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MOTION.PICTURE.

JULY

20 Cts.

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Whenever you feel like dancing, when a few friends stop in, when soldier and sailor boys are home on furlough, the Victrola is always ready with the music.

Music so superb as to take the place of an orchestra, and yet so accessible that you can have an impromptu dance at any time.

In camp and on shipboard the Victrola enables our boys in the service to have their little dances, too.

Everywhere the Victrola and Victor Dance Records are a constant invitation to dance — a source of keen, wholesome pleasure.

Hear the newest Victor Dance Records today at any Victor dealer's. He will gladly play any music you wish to hear and demonstrate the various styles of the Victor and Victrola—\$10- to \$400.

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"Victrola" is the Registered Trade-mark of the Victor Talking Machine Company designating the products of this Company only.



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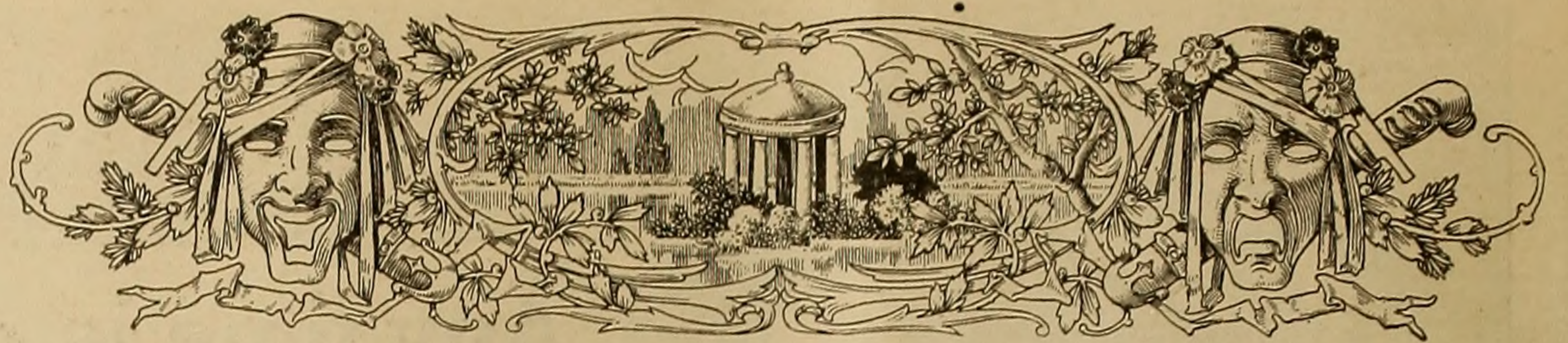
LISTEN!

Your Magazine may be late! But what of it?

Coöperation is the link that is holding the hearts and minds of the American people together in this time of heartache and worry. We, the American people, are quickly reaching the place where petty annoyances and grievances are pushed aside for the Greater Object.

Now that summer is here, every State in the Union is busy shipping out its products. Added to that, each State is busy transporting its men and supplies to the various training camps. With this additional burden, the railroads have become congested and many things delayed.

We are doing our best to get your MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE to you on time. We may not succeed. The government may be using your railroad line in an emergency call, and your Magazine may be temporarily sidetracked. What if it is a few days late? The reading matter will be just as good and the pictures will be just as new when you do get it. If your Magazine doesn't come just when it should, don't find fault. Coöperate! It is the spirit of the times.



The Exhibitors' Verdict

What the Picture-Theater Managers Say of the Plays and Players

Does a play draw the crowds? Does it please the public? These are vital questions to determine a play's success or failure, and the exhibitor is the only person who can answer them impartially.

So thru the courtesy of *Motography*, a leading trade journal which makes weekly canvasses of exhibitors and publishes the results in a department called "What the Picture Did for Me," we are enabled to give our readers this interesting inside information.

ARTCRAFT

Amarilly of Clothesline Alley, with Mary Pickford—"We held them out for two and a half hours with this."—Adelphi Theater, Chicago.

Amarilly of Clothesline Alley, with Mary Pickford—"A fine picture but Mary is losing out here."—Columbia Theater, Provo, Utah.

Amarilly of Clothesline Alley, with Mary Pickford—"A great picture but only fair business."—Rivoli Theater, Saugus, Mass.

The Whispering Chorus, with Kathlyn Williams—"A good production but so gruesome that it was not liked."—Adelphi Theater, Chicago.

The Whispering Chorus, with Kathlyn Williams—"A pretty fair story but there is nothing to base your advertising on."—Majestic Theater, Camden, S. C.

A Modern Musketeer, with Douglas Fairbanks—"A one-hundred-per-cent picture. The best of them all. Book it quick."—Colonial Theater, Orange, Cal.

Reaching for the Moon, with Douglas Fairbanks—"Not Fairbanks' best but very good. Liked by the majority. Good drawing power."—Bell Theater, Chicago.

Barbary Sheep, with Elsie Ferguson—"A good picture of its kind but the kind does not entertain the majority. The story is good and Miss Ferguson makes good."—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

Rose of the World, with Elsie Ferguson—"A good picture. Some night battle scenes that stood out well."—Star Theater, Decorah, Ia.

The Devil Stone, with Geraldine Farrar—"This was liked the best of any of the Farrar pictures. Surely an all-star cast."—Star Theater, Decorah, Ia.

Wolves of the Rail, with William S. Hart—"Drew a capacity house and is some picture. Everybody was well satisfied. Hart is very popular here."—Gayety Theater, Payson, Utah.

Stella Maris, with Mary Pickford—"A very good production. Mary in a dual rôle. Drew an average crowd and pleased them very much."—Gayety Theater, Payson, Utah.

The Little American, with Mary Pickford—"Easily one of this famous star's best. Went over big to capacity business."—Dreamland Theater, Chester, S. C.

The Pride of the Clan, with Mary Pickford—"Very good. Star well liked."—Ruby Theater, Ruby, Mont.

Wild and Woolly, with Douglas Fair-

banks—"Fine. Western people like Western stuff."—Ruby Theater, Ruby, Mont.

BLUEBIRD

The Red, Red Heart, with Monroe Salisbury—"Did bigger business than with most specials. Bluebirds have a following all their own."—Rivoli Theater, Saugus, Mass.

Fires of Rebellion, with Dorothy Phillips—"This is one of the best five-reel features I ever had."—Wonderland Theater, Wonderland, Ia.

A Kentucky Cinderella, with Ruth Clifford—"A fine subject, but the leaders and titles were in poor condition. Picture pleased the patrons."—Wonderland Theater, Buckeye, Ia.

The Little Orphan, with Ella Hall—"Ella always pleases. This drew good business."—Wonderland Theater, Buckeye, Ia.

A Doll's House, with Dorothy Phillips—"Good. It is pleasing to hear your patrons say as they go out. 'It was great.'"—Wonderland Theater, Buckeye, Ia.

Bringing Home Father, with Franklyn Farnum—"A dandy. Did big business."—Wonderland Theater, Buckeye, Ia.

Southern Justice, with Myrtle Gonzalez—"Fair. Did only small business because of bad weather."—Wonderland Theater, Buckeye, Ia.

Hands Down, with Monroe Salisbury—"A great picture. The star is surely coming to the front. He is wonderful. Book all of his pictures."—Colonial Theater, Orange, Cal.

FOX

Du Barry, with Theda Bara (Fox Standard)—"A good picture of its kind but my people don't want costume plays."—Dreamland Theater, Chester, S. C.

Mutt and Jeff Comedies—"Going great. Run in connection with a serial."—Lyric Theater, Platte Center, Neb.

Western Blood, with Tom Mix—"A very clever, clean-cut comedy-drama. Mix does some very clever work. The picture went over exceptionally well with us and I believe it will make good either in a neighborhood house or one playing to a transient patronage."—Acme Theater, Chicago.

A Daughter of France, with Virginia Pearson—"After the censor board got thru with this, it was a question whether it was a scenic or a drama. About the only things left of the original were the titles and the finish. It is a crime to let a censor board destroy a picture in this manner. It would have been better if Fox had held this up rather than release it so cut up."—Boston Theater, Chicago.

Rough and Ready, with William Farnum—"As usual, Bill is still fighting. This picture was well received. Patrons were pleased and business good."—Alcazar Theater, Chicago.

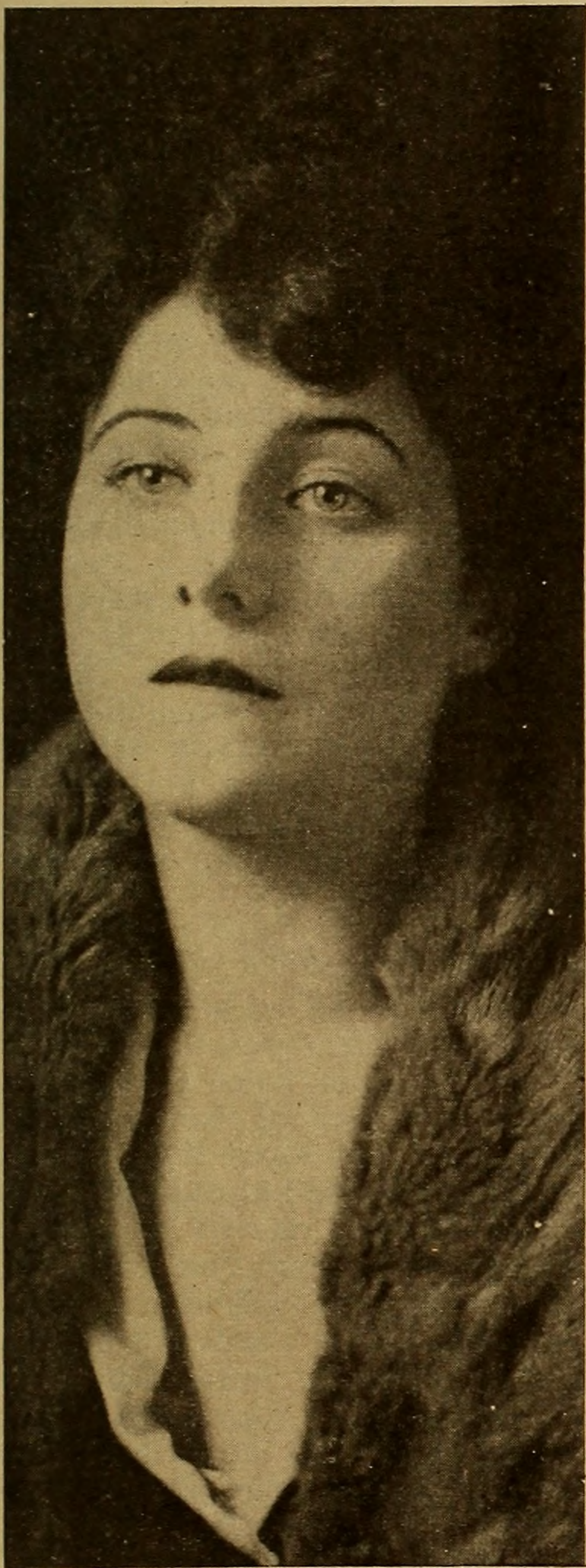
The Pride of New York, with George Walsh—"This is the greatest program

(Continued on page 8)

What a Star's Mail Brings

DEAR MISS VANCE—The chief editor of the Kino, the Foreign Motion Picture magazine in Japan, request you would be so very benign as to bestow some kinds of your latest photographs on me to be able to publish your beautiful portraits and your name on this magazine.

To insert a composition about the foreign famous actress in this magazine is under the greatest demand of our readers, accordingly I determined to write about you this time to let them know so much as Mary Pickford in America to all



JANE VANCE

the people who live in Japan either Japanese or Foreigner, either lover of Motion Picture or not, to all to them since it is a human being.

Therefore be pleased for the sake of the magazine, help me and give me your stories about the silent drama if you had leisure to write, and let me make a finest magazine as the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is, having so many portraits you had given me, which need not blush even when it is sent to your country.

Altho it appears there are many mistakes in this letter, even in this very phrase and still more so many points out of polite, please forgive me for the sake of Japanese who usually speak only Japanese Language.

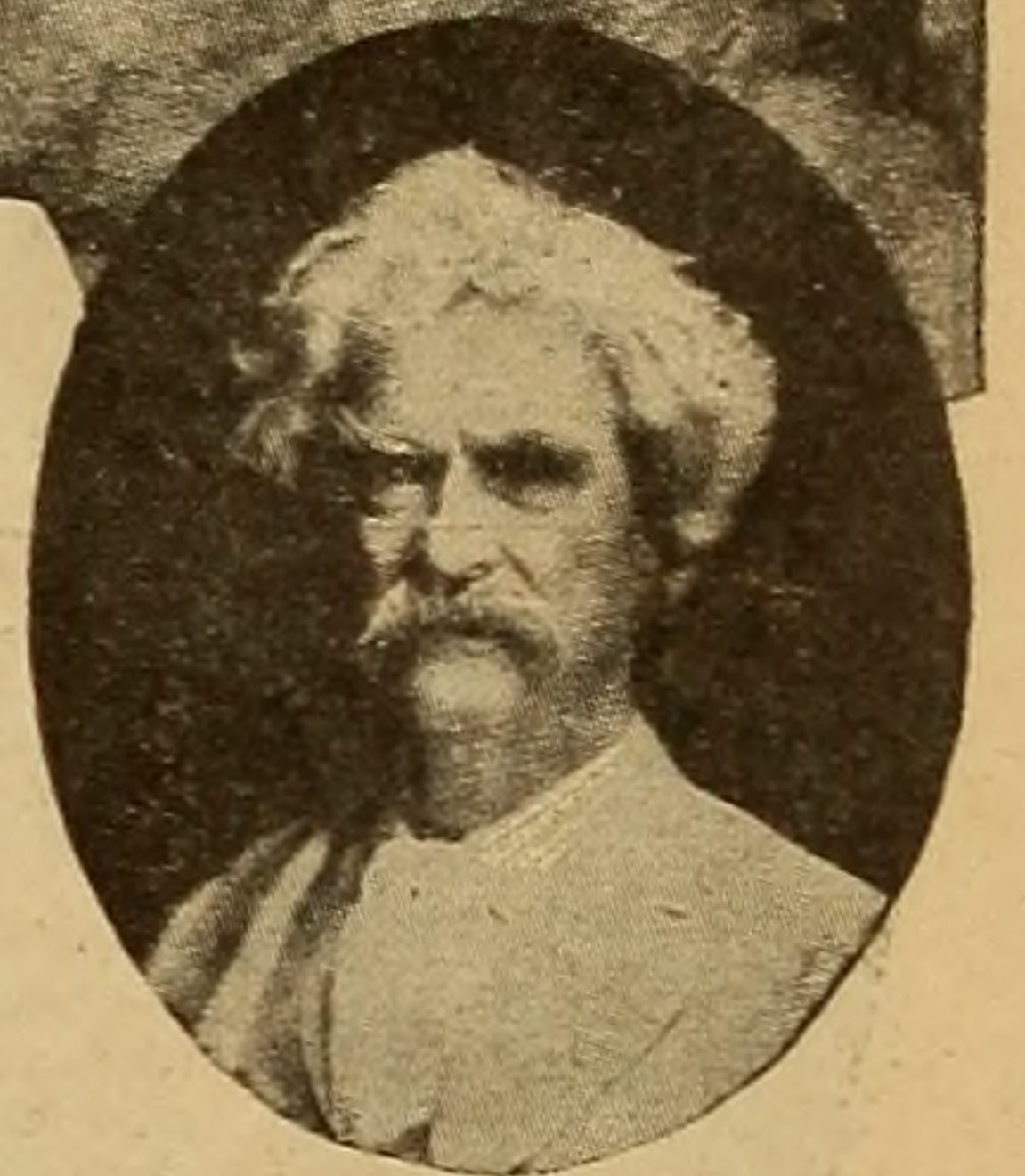
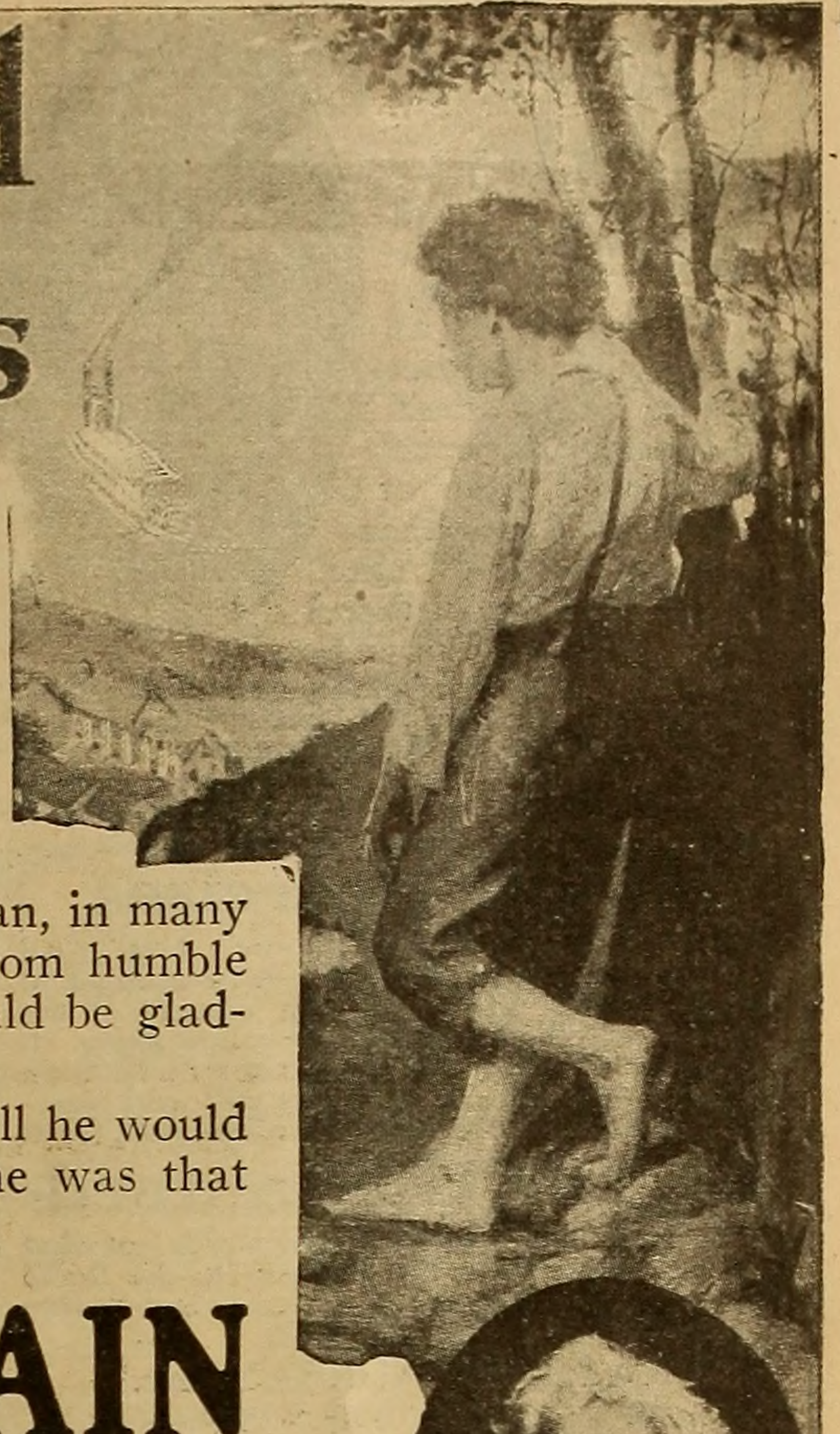
Yours most truly, R. K. YASUDA.

He walked with Kings

He could not know, standing there in his bare feet and his rough clothes, with his little schooling, that kings would do him honor when he died, and that all men who read would mourn a friend.

He could not dream that one day his work would stand in Chinese, in Russian, in many languages he could not read—and from humble doorman to proudest emperor, all would be gladdened at his coming.

He could not know that through it all he would remain as simple, as democratic, as he was that day as a boy on the Mississippi.



MARK TWAIN

25 VOLUMES

NOVELS
SHORT STORIES

HUMOR
ESSAYS

TRAVEL
HISTORY

He made us laugh, so that we had no time to see that his style was sublime, that he was biblical in simplicity, that he was to America another Lincoln in spirit.

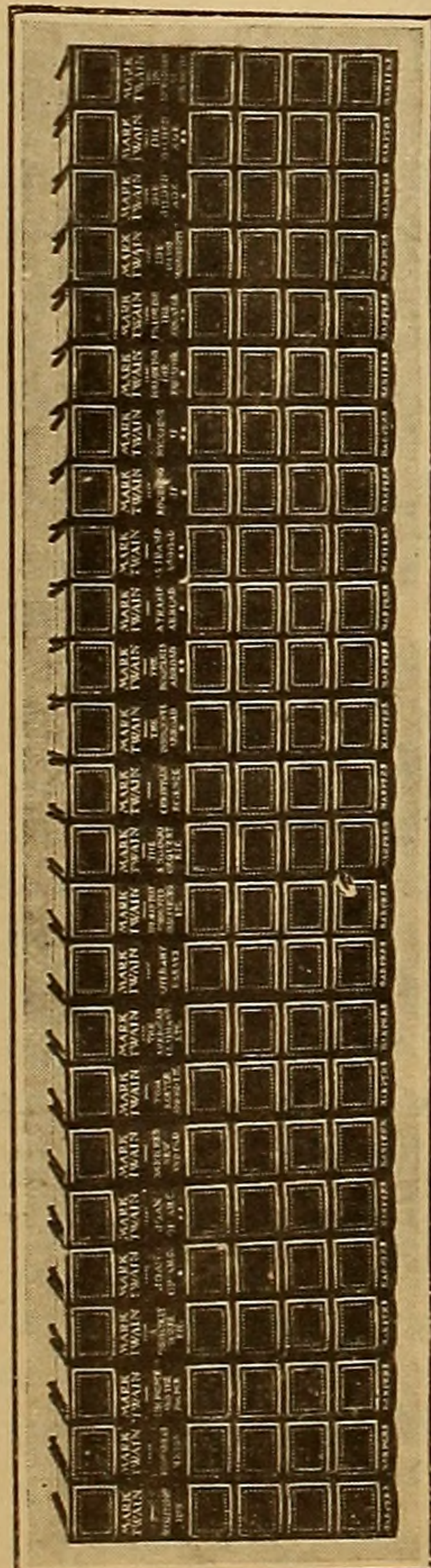
He Was a Great Man; So His Works are Great

The road ahead of that boy on the river bank was a hard one. Before "Mark Twain," a distinguished, white-haired man, and the King of England walked and talked together, his path was set with troubles that would have broken a weaker spirit. It was a truly American story—a small beginning—little schooling—hard work—disaster—good humor—and final, shining, astounding success.

He fought with poverty, he fought with disaster, he lost those dearest to him. But he won. Because he was of high and brave intellect, because he had humor as deep and as true as the human heart, and because he had struggled with life, he was a great man. So his works are great.

The Great American

He was American. He had the idealism of America—the humor, the kindness, the reaching toward a bigger thing, the simplicity. In his work we find all things, from the ridiculous in "Huckleberry Finn" to the sublime of "Joan of Arc,"—the most spiritual book that was ever written in the English language, of serene and lovely beauty as lofty as Joan herself. A man who could write two such books as "Huckleberry Finn" and "Joan of Arc," was sublime in power. His youth and his laughter are eternal; his genius will never die.



Low-Price Sale Must Stop

Mark Twain wanted everyone in America to own a set of his books. So one of the last things he asked was that we make a set at so low a price that everyone might own it. He said, "Don't make fine editions. Don't make editions to sell for \$200 and \$300 and \$1000. Make good books, books good to look at and easy to read, and make their price low." So we have made this set. And up to now we have been able to sell it at this low price.

Rising costs make it impossible to continue the sale of Mark Twain at a low price. New editions will cost very much more than this Author's National Edition. A few months ago we had to raise the price a little. That raise in price was a very small one. It does not matter much if you missed it. But now the price must go up again. You must act at once. You must sign and mail the coupon now. If you want a set at a popular price, do not delay. This edition will soon be withdrawn, and then you will pay considerably more for your Mark Twain.

The last of the edition is in sight. There will never again be a set of Mark Twain at the present price. Remember that it is because Mark Twain sacrificed some of his royalties that you can have a set at this price at all. Take advantage of that kindness that was so characteristic of him.

Send Coupon—No Money—Today

Get your set before these go. Remember, never again will a set of Mark Twain be offered at such a price as this. When this edition is gone there will be no more. Send the coupon herewith at once.

Send me, all charges prepaid, a set of Mark Twain's works, in 25 volumes, illustrated, bound in handsome green cloth, stamped in gold, with trimmed edges. If not satisfactory, I will return them at your expense. Otherwise I will send you \$1 within 5 days and \$2 a month for 14 months, thus getting the benefit of your sale price.

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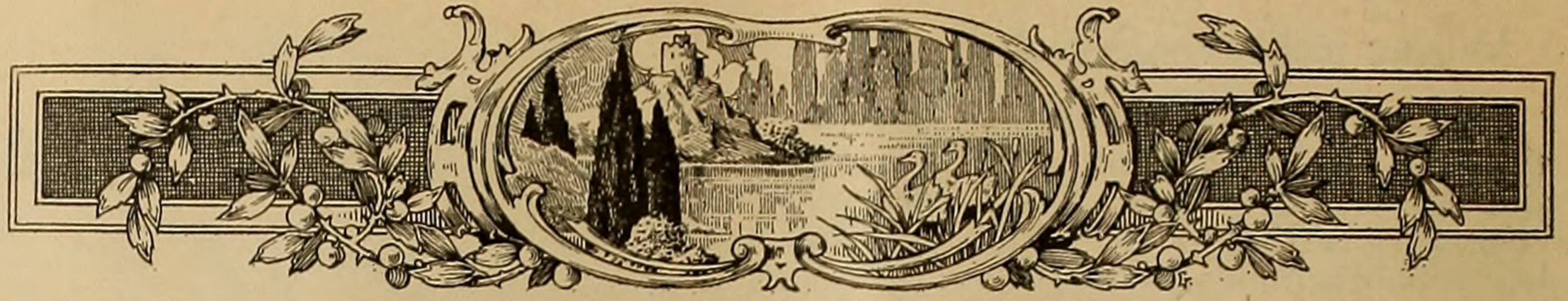
which remove lines and "crow's feet" and wrinkles; fill up hollows; give roundness to scrawny necks; lift up sagging corners of the mouth; and clear up muddy or sallow skins. It will show how five minutes daily with Kathryn Murray's simple facial exercises will work wonders. This information is free to all who ask for it.

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Write for this Free Book which tells just what to do to bring back the firmness to the facial muscles and tissues and smoothness and beauty to the skin. Write today.

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Suite 656 Garland Bldg. Chicago Illinois



"The Motion Picture Hall of Fame"

Over 2,500,000 Votes Cast in the Great Contest

THE old saying that "All the world loves a lover" needs revision to "All the world loves a screen lover." The princely incomes of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, sums undreamt of in the theatrical profession three years ago, are due neither to their extraordinary management nor to their extraordinary ability. The grip that they have taken upon popular affection has become a sure road to their success. The playgoer is the supreme court that pronounces the final verdict beyond which there is no appeal. It is acknowledged that certain players have had more experience and playing ability than others who have far outdistanced them in public esteem. Playgoers' affections will not be controlled by merely a technical appraisal. Where the element of human appeal enters, the strict rules of dramatic technique are often blown to the winds. A dozen or more enterprising companies have tried to manufacture another Mary Pickford, but wherein they failed is the fact that personality and appeal cannot be deliberately manufactured any more than the breath of life can be breathed into a Frankenstein.

tinguished portrait painters in the United States will be selected to paint life-size portraits of these twelve players and these paintings will be placed upon exhibition in the lobbies and foyers of the leading Motion Picture theaters in the larger cities of the country. After this exhibition of "The Motion Picture Hall of Fame" the portraits will be sent to Washington, formally presented to the United States Government and will be hung in one of the National Art Galleries, there to constitute a permanent exhibition for the Motion Picture art as exemplified by its twelve greatest players.

For the benefit of our readers who live in small cities and towns we announce that a miniature Hall of Fame will be reproduced in the pages of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and that the winners' portraits will be presented to them in all the fullness of color and detail of the original paintings.

A VERITABLE MOUNTAIN OF VOTES

There can be no surer proof of what the public thinks of the Motion Picture Hall of Fame Contest than by the number of ballots already recorded. On April 25th over 2,500,000 votes had already been cast. At the present rate of progression, we have no doubt but that over 10,000,000 votes will be cast before the close of the contest. Surely no artists in any profession have ever received such an expression of public approval. It is interesting to note that the same twelve immortals are leading the roll of players as did so last month in the popular vote. It is also interesting to note how closely they are pressed by such stars as William Farnum, Clara Kimball Young, Pauline Frederick and Norma Talmadge. In fact, when the first five are subtracted from the list the race among the next twenty resolves itself into a very close and exciting affair. Our readers must be congratulated upon their discrimination, inasmuch as in the list printed below practically every star in the Motion Picture heavens has been recognized. Nor, for that matter, can any unknown player be found occupying a place of prominence. For unusual bravery in the army

WHAT THE HALL OF FAME MEANS

Realizing what a hold the personal appeal of many Motion Picture players has upon their friends in the audience, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE decided to give a definite voice to this appeal by instituting what is known as "The Motion Picture Hall of Fame." We request that our constantly increasing army of readers co-operate with us to make this contest and its results the finest, strongest and most worthwhile expression of public sentiment that has ever appeared in print in connection with the silent stage. In selecting the players who appeal to you the most, and in voting for them on the coupon printed elsewhere, we request that our readers take into consideration the following qualities: Beauty, Portrayal and Popularity of the players. At the end of the contest the twelve players receiving the greatest number of votes, irrespective of sex, will be known as "The Motion Picture Hall of Fame." The most dis-

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Send fifty cents to-day for a trial jar. Use it five days. If it isn't just what you have been looking for—send it back. Your money will be cheerfully returned to you. Send stamps, coin or money order. Your jar of delicately scented, greaseless Hair Dress will be promptly mailed.

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PAGE 6

recognition comes instantly with promotion and "distinguished service" medals. For the distinguished players of the screen quite as commensurate an honor is deserved. Do not neglect the duty that you owe them. "The Motion Picture Hall of Fame" must smash its way thru to a glorious and worthy result. Here are the votes of the players who have received 7,000 votes or more up to April 25th:

Mary Pickford.....	96,455
Marguerite Clark.....	76,230
Douglas Fairbanks.....	70,011
Harold Lockwood.....	67,974
Wm. S. Hart.....	67,431
Wallace Reid.....	57,946
Pearl White.....	53,598
Anita Stewart.....	42,555
Francis X. Bushman.....	34,611
Theda Bara.....	34,608
Mary Miles Minter.....	33,991
Earle Williams.....	33,128
William Farnum.....	31,313
Clara Kimball Young.....	31,288
Pauline Frederick.....	29,735
Norma Talmadge.....	29,306
Charlie Chaplin.....	28,974
Vivian Martin.....	28,698
Billie Burke.....	24,017
Ethel Clayton.....	23,125
Beverly Bayne.....	22,877
Warren Kerrigan.....	22,351
Jack Pickford.....	21,799
Alice Joyce.....	21,644
Henry B. Walthall.....	20,823
Geraldine Farrar.....	20,555
Alice Brady.....	20,012
George Walsh.....	17,304
Violet Mersereau.....	16,813
Dustin Farnum.....	16,738
Bessie Love.....	16,668
Mae Marsh.....	16,622
Mae Murray.....	16,480
Charles Ray.....	16,186
Carlyle Blackwell.....	15,785
Bryant Washburn.....	15,576
Olga Petrova.....	15,424
June Caprice.....	15,243
May Allison.....	15,038
Louise Huff.....	14,610
Dorothy Dalton.....	14,467
Mollie King.....	14,283
Antonio Moreno.....	13,737
Owen Moore.....	13,276
Olive Thomas.....	13,109
Sessue Hayakawa.....	12,931
Bessie Barriscale.....	12,439
Viola Dana.....	12,421
Creighton Hale.....	12,318
House Peters.....	12,074
Crane Wilbur.....	11,658
William Desmond.....	11,640
Tom Forman.....	11,386
Robert Warwick.....	11,335
Edith Storey.....	11,069
Blanche Sweet.....	11,060
Earle Foxe.....	11,032
William Russell.....	10,920
Jackie Saunders.....	10,823
Harry Morey.....	10,765
Fannie Ward.....	10,755
Ruth Roland.....	10,663
Ethel Barrymore.....	10,527
George Beban.....	10,527
Thomas Meighan.....	10,520
Helen Holmes.....	10,517
Mary Anderson.....	10,468
Stuart Holmes.....	10,362
Lillian Gish.....	10,321
Madge Evans.....	10,129
Irene Castle.....	9,979
Grace Cunard.....	9,978
Gladys Brockwell.....	9,961
Ann Pennington.....	9,937
William Duncan.....	9,848
Peggy Hyland.....	9,776

Montagu Love.....	9,751
Tom Moore.....	9,622
Ralph Kellard.....	9,606
Kathlyn Williams.....	9,517
Marie Osborne.....	9,434
Virginia Pearson.....	9,423
Eugene O'Brien.....	9,332
June Elvidge.....	9,274
Louise Glaum.....	9,226
Ben Wilson.....	9,156
Dorothy Gish.....	8,974
Irving Cummings.....	8,925
Mary Fuller.....	8,917
Harry Hilliard.....	8,912
Ann Little.....	8,900
Mahlon Hamilton.....	8,824
Conway Tearle.....	8,816
Theodore Roberts.....	8,752
Vola Vale.....	8,723
Niles Welch.....	8,713
Shirley Mason.....	8,681
Maxine Elliott.....	8,669
Frank Keenan.....	8,668
Edward Langford.....	8,667
Mary Maurice.....	8,618
Dorothy Phillips.....	8,612
Marie Walcamp.....	8,610
Jewel Carmen.....	8,570
Herbert Rawlinson.....	8,082
Doris Kenyon.....	8,074
Elsie Ferguson.....	7,566
Julian Eltinge.....	7,543
Lillian Walker.....	7,451
Henry Gsell.....	7,430
Virginia Lee Corbin.....	7,392
Florence LaBadie.....	7,386
Marie Doro.....	7,380
Eileen Percy.....	7,368
Mabel Normand.....	7,361
Roy Stewart.....	7,352
Jack Holt.....	7,251
Billie Rhodes.....	7,217
Carol Holloway.....	7,216
Enid Bennett.....	7,193
Carmel Myers.....	7,167
Monroe Salisbury.....	7,156
Hazel Dawn.....	7,097
Marguerite Courtot.....	7,071
Elliott Dexter.....	7,052

SLAVONIC? NO, JUST PLAIN VEGETARIAN. EDITH STOREY CONFESSES TO BUDDING INTERVIEWER WHO BELIEVED HER RUSSIAN

A budding magazine writer, seeking to interview Edith Storey, Metro star, was ushered with some ceremony into her dressing-room at Metro's West Coast studios in Hollywood while she was making up for her stellar rôle in "Treasure." The young man was plainly nervous. After the introduction he blurted out:

"Er, Miss Storey, how do you like America?"

The star elevated her brows, registering astonishment. Consulting his notebook, the scribe went on:

"Tell me about the revolution. Did you find it hard learning English? What did you think of the Statue of Liberty? Did you see any submarines on the way over, and if so, were you frightened?"

Miss Storey gazed at the young man, speechless. The silence could be heard. "Why, I saw you in 'The Legion of Death,' and I was sure you were Russian," the youth apologized, adjusting his tortoise-rimmed glasses.

"Oh," returned Miss Storey, suppressing a smile, "I'm so sorry I can't oblige you, but I'm an American girl, born and raised in New York City. I never saw Trotzky nor any revolutions. I think the United States is the finest country in the world. Anything else?"

"Then you're not Slavonic?" the scribe inquired, chagrined.

"No, I'm a vegetarian," was Miss Storey's rejoinder, as the interviewer fled, leaving his notes behind him.

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The Exhibitors' Verdict (Continued from page 4)

picture I ever played during my ten years in the business. Star at his best. Capacity all day."—Dreamland Theater, Chester, S. C.

Heart's Revenge, with Sonia Markova—"Drew a large crowd and was well liked by all. The title drew more of the crowd than the star."—Gayety Theater, Payson, Utah.

Tom and Jerry Mix, with Tom Mix—"A good comedy. Mix is getting more popular here every time we show him."—Gayety Theater, Payson, Utah.

Hungry Lions in a Hospital (Fox-Sunshine)—"One of the funniest two-reel comedies we have shown. One continuous roar from start to finish."—Garfield Theater, Chicago.

GOLDWYN

Our Little Wife, with Madge Kennedy—"Madge Kennedy is a favorite here and the picture went over well."—Star Theater, Decorah, Ia.

The Splendid Sinner, with Mary Garden—"This cost less but was liked much better than *Thais*. It is a modern story and that is what counts with movie fans, who care not for art when they want to be amused. A good picture. Do not be afraid of it."—Garfield Theater, Chicago.

The Danger Game, with Madge Kennedy—"A very good picture."—Adelphi Theater, Chicago.

Fields of Honor, with Mae Marsh—"A fair play to poor business."—Majestic Theater, Camden, S. D.

JEWEL

The Kaiser, the Beast of Berlin, with Rupert Julian—"The most timely war picture of today. This shows just what the American people have in mind for the kaiser. It is positively the greatest picture pertaining to the war I have run so far. I believe it will go further toward waking up dormant America than any picture we have had yet. Carl Laemmle certainly made a strike in giving Rupert Julian this rôle. He is perfect in every detail. The play certainly arouses patriotism for it shows the Beast of Berlin as he is and it puts before the people the big question, 'What are you going to do to help your country?' During the two weeks this ran at the Rose theater, we heard many remarks from young men saying that they intended to enlist that very day. The government ought to urge every citizen to see this play. Thanks are certainly due to Carl Laemmle and Rupert Julian. From the boxoffice angle, this play gave the Rose the second best week of business in its history."—Rose Theater, Chicago.

The Kaiser, the Beast of Berlin, with Rupert Julian—"Oh, boy, what a picture! We are still counting the receipts. Smashed every record."—Rivoli Theater, Saugus, Mass.

Come Thru, with Herbert Rawlinson—"A seven-reel production that holds to the end. We will repeat it."—Star Theater, Decorah, Ia.

Sirens of the Sea, with Louise Lovely—"A beautiful production but it didn't pull."—Star Theater, Decorah, Ia.

Sirens of the Sea, with Louise Lovely—"The beautiful scenery is all that saved this picture. Good business."—Dixie Theater, McMinnville, Tenn.

KLEINE

A Pair of Sixes, with Taylor Holmes (Essanay)—"A great picture."—Adelphi Theater, Chicago.

Uneasy Money, with Taylor Holmes (Essanay-Kleine)—"Drew a big house

and my patrons thought it the best of Taylor Holmes' plays so far."—Palace Theater, Harvard, Ill.

Brown of Harvard, with Tom Moore (Selig)—"A good picture. A well acted college story. Liked by all."—Bell Theater, Chicago.

The Killjoy, with Mary McAllister (Essanay)—"A nice clean little story. Nothing to rave about but good for an off-night."—Bell Theater, Chicago.

METRO

The Legion of Death, with Edith Storey—"Big business. Was really surprised with only one day's billing."—Rivoli Theater, Saugus, Mass.

The Claim, with Edith Storey—"As good as the star's previous work. Drew fairly well. Had no complaints from patrons on picture."—Garfield Theater, Chicago.

Under Suspicion, with Bushman and Bayne—"Just a little above the average."—Dreamland Theater, Chester, S. C.

Under Suspicion with Bushman and Bayne—"Serve as good entertainment. Personally I would like to see one picture in which Bushman got licked and did not rescue the girl in every scene. Too much hero stuff."—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

Red, White and Blue Blood, with Bushman and Bayne—"A very good picture but these stars have been in better."—Ruby, Mont.

Social Hypocrites, with Mae Allison—"A good picture."—Adelphi Theater, Chicago.

Blue Jeans, with Viola Dana—"Broke our house record."—Adelphi Theater, Chicago.

Sleeping Memory, with Emily Stevens—"Very good. Drew good business."—Dixie Theater, McMinnville, Tenn.

Lest We Forget, with Rita Jolivet—"Very good business and picture."—Adelphi Theater, Chicago.

Eyes of Mystery, with Edith Storey—"A good mystery story with action which at times becomes too melodramatic for the more critical patrons."—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

Draft 258, with Mabel Taliaferro—"The best story on the war yet shown. While it is not spectacular or in the big special class, it will do much good in opening the eyes of the public. I urge you to show it. I regret that I did not when it was first released."—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

Black Fear, with Grace Elliston—"Very good but dope pictures do not go here."—Dixie Theater, McMinnville, Tenn.

Outwitted, with Emily Stevens—"Miss Stevens draws here. Picture very good."—Dixie Theater, McMinnville, Tenn.

The Adopted Son, with Bushman and Bayne—"A fine picture. Went big here. Photography excellent."—Dixie Theater, McMinnville, Tenn.

Under Handicap, with Harold Lockwood—"Very pleasing picture. Lockwood is a sure winner here."—Dixie Theater, McMinnville, Tenn.

Paradise Garden, with Harold Lockwood—"Patrons were well pleased as usual with Lockwood."—Dixie Theater, McMinnville, Tenn.

Broadway Bill, with Harold Lockwood—"To regain his popularity here, this star must get better stories. This one is not much."—Majestic Theater, Camden, S. C.

MUTUAL

A Game of Wits, with Gail Kane (American-Mutual)—"This is a good picture."—(Continued on page 10)

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The Exhibitors' Verdict (Continued from page 8)

ture, the best we have seen this star in, but we could not get any posters or other advertising matter from our exchange and consequently had a light attendance." Grand Theater, Marion, N. C.

Beauty and the Rogue, with Mary Miles Minter (American-Mutual)—"Played this picture for a Red Cross benefit. Crowds were so large that I was forced to open both of my theaters and played the same picture in both houses at the same time. Never did I show a picture that gave more universal satisfaction to my patrons."—Palace Theater, Harvard, Ill.

The Dazzling Miss Davison, with Marjorie Rambeau—"Star, picture and subject, average. Business below average."—Bijou Theater, Alpena, Mich.

The Unforeseen, with Olive Tell—"Star good. Picture and subject poor. Business about average."—Bijou Theater, Alpena, Mich.

Ann's Finish, with Margarita Fisher—"One of the best pictures I have ever shown. Cant be beat. The star is popular."—Mystic Theater, Marmarth, N. D.

Annie for Spite, with Mary Miles Minter (American-Mutual)—"A good picture. Mary draws well."—Lyric Theater, Platte Center, Neb.

New York Luck, with William Russell (American-Mutual)—"In this, Russell seems to be copying Fairbanks and almost but not quite succeeds. Story fair. Picture gets by."—Bell Theater, Chicago.

A Bit of Kindling, with Jackie Saunders (Horkheimer-Mutual)—"The picture fits the star admirably well. She is always a bright spot in our program."—Lyric Theater, Platte Center, Neb.

Billie Rhodes Comedies, with Billie Rhodes, five reels.—Star Theater, Decorah, Ia.

Miss Trixie of the Follies, with Billie Rhodes (Strand-Mutual)—"Great."—Lyric Theater, Platte Center, Neb.

Lone Star, with William Russell (American-Mutual)—"An old picture but good. The star draws well and Russell pictures for us have always been good stories. The film of this is pretty old."—Lyric Theater, Platte Center, Neb.

Whose Wife, with Gail Kane (American-Mutual)—"Picture O. K. Star doesn't draw."—Lyric Theater, Platte Center, Neb.

Shortie Hamilton Series—"Shorty is getting to be liked better."—Lyric Theater, Platte Center, Neb.

Charlie Chaplin Series—"These no not draw here."—Lyric Theater, Platte Center, Neb.

The Frame-up, with William Russell (American-Mutual)—"Full of action. Went over big. Business good."—Lyric Theater, Platte Center, Neb.

PARALTA

A Man's Man, with J. Warren Kerrigan—"We never played a much better picture, and the price is right. Good for more than one day."—Star Theater, Decorah, Ia.

Madame Who? with Bessie Barriscale—"My patrons like Bessie and we played to a big house."—Palace Theater, Harvard, Ill.

The Turn of a Card, with J. Warren Kerrigan—"Seven reels, a bit too long. A good picture and it pleased the audience. Contains a few laughs. Star seems popular."—Charles H. Ryan, 2844 Madison street, Chicago.

Hundrum Brown, with Henry B. Walt-hall—"Good."—Adelphi Theater, Chicago.

PARAMOUNT

The Family Skeleton, with Charles Ray—"I did not see this myself but from reports it was not as good as some of his former pictures. Good business."—Gayety Theater, Payson, Utah.

Meatless Days and Sleepless Nights, with Victor Moore—"About like all the rest of his comedies. The subtitles help it out quite a bit. It is a fair comedy."—Gayety Theater, Payson, Utah.

The Fair Barbarian, with Vivian Martin—"Another knockout. Our music had all the effects and actually kept them laughing thruout the five reels."—Star Theater, Decorah, Ia.

The Judgment House (Blackton-Paramount)—"A good picture but it failed to draw business."—Star Theater, Decorah, Ia.

Mrs. Dane's Defense, with Pauline Frederick—"An average picture but this star fails to draw any more."—Star Theater, Decorah, Ia.

The Ghost House, with Jack Pickford and Louise Huff—"While not quite up to the stars' standard, this held pretty well."—Dreamland Theater, Chester, S. C.

The Thing We Love, with Wallace Reid—"Only fair. Did not draw. Just an average picture."—Garfield Theater, Chicago.

One More American, with George Beban—"Very good. The best this star has done excepting *The Alien*. Beban does not draw, however, and most of our patrons do not like his work. I don't know why. Personally I think him a great character actor and I enjoy his films."—Garfield Theater, Chicago.

Taming Target Center, with Polly Moran (Sennett-Paramount)—"A Western burlesque comedy that went over O. K. Not quite as many laughs as the usual Sennett but there are a few thrills. Turpin is rising fast as a comedian. His work is natural."—Garfield Theater, Chicago.

Sunshine Nan, with Ann Pennington—"This was not liked by all. Ann appears as a tomboy. She does no dancing, which disappointed some. This drew only average business."—Garfield Theater, Chicago.

Bab's Burglar, with Marguerite Clark—"A splendid picture. Patrons were pleased. The star is very popular here."—Mystic Theater, Marmarth, N. D.

Bab's Matinee Idol, with Marguerite Clark—"Excellent. These are the kind of pictures my people want to see."—Mystic Theater, Marmarth, N. D.

PATHÉ

The Inner Voice, with Ivan Mozukin—"Film A No. 1. Lighting good. Did not please the audience. Foreign pictures do not take here."—Auditorium Theater, Lockwood, Mo.

Over the Hill, with Gladys Hulette—"A good average picture that will please most any audience."—Star Theater, Decorah, Ia.

Loaded Dice, with Frank Keenan—"Too bad to make pictures of this kind. Too gruesome in spots for any audience. I heard nothing but complaints."—Star Theater, Decorah, Ia.

Round-up at Pendleton—"Drew large crowds. Was well liked by all."—Palace Theater, Harvard, Ill.

The Great Adventure, with Bessie Love—"The star is only third class. Picture a poor box-office attraction. Not much of a story but it contains bits of comedy that pleased the children. Bessie Love will be better liked in time."—Garfield Theater, Chicago.

Letters to the Editor

Mildred C. Warren, of Brookline, Mass., has some new favorites to boost:

I think a word of praise should be passed along the line for little Ann Pennington. It doesn't seem to me that she gets all the credit due her. Here, at least, is a little girl who *does not* imitate anybody, and I hope she never will. She is so original and has such a fascinating way with her. I wish she would make pictures more often, and I am sure there are other fans who agree with me. And Tom Moore, why does he always have to support some one? It is about time that he was supported.

For heaven's sake, leave Francis X. alone! I don't love, adore or worship him. (William Hart is the only one that I lavish affection on), but I think he ought to be given a leg to stand on. Surely there are a lot worse than Francis running around loose, so "leave him be." Madge Kennedy, like little Ann, is a great asset to the films. Here is another little lady who is original. I saw her last night in "Our Little Wife." It was fine. Walter Hiers is a little bit of all right as a comedian; would like to see him where he had more to do.

Speaking of ladies, Harold Lockwood is sadly in need of one. The one who played opposite him in "Broadway Bill" was not half as nice as May Allison. In fact, Harold has lost half his charm since he lost May.

As for William Hart, long may he reign! It's refreshing to see such a fine personality on the screen and to know that there is such a fine man in this li'l ole world. All you have to do is just look at him to know he is the real thing. Here's to yuh, William! Give us more William Harts, Madge Kennedys, Ann Penningtons, Tom Moores and Walter Hiers and this will be a pretty good old world after all.

Dorothy Cargle, of Junction City, Kan., writes this in the hope that Evelyn Bayless and Mary Morton will come out of their bomb-proof for the next month's MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and this shot will land home:

TO THE MISSES BAYLESS AND MORTON—My dears, you did not need to mention you were in your teens, for only extreme youth could be so extremely cruel. I am not a Bushman fan, nor am I a Chaplin fan, but rather a Chaplin admirer. Understand, not a Chaplin comedy-admirer, but a Chaplin admirer. I admire him with the same admiration I accord all geniuses. For who but a genius could raise the much despised slapstick from the gutter and make for it a place in the hall of fame as a fine art? Perhaps you *don't* like it (the comedy); I don't either, but there are millions who *do*.

I have been in villages, towns and cities, but the result of a Chaplin picture has always been the same. There is a hilarity and happy-go-lucky atmosphere about a Chaplin crowd that defines it from all other crowds. And if they enjoy it, isn't he worth while? You say five-year-olds might enjoy it. Then why stop it? Or don't five-year-olds figure in your scheme of things?

Let me tell you a Chaplin incident. It happened in one of the larger cities.

(Continued on page 12)

The August Magazine

The August MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, in its unrivaled supremacy, brings to its readers the ultra-chic news of screen stars and screen. Your favorites, in all their loveliness, will gaze upon you from our gallery, the best stories from forthcoming screen plays will be told in that artistic and enchanting style our writers display, and the chats will bring you in close touch with your "special" star. The August number will be refreshing, invigorating. Don't miss it! You'll need it to help you take your mind off the hot weather.

EXTRA! ANITA IS BACK!

That, in itself, is news enough to satisfy a lot of folks. Who in the world isn't an Anita Stewart fan? Who hasn't watched the developments of the Vitagraph lawsuit impatiently and wished they'd forget about it—anything to bring Anita back? Who hasn't gone to see some greatly advertised picture, with a greatly publicized star—and wished it were Anita? Anita Stewart's followers are legion—and faithful—and she appreciates it more than you may realize. Anita is back—and Vitagraph's happy; Anita's happy; you're happy; we're happy—so there you are!

THEDA BARA'S NEWEST VENTURE

The other day a well-known man on Broadway remarked, "Theda Bara is the personification of all the famous enchantresses in history; she's trying them all out. She practiced on any good play first, and now she's giving us the real, celebrated vampires—Camille, DuBarry, Cleopatra; I wonder what next?" The poor man! He didn't know Miss Bara was doing "Salome" at that very moment in her Western studio. The play is now completed; we have some wonderful pictures of it, and our Gladys Hall has storyized the Bara version of "Salome" for your benefit. When you lay aside the August Magazine you will realize that Theda Bara can play everything—just everything!

A SALTY SKETCH OF EDWARD EARLE

Those who knew Edward Earle was an artist, stand up! Not one? Well, every one's forgiven; you see, it's not generally known. Eddie just likes to make sketches of his studio companions when they're working hard and then present them with his impression when they leave the set. And he hasn't lost a friend! We have secured some of these impressions for you, and when you see them in the August Magazine you won't be able to keep back a grin when you think that Eddie's the power that enables his screen friends to see themselves as others see them—off the screen.

PETROVA'S EAST INDIAN LOVE LYRICS

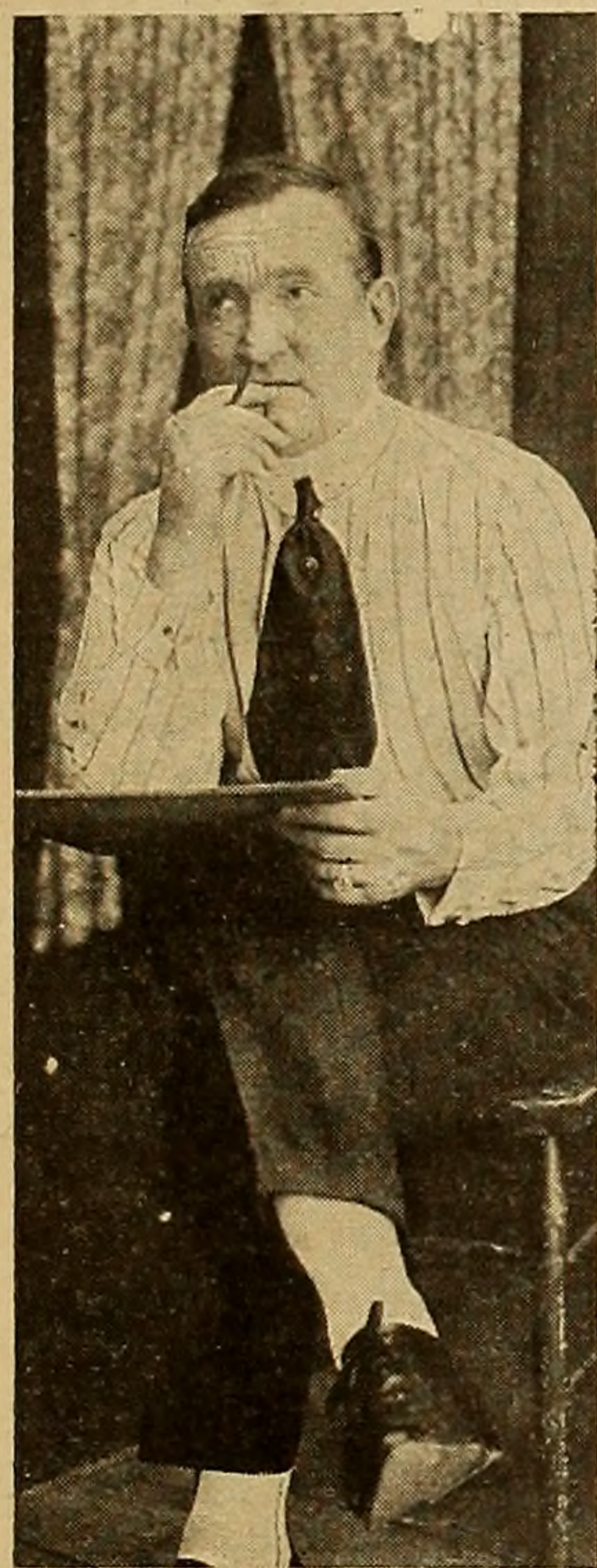
It's a peculiar thing, but nearly every screen player of prominence can do something else worth while—and do it well; either sing, or play, or draw, or write. Now comes Mme. Petrova with exquisite East Indian Love Lyrics—verses written by a master pen—lines alive with the passion, the charm, and the mystery of the East. It will surprise you, when you read these verses in the August number, to discover a person who can do two things at the same time and do them well. It's bound to discourage those who believe in the old proverb.

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

TAKE THAT, MR. HOHENZOLLERN

By CHARLIE MURRAY
(Mack Sennett Comedian)

When I sat on mother's knee
And listened to her say
All the wondrous things that happened
In that dear old by-gone day,
She told of bears and fairies,
A-hidin' in the wood,
And a-eatin' all the kiddies
Who'd forgotten to be good.
She spoke of Jack the Giant Killer,
Cock Robin, Riding Hood,
Of Cinderella, Jack and Jill,
And the Babes in the Wood.
So many little lullabys—
They sang me off to sleep
With the many songs of Rover,
Who roamed off with Bo-Peep.
One story she forgot to tell,
'Twas one she never heard—
About a mighty monarch
With a helmet and a bird.
He conceived a world of nations
All bowing at his throne,
That reached from New York City
To the cathedrals in Rome.



CHARLIE MURRAY HAVING A FRIGHTFUL STRUGGLE WITH HIS MUSE. HE IS TRYING TO FIND SOMETHING TO RHYME WITH "PHYSOSTEGIA"

He massed a mighty army
Of a million thousand men;
His slaughter was uncanny—
So murderous was he then
That mothers, children, fathers
Fell down before his crew;
He put his faith in heaven
And a God he never knew.
If he calls war religion,
I am off of him—that's all,
And I'll pin my faith and teachings
In the departed Ingersoll.
How can a man or set of men
Believe themselves so much,
And say, "I own all of the land
My royal tootsies touch"—
That the world was made in Germany,
And for Germans all alone?
They will find the Allied nations
With a mortgage on their home.
And when this war is finished,
And the truth in Germans dwell,
They will find their Kaiser living
With Von Hindenburg—in hell!

Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 11)

There was a crowd of girls and boys following thru the streets a man impersonating Chaplin to advertise a Chaplin picture. When he had finished his round and went into the theater, nearly all the crowd got tickets and went in. One little fellow with his bundle of "extras" stayed on the outside and looked in, his soul in his eyes. I finally asked him if he was going in. "Nope; t'day's Mikey's day." "Mikey's day?" I questioned. "Yeh. Yu see Mikey sold da papers last Friday, en I went in, en I sell da papers t'day, fer it's Mikey's turn."

It developed that he and Mikey were pals, and on "Chaplin days" they took turns selling the other's papers so one could go to the show, and from his looks and what he told me "Chaplin days" were the one and only bit of luxury or sunshine that came into his and Mikey's lives.

Another time a little chap was in front of a theater displaying Chaplin lithographs. He was taking in every detail of each one in turn. I asked him if he liked Charlie Chaplin, and I wish I could tell you, as he told me in his wistful, eager way, all the wonderful things he had stored in his memory of Chaplin's doings, and how his eyes shone as he told me and ended with, "Some day I'm goin' in one of them shows an' see him act." "Why, haven't you ever seen him act?" I said. "Oh, no! I jes' see his pictures out here and what the fellers tell me 'bout 'im." The expression on his face when I gave him a ticket would have been a revelation to an emotional actress. His joy was so great and deep it was sorrow.

There are thousands like these, and think how Chaplin is able to reach them—the very class that needs his comedy the most. For who on this wide earth need comedy and slapstick more than our big cities' newsboys? I can never see a little, half-starved, half-clothed newsboy on a cold day, with his thin, shivering legs and misfit shoes and his blue hands clutching his "extradishuns" but my heart doesn't fail me, and I wonder, "God, hast Thou forsaken us?"

Read what Edna Purviance or any one who knows says of Mr. Chaplin's patriotism to England and how he spends his money. It's nothing short of sacrilege to ask why doesn't he go to stop a bullet, in the face of all he is doing to lighten the load of mankind, not only in this country and England, but South America, Japan and others, in this time of international depression. What have you done or what can you do to compare with what Mr. Chaplin has done and is doing? The work he is doing is a blessing; he provides blessings with the money he derives from it. So what more on God's earth can one man do?

Ethel P. Rodriguez, of Plainfield, N. J., stands right up in our meeting-house to praise Pearl White:

I know I have already had my say in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, but just once more I plead for a little attention, please, as I mean this for a letter of defense rather than criticism.

Mr. Thomas Finnerty's letters have always been a pleasure for me to read, but his latest, which appeared in the April Magazine, in which he passed such sneering remarks about Pearl White's serial, "The Fatal Ring," highly offended me. I'd be very appreciative if some one would inform me why people who do not care for exciting melodrama will persist

in going to see serials only to poke fun at this type of picture. It seems very unfair to me, and they ought to be ashamed of themselves, forever picking on the poor continued stories!

Mr. Finnerty was both unkind and unjust in his criticism of that great success, "The Fatal Ring," and I'm here to say it was one of the best serials ever produced. I know the difference between a good and bad serial when I see it, too. No educated or intelligent person would have cared to follow "The Fatal Ring" up from week to week, and the audiences would not have been so intensely interested and responsive as they were if it had been as offensive as Mr. Finnerty's description of it. Another thing, our leading movie house, one of Proctor's theaters, mostly always presents its programs with the co-operation of our local Motion Picture Problem Committee, and no film that is in the least way offensive is allowed to be screened here, so it is a significant fact that all of the Pathé Pearl White serials are shown in Plainfield.

Here is the answer to that question, "Why do people who would be shocked by the thought of reading dime novels go to the movies each week to see serials?" Because they don't find it necessary to bother with trash. They can get all the thrills and excitement in a much more refined way by going to see one of those interest-compelling Pearl White serials. Goodness knows I myself am hoping for the day when they will wish those continued-next-week stories on some other actress and give "My Pearl" a permanent vacation from them. Pearl White is another one of those few screen artists who are clever and talented as well as beautiful, because, tho Pathé serials are unexcelled, when we stop and think, it has been the Pearl White Pathé serials only that have made the biggest hits for the French company. I guess it's a case of Pearl being the attraction more than anything else.

A little more in defense of the players from the unjust and cruel criticism of some thoughtless people. Mary Morton and Evelyn Bayless must have written that letter for the main purpose of hurting the feelings of almost all of our popular players.

I'm not a Francis X. Bushman admirer, but when it comes to saying he is not an actor—that's stretching it some. Any one who has seen the Metro film, "Romeo and Juliet," would not doubt that Mr. Bushman is an actor of quite some ability.

As for Earle Williams being a has-been, that's laughable. Do we call Mary Pickford a has-been just because she is an old-timer like Bushman and Williams?

However, to say Vivian Martin is an imitator of Marguerite Clark is worse. I have seen both Misses Clark and Martin, and each has her own individual style of acting. Personally, I don't care for ingénues, but Vivian *does* fascinate me, and her quaint little frown is one of her own charming little expressions.

When it comes to saying Charlie Chaplin is poor and his comedies are silly, that's the last straw. Any one who criticizes the "only Charlie" is decidedly behind the times and better not attend the movies if they can't tell a genuine artist when they see him. "Lonesome Luke," also, is the only next best to Chaplin.

To pass such severe personal remarks about an actress just because she's not pretty, as "J. M." Perry, N. Y., did in his letter, was decidedly cruel and should not

(Continued on page 109)

STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

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

By "JUNIUS"

Eltinge.—"Business Before Pleasure." A roaring farce in Jewish dialect, with the original Abe and Mawruss of "Potash and Perlmutter" fame. These wonderful Jews go into the movie business and certainly make things hum.

Empire.—"The Off Chance." Ethel Barrymore at her best in a delightful comedy of English society life.

Park.—"Seven Days' Leave." Thrilling, gripping war melodrama appealing to the army and navy. H. Cooper Cliffe, of photoplay fame, is the head of the Secret Service and does finely, and so do William J. Kelly and Evelyn Varden.

Cort.—"Flo-Flo." Glorified burlesque has at last come to Broadway. Sprinkle some catchy music between the gags, add a flashing chorus, season well with bold, if not risqué, situations, flavor with dazzling costumes and you have "Flo-Flo" ready to serve.

Playhouse.—"The Little Teacher." A charming play, full of human interest, and played by a company every one of which makes a hit. Mary Ryan is superb.

Princess.—"Oh, Lady! Lady!!" Manhattan's latest chic musical-comedy, presented at the home of smart successes. Daintiness, wit, a well-balanced, all-star cast and catchy music are the outstanding charm of this offering *intime*.

Belasco.—"Polly With a Past." A capital farce-comedy that will delight everybody. The biggest hit of the season.

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

Winter Garden.—"Sinbad." Al Jolson, king of black-face comedians, is the whole show, which is in two acts and fourteen scenes—mostly music, song, dance, style and pretty girls. Depicted are "The Far East," "Hindu Snake Dance," trick dogs, and "The Palace of Sinbad." Something sure to please everybody.

Broadhurst.—"Maytime." One of the daintiest and most tuneful musical-comedies produced in some time. It has a real plot, following the life of a young couple from youth to old age.

Cohan & Harris.—"A Tailor-Made Man." An altogether captivating comedy full of laughs, built around a young tailor who became great thru reading the book of an unsuccessful author and who then hires the latter to work for him.

Morosco.—"Lombardi, Ltd." An amusing comedy starring Leo Carillo, who is great. A clever play, cleverly acted.

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For further reviews and pictures of scenes from notable stage plays, see the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, out June 15th.



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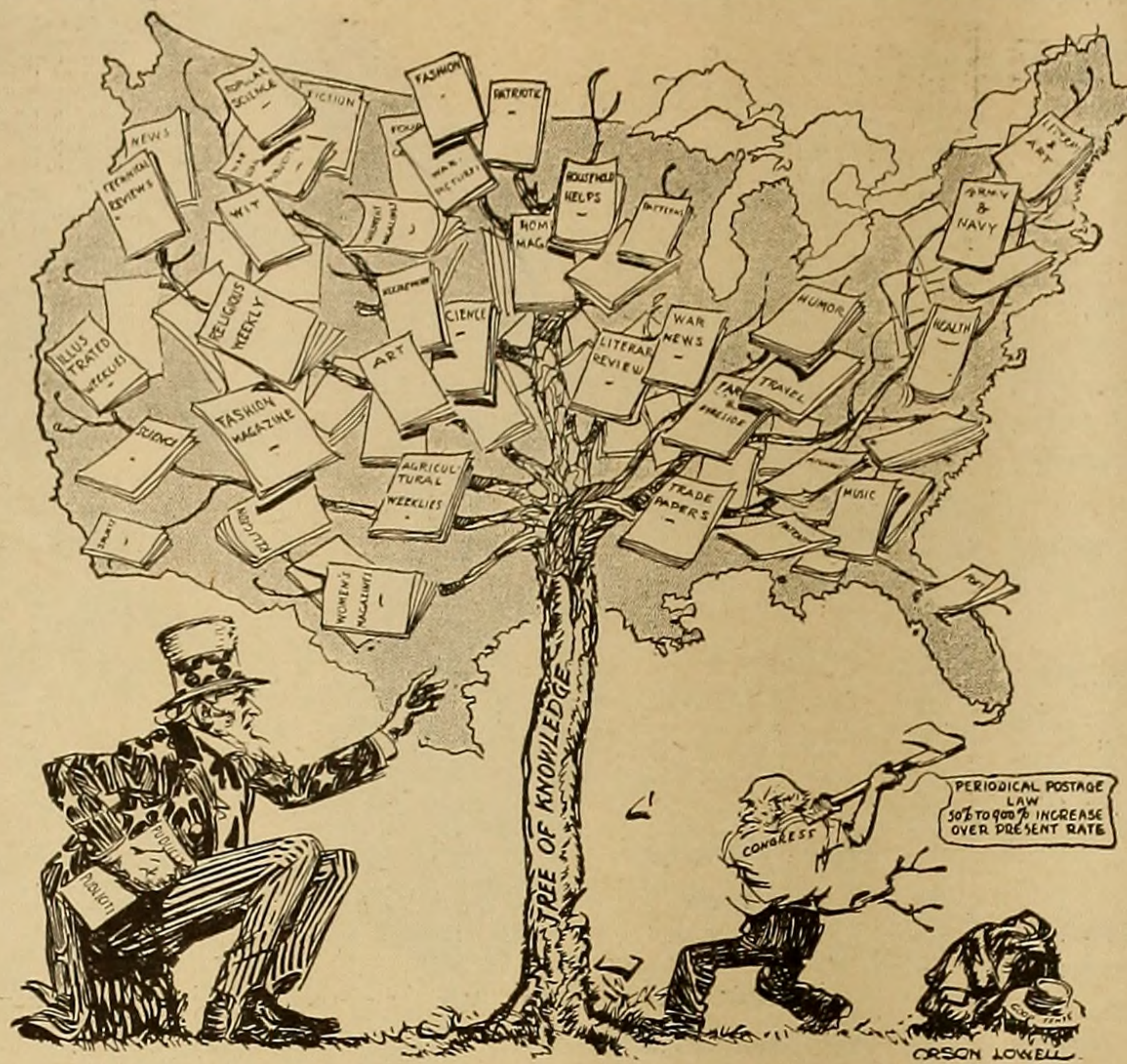
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WILL YOU SANCTION THIS?

BY REX BEACH

PRESIDENT AUTHORS' LEAGUE

CONGRESS—or a sufficient majority of it—has voted to destroy magazine reading.

It has accomplished this by passing a simple law re-establishing a postal "zone" system for all publications—a zone system and postal principle that was abolished by President Lincoln in 1863, and by establishing through a complicated system postal rates that mean increases of from 50 to 900 per cent postage increases to all periodical readers.

By this "zone" system American readers of periodicals—home, educational, scientific, business, or religious—are to be penalized by enormous postage increases on the weekly or monthly papers they read, and the greater their accidental remoteness from the city of publication the greater is the penalty that is placed upon them.

Magazines have been a slow growth. In the process of their development and evolution it has happened that publishing is chiefly concentrated in the East. This large magazine increase in postage, therefore, discriminates unfairly but with great force against the entire West—beginning even with western New York and Ohio and increasing rapidly until such States as Washington, Oregon, New Mexico, and California are to pay *nine times the amount of postage* formerly paid on the advertising pages alone of their magazine. What this increase means in cost to readers is incalculable.

It means that hundreds of thousands of readers will be compelled to give up their periodicals owing to the terrific increase in their postage cost.

And the tragedy of this 50 to 900 per cent magazine increase postage law lies in the fact that this loss of readers will come from classes and from sections of our nation where widespread reading should be most encouraged—from people in remote sections where life is a bitter struggle on the margin of subsistence—where the habit of reading is

just forming and the little weekly or monthly budget for magazines has but so very recently become recognized as an important item in family life. The terrific magazine postage increase will wipe these out. That is the real tragedy to this nation.

I could do no better than quote the fine words of a Western woman, Miss Arminda Wood, president of the Woman's Club of Racine, Wis.:

"The many splendid magazines published today," she wrote in an appeal to Eastern women from the women of the West, "are a means of education to many a home where other opportunities are lacking. And many of these homes are remote from publishing centers—many even remote from city life. It is the magazine combined with rural delivery that has brought to the door of the countrywoman material which helps her solve problems needing advice more easily obtained by her city sister. Through this medium she has known current events, has guided her children by the educational influences offered, and has been able to keep herself in harmony with the world from which she was separated. Periodicals and newspapers are as essential as food to the country home.

"Then again the attractive magazines in every city home means keeping together the family circle. To make the magazine prohibitive by excess postal rates would be to take away from mothers one of the means whereby they have battled against outside attractions.

"Now just because a woman lives in a Western State remote from publishing centers—and of course home interests affect the woman most—is she to be made to pay a penalty in order to bring opportunities to her door? To enforce the 50 to 900 per cent periodical postage law would be causing mental starvation to many who have only this means of keeping abreast of the times.

"Every thinking Eastern woman

should put her full strength into a drive which will give her Western sister the same advantages which she enjoys."

And to this may be added the splendid report of the United States Postal Commission appointed in 1844 to determine the functions and purposes of the Post Office in relation to the people of our nation. The function of the Post Office was, it said:

"To render the citizen, how far soever from the seat of Government, worthy, by proper knowledge and intelligence, of his important privileges as a sovereign constituent of the Government; to diffuse throughout all parts of the land enlightenment, social improvement, and national affinities, elevating our people in the scale of civilization and bringing them together in patriotic affection."

This was the purpose of the Post Office.

This 50 to 900 per cent postage increase on magazines is not a war tax. Publishers were already taxed by excess profits and income taxes. It is not a war tax; Postmaster General Burleson has so stated in his annual report when he declared it is permanent postal legislation—unless repealed through your protests to Congress and Congressmen. Will you write—telegraph—or urge the passage of resolutions of protest against this destructive law?

WILL YOU HELP?

Write to your Congressman, protest against this destructive law, and demand its repeal.

Get your club or association to adopt resolutions demanding its repeal.

Will you enroll to help repeal this law that penalizes periodical readers with heavy penalties?

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Motion Picture Magazine

(Trade-mark Registered)

Vol. XV

JULY, 1918

No. 6

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M. P. Publishing Co.

Almost a decade ago, when the art of the screen was first pronounced worthy of depicting life's dramas, this Magazine was founded. From the first, it aimed to be the voice of the Silent Drama—the friend of those in front, and of the shadowed players. It has always been ready to encourage all that is good, and eager to wield its power against all that is unworthy. Every word, every picture in this Magazine is printed for you, the reader; hence it is your Magazine, and the official organ of the Motion Picture public.

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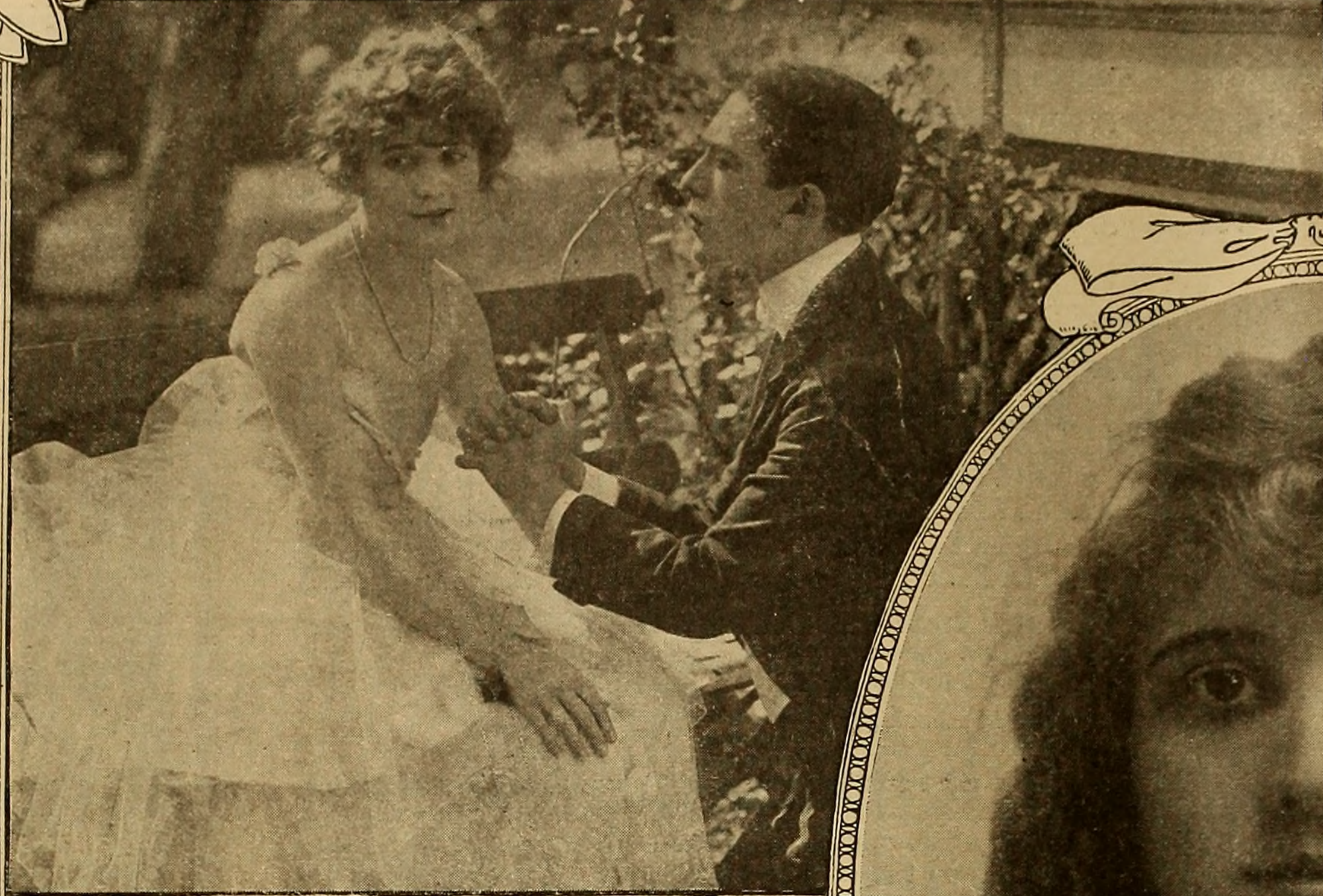
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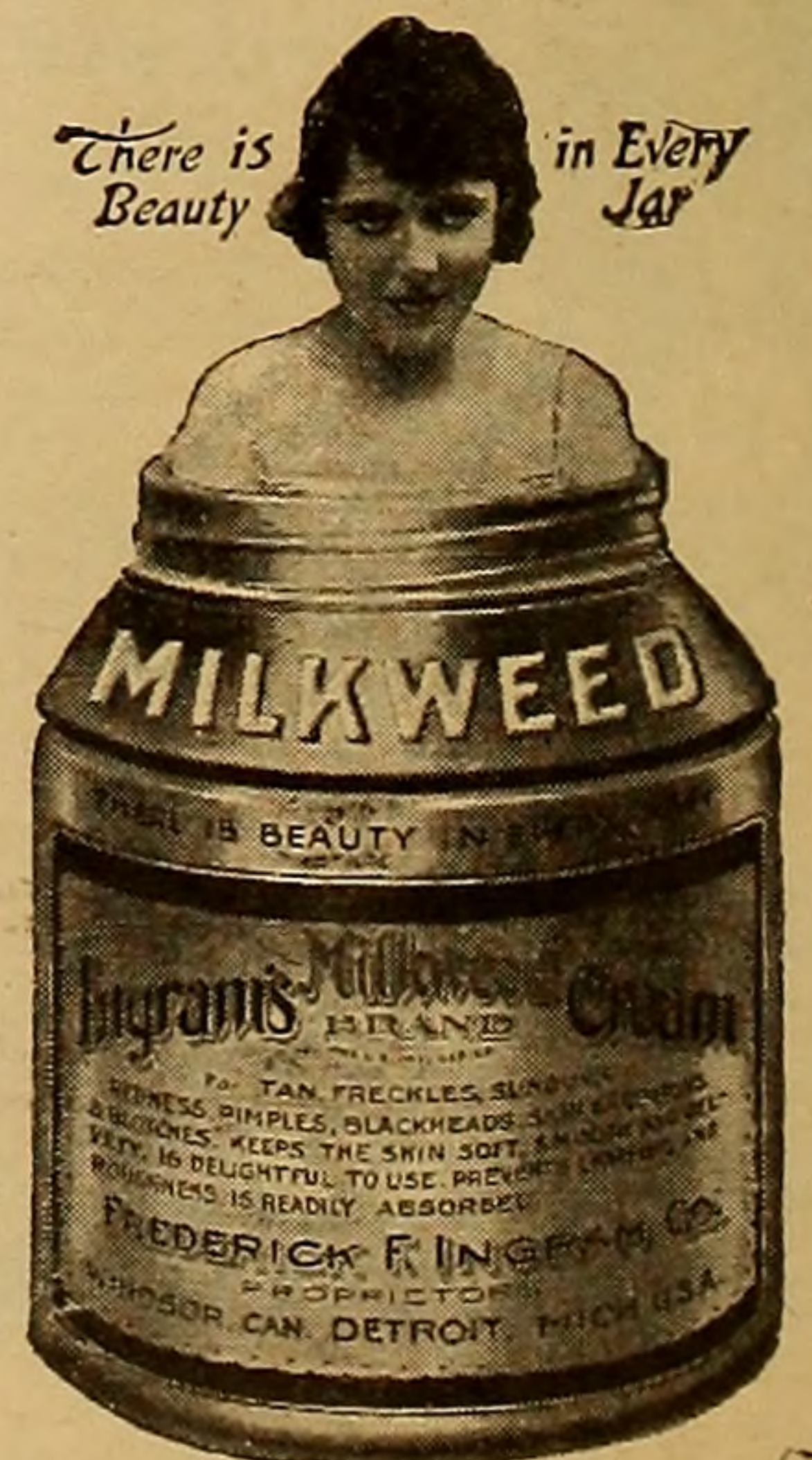
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Louise Huff

There is Beauty in Every Jar



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JULY, 1918

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In every epoch of the theatrical world since history began there has always been one woman who is fondly remembered because of her wonderful talent. With the advent of Motion Pictures, the public and the critics, as well as our Editorial Staff, have been eagerly looking for one artist who would embody everything that the art of the silent drama should have. The search is over. In Alla Nazimova we have beauty, we have a depth of emotionalism never depicted before, and we have art with such little touches of finesse that she unconsciously stands alone. An artiste in every sense of the word, Nazimova is to the screen what Bernhardt was to the stage.



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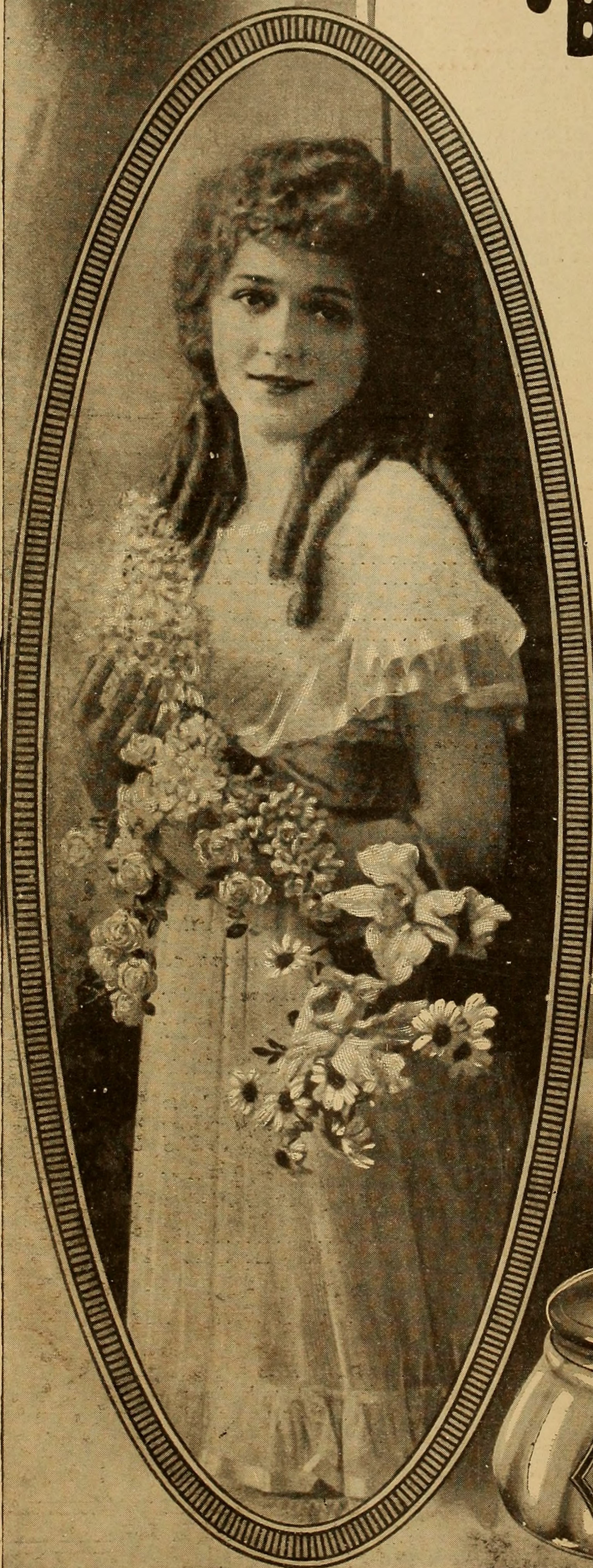
READ

"My Ideal Girl" (page 31) and see if you can afford to miss its continuation in the August issue.

DONT MISS

The first chat with Anita Stewart since her absence from the screen and her past and future plans, in our August Magazine.

Mary Pickford
Art Panel
with samples, 10c.



Pompeian Beauty Powder

Adds a pearly clearness
Stays on unusually long

Instant Beauty in Summer

How can I become more attractive—now—today? The answer is Pompeian. A touch of Pompeian DAY Cream protects the skin from the sun and also serves as a powder foundation. Now apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. At once you have an added charm of beauty, and with a fragrance that captivates the senses. Face shine disappears.

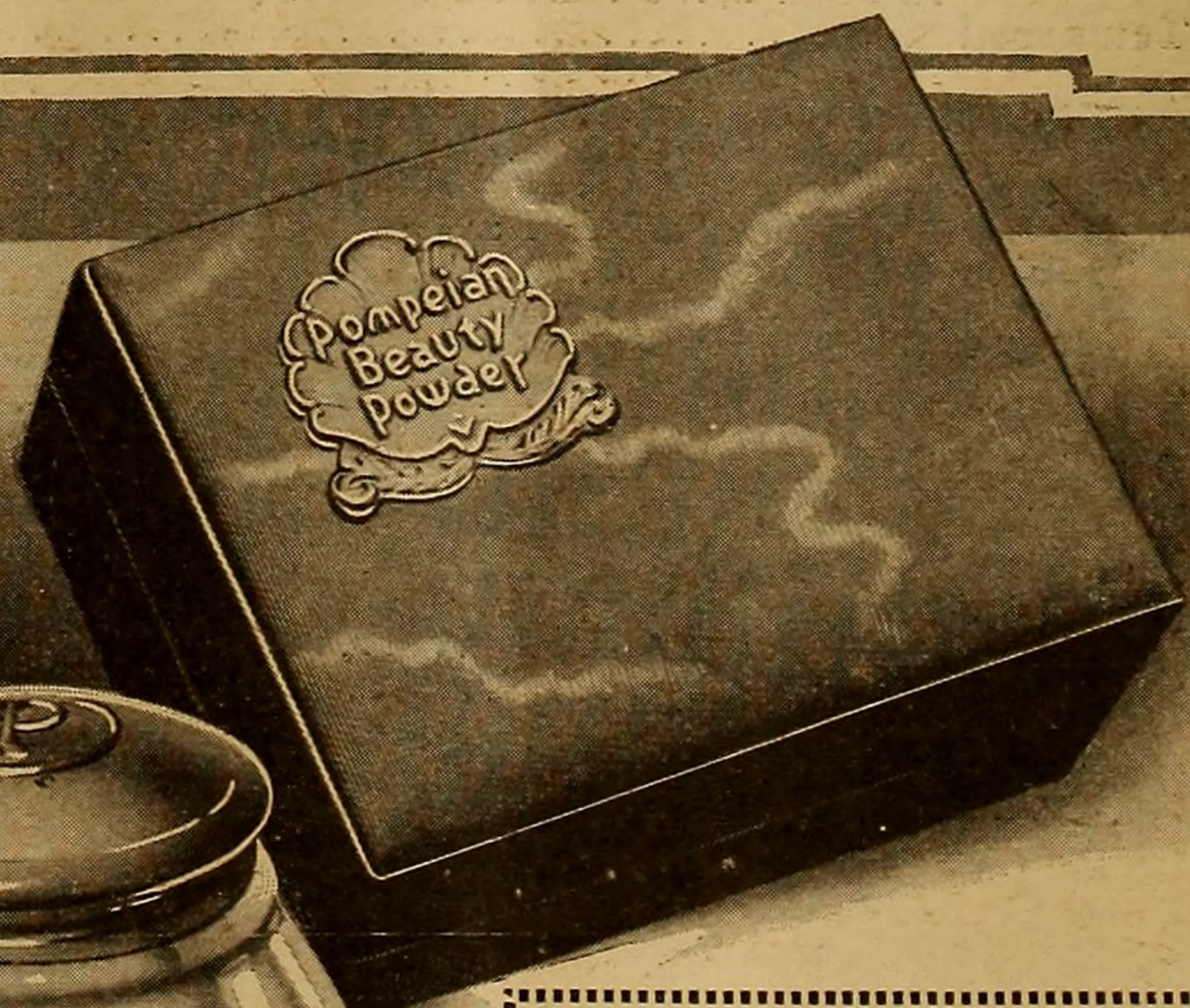
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Mary Pickford Art Panel

The world's most beloved little woman has honored the makers of Pompeian by posing exclusively for the 1918 Pompeian Beauty Art Panel. Size 28 x 7 1/4 inches and in beautiful colors. Sent for 10c together with samples of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder and DAY Cream. Clip the coupon below.



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Gentlemen: Enclose find 10c for a 1918 Mary Pickford Art Panel and samples of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder and DAY Cream.

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GALLERY OF PHOTOPLAYERS



CLARA HORTON

Here is another infant prodigy who is growing up and is not spoiling in the process. Once well known as the "Eclair Kiddie," Clara recently played a delightful ingénue to Jack Pickford's "Tom Sawyer."



GEORGE WALSH

Like Gladstone Dowie, who had never been kist, coy George Walsh has never been interviewed, altho the knights of the pen pursue him daily. After a protracted illness, George is back on the firing-line again, acrobatically eloquent in his latest, "Brave and Bold."



© Campbell

MADGE EVANS

Little "Primrose Madge" continues to shine quite as brightly as many a full-grown star with a program pedigree. "Primrose Madge" has gained and retained the love of every player in the World studio, and there is not the teeniest bit of professional jealousy when Madge "hogs the camera."



MARGARITA FISCHER

There is nothing in being superstitious, for "The American Beauty" is just now producing her thirteenth picture for the thirteenth studio she has posed for. The tireless Margarita is at present showing a penchant for comedy in "Ann's Finish" and in her coming frolic, "A Primitive Woman."



