josie Sedgwick. You will remember her principally for her splendid work opposite Will Rogers in "Jubilo." Miss Sedgwick is a remarkable woman. One reason is that she doesn't like to be called Josephine, her real name, but prefers the simpler one of Josie; another is that when I asked her about this new serial in which she is playing the lead, she said, "It stars Mr. Hutchinson, you know!"

Miss Sedgwick admits that she is happy—contented! She enjoys acting in serials as well as in feature pictures, because she loves her work. She played also in the Jack Dempsey serial and praised him in glowing terms.

"He is a splendid fellow—in every way," she said.

On the Brunton stage, which boasts a surface of 39,000 square feet, scenes were being shot of Roy Stewart and George Fisher for "The Devil to Pay," Brunton's initial all-star production. Contrary to my expectations, Roy Stewart appeared to belong not at all to the wild West, but rather to the effete East. I can imagine him tea-ing at the Ritz much more easily than parading the plains.

The greatest activity and expectation was being exercised over a set being prepared for Marion Davies, who is expected out here to film her next special feature, "Buried Treasure," for Cosmopolitan Productions.

Here also the famous Mayflower pictures are being filmed. It was here that the last scenes for Robert Chambers' story, "Athalie," were shot, Syd Franklyn's special production, which has Rosemary Theby and Norman Kerry in the cast.

Speaking of the handsome Norman—he recently married an extremely charming Western heiress and is busy at present honeymooning. Nobody knows when he will return to work.

Betty Compson, who scored such a tremendous hit in "The Miracle Man," has completed her first starring picture, which will be released this fall. Miss Compson plans to do six or eight pictures a year and her ambition is to have each screen play present a girl of absolutely different character.

The Motion Picture Magazine

For OCTOBER

BIGGER—
BETTER—
BRIGHTER—

than ever, the October issue of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will greet you, on the first day of September, with a grin of pride in its own merit which will just border on the smirk of complacency. You're sceptical?

Well, as a teaser to your imagination, we want to tell you of a few things which will be in this boasting number:

Judging from the number of ex-bathing beauties who have developed into stars of the celluloidian drama, it seems that salt-water comedy training, as studied under the learned tutelage of Mack Sennett, fits one perfectly for the more warmly clad rendition of drama. Like Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels *et al.*, Mary Thurman has followed the instructions of Mr. Sennett—and now look at her. In the story which Hazel Simpson Naylor writes of Mary, we learn a good deal about the refining process of the beach.

The much-admired Rudyard Kipling once quoted, very sententiously, that the East was the East and the West was the West—and the two could never have anything in common. Well, just the other day Adele Whitely Fletcher decided to find out for herself how much significance lay in the Kipling remark—and returned with a story of an interview she had with Sessue Hayakawa—and all we shall say about it is that it is in the October issue of the MAGAZINE.

The popular Irene Castle talks to Gladys Hall and Gladys tells you what she had to say in a very amusingly-written interview, illustrated with some beautiful portraits of the well-known dancer.

Girls, watch out for this number! Why? Because—Maude S. Cheatham, one of our coast correspondents, has cornered the heart-thrilling Wallie Reid in his own home, and in a very much-at-home mood.

There's a fictionization of "The Mollycoddle," Douglas Fairbanks' latest picture; there's new gossip of the players, new pictures, and, in other words—the October issue of THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is a sure winner.

Order your copy in advance.

The Motion Picture Magazine
175 DUFFIELD ST. BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Temperamental Una

(*Continued from page* 59)

"Well, she just wouldn't *see*, insisting that I had disgraced the family and feeling that in some way she had been to blame—my father was no longer living—and she came over to New York and took me home. Then began a series of arguments, but when she did at last realize that she could never turn me from my purpose, mother proved what a game sport she was by taking me back to Sioux City herself.

"They gave me a hearty welcome and in a short time the audiences sent in petitions to have me play the lead. I was there eight months and we put on a new play each week. *Work!* I slaved, and how that manager coached and drilled me for hours and hours. You see, I had really had so little experience and knew absolutely nothing about dramatic technique."

Una Trevelyn is a striking-looking girl, with lovely fair skin, blonde hair and deep, expressive eyes. She is slight, almost fragile, and one wonders where she keeps her all-indomitable spirit.

"Pictures? Oh, I just *happened* into them," and Miss Trevelyn grew thoughtful. "I had been with A. H. Woods for two years, playing the leading rôles in 'Common Clay' and 'Cheating Cheaters' on tour, and was called to New York to be starred. When I reached there I was a wreck, weighing only ninety-six pounds. The doctors decreed that I must go West immediately. That was a year ago, and I came to Los Angeles, where I gained from the first moment. I remember that I met Mabel Normand a few weeks later, and she gasped, 'I heard you were dying! Why, you look fine!' "

The big interest in her life is her twelve-year-old nephew, Everett, whom she legally adopted four years ago when her mother, who had been the child's guardian, became seriously ill.

