

MOTION.PICTURE.

JULY

MAGAZINE
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CLASSIC

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*Fourteen-Seventy-Six, Broadway
New York City*

Rockford Ill
March 5 - 1921

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A few months ago I
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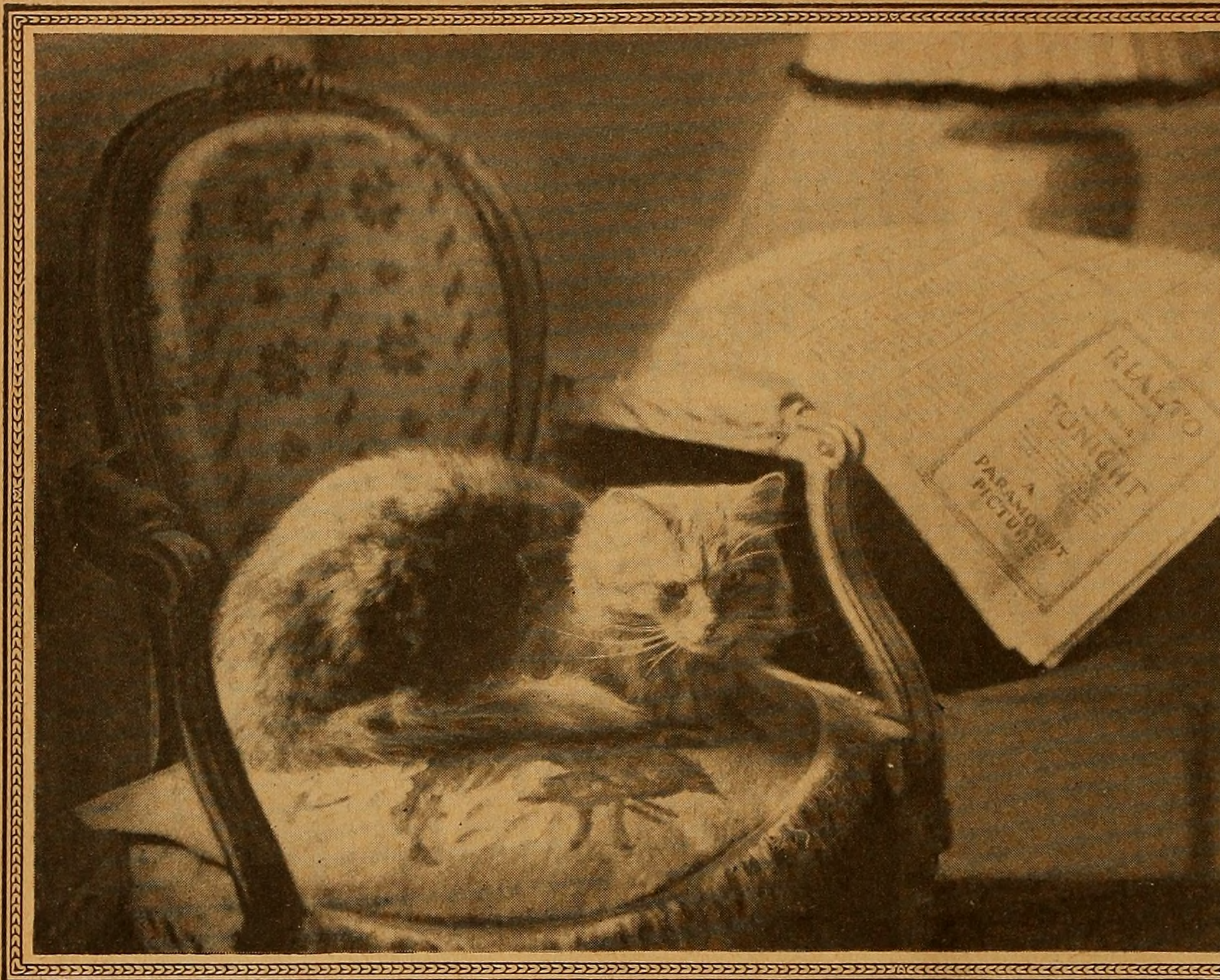
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Cosmopolitan production
"Proxies"
From the story by Frank R. Adams.

Dorothy Dalton in
"The Idol of the North"
By J. Clarkson Miller.

Paramount Super Special Production
"Deception."

Sydney Chaplin in
"King, Queen, Joker"
Written and directed by the famous
comedian.

Lois Weber's production
"Too Wise Wives"
An intimate study of a universal problem.

Elsie Ferguson in
"Sacred and Profane Love"
William D. Taylor's production of
Arnold Bennett's play in which
Miss Ferguson appeared on the stage.

Sir James M. Barrie's
"Sentimental Tommy"
Directed by John S. Robertson.

Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle in
"The Traveling Salesman"
A screamingly funny presentation of
James Forbes' popular farce.

Cosmopolitan production
"The Wild Goose"
By Gouverneur Morris.

Thomas Meighan in
"White and Unmarried"
A whimsical, romantic comedy by
John D. Swain.

"Appearances," by Edward Knoblock
A Donald Crisp production.
Made in England. With David Powell.

Thomas H. Ince Special
"The Bronze Bell"
By Louis Joseph Vance
A thrilling melodrama on a gigantic
scale.

Douglas MacLean in "One a Minute"
Thos. H. Ince production of
Fred Jackson's famous stage farce.

Ethel Clayton in "Sham"
By Elmer Harris and Geraldine Bonner.

George Melford's production
"A Wise Fool"
By Sir Gilbert Parker
A drama of the Northwest, by the author
and director of "Behold My Wife!"

Cosmopolitan production
"The Woman God Changed"
By Donn Byrne.

Wallace Reid in "Too Much Speed"
The ever popular star in another comedy
novelty by Byron Morgan.

"The Mystery Road"
A British production with
David Powell

From E. Phillips Oppenheim's novel.
William A. Brady's production "Life"
By Thompson Buchanan
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at the Manhattan Opera House.

Dorothy Dalton in "Behind Masks"
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E. Phillips Oppenheim
"Jeanne of the Marshes."

Gloria Swanson in Elinor Glyn's
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author of "Three Weeks."

William DeMille's "The Lost Romance"
By Edward Knoblock.

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Motion Picture Magazine

(Trade-mark Registered)

Founded by J. Stuart Blackton

Vol. XXI

JULY, 1921

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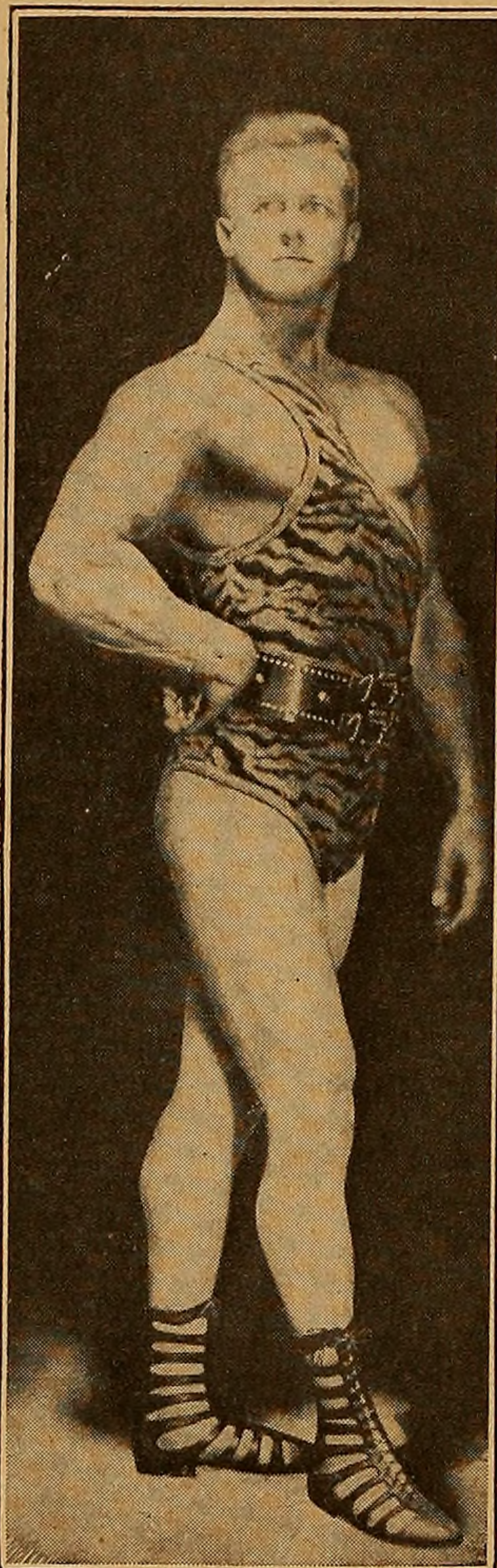
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THE MAN YOU WOULD LIKE TO BE

has a commanding appearance, a strong personality and unlimited energy.

He has broad shoulders, a well formed neck, a powerful back, arms of steel and a deep full chest. His muscular legs, untiring, give him the springy step of youth. He possesses the very things you lack but admire. He is a master of men.



Latest photograph of EARLE E. LIEDERMAN Taken Oct. 10, 1920.

Why Not Be Like Him?

The man you would like to be never has indigestion, but eats whatever he desires, for his stomach is a proper functioning organism which assimilates his food, turning it into rich, pure blood. He does not suffer from any of the common ailments of other people. Neither is he a slave to habits. He is a master of himself.

Are You Master of Yourself?

You cannot expect to control others or command their respect, until you first control yourself.

The man you would like to be does not heed the daily temptations in life. He does not waste his best years in dissipation following the ignorant crowd. By taking proper care of himself, he reaps his reward. His offspring inherit his qualities. His mind and his body are clean. He can do things that others would not even attempt to do. He is a superman.

Why Not Be Like Him?

You are judged by your appearance. The world sizes you up by your own opinion of yourself—as expressed in your looks, your actions and the force of your ambition. It is the strong, clean-cut virile man, that gets to the top. You cannot be alert, or have full control of your faculties, you cannot have that inexhaustible supply of vitality and energy that means success in life unless you have perfect health. Your physical condition is the foundation of your whole life. Build up your body with muscular strength and you build up your mind and vitality, and insure success.

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I have trained some of the world's strongest men. My pupils are among the leaders of men. Let me take hold of you and help you be like them. You don't know what privileges you are missing by not being an athlete. What a pleasure it is to be bubbling over with vitality always—never to feel tired. Think it over! After hard day's work—and still feeling refreshed!

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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for future reference.

Ambassador.—"The Rose Girl." Another musical entertainment. Charles Purcell is featured. Rose Rolande stands out of the dancing, altho Lydia Lopokova is headlined.

Astor.—"Cornered," with Madge Kennedy. A crook melodrama by Donald Mitchell, in which Miss Kennedy, fresh from several years on the screen, plays a dual rôle: a slangy girl of the underworld, and a young woman of society. Far-fetched, but possessing interest. Miss Kennedy is charming.

Belasco.—"Deburau," with Lionel Atwill. One of the notable events of the stage year is this Granville Barker's translation of Sacha Guitry's drama, built around the famous French master of pantomime of the thirties. Written with poetry, insight and distinction. Famous characters of the period, including Marie Duplessis, the "Lady of the Camellias," Armand Duval, Victor Hugo and George Sand, appear in the drama. Superbly staged by Mr. Belasco, with all his old, uncanny stagecraft, and splendidly acted by Mr. Atwill, Elsie Machaye, Hubert Druce, Morgan Farley, John L. Shine, Rose Coghlan and an altogether perfect cast.

Belmont.—"Miss Lulu Bett," built by Zona Gale around her own novel. A remarkable play constructed about a soul rebellion in a small town. Rife with idealism. Very well played and well worth seeing.

Bijou.—"The Skin Game." A new and decidedly interesting drama by John Galsworthy. One of the real things of the dramatic season. A study in class strife which many critics look upon as a miniature study of the late war. Will absorb you. Very well played.

Booth.—"The Green Goddess," with George Arliss. William Archer's adroit melodrama, revolving around a merciless rajah of a mythical land in the mountains north of India and an accident which drops two Englishmen and an English woman from an aeroplane into his power. Finely staged and played.

Central.—"Afgar." Oriental extravaganza featuring Delysia, fresh from London and Paris. Hide your blushes before you go to this. Delysia has a certain naughty piquancy. The chorus is costumed in special Paul Poiret creations.

Century.—"In the Night Watch." An adapted French war melodrama of the Drury Lane type. Features the sinking of a battleship in battle. An all-star cast, but Max Figman shines out alone.

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

Cohan.—"The Tavern," with Arnold Daly. Delicious and at times screamingly funny satire upon all the melodramas ever written. A jazz mystery play, brimful of laughs. Mr. Daly is delightful as the mysterious vagabond.

Cohan & Harris.—"Welcome Stranger," Aaron Hoffman's story of a Shylock in a New England town. Presents the battle of Jew and Gentile in a way that the Hebrew gets much the best of it, teaching a whole town kindness and religious toleration. George Sidney is excellent as the twentieth century Shylock.

Eltinge.—"Ladies' Night." About the most daring comedy yet attempted on

Broadway. This passes from the boudoir zone to the Turkish bath on ladies' night. Not only skates on thin ice, but smashes thru. John Cumberland is admirable.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Broken Wing." A lively and well-worked-out melodrama of adventure below the Rio Grande. The opus of an aviator who falls in Mexico, thereby losing his memory and his heart, the latter to a dusky señorita. Full of excitement and possessing a well-done characterization by Alphonse Ethier.

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

Fulton.—"Enter, Madame." The best thing, dramatically speaking, in New York at the present moment; a vivid study in artistic temperament; the story of a butterfly opera singer. Gilda Varesi strikes fire in this rôle and gives a superb performance. Norman Trevor plays her husband admirably.

Henry Miller's.—"Wake Up, Jonathan," with Mrs. Fiske. An attractive and distinctly out of the ordinary play by Hatcher Hughes and Elmer L. Rice. Splendidly played by Mrs. Fiske.

Hippodrome.—"Good Times." Another big and picturesque Hippodrome spectacle. Nothing like it anywhere else on earth. Plenty of entertainment.

Klaw.—"Nice People." Starts out to be a satire on the loose-living younger smart set and proves to be an entertaining, if conventional, drama. Francine Larrimore shines as the heroine who sees the evil of her ways.

Liberty.—"Lady Billy," with Mitzi. A musical comedy of charm and humor. The cute and vivacious little Mitzi at her best. Pleasant music.

Longacre.—"The Champion," with Grant Mitchell. A lively farce comedy of an aristocratic British family's returned prodigal, who turned out to be a pugilist. Fairly amusing. Ann Andrews lends a distinct beauty to the proceedings.

Lyric.—"Her Family Tree," with Nora Bayes. Brisk and tuneful musical show, with the very forceful Nora. Attractive cast, chorus and costuming.

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

Nora Bayes.—"Three Live Ghosts." Delightful comedy of three soldiers reported killed in Flanders who return home and find surprising problems awaiting them. Adapted by Frederick S. Isham from his own novel. Splendidly played by Beryl Mercer, Charles McNaughton, Stewart Wilson, Cyril Chadwick and Charles Dalton.

Palace.—Keith Vaudeville. The home of America's best variety bills and the foremost music hall in the world. Always an attractive vaudeville bill.

Playhouse.—"Romance." Doris Keane, in her adorable characterization of the temperamental diva in Edward Sheldon's finely written drama, "Romance." Admirably revived.

Princess.—The Provincetown Players in Eugene O'Neill's "The Emperor Jones." Special matinees only. Everyone should see O'Neill's remarkable study in primitive fear. Very well acted.

(Continued on page 8)

The Magic Key to the Screen!

The Fame and Fortune Contest of 1921

ARE you young? Are you pretty? Can you act? Have you personality? Do you photograph well? If you possess all these qualifications, you are exactly what we are looking for. If you have not all, but a combination of two or more, your chances for a screen career are good.

The new contest is in full swing and every number of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND carries portraits of those who have won the Honor Roll, any of whom may be among the winners at the close of the contest.

People Say Opportunity Knocks But Once

But in the Fame and Fortune Contest it knocks twelve times a year in every one of our three publications, and as it knocks it holds out to you the key that will magically open the door to the silversheet! While others strive in vain for admittance, our winners walk in already crowned with success.

Have You Sent Your Photograph?

If not, send it now, and be assured that it will receive careful consideration. At the close of the contest there will be a deluge of photographs. If you send yours now, you will escape this confusion.

Two years' publicity having been guaranteed the winners of our contests for the past two years, their names will be found in each of our three publications, also frequent interviews and portraits.

Others Have Won! Why Not You?

Winners of the Fame and Fortune Contest of 1919 of 1920 of 1921

Anetha Getwell
Blanche McGarrity
Virginia Fair
Anita Booth

Corliss Palmer
Allene Ray
Beth Logan
Helen DeWitt
Mary Astor
Erminie Gagnon
Dorothy Taylor
Ruth Higgins

?

RULES OF THE CONTEST

Read these rules, then read them again and follow them, if you wish to enter the contest.

1. We do not acknowledge the receipt of photographs.
2. Positively no photographs will be returned.
3. Snapshots, postcards and colored photographs are not acceptable.
4. The winners will be notified, but not the losers.
5. Do not write letters, but if there is anything you do not understand, a stamped and self-addressed envelope must be sent to insure reply.
6. Coupons must be pasted on the backs of photographs.
7. Address photographs and letters to CONTEST MANAGER, 175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Warning!

Contestants whose names have appeared on the Honor Roll of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND are strongly advised not to communicate with any person who writes promising a place in pictures or a contract with a producing company. These letters are usually frauds and should be ignored.

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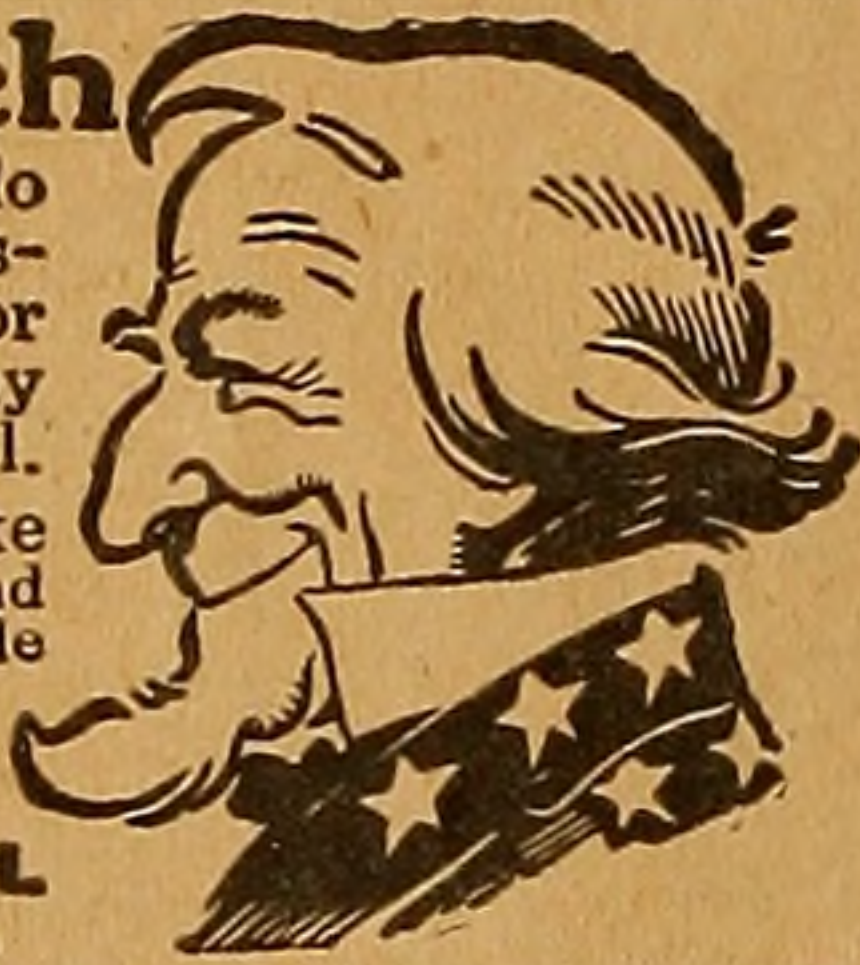
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STRONGFORT The Perfect Man

Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(Continued from page 6)

Plymouth.—"Little Old New York." Rida Johnson Young's delightful but fragile little romance of New York in 1810, with John Jacob Astor, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Peter Delmonico and Washington Irving among its characters. Genevieve Tobin runs away with the piece, and scores one of the biggest personal successes of many seasons. Here is a Maude Adams in the making.

Punch and Judy.—"Rollo's Wild Oat," with Roland Young. Light and frothy comedy in Clare Kummer's typical sketchy style. The story of a young man who wants to do Hamlet and what comes of his ambition. Replete with fancifully humorous lines. Excellently done by Mr. Young. Lotus Robb, Dore Davidson and J. M. Kerrigan.

Ritz.—"Mary Stuart," by John Drinkwater. An interesting and colorful drama, dealing with the career of Mary, Queen of Scots, by the able author of "Abraham Lincoln." Has literary as well as dramatic value. Preceded by an admirable curtain-raiser in pantomime.

Times Square Theater.—"The Mirage," with Florence Reed. The first offering in Broadway's newest theater. Edgar Selwyn's drama of New York's easiest way: the tale of a country girl who comes to the white lights and forgets her ideals. Miss Reed plays the girl and prominent in the cast are Alan Dinehart, Malcolm Williams and Florence Nash.

Vanderbilt.—"Irene." Now on its 'steenth season and likely to run on forever. Charming and pretty musical comedy with an appealing story. Patti Harrold, daughter of Orville Harrold, is now the Irene, and she is delightful. You will hear more of her.

Winter Garden.—"The Passing Show of 1921." Typical Winter Garden entertainment.

ON TOUR

"Jimmie." The pert little Frances White's first starring vehicle and a rather lame musical entertainment. Miss White introduces several typical gamin numbers and her surrounding company includes Ben Welch and Harry Delf.

"Mecca." A gorgeous and elaborately colorful "mosaic in music and mime" of ancient Egypt along the line of "Chu Chin Chow." "Mecca" achieves several rarely beautiful moments in the ballet interludes created by Michel Fokine. A huge cast and fourteen scenes.

"Kissing Time." Slender musical entertainment with William Norris and Edith Taliaferro featured.

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

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

Loew's Metropolitan, Brooklyn.—Feature photoplays and vaudeville.

Capitol.—Photoplay features plus a *de luxe* program. Superb theater

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

Rialto.—Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

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

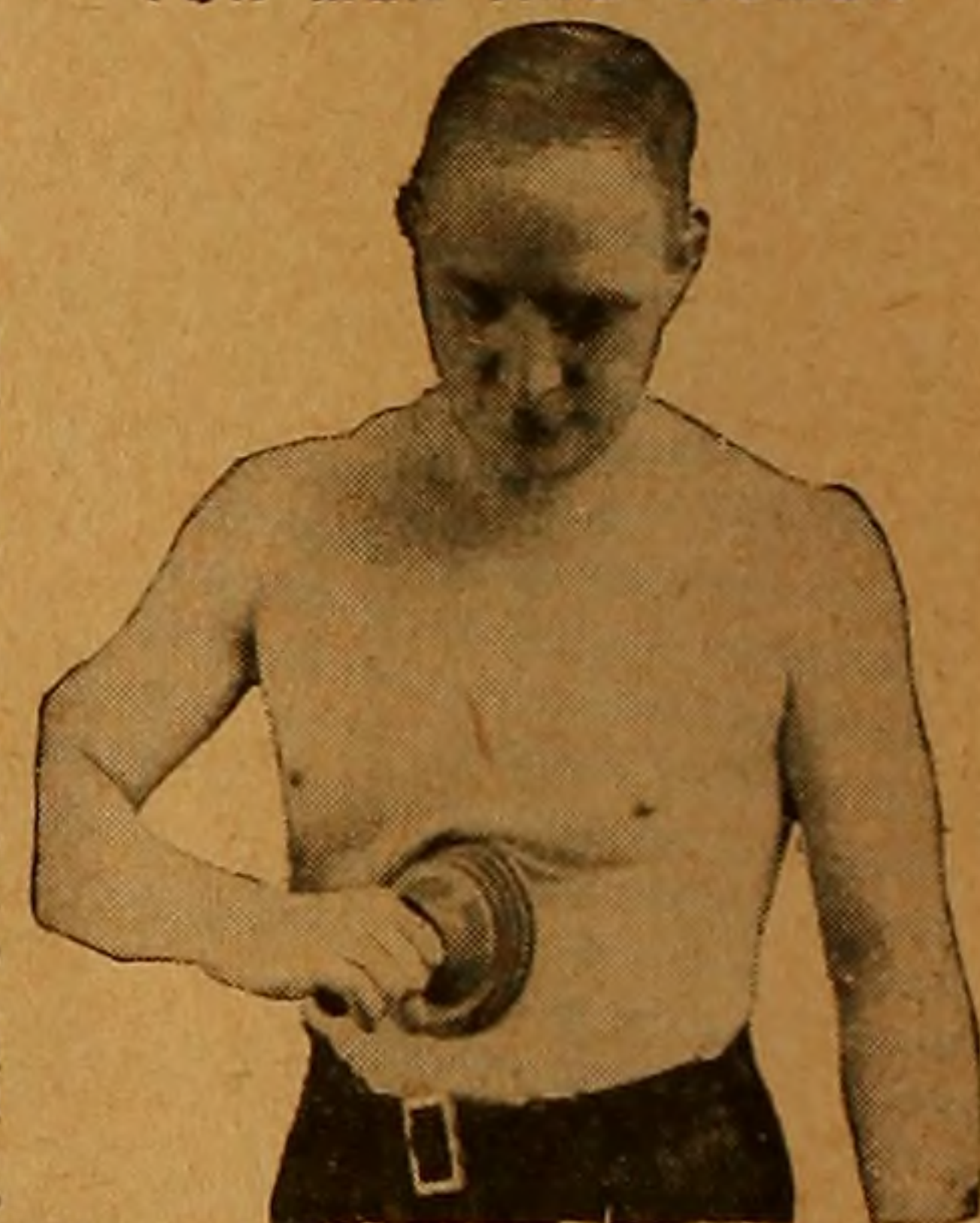


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will show reduction taking place in 11 days or money refunded. The Reducer (not electrical) reduces unsightly parts promptly, reducing only where you wish to lose, and the Lawton Method dissolves and eliminates superfluous fat from the system. Easily followed directions do not require exercises, starving, medicine or treatments; not only rids you of fat, but improves appearance and general health, brings physical and mental vigor, and enables you to regain and retain your normal weight. Dr. Lawton (shown in picture) reduced from 211 to 152 pounds. This reducer and genuine method have been the means whereby a great number of fat people throughout the United States and elsewhere have easily gotten rid of unhealthy disfiguring fatty tissue without discomfort. Any stout man or woman can obtain these results, whether 10 or 100 lbs. overweight, look better and feel better. The complete cost is \$5.00. Send for your reducer today. Remember it is guaranteed. Office hours, 10-4 daily.



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NERVE EXHAUSTION

How We Become Shell-Shocked in Every-Day Life.

By PAUL VON BOECKMANN

Lecturer and Author of numerous books and treatises on Mental and Physical Energy, Respiration, Psychology, Sexual Science and Nature Culture

THERE is but one malady more terrible than Nerve Exhaustion, and that is its kin, Insanity. Only those who have passed through a siege of Nerve Exhaustion can understand the true meaning of this statement. It is HELL; no other word can express it. At first, the victim is afraid he will die, and as it grips him deeper, he is afraid he will not die; so great is his mental torture. He becomes panic-stricken and irresolute. A sickening sensation of weakness and helplessness overcomes him. He becomes obsessed with the thought of self-destruction.

Nerve Exhaustion means Nerve Bankruptcy. The wonderful organ we term the Nervous System consists of countless millions of cells. These cells are reservoirs which store a mysterious energy we term Nerve Force. The amount stored represents our Nerve Capital. Every organ works with all its might to keep the supply of Nerve Force in these cells at a high level, for Life itself depends more upon Nerve Force than on the food we eat or even the air we breathe.

If we unduly tax the nerves through overwork, worry, excitement, or grief, or if we subject the muscular system to excessive strain, we consume more Nerve Force than the organs produce, and the natural result must be Nerve Exhaustion.

Nerve Exhaustion is not a malady that comes suddenly. It may be years in developing and the decline is accompanied by unmistakable symptoms, which, unfortunately, cannot readily be recognized. The average person thinks that when his hands do not tremble and his muscles do not twitch, he cannot possibly be nervous. This is a dangerous assumption, for people with hands as solid as a rock and who appear to be in perfect health may be dangerously near Nerve Collapse.

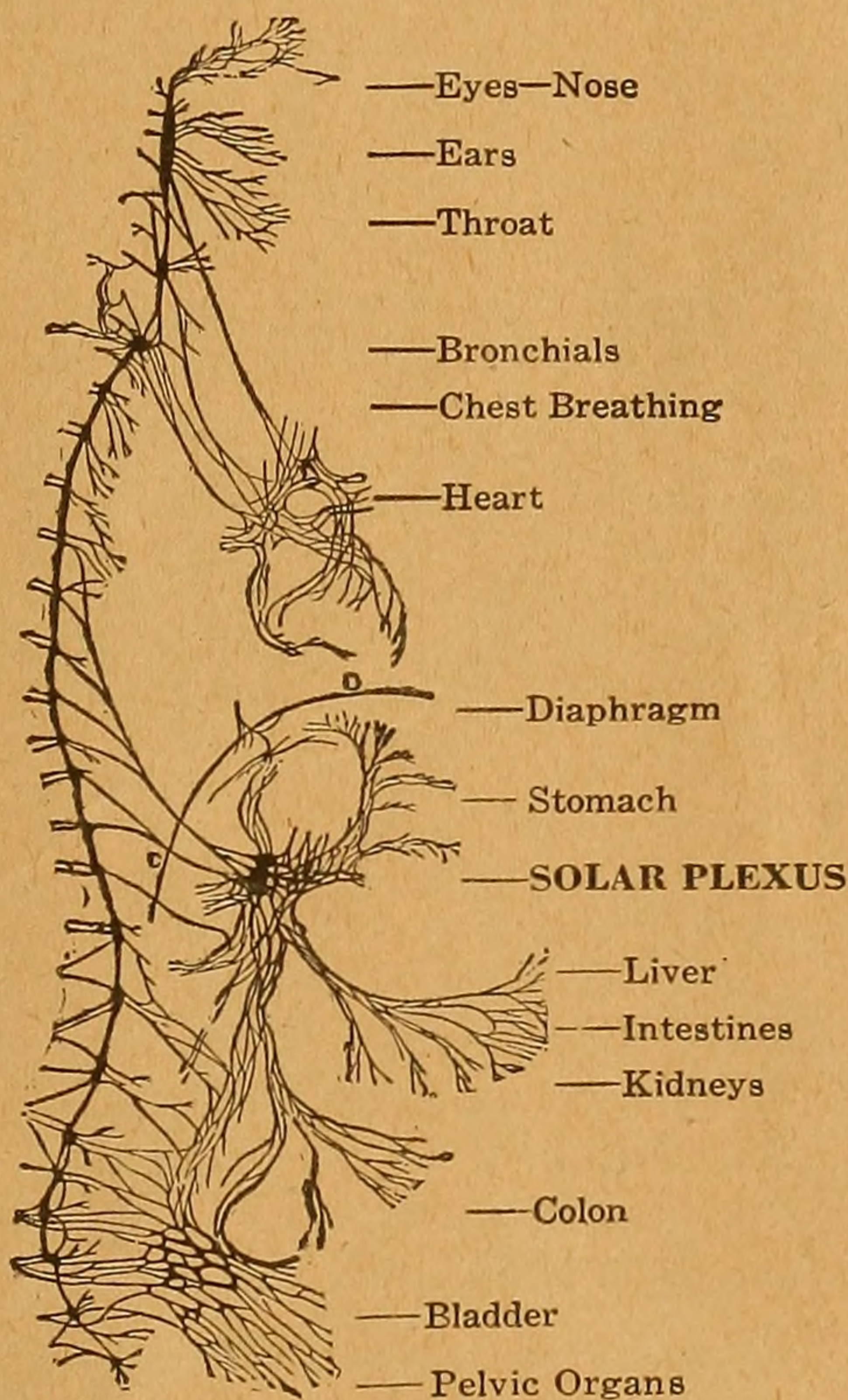
One of the first symptoms of Nerve Exhaustion is the derangement of the Sympathetic Nervous System, the nerve branch which governs the vital organs (see diagram). In other words, the vital organs become sluggish because of insufficient supply of Nerve Energy. This is manifested by a cycle of weaknesses and disturbances in digestion, constipation, poor blood circulation and general muscular lassitude usually being first to be noticed.

I have for more than thirty years studied the health problem from every angle. My investigations and deductions always brought me back to the immutable truth that Nerve Derangement and Nerve Weakness is the basic cause of nearly every bodily ailment, pain or disorder. I agree with the noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, M. D., the author of numerous works on the subject, who says: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves be in order."

The Great war has taught us how frail the nervous system is, and how sensitive it is to strain, especially mental and emo-

tional strain. Shell Shock, it is proved, does not injure the nerve fibres in themselves. The effect is entirely mental. Thousands lost their reason thereby, over 135 cases from New York alone being in asylums for the insane. Many more thousands became nervous wrecks. The strongest men became paralyzed so that they could not stand, eat or even speak. One-third of all the hospital cases were "nerve cases," all due to excessive strain of the Sympathetic Nervous System.

The mile-a-minute life of today, with its worry, hurry, grief and mental tension is exactly the same as Shell Shock, except that the shock is less forcible, but more prolonged, and in the end just as disastrous. Our crowded insane asylums bear witness to the truth of this statement.



The Sympathetic Nervous System

Showing how Every Vital organ is governed by the Nervous System, and how the Solar Plexus, commonly known as the Abdominal Brain, is the Great Central Station for the distribution of Nerve Force

Nine people out of ten you meet have "frazzled nerves."

Perhaps you have chased from doctor to doctor seeking relief for a mysterious "something the matter with you." Each doctor tells you that there is nothing the matter with you; that every organ is perfect. But you know there is something the matter. You feel it, and you act it. You are tired, dizzy, cannot sleep, cannot digest your food and you have pains here and there. You are told you are "run down" and need a rest. Or the doctor may give you a tonic. Leave nerve tonics alone. It is like making a tired horse run by towing him behind an automobile.

Our Health, Happiness and Success in life demands that we face these facts understandingly. I have written a 64-page book on this subject which teaches how to protect

the nerves from every day Shell Shock. It teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the nerves; how to nourish them through proper breathing and other means. The cost of the book is only 25 cents. Remit in coin or stamps. See address at the bottom of page. If the book does not meet your fullest expectations, your money will be refunded, plus your outlay of postage.

The book "Nerve Force" solves the problem for you and will enable you to diagnose your troubles understandingly. The facts presented will prove a revelation to you, and the advice given will be of incalculable value to you.

You should send for this book today. It is for you, whether you have had trouble with your nerves or not. Your nerves are the most precious possession you have. Through them you experience all that makes life worth living, for to be dull nerved means to be dull brained, insensible to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more imperative it is that you care for your nerves. The book is especially important to those who have "high strung" nerves and those who must tax their nerves to the limit.

The following are extracts from letters from people who have read the book and were greatly benefited by the teachings set forth therein:

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"I have been treated by a number of nerve specialists, and have traveled from country to country in an endeavor to restore my nerves to normal. Your little book has done more for me than all other methods combined."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have re-read your book at least ten times."

A woman writes: "Your book has helped my nerves wonderfully. I am sleeping so well and in the morning I feel so rested."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming of nerves has cleared my brain. Before, I was half dizzy all the time."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have a scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse, such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

The Prevention of Colds

Of the various books, pamphlets and treatises which I have written on the subject of health and efficiency, none has attracted more favorable comment than my sixteen-page booklet entitled, "The Prevention of Colds."

There is no human being absolutely immune to Colds. However, people who breathe correctly and deeply are not easily susceptible to Colds. This is clearly explained in my book NERVE FORCE. Other important factors, nevertheless, play an important part in the prevention of Colds—factors that concern the matter of ventilation, clothing, humidity, temperature, etc. These factors are fully discussed in the booklet Prevention of Colds.

No ailment is of greater danger than an "ordinary cold," as it may lead to Influenza, Grippe, Pneumonia or Tuberculosis. More deaths resulted during the recent "Flu" epidemic than were killed during the entire war, over 6,000,000 people dying in India alone.

A copy of the booklet Prevention of Colds will be sent Free upon receipt of 25c with the book, Nerve Force. You will agree that this alone is worth many times the price asked for both books.

PAUL VON BOECKMANN

Studio 112, 110 West 40th St., New York

Publishers' Note: Prof. von Boeckmann is the scientist who explained the nature of the mysterious Psychophysic Force involved in the Coulon-Abbott Feats; a problem that had baffled the leading scientists of America and Europe for more than thirty years, and a full account of which has been published in the March and April issues of Physical Culture Magazine.

"She had longed to be
successful, gay, triumph-
ant" . . .

When failure hurts the most

ARE you having the good times other girls have? Or when you come home from the party where you longed to be successful, gay, triumphant—do you suffer from a feeling of disappointment—defeat?

Many a girl is made awkward and selfconscious merely through the knowledge that she has an unattractive complexion—that her skin is spoiled by blackheads or ugly little blemishes—is dull and colorless, or coarse in texture.

Yet with the right care you can change any of these conditions. As a matter of fact, your skin changes in spite of you—each day old skin dies and new takes its place. By using the right treatment you can give this new skin the clear smoothness and lovely fresh color you have always longed for.

What is the matter with your skin?

Perhaps your skin is spoiled by that most distressing trouble—the continual breaking out of ugly little blemishes.

To free your skin from blemishes, begin, tonight, to use this treatment:

Just before you go to bed, wash in the usual way with Woodbury's Facial

Soap and warm water, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then 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 and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

Supplement this treatment with the regular use of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your daily toilet. This will help to keep *the new skin that is constantly forming* free from blemishes.

How can you tell that your skin is responding

The very first time you use this treatment it will leave your skin with a slightly drawn, tight feeling. Do not regard this as a disadvantage—it is an indication that the treatment is doing you good, for it means that your skin is responding *in the right way* to a more thorough and stimulating kind of cleansing. After one or two treatments this drawn feeling will disappear, and your skin will gain a new clearness and loveliness.

Special treatments for each one of the commoner skin troubles—for an oily skin, conspicuous nose pores, blackheads, etc., are given in the famous booklet of treat-

ments that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter—begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. A 25-cent cake lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment and for general cleansing use—almost twice as long as an ordinary toilet soap of the same size.

"Your treatment for one week"

Send 25 cents for a dainty miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and samples of the new Woodbury's Facial cream, Woodbury's Cold Cream and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1307 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1307 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.



Photograph by Nickolas Muray

Motion Picture Magazine

HOPE HAMPTON

There is a delightful comedy sparkle interspersed thruout the dramatic rôles which Hope Hampton offers. At present she is playing in "Stardust," a screen version of the popular Fannie Hurst story



Photograph by Witzel, L. A.

HELEN EDDY

Helen Eddy feels—has always felt, in fact—that artistic characterizations are more greatly to be desired than stardom. As for the artistic characterizations there are none to say she 'has failed to achieve them



Photograph by Hoover Studios

CLAIRE WINDSOR

Claire Windsor is usually a goodly portion of the problem in the domestic problem plays of Lois Weber. And intermingled with her beauty are to be found other things—among them charm and understanding



Photograph by Alfred Oyer Hoken, N. Y.

HERBERT RAWLINSON

Herbert Rawlinson has not been shadowed on the screen frequently of late—and that will make his appearance with Ethel Clayton, in "Wealth," doubly welcome



Photograph by Witzel, L. A.

CONWAY TEARLE

The screen has claimed numerous popular leading men—but none more popular than Conway Tearle. Perhaps that is why stardom in the form of a Selznick contract was thrust upon him.



Photograph by Hoover, L. A.

GARETH HUGHES

Gareth Hughes may travel far—do many splendid things—but his Sentimental Tommy will always linger in the memories of those who see him as the whimsical lad of J. M. Barrie's tale



Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

ETHEL CLAYTON

It was in the World Film days that Ethel Clayton won her success. And the last few years have found her shadowed in Paramount productions in which she has fulfilled her early promise



Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

KATHERINE MACDONALD

Katherine MacDonald has done much to prove that beauty and brains are sometimes boon companions. Her next picture is to be "Stranger than Fiction"



Photograph by Apeda, N. Y.

MARGUERITE CLARK

Finally, Marguerite Clark was persuaded to drop her domestic rôle of Mrs. H. Palmer-son Williams while she played in "Scrambled Wives." And a report has it that she plans to leave her charming Southern home long enough to make one picture every few months



Pals

Posed by Breezy Eason in the Universal Production
"The Big Adventure"

Twenty Years Versus Eternity

By

Benjamin De Casseres

MOTION Pictures, the eighth art, are not yet twenty years old, and yet they are always being sneered at because they are not on a "higher level."

What art in the history of the world has progressed so fast?

Painting is one of the oldest of the arts—still, not one picture in ten thousand is worth looking at.

Literature is one of the oldest of the arts—still, not one book in ten thousand is real literature.

Music is one of the oldest of the arts—still, the immortal composers do not number a score.

Dancing is one of the oldest of the arts—still, today the world "shimmies" and "jazzes."

Architecture is one of the oldest of the arts—the masterpieces of architecture are few.

Sculpture is one of the oldest of the arts—how many Rodins, Michelangelos and Praxiteles are there?

Playwriting is one of the oldest of the arts—still, there isn't one play in a hundred that is worth

seeing, and not one in ten thousand that lives.

Most books, plays, music and paintings are fit only for the ash-can—after incalculable years of work on them.

What the seven arts have achieved only at long intervals in thousands of years the Jeremiahs demand that an art barely twenty years old shall achieve every day!

No art in the history of humanity can compare for one moment with the achievements of the motion picture art in twenty years.

No art that is so essentially and necessarily democratic as the motion picture art has done more for the imagination, the intelligence, the education and the entertainment of mankind.

The seven arts existed hundreds and thousands of years before they gave birth to an Æschylus, a Molière, a Shakespeare, a Rembrandt, a Beethoven, a Mordkin, a Cervantes, an Acropolis.

And there are those who demand of the eighth art these miracles in twenty years!

Go to, my friends! Go to!

The Bachelor Hero



Photograph by Bradley Studios

Eugene O'Brien lives in the most bachelor-like bachelor apartment we have ever seen, wherein every object which meets your eye causes you to smile indulgently and to think, "Isn't that just like a man"

park slope was that new pale green, birds were calling, and there were many riders on the shaded bridle path—one of the riders had a bunch of golden jonquils tucked rakishly in her belt—it was, all of it, like the fading scene of a love story. And we had determined even as we ventured to talk to Mr. O'Brien about—well, we trust that we too have a sense of fitness.

He had just returned from his ride when we were announced, and he took great trouble to explain that his visiting housekeeper would arrive at any moment—that she whisked things into fine shape in less time than it took to tell about it. All this probably with a deadly certainty that feminine eyes would disapprove heartily at the primary essay of comfort in his bachelor sanctorum.

EVERY now and then there is a perfect fitness to things.

And the day we ventured forth to see Eugene O'Brien at his bachelor apartments was possessed of just such a fitness. The

dent Harding. It was given to Mr. O'Brien at the recent convention, and bears a personal autograph.

But, on the whole, it is invitingly comfortable and informal—attractive—and while you enter interview-bound, planning to ask set questions in a given way, you remain to visit enjoyably and talk about everything under the sun except those things touched upon in interviews generally. And you leave captive to the quiet charm pervading.

We thought this would be a splendid time to ask him why he had never married. We asked him.

He looked at us steadily, stretched his boot-shod feet before him.

"Because," he said, a smile threatening, only to disappear, "I must admit that I like my bathroom to myself. I've never known a woman who didn't insist upon powdering her attractive nose or reaching into the medicine chest for her toilet-water when a man was shaving. Mother has been with me for a few weeks—it was just the other day that she went back to Colorado—and I used to try all sorts of things, like getting up at daybreak or waiting until noon So that I could make my toilet in peace, but to no end."