© Hoover Art Studios L. A.

GEORGE BEBAN

If Beban laid no other claim on playgoers' affections, his masterful as well as exquisite work in his current production, "One More American," has earned him the right to be forever "set apart as worthy." It is a matter of moment to know that George Beban is now contemplating the formation of his own producing company.



NIGEL BARRIE

Altho recently called to the colors, the distinct impress that Mr. Barrie stamped upon his screen characterizations will not soon wear off. His ability to handle light rôles convincingly won him the position of leading-man for Marguerite Clark in her "Bab" series, and recently he ably supported Clara Kimball Young in "The Marionettes."



© Sarony

ELSIE FERGUSON

A happy and unapparent blending of poise, personality and screen presence has made Miss Ferguson's art a delight to picture connoisseurs, nor has she lowered the traditions of the stage in her types of plays and portrayals. Her filmization of Ibsen's "Doll's House" is anticipated with lively interest.



MIRIAM COOPER

One would hardly expect a screen star to be retiring, but Miriam Cooper had to be actually pleaded with to play the name part in "The Woman and the Law." There is an air of secrecy about Miss Cooper's forthcoming production, but it is a war story with a strong patriotic motive.



HARTSOOK
PHOTO
S.F.-L.A.

GRACE DARMOND

Not since he lost Anita Stewart has Earle Williams had such a perfect screen mate as this radiant blonde from Toronto via Chicago. Their current success, "The Seal of Silence," will be followed by "The Girl in His House," in which Miss Darmond plays the title rôle.



© Hoover Art Studios L. A.

MARJORIE DAW

Piquant Marjorie is one of the few infant class graduates who has kept right on acting during the "all nose and elbows" age, and who has developed into a regular leading-lady, altho still a sub-déb in years. The regularity of her appearances opposite Douglas Fairbanks has emphasized her growing popularity.



WALLACE REID

Admirers of "Wally" Reid will be overjoyed to hear that he has at last overcome the witch's curse of playing matinée idol rôles and is about to essay sprightly comedy. In "Believe Me, Xantippe," from the stage success, Wally will lead Ann Little thru the risible complications.



PAULINE STARKE

Pauline Starke isn't even billed as the "beautiful wonder-girl from the West"—and that's what makes her distinctive. She must have a way with her, for after less than six months of "atmosphere," she was booked as a feature star in Broadway film-dom in "Until They Get Me." Miss Starke's newest celluloid adventure is "The Mossback," with William V. Mong.

"My Ideal Girl"

A Search by Screen Idealists for
the Perfect Woman

have a whole-hearted laugh that children—and father, too—all like. That laugh is one of the strong points with me. She is not too dark and not too light—just a soft brown mixture of the two, and she does her hair in cute little ways that surprise us every once in a while. Her nose is just a trifle 'pug,' and the eyes that shine out from each side of it must have the laughter of her throat



WALLACE MACDONALD

"THE typical, up-to-date American girl is my choice, and from observation and experience, I think that New York is her habitat. In my mind, the strictly Manhattan variety cannot be surpassed. You know the sort as well as I do. You can see her any morning or afternoon on Fifth Avenue, shopping or walking. She is trim and stylish, with clear eyes and complexion, and approving eyes follow her. She is the daughter of the American business man, and inherits his intelligence and self-reliance. Swimming, golf and tennis are among her accomplishments. She likes dancing and does it gracefully; loves the theater and opera. She looks equally well in a sport costume or on a ballroom floor. She is self-poised on every occasion. She is the sort of girl who goes in with a vim for the Liberty Loan and war relief work, and is able to understand and discuss the questions of the moment. She is the type that smiles back at you from the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE covers, that has been the heroine of hundreds of best sellers. She deserves the honors. You cant blame the foreign nobility for angling about in the matrimonial market when they have seen her. I really dont understand why so many of the most attractive girls in the world seem to have chosen old Manhattan as the best place to thrive in, or why it should be conducive to feminine pulchritude. There's that indefinable charm about the New York girl which seems to be a distinctly local product. In my opinion, she is ideal, which means, in itself, that she couldn't be improved upon.

"WALLACE MACDONALD."

"First of all, as I want a nice home and kiddies and everything that goes to make life really bearable even for the person engaged in the creation of wholesome young men before the camera, 'My Ideal Woman' has got to love children or she isn't ideal to me. Then she must



BRYANT WASHBURN

in them. She loves the good things of life to a reasonable extent and she loves the home almost to an unreasonable extent. She wears clothes so that they seem to belong to her, and she never is to come down to breakfast with anything but the happiness of healthy living 'registered' in her face. In fact, she is just a good-looking, wholesome girl, and finds every hour of the day full of some sort of interesting thing to do. I know she can be found, for I've got her already—referring in the above to Mrs. Bryant Washburn, herself.

"BRYANT WASHBURN."

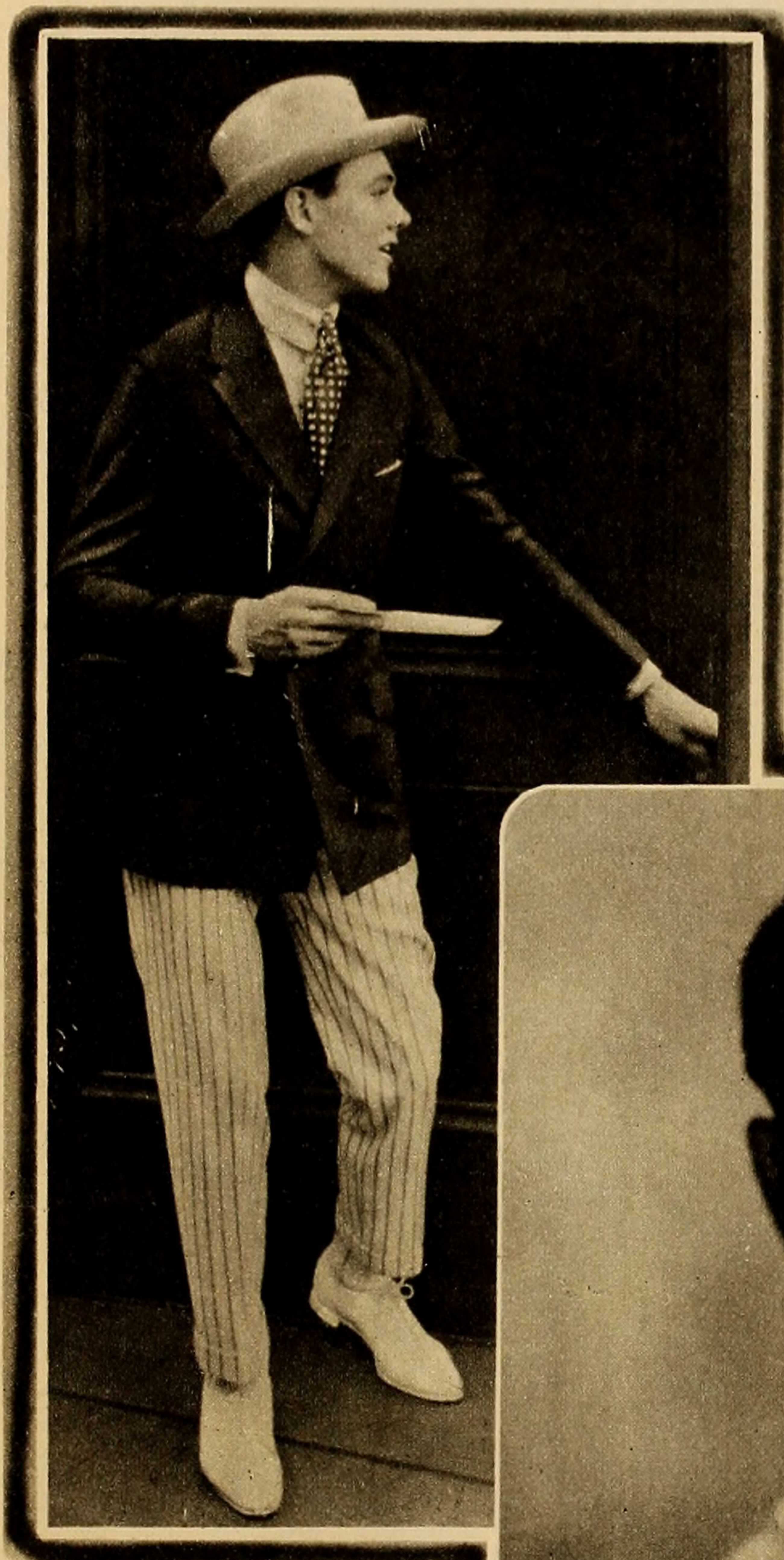
"I like an old-fashioned girl—not the clinging, peach-stone variety, but the steady, dependable sort that seems almost to have vanished these progressive times. It seems to be the fashion nowadays for most girls to hide their charms under a sort of camouflage. Give me the natural, modest girl, with a twinkling eye, a warm heart and a



WILLIAM DESMOND

ready wit; one with a deft hand that she can turn to anything even as old-fashioned as housekeeping. The girl who is skilled in the art of home-making seems to be the best helpmate. She need not be handsome enough to qualify for the Sunday supplement. I like a capable woman rather than a fashion-plate, and would rather

knitting-bag. A few years later, she wore pigtails—the Dutch cut not having come into vogue; and still later she became a too blonde young person in a certain circus. All three have since blended in my memory and the 'ideal' who has since taken their place is a sort of composite picture of them all. She is kind—this new ideal—like



CHARLES RAY

have a wife with a good disposition than a father-in-law on the Stock Exchange. And yet my ideal girl is pleasing personally because she has charms that never fade, and hers never will, if the face is an index to character. Of course, being an Irishman, I have my own idea of feminine beauty. I like the deep blue eye and dark hair, and the peach-bloom complexion that goes with them.

My ideal girl may have all the good looks she wants to, but they are only secondary. First of all, she must have home and fireside talents. "WILLIAM DESMOND."

"About fifteen years ago this ideal woman of mine had silvery white hair and carried peppermints in her



ANTONIO MORENO

human. Her voice is important. You will know when you hear her clear, rich tones that she speaks the truth, boldly and fearlessly, regardless of the consequence because she is incapable of petty deception.

"I have no objection to her having independence of mind, interest in political activities, and even a desire



WALLACE REID

the white-haired one; she is sweet and a good playmate, like the pigtailed one; and she has all the feminine allure that the too blonde young person of the circus possessed. This is a very 'sketchy' portrait, I'll admit, and 'subject to change without notice,' but is, to date, the best word picture I can give of my 'ideal' woman.

"CHARLES RAY."

"The natural tendency of the masculine mind is to picture the ideal. When I dream of a flower I always picture a great, beautiful red rose, of a peculiar richness and sweetness, which grew in our yard when I was a boy in Spain.

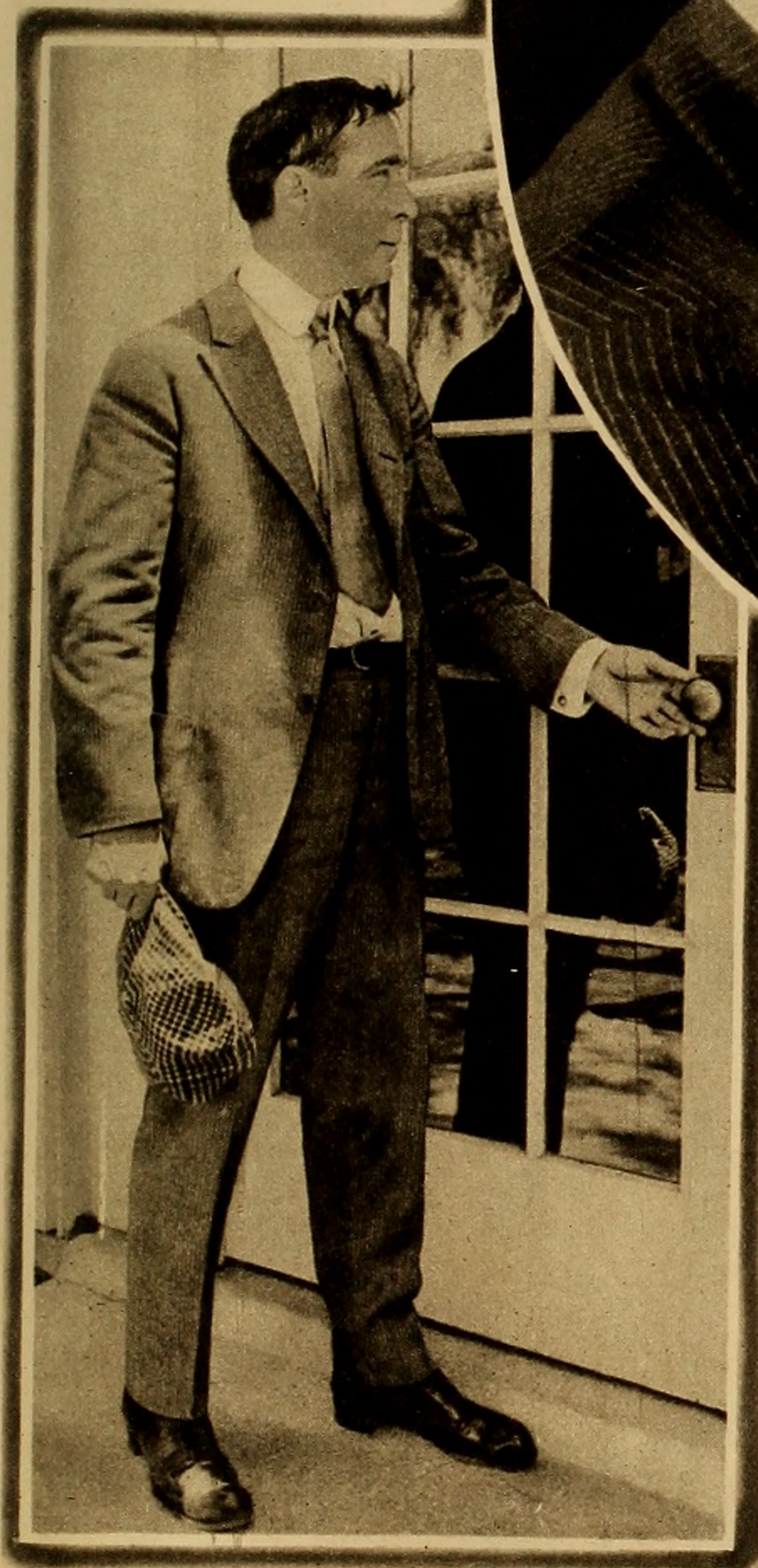
"My ideal of a woman is equally realistic but more difficult to describe. She is strong of body, active-minded, intuitive, and intensely

to participate to a certain extent in the turmoil of business and life.

"The first quality of the mind of my ideal woman is brilliance. I expect her to be an inspiration as well as a comrade. The truly feminine mind has the power to leap over the crowd of facts which a man must piece together in logical sequence in order to arrive at a conclusion. A brilliant woman seems to snatch the truth from the air.

"The most important intellectual tribute of my ideal woman is her humanity. She is more of a social being than man. She bridges the gaps for him in collecting and holding the friends without which no man's life is complete.

"ANTONIO MORENO."



WILLIAM S. HART

tor of her fare—and she could cook. Yes, indeed, she could make waffles that would delight the soul and her muffins would be joy and delight forever. Moreover, she would never, never phone me during business hours, and she would always believe absolutely everything I told her. Her hair should be smooth and glossy while playing tennis and her nose never shiny.

"She would be able to play the piano like Hofman,

yet not above enjoying a musical-comedy. She wouldn't care much for cigarets. In short, if she were in the marriage market, from continued observance of the average American business man, I am morally certain that I should have to compete with several million of him, more or less, for her favor.

"WALLACE REID."

"'Health first' having always been my creed, I reckon the ideal girl, if she exists, for me would be the breeziest, sunniest and wholesomest outdoor girl that ever rode a broncho. She might have a heap o' freckles and perhaps a few calloused spots on her hands from



EDWARD EARLE

"Accomplished, beautiful, clever, daring, educated, and—to continue our alphabetical sequence—facetious, good, happy and impossible would be my 'ideal' woman. She never by any chance would read French novels or cheat the conductor

paddlin' a canoe, but she'd be a mighty good pal. I thought

I'd met her once. It was a right smart while ago, and to sort of make sure I was right, I invited her and her mother on a campin' trip in the Yosemite Mountains. When the day came for startin' they appeared on the scene with seven trunks and two French maids. Well, we went on that trip, but when we came back we weren't exactly what you'd call pals, her bein' stiff as a poker from ridin' and her mother havin' to go to a sanitarium from the terrible shock of sleepin' in a tent!

"WILLIAM S. HART."

"This is the most dangerous subject ever tackled by a man.

"Haig, Pershing, Foch and other great generals refuse to be specific as to localities and troops, on the ground that such information would endanger life. I refuse to be specific for the same reason.

"I suppose the ideal woman would be a composition of Good Queen Bess, Madame de Stael and Annette Kellermann, with a touch or two—but not too much—of Lady Duff Gordon.

"She should be chic, but not chick.

"She should be clever and well-read, but refrain from

(Continued on page 113)



HAROLD LLOYD

Enlarged pores

How to make your skin fine in texture

Dip your washcloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in water and rub *the cake itself* over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on for a few minutes until the skin feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse the face thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible, rub the face with a *piece of ice*. Always dry carefully.

Use this treatment persistently. You can feel the difference the very first time you use it. Within ten days your skin will show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater smoothness and finer texture that the *steady* use of Woodbury's always brings.



Skin blemishes

How to get rid of them

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap and then dry your face. Now dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this soap cream and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully with clear, hot water; then with cold.

Use Woodbury's regularly in your daily toilet. This will make your skin so firm and active that it will resist the frequent cause of blemishes and keep your complexion free from them.

Your skin is what you make it

Your skin, too, can be clear and radiant. If your skin is *not* fresh and clear, if it has been gradually growing coarser, it is because you have not been giving it the proper care for its needs.

Your skin is being renewed every day. As old skin dies, new forms to take its place. Begin at once to give this new skin the proper treatment to keep it clear and lovely. You will be surprised to see how quickly it improves.

You will find the famous Woodbury treatments in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Get a cake today, and begin at once the treatment for your particular trouble. A 25 cent cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks of any Woodbury Facial treatment and for general cleansing use

for that time. Woodbury's is on sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

Send for sample cake of soap with booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder

Send 5 cents for a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury Facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12c we will send you samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Address **The Andrew Jergens Co., 1307 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.**

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1307 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

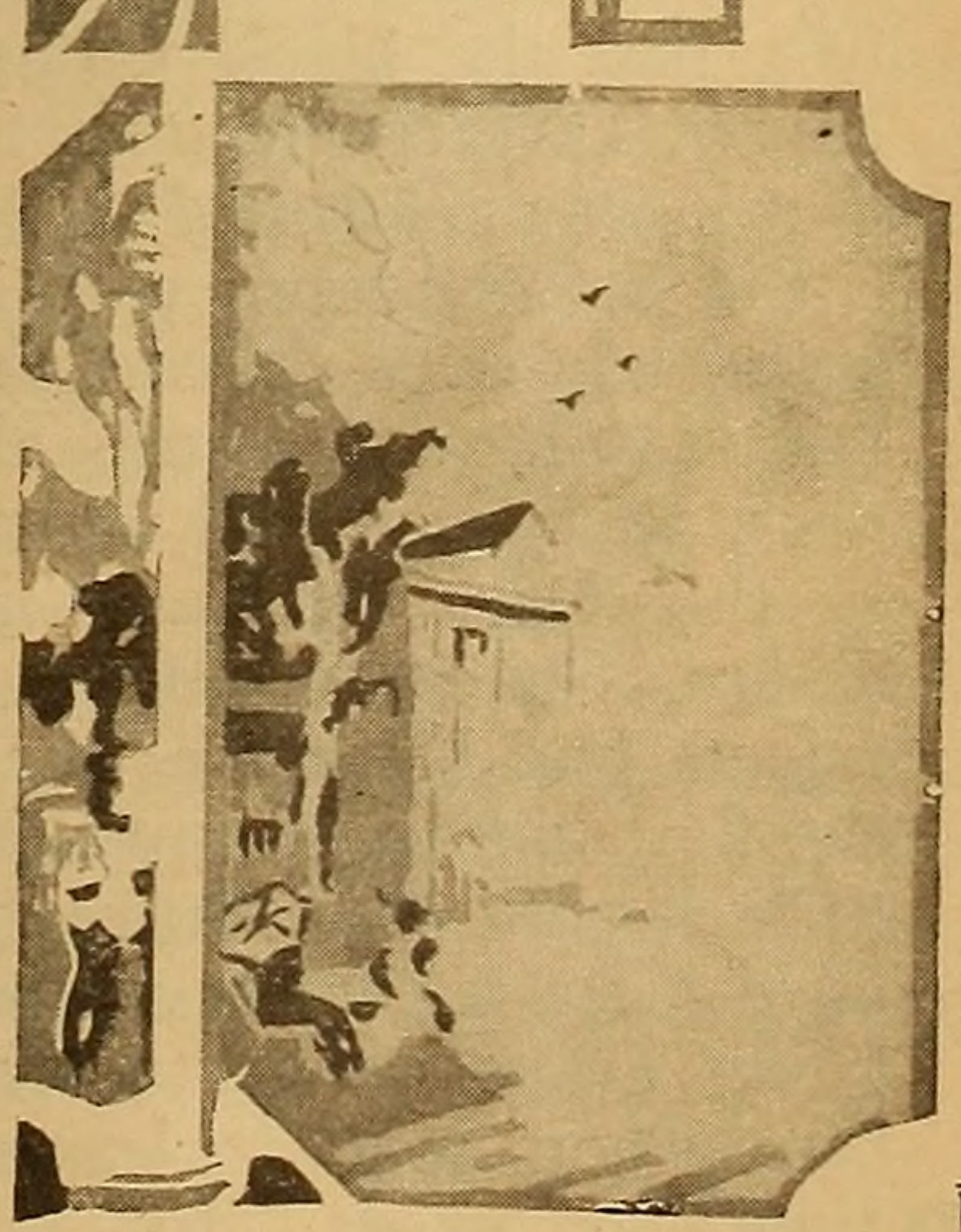
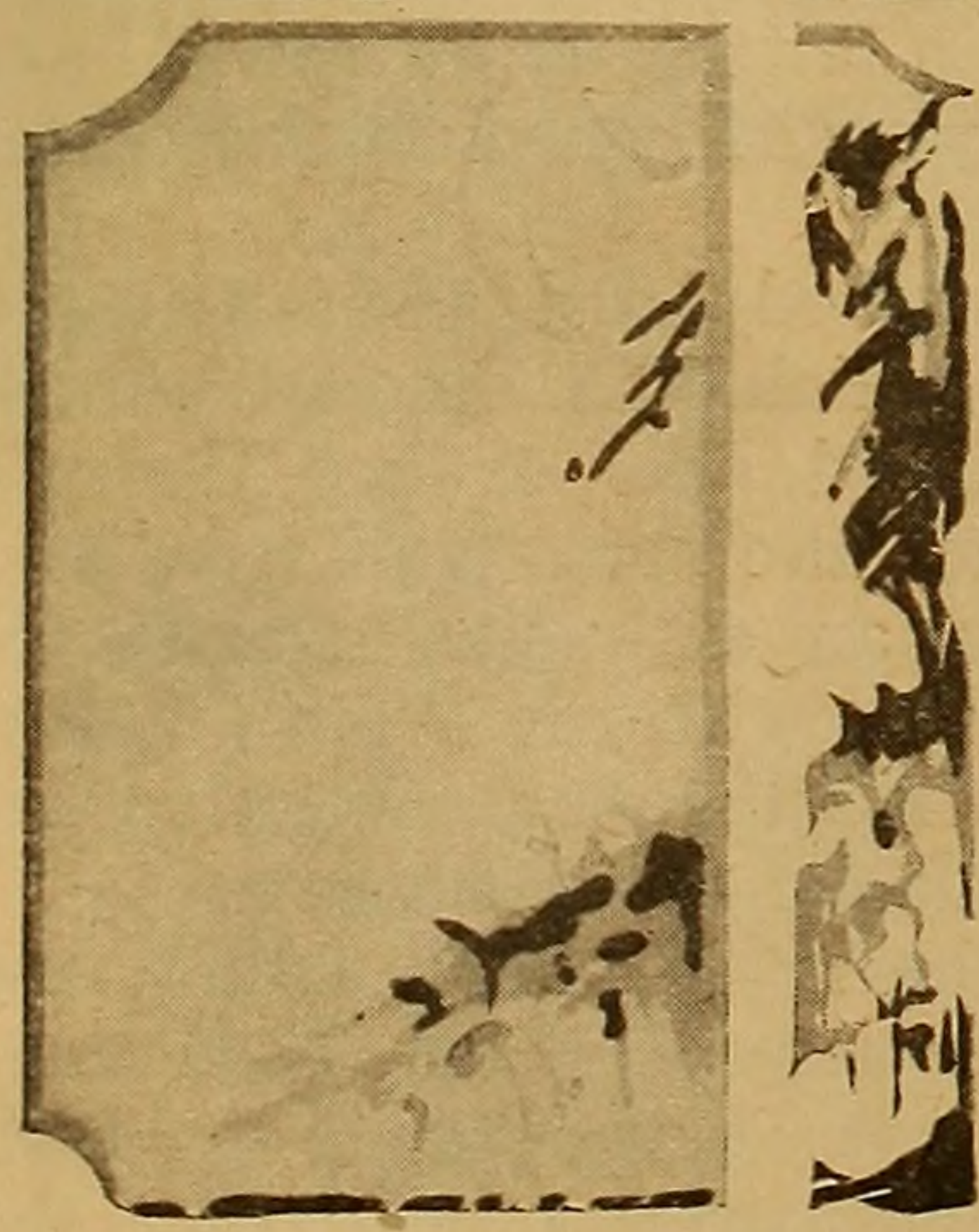
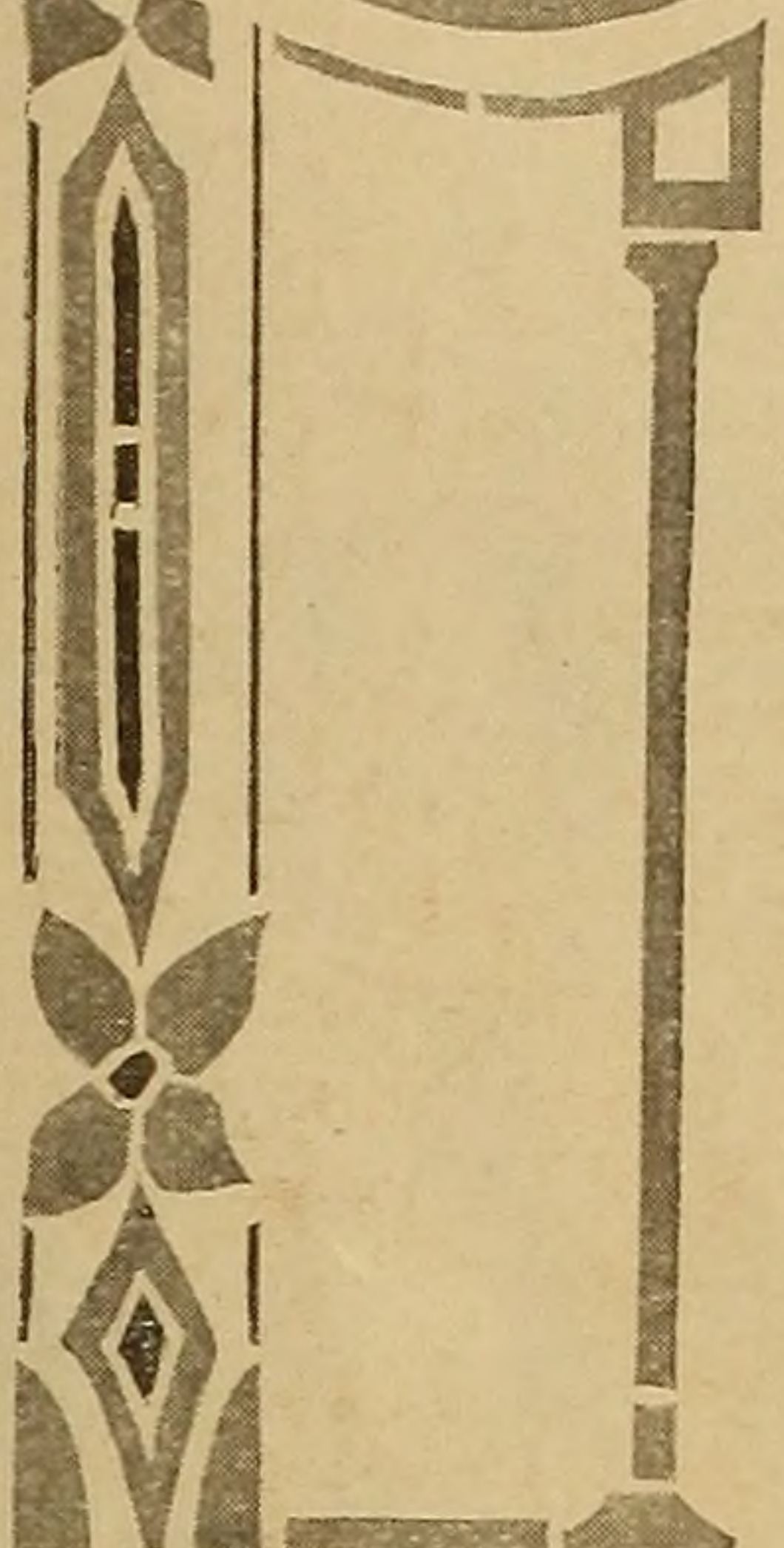
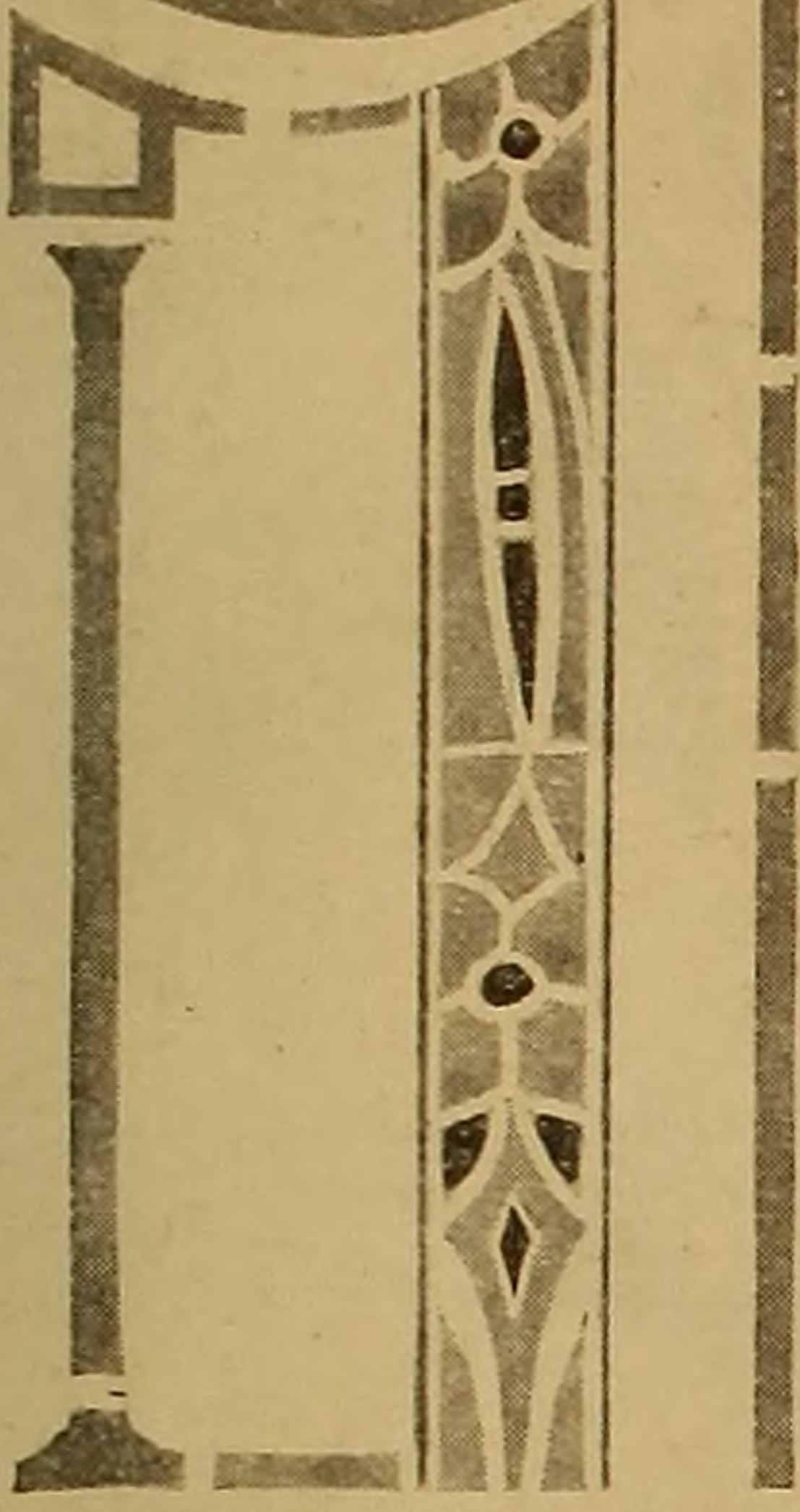


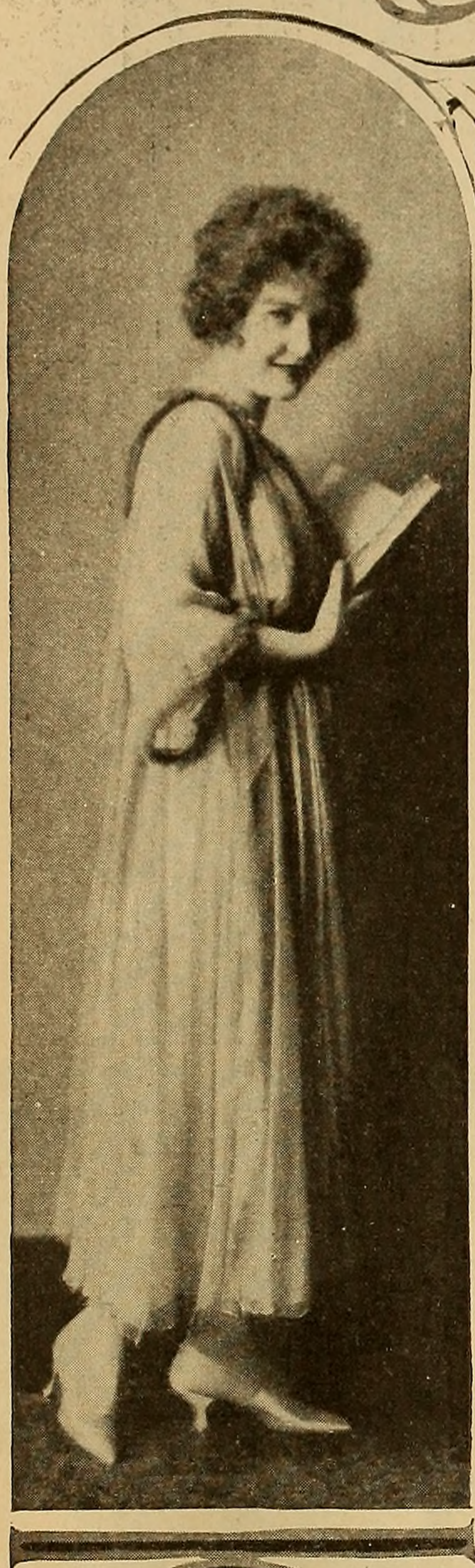
A Eulogy to "Little Mary"

With mollifying gestures to K. C. B.

By ARTHUR C. BROOKS

Mary Pickford,
"Somewhere in Los Angeles,"
Cal.
My dear "Little Mary":
Some years ago, ten
Or twelve, perhaps,
When I was a mewling,
Irrelevant, useless
School-lad, you first
Broke into pictures.
Say, Mary, I fell
Like a German "Ace" with
A bullet thru his gas-tank
For you.
I used to haunt the
Scenic Temple
Every Friday night.
Gee, Mary, didn't I love you!
Oh, gosh!
The pictures were rotten
(Mechanically, that is;
Remember how they flic-kik-ered?),
But I didn't mind as long as you
Graced them.
Then you stopped appearing,
I think, for months.
(You once returned to
The "legit" for a time, yes?)
But I kept going to the movies,
Hoping.
And one night you came back again,
Prettier still.
Gee! I just skipped from cloud to cloud,
Cloud to cloud.
And my eyes shone.
And I breathed like a horse with
Heaves.
Then two matronly ladies,
Probably from Somerville, Mass.,
Complimented you, and one said it was
Too bad that that was your last
Picture
That you had been run down and
Killed by an automobile!
Gee, Mary, somebody turned out the light!
I was broken, cruelly, and stabbed to
The heart.
For centuries and centuries I groped
In Stygian byways, it seemed,
A recluse from inane, incomprehending
People, boobs!
* * * * *
Then you came back again.
And I knew the old hen was a liar!
Well, that's about all, Mary.
I'm glad it didn't happen.
(And I guess you, are, too.)
But some time afterwards
A maundering, tactless imbecile
Told me that you were married.
O-o-o-o-o, Mary!
Oh, sweet Death!
That's all, Mary.
Just a little appreciation
Of the immeasurable service
You are doing the people.
You are helping to polish
The pewter of their lives.
Well, so long, Mary.
Thanks!





“Sunshine May”

By ROBERTA COURTLAND

ONCE upon a time, as all really-for-true fairy stories should begin, a pretty girl with blue eyes and yellow curls stood high on the topmost peak of Whispering Mountain, her lovely head thrown back, her sweet voice soaring, like a lark's, in a high, wordless song of joy that, like the bird's, was filled with the joy of life and love. Never, in all her life, had the black wings of sorrow even brushed her happy, carefree heart. She knew nothing of life save that it was good, and that she was happy.

Six months later, with her blue eyes dark with unshed tears, her once-radiant little face strained and haggard with a sorrow that was almost too much for slim shoulders, this same girl whispered half-aloud, as if talking to the dear, familiar things around her—the old oak where “Squeegee,” the squirrel, who was her very good friend, had his home; the swaying dogwood trees where the first blooms of springtime always welcomed her; the little brook which mirrored the tall, lacey ferns; Blue-Bird Gap, a tiny speck of smoke on the horizon: “I’m going away, away to win fame and fortune! Oh, it breaks my heart to leave you, but I’ll come back some time; and when I do——” she turned away and hurried

down the mountain, with hardly a glance behind her.

The girl, of course, was May Allison. And now that her adored father had passed away, she and her mother, alone in the world, had decided to go to New York and try for an operatic career for the girl, whose lovely voice had hitherto been heard only by her loved ones.

“Mother wanted to help me to gain a career, and she has done more than any one in all the world could have done for me,” is the proud saying of her young daughter now-a-days.

For two years the girl worked hard and earnestly towards the operatic career which had seemed almost easy, back among the pines and hills of her Georgia home. There she had imagined the rocks and trees and flowers as people gathered in an enthusiastic audience to receive the new prima donna with an ovation. But the hard work was too much for the never very robust girl, and after two years she broke down from it.

And then she discovered the movies—or, rather, the movies discovered her. And there she has been ever since: first with Fox in “A Fool There Was,” in which she furnished a bit of golden-haired relief from the turgid, morbid emotionalism of one of the first real

"vampire" plays; then with Famous Players, in "David Harum"; and then to American, where she co-starred with—er—a very well-known young leading-man—three guesses who? Harold Lockwood. Right the first time. Then to Yorke-Metro, opposite the same young man.

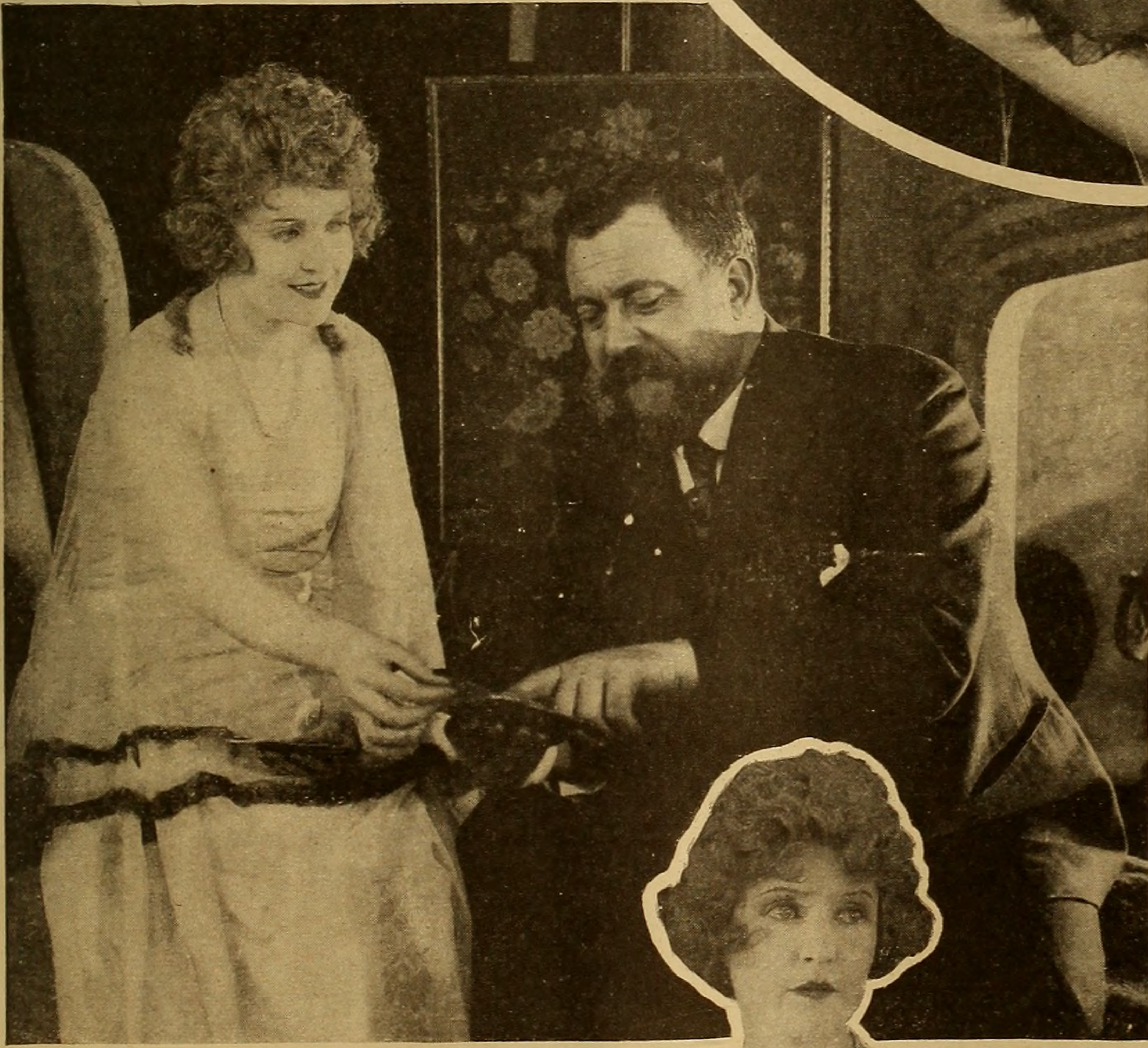
But, having conquered the world of co-starring, she yearned for newer and larger fields. So she cut herself adrift from her handsome film-partner, and spent eight long months in vocal study. Meanwhile there were so many screen-admirers clamoring for her return that, when Metro offered her an individual starring contract, she capitulated and returned once more to the silversheet.

One afternoon, as we sat in the cozy little sitting-room of her apartment up-town, I asked her, lazily:

"Do you realize, Mistress



MAY ALLISON IN "SOCIAL HYPOCRITES"



MAY ALLISON AND CAPELLANI, WHO DIRECTED "SOCIAL HYPOCRITES"

May, that this is about the 'steenth time I've interviewed you?"

"It ought to be easy by now," she answered, heartlessly.

"Oh, should it?" I snapped, sitting up straight in a cozy chair that was wickedly tempting. "Well, if it's any comfort to you, you may



know that it gets harder every time I do it. When the Editor tells me I have to interview you, it spoils my whole day for me."

She looked at me, eyes wide in mock sympathy.

"Well, it's true," I snapped, refusing to be appeased. "There isn't one single, solitary thing about you that I haven't told again and again and again—except about what happens to the flowers in your gardens down home, and the fruit and vegetables. May I tell them that?"

She hesitated a moment, doubtfully.

"Well, if you think they would be interested," she assented reluctantly. "But it seems bad taste and—and—all that. Do as you like, tho."

So, with that little bit of permission, I'm going to say that the beautiful plantation in Georgia raises a wonderful crop of the finest vegetables and fruit, while the Allison gardens are the show-places of north Georgia. Of course, the tenants who look after the plantation cant use all of this, nor does May allow it to be sold.

Instead, there are three charitable institutions in Atlanta—a children's home, for the friendless and destitute; an orphan home and a hospital, all for children—whose tables are supplied, thruout the summer, with fruit and vegetables from the Allison plantation. The County Farm—the Poorhouse, as it is sometimes called—also shares this bounty.

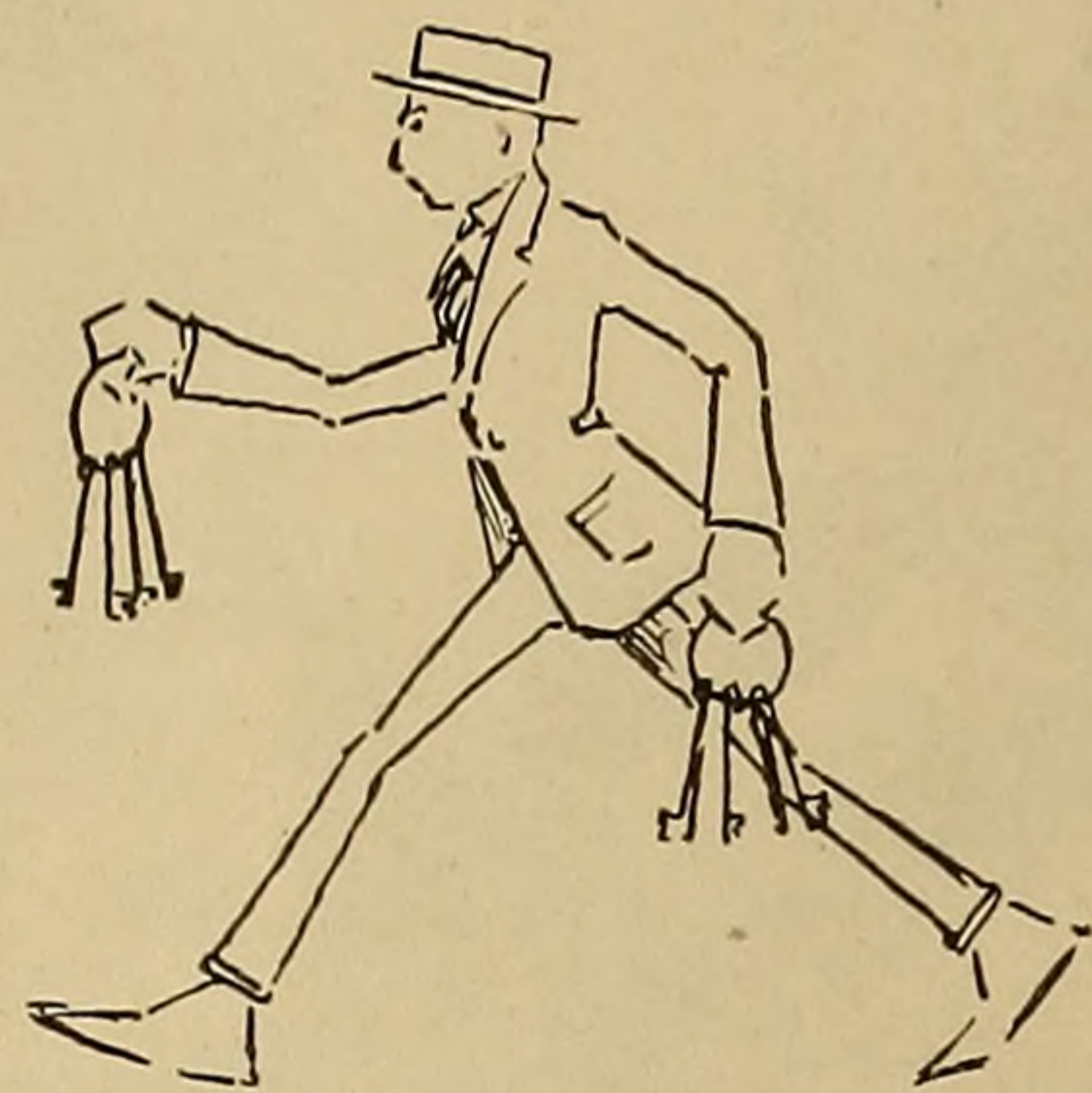
(Continued on page 110)

The Quest of the Holy Yale

By MAYM KELSO

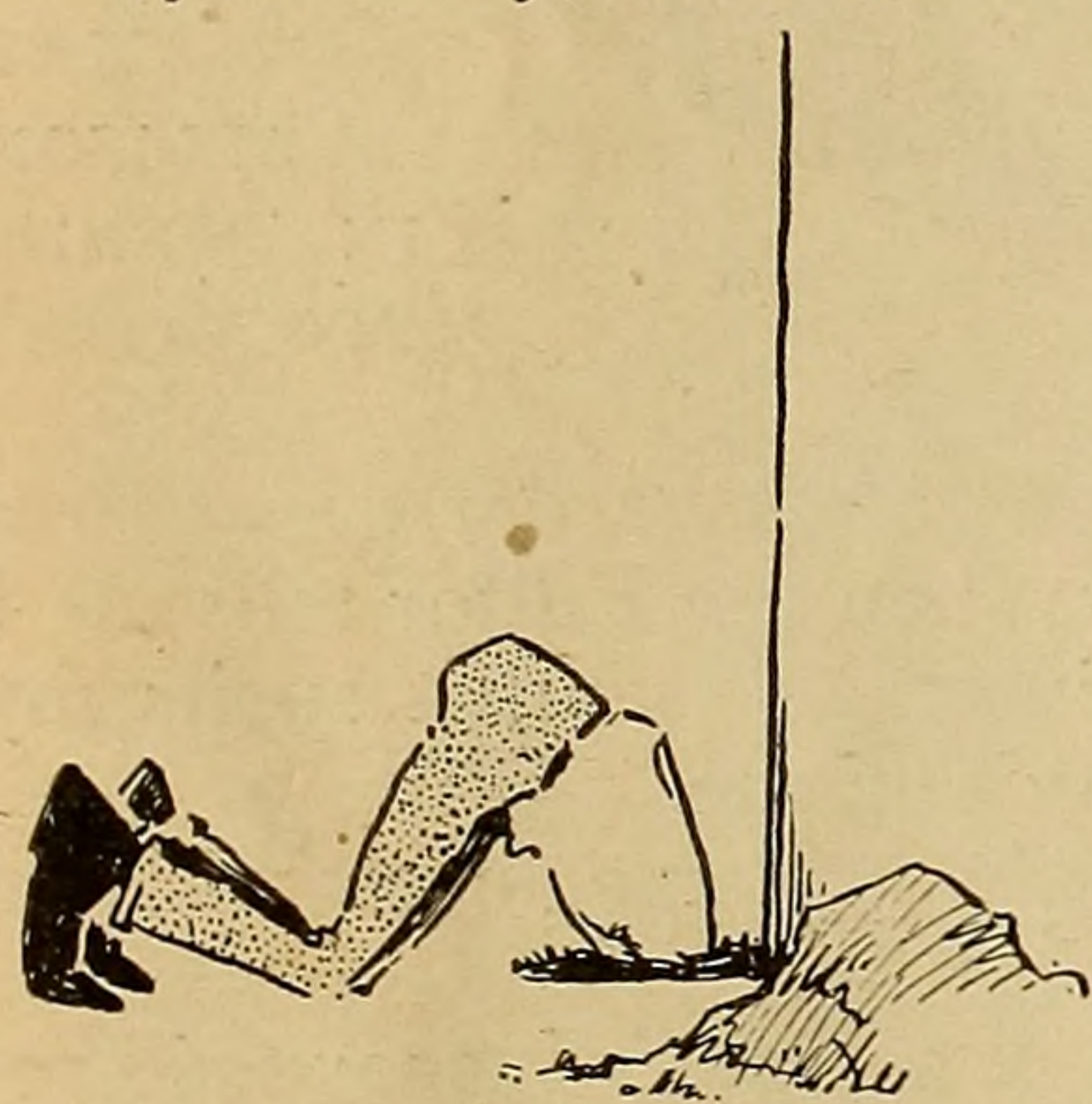
IF you have tears, prepare to shed them, for this is the tale of a quiet Sunday on the Lasky lot. The peace, calm and good-will in evidence on that day was in full working order and the Director-General (Cecil B. De Mille) had determined to "iris in" on a day's strenuous work until the ink in the trusty fountain-pen called for a "fade out."

"C. B." started the day aright, like all good citizens should. He had gone to church—that is, he had gone to hear Billy Sunday. Now, "C. B." was to write an opinion of the reverend gentleman for a newspaper, and, full of his subject, he hastened to the studio to put in reading shape this aforementioned opinion. Much has been written concerning Billy Sunday, but "C. B." had quite a few words that



FRED KLEY WAS "TUBBING," BUT PROMISED TO COME RIGHT OVER WITH ALL THE KEYS HE COULD MUSTER

were left in the dictionary unused by the "hack" writers on the subject. "C. B." would write an oration that would cause the war papers of President Wilson to fade from the memory of man. While traveling in his motor from the tabernacle, he polished up his personal halo until he tingled and glowed with the righteousness of his intent.



"C. B." WAS HALF IN THE TUNNEL

All was still on the lot, ceased the hammering of the carpenters, eliminated was the odor of paint—a gentle breeze stirred the diffusing curtains to a plaintive whisper; it all impressed "C. B.," moved him deeply, lifted his mind to loftier heights. He reached his office, thrust his hands in his pocket for his keys, searched everywhere—no keys! Ah, yes, he remembered—they were on his office-desk. A bit annoyed, he sought a telephone; his private secretary should fetch hers, answer per wire; his secretary had gone on a hunting-trip. Now, what could a woman hunt on Sunday? Words of Billy's sermon flashed in his memory—"patience," "fortitude," "where there is a will there is a way." Blessed Billy! "C. B." phoned to Fred Kley: "Come right over; bring all the keys you can muster." Mrs. Fred said Fred was "tubbing," but would be right over after drying himself.

Now, Fred Kley (production manager) needs a paragraph right here that you may feel in personal touch with that gentleman. We suspect him of having a subterranean bathroom under his office to which he retires every hour, for if ever a chap suggests "just-from-a-bandbox" appearance, Fred Kley is the man. We have never been able to use him in pictures, for he would cause an "hilation," so shiny and sleek is he—his blond hair with never a hair disturbed, and his Palm Beach clothes fit—oh, how they fit! Ingénue leading-women sigh every time he wafts by.

"C. B." explained the situation: work was to be done, "oodles" of important work, and the press of a mighty

newspaper waited for no man—that was the first job to be done.

Woe and then more woe; in fact, a "close-up" of much woe, for not a key but was taking a Sunday off; and "C. B." and Kley "registered" downright despair. A shout from "C. B.": "There is a loose board in the floor; get a boy—a small boy, to get under the building; get a saw; get an ax; get a boy!" Kley dashed to the street. Hollywood is rich with an ever-increasing crop of boys, and Sunday-school was just over. Boys were in sight—the kind that are busy thinking up mischief for Monday while ridding themselves of the sanctimonious air worn with their Sunday-clothes.

"Want to earn a dollar?" asked Kley of a thin cherub. Kley caught the youngster in time to preserve the immaculate appearance of his silk shirt-front, as the boy was about to do a fall on Kley's manly bosom.

"Is it a part? Ought to be worth more on Sunday."

"You unravel the plot—do trench work—dont need make-up. Come on."

"C. B." had gathered two men for "atmosphere" work in the meantime, and when Kley and the boy entered, the men were busy with pick and shovel preparing a tunnel under the building. The geography of the room was explained to the boy; he was handed a saw; handed the dollar, with the promise of another one from "C. B." when he opened the door. Boy disappeared from sight, head first, thrusting the saw ahead of him.

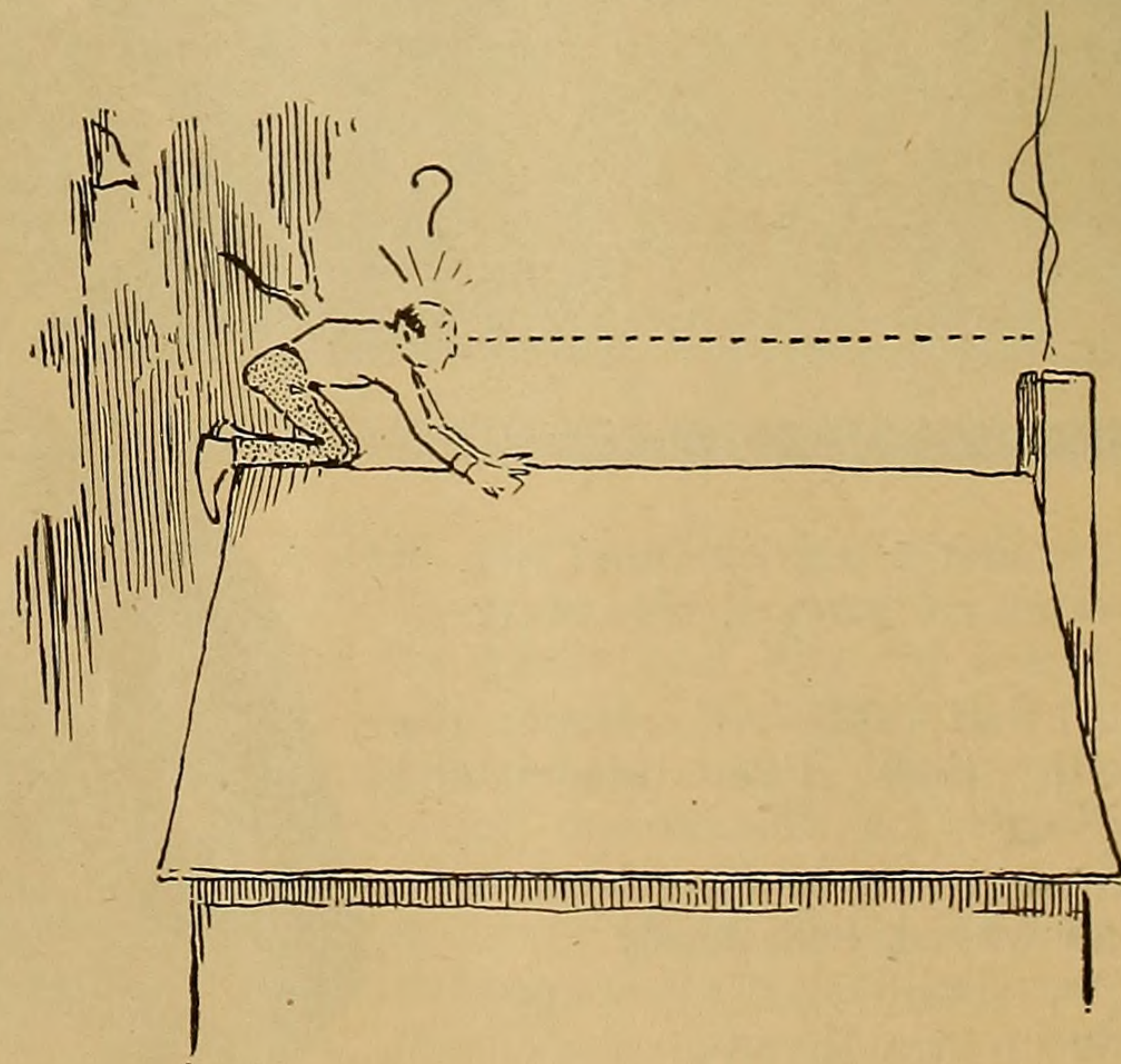
"C. B." and Kley knelt at the mouth of the tunnel, and dulcet tones soothed the boy every time his head took a bump; surely the tones of our best "vamp" never were as alluring as "C. B." urged the youth to a deed of desperate valor.

"Say, I got that loose board in the eye," came in muffled tones from the depths.

"Saw it off; saw others off and out." "C. B." was half in the tunnel.

"Something heavy on it," came back.

"C. B." paused and thought. "Dont saw!" he shrieked. The leg of a grand piano had been put on that loose board so as not to disturb him when certain muses of intellect held him company. Death lurked below, perhaps, if that boy, flat on his back, sawed a way to an open door—flat, squashy death—and "C. B." gulped and then said something—not in Billy Sunday's sermon!



"C. B." COULD SMELL BURNING CLOTHES, BUT NOT YET THE ODOR OF HUMAN FLESH

The boy had turned in his burrow and now came forth like a mole, blinking and dirty (wonderful what dirt a boy collects!), and minus the saw.

Was "C. B." stumped? Nary a stump! He called for a ladder, as he gently massaged the egg-sized lump over the boy's eye.

"There is a huge open fireplace—a wide, generous chimney"—he slipped the boy another dollar, and the entire cast adjourned to the roof location.

Now, this roof is one of picturesque gables, topping windows of great height, and its slope is sharp, as needs be for good effect where the building is but one story high. How they reached the peak of the gable, deponent sayeth not; but their determination and efforts were still in the full flush of youthful endeavor. Astride the gable, they all "hunched" along to the chimney. Passers-by gave but scant notice—"crazy picture stunt" was the comment, and "C. B." was left to his fate.

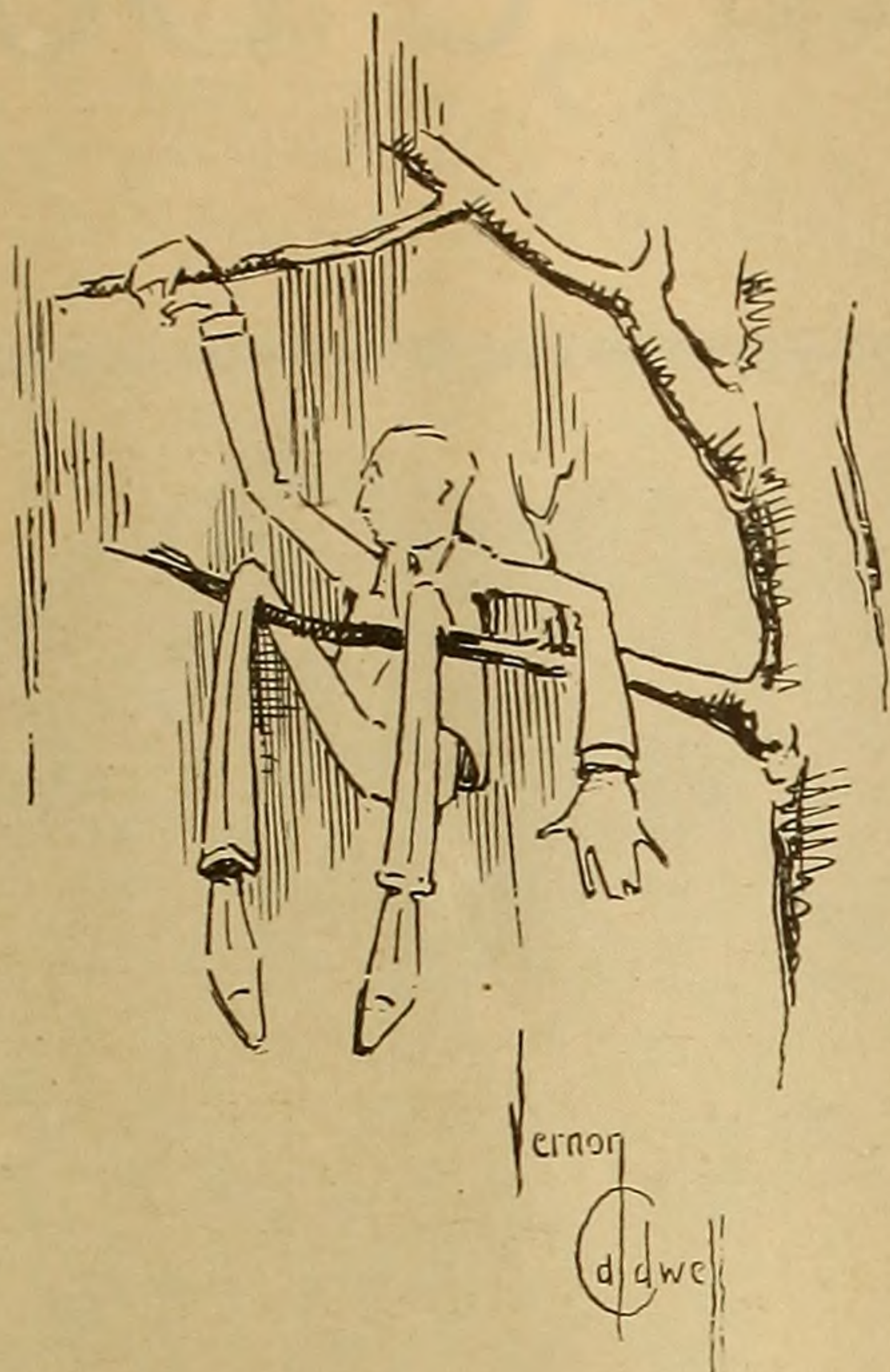
The boy was game; his name was Wilfred, called "Bill" for short; and "C. B." lowered him into that "wide, generous chimney" slowly, while a beautiful smile of encouragement illuminated his countenance. Down, down Bill went, and then "C. B." cast off, and Bill descended swiftly—oh, so swiftly!—and *stuck!*

"What's the matter?" queried "C. B." as he and Kley looked for the boy far below.

"Gee! I'm stuck, and my other eye is on the blink; and, say, what kind of a bughouse do you keep down here?"—for several bats, wasps, bumblebees and other winged beasts soared up.

It was too much! "C. B." grabbed Freddie Kley and broke into gales of laughter. Now, the sharp peak of a gable roof, with bugs of known stinging proclivities seeking to make your acquaintance, is "no fit place" for mirth, so a retreat was commenced. The "atmosphere" men had made hasty exit down the ladder, and "C. B." and Kley, arms about one another's shoulders, started for the same exit. They dared not loosen their hold on one another to be able once more to get astride of the peak, so, like two acrobats doing a daring stunt, they slipped their feet along.

"Hope the kid isn't being stung too often," remarked "C. B." "We must get a rope and get him out." He dared a backward glance at the chimney.



FREDDIE WAS ALL MUSSED UP IN A PEPPER-TREE AND LOOKED DISPLEASED

Horrors! A thin streak of smoke was coming out of the chimney. "Fred!" (hoarse whisper effect)—"Fred, he went down so fast, friction has set him afire. Hurry—ring for the fire department; keep your head!" and "C. B." let his arm slide from Kley's shoulder. Freddie kept his head all right, but lost his feet, and—oh, ah me!—slid down, struck the gutter of the roof—and "went over!" "C. B." was astride of the gable now, and, being a man of quick thought and action, he looked at the chimney. Yes, smoke in increasing volume was escaping. He could smell burning clothes, but not yet the odor of burning human flesh. The boy might soon become a charred mass! But—Fred Kley was Fred Kley, and still held the possibility of being a live issue; so Fred won the lofty thought on that perilous height, and "C. B." swung his feet towards the gutter and slid. Ah! his heels held firm, and he let himself down on his side and, without faltering, looked over, prepared for the worst. Like the nursery-rhyme man in the "bramble bush" sat Freddie in the midst of pepper-tree boughs but yesterday trimmed from the trees in front of the studio. Yes, "fearless Freddie finding furrows" was what met "C. B.'s" gaze. Freddie was all mussed up and looked displeased. As he was finding lame spots, he looked up. His eyes met those of the Big Chief. "I'm all here, I think." Freddie rose slowly, then shook himself erect. Should he ring for the fire department first or send for the studio Red Cross brigade—which, which, indeed, first? "Keep your head, Fred," came "C. B.'s" voice. "I'll go back to the chimney." Fred commenced to limp to a door leading to the lot and "C. B." commenced his journey to that "wide, generous chimney." His foot-gear was slippery glass by this time, his fingers could find no hold on the smooth shingles; how in the world had he ever made it before? Steady smoke now came from the chimney, and "C. B.," his face ablaze with determination, braced his hands against that roof-gutter and backed up that gable like a crab! Ah, 'twas an inspiring sight!

Fearless Freddie, with a mighty effort, was putting his head above the ladder-top as "C. B.'s" feet came into view from the other side of the gable. Freddie thought he was seeing things, but "C. B." was now master of himself and the situation, as he once more got astride that gable.

"Dont attempt it, Fred," and he motioned Fred away as he hunched along. "C. B." bravely drew himself up and looked into that chimney—that "wide and generous" one! "Say, got a cigaret—that's all that keeps these d— bugs away"; and, sure enough, our Wilfred, with free arms, had found and used his cigarets to keep the bugs away.

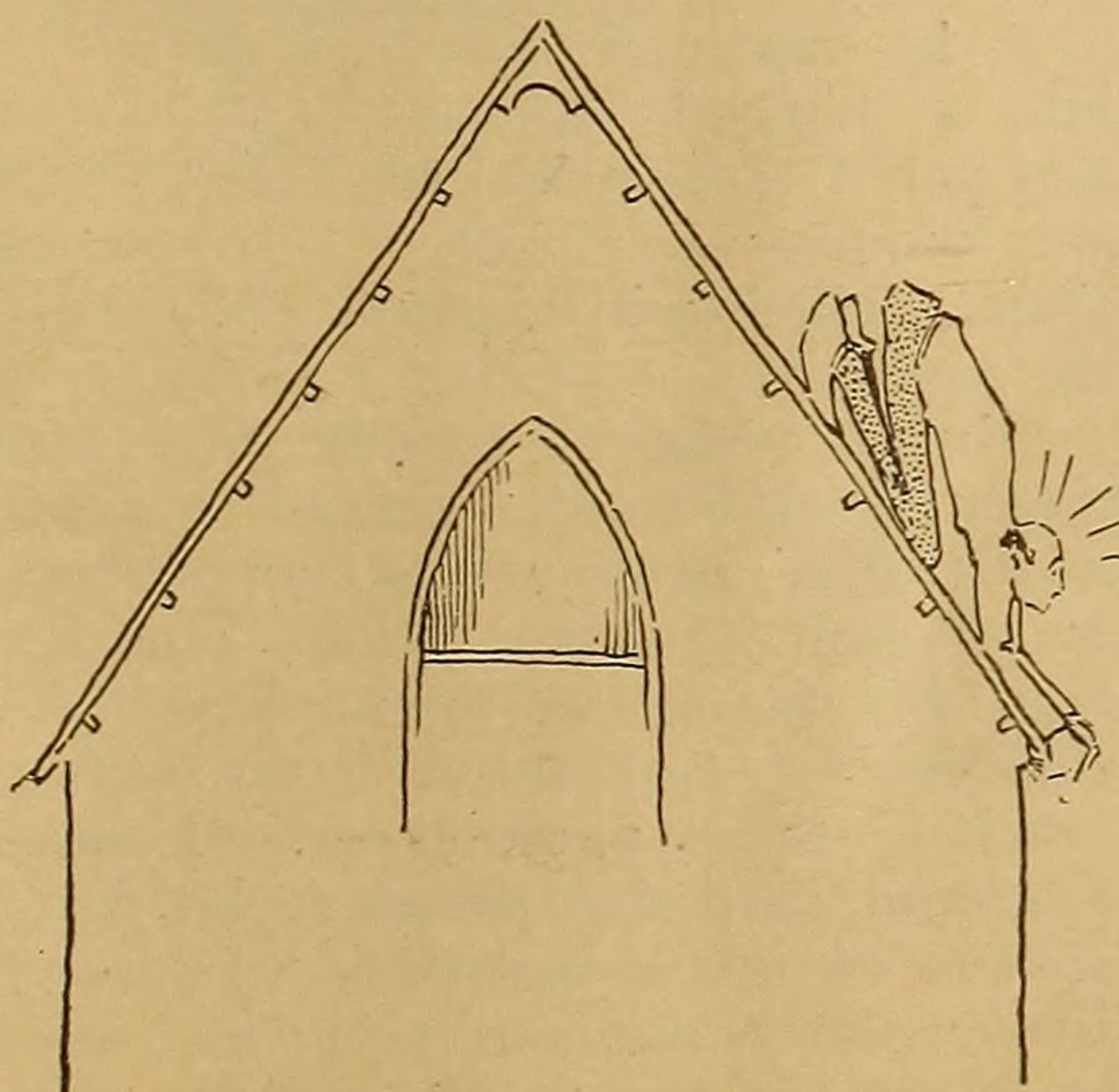
Why continue the tale? The paper got a phoned-in article—a short, concise opinion, all on the lot being advised to see and hear Billy Sunday. There was absolutely no heart nor religion in it.

The secretary bagged freckles and sunburn; Freddie ordered new clothes; and, whisper—we speak in subdued tones in dark corners "of the Sunday when 'C. B.' heard Billy Sunday."

Oh, yes; Bill, the boy, was "roped out." He was a sight for sore eyes—mostly soot and very little suit. Wilfred demanded his two dollars and walked off with them and a limp. We opine his father took the small fortune away in exchange for a right smart Sunday paddling.



OH, YES; BILL, THE BOY, WAS "ROPED OUT"



"C. B." BACKED UP THE GABLE LIKE A CRAB

"Letting George Do It"

By FRITZI REMONT

"YOU look so astonished," came the agreeable voice. George Fisher walked slowly down the wide steps from the huge cave set in a new Paralta production. "It's the black hair, isn't it?"

The Indefatigable Western Writer parried Eve-illy, "Where did you get it?"

"Oh, just plain burnt cork and brilliantine, but you've been accustomed to the old chestnut, and I look like a stranger with the new shade and this precious little nose-tickler."

The I. W. W. stopped to inspect Bessie Barriscale's new leading-man more carefully. It was quite a futurist work of art which arrested her attention, from the curly coal-black locks to the long, up-curling, heavily beaded lashes, with accentuation in the shape of an especially well-designed mustache, underscored in carmine. That bit of sunset red relieved the study in black and white, for the Tuxedo, patent-leather pumps, black tie and regulation soft shirt were uncompromisingly severe.

"I think it is a sin to color hair like yours," replied the Indefatigable Western Writer. "Do you leave that mixture on over night?"

"No; I wish I could, but, you see, I'm working in two pictures, which require entirely different make-up. I left the studio this morning at ten A.M. and was back for this set at eight. Working under the lights night after night has given me eye-trouble lately. Besides, this constant washing of the hair in California alkali-water is causing me to study hair-tonic advertisements with avidity, in every spare moment."

"What are you doing now? Please tell me something about your engagement with Paralta," returned the I.W.W.,

while she searched for an elusive fountain-pen.

"I've been here almost three months, and, believe me, I was very glad to leave quiet little Santa Barbara. Besides, so many of my old friends at the 'Flying U' have come to Los Angeles, and mother has come out to live with me, so that I am enjoying home comforts for the first time in many years. I'm under a two-year

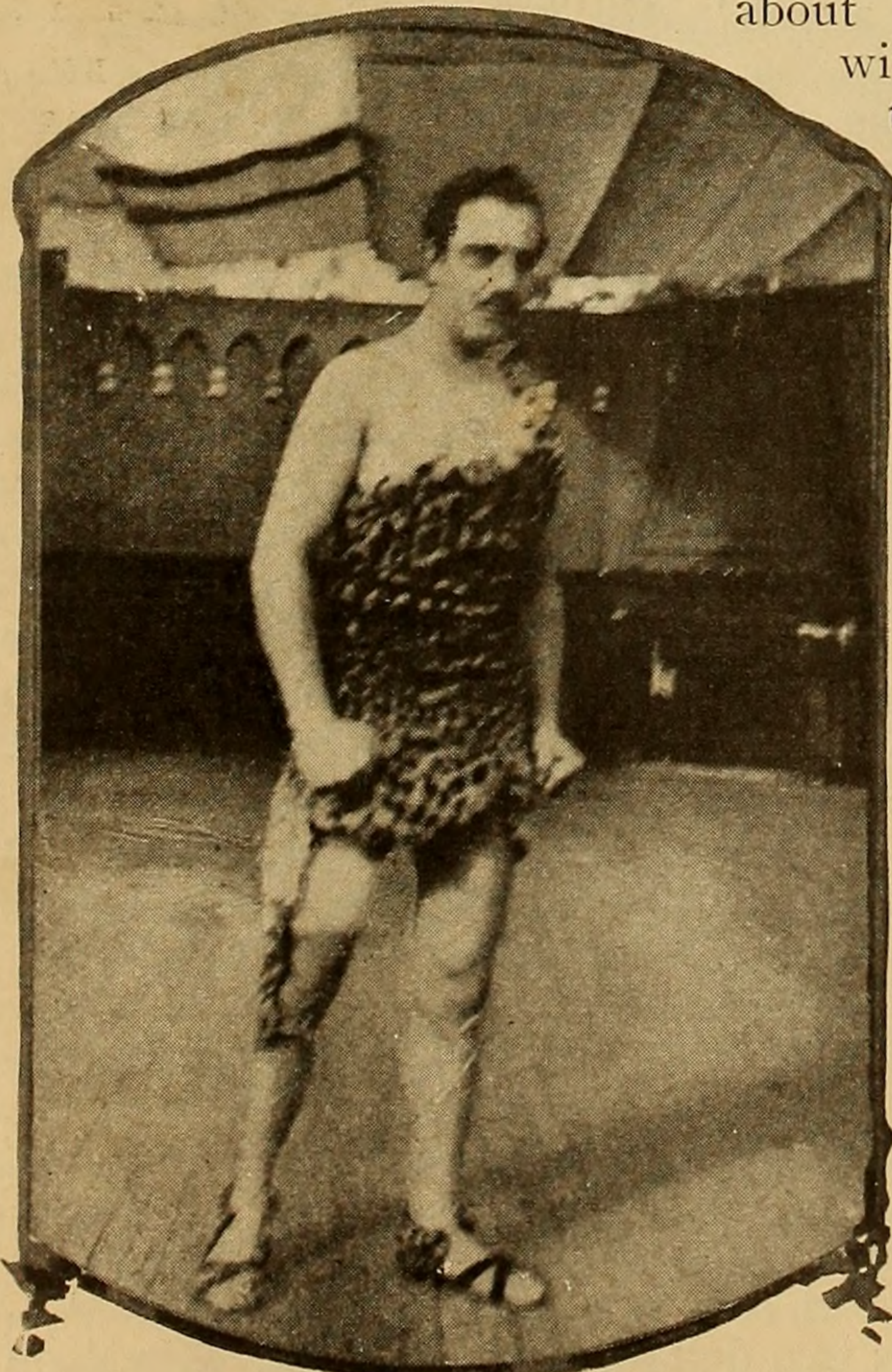
contract, you see."

An inspiration exploded in the I.W.W.'s dome with a terrific detonation. "Let me put in a little of that dutiful son stuff. It always makes a hit with the public. Besides, all the girls will argue that a dutiful son may be metamorphosed into a domestic spouse, and you'll receive letters and requests for photographs which will alarm the studio."

"But I couldn't possibly deal with such a contingency. I'm so far behind in my correspondence now that it seems almost impossible to catch up. I must admit, tho, that I look eagerly for the morning's mail, for one misses the applause of the stock company experiences, and those letters of approval are very precious to a photoplayer. I have just ordered a thousand card-size photographs for ordinary use, and dozens of the larger ones. It takes a lot of time to answer letters and mail pictures." George Fisher paused to follow the erratic flow of ink. "You call that shorthand, dont you? Sort of worries a man to see verbal bacteria like those floating over a page."



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GEORGE FISHER



GEORGE LOOKED STATUESQUE IN HIS
TIGER-SKIN

"Fear not these scrolls," urged the I. W. W. comfortingly. "I was merely going to add a pathetic paragraph all about your working more than half the night, all day, and then arriving home for dinner, only to find mother weary. You bid her rest on the divan while you prepare the evening meal. She says, 'There never was a son like you, George,' as you bring in fluffy biscuits, fried chicken and ambrosial coffee."

Mr. Fisher registered genuine alarm. "Please dont do that. I've seen enough press-agent stuff to make me hate every concocted story, and I dont want you to put in a thing which is not positively true. Besides, I cant cook a thing but ham and aigs."

"Of course, that settles it. One cant cook ham AND all the time."



MARY MILES MINTER AND GEORGE FISHER

Reminds me of that old story about the Stammering Steve who learnt to speak 'Peter Piper' perfectly, only to discover later on that it was a very inappropriate remark to work into an ordinary conversation." An air of disappointment seemed to enshroud the Indefatigable Western Writer.

"Oh, I dont know. I cook that combination every single morning about three A.M. In fact, the other flat-dwellers have come to the conclusion that I earn a fabulous salary, judging by the amount of pork product and hen-fruit which is delivered at our apartment bi-weekly. You know, one can become accustomed to noises and sleep like a lamb right thru a thunder-storm, and mother dear has arrived at the stage when not even a fried-ham smell disturbs her placid slumbers. It's the



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AN INFORMAL LIKENESS OF THE BARRISCALE HERO

other people in the house who make comments about my cooking." Mr. Fisher's face brightened as he added, seriously: "But I *can* make good cawfee now; even mother admits it."

"And do you mean to tell me you can go right to sleep after a meal cooked at cock-crowing time?" It was the *Inquisitive* Western Writer who queried this time.

"Sleep like a bale of alfalfa," nodded George, emphatically. There seems to be no doubt that if George does a thing it is done right.

"But you have not told me yet where you learnt to act." The I. W. W. looked a combination of reproachfulness and inquisitorial alertness.

"Like many others, I started in stock-company work. I was at the Schubert Theater, in Milwaukee, for two years, and—"

The I. W. W. interrupted enthusiastically: "Oh, then, it was something besides Schlitz that made Milwaukee famous. I always did think that story was a fake."

"Modesty forbids me to answer the soft impeachment," came dramatically from George. "But, as I was saying when rudely interrupted, I went on the road a while, then back to stock-company work in South Bend,

(Continued on page 123)

Scenarioizing a Great Play

How "The Yellow Ticket" Was Prepared for the Screen

By TARLETON WINCHESTER

JUST let me see a good scenario, and then I'm sure I could write one." How many times a day the Motion Picture man hears that! Novelists, dramatists, short-story writers, people who are neither but want to be, all say the same thing.

Every day it becomes more generally realized that telling a story in terms of the Motion Picture is very different from doing so on the legitimate stage or in the published book or magazine, and specialists are being developed to meet the demand for the proper presentation of a great idea in pictures.

Having been asked by the editors of this Magazine to lay before its many readers an example of the perfect scenario—that is, a scenario as nearly perfect as one could well be at this stage of the art's development—I have, after some consideration, selected Tom Cushing's adaptation of the A. H. Woods stage play, "The Yellow Ticket," by Michael Morton, which, owing to the strength of the story and the excellence of its presentation, ran for two seasons at the Eltinge Theater, New York, and was equally successful on the road.

Since in addition to its star production "The Yellow Ticket" has also been published as a novel, it offers more opportunity for comparison between the three branches of literature—represented by the stage, the screen and the printed page—than is usually the case.

Also, Mr. Cushing is a playwright of experience, who has worked in close collaboration with David Belasco on a number of his dramatic productions and who also made his mark with the higher type of musical play thru his authorship of "Sari," which introduced Mizi Hajos as a star of the American stage. He first entered the scenario field about a year ago at the earnest solicitation of William Parke, his friend and former associate.

The scenario of "The Yellow Ticket" has additional interest, since its presentation on the screen in June will enable you to read each scene and then analyze how it "looks on the screen."

As the scenario is a matter of some three hundred and fifty scenes, I have told in paragraphs what happens in those which are merely leading up to the big points, thus saving space and making the article somewhat easier to read without detracting from its interest.

We will now proceed to the main title and the cast as you will see it on the screen:

"THE YELLOW TICKET"

From the A. H. Woods Dramatic Success

Produced by Astra Scenario by Tom Cushing
Directed by William Parke

IMPORTANT CHARACTERS

Anna Mirrel.....Fannie Ward
Isaac Mirrel.....Dan Mason
Julian Rolfe.....Milton Sills
Baron Stephan Andrey.....Warner Oland
Count Rostov.....A. Kalisz
John Seaton.....J. H. Gilmour
Margery Seaton.....Helene Chadwick
Petrov Paviak.....Leon Bary
Marya Varenka.....Anna Lehr
Cast further including: Nicholas Dunaew, Charlie Jackson, Edward Elkus and Richard Thornton.

Then a brief introduction of the story:

"THE YELLOW TICKET"

Russia—the Russia of the Czars as it was before the Revolution—tumbled under the tyranny of an organization which was feared alike by peasant and tradesman—by students and the more broad-minded of the nobles, but above all by the Jews. This organization was the Okhrana, or the Secret Police. At its head was a pitiless tyrant—Baron Andrey. He directed the energies

of the thousands of secret agents, who spied everywhere thruout the vast dominions of the Czar for his master's benefit—but in serving his master he did not forget himself, and many there were who said truthfully that he put himself before his master.

Two of Baron Andrey's most willing tools were his nephew, Count Rostov, whose ambition was to succeed his uncle as the head of the Okhrana, and Paviak, a conscienceless, unprincipled dog, who served the Baron in every way.

Irritated by the opposition of the Jews to his edicts, Baron Andrey planned to stir up the peasants against this race, and in furtherance of his plans sent Paviak forth to plot a massacre of the Jews by the Moujiks.

In the small town of Tasepevka, near St. Petersburg, as the capitol of Russia was known in those days, lived Isaac Mirrel, with his wife and daughter. He was a small storekeeper, and when his business called him to St. Petersburg there was bustling and hubbub in the little home until his clothes were packed and he was sent on his way.

An evil chance led Paviak to descend on Tasepevka to carry out the plans of the Baron, and these plans come to a full fruition of rioting and slaughter just as Anna Mirrel, Isaac's daughter,

received a telegram stating that her father had been injured in St. Petersburg and was being cared for by Marya Varenka, who had taken him to her rooms when she saw the Baron's sleigh knock the old man down in the street.

The news of her husband's injury and the excitement of the rioting was too much for Anna's mother, and her death resulted. Others among the Jews, who felt the heavy hand of the Moujiks, counted her lucky to be out of the world, and Anna, left alone, sought means to go to her father.

And now to the scenes in sequence:

SCENE (interior Police Bureau)—Paviak talking to inspector. Delighted at happenings of night before. Anna shown in roughly by two mocking officials. Crosses to inspector.

SPOKEN TITLE—"I've come for a passport. My father is injured. He is in St. Petersburg. He wants me."

Inspector shakes head, waves her to one side. Anna shows him telegram. He glances at it, but it makes small impression on him. Paviak, attracted by girl, steps forward. Anna, not noticing him, begs inspector to heed her. She holds out her hands pleadingly.

SPOKEN TITLE—"He may be dying! He is alone and he wants me." Inspector, unmoved, turns away. Paviak, with a sinister smile, leans over, whispers to the inspector. Latter listens. Paviak finishes. Inspector says with a half-leer:

SPOKEN TITLE—"There is but one way for a Jewess to go to St. Petersburg—the yellow ticket."

Two men, enjoying themselves, watch Anna's expression. SCENE—Close-up of Anna. Paying slight attention to what they are saying, and not realizing their meaning, she cries out that she will do anything to reach her father.

SCENE—Foreground Anna, Inspector Paviak. Latter turns away, leaving Anna with inspector. Inspector from his desk pulls out the yellow card and begins to make it out. Anna is grateful to him. Her mind, however, is on her father. As inspector prepares it and Anna gives her name, he looks up and says slowly:

SPOKEN TITLE—"You had better read it thru." Continuing foreground, Anna takes it.

SCENE—Close-up of Anna. As she reads the title her eyes grow wide.

INSERT (foreground of card)—No. 78943: Know all men by these contents, that Anna Mirrel, of the town of Tasepevka, of the State of Kiev, is granted privilege of residence in any part of the Czar's dominions as a woman of the streets.

SCENE—Foreground. Anna angrily refuses the card. Then thinks of father and realizes these men know no mercy to one of her race. Half opens telegram. A moment of agonized debating



HERE WAS HER CHANCE—A FIGHTING CHANCE. BUT WHY NOT TAKE IT? WHY NOT ASSUME THE IDENTITY OF MARYA VARENKA?

goes on in her mind. Then picks up card and agrees, with a mute nod of her head, to go on with it.

SCENE—Full set. As Anna leaves, a young police officer jollies her about the ticket and tries to kiss her. She breaks away from him in terror and exits.

SCENE (the outer office)—On rude benches Jews are seated in miserable groups, waiting to see the inspector. Anna appears from the inner office, the young officer behind her. He gives her a kiss. As she struggles, he says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"You have the yellow ticket! You have no right to object."

