

MOTION PICTURE.

SEPTEMBER

20 cts.

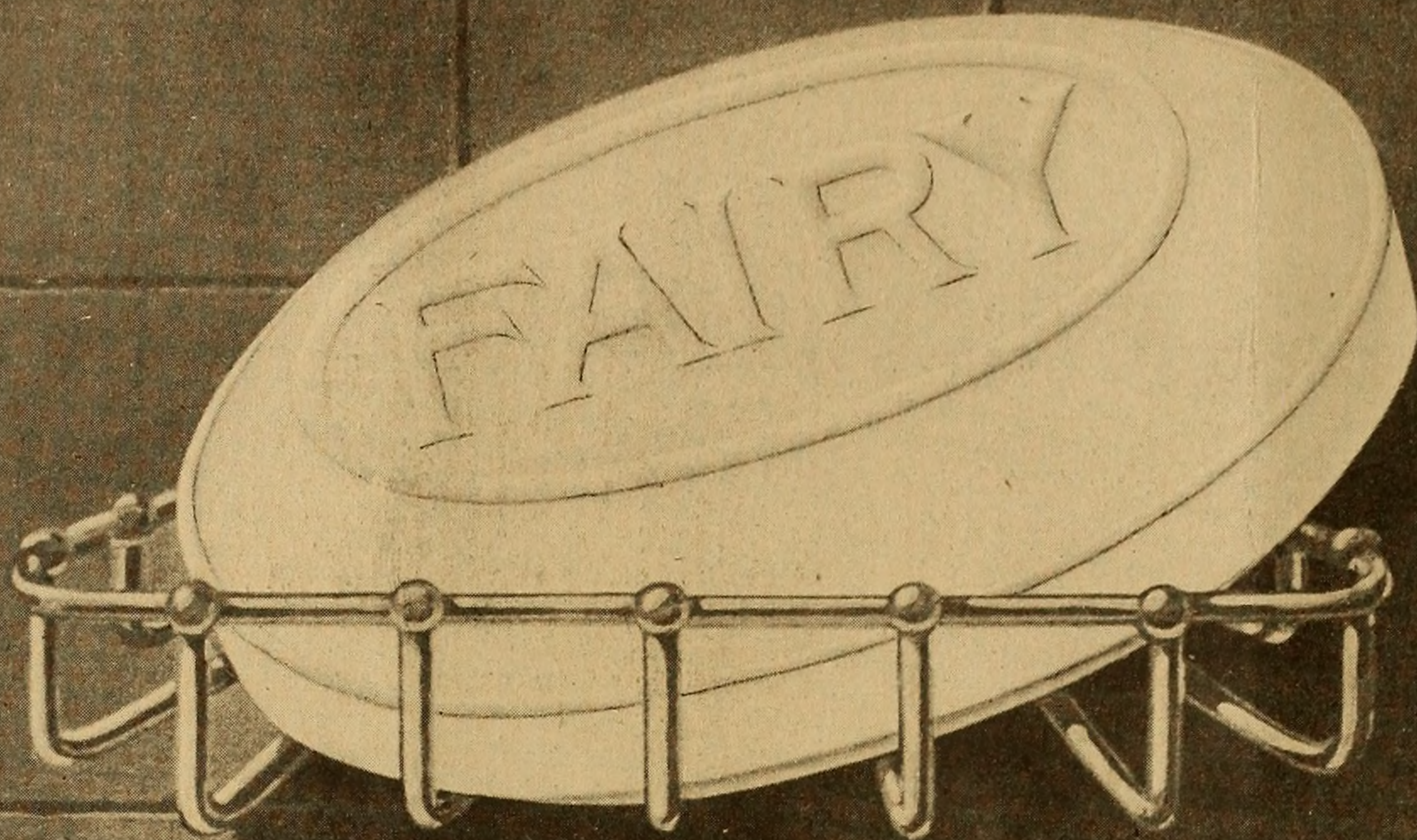


LILLIAN GISH



NOTICE TO READER

When you finish reading this magazine, place a 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors, destined to proceed overseas.
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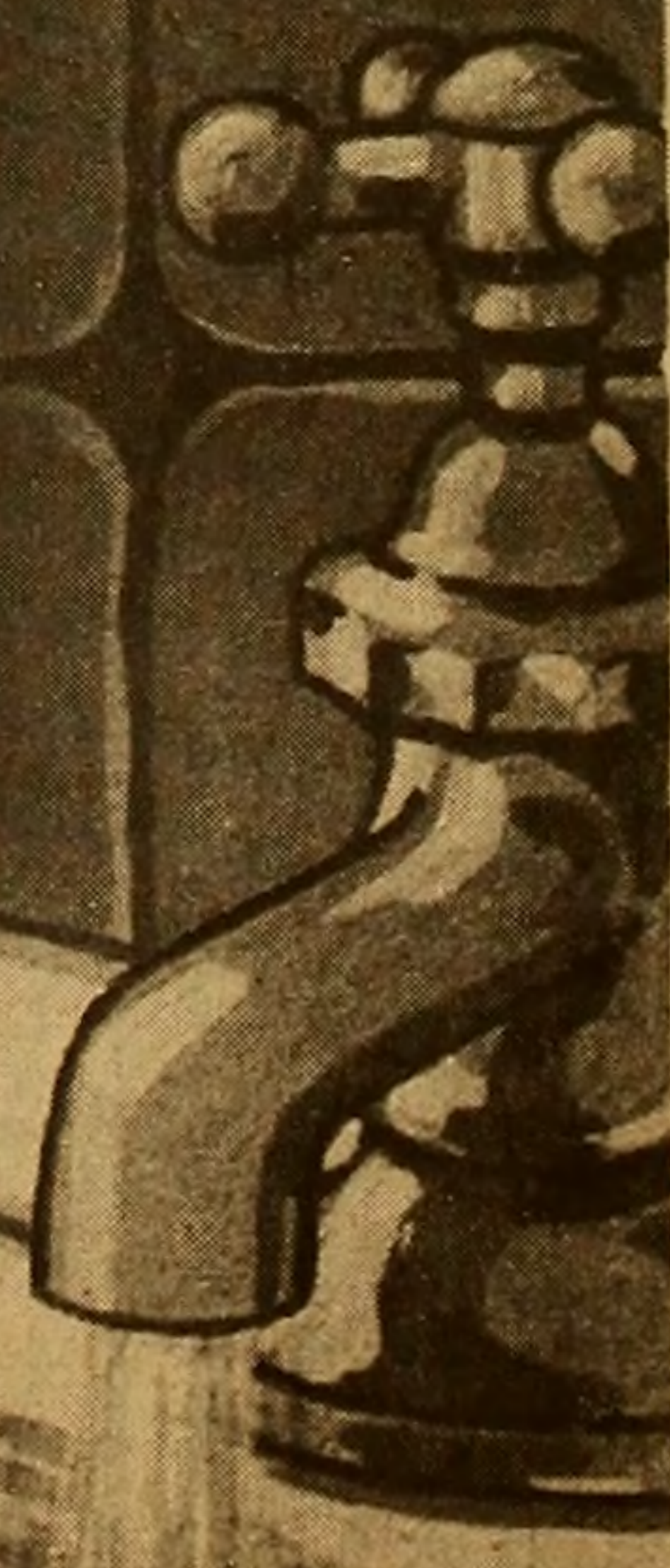
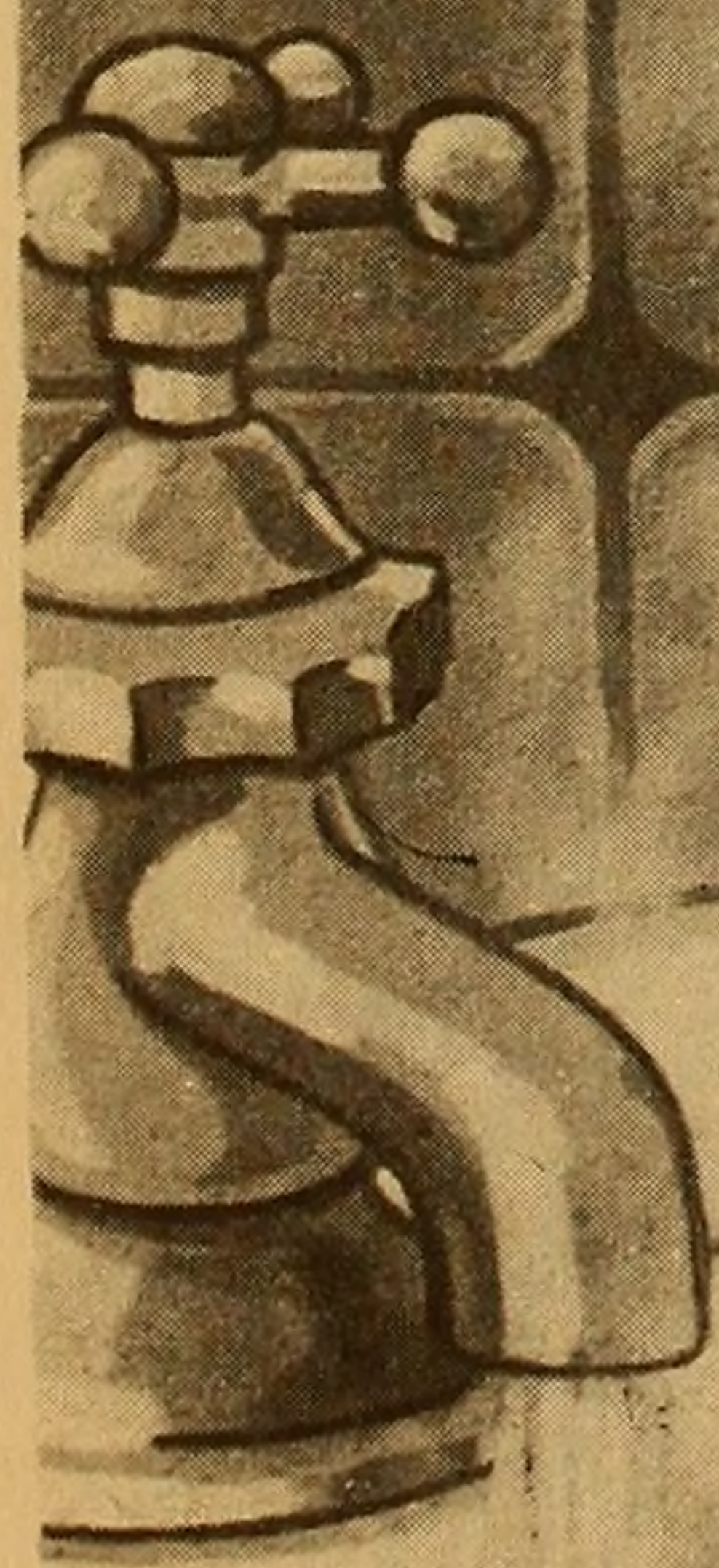
Its use adds real pleasure to toilet and bath.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

The oval, floating cake fits the hand.



"Have you a little Fairy in your home?"





“Holler 'nuff!”

They hadn't a thing in the world against each other—unless it was that Tom Sawyer thought the other boy altogether too well dressed. They had never even seen each other until a few minutes before—and here they were tied in a knot.

Do you remember the time when the mere sight of another boy made you mad—and what mighty good friends you might be with that boy a few minutes later?

It is the undying spirit of youth—of boyhood—the precious subtle something that has passed away with the years and that comes back to you with a laugh—a choke in the throat—every time you open a page of

MARK TWAIN

Novels Boys' Stories Humor 25 VOLUMES Essays Travel History

No wonder we love this greatest of all Americans—his soul is that of all America—young—gallant and unafraid.

While he lived, we loved him. He made us laugh, so that we had not time to see that his style was sublime, that he was biblical in simplicity, that he was to America another Lincoln in spirit.

We watched for his great white head in the crowds—we hung on his every word—we smiled, ready to laugh at his least word. But now he is gone—we love him—yes—he's still the familiar friend—but he has joined the immortals. More than Whitman—than Longfellow—than Poe or Hawthorne or Irving—he stands for America—with the great of the earth—the Homer of this new land—a king among dreamers—a child among children.

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 \$1,000. Make good books, books good to look at and easy to read, and make their price low.” So we 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 the low price. New editions will have to cost very

much more than this Author's National Edition. Now the price must go up. You must act at once. You must sign and mail the coupon now. If you want a set at the 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 low price. Now is your opportunity to save money. Now—not tomorrow—is the time to send the coupon to get your Mark Twain.

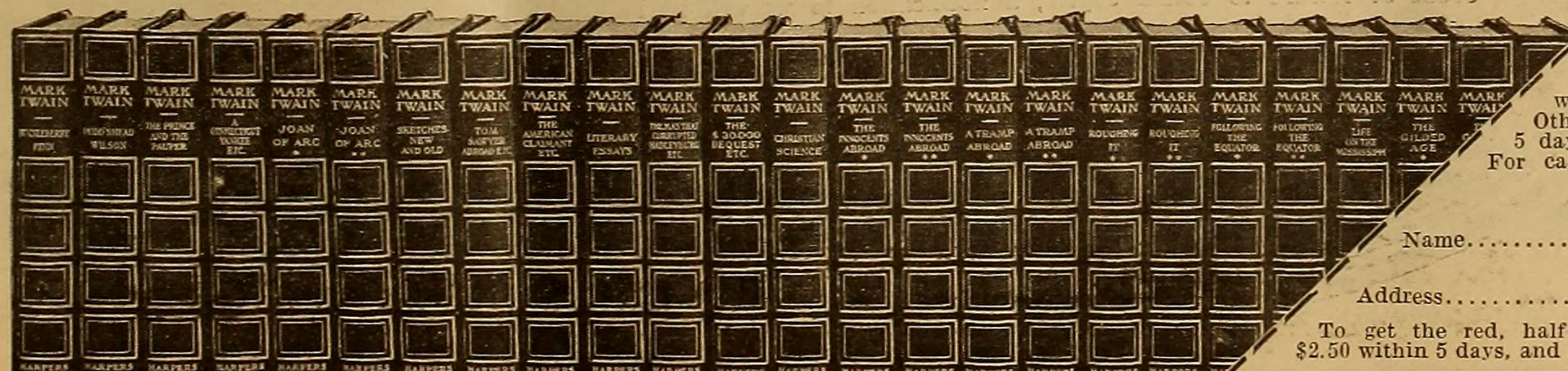
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9-18

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Established 1817

NEW YORK



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. For cash, deduct 8% from remittance.

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To get the red, half leather binding, change terms to \$2.50 within 5 days, and \$3 a month for 20 months.

Established December, 1910. "We lead, others follow," and it was ever so

Motion Picture Magazine

Founded by J. Stuart Blackton
(Trade-mark Registered)

Vol. XVI

SEPTEMBER, 1918

No. 8

Entered at the Brooklyn, N. Y., Post Office as second-class matter
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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.

On sale at all newsstands on and after the first of each month

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(Also Publishers of the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, out on the fifteenth of each month)

Address all communications to

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

175 DUFFIELD STREET
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Issued on the 1st of the month preceding its date and on sale by all newsdealers. In the event of failure to obtain copies, a notification to us will be appreciated.

Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation

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"

48th Street.—"The Man Who Stayed Home." A tense, thrilling war drama with a little comedy thrown in. Albert Brown is the whole show and makes a big hit.

Shubert.—"Getting Together." Still another war drama, and this one is more or less official. Blanche Bates and Holbrook Blinn are the stars, and they are supported cleverly by some real veterans from the front.

Elliott.—"The Eyes of Youth." An interesting series of dramatic events that transpire thru crystal-gazing. Marjorie Rambeau triumphs as the gazer and her acting is really fine.

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.

Princess.—"Oh, Lady! Lady!!" Chic musical-comedy. Daintiness, wit, a well-balanced, all-star cast and catchy music are the outstanding charm of this offering *intime*.

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.

Broadhurst.—"Maytime." A dainty, touching comedy with music. It has a real plot, following the life of a young couple from youth to old age, interspersed with tuneful music and some dancing.

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.

LEADING PICTURE THEATERS

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

Rialto.—Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

Strand.—Select first-run photoplays. Program changes every week.

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

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

NUBIAN GUARDS? NO, PLAIN BAPTISTS

George D. Baker, manager of productions at Metro's West Coast studios, was directing a big scene in "The Demon," with Edith Storey as the star. It was in the throne-room of the sultan of Morocco, a beautiful and massive setting. Among the "extras" were two bulky negroes.

In the midst of a thrilling moment Director Baker shouted: "Come now—come! Bring on the Nubian guards!"

The dusky supers stood by, dumb and unheeding.

"You," shouted Baker to the larger one, "you are a Nubian; dont you know it?"

The negro rolled his eyes and shifted his paunch.

"A Nubian guard!" cried Baker.

"'Deed I aint, boss," returned the super. "I'se a Baptist and aint been nothin' else for twelve yeahs!"



Bring Out That Hidden CHARM, BEAUTY, AND EXPRESSION

Nothing will add so much to one's attractiveness as long, thick, silky eyelashes and well-formed eyebrows that are really natural. They give the eyes a fascinating charm that is envied by all.

If your eyebrows and lashes are short, thin and uneven, you can greatly assist nature in increasing the length and thickness by simply applying a little

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nightly. It will nourish and stimulate them in a natural manner. After a short time you will be delightfully surprised at the noticeable improvement shown in your facial expression. LASH-BROW-INE is a pure, delicately scented cream, guaranteed absolutely harmless. It has been tested and approved of by noted chemists and beauty specialists throughout the country. Thousands of women have been delighted with the results obtained by its use. Why not you?

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Send price and we will mail LASH-BROW-INE together with our Maybell Beauty Book, "The Woman Beautiful" prepaid under plain cover. Remit by coin, currency, U. S. stamps or money order. Satisfaction assured or price refunded. Avoid disappointment with inferior imitations.



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The Hawaiian Institute of Music
1400 Broadway, Suite 609, New York

OFFICIAL BALLOT "MOTION PICTURE HALL OF FAME"

I hereby nominate the following players:

- | | |
|--------|---------|
| 1..... | 7..... |
| 2..... | 8..... |
| 3..... | 9..... |
| 4..... | 10..... |
| 5..... | 11..... |
| 6..... | 12..... |

Name of Voter.....

Address.....

Mail to "Hall of Fame Contest," 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y., or enclose with other communications to that address.

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WAR STAMPS?
If Not, Why Not?**

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issued by the
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WAR SAVINGS STAMPS are the answer of a great democracy to the demand for a democratic form of government security.

YOU SHOULD BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS BECAUSE

1. Your country needs every penny which each man, woman and child can save and lend in order to feed, clothe, arm and equip the soldiers and sailors of America in order to HASTEN the victorious ending of the war. WAR SAVERS ARE LIFE SAVERS.
2. WAR SAVINGS STAMPS increase in value from the date of purchase until the date of maturity, and this increase is guaranteed by the government.

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If you prefer, you may purchase a \$5 stamp outright. They automatically increase in value a cent a month every month thereafter until January 1, 1923, when the United States will pay \$5 at any post-office or at the Treasury in Washington for each stamp affixed to a War Savings certificate.

Additional information may be obtained at your own post-office or bank.

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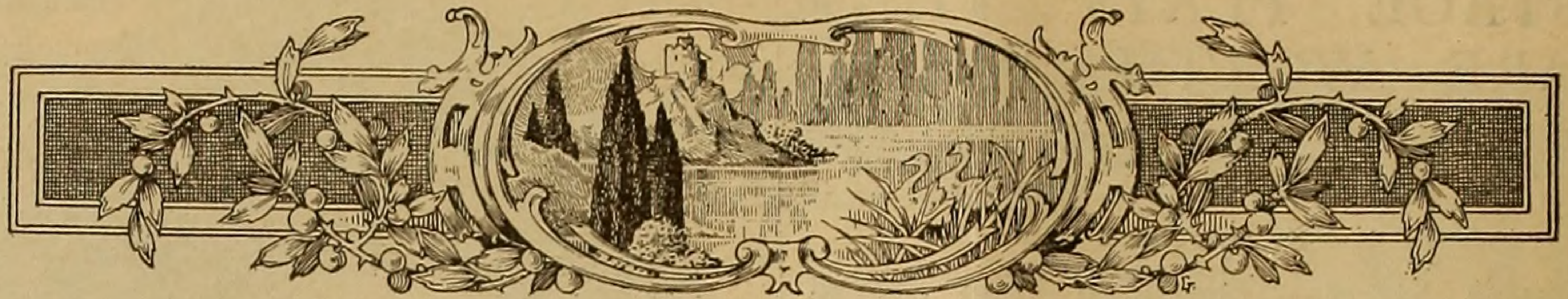
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THE SCENARIO SERVICE BUREAU
175 Duffield Street Brooklyn, N. Y.



"The Motion Picture Hall of Fame"

The Liveliest Contest Ever Conducted in the Motion Picture World Is Surpassing All Expectations

IT is unusually interesting to note that the first twelve contestants in the Motion Picture Hall of Fame Contest have not changed places from the beginning of this contest. Mary Pickford has never been usurped from her position of highest honor, while Earle Williams still remains just inside the realm of the immortals. This last despite the fact that Mr. Williams is being hard pressed by some very popular players.

William Farnum, Pauline Frederick, Norma Talmadge, Charlie Chaplin and other well loved screen friends are being gloriously defended by their loyal fans; but the fans must work a little harder if these all-deserving people are to be seen in the National Museum at Washington.

While we are being specific and mentioning these people whose friends are battling nobly for them in a great cause, it might be well to mention that thruout the contest the positions of the players have changed but very little. May Allison, however, has stepped forward quite a number of places; Edward Earle also jumped a great many places, due, undoubtedly, to the faithfulness of his fans.

Fans, back your favorites—your special favorites. Just because some one else—some dear friend—happens to admire a certain player is no just reason why you should vote for that player. Go and see the work of the persons whom you feel you wish to cast your vote for—see if they merit the courtesy you show them by voting for them.

Try to remember always that this is not an ordinary contest, with automobiles, bracelets, etc., as the rewards, but that it is the biggest contest ever conducted, with an honor so great that one has to take a deep breath of awe when telling of it. So do not cast your vote lightly; talk with some one and get his idea on the subject—and then vote as your heart and mind tell you to.

Mary Pickford will, of course, go in the National Museum at Washington; so will Marguerite Clark—

their work and their untiring efforts merit this reward. And who will the other ten be? The first twenty-five names in the column printed below represent some of Screenland's most talented players—so close together that their nearness is appalling. Help your favorite—not the other fellow's. Cut out your coupon and vote today.

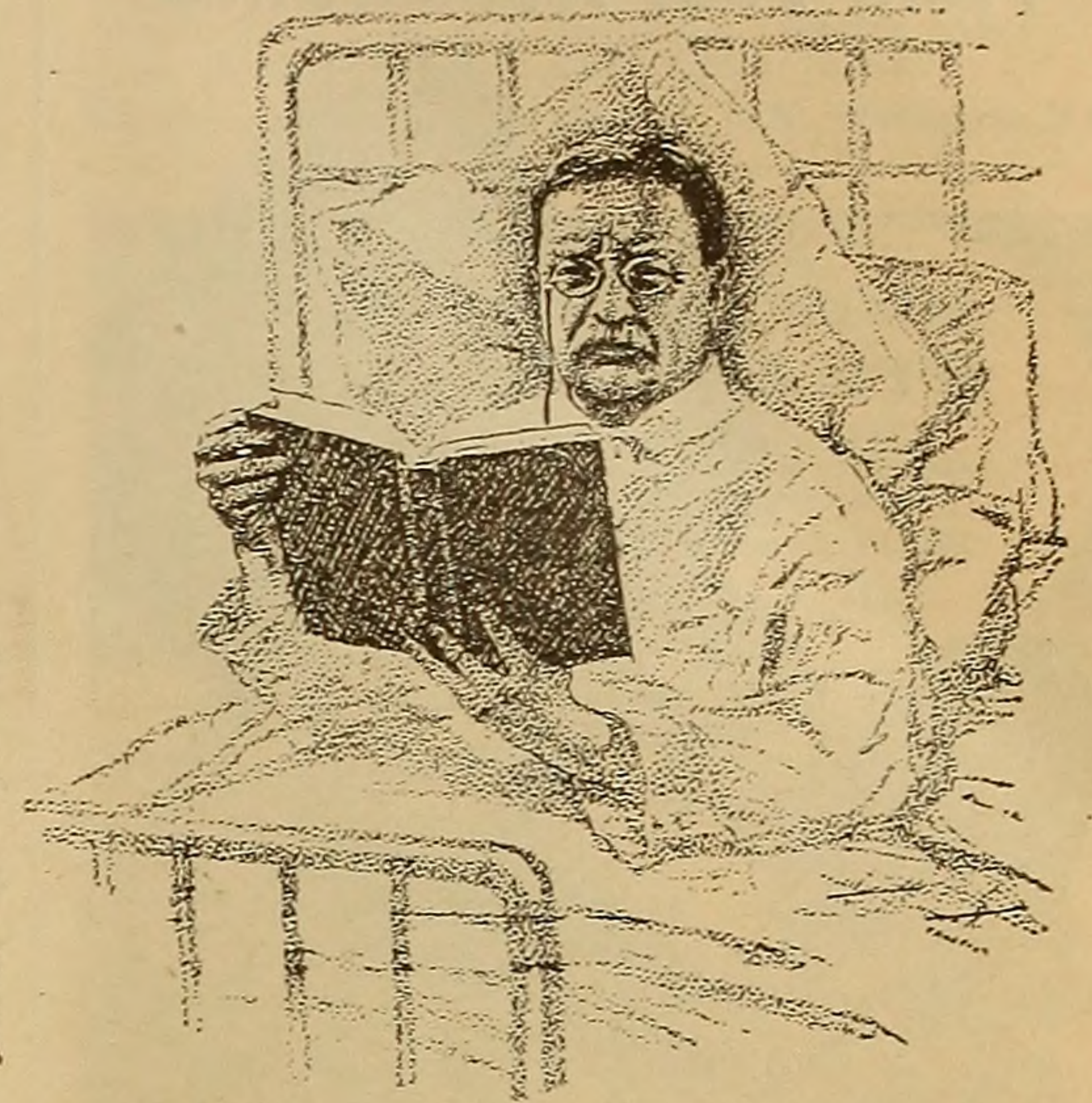
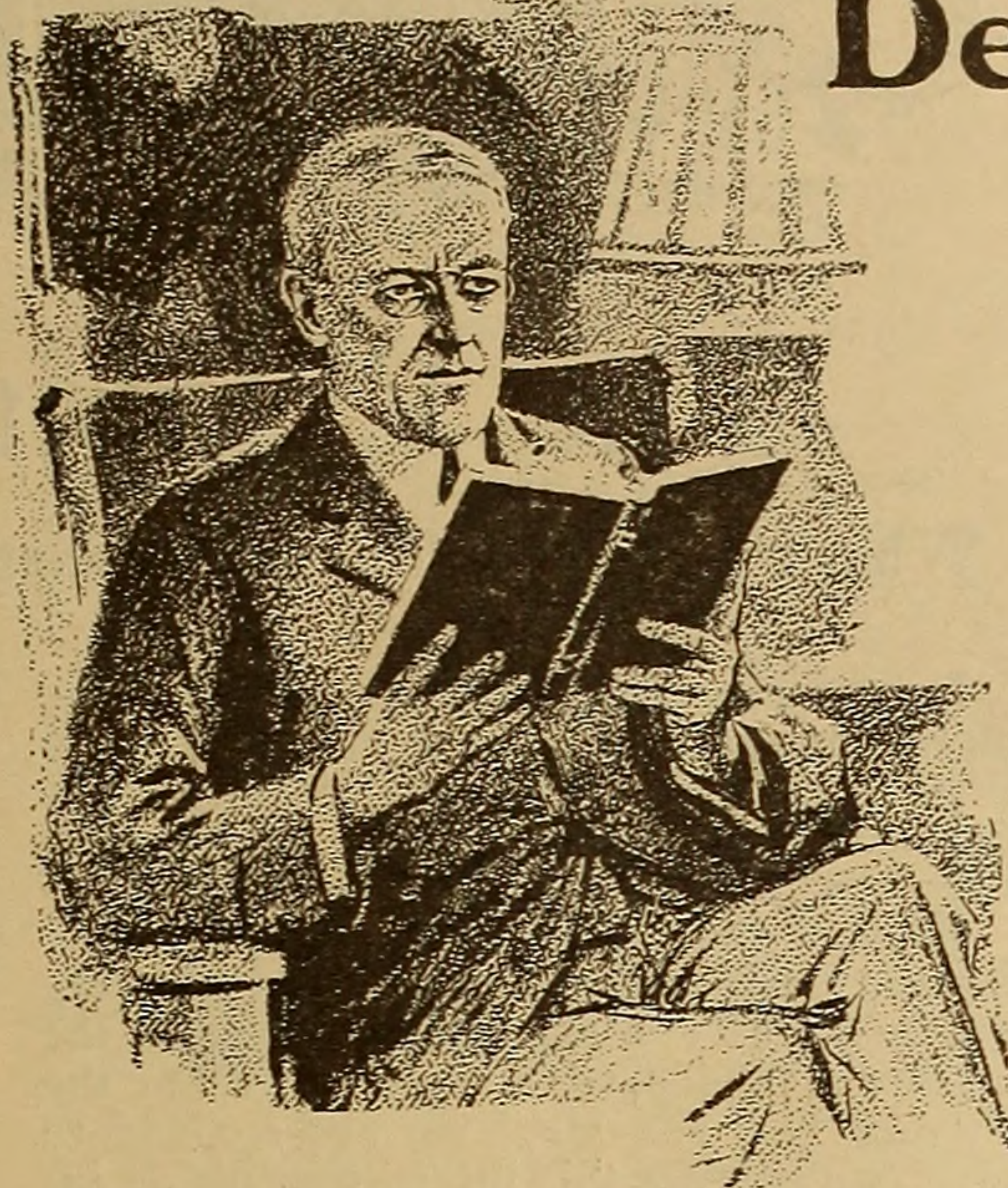
Each person is permitted to vote for twelve different players; no player's name may appear twice on one ballot.

We give you below the standing of the contestants up to June 20th:

Mary Pickford.....	117,300
Marguerite Clark.....	97,084
Douglas Fairbanks.....	90,651
Harold Lockwood.....	88,631
William S. Hart.....	88,201
Wallace Reid.....	77,756
Pearl White.....	73,094
Anita Stewart.....	61,911
Francis X. Bushman.....	52,931
Theda Bara.....	52,919
Mary Miles Minter.....	52,399
Earle Williams.....	51,612
William Farnum.....	50,202
Clara K. Young.....	49,530
Pauline Frederick.....	47,260
Norma Talmadge.....	46,846
Charlie Chaplin.....	46,334
Vivian Martin.....	45,991
Billie Burke.....	40,307
Ethel Clayton.....	39,351
Beverly Bayne.....	39,115
Warren Kerrigan.....	37,598
Jack Pickford.....	37,163
Alice Joyce.....	37,000
Henry B. Walthall.....	36,037
Geraldine Farrar.....	35,732
Alice Brady.....	35,238
George Walsh.....	31,025
Dustin Farnum.....	29,549
May Allison.....	29,518
Mae Marsh.....	29,429
Violet Mersereau.....	29,405
Bessie Love.....	29,303
Mae Murray.....	29,060
Charles Ray.....	29,040
Carlyle Blackwell.....	28,442
Bryant Washburn.....	28,252
Olga Petrova.....	28,087
June Caprice.....	27,890
Louise Huff.....	23,265
Dorothy Dalton.....	23,120
Mollie King.....	22,850
Antonio Moreno.....	22,669
Owen Moore.....	21,888
Olive Thomas.....	21,851
Sessue Hayakawa.....	21,648
Viola Dana.....	21,094
Bessie Barriscale.....	21,001
Creighton Hale.....	20,957
House Peters.....	20,660
Crane Wilbur.....	20,256
William Desmond.....	20,253

Tom Forman.....	17,964
Robert Warwick.....	17,942
Edith Storey.....	17,735
Blanche Sweet.....	17,666
Earle Foxe.....	17,605
William Russell.....	17,538
Harry Morey.....	17,363
Jackie Saunders.....	17,356
Fannie Ward.....	17,354
Ruth Roland.....	17,227
Thomas Meighan.....	17,223
George Beban.....	17,106
Ethel Barrymore.....	17,075
Helen Holmes.....	17,055
Mary Anderson.....	16,989
Stuart Holmes.....	16,896
Lillian Gish.....	16,887
Madge Evans.....	16,696
Tom Moore.....	16,623
Irene Castle.....	16,602
Grace Cunard.....	16,533
Gladys Brockwell.....	15,534
Ann Pennington.....	15,505
William Duncan.....	15,428
Montagu Love.....	15,347
Peggy Hyland.....	15,331
Kathlyn Williams.....	15,097
Marie Osborne.....	15,007
Eugene O'Brien.....	15,006
Virginia Pearson.....	14,987
Ben Wilson.....	14,904
June Elvidge.....	14,802
Louise Glaum.....	14,791
Ralph Kellard.....	14,548
Dorothy Gish.....	14,536
Irving Cummings.....	14,478
Harry Hilliard.....	14,467
Mary Fuller.....	14,463
Ann Little.....	14,462
Mahlon Hamilton.....	14,414
Conway Tearle.....	14,412
Niles Welch.....	14,340
Theodore Roberts.....	14,290
Vola Vale.....	14,248
Shirley Mason.....	14,242
Frank Keenan.....	14,219
Jewel Carmen.....	14,200
Edward Langford.....	14,197
Maxine Elliott.....	14,181
Dorothy Phillips.....	14,163
Mary Maurice.....	14,154
Marie Walcamp.....	14,153
Herbert Rawlinson.....	13,890
Doris Kenyon.....	13,608
Elsie Ferguson.....	11,673
Julian Eltinge.....	11,589
Lillian Walker.....	11,495
Henry Gsell.....	11,458
Virginia Lee Corbin.....	11,446
Marie Doro.....	11,423
Florence LaBadie.....	11,411
Eileen Percy.....	11,394
Mabel Normand.....	11,394
Roy Stewart.....	11,366
Jack Holt.....	11,270
Carol Holloway.....	11,261
Billie Rhodes.....	11,250
Enid Bennett.....	11,237
Edward Earle.....	11,212
Carmel Myers.....	11,203
Monroe Salisbury.....	11,199
Hazel Dawn.....	11,105
Elliott Dexter.....	11,100
Marguerite Courtot.....	11,091
Francis Ford.....	11,070
Corinne Griffith.....	11,056
Constance Talmadge.....	11,049
Emmy Wehlen.....	11,043
John Bunny.....	11,042
Milton Sills.....	11,037
Margery Wilson.....	11,032
Paul Willis.....	11,016
Thelma Salter.....	11,015
Marguerite Snow.....	11,014
Gail Kane.....	11,013
Ella Hall.....	11,008
Roscoe Arbuckle.....	11,007
Wilfred Lucas.....	11,002
Mary McAlister.....	11,000

They Both Like a Good Detective Story



President Wilson's Blessed Intervals

President Wilson is quoted as saying: "There are blessed intervals when I forget, by one means or another, that I am the President of the United States. One means by which I forget is to get a rattling good detective story, get after some imaginary offender and chase him all over."

When Roosevelt was in the Hospital

When Colonel Roosevelt came out of the Hospital a few weeks ago—after a long and trying illness—he told the reporters: "I did a whole lot of reading. I particularly enjoyed half a dozen rattling good detective stories by Arthur B. Reeve—some of them were corkers."

Get fresh strength for the problems of war as they did—these two great men. Get for yourself a thousand nights of pleasure and forgetfulness—of thrills and excitement—by reading

ARTHUR B. REEVE

The American Conan Doyle

CRAIG KENNEDY

The American Sherlock Holmes

He is the detective genius of our age. He has taken science—science that stands for this age—and allied it to the mystery and romance of detective fiction. Even to the smallest detail, every bit of the plot is worked out scientifically. For nearly ten years America has been watching his Craig Kennedy—marvelling at the strange, new, startling things that detective-hero would unfold. Even under the stress of war, England is reading him as she never did before.

Such plots—such suspense—with real, vivid people moving through the maelstrom of life! Frenchmen have mastered the art of terror stories. English writers have thrilled whole nations by their artful heroes. But all these seem old-fashioned—out-of-date—beside the infinite variety—the weird excitement of Arthur B. Reeve's tales.

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To those who send the coupon promptly, we will give FREE a set of Edgar Allan Poe's Works in 10 volumes.

When the police of Paris failed to solve one of the most fearful murder mysteries of the time, Edgar Allan Poe—far off here in New York—found the solution. The story is in these volumes.

This is a wonderful combination. Here are two of the greatest writers of mystery and scientific detective stories. You can get the Reeve at a remarkably low price and the Poe FREE—for a short time only. Sign and mail the coupon now.

M.P.M. 9-18

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Send me, all charges prepaid, set of Arthur B. Reeve—in 12 volumes, maroon cloth. Also send me, absolutely FREE, the set of Edgar Allan Poe, in 10 volumes, green cloth. If the books are not satisfactory, I will return both sets within 10 days at your expense. Otherwise I will send you \$1.50 a month for 13 months.

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Your Complexion Makes or
Mars Your Appearance



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To every reader of this magazine I will give full details of this really astounding treatment. Let me show you. You do not risk a penny. Send me no money—just send your name and address on the free coupon below and I will give you full details by return mail.

FREE COUPON

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Street

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

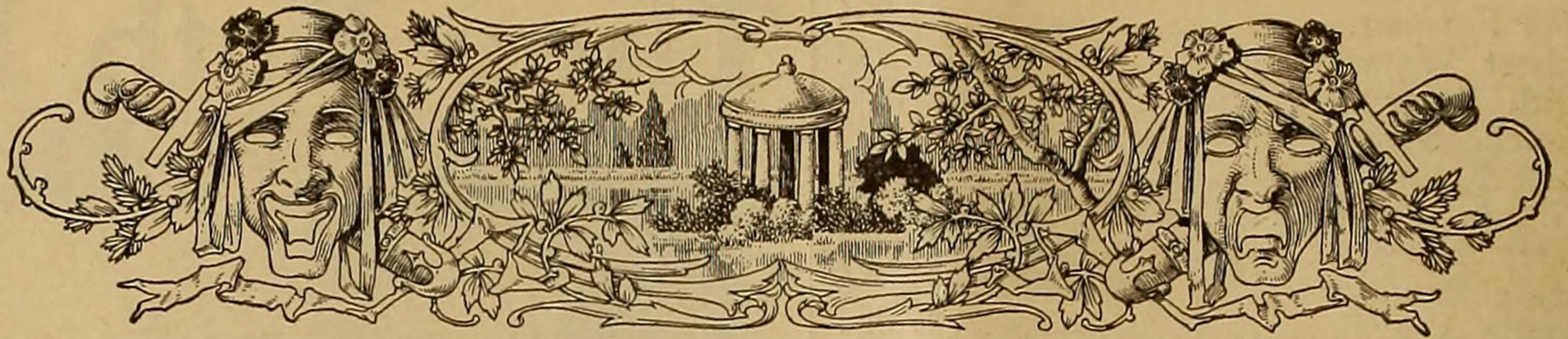


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The Exhibitors' Verdict

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

Blue Blazes Rawden, with William S. Hart—An excellent picture. Big business. Book it.—Colonial Theater, Orange, Cal.

Blue Blazes Rawden, with William S. Hart—A very good Hart production, the north woods location being a relief from the Western cow-puncher surroundings.—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

Amarilly of Clothesline Alley, with Mary Pickford—Very fine. One of the best. Business good. Book it and your people will go away satisfied.—Colonial Theater, Orange, Cal.

Mr. Fix-It, with Douglas Fairbanks—Very good. One of the best. Business excellent.—Colonial Theater, Orange, Cal.

Headin' South, with Douglas Fairbanks—Doug always pleases. Picture good, with plenty of action.—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

Selfish Yates, with William S. Hart—A typical Hart picture.—Alcazar Theater, Chicago.

Barbary Sheep, with Elsie Ferguson—A very good picture. Photography superb. Business only fair as the title did not attract.—Bijou Theater, Carrollton, Ill.

The Woman God Forgot, with Geraldine Farrar—This cant compare with *Joan the Woman*. It is very spectacular and magnificent, and that is all. However, it pulled a big house and most people were satisfied.—Eminence Theater, Eminence, Ky.

Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, with Mary Pickford—Splendid. Drew a good house. It is worth the money, something I cant say for all the Artcraft-Paramount pictures.—Eminence Theater, Eminence Ky.

BLUEBIRD

The Red, Red Heart, with Monroe Salisbury—Not up to the standard of Salisbury pictures, but it's very good.—Colonial Theater, Orange, Cal.

Brace Up, with Herbert Rawlinson—A good picture. Business good.—Colonial Theater, Orange, Cal.

The Wine Girl, with Carmel Myers—Just fair. Not up to standard.—Colonial Theater, Orange, Cal.

The Wine Girl, with Carmel Myers—An average Bluebird.—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

The Raggedy Queen, with Violet Mercereau—A very good picture which pleased.

Well acted. Business average.—Bijou Theater, Alpena, Mich.

FOX

Cleopatra, with Theda Bara—Second run. Big business all week.—Rex Theater, Seattle, Wash.

Durand of the Badlands, with Dustin Farnum—Just an average picture, not up to standard.—Colonial Theater, Orange, Cal.

The Rose of Blood, with Theda Bara—As good as any, none better. Plenty of thrills. Good business.—Princess Theater, Winnsboro, La.

The Devil's Wheel, with Gladys Brockwell—The best picture this star has played in for some time.—Mission Theater, Seattle, Wash.

Ace High, with Tom Mix—One of the best pictures turned out on any program in the last six months.—Boston Theater, Chicago.

GOLDWYN

Joan of Plattsburg, with Mabel Normand—An excellent attraction. Mabel Normand was never better. Capacity business for three days.—New Theater, Baltimore, Md.

Joan of Plattsburg, with Mabel Normand—Big houses well pleased. My patrons cheered the patriotic scenes.—Family Theater, Le Roy, N. Y.

The Face in the Dark, with Mae Marsh—A good box-office attraction. Seemed to please all.—Strang Theater, Allentown, Pa.

The Face in the Dark, with Mae Marsh—Business very good for two days. Mae Marsh goes well here.—Lincoln Theater, Newark, N. J.

Nearly Married, with Madge Kennedy—A good picture, well staged. Business good on a two-day run.—Iris Theater, Pacific Grove, Cal.

Nearly Married, with Madge Kennedy—Business excellent. If other Goldwyns are half as good they will satisfy me.—Empress Theater, Canton, S. D.

Our Little Wife, with Madge Kennedy—A profitable attraction. Madge Kennedy has a big following here.—Orpheum Theater, Marshfield, Ore.

Baby Mine, with Madge Kennedy—A real farce-comedy. Pleased a critical crowd and kept them laughing continually. If Madge Kennedy can repeat, it will be a knockout.—Kozy Theater, Eureka, Ill.

The Auction Block, with Ruby de Remere—Very good. A super-feature at program feature rental. A big winner if you get behind it.—Bijou Theater, Carrollton, Ill.

The Beloved Traitor, with Mae Marsh—Very well liked. Pleased big crowds on a two-day run.—Community Theater, Sherrill, N. Y.

The Beloved Traitor, with Mae Marsh—Brought the crowds. Much favorable comment on Miss Marsh's acting.—Princess Theater, Deming, N. M.

The Splendid Sinner, with Mary Garden—Pleased our audiences and did good business. As good as *Thais*.—Gem Theater, Cairo, Ill.

The Splendid Sinner, with Mary Garden—Attracted bigger crowds than I've had in my house in months.—Majestic Theater, Fruita, Cal.

The Splendid Sinner, with Mary Garden—All my patrons spoke highly of Mary Garden and this picture. Business fine on a two-day run.—Crescent Theater, Adrian, Mich.

JEWEL

The Kaiser, the Beast of Berlin, with Rupert Julian—A 100 per cent. picture. Turned them away. A wonderful production.—Colonial Theater, Orange, Cal.

The Kaiser, the Beast of Berlin, with Rupert Julian—An extra fine picture, hurt by rough advertising. My patrons expected to see some rough stuff, judging from the advertising. Business very good but far from expectations.—Bijou Theater, Alpena, Mich.

KLEINE

The Unbeliever, with Raymond McKee (Edison-Kleine)—A great play. Capacity business for five days.—Princess Theater, Springfield, Ill.

The Man Who Was Afraid, with Bryant Washburn—Good. Well liked. Fair business.—Eminence Theater, Eminence, Ky.

Pants, with Mary McAlister—This is great. Grown-ups as well as the kiddies like it. Good business.—Eminence Theater, Eminence, Ky.

METRO

The Adopted Son, with Harold Lockwood—Very fine. One of the best Lockwood pictures.—Colonial Theater, Orange, Cal.

Breakers Ahead, with Viola Dana—An average Metro.—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

The Claim, with Edith Storey—Not a pleasing picture, but it will get by.—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

Toys of Fate, with Alla Nazimova—This picture is well acted. The star is fast gaining popular favor.—Rose Theater, Chicago.

MUTUAL

Southern Pride, with Gail Kane (American-Mutual)—Picture average. Star doesn't draw. Business poor in rainy weather.—Lyric Theater, Platte Center, Neb.

The Calendar Girl, with Juliette Day (American-Mutual)—A very good picture. Star unknown here, but pleased our patrons.—Lyric Theater, Platte Center, Neb.

PARALTA

An Alien Enemy, with Louise Glaum—Not a vampire play. Straight drama. Star fine. Great picture.—Princess Theater, Springfield, Ill.

Blindfolded, with Bessie Barriscale—A good crook picture, but the star is better in a different kind of play.—Princess Theater, Springfield, Ill.

Humdrum Brown, with Henry B. Walthall—A fair picture, not heavy enough for Walthall.—Princess Theater, Springfield, Ill.

PARAMOUNT

Madame Jealousy, with Pauline Frederick—A poor picture. Business poor.—Colonial Theater, Orange, Cal.

Jules of the Strong Heart, with George Beban—Excellent picture, business good.

Book it. This star is sure a wonder.—Colonial Theater, Orange, Cal.

Keys of the Righteous, with Enid Bennett—An average picture, but some parts were inconsistent and puzzling.—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

A Country Hero, with Roscoe Arbuckle—Not his best, but plenty good enough to drive away the glooms and send the patrons home in a happy, satisfied frame of mind.—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

The Secret Game, with Sessue Hayakawa—A good picture with an interesting spy plot, but the director had clues and evidence fall into the hero's hands too easily.—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

Jack and Jill, with Jack Pickford—A pleasing comedy-drama, which should please any one.—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

Eve's Daughter, with Billie Burke—Another bloomer. Nothing much to this picture, and Billie has completely lost out here.—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

Watch Your Neighbor, with Charles Murray (Sennett-Paramount)—Our patrons say these Sennetts cannot be beaten. We think the same. This is a little reminiscent of a comedy produced some time ago, but it had the punch, nevertheless.—Bijou Theater, Carrollton, Ill.

Bab's Diary, with Marguerite Clark—Great. Capacity business on a very warm night. Print in poor condition.—Bijou Theater, Carrollton, Ill.

The Ghost House, with Jack Pickford—A good picture, but very poor business.—Eminence Theater, Eminence, Ky.

The Cook of Canyon Camp, with George Beban—Rather a thin story, but Beban is great. Average business.—Eminence Theater, Eminence, Ky.

PATHÉ

The Other Woman, with Peggy Hyland—A fine picture, star and subject fine. Plenty of comedy and good laughs.—Princess Theater, Winnsboro, La.

Sylvia of the Secret Service, with Mrs. Vernon Castle—Excellent. Every one spoke highly of it. Large crowd. Princess Theater, Winnsboro, La.

Pendleton Round-up—A poor print, too dark.—Auditorium Theater, Cuba City, Wis.

Luke's Lively Life, with Lonesome Luke—The best comedy we have received for a long time.—Auditorium Theater, Cuba City, Wis.

Twenty-One, with Bryant Washburn—A fine comedy. Washburn is fine. This will go big where patrons like comedy.—Princess Theater, Springfield, Ill.

The Great Adventure, with Bessie Love—Star good. Story poor. Miss Love is capable of something better.—Princess Theater, Springfield, Ill.

SELECT

The Lone Wolf, with Bert Lytell—A very good picture, with story, settings and photography that go to make a picture worth while.—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

Her Silent Sacrifice, with Alice Brady—Very poor. Old stuff that might have gone over years ago, but is out of season at this period of production.—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

TRIANGLE

The Law of the Great Northwest, with Margery Wilson—Average good picture of its type.—Mission Theater, Seattle, Wash.

The Matrimaniac, with Douglas Fairbanks—Big business all week.—Rex Theater, Seattle, Wash.

Captain of His Soul, with William Des-

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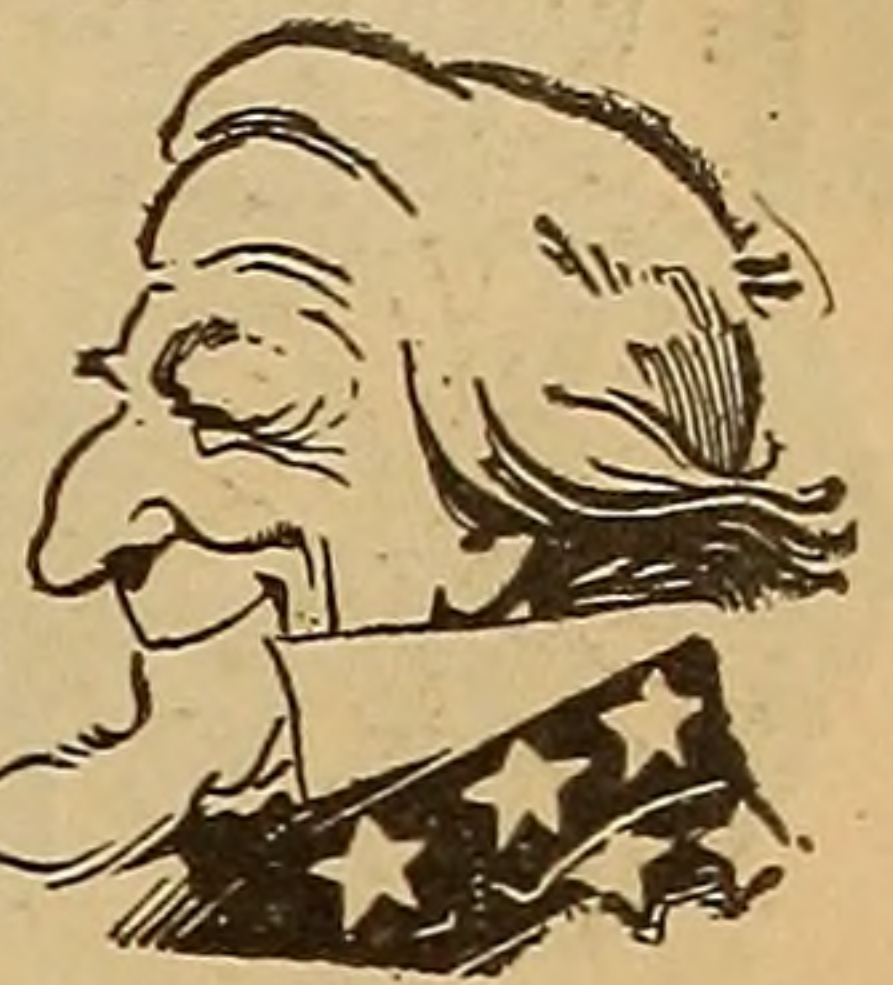
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PARIS has a number of papers and periodicals published in the English language, and among which are: *The Stars and Stripes*, official newspaper of the American expeditionary force; the *London Daily Mail's* Paris edition; *Plane and News*, the official American aviation paper; and the *Chicago Tribune's* Paris edition. The aim of the publishers is to add to the contentment of the British and American forces in France. To contribute to the happiness of these soldiers means adding to their efficiency. August Post, secretary of the Aero Club of America, after his return from a visit to the battle-front recently, said: "The men are literally crazy for news from home." They want to know what Douglas Fairbanks is playing in now, and read about the latest successes of Mary Pickford, the gossip of the screen and stage, bits of wit and humor, so do not forget that to help these boys at the front, who are braving all to fight for the liberty of those at home, is rendering a service to your country, and you know how they revel in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and are impatient to get the next number.

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mond—Picture, subject and title poor. A William Desmond picture without a Desmond smile has about as much punch as a gin fizz in a State as dry as Michigan.—Bijou Theater, Alpena, Mich.

Keith of the Border, with Roy Stewart—None better than this picture, story and actors. Has Hart skinned a mile. Book it as a special and advertise it strong. Raise your prices and make a killing. Business capacity and then some.—Bijou Theater, Alpena, Mich.

Keith of the Border, with Roy Stewart—A good Western picture to good business. Stewart is coming on well.—Kozy Theater, Eureka, Ill.

Flames of Chance, with Margery Wilson—We got this in place of a Desmond film. It is just fair.—Eminence Theater, Eminence, Ky.

The Man Hater, with Winifred Allen—Slow moving, but it gets over fairly well. Not a good drawing-card.—Eminence Theater, Eminence, Ky.

Wee Lady Betty, with Bessie Love—A good Irish picture. Scenery good.—Auditorium Theater, Cuba City, Wis.

Grafters, with Jack Devereaux—Excellent.—Auditorium Theater, Cuba City, Wis.

Faith Endurin', with Roy Stewart—An average Stewart picture.—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

The Answer, with Alma Rubens—A long-drawn-out subject, better suited for a three-reel subject. Beautiful settings.—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

The Hard Rock Breed, with Margery Wilson—A very good picture of its type.—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

The Sea Panther, with William Desmond—Another case of a costume picture not getting over. The story and action, however, will entertain some.—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

The Shoes That Danced, with Pauline Starke—An average picture, but our people do not care for this type of rough stuff.—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

VITAGRAPH

Over the Top, with Arthur Guy Empey—A real war play. Big business for seven days. A money-maker for any one.—Princess Theater, Springfield, Ill.

Over the Top, with Arthur Guy Empey—A good picture and very timely. Star well known.—Boston Theater, Chicago.

The Soul Master, with Earle Williams—Star well liked. Picture average. Film rather poor. Business average.—Lyric Theater, Platte Center, Neb.

The Magnificent Meddler, with Antonio Moreno and Mary Anderson—Picture excellent. Full of action. Stars are both popular.—Lyric Theater, Platte Center, Neb.

WORLD

Man's Woman, with Ethel Clayton—A dandy, good picture. Drew a large crowd and pleased well.—Princess Theater, Winnsboro, La.

Masks and Faces, with English stars—A fine costume play with old English settings. Good for high-class audiences only. Princess Theater, Springfield, Ill.

Journey's End, with Ethel Clayton—An entertaining production. Star very pretty. Good acting. A worth-while production.—Princess Theater, Springfield, Ill.

SERIALS AND SERIES

The Fighting Trail, with William Duncan (Vitagraph)—The best serial we ever ran. We have run episodes one, two and three, but we can judge from this what kind of a picture it is.—Auditorium Theater, Cuba City, Wis.

The Lost Express, with Helen Holmes

(Mutual)—Chapter 9. We had a slump in business during the last three chapters, but on this we were surprised to see an increase, in spite of rain.—Lyric Theater, Platte Center, Neb.

The Lost Express, with Helen Holmes (Mutual)—Chapter 10. Business holding about even.—Lyric Theater, Platte Center, Neb.

Vengeance and the Woman, with William Duncan (Vitagraph)—Chapter 14 still holds about even, altho the story is somewhat improbable. Excellent drawing-card for children.—Kozy Theater, Eureka, Ill.

The Son of Democracy, with Benjamin Chapin (Paramount)—This has been consistently good.—Eminence Theater, Eminence, Ky.

STATE RIGHTS AND SPECIALS

Carmen of the Klondike, with Clara Williams (Selaxart)—Very good. Book it. I consider it nearly as good as *The Spoilers*. It's a money-maker.—Colonial Theater, Orange, Cal.

Raffles, with John Barrymore (State Rights)—Not what the people expected. Business poor.—Colonial Theater, Orange, Cal.

The Deemster, with Derwent Hall Caine (Arrow)—A reissue of the picture taken from Hall Caine's masterpiece. It drew even business with *Toys of Fate* and William S. Hart's *Selfish Yates*, which proves that if they are good, they can come back.—Alcazar Theater, Chicago.

The Deemster, with Derwent Hall Caine (Arrow)—A deep subject which will not be enjoyed or appreciated by the majority. It is well acted and directed and the photography is good.—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

Glory, with Kolb and Dill (State Rights)—A fair comedy-drama.—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

The Bar Sinister (State Rights)—Above the average program picture. Not worth the rental asked, however.—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

Bright and Early, with Billy West (King Bee)—A fair comedy, but over-rated in price and drawing power.—Kozy Theater, Eureka, Ill.

Bright and Early, with Billy West (King Bee)—Fast, furious and funny. A very good comedy.—Boston Theater, Chicago.

REPORTS OF THE NATIONAL BOARD OF REVIEW

The Firefly of France, with Wallace Reid and Ann Little (Paramount)—Entertainment value, good; educational value, fair; dramatic interest of story, good; coherence of narrative, good; acting, good; photography, good; technical handling, good; scenic setting, good; historical value, fair; moral effect, good.

The Service Star, with Madge Kennedy (Goldwyn)—Entertainment value, excellent; dramatic interest of story, good; coherence of narrative, good; acting, good; photography, good; technical handling, excellent; scenic setting, good; moral effect, good.

The Whirlpool, with Alice Brady (Select)—Entertainment value, good; dramatic interest of story, sustained; coherence of narrative, involved; acting, good; photography, good; technical handling, satisfactory; moral effect, fair.

The Empty Cab, with Eileen Percy and Franklyn Farnum (Universal)—Entertainment value, fair; dramatic interest of story, fair; coherence of narrative, good; acting, fair; photography, good; technical handling, fair; scenic setting, fair; moral effect, good.

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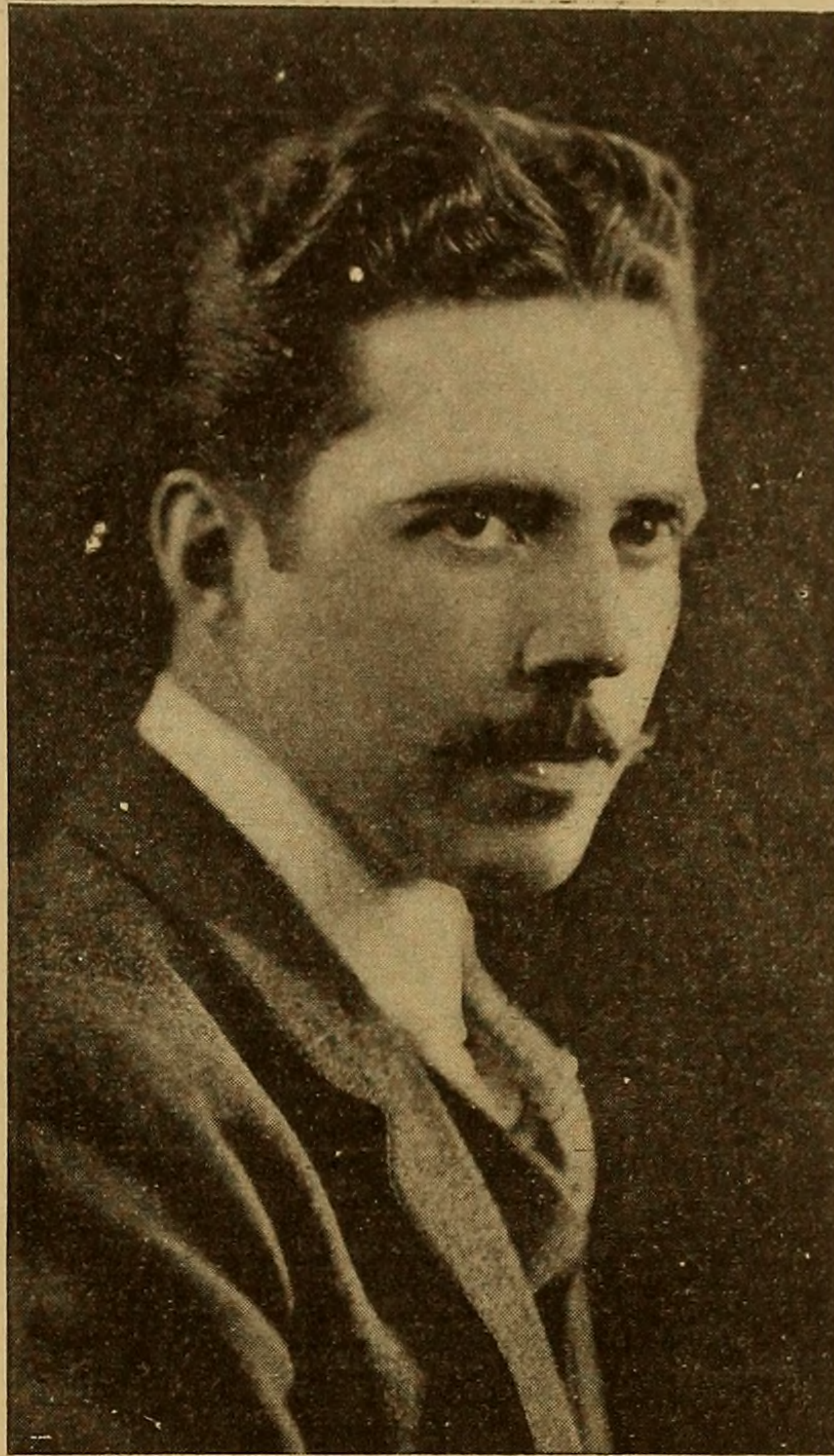


Dr. Esenwein

Two important contributors to the June Atlantic Monthly are H. C. S. folks. Our students are selling right along to leading magazines, from the Atlantic down. One busy wife and mother is averaging over \$75 a week from photoplay writing alone. Also course in Journalism, Versification, etc. No institution is better equipped to train for successful authorship.

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In Memoriam



S. RANKIN DREW

When Rankin Drew, the director-son of Sidney Drew, enlisted, he wrote on his enlistment card the phrase, "For the duration of the war—and as long after as they need me." Ever anxious and willing to aid every one, he gladly offered his services to Uncle Sam, giving up a career that was the envy of many a young, aspiring director. In May, 1917, he sailed for France, entered the aviation school of the French army, and became a pilot of daring skill. Mr. Drew was announced as missing after an aerial combat in May of this year. Later newspaper dispatches from France place him among the killed. His death is untimely, but we are proud to record that he fulfilled his enlistment promise—"as long as they need me."

Letters to the Editor

Here are two of the most interesting letters we have received this month. It gives us a great deal of pleasure, and not a little thrill of pride, to feel that even "Over There" the boys in the trenches and in the dugouts look forward eagerly to the coming of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. These two letters were written by Private Charles L. Bishop, Battery C, 102d Regiment F. A., American Expeditionary Force.

Well, here goes! What brought the smile of gladness upon the firing-line and in the darkness of the night? One evening our caissons came in loaded with ammunition and mail, and when the mail was sorted out, sure enough, there was a MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE among the

bundle of papers. And that MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE! Believe me, it was read from cover to cover by all the boys in my dug-out alongside of our gun, the 75. It sure was great to read after our minds had been wrapped up in barrage all the time. That Magazine was like payday to me. It eased a fellow's mind a little amid the bursting of Fritz's shells and shrapnel."

Again I received the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and wish to thank you for same. Just as soon as I finish writing this little spiel to you I am going to enjoy reading your gift. I have a little more time now, for I am in a base hospital taking a little vacation, tho Fritz tried to make it a long one. The doctor here is a wonder. In fact, all of them are, and as for our Red Cross nurses—well, you know what angels from heaven are like. That's what our nurses are. They are better than all the wonderful things ever written about them. Why, they're really wonders. It's worth it all, to hear a real American girl say, "How's the boy this morning?"

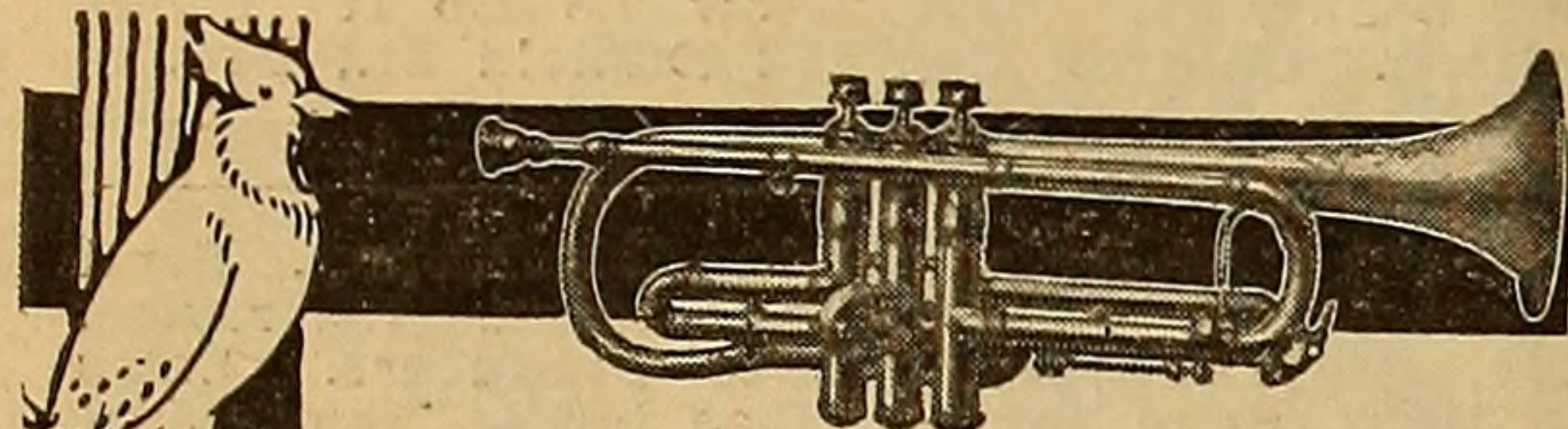
I met some of the boys from Camp Merritt over here, and the more that come over the quicker we'll finish this job. I'm with a fighting division, the Yankee Division of New England, and the First National Guardsmen of France. We followed General Pershing's first division into action. I guess you have read all about the 26th Division. Of course, every soldier is proud of his outfit, but I'm more than proud of mine, for we have broken all records in modern warfare. True, we've paid the price, but we came thru every time we were needed, and that word "fail" is unknown to a Yankee. Why, when the great General Foch was asked to take his choice of a division to go in and hold the Fritzes back, he picked the Yankee Division.

I don't want you to think that I'm laying it on heavy just because I'm telling you the truth. I'm not telling it for the credit which is coming to us who are alive today, but for my pals, my buddies, who are resting beneath little wooden crosses just beyond the battlefield; yes, I'm telling it for the boys who wont come back to tell the story of the first volunteers who came over and went into battle, with all the spirit that is imbued in an American soldier, backed up by his flag. Old Glory, God bless it! has never tasted defeat, and it never will while there's a Yankee to defend it. Life is uncertain here, like a candle in a breeze, but that's the least of an American's troubles; he is care-free and takes things easy.

Perhaps you would like to know that the Boche now fears the American. They paid dear for their first raid on our trenches. We wont forget, or cant, what happened to our first boys they got.

I'll close now, for I know you must be getting a little tired of my line. I'm not boasting to you—I'm merely giving you straight facts. Good luck to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and all who are behind us with your Liberty Bonds and Thrift Stamps.

Good luck, also, to the Salvation Army, that blessed organization that the soldier has learnt to love, for their representatives are right in the second-line trenches, passing out the real stuff—smokes, doughnuts and apple-pie—on the firing-line. They have never been known to refuse a request from a soldier, even if he hasn't got a franc or a big clacker (two cents). Mother Burdick, of the Salvation Army, is the soldier's friend, and just like a real mother to us. You will always find her in the thick of the biggest fight, always en-



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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.

couraging us with a cheery word and stimulating us with coffee and doughnuts I hope, when this war is all over, that I shall see her with a fighting man's war chevrons on, for she certainly deserves them. We will never, never forget her.

Please remember the name "Sammy" is like poison gas to an American soldier. The Tommy calls us the only real, live name in the world—the one we made famous in '76—just plain Yank. Please do the whole A. E. F. a good turn and tell the world that we're not Sammies—just Yanks.

Mr. Will T. Henderson, one of the Answer Man's oldest and steadiest customers, writes him the following letter, which we think will interest our readers as much as it did the Grand Old Man:

DEAR ANSWER MAN—Say! you old octogenarian, graciously permit me to "hand it" to you upon the most highly splendid Answer Department you "dished up" to us in the July number of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. It's a lallaploosa—a humdinger—whatever that is.

After quite some several "moons" of sepulchral silence, I rise from the "tomb of oblivion" to explain, or rather to ask of you, in contravention of your statement in answer to an inquiry from "J. H. H., Sydney," page 118, that "Pearl White is playing in 'The House of Hate'" if, in your wise opinion, a house of hate is a good place for a little girl to play in—now, do you? Where's Pearl's parents, that they do not evidence more loving concern as to where their little girl plays? Huh! where are their watchful cares for their little one—I ask you, where are they?

Answering (?) another question, you say that "Allan Holubar is directing Dorothy Phillips." Whazzamatter with you, anyway? 'Sright t'other way—Dorothy Phillips is "directing" Allan Holubar, b'gosh; 'fanybody sh'd ask you.

Also, page 118 you say to "Julius C." "Thanks for the necktie. It shows very good taste." Great Scott! He doesn't expect you to eatum, does he?

And you blandly ask "R. G. M." of Tientsin, China, how he (or she) "ever got over there." Well! Great shades of the aeroplanes. Have you been fast asleep these past five years—huh—have you? Furthermore, did you think the ocean has dried up? In that case, of course, (forgive, ah, forgive, but I just must, I cant help it) we wouldn't have an ocean (a notion) as to how he (or she) "got there," unless he (or she) "hoofed it," and, if you stop to think about it, it's quite some jaunt over to li'l ole China from the good old U. S. A.

And you make bold to tell "F. C. S." Sitka, that "no man is worthy of a woman's love." In that, righto—go to the head of the class. But, you cant let well enough alone—you have to go and "crab the game" by adding that "no woman is worthy of a man's love." Say! you old centenarian—you've got the biggest guess coming you ever "stacked up against" in all your young (?) life—you can lay to that, "Grandpa!"

And you tell "Frank Humboldt," that some company will sell him "stills." Hey! Page the revenue officers.

And you start out, to "Loyola, 76," with "Why Kittie Gordon Married Sir Beresford." And I snugly ensconce myself for a choice bit of gossip and then you dont tell us. Come, now—out with it—why in thunderation did she?



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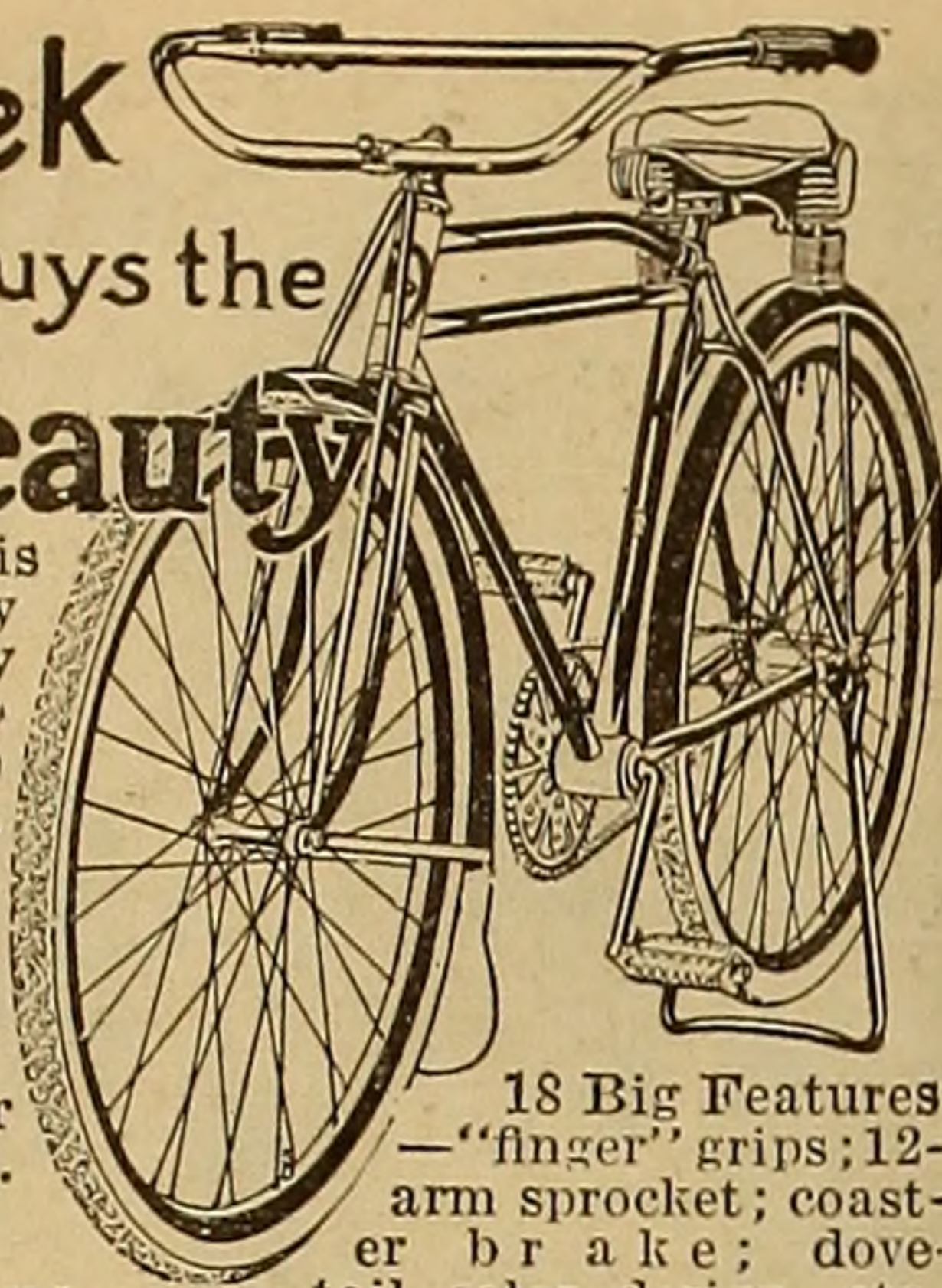
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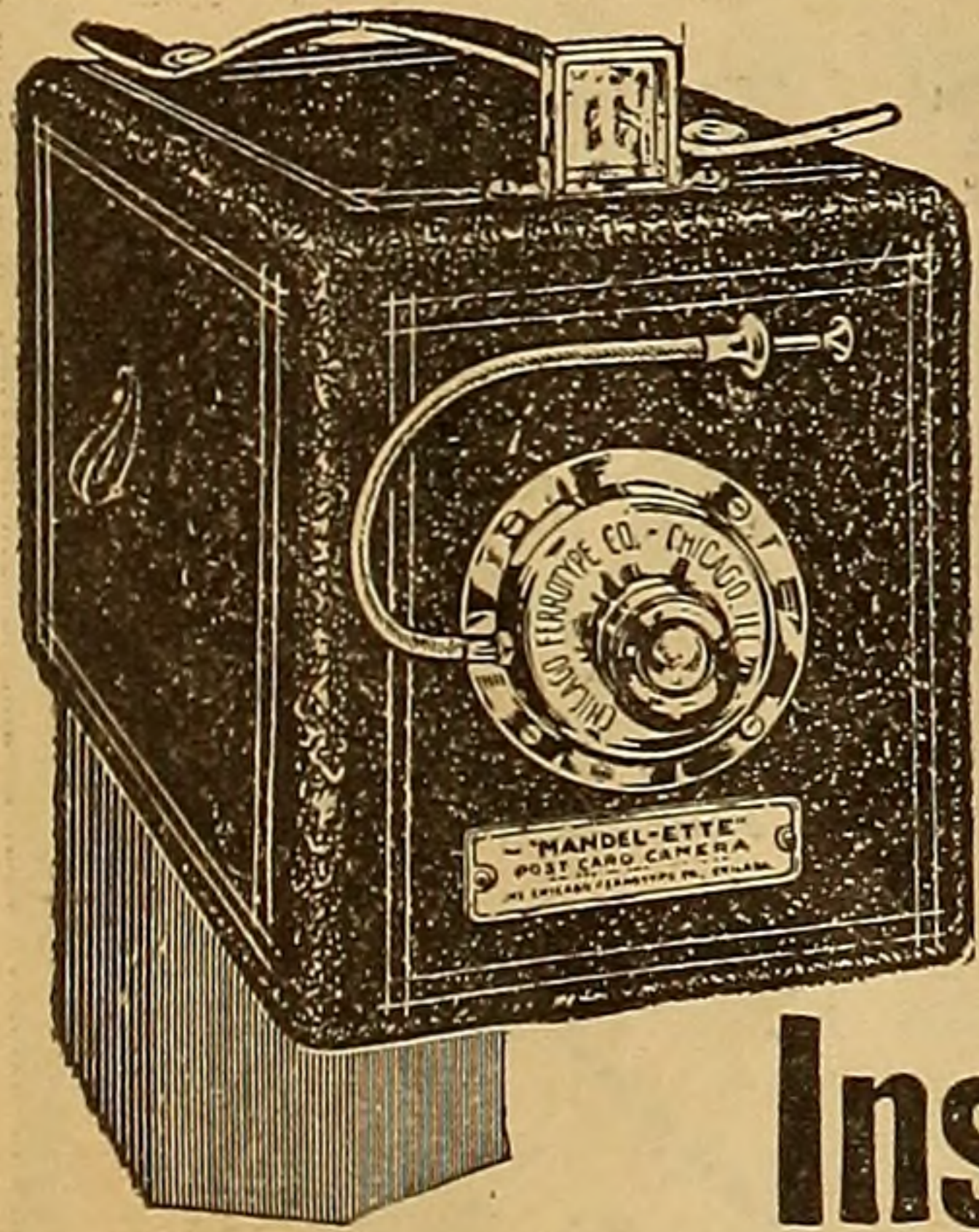
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And you ask "Funny," of Queensland, "Why dont you look on your map?" Do you think she's (or he's) a magician, to be able to look on his (or her) own "map?" Or are you advising him (or her) to consult the mirror? Anyhow, what is there so all-fired interesting about one's own "map" that they should gaze on it—huh—what?

Whazzat—huh—why dont I ask questions, instead of trying to be funny? Oh, have a heart—have a heart—give me time—I will—here's one—now go to it and answer it—if you can:

How old is Ann (Pennington)? None of my business? Of course it aint—I know it; but that's the way you do—holler at us for not asking questions and then, when we do, you come back at us by telling us it's none of our business! Oh, fudge—what's the use? Darn it—I'll get mad and say "apple sauce" or something equally as inventive, yet!

And "Betty of Melrose" suggests a "Gallery of Magazine Fans." Oh-gosh-oh-gosh! Wont that be fine—oh-gosh-oh-gosh! At last—at last—oblivion, where is thy sting! Boycott, where is thy victory? At last—at last I'll get my "picture in the paper"—at last-a-las! And when I do—alas-nd alas! I'll "get mine," when the connoisseurs of real art once "glue their glims" on my inartistic "map." Oh-gosh-oh-gosh!

You tell "Annabelle M." that "Young ladies should set a good example, because young men are sure to follow." Say, dah-gunnit! where the Sam Hill do us old guys come in, anyway—I'd like to know? Dont you, at your greatly advanced age, know that the older the man, the more susceptible is he to the fascinating charms of the lovely, young girlies—huh—dont you, or are you so dummed old that you've forgotten all you ever knew—hey! are you?

Now, I will ask you a real, bona-fide question:

Why does not Little Madge Evans appear more often in the pictures? She is the very sweetest, darlinest, little dear among all the "kiddies" in the pictures and I love her—I idolize that lovely, pretty, bright-minded, little child. Her work in the pictures is away above par—it is absolute perfection and then some. I realize that the little girl is only human and so cannot appear in pictures all of the time—that is, that pictures with her in them cannot be released every day, nor every week; but somehow, it does seem to me that we might see her a little more often than we do. First thing the World people know—if they dont watch out, I'll write a play for her, myself, if they cant find enough of them that are suitable for her appearance more often. Now, that's an awful threat; so, World Pictures Corporation "powers that be," watchyerstep—watchyerstep, or I'll fulfill my threat and write one. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." They might get over it, but they'd never look the same.

An anonymous friend writes interestingly from Kingston, Ont.:

My ire was aroused by some of the letters in the past Magazines.

I am not an admirer of Mr. Bushman, but I never could write as they did.

Mr. Bushman is all right when assigned the proper rôle. I never forgot him opposite Ruth Stonehouse in the old days. One picture of his that impressed me was "Chains," about six or seven years ago. He used to have fine dramatic rôles and played them A-1—the same of Earle Williams—and I might say I am a Brooklyn girl and lived within eight blocks of

Vitagraph and daily passed the Vitagraphers on the street, and if people only got a real close-up of Earle Williams they'd soon realize he's a gentleman both on and off the screen.

I wish Alice Brady would not grin so—she is much more charming when she smiles naturally. Fannie Ward is O. K.—if she'd occasionally slick her stray locks. Marguerite Clark is a dear—'nuff sed! Wally Reid was fine with "Gerry" in "Carmen," "Woman God Forgot," etc., but take him out of slushy romance, like "Nan of Music Mountain," etc. I'd love this minute to walk up Beverly Road or on Flatbush Avenue or take the Brighton Beach "L" and perhaps run across some one from "Vita." It is so lonely up here—a stranger in a strange land and all alone and no place to go, etc. The movies keep me from going plumb mad from ennui. What became of Tefft Johnson, Kate Price, Hughie Mack, the Vita Twins, and Rose Tapley? I used to see them on Flatbush or Elm Avenues nearly every day—now I dont even see 'em in pictures. Guess I would feel a little less homesick if I could see some of the old-timers. Many's the day "Dimple" Walker and I, at the same time, got a manicure and shampoo at the "Gem," on Duffield Street, not far from you.

Well, I'd love to sign my real name, but in a small jerk-water town, with one horse and buggy, where every one else knows every one else's "bizness" but their own, etc., I'm afraid I'd get all sorts of bricks. If I was sure my name wouldn't be published I'd sign it; as I'm not sure, let me pass as —. Perhaps if I signed my name Mr. Blackton would laugh! I danced with him often at the Knickerbocker Club, Flatbush.



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Elsie Ferguson, one of the industrious workers at the Stage Women's War Relief headquarters, is fitting one of the type of leather vests on Mrs. Charles S. Whitman, wife of Governor Whitman. The vests are windproof and will be used by Uncle Sam's aviators. They are made of scraps of leather.



From the Belgian Battlefield

THE MANAGER,
MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE:

DEAR SIR:—I am enclosing herewith a photograph which, I think, may be interesting, or of value, to the original as a souvenir from the battlefields of Belgium.

I found the picture in an old chateau that had been ruined by shell-fire. It was known as the "White Chateau," and situated between Ypres and Zonnebeke, just behind our old line of trenches.

The chateau was used as an advanced dressing station in October, 1917, during the Passchendaele battles, and it was then that I found the picture. On one small portion of the wall that was left standing, I saw the picture pinned. Thinking the

young lady had had her share of shell-fire, I commandeered it and tacked it over the driving seat of my ambulance car. It has been there ever since until today, when I was in a Y. M. C. A. hut, glancing thru magazines, and I came across the same photograph in your publication. I at once thought it would be worth sending to Miss Courtot, as a personal relic. To my knowledge it has seen "active service" for over seven months.

Trusting you receive this note safely, I remain,

Yours sincerely,
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WHEN THE WAR WILL END!

A Prediction Based on Incontrovertible Facts

By EUGENE V. BREWSTER

When will the war end? Everybody wants to know and yet the greatest military and political authorities on earth hesitate to venture a prediction. Some time ago the German military authorities stated that Germany could hold out for thirty-five years longer. Some of our own experts have stated that it might take five or even ten years to defeat the enemy. In the meantime, we are preparing to spend some thirty-odd billions of dollars next year, and each of the other Allies is straining every nerve to raise proportionate amounts. We are just beginning to feel what war is like. Our pocketbooks are being hit from every angle and our wealth is diminishing every day, but we have not yet glimpsed the poverty that threatens the world if this war long continues.

We begin to feel the real strain as we find prices soaring, taxes multiplying, and as renewed demands are made upon our shrinking purses for more money for Liberty Bonds, the Red Cross, War Savings Stamps, etc., etc.

But, sad to relate, the worst is yet to come! This is only the beginning. Day after day, month after month, year after year, we are to be asked for still more help, still more sacrifice, still more money. Some of us have thus far escaped without making much sacrifice. We have not yet been hit good and hard. But our time will surely come. They will get us all.

We might as well face the truth. We can't run away from it, even if we would. There's no escape! We must face the music. We must prepare to make tremendous sacrifices, and it would take the heart out of us if we knew *now* just what the future will demand of us.

It isn't a question of whether we believe in war or not, or even whether it is a just cause we are fighting for; we are in the war, and that settles it. Most certainly we have got to win it, for there is no other way to get out of it! It is a world conflict of Germany *vs.* Civilization, and if Germany should win—well, most of us would rather die than face the consequences, if we knew them.

When will the war end? I am quite sure I can tell you, and in a moment I shall try to convince you that I know.

We all believe that our Government and our Allies are doing all they can do. They are doing the best they can with the resources at their command. We have surprised the world with our war preparations, and, from a nation of peaceful, luxury-living civilians we have suddenly become a nation of warriors. But it takes time to get into action and to make our power felt. The enemy has been preparing for forty years. Yes, we have made a wonderful start, but it has cost fabulous wealth and great sacrifice to make even this start. Do you think our Government has made us sweat to obtain the money to do what they have already done?

Why, they have not even scratched the surface! If you think you have been unduly taxed and besieged for money, *wait!* It is only a drop in the bucket to what is to come! They are now breaking the news gently. They are educating us *gradually!* Two years from now we will look back upon the present as a golden era of prosperity and luxurious comfort as compared with what we shall then be suffering. If the present outlook is dark, the future is *black.*

Now, you ask, what can we do to change all this? What can *I* do? That's it—what can *you* do? You can do a whole lot. In fact, if the aggregate of I's and you's can get together and grasp the situation, we can actually turn the hands of the clock backward. You say you have *done your bit!* Horrors! What mortal man invented that idiotic catch-phrase? Do your *bit?* Your *BIT?* Are you content to do a "bit" in this world struggle? Why not DO YOUR MIGHT? And here is just where all the trouble is. Thousands of people, perhaps millions, have said to themselves, "Well, let them fight it out. I've done my bit." One person sings at a concert for the benefit of the Red Cross, and lo! she has done her bit, and she need do no more! Another person buys a Liberty Bond, and lo! he has done his bit! Another person subscribes \$10 to the Soldiers' Tobacco Fund, and lo! he has done his bit! And so on, etc. Of course, every little helps, and small favors are thankfully received, but how an American citizen can rest content with *doing a bit* when his country, his prosperity, his home, his happiness, his very life are at stake and hang in the balance is more than I can comprehend. Either he does not yet understand the gravity of the situation, or he is a selfish slacker and a coward! If he understands, and chooses to turn his back and run away while a few bear the brunt of the burden, he is a near-traitor. If he understands, and refuses to do his share, he should either be put in jail or taxed to the poor-house.

So away with "Doing your Bit," and up with the banner, "I'm Doing My Might!"

And what more can I do? Why, there are a thousand and one things! Every man, woman and child has a margin in every twenty-four hours. Some spend this margin in idleness, some in pleasure, some in a vocational work and some in other ways. The very busy ones are always the ones to call upon when you want something done. The ones who don't do much and who have plenty of leisure are the ones who usually don't *want* to do *anything.* It is to these that I *particularly* call. If you who have a margin will pay heed, I can tell you when the war will end. What can you do?