"When the courts gave him to me," Una spoke solemnly, "I mentally folded him in my arms and claimed him for my own—somehow I feel that my sister knows how dearly I love him. I have suffered for him, too; perhaps that is one reason I adore him so, for when he was four he was terribly burned, and I gave my own skin to be grafted on his leg, which saved it."

Everett is with her in Los Angeles and is a student at the Harvard Military School, and when her mother comes out this summer, she is planning to select a site and build a home. She wants a hillside, with winding roads, many flowers and tall trees for the mocking-birds to make their nests.

Miss Trevelyn is an expert golfer, having won the woman's Eastern championship four years ago at the Seaview Club, Atlantic City, where the Trevelyns have a summer home. Tho she seldom plays, she can still make a splendid record. She is a motor enthusiast and her greatest little recreation is buying cars; she has had half a dozen during the past year.

The Home Stretch!

(*Continued from page* 47)

cause a flutter not only among the spectators of the contest, but also among the stars who have been occupying their celestial homes on the silversheet for some time past.

We begin with:

Miss Juliette Compton, of 340 West 85th Street, New York City. She is a member of the "What's In a Name?" company, Lyric Theater, and a Southerner by birth. Miss Compton is very unusual to look at. She has black hair, grey eyes and fair complexion.

A belle of Brooklyn, N. Y., is Miss Gladys Stetson, of 404 DeKalb Avenue. She is an eccentric dancer of no mean ability, having appeared with "Hitchy Koo," and is the possessor of a pair of brown eyes, a mass of brown hair and a fair complexion.

The little blonde Westerner is Miss Allene Ray, of 2248 River Avenue, San Antonio, Texas. Miss Ray has had some musical comedy experience as well as some screen experience. She has hazel eyes, golden blonde hair and fair skin.

Miss Mary Louise Lizare, of 502 W. Washington Street, Sandusky, Ohio, has never had any previous stage experience. She is a brunette with the brownest of eyes and the brownest of hair and a fair skin.

Altho we have never heard of Valiant, Oklahoma, we herewith wish to state that our ignorance is of much deeper import than we had thought, for from Valiant comes little Helen Trigg, who, while she has never had any stage or screen experience, is a contestant who causes one to sit up and take notice. Miss Trigg is a brunette with brown hair and large brown eyes that look out on a very pleased recipient, the world.

