

MOTION PICTURE

# CLASSIC

NOVEMBER

30¢



LOUISE GLAUM

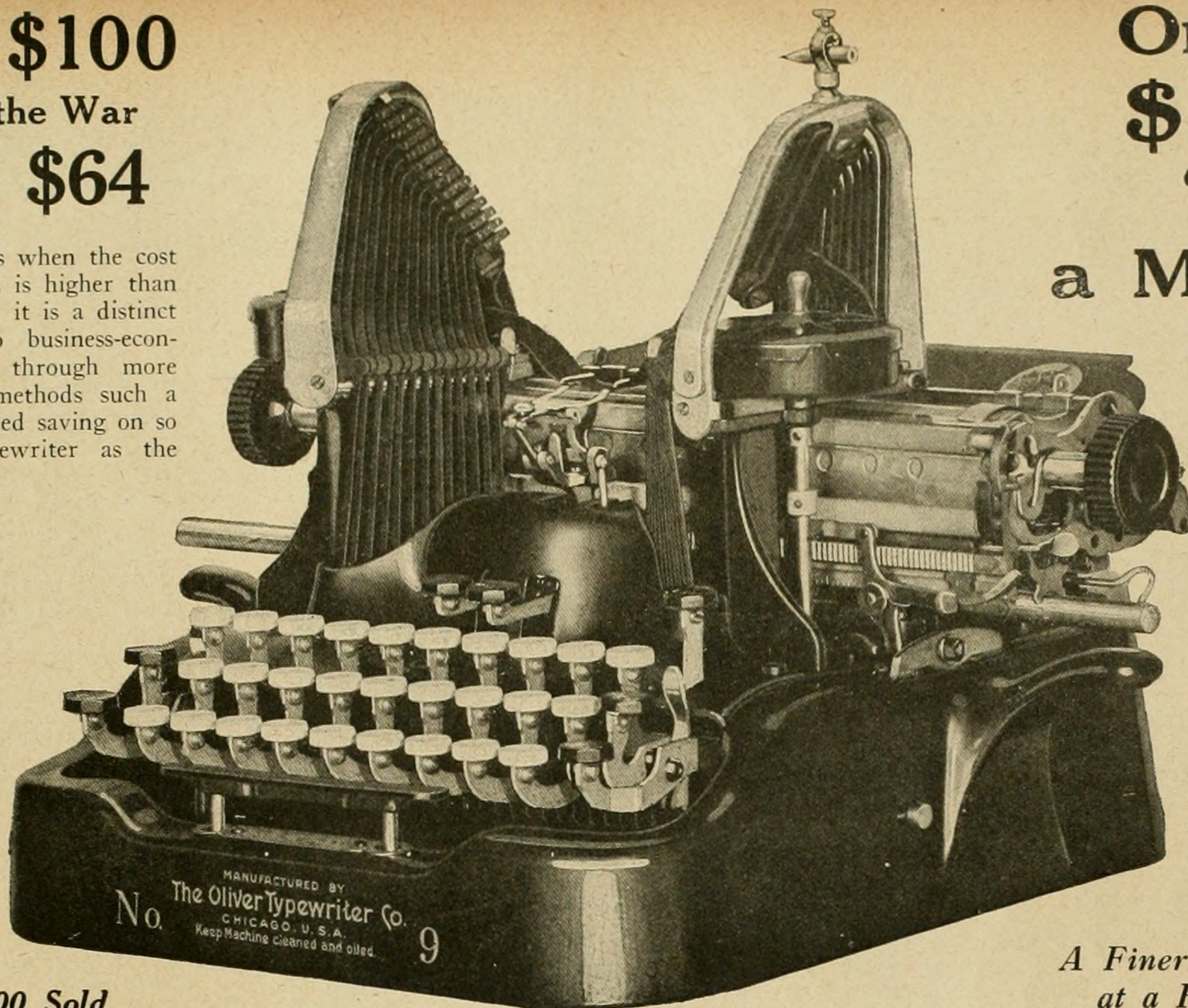
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Occupation or Business.....



A few  
OF THE NEW  
PARAMOUNT  
PICTURES

Alphabetically Listed

- Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle in  
"The Round Up"  
A George H. Melford Production
- \*Enid Bennet in  
"Her Husband's Friend"
- Billie Burke in  
"Frisky Mrs. Johnson"
- Ethel Clayton in  
"A City Sparrow"
- Ethel Clayton in  
"Sins of Rosanne"  
A Cosmopolitan Production  
"Humoresque"
- A Cosmopolitan Production  
"The Restless Sex"
- Dorothy Dalton in  
"Half An Hour"
- Dorothy Dalton in  
"A Romantic Adventuress"
- Cecil B. DeMille's Production  
"Something to Think About"
- Elsie Ferguson in  
"Lady Rose's Daughter"
- George Fitzmaurice's Production  
"Idols of Clay"
- George Fitzmaurice's Production  
"The Right To Love"
- Dorothy Gish in  
"Little Miss Rebellion"
- William S. Hart in  
"The Cradle of Courage"  
A Wm. S. Hart Production
- \*Douglas McLean in  
"The Jailbird"
- Thomas Meighan in  
"Civilian Clothes"  
A George H. Melford Production  
"Behold My Wife!"
- An All-Star Production  
"Held By the Enemy"
- \*Charles Ray in  
"An Old Fashioned Boy"
- \*Charles Ray in  
"The Village Sleuth"
- Wallace Reid in  
"Toujours de l'Audace"  
("Always Audacious")
- Wallace Reid in  
"What's Your Hurry?"
- Maurice Tourneur's Production  
"Deep Waters"
- Bryant Washburn in  
"Burglar Proof"
- Bryant Washburn in  
"A Full House"
- \*A Thos. H. Ince Production

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NEW YORK



# The NOVEMBER Shadowland

LIKE the Horn of Plenty, SHADOWLAND for November offers a magazine replete with the finest in literary contributions; the most beautiful and artistic; the most interesting in the current affairs of our daily existence.

When you read the article by **Walter Prichard Eaton**, you will gain a new insight into the complicated character of the American playwright.

Everyone knows **Heywood Broun**, the sometimes sarcastic, but nearly always truthful dramatic critic of the *New York Tribune*. **Mr. Broun**, offers a thoroly enjoyable book review, which will delight our most fastidious readers.

**Oliver M. Saylor** is a well-known authority on the dramatic life of foreign countries. He has a story on the Japanese drama, which is one of the most absorbing articles in the magazine.

The photoplay of today and the photoplay of tomorrow are two entirely different things, says **Frederick James Smith**. We learn a good deal about it in an unusually interesting article.

Our own **Wynn Holcomb** has sent us a new lay-out of Parisian cartoons and pertinent paragraphs on things pertaining to Paris which will probably startle you.

## Shadowland

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Vol. XI

NOVEMBER, 1920

No. 3

### THE GIRL ON THE COVER

(Painted by *Leo Sielke, Jr.*, from a photograph by *Alfred Cheney Johnston*.)

Louise Glaum stands foremost at present in the vacillating line of film lorelei. Miss Glaum made her debut on the stage as a member of a stock company in Chicago, and has been numbered among the leading women of the screen for the past four years.

When Louise is not breaking up cinema homes, and depicting the more tragic side of life on the screen, she peacefully indulges in her real passion; i. e., the raising of chickens, and her chicken farm out at the coast is one of the most widely discussed places in California.

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Subscription, \$3.00 a year, in advance, including postage in the U. S., Cuba, Mexico, and Philippines; in Canada, \$3.50 a year; in foreign countries, \$4.00. Single copies, 30 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.

Entered at the Brooklyn, N. Y., Post Office as Second-class Matter.

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MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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 of Interest

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these spoken plays appear in their vicinity.)



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# DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES

**Bijou.**—"The Charm School." An appealing light comedy with music, based upon Alice Duer Miller's story of the handsome young bachelor who inherits a young ladies' finishing school. Minnie Dupree runs away with the production as an old maid teacher, while James Gleason, Sam Hardy and Marie Carroll are effective.

**Booth.**—"Happy-Go-Lucky." Ran a long time in London as "Tilly of Bloomsbury." A typical British comedy by Ian Hay. O. P. Heggie runs away with the comedy as the baliff's bibulous aid.

**Broadhurst.**—"Come Seven." Amusing adaptation of the Octavus Roy Cohen negro stories which have been appearing in *The Saturday Evening Post*. All the characters are negroes, played by white players. Funny, but of little depth. Arthur Aylsworth is excellent as a shiftless darky. Gail Kane and Earle Foxe play the colored lovers.

**Casino.**—"Honeydew." Pleasant musical entertainment with charming score by Efrem Zimbalist, the violinist. Mlle. Marguerite and Frank Gill score with their dancing.

**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.

**Eltinge.**—"Ladies' Night." About the most daring comedy yet attempted on Broadway. This passes from the boudoir zone to the Turkish bath on ladies' night. Not only skates on thin ice, but smashes thru now and then. John Cumberland is admirable.

**Empire.**—"Call the Doctor." Jean Archibald's slender little comedy built around a charming feminine doctor of domestic difficulties. The production shows David Belasco's smooth stage direction and is very well acted, particularly by Janet Beecher as the physician in question.

**Forty-Fourth Street.**—D. W. Griffith's master-production of the rural melodrama, "Way Down East." Splendid in many ways with many moving moments and the biggest—and most thrilling—climax since the ride of the clansmen in "The Birth of a Nation."

**Fulton.**—"Scrambled Wives." Another typical farce built on a series of misunderstandings. A divorced couple try to hide their first wedding from their new marriage alliances. Rather bright and amusing. Roland Young is excellent.

**Globe.**—George White's "Scandals of 1920." Lively and well-thought-out musical revue with lavish and swiftly changing scenes, plus many pretty girls. Paint succeeds stockings and tights in several numbers. Ann Pennington is the shining light of this revue.

**Greenwich Village Theater.**—"Greenwich Village Follies of 1920." Gorgeous and beautiful, as is typical of John Murray Anderson productions. Here is a musical entertainment with imagination and charm. James Reynolds has created some remarkable scenes and costumes and the whole ensemble is vivid and colorful.

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

**Hudson.**—"Crooked Gamblers." A lively and thrilling comedy-melo of the financial district, in which a guileless young inventor of auto tires defeats the Wolf of Wall Street. Taylor Holmes starred.

**Little.**—"Foot-Loose," with Emily Stevens. Zoe Akins' well-done modernization of the old melodrama, "Forget-Me-Not."

**New Amsterdam Roof.**—Ziegfeld 9 o'clock and midnight revues. Colorful entertainments unlike anything to be found anywhere else.

**Plymouth.**—"Little Old New York." Rida Johnson Young's delightful but fragile little romance of New York in 1810, with John Jacob Astor, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Peter Delmonico and Washington Irving among its

characters. Genevieve Tobin runs away with the piece—and scores one of the biggest personal successes of many seasons. Here is a Maude Adams in the making.

**Republic.**—"The Lady of the Lamp." A fanciful and highly colored fantasy by Earl Carroll. Built about an opium dream which reveals a tragic romance of old China. A certain charm is here. George Gaul is admirable and Henry Herbert gives a remarkable portrayal of a sinister Manchu chieftain of centuries ago.

**Selwyn.**—"Tickle Me." An Arthur Hammerstein early autumn show with the amusing Frank Tinney starred. Considerable fun, some tuneful music and a very personable chorus. Likewise gorgeous costuming.

**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

**"Abraham Lincoln."** You should see this if you see nothing else from 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.

**William Rock's "Silks and Satins."** Another musical revue, but we doubt if it will even appeal to the tired business man. Ernestine Myers, the dancer, stands out.

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

**"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.

**"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.

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

**"The Hottentot,"** with Willie Collier. Typical one-man farce with the inimitable farceur, Collier, at his best. Full of laughs.

**"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.

**"The Storm."** A well-told melodrama of the lonely Northwest with a remarkable stage effect of a forest fire.

**"Scandal."** Cosmo Hamilton's daring drama which Constance Talmadge played on the screen. June Walker and Charles Cherry have the leading roles.

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

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But yesterday, in her girlish fancy, she deeply envied those who live and move in that fascinating sphere, the Realm of Authorship. But yesterday her hopes mingled with her fears, her doubts of herself, her simple lack of faith in her ability "TO WRITE." But yesterday she deemed well-nigh impossible the triumph that has come to her today!

But yesterday her life was a dull, drear grind in a department store. In her little niche behind the notion counter her girl's soul was slowly shriveling. The drab, grey life was deadening every spark of hope within her. Thinking of her youth and yearnings, she would oft' hopefully repeat to herself those lines from some beautiful book, "It is the Spring! It is the Spring! And Life is so FULL of Flowers! Ah, surely some of them are MINE!" But there was the monotony, the dull servitude, from 8 to 6—it never varied—it went on and on and on—a dumb fate that seemed to stare her in the face forever, just as it might be pictured in a story by O. Henry.

Not that all girls are unhappy who work in stores, but she—she dreamed of higher things. She wanted more out of life than the grey, humdrum existence. Why should Success be a thing OTHERS could attain and not she? She had two good hands and a brain—she was intelligent, observing, and though not a genius, surely, she told herself, she could learn to write stories as good as hundreds she had seen.

One day her sweet-faced mother noticed a small advertisement in a magazine. It said: "Free to writers—this wonderful book. Tells How to Write Plays and Stories." "Here, Dorothy dear," said Mrs. Dean, "here is something about writing stories and plays. Here's a concern offering a free book on the subject. Why not get it? See what they can do for you? You never can tell—maybe you really can learn how to write the way you've dreamed so long, and just think how wonderful that would be!"

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*This is a true story, as startling as it is romantic, and here is the most startling thing of all—a remarkable discovery that will thrill ambitious men and women of all ages throughout the world! The discovery is that: MILLIONS OF PEOPLE CAN WRITE STORIES AND PHOTOPlays AND DON'T KNOW IT!*

(Seven)

For years the mistaken idea prevailed that you had to have a special knack in order to write. People said it was a gift, a talent. Some imagined you had to be an Emotional Genius with long hair and strange ways. They vowed it was no use to try unless you'd been touched by the Magic Wand of the Muse. They discouraged attempts of ambitious people to express themselves.

Yet only recently a great English literary authority declared that "nearly all the English-speaking race want to write! It's a craving for self-expression, characteristic of the present century."

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This institution at Auburn is the world's school for inexperienced authors—a literary institute for all humanity. And everybody is taking up the idea of writing. The fascination has swept the country by storm! People are dumbfounded at the ease with which they learn to write!

You know it was Shakespeare who said: "All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players." Life's stage all around you is filled with people and incidents that will make stories without number. From the great Screen of Humanity and its constantly changing tide of Human Emotions—Love, Hatred, Jealousy, Happiness—you can create endless interesting plots for stories and photoplays. There is never a lack—it flows on in an Endless Stream of Circumstance—like Tennyson's brook—forever! Every person you know is a type, a character. "Every house has a story." And those who dwell within have impulses, ideas, hopes, fears, fancies that furnish material for you. The daily newspapers are filled to the brim. The Footlights of Fate reflect scenes and incidents for the Pen of Realism.

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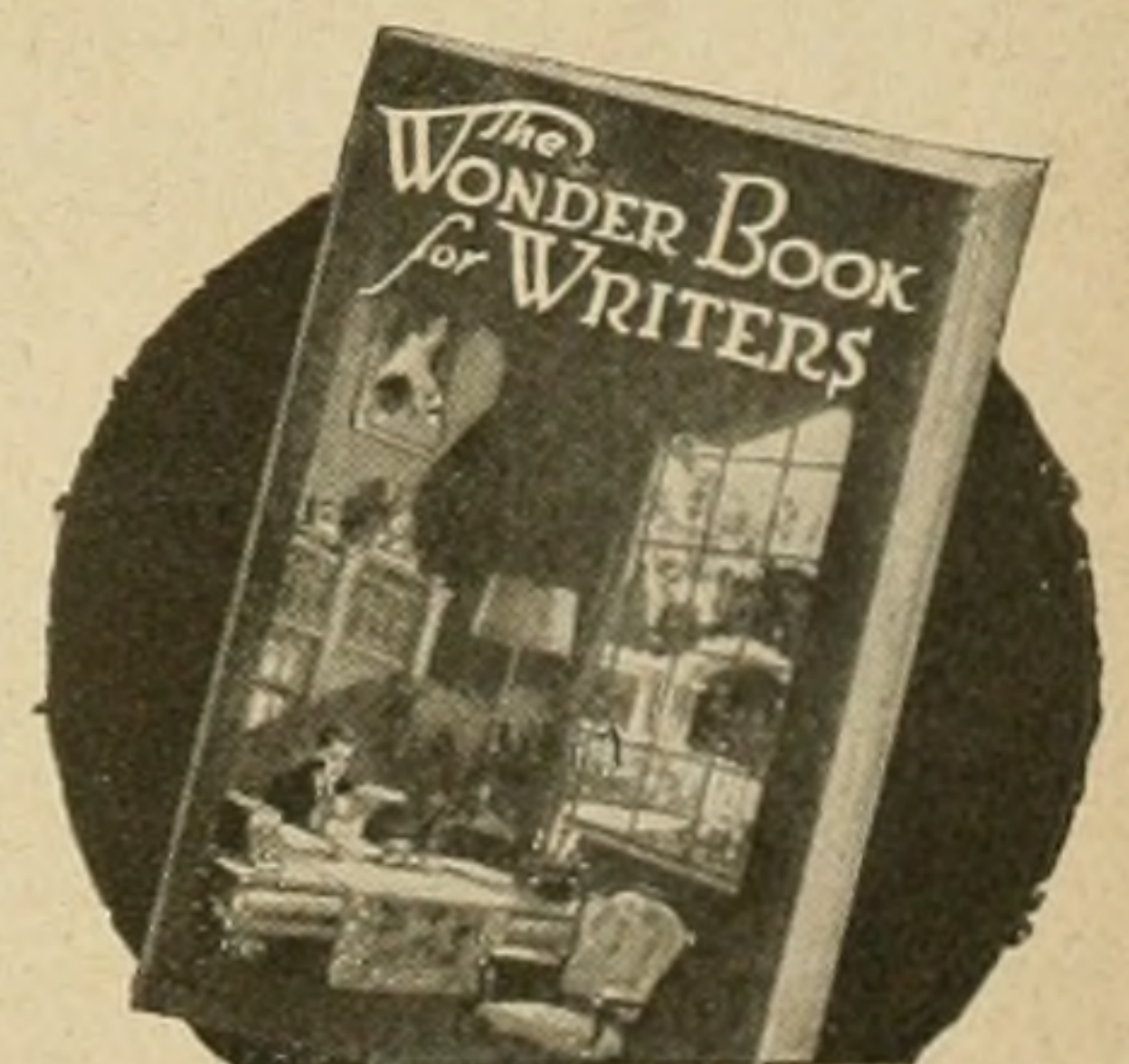
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## Popularity Contest Closes

As this book goes to press the votes for the popularity contest are still pouring in. Interest is rife and film fans everywhere are working frantically to give their favorite player just one more boost before it is too late. But when this number reaches the newsstands and the subscribers, the great popularity contest will have run its course and the final tabulation of votes will be in the course of completion. To arrive at the result may take longer than is expected—but there will be an announcement made as soon as possible.

Mary Pickford, 150,768; Norma Talmadge, 89,516; Pearl White, 36,943; Mme. Nazimova, 20,411; Constance Talmadge, 16,657; Bebe Daniels, 8,384; Viola Dana, 7,208; Theda Bara, 7,162; Mary Miles Minter, 7,048; Ethel Clayton, 6,372; Lillian Gish, 5,954; Marguerite Clark, 5,840; Elsie Ferguson, 5,637; Ruth Roland, 5,408; Dorothy Gish, 4,815; Anita Stewart, 4,626; Edith Johnson, 4,050; May Allison, 3,561; Olive Thomas, 3,374; Pauline Frederick, 3,121; Shirley Mason, 2,810; Geraldine Farrar, 2,667; Gloria Swanson, 2,604; Alice Brady, 2,526; Olga Petrova, 2,483; Dorothy Dalton, 2,419; Ann Little, 2,175; Alice Lake, 2,116; Wanda Hawley, 2,064; Irene Castle, 1,872; Marie Osborne, 1,835; Alice Joyce, 1,620; Priscilla Dean, 1,558; Mildred Davis, 1,414; Blanche Sweet, 1,365; Marie Prevost, 1,320; Marion Davies, 1,170; Vivian Martin, 1,003; Kathlyn Williams, 983; Mae Murray, 960; Doris May, 901; Marguerite Fisher, 859; Clara K. Young, 846; Phyllis Haven, 822; Juanita Hansen, 815; Marjorie Daw, 761; Madge Kennedy, 755; Betty Compson, 741; Corinne Griffith, 738; Marie Walcamp, 657; June Caprice, 640; Constance Binney, 631; Bessie Love, 625; Enid Bennett, 556; Jane Novak, 549; Mildred Reardon, 533; Dolores Casinelli, 526; Sylvia Breamer, 514; Rosemary Theby, 504; Gladys Leslie, 489; Louise Lovely, 474; Billie Burke, 462; Lila Lee, 459; Winifred Westover, 452; Pauline Curley, 417; Eva Novak, 404; Lillian Hall, 396; Mildred Harris, 391; Dorothy Phillips, 385; Violet Heming, 378; Doris Kenyon, 373; Marguerite de La Motte, 367; Mae Marsh, 352; Grace Cunard, 340; Helene Chadwick, 334; Virginia Lee Corbin, 321; Ruth Stonehouse, 317; Fanny Ward, 308; Betty Blythe, 300; Mary Thurman, 293; Peggy Hyland, 288.

William S. Hart, 95,587; Wallace Reid, 56,745; Richard Barthelmess, 35,703; Douglas Fairbanks, 15,460; Eugene O'Brien, 10,624; William Farnum, 10,567; Thomas Meighan, 6,952; Tom Mix, 6,477; Elliot Dexter, 6,441; J. Warren Kerrigan, 6,334; Charles Ray, 5,919; Bert Lytell, 5,345; Tom Moore, 4,213; Gaston Glass, 4,075; William Russell, 3,819; Ralph Graves, 3,604; Harrison Ford, 3,627; Ben Alexander, 3,562; Antonio Moreno, 3,144; John Barrymore, 3,102; Charles Chaplin, 2,961; William Duncan, 2,855; Jack Pickford, 2,244; George Walsh, 2,208; Rodney La Rocque, 2,196; Douglas MacLean, 2,184; Kenneth Harlan, 2,011; Eddy Polo, 1,959; Harold Lloyd, 1,756; Owen Moore, 1,600; Harry Northrup, 1,547; Earle Williams, 1,519; Lloyd Hughes, 1,462; Conway Tearle, 1,322; Monte Blue, 1,266; Robert Warwick, 1,110; Lewis Stone, 1,050; Sessue Hayakawa, 952; Percy Marmont, 888; Bryant Washburn, 854; Robert Harron, 836; Monroe Salisbury, 789; Louis Bennison, 771; William Desmond, 765; Marshal Neilan, 759; Charles Meredith, 743; Sunshine Sammy, 730; Lon Chaney, 687; Harry Carye, 671; Albert Ray, 662; Tom Forman, 659; Eddie Lyons, 652; Francis MacDonald, 646; Wesley Barry, 641; Ben Turpin, 564; Jack Perrin, 537; George Fawcett, 518; Henry G. Sell, 506; Joe Ryan, 500; Webster Campbell, 494; David Powell, 490; Theodore Roberts, 484; Robert Gordon, 447; Mahlon Hamilton, 469; James J. Corbett, 462; Harry Morey, 455; Jack Holt, 441; Creighton Hale, 416; Cullen Landis, 396; Emory Johnson, 389; King Vidor, 380; Lee Moran, 371; Milton Sills, 363; Will Rogers, 354; Jack Dempsey, 348; Francis Ford, 336; Francis X. Bushman, 324; Fatty Arbuckle, 317.

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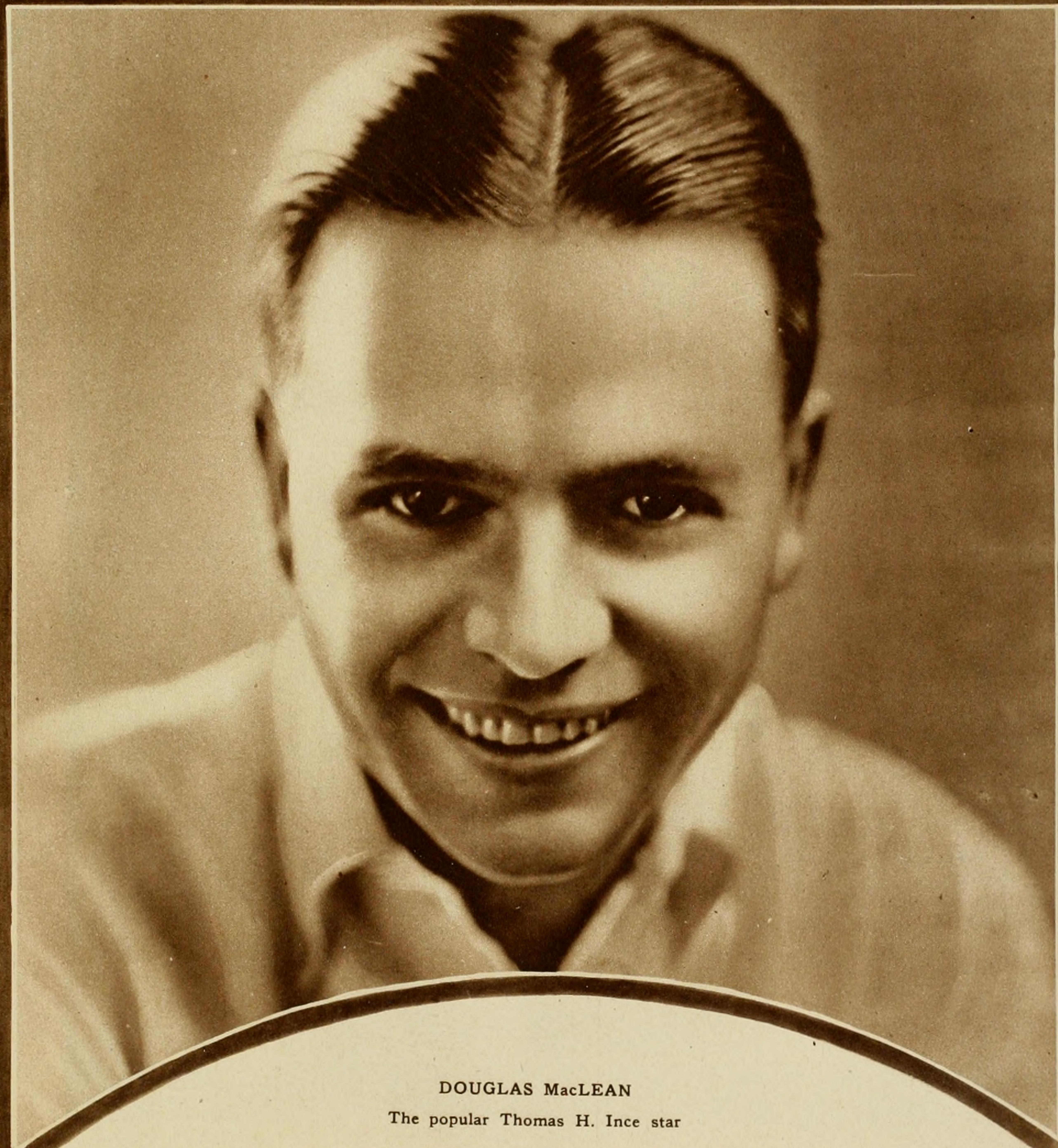
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# MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC



DOUGLAS MacLEAN  
The popular Thomas H. Ince star

Photograph by Evans, L. A.



Photograph by Evans, L. A.

BARBARA BEDFORD

The most recent of Maurice Tourneur's "star-finds," and one who is proving herself quite capable of achieving the success of Constance Binney, Faire Binney and Vivian Martin—the other Tourneur discoveries



Photograph by Witzel, L. A.

**MARY THURMAN**

Capitalizing her popularity, achieved as a Mack Sennett bathing beauty, Miss Thurman has turned her talent to the dramatic side of the silversheet, and is now appearing in Allan Dwan productions



Photograph by Freulich

EVA NOVAK

Little sister Eva is following in the footsteps of Jane's success, and is now being starred by Universal, proving that sometimes there is more than one swan in a family



Photograph by Hartsook, L. A.

**ELINOR FAIR**

Whose last name could be used first with the greatest ease, will appear opposite Otis Skinner in the forthcoming Robertson-Cole feature, "Kismet"

## “What Time Is It?” Asked Muriel

WE have accomplished interviews under all sorts of trying circumstances. We have “helped” stars pick out gowns. We have motored into Westchester with ‘em. We have dined, tea-d, Ziegfeld roofed, suppered, lunched and—whisper—even breakfasted with them. Many times they have been in a hurry, but, to the best of our present disturbed recollection, nobody was ever quite in so much of a hurry as Muriel Ostriche.

The task of interviewing a cute ingénue—film ingénues are becoming more extinct every day—rather intrigued us and we were exactly on time at Miss Ostriche’s uptown hotel.

Two minutes later—3:32 p.m. to be exact—Miss Ostriche appeared in the hotel reception-room. She had a tiny package in her hand.

“I’m awfully sorry,” she began. “You see, I’d been planning to take a 4:10 train to the beach for the week-end and I thought our interview was to be earlier and—but I’ll take a later train.”

Of course, we knew that she really didn’t want to take a later train. Also, we could not conscientiously upset the schedule of an ingénue.

So we asked a porter to summon a taxi.

“We’ll interview you en route,” we confided.

“That’ll be wonderful,” sighed Miss Ostriche, with something that we suspected sounded like relief. “Better start now before the taxi comes. Want a—er—pencil?”

“We never use ‘em,” said we, trying to maintain our editorial poise in the face of the Ostriche optics. “What about your traveling bag?”

Photograph © by Underwood & Underwood



Muriel Ostriche started in motion pictures at old Biograph and played in Eclair, Thanhouser and World Film productions. Now she is starring in a series of film plays being made by Arrow





By  
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

"Dont need it," giggled Miss Ostriche. "I have everything here. (Indicating the tiny bundle.) Bet you cant guess the contents."

Our poise *was* slipping. Where on earth was the taxi?

"Guess," insisted Miss Ostriche.

We mopped our brow. "It's a hot day," we said, deftly changing the subject.

"A toothbrush and a nightie," continued Miss Ostriche remorselessly. "What do you think about that?"

But the taxi arrived before we were forced to commit ourselves.

(The scene changes to the interior of an open taxi.)

"Tell me the time and ask some questions!"

"3:51—and how did you get into pictures?"

"We'll make it—— I'm a New York girl—— Did you guess it?—— Nobody ever does—— Of course, I had the movie bug—— Every girl has, some time or other—— A boy who knew me at school, Christy Cabanne, was in pictures at the old Biograph studio and he asked me to come up for a try-out—— My people objected——furiously—— What time is it?"



All photographs © by Underwood & Underwood



**A French director at the old Eclair studio gave Miss Ostriche her first opportunity. The picture was half over before Muriel knew she was playing the leading rôle. At the left is a brand new studio dressing-room "snap" of Miss Ostriche**

"3:56—and go on."

"We'll make it—— I didn't know a thing about pictures, naturally—— They asked me to do a scene—— You know, for a test try-out—— I was scared something awful—— Do you know what one of the

camera-men said?—— What time is it?"

"3:59—what did he say?"

"Some lamps!"—— Funny, wasn't it—— Of course, I didn't know what that sort of slang meant then—he was talking of my eyes, you know—— What——"

"4:02—and we guessed it—and we dont blame him."

"We'll make it—— Well, after the test Griffith came around and said, 'I dont know what we can do with her, she's too young to be made love to and too old not to. Tell her to come around tomorrow.'—But I told him I was going to school and could only work Saturdays and Sundays—— I guess he was angry—— Wh——"

"4:04—you'll make it!"

"I did a few extra parts at Biograph and then I applied at the old Eclair studio.—A

(Continued on page 70)

# Enter Julio!

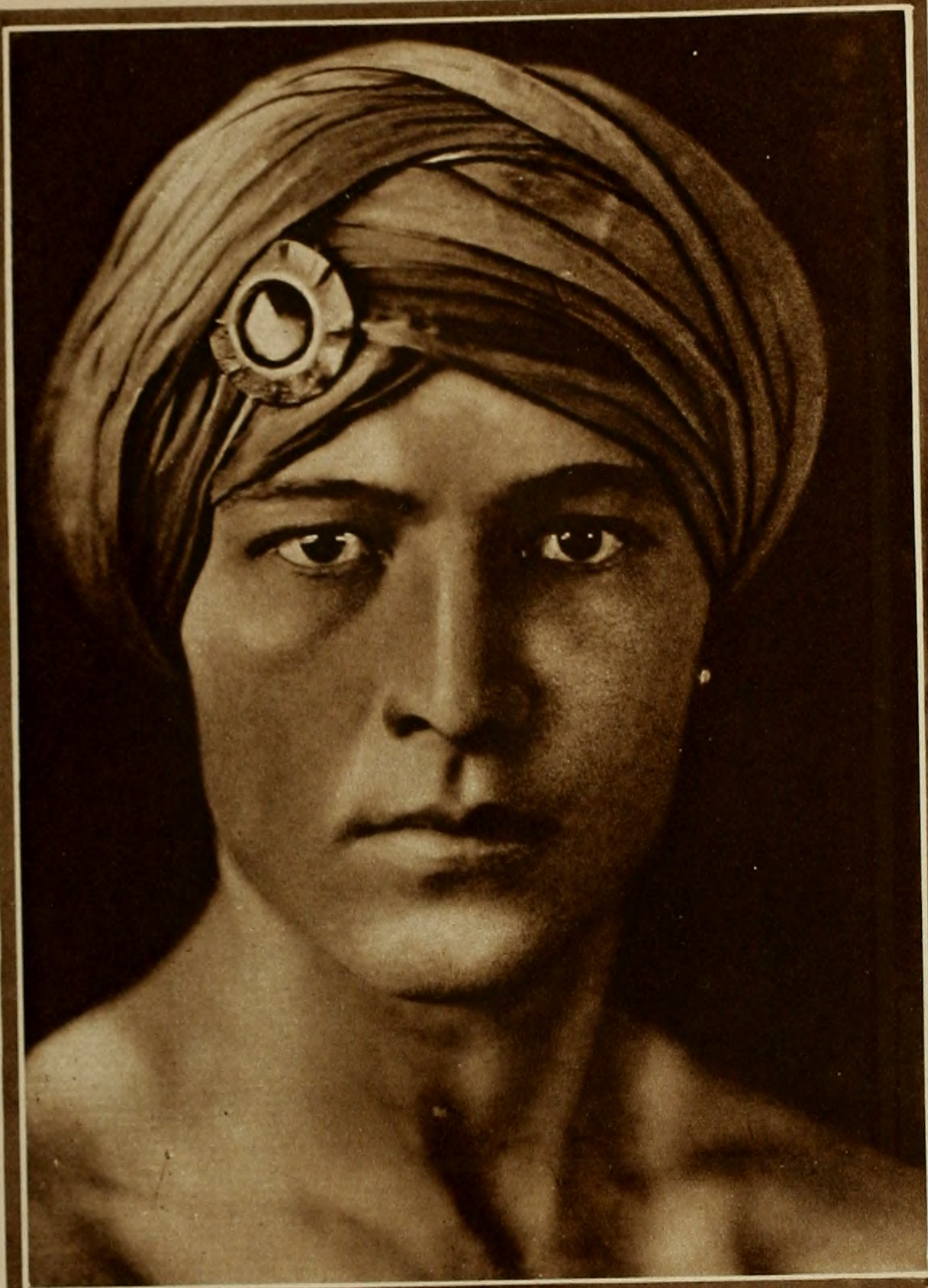
Opportunity wont be given the chance to knock more than once on his door."

It is also legitimate when one comments: "A sportsman! He does not tear over the country, but rides his animals judiciously. Rather than

return hot and disheveled, manifesting all the signs of having had a great time, he brings his horse home warm, but carefully exercised."

Rudolph Valentino is a youth from Italy who came to these shores in pursuit of scientific agriculture. Because of his unfamiliarity with the English language, he did not succeed and drifted into dancing where he attracted the attention of the leading dancers in America. His rôle as Julio in the film version of the famous Spanish novel, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," is one which demands the work of a great artist

And for those who know him best, it is not wrong when the opinion is that "Rudie is a lonesome soul. He isn't so much melancholic as pensive. He has many friends, and very few. Books are his



Photograph © Shirley Blanc, L. A.

"WOMAN is incomprehensible," said Signor Valentino one day. "No man can fathom her. In fact, the man who boasts 'I know woman' is either a liar or an idiot."

"What about man—is he more easily understood?"

"Yes—he is more practical, more elemental. Man has no caprice; no whim. He is whole—definite."

Being very much a part of those upon whom he had just passed judgment, Valentino placed himself under his own stamp. "Definite," he said man was. Yes—so, he himself is—in his extremes.

For just as it is simple to understand woman when one realizes she is a contradiction, and one makes allowances for her pros and cons, and one expects them—so, by the same code of perception, is the study of Rudolph Valentino less enigmatic.

Because one person could discuss Valentino and say, "What a care-free lad he is! Always joking, and romping; being serious only in his mania to dance and play. Give him a horse, a stretch of land, all day in which to tear over the countryside, and he is content."

And another person in speaking would offer: "That is what I call an ambitious young man. He is very determined to succeed, and doesn't lose a minute towards it. In his work he never slacks. He gives his best in enthusiasm and most in time.

Photograph by Shirley Blanc, L. A.



By  
C. BLYTHE SHERWOOD

companions, and dreams, and memories. A night at home, alone, with these, he considers far better spent than jocularly abandoning himself to Bacchus and bacchanals."

His appearance, too, is untraditional. Either, to correspond with his virile physique, he should not be so æsthetically attuned, or to accord with his vigorous spirituality he should not be so immaculately groomed. One never thinks of an artist, or an appreciator of art, as being also an appreciator of cravats and imported eau de cologne. And when one is fastidious about one's menu, it is expected one would be, to the exclusion of one's choice of opera

Yet this phenomenal youth cannot relinquish his fidelity to Arthur Symons, D'Annunzio, Dante, Wilde, Fokine and Caruso, because of his adequate amount of interest in thoroughbreds, surf-bathing, Hart Schaffner and Marx, and Dardenella. He cares for both and will have both. A good piece of watermelon is as absorbing to him as a work of Rodin's. He can go one day to Shirley Blanc's to be photographed as a rigid, immobile, determined, stern mask. And the following afternoon he can drop in to have the camera catch him as illusive, lambent, unsubstantially poetique.

Valentino with all his complexities, and because



Photographs by Shirley Blanc, L. A.



Altho he has made extraordinary progress in pictures, having played opposite Mae Murray, Dorothy Gish and Carmel Myers, Valentino does not want to stay here forever. He longs to go to South America, China, Japan, Egypt and India and to get to know these places

of them, is normal. He has the indolence of Endymion who would dream; the reverence of Dante who would worship; the vitality of Don Juan who would woo; the extravagance of Don Quixote who would exaggerate; the courage of D'Artagnan who would dare; the restraint of Sordello who would court in

deed; the desire of D'Annunzio who would achieve; the strength of Vulcan who would excel; and the philosophy of Omar whose "yesterday is dead and to-morrow never comes."

He resembles both Dick Barthelmess and Rod La Rocque. His accent is a composite of Leo Ditrichstein's, José Reuben's, and Pedro de Cordoba's.

Ideas are what he would offer; and diffidence. Spontaneity; and a total lack of response. Yet, he doesn't waver. He is, as he says man is, definite—for all his moods.

One would not dare call this fiber of his temperament, for to him, the word "temperament" is greatly misused, promiscuously thrown about. The genuine artist, he believes rather leaves that term to where it has become established—in the gutter. The artist recedes into his soul, and believes. His ego is not "I am," but "I know."

"There is an artistic temperament," Valentino claims. "It is a part of another much mishandled phrase, intellectuality.

(Continued on page 72)

# Myrtle of the Mountains

studio. I saw the making of several scenes, but wasn't greatly tempted . . . I was afraid that I wouldn't be able to do the work. Then Colonel Selig showed me a beautiful thoroughbred horse. 'This horse' he said, 'will be yours if you join us. You can ride him all the time.'

"So it was that that decided me to leave comic opera for moving pictures."

You might call it persuaded by a horse . . .

"My first picture was called 'The Range-Riders'," she went on, "and I was not the only member of the company making my debut. A young man who had come the same morning was as strange to the screen as myself. I was introduced to Tom Mix and after that we made a number of pictures together."

Miss Stedman started her screen career at about the same time that Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet, Bobbie Harron, Kathlyn Williams and other famous "pioneers" started theirs. Her work in the popular "westerns" was unrivaled.



Photograph by Witzel, L. A.

**O**F course, she had to get Chicago out of her system or the city would have been calling her all the time.

So she went back to the place she was born and studied for the stage, which, according to the laws of Romance, was the proper thing for a girl brought up in the mountains of Colorado to do. At any rate, Myrtle Stedman not only studied for the stage, but she went on the stage, becoming a prima donna in a very short time.

But the most impressionable period of her life had been spent in a mining camp about forty miles from Denver. There she had learnt horseback riding and, being at an altitude of 10,000 feet, she had naturally become proficient in the most difficult of mountain sports. She was a child of the snows, blonde and hardy as a Dane.

It was while she was appearing in comic opera in Chicago that she met Colonel Selig and he, needing a leading lady and hearing that she could ride horseback, immediately approached her with an offer.

"But," she protested, "I don't know anything about moving pictures."

"You can learn," he answered. "Why don't you come and visit us?"

"So," she said, in telling me about it, "I went to visit the



**Myrtle Stedman started her screen career at about the same time that Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet, Bobbie Harron and other famous "pioneers" started theirs. Her work in the popular "westerns" was unrivaled.**

By  
ELIZABETH  
PELTRET

We were lunching together in a pretty little flat she recently rented in Hollywood. It is on top of a gently sloping hill and commands a lovely view of the surrounding country. For lunch, there was chicken, jellied, with mayonnaise, whole tomatoes icy cold, Saratoga chips, hot rolls, iced tea and sliced peaches, the whole especially designed to tempt appetites made indifferent by the heat outside.

We (Miss Stedman had thoughtfully called at my office to get me) had



Photo by Witzel, L. A.

Miss Stedman studied for the stage and became a prima donna. It was while she was appearing in Chicago that she met Colonel Selig who, needing a leading lady and hearing she could ride horseback, approached her with an offer. She has a propensity for Western pictures and has appeared in many screen versions of the works of Rex Beach, Jack London and other well-known writers

arrived to find the doorbell in the process of being repaired, not by the to-be-expected workmen, but by two portly, well-dressed ladies, the owners of the house.

"They own several houses," Miss Stedman whispered, "and whenever anything goes wrong, they insist on making the repairs themselves."