1. Fight. If you can't enlist, then you can— 2. Get somebody else to fight 3. Support those who are doing the fighting for you by: (a) buying Liberty Bonds; (b) buying War Savings Stamps; (c) contributing to the Red Cross; (d) helping along one or more of the numerous war relief societies; (e) knitting; (f) supplying yarn for knitters; (g) canvassing your neighborhood for supplies to be sent to the soldiers, etc., etc., etc.

This brief list can be stretched out indefinitely, and everybody can, with a little thought, add a few items to it. If he can't, all he has to do is to ring up or call at the nearest naval or war station and they will tell you lots of things you can do. Every woman can't be a Red Cross nurse, nor knit, but there are dozens of other things she can do. Every man cannot afford to buy more bonds or stamps, but he can help sell them, and there is no limit to his usefulness in other ways. If you cannot make a speech at a recruiting station, or carry on a successful argument with your rich but miserly neighbor, thus inducing him either to go across or come across, you can at least find somebody who is willing to lend his field-glasses to the Navy Department. There is a vast, unlimited amount of work to be done, and anybody who wants to can find it. If you don't find something to do in this war, it is because you don't want to. You can easily cut out that automobile trip, or that beach party, or that game of cards, and devote that time to serving your country. And you can easily do without that silk shirt or skirt that you were going to buy, and lend the money to the Government. Uncle Sam needs more money more than you need more clothes. If you are a business man, perhaps you can spare two hours out of every day to serving your country in some Government office. If you are a woman, you *surely* can. In short, there is no limit to what you can do in this war. I have given only a glimpse of the openings and possibilities. Your country needs you—*you!* Not the other fellow, but *you!* Are you going to be one of those laggards and sluggards who say, "Oh, I observe wheatless days, and meatless days, and I don't waste any fuel or food, and I bought \$5 worth of War Savings Stamps—I've done my bit!" For shame on such a slacker! You haven't done your *bit* until you have done your *might!*

And now, to get down to the point—when will the war end? Is the answer beginning to appear? No? Do you see no light? *The war will end in six years or in six months,* speaking in rough figures. Whether it is six months or six years depends on *you!* Do you get me? Just suppose that *you* and every other *you* who is over ten years of age should say, "I am not content to do my bit unless it is my might. From now on, I agree to do everything possible to bring this horrible war to a finish. I am willing to sacrifice everything, my all, to win this war!" You might as well say it, because if you don't, you will eventually have to sacrifice all anyway.

Now, if you all say this, and go at it hammer and tongs, what would be the result? Can't you see? Just imagine fifty million people, all working to whip Germany! Fifty million Yankees, with all their marvelous ingenuity, energy, enthusiasm, brains and resources! Just think of it!

If you *all* say it, and mean it, and do it, in six months the war will be over. If you don't, it may be over—*here!* As Franklin said, "We must all hang together or we shall all hang separately." So let's get together and win this war in six months.

NOTE—The foregoing is a copy of an address delivered by Eugene V. Brewster to the employees of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, of which he is managing editor.

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SEPTEMBER, 1918

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

At the time "The Birth of a Nation" was released, some one very aptly said: "Lillian Gish has found her specialty—portraying a soldier's sweetheart." In "Hearts of the World," Miss Gish evidently realized the rôle as her specialty and made the most of it. She is truly feminine—the gentle, lovable type, with dark blue, seriously sweet eyes, pale gold hair; a creature of moods, intensely appealing. David Griffith casts her well—she is the personification of Any Soldier's Sweetheart.



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WATCH FOR

"Catching Up with George," the first interview ever published with George Walsh, in the October Magazine.

READ

The two greatest serials of the year, "Hands Up" and "The Cross of Shame," in this issue.

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.

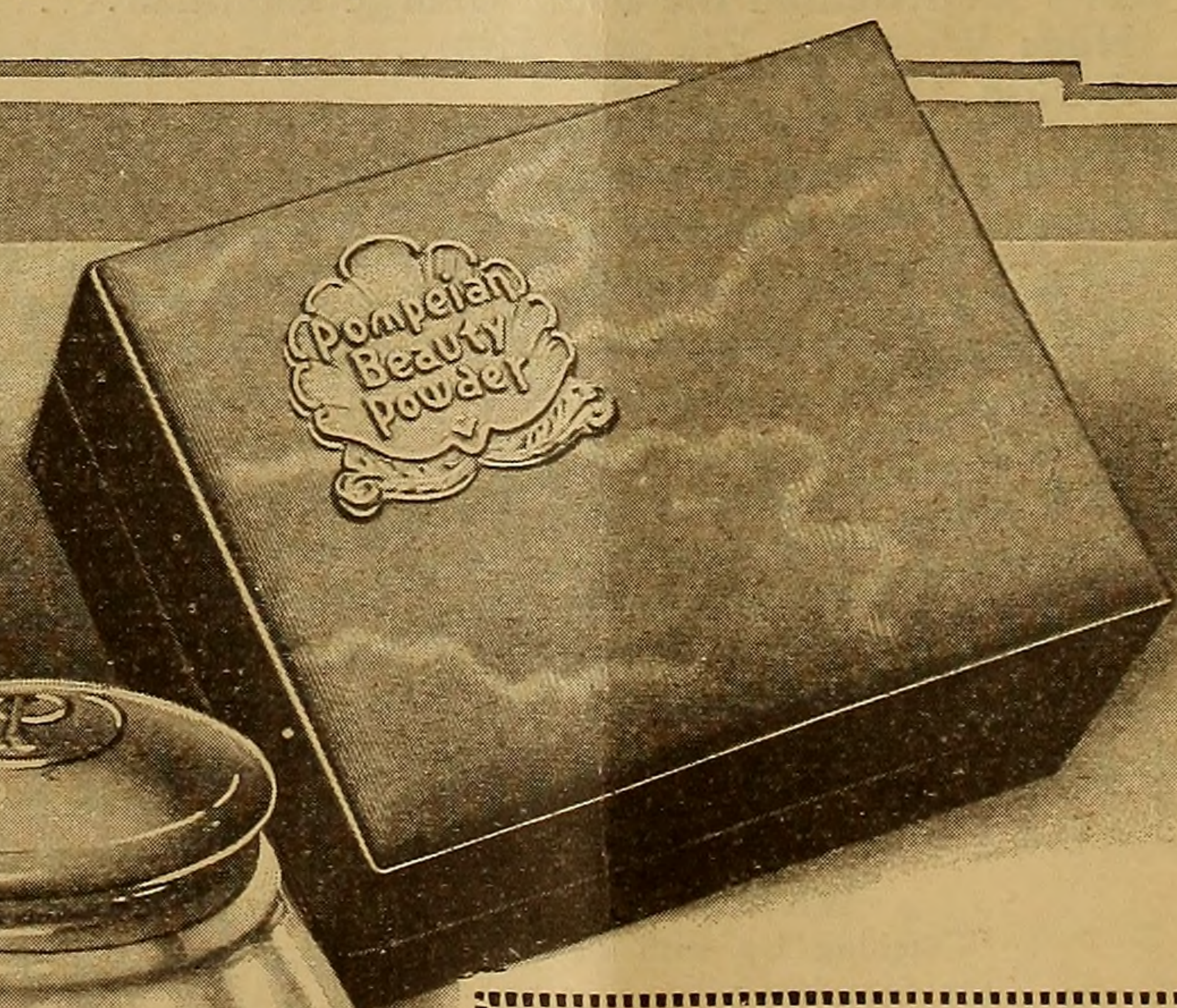
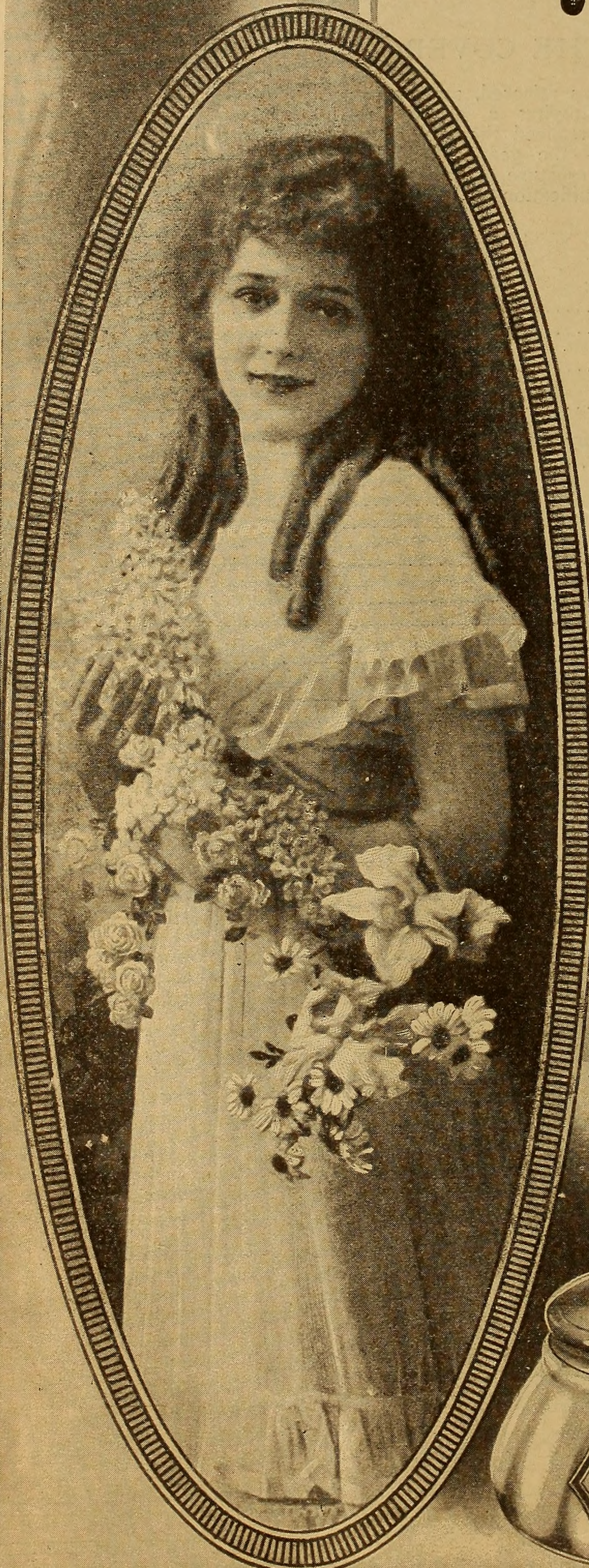
Pompeian DAY Cream—A vanishing and greaseless cream that protects the skin from the sun. It also keeps the skin smooth and velvety. An ideal cream before applying a face powder. It has an exquisite dainty perfume. 50c jars at the stores

Pompeian BEAUTY Powder adds a pearly clearness to the skin. It stays on unusually long and has a refined, delighting fragrance. Cools and freshens the skin. It is pure and harmless. Shades, white, brunette, and flesh (the most popular). 50c at the stores.

Above products guaranteed by the makers of Pompeian NIGHT Cream, Pompeian MASSAGE Cream and Pompeian HAIR Massage.

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.



(Stamps accepted, coins preferred)

The Pompeian Mfg. Co. 2129 Superior Ave., Cleveland, Ohio
Gentlemen: Enclose find 10c for a 1918 Mary Pickford Art Panel and samples of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder and DAY Cream.

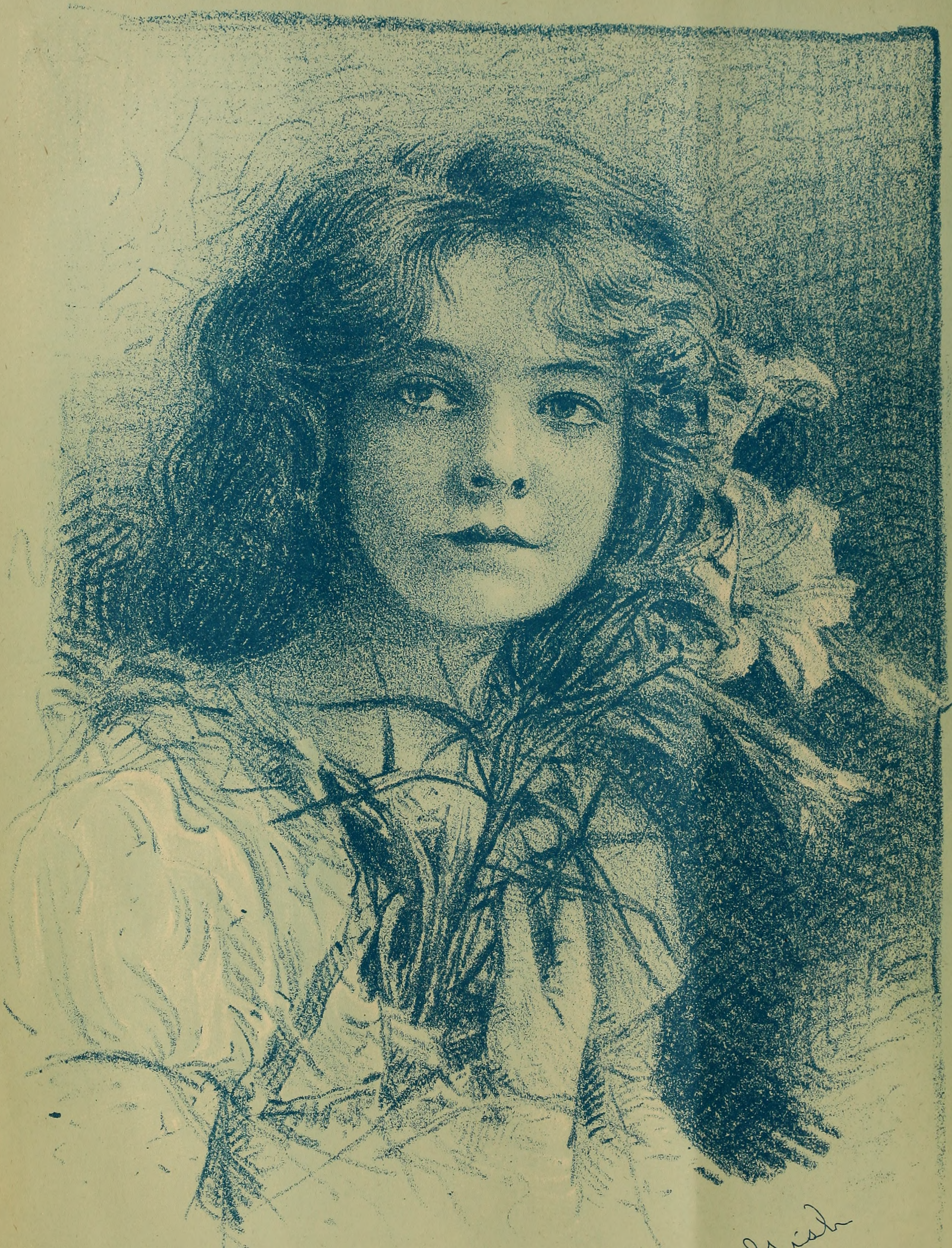
Name.....

Address.....

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



William S. Harb



William Irish



Mary Fickford.



Fannie Ward



The easiest way to manicure

Use only two preparations
Send 6c for Miniature Outfit

Now you can manicure easier—*and quicker*. Instead of using several preparations, use only two! Keep your nails lovely and dainty—in less time, with less trouble, at smaller cost.

HYGLO Cuticle Remover and Nail Bleach (combined)

is a new preparation. It keeps the cuticle firm and shapely. It removes dead surplus cuticle without cutting. It prevents soreness, rough edges, hang-nails. It removes stains and discolorations from the surface of the nails—and under the tips

—leaving a clear and natural color.

HYGLO Nail Polish tints and polishes at one time

Many, many thousands of women use Hyglo Nail Polish. It is the most widely distributed in the world—and indeed, it is unquestionably the best.

It tints and polishes at one time, giving a soft, rich, lasting lustre that water will not affect.

Send for miniature manicure outfit—6c

This outfit includes a small vial of Hyglo Cuticle Remover and

Nail Bleach, a sample of Hyglo Nail Polish (powder), orange stick, emery board and cotton. Send for it and see how easy you can manicure—and how lovely you can keep your nails.

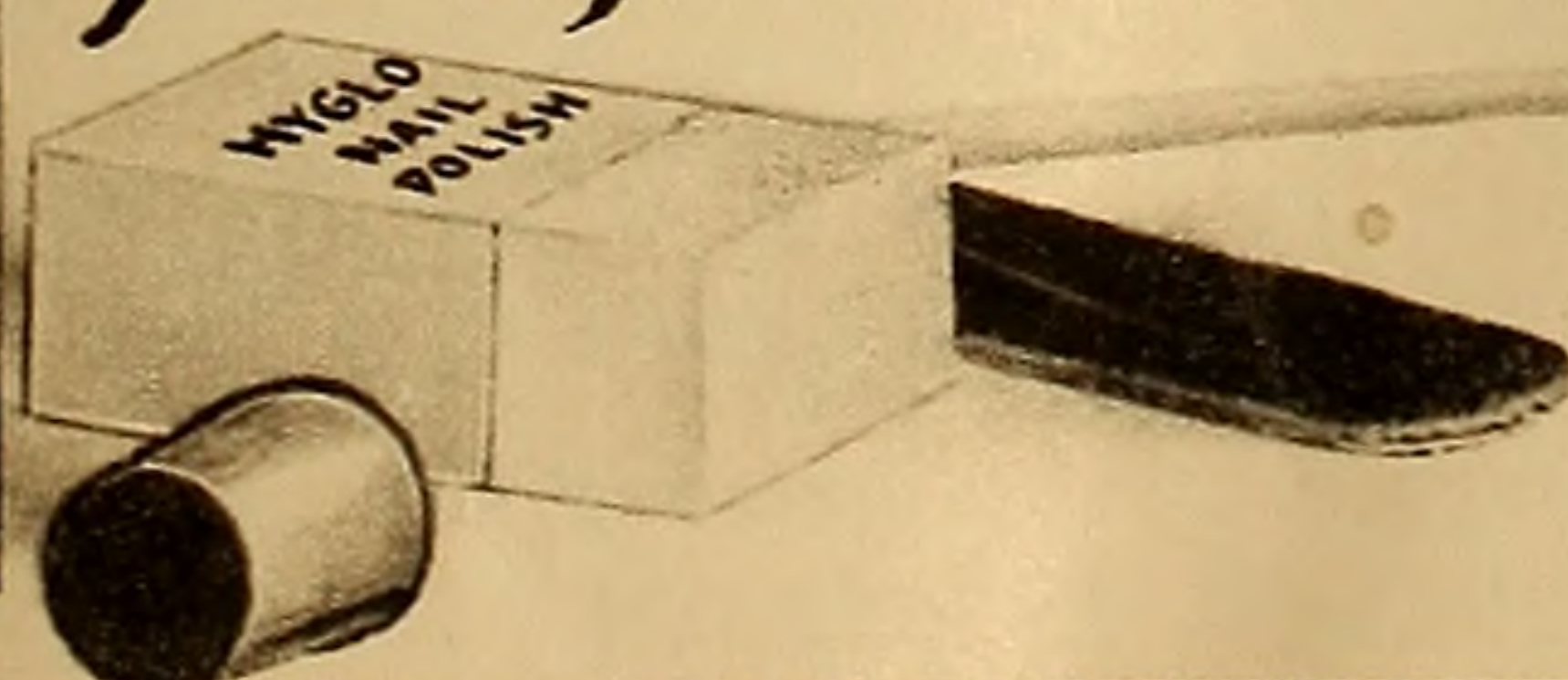
Over 5000 stores sell HYGLO Preparations

In almost every town and city there is at least one store where Hyglo Preparations are sold. Hyglo Cuticle Remover and Nail Bleach costs 25c for a double-size bottle. Hyglo Nail Polish, cake or powder, costs 25c and 50c. Send for the name of a nearby dealer if your dealer cannot supply you.

GRAF'S

Graf Bros., Inc.

123 West 24th St., New York



HYGLO

Manicure Preparations



GRAF BROS., Inc.
123 West 24th St.
New York

I enclose 6c. Please send me the Hyglo Miniature Manicure Outfit.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....
Dealer's Name.....

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o a



Seeing the World's Best Stories

TO SEE the characters of a famous novel come to life upon the screen is a tremendous thing!

There, *alive*, in flesh and blood, is the hero, or heroine, whose exploits you followed breathlessly upon the printed page.

To the great organization behind *Paramount* and *Artcraft* motion pictures we are indebted for this in the case of "Tom Sawyer", "Oliver Twist", "The Sub-Deb Stories", "Cinderella", "Old Wives for New", "David Harum", "The Bottle Imp", "To Have and to Hold", "Great Expectations", "The

Virginian", "The Firefly of France", "His Majesty Bunker Bean", "The Varmint", Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird", "M'liss", "Resurrection", and literally scores upon scores of others.

The beloved characters of these romances find a new and rich lease of life in the talent of the *equally beloved stars of Paramount and Artcraft*.

—foremost in *their* world as the fiction characters in *theirs*,

—as superbly directed in *their actions* as were those they portray,

—and doubly fascinating because touched with all the warmth and light of life.

Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

Three Ways to Know how to be sure of seeing Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

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.

TRADE MARK
Paramount
Pictures

TRADE MARK
ARTCRAFT
PICTURES

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"



JOHN BARRYMORE

Jack Barrymore's return to the Paramount screen is welcome news. The scion of the famous Barrymore-Drew families starred in the films before, but the stage won him back again. In the interim he has graduated from a light comedian to a serious actor of genuine distinction.



BILLIE RHODES

Billie, the vest-pocket comédienne, was born in 'Frisco. "Babes in Toyland" gave Billie her first footlight opportunity, and later she became a member of Gus Edwards' juvenile vaudeville companies. But the call of the movies manifested itself, and Miss Rhodes became a Kalemite.



LLOYD HUGHES

A newcomer of promise is young Lloyd Hughes, who stood out in Margarita Fisher's "Impossible Susan" and who has been featured in the Judge Brown stories. Hughes will bear watching, for he has youth and breeziness.



WILLIAM DUNCAN

William Duncan owes his fame to the serial. Vitagraph's "The Fighting Trail" lifted him into prominence, and now Duncan is one of the best-known of our "continued-in-the-next" directors and stars. Bill is a Scot and was born near Dundee.



BELLE BENNETT

Belle Bennett started her film career by being a screen comédienne with the "Cub" Mutual farces. But she thought better of it and became a serious star. Miss Bennett comes of a theater family, and she made her début at the ripe age of five weeks in "The Fatal Wedding."



ELLIOTT DEXTER

His first claim to fame was as husband of Marie Doro of the soulful optics. But Dexter soon won a place for himself and he is now one of Screenland's favorite leading-men. He scored recently in "Old Wives for New," and has won personal hits with almost all the Paramount-Artcraft stars.



VIRGINIA PEARSON

Virginia Pearson has the distinction—or whatever it is—of being our first vampire. She played the original siren in Robert Hilliard's stage version of "A Fool There Was." Later she scored in more moral rôles in "The Hawk" and "Nearly Married," but the films have largely made her a modern Cleo.



KITTY GORDON

Kitty Gordon, of the famous décolleté back, was an English favorite before the American stage won her over. She captured her first New York hit with Sam Bernard in "He Came from Milwaukee." After that Miss Gordon's success was assured. Her celluloid career has been entirely with World Film.



CHARLES CLARY

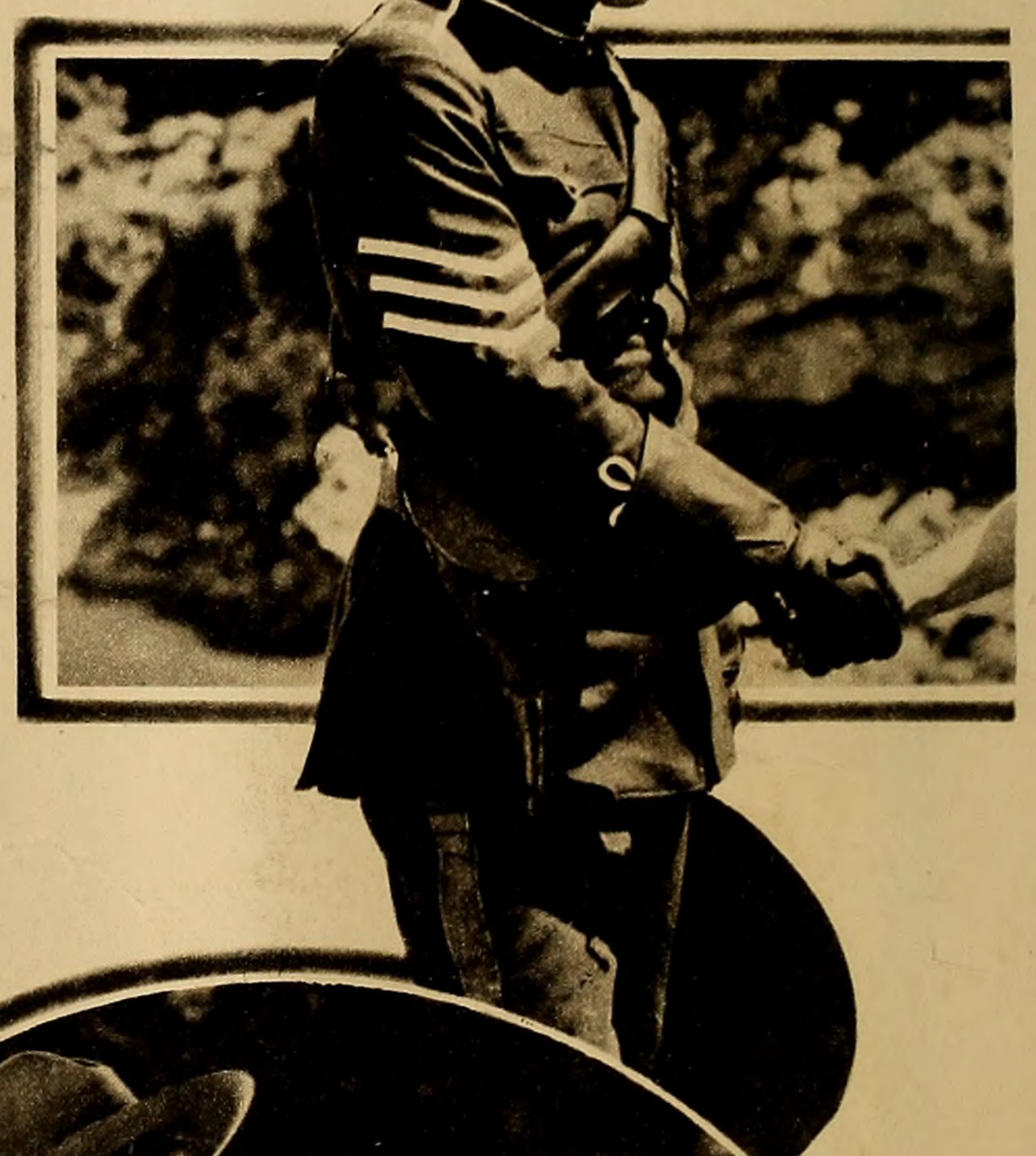
Charles Clary has a number of film hits to his credit. He had a noteworthy stage career before he appeared on the screen, altho he came to the celluloid in the early days. He was a Seligite then, and played in the first serial, "The Adventures of Kathlyn."



REAL

Marshall Neilan and
as They

By Hazel



ELSIE FERGUSON, MOST APPROPRIATELY CALLED "ELSIE, THE GLORIOUS," IS ALWAYS A GREAT ACTRESS



INCONSISTENCY—thy name is Movies! Marshall Neilan came out of the West to direct Elsie Ferguson, and was given the script of a Western story.

Elsie Ferguson, the quintessence of culture and Eastern conventionality, cast as a primitive woman!

Verily, the movies demand good actors. And they get them.

Which has little to do with the fact that you are now going to meet Marshall Neilan, an unusual director, and Elsie Ferguson, a great actress. I have the pleasure of presenting them to you thru the eyes of Truth—neither magnified by rose-colored glasses nor shaded by the wit of cynicism.

There, the orchestration is over! The curtain is about to arise. You have before you—Marshall Neilan. He is a young man of medium height, comfortably padded. He sits on a table and swings his feet and gets hot and a little bit red from the heat of the studio, just like any other person.

He doesn't like to talk about himself for publication, but he is too polite to say so.

You realize instantly why Marshall Neilan is the youngest Big director in the Motion Picture industry. He is a Big director because he doesn't rant about his art, nor his soul, but he treats Motion Pictures as any other business, and—he uses common sense.

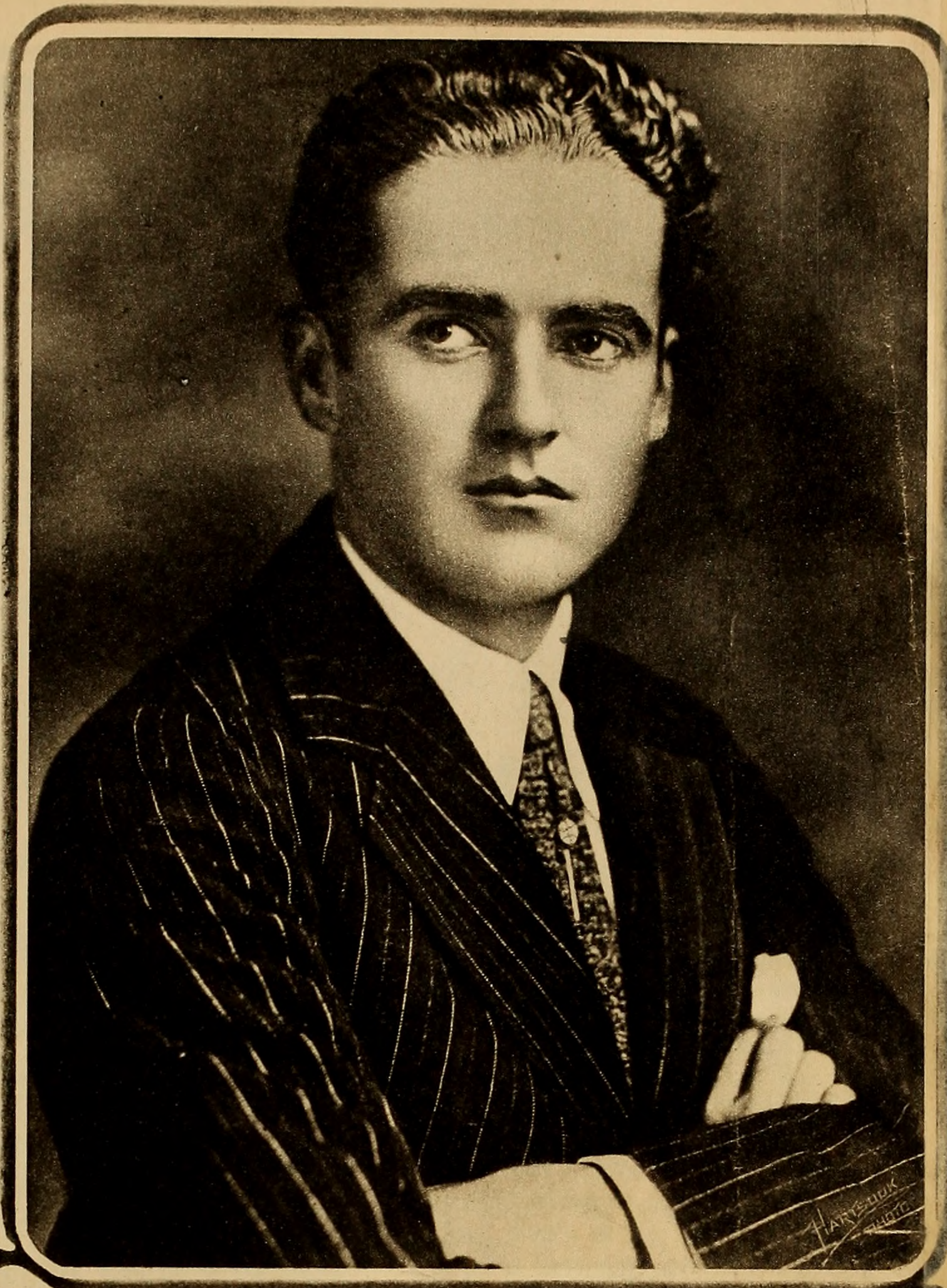
AND THE VILLAIN STILL PURSUED HER

Marshall Neilan was an actor, but he had one characteristic—the rarest attribute of an actor: the ability to look into the future.

FOLK

Elrie Ferguson
are

Simpson Taylor.



MARSHALL NEILAN BECAME A DIRECTOR BECAUSE HE
MIGHT NOT ALWAYS LOOK LIKE THIS

wrinkle, and not worry if your hair should grow thin; and if you remain a leading-man you just have to fuss over such trivial details—and shave—maybe twice a day.

And of course Marshall Neilan *is* so old he *should* begin to worry.

For he has been on this old planet all of twenty-eight years, and has been a director for seven years. Before and during that time he was a leading-man and star.

He says that it was in the old Kalem days that he started directing, because he got to thinking "Suppose some day he should be caught in a fire and have his face burnt, or suppose his nose should be cut off in an auto accident."

"This banking on one's beauty is pretty ticklish business," says Mickey, as his friends call him.

And so, because he felt that leading-men may come and go in the brook of popular favor, but a good director can run on forever, Mickey started in to learn a trade.

He learnt every mechanical detail about operating a camera, about lights, sets, properties, scenarios. When he had acquired a thoro knowledge of all these, he started grinding out Moving Pictures exactly like sausages, because that was the way the business end of the firm wanted them ground out—at that time.

"You see," explains Neilan, in his soft easy-going voice, "those first film companies belonged to the trust



MARSHALL NEILAN CONSIDERS "REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM" THE MOST SUCCESSFUL PICTURE HE HAS DIRECTED

He doesn't believe in this *carpe diem* stuff; he believes in looking—ahead.

Then, too, it is so much easier to grow fat and get a



MICKEY POSES UNDER PROTEST. YOU SEE IT WAS THE FIRST TIME HIS MISPLACED EYEBROW HAD "FOCUSED"

and held all the patents. No other company had a chance to make pictures, consequently there was no competition, and no incentive to do better things. Kalem, Lubin, Vitagraph, Anderson, Biograph, etc., held the monopoly, and the public had to swallow the pictures they gave 'em.

"Almost every one of the men at the head of those firms became millionaires over night, but they failed to realize the fact that competition is the life of trade—that there must be advancement or else death—and because they had complete hold of the market, they killed their own goose. When the idea-men, the brain-men such as Griffith, left because they refused to pay better salaries, the old firms let them go, and black-balled them in the trade. It was impossible for an actor or director who had left one company to obtain work in another. I've known times when we Independents started work out West that my camera would be shot to pieces under my very nose—by the trust. Yes, of course, with real bullets. But the Independents won out because they encouraged advancement.

"Take Zukor of Famous Players. He believes in competition and absorption.

"If he discovers any man who can do things better than those in his employ he goes to him and says, 'How much did you make on that production? One million? Very well, I'll give you two million to do the same for me.'

"And so he assembles the best brains of the business about him. But he can't assemble all the brains in every department. No one company could carry such an enormous pay-roll. So sometimes the best director will be given the poorest story because, with original bits of business, he can get it across, while the best story will be given to a less capable director, because the story will carry the production; or again a popular star will turn a mediocre story and direction into a success.

"Picture productions are getting better each year, and it won't be long before all of the mediocre stuff will be weeded out."

Marshall Neilan announces that a director is the best paid person in the Motion Picture industry—that's why he's one; but he adds with a quizzical little twist of the new-grown



CODY, WYOMING, WAS VISITED TO GET ATMOSPHERE

eyebrow on his upper lip—that is a *good* director. By a good director he doesn't mean the man who is the greatest artist. He considers the best director the man with the biggest business head, who can make productions that appeal to public taste.

Mickey always listens to the tinkle of the coins in the exhibitors' cash box, for that is the court of final appeal as to whether a picture is successful or not. To turn out a picture that is a financially successful picture, one cannot always produce plays only for highbrows, nor solely for lowbrows; but with a hand on the pulse of the public one must sound the average of popular appeal.

Mickey believes that to satisfy a director's sense of artistry, he should at least make one production according to his visionary ideals, but it's a wise man who produces with an eye to pleasing the greatest number of the

public, for he's the one who is going to draw down the fattest salary; and, after all, Motion Pictures are a business.

As a case in point he cites "The Blue Bird," considered one of the most artistic pictures ever produced, but which will not, he is confident, make as much money as "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Neither will "Stella Maris," altho a far superior production from the artistic standpoint, make as much money as "Rebecca," because Rebecca had more of the element of popular appeal.

Mickey's religion is the creed of individualism. He believes that each individual



TILL THE SANDS OF THE DESERT GROW COLD



MICKEY
—AS HIS
FRIENDS
CALL HIM

is entitled to his or her happiness. It was for this reason that in his

film version of "Stella Maris," he had Stella marry John Risca, while in the book William J. Locke had Risca remain married to his drink and drug crazed wife, thus making two people drag out a miserable existence.

Mickey Neilan pulls out a gold watch—not a wrist watch—and says, "It's time for me to get to work."

Down with the curtain—and now you have before you
The Second Act.

Imagine the interior of a Western cabin. Did I not say that the script called for a Western setting, and this was Fort Lee? Rough-hewn logs form the walls of Miss Ferguson's cabin. Navajo rugs adorn the floors and the bunk-bed. There are a rough pine table, a story book, fireplace, a range and dishes and—well, everything complete to start housekeeping.

And then the Star enters. In very truth Elsie—the

Glorious. She is perhaps not too pleased that we are to watch her do a scene, but she is too well-bred to show it, and so with a somewhat amused, satirical expression playing around her beautiful mouth, she tells me about her trip to Cody, Wyoming, to take the exteriors of this, her Western picture. "We had to stop in a little ramshackle hotel," she says. "In the picture I take the part of a primitive woman," she continues in her voice which is very deep, and so colorful that it invests the simplest statement with a dramatic force. "And do all sorts of terrible things. I have killed a man and imprisoned another, and had a hand-to-hand fight with yet another. Oh, I tell you, I'm a terrible person. We send a man to his death and laugh." She brandishes a revolver.

"Shall we begin, Miss Ferguson?" asks Mr. Neilan in his calm, low voice. "Son, please light those Kliegs. Everybody on the stage."

His soft brown hat placed on the back of his curly head, wearing spectacles, and *not* tortoise-shell ones, if you please, using no script, Mickey stands calmly beside his camera-man and visualizes the scene.

"I'm going to play a little joke on you," Mickey speaks the opening sentence in the scene to his performers. "Ready. Now, old man, I'm not going to have you sneer—that's old stuff," this to the villain. "Now, I'm going to play a little joke on you."

Miss Ferguson takes her place within camera range. An actor in full Western regalia levels a villainous gun at her. She turns her golden head slowly, her eyes fill with terror, her lips part slightly in awe.

"That's good," says Mickey. He snaps his forefinger and his thumb together. "Bing, bing, bing," he says in an ordinary conversational voice. Like a soldier his camera-man starts to grind while the actors play their scene.

"All right, son. Out with the lights!"
(Continued on page 121)



What causes skin blemishes

The way to remove blemishes and to remove their cause

EVERYONE is immediately attracted by a clear skin — soft, free from blemishes, and unsightly spots.

Every girl longs for it.

If your skin is not as clear as you would love to have it, find out just what is causing the blemishes that mar it. Then start at once to remove not only the blemishes, but their cause.

Skin specialists say they are tracing fewer and fewer skin troubles to the blood — and more to the bacteria and parasites that are carried into the pores with dust, soot and grime.

To keep your skin clear from the spots and blemishes caused in this way, you must remove the blemishes you already have and prevent the appearance of fresh ones.

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 this treatment regularly until the blemishes disappear, and supplement it with the regular use of Woodbury's in your daily toilet. This will keep your skin so firm and active that it will resist the frequent cause of blemishes.

The 25 cent cake of Woodbury's will last for a month or six weeks of any facial treatment and for general cleansing use for that time. For 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 6c 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 the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Fa-

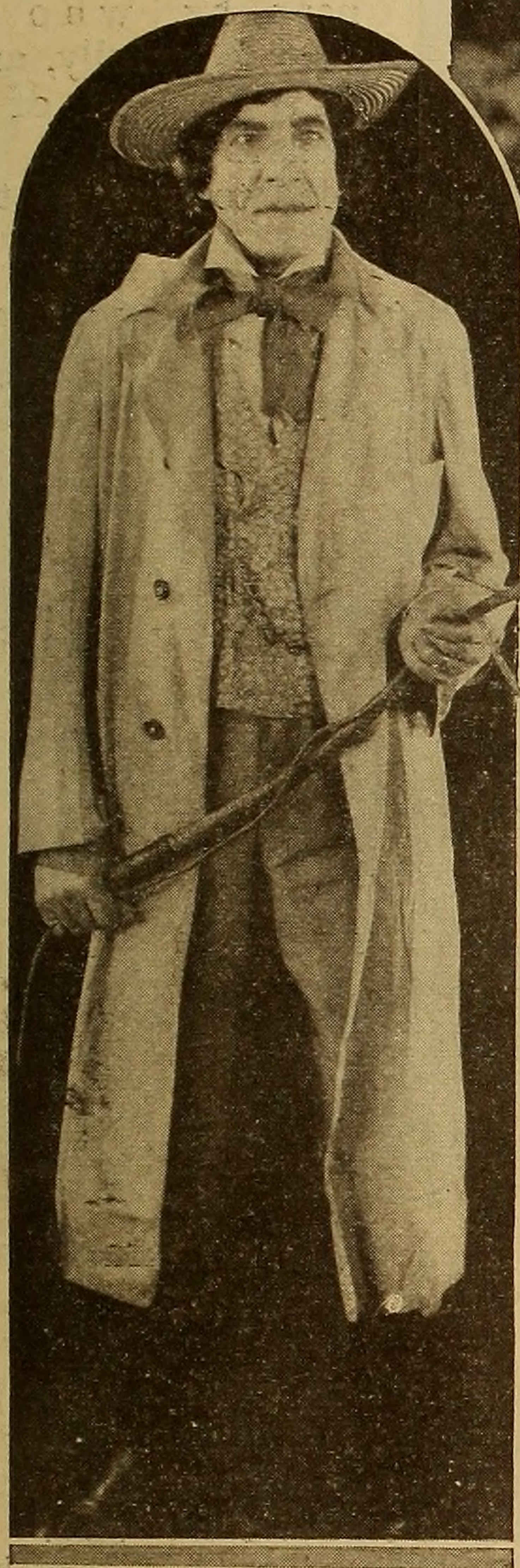
cial Cream and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1309 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1309 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

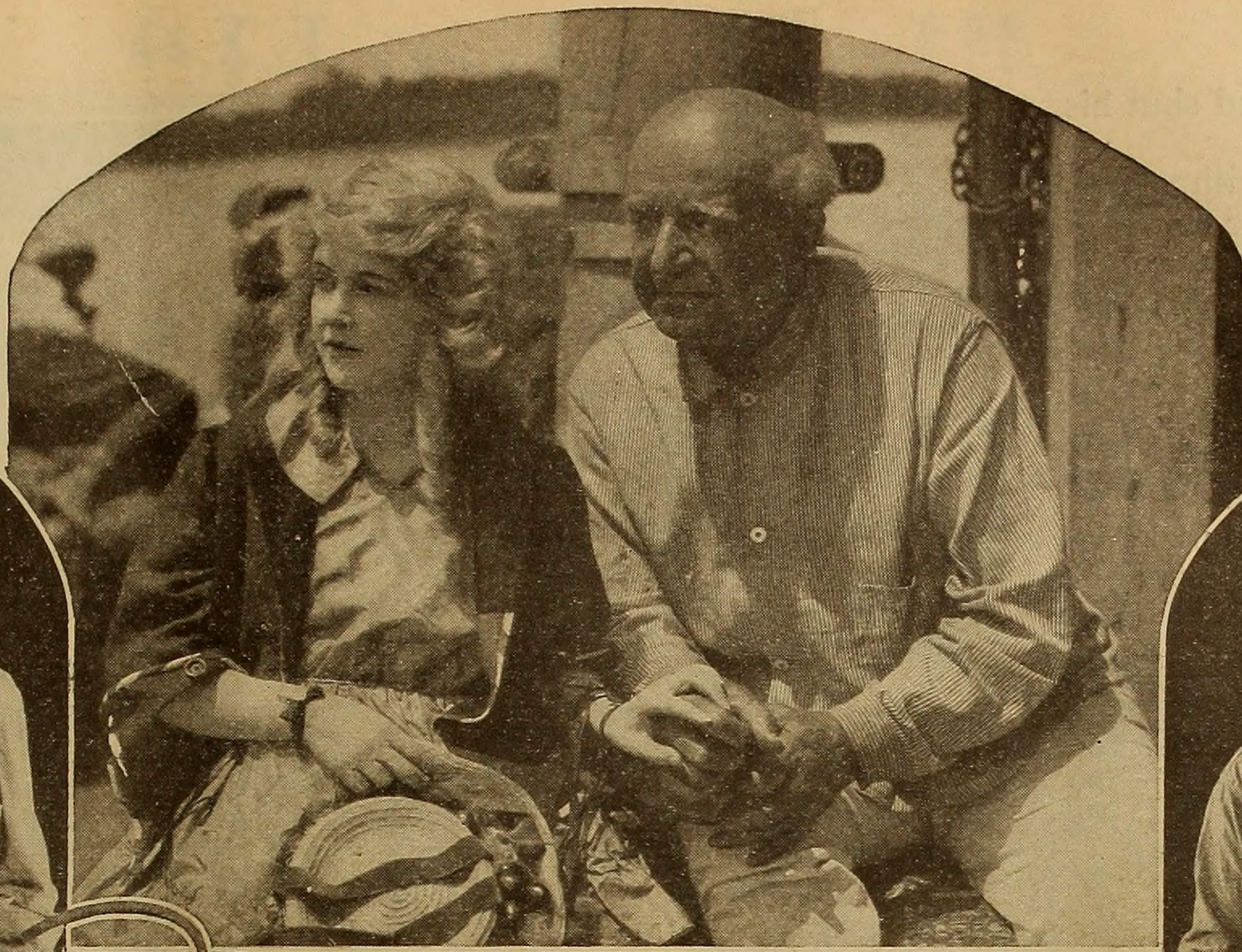


If your skin is pale and sallow, try the new steam treatment given in the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch." With your Woodbury's Facial Soap you will get one of these interesting booklets





WALTER LEWIS MAKES THE MOST MALICIOUS SIMON LEGREE HISTORY HAS EVER RECORDED



MARGUERITE CLARK SEEMS TO HAVE FORGOTTEN HOW WICKED FRANK LOSEE CAN BE



FRANK LOSEE'S UNCLE TOM PROVES HIM AN ACTOR OF STERLING QUALITIES

With the Newest "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Company

Frank Losee Plays Uncle Tom to
Marguerite Clark's Little
Eva and Topsy

By DOROTHY NUTTING

WH I N G !
Whang!
Whistling
thru the
air, the great whip
curled time and again
over the quivering—
but well-padded—
shoulders of old Uncle
Tom, as he crouched
at the feet of Simon
Legree. The time was
late afternoon; the
place, the Famous
Players-Lasky New
York studio. Some-
where, the little god
of "Evening-Things-
Up" — "Retributive
Justice," he has been
called, too—stirred in
his lair and smiled ap-
preciatively.



FRANK MAY HAVE CHANGED THE COLOR OF HIS SKIN IN ORDER TO CHANGE THE COLOR OF HIS SOUL

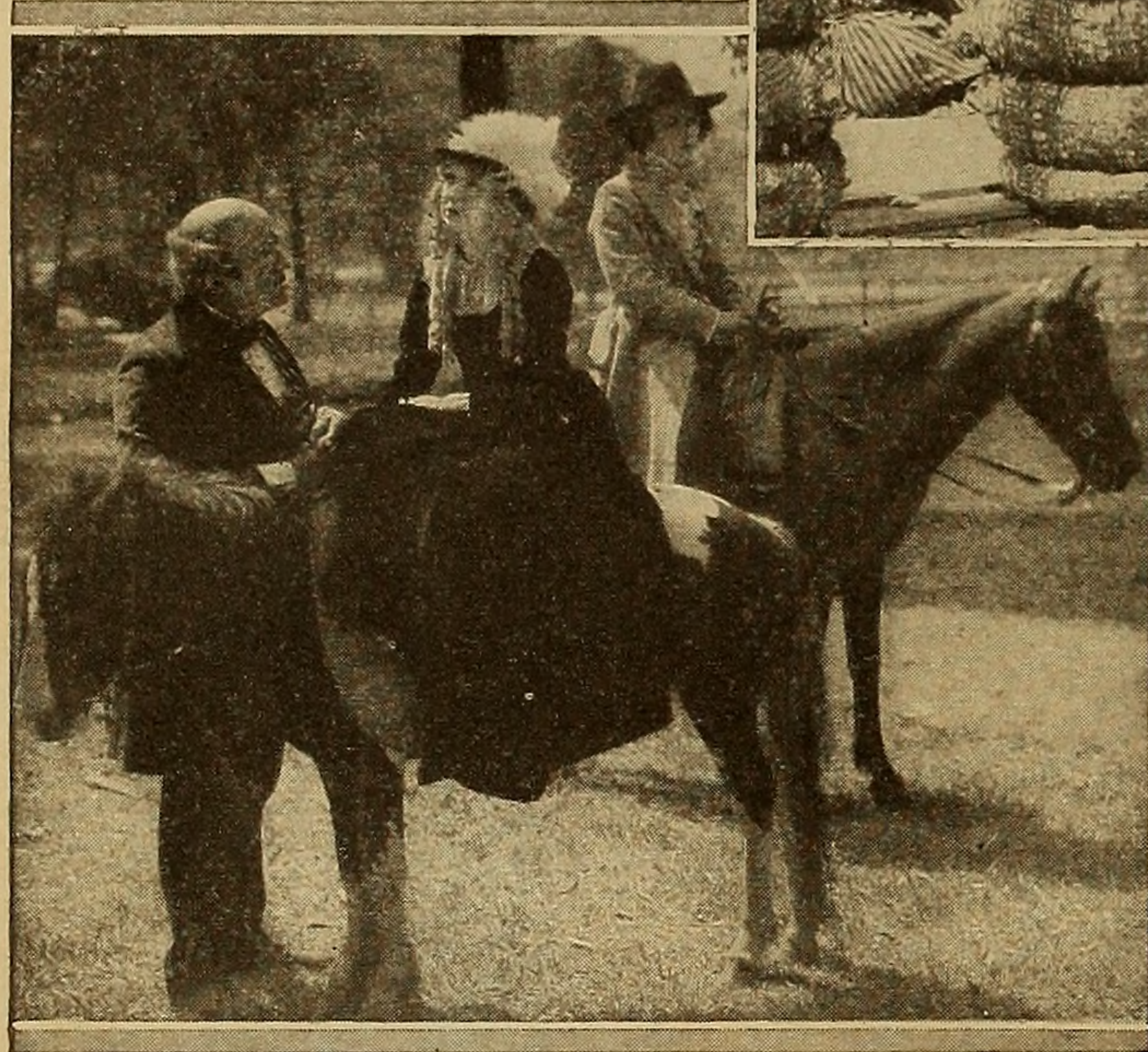
For Frank Losee, arch-villain and male vampire of the stage and screen, was receiving the just reward of his sins. White-haired and wrinkled, in the tattered rags in which he had been sold into slavery, he crouched there—a picture of abject misery, as Uncle Tom, in the Paramount version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Harriet Beecher Stowe. So realistic was the scene that it was a decided relief when Director J. Searle Dawley signaled the Klieg lights out and the

camera-man clicked shut his instrument.

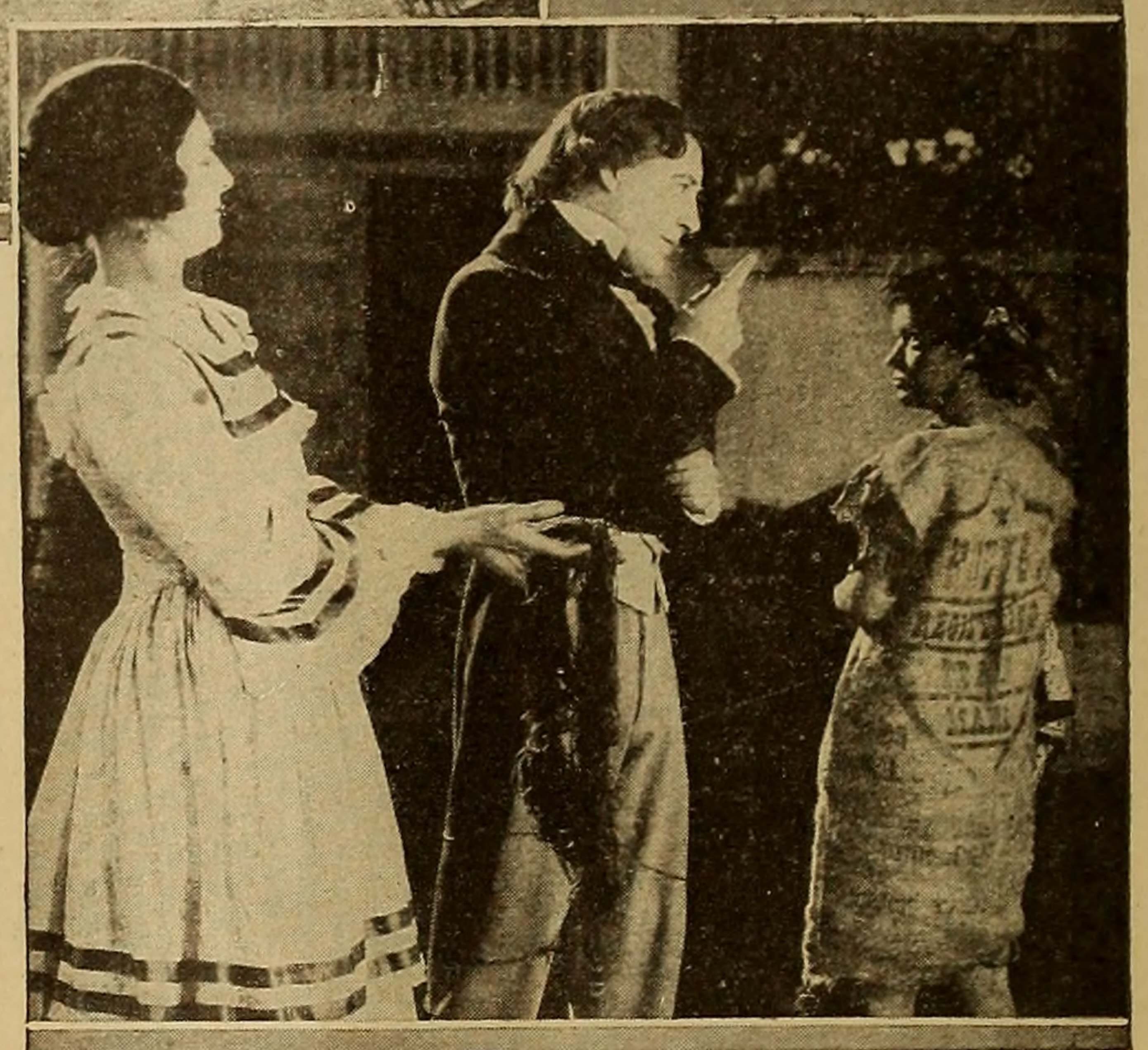
Straightening, with a smile, Mr. Losee heaved a smile and said, still in character, as he mopped a black, perspiring brow: "I'se done bit mah tongue 'mos' off a-try-in' to keep frum techin' mah face where the perspiration done tickled. This pernickety ol' make-up jes' hard to *keep on as git off.*"



UNCLE TOM (FRANK LOSEE) TELLS LITTLE EVA (MARGUERITE CLARK) ABOUT THE LESSONS IN THE WONDERFUL BOOK



FRANK LOSEE MAKES OF UNCLE TOM A MAN OF INFINITE GOODNESS AND SIMPLE FAITH



MARGUERITE CLARK, AS TOPSY, HAS HER "DOOTS" ABOUT LOTS OF THINGS

For a single brush of a fingertip on the oily grease-paint on face, neck, arms and hands would have worked havoc with old Tom's complexion. During the recent trip made by the company to Louisiana to film the river-boat scenes, their make-up troubles were complicated by a "flock" of mosquitoes which followed them about from place to place, Mr. Losee averred, with a persistency which, had it been directed in any other direction, would have been admirable.

"And we had other troubles, too," Mr. Losee went on, smiling reminiscently. "For instance, there was the time Miss Clark and I were immersed.

"No, it wasn't a christening party, but the scene where she, as Little Eva, fell into the Mississippi, and it was Uncle Tom's privilege to rescue her. Playing opposite Miss Clark is always an inspiration," continued Mr. Losee; "but that scene was positively the most realistic I ever did, because I was actually worried about her; she seemed frightened, altho I knew she

"Then, having worked exactly long enough to be thoroly 'registered' in the picture, they struck, because, they assured us, 'they were gentlemen, and wouldn't reckon they'd play in any old "Uncle Tom's Cabin," sah!' You see, the feeling in the South used to be very bitter against that play, but, at present, seems to be forgotten except by these very old men we were unlucky enough to have chosen.

"Again, at the hotel, an old lady generously tipped me a dime, because she thought I'd carried her bag for her. I was standing near it in the lobby and had my make-up on, so she was somewhat excusable, probably being near-sighted into the bargain. That dime, tho, will be one of my most cherished possessions, because it pays an unconscious tribute to my make-up. It was the same old lady, too, I think, who nearly caused a small-sized riot in the hotel elevator. I was returning from work alone, having finished my scenes before the others, and

(Continued on page 128)



THE EVER-READY WHIPLASH OF THE DAYS OF SLAVERY

"Hands Up!"

Beginning a Fascinating New Serial — By GILSON WILLETS

CHAPTER I

PICTURE a great, mysterious cave, a regular "Ali Baba" sort of a cave, with barbaric luxury and mystic beauty of fittings. A man of heroic proportions, clad in black, seated at a stone table, by which stood a tall brazier of beautiful design. In it burned perpetual fire.

On the stone table, on a black velvet cushion, lay a golden diadem set with jewels, the front being a reproduction of the rising sun, made entirely of diamonds and rubies.

The man in the black cloak was gazing with tense, concentrated interest directly at this jeweled sun. The lower part of his face was concealed by his cloak, and on his head was a picturesque black sombrero, so that you could see only his eyes.

They were remarkable eyes. And as he stared at the jeweled sun, you could not help wondering of what he was thinking.

This Phantom Rider, in his black cloak, rode, always at break-neck speed, upon a foam-flecked steed of shining black. And instinctively one sensed that he was in some way a figure of romance.

CHAPTER II

In the big living-room in the Strange ranch, furnished artistically in Western fashion, sat another man, foreman for the late Colonel Strange and now chief manager of the huge estate. His name was Robert Rushe, but he was better known throught the great West as "Hands Up." And, remarkable as the coincidence may seem, he, too, was gazing on an unusual ornament, which the Colonel's Inca wife had inherited from her ancestors, the ruling Incas of Peru. It was a golden bandeau, in the exact center of which was set a rising sun made entirely of jewels and the exact duplicate of that flaming barbaric on the diadem of the mysterious, becloaked Phantom Rider.

As the young daredevil cowboy foreman, "Hands Up," sat there, his fists clenched and his lips slowly framed the words: "I must and will find the Colonel's daughter, the Princess Divina of the Incas."

The mysterious disappearance of the little Princess fifteen years before, and the despair of ever finding her, had finally caused the death of the old man.

"Hands Up" rose, and as he stood there examining the bandeau, as if there must be some connection between it and the disappearance of the little Princess, there appeared outside the window the evil and sinister face of Oman, the High Priest, the former suitor for the hand of Princess Serena, the Inca Sun Maiden, whom Colonel Strange took to wife.

Oman peered with hatred thru the ranch window, his eyes falling upon that golden bandeau with the emblem of the royal Incas, the jeweled rising sun. With a low guttural cry, this herald of evil slunk away into the night.

Thus it was that later that night "Hands Up" discovered, with the rays of his pocket lamp, on the door of the ranch-house, a drawing of a rising sun and certain words written in strange characters.

At sight of the cabalistic drawing, "Hands Up" gave a start,

for he knew this to be a message for the Incas, meaning: "Tonight at the hour of 12."

At midnight, he waited alone in the big room of the ranch-house.

All the windows and all the doors and all the curtained entrances were flung open, each window and door framing an Inca envoy, all in their native white, flowing robes, as picturesque a band as the West had ever seen.

Every one of these envoys was tall, straight and of impressive dignity and gravity of bearing, all being persons of importance, as the personal representatives of the last great ruling Inca, who was the only living true descendant of the first ruling Inca. They

were headed by the Grand Envoy, who strode to where "Hands Up" sat, and said, coolly:

"The time for you to give the Princess Divina to us to fulfill her destiny is near."

"But I have failed to find Colonel Strange's daughter," the cowboy answered.

"On or before this hour, fifteen weeks from tonight, you must surrender the Princess Divina into our hands—or suffer the extreme penalty," was the reply. "Tonight we have come for the golden bandeau of Divina, in order that we may be ready to place it on the head of the sacred person of the Princess when she returns to us to fulfill her destiny as the bride of the Prince of the Sun."

Enraged at their insistence that he perform the impossible, "Hands Up" drew his gun.

"I'll be d—d if I will let you take this girl as a victim of your tribal rites, even if I find her," he said, slowly. "Furthermore, I'll be d—d if I give up the golden bandeau, which properly belongs to the Colonel's missing daughter as an heirloom from her mother."

The jealous Inca, Oman, then slunk forward,

in sinister hatred of the dead Colonel and all that was his. "The golden bandeau is hidden somewhere in this room," he hissed.

And silently the envoys started toward their lone adversary.



HE REALIZED THAT HE HAD KIST HIMSELF INTO THE LIFE OF THIS ABSOLUTE STRANGER

Cast of characters of "Hands Up!" the Pathé serial of romance in the West, produced by the Astra Company:

Echo Delane.....	Ruth Roland
"Hands Up".....	George Chesebro
Judith Strange.....	Easter Walters
Sam Killman	}Wm. A. Carroll
Oman, the High Priest	
The Grand Envoy.....	George Gebhardt

The click of an electric switch—darkness—and when the lights went up again the cowboy stood on the threshold of the great entrance, with a gun in each hand, shouting the stern command: "Hands up!"

Like a shot went up thirty pairs of hands. To the Grand Envoy stepped the cowboy and snatched from him the golden bandeau. "Now beat it," he said expressively.

The envoys, with upraised hands, started to back out, when suddenly the infuriated High Priest, Oman, hurled a knife at the cluster of electric lights. The place was thus again plunged into darkness and a terrific fight began. Shots flashed.

The cowboys at the bunk-house, not far away, rushed to the house to take a hand in the fracas. And when the smoke cleared, outside the house, in the moonlight, the white-robed Incas could be seen flying on their horses, carrying those wounded by the guns of the cowboys. And when "Hands Up" lighted a candle the golden bandeau was gone.

CHAPTER III

In a big city, a girl, Echo Delane, the twenty-year-old reporter

He showed her a photograph of the palatial ranch-house of the Inca envoys at Sirocco, in the ranch country.

"You can get from a certain Peruvian"—and he whispered the name—"a letter of introduction that will give you the entrée to the Inca's house. There is a secret to be learnt in the women's quarters—some tremendous secret, which, if you can secure it, will be a big scoop for us, as it will be found of international importance."

So here was Echo's chance to do something for her newspaper—a chance to penetrate into the secrets of the mysterious Inca castle, which had never before been "profaned" by an American citizen.

"There may be risk and danger for you in this enterprise," the editor told her. "Will you undertake it?"

"You bet I will," was her reply.

And in good time Echo stepped from the train at the station at Sirocco, only to find no means of conveyance to take her to the house of the Incas.

Fate then took a hand. "Hands Up" was in town with his cowboys. Learning that the stranger-girl was asking the way to the Inca castle, he dashed to the station. Echo stood, indecisive,

on the weatherbeaten platform as he made his dramatic entrance into her field of vision, likewise into her life.

Off came his hat, and he smiled a smile that showed white, strong teeth.

"May I not be of service?" he asked, in his soft, Southwest drawl. "I guess I can find you a wagon."

"A horse will do," was the answer. And as he saw her spring into the saddle a few moments later his first admiration of her increased.

The trail on the way to the house of the Inca envoys, the cavalcade tearing over the hills, a hole—and Echo's horse fell with such violence as to knock her senseless. Quick as a mountain-cat, "Hands Up" seized her in his arms and put her on his saddle. The others were 'way ahead. They were alone. And as he looked down into her sweet face, he yielded to the temptation of her lips. The kiss was given just at the moment when she regained consciousness—and the hot blood that flowed in her veins from her Inca mother aroused her anger.

She whipped his gun from its holster.

"A man may do that

to me *once*—and live," she said. Then pressing the gun against his body and looking him square in the eyes, she spoke again.

"But he dares not do it a *second* time, unless he wants to die."

Whereupon, "Hands Up" laughed recklessly and kist her a second time.

Her finger contracted on the trigger, and the barbarian in her further asserted itself.

"You are the *first* man ever to touch my lips," she said, "and by all the gods, you shall be the *only* man."

And she deliberately kist him.

It was a meeting of lips so fierce and burning that the cowboy realized ecstatically that he had kist himself into the life of this absolute stranger, and that he had surrendered to her with his hands up.

"You are sure some girl," he whispered. And that meant as much from him and more to her than any graceful compliment paid by a city-bred man.

CHAPTER IV

The entrance to the Inca's palace—

"You are the first American woman to cross that threshold," "Hands Up" told her, as he said good-by. "You know your



"YOU ARE THE FIRST AMERICAN WOMAN TO CROSS THAT THRESHOLD," "HANDS UP" TOLD HER

on the most influential paper in town, sat at her desk, casually drawing on a sheet of paper—what? A picture of a rising sun.

She wore around her head a black velvet ribbon, serving as a bandeau. And she gazed as if in horrified wonder at her drawing of the rising sun, which she seemed to have drawn almost unconsciously.

A fellow reporter stole up behind her and playfully pulled the velvet bandeau from her head. Echo, with a cry of terror, sprang up, covering her forehead with her hand. She snatched the bandeau and restored it to her head.

"There's something funny about that bandeau on her forehead," thought the astounded reporter.

In a tempestuous passion, she turned upon him.

"If you—or any of you others"—and she swept her hand around the room—"ever again take such a liberty with me—I'll kill you!" she cried, her bosom heaving and her eyes flashing in anger.

Then a slow smile curved her beautiful lips.

"Remember," she said, sweetly.

"Miss Delane," the editor said to her later, "I understand you speak Spanish."

"Yes."

"Then I have a corking assignment for you, where knowledge of Spanish is needed."

own business best—but, in my opinion, it's no place for a skirt. If you should become the maiden in distress, just telephone the Strange ranch and ask for 'Hands Up'—and he was gone.

At the portals of the castle of the Inca envoys, Echo stopped. The doorkeeper, a giant of a man, barred her entrance.

"Strangers enter not here," he said.

Echo handed him her sealed letter of introduction.

"Take it to the Grand Envoy," she told him, tho she did not know what it said or that it was from a Peruvian spy posing as a friend of the Incas at Sirocco, while secretly reporting their movements to his government.

The Grand Envoy opened the letter and read:

"The bearer, in her own time and in her own way, may possibly reveal to you *one of the rising suns*, for which you have been searching all America for fifteen years."

The man who wrote this letter, knowing of the Inca's quest, had made a wild guess, in the hope of learning more about their activities and their pretensions to power in Peru. The consequence was that this mystic letter permitted the young newspaper woman to pass the carefully guarded portals of the Court of Sun Women.

Echo was quartered in luxury, with sun maidens to attend her. And day and night she listened at curtained doors in the hope of learning the international

learnt that the envoys were still seeking him and that they had orders from the great Inca to remain in North America till they found him, and that they must bring him back to Peru.

More than this, Echo learnt that the Grand Envoy had recently been ordered by the great Inca King to find the missing heir to the throne within fifteen weeks of this date.

The final night of the specified time was the one on which the Oracle of the Incas had predicted that a mighty meteor would be flung to earth from the celestial regions.

"The coming of that colossal ball of fire will signify that the night has come when the heir to the Inca throne must wed the woman destined to become a human sacrifice to the Sun Gods—



REACHING THE GROUND, SHE WAS CAUGHT AND CARRIED BACK TO THE CASTLE

an offering which will induce the Gods to restore the Incas to power in Peru," read the prophecy. "And unless the Grand Envoy produces the missing Prince before the great flaming meteor drops from the heavens, he will die."

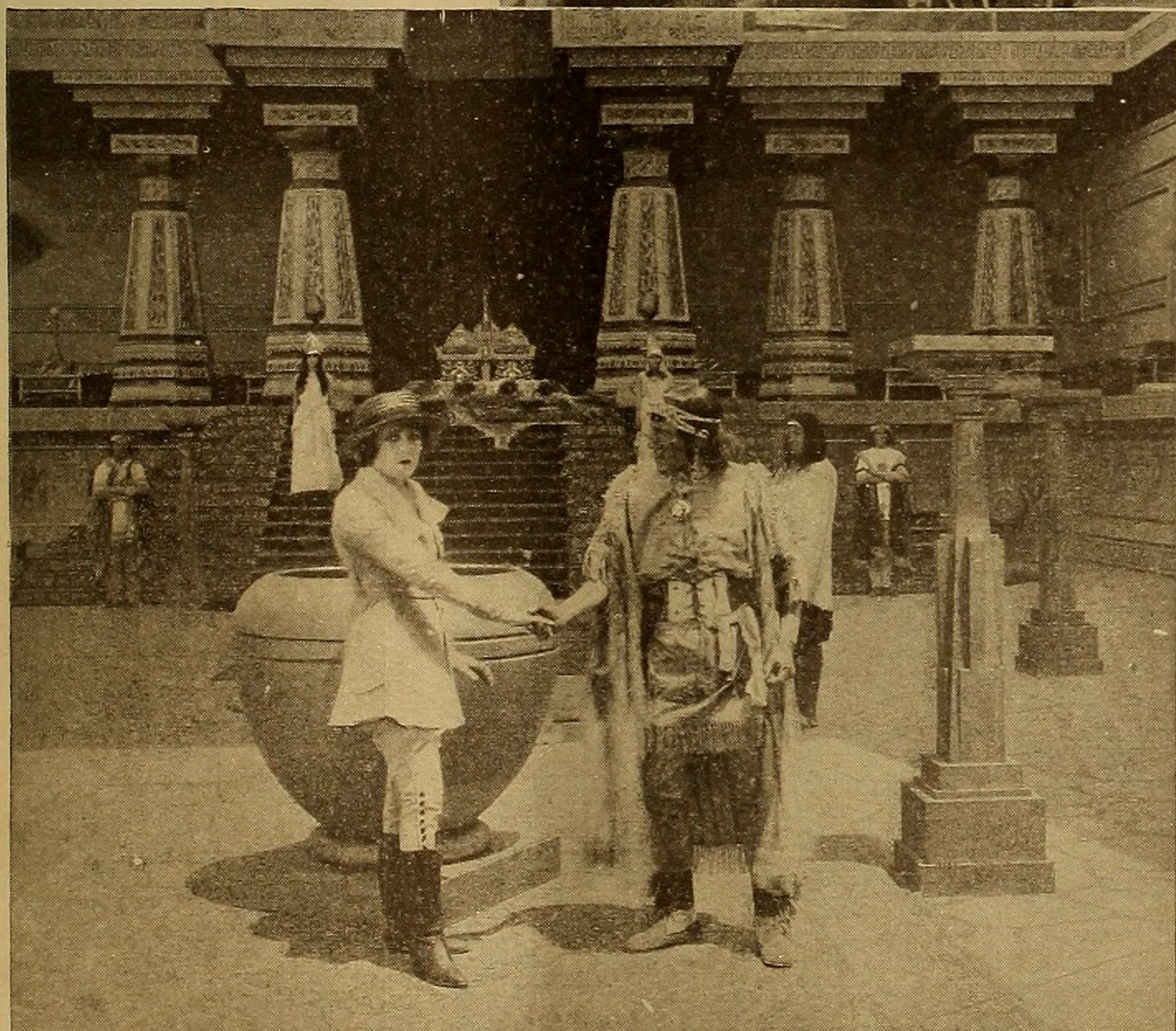
Echo realized that her editor was right in saying that in the sun women's quarters she might get a story of international importance. She had secured a great scoop for her paper. But she wanted still more of the secret. Finally she learnt something of much more importance to herself than to her paper. For this day she found that she had come to this house to have revealed to her the story of *herself*.

In the garden of the sun women was a beautiful sunken pool, surrounded by silken curtains. Here Echo bathed. The velvet ribbon forming the bandeau which she had always worn around her head was removed during her swim.

One of the Inca sun maidens, spying on her thru the curtains, suddenly gave a piercing scream. The woman ran from the garden, seeking the Grand Envoy.

"At last—Praise to the God of Light!—to us has come *the virgin of the rising sun!*" she exclaimed, trembling with excitement.

To the court of sun women hastened the Grand Envoy and all his retinue. Echo, alarmed by the screams of the sun maiden, and thinking it a signal of danger, had hastily drest herself in her traveling clothes and restored the black velvet band on her head. The envoys confronted her. The bandeau was torn from her head, and—behold! in the center of her brow was a mark in the form of a rising sun.



ECHO WAS QUARTERED IN LUXURY, WITH SUN MAIDENS TO ATTEND HER

secret which the editor of her paper had sent her there to get. And finally she learnt the secret.

In this house, fifteen years ago, lived the only son of the last surviving great Inca, his age at that time being fifteen. This boy, heir to the throne of Incas, had been brought there as a member of the band of envoys. This boy, Prince Pampas, suddenly disappeared from the Inca castle, and no trace of him had ever been found.

Echo learnt, further, that the Incas called the missing Prince "The Prince of the Rising Sun and Bearer of the Light." She

CHAPTER V

"THE SUN VIRGIN!" cried the Grand Envoy. And he and all his entourage salaamed to Echo, kneeling as before a sacred person.

"What's it all about?" she asked.

And they answered:

"You are the one destined to be the bride of the Prince of the Sun. And you will remain here to fulfill your destiny until we find—the other rising sun."

Thus Echo learnt that these Incas believed her to be the woman whom the missing Prince Pampas must wed on or before the night in which the great meteor from the heavens would strike the earth, coming as a flaming celestial messenger with the news that the one who that night wedded the heir to the Inca throne would restore the Incas to power in Peru, thru offering her as human sacrifice to the sun gods.

"You are crazy," she assured the Grand Envoy.

But he and all the others insisted upon calling her "the long lost Princess Divina." And the command was given that she be drest in the Inca robes of her august station.

"Piffle!" shouted Echo.

But again they seized and overpowered her.

Realizing now that she was fighting for her very liberty, she resisted with all her strength.

At last she eluded them and dashed thru the castle. In the course of the chase she reached a tower room in the top of the house and herein barricaded herself.

Out of the window she noted that tall vines led down to the ground. So down these vines she made her spectacular way, reaching the ground safely, but only to be caught in the arms of a lot of the Inca envoys and carried back into the castle. Realizing how powerless she was, she now resolved that instead of making further resistance, it would be better to remain here and get the whole story, even tho she herself had to play the star's part.

So now she smiled on the Incas and said to the Grand Envoy:

"Go as far as you like, old chap. If you say I'm a Princess, so be it. What's the next move?"

Delighted at finding that the Princess Divina, the Sun Virgin and Bearer of the Light, had become tractable, the Incas sent her back to the court of sun women,

As "Hands Up" sat in the Strange ranch-house, thru the curtain appeared the horrific face of Oman.

"The Virgin of the Sun has been found," he said, and disappeared.

Into the room where "Hands Up" sat, now entered the Colonel's niece and mistress of the house, Judith Strange. She had in



"YOU ARE THE BETROTHED OF THE PRINCE PAMPAS," SAID THE GRAND ENVOY

her hand the will of her late uncle, which Roy Strange, the half-brother of the missing Princess, had brought.

Roy lived at the Strange mines beyond the mountains, coming to the ranch only on business. He read the will to the cowboy foreman. They then learnt for the first time that the Colonel had left his entire fortune to his long missing daughter on condition that she be found within a certain date, naming the same date as that named by the Inca Oracle as the night on which the meteor would fall.

The will went on to state that if the daughter was

"HANDS UP" AND HIS COWBOYS, FIGHTING BACK THE INCAS, SMASHED THEIR WAY INTO THE TOWER ROOM

not found by the night named, it would mean that she was no longer living. In case the daughter were not found—or, if found, if she died without children—then the Strange fortune was to be given his niece, Judith. The will then made the son, Roy Strange, sole executor of the estate. And in the last paragraph there was a strange codicil bequeathing to his foreman, "Hands Up," the task of finding his lost daughter.

where royal robes were put upon her, and she came forth arrayed in the splendor of an Inca Princess. And among the envoys who gloated over Echo was Oman, the High Priest. For the coming of the Princess, as by a miracle, had opened the way for the High Priest now to wreak his vengeance on the man who stole from him the woman he loved—the mother of Echo. And Oman slunk away by night on his errand of vengeance.

This will had very different effects upon "Hands Up," the cowboy foreman, and Judith. The cowboy was determined to find the daughter, to give her the Strange estate. Judith made up her mind to see that Echo was out of the way, so that she (Judith) could herself acquire the Strange fortune.

Later, when the Colonel's son, Roy Strange, was alone with "Hands Up," he gave the cowboy a sealed envelope inscribed: "To be opened only by Robert Rushe, known as 'Hands Up.'"

When Roy had departed on his horse, "Hands Up" opened the envelope, to find these written words:

"I have asked you to find my lost daughter. I have no clue for you to work on, excepting that on her forehead is a mark representing a rising sun. Wherever she is, she is in mortal danger. If you find her and become her protector, I will bless you from the grave."

The cowboy's first thought was where to start his quest for the lost daughter. But just then the ranch telephone rang. A voice, the voice of the strange girl whom he had taken to the Incas' house, and whom he had not seen since, came over the wire.

"This is an S. O. S.," was all she said.

And as he tried to learn more, the wire went suddenly dead.

CHAPTER VI

In the gorgeous throne-room at the castle of the Incas a weird ceremony was taking place. The walls and draperies were decorated with pictures of rising suns. On a low throne-chair Echo Delane was seated.

The Grand Envoy and his entourage were all assembled, all very dignified and solemn, treating the Princess Divina, the sun virgin, with great deference.

The Grand Envoy now gave a command. The great rising sun of gold behind Echo's head opened, and thru it came a hand with the golden bandeau which the Incas took from the Strange ranch. The hand placed this golden bandeau, with its jeweled rising sun, on Echo's forehead. Then all the envoys prostrated themselves before her.

As they did so the Grand Envoy spoke:

"You are the betrothed of Prince Pampas, only son of the great Inca. You are one of the rising suns. And when *the other rising sun* is found, you will wed Prince Pampas, and fulfill your destiny. For Prince Pampas and *the other rising sun—are one.*"

The situation was serious. Echo thought quickly. If they found the *other rising sun*, and had both her and Prince Pampas (the two bearers of the light) in their possession at one and the same time, she would be in mortal danger. While she did not yet think that *she* was the person whom they really wanted, still, believing that they had mistaken her for the real woman of their schemes, she sensed that she was nevertheless in grave peril of being forced to play the part of wife to the man they called Prince Pampas, if they found him.

Suddenly she sprang from the throne, and began another attempt to force her way to freedom.

She fought them tooth and nail until they seized her and forced her back on the throne-chair.

"Let me go, let me go!" Echo cried, in real alarm.

And at this moment attendants dashed excitedly into the room thru a big curtained doorway. And behind them came a man bringing his horse down on his haunches in the doorway, with his two guns leveled at the assemblage and crying out in stern command:

"Hands up!"

And Echo, with a cry of joy at recognizing her cowboy lover,

ran to him. He pulled her up to his stirrup, backed his horse out and away they dashed.

To their horses flew the Incas in their white robes. And away in pursuit. Up hill and down and across stream and over cañon the pursuit continued, till at last the Incas overtook the cowboy rider and his precious burden, surrounded him in overwhelming numbers, tore the Princess from his arms, knocked the cowboy senseless from his horse, and started back to the castle with Echo again a captive.

Night! "Hands Up" recovered his senses and his horse. He rode post-haste to the Strange ranch, summoned his band of rough-riders, and led the cowboys in a general attack on the castle of the Incas, a fight in which all the Incas and all the cowboys engaged, with the cowboys tearing their way thru the castle in search of the captive.

Meantime, the Grand Envoy had given the order:

"Rather than see the sun virgin again touched by profane hands, she shall die!"

Forthwith she was carried to the tower room at the top of the castle and there locked in. She heard the cowboys fighting their



DOWN THE ROPE SHE DESCENDED INTO THE ARMS OF THE PHANTOM RIDER

way up the stairs toward her prison room, terrified at the knowledge that her very attempted rescue by the cowboys would mean her death at the hands of the Incas.

And then the unexpected happened.

Toward the castle, riding his black horse like mad, thru the night came the Phantom Rider. Near the base of the tower of the Incas' house he halted and shot a flaming arrow to the tower window.

In her prison, Echo saw the arrow imbed itself in the wall. To it was attached a silken cord. She pulled on the cord till she drew up a rope, which she tied to the base of the window-frame, breaking the glass of the window with her foot in order to do so. And down this rope she descended into the arms of the Phantom Rider, who was waiting at the base of the tower, seated on his horse.

In the castle, "Hands Up" and his cowboys, fighting back the Incas, smashed their way into the tower room, only to find it empty.

(To be continued in the October Magazine)

Bathing Suit Models

A Suggestion for Certain Motion Picture Stars Who Want to Do a Little Advertising This Summer





"HA, HUM, JUST SO, THE HUDSON!" MUTTERS WILHELM; "A PRETTY BROOK IF THERE HAD BEEN NO RHINE."

The Kaiser---In Fort Lee

By ETHEL ROSEMON



"IF I JUST HAD YOU, KAISER BILL, I'D MAKE A PICTURE FIT TO KILL!"

"HA, ha!" the Kaiser laughed one day, just like a villain in a play. (For all the villains that I know they always laugh "Ha, ha!" just so.) "We have a Yankee prisoner yet? Well, bring him here, and don't forget that he is but an insect small, while I am me-und-Gott und all."

They shoved the prisoner into view. He did what all good Yankees do; he looked his captor up and down, nor did he tremble at his frown. The Kaiser asked:

"What brought you here?"

"I thought I'd like some German beer," the soldier bravely made reply and didn't even bat an eye.

"No nonsense now," the Kaiser said, "or I will bust you in the head. I want to know what both brought you and all those other Yankees, too."

"I came aboard your *Vaterland*. I thought I'd like to lend a hand to wipe you, Kaiser, from the earth and thus cause all the Allies mirth."

"And what about the German mates who left my land for your old States?"

"Tee hee," the soldier laughed out loud, "you'll find them with the Yankee crowd a-shooting guns for Uncle Sam—for Kaisers they don't give a damn."

He was so mad, that Kaiser guy, he stamped his foot and gave a cry. (Afraid of him? Well, let me say that boy was from the U. S. A.)

"And where's your home, man?" asked the kink.

The boy in brown gave him a wink.

"Up in the Bronx—a New York flat—that's where I used to hang my hat before I came to fight you Huns, to lick you doggone sons-of-guns."

"Ach, take that man away from here!" the Kaiser yelled, then ordered beer.

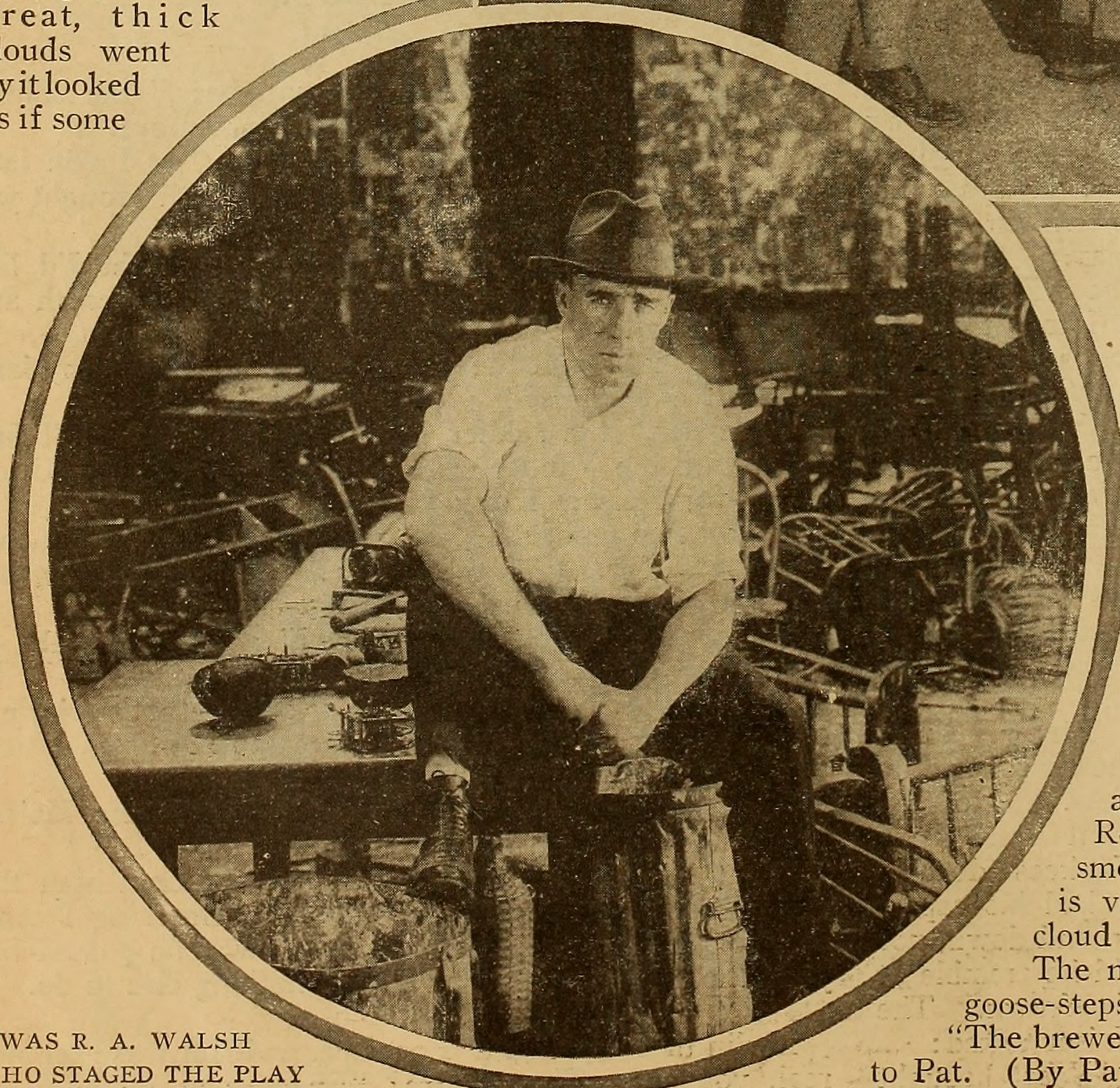
What happened to that boy in brown on whom the Kaiser bent his frown? Now that is something I can't say, for when the guards took him away he passed beyond the camera's view, as he had nothing else to do.

Berlin that day was at Fort Lee, and Bill was reel, not real, you see. The picture? "Enemies at Home." It dealt with spies from 'cross the foam. Since war plays

have become the rage old Bill is seen upon the stage of every little house in town; the Yankees always knock him down. It's great to see Old Glory wave, but how it makes the Kaiser rave to have our boys upon the screen cook pork chops where the Kaiserin once fried her pancakes, sausage, too—and there our boys make Irish stew.

Young R. A. Walsh—it was his play—invited me to go one day across the river to Fort Lee—he said 'twould do me good to see the boys in brown give hell to Bill. He promised he would take a still. (He ended up by taking more; I said I needed three or four, so I could prove to all of you this tale of mine is really true.)