That settled that—

And this brings us to the apartment itself. It is the most bachelor-like bachelor apartment we have ever seen, wherein every object which meets your eye causes you to smile indulgently, and to think, "Isn't that just like a man."

There are several antique pieces about, which he has picked up here and there. His desk is charming in design and huge in dimensions; a piano holds two quaint candle-sticks, in one of which the dull-blue candle has guttered down. There are deep chairs of an old-blue which correspond with the spacious lounge—all pushed a trifle out of place, perhaps. Bright cretonne hangings add an attractive note, and there is a wide stone fireplace; while a large French window opens onto a balcony which, in turn, overlooks a wide stretch of park. And there is a table, rich in books and magazines, which harbors a new photograph of President

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Apparently there is the best reason in the world for Eugene O'Brien never having married. He has not been in love. If he had, we feel sure, he would be thrilled at the thought of a feminine face reflected in the mirror while he shaved, as have other men. The humor in his grey-blue eyes would never, for a moment, permit such a trite admission. So we asked him what type of woman he preferred. Of course, his opinion on the subject will fail to carry any weight when the future Mrs. O'Brien appears on the horizon, but still—

"A woman with brains," he said. "Lord deliver me from the other type—the ornamental and ornamental only—in man or woman."

Photograph by Abbé



Photograph by Mishkin Studios, N. Y.

Undoubtedly he is living according to the theory of Oliver Wendell Holmes, I think it was, who so wisely said: "Life is a great bundle of little things." And it is because of his great realization of life that he has shadowed its greatest emotion so well upon the screen

"But men usually don't like women with brains," we persisted.

"Perhaps business men don't," he admitted. "But a great many men do. If a man has coped with problems all day, he may want to be amused and to play in the evening, but any other man wants a woman he can talk to, a woman who will talk to him, a woman who will tell him of her views on those things in which he has an interest—not a bluestocking, of necessity, but a woman who keeps abreast."

He strode over to his desk and from beneath a pile of important-looking letters and papers salvaged two boxes of delicious sweets, and a box of English cigarets which he offered on a nearby stool.

A blue-grey pigeon alighted on the window's threshold. "He thinks we'll feed him," explained Mr. O'Brien. "I have my coffee and my sporting page at the window on the mornings when I'm not rushing to Fort Lee, the Selznick studios, and a day of picture-making, and several of the pigeons usually breakfast with me. He's mixed in his dates, that's all."

We took ourself in hand and remembered interviewing ethics long enough to learn that Colorado was his native heath, and that the shock of his family's placid existence came when he chose New York and the vaudeville stage in particular for the embarking of his career. He said that

(Continued on page 109)

From Chadwick to California

New York State. The little town which sprang up around the mills was called Chadwicks Mills, after my great-great grandfather. Recently the Mills has been dropped and the town is called simply Chadwicks.

"For generations the Chadwicks lived in a large rambling house across the street from the



All photographs by Clarence S. Bull

CALIFORNIA suns breed an intimacy not to be found under New York's electrics. Perhaps that is why I find a definite woman-outlook where others vision elusiveness.

When I tell you that I kept Helene Chadwick waiting in a warm dressing-room just one hour and a half when she might have been motoring, and that she greeted me just as cheerfully as if I had brought the deed to a Stutz roadster instead of an interviewer's notebook, I think you will agree with my first impression—that she is a good sport.

"I'll tell you everything you want to know," she said, ruffling her curly bobbed locks unaffectedly, albeit a bit bewilderedly, as much as to say, I wonder what on earth she does want to know.

"Up to now, I have seldom talked intimately about myself, because I am afraid that people will either not believe me or that they will think I am bragging—"

I begged her to go on and tell me all there was to tell—not because she cared an iota about the publicity, but because I wanted to write a different interview from any that had ever been written about her.

And so it came about that she brought from her ivory dressing-table drawer some old pictures of a slumbrous country town.

"In the first place," she confided, "the Chadwicks came from England. In those days they were very wealthy and built huge cotton mills in

In the first place, the Chadwicks came from England. In those days they were wealthy and built huge cotton mills in New York State. And the little town which sprang up around the mills was called Chadwicks Mills after Helene's great-great grandfather



By HAZEL

SIMPSON NAYLOR

mills, because the men of the family wanted to be right on the job. My grandfather even gave the town its church, called St. George's Church—both my grandfather and my great grandfather were christened George. My mother and sister enjoyed the luxury of being the first family of the town. Then came financial reverses. The mills passed into other hands and turned to the fabrication of silks. My mother took my sister and me to



—I imagine—sacrificing the position they were born to was real torture to my mother and sister.

"I seldom speak of my origin," Helene Chadwick explained apologetically, "for fear people will misunderstand and think I am trying to make up some fake press story."

Tradition—that is what differentiates Helene Chadwick. She possesses a poise which can only come from a background of generations of well-bred forebears.

Her experience in pictures has broadened—*(Cont'd on page 94)*



Helene Chadwick is like a butterfly which has just burst from a cocoon . . . She seems to be primitively enjoying her first flights in life

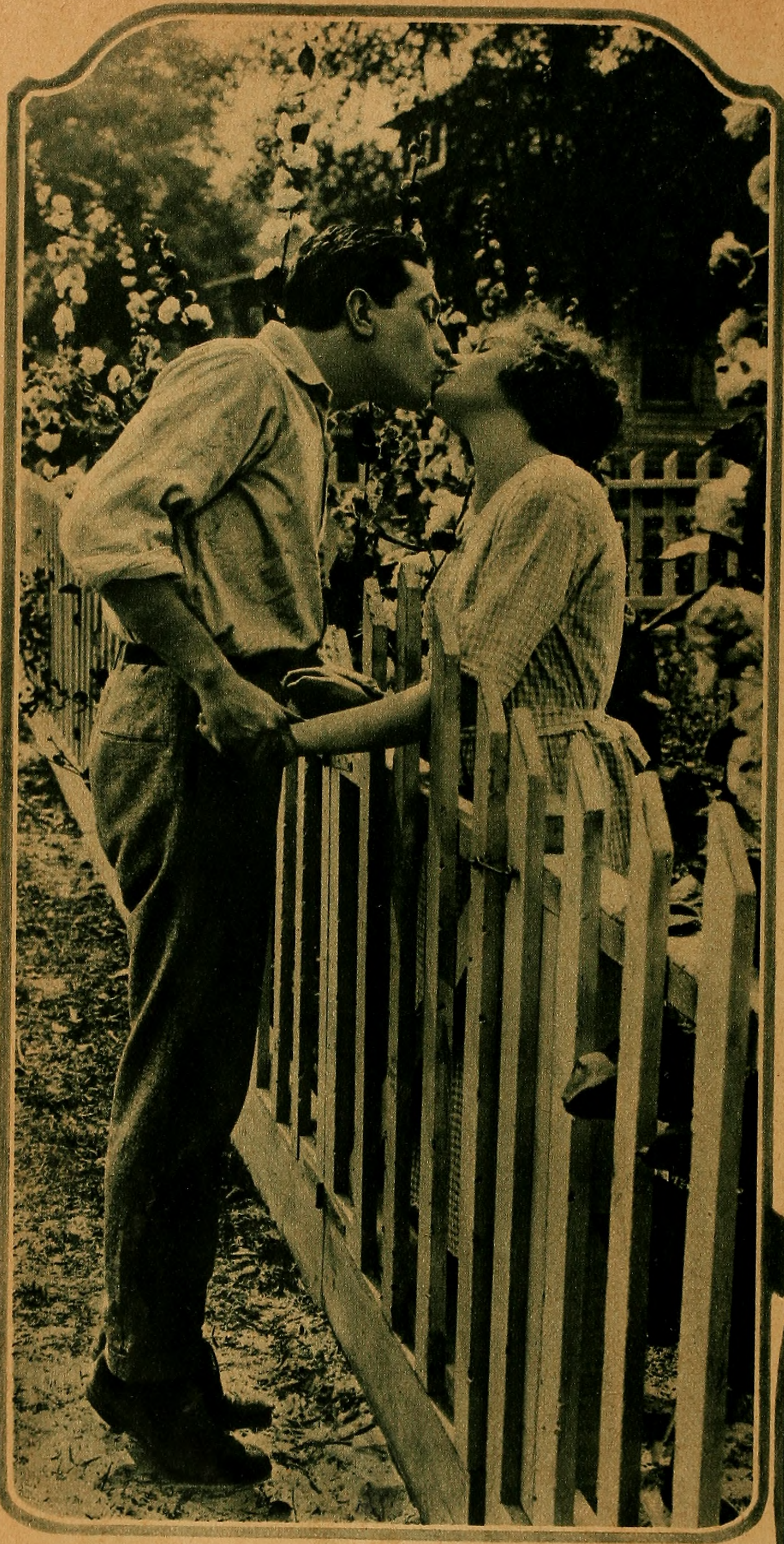
All photographs by Clarence S. Bull

When it was up to someone to fill the family coffers, Helene Chadwick turned to the films. They were the only fairy prince she knew

New York to live. As soon as I grew old enough Mother urged me to try to get into pictures. Frankly, it was up to someone to fill the family coffers. I had to make money, you see—and lots of it—and the films were the only fairy prince I knew. I am glad I was too young to remember the time when we were *the* Chadwicks.

"It is so hard to come down—when one has once had everything. As it was, I thoroly enjoyed my early struggle in pictures and the slow but sure advancement, while





Days of June



Days of June—mating time; hollyhocks in vivid bloom. And thru the June days "Youth" wanders, loving "Love." Dick Barthelmess is "Youth," and Marjorie Daw "Love," and the scenes are from the Fitzmaurice production, "Experience"



Photograph by
Evans de Gaston

Presenting - - -

. . . Jackie Coogan, who has brought to the screen, in the title rôle of "The Kid," one of the finest and most natural characterizations ever shadowed

Fulfilment



Photograph by Woodbury, L. A.

Today the verdict of the Fame and Fortune Contest is more than being justified, for Virginia Faire has been given the coveted rôle of Ameera in Rudyard Kipling's tragic tale, "Without Benefit of Clergy"

her dressing-room at the Brunton studios in Hollywood.

All will recall that she was one of the four winners in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE Fame and Fortune Contest in 1919, and having attracted the attention of the film world with her unusual merits, she was given a contract by Universal, and so began, what is destined to be, a brilliant career.

It seems such a little while ago that I greeted her and her mother on their arrival in Los Angeles, tho Virginia says it is *fourteen whole* months—a long time when one is but seventeen.

She was merely a child then—very, very beautiful, with perfectly sculptured features, warm coloring, and eyes—dark and luminous—that looked at life expectantly. Now, there is a soft touch of maturity, a new poise which in-

FIRST, the bud with its rich promises, then comes the glory of the blossom—fulfilment.

So ran my thoughts as I watched the lovely Virginia Brown Faire carefully patting on her make-up as we sat chatting in

that much care be given the matter of her selection. Mr. Lewis feels that Virginia Faire absolutely fulfils every qualification emphasized by Mr. Kipling. She is the child-woman, gentle and timid, with quiet dignity and very sweet, yet possessing the power of great emotional strength, while her dark beauty becomes that of the ideal held in India.

"The test," Virginia was telling me, enthusiastically, "was the wonderful scene where Ameera's baby dies and I was so carried away with the pathos that I cried and cried as if my heart would break."

"Yes, and you had everyone on the set blinking," added Mrs. Brown, her own beautiful eyes shining with pride as she helped drape yards of filmy scarf about her daughter's slender shoulders, fastening one end into the black hair smoothed back from the low forehead.

Having finally completed her costume of scarfs, beads, bracelets, rings and anklets, which clanked against her slim feet, Virginia was ready for work, and we descended to the stage where several interior scenes were to be filmed.

Every effort is being made to retain the charm and allure of the Kipling story intact, and Dr. Maddock, who lived in India for many years and knew the Kipling family well, is technical expert. James Young is directing and, re-

cludes both mind and body. To the eyes there is added a profounder depth of feeling, while an alluring feminine charm intensifies her marvelous beauty.

Today the verdict of the Contest is more than being justified, for Virginia has been given the coveted rôle of Ameera in Rudyard Kipling's tragic tale, "Without Benefit of Clergy," which Robert Brunton is filming for Pathé, and which will undoubtedly be one of the year's sensations.

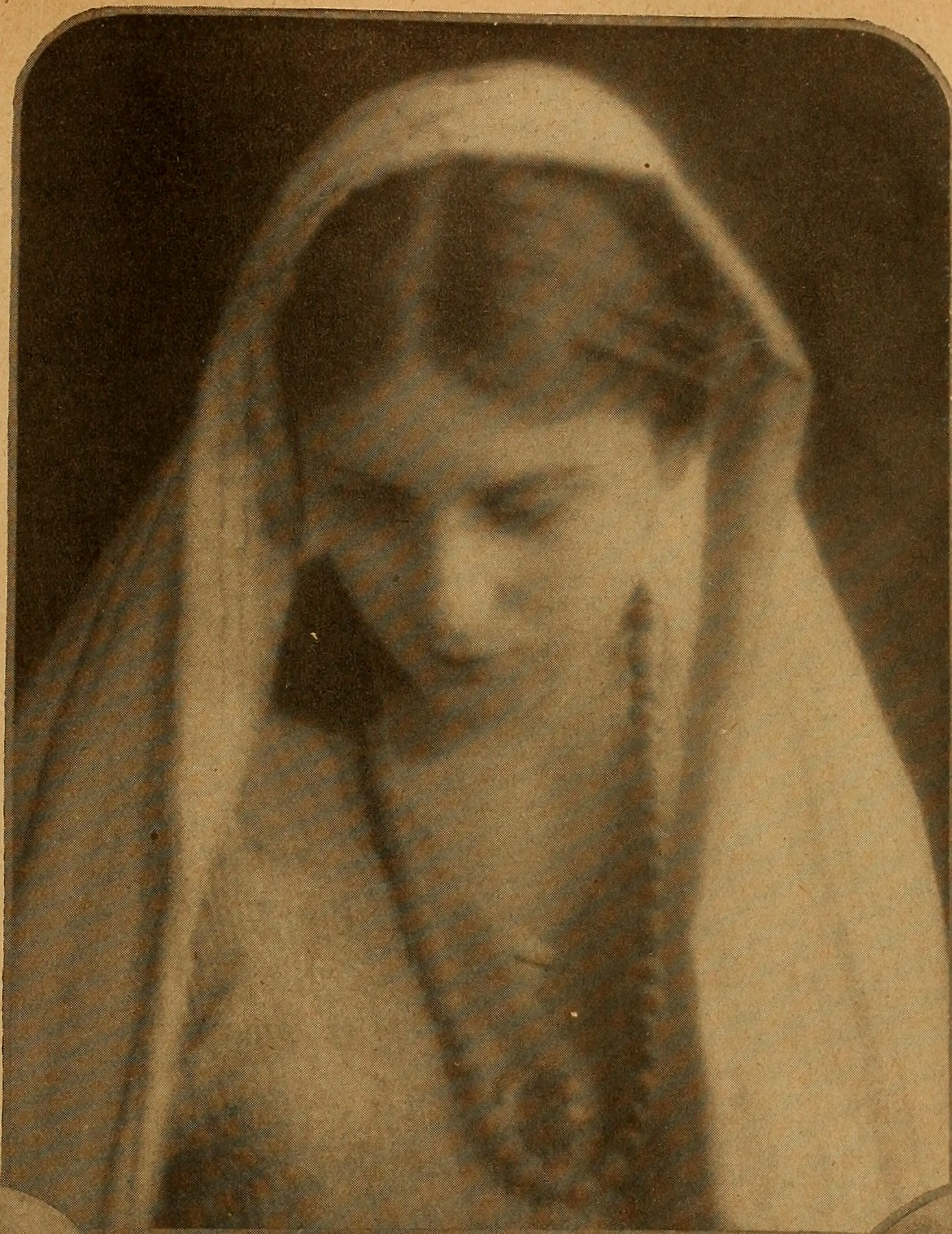
"Happy?" repeated the girl, to my question. "Oh, I'm *terribly* happy. I dont suppose terribly is the correct word, but I just cant think of any other *strong* enough. They tried out thirty-two girls; it didn't seem possible that I could win, and after a week of hopes and fears I nearly *died* of joy when I was given the part."

As she talked, I recalled what Randolph Lewis, who is supervising the production, had told me a few moments before. He said that during his last conference with Mr. Kipling in England, the author repeatedly declared that everything depended upon the girl who would play Ameera, saying she was the very life, the heart of the story, and he urged

membering his own experiences both as director and actor in Calcutta and Bombay, he has slipped into the spirit of India, enthusiastically carrying his players with him.

Thomas Holding was selected for the rôle of the English lover, John Holden, which is as it should be, for Mr. Holding is a splendid type of manhood and his good looks add greatly to the pictorial value.

With the orchestra back of the cameras sobbing the passionate strains of "Madame Butterfly," Virginia and Mr. Holding enacted a touching love scene. Seated



"Some day I want to go to India," Virginia told me, as we waited for the next scene. "Tho each day I feel I am there. I think and live Ameera so vitally that it is hard to believe there is really no such girl. Some day, too, I shall visit Japan. Did you know I had won a popularity contest over there? A Japanese girl wrote asking for my picture, saying she was going to enter it in the Contest of American Film Actresses, and the next thing I knew I was notified I had won the prize, a wonderful doll."

Tho only French
(Con'd on page 87)

Photograph by Woodbury, L. A.

"I want to go on," said little Virginia, "until I become a big, big star—not what I call a floating one, here today and gone tomorrow. I want to make each picture a real feature, something that will stand out because of special merit"

on a red lacquered couch before the latticed windows, thru which could be seen the twinkling stars above the house tops beyond, they lived the tensely keyed moment preceding Holden's departure for the mountains.

Ameera's primitive passion, the faithfulness, loyalty and the overpowering love which has made this fictional character so compelling, were fully brought out thru the intense imaginative power of the young actress, and I could not help wondering what Mr. Kipling's sensations will be when he beholds her interpretation of this masterpiece.



Photograph by Woodbury, L. A.

Title Technique

By
JOHN EMERSON and
ANITA LOOS



The chief thing to remember about titles is to make them short. It is necessary to allow approximately a foot of film for every three words in a title, and that eats up a lot of space. Also, too many words in one title bore the audience fearfully. A good dramatic situation can always be precipitated with a word or two; only the weak
(Continued on page 82)

There is such a thing as "screen English" and when you have written a few titles you will learn to speak it. "Screen English" means the use of language which *looks* well—when flashed on the silversheet—rather than that which *sounds* well. Left, John Emerson and Anita Loos studying scenes for "locations"; and below, adjusting the ever-important studio lights

LITERARY style does not help the body of the scenario to any great extent, except inasmuch as it makes clear the writer's meaning. The man who reads it is looking for a plot, not for rhetoric. There is only one place where the ambitious author can write his head off and that is in the titles.

The titles are the written inserts which appear on the screen. Sometimes they are known as "subtitles," and sometimes as "captions." There are anywhere from one hundred to two hundred of them in the average continuity. You can put titles in your synopsis—always setting them off on separate lines in capital letters—and, if they are clever, they will help to sell the story.

There are two ways of looking at the matter of titles in a photoplay. The divergence of opinion is best illustrated by the story of the two famous playwrights, whom we will designate as James and George. James had just seen one of his best plays mangled in a film adaptation and was loath even to discuss the movies; but George, who had never had anything produced in motion pictures, was full of good ideas on the subject.

"The ideal movie," said he, "would be one which was all pictures and no titles."

James shook his head dolefully.

"Wait till they produce one of *your* pet plays," said he. "Then you'll know that the ideal movie would be one which was all titles and no pictures."

There is much to be said for both theories. It all depends upon the story and the actors. Charlie Chaplin has developed an extraordinarily clear pantomimic style: his stories resolve themselves into the simplest situations, without any attempt at an involved plot; and so pictures like "The Kid" need practically no titles. On the other hand, a subtle story like that of Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy" needs many titles. In our own stories we use a title wherever it is necessary, without attempting any arbitrary limit. "Red Hot Romance," for example, has one hundred and seventy-six titles.



The Girl From Nowhere

By DONALD CALHOUN

"HE is as crazy about her," marveled the cynical, "as tho she were somebody else's wife, instead of his own!"

"It's hardly *respectable*," sniffed the conventional, "for married people to be so much *in love* with each other!"

"It's like those poor, dear what-d'-you-call-ems," sighed the sentimental. "Tristan and Isolde—or do I mean Castor and Pollux? Anyway, it's *so* romantic to watch them dance together! My dear, she positively blushes when he whispers in her ear!"

Now it's a well-known fact that love stories should *end*, not *begin* with "and so they lived happy ever after." But, you see, nobody knew exactly how the Jimmy Ryder's story began, which added interest and the glamor of mystery to the everyday, commonplace happiness of the young couple afterward—after, that is, Jimmy brought a pale timorous, absolutely unexplained bride late that June evening to his big, lonesome house on the boulevard.

The reporters never got very far with their assignments on that story. Of course, a famous polo player and the matrimonial target of all the mammas of marriageable daughters in town cant get married without attracting attention. But when Jimmy was asked what his wife's name was, he answered curtly: "Mrs. James Arlington Ryder!" and there was something so coldly dangerous in the blue gleam of his eyes that the reporters had discreetly departed, to question the driver of the taxicab that brought the honeymooners from the station.

"A little, homely sort of girl," that worthy described



the bride, "kind o' drabbed and washed out. Been crying, too, and *he* acted as tho he was afraid someone would see her, and bundled her into the taxi in a hurry. No, I couldn't describe her exactly—she had dark hair. Maybe when she was fixed up the way ladies do with red stuff on her face she wouldn't be so bad."

"A girl from nowhere!" buzzed the society set, with delicious shudders. "Perhaps she is an—an adventuress! Or an anarchist—or an actress! Shall we call? Or cut her? Still—you cant very well cut ten million dollars!"

According to the Code of Our Best People, marriages might be made in heaven, but not until after the proper procedure upon earth in the shape of calls, candy, flowers, horseback rides, more calls, a solitaire, linen showers, white satin, orange blossoms, bridesmaids, and the voice that breathed o'er Eden. Any other method simply wasn't done, that was all.

Still—you *couldn't be expected* to cut ten millions! So when Jimmy Ryder gave a reception and invited the whole world to come and see his three weeks' bride, the whole world put on its best and went. The women went to scoff, the men remained to pray.

Mrs. Jimmie was small, and slim, and vivid. Instead of being dark, her hair was the exact shade of her orange-colored gown, and her eyes were the green of the jade she wore. A small mouth, curved like flower petals, a nose that tilted ever so slightly, with arched and sensitive nostrils, and—strangest of all—two pink, dainty ears, in a year when women were not wearing ears—the ladies were dreadfully disappointed. Jimmie had com-



married old Samuel Grosscup who had five millions to Jimmy's one, said spitefully that Mrs. Jimmie probably had a past. Which gave her the final touch of attractiveness, for a woman without a past is as flavorless as an egg without salt, as old Cappie Carteret remarked at the club, when they were talking Mrs. Jimmie over.

"If only Jimmy weren't so damned healthy!" grumbled Carter Van Loan, semi-humorously, "what a widow she would make!"

The general verdict was that polo wasn't the only thing young Ryder was lucky at; and the women settled down to wait hopefully for the scandal to leak out, the rift to appear in the lute and so forth. But after an entire year the Ryders still gazed into each other's eyes, pressed each other's hands under the table cloth, and monopolized each other at dances. Which brings us back to the conversation at the beginning of the story.

The most mysterious part of the mystery about Jimmy Ryder's wife was that Jimmy himself did not know who she was! And the joke of his answer to the reporter's curiosity about his wife's name was that Jimmy did not *know* her name! It would clearly never have done for him to say quite honestly "her maiden name? Well, it begins with Mavis, but she never mentioned the rest of it."

There is no doubt but that men like to be mystified; that is why a man will leave his lawfully wedded wife, who puts on her complexion before him and keeps part of her hair in her top bureau drawer, and fly to the chorus girl whose complexion and coiffure he still wots not of. It was part of the secret of the fascination which Mavis had begun to hold for Jimmy on the evening when she emerged from her chrysalis of plainness and became a beautiful butterfly with the shimmering wings.

He had left, in the morning, a red-eyed, drabbed, limp little person with dark, stringy hair; he had returned to find a vision in a jade frock, with piled masses of shining, blazing hair and lips that pealed pretty laughter at his amaze. "I thought you might prefer to divorce a pretty wife!" Mavis told him, demurely. "It will be so much more effective in the court-room scene!"

"Divorce!" snapped Jimmy. "*Divorce*"—just as tho he had not talked to her about it the night before, and thought about it all day. "Two weeks married, and you talk divorce!"

That's a man's idea of being reasonable for you! But Mavis did not remind him of what he had said, in the way most wives do. Instead she deliberately flirted with him all the evening, until at the end of it Jimmy would have sworn that he had been in love with her all the time, from that very first startled moment when he had come up the mountain trail to find his keeper dragging the small, woe-begone boyish figure out of his hunting lodge. He had cherished that belief ever since. "Love at the first sight,

"He is as crazy about her," marveled the cynical, "as tho she were somebody else's wife, instead of his own!"

mitted the deadly sin of not falling in love with any of them, and capped it with the positively unforgivable sin of bringing a beautiful woman to

a town where the men at the best did not go half around.

Dorothy Whitman-Grosscup, who had engaged herself to Jimmie once on a time for his broad shoulders and inches of good looks, and afterwards thrown him over and

wasn't it, Mavis?" he sometimes said sentimentally. "Lord, that was a wonderful week, just you and I on the top of the world, you wearing my old clothes. Do you remember the amazement of that old circuit rider that married us? And the way I used to sneak down to the village and get provisions for us? And the open fires in the evenings with the tree frogs shrilling in the darkness——"

Mavis remembered. She remembered other things, too, which she had been trying for a year to make Jimmy forget, but she would not let herself remember them when he was around. For they brought queer, tense lines to her face, and a desperate hunted look to her gay green eyes, and for a moment you would have thought Mavis wasn't pretty at all but a piteous, terrified, desperate little fugitive thing.

Sometimes when she was all alone—which wasn't often—the remembrance of that first week on the mountain would wash over her mind in a sick wave. Jimmy was right in one thing. It had been love at the first sight for her, but not for him. Oh no, no! He had been merely a clean-hearted, gallant souled knight errant going to the rescue of her distress, because she was a woman, and in some great trouble, and afraid. Tall, and splendidly broad in his rough shirt and corduroys that made him look very virile and masculine, he had stood looking down at her gently, patting her bowed dark head with clumsy little man-pats, telling her it would be all right and no one should hurt her.

The three dreadful days of her flight had almost beaten her. The poor little lie she had just told the game-keeper, when he found her in the Ryder hunting box, faltered abashed and discomfited before the unexpected confrontal with the truth. She had been pleading that she had a right to be there—she was Jimmy Ryder's wife—and then there stood a big, astonished-looking stranger whom the game-keeper was excitedly addressing as "Mr. Ryder, sir!"

"So this lady says she is my wife?" said Jimmy, slowly, meeting her miserable, pleading, guilty gaze very steadily. "Well? And why are you man-handling a lady who claims to be my wife, Beckett? Take your dirty paws off her and apologize before I half kill you!" How his blue eyes had blazed! He had been so strong, so protective—how could she help falling in love with him?

"I didn't know—I couldn't believe," stammered the man. Under his humbleness lurked a cunning doubt. "We haven't heard about your marriage, sir, up here. And this young woman got into the lodge thru a window. I found her asleep on the couch, and she screamed when she saw me. It wasn't until I threatened to turn her over to the authorities that she said she was your wife, sir."

"No wonder she screamed—you're enough to make any woman scream!" thundered Jimmy Ryder, playing desperately for time. And as he spoke to the guide, his eyes, searching, probing, questing, were fixed on the girl's white, tear-swollen face. "Why, you couldn't have treated her any more roughly if she had been a thief——"

The white face had quivered at the word, but Mavis met his gaze proudly, and quite suddenly Jimmy Ryder decided to do the quixotic, absurd thing that he did do. "My wife? Of course, she is my wife! If anyone asks you, tell them we're on our honeymoon, and want to be left alone. If you let any meddlers up here you're fired. Now get out, do you hear? And stay out!"

He had taken her, then, into the cabin, very gently, closed the door. She stood before him, in her tumbled, dust-stained suit, silent, because she had no words to thank him. "I thought," he told her, matter-of-factly, "that maybe you didn't care to—to see people for a little while. That's

"Lord," he said, "that was a wonderful week, just you and I on the top of the world—you wearing my old clothes—and the open fires in the evenings with the tree frogs shrilling in the darkness!"





"You must eat!" Jimmy said cheerily, and she did eat with the eagerness of half-starvation. When she was finished he pushed back his chair and rose, standing above her, very big, very gentle. "Now, get this straight!" said Jimmy. "I don't want to know anything you don't want to tell me. It's none of my business what brought you here, all that is my business is what's going to happen now that you *are* here. I can't leave you here alone, and you don't want to leave either, for a while. So we'll get married and stay until it's safe—until you are ready to go back to town."

"You'd do *that*?" she whispered. "You'd do a thing like that for a girl you never saw, for a girl who was a thief, maybe, or even worse? And I thought that men were all wicked!"

That sentence was one of the things Mavis had been trying to make Jimmy forget. It was not the kind of a thought a woman likes to have lying about the mind of the man who loves her; it might mean so many things!

If the editor of that sneering little gossip sheet, *Town-Talk*, had guessed what Jimmy Ryder's wedding had been like, he would have paid any sum for the story, and, perhaps, in spite of the ten millions, the maids and the matrons of society would never have gone to the reception three weeks later. To the old circuit rider it meant a fat fee; to Jimmy Ryder it meant an annoying and unpleasant duty; to Mavis it meant—what every girl dreams of, her big moment, her acropolis.

Then when the strangely wedded couple went back to the cabin, Jimmy cheerfully punctured her roseate bubble. "Lucky, divorce is as easy to get these days as a cocktail, if you know the way to go about it!" he had declared. "Cheer up, little lady! In two weeks' time you'll be out of this scrape, and it will all be as tho it had never happened!"

Love at the first sight, say you, Jimmy? Nonsense man! Don't you remember what a hopeless little creature you thought her, with her tremors, her white face and her eternal tears? Don't you remember how, nights, lying wakeful under the pines that your queer little, undesired

It had been love at first sight for her, but not for him. Oh no, no! He had been merely a clean-hearted, gallant souled knight errant going to the rescue of her distress, because she was a woman, and in some great trouble, and afraid

why you came up here, wasn't it—to be alone?"

She nodded, still silent. Jimmy had said nothing more for a long while, moving about the cabin, starting a fire, breaking eggs into a skillet, opening cans, while she sat, sunk in a chair, and

watched him in a paralysis of weariness. When, however, he filled two plates and two cups and motioned her to come to the table, she began to shake from head to foot. "I must tell you—" she had whispered thru dry lips, "I must tell——"

bride might have the cabin to herself, you groaned at your own impossible, impulsive folly and counted the moments till you could get your release from the claims of chivalry?

"He mustn't remember!" Mavis told herself sometimes, passionately. "I'm not the same woman. I'm the woman *he* made me. If love can prevent it, he shall never know what I was before. He shall never lose his faith in me——"

Love is a woman's first child. It means pain to her, and sacrifice beyond all knowledge of men, and the blood of her heart and the flesh of her white body. Mavis would have guarded her love with her life. The dread of harm to it was ever present under all her smiles, like a hidden crater under the serene surface of her happiness. At any moment it might break thru and spread desolation and ruin over the landscape of her life.

Every woman who knows love, knows love's pain. To some it is the fear of losing youth and beauty, to some it is the dread of the mysterious other woman who may some day smile into her man's eyes and lead his thoughts away with her. To Mavis Ryder it meant the time when Jimmy should ask questions, and she must answer them. So, desperately she put off that time with all the pretty foolish, futile woman wiles she knew, coaxing happiness to stay a little longer.

As everybody who *is* anybody knows, the Conroy's costume ball is the event of the social year in town. Tho why it is that all the dowagers dress sentimentally as

THE GIRL FROM NOWHERE

Fictionized, by permission, from the Selznick production of the scenario of Sarah Y. Mason, based on the story by Bradley King, and directed by George Archainbaud, starring Elaine Hammerstein. The cast:

Mavis Cole.....	Elaine Hammerstein
Judge Cole.....	Warren Cook
James Ryder.....	William B. Davidson
Herbert Whitman.....	Huntley Gordon
Lady Pennerton.....	Louise Trussind
Lord Pennerton.....	Colin Campbell

Juliet, and coyly as Little Bo Peep, and the boniest wears the skimpiest costume, while the stoutest wears Marie Antoinette skirts——

But, as we were saying, it was to be expected that the young Ryders would be invited to the Conroy palace on the Hudson for the ball. Jimmy had told his wife to get something that would dazzle 'em, but

when he saw the vision of a Colonial lady that stood in the doorway of Mavis' dressing-room, bewitching, alluring, he himself gasped. "Oh, I say!" he started, "you look devilish pretty."

Mavis laughed.

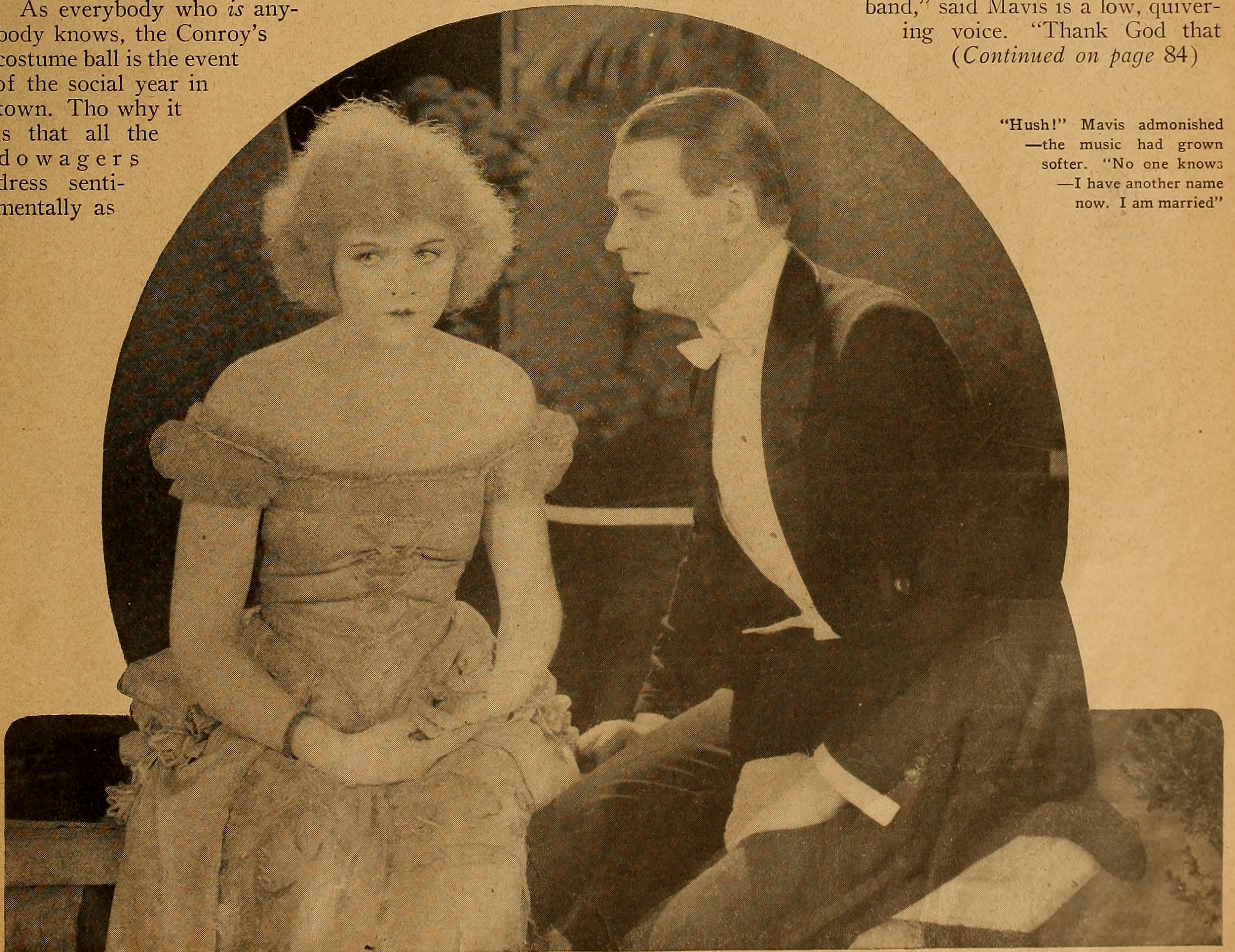
Under a thousand blazing lights the ballroom was a merry rout that mocked at life in all its guises and in every age. The masked figure of a Pompadour, ablaze with mock jewels and wearing a great emerald of flawless fire above her forehead, led the grand march on the arm of a fleshy Romeo. After them streamed devils arm in arm with nuns, milkmaids with courtiers, kings, beggars, flower girls, and knights.

"I thought I couldn't be mistaken!" said Herbert Whitman, and laughed softly as he drew Mavis aside.

"Easy, my dear," mocked the suave voice, "unless, of course, you care to introduce me to your friends as your almost-husband."

"Thank God you are not my true husband," said Mavis in a low, quivering voice. "Thank God that
(Continued on page 84)

"Hush!" Mavis admonished—the music had grown softer. "No one knows—I have another name now. I am married"





The Clearing House for Kicks

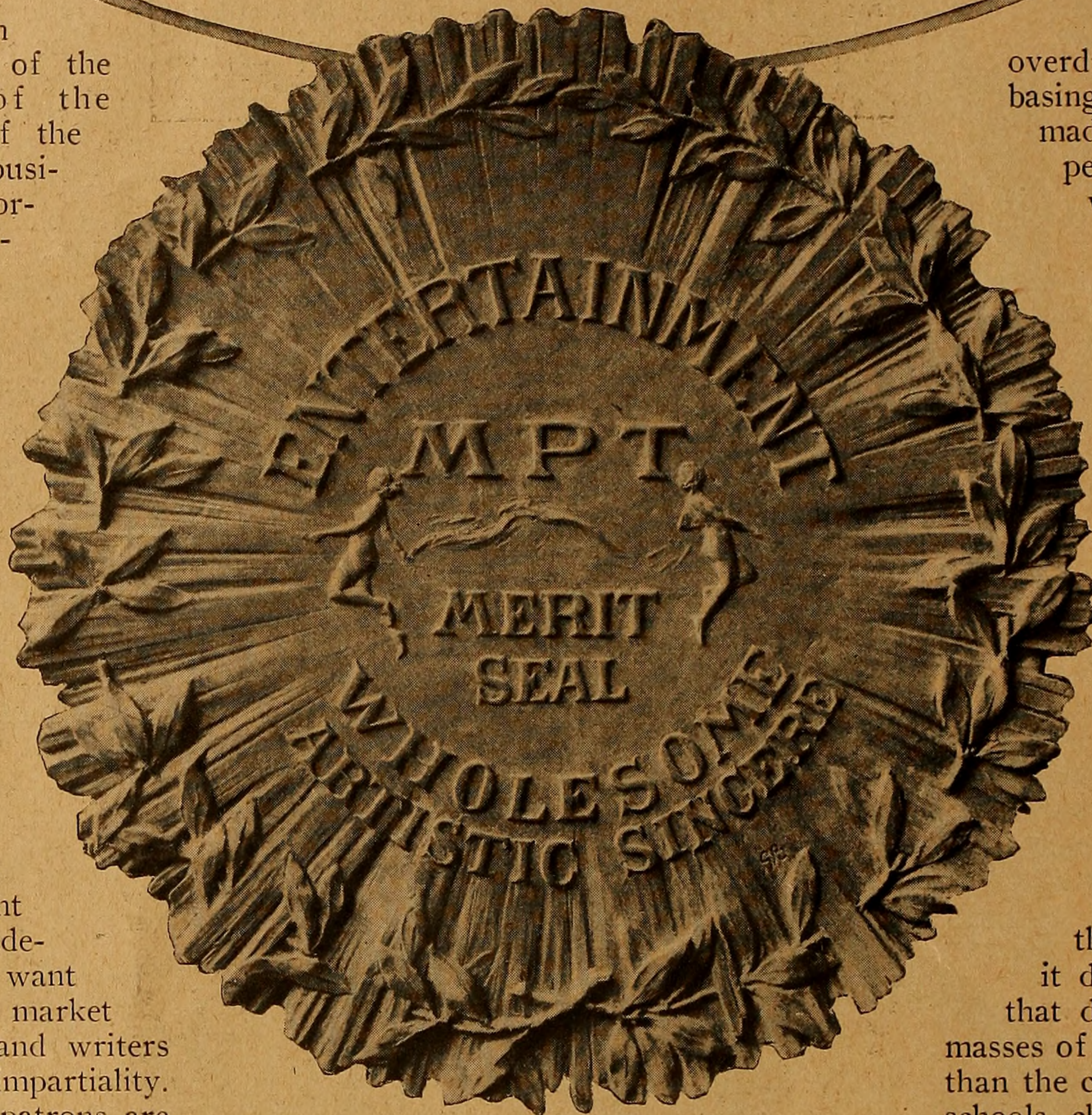


By
LILLIAN MONTANYE

WE hear much these days of the problem of the movies. In spite of the fact that the picture business is fourth in importance of our American industries, most of the films of today are a failure when judged from every angle. The exhibitors, the producers, the artists and trained workers in the industry and especially the long suffering public realize this fact with the result that they all are clamoring that something be done to stabilize the industry. Exhibitors want fairer treatment. Independent producers want relief from existing market conditions. Actors and writers are looking for more impartiality. The moving picture patrons are dissatisfied with the films. All are talking, criticizing, going about in endless circles without doing anything or getting any place in the solution of the great problem of the rehabilitation of the movies.

This was the situation as John A. Quinn, president of the M. P. T. Association, saw it about two years ago. Mr. Quinn was at that time an exhibitor, the owner of a chain of theaters in the West, already famous for his slogan, "fewer and better pictures," and for his everlasting hammering for co-operation and fair play. He was of the day of picture beginnings—five cents admission on weekday afternoons, ten cents in the evenings, perhaps fifteen on Saturday afternoons and evenings. For this, one saw a "feature," a comedy, a news picture and were also favored by one or more "solos" or other entertainment. Families went, in a body, to the movies and, as a rule, there was nothing to offend. In fact, the exhibitor tried conscientiously to show films that were equally fit, suitable and entertaining for young and old.

Then came a wave of over-starred, inartistic, frequently unwhole-



Look for this seal on the productions shown at your theater. It is the Merit Seal, awarded by the M. P. T. Association when a picture is voted exceptionally good

some drama with overdrawn sex appeal, debasing animations of crime, made then, as now, to appear worse than it really was by the lurid advertising, the superlative publicity that preceded it. Almost overnight the industry became a wild orgy of spending and mismanagement.

History shows that it is usually one man or one woman who starts a movement and sticks to it thru thick and thin, giving their time, their effort, their enthusiasm to inspire others. J. A. Quinn saw the birth of the motion picture. Saw it develop into a business that daily is influencing the masses of people more, it is said, than the combined efforts of our schools, churches and ethical organizations. He knew that the majority of pictures presented were not artistic or even entertaining—that the themes, whether

of love, adventure, business, as presented were not satisfying even to the easily satisfied. That the ideals of the young and impressionable were not being uplifted by the widely exploited photoplays. And, because he, himself, was an exhibitor and had studied and observed until he knew the real pulse of the public—he knew that wholesome entertainment, whether on stage or screen, is not only appreciated and preferred by the majority of picture goers, but can be converted into bigger dividends than any other.

And thus, from one man's vision, one man's renunciation of old paths for new was born in Los Angeles, the M. P. T. Association of the world. Not a reform movement—but a constructive campaign for better pictures, better conditions thruout the industry, basing its work on the foundation of box-office receipts, proving that better pictures attract greater patronage and produce greater revenues.