During luncheon, we could see them thru the slightly parted portieres that divided the dining from the sitting-room. One of the ladies stood on a stepladder, placed just inside the front door, and hammered from time to time, while the other held a kit of tools handy and tried the doorbell occasionally to see if it would work. At last it rang, and after making a few little repairs in the kitchen . . . it seemed that the ice-box drain needed attention . . . they left, shown out by Lucille, Miss Stedman's irrepressibly good-natured little negro maid, who rang the bell herself for good measure and then ran thru the room giggling.

(Continued on page 94)

# With the

Photographs by Chas. W. Schwarz



Above, Blanche Yurka in "The Americans in France," which enjoyed but a brief New York run; right, Gail Kane and Charles Meyer in "Come Seven," the laughable comedy of negro life built about the Octavus Roy Cohen short stories; and, below, George Gaul and Eileen Wilson in that colorful Chinese fantasy, "The Lady of the Lamp"



Photograph by White

# Season's New Plays



Right, Ann Pennington, the piquant star of "The Scandals of 1920," who is always a delightful musical comedy figure. Left, Sally Long, one of the prettiest members of the Century Promenade



Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Photograph by White Studio



Left, an amusing scene in "Ladies' Night" in which Charles Ruggles and Edward Douglas, shown at the right, invade a Turkish Bath on ladies night. Judith Voselli plays a movie vampire taking her daily exercise, much to the interest of Messrs. Ruggles and Douglas

Photograph by White Studio

# The Rise of Beatrice

and now I found her playing opposite Douglas MacLan. But I am running away with my story.

Beatrice is a southern girl. Texas is responsible for the sibilant drawl of her voice, the vibrant black of her eyes, the tiny suggestion of bravado that smolders constantly beneath her appearance of timidity.

**Beatrice Burnham is either a great artist or a very little girl. That is the impression the interviewer received. She is a daughter of the South, and Texas is responsible for the sibilant drawl of her voice, the vibrant black of her eyes, the tiny suggestion of bravado that smolders constantly beneath her appearance of timidity**

A convent and a college are the two milestones that mark her pursuit of knowledge.

Beatrice is one of those girls who never tell you things. They always confide them. It is very agreeable.

"It is ten months since I had my first part—with Eddie Polo in an episode of his



Photographs by Freulich

**A** SOFT, cool hand in mine . . . black eyes that flashed behind a veil . . . a sigh . . .

It was done so deftly!

It might have been a poem; but, alas, it was only the beginning of an interview—and in the conventional surroundings of the Ince studio.

Beatrice Burnham is either a great artist or a very little girl. It should have been easy to decide which . . . if her shyness had not been so confoundingly bewitching! I *wanted* to believe and yet that soft catch in her breath . . . It was done so perfectly. Almost too perfectly!

While I yet held her hand, she indicated the path that stretched away before us and disappeared into a maze of sets and stages and great swimming pools.

She barely breathed the words: "Perhaps a little walk . . . Then I shall not be so nervous."

I watched her out of the corner of my eye. In scarlet hat and coat she made a vivid figure. The only vagueness was the blue veil that covered her face, that accentuated the whiteness of her skin and the sloe-black of her eyes. And her grace was not confined to her shyness. She walked beautifully—with the balance and sway of a reed in the wind.

I thought of the ragged mountain girl in "Bullet Proof." It was hard to realize that this was she. I remember talking with Harry Carey during the production and I recall his good-natured admission: "She's stealing the picture."

I had often wondered what had become of her;





By  
WILLIS GOLDBECK

"Cyclone Smith" series. It all happened in the most wonderful way. I was on the Universal lot as a visitor. I had no intention then of ever attempting to get into pictures. But Jacques Jaccard saw me and dared me to take a screen test. I did, of course, and was a little bewildered by the result."

She sighed retrospectively, leaving my imagination hanging limply in the air. That is what makes me doubt . . . her trick of always choosing the correct moment—just when you are waiting breathless upon her next word—for a sigh and a pause.

A great artist . . . a little girl . . . ?

"What *was* the result," I demanded.

"Oh, everyone got terribly excited. You see, I had had to cry and I cried so hard that they couldn't believe it was acting. But when they saw that it was, I guess they thought they had discovered a second Bernhardt—for a moment. Eddie Polo—he seemed such a wonderfully famous man in those days!—declared that he wanted me for one of his episodes. He got me without much persuasion!"

We had talked ourselves around the circuit of the studio grounds and back to the long row of dressing-rooms. I noticed on a nearby door, in bright, fresh letters the name "Beatrice Burnham." A glimpse of the room past the half-open door made it seem cool and inviting. She murmured a suggestion that we go in.

Once in, her confidence seemed to be restored, tho she sat erectly graceful, her hands still nervous, while she told me—no, confided—the story of her brief ten months in pictures. It was that test at Universal City that she regards as the start of her career. Two years ago she did one or two "bits" for different companies, but they were merely the summer larks of a school girl.

Universal realized that they had unearthed a discovery worth while and were determined to keep it for themselves, on their own terms. But they had reckoned without that bravado smoldering beneath, that bravado which, after all, proved to be an unquenchable courage.

"They were lovely," she sighed. "They took me to dinners and sent me boxes of candy and even took me to the theater now and then. I wanted it to go on forever. I forgot all about the contract."

She ventured a naïve little smile and glance.

"But it seems that they hadn't. They were even a little exasperated when I at last said 'No' to them."

(Twenty-five)



Photograph by Freulich

There was an actual wonderment in her eyes!

It was my turn to sigh. I did.

Her career with Universal was as busy as it was brief. From the Polo pictures she went to wild animal comedies and thence to five-reel westerns. There is a hint of a playful destiny in the fact that tho she came unharmed thru the animal comedies with their inevitable lions and chimpanzees, her arm was badly lacerated by the treacherous teeth of a grouchy bruin in "Bullet Proof." She will carry the scars all her life.

In "Hitchin' Post" with Frank Mayo she did the work that brought the offer of a five-year contract from Universal, the contract which she refused—after many dinners and a theater or two.

She went to Edgar Lewis and won a good part in "Lahoma."

(Continued on page 76)

Miss Burnham has been on the screen for about ten months; her first part was with Eddie Polo in one of his "Cyclone Smith" series. Her career with Universal was brief. Then she called on Mr. Ince, and he immediately engaged her to play opposite Douglas MacLean

# That Swede from Ystad

## She Never Went Back

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH



Photograph by Evans, L. A.

**Y**OU can bet Ystad is mighty proud.

Isn't Anna Q. Nilsson a Ystadian—or whatever you call an inhabitant of that distant

Swedish town?

Miss Nilsson really was born there. Indeed, she is a typical blonde viking. "I should have been a boy," she says. "In fact, I was raised with a regular boy's training. Dad, who was an army officer, had hoped for a boy but he did the next best thing. Six feet two, himself an all 'round athlete, he used to put me thru a daily routine of training from my earliest baby days. So I grew up to be able to perform all sorts of stunts.

"Back in those Ystad days I did not, of course, conceive of a movie career. I was to be a teacher. There was nothing much else for a girl to do in those days, save being a housewife. So I was sent to school with the idea of making myself a school ma'am.

"Teaching never did appeal to me. I must admit. I can remember how several girls came back to the town from America—wearing silks and velvets. That settled it, for I resolved to get to the fabled land of wealth in some way.

"Later, when an old friend of my father's married in New York and invited me to come over for a visit, I hastened to accept. Mentally, I told myself I was going to stay—at least until I became rich.

"So I came. I was their guest for months. Father kept asking me to return, but finally I wrote to him, 'I'm not coming back until I'm a millionaire,' and I started out to get some sort of employment.



Anna Q. Nilsson was born in Sweden. She is a typical blonde viking. "I was raised with a regular boy's training," she says, "Dad, who was an army officer, used to put me thru a daily routine of training from my earliest baby days." Here are several glimpses of Anna as an oarsman

upon me as a sort of goddess of fortune, just as the silks and velvets of the old days set me to dreaming."

(Cont'd on page 70)





# The Charm School

Told in Story Form from the Wallace Reid—Famous Players' Photoplay

By FAITH SERVICE

AUSTIN BEVANS was a bright young man. Most persons conceded him that. He had two outstanding characteristics so marked as to all but completely overshadow any others which he may have possessed. He was an excellent salesman and an excellent lover. *Par excellence*, in fact. Of the first, his specialty was automobiles and for the second, at the time of which I write, Susie Rolles.

Susie had an enterprising Mamma. An automobile salesman, however snappy, did not accord with Mamma's enterprise. Susie was her one branch and best bet, and she had builded greatly and rather expensively on Susie. The flavor of gasoline did not suit her.

She explained this to Susie at some length and to Austin with some asperity. Neither of them seemed to weigh her words very heavily. She had been all of seventeen years in instructing Susie that this world is ruled by Mammon. Susie was learning and Austin might be said to be her last line before stepping over into Mamma's Pet Beliefs.

Nevertheless, despite the fact that the course of love did not

run smooth for Austin with Susie, the young man had a lot to thank the Rolles ménage for. They were, he later admitted, eye-openers, the pair of them. In the caustic course of her harangues, Mamma Rolles had informed him that she hadn't raised her daughter to be a laborer . . . she inferred that matrimony with Mr. Bevans would result in nothing else than that.

"Women, my dear, good Austin," Mamma would say, "are made to charm. To charm—that is, or should be, the *alpha* and *omega* of their pilgrimage upon this earth. Women have no business in business, either commercial or professional—their business is to be charming—to be charming—"

Evidently, Mrs. Rolles did not conceive the possibility of her Susie being able to charm as Mrs. Austin Bevans.

On one memorable occasion Susie greeted him with flushed cheeks and dilated eyes.

"You must go at once," she said, with some excitement; "I've had the dickens of a row with Mamma. I—I hate to tell you, Austin, but she is very firm in her idea. Her—her idea is that you have neither birth, breeding nor prospects and I—and I—"



Said Austin: "If you are not in sympathy with my unalterable ideas and ideals, Miss Hayes, you are at liberty to leave"

Austin laughed.

"I must have been born," he insisted, "my logical mind tells me that. Breeding has an indelicate sound to me. I refuse to discuss it. And as for prospects"—he inflated his chest; "we shall see——"

There was a melodramatic flourish of hat, and he was gone. Susie wept a few carefully becoming tears and went forth in search of other fish to fry, and Austin repaired to his office, where he was duly notified that his services would no longer be required. The implication pointed to a lady. Without an undue share of perspicacity, Austin deduced that the lady was Susie. It would be unbecoming a hero to suggest that he cursed the House of Rolles roundly and well. Rather let it be inferred that he languished and repined——

Occasionally life as an equable equation presents itself. Along with his little blue ticket Austin found an ominous looking document bearing the anathema of coming from an attorney. He opened it to be informed that his Aunt Polly Bevans had passed on to the Other Side and had left behind her on this terrestrial plane her well-known Aunt Polly Bevans' School for Young Ladies, with fifty pupils, a cottage and ten acres of well-tended ground. The meat of the matter was the fact that the whole descended to Austin.

At first he was staggered, being normal. He was a good salesman—or had been until his dismissal pricked the bright bauble of his confidence. He was a vivid lover, yet he had been ousted via the back door like any skulking Romeo. And with nothing to sell—and fifty maidens—yow! Then, like all valiant souls, he began to take stock of his experiences and determined to make them work for them. Susie was a product of a system of charm. Well—Susie would undoubtedly "get along." She would toil not, neither would she spin. She was a lily and her mission was to grow, exhaling the fragrance which was her nativity. The more perfectly she exhaled, the more perfectly would she justify her nativity—— Not a bad thought—— Who wanted college women, business women, professional women? Who wanted oracles, theorists, faddists, modernists? What did they profit a man? It was one thing to lose one's soul for the frou-frou of a skirt. It was another and quite unmanly to lose one's

mind for the firm tread of an Amazonian intellectual. In that respect, as in most others, Mrs. Rolles had been right. Austin was beginning, in sooth, to look upon her as his benefactress. Viewed from afar, Susie had the aspect of something to be saved from. Mamma Rolles had thrown him the life line. The result of the cogitation was the determination to perpetuate at least one of Mamma Rolles' theories. He, Austin Bevans, would take Aunt Polly's legacy, fifty pupils, acreage and all. He would remove the Acting Principal, so specified in the bond as "Miss Hayes" and institute himself. He would revolutionize the school and the fifty

young ladies. They should be taught one credo—to charm. It should be called The Charm School and its aim would be to turn out upon the male population Loreleis with every faculty trained to its acme of perfection.

Preparatory college courses, business trainings and the like should be tabooed, ridiculed, relegated to limbo. To charm—to charm—to charm—this and this only should be the rite and the religion. It was a great idea! The world went mad over ideas. Austin exulted.

There would have to be money. Austin thought hard and hit upon the last victim to whom he had sold a car. That said victim happened to be Homer Johns, president of the Corn Exchange Bank and an unapproachable proposition, did not deter the apostle of the new Educational Creed. He went to him at once and demanded ten thousand dollars.

While Homer Johns was spluttering and struggling back to equilibrium, Austin was launching forth upon his project.

He had a convincing vocabulary, had Austin. Also some gift of oratory, but he probably got what he had come for—more, because Homer Johns was fed up on the feminist movement than for any other reason. Wife, daughter and now granddaughter had gone the radical road in the Johns ménage and the old man yearned for the gentler days of the toil-less and spinless (not to say *spine-less*) woman. Here, he felt, was a young man with the right idea. A young man who might be preparing for a coming generation at least a few apostles of peace. He was *for* him.

"I'll go down with you," he said, "and look over the ground. it's bizarre—but it hits me right."

On the way down he disclosed the fact that he had a granddaughter at Aunt Polly Bevans' School. "She's been getting the same way as her mother and her grandmother," he complained, "and I am genuinely fond of the child. I don't forget her little ways when she was a baby—she was the most cuddlesome baby ever born, I think, and it gives me a shock to see her and to hear her now, developing radical views and opinions, talking of a college career, the economic independence of woman, the evolution of this, that and the other thing. It sounds like iron coming from lips where pearls ought to be. I'd like to check her up. It would be worth ten thousand dollars to me to do just that. If you can, young man, consider the ten thousand as gift rather than a loan or an investment."

We may anticipate, but in accomplishing this end, Austin was helped by the fact that Elise Johns fell in love with him and promptly lost all economically independent aspirations. However, that is anticipating my story——

Elise may hardly be said to be alone. When the fifty young ladies witnessed the arrival of Homer Johns and Austin Bevans they naturally, being pessimists, thought Homer Johns was the new principal. When Elise, still cuddlesome Austin thought, involuntarily, greeted the old gentleman as Granddaddy and Austin dawned upon them as their Principal, fifty hearts cracked like china and a cult was then and there established.

It was not all so soft, however. Austin found himself, in the first place, very much indeed "up against" Miss Hayes. Miss Hayes had been Acting Principal since the Will of God had removed Aunt Polly.

She believed vehemently in the Woman in Big Business, etc., etc. She maintained with a beef, iron and wine enunciation that this was the Day and Age of Specialization; that woman *must* meet the new demand of the new Era; that Austin was, like his sex, endeavoring to keep Woman, servile, unenlightened. She flatly denounced him as "shameless, archaic, insidious."

Said Austin: "If you are not in sympathy with my unalterable ideas and ideals, Miss Hayes, you are at liberty to leave."

The remark was, distinctly, a command.

Said Miss Hayes: "I have a three-year contract, Mr. Bevans. I am now entering upon the first of the three years. It is my pleasure as well as my duty to remain. I am a woman, Mr. Bevans."

"We are not disputing that, Miss Hayes," said Austin, and waived the question.

Let the woman rave, he thought. He would have exhaling lilies despite her. He was not without instinct and intuition. He had been there a week. A week had he been under the battery of fifty pairs of limpid, upraised eyes, blue, grey, sloe-black, leaf-brown, they met his with a sparkle, with a tremor, with a star— No, he had nothing to fear from Miss Hayes. These young, fundamentally feminine things would be lilies or hardier growths as he should will— Their will to charm was there. His but to call it forth, perfect it, enhance it, give it into their hands to use, consciously, an invaluable weapon.

He had felt it as a mission when it first came to him. He felt it more so now— now that he had seen Elise. Not that he admitted this to himself in so many words. He felt dif-

ferently about Elise, older, more protective— When he noted a flower on his desk every morning, a white and scent-giving flower and traced it to Elise, he felt shamed. She was so young— she would get over it—a school girl infatuation for the Acting Principal who happened, quite accidentally and certainly unintentionally, to be young and with some slight bearing— Of course, she would get over it. Once she was thru with the Charm School, once she was launched into the brilliant prismatic circle to which she had been born, she would exhale the perfume of her charm in a rarefied circle above and beyond the Acting Principal.

At the same sacrificial moment he admitted his own love for her, and knew, too, that he had never been in love before. Love, then, was nine-tenths pain, nine-tenths self-abnegation, far more distress than joy—*ebbene!*

There were so many contributory elements going to make up the distress. There was Elise's roommate, for one, Sally Boyd. Not that Sally, *as* Sally, mattered very much either to Austin or to anybody else, but she had a brother. Brother George had been in love with Elise, it seemed, since pinafore days. When the news of the Adonis-like qualifications of the new Acting Principal reached his ears, he was consumed with jealousy. He besought his mother to remove Sally from the iniquitous surroundings and to use her influence with Homer Johns to remove his granddaughter. His stolid imagination, temporarily inflamed, conjured up vivid and vicious images— He had never been taken very seriously, however, and found some

For a week he had been under the battery of fifty pairs of limpid, upraised eyes; blue, grey, sloe-black, leaf-brown; they met his with a sparkle, with a tremor. These young, fundamentally feminine things would be lilies—as he should will . . . .



(Twenty-nine)



He felt differently about Elise, older and more protective. When he noted a flower on his desk every morning, and traced it to Elise, he felt ashamed. She was so young . . . .

vinced were nefarious proceedings— Sally, with sisterly tact, had let fall all sorts of terrifying innuendos. Elise, in the so-called commission of the school's task of writing a daily, graceful, feminine note directed all of hers toward Austin, and they were, asserted Sally, convincingly graceful, not to say feminine. Then, every day, a white gardenia found its fragrant way to the vase on the A.P.'s desk. It was unquestioned that Elise was responsible. Their eyes met and held, Sally narrated, even in class, like *vises*.

When the Charm School disbanded in the early summer Elise presented Austin with four letters to cover the term of the vacation. Austin dared not let the child know what these meant to him. He looked upon her as a child. He had philandered so much, He

difficulty in changing the order of affairs.

With one gleam of perspicacity, nevertheless, when he heard the school lacked a secretary he got himself engaged in that capacity. On the spot, he felt, he could keep an eye on what he was con-

knew what philandering means—or doesn't mean. He dared not take her seriously. So many had taken him seriously who had no right to. He was sorry for all of that now. He hadn't known, *then*, about heartache.

The day after the disbanding of the school, Austin was alone. In the evening Homer Johns was giving his granddaughter a dinner dance to which he was going, after that he thought he would run up to the mountains for some fishing and swimming before the fall term. After that the rest of the summer didn't very much matter. He would carry his image with him and forget the rest of the world—tonight loomed large—

The morning mail brought him another notice from his lawyer. The same firm, who had announced to him the legacy of Aunt Polly Bevans' School, now announced that the real will had been found and that Aunt Polly had left her school, not to her "loving nephew," but to Miss Hayes. Austin whistled, then swore, then whistled again. He paid momentary tribute to the sorority of women. Then he was conscious of a sort of ethical relief. He felt that it had all been too much—for him and for the Young Ladies. He believed that he had done some little good—but those "grace-

(Continued on page 88)

THE CHARM SCHOOL

Fictionized from the Wallace Reid—Famous Players Photoplay, based on the scenario by Tom J. Gerahty; adapted from the *Saturday Evening Post* story by Alice Duer Miller. Directed by James Cruze. Starring Wallace Reid. The cast:

- Austin Bevans.....Wallace Reid
- Elise.....Lila Lee
- Mrs. Rolles.....Adele Farrington
- Susie Rolles.....Beulah Bains
- Homer Johns.....Edwin Stevens
- Miss Hayes.....Grace Morse
- Sally Boyd.....Patricia Magee
- George Boyd.....Lincoln Stedman
- Miss Curtis.....Kate Toncray
- Miss Tevis.....Minna Redman
- Mr. Boyd.....Snitz Edwards
- Mrs. Boyd.....Helen Pillsbury
- Europa.....Tina Marshall

# The Story of Flora Revalles

By ELIZABETH PELTRET

**T**HIS is the story of a girl whose father built a railroad in Africa. Whether her inheritance from him has anything to do with the matter or not, it is hard to say, but time and space seem, somehow, to have no meaning to her.

It is a difficult thing, the moralists will tell you, to gain fame if you keep moving all the time. And yet that is exactly what Flora Revalles is doing. She has the mental restlessness . . . and the determination, too, . . . that her father must have had when he planned the 'laying-out of those tracks thru the jungles. She could never "sing for her own village" she must go out into the world . . . every corner of it . . . and sing for the world.

"I do not like long term contracts," she told me, "they keep one in the same place for so long a time. I hate to be tied down."

And this intense restlessness . . . a restlessness of the mind rather than of the body . . . is, I think, the most noticeably characteristic thing about her.

We were seated in a little



alcove at the Beverly Hills hotel where she was staying during the production of the moving picture, "Earthbound" from the spiritualistic novel by Basil King, which marks her second appearance on the screen. Somewhere near, most probably in the dining-room, an orchestra played "Finiculi, Finicula."

The strains came to us softly. Portieres, looped back but lightly, hid us completely from the main lobby.

From the viewpoint of the lobby, this would doubtless have been voted a very regrettable thing, if they could have known. She looked so gorgeously vivid, did la Revalles, like sunlight on snow, you would have fancied, or if you are in the habit of associating people with jewels, like a rare emerald. And yet she wore no brilliant color, and few jewels, a long ermine scarf was thrown over her shoulders, her gown, her hat, her furs formed a color combination of black and white and silver. Only her lips were red. Her clear olive skin accentuated the darkness of her eyes and hair.

There are artists who claim to paint the souls of their subjects. She makes you feel that Leon Bakst could paint hers; vivid, gloriously colorful in contrasting shades of greens and blues and purples; a thing of beauty and restlessness and life.

"I think I must have been an animal at some time," she said, "I love them so. But not the house cats; no, I do not like cats. But I like *thee* tigers

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Photograph by Clarence S. Bull



# "Aye, Aye, Sir!"

## Tom Forman Now Gives the Order That Turns the Crank

The story of Tom Forman's development is inseparable from that of the war. When the bugle call to the great war was heard thruout the land, Tom Forman was one of the most popular of the young leading men of the silversheet. Unlike many entertainers, he waited neither for the draft nor an opportunity for facile service, but enlisted in the coast artillery two months after our entry into the great conflict.

"Cut out the war stuff," he ordered me; "every writer has sobbed over it in the magazines. I only did the best I could for the service."

But because Tom Forman's story is distinctly an after-the-war story, I must allude briefly to his service.

When he found that the coast artillery provided little opportunity for getting "over there," Tom Forman requested a transfer to the infantry. In this branch of the service he stood so high that he was one of the two in his company to be chosen to attend an

officers' training camp. Here he won his commission as junior lieutenant and was put to training raw recruits. He was so anxious to get across that he worked them harder than did any of the other officers until he had the best trained men in the lot . . . and then, because he *had* trained them so well, they were sent abroad under the guidance of another leader and he was held over here. He had proved himself too valuable a trainer to be sent over there as cannon fodder.



Photograph by Hartsok, L. A.

**A** BROAD-SHOULDERED, shirt-sleeved man stood under the sweltering heat of the glass-covered studio stage at Lasky's with a girl child in his arms. The baby was quite comfortable, she liked the strong, enveloping cradle of the man's big arms and she cooed delightedly and shook her curly head and gazed everywhere except in the direction of the camera.

"Baby see pretty lady? Baby look at pretty lady. Lady will tell baby nice story if baby will look at her."

Thus the voice, low, patient, drawled its request over and over to the contrary little miss until finally the child's elusive fancy was caught and she looked in the proper direction.

"Camera!" called the same voice, now grown crisp and businesslike. The baby was transferred to the arms of Mabel Van Buren and a scene for "Rozanne Ozanne" was shot.

"Rozanne Ozanne," which stars the beautiful Ethel Clayton, is of especial interest, because it is the second picture Tom Forman has directed for Mr. Lasky under his new arrangement with that company.

Tom Forman was a junior lieutenant in the Infantry Corps during the war, and proved himself too valuable a trainer of raw recruits to be sent "over there." Before the war he had been a very popular player—but found himself almost forgotten by the fickle public on his return to the screen





By  
HAZEL SHELLEY

When he heard he was to be held here, Tom Forman invaded the general's headquarters in high dudgeon. Twenty times he sought his commanding officer before he obtained an audience. Then he stated his grievance, he wanted to go to France.

The general looked at the dissatisfied officer. "H——, sir," he said, "I've been training men for thirty years, and they are over there and I'm here, here because this is where my country needs me . . . H——, sir, are you any better than I am? I'm not complaining, why should you? Go back and train *your* men."

"Yes, sir," said Forman, and he went back to his uncouth camp and weary month after weary month he turned awkward lumberjacks and backwoodsmen into snappy soldiers, and he shipped batch after batch of them over there . . . and



Photograph by Hartsook, L. A.



Mr. Lasky came along with an offer for Tom to direct—and this being the work he likes best, he is now happily building pictures that feature human types and are logical. He is bringing to the screen a certain wholesomeness and a big viewpoint. Mr. Forman's one ambition is to hunt tiger in Siberia

he read about their "snuffing out" in the papers, the soldiers he had made, and still he was held here to make new man material for German cannon to slaughter.

When the armistice was signed and he found himself again in Hollywood sitting on the side-lines of a picture studio with grease-paint on his face, waiting for some silk-shirted director to give him orders, he found a slow antipathy for the whole mockery of it stealing over him.

The woods and men, camp-fires and bugle calls, service and work, and now this—grease-paint!

Before his enlistment, Tom Forman was well on the way to stardom. His mail from fans and admirers had been the heaviest in the studio; when he returned he found he was practically forgotten. And he sat on the stage, once more dolled up, forgotten by the public, waiting, waiting for the other fellow to give him orders.

Then came his great rôle as the young soldier-husband in Cecil B. de Mille's "For Better or For Worse," one of the finest bits of silverscreen  
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# The Twentieth Marriage



Photograph by Clarence S. Bill

ter. Some players treat their art rather as the newly rich treat their money; they must forever be making it evident. Not so the Neills.

Their art has been with them for a long time. It is part of themselves. They are not merely in the theater; they are of the theater and of all that is best in it. In their home and in their manner towards each other, you will find no suggestion of the mental turmoil that comes of making the pursuit of pleasure one's principal aim; the continual hanging on to a youth that has faded. The Neills accept their added years—(they are, I should say, somewhere in the late forties)—in cheerful peace, and for this reason, they seem astoundingly young. I can imagine them thirty or forty years from now, still surrounded, as they are today, by the youth of the profession who love their work and sincerely respect its traditions.

This is as it should be. Everything about the Neills betrays their tender regard for tradition. In their house there is not one single picture that they bought themselves. Photographs and paintings alike, all have some sentimental association. So, too, with the pieces of furniture that they use

Edythe Chapman and James Neill have been married for twenty-three years, and altho they have been almost constantly on tour, they have been separated for only ten weeks, altogether, in that time. People say that only one marriage out of twenty is a happy one—hence the title of this story

NO one could give an account of Edythe Chapman's home life without describing the home life of James Neill also.

"We've been so long together," said Miss Chapman, or rather, Mrs. Neill, "that we are almost like one person."

Edythe Chapman and James Neill have been married for twenty-three years, and, tho they have been almost constantly on tour, they have been separated for only ten weeks, altogether, in that time.

But, notwithstanding their years of wandering, the first thing that impresses one about the Neills is the suggestion they give of perfect stability.

They belong, you would tell yourself, to the nobility of the thea-



By  
ELIZABETH PELTRET

and value the most. One chair Edythe Chapman has on the front porch was made in 1638 and was brought to America by her ancestor, William Jones, thru whom she is directly descended from Oliver Cromwell. She is quite proud of belonging to the original "Jones" family, whose descendants may be numbered by thousands. She is a New Yorker by birth and her early traditions were all of the uncompromising mental strength and determination of the "Roundhead."

James Neill, on the contrary, is of Latin descent—Spanish and Irish. He was born in Savannah, Georgia, and while his wife's people were fighting under the Northern flag, his people fought for the Confederacy. His father and mother were enthusiastic devotees of the theater, and, far from discouraging him in his choice of a career, they were enthusiastic about it and have always been proud of him. He went to New York and began by playing small parts in road companies. His first engagement, he remembers, was in a melodrama called "Only a Farmer's Daughter." Another early engagement was with a company playing "The Hoop of Gold," a melodrama in which he

Edythe Chapman at one time was a student of David Belasco's when he used to teach in the Lyceum School of Acting. Henry C. de Mille, father of Cecil B. and William de Mille, was also a member of the faculty of this school



played the leading part and Julius Kahn, now Congressman from California and chairman of the military committee, played the heavy. It was during the run of this play that Kahn decided to quit the stage for politics. He and Neill were rooming together.

"I don't see the use of all this," said Kahn to Neill. "I'm going to quit."

"Why, you big fat-head," said Neill, affectionately, "what do you mean?"

"Just what I said," answered Kahn; "I'm going

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# The River Shannon's Namesake

about "Where dear old Shannon's flowing, where the three-leaved shamrock grows"—and because of her Irish eyes and the winsome daintiness of her, they nicknamed her for the river whose praises she sang. That's how Shannon Day got her name.

"My real name is Sylvia," she confided, with a fetching frankness that is characteristic of her. "But I sang the Shannon song so often, and then artists had me pose as the river, and painted me for covers, that the girls at the Roof began calling me 'Shannon,' and pretty soon everyone was doing it—so I just adopted it for good."

I think the good old Irish river must have been highly pleased, for luck has trailed along in the wake of the little colleen who looks entirely Irish, but who is, as she admits laughingly, a strange mixture of English, Hungarian and Welsh, with a grandmother born in the County Cork to give her personality its Erin-Go-Bragh flavor.

Because of her Irish eyes and the winsome daintiness of her, they nicknamed her for the river whose praises she used to sing nightly up at the "Midnight Frolic." That's how Shannon Day got her name

With no experience or pull, Shannon managed to induce Ziegfeld to give her a trial in the "Follies." She was just fifteen



Photograph by Clarence S. Bull



**W**HEN the river Shannon flowed into fame and melody, it couldn't have had any idea that very soon a wee broth of a girl was to be named for it.

If some promoter had given this river of Erin such an inkling, it might have had itself copyrighted, so that this same slip of a girl could not have stolen its name. But nothing of the sort happened; and in New York, amid the whirl of pleasure and extravagance, crowds of people thronged nightly to the "Midnight Frolic," to hear a slip of a girl sing



By  
EMMA LINDSAY-SQUIER

then, and a success from the start. But one night she was singled out to do a little scene with Ned Weyburn. Ambition, with a capital "A," marked her then and there. After that nothing would do but she must have a fling at pictures.

"I was just a kid," this very apologetically, "and I figured out that if I was good enough to be singled out of thirty girls for a scene with Ned Weyburn, *somebody* would think I was good enough for pictures."

So out West she came and, of course, somebody saw her right away—a Ziegfeld "Follies" beauty isn't exactly inconspicuous, even in such a beauty mart as Los Angeles, and she was signed up to play leads in comedies with Fox. But homesickness and Broadway-longing finally pulled her Eastward.

"I was so silly," she admitted, her black-



Photograph by Clarence S Bull

After six months of vain hoping and hanging around the studios, Shannon Day got the part of the Baby Vamp with Jack Pickford in "The Man Who Had Everything." The rest was easy. Now Cecil B. de Mille has signed her up for his forthcoming feature in which she plays the part of a married flirt

fringed eyes very solemn. "I didn't realize what an opportunity I was throwing away, so back I went to New York, and got into the 'Follies' again. I thought I'd love it, with mother in the East and everything, but the girls weren't so nice as they had been. Their attitude seemed to be, 'Well, you didn't make good, did you?' And, you know, I couldn't stand that, so I made up

my mind to come out again and make good, if I died in the attempt. So here I am, and at first I had quite a hard time and lots of discouragements, because everyone offered me comedy jobs, and I was determined to succeed in drama—but I'm in to win, now; I'm years and years older than when I first came West."

"Just how old are you?" I wanted to know.

"Twenty!" was her impressive response, and I said, "Oh!" in a properly subdued tone.

After six months of "hoping and hanging around," Shannon Day got the part of the Baby Vamp with Jack Pickford in "The Man Who Had Everything." The rest was easy. Allan Holubar wanted her for "The Little Charmer" in his first feature, and now Cecil B. de Mille

(Continued on page 78)



# Screen Impressions

By

LOUISE FAZENDA



Photograph by Jack Freulich

LEW CODY—Palm Beach suits—Matinées—Ladies' gloves in strange gentlemen's pockets—Tea for two—Eau de lilac

JACK BARRYMORE—Lord Byron—Ivy-covered castles—Hamlet in a poker game

ALICE BRADY—Purple pansies—Silver spangles on black lace—Fireside at dusk—Colleens

MARIE PREVOST—Red silk "Annette-Kellermanns"—Fudge parties at boarding-school—Stutz roadsters—Canoeing on summer afternoons—Tam-o'-shanters

GERALDINE FARRAR—Valkyries and castanets—Ladies in a Greek frieze—Carmen and Sieglinde—Fleurs-de-lis on cloth of gold

ELSIE FERGUSON—White peacocks—Opening night of the Metropolitan—Sarah Bernhardt as a mannequin at Lucile—Diamond and pearl tiaras

BOBBY HARRON—"The Swanee River"—"Träumerei"—Corn fields at noon—Swimming pools—Lonesome little boys

RICHARD BARTHELMESS—A young Richelieu—The first proposal—Troubadours and lutes—Ruby intaglios



Photograph by Apeda



Photograph by Maurice Goldberg



Photograph © Hartsook



Photograph by L. D. Strelecki



Photograph by Hartsook



Photograph by Abbe



# Peaceful Valley

Fictionized from the Charles Ray Photoplay

By PEARL MALVERN

**P**EACEFUL VALLEY was an interlude. In the midst of crowded things and places it came, sweet-breathing and tranquil. It conjured relief to the mind and to the body.

It was devoid of all harassment. It caused one to turn away from the red raptures and redder roses to the hollyhocks, the zinnias, the verbenas and friendly small pansies.

Its people had taken on its aspect. They, too, were sweet-breathing and tranquil. They moved gently along the placid streams of living. There was no ostentation. There was no friction. The birds seemed to sing with a certain unruffled happiness. The brooks murmured comfortably. The skies bent low and were kind.

Especially there were the Howes. Mrs. Howe. Her son Hosea. Her daughter Martha. Especially because they were essentially of Peaceful Valley and, almost

always, had been. Their father and his father before him had tilled Perpendicular Farm with varying success, according to the seasons and the rains thereof. Mrs. Howe, too, had merely

stepped from a neighboring farm to her husband's hearthstone. Joint legends came down to Hosea and Martha. They knew nothing else.

There was one excitement, aside from dressing in one's Sunday best and hearing the same minister drone forth the same sermons, typed and filed according to date and biblical significance. Seasonal sermons, as it

The people of Peaceful Valley were tranquil. They moved gently along the placid streams of living. There was no ostentation. There was no friction. But this was certainly a memorable Sunday

were. By the time Hosea and Martha were ten, they could tell beforehand what the sermon was to be on, by figuring back



a year, and by the time they were twelve they knew them word for word. The only fascination consisted in wondering what *might* happen in the event of a variation. They were devout and believed in miracles. But one never occurred.

The other excitement was the old-fashioned hotel on the other side of the Farm. It was run by Jotham, also old-fashioned. Its chief charm seemed to hold forth for insomniacs. It looked deeply and chronically sleepy. One could but sleep within its sun-lazed, unstirring portals. Still, each summer there came to it from here and there strangers seeking one form or another of respite from routine.

Hosea and Martha had quite a list of fascinating recollections. Occasionally, there had been, in the Past, a boy or a girl unique and glamorous, giving Peaceful valley food for talk all thru the ensuing winter months. Winter was very rigorous in Peaceful Valley. Jotham and his hotel were something in the nature of a charity.

The summer that Martha and Hosea were seventeen and eighteen proved to be memorable. Jotham had put a new coat of paint on the Hotel, which may have accounted for the unusually festive guests. The first Sunday in June brought the first one. Hosea was preparing for Church when a man, obviously a "city" stopped and asked for some water. En route to the well he impressed Hosea with the evidently important facts that his name was Ward Andrews, he hailed from the very nucleus of the City and that he was, modestly enough, of

course, but taken all in all a most important, worth-while-associating-with fellow. Hosea implicitly believed him. The flap of Ward Andrews' well-kept hand on the shoulder of his Sunday best suit made him quite tingle with a new self-esteem. He felt a kinship with the magical circle outside Peaceful Valley of which he and Martha and Mrs. Howe often spoke with reverence.

Ward Andrews made a wry face when he drank the water. "Some taste!" he observed, wiping his mouth with a very large, lavender linen handkerchief. "Some taste, I'm here to tell you!"

Hosea said he believed it was good for you, the water. His father had told his mother so when she had first come to Perpendicular, a bride, and had, herself, objected to the water.

All this gave Ward Andrews a line of thought, but he maintained silence. It was his way.

Before he left he had met Martha. "You're buried alive here," he informed her, "you ought to get out and have a chance."

Hosea colored up. "We're savin' up to send her to college," he said, with a certain red-faced pride; "she did fine in school."

"Have you ever thought of selling the farm?" Andrews put the question carelessly.

Hosea nodded. "We have," he said, "if we can get our price. We'd do most anything to give Martha her chance. She deserves it. She's the bright one of the family. And mother'd

like the city. She's often felt stifled, she says. Yes sir, we'd sell."

Andrews said a word or two more, invited Martha to ride with him in his car one day soon and sauntered off with a "See you in Church."

It was all very obvious, but Peaceful Valley was very simple, and its people were the same.

In the Howe pew there were, that same Sunday, two other persons seated. A kindly appearing elderly man and a sweetly appearing young girl. Hosea stumbled over the elderly man's feet and sat, miserably, unable to keep his eyes from the delicately cut profile of the girl. His sister, Martha, had always formed for him his standard of beauty and sweetness. She still did. Yet he did not look at Martha during Church. He was able to keep his eyes away from Martha. He didn't ever wish he could touch the hem of Martha's skirt with his . . . his lips. Nor did he envision himself as Sir Walter Raleigh spreading forth his homespun suit for Martha's feet to tread upon.



The summer progressed. Hosea and Martha felt it to be a summer of which each day was scarlet-lettered





All at once the world of women opened wide to Hosea and the light that never was on land or sea caused his eyes to dance in his head and his muscles to twitch and contract.

The girl, on her part, used her own eyes. She, too, found it impossible to concentrate on the ministerial presence, self-engrossed and certainly pompous as that presence was. Hosea had a clean brown sweep of cheek and chin, and long slim lines of suggested strength. His hair grew strongly on his head and his eyes were bright and kind. And the little girl beside him, too. How clovery and sweet she seemed to be. And the patient-faced, capable-handed woman. It was all very comfortable and . . . and *different*.

Virginia Rand led a lonely sort of life in the city. Her father, the doctor, did the best he could for her, but the best he could was a fashionable boarding-school, and there was a strata in Virginia's nature belonging as much to the Peaceful Valleys of the world as to the smart schools, the Avenue, the hotels at tea time. She felt a kinship and, more, a yearning for what these three represented, the strong young man, the blossomy girl, the mother of these twain.

She had a sense of humor, too, and she noted Hosea's discomfiture and guessed, not without pleasure, what was the cause.

She gave a dollar to the collection, for instance, and so did he. The collector, a neighbor, stared at Hosea and wheezily inquired of him whether or no he would have any change. At Hosea's red-faced disclaimer his mother leaned over him and inquired as to his sanity and Martha's pink mouth literally fell agape.

The dog came in, too, and Hosea's embarrassment was only slightly leavened by the pleasure he felt when Virginia leaned over and made the animal secure between them. Hosea said, "thank you, miss," shyly, and from *that* moment the world became *one* woman, forever n' ever, amen.

(Forty-one)

**New trails had opened in Peaceful Valley and lo, at their very feet lay the Garden of Dreaming, the World . . . . .**

It was, certainly, a memorable Sunday.

In the afternoon Ward Andrews returned. In the car he had with him Dr. Rand and the pretty Virginia. He said they

had been talking over a project of buying the farm. He did not add what they had been talking about. The matter of the fact was that Andrew had told the doctor he believed the water on Perpendicular possessed medicinal qualities. "We could," he told the physician, "buy up the place, for little or no cost, I believe. A sanitarium on a small scale built there and properly advertised would coin money. It's an odd location. Good elevation and the hoi polloi always fall for the spring water stuff."

Dr. Rand interpolated: "I believe you said there *was* . . ." he said.

Andrews cut in with a sharp affirmative. "Of course," he said, "there *is* medicinal quality to that water. Nothing ever tasted like that unless it had some good purpose, however obscure. I tell you, it's a find."

"We'll look into it," the physician said, "as you say, this location has advantages . . . golf links . . . all that sort of thing . . . quieting for the neurasthenics . . ."

Andrews clicked his lips on a swift affirmative. The doctor did not notice the crafty gleam unpleasantly lighting the younger man's eyes. By such slight omissions are the enormities precipitated.

The summer progressed. Hosea and Martha felt it to be a summer of which each day was scarlet-lettered. The farm had never been so difficult and yet, Hosea thought, the plow ran the more smoothly because, in the evening, he could don his festive Sunday black (no longer associated merely with the seasonal sermons) and go over to Jothams, there to sit



He had her in his arms; had her, dripping, against his breast before the suddenly sinister water could touch her still face again

hazy and enchanted on the porch rail with Virginia, gossamer beneath the sickle moon.

Dish washing and mending had never been so plentiful, Martha thought, and yet there

was poesy to the very suds and glamor to the coarsest sheet when, at any instant, Ward Andrews' huge car might honk-honk for her outside the wicker gate.

New trails had opened in Peaceful Valley and lo, at their very feet lay the Garden of Dreaming, the World . . .

Toward the end of the summer Mrs. Howe was called away. It had long been her custom to dispense mercy and aid the family resources by ushering the small new lives of Peaceful Valley into being. Such a call came at the end of the summer.

She never had any fear of leaving Hosea and Martha. They had always been sufficient unto themselves, prudent and reliable. They were of such stuff.

Martha was a commonsensical little thing, her mother was always wont to say, and for what lack her youth might be responsible, there

felt they would mutually assuage. "They're stopping at the same place," Hosea assured his sister, "it's only natural he'd spin her about a bit."

It seemed unnatural to Martha, but she didn't say so.

On one such occasion Martha and Hosea were walking to a lily pond dear to their childhood. The quiet, tree-rimmed place, odorous and rank with the lilies and the lily-pads, drew a sigh from Martha.

"When I look at this," she said, "I can understand how folks die for love. Elaine, you know, Hosey, and that lady way back in history, Lucretia, I think, who stabbed herself . . .

If I were to die of love I think I'd do it here among the lilies . . . wouldn't you?"