We motored far out to a hill—of course, the staff accompanied Bill—where we could see fierce fires burn. (It didn't take me long to learn that R. A. Walsh had ordered men to light the tar the minute when their watches said it was just three; that's how they work those stunts, you see.) The tar made smoke that rolled up high, and as the great, thick clouds went by it looked as if some



'Twas R. A. WALSH
WHO STAGED THE PLAY

DONT LOOK SO REFLECTIVE, MR. WALSH;
HE'S ONLY AN IMITATION OF THAT
HOHENZOLLERN FELLER

snuggling town by beastly Huns had been burned down.

The Kaiser looked out thru his glass.

("By gosh! I like that fellow's brass!" called out a soldier boy nearby—"pretending he's the Kaiser guy.")

"That's O. K., Walter," said R. A. "Now turn around and come this way. (Walter Lawrence was old Bill—just pipe the likeness in the still.) "Now all you boys fall in behind; that's right, Roy, make the camera grind till all the smoke has rolled on by. The price of tar is very high, so we must Hooverize each cloud and make it look just like a crowd."

The men in gray marched out of view with goose-steps as the Germans do.

"The brewers going on a bat," said Mr. Walsh aside to Pat. (By Pat I mean Pat Hartigan, the cheery little
(Continued on page 128)

Taking an X-Ray of Charles

By FRITZI REMONT

CHARLES RAY was nursing a kid that seemed to require a good deal of his attention, one warm day not long since. The kid was a pretty little thing with appealing blue eyes, and white and brown wavy hair that had never been subjected to the indignity of a barber's bobbing. A

extras, under which the shaggy Angora crept for a nap, first stopping to snip off a few straggling weeds.

"I've come for your autobiography, Mr. Ray," I announced boldly.

"I'm not sure that I just understand what you mean," returned the star of "His Father's Son" and other big



"LAWK A' MERCY, CAN THIS BE I?"

phrenologist surely would have enjoyed reading the kid's bumps, especially the two promising mole-hills over the eyes, which seemed to prophesy a strong defensive later on. Mr. Ray, utterly oblivious to everything save the butting *enfant terrible*, was trying to amuse it by catching sunspots with his seal-ring and allowing them to dazzle his lively ward.

"Is that your kid?" I just had to break in rudely on the game, in order to get the X-ray necessary.

"Oh!" Charlie Ray jumped up with that delightful little bashfulness which brings instant realization of the unspoiled sweetness of Ince's Wonder-Boy, and how utterly unconscious he can be of his powers of attraction.

"Yes, he's my kid all right, but he wont be after tomorrow, for I found a splendid home for him with some friends. I happened to be down at the San Gabriel Country Club last week when they pulled off an auction. I simply had to bid for something, and before I really thought it over, I had set a price on this youngster's head, never thinking my bid would stand. Anita Baldwin donated him, so you may know he's high-class stock. Well, the first thing you know I was writing out a check, and somebody was getting my goat and putting it into my unwilling arms. You should have seen that drive home! I had one hand on the wheel and with the other was holding the kid on my lap. I couldn't do anything else because the back of the car was filled with people, and it was just up to me to get the kid home."

Mr. Ray tied the kid's leash to a convenient bench for



MR. RAY, AS IS



"WHERE AM I?" ASKS CHARLES RAY, AND RUNS HIS FINGERS THRU HIS WAVY LOCKS

pullers. "Do you mean one of those things like a nice white tombstone, name, birth-date, birthplace, and little details like that? I haven't lived so very long you see, and I don't know whether my little happenings would interest any one or not."

"Let's try, will you?"

"Sure thing; let's see—it is hot out here. We haven't any really suitable place for entertainment on this lot; my dressing-room is crowded with things—but, well, it's cool and perhaps the best spot for quiet.

"Name, you *know*."

"Only the dead ones *dont* know it," I interrupted eagerly.

"Birth-date was March 15, 1891; not ashamed to tell it because I'm only a *male* star. The birthplace was Jackson, Illinois, but I lived in Spring-

field and Peoria later, and went to school there, finishing at the Los Angeles Polytechnic High. I did live in a desert town in California when we first moved from the East, tho.

"At Poly High I got the movie bug badly. Perhaps it was more of a theatrical bug that bit me; anyway, I took part in all the plays and went to every show that my allowance would permit me to take in. I wanted to go on the stage so badly that I could hardly think of studies. My parents objected—as parents mostly do.

"I got the bulge on them in summer vacations, however, for when they'd go off on a trip, I'd apply to the old Burbank Theater for work as a supe. Sometimes I

had a single line to speak, sometimes none at all, but I was keeping my eyes open for what was what in make-up, and didn't worry about the dollar a night I received, or the fact that I might never have more than two lines to speak.

"My opportunity came at last. A little show was booked to appear in Phoenix; a musical-comedy. I applied for a position in the chorus, but got something better. I used to sing at school, am a tenor, but never had done anything on the concert stage. At home I sang a lot, of course. You know, just little parlor entertainments that don't require much nerve. Willis G. West, who was a Dutch comedian like the



either, really, for at the Burbank we were playing 'straight drama or comedy. 'Flood' sounded like a lot of light to me, so I thought it best to begin in a small way and answered him very timidly, 'Spotlight, please!'

"That night everything went smoothly. My feature number arrived in due course, and I was standing in stage-center with one foot resting on a bench; remember how they always make the tenor do something uncomfortable like that? It is supposed to look easy and nonchalant, but you should have seen the way my leg and foot wobbled with nervousness. I wasn't really scared and felt sure I could get thru, but I remember looking down at that wobbly calf and wondering if it would fall or whether I'd better take it down at once.



I BELIEVE THAT
HE IS EMOTING



SHE SORTER SEEMS TO LIKE HIM, DON'T YOU THINK?

"MY BOY, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?" OR SOMETHING OF THE KIND

Kolb and Dill outfit, was one of the members of that company. They had an Irish comedian, a juvenile, leading-lady, a general utility, and I was supposed to fill in for whatever they wanted.

"They gave me a song and quite a little part to play. I was to sing this song in the usual stage fashion prevalent, just a few lines which really embody the first line of the song, then the orchestra vamp, a light thrown on me, and chorus with ten girls hopping in from the wings. The stage manager said to me in the morning, 'Which do you want, spot-light or flood?' I never had heard of

It was just like when you press on a certain nerve in the arm and your fingers tremble involuntarily. I didn't like the looks of that trembling member, so took it down, recited my lines, plunged into the song, had a lively chorus and dance around the stage, and I tell you, it went *big!*

"Those theaters in Phoenix and other Arizona towns were beautiful to me. They are mostly airdromes, and you look up and see the most beautiful stars in the world. Did you ever see Arizona skies at night? Yes? Well, you know just how inspiring the sight is. The stage was built in, with a roof, but one could look out and see

(Continued on page 126)

At the American Studios

By RUTH KINGSTON

IT was a relief when the Es Pee train left Bevo Junction (the new name for Los Angeles since we went bone-dry) for pretty little Santa Barbara, where the most picturesque studio on the west coast is situated. It isn't the largest by any means, but in point of up-keep it has no peers and few equals. Its green grass hair is always neatly bobbed, its paths beautifully manicured, and it has so many baths a day that a delicious scent fills the air, reminding one of a bathed

ments, and at the present writing special dividends are declared. Everything is done conservatively, pictures are turned out on record time, and arrangements are now completed whereby two new companies are to be added to the

four already working on the big glass stages. Nobody would tell me who had been engaged for the new companies, but Mr. Crone has made mysterious visits to Los Angeles, where he personally does all the casting.

HE WOULD APPEAR TO BE WASHING HIS HANDS!



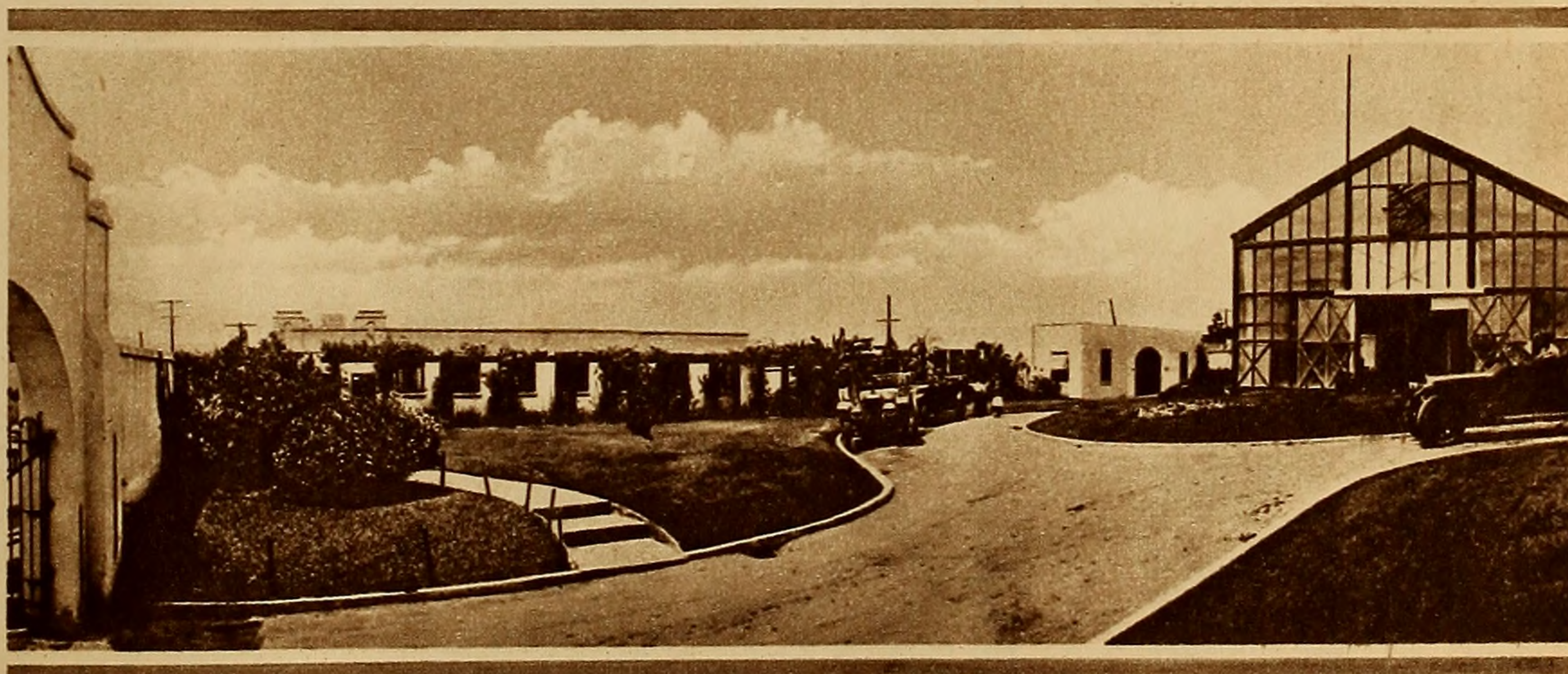
FOUNTAIN AND STUDIO. BILL RUSSELL WORKS IN ONE AND—AH—BATHES IN T'OTHER!

BILL RUSSELL DOING A BIT OF MATUTINAL EXERCISING ON THE "FLYING A" PERGOLA

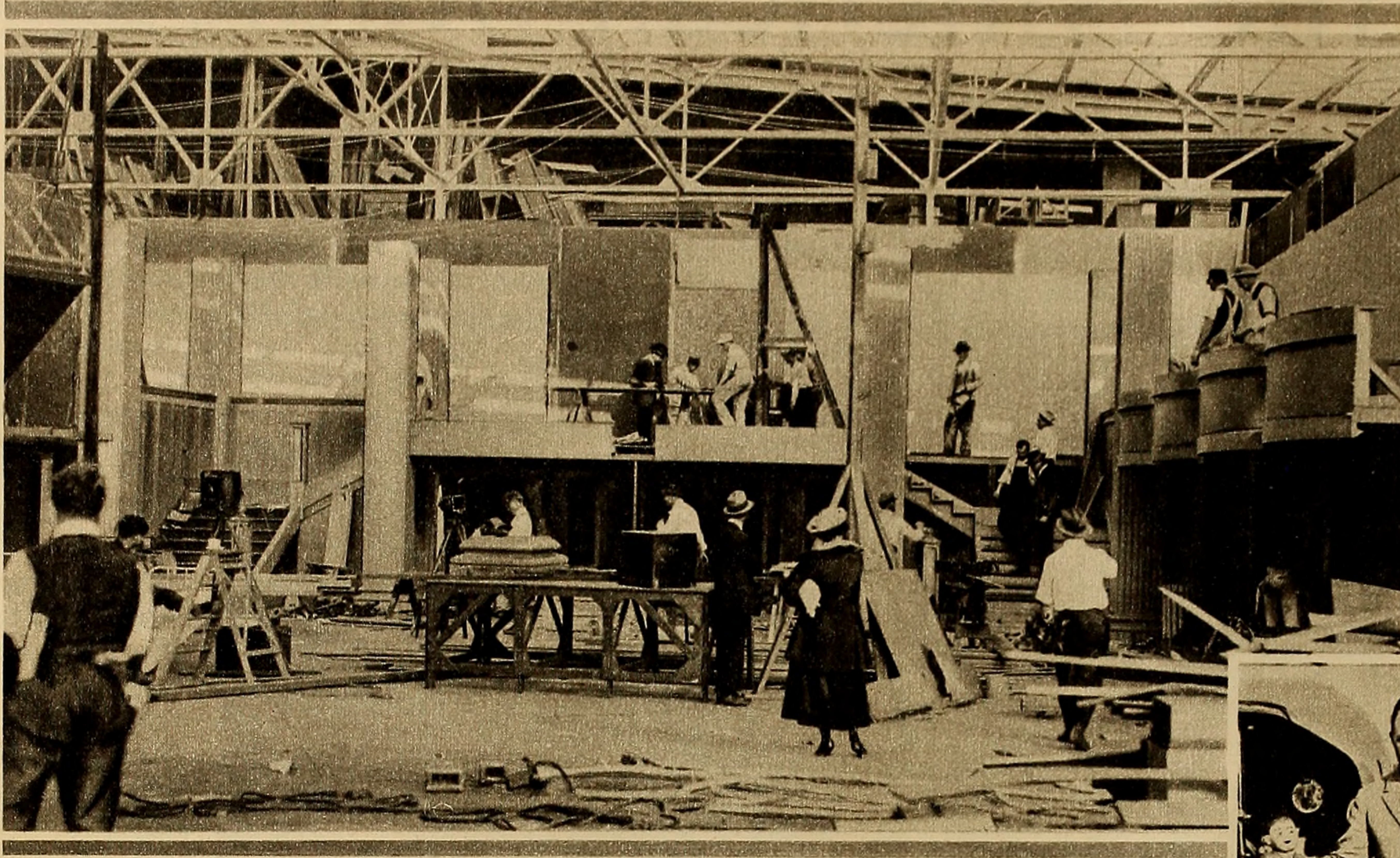
HE BATHETH HIS HANDS IN A FOUNTAIN OF LILY DEW!

and newly-talcumed infant. One expects each flower in the extremely tonsorial flower circles and squares to have a dew-fresh countenance. One knows a weed would never see the light! It always wears flowers in its button-hole. The "Flying A" is a model of Motion Picture production.

Mr. S. S. Hutchinson, president of the corporation, is a stickler for form and neatness. At the same time, the capital initials stand for slow and sure. This is one of the studios which has stood the test of hard times, business changes and war encroach-



THIS GLASS EMPORIUM IS FOR TRICKS AND DISSOLVES



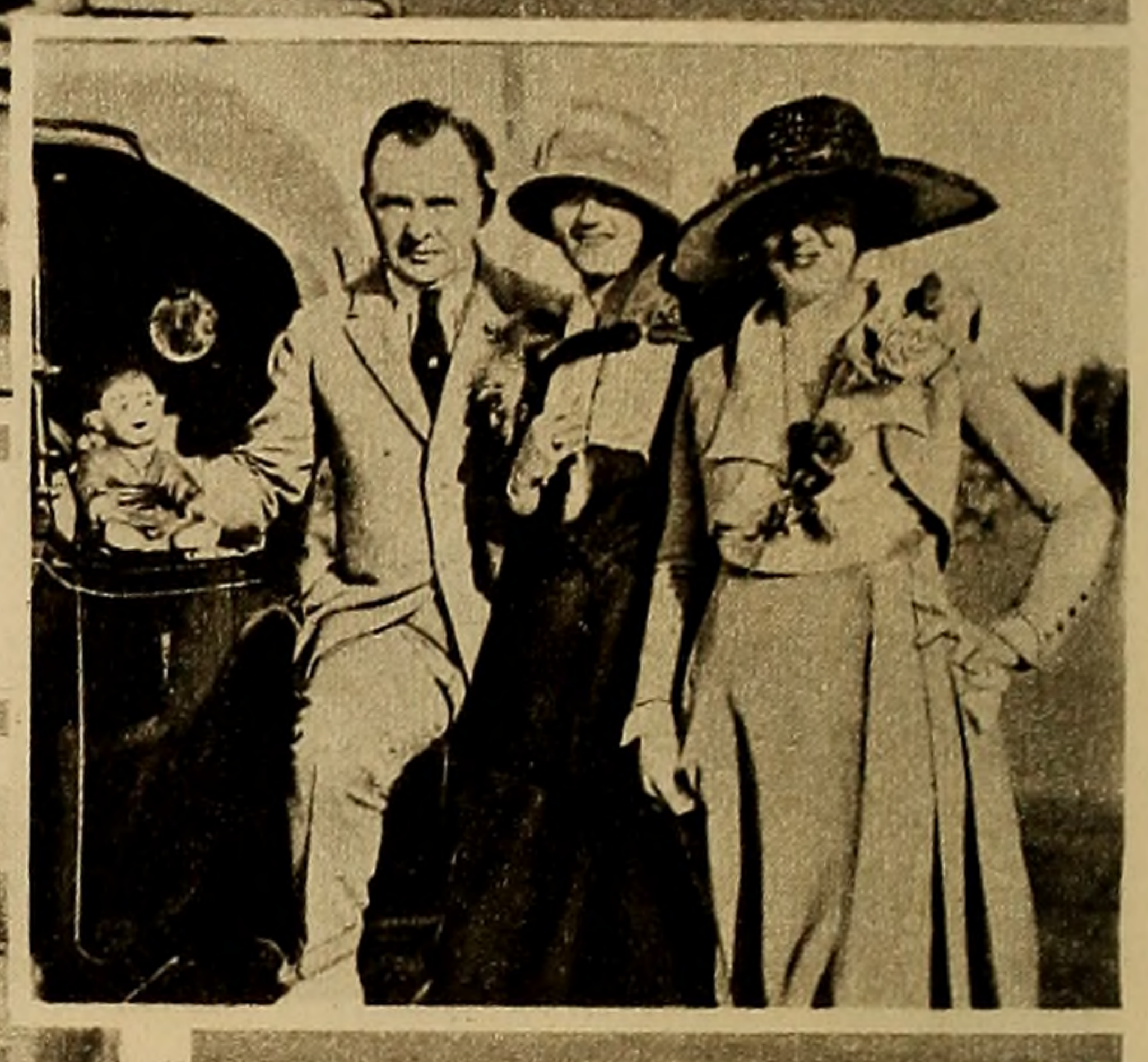
THE BUSINESS OF BUILDING A SET

the mechanics and workmen in other lines are given their checks on Saturdays. You can come up before breakfast and be reasonably sure of finding quite an aggregation on the lot!"

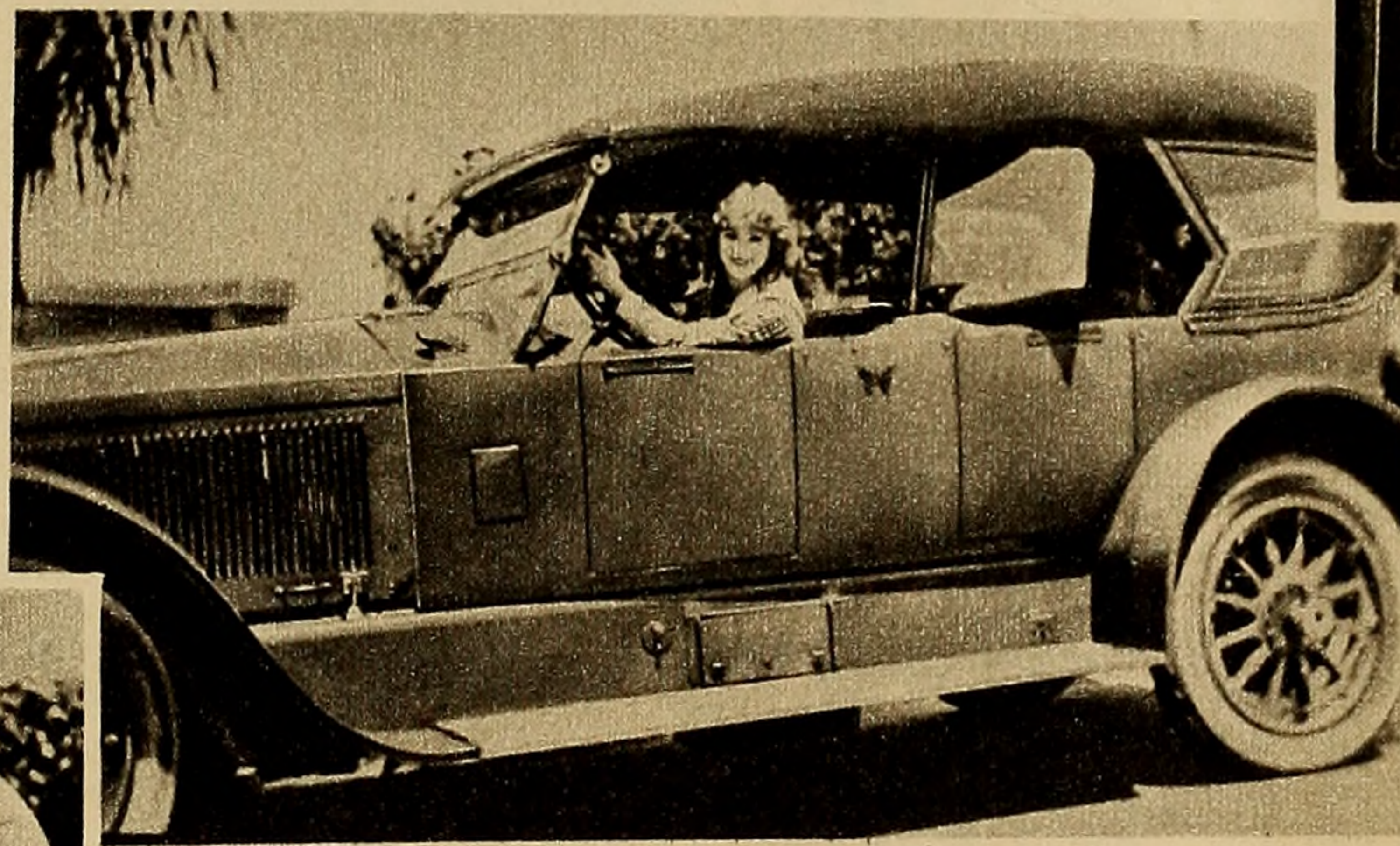
Nine o'clock found me camera-laden on the lot. One lovely thing about this studio is that they make you welcome, everybody is part of

Being Western manager of the "Flying A" for five years, Mr. Crone thoroly understands the policies of the corporation, and his detail work has contributed not a little to its freedom from losses and steady advancement financially.

I had inquired of Mr. Lloyd



QUARTET, I.E., SCRIPPS-BOOTH, MARGARET SHELBY, MRS. WHITNEY, GEORGE PERIOLAT AND DOLL



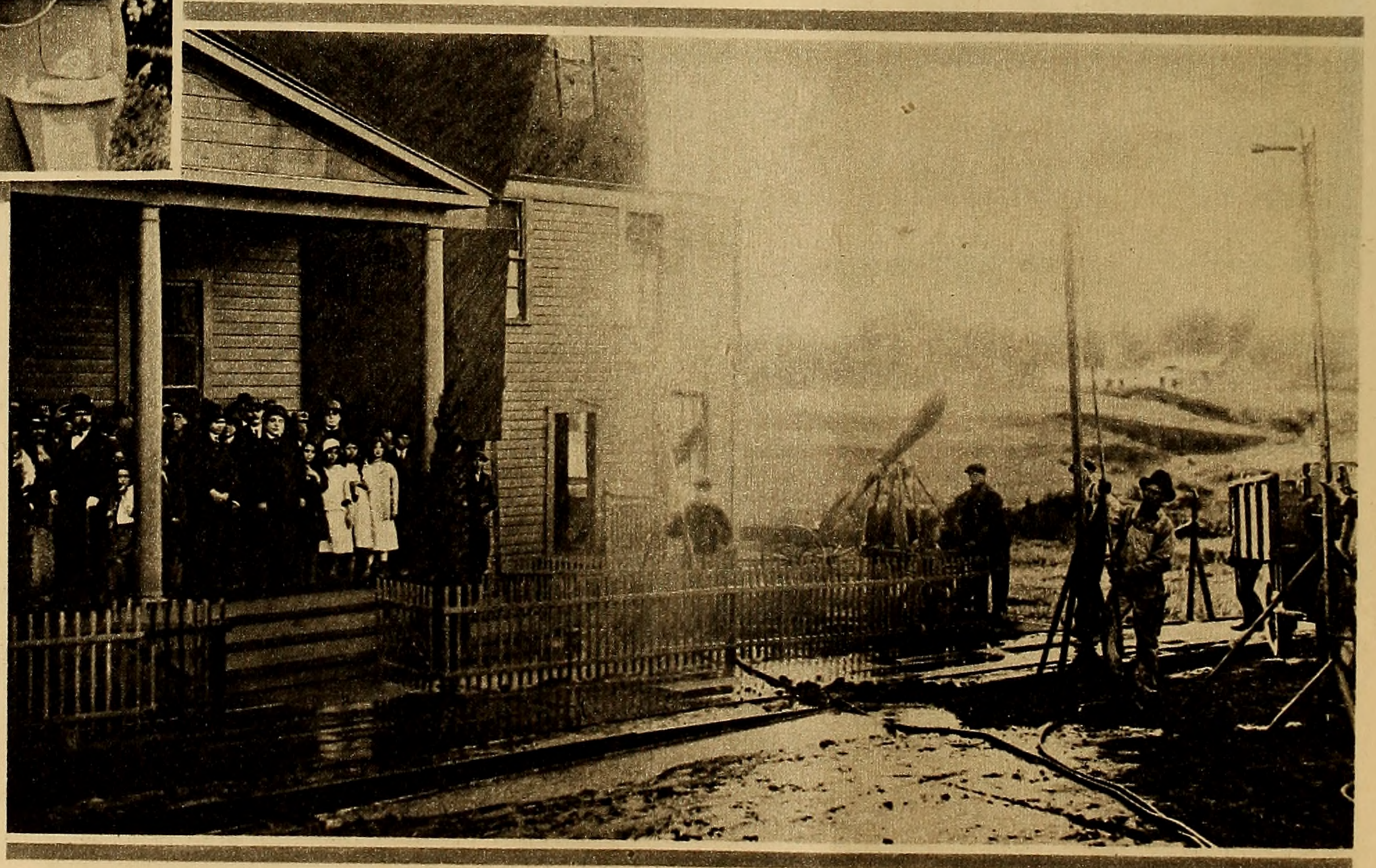
MARY MILES MINTER AND—OR IN—HER PACKARD

the big family, they are so proud of their pretty surroundings, and all want to show you a pet corner. I ran into Bill Russell, who



A ROSE BETWEEN—THAT IS—MARY BETWIXT ALAN FORREST AND LLOYD INGRAHAM AT STUDIO

Ingraham, Mary Miles Minter's newest director, how early I might expect to find things in full blast at the studio. Mr. Ingraham chuckled. "Let's see, tomorrow is Monday. Well, that means about eight o'clock for everybody in the various casts, for you see the players are paid promptly every Monday morning, while



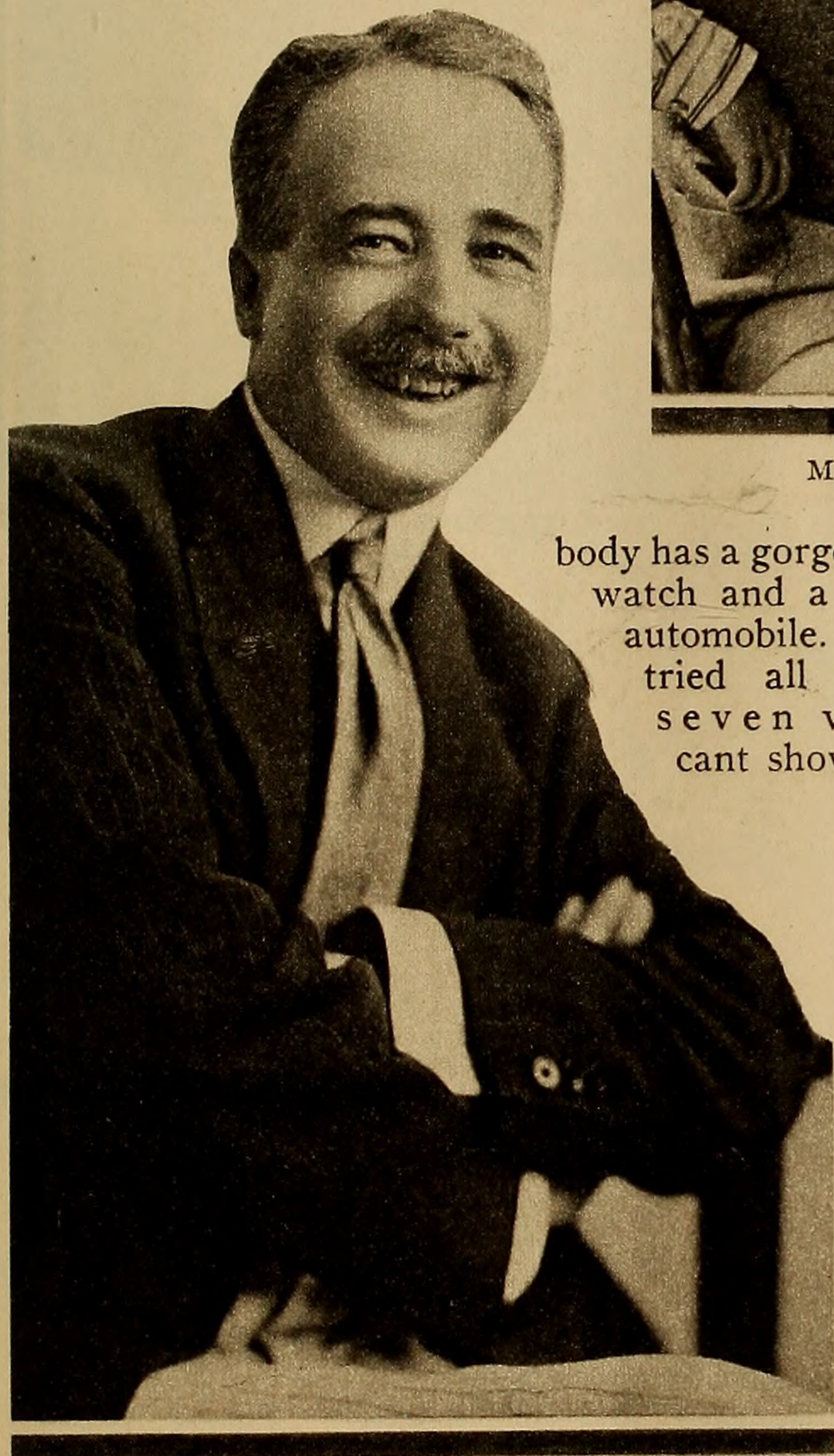
WIND AND RAIN MACHINES

came out in resplendent Western make-up, with the handsomest belts and cuffs of leather, nickel-studded, that I've ever beheld. Mr. Russell's big shoulders and small waist are the envy of everybody. All his accoutrements are perfect, from the silken cowboy hankie about his muscular throat, to the beautiful leather boots and silver spurs. He was defying fate by washing his hands in the fountain and frightening Cecil and Beatrice, the pet goldfish, into a speechless state. Having wiped his fingers on the grass, Mr. Russell leaped nimbly across the lawn, jumped for the pergola, and swung about—"just warming up for the day's work," he told me. Two things stand out permanently in my memory. Every-

splash of the color over the engine—"anything so it's red," confided Mr. King. Mr. Ingraham and Ted Sroman, who now directs Bill Russell, both own huge Hudsons with luscious trimmings and fittings. Mary

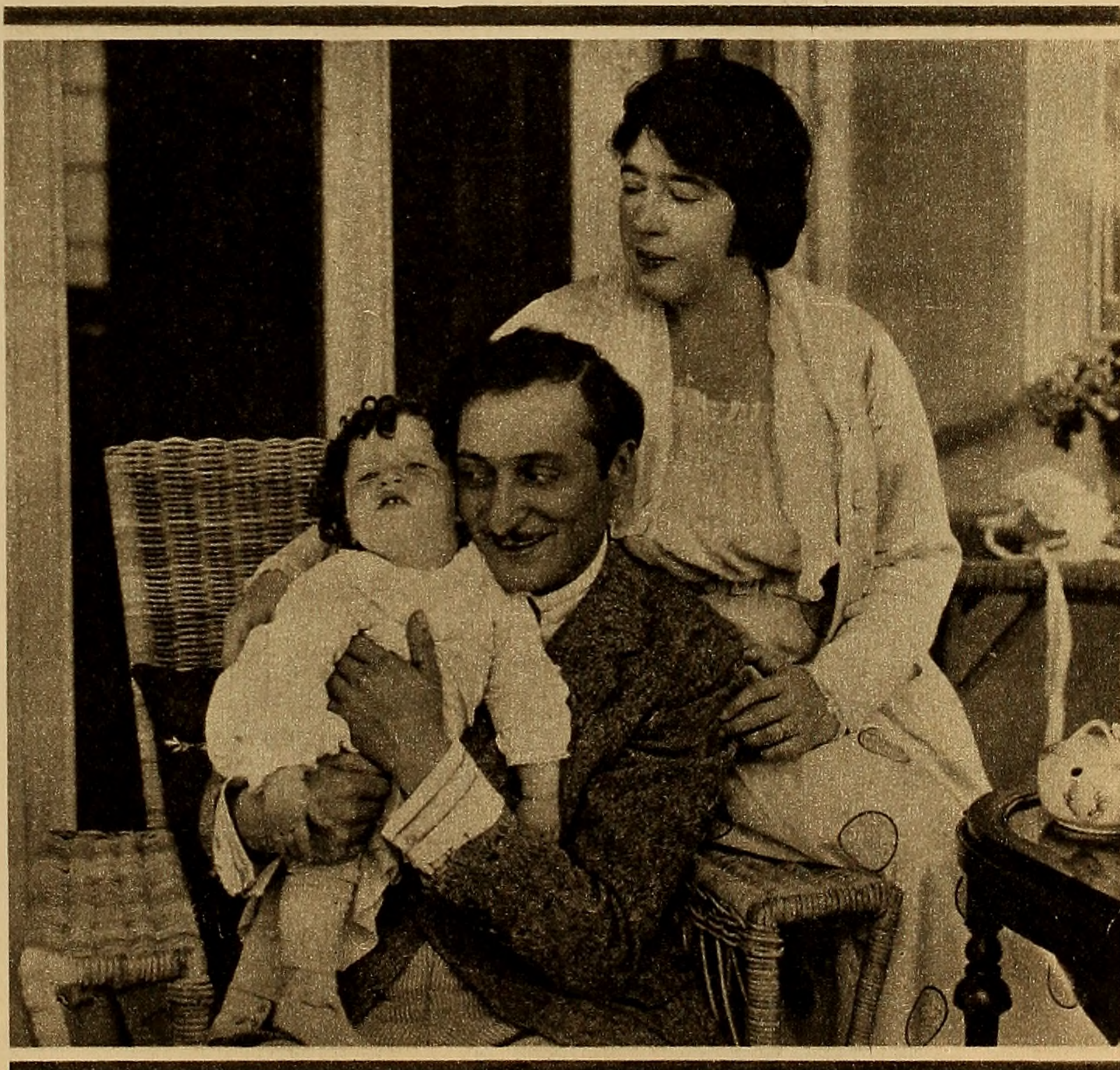


MARY AND LLOYD INGRAHAM QUAFF LEMONADE BETWEEN SCENES



body has a gorgeous wrist-watch and a handsome automobile. Having tried all the fifty-seven varieties, I cant show any par-

Miles Minter has a new Packard, the prettiest peacock blue with peacock green wheels, leather cushions to match, ditto curtains, one of those all-the-year-round enclosed cars which may be opened to admit the sea breezes of the little tourist town. Each door bears a
(Continued on page 125)

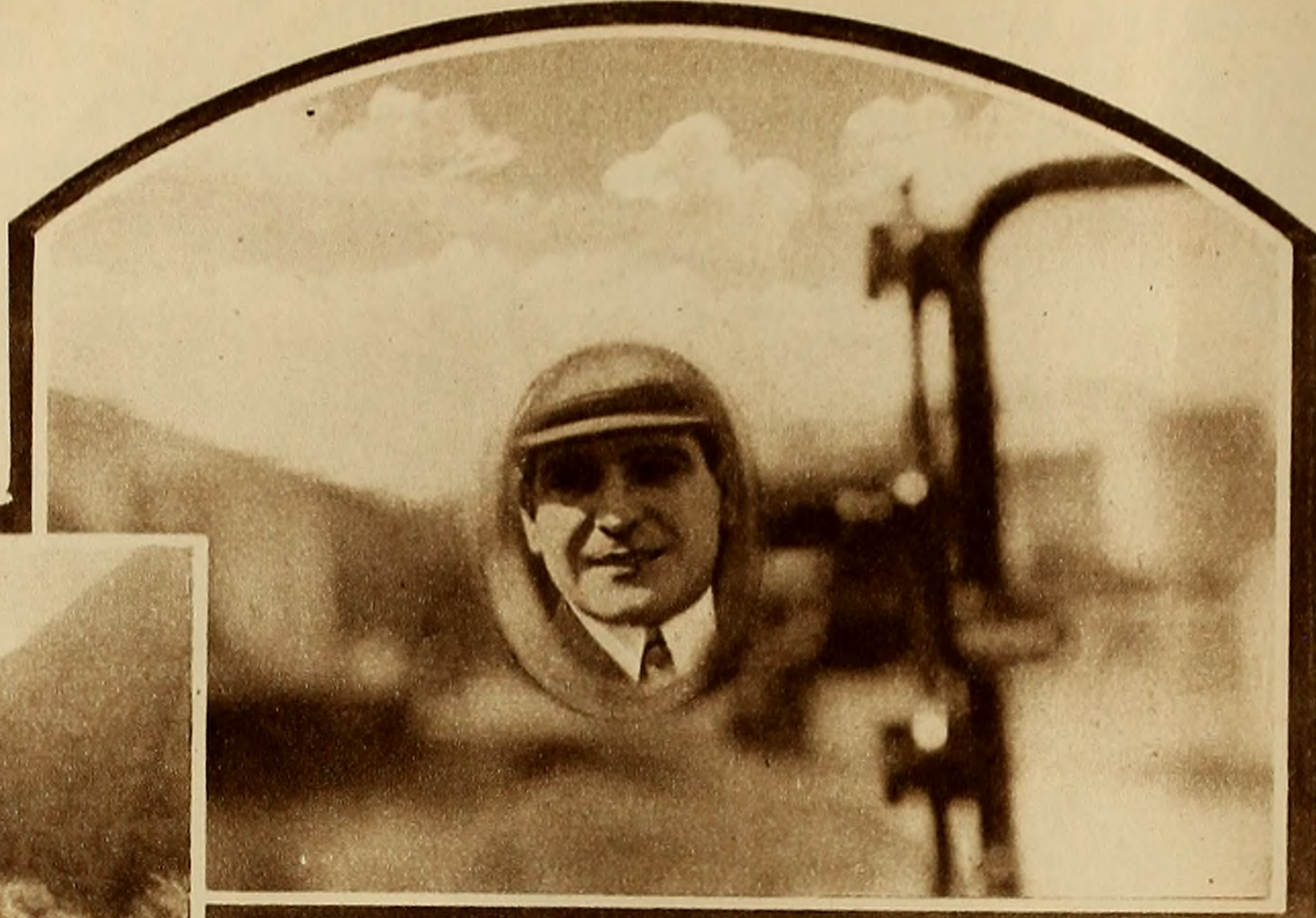


TED SLOMAN, HILDA HOLLIS, AND "EVA TANGUAY," THE BABY, EVIDENTLY "AT HOME"

PERMIT ME TO PRESENT MR. S. S. HUTCHINSON, PRESIDENT OF AMERICAN!

tiality by deciding in favor of a special car. I was whizzed about in the cars of the stars and directors, rushed to their homes and back to the studio, introduced to their families and given enough flowers to bury me respectfully. Santa Barbara folks are most hospitable—perhaps I looked like a Cuban famine sufferer—anyway, they all rushed for food and drink the moment I was lifted out of the machine. Henry King has a \$4,200 Mercer of a beautiful dust color with scarlet wheels and a

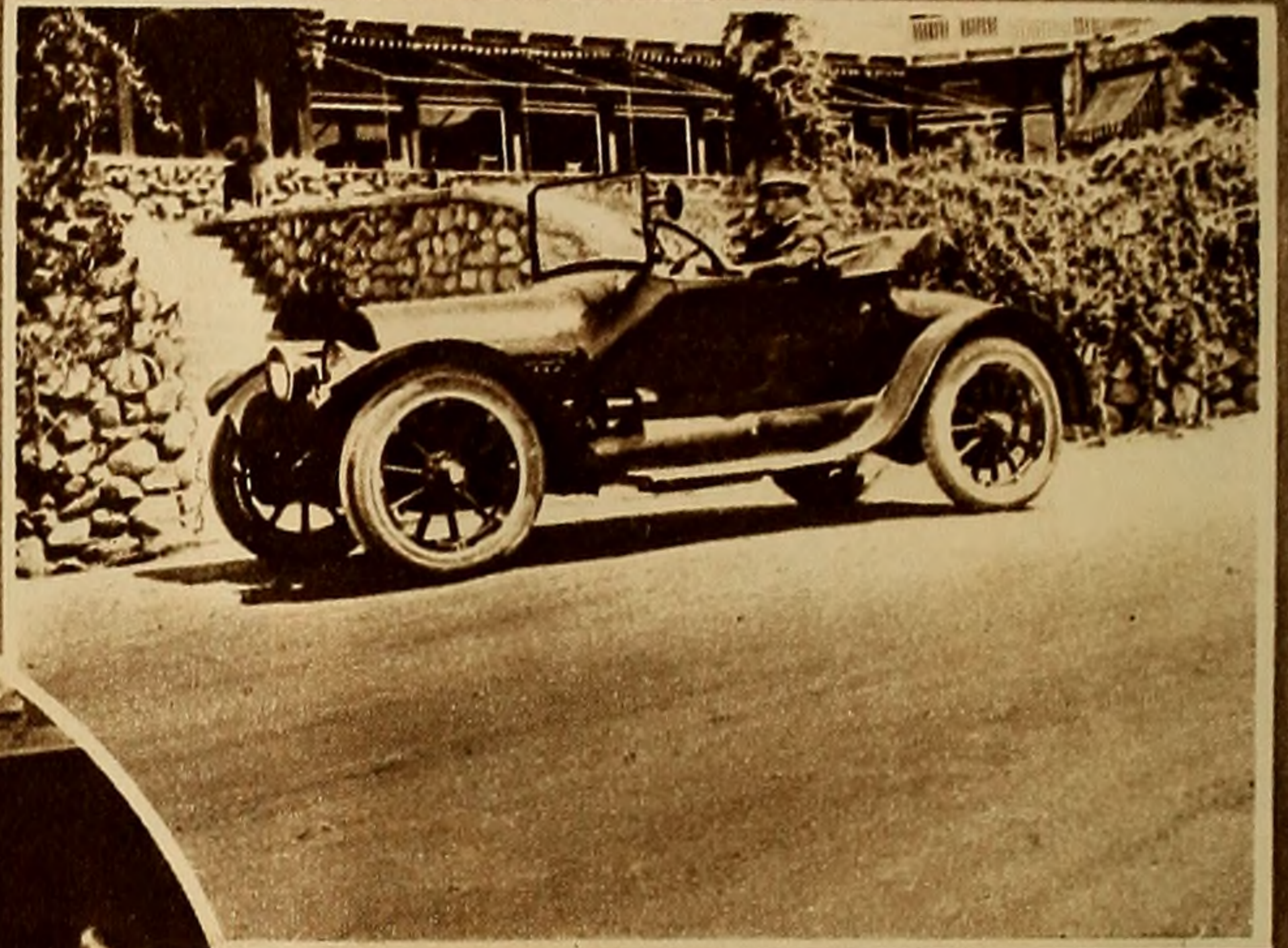
Grace, Earle and What the Graflex Saw



EARLE WILLIAMS SEES HIMSELF AS OTHERS SEE HIM



EARLE WILLIAMS ENJOYS TOURING ALONG THE BEAUTIFUL CALIFORNIA ROADS



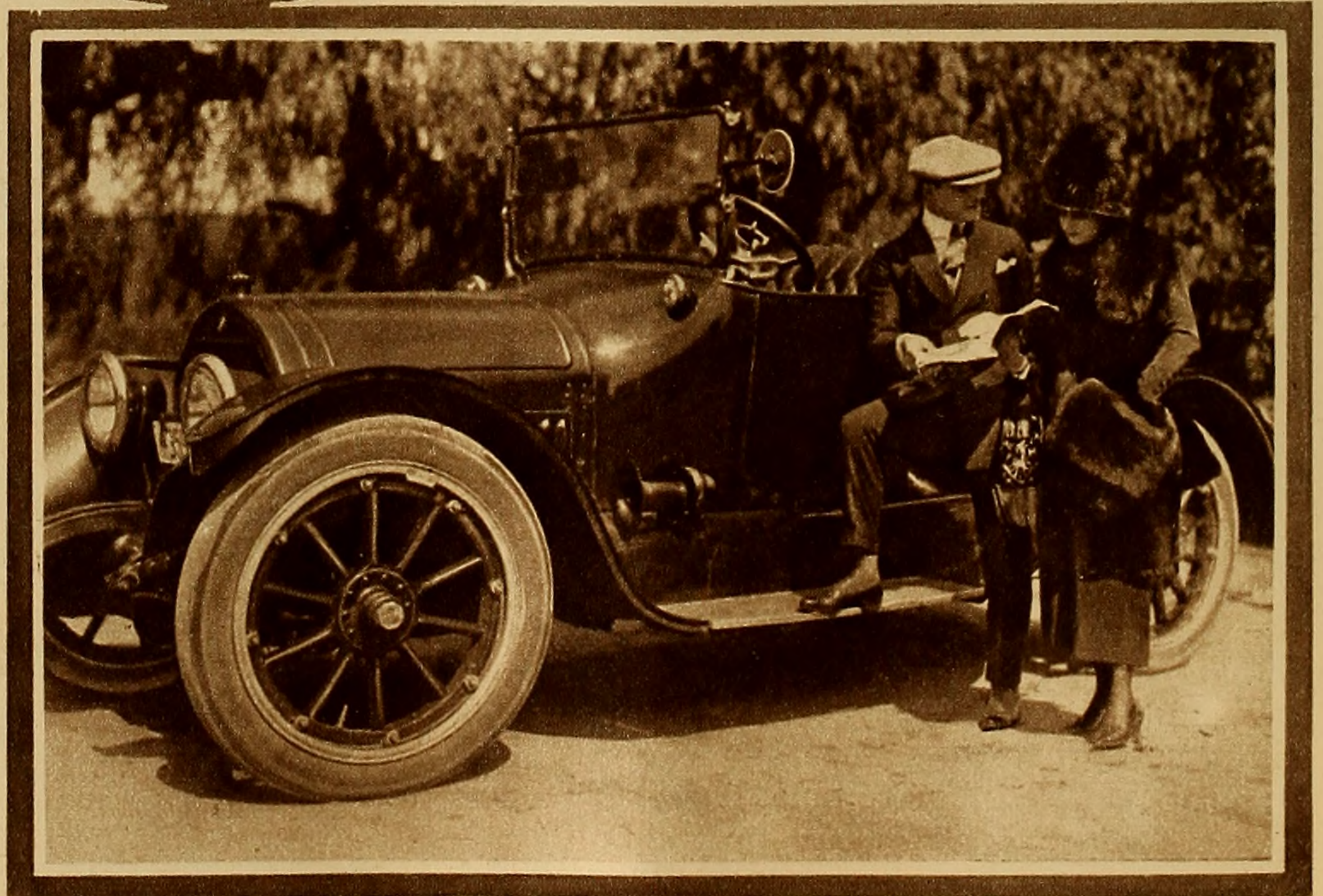
EARLE'S CAR IS A CADILLAC



THE DAY THE "MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE" REACHES EARLE WILLIAMS AND GRACE DARMOND



EARLE WILLIAMS AT SANTA BARBARA MISSION. HE'S NOT REALLY AS LONELY AS HE LOOKS—FOR GRACE IS SNAPPING THE PICTURE



"THIS SAYS YOU ARE 'A PERFECT SUPPLEMENT' TO ME," EARLE TELLS MISS DARMOND, AFTER SCANNING THE "MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE." GRACE STATES THAT SHE CANT SEE WHY, AS SHE KNOWS MORE ABOUT SERIALS AND FEATURES THAN SUPPLEMENTS

Conserving Salt

Monroe Salisbury Stages a Snow Story in Summertime

By MARTHA GROVES McKELVIE



© Lauritz Bros., L. A.

MONROE SALISBURY

WHEN Monroe Salisbury of the Universal forces read the script of "Silent Smith" he said to himself, "It's great! The best story I've had in ages!"

He forgot that he had just given us "Hands Down" and "Hungry Eyes."

He forgot everything but "Silent Smith," as he usually does when he starts a new picture, and he began to live, in his mind, the Yukon hero.

Salisbury is the type of fellow one sees mentally upon reading Robert W. Service's poems of the Yukon. Just the type of man to do "Silent Smith."

There's a ruggedness about him that suggests "long, rough trails," "gold digging," "big mountains," and endurance.

Of course we remember his excellent portrayal of Alessandro in "Ramona," and a similar Indian character

in the "Red, Red Heart," a recent production.

His portrayal of Indian characters has not been excelled on the screen, and he reminds one of the Robert Edeson of "Strongheart" days. In fact, he reminds one of Robert Edeson in many ways—in looks and in acting. He stands over six feet tall and is built in proportion. Very black hair, dark brown eyes, earnest and sincere in their directness, and a face strong in its Indian-like lines. The chin is a square, determined one, the cheek bones rather high; but the eyes are the commanding feature.

He is intensely serious in his work, and believes, with all his soul, in the future of the Motion Picture art and the survival of its worth-while stars. He is one of the few actors of the silent stage who does not complain of the dearth of good stories.

In that, to use his own words, he has been blessed.

So, when they



"STAGGERING BLIND THRU THE STORM-WHIRL, STUMBLING MAD THRU THE SNOW"

brought him the script of "Silent Smith," he considered it the "best yet" and plunged into the making of it with enthusiasm.

He collected his company, his camera-man, his director, and the necessary costumes, and headed for the snow country.

Out in Hollywood, Cal., when a script calls for "snow stuff," and Hoover says "Conserve salt," the companies hurry up to Truckee in the Donor Lake region. There they usually find plenty of it.

"Silent Smith," being an Alaskan story, called for snow, and Salisbury headed for Truckee. When he got there he found no shortage. They had plenty of "snow stuff"; in fact more than he had bargained for.



"SEARCHING MY UTTERMOST VALLEYS, FIGHTING EACH STEP AS THEY GO"

Old-timers told him that they had just had the worst snow storm since "'49." And the members of the company, fresh from the rose-scented, orange-blossoming Hollywood, called him not blessed.

They called him everything else they could think of; but he went right on enthusing about "Silent Smith."

If the author of the script had been handy, his life would have been in danger.

As it was, they lost themselves in fur coats and mittens, and waited for the Frost King to "get 'em."

They had some difficulty getting to their camp. The horses' feet kept getting tangled up in the telegraph wires. (And the wires were not down



"VISIONING CAMPFIRES AT TWILIGHT, SAD WITH A LONGING FORLORN"



YOUTH TRIUMPHANT!

either.) When they reached the camp and Salisbury had calmed the ladies and let them snowball him to their hearts' content, told Betty Schade and Ruth Clifford how charming they looked in their furs, and otherwise calmed the troubled waters (frozen waters), they went to work.

Believe me, with visions of a return to a warmer clime, they worked fast and furious. Furious is right. About this time the Gods of Fate decided to put a few obstacles in Salisbury's path. The picture was fairly started when news came that a new life was imminent in the camera-man's home, and she wanted him. Now Salisbury has a favorite
(Continued on page 130)

"The Servant in the House"

Advance Photographs from Triangle's Filming of a Great Spiritual Story



TO GAIN ADVANCEMENT FOR HIS BROTHER IN THE CLERGY, THE "DRAIN MAN" SACRIFICES HIS WIFE AND HAPPINESS



CALLED BY THE BISHOP TO REPAIR THE SEWER SYSTEM BENEATH THE CHURCH, THE "DRAIN MAN" CONFRONTS HIS NARROW, CONCEITED BROTHER

THE "SERVANT" INSTILLS THE SEEDS OF HUMAN KINDNESS IN THE HEART OF ONE PERSON IN THE "HOUSE"

THE "SERVANT IN THE HOUSE" WORKS HIS MIRACLE AS HE HAD INTENDED, BRINGING HUMBLeness, SINCERITY AND PEACE OF MIND TO THE MASTER AND HIS DEAR ONES

Movieland's Musical Revue



"GOOD-NIGHT, GERMANY," CAROLS MARGARITA FISHER



"I KNOW I'VE GOT MORE THAN MY SHARE," WHINES TEDDY

"GIMME THE MOONLIGHT, GIMME THE GIRL, AND LEAVE THE REST TO ME," JERE AUSTIN SERENADES MAE MARSH



MARGARITA FISHER



"YOUR LIPS ARE NO MAN'S LAND BUT MINE," SINGS BILL HART TO FRITZ



CHARLES BRYANT BELIEVES IN "KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE GIRLIE YOU LOVE"

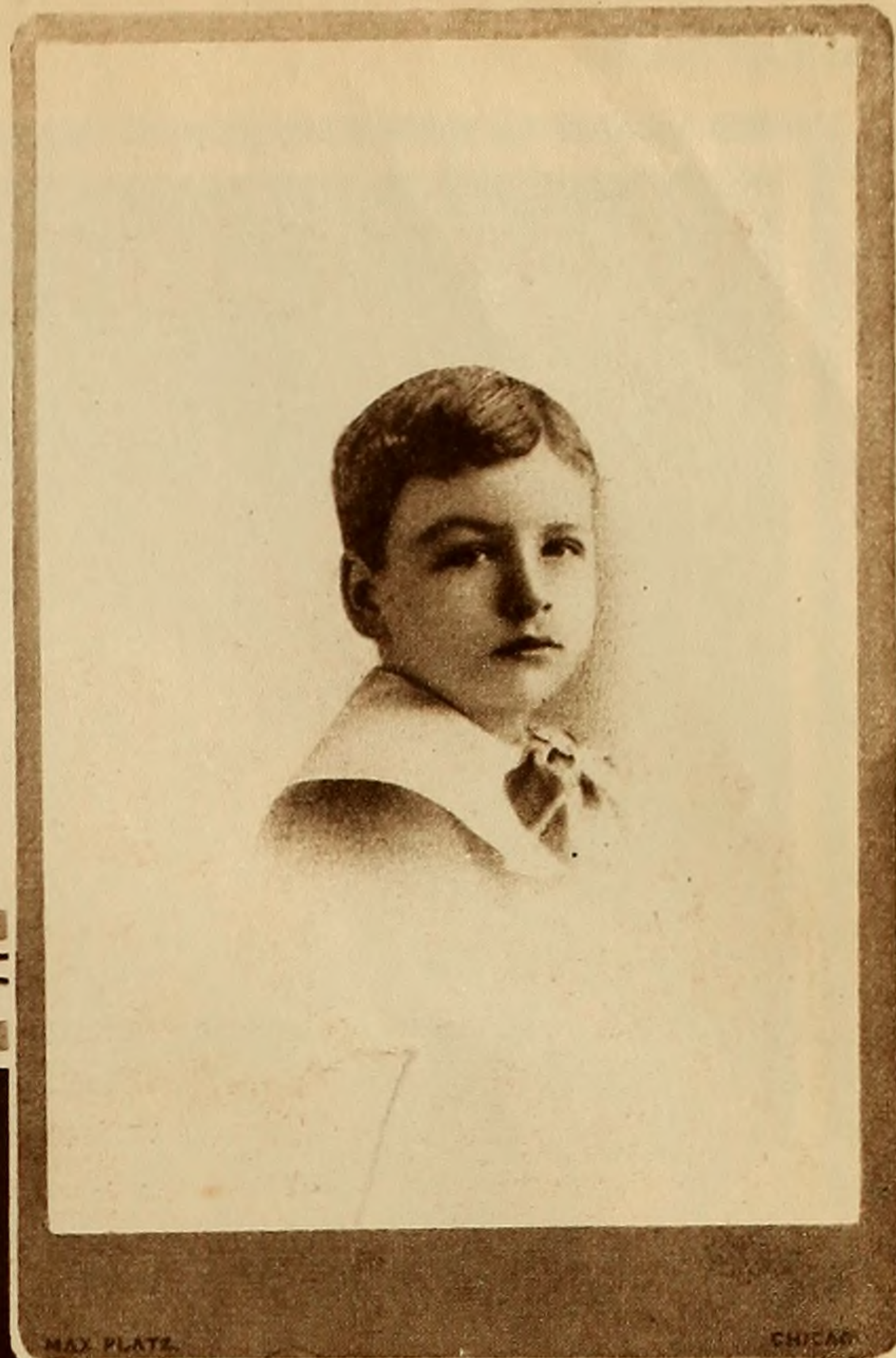
BITS OF MY LIFE'S HISTORY



By



Milton Sills.



MILTON SILLS, AGE SEVEN
TIMES ONE IS SEVEN

IN 'eighty-two, back in Chicago, my name was first placed before the public on the birth records. Having achieved so much notoriety and distinction, I entered a period of absolutely uneventful days, days spent at the public schools, with the usual seasons for top-spinning, marbles, baseball, and later football. I was not punished for bringing home poor class reports, and indeed received occasional emoluments for good conduct and superior recitations, but as an early autobiography builder I admit failure.

The first real excitement in our family ema-



MILTON SILLS, AGE . . . GUESS! . . .

take the entire college course without paying tuition fees. I tried out many schemes, and worked my way thru college. I was blessed with a very inquiring turn of mind, and was fortunate in meeting professors who took an interest in me even outside of class hours. I studied philosophy and psychology, which had always possessed strong attractions for me, later entered another department for special study, and after some years graduated as—a *philosopher!*

The most interesting part of the graduation ceremonies to me was embodied in an offer to remain with the university at a salary, for research work. Professor John Dewey, now teaching philosophy at Columbia College, New

nated from my announcement that I had received a scholarship for one year at the University of Chicago. It is my opinion, now that I worked a decided bluff on

York, really was responsible for my attaining this honor. He had always been my friend and helper, and I owe him an immense debt of gratitude.

During the year which followed, I occasionally wrote for magazines and newspapers. One of my articles was entitled "Bolsheviki in the Profession," which appeared in a theatrical magazine. It created some comment, and was reproduced almost in its entirety in the *New York Evening Sun*.

Meanwhile I saturated myself with the general points of view prevalent in university research work, and found it becoming irksome. I studied French, German, Italian. Later I took up Russian in order to read Turgieneff and Tolstoy in the original. I eagerly absorbed everything



WHEN HE WAS A SOPH AT COLLEGE

some one, but nevertheless, it was possible for me to



IN "THE DEEP PURPLE," WITH CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

pertaining to philosophy and psychology. I entered debates, edited a college paper, and really lived in a literary delirium as I now see it. I was studying pure socialism, examining reports of the American Federation of Labor, experimenting, studying every theory dealing with matter, and accepting life as philosophically as I could. I really had no worries and there were no excitements.

Just one corner of my heart was a traitor. I had found a little sweetheart while at college, and spare moments were happily spent in her company. With every thought loyal to my pursuits, I was astonished to find a sudden change in my being, something which upset many of my theories; and while I continued to concentrate well in my researches, I admitted ruefully that the pressure of a small hand had made me a partial traitor to my one big ambition. No, I did not marry my early sweetheart; for some years later I had my real romance, of which I will speak later.

One afternoon I was strolling across the campus, when a fellow-student accosted me and said there would be a real actor at the college the following Saturday afternoon. I had never met or even seen one in close

perspective, but a little imp of curiosity nipped me right there, and I asked a few questions. My chum wished me to promise that I would join him on the half-holiday, in order that we might have a chat with Donald Robertson, whom he called a very interesting and intelligent actor.

I refused, for I had already digressed so far from my scholarly path as to promise my sweetheart a visit to the matinee on that day. However, as fate would have it, when Saturday arrived, I received word that my faire ladye was compelled to remain at home as visitors from a distance had arrived unexpectedly, and I was invited to join them at dinner. This left me free for the afternoon, and I felt disappointed and disgruntled until I remembered that a famous actor was to be introduced to the college men.

The next events were so bewildering in their hasty entrances and exits that it was late at night before I had sorted them out logically. Mr. Robertson talked with me but a few moments; then said I should undoubtedly go on the stage, that I would have a great future there. You can imagine my surprise. I had been an avid reader



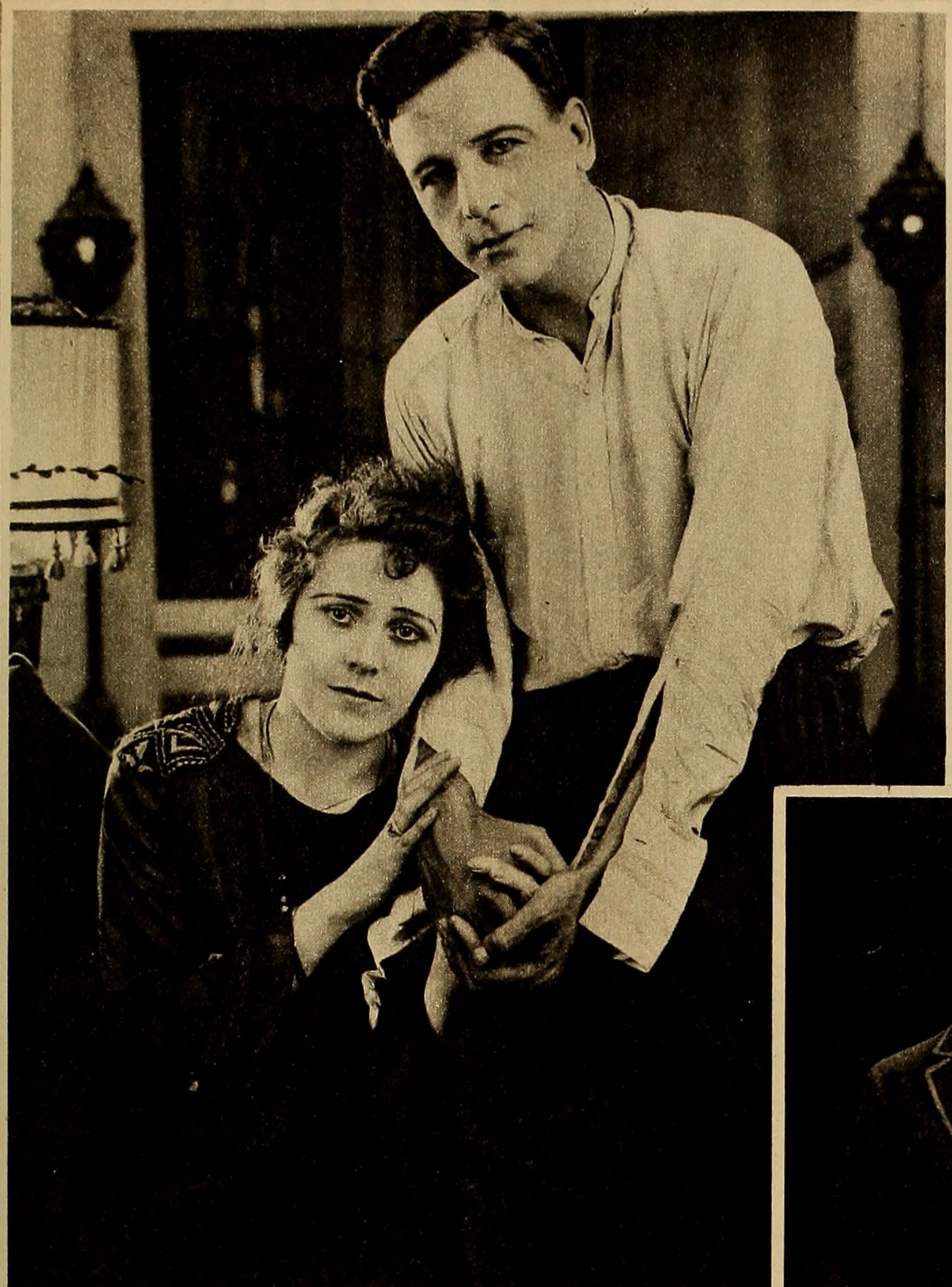
WITH IRENE CASTLE IN "PATRIA"



HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU!

always, was thoroly familiar with Shakespeare and other great dramatists, had spoken much in public and knew that my voice carried well; therefore the thought was not unpleasant. We discussed ways and means, and I became so enthused that I cheerfully gave up my college work and followed Robertson to Chicago. I was given splendid parts from the very start, had wonderful training under men who thoroly understood their business, and loved my new work intensely from the beginning.

At the end of about eighteen months, I was called to New York and given a fine part as a leading-man. The newspapers were kind enough to take me right under



MILTON AND RUTH ROLAND APPEAR TO BE SOMEWHAT FRAYED IN "THE FRINGE OF SOCIETY"

their wings, so that I no longer had fear of attempting to work before what is probably the most critical audience in the United States, the New Yorkers.

During that first year in Chicago, I was awkward and ungainly. I think I must have been a rotten actor, but they were all kind and taught and encouraged me continually, until I gained a little self-confidence. I was endeavoring to find my personality, a thing without which no actor can be a success. It differs with each, and until one is suffused with it, he has no magnetism and cannot impress an audience. It is like the "style" of a writer, something which once established will always attract people.

I played with Carlotta Nielson in "The Man on the Box," and "This Woman and This Man," and then received a number of contract offers varying from three to five years. Among these were represented Charles Frohman, Belasco, and the Shuberts; while Clyde Fitch said he would put me in his new play and would make me a star in five years. It was he who advised me to take Mr. Belasco's offer and to play with Blanche Bates. He said he would write a new play with a fine part for me, something which would advertise me far better than anything I had thus far attempted. But such was not to be my fate, for, alas, before he was able to write

another play, he died sadly and suddenly in England.

Blanche Bates and I were associated for quite a time, and the following summer I was doing "The Servant in the House." I traveled West with it, visited Salt Lake, Denver, the northern cities on the coast, and wound up at Los Angeles. In California I met the cousin of Edith Wynne Matheson, now my wife, Gladys Wynne. We were engaged to be married, but Gladys went back to England and I was to follow and marry her there, with her father to give her away.

The next nine months were spent with Blanche Bates and the following summer I went to England. I had been abroad before during my college term, and looked eagerly forward to this opportunity to travel in a foreign country, for much of my time had been spent in just one New York playhouse.

Our wedding was romantically beauti-



WITH CHARLES CLARY IN "THE HONOR SYSTEM"
P. S.—AREN'T STRIPES BECOMING?

ful. It may appear egotistic, but I never have seen so pretty a wedding. We were married in Savoy Chapel Royal, near the Strand; a regular actors' ceremony it was, for the profession turned out en masse, and the clergyman was one who had married many theatrical
(Continued on page 120)

"The Cross of Shame"

Introducing Our Readers to Something New and Great



C. GARDNER SULLIVAN, R. CECIL SMITH, JULIAN JOSEPHSON, JOHN LYNCH AND J. G. HAWKS ALL DECLARE "THE CROSS OF SHAME" THE GREATEST WAR STORY TO BE PRODUCED

IT is very seldom that the public is let in on the real romance of a story.

Little do outsiders know, as a rule, about the wanderings of any author's brain children before they mount to a throne of glory thru the printed pages of some magazine.

But "The Cross of Shame" has had such an interesting history in its short career that we thought you would like to hear about it.

You are all acquainted with the name of H. H. Van Loan, the brilliant young author who started on a trip around the world to recount for us conditions in Motion Pictures thruout the country.

But the war had so affected these conditions that Mr. Van Loan was forced to abandon part of his trip until a more propitious time.

Meanwhile he had been in close touch with affairs "over there," and he returned to Los Angeles, burning with wrath at the terrific



© Witzel

THOMAS H. INCE, THE FAMOUS PRODUCER

DOROTHY DALTON READ "THE CROSS OF SHAME" WITH ENTHUSIASM



© Moody

H. H. VAN LOAN, THE YOUNG AUTHOR



© Witzel

C. GARDNER SULLIVAN, THE SCENARIO WRITER

brutality of the Huns and with a big theme for a story inflaming his imagination. For two months he thought of little else but whipping this idea into shape on paper. He spent days and nights at his typewriter and sent telegrams to us stating that he was at work on the greatest story he had ever written, and would give us first chance at it.



"MORE ACTION THERE!"

THOMAS INCE AT WORK

"MORE PEP! SMASH THAT HOME!"

"NO, NO! BE REAL!"

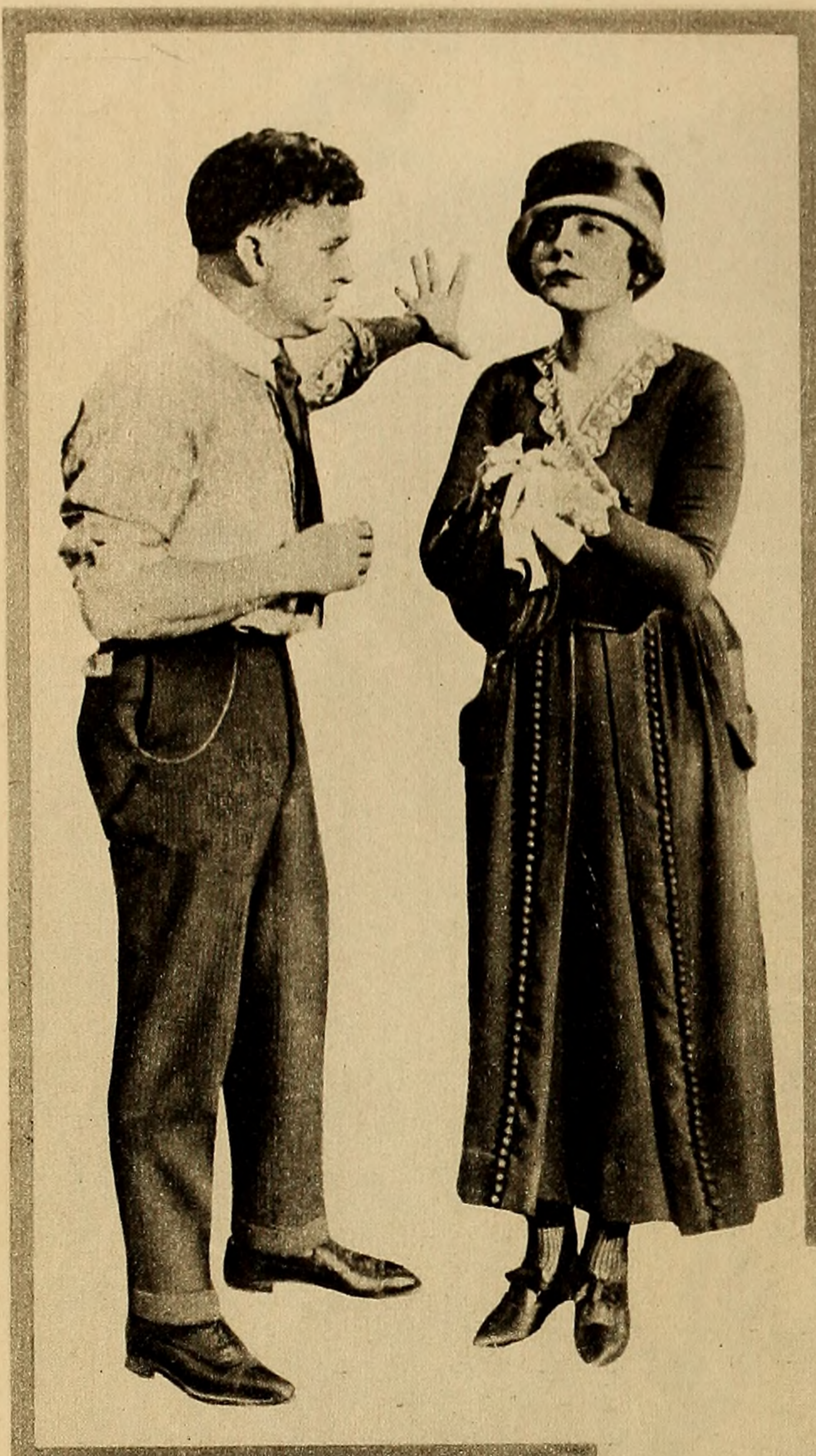
"HOLD THAT POSE!"

Now, it is the way of authors in the heat of creative genius to think that they are at work on the "greatest novel," so we let it go at that—until one day a bulky typewritten package reached our hands.

At first our reader groaned—it was so long! But he had only read one page of "The Cross of Shame" when he became dead to all exterior disturbances. In vain did the lunch-bell ring—he

neither heard nor cared. Then in the middle of the afternoon he called a consultation.

"This is great, simply great—the most wonderful story of the war I have ever read. If any one can read this and not itch to get over there and choke every one of those Germans' dirty, fat throats, I'd like to see him. Van Loan has turned out a masterpiece."



THOMAS H. INCE AND DOROTHY DALTON, DIRECTOR AND STAR OF "THE CROSS OF SHAME"

Van Loan spoke of his story.

Mr. Ince was amused by the young author's seriousness and said, "Bring the carbon copy to me. I may be able to pose enough scenes for you to supply the illustrations."

Van Loan needed no second bidding, so it came about that the great director read "The Cross of Shame."

Like our reader, he never left it until he had finished the last paragraph, and then he climbed into his auto, raced to Mr. Van Loan's hotel and up to his room.

"Man alive," he said breathlessly, "this is the biggest thing I've got in touch with in many a day. You've just got to sell me the film rights; do you hear? I'm going to make it into the greatest film of the year!"



THOMAS H. INCE PUTS DOROTHY DALTON THRU A STRENUOUS REHEARSAL

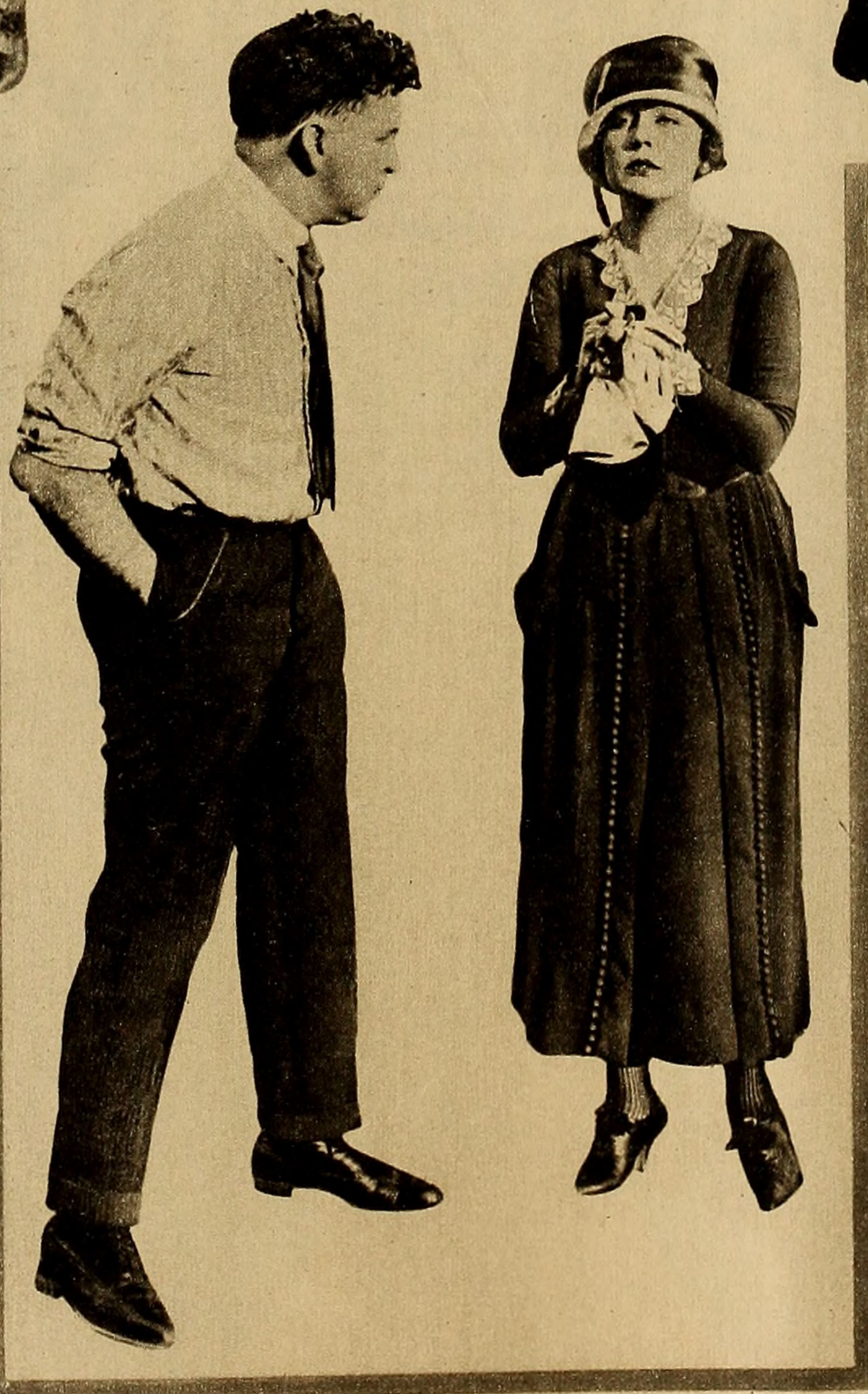
After we had all perused the typed pages, each one was more enthusiastic than the first. Such atmosphere, such action, such characterizations—never had we struck the equal of "The Cross of Shame."

But that was only the beginning of the romance of those type-written pages.

We had accepted the story, but there arose immediately the necessity of illustration, and we hit upon the novel idea of having a few scenes posed by some film company. Consequently we got in touch with Eastern studios. But all were working double time and the affair drifted on.

In the meantime, Van Loan was getting anxious. He wanted to see his brain-child in print, because he felt that it was a bit of wonderful propaganda and would be a great patriotic arouser.

So one day when he was talking to Thomas H. Ince, one of the greatest directors in the Motion Picture business,



"COME ON WITH THE EMOTIONALISM!"

Van Loan did hear! "Do you mean it, Ince?" he gasped. And Ince slapped him on the back and

said, "I sure do, old fellow."

And so it happened that "The Cross of Shame" was put into the hands of one of the country's best scenario writers, C. Gardner Sullivan, to be shaped into a scenario.

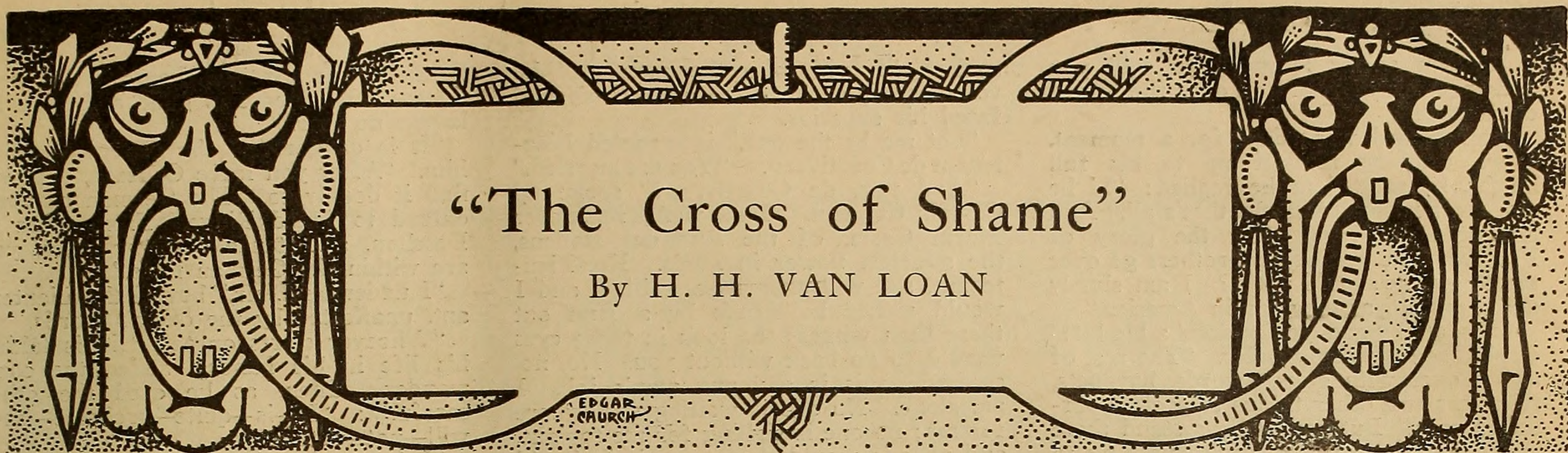
But even before that it had the honor of being read by Dorothy Dalton, who was jubilant when Mr. Ince told her she was going to be the star of the piece.

And so it came about that they wired us that our story, "The Cross of Shame," was to be made into a feature film.

At the present writing, Dorothy Dalton is in New York purchasing costumes, while out on the Coast C. Gardner Sullivan is busily shaping the continuity, and Thomas H. Ince is choosing locations and settings for what he considers will be the greatest feature film of the year.

We are more than happy to be able to present to you in this issue the first installment of H. H. Van Loan's "The Cross of Shame." There will be three installments in all. Don't fail to follow this story

—a story with a real romance. Then go to see it on the screen with Miss Dalton as the heroine.



"The Cross of Shame"

By H. H. VAN LOAN

CHAPTER I

IT was during a lull in the battle that Colonel Bouchier, who was seated in his dug-out, before an improvised table, strewn with maps and papers, suddenly looked up and summoned Captain Duval, one of his aides, who sat in one end of the dimly lighted chamber, silently watching him.

The Captain jumped up quickly, and the next instant came to attention and saluted his superior officer.

"Who's that young fellow, in B Company, who's been taking such desperate chances with that picture machine lately?" inquired the Colonel, as he glanced at his aide.

"You mean Lieutenant Picard, sir?" answered Duval, thoughtfully.

"Is that his name?" continued the Colonel.

"I think he's the one you mean, sir. He's the new 'official' assigned to B Company, by a special order, with the rank of second lieutenant."

"I guess that's the man," agreed the commander. Then he added, "Send for him, will you, Captain?"

"Yes, sir." And Duval swung on his heel and left the dug-out.

When he had gone, Colonel Bouchier arose and began pacing his quarters. He was a handsome man, was this commander of the French Guards. In appearance he was all that could possibly be expected of a soldier. His figure was tall—in fact, he could not enter his dug-out without considerable stooping of the shoulders—and well proportioned. He was as straight as one of those elms which stand so erect along the Chateau de Renfort. The men of his command said he was the French Kitchener, for they declared that not only did he resemble the great British idol, but he was equally as good a soldier. His dark-brown hair had been tinged with gray, in the service for France, but his eyes, of the same hue, still contained that fire and lustre which seems to endure with all great fighting men. His long, shaggy mustache covered lips that were ever set in grim determination, and what they lacked in emphasizing this quality was supplied by the firm, strong chin. In time of peace he would look every year of the fifty he had lived thru, for his face contained quite a number of deep wrinkles, all of which had come thru his worrying for the safety of France. But, when a battle was raging, he was as youthful as some of those boys from Paris who fought under him.

His only adornments were four medals, pinned near the lapel of his breast pocket, and one of them was the *Medaille Militaire*, which he had received two weeks before, during the taking of Vimy Ridge. During that attack he had gone over the top with his command and had captured an important German trench, which he was able to hold until re-enforced by a detachment of British troops.

Then had followed the Thiamont Farm and now Fort Douaumont. For three days his command had held an important part of the line against every destructive device in the hands of the Germans. Early that morning the Teuton offensive had ceased, thus giving his men the respite they so badly needed for a little rest. But there was no telling when it would start again. It might begin at any moment, or they might remain almost silent for several days, while they were re-enforcing their lines.

The line held by the French Guards was the center of a semi-circle, owing to the formation of the country. At the left of the center, to the extreme end, Colonel Beschard, with the 136th Infantry, was holding his own at the foot of Hill 301, six miles away. For strategic purposes, Bouchier had ordered the command to fall back to the third-line trenches. It seemed at first as tho the Germans had anticipated his move, for they shifted their attack to Hill 301. The attacks were repulsed, however, but this apparently filled the Teutons with renewed energy, and they came back with heavy machine-gun fire and terrible gases, which resulted in rather heavy French losses. But the troops had held their own, and Beschard was still entrenched at the foot of Hill 301. The Germans had ceased their attack after this, and the French commanders were satisfied with the situation—all except Colonel Bouchier.

"By gad, we'll get those fellows within twenty-four hours or I'll resign my command!" he vowed, as he entered his dug-out. Then he turned to Lieutenant de Courtivron, another member of his staff.

"How many Fritzes have we taken so far?"

"During this engagement, sir?" inquired the staff officer.

"Today!" snapped his superior. The mere thought of the enemy stirred his anger.

"Two hundred, sir."

"Um! Issue an order that, beginning from now, up until we have straightened our line to the Damloup Road no prisoners are to be taken," directed the Colonel.

Lieutenant de Courtivron immediately sat down before a small typewriter in the regimental headquarters and typed the order. Then he handed it to Colonel Bouchier, who signed it, and a few minutes later every man in the command had received the instructions.

Then the commander dictated another message. It was after reading this that he summoned Captain Duval and instructed him to bring Lieutenant Picard before him.

The Colonel was still pacing the floor when Captain Duval returned with the Lieutenant. Both halted just inside the door of the dug-out and came to salute as they faced their superior.

"Lieutenant Picard, sir," announced the Captain.

Colonel Bouchier raised his head and

beheld a handsome young man of about twenty-five years of age. His black hair and eyes formed a peculiar harmony with his skin, which had been bronzed by the wind and sun, and he presented, altogether, a rather striking appearance. There was an evidence of neatness and preciseness about him which the eye of the observing Colonel did not fail to notice.

With a nod of approval, the officer returned to his table, and, seating himself, he motioned to Lieutenant Picard. When the other had obeyed and had taken his place in front of his commander, the latter picked up a small typewritten paper from the table and handed it to him.

"Are you a good camera-man?" inquired the Colonel, as he leaned back and studied him from head to foot.

"I—I wouldn't care to make such a liberal assertion," replied Lieutenant Picard, with a slight show of embarrassment.

"Um!" And the Colonel stroked his mustache, thoughtfully, for a moment.

"Er—what's that word you fellows use when you talk about taking a picture?"

"Shoot, sir," replied the other.

"Yes, that's it," said the Colonel, smiling. "Well, it seems to me as tho you're shooting more than any one else around here."

"We're supposed to get it all for the government," the Lieutenant informed him.

"Yes, it's a wonderful thing, isn't it?" mused the Colonel. "I'm thinkin' some of the battles of Napoleon would be pretty useful, if we could see them, just as these will be to future warriors."

Then, after a moment's silence, he continued, "I want you to shoot that message, develop it, and return here with the negative as soon as possible." And with that he turned his attention to the map which he spread out before him on the table.