He turns back into the inner room. The Jews draw back from Anna in horror. Anna, with a sudden choking of emotion, starts to tear up the ticket, in a revulsion of feeling, but, as she thinks of her father, alone and at death's door, she swallows her pride and rushes from the office.

FADE-OUT.

Anna finally reaches St. Petersburg and her father's bedside, shortly before Marya Varenka, the good samaritan who took him in, returns to her home, and learns that her young sister has been taken away by the Okhrana. From a fellow revolutionist, who followed the police, Marya learns that to save herself from Baron Andrey the little girl had committed suicide.

Reckless and wishing to wreak vengeance on the Baron, Marya quits her position as governess to the daughter of Princess Mirsky, after receiving a letter of recommendation from her, and in an attempt to kill the Baron is killed herself. Before going out on her desperate mission Marya told Anna that if she did not return, Anna could have all her belongings. Anna's father dies, and in the midst of her grief over her loss the police visit the house, and when they demand Anna's passport, she is forced to show them her yellow ticket. They tell her she must report regularly to the police.

Learning of Marya's death, Anna takes her belongings, including Marya's passport and



MARYA VARENKA'S QUICK MIND
PLANNED REVENGE UPON THE
BARON

recommendation, and, moving to another section of the city, assumes the identity of Marya Varenka.

Anna, with her natural cleverness, learns English, and, seeking to make an honest living, she decides to teach that language to any pupils she can find. An American diplomat, named Seaton, and his daughter Margery begin to play an important part in her life.

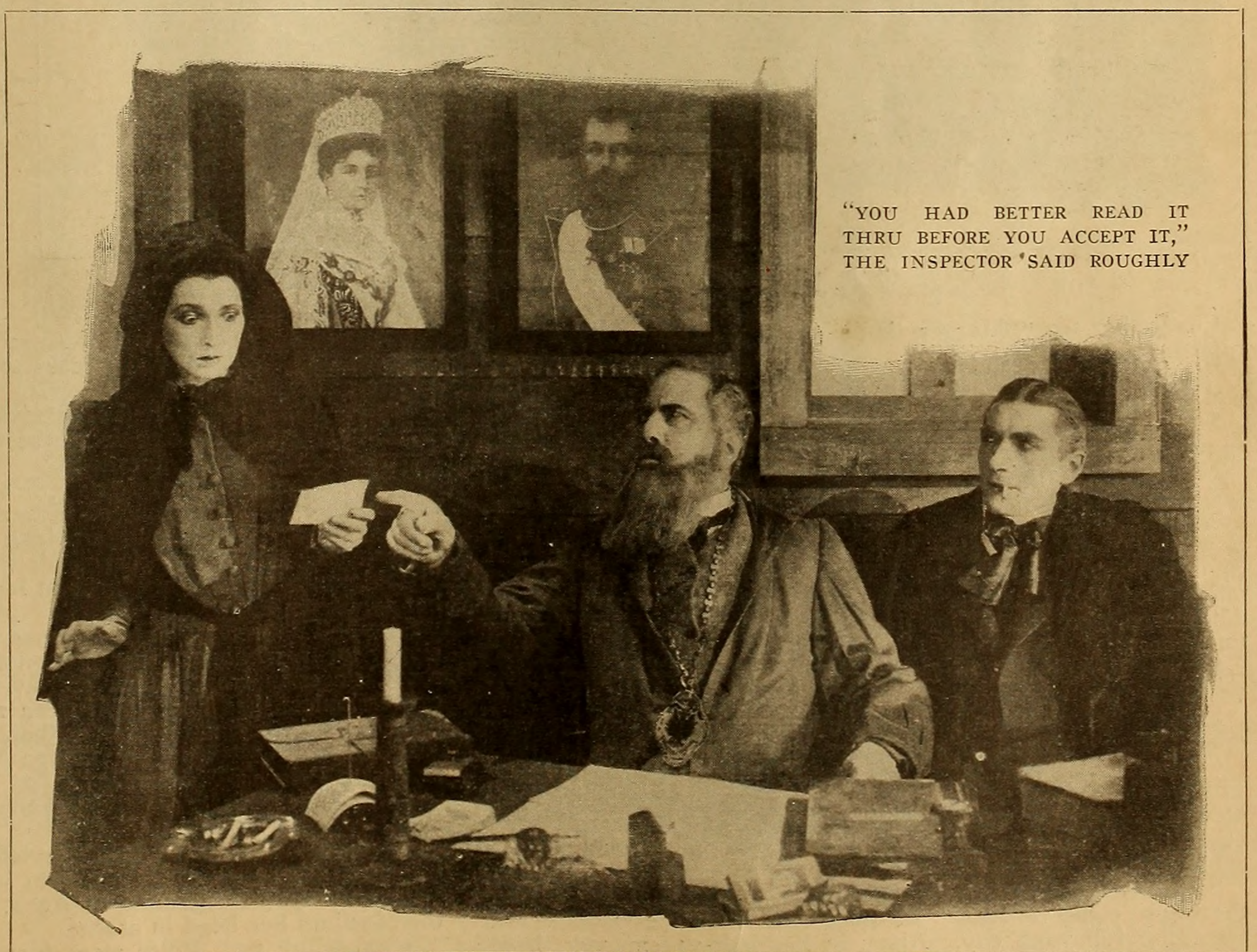
SCENE (Seaton apartment)—Seaton dressed for dinner, reading. Margery in. Shows him a ring. Asks him if he is not happy about it. He kisses her and tells her of course he is.

Count Rostov is announced with Baron Andrey. Margery says she has told her father. Baron congratulates them. A woman is announced. She is a dinner guest. Mr. Seaton greets her as she speaks to the others.

SCENE—Close-up of Mr. Seaton. He says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"A young countryman of mine is dining with us, Julian Rolfe, a journalist and a mighty clever chap."

Continuing foreground, Mr. Seaton makes this announcement casually.



"YOU HAD BETTER READ IT
THRU BEFORE YOU ACCEPT IT,"
THE INSPECTOR SAID ROUGHLY

SCENE—Full set. As Mr. Seaton says this, Margery laughingly turns to the Baron and Count Rostov and says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"He's going to write some articles on Russia. If you have anything to conceal, beware!"

Baron and Count show in no wise whether they are glad or sorry they are to have a clever American trying to unearth secrets. Butler announces:

SPOKEN TITLE—"Mistaire Julian Rolfe."

Continuing scene, Rolfe appears. He is a straightforward, manly type, with a pleasant smile and a steady eye. He is introduced. The Baron and the Count are charmingly polite to him. Margery greets him easily, while Seaton claps him on the shoulder.

SCENE (small reception room in Seaton apartment)—Margery enters with the Count. Margery is in high spirits and she leads him in. A butler brings them liqueur. They both take some. The butler goes. The Count leans toward her and says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"Galubchik."

Continuing scene, Margery laughs in reply and says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"That sounds like 'carriage check,' but I suppose it's dreadfully nice."

Continuing scene, the Count takes one of her hands and says, with an insinuating smile:

SPOKEN TITLE—"It means 'darling.'"

good-by and leaves, Rolfe seeing her to the door. The Baron watches her go. He stands motionless, as tho in no hurry to put the plans he had formed concerning her into execution.

SCENE—Foreground, at door. Anna says good-by to Rolfe. They shake hands and she is gone.

FADE-OUT.

As time goes on, Rolfe manages to drop in on the Seaton on those days that Anna is giving Margery a lesson, and despite the girl's objections, insists upon accompanying her to her home after the lesson is finished. Paviak has also discovered Anna, but cannot remember where he has seen her before. When the censor reports to the Baron that Rolfe is sending out dangerous articles on conditions in Russia, Paviak is called in to investigate and decides that Anna is Rolfe's source of information. Acting under instructions from Baron Andrey, he calls at the Seaton apartment when he knows Anna, the Baron, Count Rostov and the American, Julian Rolfe, are calling on the Seaton at the time.

SCENE (hotel lobby)—Close foreground of Paviak talking on telephone.

SCENE (Seaton apartment)—Mr. Seaton goes to the telephone, answers. Suddenly starts back. He turns to the others and says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"An agent of the secret police wants to see me."

Continuing scene, Mr. Seaton does not like the notion. In answer to Seaton's question, the Baron says he thinks he better have the man in. Margery walks away from Anna and says excitedly:

SPOKEN TITLE—"Let's have him up! I am crazy to see one face to face."

Continuing scene, Julian enthusiastically says yes. The Baron looks at Anna, but she shows no emotion whatever. Julian goes over to Anna.

SCENE (hallway outside Seaton apartment)—Close-up of Paviak knocking on door of apartment.

SCENE (Seaton apartment)—Baron turns to others and says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"I think it better I am not seen here, if you dont mind. Of course, you understand, once an officer of the police enters, I dare not interfere."

Continuing scene, Baron sits in big arm-chair, faces fire so as not to be seen. Mr. Seaton goes to door, opens it, admits Paviak. Paviak steps inside and looks about room, taking in all occupants, his eyes resting on Anna.

SCENE—Close foreground of Anna trembling slightly.

SCENE—Full set. Paviak speaks to Mr. Seaton, who asks him nature of his business.

SCENE—Close foreground of Paviak as he says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"I come from the Okhrana. I am here to ask Marya Varenka a few questions."

SCENE—Foreground of Anna. She is very much frightened.

SCENE—Close foreground of Margery looking at Count Rostov, who stands by indifferently smoking cigaret. Margery clutches his arm. Count Rostov shrugs his shoulders with expression of "I told you so." Margery looks at him angrily, quickly removing her arm from his.

SCENE—Full set. Margery comes down beside Anna. Anna slowly turns, without appearing to notice any of the people in the room, stares in front of her at Paviak, her big eyes wide open, expressionless, her hands folded in front of her. Paviak takes the notebook, begins questioning her, says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"You are Marya Varenka, at one time governess to Princess Mirsky?"

SCENE—Close foreground of Anna mechanically nodding her head.

SCENE—Close foreground of Paviak as he says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"Let me see your passport."

SCENE—Close foreground of Anna. She draws a deep breath, then inclines her head in assent.

SCENE—Full set. Rolfe steps forward and says:



"YES, IT IS TRUE. I HAVE A YELLOW TICKET"

Continuing scene, Margery is delighted, yet also a little embarrassed.

SCENE—Close-up of Margery. Sudden determination seizes her and she says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"I am going to learn Russian. I am not going to miss any more 'darlings.' You must get me a teacher at once."

Following this the Count arranges with an agency to send a girl who knows both Russian and English to Miss Seaton. Anna, presenting Marva's letter of recommendation, is engaged. It is clear that Rolfe has taken a fancy to the pretty, half-shy girl. She meets the Baron and the Count, and her fear of them as officials of the Okhrana seems a bomb between her and the American, who senses but does not realize the cause for her uneasiness.

SCENE—Foreground of Rolfe and Anna. After a moment he says in a quiet manner:

SPOKEN TITLE—"You know, I believe you could help me very much. I want some inside 'dope' on Russian conditions."

Continuing foreground, Anna at that glances at him swiftly. The word "dope" amuses her. Rolfe begins to explain. Anna sees the Baron approaching and quickly says, "Very well, some other time," in order to stop Rolfe from going on with the subject.

SCENE—Foreground. As the Baron comes up, Margery and the Count come forward. Margery tells Anna she wants her to come the following day. Anna, in her half-shy manner, bows

SPOKEN TITLE—
"Surely this isn't
necessary. We all
know Miss Va-
renka."

Continuing scene,
Margery echoes
what Rolfe says and
stands beside Anna.
Paviak answers: "I
am sorry, but I
must insist."

SCENE—Fore-
ground of Anna.
She tells Margery
and Julian that it is
all right, and she
draws forth Marya's
passport and cre-
dentials and gives
them to Paviak.

SCENE—Close-up
of Paviak as he
glances thru them.
He says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"I
must inform you
that this passport is
worthless."

SCENE—Fore-
ground of Rolfe and
Paviak and Anna.

Rolfe leaps forward registering great excitement and exclaims:

SPOKEN TITLE—"I see what you are up to. Because she knows me and has been helping me, you're trying to trump up some charge against her."

Continuing foreground. Anna beseeches Rolfe to stop. Paviak only smiles and answers quietly:

SPOKEN TITLE—"She says she is Marya Varenka, but Marya Varenka is dead."

Continuing foreground. Underneath his oily calm there is much venom. Anna stiffens, but says nothing. Rolfe looks angry and unbelieving.

SCENE—Close-up of Baron, hidden in his chair. He is enjoying the fear of the butterfly caught in the spider's web.

SCENE—Close-up of Rolfe. In flaming passion, he turns on Paviak and cries out:

SPOKEN TITLE—"I dont believe you!"

SCENE—Full set. Rolfe denounces Paviak. Mr. Seaton tries to calm him. Anna steps forward, and drawing herself up, says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"He is right. I am not Marya Varenka. She left me her belongings. I was a nobody in Russia, without a chance, and so I took her name. That is the one dishonest thing I have ever done."

Continuing scene.
At this announcement
Mr. Seaton is horri-
fied. Rolfe steps for-
ward, anxious to de-
fend Anna. Paviak,
smiling at her in his
usual way, continues:

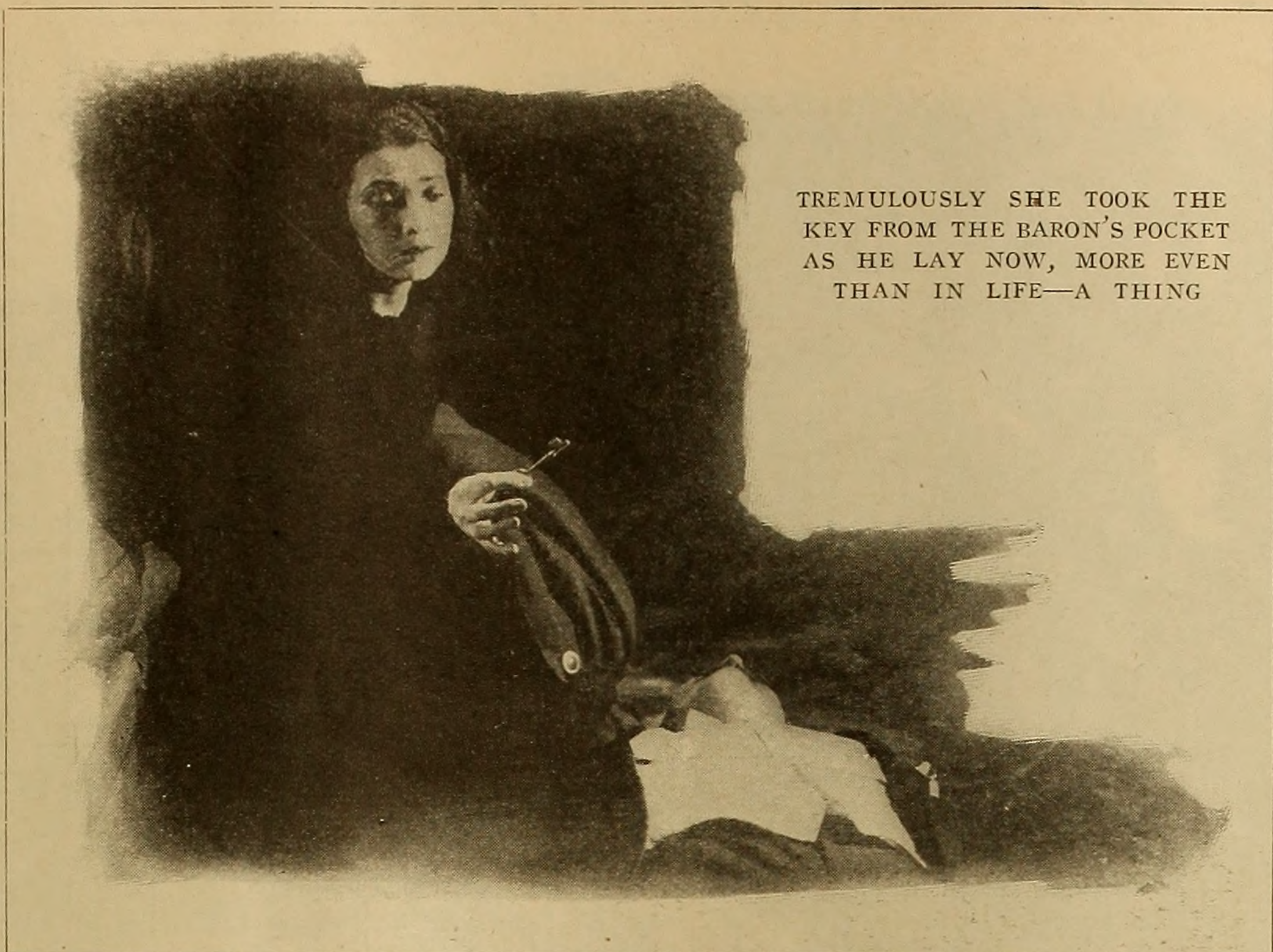
SPOKEN TITLE—
"You are Anna Mir-
rel, a Jewess, tho
your features do not
show it. I have all
these facts."

SCENE—Close fore-
ground of Baron An-
drey in armchair. He
smiles to himself.

SCENE—Close fore-
ground of Anna as
she proudly and with
nostrils quivering de-
fends her people.

SPOKEN TITLE—"My
crime is that I am a
Jewess. But I have
been forced to deny
my religion, so that I
could live like a hu-
man being and not
like a hunted animal."

SCENE—Full set. As
Anna hurls out her
long pent-up wrongs,
Paviak comes a little
nearer.



TREMULOUSLY SHE TOOK THE
KEY FROM THE BARON'S POCKET
AS HE LAY NOW, MORE EVEN
THAN IN LIFE—A THING

SCENE—Fore-
ground of Paviak
talking to Anna. He
says, with a thinly
veiled sneer:

SPOKEN TITLE—
"I notice that you
do not mention the
fact that you also
have a yellow ticket,
which I saw you
obtain."

Continuing fore-
ground, as Paviak
concludes he says to
Anna, "What do
you say to that?"
Anna looks at him
like one at bay.
She cries out in
answer:

SPOKEN TITLE—"I
admit I have a yel-
low ticket, but it's
not my fault. It
was the only way to
reach my father,
who was dying."

Continuing fore-
ground, Anna faces
Paviak. The latter
returns her gaze.

SCENE—Close foreground of Paviak as he says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"You will get into trouble if you do not report regularly to the police in the future."

SCENE—Full set. At these words of Paviak it is all that Rolfe can do to restrain himself. Paviak turns and goes.

SCENE—Close foreground of Anna as she faces the Seatons. Hysterically she says to them:

SPOKEN TITLE—"I want to lead a decent life, but how can I? They are trying to push me down, but I defy them."

Continuing foreground, her eyes flash from the intensity of her indignation.

SCENE—Full set. The crowd in the room are still too dazed at the situation to take it in. Anna starts to leave. Rolfe steps forward, but she waves him back. Mr. Seaton, however, speaks:

SPOKEN TITLE—"How dare you come into my family, being what you are?"

Continuing scene, Margery at her father's words tries to inter-
vene, but Mr. Seaton angrily tells her to go into the next room.
As she starts to go, Anna proudly looks at them.

SCENE—Close-up of Anna. She says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"I tell you I got that ticket on account of my father."

Continuing fore-
ground, Anna says
this with fierce dig-
nity.

SCENE—Full set.
Rolfe starts to cham-
pion Anna. Margery,
in the doorway, longs
to comfort her. She
tells Anna she be-
lieves her. Mr.
Seaton orders Marg-
ery to leave the
room at once. The
Count follows her
out. Rolfe is indig-
nant at every one.
Anna looks at them
proudly. Mr. Seaton
goes toward Anna,
and says, as he bows
good-by:

SPOKEN TITLE—"I
am very sorry, but
you see I must think
of my daughter."

SCENE—Close-up of
Anna as she replies:

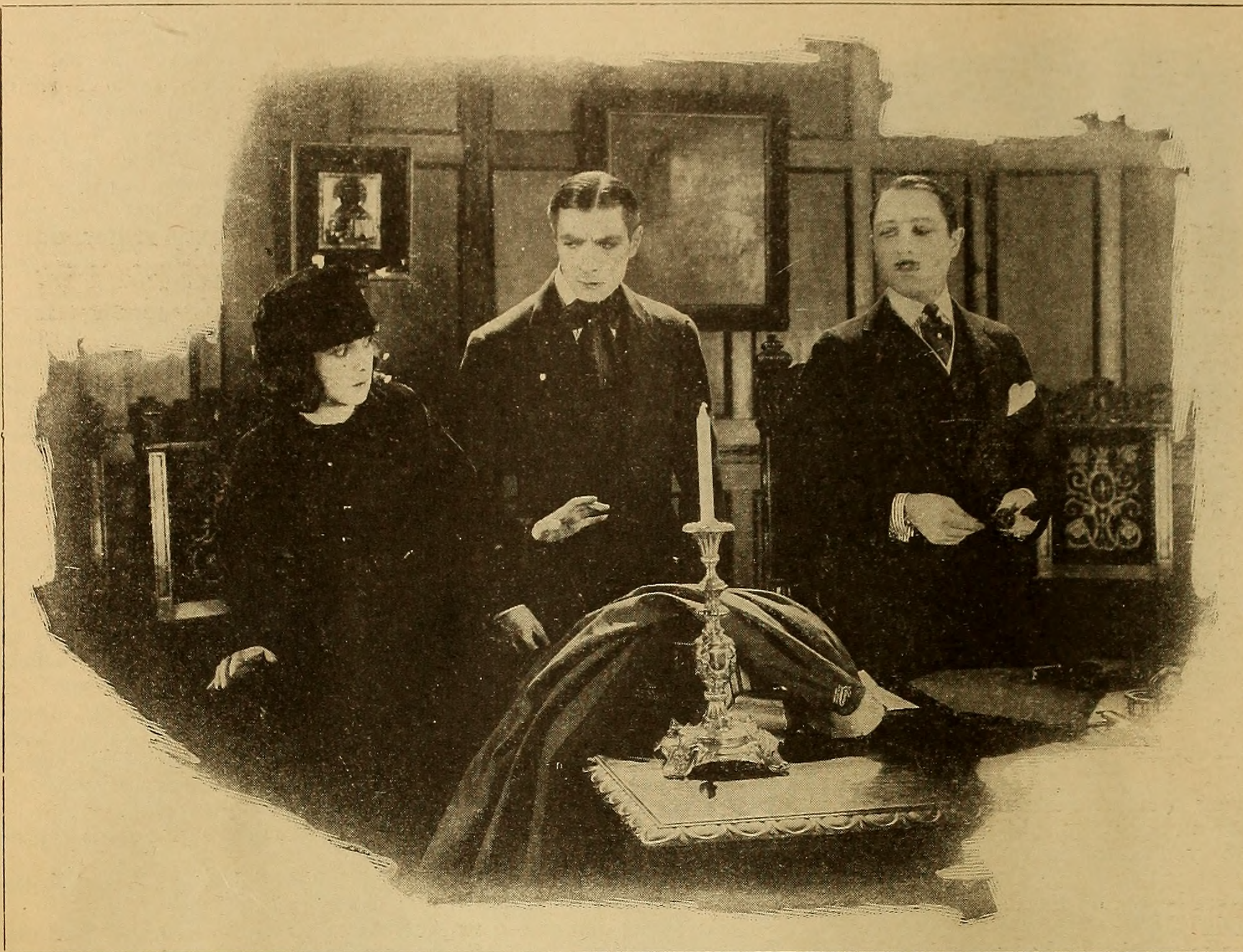
SPOKEN TITLE—
"Think of her, then,
in my place."

Continuing fore-
ground, Anna looks
straight at him.

SCENE—Full set.
Anna, with a proud



SHE SAID NOTHING, ATE NOTHING, THOUGHT NOTHING



SHE SAW THE HATPIN IN COUNT ROSTOV'S HAND

SPOKEN TITLE—"I've been driven from my lodging. I've been subjected to every insult."

Continuing foreground, the Baron expresses great sympathy. Anna gets control of herself. The Baron pats her on the shoulder.

SCENE—Full set. The Baron is in this paternal attitude as the servant enters. The Baron turns angrily and asks the man what the devil he means by interrupting him. The servant tells him it was most important. He comes forward and hands the Baron a card.

SCENE—Close-up of the Baron reading.

INSERT—Foreground of card: "Julian Rolfe, New York."

Continuing foreground, anger is evident in the Baron's face.

SCENE—Foreground of Anna and the Baron. As he holds the card he advances a little and remarks:

SPOKEN TITLE—"I have some police business to attend to. Could you wait a few minutes in the next room?"

(Continued on page 106)

toss of her head, turns and walks out. Rolfe follows her. The Baron rises and approaches Mr. Seaton to express his regrets at the unfortunate scene that had just occurred.

SCENE (hall outside the Seatons' door)—As Anna comes out, Rolfe appears. He starts to tell her how sorry he is. He takes her hands. She draws away. He puts his arms about her. For a moment she yields, then she stiffens. Determination seizes her. She will not have him drawn into her disgrace. In spite of his remonstrances, she says good-night. She goes down the stairs. Rolfe stands watching her. The Baron comes out of the door. He nods at Rolfe and goes downstairs.

SCENE (the hotel)—Anna comes into the picture. The flame of indignation that had kept her up dies down. A feeling of intense loneliness and helplessness takes possession of her. Suddenly she hears her name called. She looks apprehensively. The Baron appears. He comes up to her, and in a kindly way, pulling out his card, says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"My child, if you are ever annoyed by the police, come to me."

Baron bows. Anna takes card and, thanking him, goes out of the picture. The Baron watches her depart with a calculating smile. He hears steps approaching. He turns as Paviak comes up. He explains to Paviak that Anna has just passed. As he talks to Paviak, he says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"Follow the girl."

Continuing scene, Paviak, with a pleased smile, goes to follow out his orders.

Paviak follows the Baron's instructions, and Anna orders him from her room. Rolfe calls, but Anna, fearing it is Paviak returning, does not admit him. The American writes a note, telling her he loves her, and pushes it under her door. The police agent continues to force his attentions on her, and his persecution finally drives her to the Baron to secure protection from him.

SCENE—Foreground of Anna in the doorway. Half tremulously, half confidently, without a trace of fear, she comes forward.

SCENE—Foreground of the Baron as he greets Anna. She feels almost as tho she were with a friend. He takes her hands, as they are cold. Then he leads her toward the fire. She looks at the Baron.

SCENE—Close-up of Anna as she says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"I've come for the card of protection you offered me."

Continuing foreground, Anna glances at him with untold gratitude in her eyes.

SCENE—Foreground of Anna and the Baron. He says, with every mark of solicitude, "What happened?" Anna looks at him and says:

"WHY DO YOU WANT TO MARRY ME?" SHE ASKED.
"I'M A JEWESS." "BECAUSE I, TOO, AM A JEW,"
HE ANSWERED



Interviewing a Star Behind Bars

Some Studio Secrets of Gladys Leslie, the Autocrat With a Million-Dollar Smile

By HERBERT HOWE



THE MILLION-DOLLAR SMILE

GATHER round. You are going to hear some juicy studio scandal that will make the gossip at the Busy Bees' Knitting Circle seem but extracts from a Sabbath-school text.

Did you know that one of the prettiest—and supposedly sweetest—stars of the screen was thrown into a cell not long ago?

"No!" you exclaim.

Fact! I saw her with my own eyes, and she was sobbing her heart out—said she hoped they'd shoot her soon.

No, she wasn't in for speeding, nor over-drawing her bank account, nor any other fashionable prank. I'll explain it all just as I sleuthed it out.

There has recently dawned on the screen a particularly lovable young miss. Some say she is Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark and Mary Miles Minter rolled into one. That is not true. She is unlike any one except a party named Gladys Leslie, which happens to be the young lady herself. She is called "The Girl With the Million-Dollar Smile."

There are several

reasons for the title. Some say she has raised almost a million dollars by selling smileage books with her smile. Another reason may be that her company thinks the smile will earn her a million dollars. And then, again, there are people who would give a million—and more—to possess that smile. You see it is an exceedingly valuable illumination in these grim days. It does magical things for the young lady—things that no other power on earth could accomplish.

Now for the scandal.

Gladys Leslie is an autocrat. No, you won't believe us until we show you proof. Any one who has basked in the democratic dazzle of hers would never believe she was the least bit imperious. Nevertheless, she is. Naughty Queen Catherine of Russia never exercised a sway more potent over her subjects than does this little American. The only difference lies in their methods. Kate ruled with a scepter, Gladys rules with a smile. The latter is far more effective.

We are telling you in time that you may escape the spell of this smile. Once you have been touched by it, you are her slave for life, and all the wizards of the Arabian Nights couldn't break the charm.

The smile first came into play about eighteen years ago in a certain home of New York City.

It immediately took captive four people, a father, mother and two brothers. These happy ones—or hapless, whichever you prefer—have never been able to deny the Smile anything since that day. The Smile gained power with age. When it was sixteen it decided that four people were not enough to sway, so it decided to exercise its magic from the screen. The parents protested, the brothers pleaded, but the Smile swept all objections out of the way, and departed with its owner for the studio.

"Miss Gladys Leslie to see you, sir," piped an office-boy to a certain film potentate in the inner room of the film sanctuary.

"Who the devil is Gladys Leslie?" replied the Shah of the studio.

"I'm busy. Can't see her. I've told you not to bother me with these screen-struck—"

But the ogre got no further, for the office-boy, himself bewitched, had furtively shoved a picture upon the desk.

"Beg pardon, sir, she said to leave this," and he turned toward the door.



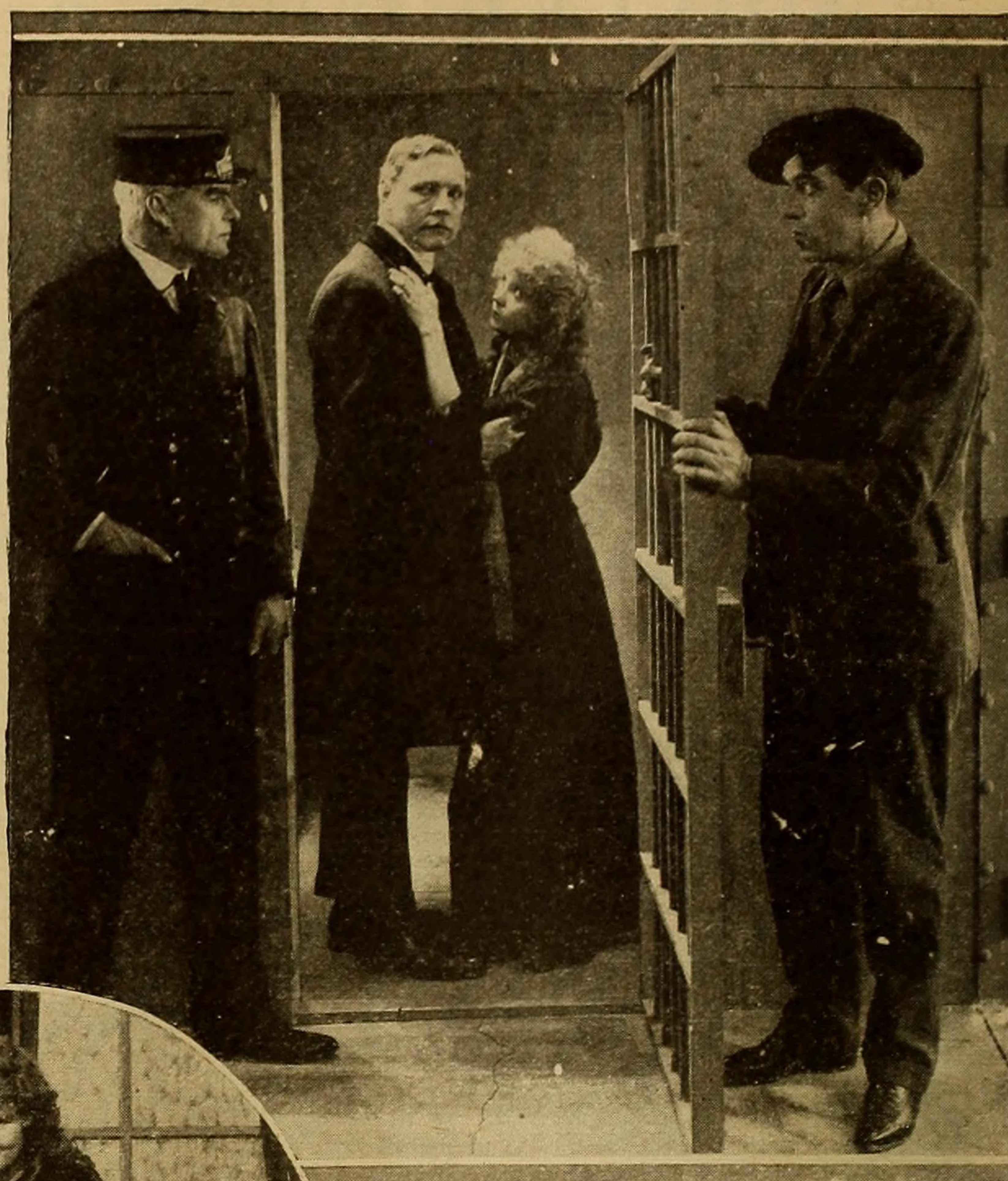
GETTING READY TO TURN ON HER FULL INCANDESCENCE

The man in the swivel-chair gazed down at the photograph. Ill-fated wretch! He was lost! "Show her in," he murmured, his eyes still focused on the face before him. Then he turned to glance up at the original. She was rather a small person to carry such a large smile. She wore a funny little hat that scooped over her face, but not enough to hide the proverbial little curl right in the center of her forehead, which indicated that when she was good she was very, very good, but when she was bad she was horrid. When Miss Leslie chooses to be horrid, she just stops smiling. That's enough punishment for any one. The magnate cast her and her smile for a small part in support of a star. But the star didn't know the secret power of that smile or he never would have consented to the arrangement. What can a star do when the sun comes out? Nothing. It dimmed him to a shade and won the day.

Then one bright morning the Smile packed itself up and traveled over to the Vitagraph studio in Flatbush, because it had heard that Flatbush was the most desolate spot on earth and hence needed a little brightening. Now it is a fixture in the Vitagraph orbit, and, under the auspices of Albert E. Smith, comes out on the screen about every six weeks.

So endeth the first chapter of conquests of the girl and her smile. But the most interesting part of the song is unsung. It pertains to Miss Leslie's capture of the studio, and its incarceration of her.

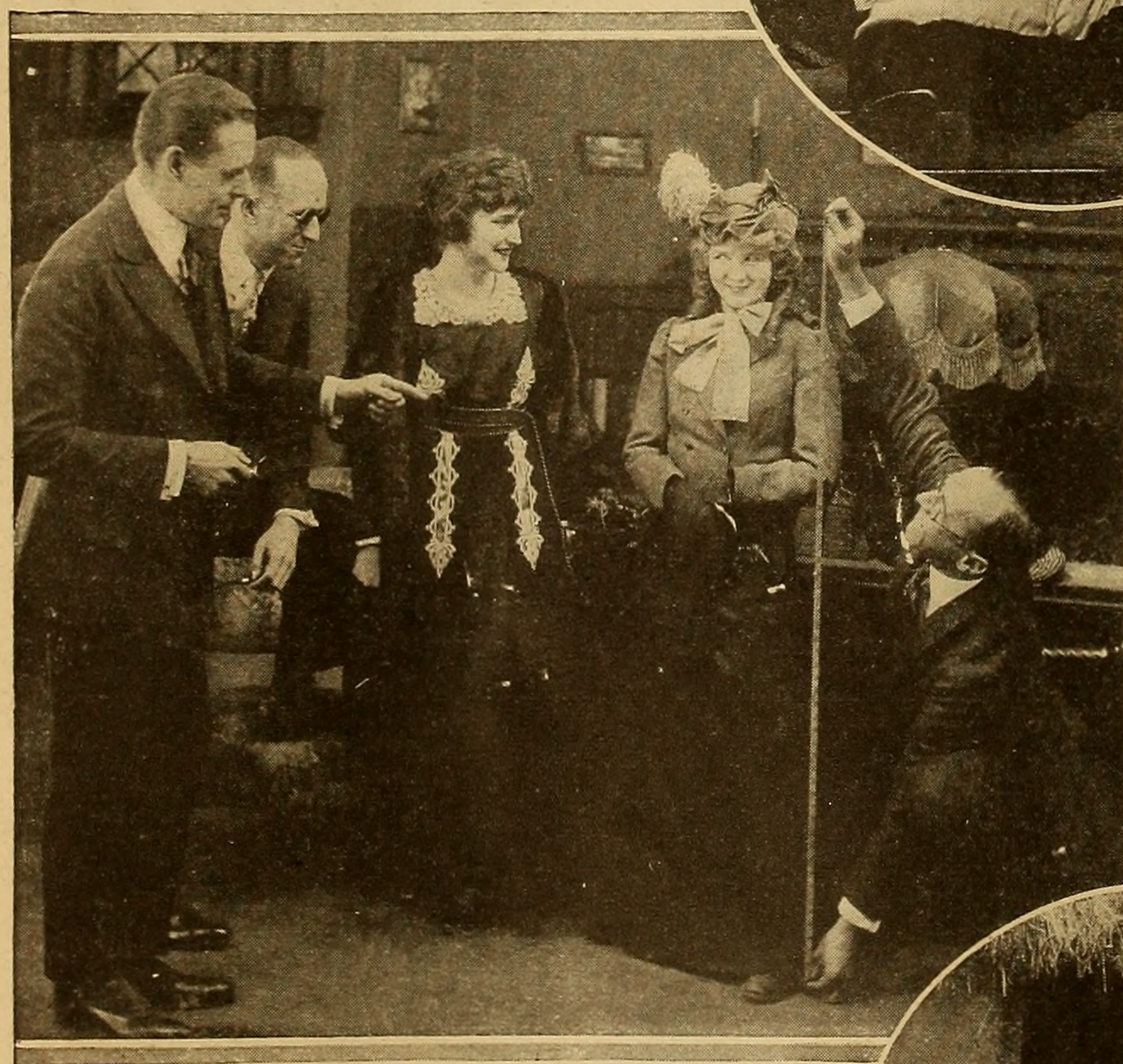
The first picture in which the smiling tyrant appeared was "His Own People," with Harry Morey. The part given was an excellent one



THE STAR BEHIND THE BARS PLEADS TO BE "SHOT"

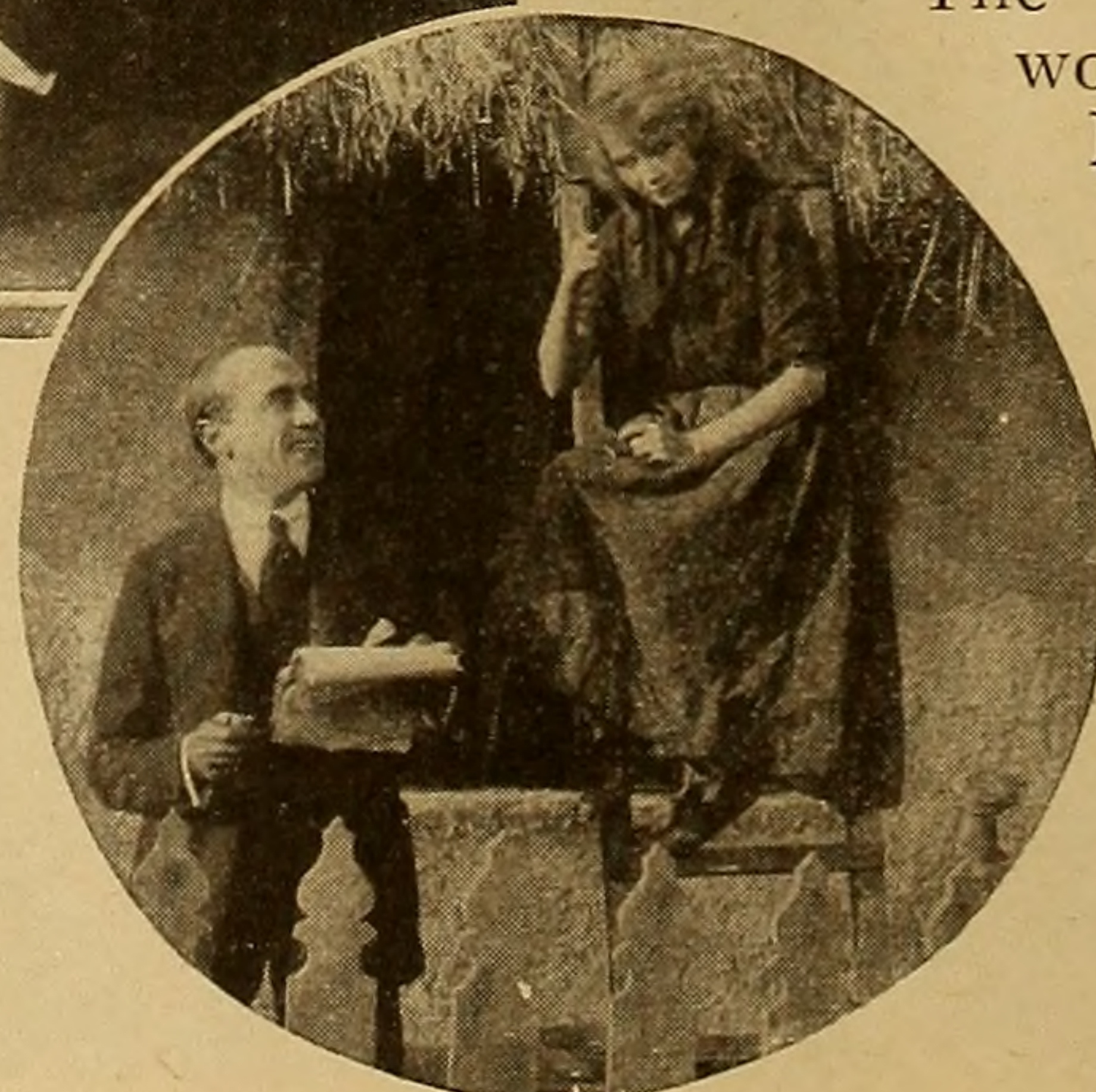


GLADYS LESLIE AT HOME



GLADYS LESLIE APPLIES FOR POSITION AS COOK IN THE DOMESTIC COMEDIES FEATURING EDWARD EARLE, BUT THE DIRECTOR MEASURED HER DIMENSIONS AND CLAIMS SHE WILL NOT FIT THE KITCHENETTE

for Miss Leslie, for all she had to do was to win Harry away from a flamboyant siren named Betty Blythe. This was not an easy task, for Betty has a peculiar incandescence of her own, but it was not



GLADYS WARNS DIRECTOR EARLE TO BUY A SMILEAGE BOOK

the sort to win the rugged Morey. During the course of the production, Miss Leslie, who has most decided views on direction and the details thereof, took a great fancy to Director William P. S. Earle. She liked him because he let her chase pigs down the street of the Irish village, built especially for the picture, and because he didn't shout or tear his hair, as many of his kind do. He had a quiet, sure method that pleased the Smile, and she straightway decided he should be her chief high minister from thence on. It had been planned, however, that he should direct another play for which Miss Leslie was not at all suited. On the last day of the production, Miss Leslie approached him with a pout. When she pouts, her mouth is just about the size of a crimson carnation-bud.

"I want you to direct me right along," said she.

"I would like to, Miss Leslie," was the courtly answer, "but you see, I've made other plans. I am sure you will do well under any director."

The diplomatic compliment would have won a smile from most any star, but not Miss Leslie. The pout persisted.

"No, they cant," said she. "I dont like to be bossed. I mean, I dont like to know I'm being bossed."

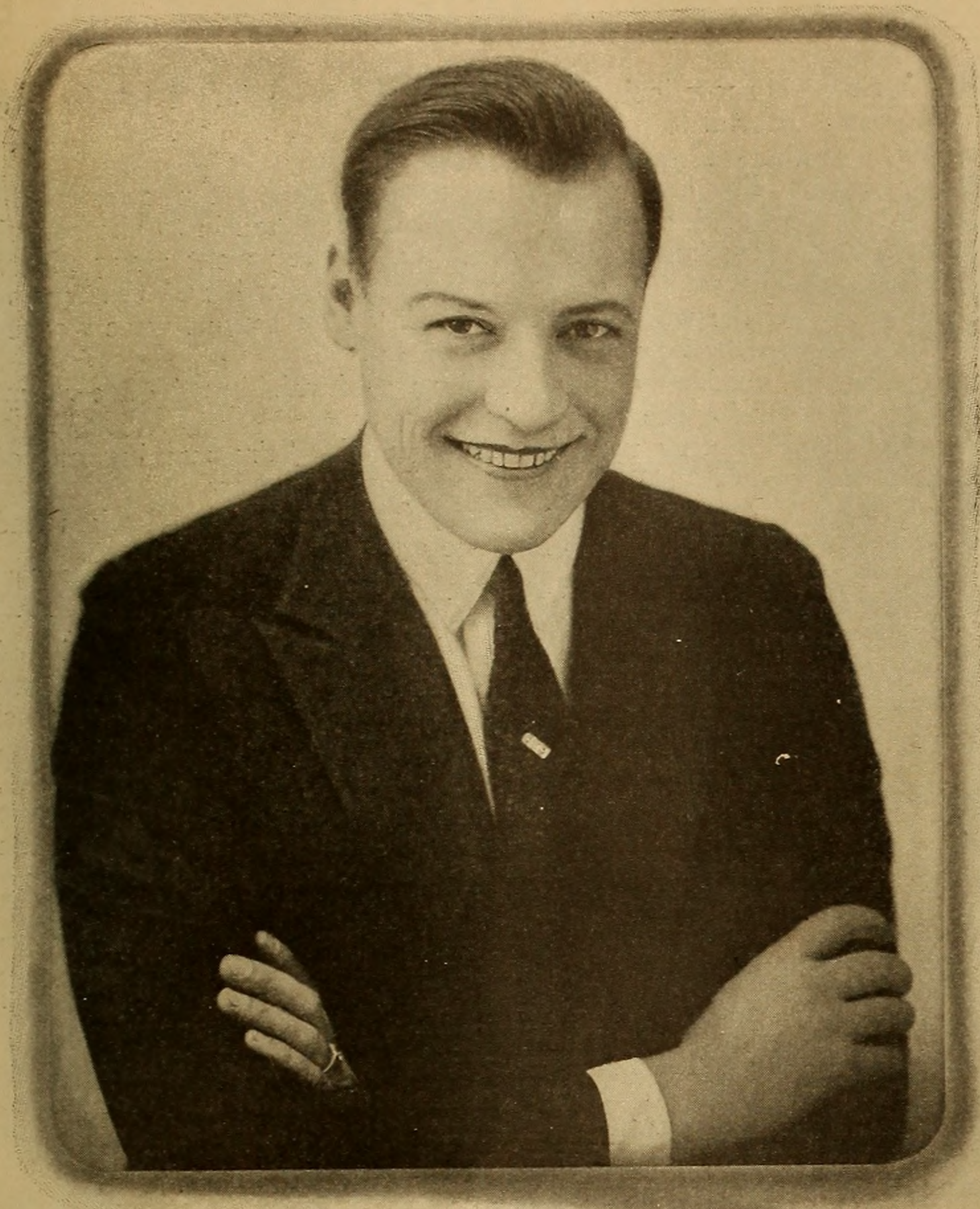
Still Mr. Earle remained obdurate, and the young star, glancing up at him, saw that she must institute her ruthless smiling tactics or she would meet defeat, for the first time in her smiling young life.

We need not say what she did. Mr. Earle continued as her director. The result was "The Wooing of Princess Pat," wherein J. Frank

(Continued on page 127)

Funny Happenings in the Studio and on Location

By HAROLD LOCKWOOD



HAROLD LOCKWOOD, METRO STAR



HAROLD LOCKWOOD AND ONE
OF HIS BOY FRIENDS

I'M fine; how are you?

Since writing my page for the last issue of *MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE*, we (meaning our company) have shed the dust—and snow—of the East from our cordovas and returned to California, where the sunshine makes hay—and pictures.

If I do say it myself, we traveled extensively in our eight months' absence from the West. From California to New York, to New Hampshire, to Florida, to Maine, to Florida once again, and then to California, is moving considerably, I will venture to say. And now we're right back at the point we started from. I sometimes think that the picture business is getting to be more and more like a one-night-stand proposition every day. Certainly, our Eastern itinerary made us feel that way.

To travel as we did means to meet new people and to see in them mannerisms and customs which, to the foreign mind, have an amusing aspect. For example, we went up into the mountains to do some scenes for one of our Eastern-made pictures, and upon arriving at our location the director discovered that the property-man neglected to bring with him a double-barreled shotgun—a very important "prop" in the scenes to be made.

To go back to town for it meant the loss of a half-day's service of everybody in the company, and as time is our most valuable asset, we inquired of a native passer-by if he knew if we could get a gun at some near-by place. He directed us to a mountaineer's home about two miles away, and, jumping into a machine, several of us were soon speeding toward it.

With our knock, the mountaineer, a grizzled old fellow with shaggy gray hair and piercing gray eyes, opened the door. He eyed us keenly as we made known our errand,

and bade us enter. Never in my life have I seen such slow movements in a man as in this mountaineer. He poked across the room, and when he spoke his voice drawled along until each word seemed to have about six syllables, each word punctuated with a thought.

The gun was hanging on the wall, and the old man took it down with the care of a bachelor handling a baby. Slowly he trudged back to the center of the room, pointed the gun ceilingward, pressed the trigger, and—

BANG!

The gun was loaded, but the mountaineer evidently had forgotten it. The bullet tore thru the ceiling and away on its merry flight upward. Then, thru the smoke-filled room, a dawning look could be seen to creep slowly into the old man's face as he remembered that his daughter was at work in the room directly over him. Without so much as a single word—without so much as the slightest sign of concern or worry for his daughter's safety, he slowly laid down the gun on a table, walked leisurely

to the steps just outside of the door, and, looking up to the second-story window above him, he raised his voice slightly above the chronic drawling tone and called:

"Mary?"

"Yes, papa," came the sweet answer.

"All right," was the satisfied comment, and the mountaineer trudged back to us, and we got our gun.

If thoughtlessness were a virtue, the subject of the following incident ought to be wearing a diadem set upon a fiery halo.

A lot of the linen used in one of our sets was so badly soiled as to render it unfit for further immediate use, and as we needed it the next day (we could not buy another set that would match), our property-man took it out to a none too tidy colored laundress near the studio, leaving instructions to have it ready the next morning.

At the promised hour the linen was returned. The property-man opened the bundle and began to examine the work, but instead of finding it clean and white, the linen bore a suspiciously gray appearance.

"Look here," props said. "This linen looks worse than when I sent it to you. Why isn't it clean?"

"Ah dunno, suh," the colored woman answered, shaking her head.

"And look at this piece," commanded props as he held up a particularly badly done tablecloth. "We cant use the stuff that way."

"Ah dunno what's de matteh," murmured the laundress, still thinking about props' first question. "Ah dunno. I washed all mah clothes in de same water first and dey all come out clean."

Props paid the bill, not because her work was good, but because the woman, who waddled away shaking her head in perplexity, had given him a good laugh.

There are tricks in all trades, and this is a story of a trick that was accompanied by a laughable incident. Speaking of tricks, I want to say that they are getting fewer and fewer with each day. Nowadays, if we want any particular effect, we go out and use the genuine article. The public can distinguish between the real and the unreal too readily. But to get back to the story.

A company I was with some years ago was putting on a snow picture, and the director, a thoughtful and thoro man, wanted to keep up the same wintry atmosphere in his interior scenes (made in the studio, of course) that he had in his exteriors. For instance, when a character entered a room from the outside, he wanted to show just how wintry it was out there by having gusts of snow drive thru the opened doorway. Now, making

it snow inside of a studio is a pretty hard job for any mortal to perform, but this director was resourceful and he was equal to the task.

He had everything arranged to get the effect he wanted, and, after rehearsal, he started in to photograph the scene—a long one. Everything went along nicely. The camera clicked, the music droned, and the tension of the workers increased as their emotions were worked up to the proper pitch.

Suddenly the man who was furnishing the snow supply for the scene let out a roar.

"Hurry up!" he commanded. "I'm running out of snow!"

That ended the scene. The tension was broken and the scene had to be done all over again.

Almost every Motion Picture company has on its payroll a location man, whose duty it is to go out and find such spots as the director wants for a picture, and then make arrangements for the use of the selected places, which might be anything—a mansion, a mine, or a cemetery. Naturally, his work entails a lot of running around, not infrequently without result. But seldom does he meet with such an experience as our man did a little while back when he was in search of an overshot water-power mill.

There was no such mill in the country in which we were working, and a man who professed to know where one could be found advised our "scene scout" to travel to a point about forty miles away.

"You go there and ask for John Jones. He's got just the thing you want," our informant told us. Now, John Jones wasn't the mill-owner's name, but it will serve just as well as the right one.

Happy in the thought that he had a clue to what he wanted, our man set out for the forty-miles-distant point. Upon arriving, he inquired of the hotel clerk of the whereabouts of John Jones.

"John Jones?" The clerk was puzzled. Perhaps he thought his inquirer was "kidding" him, so he answered: "I'm sorry, but I dont know where he is."

Now it was the location man's turn to look puzzled. "Why," he explained, "I understood that John Jones was a big man here, and in a town of five or six hundred like this everybody knows where the other lives."

"But we dont know where John Jones is living," the clerk persisted. "You see," he added, significantly, "he's been dead for two years."

To make matters worse, the location man later learnt that there wasn't an overshot water-power mill within two hundred miles of the town, and that there hadn't been any for ten years.

To the People of the Movies—By FRANCES MORRISSEY



o think you are in the same world with us!
You who live your wonderful lives
With us who live our dull ones,
Do you ever do the same things we do?

You young men who play the heroes—
At first, if you made love to the girl convincingly
It was enough.
But then they made you a fighter,
And now you have to jump over six-foot fences
And swing up trees into second-story windows.

(If the movies ever fail
You will simply be driven into burglary.)

And are you always so reckless,
Or are you really as careful of yourself
As we are?

You heroines with the wonderful hair—
Do you have as much trouble keeping it beautiful
As we would surely have?

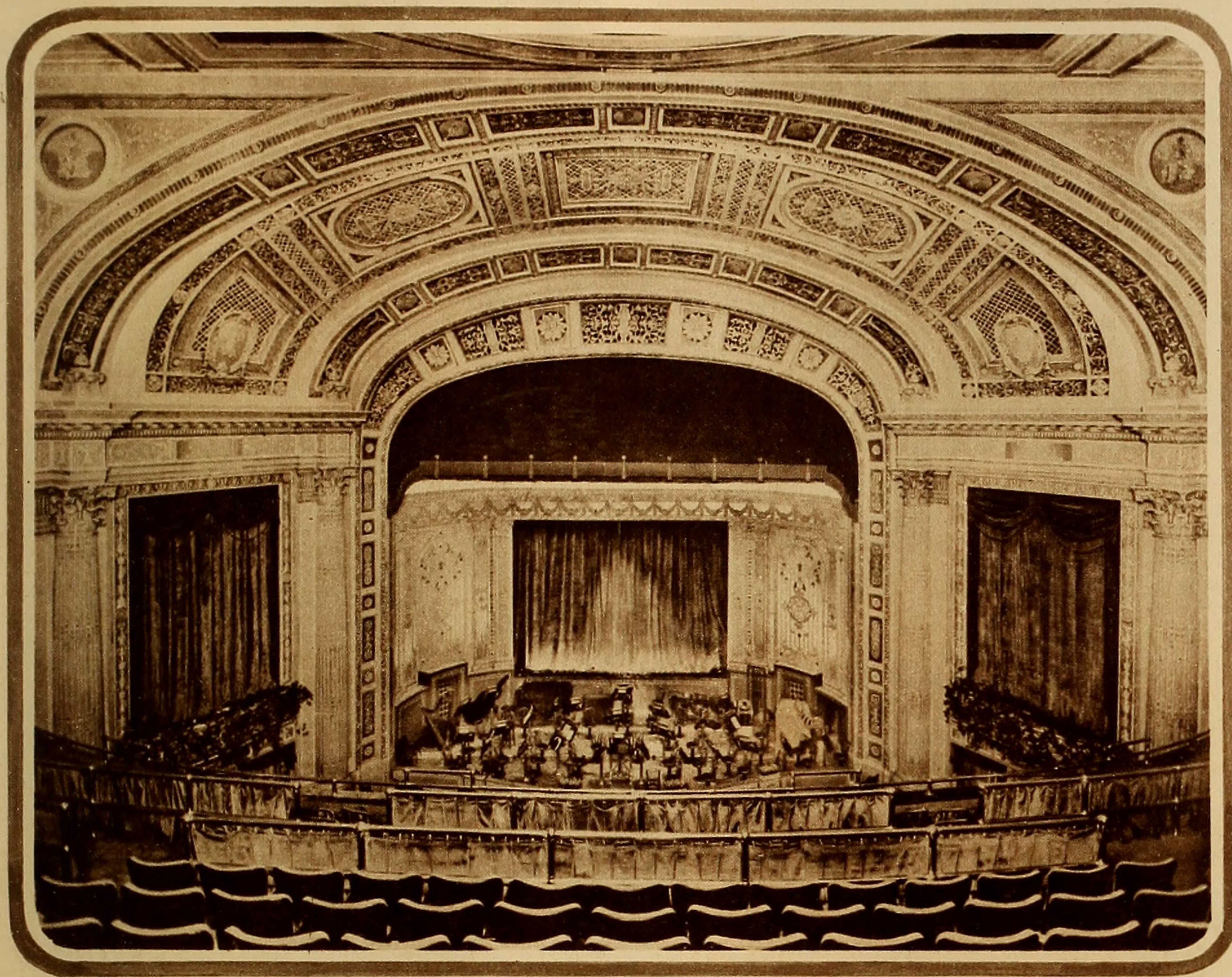
You vampires that lure men to their destruction—
When you are at home
Do you lie on sofas, smoking cigarets,
Or is it possible you ever go to market
And argue about advancing prices
Like we do?

And you comedians—
Can you really have orderly homes,
With chairs that dont get broken,
And food that gets eaten
And not thrown at somebody?

You see the illusions you have made for us—
A world that takes us out of our own—
And so at times we like to forget
That you are very much like ourselves.

The Latest and Greatest Is the Rivoli Theater

Rothapfel's Newest Screen and Musical Temple on Broadway, New York



PROSCENIUM AND ORCHESTRA STAGE, THE RIVOLI

GAY GOTHAM'S latest tribute to the voiceless muse is an outstanding ornament in a city of beautiful playhouses. Due to the genius of S. L. Rothapfel, "the impresario of the screen," the Rivoli rears its snow-white Grecian façade and classic columns with the dignity of an Andromeda. The general scheme of interior decoration is Italian Renaissance, with dominating color tones of gold, ivory and black. "Color symphonies" are literally played by a system of masked and multi-hued lights whose effects blend chromatically with the symphony orchestra of sixty pieces. A novel feature of the Rivoli is "olfactory music," or a system of atomizers which spray perfume—oriental, clover, new-mown hay—and in accord with the orchestra, the screen and the stage settings, literally imbue one's senses with the atmosphere of the play.



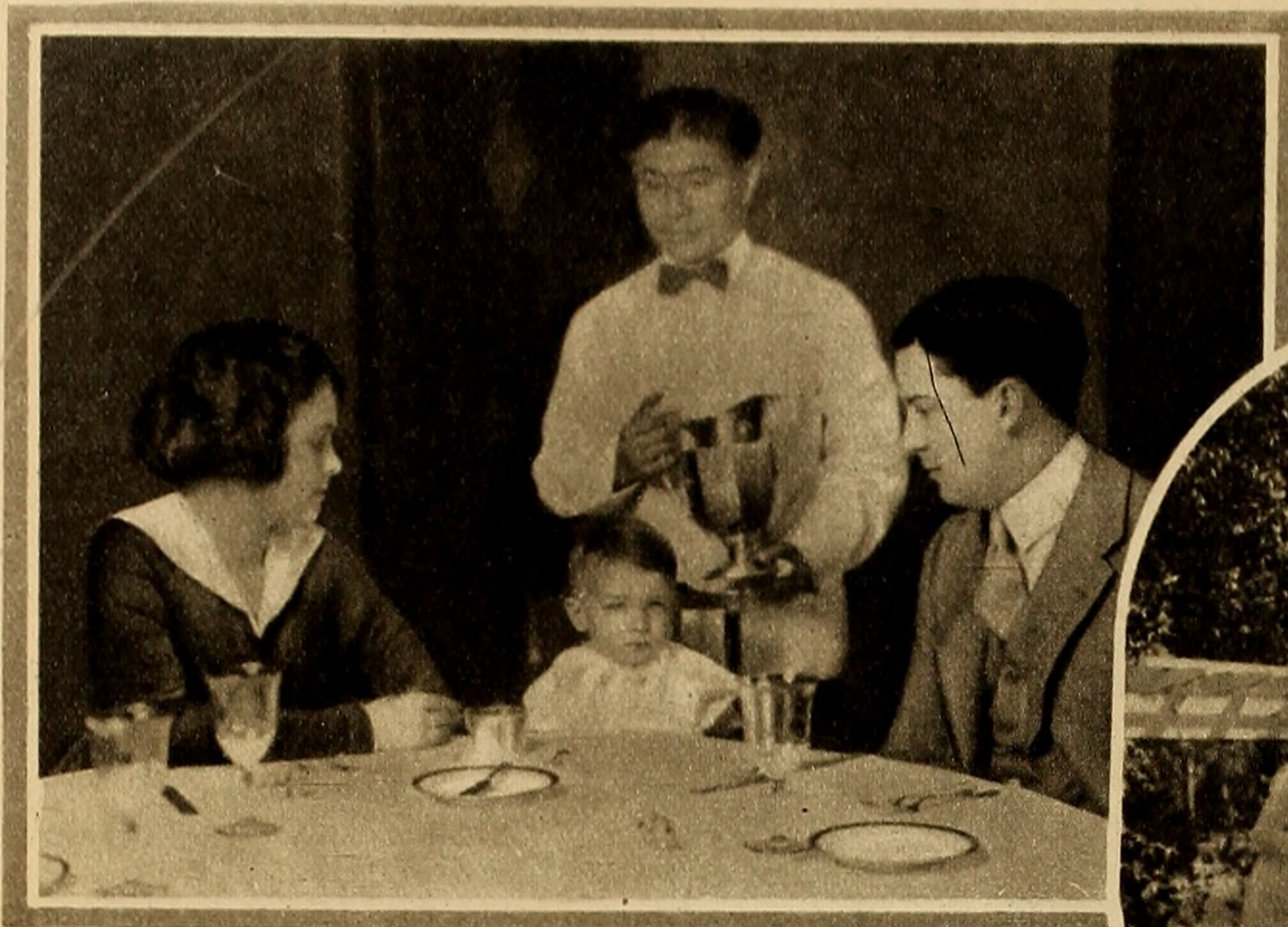
DOMES OF THE RIVOLI



GENERAL VIEW OF THE MEZZANINE, THE RIVOLI

And the Seve

Meaning That Bryant Wash
 "Twenty-One," "The
 & Co." and "All
 Home" If We



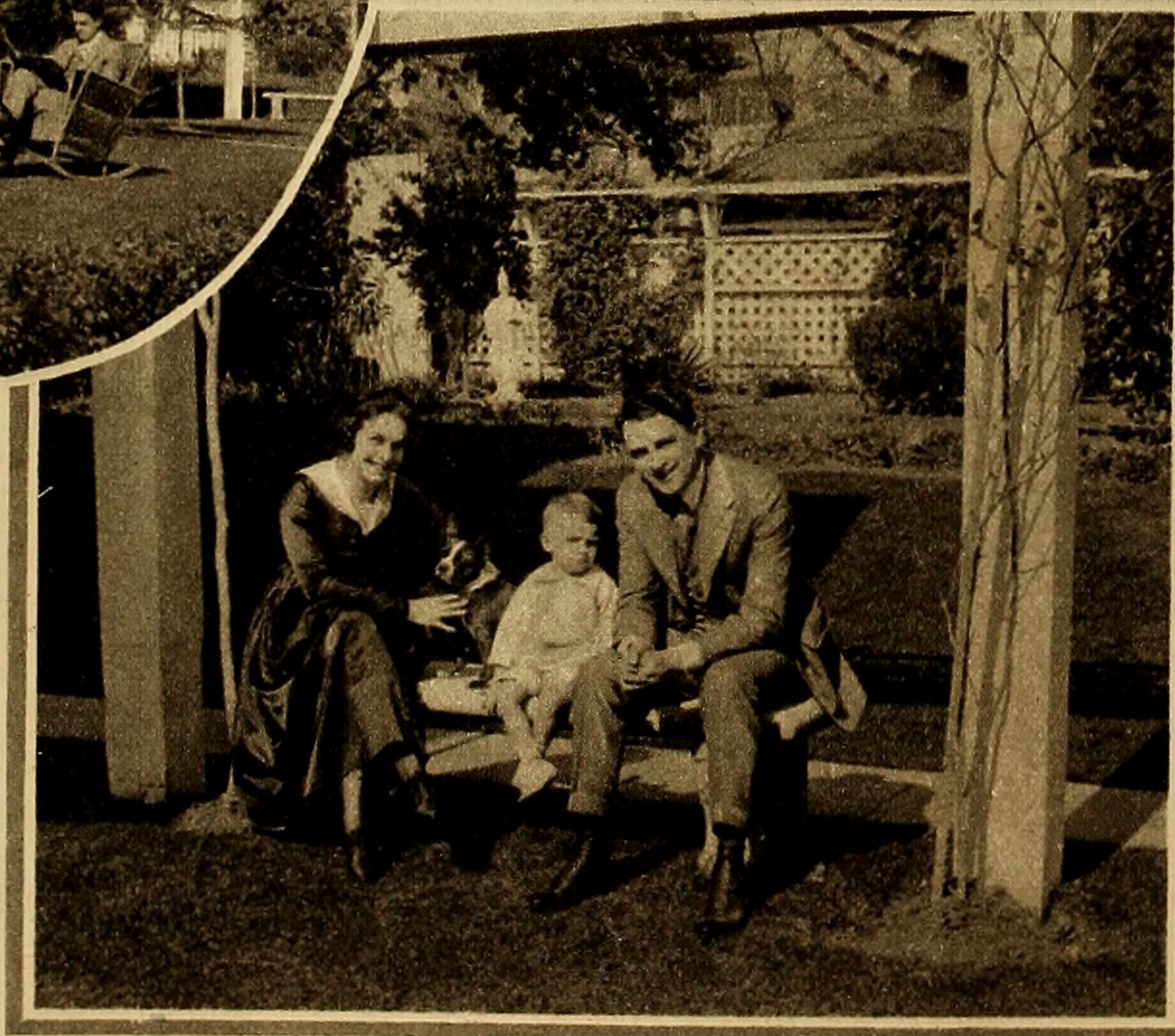
BEING AN EARLY BIRD, COMPARATIVELY SPEAKING, WE CATCH THE WASHBURN FAMILY—WIFEY, SONNY AND FATHER-DEAR, NOT FORGETTING TOGO—AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE. THERE'S NOTHING "ALL WRONG" ABOUT THIS SCENE. THEY'RE BEGINNING THE DAY RIGHT.



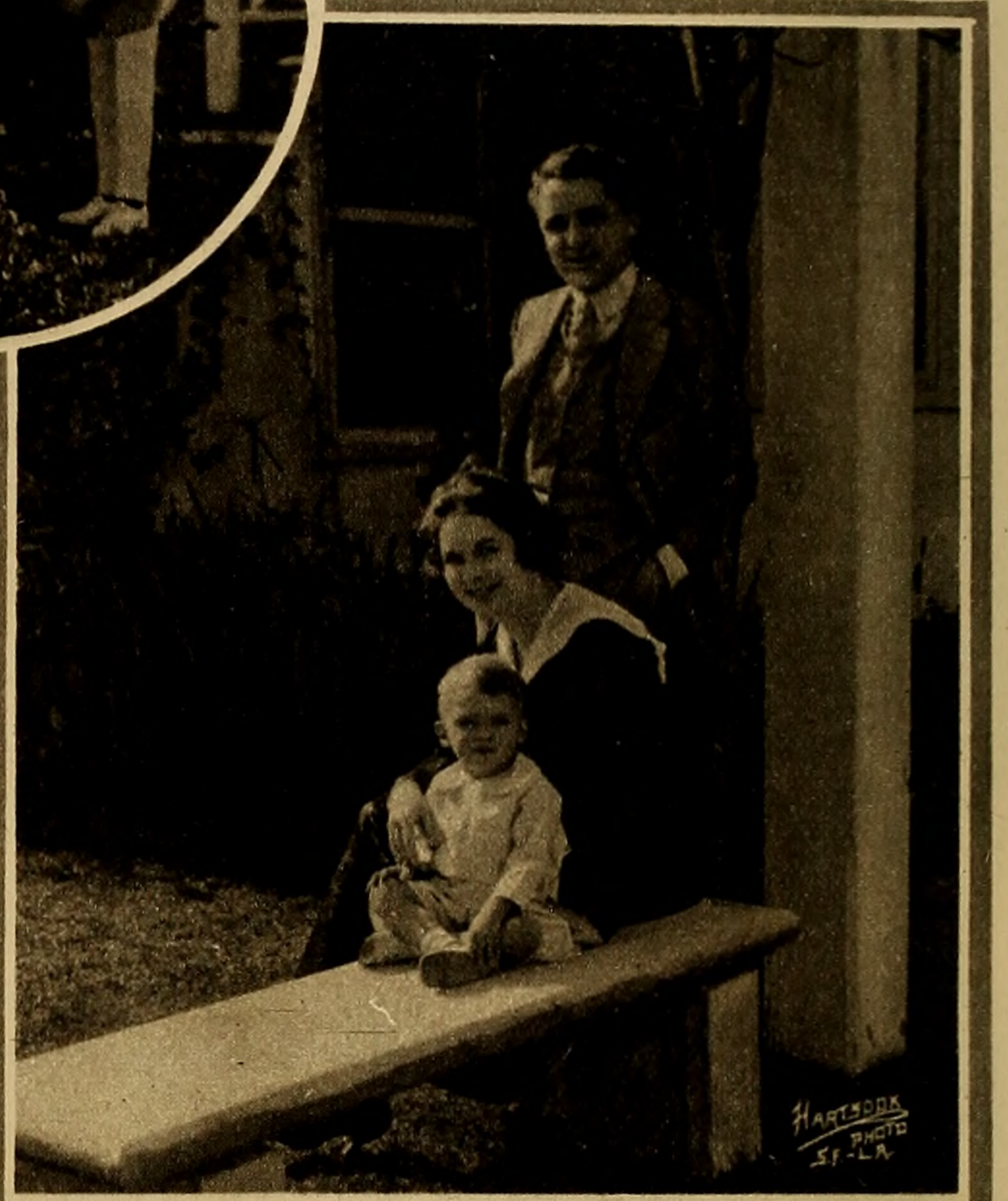
ONE OF THE FIRST DUTIES OF THE DAY—IN FACT, THE ONLY DUTY ON SUNDAY—IS PICKING ENOUGH ORANGES TO MAKE BARRELS AND BARRELS OF—ER—SOMETHING OR OTHER TO KEEP VISITORS COOL. N. B.—THEY ARE NOT LEMONS. TAKE A LOOK AT MABEL, AND YOU'LL AGREE THAT BRYANT DOESN'T PICK THAT VARIETY.



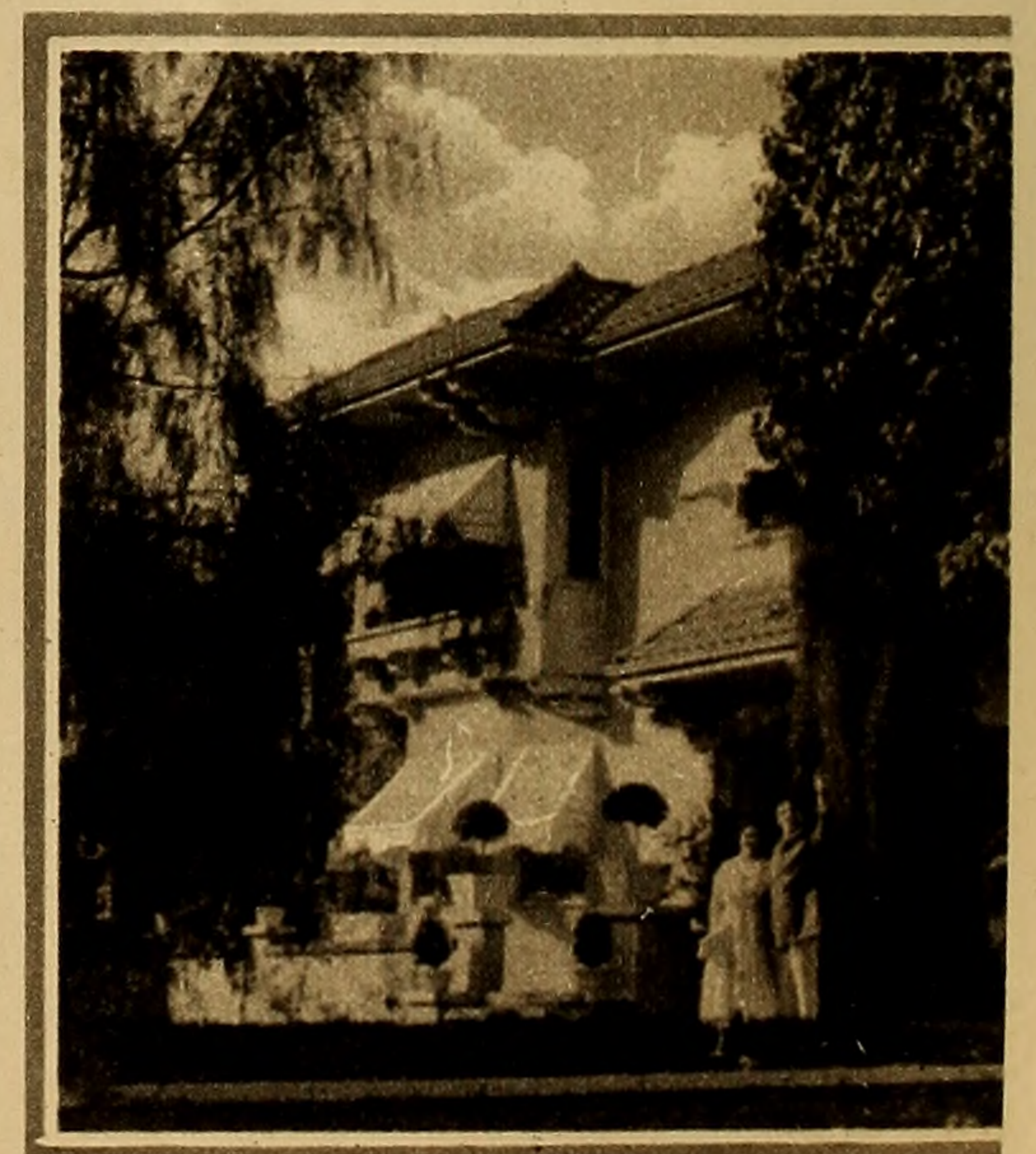
NOW IN ALL PROPERLY REGULATED FAMILIES, MOTHER KNITS, WHILE FATHER READS ALOUD AND SONNY AND HIS THIRD BEST PAL TRY "AWFUL" HARD TO KEEP QUIET



AND THEN, TOO, BEANS "HORNS IN" ON THE PARTY



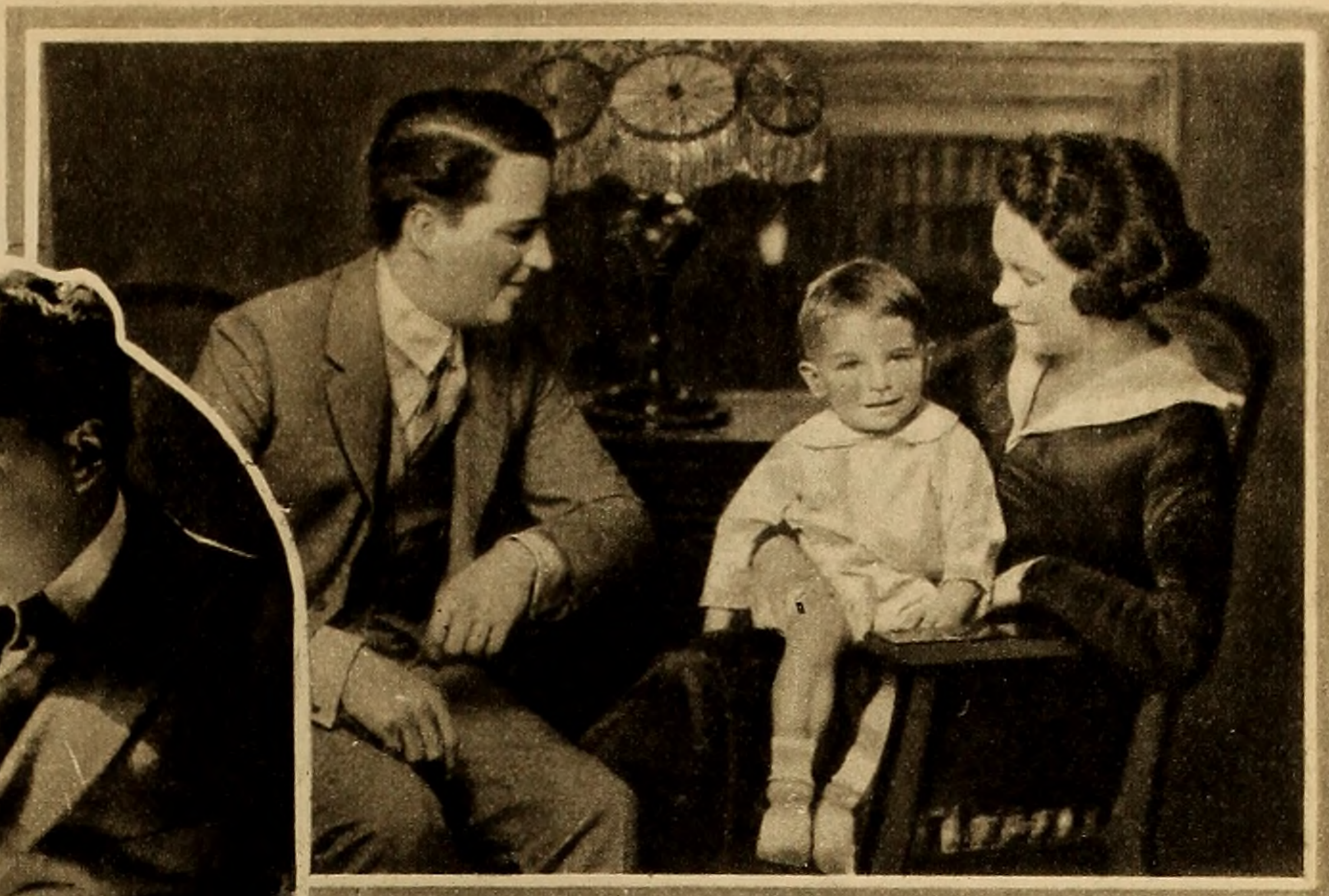
A STROLL AROUND THE GROUNDS NATURALLY BEGINS WITH THE STEPS OF THE WASHBURN FAMILY. BRYANT THE FOURTH, ON THE GROUND FLOOR, MOTHER ON THE SECOND, AND FATHER, THREE FLIGHTS UP



WITH DAYLIGHT SAVING IN OPERATION, WAVING GOOD-BY AS WE START

nth Is Sunday

burn, Star of the Pathé Plays, "Range Rider," "Kidder Wrong," Will Be "At Pay Him a Visit



AFTER DINNER—WHY WASTE A PLATE ON ANOTHER PICTURE OF THE DINING-ROOM?—THERE COMES THE USUAL DISCUSSION WITH SONNY, WHO IS SMILINGLY FIRM ABOUT NOT WANTING TO GO TO BED. AS HE ISN'T "TWENTY-ONE" BY A LONG SHOT, HE FINALLY HAS TO GIVE WAY, AND—



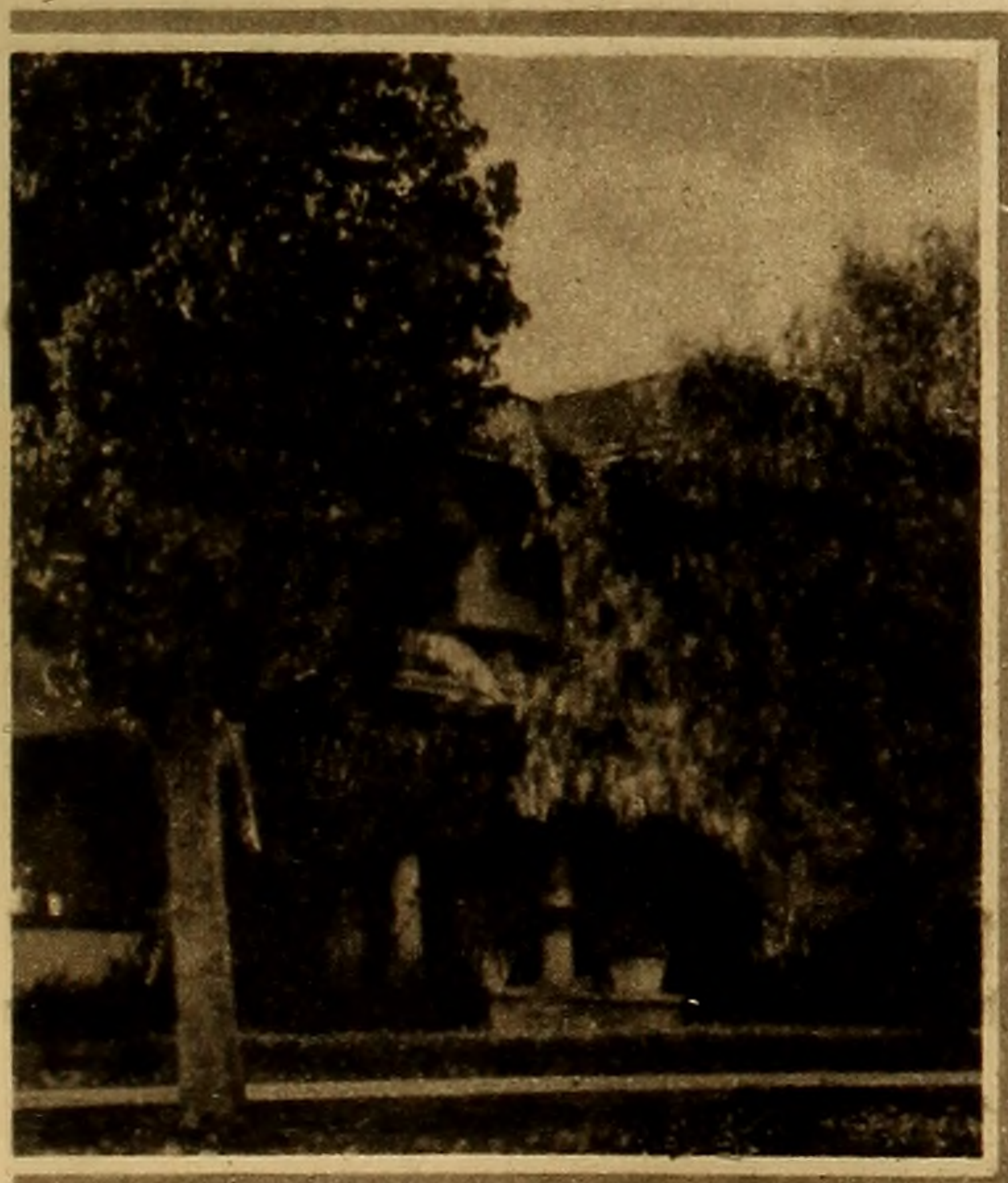
IN THE AFTERNOON, BRYANT, WHO IS AN INVETERATE READER, SNATCHES 'AN HOUR OR TWO ALONE WITH MARK TWAIN



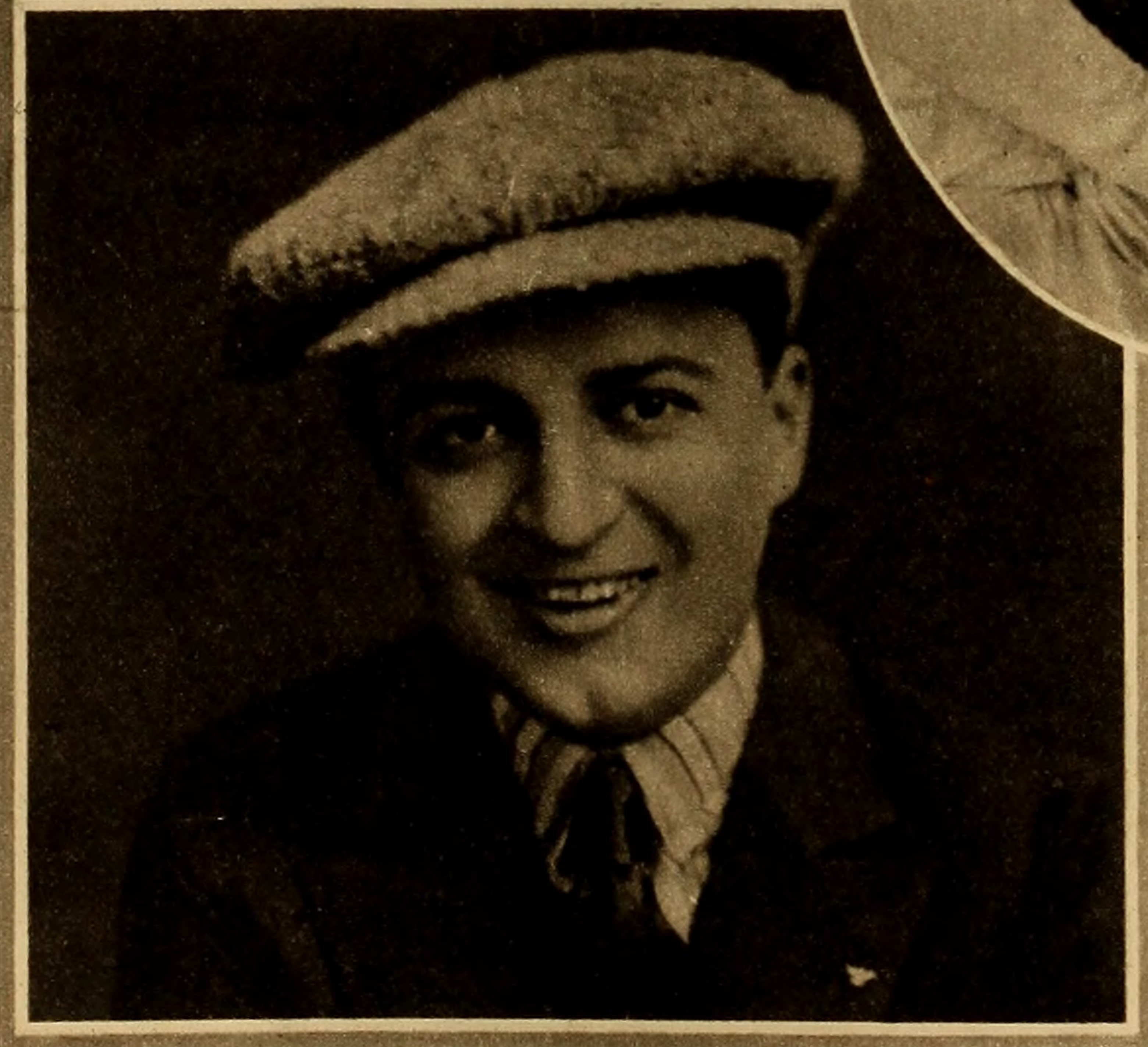
AND LIKEWISE, AFTER BEANS HAS DISAPPEARED IN RAPID SEARCH OF A STRAY CAT, THE COMPANY HALTS AT THE FRONT STEPS OF THE FAMILY RESIDENCE



—BRYANT, SR., COAXES MABEL FOR "A WHOLE LOT OF PIANO STUFF" — AND GETS IT



WE CAN CLEARLY SEE THE YOUNG COUPLE FOR OUR BUNGALOW



A "CLOSE-UP" OF BRYANT AS WE WOULD FIND HIM IN GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER'S "TWENTY-ONE"

"MY DEVILISH

says

Nazimova

By

Hazel Simpson Naylor



"IT is my devilish ambition that has urged me on and on," confided Alla Nazimova. Perched on a straight-backed chair in her dressing-room, looking for all the world like a young schoolgirl in her hand-embroidered smock and short, dark-blue-serge skirt, she illustrated every sentence with a telling gesture.

I had expected that Nazimova, one of the three greatest living actresses on the stage today and the greatest in pictures, would be inaccessible and uncommunicative, but her first words promised an interesting story.

Tiny she is in stature and slender. She radiates enthusiasm and an impression of indomitable will, the conquest of spirit over matter. Her face is slender, a delicious curving oval; her skin of a velvety, olive texture; her hair, blue-black and short-clipped; her eyes—well—

Outside, the first evening shadows were falling, and I, forgetting, spoke my difficulties aloud: "I cannot see the color of your eyes."

With one swift gesture, Nazimova snapped on the electric lights and pulled off her large, drooping, black hat. Then, with a birdlike gesture, she tossed back her shapely little head so that the light fell full upon her face. "See, see!"