Hosea's sturdy normality rejected at once the morbid suggestion. Instinct told him that it was the glimpse they had had of Ward and Virginia in the motor rather than the lily pond that had given his sister her sad reverie. Somehow when he thought of Martha he lost some of his admiration for Ward Andrews. It was all *planned* for Luke. Things went as things were planned in Peaceful Valley.

Jothams broke up in early September. Old Jotham was

(Continued on page 89)

#### PEACEFUL VALLEY

Fictionized from the scenario by Isabel Johnston; adapted from the stage play by Edward E. Kidder. Directed by Jerome Storm. Starring Charles Ray. The cast:

Hosea Howe	Charles Ray
Ward Andrews	Harry Myers
Luke	Lincoln Stedman
Dr. Rand	Walter Perkins
Jotham	William Courtright
Hinkie	Vincent C. Hamilton
Mr. Brown	Jesse Herring
Virginia Rand	Ann May
Mrs. Howe	Lydia Knott
Martha Howe	Charlotte Pierce
Tilly	Melba Lorraine
Mrs. Brown	Ida Lewis

# The Celluloid Critic

"Way Down East" and other Current Photoplays in Review

By

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

TO us there is always a tremendous personal significance to a David Wark Griffith première. It is as if our own hopes and dreams wavered in the balance. Just as we judge his productions by a standard all their own, we find ourselves consciously or unconsciously "rooting" for this singular leader of the silent drama. We want him to outdo himself. We want him to plant the standard of the photoplay at a new point of advance. All this because we know he deserves a big reward. First, as a daring and fearless film adventurer, the one man with the courage to pioneer. Second, because we know how sincerely he loves and lives his work. And third, for the positive genius he possesses, along with the limitations every genius owns.

This personal equation may or may not cloud our impressions of his work. For instance, we would like to record his newest super-production, "Way Down East," as a cinema triumph marking a new farthest north for the photoplay. Indeed, "Way Down East" is a commercial success—and, we believe, the greatest since his epic, "The Birth of a Nation." Again, he has achieved a thrill more stirring than anything that has moved across the silversheet since that electrical ride of the Ku Klux clausmen. And, better still, he has sounded a deep and

*(Continued on page 86)*



Top, Richard Barthelmess and Carol Dempster in "The Love Flower"; center, Elsie Ferguson in "Lady Rose's Daughter"; and at the bottom, Gloria Swanson in "Something To Think About"

# Peter Pan Dana

As a rule, she is jolly, a gay comrade, a fearless child, demanding and getting out of life—everything.

But one of the reasons that she gets everything is because she isn't afraid to give. She isn't afraid of the world, of work or of anything on land or sea or in the air.

While she is naturally a baby doll, with the lure of a vampire and the heart of a child, she hates to be perpetually dressed up—and worrying about her looks. She is not really a "prinker," for in her there is still a great deal of the primitive, a love of splashing in the ocean and running about without the shackles of hairpins and hats.

Dont mistake me, she doesn't pamper these desires; the Viola Dana that you see on the screen, beautifully costumed, pinkly manicured, perfectly groomed, dainty as a little princess, is the Viola Dana that you would see teeing at the Alexandria Hotel, dining at the Hollywood hotel where she lives, or attending the theater or swimming at Venice.

But those who know her best, know that she gets tired of always being dressed up, always on parade. The Viola Dana that I like best of



Photograph by Hoover Art Studio

**Y**OU'VE seen those tiny yellow butterflies that float in the summer sun and light here and there on a perfumed flower. Could you imagine one of those lovely creatures animated by the ambition of the busy bee, you would have a very good idea of what Viola Dana is like. But Miss Dana doesn't exercise her queenly prerogative and sit commandingly on her throne, she mingles democratically with her subjects and does her share of the work and a bit more.

"What is my philosophy of life?" repeated Viola Dana, tossing back her bobbed head and trying to look very serious for a moment.

"Why, just to live and to work."

And she does—live.

I know very few people who get the real zest out of life that Viola Dana does. Somehow or other, she has gained happiness in spite of trouble at an age when most girls are still seeking, still wondering what on earth they *want* of life.

I think that Viola Dana's secret is that she lives each day to the very fullest. She snatches every bit of joy and fun that she can out of each hour. She doesn't worry over what is past, nor does she eagerly dream of the future. She lives in the present and tomorrow can take care of itself.

Viola has always been made the baby of the family and—she admits it—the spoiled baby. If she couldn't get what she wanted one way, she would twist and turn everything about until she did find a way of getting it, and somehow or other, this is as it should be, for she is one of those people who, wanting and getting their own way, are big enough not to be hurt by being spoiled.



Viola Dana, a young veteran in pictures, simply loves her work. Her green eyes, with their long, entangled lashes, sparkle with enthusiasm whenever she contemplates doing something new. Just at present she wants drama, and her new picture will be "The Twin Cinderella," a drama after her own heart

all is the Viola who is more proud of her sun-burned shoulders and peeling nose, (from swimming at Venice), than she is of her choicest Parisian frock.

I could tell you many things about her moods; her most omnipresent one is a combination of pep and jazz and giggles. She is never bored, because she never has time to be. Often she makes good resolutions to shut herself alone in her room and read—but that is as far as it goes—she's too afraid she might miss some fun, so out she trots, gaily and blithely, to "see what's going on."

Recently her fad has been flying. Miss Dana was taught by that daredevil of the air, Lieutenant Locklear, who met a tragic death recently. She manipulates an aeroplane as "safely" as a man. At first she refused to run the 'plane, being content "just" to fly, but Locklear, determined that she should learn, signaled one day for her to take the helm. (I confess my ignorance of the specific term.) Viola—she can be stubborn—just shook her head and cuddled her small body more closely in the straps of the 'plane.



All photographs by Hoover Art Studio



Some girls there are who can only be themselves in one phase of life—Viola Dana has a dual personality; when you see her daintily gowned, perfectly groomed, you think of her as a little princess. When you see her in her bathing suit, frolicking around in a shallow pool of water or about to leap from a high rock, (see snapshots on opposite page), you meet a tomboy of the jolliest variety

Then and there, three hundred feet in the air, Locklear let go completely of the apparatus.

"And I *know* he wouldn't take hold, so it was up to me," recounts Viola.

Now she is as keen about driving an aeroplane as we ordinary mortals are about motoring.

Viola, a young veteran in pictures, simply loves her work. Her green eyes, with their long, tangled lashes,

sparkle with enthusiasm whenever she contemplates doing something new. Just at present she is sick of doing comedy, (she is a fickle little lady, as variable as the winds in her likes and dislikes). She wants drama . . . her new picture will be "The Twin Cinderella," a drama.

She and her sister, Shirley Mason, are great pals; in fact, she is a great *pal* to anyone who is fortunate enough to have won her friendship.

She believes that marriage is a wonderful existence. She says this because her experience was so wonderful. Up until the time of his death, she and her husband worked together and played together. Theirs was a perfect companionship.

"He spoiled me as if I were a child," said Viola; "he never seemed able to realize that I had grown up."

And no wonder, for Viola, like Peter Pan, will never grow up.

# The Last Act

**G**ENTLE READER: This is the last monthly honor roll which the CLASSIC will publish for the Fame and Fortune Contest of 1920. When the January issue of this magazine reaches your hands, you will gaze upon the photographs of the final winners of this contest, which has been unique in the history of motion pictures. The announcement of the winners will be accompanied by the publication of the final honor roll members; those taking part in the filming of the test scenes; photographs of the world-famous judges, and other items of universal interest to all who have been following the contest, and to the participants.

Not only were the editors of the three magazines, i.e., THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, THE CLASSIC, and SHADOWLAND, overwhelmingly surprised by the stir and excitement which the contest caused among the readers of these publications, but they were exceedingly gratified at the interest shown by the various well-known film companies thruout the country. These companies expressed themselves as desirous of signing up some of the winners on long term contracts, and of assuring the chosen ones of future screen success and fame.

Owing to this new ingredient, and because of the fact that the contest assumed so great a significance all over the country among movie fans, and particularly among our readers, the Brewster Publications have decided to start another contest immediately, profiting by the experience of this one, which is now being completed, and striving to make the new one as nearly perfect as possible.

This is the first official announcement of the new Fame and Fortune contest which will be conducted by the three magazines representing the Brewster Publications, and any of our readers or their friends may enter the contest. Photographs may be sent in without delay, and the first honor roll of the new contest will appear in the January issues of each one of our publications.

One of the most important features in connection with the contest of the past year is the five-reel feature drama entitled "Love's Redemption," which not only includes the Fame and Fortune con-



Photograph by Grader, Seattle



Photograph by Tarr, New York

Top, Miss Evelyne Ross, Wallace, Idaho; center, Miss Orpha Dunn, Seattle, Washington, and lower right, Miss B. Markova, New York City

## The Fame and Fortune Contest Closes in a Blaze of Glory

test, but is also an unusually interesting film which will stand apart in its unique story, its cast of internationally famous characters, its photography and direction. As this film-feature has developed into surprising perfection, another story is now in process and just as soon as the new Fame and Fortune Contest gets well under way, the production of the new story will begin.

"Love's Redemption" carries the Fame and Fortune contest winners, the scenes in which the judges make their final choice, and also gives the chosen ones an unusual opportunity to test their screen ability. This has now been completed, and is in the process of being cut and titled, and by the time this copy of the CLASSIC reaches your hands, the five-reel feature drama will be ready for the exhibitors. If you have been at all interested in the contest in any way, you will be able to see this film at your home town theater. Tell the manager of your theater about it and he will be able to procure it for you.

The contest manager, and the editorial staff of the Brewster Publications have worked hard and late on the final outcome of the contest, but as two-thirds of the entries came pouring into the offices at the eleventh hour (despite the monthly warning to send in the photographs early) the delay in the announcement of the final winners lies in the hands of the laggards. It is a matter of physical impossibility to do three months' work in a week or so, and as the pictures began to pour in, daily increasing by thousands, just before the contest was



Above, Miss Josephine Hubatka, Elizabeth, N. J.; center, Miss Evelyn Pouch, Boston, Mass.; and below, Virginia Lee Nicholson of Baltimore, Md.

to close, and even after the final date, the question of an immediate announcement as to the outcome became impossible. And so we ask your patience, and being human, we cannot close without saying, "We told you so."

The honor roll for this month is as follows:

Evelyn Ross, of 416 Fourth Street, Wallace, Idaho, is a young classical dancer who has done some amateur theatrical work. She has also held National and Pacific Coast swimming and diving titles, and is a blue-eyed, brown haired miss with a fair complexion.

Miss Orpha Dunn, 2132 Second Avenue, Seattle, Washington, is also a classical dancer, having studied under Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn. For a period of two years during the war, Miss Dunn entertained the boys at the front, and also worked for charity. She is an unusual type with dark blue eyes and blonde hair, while her fair skin puts the proverbial peaches and cream combination to shame.

Miss B. Markova, 2408 Broadway, New York City, has had no professional experience. She is a brunette.

Josephine Hubatka, 312 Williamson Street, Elizabeth, N. J., informs us that while she has never had any dramatic experience, she feels convinced that anyone with grey eyes, dark brown hair and fair complexion, can make good—and looking at Josephine's photograph, we feel inclined to agree with her!

Miss Evelyn Pouch, Hotel Avery, Washington and Avery Streets, Boston, Mass., is a very youthful entry of the type that should screen well. She has dark brown eyes, while her hair is blonde.

Virginia Lee Nicholson, 2620 North Charles Street, Baltimore, Md., is a little southern beauty who has appeared in several amateur theatrical productions in Baltimore. Miss Nicholson has studied pantomime.

Photograph by  
Woody, New York



# Dorothy Makes Her Bow

diamond wrist-watches show any respect for interviewers, and so we nearly fainted with surprise as we entered the doorway of the hotel, for there was Dorothy waiting—and looking as if she had been waiting some time.

We made our way to the already crowded dining-room, stopping every other step so that Dorothy might return the cordial and friendly greeting of some friend, until spurred on by visions of our desk overflowing with work, we desperately seized her arm and firmly managed to get her seated in a corner of the dining-room.

She knew everyone. Everyone knew her. She



Photograph © Alfred Cheney Johnston

**A** VIVID little person, an oval face delicately pretty, a pair of dark grey eyes accented by the darker lines of the lashes and brows, a mass of soft, girlish hair; Dorothy greets you and most appreciatively you return a smiling greeting. A tiny figure, the suggestion of a wood-bird in her graceful movements, and you have a somewhat inadequate portrait of Dorothy Dickson, the most recent of all stage celebrities to join the rank and file of celluloid luminaries.

Flying in the face of that Providence which is supposed to guide the time of all movie stars and other celebrities, we arrived at the quiet little hotel on the west side of 44th street a few moments ahead of time to keep our luncheon engagement with Miss Dickson. Few and very far between are the stars whose

There is no more popular daughter of Terpsichore on the American stage than the dainty Dorothy Dickson. Her gay little feet are now scattering star-dust on the Silver-sheet, and Dorothy's debut in the forthcoming Famous Players-Lasky feature "Money Mad," is eagerly expected

Photograph by Old Masters





By  
B. F. WILSON

liked everyone she knew and they reciprocated. Q. E. D. Dorothy is a lovable girl of many, many friends.

Unspoiled, eager with the rush of youth, expressing her artistry thru the magic of her gay little feet; she has danced her way into the hearts of many a blasé audience. And anyone who has ever seen Dorothy dance cherishes a beautiful memory.

"Of course, I'm nervous about my engagement with Famous Players. I feel exactly as I did the night I danced for the first time professionally. Literally scared to death. But I've wanted to do pictures for a long, long time, and I have had a good many offers. Something has always interfered up to the present. As a rule I couldn't sign any motion picture contract because of other contracts that prevented," she said in answer to my question.

As you know by this time, Dorothy is playing the leading rôle in "Money Mad," the forthcoming Famous Players-Lasky feature, directed by George Fitzmaurice. Stars of the silversheet who have essayed the leading rôle as their first appearance on the screen are in the minority. Dorothy has never faced a motion picture camera before, save for the making of a test.

"Famous Players have had me in mind for quite some time to do a picture for them, but they have been unable to get a suitable story. This one of 'Money Mad' sounds quite exciting. Ouida Bergere wrote the scenario, and the character of the girl is one which will give me an unusual chance to show whether or not I have any acting ability.



Photograph by George M. Kessler

"I have been in town shopping frantically every day for a week because I have to wear some stunning clothes in this picture," she added, "and oh, I'm quite worn out before I begin. I simply hate to shop, don't you?" she asked.

Something in the wistful little smile caused me to wonder at the undertaking of so much work by one so fragile. She had just told me that last year when she and Carl Hyson were dancing to-

(Continued on page 84)

Just three years ago, Miss Dickson made her first professional appearance via Rector's in Chicago. Not many moons after this she was under the management of Florenz Ziegfeld, who advertised her as "The Greatest Dancing Personality in the World." For the past year she has been twirling merrily to the bonnie tunes of "Lassie," one of the season's Broadway successes

# Pacific Coast Paragraphs

By  
HAZEL SHELLEY

THEY say that the past summer was the most sizzling this California Coast has known, but thru all the very warmest weather the studios and stars worked steadily and indefatigably. Practically every member of the coast colony, however, formed a habit of swimming, which looks as if it might continue all the year 'round. Most of the film folk prefer to take their daily dip at Crystal pier, Venice, and one sees every type of highly colored and highly priced motor-cars transporting our celluloid queens and kings to Crystal Pier when the day's work is done. Viola Dana, Shirley Mason and Lila Lee are only a few who go there daily.

Mary Thurman, however, prefers Long Beach, California. I watched her taking her swim one Sunday recently. Every man on the beach was raving about her as the most beautiful woman on the shore, while all the girls envied her, her snappy bathing suit and her—er—well, you know what Mary is famous for. No—she did not wear a one-piece suit, altho they are the rule out here. James Kirkwood also swims at Long Beach.

One of the most interesting parties ever staged at a motion picture studio took place at the Hollywood Studios when Marshall Neilan entertained three hundred Annapolis cadets who were out here for their summer cruise under Admiral Jones. All the midshipmen were per-

*(Continued on page 104)*



Photograph by Woodbury, L. A.



Top, Dustin Farnum and Mae Marsh chat for a moment between shots; center, "Micky" Neilan finds himself being used as a chauffeur by his son, Marshall Neilan, Jr., and below, an "off set" glimpse of Cecil B. de Mille, explaining some fine point to Agnes Ayre and Clarence Burton between scenes



# Gossip of the Eastern Studios

**B**ROADWAY was startled on September first by a tragic accident which resulted in the death of Bobbie Harron, the Griffith star. Bobbie was taking a dress suit from a trunk in his room at the Hotel Seymour, New York, when the trunk cover fell and exploded a revolver which had been in one of the pockets. The bullet lodged in Harron's left chest. Bobbie was removed to Bellevue Hospital, where he lay until September 5 in a critical condition, making a game fight for life. Loss of blood was too great, however, and death resulted.

No player in the whole motion picture world was better beloved than Bobbie. He was a modest, charming and sincere boy whose hard work was just about to lead to great things. He leaves a place which will be very hard to fill. The tragic death was a particularly hard blow to David W. Griffith, for the producer and the young star had been friends and co-workers for years and were like brothers.

The shooting, of course, was wholly accidental. Harron was taking out a dress suit in preparation for the opening of the Griffith production, "Way Down East." The trunk had not been opened since its arrival from California, which explains the loaded revolver. Bobbie had carried it during the epidemic of robberies and hold-ups in California last Winter and had



Sea-going glimpses of recent stellar Atlantic voyagers to Europe. Top, Norma and Constance Talmadge on the *Imperator*; center, Dorothy Gish, also on the *Imperator*; lower left, Olive Thomas, who afterwards died suddenly in Paris, and her husband, Jack Pickford; and, lower right, Mae Murray on the *Olympic*



Photograph by Western Newspaper Union



slipped it into his dress suit pocket, forgetting all about it.

Harron's death is a severe blow to the Griffith organization, following close upon the sudden death of Clarine Seymour, who, like Bobbie, died upon the doorstep of stardom. Harron had just completed one production, "Coincidence," for release thru Metro and was half way thru his second, "The Brass Bowl," which was being directed by Elmer Clifton.

Speaking of the opening of "Way Down East," the production had a sensational premiere at the 44th Street Theater. The audience went wild at  
(Cont'd on page 104)

Photograph © by Underwood & Underwood

Photograph by International

CINEMA CREDO  
THAT all snow  
in the movies  
is really salt,  
all rain comes from  
a hose and that an  
aeroplane propellor  
supplies all wind.

That an outsider  
hasn't a chance to  
sell a script and  
that any good sub-  
mitted idea is im-  
mediately stolen by  
the scenario editor.

That producers make dinky little hired  
trains appear to navigate with a speed of  
the *Twentieth Century Limited* thru trick  
camera work.

That the stars always order out all  
scenes in which any other player does  
good work.

That any American film star could  
appear in person anywhere from  
Siberia to Patagonia and imme-  
diately start a riot.

That directors pay at the  
rate of \$15 for a lost eye,  
\$10 for a broken leg and  
\$5 for a broken arm in  
settling mob scene casualties.

That Charles Ray is so good  
because he doesn't know a  
thing about acting tricks.

That wild animals are so  
doped for screen work that they do  
not know an actor from a camera.

That all night scenes are really taken  
in broad daylight.

#### OUR FAVORITE SCREEN MOMENT OF THE MONTH

Carol Dempster as a deep sea diver  
in "The Love Flower."

Along comes a filmcylept "Uncle  
Sam on Freedom Ridge," which the  
advertising declares to have "all the  
pathos and heart gripping interest of  
'The Music Master,' 'Uncle Tom's  
Cabin,' 'The Man Without a Country,'  
'Way Down East' and 'Abraham  
Lincoln' forged into one intense and

# Double Exposures

Conducted by F. J. S.

enthralling photo-  
play." From which  
we gather, the  
makers believe they  
have a fair produc-  
tion.

Now that the  
movies have reach-  
ed a ten-dollar scale  
of admissions (at  
the premiere of  
"Way Down  
East") we are re-  
calling the days when folks predicted that a  
twenty-five cent theater fee meant certain death  
to the photoplay. Those *were* the happy  
pioneer days!

Speaking of "Way Down East,"  
the usual aftermath of a Griffith  
production is upon us. This  
time we're surprised to find  
Thomas Ince in the van with  
"Homespun Folks."

The British critics are protesting that  
the Turkish villain of "The Virgin of  
Stamboul" wears the garb of a Bedouin  
chief and that the American hero affects a  
helmet such as is worn by British Indian  
cavalrymen. Fie, Fie! Mere details!  
Weren't the *camels* real?

#### INTIMATE NOTE

"The Carter de Havens seen in  
'Twin Beds,'" confides a motion  
picture trade paper heading.

#### SOMEBODY IS ALWAYS TAKING THE JOY, ETC.

Billy West is returning to the films via  
Joan Film Company.

And the press agent announces: "West  
is said to be a natural comedian who  
can provoke laughter in his own way."  
Yes, ye-e-e-s!

"Romance and misunderstanding"  
are announced to be the subjects  
of Wanda Hawley's next vehicle.  
Quite a new theme, eh, what?

#### OUR IDEA OF NOTHING TO READ

Mrs. Chaplin's inter-  
views in the metro-  
politan news-  
papers anent  
her domestic  
difficulties.



Photograph by Stagg, L. A.  
Courtesy Christie Comedies

## The Classic

Has Secured a Remarkable Mag-  
azine Feature

Mrs. PAULINE BARA,

mother of the famous screen si-  
ren, has written her own story  
of Theda Bara's childhood for  
The Classic

This sensational article will be in  
the December Classic



# The Branded Woman

Fictionized from the Norma Talmadge Photoplay

By DOROTHY DONNELL

MISS MILBURN, owner, president, and social sponsor of Milburn Hall, the most select boarding-school on the Hudson, where knowledge was indeed above price, or at least above the price of most people, surveyed the gathering on the lawn with a smile that would have been complacent on less learned lips.

"Graduation Day is, with me, a solemn occasion," she intoned to the circle of relatives, trustees and other guests gathered in a group of which she was the grey satin-and-pearl clad nucleus, "when I think of the young minds and hearts going out from this cloister of learning where it has been my privilege to protect and pattern them—where they have flowered, if I may say so—"

An admiring murmur permitted her to say so. She went on in guarded and resonant phrases whose sonorous intonations rolled across the lawn and reached the punch-bowl table to the ungodly glee of several of the flowered and their friends.

"Sophie's blowing her own horn again," giggled one fluffy unregenerate, "she's a great performer at that kind of music. I wonder why someone doesn't write words to go with it!"

"Thank Heaven I've heard her say 'young ladies strive always

for sweetness and light' the last time!" sighed the languid girl whose diamond ring and bold, bright eyes contradicted the protestation of simplicity of her frilled organdie. "As soon as I get to town I'm going to have a permanent wave and go to see 'Under Mary's Bed'! And I'm going to make Mother buy me a low necked gown without any back to it—"

"My Aunt is going to let me come out in the fall," confided another, swinging her expensively engraved, expensively attained diploma disrespectfully by the ribbon, "and a season at Newport—"

Ruth Sawyer turned her wide, slow gaze from one to another, then her dark eyes went irresistibly up to the handsome boy-face at her side, like purple pansy blooms lifted to the sun. She was one of the few of the girls to whom the unsophistication of white organdie and sashes seemed to belong by divine right of youth and innocence. Her dark hair waved softly back from a low white forehead with none of the theatrical effect of the others. The sunlight lay on a pale, clear cheek untouched with rouge or powder. The rest of the girls were full of nervous movement, restless gestures, shrill words, but Ruth was strangely silent, serene among them.



The girl colored sweetly but her eyes, meeting Billy Bolton's ardent gaze, were direct and candid as a child's. Young as he was, he realized that she was still living in a story-bookland, half reality, half dreams, a Sleeping Princess whom he would awaken

"Sweetheart!" whispered a voice in her ear, "let's get out of this mob. Just think we've been engaged a whole hour and you haven't given me one kiss yet!"

The girl colored sweetly but her eyes, meeting Billy Bolton's ardent ones, were direct and candid as a child's. Young as he was,

he realized that she was still living in a story-book land, half reality, half dreams, a Sleeping Princess whom he could awaken.

They strolled a little apart from the chattering groups, but Ruth listened to him absently and when he drew her down beside him on a bench he saw that she was trembling. "I've been so happy here," she quivered with lips that trembled childishly, "I'm afraid, Billy—afraid! It's like stepping off something—of course I'm silly! But somehow I never saw beyond today."

"But if you love me, dearest," the boy flamed, and caught her hands awkwardly, "everything will be all right! It can't help being! As soon as we hear from your mother we'll be married. And we'll live with the Mater for a while, and I won't let any harm come to you—ever—"

They were very young, piteously young. The wise old oak who listened must have sighed gustily, thinking of the love words it had heard since its acorn days, and how they had withered and blown away like its own leaves on the winds of change. And almost before these had been uttered, the wind which had been gathering for sixteen years came upon Ruth at last and the frail white bud of her girlhood shriveled under it.

The groups on the lawn were hardly aware of the limousine when it first rolled up the curving drive, despite its lavender tinting and gold ornaments and the scrawling flaunting monogram D. B. on its doors. Milburn Hall was used to limousines, but it was distinctly not used to the kind of woman who stepped out of this one now, or the sort of man who followed her,

obviously abashed, and carrying his flashy cane defiantly to cover it. The woman for her part made no pretence of disguise. She was rather terrible as she rustled up the walk with her gold-embroidered skirts swishing about her generously displayed ankles, her plumes, her jewelry; the heavy, exotic, costly scent she diffused.

Miss Milburn was, for a moment, stricken speechless. No such emergency had faced her during many staid, spotlessly respectable years of profiteering in the higher education. The woman was not even doubtful. No one could possibly have had a doubt about her. She gave herself away in every hard glance, in every stereotyped smile. Already the guests and the girls were whispering—

"Is Miss Ruth Sawyer here?" the woman asked loudly, confronting the quiveringly virtuous preceptress.

"I've come for her. I'm her mother."

The jangling tone was plainly audible all over the lawn. On the far bench Ruth rose to her feet uncertainly, staring with wide eyes of horror, as one who looks upon some nightmare thing. She heard Billy's gasp, saw the rigid scorn of the others—and with her dark head high, she walked across the grass to that impertinent figure and held out her hand. "Here I am—mother," she said clearly, "how—how do you do?"

The painted face opposite crinkled into haggard mirth. The woman was handsome enough in her outrageous style, but when she smiled she was almost hideous. Traitorously the expression betrayed a thousand tiny wrinkles filled with caked powder. "Ain't you queer tho!" she shrilled, "ain't seen me for thirteen years and you say how do you do! Give us a kiss, cant you!"

The girl moved like an automaton, but she kissed the scarlet lips. A burning blush drowned her pallor. She turned to Miss Milburn. "I suppose—I had better go. You have been very good to me—"

Virtue spoke in an acid voice. "I understood from Alderman Grayson that your mother was living on her estate in Nice. Perhaps you can explain?"

"Explain nothing!" the newcomer said violently. "I guess my money was as good as anybody's! It happened to suit me to have Ruth here educated swell, and I've done it, and kept my hands off the job. Now it happens to suit me to take her away with me and I'm going to do it too. I got a legal right—I can prove it!"

The group had moved away, leaving the grim Miss Milburn, the white girl and the red, vulgar woman together. The school-head drew a sharp breath. "I owe an apology to my other scholars and their friends," she said cuttingly, "but I must beg them to believe that I was wholly deceived—that this is as abhorrent a revelation to me as to them."

Abuse frothed on the other woman's tongue, but Ruth forestalled it by laying a small icy hand on her mother's jewel-laden one. "No! No—please," she implored with a sick attempt at

a smile, "let's go—mother," she quivered all over at the word, "Miss Milburn will send my things on. We can talk about everything in the car."

The woman turned to her escort. "The nerve of some people!" she screamed. "Did you hear that old hold-up artist? Seems to me, "Velvet" Craft, you might show a little pep when your lady-friend is insulted——"

"Velvet" Craft! Some of the men guests—a highly respected church member, a father or two, the most pious of the trustees showed pitiful confusion, and furtively sneaked out of the circle. "Velvet" Craft, the manager of the most fashionable gambling hell in the city! Then this woman must be his partner, Dot Belmar, whose exploits were featured frequently in the police gazette, and who pursued her notorious career unmolested, due to a certain mysterious "pull" in the city administration. The white-ruffled girls watched their classmate move away beside the shameful plumes with greedy eyes that had no glint of pity in them. At the car, Ruth left the older woman to hurry up the path to the dormitory. When she came down stairs a moment later, with her hat jammed down on her lovely dark head ruthlessly without a mirror's aid, she heard her name spoken.

"Ruth!" Billy Bolton groaned. "Ruth! Tell me it isn't so. Tell me that that—that woman isn't your mother——"

The girl looked at him steadily. He saw that the child-light was gone forevermore from her dark eyes. "I suppose she is, Billy," she answered quietly. "I have not seen her since I was four. I didn't—remember—— But now I know why I was afraid. So it's good good-bye, Billy." She held out her hand.

"Ruth—I did love you—" that cruel past tense! "but—I suppose I'm a cad, but I can't! My Mater—that woman—God! It's beastly!" He slithered to the bottom step, sobbing wildly, but with the wisdom of women, she saw that his tears were washing away the cause of them, and that his loss would not matter to him long. She laid her hand on the shining head, as tenderly and understandingly as a mother might pat her little sorry child.

"Good-bye, Boy Dear," she said again, and was gone. And he heard the cough of the motor on the driveway.

Ruth Sawyer thought, as she sat beside the valuable woman whom the name of mother fitted as incongruously as her dry, brittle, startlingly youthful hair, that she had plumbed the depths of humiliation and grief. Waves of *Parfaite d'Amour* stifled her, until she felt her thoughts whirling dizzily, with Craft's weasel face bobbing on them like a cork on waves. "There is nothing worse," she found herself saying over and over, "there couldn't be——"

Two hours later she could have laughed at her abysmal simplicity—did laugh, wildly, without reason, beating with small fists at the mirror that showed her the dreadful thing that wore her face, a shameless woman-creature with naked shoulders in a gown like sulphurous flames. The maid who had put the gown on her despite her struggles, an immense Amazon with arms like steel, brought her out of the rising tide of hysteria by pressing down on her thumb nails till the cold pain recalled her to herself.

"That's no good," the woman said levelly, "they all do it—at first. But you'll soon get used to it."

Ruth stared at her. Then she stood quiet. Strangely quiet. She did not speak at all during the moments that followed, when she went down the gilded staircase into the drawing-rooms, thru which wan-

Standing there in the sensuous gown, Ruth lifted her nun's face to the man whom the papers agreed in naming the most corrupt and powerful politician in the city—and told him the whole story quite simply

dered men in evening clothes and women with painted masks of faces that smiled, while their eyes, unsmiling, peered from behind their masks. Music—music that twanged on the bare nerves and set them quivering filled the rooms with barbaric sound, a woman, dressed in a single purple veil, danced—laughter, raucous, unmodulated . . . And Dot Belmar, in a shameless gown, moved among her guests, stared at her from head to foot with appraising eyes.





Then presently there was Douglas Courtenay and the new hope that stirred with the warm shine of his blue-grey eyes

good many cool thousands these last fifteen years, but it was worth it. I always play safe hunches—wait till Burke Whitlock sees you!"

She turned away, uneasy under the girl's collected look. But in a moment she was back, leading a burly man who wore his evening clothes as carelessly as tho they were overalls. "Ruth ain't acquainted yet," she told him significantly, "I'm expecting you and her to be good friends, Mr. Whitlock."

Somehow—Ruth did not quite know how it came—she was alone in a small room with this great, gross mass that peered at her under bristling yellow-white brows and breathed stertorously. "Come here!" he growled at last. People were ac-

"I had a hunch!" she said, gloatingly, "you can buy beauty over any drug store counter, but there's something you cant buy and that's the *manner*. And you've got it. It set me back a

Hereafter Ruth was to find out the truth of this, his boast. The weapon of his power was no knightly sword blade shielding her, but a sledge hammer which is, after all, just as efficacious. As Whitlock's ward, she had a position of secure respect, money, leisure and a chance to forget, if forgetting were possible. But the one evening in the red salons of the House of Lost Hopes had left a soul hurt that was long in healing. She felt a sensitive horror of going out into the bright sunshine that meant recognition—

At the end of the year, Boss Whitlock retired from the leadership of his party machine. How much Ruth had to do with it even he did not guess, but there was a father-look in his little, red-veined eyes as he showed her the steamship tickets he had bought for them. "We'll go over an' hobnob with the toffs!" he told her jocularly, "an' maybe we can fit you out with a title if we can find one reasonable." The tickets were dated for the next day. By such precipitate guile he got Ruth safely away without hearing of the long-deferred judgment that had

customed to obey Boss Whitlock when he spoke in that tone. She came trembling, smiling a vague frightened smile—

And then she discovered that her idea of the Worst that Could Happen had been wrong. Quite absurdly wrong.

It was a small thing that saved her—the catching of her lower lip between her teeth. But Burke Whitlock's mother had had the same trick. He was sixty years old and she had been dead fifty-five of them, but he remembered. He released Ruth and stepped backward, muttering. "Why—you're not the sort the Belmar woman recruits," he said presently in vast surprise, "they fight—or swear, or laugh. You're different."

Standing there in the sensuous gown, Ruth lifted her nun's face to the man whom the papers agreed in naming the most corrupt and powerful politician in the city and told him the whole story quite simply, tho once her clear voice caught on a gasp when she told of the coming of the mother she had not seen since she was a baby. "I'm here," she ended, and came to him swiftly, and touched his great hairy, glitteringly manicured paws, "but you wont let *her* make me stay? Oh, I'm so glad it happened to be you and not one of those others—" It was not artifice, but sheer, clear white faith in him, and his will to save her. Threats had never 'availed with Boss Whitlock, nor vituperation nor argument, but here, astonishingly, stood one who believed in him, trusted him for something that he did not have.

"By the Great Lord Harry!" rasped Boss Whitlock, "I'll take you away from that woman! I'll—I'll adopt you—" he stared down at her, small eyes watering with sentiment, "You're the Real Thing—edicated, rayfined an' I'm just a low-life, but there ain't any harm can touch you if Burke W's around!"



found out Dot Belmar at last and sent her from her gaming-tables and secret, perfume-stuffed rooms to prison for ten years.

With the vanishing of New York's smoky sky-line it seemed to Ruth Sawyer that she had left the secret dread behind as well and were sailing out into the clear, sun-shot light of a new day. With the scenes that followed even her memory of it grew hazed and unreal. As tho she had slept feverishly one night, and dreamed—

Then, presently there was Douglas Courtenay and the new hope that stirred with the warm glance of his blue-grey eyes. Even at Miss Milburn's, she had not chatted of love as the others had, lightly, fan- liarly. She met it face to face now as the neophyte might meet the Miracle and when presently, he spoke of making her his wife, she lay thru the slow, still hours of the night that followed, trembling and awed at the beauty of life that had come to her, as perhaps on another night Mary of Bethany lay and thought of the angel's words.

Old Burke Whitlock stayed on in Paris after her marriage, tho secretly his plebeian heart yearned for Fourteenth Street, and American beef stew and the old rage of battle that stirred healthily in his veins when he read the attacks of the opposition press. But still he remained. Until Courtenay's term as attaché of the American Embassy was over, he would wander listlessly thru the marble-lined boulevards, eat of their hay-thanish cooking."

"Maybe she'll need me yet," he thought, with a flash of that prescience that had made him powerful. "I'm thinkin' that husband of hers isn't man enough to stick by if trouble sh'd come."

He watched the beloved face vigilantly but could read in it only happiness and content. When at the end of the year her baby girl was born, Whitlock owned to himself that his fears might be groundless. A cablegram from America told him of the death of Dot Belmar and the breaking-up of her business. Courtenay was a devoted husband, a rapt father. "Still I'm thinking I'll stick around a bit longer," he mused, stub-

**He watched the beloved face vigilantly but could read only happiness and content in it. When at the end of the year her baby girl was born, Whitlock owned to himself that his fears might be groundless**

THE BRANDED WOMAN

Fictionized from the scenario by Anita Loos and Albert Parker; adapted from Oliver D. Bailey's play, "Branded." Directed by Albert Parker. Starring Norma Talmadge. The cast:

Ruth Sawyer.....	Norma Talmadge
Douglas Courtenay.....	Percy Marmont
"Velvet" Craft.....	Vincent Serrano
General Whitlock.....	George Fawcett
Dot Belmar.....	Grace Studdiford
William Bolton.....	Gaston Glass
Mrs. Bolton.....	Jean Armour
Vivian Bolton.....	Edna Murphy
Henry Bolton.....	H. J. Carvill
Herbert Averill.....	Charles Lane
Detective.....	Sidney Herbert
Jeweler.....	Edouard Durand
Miss Weir.....	Henrietta Floyd

bornly, shaking his grizzled head, "tho belike I'll git me passport into the next world from a frog-eating priest and be sent to the furren quarter of the Beyond!"

It was when her baby was nearly six months old that the Shadow fell across Ruth's joy. When she looked up in the Blois, startled to hear her old name in this far land and met the leering, rodent eyes of "Velvet" Craft, she felt as tho an icy hand had squeezed her heart. "What," she asked between labored breaths. "What—do you—want?" For she knew instinctively he had come to Paris solely to meet her.

"You're not very cordial to old friends," Craft answered.  
(Continued on page 68)



# The Cinema Sport Girl

Hope Hampton, starring in productions at the head of her own motion picture organization, is a cinema star who really loves the open

Miss Hampton is equally at home on the tennis courts and golf links, and she has found time to learn how to drive a hydroplane, as the lower snapshot indicates. Hope, however, is a believer in preparedness. Hence the bathing suit

Photograph by  
Stagg, L. A.

Photograph by  
Stagg, L. A.

Photograph  
by Central  
News Service



# But the Fellers Call Him Bill"

By  
LILLIAN MONTANYE

**I**N the office of one of the potentates of Famous-Players studio a tall, well-groomed, smooth-haired, smooth-shaven man arose to greet me.

"Mr. William Boyd?" I ventured.

His cool, inscrutable grey eyes looked straight into mine for a moment then melted into unquestioning friendliness.

"Yes," he said—"but—I suppose you know Eugene Field's poem—

Father calls me William, sister calls me Will—  
Mother calls me Willie—but the fellers call me  
Bill . . .

It's that way with me. I'm 'William' on the theater programs—but to my friends I am just plain 'Bill' or 'Billie'."

There is a tremendous satisfaction always



Photographs by Moffett



Billie Boyd was twenty-three when he began his stage career, said beginning consisting of doing extra parts for which he received the munificent sum of one dollar. He is known as juvenile lead thruout the country. His last Broadway appearance was in "The Voice in the Dark," and he is now playing opposite Justine Johnston in her first Realart Picture, "Blackbirds"

in meeting a man who admits that he loves his chosen profession so much that he would not give it up or consider doing anything else—and tho he fell down over and over again he would just get up and, with quiet persistence, start all over again. Not that he talked a great deal about success or failure—Billie Boyd isn't that kind. He wears an armor of reserve, of imperviousness—something like a small boy who is afraid he will be caught showing off—a certain reticence, a saving in the use of

words as tho he were afraid he might say too much—especially as applied to himself. But—in spite of his inscrutability, his apparent modesty—one knows that he is accustomed to getting what he wants. Not in any impulsive, unpremeditated or undeserved way—he is not the sort that would trust to luck. He would make up his mind what he wanted and go after it, and his dominating personality would put it across.

For instance, there was the beginning of his stage career. He was not stage struck to the venture-all-no-matter-what-happens extent. His father was a publisher of directories—Boyd's directories being well known at one time in New York and suburban cities. When William was thru college his father wanted him to enter the publishing business, which William did with apparent

(Continued on page 96)

# The Amazing Interview

feel most inconscionably big and important. You've often read the expression in the papers "epoch-making." I felt like that.

Marie's history isn't history at all. It is pure fantasy. It began sixteen years ago—she was four years old then, when she entered a convent situated in the paradoxical environment of Hollywood. For twelve years her life was colored by its dim, religious light and then she left it, but with the resolve to return within the year and become a nun!

Dame Fate is a great humorist; and poor Faith is too often her butt. She guided Marie to the office of the Rolin studio, introduced her to Hal Roach, and then, with an expectant grin, sat back to enjoy her handiwork.

Her anticipations were not in vain. Marie started as a stenographer in the studio office with no intention or desire to establish a closer connection with the screen; but the date she had set for her return to the convent found her playing the "vamp," her first rôle, in "Lonesome Luke," one of Harold Lloyd's dim beginnings!

"I didn't care for it particularly at first," she confessed. "I went right back to my shorthand and stenography and probably would have been there today but for Mr. Roach. I owe everything to him."



Photograph by Witzel, L. A.

**M**ARIE MOSQUINI was a terrible mistake. I thought, when I heard it, of jazz bands and popping corks, of Jersey lightning and New Jersey mosquitos, of snapping, black eyes and daintily embossed profanity, of hysteric hands and a gay, seductive accent—and I hastened to the interview.

Marie should have been Priscilla, and a puritan. But, alas, her mother came from Bordeaux and her father from Milan; and so you must be content with Marie, and the fact that she almost became a nun—but not quite.

Don't let me prejudice you. She is charmingly gentle, and hers is not the innocence that betokens ignorance nor the virtue that suggests smugness. Watching her on the screen, where she breaks "Snub" Pollard's heart with merciless regularity, you'd never suspect a want of sophistication.

But if only I had been a cynic!

I should have taken that name, Marie Mosquini; toyed with it—politely, of course; woven a delicate satire about it and about the fresh simplicity of the girl who bore it; dissected it, giving each detail its measure of sweetened irony; and finally I should have solemnly declared it, and the girl, quite impossible.

But—I say it with a sigh—I am not a cynic; and I sat thru an entire noon hour of a hot August day humbly grateful that it was I who was giving Marie her first interview. She didn't quite know what to do with me, nor yet just what to say but she managed to make me



The father of Marie Mosquini came from Milan, and her mother from Bordeaux. Nevertheless, Marie is a typical American girl with the languor of the South in her veins

By  
WILLIS GOLDBECK

I had been absorbing the details of her dressing-room, our council chamber on the upper floor of the new Rolin studio. Two Kewpie dolls in saucy dress and a group of holy pictures, side by side . . . Robert Service and Maxfield Parrish . . . blue cretonne and a riding crop . . . a framed quotation from Omar beside a portrait of Harold Lloyd . . . Marie is amazing.

I asked that she tell me about herself—and she said she thought I was the ideal type of interviewer!

I got out my notebook and jotted that down.

And because I enjoyed her pink confusion when I asked her a point-blank question, I demanded to know her philosophy of life. I admit it was orthodox.

She looked startled for a moment and her eyes sought counsel of ceiling, walls, and floor.

"Well," she said, "I think that everything that happens is for the best—particularly Bebe Daniels who is my one and only girl friend."

She tendered me Bebe's photograph. A brief inscription testified to the new star's undying fealty.