The young Lieutenant glanced at the paper in his hand. Then he saluted and left the dug-out.

The Colonel and his little group of staff officers were still bending over the map when Jean Picard returned a little later. He halted at the entrance a moment and then stepped inside. He walked over to the table and, after saluting, reached into his pocket and drew forth a small piece of film, which he handed to the Colonel. The commander glanced at it a moment and then compared it with the original typewritten slip of paper. After studying them both, he finally laid them down.

"Very good; you may go," he said, as he glanced at Jean.

The Lieutenant was about to withdraw, when the words of his superior caused him to turn about.

"And say, by the way," added the Colonel, "you want to be more careful. I notice you have a habit of taking desperate chances with that hand-organ apparatus of yours. One of these fine days

a German sniper is going to spill you and that box of yours all over the top of our trench."

Jean Picard was silent for a moment. Then, drawing himself up to his full height, he saluted as he replied: "If he did, sir, he would kill me, that's all. And I should die happy—for the glory of France! The rest of my brothers go over the top, why should not I? I am simply doing my bit, as they say in America."

"Yes, an' by gad, you're doin' a big bit!" emphasized the commander. "The rest of us go over with guns, swords, bayonets, revolvers and other things to protect ourselves with. But you fellows stand there and shoot those pictures with nothing to safeguard you from the enemy. You're some of the heroes that the world don't hear much about."

As the young officer started towards the door the Colonel turned to the members of his staff.

"Captain Duval, you will please issue an order to Major Rouvier. Tell him to open an attack at midnight with his 75's. He is to direct his firing on that sector of the enemy nearest Hill 301 and await my further orders."

"Lieutenant de Courtivron, you will direct Major de Billy to hold his battalion in readiness to go over the top and capture that portion of the line nearest Hill 301, when Major Rouvier's batteries have ceased firing. They will advance under the barrage fire of Martin's howitzers. Advise him to have his gas-masks ready, for the 68th Prussians are fiends with that stuff."

"And Captain Carpeau, you will order Major Arnaut to proceed with his machine-gun batteries, under cover of Rouvier's guns. He is to advance, and, provided we have managed to rout the Prussians, enter Beaumont, which is two miles east of the Damloup Road."

The commander paused a moment, as his gaze rested on the map before him. Then, after some reflection, he added: "Now then, the success of these movements depends on our being able to get this message thru to Colonel Beschard." And he picked up the small piece of film and looked at it a moment as his officers watched him in silence. "All our communications with Beschard have been demoralized. The Germans hardly expect an attack from that quarter at present, believing, as they do, that his losses have temporarily silenced the 136th Infantry. My plan is to begin an attack on their front line, and, while they are thus being engaged, have Beschard pound them from the rear. Now then, some one must volunteer to take this message to his headquarters."

All were silent, as each studied the countenance of his comrades with questioning gaze. Finally Captain Duval

spoke. "I will take the message," he volunteered, as he drew himself up and faced his superior.

"Let me be the one," interrupted Lieutenant de Courtivron. "You are married."

"And you, de Courtivron?" spoke up Captain Carpeau. "How well I remember Maria Costa, of the Rue des Italiens, the sweetest flower in Paris. No, Lieutenant, she will always be waiting, and I would rather be struck by a Hun out there than witness the look in those eyes were I to go back without you. No, no, comrade, this is a young man's job. I am alone. No one is waiting somewhere for me; no one is sighing for me tonight, and no one would shed tears if I should not return. Such tasks are for men such as I. I am ready, Colonel!"

Their commander listened quietly as each spoke, and his heart filled with pride as he realized the willingness of each to undertake this dangerous mission.

Had any of them glanced towards the door, they might have noticed that Lieutenant Picard was still in the room. He had heard all that had been spoken. What prompted him to pause there, he did not know. Months afterwards, as he recalled the incident, he decided it must have been Fate that guided him that day.

"I am proud of all of you," said Colonel Bouchier, finally, "but I cannot spare one of you. We must get some one else."

"I will volunteer!" The commander and the members of his staff turned their eyes in the direction of the voice, and were surprised as they beheld the "official" of B Company, who had advanced silently and was standing at "attention," his right hand at the salute.

"Why—er—what are you doing here?" demanded the Colonel, somewhat sternly.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I could not help overhearing your words," replied Lieutenant Picard, by way of apology.

"You can't be spared," objected the Colonel. "You have your duties to perform elsewhere. The government pays you to shoot pictures. You are not a soldier."

"Pardon! The government pays me to go where I am needed, and where it needs me. I am always a soldier first, a cameraman afterwards."

"But who would take your place?" "I have an assistant, who has taken my place twice before, when I was wounded, first at the Marne and again at Verdun," remarked Picard, proudly.

"Do you realize the dangers of this undertaking?"

"After one has gone thru three campaigns and spent most of his time on the top, turning the crank of his camera, and has had three of his machines smashed at different times as he was shooting, he begins to believe he's passed thru all the dangers there are out here," continued

Picard. "He is ready, then, for the great release. His nerve is gone and then he knows no fear."

"It is dangerous," the Colonel warned him. "After you leave Calleaux you will find it doubly so. The German outposts extend to Third Ridge. From there to Deschon, a distance of four miles, you are within the German lines."

"I understand, sir," bowed the Lieutenant, unaffected by the other's words.

"Whoever starts on this trip is taking his life in his hands," added the commander. Then, as he eyed the other carefully: "It—is—quite—probable—he—will—not—return."

"I do not fear," replied the Lieutenant, stoically. "My life belongs to France. If she needs it I am ready to surrender it. I will go."

"On the other hand, in case the bearer of this message succeeds in reaching the headquarters of Colonel Beschard, we will probably be able to straighten the Allied front to the Damloup Road. Should we succeed in reaching our objective all credit will be due the courier. He will probably receive the coveted *Medaille Militaire*."

Silence followed the words of the Colonel. His aides studied the countenance of the brave man, whose gaze was fixed on the face of the commander. The latter turned over some papers which were lying on his desk, but it was evident he was unconscious of his action, for his features plainly disclosed the fact that he was in deep thought. Finally he shook off his reverie, and as he arose and faced Lieutenant Picard he said calmly:

"War heroes are not made to order, young man. They usually make themselves. They are not staged and there is nothing dramatic about them to those who enact them. Some have said they are the results of sudden impulse, which causes them to do precisely the right thing at the right moment. There should be nothing dramatic or sensational in what you are about to undertake. As you have already stated, you are simply doing what every one of the three million men out there should and are probably ready to do. Your life is your own—it belongs to you—and you have a right to spend it as you choose, to protect it from any unnecessary danger. The fact that you stand ready to offer it so freely, in the undertaking of a mission wherein the odds for your return are so much against you, stamps you as a hero, a real man. The most wonderful thing in the world is a real man. There is the message." And he handed the Lieutenant a small strip of film. "Captain Carpeau will accompany you, by motor, as far as Calleaux. From there you will go alone, and no one will be able to help you then—but God." (*To be continued in the next issue*)

"CUTS"

By Fra Guido



That megaphone man is Director de Stutt,
Whose favorite word is a shrill-sounding "Cut!"
It's "Cut out that chatter," and "Cut out the noise,"
And "Cut conscious acting, get some natural poise."
"Cut out that stiff, artificial walk";
And "It's face that will register, madam, not talk."
Oh, the cutting remarks of the director-in-chief
My heart fill with anguish and bring me to grief!

One day, cross my heart, I was doing my best,
And, at drawing a laugh, sure had outstripped the rest;
Out from the corner came the shrill-sounding "Cut!"
Your efforts at comedy are tragic, you nut!"
Once I thought, in a scene marked by sorrow and dole,
My great work would sure bring me a gaw leading rôle,
When—"Cut!"—once again that shrill-sounding cry—
"Your sob-stuff is funny, and cut out that sigh."

But oh, the unkindest cut of them all,
It was when I was playing the lead at the ball;
And when that great feature would be thrown on the screen,
I thought that the world would soon hail me as queen.
But when the director once looked at the play,
His cheeks lost their color and he fainted away;
And when they revived him, he eyed me in doubt,
And whispered, "Your scene makes me sick; oh, have it cut out!"

What the Educational Films Are Accomplishing

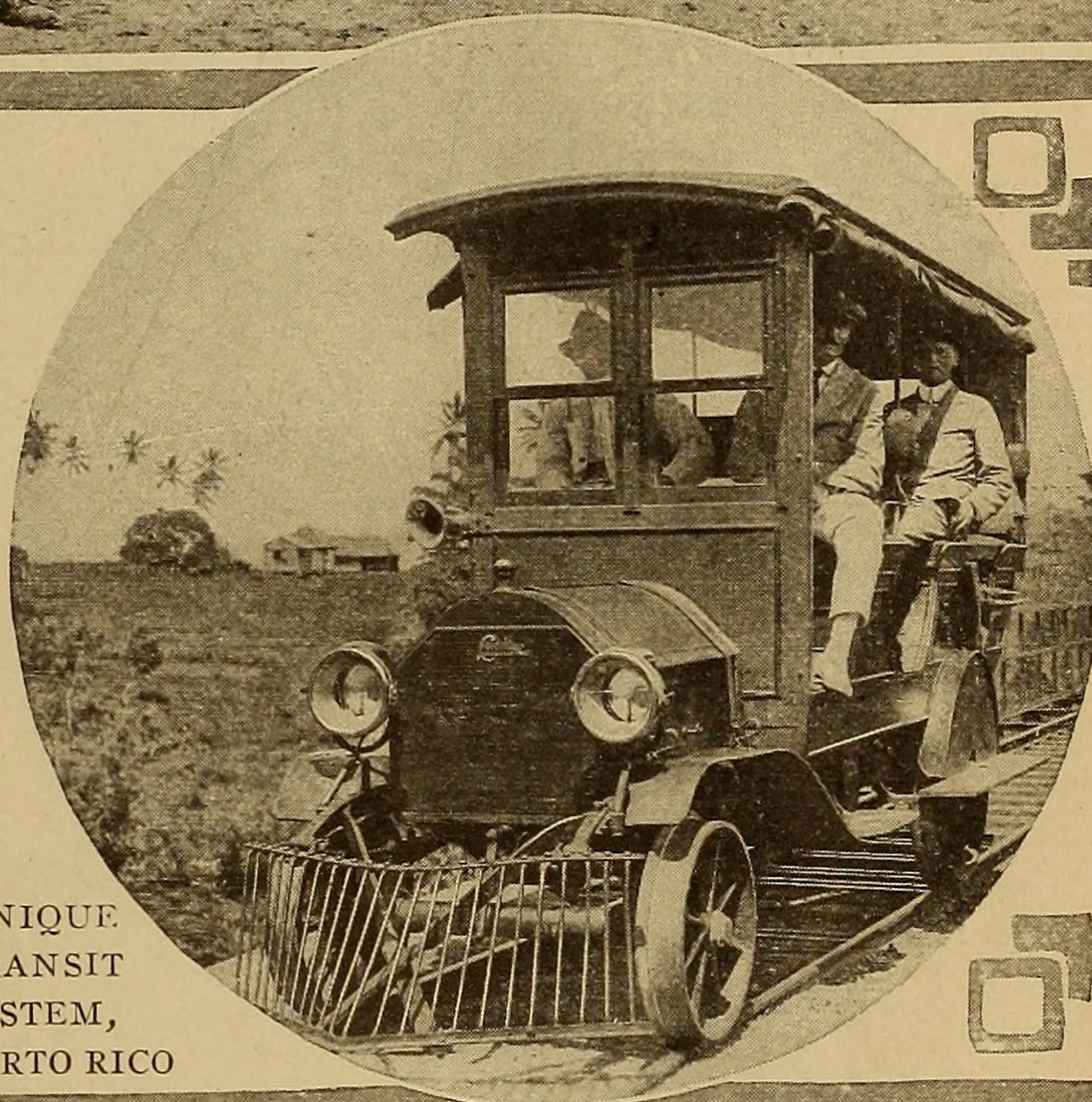
By HENRY MACMAHON



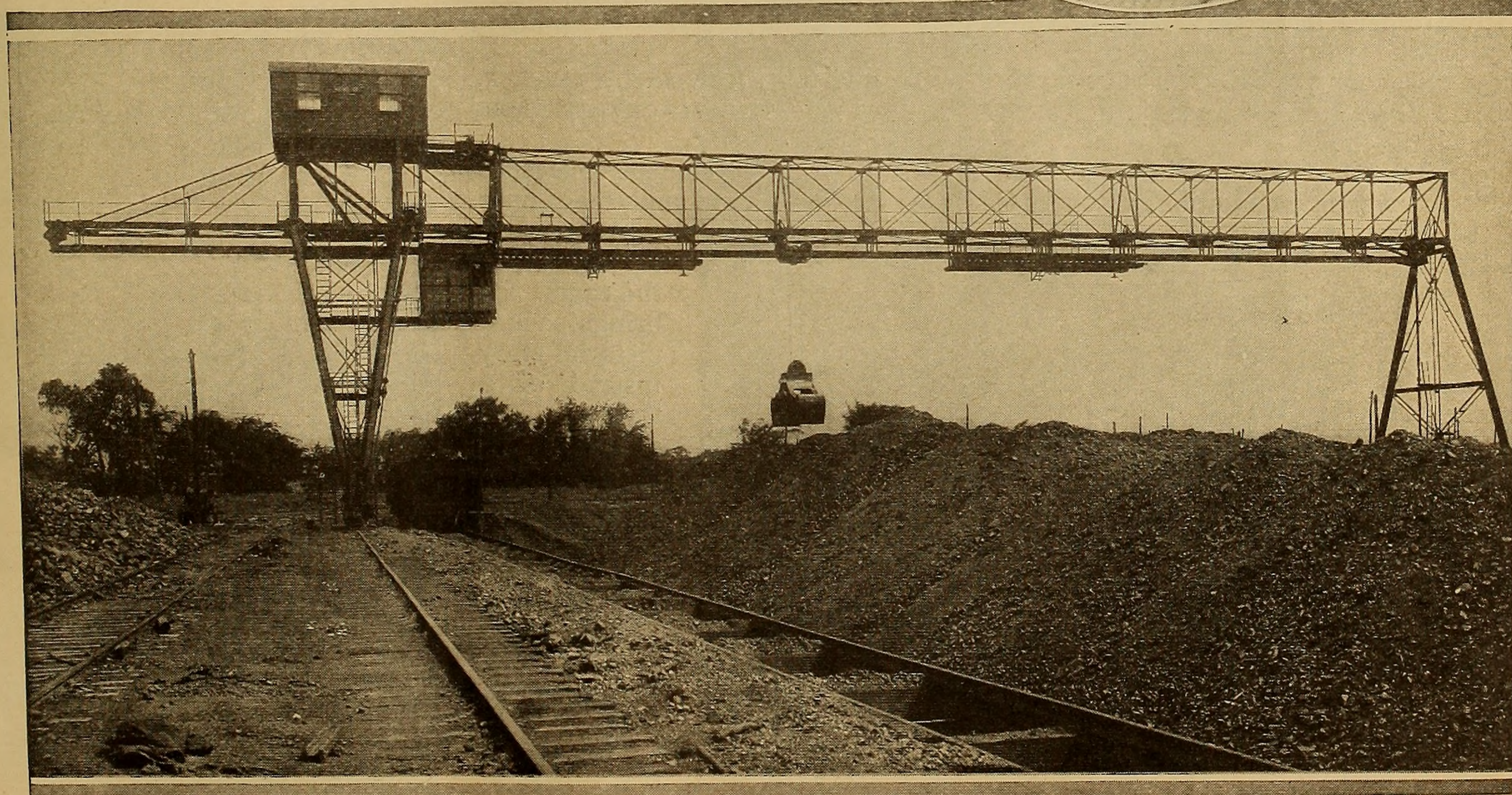
THESE ARE THE "LEATHERNECKS"—U.S. MARINES HOLDING THE LINE IN FRANCE. SCENE FROM "YOUR FIGHTING NAVY"

THE so-called educational picture is developing certain new factors in the cinema field. First, absolute accuracy and authority. Second, permanent excellence of technique. Third, the skilful blending of entertainment and information.

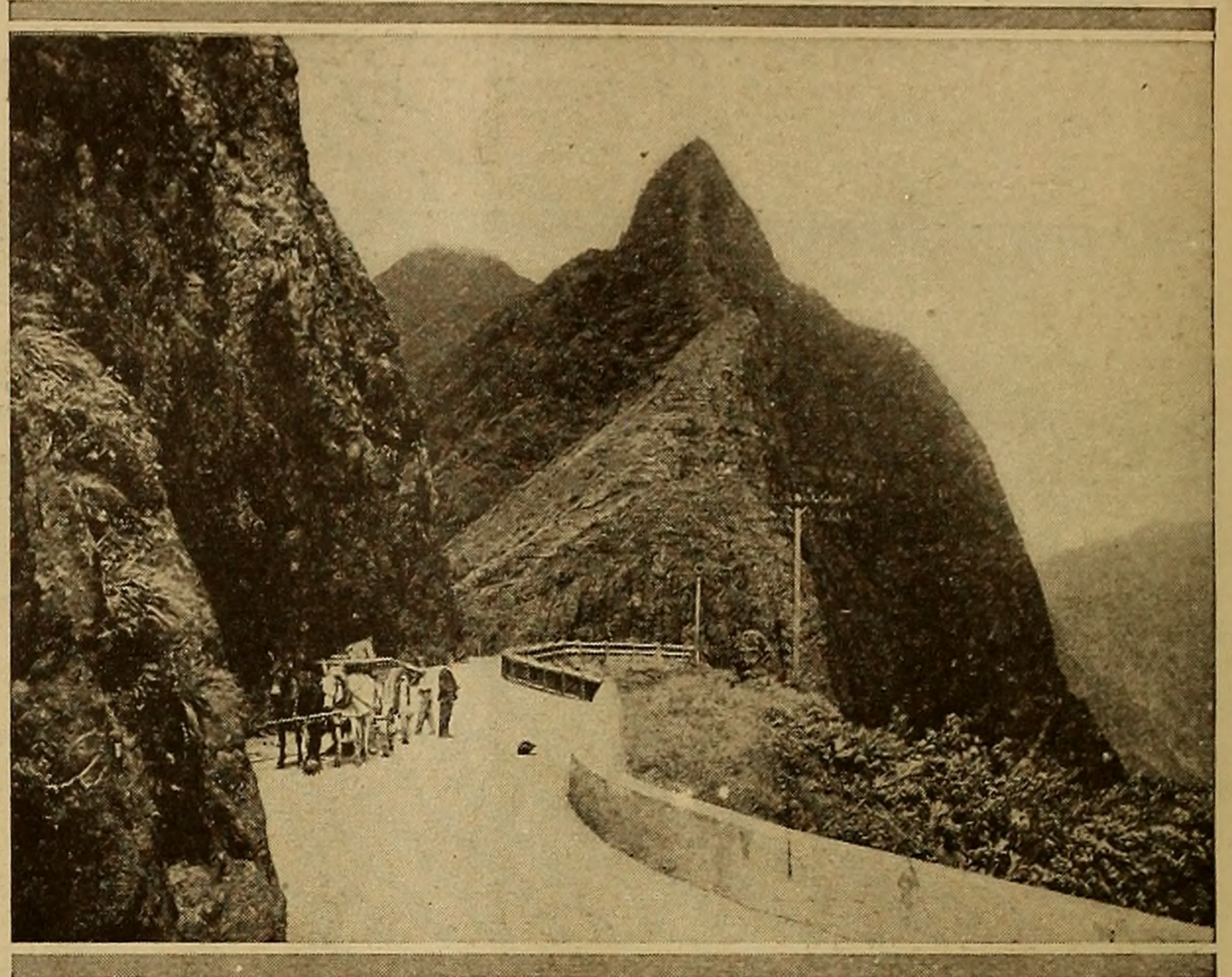
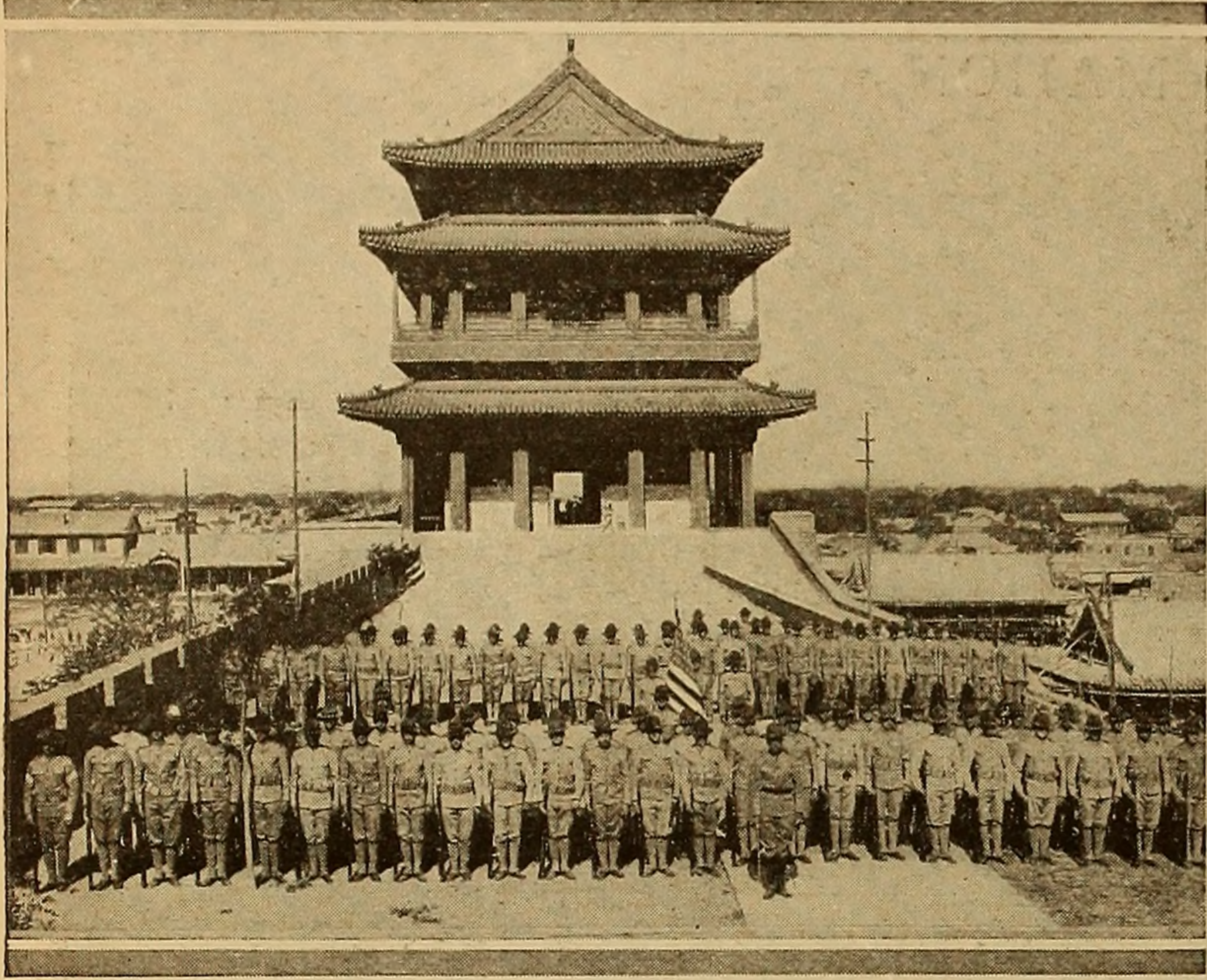
When you look at a good educational, you are not only pleased, but you add to your mental stock. That educational should be as good for future generations as for yourself. Unlike the film "best-sellers" of a fictional character, that appear and disappear year after year, it becomes standard and takes a permanent place in the film libraries, like Macaulay's "England" or White's "Natural History of Selborne" in the realm of books. It will be seen that this sort of product requires highly



UNIQUE TRANSIT SYSTEM, PORTO RICO



COAL IS NOW HANDLED BY MODERN MACHINERY. BROWNHOIST HANDLING BRIDGE OF THE GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY AT SCHENECTADY, N. Y.



OUR BOYS STATIONED AT THE AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING, CHINA

THE PALI-HAWAII. IT WAS OVER THIS MILITARY, MAGNIFICENT ROAD THAT KING KAMEHAMEHA, THE GEORGE WASHINGTON OF HAWAII, DROVE HIS ENEMIES

cultivated directors, scientific photographers, and actors who do things rather than just pose.

Several concerns are working in the new field, but the activities of the Educational Films Corporation of America may be conveniently taken to illustrate the new movement. One most interesting phase of the work is the assigning of cinema commissioners to explore and report pictorially from various parts of the world.

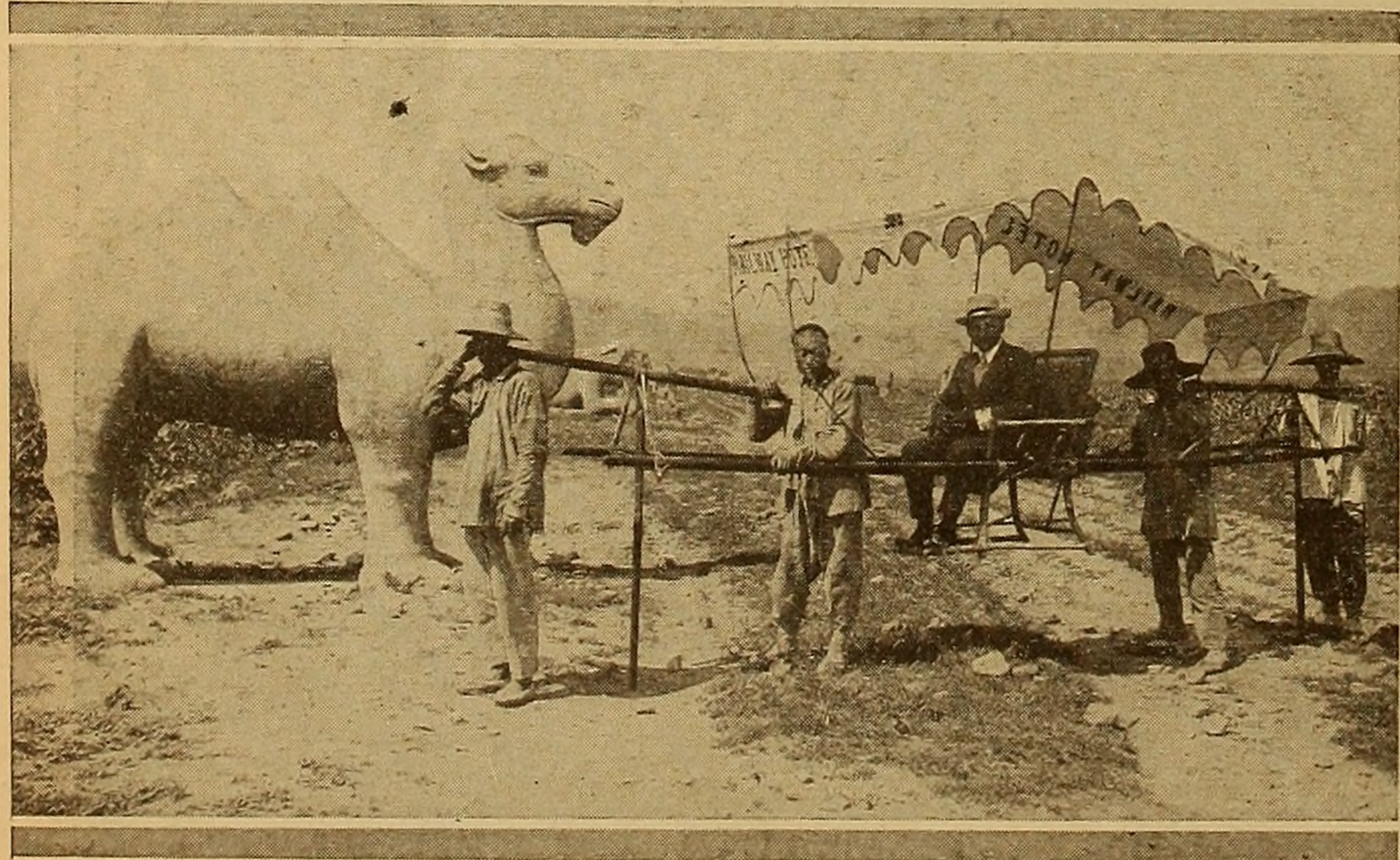
Today this company alone has E. M. Newman visiting the Allied countries of Great Britain, France and Italy for pictures of wartime conditions; Robert C. Bruce explor-



YOU MAY NOT KNOW IT, BUT E. M. NEWMAN, TRAVELER, IS BEING CREATED A BRAVE OF THE BLACKFEET TRIBE

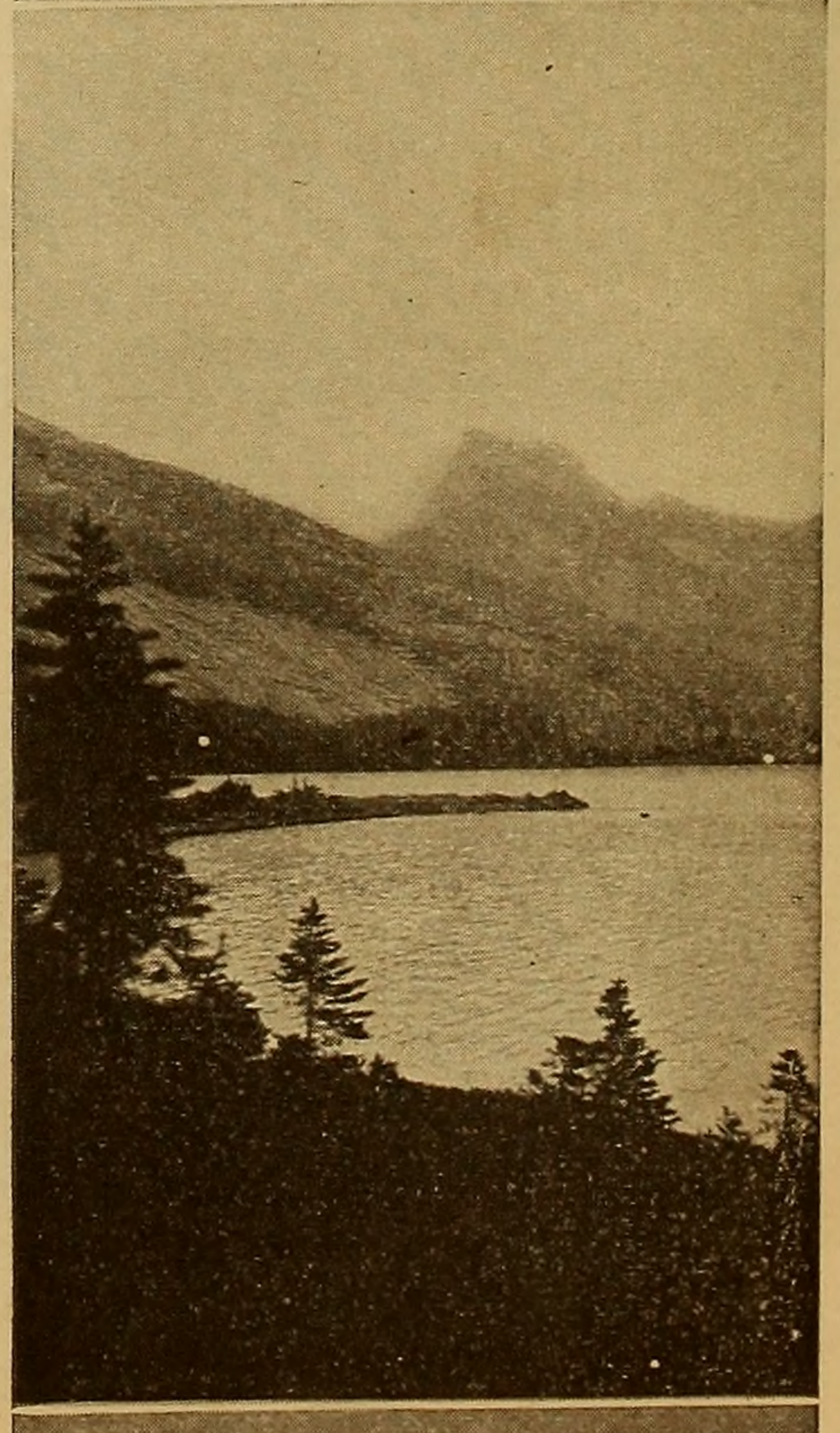
ing the Pacific Northwest and Alaska; George D. Wright as a special cinema correspondent in old Mexico, and Professor Raymond L. Ditmars as an investigator of the curiosities of natural history.

The cinema commissioner, in a sense, replaces the old-fashioned special correspondent that the more

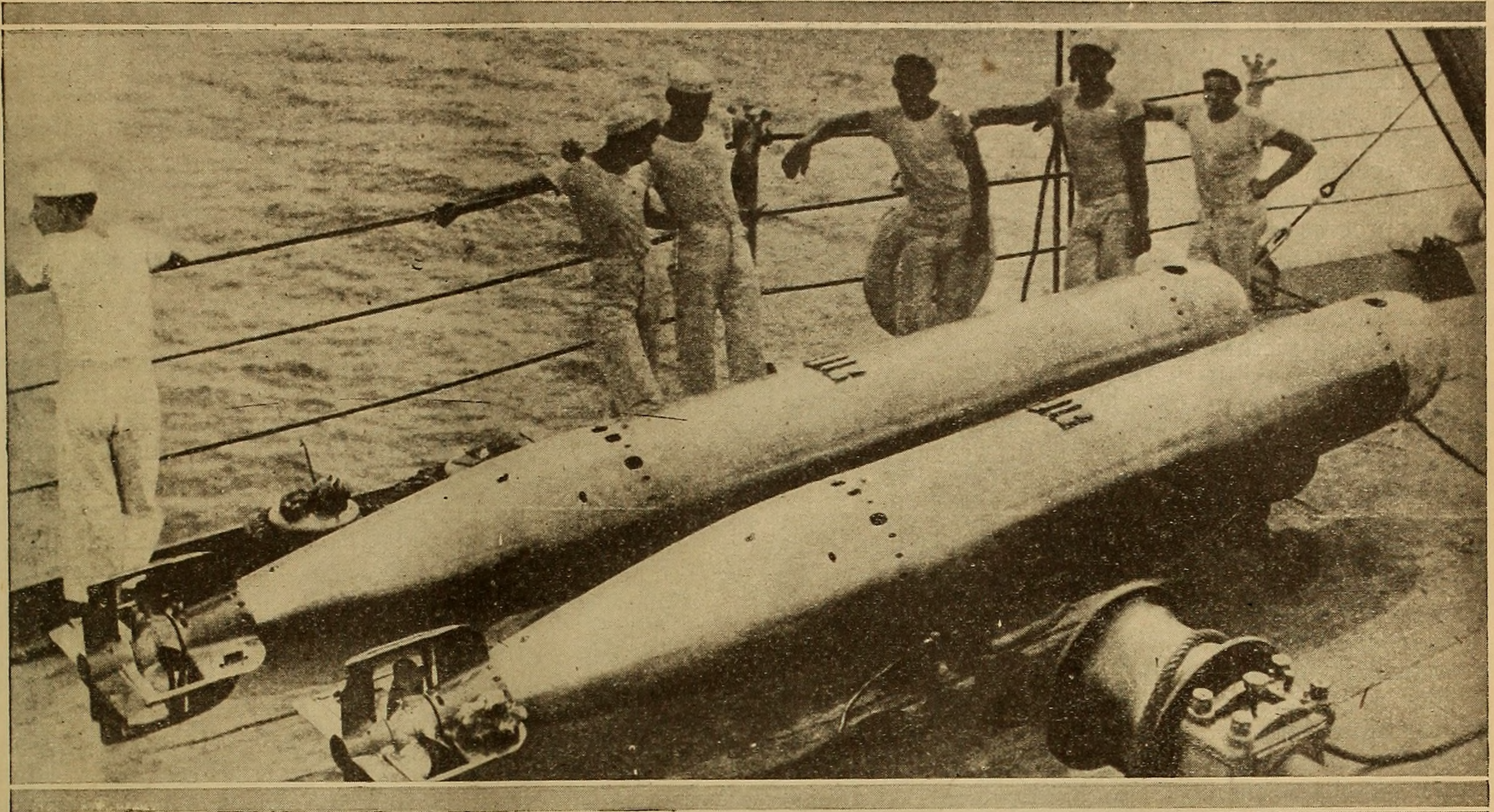


THE STONE CAMELS PLACED ALONG THE ROADWAY LEADING TO THE MING TOMBS ARE CREDITED WITH WARDING OFF EVIL SPIRITS FROM THE FINAL RESTING PLACE OF CHINESE MONARCHS

prominent newspapers and magazines sent to the far parts of the earth. He brings back a pictorial story instead of a written one, and his contributions appear in installments of one reel every week or every two weeks. Comparatively few people would care to sit down to a big book of travels, but many people enjoy a short



MOUNTAIN LAKE



THESE ARE THE TORPEDOES WHICH DESTROY THE BOCHES

travel article as a monthly feature in their favorite magazine. On the same principle, the cinema correspondent gives us fifteen minutes of Great Britain at war work, or Northwestern glacial wonders, or Hawaiian surf-riding, or Chinese sacred rites, or a Mexican bull fight or fiesta. The theaters that play these short travel reels find they gain a new class of cultivated patrons, and this class sticks as long as there are any of the so-called educational pictures advertised.

The extent of the movement may be gauged from the fact that practically all of the first-run theaters of New York City show educational of one kind or another. In most of the important cities, the pictures of travel and adventure find favor, and even the smaller houses are gradually putting in the scenics nowadays.

Another big department of the educational work is similar to historical fiction. An example of the last kind is "The Romance of Coal," which the Educational Films Corporation is now producing. It answers the requirements of accuracy as to fact and permanent qualities for standard use, yet it is primarily entertaining. Such a subject cannot be dealt with by installments. It lends itself to a big plot and to well defined dramatis personae, like the epic novels of Frank Norris that dealt with the theme of wheat.

The idea of this story originated with Miss Caroline Gentry, a native of Charleston, W. Va., who has made a deep study of the basic theme. Even more so than you and I—who did some studying on the subject of "How to obtain coal" this past winter.

Coal is said to be the most widely talked about, and the least intelligently understood, of Nature's gifts. The picture will bring home to everybody the truth about coal, and the romance of the vast transmuted solar energy, expressed in concrete human terms. The absolute dependence of the Allied Powers on the



THE DEADLY MINES (COURTESY INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE)

Coal Giant—and particularly their dependence on the coal fields of the United States—makes the picture timely.

An excellent first step in the undertaking was to select

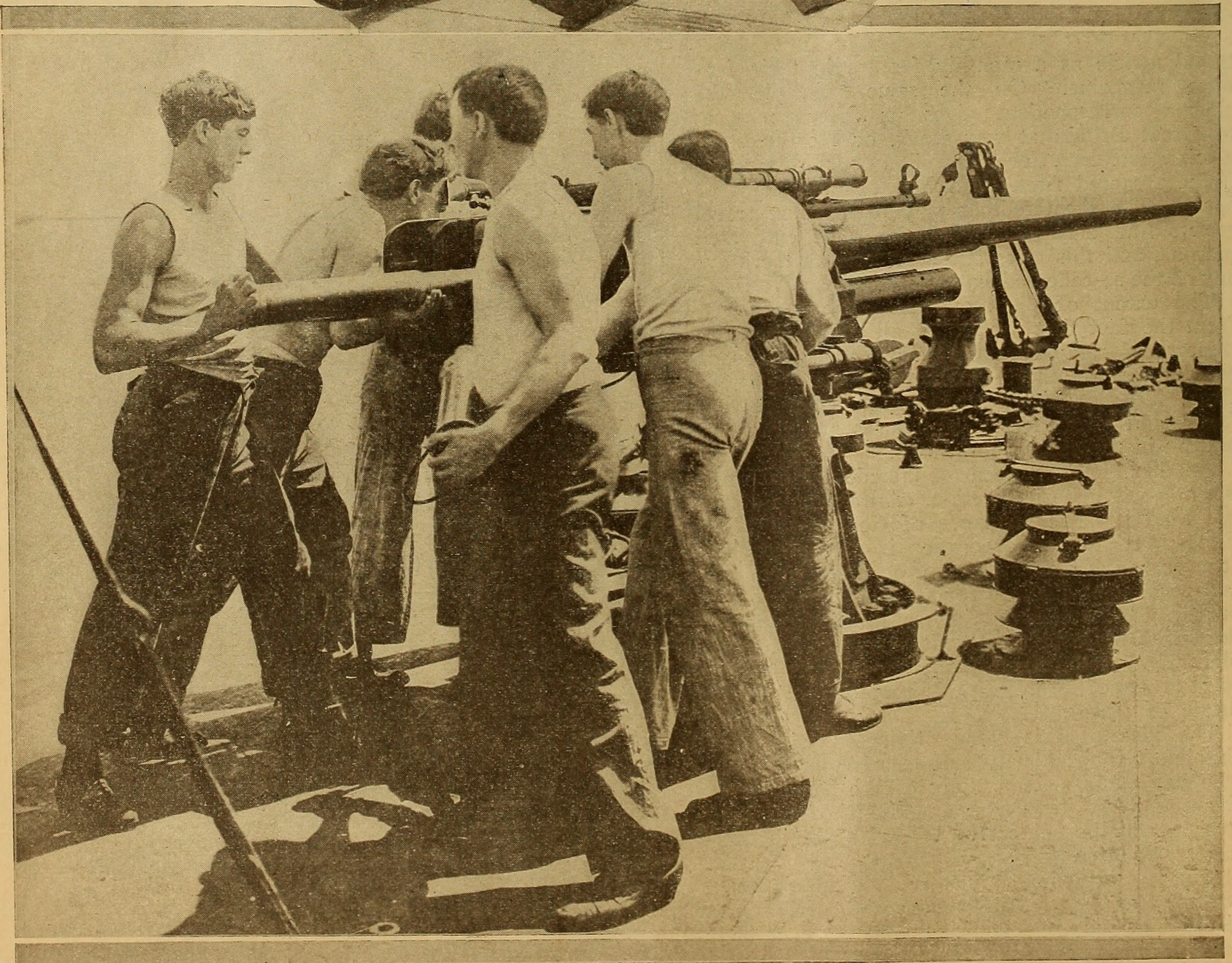
the Switzerland of America—West Virginia—as the scene. The most ravishing landscape beauty hides the murky form of the Coal Titan, who is roused from his secular slumber by the wizardry of modern machines and the labors of many thousands of men. Every process in the mining, transportation and transmutation of coal into active energy is shown in the picture, but everything will be incidental to the romance itself, which is typical of the relations between the mining folk and the outside public. A big wallop will be put in for the better treatment of the public and of the mining interests by the ruler of the railroads. Perhaps public sentiment will be waked



to the point where priority of coal cars will not be asked but be demanded. The making of the picture comes at an acute coal crisis, and this clarion call for better conditions should be heeded.

Still another interesting side of educational activity is shown by the Educational Films Corporation's picture, "Your Fighting Navy at Work and at Play." This is a series of scenes that brings the bulwarks of the nation vividly before the eye. It, too, answers the requirements noted at the beginning of this article. It is absolutely accurate, because titled by Lieutenant Henry Reuterdaahl of the U. S. Navy, who is an
(Continued on page 124)

FIGHTING IS NOT ALL THEY CAN DO. SCENE FROM "YOUR FIGHTING NAVY"



TARGET PRACTICE WITH QUICK-FIRING GUN ABOARD ONE OF OUR DESTROYERS NOW IN EUROPEAN WATERS. SCENE FROM "YOUR FIGHTING NAVY AT WORK AND AT PLAY"—EDUCATIONAL

Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary!

Mary Thurman Proves the Truth of the Nursery Rhyme

By FRITZI REMONT



THE CONTRARY MARY HERSELF

SHE really *was* Mary, Quite Contrary, for just when she had made up her mind to be as *triste* as a Sistine Madonna, a little imp rose in Mary Thurman and showed her to the world of fans as a lively, sprightly comédienne.

It all happened in approved story-book fashion.

Mary had been teaching school in Utah when something went out of her life and caused her to seek comfort in dampened handkerchiefs. Miss Thurman refuses to reveal just what happened, but so great was the sorrow and disappointment which entered her heart that existence in Salt Lake City seemed quite unbearable.

She had been one of those demure lassies, content with pleasant home surroundings, a rather congenial school position and the companionship of a few good friends, gathered up at church meetings and sociables. Her days ran along uneventfully—gray, like a soldier's sock. Mary hadn't noticed their drabness because nothing better had ever opened to her vision. Each hour dove-tailed, just as one stitch arrays itself against the other,

and the girl had no particularly defined desires or hopes.

For amusement, she took long hikes, was the best trained girl in the University of Utah gym, enjoyed swimming immensely and thought prayer-meeting a bi-weekly diversion which every properly constituted individual attended gladly.

She was in perfect health and normal spirits when tragedy stalked in and handed her a bit of citrus fruit which puckered Mary's pretty mouth and forced enough tears into her big, gray eyes to make 'em a miniature Salt Lake. Red-headed girls are very temperamental, anyway, and Mary was no exception. She forgot all about exercising, eating, sleeping and other pleasant diversions, had the family worried to the point where they insisted on her taking a vacation in California, and finally left them, with a funereal expression, to find out what Los Angeles could do in the way of bringing about mental re-adjustment.

Mary Thurman had some friends in the Angel City and, in spite of her sadness, made many more. When alone with her crumpled handkerchiefs,



CAN THIS BE THE LADY WHO USED TO BE A SCHOOL-MA'AM IN SALT LAKE CITY?

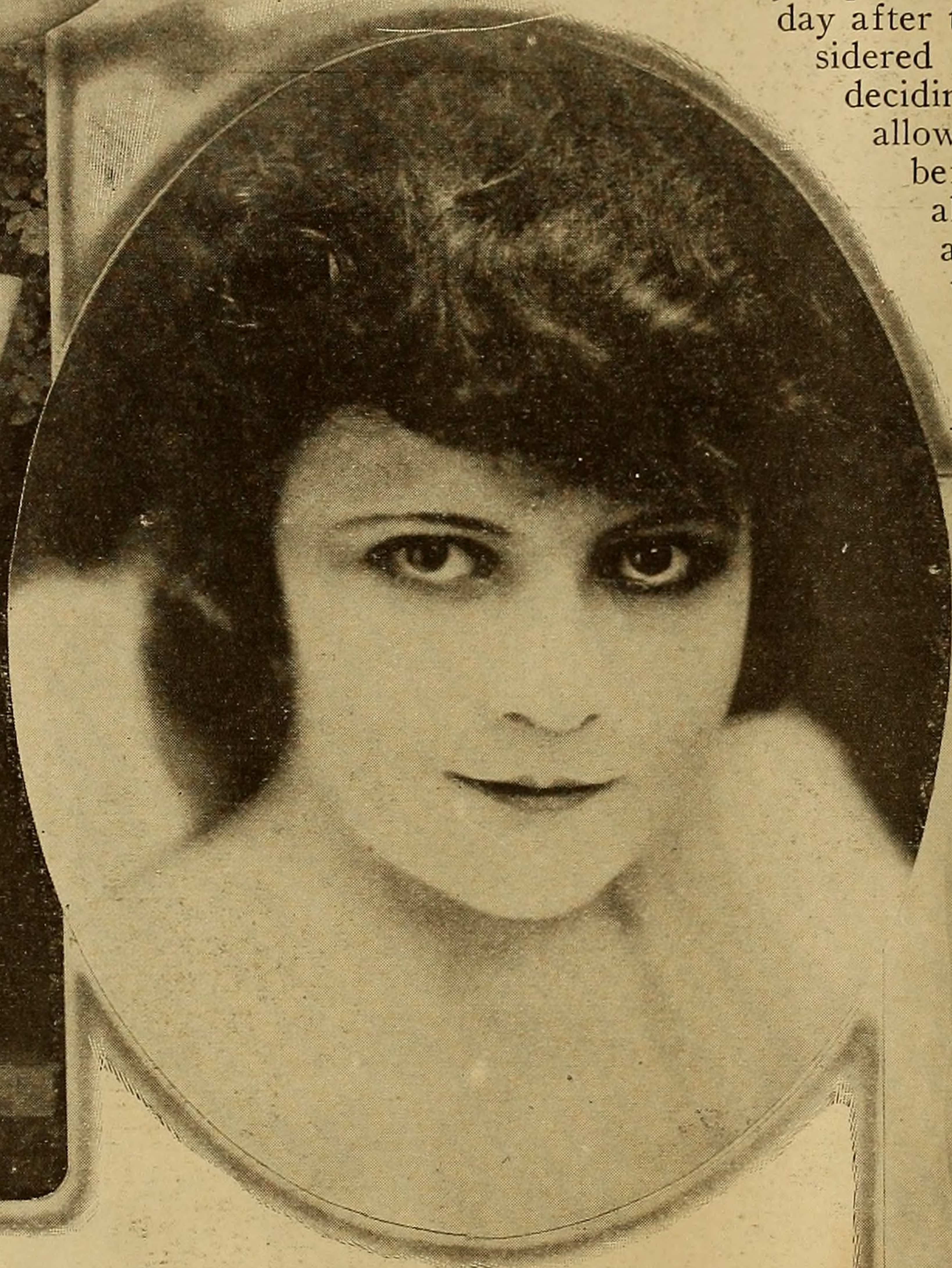
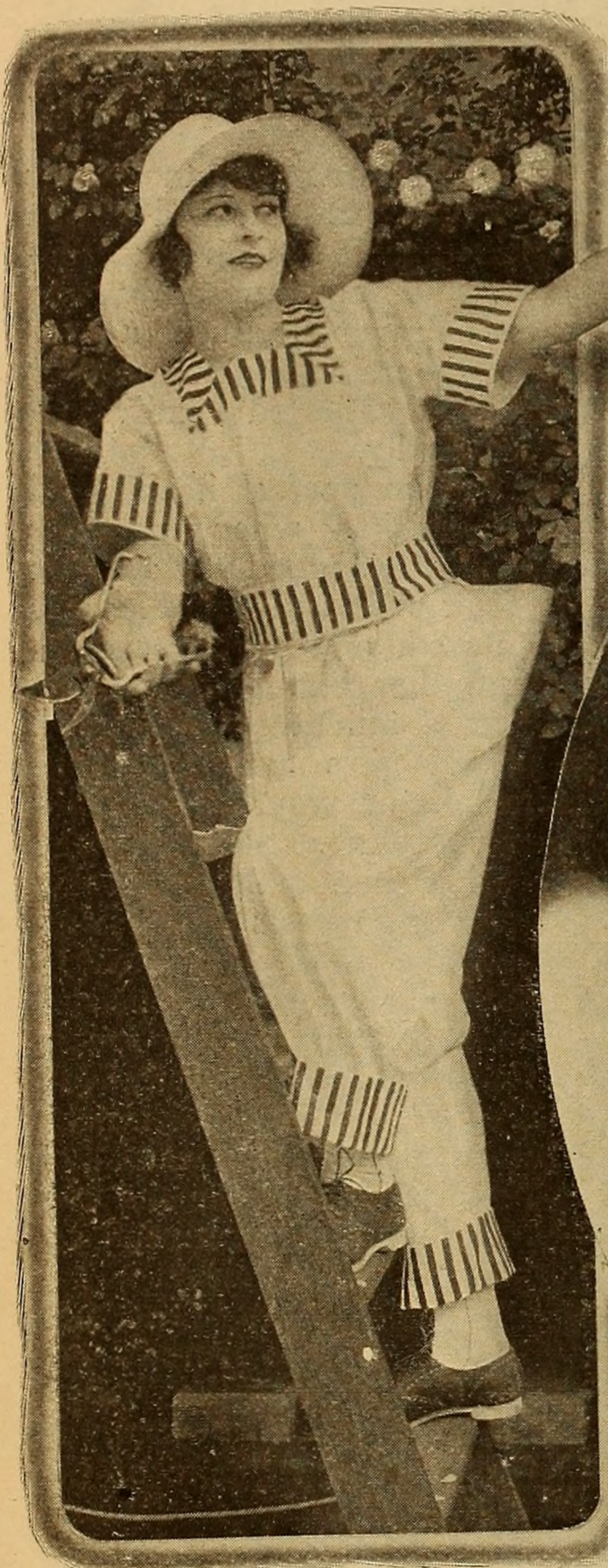
the world looked like the toughest old elephant-hide ever tanned, even in sunny California. Everybody was trying to make Miss Thurman forget that she was a real tragédienne, and so one night she was bidden to a dinner-dance at the Hotel Alexandria.

"Miss Thurman, would you like to go into pictures?" After one has read for a long time that it's almost impossible to get into a studio, even after coaxing, trying, testing and what-not, there's a decided surprise annexed to that sort of a question. Mary thought he was jollyng her, and promptly told him so, with a return to the injured air.

But no, the young gentleman was a real director—he didn't have to inveigle some one else to try out Mary Thurman; he wanted her for his very own company at the Sennett studios. Would Miss Thurman report next day?

And, contrary to all her preconceived notions, Mary reported at the studio on the second day after this meeting, for, having considered the matter overnight and deciding that it was just a joke, she allowed twenty-four hours to pass before she thought that, after all, she might as well just *look* at the studio and watch them work before she returned to Salt Lake.

It wasn't a case of watch-



CAUGHT IN THE ACT OF PICKING SOME COOPER-HEWITT BLOSSOMS

MARY THURMAN

The novelty of it surprised her into forgetting that she was chief mourner in a disagreeable drama, and pretty soon Mary began to sit up and take a little nourishment, as well as notice of her very pleasant masculine neighbor. Tho Miss Thurman seemed to be studying designs in china, the interested young man hadn't any trouble in noting her expressive eyes or the general "Billie Burke" look of the young woman from Utah. He tried to interest her by speaking upon various subjects, meanwhile finding her demureness very attractive, also the pensive droop of her mouth, and finally broached a subject about which he felt sure every one knew *something*.

You've guessed it, haven't you? Yes, right the first time—Motion Pictures.

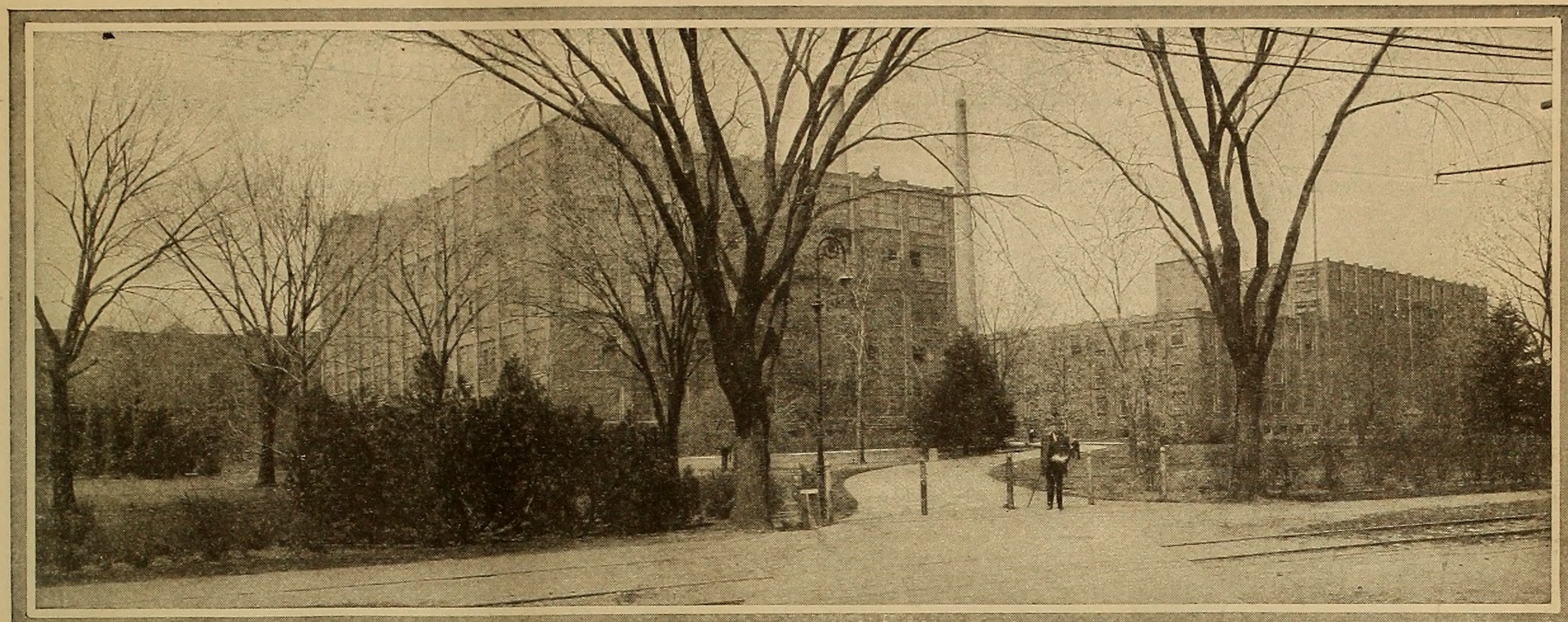
Did Miss Thurman like them? Oh, yes, she *used* to like them very much. A sigh. Had she ever seen them produced? Miss Thurman brightened considerably as she replied, "No," but she thought it must be the *most* fun!

The young man was smiling very cordially by that time and sent forth a bomb which killed all the tragedy-queen stuff and made Mary delightfully contrary, once for all:

ing at all. She roamed about and met everybody, and the new director said he was going away for a few days, but wanted the wardrobe mistress to look after her so that she might fit into his new play when he returned. Just then another director turned up who needed a girl to finish certain scenes in a comedy almost completed, and the wardrobe mistress hustled Mary into a

MARY SAYS CLOTHES ARE THE LEAST OF HER TROUBLES

(Continued on page 123)



The Man Behind the Film — George Eastman

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

SOMEHOW the name of Thomas Alva Edison is linked alone in the public mind with the birth of Motion Pictures. Yet all the experiments of Edison and the other screen pioneers would have been futile but for a young Rochester bank clerk—George Eastman.

Edison and others were impressed with the possibilities of animated photography. In many parts of the world scientists were experimenting. The development of the photoplay up to this point can be briefly summed up: Motion Picture photography had been approached by taking a series of instantaneous pictures on a number of plates in cameras standing close to one another. The first purpose had been to study the movements of animals for scientific reasons. But the great field of Motion Picture photography opened before the pioneers. It was recognized that only with a thin, rollable, transparent strip, which would carry the photographic image, both negative and positive, could the result be obtained. In other words, a flexible photographic belt was necessary as a substitute for glass. The Eastman film appeared at the psychological moment.

The career of Eastman is sheer romance transferred to real life. To Eastman we are indebted for both the photoplay and the film camera. His development of film made Motion Picture photography possible, just as it created amateur photography.

George Eastman was born on July 12, 1854, at Waterville, N. Y., his family shortly after moving to Rochester, where his father died. The father, altho the originator

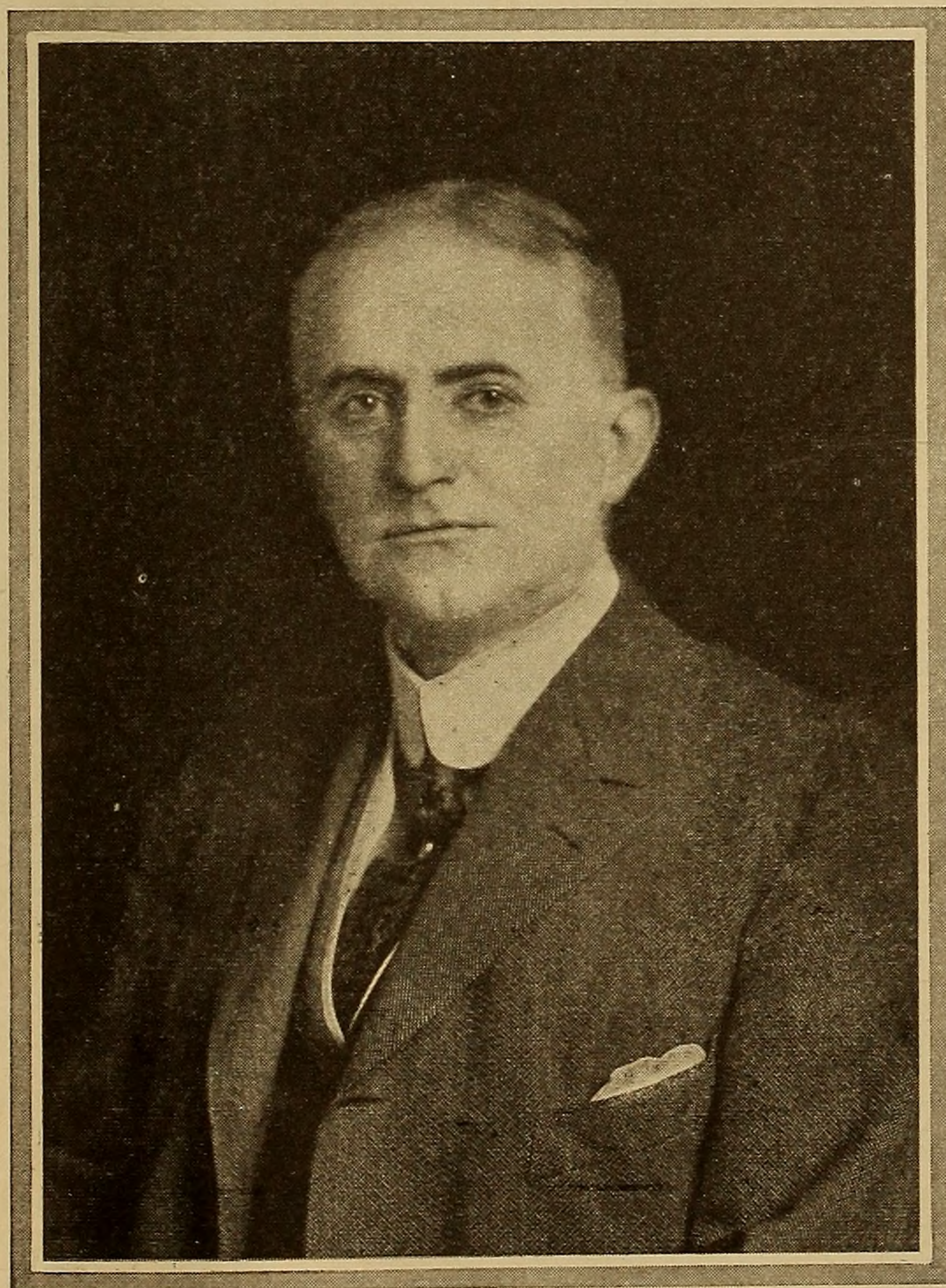
of the business college idea, died without leaving his family in anything like comfortable circumstances. The widow was a semi-invalid and George, the only son, altho there were two daughters, was taken from school at fourteen and placed in an insurance office at three dollars a week.

The boy worked hard and actually managed to save \$37.50 the first year. Success followed his earnest efforts and he was soon earning \$600 a year. His employer, realizing Eastman's worth, recommended him for the position of bookkeeper in a savings bank at \$1,000 a year.

About this time young Eastman became fascinated with photography. He hired a local photographer to instruct him in photography for five dollars. At that time the "wet plate" process was in vogue. The photographer had to take a piece of glass into a dark room, himself smear it with collodion and dip it in a bath of nitrate of silver. Eastman saw how awkward and difficult was this method and, when news came from England of the discovery of a gelatine "dry plate" process, he began to experiment along these lines. He quickly saw the possibilities of manufacturing dry plates and bring-

ing photography within the reach of every one.

At first he rented a workshop, hired an assistant to work by day, and himself labored at night in making dry plates. The business, as the young bank clerk foresaw, grew rapidly and finally he gave up his position as bookkeeper to devote his entire time to it. That was in 1881. Eastman next began to turn his attention to film

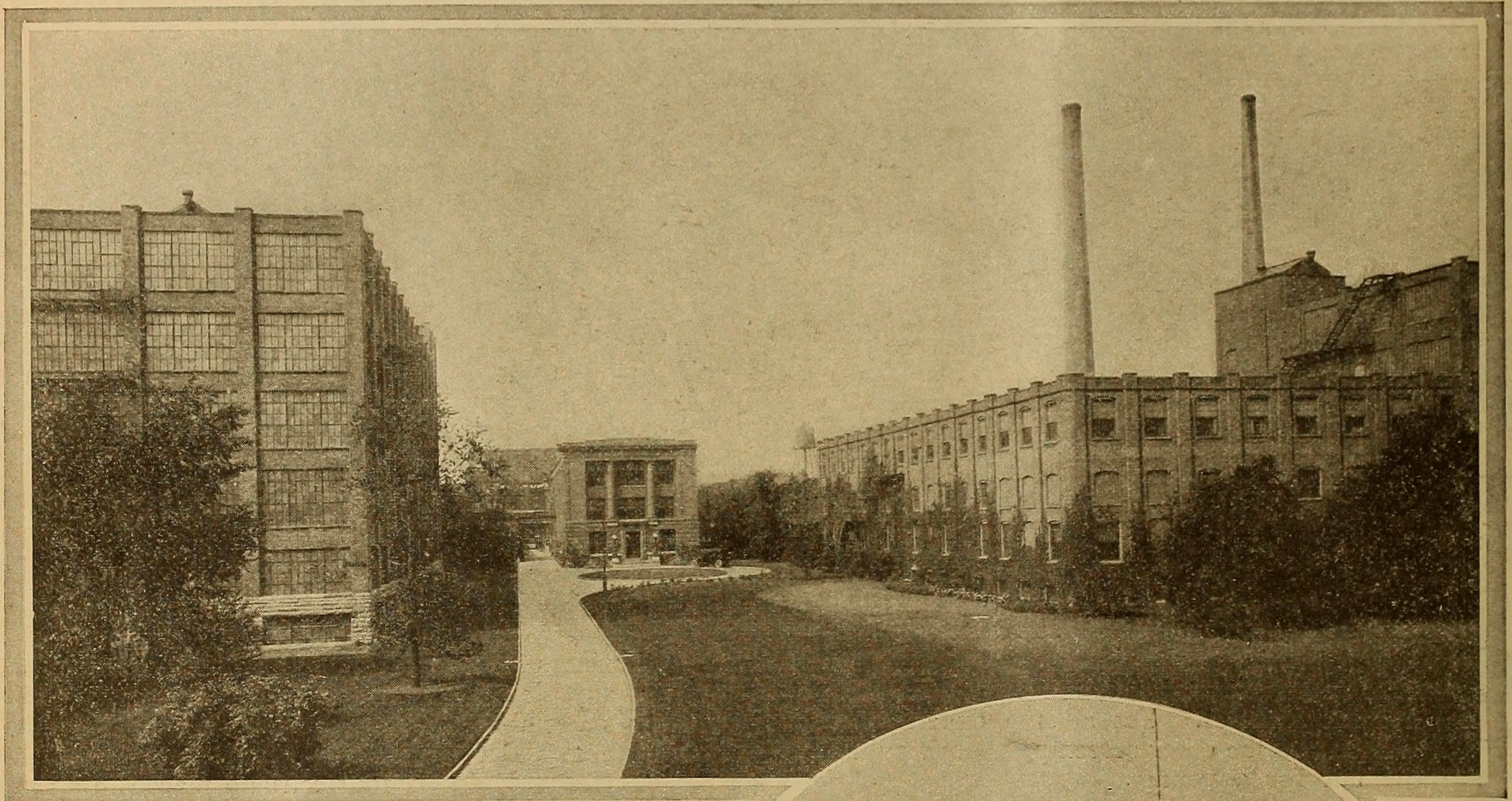


GEORGE EASTMAN

photography. The problem involved not only the creation of a satisfactory film, but of a portable contrivance to hold it. Many technical and chemical difficulties were slowly overcome and, in October, 1884, Eastman's efforts

announced the success of his experiments with nitro-cellulose, soluble cotton as a film base.

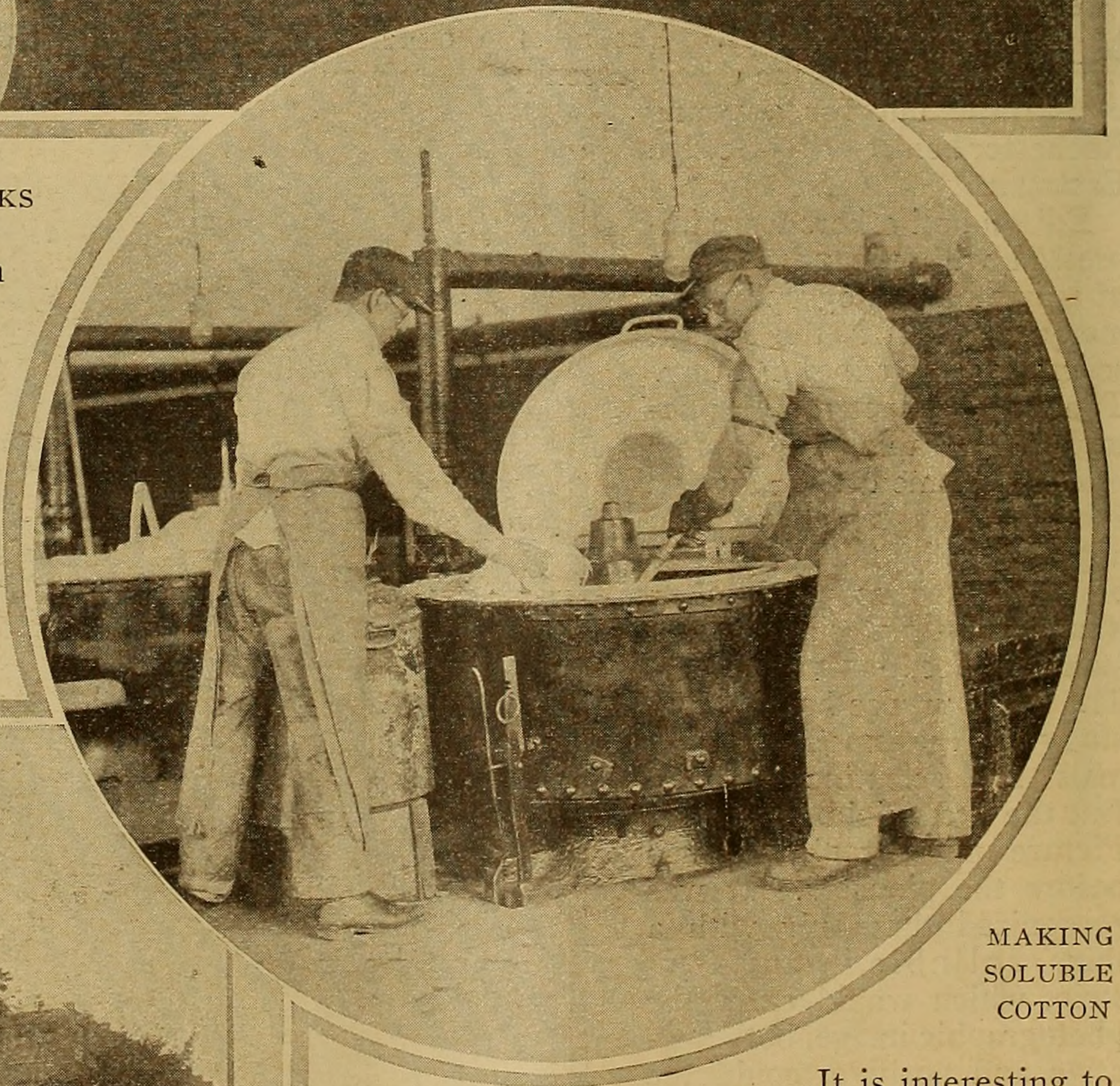
Eastman's success, of course, opened the way for the photoplay.



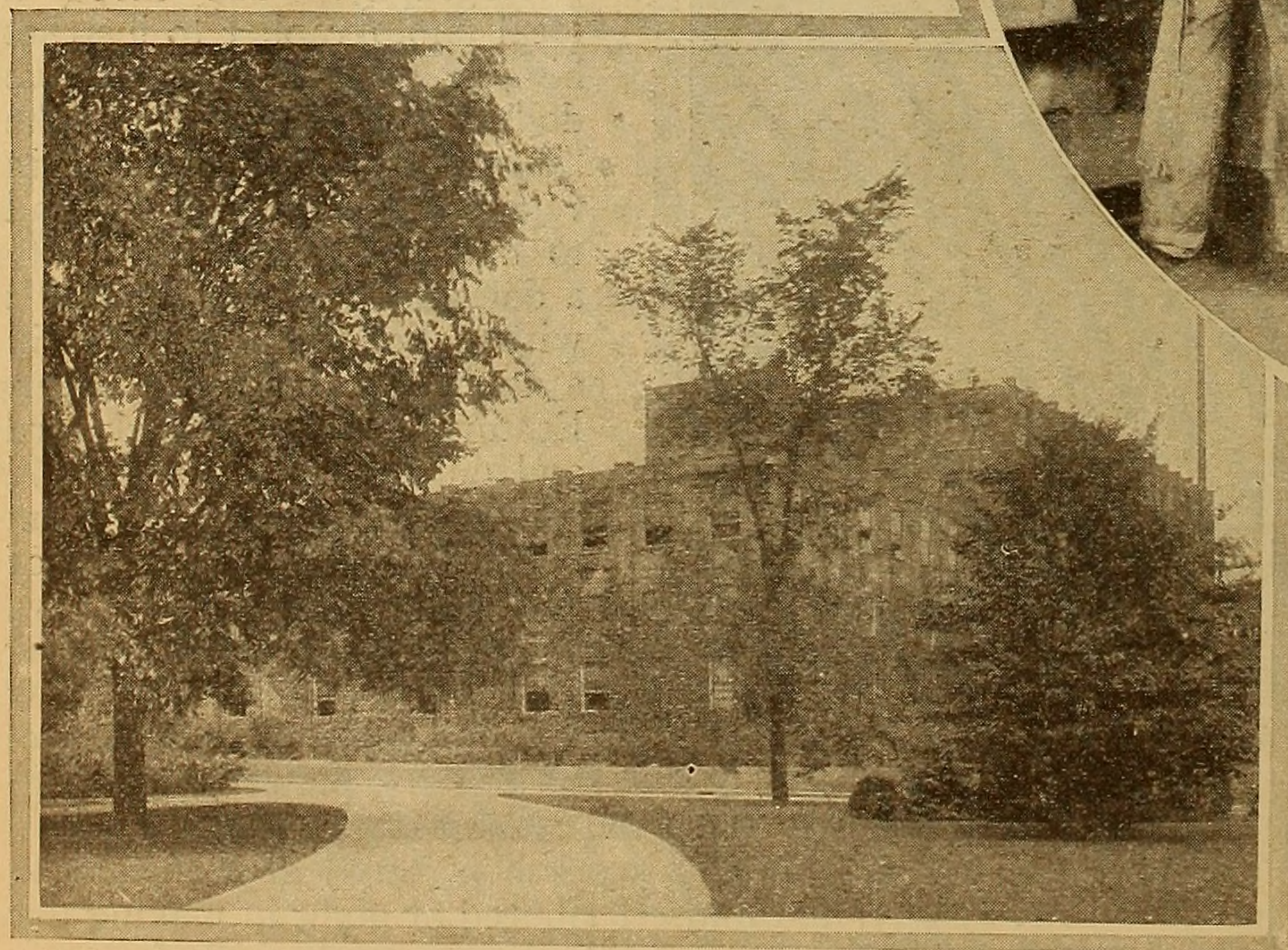
GENERAL VIEW OF ENTRANCE TO KODAK PARK WORKS

to coat flexible material with sensitive emulsion proved entirely successful. Thus the Eastman Dry Plate and Film Company was incorporated.

At first the "stripping process" was necessary to the developing of film. In this the emulsion was so made that, in developing, the photographic image floated off its backing and was transferred to a gelatine skin. This was still too intricate for anyone but a professional to handle. Finally, in 1889, Eastman



MAKING SOLUBLE COTTON



WALK SHOWING BUILDING NO. 2, KODAK PARK WORKS. SIXTEEN ACRES OF THE TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE ACRES OF KODAK PARK ARE LAID OUT WITH TREES, SHRUBS, FLOWERS AND LAWNS

It is interesting to consider Eastman's development of the kodak. At first he devised roll holders for his film, the holders to be inserted in ordinary plate cameras. The idea of devising a special camera developed and the kodak was born in June, 1888. The name *kodak* was created out of thin air, as it were, being invented for the purpose. Eastman wanted a name that could not be misspelled or mispronounced, and one that could be registered as a trade mark so that it could stand all attacks of imitators.

The first kodaks were sold with a roll of 100 sealed exposures and cost \$25. When

the hundred pictures were taken, the camera had to be sent back to Rochester to be unloaded. The "stripping process" made this necessary.

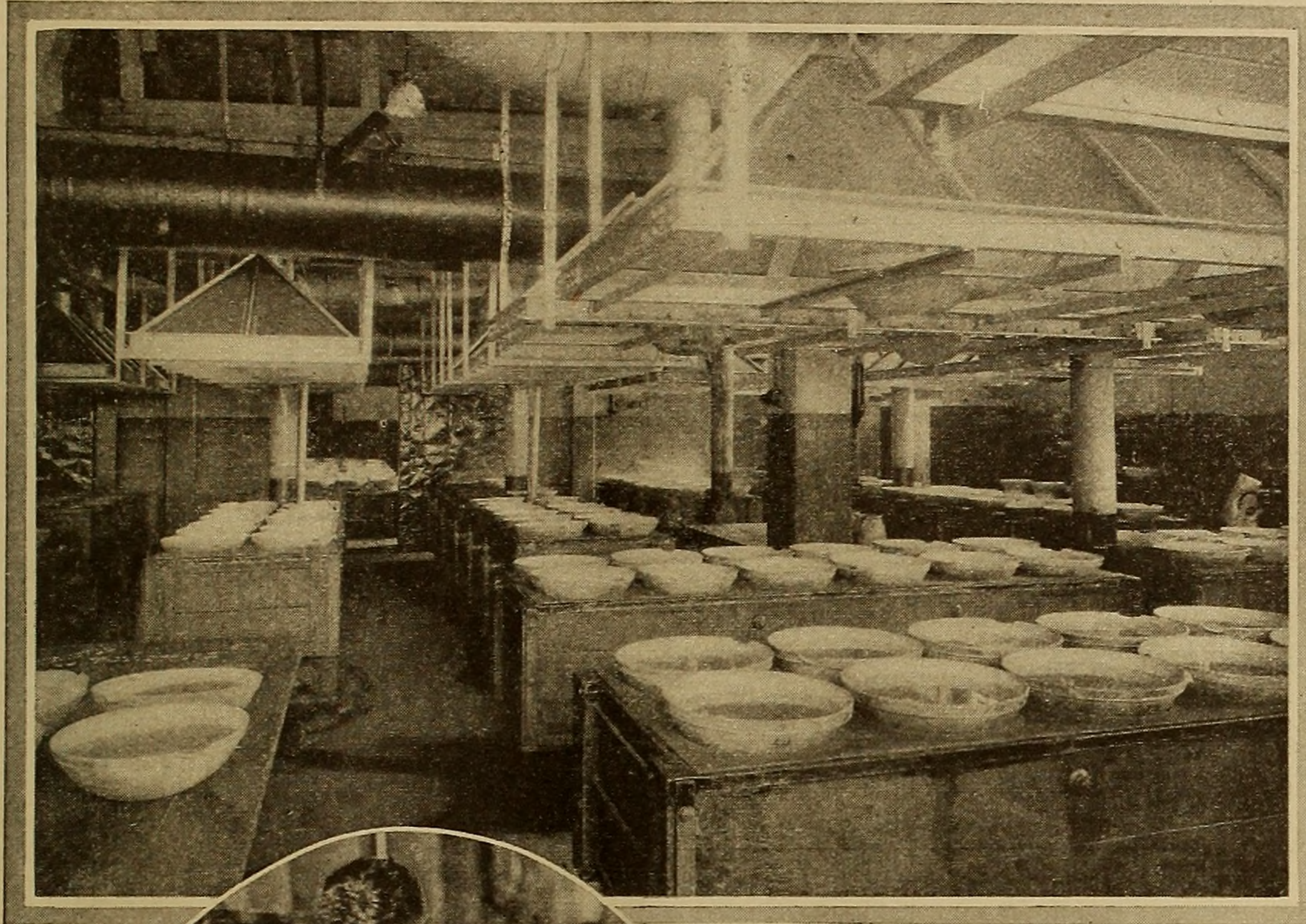
Then came the before-mentioned experiments with the nitro-cellulose base, which opened the way to the amateur. This transparent film could be developed by the

Graham Bell. McCurdy's royalty from the idea made him a man of wealth for the rest of his life.

Non-curling film was created in 1904, and in 1914 Henry J. Gaisman hit upon the autographic film idea. Gaisman's first inventions were failures, but he finally perfected the idea and sold it outright to Eastman for \$300,000.

This is the little known history of the kodak. It reveals something of the romance behind the poor boy, who developed modern photography, both animated and still.

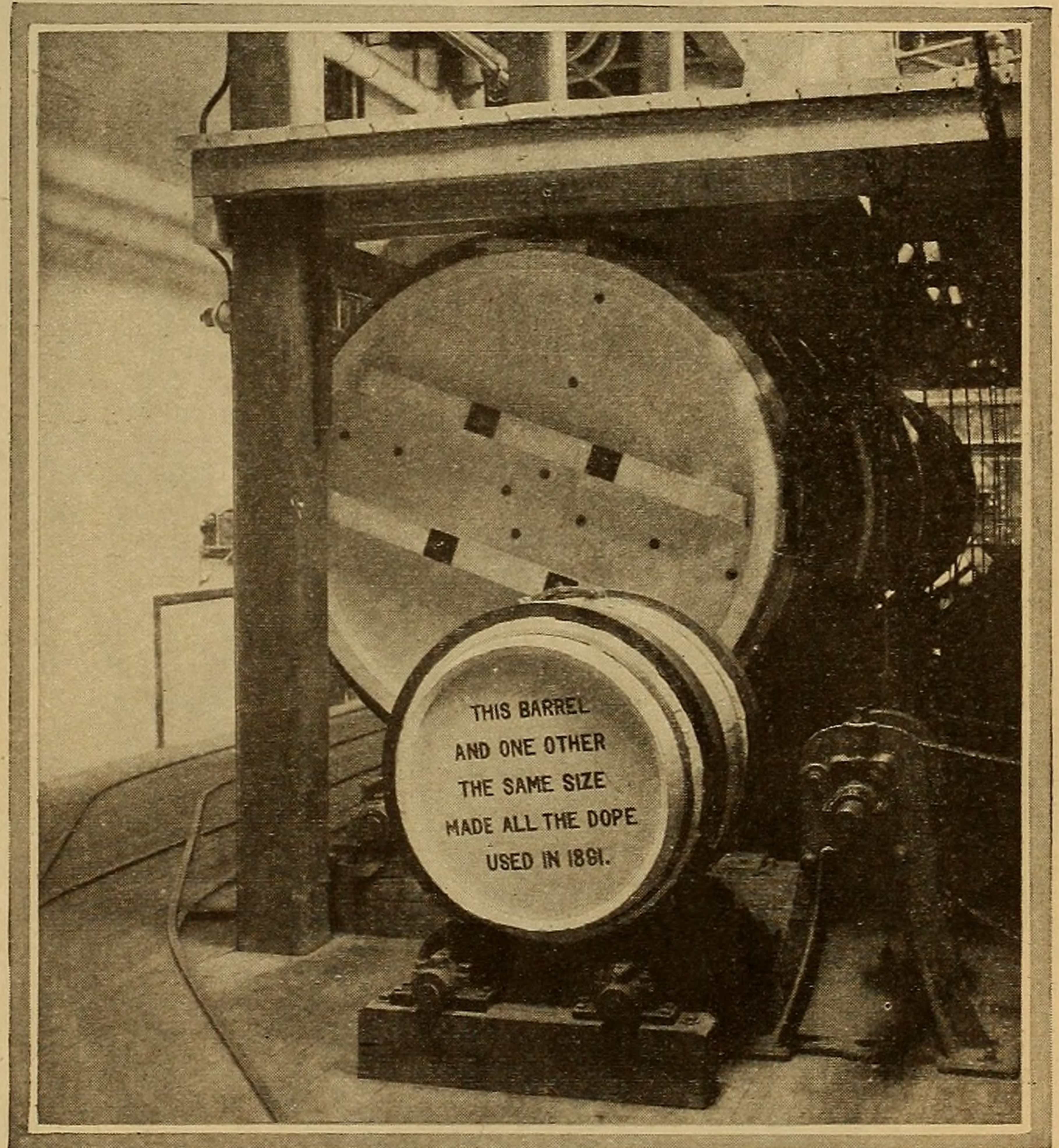
From his little workshop on the second floor of a Rochester building, the Eastman business has developed into a vast industry. Today the Kodak Park Works of the Eastman Kodak Company, located along the Genesee River on the Lake Avenue Boulevard in Rochester, comprises 225 acres, 16 acres of which are laid out as a park. There are now 90 buildings, the first being erected in 1890. The total floor space is 55 acres. Eastman here employs 4,500 people, two-thirds of this number being men at the outbreak of the war. This percentage is



CRYSTALS OF PURE SILVER NITRATE. THE PORCELAIN BASKET CONTAINS ABOUT 1,000 OUNCES

amateur photographer. Eastman's next efforts were to do away with a dark room for loading the camera and for developing the film. Daylight reloading was at first made possible by having black paper attached to each end of the rolled film strip. Then a man named Samuel N. Turner devised the window at the back of the camera, and black paper running the whole length of the film with numbers for each exposure. Turner received \$40,000 for his idea in 1894.

The next step in the history of the kodak was the developing machine, which was devised in 1902 by Arthur W. McCurdy, a young private secretary to Alexander



MAKING "DOPE." SHOWING ONE TUMBLING BARREL UNIT IN WHICH SOLUBLE COTTON IS DISSOLVED IN A MIXTURE OF ORGANIC SOLVENTS. PRESENT CAPACITY OVER 1,000 TIMES THAT OF THE SMALL BARREL

gradually shifting. In these 90 buildings photographic film, photographic paper and photographic dry plates are manufactured. Cameras and appliances are made in four
(Continued on page 128)

Niles Welch As We Saw Him

Very Serious, Very Young, and Quite Independent

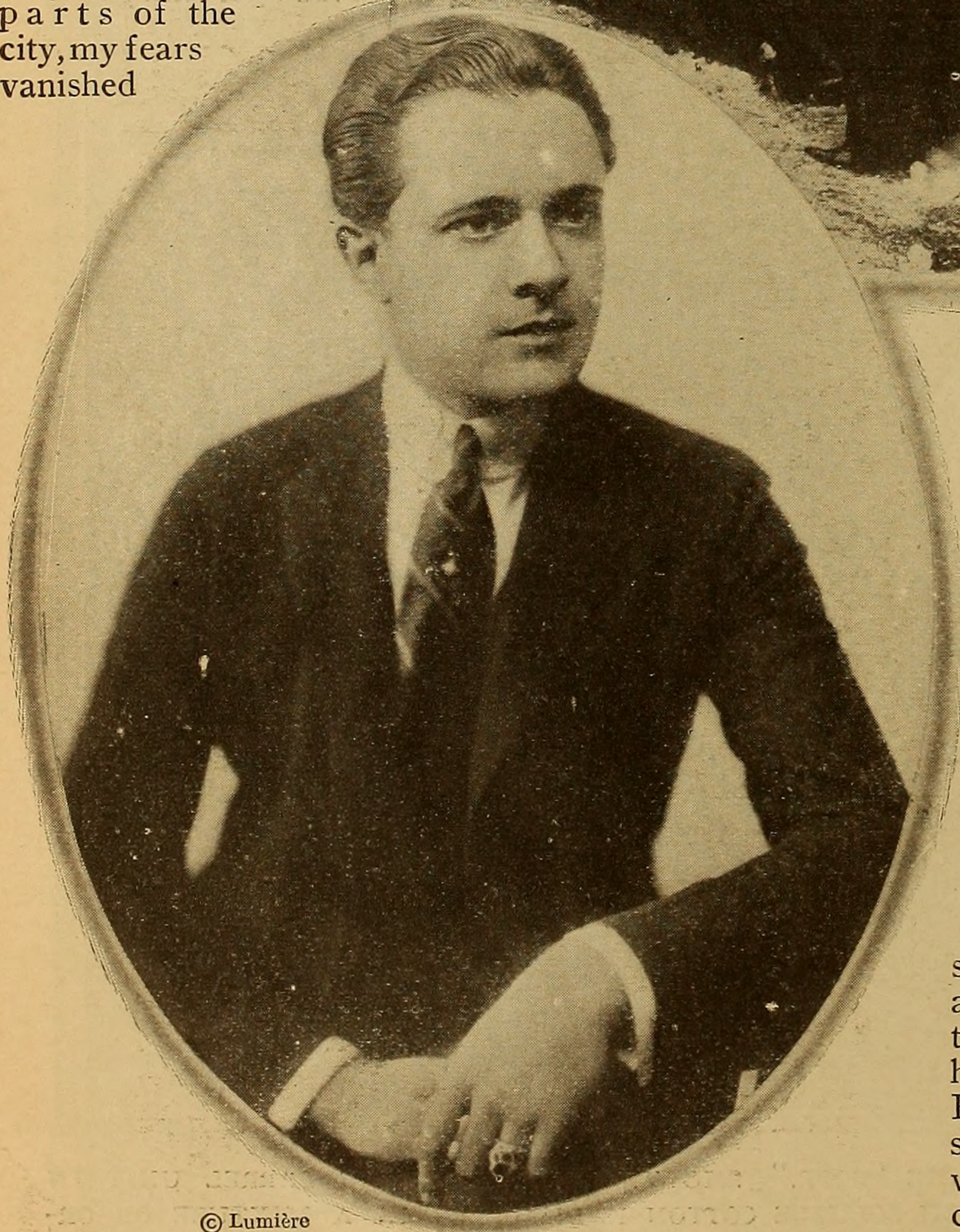
By LILLIAN MONTANYE

AS I waited in the hotel lobby for Niles Welch I was a bit fearful. He is such an engaging sort of person on the screen—what if his real personality should be disappointing?—like a well-written story that doesn't end well; a fascinating fairy tale in which the most beautiful characters turn into something they shouldn't be; or a dream that doesn't come true.