From the time the M. P. T. plan was enthusiastically endorsed by practically all the local and near-by organizations both in and (Continued on page 94)

"I am with you with all my heart."—*Mary Pickford.*

"I know you have the confidence of all branches of the industry. I shall be very glad to give you my personal support."—*Jesse L. Lasky.*

"Anything I can do to help."—*Charlie Chaplin.*

"You can rely upon my full co-operation."—*D. W. Griffith.*

"You have started what we have long been waiting for. I look for big results."—*Lois Weber.*

"I will gladly co-operate with you."—*Douglas Fairbanks.*

"Best wishes for your success in attaining those ends for which we are all striving."—*Cecil B. and William C. de Mille.*

Her Mecca

By

BETSY BRUCE

SOME day perhaps there will be born an interviewer who will write of people who serenely do the smaller and finer things of life; who have no hobby and who affect no pose; who think their work is the most worthwhile thing and do not unceasingly seek some hectic, elusive emotion—write of them with a clarity and understanding, making them *real* and yet not too sweet to be wholesome, Pollyannas cut from the same piece of fabric.

And if such a person comes into being, the first test I would place upon him would be to interview Alice Calhoun. Until then, she will probably be done injustice in word-pictures, for she neglects to do and does, respectively, all of the things generally mentioned above and, at the same time, she has a personality distinctly her own.

Therefore, I enter upon this interview-recording with qualms, many of them.

My first distinct shock came when I rang the bell of her apartment and decided to immediately announce myself to the "trim, white-capped maid" so she would not disdain with lofty air: "The name, please?"

But Miss Calhoun herself opened the door. I would have said it was her younger sister, had I not known that there was no younger sister, because the screen adds years to her visage.

In the living-room the Victrola needle grated at the end of a record—a new dance tune—and Alice rescued it while she explained that her mother and she had been dancing. Furthermore, she said that her mother was a duck of a dancer, but that she would not dance in public.

And she went on further to tell me at great length of her mother, while Mrs. Calhoun herself endeavored to turn the conversation into other channels.

I asked her how it felt to be a star, for her stardom was a comparatively new estate.

"Just the same," she answered. "I feel just the same. In itself it means nothing, of course—what I am happy for is the rôles I will have opportunities to create, and if I do a bit of fine work it will remain. When I first started as an extra girl I had an emotional scene and I gave every-



Photograph © by David Berns, New York

thing I had—put all of me into it. The others thought it was a good joke and laughed at me for my earnestness. And then, when I saw the picture after it was completed, I knew why they laughed. My work had been entirely cut out. Stardom insures you against experiences like that," she went on, with a shadow of a smile touching her mouth. "I think that was the most trying experience of my career."

"And when you learned you were a star," I asked, "what did you do?"

She raised her eyes to mine for a moment. "I cried," she said.

I should have known. Alice Calhoun is feminine, oh so feminine—and stardom was the Mecca of her hopes and ambitions. Her cup of happiness must have brimmed over. And, like others of her sex down thru the ages, her joy was more than she could bear—and she cried.

Her mother wished her to remain in the school-room, but the dreams of Alice Calhoun were very real and the urge very great, so together she and her mother came to New York, where Alice entered the films



Photograph © by David Berns, New York

The telephone rang and Alice ran to answer it. A boy friend wished her to go to some fraternity dance, and while she talked to him her mother told me a little about her life.

Mrs. Calhoun wished Alice to remain in the school-room. She felt that there was still a great deal for her to learn. And she wanted her to know about the running of a household, too. But the girl's dreams were very real and the urge very great, so her mother finally consented to her trying the films, and together they came to New York and established their new home. Even so, Alice was not permitted to give her entire time to her work. She had household tasks—the housekeeping budget was turned over to her, and for the last few years it has been Alice who has attended to the executive details—the ordering, planning, paying of bills, etc. And in between times she has been taught to cook, so that recently when Mrs. Calhoun was called away, she was able to run the house with no difficulty.

And when she would meet discouragements along the way in her film work and come home tired and blue, she would meet a tenderness and understanding, but no exaggerated sympathizing.

"She had made her choice," said Mrs. Calhoun, "and I

The School of Experience has not forced the growth any. Miss Calhoun is typical of sheer girlhood—she has a love of romance, but not in any personal sense, and if she dreams of a debonair Prince Charming it must be in between times, for her every waking thought is dedicated to her work

told her time and time again that she could go back to school, but that if she wished to remain in the films she must meet her setbacks and disappointments and be brave. Always I have wanted Alice to have the heroism which is so necessary today, tomorrow and every day. In a supreme moment it is far easier to rally to a cause, but you must be brave to withstand the trying experiences which accompany a career. And so Alice met them—conquered them often—and today I am proud of her, I don't mind telling you. She is where she is because of herself. She has not shirked, and perhaps the school of experience has taught her that which could be learned in books with a practicality as well as the theory."

When Alice came back we had frappés with the most delicious syrup ever tasted and fancy cakes—Alice herself had prepared them. And we had some music, palm-reading with the help of a recently acquired book on the subject, profusely illustrated with diagrams of hands, which Alice studies diligently—and pleasant talk.

That was about all, I think, except that it was very evident that the School of Experience has not forced the growth any. Alice Calhoun is typical of sheer

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Photograph by Apeda, N. Y.

Mrs. Dorothy Gish Rennie

By
GLADYS HALL

IT was so Dorothy Gish invited me to tea. We were at the Hotel S— with the rest of the family when she extended to me the primal invitation, so to speak, pristine and still savoring of Hymen. Upon a bit of pasteboard, bold as bold, she scrawled her address and, with savage glee, "Dorothy Gish Rennie," then, handing it to me with a flourish, she said, "Lamp the monicker!"

On that pre-tea and toast occasion I endeavored to draw her forth on the subject of the altar, but she was derisive of my interrogation and admittedly unqualified.

"Come back in a year," she warned me, with a wicked wink, "then I'll have a tale to tell!"

But (not to wax sentimental, which is a temptation, ye heavenly powers!) the wink she cast at this precise juncture at, or in, the direction of New Husband was anythin' but wicked. It was as warm as it was reassuring, and as reassuring as it was warm!

Dorothy on that occasion looked militant *à la Parisienne*. She was wearing one of her Paris gowns—a trotteur, to be correct. So was Lilian. So was Mother Gish. Paris could not sophisticate the family inclusiveness of Dorothy. What she bought, Lilian must have likewise. And again, likewise Mother.

(She *did* tell me what a trump her mother had been about their elopement.)

One could see how infinitely wise in her wisdom Mrs. Gish had been. Here was a bond created, a memory instilled, that will go with Dorothy thru the years, turning ever as her mind turns back to her wedding day, to her mother and her good-comradeship of understanding, where she might have obtruded hurts at her exclusion.

Well—we went to tea the following Sunday.

It was a jolly day.

The Rennie apartment is in a charming section of downtown New York. Mr. Rennie occupied it solitarily prior to his marriage, and it was in process of being completely renovated for the small bride.

The living-room, an immense apartment, with a capacious fireplace and many tall and lighted candles and quaint and lovely shadows, was already completed—practically—



Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

"Except," little Mrs. Dorothy Gish Rennie explained, "that I'm going to have a grand piano over *there*—" She pointed a quavering forefinger in the direction of the far-end of the room, where, charmingly apart, a slender table bore tall pointed candles and the shadows congregated, shudderingly.

Mr. Rennie laughed. "Dorothy's scared to go to that side of the room," he explained; "she thinks she'll see a bogey. We'll have to furnish it up so she'll dare to venture over."

Incidentally, I had been the first to arrive at the first tea party and had come in upon Mr. and Mrs. Rennie in the midst of a tango, or something of the sort, strictly *à deux*.

A man-servant had admitted me, with something akin to dubiety in his manner.

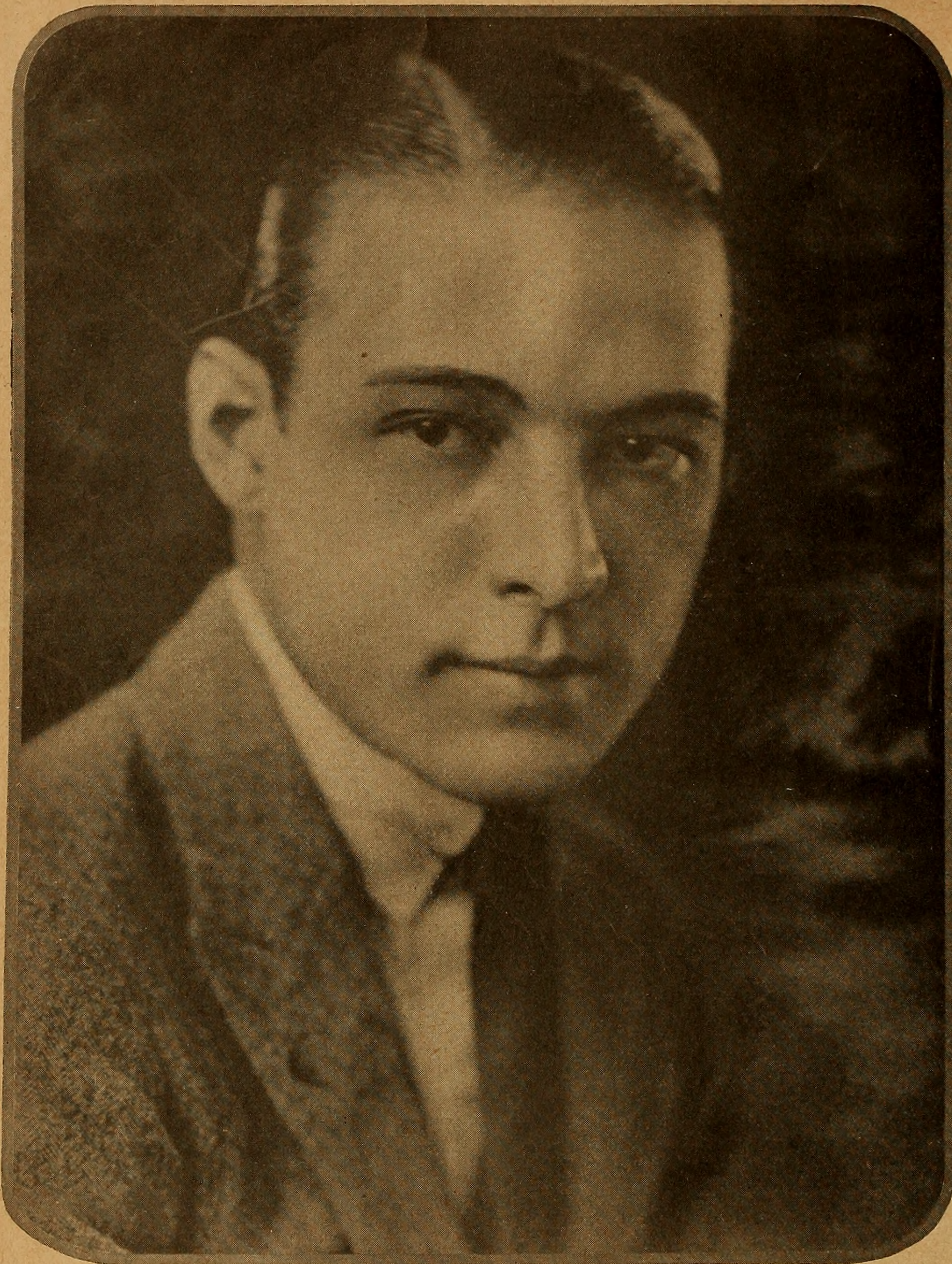
Dorothy laughed at the dubiety, admitting it—

"We have a man and wife," she said, "and they prob-

(Continued on page 86)

"I just invited everyone," said Dorothy Gish Rennie in speaking of her first tea, ". . . even to bell-hops in the hotel, doormen, waiters and taxi-drivers. Everyone I've passed in the street for the past month I've said, 'Come to my house to tea on Sunday.' Everyone in the world is coming. Now, what am I going to do?"

The Erstwhile Landscape Gardener



Photograph by Evans, L. A.

"I was back in N' York las' year w'en I hear that they want me to play Julio in 'The Four Horsemen'," said Mr. Valentino, "an' I accept verry, verry queek. All the way back to California I read the Ibañez book in original Spanish, so I know Julio like my brother"

short time Nazimova held up the production of a picture six weeks so that you could play Armand to her Camille, would your last year's hat fit now?

I asked myself this messy question as I was on my way to interview Rudolph Valentino, whose history in part conforms to that hypothetical query.

This young man, who looks much older than he is and who made himself famous in the world of pictures overnight for his dashing portrayal of Julio in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," is still able to wear last year's bonnet—as well as the hat he wore over from the old country, thank you. I was glad to find that this was so.

Whether or not "Valentino" is his real name, it is a handsome title, and it has been fastened to a very handsome youth. It is hard to say to what extent Rudolph (I

am sure that is his real front handle, anyway) is conscious of the good looks given him, but to me he seemed most humble and grateful for the opportunities so far afforded him in America.

He was born near Genoa, Italy, and was educated at the Royal Military Academy of Genoa. In this academy there was an agricultural school, and he took the course it offered. Then, when he was seventeen, he decided to go to South America to raise pampas, or hemp, or something, but because he was the son of a very prominent Italian officer of cavalry, there was trouble about his passports and he did not go. But a year later, with much weeping on the part of his mother, he set out for America, with the determination to farm on a large scale, or to at least design beautiful gardens for rich Long Islanders.

When the boat docked, he dashed up Broadway to get a check cashed, and then promptly lost his way back to the ship. In a brief but, I should judge, lurid conversation with a well-boiled New York traffic cop, he discovered that he knew practically less than nothing of the American language, not to say English. He crossed and

re-crossed the Hudson five times before he located that ship. His confidence had been somewhat punctured. Eventually, however, he found quarters at a small French pension (so called, probably, he says, because most of the inmates were pensioners of the proprietor), and there he lived for some weeks, but soon discovered that he was not learning the grand language of America as fast as he should, so he took to dining out alone in some of the big, flashy cabarets, notably Bustanoby's and Ciro's. At Bustanoby's one night he met some congenial Italian youths, one the son of a count, and what they showed the young Rudolph anent New York couldn't be printed.

When finally he found a job—landscaping the gardens of a wealthy man he met in a café—he was overjoyed, but this joy was short lived, for the man's wife returned too soon from abroad and decided that she wanted a golf course instead of a landscape, and Rudolph was jobless and quite penniless. By this time he was a good dancer, particularly as a tangoist, and almost before he knew what had happened to him, he was the affianced dancing partner of the famous Bonnie Glass. When the team of Valentino and Glass parted company, he became the partner of the equally famous Joan Sawyer.

Eventually he found himself on the road with a com-

By
GORDON GASSAWAY

pany which "busted" in Ogden, or Salt Lake City, or somewhere, and he decided to go west-young-man-go-west, which landed him in San Francisco. This was the year 1917. He then played his first speaking stage part with Richard Dix, at the Alcazar in "Nobody Home." Personally, I think Rudy was not very at home as that kind of actor, because it wasn't long before he went into the bond business, selling gilt-edged securities instead of himself. During this time he was trying frantically to enlist in the Italian service. Failing in this on account of a serious eye defect, he tried the Canadian service, and the British recruiting office also told him there was no use. This was a hard blow for the young Italian, son of a cavalry captain and offspring of generations of military leaders.

Suddenly the bottom fell out of the gilt-edged security business, and someone suggested that Rudolph go to Los Angeles. In Los Angeles he loafed for eight months and there was no perceptible scramble on the part of the studios to grab him up. One day, when he was loafing harder than usual, Emmet Flynn spied him in the loafer's paradise (Alexandria Hotel lobby), and engaged him then and there to play a part in "The Married Virgin" at fifty dollars a week. Rudy told me this in the tone of voice and with the nonchalance and frankness which implies that he is now getting much more than this from Mr. Metro.

At Universal City thereafter he played parts with Mae Murray and Carmel Meyers. Later he was with Earle Williams at Vitagraph, and with Dorothy

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If at the age of eighteen you arrived in New York from Italy, unable to speak a word of English, and within a year you were the most popular gentleman ballroom dancer in the city, and within a comparatively short time Nazimova held up the production of a picture six weeks so that you could play Armand to her Camille, would your last year's hat fit now? At the right, Mr. Valentino in the character of Julio



Photograph by Evans, L. A.



MASSACHUSETTS has just completed a census of bathtubs, and the figures reveal that there is only one bathtub for every four persons. This proves how clean the movies are, for even the most casual observer must have observed that in the films there are at least four bathtubs for each person.

How can they say that the movies are immoral. Trouble with them is that they're too moral. On the screen the hero always beats the villain, poverty triumphs over riches, the heroine's honor is saved in the nick of time, and virtue is rewarded. But just try and do it in real life. Just try and do it. Mebbe the board of censors will help you out.

HINT TO SCENARIO WRITERS

Dont bother trying to think up new ideas. It's hard work and unnecessary. Just wait until some company produces a big hit, then copy it as closely as possible, have your story copyrighted and sell it to any producer you prefer.

FAMOUS REMARKS

Mary Miles Minter: "I will be just sixteen my next birthday."

Thomas Ince: "I like to create new screen stars. They are so grateful."

Mack Sennett: "If women's dresses get any shorter who'll pay to look at my bathing girls."

"The Witching Hour," with Elliott Dexter, was flashed on the screen. Whereupon a sweet young thing in the audience murmured that any hour with Elliott would be witching.

By
TAMAR LANE

A report from Paris says that blondes are dying out. Hope this doesn't spread to the movie colony. Where would we be without Little Mary, Mae Murray, Lillian Gish, Anna Q. Nilsson, Jane Novak, *et al?* But wouldn't the brunettes be happy?

WONDER WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO THE MOVIES

If Harold Lloyd lost his horn-rimmed specs.
If Doug lost his pep.
If Gene O'Brien forgot how to love.
If Bill Hart lost his guns.

SPECIAL NEWS ITEM

(Exclusive to the "Motion Picture Magazine")

After much persuasion President Warren G. Harding has consented to pose for the movie weeklies. Efforts were made to have Mrs. Harding also appear before the camera, but she modestly declined.

FAMOUS SUBTITLES

"You have taught me to think better of women."
"With a few weeks grooming and some smart clothes you can accomplish wonders, my dear."
"John dear, you are a nice boy, but you must realize that you cannot give me the life I crave."
"Every woman has her price. What is yours?"

No one ever told us so, but we understand that these heroes get paid for playing opposite Gloria Swanson, Ethel Clayton, Elsie Ferguson, etc. If there's waste in the film business here's where it is. Imagine getting real money for such a pastime. We know a lot of fellers that would pay for the privilege.



Photograph by C. Smith Gardner

OF THE HOUSE OF KINGS

In other words, Kenneth Alexander, jr., and his attractive mother, Mollie King—
Mrs. Kenneth Alexander when she is at home

Mantled With Shyness



Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

Grace Darmond is completely lacking the touch of hardness which in greater or less degree becomes associated with the woman who makes her own way in the world.

dusting these adjectives from the topmost shelf of his vocabulary to apply as descriptive of a present-day screen star.

As a rule, people in public life, even tho born that way, do not remain so.

Yet Grace Darmond is all of these.

You will remember Grace Darmond as the statuesque blonde in Earle Williams' pictures, as *the girl* in Wallace Reid's "Valley of the Giants," and more recently as the star of the "So Long Letty," Christie comedy.

From these leading-lady rôles you probably thought

Miss Darmond unusually beautiful and statuesque, but perchance you failed to realize her flesh and blood personality which is quintessentially feminine.

Miss Darmond is the type of girl that a man would instinctively choose to be his wife. She is so refreshingly sweet and dainty, so *trusting*. She completely lacks the touch of hardness which in greater or less degree becomes associated with the woman who makes her own way in the world. She is not statuesque, as one would imagine, rather is she girlish, of medium height and slender. Her skin is as white and soft as a baby's, she uses no make-up except a touch of red lipstick which somehow or other fails to lend any air of sophistication. When she is not working before the camera she wears her blonde hair parted and combed straight back and rolled softly over her ears. Her features are as perfectly modeled as those of any statue of Praxiteles. She possesses eyes which seem to have the texture of brown velvet one minute and look like purple pansies the next. They have the gentle expression that one sees in a young doe.

No anecdote of Grace Darmond's career can shed so clear a ray on the timidity she has had to fight to gain success in pictures as that which occurred when she was first appearing in front of the camera.

Grace had been sent to private school in Springfield, Illinois, and—as every girl does sooner or later—caught the

fever to go on the stage. This stage fever is as inevitable a part of girlhood as the measles. Like childhood vaccination, sometimes it takes and sometimes it doesn't.

In Grace's case it was compelling enough to make her overcome her natural shyness and apply for a rôle. She was given a part in "Editha's Burglar." Colonel Selig, who was then producing pictures in Chicago, met her and asked her to play in "The Millionaire Baby."

At that time Grace was so very young that she was rather angular, she had not developed into the beautifully rounded creature that she now is. Colonel Selig was charmed by her very youth. But as it happened, the rôle she was given demanded that she put on tights and a chorus girl's costume.

Grace was petrified. I can just imagine her fair face all flushed red, even down around the nape of her lovely neck. At any rate, she arrayed herself in her costume and hid her limbs beneath a long cloak until the scene was called.



Photograph by Evans, L. A.



Photograph by Melbourne Spurr, L. A.

“HE is sailing at eleven,” said the voice on the wire, “so you must see him at once, if at all.”

“Why is it always our lot,” we rebelled, “to be assigned to interview stars who are just sailing for a holiday abroad, or just leaving for the Coast after a glorious fortnight of entertainment and shopping in New York. We must either be Pollyannaishly glad that they have an opportunity to go across, while in our heart we’re consumed with fierce envy and not glad at all, or we must rejoice with them that they are departing for the Coast with fat, new contracts and enough gorgeous and expensive clothes to last them until they come again. One is quite as aggravating as the other.

However, if we interviewed Douglas MacLean before eleven, it meant a rest from the office that morning, which was something. So we met him at the Biltmore, and after two minutes we were strong for him, and firmly convinced that whatever he was getting, in any way at

Douglas MacLean has never done anything except clean plays, and never expects to. His Methodist minister father is now actually proud of him

Passing Thru

By LILLIAN MONTANYE



all, he had it coming to him.

In the first place, he reminded us of two of our favorite actors: Douglas Fairbanks, and George M. Cohan. He has the exuberance and the willing smile of Fairbanks; the ready speech, humor and restlessness of Cohan. But his personality is his own. One can't imagine him as having *affaires d'amour* or jazzing his nights away. He is the embodiment of a popular young university man, a clean-cut athlete, a loyal friend, a devoted son, a husband who will be faithful thru the years—of strong character and fine achievement in any walk of life, whatsoever.

Douglas MacLean is the son of a Methodist minister. His early life was a nomadic one: two years here, three years there, each one of the family being born in a different city. Douglas was educated at the Institute of Technology in Chicago, and was not only a fine student but well up in athletics.

It goes without saying that it was a distinct shock

A warm, wholesome affection exists between Mr. MacLean and Doris May—an affection which entirely routs the perverted idea that there cannot be a real, sincere friendship between two people of opposite sex



Photograph by Melbourne Spurr. L. A.

One cant imagine Douglas MacLean as having *affaires d'amour* or jazzing his nights away. He is the embodiment of a popular young university man, a clean-cut athlete, a loyal friend, a devoted son, a husband who will be faithful thru the years—of strong character and fine achievement in any walk of life, whatsoever

bonds, which he was then doing in Philadelphia.

"All right, all right, Douglas," father would say, "you can *talk* convincingly about it, but you'll have to show us."

"And I did," he continued. "I was seven years on the stage before I went into pictures, and I have never done anything except clean plays—and never intend to. Father is actually proud of me now. Am sure he got more satis-

to the MacLean family when Douglas decided upon a stage career. He cultivated a wonderful gift of speech in those days, he says, trying to convince his father that he could live just as clean and decent a life in the profession of acting as he could selling

always fell thru. It's a regular family trait. But that's just life. There wouldn't be half the zest in living if everything came out according to schedule."

Dont imagine that Douglas MacLean was sitting quietly while we talked. Far from it. He was all over the place—friends and acquaintances claimed a portion of his time—he was paged by an enterprising photographer who wanted to take pictures of him then and there. Suddenly he gave a joyful whoop and went bounding off in pursuit of a passing small feminine figure and came leading her triumphantly back. It was Doris May. She had come to tell him that she could not get to the boat to see them off, as she must work in a street scene in "Foolish Matrons." And there they were—as we had seen them together on the screen many times—Douglas MacLean and Doris May.

It was quite evident that a warm, wholesome affection

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faction out of my success in 'Twenty-Three and a Half Hours' Leave' than anyone else did!"

Mr. MacLean had finished his picture, tentatively titled "Passin' Thru," and had come East on a vacation—the first in four years. It was a series of "passing thru," he said. They stopped in Philadelphia to see his parents and dozens of MacLean relatives, who treated him like royalty; then upstate New York to visit Mrs. MacLean's relatives; then New York and Washington. He had an appointment with President Harding, and told me with a boyish grin that he was the first movie actor the President had interviewed, and that he had a splendid time, even tho there was a mistake in the date, which made him lose one of his precious days in New York, and kept him and Mrs. MacLean from meeting Doris May and showing her her first glimpse of New York as he had planned.

"I can remember when I was a youngster," he said, "that mother, or my aunts, or sisters, were always making very elaborate plans about something and they

It was "Passion," the vivid story of Du Barry, in which Emil Janning caused the public to speculate concerning him. His Louis XV., in which rôle he is pictured at the bottom of the page, is one of the most colorful film portraits shadowed



The International Monarch

It is interesting to note that Emil Janning is an American. Prior to the World War he took up his residence in Germany, and while there he entered the films



And now Mr. Janning has created another shadowland monarch. He is Henry VIII. in the latest import, "Deception," in which rôle he is pictured in the center of this page. The critics proclaim his characterization of this king of many fair charmers as true as his Louis XV. Truly, Emil Janning is an international monarch

The Literary Dynamo



Photograph by Hoover Art Studio

face windows. She has had no time for play, very little for recreation—she has sacrificed all the little personal touches of home life that mean so much to most women. She has practically no time to spare for the dressmaker, the milliner or shopping.

She is a prodigious author who uses the screen as her medium.

When one crosses the threshold of her office one enters what appears to be the interior of a log cabin. Rough hewn logs form the walls, the huge desk, the table, chairs and benches. There is an open fireplace of rough stone with charred embers on the hearth. There are books and books, Merrick and James Cabell. Navajo rugs and the skins of wild animals soften heavy footsteps.

Sitting in one of Jeanie MacPherson's primitive but comfortable rockers, I asked her why she did it—why she worked twice as hard as the average person. She came from behind the huge desk that practically hid her tiny feminine form and sat down nearer me on a stiff, yellow-covered bench. She crossed her dainty feet in a business-like manner, while the afternoon sun filtering thru the windows formed an aureole about her silky fair hair.

"When I was very, very young," she told me, looking at that precise moment like a twenty-two-year-old except for her air of assurance, "when I was *very* young, I made up my mind that I wanted to be successful while I was still young and

could enjoy it. I wanted to reach the goal I had set for myself before I was thirty—I wanted fame and money.

"I figured that to accomplish this I must

Jeanie MacPherson is one of those frail appearing, tiny, feminine persons of high voltage power. From her brain have sprung the Big Ideas for all the Cecil B. de Mille features. Left and below, two new photographs

MARY PICKFORD once said to me: "People are very like electric dynamos—the more they work the more energy they store up for future use. The higher rate of speed they demand from themselves, the more mileage they can make."

Jeanie MacPherson is one of those frail appearing, tiny, feminine persons of high voltage power. From her brain has sprung the Big Ideas for all the Cecil B. de Mille features; from her hand has come the completed scenarios replete with original business for the picture dramas that have stood, each one of them, as milestones in the photoplay's progress.

For five years now she has worked in an office in the main building of the Lasky studio. Her typewriter has been the last to cease its daily chatter, her light alone has been seen burning until one and two in the morning, thru the leafy pepper trees that screen her of-

Photograph by Abbé



By
BARBARA
BEACH

work twice as many hours and twice as hard as the average person. I have. While other authors gave themselves long vacations to woo inspiration, I sat and worked at my desk. I have found that if a director and a picture company are waiting for you to write a story for them, and you know that each day you delay means a wasting of their time and money, you're very apt to produce the goods. Wooing inspiration is a long and thankless pastime. For the more one woos her the farther away she flies. So I sit at my desk and work. Perhaps it is the persistent Scotch in me that keeps me at it—who knows?"

While the Scotch blood of her father has endowed Jeanie MacPherson with persistency and caution, the French ancestry of her mother has given her enthusiasm, volubility, color and imagination. Jeanie was born in Boston, but received her education in Paris at the school of Mademoiselle De Jacques, where Mark Twain's daughter was educated. While it was perfectly natural that she should become a writer—her ancestors on her mother's side all having been writers and publishers—Jeanie did not turn to the world of literature to win her pristine fame.

She went on the stage. Her first appearance was with Forbes Robertson. Then she went with Edgar Selwyn's tour of "Strongheart." Later she played the Spanish rôle of "Tita" with James T. Powers in "Havana," which ran a year on Broadway.

At that time pictures were just beginning to gain the attention of the public, and from the first time Miss MacPherson heard of them she became interested in their possibilities and had faith in their future as the coming art. She grew very anxious to get into pictures, but knew no one connected with them, nor anyone who could even tell her how to try to get in. So she sought out the Biograph company by looking up the address in the telephone directory. The now-famous D. W. Griffith gave her a trial and engaged her. She worked from "bits" to "leads," for in those days everyone served a long, hard apprenticeship with the camera before they were given the best parts. Miss MacPherson stayed with Griffith two years and played the leads in "Spanish Gypsy," "Madame Rex" and "Out of the Shadows."

Next she joined the Edison company and worked under the direction of Oscar Apfel. From there she went to Universal. Coming out on the train from New York, she



Photograph © Nelson Evans, L. A.

thought up an original story. At Universal her director found himself without an adequate story. Miss MacPherson told him about hers with the result that she was asked to put it in scenario form and act in it. But the director failed to get all there was out of the plot, and some time later Universal-Jewel let her do her story all over again. This time she not only starred in the picture, but directed it as well. In appreciation of her successful work with this production, Universal gave her her own company, and Jeanie MacPherson wrote her own scenarios, starred in her pictures and directed them.

At the end of six months' time she went with the manager of the Powers Brand to the Criterion Features, and again directed and was featured with Wilfred Lucas. There, too, she wrote all her own stories.

Miss MacPherson told me this story of her life in a quick, staccato manner. Truth to tell, she had a million details awaiting her attention. One of these details was Cecil B. de Mille, who was waiting for her to accompany him down-town to look over some new stage settings. Wishing to hear all there was to tell—for, being a born story-writer, Jeanie's conversation is always interesting—I hurried along by her side as she slipped into a huge squirrel coat and trotted thru the studio to her car. She does not walk slowly and sedately as one imagines great writers should, but indulges in a cross between a fast walk and a run.

"I am very thankful for all my acting experiences in pictures," she told me, in her quick, accurate way, as we hurried out, "for it taught me exactly what could and what could not be screened, an intimate knowledge which is absolutely essential to become a successful scenarist.

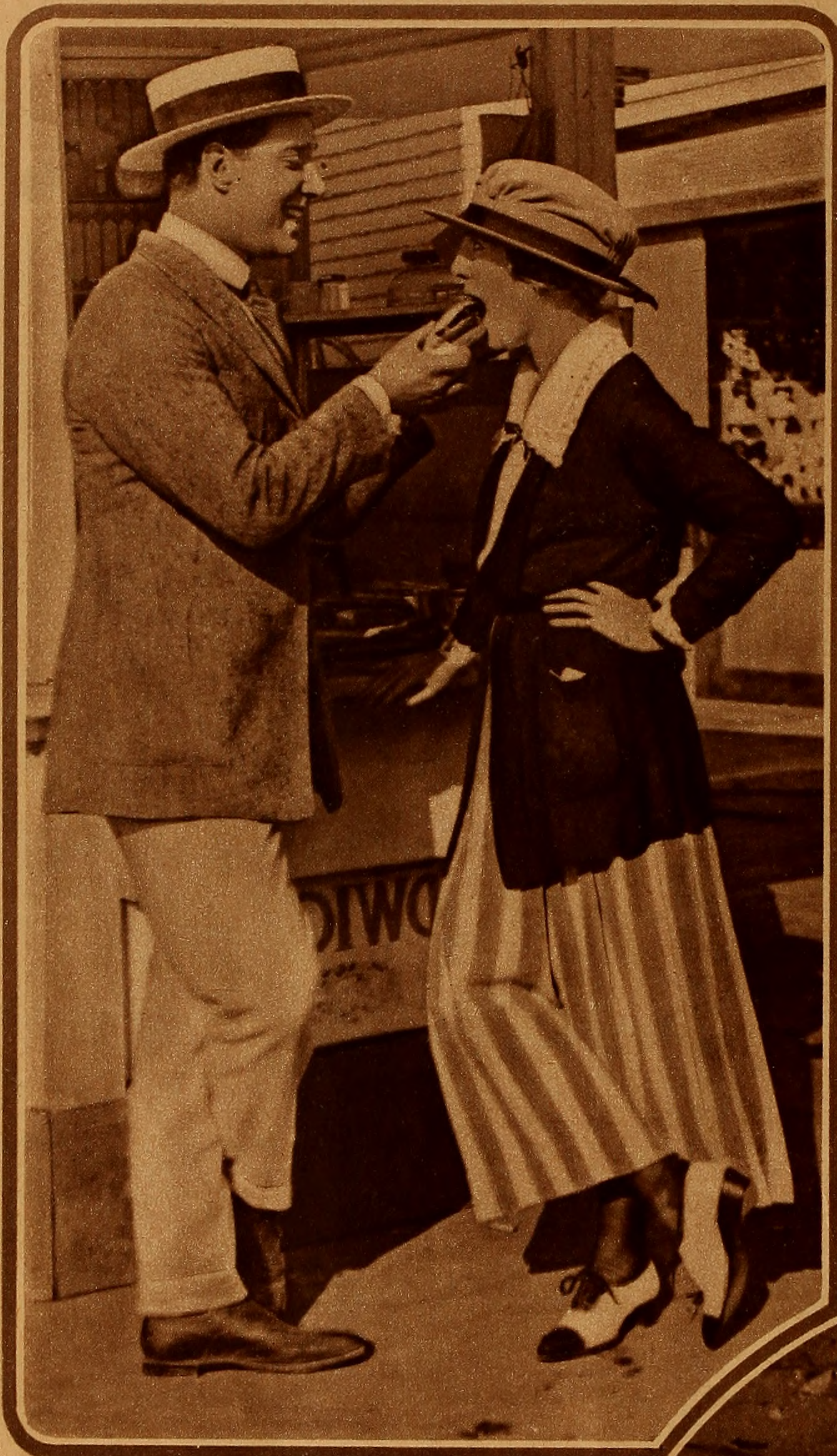
(Continued on page 81)

Jeanie MacPherson has had no time for play, very little for recreation—she has sacrificed all the little personal touches of home life that mean so much to most women. Above, planning a new story with Mr. de Mille

Along the Starry Way

- - Long Beach

By MILES HAMMOND



Left, David Butler goes halves with Mary MacLaren on his "hot dog"; and below, little "Dickie" Jones declares, "I got free more freckles today. I dont care, tho, so long as I dont look like that Wesley Barry. Isn't he just the freckliest thing, tho?"

south of the Angel City, is a combination of the ultra-modern and the conservative. Thousands of sedate farmer-folk of Illinois, Kansas, Iowa and Nebraska have sold their holdings and taken up residences in this California haven of at least semi-propriety. Hundreds of film-folk, attracted by the silv'ry beach strand, the stretch of bluff shore line, amusements and scenic back country, have come with their cameras and grease-paint.

Most exciting of all events of the year to the conservatives is the quoit-pitching tournament participated in by the grey-bearded representatives of rival clubs, formed from the local G. A. R. chapter. However, just a few blocks away on the courts of the Hotel Virginia, tennis stars struggle for championships of Southern California before an audience from the film studios, athletic clubs and social elite.

At the band pavilion the ladies' guilds, aid societies and charity associations gather to knit, to talk—incidentally, to listen to the music, and incidentally, also, to comment upon the display of pulchritude of the scantily attired bathing beauties of the various Los Angeles

PICTURE a smilingly demure young lady in mid-Victorian satin. She has a wasp-like waist. Her sleeves are huge and billowy. She wears a tiny black hat, resting on a tightly-drawn coiffure.

But—her dress is ultra-modern in its shortness. Her tiny feet are in the Frenchiest of French pumps, and rising out of them are divinely modeled ankles, etc., encased in web-like stockings. Her alabaster throat is displayed to advantage by a low-cut collar. Her hand controls the antics of a Boston bull pup on the end of a silver chain.

She is a personification of Long Beach, a pearl in Los Angeles' string of bathing beaches, where all the world and his wife (film and real) come to play and (as a secondary matter) to work.

Long Beach, located twenty miles



Photograph (right) by Miles Hammond



comedy studios, whose companies are constantly doing "beach stuff."

How about a little trip down the "Pike" to see the sights?

We get into the enclosed flivver of the chamber of commerce booster for a run out to the Hotel Virginia. On the way, between puffs at an eloquent cigar, the c. of c. b. gives us the secret of Long Beach's rapid growth from a mere village in 1910 to a city of 55,000 in 1920. Sez he, "It's chicken feed. Yessir, plain chicken feed; not the kind you're thinkin' of, but the real, honest-to-gosh article. That's what's made us famous. We take our beans from the back country, mix um with fish-scrap, such as the dark meat and backbones and framework—shark meat—and chopped-up oranges. This gives a combination that makes the hens line up for their turn to lay, and—well, good-bye; see ya again soon."

Inside the Hotel Virginia's grounds cameras are not hard to find. In a palm-embowered nook, Wanda Hawley tearfully hears Jack Holt, in patriotic regimentals, forswear his troth to her, the beautiful princess, so that she may marry the prince of a powerful neighboring nation, and thus form a much-needed alliance between the two countries. A little farther on Ford Sterling makes fervent love to Louise Fazenda, a chambermaid masquerading as an heiress, while her suitor, the hotel chef, aims a pie at the Sterling countenance.

Film luminaries fill the lobby. The advertising manager, whose copy proclaims the hotel has "two hundred and fifty rooms, with a bath in almost everyone," flutters here and there. On the beach or in the surf in front of the hotel are other noted guests. Here are the kiddies with famous daddies and mummies. Little "Dickie" Jones, daughter of Richard Jones, Griffith's director, is having the time of her life eating molasses popcorn and making sand tunnels to roll oranges into. "I got free more freckles today," she confided, pointing them out on her nose. "I dont care, tho, just so I dont look like that Wesley Barry. Isn't he just the freckliest thing, tho?"

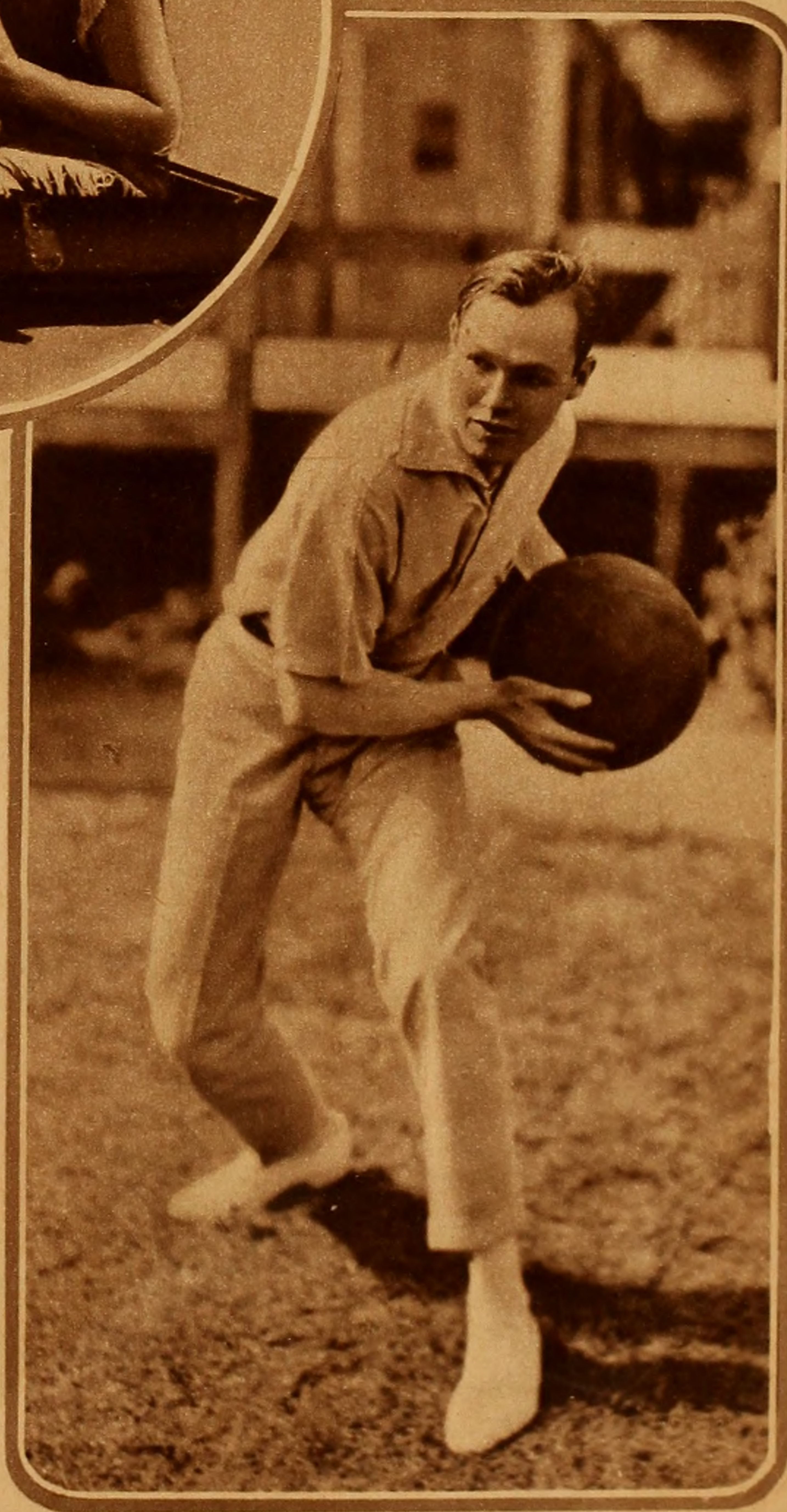
"Gee, Daddy, but you look funny!" Peter Gibson Gowlan, jr., was having a great time encircling his father with a mass of kelp. "Ya see," he explained, "the purity squad

(Continued on page 98)



Above, the Hotel Virginia; left, little Mary Pickford Rupp and her mother, Lottie Pickford, came sailing in on the crest of a wave; and below, Charles Ray tosses a medicine ball and explains: "Got to keep trim. A good boob has to be smart or the other boobs 'll catch him in this business"

Photograph (left) by Miles Hammond





Between Scenes



Joseph Urban, the artist, and Marion Davies, the actress, put their heads together and designed the suite of rooms, which constitute her dressing-room, reception-room, and kitchenette, at the International studios. The above pictures give some idea of the charming surroundings to which she repairs between scenes. Indeed, Urban and Davies would be a happy combination for an interior decorating firm

The Editor's Page

Making the Movies Safe for Moral Imbeciles

The Censorship Bill has been passed in New York state by a large majority—and undoubtedly other similar bills will be submitted before the administrative bodies of other states. It rests largely with you, the citizen—and, indirectly, the maker of those laws by which you shall be governed—whether or not a selected body of three, six, or ten people, as the case may be, shall say what you shall see and what you shall not see.

After all, it is largely a matter of opinion as to what is and what is not. For instance, only a few months ago there appeared on this page a plea for dignified titles—for the retaining of the original titles when standard works were adapted to the screen. Letters came to the editor, in response, declaring that the examples quoted were not the best which could be called to mind. Some of our readers felt that "DuBarry" was more unpleasantly suggestive than "Passion," contending—and with cause—that "Passion" might mean many emotions while "DuBarry" was known to be one of the most famous courtezans of French history—that is only one instance—there were many of them and all well grounded.