Marie is of a composite type, with distinct suggestions of Norma Talmadge and Clarine Seymour. Her eyes are particularly interesting; large, and when they are not dreaming, brimful of mirth. But she has not the fire and verve that one might expect from such a parentage as hers. To the casual acquaintance she is an American, with the languor of the South in her veins.

Her ambitions, stirred at last by the recognition which is coming to her, are beginning to awaken. Whether her wholesomeness and sincerity can withstand the temptations of egotism and adulation remains to be seen. I for one do not doubt the outcome. She has been in the studio atmosphere long enough to separate the sheep from the goats, the sycophants from helpful friends.

"Last week I got one hundred fan letters," she said with a naive pride. "I feel so sorry for those poor, dear people who wrote them, for my name never appears on the screen and they had to address them to the girl who plays opposite 'Snub' Pollard. But I adore them for their trouble!

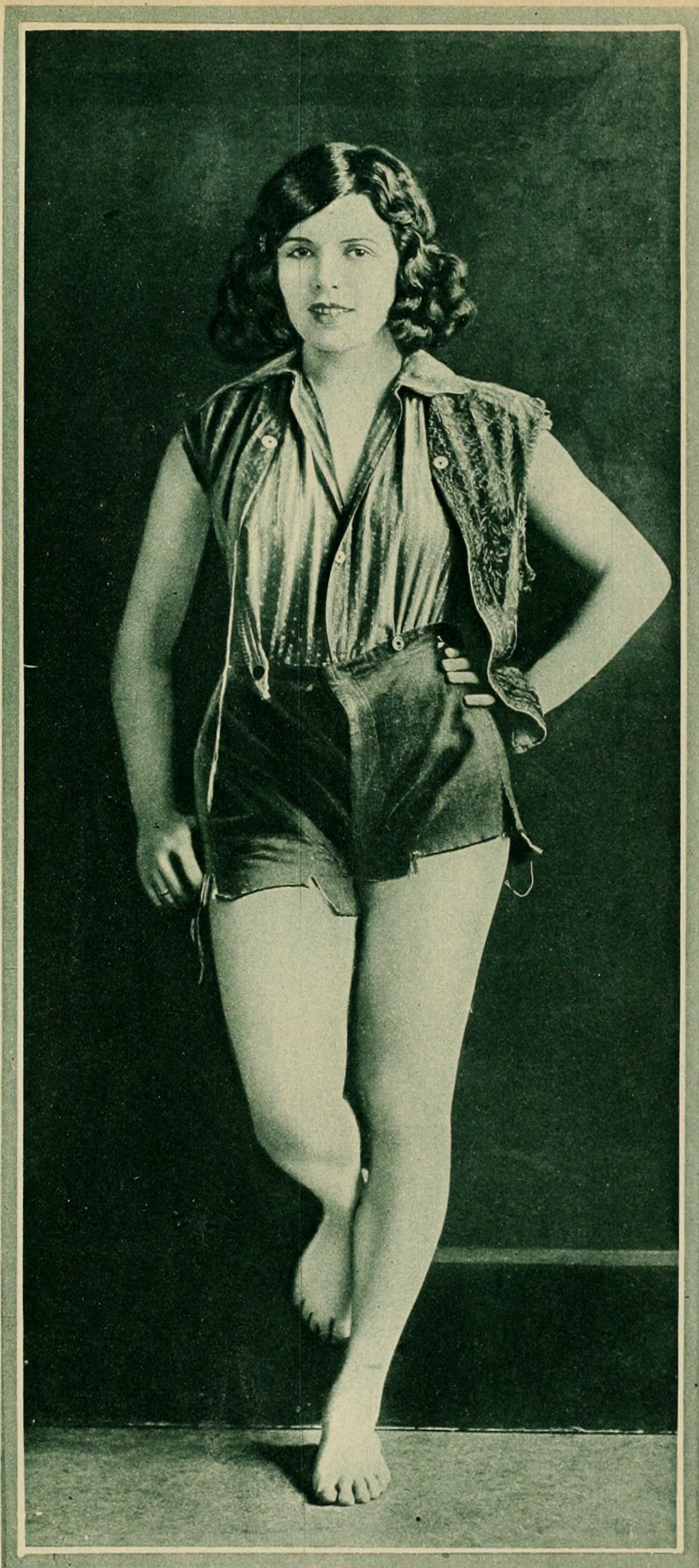
"Oh dear," she sighed, "these past two days have been wonderful. Last night Harold Lloyd took me for a ride

(Continued on  
page 102)

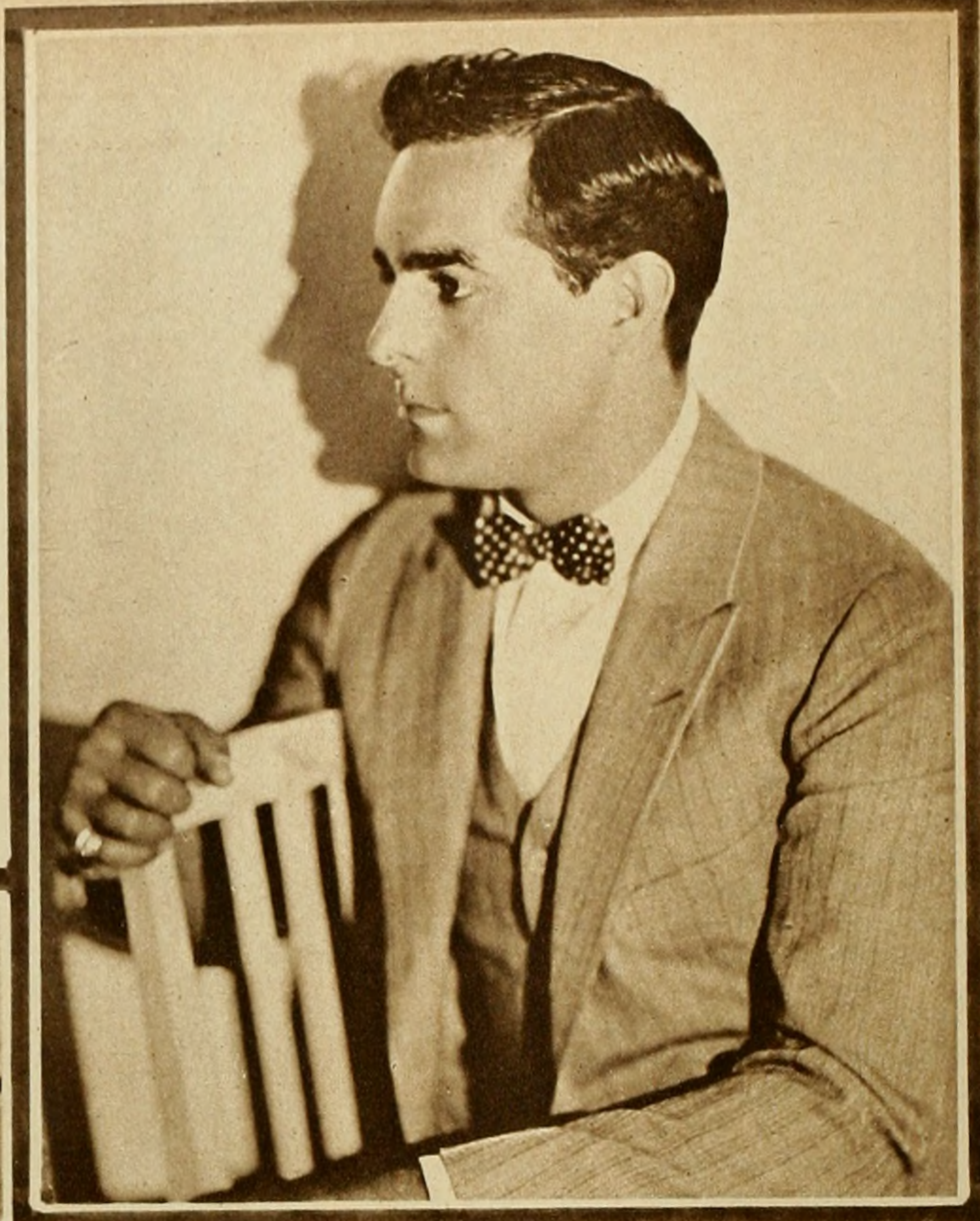
(Sixty-one)

**At the age of four Marie entered a convent where she remained for twelve years, leaving with the certainty that she would return to become a nun. But she is now appearing opposite "Snub" Pollard, and out at the Rolin studios, it is said that in the near future she will enter the realms of stardom instead of dreaming within convent walls**

Photograph by  
Witzel, L. A.



# The Fascinating Señor Tony



Photographs by C. Heighton Monroe



Tony Moreno is still disporting in Vitagraph serials, but we are looking forward to the day when he will launch forth in regular photoplays, for the screen has no more colorful personality. At the left, Tony has posed in a neat little fireside tableau, nicely calculated to send feminine film fans' hearts skyrocketing. Just imagine a fireside, a banjo — and Tony!



When you cut the cuticle you leave little unprotected places all around the delicate nail root, which becomes sore, rough and ragged.

Soften and remove surplus cuticle without cutting. See what a firm smooth, even edge Cutex gives your cuticle without cutting.



## The wrong and the right way to manicure

**C**UTTING the cuticle is ruinous. When you cut the cuticle you leave little unprotected places all around the tender nail root. These become rough, sore and ragged; they grow unevenly and cause hangnails.

You should soften and remove surplus cuticle without cutting. Just apply a bit of Cutex, the harmless cuticle remover, to the base of your nails, gently pressing back the cuticle.

The moment you use Cutex you realize how exactly it is what you have needed. It does away with all need for cutting, leaves a firm, smooth line at the base of your nails.

First file your nails. Then wrap a bit of cotton around an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package), dip it in Cutex,

and work around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle. Then wash the hands, pressing back the cuticle when drying them.

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 particularly soft and pliable so that you need not manicure as often, apply a little Cutex Cold Cream at night on retiring.

Regularly, once or twice each week, give your nails a Cutex manicure. You will never again be bothered with coarse, overgrown cuticle or hangnails.

Cutex Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Nail Polish and Cold Cream come in 35-cent sizes. The Cuticle Remover comes also in 65-cent size. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and at all chemists' shops in England.

### Six manicures for 20 cents

Mail the coupon below with two dimes and we will send you a Cutex Introductory Manicure Set, large enough for six manicures. Send for this set today. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 911, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.



Mail this coupon with two dimes today

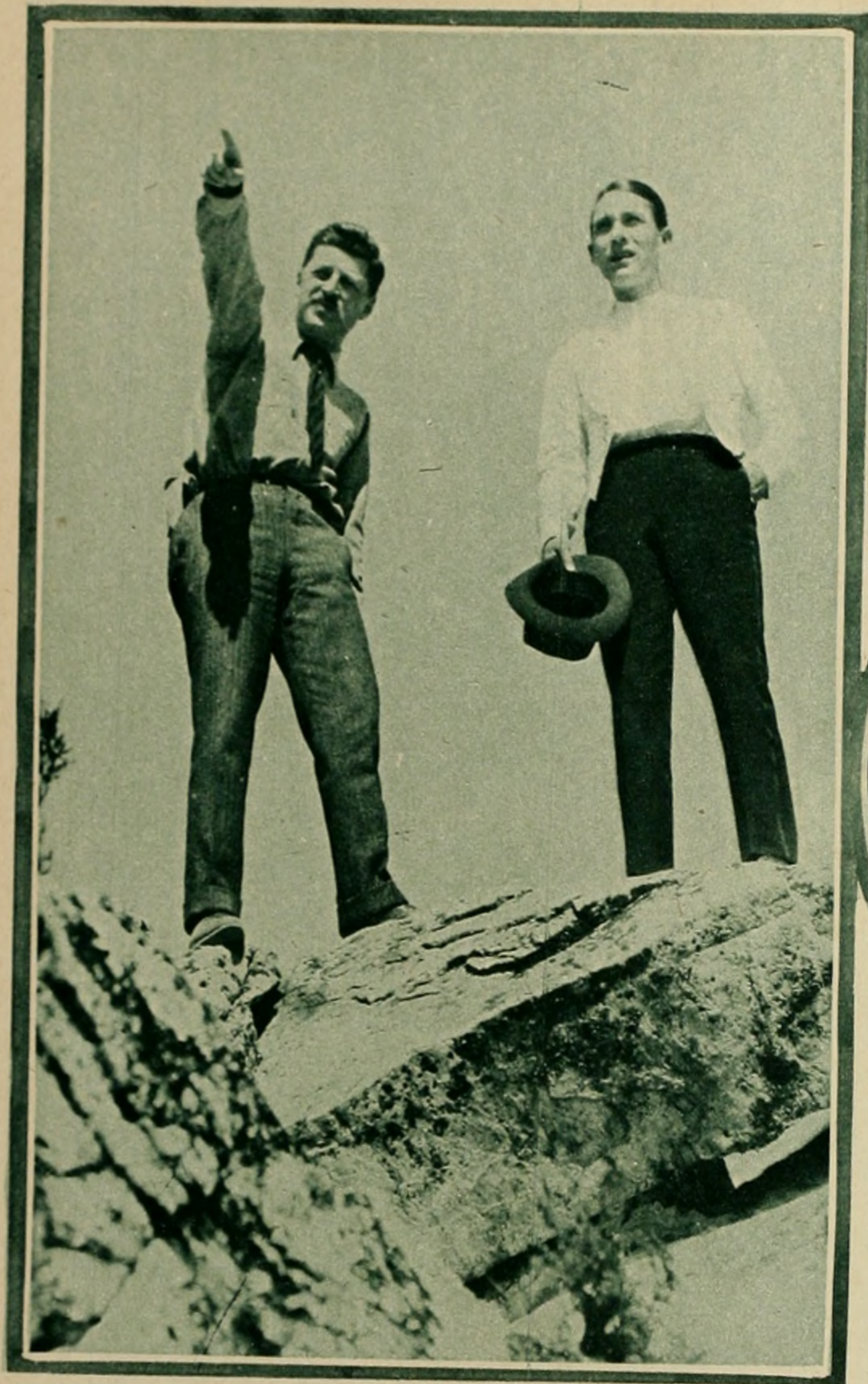
NORTHAM WARREN

Dept. 911, 114 West 17th Street, New York

Name .....

Street and Number.....

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



Goldwyn sent Jack Pickford and his company to the top of Mt. Lowe for special scenes of his production, "Just Out of College." At the left Mr. Pickford and his director, Al Green, are examining the distant stretch of country, visible thru the low-hanging clouds



In the circle Molly Malone is endeavoring to locate members of the company from a lower level of Mt. Lowe. At the right Irene Rich is using the horizon for a dressing-table

# Drama On the Roof of the World







*Blustery Winds  
and  
the Complexion*

**WHAT** is more invigorating than a walk or drive on a crisp, clear day in early autumn, when sharp winds bring a ruddy color to one's face, and stimulate the joy of living.

**But these same keen winds produce other effects.** They roughen and chap tender skin,—they catch up little particles of dust and lodge them in the tiny pores of the face, and trouble results. The natural oil of the skin combines with the dust and the complexion becomes blotched, gray-looking, and rough.

**Prevent these conditions—help to keep your skin clear** healthy and soft, by cleansing it with RESINOL SOAP. Let the pure, refreshing lather sink into the pores and rid them of lurking impurities.

**But Resinol Soap is not only for those annoyed by complexion defects.** It has been for years a favorite among women for daily use in the toilet and bath.

*Sold by all druggists and at toilet goods counters.  
Let us send you a trial size cake. Dept. 13-G,  
Resinol, Baltimore, Md.*

# RESINOL SOAP

RESINOL SHAVING STICK gives a creamy, non-drying lather which is alone sufficient to warrant its adoption by the discriminating man.

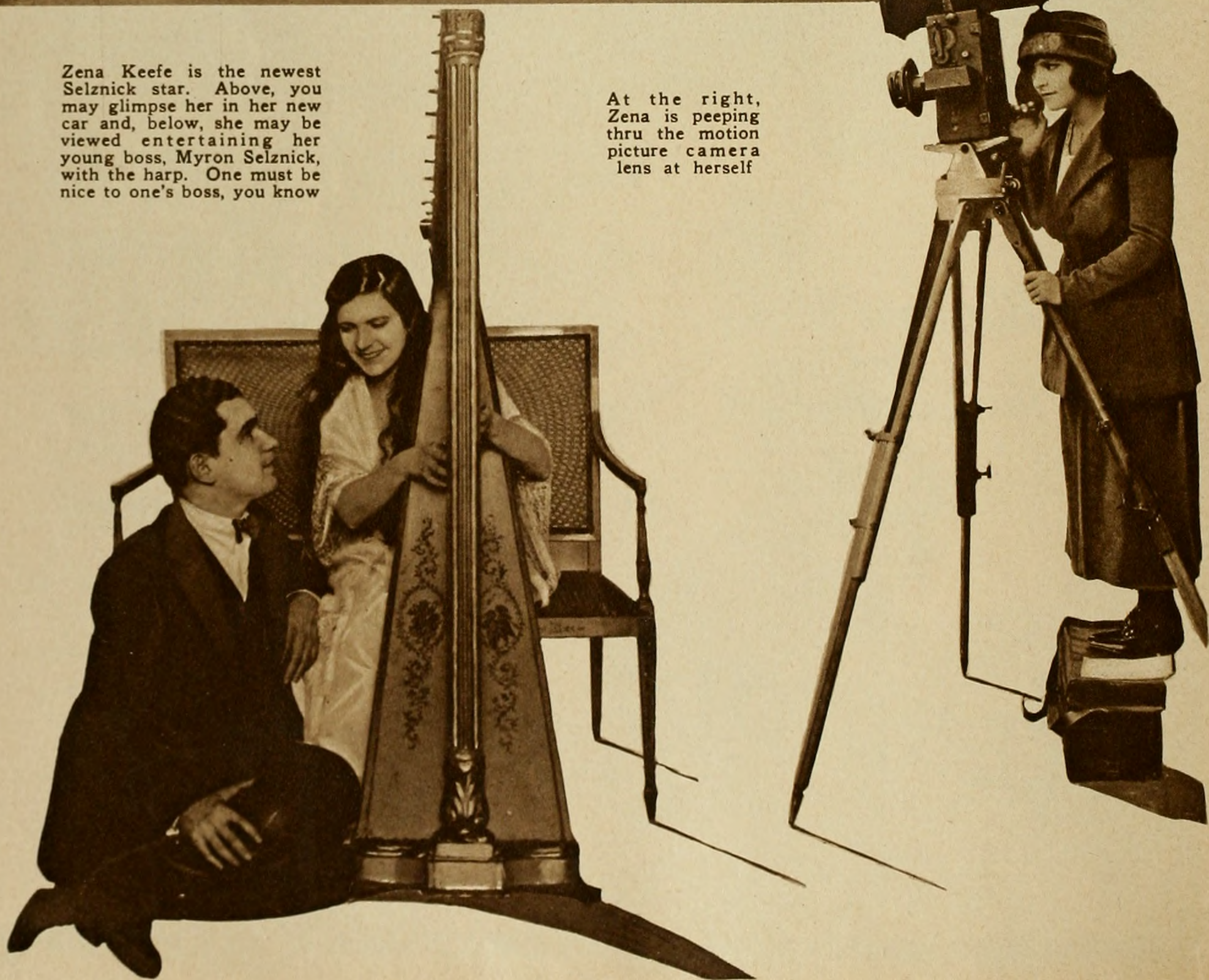


# Zena at Play



Zena Keefe is the newest Selznick star. Above, you may glimpse her in her new car and, below, she may be viewed entertaining her young boss, Myron Selznick, with the harp. One must be nice to one's boss, you know

At the right, Zena is peeping thru the motion picture camera lens at herself



# Little rules that help you look your best

Occasionally you meet girls who are beautiful without effort; but most lovely people are lovely because *they know the rules*. Here are a few simple ones, approved by skin specialists, which every woman would do well to follow.



## Never permit your face to look shiny

**Powder**—Yes. Just enough powder to have that soft, *natural* look. And when you powder, do it to *last*.

The only way to make powder stay on is—*not* to put on an excessive amount—but to begin with the right powder base.

For this you need a cream which will not reappear in an unpleasant shine. Pond's Vanishing Cream does not contain a bit of oil. It disappears at once never to reappear. Before you powder take just a little Pond's Vanishing Cream—a tiny bit—on your finger tips. Rub it lightly into your face. Notice the instant smoothness it gives your skin. Now powder as usual. See how smoothly the powder goes on—how natural it looks. You will find that it will stay on two or three times as long as ever before. You need never again fear a shiny face.



## A rough skin a sign of carelessness

To get out even in the milder weather of winter without protecting your skin is simply reckless; for wind and cold whip the moisture out of your skin and cause roughness.

Skin specialists say you can protect your skin from this injury by applying, before you go out, a cream which makes up for the moisture that the wind whips out. For protection, as for a powder base, you need a cream *without* oil. The same pure, greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream which you use as a base for powder, contains an ingredient famous for years for its softening, protective properties. Always before going out, smooth a little Pond's Vanishing Cream into your face and hands. In this way the delicate texture of the skin will not suffer from exposure.

## The bedtime cleansing that brings a clear skin. Never retire without it

One of the chief reasons for a "muddy" look in the skin is the dust that gets lodged deep within the pores.

The only means of keeping the skin clear is to remove deep-seated dust. For this cleansing you need an entirely different cream from the one you use for a powder base, and protection. The right cream for cleansing is one prepared with an *oil base*. The formula for Pond's Cold Cream was especially worked out to supply just the amount of oil to give it the highest cleansing power. At night rub Pond's Cold Cream into the pores of the face, neck and hands, and wipe it off with a soft cloth. Cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream *regularly* and you can keep your skin clear.



## Catch the little lines before they grow deep

By starting in time you can keep your face free of the wretched little lines that *will* keep starting. For this too you need a cream *with* an oil base, a cream that will work into the skin *gradually*. Pond's Cold Cream has just the smoothness and body required to make a perfect massage cream.

Every normal skin needs both of these two creams. Neither will foster the growth of hair. Get a jar or tube of each cream today at any drug or department store. You will realize for the first time how lovely your skin can be.

## Never let your skin look tired

When you are tired, yet must look your best, you can bring your skin new freshness by applying a cream that is instantly absorbed by the weary skin. The instantly disappearing qualities of Pond's Vanishing Cream give it a remarkable effectiveness in bringing immediate freshness to your skin. Just a bit of it rubbed into the skin relieves in a moment the strained look around mouth and eyes and brings new transparency to your complexion.



Mail this coupon today—Free sample tubes

POND'S EXTRACT CO.,  
116-G Hudson St., New York City.

Please send me, free, the items checked:

- A free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream  
 A free sample of Pond's Cold Cream

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

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

Name .....

Street .....

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

# POND'S Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

One with an oil base and one without any oil

## The Branded Woman

(Continued from page 57)

falling easily into step beside her. He still was dapper, a slim furtive fellow whose yellow-stained fingers shook as they fumbled with the eternal cigaret, "but since you ask it, I want—what everybody wants—money. I'm a merchant. I've got wares to sell that I think you'll buy. How much will you give me if I don't tell your fine new husband whose daughter you are, and what sort of place Whitlock took you out of?"

The bluntness of it was like a blow. She staggered, then rallied. "You wouldn't dare!" she flashed, "Burke Whitlock would—"

"Pooh!" he flipped the ashes contemptuously from his cigaret, flipped Whitlock out of existence, "that old has-been!"

"My husband," she said proudly, "would kill you! There is nothing you can tell him unless you lie!"

"Still," Craft said smoothly, "the truth has a shady sound—eh? And I've got a flash-light of you in that dress you wore—Dot always had 'em flashed. Came in handy sometimes. What d'you say?"

In the end, she gave in to him. She gave him money, took it to his rooms in the shabby Latin Quarter. Of course, she got nothing. More demands. Pleading, and always, at last, in terror for her happiness, yielding. When she brought him the money from the sale of her pearls—her guardian's wedding present—she told him dully that she could do no more. "This is chicken feed!" Craft sneered. His tone grew ugly. "If you can't do better maybe your husband will!"

Burke Whitlock, nodding over a two week's old New York paper, had a sudden hunch. He had had them before in his career—hadn't he guessed when the meddling reform gang were going to raid Joe's? And when the D.A. was going to demand something? He put on his hat and left his hotel, calling a taxi with horrible mutilation of the French language. At the corner of a boulevard some distance from Ruth's flat, the light of a street lamp fell a moment on the face of a man hurrying along the pavement. Whitlock muttered an oath. "If that wasn't 'Velvet' Craft I'm a damned mouseer!" he muttered, "looked mad too! Something's happened. Damn it, garson! Gettez vous a move on! Veete!"

He was panting from the three flights when he flung open the door of the Courtenay flat and stepped into the charming little green-and-silver drawing-room. Douglas Courtenay, standing by the mantel, head on clinched hands turned at the sound, a white, drawn young face. "Hullo!" he said flatly, "you're—you're a bit late for the show!" and he laughed unpleasantly.

"Show!" snarled Whitlock. His heavy lips drew back over his great square teeth. Once more he was the fighting animal. "What d'you mean, show? Where's Ruth? What's happened?"

"Ruth is in—her room," the younger

man said with a distinct effort to speak quietly. "We have had a visitor. When he left—she said she was tired and was going to bed."

"It was Craft then!" Whitlock burst out violently, "I had a hunch! But I didn't have it in time. What did he tell you?"

"Everything," said Douglas levelly. "I imagine you know it already. Don't you? About Ruth's mother? And—where you found her?"

Old Whitlock brought his fist jarring down on a fragile French table that gave out a splintering sound. "Yes! I know that you find the whitest lilies in the dirtiest swamps!" he roared. "That's what I found—a white lily! If he said anything else he lied!"

A flash of hope lightened the heaviness of his look a moment, then died. "But she's paid him money—regularly. She admits it. And she's been to his rooms with it—"

The two men stared at one another. Whitlock took a step forward, shaking a great, freckled fist in Courtenay's face. "I knowed it! I knowed you warn't a man enough to stand up for her! You've lived with her goin' on two years and still you don't know she's the Real Thing! You believe the first blackmailing scallawag that comes along trying to dirty her name. Say! You'd ought to be beaten and I've a good mind—"

"I've been a fool!" Douglas admitted. He passed a hand over his haggard face, "but it was like a bolt out of the sky. I never dreamed—you can see it might have been a shock! And then she was so quiet about it all—if she'd only screamed, only cried, but she just stood still and looked from one to the other—"

"She's a thorbred!" the old man said proudly. "She wouldn't scream if you killed her. Dot Belmar's daughter? Well, the woman said she had proofs, but I'm not so sure. I've got detectives working on it now. I never knowed a ragweed to bear a rose myself."

"I've been a fool," Ruth's husband said again, gladly. He went to the door leading into the bedroom, opened it, and gave an exclamation. "Ruth! Where are you? Ruth darling!" Suddenly he sprang into the inner room. There was the sound of overturned furniture. Slowly he appeared again in the doorway. "Gone! She's left a note—says she'll never see baby or me again to—bring shame to us—"

He staggered and old Boss Whitlock caught him and held him while the awful sounds of a man's difficult sobbing filled the room.

A month later the two men, with a French nurse carrying the baby, stood on the forward deck of a steamer as it nosed its way up the familiar, crowded harbor to its Hoboken berth. The faces of both were cut with fresh lines of sleeplessness and worry, but Whitlock's tone was aggressively cheery as tho by deny-

ing fear he could avert the need for it. "We're on the same side of the water as Ruth, anyhow," he said, "on'y she got the boat ahead. There's no doubt about that, me boy! She's been here a matter o' ten days. What can happen to her in ten days?"

"What can't happen?" groaned Courtenay, leaning heavily on the rail. "A lovely thing like her—alone—frightened! God! And Craft was on the same boat—in the steerage. I don't dare to think—"

"Then quit thinking!" the old politician snapped, "we won't get anywhere by thinking. It's action we need. First off I'm going to see whether they've forgotten Boss Whitlock, and if not, we'll have the whole police force and half the town besides looking for her!"

Boss Whitlock was not forgotten. As he had boasted, the whole machinery of the city was set in motion to seek Ruth Courtenay, but for a whole month the search was unresultful. Douglas Courtenay paced his hotel room haggardly, old Whitlock beside him uttering bluff words of encouragement.

"She's not here—she's nowhere," the husband groaned. "The world's so big and she was so little. Besides—perhaps—she isn't in the world."

But Whitlock would not listen to that. "She's no quitter," he said stanchly, "we'll be finding her soon. I got a hunch."

Two days later a detective brought them word that a woman answering to the description was seen to enter a chop-suey joint on the lower East Side, but when he had followed her into the place she was nowhere to be found and the blank-eyed proprietor denied all knowledge of her. "The restaurant's a blind," the man told them yawning, "I got a tip a South American named Alvarez hangs out there and recruits girls for Brazil. Maybe we'd better raid the joint."

The few shabby patrons eating at the oilcloth-covered tables of Ah Sing's looked up apathetically as the group entered, then resumed their eating of the slimy chow main. The plain clothes men and Whitlock pushed by the chattering waiter into the murky regions of the kitchen, but Courtenay did not follow. The mirror over the fly-specked cigar case had shown him a sleek, rat-colored head that he knew. In six strides he was standing, looking down into the paling face of "Velvet" Craft.

"Where is she?" he said tensely. His hand lay on the table, quivering. There was murder in the steel-blue blaze of his eyes. "Don't deny that you know. Show me the way to get to her or I'll choke the life out of you here and now!"

The man actually squealed with terror. He scrambled out of his chair and led the way to the hall, and up the dirty stairs into a region of tangled passageways. At the end of one he stopped, crouching against the wall. "I haven't done her no

(Continued on page 101)



In **SQUARE** *cornered* box 50 cents

Guaranteed to contain **DOUBLE** the quantity of former round *cornered* 25-cent box

ON the stage or in the audience—with the stars of drama or the leaders of society—Freeman's Face Powder has always been a prime favorite.

Clinging, dainty, and with an exquisite, delicate fragrance, Freeman's gives to the complexion that soft, velvety look and feel of a baby's skin.

*At all toilet counters or send  
5 cents for miniature box*

THE FREEMAN PERFUME COMPANY

2507 Norwood Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio

*Freeman's* **FACE  
POWDER**

“What Time Is It?” Asked Muriel

(Continued from page 17)

French director there gave me my first chance.—I didn't know until the production was half over that I was playing the leading rôle— Of course, I had to keep working every day and I had to give up school— My folks were—”

“Furious,” we interrupted. “It's 4:06. Two more blocks and you'll be at the Pennsylvania station.”

“After that I worked at Thanhouser, World Film and now I'm making a series of pictures for Arrow.—You must see them?—I'm going to California to do several— Promise you'll see them?”

“Yes,” we said rashly. “It's 4:08 and there's your station.”

(Business of exiting rapidly from taxi and settling with driver who, naturally, has no change.)

At the train gate, Miss Ostriche remarked to our gasping self. “Thanks awfully— Hope you've got enough material.”

We struggled for self-possession. “Dont lose that package, whatever you do,” we begged.

The gate closed upon our interviewee. We turned and staggered into the station drug store.

“One Bron—er—one chocolate soda,” said we hoarsely. From sheer force of habit we looked at our watch. It was 4:10. “You'll make it,” we mumbled to the co—soda clerk.

“I am,” said he, laconic-like.

That Swede from Ystad

(Continued from page 26)

Miss Nilsson smiled. A flashing smile it is, for she is dazzlingly blonde, something the motion picture camera does not always reveal.

Miss Nilsson has just finished William Locke's “Idols” under Raoul Walsh's direction. Before that, she was in Allan Dwan's “In the Heart of a Fool.” And “The Fighting Chance” preceded “In the Heart of a Fool.” A company all her own is in the offing. “I hope to make my own pictures, like all the rest,” she says. “But I never count on things until they happen.”

Miss Nilsson indulges in no superlatives about herself. She is not one of those players who comment loftily upon art. Indeed, we detect a sense of humor.

And a regular human being-ness.

Which is something of a combination, coupled with the Nilsson blonde charm.

Ystad surely has a right to be rather proud.

MOOD

By GEORGE S. REMMELL

Morn,—and my soul's like an aspen tree,  
Quiv'ring for the things to be;  
Soaring, leaping.

Night,—and my soul's like a willow tree,  
Silver-grey by a troubled sea;  
Drooping, weeping.



*Beauty - Your Companion Always*

Before the journey, protect your complexion from the grime and dust of travel. Upon arrival refresh and promote the softness, fairness and daintiness of your skin with D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream, beauty's most intimate friend and aid.

On the trips of every day, let it guard your skin from weather's whims. Make the mile stones that mark the year along life's path less pronounced by the daily use of this “perfect” toilet requisite. To the American beauties of three generations it has brought winsome loveliness and enduring charm.

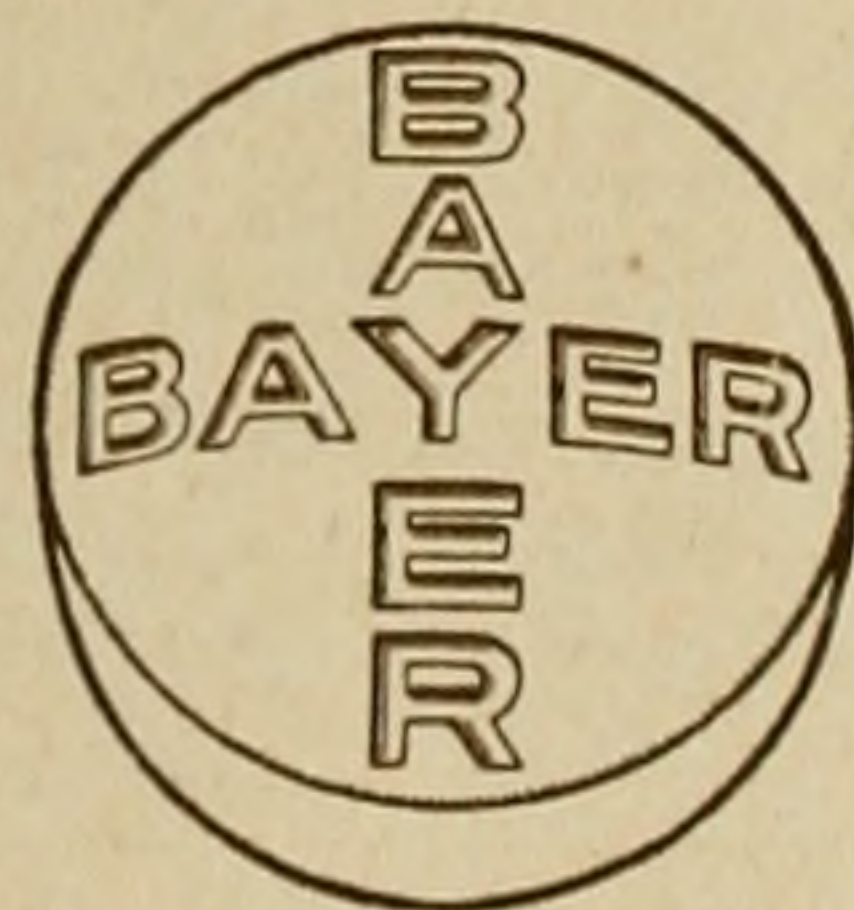
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**PERFECT COLD CREAM**  
*“The Kind That Keeps”*

“STAMMERING  
Its Cause and Cure”

You can be quickly cured if you stammer. Send 10 cents coin or stamps, for 258 page cloth bound book on Stammering and Stuttering. It tells how I cured myself after Stammering and Stuttering for 20 years. **BENJAMIN N. BOGUE**, 3052 Bogue Building, Indianapolis, Indiana.

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ASPIRIN**



Name “Bayer” identifies genuine Aspirin introduced to physicians in 1900. Insist on unbroken packages

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**DONTE HAIR  
REMOVER**  
with the sweet fragrance

**A Depilatory Sweet and Fragrant as the Daintiest Perfume**

Dontè solves the problem. You apply Dontè to the skin with a little water, that's all. Dontè not only removes superfluous and undesirable hair, but also prevents its return, as it works under as well as above the surface. Dontè will not injure the most delicate skin, it leaves it smooth and in perfect condition. Dontè is endorsed by leading practitioners.



Hair is beautiful on the head, but nowhere else. No matter what process you have used before, you will find Dontè delightfully satisfactory. Dontè has no disagreeable odor, instead, it is fragrantly perfumed. Dontè eliminates cutting, shaving, or other painful methods.

Put Dontè on Your Dressing Table

50c and \$1.00 a jar at Drug and Department Stores. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name and \$1.00, and we will send you in plain wrapper, a full-sized jar, postage and war tax prepaid.

**DONTE CHEMICAL COMPANY**

275A Troy Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

## The Story of Flora Revalles

(Continued from page 31)

and *thee* lions . . ." It is impossible to reproduce her accent in print. She has been speaking English for something over two years. Not a very long time, but she speaks it exceedingly well, only stressing her syllables evenly as one would in French and being noticeably careful about her diphthongs. And again she said:

"I do not like your Rocky Mountains. They are beautiful, yes; but so bleak and lonely! After you have been traveling thru them for two or three days you want to cry. But it is not so of the mountains in Switzerland. They are grand and majestic and they are not so lonely. There are villages around them and people and green things growing . . . Oh! I love Switzerland! I go there as much as possible. My mother is there, too; it is my home."

Flora Revalles was born in Switzerland of French parents. So far as she knows, no member of her family has ever been in any way connected with the stage. On the contrary, her mother was very much opposed to an artistic career for her. Her father was a well-known civil engineer. She had two brothers, tho only one is living.

"I sang from the time I was a little girl," she said. "Even then, my music was my life. And I would want people to listen; that is much, *thee* audience! So I wanted to sing grand opera on the stage."

Remember that back of all this was the indomitable spirit of her father and her consciousness of him, laying tracks for civilization in African jungles, surrounded by an alien people, wild beasts and the ever-present danger of some strange disease. She paused for an instant, frankly waiting for me to say something.

"And then?" I prompted.

"And then," she went on, "I went to Paris. It was for my brother; to visit him, you know. I decided to enter the Conservatoire. I knew that if I could do that, my mother would not oppose me any longer. She would realize that it meant the promise of a good career. So I went to a teacher and told him to coach me for the examinations. But to enter the Paris Conservatoire is not an easy thing. There were more than a hundred of us who took the examinations and only fifteen were chosen." Because she was among the fifteen, her mother withdrew all objections to the artistic career.

"I think that, in France, one works harder preparing for the stage than in this country," she went on. And then, skipping the intervening period, "I still had one year to study when the war broke out in 1914, the Conservatoire closed, and I returned to Switzerland." For a while it seemed that all thought of a career must be laid aside until the world was at peace again, but she kept on with her singing. She could hardly have done anything else; it had become a part of her life.

"One day I was singing at a friend's house in Geneva. The manager of the

(Seventy-one)

# The Man Who Wouldn't Stay Down



He was putting in long hours at monotonous unskilled work. His small pay scarcely lasted from one week to the next. Pleasures were few and far between and he couldn't save a cent.

He was down—but he *wouldn't stay there!* He saw other men promoted, and he made up his mind that what they could do *he* could do. Then he found the *reason* they were promoted was because they had special training—an expert knowledge of some one line. So he made up his mind that *he* would get that kind of training.

He marked and mailed to Scranton a coupon like the one below. That was his first step upward. It brought him just the information he was looking for. He found he could get the training he needed right at home in the hours after supper. From that time on he spent part of his spare time studying.

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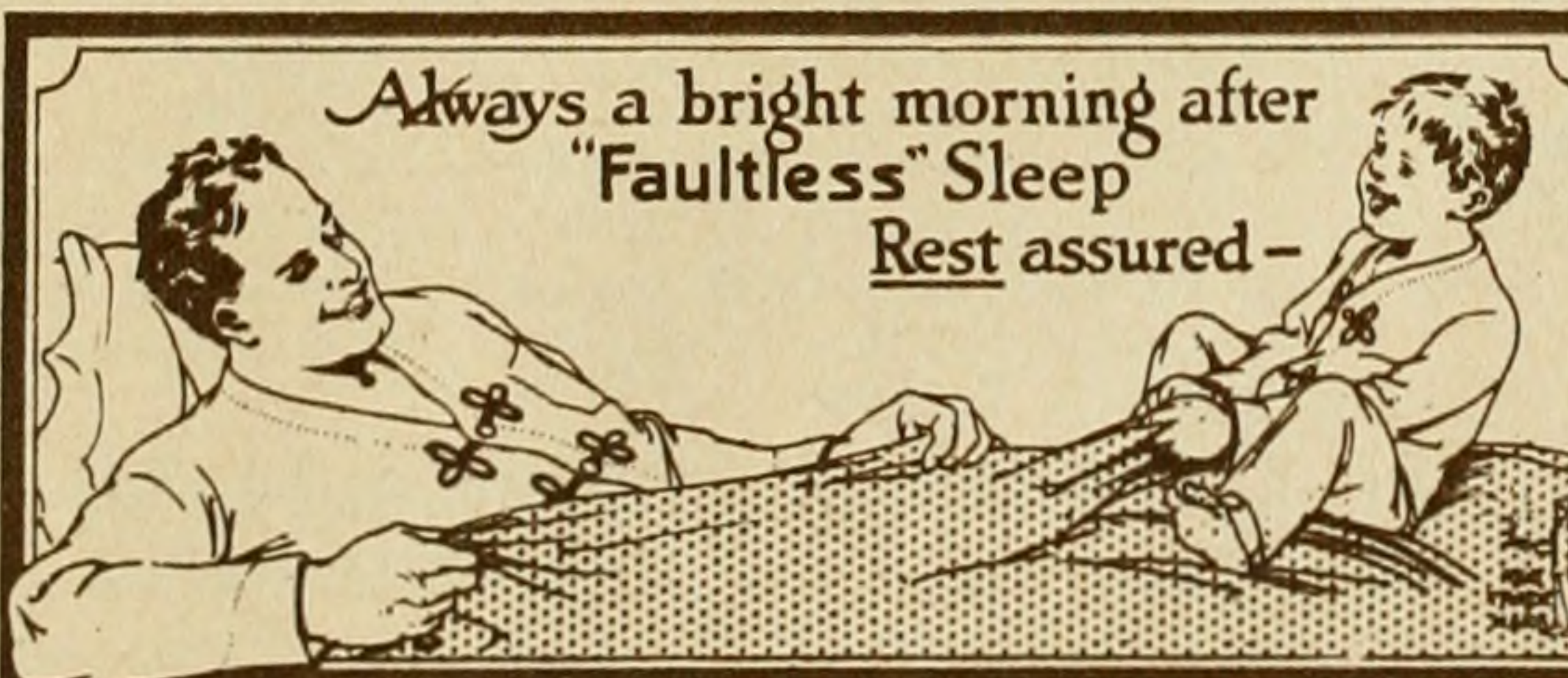
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opera was a guest there. He heard me and offered me an engagement. I told him, 'but I have no repertoire.' In Paris one learns to sing first, then one gets a repertoire. So he gave me eight days to learn the rôle of Marguerite in 'Faust.'

She had never even sung with an orchestra and they could not give her a single rehearsal. But when the opening night came she sang Marguerite, and so brilliantly that she was given a contract which she afterwards broke to join the Russian Ballet.