But when he appeared, apologetically explaining that he had been out all day making "four-minute speeches" to school children in different parts of the city, my fears vanished



NILES WELCH IN "HER BOY" . . . "IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY"



© Lumière

JUST AS I AM, NILES WELCH

has a middle name it must be Independence, so thoroly does he imbue one with the idea that he knows exactly what he wants, what he can do and asks only a square deal.

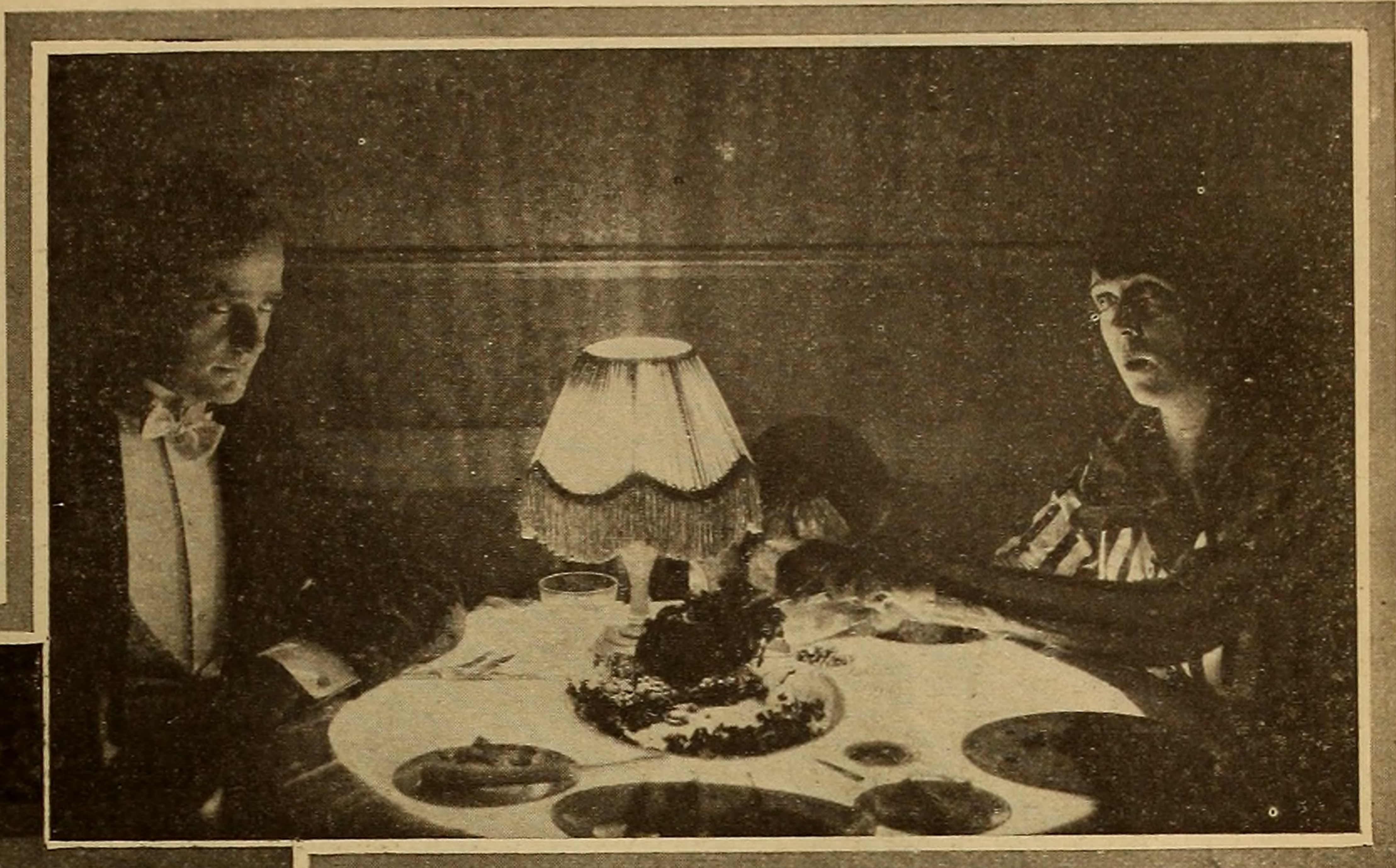
He was born at Hartford, Conn., and, like every true New Englander, is proud of the fact that he was thoroly educated. His early schooling was received abroad and at St. Paul's school in Concord, N. H. He was of the class of '09 Yale, and Columbia '11, and will be remembered as an enthusiastic college man and all-around athlete; his specialties being running and football.

In the Columbia Varsity shows he revealed such remarkable aptitude for dramatic work and liked it so much that, when his college days were over, he had already decided what he was "going to be"; he was going to be an actor. This was greatly against the wishes of his parents, but his natural independence asserted itself. He knew what he wanted and knew he could make good, so he went promptly about it and in three years of hard work, and the usual ups and downs in Eastern stock companies, he received training that was invaluable. Then, as he puts it, he literally "fell into" the movies, beginning his screen career with Vitagraph.

In his first engagement with Metro he was given a small part with Mary Miles Minter in "Always in the Way." He made so much of it that the director, William Nigh, wrote him a part in "A Royal Family" with Ann Murdock. Following this, came his artistic coöperation with

like dew before the sun. Mr. Welch is even better looking in real life than he is on the screen. His manner is pleasingly simple and direct, his speech at once dignified and boyishly informal and, if he

years than she did in the beginning. She also wore the very same suit after aforementioned lapse of time, which caused us to marvel and wish that we might find the shop where she procured vestments of such miraculous wearing powers. The plot is too intricate to relate in the small space allowable here, but it has to do with the "papers," which are in the care of a naval officer and which are sought by a German. There are many thrilling scenes, one being the fight of a dirigible balloon out at sea and an anti-aircraft gun on land. The cast numbers Kitty Gordon, June Elvidge, Carlyle Blackwell and Montagu Love, who perform with their customary zest.



"MAIN 1-2-3" (WORLD) SIGNALIZES THE WELCOME RETURN OF FAY TINCHER TO THE SILVERSHEET

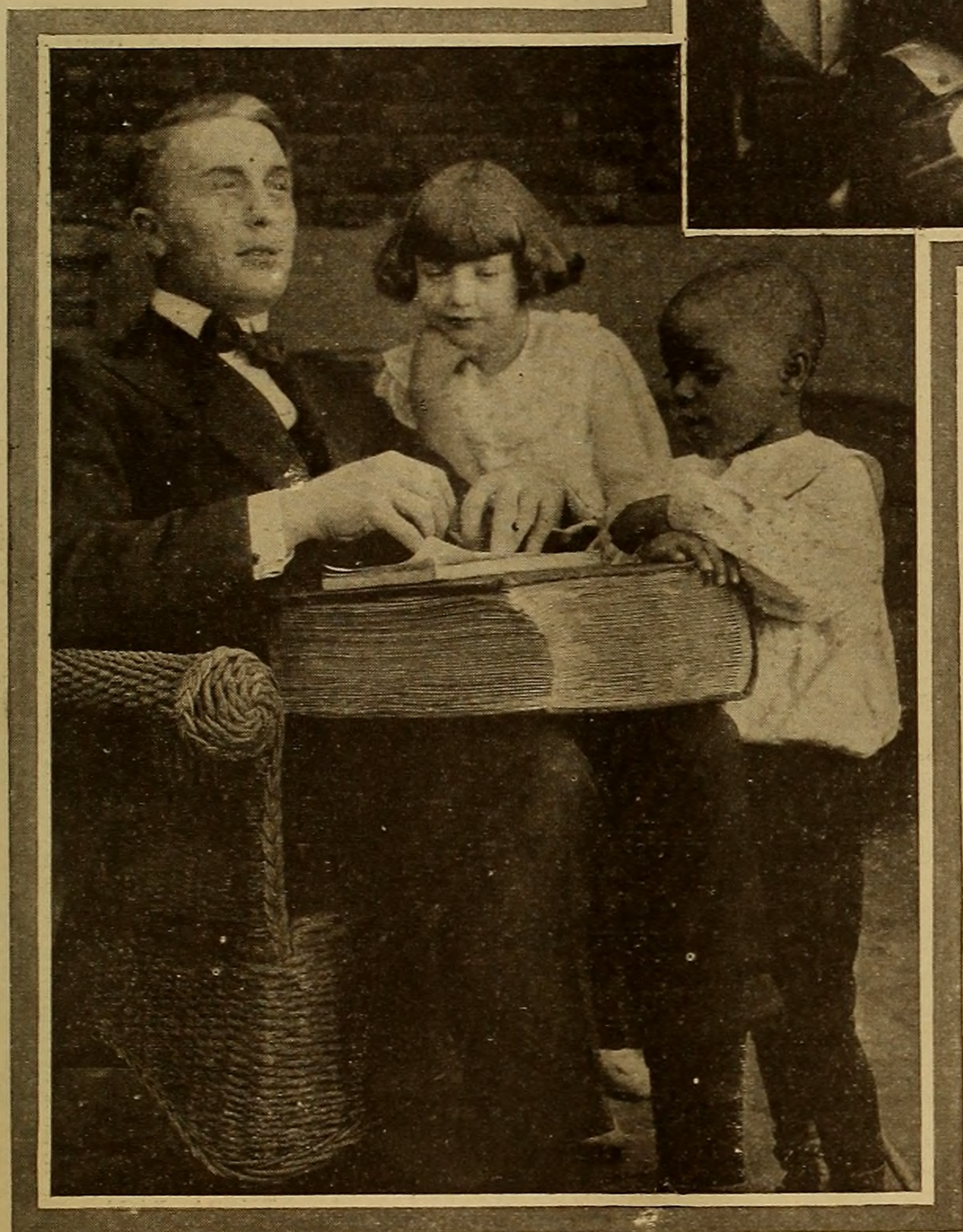
we will add, so as to justify taking all this space, that there is as much difference in the direction of the Western Vitaphones and the Eastern Vitaphones as there is between—well, the West and the East, and this time the West has it. "The Girl in His House" was filmed in the West. By the way, please note Irene Rich as Betty Burlingham, the young wife match-maker who helps the young couple to find their romance. She screens unusually well and deserves more opportunities.

Mae Marsh in "All Woman," a Goldwyn production. We have read so much about the Mae Marsh charm and winsomeness, etc., etc., etc., that we have become a confirmed believer in it. At any rate, the Mae Marsh charm is in full evidence in this, her latest starring vehicle. Scraggly hair, poor clothes, wistfulness and all. The story itself is neither great nor wonderful, but is melodramatically exciting at times, unless one happens to get sleepy and nod in their chair. Mind you, we are not saying we did this; we are merely offering it as a possibility. As a matter of fact this is a pleasing piece, but not a humdinger.

"Missing" is the latest J. Stuart Blackton production, and it is not only picturesque, but is artistic as well. The story has been excellently adapted from Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novel. After a brief honeymoon, Lieutenant George Suratt leaves for the front. His little wife, Nell, endeavors to be cheerful until the fatal word comes that he is missing. Nell's sister endeavors to influence her into marrying Sir William, a neighbor, in spite of the fact that she knows that the husband has been found and is a shell-shock victim. Nell discovers her husband in time and nurses him back to health. Special honor should be given the Commodore for the charming presentation of this story. Robert Gordon and Sylvia Bremer do very well with the leading rôles.

"Tempered Steel" is the triumph of a woman of brains. Behind the modern matter, methods and manner of the production, we feel that it is a woman's keen brain that has made such perfection possible. That woman is Madame Petrova. The story also deals with the triumph of a woman. By pure, dauntless courage, Lucille Caruthers makes her life a success. As an example of the use of suspense, no better continuity than that of "Tempered Steel" could be framed. Nor could one imagine a more realistic reproduction of life as it is lived than this. Altho a melodrama filled with thrills, it never tries our credulity. It is a joy to call other producers' attention to the satisfying care paid to every detail. Madame Petrova does the best work of her career.

If brains were used in Madame Petrova's "Tempered Steel," they were sadly lacking when Paramount chose "Her Final Reckoning" for a fitting screen subject. As a matter of fact, it has been a screen subject so very often, altho dressed with different scenery and players, that the only interest attached to its newest edition is how it ever came to be produced. It is the old tale of the girl with a past who marries, said past being discovered by husband at the altar, whereupon bride goes thru brain fever. Not even the fact that Pauline Frederick screens more beautifully than ever can make us overlook the lack of brains that would permit such a stellar artiste to waste her talents on such a done-before proposition.



BABY MARIE OSBORNE IS AS USUAL THE CHIEF RECOMMENDATION FOR SEEING "THE VOICE OF DESTINY" (PATHÉ)

"Main 1-2-3" signalizes the return of Fay Tincher to the silversheet after a too-long absence. We have to thank World for giving back to us a really original comedienne. True, in her absence from our midst Fay of the stripes has somewhat gained weight; in fact, the more we see of pictures the more we realize that, if food is scarce in some places, it most assuredly is not where the heroines of the silent drama abide. However, Fay has also gained weight in our opinion, for her production of "Main 1-2-3." It is the first time in our knowledge that the comedy of the crossed wires has been screened, and it is admirably done. The main idea, also, that of the little waif who has no home and gets a job in a furniture store so that she may live in the completely furnished flat in the window, is deliciously original. It is all good stuff, and we wish to extend to Fay a right royal welcome of approval.

Vitagraph has turned out a mighty fine picture in "The Girl in His House." Filmed from the story by Harold MacGrath, it possesses precisely the right proportion of romance and adventure to carry the star, Earle Williams, and his beautiful leading-lady thru a series of luxurious sets. By the way, this beautiful leading-lady, Grace Darmond, is quite a little star herself, if you should ask us, and she has the baby stare down to a science. We can't imagine anything more pleasant than to watch Grace Darmond in her exceedingly modiste gowns walk thru five reels of film unless it were to play thru them with her as does Earle Williams. All of which has nothing to do with a critic's duties. And so

Film Fantasies

By LOUISE FAZENDA



MAE MARSH

A wistful smile. A lonesome little girl behind a picket fence. A fall afternoon at three.



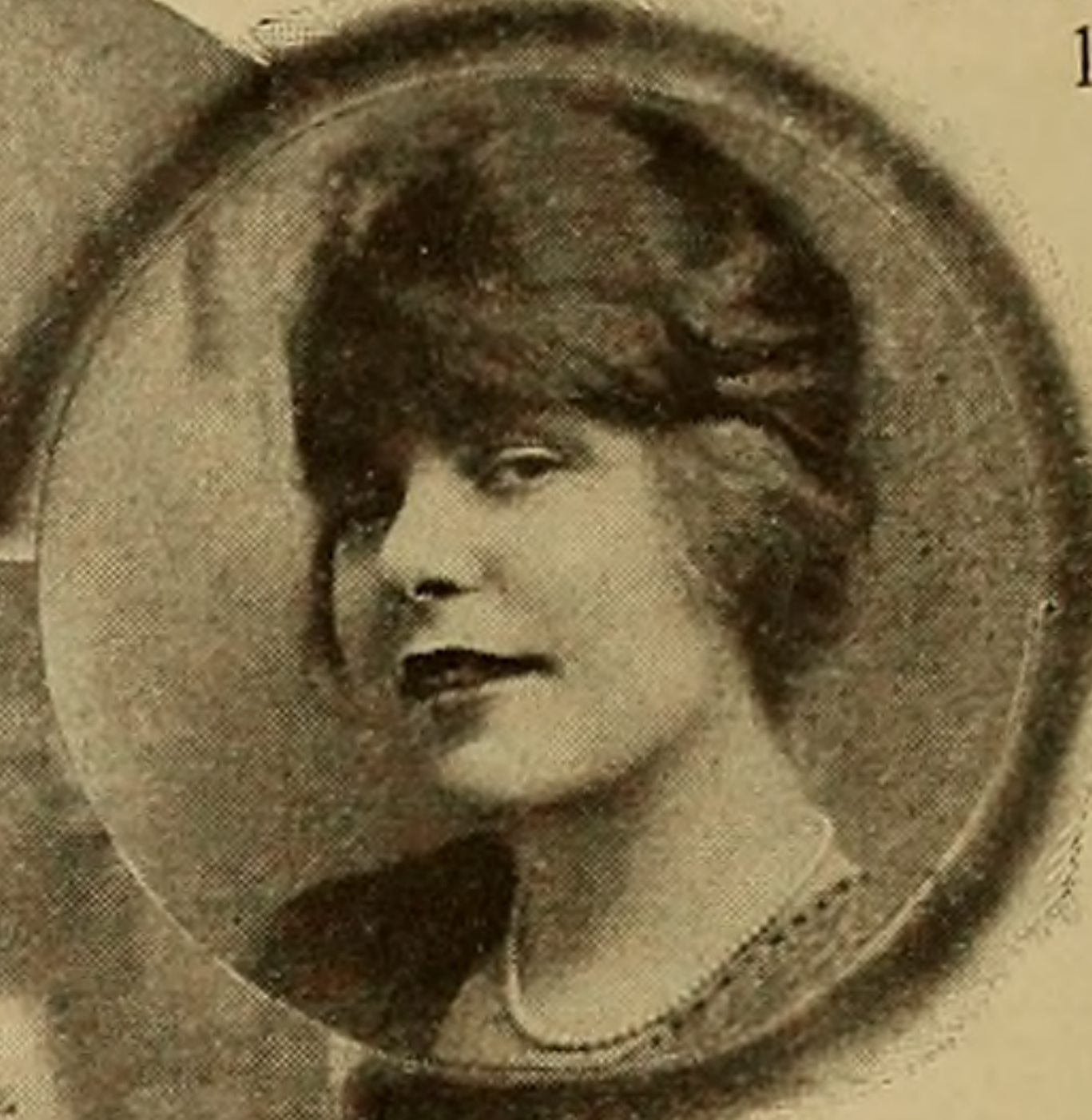
CLARA K. YOUNG

Black-eyed Susans, magnolias, camellias. Cut-glass vial of distilled orange-blossoms and a lace handkerchief. All of Marion Crawford's heroines feeding the doves of St. Peter's.



MARY MILES MINTER

A swing under a flowering apple-tree. A field of daisies. A summer sea. Dickens' "Little Nell."



BLANCHE SWEET

A moonstone. Yellow tiger-lilies and fern. Red rose in a twilight garden.



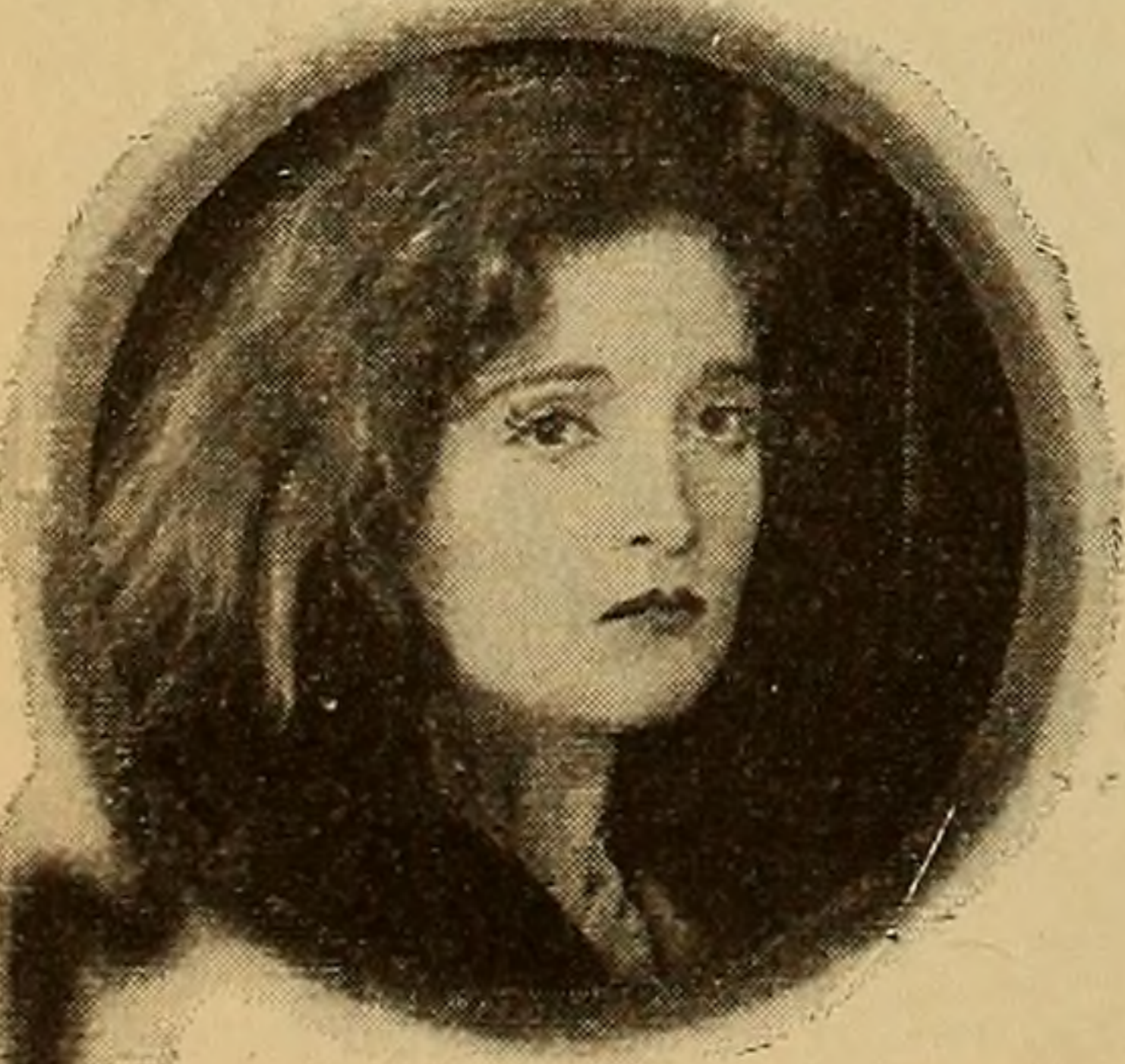
HENRY WALTHALL

Incarnation of Poe. Absinthe. Smoke in a mist. Ashes of remorse. Green jade and a brass bowl.



THEDA BARA

"La Sonnambula." Medusa. Black opals. Torch in a black forest.



ALICE JOYCE

Odor of crushed roses at night. A black and yellow lace fan. Haunting memory of a song.



DOUG FAIRBANKS

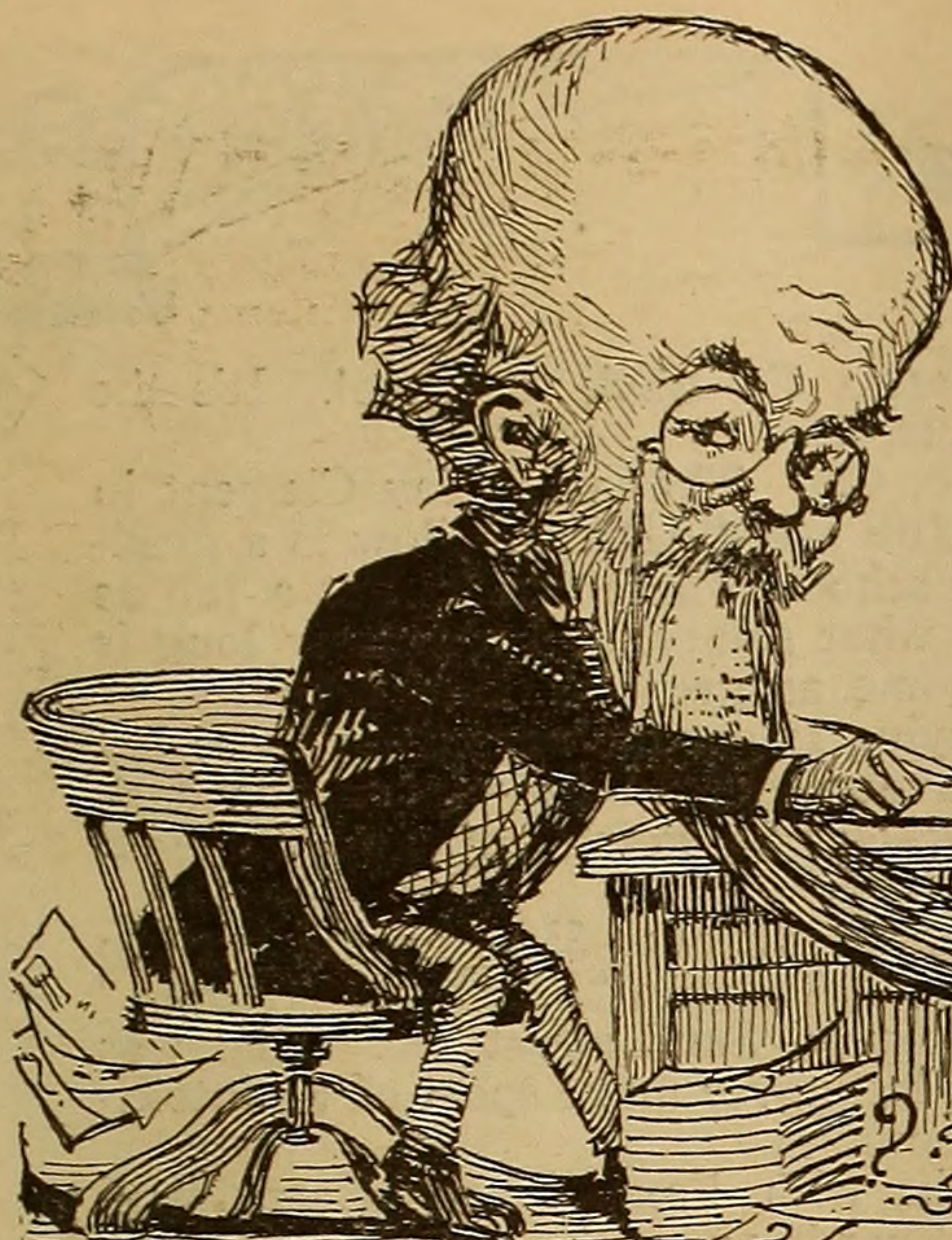
Geo. M. Cohan's conception of "America." A white motorboat. Yale vs. Harvard.



MADGE KENNEDY

Sparkling Burgundy. The first robin. An exclamation-point.

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 encyclopædia in existence.



OOD-MORNING to all ye fishermen and fisherwomen who have dropped me a line! I always nibble, and sometimes I bite. Oft ye are fishing for compliments and not for information, and 'tis then I seldom take

the bait. Well, here we are again for another social confab on things spiritual, things material and things nonsensical. So let's start right in. Put on your thinking-cap, brush the cobwebs from your brain, attune your heart-strings with mine, so—and we enter. They're off!

CATHERINE OF ARRAGON.—So you are studying foreign languages. I believe in women speaking more than one language, but one tongue is sufficient for any woman. Elliott Dexter in that play.

MARIETTA K.—Ralph Ince will direct Ethel Barrymore for Metro. Yes, it takes a long time to get an answer in this department. If you enclose a stamp or other small remuneration, your letter will be given preference.

THE QUESTION BOY; VIOLA L.; GOLDIE M.; B. L. B., CHEYENNE; BILLY; LENA B.; ELIZABETH F. M.; HAPPY; OTTO Z. P.; A. D. F. FAN; MAUDE D.; VINNIE G.; and BILLIE O.—I wish I could say something to you all, but your questions are all answered somewhere in these columns.

JACK S.—"The Beast of Berlin" is a Jewel Production, 1600 Broadway, N. Y. City. Watch for the burlesque on it, "The Geezer of Berlin." You ask if Theda Bara designed her own clothes in "Cleopatra"? What clothes?

FORDETTA.—So you own a Ford—good for you! It is a rattling good little car! Cleo Madison was on the top of the list once. You refer to Robert Harron. Oh, but no woman ever laces so tight that she cant eat five dollars' worth after the show. Did you never try it?

PICKWICK.—Harry Morey is 41. Brown eyes and brown hair. I trust you are not getting catty, yet you ask why does a cat always wait until after he has eaten his breakfast before he will wash his face in the morning. Your observation is worthy of Darwin or Herbert Spencer, but not of Ye Answer Man, who passes. You can take that as you like.

BESSIE D.—Ah! but they aren't regular photos—just taken from our Magazine. Dont know how you could dispose of them. If you cant express your feelings, try some other means of transportation.

JANE M.—Yes, indeed, you may lift up the latch and peep in. Always glad to hear from newcomers, but just as glad to hear from ye olde ones. Ethel Clayton is with Paramount now.

RUTH R.—So you think Vivian Martin is a little fairy. I think she's a dream. You ask, "Why is a fashionably dressed lady like a careful housewife?" Because her waist (waste) is always as small as she can make it. Ruth, hast no respect for my age?

PEGGY O'NEILL.—You're all having fine fun with the old Answer Man these warm days when I dont feel in

the humor to answer back. John Wessell was Hans in "Fields of Honor." You have me wrong, I believe.

ANNA B.—Your letter was a hummer. George Walsh, Fox Co., 130 W. 46th St., N. Y. C. He was pursued and interviewed today, for the first time in his young life, by two of our star interviewers. Shirley Mason and Ernest Truex will play opposite.

LILLIAN M. C.—Arthur Hotaling, previously of Lubin fame, has joined the L-Ko comedies. Dont know what his wife, Mae Hotely, formerly a comedy star, is doing just now. Why, yes, Kleine did "Cleopatra" some years ago; it was a foreign production. Mayme Kelso in "The Secret Game."

NEW FRIEND.—Thanks for the kind remarks. When Diogenes was asked the biting of what beasts was the most dangerous, he replied, "If you mean wild beasts, it is that of the slanderer; if tame ones, of the flatterer." Dont think the players care to be asked for their cast-off clothing. I never asked them, tho, and I would advise you not to. They probably have good uses for it without our help.

GODMOTHER.—You bet stars are stubborn things. Do I play the piano? Yes, the player-piano. It's an easy matter reading the notes—more easy than reading these. Crawford Kent in "The Trap." You refer to Ramsay Wallace.

RITA M.—You're right, Rita, but every one should be deemed innocent till he is proved guilty. Yes, Crane Wilbur is leading-man in his own stock company in Oakland. Thanks. Well, you are in love with Kenneth Harlan, for 'twas he who played in "The Wife He Bought."

PONEE GIRL.—You are like all the rest; all women are fond of minds that inhabit fine bodies, and of souls that have fine eyes. You refer to Martha Eilich opposite Max Linder in the old Essanay. Yes, I am sure Antonio Moreno would like to hear from you in a Spanish letter.

MISS CHIEF.—Congratulations! Write to me again.

BARBARA W.—Oh, but it's easier to preach what you dont practice and to practice what you dont preach. Elsie Ferguson answers her own mail. You see she has no male to answer to. So your sole ambition is to be a kindergarten teacher. First, you must have patience. You tickle me now in my lonesome rib.

SYBIL M.—Rice, old shoes, and all that sort of stuff! Conway Tearle is married to Adele Rowland now. He and Nat Goodwin and Lillian Russell have entered the matrimonial race. There need be no alarm for race-suicide. Agnes Vernon and Herbert Rawlinson in "D'Arcy of the Northwest Mounted." Louise Huff is with World now.

L. M. P.—Some sensible question you ask. What do you think of switzer cheese as a w-hole? Your question isn't intact. Donald Hall in "The Great Adventure."

CHARLOTTE A.—Kenneth Harlan in "The Flame of the Yukon." Allen Edwards and Cecil Owen in "The Girl of the Roadside." Monroe Salisbury and William Sorelle in "The Fortunes of Fifi." An actor usually gets married on the day he gets a divorce. They all believe in preparedness.

The Answer Man

MISS CAROTS.—Yes, Marion Swayne. I think English tailors for men's clothes have more "chic" than any others, and that is why I am noted for being one of the best-dressed gentlemen in America. I thank you! (*Sotto voce*: my tailor's great-grandfather once lived in England.)

RALPH V.—I'm always glad to hear from you. That's right, Ralph; some people are like automobiles, the cheaper they are the more noise they make. You must have used sapolio, your letter was so bright!

SWEET SIXTEEN.—Best wishes. Lois Meredith is about 20 summers—and about the same number of winters. Hedda Hopper was Myrna in "The Beloved Traitor." Cornish Beck was Marcel in "Lone Wolf."

SILVER SPURS.—Your letter was so very clever that I gave it to the Editor. He will probably publish it. Why the question-mark? Why is an egg undone like an egg overdone? I give up—oh, because both are hardly done. Wonderful!

RUTH S.—See Fritzi Remont's article about the Heidelberg Round Table. Fairbanks' rodeo in May Magazine. Correspondence clubs are clubs of Motion Picture fans who write to one another.

JOHN LE DUC.—I don't remember the writing, but I am glad you have come back. The Pansy Club is run by Queena Kaliba, Box 227, Corning, N. Y. Very few of the old members write to me now. Lottie Briscoe with Metro.

PEGGY.—Your letter was mighty fine, but since you don't ask any questions, I can't give you an answer. Did you ever stop to consider why it is that night falls and never breaks, while day breaks but never falls?

CARLYLE B. AND BEVERLY B.—William Courtleigh, Jr., was the sweetheart in that play. You bet things are going up—everything except my salary. I wonder if the time will ever come again when steak for supper will be a mere episode.

F. A. N.—Yes, I paid all my debts in the Prize Contest, and I did it on my \$9 a week. Grace Valentine is the star in the Morosco picture, "The Unchastened Woman." The stage version was played by Emily Stevens. Robert Warwick was in the August 1917 Classic. Never ran the story of "Heart of a Hero."

I ADORE WM. DUNCAN.—I'm glad you do. Same here. You don't over-value his playing. A man, like a watch, is valued according to his going. That's an old Essanay comedy, "Chase Me, Charlie."

ESTELLE.—I haven't seen the cards you mention, so can't tell you. Our game of "Cast" was never put on the market. Marc MacDermott was born in England, Owen Moore in Ireland, Antonio Moreno in Spain, Montagu Love in Calcutta, India, and I in New York State. And the greatest of these is—charity.

BOUNCING BURNICE.—Margery Wilson and Edward Brady in "Wild Sumac." Yes, that's so; a man of cultivated mind can converse with a picture and find an agreeable companion in a statue.

MRS. N. M.—Your letter was very chatty. The Augustine age of literature was in the period of Queen Anne's reign, 1702-1714, famous for its prose writers, Addison, Steele, Swift and Pope. It is so named from the Roman Emperor Augustus on account of the brilliant writers by whom he was surrounded, such as the historian Livy and the poets Virgil and Horace.

FANNY B.—How could I ever get angry with you? Thanks muchly. I sent the American Beauties to Miss Bayne, as you requested. Yes, I am sure he is a perfect Southern gentleman, as you think he is. So you have been singing for the Red Cross and you have given \$200. My, you are some generous for a 14-year-old girlie! You can't get "Carry Around a Smile with You" in sheet music. It was published in the February Classic. That book hasn't been published as yet. Send along the votes and I will take care of them. Your letters are always welcome. Do write soon again. Good luck to my little violet eyes!

PEGGY, SPEARFISH.—Naomi Childers in "The Devil's Prize." No, no! Napoleon obtained considerable notice from the famous saying, "From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but a step." The truth is, he borrowed it from Tom Paine; Tom Paine borrowed it from Hugh Blair, and Hugh Blair from Longinus.

MARY O. AND OLIVIA C.—Stick to school. It's the only place for you two.

CY CLONE.—Hello, Cy! That was Clay Clement in "Stolen Honor." You ask, "After a fellow is a graduate from a movie school, where can he get a job as a beginner, and at what salary, and also how long is it until he can become as great as Mary Pickford?" Say, Cy, you are trying to get me roused on these hot days, and you'll have me up in the air on the dark nights. Everything else is going up, and I'll join the rest.

L. A. V.—"Maytime" ran over 350 performances in New York. George Chesebro in "Broadway Arizona." Nigel Barrie was Roger. Send about 25c. That was quite an experience, but never make sport of an intoxicated or insane person.

ISABEL.—Tom Mix with Fox. Harry Carey with Universal. True Boardman with American. Leon Barry in "Mystery of Double Cross." Come, cheer up; life is half spent before we know what it is. You can't beat it! Men will never feel like women, nor women think like men.

O. U. NO ME.—But I want to know you better. Most jokes are ancient. Priscilla Dean and Ella Hall in "Which Woman?" Take your choice.

HECTOR MACK.—Yes, Wallace Reid is 26, Geraldine Farrar 36, Ann Little 24 and Edna Purviance 23. Cecil B. DeMille produced "Old Wives for New."

GEORGE WALSH ADMIRER.—So you have finished your studies, have you? You must be very happy to finish so young. I do not expect ever to finish mine. That was William Courtleigh, Jr., in "Miss U. S. A." George Walsh has been captured and chatted, soon to appear—probably in this number.

X. X. X.; SMILING DOT; ALICE K.; L. M. H.; MARGARET L. B.; PEGGY C.; NELLIE M. W.; BILLY B.; BILLY JAMES; MRS. M. W. S. L.; W. B. S.; R. R.; THEODORE K.; LANGFORD LOVER; ALICE B.; RUTH T.; HAROLD B.; CAROLINA; ANNA P.; FRANK H.; AMY POTTER; EDNA M.; HARTLESS; TOSPY; THERESA K.—Alas, alack! But do write to me again. 'Tis no disgrace to be in the alsortan column.

CHUMMY.—Why, the American Red Star Animal Relief was organized in June, 1916. It is to do work for the animals in the army similar to that performed by the Red Cross for human beings. Beverly Bayne can be reached at the Metro Studio, 3 W. 61st St., N. Y. C.

T. C., RICHMOND HILL.—Mae Marsh and Henry Walthall. Yes, surely, Hobart Henley directs for Goldwyn. Oh, you mustn't envy people like that. Wealth is not his who gets it, but his who enjoys it.

BANDANNA.—Sure thing I like cold tea, iced or other, cold coffee, cold ham, cold days, and everything but cold feet, cold hearts and plain colds. Nations are known by their common expressions. The Spanish *manana* (tomorrow), the Turkish *kismet* (it is fate), and the Russian *netchevi* (I should worry) are characteristic of their national failures. Stuart Page was Bob in "Two Little Imps."

HELEN K. R.—Gertrude McCoy and Richard Tucker in "On the Stroke of Twelve." That's right, take care of your pennies, and the dollars will take care of themselves, and you. Fred Stone has gone to California to play in the Famous Players-Lasky studio. He expects to put over some great stunts.

MAY BRADFORD.—Yes, Donald Hall. No, I'm a 1918 model, well built, and can take the hills like a baby takes milk. Thy vocabulary is extensive, milady!

BIRDIE M.—Winnifred Allen and Miriam Cooper and Ramsay Wallace in "Woman and the Law." Perhaps it's the mustache that you don't recognize on William Bailey. How could you?

LAURA S.—Yes, but learning makes young men temperate, and it is the comfort of old age, standing for wealth with poverty and serving as an ornament to riches. Oh yes, Robert Gaillard is still with Vitagraph. He and Harry Morey have been with them going on eight years or more. Jack Kerrigan is playing in Paralta plays now. Charlie Chaplin's salary is \$1,075,000 a year. He ought to be able to eat three meals a day on that—provided prices don't go up much higher.

The Answer Man

NORMA.—Some people imagine that they communicate their virtue or vice only by overt acts, and do not see that virtue or vice emit a breath every moment. I dont mean the latter for you, of course. Rosina Henly was Mercia in "Sign of the Cross." Joyce Moore was Henry in "Beulah." Bertram Grassby in "Devil in Conscience."

GENEVIEVE C.—Marjorie Daw is playing opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "Say, Young Fellow." Edna Flugrath is now Mrs. Harold Shaw, and they are both in South Africa. The other 28 questions will be answered in our next installment.

ZAZA.—No, George Le Guere was Johnny when he was grown up, and Harry Benham was Harry in "Cecilia of the Pink Roses," which was pretty poor, I thought. You ask, "Does a horse-fly look like a horse?" Say! No horse-play here, prythee. Gladys Hulette was Dorothy and Creighton Hale was Waverly in "For Sale."

HERBERT MC.—James Cruze is with Paramount. Yes, see the March 1916 issue. Bebe Daniels is 17. Well, if we do not flatter ourselves, the flattery of others will do us no harm. Do you get me?

JOE KING.—You had better join one of the correspondence clubs. Send a stamped, addressed envelope and we will send you a list of clubs, also a list of film manufacturers.

ELIZABETH D.—No, I'm not "fiscally unfit." Buy W. S. S. for yours.

GRACE T.—I have absolutely no influence in getting Tom Moore's picture in the Magazine, for the reason that we haven't a picture of him that's good. Nell Shipman in "Black Wolf."

HELEN S.—Thank you. You say you put my bits of wisdom, original and otherwise, in your scrapbook. You do me great honor. Advance, gratitude!

HAZEL D.—Marguerite Courtot in "Barefoot Boy." Where does the light go when it goes out? Search me! Perhaps it becomes a searchlight to guide foolish questioners.

BUDDIE, BRONX.—Yes, Sonia Markova is Gretchen Hartman. Alma Rubens was Celeste, Wallace MacDonald was Andre in "Madame Sphinx."

CHERRY FLUFF.—Fay Tincher is with World. Grace Cunard, Charles West, James Gerard and Wm. Musgrave in "Society's Driftwood." Yes, that's what I say, God bless the phools, and dont let them run out.

DOT, 117.—Well, I have always said that the evil men do lives after them, and generally keeps after them till it catches them. William Shay was King William in "Neptune's Daughter." Tom Mix and Kathlyn Williams in "Chip of the Flying U." Violet Walker was Jean in "The Children Pay." Dorothy Abril in "The Hostage." You haven't forgotten anything, have you?

REJECTED GLOOGOS.—Hello, there! Shifting a bit the well-known expression attributed to Abraham Lincoln, the world cannot exist half German and half free. Mary Anderson was born in 1897.

PINEAPPLE.—So you like to roller-skate. I have observed that roller-skating is elevating—to the floor manager. Yes, there is a war in Germany, and it's no laughing matter, either.

M. T. HEAD.—Pleased to meet you. Ha, ha, he, he, and likewise ho, ho! Well, can you beat that? My dear, I wouldn't care to explain here. Why haven't I saved and carefully invested sufficient money in my past working years to live upon its income, should circumstances arise at any time to prevent me from further earning money? I respectfully refer you to my bankers.

ERNETTE B.—Your questions were most amusing. They came too late for the contest. Yes, Kitty Gordon is suing William Brady Productions for \$25,000 for not having the proper attention in "Stolen Orders."

ADA O'N.—You are so confectionery, Ada. What could be sweeter? Wallace Reid and Ann Little in "Believe Me, Xantippe!" Why wait? The ingredients used in making a good resolution cost nothing, and anything that costs nothing soon rubs off. Frank Currier is with Metro.

DONALD CAMERON.—Yes, Marguerite Clark will send you her photo. She says that the only requests from soldiers for her photographs that she will be able to acknowledge are those written on Y. M. C. A. paper. She has so many requests that she wishes to single out the soldiers' requests first, and she is only able to determine the soldiers' requests from the Y. M. C. A. paper.

DAGMAR.—Why, yes, that was E. L. Fernandez. Your letter was just right. All photoplayers are musicians; they play on the heart-strings.

VIVIAN M.—She is in New York. You might well be proud of America, altho Kipling once said of us Americans, that we have no language, but dialect, slang, provincialism, accent and so forth. Edith Storey was Colonel Billy in "As the Sun Went Down."

J. D. WAGGA.—You just bet you can come and see me, any time.

VERA T.—Thanks for description of your town. I'll know it when I get there. Yes, better get in the right path late than never. But Washington was born Feb. 22, 1732, and died Dec. 14, 1799.

CORAKI.—Sorry to hear of your accident. Write to me when you get in the service. No, I never promise anything. Expect nothing of those who promise a great deal. Some comedy, all right. Gale Henry was Salome Sedate in "Who's Your Wife?"

MISS WAYBAK.—You know it's awfully easy to be critical, but very hard to be correct. I do get all the letters that I answer, and more, too. What zone do you hail from? Torrid, temperate, frigid or war zone?

MELBOURNE LASS.—I notice no men favorites among your list. You say we Americans are a "very talkative, go-ahead, cock-sure-of-yourselves and intensely patriotic people." You have the right idea, lassie. But where are your questions? If I dont get questions, I lose my job.

VICTORIA.—Cleo Ridgely is not playing now.

SALLIE GUM-TREE.—Mighty old picture you ask about, but Carlotta de Felice, Mat Snyder and Norbert Cills in "Money." I know, Sallie, but let your sympathy be tempered with reason and it will probe the wound, not aggravate it.

EVERYBODY NO. 8.—Better write to the player. Yes, indeed, charm and affability go a long ways in making a good player popular. Jack Livingstone played in "Who Is to Blame?"

R. E. C., CANADA.—You ask, "Why is it, when practically every one realizes that this life is but a preparation for the life to come, and when every one knows he can take nothing with him to the future life—that every one persists in breaking his neck to accumulate a fine collection of vices and to fatten a bank account that must eventually be left behind him?" I dont pretend to be a Socrates, so I must pass this up. Write me some movie questions—"Who played in 'The Lost Gum Drop; or, the Candy Woman's Revenge'?" or something like that.

ALICE B.—Yes, Alice Brady can be reached at Select Pictures, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

MISSOURI.—But the greatest events often arise from accidents, but that is neither here nor there. Frank Lanning was Appah in "The Squaw Man's Son." Send the picture along.

S. S. S.—Charming letter! There may be wisdom without knowledge, and knowledge without wisdom. He who possesses both, that is the true philosopher. You possess both. Ella Hall was Doris, and Eddie Sutherland was Jimmy in "Which Woman?"

A FLIRT.—Thank you, I'm pretty warm. Ah! my dear, it is difficult to grow old gracefully, and old age comes uncalled, but I can do a fox-trot or one-step at any old time. Gail Kane's last picture was "When Men Betray."

EMILY PORTER.—You say you have no figure, but you want to act. Figures are quite essential to actresses, so there's not much hope.

Miss S. E.—Write to our Sales Manager for pictures—the 80 portraits with subscriptions. Dont ask me how you can get in the movies; it cant be done unless you are wonderful.

(Continued on page 114)

Funny Happenings in the Studio and on Location

By HAROLD LOCKWOOD



HAROLD LOCKWOOD WOOING THE ELUSIVE MUSE AS HE COMPOSES HIS PAGE FOR THE "MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE"

A MOTION PICTURE actor will work in a studio for a period of, say, a month. At the end of the month ask him "What's happened?" and invariably he will answer "Not a thing." This same actor will go on a location trip with his company for two weeks time. When he returns ask him again "What's happened?" and for answer he will tell you a chapter of experiences—tragic, comic or strange.

The reason for this is simple. In the studio everything runs with clock-like precision. The actor reports at nine o'clock in the morning, puts on his make-up, does his work, and when the light fades he is thru. Generally at about five o'clock in the evening he is on his way to his home. His day is not essentially different in many ways from that of the man who works in the store, the shop, or the office. His business becomes a sort of routine with him when he sees the same surroundings day by day.

But on a location trip he is moved from his home and thrust into new surroundings, and he works under different conditions. Then things *do* happen!

Location trips are frequent occurrences in our company, and numerous accidents have cropped up which the camera's eye did not record. For instance, we had an impromptu hunting scene staged by our director that will be called to my mind whenever the subject of hunting is brought up.

We were motoring over a country road from our camp to a location site when, as we made a curve in the road, a rabbit jumped from the bushes and stopped in the middle of our path, about a hundred feet ahead of us. "Stop the car!" the director yelled to the chauffeur

when he saw the rabbit, and the chauffeur obeying, applied the brakes. When the car came to a dead stop, we were not more than fifty feet from the rabbit, which quite evidently was not in the least affected by our presence, for it didn't move an inch.

As we were camping out on this trip, our director had an automatic with him as a protection against wild quadruped prowlers of the night, and it so happened that he carried the revolver with him when we left the camp that morning. He whipped out the gun and blazed away at the rabbit.

The shot missed and sent up a spray of dust a few feet behind the rabbit. According to all natural laws, the mammal should have scooted off in a flurry of fright, but instead it didn't stir except to cock its left ear and gaze intently at the marksman. The director followed with another shot, but the result was no better than his first attempt. Except that now it cocked its *right* ear, the rabbit refused to move. For the third time the director fired and missed, and then—we could hardly believe our eyes!—the rabbit moved a foot or two closer to the car. After the fourth miss the rabbit crawled still another foot or two nearer. To make a long story short, the director exploded and missed with every cartridge he had with him, and with each shot the rabbit moved nearer until after the last cartridge had been spent it was truthfully not more than ten feet from us.

The director's disgust at his bad marksmanship had reached an acute stage, but it rose to supreme heights when one of the boys uttered this tantalizing observation:

(Continued on page 122)

Our Animated Monthly of Movie News and Views

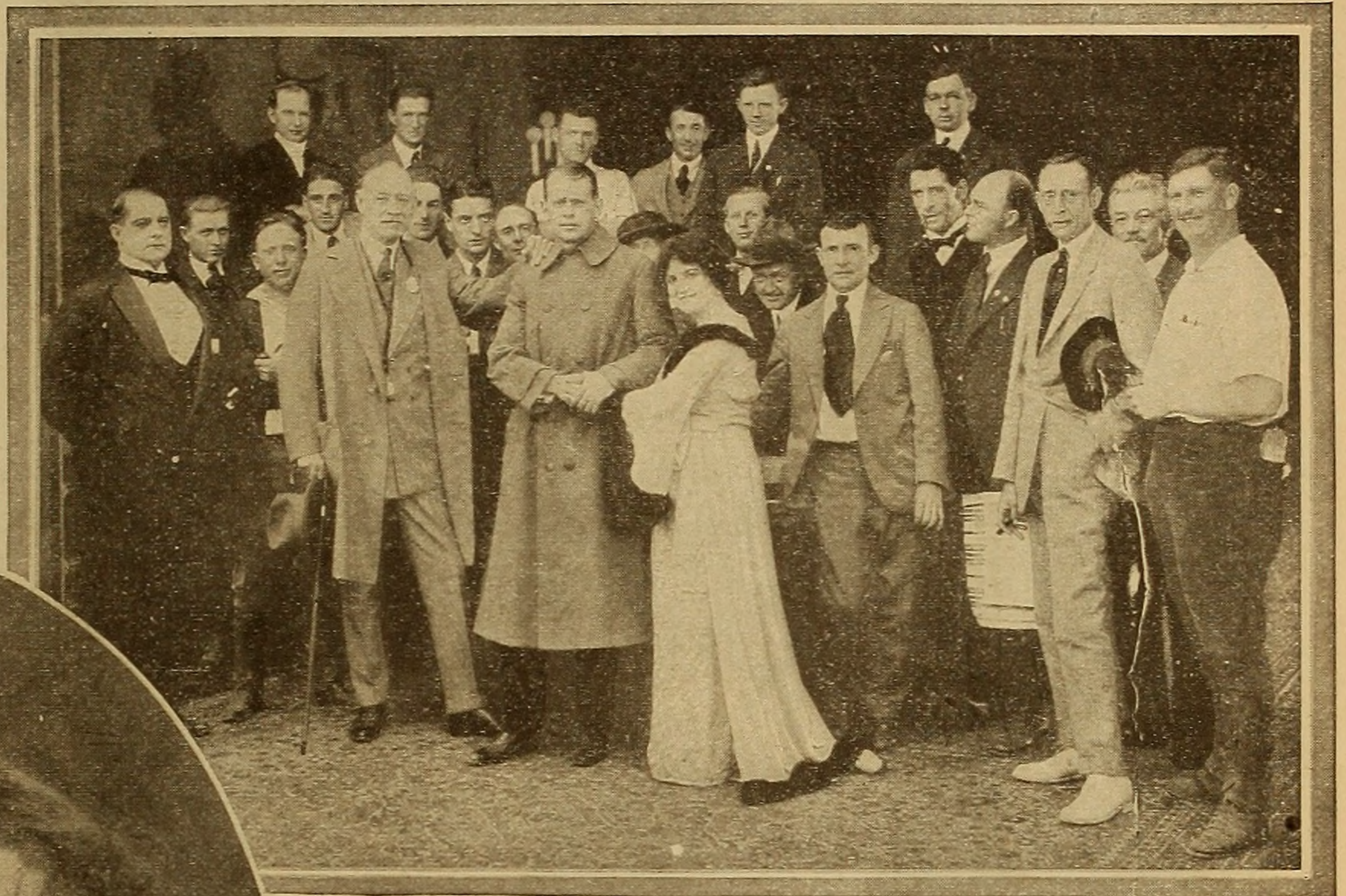
Duetted by FRITZI REMONT and SALLY ROBERTS

CALIFORNIA quietly celebrated the fortieth anniversary of film invention on May 18. It has often been erroneously quoted that Thomas Edison made the first pictures before a Motion Picture camera, but one Edward Muybridge, an inventive photographer in California, really deserves credit for the first film made.

Leland Stanford heard of Muybridge and offered him a large sum of money if he could show a race-horse in motion. On May 18, 1878, Muybridge made his first public attempt to photograph animate objects in continuity. He set up 24 cameras, operated by strings which were broken by the horse's progress around the track, thus catching successive exposures, a crude method, but destined to be the mother of our great present-day inventions.

There was a shed 120 feet long

receipts. However, a storm of protests arose in our papers, most of which voiced the idea that mighty poor pictures with stale, "warmed over" plots are the real cause of poor business. You cant fool the public ALL of the time, and, after all, houses are full or empty because of personal recommendations or knocks,



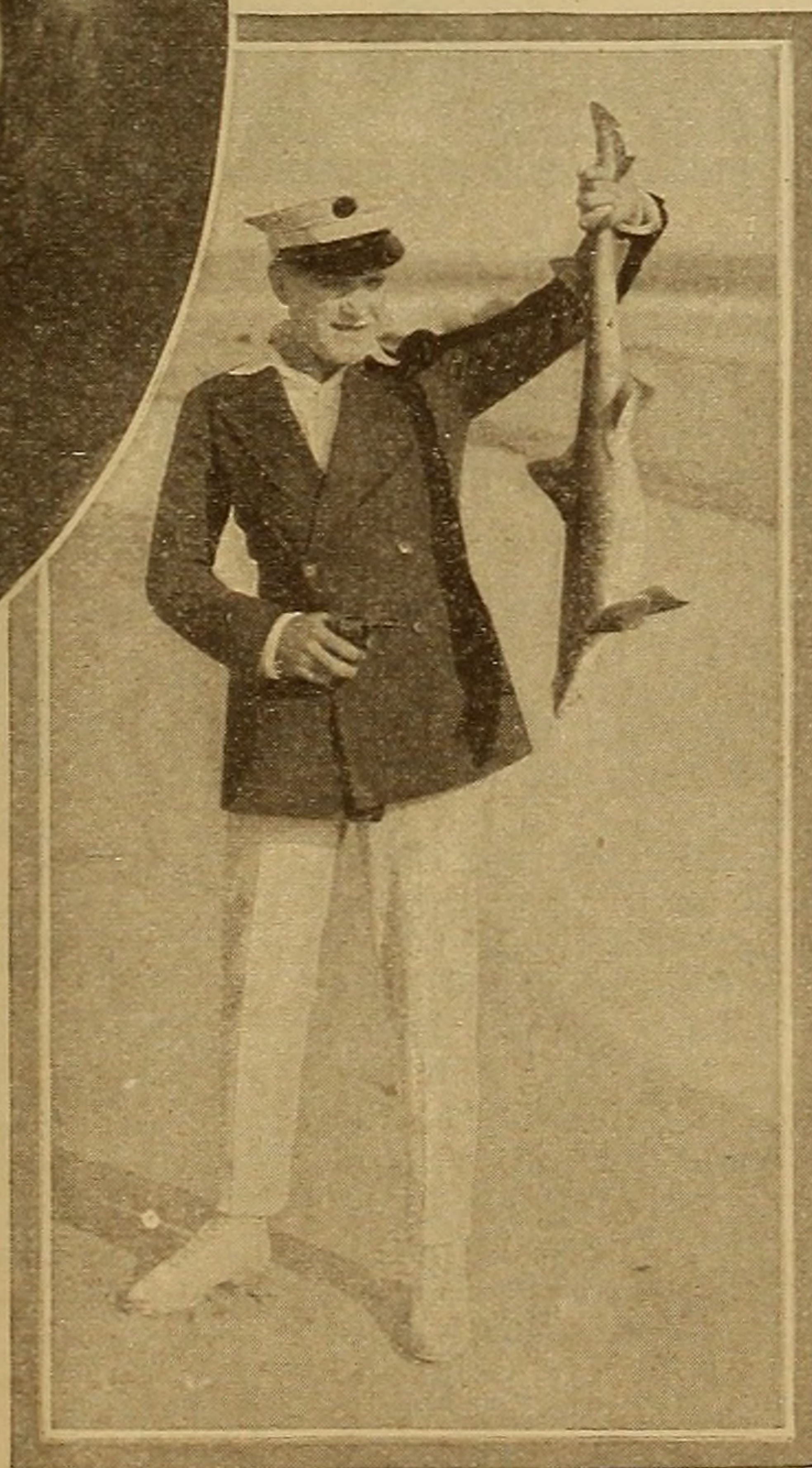
E. RICHARD SCHAYER, PARALTA STAFF AUTHOR, RECEIVING A TRENCH COAT WHICH WAS DONATED TO HIM BY HIS STUDIO FRIENDS. FRANK KEENAN PRESENTING COAT. AT RIGHT OF SCHAYER ARE CLARA WILLIAMS, REGINALD BARKER, HERSCHAL MAYALL, LAWSON BUTT AND ERNEST C. WARDE



THE FORMER PATHÉ COMÉDIENNE, LEATRICE JOY, WHO HAS BEEN ENGAGED TO PLAY OPPOSITE J. WARREN KERRIGAN

opposite the cameras, painted black to serve as a sharp contrast to the horse's appearances. Later there was a motor, and so revolutionary was the result of Muybridge's first work that the University of Pennsylvania donated forty thousand dollars for experimentation. Still later, Mons. Marey took up the work in Paris, using a sensitized film and single camera.

Much agitation has been felt because of decreasing attendance at picture theaters in California, and exhibitors have murmured that the buying of thrift stamps by school-children is responsible for small box-office



ALL THE LITTLE SAND-DAES LOVE BERT LYTELL SINCE HE SHOT A SHARK

despite laudatory newspaper notices.

Lou-Tellegen is in California with his New York production of "The Blindness of Youth." Everybody in Hollywood sent out S. O. S. calls, and poor Lou hasn't been able to buy a meal for himself since he arrived, and really wouldn't have to pay room rent if he were not a stickler for occasional moments of privacy.

A real production of "Ramona" was given at historic old San Gabriel, with William Desmond playing Alessandro and Ethel Clifton in the title rôle. Sedley Browne did the directing, and the proceeds are to go to American Soldiers' Recreation Homes of France.

We all sympathize with a sick man or woman, but the foibles of hypochondriacs cannot fail to amuse and arouse the risibilities of an audience. Acting on this idea, "Fatty" Arbuckle is staging "Good-night, Nurse!" which will deal with life in a sanitarium. With Miss Lake endeavoring to show us how a "bug" acts when she thinks she is a mermaid and "Fatty" doing a fencing bout in the operating-room, the fun is of a hilarious nature. "Fatty" slides down the floor in this play, and in so doing ran a splinter in where a splinter hurts the most. Who said cushions and mantelpieces? Dont all speak at once, ye fans!

The Lasky studio now has 82 men at

the front, and to take care of their families a benefit is arranged for this "Folks at Home" fund. Cecil B. DeMille gathered the 600 employees of the studio about his manly bosom and injected patriotic pills for procrastinators to such an extent that everybody came across, and the benefit bids fair to be a huge success. There's to be an old-fashioned quadrille danced, with Charlie Ray nodding to Enid Bennett, "Fatty" Arbuckle doing the gallant act with lovely Ethel Clayton, Wally Reid scraping and twirling with Ann Little, Theodore Roberts, gay old dog that he is, "chassaying" with Clara Kimball Young, and a second "foursome," which is not quite made up, but they do say that Douglas Fairbanks has asked Jane Novak to be his "sole support" and that Mary Pickford is going to have one of the tallest partners who ever stooped to admire her—Bill Hart. What wouldn't film fans give to be there?



"TAPING OFF" TO GET THE PROPER DISTANCE FOR A CLOSE-UP. LEFT TO RIGHT: ALVIN WYCKOFF, PHOTOGRAPHIC CHIEF; SAM WOODS, ASSISTANT DIRECTOR; VIC ACKERMAN, ASSISTANT CAMERA-MAN; AND WANDA HAWLEY, OF "WE CANT HAVE EVERYTHING"



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG SKETCHING ELSIE FERGUSON, ARTCRAFT STAR, FOR THE RED CROSS. THE FINISHED PICTURE SOLD FOR \$3,000

Vivian Martin is to take her vacation at Lake Louise, in the Canadian Rockies, having appropriately finished "Her Country First." Oh, no, that's not a recital of recent travels, but her newest comedy-drama, directed by Jimmie Young.

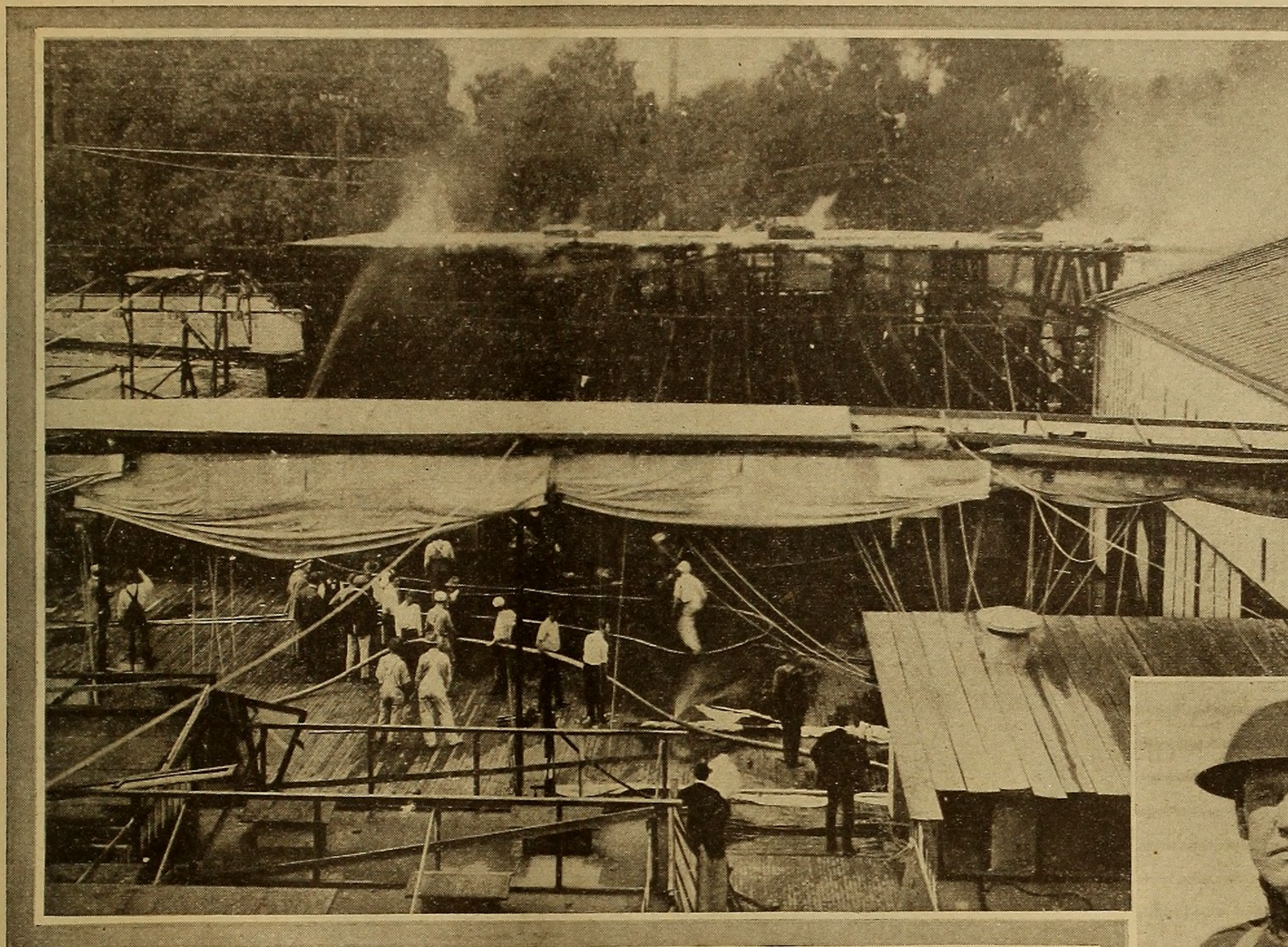
Do you recall the little girl who plays opposite Carmel Myers in "A Penny's Worth of Love"? Leatrice Joy is a Southern girl, who is now playing ingénue rôles with J. Warren Kerrigan. Two years ago her beauty caused her to be selected as maid of honor to the queen of the Mardi Gras in New Orleans. Coming of a well-to-do family, Miss Joy was suddenly shocked one day to find her father dangerously ill, the family income cut down to very small proportions, as they had lived up to their means, and the necessity confronting her of doing something for a living. Having acted in many theatricals, the films attracted Miss Joy, and on the very day Pathé offered to test her the physicians decided that her father's illness might prove fatal and sent her a note to that effect. Sobbing over the news all the way to the studio, Leatrice Joy hadn't time to think about making a good impression. The director told her, "This is a little try-out scene. You're a girl who's in love with a poor chap, your father is fatally ill, your mother insists on your marrying a rich man she's selected for you to save the family fortunes. You carry a note from your own lover and are heartbroken. Now go to it, and let's see what you can do." Miss Joy said the test was so easy that it was a shame to take the money later offered. She wept so copiously that the director was ecstatic and engaged her on the spot, but cast her for comedy parts, in which she played at Fort Lee for two seasons.



MADAME PETROVA GIVING AN AUTOGRAPHED PHOTOGRAPH TO A GENTLEMAN WHO PURCHASED \$100 WORTH OF WAR STAMPS FROM HER, IN PHILADELPHIA, WHILE ON HER PERSONAL-APPEARANCE PATRIOTIC W. S. S. TOUR THERE

Lois Wilson and Leatrice Joy have dressing-rooms side by side in the fine new building Mr. Brunton put up. Lois says she just dotes on "hot dogs" at the beach, and consulting clairvoyants is her passion and the horror of her fond female parent. Mrs. Wilson told her daughter it was bad taste, and added, "I dont see why you never eat 'sossidges' at home where they are clean, and yet will rave over them at Venice, where they are exposed to traffic dust." Vivacious Lois replied, "Mother, I dont know whether it is the eighteen-mile drive to the beach, or just the fascination of seeing them broiled there, but they never taste the same at home."

Warren Kerrigan never looked so fine as in his period play, now being finished. His assistant director, Frank L. Gereghty,



DARK STAGE AND COLOR ROOM WHERE THE BLAZE STARTED IN THE RECENT LASKY STUDIO FIRE. THE FIRE IS NOW A PART OF THE PICTURE, "WE CANT HAVE EVERYTHING"

asked facetiously, after watching Mr. Kerrigan chase all over the lot and locations barefooted, "I s'pose your water-meter is registering pretty high these days—eh, Jack?" Mr. Kerrigan looked puzzled. "I dont know; never thought of it. Why, on account of my war-garden?" "Oh, no," chortled Mr. Gereghty, "but you have to take a bath *every* night now, doncha?" Jack has a lovely home-grown beard—can you imagine it? But he looks perfectly stunning with that fuzzy-wuzzer, a rough shirt thrown open and showing his splendid chest, and his hair all in little rough curls from playing hatless for three weeks. He is perfectly strong again and is turning out pictures at the rate of one every three or four weeks, even if he has to work Sundays and nights to catch up. They get a bonus of about \$3,000 on every picture finished ahead of time or exactly on the release date, you see.

Do you recall that splendid aggregation of men in the Keenan portrayal of Sim Tetlow—men who posed as railway directors? Every man engaged was a top-notch in New York's Rialto, and not one did his bit for less than twenty-five dollars daily. Most of these men were getting from three to four hundred dollars weekly at New York theaters and enjoyed doing short scenes for Mr. Keenan. By the way, Mr. Keenan directed quite a bit of his own production.

William Farnum and wife are negotiating for a fine beach residence, with garage, down at Ocean Park—on Grand Avenue and the ocean front, to be exact. The rental is five hundred monthly and the bungalow has but a dozen rooms!

Mary Miles Minter and Margaret Shelby motored to Camp Kearny and were entertained by the gallant company which is sponsored by Mary. The boys had taken up a collection to buy a better "mess" than usual, so this Sunday dinner brought forth chicken, some fresh vegetables and cake. After dinner the boys showed Mary and Margaret how to wash their own dishes and put them away again. First time Miss Minter has been engaged in that kind of work, but she thought it lots of fun to scrape a tin plate.

Pat Dowling, former publicity man for Paralta, was stationed at a submarine base, but now has been transplanted to the sub itself. He used to give us some pretty strong press stuff to swallow, and they all wonder what kind of stories he tells the boys after one of those 20,000 leagues under the sea trips. He doesn't get over to the studio often any more, as work keeps him tied down at or near San Pedro.

Paralta has its own name on one side of the road, but a huge

fence sign, reading, "Robert Brunton Studios," adorns the scenario bureau side. A good many leases are contemplated, 'tis said. Perhaps Thomas Ince will move Enid Bennett and Charlie Ray on the big Brunton lot, and Clara Kimball Young has recently leased the facilities for a week.

Pathé wanted to get rid of Frank Keenan, Bryant Washburn and Bessie Love, reason being that it pays better to do serials than



WALTER LONG, THE CRUEL GERMAN OFFICER IN "THE LITTLE AMERICAN," IS NOW AN AMERICAN ARTILLERY OFFICER IN FRANCE

exploit single stars. Keenan and Washburn refused to release on their contracts and have signified their intention of appearing at any studio designated by Pathé to finish their contract. Washburn goes to Paramount. Bessie Love is eager to begin her own "big doin's," and, after much legal advice and quibbling, she has released Pathé for forty thousand dollars *cash!* Imagine it, three years ago, a little schoolgirl who was really hard up, and now with a neat lump sum in the bank to incorporate her own company. She might have gained more by litigation, as the men stars hope to do, but Bessie is shrewd and doesn't want to fade out of sight by prolonged waits, such as Anita Stewart experienced with Vitagraph, and took the bird in the hand and is going to try building a *nest* in the bush with it. Everybody is eager to see what kind of a hatch will come off. Good luck, Bessie!

Memorial Day saw Edith Storey's latest photoplay finished, and Miss Storey left for the East, to remain in New York until
(Continued on page 123)



LITTLE NANCY, "THE KID," HAS BEEN THE GUILLESS BUTT OF ALL THE BACK-STAGE JOKES

The Vamp

By WILLIAM SEYMOUR

"BELIEVE me, a vamp has everything her own way," remarked Mazie Evans, chorister of "A Night in Paris" company and leader of the pony ballet.

"You said it," responded Hortense Vanderbilt, who graphically depicted a merry modiste's model in the same production. "Lureful eyes are as good as a bank-book."

"Some better," continued Mazie, "because they never overdraw their account. If I wasn't just five feet nothing, I'd get a tiger-skin rug, a clingin' black gown, some Russian cigarets and start right in bein' a Theda Bara. I cant never be nothin' but a baby vamp."

Mrs. Hattie Rankin, the wardrobe mistress of "A Night in Paris," looked sadly at her flock of choristers. "I dont know what girls are coming to today," she sighed. "In my time we never as much as thought of looking at a man, let alone ogling him."

"Well, times have changed," snapped Mazie; "we're all new women. No more smelling salts and knitting and crocheting."

"It's cigarets and powder and paint," said the ward-

robe mistress, primly, "until I'm half ashamed of my own sex."

"Why not?" demanded Miss Evans, rising in indignation to her full five feet. "Why not? You dont see the men looking twice at any one without 'em. The vampirish baby-dolls are the girls who catch the late birds."

"Do you really think so?" At the sound of the question, spoken timidly and wistfully, the "Night in Paris" choristers turned. The speaker was little Nancy Lyons, the quiet assistant to the wardrobe mistress. The girls began to giggle at the unsophisticated question.

"Dont you go putting no foolish notions in little Nancy's head," protested Mrs. Rankin.

But Mazie had winked to the other girls. Here was a chance to get some fun out of "the kid," as they called the guileless butt of their many back-stage jokes.

"With some powder and paint you could do anything, Nancy," began Mazie. "You've got to vamp these days if you want to get anywhere."

"But I could never do it," feebly protested "the kid."

"Sure you could," said

Cast of characters of "The Vamp," as produced by Thomas H. Ince for Paramount, from the scenario of C. Gardner Sullivan:

Nancy Lyons.....	Enid Bennett
Robert Walsham.....	Douglas MacLean
James Walsham.....	Charles French
Phil Weil.....	Robert McKim
Mr. Fleming.....	Melbourne MacDowell
Manus Mulligan.....	John P. Lockney

the chorister as she looked over the girl with mock consideration. "You need to paint out those freckles, and blacken up your eyes so they'll look soulful, and get a gown cut low enough to make you sneeze; then the world is yours."

Nancy's open-eyed consideration of the advice caused the chorus-girls to hide their amused laughter. Plain little Nancy Lyons a vampire! The mere thought convulsed the décolleté crowd.

But Nancy never heard. What if she could vamp—vamp a certain chap she had loved for years and years . . . since she went to school with him . . . Robert Walsham . . . Robert who had just finished a course of practical instruction at an East Side settlement house and who was going to a little Pennsylvania mining town to take charge of the miners' community house . . . would paint and powder win Robert? . . . No, the thought was too vulgar. . . . She could never bring herself to do it. . . . And yet she wanted to start life with Bob . . . to work and succeed with him . . . perhaps it *was* the only way to make Bob understand the love in her heart.

"Gee, I believe 'the kid' has some one under cover," said Hortense, "some one she'd like to vamp!"

"Girls, girls!" reminded Mrs. Rankin, now thoroughly scandalized.



"BUT I COULD NEVER DO IT!" FEEBLY PROTESTED "THE KID"

"You've said it, Tensey! I'll bet my rouge-jar that she's been putting something over on us!" exclaimed Mazie.

"It just shows you never can tell," continued Hortense. "Slip us something about the villain, 'kid.'"

Nancy blushed. "He'd never believe in me if he saw me painted up," she murmured. "It would never work on him."

"Cut that," snapped Mazie; "I *know!* Show me the man that hasn't a weak spot the rouge-stick wont reach. I'd stake my eighteen per on Theda Bara considerably perturbin' the Archbishop of Canterbury."

"Sacriligious!" protested the wardrobe mistress, fleeing from the dressing-room.

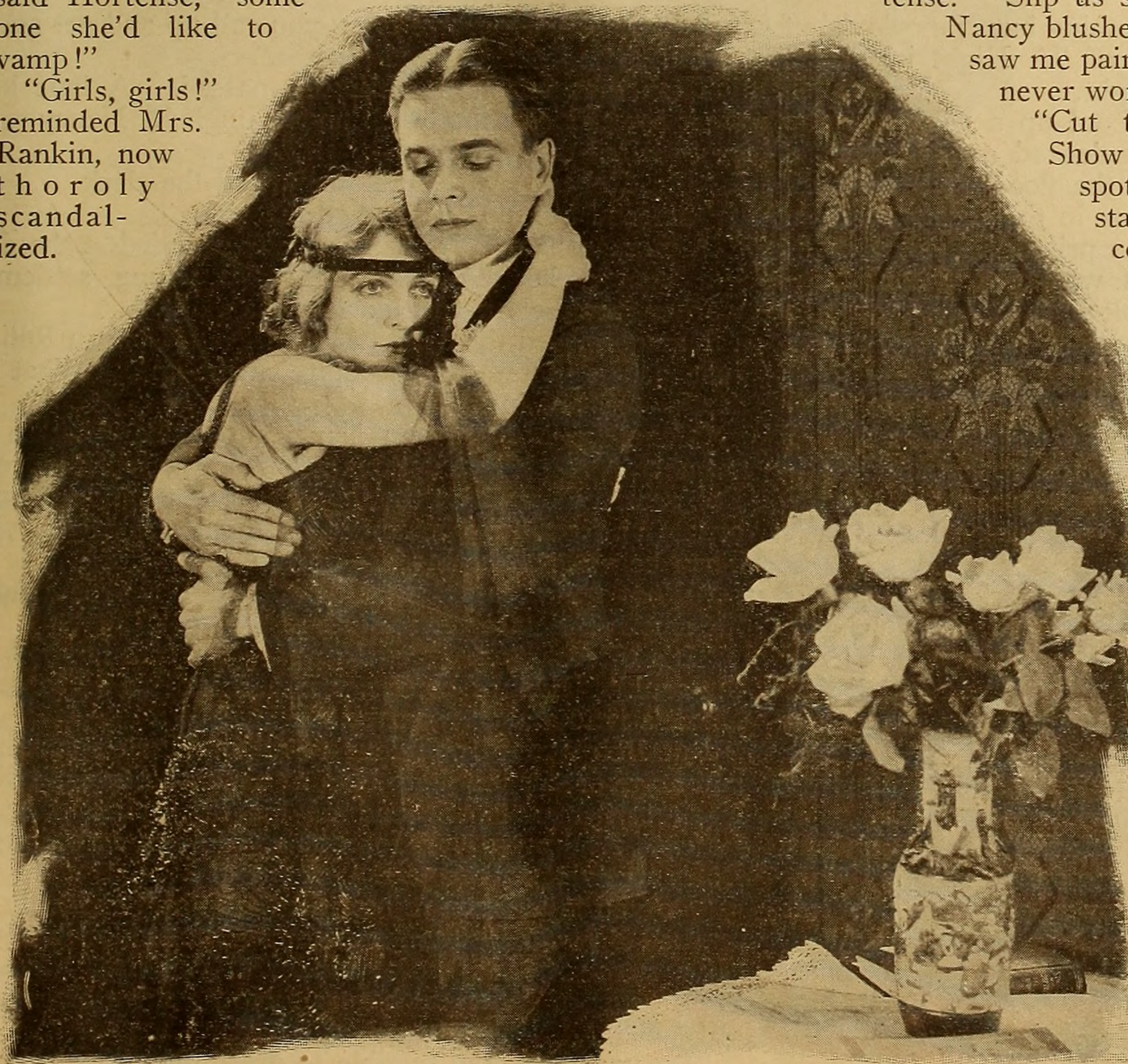
"Do you think I might get him to propose?" innocently asked Nancy.

"Propose?" repeated Mazie. "You'll have him wakin' up a parson at one A. M. to tie the knot."

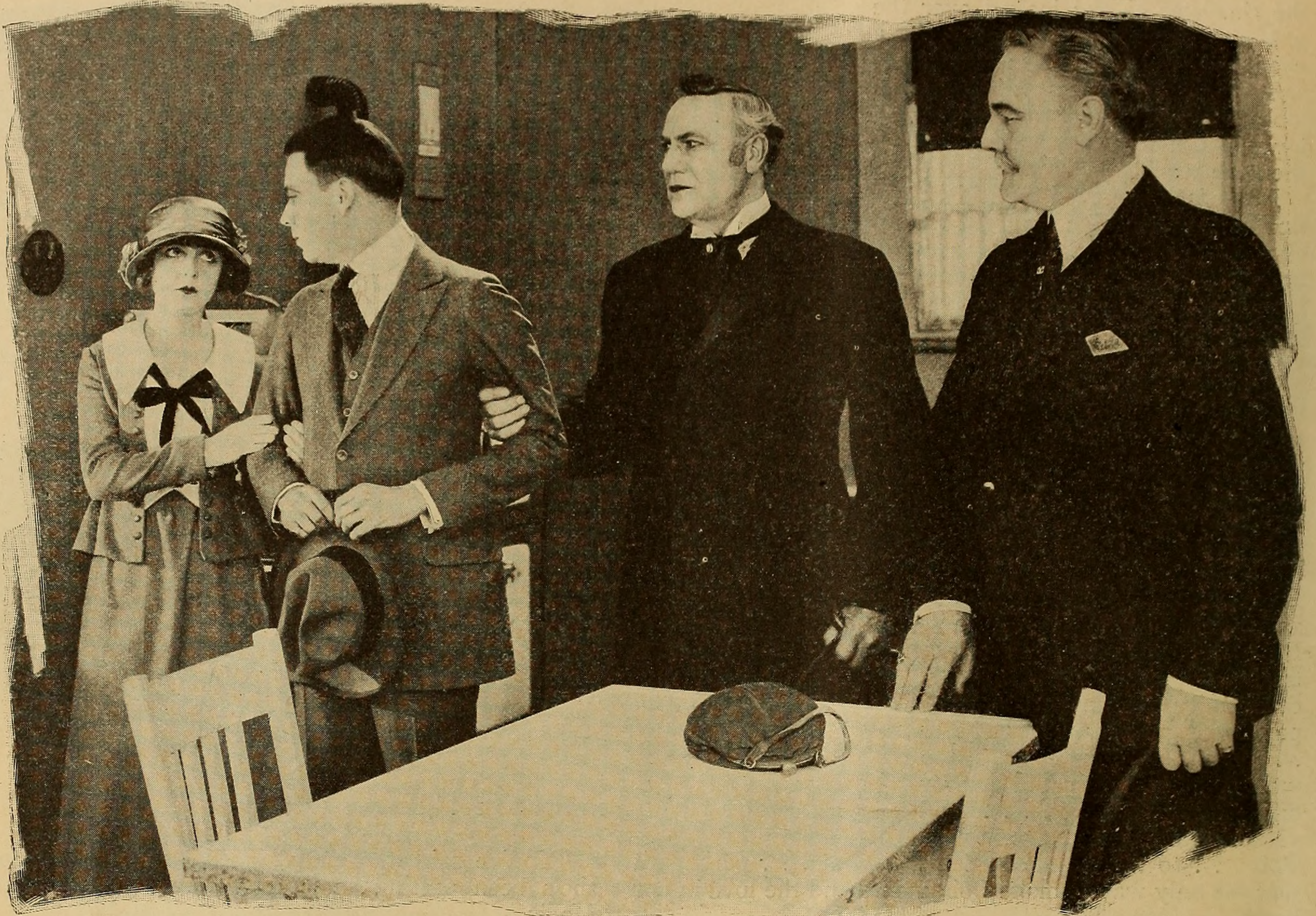
"I tell you what, girls," said Hortense, falling into the spirit of Mazie's joke, "we'll all help Nancy land this saintly sweetheart."

"He's coming to see me here after tomorrow's night show—before he goes to Pennsylvania," confessed Nancy. "If I do it, it'll be because—well, you wouldn't understand."

"Keep your reasons to yourself, dearie," responded Mazie, "but get him. And, with our scheme, we'll have him roped, tied and branded by midnight."



"I'D LIKE TO SEE ANY ONE STOP ME FROM MARRYING YOU!"



THE TOWNSPEOPLE WERE INTRODUCED TO BOB AND HIS WIFE BY UNCLE JAMES

The whole chorus talked of nothing but Nancy's debut as a vamp as the performance of "A Night in Paris" wound its way along the next night.

Back at the hotel they had fixed up a room for the vamping adventure. Red roses decked a table vase, a property tiger-skin rug covered the floor, incense stood ready to burn in a small container in the corner. Mazie looked over the staging with the pride of a stage manager. "It looks O. K.," she said, with critical consideration. Then she discovered a book on the table. "What's this . . . 'Tales from the Scriptures'? . . . Get out of my theater!" and she hurled it under a couch.

Hortense had loaned Nancy a gown of startling lines. The little wardrobe girl blushed as she looked at herself in a mirror. But rouge, liberally and spectacularly applied, soon hid any natural glow in a permanently artificial one. Lastly, Mazie slipped a red rose into Nancy's hair, just over one ear.

Finally, the chorister surveyed her work. "Darned if 'the kid' doesn't look like the real thing!" she exclaimed. "I wouldn't want to let any John I cared about see her."

Nancy laughed nervously. Secretly, she was glad that the mirror reflected so much real beauty when she looked into it. What woman isn't?

"If that lad doesn't hit the cement hard in the first round he's got astigmatism," remarked Hortense.

"Remember, 'kid,'" reminded Mazie, "look luxurious all the time. Think of Monte Carlo and the Latin Quarter and . . . gracious . . . loll over everything. Roll your eyes. Droop soulfully. That's all there is to it."

"Pin one of the roses in his coat," suggested Hortense, "and look up into his eyes. That always gets 'em."

"He'll come any moment now," said Nancy. "I wish I hadn't started to try this—I'm afraid."

"Buck up!" counseled Mazie. "If he doesn't 'phone

for a minister by twelve p. m. you call up and get an optician. The lad may need glasses."

Then they left her. Minutes passed. A half hour went by. Finally the hotel 'phone jingled. Nancy nervously lifted the receiver.

"Mr. Robert Walsham," announced the clerk.

"Se-send him up," answered the girl.

A moment later Walsham's knock sounded at the door—a hearty, healthy knock, for the young settlement worker was a clean-cut, likeable chap.

Nancy opened the door. "Hello, Nan!" began Robert, just as he noted the vampire make-up. "What on earth—?" he inquired.

"Come in, Bob," began Nancy, doing her best to remember Mazie's instructions regarding a soulful droop. Bob seated himself on the lounge, after pushing Mazie's ornate and carefully arranged cushions out of the way. Then he noticed the incense burning.

"What's that punk smouldering for?" he demanded. "It smells like a Japanese junk-shop around here."

"It's incense," answered Nancy. "Incense is good for the soul." This, of course, was a repetition of some of Mazie's ready-made repartee.