"Why, blue—blue as the skies."

MME. NAZIMOVA, METRO STAR, AND HER LEADING-MAN, CHARLES BRYANT, WHO IS ALSO HER LEADING-MAN IN REAL LIFE—HER HUSBAND

She laughed, as pleased as a child, whole-heartedly, joyously. "Oh, yes, what you think—black? No, no—blue!"

The greatest living portrayer of Ibsen's sad heroines—Hedda in "Hedda Gabler," Nora in "The Doll's House," Hedvig in "The Wild Duck"—is full of joy and happiness off the stage. She makes one feel that the world is a happy place, that it is great to be alive.

I wondered how she could play such depressing rôles and still be so happy.

"Don't you understand," she explained, patiently, "it is because I love my work for itself, not for whatever glory it may bring me; not for self-aggrandisement, but

AMBITION

"Makes the Most Unsuitable Role
the Part I Love Best"



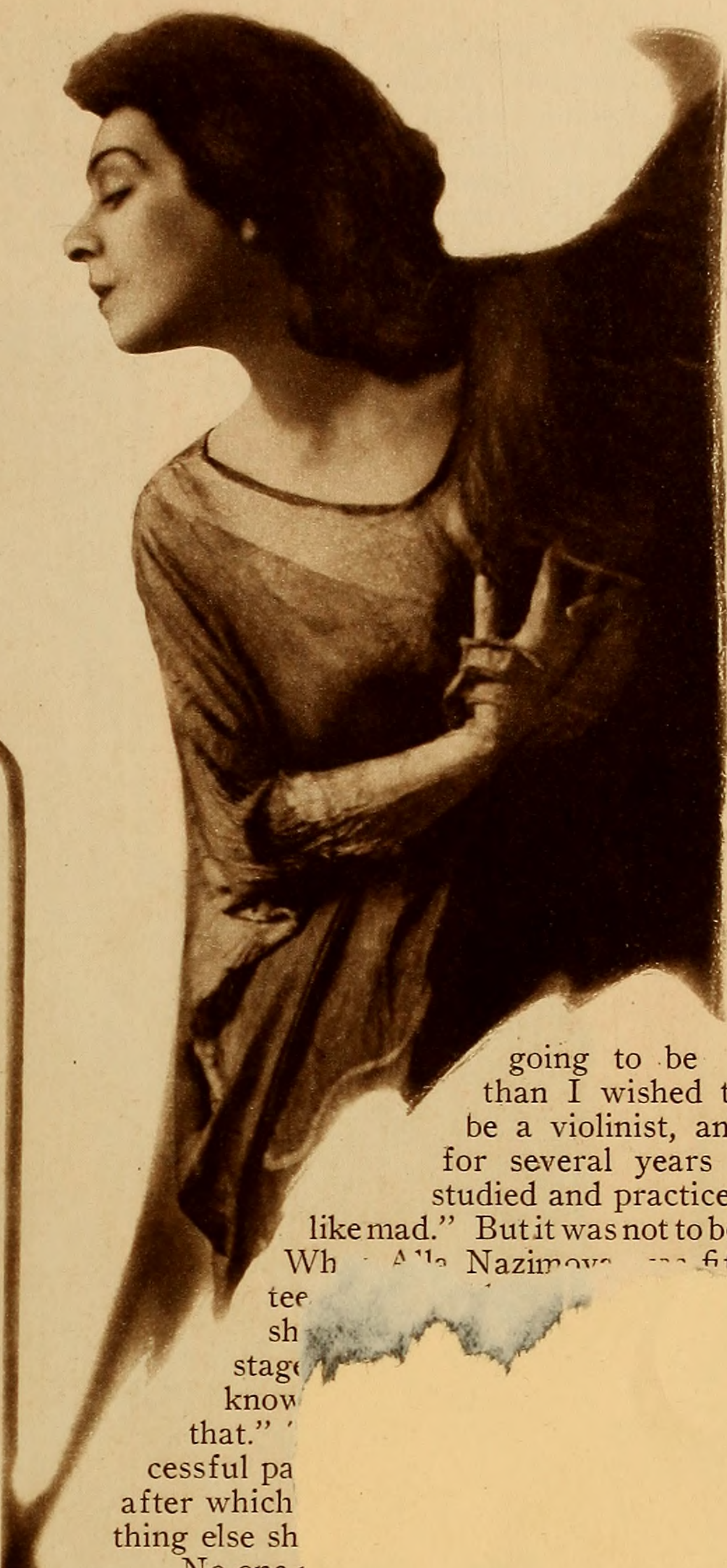
"GOOD LUCK!" MME. NAZIMOVA, METRO STAR, BIDS HER LEADING-MAN, CHARLES BRYANT, FAREWELL AS HE GOES AWAY TO TAKE RIDING SCENES IN THE METRO PRODUCTION, "FATE DECIDES"

for the joy of achievement. I am happy because I'm doing the work I love and there is always something more to do. It is the thing beyond that is the most fascinating. A rôle that is the most unsuited to me is the one I love the best. I throw myself into that character, I make myself be that person. I live another life. For instance, I have just been rehearsing 'Hedda Gabler.' I make everybody miserable, and the more miserable I make them the happier I am, for Hedda was meant to be a perfect cat, understand—yes?"

Madame Nazimova went on to tell me that when she was four years old she sang with a chorus in Switzerland. She still has faint recollections of it. Shortly after that she saw a circus in her native land, Russia. "And, oh," she said, "I did so long to be what you call a tight-rope walker, but I had no sooner decided that was what I was



"Little Olga see, she



going to be than I wished to be a violinist, and for several years I studied and practiced like mad." But it was not to be. When Alla Nazimova was fifteen she was on the stage and she knew that. "I was a successful pianist after which I did nothing else. No one knew me on the stage and not in the film. A tragedy from the opera house was full of fessors was speech as I a great clatter awkward! I knew not where the floor would be thru I would have turned and strength to my sweetest voice girl, come, he Danova, to this I understood how

help me. There she is in that picture." With one of her quick motions, Nazimova pointed to an old-fashioned group-picture which rested amid the make-up boxes on her dressing-table. Impulsively she drew her chair closer.

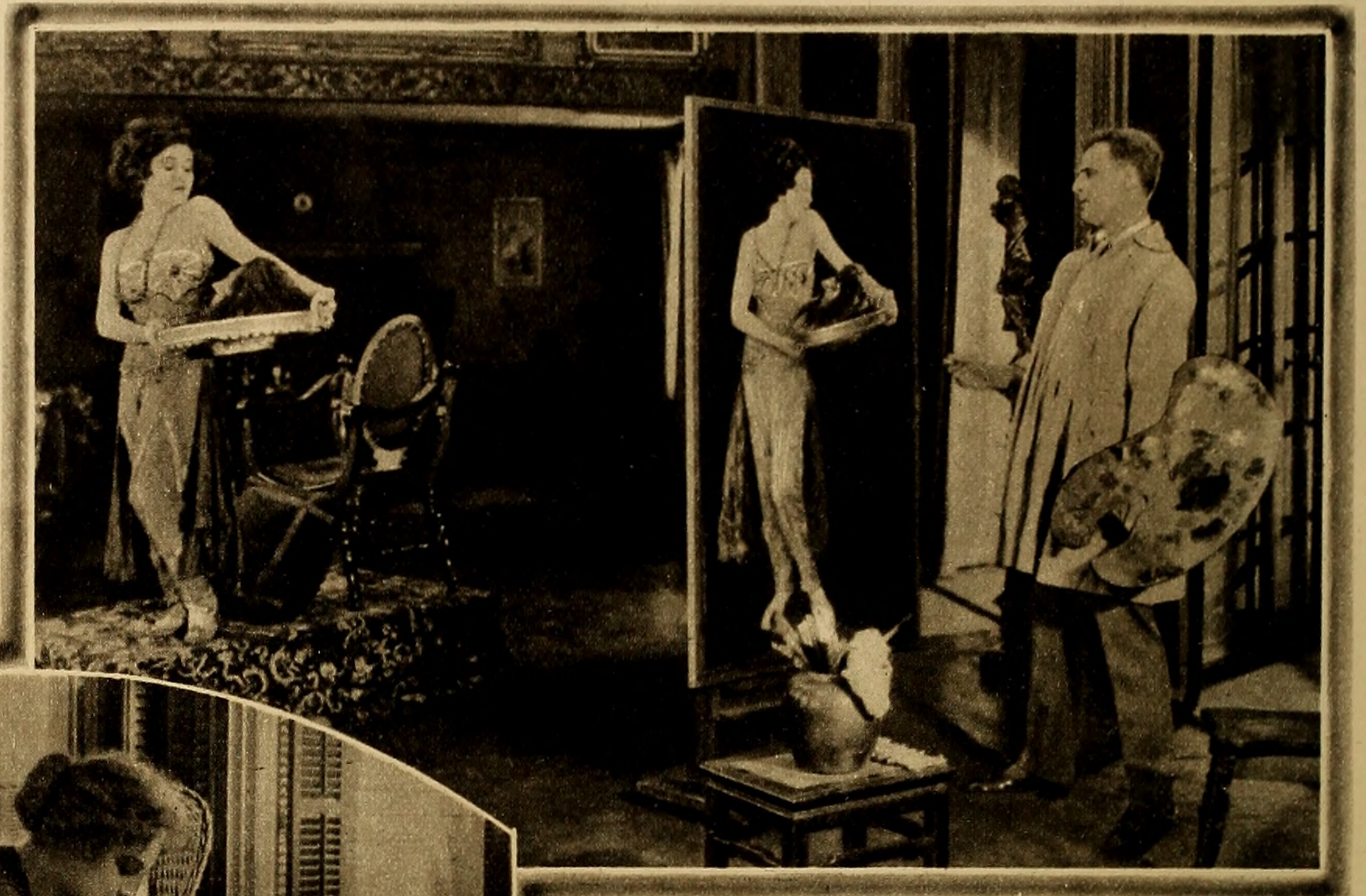
"You see, there she is in the picture of our graduating class. Altho I have not seen her for fourteen years, we still write each other. Those six young fellows standing behind her were the ones that graduated with us. The big man with the bushy whiskers is Dancheko, the great dramatist; and the girl sitting there next to Olga? Ah, that is"—Nazimova's supple little hand pointed to her breast, then again to her pictured self—"that girl got the golden medal."

"How splendid! And of course you have kept it?"

Hearty, staccato laughter greeted my deduction.

"My dear child," she laughed, "it went to the pawnbroker's long, long ago. I was not always successful, you know, and one must eat. I may still have the ticket—I do not know.

may interest you," she pointed to the portrait of a lovely woman, which also rested on her dressing-table. "It is Madame Modjeska, whose whole life proved that a great actress can be a great woman. One of the most wonderful experiences in my life was when I was starring in 'The Doll's House.' Madame Modjeska was then sixty-three. One evening, following my performance, she



MME. NAZIMOVA, METRO STAR, AN ADEPT IN PALMISTRY, TELLS THE FORTUNE OF NILA MAC, OF HER CAST IN THE METRO PICTURE, "FATE DECIDES"

sent her card to me behind the scenes, asking if she could see me. Of course I sent back my consent. She came. She threw her arms around me and embraced me. 'Oh, my dear,' she said, 'I came, I saw Nazimova, and I was conquered!' That was perhaps the happiest night of my life.

"And that picture on the right," she pointed to the portrait of a white-haired man wearing glasses and a scowl. "That is Ibsen. There he sits and frowns at me as I make up to portray his heroines, and when I have put on the final touches, I always look at him to see if he approves. That," pointing to a handsome profile portrait of Eleanora Duse, the Italian actress, "is the greatest actress the world has ever known, and my ideal towards which I am always striving."

"And what do you think of pictures?"

"But, it is quite interesting that out of a class of fifty—even—ha, what you call fifty-seven varieties, only those eight graduated. You see, money could not keep you in, if you did not what you call make good."

After graduation Nazimova's order than ever before. For back in Moscow, followed by

When the Russian censor "The Chosen People" she acted in Berlin, London, New York. "I have been a star with the Russian over here," continued Nazimova. "For three years I have been a star before. I scarcely knew New York. I liked the crowded, a cubist picture.

—that photograph on the left

"I like them, but they must be treated with sincerity, the same as every other art. See, I can express sadness," she contorted her vivid face; "or anger," she scowled; "but if I do not feel it," she struck her chest, "in here, then it is nothing but acting. One must live the part to make the picture audience feel it. Many people say, 'But, my dear, how can one live her part in the movies, there are so many interruptions? The lights must be fixed, or it is wait for the camera or for something else to be adjusted.' But, after all, these interruptions are no worse than the technical difficulties encountered on the speaking stage, and no real artist would think of losing inspiration and just grimacing thru her part because a light went out or a book fell down when it shouldn't. Like everything else, the movies must be treated with sincerity. I love them. Doing Joline in 'Revelation' was a positive joy to me. Then again, in pictures you can always improve your work, where if a line is once spoken on the stage you cannot go back and do it over. When I am doing a picture, I have a signal—see, like this—"

Madame Nazimova stood up, her slender figure at attention, her vivid face alight; then she raised her arm aloft, with the first two fingers up, the others down. "No matter where we are, on location, in the studio, doing a long shot or a close-up, that signal means—'Stop, and do it all over.' Whenever I feel that there is one little bit that I can do better, then"—again the signal—"I do that, and Metro—ah, they are such a splendid company to work for—let me have my own way in that, but they say that I use up more film than any one they ever had, and, hush! they charge me for it.

"There is only one trouble with the movies, and that is the falsity of the stories. One cannot live a story unless it is true to life, to character, to experience, and so long as the stories are false, the actor cannot be blamed for acting the part and not living it. I consider myself especially fortunate in the stories that have been given me."

"Do you think you will ever return to Russia?"



"Ah, my dear, nobody that has once lived here could ever live in Russia. Under the old régime in Russia, I was like another human being. I could not see fun in anything. I had no sense of humor. I did not even appreciate nature. You cannot possibly imagine the despair and depression that weigh on you over there.

"Out here I was reborn. I began to wake up. I call America my fountain of youth, for here are joy, freedom and happiness. If sorrow comes, why, some greater joy grows from it. It makes you bigger, better; but never, never, whatever you do, let your ambition to accomplish anything make you bitter while you are following its dictates. You must love your work, live for work, and then you will be happy and young. For happiness is the secret of youth.

"I am always happy, but some day or hour I may feel depressed or blue, and right away I know it is my stomach that is out of order or my head that aches, not that I am really sad, and I take a day of rest and then I am well—and cheerful again."

"And are you happiest of all in New York?"

Nazimova leaned forward in her chair and clasped her

hands about her knees, her blue eyes became dreamy and with her spell-binding voice she painted a picture for me.

"I love best of all my little country place in Portchester, Westchester County. It is just a small, white-stucco house on a six-acre farm. There is a tiny garage, and a duck-pond with lilies and ducks and banked by



MME. NAZIMOVA, ON LOCATION, DISCUSSING SCENES IN "REVELATION" WITH HER DIRECTOR, GEORGE D. BAKER, AND HER LEADING-MAN, CHARLES BRYANT



green, green shrubbery. There is a wonderful old orchard, and every kind of flower and vegetable runs riot in the gardens. At one side of the house is a smooth, white tennis-court—I do not play tennis myself, but I love to watch other people; and there are dogs and dogs—one of them is expecting babies now, and—I am so worried."

There came the sound of footsteps in the hallway beyond. With a start, I came back from a dream-country to a theatrical dressing-room.

"Ah, how do you do, Miss Naylor!" It was Charles Bryant, Nazimova's tall, attractive husband, manager and leading-man. "My dear"—addressing his wife—"do you realize you are an hour late for your dressmaker's appointment?"

"I am so sorry, but you must blame me," I confessed.

How, I wondered, patient in answering knew she had another important engagement? Where was the temperament we naturally expect from a great actress?

My countenance was an open book for Madame Nazimova's perusal, for she said, "My dear child, temperament is only another excuse for temper. I was happy to talk to you."

(Continued on page 115)

The Screen

As Effectively Rendered by



THE PROPOSAL EMBRACE. "WILL SHE ACCEPT OR WILL SHE NOT?" THAT IS THE QUESTION TO WHICH WALTER MC GRAIL SEEKS AN ANSWER IN THE EYES OF ALICE JOYCE IN THE VITAGRAPH PRODUCTION OF THE ROBERT W. CHAMBERS STORY, "THE BUSINESS OF LIFE"



THOMAS MEIGHAN AND MARY PICKFORD IN "M'LISS"



THE PROPER WAY TO TEEN, AS DEMONSTRATED GLADYS LESLIE IN THE "ANN"



MADGE KENNEDY AND FRANK MORGAN IN GOLDWYN'S SQUEEZABLE "BABY MINE"



FAIRBANKS AND MARJORIE DAW IN "A MODERN MUSKETEER"



THE EMBRACE OF 1870. NELL SHIPMAN AND ALFRED WHITMAN IN VITAGRAPH'S WESTERN PICTURE, "THE HOME TRAIL"

Embrace

Some Celebrated Entwiners



THE EMBRACE OF THE SIREN, AS DONE BY BETTY BLYTHE AND WALTER MC GRAIL IN THE VITAGRAPH PRODUCTION, "THE BUSINESS OF LIFE"



EMBRACE MISS SWEET SIX-
BY EDWARD EARLE AND
VITAGRAPH PICTURE
ACUSHLA"



WILLIAM S. HART IN "THE
TIGER MAN," WITH JANE
NOVAK (ARTCRAFT)



JANE AND CATHERINE LEE



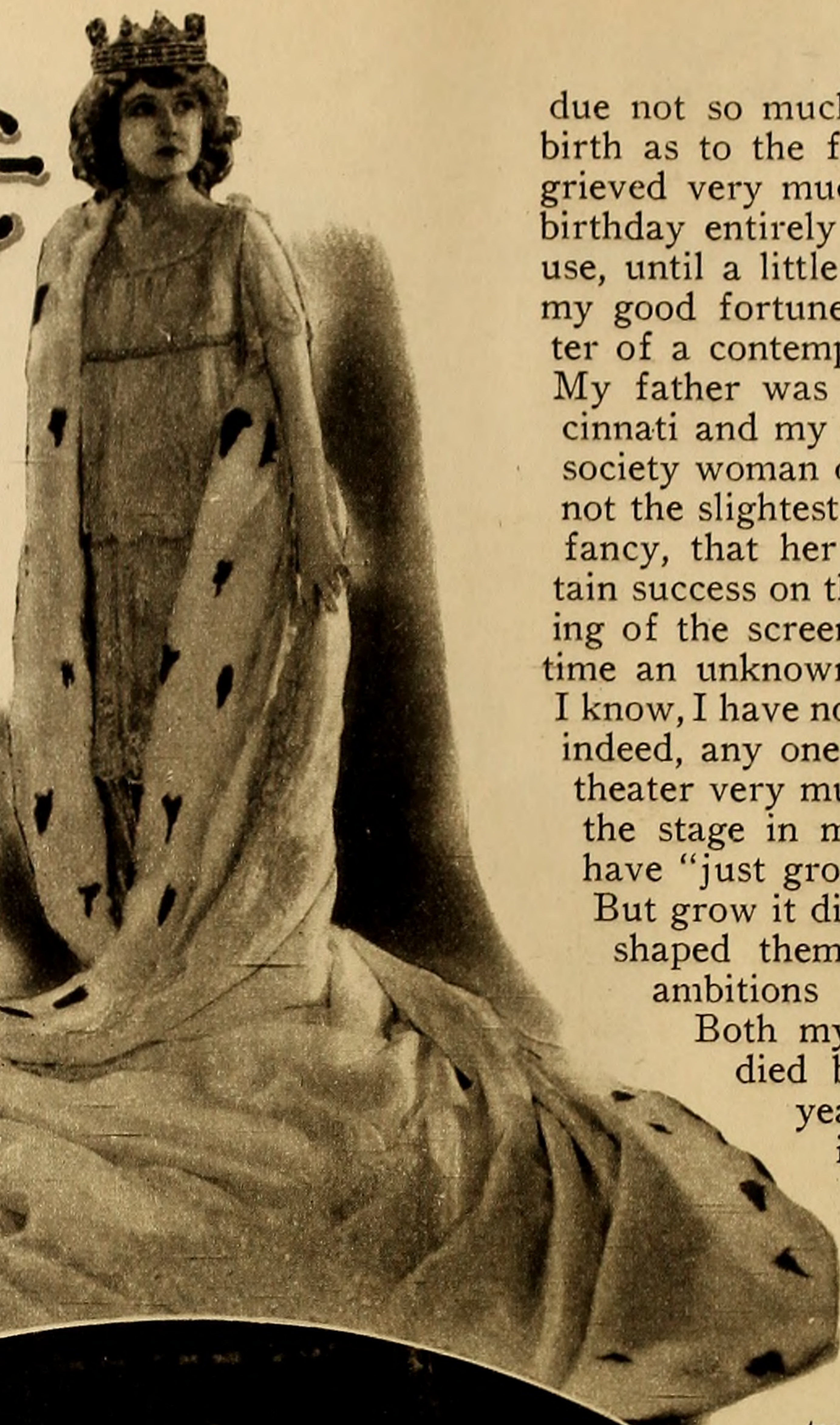
MABEL NORMAND AND TOM MOORE IN "DODGING A
MILLION"



PAULINE FREDERICK IN "THE
HUNGRY HEART," WITH
HOWARD HALL

A LITTLE of MY LIFE

By
Marguerite Clark



due not so much to the fact of my birth as to the fact of his! Then I grieved very much because I had no birthday entirely devoted to my own use, until a little neighbor envied me my good fortune and I thought better of a contemplated change.

My father was a merchant in Cincinnati and my mother was a young society woman of that city, who had not the slightest hope in the world, I fancy, that her daughter would attain success on the stage, to say nothing of the screen, which was at that time an unknown dream. As far as I know, I have no actor-ancestors nor, indeed, any one who even loved the theater very much, so the desire for the stage in me, like Topsy, must have "just growed."

But grow it did, and circumstances shaped themselves to allow my ambitions to become realized.

Both my mother and father died before I was eleven years old and I was left in the care of my sister—I doubt if many parentless children are supplied with as happy and satisfying a substitute as I received.

They tell me that the army of chorus-girls who come from the F. F. V.'s is the largest in the world, unless it is outnumbered by the stars who began their dramatic careers in a



MARGUERITE CLARK
IN "THE AMAZONS"



IN "SNOW WHITE"



WHENEVER it is suggested to me to tell the story of my life, I always remember and appreciate the attitude of the farmer who, when asked if he had spent his whole life upon the farm, answered most emphatically, "No, not yet!" For the "not yet" of one's existence is, to me, the only part to be reckoned with or worth the telling. But of my life thus far there is, of course, a little to say, and I will say it, beginning with the first really important event, as all well-regulated life-stories begin.

This happened in Avondale, Ohio, a few years back, we will say, tho not quite so few as many of my little friends all over the world profess to believe. In spite of their theories, I am in long dresses, I do not wear my hair down my back, and altho I sometimes play with dolls, I really am beyond the age when one confesses it boldly and in public.

My birthday is the twenty-second of February—Washington's birthday—a fact which I deplored as soon as I realized that the holiday celebrations on that day are

convent. But my first aptitude for the stage *did* display itself during the three years which I spent at the Ursuline convent in Ohio.

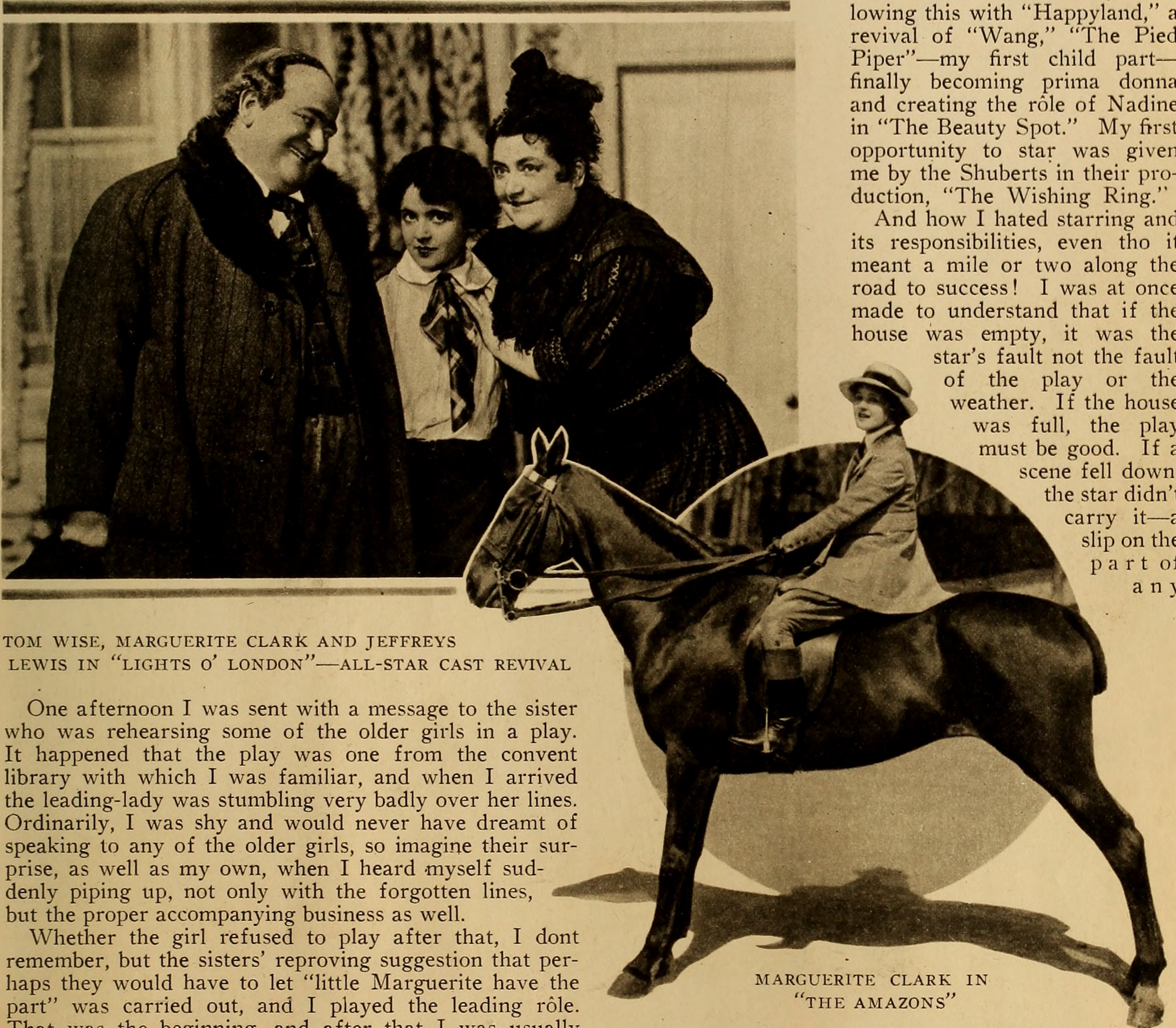
I had always been fond of reading, and literally lived in a fairy-world, curled up in a corner of the convent garden when I should have been playing and exercising with the other girls. I have heard that nearly all children, at some period in their lives—scientists say that that is a perfectly normal phase in their development—secretly believe that they are not living the life assigned to them by birth; that they have been adopted in some mysterious way, and one day may expect their real parents, who will carry them off to their proper station in life.

I think that this phase in me took itself out in the feeling that I was really a fairy-person, perhaps even a princess—tho I did not quite aspire to that—condemned to mortal existence until such time as the spell would break and I should be free forever to return to the green or the red or blue fairy-book from which I had issued. Until then, to be sure, I should wear Marguerite Clark's clothes, sleep in Marguerite Clark's bed, study her lessons, and to all appearances be Marguerite Clark, but—the—day—would—come!

formance, I began to think that I was doing very well indeed. And then along came a note from Mr. Alan Dale saying that everybody loved me, but that if I loved them, for heaven's sake to please stop singing! I could not sing, it appeared, according to the critic, tho I had been doing so, recklessly.

This may have been one reason why I did not care for musical-comedy, altho I missed its excitement when I left it occasionally for straight comedy and drama. I played with Mr. De Wolf Hopper later, as ingénue soubret in "Mr. Pickwick," following this with "Happyland," a revival of "Wang," "The Pied Piper"—my first child part—finally becoming prima donna and creating the rôle of Nadine in "The Beauty Spot." My first opportunity to star was given me by the Shuberts in their production, "The Wishing Ring."

And how I hated starring and its responsibilities, even tho it meant a mile or two along the road to success! I was at once made to understand that if the house was empty, it was the star's fault not the fault of the play or the weather. If the house was full, the play must be good. If a scene fell down, the star didn't carry it—a slip on the part of any



TOM WISE, MARGUERITE CLARK AND JEFFREYS LEWIS IN "LIGHTS O' LONDON"—ALL-STAR CAST REVIVAL

One afternoon I was sent with a message to the sister who was rehearsing some of the older girls in a play. It happened that the play was one from the convent library with which I was familiar, and when I arrived the leading-lady was stumbling very badly over her lines. Ordinarily, I was shy and would never have dreamt of speaking to any of the older girls, so imagine their surprise, as well as my own, when I heard myself suddenly piping up, not only with the forgotten lines, but the proper accompanying business as well.

Whether the girl refused to play after that, I dont remember, but the sisters' reproving suggestion that perhaps they would have to let "little Marguerite have the part" was carried out, and I played the leading rôle. That was the beginning, and after that I was usually given the leading parts for lack of any one else to do them, I suppose.

I realized, I think, the years of work and struggle and disappointment ahead of me even if no success should ever be mine—and realized this to a greater extent, perhaps, than most novices do—still my ambition for a stage career shaped itself quite definitely before I was fifteen, and upon leaving the convent I came to New York to study with this end in view.

Milton Aborn chanced to see me in an amateur (with the exception of my dramatic school certificate) production, and offered me my first chance—a position in the chorus of his opera company. Thus I made my début with him in Baltimore, Maryland, and by the time I had a few lines to say in "The Bohemian Girl" and an unknown admirer was sending me flowers at every per-

formance, I began to think that I was doing very well indeed. Each part, however, with its own particular difficulties, was a stepping-stone for the next, bringing me nearer the work for which I was most happily fitted.

My first telling work was in "Baby Mine," in which I created the rôle of Zoie Hardy. At this time Mme. Bernhardt was playing in a theater near-by, and after my performance I would run to her theater on the chance of seeing her in her dressing-room. Mme. Bernhardt is, to my mind, the greatest actress the world has ever known, and my greatest inspiration. Her portrait as L'Aiglon, with the inscription, "A Ma Gentile Camarade, Marguerite Clark," is one of my dearest possessions.

After one exceptionally wonderful appearance, I wanted to shower her with roses in sheer gratitude, but

every one did that, so I sent her instead a large Japanese doll. Imagine my delight when I found her later in her dressing-room, surrounded by the most exquisite flowers in the world and hugging my doll in her arms!

My Little Theater career began shortly after the closing of "Baby Mine"; first came "The Affairs of Anatole," in

which I represented the *raison d'être* of one of the affairs; and closely following on the heels of this was

lad nearly upset the scene, when the dwarfs find Snow White apparently dead, by trying to break this shocking news concerning the body under the table as soon as the dwarfs entered the door. And, of course, being the only grown-up, it was my duty to remain dead and to hold the scene together at the same time.

To play with children is to have the double task of appealing to the audience and the cast as well, for while a grown-up cast will respond to what may be only a fair interpretation of a child's attitude, a child-cast never will. I try, therefore, always to approach a scene with the mental attitude of a child, to respond impulsively, which is childlike, rather than by studied effect, which is not. And to this end I am continually studying, not only children in all their varying moods, but those who have always best understood them, as well.



MARGUERITE CLARK IN "PRUNELLA"

that very lovely contrast, "Snow White," which I also played in pictures. Since a stock season of "Peter Pan" in the West, this was my first child part, and I realized for the first time the difficulties of playing a child's part when the cast is composed of children. In this play, in which the maids-in-waiting and the dwarfs, with whom I constantly play, are real children, some very amusing things happened.

Altho the play was one which appealed to nearly every age from six to sixty, the audience was, for the most part, a very young one, and rarely a week would pass that some child, more familiar with the fairy-tale than the others, would not caution me, in a loud voice, not to touch the poisoned apple, or let the old witch in the door; and one little



MARGUERITE CLARK AND ERNEST GLENDENNING IN THE STAGE PRODUCTION OF "PRUNELLA" AT THE LITTLE THEATER, N. Y.

My last stage vehicle, "Prunella"—that delightful fantasy, played always with more delight than any other rôle—was the direct means of my becoming a Motion Picture star. Mr. Adolph Zukor was attracted by some photographs of this rôle, and considered offering me a contract to appear exclusively with the Famous Players

in the films. He was quite familiar with my work and career, nevertheless he came to the Little Theater again and again to assure himself of certain film qualifications. At length he seemed to think that I would do, and offered me a contract at a salary fifty times as large as I had received for my first work as a star.

I accepted this most attractive offer, and accordingly decided that, altho I did not wish entirely to forsake the stage or to become identified as a film actress to the exclusion of the spoken drama, I nevertheless would consider for a time appearing only upon the screen. For a long time, however, I think I awaited only a suitable vehicle in which to return to the stage, but none appeared, and I am still happily associated with the Famous Players and Paramount pictures, with whom I made my film debut two years ago.

These two lines of work are, of course, very different—the method of working in a

and finishes, presumably, at its close. She has her evenings—again presumably—in which to enjoy those things which the world enjoys after its day's work is done.

A stage production gives amusement only during the actual working hours of those who make it; a screen actress has the satisfaction of realizing that, tho she may be asleep or idle or working on another production, each evening she is entertaining thousands of people all over the world—in San Francisco or England or New Zealand—without further effort on her part, and will do so until the film is worn out.

Then, on the other hand, she has the none-too-comforting knowledge that a bad bit of acting, an awkward gesture, in the final filming will be just as bad six months hence in New Zealand or San Francisco as it is today. The first time I saw myself on the screen I was in agony over several peculiarities of manner which I never before had the opportunity of observing for myself. And film experience is the best in the



studio, posing and resting, posing again and waiting to pose—was very puzzling at first, and annoying, with its apparently aimless playing of hit-or-miss scenes, in no particular hurry to begin on anything else when one scene is finished. And the various scenes played thus, in no sequence whatever, are witnessed only by co-workers, an occasional carpenter or maid and a straying

world for this very thing. I am sure that I have taught myself more about what not to do in these last two years than I have learnt in all my previous stage career.

The possibilities of the screen are unending—there is practically no scene in fairyland or out that the Moving Pictures cannot most wonderfully represent. Consider the attempts made in certain directions on the stage! To begin with, the space is unlimited, and if the Mahomet in question cannot go to the mountain, the mountain may be removed to Mahomet with the ease of an anthill! And—I may be wrong—many things, in my judgment, have gained rather than lost from picturization, sacrilege tho some may consider the remark.

I refer, for example, to that splendid filmization of "Macbeth" several seasons ago. It failed financially, I

(Continued on page 114)



IN "BAB'S BURGLAR"

visitor or two, not an inspiring audience, since it has no conception of what it is all about.

On the other hand, there is no monotony of playing the same rôle night after night and week after week, for once played satisfactorily and filmed, the scene passes entirely out of reach, and there is no working up a rôle, no doing better tomorrow, no chance of that certain ease which comes from long acquaintance with a part.

A screen actress leads a more normal life than one on the legitimate stage; she rises with the rest of the world, works thru the world's accepted working day,

The Story of Sylvia Breamer and How She "Nicked Out"

By ELEANOR BREWSTER



© Witzel
SYLVIA BREAMER, LEADING-LADY IN J. STUART BLACKTON'S PRODUCTION, "MISSING"

WHICH was it to be—life at Bogga Billa among the playful crocodiles, aborigines and iguanas, or life on the stage with a chance to attain fame? For a long time Sylvia Breamer puzzled over the problem, and finally she decided on the stage.

In case you don't know, we'll explain that Bogga Billa is in Boorooloola, and if that fails to locate it for you, we'll



SPEARING FISH, GULF CARPENTARIA. AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES FISHING

parental scheme didn't work, and now Miss Breamer is a well-known leading-woman in the screen drama, and her work in recent Paramount pictures has won her the praise of discriminating critics.

Let's go back to the Australian phase of the story, and let Miss Breamer tell it. Imagine a charming English accent; picture large, dark-brown eyes, beautiful brown hair, and a charming outdoor complexion. Now:

"You see, I lived in Sydney all my life, and when I grew up and wanted to go on the stage I told my mother about it. She loathed the thought, would have none of it, and she straightway packed me off to my uncle's sheep station—I believe you'd call it a ranch in this country—in Western Queensland.

"The name of the place, Bogga Billa, describes it well. But it was interesting for a while. I used to go out and help the men shear the sheep, and do all manner of things like that. My uncle is a wealthy squatter, and I must explain that the term is used in an entirely different way in Australia. It is not a term of reproach, as it is in America.



"OUTBACK" SHOWER BATH, NORTH QUEENSLAND



NORTHERN TERRITORY CORROBOREE. DANCE OF THE CORROBOREE AMONG THE AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES. PHOTOGRAPHED BY MISS BREAMER

go farther and tell you that it is Western Queensland, Australia.

There Sylvia Breamer had been sent by her parents because of her fondness for acting. But the



IGUANA, LARGE AUSTRALIAN LIZARD WHICH IS USED AS FOOD BY THE NATIVES



NATIVE TREE BURIAL. FUNERAL SERVICE OF THE AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINE. PHOTOGRAPHED BY MISS BREAMER

"The natives of that country were very interesting, too—the aborigines—and we used to go out at night and watch them in their dances. These dances are very weird, and the natives paint their bodies with some

white substance to make themselves look like skeletons. Then they do uncanny dances by the firelight to wild music.

"When one of their number dies, they wrap him in the bark of trees, cover him up completely, and then place the body high up in the branches. For food the natives eat iguanas—that is, for their evening meals. It's a special delicacy, the iguana. No, it's not a vegetable. It's a lizard.

"At first, the life at the sheep station was interesting, but after the newness of it wore off, my old longing for the stage returned. I had only a little money, but I decided that I must get back to civilization. So I nicked out."

"You nicked out?" Miss Breamer was asked.

"Yes, that's Australian slang for—oh, I believe you say, 'beat it.' It means to take French leave. It was a two-days' journey from Sydney, but I made the trip safely, and without telling my mother or any of my friends, I rented a little room and started out to get a stage engagement. For two weeks I had a difficult time. I had enough money for only one meal a day, and that meal I ate about four o'clock each afternoon alone in my room. It consisted of tea and toast; and, oh, what a furious attack I used to make on that toast!

"Then I got an engagement. The J. C. Williamson traveling stock company offered me a small part in 'Within the Law.' They were going to tour New Zealand. I immediately ran home to tell my mother. I didn't mind telling her when I finally had



SYLVIA BREMER PLAYING WITH CHARLES RAY IN "HIS FAMILY SKELETON," A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

All this time I was hoping to get into picture work, and one day my dream came true. Mr. Ince's manager saw me and I was engaged. That was a day of rejoicing."

Miss Breamer is now working in J. Stuart Blackton's forthcoming picture, "Missing," taken from the famous novel by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, playing the rôle of Nell.



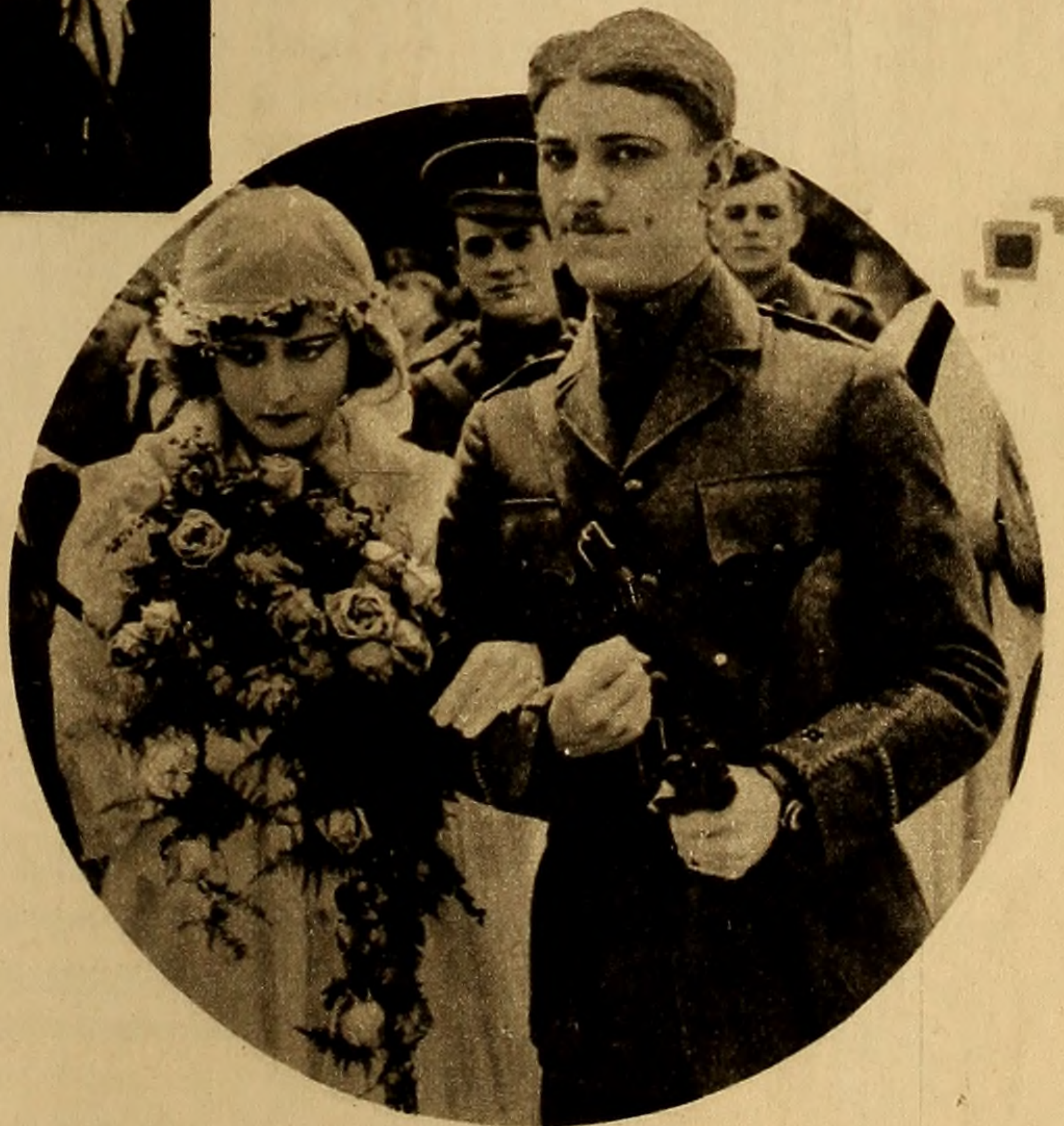
SYLVIA BREMER IN "MISSING," J. STUART BLACKTON



"THE NARROW TRAIL"

an engagement, because I thought she'd relent and let me go on with my stage work. She did, finally, and I left for New Zealand. After I had been on the road a while I was given the part of Aggie Lynch in 'Within the Law.' That was a very curious part to me, because the lines are almost entirely of American slang, and, you know, I didn't understand them at first. Neither did the audience, so a translation of the slang phrases was printed on the programs.

"Then I came to this country, and appeared in New York with Grace George in Shaw's 'Major Barbara.'



"SUNSHINE AND SHADOWS AT THE MILITARY WEDDING." "MISSING," J. STUART BLACKTON'S LATEST PRODUCTION. SYLVIA BREMER AND ROBERT GORDON



Are You Too Wise to be Natural?

BEEN seeing good pictures? Want to be sure you're going to keep on seeing them? Easy.

Both Paramount and Artcraft trade-marks have come to mean so much to so many millions that the words "photoplays" are almost superfluous.

Paramount and Artcraft are *that* fine—in stars, in direction and in character.

* * *

Ever wish you could forget all the fol-de-rol of dinner coats and calling cards and that sort of thing? And get a bunch of corn silk and soft-foot it behind that big rock—and light up with Joey,

your particular pal. And get sick and everything?

Or, are you too wise to be natural—are you afraid to play hookey from yourself?

You're not? Good enough. Then you've kept your grip on the greatest thing in life.

And the spirit of play, of make-believe, is what lets you go on, day in and out, forgetting those practical, prosaic things that hold your nose to the grindstone.

It's no secret at all—the gate to the great playground.

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theatre that advertises and shows the motion pictures of the American family—Paramount and Artcraft pictures. Paramount and Artcraft pictures are the *better* pictures of the motion picture art—supreme in stars, masterly in direction, superb in mounting and discriminating and authoritative in the literature and drama they visualize.

* * *

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Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures



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one By seeing these trade-marks or names in the advertisements of your local theatres.

two By seeing these trade-marks or names on the front of the theatre or in the lobby.

three By seeing these trade-marks or names flashed on the screen inside the theatre.

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



"FOREMOST STARS, SUPERBLY DIRECTED. IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"

Tempered Steel

By BEULAH LIVINGSTONE



COLONEL HENRY CARUTHERS regarded his daughter, Lucille, as some sort of provoking anomaly of human nature. Southern girls, as a rule, were tractable enough. In the next estate to Caruthers Hall there were four daughters in the family, and not one of these girls would dare to contradict her father, or even take issue with him if he were unmistakably in the wrong. "But, Lucille, hang it all, Lucille was different from other Southern women. She was one of those d—d advanced types, who called herself a feminist; wanted to earn her own living; find her economic niche in the world; talked about her rights as an individual, her place in the sun, and all that sort of tommy-rot. Stuff and nonsense," that's what the Colonel called it, and when the Colonel expressed his views on any subject, that settled the matter—the chap who said there were two sides to every argument had never reckoned with this tyrannical and egotistical Southern gentleman of the old school. There were times, it must be confessed, when, in spite of himself, Henry Caruthers couldn't help but admire Lucille's fine, independent spirit; but these were the times when it didn't conflict too disadvantageously with his own spirit.

Mrs. Caruthers was a pretty, refined, truly aristocratic gentlewoman, but a person with absolutely no initiative, "no gumption of her own," as the Colonel said, tho it was to avoid crossing him in anything that she had to become so meek and colorless. If any one had asked Mrs. Caruthers her greatest ambition in life, she would probably have answered, with a little resigned sigh: "To avoid further arguments between Lucille and her father." But tho from fear, a sense of duty, and long habit, which had deprived her of the ability to decide for herself, Mrs. Caruthers usually sided in all family discussions with her husband, she nevertheless, in her mother's heart, gave her love and sympathy to the daughter. Lucille, in her turn, adored her mother with all the tremendous wealth of affection of which

she was capable; but she would have given a great deal if she could have influenced her parent occasionally to be independent enough to argue a point with the Colonel. It didn't matter whether it was some such trifling affair as arranging a trellis on the front veranda, giving orders to a servant, or selecting something in wearing apparel for his wife—he always knew it all and there was never any gainsaying his opinion.

"Mamita dearest, why dont you ever assert yourself?" Lucille would say. "You know in your heart that that hat father brought you is most unbecoming, yet you haven't the courage to tell him that you didn't like it." "Best-looking hat she has ever had on her head," the Colonel would put in. "I suppose you are the only one in the Caruthers family who knows anything about good taste in clothes, eh?"—bracing himself for the conflict he had learnt to expect from his daughter. "I think, father, that it would be wiser to leave the choice of wearing apparel to women folks." Mrs. Caruthers looked anxiously from father to daughter and, as usual, tried to make peace, but any further discussion, for the time being, on the relative merits and demerits of the innocent chapeau was brought to an end by the appearance of Rose Madden, a newspaper woman from New York, for whom Lucille had formed a very close attachment, but whom the Colonel disliked considerably, attributing to "this

animated lead-pencil" all those "d—d fool ideas on independence" which Lucille had "taken to prating about."

Rose had dropped over to criticize some of Lucille's maiden literary efforts. "Not bad at all, this story," was her abrupt comment; "but it shows considerably more sense of dramatic values than literary merit—it could be worked out situation by situation to make a really interesting play." Lucille confessed that her ambition had always leaned more toward becoming an actress than to

Cast of characters of "Tempered Steel," as produced by the Petrova Pictures Company from the scenario of George Middleton.

Lucille Caruthers.....	Madame Olga Petrova
Richard Sheldon.....	Thomas H. Holding
Ratakin.....	Herbert Frank
Edwin Archer.....	E. J. Radcliff
Rose Madden.....	Edith Hinkle
Colonel Henry Caruthers.....	William Carlton
Mrs. Sheldon.....	Matilda Brundage

journalism, but, of course, the Colonel would not hear of a Caruthers earning her own board and keep. "No, by God, not while he still had a comfortable bank account to his credit. He was quite capable of supporting his family in comfort without a daughter of his painting her face behind the footlights as a means of subsistence." Art for Art's sake would never enter into his calculations as anything but "tommyrot."

"I'll tell you what, Lucille; I've got tickets tonight for the Ratakin Players," said Rose. "Come with me and I'll introduce you afterwards to Ratakin, the leading-man, and ask him to read your sketch."

Lucille, elated at the prospect of meeting a real leading-man and getting his opinion of her ability, hastened to show her mother her manuscript. "It is very good, my dear, but I beg of you, don't tell your father."

"Tell your father what?" broke in the Colonel's none-too-cheery voice, as he entered the room just in time to overhear the last words. Lucille repeated what she had just been telling her mother.

"What! A daughter of the Caruthers write for money! Since when have the men of the Caruthers family been unable to provide for their women folks?"

"It is about time, father, for a Caruthers woman to prove she is something other than a parasite. You may as well know that I am determined to earn my own living."

The Colonel's mouth opened several times, but he was too enraged for adequate words, and, turning on his heel, stalked off in high dudgeon. Lucille appealed to her mother, but Mrs. Caruther's one thought was to placate her angry lord. The determined frown faded from Lucille's brow and a wistful little smile crossed her face. She sighed, regretting the family's unpleasantness and misunderstanding; then her eyes grew wide and dreamy as she fell into a reverie, seeing herself a great actress on Broadway some day and fancying how proud her father would be of her, despite his views, when he read her praises sung in the first-night reviews next day.

While Lucille was at the theater that evening her mother, driven by her husband's displeasure at Lucille's not being home before eleven, to that ever convenient refuge of the oppressed—lies—explained that Lucille had gone to a neighboring plantation to visit Mabel Porter, a girl friend.

Meanwhile, Ratakin, the actor-manager—a selfish, calculating, egotistical Russian—was condescendingly bestowing his best-rehearsed bow on Rose and Lucille. He was at once impressed by the latter's fire and beauty, and upon learning that this talented and ambitious young woman was the daughter of the wealthy Colonel Caruthers, of Caruthers Hall, he passed his well-kept white hands across his brow, talking commonplaces and making his usual pretty speeches for the fair sex, but really chiefly interested in the present situation, only in so far as it was necessary to the completion of the vision going on in the back of his mind. He saw a large, artistic theater, built with Colonel Caruthers' thousands, across the exterior of which, flashed in gay electric lights, the sign, "Ratakin Theater"—Ratakin, the Great, assisted by Lucille Caruthers, in Repertoire. He smiled his blandest, most satisfied-with-himself smile.

"Ah, yes, I can see you have talent. I will read the sketch tonight, and return it in person at your home tomorrow."

Lucille found the Colonel consulting his watch when she arrived home. "The Porters must have been unusually entertaining," he said. There was a note of distrust in his voice, which prompted Lucille, who abhorred a lie or any form of deceit, to say calmly, despite her mother's warning expression and nervous signal:

"I have no idea how the Porters spent this evening.

I have been to the theater to see Ratakin." Noting her father's furious expression, she extended her hand, saying hopefully but with a faint suggestion of a catch in her voice:

"Why can't we be friends, father? I only ask for the freedom of thought and action that you yourself would rather die than relinquish." But Caruthers, refusing her proffered hand, stalked from the room.

The Colonel was hardly better-tempered the next day, when, strolling out on the lawn, he found his daughter entertaining at tea a ranting actor, a "painted buffoon." Poor old Caruthers could barely be civil to the man. But Lucille hardly heeded her father's sarcastic remarks after Ratakin's departure. She was treading on golden air. Ratakin, hoping the wealthy Colonel would prove his stepping-stone to fame and fortune, had played his cards extremely well and inspired her with the belief that she had great talent. "My company is leaving for New York next week," he said, "and if you decide to make the stage your profession, don't fail to look me up. I will always have a part for you."

It did not take Lucille very long to make up her mind. She planned to leave for New York almost immediately. In the tempestuous scene with her father, which, of course, had to come sooner or later, the Colonel, pacing the floor with great strides, very red in the face, exclaimed: "If you persist in carrying out this disgraceful plan, you are no longer a daughter of mine. Furthermore, not one d—n penny of my money will you get!"

"I have my legacy from Grandmother Hampton, father; it is not large, but I can manage to live on that until I prove I have an economic value in the world. Why, just because I am a woman, should I be deprived the delight of, in some small way, expressing myself?"

New York! Magic words fraught with many meanings to many minds—to one, a mighty mother of seething humanity; to another, merely a dirty little village on the Hudson; to a third, the center of frenzied finance and industrial opportunities; to Lucille, the City of Golden Promise, the Eureka of long-suppressed cravings to do and to be. What mattered it to her that Ratakin's playhouse proved to be but an insignificant second-rate theater in an out-of-the-way section of the lower part of the city? "Very well," she figured. "Ratakin and I will simply work all the harder and have the joy of looking back some day and laughing as we reminisce over these early struggles."

With the help of Rose Madden, Lucille found an attractive studio in Washington Square, and furnished it in excellent taste with odd old pieces, surreptitiously sent up from the South, by her mother. The daughter smiled tenderly as she unpacked, among a lot of feminine knick-knacks, a revolver. She knew what it must have cost Mrs. Caruthers to handle that weapon.

Lucille's talent and great beauty assured her an immediate success. Ratakin was jubilant. "If the daughter makes a name for herself, the old man is sure to come round, in time," he reasoned. So certain was he that his dream of the Ratakin Players, at the Ratakin Theater, would soon be realized, that he got into the habit of boasting about it to his fellows at the Players' Club. This, coupled with another bad habit—that of overindulgence in the wine that flows—often led him to make the most extravagant statements. Meanwhile, Lucille was applying herself diligently, and proving herself a really remarkable pupil, which success, Ratakin felt assured, was chiefly due to the fact that she had been wise enough to place herself under his tutelage.

It was not very long before Ratakin's new leading-lady began to attract the notice of the up-town public. One day, Mrs. Sheldon, an old friend of Mrs. Caruthers, heard Lucille being favorably discussed by a group of



RATAKIN'S NEW LEADING-LADY WAS RECEIVING THE CONGRATULATIONS OF EVERYBODY

Lucille was irresistible when she smiled. Richard came close to her side, while his mother examined odds and ends about the dressing-room. "I have a sequel to your story," he said, "which I shall tell you some day—some day very soon, I hope." Lucille was a bit disconcerted but by no means displeased with the tender look in his eyes, and it was with joyful anticipation that she accepted Mrs. Sheldon's invitation to spend the following Sunday at her Long Island home.

Ratakin, who had joined the little gathering in the dressing-room, was considerably upset because the invitation had not included him. "I suppose

theater-loving friends, who spoke of her as a "find." That night Mrs. Sheldon told her son, Richard Sheldon, a rising young physician, who had known Lucille many years ago, when they were children together in the South, of having heard that Colonel Henry Caruthers' daughter had come to New York and was appearing with Ratakin.

"How very interesting," said Richard, "and how very delightful it would be to renew such a pleasant childhood acquaintance. I will take you to the theater tonight, mother, and we will go back to the dressing-room afterwards."

Lucille was greatly pleased when she received a few scribbled lines on Mrs. Sheldon's card. She sent word that Mrs. Sheldon and Richard might be admitted to the dressing-room at once.

"I cannot believe that this is the same little girl who used to order me about so unmercifully!" said Richard, enthralled by a closer view of this radiantly beautiful woman, whose superior acting he had just witnessed. Lucille, in a fascinating Egyptian costume, answered smilingly, as she removed her clanking bracelets and Oriental headpiece, "And it is hard to reconcile you with the bold little boy who quite broke my heart, in those old days." Then, turning to Mrs. Sheldon, she explained, "Do you remember one Valentine Day, you came to tea with my mother and brought Richard along? Well, there was just a solitary chocolate heart left on the table, when you and mother had finished, which she gave to me. I held the heart in one hand, and a sticky lace-paper valentine that I had painted and pasted myself in the other, and said to Richard: 'Mother bought the chocolate heart, and I made the valentine—which will you have?' He hesitated a minute, but his eyes were all for the candy, which he chose. How well I remember running out of the room, hurt and indignant, throwing the valentine on a near-by table. So, you see, at the tender age of seven, I had my first bitter blow from the sterner sex!"

you will forget me, with all your fine, new, rich friends," he complained, but Lucille reassured him at once: "The time will never come when I shall forget what you have done for me, Ratakin, unless thru some fault of your own."

For the following Sunday evening Mrs. Sheldon planned a delightful little reception in Lucille's honor. "Why are you asking Edwin Archer, mother? You know that fellow's reputation," said Dr. Sheldon, looking over the list of invitations. "Because, dear boy, if Mr. Archer becomes interested in Lucille—and I am sure he will—he can put her on Broadway. You know what a power he is in the theatrical world." Mrs. Sheldon cast a shrewd, understanding glance at Richard, when he persisted in not liking the idea of "that rich old roué hanging around Lucille." "But Lucille can take care of herself, under any circumstances," his mother insisted, "and we must do all we can to help such a talented girl



EDWIN ARCHER BECOMES INTERESTED IN LUCILLE

present the best that is in her in a better theater and a first-class production."

With a mother's tact, Mrs. Sheldon made excuses not to join the young folks Sunday morning on a long motor-ride to the beach, and she kist Lucille fondly as she helped tuck her in the automobile. After an invigorating ride and a picnic luncheon, Richard turned to Lucille and handed her a large, worn envelope. To her utter amazement, she unwrapped the little valentine she had made for him so many years ago. "Now I will tell you the sequel to your story," said Richard. "When you ran out of the room in such a pretty huff that day, tossing the valentine on the table in disgust, somehow that chocolate heart didn't look so awfully good to me, after all, and do you know, I put the half-melted candy back on the table and tucked the valentine into my blouse. For many years it has been packed away with other childhood trinkets." Lucille's lovely eyes were irresistibly soft and tender. Richard reached for the valentine, taking her hand with it. But she reminded him that they must be getting back to the house—

In the evening, Mrs. Sheldon's well-laid plans bore fruit—Edwin Archer, millionaire man-about-town and successful theatrical manager, was at once interested in Lucille, both in her personally and in her art. He saw with a trained eye the possibilities of making this talented and beautiful creature a really great actress, and he promised to look over several manuscripts and let her hear from him in the very near future, just as soon as he found the right kind of starring vehicle.

Some days later, Archer called on Lucille and read to her the play which was to give her her big chance. She had prevailed upon him to include Ratakin in this Broadway production, explaining that it was her great desire to show her gratitude to the Russian actor, as, after all, Ratakin had been the one to give her her first start on the stage. She made every effort to include him in all matters pertaining to the coming production, but Archer's attitude was obviously one of tolerating Ratakin simply for Lucille's sake. In fact, the manager didn't even think it worth while taking the pains to conceal the fact that he heartily disliked him.

"Oh, by the way," said Archer, just as he was leaving, "it would be advisable, Miss Caruthers, now that you will be interviewed, you know, as a coming Broadway star and all that sort of thing, for you to take an apartment up-town while you are rehearsing."

"But, to tell the truth, Mr. Archer, I do not feel that I can afford a more expensive place."

"Nonsense, you will soon be making very good money,

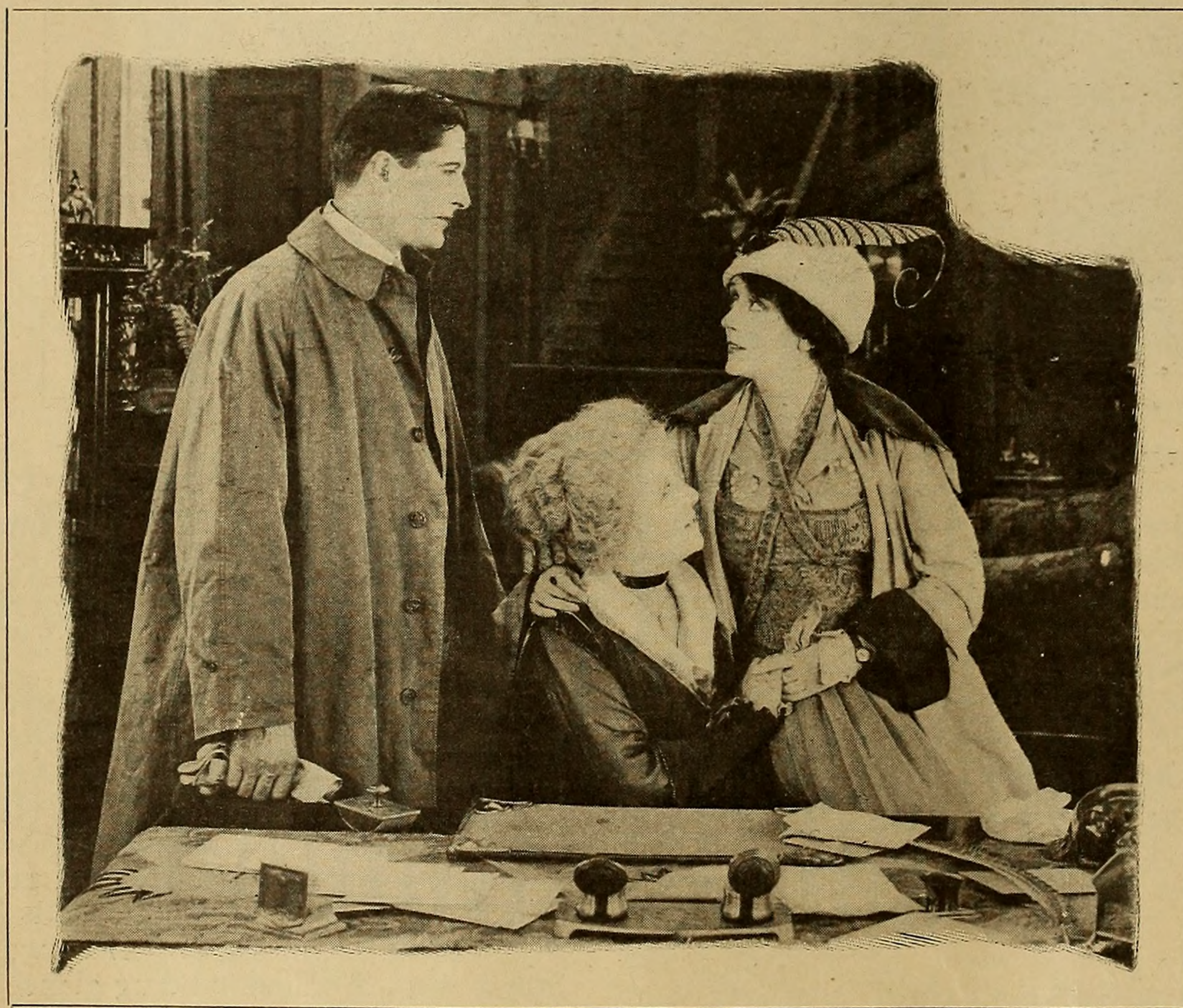
and, meanwhile, I will arrange it so that you can sign checks for all expenses until you begin drawing your salary."

Lucille finally agreed. She was too untutored in the ways of the world to attach any particular meaning to the significant look in his eyes that accompanied these words.

"This man Archer seems very much interested in you," said Ratakin, as soon as the door had closed. "This part he has given me is absurd—it is so small. I consider it an impertinence to ask me, Ratakin, to play it." Hardly had rehearsals begun when Ratakin insisted upon co-starring with Lucille, but Archer lost no time in giving him to understand that a cheap stock-actor and a Broadway leading-man were horses of quite different color, and that were it not for Lucille he would not have been given any part at all. His pride and vanity hurt, all the ugliness of Ratakin's evil nature came to the surface. "It was I who made you, I who gave you my

time and talent, and now you would have me—me, Ratakin, support you, a nobody." Lucille, who had tried so hard to do Ratakin a good turn by getting him this chance on Broadway, along with her own, could stand no more, and confessed she had done all she could.

"Mark my words, then, Lucille Caruthers, you will learn what it means to desert and scorn me." With a short, bitter laugh and a quick shrug of his shoulders, Ratakin departed. At the nearest saloon he told his



LUCILLE BECOMES A FREQUENT VISITOR AT THE SHELDON HOME

troubles to the whisky-bottle and found a more sympathetic listener in each succeeding glass.

Dr. Richard Sheldon was plainly disturbed when he first called at Lucille's beautiful new apartment. He examined the expensive furnishings, struggling with his affection and respect in the light of what certainly looked suspicious. However, the expression in her eyes was so undoubtedly sincere as she said, "All this looks extravagant, doesn't it, Richard, but Mr. Archer assures me I am well within my salary," that a great wave of relief swept over him.

He was again very much upset, however, when, a few days later, at the Players' Club, where he frequently dined with some of his theatrical acquaintances, he overheard Archer declaring argumentatively, between puffs of his cigar, to a group of men: "I tell you, every woman has her price." He flashed a glance at Richard to note the effect of his words, then continued: "To one it is ambition or fame; to another, jewels; to a third, romance; but there are few women you cannot get with gowns and a handsome apartment." Richard whirled about and

"I AM GOING TO SEE THAT YOU DO NOT ACT TONIGHT"



R a t a k i n, telling the switchboard boy it was unnecessary to announce him, hurried up to Lucille's apartment. She was almost sorry to have answered his knock and admitted him when she saw the unmistakable signs of heavy drinking in his face and manner. He lunged in unevenly, and, without waiting to remove his coat, tho wet and bedraggled, as a heavy storm was raging without, backed against the door, locking it before Lucille could prevent.

"I want you to refuse to go on tonight, unless they give me a proper part." Lucille, amazed at his colossal conceit, and indignant at his having forced her to listen, looked at him with cold and withering scorn that enraged him beyond any words she might have possibly spoken.

impulsively started forward, a dangerous fire in his eyes. Archer coolly bit at the tip of another cigar and showed surprise, as if seeing the doctor for the first time. Realizing Archer was only laughing at him and that no actual names had been mentioned, Richard looked him long and levelly in the eyes, and then abruptly left the club-rooms.

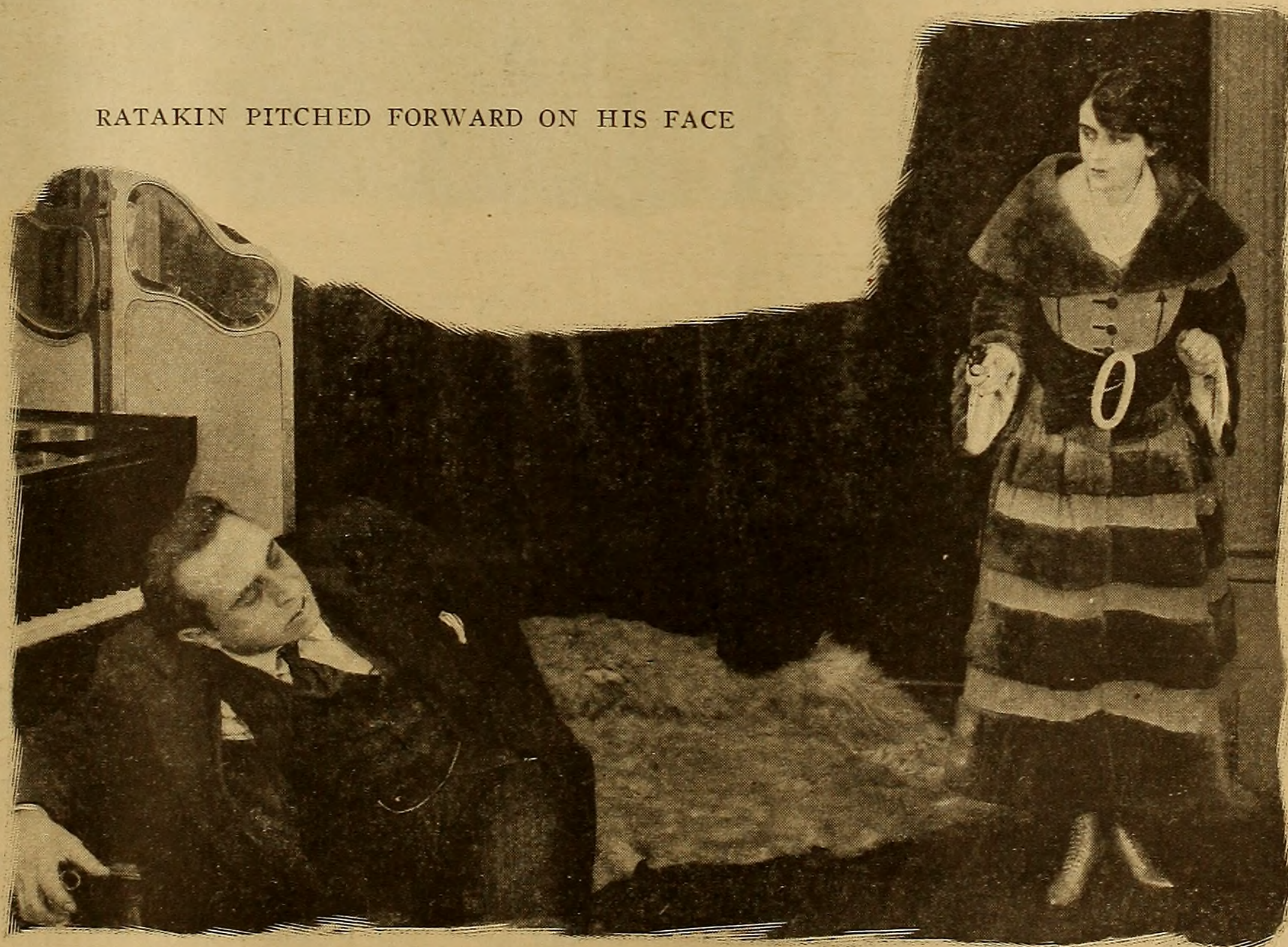
At last, the great evening which was to mark Lucille's debut on Broadway, as the star of a new production, arrived. Both her dressing-room at the theater and her drawing-room at her hotel apartment were filled with flowers. Rose Madden's tribute was among the most appreciated. Archer's large box of roses contained the card: "To strew in the path of Beauty triumphant tonight," but Dick's wreath and corsage—oh, yes, it was "Dick" now, for there was a distinct understanding between them by this time, that after the opening performance they would announce their engagement—which he brought himself, were, of course, Lucille's most precious offerings. "I am compelled to be at an important consultation tonight, Lucille, dear," he announced in leaving, "but I will come to you after the theater, the very second I can get away."

As soon as Richard had left the elevator,

sibly spoken. Her deliberate humiliation was intolerable.

He steadied himself against the table with one hand, putting his other to his hip-pocket. Lucille saw him slowly draw something out, and the fear flashed over her that he might actually have brought a revolver. With the next flash of lightning she saw the evil leer on his face as he muttered, "Dont be afraid; I'm not going to kill you—that would be too easy. But I am going to see that you do not act tonight, or any other night, for that matter, *without me*. Perhaps it will occur to you that, with

RATAKIN PITCHED FORWARD ON HIS FACE



your beauty gone and your eyes blinded, the fond public wont want you." It was not a gun, then, but a bottle of vitriol he had in his hand. Lucille stood terrified and speechless as he raised the bottle with its little skull-and-cross-bones label. The cork stuck fast, and as he toyed with it, his back against the door, he continued, "Even Archer wont want you when I'm thru with you. Maybe you didn't suppose that I knew he was paying for all this, eh?"

Lucille reached frantically for the telephone, stumbling against the table as she did so. In a flash about as quick as the great streaks of lightning which were every minute dotting the sky, it came to her that a revolver lay in that table-drawer. The moment Ratakin's eyes fell on the cork she wrenched the drawer open, succeeding in leveling the gun at the very moment he lifted his eyes, cork in hand, bottle suspended, triumph on his every evil feature. "Put that down and go this instant, or I will shoot."

Ratakin was not to be balked. He slowly advanced toward the table, as if to lay the bottle down, then suddenly jerked it back to throw. But at the same instant Lucille fired. The hand with the bottle convulsively closed over it, while the other clutched at his breast as he pitched forward on his face, falling at full length betwixt a Japanese screen and the piano. Outside, the wind howled with unabated fervor, the thunder roared, and the lightning streaked the sky in jagged zig-zag lines, precisely as it did one day long ago, in the South, when Lucille had visited an old negro fortune-teller who predicted a great success and a great tragedy in her life to take place on one and the same evening. It

amazed her how calmly she could think back to all that. She could even remember the cunning little picaninnies in the old negro's hut as they had rolled their eyes at the storm, while she calmly stood looking dully at the revolver with a dead man lying at her feet.

A ring of the telephone brought her back to the present. Archer was down-stairs, having hurried to her apartment to find out why she had so delayed. "On the opening night, too!" he exclaimed, excitedly. "What on earth is the meaning of this?"

Lucille pleaded nervousness, illness, anything. "Only postpone the performance until to-morrow," she begged. Archer was beside himself with impatience at such a display of temperament. "Would you ruin me forever, woman? Do you not realize I have thousands of dollars in this production? Where is your gratefulness now, I'd like to know? I'm coming straight up-stairs to put an end to this nonsense and rush you right over to the theater."

Lucille gave a wild look about the room, gritted her teeth hard, and then hastily drawing the curtains to prevent the light from falling directly on Ratakin's body, she grabbed her hat and cape and met Archer just outside the door as he came from the elevator. "Very well, then," she said to herself, "I will go thru with it—perhaps the fortune-teller predicted rightly; at any rate, I will not fail myself nor the others at the performance this night." The strain and excitement she had been under made her appear unusually attractive to Archer as he hurried her into his waiting machine.

It was only at the end of the third act that Lucille's nerves finally gave way. She felt herself sway each time the curtain rose and fell. The people were applauding and applauding, and her fellow-players were waiting their turn in the wings to congratulate her upon a most brilliant success. How different it all was from what she had planned. The one sensation she had was



"GO, PLEASE, I WANT TO BE ALONE"

to run away from all this triumph as quickly as possible. But there was no escaping the exuberant Archer. He was wild with joy at her success. As he had planned a little supper party in Lucille's apartment, Archer sent Rose Madden and some of those who crowded into the dressing-room on ahead to order a lavish supper sent up to the drawing-room. Mrs. Sheldon and the others were surprised that Lucille's triumph left her so cold, while all her friends were radiantly happy, but attributed her attitude to nerves and the tremendous strain she had been under. "She will come round all right at the party," they figured, and hurried away to the hotel, there to wait in the reception-room until Lucille arrived at her own apartment.

"I will take you to your hotel," said Archer, when the others had gone and Lucille had changed to street-dress. She assented indifferently.

Arrived at their destination, Archer held out his hand to Rose, and receiving a glance from the hotel clerk

telling him where the others were waiting, hastened to join them and lead the expectant gathering to Lucille's rooms.

To poor Lucille, the corridor from the elevator to her rooms seemed a haven of refuge. But she could not stand all night in the hall. Slowly she unlocked the door, then, summoning up all her courage, entered, and, with a cold shudder creeping over her, turned on the switch. As she stood a minute near the body, deliberating as to her next course of action, a loud tattoo beat on the door. Laughter and many voices could be heard without, and the merry guests were demanding that she admit them at once! Making sure that the body was well concealed behind the screen, Lucille, her heart in her mouth, opened the door and was immediately surrounded. Archer, as master of ceremonies, made a flowery speech of congratulation, then conducted the waiters, bearing huge trays of goodies, into the adjoining room. In vain did Lucille protest, begging them to come another time. She pleaded exhaustion, nerves, illness, but their only answer was to sing her praise.

"We will bear the Queen of Beauty in triumph on her throne!" shouted one of the young men, and strode over towards the screen to look about for a suitable couch or chair, which the men might carry on their shoulders. Lucille, alarmed, knowing any minute one or more of the guests would be apt to discover the body, clenched and unclenched her hands. It was more than she could endure. Flinging her arms wide, a wild look of terror in her eyes, she said, "Go, please, I want to be alone." "Poor dear, she is completely worn out and on the verge of hysteria," said Rose, shoving the guests one by one to the door, like some mother-hen rounding up her wandering chickens.

When the others had gone, Archer, on his way out, stopped for a few tender words of farewell. Hang it all! nothing was panning out as he had planned. As the party grouped about the elevator, he seized his hat and was the last to exit. On his way out he had noticed a soft green hat and gloves lying on a tabouret near the piano. As all the men had departed, an evil suspicion flashed thru his mind. So this was the reason Lucille wished to get rid of everybody. And all this time he, Edwin Archer, was paying for the apartment where she concealed her lover! By God! he wouldn't stand for it. He would see this thing thru. With his hand still on the knob, he returned to the room. He was too blinded by the waves of desire and jealousy surging in his breast to note her tense posture, her agonized, overwrought condition. Her very coldness acted but as a foil to his passion. Lucille resented his return, but he was now more at ease since he believed her to be like all the rest. In caressing tones, close at her side, he whispered: "How wonderful you are, how beautiful—how desirable." Lucille shrank back amazed and angry at his effrontery. "Oh, you needn't pretend with me, Lucille, dearest," he protested. "You know how I feel towards you, and isn't it about time you gave me some reward for all I have done for you?"

"How dare you—I have given you no right to speak in this way, or think such things of me! How *dare* you insult me!"

"You wonderful little woman! You're a great actress, Lucille, but don't act with me. Let's play the game fair—I love you madly. I want you now—tonight, and it's high time for payment." Archer's face changed as Lucille broke away indignantly from his attempted embrace. There was an ugly expression in his eyes and his mouth hardened.

"That's pretty good," he sneered, "from a woman who has a lover concealed in the apartment *I've* been paying for. I have respected you up to tonight, because I

thought you were the kind of woman worthy of my respect, but this—this is too much."

Lucille drew back as Archer indicated the hat and gloves. "You speak of having respected me, yet you insult me by trying to surprise me with what you are pleased to call my lover. If you really had respected or understood me, Mr. William Archer, you would know, if I ever take a lover, I am the kind of woman to take him in the open. Now if you want to know to whom that hat belongs, look behind the piano, and then, go!"

Archer stared in blank amazement at the dead man, then turned inquiringly to Lucille.

"He—he threatened me with vitriol. I shot him in self-defense."

"God, but you are plucky! And to think this—this thing was here while you played to-night."

Arthur was quite willing to take Lucille away from the scene of horror and intimated that he could be relied upon to keep still, but Lucille scorned his sympathy almost as much as she did his love. Her only answer was to take the receiver from the telephone and to say in a surprisingly composed tone, "The nearest police station, please."

"Great heavens, woman, what are you doing now?" Lucille ignored him. "Hello, hello, police station? This is Lucille Caruthers talking; yes, Lucille Caruthers, the actress. I have killed a man in self-defense.

yes I will be waiting." As she gave the address, Archer's expression changed from utter amazement to profound admiration. Lucille turned quietly towards him and a ring at the telephone relieved the tension, as they stared at one another.

"Send him up," was Lucille's answer to the clerk, who announced, "Dr. Sheldon is downstairs."

Richard entered eagerly. He had been detained on an important case and the hours before he could get to his fiancée had seemed interminable to him. He, of course, had no conception of what those same hours had meant to Lucille. He looked in utter astonishment from her little, white face, to Archer's frightened features.

Lucille explained what she had already told to Archer. Richard immediately knelt down over the body and with the practiced physician's skill began an examination. The bullet, he found, had gone thru Ratakin's left shoulder. He looked at the revolver and saw that only one bullet had been discharged—yet there was a hideous scar on Ratakin's neck, and no mere shoulder wound could ever have caused his death. Richard rose hurriedly and examined the woodwork against which Ratakin had fallen. Just as he expected, the wood was charred and jagged. Lucille and Archer watched him breathlessly.

"Ratakin's death was due to a power greater than any human being's. He was struck by lightning at almost the same moment the bullet entered his shoulder. It was the lightning which killed him, not the shot."

When the police arrived Richard showed them the scars, the revolver, and the burned woodwork, and went over all the necessary data. Lucille turned to the doctor to say good-by and laid a restraining hand on his sleeve when he would have taken her in his arms. "Not now, . . . wait until I am cleared," she smiled tenderly.

"Wait nothing—to stand beside such a brave little woman, thru any and every trial, is the greatest honor and happiness I hope to claim."

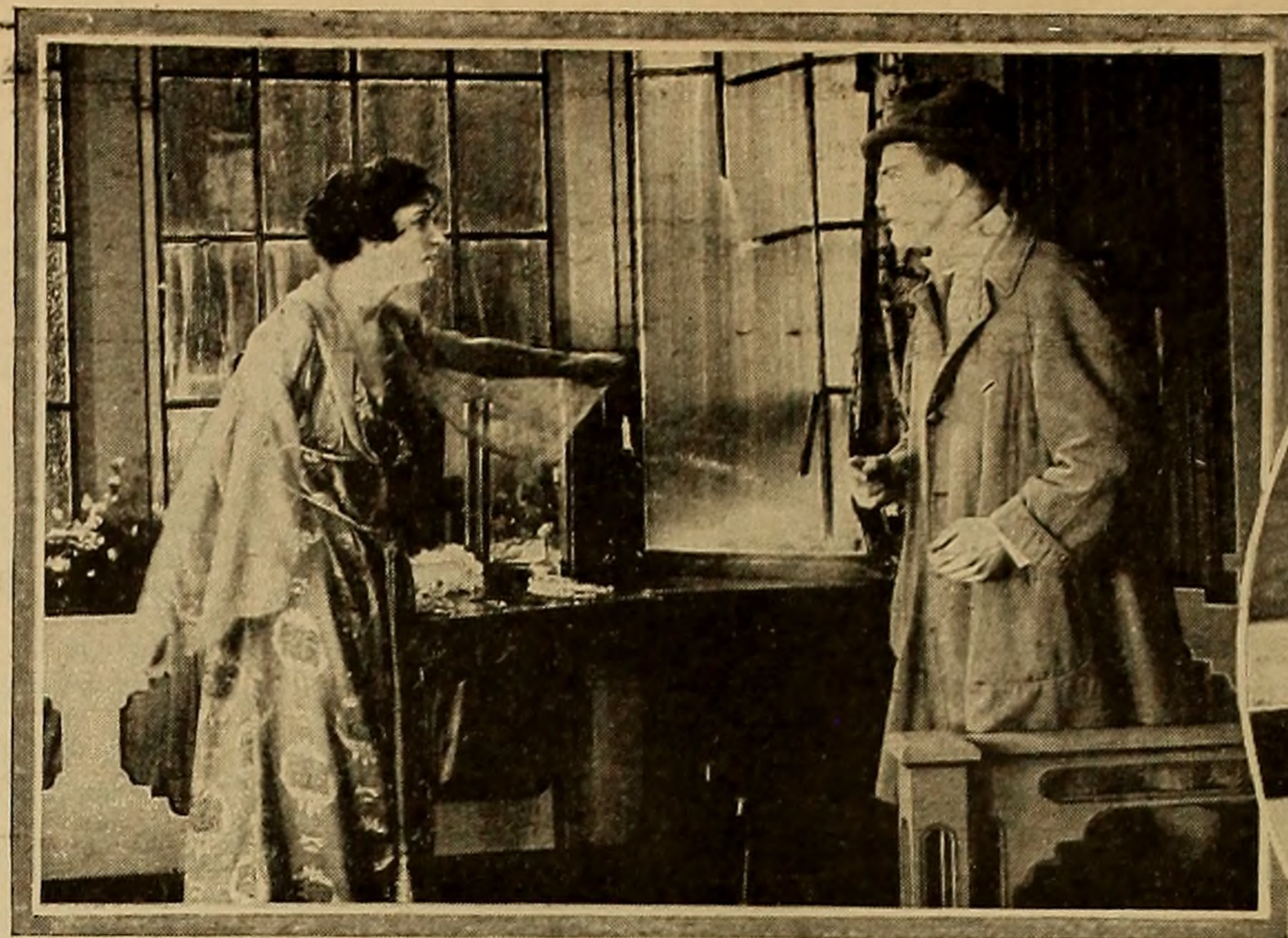
"Well, I guess you needn't fear me," said Archer, as Lucille still shrank from shaking hands with him. "By Jove! you are the gamest woman I have ever met . . . and besides, no jury in the world would ever convict you." Looking enviously at Richard, he left the room.