"Mr. Leon Bakst gave me two days to decide about joining the ballet. I accepted at once and thought a little about it afterwards. Of course, it meant a law-suit for me. I had to pay the director of the opera in Geneva some few francs, but that was all right."

She feels that the art of the ballet is the highest, most perfect art of all.

She appeared with the Russian Ballet in London and Paris and came with it to New York on a tour of this country. From the pantomime of the ballet to the making of a moving picture was but a step and a step she was certain to take. She appeared as Messaline in the Maurice Tourneur production "Woman."

"That," she remarked, laughing, "was because M. Tourneur said that he did not know any other woman wicked enough for the part; which was . . . perhaps? . . . a compliment . . ." She has a French woman's ability to say slightly startling things so that you feel they are without meaning.

"I have heard that people are often disappointed on seeing themselves for the first time on the screen. Now I . . . I was surprised that I should look so well. I did not know that I was so . . . what would you say?"

"Beautiful?"

"Yes, that is it," her voice was throaty with amusement. There is, of course, nothing of the ingénue about her.

"But then I am not petite nor blonde," she remarked, implying that she could easily play the ingénue if she thought that it would be becoming; and undoubtedly she could!

She walks with a peculiar lithe grace and her hands are beautiful and expressive beyond description. The occult has a very powerful attraction for her, but she has never had any personal experience in spiritualism.

"But I believe in the existence of the spirit after what one calls death and in the possibility of communication. It is just a conviction I have . . . something I cannot explain . . ." She is also a believer in the theory of reincarnation.

"So, it is verree interesting; this moving picture 'Earthbound,' but when it is finished, I shall not appear in another moving picture right away; I shall go, I think to London and take up my work again."

She walked with me to the door. It was a warm . . . an almost oppressively warm . . . night in late December. There are comparatively few lights around this hotel in the hills . . . Beverly Hills is

(Continued on page 97)

(Seventy-two)



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A musician visited many dealers to determine what points are most important in selecting a phonograph. These points are contained in this interesting booklet, mailed, with our compliments, at your request. Address: Crescent Talking Machine Co., Inc., 7 White Street, New York City.

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ESTABLISHED 1913

"Aye, Aye, Sir!"

(Continued from page 33)

acting of the year, and what was the result, so far as Forman could see? One fan who by some chance had not forgotten him, wrote, "Oh, you mustn't take parts like that, showing your face all scarred and ugly."

Later on, when he did a couple of pretty-boy parts, ("which, heaven knows, I've outgrown," says Tom), several new fans wrote him and said, "There, that's the kind of part we like to see you take."

Is it strange, then, that Forman was filled with a disgust at pictures? A disgust which was nothing more nor less than a natural revulsion after all he had gone thru: to come down to playing pastel movie men who had nothing more difficult to do than to look handsome and stride from room to room to win back his fickle following.

It seemed unendurable discouraging, but the salary was attractive and better than could be made in anything else.

And then Mr. Lasky came to the rescue with an offer for him to direct, and Tom Forman is bringing all the patience and big, wonderful manhood that came to him out there in the training camp to the building of pictures, and he is happily working in a comfortable brown sack suit, and he doesn't wear silk shirts all the time and he isn't worrying if his nice, rather wavy light hair isn't brushed sleekly from his temples, for he is again useful, again giving orders.

When you first meet Tom Forman and hear his slow drawl, you are apt to think he possesses that Texas laziness, but as you know him better you realize that this is but a facial calm, a surface lethargy.

He wants to make good pictures, pictures that are logical and feature human types; he doesn't want any sex stuff and he doesn't object to melodrama, providing it is honest melodrama. He is bringing to the screen a certain wholesomeness, a big viewpoint, an easy-going-get-there method that has something in it of nature's slow but sure method of creating, and his one great, absorbing ambition is to *hunt tiger in Siberia*, and, when he is old, to retire to his ranch some thirty miles from Hollywood.

He loves hunting and fishing, dogs and babies, and he says he would like nothing better than to dream away his life by a trout stream, and somehow, I can see a vision of Tom Forman, when he is old, sitting by an open fireplace in his ranch-house, with his arms full of grandbabies and his old dogs snuggling at his feet, and I can hear him drawl out the story of how he made men for the great war and there will never be a mention of "When I was a great screen actor."

For Forman is, first of all, a wholesome man who discounts momentary compliments and completely lacks a swelled head.

Above everything else, Tom Forman is a comfortable man, and we may expect real stuff to come from his direction in pictures, the same as it did in the great war.

(Seventy-four)

**Ruth Roland**

Famous Serial Star, says:  
"I find 'MAYBELLINE' far superior to anything I have ever used to beautify my eyelashes and brows. I use it regularly, with the most satisfying results."



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**HOWARD C. RASH, Pres. Natural Body Brace Co., 326 Rash Bldg., Salina, Kansas**



For Boys and Girls Also

Enter Julio!

(Continued from page 19)

"I dont mean intelligence," he said, "I mean *human* intellectuality, possessing which the artist becomes more human than the ordinary mortal; not more tempestuous (temper-estuous)."

He has been here six years, having immigrated as a scientific agriculturist, but because of his ignorance of the language, he was forced to work at what did not require a vocabulary. He was lonesome when he first came. He did not know anyone. He would go from restaurant to restaurant, finally becoming acquainted with two Austrians who spoke Italian. They met every night; and he was introduced to their fair companions; and he wished he knew how to dance. One day they went for a holiday to the Bronx Zoo. Outside the monkey house, one of the officers started to tango. Young Rudolph was fascinated, and begged to learn the steps. He was given an immediate lesson, and that evening, back in the café, on the floor Bonnie Glass (Ben Ali Haggin's wife) spied him, and wanted him for her professional dancing partner.

For two years he went hungry (it is his word) for someone with whom he could talk, until one night, while performing in Philadelphia, with Joan Sawyer, he met after the party, John Fox, Jr. They talked—until 5 A.M. Mr. Fox asked Valentino his age. When he learnt it was only twenty-two he was astounded! He sent "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" to the boy-foreigner and autographed the preface with "If you use your head as well as your feet, you soon will not have to use your feet." And Valentino never forgot!

He must have used his feet well, for Nijinsky asked him to give him a lesson in the tango—this from the premier danseur of the Bohm-Diaghileff Russian Ballet!

You'll see him dance the tango in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" in which Metro production he was allotted no less a rôle than Julio.

"I did not want to be labeled a professional dancer. That is why I gave it up. I was not a dancer, anyway. Nijinsky is a dancer. In what I was doing I had nothing to express."

Altho he has made extraordinary progress, having played opposite Mae Murray, Dorothy Gish, Carmel Myers, Madame Namara and with Eugene O'Brien, he does not want to stay here forever; nor does he desire to settle back home. His longing is to go to South America, China, Japan, Egypt and India, and to get to know those places.

Those who impress him most on the screen are Barrymore, Ferguson, Talmadge, and Nazimova.

He is anxious to meet Ibañez and hear the author's opinion of his interpretation of "The Four Horsemen's" hero. "I was never so happy over any part before. I love it." Not a libertine, not a coward; just a boy with failings, hopes, *humanness*.

(Seventy-five)



"All Right Then—  
I'll Go to Hell!"

"It was awful thoughts and awful words, but they were said and I let them stay said."

It had felt good to be all washed clean of sin and to be able to pray—but Huck couldn't tell on Old Jim no matter how sure it would make him of going to Heaven.

So he tore up the note and swore he would never reform again. He would steal Jim out of slavery, he would—and if he could think up anything worse, he'd do that too. As long as he was going to hell anyway, he might as well make it worth while.

Who ever knew the heart of a boy as does

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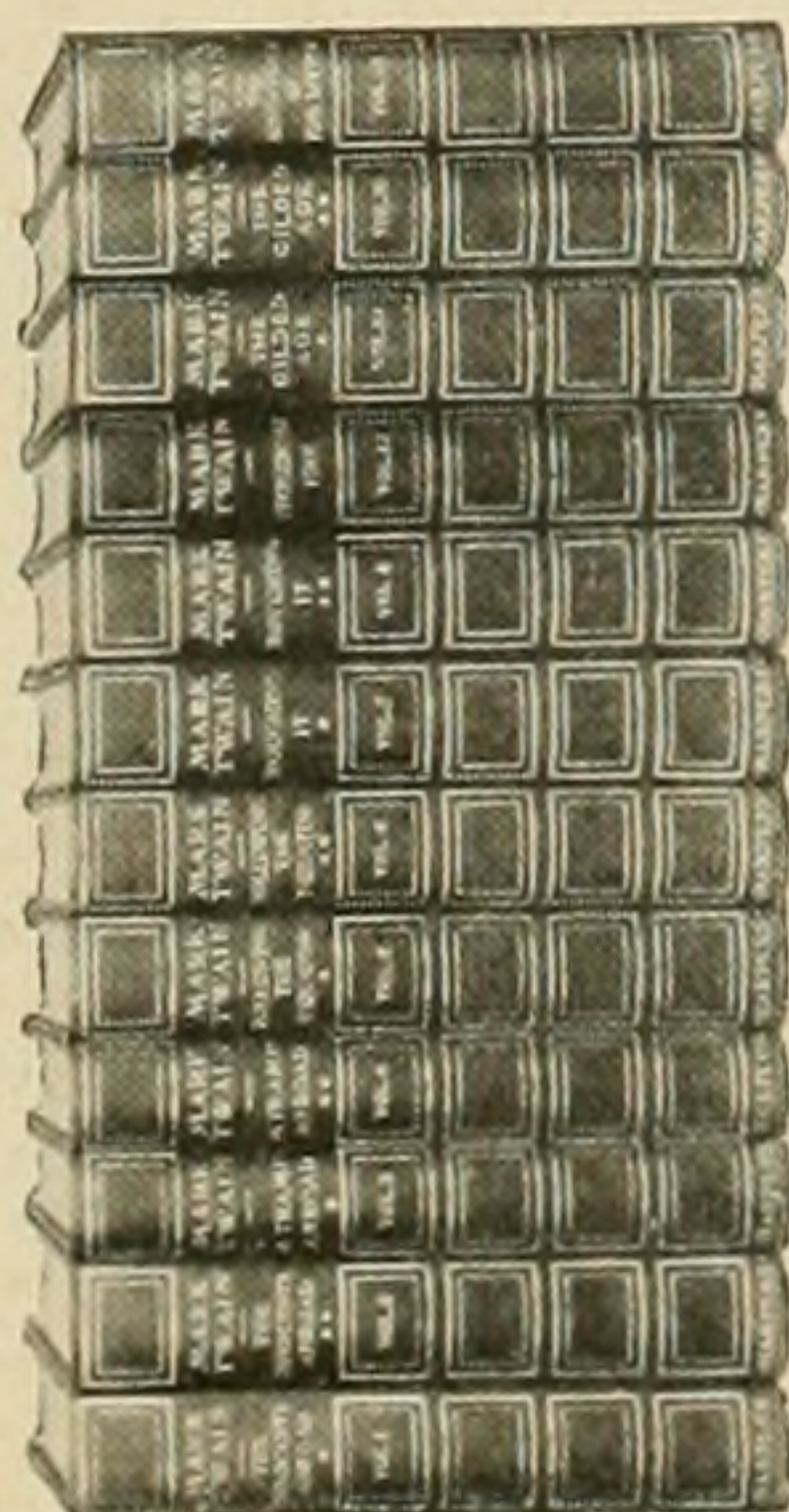
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The Rise of Beatrice

(Continued from page 25)

It was her first taste of "real direction." Her shyness stood her in good stead when she was seeking for something else. It was with more of a forlorn hope than aught else that she went to see Mr. Ince. When after a two hours' wait she finally reached the lair of the great man, she found that there were five other great men there too, all of whom began to stare at her intensely.

"It was perfectly awful," declare—er—confided Beatrice, rather breathless at the remembrance. "I just begged them not to look at me, and finally Mr. Ince made them all face the wall while he talked to me. Once Douglas MacLean, who was one of the five, turned around and hissed: 'Just the girl for me,' or something like that. I didn't hear him. They told me afterward that I was busy untangling my fingers just then.

"There are only two things I remember clearly. One is Mr. Ince's constantly repeated question, 'But why didn't you come to see me before?' It seems to me that that was all he said.

"The other is the question of Douglas MacLean. After they had all filed solemnly out to decide whether they wanted me or not and then filed back again, he came over beside me and said, 'We want you. May I look at you now?'

"I answered: 'I guess so; but look quick!'"

She sighed.

"I don't guess I can tell you any more," she said softly.

I was loath to go. I hadn't decided her in my mind yet. It seemed to me that she was unique in a profession where sophistication has become a dogma. I was fascinated.

I loitered, and in loitering discovered that for seven years she had studied under Madame Rasche, ballerina of the Metropolitan Opera House . . . the secret of her undulant grace.

I had to go, but I went lingeringly. A great artist . . . a little girl . . . ? The question recurred in my mind thruout the day; and the phrase "soft eyes and a sigh."

COMPENSATION

By CHARLOTTE BECKER

When I was twenty I felt, oh, so old,  
Each passing pleasure found me more blasé;  
Life was as tasteless as a tale oft told,  
And there was nothing new to do or say.

Now I am forty, I feel, oh, so young,  
Each day I find amusing things to do,  
And life seems like a fragrant garland flung  
For me to savor each fresh scent and hue.

I wouldn't be as old as youth again  
If time consented to turn back the years;  
I want to stay as young as age, and drain  
Life's utmost treasure, even unto tears!

(Seventy-six)



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1 chop each, per day, \$219	Average meats, \$146
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It is rich in elements growing children need. As vim-food it has age-old fame. The best food you can serve in mornings is a dish of Quaker Oats.

Serve other foods at other meals. People need variety. But use this one-cent breakfast dish to cut the average cost.

**Quaker Oats**

**Extra-flavory flakes**

This brand is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. The delightful flavor has won millions the world over. It is due to yourself that you get it, for it costs no extra price.

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*All statements approved by authorities*

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acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

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ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

The River Shannon's Namesake

(Continued from page 37)

has signed her up for his forthcoming feature, in which she plays a married flirt.

"And when my pictures hit New York—oh, goodie!" She drew a deep, ecstatic breath. "I want the people who knew me to say, 'Well, maybe after all she will make good!' People were so skeptical!" she ended plaintively.

Sometimes, she admits, she gets horribly lonesome for the "Follies," the grease-paint, the gorgeous costumes and the chatter of the girls. Novelists, she confided, have the wrong idea of "chorus girls." They picture "stage-door Johnnies" forever hanging about, sending notes and flowers—oh, there *were* lots of flowers sent, she added, but no notes; that was an iron-clad rule set by Ziegfeld himself. If your admirer wanted to get into communication with you, he had to write a letter and trust it to Uncle Sam.

"Mr. Ziegfeld hates the movies because they take so many of his girls away," she went on. "Once, when I knew some picture people from California were out in front, I begged him to let me lead the feature song that evening so that they would notice me."

"Notice you and steal you for the movies, eh? he had demanded, and refused point-blank to allow such a thing.

Shannon looks like a great many different people; certain of her pictures look more like Mabel Normand than Mabel's own photographs do; her profile is like Mae Murray's and some of her expressions remind one of Jack Pickford. This Protean resemblance is excellent for publicity purposes, but Shannon doesn't like it.

"I want to reach the point where I will look just myself, and nobody else," she declared. Anyone would be sympathetic with Shannon. There is a naïveté about her that is captivating and disarming. It may be real or it may be cultivated. Who cares?

Of course, Shannon has lots of hobbies—she rides horseback, and admits a fondness for historical romances. And as for dancing—

"I keep in practice all the time. I don't ever expect to go on the stage again, but I might need the work in pictures, and besides, it's wonderful for the physique.

"In the 'Follies' I did lots of specialty dances and, in one of them, I was tossed about the stage like a bean-bag. When I came out here, 'Fatty' Arbuckle sent for me, saying I was the kind of girl he'd like to have play opposite him in comedies, because he could do anything with me—but I wouldn't take a chance—would you?"

I assured her most emphatically that I would—*not!* And after carefully surveying Shannon Day's petite prettiness, I was heartily glad that the rotund Roscoe had not made a bean-bag of her. I'm afraid that the river Shannon would have lost its namesake.

(Seventy-eight)



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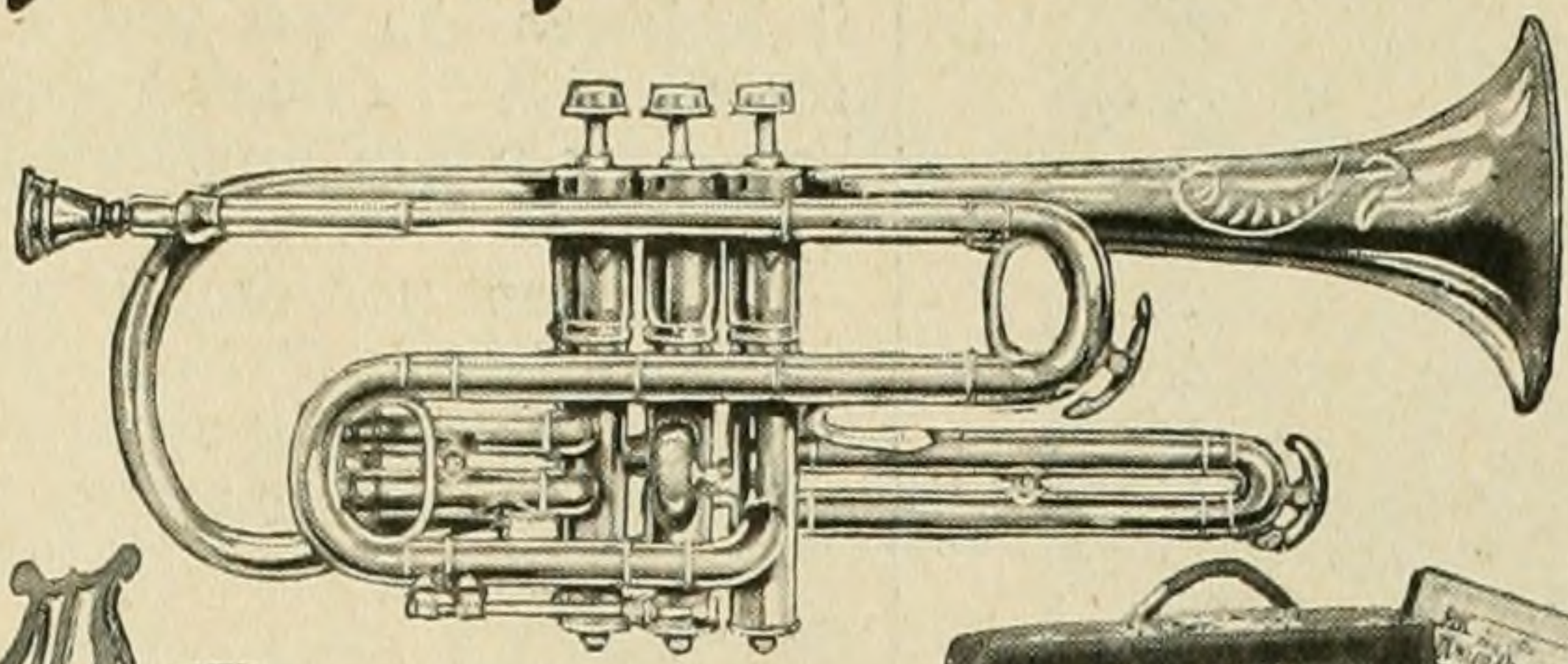
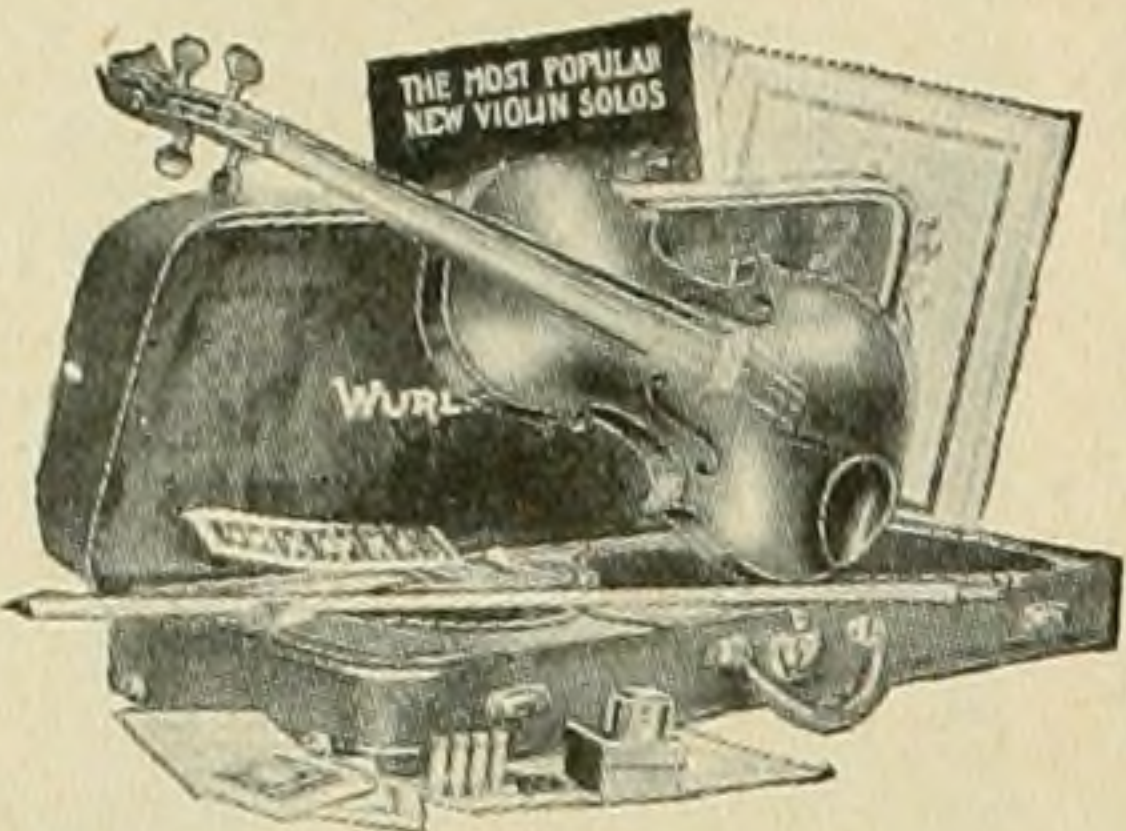


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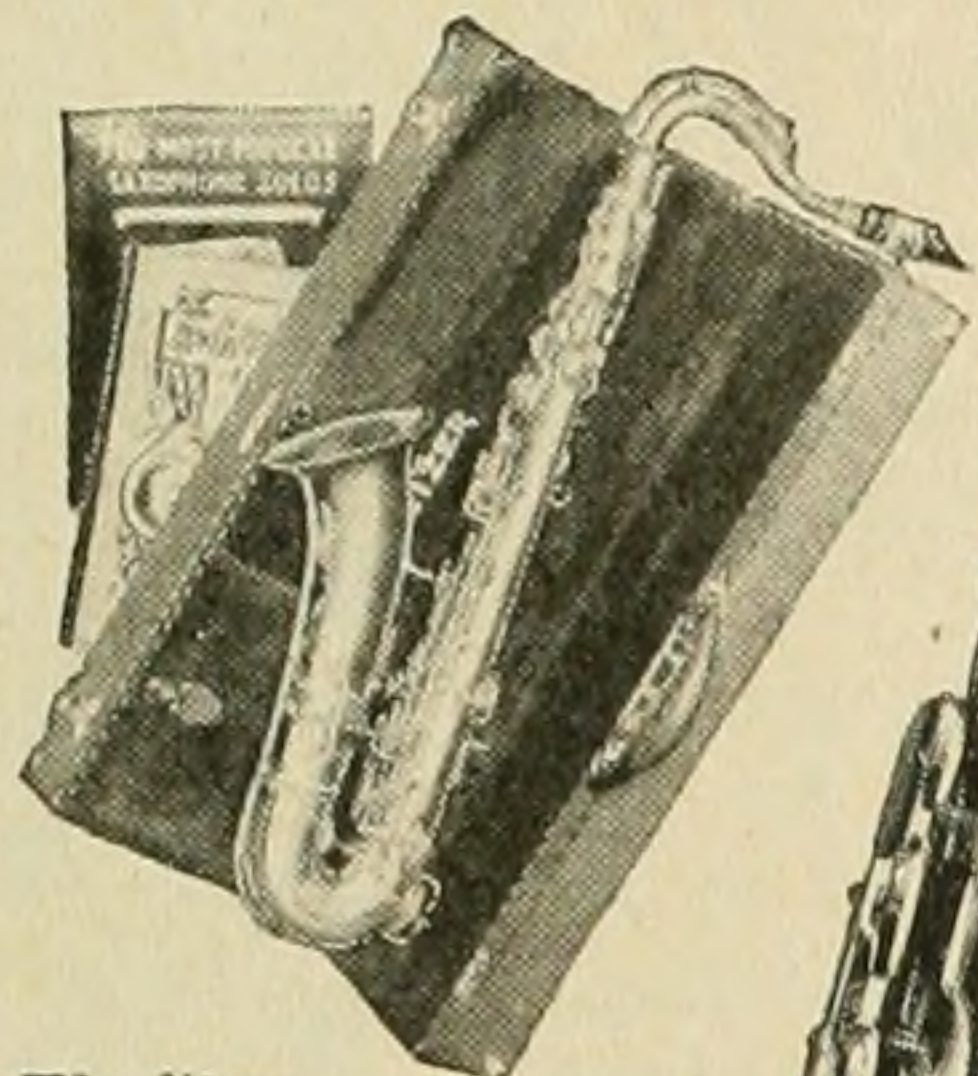
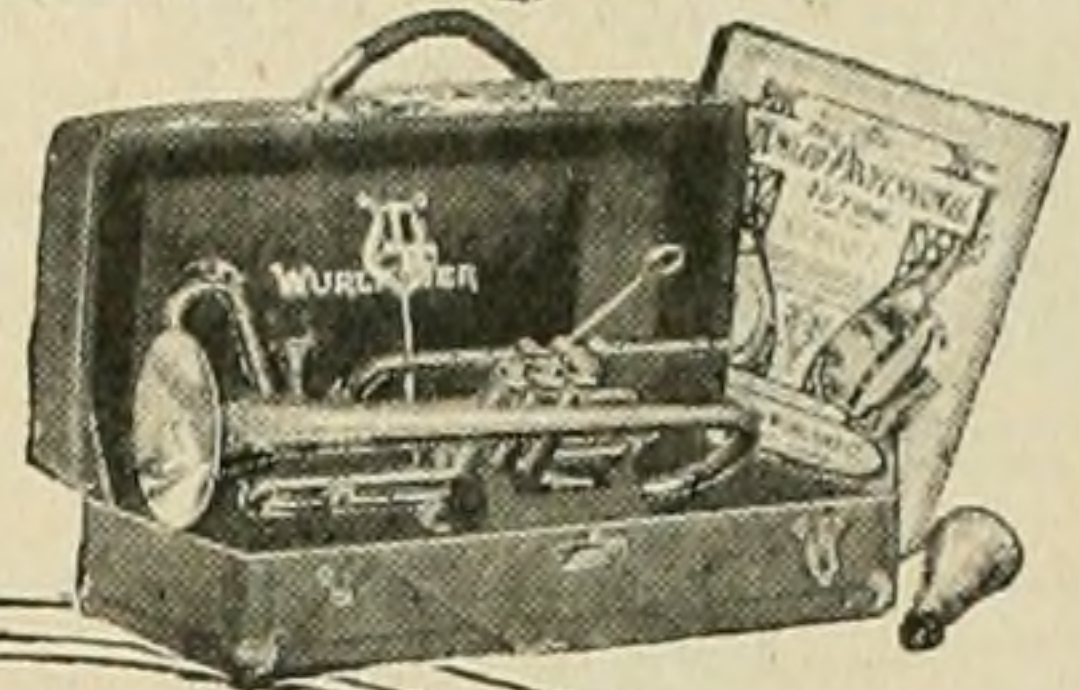
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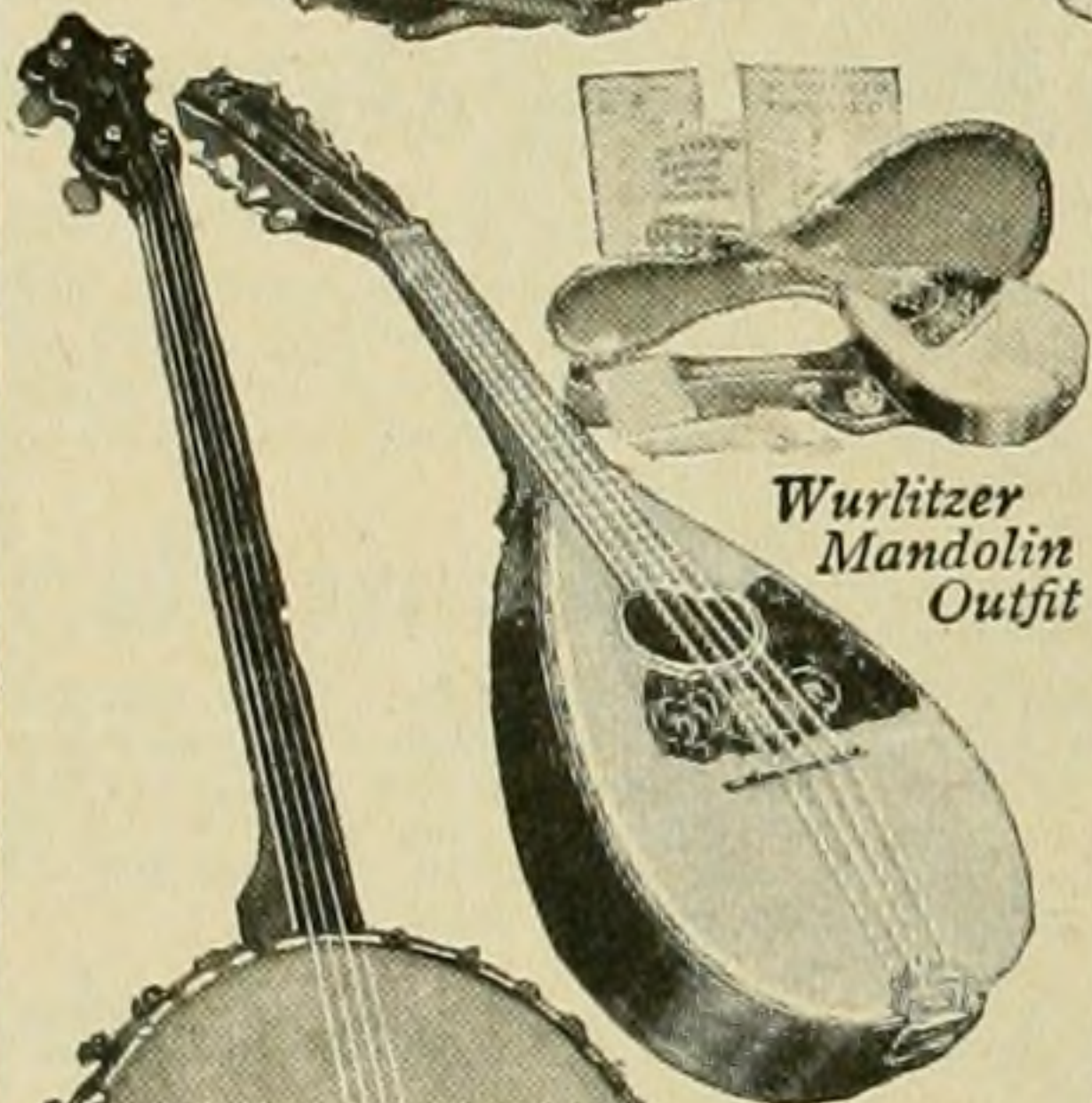
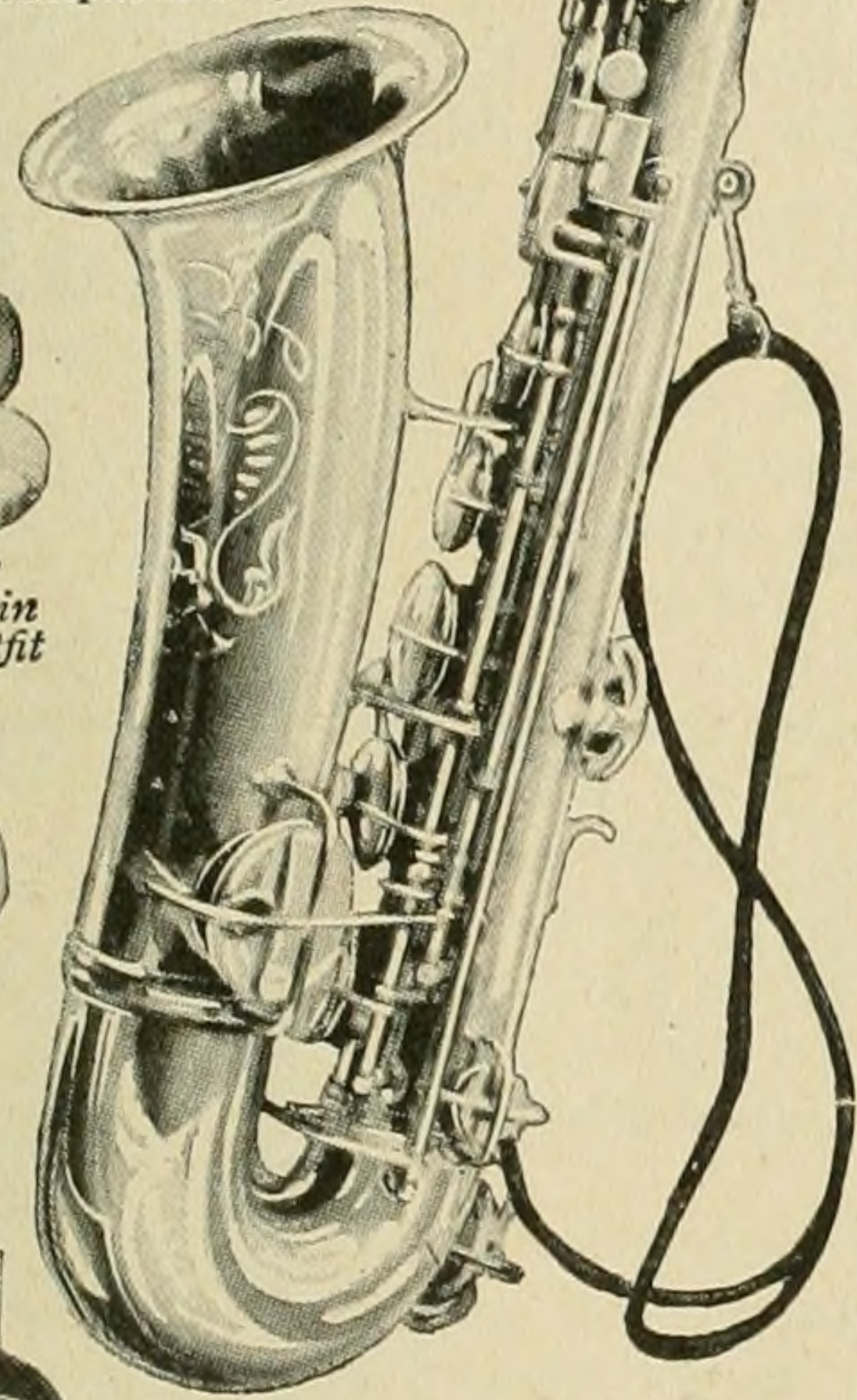
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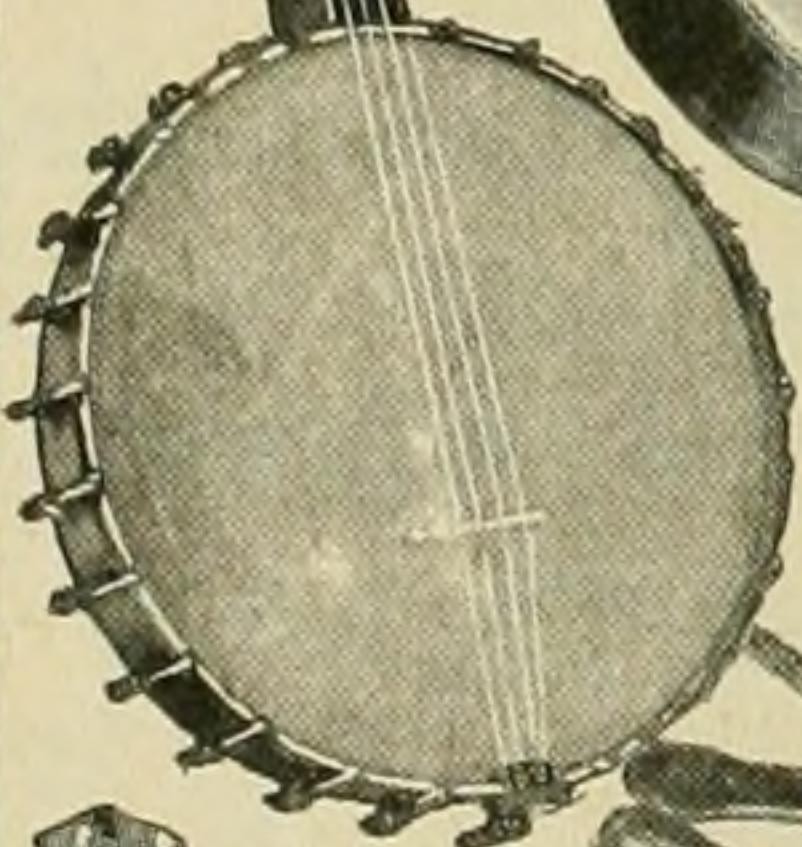
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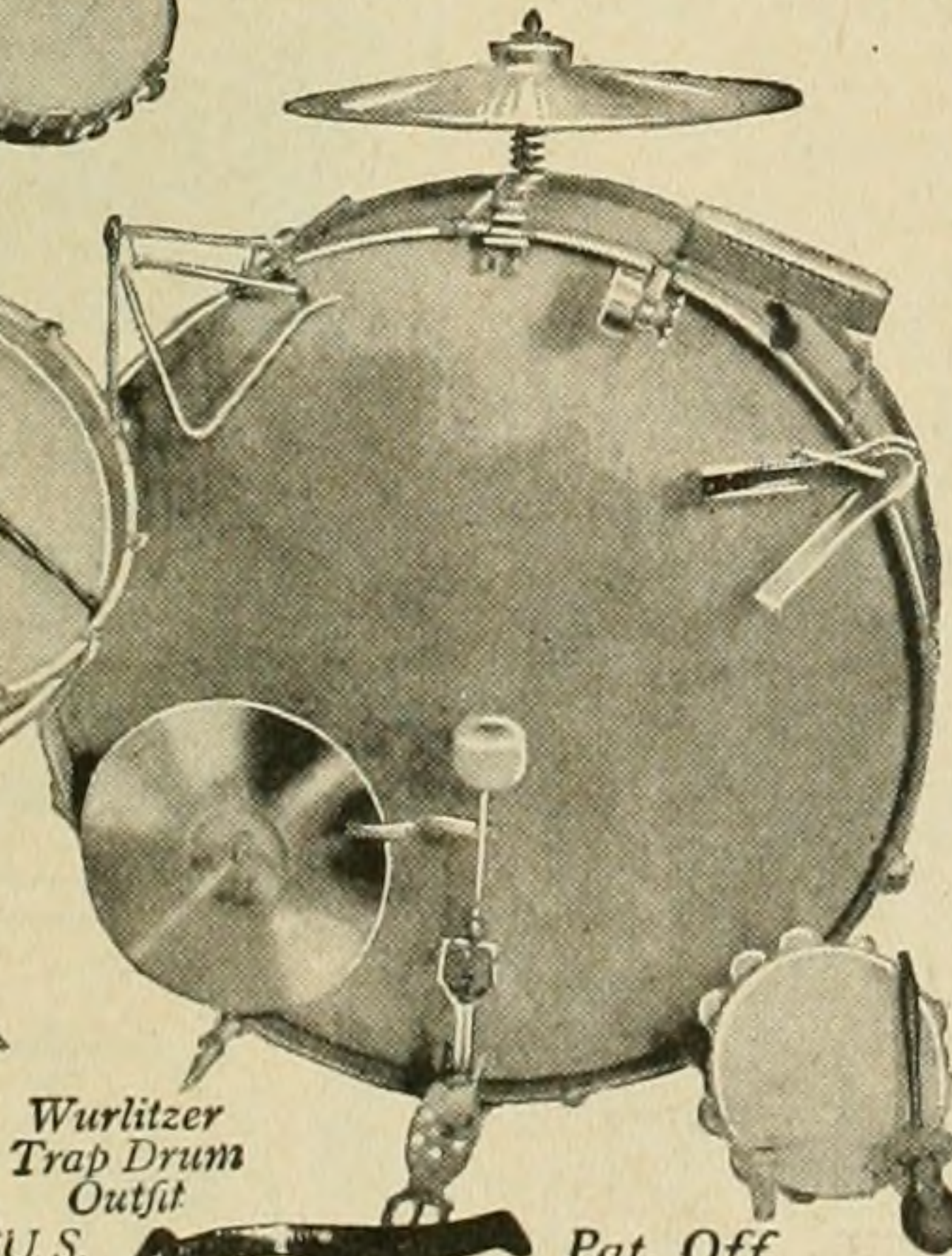
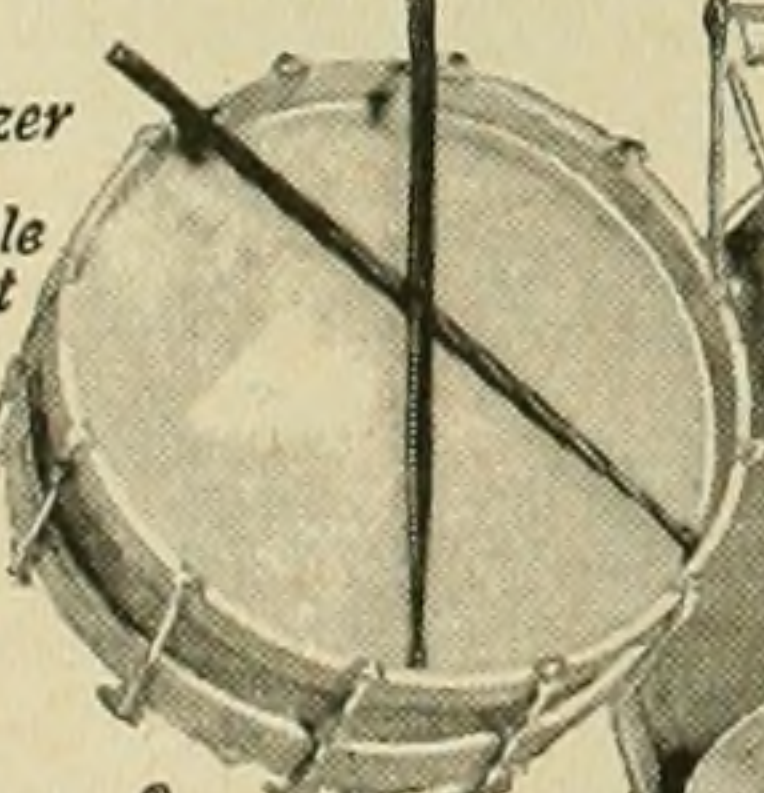
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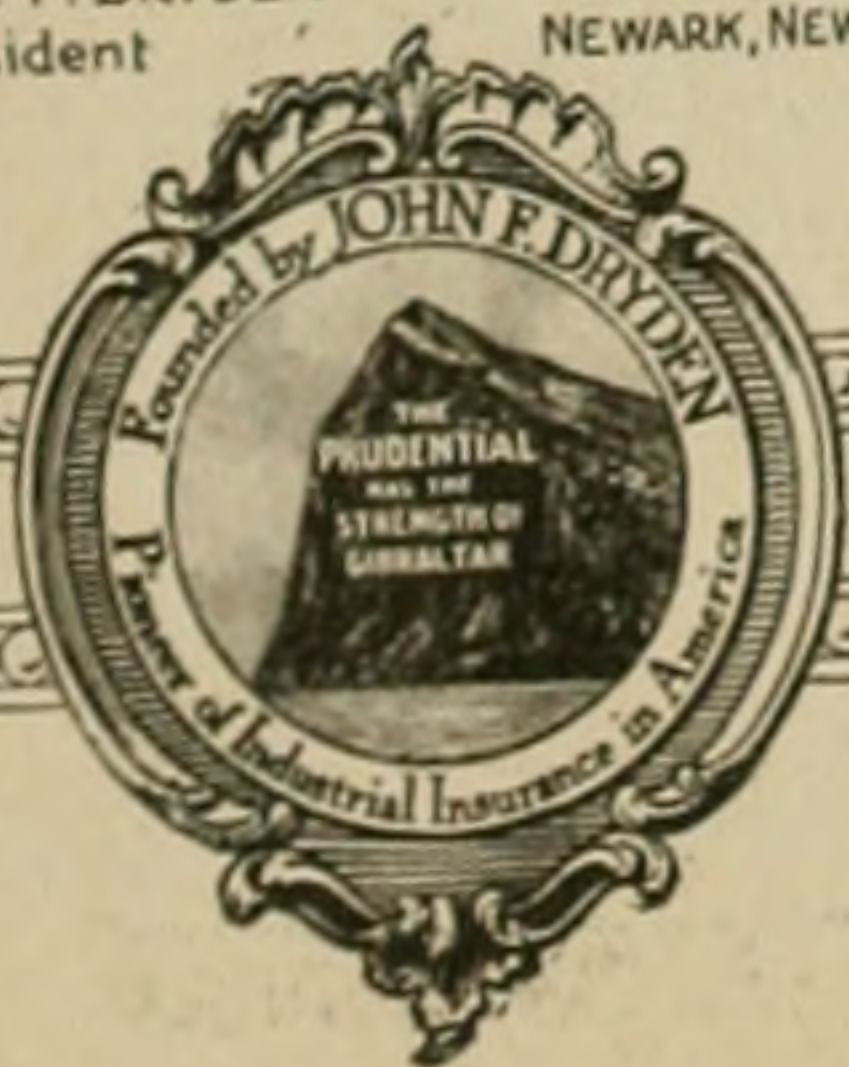
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## The Twentieth Marriage

(Continued from page 35)

to quit. I'm not an especially good actor; what's the use of my going on when it looks as tho the best I can do is forty a week? I think it would be much better for me to drop it all and go to Congress."