But Bob seemed oblivious to all of Mazie's carefully laid stage details in telling Nan of his experiences in New York settlement work and of his high plans for the future. And even Nan forgot her vampire ambitions in Bob's straightforward tale.

"Do you know, you're beautiful tonight," suddenly remarked Bob, noting the sympathy in Nan's glowing eyes. "I've never realized how wonderful you are. You've been a sort of little bud before. Now you've blossomed out."

"Do you think I'm terrible to dress like this?" Nancy asked.

"No-no," protested Nancy, and she burst into tears. "I've de-deceived you!"

"Deceived me? You mean you dont love me?"

"N-no! But I've been vamping you!"

"Vamping me — what do you mean?"

"Just that—vamping—luring you," Nancy sobbed. "You mustn't marry me."

Then, between tears, she related the whole story of Mazie's plan, whereat Bob burst into laughter.

"It was a good lesson to me. I never realized how beautiful you are. Now I know. And I'd like to see any one stop me from marrying you!"

"I dont want to stop you," admitted Nancy.

"I'll go downstairs and wait while you change into something else. We dont want to worry a minister too much. Then, dear, we'll be on our honeymoon in a few hours."

Two days later Mr. and Mrs. Robert Walsham arrived at Ore Junction, Penn. They were met at the station by Bob's uncle, James Walsham, who received the bride with ill-disguised displeasure. "My dear Bob," he said severely, "you're too young to marry. You're just starting life."

"I believe in starting life right," responded Bob, laughingly. But Nan felt hurt, nevertheless.

Uncle James conducted the newlyweds to the Community House, where Ore Junction had arranged a welcome for its new settlement leader.



"A PRETTY GIRL LIKE YOU SHOULDN'T BE LONELY," RESPONDED WEIL

"You couldn't do anything terrible, Nan," Bob laughed for a moment. Then he grew serious. "You've made me think. But, perhaps, the stage and all this means a lot to you. I dont know just how to say it, Nan. I've wanted to ask you something. Now I want to ask it more than ever, and yet I know more than ever that I shouldn't. For you've come to love the stage, haven't you?"

"No," responded Nan, softly, "I dont love it. I've come to see how artificial it is. When I left home I thought it wonderful. Now I know differently. And I'm not a success, Bob. I'm just an assistant to the wardrobe mistress, that's all. I'm so tired of it all."

Bob took Nan's hands in his almost roughly. "You mean you might be willing to marry and chance life with me in my settlement work? Be sure before you answer, Nan, dear."

"Yes," whispered Nan, forgetting Mazie's instructions to loll luxuriously.

"Great!" exclaimed the future settlement worker. "I'm going to 'phone to a minister right now."



WEIL SEIZED UPON THE OCCASION TO HARANGUE THE MINERS



MRS. WEIL PULLED HERSELF AWAY FROM THE MINERS AND DASHED INTO COMMUNITY HOUSE

The townspeople were introduced to Bob and his wife. Bob shook hands with every one, from John Fleming, a distinguished looking writer and social investigator, to Manus Mulligan, a worn but kindly looking old miner.

"Sure I know you're going to love Ore Junction," said old Mulligan to the bride. "Wid all its smoke, it's a beautiful place."

Among the Community House guests was Phi Weil, who shook Bob's hand affably. "I'm glad to meet our new leader," he effused. Then, turning to Nan, he added, with a calculating smile, "And to know his beautiful wife."

"I dont like that Philip Weil," Nan told her husband afterwards. "His eyes look dishonest. And did you see how his wife watched me? Poor little woman! You can see that she loves and hates him."



"WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH MY MAN YOU HUSSY?" SHE DEMANDED

Stylization in Motion Picture Direction

By MAURICE TOURNEUR

IT was Gordon Craig who developed the new impressionistic school of stage production. With him in the field of stylization, as the newer stage tendency is termed, appeared Max Reinhardt, Stanislavsky, Granville Barker, and others. I take pride in the fact that the opportunity was given me to bring stylization to the screen.



MR. TOURNEUR EXPLAINING "SPORTING LIFE," HIS FORTHCOMING PRODUCTION, TO WILLETTE KERSHAW

Stylization has been defined as the development of style in stage settings; style, in turn, being the manner of doing a thing. In stage settings or studio direction, style implies an expression of the individuality of the producer.

Before Craig, realism was the thing behind the footlights. A room must be perfect in every detail, from the real pictures on the wall to the real wooden door; from

the real glass windows to the real books in the real bookcase. Then came Craig, who declared for style in place of realism. "Why copy nature," he demanded, "without adding something of our own? A mere copy is imitation, and not art."

nest in. Ultimately, this moisture will destroy the rock; ultimately, these spirits will destroy the men. Now, then, you are quick in your question as to what actually is created for the eye. I answer as swiftly: Place there a rock! Let it mount up high. Swiftly, I tell you, convey the idea of a mist which hugs the head of this rock. Now, have I departed at all for one-eighth of an inch from the vision which I saw in the mind's eye?" Having fixed upon his exterior, Craig utilized a rearrangement of the same setting for his grim castle interiors, thus retaining a unity of staging.

Volumes could, of course, be written upon stylization. I have here tried to condense into a few sentences something of a definition. In a phrase, it is an endeavor to express to others one's mental reactions upon studying a drama.

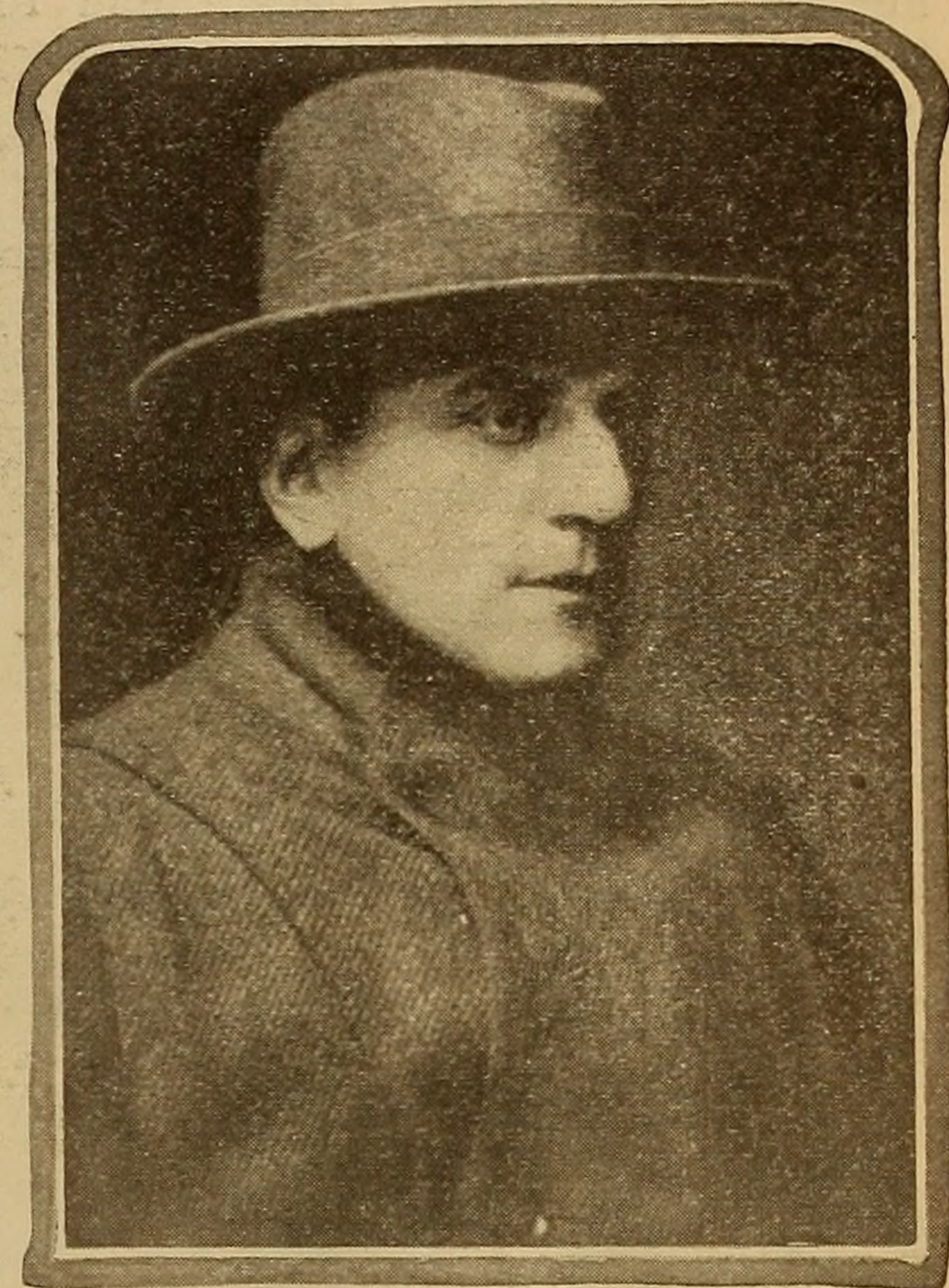


Photo Arnold Genthe, N. Y.

MAURICE TOURNEUR

Craig, for instance, has explained how he attained his results. "We take 'Macbeth,'" he has said. "How does it look, first of all, to our mind's eye; secondly, to our eye?"

"I see two things. I see a lofty and steep rock, and I see the moist cloud which envelops the head of this rock; that is to say, a place for fierce and warlike men to inhabit; a place for phantoms to

I endeavored to apply stylization, in the best of my ability, to my production of Maurice Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird." Here I tried to sound the note of fragile, symbolical phantasy. Again, in Laurence Housman and Granville Barker's "Prunella," I tried to catch the gossamer of whimsical romance. Again, in Ibsen's "A Doll's House," my purpose was to utilize simplicity of setting to accentuate the drama of the grim Norseman.

Whatever my own personal failure or success with stylization, I am confident of the value of impressionistic methods on the screen. The artistic effects alone are



MR. TOURNEUR CATCHES THE GOSSAMER OF WHIMSICAL ROMANCE IN "PRUNELLA"

invaluable. It affords better opportunities for lighting, better balance of scene, opens up unlimited effects of blacks and whites.

The time has come when we can no longer merely photograph moving and inanimate objects and call it art. We are not photographers, but artists—at least, I hope so. We must present the effect such a scene has upon the artist-director's mind, so that an audience will catch the mental reaction.

It was obvious that early directors would be impressed with the importance of photographing real scenery as a background for their actors. To the pioneer, this was the one instance where the movie topped the spoken drama. For the camera can catch the stretch of many miles where the stage presents but a series of canvas hangings.

That day is passing. The idea of sending a company to Central America to film a Central American story is, to my way of thinking, valueless from the standpoint of art. What we really need is an artist to produce the story so that we

production run anywhere from \$10,000, at the very lowest, to extreme instances of as much as \$90,000. The average has been for some time in the neighborhood of \$30,000.

Spend this money, if we must, on the scenario, and let us utilize the inexpensive but artistic impressionistic methods. And let us not forget that we have been foolish and extravagant—as well as inartistic—enough to spend small fortunes on real marble staircases, solid wood interiors and even on reconstructing whole cities.

Now let me turn to another subject dear to my heart.



AN EXAMPLE OF STYLIZATION IN IBSEN'S "A DOLL'S HOUSE,"
IN WHICH ELSIE FERGUSON APPEARS

With all our spending of millions of dollars, we of the screen world have neglected to pay tribute to the pioneers who blazed the way to the Motion Picture drama—the men who made the photoplay possible. For instance, how many film fans realize that the photoplay is exactly forty years old? Back in 1878, out in California, one Edward Muybridge perfected his investigations which ultimately gave us the Motion Picture. In 1872 Muybridge started to study the movements of animals, particularly of race-horses, for the purposes of science and art. He placed a number of plate cameras side by side and had a horse galloped in front of the machines. Tiny threads, connecting with the shutters, stretched in front of each camera. They were pulled and broken by the horse as he passed, the jerk of the thread snapping the shutters. The result was a series of instantaneous pictures of a race-horse in motion—the forerunners of the photoplay of today.

I believe some distinct honor should be paid Muybridge, Edison, Eastman and the other pioneers. Let us, I suggest, build a movie hall of fame, where the representative pictures of each year may be preserved, where films of important men and events may be kept for posterity, and where the records of the development of pictures may be safely housed.

Such a hall of fame would be a mighty encouragement to artistic advance.



ONE OF MR. TOURNEUR'S IMPRESSIONISTIC STUDIES
IN "THE BLUE BIRD"

will get an artist's impression of tropical America. I have an instance in mind. I recall Raoul Walsh's production of "Carmen." Walsh had never been to Spain; but, being an artist, he gave an artist's impression of Spain that is still unforgettable to me.

The appalling cost of constructing elaborate sets and of transporting large companies about the country in the making of photoplays has made the cost of a five-reel



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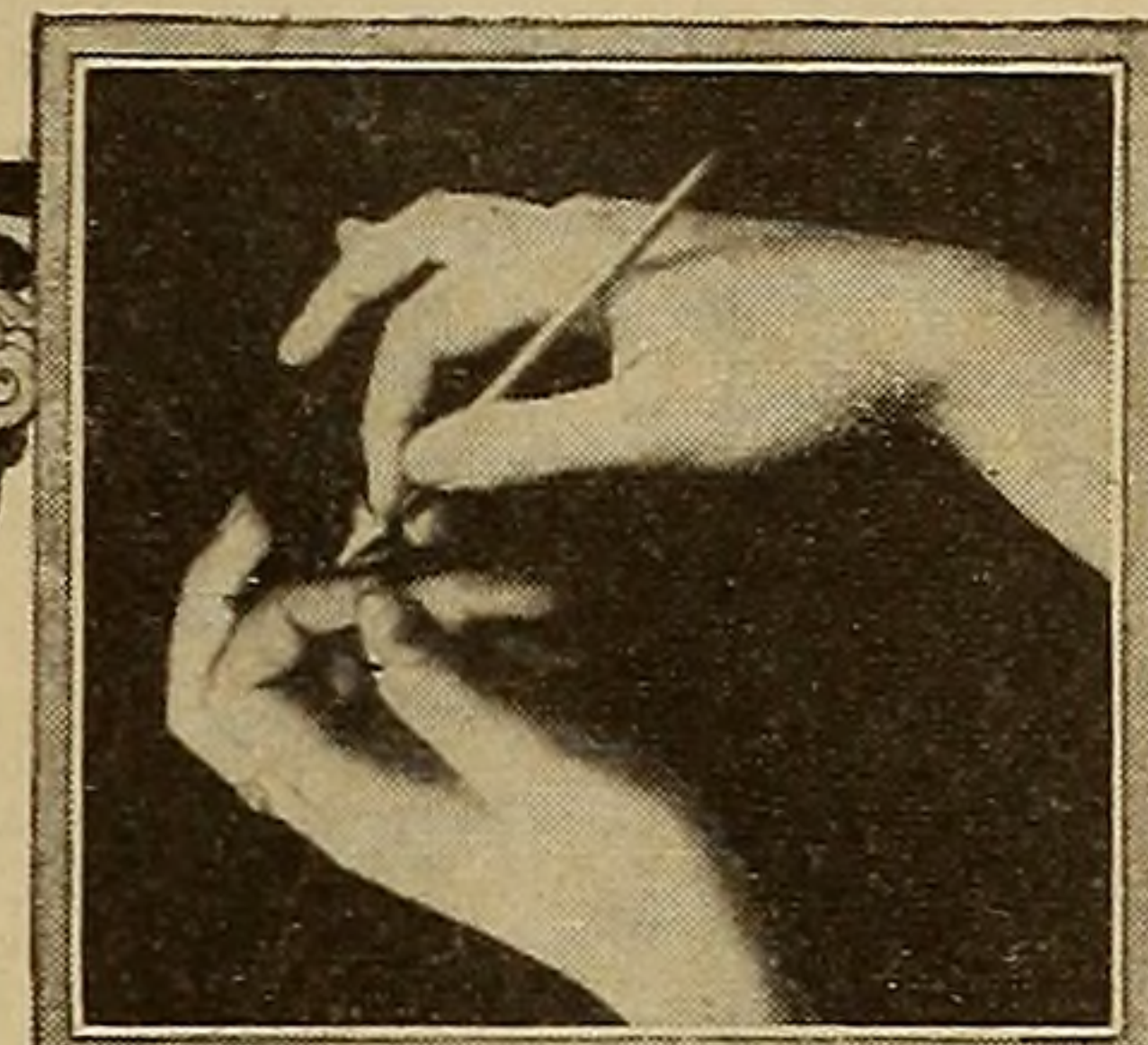
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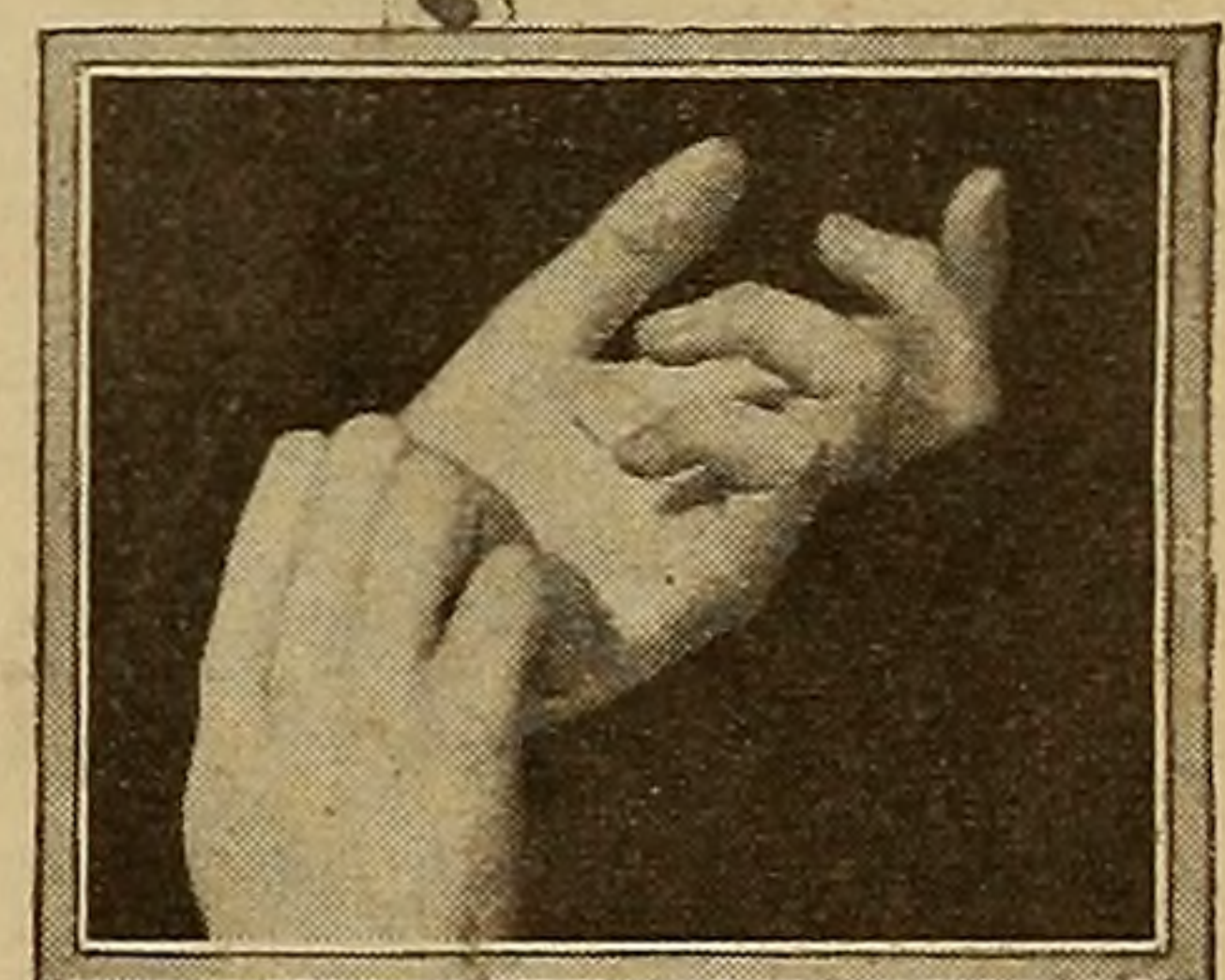
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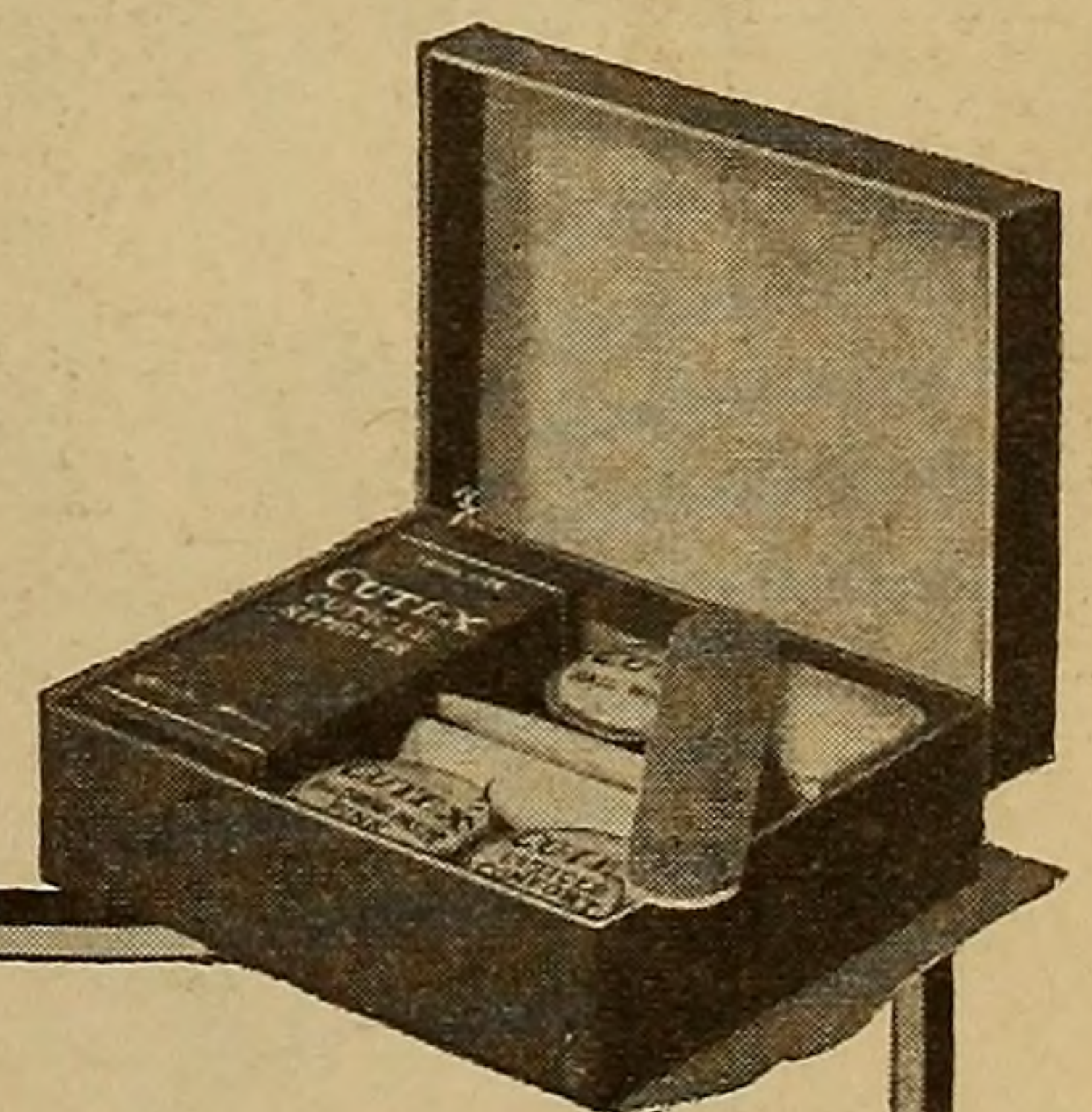
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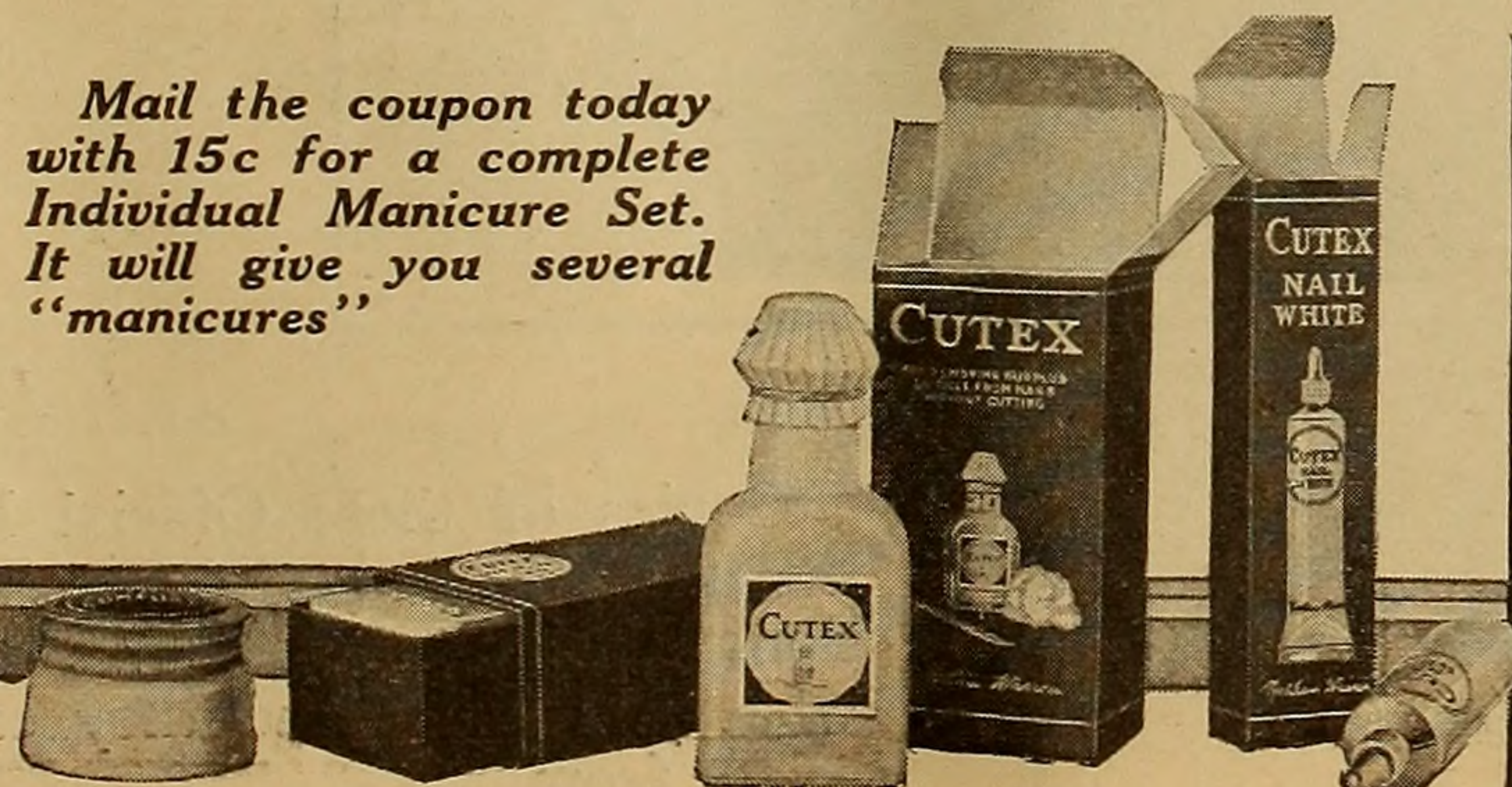


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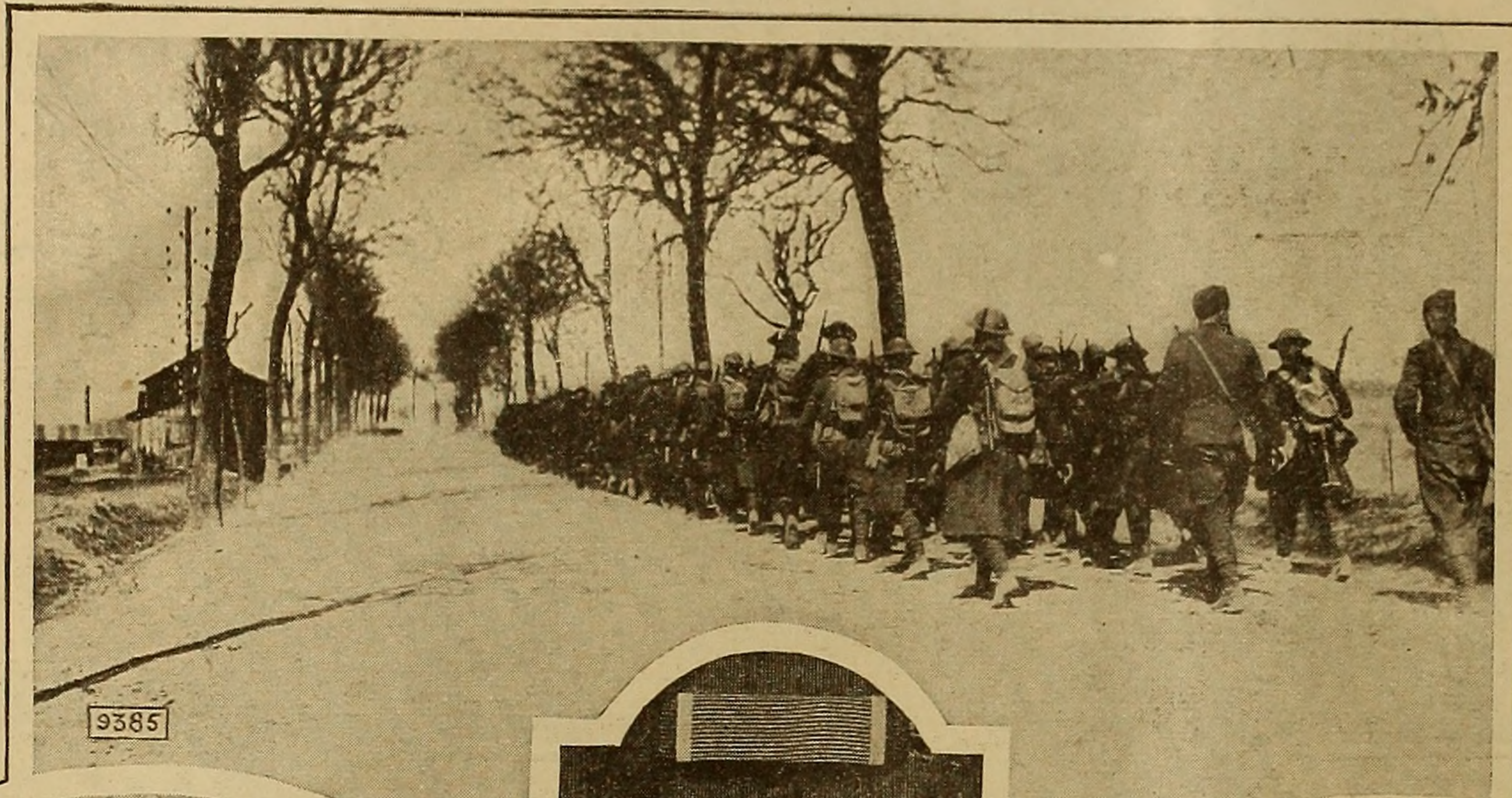
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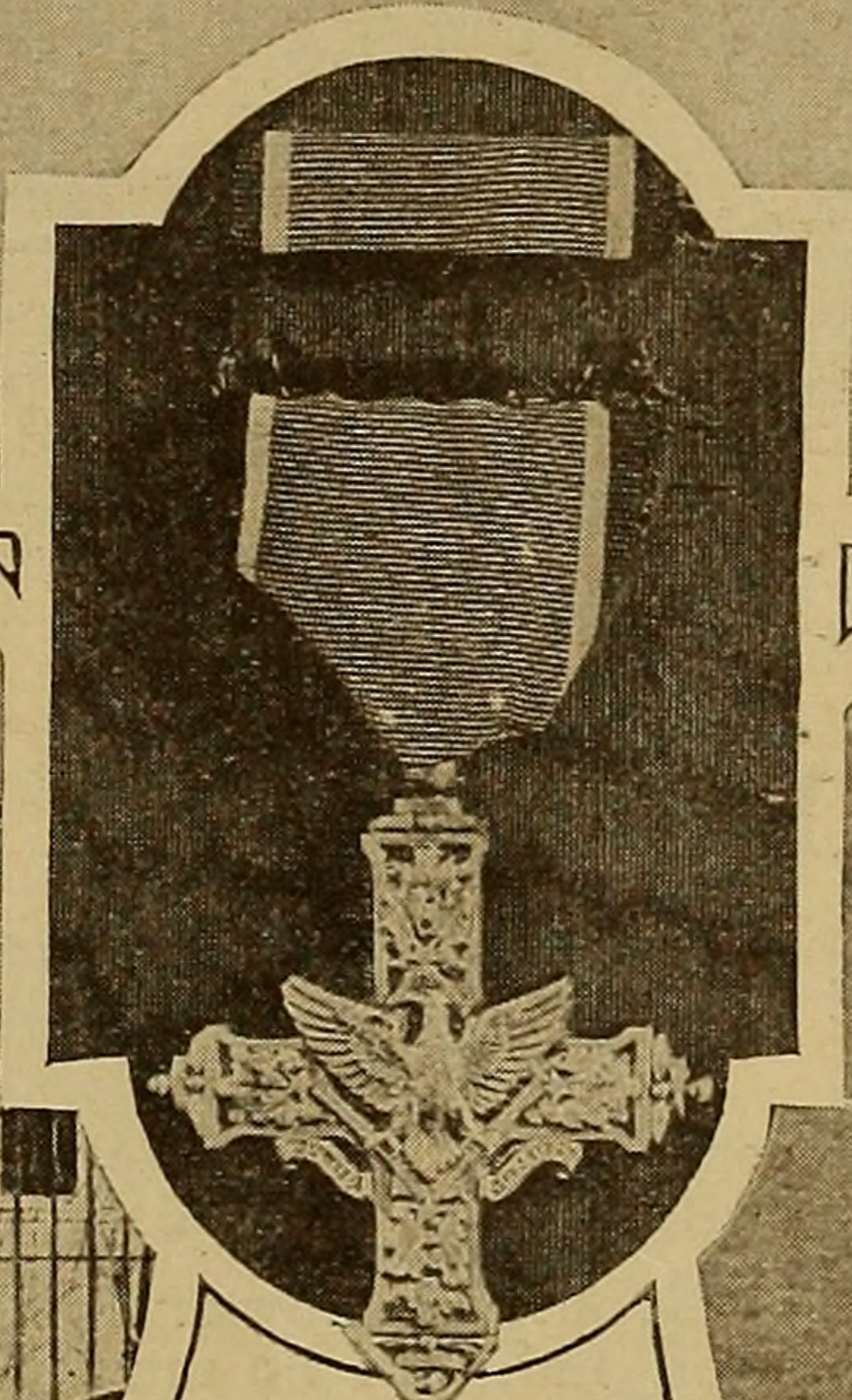
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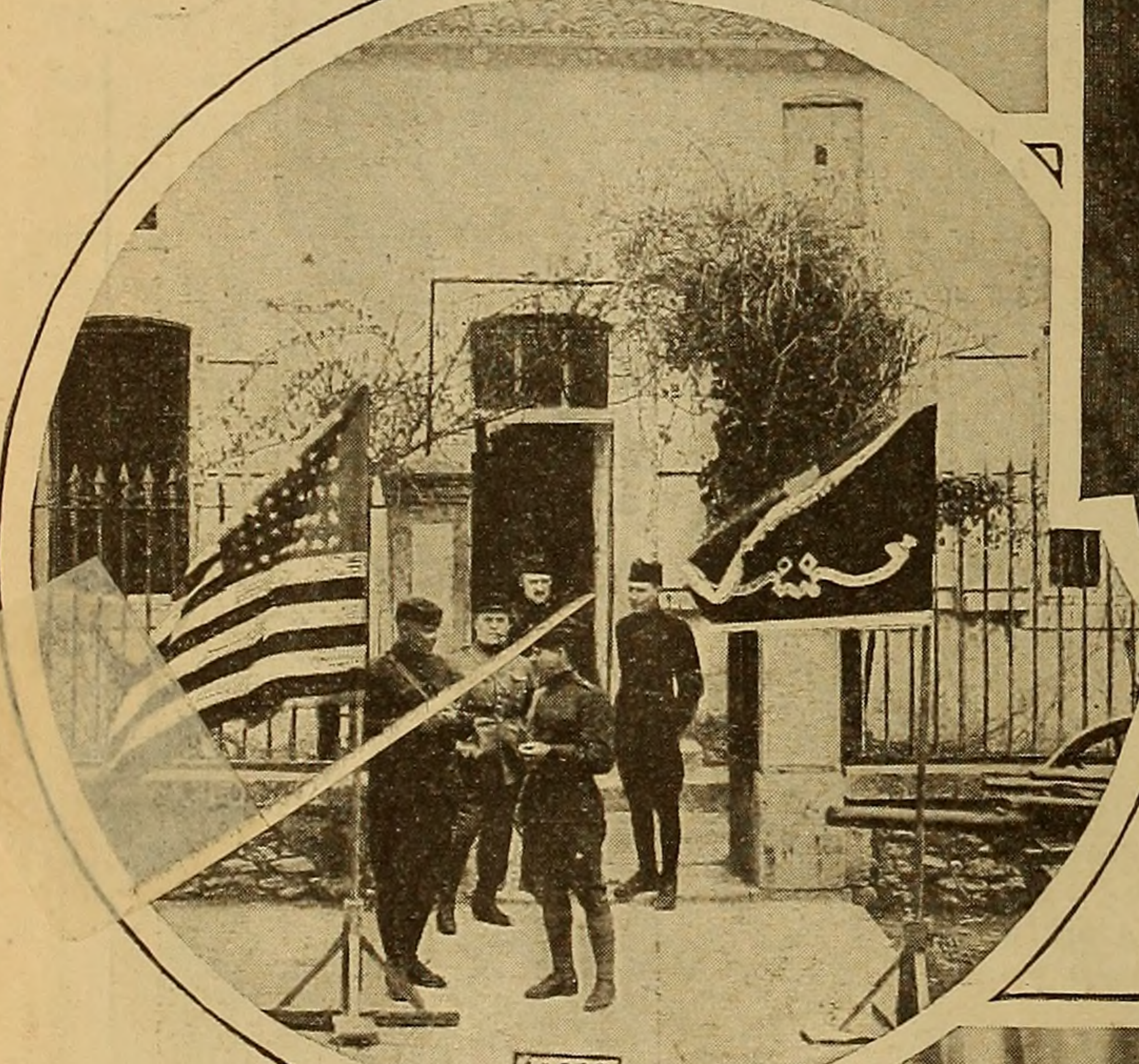


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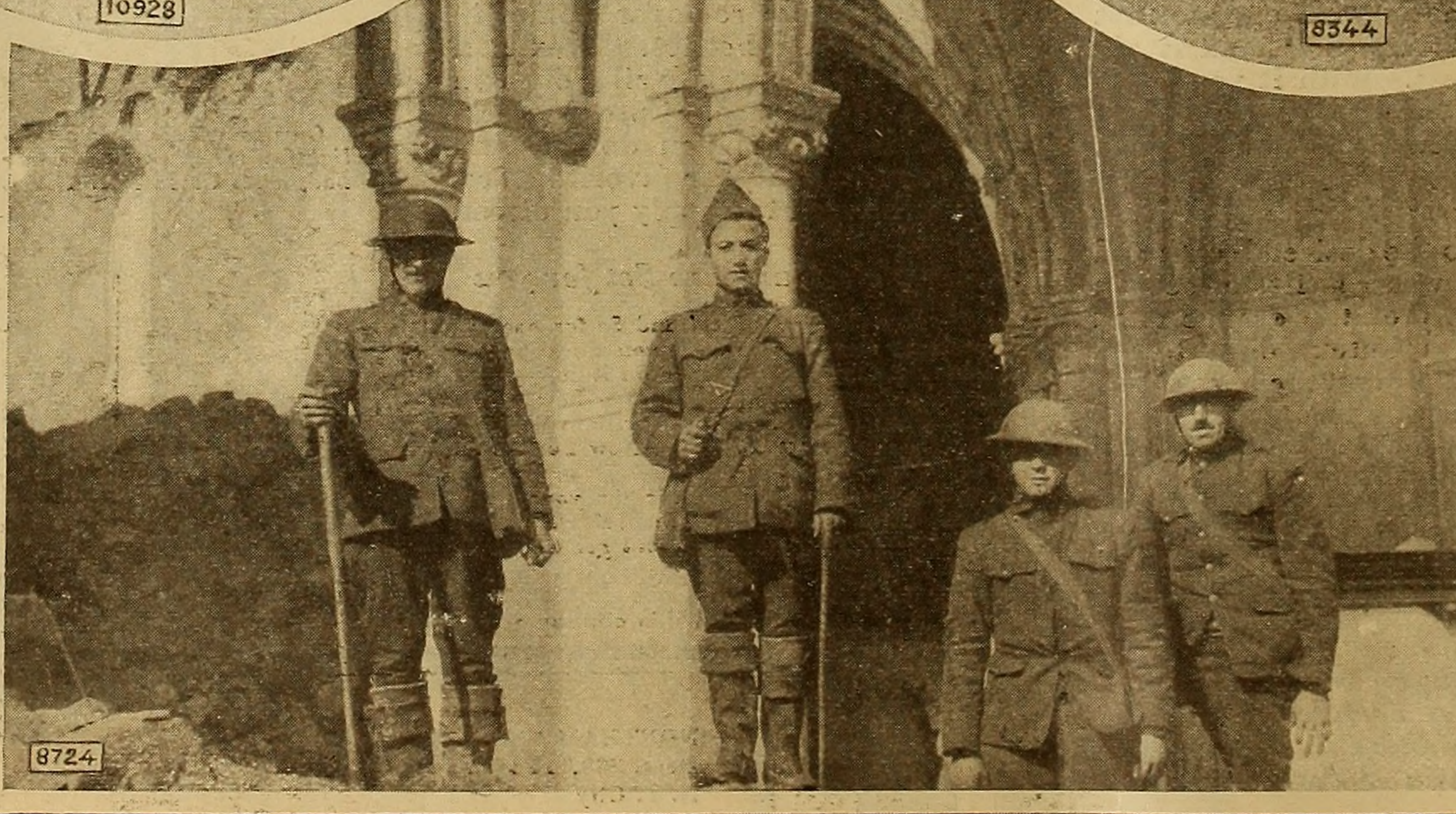
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8724

8724. MEMBERS OF AN AMERICAN INFANTRY DETACHMENT STANDING BEFORE A RUINED CHURCH IN FRANCE. THEIR DUG-OUT IS BENEATH THIS RUINS

8344. AMERICAN SOLDIERS BEING DECORATED BY A FRENCH GENERAL FOR BRAVERY IN ACTION

8385. DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS OF THE UNITED STATES

10928. HEADQUARTERS FIELD BATTALION SIGNAL CORPS IN FRANCE

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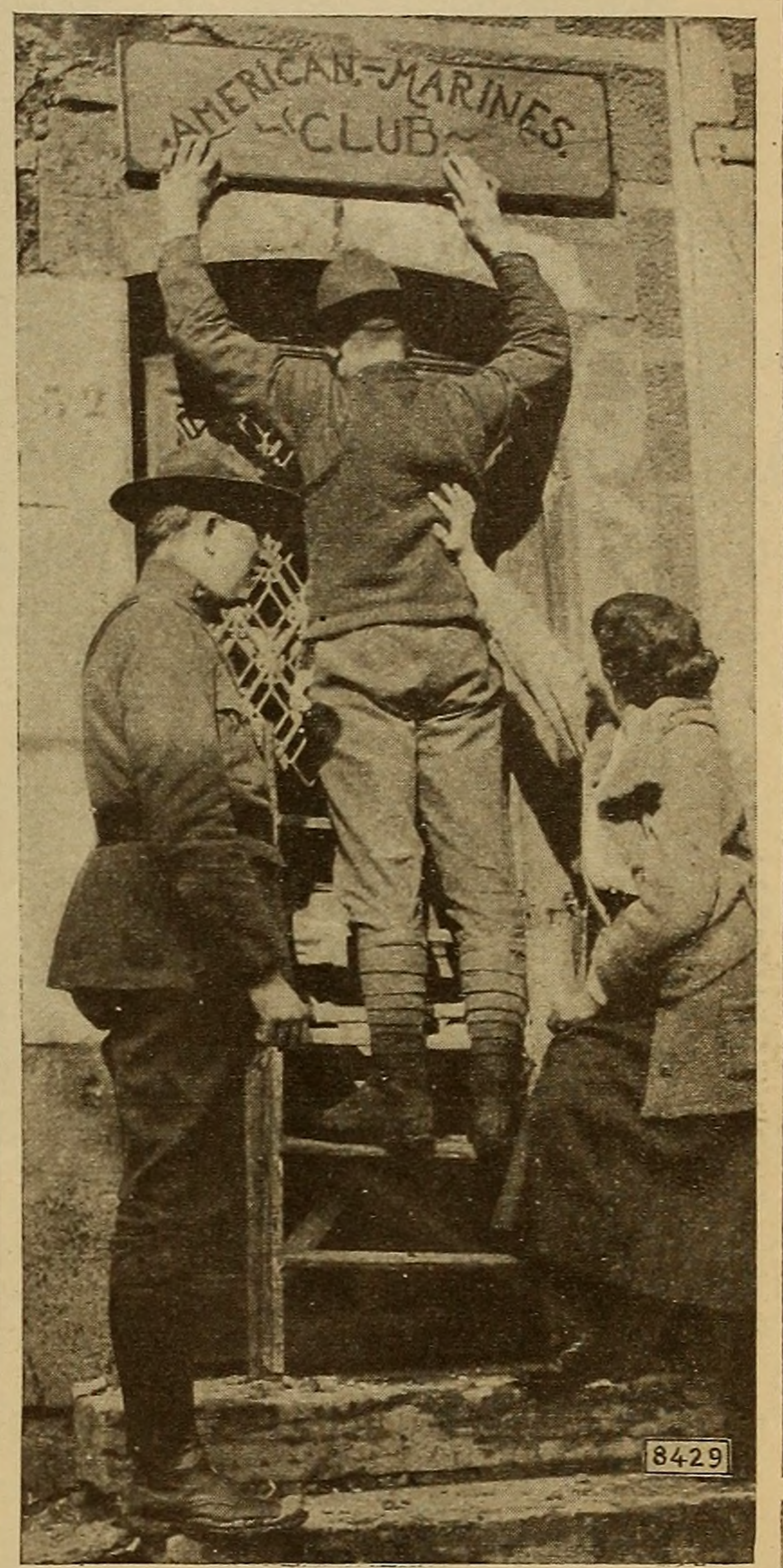
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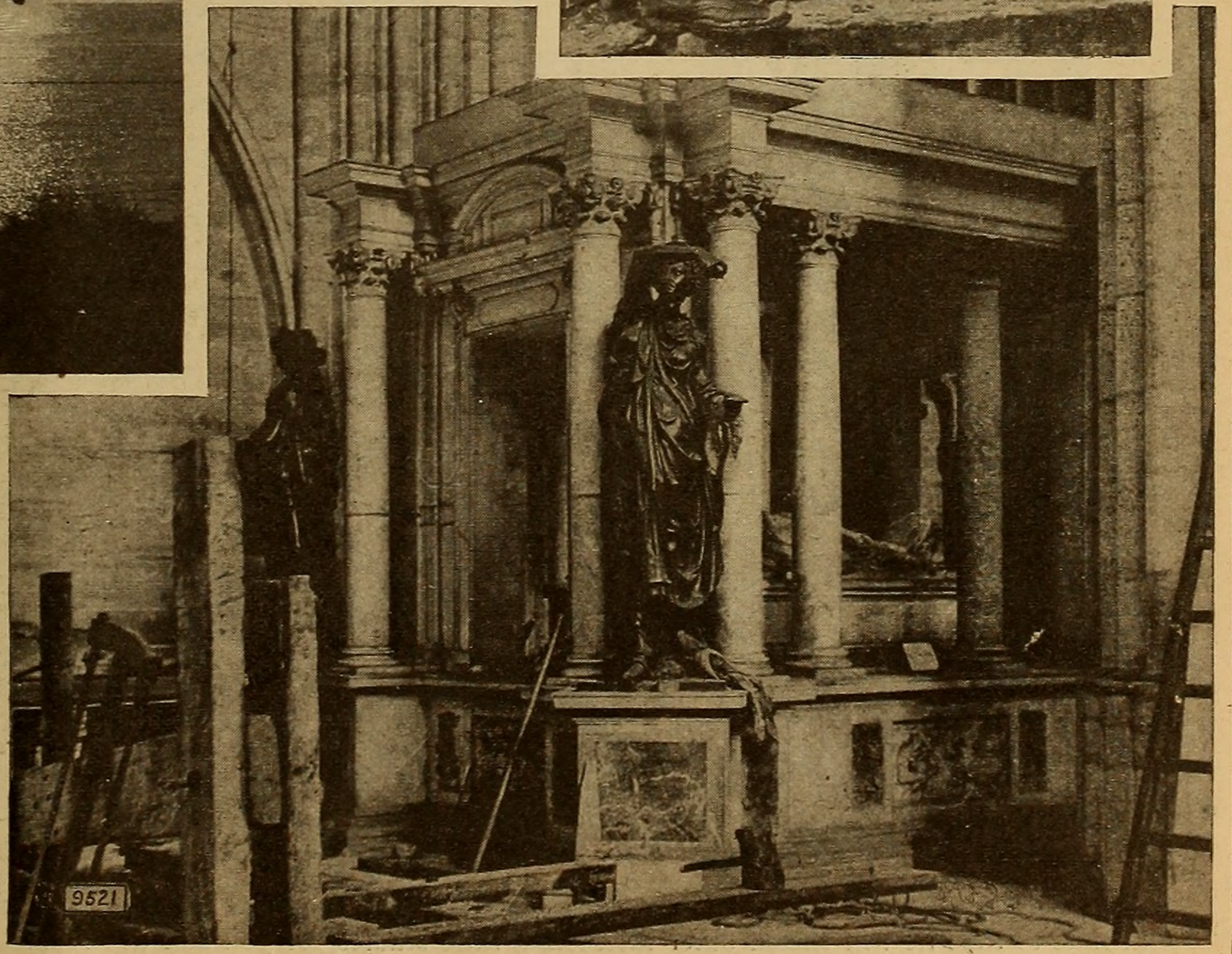
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AND UPON ARRIVAL HE WILL REPORT TO THE POST COMMANDER FOR DUTY.

THE QUARTERMASTER WILL FURNISH THE NECESSARY TRANSPORTATION.

THIS JOURNEY IS FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE SERVICE.

BY ORDER OF

NOTE - THIS LETTER HOLDS GOOD ALL THE WAY THRU

"YER CAN'T SIT ON A CHAIR. HERE'S YER TRANSFER TO THE COAST

ARTILLERY IN SEATTLE"

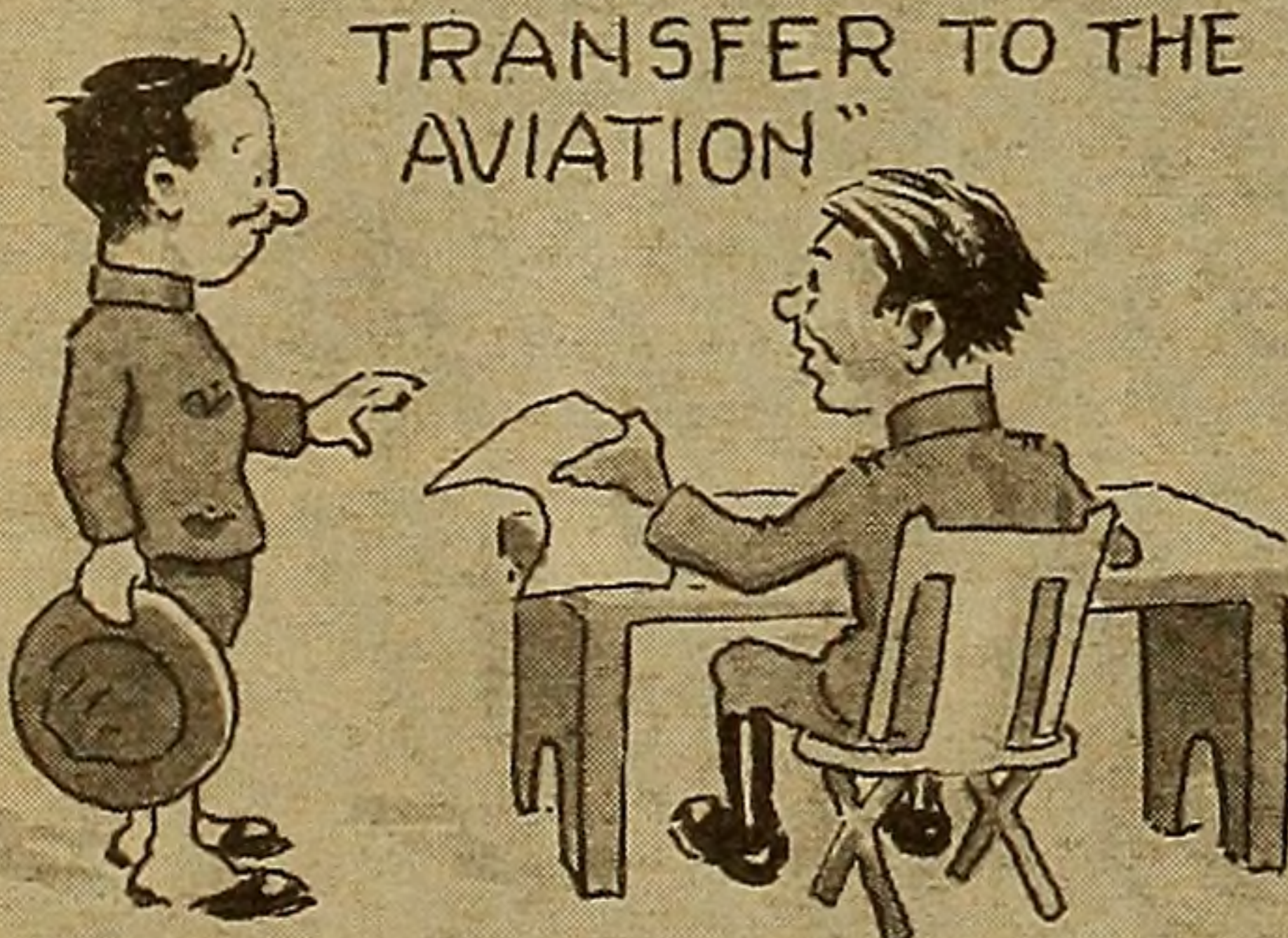


AT CAMP

McCLELLAN, ANNISTON, ALABAMA.

"SO YOU WANT A CHANCE TO KILL HUNS, WHICH OF COURSE THE CAMOUFLAGE CAN NOT GUARANTEE - HERE'S YOUR

TRANSFER TO THE AVIATION"



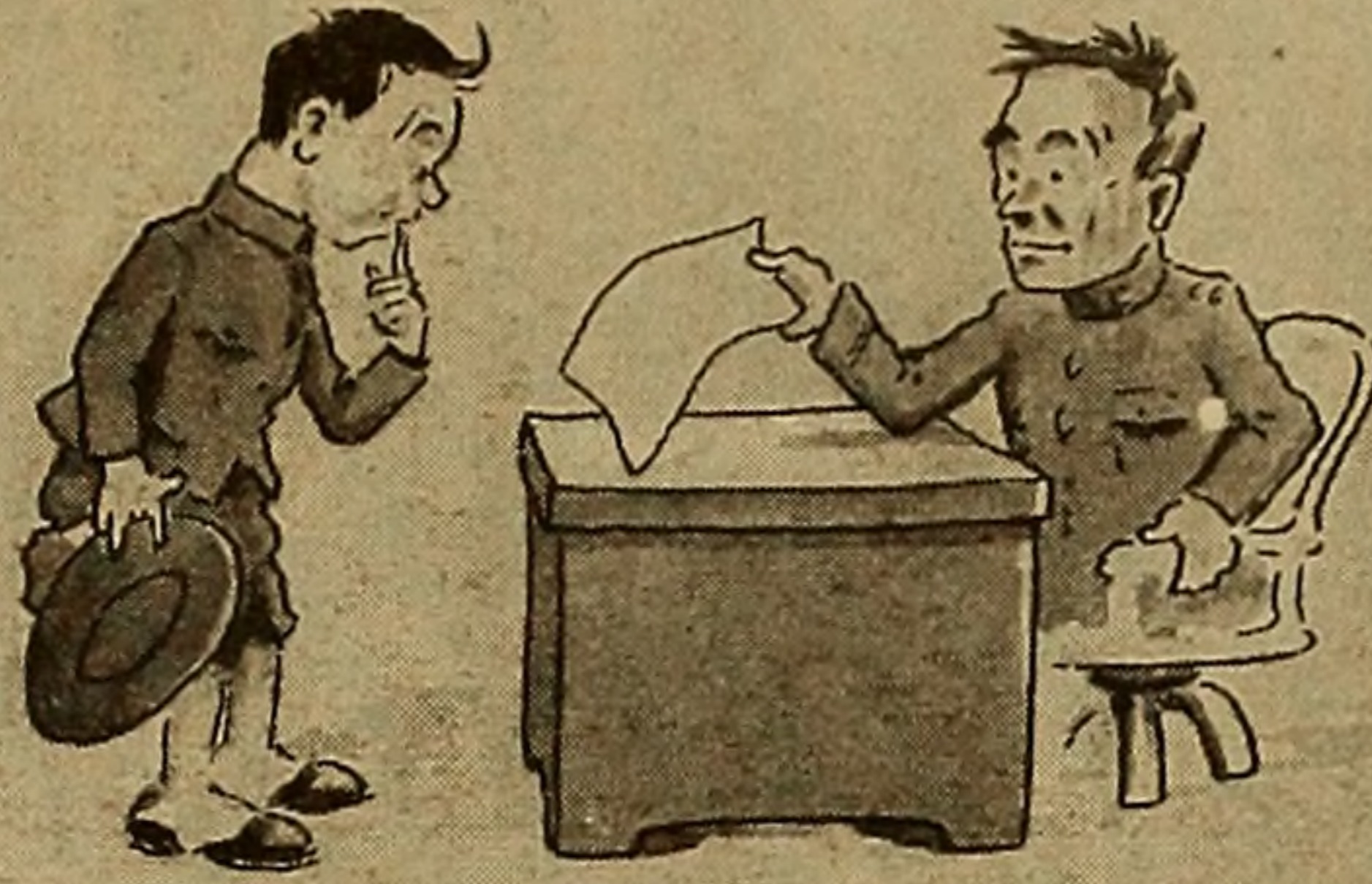
AT CAMP AMERICAN UNIV., D.C.

"THE SCHOOL IS QUARANTINED INDEFINITELY. YOU MAY PROCEED BY THIS LETTER TO THE ATLANTA SCHOOL"



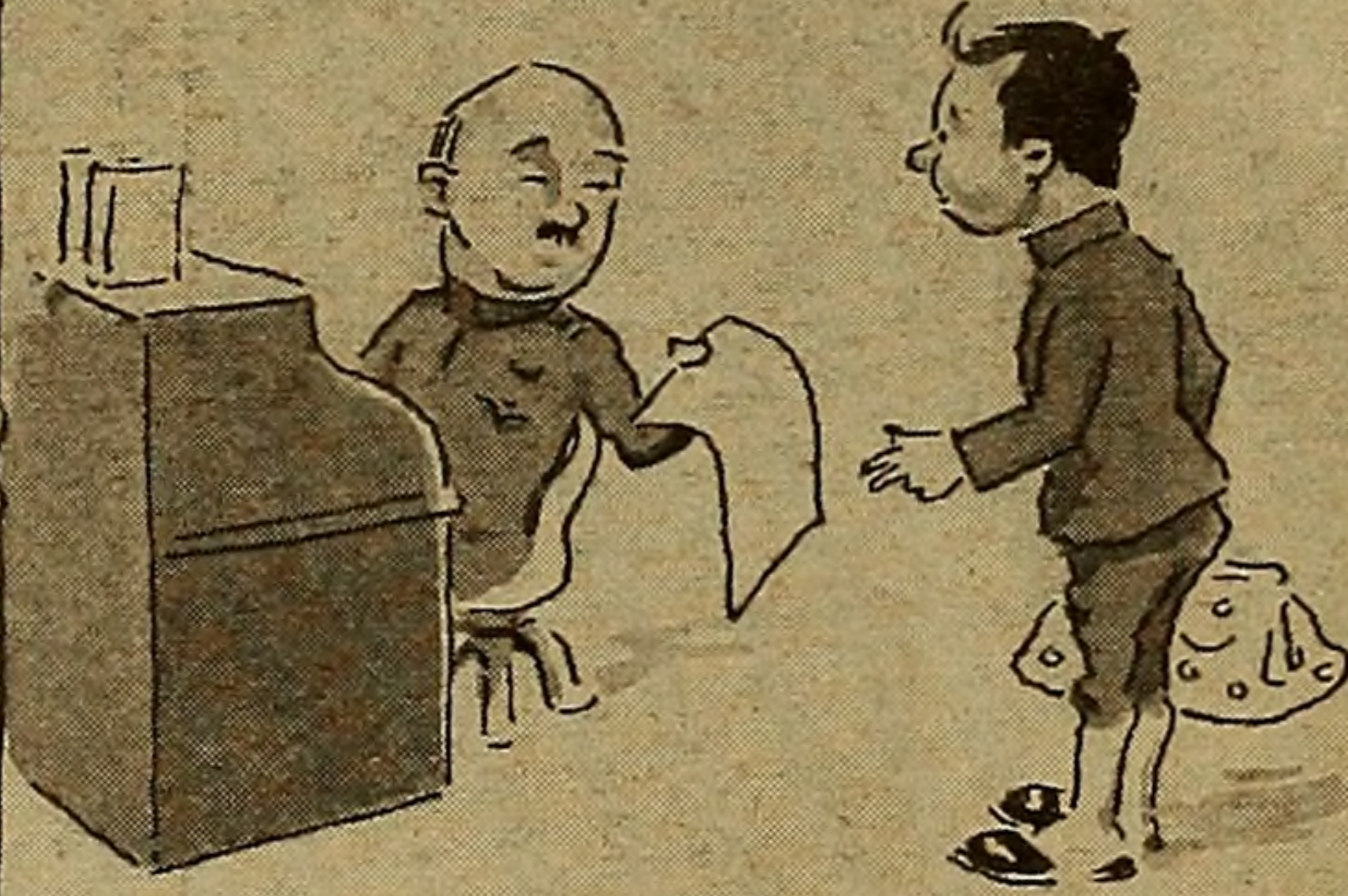
IN BERKLEY, CAL. AGAIN.

"YOUR TRANSFER TO THE 70TH CAVALRY HAS COME. TAKE THIS LETTER AND RUN ALONG TO TEXAS"



AT CAMP UPTON, L.I., N.Y.

"YOUR BATTERY HAS JUST LEFT FOR PANAMA - THIS LETTER WILL GET YOU A PASS ON THE NEXT BOAT"



IN SEATTLE, WASH.

"YE FLUNKED IN ENGINES, KID. YER FIRED! I'LL SEND YOU TO A CONCENTRATION CAMP. THIS LETTER -"



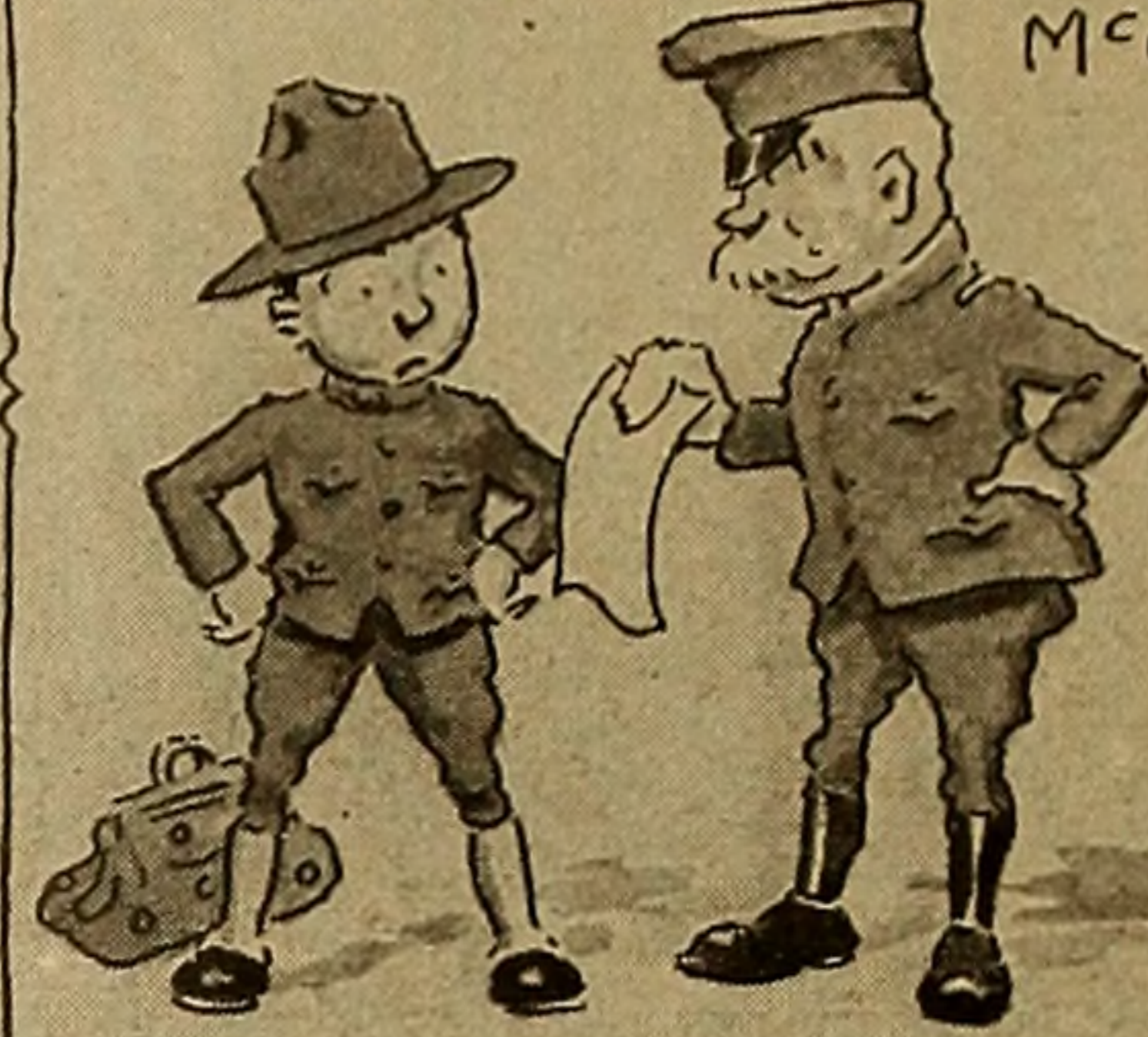
UNIV. OF CAL, BERKLEY, CAL.

"YOUR SPELLING IS ROTTEN - YOU'LL NEVER MAKE AN AVIATOR. THIS LETTER WILL - ETC."



UNIV. OF GEORGIA, ATLANTA

"THE 70TH HAS SAILED. THIS LETTER WILL CONNECT YOU WITH THE 71ST IN CAMP McCLELLAN"



AT CAMP BOWIE, FT. WORTH, TEX.

"YOUR DESIRED TRANSFER TO THE CAMOUFLAGE HAS JUST COME - CONGRATULATIONS. THIS LETTER - ETC."



AT ANCON, CANAL ZONE

"THERE WAS A MISTAKE IN GRADING YOUR PAPERS; YOU HAVE BEEN REINSTATED. THIS LETTER - ETC."



AT FIELD 2, GARDEN CITY, N.Y.

"I WONDER WHETHER THERE REALLY IS A WAR GOING ON?"



EDITORIAL NOTE—These cartoons are the work of H. A. McBride, well-known artist, now serving Uncle Sam at the front. From time to time he will sketch other interesting little studies for you and us—from Over There.

The Secrets of Distinctive Dress

WHAT is the secret of Petrova's charm? Have you ever tried to analyze it? The other evening I overheard two charmingly gowned women discussing this very question, as they came out of the theatre. One of them is the proprietor of an exclusive Fifth Avenue dressmaking establishment and for that reason her opinion was especially interesting to me.

"Petrova's charm," she was saying, "lies first of all, of course, in her art as a great actress. But blended with that is the charm of her fascinating personality. And she gives expression to that personality not only through the mediums of facial expression and a superlative degree of grace, but also through dress. Her gowns are invariably distinctive. They are the last word in their expression of prevailing fashions, and yet there is an individuality about them that makes them also an expression of Petrova herself. This is the secret of their distinctive character. They express Petrova's individuality because she herself understands dress as few women understand it. She knows just the little touch, the change in line that makes a gown distinctively becoming to her."

And now that you think about it, don't you see that that clever modiste was absolutely right? Did you ever notice the difference in the appearance of women you meet on the street, in the stores and shops, at church, in the theatre or wherever you go? Always there are a few dressed so attractively, so faultlessly in taste that you cannot help admiring them.

These women often have no advantage in beauty over other women. Their advantage lies solely in the fact that they know and apply the principles of artistic design, color harmony, becoming style and countless other secrets of personal attractiveness to express their individuality and make them always appear at their very best.

What would it mean to you to be able to express your own individuality in dress? Wouldn't you appreciate the satisfaction of knowing that every article of your attire is always becoming as well as stylish—an expression of yourself? I know you would and that is why I am sure you will welcome this news I have for you.

After long and painstaking study, with the help, advice and endorsement of creators and leaders of fashion, Mary Brooks Picken, herself one of America's greatest authorities on dress, has written a wonderful book. It is called "The Secrets of Distinctive Dress," and it is brimful from cover to cover with intimate facts about the style, design and harmony of fashionable dress—little knacks of faultless taste—guarded secrets of fascinating women—and the principles underlying the development of social ease, grace, beauty and personal charm!

With the knowledge this book imparts so clearly, concisely and completely, any woman or girl, no matter where she lives, can become familiar with the beauty secrets of the world's best-dressed and cleverest women, and learn the fundamental principles of compelling admiration, attracting friends and developing a charming personality. For in this remarkable book all these things have been reduced to simple, practical rules that any woman can understand and apply.

"The Secrets of Distinctive Dress" holds a message for you. If you have been spe-

cially favored with natural grace and beauty of feature, this book will show you how to enhance your attractiveness. Or if you feel that you are "plain looking," if you have some little defects of figure, feature or complexion, if you realize that you do not make friends as rapidly as you should, if you are inclined to be backward, ill at ease in company and less popular than you would like to be, you can learn from "The Secrets of Distinctive Dress" just how to overcome these handicaps.

This book is so important, it can mean so much in helping every woman and girl to always appear charming and attractive, that the publishers want every woman to see and examine it for herself—without obligation or expense—in her own home. I have been authorized by them to tell readers of this magazine that by merely filling out and mailing the coupon below, you can examine this new book in your own home for three days without sending a single penny in advance. If at the end of that time you feel that you can afford to be without its constant help and aid, return it and you will be under no obligation whatever. If you want to retain it for your own, send only \$2 and the book is yours.



Madame
Olga
Petrova

Would You Like to Know—

How to acquire a winning personality?
How to express your individuality in dress?
How to always appear at your best?
How to win admiration?
What colors bring out your best features?
Whether you should dress your hair high or low?
How to make your hands add to your attractiveness?
How to make yourself appear taller or shorter?
What kind of dress will give you a fashionable figure?
How to attract friends?
How to be sure your attire is faultlessly correct?
How to make yourself appear more slender?
How to acquire a graceful carriage?
What is the first essential of faultless dress?
What kind of clothes make you seem younger?
How to become graceful and always at ease?
How to dress appropriately for all occasions?
What colors harmonize perfectly in a costume?
How the most refined women use perfume?

How to develop poise?
What you should do to counteract defects in your personal appearance?
What kind of corset will give you graceful lines and yet be entirely comfortable?
How to observe the fundamental laws of beauty and good health?
How to bring out the beauty of your eyes, hair, etc.?
How you may have a beautiful complexion?
How you can dress to give your cheeks more color?
How to know your own good and bad features?
How to master the principles of style and dress harmony?
How to select the models best suited to your personality?
How to add just the needed touch to an ordinary, plain dress?
What dress accessories mean to the woman of refinement?
How the best dressed women wear jewelry?
What errors to avoid in choosing waists—skirts?
How to dress most appropriately for your work?

These and hundreds of other questions associated with the cultivation of personal charm and attractiveness are answered by this wonderful book which you can examine—without obligation or expense—by merely filling out and mailing the coupon!

"The Secrets of Distinctive Dress" is a handsome volume of generous size, 250 pages beautifully printed and bound in cloth with gold stamped covers, a book you will be proud to have in your library or for daily reference and use in your boudoir. It is safe to say that never before was a book so vitally important and so beautifully published, offered to women through such a liberal offer. Remember that it does not cost you a penny to see it with your own eyes, to keep it for three full days and learn at first hand just what it can mean to you before you have to decide whether you will own it.

You do not even need to write a letter. Just fill out and mail the convenient coupon below and this handsomely bound, beautifully illustrated, wonderfully instructive and helpful book will come to you, postpaid, by return mail.

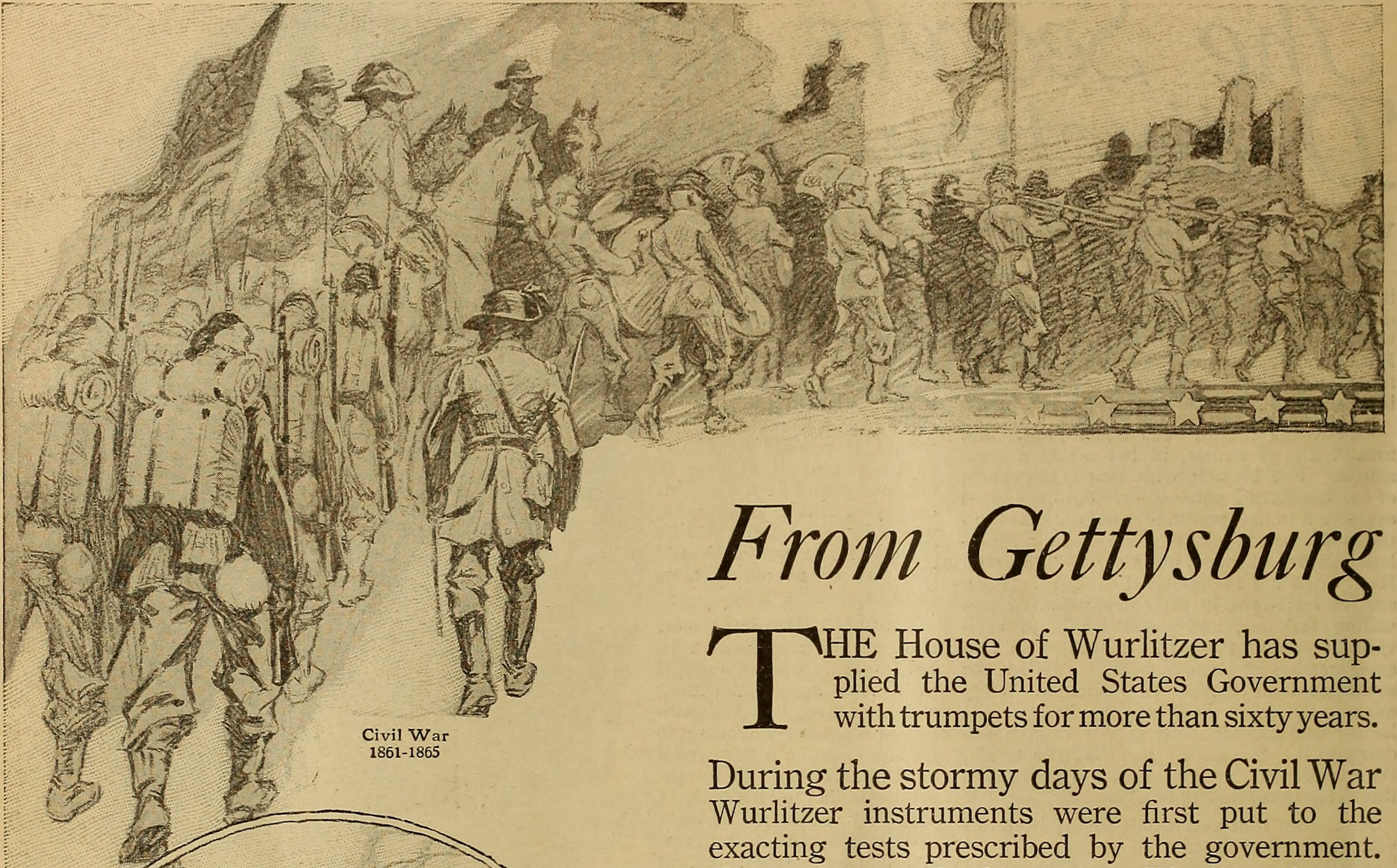
When the secrets of attractive distinctive dress and charming personality are so easily within your reach, why go another day without them? Write your name and address on the coupon now.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE
Dept. 219 J, Scranton, Penna.

Please send me, all charges prepaid, a copy of "The Secrets of Distinctive Dress." I promise to send you two dollars (\$2.00) or return the book within three days.

Name _____

Address _____



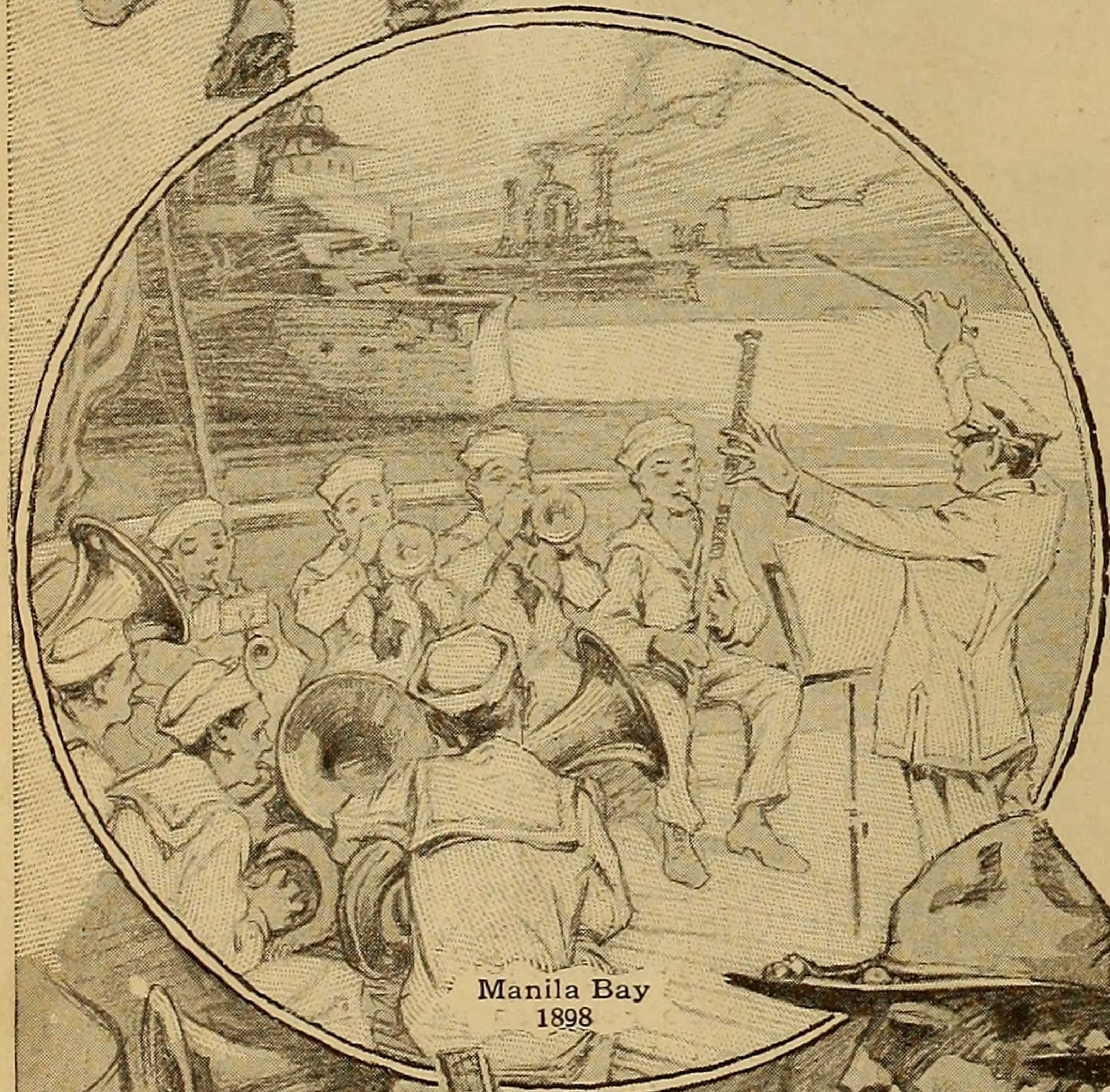
Civil War
1861-1865

From Gettysburg

THE House of Wurlitzer has supplied the United States Government with trumpets for more than sixty years.

During the stormy days of the Civil War Wurlitzer instruments were first put to the exacting tests prescribed by the government. They made good. Since then, Wurlitzer instruments have accompanied American troops on every march to victory. Right at this hour they are with American troops on the battle lines.

This sixty year record of service is our pride. It has been a privilege to serve—and the success of our service is eloquent testimony to the high quality of Wurlitzer instruments.

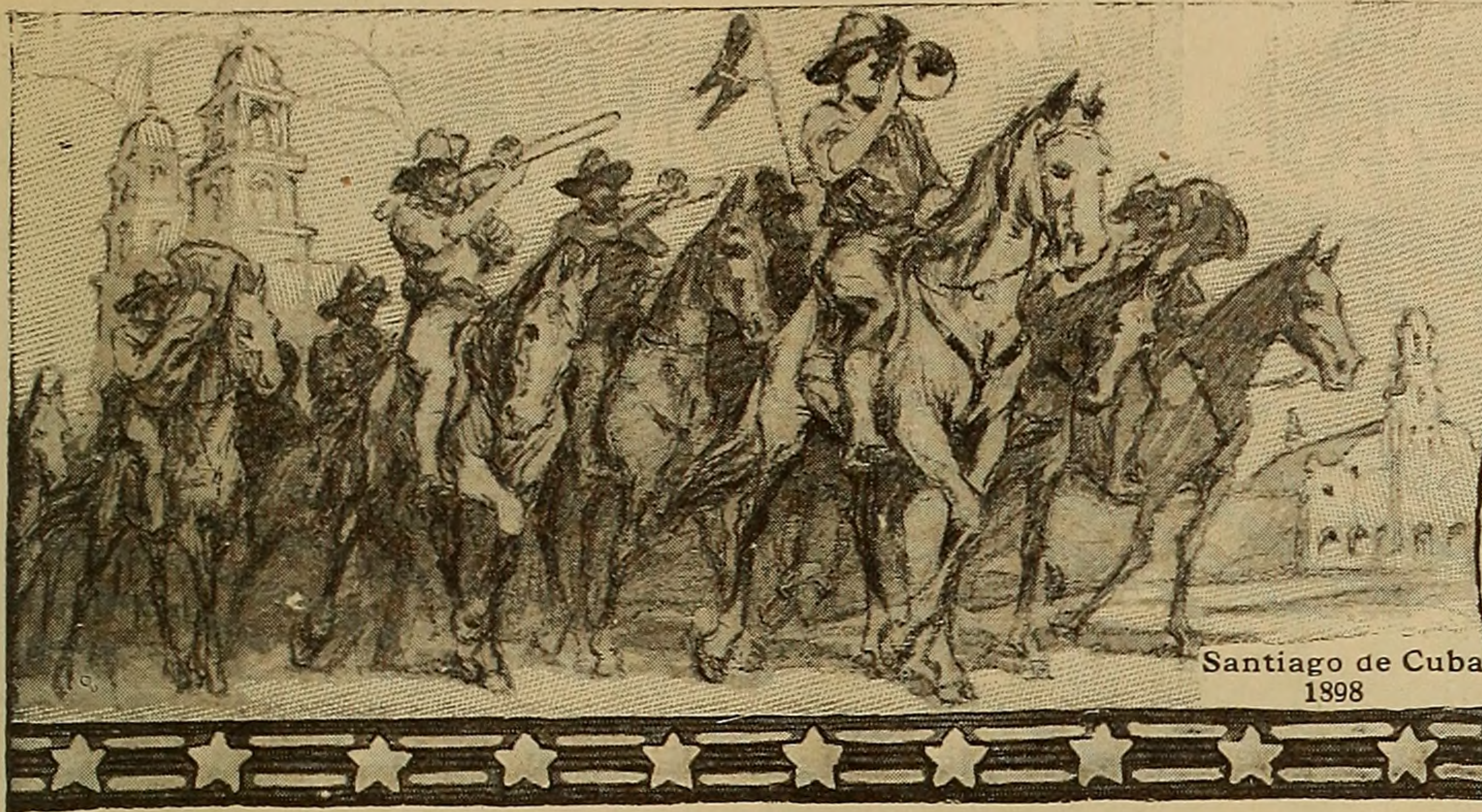


Manila Bay
1898

France



WURLITZER



Santiago de Cuba
1898



Pekin
1900

to France —

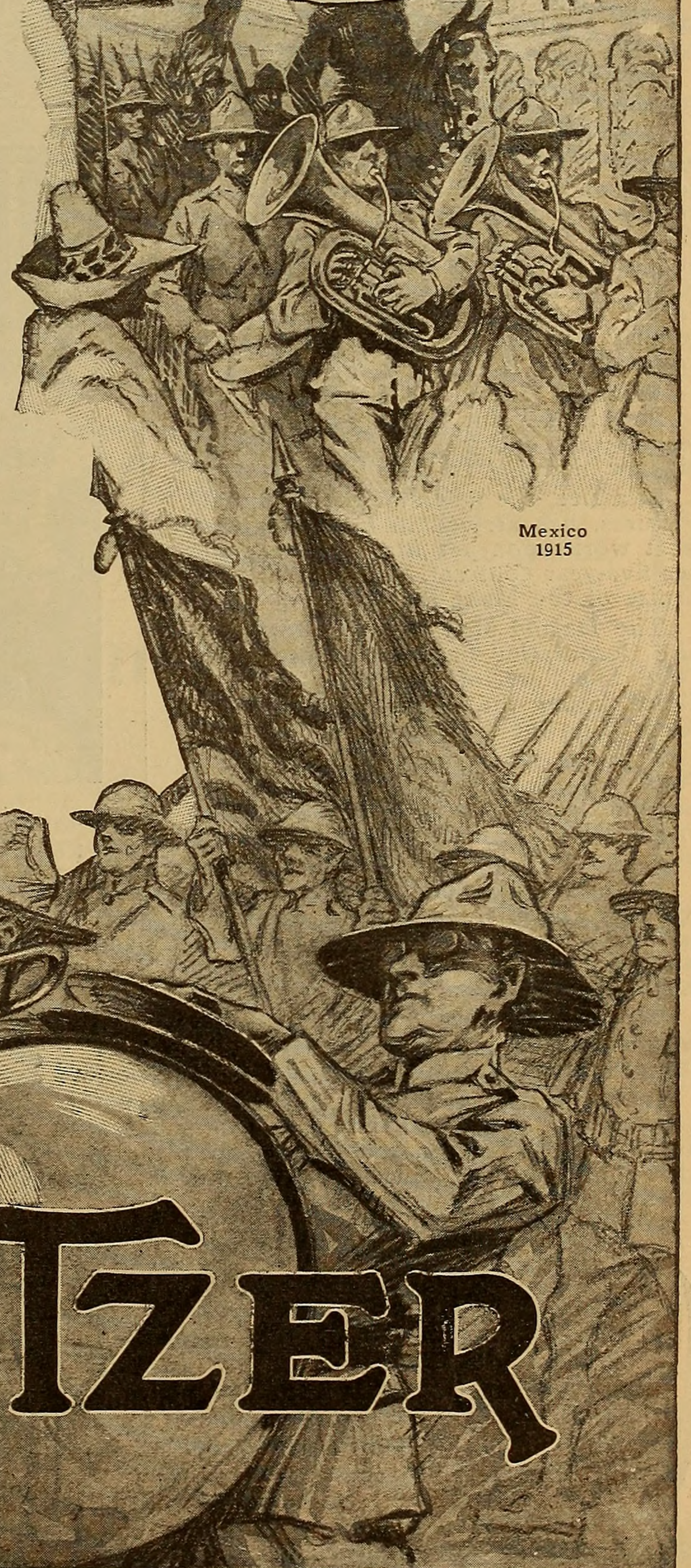
In twenty-two cities these instruments are for sale in our branch stores. But Americans everywhere can obtain Wurlitzer instruments by simply writing to us. We will send any instrument you wish for your inspection. And you can pay for it at a few cents a day.