Which all goes to prove that different people are affected differently by different things. It is not what is told, not what is pictured, so much as what is suggested to the individual mind which matters the most. But in the future it is the picture which chances to please the three comprising the New York Censorship Board which shall be shown the public—and, on the other hand, it is the picture which chances to displease them which shall suffer at their hands.

Undoubtedly certain producers have themselves to blame for the unfortunate censorship condition of today—they pressed such broad stories in such salacious fashion upon the public that the more conservative element rose up in arms and cried to be delivered. However, official censorship can never mean deliverance. The public is the only competent judge of what is best for it to see. Censorship deprives you of the very liberty for which this country was founded—it can do nothing else but make the movies safe for moral imbeciles, and they are so in the minority that they are not to be seriously considered.

The Oppressed Cinema

A play—we could name many specific instances—comes to the city and wins praise from the critics—the public flocks to see and to hear, and for months it plays to capacity

houses. Because of the play's success, the story is written in novel form and placed on the shelves of every book shop—in the library of numerous homes.

Then the cinema producer in his search for worthy material decides to produce the story which caused a furore on the stage and won success between two covers— He spends time, energy and unlimited funds in presenting it as truly as is possible thru the medium of pictures.

What is the result? Invariably that which was accepted on the stage and in a novel is condemned upon the screen—is then the cinema less an art than the stage, than literature—

Under such conditions the art of the screen cannot survive—it will, of necessity, become a highly commercialized product and that only—

Now is the time for you to assert your ability to judge for yourself. There is nothing further to be said!

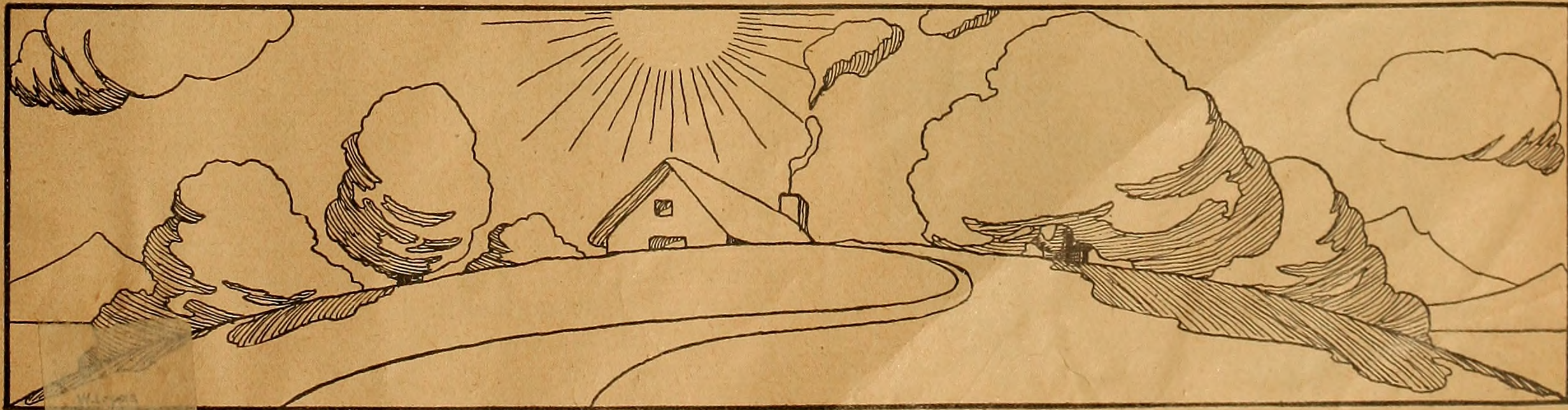
Censorship Proves a Handicap

Already the threatened censorship has caused the art of the cinema to suffer. D. W. Griffith, the screen's great artist, proposed to bring "Faust," famous for years, to the shadows. He planned to journey to Germany that his locale might be perfect, and to seek players fitted to the rôles they would characterize. And the screen would have reflected the beauty of the written word. However, this production is now being held in abeyance because Mr. Griffith feels that he must know the outcome of the censorship bill. He will not risk the investment of large sums of money in a production that might be torn to shreds by an appointed committee.

The *Morning Telegraph*, a newspaper with a finger on the pulse of the dramatic world, quotes Mr. Griffith as saying:

"I do not feel this is the time for making 'Faust.' It is neither comfortable nor stimulating to realize that a production requiring a large amount of money and much work may be censored into ineffectiveness. It is sufficiently difficult to make it effective anyway. And we do not even know who our associates in the censorship chair may be.

"While 'Faust' is read in nearly every school-room thru-out the world, and holds a high place as a classic in every library, yet the public seems to be in a sensitive and emotional state that argues against such a production at this time."

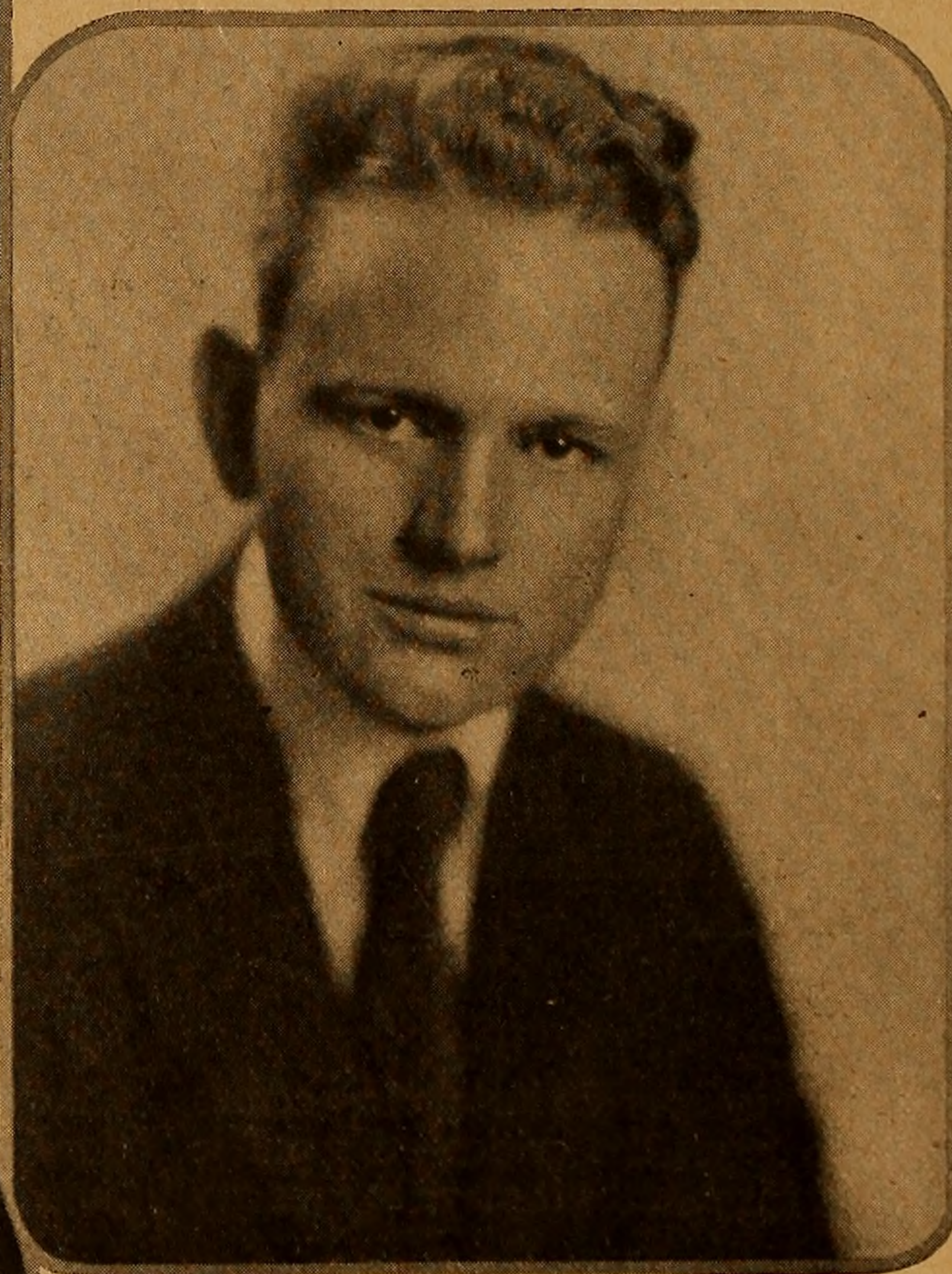


"Uninvited Letters"



Above, Nancy Jane Small, of Kansas City, Mo.; right, Harrel W. Mielkey, of Shreveport, La.; and below, Cecilia Edwards, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Photograph by Barrns, N. Y.



Photograph by Dickenson

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE'S Honor Roll for July sets a high standard for the next few months to reach. We defy anyone to find five girls with more charm and beauty than these young aspirants, or a handsomer youth than the single male winner.

The first girl is Nancy Jane Small, 138 South Oakley Avenue, Kansas City, Mo. She has had some slight screen experience already, and is a classical dancer. She has that rarest of combinations, tawny hair and tawny eyes, and the mute tho eloquent appeal of her upward glance speaks more than words for her.

Harrel W. Mielkey, 324 Texas Street, Shreveport, Louisiana, has also had some screen training. He has just about the required proportions for a movie hero, being 6 feet, 1½ inches in height, and weighs 176 pounds. We are willing to wager that no actor on the screen today has a better-looking head of hair than his.

Cecilia Edwards, 2123 Caton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., is a brunette. She has had no experience of any sort. She is "sweet sixteen." Her charm is aristocratic and individual, and we envy that rose. Dont you?

Gayle Burlingame, 1612 Derry Street, Harrisburg, Pa.,

has played the lead in several home talent plays. Her age is nineteen, her type is brunette, her height is just 5 feet, and her photograph is one of the most artistic yet received in the contest.

Benigna Linn Russon, Doanbrooke Hotel, 1924 East 105th Street, Cleveland, Ohio, is an artist's model. Her luxuriant, wavy hair is blonde. She is 5 feet, 3 inches in height, and weighs 125 pounds. Her features are exquisitely clear, and the delicate

line of her lovely profile is a pleasure to contemplate.

Galina Kopernak, 522 West 136th Street, New York City, has had six years in musical comedy in Moscow, Russia. She has also had a little screen experience. She is blonde and petite. Her face is extraordinarily expressive. Note the perfect arch of her eyebrows and the appealing droop of her mouth.

Last month's Contest story, with the exception of Miss Palmer's fine letter, was devoted mostly to "horrid reminders." But we had to do it. The contest manager is simply swamped with letters.

Every day we receive at least five letters from men asking us why we never put them on the Honor Rolls—there was one on last month's and here is another on this month's—ten more letters every day asking the contest

Presenting Another Honor Roll

manager to criticize their photographs and let them know what chance they stand; ten more wanting to know why they have heard nothing from their photographs; at least five every day asking when their picture will appear in the magazines, and if not, why not? Five or six letters a day asking us to mail them entrance coupons; and there is at least one every day, who has forgotten to paste his coupon on the back of his picture; five more from proud mothers telling us how wonderful their children are—they are all wonderful—bless them! Five letters every day asking us, as a special favor to them, to return their photographs if not accepted, tho every contest advertisement expressly states that “no photographs will be returned”; two or three, at least, who want to know when they will have their screen tests; and then there are, for a pleasant change, the letters from the gratified and happy winners.

It is not humanly possible for the contest manager to answer all these letters. If we tried it, we would have to have an entire office force and ten typewriters going all day long.

We know that all you who have sent in your pictures are anxious to hear from us, but you can see how it is—cant you? We do, of course, notify any winner of any honor in the contest, but we cannot notify all the losers. There are too many of them. *Everybody cant win, you know.*

The pictures are almost doubling in quantity now. Every day a stack, at least three feet high, is brought into the office.

To be chosen for any honor among so many is worth something.

Try your luck—any one and everyone—in this great contest. Send in your picture now, before the final deluge of photographs the last few months always bring. And be sure to put enough postage on it. We pay out a large sum daily for postage due on pictures.

Photograph by Gainesboro Studio, Cleveland

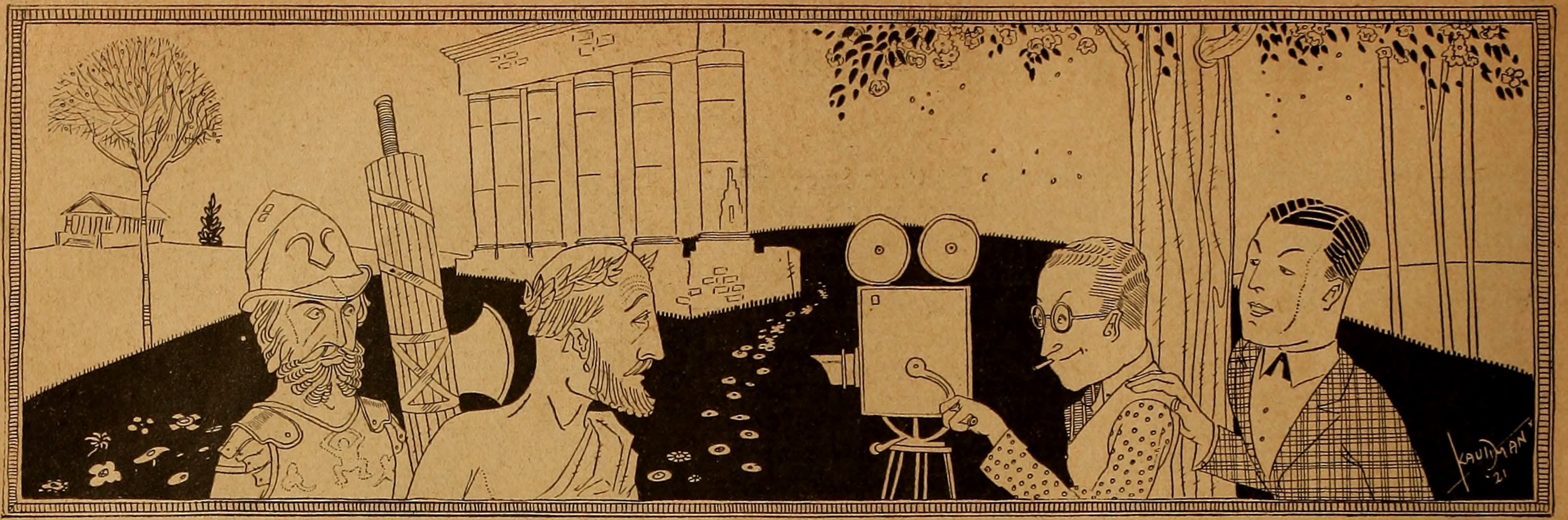


Above, Gayle Burlingame, of Harrisburg, Pa.; left, Benigna Linn Russon, of Cleveland, Ohio; and below, Galina Kopernak, of New York City, N. Y.

Photograph by Lumiere, N. Y.



Anyone who has submitted a photograph in the Fame and Fortune Contest may come, at his own expense, to the offices of the Brewster Publications at 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., between the hours of 10 and 4, on Friday, July 1st, for a personal inspection before the judges' committee. Those found eligible for a screen test will have one made the following day at Roslyn, L. I. Those not found worthy a screen test by the judges will not have one made. Only the final winner of the contest will have her expenses paid. The second day for a personal appearance will be Friday, September 2nd.



The Rival

By
HELEN CARLISLE

Illustrated by G. Francis Kauffman

Rome in its day was mighty
Yet I rival Rome.

Its highways proud
Were known but to the dwellers on
The Seven Hills
While thru my streets have tramped
The armies of all centuries.
Upon my hills are built
The walls of Babylon
The Sphinx emotionless
The palaces of kings.

I am
The Mirror of Creation.
Since the dawn of Time
There is no grief
No joy no passion
That I have not flashed
Back to the world
No war that has not blazed
Across my hills
No dream
That has not trembled into life
Within the heart
Of me.

To those
Who dwell within my gates
I have brought happiness

Or tears
As it has pleased me.
I have builded Hope
And sent it crashing to the earth
Again and I have smiled
Upon the lowly
And have given Fame
Unsought.

Around me
There has never been
The glory that was Rome's.

Ah, you may find me
Garlanded with roses
Dreaming beneath unchanging
Summer skies
The scent of orange blossoms
On my breath.
Be not deceived
For I am more despotic
Than the Cæsars!
Think well
E'er you seek favor
At my hand.

Rome in its day was mighty
Yet I rival Rome.
Behold me
I am Hollywood!

A Wise Fool

By
NORMAN BRUCE

JEAN JACQUES BARBILLE was unhappy. Therefore, being Jean Jacques Barbille, he was furious with a world which obviously was made for the purpose of making him happy. Big, bearded, mighty of sinews, he stood looking away across his possessions, holding the slim stem of a sapling with one great blunt hand like a staff. Usually when he stood thus he gloated over his fair green wheatfields, his plumed corn, his cattle, and red-roofed barns, and his mill with its wheel forever turning to swell his profits, but today the savor of possession was gone.

Another man had taken something that belonged to him. At the thought Jean Jacques' muscles tightened with rage and bent the tough trunk of the tree like a reed. He had been robbed! He, Jean Jacques Barbille! He, the richest and best known man in St. Savoir's, whom everyone in all the countryside bowed to and feared. Why, even so far as Quebec they had heard of Jean Jacques Barbille; no doubt the Governor himself knew who he was.

And he had been robbed. He could no longer gaze as far as eye could reach in all directions and say proudly, head high: "Mine, all mine!" Down there under that roof there was a woman, moving about his house, wearing his name, a woman still beautiful in spite of her thirty-five years, still desirable, Carmen his Spanish wife. She had been one of his proudest possessions. He had dreamed that he owned her body and soul, even to the smallest of her thoughts, the lightest of her dreams. And now, just last night he had discovered that another man had stolen her thoughts, and he no longer owned her entirely. Not that she had been unfaithful—yet. But he shared her, and the thought lashed like a whip.

"What shall I do?" he said aloud, harshly. "Killing him is too short, too easy. He must have time to know what is coming on him slowly. He must have time to die a hundred deaths in his imagination before the end."

Once a spirited horse had refused to yield to the bridle and he had whipped it slowly to death, saying, over and over, with a maniac gleam in his coal-black eyes: "There is only one will here, only one master! And that is I, Jean Jacques Barbille!"

Everything had bent to his stubborn will, everyone had yielded to his insatiate pride of self. He had trampled his way thru life, kicking all obstacles out of his path. He had in him the greed for power of a Canute commanding the tide to recede, a Joshua bidding the sun stand still.



It was more than a love song. It was a confession. Zoe's faintly tinted cheeks crimsoned with sweet shame for all the brave, unwise, splendidly spendthrift lovers of the world

Under the roof of his house two women were speaking of him now: one, a timid, lovely girl of eighteen, hesitantly, fearfully; the other, a dark, passionate woman with the shadow of old unquenched flames in her eyes, as one speaks of a tyrant with the power of life and death.

"Why—I have often wondered—did you marry him, Maman?" asked the girl, laying her brown head against her mother's knee. "I should never choose to love a man like my father, me! When I marry it shall be one who is very gentle and tender to all women—like the knights in books."

"Why did I marry him?" brooded Carmen Barbille, under stormy brows. "Why do we all do what he wishes? Why does even the priest, who comes to reprove him for beating Baptiste LaFarge, bow and smirk, and tell him instead that his corn is the finest and his cattle are the fattest in St. Savoir? Why—because he is Jean Jacques Barbille! That's why!"

"But he does not ask, nor even buy, he takes," said Zoe, thoughtfully. "I think he even makes his demands of God! But once he didn't get his way, and that was when I was a girl, in spite of him!" and she laughed gaily with the in-



"I'm going to marry him, Father," said Zoe. He could not believe his ears. The world should suit the will of Jean Jacques Barbille!

ability of eighteen to be solemn long.

"All his life it has been like that," nodded Jean Jacques' wife, "but it will not always be so! A man cannot play God.

A man cannot command love. Love must be given freely. Love is the great gift. Love is—listen!"

She took up the guitar from the table and swept the strings, and the room was full of a splendid unease of sound. She sang in her native language which Zoe did not understand, but even the untouched, maiden heart of the girl understood the meanings of the song, thru which the strings throbbed like the beating of a heart. The plainly furnished provincial room was suddenly wide as the world, small as the heart, filled with all the pain and all the joy of the ages. It was more than a love song. It was a confession. Zoe's faintly tinted cheeks crimsoned with sweet shame which was not for herself to whom love had not yet come, but for all the brave, unwise, splendidly spendthrift lovers who had counted the world well lost that they might have each other. The blood that ran thru her young veins was cool, unhurried, but it was the fierce blood of two nations of fierce lovers, and there was latent in her the possibilities of a Thais or a Melisande.

She did not know why, but she was frightened—for her mother, for herself. She clutched the older woman's knees. "Maman, what do you mean? What is it?"

The golden fires flickered in Carmen's eyes, went out. "It is nothing, child." Eighteen years she had lived in this dull house in this strange, dull land where the rioting roses of her native Seville would have been chilled and blasted by the cold Northern winds. Eighteen years, for her fa-

ther's sake, she had denied her heart, starved her nature, hungered. Eighteen years! They had given her Zoe, to be sure. But she was not content to be merely a mother. She was still young, still able to awaken love.

She touched the soft hair at her knee. "Zoe," she said fiercely, "Zoe, if you ever have love offered you, take it! No matter who would refuse it to you. It is your right, it is the reason for your being in this world. It is beyond all laws, beyond all other rights. If love comes to you, take it! Do you hear?"

At supper that evening the master of the house was silent. Under the great, strong beard his jaws were set grimly, and a vein in his forehead twitched. So he always looked when anyone had dared oppose him. The women had

learned to know that it meant trouble for someone, that look. They too, sat silent, Zoe trembling, her mother brooding on something very far away, until, finally, he pushed back his chair with a great, rude scraping noise, and said to his wife, without looking at her, roughly: "Tell Bienville to go the rounds tonight. I am going to town. I shall not be back until very late."

A friend from the next farm called to take Zoe to the movies. The great house grew silent. Lights winked among the outbuildings and disappeared. Carmen Barbille smiled very softly and set a candle in the window of the parlor. Then she sat down beside it to wait.

Eighteen years. She had met Jean Jacques Barbille on the ship coming from France. He was a new thing to her, the sea was new, and the life before her thrilling, glamorous and unknown. She could hear her father moving about his room overhead. A grandee of Spain, but the hero blood had grown sluggish in his veins. He whined and whimpered because life did not give him his due. He had urged his daughter's marriage with this wealthy French provincial, with a greedy eye upon an easy chair and plenty of tobacco for the rest of his life. And Jean Jacques was not an uncouth figure; a great, virile, masterful creature with a laugh like a bull's bellow and sanguine blood ruddy in his cheeks. So she had let herself be taken. Eighteen years! This stupid, pent-up life—no music, no color, no dancing! And he had not loved her; merely possessed her, owned her as he owned everything else as far as eye could see.

And now there was the sound of footsteps in the darkness. A man's figure, slim, boyish, young, loomed out of the shadows. Carmen laughed low. "Georges! The candle brought thee!"

George Masson caught at her hands. "Carmen! This

cant go on——” For the first time she saw that he was panting as tho he had been running, and his face was white and oddly thin as if from some sharp pain.

“It shall not go on longer, my beloved,” said the woman in a throbbing tone. “It shall end tonight. We will go away together—the world is wide. There are places where even the great Jean Jacques Barbille is not known!”

“Tonight. Yes!” stammered the man. “Oh God! Dont look at me like that Carmen, or I cant tell you. You make me weak as water! I must go away from St. Savoir tonight—alone.”

Carmen withdrew her hands, clenched them on her bosom. “Alone! After all you have said!”

“He—your husband has discovered our plans. Today, when I was mending the flume at the mill——” the man broke off to wipe his beaded forehead. “God! I shall never forget his face, like a devil’s. But he smiled, smiled with his black-bearded lips, and told me very softly that in ten minutes he would open the gates and let the water in and drown me like a rat!” His face worked in the agony of the remembrance. “Ten minutes! And I had so much planned to do—it was unthinkable! He wanted me to tremble and plead for my life, and I disappointed him. I was very calm, very unperturbed, tho my blood was like ice. I talked to him, I reasoned with him—and I convinced him!”

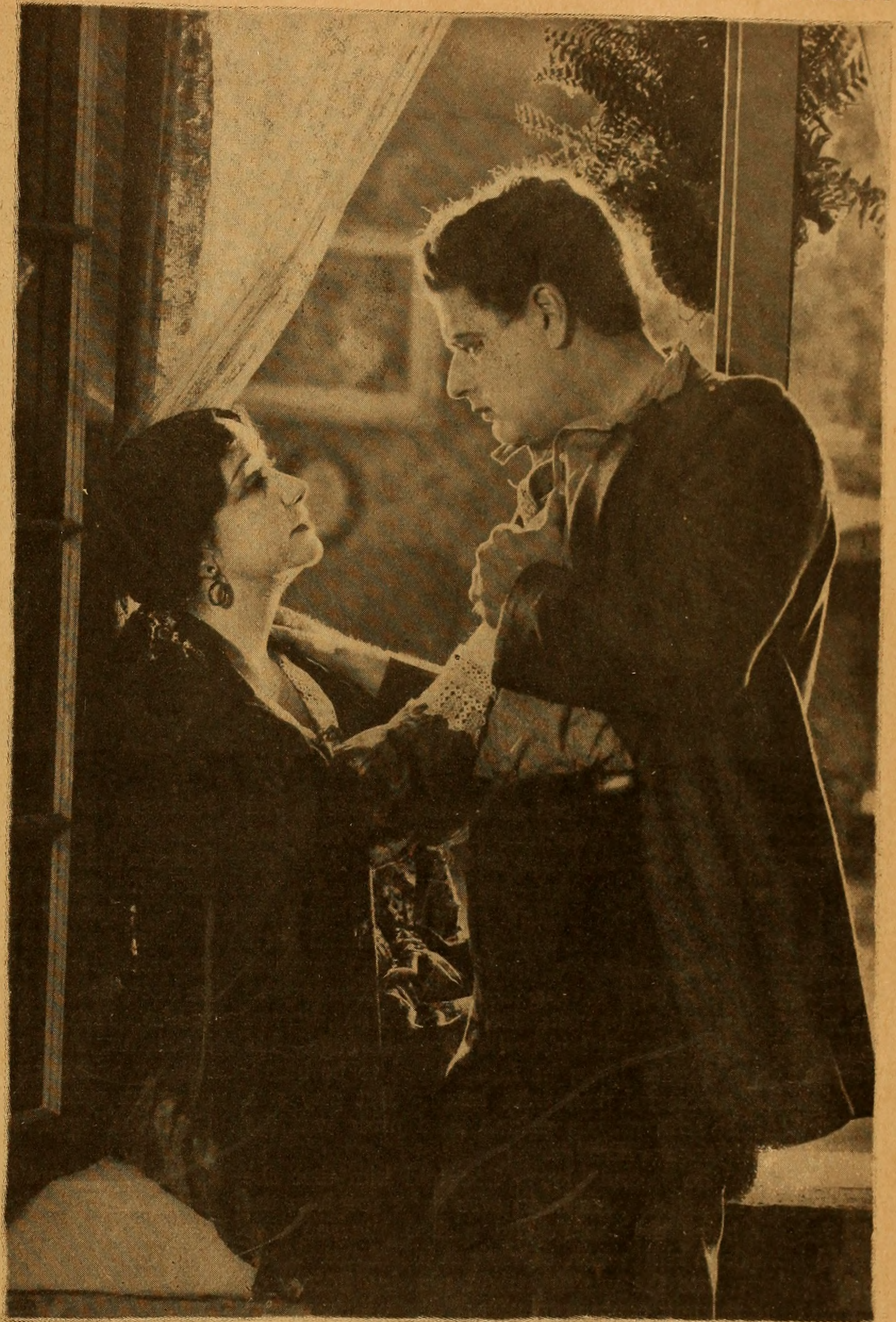
Her voice was thin. “You convinced him?”

“Yes! Of the folly of being hanged as a murderer, when if he would let me go he would never be troubled with me again. Oh, he was quite impressed, I tell you. But—if I broke my word he would hunt us down and torture us like a fiend. No, no! Even for you, Carmen, I couldn’t go thru what I did today again. So it’s good-bye.”

In the shadows a darker shadow than the rest peered with grim enjoyment at the flaming fury of the woman’s face, and moved silently away. “It worked,” mused Jean Jacques Barbille. “She hates him! If I had killed him she would have gone to her grave forty years from now worshipping him. But such scheming is not my way!” Once more he waited in the covert of a lilac clump until he had seen the slight, boyish figure of his enemy hurrying away, with the relieved air of a boy let out of school. An American—what did such men know of the way to win a woman? They were guided by their brains and not their hearts, and had flour and water in their veins!

Tomorrow he would beat Carmen until she bled, and afterwards she would love him. He would have no further trouble with her.

In the darkness he stood on the ridge of his farthest field and looked away toward the unseen horizons. He drew a



deep breath! “Mine!” gloated Jean Jacques Barbille. “All mine!”

When he went into the house an hour later Carmen was gone. On their pillow he found a note. “You are very clever, Jean Jacques,” he read, the dark vein twitching, “but you cannot expect your own way always. You have had it with me for eighteen years. That is enough. For what you did tonight I will never forgive you. I shall pray to the good God that I may never see your face again.”

“Your mother?” said Jean Jacques Barbille, when Zoe questioned him. “You have no mother! Never speak of her again.”

And life went on on the broad acres, and the water foamed in the mill-race, and the master of it all went about his daily rounds stern, impassive. His old heartiness was gone. He no longer slapped his neighbors across the shoulders, and smiled in a gratified way when the rich English

George Masson caught at her hands. “Carmen! This cant go on——” For the first time she saw that he was panting, and his face was white and oddly thin



The bird was all of Carmen he had left, and so he talked to it, sneered at it, cursed it, as he would have done to its mistress

lord on the next estate bowed to him, passing. Everyone knew that his wife had left him—his, Jean Jacques Barbille's. Perhaps they were laughing at him behind their

grave faces, perhaps—name of God! Perhaps they were pitying him! The envy of his fellows was necessary to the man, he wanted to be recognized, pointed out, known as a lucky chap. Carmen had had a subtle revenge. He wouldn't have minded hate; he rather liked to be hated. All popular, successful men were hated. But pity was intolerable. It scorched his pride. And pride was the vitals of Jean Jacques Barbille.

Then came the second blow. Zoe told him that she wished to be married. He had never quite forgiven the girl for not being the son he had wished, the son who would have done him honor, carried on his name. Now, looking down into the wistful, timid, glowing beauty of her face, he thought contemptuously: "She will have girl children! Not even a grandson—"

"Who is he?" If it were the son of the rich grain dealer, who sometimes took her riding behind his greys and stared at her during mass, it might be a good thing. It would join two fortunes, yes—it would do nicely. He began to feel that he himself had arranged the matter.

"You do not know him," said Zoe in her timid, soft little voice. "He has been visiting with the Jadelles. An Englishman, father—Gerard Fynes."

"A man from outside, eh?" Barbille's dark vein had begun to twitch. It gave him a sinister, murderous look. "That's the mistake I made, bringing a stranger to St. Savoir. You cant transplant stock.

footsteps that were no longer there. Carmen's old father, Sebastian, childish and dim of brain, complained fretfully. Carmen's bird drooped, songless. The servants went about on tiptoe and whispered as tho in the presence of death. Jean Jacques sat and brooded and was sorry for himself, who had not deserved such trouble. Other men—one could understand it! Other men were fools. But he was wise—he knew how to get what he wanted, to make life pay toll to him. He owed no man a cent, he asked no favors, only his rights. And yet rascals like old Pierre Dupres, a mere nobody, without a foot of ground of his own, had a family of seven sons growing up about him! And the wife of Georges Cloque, the shiftless, worthless blacksmith, adored him!

He would not think of Carmen or his daughter! No doubt they imagined they were making him suffer—well, he would rob them of that triumph. The fools! As tho he would let things so weak and worthless as women interfere with his scheme of life! Jean Jacques Barbille had never heard of Schopenhauer and his dictate that the world was his idea. To Jean Jacques the world was what other people thought about him, and in his poor, passionate egoism he imagined that they thought about him a great deal, and discussed him, admired and envied his success.

No one should think for a moment that he cared because his wife and daughter had left him. He held his great shaggy head higher than ever, and bought himself new silk shirts and a fur hat from Quebec to wear, like a bridegroom, when he went to town.

"Ah! Jean Jacques Barbille! But you look ver' festive, *mon gar!*" shouted his friends, clapping him on the shoulders. "What a man! What a man!"

But the flavor of their

A WISE FOOL

Fictionized by permission from the Famous Players production of the scenario by Sir Gilbert Parker. Adapted from "The Money Master," by Sir Gilbert Parker. Produced by George Melford. The cast:

Carmen Dolores.....	Alice Hollister
Jean Jacques Barbille.....	James Kirkwood
Zoe Barbille.....	Ann Forrest
Masson	Alan Hale
Sebastian Dolores.....	Fred Huntly
Gerard Fynes.....	William Boyd
Virginia Poucette.....	Truly Shattuck
Fille	Harry Duffield
Judge Carcasson.....	Charles Ogle
Curate	John Herdman
Madam Langlais.....	Mabel Van Buren

greetings and heartiness was gone. He tortured himself with wondering what thoughts lay behind their smiling faces. He was wary of lurking insults behind the friendliest words. So he laughed more than usual and swaggered, and to reassure himself that he was a great fellow he foreclosed the mortgage on Pierre Bonton's tiny farm, beat his horses, drove his farm-hands, and scolded the women who kept his house.

"You see!" he taunted Carmen's canary. "You see! You cant come it over Jean Jacques Barbille with your wantonness!" The bird was all of Carmen he had left, and so he talked to it, sneered at it, cursed it, as he would have done its mistress. But he never abused it. There was always feed in its cup and water ready. And the canary was not afraid of him. It gazed at him steadily with unwinking, beady eyes, uttering no sound.

"I might as well be in my grave," grumbled old Sebastian Dolores, "as in this house. The one would be no silenter than the other." He wandered about the farm, wrapped in a shawl even in the July heat, for he had been cold ever since he left Spain eighteen years ago. Life had slipped away, love had passed by him, his daughter and Zoe were gone, but he had his friend still, his pipe.

On a moonless night the sky above St. Savoir was red and awful, and there was a smell in the air of burning. "Where? Where?" clamored the inhabitants. "Ma foi! It is from the west—it must be on the farm of Jean Jacques Barbille!"

When his neighbors came, they found the master of the place standing motionless, his great bulk silhouetted against the orange of the flames. The superstitious crossed themselves fearfully. "The fires of the pit!" they muttered. "God is angry with Jean Jacques Barbille!"

A coal from the pipe of old Sebastian had fired the house, and from there the conflagration had spread to the barns and the mill. The flames

leaped and swayed in a mocking dance, as tho, indeed, a company of sportive fiends were making fun of Jean Jacques who had thought himself so powerful, and now stood there, with nothing left to him of all his home except a bird cage—defeated, defied by a power greater than his. How puny he looked now! How pitiful. They tried to give him their sympathy, but he put it savagely by.

"Leave me be, friends!" he said hoarsely behind his beard. "Leave me be——"

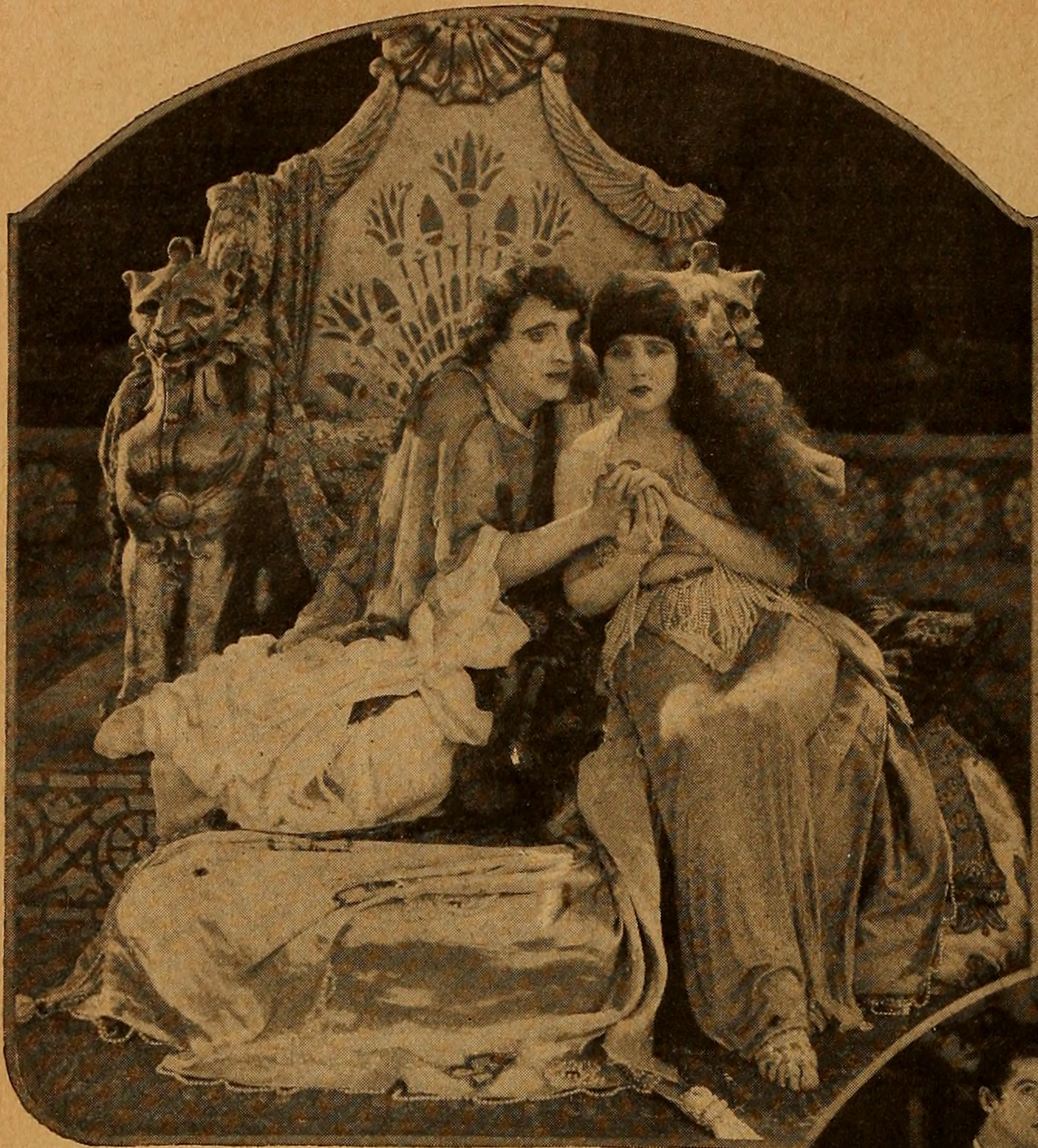
There was no longer any doubt. He was the object of men's pity, their contempt, because he was only a creature like themselves after all. The structure he had been raising all his days, the image of a Jean Jacques Barbille, heroic, invulnerable, had fallen into pieces of common clay. The superman was dwarfed to pigmy size. From that moment he knew that inevitably the
(Continued on page 91)

He had nothing to give but his bird. He held it out to the old woman. "Perhaps it might cheer her to watch it," he said. "I am sorry it never sings. Once it did, but not now"

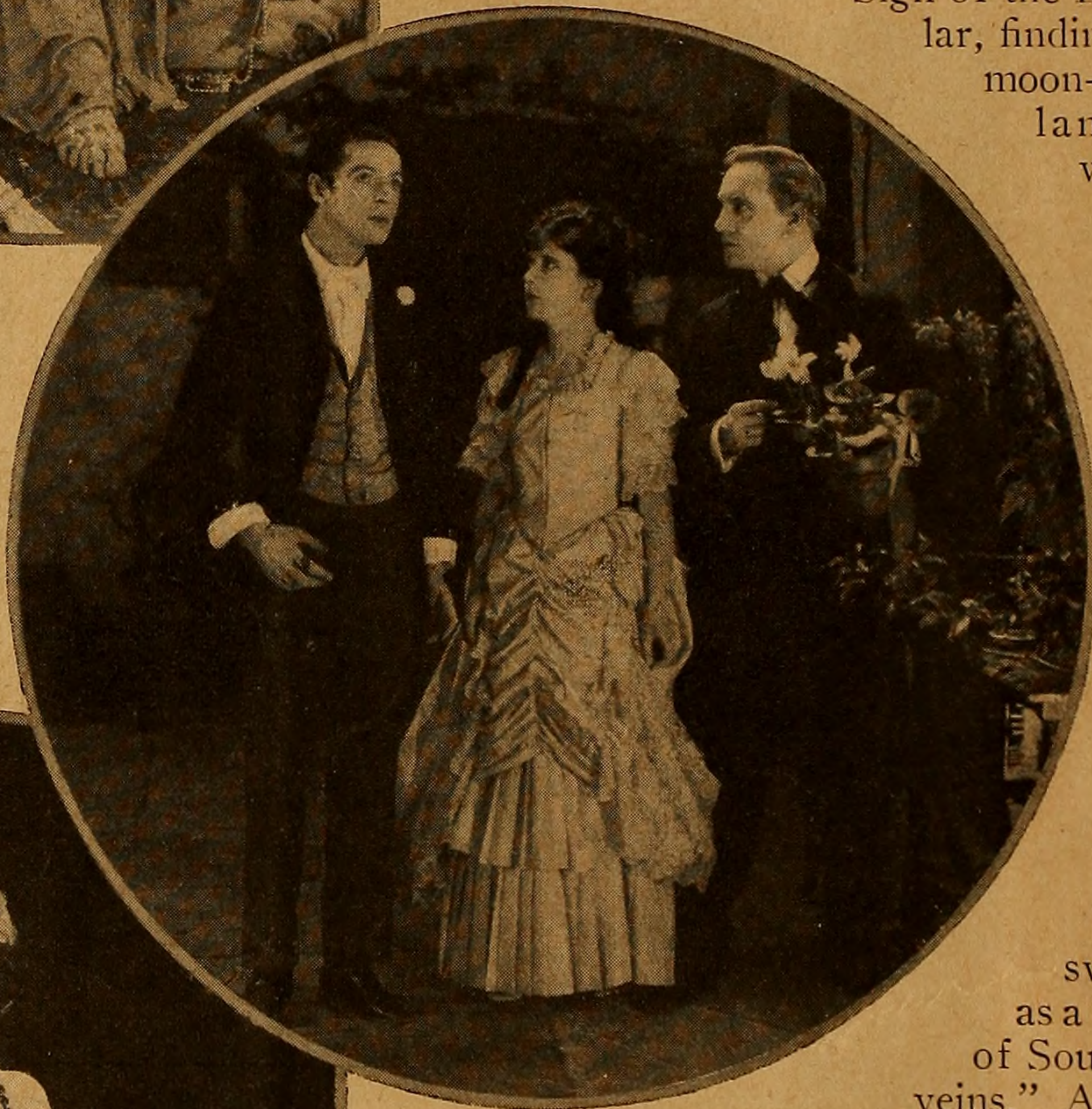


Across the Silversheet

New Screen Plays In Review



Above, Betty Blythe and Fritz Leiber in a dramatic moment of the Fox extravaganza, "The Queen of Sheba"; and right, Gareth Hughes and May MacAvoy in J. M. Barrie's whimsical tale, "Sentimental Tommy"



Dorothy Phillips in the recent Allen Holubar production, "Man-Woman-Marriage"

DW. GRIFFITH has set for himself a high standard. A standard so high that it is not always possible to achieve it. A year or two ago he gave the screen "Broken Blossoms," and it was one of the greatest examples of artistry known to the cinema. Then he diversified from the silver fog of London's Limehouse and produced "Way Down East," a tale of New England. This, too, in a different way, was considered an achievement.

And this last month has witnessed the première of his "Dream Street," and, like "Broken Blossoms," it is based on the stories of Thomas Burke,

"Gina of Chinatown," and "The Sign of the Lamp," in particular, finding its locale in the

moon-haunted, dreamy-lanterned streets which Burke describes so colorfully. But in this only is it similar to "Broken Blossoms."