"Why dont you drop it all and go to the White House?" Neill asked, sarcastically. "It would be about as easy."

But his roommate was in earnest. "No," he said, seriously, "I'm going to Congress!"

And he did! He left the company and went to San Francisco, where, with his brothers, he opened a hat store. Afterwards, he became an attorney, was sent to the legislature a few times, and then went to Congress from an Irish district because the leaders of that district had a row between themselves.

And again, Neill, on his first visit to the coast, was with the "Held by the Enemy" company which included in its cast such famous people as Henry Miller, Viola Allen, William Gillette, Melbourne MacDowell and George Fawcett.

However, it was not until Neill had completely served his apprenticeship and was the successful manager of his own company that he met Edythe Chapman.

The Neill Company was playing St. Paul when the engagement of Henrietta Crosman, as leading lady, terminated, and it became necessary to replace her with someone else.

"I was sent to Mr. Neill by an agency," said Edythe Chapman. "This was in 1897," she went on, "and I have never had to look for an engagement since."

Unlike her husband, Edythe Chapman was given a leading part in her first engagement, and has never played anything else.

"Until," she said, "we both grew too old for leading parts. Having our own company, we were able to be always together."

Many players, now famous, were at different times members of the Neill Company. Elsie Janis spoke her first lines from their stage. Henrietta Crosman has already been mentioned as being with the company in its early days. Julia Arthur, Blanche Bates, Julia Dean, and Reginald Barker are others.

"I had very few 'early struggles,'" Edythe Chapman went on, "and those I had were all in getting started."

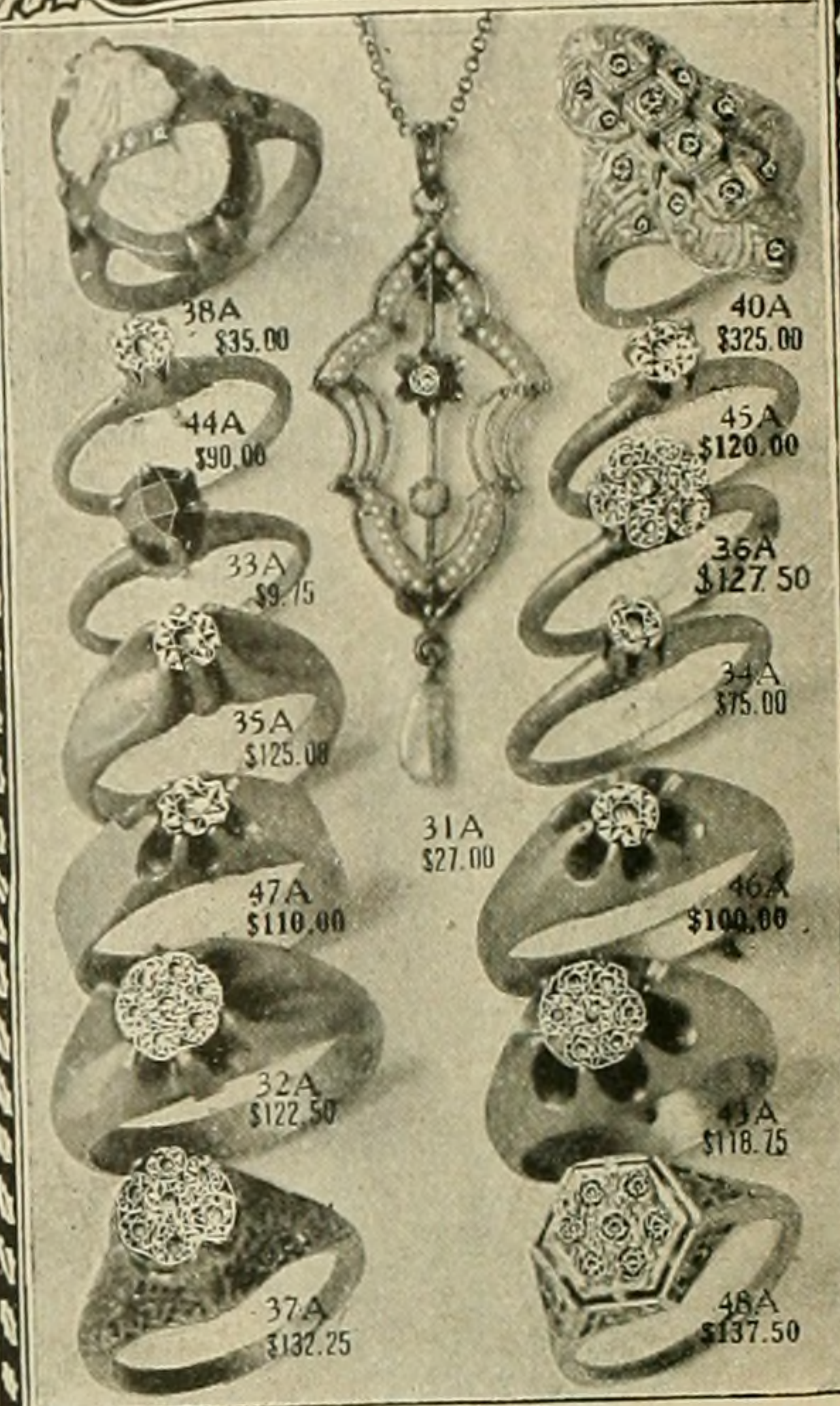
She attended The Lyceum School of Acting. Franklin H. Sargent was the head then, as now. Henry C. de Mille, famous playwright, and father of C. B. and William de Mille, David Belasco and Nelson Wheatcroft were members of the faculty. At that time Belasco was a teacher in the school at a very small salary.

"At the end of my first year," said Miss Chapman, "I found myself without money, and, worse, it seemed without any encouragement to continue. Franklin Sargent advised me not to go on. He said that he did not think I had talent

(Continued on page 82)

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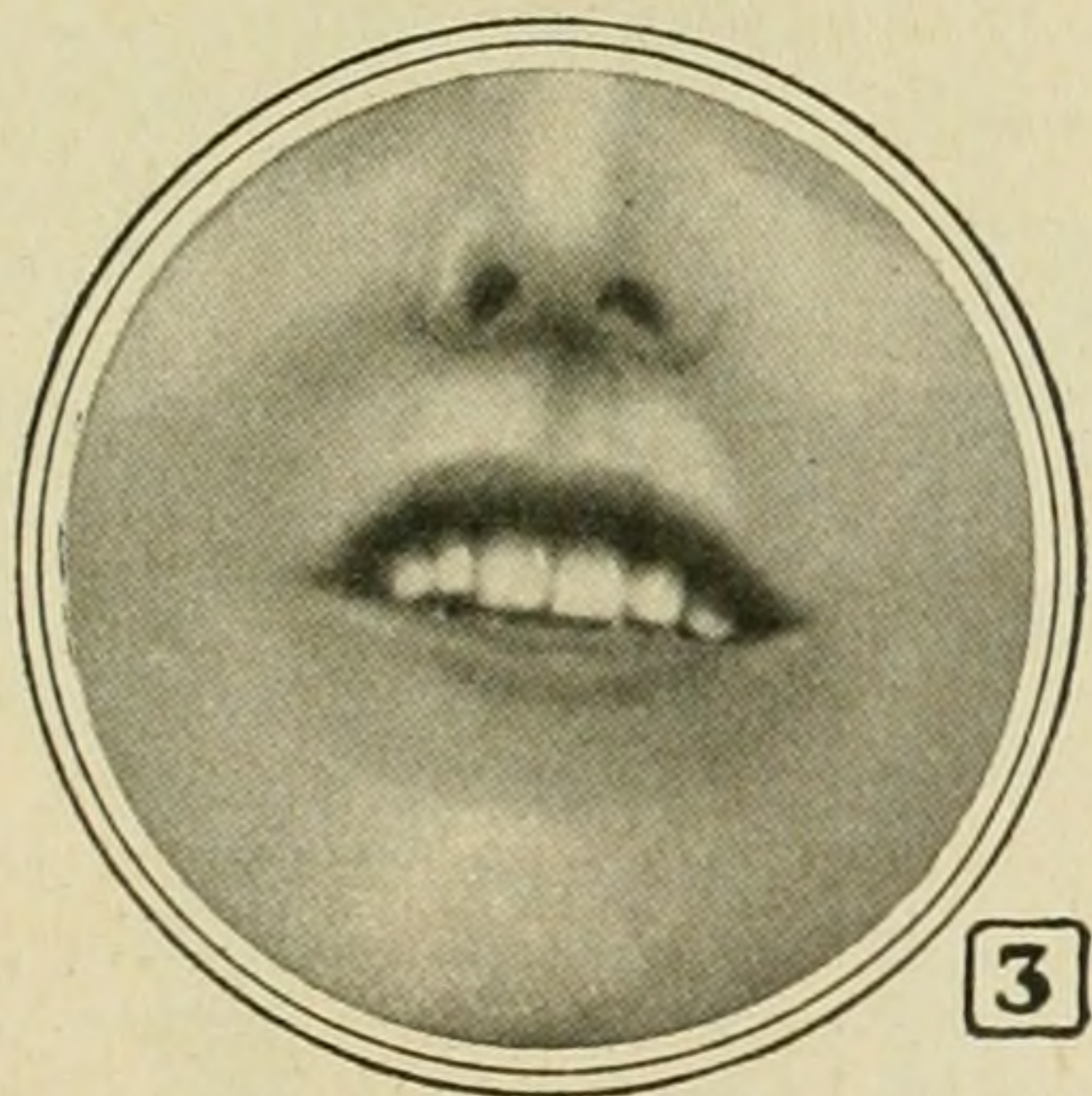
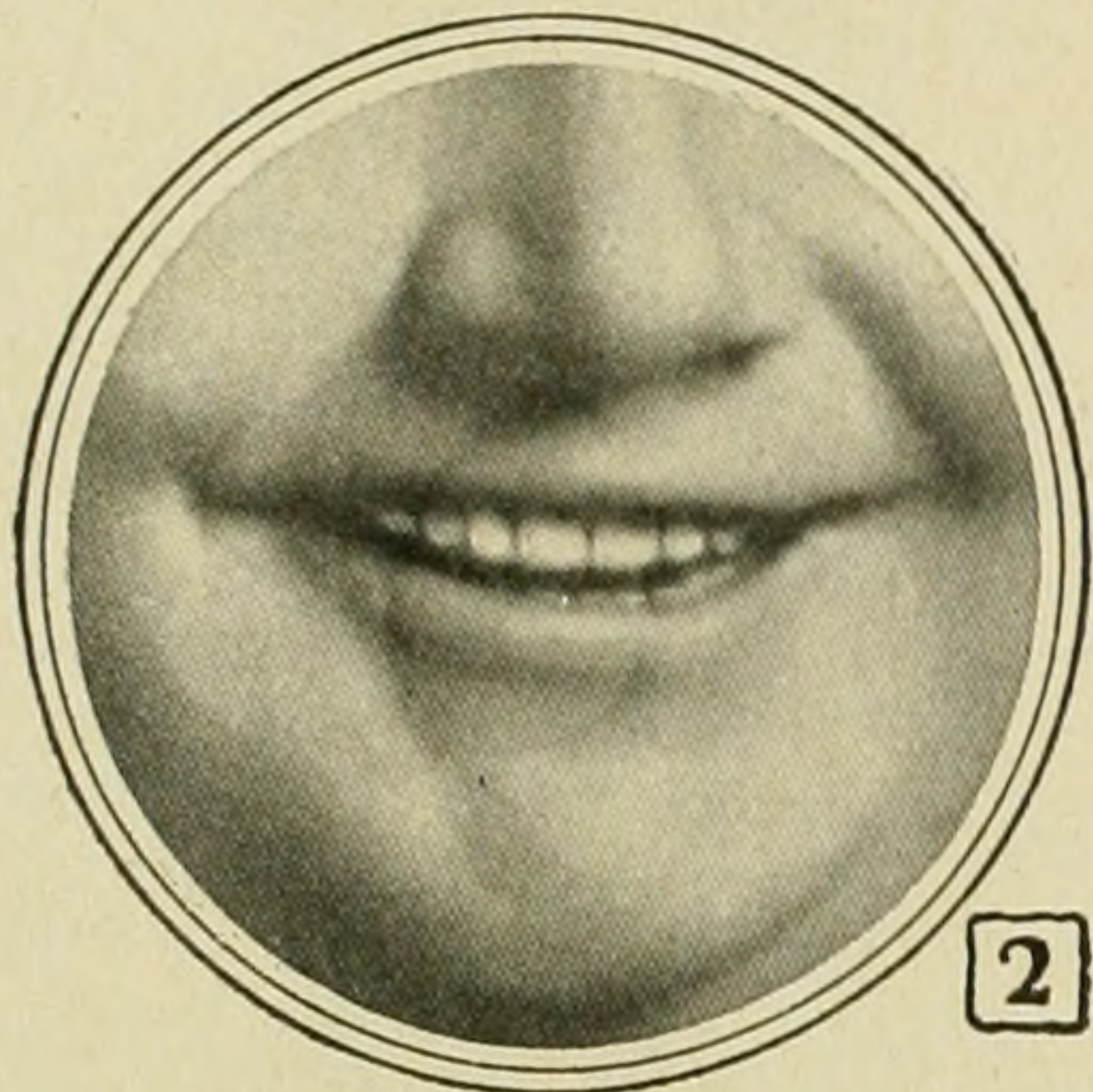
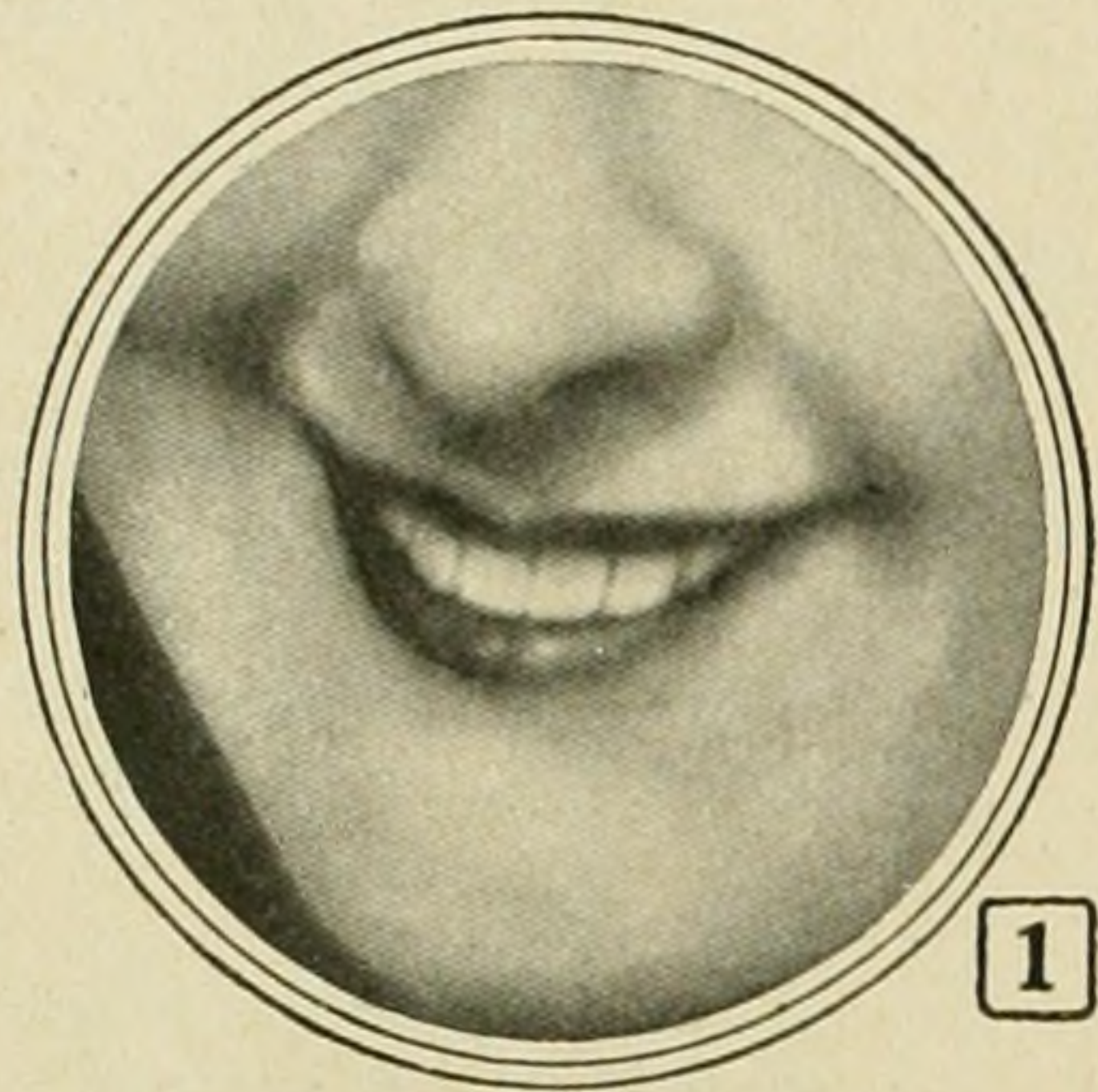
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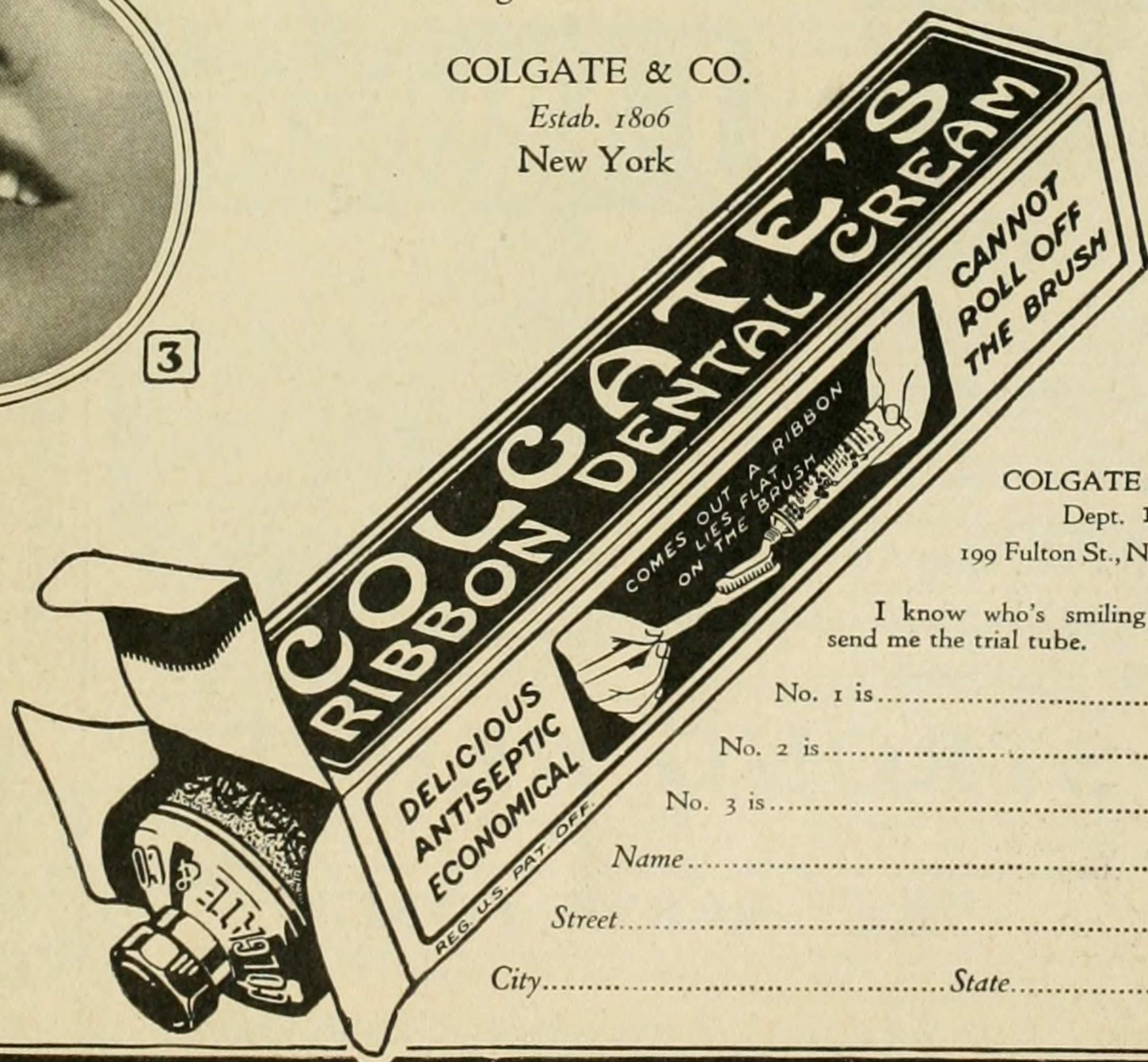
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The Twentieth Marriage  
(Continued from page 80)

enough to ever do anything worth while in the theater. But I was to be given some encouragement after all. David Belasco asked me if I intended coming back the following year. I said that I couldn't. My money had given out and I had no talent, anyhow.

"But you *have* talent," he told me. "I'm so sure of it that, if I sell the play I'm writing, I'll see you thru and you can pay me when you are a leading lady."

The play was "The Charity Ball," on which he was collaborating with Henry C. de Mille. Needless to say, he sold it, but an unexpected stroke of good fortune for "Edy," as her friends call her, made it unnecessary for her to accept his offer. A distant relative died and left her six hundred dollars. So, she went back to the school and, graduating second best in her class, played the part of Clytemnestra in Sophocles' "Electra." This was followed by her first professional engagement, which was for the leading part in "The Charity Ball."

The Neill home is a sort of Mecca for the entire profession. They live very simply in a pretty bungalow of their own in Glendale. Their lot is 100 feet wide by 175 feet deep, and on it they grow oranges, lemons, grapefruit and even dates. Like nearly every one else in Glendale, a suburb where no one is either rich or poor, they have an automobile, but they do not keep any servants, and one glance at their faces would be enough to tell you of their contentment.

It is said that only one marriage out of twenty is really happy. If this is so, then the Neills have made the twentieth marriage.

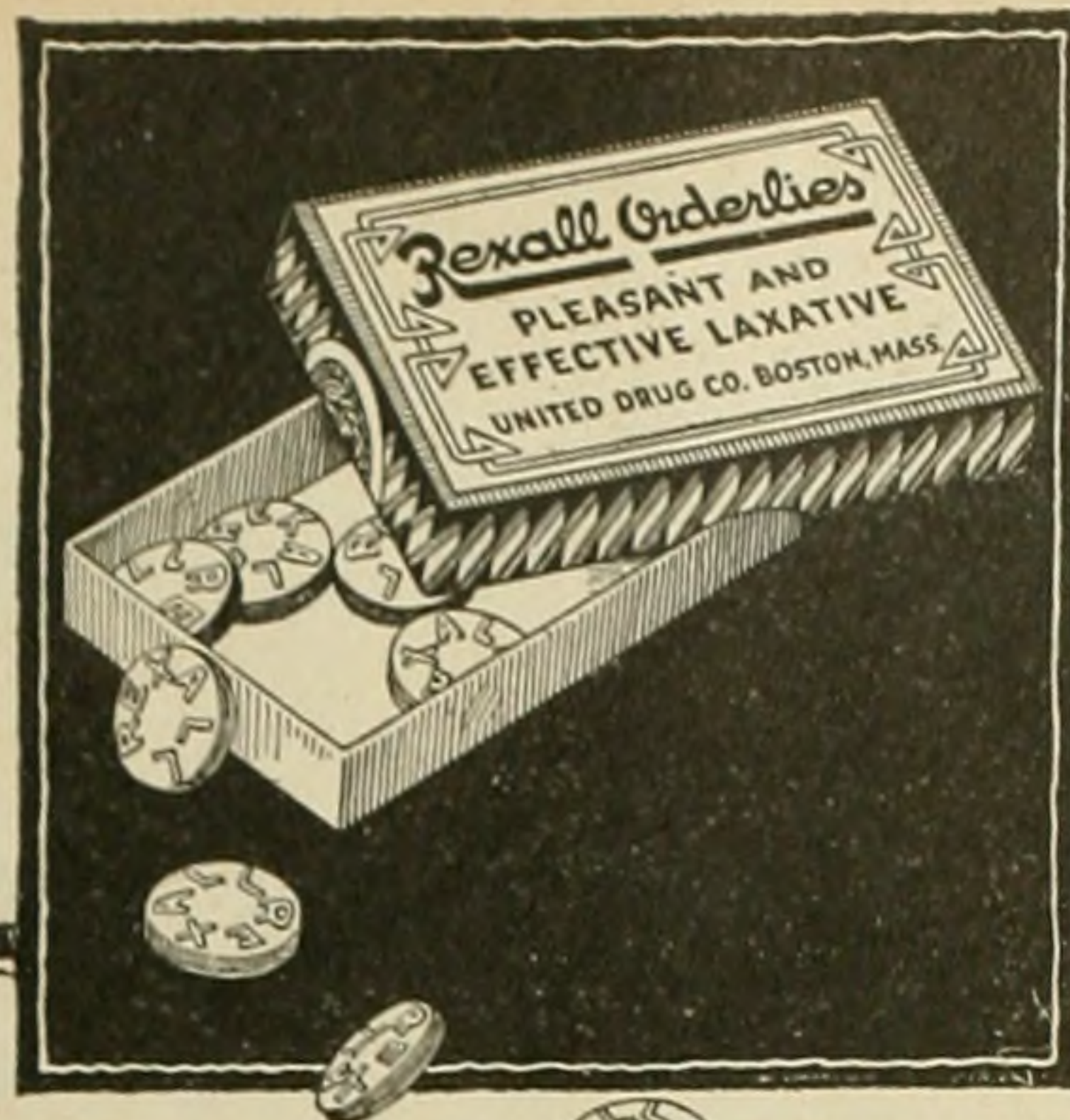
Since coming to the screen the Neills have made a number of pictures together. James Neill was with Famous Players-Lasky for five and a half years, starting with them in the second picture ever made by that company. His first picture was made for Universal, and from there he went to Kalem, where he directed Carlyle Blackwell for a while. It was some time before Edythe Chapman decided to go on the screen, and then she did not sign any contract until she and her husband both joined Goldwyn, where they are at this writing.

IN THE POST OFFICE

By THELMA STILLSON

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So many eager eyes that watch to catch the gleam of white;  
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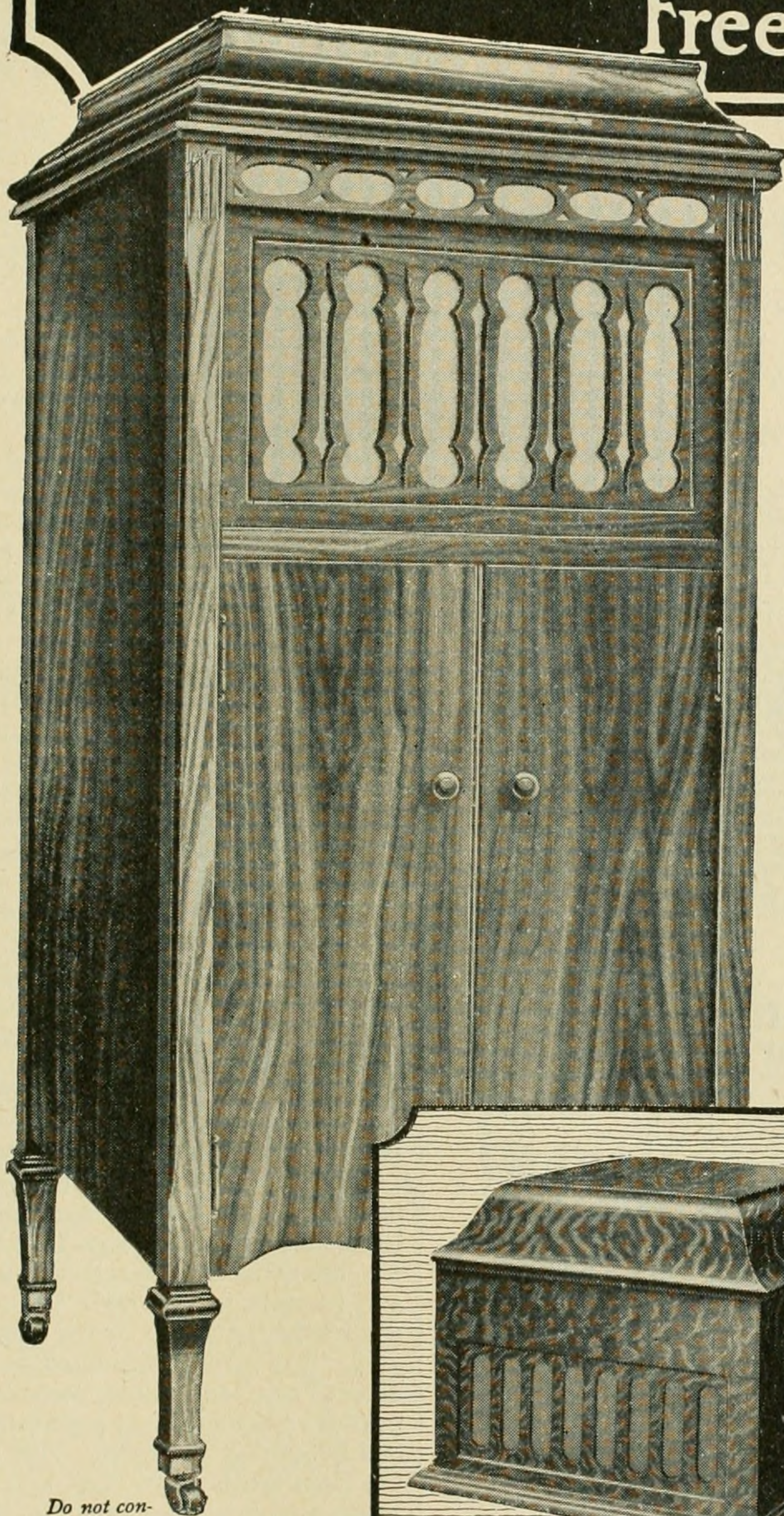
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## Dorothy Makes Her Bow

(Continued from page 49)

gether, they appeared in three different places in one evening, something quite unheard of on the stage. Dancing at ten o'clock in one place, at half-past ten in another production, and at midnight appearing on the Century Roof, where by the way, Florenz Ziegfield had previously managed Miss Dickson, advertising her as "the greatest dancing personality in the world."

She has only been on the stage for three years. Previous to that, she lived the usual popular debutante's life in Chicago. Her father, just before she was to have had her coming-out party, made some unfortunate investments in stocks, and Dorothy awoke one day to find that when she wanted anything, she could not have it. Nothing daunted, she determined to make her own money and this is the way she went about it. She and Carl Hyson, a boyhood friend who was in college at the time, had danced together very often at parties, and had always caused great enthusiasm and admiration because of their skill. One night they decided to take up a bet made by some friends of theirs concerning a dancing prize at Rector's. It happened that on this particular evening, they had as their competitors, Maurice and Walton, (the famous dancing pair known all over the world), and two other professional couples who had become household names in Chicago because of their dancing ability. All of Dorothy's friends were present and there was much excitement when she and Carl started to dance. They received an ovation at the conclusion which caused the manager of the place to offer them a contract; and Dorothy accepted.

It was while Dorothy and Carl were still dancing at Rector's (which they did for about six months after the above happened) that Florenz Ziegfield, the well-known connoisseur on feminine beauty happened to be in Chicago and while at Rector's one evening saw Dorothy dance. He immediately offered her a contract, and brought her to New York where he starred her in a play at the Century Theater. She made a tremendous success in New York, and from then on has appeared with increasing popularity in various Broadway successes. This season she has been featured in "Lassie," one of the most popular plays on the rialto, and has just left that company for a well-earned vacation before starting work with Famous Players.

"I know what a tremendous risk I am taking," she said, apropos of its being her first venture in pictures, "but even if I do fail, I will at least have assured myself that I took the chance. I realize what a huge task I have set myself to do; very few people know anything about me outside of the big cities, and it is the movie fan that makes the movie star, I think. But perhaps if this picture turns out to my credit, there will be a few people who will see it, and I hope to build up my

(Continued on page 97)



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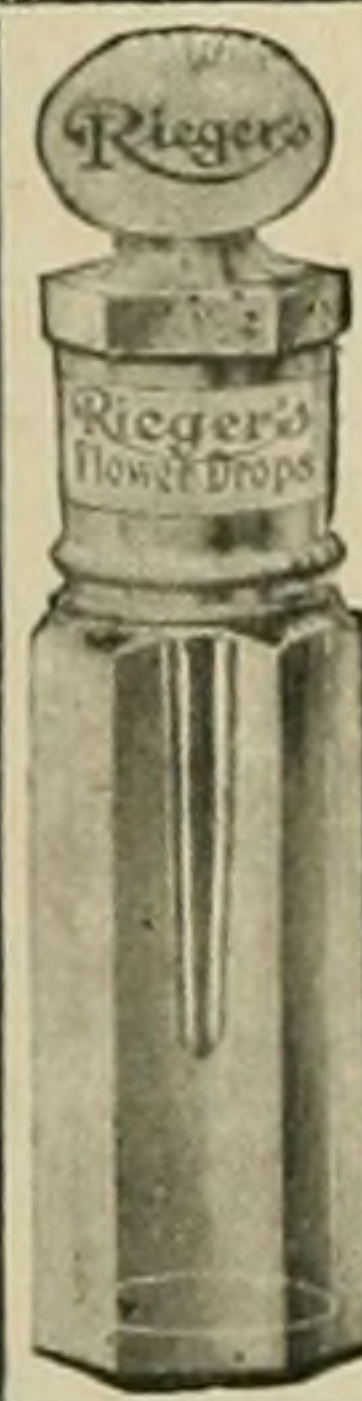
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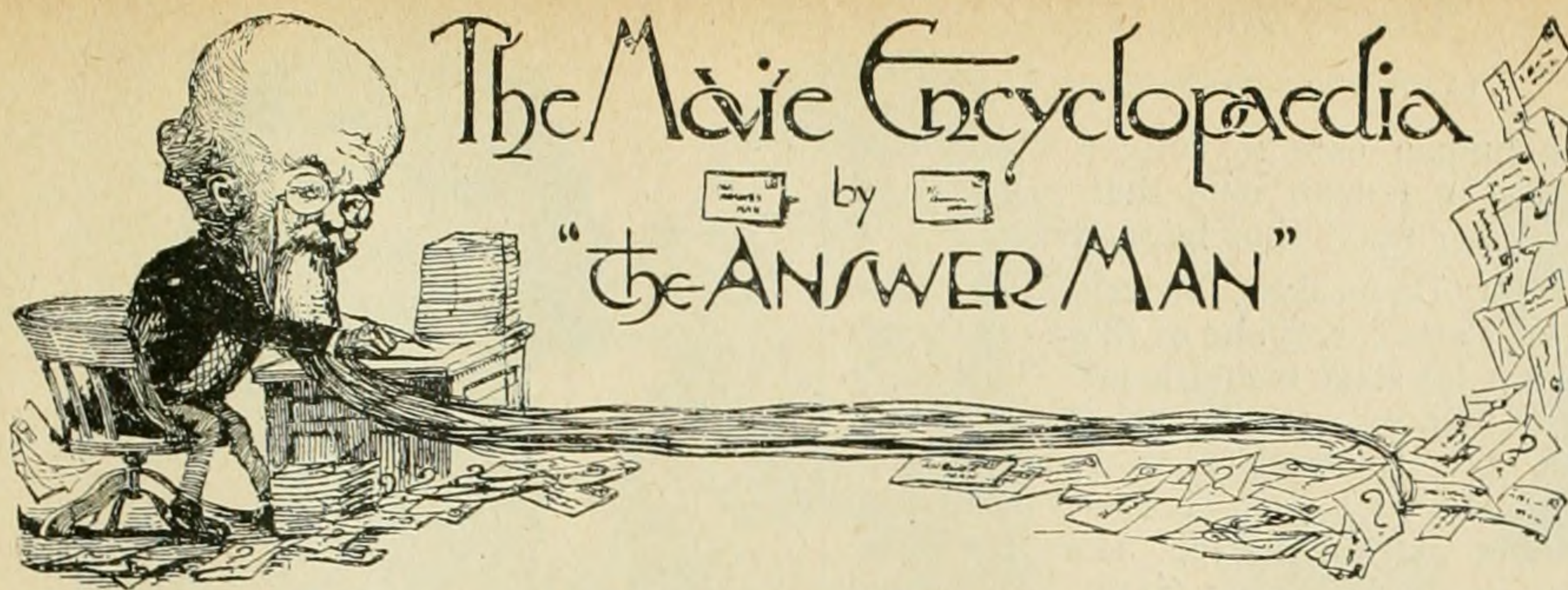
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# The Movie Encyclopædia

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.

**THELMA F.**—Greetings! How are you this nice fresh, snappy morning? Thank you. You think I am a darling, and not an old man. Wont you let me be both? Write direct to Bill Hart for his picture.

**HENRY C.**—The story of "The Sagebrusher" has never been fictionized in the CLASSIC.

**WANDA HAWLEY ADMIRER.**—Why should they be prohibited? Tsuru Aoki was born in Japan, September 9, 1892. She has been on the stage since she was eight years old. She is five foot one, weighs 120, and has black hair and eyes.

**LITTLE ROCK, ARK. FAN.**—Did you think I was M. S. Cheatham? Oh! You can reach Ralph Graves at Metro, 1476 Broadway, New York City. The Lee children have been playing in vaudeville all summer in and about New York City. He seems to be drifting.

**ROBERT.**—Good morning, Bob! Write Grace Cunard, Los Angeles, Cal. Why House Peters is playing in "The Great Redeemer" for Metro.

**JUST ME.**—Just you! And you want me to tell Harrison Ford that you love him so much. Will you girls never get any sense? You may admire, but not adore. Man's mind is marble, woman's mind is wax; and the one is no better than t'other. Hope you have a *bon voyage*.

**OLIVE B.**—Oh, is that so? You think it would be mighty interesting if I married Constance Talmadge. I agree with you absolutely. See if you cant fix it up for me. Dolores Casinelli is playing in "The Hidden Light." Joe Moore and Eileen Sedgwick are playing in "Love's Battle" to be released by the Climax Film Corp.

**H. E. C.**—Thanks, old man. Keep the check. Write me any time you feel like it. You sure have some sense of humor.

**FITZ & STARTZ.**—So you dont agree with me. Isn't that strange! I expect that I am in the small minority with most of my opinions, still I am rather proud of that. The man who fears to take his stand alone, but follows where the greatest number tread should hasten to his rest beneath the stone—the great majority of men are dead. No, not me.

**IRENE H.**—And why are you so scared of me? I dont bite. Even tho I am caged in my hall room, with iron doors, and my big watch dog along side of me. Oh yes, I have a new dog—a Russian wolfhound. William Conklin in "The Haunted Bedroom." Jack Crosby in "A Daughter of Two Worlds." Come in again.

**MISS ATLANTA.**—Alice Joyce Admirer, H. A. E.; Roscoe; L. Mc; Nellie S.—Your letters were very interesting, but require no separate answers.

**THELMA.**—Of course it is much cheaper to subscribe; why dont you?

**BRODIE.**—Mizpah means "The Lord watch between thee and me when we are absent one from the other." Why that was Elmo Lincoln and Enid Markey in "Tarzan of the Apes." Oh, I dont mind working this kind of weather, but when the old thermometer gets up around 98 and 100 degrees—I'm thru!

**H. H. H.**—Well, there ain't no use. An affinity is a high priced luxury since the cost is

alimony. Frank Mayo in "Black Friday." You mean Ethel Shannon in "John Petticoats." Come on.