Write Today For Catalog

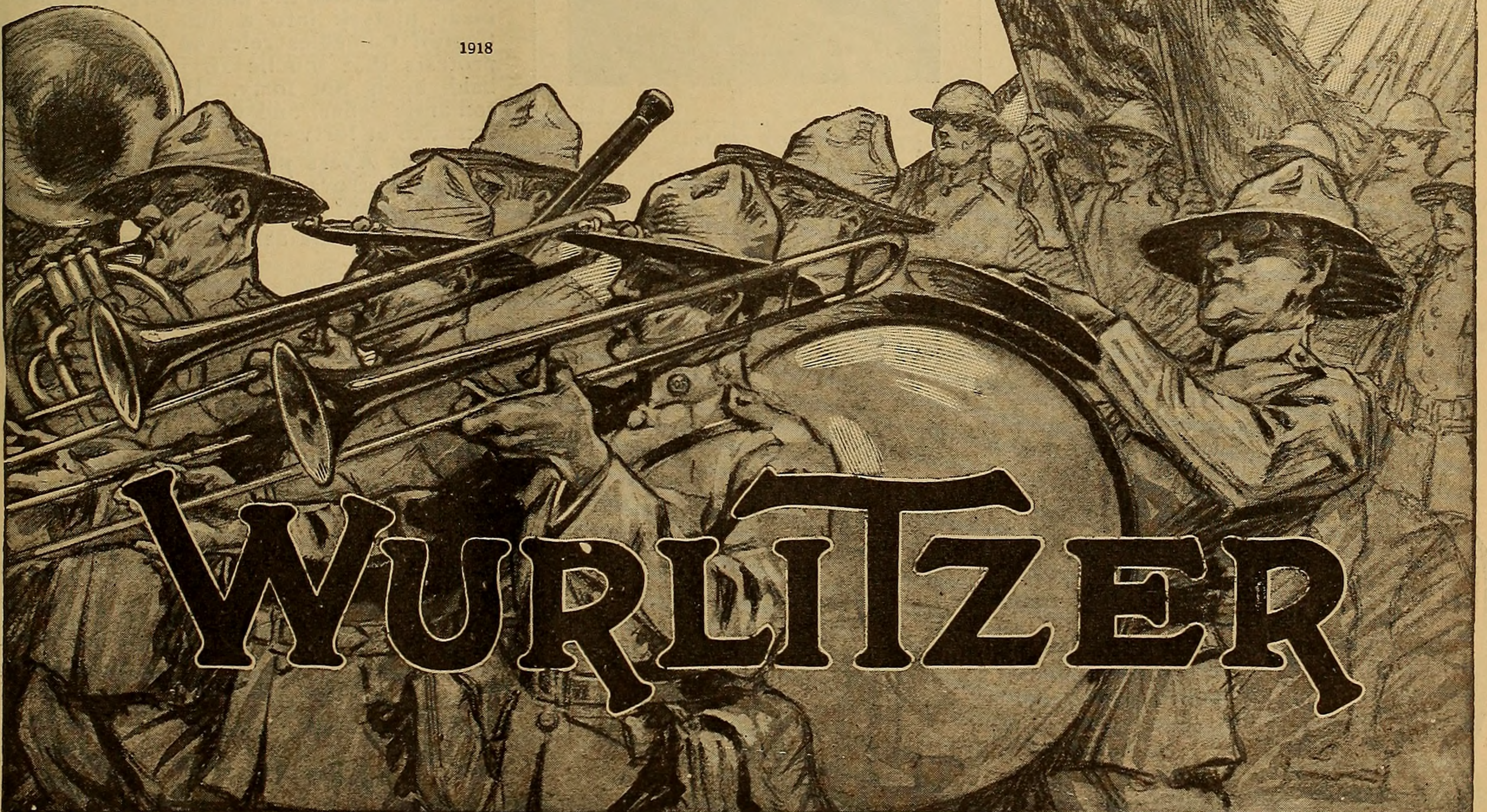
Send now for our 176-page book. It gives the full description and the price of every kind of musical instrument. It tells you how you can have any instrument you wish for examination and trial simply on request. Write for the catalog today.

THE RUDOLPH WURLITZER COMPANY

4th St., Cincinnati, Ohio—Dept. 1546—S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.



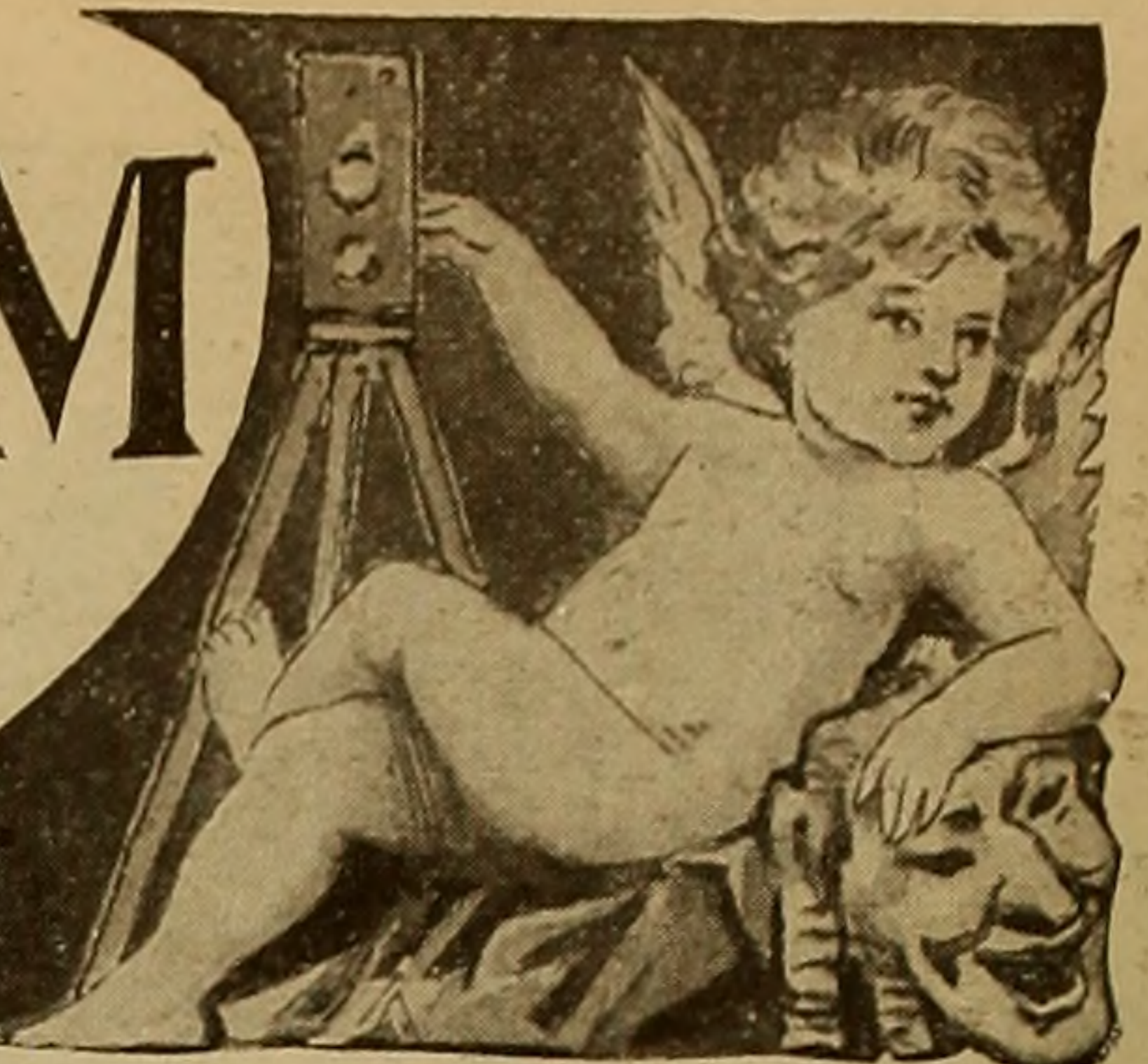
Mexico
1915



1918

WURLITZER

GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS



Vola Vale (Russell) is the proud mother of a baby boy who has been given the name of Bill, after his distinguished uncle, William Russell.

At last **Guy Coombs** is again on the active list. He has just recovered from pleuro-pneumonia, and has been engaged to appear as Viola Dana's leading man in "Flower of the Dusk," than which we can imagine no pleasanter come-back.

There is only one thing rarer than a day in June, and that is an actress who will tell her right age. **Baby Marie Osborne** insists that she isn't a baby any longer. She's six years old.

Luke, the famous bull terrier comedian, pride of **Fatty Arbuckle's** heart, returned to his master recently, and will appear in Fatty's travesties for fifty bones a week.

Bluebird announces "After the War" Feature. Decidedly a pre-release.

A scenario called "Heart of the Soul," written in the trenches in France on such scraps of paper as the writer could secure, has just been purchased by **World Pictures**. The spirit of the story gripped and held despite its bad physical condition. The author is Lieutenant Howard Irving Young. Evidently World intends to play doctor, or doctor the play—as you will.

Montagu Love has been sentenced to Sing Sing. But 'tis only a short sentence—long enough to take scenes for his new picture, "To Him That Hath."

Lila Lee, the new star of Paramount Pictures, has arrived in California, and is at work upon her first picture under her five-year contract. It is called "The Cruise of the Make-Believe."

The Harold Bell Wright Story Picture Corporation has been incorporated. "The Shepherd of the Hills" will be filmed among the Ozark Mountains and released on the state rights market.

There is no busier bee than **Francis Ford**, who is producing "The Isle of Intrigue" at the Christie studios in California. Edna Emerson in his leading-lady, and he is his own leading-man.

J. Stuart Blackton has acquired the screen rights to "Getting Together," a thrilling war play recently produced in New York City. Commodore Blackton has been commissioned to translate it to celluloid under the auspices of the British-Canadian Recruiting Mission.

Victor Moore has returned to the stage. He will appear under the management of Harrison Grey Fiske in "Patsy on the Wing," which is the work of Edward Peple.

It was hotter than the future abiding place of the kaiser while Metro was filming "Judgment," with **Anna Nilsson**. Miss Nilsson sought a shady place to rest, but what she thought was nice soft grass was in reality creeping cactus. No wonder Anna felt hurt.

Edith Storey has returned from California, and is at her country home at Northport, Long Island.

Wallace McDonald visited us the other day on his way to Halifax, N. S., where he will enlist in the Tenth Siege Battery of the Royal Canadian Artillery, Fort Cambridge, N. S. C. E. F.

Randolph Bartlett has resigned from *Photoplay Magazine*, and will seek larger fields for his talents. One of his chats will appear among these pages in the near future.

A news note reaches us from the Coast that **Fred Stone**, the well-known stage comedian, is half-way thru his first film, "Under the Top," for Famous Players-Lasky. We hope the ventilation is safe, Fred.

Bryant Washburn's name has been signed to a nice new three-year Paramount contract. Both **Vivian Martin** and **Wallace Reid** have renewed their contracts.

"Leah Kleschna" is the name of the picture **Ethel Clayton** is working in at the Lasky Coast studios.

At a recent Lasky studio benefit **Clara Kimball Young** quite outdid every one there in doing her bit. In fact, she outdid herself from her clothes—behind a screen, of course—and had them auctioned off. One begins to see why censors are needed.

News Note: **Theda Bara** has fine support in "Salome." We noticed that in "Cleopatra."

Constance and **Natalie Talmadge** are spending the summer with their sister **Norma** at her home at Bayside, New York.

The first **Blanche Sweet** production has been finished. It is called "The Hushed Hour," and is said to be so good that Harry Garson has signed Blanche Sweet for a long-term contract. Her second picture will be "The Unpardonable Sin," by Rupert Hughes. This will be made in New York.

Valda Valkeyra'n, the young Danish actress and dancer, will be seen with **Louise Huff** in her forthcoming World feature, "T'other Dear Charmer."

Beautiful **May Allison** has left New York and New York weeps! Miss Allison will reach California just in time to start work without even a breathing spell on her next Metro Picture, called "The Finding of Mary."

Bill Parsons, the millionaire, who has made himself into a film star for the Capitol Comedies released by Goldwyn, protests that tho he IS fat and he IS bald, he is not forty. He says he's a romantic feller, and who ever heard of romance at forty—who?

Agnes Ayers plays "Enchanted Profile." Is it possible that Petrova is going to have opposition in the "one cheek" line?

Tom Moore makes his debut as a Goldwyn star in "Just for Tonight."

It is said that **Charlie Chaplin's** next picture under the million-dollar contract with the First National Exhibitors' Circuit will be a comedy.

In order to keep their new star, **Geraldine Farrar**, cool during the long summer months, Goldwyn has had a very expensive air-cooling plant installed, thus making it harder for the publicity department.

Norman Kerry is not only the leading-man in **Olive Thomas'** company, but is playing the rôle of the leading-man's father as well. Norman claims that such duplicity is foreign to his frank nature.

W. S. Hart takes the rôle of a "sea dog" in his new Artcraft picture, "Shark Monroe." During two days at sea a squall struck them; also sea-sickness; whereat Hart exclaimed, "Oh, death, where is thy sting!" But he got the scenes.

A recently noted headline read, "Miss Fisher will wear clothes," thus leaving **Annette Kellermann** alone in her class.



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Entirely New Way to Become a Stenographer

Young men! Young women! Married women! Clerks! Everybody who now earns a small salary or none at all! Become a stenographer! Business everywhere is clogged up for lack of stenographers. The Government needs stenographers in Washington. Look at the want ads. in your own newspaper. See how many business concerns need stenographers! Help your country and *help yourself*. Earn \$25 to \$40 a week. Learn the New Way in Shorthand and Typewriting—the simplest, soundest method ever devised. Read the facts!

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The New Way in Typewriting gets at the real *secret* of fast typewriting. Gymnastic Finger Training makes the

fingers quick, flexible, accurate. Every finger under perfect control. Slow fingers hold most stenographers back. Fast fingers—The New Way—guarantee speed of 80 to 100 words a minute in Typewriting. It's all in the fingers. Also wonderful *new kind* of machine practice makes keyboard as simple as if there were only *one* key to use. No other system compares with the New Way.

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LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

Dorothy Dalton has just returned to the Coast after a visit to New York City for

gowns, etc. As she left she declared: "I've had a great time seeing the sights, the library and the Woolworth building, and all those other big things are wonderful, but—well, really, New York is a nine o'clock town compared to Los Angeles." Our lights were all out on account of the submarine scare at that time, so maybe you didn't see all, Dorothy.

The latest patriotic act of the Lasky studio at Hollywood is to furnish sets of scenery for the use of the soldiers' theater at the Y. M. C. A. clubhouse at Fort Rosencrantz, Cal.

Thomas Meighan is Marguerite Clark's leading-man in her new picture, "Out of a Clear Sky." The settings are to range from an ancient palace in Belgium to a humble cabin in the mountains of Tennessee.

The little ducky who plays with Marie Osborne is now being called "Sunny Sammy" in preference to "Sambo" and "Snowball." He is just convalescing from an attack of measles. When told about his illness Baby Marie asked, "How can they tell when he breaks out?"

John Emerson and Anita Loos, who are to produce a series of Paramount Pictures of their own authorship, with Ernest Truex and Shirley Mason as the feature players, have been invited by Columbia University to give a series of lectures on photoplay writing.

A most unusual event has occurred! Famous Players-Lasky have just phoned us to be sure and change the announcement of Lila Lee's age from fourteen to sixteen. This is the first time such an unaccountable exactness as to age has been enforced. But then Lila Lee, the newest screen star, is quite an unusual person.

Broadway seems extremely dark of late. The only way we can account for this is that that radiant star, Antonio Moreno, having completed his work in "The House of Hate," has abandoned New York for California to begin work in a new serial for Vitagraph.

Richard Barthelmess is now leading-man for Gladys Leslie in "Wild Primrose," which is rapidly nearing completion under the direction of Frederic Thomson.

Nell Shipman and Alfred Whitman have finished "A Gentleman's Agreement."

Jean Page, who recently graduated from O. Henry short reel subjects into Vitagraph features, has been placed under contract by Albert E. Smith, president of Vitagraph.

William Duncan was asked where he intended taking his vacation. "I thought of going to New York," was the reply, "but another serial has been sent to me from New York, so I guess my vacation will be by way of a long swim at Santa Monica." Duncan is just finishing the fifteenth episode of his serial, "A Fight for Millions."

William Farnum was presented with a silver cup by Jack Root, of the Strand Theater, Pasadena, California. Mr. Root says that Farnum's films have broken all records at the Strand.

They claim that Jewel Carmen wears \$10,000 worth of gowns in her new Fox picture, "The Fallen Angel." Evidently the censor will not be necessary—or was it quality, not quantity, that cost Miss Carmen so dear.

Winifred Kingston has been cut in two five times this week, and still lives to tell the tale. This is not due to Miss Kingston's tremendous vitality, but because 'twas merely the work of the Sherman Co. film editor on some celluloid.

The family of Peggy Hyland, who is working at present on "Bonnie Annie Laurie," is very active in war work. Her sister is employed in the British Admiralty office, another sister is an inspector in an English munitions factory, and her father, Dr. Cyril Hyland, has volunteered to serve on transports conveying American troops to France.

The working title of Pearl White's new serial, to follow "The House of Hate," is "The Lightning Raider." Evidently Pearl is to have no peace.

Ethel Clayton toured to California in her Pierce-Arrow limousine, and has bought the former home of Mae Murray, one of the most attractive places in the Los Angeles environs.

Elsie Ferguson has completed her first Western rôle in the picture called "Heart of the Wilds."

George Larkin, leading man in "The Wolf-faced Man" serial, is in the hospital recovering from a broken artery in his left leg, just above the knee. For one week he limped around the Yosemite Mountains, where the company was taking scenes, thinking his injury nothing more serious than a sprained ligament.

Irene Castle will soon start for France to help entertain the soldiers; indeed, she is more than likely already on her way "over there."

Charlie Murray says that home wreckers cont always use an ax.

Anna Case is the latest prima donna to seek fame in the films. She will make her picture debut in "The Golden Hope," under the International Company and the direction of Julius Steger.

Rhea Mitchell will play opposite Bert Lytell in the young Metro star's next picture, "Boston Blackie's Little Pal."

Ethel Barrymore has seen fit to return to the screen work now that the stage season has ended. She is at work at the Metro studio on "Our Mrs. McClesney." Lucille Lee Stewart will play the part of the "chorus lady" in that production.

Theda Bara is taking a vacation, having completed "The Message of the Lilies."

Little June Caprice has left the William Fox constellation, and her future plans are as yet uncertain.

George Walsh is suffering from a severe cold. "As much as I chase around in pictures," says George, "the only thing I succeed in catching is a cold."

Norma Talmadge has completed work on "The Safety Curtain" and has commenced her new picture at her own studio in East 48th Street, New York City. Every one will be glad to hear that handsome Eugene O'Brien will again be her leading-man.

Harry Carson, manager of Clara Kimball Young, has rented the Griffith studio, in Hollywood. Upon completing her next picture, "Cheating Cheaters," in New York, Miss Young will thereafter make her pictures in the West.

Edith Johnson is William Duncan's leading-lady in his serial, "A Fight for Millions."

Here is the Eastman Drive against the Hun: "Me und Gott" (Romaine), "The Kaiser, the Beast of Berlin" (Jewel), "To Hell with the Kaiser" (Metro), "Over the Top" (Vitagraph), "My Four Years in Germany" (First National).

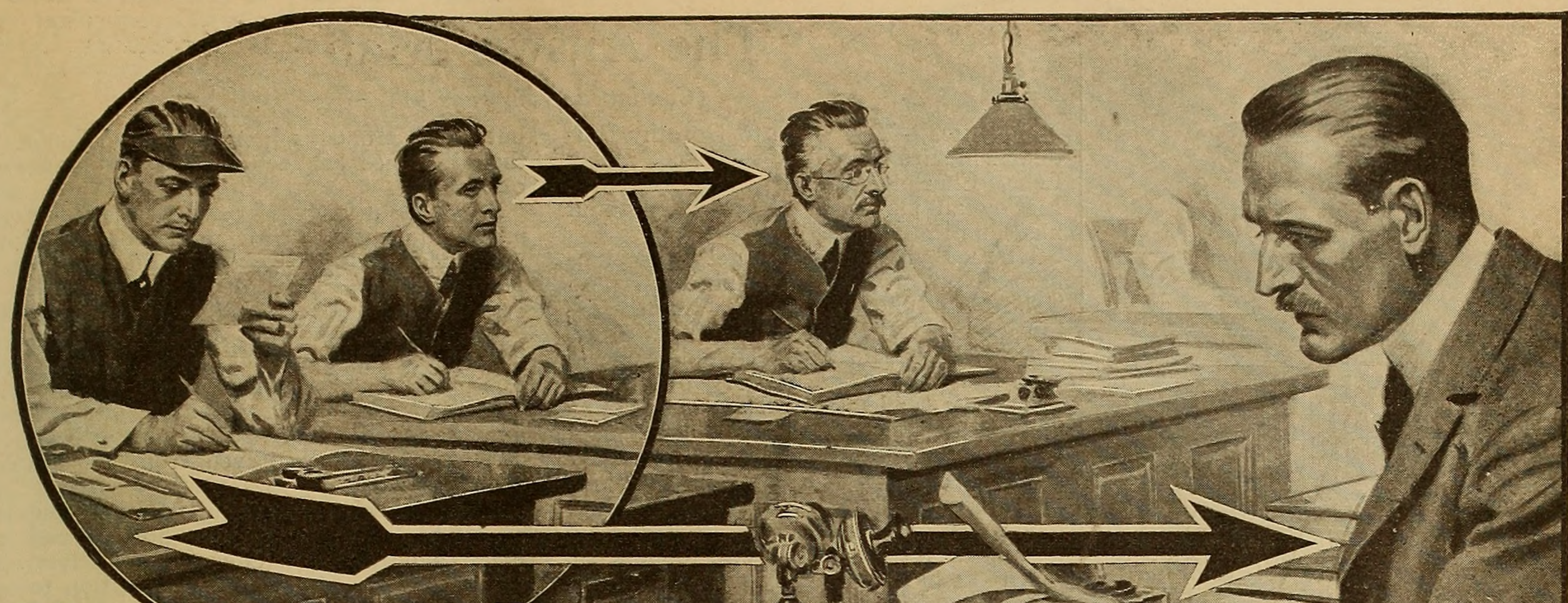
"What," asks Tom Moore, "did moths live on before Adam and Eve wore clothes?" Why, cotton and fir—of course.

After being divorced for the sixth time, Nat Goodwin is to make another try at the screen—and what a suggestive title—"Married Again."

June Caprice numbers among her favorite outdoor sports "spinning a top."



ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN



They Started Equal

The Difference Is Training

These two men, like thousands of others, started side by side at desks in a row—equal.

One stood still. Today he's just a little older, just a little more discouraged—but right where he started.

The other has grown to a position of responsibility and command with all its accompanying advantages and comforts. The big difference in these men's lives is *Training*. The failure had the same opportunities, as much spare time, as much natural ability as the man who won. They *started* equal.

But the successful man looked ahead; he saw that the man who climbs to a high position is the man who trains himself for bigger work. And he had the pluck, the determination to get that training in spare time while others idled. He *won*.

Go where you will, you will find thousands of such men who have risen from the ranks to positions as Chiefs of Departments, Superintendents, Managers, Presidents, solely through training secured through the help of the International Correspondence Schools.

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<input type="checkbox"/> Telegraph Engineer	<input type="checkbox"/> Show Card Writer
<input type="checkbox"/> Telephone Work	<input type="checkbox"/> Sign Painter
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<input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping	<input type="checkbox"/> Cert. Public Accountant
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<input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder	<input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics
<input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman	<input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL SERVICE
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<input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer	<input type="checkbox"/> AUTOMOBILE OPERATING
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<input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Worker	<input type="checkbox"/> Navigation
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Spanish
 French
 Italian

Name _____
Present Occupation _____
Street and No. _____
City _____ State _____

The Answer Man

(Continued from page 91)

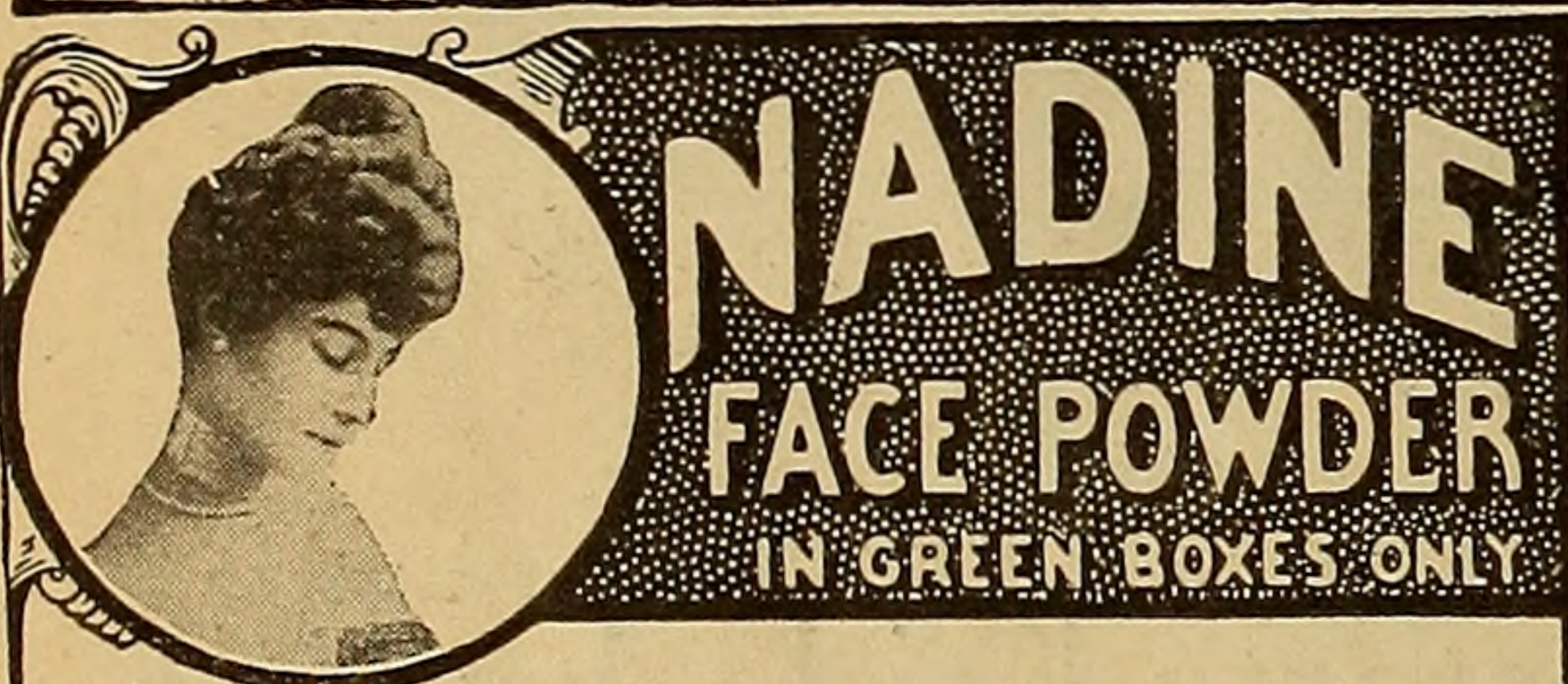


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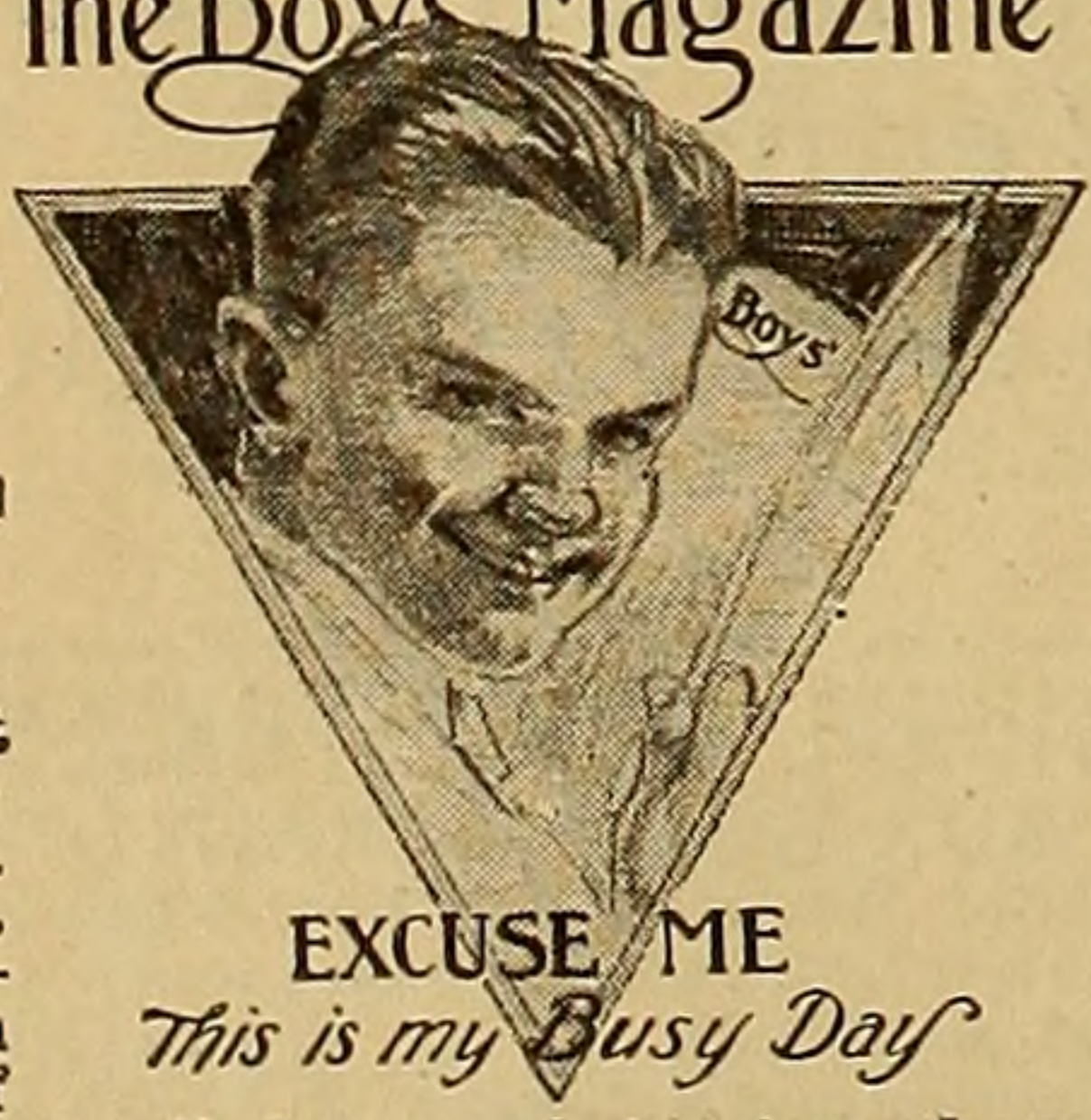
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VERONICA.—Yes, write to Dorothy Dalton. I'm sure she will answer you. Anna Lehr, Charlotte Walker and Gertrude McCoy all played in "Men." Doughnut menshun it.

HILDA B. M.—You can get back numbers direct from us. Pauline Stark in "The Man Who Woke Up." Ethel Clayton was Betty in "The Man Hunt."

J. M. D., CAMBRIDGE.—I would suggest that you read "The History of Arthur Pendennis," and "The Newcomers," by Thackeray. Florence Turner isn't playing in pictures now. Likewise Mary Fuller. Some of Broncho Billy's pictures have been reissued. You say Bryant Washburn is your choice of an ideal man, and apparently some one else thought so.

KIRKLAND P.—You say you want to be a real live friend of mine. You may, for I dont associate with dead ones, my dear man. Remember that which we acquire with most difficulty we retain the longest.

MISS TERIOUS.—You ask, "How old is Bill Bailey?" Alas! he is dead. Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien in "By Right of Purchase." Vivian Martin and Harrison Ford in "The Petticoat Pilot."

FREDDIE.—It has ever been so. Unhappy he who lets a tender heart, bound to him by the ties of love, fall from him, by his own neglect, and die, because it met no kindness. Is it your fault? Alma Rubens and Wallace MacDonald in "Madame Sphinx."

JOVIALIS, THE JOVIAL.—Have I neglected you? I'm so sorry. Your letter was a sparkler. The more honesty a man has, the less he affects the air of a saint.

ELLEN B.—Robert Gaillard is still with Vitagraph, also Nell Shipman. Courtenay Foote was Almerio in "Love's Conquest." Yes, there is more or less danger in taking pictures in Arizona on account of the sandstorms, in which people are sometimes lost. There is an Edith Roberts with Universal, and she may be the one.

FLODELL ROBERTS.—Your letter is clever and interesting, but I am not yet convinced. More light!

1-2-3.—You didn't ask many questions. Always glad to hear from newcomers. I must constantly add new friends to my circle, because I am constantly losing old ones. Harry Carey was born in New York in 1880, is 6 feet high and weighs 180 pounds. He has blond hair. Yes, Dick Rosson is still with Triangle.

RITA H.—You ask the highest record for altitude ever made by an English sparrow. Wait, all things come to the patient waiter. Address Raymond McKee in care of the Friars Club, N. Y. Thanks. I haven't read about that hospital yet. No nurses that I know of.

LORLEEN.—No divorce, just a separation. You say you dont believe I am 76 years old, because no one ever boasts of his age when he gets that far. Wrong, pardner; that's just the time to begin boasting. I haven't the name of my Mt. Morgan friend now.

ME.—Hello, Me! Thanks for the smokes. Why dont you get after your theater manager for that? Monroe Salisbury wears brown eyes. Where do you hail from, and what's your name?

KATHLYN'S FRIEND.—Well, your flatterer may love you some, but he most likely loves himself more. Kathlyn Williams was born in Butte, Mont. She was interviewed in April, 1915. Yes, it's about time again. You must write to me again.

LOYOLA, VICTORIA.—H. B. Warner is not playing now. Madge Evans was born in New York City. Yes, I like Sundays,

but I like Mondays just as well. What's the difference between one day and another?

J. G. MONTAGUE, MILWAUKEE.—Your profound answer, with numerous Bible references, to the prize-winning most profound question is most deeply appreciated. I shall think it over carefully.

ELSIE H.—Yes, Grace Valentine is playing in the stage play, "Lombardi, Ltd." She played in "A Social Climber" (Selig). Yes, the same Dorothy Bernard. So you liked her on the cover. She's always been one of my favorites, even from the old Biograph days.

BUD & PATTY.—You're right; give people proper books, and teach them how to read them, and they will educate themselves. No, no; Evelyn Greeley is no relation to Madge Evans. Pauline Frederick and John Miltern in "Her Final Reckoning."

ANXIOUS, OKLAHOMA.—Sorry, but I cant give you any information about Al Jennings. Yes, it often happens that a fellow's usefulness ends when his salary is raised. (I wish the Editor would take a chance and raise mine!)

ENGLISH BOBBY.—I think your English is delicious. So you liked Rupert Julian in "The Beast of Berlin." So did I—a dandy piece of work. All right, I will give you a soldier-boy to write to, by mail.

SILVER SPURS.—'Tis true. Most of the players supply the soldier-boys with pictures and their wants first, and that is perhaps why you haven't received the picture. Yes, Leon Trotzky has been in New York since the war, and he once appeared as an extra in a Vitagraph film.

I. M. CURIOUS.—Very well, fire away. Of course Roland West is a director. He directed "De Luxe Annie." No, Virginia Chester is with Metro. On the Coast. You're very sympathetic, but dont you think the human heart wants something to be kind to? (A little slow music here, professor.)

LAURA R.—Jack Holt and Enid Bennett had the leads in "A Desert Wooing." The word "almanac" is of Saxon origin, and probably the first almanac was published in 1470, and the first in English in 1673. Yes, I like to look up the horoscopes.

JUSTINE D.—Tom Ince releases his pictures thru Paramount.

FRANK DILL, SALT CREEK.—You're certainly a wonder, Frank. I am actually drunk after reading your ingenious and clever questions, which I admit I cannot answer. As long as you just look at each other, it's all right, but glances are the first *billets-doux* of love.

HAROLD C.—So you are studying for the ministry. Success to you. Some ministers have a cinch, but conscientious ones are about the poorest paid and hardest-worked men in the world. Vera Michelena isn't playing just now.

LLOYD, FUDGE & LENGTHYNESS.—Hello, you three! No, I dont wear my hair in a pompadour, nor do I wear pinch-back suits. My suits never pinch my back. As I have said before, age is a matter of feeling, not of years. Yes, William S. Hart.

AUGUSTA WIND.—Oh, Allah, be it so! You may join the throne, but there are none who are sitting at my feet—they're not large enough. Robert Gordon will be interviewed shortly. Conway Tearle to your second. That was Camille Aukewich. Why, it costs \$5.00 to become a naturalized citizen. Isn't that cheap, considering the high prices of everything else?

VIRGIL.—Brown hair and blue eyes.

MARY MARIS.—No to your first. So you really met Charlie Chaplin? Wonderful! Jack Richardson and Irene Hunt in "His Enemy, the Law."

B. B.—That's all very well, but wit should flow spontaneously; it cannot be produced by study. I prefer Bangs to Twain, but I fear I am almost alone in this. Just read "The Houseboat on the Styx." Well, the Holy Grail was one of the leading themes of medieval romance. It centers around the cup which was used by Christ at the last supper.

I. N. A.—Stuart Holmes has light hair and dark eyes. Yes, I am the old man you have heard about, but I'm not the only one, for there's Santa Claus, Father Time, Rip Van Winkle, etc. I hope you all have a pleasant vacation.

ZOE.—You ask, "If the guy that put 'ma' in married, had just put the 'di' in divorce, what would we do for news for the newspapers?" I surrender! Don't shoot! I'll come down. Charles Ray was interviewed in September, 1917.

E. M. H.—Yours is the cleverest and most intelligent solution I have received, and I am deeply indebted to you.

SHIRLEY MASON ADMIRER.—You're right there; if women taught the philosophy of love, who would not learn? So you liked Harry Carey in "The Scarlet Drop." And now you want the Magazine twice a month and the Classic once a month. You know the Classic was gotten out to satisfy the desire for the Magazine coming out twice a month.

BETTY OF MELROSE.—You neglected to send the snap. Thanks for the description of yourself, but send along the picture. Woodrow Wilson says that friendship is the only cement that will bind the world together, so let's be friendly; but, of course, with no thought of being bound together.

ADA R. G.; PEGGY F.; ZOE; FISH FLAKES; HAZEL D.; LITTLE EVA; BONNIE M. F.; HENRY J.—See your answers elsewhere, please.

ARPIEM, MONTREAL.—Your most profound letter is highly appreciated, and you may be right, but you forget the word "loving."

DESPERATE DESMOND.—And where have you been? In a friendly boxing party, whom would I bet on, William S. Hart or William Russell? Well, after feeling the latter's muscle, I'm for Russell—strong. Jane Novak in "Selfish Yates." William Farnum in "Rough and Ready." Bill Russell has dark hair and dark eyes, and he went to Fordham University. He has been on the stage since he was eight years old.

THEDA I.—Walt Whitman was Ebenezer in "Captain of His Soul." Rear-Admiral Sims commands the American destroyers hunting submarines in European waters. No, I didn't care so much for "The Doll's House," either.

PEACH FLUFF.—Sure, I'm always good, for I don't know how to be wicked. Thomas Meighan in that Pickford picture. Crane Wilbur isn't playing in pictures now. Remember, if money is your god, it will plague you like the devil. Money is the root of all evil, but everybody prays, "Oh, Lord, give us plenty of the root."

DELLA M. CURRENS.—Your letter is very enlightening!

IRENE W.—I am very much obliged to you for your letter, which seems almost inspired!

PAULINE FREDERICK ADMIRER.—Jane Cowl and William Russell in "The Garden of Lies"; Sam B. Hardy and Belle Daube in "Judy Forgot"; Edith Storey and Earle Williams in "The Christian." Jack Holt in the last. So you like the Keystone comedies? Well, well!



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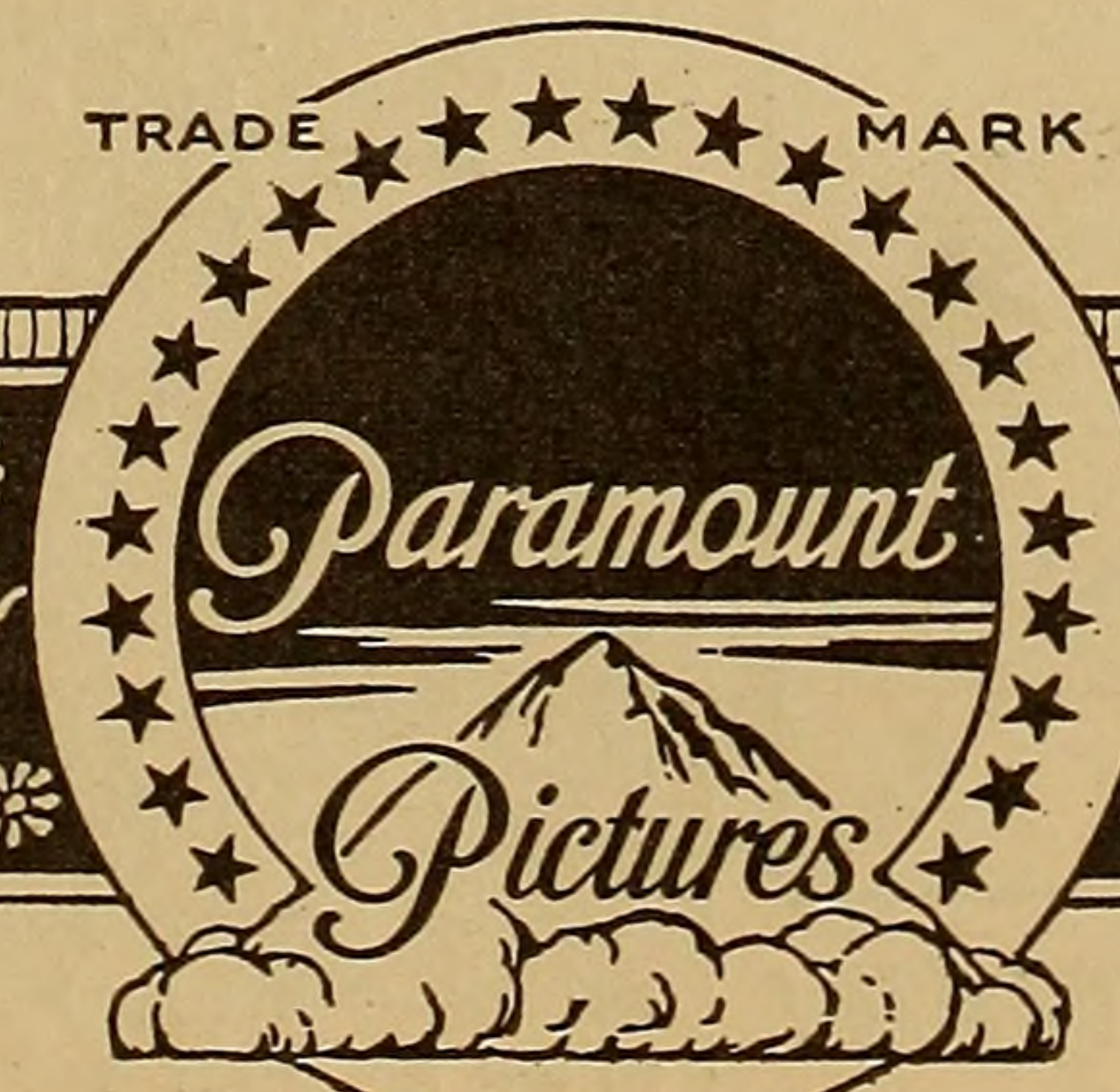
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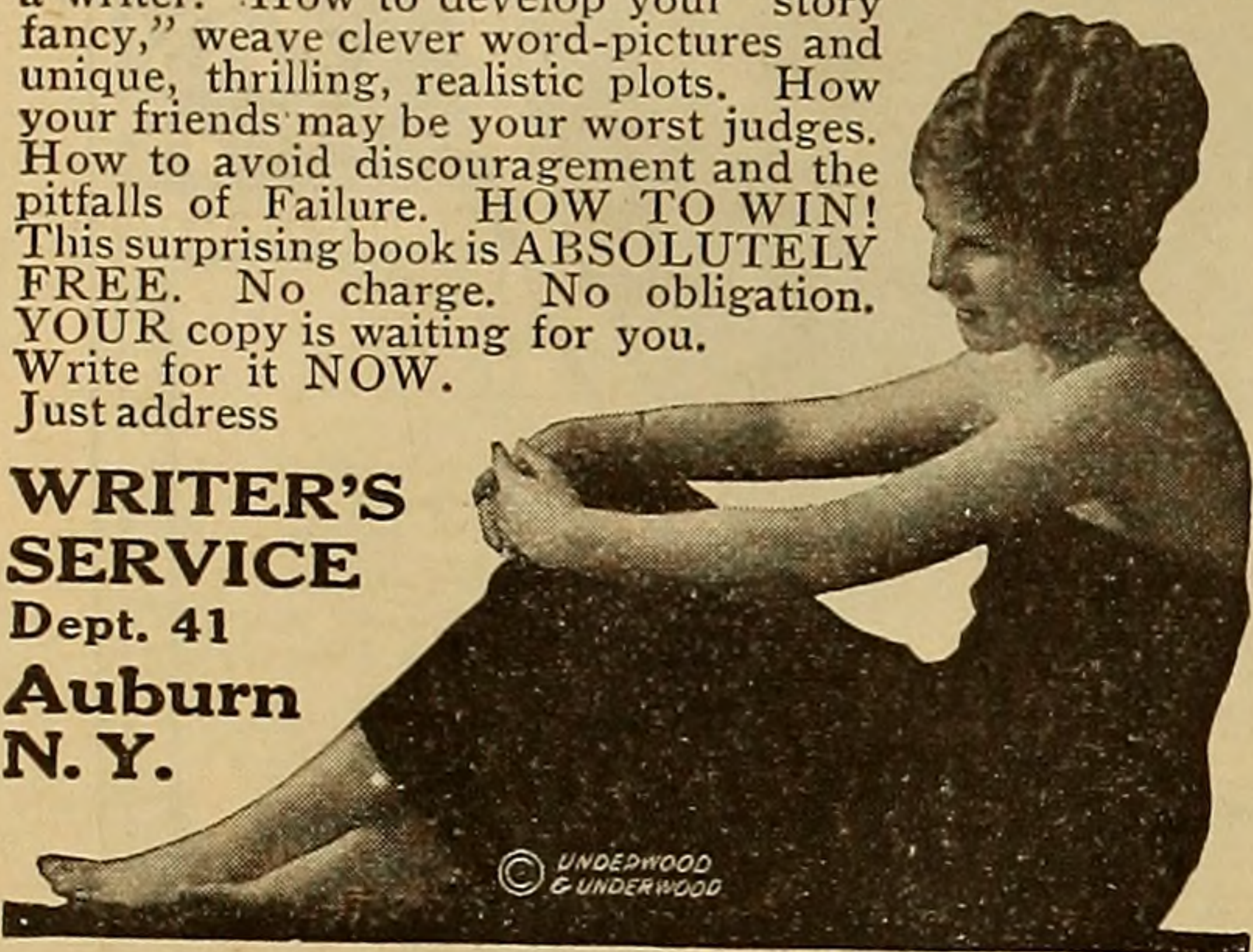


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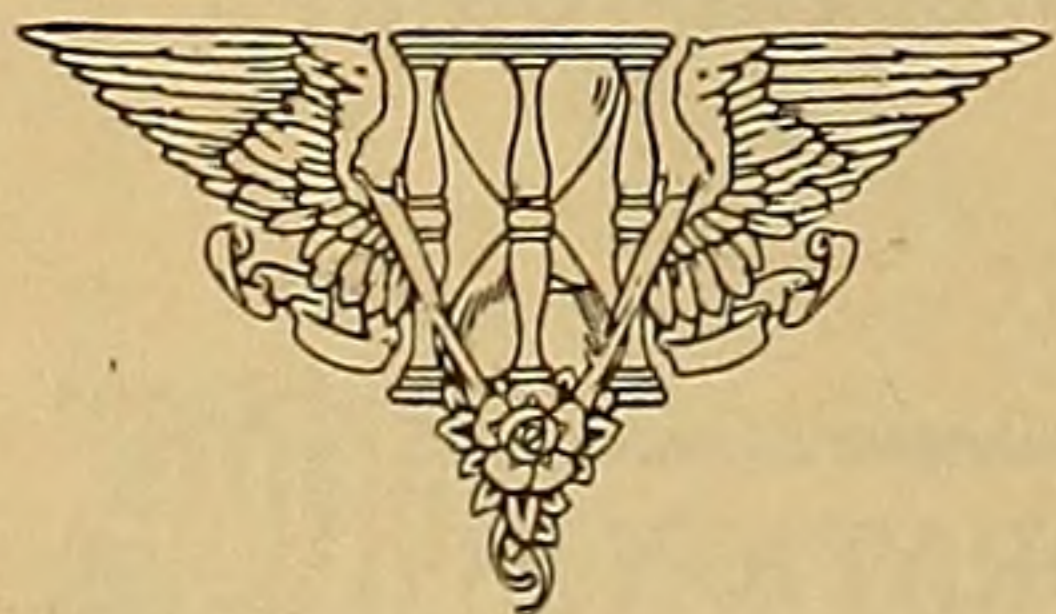
With this country entering its second year in the "World War" it is doubtful if the song which will be known as the "Hit of the War," has as yet made its appearance. While it is true that such War Songs as "Over There" and "Liberty Bell" have made some impression, have our boys adopted another "It's A Long Way To Tipperary," which has been the great favorite with the "English Tommies"? Inasmuch as several Commanders of our training cantonments have requested boys in the service to write such a song, it appears to be still wanting.

Have you an idea which you think might be used as the subject for a Patriotic or War Song? If so, you may secure some valuable information and assistance by writing for a Free Copy of our new booklet entitled "SONG WRITERS' MANUAL AND GUIDE." We revise song-poems, compose and arrange music, secure copyright and facilitate free publication or outright sale. Poems submitted examined **FREE.**
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KEITH K.—You apparently are well informed on current events. Your letter was mighty interesting. Altho it is dangerous to have too much knowledge of certain subjects, it is still more dangerous to be totally ignorant of them. Bernard Thornton in "A Camouflage Kiss." Commodore Blackton is back in Brooklyn and is doing big things. We all love him here. You know he is the grandfather of this Magazine.

DOROTHY.—But the really great men do as much good as they can, and make but little noise about it. (That's why I keep so silent!) Fritz Leiber was Cæsar in "Cleopatra." Robert Warwick in "Friday the 13th." Marc MacDermott has been quite ill. Lillian Walker is in New York now.

MELBA G.—Theda Bara and H. Cooper Cliffe in "Gold and the Woman." Francis Ford and Grace Cunard in "Lady Raffles Returns." Herbert Kelsey and his wife, Effie Shannon, in "The Sphinx." Mary Fuller and Matt Moore in "Circus Mary." That's mighty old, tho.

MRS. E. E. STEWART.—I started the contest to suit myself, conducted it to suit myself, awarded the prizes to suit myself, and paid out 100 of my perfectly good dollars to suit myself. I did not hope to suit everybody—especially those who did not win prizes. I can think of nothing funnier than the awarding of a prize in good, cold cash to the man who wrote that phunny question. And here you are treating it as a tragedy!

J. E. M., WORTHAM.—Your letter gives me cause for serious thought. I thank you, and that right warmly.

LEROY C. B.—Yes, I believe in having a hobby; it keeps one from getting in a rut. Many people have worn a rut so deep they cant see over the sides. Whittier advised young men to join some unpopular movement. Wise of Whittier, because the heresy of today is the orthodoxy of tomorrow. No doubt there were about 25 prints of that picture. Yes, Irving Cummings is coming along fast.

MARJORIE, 20.—You dont like to hear people say that Francis Bushman is egotistical, Charles Chaplin is vulgar and Fannie Ward too kittenish. We must have some cranks in this world, you know. Candid people always seem to feel bad when they cant think of something disagreeable to say. Harold Lockwood and Kathlyn Williams in "Two Men and a Woman," an old Selig. Juanita Hansen was Lois in "The Mating of Marcella."

URIEL.—Yes, I have been there. Your verse is very clever. Mary Anderson writes me that she was in her first earthquake, and she hopes it will be her last. Her new address is 1532 Third St., Santa Monica, Cal. When you write to her or to any of the players, be sure to enclose stamped, addressed envelope for return answer. Stars are busy, and you must save them all the time possible.

CICERO.—I have handed yours to the Editor. Thanks for the suggestions. Tom Forman, Richard Travers, Robert Warwick, Jay Belasco, Ernie Shields, Lester Cuneo and Edward Langford are in the service now.

CARL C. K.—I'm sorry I cant give you the name of the camera in the picture you enclose. It looks like a foreign make. You like the "Ideal Man" series. I agree with you when you say cheerfulness should be encouraged. The world is full of people who volunteer to look sad and melancholy. Eugene O'Brien is playing with Norma Talmadge now.

EVER LITTLE MARY.—I believe the fastest time made by any railroad was 120 miles an hour for a run of five miles, by the Plant system, in 1901. Among the

fastest regular trains in the United States is the run between Albany and New York by the Empire State Express, a distance of 143 miles, in 175 minutes. Martha Mansfield played opposite Harold Lockwood in "Broadway Bill." Conway Tearle in "Stella Maris."

MISS MONTANA.—It's good to hear from you. Your little clipping was very appropriate. We all need some one to pray for us. Irene Castle is considered to be the best-dressed woman in America.

GIRLS.—Here's a lonely soldier-boy who only wants to receive letters—why dont you girls all make him happy? Sergeant-Major Eugene Greenhut, Cantonment Headquarters, Camp Upton, N. Y.

NOBODY.—Thomas Holding opposite Kathlyn Williams in "Redeeming Love." Bertram Grassby was Chester in "Cheating the Public." The little girl was Clara Horton. Hamilton Revelle was Harry in "Lest We Forget."

RUTH, CANADA.—Here are your military figures: An army corps is 60,000 men; an infantry division 19,000 men; a brigade 7,000 men; a regiment 3,600 men; a battalion 1,000 men; a company 250; a platoon 60 men; and a corporal's guard is 11 men. After seeing "Grell Mystery," you think Earle Williams is the best-dressed man on the screen. You must write often.

WEARY WILLY.—Glad to hear from you. You Australians all write interesting letters. E. K. Lincoln is in New York now.

MERLE ANSEL.—Last reports show that there are about 600,000 Italians in New York City. Regular Little Italy. Write to me again, but you must ask questions about the pictures.

AUSTIN GRANVILLE.—Your "most foolish" question came too late for the contest, but I am publishing it here for the edification of my readers: "What would be a fair salary to pay the German Kaiser, if, when captured, he, like the present head of the Romanoffs, finds himself penniless, should he accept a proposition to come to the U. S. A. and appear in the movies? It would be the only feasible way for the people to obtain a correct idea of this person, and if any one could be found willing to play with him, I would suggest starting the performance with a cartoon by Sir John Teniel, entitled 'Dropping the Pilot,' and have him go thru the whole career of a madman, who, like Ghengis Khan, Attila, Alexander the Great and the Little Corsican, imagined it was their destiny to be the arbiter of all mankind. Of course no one whose near relatives had been scalped, impaled, starved, flogged or crucified, or perhaps boiled in oil, would care to play with him, but perhaps some pro-Germans might be found who would esteem it a high honor. He would require some training, as we all know that Kaiser Bill is a bad actor. P. S.—I shall be very glad to write the scenario, provided my friend 'Fatty' Arbuckle will take the part of Hindenburg. There is a second cook at the Hotel Stratfield here who would make an excellent Ludendorff. He is pudding-faced."

CECILLE.—Bessie Love did play in "Intolerance." Your letter was interesting, but—well, what should I say?—just a wee bit long. It is true that the sins of the fathers are visited on the children, but I wonder if it is not equally true that the virtues of the mother are also.

SAMMYETTE.—Ethel Tearle is with Sennett. Earle Foxe with Metro. Well, I am glad you believe all I say. I know, but some of the worthiest people are the most injured by scandal, as we usually find that to be the best fruit which the birds have been pecking at.

MILLTOWN.—Yes, that was Roland Lee and Enid Bennett in "Mother's Instinct." Mae Gaston opposite Crane Wilbur in "The Painted Lie." *Ante bellum* means before the war. John McCormack was born in Ireland in 1885.

M. T. HEAD.—Chawmed! Your letter was very bright, sonny. We couldn't very well have that department. Cant you suggest something new? You have the right idea. The Chinese invented paper in 70 B. C.

JOVIALIS, THE JOVIAL.—Splendid letter-writer you are. Let me hear from you again. It is provided by treaties that the Panama Canal, like the Suez Canal, shall remain absolutely neutral. It "shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and war of all nations and shall never be blockaded, nor shall any right of war be exercised nor any act of hostility be committed within it."

MEPHISTOPHELES.—Oh, the devil! Richard Barthelmess in "Bab's Diary." Harry Morey's wife is not in pictures. If a man is going to commit suicide, the chances are that he will do it at the age of twenty-nine. Statistics show that a man is more dangerous at this age of his life than at any other. Conserve your potatoes and become a potatriot.

VERGUS, ONTARIO.—How do you expect me to answer you when you dont give your name and address?

MABEL M.—That's right, Mabel; many a woman wouldn't recognize her husband if she saw him in congenial society. Thomas Meighan was born in Pittsburg, Pa., and has brown hair and blue eyes. Where do I expect to go when I die? Ah! that undiscovered country!

CECIL S.—That was taken in New York. Wallace MacDonald played in "Next Door to Nancy." I guess it's a reliable school.

FROU-FROU.—Irene Howley in "His Father's Son." Write me a letter and I will give it to the proper authorities. You will find the course you refer to in the school of journalism in Columbia University, New York City.

NAOMI H.—Carmel Myers is in "The Marriage Life." Theda Bara's last picture was "Under the Yoke." Too bad you are not happy. To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labor tends, and of which every desire prompts to prosecution. Try to make the best of it.

VELMA C.—Dont fear. Marguerite Clayton is playing in "Hit the Trail Holiday" with George M. Cohan. The only yellow peril I know of is the fellow who wont fight for America.

HERBERT D. H.—Marie Walcamp is right. Yes, a girl is safe on the stage if she stays on.

JACK B.—I dont know the make of Douglas Fairbanks' car. He is in Hollywood, Cal. Yes, his birthday was in May. Our Western movie cowboys tell us that it is just their luck to have coming the biggest rye crop ever heard of just as the whole country is going prohibition. Sylvia Breamer in "The Narrow Trail."

CY CLONE.—A. D. Sears is with Triangle. Cecil Retcher was Stephen in "The Song of Songs." Eileen Percy in "Wild and Woolly." Nat Goodwin is a New Englander, born in Boston, 1859.

SUBMARINE; M. S., TEXAS; GERTRUDE M. W.; BRONI B.; RUTH M.; HAYAKAWA ADMIRER; IRMA C.; ELIZABETH B.; KULLY; KATE D.; ALEX M. A.; THORWALD Q.; RUTH N., NEW LONDON; CATHERINE C.; VICTOR H.; PAULINE C.; CY CLONE; P. DI M.; IRENE H.; MISS CONSTANCE R.; MARJORIE M.; H. C., PORTSMOUTH; WILLIAM L.—Sorry, but it cant be helped.

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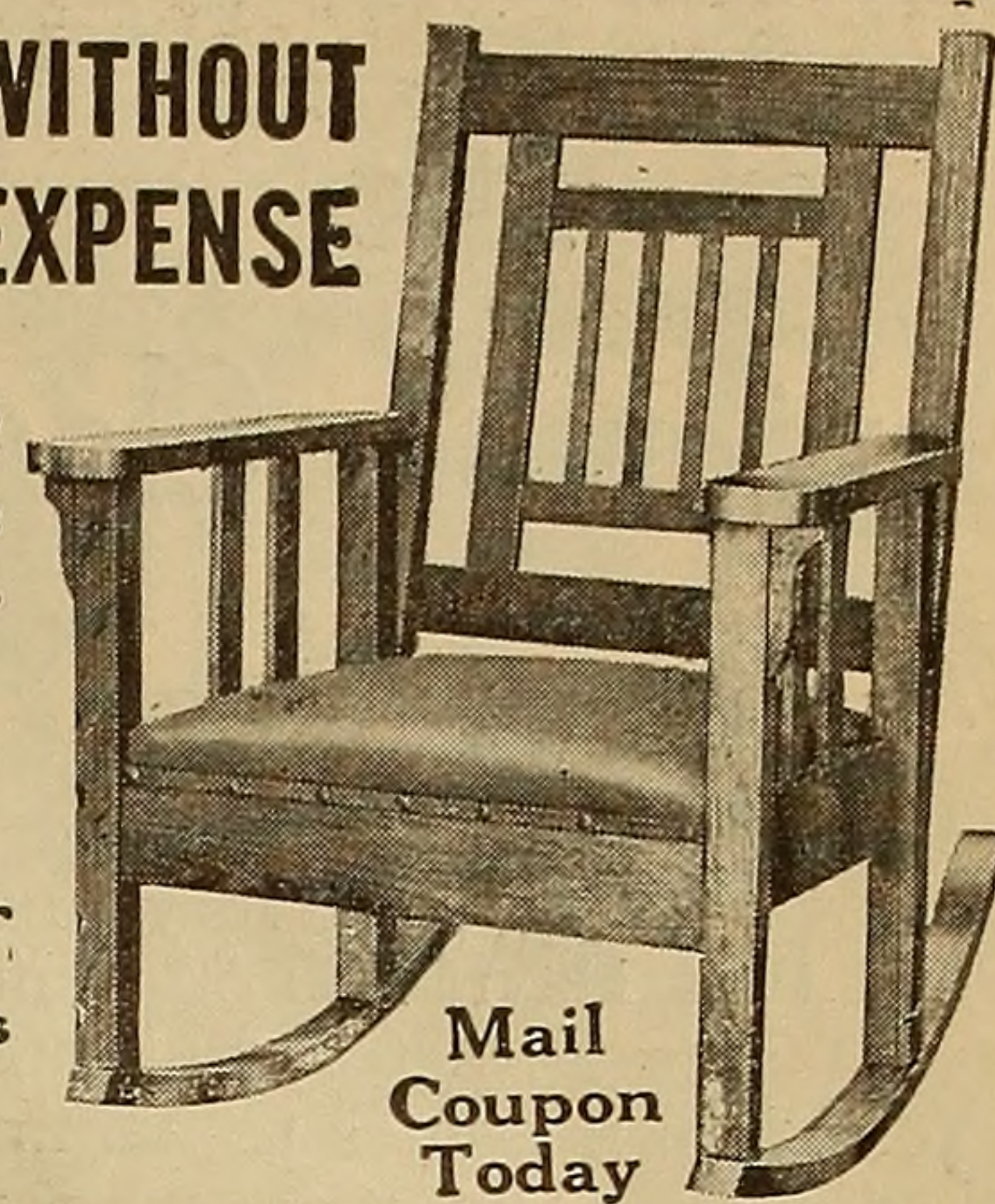
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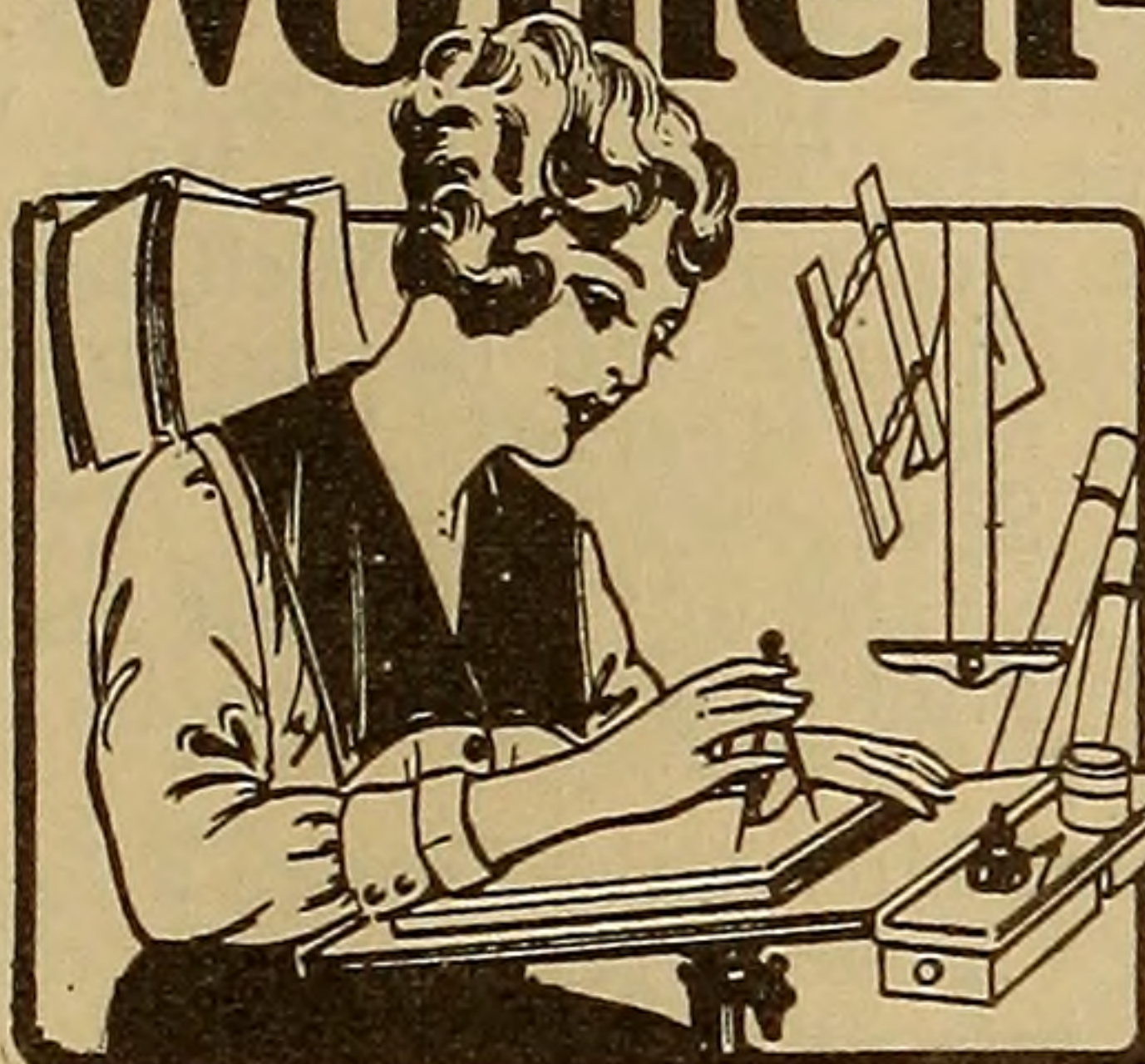
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The September Classic

The Six Big Directors

Who are the six biggest directors in Filmland? Every one concedes that David Wark Griffith is the Master Director, but opinions differ when it comes to naming the other five. The man who writes this article argues very strongly for the men he considers the biggest, and his thoughts are presented so clearly and concisely that you will undoubtedly be won over to his viewpoint before you finish reading the discussion.

O-o-o-o-h, Theda!

Theda Bara has had the distinction of playing about all the wicked sirens of history. Theda became a person to be feared by loving wives overnight when she played "A Fool There Was." She looked so charming in her wicked rôle that she's been doing the luring parts ever since. Carmen, Cleopatra, Camille, Du Barry and now Salome. We are all wondering what notorious celebrity she will attempt next. O-o-o-o-h, Theda!

Big-as-a-Minute Shirley Mason

In spite of her size, this tiny star has been doing big and wonderful things; even her sister, Viola Dana, predicts an unusual career for little Shirley. Shirley became well known to fans when she starred in "The Seven Sins" serial for Edison, and now she has been signed up by Paramount to play in the Anita Loos-John Emerson pictures. Anita Loos used to write Doug Fairbanks stories. Shirley will certainly have to go in for intensive training if Anita continues to write the Fairbanks type of plays.

A Microscopic View

Mary Pickford's newest picture, "Captain Kidd, Jr.," has been story-ized by Gladys Hall for the September Classic, as has been "A Pair of Silk Stockings," Constance Talmadge's forthcoming production. Frederick James Smith will tell you about Petrova and her philosophy of life, the Classic Extra Girl reveals the workings of the Fox studio, the Celluloid Critic will review the screen year, and Hazel Simpson Naylor has written a very true-to-life little article appropriately titled "Every Little Studio Has a Temper of Its Own."

THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

CHARLOTTE A.—Kenneth Harlan in "The Flame of the Yukon." Allen Edwards and Cecil Owen in "The Girl of the Roadside." Monroe Salisbury and William Sorelle in "The Fortunes of Fifi." You find very few publicity men asleep at the switch nowadays. Times have changed.

JOHN LE DUC.—Dont quite remember your writing, but I'm glad you are one of us again. The Pansy Club is run by Queena Kaliba now, Box 227, Corning, N. Y. Why dont you write to her? Lottie Briscoe is with Metro.

F. FAN.—I really thought that you were a bright, intelligent gentlemanly young man, and now you say I am a "conceited old reprobate." Is it possible that we are both in error?

LILY ANN.—Sure thing, all luxuries are taxed, bachelors included. How long are my whiskers? Wait a minute—just fourteen inches, and they dont split at the ends, either. Ruby de Remer was Miss Ashton in "We Should Worry" (Fox).

SOUTHERN CROSS.—So you are from Tasmania. Yes, I remember it in the geographies, but that's some time ago. Send for a list of manufacturers. Glad-den James was born in Jamesville, O. He has been acting since he was six.

HERBERT D.—No, the Germans wont give in, but they'll give out. Why is a slacker like a custard-pie? Well, because he is yellow inside and has no crust to go over the top. Hurray! We'll all sing "The Star Spangled Banner." Charles Fang was the valet in "The Great Secret." Mrs. B. B. Flint was Josephine in "Alimony."

M. A., MT. MORGAN.—Thanks a lot for the booklet. Your letter was very chatty, but mighty interesting.

FLORENCE, 15.—I agree, but you should always be as solicitous to shun applause as assiduous to deserve it. You refer to Robert Gordon. You say you would like to be a gypsy. From whence cometh this wild desire? Paul Hurst with Paramount.

LYLA O.—So you are glad we have taken the picture of Henry Albert Phillips out of the Magazine. It was the only photo he ever had taken, and it was taken out. Send International Coupons, and they are worth 5c over here. Vivian Martin and Eugene Palette in "Viviette" (Paramount). Kate Toncray, of Biograph fame, was in it.

WM. C. OLAA.—The Statue of Liberty in New York harbor became 33 years old last June 19. It was conceived by Auguste Bartholdi, the French sculptor. Yes, S. Rankin Drew died May 25, 1918, while in the service. Olive Thomas played in "An Heiress for a Day."

HARVEY F.—I dont see it that way. The fact that one is ill-tempered does not justify the infliction of that grievous condition on every one in the neighborhood, nor does the fact that one is depressed justify the universal shrouding of the sky in gloom. It shouldn't be. Robert Elliott was Bob.

GEORGE W. J.—Harry Morey and Alice Joyce at Vitagraph, E. 15th St. & Locust Ave., Brooklyn, and Mrs. Vernon Castle, Pathé, 25 W. 42d St., N. Y. C.; Henry Walthall, Paramount Co., Los Angeles, Cal.; and Mae Marsh with Goldwyn, Fort Lee, N. J.

SYBIL.—Your ideas are good, but the stars change companies too much to adopt your suggestions. Sorry, but I cant send you a photo of myself. Oh, I drink lemonade, too, eat candy, chew gum, and—well, I'm a regular feller.

B. C. GIRL, 16.—I do not know what "Fatty" Arbuckle eats, nor how much. The best way I know of to get thin is to go to Austria.

RICHARD B.—Your letter was a cracker-jack. Good for you! A man may be made more happy by committing a breach of etiquet than by falling into sin. Wanda Hawley is going with Famous Players. Yes, she was very pretty in "Mr. Fix-It."

HERBERT C.—Maurice Costello and Florence Turner, also Helen Gardner, are not playing. I believe in letting the mother train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it. Conway Tearle was born in New York in 1880.

BETTY WHITE.—Dont see how I could publish that picture, but send it along. Why, it was the *Tuckahoe* that was built and launched in twenty-seven days. Yes, indeed, jealousy is a magnifier of trifles.

MAXINE.—Creighton Hale has blue eyes—like the sky, I believe. You refer to the Cathedral of St. Basil, Moscow, one of the strangest buildings in the world. It has twenty gilded towers and domes, all of different shapes and sizes, and has been called a "nightmare in stone"—a curious style of architecture distinctly Russian, and there are many similar churches all over the Czar's empire.

INQUISITIVE JANE.—Yes, that was Marie Doro. You think Alice Joyce resembles her. I do, too—at least, I think I think so. You're right on that. Once kick the world, and the world and you live together at a reasonably good understanding. I've had my kick, so I have no kick coming.

RUTH R.—Art Acord is not playing now. Men of action always love the movies. Of course I'm dignified. Some people imagine that to be insolent is to impress the world with their dignity. The world is not to be deceived in such matters. True dignity sits like a coronet of jewels on the brow of politeness.

MOVIE FAN.—Lewis Cody was John in "A Branded Soul" (Fox). Ruby de Remer in "Sold at Auction." Thomas Holding in "Sold." You're right when you say Germany is bounded by war on one side and by anarchy on the other, but, you might have added, by hatred on all sides.

MABEL McM.—It's a lie. All of us lie occasionally, except my friend George Washington and me. You ask who is going to bury the last man when the last man dies? You have a marvelous foresight to plan things so far ahead. Anna Nilsson and Robert Taber.

MONA; VERONA; LOLA; BO-BO; ROSE G.; E. W. WOOD; SABINA S. M.; JOSEPH C.; CONCHITA; M. P.; 18-14; RUTH D.; NORMA; EDNA; ADMIRAL QUESTION-MARK; CHARLOTTE J.; PEARL C.; LILLIAN S.; A CUTE KID.—Better luck next time.

MISS CALIFORNIA.—What is the best illustrated magazine in the world? You dont need to consult the Answer Man on such a matter, do you? Glad you like our covers. Look up July, 1918. Last Sunday in October ends the daylight saving.

EDWARD G.—*Avec plaisir.* Yes, Charlotte Burton in "Hearts and Diamonds." Vola Vale in "Wolves of the Rail." Niles Welch in "Little Miss George Washington." But Adam had less—he had a spare-rib with apple sauce.

JIMMIE K.—William Hinckley was John in "Martha's Vindication." Cello is pronounced chel-o, not sel-o. Didn't you know that the scenario writer is absolutely prohibited from representing on the screen man as superior to woman? Sweet creatures, how could they?

BOB R.—Hey, put on your brakes, there, you're violating the speed limit law. You say when a clock is wound up it goes, but when a business is wound up it stops. Well, what of it? Would you have the clock stop and the business keep on going? Some people are never satisfied.

BLUE BELL.—Denmark's capital is one of the finest seaports of the Baltic Sea, and its name of Copenhagen means "The haven of merchants." It is the only first-class fortress in Denmark. Yes, write to Pearl White. Be sure to send the necessary postage. Mabel Normand was Kitty, Alec B. Francis was John and Alfred Hickman was Nathan in "The Venus Model."

MOLLY O'B.—Bert Lytell in "The Lone Wolf." You know Aunt Eliza says, "To be inaccessible is the fault of those who distrust themselves, whose honors change their manners."

MAUDE O.—Better come to America; there's lots to see. Yellowstone National Park is in Wyoming, Montana and Idaho, and has an area of 2,142,720 acres. Yosemite National Park is in California and has an area of 719,622 acres. William Roselle and Jule Power in "Gloria's Romance."

VAGABOND.—You know I'm always glad to hear from you. You say you love Sessue Hayakawa's Oriental repression. You have my applause. All great men are simple—I'm simple. You know conceit defeated even Rome. Sum qweschuns you axe me.

JEAN, AUSTRALIA.—Jack Mower was born in Honolulu, 1890, and went to college in Pennsylvania. He has been in musical-comedy and stock, 6 feet 10 and weighs 180. His eyes—oh, yes, brown hair and gray eyes. And so he has an admirer underneath the world.

COURTNEY CAMERON.—Contracts make cowards of us all. Bessie Barriscale in "Wooden Shoes." Clara Horton in "Tom Sawyer." You ask where I bought my whiskers. I consider that out of order, not according to Hoyle, unparliamentary, and besides, against the Answer Man's rules.

PHILLIPA B.—Who'd 'a' thunk it? Not I, not I. They can conquer who believe they can. Enid Bennett was Nancy and Charles French was James in "The Vamp." Charles Chaplin is 29. William Duncan you refer to. Yes, Edna Purviance. You say you dont think I'm as sarcastic as I used to be. Isn't that nice of you! So glad I'm improving.

IONA FORD.—Good for you, old top! Some verse you sent me. Hot stuff! Yes, heatless clothes are quite the thing these days. Marc MacDermott and Mildred Manning in "Mary Jane's Pa." Your letter was a home-run hit, with three on bases.

BARTON TERRACE.—Yes, indeed, I wake up every morning by the tune of Big Ben. Either way suits me. Allan Holubar and Jane Gail. Yes, I notice the girls with so many sailors these days—alongside of them or as headgear.

VAGABOND.—Thanks for the picture. You look just as I thought you did. I put it among the odds and ends that I have been receiving for the last eight years. I'm proud of them and as happy as a clam at high tide.

PEGGY, 20.—You say, "Pardon the brevity." Granted with pleasure. Barney Sherry is with Triangle. Richard Barthelmess with Vitagraph and William Stowell with Universal. Robert Walsh was Jack in "Woman Between Friends."

MARY P.—No, we have never published a picture of Diana Allen. You have been deceived—you're all wrong—I'm a man and an old one. Constance Talmadge was Sallie Waters in "Up the Road with Sallie." Henry King directing for Mutual.

JIJJI.—I dont know what has become of Olga. You want more Letters to the Editor. So ordered! Theda Bara and C. Raymond Nye in "Under the Yoke."

IRIS F.—By all means, send me a photo of your cat and dog. I will put them in my menagerie collection. Your joke is good, but I cant print it here—it would not pass the Board of Censors.

MRS. J. H. J.—Hands up, there! Pretty old, but you refer to Charles Bartlett as the lieutenant in "The Song of the Telegraph." Stop in again, mother, when you are out shopping.

CARL C. D.—Wallace MacDonald was in to see us the other day on his way to camp. Be of good cheer, girls; they'll all come back to us safe, for even a German wouldn't kill a picture star. Your letter was a gem. Safety first.

WEARY WILLY, NEW ZEALAND.—Friendly old man. Thanks for the compliment. Zena Keefe in that play. The American Truth Society was organized in 1912, with the notorious Jeremiah O'Leary (now in prison) as president, headquarters 210 Fifth Avenue, New York.

RACHAEL V.—Hello, there! So you are very happy. Ah! but for everything we gain, we lose something. Betty Blythe has been on the stage. Glad to hear of your success. You refer to Ethel Grandin.

U-53.—The office cat is sleeping just now. Of course I chew gum. All respectable people with teeth indulge. Polly Moran and Ben Turpin in "Two Tough Tenderfeet."

ANITA G., CHRISTCHURCH.—Send along the photo. I'm not troubled with heart disease. Well, beauty is only skin deep, but it is a valuable asset when you are poor or haven't any sense. Alice Joyce and Walter McGrail in "The Triumph of the Weak."

AN ADMIRER.—You say you want to hear more about Pauline Stark. Yes, she does resemble Mae Marsh and also Bessie Love—I should say Bessie Love more.

EILEEN P.—Yes, Seena Owen is the wife of George Walsh. Of course all players read the letters they receive. Most of them have secretaries to do the addressing and answering. Yes, a picture of Robert Gordon in last month's Magazine.

TAR HEEL.—I dont know where you got your information, but William Hart was born in Newburgh, N. Y. You dont know how your letter touched me, and I appreciate your sentiments. Do write again.

DIDDUNT.—"Funny department"?—just what do you mean by that? John Bowers in "Easy Money." Yes, Geraldine Farrar is now with Goldwyn. That's right, but much humility wears a gauze robe, covering but not concealing its deformity.

ADANAC.—Thanks for all you say. Jack Pickford is in the navy. Nazimova's last picture was "Toys of Fate." Right, but knowledge is treasure and memory is the treasury. Dont you remember, Billie Burke's first picture was "Peggy."

TIGER LILY.—That's one thing I cant do—recommend a cure for a fiery temper. Your letter was brilliant, newsy and mighty interesting. Mme. Nazimova was Zorah and Hagar; Charles Bryant, her real husband, was Henry, and Irving Cummings was Greggo in "Toys of Fate."


BILLIE, GLOVERSVILLE.—Famous Players-Lasky intend to reissue 52 of their features next year. They will also release 156 new productions. The pictures you speak of are done by using a magnifying glass. Thanks for the invitation, but I couldn't come now. Oh, so you are a girl and not a boy. Congratulations!

I. U. R. T.—No, we have never published a picture of Julian Estrange. Louise Glaum played in "Shackled" and now in "Marriage." Some would think they both had the same meaning. You bet, butter-milk every time.

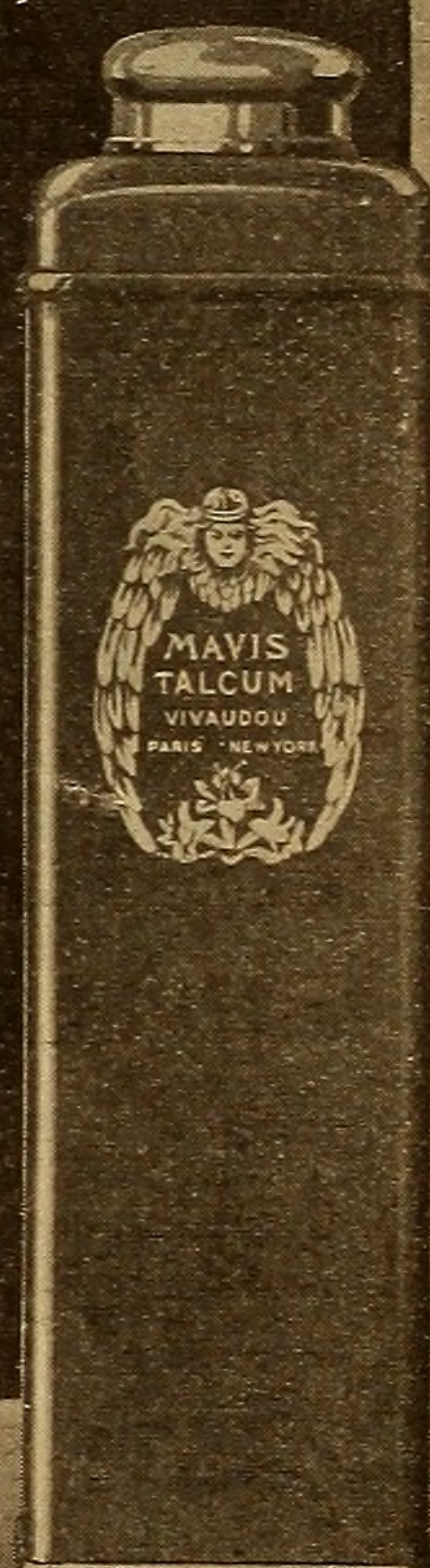
(Continued on page 132)

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Bits of My Life's History

(Continued from page 67)

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If you can, you can make ONE soldier happy

Our American boys are OVER THERE fighting to keep us in safety OVER HERE, and while the Red Cross and other organizations are sending them many things to make them happy and keep them fit, such as candy, tobacco and chewing-gum, yet one of their greatest needs is the one that will help them to keep up their *morale* and hence make them better soldiers, and that is the need of good literature. Several hours daily they have for resting, and what could be better suited for their hours of relaxation than the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and the CLASSIC? They can furnish the bare walls of their barracks with the charming Art Pictures of the Gallery of Players to remind them of home and the many nights at the movies with mother, sister, sweetheart, or wife. You can give them this happiness by simply putting a one-cent stamp on this magazine and handing it to any letter-carrier or by putting it in any letter-box.

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folks. Many military men in uniform lent a martial air to the scene, and the gorgeous gowns of the women blended with the lovely floral decorations. Perhaps I was particularly susceptible to impressions just then; perhaps my imagination had been allowed free play at last, after years of bondage under the weight of cold, hard facts. At any rate, I felt great tugs at my heart-strings on that memorable wedding-day.

When I had lived abroad before, I traveled second-class and stayed in the smaller towns and inns, in order to study the people from a psychological standpoint. I feel that is the only method by which one can reach the heart of the nations. On this trip I lived in luxury, as becomes a newly hatched Benedict, and I am afraid I forgot all about the heart of the people in adoration of my own sweetheart.

When we returned to America I joined Blanche Bates for a season, and did several plays with Brady. During the time which followed I was cast in "Diplomacy," "The Rack," "Boots and Saddles," "The Governor's Lady" (with Belasco), "The Man Inside," which was a prison reform play and which aided me later in putting good work into "The Honor System" in Motion Pictures.

Later I was in "Panthea," with a fine cast including Olga Petrova and George Nash. The following season, George Broadhurst's "The Law of the Land" gave me a good opportunity. That was done in pictures later on, but I never played it again.

Then I was featured in a play by William Elliott, and William Brady approached me on the subject of doing three or four pictures besides. That was hard work—rehearsals, playing nightly, with matinees in addition, and working every spare moment in pictures. But it was very fine experience, and I found inspiration under the wonderful direction of Maurice Tourneur in "The Pit," and James Young, then the husband of Clara Kimball Young, with whom I appeared in "The Deep Purple."

A rest seemed needed, and we spent a summer in Maine, having a delightful vacation, and the fall saw me picturizing "The Rack." This was directed by Mons. Chautard, a most charming French gentleman, I believe the finest director under whom I have worked and one who taught me much technique. He spoke not a word of English, but as I spoke French we became fast friends.

"Under Southern Skies" preceded "The Woman Who Lied," in which Mary Fuller starred. I then came West to do "The Honor System," which required four months to produce. Walsh and I wrote it together, but that is not generally known. I was responsible for most of the story, but it is the policy of the company to give credit elsewhere, it seems.