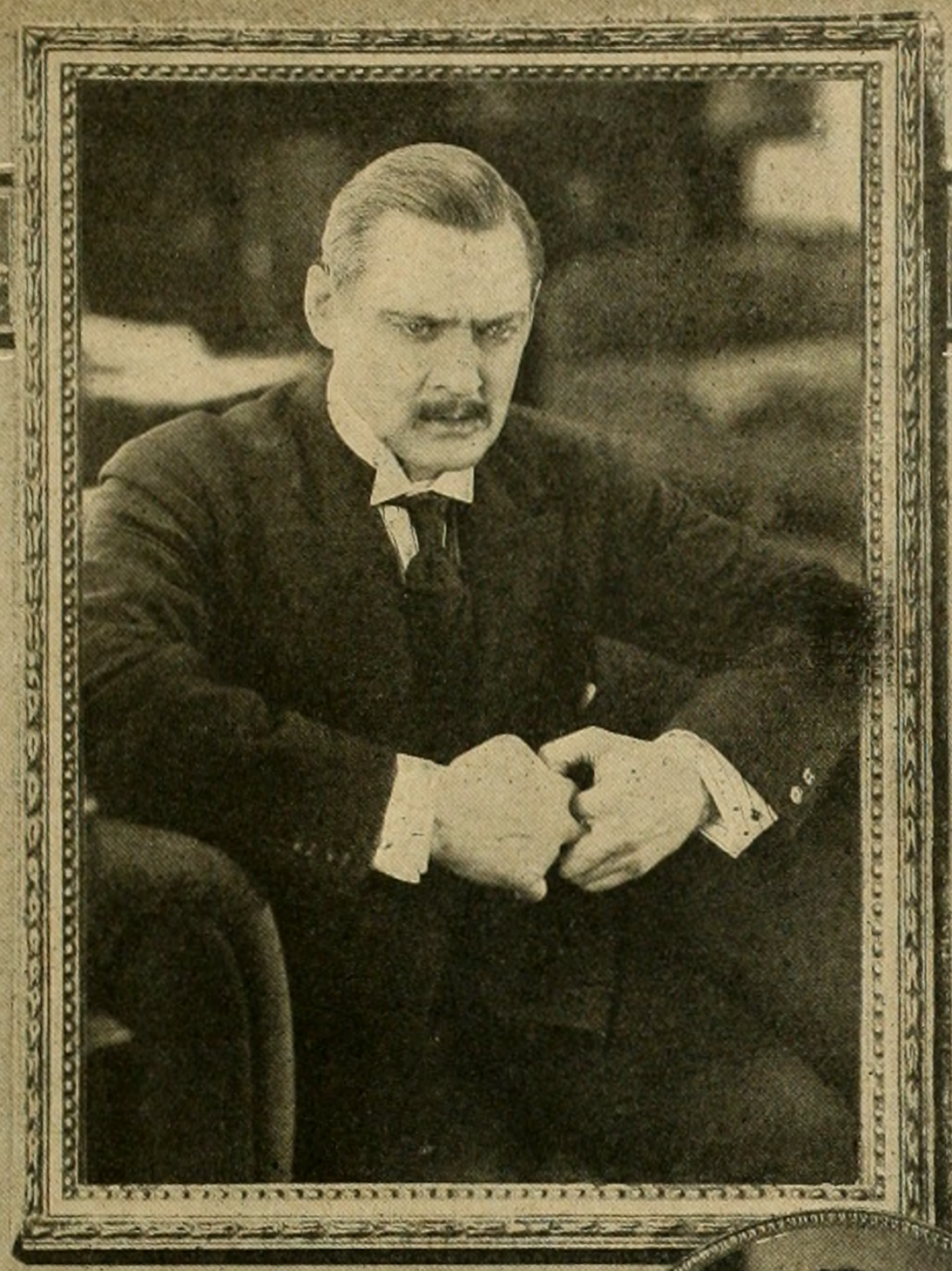
Miss Evelyn Yvonne Hughes, of 2916 Shady Avenue, McKeesport, Pa., is another honor roll member who bids fair to put up a good argument for the final honor awards. She has never been on the stage or screen, but a girl with blue-grey eyes, chestnut hair and fair complexion who wants anything—stands a good chance of getting it.

From the sunny skies of California—or, to be more explicit and less poetical, from 141 West 45th Street, Los Angeles—comes this photograph of Miss Ester Marie Ritter, who desires motion picture fame and fortune. Miss Ritter has had no former stage or screen experience and is a brunette of the "Nut-Brown Maid" type, with black hair, olive skin and dark-brown eyes.

SALVAGE

By Barbara Hollis

You rescued a rose from the dust of the road
  Where 'twas lying:
You eased my poor heart when the weight of
  its load
  Was most trying.
The rose yielded perfume a moment or two—
Then died after all, as all roses must do;
But love is immortal, and ever in you
My heart shall find rest—make its final abode:
  Love undying!



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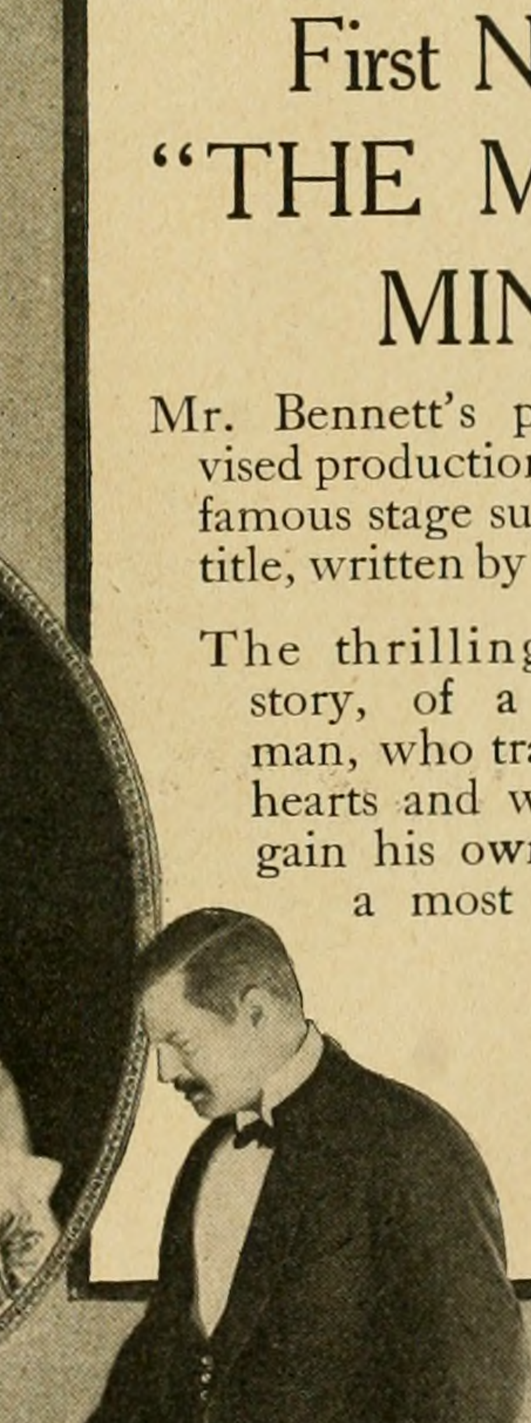