**WANDA HAWLEY.**—So you think my answers are snappy. How?

**JUST ME.**—You here again? And so soon. I certainly do not own an automobile. I had a Ford once, but I got tired of dodging other cars and people on the street and so I sold it. Automobiles kill more people nowadays than all the other nuisances put together. The automobile is the modern Juggernaut. Brownie Vernon in "The Coming of the Law." Harrison Ford in "The Veiled Adventure." Yes, we have the October Magazine with Constance Talmadge's picture on the cover.

**SINGER B.**—John Barrymore says he is going to remain in pictures. Jack Holt is playing in "The City Sparrow."

**RUBY.**—You are all wrong about Eugene O'Brien. He is a dandy chap, and I like him. You can reach Mahlon Hamilton at Hampton Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

**KITTY.**—Good for you. You can reach Violet Mersereau at the Aphorp Hotel, 94th St. & Broadway, New York City. You say you want more of Ruth Roland. So do we. She is too busy to think of us these days. You will have to write a separate letter to the MAGAZINE about those pictures. You should never write to a publisher and take up matters pertaining to several departments in the same letter.

**CLEOPATRA.**—It was Bernard Palissy, born in Agen, France, 1510, who was the first to rediscover the art of producing white enamel. He was the leader of ceramic art in the 16th century, and his life is characterized as "the great romance" in the history of ceramics. Your letter was indeed interesting, and I hope you write to me again.

**MICKEY T.**—The Dolly Sisters are still on the stage.

**E. L. M.**—Thanks for your verse. I wish I could print it.

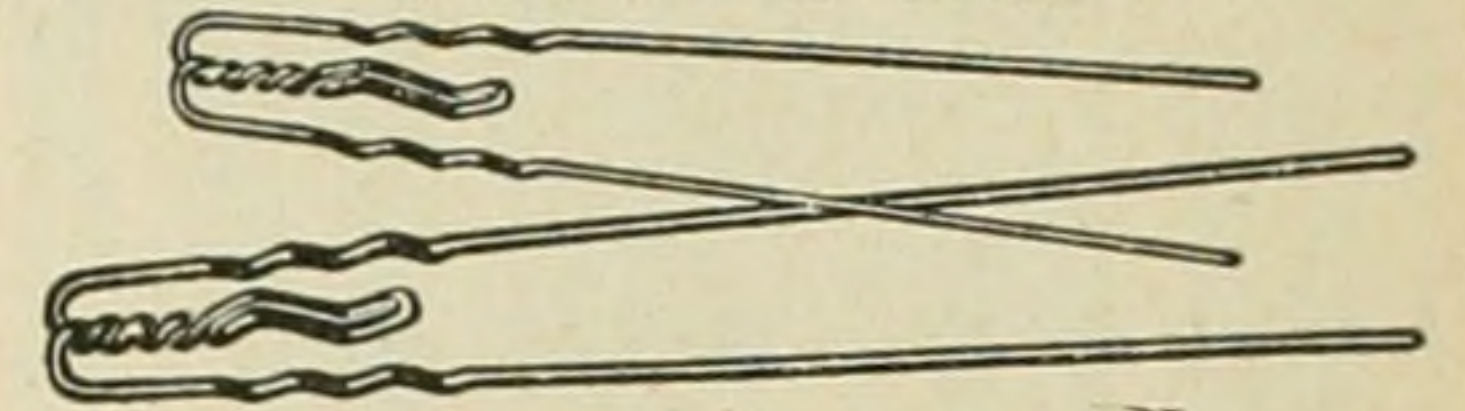
**LUCILLE.**—Cullen Landis in "Girl from Outside."

**H. G.**—You're not the only one. I have sad news to relate also. On May 1st, next I must vacate my hall room which I have now occupied for nearly ten years, and seek new quarters. If the editor-in-chief decides to raise my salary before then, I shall perhaps be able to have a real square room with two windows and a closet. Wont that be grand! May 1st is generally called moving day, but next year the great moving day will be March 4th.

**BUGGIE.**—Why, there is no reason whatever why a Roman Catholic may not become President of the U. S., altho a Catholic was never nominated for the Presidential Office. Yes, Vivian Martin is married. She is playing in "The Song of the Soul" adapted from the William J. Locke story "An Old World Romance." The picture was edited by Robert W. Chambers. Carol Dempster in "The Love Flower," one of Griffith's poor pictures. Yes, we think Carol is a real comer. She showed a remarkable advance in "The Love Flower."



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SPECIALIST Dept. L, N. Y. C.

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# Dead Men Tell No Tales

The Celluloid Critic

(Continued from page 43)

fine human note in fully a half dozen places—a human note that reaches out and plays upon your heart-strings.

"Way Down East," as written by Lottie Blair Parker, was one of those perennially popular stage melodramas. This story of an innocent country girl, Anna Moore, who goes to the city, is wronged by a villainous city chap, becomes a mother after a mock marriage, seeks regeneration in work upon a farm, is exposed by gossips and turned out into a blinding New England blizzard, only to be saved by an honest young country boy who loves her despite everything, was seemingly an obvious thing of the hokum theater. Apparently, it bore no real relation to life anywhere.

We see the "Way Down East" of the stage differently. The old melodrama would not have gone on year after year had it been entirely distinct from reality. Its background of homely New England life gave it the breath of life. With all its painted scenery and torn paper snow it was redolent of the soil. But, most of all, it carried a message. It presented the struggle of woman for equality in its way as vividly, as centuries before, Euripides did in his Medea. To the simple playgoer of the nineties, Anna Moore personified womanhood in its age-old struggle for recognition—against the man-made odds of decades. Not that we consider "Way Down East" for a moment as a thing of literary or dramatic value. It was a melodrama of fearful dialog and even more fearful construction. But a compelling message and a compelling background were there.

The sawdust and the wires become flesh and blood when transferred to the screen under Griffith's hand, the canvas trees and calcium-lights transform to vast sweeps of landscape alive with summer sunshine, the torn paper to a bleak and whirling winter blizzard. "Way Down East" gains vastly upon its transfer from stage to film form, for the director endows his characters with a humanness they never possessed behind the footlights.

Griffith has taken his motion picture camera into the history of the persecuted Anna. The Parker opus started upon the arrival of the girl with her "past" at the Bartlett farm. Griffith moves back into Anna's girlhood and, step by step, shows her dazzled and destroying dip into the city and her disillusionment, along with the coming of her baby and its death. This portion of the cinema "Way Down East" to us is turgid and rather uninteresting, which seems to prove our theory that the stage "Way Down East" owes its success to its homely rural background and the vitalness of its indirect—and even claptrap—feministic single standard argument.

Once Griffith definitely reaches the countryside in this feminine "Pilgrim's Progress" his drama becomes alive with vigor. All the sweetness and fragrance

(Continued on page 98)



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## The Charm School

(Continued from page 30)

ful letters," those fifty pairs of limpid, inquiring eyes, the flowers on his desk—no, he didn't do—they didn't do— It was just as well— He would tell Homer Johns about it that evening and then carry out his original plan of going away. He had resources—the pain at his heart might be a slight deterrent—but he had to figure that in—

At the dance he told Homer Johns of his aunt's true bequest. He hadn't figured wrongly. Old Johns chuckled, said he thought it just as well, altho he would have to hunt around for a school for Elise and offered Austin a \$25,000 a year job, which was promptly accepted.

"Run away for a month or two, young man," the older man advised, "before you tackle the new proposition. You look a bit as if you'd been handed a blow beneath the belt."

"I have," Austin said.

It wasn't until later in the evening that Homer Johns discovered the blow beneath the belt to be Elise. Mrs. Rolles gave him, unwittingly, the information. "I hear," she said, "that young Austin Bevans is in love with one of his Charm School pupils. I am so glad. It relieves Susie of his unwelcome attentions."

Johns drew his heavy brows together and smiled. "I've just given him a heavy job," he said, "that's a comer, that young man. I should be tickled to death if his attentions were in the direction of one of my family. He's a comer and he can be trusted. Two noble traits in man."

Mrs. Rolles sought out Susie. She was quite breathless.

"Encourage young Bevans," she said, hastily, "he's a protégé of Homer Johns. That means a fortune. Give it out that you and he have long been engaged. Waste no time—most important—"

Susie gave it, with a nicely unerring instinct, to Elise.

Elise believed it. We always do believe the worst anent the one we love, so far beyond our reach does the Desired One appear.

Elise decided to vanish. It was the only thing left for her to do, she decided, with the radical desperation of the very young.

The green earth should swallow her up. Oblivion was kind.

She left a note for Austin graphically describing her intent. Then, like Ibsen's Nora, she "went out into the night"—as far as Austin's car. The low-slung back tempted her. It would be so thrilling to sit there and watch proceedings. Who knows but what Austin might do something dramatic? Might even give chase. Her essential romance thrilled to the possibilities in the situation. She waited—

In ten minutes Austin appeared. Her heart pounded, the whole of the universe was the terrific onslaught of her heart—it was like the roaring of many waters—

Then he was speaking to her. "Where were you going?" he said, but with the articulation of "where" she knew that he loved her.



Peaceful Valley

(Continued from page 42)

wont to say that he had had all the labor he could well stand by Labor Day. On the last day of this particular summer more than Jothams "broke up." Hosea had been over all forenoon, offering his dog to Virginia and helping her pack. She refused his dog, "because you love him so much, Hosea." While she was speaking, it came to her how much she loved his comfy, homey name. "I'll be back next summer," she told him, "we'll have the same good old times . . . they have been good, Hosea, haven't they? I've come to love your mother and Martha and nice Luke and . . . and all of Peaceful Valley."

Hosea didn't speak because he couldn't find courage or conviction to say what he wanted to, and he wasn't given to light talk.

It was going to be lonesome, but he and Martha would have lots to keep their tongues going this winter. He would plan a sensational crop for Perpindicular next summer and who knows but what . . . Their mother would soon be home and maybe, after a bit, the aching which Virginia had left him, along with the sweetness, would cease. He hoped so . . .

When he got home Martha was not there. Funny. For awhile longer he hung about, dreaming . . . Deliberately, he gave himself this hour . . . himself and Virginia . . . At sundown he would hunt up Martha . . . He didn't know why the lily pond suggested itself to him on this night, save that the facts of love and death are ever intermingled . . . He walked to it, with undue haste. It was undisturbed and the lilies, overburdened with ripe sweetness, breathed forth their dolorous breaths for the exquisite delectation of his nostrils. He walked home.

At midnight of that night there was no Martha. He and Luke had scoured the countryside, given out alarms, done all their locality could do.

The next day his mother came home, and he had to tell her.

The pallor of her face was like that of death.

That night he went to the city. He went blindly and he searched blindly. He hadn't ever realized the city. Every slim girl he saw he thought he saw Martha. Every vestige of distress was her distress. After a week he returned, baffled, bewildered, distraught.

The winter settled down on Peaceful Valley. Always, before, for Hosea it had been a cheery time of white snows, flashing sleds and scarlet mittens, peaceful evenings, Christmas greens and more than the usual goodies at table.

This winter the snow was like a pall, and there were no flashing sleds nor scarlet mittens.

For all Hosea and his mother, more worn now than ever before, knew their Martha might have been under the blanketing snow. Often, they hoped she might be. It would be kinder so.

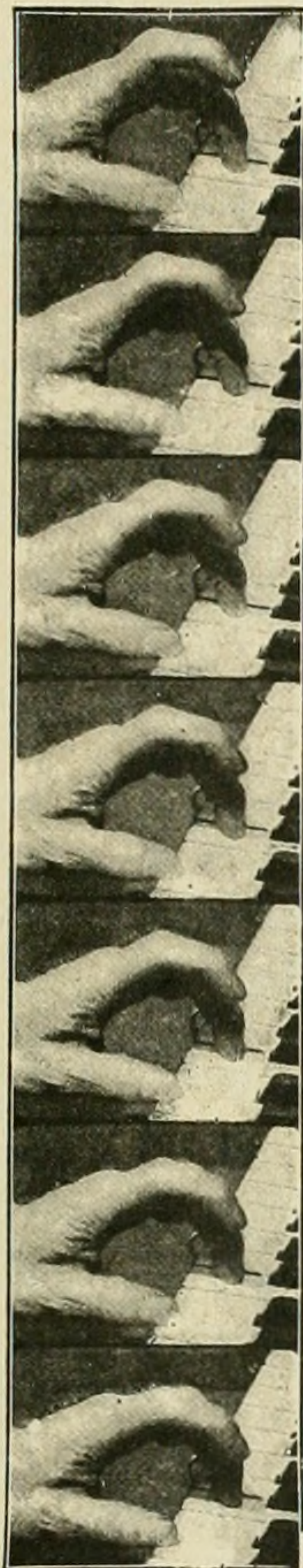
(Eighty-nine)

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My Course in Piano or Organ represents the best thought of the present day and makes use of every possible scientific help—many of which are entirely unknown to the average teacher. If you wanted to study with a so-called "private teacher" by the old-fashioned oral system, and yet could afford only \$1 to \$5 per lesson, you could obtain only third-rate instruction. No true authority could give you his entire, exclusive attention for so small a fee. Yet, as you know, one lesson with an authority is worth a dozen other lessons. By enrolling with this Conservatory and joining my Personal Instruction Class, your lessons cost less than 43 cents each, as part of the Complete Course. Yet every step you take is under my personal supervision, and in all essential ways, I am in as close touch with you as if I

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Spring broke reluctantly. Early summer opened Jotham's. Ward Andrews had written several times saying he was prepared to take up the option on the farm and Hosea had decided not to go in for too much in the way of crops. If the old place were sold his labor would be for naught. But he needed extra money. When old Jotham offered him a job as waiter he seized upon it.

His first evening was memorable. He came thru the door balancing his tray, more or less dexterously, and beheld Virginia. The tray met an instant collision with the floor. Over the debris Virginia laughed, and the few other guests laughed too. The red-faced boy and the merry girl were so palpably together.

After supper Hosea and Virginia sat on the porch rail together and she told him of her winter and her studies. Hosea told her of their sad winter, his mother's and his. Of Martha who had vanished from the earth.

"I'm doing this for the extra money, mostly on that account," he told her; "we've got to get trace of Martha, Mother and I. We'd not rest even in our graves if we never heard anything of her."

Virginia was tenderly compassionate. She laid her hand on his arm and stroked it a bit.

"I'm so sorry . . ." she kept murmuring; "I'm so sorry . . ." Her sympathy was very sweet.

Later in the evening Ward Andrews asked Virginia to marry him. "Your father's willing, Ginny," he ended his plea.

"Father's not marrying you, Ward," she told him, "and, personally, I couldn't. Just couldn't. I like you . . . but it has to be so different for . . . marriage. I . . . well, there's just no use."

Ward Andrews didn't accept defeat gracefully. He didn't tell her not to worry, it would be all right with him. He scowled and gave her to understand he felt himself misused.

Hosea was learning to accept . . . Perpindicular without Martha, dreams without Virginia. This, perhaps, was life. Life as it must be lived.

Then, one day in June, the old couple from across the road broke in on the Howes, sitting more or less wistfully in the sunlight, and told how they had seen Marthy a spell up the road, stragglin' along and a cryin' to herself. "Actin' up as queer," the old lady vouchsafed.

Hosea wasted not a moment. His dull and weary brain made, miraculously, an instantaneous response.

The lily pond!

"If I were to die of love, I think I'd do it here among the lilies . . . here among the lilies . . ." She had said it.

She had gone down twice when Hosea caught the dank glint of her hair in the lazy ripple of the pool. The thick white of a lily baffled her curled fingertips.

He had her in his arms; had her, dripping, against his breast, before the suddenly sinister water could touch her still face again.

In the front room Ward Andrews had  
(Continued on page 92)

(Ninety)

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## Peaceful Valley

(Continued from page 90)

come with his option money. Somehow, they hadn't seemed to think he ever would. With it right there, before them, with Luke in the room with Martha, swearing he wanted her at once, no matter what had befallen her, it didn't seem necessary to part with stony old Perpindicular. It seemed hard and wholly undesirable. The past winter had taught values.

Old Jotham saw how it was going. Saw that it didn't need to go. His hand was in his pocket when Luke opened Martha's door to come out and Martha, catching sight of Ward Andrews framed in the front door, emitted a piercing, unmistakable shriek of terror, of appalled recognition, of appeal . . .

Somehow it struck them all, simultaneously. Ward Andrews . . . the option . . . Martha and her disappearance . . . Hosea was upon him before Luke could get there and finally out of the chaos some sort of order was evolved.

Luke went back to Martha to still the incoherence of her reiterated "I got away from him . . . I got away from him . . . he never so much . . . I did . . . I did . . ."

Dr. Rand had Hosea by the hand. "I have been investigating this young man on the quiet for some time," he said, indicating what was left of Ward Andrews, "and he hasn't borne the investigation. I have also been investigating your farm, Mrs. Howe. You and your son are to be congratulated as potential millionaires. The place is invaluable in mineral springs."

Outside the door Virginia had maneuvered Hosea. Her eyes were upon him, beseeching.

"Once you said," he imparted, "that you loved mother . . . and Martha . . . and Peaceful Valley . . . but you didn't mention . . ."

"You?" prompted Virginia, touching him, "you? Oh, darling, that was only because I was a 'fraid cat . . . I didn't dare . . . And I wasn't sure about you. But I am now. I see it in your eyes . . . I do . . . I do . . ."

Hosea took her in his arms and kist her. All at once it was the natural, the only thing to do. All at once, too, Peaceful Valley was filled with an unearthly light as of a great glory and there was the sound of singing, heavenly sweet, and the summer burgeoned and filled the twilight with a million, million roses . . . and thru it all filtered Martha's thin little happy laugh. Dr. Rand's deep pleasant voice, their mother's tremulous, eager answers . . . the singing of their pulses . . . his and hers . . .

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Death may take to him the painter,  
But his works to us belong;  
He may steal from us the singer,  
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And, tho he may take the lives that  
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Of a single memory.

(Ninety-two)



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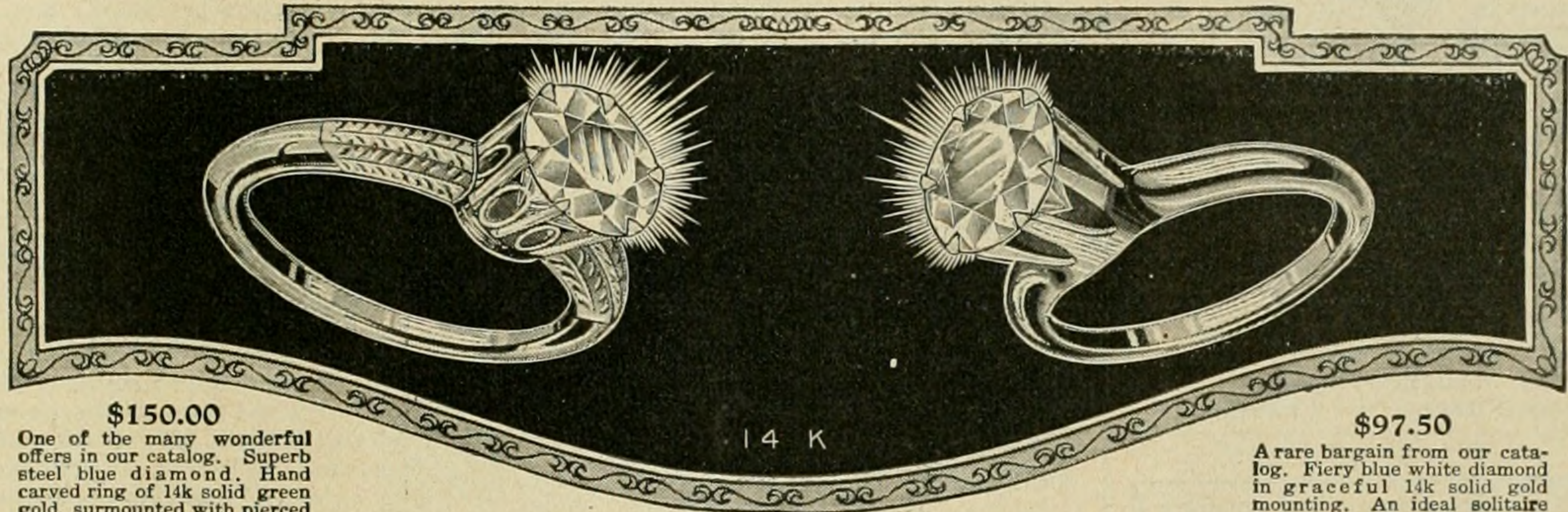
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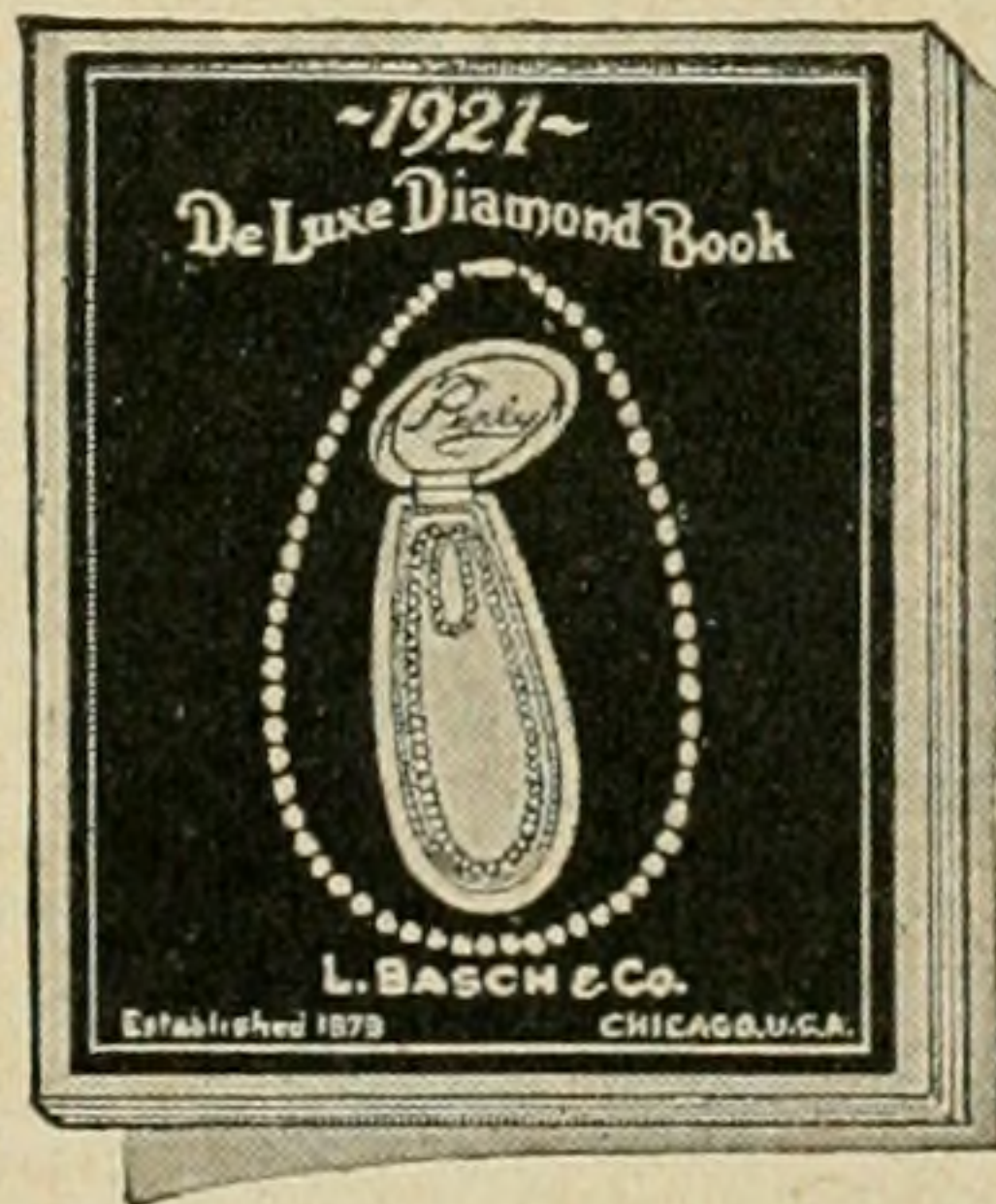
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## Myrtle of the Mountains

(Continued from page 21)

"Funny little thing!" said Miss Stedman, laughing in sympathy.

And then, just as we left the table and started for the living-room, the doorbell began to ring.

"What on earth!" she exclaimed . . . there was no one in sight. Still the bell rang, loudly, continuously, as tho making up for lost time. After a protracted search it was discovered that the amateur electricians had in some way connected the thing with a clothes closet door. When the door was left open the bell wouldn't ring at all, but with the door closed it rang all the time. The door was propped open, to keep out the noise, and we returned to the living-room and seated ourselves comfortably on a big davenport. We had been laughing so heartily that, for a minute, conversation was impossible.

"Let's see; where were we?" said Miss Stedman, and then answering herself, "Oh, yes; at the Westerns. Of course, we worked under difficulties that producers don't have now. There was, for instance, the matter of the trademark. It was, you remember, a big diamond 'S' and it had to appear in every scene. Sometimes we would get miles out on location and find that it had been forgotten. When this happened, production was held up until the property man could get it from the studio; we never dared make anything without it."

There was, of course, the ever present possibility that someone would try and steal some of their stuff.

It was about five years ago that Myrtle Stedman left Chicago and Westerns for drama and California. She appeared as Saxon in Jack London's "Valley of the Moon," and was also in the first production of "Burning Daylight." It will be remembered that she was at Lasky's for a time playing with Hayakawa, Wallie Reid and many others.

"I suppose you've had a trying week," I remarked, referring to some re-takes for "Sowing the Wind," in which she had been working at the Mayer studio.

"Yes, I've been weeping steadily all the way thru this picture. It's an old 'Romance' play, you know—of course, they've brought it up-to-date.

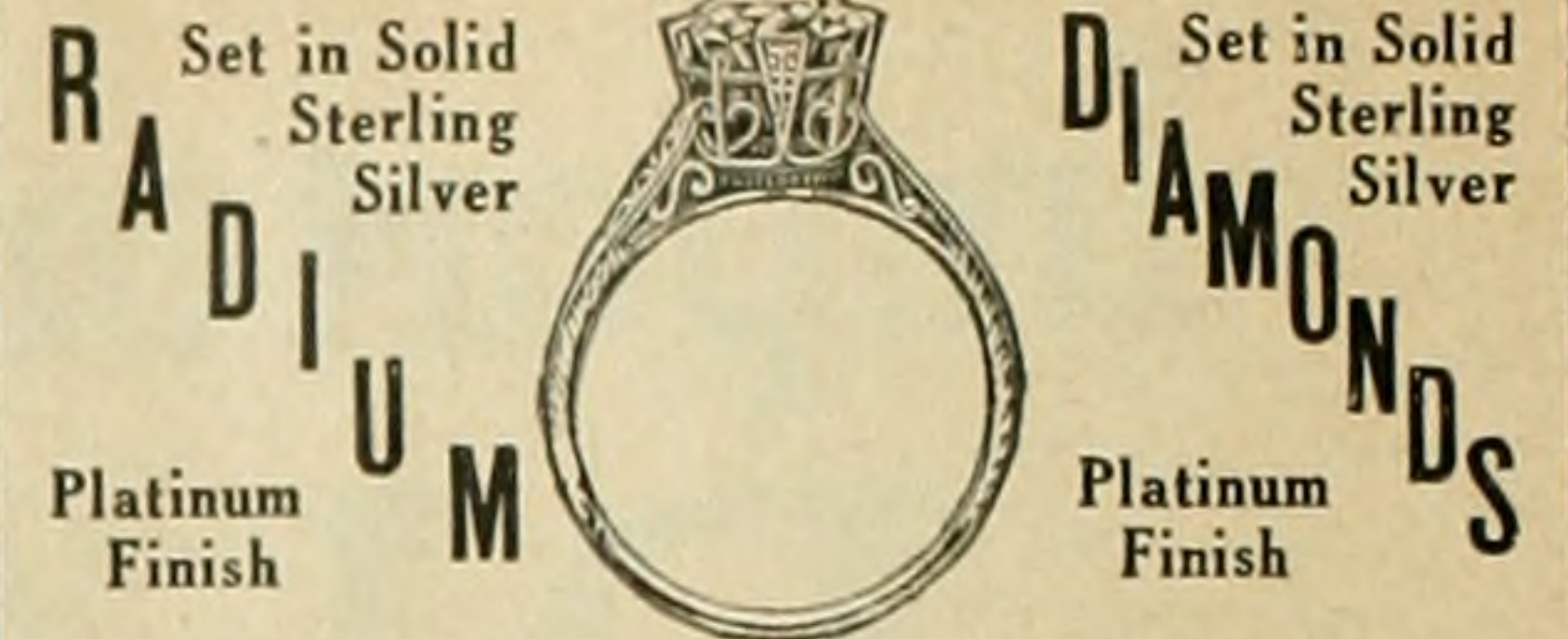
"I did hope that I was going to do a Western next, but it seems that the picture won't be a Western after all. It's a mill story. However, it will be with Bill Hart and I'm delighted about that anyway!"

Myrtle Stedman has a frank, straight-forward way of looking at you from clear blue eyes, a frank straight-forward handshake.

She has never lost her capacity for enthusiasms. She loves the theater and she can still watch a play or a picture uncritically, laughing at the right moments and crying at the right moments, too. With all this, her work shows her to be a remarkably finished artist.

It is not to be wondered at, that Rex Beach, seeing her in New York, engaged her for the part of Cherry Melotte in "The Silver Horde." She was an ideal choice for the part.

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DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES

# How Every Woman Can Have A Winning Personality

## Let Me Introduce Myself

**D**EAR READER: I wish to tell you how to have a charming, winning personality because all my life I have seen that without it any woman labors under great handicaps. Without *personality*, it is almost impossible to make desirable friends, or get on in business; and yes, often must a woman give up the man on whom her heart is set because she has not the power to attract or to hold him.

During my career here and abroad, I have met a great many people whom I have been able to study under circumstances which have brought out their weak or strong points, like a tiny spot on the lens of a moving picture machine will magnify into a very large blot on the screen. And I have seen so many people, lacking in personality, try to make a success of their plans and fail completely, in a way that has been quite pathetic. I am sure that you also are familiar with one or more such cases.

## Success of a Winsome Manner

I saw numerous failures that were so distressing that my thoughts could not help dwelling upon those shattered and vain conditions. I have seen women of education, and culture and natural beauty actually fail where other women minus such advantages, but possessing certain secrets of loveliness, a certain winsomeness, a certain knack of looking right and saying the right word would get ahead delightfully. Nor were they naturally forward women. Nor were they the kind that men call clever. Some of them, if you studied their features closely, were



JULIETTE FARA

which seemed to emanate from them. Others liked to talk to them and to do things for them. In their presence you felt perfectly at ease—as though you had been good, good friends for very long.

## French Feminine Charms

The French women among my friends seemed to me more generally endowed with this ability to fascinate, than did my friends among other nationalities. In the years that I lived in Paris, I was amazed to find that most of the women I met were enchanting.

"Is it a part of the French character?" I asked my friends.

"Were you born that way?" I would often ask some charming woman.

And they smilingly told me that "personality" as we know it here in America, is an art, that is studied and acquired by French women just as they would learn to cook, or to sing by cultivating the voice. Every girl and woman possesses latent personality. This includes you, dear reader. There are numerous real secrets for developing your personality. In France, where the women have always outnumbered the men, and where opportunity for our sex is restricted, those who wish to win husbands or shine in society, or succeed in their careers, have no choice but to develop their charms in competition with others.

## How Men's Affections Are Held

Lately the newspapers have been telling us that thousands and thousands of our fine young army men have taken French wives. It was no surprise to me, for I know how alluring are the French girls. Nor could I help conceding the truth in the assertion of a competent Franco-American journalist that "American girls are too provin-



You may have all those attractive qualities that men adore in women

decidedly not handsome; yet they seemed so. They didn't do this by covering their faces with cosmetics; they knew the true means. And often the winning women were in the thirties, forties, or even fifties. Yet they "appealed." You know what I mean. They drew others to them by a subtle power

cial, formal, cold and unresponsive while the French girls radiate warmth of sympathy, devotion and all those exquisite elements of the heart that men adore in women."

And I who am successful and probably known to you by reputation through my activities on the Faubourg St. Honoré can tell you in all candor, as one woman confiding in another, that these French secrets of personality have been a very important factor in the successes of mine. But it is not my tendency to boast of myself, the Juliette Fara whom I want you to feel that you already know as your sincere friend, but I speak of YOU and for YOU.

## French Secrets of Fascination

My continued residence in France enabled me to observe the ways and methods of the women closely. I studied and analyzed the secrets of their fascinating powers.

When I returned to the dear old U. S. A., I set myself at work putting together the facts, methods, secrets and formulae that I had learned while in France.

Of one thing I am absolutely convinced—every woman who wishes it may have a winning personality.

## Overcoming Deterrent Timidity

I know I can take any girl of a timid or over-modest disposition, one who lacks self-confidence, or is too self-conscious for her own good, and show her how to become discreetly and charmingly daring, perfectly natural and comfortable in the presence of others. I can show you how to bring out charms which you do not even dream you possess.

## Uncouth Boldness—or Tactful Audacity

If you are an assertive woman, the kind that suffers from too great forwardness, I can show you in a way that you will find delightful, how to be gentle and unassuming, to tear away the false fabric of your repelling and ungracious personality and replace it with another that wins and attracts. By this method, you will succeed, oh so well, while by uncouthness or misapplied audacity you meet with setbacks.

I can take the frail girl or woman, the listless one who usually feels that the good things in life are not for her and show her how to become vigorous and strong, tingling with enthusiasm and good cheer and how to see the whole wide world full of splendid things just for her.

## Become An Attractive Woman

I can take the girl or woman who is ignorant or careless of her appearance, or the girl

who dresses unbecomingly and instill in her a sense of true importance of appearance in personality; I can enlighten her in the ways of women of the world, in making the most of their apparel. All this without any extravagance; and I can show her how to acquire it with originality and taste. You realize, of course, that dressing to show yourself to advantage, is a real art and without that knowledge you will always be under a disadvantage.

## For Married Women

There are some very important secrets which married French women know that enables them to hold the love, admiration and fidelity of their men. How the selfish spirit in a man is to be overcome so ingeniously that he does not know what you are accomplishing until some day he awakens to the fact that his character and his manner have undergone a delightful change—that he is not only making you happy, but he is finding far greater pleasure in life than when he was inconsiderate. There are secrets in my compilation that are likely to change a turbulent course of married life for one that is entrancingly ideal. And this power lies within you, my dear Madam.

## Acquire Your Life's Victory Now

What we call personality is made up of a number of little things. It is not something vague and indefinable. Personality, charm, good looks, winsomeness and success can be cultivated. If you know the secrets, if you learn the rules and put them into practice, you can be charming, you can have an appealing personality. Don't think it impossible. Don't think you must be born that way. Don't even think it ought to be hard to acquire it; because the secrets of charm that I have collated and transcribed for you are more interesting than the most fascinating book you have ever read.

Once you have learned my lessons, they become a kind of second nature to you. When you notice the improvement in your appearance, how you get on easier with people, how your home problems seem to solve themselves, how in numberless little ways (and big ones, too) life gets to hold so many more prizes for you, you will decide to put more and more of the methods in practice in order to obtain still more of life's rewards.

## No Fad—the Success of Ages

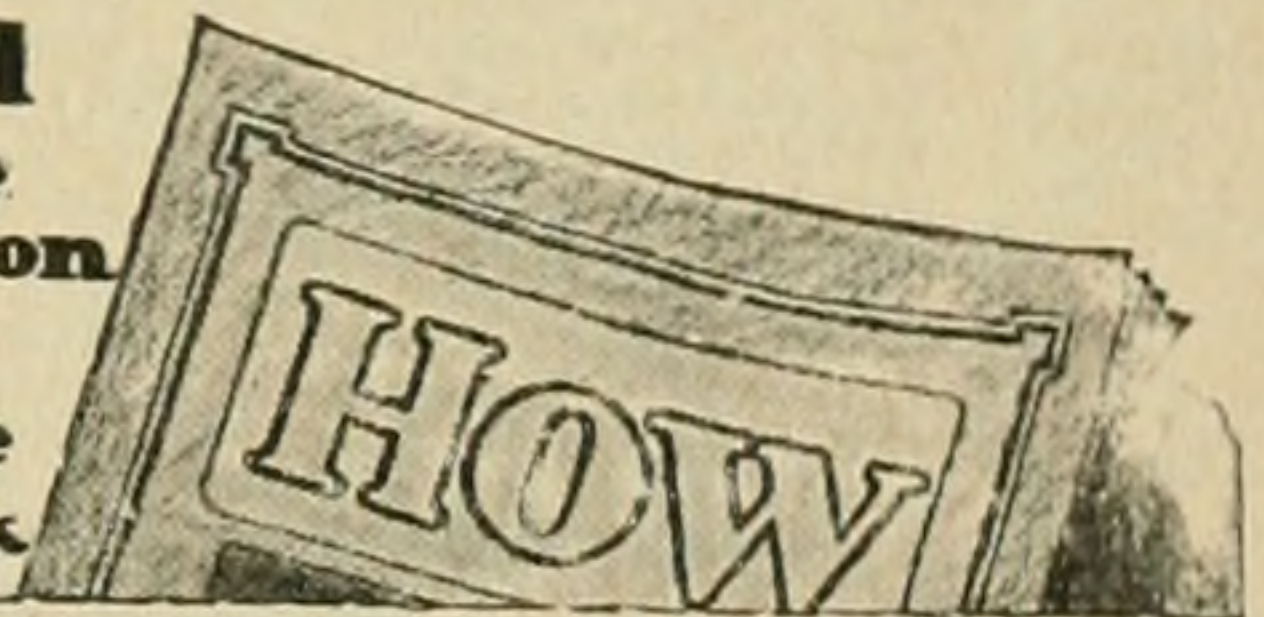
I am well enough known by the public not to be taken as advancing some new-fangled fad. All my life I have understood the value of plain common sense and practical methods. And what I have put into my course on the cultivation of personality is just as practical as anything can be.

I could go on to tell you more and more about this truly remarkable course, but the space here does not permit. However, I have put some important secrets for you into an inspiring little book called "How" that I want you to read. The Gentlewoman Institute will send it to you entirely free, postpaid, in a plain wrapper, just for the asking.

My advice to you is to send for the free book "HOW" if you want to gain the finest of friends and to possess happiness with contentment that will come to you as the result of a lovely and winning personality.

*Juliette Fara*

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## "But the Fellers Call Him Bill"

(Continued from page 59)

willingness. He *thought* he wanted to go on the stage—but he was not sure, because he had not yet tried it—or anything else.

So he tried directories. But figures and detail work bored him. He was not interested in directories altho he honestly tried to be. His father was disappointed—his mother, well known to the profession in this and other countries, did not want him to go on the stage.

Billie Boyd was twenty-three when he began his stage career—but he began by doing extra parts, receiving, sometimes, the munificent sum of one dollar—fifty cents of which he handed over as a commission. But he had decided and there was no turning back. From these small beginnings he has advanced rapidly. Not only in all the principal cities of America, but in all the provinces he is known as juvenile lead hero of drama or light comedy, in character parts. His last Broadway appearance was in "The Voice in the Dark" and he had just finished a long engagement in Chicago with "Poker Ranch," reaching New York just in time to begin work in the filming of "Blackbirds" in which he is appearing with Justine Johnson in her first Realart picture.

"And have you deserted the stage entirely?" I asked—knowing well what his answer would be, but wishing to get him to talk about himself.

"No indeed!" he said emphatically. "I was glad of the chance to do this picture because I have finished my stage engagement in Chicago and A. H. Woods who has practically signed me for the coming season was not quite decided about the play I was to appear in. So I had time to do this and am enjoying it wonderfully. Funny business—" he commented. "Went to Florida week or so ago to take some scenes. And now, we are doing some scenes that come away ahead of those we took in Florida.

"I'm not used to that—and even tho I know the story, it's a bit confusing. You see I have done only one picture before this—'Virtuous Wives' with Anita Stewart. But I hope it will develop that I can do more. I really like the work very much. Ten years ago," he said, reminiscantly, "George Fitzmaurice tried to persuade me to go with him as a director. I could not see pictures at all at that time—and turned down his proposition."

"You might have made a big success as a director—as Mr. Fitzmaurice has done."

"No," he said decidedly. "I am an actor—and while some actors are good business men—I am not. And I believe a director of motion pictures should be both. As I see it, it's up to the director to make the picture both an artistic and business success. I might take care of the artistic end—but the financial end would be a big gamble. And I couldn't give up the stage. It's my job—it's all I know. So I'll keep the faith—so to speak—and try to justify my choice of a profession. And Billie Boyd would.

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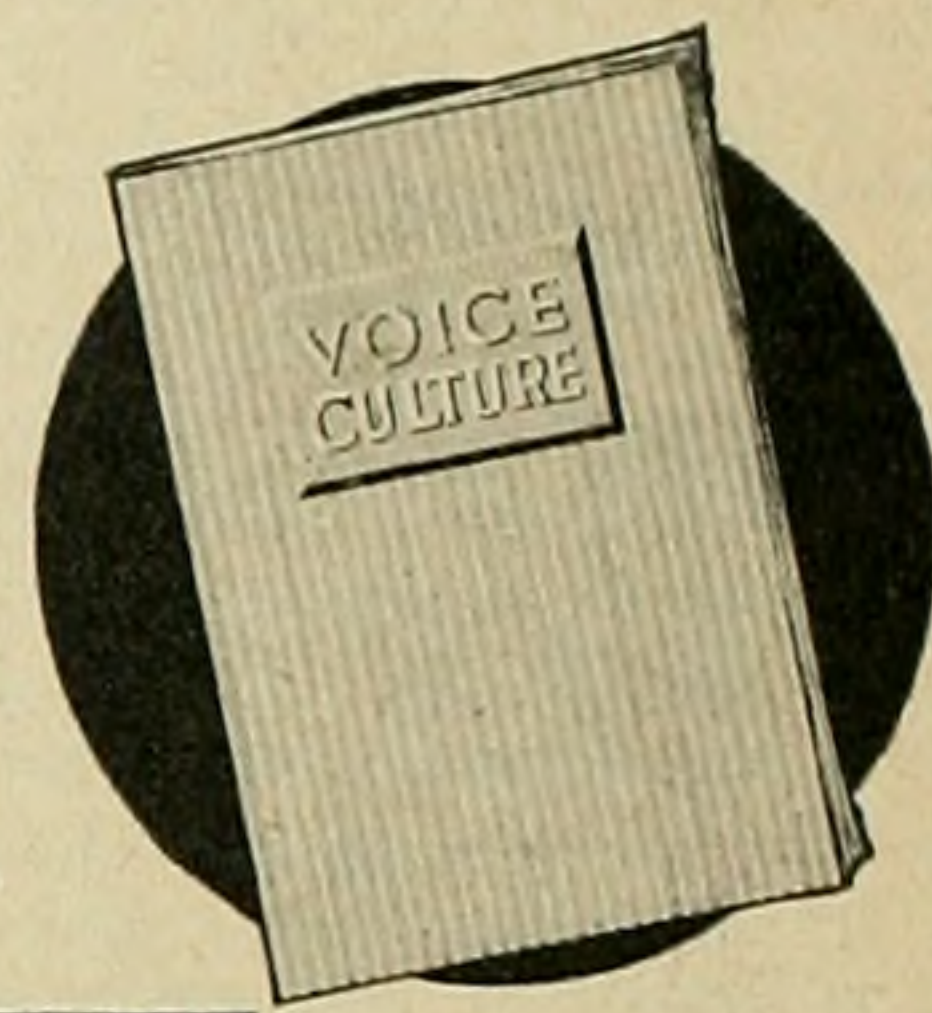
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The Story of Flora Revalles

(Continued from page 72)

more a series of estates than a town . . . and the hotel is surrounded by wide grounds. There seemed to be twice as many stars in the sky as is usual and a little new moon looked very brilliant and very near. One felt as tho in the midst of a stage setting, rather than a scene of reality. There, she told me of a thrilling experience which she had while in the South of Russia. The anecdote deserves a place here because it illustrates so well the daring of her nature.