The story tells of Gypsy Fair who supports her old father and herself by her dancing in the little music hall—Gypsy "gentle, brave and gay, swift and restless as a bird, with a splash of Southern blood in her veins." And there is James ("Spike") McFadden who is a

favorite with women because of his golden voice, and a leader among the men because of the force behind his fist; there is his younger brother, Billie, in whose breast there flutters the melody of songs yet unsung; and Sway Wan, a silent Chink, who has made advances to Gypsy and been repulsed.

So the story unfolds. Both brothers meet Gypsy and complications follow. There is a "killing," and every escape from the Limehouse is guarded by the "coppers"—Gypsy, the daughter of a stool-pigeon, wonders what to do, while across the alley Sway Wan sits furtively at his window and watches as he wails the ancient Malayan chantey, "Love is kind to the least of men—Eee-awa—Eee-awa."

Then there is a musician whose violin sighs thru the streets, suggestive of every evil. And there is a teacher of the streets who believes he hears a God-like voice and gives a message to the world. Between these two forces the characters of the play struggle.

But when all is said and done there is a subtlety lacking even while the atmosphere of Limehouse is typical, the characterizations true. Ordinarily Mr.

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Griffith respects the intelligence of his audience. Not so when he portrays the two forces of the streets. When the teacher is shown there is a flash of the Christ talking with the multitudes, and when the violin wails thru the dim alleys there is a flash of the infernal regions with brimstone and fire. This has been done times untold by other producers when it was impossible to get the point home in any other way. It is unnecessary here.

And there is such a happy ending—one scene and a subtitle clear up all the difficulties which the plot has woven, and they all live happily forever after. Charles Emmett Mack contributes a very fine characterization as Billie McFadden—one which should establish his reputation,

and Ralph Graves is well cast as the golden-voiced, iron-fisted "Spike," with W. J. Ferguson, Tyrone Power and Morgan Wallace capable in the rôles of Gypsy's Father, The Sayer of Old Truths, and The Trickster of the Streets, respectively.

Carol Dempster plays Gypsy Fair with a spontaneous abandon.

SENTIMENTAL TOMMY—PARAMOUNT

It was not easy to bring the delicately shaded whimsy of Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy," and "Tommy and Grizel" to the shadows. Indeed, anyone was courageous to even attempt it—and to John S. Robertson goes great credit, for his direction has made these combined stories under the title of "Sentimental Tommy" a rare treat.

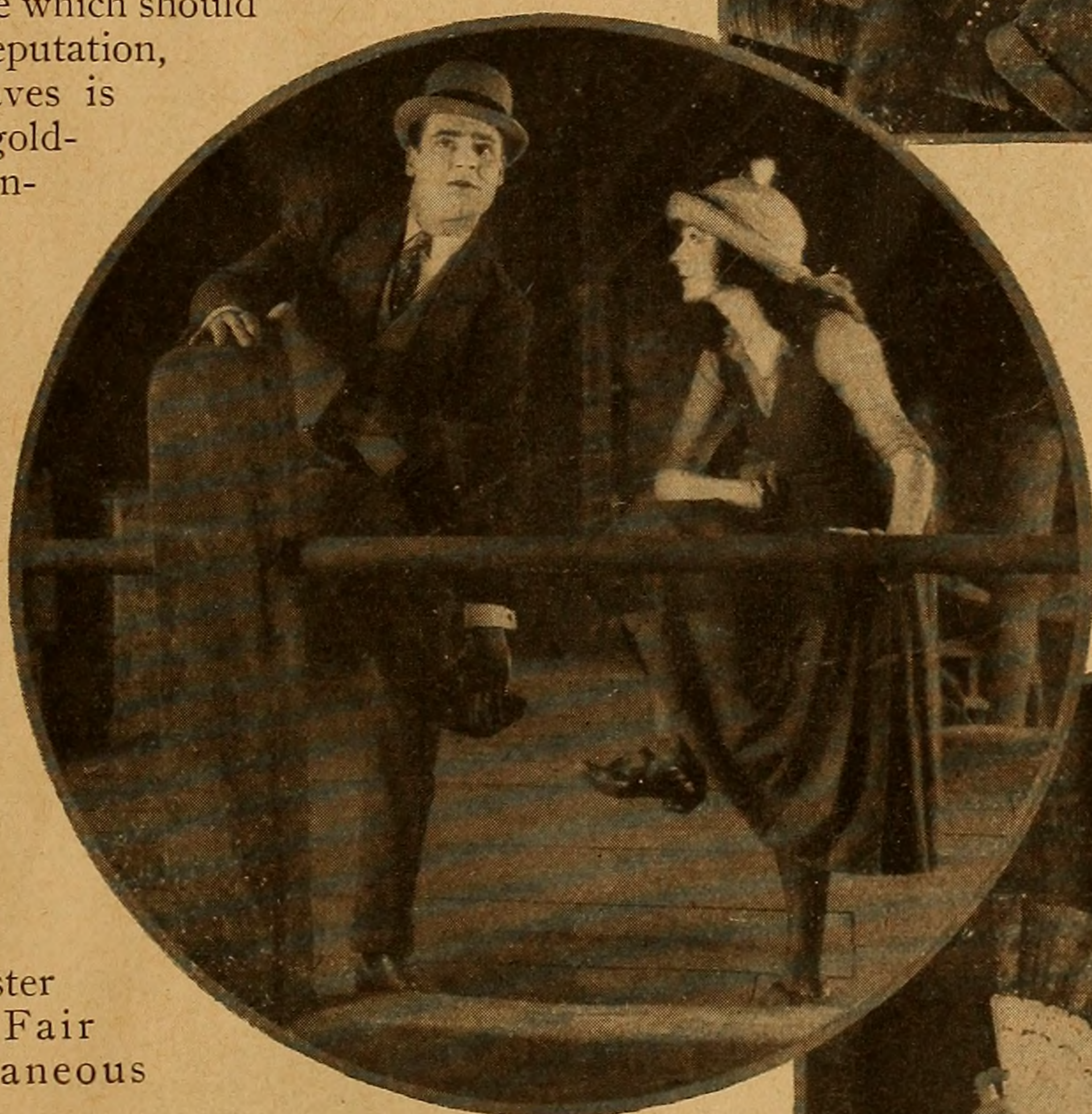
Every now and then the days in Thrums drag just a little—and every now and again you find yourself the least bit out of tune, but on the whole there is a quaint charm and whimsy which delights.

Almost everyone knows the tale of Tommy and how he was never quite sure whether it was the writer within him or the man within him who wanted things, who said things and who sometimes did things. Always he had cared for the orphaned Grizel, and when he grew up and left Thrums, returning a few years later a renowned writer, he found that he still wished to watch over her. Tommy's head was usually in the clouds, but his feet kept the earthly

(Continued on page 102)



Above, Corinne Griffith, with Percy Marmont in "What's Your Reputation Worth?" Left, Ralph Graves and Carol Dempster in D. W. Griffith's "Dream Street"

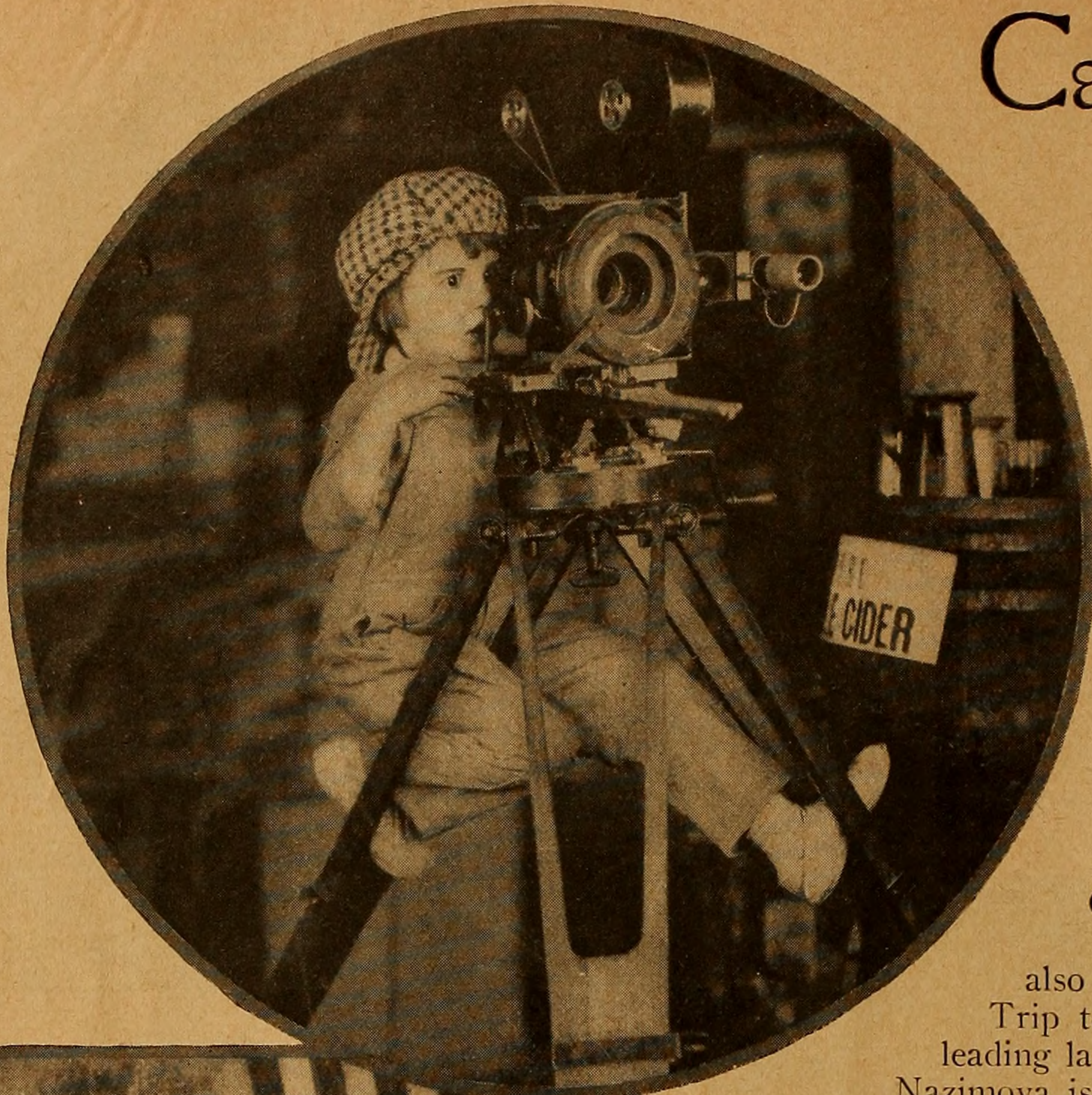


Photograph (below) by Puffer, N. Y.



Norma Talmadge, vivid as Acacia in "The Passion Flower"

California Chatter



HOLLYWOOD is going to be a sad place! Our own Wally Reid is going to leave us. Just as soon as he finishes his present picture, "The Hell Diggers," the handsome Wally will depart for New York to co-star with Elsie Ferguson in a film version of George Du Maurier's famous novel, "Peter Ibbetsen," produced by George Fitzmaurice.

Mildred Harris was two hours late for the first rehearsal for Cecil B. de Mille's next production for Paramount. What did C. B. say? That would be telling tales out of school, but I venture to say Miss Harris will never be late again. Others in the cast include Dorothy Dalton, Conrad Nagel and Theodore Kosloff.

Bert Lytell has returned to our sunny shores; also Maxwell Karger who will direct him in "A Trip to Paradise," and Virginia Valli will be his leading lady.

Nazimova is playing "Camille" out at the Metro studios with the weirdest head-dress that has yet been invented to suit that lady—lover of the picturesque. It is a tall, cone-shaped piece of wood which fits on her head and around which is wound black hair, with many black ends spouting from the sort of cornucopia opening, like a feather duster. It is said that Nazimova uses a double for a great many of her long distance shots, so that she may more closely supervise the direction.

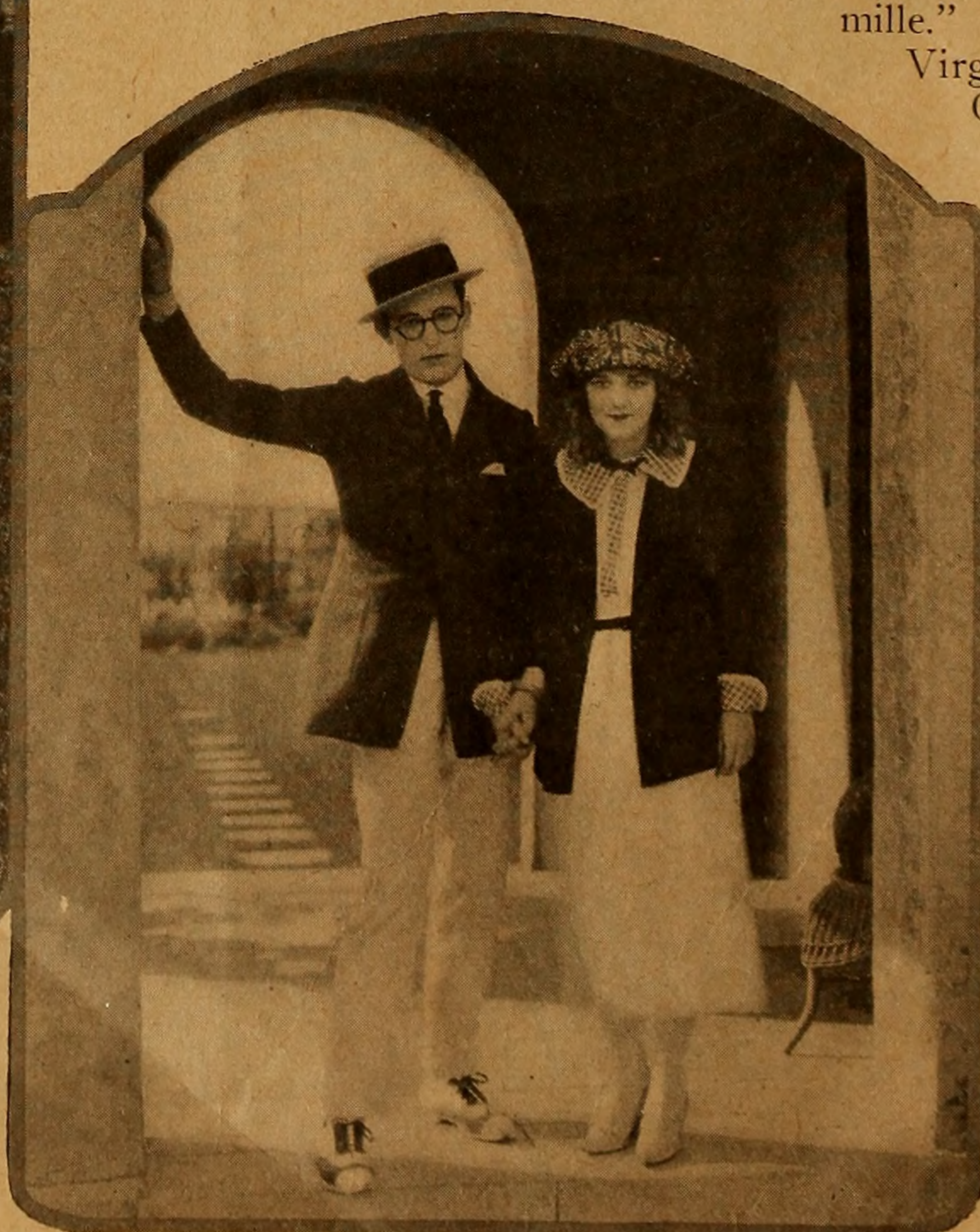
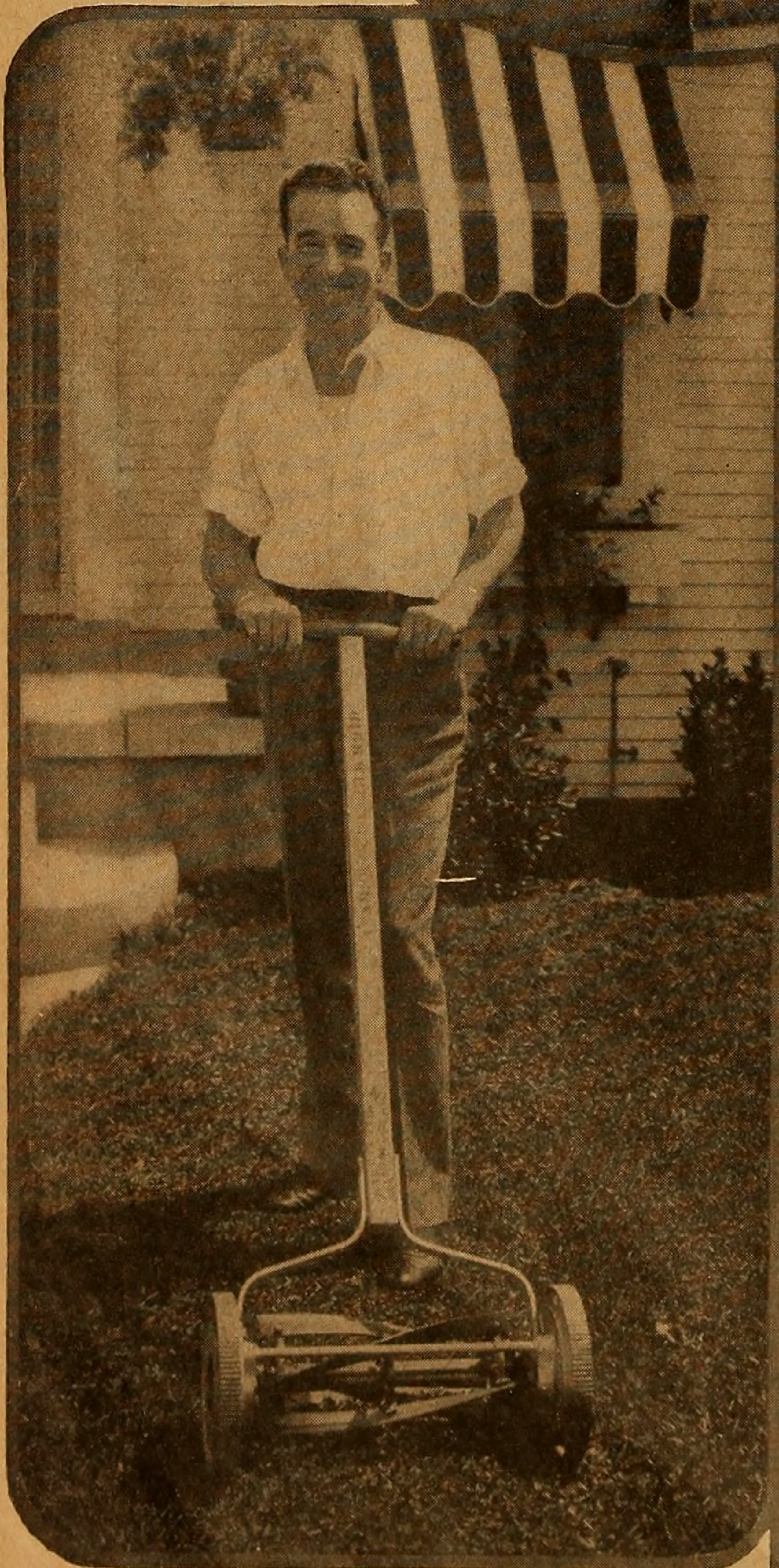
Rudolph Valentino, who scored such a hit in "The Four Horsemen," plays opposite Madame Nazimova in "Camille."

Virginia Valli married George Lamson just prior to coming to California to play opposite Bert Lytell, so the journey served as a business trip and honeymoon all in one.

Mahlon Hamilton is filling his second successive engagement with J. Parker Reed, Jr. The popular leading man now is playing opposite Louise Glaum in "R8."

Charlie Chaplin's next picture will be called "Vanity Fair," and al-

Above, Jackie Coogan, Screenland's "Kid," thinks he might be a camera-man when he reaches man's estate; left, Jack Mulhall finds that being head of a family keeps a man busy around the house; and below, Harold Lloyd and his comedy partner, Mildred Davis, give their idea of what an informal picture should be like



Photograph (right) by Gene Karuman

By
HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

tho it is to be only two reels long, Chaplin is doing his best to make it equal the standard set by "The Kid."

Leaving the stupendous success of his stage career behind him, Richard Bennett has come to Hollywood.

"I'm looking for the innermost secret of screen success," said Bennett, when interviewed at the Lasky studio, "for that hidden something which makes the cinema great—and which, properly developed, will make it greater."

Out at the Brunton studio has risen India. A colorful, true copy of the original, and in its streets is being filmed Kipling's "Without Benefit of Clergy." The lovely, hapless young wife Ameera is being portrayed by Virginia Faire, who was picked for that honor from sixty-two young actresses in a Fame and Fortune contest of the Brewster Publications a year ago.

May Allison appeared in a very beautiful pageant recently staged at the Ambassador Hotel for the benefit of the Children's Hospital.

King Vidor has bought the screen rights to "A Thing Apart," a novel by Lucy Stone Terrill. The story is based on the famous quotation:

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence."

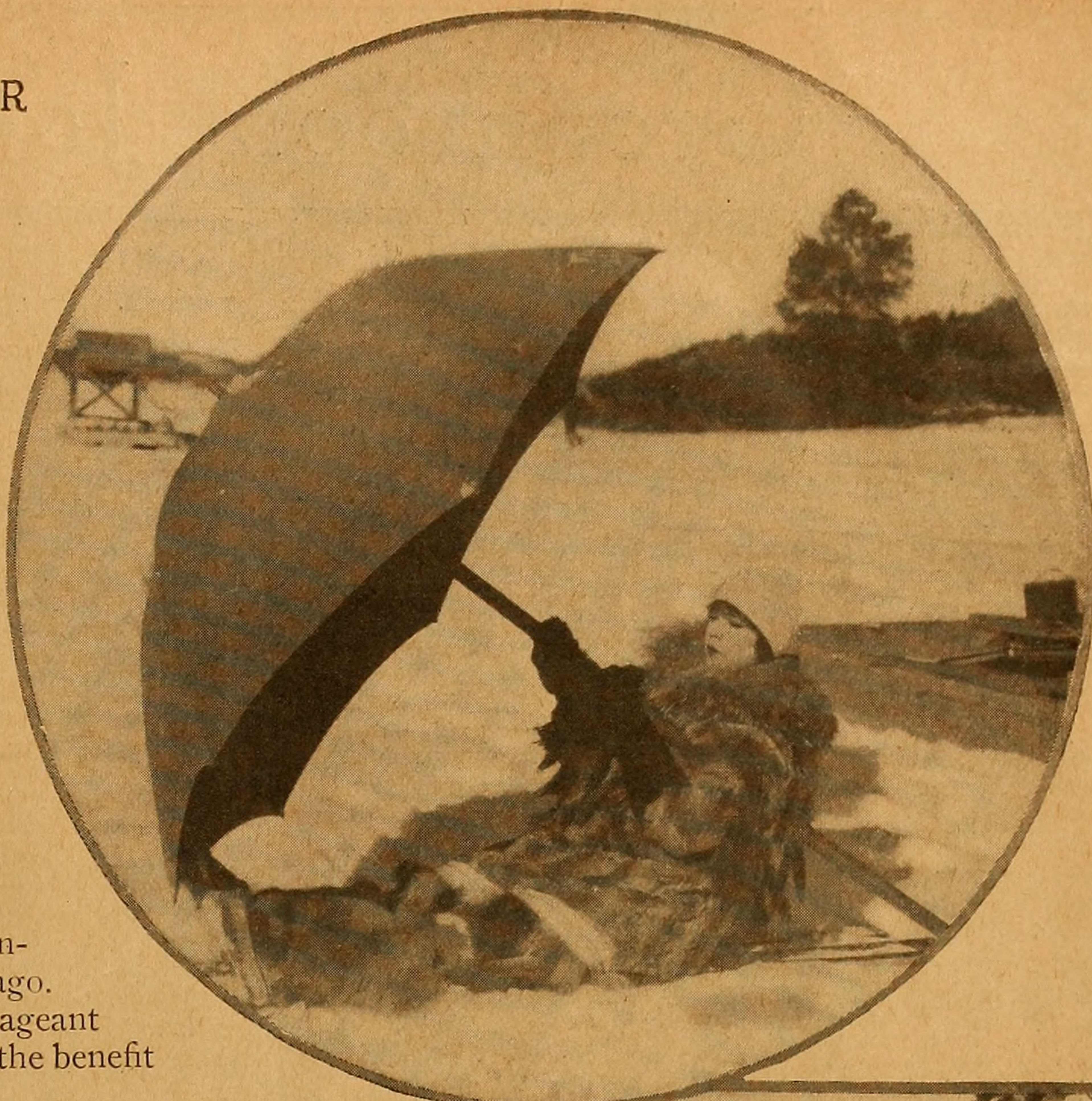
C. Gardner Sullivan has written the story for Thomas H. Ince's next special to follow "Lying Lips." The working title is "Hail the Woman." John Griffith Wray is directing, and the cast includes Florence Vidor, Theodore Roberts, Lloyd Hughes, Madge Bellamy and Tully Marshall.

Bebe Daniels is not indulging in motoring these beautiful days.

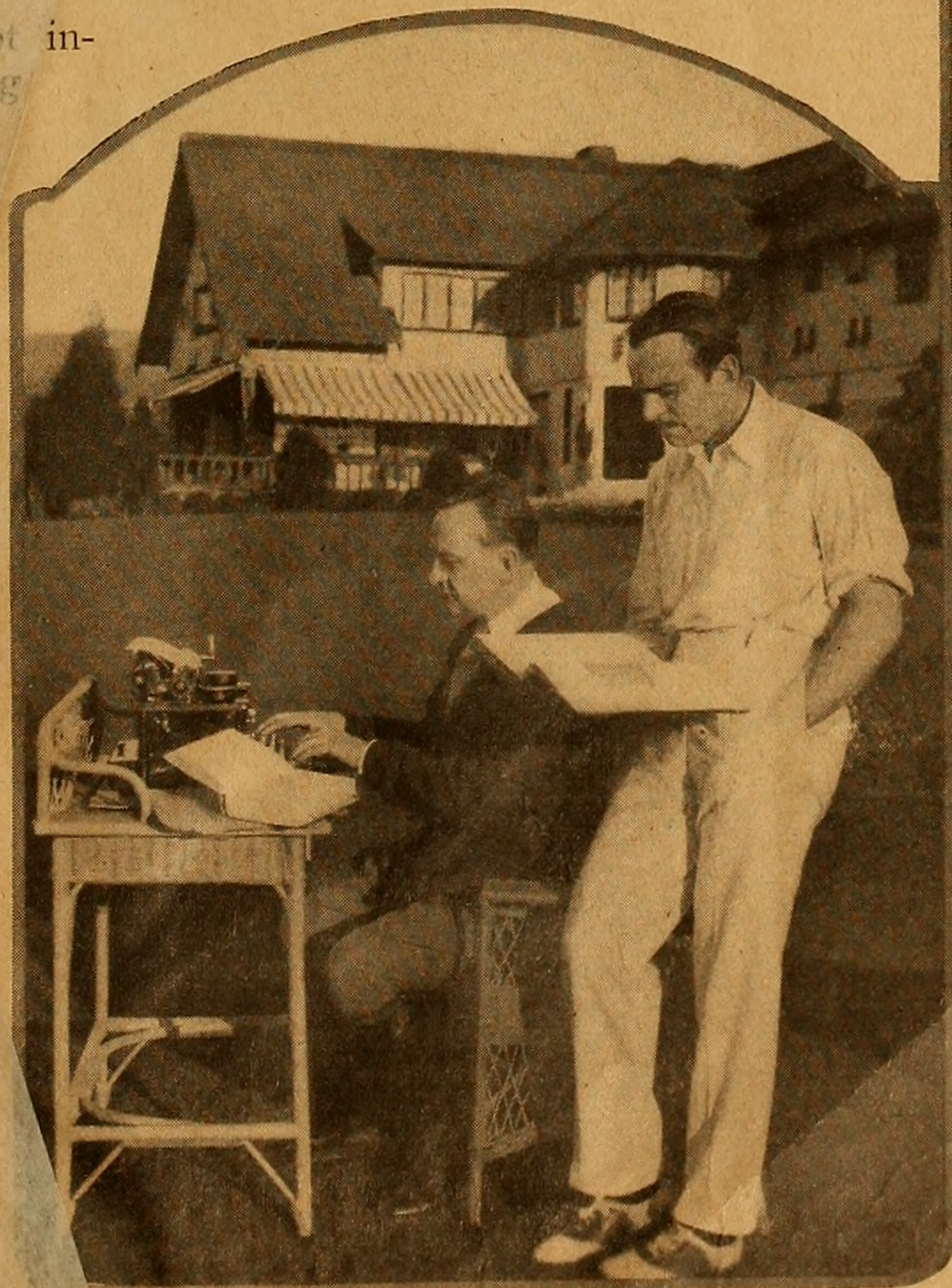
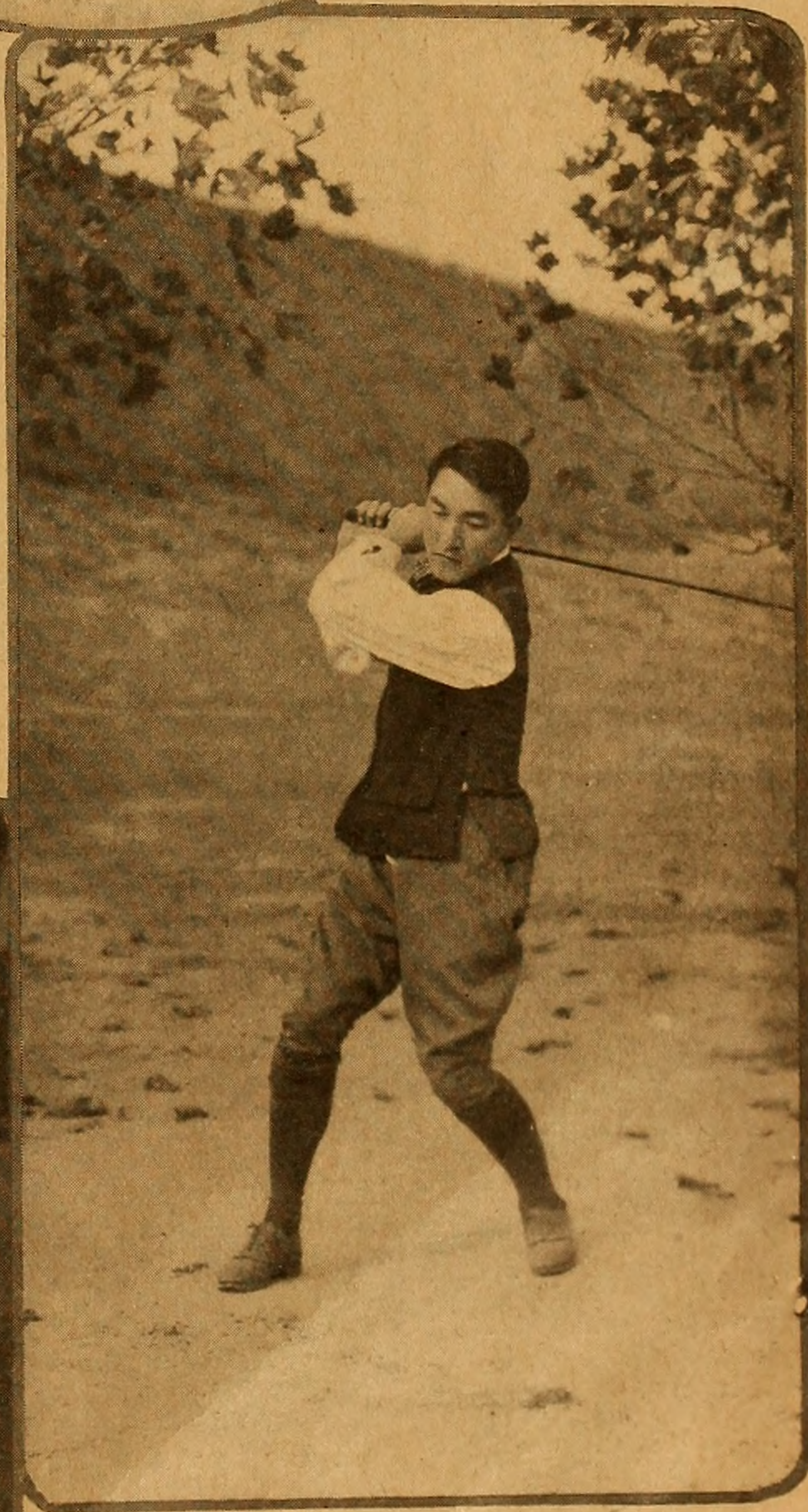
Judge Cox sentenced her to ten days in jail for speeding in Santa Ana County. Bebe told me she was going to take her medicine like a man—but she hasn't driven a car since.

"Let the chauffeur do it hereafter," says Bebe.

Ann Forrest had to undergo an operation for appendicitis but is hoping to be strong enough to take the leading rôle in George (Continued on page 92)



Above, Alice Lake finds fur wraps and a sunshade an essential to California picture-making; right, Sessue Hayakawa numbers among the scores of golf-course enthusiasts; and below, Douglas Fairbanks and Edward Knoblock at work on the continuity of "The Three Musketeers" at "Pick-fair," the Fairbanks Beverly Hills estate



Greenroom Jottings

George Bancroft makes his screen debut in "Ave Maria," a story written by a Dominican nun and produced by Hugo Ballin, who made the discovery of Bancroft's screen possibilities.

Ethel Clayton's new starring vehicle will be "The Lifted Veil," a William D. Taylor production, adapted by Julia Crawford Ivers from the play by Henry Arthur Jones.

Betty Compson, new Paramount star, is working on her first Paramount picture, "At the End of the World." Penrhyn Stanlaws directs the picture.

Wyndham Standing plays the leading masculine rôle in "Ave Maria," while Mabel Ballin takes the leading female rôle.

The absorbing life story of Anne Boleyn is depicted in the forthcoming Paramount release under the title of "Deception," which is directed by Ernest Lubitsch, the celebrated Bohemian who directed "Passion."

Helen Porten plays the leading rôle of Anne Boleyn in "Deception." On account of her great beauty and remarkable dramatic genius she is often called "The Second Bernhardt."

Philip Bartholomae, author of "Very Good Eddie," "Over Night," and a number of other stage successes and the scenario for Florence Reed's latest film production, has completed another original photoplay, "The Outside Woman," which is being filmed with Wanda Hawley in the stellar rôle.

Percy Marmont creates the leading male rôle in the forthcoming picturization of "The Price." Marmont is known thru his work in "Dead Men Tell No Tales" and "The Branded Woman," with Norma Talmadge.

Virginia Valli, who has just become Mrs. Damarest Lamson, is now in the West making two pictures opposite Bert Lytell.

The Near East Relief has organized the strongest theatrical committee ever formed for co-operative work. The purpose of this committee will be to bring very substantial relief to the Armenians.

"Tall Timber," the first photoplay from the pen of James A. B. Scherer, former president of the California Institute of Technology, is being screened under the direction of Frank Urson. Many of the scenes of this picture are being taken in the Redwood forests of California.

"Celebrity Row" at the Lasky studio includes Sir Gilbert Parker, W. Somerset Maugham, Elinor Glyn and James A. B. Scherer.

In preparing the sets for "Deception," the director used fourteen polishers, two hundred carpenters and four hundred stucco

workers. The result is an historically faithful imitation of Westminster Abbey.

Reginald Denny plays one of the leading male rôles opposite Elsie Ferguson in her latest Paramount picture, "Footlights."

Oswald Mack, of Selig and Goldwyn fame, is now playing heavy emotional leads with the Maryland Feature Film Corporation of the Monumental City, the newest production of which is "Dead Man's Trail."

Jackie Coogan, co-star in Chaplin's "The Kid" and star of "Peck's Bad Boy," has accepted an offer of \$2,500 a week to appear in vaudeville. Jackie's income report for last year's work was made out at the rate of \$1,000 a week net earnings. As the present year's income will more than double this, Jackie will have made his fortune by the time he is ten year old, just four years from now.

Notwithstanding the fact that Wheeler Oakman has appeared in seventy-seven film productions during his screen career, he announces that his best work is done in "The Half Breed," his forthcoming production.

Marjorie Daw plays the leading feminine rôle of Love in George Fitzmaurice's production of "Experience."

James Kirkwood and Ann Forrest have the leading rôles in "The Great Impersonation," George Melford's next picture from the story by E. Phillips Oppenheim.

Edna Wheaton, an eighteen-year-old music student, was selected by the *New York News* as the most beautiful girl in New York and awarded the rôle of Beauty in "Experience." Miss Wheaton resembles both Mary Pickford and the late Olive Thomas. She may appear in other pictures.

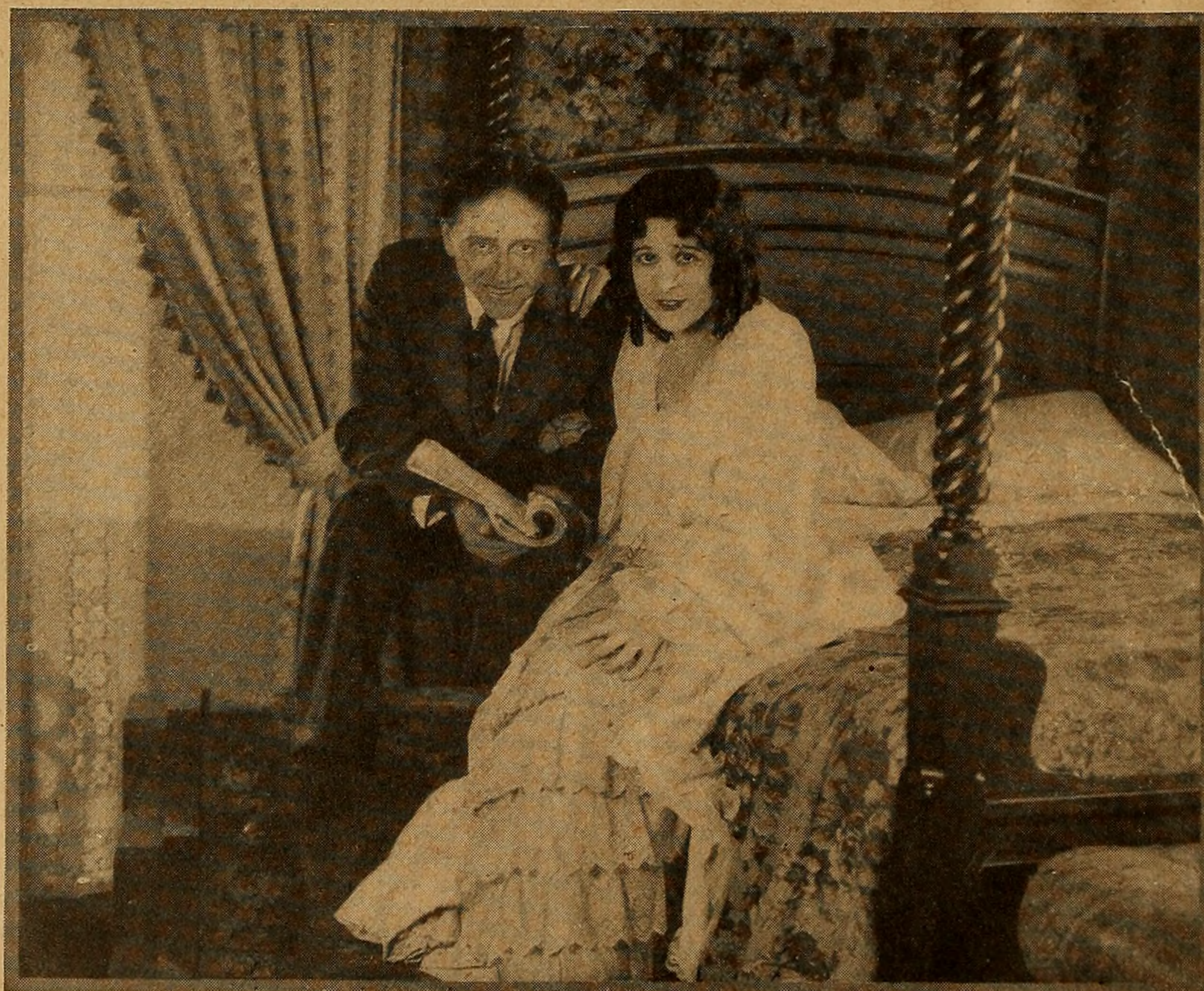
Wallace Reid, since his triumphal tour to British Columbia, is at work on "Tall Timber."

Juliette Henkel, of Detroit, a seventeen-year-old girl of social prominence, was chosen as the most beautiful girl of Detroit and elected to the rôle of Charm in "Experience."

Charlie Chaplin is completing his two-reel comedy, "Vanity Fair," an original story by the artist. Edna Purviance has an emotional rôle in this comedy.

Two original screen stories have been purchased by Selznick for Owen Moore—"The Forgetters," by Will H. Houghton, author of "The Time, the Place and the Girl," and "Rest for the Weary," by Garrett Elsdon Fort.

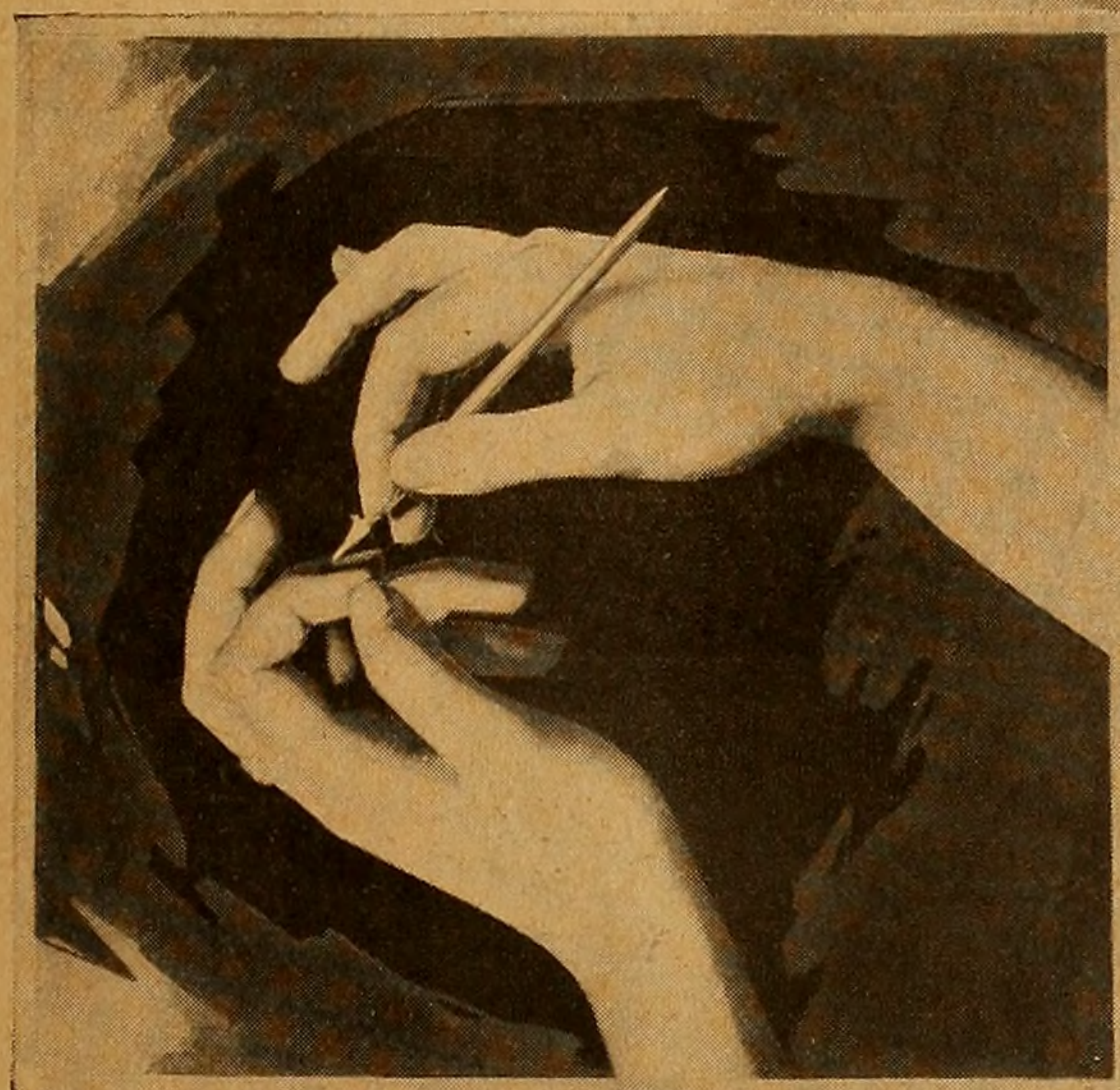
Thomas Holding takes the leading male rôle in Rudyard Kipling's "Without Benefit of Clergy." Virginia Fae plays the leading female rôle.