REVENGE IN HIS GRASP, THERE CAME A THUNDERING VOICE, "VENGEANCE IS MINE"

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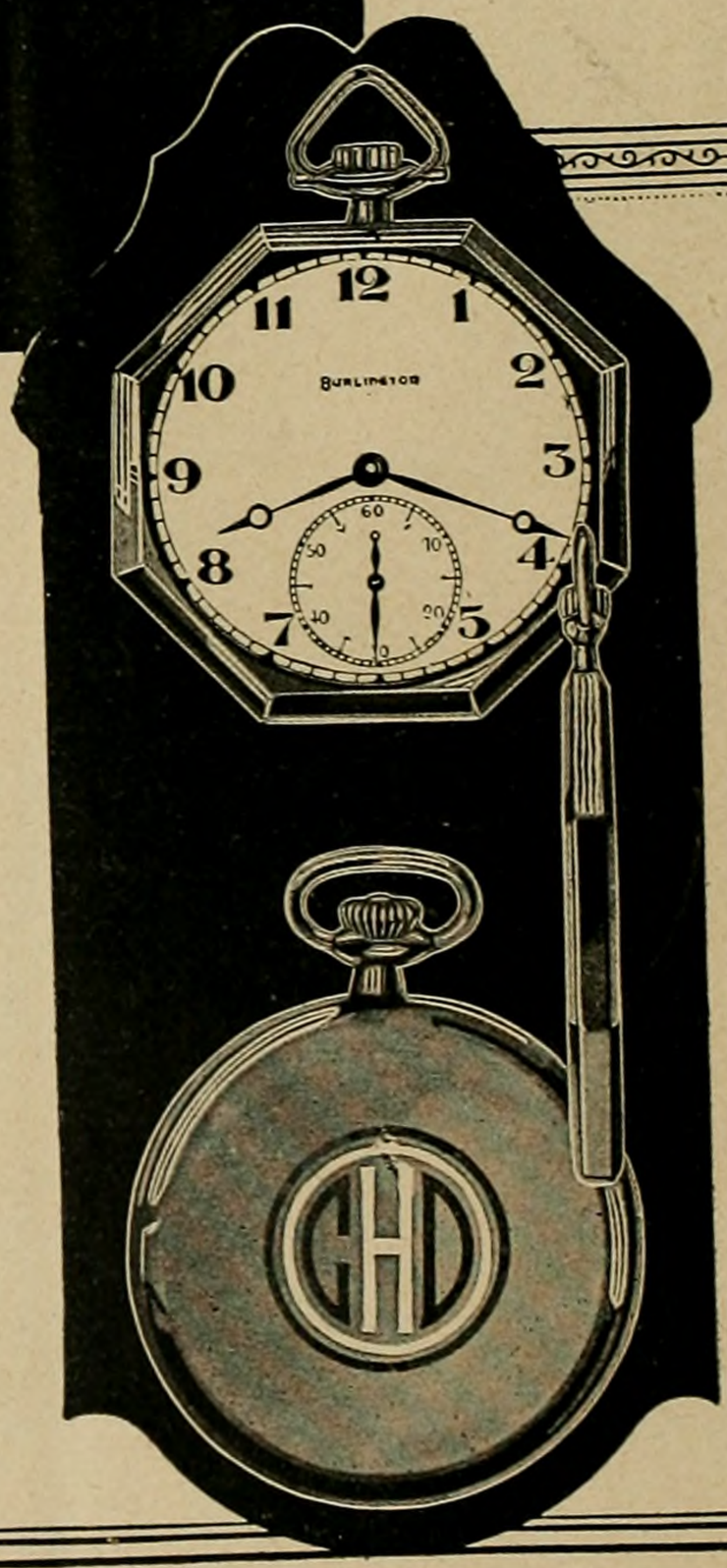

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