"I had been in Russia many times," she said, "but never far from civilization. On this occasion just a little stream separated us from a Tartar village where the people were wild and verree cruel. We had been warned, our party, but still I wanted to cross that stream. It was so narrow one could step across it quite easily.

"One day, I was out walking with a friend and we decided to go just a little way. We had hardly crossed the stream when we were surrounded and made prisoners. I was never so afraid in all my life. I was certain that they were going to kill us. They made us prisoners for some time, then they let us go. They said that if ever we came back they would certainly kill us!"

But she had had her own way about crossing the stream; she is that type of woman.

Dorothy Makes Her Bow

(Continued from page 84)

popularity with each succeeding picture, that is if I make good. I am not going into this venture with any false illusions, you may be certain. I sometimes think that I should have worked in small parts, gotten some experience before venturing into being featured in pictures, but circumstances have forced me to act otherwise, and I can only work and wait."

Miss Dickson is one of the most photographed girls in the country. Not an issue of any of the popular magazines seems complete without a photograph of her. The dainty charm of her wistful beauty lends itself with extreme aptitude to the camera, and this is perhaps what the powers that be over at the Famous Players studio realized when they signed Dorothy up with an interesting contract.

We lifted our glass of iced coffee slowly, our thoughts busy with the many gifts which the fairy godmothers had showered upon this one girl-woman. Our eyes chanced to fall on the diamond wrist watch she wore. Choking and sputtering, we came back to earth and gurgled that we had to dash—"no idea it was so late—Heavens! Much work to do."

"Can I drop you anywhere. I'm on my way to finish my shopping," said Dorothy.

"No, thank you. Have to go by subway. Many thanks just the same. Thanks awfully. Good-bye! Good-luck!"

"Good-bye. See you soon, I hope," said Dorothy—and she will!

(Ninety-seven)



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This new method is like a fascinating game. No matter how little you may know about drawing, no matter whether people tell you, "you have no talent," no matter what your present ability may be—if you can write we can teach you to draw.

Have you ever noticed a child trying to draw? Every child does it. They also try to read and write. The faculty of reading and writing is developed in them as they grow older. The faculty of drawing is not. That is the only difference. Everyone has within him the power to picturize his ideas. The right method of training is the only thing needed to bring out this ability.

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of the country sweeps out from the silver-sheet. There is the Bartlett kitchen, the forum of the New England family, there is the Bartlett farmhouse porch, whereon mother does her churning and father reads his paper in the twilight of the departing day, there are vast stretches of hay and daisy fields by summer and frozen roads and snow-swept countryside by winter. Mr. Griffith has caught it all, from the gentle lure of the New England June to the tingling sleigh ride and barn dance days of December.

We do not mean that Griffith has been entirely successful. He has permitted a horrible overdraw of rural comedy characters, following in the footsteps of the original stage version. How easy it would have been to have limned these folk simply and honestly, to have presented them with homely sincerity. But Griffith, we suspect, felt this necessary to meet popular favor. In our critical—and perhaps impractical—way, we doubt it. But, of course, we have no millions at stake, waiting upon the film's success or failure.

We have noted the big thrill of the Griffith "Way Down East." In the stage version, the unhappy Anna merely disappeared out the door of the Bartlett maison into a flurry of fluttering paper. Upon the Griffith screen she struggles thru a real blizzard until she falls unconscious in the midst of an ice jam. Thereupon the ice breaks and Anna is carried upon a careening and steadily dwindling ice cake towards the river falls. The country lover dashes blindly to her rescue and—leaping from one ice block to another—reaches Anna's side as she is about to be swept over the falls. Seizing her, he jumps from ice floe to ice floe until he reaches safety. This sounds tame in the narration. In reality, he seems two or three times to leap from an ice cake just as it plunges over the roaring cataract. We do not know how Griffith accomplished it, but, as we have said, this is unquestionably the biggest thrill since that classic climax of "The Birth of a Nation." At the New York premiere the audience actually leaped to its feet and shouted as Anna, alias Lillian Gish, was carried to safety, by David, otherwise Dick Barthelmess.

Here let us give Miss Gish her just due. Her Anna Moore, a ghastly colorless being on the stage, is one of the biggest things the cinema has ever revealed—if it isn't the biggest. Right now we are rather of the opinion that it tops every histrionic performance of the past. It has slashing moments, as in the hysteria of the baby's death and again when the distraught girl bursts into a denunciation of those who persecute her, but, best of all it is a big, consistent and developing performance. Anna literally grows from wide-eyed girlhood to womanhood before your eyes. Congratulations, Miss Gish!

Mr. Barthelmess is excellent as the country lover. Fine, too, is Burr McIntosh's virile and unbending old Puritan,  
(Continued on page 100)

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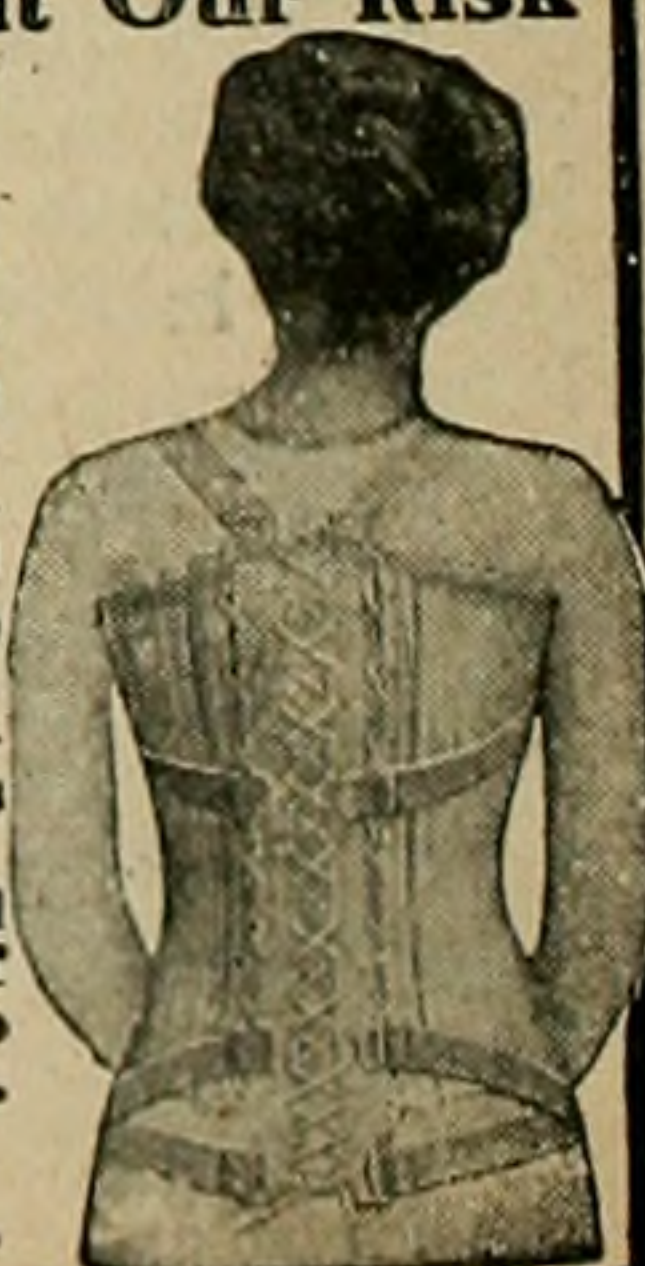
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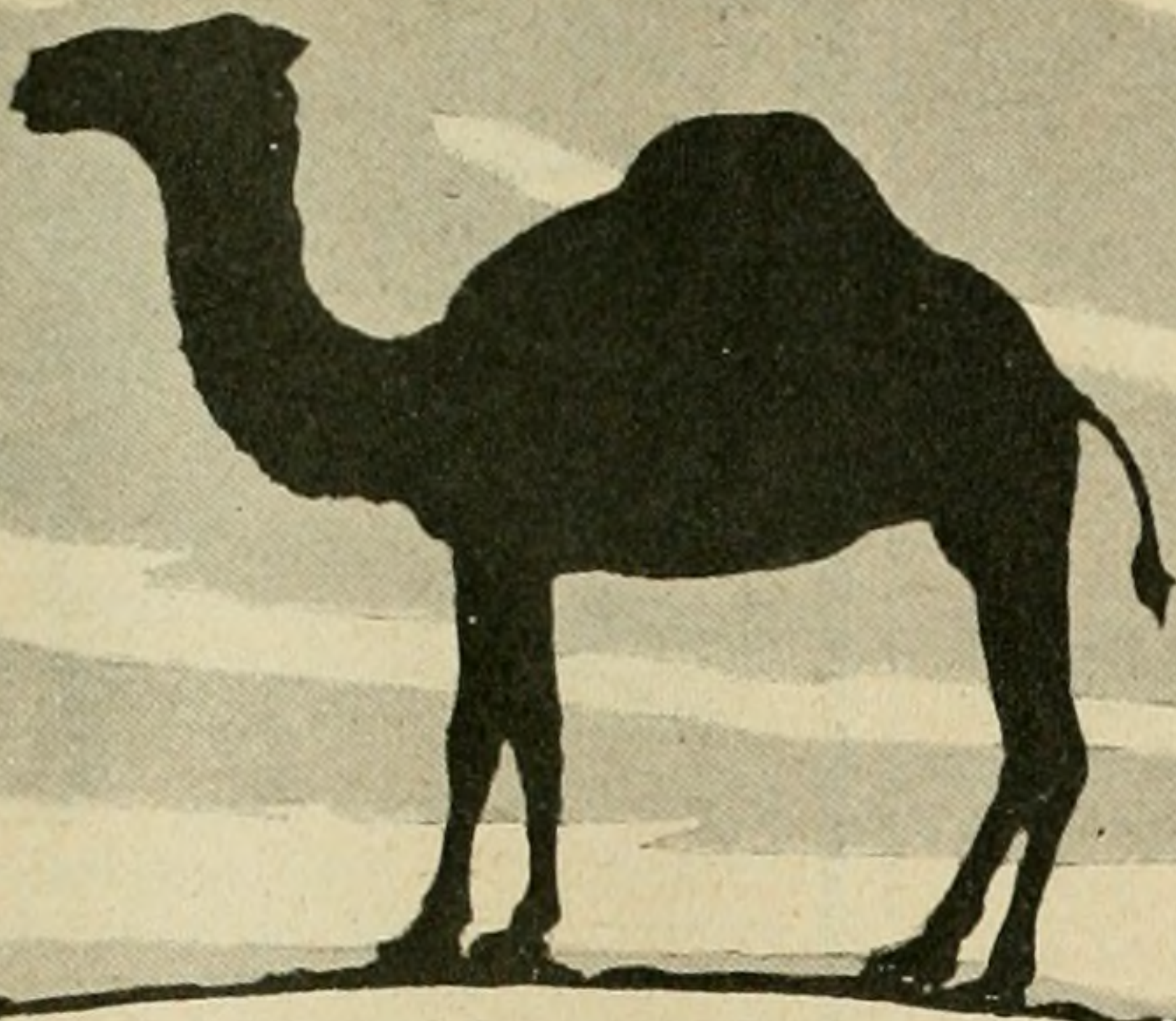
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## The Celluloid Critic (Continued from page 98)

Squire Bartlett, incarnate representative of the New England conscience. He is the atmosphere of "Way Down East." Lowell Sherman is a vivid villain, Kate Bruce is sweet and moving as Mother Bartlett, Mary Hay has cute moments as a city educated farm maiden and Creighton Hale plays a butterfly-hunting scientist with fine—and even subtle—touches of humor. But the rural comedy characters—horrors!

Mr. Griffith has achieved some unusual things here and there, both technically and dramatically. In the last named category comes the scene where he has dared to show the agonies of childbirth. Griffith has utilized the Brewster method of natural color photography for at least a half dozen scenes. Alongside the superb color of Bitzer's matchless photography it seems doubly crude. There are many notable moments photographically. One, which occurs in David's chase of the lost Anna, will cling in our memory. This is a fleeting glimpse of the boy caught in the whirling blizzard, framed by swaying fir trees against a haze of swirling snow.

A minor complaint can be made against the seeming confusion of time in the city and country scenes. Lucile and 1920 reign in the wicked metropolis, while the country is still in the nineties sartorially.

Griffith came near greatness in "Way Down East." He fell short in two things, slowness in reaching the real theme of his story and, in a greater measure, in constantly tearing away the homely and tenderly developed atmosphere with such palpably overdrawn horse-play characters as Hi Holler, Seth Holcomb and Reuben Whipple. But "Way Down East" is so worth while that we predict an endless sort of popularity for it.

And, let us add, you will not forget Miss Gish's performance. It is splendid in every sense of the word.

Lack of space necessitates brief reviews of the various current photoplays: "The Love Flower."—D. W. Griffith's story of a man-hunt in the South Pacific. Griffith lost his theme in prettying a romance between the pursued man's daughter and a young adventurer. Does not seem real anywhere but it establishes Carol Dempster as a cinema personality. Here is a young girl with charm, distinction and vividness. Dick Barthelmess is not at his best.

"The White Circle."—Maurice Tourneur's visualization of Robert Louis Stevenson's "The Pavilion on the Links," another man-hunt with entirely different treatment. Griffith deals in personalities, Tourneur in backgrounds. There are some superb scenes on the lonely moors by night. Spottiswoode Aiken plays an old man frought with fear about his pursuers.

"Lady Rose's Daughter."—Hugh Ford's visualization of the Mrs. Humphrey Ward novel. A study in inherited weakness. Bad continuity and inferior direction handling. Elsie Ferguson was never more unconvincing.

"45 Minutes From Broadway."—  
(Continued on page 101)

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# DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES

(One hundred)

### The Branded Woman

(Continued from page 68)

harm," he whined. "Before God I haven't! All I did was to send a fake message to the day-nursery, where she was workin', for Alvarez. He was on the boat and hired me to find her. If anything's happened—"

He fumbled for a key, fitted it into the lock of a door, and pushed it open. At the moment of his entering a shot sounded. Douglas Courtenay stepped over Craft's jerking body and caught the little figure, holding the smoking revolver, in his arms. "Ruth!" he cried, "Oh my darling—"

She did not look at him. "I thought it was the Spaniard," he felt her shudder. "This afternoon when he brought me here I stole *this* from his pocket—to use when he came back—" she sighed, shuddering, and her weight grew heavy. Douglas Courtenay gathered her in his arms and strode down the stairs, stopping only for a word with those who were hurrying up in answer to the shot.

"Accidental death—I'll see to that!" the old boss said with a kind of pride in his power, "after the formalities are over I'll come to your hotel. Be gentle, boy, and don't say too much! Sure it's words that do more harm than bullets in the world!"

But when Ruth opened reluctant eyes, moments or hours later, to find herself held in her husband's arms, there were no words needed between them. For the deep lines of suffering in his face begged her "Forgive!" and the look in his eyes said "Love." With a little sigh of content she nestled closer and answered both by lifting her lips to his kiss.

### The Celluloid Critic

(Continued from page 100)

Charlie Ray mis-cast as the slangy prize fighter hero of George M. Cohan's famous opus. Has the little human Ray touches but lacks Jerome Storm's directing hand. Remember how Storm could work you up to a pitch of fine enthusiasm over the sale of a mere bond? This is utterly flat. Probably you will like Dorothy Devore as the heroine.

"Civilian Clothes."—The likable Thomas Meighan in Thompson Buchanan's drama built about the handsome soldier who isn't so handsome when he dons his "civies." Cut and dried direction by Hugh Ford results in a colorless picture. Martha Mansfield is pretty but fearfully inadequate dramatically.

"Something to Think About."—This—the latest—Cecil de Mille offering will interest you. De Mille has deserted sex for the spiritual uplift, and he shows what the power of right thinking will do. We wish we had more space to devote to this, for it deserves extended comment. De Mille hits several very effective theatrical moments. Gloria Swanson is more varied than ever before. Elliott Dexter plays sympathetically, and Theodore Roberts is a strong and winning figure.

(One hundred and one)

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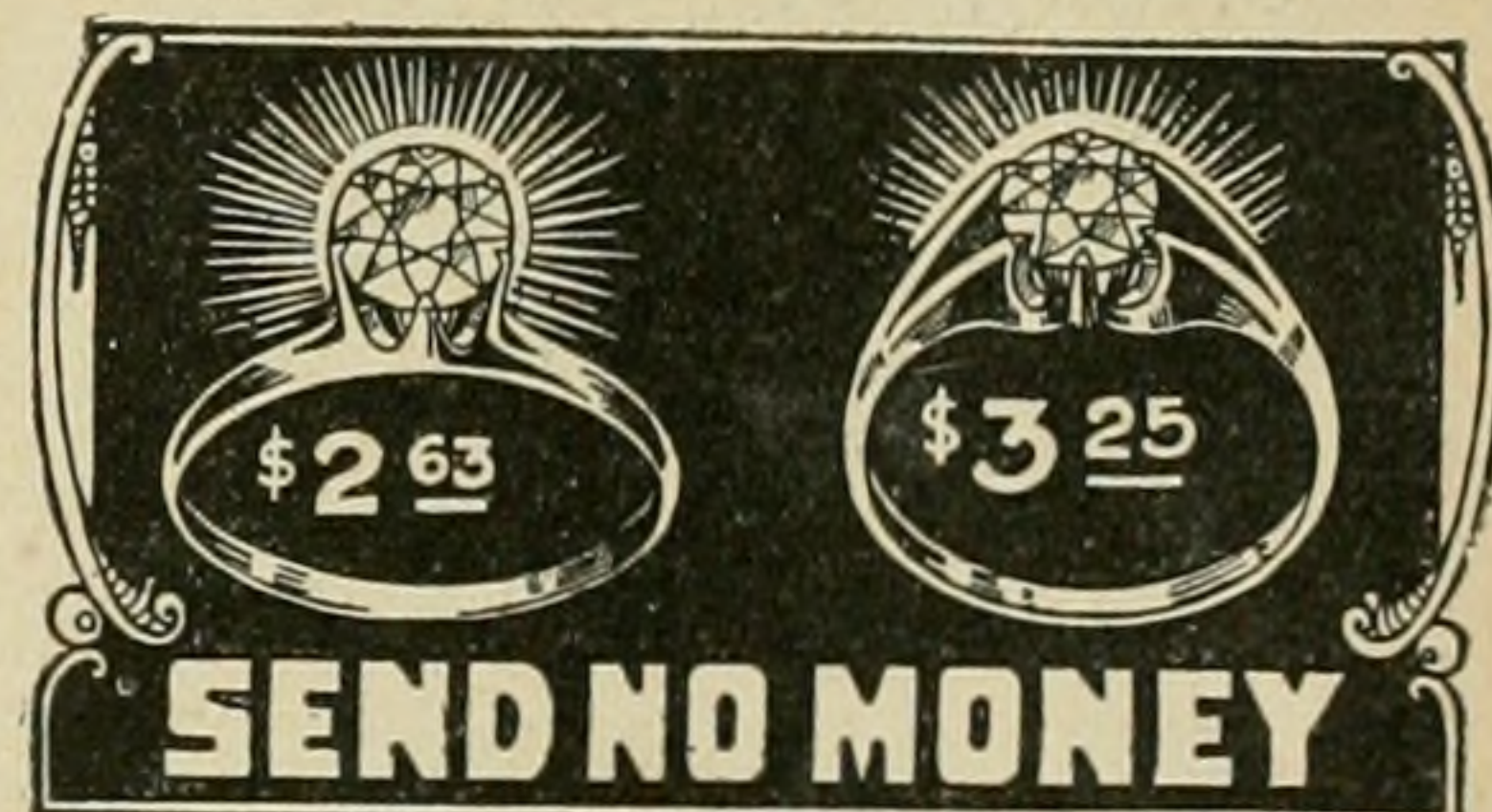
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## Dead Men Tell No Tales

## The Amazing Interview

(Continued from page 61)

in his brand-new limousine and now you have come to interview me!" And she sighed again.

If only I had been a cynic! Marie does not always plan to remain in comedy. Mr. Roach has been developing plans for the production of serious drama and has urged that she stay with him a little longer—until he can put his plans into effect. It is very probable that she will. At least, if she maintains her present record, she will never be very far away, for she has never in all her life been out of the city of Los Angeles!

"But that's not half so silly as the fact that I've never ridden on a railroad train!"

She is delightfully aware of her own uniqueness; a uniqueness, by the way, in which a professional generosity is no small factor. It seemed to me that in her I had discovered the epitome of the spirit of the Rolin studio—surely the most cheery in Los Angeles.

She told me of a brief talk with Harold Lloyd just before my arrival.

"He knew the moment he came in the room that I was terribly upset about something and, of course, when I wouldn't tell him what it was he only grew more curious. In the end I gave in—somehow one always does give in to Harold—and confessed that I was about to be interviewed, and that I was dying of fear that you'd forgotten me, and that it wasn't really for the CLASSIC after all . . . But Harold laughed at me and promised not to tell anyone. You see, I don't want anyone to know until it actually comes out in print. Then I shall take it to Mr. Roach and say, 'There! Now see what you've done to me!'"

In her home, a bungalow in Hollywood where she lives with her mother, Marie is much the same as at the studio; a little less restrained perhaps, with the actress side of her for the moment obliterated, the chum of a splendid collie dog, whom she has brought up since his third day on this earthly globe. That he is burdened with the conventional name of "Shep" makes him none the less beloved.

In common with so many, many other young actresses Marie is a worshipper of the elder Talmadge. To be somewhat like her, to accomplish something of her success, to achieve a title of her perfection . . . that would be enough. She asks no more. But like all others who will ever rise to any greatness Marie is so essentially herself that she could never be a second anybody. She must be an "only" or nothing at all.

I was still persistent. I wanted a glimpse of her inner self. There had seemed to be a reserve, and so I said again: "But tell me something of yourself, something that is not of your work, nor of your dog, but just of you."

"I?" She looked rather frightened, but took heart at my smile. When the words came they came suddenly, as if they had at last broken out of a secret chamber of her heart . . . "Oh, I just want to be good, good now and always!"

If only I had been a cynic!



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(One hundred and two)

# The Motion Picture Magazine

for

**DECEMBER**

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And who can resist the blue-eyed appeal of **Hope Hampton**, the Girl on the Cover? Gladys Hall has interviewed Hope for this number.

The **Blonde Blanche Sweet** has been cornered by C. Blythe Sherwood and tells us things about herself which we knew not of.

The **Rainbow Chasers** is an unusually interesting story on extracts from letters to the scenario editor.

Hazel Naylor chats with **Forrest Stanley**, that handsome new leading man of Cecile de Mille's! **George Walsh**, **Niles Welch**, **Jack Pickford**, **Clyde Fillmore** and **Enid Bennett** are a few of the others whose stories appear in this coming issue. The gallery is an unusually attractive one.

THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

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## Cartoonists Make Big Money



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Men who can make people laugh are highly paid for doing so. By capitalizing their humorous ideas and their ability to draw, cartoonists like Fox, Briggs, King, and Smith make \$10,000 to \$100,000 a year. You may have ideas that are equally good. Let Federal training give you the skill to put them on paper.

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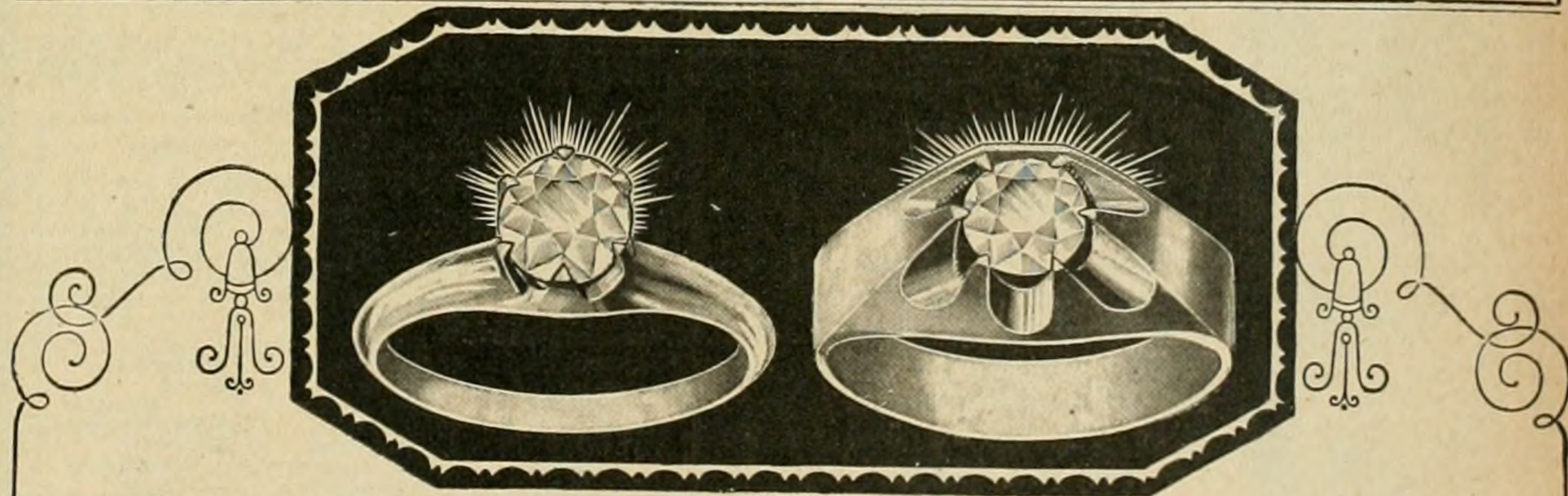
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By L. Case Russell

Do you think you can write "as good" stories as you see on the screen? You can write them 100% better. Master the technique of photoplay writing so simply presented in this little book. A child can understand it. Send 50-cents in stamps

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**Send No Money** Just send us the coupon with your name, address and finger size and we will send you either ring you prefer. When it comes make the first deposit (\$4.75) with the postman. Wear it 10 full days. If you can tell it from a diamond send it back and we'll refund your deposit. If you decide to buy, merely pay the balance at \$2.50 a month. The total price of either ring is only \$18.75.

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Name.....

Address.....

Gossip of the Eastern Studios

(Continued from page 51)

the big climax, standing and cheering. Lillian Gish, Dick Barthelmess and Lowell Sherman were present and the audience insisted upon a speech from Miss Gish. Mr. Griffith was also called upon. Mary Hay (Mrs. Barthelmess) was unable to be present, being on a visit to relatives in Oshkosh, Wis.

News has reached New York of the death of Susanne Grandais, "the Mary Pickford of France," in Paris. Some of her films reached this country from the French Gaumont studios.

The usual autumn business changes have been under way. Samuel Goldwyn has resigned as president and F. J. Godsol as vice-president of Goldwyn Pictures. Messmore Kendall was made managing-director, pending the election of a president.

Vitagraph announces that Antonio Moreno is at last to be shifted from serials to features. Good news this!

The exodus of stars to the other side has continued all summer. Among those who crossed were Norma and Constance Talmadge, Dorothy Gish and Mrs. Gish; Mae Murray and her husband, Bob Leonard, and Mme. Olga Petrova. Theda Bara returned and went on tour in her stage play, "The Blue Flame." She is booked for a tour of twenty weeks.

Tragedy ended the Paris visit of Olive Thomas and her husband, Jack Pickford. Miss Thomas died of mercurial poisoning on September 11.

Alice Joyce called Mrs. Sydney Drew from her camp in the Adirondacks to direct her in a Vitagraph production, "Cousin Kate." Mrs. Drew may do another story to follow "Cousin Kate."

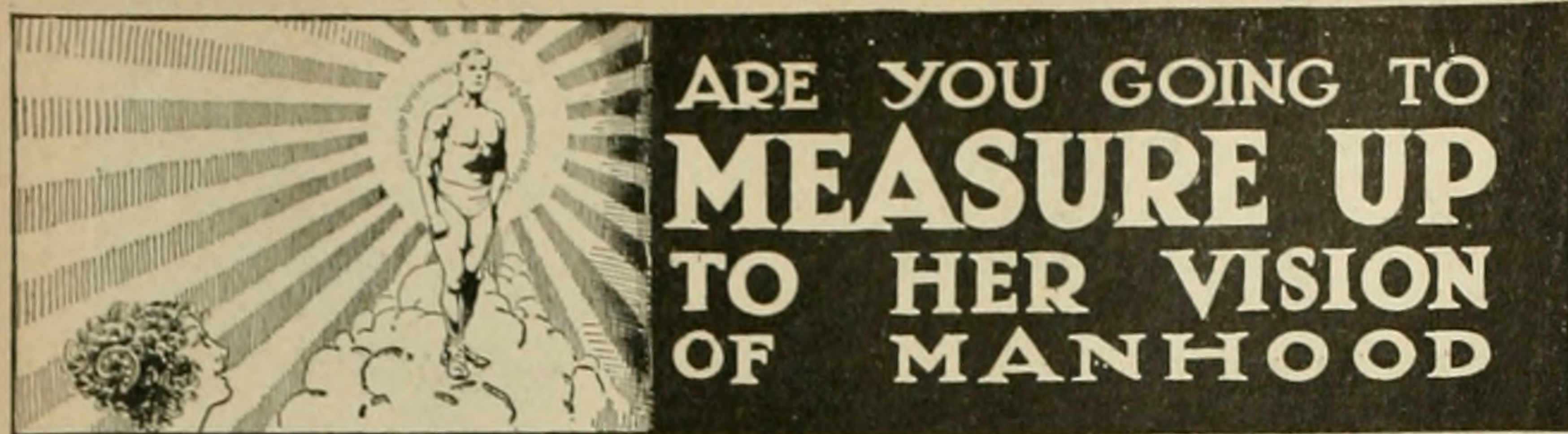
Jerome Storm was secured to direct Lillian Gish in her first star production under the Sherrill banner. Miss Gish has experienced considerable delay in getting started, owing to story changes, etc. Mr. Storm will start work on Jerome Storm Productions shortly, a million dollar organization having been completed.

Much interest has been aroused in the East over the reports that King Vidor is to direct Ralph Connor's "The Sky-Pilot." This will be the next Vidor production to follow "The Jack Knife Man," which scored so heavily in the East. Joseph Plunkett, manager of the New York Strand Theater, called it the best film he had offered this year.

Pacific Coast Paragraphs

(Continued from page 50)

mitted to watch scenes being taken. Of the actresses present, Marjorie Daw was by far their favorite and, no wonder, for in her simple but smart little brown taffeta frock she looked very, very pretty. Then, too, one couldn't help admiring her charming manner, neither affected nor spoiled. She was wholly natural and a little bit shy over the fuss the three hundred middies made over her.



Are You Physically Fit?

Do you look forward serenely, confidently, towards the day when you will wed the girl you cherish? Do you see in your day dreams a loving, admiring wife and sturdy children of your own flesh and blood and a dear little, happy home? This is the picture every man ought to be able some day to realize. But you may be one of the thousands, who, for one reason or another—known only to yourself perhaps—have stumbled into youthful errors which have discouraged and weakened you and made you almost hopeless of ever being happily married. You fear the consequences of deception. You hesitate to make love, lest you make a miserable mess of some sweet girl's life. Life looks mighty gloomy to you.

But don't be disheartened. There is hope for even the frailest of humanity, for both sexes of whatever age.

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I Want To Help You

Strongfortism has lifted thousands of weak, ailing, impotent, discouraged men out of the bog of hopelessness and despair and placed them on the broad, straight road to health, happiness and prosperity. Strongfortism has restored the manhood they had destroyed and thought they had lost forever and given the renewed vitality, ambition and the power to DO THINGS in the world. Strongfortism has enabled them to beget children who will make citizens of whom both they and their country will be proud.

And you do want children, don't you? Of course you do—and you shall be a proud father, with healthy kiddies at your feet, if you listen to my advice and take my hand and let me help you to be a real man.

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Strongfortism is a long stride ahead of any so-called physical culture course or system that you know of. It embraces all the essentials of such systems, but is not limited to them—it goes far beyond, reaching out to a variety of Nature's aids, employing them to an advantage that brings surprising results to every Strongfort follower.

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- |              |                  |                   |
|--------------|------------------|-------------------|
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| ..Hay Fever  | ..Torpid Liver   | ..Shoulder        |
| ..Asthma     | ..Indigestion    | ..Lung Troubles   |
| ..Obesity    | ..Nervousness    | ..Muscular        |
| ..Headache   | ..Poor Memory    | ..Development     |
| ..Thinness   | ..Rheumatism     | ..Advanced        |
| ..Rupture    | ..Gastritis      | ..Course          |
| ..Lumbago    | ..Heart Weak-    | ..Manhood         |
| ..Neuritis   | ..ness           | ..Restored        |
| ..Neuralgia  | ..Poor Circula-  | ..Easy Child-     |
| ..Flat Chest | ..tion           | ..birth           |
| ..Deformity  | ..Increased      | ..Successful      |
| (Describe)   | ..Height         | ..Marriage        |
| ..Insomnia   | ..Skin Disorders | ..Healthy         |
| ..Youthful   | ..Impotency      | ..Children        |
| ..Errors     | ..Great Strength | ..Vital Depletion |
| ..Short Wind | ..Falling Hair   | ..Female Dis-     |
| ..Flat Feet  | ..Weak Eyes      | ..orders          |
| ..Stomach    | ..Pimples        | ..Weak Back       |
| Disorders    | ..Blackheads     |                   |

Here Mention Other Subjects not listed above

Name .....

Age ..... Occupation .....

Street .....

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



# History Repeats Itself!

## The Fame and Fortune Contest of 1921

**T**HE phenomenal success of the Fame and Fortune Contest which has been conducted for the past year by THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, THE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND have firmly decided the heads of the Brewster Publications that another contest, even more far-reaching in its power, should be started immediately for the year 1921.

*The Golden Key of Opportunity is in Your Hands—Turn the Key in the Doorway of Success*

and thru the portal of the Fame and Fortune Contest you may enter the kingdom of the screen.

*Photographs May be Entered at Once*

and the first honor roll winners will appear in the *January* issues of each of our publications.

*Send In Your Photograph Early*

We know that you get tired of reading this notice, but if you could have seen the avalanche of pictures which flooded the offices at the last moment, and could realize that there must ensue tremendous confusion, unnecessary work, and inevitable delay in the announcement of the final winners, you would appreciate the value of this Warning. Those who have failed in previous contests are eligible to enter the next contest.

Fill Out The Coupon Below At Once

**FAME AND FORTUNE CONTEST**  
CLASSIC ENTRANCE COUPON

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Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any.....

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Weight..... Height.....

(This coupon, or a similar one of your own making, must be secured to the back of each photo submitted.)



**NOTE:** In the gardens of the Chateau de Lude in France. It was such scenes that the French chevaliers, the forefathers of the modern Creoles, left behind them to establish the colony of Nouvelle Orleans (New Orleans). The Creoles are of pure French and Spanish blood, and their wonderful hair is a mark of their descent as well as of the care given it. They have always retained the "secrets de toilette" as well as the charm bequeathed them by their aristocratic ancestors.

## For Beautiful Hair

Take the advice of highest medical authorities

**E**VERYONE (men, women and children) should have healthy hair. Nature provided it in the beginning. Proper treatment will preserve it through life.

The most eminent authorities have prescribed the way to prevent the loss of the hair's life and luxuriance.

### Simple directions

Two or three times a week apply "La Creole" Hair Tonic to the scalp. Moisten the hair and scalp thoroughly. Massage with a rotary motion of the finger tips. Scalp circulation is then stimulated, the hair roots supplied with needed nourishment and dandruff quickly eliminated. You will notice an immediate improvement in the loveliness of your hair.

### Proper shampooing

Absolute cleanliness is essential for beautiful, healthy hair. The scalp is constantly throwing off old skin and extraneous substances. If the pores and hair tubes are clogged with dirt and perspiration, a healthy condition is impossible. Regularly every ten days or two weeks shampoo the hair thoroughly with "La Creole" Liquid Shampoo.

"La Creole" Liquid Shampoo is made from an exclusive Menthol formula of purest cocoanut and cochin oils. You will instantly notice the delightful, cooling effect from its use. The hair becomes soft and lustrous—dries quickly—and the scalp and pores glow with clean health and vigor. Always apply "La Creole" Hair Tonic after shampooing.

When purchasing "La Creole" Liquid Shampoo be sure to get "La Creole" Hair Tonic also, because the formula of each is designed to aid the other.

### Highest authorities

The Council of the American Medical Association (the highest authority known) has recognized Resorcinol Monoacetate for the treatment of dandruff (seborrheal eczema) and baldness (alopecia-areata)—the common foes of beautiful hair. Resorcinol Monoacetate is the principal ingredient of "La Creole" Hair Tonic. Thus science approves this wonderful preparation. Abundant vigorous hair is now easily attained.



"La Creole" Hair Tonic, 75c

"La Creole" Hair Dressing, \$1.00



"La Creole" Liquid Shampoo, 50c

At Drug Stores and Department Stores

# "La Creole"

### "La Creole" Hair Dressing

is a treatment for the gradual restoration of the Natural Dark Color to hair that has grown gray, gray-streaked or faded. Refinement approves its use.

If you cannot obtain these preparations at advertised prices—write us direct and we will see that you are supplied.

**LA CREOLE LABORATORIES**  
Memphis, Tenn.

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Please send booklet, "La Creole—Hair Beautiful," teaching the hair dress becoming each individual.

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## Poor Complexions Respond To Home Electric Massage

If you would have your skin delightfully fresh, clear and blemish-free, with that fine, velvety delicacy and radiant glow you admire so much in other women—then begin to-day to give your complexion the famous "Star" home massage treatment! You'll be delighted to see how your poor, neglected skin responds to this stimulating building-up of the tissues. And, almost instantly,

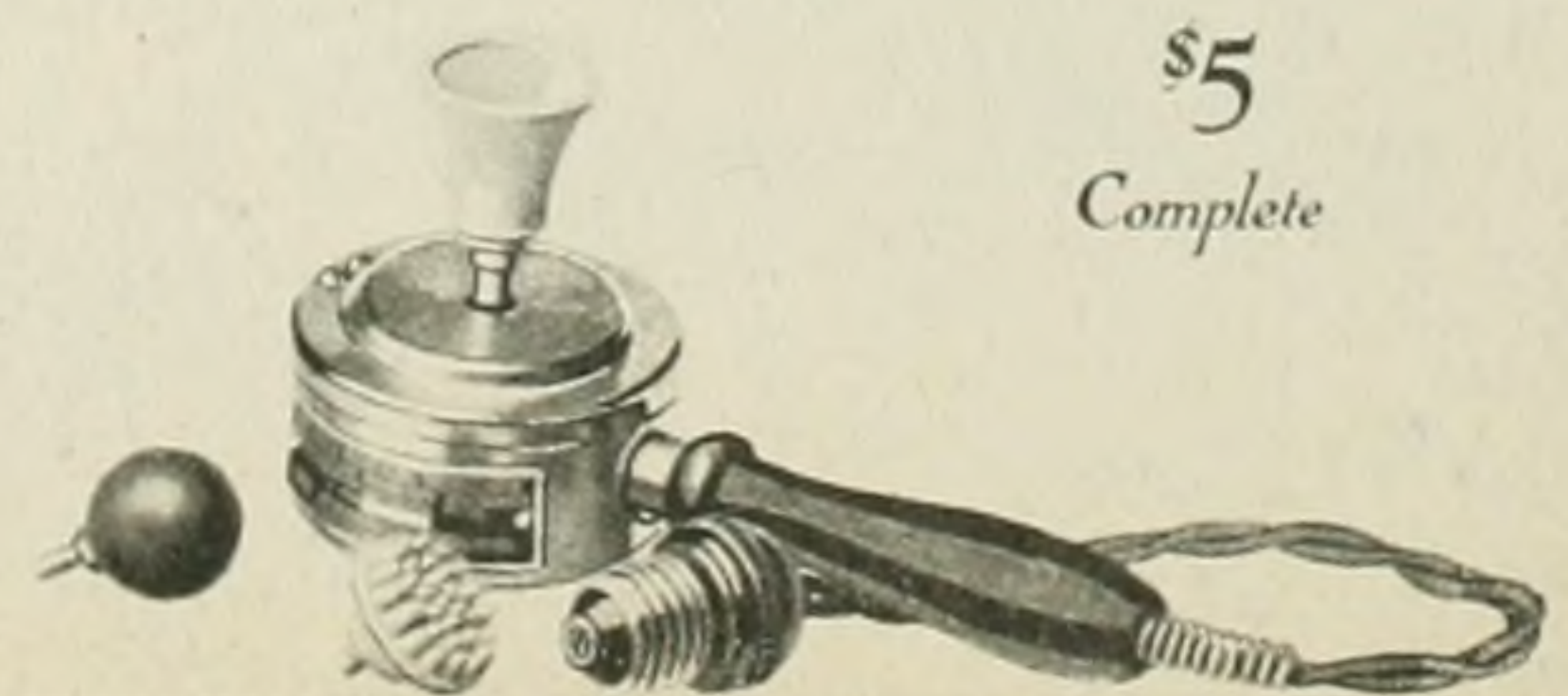
you will note a marked improvement in your color.

The "Star" softens, cleanses and relieves the tiny pores of dangerous germs, alleviates irritation, soreness and roughness and gives nature an honest chance to bring back the pure, colorful complexion of youth.

Your favorite screen and stage stars use and enthusiastically endorse the Star Vibrator as an indispensable aid to

health, as well as to beauty! Try the "Star" for your hair and scalp; fatigue; nervous headaches; insomnia; sore, stiff muscles; rheumatism, etc. For sale and demonstrated free at drug, department, and electrical-goods stores. Or direct from us if not at your local dealer's. Price \$5 complete (in Canada, \$7.50). Fitzgerald Mfg. Co., Dept. 216, Torrington, Conn. We also make The Star Massage Shower Spray, the ideal way to bathe. Get one. \$5 complete.

# The STAR Electric Massage VIBRATOR



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Old Dutch Cleanser makes easy work of cleaning floors. Keeps linoleum, wood, stone and tile spick-and-span.

Dampen floor and sprinkle Cleanser lightly over the surface, apply the mop, rinse and wipe up.

Use Old Dutch for all general cleaning. Goes further and does better work; saves time and labor.