Catherine Calvert and Director Tom Terris study the 'script of "The Heart of Maryland." Miss Calvert is shown in character and, incidentally, it was most fitting and proper that she should play this rôle inasmuch as she is a Calvert of Maryland



Geraldine Farrar, supreme in all the dainty arts of grooming, says of Cutex: "So beautifully smooth and even does Cutex leave the skin at the base of the nails that I never think of allowing my cuticle to be cut"



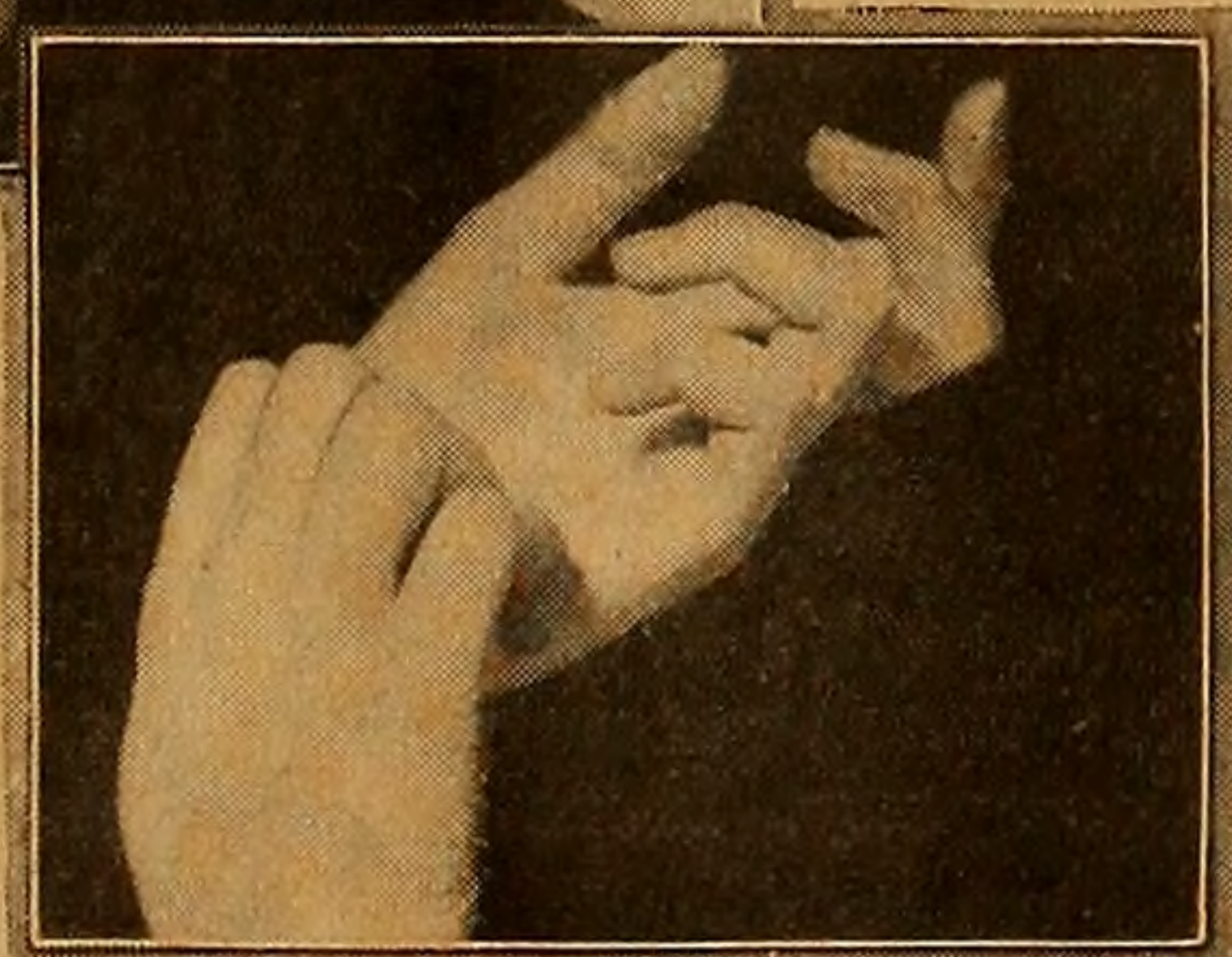
Strauss-Peyton Photo

Work around the nail base with the Cuticle Remover, rinse the fingers, and the surplus cuticle will simply wipe off

The delicate art of manicuring

How you can do your own nails as perfectly as a professional

For snowy-white nail tips, squeeze the Nail White directly from the tube, which is made with a pointed tool



To get a delicate and lasting sheen on the nails, use first the Paste and then the Powder, and burnish by brushing the nails lightly across the hand

MANICURING used to be so complex and difficult that only a professional could do it. It was even dangerous, because there was no way of removing the surplus cuticle about the base of the nail except by cutting.

But now women who are skilled in all the arts of grooming find it easy and delightful to keep their own nails always in exquisite condition.

We no longer have to cut the cuticle. All those hard, dry edges of dead skin we now remove simply and safely without cutting. Just a dab around the nails with Cutex, a rinsing of the fingers, and the surplus cuticle simply wipes away, leaving a beautifully even, thin, transparent nail rim.

And, in the Cutex manicure, all the rest of the process is just as delightful. A snowy whiteness under the nail tips with the Nail White; the delicate jewel-like shine of the quick and lasting Cutex Polishes—and the manicure is

complete and perfect in only about ten minutes.

The amazing results of a single trial

Your first Cutex manicure will be a revelation to you of the perfect grooming you can give to your own hands. However ragged the cuticle may have become through constant cutting, a single application of Cutex will make an astonishing improvement. You will be pleased, also, with the immaculate beauty of your nail tips after the Nail White, and with the delicate sheen that you get from the Cutex Polishes.

If you will spend only ten minutes on your nails regularly, once or twice a week, and every night apply Cutex Cold Cream around the nail base, you will keep them always in perfect condition.

Cutex Manicure Sets come in three sizes. The "Compact," with trial packages, 60c; the "Traveling," with full sized packages, \$1.50; the "Bou-doir," the finest and most complete set, \$3.00. Or each of the Cutex items comes separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores.

Complete Trial Outfit for 20c

Mail the coupon below with two dimes for a Cutex Introductory Set containing enough of everything for six complete manicures, to Northam Warren, Dept. 807, 114 West 17th Street, New York; or if you live in Canada, to Dept. 807, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

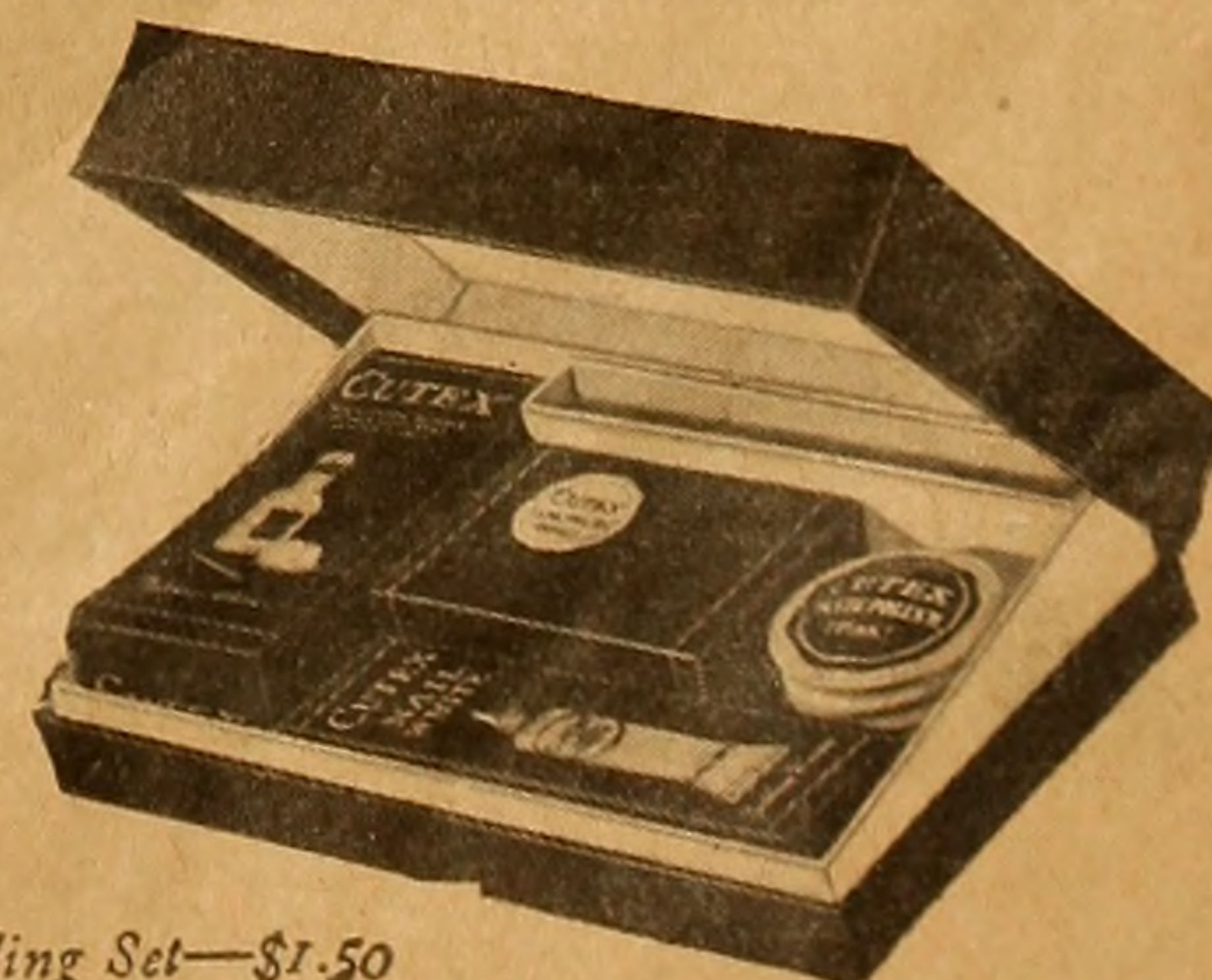
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Greenroom Jottings

Wanda Hawley and Constance Binney are starred by Realart in "The House That Jazz Built" and "The Magic Cup."

"The Wonderful Thing" will be Norma Talmadge's next picture, under Herbert Brenon's direction, and his first venture into the realms of light comedy.

Thomas Jefferson, son of the noted actor, will be seen in the leading rôle in the screen version of "Rip Van Winkle," which will soon be released.

"The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari" is a new German importation in films and is welcomed as an innovation in photoplays, being reminiscent of Poe's weird, creepy tales.

"Lavender and Old Lace," the picturization of Myrtle Reed's widely read novel, includes in its cast Marguerite Snow, Lewis Bennison, Seena Owen and Victor Potel.

"Ben Hur" is to be picturized in the near future, as the film rights have been purchased by Charles Dillingham, A. L. Erlanger and Florenz Zeigfeld, Jr. An investment of two million dollars will be made in producing it, and it is hoped by many that Griffith will be the producer.

Diana Allen, who played a leading feminine rôle in "The Kentuckians," is playing the part of Mamie Pike in "The Conquest of Canaan," Thomas Meighan's forthcoming Paramount production.

Betty Blythe came East to see the premier production in New York of "The Queen of Sheba," in which she takes the stellar rôle.

On a lonely promontory somewhere along the California coast is a lighthouse, complete in every detail. This was specially built for Betty Compson's first Paramount star picture, and it is here that the most exciting action of the picture takes place.

Wallace Reid is working on a new Paramount picture called "The Hell Diggers."

Elsie Ferguson and Wallace Reid will co-star in a film version of George du Maurier's famous novel, "Peter Ibbetson."

Ouida Bergere is writing the continuity for "Peter Ibbetson," which picture her husband, George Fitzmaurice, will direct.

Roscoe Arbuckle is making rapid progress with "Gasoline Gus," Walter Woods' adaptation of two stories by George Pattullo. Fatty is living in overalls while this picture is being made.

Betty Compson's second starring vehicle for Paramount will be "The Ordeal," an original story by W. Somerset Maugham.

Mitchell Lewis, who starred in "Burning Daylight" and "The Mutiny of the Elsinore" for Metro just before his temporary absence from the silversheet, has an important character rôle in

Betty Compson's forthcoming production, "At the End of the World."

"Married 'n' Everything" is the title of the first two-reel comedy to be produced independently by Charlie Conklin.

Louise Glaum has a remarkable supporting cast in her newest production, "I Am Guilty." Important rôles are taken by Mahlon Hamilton, Joseph Kilgour, Ruth Stonehouse, Claire DuBray, Mickey Moore and May Hopkins.

Helene Chadwick plays the leading female rôle opposite Richard Dix in Mary Roberts Rinehart's first original scenario, "The Glorious Fool," directed by E. Mason Hopper.

Hazel Daly plays opposite Tom Moore in the Goldwyn photoplay, "Beating the Game."

"Hail the Woman," by C. Gardner Sullivan, has an all-star cast, including Florence Vidor, Theodore Roberts, Loyce Hughes, Madge Bellamy and Tu. ly Marshall.

Wilfrid North, a well-known stage and picture actor, portrays the rôle of J. Rufus Wallingford in "The Son of Wallingford," and is therefore the screen father of Tom Gallery, who takes the rôle of Jimmie Wallingford.

Black Beauty, the beautiful horse which played in the Vitagraph production, has won a pension for life thru his performance. He will never be sold. After he has served for a few years as the saddle horse of W.

S. Smith, manager of Vitagraph's Western studios, he will retire to the three thousand-acre ranch recently purchased by Albert E. Smith, president of the company. Here he will spend the rest of his life as a pet.

The first picture of the Marion Fairfax Productions will be "The Lying Truth."

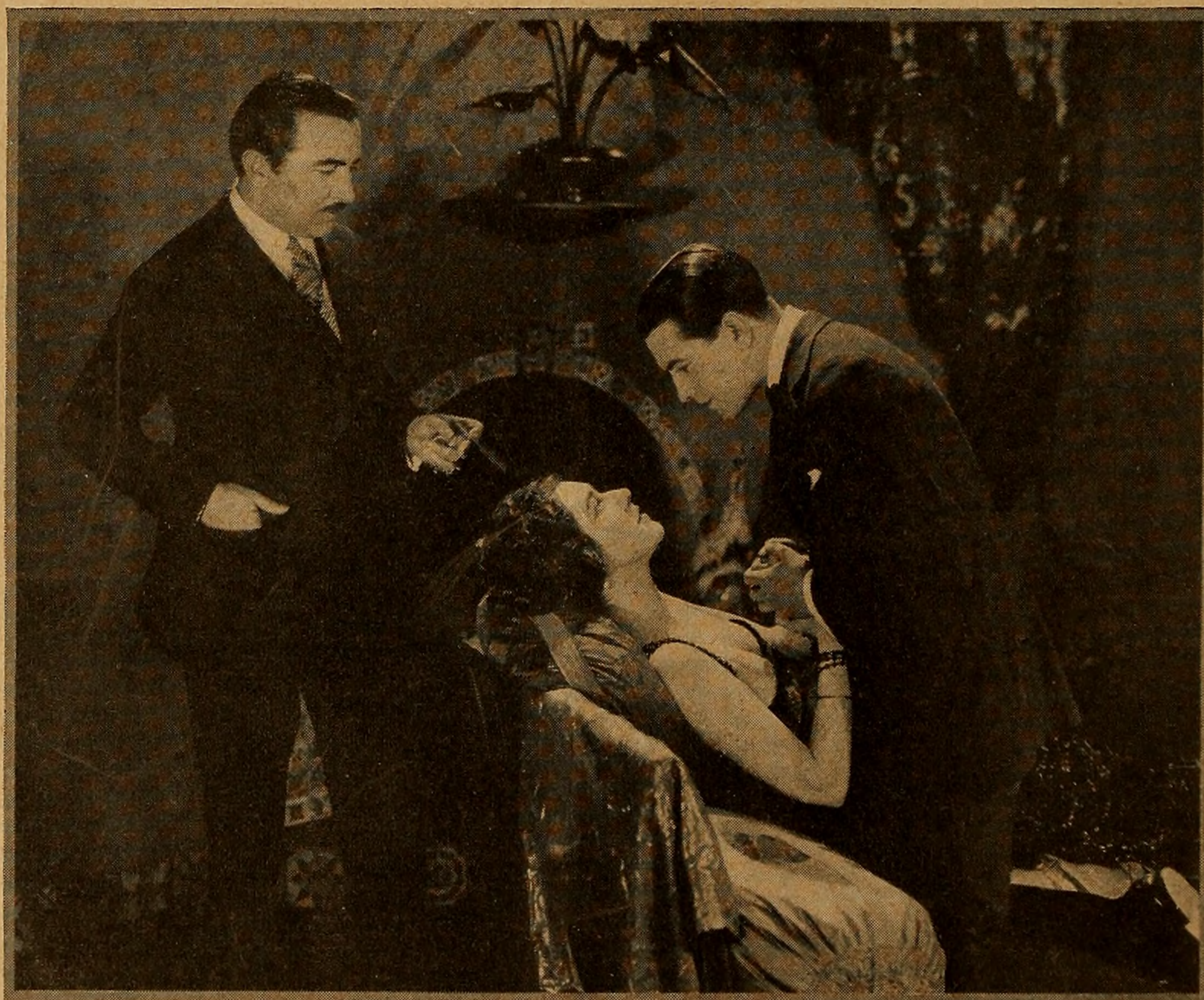
Corliss Palmer's first starring vehicle since the forming of the Corliss Palmer Productions, Inc., is "In the Blood," a story of love, mystery and heritage.

Marguerite Clark is seriously considering "Peter Pan" as her next starring vehicle, in which she will probably be directed by Arthur Griffith, who directed her in "Scrambled Wives."

James Rennie plays opposite Hope Hampton in "Star Dust."

Shakespeare's "King Lear" is to be filmed by John M. Stahl. Both Jimmie Grainger and Lieutenant Jim Anderson are aspirants to the leading rôle.

Clara Kimball Young's latest production, "Straight from Paris," is declared the liveliest and most versatile production of this artist. Thomas Jefferson, Bertram Grassby, William Carleton, Betty Francisco and Girard Alexander are in the cast with Miss Young.



George Fitzmaurice watches Richard Barthelmess as Youth and Nita Naldi as Passion rehearse a scene for his forthcoming "Experience"



Noted makers of sport silks and sport skirts urge you to launder them this safe way

BELDING BROTHERS were already distinguished for their fine silks in the days of flowered taffetas and stiff brocades. Today their many beautiful silks have an equal reputation for highest quality. Read Belding Brothers' letter which tells you the way they recommend for washing sports and other silks.

DAVID CRYSTAL of New York makes many of the good looking sports skirts of crêpe de Chine, Baronette Satins and Sport Crêpes which you find in exclusive shops in almost every city. Read Mr. Crystal's letter. In it he tells why he urges women to wash their sport skirts in Lux.

These two great manufacturers, like other makers of washable fabrics, were compelled to find out the best and safest way of laundering. To give you the benefit of their experience, we have issued a free booklet, "How to Launder Fine Fabrics." It is crammed with helpful suggestions. Send for your copy today. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Launder your silk things this safe, gentle way

Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Dip garment up and down, pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots. Rinse in 3 lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—do not wring. Roll in a towel; when nearly dry, press with a warm iron—never a hot one.

For colored silks the water should be almost cool. Wash colors quickly to keep them from running. Don't wash two different colors at the same time. Use fresh suds for each color.

Wringing or twisting makes the smooth silk threads slip over one another. This gives the fabric a wavy appearance which is permanent. Water should be squeezed or shaken out.

LUX

Won't injure anything
pure water alone won't harm

Belding Bros. & Co.
New York, N. Y.

Lever Bros. Co.
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

Sport silks receive such strenuous wear that it is necessary to launder them frequently.

We are extremely glad to report to you that we have found Lux satisfactory in the washing of our finest silks. It is a pure neutral soap and there is nothing in it that could injure the most delicate silk fibre.

Another thing which recommends Lux to us is the fact that the flakes are so thin that they dissolve quickly and completely. The thick lather makes rubbing unnecessary and also eliminates any possibility of particles of soap sticking to the silk and yellowing it.

We would like to have all purchasers of Belding wash silks launder them in the safe way set forth in the Lux directions. Laundering which will preserve the new appearance of silks in constant use is the best advertisement we could have.

BELDING BROS. & COMPANY

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Gentlemen:

We estimate that one of our silk sport skirts in constant use is washed several times in the course of the summer. The skirt should, of course, look as well after the last laundering as when it was new, if the washing is properly done.

We are urging the use of Lux in washing our sport skirts because it does preserve this new look. We find, for example, that threads do not fuzz up, fray or split when the garment is washed in Lux. Rubbing soap on silk, or allowing small particles of undissolved soap to stick to the fabric inevitably yellows it and makes it wear out more quickly.

Analysis shows Lux to be absolutely pure and harmless. Washing a garment in the safe gentle way you recommend in the Lux directions actually lengthens its life.

DAVID CRYSTAL & COMPANY



The Answer Man



This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopaedia in existence. If the answer is to appear in the Classic, write "Classic" at top of letter.

ALICE O'WONDERLAND.—Glad to see you on this bright, warm day. So your greatest aim in life is to get into pictures. Your number is 98,476. Stop in and see me next time you are in this neighborhood, and bring the Walrus and the Carpenter with you. Thanks.

POUVRE GUSSE.—So you take exception because I said there is no Swanee River. You say it is in Florida and runs up into Georgia and empties into the Gulf of Mexico. Thank you, I'm willing to be corrected. I know the song, but not the river. Let me hear from you again. A five-reel feature contains about five thousand feet of film—one thousand feet to each reel. But they always "shoot" many times that in the taking. Griffith shot about seven hundred and fifty thousand feet on "Way Down East," and "The Four Horsemen" required about five hundred thousand feet.

D. S. WESTON, Sydney.—Your letter was very chatty, but it was more of a letter to the editor. Did you intend it for publication? I agree with what you say. Constance Binney, in "The Magic Cup." Eva Novak, in "The Smart Sex," for Universal. Mary Thurman and Monte Blue, in "Johnny Cucabod."

THELMA F., Louisiana.—You're right, but the secret of success is to be prepared when the opportunity comes. You can picture me any way you like, handsome or otherwise, but if you would be accurate, make it the former. You can reach Monte Blue at the Lasky Studios, Los Angeles, Calif. *Je vous remercie.*

MIRIAM.—Say, what kind of a department would you call this? You want to know if Palm Olive soap is really made from palm leaves and green olives, but it is fine stuff, whatever it is made of. No; neither is grape-nuts made from grapes. You refer to Fred Burton in "Heliotrope" and Gina Reilly in "The Face at Your Window."

MYRTLE, Australia.—Many thanks for the booklet of Australia.

PRUNES.—Cheer up, Prunes; there's lots worse off than you are. Everybody has troubles, and everybody thinks that his are the worst ever. The trouble with you is that you are inclined to mistake a present pleasure for a permanent happiness. In meditating pleasures, you should always prepare to accept the after-consequences. There is no such thing as a long happiness. Yes, Doris Kenyon really writes poetry herself. Thanks for the verse.

PAUL B.—Heap much thanks for the pretty pouch filled with tobac. I shall put it in my pipe and smoke it. Yes, I saw Griffith's "Dream Street" on the opening night. You know, all the critics, editors, players, directors, etc., are invited on the first night, and Mae Murray and Robert Leonard, her husband, sat in front of me. Richard Barthelmess and his mother were there. Carol Dempster sat in a box. In fact, the theater was filled with celebrities, including myself. I enjoyed watching their private sentiments. Mr. Griffith made a speech, thanking the audience for their kind reception. It is another Limehouse Night story, but not nearly so good as "Broken Blossoms."

MARGARET.—No, child, I never lie. I am eighty,

light complexion—that is, my whiskers are grey, silver I mean—mild temper, gentle and kind, and I never carry a cane. I wear number eight shoes. No, I am not married. John Harron, Robert's brother, is playing in "Thru the Back Door," Mary Pickford's next picture. He is eighteen and resembles Robert very much.

BOBBED HAIR.—You must be standing on your head, because you see everything upside down. Miriam Cooper, in "Evangeline."

VANDA.—I suppose the reason that so many people tell me their troubles is because they haven't anybody else to tell them to. Misery loves company, but company does not love misery. Yes, Irene Castle is going to play in pictures again. Picture hasn't been announced yet. No, I don't use Corliss Palmer's face powder, nor any other. I don't believe in powder except in war.

CURIOS.—You enclosed a stamp, but you must send a stamped addressed envelope if you want your answer by mail. Think of all the time you would save me by addressing your own envelopes, and look at all the saliva you would save me by licking your own stamps. Have a heart!

SHIRLEY MASON ADMIRER.—That's it, come right in. Fools rush right in and get there, where angels fear to tread. How do they take pictures under water? It's a long story. I'm in a hurry now. Going to the country over the week-end.

FULLA PEPP.—So am I. Went down to Long Island for a couple of days. Oh, I carry a fire extinguisher with me so that when I smoke my whiskers will always be protected. Priscilla Dean, in "Reputation." William Farnum, in "His Greatest Sacrifice." So you can put two and two together—Priscilla's "Reputation" and William's "Sacrifice." *Coup de grace.*

LILY M.—Yes, but we love ourselves notwithstanding our faults, so we ought to love our friends in like manner.

ANKENY.—Hoot, mon! Your letter didn't seem ever to end. You want me to tell you all about Clara Young's private life—also Anita Stewart's. Ah, thereby hangs a tale! Ralph Graves, in "The Home Town Girl." Fred Thompson, as the spy in "The Lovelight." Your other forty questions will have to wait.

J. M. J.—Answered yours by mail.

HELEN B.—My dear, never find fault with a person when you know that he is doing his best. Yes, Marguerite Clark is playing. Gareth Hughes is playing opposite Viola Dana. He's a homely lad, but very charming and clever. Hazzard Short, opposite Constance Talmadge, in "Beauty or Brains." All right, you may call it repartee, but I call it insult with its dress suit on.

SNOWDROP.—Corliss Palmer won first honors in the last contest, Allene Ray second. But the best doctor I know of recommends rubbing vaseline or olive oil into the scalp every night for preventing the hair from falling out. Look at my picture and tell me if you are willing to take my advice on how to prevent baldness!

The Proper Care of Children's Hair

How to Keep it Beautiful, Healthy and Luxuriant



THE beauty of your child's hair depends upon the care you give it. Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes their hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your child's hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because the hair has not been shampooed properly.

When the hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating mothers use Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure and it does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your child's hair look, just

Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water.

Then apply a little Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all



over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoons will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the

dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

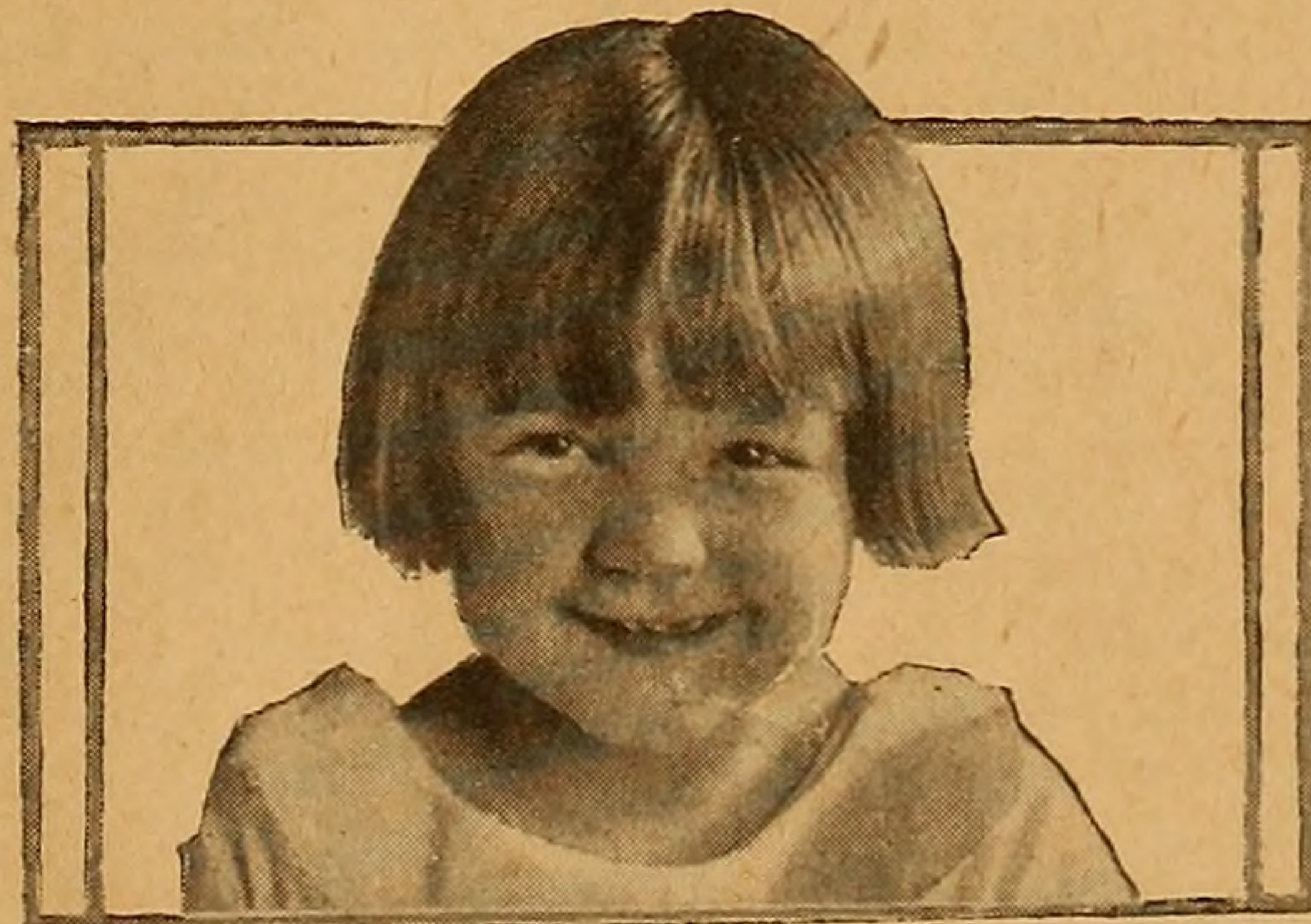
When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair; but sometimes the third is necessary. You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; and finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified Shampoo, you will



find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

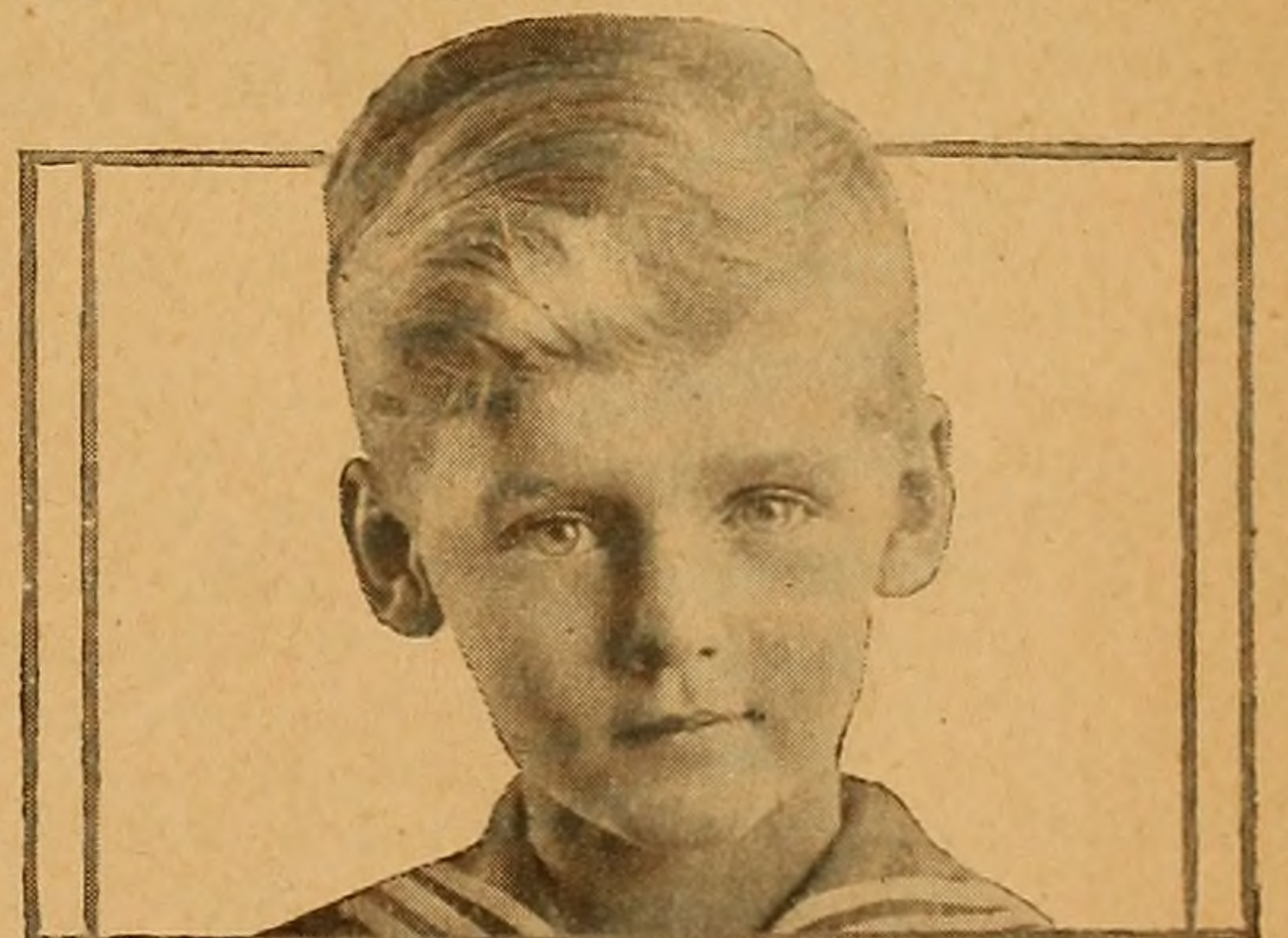
A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Teach Your Boy to Shampoo His Hair Regularly

IT may be hard to get a boy to shampoo his hair regularly, but it's mighty important that he does so.

His hair and scalp should be kept perfectly clean to insure a healthy, vigorous scalp and a fine, thick, heavy head of hair.

Get your boy in the habit of shampooing his hair regularly once each week. A



boy's hair being short, it will only take a few minutes' time. Simply moisten the hair with warm water, pour on a little Mulsified and rub it vigorously with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the scalp, make an abundance of rich, creamy lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. It takes only a few seconds to rinse it all out when he is through.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of his hair and you will be teaching your boy a habit he will appreciate in after life, for a luxurious head of hair is something every man feels mighty proud of.



WATKINS
MULSIFIED
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

The Answer Man

MITCH.—It may be wide and deep, but I'm afraid it's empty. I have been answering these questions for the last eleven years, and I live to tell the tale. Yes, I think "Way Down East" is the best thing that has been done in a long while. Yet, if you take the ice scenes out, it wouldn't be so wonderful. Wyndham Standing and Mabel Ballin, in "Ave Maria."

JUST ZACK.—Thanks for the fee. You want to know all about Margaret Severn and Mlle. Phebe, who played in "Greenwich Village Follies." Cant say, old man; cant say—I go in for movie answers.

W. C., Hongkong.—You do ask peculiar questions. You want to know the measurements of a wren's egg. I give up. You also want to know what is meant by "full-mouthed," mentioned in character books. Hardly think it means filled to capacity. I dont happen to know the price of a *Police Gazette* Diamond Belt used by pugilists. You also want to know who owns the most fabulous jewels among players. Do you want me to be scalped? Your wants are as numerous and elusive as the sands of the seashore.

SPHINX.—You write a very witty letter. Wish I could write as witty an answer. Perhaps I will run down to the Navy Yard to see you. I'm afraid that idea you have would be interesting, but would it be a lesson or have a moral? Write to me again, and then again.

ERNEST J.—I'm afraid you are in league with "Sphinx" up above. June Caprice is in California. Yes, about Gloria Swanson. Norma Talmadge is playing in "The Sign on the Door." It is from a stage play. Yes, I liked her in "Passion Flower" immensely. Best thing she has done in some time. Eulalie Jenson and Courtenay Foote were also great. It seemed like an old Vitagraph cast.

ISABEL R.—Yes, indeed, Jean McIntyre was in "Ramon, the Sailmaker." She is a very pretty, lovely little girl, and we all liked her here.

IAD ORU.—Do you? Congratulations. Your joke was good and your letter very interesting, but where's the questions? Write me again.

HAPPY DOROTHY.—You say there are about 99,799 kinds of fools. Some people try to be all of them at once. I'll be looking for that candy and flowers. Why, Rhode Island is the smallest state in the Union. Your letter was a gem. After reading my department for ten years, this is your first letter. You must write oftener than once every ten years.

ALIVE VIOLET.—See the JUNE CLASSIC.

MIRIAM F. H., St. Louis.—And your letters are always so cheery. You say, what a difference a few hairs make—a la Agnes Ayres since she joined De Mille. Romaine Fielding promised to come and see us, but hasn't as yet. Hope Hampton is doing another picture, but at this writing she is sick at her home, 131 Riverside Drive. She told me she reads every word of every letter she receives, and usually answers them.

G. S. W.—Dont know what I would do without a letter from you every month. Since you insist upon knowing, my beard turned grey before the hair on my head, altho the former was about thirty years younger. I suppose it was because I worked my jaws more than my brains.

EMIL.—Good news! You say the dues in the Photoplay Club have been reduced from two dollars a year to one dollar a year. That's the spirit. (But I hope they dont reduce my salary from ten dollars a month to nine dollars. I really couldn't get along now on any less than ten dollars.)

MARGARET H. B.—Good stuff in yours. Why, Anetha Getwell has signed with the Pantheon Pictures and Charles Miller will direct her. Grace Darling, in "Every Man's Price." Just like any institution, the doors of Opportunity are marked "Push" and "Pull." Mostly pull!

GANG DRY.—Your letter was brilliant. No, I never swear. It is a habit with some men and an art with others. Yes, I believe Mae Marsh has written a book called "Screen Acting."

ELEANOR P.—I enjoyed your letter, but it was

terribly long. Your terminal facilities are defective. Why, Wanda Hawley, in "The Outside Woman." Curwood's "Flower of the North" is being done.

DIMPLES, Michigan.—That's what I'm here for, so go ahead and ask.

ALFRED N.—We had a chat with Mary Miles Minter in the May issue. Yes, she has been in New York. King Baggott is going to direct for Universal. Why, the Mona Lisa was painted by Leonardo da Vinci, and it took him the greater part of four years to do it.

H. H. S.—Thanks for yours; write to me again.

WILHELMINA.—Hello, Minnie! Yes, Von Stroheim is married.

JAZZ KID.—Yes, it is true that Mary Roberts Rinehart is, or was, interested in the position of secretary of public welfare. Why, Eugene O'Brien, in "Gilded Lies." You're wrong. My principal vice is advice. Yes, I believe Wallace Reid is a very good husband, but I would hardly call him a model husband. The only model husband I know of is made of wax.

ELVA AND EDITH.—Thanks for them kind woids! You do, dont you? So you think you would like Conway Tearle's kisses, and you want to see a picture of Joseph Schenck. I'll try.

AGNES L.—You say you were sent home about ten years ago for reading this department. How did you ever have the nerve to read it again? Well, we have been friends for ten years. Why, Flossie C. P. is probably married now. It's quite the thing among girls, isn't it?

GODDARD W. S.—Thanks, old man; that's a fine letter of yours.

GEORGENSON.—Yes, Hope Hampton, at 131 Riverside Drive, New York City. I am quite sure she will send you the photo.

KITTY LOU.—Come, come, cheer up and take a good grip on the joys of life. Albert Roscoe was Shirley in "Her Elephant Man." Yes, Raymond McKee, in "Love's Harvest." Peggy Hyland is now on the Coast doing a picture.

H. T., Sacramento.—Why, as I understand it, Marshall Neilan happened to pick Wesley Barry from a group of youngsters he saw in the street. He is always a delight on the screen. Viola Dana is known as the Peter Pan of the screen, and Maude Adams of the stage.

M. Mc.—Be a sport; dont be so serious. Have a sense of humor. Hale Hamilton has been married three times—first to Jane Oaker, who is now on the stage; then to Myrtle Tannehill, and now to Grace La Rue.

GREY EYES, Toronto.—You can reach Herbert Rawlinson at Los Angeles. Why, that's nothing. Central Park, New York City, has over thirty miles of walks. Oh, yes; there is a difference between talent and tact. Talent knows what to do, tact knows how to do it. Talent is wealth and tact is ready money—therefore, give me plenty of tact. Why, Owen Moore is following in Tom's footsteps. You know, Tom married Renee Adoree.

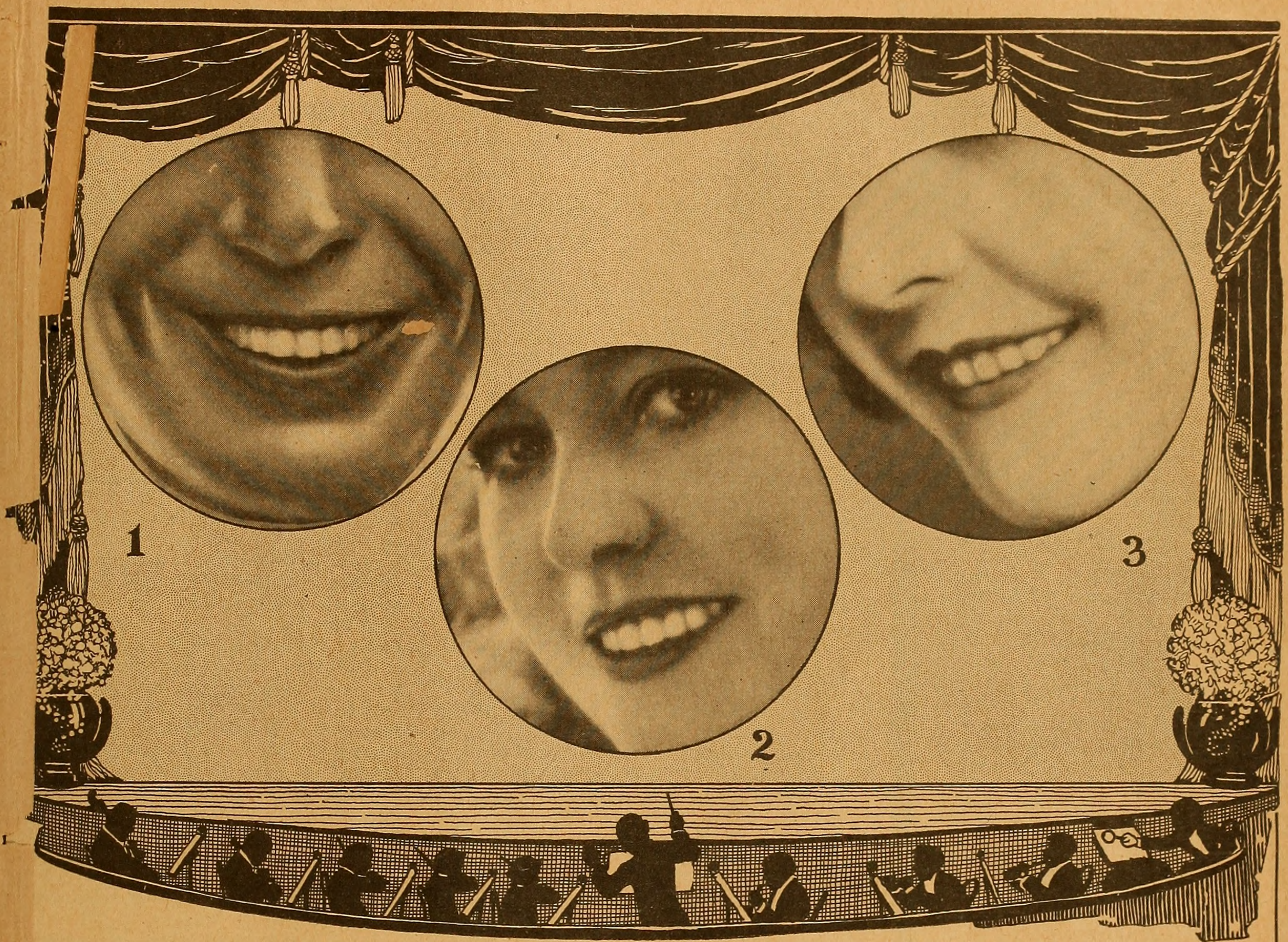
FESSLER F., WALLIE ADMIRER, GUSTAVE W., NANCE O'DAY, BEULAH D., CANADIAN 17, VIRGINIA A. G., FRANCIS H., RUTH Q., C. H. and LINA E.—Sorry I cannot give you a personal answer.