In the weeks which followed, both Colonel and Mrs. Caruthers bought enough newspapers every day to

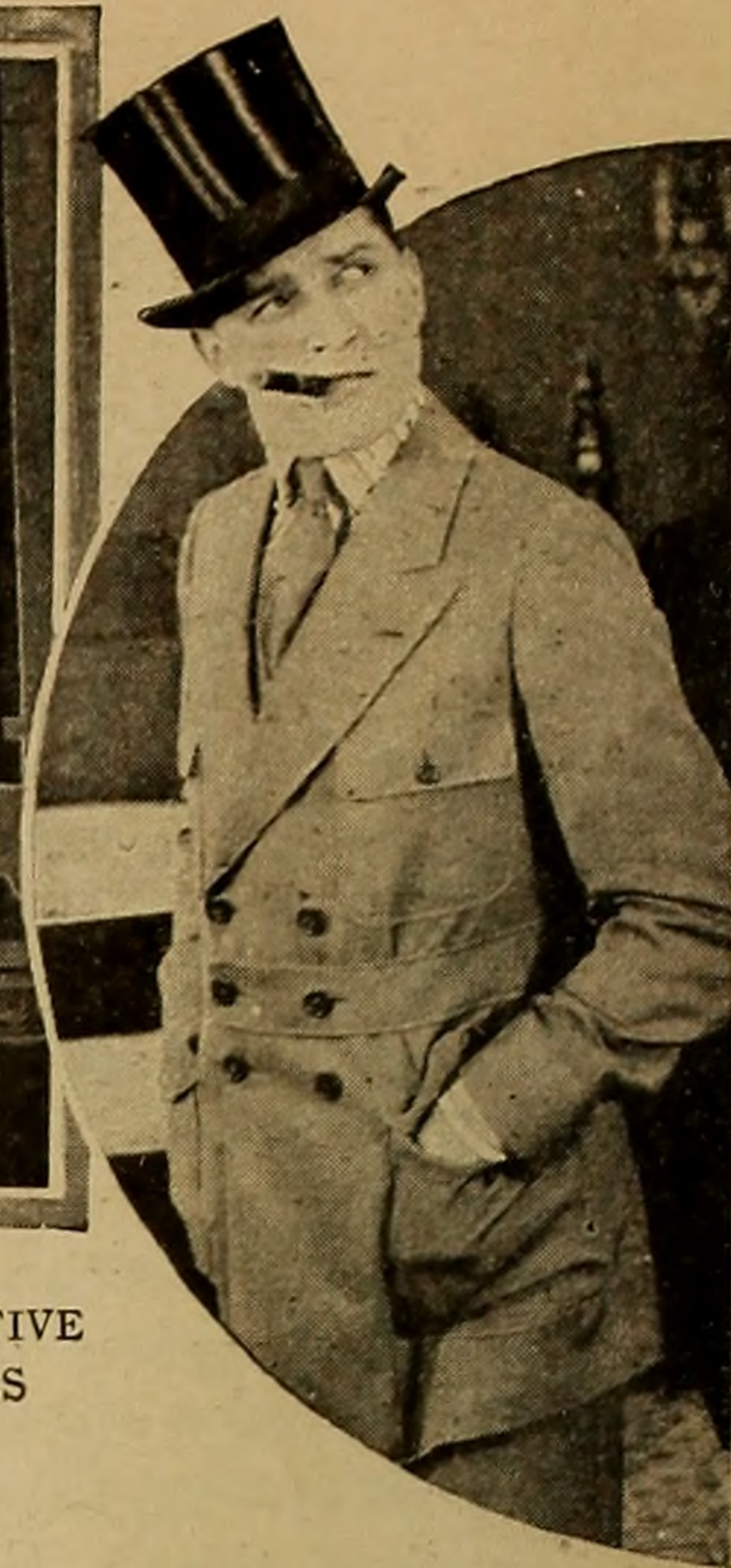
(Continued on page 116)



"OVER THE TOP" (VITAGRAPH), WITH ARTHUR GUY EMPEY, IS GOING TO BE POPULAR WITH THE PUBLIC AT THIS PARTICULAR TIME



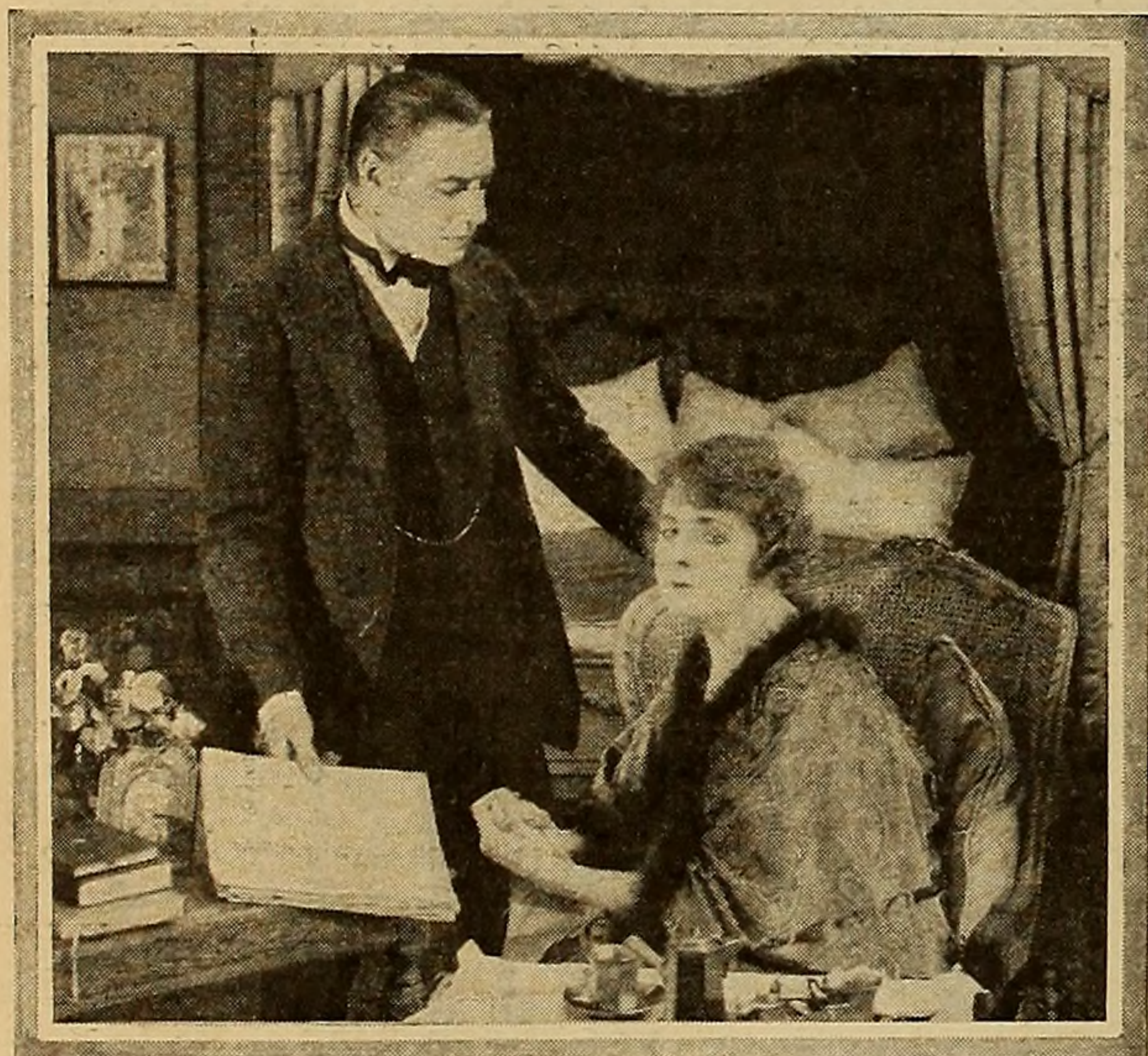
"THE HILLCREST MYSTERY" (PATHÉ) IS AS GOOD A DETECTIVE STORY AS EVER CAME OUT OF THE DEVELOPING LABORATORIES



"TWENTY-ONE" IS A WHICH MARKS DÉBUT ON THE

Across the

Leading Screen-plays of the Month



"THE WHISPERING CHORUS" IS ONE OF THE MOST BIZARRE, FANCIFUL AND POWERFUL OF PHOTO-DRAMAS

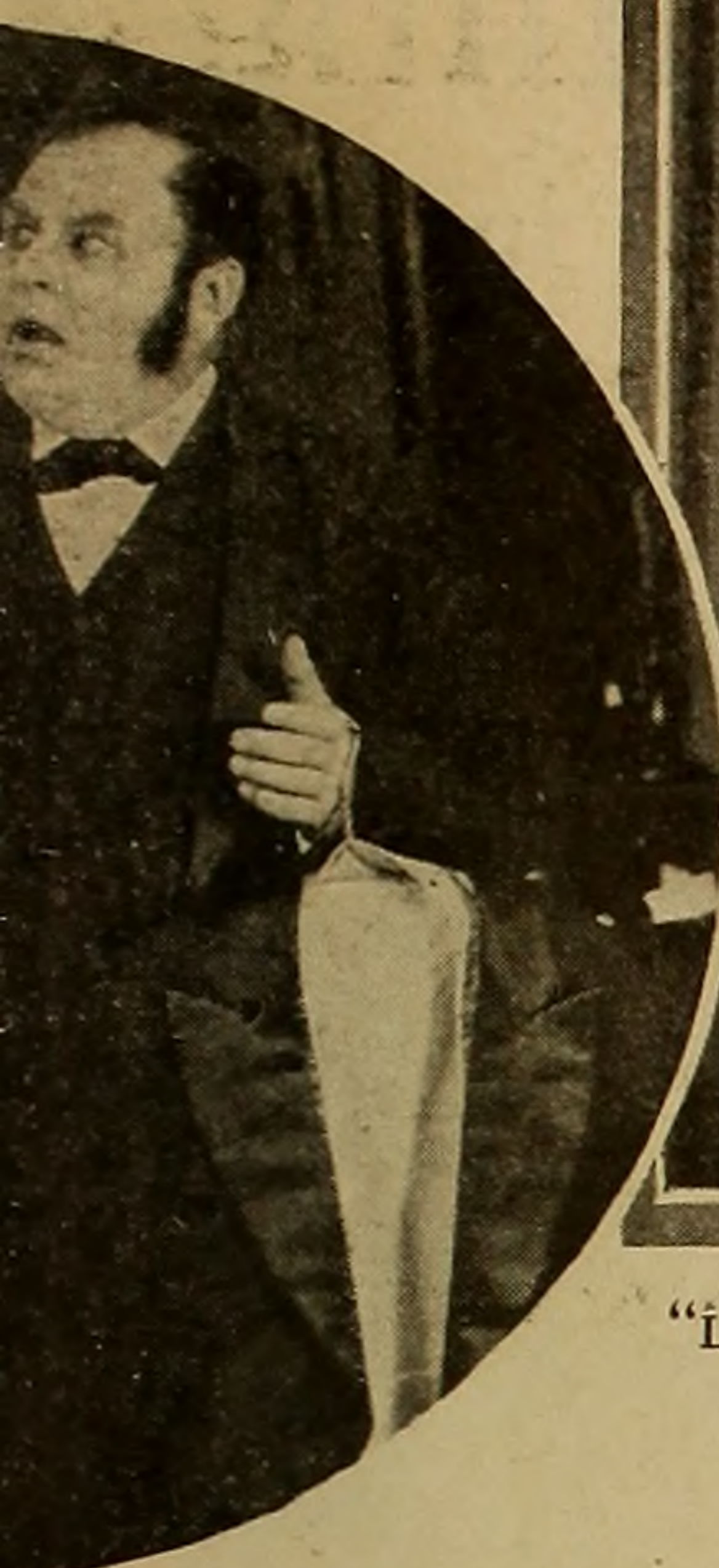


"FRIEND HUSBAND" IS ANOTHER PROOF OF MACK SENNETT'S SURE-FIRE COMEDY TOUCH

"HEARTS OF THE WORLD" (GRIFFITH)

GRIFFITH'S new picture is proof positive that there is no one who can handle the putteed, tortoise-shell-glasses position the way D. W. Griffith can. But it is more than that—it is the greatest arouser of patriotic enthusiasm that has yet been projected upon the screen. The whole can be summed up in one little phrase—it gets you. It gets beneath the skin, down to the very heart of you, until sophisticated audiences rise in their seats and cheer and whistle and shout. It is the simple heart story of a boy and girl. It might be the story of any boy and girl of the present day. This particular boy and girl are the son and daughter of two American artists who have made their home in France. The picture opens before the war, in a tiny French village. The Boy and the Girl have plighted their troth 'neath the blossom-strewn arbor. But there is another who loves the Boy, a young strolling-singer called the Little Disturber. She fails, however, to disturb seriously the serene love of the Girl and the Boy, who are in the midst of their wedding preparations when war is declared, and the Boy, who has found France sweet enough to live in, found her good enough to fight for, and so he departs—to war. There have been excellent screenic reproductions of battle-scenes, but none have been handled with the mastery with which these are. Many of these were taken on the European battlefields, and it is difficult to tell where the real and the make-believe are blended. As the story advances, the little village is captured by Germans, and the girl Marie and the Little Disturber manage to eke out an existence at the village inn, until after enduring all kinds of torture the French recapture the village and the Boy and Girl are reunited. That's all; but the human touches, the pathos, the bits which cannot fail to wring a drop of blood from the hardest heart, are the work of genius. There are several candles of talent which have been lighted by the flame of Mr. Griffith's genius. Perhaps the one that shines the strongest is the work of a child, Ben Alexander, as the littlest brother. If you can watch him in the later scenes and still remain dry-eyed, I give you up. Then there is Dorothy Gish, to our mind the hit of the piece. Dorothy contributes all the comedy touches with a mimicry which is indescribable. Her chewing of a bit of gum, her wink, the little flirty kick of her foot backwards, just the way she shrugs when she knows the Boy is lost to her (the Little Disturber) have a power to stir the audience more than all the Bernhardt poses of her elder sister, Lillian, as the Girl. The two parts, of course, should not be compared. They are entirely different. The part of the Girl, as played by Lillian Gish, will go down in screen history as little short of great. And then there is Bobby Harron as the boy, equally great, and Robert Anderson, who is distinctly original as Monsieur Cuckoo; in fact, each bit is excellently done. "Hearts of the World" is as great as "The Birth of a Nation," with the added value of a timely and soul-touching motive for America on the verge of our great adventure.

H. S. N.



"LA TOSCA" (PARAMOUNT) GIVES PAULINE FREDERICK AN OPPORTUNITY TO DISPLAY HER SUPERB DRAMATIC POWER

EASANT COMEDY
WANT WASHBURN'S
THE PROGRAM

Silversheet

Reviewed by Hazel Simpson Naylor

"OVER THE TOP" (VITAGRAPH)

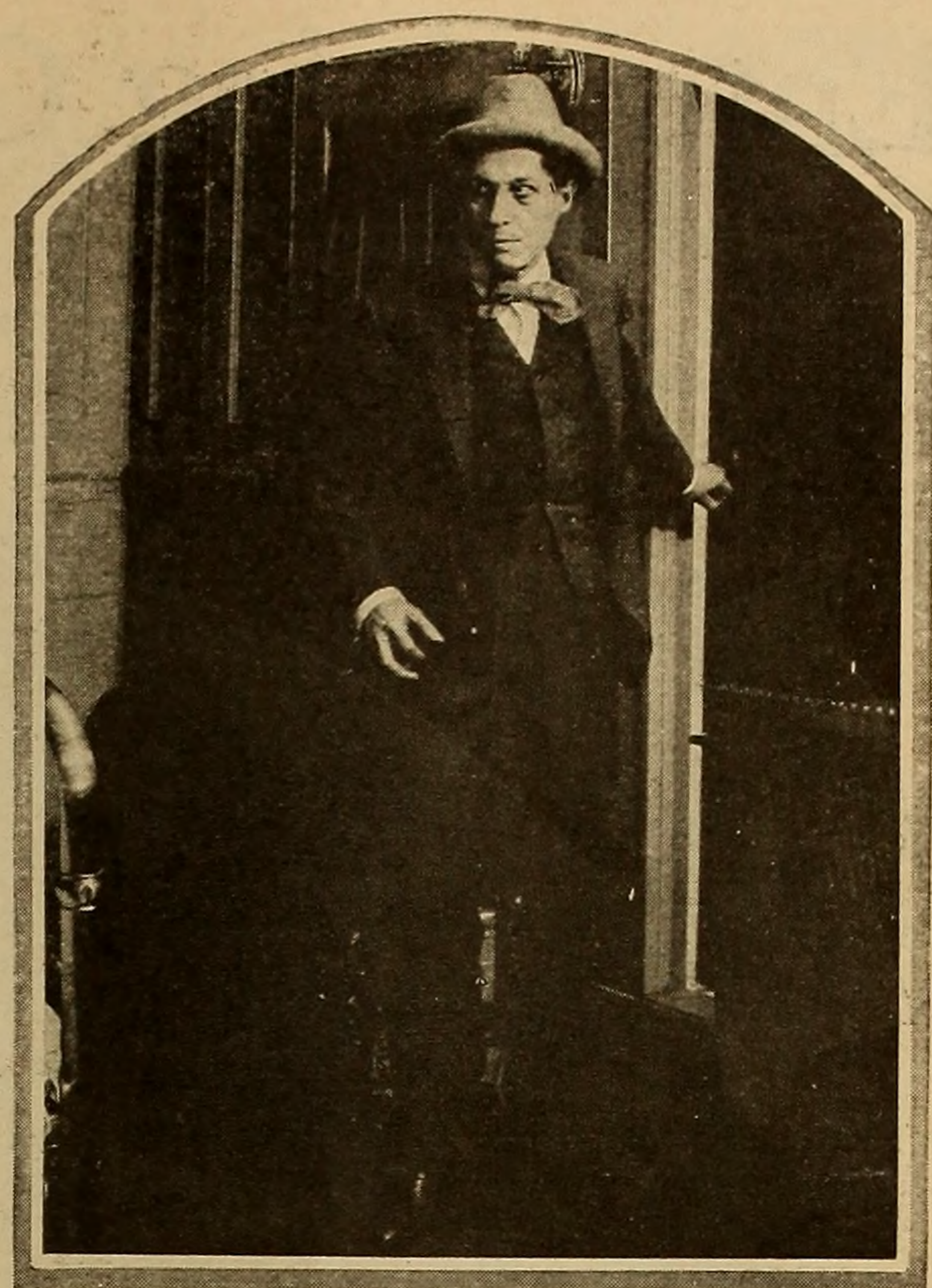
'Tis said that a critic's duty is to be a sampler for public taste. Bearing this in mind, I can say that "Over the Top" is going to be popular with the public at this particular time. Sergeant Arthur Guy Empey, who wrote the book and is lecturing all over the country, takes the part of the hero and places before us in a realistic and kaleidoscopic manner practically every phase of the war, its effects over here and over there. Like a hundred prismatic rays, the different incidents are flashed across the screen. There are the sinking of the Lusitania, the charity bazaars, the indictment of the slacker, a German Secret Service agent at work at our vitals, ground glass in bandages, the boys in the trenches with the rats and the cooties; there are the coward deserter, the American girl endangered by Germans, and the Frenchwoman who has given all to gain information for her beloved France—all interesting in themselves, but unfortunately lacking a cohesive story to mould them into one perfect whole. They are all flashes, interesting in themselves, but lacking the golden foundation of a perfect continuity to hold them together. Empey himself is a powerful success as an actor, being natural, convincing and straightforward. Jimmie Morrison is fine as the coward, while Lois Meredith and Betty Blythe make up the "pretty portion." Nellie Anderson does a memorable bit as Sonia, the old-maid servant. H. S. N.

"SOCIAL HYPOCRITES" (METRO)

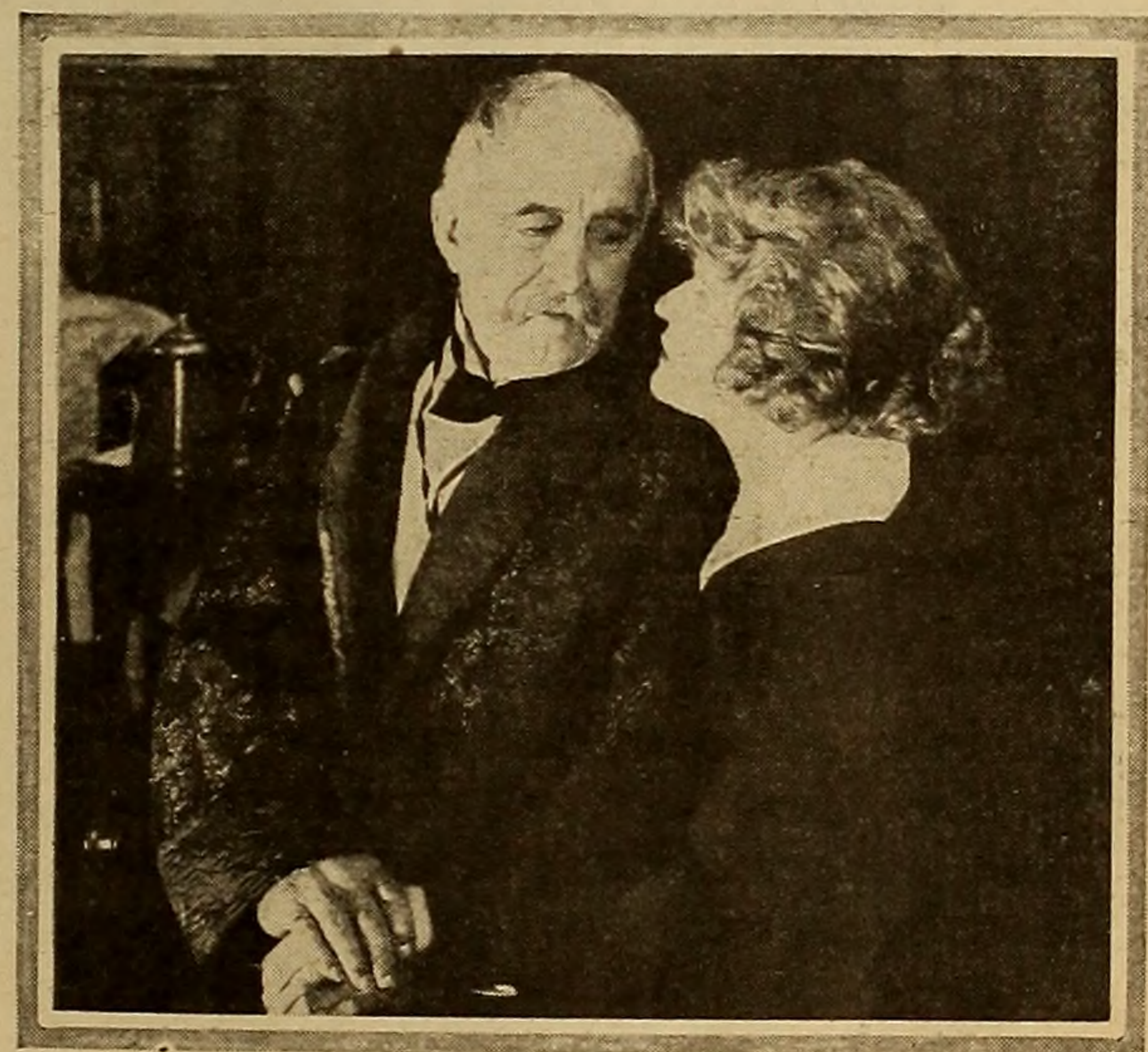
The most important item about this picture is that it heralds the return of May Allison to the screen as an individual star, after an absence of several months. Herein sunny May once more sheds the sunshine of her appealing personality across the silversheet, and from her first entrance upon the scene gains one's entire sympathy. She plays a rather superficial part with a depth of understanding that deserves greater opportunities. The story is that of the daughter of an English nobleman who dies an outcast, having been wrongfully accused of cheating at cards. At his death his sister grudgingly gives his daughter, Leonore, a home. There Leonore develops a friendship with the Duchess of St. Keverne and Lord Royle Fitzmaurice (secretly married), also a taste for extravagant clothes which, coupled with the jealousy of Lord Fitzmaurice's wife, nearly leads to disaster. But the wife's put-up-cheating-at-cards denunciation is successfully exposed, and Leonore's troubles end in Dr. Sam's (Henry Kolker's) arms. Marie Wainwright made a decided hit as the Duchess of St. Keverne, who, under the guise of indigestion and bad temper, conceals an aching heart. The scenes between May Allison and Marie Wainwright are charming. The action takes place amidst a wealth of beautiful sets artistically photographed, which, coupled with May Allison's beauty, form a pleasing picture. H. S. N.

"THE LIE" (ARTCRAFT)

Elsie Ferguson's acting is the feat of a virtuoso ringing true in every tone. This has been evidenced in each of her successive (Continued on page 91)



HENRY WALTHALL ENACTS "HUMDRUM BROWN" (PARALTA) IN A SPIRIT WORTHY OF DAVID WARFIELD



"SOCIAL HYPOCRITES" (METRO) HERALDS THE RETURN TO THE SCREEN OF MAY ALLISON AS AN INDIVIDUAL STAR



ELSIE FERGUSON'S ACTING IN "THE LIE" (ARTCRAFT) IS THE FEAT OF A VIRTUOSO RINGING TRUE IN EVERY TONE

Entertaining Our Soldiers in Training

How Moving Pictures Are Helping to Make the Boys Happy in Uncle Sam's Training-Camps

By STANLEY W. TODD



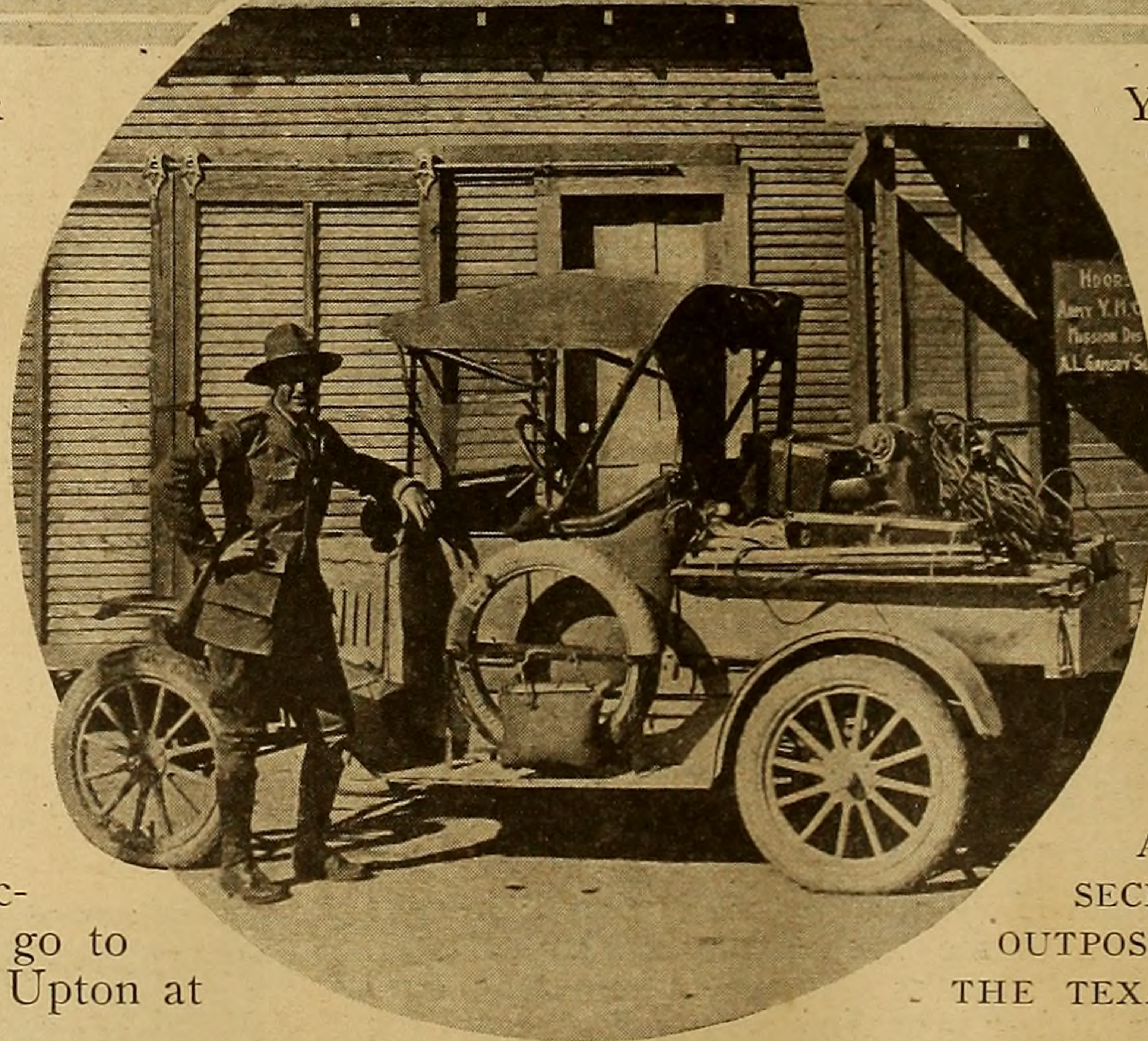
Y. M. C. A. MOVIES AT FORT ADAMS, NEAR NEWPORT, R. I., WHICH WERE ATTENDED BY ABOUT 4,000 SOLDIERS. THIS IS THE AVERAGE NIGHTLY ATTENDANCE

JUST say "Going to the movies to-night?" to a soldier in any of Uncle Sam's ninety-odd training-camps, and his face will brighten up and change into a happy grin.

"Sure!" he will invariably answer. "I wouldn't miss 'em!"

And go he certainly will. For what would the 1,500,000 men the nation now has in training do without Moving Pictures to help entertain them in the evenings?

To appreciate thoroly what Moving Pictures mean in the making of our soldiers, go to any National Army cantonment like Camp Upton at



Yaphank, L. I.; Camp Dix at Wrightstown, N. J.; Camp Meade at Admiral, Md., or any of the other thirteen. Nor should we overlook the National Guard concentration camps, of which there are sixteen,

AN ARMY-Y. M. C. A. SECRETARY AND HIS OUTPOST OUTFIT ALONG THE TEXAN BORDER



Y. M. C. A. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, CAMP DODGE, DES MOINES, IOWA



Y. M. C. A. MOVING PICTURE EQUIPMENT IN MESOPOTAMIA

as well as the aviation fields, the naval training stations, embarkation camps and other strictly military centers.

It is at the Y. M. C. A.'s that the "pictures" are shown, sometimes as often as four times a week. You've got to leave a little something for other forms of entertainment! Each of these camps has a khaki-clad population of 40,000 men—which is quite an audience,

When Uncle Sam entered the war, a little over a year ago, and started to build up a huge military machine, he realized that "All drill and no play makes Johnny a poor soldier," to vary a well-known quotation. So a Commission on Training Camp Activities was appointed chiefly to see that, as far as possible, good, wholesome recreations were available for every man in camp.

It was such a large task that the



CAMP DIX



MOVING PICTURE SHOW AND PHONOGRAPH CONCERT AT ROMA, TEXAS, A BORDER OUTPOST

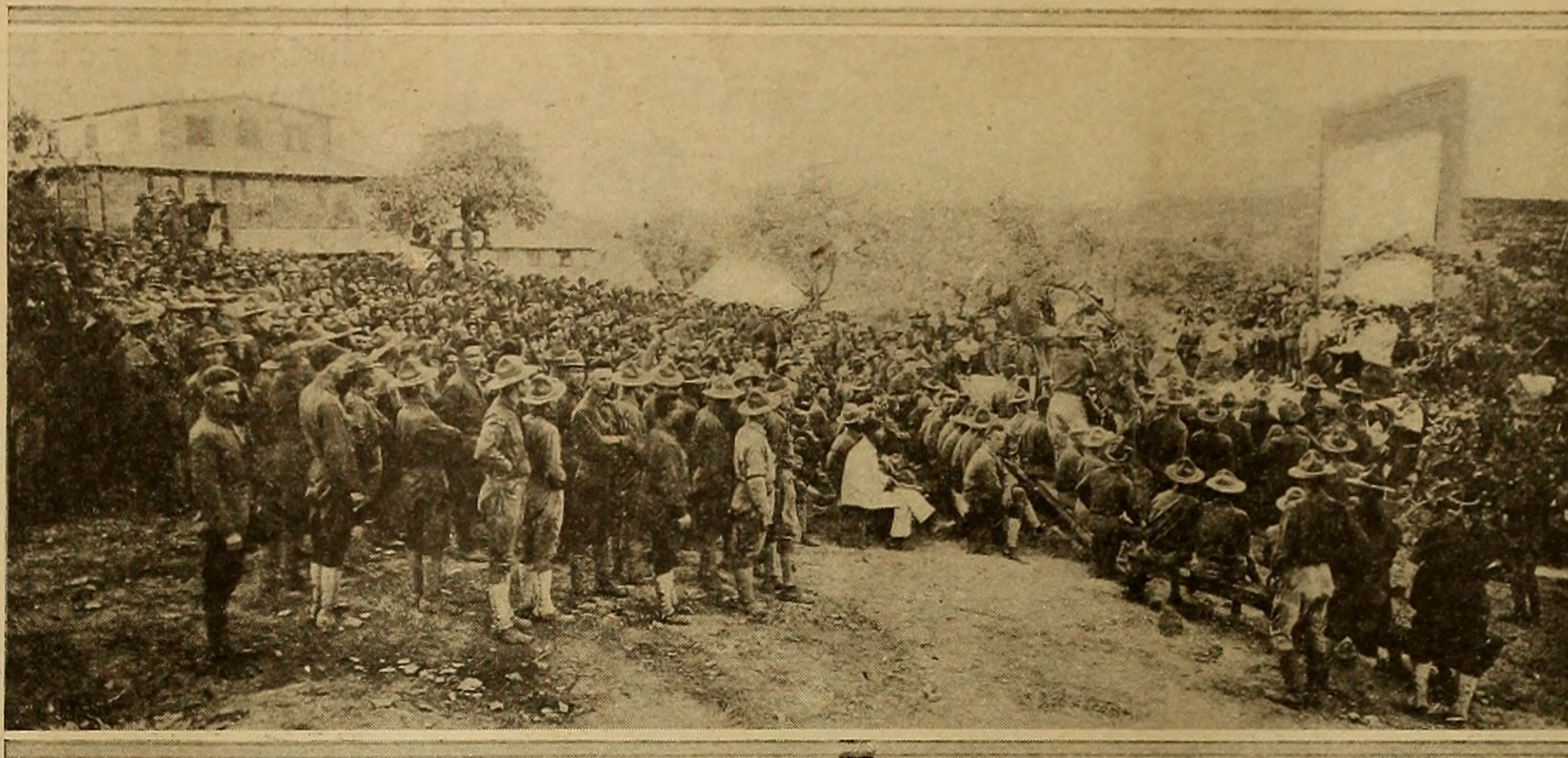
commission turned part of it over to organizations in a position to provide club and entertainment facilities. The first of these, of course, was the Y. M. C. A., whose men were on the ground even before the first quota of drafted men reached the National Army cantonments—and Moving Pictures went with them. In the construction of the camps, the War Department had provided for numerous Y. M. C. A. "huts," so that the soldiers could have some place to go at night and have a good time. Subsequently, the Knights of Columbus established their

inasmuch as they all want to be entertained at night. That friend of yours in camp has not lost his "movie habit," even tho he has been drilling for six months and is ready to go "over there." In that respect, a soldier doesn't differ from the rest of humanity.

buildings and began a similar work. Some of the camps, like those near San Antonio, Tex., have as many as eighteen Y. M. C. A. buildings. Each of them comprises several club-rooms, and, what is more to the point, a meeting hall, equipped with a Moving Picture screen

and a projection machine. The cantonments are immense military cities, covering from sixteen to twenty-five square miles, and the Y. M. C. A. buildings are widely scattered so that men from almost every company can easily reach them. Then, each camp has a big Y. M. C. A. auditorium, holding at least 3,000 wooden-bench seats. While these were originally intended for professional entertainments, the Moving Picture screen and the operator's booth are important features of the equipment. Moving Pictures fill in on nights when no other event has been scheduled. Usually, feature pictures are shown, and the men have to pay admission.

A significant announcement was recently made by the Commission on Training Camp Activities, when it stated that the Liberty Theaters, built solely for theatrical "shows," would thereafter be used for "the movies" on nights when no "show" was to be given. For admission, "smilage tickets," which any one may buy out of camp and send to their soldier friends, are used, as well as to the other "pay as you enter" events. Recently, some of the boys at Camp Dix complained about the poor "show" presented at the Liberty Theater there. It went to prove that, altho it might not be considered a reflection on theatricals, because of the many difficulties encountered in putting a Broadway play on at standardized camp theaters, obviously Moving Pictures are by far the best way to entertain Uncle Sam's armies during their leisure time, because of the comparative simplicity of handling them, to say nothing of the tremendous popu-



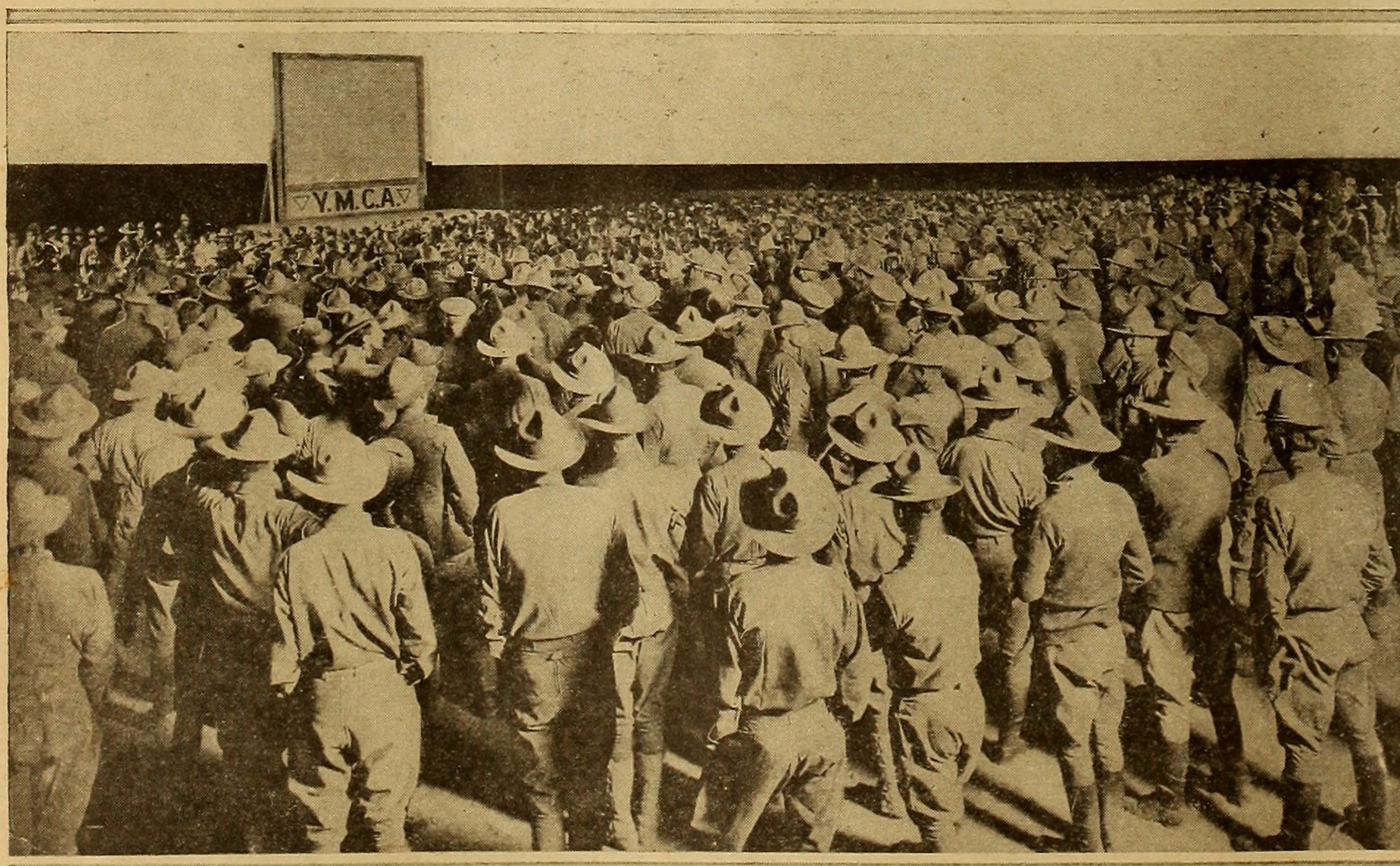
AN OPEN-AIR BOXING MATCH, CAMP FUNSTON

the people back in town have ever witnessed. At one camp recently the crowd in the hut was so tremendous that, when more soldiers attempted to squeeze in, the back gave way! In the warmer months, particularly in the camps not provided with wooden barracks, as is the case with many of the National Guard camps—tents being used—open-air shows are greatly to the liking of the soldiers. It is an inspiring sight to see thousands of eager soldiers squatting on the ground and enjoying the antics of Charlie Chaplin or Doug Fairbanks. During the summer, when the air-dromes are frequented in the city, the soldiers also go outside to enjoy the pictures. It is not a difficult matter to rig up a screen and project pictures by means of a portable machine using storage batteries.

To provide picture shows in the camps is no small task, for, remember, some of the camps are gigantic in size—you realize that when you walk from one corner to another. Uncle Sam does not provide trolley service. The Y. M. C. A. officials in charge of this work calculate that in all the camps at least 8,000,000 feet of Moving Picture film are shown every week. A Motion Picture show in a National Army cantonment, like Camp Upton, Camp Dix, Camp Sherman or Camp Lee, varies according to circumstances. It usually begins about seven o'clock and may last for an hour and a half—time enough for a feature picture. The boys must be back in their barracks by 11 P.M. sharp, and that gives them time enough to enjoy a show and walk back "home."

Each camp of this kind has a circuit, and the films travel from one "hut" to another, according to schedule. In the large camps a film may thus remain for two weeks, till most of the soldiers there have seen it. The work of supplying the camps with suitable film is a task handled for the Y. M. C. A. by the Community Motion Picture Bureau, which rents the reels from the regular exchanges and gets the best material available.

(Continued on page 111)



CROWD AT MOTION PICTURE SHOW GIVEN OUTDOORS AT CAMP FUNSTON, TEXAS

A Double Exposure

(A Comedy of Error, With a Star in Terror)

By FRITZI REMONT and MARTHA GROVES McKELVIE

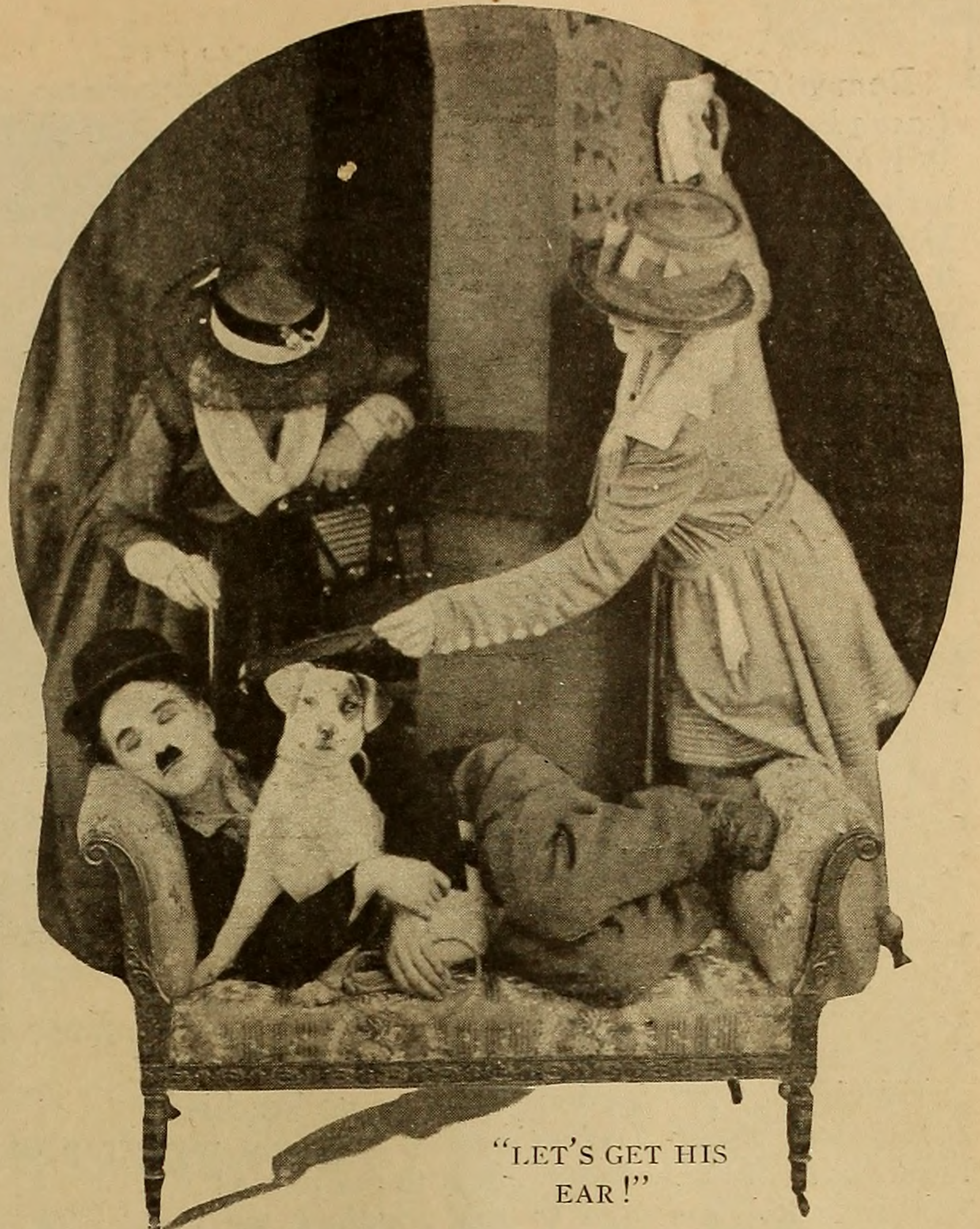
THE PERPETRATORS

Charlie Chaplin.....The Pursued Romeo
 Sid Chaplin.....The Proud Nurse
 Fritzi Remont }The Pursuing Juliets
 Martha McKelvie }
 Mutt.....The Tail Bearer
 Camera-men, Property Men, Janitor and Producer

SCENE 1

(Time—5 a. m. Romeo's barroom. Romeo Chaplin asleep on a Louis XV settee. Mutt, the Tail Bearer, on guard. A knock is heard. Voices speak without.)

Nurse Sid—Avaunt! Who seeks to knock our Romeo? Be ye milkmaids or ice-men that ye arrive at cock's crow?



"LET'S GET HIS EAR!"



ROMEO CHAPLIN USING SIGN LANGUAGE

Fritzi—Cowed I may be, yet no milkmaid am I. My friend—

Martha—Nay, *he's* the ice-man. Prithee, doff thy chill demeanor. We seek fair Romeo. Get me, kid?

Nurse Sid—M'lord sleeps. In faith the lizard loves his lounge.

Fritzi (*aside*)—Martha, he hath an evil eye! Canst work a spell?

Martha (*aside*)—Sweet kid, trust thou to me. (*Turning to Nurse Sid*)—Ah, me, thy face is beauteous with the dawning sun. I would impart to Romeo my love of thee.

the charm of that chap Romeo. List to the music of his slumbers. Mine ear is charmed.

Fritzi (*terror-stricken*)—Thou hast awakened the Tail Bearer! We'll have a bone to pick with him!

Martha—In sooth, he is attached to Romeo by yonder leash. His master's close embrace doth still his bark. I've got his number.

Fritzi—Ah, cub, let's wake the sleeping beauty. Perchance he has some message for the populace.

Martha—Now thou art talking! To get his ear—that is our purpose. Come, sweet, a straw from yonder broom for thee, and I'll go rob the duster. That's the stunt.

Nurse Sid—'Tis hard to say thee nay; but I have orders—

Martha—My heart is sad that Romeo appreciates thee *not!* I would but wake him to impart thy worth.

Nurse Sid—Thy reason's keen. I *love* thy bright perception. Perhaps—

Fritzi—Ah, there's thy milkman knocking at the portals! Offend him not—we will await thee here.

Nurse Sid—I'll speed; but move ye not from hence.

(*As Nurse Sid exits, the Juliets gum-shoe thru the perfumed barroom of fair Romeo and approach the beer.*)

Martha (*frothily*)—Sweet kid, observe the beauties of yon couch. Its shades of blue and gold do well bring out

Romeo Chaplin (*awakening*)—Who dares disturb my slumber? Mutt, who hath thy tongue beguiled? Ye villains at the portal! Do ye nap?

(*He rushes madly forth and bars the entrance.*)

Martha — Ah, 'tis a bad sign! Hully gee!

Fritzi—This silent drama causes me to weep.

Martha—We'll weep in unison and melt his anger with our tears. Boo-hoo!

Fritzi—But not for long—I have no kerchief!

Romeo Chaplin (*relenting*)—Take thou my scrap of linen; but not one word about it to my nurse!

Martha—A message to the populace we seek. Thy beauty secrets, grace, and wardrobe of extent they would know of. Hand it to me, kid!

Fritzi—Forsooth, thy mustache—is it transient?

Romeo Chaplin—These secrets I needs must keep. My tailor's name, my hatter's—aye, even my barber's—are the jewels in my casket of fame. To steal these for your populace would be, indeed, to rob me of my purse. I can but grieve that I must leave you; but my mirror calls and privacy surrounds my morning toilet.

(*A tiny tip of the hat—south and north gesture with the hands—backward flirt with his merry heels, and Romeo Chaplin exits.*)

Martha—Prithee, sweet companion, pluck up thy courage. To respect his privacy would be to admit defeat. To follow or not to follow?—that is the question. Whether it is better to exit and, by so doing, end it, and whether to follow and crown our efforts with success. Gee whiz! What say'st thou?

Fritzi—Lead on! I'll follow—e'en to his dressing-room.

(*Exit both.*)

SCENE 2

(*Romeo's dressing-room. Romeo seated. Enter Juliets.*)

Fritzi—Sweet coz, let's take an inventory. I had not thought to see so plain a table graced by a mirror of the purest gold.

Martha—Nor had I thought to ever witness our

Romeo with



MARTHA—WOULDST MAKE HIM TWO-FACED?

(*interrupting*)—The humor of my toilet seems to touch ye. I do assure ye 'tis a loathsome feat. I'm not stuck on't. Each man doth find some pet aversion in his make-up box. None can exceed the smell of sticky glue within the nostrils—the clipping close of mustache with yon scissor. Alack, I fear me people fail to recognize the beauty of the features I present.

Fritzi—But, lo, our magazines doth all applaud thee. Thy name heads lists of popularity.

Romeo Chaplin—Say not so! I have not yet forgot how ye did leave my name from off the lists of Charm and Beauty in your contests. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." Canst gaze on me and forswear my charm? Canst deny the joy I've meted out? Speak, Martha! Dost recognize my beauty?

Martha—Sure thing! I'll write an epic on't. Igetcha! A Browning sonnet will have nothing on't!

Fritzi (*jealously*)—Turn hither! Be not one-sided!

Martha—Wouldst make him two-faced? Shall his attention be thus divided? Cut it out!

Fritzi—Nay, but he must speak to *both* of us at once. (*Quiet reigns the while fair Romeo proceeds with paint and powder.*)

Martha (*shivering*)—'Tis silent as the tomb of Capulets. Oh, Romeo, what meant the town crier when he wakened me from slumber yester week calling, "Uxtry! Uxtry!"?

Romeo Chaplin—We sought an understudy for the worthy Mutt. He quite outgrew the part we had him cast for. A fence they had erected on the lot, leaving a goodly hole for me to crawl thru. The still-blind pup I dragged in after me, the



FRITZI—TURN HITHER! BE NOT ONE-SIDED!

while the camera ground upon our entrance. Three months had passed before they shot the scene, which showed our exit on the other side, and when I found that Mutt had gained three feet in length, I swear, sweet ladies, I quite almost died.

Fritzi—So that means re-takes and another pup? Dost love animals, Romeo? I note Mutt loves thee dearly. Yet I'm not astounded at his sudden growth. That bone—

(Enter Nurse Sid; interrupts.)

"— is bleached. I bring a link of sossidge.

Romeo Chaplin — What's this that pains m' nostrils? Shades of Hamlet! How I hate a smell! What hath deceased?

Martha — That missing link, I trow, aint goin' t' hurtcha! Perchance it is the gum that Fritzi chews!

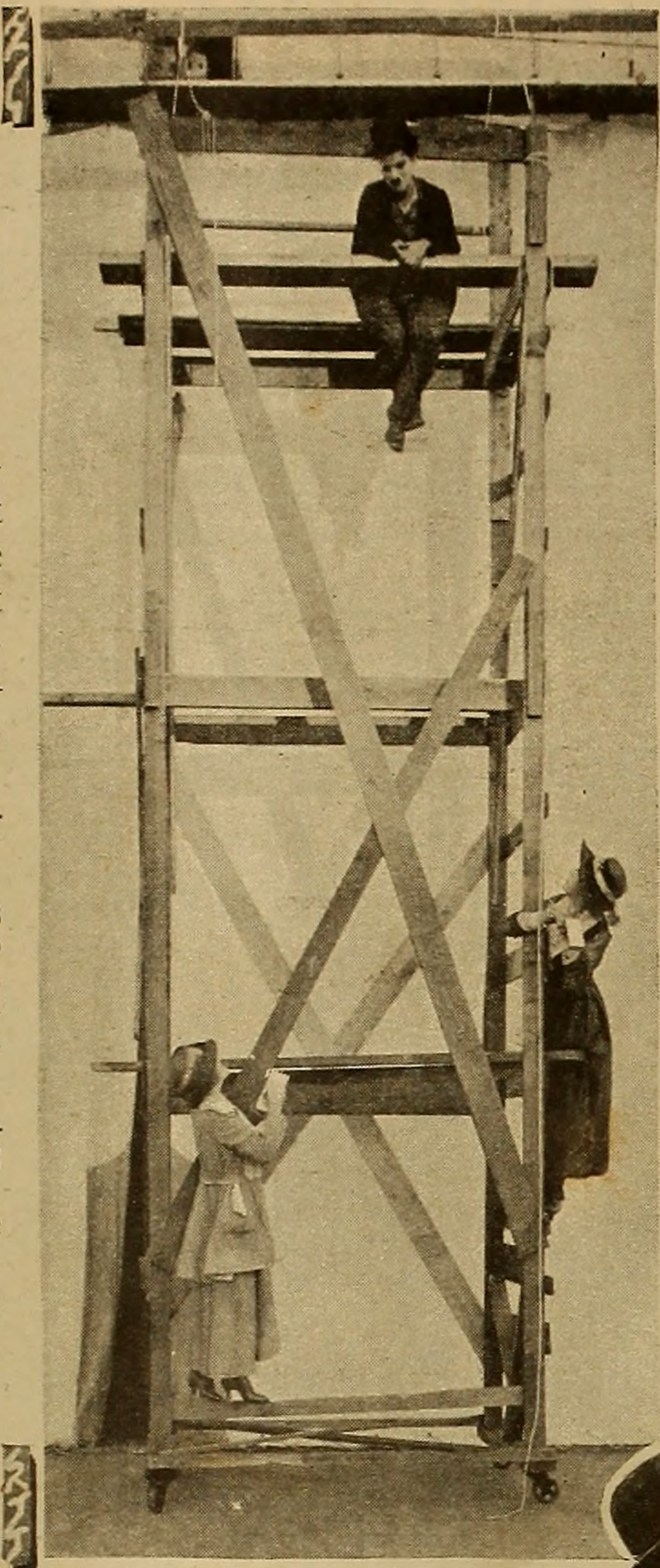
Romeo Chaplin — M' pet abhorrence is cheap sweetmeats. M' sensitiveness to odors is most keen. In Lunnon, my dear gran'ther gave us pence to buy the English lollipops. M' own I saved and bought the sweets of better value. A wad of gum I simply cant abide. Excuse me, dears; I'll seek fresh air outside.

(Exit Romeo.)

Martha (to Nurse Sid)—Fair Romeo's elusiveness is most distressing.

Fritzi—His chief amusement is to keep us guessing.

Nurse Sid — I'd follow! Since ye've gone this far, pray falter not. Go hitch your wagon t' a star!



MARTHA—WE'LL GET YOU YET, YOU UP-STAGE ACTOR, DURN IT!

Fritzi—Nay, the wag is on the dog.
Martha—Forsooth, we'll go. He'll have some time shaking us! Good night, Nurse!

SCENE 3

(The Outdoor Stage.)

Fritzi — The beauties of this place do quite enthrall me. The vastness of those steppes—

Martha—Doth get your goat! I, too, am much impressed. This studio's perfections can find no equal on the Western coast. Both art and service he hath well considered. I'm strong for him!

Fritzi—We'll surely find him here. This sweet, seductive odor from the citrus orchards will attract him.

Martha — He may have come without to gather lemons. Hope he dont hand us one.

Fritzi — Altho I've always thought him on the level, that rising genius now



MARTHA—MY, WHAT AN EARFUL!

has gone up-stage, hoping our verbosity to elude.

Martha — How dost thou know, sweet and wise guiness?

Fritzi — I heard a sneeze that seemed to come from heaven. We'll hurry up. My dear, it's almost seven.

Voice from above — Is there no mercy sitting in the clouds that sees into the bottom of my grief?

(Romeo Chaplin discovered on top of scaffold.)

Martha—Art thou an angel that thou now dost seek the wings? What are you up in the air about, anyway?

Romeo Chaplin — I much prefer a chance at life upon the scaffold to public death in some great magazine.

Fritzi — We offer but the cup of public favor. Wouldst thou spurn it?

Martha—We'll get you yet,
(Continued on page 110)



ROMEO CHAPLIN—SIC 'EM, MUTT!

Our Animated Monthly of Movie News and Views

Duetted by FRITZI REMONT and SALLY ROBERTS

THAT which most generally affects filmdom unpleasantly is carrying of currency instead of silver and gold. The banks are under orders to give out the long green wherever possible, as so much gold and silver have been withdrawn and hoarded in deposit-boxes or dug-outs. This might seem trivial to the Eastern fan, but in the West it is almost a tragedy. We've walked about with jingling pockets, inviting daring hold-ups and harboring ill feelings toward the police department because gunmen never seem to be rounded up, and now it's just a case of carrying crisp currency. One feels so poor when carrying a lightweight pocketbook, for those silver dollars surely did feel like real money. Besides, we never have had any use for pennies before, but now that bread is twelve cents, crackers seven and taxes are imposed on cabaret and movie entrance fees, this lil' ole country is flooded with new Lincoln pennies. What a CHANGE we see nowadays!

Gladys Brockwell has been divorced, after all. She stated as one item of mental cruelty (the latter being ground enough for a California divorce) that her husband never would take her anywhere, but preferred to sit indoors night after night, cutting her off from all friendships. By the way, her mother is but thirteen years older than Gladys, and looks not that many years older than her young daughter. Miss Brockwell's mother was married at twelve, and Gladys was born a year later. Nobody will believe that the

different directors, and soon received extra work while still attending school. She understudied Bessie Love and has worked very hard, taking up any duty assigned her. Her rise has not been meteoric at all; it is the outcome of real work. At seventeen she is being starred by the Triangle Corporation, and her mother is now employed as wardrobe mistress at Culver City. They're not worrying about the wolf at the Starke home nowadays.

Ethel Clayton is in California and will remain there for some



WILLIAM FARNUM, THE WILLIAM FOX STAR, KNITTING IN ORDER TO QUIET HIS NERVES PRIOR TO THE BIG FIGHT SCENE IN "ROUGH AND READY," A FOX PRODUCTION. THIS FIGHT IS DECLARED TO BE ONE OF THE MOST SENSATIONAL EVER SCREENED

time. She is trying to recuperate after the shock of Mr. Kaufman's death and will not return East until about June first, to make pictures for Paramount.

Constance Talmadge has invested her savings in a Hupmobile and is as vivacious a driver as she is an actress. Her mother fairly hangs onto the dainty upholstery of the car as Constance sends the Hup skimming around curves in Hollywood. Some one said that if Connie keeps up her wild driving, she'll remove the bile from Hupmobile—and everything else!

Baby Marie Osborne has as many honors thrust upon her as any full-grown star. She boasts of two directors, two camera-men, a maid, an automobile and a wardrobe which would make a princess sit up and take inventory. While out driving recently, Marie's hat would persist in hopping off, tho it was of the variety which sits far down on the head. Finally the infant starlet remarked petulantly, "I wish you people would sew an *elaskut* on my hat so I could use my hands for something else'n holding my bonnet!"

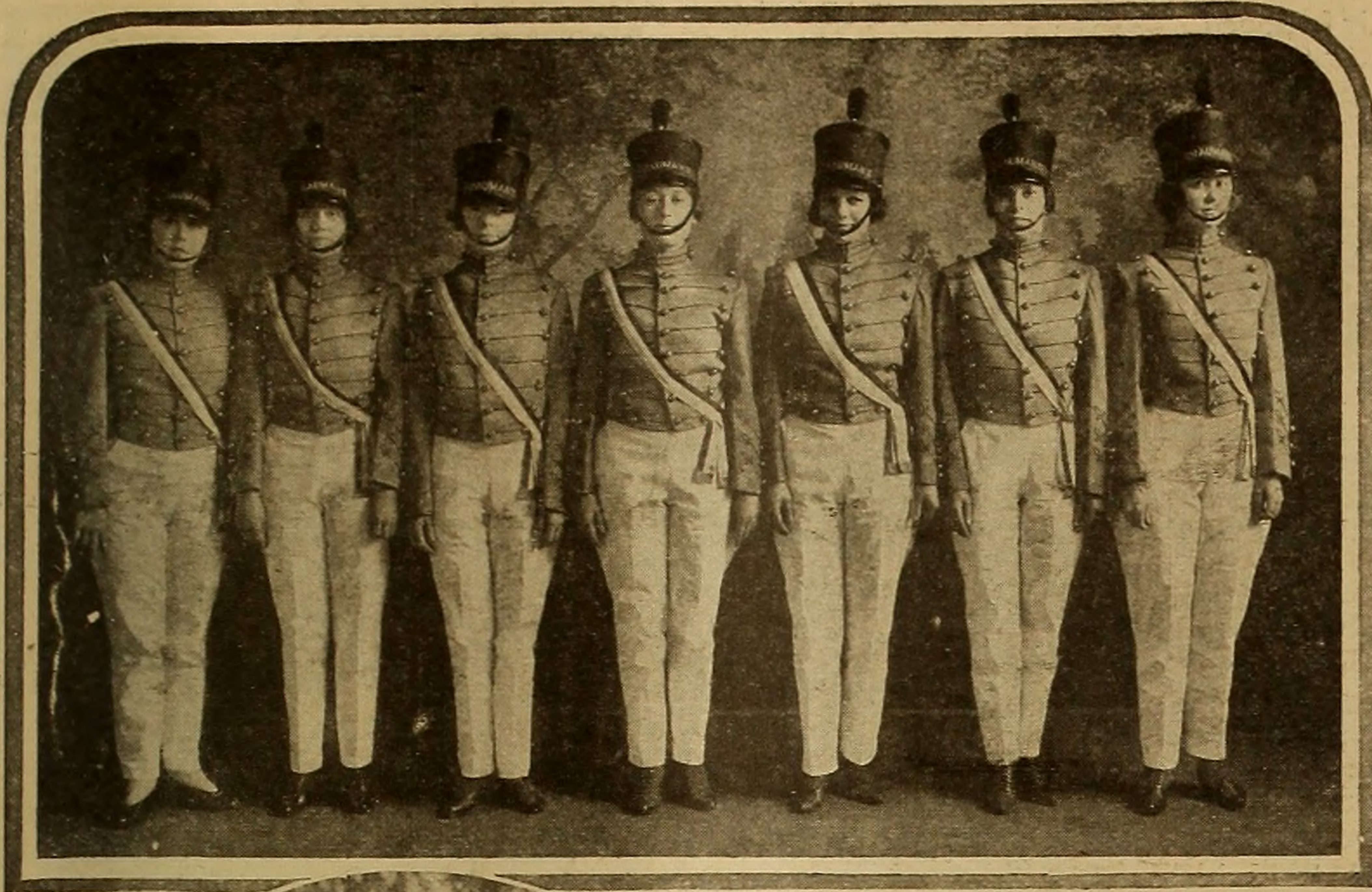
Kathleen Clifford has written her own five-reeler and engaged Kenneth Harlan as leading-man.



YOU'RE A MODEST PERSON, OF COURSE, BUT WHEN YOU SIT FOR A PHOTOGRAPH YOU CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE THE PROOFS, CAN YOU? IT'S JUST THE SAME WITH MADGE KENNEDY. WHEN SHE APPEARS IN A NEW MOTION PICTURE FOR GOLDWYN, IN THIS INSTANCE "THE DANGER GAME," THE PROOFS COME IN THE FORM OF "TEST" FILM, OFTEN FIVE MINUTES AFTER THE CAMERA CEASES CLICKING. THE STAR'S CAMERA-MAN, WILLIAM FILDOW, IS SHOWING HER A TEST OF A CLOSE-UP, WHILE HER DIRECTOR, HARRY POLLARD, LOOKS ON

parent-child relation exists between them. They have the same likes and dislikes and are real pals.

Pauline Starke is another girl who really owes her movie career to her mother. Mrs. Starke was forced to support her child, and thru a friend's influence was appointed wardrobe mistress at the old Majestic-Reliance. That temperamental little daughter of hers called at the studio for mother very often, was noticed by



NOVEL IDEA FOR USHERS! THE USHERS AT LOS ANGELES MILLION-DOLLAR THEATER ARE ALL GIRLS DREST AS CADETS



MARGERY WILSON AND FRENCH QUARTERMASTER-SERGEANT G. R. WOLF (POSING ON LOCATION)

David Griffith and the Gish girls plus mother left Los Angeles on April first to be present at the premiere of "Hearts of the World" in New York. I'm told some additional scenes were shot since its California presentation, and that changes will be made in the film. The day I viewed it, children were in hysterics all about me. Little boys, who hate tears and despise showing their hearts, wept

aloud and sniffed during the entire six-minute intermission, with lights ablaze, so that they could be seen by the multitude. Wild hisses greeted close-ups of the Kaiser, too. By the way, lots of the foreign scenes have been interpolated from Captain Kleinschmidt's film of the war, which was to be officially used as first conceived, but had to be abandoned. Everybody out here is saying that Lillian Gish is the fac-simile of Sarah Bernhardt—the resemblance is certainly striking at times. And where does Dorothy Gish get that funny little Charles Chaplin kick? The travelers will be away from Los Angeles only one month, as the new Griffith production is to be under way early in May.

Sophye Barnard, who is known as the "Cheer-Up Girl of the New York Hippodrome," and who has been entertaining us on the Orpheum circuit, is to do a picture for the Balboa program. She is the wife of Lou Anger, manager of Arbuckle Comedies. Miss Barnard loves equestrienne sports, but had her fill the other day, when she and the horse sank suddenly into a water-hole. She fell off the horse and was rescued by some soldiers who had witnessed the accident. Miss Barnard is not accustomed to these little oases and thought it was but a shallow puddle, and her astonishment at finding twenty feet depth was ludicrous, even tho it might have turned out disastrously for lively Sophye.

Paralta studios are making money "hand over fist," and Robert Brunton has again bought a car. That man ought to run a garage. Mrs. Brunton is the joy of all our smart shops, for she is one of those who need not consider price when selecting a garment, and anything that appeals to her taste is promptly shipped to the Brunton home.

Jackie Saunders is mighty proud of her young brother, Edward. He passed a physical examination with a total of 100 per cent. and is planning to study aeroplaning in the photographic service of the air division. He's an experienced camera-man, anyway. Mr. Saunders has been juvenile lead at Balboa for three years, having come out from Philadelphia. His last work was for Gloria Joy features.

Lew Cody looks so funny without his lip-fuzz. Edith Storey made him take it off. Much coaxing, tonics and brushing had brought the little thing to a state in which it might be christened a mustache without causing its owner to pay dues in the Ananias Club. Lew says he doesn't think he will ever have patience enough to raise another crop.

George Periolat has been down for spring shopping. Dear knows why, for he confided to me that he owned thirty-five silk and silk-crepe "shoits." He and George Fisher are very close friends—used to live together in Santa Barbara until Mr. Fisher left the A. The Georges told a couple of war stories at a dinner given by Edgar Regan, of the Griffith forces. This is George Fisher's output:

A darkey had been called by the draft board and hobbled painfully to the draft offices. His feet, full of bunions and subject

to fallen arches, bulged out of clumsy shoes. Sambo waxed profane as he stumbled up the steps, calling his feet about everything evil under the sun. The examiner put Sam thru the usual test.

"Sorry, but we cant take you, altho you're physically perfect in every respect but one—you've got flat feet."

"Oh, boss, and here I'se been cussin' dem tootsies all de way ober here, and now dey's gona save mah life! Come, sweet puppies; le's go home!"

George Periolat says his tale is *stronger*. A countryman from 'way back arrived at the enlistment bureau and asked for examination. After the examination was all over, the officer in charge said, "You cant qualify for enlistment because you have flat feet."

"What's that got to do with it, sir?"

"Why, you couldn't stand the marches we have to make. We cant take a man who's liable to give out after a mile or so and have to be carried in an ambulance!"

The rube scratched his head ruefully. "Now aint that a gosh-dinged shame? Here I walked a hundred mile right acrost the mounting an' all, fer to enlist, and you wont have me, an' I've gotta walk them pesky hundred mile back agin!"

Dr. Bruce Gordon Kingsley, nephew of Charles Kingsley, great novelist, plays at the Kinema Theater, Los Angeles. A funny incident happened this week while the news weekly preceding "The Whispering Chorus" was run off. An assistant organist was down in the pit, following the pictures, under Dr. Kingsley's supervision, and when the inexperienced one saw the Hearst-Pathé pictures of French soldiers marching he became mixed and started the "Wacht am Rhein." The genial doctor waved his hands frantically and whispered hoarsely: "For goodness' sake, stop that noise and play the 'Marsellaise,' or the management will be coming down here and killing us in this trench!"

Subtitle in the latest Norma Talmadge film interested me intensely, for it ran, "And so those two sailed out on an *unchartered sea*." Wonder where that was?

There was a time when Motion Picture actors and actresses were not entirely welcome in social gatherings, but they are having their innings now, for not a fête of any kind is considered complete without a star. Society folk have taken up the picture people, and Red Cross entertainments depend on the presence of some popular actor. Lately even the department stores are considering the advisability of having aid from the Motion Picture field. Many run advertisements of players posing in their costumes, and now Hamburger's huge store is the gathering-place every other Wednesday at noon of the Motion Picture Theater Owners' Association. An elaborate luncheon is served and many players contribute the entertainment. The last one was very lively, for among those present were Dorothy Phillips, Carmel Myers, Monroe Salisbury, Ruth Clifford, Harry Carey, Mae Murray, Robert Leonard, Franklyn Farnum, Lon Chaney, Juanita Hansen, Jack Mulhall, William Stowell, Marie Walcamp, Priscilla Dean and Mary MacLaren. The exhibitors are amused by the stars, who prepare special stunts or speeches, well-known directors are always present to make suggestions to exhibitors, and the latter will freely express their views on the drawing power

of every new picture released. This coöperation, it is hoped, will result in better service and improved productions. Of course, the presence of the filmites causes a big rush to the Hamburger café every other Wednesday.

The Symphony Theater made a feature of presenting Harold Lockwood and Pauline Curley several nights after the first performance of the evening, showing the stars in off-stage appearance as well as on the screen in "Broadway Bill." Mr. Lockwood has fortunately lost flesh and looks more like his old college-life self. He attributes his fine physical condition to the hard training in the Maine woods, where he not only worked hard for the picture, but chopped wood, cooked mess, washed dishes and shoveled snow-paths until he almost dropped asleep in his tracks by 8 P. M. Life in California, with its constant automobile-riding, is opposed to the preservation of svelte figures, alas!

Sylvia Breamer has been working from nine to six-thirty daily in Commodore Blackton's new feature, "Missing," in which she plays the young wife of the missing soldier. Miss Breamer is mourning the loss of her dearest chum, Enid Bennett, for, she says, "When a girl's married, she is lost to her pal!" The two girls had a beautiful bachelor apartment at the Engstrum, and since Miss Bennett's marriage Sylvia feels like a lost baby. Their friendship began back in Australia, where both played in a stock company.

Goldwyn has closed a deal for three pictures from Selexart Pictures, Inc. "Blue Blood" will star Howard Hickman, "Social Ambition" will raise Rhea Mitchell and Howard Hickman to unusual stellar heights, and "Honor's Cross" ought to put a crown of glory on Rhea Mitchell alone. Elliott Howe directs the first-named picture, and Wallace Worsley megaphones the other two.

An April fool's night "drama" was staged at the Kinema for the Red Cross. The array of ushers alone was a drawing-card, for Earle Williams, Norman Kerry, Charlie Ray, Elliott Dexter, Wally Reid, Warren Kerrigan (now fully recovered from his lameness), Thomas Meighan and handsome Harold Lockwood appeared in "boiled shoits" to do the honors. Among the actors on the stage were Earle Williams, MacDowell and Gale, cartoonists, Charlie Van Loan, Charlie Murray, and five feminine stars whose names were held back as a surprise, which made the hit of the evening.



THIS IS THE TREE THAT BOBBY VERNON PLANTED. AND THIS IS THE ROCK THAT BILLY MASON THOUGHT WAS COMING TO BOBBY FOR PLANTING THE TREE WHERE IT IS IN EVERYBODY'S WAY. AND THIS IS THE GIRL, ELEANOR FIELD, WHO HOPES BILLY'S AIM WILL GO WRONG, AS SHE IS BOBBY'S TEAM-MATE IN CHRISTIE COMEDIES AND IS NOT READY FOR A VACATION YET.

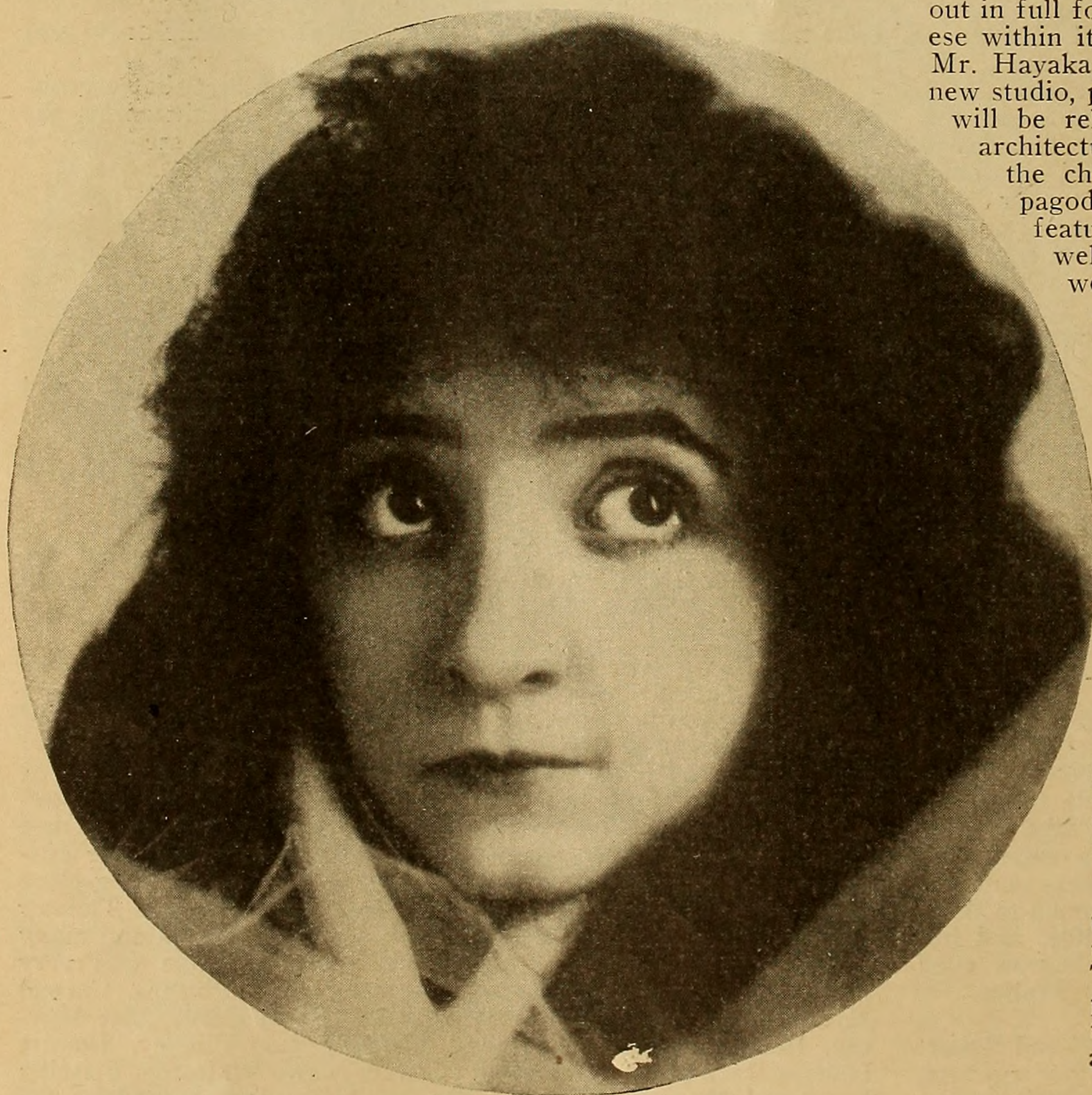
Sessue Hayakawa was a first-nighter at the Million Dollar Theater when his "The Honor of His House" was presented. Tsuru Aoki accompanied him and our Japanese colony turned out in full force, and Los Angeles has a little city of 7,500 Japanese within its gates, so we can look quite Oriental on occasion. Mr. Hayakawa has taken a five-acre plot in Hollywood for his new studio, plans are now being considered, and his new pictures will be released under Haworth Pictures Corporation. The architecture will be one of the prettiest things in Los Angeles, the chief offices, dressing-rooms, etc.; being in Japanese pagoda style, and Japanese gardens, a tea-house and other features will tend to attract visitors from the East, as well as our local "nosies." His first story bears the working title of "Butterfly's Son."

I bumped into Thelma Salter at Venice a few Sundays ago, as we both made for the Esplanade theatre showing "Stella Maris." Thelma is losing her baby ways and is becoming rather shy. When asked if she intended living at the beach for a time, she replied that mother had just brought her down for the day and that they would go home after the show. She produced a diminutive "hankie" and wept copiously when Mary Pickford, her ideal screen actress, was whipped as the slavey in her famous dual-rôle play.

A five-carat romance has just come to light right on Broadway, New York. Dame Rumor does not deny that author-actor-soldier Guy Empey has proffered a \$3,000 engagement-ring to dainty Marion Sunshine of the "Going Up" company. Maid Marion is one of the daintiest dancing ingénues behind the footlights, and three years ago was tempted from the stage to pose for the Gaumont Company.

Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks have found the time, in the midst of their Liberty Loan campaign, to file their income tax returns in New York. The collector will not divulge the amount they poured into Uncle Sam's coffers, but it was intimated that both checks were written for six figures and almost touched the seventh.

Mary and Doug almost created a riot when they recently appeared in New York's financial district and sold Bonds to their fans from the steps of the Sub-Treasury Building.



FROM STAGE TO SCREEN IS A STAR'S REGULAR ORBIT THESE DAYS, BUT ENID MARKEY HAS REVERSED THE COURSE OF THE STARS BY RECENTLY DESERTING THE SCREEN TO PLAY IN CALIFORNIA STOCK

On The Appropriateness of Dress

By D'IRWIN NEMEROV

of Russek, Fifth Avenue



Time was when mankind had one costume, and only one, for all occasions. Royalty wore ermine, in court or when a-hunting. And the peasantry looked the part, however rich or poor they might be. So queens looked bedraggled and milkmaids foolish when out of their environment.

Times have changed. Wisdom has come thru the trials of our forebears. Each occasion demands its dress. Appearances aside, clothes themselves enforce an obligation. One can walk but awkwardly in a tea-gown thru fields and woods, or lounge uneasily in boudoir cap and riding-togs. Every woman from her own experience can draw an even finer distinction. Every actress at least will recall the ease of slow and gentle movements with period costumes and how hard it is to act otherwise. Clothes, nothing but clothes do it! They are as inflexible as steel in their demands. With their cumulative little nudges and pushes against one's physique here and there, they enforce a gait and manner

peculiar to themselves. Concur with their demands and all is grace and ease. Strive against it, halting awkwardness ensues. Premature physical tiredness and mental fatigue is the penalty of bad taste.

Therefore the woman of wisdom will see to it that she is always appropriately gowned for the time and place in which she chooses to be, and her clothes will be ever in harmony with the chords of her endeavor.

Dorothy Dalton in sport tailleur of black Roshanara treco, vestee of plaited Bartholdy linen and vest of brocade, accentuating all the grace and daring that characterize her art.

Anita King, in sport cape dress of foulard and satin, the contrasting colors of which serve to symbolize the range of her loveliness.

Ruth Clifford in organdie garden mode, whose effectiveness is made more so by the green foliage and bright flowers in whose midst it will be worn.

The Diplomatic Director

By JOSEPH FRANKLIN POLAND

DIPLOMACY, as an expression, is much overworked nowadays; but as a quality it is still exceedingly rare.

Bill is a diplomatic director. To be diplomatic, it is not necessary to be a Moving Picture director (altho, at that, it probably pays the best nowadays); but to be a director, one *must* be a diplomat. Many other things a director must be, in addition, and Bill is all of them, and there is a separate story about each. But, since it ranks foremost, this is about Bill's diplomacy.

Bill's tactfulness is the real article, because it is subtle and defies analysis. His is not the diplomacy defined as "remembering a woman's birthday but forgetting her age." Bill, in giving her the remembrance, would somehow convey the impression that, in his mind, she couldn't be half so old as her own lowest estimate.

Why, I've heard that man call down a temperamental star of the first magnitude in such a way that she actually took it as a compliment! When Bill kicks to the technical director about his "sets" not being built on time, he does it so that the technical chief goes off chuckling—and incidentally gives orders to rush work on the sets. And when, during scene rehearsals, Bill waxes sarcastic with particularly stupid extras, he makes them see the joke; and once their sense of humor is appealed to, their common sense gets to work. If you see "types" turning away from Bill with smiling faces, don't be too sure that he has engaged them: likely as not he has told them that he won't have any parts for them for a month—but he has told them so in his own kindly way, and has sent them off feeling like real human beings. Any one around the studio can tell you half-a-dozen anecdotes about Bill's wonderful gift of tact. And there are times when he has used it to mighty good advantage.

There was the case of Schroeder, for instance.

Schroeder tended the bar of a café near the studio, and got along very nicely until once Bill used him in a picture, in his real true-to-life rôle of a bartender. After seeing himself on the screen, Schroeder was bitten hard by the movie-germ, and announced his intention of renouncing the café for the studio.

Schroeder's wife objected strenuously to her liege lord's ambition to emulate Fairbanks or Chaplin—Schroeder not being built along those gentlemen's lines, athletically or artistically. Her protests went unheeded until she appealed to Bill to save her husband from his folly. This was when Schroeder had already spent several weeks holding down a bench in the yard, awaiting his call to create a new type of movie hero. Meanwhile he was earning no money.

Bill agreed to help Mrs. Schroeder. He sent for her husband.

"Well, Schroeder, want to act in pictures all the time now, eh?" queried Bill, with magnetic sympathy.

Schroeder admitted his ambition, also his talents, at some length.

Bill listened, then resumed, gravely: "Well, you're a good type. There's no doubt you'll make the best bartender in pictures——"



THE REAL "BILL," DIRECTOR "BOB" VIGNOLA

Schroeder was half-pleased, half-dubious; did Bill mean that he could play only bartender rôles?

"Absolutely!" breathed Bill. "You've found the one character you can play perfectly—it's up to you to play it. Now, whenever I need a bartender type, or one of the other directors want one, we'll call on you. Of course"—checking Schroeder's thanks—"that may be no more than two or three times a year. We're getting away from barroom stuff almost entirely——"

And then it began to dawn on Schroeder, as Bill had foreseen, that he would be giving up a regular job as a bartender to assume a similar but very irregular one in the movies—and chances were he'd make less money at the latter! All the romance of the situation quickly fled.

"Well, if I gotta be a bartender," he opined, "I guess I'll stick to the real mahogany and brass rail. Thanks. Good-day."

So he went back to mix drinks for the thirsty, to the joy of all concerned—including the thirsty—for he was a splendid mixer.

That is a good example of Bill's diplomacy in operation. But perhaps the oddest instance—from the viewpoint of situation, at least—was the episode of the grouchy millionaire.

Over in Jersey (somewhere near Montclair, as the censors will have it) was a dyspeptic millionaire who

(Continued on page 125)

DEAR READERS,
THE other day
I HAPPENED to notice
That EVERY MAGAZINE
And ADVERTISEMENT
And BILLBOARD
I LOOKED at
SHOWED an actress WEARING PAJAMAS
And I WANTED
To tell YOU
THAT
Altho their NIGHTIES
Might have more FRILLS
And 'CORDION PLEATING
And fancy GIGGERMARIES THAN MINE
THEY STOLE the style
FROM ME.
SEE.
BABY MARIE OSBORNE.



© Evans

BABY MARIE OSBORNE

The Answer Man



This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. 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 "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. 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. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopaedia in existence.

GENTLE reader, come hither, and I will conduct thee on a pleasant journey. Let us commune together with Wit, Wisdom, Mirth and Nonsense as our companions. Leave Care behind, ye who enter here, and doing thus you will not find her when you make your exit. This way, please. Step right in, for the show is about to begin.

DOROTHY L. F.—Your letter was very chatty, and I hope you have fully recovered. Thanks for all the kind remarks. It is a dangerous thing to live on flattery, for in that way we put all our happiness in the keeping of others. But I seem to thrive on it.

HOWARD 1ST.—I beg your pardon, sir, but we had a picture of Marguerite Clark on the November 1917 Magazine cover, and she was interviewed in December, 1917. Used for a by-product. Ah, now you want to know my name and I'm going to tell you. It is A. N. Swerman.

BETTY OF MELROSE.—You suggest a gallery of the Magazine fans. Why not? Say a small gallery of about twelve hundred pages. As Emerson says, you speak so loud that I cannot hear what you say. We have had pictures of Irving Cummings, and there was another in the June Classic Gallery.

MILDRED, BATON ROUGE.—You ask how Olga Petrova got in the movies. She was a well-known stage star who early showed unmistakable screen possibilities. Never investigated that, but will if you like. Egad, how you do soar up and say things. You dont care a bit for Doris Lee who played opposite Charles Ray and think he ought to have better opposites. You say you have only 48 pictures of Charles Ray and you are badly in need of new poses. Charles, you are summoned to DeGaston.

IMA KRANK.—We can hardly publish the story of "Les Miserables." Entirely too long and replete with character-building incidents. Wouldn't you rather read Victor Hugo's novel and get the whole thing? Everybody should read this greatest of all novels. Surest thing you know—an interview with Jewel Carmen will come along soon. No, you're all wrong.

MINNESOTA LAD.—You're right, my boy, but real human beings are scarce in this world. Ha, ha to your first, no to your second, and as to your third, why is it that pretty girls always seem to be the most popular? *Vide.*

MARY CURIOUS.—Why, that was Lewis J. Cody as Jim in "Painted Lips." Pauline Curley appears to be Harold Lockwood's present leading-woman. Carmel Myers in "My Unmarried Wife." You dont think it is quite right to reissue pictures of 1912. Some of them do look rather ancient, but I have seen some that are just as good now as ever.

BROWN EYED DAISY.—Yes, Richard Barthelmess in "The Valentine Girl." It took some time to look it up, but the key of the Bastille was presented by Lafayette to Washington. It is a large key, antique in shape, and still hangs in the main hall of Washington's home at Mt. Vernon, as a prized relic.

BERKELEY GIRL.—No, I dont approve. Women are not out in the world in the same sense that men are—not fighting individuals in a scramble. You must have the wrong title of that play. Do you know who else played in it?

I WILL KNOTT.—No, that's not so. It is an impoverished capital that has no dependent towns; and it is a poor love that will not overflow in affection and eager, kindly curiosity and sympathy, and the search for fresh mutuality. Dont you agree? It seems to me "The Conquest" was done in pictures some time ago. Una Maxwell is in Australia, I believe. I would like to have a long talk with you some time if you can arrange it. Stop in any time.

RUTH E. B., WOBURN, MASS.—Harry Browne was Rodney in "Big Sister" (Lasky). Harry Mortimer was Tom in "Her Great Price." Elliott Dexter in "The Masquerader." Charles Clary in "The Rosary." That's pretty old stuff. Art, like some beautiful plant, lives on its atmosphere, and when the atmosphere is good it will grow everywhere, and when it is bad, nowhere. So in your case?

ENGLISH BOBBY.—Charmed indeed, old top? Why not? I want you to be a friend of mine. Fox didn't produce that picture. Mary Miles Minter was sweet sixteen last April 1st, but she cant say she has never been kist, because we know, dont we, Bobby?

GEORGE WALSH ADMIRER.—Five-reel films run about 260 scenes. We have several books for sale on photoplay writing. Francis Ford has just completed "Berlin via America." Regina Quinn was the girl in "The Pride of New York" (Fox). Monte Blue was Pepo in "Betrayed" (Fox). Marguerite Marsh in "Casey at the Bat." Haven't been to see the Dodgers yet.

C. W. C.—Dont shoot, I'll come down. You stand there and have the nerve to wish upon me the good fortune of becoming a producer some day of pictures. I am now getting \$9 a week, real money, and am sure of it, hence am quite content to be the Answer Man. No, Lillian Walker is in New York now. I'd like to frame your letter.

BUNNY LITTLE.—Well no, not that bad, people dont stare at me on the streets. You know I really look like a human being. Yes, Arthur Ashley and James Morrison are always the cowards, but just you see Jimmie Morrison go to it in "Over the Top." He'll make your hair stand on end. J. Stuart Blackton is not President of this Magazine just now. He is Vice-President. The change was made necessary by reason of his absence in California.

M. E., CHATTANOOGA.—Well now, do you doubt me when I say Jack Pickford is married to Olive Thomas? You say he is such an infant. And you expect to hear of the engagement of Virginia Lee Corbin and Francis Carpenter. Tra la, la, also tura lura lu. Give them a chance, you're Russian. You take the prize for gossiping. I dont think there was any one you forgot either. *Vale!*

ERR.—To err is human, to forgive unusual. No, that was Betty Gray and not Carol Holloway in "Blood Heritage." Celluloid was invented by Hyatt in 1870. That's gone up too.

The Answer Man

LOYDE C.—Remember that there is nothing that need be said unkindly. Your letter was much ado about nothing.

E. C. A., ROCHESTER.—Get busy! There's no trouble so great that cant stand up in a busy brain. William Sherwood in "The Jury of Fate" as Donald, Claire Du Brey was Princess Dione in "The Rewards of the Faithless" and William Hinckley was Mr. Blair in "The Secret of Eve." Yes, Rita Jolivet and Mons. Maupre in "The Honor to Die." No.

HOMER D., 14.—Grace Cunard and Francis Ford in "Broken Coin." Robert Leonard and Ella Hall in "Master Key."

LIBERTY.—Darrell Foss was Sport Morgan in "The Girl Glory." Harry Ham was the brother. Ann Brody in "Princess of Park Row." Well, those who despise actors must despise themselves, for are we not all actors?

INQUISITIVE.—I'll see that you get roses for saying that. Lorraine Huling in "Fall of a Nation" as Billy's sister. Thomas Chatterton is directing. As Aunt Eliza says, with audacity, one can undertake anything, but one cannot accomplish everything. I agree with Eliza.

DOLLY LOVES YOU.—Pinna Nesbitt was Sonia in "The Black Monk" (World). Come, cheer up, dont be blue. The world is divided between people who think they might have done worse and folks who believe they're going to do better. Which class are you in?

MERRY LIPS.—Yes, I answer the questions in the Classic also. Margaret Nichols and Fred Newburg in "When Baby Forgot." You may come again. Yes, indeed, a good many of my readers are *non compos mentis*.

LA-DY.—Of course I attend church—once in a while. The Lord is gracious, and when He sends dull preachers, He mercifully sends sleep to comfort His afflicted people. Yes, I think Miriam Cooper has a particular style of beauty that attracts. I thank you one thousand times.

THALIA.—"Lone Wolf" was taken at Hudson Heights, N. Y. Oh thanks, but I'm sure I could never answer the Sphinx. I often wonder how I would taste when I am being ruminated upon as cuds of old acquaintance. Douglas and Mrs. Fairbanks are not getting a divorce.

LOIS H.—Moving Pictures are the clearing house certificates of the patents and sales companies. They were first discovered in America by a man named Edison twenty-five years ago and have been discovered by nearly every one else since, dod bless um!

O. U. KIDD.—Pauline Frederick and Frank Losee in "Sapho." The word Mizpah means to watch out; to look. In wedding rings it has the significance of "The Lord watch between me and thee." So watch out.

HELEN P.—Paul Willis chat is en route. Gish sisters are in California now. Yes, of course if you enclose a stamped, addressed envelope you will get a réply by mail.