Then, for my many sins, I did penance for nine months of my life in "Patria." Thankful I am that it is over. Mrs. Vernon Castle is delightful, droll, original, a splendid vis-à-vis on the screen. But the play itself! Brr! To me it was most uncongenial.

Later Ethel Clayton engaged me to play opposite her in "Souls Adrift" and "Married in Name Only," which sounds like the old-time novels. I was cast in "The Fringe of Society," "The Struggle Everlasting," "The Other Woman," and a mystery play with Mrs. Castle. The next move was with "The Yellow Ticket," featuring Fannie Ward. That brings me up

to date, and I have just finished playing with Clara Kimball Young in "The Reason Why." After that there will be a four-star play, so-called, for it will feature Blanche Sweet, Miss Theby, Wilfred Lucas and myself. It is entitled "The Hushed Hour," but that may be changed to another name later.

So now you have all the spots of my checkered career. I find pictures extremely diverting and wonderful for mental development. As to directors, as a usual thing they are badgered by business men who do not allow them sufficient latitude. Naturally, such directors as De Mille and Griffith enjoy complete freedom, but they belong to the happy minority. I have found that the best directors suggest, but allow the details to be worked out by the actor, provided he is at all intelligent. I'm told that Mr. Griffith will take suggestions kindly from any one on the lot, and this is why Belasco was both famous and beloved by his company. Mr. Belasco always carried a lot of silver quarters in his pocket, and when any one made a suggestion which pleased him, he promptly gave a quarter as a bonus. It was really very funny and we all enjoyed the little tip, which was carefully preserved as a souvenir of the great master of stagecraft.

Belasco and Griffith are true psychologists, and indeed, unless a director be intuitive and a character reader, he can never hope to reach the pinnacle of fame. I believe that a hundred years from now people will point out a Shakespeare of the silent drama. Why not? The Motion Picture has endless possibilities. It is a liberal education, it removes the stiffness from actors long accustomed to doing one part for perhaps two years. In pictures we are doing a different scene daily; there is practically no repetition. It makes alert minds, obedient muscles, fills one with lively impressions. I *know* that screen acting develops the man who formerly thought the stage his only outlet for emotionality. A good screen actor might not become a stage success, but a stage success inevitably becomes a good screen actor when he devotes his entire energy to his director's requirements.

I played in a benefit performance in New York with Grace George, at the Metropolitan Opera House. We put on "The School for Scandal," and I had not been on the stage for two years, so felt a little doubtful as to the outcome. To my surprise, I found that I was a better actor than before I entered pictures, that my work had mellowed, and I had acquired authority and gained 100 per cent. I moved more deliberately, thus bringing out strength of lines, a bit of technique which only the screen confers on the actor.

Yes, the Motion Picture makes for flexibility, facility and versatility. I am enthusiastic over its possibilities, and have no desire to return to the speaking stage. Just imagine essaying the rôles of roughneck, gentleman, soldier, sailor, lover or tyrant on the screen, with their opportunities for make-up, change of physiognomy and mental conception, and compare such work to studying and playing one part for perhaps a two-year metropolitan run. One becomes, at least to a degree, mechanical in the latter event, one acquires unconscious mannerisms which the camera will reveal later, yet in the difficult task set one in overcoming faults an actor learns to forget self and to train the mind for any kind of service.

If the director be an exponent of what I might term "Prussianism," wielding an inflexible influence over his players, he cannot expect spontaneity or magnetism to radiate from the screened production. On the other hand, if he be wise enough to establish a sort of *bon camaraderie* between himself and his company, he may exercise authority even while allowing a manifestation of the player's individuality.

Some day, when I have learnt much more about this fascinating profession, I hope to direct at least one play. Before that day arrives intensive study must be given to the psychology of the Motion Picture art. An art it is, without doubt. Each day the releases show more beautiful conceptions, since all knowledge springs from unfoldment and the director is bringing revelation to bear on his work. Meantime, I am quite content to remain a screen philosopher, to accept everything as it comes with an optimistic outlook on the future as the gods vouchsafe to me.

Real Folk

(Continued from page 37)

There are no ranting, no yelling, no noise.

Miss Ferguson turns and says, with a delicious wink, as she brandishes a gun, "I expect it will be time for me to kill another man soon. This script is making such a wild woman of me; you cant even tell what I might do to unsuspecting interviewers."

And not wishing this to be my obituary, I exit gracefully. And the final curtain falls, leaving a great actress and a real business director finishing their daily assignment of work to the best of their ability, even as you and I.

The Perfect Man

By MARIE WARDALL

The Perfect Man has come to stay.
 "The Perfect Man! Who's that?" you say.
 Ah, yes, 'tis absolutely true
 The Perfect Man has come to you,
 And he is just as much a saint
 As others seem to be—and aint.
 He never does what he should not,
 He never lets his ire grow hot,
 He never speaks—except when wife
 Permits his jaw a sign of life.
 He rises early in the morn
 And always puts the right tie on,
 And never swears—so one could hear—
 And never calls the maid "a dear,"
 But always greets his other half
 With tender smile or else a laugh.
 Then off to work the Perfect Man
 Hies forth to do but not to damn.
 His office is efficient quite,
 In every detail 'tis just right—
 His Sweet Stenog ne'er sets his nerves
 To writing round in fancy curves,
 Nor does she chew a wad of gum,
 Nor smear her pad with dirty thumb,
 Nor wear long ear-rings in her ears,
 Nor end each Saturday in tears.
 The Perfect Man would none of this—
 And never are they known to kiss.
 The Perfect Man takes ample time
 To squander on his lunch—a dime;
 And oft a pal or two he takes—
 And then, forsooth, he dines at Drake's.
 And after lunch, refreshed, he
 Returns with Joy to Misery.
 At evenfall he homeward wends
 And five cents more the hero spends.
 His evenings all are spent at home,
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 His life is open as a book,
 And any one may have a look,
 And many do—for he, I ween,
 Is only Perfect on the Screen.

THE OCTOBER MAGAZINE

THE first American magazine made its appearance just 176 years ago—and it failed. Benjamin Franklin is credited with having published this first magazine, but in reality, Bradford, a Philadelphia printer, got out a magazine three days before Franklin's. However, these two learned men did not take public taste into consideration—and they failed.

Today we have so many magazines that the blaze of color displayed on the newsstands dazzles the eye and baffles the mind. MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is distinctive—it looks you straight in the eye and whispers insistently, "Buy me!" You wont be able to resist the appeal of the October number—perhaps because of the popular player tantalizing you from the cover. But—

We have profited by Franklin's failure. We know the public taste—the love of fun and humor, with choice bits of wisdom and information mixed in. We have combined the two effectively—in pictures and reading matter.

Does Geraldine Farrar Dread Old Age?

Most emphatically, Geraldine does not! In an article written especially for us, she records her ideas of growing old in age, but not in mind nor heart, so strongly—yet simply—that all will profit by it.

Catching Up With George

Suppose that you had to interview a man who never *had* been interviewed, and, what was more, never *would* be interviewed. Suppose that you had been chasing that man for five whole months—by letter, by 'phone, by telegram. And suppose that when you at last discovered him, he was hanging over a cliff on the Palisades just out of your reach. Now what would you have done if you simply *had* to talk to him? Hazel Simpson Naylor just climbed right down the cliff after him and got the best little interview you've read in a long while. Yes, she actually started that interview hanging over the Palisades. George Walsh has at last been interviewed—and when you read the story in the October number, and see the funny little pictures they took, you'll realize that Hazel Simpson Naylor, as usual, has scooped all the other magazine writers.

Analyzing Ann

For the October issue we have captured the best story that Kenneth McGaffey, that well-known writer on Moving Picture subjects, ever typed. Few writers can put such quaint bits of humor into an interview and yet get the real personality of the screen subject as he. In "Analyzing Ann" he has drawn us a wonderfully life-like study of Ann Little. It is a funny little tale, with such a wealth of humaneness in it that you will know Ann better when you see her on the screen hereafter, and when you run thru the pages of the future MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES you will unconsciously watch for the name of Kenneth McGaffey.

In a Nutshell

We will not go into detail about the other articles. There are so many competitors that we have to meet, all looking for up-to-the-minute news, that we have to guard our ideas very carefully or they will be seized and used as original stuff. However, for the benefit of our readers, we will just hint at a few other things. We caught Dorothy Dalton at the Ritz-Carlton, when she was on her trip East, and gathered some fine news about her career. Our own Western writer has sent us a story of Vivian Martin as bubbling and dainty as the tiny star herself. Crawford Kent, the popular English actor, wants to be a soldier, but he cant get in the army—so he laments to one of our Eastern interviewers, and Conway Tearle has written for us, exclusively, a short history of his life.

Franklin may have failed in his magazine venture because he did not know what the public wanted, but as you scan thru the articles promised for October you will realize intuitively why MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE spells success.

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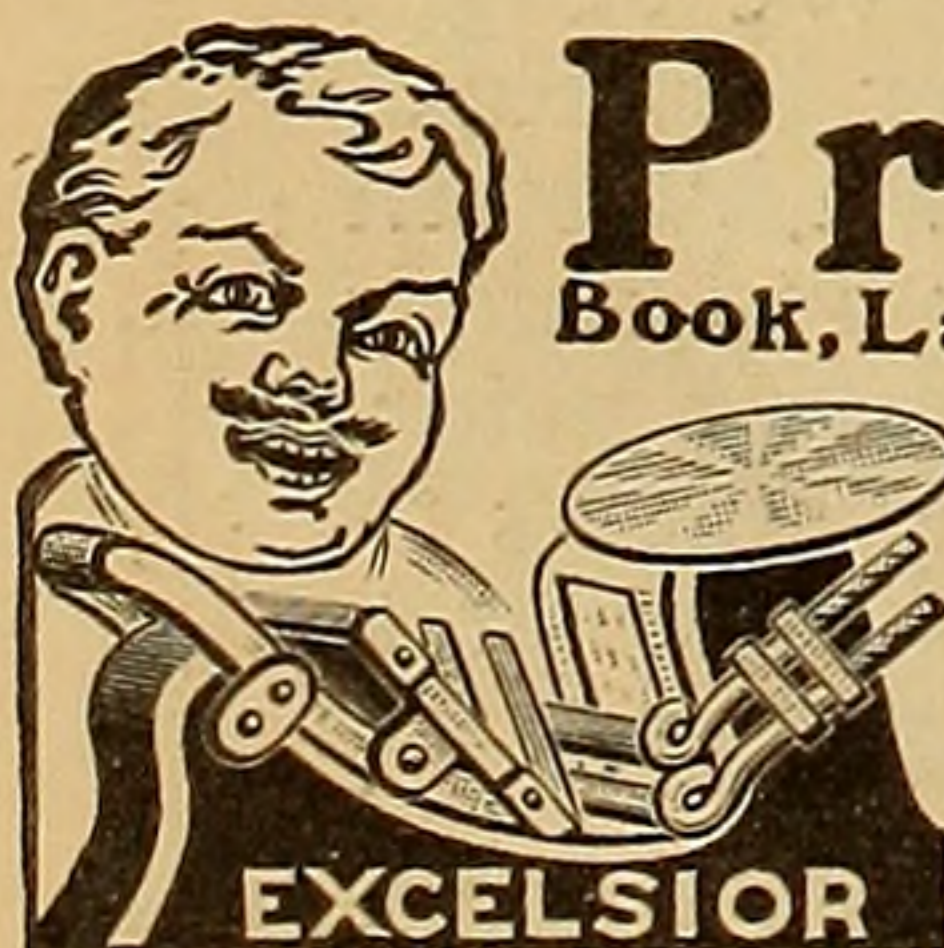
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A. O. LEONARD

Suite 314, 150 5th Ave. N. Y. City

Funny Happenings in the Studio and on Location

(Continued from page 92)

"Don't shoot at him any more. The poor rabbit's sorry for you and it's coming right into the car to give itself up."

Whether it was because the incident of the rabbit I have just related, unnerved him, or whether it was an accident with no connection to previous events, I cannot say, but an hour later this same director was concerned in another happening which, tho developing dramatically, really gave us our second turn on him that day.

We reached our location site, a river filled with logs, half an hour after the rabbit episode, set up our camera and prepared for work. I was to cross the river half-way on great big logs about fifteen feet in diameter—jumping from one footing to another. I had never done anything like this before, so I asked the director if he knew anything about the way in which it had to be done to prevent the traveler from sliding into the water. I wanted to be sure I didn't glide, because I wasn't scheduled to bathe in these scenes. Besides, it was a dangerous place because of the logs in which to swim, and what is more, the water was icy cold.

"It's easy, Harold," the director said. "All you have to do is jump from one log to another. Look! Watch me!" And he proceeded to demonstrate how it ought to be done.

He went along nicely for the first three or four steps, and then, in making a rather long jump, he landed on the side of the log, which promptly began to revolve slowly. Instantly the director realized what had befallen him and he began to clutch wildly at space to balance himself. His eyes seemed to pop out of his head and his face turned a collar-white. But it was too late. His one foot slid slowly into the water and an instant later there was a groan, a splash, and our director was under the cold, black water. Of course, several of us rushed to him and helped him out, and when we got him ashore his limbs were trembling and his teeth were chattering from the effects of the icy water. Somebody ran for the first-aid and brought it to him, but he waved it aside laughingly.

"That bath was nothing," he remarked, "Why, I take a cold plunge every morning."

When the sun is obscured by clouds and no work can be accomplished, one of the means of passing the time when a company is on location is to swap experiences. It was at one of such sessions that Sally Crute, who played with me in "The Avenging Trail," told this story on herself, and as it appeals to me as having its humorous point, I am going to repeat it.

Miss Crute said she was on the so-called legitimate stage when pictures were first coming into their own as a popular form of amusement, and at the suggestion of a co-worker, she decided to try for an engagement in the youthful but more promising field of endeavor. Armed with a letter of introduction she presented herself to a director at the Essanay studios in Chicago and was engaged for only a small part, because of her lack of Motion Picture experience.

One is always on the look-out for letters from home, but Miss Crute says she never waited for a letter with such eagerness as she did the announcement of the release of her first picture, and when she found a theater where it was being

shown she collected all her friends in the neighborhood—a young army, she says—and marched them to the theater as her guests.

A comedy—one of the series of pictures very popular at that time—was being run off when the party entered the theater, and Miss Crute says a reel never seemed so long as a reel in that comedy. Finally the main title of the picture in which she appeared was flashed on the screen and with suppressed excitement she relaxed in her chair. Her hour of triumph had come.

The picture was a three-reeler. The first reel was projected, but it showed no sign of Sally Crute. A trifle disappointed, Miss Crute consoled herself by the thought that she would make her appearance in the second reel. But the second reel had threaded its way before the lens, and the third reel was started, and Sally Crute had never been in pictures as far as the unenlightened spectator knew. Her disappointment gave way to dismay, Miss Crute said. What if she wasn't in the last reel either—what *would* her friends say? But, no, she told herself; the picture still had one thousand feet to run. All her scenes had evidently been for the last reel.

Foot by foot the last reel unraveled and finally the familiar "The End" trailer appeared. Three reels of pictures but no Sally Crute. Half angered in her disappointment and half bewildered in an effort to find a suitable explanation to make to her friends, she led the way out of the theater. Until she reached home every word she heard from her friends was a jest.

The next morning she sought enlightenment from a confirmed film player and then she learnt that her scenes weren't cut out because her work wasn't up to standard, as her friends had hinted, but because pictures were made to conform with certain requirements, which meant that many of the scenes made were often not used at all.

The ruthless film cutter has caused many a heart-break among screen extras.

To my mind, one of the most humorous stories of the studio I have yet heard at a location session, is that wherein the principal figure is an ex-pugilist now playing bits around different studios. This ex-pugilist is one of the most likeable chaps on the floor, as stages in Motion Picture studios are frequently called, and not very long ago a number of the boys from the company with which he had been working with a fair degree of regularity decided to give expression of the esteem in which they held him by having him as the guest of honor at a big and sumptuous dinner to be held in a fashionable restaurant.

The ex-pugilist basked in full glory at the dinner. There were stories, speeches and music, wining, dining and fun. The chef seemed to have tried to outdo himself with each succeeding course. Finally the dessert course was reached and the waiter deferentially asked the ex-pugilist which of the fancy combinations he preferred. Whether it was due to the excitement of the occasion or whether it was because the guest had been too much intent upon listening to eulogies, is a matter I cannot explain, but here was the ex-pugilist's reply, delivered in all seriousness:

"Oh, if it's all the same to you, I think I'll have a beef stew."

Our Animated Monthly

(Continued from page 95)

the winter months, accompanied by her mother, maid, chauffeur and bow-wow.

Bert Lytell shot a small shark in the Pacific—if you know which part of his anatomy that is! Anyway, a lot of grateful little sand-dabs swim around Mr. Lytell every time he goes in bathing, and if you call this a fish story—well, it's about fish, why shouldn't you?

Lasky is beginning to brag about Wanda Hawley, but one can hardly blame the studio, for she's the prettiest little blonde you ever saw. Some one has said that in order to be popular with men a brunette must be either brilliant, interesting, rich or beautiful nowadays, but a blonde doesn't have to be anything but a blonde. Well, Wanda began to steal hearts from the first time she appeared timidly before the lens, and if you note the way in which even a bunch of jaded studio workers gaze upon her, you'll believe the altruism quoted.

Charles Ray has been in pictures long enough to be tired of daily details, one would think, but say not so! Every night he runs enthusiastically to the projection-room to see the "rushes" of his previous day's work. He says he never fails to see the "run" and would rather miss his dinner than leave the lot before he criticises his work.

They had a little party at Paralta for E. Richard Schayer, who was one of their scenario staff until called to the colors. The players and editorial and business offices took up a collection and bought Mr. Schayer a trench-coat costing \$45, which was given the new Sammy by Mr. Keenan, who made a bright little farewell speech. Everybody says some officer is going to make love to that coat in France and Richard wont be able to enjoy wearing it, but meantime he is carefully hanging on to it. Please notice the farewell clasp pretty Clara Williams is giving the departing hero.

During the readjustment period at Brunton studio, formerly Paralta, they didn't undertake building of sets. It was necessary to resort to realism, so a lot of scenes were shot in the East Side Los Angeles jail while filming Thomas Dixon's "The One Woman." W. Lawson Butt, famous English actor, was put behind real bars for the first time in his career, and said, "Gaols are such nawsty things, dont ye know."

Anna Nilsson is supporting Bert Lytell, and a peep into her dressing-room disclosed Anna with the prettiest hand-embroidered smock of forget-me-not blue, a white wash-satin skirt, white silk Sox and bronze Oxfords, as she reclined on a cretonned chaise-longue reading a choice collection of letters from fans. Miss Nilsson shows her Viking forbears and is proud to say she's a "Swede." She loves her new "yob" and says it is an inspiration to act with Mr. Lytell—but that when it comes to listening to him beg for subscribers to the Liberty Bond issue, she'd like to be excused. Miss Nilsson had subscribed all she thought she could afford, but when the Brunton band-buggy went out barking downtown and Bert began to erote, she felt so tender-hearted that she started the subscription list for that evening by shouting, "Put me down for another five hundred. I suppose I can do without a few clothes for once!"

Hunting for George Beban is like trying to be a tailor to a flea. You never saw anybody who had conquered perpetual motion like the "San Francisco Mick with the Italian temperament," as they describe the star in Arizona. On the lot they say Mr. Beban's in the office, at the office they shunt you out on the glass stage to find him, and on the stage you'll be told he's either on the lot or between there and Arizona. Not even his publicity man can ever tell you just where Bob White's "poppa" has gone.

Walter Long, who played the horrid German officer in "The Little American," has decided to atone for his misdeeds in screendom by fighting with the artillery in France. Mr. Long has been gone some months now, and everybody on the lot is hoping for a letter. The Lasky service flag is peppered with many stars and floats joyously over the huge sign, "Positively No Admittance at This Studio, by Order of the Director-General, Cecil B. DeMille."

Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary!

(Continued from page 78)

few suitable duds, put on her first make-up, and had her on the lot in short order. Miss Thurman went right thru the rôle like a veteran, and had the unusual distinction of seeing herself in a pre-view the very next afternoon.

Having tested the delights of movie-making, Mary stayed right at the Sennett studio and was cast for another comedy by the second director, who said she might as well be working while her discoverer was absent. She fitted well into the stunt work required of girls at this studio, for she was a strong swimmer and gymnast, and not afraid of anything.

One doesn't expect the curtain to be rung on a tragedy with a comedy climax, but it's woman's privilege to change her mind, and so Mary Thurman has a right to be contrary if she wants to.

Many changes have come over Miss Thurman. In the first place, her mother left Salt Lake to live in Los Angeles with her now famous daughter. Mary is so busy that she hasn't had one free day from the sixteenth of July, 1917, to the present time. That includes Sundays, too.

Like everybody else, Mary Thurman has ambitions. Altho her fame has been attained in comedy, she loves straight drama.

Mary has been working steadily ever since that fateful meeting at the Alexandria dinner, and has not had a single sick day in two years.

Red-haired girls are very clever, and there's nothing contrary about Mary in this connection. She is one of those sensible, wholesome girls, entirely free from affectation, is a great favorite at the studio, mingles freely and in most kindly fashion with the extras, and has a smile and some funny greeting for every worker on the lot, be it only the scene-shifter.

They're building a new dressing-room for her, and this looks quite inviting—has buff walls, plenty of windows, good lighting system, a built-in dressing-table with plenty of mirror space, and two big closets for private wardrobe. Asked how many costumes she required for a new comedy, Mary Thurman replied, "I have had seven in a picture, but often I need only two. Clothes are really the *least* of my troubles."

"Especially bathing-suits?"

Whereupon Mary became once more quite contrary, and wrote finis to her story by hurrying to work on the stage.



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What the Educational Films Are Accomplishing

(Continued from page 76)

expert on all such matters; standard, because out of many thousand feet of film, the best have been saved as a permanent record; entertaining, because the human side of the navy rather than the mechanical has been stressed, and the amusing sides of the bluejacket's life are fully shown. It is evident that such work will not only interest the audiences of today, but it will form a splendid record of the U. S. Navy of 1918 for the edification of posterity.

I used the term, "so-called educational," at the beginning of this article, and some of my readers may be puzzled over that designation. My meaning is that the educational of today belong to the same order of informing classics as the standard books in the printed libraries. They are not textbooks, but they may be used as corollaries of textbooks, or as courses of reading in connection with a school education.

The strictly educational film textbook is as yet a problem of the future. It requires the laying out of definite courses of instruction graded year by year, and affording definite amounts of knowledge within definite periods. It is evident that the educators of the country must get together to solve this problem, and that the school boards which provide the funds must arrange to pay for equipment where such strictly educational films can be shown. All that may rest until after the close of the present war. But in the meantime the commercial educational firms are building up a vast amount of standard film literature (if I may be allowed to use the expression), which will come in handy in all future schemes for school and college film courses. We can enjoy that real film literature at many of our neighborhood picture theaters now, with the added and comfortable realization that our children and children's children will have the benefit of it also.

Miss Billie Rhodes, camera comédienne and holder of the Motion Picture knitting record for spinsters, having completed eleven sweaters and twenty-seven pairs of socks for soldiers, goes in for clay modeling in some of her more reposeful moments.

Miss Rhodes' most recent achievement in that line was a clay model of herself in the act of knitting a sweater, and, as several of her friends complimented her on the statuette, she had it mounted on a pedestal, just to prove that she could "sculpt" if she happened to feel like it.

One day recently the Mutual-Strand star was called on by a priest of her acquaintance, who desired her to assist in the production of a Motion Picture for charitable purposes, and while Miss Billie was upstairs hustling into a formal morning gown, that she might receive her visitor with due ceremony, the reverend gentleman, who is very short-sighted, busied himself in an examination of the star's art bric-à-brac.

Entering the apartment thru portière curtains, Miss Rhodes found her visitor so engrossed in this occupation that he had not observed her coming.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, smiling and indicating the statuette with his specs—"ah, yes—holy St. Joseph."

"And I dont know to this minute," laughed the young woman, "whether he meant that as an ejaculation or an identification."

Niles Welch As We Saw Him

(Continued from page 83)

absence of spectacular thrills and mock heroics. Mr. Welch is seen in the rôle of a young American who falls in love with a Mexican girl (Mabel Julienne Scott). The manly and wholesome personality of the youthful star is all-pervading, as under his influence the little Mexican waif develops into a beautiful character and is "reclaimed." Henry McRae Webster produced the feature.

"Before long," Mr. Welch said, "I hope to be able to branch out in my work, because, above everything else, I dont want to be known as a one-part man. It's all very well to be known along one particular line if one is a very great artist, but even then the time comes when it is said of one that he has had his day, meaning that the public have tired of the sameness. Some of the greatest actors of the legitimate stage have been identified with one line, but were, nevertheless, capable of playing anything from Hamlet to Jingles. That's why they kept their popularity for so many years.

"Almost anybody," he continued whimsically, "can play a sweet, pretty-boy part, or be one of the corners in the eternal triangle. I have done the lover parts, the serious dramatic rôles, and I have played a bit of comedy and put it over. So, having done that, I feel sure I can do more. My greatest aim is to be successfully versatile. Versatility is the keynote of success, because it opens up an enormous field. I want to do some real character studies—to portray life as it is in all its phases. (I wondered why one so extremely good-looking should want to make up in ugly character parts, but he was so much in earnest I refrained from saying so.) I think the Motion Picture of the future will deal more with character studies. It is going to reveal real personalities as a great novel does. And we are going to have more real drama."

It's safe to say that anything Niles Welch undertakes he will accomplish. He is one of the few young actors who has the natural grace, intelligence and ability to express emotion without leaving the impression that he is acting before the camera. Another "keynote" to success!

"What about 'fads and fancies,' Mr. Welch?" I wanted to know.

"No time for them," he said, promptly (and that's one of the likable things about this popular young star—he takes himself and his work so very, very seriously). "I'm very fond of reading, and I like riding better than any form of outdoor sport, but most of the time I have to be content with driving my car. I expect to go to the Coast before long, and that will be an entirely new experience. I've been nearly every place else, but not to California. I shall be glad to get away from New York and its wild life for a while, altho I dont mix up in it and shall not out there. I have found," he added, "that the 'wild life' and the kind of people who live it are to be found everywhere. No matter where we are, we will find, if we care to, our own little niche, our own kind of people and our own kind of pleasures."

It is easy to apprehend that if he were not so busy being a public character he would be a good deal of a student and somewhat of a recluse—"with his book, his dog and his ain fireside" (he's married, too, and frankly owns up to it). As it is, he goes his own way with characteristic independence, seeking no cheap popularity and asking only what's coming to him. That's Niles Welch.

And, as Zit said once upon a time, "We certainly do like that boy's acting."

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At the American Studios

(Continued from page 59)

metal butterfly and the whole car spells classiness. Mary has a chauffeur, but she can shofe mighty well herself.

Margaret Shelby still rushes about in her "bucking broncho," as she calls the little Scripps-Booth. She fairly lives in that car and is a dandy one-hand twirler. She often drives it to Los Angeles, but is learning to handle Mary's big Packard, which is a bit awkward to drive in the downtown section of Santa Barbara. Margaret's wrist-watch is gold, with a very odd face, mounted on a gold bracelet. Mary manages to rise at 6:30 by referring to a platinum and diamond oblong watch, mounted on a gray silk ribbon, which bears a slide to match the timepiece.

Lloyd Ingraham, Miss Minter's director, lives near the studio in a very quaint bungalow, which his oldest daughter thinks resembles a dungeon. His two little girls have traveled so much that they are mighty interesting conversation-alists. The Ingraham family has produced many musicians, Herbert Ingraham, a brother, being the composer of numerous popular song hits and settings for musical-comedies. Zella Ingraham, the twelve-year-old girl, has already composed several pretty songs, and is destined to be a singer and pianiste. The younger girl is a born comedienne, and is looking forward to the time when her doting daddy will allow her to exchange the school-bench for the still stage.

Ted Sloman's bungalow is blessed with flowers galore, and tea-time on the front porch is like imbibing nectar in paradise. The Sloman baby is a year old and named after Eva Tanguay, her mother's intimate chum. Mr. Sloman told me a funny incident connected with the youthful boss of his home. The baby has a quantity of curly locks and is a born vampire, who flirts outrageously with strangers. One day she was coquettishly casting her dark orbs in the direction of a street-cleaner, who paused long enough to wink back at Eva, junior, while her sire perambulated her along the sidewalk. Suddenly the old "white wings" turned to Mr. Sloman with an admiring, "Golly, aint she got a fine set of hair, tho?" Mrs. Sloman will be remembered in a great number of American successes under her stage name of Hilda Hollis.

Henry King's daughter is a tiny French bisque doll, just the daintiest bit of humanity that ever set a small town agog. If she shows histrionic ability a few years hence, her pater intends making a second Baby Marie Osborne of the kiddie. At present she is directing her "old man" from a baby-buggy throne, and believe me, Director King has learnt to "stand by" and be ready for "action" as her numerous toys land on the floor.

I've always longed to see a studio rainmaker, the kind which drenches Constance Talmadge in "Up the Road with Sallie." No, I dont mean Hatfield, the professional who drenches Ventura and Santa Barbara County ranches for so much a shower, but the sort of machine which inexpensively furnishes film thrills. Here's a picture showing the real thing, the rainmakers being placed in close proximity, fashioned somewhat after the manner of fire-towers, the artificial down-pour being realistically blown about by wind machines resembling propellers.

Everything used in the American products is fashioned right at the lot. There's a wonderful modeling room, a splendid conservatory which nurses every known variety of bloom, carpenter and cabinet-

maker shops which turn out beautiful furniture, and pottery works which produce anything from the huge columns for Aztec ruins to pillars, statuary and marbles for up-to-date American ball-rooms.

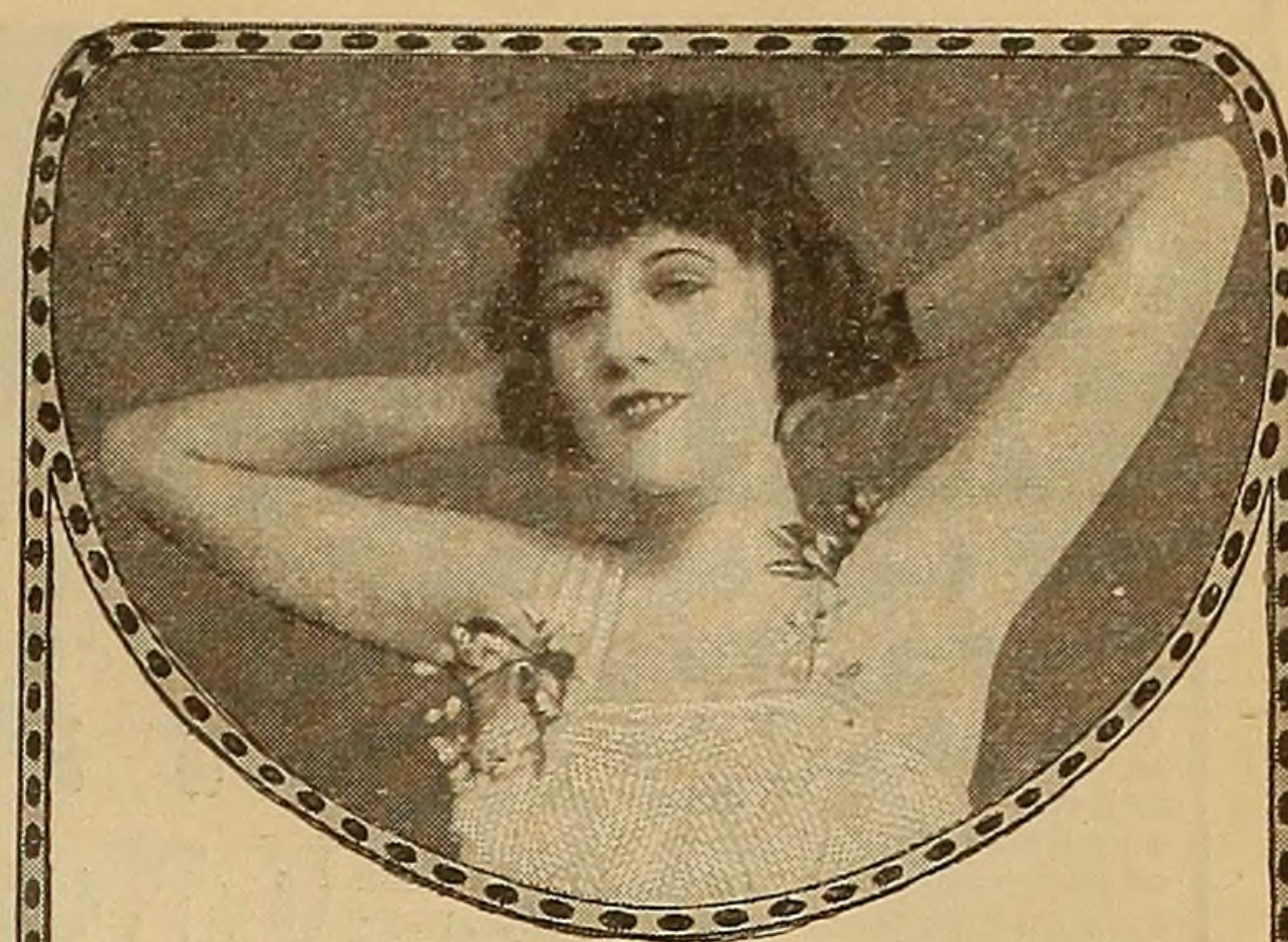
Members of the company just gave a fine performance of "The Wolf" at Potter Theater, Santa Barbara. Carl Stockdale, formerly of Lasky, played William MacDonald, Margarita Fisher was Hilda MacTavish and received so many lovely flowers that several autoloads were taken to local hospitals. One beautiful floral gift consisted of two dozen American Beauties standing over six feet high, which had to be brought thru the door horizontally and held by two of the actors, since their weight was too much for Miss Fisher.

George Periolat's make-up was fine, as usual. This was his first stage appearance in ten years, and he said that when he noticed how Lloyd Ingraham's pipe shook nervously, as he portrayed Andrew MacTavish, George decided not to smoke at all. None of the players had spoken lines publicly for years, so they felt a bit worried over the outcome. They had rehearsed all night Sunday, and had dress rehearsal Monday, Ted Sloman directing and playing Jules Beaubien besides. Jack Mower was handsome as ever in the rôle of George Huntley. You know he supports Margarita now, and is *some* leading-man.

The American donated stage settings and brought in huge trees, ferns and real flowers to offset the scenery. A very realistic picture of Canada was presented, and all the trees had been sprinkled with cedar-oil, so that the audience was fairly transported into the setting of the story. There was a clear gain of \$1,500 for the Red Cross, and it's planned to repeat the performance in one-night stands in other towns, since the players cannot remain absent from the studio longer than Saturday or Sunday evening. Lots of people traveled up from Los Angeles, for not often do we get a first-class stage production on this West Coast.

Unfortunately, Margarita Fisher took a heavy cold, for she wore furs on the stage and then rushed out to cool off. Next day she motored to Los Angeles to shoot some scenes, much against her physician's advice. Within twenty-four hours she was confined to the Van Nuys Hotel with pneumonia and has been in a critical condition. Miss Fisher is such a favorite out here that the wires were kept "het up" between the two burgs with anxious inquiries as to her illness.

Miss Minter's contract calls for ten pictures a year, and as she rests and buys new duds three days or so after each picture, one may imagine how she has to work during actual time of production. This means having about thirty-five days during which the picture is shot, assembled, cut and finished. Mr. Russell and the other stars are kept quite as busy. This studio is run like a button-factory, and in case of illness it is necessary to work at night or Sunday to make up for lost time, since the American prides itself on never falling down on a release date. Perhaps that is one reason why there has never been any financial shortage, and while it is hard on the players, it is a plan which means prompt salary payment—quite a consideration in these days when so many companies have had to stop work or lay off temporarily that screening is a precarious business, indeed.



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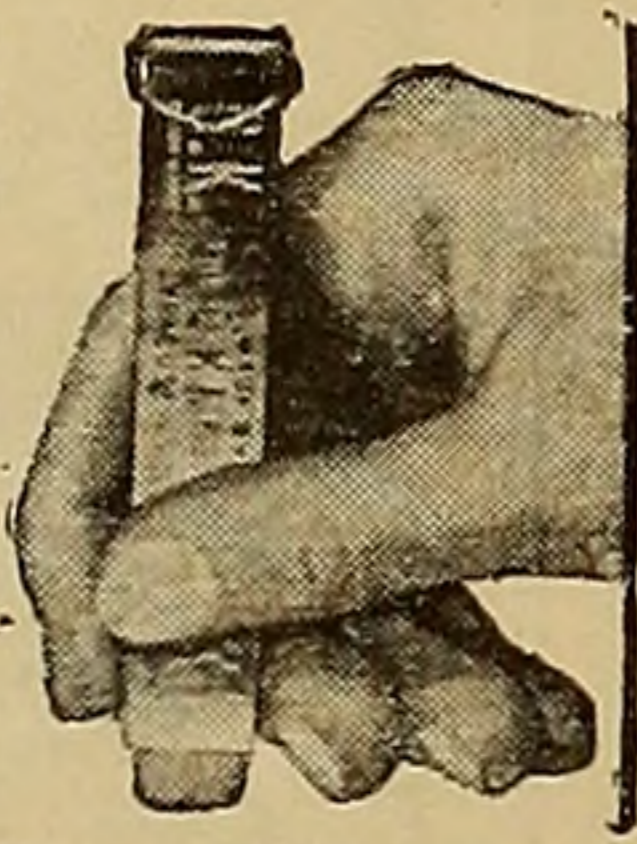
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Taking an Ex-Ray of Charles

(Continued from page 56)

the stars, and the public sat with the vault of the brilliant sky overhead, and the men smoked so much that you'd see bits of fire here and there in the audience, just like fireflies darting about. I will never forget the beauty of it all.

"The worst of it was that all my engagements came to a sudden end. That is the way with theatrical engagements—one is engaged for ten weeks and given notice at the end of the fifth or sixth week. Out of the second and fourth weeks' pay the carfare is deducted, and we had to pay our own traveling expenses for short jumps, buy wardrobe and pay board. I never had a cent left—the salary never ran more than thirty to forty dollars. My folks had become reconciled to it by that time and would send me money to return to Los Angeles. They had given me a splendid wardrobe besides, for while not wealthy people, they were comfortably fixed and did not want me to make a poor appearance, as long as I was set on being an actor.

"I used to prepare them for the worst. I would write, 'Things are looking a little slow this week,' and then the next week I'd wire, 'Company busted up; think I can get home on about ten.' My parents had a lot of patience, and my father used to say, 'If you'd only surprise us just once by coming back with a little check—just something to put in the bank for a change.' They knew I got money, but they never saw it, and it always wound up the same way—I needed a remittance.

"After the last fatality I stayed around Los Angeles for a couple of months. It was summer and nothing turned up. I met a couple of people who wanted to put on a three-person act at the small towns near Los Angeles, something that would blend in well with pictures at small theaters. I had not seen any of the big shows they had back East, but one of the men was quite a clever writer, good at dialog stuff. He boldly snatched plays like 'Girl of the Golden West,' 'Lotteryman,' 'The Wolf,' 'The Dollar Man,' and took the best of the plot, used different titles and names for the characters, put in dialog of his own, for we never saw the original plays, and we would have a twenty-minute act like a short synopsis of a play. He used to take *The Green Book*, which then printed whole plays, and, of course, he'd get the punch, for the best scenes would stand out and we just copped those bodily. We made quite a hit playing around Whittier, Covina and such places. We even did Henry Miller's 'Havoc' under a different name. We were some pirates!

"We got eighty dollars a week and split it three ways. Each of us got twenty dollars, and the other twenty we pooled for expenses, scenery, carfares and things like that. We all worked at the scenery. Used to paint lots of stuff—it was real fun. I had great experience in make-up, anyway.

"But really, I had studied make-up long before I went into this. At home, when I had seen a show, I would go to my room and pull crêpe hair apart and put on the funniest beards, wigs and mustaches. I had a complete outfit of grease-paints, and it was a far larger collection than I possess now, when I'm a professional. I would get home from a theater about eleven-thirty and stay up until four A. M. trying out poses and make-up. I had one of those little two-dollar Brownie cameras and set it on a table for proper focus. Then I put a handkerchief on the floor

where I was to stand after I had it focused. I had a long fuse on the flashlight back of the camera, touched that with the match, rushed back to the handkerchief and struck a pose, and thought the light never would go off, I was so excited! You ought to see the collection of old snapshots I have taken in all sorts of make-up of myself by myself.

"Yet even that little tour came to an end. They got tired of vaudeville in the movie houses. One evening the other fellow in this trio and I were sitting in my room at home, kicking our heels against the trunk and wishing we could go somewhere, when in walked Harry Spear, of the Belasco Stock Company here. He began to talk Motion Pictures to us; said, 'Why dont you fellows go to it?' That listened good to me. I was hoping my pal would not want to go into it, for fear if both of us went only one would be taken. Wasn't that selfish? But you see I was so crazy about acting that I thought I just must push in regardless of anybody else. Anyway, my pal made light of it—said he'd hate to go into anything like pictures, he wanted to make a stage success.

"I thought this was a fine move, because I would have no board to pay. My folks always entertained me gratis. Spear told me to go to the Ince studio, near Santa Monica, and I set my alarm-clock for six A. M. When it scared me out of sleep next day I was mad, and didn't think that movies would be very attractive after all, for I'd been accustomed to long morning naps. However, I got out, changed cars three times, walked a lot and suddenly landed on what I have ever since thought the most inspiring sight I ever beheld. There were about ninety cowboys riding wildly on their ponies, forty to fifty Indians, sixty tepees, a most beautiful California morning to brighten the scene, the shimmer of the Pacific Ocean, the liveliness and busyness of the entire place—it all thrilled and charmed me. I never wanted to do anything so badly in all my life as to go into the movies right then and there.

"I had been told to see Charlie Giblyn, so when we met I told him I'd suped at Morosco and Burbank, played juveniles in road companies and been in my own act for quite a while. I remember the date so well—December 12, 1912. It will always stand out in my memory. They were doing Civil War photoplays then. Not many women were used. Cannon were booming, hand-to-hand battles being fought, and over on the other side they were putting on a Western play of the usual sort, stage-coach hold-ups, and so on.

"They took me right on for an extra, told me to put on a beard. I found right then that my training in making up during the lonely night hours was going to stand me in good stead. I really attribute my entrance into pictures to this, for, you see, juveniles are not accustomed to make up as a usual thing, and if I'd not been able to do what was wanted right then and there I probably never would have had a show.

"I was put to work, and after the day was over, Mr. Ince happened along and talked to me for a moment. He praised my beard and characterization, and I said, 'Well, this is a little out of my line, but I've done the best I knew how.' He said, 'What is your line?' I answered, 'Juvenile.' He told me to report the next day again. I had been accustomed to making up for Lincoln, Grant and other big men,

even if the facial contour was not just right. I made a good bluff at it with appurtenances. The next time I saw Mr. Ince he said that if a juvenile could put on a beard as I could, he should really be valuable to the company. Why, we used to wear Northern and Southern uniforms alternately, charge upon ourselves and change uniform and charge back. It was so funny! Lots of experience for a beginner. Mr. Ince gave me a part as a juvenile right in the beginning. It was a bit heavy, the title rôle in 'The Favorite Son,' which was directed by Francis Ford, with Grace Cunard as the girl and Joseph King the other brother. I was so enthused and inspired and worked so hard that I really don't think it would have been possible for me to fail utterly. Some time, when I get wealthy, I'm going to rent that old picture and have it run for myself. I want to see how I acted in those days. They tell me now it is running in China and doing good business.

"One day, right at the end of the picture, I was told to go to Mr. Ince. I thought he was going to give me the gate. He said the picture was cut and he had examined it very carefully. I thought this was my finish. I thought, 'Oh, if only I could get six or eight weeks more of this I could save enough to go to New York and work into a real show there.' It did seem like a hard knock of fate to do me out of a job right then, when I was getting on my feet. Besides, I was simply wild over pictures by that time. However, Mr. Ince said, 'I see very good possibilities in you, and I hope that you will want to stay with me.'

"Say, was I knocked flat? Nobody had ever wanted me to stay with him before. They all wanted to get rid of me because the show didn't pay or couldn't get bookings. That just knocked me off my feet, metaphorically speaking. We were walking upstairs, and I was so wonderfully happy that the tears filled my eyes, and I had such a lump in my throat I could hardly say a word of thanks. I fell up the stairs, because the tears had blinded me, and Mr. Ince must have noticed it all, but he was so kind and just patted my shoulder and said, 'That is good luck, to fall upstairs!'

"After that, I used to study all the time in the cars. I didn't have one of my own then, you see, and I would forget all about the people and just think out rôles and how to improve them. Suddenly I'd come to myself and look about anxiously, wondering if I had made a fool of myself or caused anybody to think I was a Knutt!"

"Mr. Ray, by that time your parents must have been very proud and quite ready to allow you to follow your ambition, weren't they?"

Charles Ray chuckled. "It was such a relief to them to have me stop asking for money. They never begrudged it, but they did think it ought to bring about some result. I never had appeared to get ahead. Father began to feel proud from the time I started a bank account. That was his idea of something to be really proud of."

"Do you rehearse much?"

"Very little indeed. I read a play once—that is the river; the episodes are the tributaries, so to speak. Just before doing a certain episode I may re-read it and talk it over with Vic. You know my director, Victor Schertzinger, is a marvel—a wonderful musician, speaks several languages, has written beautiful plays, the incidental music to 'Civilization,' and has just finished writing a drama for me. We have been doing one of his plays. The working title is

'A Nine-o'Clock Town,' but probably that will be changed. I can't just explain how it is between Vic and me; we so thoroly understand each other we don't have to talk when he directs. He looks at me, I look at him. It must be thought-transference or something, but I feel so harmonious just when he is around, and if he plays sometimes the music is soothing as well as spurring one on to enthusiastic effort. Sometimes I run into his room and say, 'What is it when I go upstairs? Do I open the closet?' And he says, 'Oh, no; don't you remember you are thinking and looking out of the window before you go out?' I say, 'Oh, yes.' That would about cover an average rehearsal.

"Of course, if we have ten people working in ensemble, there must be a little rehearsal, or somebody might interfere with another's work. But so far as I'm concerned, I generally just act on the spur of the moment, spontaneously, without special direction. But, as I say, it is because Vic and I get on so well together and feel things without talking about them."

"Do you feel that you can actually lose yourself in a part, live in it and think it all the time you work?"

"I know I can. I'm thankful I never lost my illusions. I can see a show and it seems just as real to me, and so does a character impress me. I had one part in which I had to wear a monocle, and the grease-paint and warm weather made it difficult to keep the thing in place. To overcome this I wore it always at home, especially when dining. I knew I had to eat without having it wiggle, and thought how horrible it would be if in a scene that bull's-eye would suddenly drop and slide down my greasy cheek. I used to think and live like that Englishman at home, and got so accustomed to having him around that I missed him when the feature was finished."

There's a quiet concentrativeness about Charlie Ray which mingles well with that boyish twinkle of fun in his hazel eyes. He is like a big, generous, frank boy, can look you straight in the eye and yet convince you of his modesty. He's just so anxious to succeed and to please Mr. Ince that past successes fade away in his mind. Haven't you always hated people who put a cold, clammy fish-tail handshake over on you? You needn't fear one from Mr. Ray. He gives you a strong, warm clasp, which seems to say, 'I'm certainly glad to know you,' and which takes the sting out of the inevitable good-by.

And out of his wide experience, tho the years have been but five since he entered this field, Charlie Ray says that there is a splendid opening for leading-women of real talent. He likes to change leads in every picture, but says it is almost impossible to do so owing to the dearth of attractive and talented girls. There are the famous women stars, but they won't support a male star, and so there are mighty few really brilliant supporting women.

"I believe that if girls who are eager to succeed in pictures would stop dreaming and get right down to hard work at home, studying, watching their gestures in the mirror, reading the photoplay magazines and seeing the best plays, they would have just as good a chance as I did. I didn't get my opportunity thru good-looks or pull, but simply by being ready when a door finally opened after the usual disappointments," said "his mother's boy," in conclusion.

"Go to it—and stick to it, that is the secret of screen success."

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PERFECT YOUR BEAUTY EARN BIG MONEY

With the Newest "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Company

(Continued from page 46)

had not been able to get off my make-up. It's quite a process, you know.

"I saw the guests looking at me askance, and this old lady in particular drew aside her skirts very haughtily when I got into the car. Noticing this, several of the gentlemen were about to put me forcibly out before the elevator-boy, who knew me, could prevent. Needless to say, after that, in spite of the jibes of the company, I used the freight elevator! Had I been the villainous old Simon Legree, I might have ridden all day in their elevators!"

Discoursing thus mournfully upon the advantages of reform, Mr. Losee came naturally to the "good old days," which everybody remembers, but which never seem to be "among those present." He says he believes "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will be new to the present generation, and declares that when he attempted to buy his copy before rehearsals began, for he makes it a practice to read every play in which he appears, he actually experienced considerable difficulty in securing a copy.

"'Uncle Tom's Cabin' used to be a life-saver for the road companies," he began, "and every 'turkey actor' that ever toured the country has at one time in his career been an Uncle Tom. There were several reasons for this, but the principal one, I should say, is that almost every part in the play can be doubled; indeed, the whole thing can be done by a half-dozen players. Even in our film version Miss Clark doubles as Topsy and Little Eva.

"Of course, this business of 'doubling' has been overdone, as, for instance, one time when I was asked to play three parts. All went well until I discovered at first rehearsal that the third was to meet the first at center stage during a late scene. This was the straw that broke the camel's back—and I rebelled.

"But at that, I *did* play three parts—indeed, even more, for between my scenes it was my duty and pleasure to stand in the wings and portray the bloodhounds, several of them, by baying and barking in different tones. In those days every actor engaged in a stock company knew that sooner or later he would be asked to 'bark.'

"Sometimes in those days Simon Legree, the cruel, was given far more prominence than Uncle Tom himself, and often a negro was hired to play the rôle of Uncle Tom. On one such occasion I remember when it came to the line, 'What is the New Jerusalem, Uncle Tom?' the negro replied feelingly, 'Up thar, up thar in the flies, Miss Eva,' bringing the house down in roars of laughter during what should have been a very solemn moment of the play.

"I could go on indefinitely with tales of the old days. There were often as many as a dozen or twenty companies on the road at once, ranging in size from ten to fifty players. Every actor has at one time done 'Uncle Tom' and many celebrities owe much of their popularity to that play. At one time I played in Minneapolis and St. Paul with a company including Louis James, the famous tragedian, Julia Arthur and others as well known at that time, in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'

"It is quite a change from the part of Scarpia in Pauline Frederick's 'La Tosca' to kindly old Uncle Tom, isn't it?" we hazarded.

"Yes, indeed," was Mr. Losee's smiling reply, "but nothing to the contrast between Legree and Tom. Scarpia was a

gentleman compared to Simon Legree as I used to play him!"

Thinking of the wily, treacherous, coldly cruel Scarpia that Mr. Losee had created, we decided then and there that probably the "Beast of Berlin" has nothing on the Simon Legree of Mr. Losee's stage creation.

Just then Mr. Dawley signaled for the beginning of a new scene, and, excusing himself, Mr. Losee entered the scene again. In the meantime a tour of inspection about the studio brought us upon many an unexpected set of exquisite beauty. For instance, a typical Southern veranda, with its inviting wicker chairs, its high, white pillars adorned with vines, and a tiny parasol belonging to Little Eva lying where she had left it on returning from church.

Other sets were quaint interiors of the old Southern mansion, bedrooms with spindle-leg furniture that many a collector would have envied; living-rooms with wide fireplaces and inviting chairs built for comfort; and away in one corner a church doorway. Returning to the scene upon which the picture was being filmed, we were surprised to hear a burst of laughter from Miss Clark and Director Dawley himself, both usually determined sticklers for silence during the taking of their scenes.

Upon inquiring the cause of the unseemly mirth, Miss Clark assured us that "Mr. Losee is the funniest man in the world." It seems Legree had just been bullying Uncle Tom and had told him that he "owned him body and soul," as per the lines in the book.

To the unalloyed delight of everybody, Mr. Losee had replied solemnly: "No, massa, my soul belongs to God, but my body belongs to—Adolph Zukor."

The Kaiser—In Fort Lee

(Continued from page 54)

soldier-man, who hustled here and bustled there and seemed to be 'most everywhere. The name's as Irish as can be—that's why they put him in, you see.)

Von Hindenburg was played by Jim, or Mr. Marcus, I called him. 'Twas, "Now, Jim, this," and "Now, Jim, that." He was as popular as Pat.

When we were thru the outdoor scene (I know 'twill look well on the screen) the soldiers in their suits of gray climbed in a truck and whirled away, as they had indoor work to do—'twould take another day or two. And, as they rode back to New York, some men grew pale and didn't talk, for all the youngsters they passed by began to jeer and raise a cry, and if a bottle was at hand they tried their best to make it land upon a German's head or side. It was a most exciting ride!

I would that R. A. Walsh might say, in his most taking Irish way, to Kaiser Bill across the sea:

"Come over here and pose for me. I find you're just the type I need to make my picture take the lead of photoplays we now let loose. 'Twill make the rest look like the deuce. The salary? Why, man, name your pay. Work by the week or by the day. If I just had you, Kaiser Bill, I'd make a picture fit to kill. A secret!—promise not to tell. The scenes would all be laid in hell!"

Oh wake up, folk! That cannot be till our boys, hustling o'er the sea on *Victory*, our fastest boat, sail homeward with the Kaiser's goat.

The Man Behind the Film

(Continued from page 81)

other factories situated nearer the heart of Rochester.

These factories—the Camera Works, Century Works, Premo Works and Hawkeye Works—employ 8,500 workers, giving the Eastman staff a total of 13,000, a long stride from the single assistant of the 80's.

Eastman makes a tremendous portion of the world's film. Back in 1914 he was manufacturing 95 per cent of the world's film. The present percentage is a secret, but it can safely be said to practically mean almost all the film used in the world.

This gives some idea of the great resources necessary to the Eastman plant. The output is said to be considerably more than 300 miles of film per day. An outline of the making of film is interesting. The transparent film base upon which the photographic emulsion is spread is a pyroxylin compound, obtained by treating a form of cellulose, usually cotton from which the oils have been extracted, with a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids. This reduces it to what is technically termed cellulose-nitrate.

After a thoro washing, requiring about two weeks, the cellulose-nitrate is put into large revolving drums and solvents added. The drums, with a capacity of some 4,000 pounds, are sealed up and revolved for a period of several days. The resulting solution, which has the consistency of syrup or extracted honey, is pumped thru filter presses.

This solution, called "dope," is poured upon forming and drying rollers, with highly polished surfaces. This forms a continuously flexible sheet of glass like transparency. The film must necessarily be of absolutely uniform thickness. The standard thickness of film base is from 5/1000ths to 5 1-4/1000ths of an inch. The sheets, over 2,000 feet in length, and 3½ feet in width, are placed on cores in large rolls, much the same size and form as rolls of printing paper, and are thus sent to the sensitizing rooms. Thus far the operation has taken place in daylight, but, as the photographic solution is highly sensitive to light, the coating and remaining processes take place under ruby lights. When the coating is completed, the film is allowed to dry, after which it is split into strips of the width necessary for Motion Picture cameras, 1 3-8 inches. These strips are wound upon wooden spools, usually in 400-ft. lengths, wrapped in paraffin paper and tinfoil and packed in sealed light-proof boxes. Thus the film goes to the picture producers.

An interesting feature of Kodak Park is the research laboratory.

Kodak Park maintains its own silver nitrating plant. Next to the United States Mint, Eastman is said to be the largest user of silver bullion in the world, two tons of pure, specially refined bullion being used each week of the year. The silver is treated with nitric acid and the resulting solution is then evaporated until white crystals are formed. The silver nitrate in solution is mixed with a solution of potassium bromide and gelatine, and dissolved in hot water to form insoluble silver bromide, which is the light sensitive compound used to coat the film backing and to catch the photographic image.

Thus Eastman's original investment of five dollars to learn "wet plate" photography, has developed into the vast film industry. Probably no investment in the world's history has paid such dividends—in money, entertainment, education and art.

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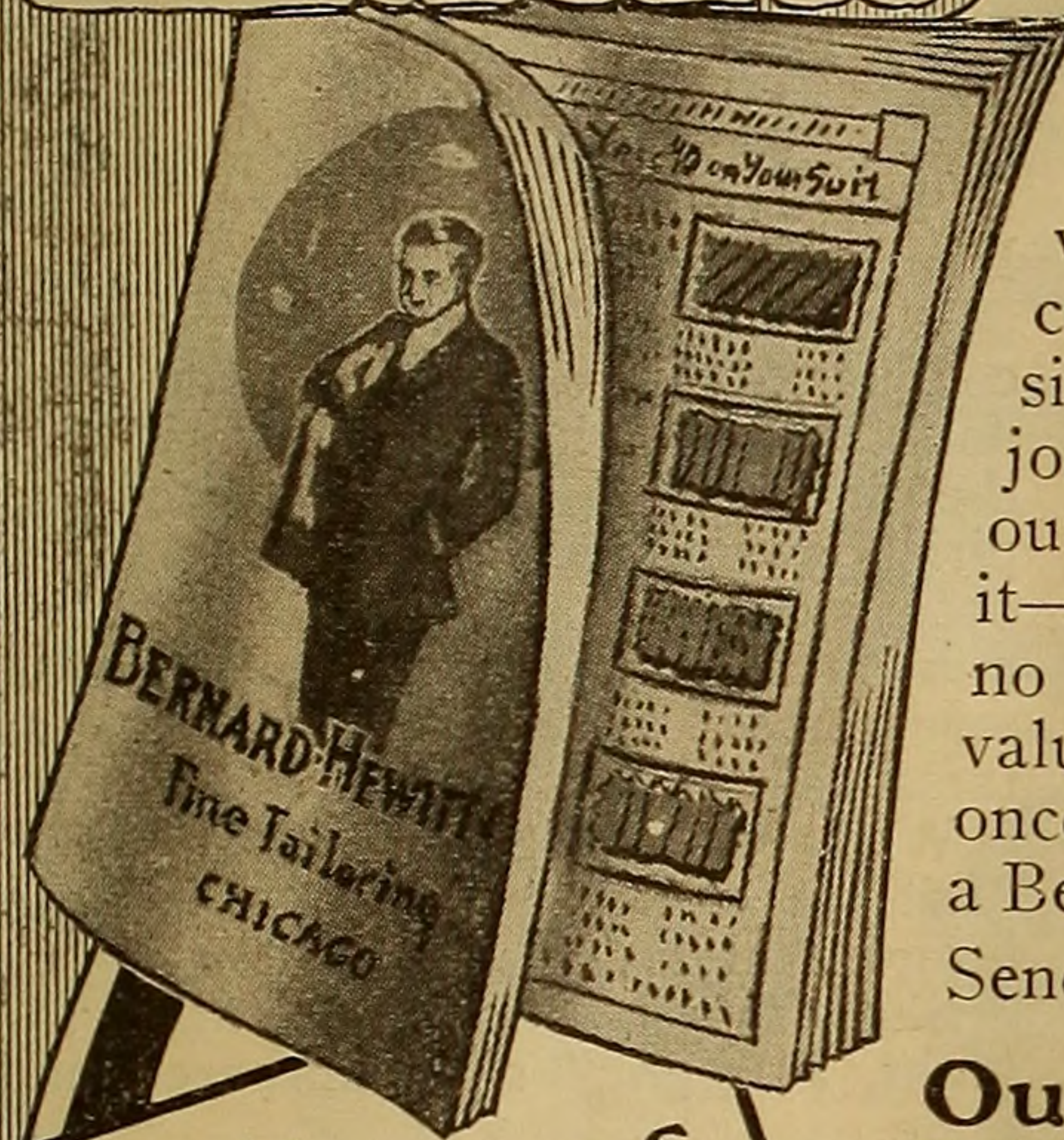
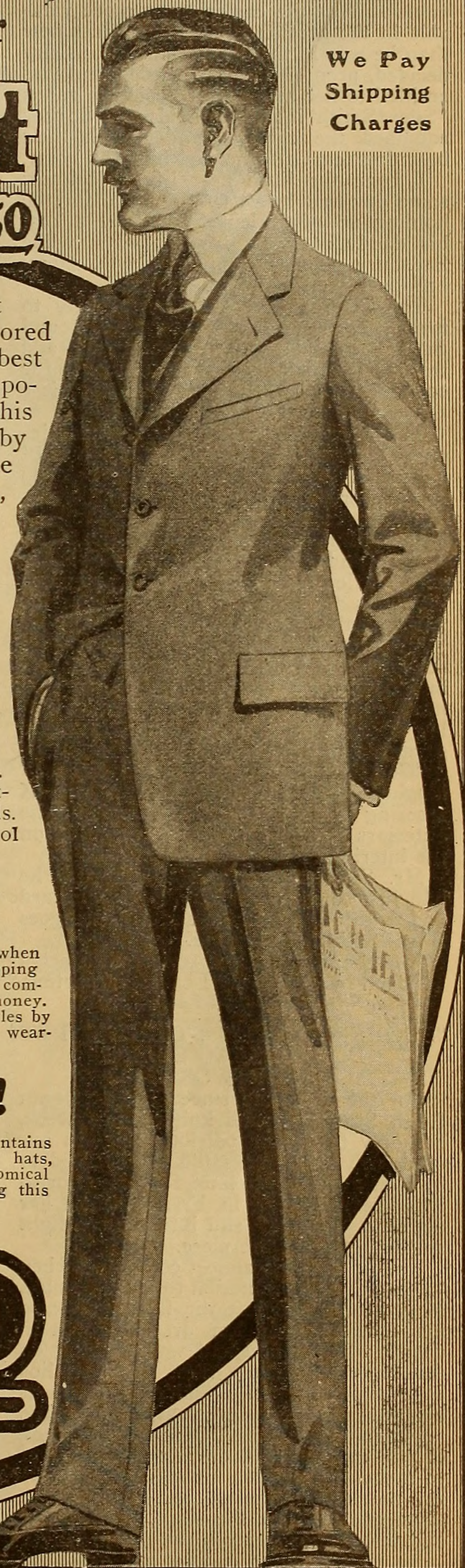
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Conserving Salt

(Continued from page 62)

camera-man and in this case had taken just the favorite along. They had no one to take his place. Everybody waited for Salisbury to decide what to do. It didn't take him long. It was just a question of values. Was the camera-man more valuable in the Motion Picture field just now than he was in the home-field? Salisbury decided, pronto, that *she* needed and was entitled to her man, and the picture game, "Silent Smith" included, could wait. So they equipped the camera-grinder with their best dog team and headed him for home.

I hope the little new life will know some day that he was responsible for the holding up of "Silent Smith." He kept his daddy at home for ten days, while Salisbury and his company played snow-ball on icebergs and waited.

They came back to Universal City to make the "interiors," and there I found Silent Smith, looking a very real and worth-while person in his famous fur costume. This costume, by the way, is a remarkable one.

The moccasins are equally fine and interesting, and the heavy mittens are of deer-skin. For some reason the hair on these deer-skin garments did not break. The Alaskans must have a method of tanning that prevents it. Our own deer, those found in the States, have hair that is very brittle. Each hair is hollow, and when the hides are used for rugs or clothes of any kind the hair breaks off quickly.

Salisbury was intensely proud of the costume and was explaining its design and handiwork to me when a heartless man appeared, saying, "Ready, Salisbury?" and began to dust the beautiful garments with artificial snow.

"Go slow on the salt, old fellow," laughed Salisbury. "What's the use of freezing to death to conserve salt in the exteriors if we're going to waste it on the interiors?"

Mr. Salisbury soon looked as tho he had just come in out of a lovely blizzard and, with a merry smile and a "Here goes Silent Smith," he left me.

And the thermometer registered ninety!
"Good luck to him!" I called, in parting.

"SOONER," EDITH STOREY'S PET DOG, UPSETS STAR'S WAR WORK

For the first time since the war began Edith Storey stopped knitting this week, but only to do her patriotic "bit" in another way. The versatile star started to crochet a woolen helmet for some fortunate army aviator in France, when her pet dog, "Sooner," slid into the spotlight as the villain of the piece.

The helmet was almost completed when "Sooner" took the notion to make trouble. Miss Storey had left the fluffy pet—also her crocheting—in her dressing-room in charge of her maid and was working on the stage at Metro's West Coast studios in Hollywood, when suddenly she was amazed to see "Sooner" romping near her.

Finishing the scene, Miss Storey took doggie in her arms, only to find the end of a skein of yarn in his mouth. Following the trail of the woolen string, which zigzagged all over the stage, around sets and thru the property-room, she at length came to the other end in her dressing-room. That's all it was—an end—for her precious helmet had ceased to be.

Now "Sooner" wears a tiny muzzle whenever he is brought to the studio, and Miss Storey has started all over again on the helmet. Only this time she's knitting it.

The Vamp

(Continued from page 100)

Already she mistrusts me. Am I such a vampire, Bob?"

But Bob only kist away the question.

The weeks passed uneventfully, except that Weil had gradually started to show his true colors. He was undoubtedly an evil influence among the men as a labor agitator. Under the guidance of Bob, a benefit had been arranged at the Community House for the suffering Belgians. At the same time Bob hoped to turn the men's minds away from a strike.

Weil seized upon the occasion to harangue the miners in the town saloon, inciting them to strike. "Every business is paying more for labor," he told them. "If you were in munition making you would be making twice as much as you do down in the eternal night of those mines. Are you going to stand for it?"

After the benefit Nan whispered to Bob, "Come up to our apartment in ten minutes. I've a little surprise."

When Bob reached the room Nancy was again in the vampire gown given her by the chorus-girls. Again rouge and powder had transformed her slender, fragile prettiness into a blooming beauty.

"Why, Nan," exclaimed Bob, as he took her in his arms, "you surely don't think you need to vamp me all over again?"

"Of course not, Bob, dear. This is a celebration. It's our second wedding anniversary. We've been married *two whole weeks*."

Unknown to Bob, at that moment a number of miners, led by Weil, were passing Community House. The brightly lighted room caught Weil's eye. Nan's décolleté gown, the rose in her hair, the flower-decked supper-table, all painted a picture utterly at variance with the real love in the hearts of the youthful newlyweds.

"Look there, men!" pointed out Weil. "That's why your lives are ground out at a wretched wage. That's how the money is wasted that should go to buy bread for your children and clothing for your wives."

Happening to pass and hearing the harangue, Bob's uncle neared the window. Just at that moment Nan, in her rakish vampire gown, climbed upon the edge of the table and began singing a popular song to her laughing husband.

But the little anniversary party quickly ended. Uncle James burst into the room.

"What on earth are you trying to do? I'm ashamed of both of you," he began, angrily. "And you, Nancy, trying to act to your husband like a common girl of the streets! That's what comes of marrying an actress girl, Bob!"

Nan burst into tears. "No more of that, uncle," Bob protested firmly. "We were just celebrating our wedding anniversary."

"Then celebrate it in a godlike way," growled Uncle James. "The miners have been watching you two, and they're embittered. I wouldn't be at all surprised if your wife's goings-on have caused a strike."

"I'm so sorry," wept Nan. "I didn't mean anything but to surprise and please Bob. Wont they understand if I tell them?"

"You've done enough," snapped the elder Walsham. "Try to be a circumspect wife—if you can."

The next few days meant a brief separation for the newlyweds. Bob was called to a training camp of the Boy Scouts in the

hills near Ore Junction. While he was absent Weil called several times to see Nan. Altho she disliked the man's personality tremendously, she intuitively felt that Weil had some plan on foot which menaced her husband. And she resolved to find out its meaning.

Then an inspiration came to her. "I'll vamp him—with paint and powder you can do anything," she told herself, unconsciously repeating Mazie's philosophy.

That afternoon she met Weil. Masking her dislike, she smiled in response to his greeting. "I've been lonely for days, Mr. Weil," she said, putting a subtle suggestion into her words. "My husband has been away."

"A pretty girl like you shouldn't be lonely," responded Weil. "You've only to say the word and you wont be."

"Suppose I say the word," whispered Nan.

Weil flushed with surprise at his easy conquest. Never for a moment did he doubt that he had completely captivated the girl's fancy. He remembered her vampirish gown and the anniversary supper observed thru the windows of the Community House. The young woman was an actress, and the morals of an actress—

Weil hurried to press his advantage. "Let me come to see you—tonight," he begged, taking Nan's hand.

She drew it away coquettishly. "Tonight, at eight," she whispered and was gone.

The next night Weil and three leaders of the miners' organization met in the back room of Joe La Barge's saloon.

"It's up to you to do something," argued Weil. "Now is your time to strike. The Government *has* to have coal. You'll get your raise quick enough."

"What's going to happen to our women while the Government is settlin' the strike?" demanded one of the miners.

"I'll take care of you," responded Weil. "I'm interested in social conditions, and I represent a millionaire who is studying the problems of the coal miner. I'll pay your organization enough to maintain your families, and I'll pay you three enough for your trouble in organizing the strike—for making the miners see that a strike is the only way to better their conditions. My employer is altruistic enough to do this for you—in return for one thing."

The miners leaned forward eagerly. Weil had already slipped a large sum of money into their hands. "My employer does not believe in settlement and community houses, and he is right," continued Weil. "You know the type of man this Walsham is—spending money intended for your betterment on an actress. There's just one way to get rid of Walsham and his crowd." Weil's voice slipped to a whisper. "It's easy enough for you to finish Community House. Stir up the miners a little. They're bitter now. When they strike tomorrow start them towards the place. Pick out a reliable man to lead them. It wont take them long to wreck the building."

Ten minutes later Weil slipped out of the place. A calculating smile twisted his hard mouth. Yet his thoughts were not about the coming strike or Community House in wreckage. They swirled around a girl in black décolleté. Within twenty-four hours he'd get possession of Nancy Walsham!

(Continued on page 132)

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Fairyfoot Accomplishes Wonders

I'm sure I can't find words in the English dictionary that would fit to praise the wonderful work which Fairyfoot has done for me. I am very pleased with the remarkable results. Thanking you kindly, I am, Sincerely,
MRS. E. WEEKS, 326 W. 52nd St., New York City.

Conquered the Pain Instantly

I wish to thank you for the relief I have had from your treatment. I am an elderly lady and have been troubled with bunions nearly all my life and am glad to say that from the time I began using your Fairyfoot I have never had a pain. Shall surely recommend them to everyone I know troubled with bunions. Yours sincerely,
MRS. SCOTT, 6439 Wade Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

After All Others Failed

You can use my name as much as you like in praise of Fairyfoot for they are the very best thing I have found yet and I have tried everything. The soreness is all gone and the swelling nearly gone. I shall tell all my friends for I am so well pleased with it. Wishing you the best of success, I am, Yours respectfully,
MRS. CHAS. T. MORSE, Walloomsac, N. Y.

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I am very much pleased with your Fairyfoot. My feet feel fine. The foot that was all inflamed is entirely cured. If you wish to publish my testimonial, I will be satisfied. Yours sincerely,
AGNES SIEGLER, 418 Reed St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Every word you say in regard to Fairyfoot is truth. My bunions were very much inflamed and enlarged, could not wear shoes with comfort, used Fairyfoot and now can walk with ease. GERTRUDE A. KOSER,
1630 1/2 N. 5th St., Harrisburg, Pa.

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I just wish to let you know in a few words, that your Fairyfoot is a wonder. My bunions were of more than fifteen years' standing and I suffered agony winter and summer until I started to use your Fairyfoot. My foot is now once more restored and I walk around with perfect ease and comfort. You can use my name as much as you like as a testimonial, as I can certify to the good your Fairyfoot has done me. Wishing you success, I am, Sincerely yours,
C. W. PAULK, Sellers, Ala., R. F. D. No. 1.

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B. T. MARSHALL, N. Y. C. R. R., Louisiana St., Buffalo, N. Y.

So It Is Highly Appreciated

I will just drop you a few lines to tell you I have been wonderfully relieved since I used the Fairyfoot you sent me. Many, many thanks. I shall tell all my friends. I certainly do appreciate your remedy. With best regards, I remain, Yours truly,
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(Continued from page 130)

Nan had the stage set for Weil's reception. She remembered Mazie's roses, tiger-skin rug and incense. She garbed herself in her most dashing gown, applied rouge with elaborate care, and then set the trap for Weil.

Calling the Community House's caretaker, Manus Mulligan, to her, she told him her plans. Manus readily consented "to do anything to help Mr. Walsham."

"That Weil will be a surprised gentleman when I step out, that he will," grinned Manus.

Nancy placed Mulligan in a closet of her room. Then she waited. A stealthy knock sounded at the door, and Nan, radiant in décolleté, smiled Weil into the room. "I was afraid you wouldn't come," she said.

"I'd dare anything for you," he said, as he seated himself on the lounge.

Nan thoughtfully recalled Mazie's instructions as to lolling soulfully. "I'm becoming a graduate vamp," she said to herself. Weil soon began to follow up his imaginary advantage.

"We're both unhappily married," he declared. "Let's slip away from Ore Junction. Your husband will be out of a job after tonight, for the miners are going to strike and demand their rights. They're in an ugly mood and may even wreck Community House. They hate your husband because they believe he is wasting their money on an actress, even if you are his wife."

"A strike?" questioned Nan. "I can't believe that the men will strike."

"I know," repeated Weil, vaingloriously. "I know because I called the strike."

"You have a wonderful power over the men," continued Nan, trying to draw out Weil further. She paused thoughtfully. "How do they have such faith in you?"

"Money does it," sneered Weil. "Money—well placed, as I know how to do it—does anything. I have plenty of it. That's why we can go away together. My work is finished here."

"Suppose I should go away with you, what assurances have I that you will be faithful? Besides, I'm an extravagant little person."

"Never fear," protested Weil. "I'll tell you a secret: I'm in the employ of John Fleming. He has unlimited resources. Some day I'll tell you the source of his money. One thing I can tell you—it is without limit."

The noise of a passing crowd of miners came from the street. A sudden idea came to Nan. Going to the window, she cautiously raised the shade without attracting Weil's attention. Then she took her place by his side.

Weil put his arms about her, and she permitted herself to slip close beside him. Remembering that she must save Bob at any cost, she even permitted the labor leader to kiss her. At the same time she listened to the gathering, muttering crowd of miners outside of Community House.

The brightly lighted room had caught their eye, as she guessed it would, and the miners were fast growing infuriated with the perfidy of their leader.

Altho Nan did not realize it, things were fast reaching a climax in the street outside.

"He's a helluva a fine leader, he is!" angrily exclaimed "Big Jaw" Smead, a leader of the miners' labor union. "Only a day or two back he was guffing about Walsham wasting our money on that woman. Now he's doing the same thing."

"Lemme tell you somethin', 'Big Jaw,'" growled another miner, "let's get Weil's woman. She'll fix him up good and proper."

The miners dispatched one of their number for Mrs. Weil, who speedily arrived on the scene. A scrawny, jealous little woman, Mrs. Weil fairly sobbed with anger at the sight within Community House. She pulled herself away from the miners and dashed into the place. The miners crowded after her.

The woman hurled herself into Nan's room. "What're you doing with my man, you hussy?" she demanded.

Nan jumped to her feet in amazement. She had not considered Weil's wife in her plans to trap the man.

"You're a fine one to be married to a settlement leader, a fine one, you—" But before she finished her denunciation Bob, accompanied by his uncle, pushed his way thru the miners.

"What's all this, Nan?" Bob asked.

"What's this?" repeated Mrs. Weil. "I'll tell you what it is. Your wife has my man with her."

Bob turned in amazement to his bride.

"It was all a plan to trap Weil, Bob, dear," began Nan. "He is getting the miners to strike tonight and trying to incite them to wreck Community House. I was suspicious and wanted to find out. I invited him here and—and—"

"A pretty story!" sneered Mrs. Weil. "Planned to trap Phil, eh? Any one's a fool to believe that story."

Nan went to the closet door. "Come out, Manus," she said, and Mulligan stepped into the room.

"Isn't what I say true, Manus?" she asked.

"It is, ma'am. I've been there every minute, and I heard every word. Weil said he was calling a strike and that he was in the pay of that Mr. Fleming. Sure he wanted the missus to run away with him."

Bob tried to reach Weil, but the surprised miners held him back.

Just then two men—strangers—pushed their way thru the crowd into the room.

"Philip Weil," said one of them, advancing to the labor agitator's side.

Weil paled. The stranger took a pair of handcuffs from his pocket. "Mr. Weil, you're wanted by Uncle Sam."

"We're Secret Service men," explained the stranger. "We have been watching Weil for some time. He's a paid tool of Fleming, who is a German spy. It's going to go hard with them both."

The news spread thru the crowd of miners, out into the throng in the hall, and finally into the street. German spies! They had almost been tricked by Hun agents!

"We'll lynch him, boys!" shouted one of the miners.

"No, men, let the law take its course," said Bob, firmly. "You can depend upon Uncle Sam meting out justice."

So the two Secret Service men pushed their way thru the throngs with the trembling Weil.

"Three cheers for Mrs. Walsham!" shouted "Big Jaw" Smead, and the miners took up the cheer with a vim. Then they pushed their way from the room. Bob, Nan and their uncle finally were alone.

"How did you get him to confess, Nan?" asked Uncle James.

"I vamped him!" laughed the bride.

"You're a brainy little siren, thank the Lord!" admitted uncle. And he turned his back as Nan threw herself into Bob's outstretched arms.

But uncle winced palpably as he heard Nan's resonant and hearty kisses—far too hearty for even a siren. But Bob whispered, "You're the dearest little vamp in all the world!"

The Answer Man

(Continued from page 119)

G. R. F. D.—To select well among old things is almost equal to inventing new ones. Private George F. Pollock, 366210, 1st Prov. Co., C. A. C., Camp Joseph, Johnston, Fla., would like to hear from some of the girls. William Courtleigh, Jr., in "Miss U. S. A." Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Drew in "Pay Day." Gladys Leslie in "The Soap Girl."

SWEET PICKLES.—Grief counts the seconds; happiness forgets the hours. You refer to Benjamin Chapin, the Lincoln impersonator, who died recently. No, that isn't the way to look at it. You must stand on your head, because you appear to see everything upside down.

THE MASKED MARVEL.—What makes the water wet? Splash! Yes, that was Louise Glaum in "The Wolf Woman." "Up Romance Road" is William Russell's latest. It deals with love, adventure and all that sort of stuff, so it ought to be good.

GLADYS L.—But isn't every form of human life romantic? Youth indulges in hope and old age in remembrance. Very little is known of the interior of the earth, except that it is supposed to be a molten mass. The aggregate thickness of the strata rock layers, as far as known, is less than thirty miles. You want a picture of William Hart's wife-to-be. Not sure that she will play. Harold Goodwin in "The Sawdust Ring."

MARION MAC.—Dont be like the man who married in haste and repented in Nevada. Your letter was very interesting. We learn wisdom by the follies of others. Commander Ferdinand Foch is commander-in-chief of the Allied forces on the western front.

DO TELL.—That's what I'm here for. Your letter was interesting. James Cruze with Paramount, Henry Gsell with World. I know that, too, but he who deals with a blockhead has need of much brains. Please dont think I mean you. Do Tell me some more.

YUTZO.—Elliott Dexter is back with Lasky for another year. Leah Baird is being featured in a serial. Dont be so suspicious; suspicion is always worse than fact. So you are placing your hopes in a Ouija-board. Well, there are worse follies than that. Rest is for the head—you need rest.

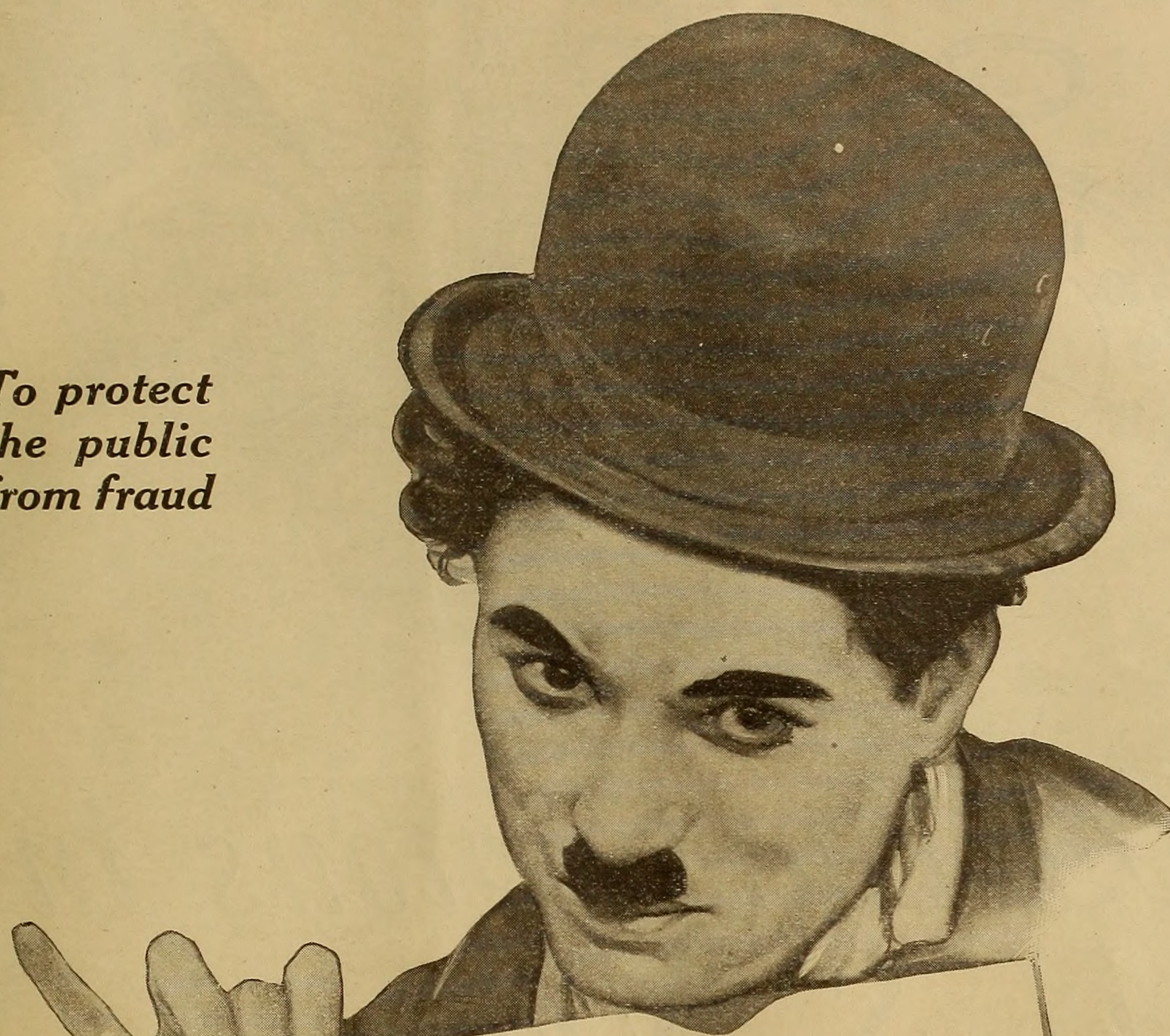
LORD HELPUS.—Why, yes, there is a John Harwood with Mutual. Alan Forrest in "A Bit of Jude." Yes, send the picture on, but I wont be able to use it. You may admire me, but dont adore. Curses! Blanche Sweet will play in "The Hushed Hour" for Harry Garson. Milton Sills, Mary Anderson, Rosemary Theby, Harry Northrup and Wilfred Lucas make up the cast. It will be taken in the Fine Arts studio at Hollywood. There is a time when patience becomes a virtue. Take heed.

IONA FORD.—Have you still got it? B. S. Moss is a Motion Picture and vaudeville manager. You say it is non-patriotic to be fat, but it is tragic to be as thin as Norma Talmadge. Tut, tut! Not so strong! No, indeed, I do not think it is ladylike and becoming to see a woman smoke. I am not a prude, but I cant see any grace in a woman smoking. Dr. Johnson says that the worst way of being intimate is by scribbling. Sobeit.

MISCHIEF E.—Crane Wilbur's latest is "The Finger of Justice," released thru Arrow Film Co. I had a heated argument today about the same subject, but to discuss an opinion with a fool is like carrying a lantern before a blind man. Oh, say not so!

A letter from Charlie Chaplin

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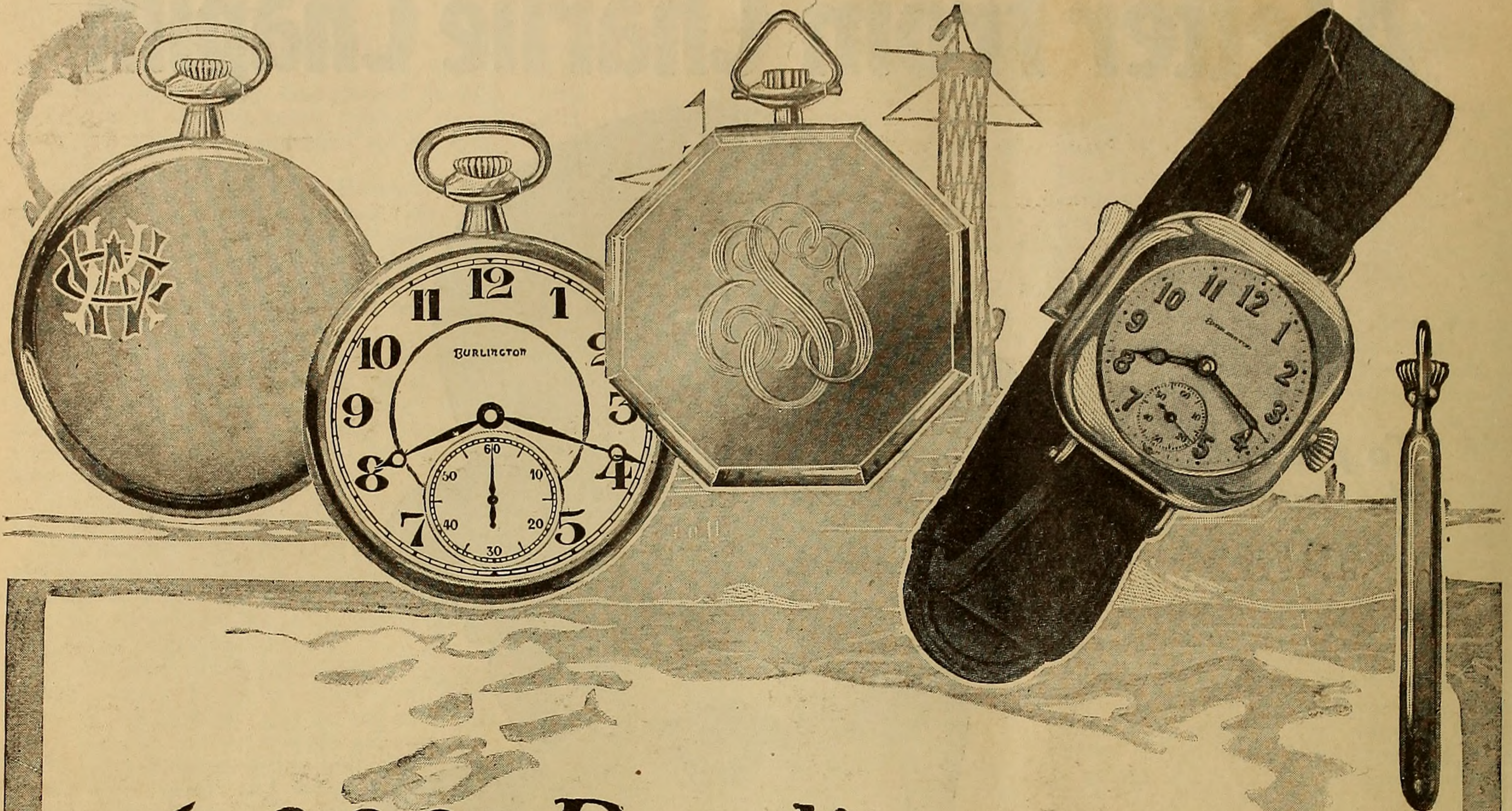
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Charles Chaplin



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