DAISY C.—See above about King Baggott. Thanks, I always like to hear the good things about my department. You are worse than the little girl who asked her mother what a slip-on was, and who replied, "A banana-skin." George Arliss was born in London and he is fifty-three years old.

CHUAN TSENG KU.—You say you are a Chinese, and not a Chinaman. Beg your pardon. I am always glad to hear from your part of the world.

LETTICE W.—Here are the addresses you want: Bessie Barriscale, 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.; Nazimova, care Metro, Hollywood, Calif.; Thomas Meighan, Los Angeles Athletic Club, Los Angeles, Calif.; Norma Talmadge, 318 East Forty-eighth St., New York; Katherine MacDonald, 904 Girard St., Los Angeles, Calif., and Marguerite Clarke, 50 Cen-

(Continued on page 95)



Three Chances for You

THESE three "movie" stars are fortunate in having good teeth. Can you guess their names?

Fill out the coupon below, and mail it to us. If you get the name of *even one* of these three "movie" favorites right, we will send you a generous trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

Colgate's has for years been the choice of people who want a dentifrice that *cleans thoroughly* and is *safe*.

Colgate's contains no harmful acids; the flavor is delicious.

Be sure to fill out and mail the coupon. Do this today, and learn the pleasure of cleaning your teeth night and morning with the dentifrice that is recommended by more dentists than any other.

COLGATE & CO. Dept. 14 199 Fulton Street, New York

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COLGATE & CO.
Dept. 14
199 Fulton St., New York

I know who's smiling; please send me the trial tube.

No. 1 is.....

No. 2 is.....

No. 3 is.....

My Name.....

Street.....

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



EVA NOVAK
Lovely Universal Star

prefers the dainty *Bonnie-B* Hair Net because it wears *three times longer* than any other and is soft, delicate and lustrous as her own hair.

The *Bonnie-B* is the most economical of all Hair Nets because:

- They are made of the finest grade of human hair, specially processed for strength and invisibility.
- They are hand-woven, full-size, free from defects.
- They have all the elasticity of your own hair—do not split or fade.

Bonnie-B
IMPORTED
HUMAN HAIR NET

15c—2 for 25c
Extra Large, 20c
Double Mesh, 25c

With each *Bonnie-B* Hair Net you will receive "Artistic French Coiffures" by Cluzelle—a booklet which shows you how to dress your hair in the newest, smartest modes.

Get a *Bonnie-B* today, and see how much lovelier your hair will look. No more straight ends—no ugly wisps. Arrange your hair as loosely as you please—the *Bonnie-B* holds it lightly in an invisible mesh.

Do you know the fascinating *Bonnie-B* Veil—imported from France—or the dainty *Bonnie-B* Powder Puff, "VEL-VA-DAB," so soft and delicate to the touch? Ask for them.

THE *Bonnie-B* CO., Inc.

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New York



Bonnie-B
Products are sold at Drug, Dep't, Dry Goods and Notion Stores



Ideal Cast Contest Proves Popular

Many Readers Praise Contest Wherein All Players Share Equally In Glory

Since the Ideal Cast Contest differs in many respects from other similar contests, it has been welcomed by our readers as an innovation, and numerous letters have come in congratulating us upon our "bright idea."

To begin with, it gives everyone a chance to express his convictions concerning the appropriateness of certain rôles for certain stars and what favorites are best suited to the rôles required for a big production.

Then there is the additional opportunity of winning a prize yourself by casting another ballot absolutely independent of, and perhaps entirely different from, the first ballot cast. The first ballots decide the names of the players you think ideally suited to the various rôles, while the second ballots decide whom you judge will finally be the victorious ones.

To be explicit, the movie stars and directors who receive the greatest number of votes will be the winners. And, of course, there will be ten of them, as the ballot arranges a vote for leading man, leading woman, villain, character-man, character-woman, male comedian, female comedian, child and director. These ten winners will rejoice in the gratification of having been elected first by the readers of our magazines, and the resulting popularity and publicity that will be theirs:

For the voters, however, a reward in dollars is offered in the following amounts:

- First Prize—\$250.
- Second Prize—\$100.
- Third Prize—\$75.
- Fourth Prize—\$50.
- Fifth Prize—\$25.

Do not forget that if you wish to be a winner you must vote a second ballot, giving in each rôle the name of the star that you believe will receive the greatest number of votes. Remember that, while your two ballots may be identical, it is not necessary for this to be so. They may be absolutely different or they may possess similarities and differences. Simply vote the first ballot according to your convictions and the second ballot according to what you think will be the conviction of

the greatest number of people. This second ballot is to be of your own making, and to read, "I, the undersigned, desire to name those I think will win the Ideal Cast as follows." You will then list the players and director in the order in which they appear on the voting ballot.

At first it was ruled this ballot must be mailed not later than August first. The date has now been changed to August fifteenth.

Also the Ideal Cast Contest will close with a ballot in the November issue, running six months instead of five, as originally planned.

Whether or not there is any change to be anticipated from the contest, there will at least be the pleasure of speaking your mind about your favorites as well as guessing who the winning ones will be. And there is the possibility of winning one of the prizes yourself.

However there is the possibility, even the probability, that it will result in elevating to higher places some actors, actresses and directors who are not yet fully appreciated by a complacent public.

Keep up with the news of the contest by reading all future numbers of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Letters are not desired, as we have tried to make the nature of the contest such that anyone can understand it. Simply comply with the rules of the contest, which are as follows:

1. All votes must contain the name and address of the voter to be considered.
2. In voting for the Ideal Child, the vote may be cast for either a boy or girl.
3. It is permissible to vote for the same person twice. For instance, Douglas Fairbanks may be your favorite male comedian and your Ideal Leading Man, also. If so, vote for him in both rôles.
4. All ballots must be addressed:
Ideal Cast Contest Editor,
175 Duffield Street,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Cut out the ballot that follows. Fill it out and mail it to the above address. We prefer that you use the printed ballot, but will accept a similar ballot of your own making.

JULY MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE THE IDEAL CAST CONTEST

I, the undersigned, desire to vote as follows:

- Leading Woman.....
- Leading Man.....
- Villain
- Vampire
- Character Man.....
- Character Woman.....
- Comedian (Male).....
- Comedian (Female).....
- Child
- Director
- Name
- Address

The Literary Dynamo

(Continued from page 55)

"I faced death several times. Especially memorable was my experience while playing the leading feminine rôle in Jack London's 'Sea Wolf,' produced by Balboa. Henry King and I had a scene where we were lowered in a lifeboat from the stern of a schooner. The rope broke, tossing us into the middle of the Pacific. The schooner was sailing at full speed. Mr. King could swim a little and I not at all. Our small lifeboat had lost its oars and was drifting bottom-side up, farther from us every second. The schooner was leaving us rapidly. I had hit the water 'flat,' as the saying is, and had so completely lost my wind that I wasn't able to think very clearly, but I did sense one thing—the thing that every well-trained 'movie' remembers on all occasions—the camera. To those on the schooner's stern I indicated 'turn the crank,' and while the captain was busy trying to reach us with a rope, our alert little cameraman caught it. It was just the sort of scene we needed, and I can vouch for its realism! We were finally hauled to safety, but very, very wet."

Jeanie's last screen appearances were under the direction of Cecil B. de Mille, with Geraldine Farrar in "Carmen," and with Mabel Van Buren in "The Girl of the Golden West." From her pen have come "The Dream Girl," "The Golden Chance," "The Heart of Nora Flynn," "The Love Mask," "Joan the Woman," "A Romance of the Redwoods," and "The Little American" for Mary Pickford, "Male and Female," "The Whispering Chorus," "Old Wives for New," "Dont Change Your Husband," "For Better, for Worse," "Something to Think About," "Forbidden Fruit" and "The Affairs of Anatol."

It was because she decided—especially with the advent of multiple reeled films—it was better to specialize, she chose the scenario end-of-the-business.

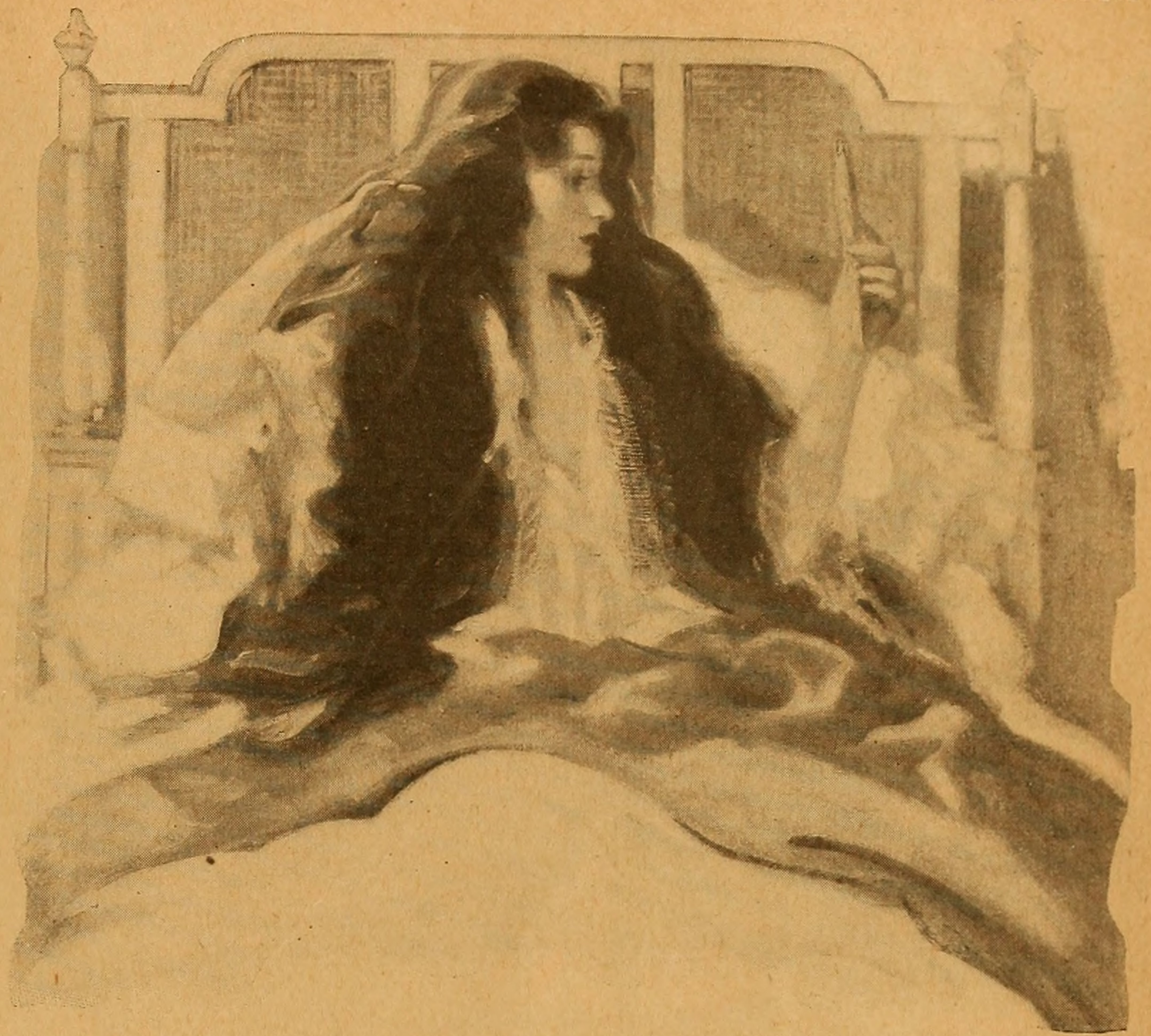
"I shall always be grateful for Mr. de Mille's assistance," Jeanie MacPherson told me. "He is a hard taskmaster and he demands that a thing shall be perfect. He used to scold me and show me where my scenarios were wrong, and we would work them out together. It was hard, but it taught me that anything worth doing at all was worth doing perfectly."

Now Miss MacPherson writes all her own business into the scenario, knowing that Mr. de Mille will never change it—that he has perfect confidence in her.

WHY?

By FLORENCE C. WHITE

She is the sweetest thing
I've ever seen,
My Movie Queen!
My angel of the celluloid; ah, me,
Why isn't it my destiny
To be
The one to bring
A million hearts to rapt idolatry?
He's the divinest thing!
Of course I mean
Upon the screen;
My hero of the cinema; ah, me,
Why isn't it my destiny
To be
The one to cling
Around my idol's neck in ecstasy?



Silky Texture and Satiny Gloss

—Olive Oil is the secret

Hair with a glorious gloss, soft and silky in texture—how much more alluring than when dry and flyaway. And how easy to attain if you only learn the secret. For such attractive becoming hair isn't a gift of Nature but a charm every woman can attain. Palmolive Shampoo will give your hair the gloss and silky sheen which transforms dull, lifeless hair into a "crowning glory."

The olive oil shampoo

Palmolive Shampoo is the blending of olive, palm and coconut oils in scientific combination which produces a real beautifier as well as the most thorough cleanser.

The olive oil penetrates the roots of the hair and combines with the ingredients of Palmolive in dislodging the clogging scales of dead skin and dandruff from the scalp pores and hair cells.

By lubricating and softening it allows normal vigorous blood circulation, which stimulates the growth of the hair and gives the beautiful natural gloss of health and good grooming.

The right way to shampoo

Comb your hair over your face, freeing it from tangles. Wet thoroughly in warm water. The wetter your hair the more profuse the lather.

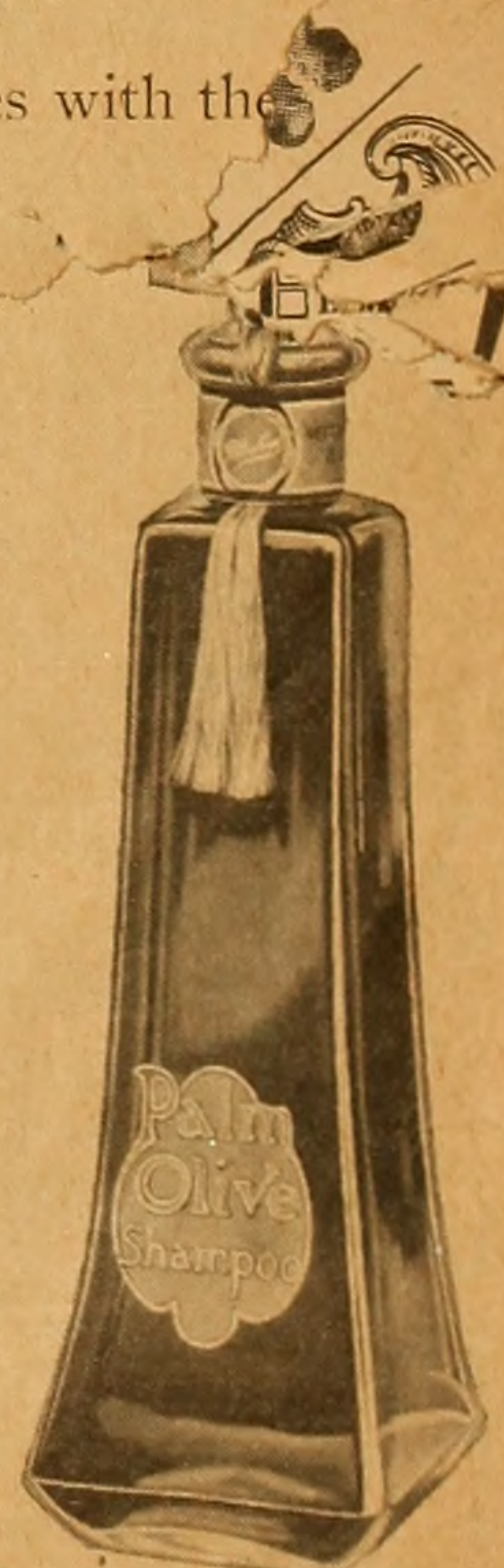
Dip your fingers into the shampoo (previously poured into a cup or glass) and massage it into the scalp. You will find a profuse, fragrant lather follows your fingers. This lather penetrates roots and hair cells, dislodging dead skin and dandruff and dissolving dirt and oil accumulations.

Wash the length of the hair in this thick lather and begin rinsing.

This is easy, as water dissolves Palmolive Shampoo easily, without any danger of leaving soap traces. This process must be twice repeated—the trial bottle contains enough for two thorough lathers.

Send for trial size bottle
Contains ample quantity for one
luxurious shampoo

Sent absolutely free, accompanied by booklet No. 230 which explains scientific home treatment of the hair and scalp.



THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Milwaukee, U. S. A.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited
Toronto, Canada

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Title Technique

(Continued from page 30)



De Miracle
Every
Womans
Depilatory

**Remove
Hair**
the Common-sense Way

FOR immediate results use De Miracle, the original sanitary liquid. It devitalizes hair, which is the only common-sense way to remove it from face, neck, arms, under-arms or limbs.

De Miracle requires no mixing. It is ready for instant use. Therefore, most cleanly, convenient and simple to apply. Wet the hair and it is gone.

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ones need long explanations. And remember, too, that as the action gets faster, the titles should get shorter.

A second important rule in writing titles is to avoid forestalling a scene by giving it away in the title. For example, if you write, "That afternoon Jack received an important letter" and then show him receiving the letter, you have ruined the scene. What you should do is to *fore-shadow* the scene by hinting at it with some such title as "That afternoon the unexpected happened," which interests your audience and holds their attention upon the scene in which the letter is received.

The titles and the scenic action are not two separate things. They are an integral part of each other. Some writers make the mistake of working up scenes simply to give occasion for a clever title—"illustrated subtitles" is the studio term for this type of picture. Others make their titles mere commentaries upon the action, which tells the story in itself. The whole point of both titles and scenes is to *tell a story*. That is what these writers forget.

That brings us to still a third common fault among amateur title writers. Many people seem to think that a comedy title should be, in itself, a joke, which might be taken out of the picture and framed like a wall motto and hung up to be laughed at. No matter how funny your epigram may be, it is ruinous to use it unless it exactly bears upon the situation and is *necessary* to tell the story. The titles which get the biggest laughs are seldom funny in themselves. They are usually ordinary and meaningless remarks, such as "Good morning, Uncle Joe." It is the situation which the title precipitates and not the title itself which is funny.

Titles are divided into three main classes: the lapse of time titles, such as "When midnight arrived"; the change-of-locale titles, such as "At Amy's home," and the speeches, which are usually given in quotation marks as the character speaks them, as, for example, "How did that man get here?" There are, in addition, a few explanatory titles, covering lapses of action or elucidating the theme.

The best titles are always the simplest, especially in the speeches. Make people say exactly what they would say; never use flowery language, unless the character would use it. But there is always the danger of making the titles *too* threadbare. The simplest variations of the lapse-of-time titles, for example, resolve themselves down to "Two hours later," or something of the sort. One must invent ways to avoid this repetition of bare fact.

Make your titles as simple and natural as possible. Don't use big words and cumbersome metaphors; they stiffen the titles terribly—and besides, if they are supposed to be spoken by the characters, they are usually the last thing on earth that person would really have said. An inappropriate word or phrase can ruin a title. And try to avoid the use of dialect, which, for some reason, does not seem to be very effective when seen instead of heard.

There is such a thing as "screen English," and when you have written a few titles, you will learn to speak it. "Screen English" means the use of language which *looks* well—when flashed on the silversheet—rather than which *sounds* well. There is a distinct difference between spoken English and visual English. The best example of this—altho not an "English" example—is the way that foreign names react upon the audience. The name Yvette Beauvais,

for example, is easy to remember when once you have heard it pronounced; but a movie audience could not keep it in mind for half a reel, because to the eye it is only a jumble of letters. The same principle applies to strictly English words which have the same effect because of their visual construction.

You should spend nearly as much time in trying to eliminate titles as you have spent in writing them. An overtitled picture drags horribly. Sometimes you can eliminate a rather obvious lapse-of-time title by fading out and then fading in directly to the next scene, which—if the meaning is otherwise clear—denotes a lapse of time. Sometimes you can eliminate a change-of-locale by having a sign or some other clue as to the whereabouts of the action in the scene. For instance, if your audience already knew that your characters were going to meet at the Weehawken Hotel, all you would have to do would be to open the scene with a long shot of the hotel with its sign over the entrance. There are a thousand ways to eliminate titles, all depending upon the exigencies of the particular situation and the inventive powers of the title writer.

Illustrations upon the title cards have come to be an important factor in telling the story. You should plan them as you plan your titles. You can always establish the mood of the scene with a good illustration, and often you can bring home the point of a title with one, without being too obvious in your phraseology. In a recent comedy, the hero was playing sick in order to win the girl's sympathy; in fact, he so alarmed her that she called a doctor. The doctor, sensing the situation at once, said meaningly, "There's only one sort of tonic YOU need!" and at the same time a small bottle of "Nerve Tonic" faded into the corner of the title card. The words and the illustration carried the point across very effectively.

There are usually not more than twenty title-card illustrations in the picture, but they are repeated over and over again, as a theme is repeated in an operatic score. Indeed, they call attention to the fact that the theme of the plot or of a character is again coming to the surface in the play. In "Red Hot Romance," which we are titling and cutting at this very moment, there is a Washington politician whose conversation is at all times ninety per cent. buncombe, and whenever he talks, the head of a bull appears on the title-card beside his speech.

There are many tricks that can be played with titles in comedies. They can be moved forward in perspective, so that they shoot into the very face of the audience, as one of the characters shouts his speech. They can be made to rock from side to side, as they did in the seasick scenes in Fatty Arbuckle's "Brewster's Millions." An important sentence can be flashed in a word at a time; the letters can be moved about erratically as some intoxicated person speaks, and so on *ad infinitum*.

A picture can be made or ruined by its titles. One very bad picture, produced by a famous director, was turned over to a title-writer, who changed the whole story and the relationship of all the characters in his titles, making the unsalable melodrama into a salable burlesque comedy. But to work these wonders, the titles must always be handled from the standpoint of the story, not simply as clever phrases to be in-

(Continued on page 86)



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The Girl from Nowhere

(Continued from page 35)

among the other misfortunes you brought upon me, at least I was spared that one."

The cloak of music shielded their words. There was a little rigid smile on her lips, she leaned to him almost caressingly. So thought Jimmy Ryder, watching the two from the balcony with a queer, hurtful leap and plunge of the heart. Who was the fellow? What was she saying—why were they so intent upon each other's words?

"You are narrow-minded," Whitman reproached, with a sneer on his thin, pale lips. "Self-preservation is the first law! If you had not been in such a hurry to leave your—ah—temporary quarters, you would have found that I did not desert you, but on the contrary would have freed you—"

"Hush!" The music had grown softer. "No one knows—I have another name now. I am—married."

"Congratulations!" he sneered, debonairly. "And what is the name of my more fortunate rival?"

She repeated it, with the scorn of desperation. "If you are here to blackmail me, you would find it out anyway. But you can tell him nothing except lies, and they cannot hurt me if I tell the truth!"

"Is it a lie that Mrs. James Ryder had planned to elope with a man she had known only three weeks, and that on the way she was arrested by detectives for having a bracelet in her pocket that came from another lady's hand?" asked the Cavalier, softly. "Is it a lie that for two days Mrs. James Ryder was in the country jail awaiting trial? Is it a lie that she escaped and is still a fugitive from justice?"

"It is true that I was fool enough to trust you and believe in you," the Colonial lady said, smiling the same fixed, rigid smile, "but you know how that bracelet came to be in my pocket! You are a thief, Herbert Whitman, which is bad, and you are a cad, which is worse!"

"You lost step then," rebuked her partner, drawing her close against his brocades and laces, "and to lose step at a ball is the worst crime of all. Come! What's the use of being enemies? I swear on my honor I didn't know you were in this part of the world when I came from Baltimore to attend the ball!"

"On your honor!" said the woman bitterly. "Then, why are you here? It can be for no good reason. Are you planning to take another bracelet, perhaps?"

"I came because my sister, Mrs. Grosscup, was good enough to get her dear brother an invitation," he replied, moving her more smoothly among the swaying couples. His tone grew gloomy, acrid. "Look at her! That emerald she is wearing is alone worth a fortune, and she hasn't so much as given me a box of cigarets since she married old Grosscup, who's rotten with money!"

Jimmy Ryder had often watched his wife dance with other men, but the sight had never filled him, as now, with pure primitive rage, and the desire to kill, to kill with his bare fingers, to kill bloodily. There was something intimate in the way they spoke, something significant. "And I thought that all men were wicked"—she had said that once. *What had she meant?* How had he forgotten such a thing? Why hadn't he found out long ago the mystery of her being in the hunting lodge?

Yet, obviously, he couldn't very well go down there on the floor and throttle a man because he danced with his wife. The bars of civilization kept the beast out of polite society still. But he must find some salve

for the hurt of his thoughts, and, man-like, it came to his mind to repay one woman for the crime of making him love her by making love to a woman he didn't love at all. And that suggested the sumptuous Mrs. Samuel Grosscup, who was obviously rather tired of her husband's senile adoration and had cast soft eyes upon her former suitor more than once lately.

Which explains why, when Mavis Ryder hurried into the conservatory an hour later, seeking a shoulder where she might lay her desolate orange-colored head, and a strong arm to gather her close to a broad shirt-bosom, she found the strong arm already occupied by a lady with a white wig and the full flowing skirts of the fascinating Pompadour. Mavis did not wait to hear what Jimmy was saying to the lady. It didn't make a great deal of difference, really. Like holding an autopsy over Love's poor, bleeding body to see what he died of. She went upstairs to her room, took off her costume and crept into one of the twin beds. It was all over. Jimmy didn't care for her any more. Of course he would care still less when he heard the whole story about Herbert Whitman and the bracelet.

"I wish," whispered Mavis to the darkness, very tiredly. "I wish I could go to sleep and never wake up any more. What's the use of living when your heart's dead?"

But she must think of Jimmy. She must make it easy for him to get free—there was still something she could do for Jimmy. Tomorrow she would leave him and go home to the grim, silent house in Baltimore, where her grim, silent Judge-father sat, unforgiving among other people's sins. And if her father didn't want her she would find something to do. She pretended to be asleep when, long afterward, Jimmy tiptoed in.

Footsteps creaked in the corridors, doors opened, closed softly, whispers, a scrap of laughter, the sound of a kiss, a rustle of silks. Then, gradually silence, a silence full of sounds to Mavis' sick imagination. The Conroy house was filled with guests. In the next room she could hear old Samuel Grosscup's asthmatic breathing. In the room beyond she could picture his young wife taking down her hair, smiling softly, reminiscently—

A scream tore the stillness into fragments. An instant later a door crashed wide. "Help! Thieves! My emerald—"

Jimmy had bounded out of bed with the first thin edge of sound. He was swearing in the darkness as he bumped about trying to locate the switch, and Mavis felt a hysterical desire to laugh clutch at her throat. She wrapped a thin silken dressing gown about her and followed him to the hall, where the other guests were gathered, a merrier masquerade in wire curlers, wrinkle plasters and cold cream masks, than that of a few hours earlier. Mrs. Grosscup, clutching her lace nightgown at her breast, was shrilling her tale. She had brought her emerald upstairs during the evening and locked it in her trunk. Now it was gone. Someone had come into her room while they were all below dancing—she whirled upon Mavis Ryder, pointing a polished finger nail that glittered in the electric blaze.

"You came upstairs early! You knew where I kept it because I showed it to you with my costume this afternoon. Nobody knows who you are! You—you—"

"Hold on a moment!" said the voice of Jimmy Ryder sternly. "You're making a mistake, Mrs. Grosscup. If there's anyone here who doesn't know who this lady is,



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Mrs. Dorothy Gish Rennie

(Continued from page 39)

ably think we're just the least bit—you know"—she tapped her forehead with significance—"they follow us about with scared expressions, and they just know I'm going to do the wrong thing today. I think I am myself," she added with a sigh. "Why, oh why, did I attempt this!" "Everyone in the world is coming," she told me, in a whisper. "I just invited everyone—even to the bell-hops in the hotel, doormen, waiters and taxi-drivers. Everyone I've passed in the street for the past month I've said, 'Come to my house to tea on Sunday.' Now what am I to do?"

Dorothy departed to return with salvers of crisp salted almonds and fragrant fudge. "I'm domestic!" she announced; "I did these myself—and burned my ten fingers!"

Then the guests began to arrive.

Dorothy was a flutter of blue flounces and ribbons.

Lilian appeared first, with Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Clifton and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Carr.

"Where is mother?" asked Dorothy.

"She didn't dare to come," Lilian said, with sisterly candor; "she was afraid you would do something wrong."

Dorothy groaned. "She knows!"

But nothing went wrong. Everything went right. Everyone came, too, for to admire and for to see.

And Dorothy, behind the blue and silver tea service, was completely sufficient. She juggled lemon and tea and cloves and sugar and cream proficiently. She passed cake and repartee and looks at her husband with a dexterity born of inspiration. She was gracious and hospitable and naïve and humorous in as exactly the same proportions of rightfulness as her fudge.

When, at the end of ninety-nine years, their lease expires, I'll dare to say that should Time be so constituted, she could be neither more finished nor more graceful nor more adequate than she was at that first tea party day in her young blue dress with the snood of ribbon quaintly in her hair and the spirits of the dance of life and love in her feet and in her heart.

Title Technique

(Continued from page 82)

served to distract the audience's mind from the weaknesses of the picture.

Dont write titles. Write a story.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In submitting your communication, be sure to be as brief as possible, especially if you are sending a synopsis.

The coupon below or a similar one of your own making must accompany all communications.

COUPON

I { am } sending with this coupon a 300 word synopsis of my story. I desire John Emerson and Anita Loos to answer the following question:

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(If no story is attached, question may relate to photoplay writing in general. Send stamped and self-addressed envelope with coupon so that your answer and your story, if you sent any, may be returned to you.)

The answer to your question is as follows (to be filled out by Mr. Emerson and Miss Loos):

.....
.....
.....

Fulfilment

(Continued from page 29)

blood flows in her veins, Virginia was born in Brooklyn, New York. Her mother had been on the stage, and so the child seemed destined from the first for a dramatic career. And it is not surprising to find she was studying dancing and playing bits in motion pictures at the early age of fourteen.

"My good fortune really started when I sent my picture to the Fame and Fortune Contest; the rest is just the Cinderella dream come true," Virginia declared, solemnly.

After nine pictures at Universal, where, by the way, she was given the name of Faire, thus becoming Virginia Faire, and one with Will Rogers, the girl qualified for this important rôle of Ameera, which is perhaps just another way of saying she had improved every opportunity that came her way.

Later, as we walked thru the picturesque street of old Lahore, faithfully reproduced from photographs and pen and ink sketches sent by Mr. Kipling, and in which many scenes of "Without Benefit of Clergy" will be filmed, and then on thru the lovely courtyard of the nest where the Englishman hid his "Queen" from the world, Virginia told me of her daily life, her hopes and plans.

She is a sweet, wholesome girl, enjoying the companionship of girls and boys of her own age and confessing that she "adores dancing."

Under the guidance of a private tutor she is keeping up her studies, especially along dramatic art lines, for she takes her work very seriously and is preparing herself for the big things she is so sure will come.

During leisure hours she loves to garden, sew and cook!

"You may tell the world I am happy in California, with its flowers, ocean, lovely hills and wonderful climate—all its beauty thrills me."

"The future?" I asked.

"To work until I become a big, big star—not what I call a floating one, here today and gone tomorrow. I want to make each picture a real feature, something that will stand out because of special merit."

"Then?"

"To go right on just as long as the public will let me, for I love motion pictures and can not think what my life would be without them."

"And the stage, do you never dream of that?" I further questioned.

"I haven't planned that far. You see, I must succeed in pictures first. I never like to leave things unfinished. Make good at one thing at a time, is my motto, or I might get into that dreadful habit of drifting."

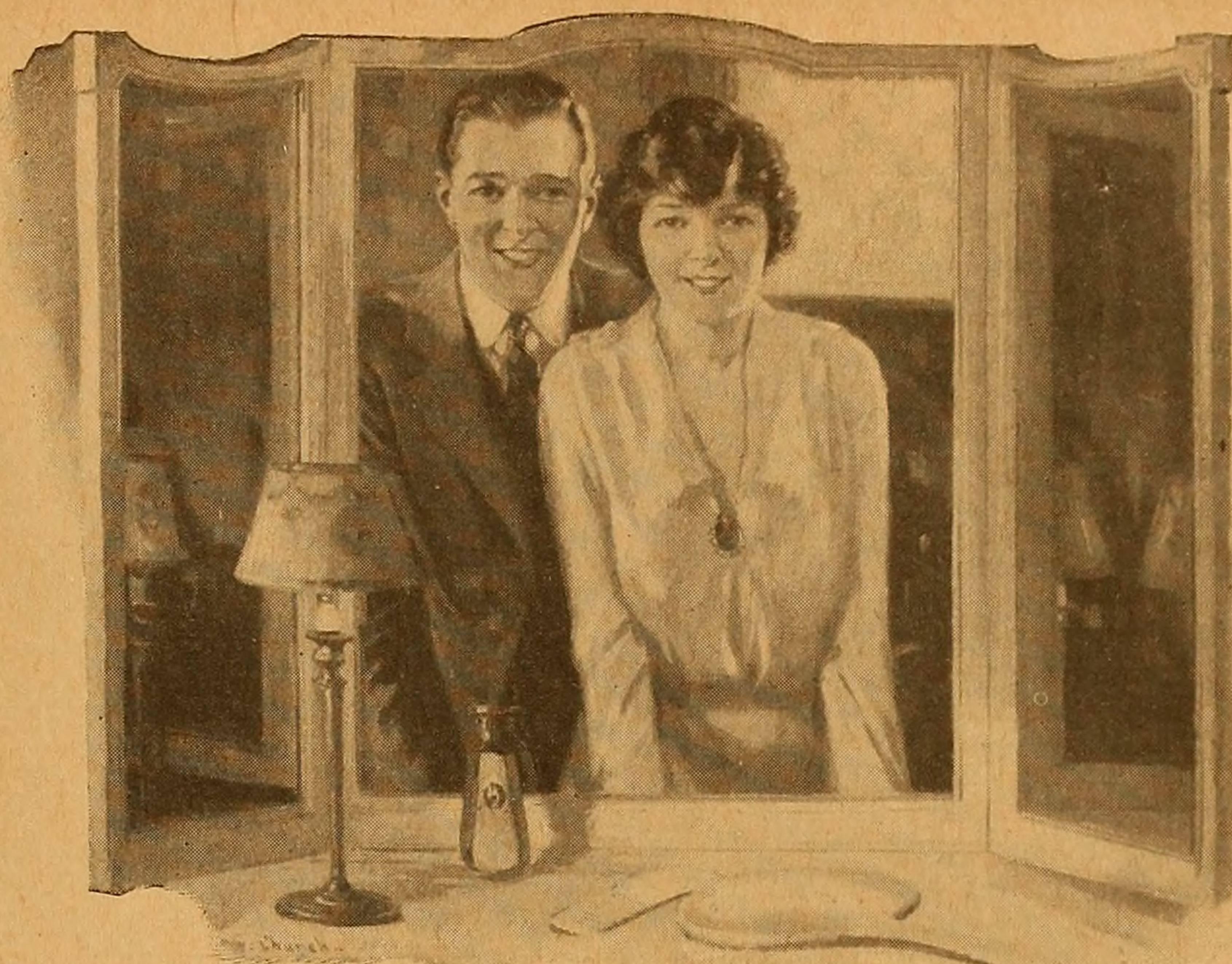
So, while developing the halo of romance and imagination in her screen life, Virginia Faire is unfolding into the beautiful blossom of her great promise.

Her Mecca

(Continued from page 38)

girlhood—boys have no significance for her. She enjoys them at dances and at the theater, but would much rather her mother accompany her. She has a love of romance, but not in any personal sense, and if she dreams of a debonair Prince Charming it must be in between times, for her every waking thought is dedicated to her work. Until now it has sufficed—but then, the woman within her has not awakened.

She is splendidly all-girl—and this in itself holds rich promise for the woman.



Try This Way

See how your teeth look then

Here is a new way of teeth cleaning—a modern, scientific way. Authorities approve it. Leading dentists everywhere advise it.

Ask for this ten-day test. Watch the results of it. See for yourself what it means to your teeth—what it means in your home.

The film problem

Film has been the great tooth problem. A viscous film clings to your teeth, enters crevices and stays. Old ways of brushing do not effectively combat it. So millions of teeth are dimmed and ruined by it.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germ's breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

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Dental science has now found ways to daily combat that film. Careful tests have amply proved them. They are now embodied, with other most important factors, in a dentifrice called Pepsodent.

Millions of people now use this tooth paste, largely by dental advice. A 10-Day Tube is now sent free to everyone who asks.

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Pepsodent combats the film in two effective ways. It highly polishes the teeth, so film less easily adheres.

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Modern authorities deem these effects essential. Every use of Pepsodent brings them all.

See the results

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Note the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Watch the other good effects.

This test, we believe, will bring to your home a new era in teeth cleaning. And benefits you never had before. Mail coupon now.



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Letters to the Editor

Letters to the editor cannot be used in this department unless the name and address of the writer is given. If the writer desires that only initials be used in publication, please specify.

"To the winner belong the spoils!"
Mr. Hart is felicitated upon his winning the Popularity Contest.

DEAR EDITOR:—Please let me send congratulations to Mr. Hart thru the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE for having won in the late contest conducted in your famous magazines; I was delighted that he won. I consider Mr. Hart absolutely *peerless*, and he should be ranked with the Barrymores, if not ahead of them. Think how he could act "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," also Petruchio in Shakespeare's immortal "The Taming of the Shrew." I grant you that the interpretation would not be stereotyped, but original and intellectual as all of his work is. May God spare him to the movies for many years yet to come, if Mr. Hart so desires.

Wishing you and the "Great Three" magazines continued prosperity,

Believe me, sincerely,

ELIZABETH TUCKERMAN FREEMAN.
424 Belden Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Was Enid Bennett raised among the aborigines? And how old is Norma?

DEAR EDITOR:—As a follower of "Letters to the Editor," I would like to voice my opinion upon some of the movie stars.

To begin with, I would like to know where and what part of Australia, Enid Bennett first saw the daylight? In a recent interview with her, I read that she hadn't tasted kangaroo steak for a few years. I'd just like to know if Enid was raised among the "Aborigines." For I can assure you, Editor, that they perhaps are the only people out here who eat kangaroo steak.

Another thing. What are the Talmadge sisters thinking of? Norma Talmadge gives her age as twenty-three, and Constance, a couple of years younger! Now, you know Norma must be suffering from loss of memory, because we all here remember her a good few years back and she was not a child then. And please, oh please, tell me when Mary Miles Minter is going to be more than sixteen or seventeen?

I think I have said all I wanted to, so I'll finish now and would like to tell you that we folks out here, would like to see more of such stars as Viola Dana, Katherine MacDonald and Vivian Martin. Also would like Mary Pickford to make more productions like "Daddy Long Legs" and Pollyanna."

With best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

RUBY MAY GOODYEAR.
26 Hardie St., Darlinghurst, Sydney,
N. S. W., Australia.

Fans who live in far-away countries are learning much about American customs and the trend of American affairs thru the cinema and the magazines. In return, this Filipino girl gives us some real news of pictures in Manila.

DEAR EDITOR:—I am only one of the ardent readers of your magazine and the purpose of this letter is to tell you how pictures are going on here in Manila. We have here several first-class movie houses,

only we do not know if you would consider them first class. The Lyric is the foremost of these, giving as its entertainments the Paramount Arcraft pictures; then comes Lux, giving Pathé films; the Sirena, showing Fox films and some other brands from Europe; the Ideal, showing Universal pictures and sometimes Metro; the Empire, also giving Universal, tho most of them are Western pictures, played by Pete Morrison, Art Acord, Hoot Gibson, Jack Perrin and others, and serials played by Miss Walcamp, Eddie Polo and others; and, lastly, the Savoy, showing Paramount pictures. In almost every district there is a movie house, but the films are always first-class ones.

We can assure you that, tho we are far from the film manufacturing country, we are the most ardent lovers of motion picture plays. Everybody here has his favorite stars, but Doug, Mary and the funny Charlie are included among the favorites of any Filipino.

When new magazines arrive here, every lobby in the city is agglomerated by those who want to get them at once, for the magazine, especially the *Motion Picture Magazines*, are exhausted in a few days.

Wishing every future success to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and the screen stars, I am,

Yours sincerely,

PRUDENCIO DE GUZMAN,
Magallanes 199, W. C., Manila, P. I.

The versatile Wally! Equally at home with his hands on the steering wheel or with his feet on the dancing floor. Wally can drive like a demon, dance like an angel, and smile like a demigod!

DEAR EDITOR:—Just a word of praise for Wallace Reid's dancing in "The Dancin' Fool." I think he is a wonder. No matter what he tries to do, he is always a success. He has made his name as an actor, but I really believe that his dancing is a thing that will always be remembered, especially by those who love a good dancer.

"The Dancin' Fool" was witnessed privately by four of Sydney's leading teachers and exponents of dancing, and the opinion of each was that his was a wonderful exposition of the art.

With kindest regards and my very best wishes for MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and CLASSIC.

Sincerely yours,

ANITA K. PHAIL,
312 Jones Street, Pyrmont,
Sydney, Australia.

We hereby accord the "mention" to "Anna Ascends" and "Opportunity" which the writer of the following thinks they deserve.

DEAR SIR:—May a devoted "fan" and constant reader of your magazine ask why it is that among the "Stage Plays of Interest" you have omitted to mention Alice Brady in "Anna Ascends," and James L. Crane in "Opportunity"? I saw both of these plays before I left New York, and in my estimation they are worth while seeing. But I see you have "Ladies' Night," a very daring affair, recommended as a play of "interest," which I was forbidden by both my brothers to see.

"Anna Ascends" and "Opportunity" are plays that should be listed as "Plays of Interest," for I have recommended them to my many friends, who, having seen them, quite agree with me that they are "plays worth while seeing."

I sincerely hope that in your next edition I will see these plays mentioned.

With best wishes, I remain,

Yours truly,

MARY SURRIDGE,
5336 Monte Vista St., Los Angeles, Calif.

That "things are not what they seem" is often true of the stars of the silversheet. Naturally, make-up and good photography enhance an actor's appearance, but fans should remember that actors are mere people, after all, and thus protect themselves against the disillusion that comes upon actual acquaintance with celebrities.