SILVER SPURS.—Beware of the fury of a patient man. Let them come easy. You will get that interview with Niles Welch some time sooner or later. Our ideals are our better selves.

PEASE.—J. K. Murray was the General in "Fortunes of Fifi." Ella Hall and Antrim Short in "The Girl Next Door." You just bet you are always welcome. You know that's true, it's sometimes hard for a man to adjust his religion to fit his business.

ZELDA, CORSICANA.—Yes, there are all kinds of signals. Signals to be used at sea were first contrived by James II when he was Duke of York, in 1665. I agree with you about the titles. "Another Foolish Virgin" was played by Alma Ruben. Your Castle coincident was quite out of the ordinary, wasn't it?

ENGLISH BOBBY.—You ask how many of us are there? Not so many. Oh yes, we have lots of English subscribers to our Magazine. Absolutely. To be backward in taking sides for fear of committing yourself to a losing cause, may be politic to your own intelligence, but in the estimation of brainy folks it is a species of feline idiocy worse than fits. B natural, but dont B flat, even if you have to B sharp.

GLOOGOOS.—You say you would like to send Blanche Sweet a comb and brush set for a gift. I fear she would not see the point. Joe King was John Warfield in "The Answer."

ME.—Well, I was glad to hear from you, but you didn't sign your name. Advice to parents—"Cast not your girls before swans." Just you watch out.

P. C. I., PICTON.—Your letter was very newsy. France is hard-hearted. Caillaux cant get a leave of absence from prison to prosecute libel suits against the newspapers. Treason in Paris is a serious matter.

BABETTE.—Your letter was interesting. We are always glad to hear what you like and what you dont like. That's how we are able to give you readers what you want.

ALICE B.—You too think Olga Petrova uses too much make-up. Your number is 23,987. So, your friend is a baldhead. He combs not, neither does he brush. I shall recommend the hair tonic I have been using for 60 years. You should get up in time to exercise every morning. I do.

THEDA BARA FAN.—The five commandments of the Bolsheviki are as follows:—1. All men and women should work. 2. They should be organized into unions. 3. Each union should have its central governing council. 4. These councils should constitute all the governments there are in the world. 5. All businesses to be owned by the men and women at work in them. Alan Forrest was Grayson and Mary Miles Minter was Phyllis in "A Bit of Jade." You say A. M. after my name means both Master of Arts and Answer Man.

JOHN BARROW.—You say "adverting to that hump upon the nose of Anita Stewart—give me the name and address of the guy that referred to that hump in so flippant a manner. I will set Bill Hart on his trail. If that hump is a hump it is the darlings hump that ever graced the face of an actress. You betcha that hump is all right. I concur in your version and sentiments! Thanks, old man."

U., 53.—Thanks for the clippings. Any film company will send you some film if you ask for it. Send a dollar and try. Most colored pictures are done by hand.

PATTY G.—Well, you had quite an experience. I think you should go home. Your mother and father know what is best for you. No one is satisfied with his own fortune, or dissatisfied with his own wit. The man who says I was not the first and only genuine and original Answer Man can go to—where the woodbine twineth.

PANTHEITE.—Oh yes, I know Pansy quite well, and she writes as sweet by any other name. Yes, let me hear from you, now that you are a club member.

MARETTA.—You want a short biography of Sessue Hayakawa's life. Watch the "Who's Who" department. Ho ha, he he, and likewise ho ho. 'Tis better to have loved and lost than to marry and be bossed. How about it?

MRS. G. L. H.—Your letter was one that I am proud to show the Editor. Louise Vale was Andrea in "The Witch Woman." Guy Oliver was with Artcraft last. Myrtle Gonzalez was the girl in "It Happened in Honolulu."

FRANK L., NEW YORK.—So Wallace Reid is your favorite. Ah, he is a fool who cannot be angry, but he is a wise man who will not. Why dont you buy out a controlling interest in your temper?

G. M. CREIGHTON.—Why, of course I like you. How could any one help liking such a charming chap? If a man is a hustler he gets busy and secures a key to the door of success. Why dont you get busy?

BESSIE K.—Kathlyn Williams was Jane, Raymond Hatton was John and Elliott Dexter was George in "Whispering Chorus" (Artcraft). You know you didn't leave much space between the lines, and that is what I certainly like. But you should believe in competition. It is a necessary condition of progressive life.

VASHTI.—Your first letter? Well, we are glad to know you. Sorry, but I cant tell you what your handwriting indicates, unless it be good breeding. Carlyle Blackwell was Robert and June Elvidge was Alice in "The Way Out" (World).

BOBUNK.—Alma Hanlon was Diana in "The Whip." Write to her again. Everybody should have some kind of a temper. A disturbed temper is apt to falsify the scales of justice. Even Jesus had a temper and He was the most perfect of men. James Levering opposite Marguerite Courtot in "Feather Top." Irving Cummings in "The Whip." Dorothy Dalton was Evelyn and Robert McKim was John in "Unfaithful."

WALLY BUG; G. M. G.; PRETTY; PEARL WHITE ADMIRER; KADS; ESTELLE B.; E. A. P.; MISS E. M.; F. M. H.; PATTY; MONEY; MISS LOVE; VERA K.; WALDO L. H.; HARRY K.; FRANCES D.; CATHERINE M.; DOROTHY U., and A. L. R.—Better luck next time.

GIRLS.—Private Samuel Flesher, No. 2098824, Can. Special Hospital, Witley Camp, Surrey, England, is an American soldier who has been wounded in a German air raid on London and would like to hear from some of our American girls.

MARIE D.—Why, no; William Russell doesn't look like an Indian, but he has all the good qualities of one and none of the bad ones. Martin Kenney was the butler in "Blue Blood and Red." Doris Pawn was the girl. Charlie Chaplin's "A Dog's Life" is released thru the National Exhibitors' Exchange, and it's a winner.

ANNABELLE M.—Young ladies should set a good example, because young men are sure to follow. Frank Campeau was Bill Madden in "The Man from Painted Post." Why, I thought your letter was very interesting—sure and it was. Rae Martin was with Biograph.

LORENA.—You refer to George Larkin and Ollie Kirkby, who were recently married in California. Next? Fay Tincher, she of the spit-curl fame, has joined the World Film Co. Charles Ray was the prince. Why, yes; Jack Pickford in "The Spirit of '17." Katherine McDonald was Flora.

HULA DULA.—D. W. Griffith's last was "Hearts of the World," and his next big feature will be "Women of War," with Dorothy Gish and Robert Harron. Wyndham Standing in "Rose o' the World." Evelyn Greeley was Margaret in "The Beautiful Mrs. Reynolds." Conway Tearle in "Stella Maris." You dont expect me to know from that description, do you? I am not a wizard.

BLONDE CURLS.—*Avec plaisir* will I answer you. To go back into ancient, or at least medieval history, Ernest Truex was Artie in "Artie, the Millionaire Kid." Lulu May Bowen in "When a Man Sees Red." Ralph Kellard is playing on the Broadway stage now.

ELEANOR J. C.—Hardee Kirkland was Javart in "Les Miserables." You refer to John Bowers. Why not join a correspondence club? Joseph Kilgour is playing in the stage play "Oh, Look," on Broadway. William Duncan's next serial is "The Woman in the Web."

BELVA LEE.—The present national change in time will not affect the tempo of the "Minute Waltz" or the "Dance of the Hours," and I dont see how it can affect "The End of a Perfect Day." William Cremans was McGraw in "All For a Husband." Irving Cummings' last picture was a Fox. Oh, surely Warren Kerrigan answers his letters. There's no doubt in the world but that Mary Pickford would write to you if she knew what an ardent admirer you are. Charlotte Burton doesn't support William Russell now—it's the other way round. It's quite apparent that Wallace Reid is a parent. (Stand a little back, O Gentle Reader, for these air puns are apt to go off at any minute!)

CÆSAR'S GHOST.—Oh, so you have been called a fanatic. I'm sure you have been misjudged. I've been called out of my right name so many times that I dont know when I am being spoken to. Dont know how I can help you. Why, yes; I would be delighted to receive a lock of your hair. It might match my whiskers.

MIKE D.—Francelia Billington was the leading-woman in "The Sea Master." Oh, but you must find friends. You know every human soul has the germ of some flowers within that would open if they could find sunshine and free air.

BEGINNER.—You refer to Herbert Spencer, who wrote: "No one can be perfectly free until all are free; no one can be perfectly moral till all are moral; no one can be perfectly happy till all are happy." You say you just wrote to me because you need sympathy. Of course I shall try to be kind to you, for they tell me I'm a kind old man.

CHRISTOPHER CUCUMBER.—You say whiskers are going to be in style after the war. Then I shall be right in it, unless I get bald on my chin as I am on my head. Marshall Neilan is directing only. That George Walsh chat will come along soon.

MRS. C. B.—Yes, Marguerite Marsh is a sister to Mae Marsh.

W. L. D.—Try the studios. Yes, most of our Motion Picture queens give largely to charity. It seems to be a quality in the profession. The best philanthropy is that which enables the recipient to support himself. The worst charity is the one that makes the recipient dependent.

S. SUDBURY.—Why, yes, I can refer you to good authority on photoplay-writing, but why not select from the list at the bottom of Mr. Phillips' department? Send a stamped, addressed envelope. Gertrude Aster was Louise in "The Price of a Good Time."

MARY C.—Roscoe, attention! Mary says she is tired of seeing that old plaid shirt on you, and wants you please to make a change. Sorry you find it so hard to attach yourself to work. That which causes us to lose most of our time is the repugnance with which we naturally have to labor.

DORA S.—I thank you, gracious lady. You pay me a high compliment. Herbert Rawlinson in "The Flash of Fate." Ah, but chastity is the mother of abstinence.

HELEN MAC.—June Caprice was born in Arlington, Mass., in 1899. She has had no stage experience. Mr. Fox discovered her one day at a baseball game. You say your desire is to be a reporter. Very exciting work, all right, and requires a lot of imagination (particularly when you cant get facts).

SZYGY.—Matt Moore was with Selig last and Tom Forman is in the service. Francis Ford is in California. Robert Leonard is playing and Max Linder soon will be. It was William Lloyd Garrison who said: "My country is the world; my countrymen are all mankind," but if he were alive he couldn't say that now.

BONDANNA.—Rodney La Rock was the brother in "Filling His Own Shoes." I have no choice. I like curly hair as first choice, and straight hair better than curly hair. "The message to Garcia," to which you refer, was written by Elbert Hubbard, who went down on the *Lusitania*.

LADY BALTIMORE.—You mean the Vivaphone Co., that produced "David Copperfield." Eric Desmond was David as the youth and Kenneth Ware when he was a man. Edna May was Emily and Alma Taylor was Dora. I am sure if you write to Mary Pickford she will answer. Yes, write to our Sales Manager for the back numbers. Yours was enjoyed very much.

BETTY H.—It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles—the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out. No, you dont have to be beautiful, rich and have a college education to get in the movies. You have to be able to act and screen well. Of course the wives dont get jealous when their husbands kiss the players, but it must be done before the camera only.

RAYMOND Mc.—But you know, Raymond, when a man decides he is sensible enough to select a wife, he is too old for the frivolous maidens he would like to marry. Most of the players get a salary and some receive a royalty also. Oh, there are many more studios in California than in New York.

BERNICE.—They are no relation. So long as your conscience is clear. Conscience, you know, is to the Christian what the lighthouse is to the sailor—it guides him on his course. Louise Fazenda in "The House of Mirth." Richard Rosson, of Vitagraph fame, is now with Keystone.

(Continued on page 117)

(Continued from page 75)

shadow dramas. It is none the less so here. "The Lie" is scenarioized by Charles Maigne from the stage play of Henry Arthur Jones and delves deep into the hearts of two sisters, one noble, self-sacrificing and pure; the other selfish and weak. Miss Ferguson takes the part of the elder sister, who shoulders all the blame for her sister's transgression and loses the man she loves. Miss Ferguson could wring tears from a stone. She is the lachrymose heroine de luxe. She makes one think of the Lady of Shalott, of Julia Marlowe in "Joan d'Arc," who have hitherto possessed the key which unlocks the doors to



"THE SPLENDID SINNER" (GOLDWYN) IS A MARY GARDEN TRIUMPH AND A GREAT IMPROVEMENT ON HER "THAIS"

lese majeste of it couldn't have happened—witness the former lover walking by the future husband without recounting the past for the simple reason that back in the bungalow Mary has threatened him with a gun—is daringly original. The last reel, and the final execution of Miss Garden as the Red Cross nurse who was caught by the Teutonic enemy while delivering plans of their lines for her wounded soldier-husband, is a photographic finale worthy of a Shakespearian pen. H. S. N.

"TARZAN OF THE APES" (NATIONAL FILM CORPORATION)

A thrilling, spectacular drama that contains a little of everything, including wild animals, African jungles, English lords and ladies, ships, yachts, dance-halls, fights, villains, heroes, high-brows and low-brows. A very pretty story connects them all nicely, and we are conducted from one period to another and from England to South Africa as if years were but minutes and leagues were but inches. The photography is superb, and the acting, for the most part, fine. The story is so absorbing and so well handled that one wants to sit right thru to the end of the seventh reel and see the young ape-man win Enid Markey, the heroine, and have them return to England to wrest their landed estates from the usurpers. But it doesn't take us that far. With a murmured "I love you, Tarzan," and the usual embrace, "Finis" is flashed and we are to imagine the rest, which is perhaps just as well. J.

"HUMDRUM BROWN" (PARALTA)

There are those who merely stand and wait, and it is of one of these that this Walthallian screen story is woven. It is three reels of delightfully human, homey and homely characterization plus one reel of thrills to bring it to the necessary whipping climax and happy ending. The three reels of characterization are rendered by Henry Walthall in a spirit worthy of David Warfield. You will like this story of the small-town plodder, who meets tragedy, from the burning of his Sunday trousers to the failure of the country bank and the losing of his savings and job, in a stoical, Pilgrim-Progress manner that wins out. H. S. N.

"TWENTY-ONE" (PATHÉ)

At last the long-awaited debut of Bryant Washburn on the Pathé program has been accomplished, and we are glad we witnessed it and hope it will not be another age before his second one is on the projection machine. "Twenty-one" goes to sleep in the beginning, thru no fault of Mr. Washburn's, but wakes up and speeds along to a whirlwind finish. It is a comedy of a rich young mollycoddle who is sick of his station in life and a bully of the lower strata who is equally sick of his. They resemble each other mightily (Why shouldn't they? The handsome Bryant delineates both characters), so they change places with many amusing results. H. S. N.

"HIS MAJESTY BUNKER BEAN" (FAMOUS PLAYERS)

Another of those pleasing duets by Jack Pickford and Louise Huff. The motive of Harry Leon Wilson's play, namely, that as a man thinketh so is he, is somewhat lost sight of in the (Continued on page 93)



"TARZAN OF THE APES" (NATIONAL FILM CORP.) IS A SPECTACULAR PHOTODRAMA THAT SHOULD PLEASE EVERY ONE

one's deepest emotions. David Powell, Percy Marmot and Betty Howe are all exceptionally fine in support of Miss Ferguson. H. S. N.

"LA TOSCA" (PARAMOUNT PRODUCTION)

In "La Tosca" Pauline Frederick has an opportunity to show her superb power of dramatic acting. Picturized from Sardou's immortal play, it is necessarily a plot coined from carelessly dropped notes and obvious theatricalisms which, however, are acceptable as the very spirit of that artificial period. Jules Rautcourt does very well with the rôle of Mario, whom the beautiful Tosca loves so violently as to cause his capture because of her jealousy, while she assassinates Baron Scarpia in a wild endeavor to save Mario from the fate that she herself brought upon him. A heart-tragedy, well handled. H. S. N.

"THE LIFE MASK" (PETROVA PICTURES)

This is a mystery story. It will interest you, altho it will not penetrate beneath the surface. There is a girl, and she has to marry a man she doesn't love to save her step-mother from the fate of a "forgeress," and incidentally she sends her real love away to war. On her bridal night a former "love affair" of her husband's turns up. Later the bridegroom attempts to enter the wife's boudoir, only to be repulsed with such fervor as to make him fall and irreparably injure himself. There follow days of illness which are torture for every one around the temperish invalid, until the wife, her old nurse, the trained nurse, the forger mother and even his "loveress" all long for his death. And then one night he shuffles off this earthly coil from an overdose of morphine, and the young wife is accused and—but that's what you want to go to see the picture for, to be surprised. "The Life Mask" is beautifully produced in every essential. Madame Petrova makes a handsome picture at all times. H. S. N.

"THE SPLENDID SINNER" (GOLDWYN)

A Mary Garden triumph is this second silent opera of the Metropolitan prima donna. It is a great improvement on "Thais." Miss Garden is here superbly beautiful and interesting. Ah, la, la! such gowns, such hair, such poise, such—well, you have heard often of the Mary Garden back. Frankly, the whole of Mary Garden is more than alluring to the optic nerves. Here you have a beautiful woman in a story which, altho at times guilty of the



Alma — Alma — Reuben, Reubens, Ruben or Rubens? Which will you have it? This lovely young Triangle star's patronymic has been all of these. At the present time we believe the simplified way is Alma Rubens. In spite of her bucolic cognomen, Alma acts as well by any name.



"UNCLAIMED GOODS" (PARAMOUNT) IS ANOTHER PLEASANT VIVIAN MARTIN RELEASE

(Continued from page 91) celluloiding, but the comedy element is so well presented as to make the casual observer unconscious of this fact. Louise Huff is prettier than ever and ideally visualizes the little Flapper, who just perfectly knew she'd know the man whom she would marry the first time she saw him. H. S. N.

"THE HILLCREST MYSTERY" (PATHÉ)

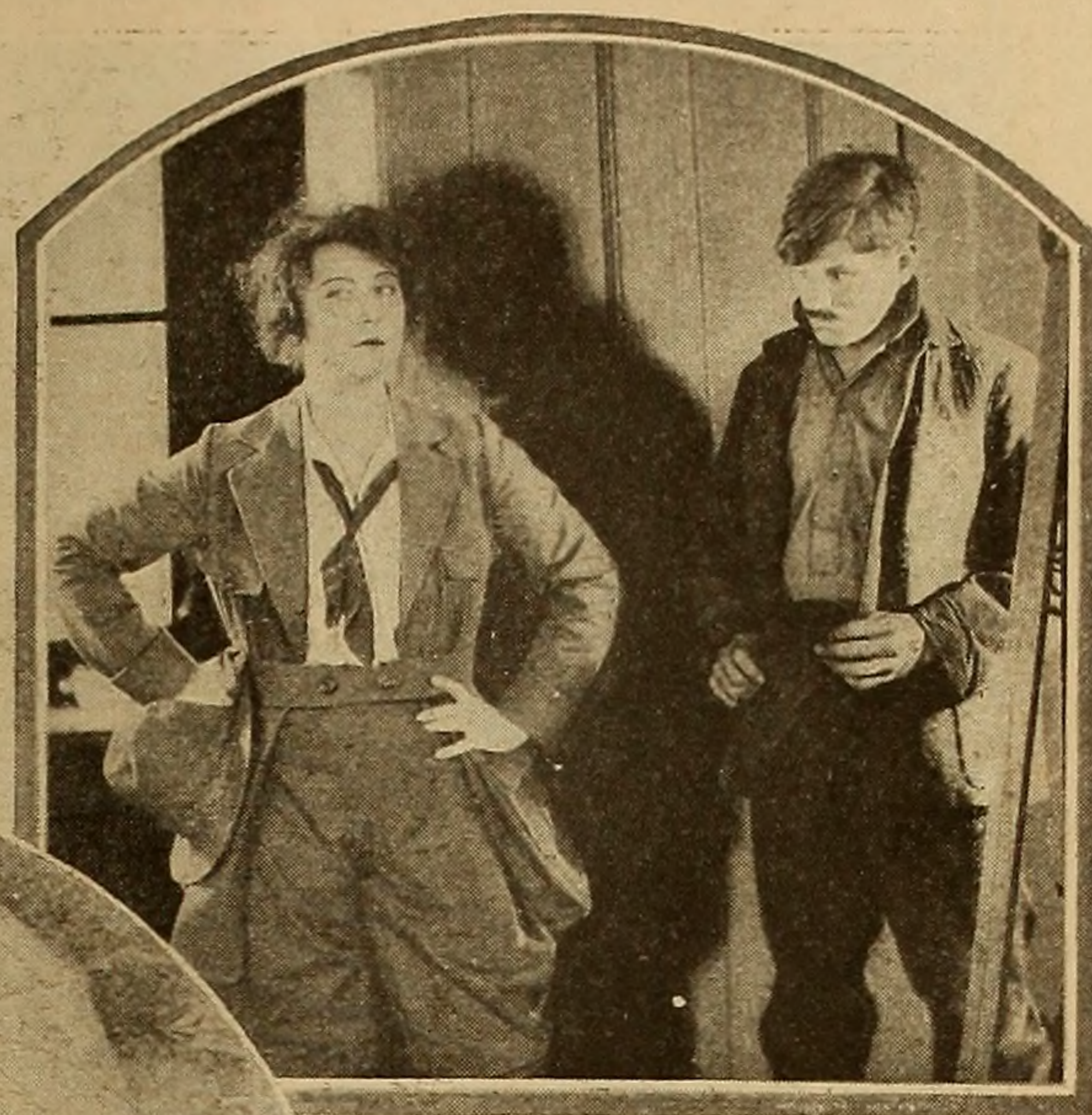
This Irene Castle photoplay is as good a detective story as ever came out of the developing laboratories. It is replete with action, thrills and mysteries, while the suspense is admirably sustained. The plot is too involved to recount here, concerning, as it does, the murder of a shipyard owner on the eve of his turning over his yards to the United States and the eventual discovery of the real culprit. Irene Castle is at her best, and she is ably assisted by Ralph Kellard and Wyndham Standing. H. S. N.

"THE WHISPERING CHORUS" (PARAMOUNT)

Screen the bare plot of Cecil B. De Mille's latest offering and we have bold, grewsome, overwrought melodrama; add the artistic touches—the double exposures, punchful titles, picturesque setting and vivid character-drawing—and we have one of the most bizarre, fanciful and powerful photodramas of the year. Raymond Hatton as John Trimble, the craven, drunken and drug-craving husband, quite "runs away with the piece." We suppose that Kathlyn Williams could have demanded more camera, but in not doing so she showed her and Mr De Mille's good judgment, as it is a harmoniously well-balanced cast. The motive, moral and appeal of the piece are a psychological study of John Trimble. At times it becomes abnormal psychology, but we are so gripped with the unfolding of his weak life that his gradual descent into hell on earth is entirely consistent. The climax of his misery, where he allows himself to be sent to the chair rather than ruin his wife's career, is singularly touching. The allegorical dénouement, where his freed soul, "the soul of him that was," meets and caresses the soul of his wife's still unborn child, "the soul of her about about to be," is consummate with artistic delicacy in its handling. E. M. L.

"LOVE ME" (INCE-PARAMOUNT)

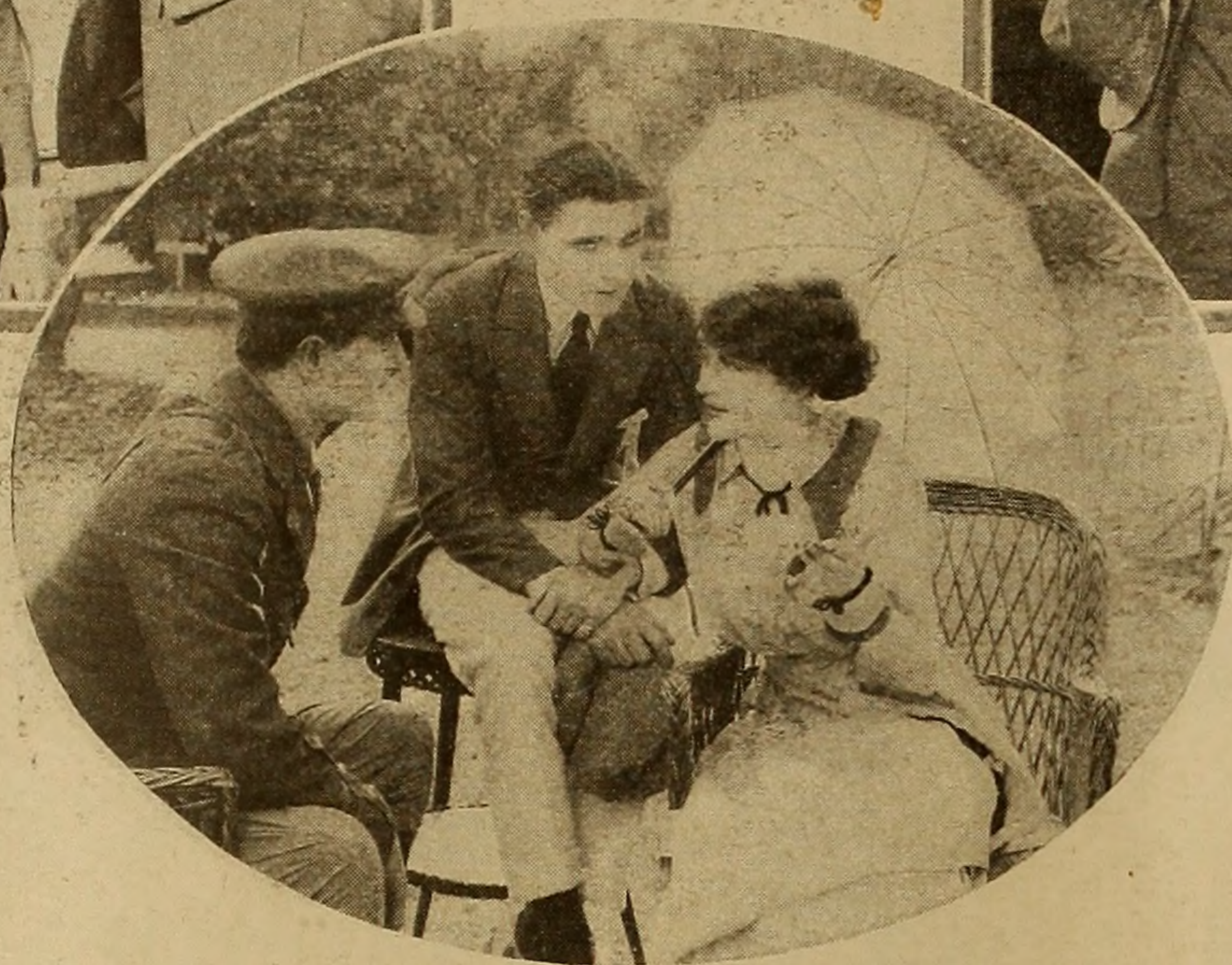
Dorothy Dalton's latest effort is hardly inflammable enough to require a fireproof projection booth. It is passé screen drama of the season of 1914, trimmed with a few modern touches, but suffering with an antiquated plot. The girl who marries into a *nouveau riche* family and wins their affections by permitting herself to be placed in an equivocal position in order to shield her sister-in-law, lost the bloom of novelty years ago on the stage and is no débutante on the screen. Miss Dalton's wholesome personality permeates her rôle of the untrammelled Western girl, but the contrasted parts of the social climbers are a bit overdone—at least they don't appear human. "Love Me" is casual, mechanical and creaks at the joints. Dorothy Dalton should plant her foot down firmly and demand better vehicles for her undoubted talent. E. M. L.



"LOVE ME" (INCE-PARAMOUNT) IS PASSÉ SCREEN DRAMA OF THE SEASON OF 1914

"FRIEND HUSBAND" (PARAMOUNT-MACK SENNETT)

This is the proof that a comedy based on an old idea, the old plot of stealing a baby in order to become rich uncle's heir, can be renovated and made excruciatingly funny with the help of original touches. The original touches are a very clever cat, "Pepper," who performs with the sagacity of a person, and the beloved "Teddy." H. S. N.



MADAME PETROVA MAKES A HANDSOME PICTURE AT ALL TIMES IN "THE LIFE MASK" (PETROVA PICTURES)

"UNCLAIMED GOODS" (FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY)

"Unclaimed Goods" is a direct refutation of that old saying, "There's nothing new under the sun." For if ever a plot was novel, this one is. It deals with the adventures of a young girl whose father sends her to Gold Center as a tagged bit of live-stock in the baggage-car. When she is taken to the Wells Fargo office, it is discovered that no one is there to claim her. So she is held as unclaimed goods. The adventures that follow thick and fast are very amusing and excellently done. Vivian Martin does some splendid work and seems to be progressing by leaps and bounds. Harrison Ford is an able and likeable assistant, while the villain is—despicable. H. S. N.

"THE FACE IN THE DARK" (GOLDWYN)

This picture-story by Irvin S Cobb is a decided departure from the has-been-done-before pathway. It is an entertaining mystery tale of a young girl whose sweetheart is arrested for robbing a bank. She plays detective and discovers that all trails point to her father, with the result that her sweetheart is freed. Eventually it is discovered that her dad was only associated with a notorious gang in order to round them up—he was a Secret Service official. Mae Marsh makes a captivating little Sherlock Holmes, and her work is deserving of praise thruout the picture. Niles Welch makes an ideal sweetheart, and one regrets only that he isn't on the screen more. He has a more than pleasing personality. H. S. N.

"A DOG'S LIFE" (CHARLIE CHAPLIN PRODUCTIONS)

This is the first of the Chaplin three-reelers, and I consider it his best. Heretofore there has been a sameness to all of his comedies, and it was a question of how long he could keep it up successfully without making a radical departure from his old slapstick methods. In this farce there is no pie-throwing and none of the usual dodging of missiles that strike the unintended innocent party, and there is considerable ingenuity displayed thruout, intermingling pathetic incidents with comic ones. A remarkable mongrel cur shares the honors with the star. It does just the right thing at the right time, and its loyalty to its master and its master's affection for it are cleverly used to play upon the sympathies. In the end, Charlie has married the girl he had befriended, and in their cozy home we see a cradle tenderly watched by the couple, in which we finally discover—not twins, or triplets, as we gleefully expected, but the aforesaid mongrel and a litter of pups, a very funny and fitting finale to a very clever play. Anybody who cannot enjoy this farce should consult a specialist. THE P. P.



ENID BENNETT

Starting her stage career in "Every-woman," Tom Ince's azure-eyed and coral-cheeked Australian star bids fair to play "every woman" on the studio stage as well. Enid Bennett's recent range of rôles has run the gamut from high emotionalism to farce-comedy.

Photodrama in the Making

A Department of General Interest to All Readers, Showing
How Photoplays Are Plotted, Written, Submitted and Sold

Conducted by HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

Staff Contributor; Lecturer and Instructor in Photoplay Writing in the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences; also in the Y. M. C. A. of New York; Author of "The Photodrama" and "The Feature Photoplay," and many Current Plays on the Screen, etc

A COMPLETE PHOTOPLAY SYNOPSIS

NOTE—More than half the inquiries STILL received by this Department ask HOW and in WHAT FORM Photoplays are submitted and sold NOW in this year 1918. The following Photoplay SYNOPSIS is a fac-simile copy of the Photoplay which I sold. Furthermore, the form and style are identical with the Photoplays I am writing and selling TODAY. This play was bought by The World Film Company and produced by them in 1917, Alice Brady taking the part of the *widow*. Hence this is the SALABLE FORM. This is the seventh instalment of the serial publication of the Synopsis.

A SELF-MADE WIDOW

By HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

SYNOPSIS—(Continued)

PART III.—TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH—(Continued)

In the meantime, Crosby has returned to his furnished room, where he lives with a very suspicious lady whom we do not pay too much attention to yet. Crosby is a clever forger and his specialty is that of raising checks. It was this knack that he practiced when signing Fitzhugh's name to the marriage certificate. The name that was signed to the death note he copied to perfection. Shortly after this he is sent up for six months for complicity in another crime.

When Sylvia is mysteriously summoned from her work in the millinery shop, she is quite as much surprised and awed by the fine gentleman and Butts as all the other peeping milliners are. She is asked if she is Mrs. Castleton and, as usual, replies emphatically that she is. They then ask her to prove this statement, and she produces her wedding certificate, which is unimpeachable. The gentlemen leave, saying that she will hear from them again in a few days.

Within a week a fine automobile appears with Butts and the attorney, and Sylvia is told that since her husband died intestate, she as his wife is entitled to enjoy the estate until it is settled on her legally at the end of the year. The eavesdropping milliners hear this. Sylvia is now like one in a dream-come-true. As tho it were a dying request, she asks that she may be permitted to take her only friend as a chaperon. And so Mrs. Tootle is whirled away with her, to the gaping amazement of Blue Bank.

Thus Sylvia continues actually to experience things that not even her wildest dreams of Romance had dared cherish. She arrives at the magnificent estate of which she is ostensibly now the sole heir. There are acres of gardens and greenhouses and carriages and cars and liveried servants in the Enchanted Castle. And instead of Sylvia Smith, she bears one of the finest names in the whole country, Sylvia Castleton. But above all things is the magnificent collection of family jewels that is now placed at her disposal. Gowns galore she has made from the generous allowance that is sent her by the attorney.

On the deck of a tramp steamer is Bobs and a blackened stoker who has just emerged from the stoke-hole to get a breath of air. He is black with soot and stripped to his waist, and there is a look in his face as tho he were not yet sure of things and especially of this horrible experience. All his spare time Bobs spends reading books he can borrow from the Captain. He remarks to Castleton: "SINCE YOU'RE TAKING A HACK AT MY SIDE OF LIFE, I'M TAKING A PEEP INTO YOURS."

Mrs. Van Dusen is fairly disgusted on learning the details of Fitzhugh's dying Romance, but Lydia conceives a sudden respect for her erstwhile betrothed in thus selecting a woman of his choice. At least it took away the odium

of her having driven him to suicide rather than marry her.
(To be continued in our next)

BOUQUETS AND BRICK-BATS

The Story is the thing!

When will they be willing to see it?

The Story and the Author are the last things they think of. The author gets by far the least percentage of profits from the vast gross receipts that are so carelessly thrown about and wind up with a dead loss or slim net profits.

This Photodrama is going to rise on the talent of the author. It cannot fall into oblivion, no more than any other Art can, and the Producers who recognize the prime necessity of the Story and the cultivation of the worthwhile author are bound to succeed.

You dont learn this great big Art of the Photodrama overnight. It is distinct from editing a magazine or newspaper, or writing a story or a stage play. It is NEW, difficult and requires a *special talent*.

Some months ago the Arcraft-Paramount-Select combination announced that they intended spending One Million Dollars in advertising their pictures.

All very well and good. Their advertising has been of a very high order. It has been clever, artistic and widespread.

Yet it has a vital fault. It promises us every inch wool—and we get yards and yards of shoddy mixed with the wool.

If the plays were as consistently good as the advertisements, we would not even murmur. But they are not in the same class with the advertising.

If the million dollars had been spent in making one-hundred-cents-on-the-dollar plays, they would need no "paper" inflation. The public would get the million dollars' worth in merit which it really pays for and not miles of paper camouflage which it swallows in good faith.

The Arcraft-Paramount-Select Program seems mainly that of adapting the works that have succeeded in *other branches* of artistic effort in such a manner that they become unrecognizable on the screen. They succeed in inverting the old proverb and make a sow's ear out of a silk purse.

WHY in heaven's name do they persist in this second-hand policy when they might be running a first-rate, first-hand shop?

Their authorized agent announced the other night that they paid anywhere from \$750 to \$4,000 for sound Literary or Stage cattle on the hoof willing to be dealt with in their screen slaughter-house. Yes, and I know that they bought a fairly successful stage animal for \$10,000 less than a month ago! What a price for a barbecue of warmed-over steer!

Now this is HOW they take perfectly nice moo-cows that have been known to give quarts upon quarts of golden milk night after night, entice them away from green pastures into a stuffy study, hit them over the head with a typewriter and six months later forever dim their former glory by serving them up in the form of lukewarm Goulash to a host of roast-beef audiences. Shades of Hoover!

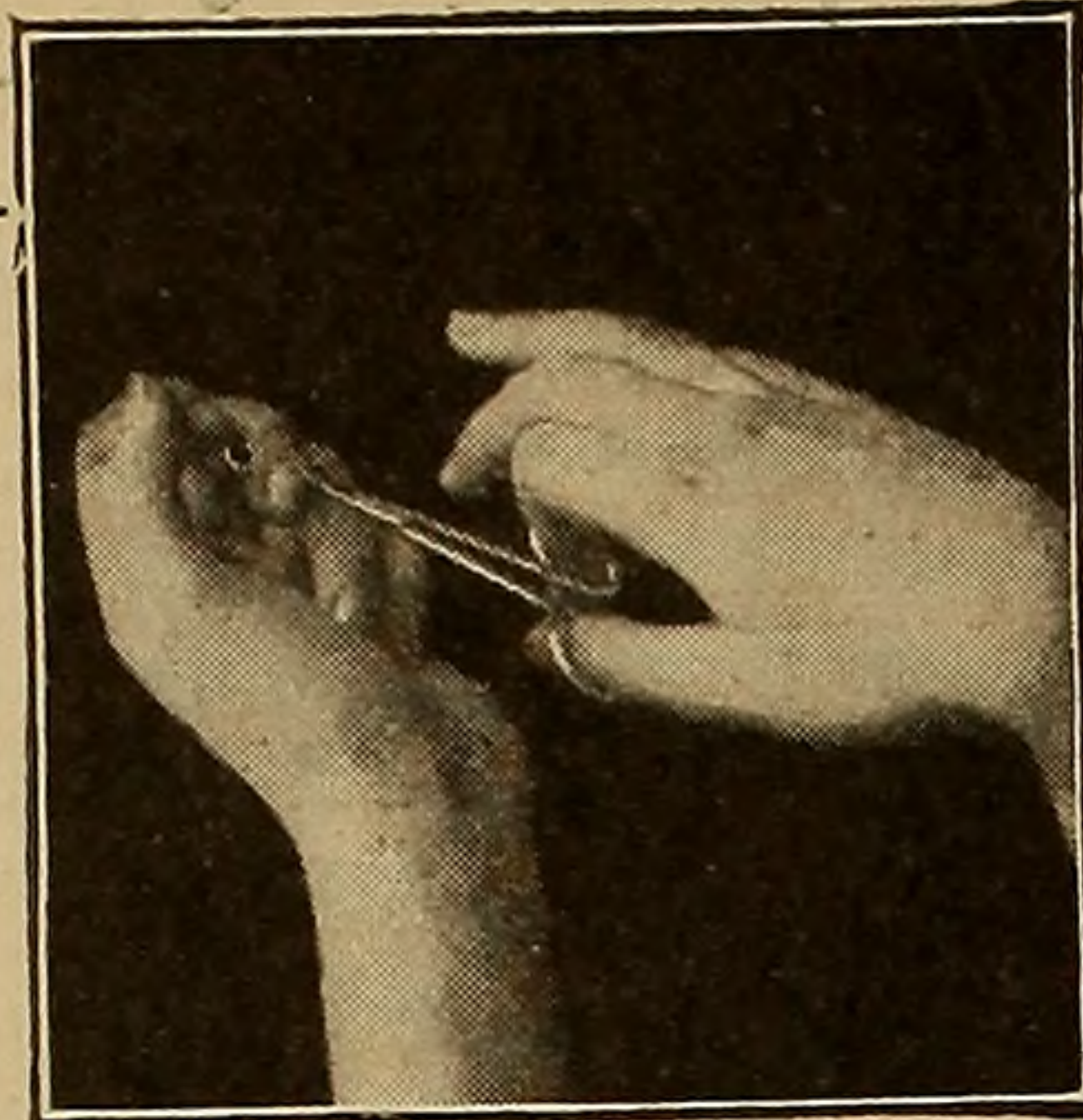
I think it was Paul West, adapter extraordinary in the Paramount abattoir, who recently confessed some interesting facts.

That poor, gentle, tho eccentric Bossie, "Jane Eyre," was the subject. He said, in effect, that once upon a time he had considered Jane a veritable cream dairy of Romance. He returned in his maturer days for the purpose of putting the poor thing out of her misery and justified the deed by convincing himself that she was just a plain, simple, butter-milk hoax. He was disappointed in her and her progeny.

(Continued on page 116)



"I simply *must* do another picture!" declares Jane Cowl, and her marvelous eyes glow their marvelous glow. "The stage no more satisfies me than the screen. I *must* have *both!*" Thus the much-starred Jane Cowl, who wrote "Lilac Time," with Jane Murfin, and bears France's valiant spirit in it, and who has made Goldwyn's "The Spreading Dawn" epochal, with her Patricia Vanderpeyl. To the victor the spoils! To Miss Cowl both stage and screen!



Read how to overcome the unattractive appearance that cuticle cutting gives your nails

What causes hangnails

You need never again have them

THE famous specialist, Dr. Edmund Saalfeld, says that hangnails have two causes.

If the cuticle is allowed to grow up onto the surface of the nail, the skin will tear, become detached and form hangnails. Hangnails also come from improper or too vigorous treatment of the cuticle.

To prevent hangnails, your whole effort should be to keep the cuticle *unbroken*.

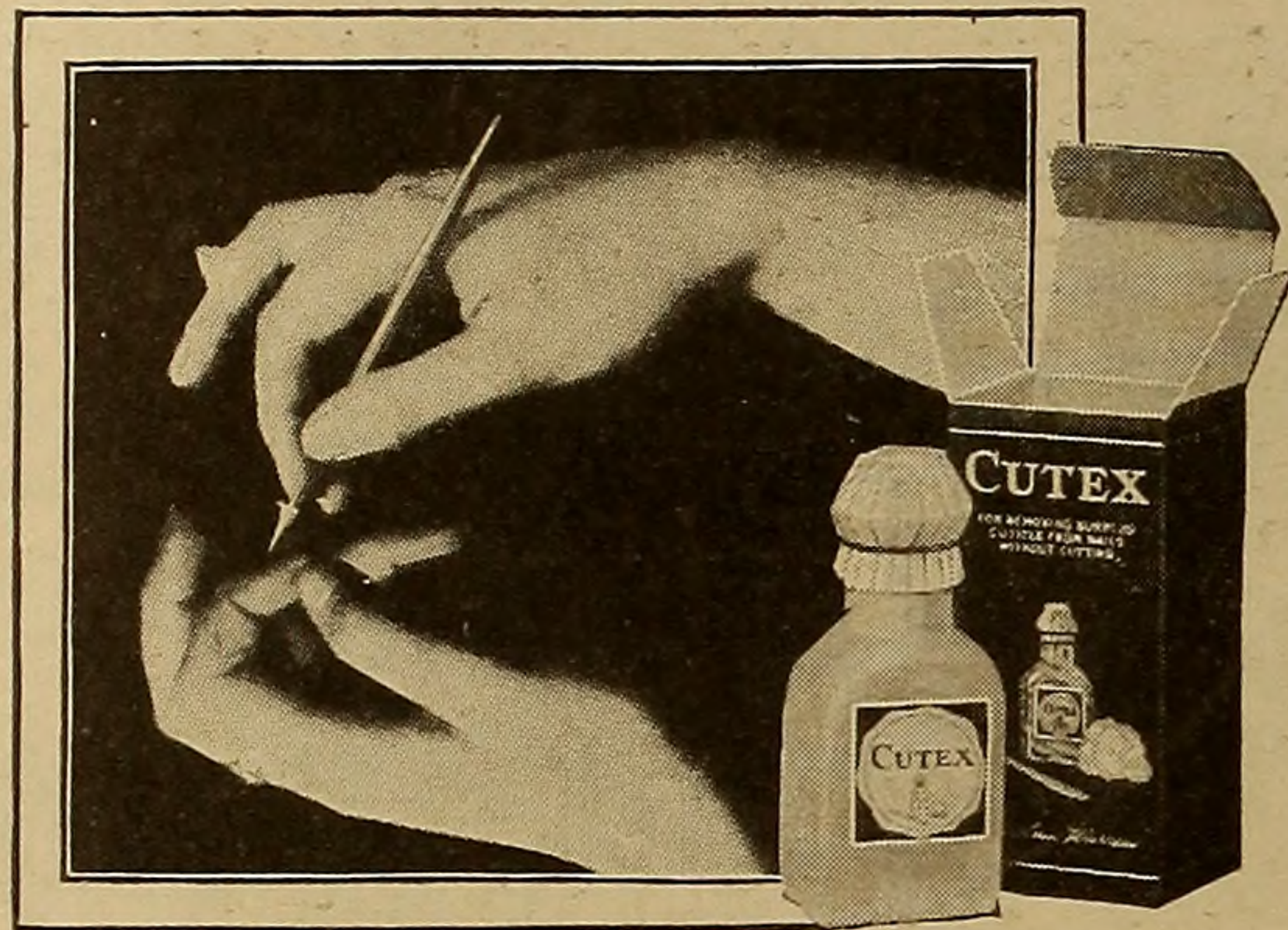
This is exactly what Cutex does—it removes the cuticle without injury—it leaves the skin at the base of the nail smooth and firm—unbroken.

Even people who have been most troubled with hangnails, say that with Cutex they have been entirely freed from this annoyance.

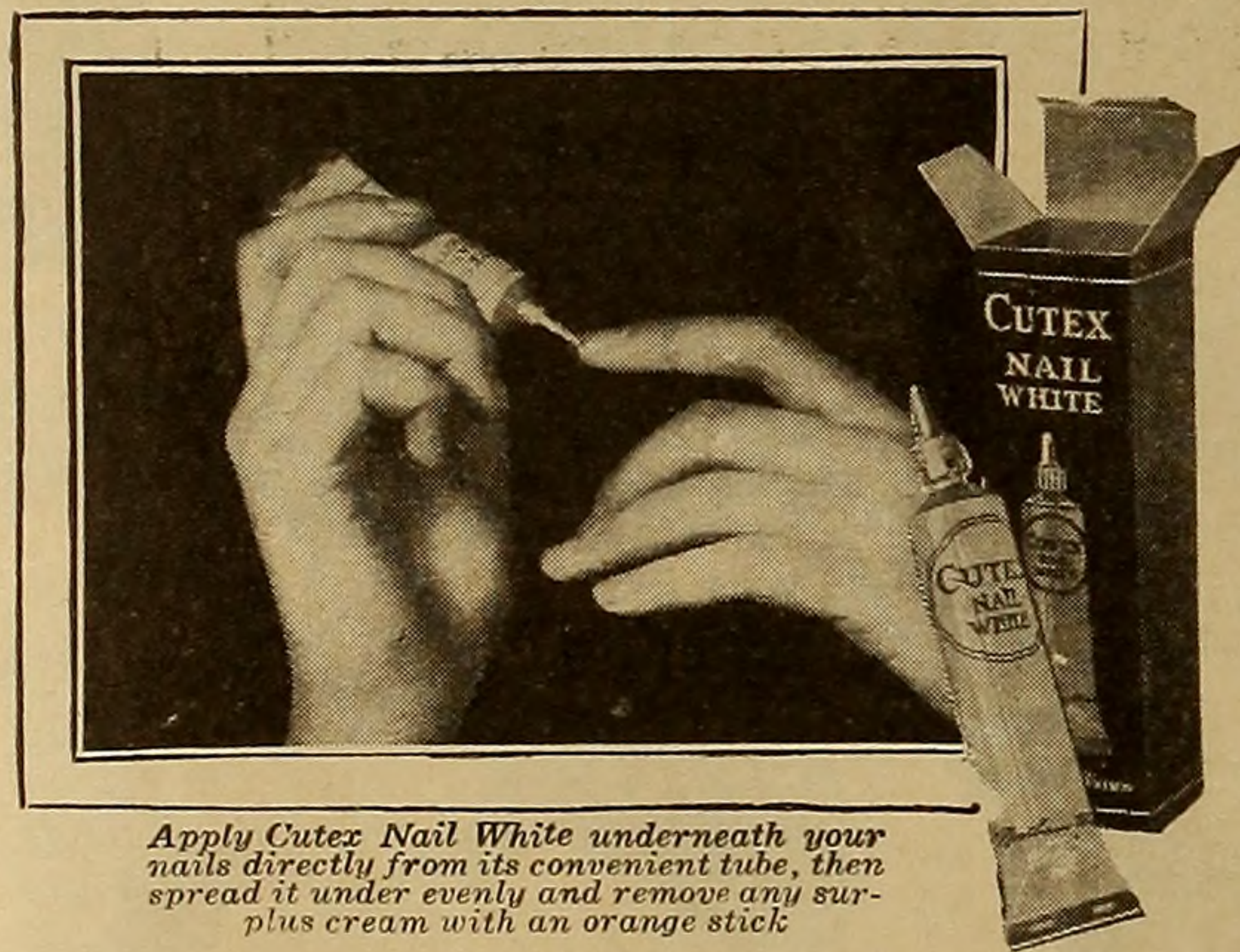
The right way to manicure

In the Cutex package you will find absorbent cotton and an orange stick. Wrap some of the cotton around the end of the stick and dip it into the Cutex bottle. Work the stick around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle.

Almost at once you will be able to wipe away the dead surplus skin. Then rinse the fingers in clear water.



When you see how smooth and firm Cutex keeps your cuticle, how lovely it makes your nails look, you will never go back to the old cuticle-cutting method!



Apply Cutex Nail White underneath your nails directly from its convenient tube, then spread it under evenly and remove any surplus cream with an orange stick



Beautiful Lillian Gish, the Madonna of motion pictures, says: "I have Cutex to thank for a quick wonderful manicure. Never before has my cuticle been so smooth and even, my nails so shapely!"

(Photo by Hartsook, Calif.)

Remove all stains from underneath the nails by applying a little Cutex Nail White. Finish with Cutex Nail Polish.

Until you have had a Cutex manicure, you cannot know how attractive your nails can be made to look.

Even when the cuticle has been mutilated and broken by cutting, Cutex restores the firm, smooth outline at the base of the nail. It quickly removes overgrown cuticle, does away with hangnails and dry, rough skin—all the nail troubles quickly disappear. Try it. See for yourself. Notice how quickly it gives your nails the well-groomed shapeliness everyone admires.

You can secure Cutex at any drug or department store. The cuticle remover comes in 30c, 60c and \$1.25 bottles. Cutex Nail White is 30c. Cutex Nail Polish in cake, paste, powder, liquid or stick form is 30c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort for sore or tender cuticle is also 30c. If your favorite store hasn't it, order direct.

Send 15c for a complete Midget Manicure Set

Send the coupon now with 15c (10c for the set and 5c for packing and postage) and we will send you a Midget Manicure Set of Cutex preparations, complete with cotton, orange stick and emery boards. Get it today. Address Northam Warren, Dept. 807, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

If you live in Canada, send 15c for your set to MacLean, Benn & Nelson, Limited, Dept. 807, 480 St. Paul Street West, Montreal, and get Canadian prices.

This complete manicure set sent for 15c



MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 15 CENTS TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN

Dept. 807, 114 W. 17th St., New York City

Name.....

Street.....

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

Who's Who in Starland

ALMA RUBENS—Born in San Francisco, Cal., 1897. Black hair, dark eyes, 5 feet 7 inches tall, weighs 130 pounds. Unmarried. No stage experience. Began screen career as leading-lady for Douglas Fairbanks in "Reggie Mixes In" and "The Half-breed." Best pictures: "Truthful Tulliver," "The Americano," "Master of His Home," "A Woman's Awakening," "The Firefly of Tough Luck," "Gown of Destiny." Recently joined Pathé.

JUNE CAPRICE—Born in Arlington, Mass., 1899. Light brown hair, gray-green eyes, 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 105 pounds. Unmarried. No stage experience. Has been identified only with Fox. Prominent pictures: "Caprice of the Mountains," "The Ragged Princess," "Little Miss Happiness," "A Modern Cinderella," "The Heart of Romance," "The Mischief-Maker," "A Child of the Wild," "A Small-Town Girl," "Miss U. S. A.," "Unknown No. 274," "Sunshine Maid"; latest release, "A Camouflage Kiss."

NILES WELCH—Born in Hartford, Conn., July 29, 1888. Blond hair, blue eyes, 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 160 pounds. Married. Three years' stock experience. Has been with Vitagraph, Kalem, Metro, World, Universal, Pathé, Famous Players, Technicolor, Selznick. Pictures of note: "One of Many," "The Kiss of Hate," "Shame," "A Royal Family," "Emmy of Stork's Nest," "Gates of Gladness," "Always in the Way," "The Crucial Test," "The Blossom and the Bee," "Miss George Washington," "The Secret of the Storm Country," "The Gulf Between" and "Her Boy."

CONSTANCE TALMADGE—Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., April 19, 1899. Golden hair, brown eyes, 5 feet 6 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds. Unmarried. No stage experience. Joined Vitagraph in 1915—first picture, "Uncle Bill." Has been with Triangle-Fine Arts; now with Selznick. Worth-while pictures: "In Bridal Attire," "Father's Timepiece," "Green Cat," "The Peacemaker," "The Moonstone of Fez," "In the Latin Quarter," "Intolerance," "The Girl of the Timber Claims," "The She-Devil," "Betsy's Burglar," "The Matrimaniac," "The Microscopic Mystery," "The Lesson," "The Honeymoon," "Scandal" and "The Studio Girl."

WILLIAM S. HART—Born in Newburgh, N. Y., December 6, 1876. Brown hair, gray eyes, 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 184 pounds. Unmarried. Moved West to North Dakota in year 1876. Was refused admittance to West Point because his father was an Englishman, unnaturalized. First theatrical engagement in London (carried a spear). Returned to New York, joining Daniel B. Bandmann's company. When 24, played with Modjeska. Starred in "The Man with the Iron Mask"; supported Julia Arthur; starred in "The Squaw-Man," "The Barrier," "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," "The Virginian." Joined New York Picture Co. in 1914. "The Bargain" first picture. Has appeared on Triangle-Ince program; now with Arcraft. Best known pictures: "The Aryan," "Hell's Hinges," "The Return of Draw Egan," "Between Men," "The Square-Deal Man," "The Narrow Trail," "The Silent Man," "Blue Blazes Rawden" and "Wolves of the Rail."

MAE MARSH—Born in Madrid, N. M., November 9, 1895. Auburn hair, blue eyes, 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 118 pounds. Unmarried. No stage experience. Entered pictures under Griffith via Biograph; later with Reliance-Majestic, Triangle-Fine Arts, Goldwyn. Well-known pictures: "Sands o' Dee," "Man's Genesis," "The Escape," "Home, Sweet Home," "The Great Day," "The Birth of a Nation," "The Wharf Rat," "The Little Liar," "The Marriage of Molly-O," "Hoodoo Ann," "A Child of the Paris Streets," "Intolerance," "Polly of the Circus," "Sunshine Alley," "Cinderella Man," "Beloved Traitor," "Fields of Honor." "The Face in the Dark," her latest picture.

MAE MURRAY—Born in Portsmouth, Va., 1894. Blonde hair, gray-blue eyes, 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 115 pounds. Has been married. Original Nell Brinkley girl. Dancer of prominence in Ziegfeld's Follies. Burlesque of Motion Pictures led to picture engagement. Identified with Lasky, Famous Players; now Bluebird star. Best pictures: "To Have and to Hold," "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," "The Dream Girl," "The Big Sister," "The Plow Girl."

GEORGE WALSH—Born in New York City, 1892. Brown hair, brown eyes. No stage experience. Has always been associated with Fox Film. Pictures: "Blue Blood and Red," "Hell-a-Poppin' Valentine," "The Island of Destiny," "The Book Agent," "The Kid Is Clever," "Some Boy," "This Is the Life," "The Beast," "The Serpent," "Gold and the Woman," "The Yankee Way" and "Pride of New York."

DONALD HALL—Born in Murree, North West Province, East India, August 14, 1888. Gray eyes, dark-brown hair, light complexion, is 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 170 pounds. Married. Stage experience—musical-comedy. Baritone lead in "Floradora" and "The Girl Behind the Counter"; has played with Anna Held, Fritzi Scheff and other well-known Broadway stars. Began screen career with Vitagraph in 1914. Has been with

Selznick, Astra-Pathé, Metro and Universal. Best-known pictures: "The Law Decides," "The Man Who Went Sane," "The Crucible of Fate," "A Daughter's Strange Fate," "The Scarlet Runner," "The Moth," "The On-the-Square Girl," "Alias Mrs. Jessop" and "The Raggedy Queen." Recently seen with Bessie Love in "The Great Adventure." Noted for his dignified carriage and courtly manners, every gesture being that of a prince.

THOMAS MEIGHAN—Born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Dark, wavy hair, blue eyes, 6 feet, weighs 190 pounds. Married to Frances Ring. First appearance with Henrietta Crosman in "Mistress Nell." Appeared with Elsie DeWolfe, John Mason, with William Collier in "The Dictator," all-star revival of "The Two Orphans," leading part in "College Widow," three years with David Warfield in "The Return of Peter Grimm," "Broadway Jones" in London, in original production of "On Trial" on Broadway. Always affiliated with Famous Players-Lasky pictures. Pictures of note: "The Fighting Hope," "Blackbirds," "Out of Darkness," "Puddin'head Wilson," "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," "The Sowers," "Sapho," "Sleeping Fires," "Her Better Self," "The Heir to the Hoorah," "The Slave Market," "The Mysterious Miss Terry," "Arms and the Girl," "Eve's Daughter." He is one of the well-known-leading-men set, and is now free-lancing it, not being permanently identified with any stock company.

ALMA RUBENS

JUNE CAPRICE

MAE MARSH

NILES WELCH

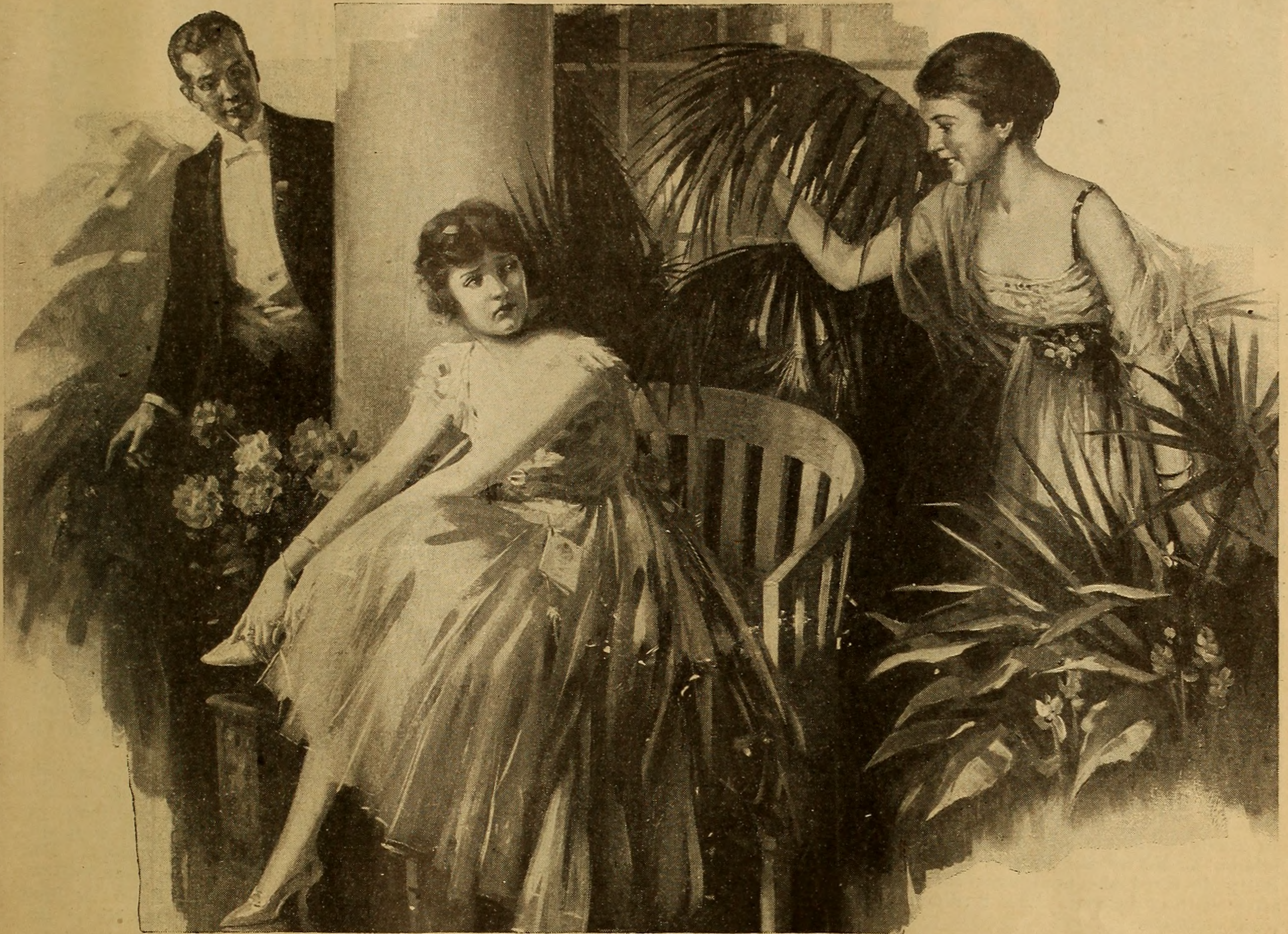
WM. S. HART

MAE MURRAY

CONSTANCE TALMADGE

GEORGE WALSH

THOMAS MEIGHAN



Ashamed of Corns

As People Should Be—They Are So Unnecessary

The instinct is to hide a corn. And to cover the pain with a smile.

For people nowadays know that a corn is passé. And that naught but neglect can account for it.

It is like a torn gown which you fail to repair. Or a spot which you fail to remove. The fault lies in neglecting a few-minute duty—just as with a corn.

Any corn pain can be stopped in a moment, and stopped for good. Any corn can be ended quickly and completely.

All that is necessary is to apply a little Blue-jay plaster. It is done in a jiffy. It means no inconvenience.

Then a bit of scientific wax begins its gentle action. In two days, usually, the whole corn disappears. Some old, tough corns require a second application, but not often.

Can you think of a reason for paring corns and letting them continue? Or for using harsh or mussy applications? Or of clinging to any old-time method which is now taboo?

Or for suffering corns—for spoiling hours—when millions of others escape?

Can you think of a reason for not trying Blue-jay? It is a modern scientific treatment, invented by a famous chemist. It is made by a house of world-wide fame in the making of surgical dressings.

It has ended corns by the tens of millions—corns which are just like yours. It is easy and gentle and sure, as you can prove for yourself tonight.

Try Blue-jay on one corn. If it does as we say, keep it by you. On future corns apply it the moment they appear. That will mean perpetual freedom. A corn ache, after that, will be unknown to you.

How Blue-jay Acts



A is a thin, soft pad which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

B is the B&B wax, which gently undermines the corn. Usually it takes only 48 hours to end the corn completely.

C is rubber adhesive which

sticks without wetting. It wraps around the toe and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

Blue-jay is applied in a jiffy. After that, one doesn't feel the corn. The action is gentle, and applied to the corn alone. So the corn disappears without soreness.

**B&B Blue-jay
For Corns**

Stops Pain Instantly—Ends Corns Completely

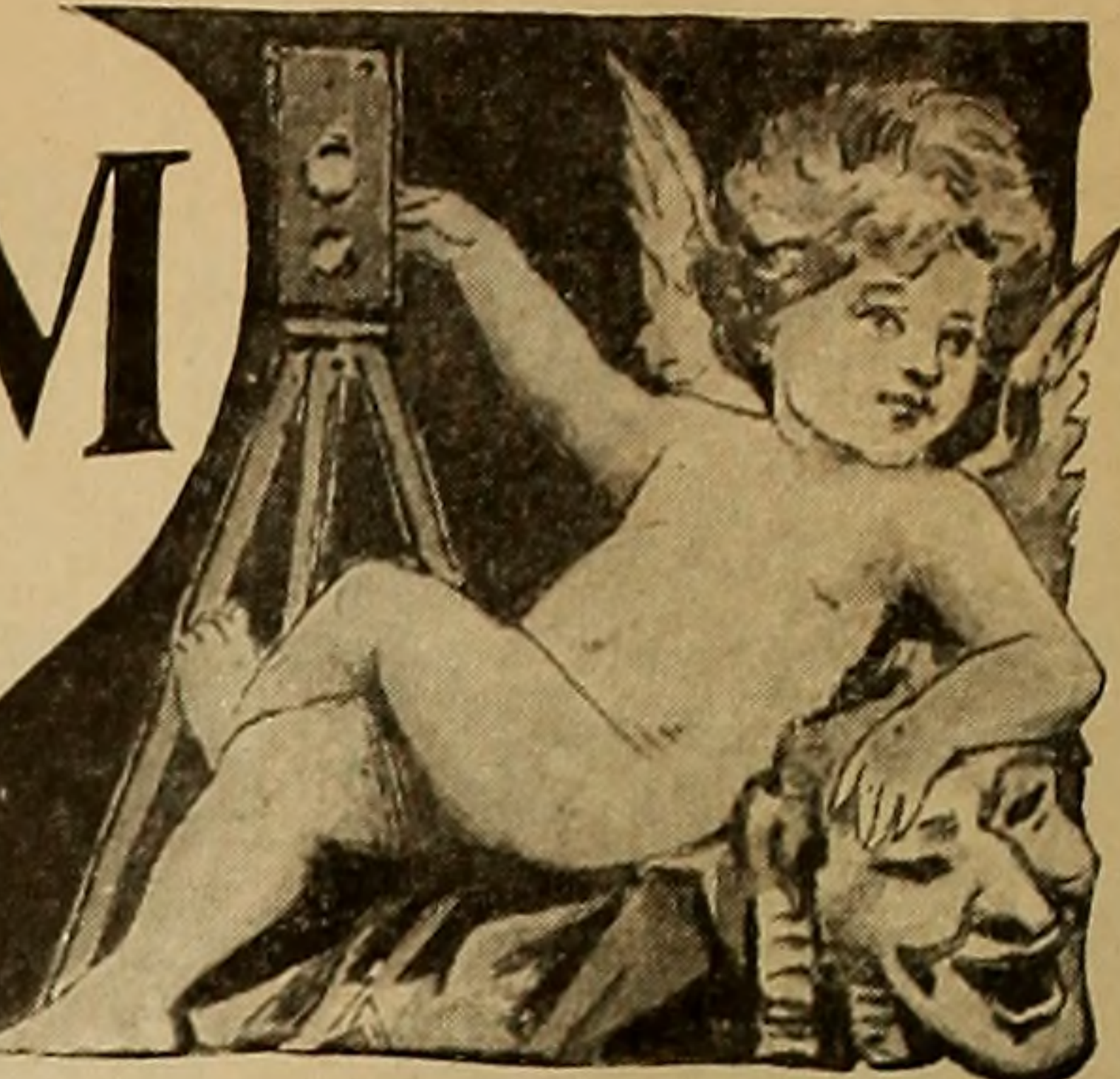
Large Package 25c at Druggists

Small Package Discontinued

BAUER & BLACK, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc., CHICAGO and NEW YORK



GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS



In his new comedy, "Moonshine," "Fatty" Arbuckle plays a government officer in search of stills. No, not picture stills, but whiskey stills.

Little **Mary Anderson** has been engaged by the Hayworth Company to play ingénue for Sessue Hayakawa. **Marin Sais** has also signed a contract to play leading-lady in the Jap's own company.

The marriage of **Ollie Kirkby** and **George Larkin** is announced. Congratulations!

Here is a **Sweet** announcement. **Blanche** has returned and will start production immediately under the management of Harry Carson. Her pictures will probably be released on the Select program.

Bill Hart has invested every dollar he owns in Liberty Bonds except \$824, which is in War Savings Certificates.

Ethel Clayton has signed a contract to star in a series of Paramount Pictures. She will commence her first picture at the West Coast Studios of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation early in June.

Chester Conklin is so stuck on his talents as an actor that he is doing a wall-paper picture.

The latest star to form a company of her own is **Marie Doro**. More definite announcement promised for next month.

Betty Blythe, who takes the part of Madame Arnot in "Over the Top," recently persuaded an aviator at the Keen Aviation Camp, Long Island, N. Y., to take her up. After alighting, Betty declared she no longer cared for earth after visiting heaven. The birdman refrained from comment.

And now **Herbert Howe**, whose writings you have enjoyed in this Magazine, will mark time in the tank service at Camp Colt, Gettysburg, Pa., instead of on a typewriter.

Raymond McKee, who made such a hit in Edison's "The Unbeliever," has completed the official Red Cross picture, "The Spirit of the Red Cross," and has enlisted as a sergeant in the Medical Corps of the army. He says any letters would be mighty welcome—address care of Friars' Club, N. Y. C.

"A Dog's Life" in this particular case was not very long. The little mongrel, to whom is due a full share of the success of **Charlie Chaplin's** new picture, had to be shot shortly after the completion of the picture. He was suffering from a severe attack of rabies; but he played his part—well.

All the Paramount-Mack Sennett beauties are polishing up their bathing-suits for the summer season. Ought not to take 'em long!

Lillian Gish will star in David W. Griffith's first Art-craft picture.

Can you imagine a more thrilling combination than **Elsie Ferguson** starring in Robert W. Chambers' "The Danger Mark"?

William Russell and **Harold Lockwood** enjoyed respective birthday celebrations on April 12th.

Mack Sennett is so busy he has his barber cut his hair at the studio. Wonder who cuts his pictures.

Polly Moran believes in bonds—both matrimonial and Liberty.

Charles Gunn, Paralta leading-man and one of the most active members of the Officers' Training Camp in Hollywood, volunteered to roast the "weenies" and toast the corn at the recent out-of-door party given by the camp. Mr. Gunn did all he was ordered to do; but he wore several of his fingers in bandages for a week following as a result of getting too close to his job.

Louise Huff says Jack Pickford loved to tease her about her Southern accent. Louise says, "Picky was always saying, 'Huffy, are you white or Southern?' We shall all miss Jack terribly, but are very proud he is in the Navy."

The **Balboa Producing Company** has ceased operations owing to lack of funds—a very good reason. Its accounts will be settled via the bankruptcy route.

Mary Charleson contracted a severe case of pneumonia while she was appearing opposite Henry Walthall in "Springtime." As a number of the scenes had already been celluloided, it was decided to discontinue the production until Miss Charleson could return to the studio.

Earle Williams has been nominated a "Big Brother" of the 159th Infantry, stationed at Camp Kearney. To clinch the relationship, he drove his Cadillac car, piled high with smokes of every description, to the camp to provide a "company" smoker.

The screen has been nosed out by the stage in the matter of the **Mary Roberts Rinehart** "Tish" stories, which were to have been made into a photodrama; but, instead, will be seen on the stage next season. After that, we shall probably have an opportunity to see the screen version.

Having lost her claim against Vitagraph, **Anita Stewart** has presented herself at the studio, ready to begin work. She will make up the time lost, which, according to her contract, the court says belongs to Vitagraph. "The 'Mind-the-Paint' Girl" will be her first vehicle.

What's this we hear? "The Echo" is **June Elvidge's** new picture. **John Bowers** is the leading-man.

Francis X. Bushman takes the part of a fighting parson, and **Beverly Bayne** is the girl he wins in "Cyclone Higgins, D.D.," than which nothing could be more appropriate.

Charlie Murray says that soda fountains are as popular with beer drinkers as the Germans are with the Allies.

Harry Depp, whose forte is playing women rôles in comedies, is going around on crutches as the result of a little voyage into the land of drama. While playing in a Tri-

angle feature picture, Harry failed to get out of the way of a taxi, and his foot was run over, several bones in his ankle being fractured.

Wallace MacDonald was arguing with his director, Raymond Wells, about the announcement that John Emerson and Anita Loos were going to write and direct for Fred Stone. Wallace shook his head. "It sounds unpropitious," said Wallace. "They say a Loos Stone gathers no moss."

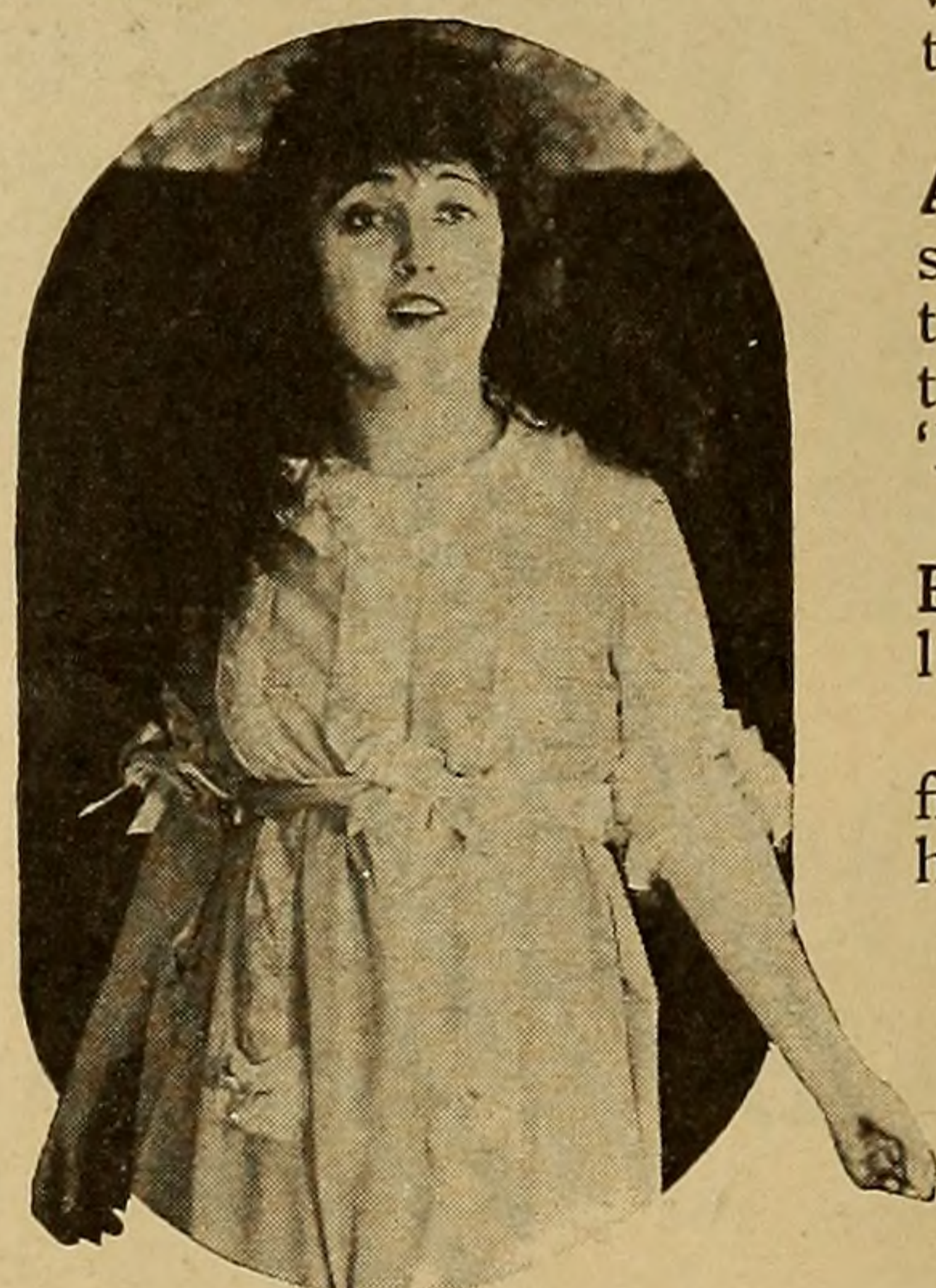
Cecile B. DeMille says that if there is a good moon, you never miss the stars, and so it is with a picture production if you have a good story.

House Peters and **Anna Lehr** are being starred in a State Rights feature by Edward Warren Productions, Inc.

Charles Swickard is still somewhere in Arizona finishing up "The Light of Western Stars," Zane Grey's story in which **Dustin Farnum** will make his independent début.

Alice Joyce, having completed "The Strength of the Weak," is now at work on an O. Henry masterpiece, "Find the Woman."

Marc Klaw, of the theatrical firm of Klaw & Erlanger, has arrived in Los Angeles. Asked if he was considering a Motion Picture venture, Mr. Klaw said, "The Motion Picture industry is in its infancy, and I don't like babies." All great men make mistakes sometimes!



MABEL NORMAND



GRAF'S
HYGLO
Manicure
Preparations

*It is easier to
manicure with these preparations*

- one removes the cuticle and cleans the nails
- one tints and polishes the nails

You will like *HYGLO* manicure preparations because *two take the place of four*. They are convenient and easy to use, and keep your nails always dainty and attractive without needless trouble and expense.

Manicure this newer way—have lovelier nails than ever. First, file your nails to the shape you like best. Then wrap a little cotton around the flat end of an orange stick and dip into

Graf's HYGLO Cuticle Remover and Nail Bleach (combined)

Rub lightly over the surface of the nails, and under the tips, to remove stains and discolorations. Dip cotton into the liquid again and run along base of nails, gently pushing back the cuticle and allowing to soak for just a moment. Then wipe away loosened cuticle with orange stick (no cutting is necessary) and see how attractive your nails begin to look. Next rinse your hands in clear water, dry thoroughly and finish with Graf's *HYGLO* Nail Polish.



Photo by Hartsook, L. A.

MAY ALLISON

Popular star of the screen says: "The idea of combining cuticle remover and nail bleach was a happy thought indeed. I am delighted with this new preparation. The *HYGLO* Nail Polish is an old favorite of mine because it tints and polishes the nails exceedingly well."



Hyglo Nail Polish, Cake Forms, contain as much material and last equally as long as cakes of many times their size. This is because they are compressed into a small form to prevent wasteful crumbling and breaking.

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Send 6 cents in stamps for HYGLO Sample Outfit

This outfit includes a small bottle of *HYGLO* Cuticle Remover and Nail Bleach, a sample of *HYGLO* Nail Polish Powder, an orange stick, emery boards and cotton. Send for it today and see how much easier you can manicure—and how beautiful you can really keep your nails. Once you have tried *HYGLO* Manicure Preparations we are sure you will prefer them to all others.

Graf's *HYGLO* Manicure Preparations are sold at leading stores. *HYGLO* Cuticle Remover and Nail Bleach (combined) costs 25c in an extra large bottle. *HYGLO* Nail Polish, powder, in dainty celluloid tube, costs 25c; cake forms, 25c and 50c. Order direct from us if your dealer is not yet supplied.

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For the enclosed 6c (in stamps) please send me the *HYGLO* Sample Manicure Outfit.
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LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM



Harold Lockwood is to be the hero in the screening of four popular novels which the Yorke-Metro Company has purchased for him. They are, "Lend Me Your Name" and "Pals First," by Francis Perry Elliott; "The Yellow Dove," by George Gibbs; and "A King in Khaki," by Henry Kitchell Webster.

William Duncan shed the pursuing dollars of Pathé and remained a Vitagraph serial star. Not but what the Pathé shekels were just as good, but Vitagraph came across with more numerous ones. His new Vitagraph serial will be released July 15th under the title of "A Fight for Millions."

Harry Carey has just signed a new two-year contract with Universal. Before becoming a picture actor, Carey was a cowboy, street railway superintendent, an author, lawyer, actor, manager, director, athlete, prize-fighter, miner, expert swimmer and engineer. All's well that ends well!

Chairman **George J. Denis**, of **Charlie Chaplin's** draft district in Los Angeles, announces that the little fellow, despite persistent rumors, has been placed in Class Five and is not likely to be called for some time. He weighs only 110 pounds and is not in the best of health.

Mae Murray says that no girl can hope to make a success in films unless she has shapely legs. She must be symmetrical from the shoe-laces up. Sooner or later she will be called upon to display her supporting cast. No matter how beautiful her facial features, if her underpinning is not artistic, she won't get across.

Norman Kerry, the pride of Chesapeake Bay, and **Constance Talmadge**, the play-actress, are contemplating matrimony—and to each other!

Mme. Lina Cavalieri, who has just finished her work in "Gismonda," a very elaborate Famous Players-Lasky production, will next be seen in a modern drama in which she will portray a well-known grand opera singer—a rôle in which she should feel quite at home.

Maud Hill went into a manager's office for an engagement the other day. Said the manager, "No, no—not with that face. We want a French type—not an Irish beauty." Miss Hill is still in doubt as to whether she would rather be the latter or have a job.

Marie Prevost, of the Mack Sennett forces, was very nearly drowned during the filming of "His Smothered Love." Miss Prevost was out on a rock when a big wave came along and swept her off. Teddy, the dog, saw her head bob up, and, after fighting his way to her, caught her dress in his mouth and finally reached the shore. Miss Prevost's head was under water during the swim to shore and she was unconscious when pulled out of the sea, but was finally resuscitated.

Cleo Madison, who was one of the earliest of the women directors and for several years a Universal star, has returned to the screen after an absence of nearly a year on the legitimate stage. Cleo will appear in the National Film Company's next production.

Chet Franklin, one of the famous Franklin boys, has been called into service at American Lake, Wash. Sid Franklin will therefore direct Norma Talmadge single-handed.

After an absence of eight months, due to a fractured leg, **J. Warren Kerrigan** will begin work at once at the Paralta studio on "Toby," from the novel by Credo Harris.

Roscoe Arbuckle has been placed in Class 5 by the Los Angeles draft board. Roscoe seems to be a little over weight. They didn't even put him on the scales, just gave him the once over and that settled it.

Joe Citron and **Allan Dwan** were going up in the elevator of the Los Angeles Athletic Club the other day when they passed the bar, which is in the rear on the third floor. Said Joe, quick as a flash, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." A good joke. Want to know why? The town went dry and they had to close the bar.

Thanks to her leading-man, **Hale Hamilton**, playing hero off the screen as well as on, **May Allison** was saved from a bad accident while taking exterior scenes for "The Winning of Beatrice." Miss Allison stood up in the car before it stopped, catching the heel of her slipper in the hem of her gown. Mr. Hamilton caught her!

Anna Q. Nilsson, working on her second Metro picture, has been learning the use of the lariat under the expert guidance of Bert Lytell. Miss Nilsson has mastered the knack sufficiently to be able to "rope" her own horse.

Liberty Loan buttons are more popular than diamonds in the Metro studio just now. Perhaps in many cases the disappearance of the latter causes the appearance of the former, which is a change for the better.

Edith Storey has taken up aviation and intends to master it at all hazards.

The lace gown worn by **Nazimova** in "Toys of Fate" was made entirely by hand by an order of Italian nuns and took over a year to complete.

Having finished "The Firefly of France," **Wallace Reid** is starting on another *Saturday Evening Post* story, "The Source," and will probably go up to the Lasky lumber camp in Washington for filming of many of the scenes. **Ann Little** is scurrying around hunting a blonde wig which she must wear in this production, as she is again to be Wally's leading-woman.

Mary MacLaren has finished her first production for Bluebird and is resting at home, while her sister, **Katherine MacDonald**, Bill Hart's leading-woman, is taking a short vacation until the "bad man" returns from his Liberty Bond trip. Miss MacDonald is going to do two pictures with Mr. Hart before hitching her wagon to another star.

Altho **Alice Brady's** favorite indoor sport is making Select Pictures, her favorite outdoor one seems to be catching trains. No sooner did she return to New York from Boston, whither she had gone to make a Liberty Loan speech, than she received orders to catch the train for Asheville, North Carolina, to film outdoor episodes of her next picture.

The Christie studio combines lights with daylight in all their sets. "This," elucidates Al. Christie, "gives Christie comedies their pleasing high lights."

Ashton Dearholt, since assuming the rôle of heavy juvenile in Universal's serial, "The Brass Bullet," changed the color of his car from modest blue to a dashing yellow. Also it has been noted that he drives entirely with the cut-out on his car open. This is an example of what those serial rôles will do to good-looking, unassuming young men.

Joe Rock, Vitagraph comedian, has harkened to the lure of the mountains and now spends his leisure time cutting dirt-steps in the mountainside which leads up to a log cabin, where Joe is bachelor of all he surveys.

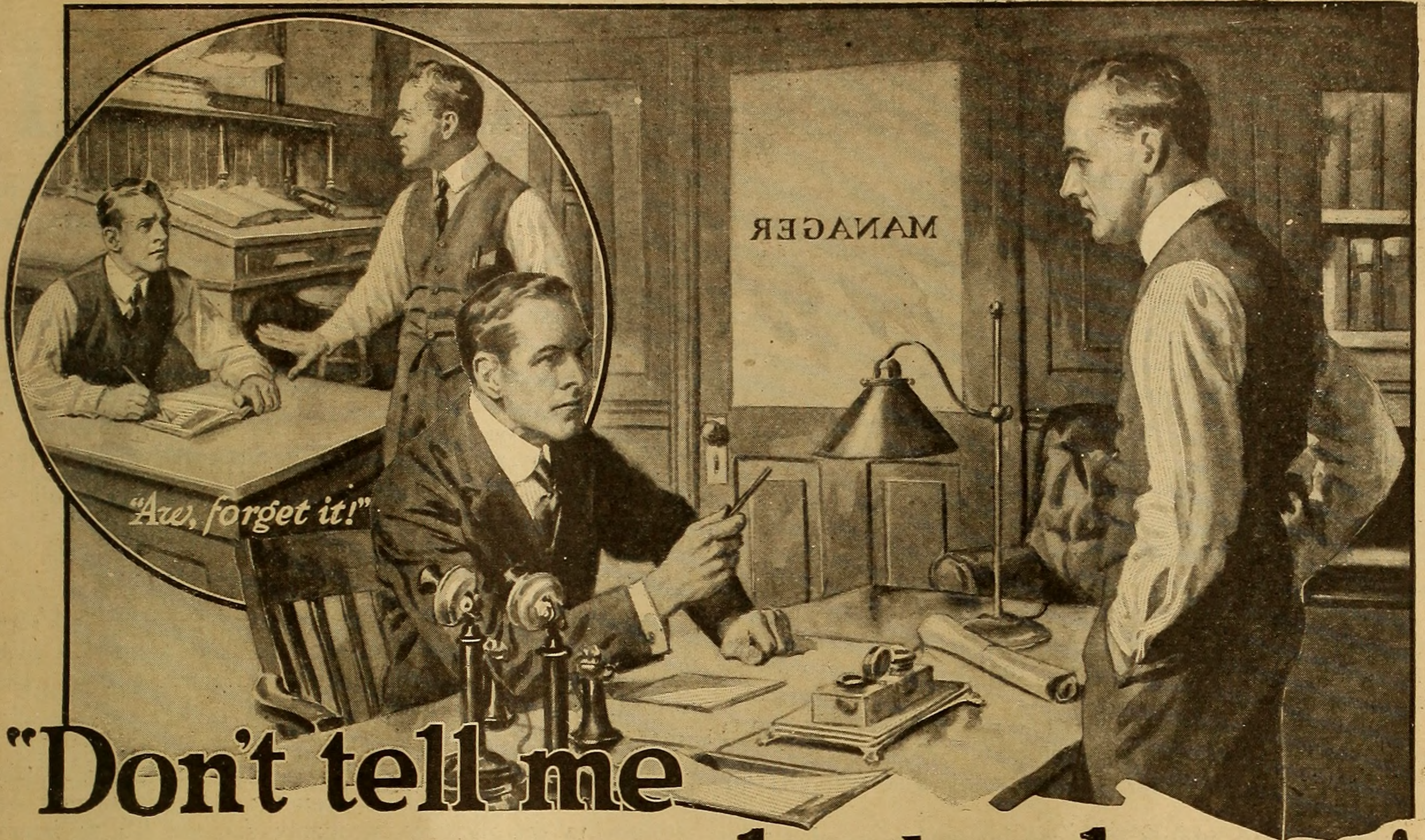
Gladys Brockwell has designed a slipper which will be known by her name. It consists of merely a platform following the outline of the bottom of her foot and the smallest place possible for her toe to slip in. The heel is rather high, but practically all of the foot is visible as she walks and there is perfect freedom of movement. The trouble with the Gladys Brockwell slipper is that it is designed only for pretty feet.

Willard Louis takes the part of a detective effectively in Fox's "Her One Mistake." He is an adept in the matter of make-up, and, with a cigar and a few touches, he can be the typical "bull."

"The Hand at the Window," the latest Triangle production, featuring **Marjery Wilson** and **Joe King**, is the screen adaptation of "In the Spring," a magazine story by **John Morosco**.



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The Movie Dictionary

COMPILED BY "THE PHOTOPLAY PHILOSOPHER" WHILE VIEWING AND REVIEWING THE MOVIES FOR THE LAST SEVEN YEARS AND JOTTED DOWN IN HIS NOTEBOOK. THE MORAL (AND IMMORAL) LESSONS HE HAS LEARNT FROM THE STAGE AND SCREEN AND FROM THE VARIOUS LOBBIES AND AUDIENCES ARE HERE GIVEN FOR THE FIRST TIME, AND THEY WILL BE CONTINUED EVERY MONTH.

Automobile—A modern contrivance invented to help a person to put up a big bluff. Also a first aid to the uninjured. The first thing a player buys when he or she becomes a star. There are two kinds: Fords, and all others.

Bigot—The other fellow.

Coquet—A female general who builds her fame on her advances. **Coquetry**—The ammunition she uses which is more deadly than shrapnel, judging from the army of men that fall before it. Woman's natural inheritance.

Cowboy—A hero. He is always brave, virtuous and daring. He seldom works, and his principal occupation is killing Indians, rescuing pretty girls and chasing villains.

Democracy—A form of government wherein all persons can safely be treated with equal disrespect, but a great improvement on the kind that we are now threatened with.

Example—Contagious behavior. Particularly those examples we see in every photoplay.

Fly—Something that is seen on the screen all too frequently.

Genius—Any player who can become a popular star without a press-agent.

Hope—The bridge that spans the river of disappointment.

I—The star of the play who always takes the center of the scene and insists that the other players must keep in the background.

Idiot—One who disturbs everybody around him by reading the titles aloud or telling what comes next. See Jay.

Jay—See Idiot.

Kinetoscope—Boston for movies.

Leader—The printed words in photoplay that are supposed to say what the actors cant act. Since we go to see a play, not to read a book, leaders should be few and far between.

Movies—Polite slang for Motion Pictures. The word was not coined, but simply grew, in spite of all we could do to stop it.

Nazimova—The Bernhardt of the films.

Obesity—See Arbuckle.

Powder—A substance applied to the face to stop up the pores of the skin, to make old women a little more ugly, and young women a little less pretty. But it's the fashion, so 'nuff said.

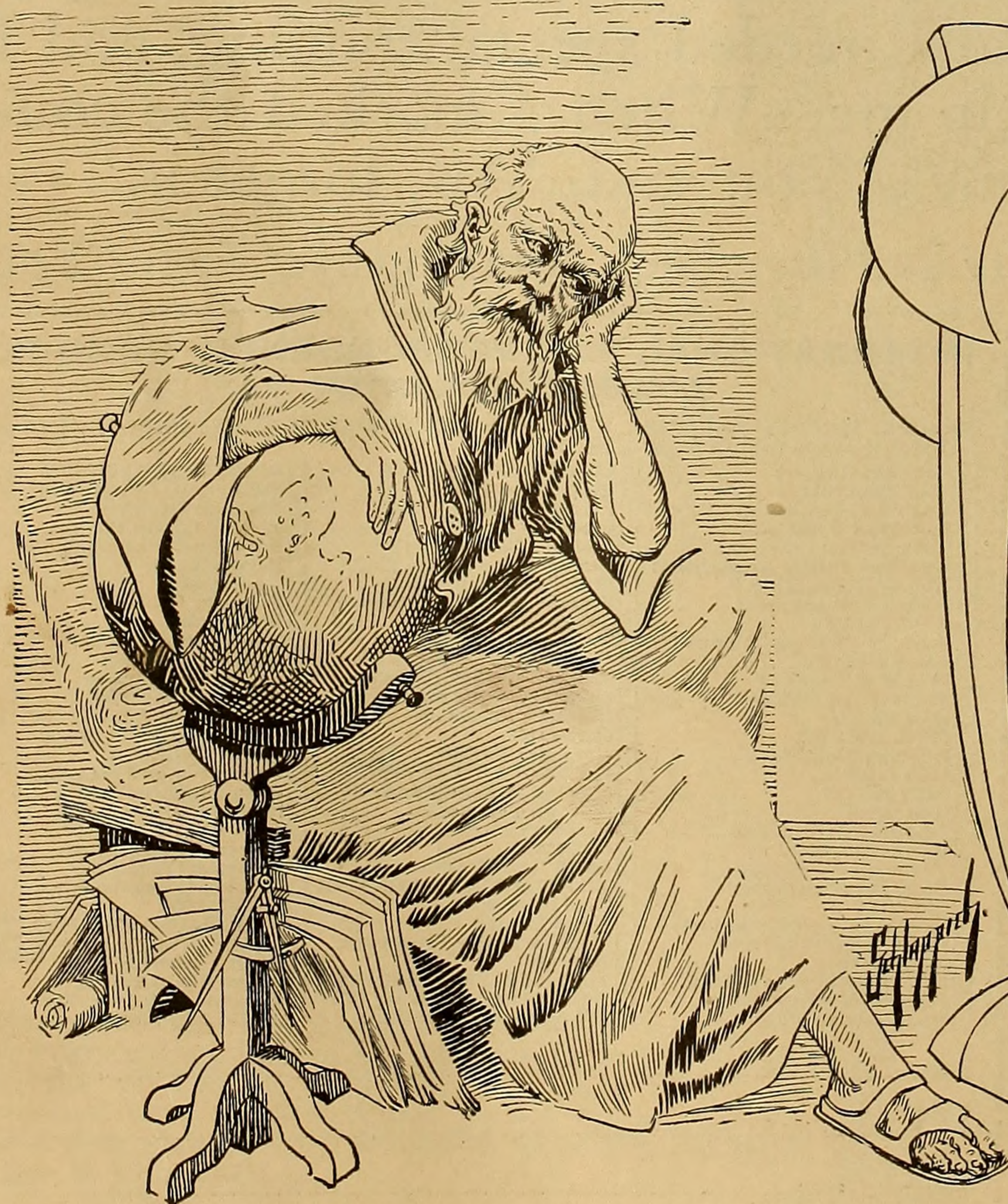
Q—See the Answer Man.

Rag-time—A kind of classic music that the pianist plays to accompany death scenes and other solemn occasions in the pictures, probably because it's so heart-rending to most refined ears.

Sympathy—The one charitable gift of some people. Much needed by certain of our screen comedians, and even more so by most of our comedy writers.

Toilet—The arsenal of coquetry. See Coquet.

Whisky—Trouble put up in liquid form.



Omar Once Again

By FREDERICK MOXON

"We are no other than a moving row
Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and
go."
—*The Rubaiyat.*

Methods old Omar, if alive today,
Would verse-philosophize some newer
way,

And going homeward, when the reels
were done,
Have something like the following to say:


"We are The Public, sitting row on row,
Watching the Magic Films that come and
go,

While Fun and Pathos, mingling, teach
our hearts
How close to Nature is the Movie Show.

"A Pair of Tickets (cheap enough, I vow),
A Cosy Seat, a Candy Box, and Thou
Beside me, in the restful Semi-Dark.
The Movie House were Para-
dise enow!"

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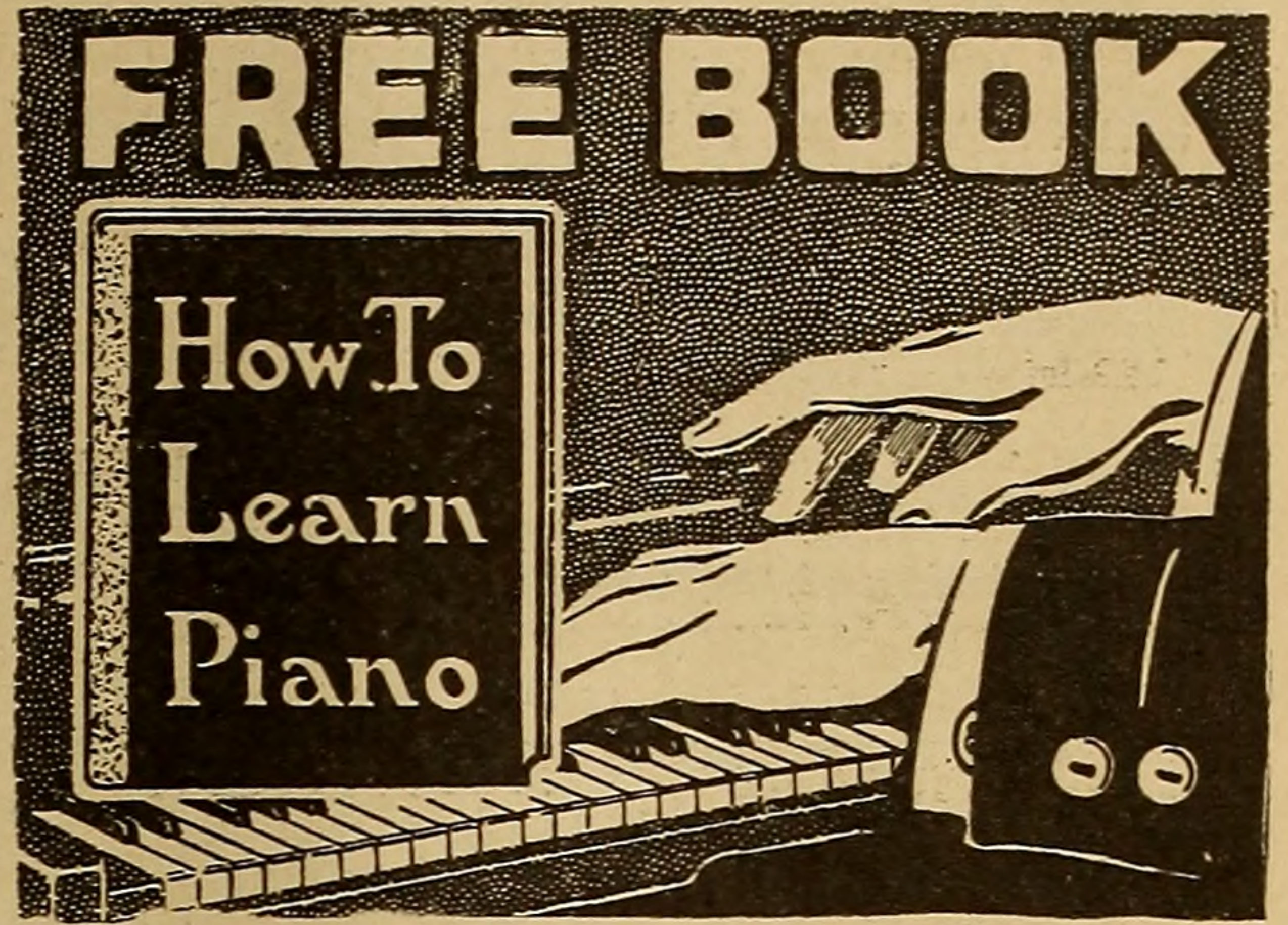
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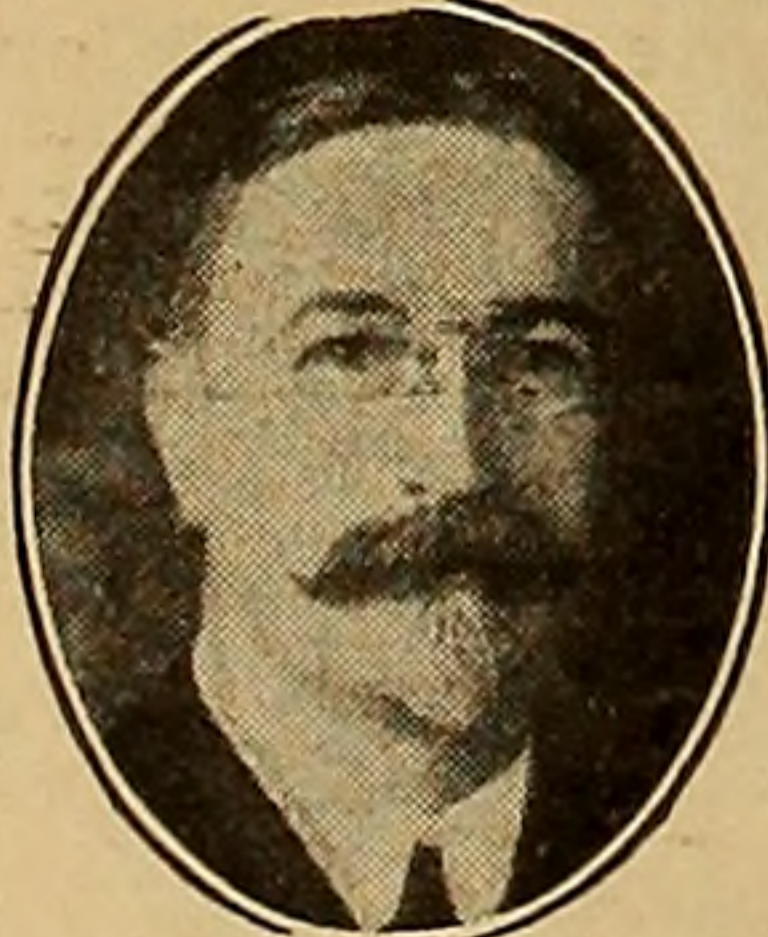
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KNICKERBOCKER STUDIOS 85 Gaiety Bldg., N. Y. C.

Scenarioizing a Great Play

(Continued from page 46)

Continuing foreground, Anna rises instantly and prepares to go. As she reaches the doorway she turns, thanks him, then exits.

SCENE (library)—The Baron rises from his chair lazily as Julian is shown in by the servant. The Baron bows courteously. Rolfe acknowledges his salutation, gets down to business directly. He says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"I've come to ask your help. Anna Mirrel has disappeared."

Continuing scene, the Baron smiles lazily and says, "Why do you come to me about it?" Rolfe replies forcefully that he won't be satisfied until he finds her. The Baron then observes:

SPOKEN TITLE—"Mr. Rolfe, I warn you not to be carried away by that young woman. Her type is common in Russia."

Continuing scene, the Baron then propitiatingly tries to tell Rolfe that he is wasting his sympathy. Rolfe stops the Baron.

SCENE—Close-up of Rolfe as he exclaims indignantly:

SPOKEN TITLE—"Let me inform you, Baron, that I expect to marry Miss Mirrel."

Continuing foreground, Rolfe looks directly at the Baron.

SCENE—Foreground of the Baron and Rolfe. The Baron is slightly embarrassed. His one thought is to get Rolfe out of the room. He tells Rolfe he will be glad to do what he can for him. Rolfe thanks him.

SCENE (the inner room)—Anna is seated, calmly waiting. She is too tired to think.

SCENE (Baron's library)—Foreground of Rolfe and the Baron. Rolfe says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"The important thing now is to find her."

Continuing foreground, the Baron shrugs his shoulders and answers:

SPOKEN TITLE—"I do not know where she is. A thoro search shall be made and I shall report at once."

Continuing foreground. With that the Baron bows. Rolfe says "Good-night," and exits.

SCENE—Full set. As Rolfe goes out, the Baron walks to the fireplace. The servant enters and the Baron says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"You may go for the night. I do not wish to be disturbed."

Continuing scene, the servant turns and goes out. The Baron crosses after him and locks the door. Then he goes to the other room and, opening it, calls Anna. Anna appears.

SCENE—Foreground of Anna as she comes forward. She is waiting for her card of protection.

SCENE—Foreground of the Baron. He stands beside the table. As he calls Anna, she comes into the picture. He offers her some brandy, but she refuses. He tells her it is good for her. As he holds the glass to her she feels it would be ungrateful to refuse. She takes it, then she says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"It's very late. Please give me the card and I'll go."

Continuing foreground, the Baron smiles at her, and he remarks:

SPOKEN TITLE—"You're cold, my child. You must get warm first. Sit by the fire."

Continuing foreground, the Baron pushes her toward the chair, and then, pulling out her hatpins, places her hat on the table.

SCENE—Close-up of Anna. She is un-

comfortable, but she does not know how to avoid the situation.

SCENE (Baron's library)—The Baron stops in front of her, pulls her toward him and says slowly:

SPOKEN TITLE—"I'll cancel the yellow ticket and you shall be left in peace if you'll be sensible tonight. Do you understand?"

Continuing scene, Anna, as she realizes what the Baron means, rises and retreats from him in horror. With a short laugh, the Baron seizes her by the wrists, draws her to him and kisses her. Finally she struggles free and flies out of picture toward door.

SCENE—Foreground of the door. As Anna in terror reaches it, she finds it locked. She shakes it, and pounds, but in vain. Then she turns wild with fear.

SCENE—Full set. The Baron smiles grimly. He says at last, as he comes near her:

SPOKEN TITLE—"You have everything to gain and nothing to lose."

Continuing scene. Anna watches him with terror. Still she does not move.

SCENE—Foreground. The Baron tries to seize her by the shoulder. Anna manages to elude him, flies over toward the fireplace, out of the picture.

SCENE—Foreground of Anna as she reaches the table. She glides around it so that it is between her and the Baron. He comes toward her. She lowers her eyes.

SCENE—Close-up of Anna's hat, with the hatpins showing.

SCENE—Foreground of Anna at the table. A thought seizing her, she sidles in front of the table so that the Baron cannot see her hand as she puts it back of her upon the hat. The Baron seizes her by the other arm. She begins to pull out the hatpin.

SCENE—Close-up of Anna's hat with the hatpin being slowly removed.

SCENE—Full set. The Baron seizes Anna and attempts to crush her to him. At the same time he drags her toward the portieres leading to a third room. Anna suddenly plunges the hatpin into his heart. Baron staggers, falls, holding onto portieres. Anna stands watching Baron, fascinated. Baron raises himself on portieres, which he pulls down with him. Anna stands as if petrified, looking neither to left nor right. She picks up hat and coat, always conscious of what is lying a few feet from her, rushes toward door. She suddenly remembers key in Baron's pocket, shivers at the idea of touching him. Slowly goes toward Baron, sinks down on her knees, fumbles in his clothes, finds key, quickly rushes back to door, her body quivering. With shaking fingers, Anna turns key in lock and disappears.

SCENE (the police station)—Anna walks in and goes up to the inspector in charge and speaks:

SPOKEN TITLE—"I have killed Baron Andrey."

Continuing scene, the inspector is outraged and horrified at her confession. He calls two officers and Anna is seized and led off. The inspector then, much excited, telephones.

SCENE (Count's study)—He is in foreground, languidly playing a piano and smoking. Hearing his telephone, he lazily answers it. As he hears the news which means that he is the Chief of the Okhrana, his nonchalant manner slips

from him, and he becomes cruel and directing in a moment.

SCENE (hotel lobby, morning)—Julian comes in. He looks wild-eyed and disheveled. In a dead way he meets the concierge. The latter hands him a note. As Julian sees the writing he starts quickly, opens the note and reads:

INSERT—Foreground of note: "My Dearest—This is to explain I went to Baron Andrey. He had promised me protection from the police. He deceived me. In self-defense I killed him. I am giving myself up. Good-by. Dont try to see me. It is an ugly business. ANNA."

Continuing scene, in great haste Rolfe starts out at once.

SCENE (Anna's cell)—Anna sits there in the morning light, not moving, utterly indifferent to what happens.

SUBTITLE—"Count Rostov Replaces His Uncle as Head of the Okhrana."

SCENE (interior of Okhrana as per 2)—Rostov enters and grimly takes his place at the table. Paviak is present. Rostov says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"Bring in the Jewess who killed Baron Andrey."

Continuing scene, as two officers go to execute his order, Paviak looks puzzled.

SCENE—Foreground of Paviak, remarks to the Count:

SPOKEN TITLE—"Forgive me, your excellency, but the newspapers say the Baron died of heart failure."

Continuing foreground, the Count looks at him sharply and answers:

SPOKEN TITLE—"I announced that to save an ugly scandal. That will not prevent me from punishing the girl as she deserves."

Continuing foreground. The Count looks the epitome of cruelty. Paviak accepts the situation as quite natural.

SCENE—Full set. Anna is brought in. Anna turns her eyes to the Count. Count looks at her steadily. Their eyes meet, his with an expression of cruel vigilance, hers with the expression of a sleep-walker. Count orders men to search Anna. One of the guards tears off Anna's coat. Goes thru pockets. She slowly hands him leather bag. Guard empties its contents on table. She takes off hat mechanically, stands holding one hatpin in her hand. Hatpin matches one with which she stabbed Baron, which is lying on Count's desk. Count asks her to hand hatpin to him, compares it with pin lying before him. Anna, catching sight of other hatpin, starts back for a moment. She staggers slightly, quickly pulls herself together. Count glares at her, orders guards out of room. All exit with the exception of Paviak out of room. Count Rostov turns to Anna.

SCENE (hallway outside Okhrana)—Rolfe rushes in, speaks to attendant. Attendant at first refuses to take Rolfe's name in, but Rolfe is persistent. Attendant opens heavy doors, enters, leaving Rolfe outside.

SCENE (interior Okhrana as per 2)—Attendant approaches Rostov, hands him Rolfe's card. Count expresses that attendant is to show Rolfe in. Two officers lead Anna out thru other door. Rolfe is ushered into room. Count meets Rolfe with outstretched hand. Rolfe's eyes have desperate gleam, his jaw set. Count asks Rolfe to be seated. Rolfe refuses to sit. Remains standing, says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"I want to see Anna Mirrel."

Continuing scene, Count Rostov is nervous. Talks to one of his attendants in whispers, turns back to Rolfe, says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"Those held for murder can see no one."

Continuing scene, Rolfe stands, nervously thinking the matter over.



You, too, can have a youthful complexion like mine—it isn't a question of age at all

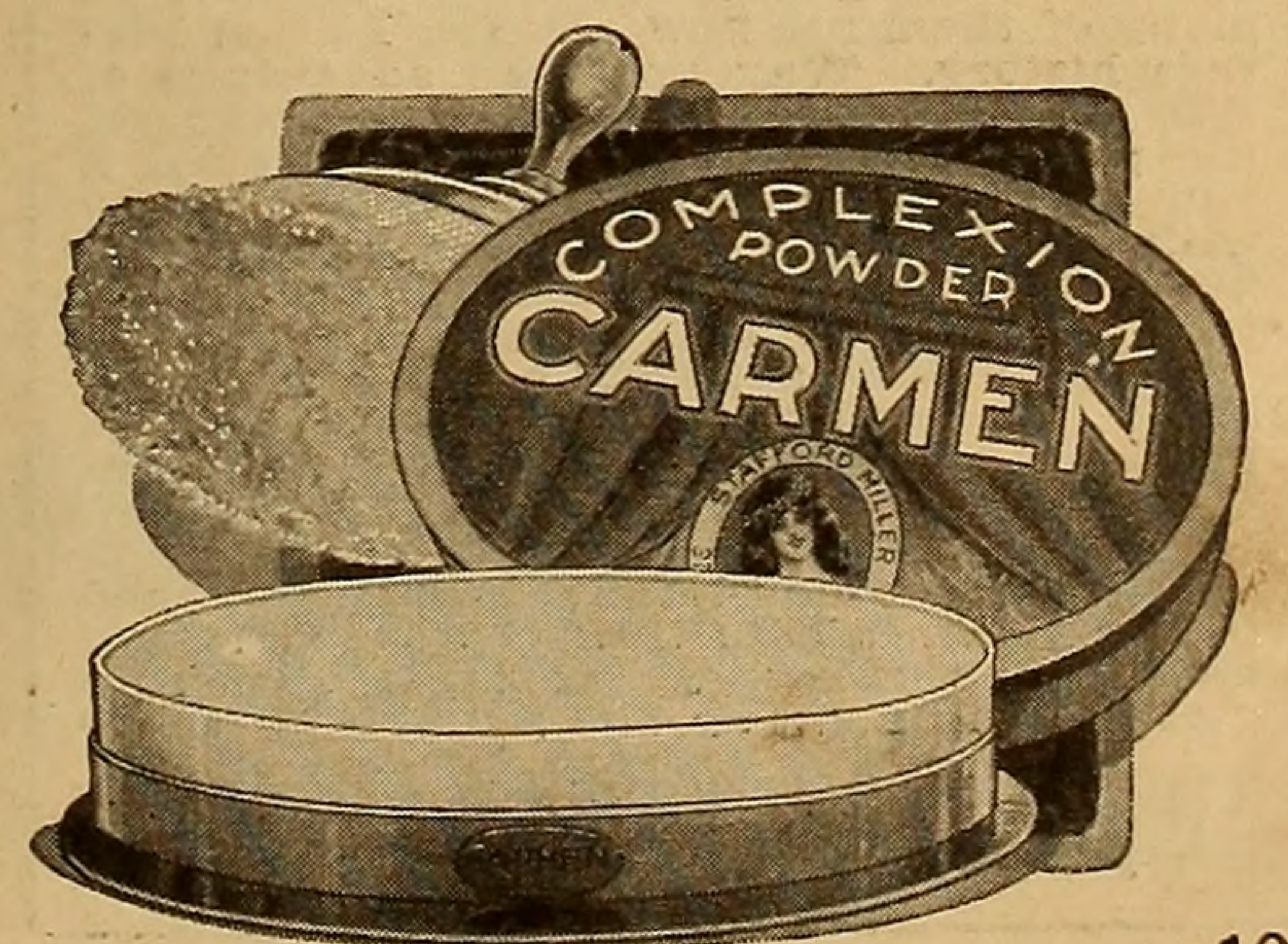
To have that fresh, youthful complexion, that soft, velvety appearance so much admired —you need only use

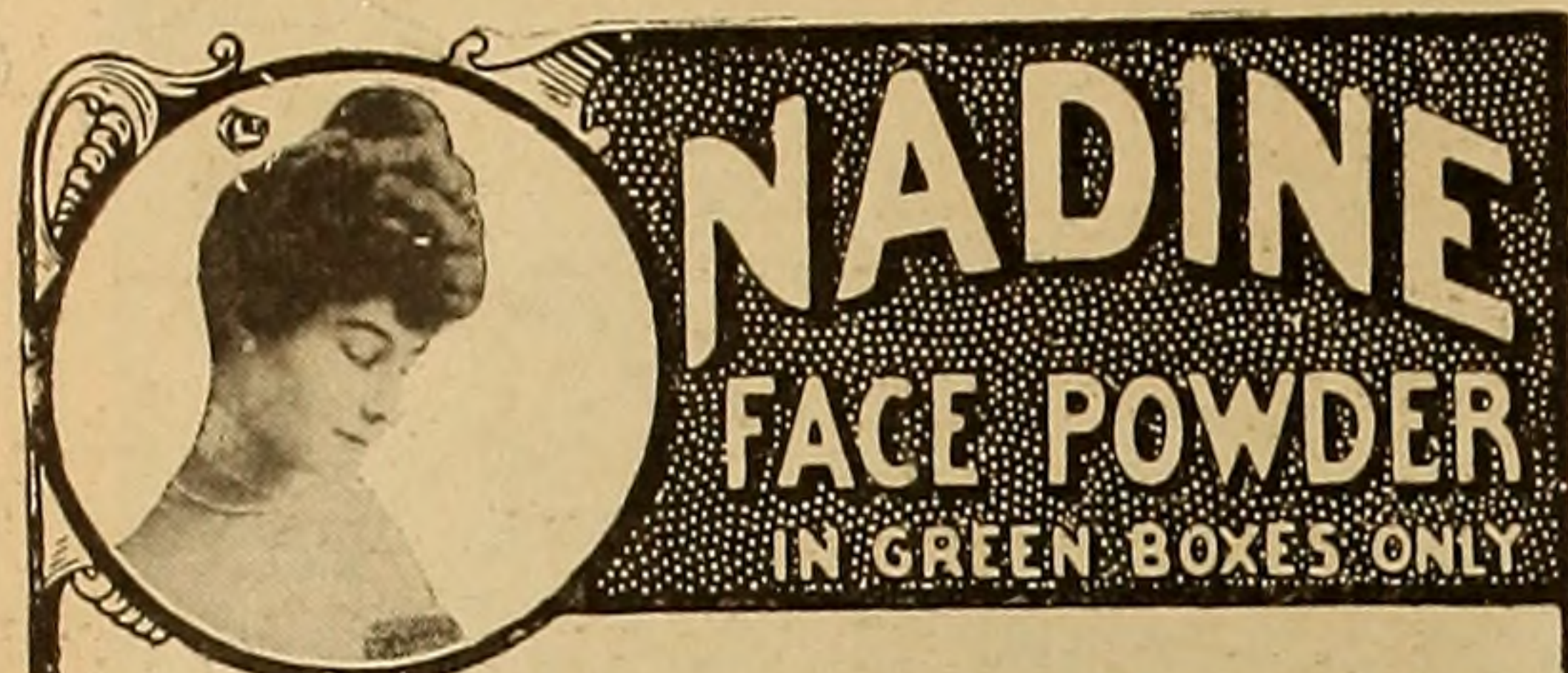
CARMEN COMPLEXION POWDER

which is distinctively different and better than other powders because it is so fine and delicately tinted that it blends exquisitely with the complexion, giving the skin that clear transparency and velvety texture that only a perfect complexion possesses naturally.

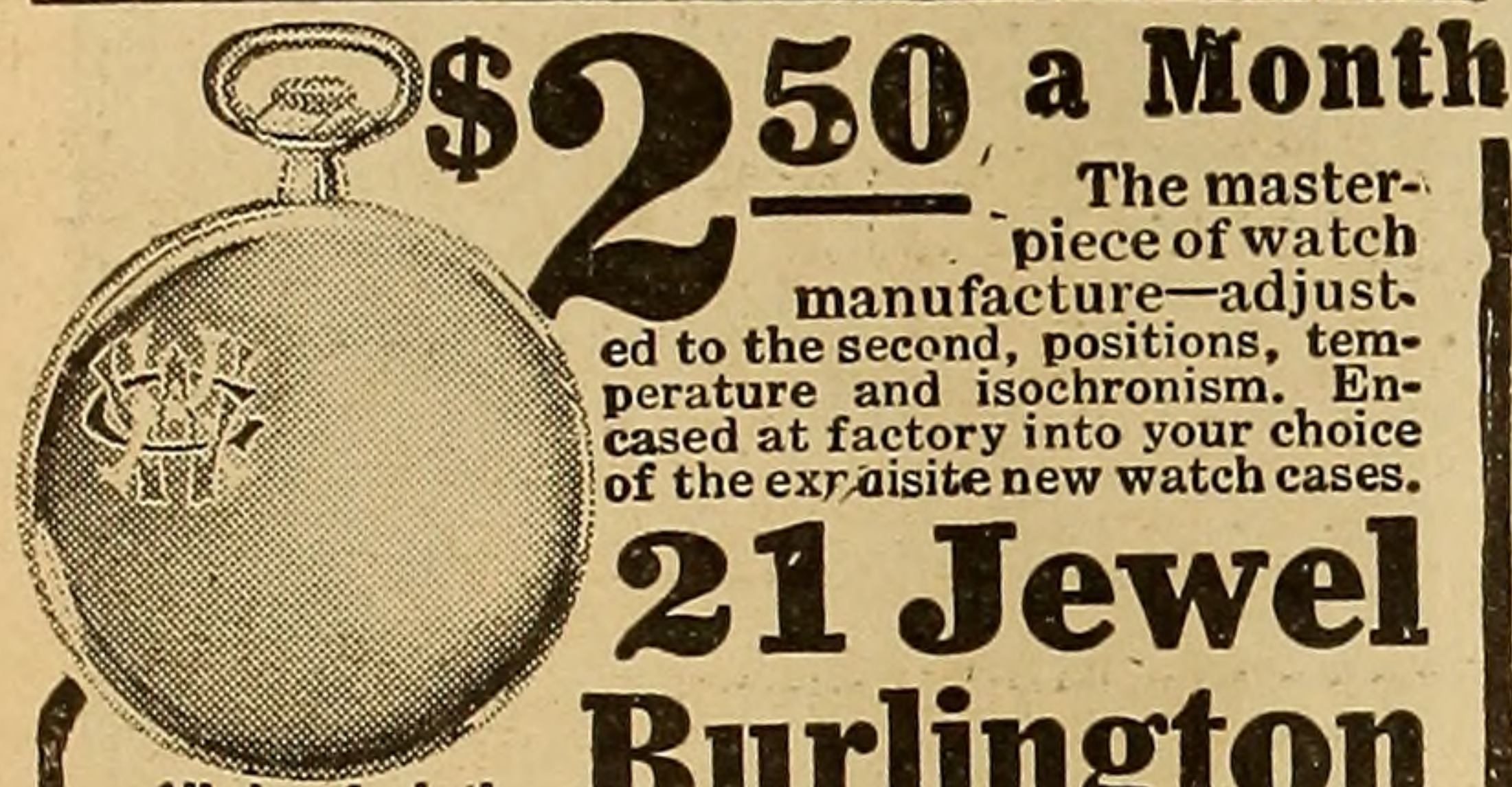
Delightfully perfumed with a rich and definite odor. Soft and light as down, adheres closely—doesn't blow off.

White, Pink, Flesh, Cream—50c Everywhere





Makes the Complexion Beautiful
SOFT AND VELVETY. Money
 back if not entirely pleased.
 Nadine is pure and harmless. Adheres until
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 of the exquisite new watch cases.

21 Jewel Burlington

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 The great Burlington Watch sent on simple request.
 Pay at rate of \$2.50 a month. You get the watch at
 the same price even the wholesale jeweler must pay.
Write Today for Free Watch Book
 See handsome color illustrations of all the newest
 designs in watches that you have to choose from.
 Your name and address on a postcard is enough.
 Get this offer while it lasts. Write today.
 Burlington Watch Co. Dept. B-154 204 & Marshall Blvd. Chicago



Bring Out the Hidden Beauty
 Beneath the soiled, discolored, faded or aged
 complexion is one fair to look upon. Mercolized
 Wax gradually, gently absorbs the devitalized sur-
 face skin, revealing the young, fresh, beautiful skin
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Mercolized Wax in one ounce package, with direc-
 tions for use, sold by all druggists.

**THE STAGE
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The handsomest deck of cards ever made.
 The backs are a beautiful blend of pink,
 cream, green and gold with gold edges;
 flexible, highly finished, lively and durable;
 fifty-two cards and joker to each pack.

**PORTRAITS OF THE GREAT
 STARS**

Each card contains a portrait of a great
 star, including Marguerite Clark, David
 Warfield, Julia Marlowe, Alla Nazimova,
 E. H. Sothern, Willie Collier, Blanche
 Bates, Rose Stahl, Blanche Ring, Frank
 Daniels, Anna Held, Grace George, James
 O'Neill, Ellen Terry, Henrietta Crosman,
 Frances Starr, Margaret Anglin, Eddie Foy,
 Mrs. Fiske, Harry Woodruff, Mrs. Leslie
 Carter, Cissy Loftus, and other well-known
 stars. Most of these great players, and
 most of the others, have already made
 their appearance on the screen, and every
 one of them has made stage history, as
 many of them are now making Motion Pic-
 ture history. Why not take advantage of
 this opportunity to make a collection of
 the portraits of these great stars, even if
 you do not want to use the cards to play
 with? (Please note that this set of cards has
 no connection with the set of Motion Pic-
 ture cards in our new game called "Cast.")

Only 50 cents a pack, in handsome tele-
 scope box, mailed to any address, postage
 prepaid, on receipt of price. (One-cent
 stamps accepted. If a 50-cent piece is sent,
 wrap it in folded paper and enclose in
 envelope in your letter. An unwrapped
 coin sometimes cuts thru the envelope and
 is lost in the mails. It is perfectly safe
 also to send a dollar bill by mail.)

THE M. P. PUBLISHING COMPANY
 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SCENE—Close-up of Rolfe as he re-
 marks:

SPOKEN TITLE—"How can you hold her
 for the death of a man whom you offi-
 cially announce died of heart failure?"

Continuing foreground. Rolfe looks
 sharply toward the Count, then changes
 his directness of manner and observes:

SPOKEN TITLE—"Of course, if it were
 not heart failure I have Miss Mirrel's
 confession in my pocket, which would
 make interesting reading for the world at
 large."

Continuing foreground, Rolfe waits to
 see how his remarks will sink in.

SPOKEN TITLE—"Mr. Rolfe, we happen
 to know that you killed the Baron your-
 self in jealousy. You must face the con-
 sequences."

Continuing foreground as the Count
 says this. Rolfe looks at him and laughs.

SCENE—Close-up of Julian as he says:
 SPOKEN TITLE—"You cant railroad me
 into Siberia on a blank charge."

Continuing foreground, Julian waits
 defiantly.

SCENE—Full set. The Count gives the
 order to arrest Julian. Julian tells them
 not to touch him. Nevertheless they
 seize him.

SCENE (American Consulate's office)—
 Close-up of Consul at telephone. He
 looks at watch, calls number.

SCENE (Okhrana as per 2)—As they
 start to lead Rolfe out, telephone rings.
 Rolfe smiles. Paviak answers telephone,
 turns to Count.

SPOKEN TITLE—"The American Consul
 would like to speak to Mr. Julian Rolfe."

Continuing scene, Count angrily says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"He's not here."

SCENE (Consulate office)—Consul shak-
 ing receiver in violent rage, calls number.

SCENE (interior Okhrana as per 2)—
 Paviak, taking down receiver, listens
 quietly, turns to Rostov, repeats message,
 says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"He says he has an ap-
 pointment with Mr. Rolfe here in ten
 minutes, and he is coming directly."

SCENE—Foreground of Rostov talking
 to Paviak. Paviak warns him that it
 would not be wise to arrest Rolfe.

SPOKEN TITLE—"Your excellency, we
 cannot afford to run the risk of interna-
 tional complications."

SCENE—Full set. As the two officers
 step back from Julian, he advances to the
 table and says:

SPOKEN TITLE—"The girl's life and my
 silence or the Baron's reputation—which?"

Continuing scene, the Count tells the
 officer to summon Anna.

SCENE (the cell)—Anna is pathetically
 sitting in cell. The officer calls her and
 she rises, indifferently.

SCENE (Okhrana)—The Count and Pav-
 iak stand conversing in low tones, while
 Julian waits. Anna appears. As she
 comes forward dully she raises her eyes
 and sees Julian. With a sharp intake of
 her breath, she murmurs the word—
 "Julian!" The Count comes forward.

SCENE—Close-up of Count. He says,
 slowly, much against his will:

SPOKEN TITLE—"Anna Mirrel, you are
 free. You must leave Russia at once."

SCENE—Foreground. As Anna hears
 this her eyes open, then suddenly her
 nerves give way, and she is almost faint-
 ing as she turns to see Julian. He takes
 her in his arms. She asks:

SPOKEN TITLE—"Why should you want
 to marry me? I am a Jewess."

Continuing foreground, Julian answers
 proudly and emphatically, thus explaining
 his every action in the story, "Because I
 also am a Jew."

She snuggles into his arms and clings
 to him.

IRIS OUT.

Patter from the Pacific

By HARRY HARDING

Clara Kimball Young has arrived on the
 Coast and will make several features here
 for Select. She has finished work on
 "The Reason Why."

Seems funny to see pretty Ora Carew
 playing a bold, bad adventuress in the
 latest Pathé serial, "The Wolf-faced
 Man," produced by the Diando Film Com-
 pany. Ora is a mighty sweet little girl
 and looks it, too. She believes that a
 feminine heavy should look attractive and
 not look as if she had a sign tacked on
 her back, "Look Out, I'm Dangerous!"
 Three well-known stars will be presented
 in the new Diando serial—George Larkin,
 Betty Compson and Ora Carew.

Louise Glaum is finishing work on her
 latest feature, "Shackled," at the Paralta
 studios. Louise does not play a vampire
 rôle in this picture, but a real nice young
 lady. Reginald Barker started directing
 the story, but was called off to take charge
 of the filming of Thomas Dixon's "The
 One Woman." Wallace Worsley suc-
 ceeded him.

The National Film Corporation are
 going to produce a sequel to "Tarzan of
 the Apes," which made such a decided hit
 when it was shown in New York recently
 and which has been smashing all sorts of
 records thruout the United States. Elmo
 Lincoln will probably play the rôle of
 Tarzan again in the new production.

Monroe Salisbury has a new characteri-
 zation in his latest Bluebird feature which
 he is making at the Universal studios.
 "Silent Smith" is the title of the picture
 and the character is being delightfully
 handled by Monroe, who seems to play
 them all with equal care and thought.
 Ruth Clifford is playing the leading rôle
 opposite him.

The rumor that Lloyd Hamilton would
 shave his famous comedy mustache off
 has proven quite true. "Ham," as he is
 best known to photoplay fans thruout
 the country, will appear in his next Sun-
 shine comedy as a country boob, the type
 that he played five years ago at the Kalem
 before the "Ham and Bud" comedies,
 when he was playing opposite Ruth
 Roland with Marshall Neilan directing.
 He will still keep his character name of
 "Ham," however. Ethel Teare is his
 leading-lady again in this picture.

D. W. Griffith's "Hearts of the World"
 is still packing them in at every perform-
 ance at Clune's Auditorium in Los Ange-
 les. The picture has received a splendid
 ovation at each performance, and the
 local critics all proclaimed it greater than
 either "Intolerance" or "The Birth of a
 Nation." Dorothy Gish adds many a
 laugh to the picture and is responsible for
 the comedy relief. There are many real
 battle scenes in the spectacle that are mar-
 velous. It is certain to go over with a
 bang any place at any time—except in
 Germany, Austria and Turkey.

The American Film Company has de-
 cided to place Edward Sloman in charge
 of the directing of all the Mary Miles
 Minter pictures in the future. He has
 met with great success in the ones that he
 has so far directed for this popular little
 star.

Nell Shipman and her company have
 returned from the Mojave Desert. While
 there they lived and traveled in prairie
 schooners. Miss Shipman was heard to
 remark, "Oh, I wish those schooners were
 filled with something fizzy!"

And summer is here. Everything fine.
 Lots of sunshine, flowers and everything.
 All studios working full blast.

Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 12)

have been printed. Let me say that the girl who played the difficult rôle of Marcia in "Paradise Garden" really carried off the stellar honors of the film. If "J. M." knew *real* acting when he saw it, he wouldn't think of beauty first. She was not pretty, but something more—she acted the real life vampire that one sees every day. Such a portrayal of a bold creature with her brazen smile makes Theda Bara look to her laurels. The Valeska Suratt type of vampire does not appeal to me, because I'm very much afraid if we had such strange, weird creatures roaming around at large to make married men their prey, the poor male sex would find this world a very unsafe place to live in.

Hundreds of replies have poured in in wrathful answer to a letter published in the April issue. We publish W. J. Stansbury's, Los Angeles, Cal., because it contains a scholarly summary of all the others' thoughts:

Have just spent a little time reading the April issue of your wonderful Magazine, which surely keeps one abreast of what's new in movieland and also helps while away a few hours in a pleasant manner. The object of my writing this letter to you is for this reason: after reading a few of the "Letters to the Editor" my ire was so aroused that I felt I must retort in some way, hence this effort.

Have been a movie fan for a number of years and consider the movies one of the things that make life worth living. Have never written to a movie or any other magazine before, as I realize that they are bothered enough now without reading my truck, but I can't sit down and read what Miss Mary Morton and Miss Evelyn Bayless have to say without trying to take a little of the wind out of their sails.

In the first place, they say that Francis X. Bushman, Earle Williams and King Baggot are all "has-beens," and then at the end of their letter the aforementioned young ladies say they are a couple of nuts in their teens. Well, that accounts for such a raw statement. It hasn't been very many years since I was in the teens myself, and I can still remember how reckless I was in making assertions without anything to back them up.

Mr. Bushman has been in the movie business quite a long time, and his face is certainly not new, but to say that he cannot act and that he is unpopular is surely a wild statement. I'm not a Bushman fan, but in all fairness to him wish to say that in my humble opinion he is a very good actor or he wouldn't hold his job; also that he must be popular, as he has won several contests, and in the present contest now running in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE his name is ninth on the list, being the fifth man on same. It seems to me that if he was unpopular he would never have acquired a position so high on the list. Then again, how do these little maids from school reconcile the remark made in one instance that Bushman cannot act and then towards the end of their letter say that he has polish and gentlemanly ways? That in itself denotes good acting.

Next comes Earle Williams. But why waste time writing of him? He doesn't need my little help to clear him of these

(Continued on page 113)



THESE MOTHERS' SONS ARE FIGHTING FOR YOU

25 Cents Lent to the Government Will Help Save a Soldier's Life

These God-given women—over a million strong—are giving their boys to make this a safe world for you and for me. And they ask nothing in return. Gladly they give what is more to them than their own lives without even a single complaint. Perhaps you and I can't go to war; perhaps we're needed at home. But that doesn't let us out. We've got to do our bit just the same.

And now comes Uncle Sam and says: "Lend me your pennies—25 cents at a time. I need them to help win this war and to save our boys' lives."

For today wars are fought with money, and every penny counts. 25 cents isn't much. It's a sum you can easily spare every few days, and you'll probably never miss it. But just think what 25 cents multiplied by a hundred million—the number of people in this country—amounts to. It's twenty-five million dollars! So you see, your pennies are needed—no matter how few you can spare.

You Don't Give—You Lend

The mothers of this nation are giving the lives of their boys—yet you are not asked to *give* your money, but to *lend* it at 4% interest.

How can any man or woman, any boy or girl, fail to serve and lend

their pennies when their mothers are *giving* the lives of their boys.

And your money is as safe as your country. WAR SAVINGS STAMPS are backed by the entire United States and issued by the Government.

Surely there isn't a single person out of the hundred million who will fail to heed this call-for-thrift from good old Uncle Sam.

How You Can Make Your Quarters Work for You

There are two kinds of War Savings Stamps—25c. Thrift Stamps and \$5 stamps. The \$5 stamps sell for \$4.18 during July, 1918, and for 1c. additional each month thereafter, during 1918. That is, \$4.18 in July, \$4.19 in August, etc. The Government will pay you \$5 for each of these W. S. S. in January, 1923.

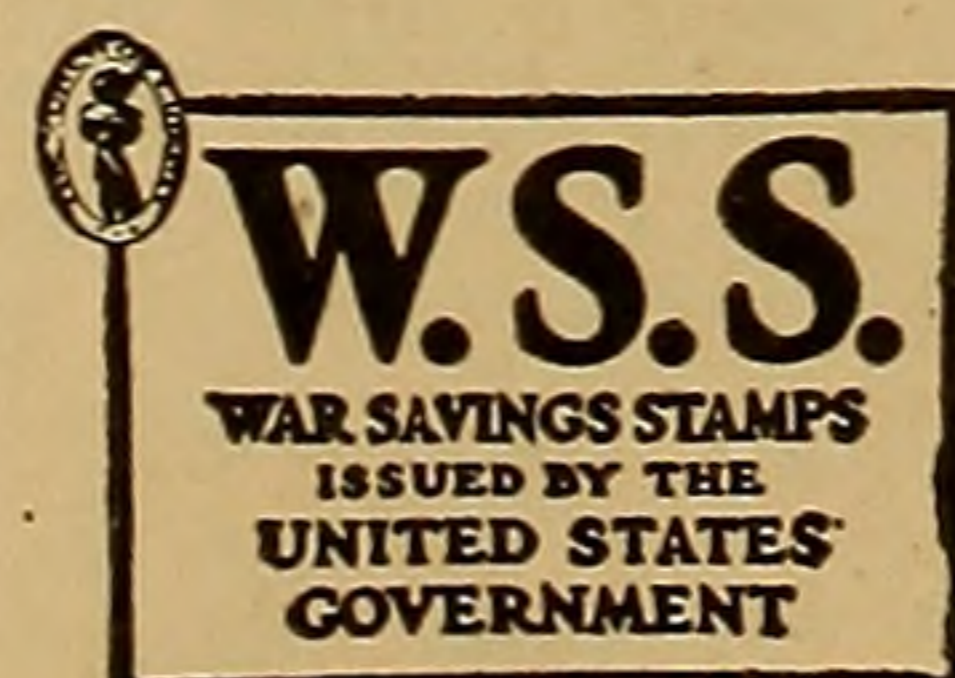
The 25c. stamps sell at all times for 25c.—The price does not change. When you buy your first 25c. stamp at the post office or any bank or store, you will be given a Thrift Card with spaces for sixteen 25c. stamps (\$4.00 worth).

When the card is filled take it to the post office, pay 14c. additional—if you do it in March, after that 1c. additional each month, and you will receive a \$5 stamp, which is described above.

Your Money Back. If you are obliged to sell your \$5 stamp any time before January, 1923, the Government will buy it back from you at more than you paid for it. Its value increases 1c. each month, as it earns interest.

War Savings Stamps are for sale at post offices, banks, department stores, cigar stores, and other authorized agencies.

National War Savings Committee
Washington



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United States Gov't Comm. on Public Information

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L. E. WATERMAN COMPANY, NEW YORK

July Motion Picture Classic

Interviewing Constance

Just before Constance Talmadge started for the Coast, Roberta Courtland went to interview the little star and found her right in the midst of packing. And Constance didn't look like a sure 'nough star at all; she looked just like any other girl—a smudge on her nose, her hair up in curlers and a lot of fun in her eyes. She told Miss Courtland all about herself, and if you read the July Classic you'll learn about Natalie Talmadge, the third sister, whom they hope to make a star some day.

Their Honeymoon

Enid Bennett is married. Of course nearly everybody knows it, but we doubt if everybody knows the particulars—where she spent her honeymoon, or how Fred bought her the pedigreed bulldog which now rivals him for Enid's affections. Fritz Remont hunted the happy couple up when they came back to earth—and the studio—and she has a lively, newsy story for you in the July Classic. This ought to be of particular interest to Australians, who are proud of their representative on the shadow stage.

Filming "Fatty"

Fritz Remont is very busy on the Coast these days, but her busiest day was when she met and endeavored to interview "Fatty" Arbuckle. He was trying to guide a trolley-car safely around the Lasky lot when she sighted him, and was having a mighty rough time. Between dodging the trolley and other items, Mrs. Remont put in a strenuous day, but she got her interview and some screamingly funny pictures of "Fatty" playing motorman.

Other Good Things

Louise Glaum says "I've vamped enough," and promptly proceeds to tell you her future plans; Mary Pickford tells how she fooled even her studio friends with her Unity Blake make-up; Viola Dana wants to vamp, but Husband-Director John Collins won't let her; Geraldine Farrar gives a few hints to lazy Americans; and you will also learn "Why Husbands Leave Home." Just for the latter bit of information, you should be convinced that you positively need the July Classic, but when you take into consideration all the other good things, you'll simply have to buy it.

Motion Picture Classic

175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Sunshine May"

(Continued from page 37)

The flowers of the garden go to the hospitals and orphan asylums. And every time she is down South for a bit of a trip she gladdens the hearts of the old veterans at the Confederate Soldiers' Home, with her gifts and, what is more rarely given by the majority of famous folk, her own presence. She comes into the big, gloomy building where the pitiful remnants of the proud gray army sit in the sun and dream, like a dash of fresh air or a handful of sunshine. Corn-cob pipes, tobacco and various little gifts, whose value is enhanced by the charm of the giver, find their way to the old fellows of whom the whole South is proud, but of whose cheer and happiness, I'm afraid, we think little.

This is a side of May Allison that few of us, who don't know her personally, can appreciate. She isn't merely "a famous movie actress"—she's a girl, humanly sweet and lovable, with human faults as well as virtues. She is proud of the fact that she makes a good many of her own frocks and that she is a splendid cook and housekeeper.

Some day, she says, when she is at the very height of her career, she is going to return to her home in north Georgia and be a regular "country gentlewoman."

"I'm going to raise chickens, blooded stock, prize-winning vegetables for the county fair, and entertain just as many people as I can crowd into my house. And as for flowers—well, I'm going to raise roses so big they'll look like cabbages, and petunias and phlox and pansies. Oh! I'm going to have a splendid time," she sighed, looking up at a beautifully framed picture of the big Colonial house which hung above her on the soft, gray-green walls.

"Mother and I have tried to keep everything just as it used to be," she went on, dreamily, almost as if imagining herself back again in the home she loves with all her heart. "The big white house, set on a knoll and surrounded by big shade-trees, is always cool in summer and warm in winter. On the left, and rolling a bit down the knoll from the house, is the orchard—in spring, a beautiful sight, with the apple-blossoms pale-pink, the snowy-white of plum-blossoms, pinky-white of peach-blossoms and the ivory of pear-blossoms. Looking from the big veranda down into the orchard is like looking over a heavenly carpet of pale pink and white, ending in the soft green of the woods over in the 'pasture lot.' On the right from the house is my garden, all the roses and stately flowers at the back and the rest coming down to a border of pansies; and back of the house, some little distance, are the barns and outhouses, and below that the servants' quarters and tenant-houses."

She sighed a bit, as memories of all the dear, beautiful place had meant to her swept over her.

"Mother's health isn't a bit good and I am frightfully worried. The doctor says she would be much better down South, but now that I am again acting at the studio, the dear, patient, little lady refuses to leave me and stays on here in New York because she knows I am happier with her here. But I may have to persuade her to go for at least a short time and see if she can't get her health back. As for me, my pictures are being taken without breathing space between."

And so in the few brief vacations this lovely lady takes, you can picture her "knee-deep in June," working happily

among her flowers, entertaining her guests—reigning regally in the home of her ancestors!

A Double Exposure

(Continued from page 81)

you up-stage actor—durn it! (They climb the scaffold after him.)

Fritzi—The name of your new picture—tell it quick!

Martha—This hanging here in mid-air makes me sick!

Romeo Chaplin—"A Dog's Life" I am now portraying, and that I do it well goes without saying.

Fritzi—Thy answer pleases me. Come down, I pray. We have some more to do, some more to say.

(And now again he seeks the fifteenth Louis and grabs a trombone, playing madly—bluey!)

Martha—My, what an earful! He plays off the key, and with intent, it surely seems to me! Whadyuknow about it?

Fritzi—This is too much! First came the sign, "Keep Out"; next, Romeo sought to hide, and now he'll drive us out with this brass trombone slide.

Romeo (aside, with violintent)—Perhaps the violin would greater charm lend to the scene. I play left-handed on this instrument.

Martha—Look, Fritz, look! His instrument's a Strad.

Fritzi—He cannot stop too soon to make me glad.

Romeo Chaplin—Would ye insult me? Just for that ye'll leave! Here, Mutt! Show 'em out! Avaunt! Sic 'em! Atta-boy!

Fritzi (dramatically)—

"The quality of mercy is not strained—It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven,

It is twice blessed.

It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

Martha—

I'm glad to find that Mutt is not well trained.

We've lingered here from cock's-crow until seven

To be thus blessed.

Let's go! And blessing him that gave—pull up our stakes!

FADE-OUT.

A GOOD PLACE FOR WILHELM

The white-hot lava in the crater of Mt. Kilauea was seething and spurting in the Hawaiian pictures at the Rivoli Theater, New York City, one Sunday afternoon, when a lady in a center loge gave an exclamation that indicated she had found something she had been looking for. "There," she remarked emphatically to her companion, "there is exactly the spot where I would like to see somebody drop the Kaiser."

A FIDO THAT WASN'T A SLACKER

More dog! Little Mary McAllister has been putting on dog, too. The child carried a twenty-five-pound specimen around with her while filming various scenes, and, between that and doing boxing bouts, she has developed biceps to be proud of. Recently they planted some young trees on the studio grounds, and old dog "Tray" watched the men digging holes and putting what looked like a bean-pole into each excavation. A few minutes afterward little Mary was amazed to see her poodle rush in with a twig in his mouth, frantically dig a hole, and try to plant the stick upright, using his patent-leather nose for pushing purposes, as he is accustomed to doing when he buries his pet bone on meatless Tuesdays.

Entertaining Our Soldiers in Training

(Continued from page 78)

Enlisted men and Y. M. C. A. secretaries act as operators; they all do the best they can under difficult circumstances, and needless to say, the soldiers are duly appreciative.

There has been some discussion as to whether the boys were seeing the best and latest productions that the great Motion Picture industry could offer. At the beginning perhaps they were not, but, then, it was a gigantic task to get things started so that Uncle Sam could quickly train the gigantic army of more than 1,600,000 men which he raised with such amazing speed. It is a wonder he did so well under the circumstances. It has taken time to get all of the camp recreations in good working order, and the men of the second draft, now being called to the camps, are finding things much improved.

So it is with the movies. To make sure that the soldiers were well taken care of in this regard, Raymond B. Fosdick, the chairman of the Commission on Training Camp Activities, called upon the leading producers in the Motion Picture industry for aid. As always, the industry responded promptly and patriotically; it had before lent its cooperation in every way open to it. As a result of a conference with Mr. Lee F. Hamner, general supervisor of camp Motion Pictures, the Producers' and Distributors' Motion Picture Committee was formed, to work on a co-operative basis with the Training Camp Commissions, not alone of the army, but also of the navy, so as to extend and augment what the Y. M. C. A. was doing. Mr. P. A. Powers, a prominent Motion Picture man, is chairman, and all of the prominent film producers are members. One of the significant results of this organization is that the very best productions are furnished to the camps at rentals that merely pay for the actual expenses and that give no consideration of profit for the producers. In other words, the movies, as we have come to know them in an affectionate sort of a way, are doing their bit, too.

What do the soldiers like the most, is the question naturally asked. To answer it with the greatest accuracy, we had better say: "All of them!" Their tastes vary, of course, just as do those of the folks back home. Military training tends to erase individualism, for armies, these days as always, are great bodies of men all doing the same thing at the same time. That is what our boys are going to do—kill Germans. But that doesn't mean that they lose their individuality completely. Uncle Sam, by his selective draft system, has tried to avoid that very thing. And so it is with the pictures. They are selected to fit all tastes.

Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Marguerite Clark, Francis Bushman, "Bill" Hart (don't forget him!), to say nothing about all of the other film stars that have so many adherents, are all familiar names to our soldiers. If the men know that a favorite is "showing" on any particular night, you're sure to find a big audience ready when the lights go out and the screen unfolds all of the wonders for which it has become famous. If we were to select, off-hand, the most popular "brand" for the soldiers, we would say "Bill Hart stuff" and "Fairbanks stuff." That is to say, the men like red-blooded, energetic Americanism—strong, clean pictures with a punch. They go wild when Doug, rescuing the fair maiden, climbs up the perpendicular cliffs of the Grand Canyon;

they applaud until their hands ache when Bill Hart pursues the gambling-house proprietor, who has kidnapped the heroine. They go into ecstasies over the Mack Sennett type of rapid-fire, knockabout comedy.

Did some one say "Censorship"? As applied to the soldiers, it is hardly called that, nor can it be with justice. All of the films are reviewed and those considered most suitable are selected by Community Bureau experts. It is not a namby-pamby proposition. All those "rough and ready" pictures that make such a hit with the men "get by" easily, excepting where there are scenes that Uncle Sam does not consider good for his boys, from a military standpoint. No drinking scenes, obviously, or anything that might lead from the straight and narrow path—and the path is indeed merely a white chalk-line for soldiers. Efficiency is the watchword in the American army, upon whom the bitterest part of the burden is to fall for the defense of civilization. "Home and mother stuff" does not pass, for why make our soldiers homesick and discouraged with their strictly disciplined life? The limitations, outside of these, are mighty few, and the boys in the camps are seeing all of the best that the Motion Picture can offer them.

We have not spoken of how Uncle Sam is using Motion Pictures in helping train his men; it is, indeed, a story all by itself. Bayonet drills, boxing, military tactics and a host of valuable military information is transmitted by the screen, and the Y. M. C. A., as well as the Knights of Columbus and other welfare organizations in camp that show Moving Pictures, are only too glad to lend their facilities to Uncle Sam whenever he calls upon them. Some day, when German autocracy has been thoroly whipped, with Uncle Sam's boys putting in the finishing touches, the historian will undoubtedly record the part which the Motion Picture played in helping train our men for war. It cannot omit to give credit for its help in an even more important service—keeping up the splendid spirit and high morale of our soldiers. For this alone it has earned a service flag that will become a glorious hallmark in the years to come.

Moreover, the Motion Picture has gone "over there," and is now giving its meed of service in inspiring and encouraging our brave warriors, now about to enter into the greatest adventure that the world can offer. God bless all of them!

THE REALIZATION OF DREAMS

By PEGGY LINCKS

While on location th' other day
Our leading-man just quit;
They picked on me to take his place,
And I made the most of it!

Our leading-lady walked with me
To see the sun arise,
And, bending my brown head to hers,
I gazed into her—make-up box!

She sat beside me 'neath a tree
And dug holes in the sand;
She seemed so fragile and demure
I slyly stole her—powder-puff!

Yes, clutching that dear powder-puff,
I spoke of that and this,
And as she raised her face to mine,
I boldly snatched—her lipstick!

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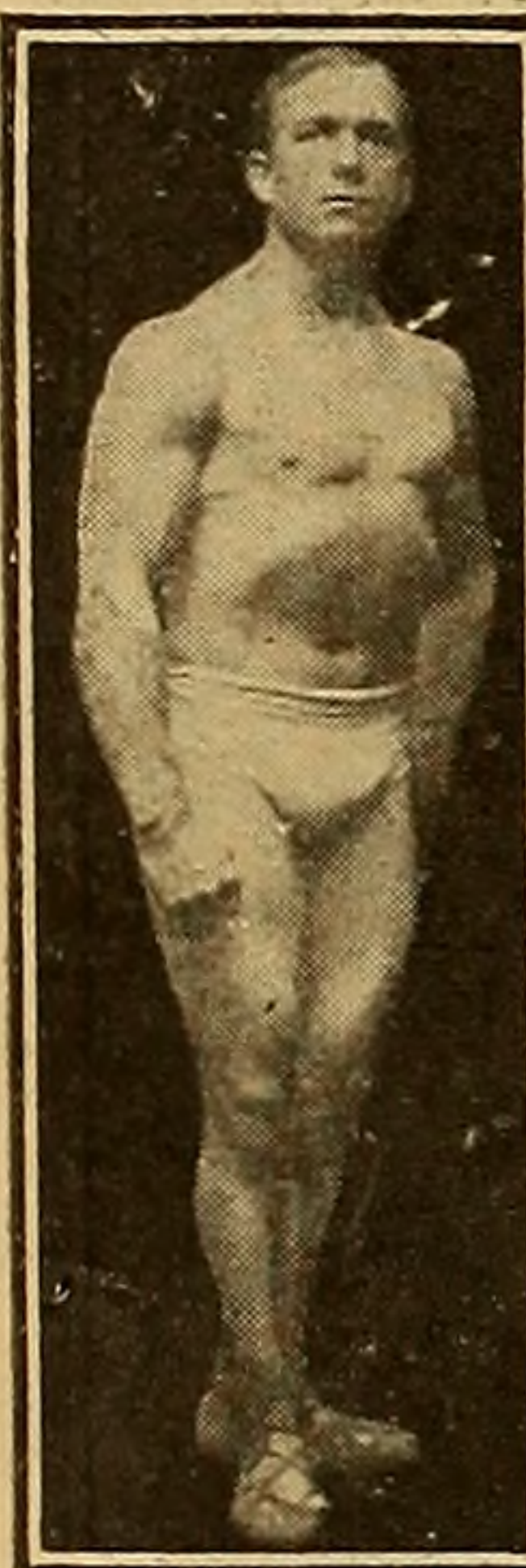
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Giving Away the Old Answer Man

No—Not His Identity—But What Our Readers Think of Him

THE other day a most unusual occurrence took place. The Answer Man failed to make his appearance. No—it wasn't an attack of illness from overindulgence in the candy and cigarets his many admirers send him; just a short vacation the Editor granted him as a reward for faithful service.

Out of the kindness of my heart I delved into the mountain of mail piled upon his desk, thinking to clear a little of it away in order that he might not come back to a triple amount of work. And inadvertently I stumbled upon his secret:

What the readers of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE really think of him.

And so I am going to shoot these down to the printer before the old Answer Man gets back and—hush—scalps me.

I have omitted the questions in the letters, as they will be answered in the regular Answer Man Department:

This being probably my first, last and only letter to you, do allow me to say I greatly admire your wisdom. I am sure Solomon himself could not do half so well in putting the public's curiosity to flight. Ever since your first appearance before the public I have always, on opening the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, read your answers, and then I have been perfectly satisfied to read the rest of the book as the Editor "choosed" to "dish it out."

Having said my say, I must hie me to that soul-inspiring task awaiting me—dishwashing.

"BOBBETTE," Huntington, W. Va.

DEAR OLD ANSWER MAN—Have been intending to write you for lo! these many moons, but have been a little backward, as I notice you grumble every now and then at letters being too long. Will endeavor to say what I have to say in small space.

Am delighted to see that the Magazine has been made larger, and I have already made arrangements for my copy. There is some class to the Classic, but I just cant wean myself away from the old favorite Magazine. Quite needless to say that if the Answer Man was not in it, I would not buy another copy.

It is gratifying to note that your salary has been increased from \$8.00 to \$9.00 per week, and I am sure that none of this will be squandered in vice, as it behooves a boy of near four-score to lay by a few nickels for a wet day, and I believe you will do this without any advice from me. A couple more raises of similar proportion, and I hope to see you branch out as a producer. Not of speeches, but of pictures.

Your being a bachelor as well as myself, and no barber bills to pay, rather draws me toward you. In fact, when I got the dear June number I had my supper on the stove and neglected it to read the Answer Man, and had to prepare another, as it burned almost entirely up. (Please keep mum to Hoover!)

If this letter is not too long, will write again some time and try to get hold of a piece of chocolate for you.

A FAN, C. W. C., Vulcan, W. Va.

DEAR, CLEVER, WISE ANSWER MAN—Have been very ill, but your department has helped to keep me from being lonesome. I like you best when angry. If you did not get foolish letters you could not be sarcastic, and then there would be nothing to laugh about. I have lost three children, so am glad to have something to laugh at. I am pleasant to every one and hide the ache in my heart, for I must go thru life childless. I have the best husband in the world and will have to be contented with his love. Perhaps it will ease the disappointment if I confide in the dearly loved Answer Man. Will you hand my votes to the proper one? Am sending them to you, as I like you best. I missed voting for the best plays. I was too ill to care at the time.

DOLLY LOVES YOU, Detroit, Mich.

DEAREST ANSWER MAN—I wonder if you can ever forgive me for having neglected you so horribly. But, Grape Nuts, "There's a Reason!" I've been in bed for three weeks, with a trained nurse, and was out yesterday for the first time. I've had pleurisy, and the horrid old doctor wont let me return to school till June.

People praise the actresses and actors, some do praise the directors, but, dear me, you'll please forgive me if I want to say a word for you, wont you, Mr. Answer Man? I really think you're wonderful! I honestly do! You have splendid, perfectly fine ideas, and oh! such excellent advice. I do think one gains something by reading all the answers, not for the answers, but for the good advice you give. It is helpful, and please dont deny it!

"Bestest" best regards to you and every one that has anything to do with the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

DOROTHY L. F.

37 Corlies Ave., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

DEAR ANSWER MAN—Honest, the old MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE wouldn't be "nothing" without you. You're just absolutely great, and I nearly kill myself laughing over some of your sayings. You surely are "on the job" and "put it over" some of the "fool-killing" question-askers—like mine, for instance, but I'm preparing for the shock. "I know I'll catch it." "Let me down easy," please, mister.

M. P. J.

REAL WHISPERS

By Grace G. Bostwick

They've got their nerve—asking a quarter for *this* show!

No trouble at all. (Aside)—It's funny they have to sit here when there's empty seats all over the house!

Wouldn't that kissing make you sick? And I'll bet she gets a hundred apiece for 'em!

That's always the way—you just get interested when a bunch crowds into the row in front of you!

You needn't tell me Mary Pickford's married! Why, she's making over five hundred thousand a year!

Whew! I thought this town was dry! That elbow-pusher got hers all right, that jolt!

Help! I hear an onion!

Well, I'll be darned!

"My Ideal Girl"

(Continued from page 33)

boasting of intimacy with Ibsen, Schopenhauer and the Greenwich Village poets.

"As for eyes, they should be able to misbehave, like Anna Held's, but never with any one but her *vis-à-vis*. As to color, that verges on the specific. Everything depends on the man and the hour whether the hue should be heavenly, ebony, champagne or another shade of liquid brown.

"As for tresses, it matters not save that they are her own. I prefer a permanent wave to that which is kid-curled, and the color should be fast.

"The ideal woman would know how to manage her complexion so that it wouldn't come off on the ideal man's coat.

"Mentally, she should be neither underdone nor overdone. The same holds for her dress.

"The one decoration I admire most on a woman is the Red Cross.

"EDWARD EARLE."

"My ideal woman?"

"I guess you mean the little girl I'd swim the Pacific for or get out and do the day-labor stuff for.

"It's easy to write the part you've picked for her—as easy as thinking about the swell feed you'd order, only you haven't got the price, or dreaming of sunny California when you're paying a visit to Boston in a New England fog.

"My one best bet in the girl line is a doll with a crop of dark-brown hair, a figure with curves that would make a major league pitcher turn green with envy, and a disposition like a kitten. Her ace is a pair of dreamy blue eyes that would make a dumb guy sing like Caruso.

"She is the kind that would meet me at the gate when I finished the day's rough-and-tumble at the studio. She'd lead me to a regular meal, then dig up my pipe and sit on my lap while I told her what happened since morning.

"I wouldn't care if she didn't know a white-light café from a pinochle deck and thought a dry martini was a new-fashioned breakfast food.

"When she spills a few words about her mother, I want to see that sweet, sad-like sort of look in her face and in her eyes. When she goes to the movies and sees Frank Keenan in one of his big scenes, I want her to pull the weep-stuff and act natural.

"I want her to be just like the Janes that sent the old boys out to victory in '76, the kind that loves youngsters and the kind that believes 'Home, Sweet Home' is the only song that was ever written.

"HAROLD LLOYD."

THE HERO OF FILMDOM.

By ALLEN F. BREWER.

You may tell of the stars of Filmdom,
And the wondrous parts they play,
As they gleefully slide
Down a precipice side
In their perilous labors each day;
Thru a jungle they recklessly wander,
Or afar on a cannibal isle,
They'll daily appear
With nary a fear,
As they earn fifty thousand the while.
But the hero we never see pictured,
In daredevil deeds on the screen,
Who's never in sight
As the ladies' delight
To rescue the photoplay queen—
Is the man in the hot little closet,
Cooped up in the back of the hall,
Who labors and cranks
Out the photoplay pranks,
And the drama of thrills for us all.

Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 109)

Southern kiddies' charge. His high position on the contest list shows his popularity, and his wonderful success on the screen speaks for itself. Of King Baggot I know very little, so will not write of him.

What takes the cake, tho, is the truly remarkable assertion that Charlie Chaplin looks more like the chief mourner at a funeral than a comedian. It has been my sad duty to attend several funerals, and I can truthfully say that I have never seen any one laugh at one, but the writer has seen people double in their seats from laughing at Charlie Chaplin. We laugh at some so-called comedians more because of the effort they made to win the laugh than from anything particularly funny they did or said, but in Charlie's case it is different. He is a real comedian. Why? Because he makes you laugh in spite of yourself, and that fact always proves the true comedian. Do these young ladies think that Charlie's pictures don't draw and that some noble-minded producers give him a \$1,000,000 salary every year just for pure charity's sake and because they think he is a good fellow? Nay, nay, my dears; he gets the coin because he earns it and a whole lot more for his backers. If these Southern belles will take the "Dixie Flyer" some day and take a little trip to Philadelphia or New York, or any of the other great centers of population, and visit some of the leading theaters where a Chaplin picture is being shown and see the long lines of people waiting to get into the theater, they will soon be convinced that Charlie has the real ability to get the laughs in most people's eyes.

It is a perfectly natural custom for a picture fan to take a liking to a certain player and to boost that player for all he or she is worth. That's all right, but for any one to say that their particular favorite is the best simply because they think so is all wrong. Most young men when they are proposing tell the girl in question that she is the most beautiful, sweetest and nicest girl in the world. Now when they all say that we know that somebody is lying, because every girl cannot be the most beautiful, the sweetest and the nicest.

I have a great deal of faith in the producers and know that while they make mistakes, same as everybody else, they also know from experience what the general public wants and, so far as they are able, give it to them. Of course they can't go out and get good stories just like you would pick an apple, but in my humble opinion they, in most cases, do very well with the material they have in hand.

Alyce Haurer, of 364 Page St., San Francisco, wants to get her opinions in the swim. So here goes:

Since so many other people write and give their opinions of the stars, I guess I might just as well be in the fling. I shall give my opinions without fear or favor. I shall begin with Clara Young. Why, oh why does she still hang on? Hasn't she made enough money by now to retire? She is beautiful, I admit, but she cannot act. She dotes too much on her good-looks. She is afraid if she emotes a little she will disarrange her hair. Her ex-husband says he made her what she is today. I must say he made a very poor job of it.

It really grieves me that the public does

(Continued on page 124)



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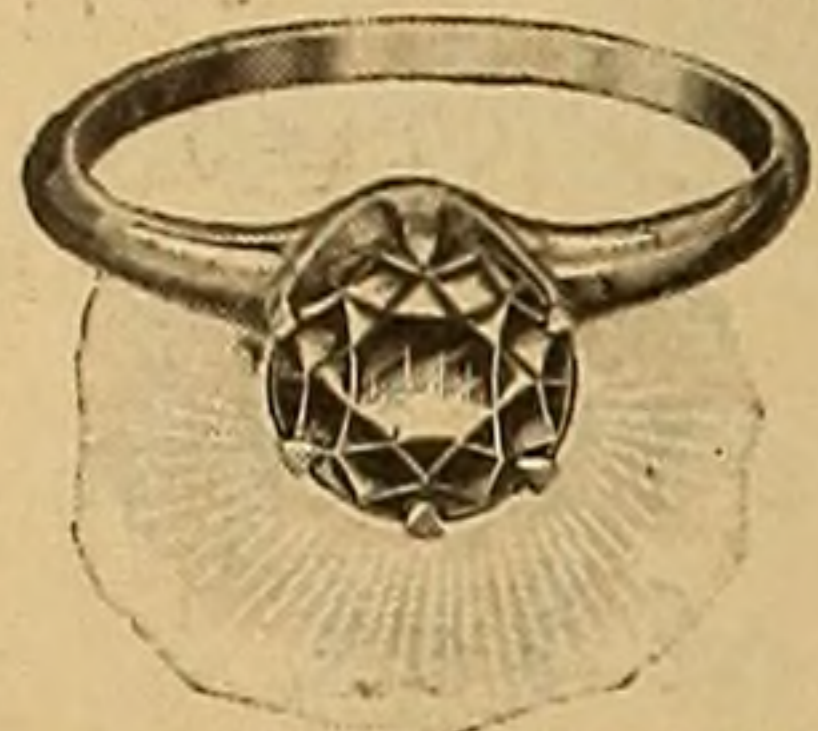
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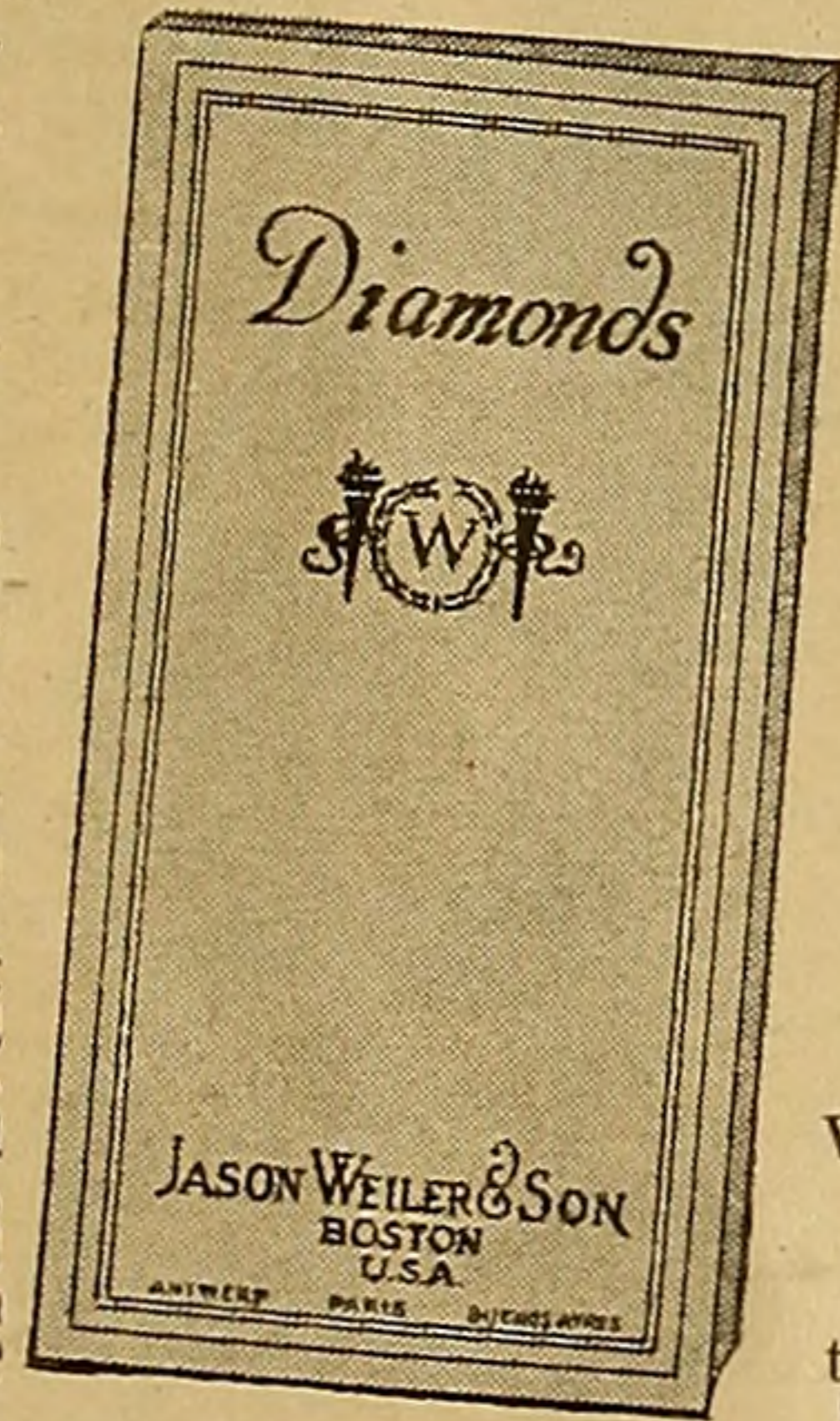
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"A Little of My Life"

(Continued from page 63)

believe; many really great things do that. Where on the stage could the remarkable effects of Lady Macbeth's journey down the long stairway with the candle in her hand have been so beautifully accomplished? Or the scene in which all Birnam Wood comes to Dunsinane—those thousands of men advancing thru the meadows with the protecting, leafy boughs held before their faces—a veritable forest? Pictorially wonderful, and even the lines are not lost, as those who saw the exquisite if silent rendering of the lines, "Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once," will remember. Think of the generation to whom plays like this may be a splendid visual memory rather than associated with a much belined school-book or a few quotations! (Who said that Shakespeare has written more quotations than any one else he ever read?)

My screen work has been fairly well divided between children's parts and fairy plays, "The Amazons" contrasting, with its tomboy rôle, with the dainty magic of the fairy tales, "Seven Swans" and "Snow White." Some of my best pictures are these: "Wildflower," "The Amazons," "Seven Swans," "Snow White," the interesting Bab stories of Mrs. Rhinehart, "Bab's Diary" and "Bab's Burglar," the idyllic "Prunella," and my latest, "Rich Man, Poor Man," yet to be released.

I make on an average eight pictures a year, each followed, if possible, by two weeks' rest out of town. But usually many things interfere. There are interviews to be arranged, costumes to consider, plays to read (for I select my own pictures), photographs to sit for—indeed, fifty things to do which take all the time there is.

I receive, like all Moving Picture actresses, many letters, averaging fifteen hundred a week. I try to read them all, but if I cannot, some one does, and every request for a photograph is fully granted. Usually eleven hundred of the letters ask for photographs. Figure this out in terms of a dozen for yourself!

And for the many who have asked I will say this: I live quietly with my sister at Central Park West in the winter and spend the summers at Rye, New York. I never entertain at large parties or appear in public restaurants or places of amusement—I have, as it were, no "public private life." I am not married, and to those who say that I "look fifteen" I will say that, obviously, I am older than I look.

I am not a champion swimmer or skater or dancer; indeed, I am not a devotee of athletics at all, disloyal to my profession tho this may be. I have no favorite cat, dog or horse. I have several cars, but no favorite, and, more often than not, I appear in a picture, when a car is necessary, in one which I have never before seen.

I do not feel that because I am an actress and more or less in the public eye I am therefore more qualified to discuss and write upon subjects political, scientific or those benefiting womankind. My impressions of the styles of 1918 would mean very little. I have no time to think of styles at all—so little, in fact, that I am obliged to pay an excellent price to have this thinking done for me. I do not know the influence of the war upon drama or dress, nor do I feel that my explanations, tho an actress, of the psychology of any current murderess could possibly be of value. Those with more time on their hands should be more fitted to consider these things.

To stage-struck girls, however, I have one thing to say. So many of them ask

me "how I did it." I am still doing it and in the same way.

Tolstoi tells of a peasant who, while plowing a field, was asked by a priest how he would spend the rest of the day if he knew that he were to die at its close. His answer to the priest is much the same as mine to those who ask how to spend the time between now and success. The peasant answered, "I would plow." And this surely is the only way to gain anything worth while and to keep it. I know, because I am still plowing.

ORGANIZE A WAR SAVINGS SOCIETY

Our readers have been invited to "back up" our soldiers at the front by joining or forming a War Savings Society. Full information will be supplied upon addressing the War Savings Society Bureau, 51 Chambers Street, New York City, or the National War Savings Committee, Washington, D. C.

Members of War Savings Societies promise to avoid competing with the Government for labor, materials and transportation by buying only what they need and only when they need it, and agree to invest their savings weekly or monthly in Thrift or War Savings Stamps or in Liberty Bonds.

A War Savings Society may be formed within a society, class or club, or in any group of people who work together or eat together, who play together or otherwise frequently "get together." The Society will include all members of the group who are willing to sign the patriotic agreement to individually support the Government in two ways—(1) by each doing his buying thoughtfully and (2) by loaning his savings to the Government.

There will be a chairman and secretary whose first effort will be to secure as members of the War Savings Society all members of the group, each one signing the application blank and promising to purchase a certain number of Thrift or War Savings Stamps every week or every month. From time to time, the secretary will check up the stamp purchases of the members so that none may neglect their promises. Weekly or monthly reports of the total purchases and total number of members will be sent to the National War Savings Committee.

At such times as the members may determine, ten minutes or more will be given to the War Savings Society of that group for war savings and other wartime discussions. In some offices or factories occasional brief, informal talks may be practicable. For these talks and the more formal meetings speakers will be suggested and material will be supplied from time to time.

WARNING!

By R. W. Farrelly

When first I met whom I adore
Beyond the utterance of rhyme,
Her powdered hair, the dress she wore
That night bespoke ye olden tyme.
When I beheld her classic face,
I worshiped every curve and line,
And knew the years could not erase
Her image from this heart of mine.
My love for her has never waned,
Tho from the screen on you she smiles,
And I, to hold the love I gained,
Would follow her across the miles.
I know that she to me is true,
And that she acts the siren part,
But, as her husband, caution you
Not to attempt to steal her heart.



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The testimonials of the charming movie stars which are given here are sufficient proof that the Princess Tokio treatments do all that we claim for them. Every maid and matron in America, who has pimples, wrinkles, rough skin, age lines, and other facial blemishes, should read the Princess Tokio Beauty Book and learn how to banish them quickly. Invaluable rules for that priceless boon—A Faultless Skin—the rosy flush of youth, which these treatments insure.

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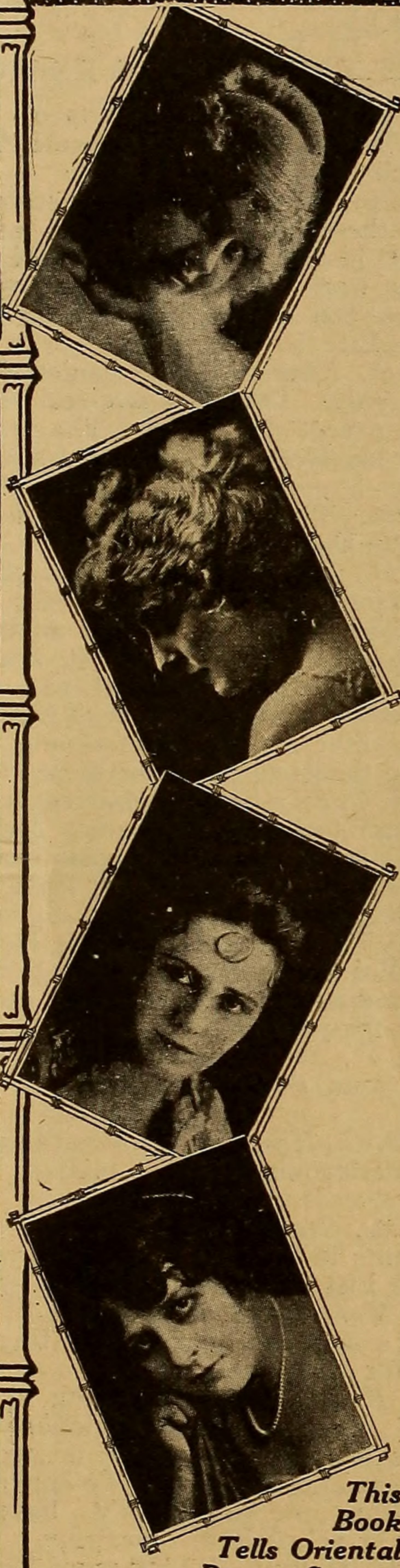
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Photodrama in the Making

(Continued from page 95)

Did any of you who had been enthralled by "Jane Eyre" see "Woman and Wife"? Is it not a fact that the adapter gave us only the by-products there of the hoofs and hide and horns of the lamented Jane? What an odor, where once we had been ravished by new-mown hay!

(We will take up the Constructive side next time.)

WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW

E. E., Palestine—The address of *The Moving Picture News* is 729 Seventh Ave., New York.

H. J., Eastport—The value of a scenario based on the life of Mme. Roland, or on any other historical incident, would not merit the work. Time is coming when the screen will be the Book of History as well as Life, but not yet.

E. C. S., Lynn—All Companies want *Synopsis only*. They buy five-reel material only, except the Drews. The rate is from one hundred to five hundred dollars. Limit your Synopses to two or three thousand words. They should not hold manuscript more than five weeks.

E. H. H., Pomeroy—I do not approve of Agencies. Companies, I think, are honest; some of their employees might be dishonest. The market is not flooded with GOOD stories. It will pay only those amateurs who have the TALENT to write. Five-reel Synopsis should take about two thousand words or more.

Mrs. H. G. S., Akron—A fair education is necessary to become a writer. I think you can learn from my Synopsis exactly what is necessary to put in and leave out.

J. C. W., Montgomery—Send Synopsis only. Do NOT try to lay out the Play.

C. E., North Conway—A Selling Service can do nothing for you that you cannot do better for yourself.

H. W. Y., Staatsburg—I can get little idea of your Photoplay from your description.

Mrs. M. G., Huntington—Regardless of your understanding of the matter, TODAY producers want *Synopsis only*.

R. G. M., Grassmere—If you will send me 12 cents in stamps, I will send you a Complete List of Photoplay Markets.

L. M., Montreal—I do not know of any Producers who are conducting training schools for their scenarioists.

H. L. K., Woodstock—Putting at the head of the manuscript "Fiction and Dramatic Rights Reserved" is no protection, except in case of sale. To copyright a Synopsis one must first have it PRINTED, privately or otherwise.

D. M. H., Detroit—A 1,500-word Synopsis would be acceptable. It is advisable to divide the Synopsis into parts, or rather BUILD it in five parts.

In connection with Mr. Phillips' series of articles on photoplay writing, we wish to suggest a list of valuable reference and text-books. We will be pleased to supply them at the prices named:

- "The Photoplaywrights' Primer." By L. Case Russell 50c, postpaid
- "Writing the Photoplay." By Arthur Leeds and J. Berg Esenwein..... \$2.10, postpaid
- "The Art of the Moving Picture." By Vachel Lindsay 1.35, postpaid
- "The Photodrama." By Henry Albert Phillips... 2.10, postpaid
- "The Universal Plot Catalogue." By Henry Albert Phillips 1.25, postpaid

Tempered Steel

(Continued from page 73)

furnish the newsdealer's new sitting-room with the profits. All the Colonel's anger with Lucille melted the moment she was in trouble. This has ever been the way with a certain pig-headed brand of parent whose heart is just as tender as the next one's, if you can just succeed in touching it—and the old Colonel was true to the type. Mrs. Caruthers was glad that there were tears in his eyes and that he was not embarrassed at their dropping down his cheek, the day his newspaper headlines read: "Actress tried for manslaughter freed. Lucille Caruthers, star of 'The Reckoning,' acquitted. Jury out only ten minutes. Verdict—Serge Ratakin killed by lightning," etc.

At that very moment Lucille and Richard were alighting from an automobile at the gate.

"See who is here, dear," said Mrs. Caruthers, utterly happy for the first time in many trying months. The Colonel rose to face his daughter. Lucille held out her hand, a bit uncertain of her welcome, but her father's face quite reassured her. Throwing both arms around his neck, she nestled there like a tired child, until the Colonel putting both hands on her shoulders, looked admiringly into her face, saying, "I'm proud of you, my brave girl. . . . God! what a pity you weren't a man!"

"I am thoroly satisfied, dad, to be just a woman, but see, I've brought you a son"—introducing Richard, whose eyes followed her adoringly, in the rôle of handsome young husband.

A PERFECT DAY

By Harry J. Smalley

Today has been a perfect day. When you arose this morning you were greeted by blue skies, a smiling sun and a cooling breeze. All the day things broke right for you. You made money or earned your wages, and no one touched you for it or them as the case may be.

In the evening you attended your favorite film theater and viewed a five-reel comedy-drama in which there were no

Vivacious, vivid, voluptuous, virtuous vampire Venuses, vilifying vapid, verdant, vealy victims!

No licentious libertines lavishing lawless love; luring lovely, lonesome ladies!

No weak, wayward wives, wantonly wooing wicked, worthless, winsome whelps!

No heedless, hollow-headed husbands happily hugging hoidenish hussies; harming happy homes, hurting honest hearts!

No vindictive, venomous, vivious, voluble villains vehemently venting violent vengeance!

No shocking, sexy situations, shootings, stabbings, sluggings, stealings. Silly, stupid, slushy scenarios!

But instead, you saw:

A clean, wholesome play of love and pathos, woe and laughter. Of sobs and chuckles; smiles and tears. A simple story of home and heart and happiness and the out-of-doors. Wherein the characters were human and moved and acted like the human beings you are acquainted with! A bit of tempest; a lot of sunshine; heart-gripping and soul-stirring—yet not maudlin. And so:

When you have put out the cat, locked the doors, opened the windows and wound Big Ben, you can hit the feathers truthfully and happily, murmuring:

"This is the end of a PERFECT day!"

The Answer Man

(Continued from page 90)

JIJIE.—Sorry to hear you are so blue, but when you read this I'm sure you will be over it. Chester Conklin notes it a remarkable fact that no worn-out collar ever gets lost in the laundry. Its mangled remains are always sent home to its next friend.

JOHN B.—You ask if Charles Ray is any relation to X-ray. I don't know whether he is responsible for X or not. X may be his son, or great-grandfather—an unknown quantity, you see. Bertram Grassby is with Fox in California.

REITA M.—Yours was a humdinger. Did you know Father Brown of Digby? You say you would like a new star opposite Dustin Farnum now. "The Beloved Blackmailer," with Evelyn Greeley and Carlyle Blackwell, was taken at Haines Falls, N. Y.

U-53.—Are you still periscoping around? Send the picture, please. There aren't any boys left, that's true. It takes three generations to make a gentleman, but only one gentleman to make a generation.

EDITH.—Thanks. It has been said that Mr. Roosevelt has already written or dictated more words than any man of whom history preserves a record. A crushing proof of mediocrity! Napoleon is every hour recalled by his apothegms—flashes of his dazzling genius—striking as his victories.

KU KLUX KLAN.—You are a *bon diable*. Yes, Lou-Tellegen. Helen Holmes isn't playing now. If you can't lose your "friend" any other way, lend him some money. "Also ran" is a racing term. When a horse does not finish first, second or third, they say he "also ran."

DOC R.—No, you can just bet the girls would like to correspond with the soldier-boys. Let me have your address when stationed and I will fix you up. Why don't you stop in to see us before you go? Good luck to you.

DOROTHY D.—It took some time to find it, but the Emerald Isle expression was first used in a song called "Erin" to her own tune. Dorothy Dalton was born September 22, 1893, in Chicago.

JEAN M.—Anita King was born in Chicago. She is 5 feet 4 inches high and weighs 130 pounds. Auburn hair and hazel eyes.

SLEEP.—You ask who are the parents of Baby Marie Osborne. I have the pleasure of informing you that they are Mr. and Mrs. Osborne.

PEGGY; WALSH FOREVER; ELLIS C.; CRYSTAL; AURORA; HAZELLE M.; STELLA R.; EVELYN N.; BLACK-EYED VAMP; ISABELL S.; V. E. S.; J. M. S.; GERTRUDE S.; ALICE; MORENO-STOREY ADMIRER; CLARA V. N.; WELMA R.; RAY SIMON; GERTRUDE B.; MERGE S.; RUNT; R. D. M.; MAX S.; DAISY; DOT C.; THERESA K.; IRVING A.; WM. S. ROSE; L. H. S.; FRANCIS K.; HATTIE W.; RITA B.; WM. D.; MARY JANE V.; RALPH B.; LUCILLE B.; BEATRICE L.; MAY L.; MILDRED B.; FAY OF THE ALPINE; LEONA K.; ETHEL L.; WM. MCK.; I. W. D.; ALICE C.; SWEET PICKLES; MARION MC.; EVELYN K.; FRANCIS B.; WM. H.; HENRIETTA E.; MRS. E. C.—I was glad to hear from you all, but your questions have been answered elsewhere, so you must locate yourselves among the alsorans.

GRACE.—Your account of the baseball game is quite funny. "The game opened with Glue at the stick and Smallbox catching, Cigar was in the box, Strawberry Shortcake played short and Corn was in the field. Cabbage was manager, because he had a good head. Egg was umpire,

and he was rotten. Cigar let Board walk. Song made a hit and Sawdust filled the bases. Then Soap cleaned up. Cigar went out and then Balloon started to pitch, but went up in the air. Ice went in and kept cool until he was hit by the ball. Then you ought to have heard Ice Cream! Lightning finished the game and struck out six men. Lunatic was put out, because he was off his base. Bread loafed on third, and Light was put out on first. Crooks stole second. Knife was called out for cutting first base. Grass covered lots of ground, and the crowd cheered when Spider caught a fly. Steak was put out on home plate. Clock wound up the game by striking out. If Door had pitched he would have shut them out."

REJECTED GLOOGOS.—Heap much thanks for the many cards you sent me.

BESSIE MCCOY.—Thanks for the photo of your little one. Yes, Irving Cummings is his real name. Sorry I can't help you about the studio proposition. You have my deepest sympathy.

BEATRICE DE BARDI.—No, indeed, I am not Mr. Brewster nor Edwin M. LaRoche. I'm my own sweet myself. Girls, it's a tough job guessing, isn't it? But why put yourselves to so much trouble? Your limericks were very good, but we are not using them now. Remember me to Sonny.

CECILE AND DODO.—Thanks with all my heart for the delicious chocolates. I'm afraid the pansies are too perishable to come from St. Louis. Yes, Victor Sutherland did play the leading part in "One Day" some time ago. I voiced my sentiments elsewhere about that. Don't come to Brooklyn unless you are sure.

WIB F. C.—Why, of course I would be happy to have a copy of your book, and you can just bet I'll read it. Haven't heard of any of Edna Ferber's work being done in pictures.

THU JAYS.—I fully appreciate the book of "Mother Goose" you sent me. I particularly enjoyed the verse on the fly-leaf, which was as follows:

The old Mother Goose had no Answer Man,
She had a broom, a stick and a frying-pan;
Attended the wants of Little Boy Blue,
And the old woman who lived in a shoe.

Her gander white and big black cat
Were clever, indeed, but what of that?
In wit and humor they cannot compare
With the Answer Man of snow-white hair.

This gift, a father of a multitude,
With a bit of love and more of fortitude,
We must admit, 'tis true! 'Tis true!
Old Mother Goose bestowed on you.

I haven't reached my second childhood yet, but when I do I shall enjoy reading those verses again.

H. L. V. S.—Why, the person was ignorant. True love, I think, is not simply felt, but known. Well, I guess Charles Dickens is the favorite author of a great number. My dear, we are always glad to use different players' pictures in the gallery, but they don't seem to see the advantage of having decent pictures taken. Only the finest example of photography usually gets into our gallery.

MUTT & JEFF.—We pay for our interviews, and our staff here go and interview the players at their homes, or at the studios. Thanks for the maple sugar. It was the real thing from Vermont. Good luck to you.

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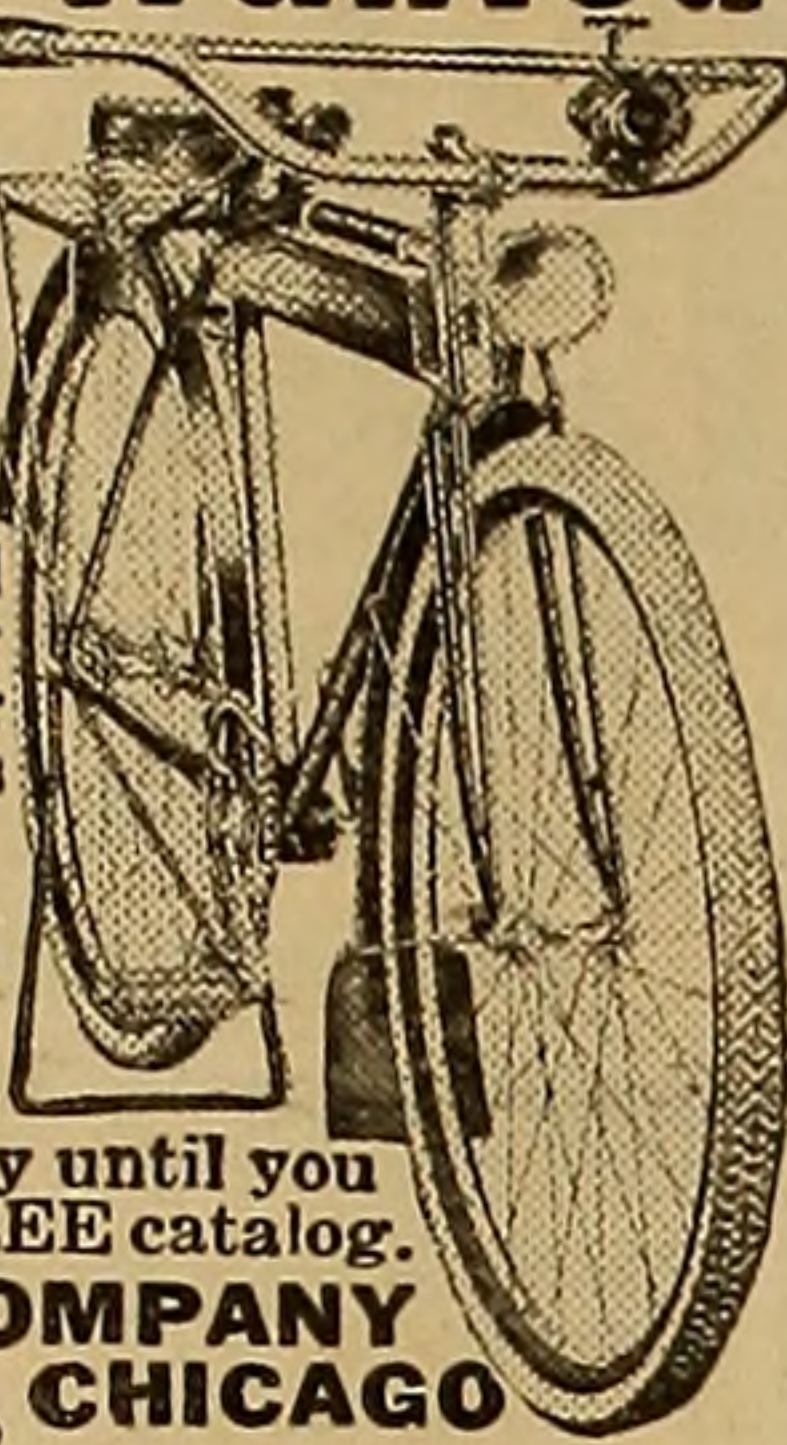
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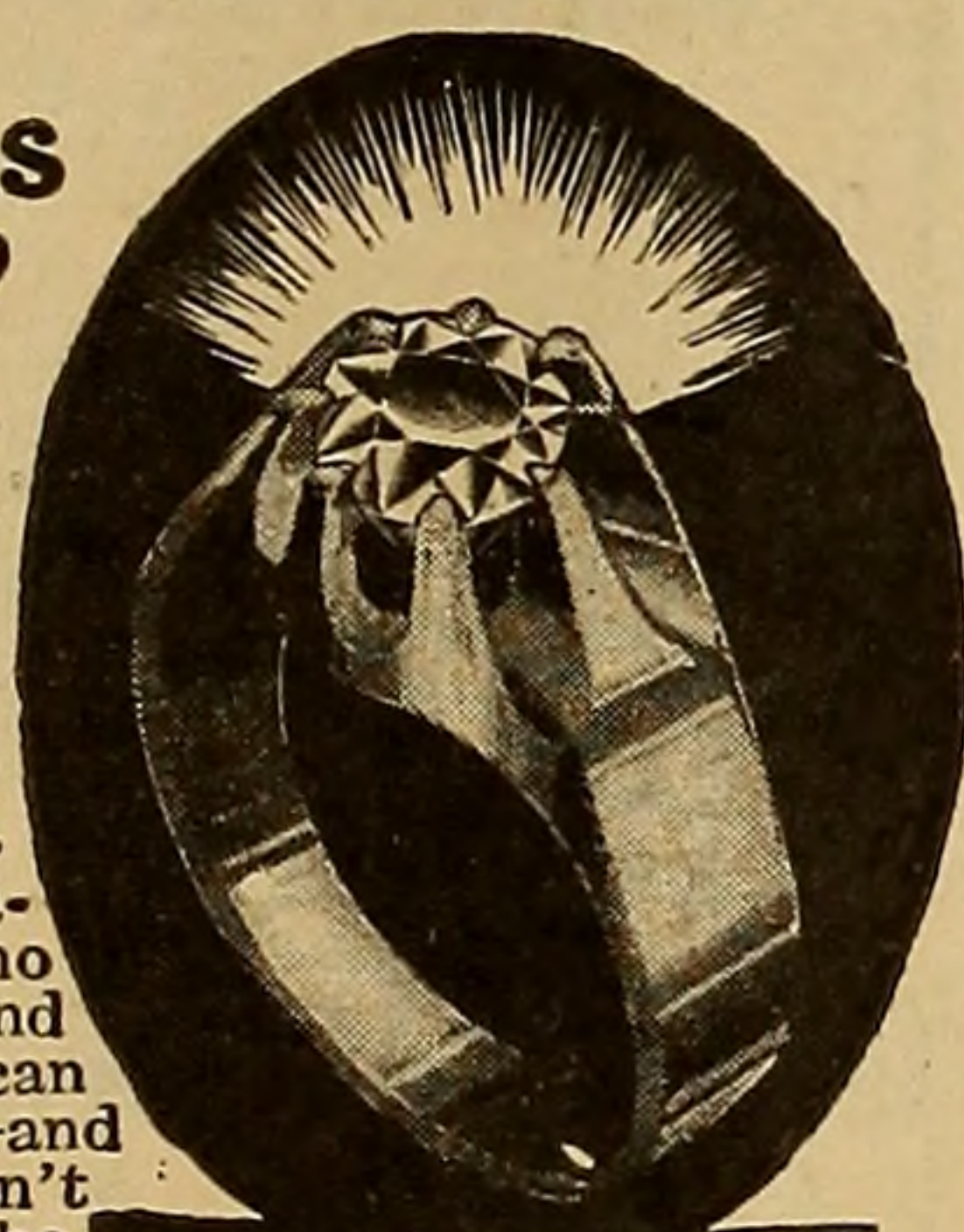
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Name.....

Address.....

F. C. S., SITKA.—Thanks for yours. Of course I enjoy your letters. No man is worthy of a woman's love. No woman is worthy of a man's. What say you?

MARGARET K. T.—What, a new letter-head? New job, I suppose. I'm sure I acknowledged those snaps. You ask how old is Old Black Joe, and what makes a wild cat wild. Search me in vain.

JULIUS C.—Thanks for the necktie, Julius. It shows you have very good taste. You know pretty soon I'll be getting my food and clothes and everything from the public. Then I can spend my \$9.00 per on Liberty Bonds and W. S. S. You can reach Wallace Reid at the Athletic Club, Los Angeles, Cal.

PATTY.—I believe she was. Anita Stewart is now playing with Vitagraph. But you should obey your mother. Let me hear how you make out.

MARGARET P.—I think your plan is perfectly wonderful, and I am sure you would have no difficulty in obtaining such a position in California. I just don't know the ins and outs of such a position, but most players maintain a secretary and your letter sounds most capable. You just send along that cake you speak of. I'm sure it won't keep a week. When a package comes in addressed to the Answer Man, the office boy grins from ear to ear and almost feels as happy as I do.

THU JAYS.—My greatest desire if I were twenty-one—would be to travel all over the world. Have you read Emerson's essay on "Love"?

MAGGIE.—Don't know where you get your information from, but Carlyle Blackwell is not married to Pearl White. Thomas Carnahan was Chris in "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp." You want us to have some more limericks in the Magazine.

WANGANL.—Sorry, but I can't tell you about that play. Raymond McKee of "The Unbeliever" is now Sergeant McKee in the Medical Corps. Mail will reach him if sent to the Friars Club, New York City.

K. NELSON, N. Z.—Please don't say I'm a hard case and very sarcastic. Of course your letter didn't bore me. Yes, to one and two. Lottie Briscoe has come back and is with Metro. Victor Sutherland in "Daredevil Kate."

NORAH H. GIBSORNE.—But pride is the thing a political orator uses to point with. Violet Mersereau in "Autumn." Yes, little Bob White played in "Lost in Transit." Do write again.

MISS ANZAC, HERBERTON.—No, no, S. Rankin Drew is the son of Sidney Drew who is the husband of Jane Morrow. Vola Vale in "The Silent Man." Congratulations and good luck.

BLUE EYES.—John Davidson played in "The Beautiful Lie," "Souls Adrift" and "Spurs of Sybil." You say when Pauline Frederick was "Double Crossed," why didn't H. B. Warner? That's as bad as "Will the man in the moon be drafted?" which so many have asked me.

MARTHA A. D.—My, but you don't care a great deal about Francis X. Bushman, do you? Why, Hobart Bosworth was in vaudeville last. Yes, Irving Cummings in "Sister Against Sister." Well, sometimes I dream inquiries, sometimes not. You would like to see Olga Petrova play opposite Sessue Hayakawa? Would he kiss her black little lips?

DOUGLAS, AUSTRALIA.—The stranger was W. B. Davidson in "The White Raven," and Richard Tucker was Austin. D. W. Turner in "The Dawn of Love." Yes, there are a lot of alsorans now.

TASMANIA.—Yes, William Hinckley. Too old is right.

ONTARIO GIRL.—I hope you do not be-

long to that class who read merely that they need not think. Good reading makes you think. I provide you with ideas, not brains. Yes, Roland Bottomley is with the R. F. C. in France. He played in "The Neglected Wife," but I am sure he hasn't one.

HOP HARRY.—Yes, indeed, I get lots of letters from Australia, and I enjoy every one of them. No, no, Broadway isn't the only street of importance in New York, but it is some busy thoroughfare.

LENORE.—May Allison is busy working in pictures now. You say you are 16 and you have a sister 14, and now I know all about you. Quite true. You had better keep on the right side of me—I'm a little hard of hearing in my left ear.

VAGABOND, SYDNEY.—Perhaps the celluloid wasn't of the same quality we use over here. Why, that was Dorothea Abril, and you didn't care for her? Sorry you have the blues, but you must not be such a prude, and perhaps you're too reserved to be a prune.

TOM MOORE ADMIRER.—Nothing the matter at all with my teeth. Perfect condition. I can eat anything that comes along except nails. Clara Horton is a little girl. Tom Moore is now playing in "The Fair Pretender." The Editor would gladly have a picture of him if he would have some taken.

METRO, MELBOURNE.—You have me wrong, in fact you haven't me at all. No, Florence Lawrence, Romaine Fielding and G. M. Anderson are not playing now. Mr. Anderson always had a liking for the stage. First it was the stage coach and now it is the speaking stage. My dear boy, why don't you join one of the correspondence clubs?

J. H. H., SYDNEY.—Not yet. Pearl White is playing in "The House of Hate."

ST. JOHNS.—I'm so sorry I neglected to mention among the clubs the Lady Anne Schaefer Club, with Miss Bessie Davis, Hollister, Cal., as the secretary. Thanks for the nice things you say about this department. You know, you don't know how happy I am if I can please you.

MY DREAM BOY.—Tom Moore with Goldwyn. Forgive me. As I've said before, I'm kept in a cage where thieves can't break thru and steal. Little Mary McAllister was in to see me the other day, and she is one of the sweetest, most interesting little misses I have ever met. We had a dandy chat, and I believe she liked the Answer Man. Ask her.

GALWAY BOY, IRELAND.—Courtenay Foote isn't playing now. Tom Powers was in to see "Over the Top" the other night, and he looks more like Jimmie Morrison than ever. He is in the service.

LEATHER NECK.—Some one said that the reason our Magazine was so popular was because it gives the truth; briefly, so that people will read it; clearly, so that they will understand it; forcibly, so that they will appreciate it; picturesquely, so that they will remember it; and accurately, so that they may be wisely guided by its light. Your letter was a corker.

DARLEY, 16—Norma Talmadge is in New York. Send for a list of manufacturers.

R. G. M., TIENTSIN, CHINA.—And how did you get over there? No, no, Metro is a separate company, likewise Goldwyn and Paralta, but Hart, Triangle and Lasky are under Paramount. William Hart thru Paramount.

MISS KAHLER.—Olive Thomas was born in Charleroi, Pa., Oct. 20, 1898. Mary Miles Minter has a sister and mother and grandmother. They all live in California. She is playing opposite Wallace MacDonald now for Triangle.

LEON M. C., CHICAGO.—Thanks for sending me the silk flag, which, you say, is a token of your appreciation of my infernal and eternal optimism. Yes, indeed, the brain is a complicated mechanism to understand. Mildred Harris in "The Doctor and the Woman."

LOYOLA, 76.—There's no way I can get that William Desmond information for you. Why, Kitty Gordon married Sir Beresford. Montagu Love was educated in England.

MEMADATE.—Remember that the tears of penitents is the wine of angels. Well, Glen White was Quasimodo in "The Darling of Paris." Thanks, but I took a lemonade instead of the smoke, because it is more refreshing these very warm days.

KOOKABURRA.—Thank you, most gracious lady. Don't know of any other books. Thanks for the fee.

ISIPINGO.—But isn't the tongue the ambassador of the heart? You say William S. Hart is quite a favorite in Australia. He has a few admirers here, too. The transparent photograph film was invented by Eastman in 1888.

OLIVE & RITA.—May Allison's first picture by her own company is "Social Hypocrites. Will tell you later about Blanche Sweet. A theory makes more noise at the start, but a fact makes the best finish.

RUBY, CHRISTCHURCH, N. Z.—Yes, that's the way it is, the players get divorces and marry the property of some one else. Trolley cars were not invented until 1884 and were not in use until 1887, so that film was wrong. Mae Marsh in "The Face in the Dark."

JACK NEALON.—Glad to hear from you again. Well, I wouldn't want to start anything like that. Emily Stevens, Walter Miller and Leo Delaney in "The Slacker." Thanks.

EXPERT P.—G. M. Anderson is in New York City now. Madge Kennedy is with Goldwyn. As a side-line an assorted lot of genial, mirthful smiles is a good one to carry. Try it.

J. N., PITTSBURGH.—Confession of faults makes half amends. You're forgiven. Of course you wouldn't get turned down. We will have that interview in an early issue.

MISS MONTANA.—Thanks for the sweets. Thoroughly enjoyed them. You know how to make candy, all right.

VIVIAN.—I find that the man who shot and killed Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria was Gavrie Prinzip, and because it was revealed that he was a cat's-paw for higher powers, he was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment. Not Ray, but Alfred Vosburgh. Warren Kerrigan is with Paralta. Sorry I don't please you.

HIMIE G.—Mary Miles Minter, American Co., Los Angeles, Cal. Charlie Chaplin's first picture under his new contract was released April 15. No, I am not a poor, infirm, weak, despised old man. Are you?

FUNNY, QUEENSLAND.—Yes, 18. Why don't you look on your map? Let me hear from you again. Very good, a Ford boat a day keeps the U-boats away.

ADELE H.—I now have Maude Douglas' address. She is not a player and has never been in a studio. Why did you ask about her?

THE MYSTIC ROSE.—Ah, but fame never lets one lie down contentedly on a death-bed. Be satisfied. No, Miss Naylor didn't tell me any more than she told you about that bracelet that was soldered on Pearl White's ankle. I have already inquired. No, I have never seen it.

J. P.—On May 3d all the forms for the July Magazine went to press. Letters received after that date will be answered in the August or later issues. Of course our

magazines are read by a great many men. Children cry for it, women die for it, men lie for it.

MARGARETTE K. T.—That reminds me. When I drink the spacious bowl, drinking, I enlarge my soul; and with young men ever gay, dance and am as young as they. Tra, la! You say you liked "Stella Maris" better than "Amarilly of Clothes-line Alley." That was the smile of Norman Kerry.

LYDIA E. G.—Thanks for the "Kiss Me" gum. I couldn't very well give Mary Pickford some. Rose Coghlan for many years divided stellar honors with her brother Charles, now dead.

ANTOINETTE G.—Thanks for the card. A man's work is bound to confess his age. George Du Maurier is a rare exception—also myself. At sixty Du Maurier wrote like a young man, "Trilby" and "Peter Ibbetson." But he then found his literary talent for the first time, which accounts for his freshness and buoyancy.

H. R. A.—Thanks. I enjoyed yours. Doug Fairbanks hasn't been over to see us yet. He's been kept busy with the Liberty Loan.

WHITIE B.—Anita King is not playing now. Yes. You bet they are convenient. Did you know that Chicago has more telephones than all France, and a single office building in New York contains more than there are in the whole of Greece? No, I haven't seen "Hearts or Diamonds."

ORIENTAL THEDA.—Theda Bara in Los Angeles. Mae Murray with Universal. He, he! let me not burst in ignorance. What time is it when the clock strikes fifteen times. Cuckoo for yours!

PADDY, 23.—Thank you. Earle Williams is in California. He does. Your letter was immediately ushered in to the Editor. Thanks. Haven't you heard that men who are long on words are likely to be short on deeds? Take heed.

DOTSIE, TEXAS.—You say you are head-over-heels in love with Mahlon Hamilton. There's nothing I can do for you. You are afflicted with a *furor scribendi* also. Better watch out.

LELA F. T.—I am glad you write to our dear boys over there. You know life consists largely in getting a sense of proportions. If we were all suddenly reduced to one inch in height, with everything about us on the same scale, we would never notice the difference. Those stars will come back soon, no doubt.

BETTY OF MELROSE.—No record of Ruth St. Clair. That was the September 1915 issue with Irving Cummings smoking. My character is necessarily composite—the honesty of publicity men has made me virtuous, the modesty of stars has made me retiring, the perennial youth of ingénues has made me hustle, and the blessedness of stage married life has kept me single.

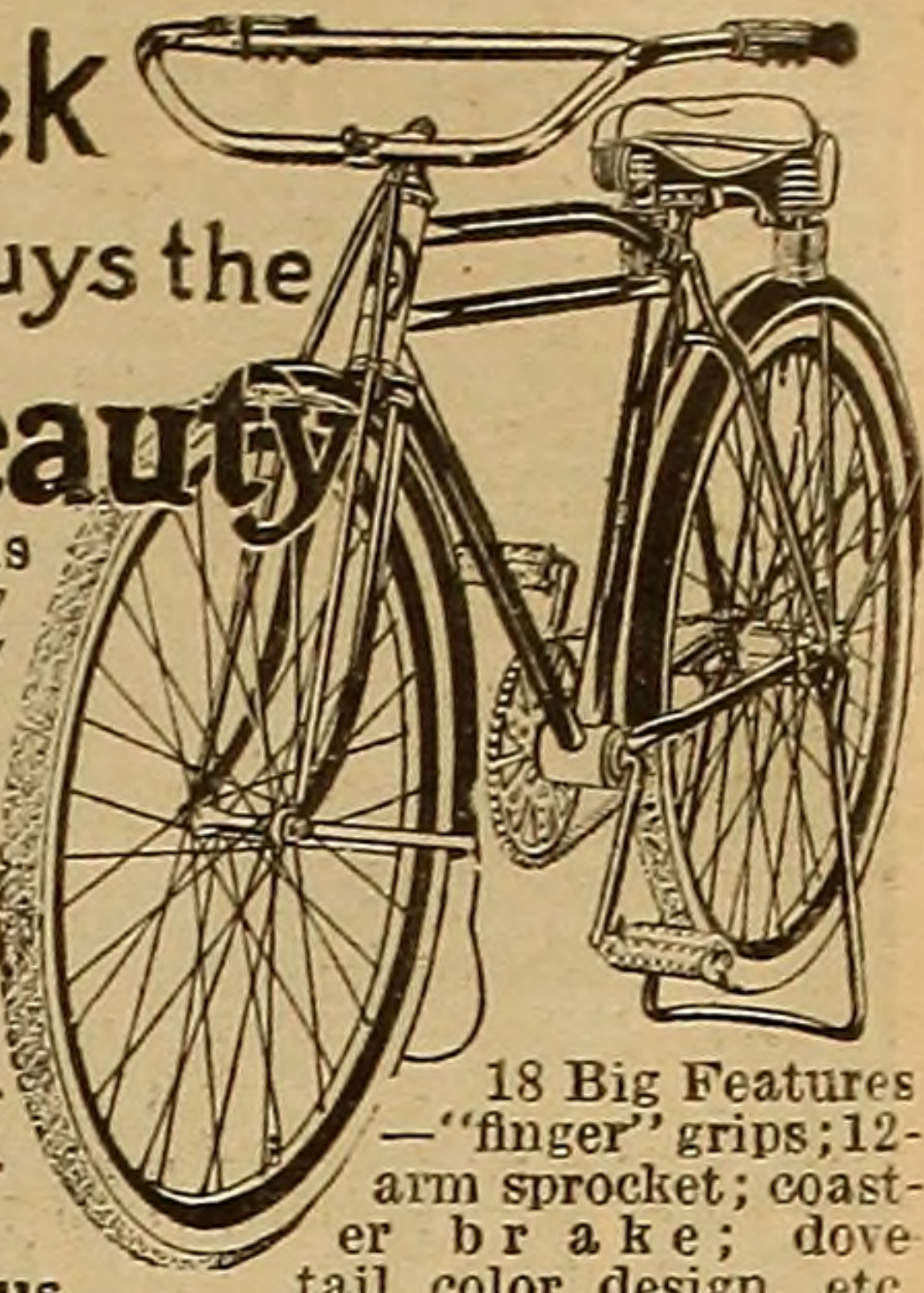
ESTHER G.—Yes, Eugene O'Brien's acting is always high-class, whether "The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme, the young men's vision or the old man's dream." Billie Burke's child's name is Patricia Ziegfeld. You seem to think I have plenty of patience.

CALEDONIA PLUNCKETT.—Glad to know you. But the finest language is chiefly made up of unimposing words. Mary Miles Minter's eyes are blue. Gertrude McCoy in "His Daughter Pays" will be released thru Piedmont.

GERALD.—Elsie Ferguson was born in New York in 1883. Relieve yourself by writing to me. A burden in the hand is worth two on the conscience, you know.

FRANK HUMBOLDT.—Some companies will sell you stills. Write Artcraft. Ethel Tear will play with Lloyd V. Hamilton for Fox.

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REJECTED GLOOGOOS.—You say you would like admirers of J. Warren Kerrigan, Marguerite Clark and Mae Murray to write to you—Joseph Grant, S. O. O. M., Portland, Ore.

KID.—Yes, J. W. Johnston was the lead in "The Man in the Box." Count that day lost whose low descending sun sees no fresh scrap in Russia's realm begun. But I'm betting that we are going to hear from Russia in a big way soon, and in a way to strike terror to the heart of Germany.

SERIAL QUEEN ADMIRER.—You liked Ruby Hoffman's work in the serial. We shall have a chat with Harry Gsell very soon. You say Mary Pickford is the only one in her family who belongs to the movie screen. Pray, what's the matter with Jack and Lottie? Yes, I enjoyed "Oh Boy" also.

ANITA STEWART ADMIRER.—What's that? Woman never does anything wrong, but she does some things at the wrong time. The first American actor was named John Martin. He made his debut in Philadelphia in 1790 and, like many of his successors, he lived poor and died young.

EAGLE-EYE JIM.—Exceptions to Alma Rubens and Billie Rhodes. Did you ever stop to think that many a child goes astray because the home lacks sunshine? A child needs smiles just as much as the flowers need sunbeams.

HELEN R.—You ask who is the tallest, the smallest, the oldest, the youngest, the richest and the poorest player. This way to the cell, please. Dorothy Phillips is being directed by Allan Holubar.

J. M. D., CAMBRIDGE.—Thanks muchly. No, Edith Storey is with Metro. It was Andrew Carnegie who said, "We have abolished slavery from civilized countries, the owning of man by man. The next great step that the world can take is to abolish war, the killing of man by man."

ALBANY, 22.—The best teacher is experience, my dear. You think that the reason Bill Hart does not put more love in his love-scenes is because of his lack of experience.

N. W. S.—You refer to Melbourne MacDowell. Olive Thomas is playing right along. You like Bill Russell's horse, "Babe." I believe that horses, dogs and ladies are my favorite pets. No, I haven't red flannels. I like linen better.

FRED S. O.—I know of no film company who starts beginners. I doubt if there are any. Glad to hear from you. Frank Mills was Bertram in "The Golden Claw." Wedgwood Lowell was Graham.

MAHLON HAMILTON FAN.—Why, after leaving the office I sometimes go over to the Vanderbilt or Waldorf for dinner, then to a picture show, then to the theater. Yes. Mahlon Hamilton's interview in the Classic was quite interesting and it was all true. A lie has no legs and cannot stand, but it has wings and can fly far and wide.

MARQUIS.—Charles Gunn was Paul in "Sweetheart of the Doomed." That was released in November, 1917—"Zeppelin's Last Raid."

BLUEBIRD.—Pythias, for whom the Knights of Pythias was named, was an ancient Greek, the friend of Damon, and it was fidelity to him that caused the name of Pythias to live in the hearts of men. Both lived in the fourth century before Christ. Give me the name of the publisher of those songs. I don't know them. I don't keep track of all the songs that are published.

MINERVA.—I haven't heard it. Yes, Paramount. Never trouble your stomach and your stomach will never trouble you. Your letter was very witty.

M. Mack, of 52 Jackson West, Hamilton, Ont., writes a long but in-

teresting letter to the Answer Man and draws the latter's fire:

TO THE ANSWER MAN.—I have just finished reading questions and answers in connection with your contest, and wish to say that in my opinion you owe fully 50% of your questioners the one-hundred-dollar bonus, because you have not answered their questions in full. You merely make reply.

For instance, "What is life?" To this you reply, "Life is a comedy-drama in which too many of us are amateur actors." That answer is all right as far as it goes, but it does not go so very far—it is too incomplete. The questioner does not refer to human life alone. He simply states "life," and "life" may mean human life, bird life, plant life or animal life. Thus your answer cannot be correct, as it does not apply to the above. Therefore I beg to repeat that question, "What is life?"

In another answer you refer to "life" as the "soul's nursery." "Comedy-drama" and "soul's nursery" do not run along together, so once again I hardly think you are correct.

Again, you are asked as to what is to become of you after your remaining 24 years are up. You make reply by quoting the title of a song, "Where Do We Go from Here?" That is not an answer. You simply quote a question and add a few sentences—most incomplete.

You say Lincoln is alive in his seeming death. That is only too true—Lincoln will always live. But you say that the Kaiser is dead in his seeming life. All I can say is that he is some live, dead one. Every day he is causing untold suffering, ruin, death—and then you dare to say he is dead? Ah no, Answer Man, the Kaiser is very much alive. May I tell you, you are entirely wrong in that? When you have survived a London air raid or two, and have had a few nights on the briny, dodging subs, I do not think you'll dare to say that the Kaiser is dead. Good-night—NO!

To the question, "Why do people die?" you do not give a correct answer. I just forget in all what you say, but I do know that you say in your belief people die "for death is the beginning of life's greatest adventure." Death is positive, therefore there is no "adventure" to it.

I am but eighteen years old, a mere stenog, and not very good at that either, and I do not pretend to match my 18 years with your 76. But if I were answering any of the above questions I'd give one little word which I think governs in this world and the next, and that little word is "law." Am I far from right?

As far as nonsensical questions go, you win. Your wit is just the best thing yet, and that is why I think you fail in answering "profound" questions. Wit will never answer a deep question, and that is where you are wrong in trying to do so.

And now comes my turn to question:

(1) In your opinion, why is it that the Christian races (such as the Armenians) are permitted to suffer so horribly at the hands of non-believers (Turks)?

(2) Why is it that the sharper, no matter how low-down he is in thought and deed, always comes out ahead of the conscientious plugger who wouldn't harm a little fly if he could help it? You understand what I mean to say, don't you, even if I don't make it so very clear?

(3) Where did the names of the different months come from—February, March, May, etc.?

(4) What is the difference between a cigar and a canary?

(5) "There's one born every minute"—now I'm one, and why is that?

The Answer Man's reply:

(1) Assuming that the Creator is a loving God, He works in mysterious ways His wonders to perform. No living man is wise enough to see why He permits churches and His worshipers to be destroyed, while saloons and dives are safe from the enemy's shells, nor why the World War is permitted to go on at this length. Yet did He not send a flood once?

(2) You're wrong—he doesn't. His advantage is only temporary. Honesty always comes out on top. But the plugger must have something more than conscience and industry. He must be alert—bright if not sharp.

(3) Look in any unabridged dictionary for each.

(4) Don't you really see any difference?

(5) There's a new fool born every minute except the minute you were born.

Patter from the Pacific

BY HARRY HARDING

An earthquake rocked the city of Los Angeles on April 21st, causing two deaths and breaking numerous panes of perfectly good plate-glass in the different department stores, as well as other slight damage. The towns of Hemet and San Jacinto were almost completely destroyed by the tremor.

A ball game has been arranged between the "Movie Stars," comprised of stars and directors from the various studios, and William Fox's Sunshine Comedy team for the benefit of the Red Cross. Charles Ray, Robert Harron, Jack Conway, Eddie Cline, Lee Moran, Al Ray, Ford Sterling, and Charles Parrot have been selected to represent the "Movie Stars," and tickets are going very fast. Slim Summerville and Bobby Dunn of the Sunshine forces are having secret practice every evening.

The Moving Picture stars have been a tremendous help in putting Los Angeles "over the top" in the Third Liberty Loan campaign. Not being satisfied with merely buying Liberty Bonds, several of the stars sold bonds to the public at various places. When called upon to make a personal appearance during the running of his latest feature, Charles Ray came on the stage, and instead of talking about himself or the feature, gave the packed house a four-minute talk on why they should buy Liberty Bonds.

Dick Willis, the well-known film man and poet, has arrived back in Los Angeles after a several months' business trip in the East.

Los Angeles is now "dry," and therefore considered a nine-o'clock town, but there's a lot of twelve-o'clock fellows in it.

Al Whitman, Vitagraph star, went to all the trouble of growing a mustache for his last feature, and now his present story describes him as "mustacheless." In the future Al will resort to crêpe hair for his upper-lip disguises.

Four new noises in Los Angeles—the new cars of Henry King, Charles Ray, Mack Sennett and "Pathé" Lehrman.

"Ham" has broken out with the German measles, so Lloyd V. Hamilton, as he is otherwise known, is now interned in his home.

Theda Bara broke all Liberty Bond selling records at the imitation British tank in Los Angeles by more than \$21,000. The previous record was \$17,000, held by the Paramount stars, Dorothy

Dalton, Theodore Roberts and Wallace Reid, but when Theda rolled her eyes everybody bought, even the ladies.

Edward Coxen and Vivian Rich, who used to be partners in the films made by the American Film Company, are playing together again. They are being co-starred in a prohibition propaganda film being made by Thomas Ricketts. It will be like old times again to see Vivian and Ed playing together.

Wyndham Standing, the well-known English actor, arrived in Los Angeles with his wife, after being rejected by the United States Army, in which he enlisted. The day after he arrived he was engaged by the Clara Kimball Young Film Corporation to play opposite the popular star, and the next was working at the studio. Pretty fast work, we call this.

Gloria Hope, sixteen, and very pretty, who was with Ince for a year, being featured in "The Guilty Man," "Free and Equal," and several other films, has just been engaged by D. W. Griffith to play an important part in the present feature he has just started to work on.

Speaking of Griffith, I know that thousands of film fans will be delighted to hear that Henry B. Walthall, the "Little Colonel" in "The Birth of a Nation," is back with the world's greatest director again, and has commenced work in Griffith's latest feature for the Artcraft program.

Henry Otto is in the Clara Barton Hospital, suffering from a rheumatic attack. There is no chance for Henry to get the "blues" with the steady stream of callers that come to say "hello" every day.

Bessie Barriscale is in the Big City now, visiting her sister, who is seriously ill. She started work on "A Wife's Conscience," but was called East before she had completed one week's work.

Ford Sterling has again returned to the Mack Sennett fold. This is Sterling's second return. He is playing a movie star in a two-reel laugh-splitter with Louise Fazenda, Jack Cooper, Roxana McGowan, and Gene Rodgers, which Eddie Cline is directing.

Ida May Parke, one of the few women directors, has made such a success with her Universal productions that she is shortly to do a super-feature for Carl Laemmle.

Ann Little declares that she would like to divide her time between New York and Los Angeles on a fifty-fifty basis, working six months before the camera in one place and the remaining six months in the other.

Director Ted Sloman, of the American Film Company, had a wonderful celebration last week. His daughter, Leslee Eva Sloman, celebrated her first birthday in the land of the free. It's a proud papa, this Sloman.

Florence Vidor, the popular Lasky leading-lady, has just completed work in Cecil B. De Mille's production, "Old Wives for New," and has been given a three weeks' vacation, which is highly appreciated by Florence and which she means to make the most of. She has used up one week already visiting all the shops in Los Angeles, but I suppose that's a woman's idea of a vacation.

Monroe Salisbury has received many inquiries regarding the necklace he wore as the Indian in the Bluebird production, "Red, Red Heart." It was given to him by the Indian Princess Neola when her husband died, and he treasures it very highly.

Mary Anderson, nicknamed "Sunshine" because of her disposition, has completed work in Sessue Hayakawa's first production at the head of his own company.



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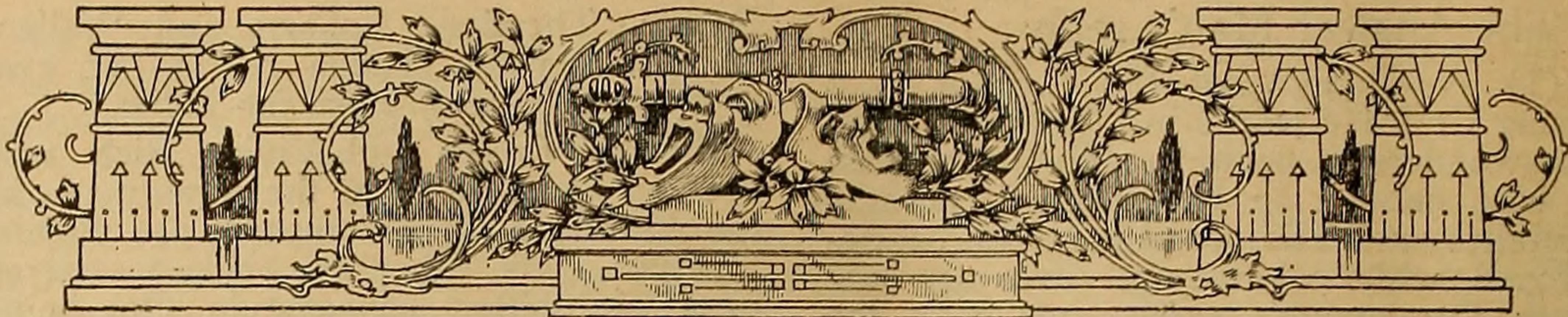
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Questions That Stumped the Answer Man

He Rewards the Scholars and Wits Who Put His Knowledge and Drollery to Shame

Feeling seasonably windy in March, I issued a challenge to all my clientèle, from humble lord cardinals to exalted boiler-makers, to ask me four questions that I couldn't answer. I now notice I must have been nearing my second childhood, or else old age rushes in where youth fears to tread. In the self-sufficiency of the armor of my knowledge, I blindly thought that it was impene-trable. But there are questions and questions! Unfortunately for me, my egotistical challenge was copied profusely by the newspapers, with the result that my \$100 of hoarded gold is being sought after by every greedy interrogator in the country. For quite a few care-free weeks, I answered the endless barrage of questions *just like that!* They were my easy, matutinal exercise. I was so fond of them that I even rushed a few of my answers into print. Literally, tons of unanswered questionnaires surrounded and engulfed my desk. My brain, sharpened to a hissing edge, began to dull. The most fairy-like, little question became a giant that brutally cud-ged my encephalon. I hereby confess that, thru stressed numbers and an overdose of thought and work on my part, I have been tripped up, floored, set by the heels, flabber-gasted and befuddled by many of the questions directed at me—or, more properly, my pocketbook. I could write a book upon the resourcefulness, intelligence and tireless enthusiasm that governed me in selecting the prize-winning questions. But modesty forbids! There is only one moral, and it applies to only me. Never again will I spread the wings of braggadocio outside the four walls of my den. Now that I am parting with my savings, all my savings of a lifetime, I do so without regret. The incubus of a million added questions has been lifted from my lily-white shoulders.

Now, who is the sage who has asked me the most sensible question that I could not answer? I acknowledge her to be Frieda Heaney, Smithtown Branch, N. Y., and here is her bullet-proof question: "If there is a loving God watching over

His peoples, how can He sanction the frightful destruction and sufferings of the present World War in order to carry out a reformatory plan of evolution?" My \$50 in gold has already sped into her yawning pocketbook. (If Frieda, or anybody else, could answer this question satisfactorily, I would almost be willing to double the fee.)

Who is the king's jester who has dumbfounded me with the most unanswerable fool question? I acknowledge her to be Bertha E. Moore, 2613 Thirteenth St., N. W., Washington, D. C., and her foolish query is: "If Charlie Chaplin and Doug Fairbanks were twins, which one would they resemble the most—Charlie or Doug?" My twenty-five golden ducats are already gleaming in her purse.

Furthermore, who is the esoteric philosopher that has confounded me with the most profound question? I acknowledge him to be Stanley F. Widener, 461 North Garey Ave., Pomona, Cal., and his stickler is: "When world peace comes, will it be as the offspring of a decided victory for one side or the other, or will it be as the result of a change in the points of view of the combatants?" My fifteen minted shekels now repose in his bluejeans.

Finally, who is the prince of wits that has shackled me with the wittiest shaft? I present him to you as Frank Dill, Salt Creek, Wyoming, who suggests the following sartorial crisis: "If, thru war economy, pants are to be shortened, I would like to know at which end, and how much?" My ten golden doubloons are now resting in his old stone jar.

To all the high-brows, rough-necks, checker players, prime ministers, fools, flirts, freaks and Solomons who have competed in the Answer Man Contest, I say a benedictite, also so-long!

Your attack has been glorious, wonderful, overpowering, and with a humble and chastened spirit, I beseech you to follow me back to my old quarters, furnished with eight-point type and plenty of it.

Yours to the death,
THE ANSWER MAN.

"Letting George Do It"

(Continued from page 41)

Indiana; after that to New York. I started out from that happy hunting ground for a couple of seasons in vaudeville, touring the country. Then I went back home for a visit."

"Waddayamean, home?" quoth the I. W. W., writing vigorously.

"Republic, Michigan; that's where I made my debut in this world."

"Why, you're a Michigander for sure. I don't know where Republic is, but I'm glad you decided to forsake it for Los Angeles. Don't tell me you're going to marry a Michigoose, or all the fans will suffer heartaches," anxiously pleaded the I. W. W.

"No danger. When one works as hard as I do, has a mother to support, and every spare moment is taken up in thinking out make-up, rehearsals, and a few little hours for sleep, there is not much time left for falling in love," answered Mr. Fisher very positively.

"But surely you have not lived all these years without a heart-flutter for some one?" continued the I. W. W., who was beginning to feel sentimental.

"I almost had it happen once," mused George reminiscently. "I got all ready to propose to a girl, put on my Sunday suit, spent an hour in trying to make conversation which would lead up to the point gracefully, and then got stage-fright such as I've never experienced in my entire stage career. In fact, I was still shaking when I found myself safely on her front door-step with the dire words left unspoken. Now I'm thankful for those shakes. Why, that girl is married and has seven children. Just think, I might have been in Eddie Foy's class if my tongue had been in good working order."

"How old were you when you first loved a lassie? All young boys have an experience of that kind, and I'm sure yours will prove interesting," was the I. W. W.'s rejoinder.

Mr. Fisher laughed until the nail-kegs on which he and the rabid interviewer sat wobbled dangerously. "That was a real tragedy, one that I shall never forget. I had long entertained a deep affection for a mighty pretty girl in the country school. We used to walk home together, but I had never dared to call on her. One day, a day which I thought would be the most satisfying in my young life, I bought a two-bit box of candy—don't you know all those fancy things they give you in cheap boxes of sweets, with a bright pink rose pasted on the lid? Well, I went out with a 'to the victor belong the spoils' air, rang the bell timidly, and was ushered in by the mother of my beloved. She told me that Peggy was out on an errand and asked me to wait. I wanted to leave at once, but as her mother would not hear of it, saying Peggy always spoke so highly of me and would be so delighted to have me call, I had to compromise by sitting on the front porch to wait for the young lady. You see, I was only fourteen and this society stunt frightened me."

"But surely, that is not the climax of this thrilling tale." The I. W. W. never seemed to get enough.

"I'm almost ashamed to tell you the rest. I was so nervous that I opened the box of candy and began to eat absent-mindedly, watching the road and thinking an hour seemed like eternity. After a long time, Peggy arrived, took one look at the box of sweets which had been viewed a gum-drop and a hard straw-

berry which had been nibbled and discarded as I did not like their flavor, and then gave me a lecture which made the day turn into blackest night. She sped into the house and never spoke to me again as long as we lived in that burg."

After the I. W. W. had recovered from this naive confession, she probed further. "How about your first real party?"

"A terrible fiasco. I was beginning to think that perhaps after all I was rather a good-looking boy, when, at seventeen, an invitation came to a real party. Mother refused to let me go. I never did know just why, but I was brought up under the old-fashioned régime and she always knew where my two brothers and I spent every hour. No, they are not on the stage; both are successful business men in the Middle West. I was bitterly resentful, for I had looked forward to going to this affair. Mother retired early that night, while I was doing my lessons for the next day. I decided I would go, anyway; had nothing but a gray 'store suit,' but thought my looks would make me a winner.

"Well, when I arrived, all the boys had on their Tux's, and—would you believe it?—not a girl would look at me or dance with me. It wasn't a bit like a story-book would have staged the scene, and I left disconsolately at ten o'clock, crept in by way of the kitchen window, and never did let mother know about my self-inflicted punishment."

The Indefatigable Western Writer sympathized heartily, but ached for more news. "Did you sing while on the vaudeville circuit, Mr. Fisher?"

"No, but my experience as a warbler began early. In fact, I was soprano soloist of a church in Republic for many years. When my voice changed, I entertained dreams of becoming a legitimate stage star. I'll reveal my secret hopes to you, too. In spite of my love for the Motion Picture field, my pet ambition is to be starred just once in a wonderful play in New York. I want to read my name in big type in the New York dailies; want to play in a drama which will fill the biggest playhouse in that city for a year or so. Modest aspiration, isn't it? One might as well aim high, even if it all resolves itself into a mere day-dream. I would be satisfied to spend the remainder of my days in Motion Pictures if I could make just one stage success."

"Wasn't it Emerson who told us to hitch our wagon to a star?" mused the I. W. W. encouragingly. "Motion Picture work surely does add to a man's popularity; you are young and a hard worker, why shouldn't you achieve your ambition? By the way, have you ever loved some special make-up?"

Mr. Fisher grew enthusiastic suddenly. "Have I? I should say so. I loved the make-up which I used for the Christus part in 'Civilization.' But when it comes to a real part, I'll admit that my best opportunity for heavy emotional work has been found right here with Miss Barriscale. We are doing Monte Katterjohn's newest photoplay, 'The Inside of the Cup.' I played with Miss Barriscale at Culver City some years ago, before I left for the North to work with Mary Miles Minter and Juliette Day, you know. I also finished recently a good part in 'Alimony,' in which I co-star with Lois Wilson, and my director has promised me a starring vehicle within the next year."

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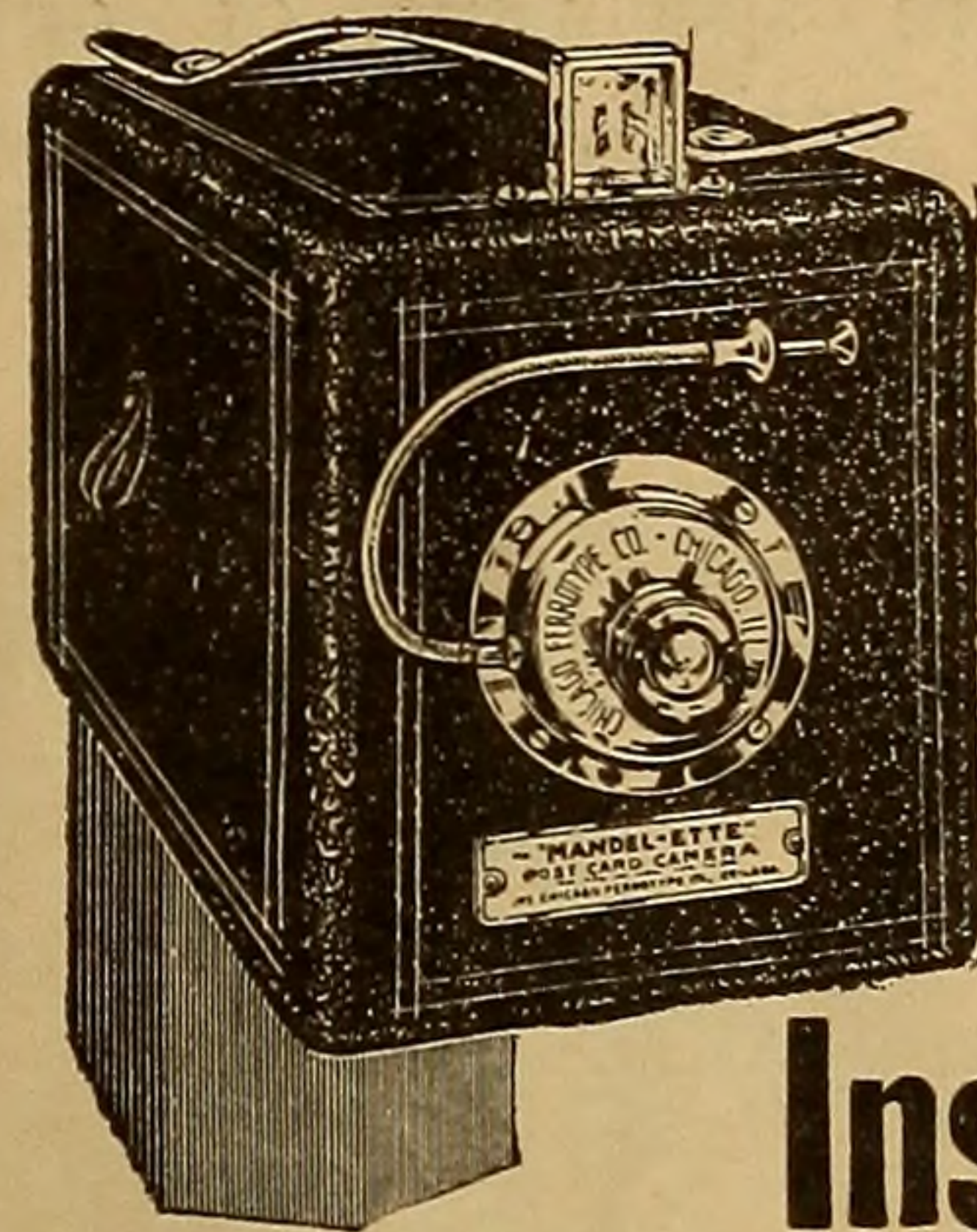
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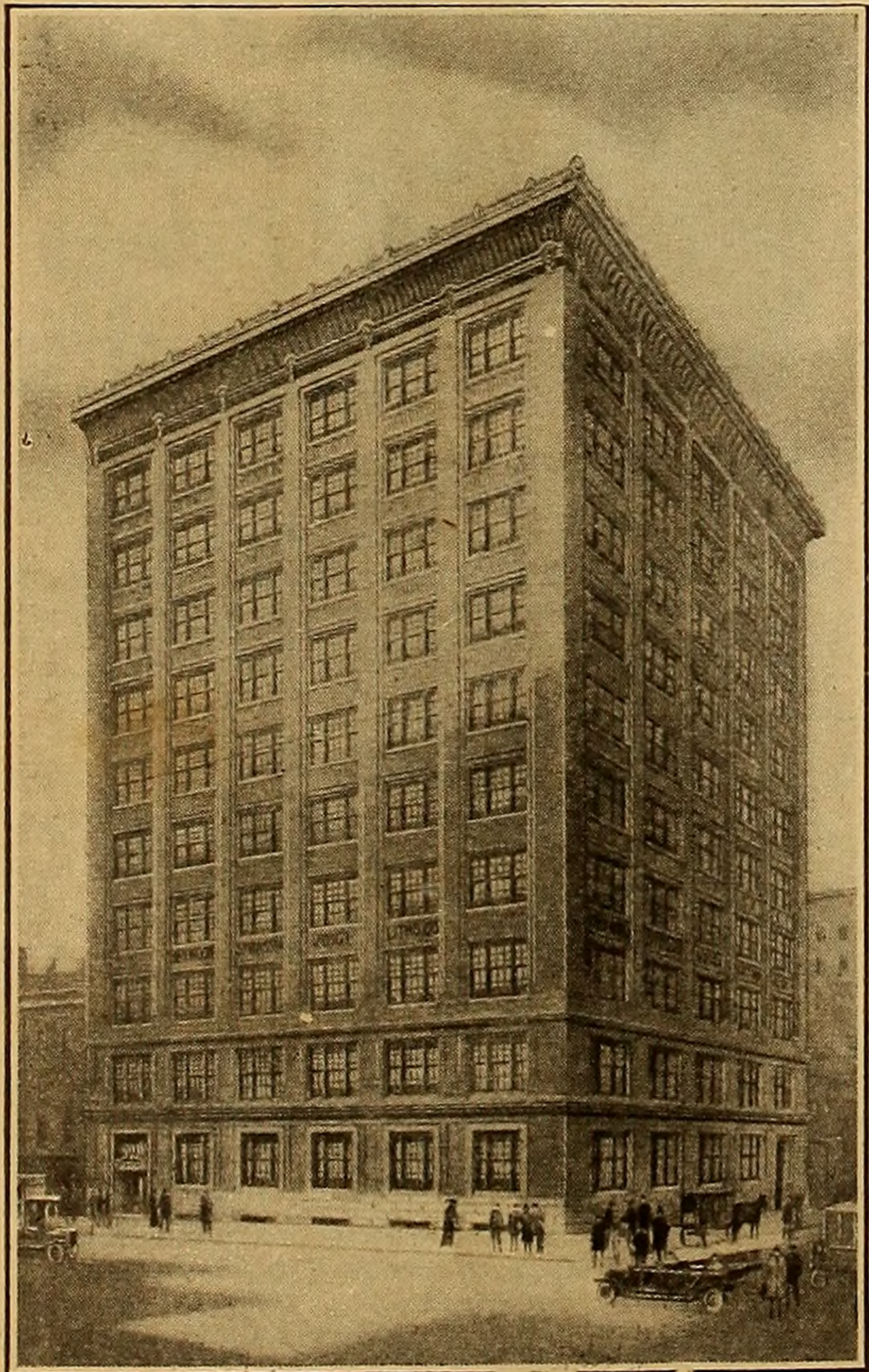
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a costume while doing 'The Inside of the Cup'? The I. W. W. fingered her camera affectionately.

"Would you like me to put on the togs I'm to wear in the bal masque scene? Come over to my dressing-room while I do the lightning change act."

The dressing-room boasted one lonesome chair, one phoney mirror, three walls full of clothes, a floorful of assorted shoes, and a horizontal board on which a fine display of make-up goods formed a parade. The chair was promptly placed outside for the I. W. W., while Mr. Fisher retired to what looked like anything but a leading-man's dressing-room. The I. W. W. had expected framed photographs, silver brushes, soft lounging-chairs and a smoking-stand. Even Miss Barriscale's room is unornamented; the Paralta studio is distinctly practical and utilitarian in its tendencies.

A Roman warrior, who jingled like the "Night before Christmas when all thru the house," stept forth hastily. "Please hook me in the back, I cant reach that clasp," he begged. A funny harness, which seemed built of gliding casters and horse-reins, held up a set of breast-plates and short white ballet skirt jingling with steel plates. The elusive glove-clasp between the shoulders so occupied the I. W. W.'s attention, that she quite jumped when a derisive voice called: "You're not cold or anything like that, Georgie, are you?" Those Gunga Din uniforms are a little inclined to make a Fisher Frappé when the mountain winds blow over the big lot.

I've got a better one than this old Roman," said George. In two minutes he emerged clad in a tigerskin and sandals.

When he emerged again, Mr. Fisher said affably: "Let's visit the commissary and dally with the fleshpots. I'm chilly and hungry, aren't you?"

And the I. W. W. was overjoyed to say, "Yes, thank you."



SEEING'S BELIEVING

Mr. Tarleton Winchester, Publicity Manager of Pathé, proving to Hazel Simpson Naylor, Associate Editor of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, that the million-dollar look in Pathéplay settings is backed by the real thing in Mexican onyx mantels and silver-gilt candelabra. After having viewed equally beautiful sets housing the working of Fannie Ward and Milton Sills, Antonio Moreno and Pearl White, Gladys Hulette and Creighton Hale, Miss Naylor was willing to be convinced that at Pathé all's gold that glitters.

Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 113)

not appreciate to a greater degree good acting, such as Florence Reed, or Geraldine Farrar. Florence Reed is not only good to look upon, but she can act. It is born in her; she plays with feeling. She can act and she is not afraid to let the public know it. Miss Reed is very popular in San Francisco, because S. F. knows what's what. Geraldine Farrar is beautiful, wonderful, far more so than Clara Young could ever hope to be. She is a wonderful emotional actress also, and if she would play vampire parts the public would forget that Theda Bara ever existed. Still, I must admit that Miss Bara is a fine actress, and she certainly can die far better than the majority of our famous actresses. Theda Bara was born July 20, same as me, so naturally I am very fond of her. If she believes in planets, my life is scheduled to be exactly the same as hers.

Now Wallace Reid is a mighty good actor, and I just cant see why they put him in those romantic plays. I am sure Wally longs for bigger things, and he ought to get them. If somebody doesn't write him a good story soon, I shall write one myself. His acting in "Carmen" proved him to be the coming E. H. Sothern.

Why people go wild over Bessie Love and Dorothy Gish is more than I can understand.

Webster Campbell is a real good little actor, and he doesn't get a chance. They should star him, for he certainly will be very popular. June Caprice tried to imitate Mary Pickford but failed. Bessie Love thought she was the future Pickford. She failed. They all try, but fail. Mary Pickford has the personality and sweetness that they lack.

Success has gone to the head of Douglas Fairbanks. I know Doug is great. I am in love with him myself, but the trouble is that he is too much in love with himself. He is crazy over publicity. I believe if some one did not recognize him he would die of shame. I know how he acts. I have seen him. Why, he has the reporters at his heels morning, noon and night. You know a little publicity now and then will not affect the best of men, but too much am too much. So Doug will surely lose favor in the eyes of the public as quickly as he gained it if he does not look out. At the present time he is the reigning hero. People are wild about him. They will go miles and miles to see him, but there are lots of things that he must keep out of the newspapers. People get tired of seeing his picture in the papers all the time. Scandal has made some people, but as surely as it makes some, it is going to ruin him. He is still my favorite male actor, but with a little less publicity I should like him better. We must admit he has got it over all the rest of them, and I surely enjoy him.

Now there's Alice Brady. You'd have to go a long way to find a prettier girl than she, and she certainly knows how to dress and act, too.

SHE SHOULD HAVE DRINKLESS DAYS

Sad to say, wines and liquors are indulged in in all countries nowadays. While in Paris recently, a certain actress, once noted for her beauty, who had too continuously followed the prevailing custom, was looking in the public mirror at her red nose, and in despair she exclaimed: "But where have I caught such a nose?" The parrot from behind her screamed out: "At the buffet, madam, at the buffet!"

The Diplomatic Director

(Continued from page 86)

had the most wonderful estate imaginable. It abounded with natural and artificial beauty, with wonderful lawns and gardens, pergolas and fountains—everything, in fact, to make the mouth of a director water when on the lookout for wonderful exteriors. But it had never been photographed, altho for five years movie directors had been vainly striving to gain admission with their companies.

The grouchy millionaire absolutely refused to let a Moving Picture company enter the grounds. He went so far, finally, as to station guards at various points, and to plant savage dogs at several vantage points. Intruders might penetrate the grounds, but their stay would be necessarily brief.



DIRECTOR "BOB" VIGNOLA

Bill made up his mind to use that estate in a picture. He had a weak story to produce, a ! figured that only marvellous backgrounds would save it.

Despite the good advice, scornful laughter, and vigorous protests of his fellow directors, Bill took his company over to Jersey. But instead of assaulting the millionaire's citadel at once, he put up with his people at an inn near-by and spent a day learning about the wealthy one's personal habits and eccentricities. Bill was a good general, you see.

He strode into the inn that evening with a quizzical smile and a reflective eye.

"Jimmy," he said to his assistant director, "I've found out that our dyspeptic friend is crazy about golf and dotes on statistics. Especially statistics: he has 'em at every meal, and to him the world is a double-columned ledger, and all the men and women merely digits on it!"

"Have some nice warm dinner," interjected Jimmy, "and maybe you'll feel better. Myself, I think the heat's got you."

Bill only laughed: "I'm not raving—I've thought up a scheme, that's all, son."

Next morning he stationed the entire company outside the gates of the estate, and then, armed with only a golf-bag, he penetrated the outer defenses and was soon lost to sight among the trees.

A few minutes later some dogs were to be heard barking frantically.

"They've got him treed," guessed Jimmy gloomily. "Here's where we all get pinched for house-breaking, or something."

At that precise moment Bill was sitting safely, if not comfortably, in the fork of a tree up which he had hastily clambered. Below, four ferocious bull-dogs were voicing their desire to chaw him up artistically—if only they could reach him.

On this scene came John Howley, chronic grouch and owner of millions. He seemed fiercely glad to see an intruder treed.

Bill recognized him at once from his photographs, but nevertheless called out with dignity:

"Hey, gardener! Tell your master to call off these dogs, my good man!" (He was posing like a ten-twenty-thirty hero.)

Howley, taken aback, stuttered: "Look here, I'm John Howley, owner of this—"

"Owner of these dogs," cried Bill, not at all feazed. "Then call them off—I came here to play golf, not to be masticated by hungry canines. Why dont you feed them? By the way," he went on, "these are mighty attractive golf-grounds. Where's the bunker?"

Howley's manner became less ferocious at the mention of golf. But, "These aren't the golf-links," he explained. "It's a private estate—"

"Oh, I see!" said Bill, registering comprehension. "This is the home of that old financier who Smith says cant play golf, but thinks himself a world-beater. Smith's going to teach me how to play."

Howley swelled up with indignation: "Do you mean Sandy Smith, of the golf-club? Why, he doesn't know a niblick from a brassie! Say, young man, step down here, and I'll give you a few pointers—"

"Call off the hounds," stipulated Bill.

Howley had the dogs removed in care of a gardener, and then enthusiastically fell to work explaining golf to Bill. During the course of it he spoke thus: "You see, I own this estate. And by the way, how much do you think it costs to keep it up per day? per hour? Do you know my income per minute on—"

"No," interposed Bill, seizing his chance, now that Howley's second vulnerable point was open to attack. "But say, do you know that the yearly salaries of Bill Hart, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin are equal to the interest at four per cent on fifteen, eighteen, twenty and twenty-five million dollars, respectively?"

"Who are these persons?" queried Howley, blinking. "Railroad presidents?"

"Railroad presidents!" echoed Bill, with fine scorn. "No! They're Moving Picture actors."

Howley started to speak, but Bill didn't give him a chance: "You think you know statistics, Mr. Howley! Do you know that there is enough movie film used each year to go around the world eight times, with enough left over to fresco the Woolworth Building? That more than three hundred pies—custard pies—are used each month in slapstick comedies? That—"

Howley came up for air, and hurled a statistic at Bill: "There are three hundred thousand miles of steel rails in this country—"

"Pshaw!" retorted Bill. "What's that compared with three billion?"

"Three billion of what?" gasped Howley.



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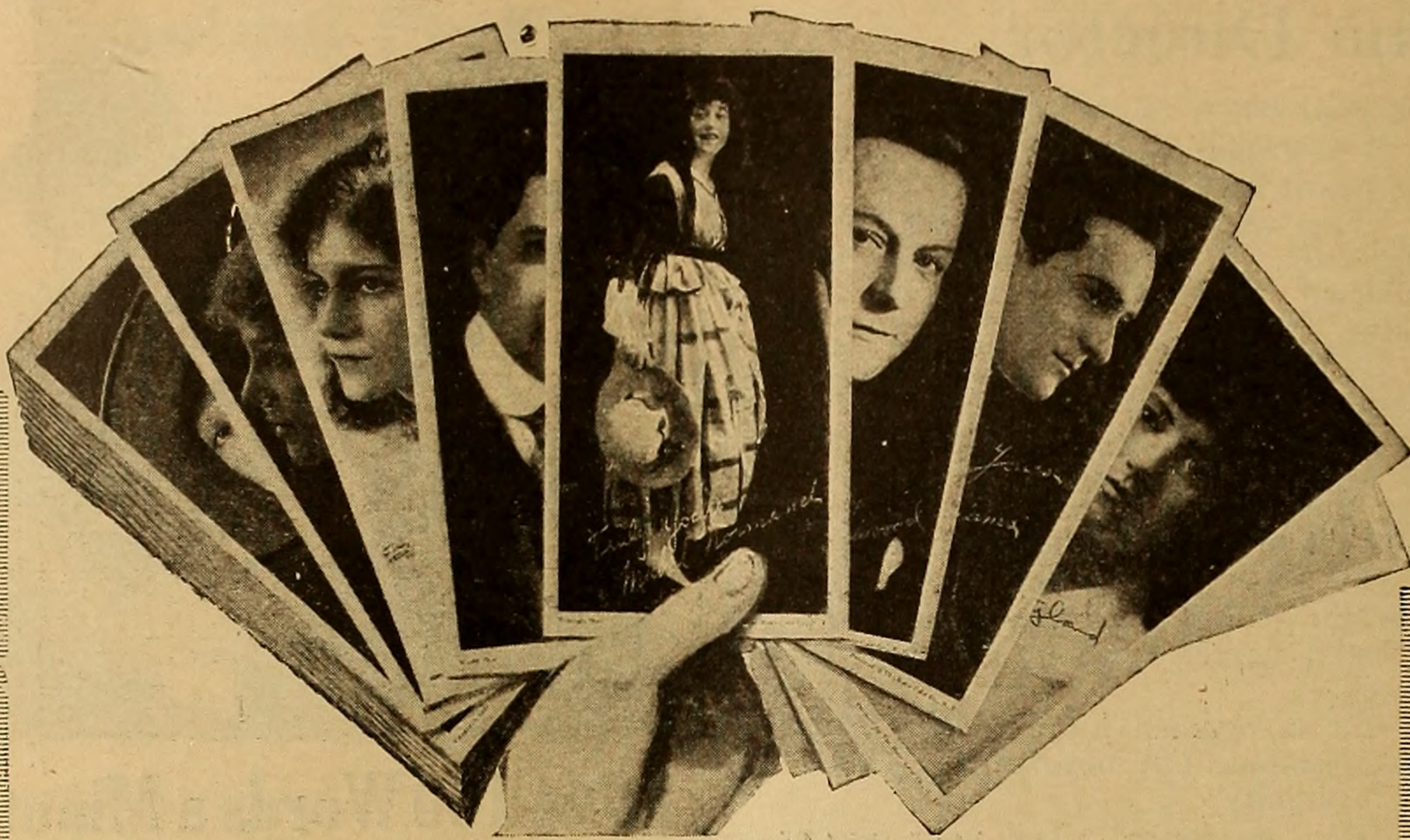
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"Three billion miles of paper," roared Bill, "on which movie scenarios have been written!"

"Speaking of the scarcity of paper," quickly interpolated Howley, "do you know that two hundred and thirty—"

"No!" shouted Bill, "but do you know that, at the rate people are writing scenarios, and letters and poetry to their favorite movie stars, there wont be any paper left in just three months and eleven days? Do you also know," he hurried on, "that five million women asked themselves last week, 'How does Marguerite Clark do it?'"

"Are these statistics true?" wondered Howley.

"Yes—only more so!" returned Bill vigorously. "I haven't started yet to tell you about the fifth greatest industry—"

"It is a tremendous industry, isn't it?" said Howley, beginning to be properly respectful toward Moving Pictures.

"Is it?" cried Bill. "Oh, boy, I should say so. Do you know that if I call a movie company here right now, I can take fifty outdoor scenes in five hours? That those scenes," he hurried on, as Howley started to protest, "will be shown to millions of people daily for several years, causing, it has been computed, two billion laughs, three billion tears, one hundred snorts to the month?"

Howley was weakening under Bill's eloquence—Bill could see this. Seeing movies in the guise of statistics fairly fascinated the old financier.

"Do you know, further," inquired Bill, who was getting hoarse and actually desperate, "that every minute I stand here talking to you, and not taking pictures on these grounds, costs my company five dollars? Because my leading-lady alone receives three dollars every minute she works!" Bill didn't explain that she usually worked only three hours a day.

At this Howley capitulated: "Bring them in!" he said. "It hurts me to think of so much money being lost."

When Bill's astonished but admiring company arrived in answer to his summons, they found Howley offering a cigar to Bill, reminding him that a million more cigars were being smoked this year than last. To which Bill replied that cigaret-inhaling had fallen off fifteen per cent.

Well, it was all over but the shouting—and Bill did that thru his megaphone while taking the scenes. Old Howley was geniality itself to Bill, to whom he had taken a strong liking. Bill joked and smiled with him until he forgot to take his dyspepsia tablets—and he swore he felt better without them. He insisted on Bill's using his servants as extras, and even volunteered to play the butler in the Big Scene! But Bill drew the line at that.

For the three days that they spent there, Howley treated the whole company royally, having lunch served for them every day, refreshments always at hand, etc. And when they left he was genuinely sorry, and vowed he would go to the movies every night, in order not to miss the picture with his estate in it.

"How did you do it, Bill? You're a wonder," said the ingénue, as they sped towards the New York studio.

Bill grinned: "Always seek the cosmic chord of the individual's ego," he replied, and continued, seeing her blank look: "In his case it was golf and statistics, so I played on those two chords until we were in complete harmony."

"Oh, I see," said the ingénue. "Find a person's hobby, and then jolly him on that line till you get what you want, eh?"

And perhaps that's as good as any other way of expressing Bill's secret.

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Interviewing a Star Behind Bars

(Continued from page 48)

Glendon was suitor to the Smile. And when I journeyed out to the medieval castle of concrete which floats the Vitagraph banner, I learnt that Obdurate Earle was still directing her, this time in a play called "Miss No-Account."

After wending thru the twisting passage, up-stairs and down, thru mysterious doors marked "No Admittance," and subterranean passages that made me fancy I was in the Tower of London and might any moment plunge thru a trap-door to the dungeon of death, I arrived in Studio 5 where the Smile was domiciled. I found her home all right. It was a rather shabby, old-fashioned place, with quaint pictures in oval frames on the wall and elaborate crocheted throws over the backs of the rocking-chairs. It appeared as tho the occupants had been evicted. I inquired the whereabouts of Miss Leslie.

"She is in the cell for the afternoon," replied a brawny Cyclops shifting sets.

"In the cell!" I exclaimed. Then I was right. This was a castle of medieval horrors, where beautiful little girls were thrown into cells and brutally mistreated. Feeling in a gallant, heroic mood, I demanded the whereabouts of the cell, and was surprised to be told quite politely that it was in Studio 8.

I climbed over barricades of furniture and prop paraphernalia, and plunged down another long, narrow passage. At a sudden turn I beheld a Red Cross card outside a heavily paneled door.

"What does that indicate?" I asked of my guide.

"Oh, that is the room where we take the players who are injured or killed."

Immediately I fancied I heard groans from within, altho my companion claimed there was no one in the First Aid ward at that time. My suspicions were aroused more than ever, but I continued on the way. Soon we entered another vast glass enclosure. Directly before my eyes I saw a man leaning on a bayonet. His face was covered with blood, and a scar disfigured one cheek. His uniform was heavily camouflaged with mud and torn at the throat and sleeves.

"More atrocities," I muttered.

At that moment the man turned briskly and flashed a lightning smile that equaled the million-dollar one of which I have boasted. The white teeth and sparkling brown eyes actually made his face handsome despite the smears of blood, dirt and beard.

"That's Sergeant Empey," I was told. I wanted to stop long enough to ask him what the fight had been about and what the other fellow looked like, but I was hurried on thru more passages and more studios. In one I saw the lovely Alice Joyce weeping bitterly among rare porcelains, tapestries and carved furniture. In reply to my query concerning her grief, the guide tersely informed me that "Miss Joyce had just lost a lot of money."

"Do you dare tell me that the divine Alice has been in a rummy game?" I demanded irately. I was getting tired of the explanations the serf was giving me.

"Oh no, she lost it in 'The Business of Life.'"

I asked who was to blame for the outrage, and he said Robert W. Chambers, and that Miss Joyce was very, very happy playing the part. Maybe she was, but she didn't look it. I started to approach her, but some one bawled at me brutally, "Keep out of the scene or you'll get shot."

Having no desire to be shot even in the rescue of such a radiant creature as

Alice Joyce, I plodded on my way in search of the encaged Smile.

At length I beheld it. But ah, how changed it was! The Smile was sobbing behind a checker-work of bars. All I could see in the gloom were golden curls and a very white face sparkling with dew tears.

"How long has Miss Leslie been in there?" I demanded.

"All afternoon," replied the serf.

"When will she be released?"

"When she has finished crying."

I rushed forward regardless of camera-shots and introduced myself to the persecuted maiden. She glanced up from her business of weeping and turned on a smile that fairly brought a rainbow in the tear-drenched atmosphere. Then she extended a very small hand thru the cage, murmuring:

"Oh, such a relief to smile again! I love to cry, but it makes me so tired. I do wish they would shoot me and have it over with."

When a pretty girl is so afflicted that she longs to be shot, she has my sympathy. Truly life is dreary when we mortals long for death. I learnt afterward that Gladys meant she wanted to be "shot" by the camera. Being shot by the camera means simply the process of passing into the land of shadows—the screen. Your flesh and soul remain behind, but your shade goes marching on. While I was thus cogitating, the young lady suddenly passed thru the iron bars as swiftly and magically as does Houdini. I knew she didn't come thru a door, because there wasn't any. And altho she is tiny, she couldn't pass between the bars.

"How did you get out?" I asked, as I beheld her standing before me.

"Thru the wall," she replied, with beautiful nonchalance. "I mean thru the side where there isn't any. It's rather hard to explain, you see, but if you will move around a little to your right, you will see that the cell has only three sides. I am rehearsing a scene for 'Miss No-Account.' Just sort of priming the tears, you know. Mr. Earle, my director, has gone in search of another camera. The one he was using didn't work properly."

"I see," I exclaimed, after weaving my way out of my perplexities. "Then it is your picture self, and not you, that is sentenced to punishment?"

The gold-ringed head nodded brightly, as one rather chubby hand wiped the tears from an eye, thereby smudging up the yellow powder on the cheek.

"And those are genuine tears—not glycerine?"

"Yes, real tears." And then with a roguish perk of the mouth—"You see, we must economize on glycerine these days and develop our natural resources."

The tragedy of tears was fast evaporating before me, and I was glad I hadn't dashed out and called the Flatbush cops before making an inspection myself. Not that the cops would have arrived in time to save her, but I would have felt conscious-stricken to have awakened them for nothing.

"Well, this studio certainly is strong for real 'atmosphere,'" I remarked, breathing freely once more. "Even the guide seems to believe that this is the land of the real instead of the make-believe."

"The 'atmosphere' of the make-believe is much more real than the real" was Miss Leslie's paradoxical reply. "We recently wanted genuine Indian 'atmosphere' for one of my pictures, so we traveled



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eight hundred miles to an Indian reservation. When we got there we found braves playing tennis, the squaws riding around in Fords and the papposes dressed up in Buster Brown suits."

This anecdote testifies to the reality of Miss Leslie's smile. It is not affected, but is inspired by a genuine sense of humor. It sometimes is rather upsetting to her associates, particularly when she institutes a period of joyfare, and just wont stay put in any set, but dashes around like a kitten on a catnip orgy.

Recently when Edward Earle and Agnes Ayres were filming scenes of the one-reel domestic comedies in which they starred, Miss Leslie came dashing into the set wearing an attire that was betwixt-and-between that of a Swedish housemaid and Mrs. Noah of the Ark.

"My!" she exclaimed. "You people certainly have a beautiful set. You ought to see mine. It looks like something that the rats couldn't rent. Let me play with you. Wouldn't it be fun if I played your cook—or something?"

"A cook on a star's salary! Nothing doing!" cried Earle.

"No, and I'd never have a maid with a million-dollar smile serving grapenuts to my husband," broke in Miss Ayres, who plays "Sweetie" to Earle's "hubby."

Just then Director Earle arrived in search of his vagabond star. He quietly approached her, knelt down and with great care took her dimensions with a tape-measure, then scratched his head.

"You wont do," he replied gravely. "Their kitchenette is three by four and you are two by five."

"You win," exclaimed the Smile, and trotted back to her garret ready for work. Had the director assumed dictatorial methods, however, she would probably have insisted upon playing prune-bearer in the comedy, but when worsted with her own weapons she readily acceded.

Another evidence of the Smile's autocracy is the smileage tax which she levies on every one from the colored porter to the president. She seems to have an inexhaustible supply of coupons. Indeed, some have accused her of counterfeiting, because they claim the Government couldn't turn them out fast enough for her consumption.

"I am tempted to believe you are giving aid to the enemy," remarked Webster Campbell, as he made his twentieth contribution to the smileage fund. And Webster should know, for is he not foiling

spies every day in the New York State picture in which Governor Whitman appears? Webster bases his suspicion on the argument that Gladys, thru the medium of her smileage fund, will have all our troops in the movies when they should be in the front-line trenches. You probably know that the object of the smileage campaign is to provide Sammies with amusement while at rest-billets behind the lines. As Miss Leslie has two brothers "Over There," she is particularly interested in the propaganda.

But the smileage girl does not spend all her time in pranks—not by any means. I was told that she is one of the hardest workers in the studio.

Miss Leslie may smile and yet be serious. She has made a very extensive and intensive study of picture production during her short career before the camera, and she is quick to catch any false note. When her director had returned and the party adjourned to the home set, the star suddenly found a flaw in the 'script.' It seems that she was supposed to enter the place for the first time, glance around with a smile and exclaim, "Oh, aint this a nice place!"

"That will never do," declared the star, "because I have registered that expression in two other scenes, and it is about time I become a little sophisticated."

As she was about to make her entrance, she exclaimed, "Do you know the dome light isn't working? We must have more light on the scene."

The man who manipulated the illumination had not noticed that the "dome" had gone out; thus little Miss Leslie had saved several feet of film and a "retake."

When I was ready to make my departure, I said:

"I am going to call you the American autocrat."

"Autocrat?—American?" murmured the star, giving me only about \$500,000 worth of the million-dollar smile. "There isn't any such thing as an American autocrat—unless you mean a person who makes people do the right thing in a democratic way."

"I do," I replied. "All right," she cried, turning on the illumination full power. "Then buy a smileage book!"

And I did, and I hope that when you see that smile of the best little autocrat that ever plugged for democracy, you'll rush right out and buy a whole book of smiles for the boys she's working for.

PRESENCE OF MIND OF DIRECTOR REICHER SAVES EDITH STOREY FROM 600-FOOT FALL

Edith Storey, Metro star, feels that she owes her life to Frank Reicher, her director, for only Reicher's presence of mind saved her from a plunge of 600 feet from a precipice into a rocky abyss.

Miss Storey and her supporting cast in "The Claim" were on location in the mountainous region about twenty miles outside of Hollywood, Cal., where Metro has its Western studio. The scene being filmed was one of two men in a contest to the death on the verge of a dizzy cliff, and altho Miss Storey was not required to appear in it, she became absorbed in the situation and gradually edged closer and closer, without realizing how near to the verge of the precipice she was approaching.

Director Reicher also was deeply engrossed in the scene, but he had warned the two actors of their danger and had instructed one of them that he was to stop on signal three feet from the rocky rim. Before it was time for the signal, however, Miss Storey was a scant yard from the edge of the declivity, her back to the yawning chasm. Then Reicher saw her peril. He feared to shout a warning, for had Miss Storey made an involuntary backward step she would have plunged over to instant death. So, thinking quickly, he turned to her and quietly said: "Just hold that pose, Miss Storey! Dont move a bit!"

With an actress' instinct, the star stood rooted in her tracks. Reicher advanced to her, took her hand, and then slowly led her back to a place of safety. And she wasn't told until her return to the studio how narrow had been her escape.

THE COMFORTER

By L. M. Thornton

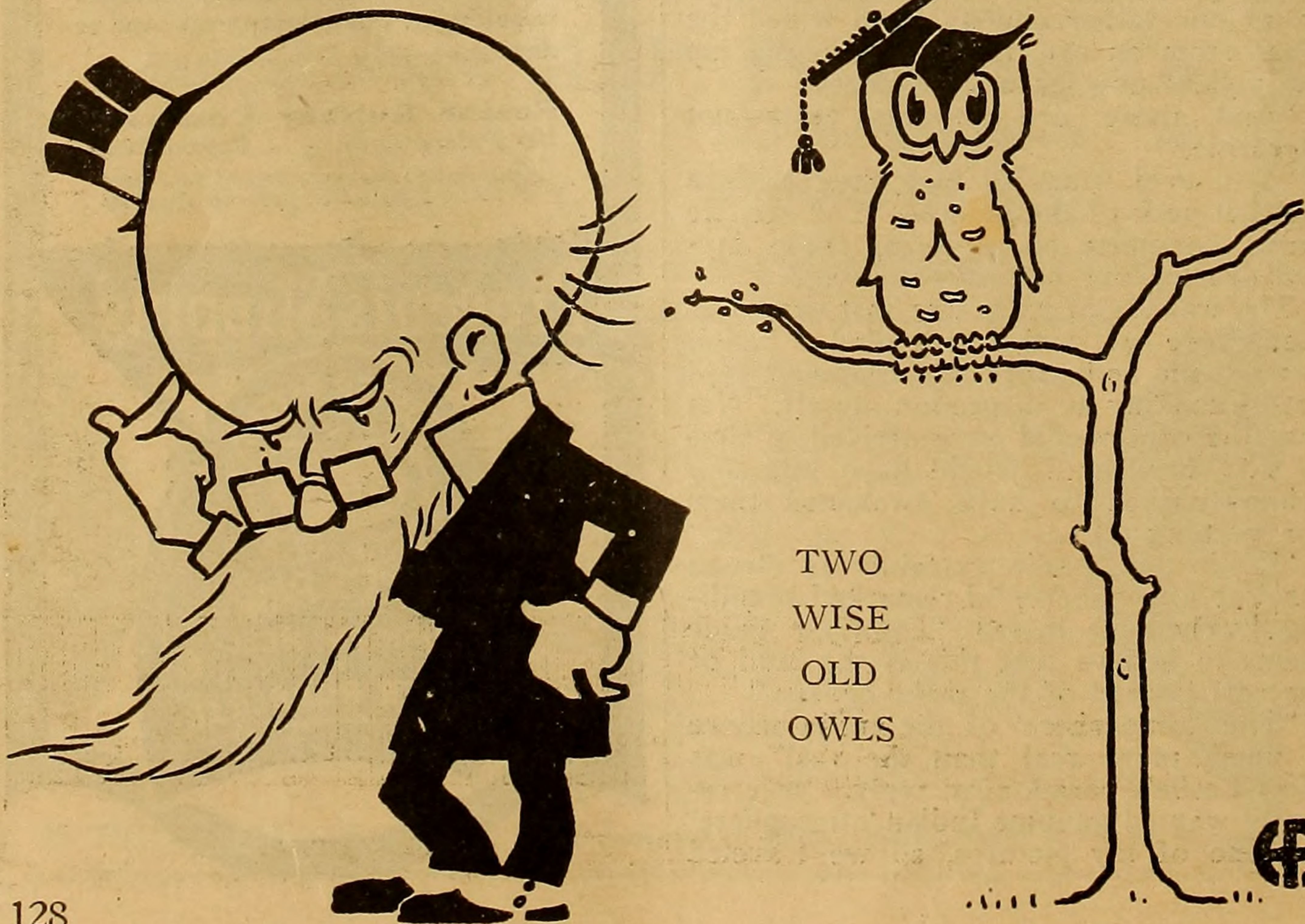
I hadn't anything to do
With Jimmie gone to war;
I'd read the magazines all thru,
Some comfort seeking for.
But all the while I missed the lad
In training camp away,
And so, to keep from being sad,
I sought a picture play.

And would you guess I did just that,
And think of what I found—
A bunch of soldiers busy at
A Southern training ground;
A mimic battle, trenches, foe;
Thru eyes a little dim
I watched, but leaving, felt as tho
I'd had a glimpse of Jim.

Here's another of those "Hashimura Togo" postcards which has just reached the management of the Rialto Theater, New York City:

"DEAR SIR—Please excuse me to communicating you. Am one of the most admirers of movie. Of late I have a habit to collect every movie theater's program in world, and I can collect as many as I cant count. But I am very sorry that I have no program of Rialto Theater, the most opulent and most beautiful movie hall in the world, every man say. By above reason I should be much obliged if you will kindly send me one program. If you wish, I'll send you some Japanese programs.

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