DEAR EDITOR:—May I add my 'bit of comment and criticism? First of all, I must tell you of my disappointment a few days ago when our fair city was honored by the presence of Eugene O'Brien and Thomas Meighan. And as I looked at Eugene's much-advertised beauty I bade farewell to all my dreams that he would be like his pictures. He actually had a red nose, and his only redeeming feature was his hair.

The girls here in this city made themselves particularly disgusting by insisting on kissing him, and he looked as tho he was bestowing a great favor on the poor females. I am a girl, but I don't go in for that stuff. Thomas Meighan came up to all expectations, and I take my hat off to him. He is a real man.

A few for Roy Stewart now. There is another real man. Why, in Heaven's name, don't we see some portraits and interviews of him? He ought to be a star instead of Fairbanks or O'Brien.

I am waiting anxiously for "The Affairs of Anatol" or "The Five Kisses." I understand both Gloria Swanson and Agnes Ayres are in it. I think Miss Ayres is away ahead of Gloria Swanson, because she has expression, which is sadly lacking in Gloria.

And who dares to say Mary Pickford is losing her hold on the hearts of the public? She isn't and never will! "America's Sweetheart" will be remembered when all the De Mille beauties are dead and gone. Her "Pollyanna" will never be forgotten.

Speaking of stars, blindfold me and kindly lead me away from Nazimova. I can't see her at all. She has the most horrible taste I ever heard of. She isn't being original or different. Probably she would look just as bad in real clothes.

I saw Olga Petrova in vaudeville not long ago, and I still hear her wonderful voice. She is my ideal of a woman. She is perfect.

I wouldn't miss your magazine for anything, and if I had thirty-five cents between me and starvation, I'd go straight for the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Sincerely,

PEGGY DELANEY,
137 Scio St., Rochester, N. Y.

P 88
LAGE

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Extracts from Motion Picture Magazine, April, 1921

I am often asked what kind of face powder I use. I have received more letters asking this question than I could answer, so I had a little circular printed stating that I make my own powder. And now they are asking me to tell them how I make it. Well, I can't tell *how*, but I can tell *why*. I have tried about every powder on the market and have done considerable experimenting on myself and on others. There is no denying that there are several very fine powders on the market, but I felt that none just suited me, and so I determined to make one that did. You see, in the first place, I had some very peculiar ideas about the complexion and was very hard to please. I am very particular about tints and staying qualities, and I want a powder that does not look like powder, that will not blow off in the first gust of wind, that is not too heavy nor too light, that will not injure the complexion, and that will not change color when it becomes moist from perspiration or from the natural oil that comes thru the pores of the skin. I also like a pleasant aroma to my powder, and one that lingers. After experimenting with powdered starch, French chalk, magnesia carbonate, powdered orris root, bismuth subcarbonate, precipitated chalk, zinc oxide, and other chemicals, and after consulting authorities as to the effects of each of these on the skin, I finally settled on a formula that has been tried out under all conditions and that suits me to a nicety. And, most important of all, perhaps, this powder when finally perfected had the remarkable quality of being equally good for the street, for evening dress and for motion picture make-up. I use the same powder before the camera for exteriors and interiors, and for daily use in real life. So do many of my friends, and they all tell me that they will use no other as long as they can get mine. As to the tint, it is a mixture of many colors. I learned from an artist years ago that there are no solid, flat colors in nature. Look carefully at anything you choose and you will see every color of the rainbow in it. Take a square inch of sky, for instance, and examine it closely and you will find every color there. Just so with the face. Any portrait painter will tell you that he uses nearly every color when painting flesh. Nothing is white—not even snow, because it reflects every color that is around it. White face powder is absurd. White is not a color. The general tone of my powder is something like that of a ripe peach, and I therefore call it "Peach Bloom Powder." I have made up a few boxes of it for my friends, and I feel justified in asking them to pay me what it costs me, which is about fifty cents a box or \$1.00 for two boxes. I am not in business and do not want to make a profit. If any of my readers want to try this powder I will try to accommodate them, but I cannot undertake to put this powder on the market in a business way—that is something for a regular dealer to do if there is enough demand for it.



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Editor-in-Chief of

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Passing Thru

(Continued from page 52)

exists between these two, and it was very lovely to witness it. It entirely routs the perverted idea with which some beings are possessed that there cannot be a real, sincere friendship between two people of opposite sex. Mr. MacLean has been married several years to a woman adored and adoring. And Miss May is very much in love with and soon to marry Wallace McDonald—yet the comradeship between these two co-workers of other days is very real.

"Don't wear yourself all out in New York, Doris," he said. "I never was so tired in my life. I have had social and business engagements—two or three a day. I have seen eighteen shows in less than two weeks. When I get on the boat I shall sit down and see if I remember the names of some of them, and what they were about."

"How wonderful to be sailing for Europe," we said—and meant it.

"I'm not," he grinned. "I'm sailing for California by way of New Orleans! We will be five whole days on the boat, and, thank Heaven, there will be no place to go and nothing to do but rest. How New Yorkers stand the life, and how they ever get any work done, is beyond me."

"So I'll soon be on the 'Home Stretch,'" he said, "which, by the way, is the name of the next picture I'm to make. It's about horse-racing, and intensely thrilling, I believe."

Douglas MacLean is a born comedian, and clever enough to make the most of it. Those who have worked with him say that he has an almost uncanny sense of humor that enables him to take a scene and bring out bits of humor that no one else would have thought of. Not only that—he makes the whole cast see it and helps them to make the most of their rôles. An ideal star!

And while I was considering the fact that he had not said that he wanted to direct a great picture or play Hamlet, he gave a quick look at his watch. "The boat leaves for California in seventeen minutes," he said. "Hope I will have more time for you next time I'm passing thru."

AUTUMN TWILIGHT

By WALTER E. MAIR

Suddenly cold—consumed of its own fire—
The crimson sunset falters, purples, dwindles;

Then splashes up, a failing funeral pyre,
Like summer's own, that, with a witch-torch kindles

On every peak new flame amid the pine-trees' blackened spindles.

Quenched softly by the sea-wind, by and by,
Each false glow dies: a far, in silent glory,
The virgin moon imperious, from on high,
Summons to night-patrol the mountains hoary . . .

Hark, down the shadowy vale wan Summer breathes her farewell story!

* * *

"Seasons may come and go from earth's broad breast;

Days fade, nights pale, and flowers perish, weeping:

Seek not beyond the hills, for here is rest—
Peace in her arms, when you are fain for sleeping.

Summer departs, but love endures, safe in the ages' keeping."

A Wise Fool

(Continued from page 67)

ending would come. It was as tho a Greek Doom was upon him and he could not escape. First his family, then his house, then his acres. His crops failed, his orchards were blighted—these things had happened to other men, and he only shrugged his great shoulders and thought that they were fools. Now they happened to him.

On an evening in autumn when the air was dank with coming rain, Jean Jacques Barbille stood by the sapling that he had bent with his strength of rage and fury of pride a short five months ago and gazed somberly over the lands that were no longer his. He could not see them, but the eyes of his mind spread them upon the darkness, sere and brown, with the blackened ruins where red-roofed buildings had stood. Once again the great form straightened haughtily. Once again he flung out his mighty, blunt hands in a gesture of defiance.

"No man did it!" shouted Jean Jacques Barbille. "It took God Himself to humble me!"

"It was his last boast. Thereafter he grew silent, avoiding his fellows, preferring night to day. Old Sebastian had died soon after the fire, and he was quite alone, except for Carmen's canary, who shared his mean lodgings in the village, above the blacksmith shop of Georges Cloque. Sitting in his window, Jean Jacques often watched the sturdy, red-cheeked wife of the blacksmith bring him his luncheon and sit close beside him while he ate, looking at her man with eyes of admiration and faith. Cloque was a ne'er-do-well; he had made no money, he owned nothing save the miserable cottage where he lived and this smithy, and no man pulled their forelock and ducked when he passed. Yet this woman loved him and admired him. Strange!

He thought, with a curious shyness, of Carmen, as a man thinks not of his wife of many years, but of his bride. Eighteen years—and she was a stranger to him. He had thought of her always as something that belonged to him, a part of his greatness. Now he knew that she had never been his at all.

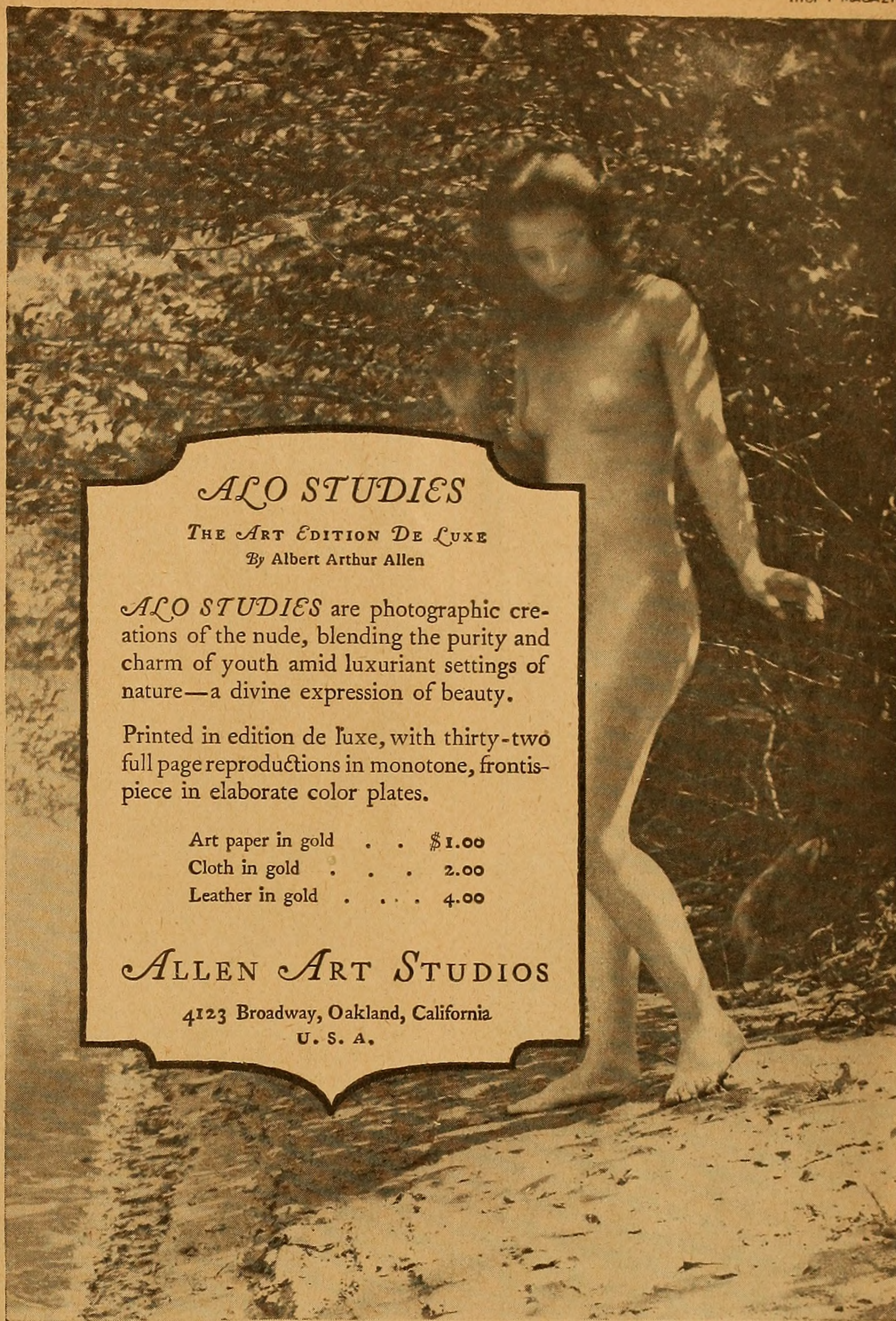
One morning before the village was awake, Jean Jacques took his bird-cage and strapped his poor bundle of clothes to his shoulders. The sun was just rising when he strode from the village. No one marked his going. No one called him a farewell or wished him luck. He might have been a chance wayfarer passing thru an alien place.

For a long time Jean Jacques Barbille wandered, seeking some word of the woman who had left him in her hot humiliation, the woman he had robbed. For he saw that now clearly. She was one of those born for love, and he had not loved her, for love is selfless, and he had been Self. And when, in her hunger for what he denied, she had given her heart into the keeping of another man he had forced that other to drop it and break it.

In Montreal he came upon his first clue. Carmen had been there. She had found a poor place as an actress in one of the shabby stock theaters where she had played adventuresses and lost women for the pleasure of street-walkers and pick-pockets. The manager, a greasy Hebrew with bald, slanting forehead, glowered angrily when he told Jean Jacques that she had been discharged three months before "for impudence"—it was easy to guess what the impudence had been.

Jean Jacques' eyes glowed red, but he

(Continued on page 96)



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The Erstwhile Landscape Gardener

(Continued from page 41)



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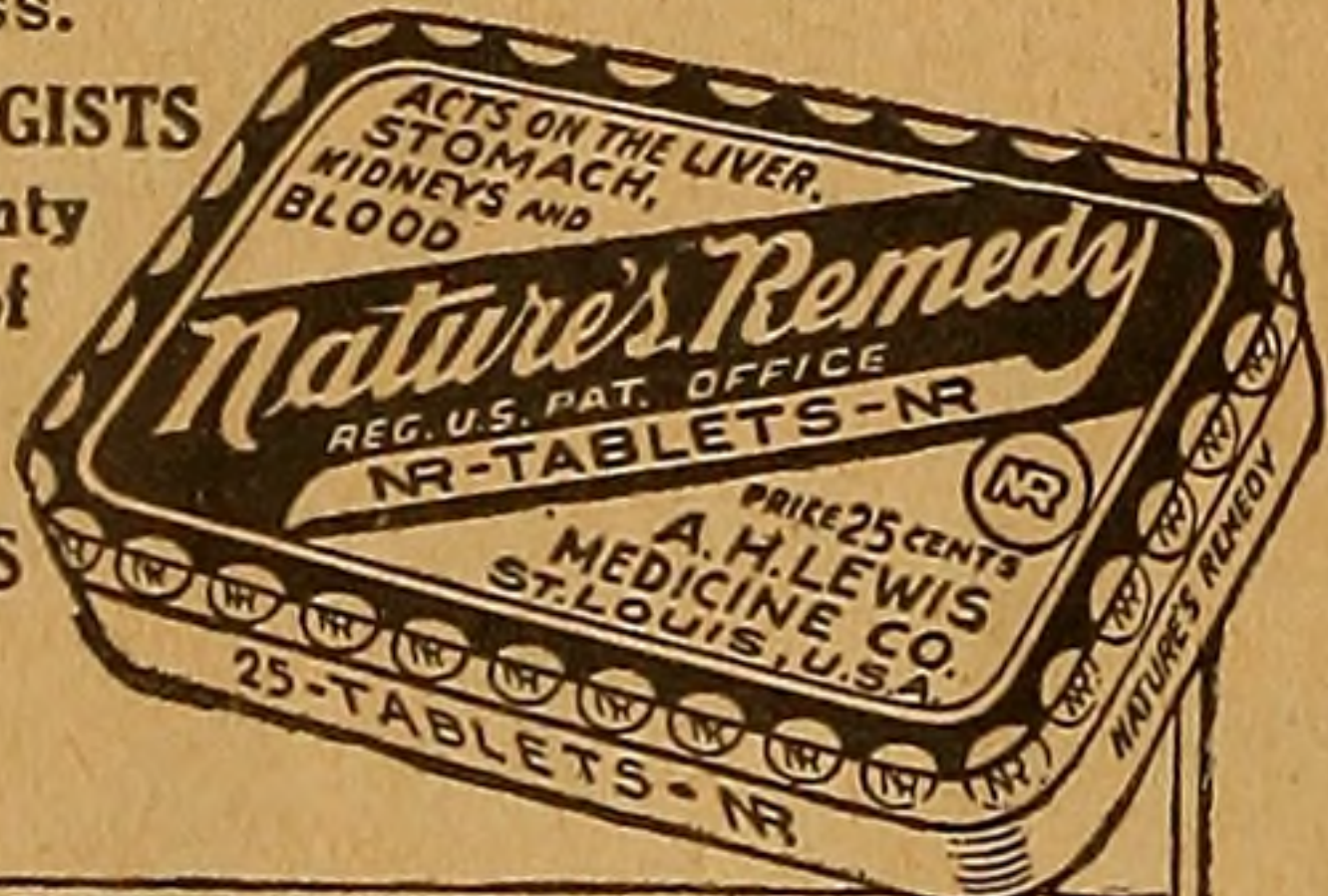
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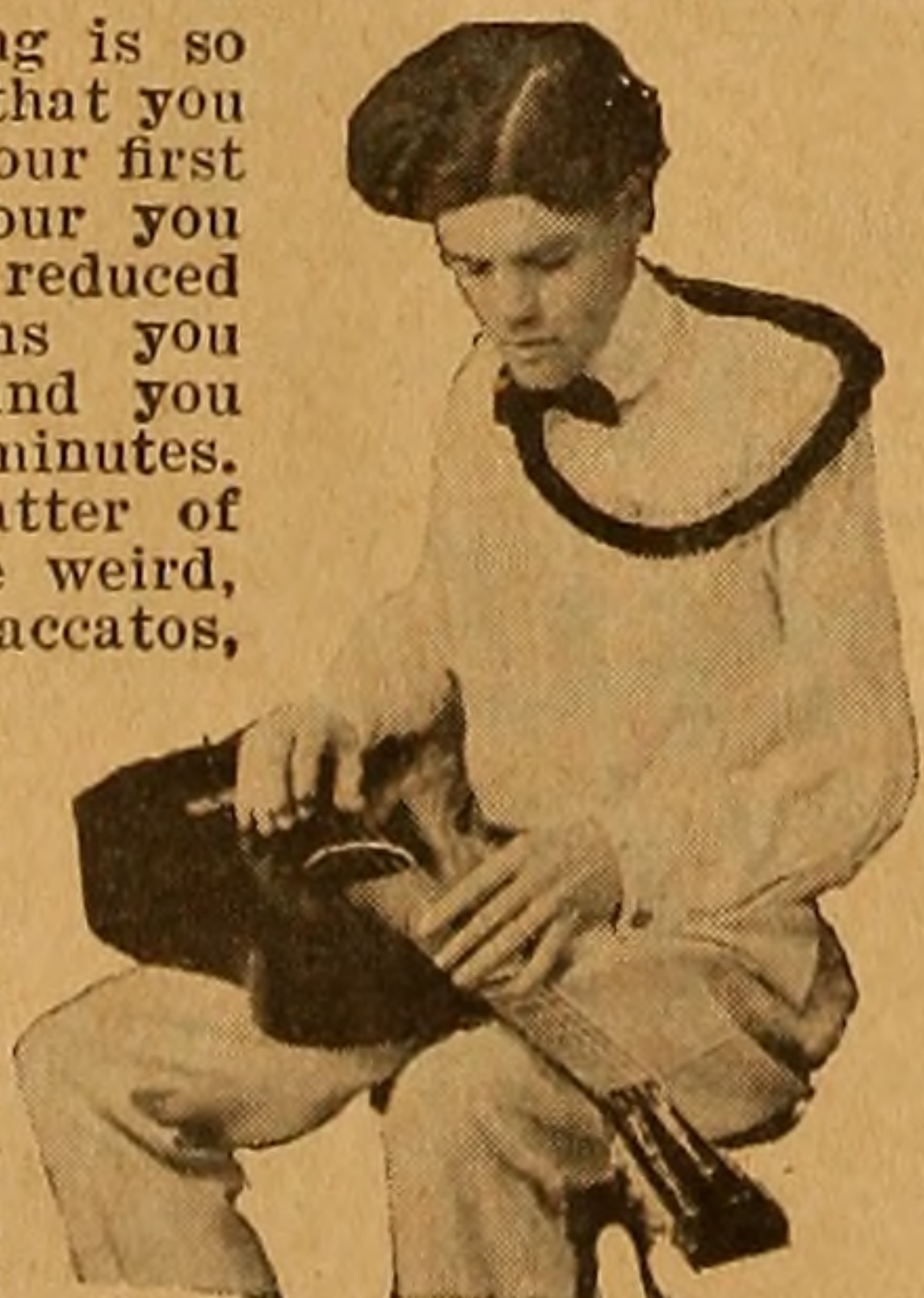
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Gish. I think his real chance came when he played the part of the young Italian nobleman in Dorothy Phillips' picture, "Once to Every Woman." In this he shot Dorothy with a revolver from the stage box, and then tumbled out of the box after shooting himself in the head. It was a good part.

So, you see, this Italian valentine did not get mailed directly into fame via the "Four Horsemen" picture. He served a fat term of apprenticeship. As this is written, he is playing Armand—oh, girls, girls!—to Nazimova's Camille, and from some of the scenes I saw them make, it is *my caliente*.

Yesterday we lunched together at that funny little café across the street from the Metro Hollywood studios. Rudy's olive complexion was thickly covered with pink paint, and the blackness of his eyes was emphasized by blue-black pencilled shadows over them. The finely-chiseled lines of his patrician nose and mouth were *au naturel*. I wonder if I can transcribe a suggestion of the very charming Italian accent which lingers in his ultra-modern American speech?

"W'en I firs' come to thees co'ntry it was mos' hard for me to accustom myself to the American food. In that little French *ponsione* in New York they give me American food like cabbages an' corn-bif, which I could not eat, but I would sit at that boarding-house table to hear those pipples talk Eenglish an' then I would go out an' eat my dinner in Italian.

"I was back in N'York las' year, w'en I hear that they want me to play Julio in 'The Four Horsemen,' an' I accept verry, verry queek. All the way back to California on the train I read that Ibañez book in original Spanish, so I know Julio like my brother. W'en I play that part sometimes I ask Meester In'ram, the director, to have played for me the overture to 'Cavalleria Rusticana.' This music is a ver' strong influence in my life. It is, I theenk' the mos' bebeautiful expression of my people in Southern Eetaly. I come from them, an' they are verry, verry emotional, of a natural, rusteec temperament. That 'Cavalleria Rusticana' means 'rustic chivalry,' of course you know."

Yes, young Valentino—he is twenty-five now—is essentially emotional, and I think, voluble; but American repression has rubbed off on him, and he cloaks his natural warm-heartedness and expressiveness under a veneer of reserve. Just as he has curbed the natural Italian tendency to expression with eyes, hands and body, so he has curbed his natural tendency to friendliness in his efforts to become Americanized. When you come to know him better, as I have, you learn that he is naturally naïve and charming in a boyish way, which is not true of some of our young native-born American stars.

There is something reminiscent in Valentino of the little peak-eared marble satyrs you see in Italian gardens. His well-shaped ears are the least bit peaked at the top, too.

His private life out of the studio also concerns us, and I asked him how he preserved the splendid muscles that ripple over his back and biceps. Did he box, or swim or gymnasiumate?

"I do not make pretense to be an athlete," he answered; "maybe because I have not the time. Because I dance once for a living, some kin' pipples say I was lounge-lizard, but I do not theenk so, because I mus' dance or starve in America. I like

better to dance. Now, I cannot swim much at thees California beach, because I am very dark in complexion, an' the sun it burn me too black for pictures. I become like a neegro.

"But I like to ride an' to steeplechase, an' I walk much."

He walks two miles every morning to work at the studio, and two miles back to his apartment at night. Whenever he gets a few hours off in the daytime he climbs around on the Hollywood hills, or else he rents the best horse he can find and goes galloping off thru the San Fernando valley, like Julio in the South American pampas.

The stars seem very favorable toward this young, very Americanized foreigner, and after "Camille" is finished he should be well up the ladder to that mythical top. Shake Wallie Reid and Tony Moreno up together and you get an idea of Rudolph Valentino in real life, so far as looks are concerned, but Rudy always keeps the muffer on.

His sleek, blue-black hair got all mussed up when he was playing the sea-captain hero with Alice Lake in John Fleming Wilson's "Uncharted Seas." This pleased the young man mightily, as he has an ingraining horror of being thought a lounge-lizard.

"I like that rough sea captain," he told me, letting go of some real, native enthusiasm, forgetting for the moment his veneer of American repression. "These pipples who say, 'Oh, that Valentino, he is lounge-liz,' will get to see my hair it is not always so sleek. I am glad."

But Rudolph is sleek by birth, not to mention slick, and I usurp Herbert Howe's prerogative for a moment in predicting that he will achieve his most notable successes in manly, bandolined rôles, if there are such things.

California Chatter

(Continued from page 71)

Melford's production of E. Phillip Oppenheim's story, "The Great Impersonation."

Herbert Rawlinson sat beside me at a very beautiful dinner party the other evening. He combines all of the qualities of the ideal American with none of the affectations of "some" screen actors. He misses New York, but is happy anywhere he goes. At present he is playing opposite Clara K. Young in "Chartered."

Enid Bennett, the lovely young wife of Fred Niblo, expects a new arrival in her family soon.

Jack Pickford plans to return to the screen himself at the head of his own company as soon as he finishes helping Alfred Green in the direction of his sister, Mary, in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." His first picture will be "Garrison's Finish."

Charlie Chaplin is said to be engaged to May Collins, the seventeen-year-old actress who came to California from New York to win success in the films. Neither of the two will affirm nor deny the rumor.

Eric von Stroheim has built so many Monte Carlos and spent so many dollars on "Foolish Wives" that we hope good, kind Mr. Laemmle, who has advanced all the money, will not be included among the foolish ones. Von Stroheim has been working eight months, during which time his leading man died and he had to find a double. Last week he shot scenes in

which five hundred extras participated for one straight week.

The best bit of news we know is that Mary MacLaren has been given the leading rôle in Douglas Fairbanks' production of "The Three Musketeers." Marguerite de la Motte and Barbara Le Marr will also have leading rôles.

Tod Browning's production of Edna Ferber's famous story, "Fanny Herself," will have Mabel Julianne Scott as Fanny, instead of Priscilla Dean.

I met Renee Adoree, the new little wife of Tom Moore, out at the Goldwyn the other day. She is petite and peppy—striking-looking rather than pretty, and with a perfectly charming accent when she talks. She is so full of fun and enthusiasm that I can very well imagine her bringing a great deal of happiness into Tom's life.

The screen is to be given another glimpse of Shakespeare's genius. John Stahl, who makes the Stahl Productions for Louis B. Mayer, announces that he will film a version of "King Lear."

Johnny Walker and Edna Murphy, who made such an impression in "Over the Hill," have arrived in Hollywood to make a Fox picture, entitled "The Live Wire."

Speaking extemporaneously at the Friday Morning Club, Gertrude Atherton, the famous novelist, said:

"Men about the studios are the most embracing males I ever knew. It is their profession. They are a catching lot, and they catch you on every occasion. Mr. Goldwyn is the best seller I ever knew, and I know a lot about best sellers. That is my business. He can sell anything to anybody. I admire him hugely. All of them can give the kindest, sweetest compliments. I like them, even if I don't believe them. I was asked to talk to you about my life history, but that would take too long. Still, the San Francisco fire burned the record of my birth, so I am still young enough to be embraced, and when things go well with your picture—oh, then is the time for embracing!

"I'll never again sign a contract which gives the producer the right to entitle it. Someone at the studio who knew how to take my "Perch of the Devil" and wrote the continuity for it. I wouldn't know my own brain-child. I couldn't get anything out of it. My producer said all good continuities are flat. Then I said my play would be a huge success, for could anything sound flatter than that continuity?"

"But it wasn't a success. So I wrote the scenario of a new play, tho that wasn't in my contract. But again flattery won me. Everyone said it would be a great success. I wanted to call it "Noblesse Oblige" or "Honor," but they wouldn't listen to that. This is the huge fly in my ointment. They called it "Dont Neglect Your Wife." I asked William de Mille when I met him socially if he couldn't get out an injunction on them for infringing on his lovely movie titles like "Dont Change Your Wife," *et al.* He said he would ask Cecil.

"But Cecil said they might be able to get out an injunction as a trade-mark, but not under a copyright law. So my story with the scene laid back in the days of old California, 1868, went on with the modern title, "Dont Neglect Your Wife," which even I couldn't remember, and it was variously called "Dont Forget Your Wife" or "Dont Neglect Your Husband," and I never made myself so disagreeable to a human being in all my life as I made myself to Mr. Goldwyn. But it was just because I dont understand the movie game. You see, I am too highbrow, or something, for them. But fancy a publisher changing the title to my book. Why, I'd go down and brain him."

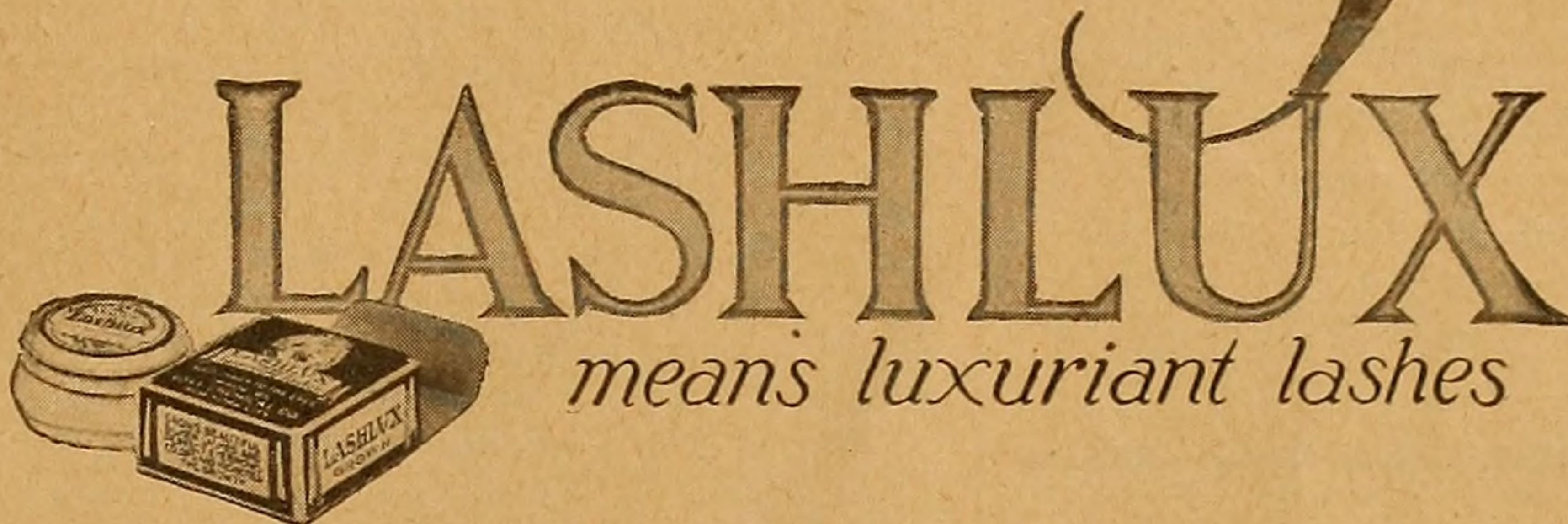
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Posed by May Allison, Metro star

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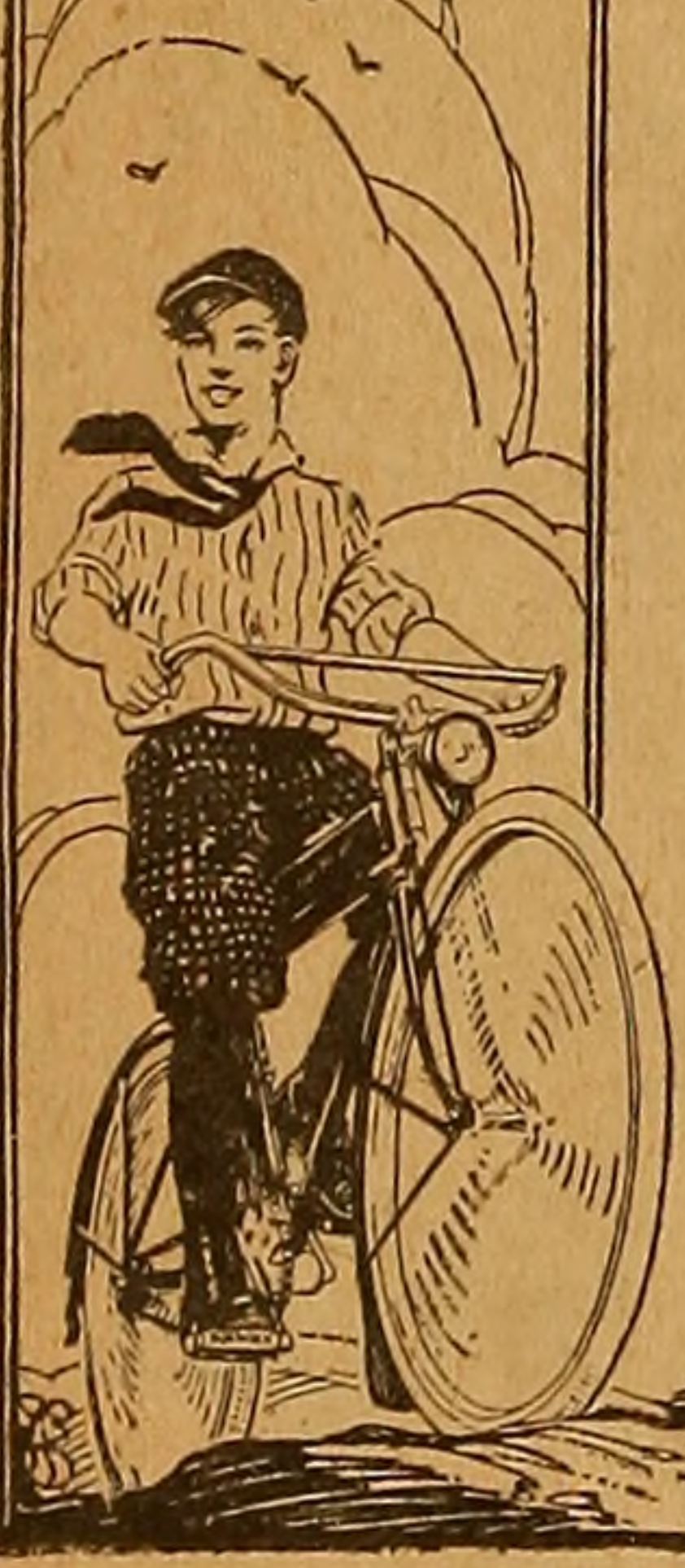
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The Clearing House for Kicks

(Continued from page 36)

out of the motion picture industry at Los Angeles, the organizing for activity on a nation-wide scale has been going on. The organization now has its headquarters at 32 West Forty-seventh Street. Mr. Quinn is active president. Frank Bacon, an example of what really good business there is in good, clean, simple drama as evidenced by his homely portrayal in "Lightnin'," now playing its third year on Broadway, is vice-president. And, since the enthusiastic house cleaners—from moving the furniture about the house and making the family generally uncomfortable to their comparatively recent entrance into public affairs—are women, so in this movement for better pictures a great many club and society women are interested. The membership includes artists, authors and actresses, business men and women. And a long list of clubs and organizations are giving support to the work.

The M. P. T. is a service organization chartered under the New York State board of trade article relating to membership corporations. It has no stock and can make no profits. The money it receives for membership fees and from other sources must be turned to the purpose for which it was formed.

The M. P. T. proposes to discourage the production and exhibition of objectionable pictures. To work for the elimination of waste and extravagance—which will result in lower admission prices. To work for the elimination of misleading and untruthful advertising. To encourage and help in a practical way the production and exhibition of pictures founded on good stories properly constructed, well acted by artists who fit their parts, intelligently directed and titled—the kind of picture the whole family can enjoy. This, they firmly believe, means good business for everyone involved—the producers, exhibitors, actors and the public.

Public opinion is the supreme court of appeal in a democracy, and the M. P. T. is counting strongly on public opinion. Can they find out what public opinion is? And how are they going to get it?

By maintaining various departments of service, research, statistics and information, the association hopes to become a clearing-house for kicks, suggestions and praise. They will have their own projection rooms for showing pictures. Representatives from various organizations and individual members of the association will be notified when the pictures are to be shown for recommendation or for the award of the M. P. T. Merit Seal. Cards will be passed thru the audience upon which the persons watching the pictures may write their opinions. These will be collected and noted. If the picture is agreeable, it will receive the O. K. of the M. P. T. If it is exceptionally good it will receive the award of the Merit Seal. The association will have also its own reviewers of pictures, who will go without prejudice to the showing of pictures and judge them. The opinions thus arrived at will be communicated to members in bulletins which will be mailed periodically.

The M. P. T. is now organizing its "chapters." They will, in course of time, have one in every town and city. Each chapter will have lists of O. K.'d pictures and those stamped with the Merit Seal for the guidance of the public and the information of exhibitors. This will be of incalculable value to the exhibitors thruout the country, many of whom have no way of knowing exactly what the picture is before they receive it and it is pro-

jected in their own theaters. If the advertising is inaccurate in its description of a picture to be released and it is not what the exhibitor wants when he receives it, he must refrain from showing it and lose money—or face the displeasure of his patrons. In small towns especially the blame is attached to the person nearest at hand. Therefore the exhibitor is blamed for showing objectionable pictures.

The big idea back of the organization is that people are eager for good, wholesome entertainment. That the success of pictures like "Humoresque" and "Over the Hill," productions without sensationalism and lavish expenditure, prove this. And, while there are some motion picture people who have kept faith with the public and their responsibility, it is the purpose of the M. P. T. to make those who have slighted their responsibility see it by proving to them that the public will stand behind them if they go in for sound, wholesome pictures.

From Chadwick to California

(Continued from page 25)

ed her outlook, made her self-reliant, able to make her own living—but she has never attained that self-sufficiency which is such a deadly drawback to a complete sympathy with the modern bachelor business girl.

About her clings that air of femininity, so charming in girls who have been sheltered from all ugly aspects of the world by an ever-present family—but to this lovable mark of the gentlewoman has been applied the torch of necessity. A flame of personality illumines her with a radiance of having found her individuality, which would have been lacking had she not come in contact with the world.

To me, Helene Chadwick is like a butterfly which has just burst from a cocoon. She seems to be primitively enjoying her first flights in life thru perfumed California breezes.

She gives the impression of being tall, of being poised for some great event. Her face is as radiantly fresh and free of make-up as the heart of a dew-washed rose. She does not give that appearance of super-grooming so popular with cinema stars today. She seems to wear clothes impersonally. Helene Chadwick is beautiful because she is Helene Chadwick, not because of her gowns.

"Girls should not rush into matrimony when they are so young," she told me, "but it's no use to tell them so—each one has to learn thru experience."

"Personally, I am afraid of marriage—one sees so many shipwrecks."

"I had a rather terrifying experience when I first came out to California. I arrived under contract with Pathé and Mr. Gasnier. Something went wrong between them and Mr. Gasnier broke his contract, which left me stranded here. I didn't know what to do nor where to go. Finally I met Mabel Condon and she took me around and introduced me to people, with the result that I got an engagement to play in several Lasky pictures. Then they offered me a contract, and so did Goldwyn. The latter had more inducements, so I signed with Goldwyn, and I have been very, very happy."

And all the time she was talking I was revelling in the happy visionary light which shone in her wide eyes.

Helene Chadwick is, I think, in love—with life.

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ASK

Your Theatre Manager To Show

SHADOWLAND SCREEN REVIEW

THE new single reel motion picture de luxe, produced and edited by A. D. V. Storey, formerly editor of "Screen Snapshots," and including scenes at Home, at Work and at Play with Stars of the Stage, Screen, Vaudeville, Dance and other Arts.

Constance Talmadge and her director, Chet Withey; Constance Binney and her director, John S. Robertson; Rubye De Remer, with Director Marcel Perez; Audrey Munson and Director Bob Leonard; Kenneth Webb and the Whitman Bennett "Salvation Nell" company, including Pauline Starke, Gypsy O'Brien and Joseph King, are among the celebrities who have staged special scenes for the first issues.

Scenes from the Frenchy Broadway musical comedy, "Afgar," of Leon Errol, star of the Ziegfeld show, "Sally," and of Madge Kennedy in the Broadway success, "Cornered," are also included; also Bert Levy, the international vaudeville star; Charles Hackett, the American tenor of the Metropolitan Opera House; Guiran and Marguerite, the dance sensations of the Century Roof, and others in dramatics, musical comedy and vaudeville.

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Produced in cooperation with the Brewster publications, "Shadowland," "Classic" "Motion Picture Magazine."

Tell Your Theatre Manager to Book it from Producers Feature Service

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Shadowland Screen Review

17 West 42d Street, New York

The Answer Man

(Continued from page 78)

tral Park West, New York City. You're very welcome.

MERRY CHERUB.—You are indeed a clever child. The poem of the "Cid" is the oldest epic in any of the romance languages, consisting of three thousand lines, and is a valuable picture of the manners and customs of the eleventh century. Let me see, Mary Pickford's first picture was entitled "The Violin Maker of Cremona," produced by Biograph, but I believe she was with Imp before going with Biograph.

BAR LE DUC.—You bet I like you on crackers with cheese. You want to know if grey stockings are going to be worn any longer. I doubt it. Instead of going up, they are coming down. More than one hundred tons of wood are consumed daily in the form of matches. You say Conway Tearle ought to write a book called, "Is Matrimony a Failure?" Why pick on Conway? There are others.

U. R. A. CRAB APPLE.—No, Agnes Ayres and Gloria Swanson are not the same. Our Managing Editor here says that one feature about the short skirts is that they make five city blocks seem like only one. Carlyle Blackwell has been playing in "My Lady Friend" on the stage.

RICKEY.—George Larkin is back with Universal, playing in a serial. You can reach him, Universal, Los Angeles, Calif. Cedar, my dear. Half of all the lead pencils in the world are made from American-grown cedar.

MARY.—I dont know how to advise you, because you do not seem to fit the place where you work. When you are working for a concern, dont always be watching the clock. If you dont get into the habit of doing a little more than is expected of you, you will some day find that you have got into the habit of doing a great deal less. Try to make yourself indispensable to your employer and some day you will move up. Anyway, you wont move out. Write me more about your affairs, Mary.

M. A. P.—Thanks for the clipping. No, I am not an artist—that is, with the brush. The true artist creates men and women. He does not please the public, but he holds all the people who think. Yes, I saw Katherine MacDonald in "My Lady's Latch-key," but I certainly did not care for the story. She is beautiful, nevertheless.

MASS. FAN.—Yes, I can eat meat, but only once a day. You see, you save the wear and tear on your system by being a vegetarian, because the average heart-beat of a vegetarian is fifty-eight times a minute, and that of a meat-eater is seventy-five. But you cannot deduct for depreciation when making out your income tax returns.

OMAR.—My humble thanks for your good wishes. Write me again.

L. J. B.—Just take a look at the ads. **PLAIN FAN.**—Of course Corliss Palmer writes the beauty articles. She's clever, all right—she even makes her own face powder. That's right, but some women are a blessing; the others—keep you guessing! You say, if a fox is cunning, a woman in love is a thousand times more so. Hobart Bosworth, in "A Thousand to One."

JUST JACK.—No, there was no collection for Olive Thomas. She was buried in New York.

LITTLE NEW ZEALAND SPORT.—Glad to hear from you again. You sure do write a corking good letter. Well, the blooming age for a horsechestnut tree would be in-

(Continued on page 97)

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POEMS WANTED

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A Wise Fool

(Continued from page 91)

kept his hands off the man. He was no longer lord of life and death. "Where did she go?" he asked in a low voice.

"How the h— should I know!" snarled the manager. "The airs of her! As tho she were the Queen of Sheba, and not so much for looks after all. She was getting old! They's plenty of young ones—"

Getting old. Yes, that was what happened to women's young, softly curving bodies, fresh lips. It was tragic. Life was very friendless. Always Jean Jacques Barbille had been sufficient to himself, but now he was lonely, with a cold, deadly loneliness that ate into the bone.

He found a room at a cheap boarding-house and a sunny window where he could hang Carmen's bird. Then he began his search anew. He hunted hospitals, agencies; he went into the dank, dread morgues and lifted the sheet from terrible, still things that some men had loved, perhaps, and fondled once on a time. He walked the streets, peered into cafés and even sought among the train of painted midnight women who passed along the streets like sorry shadows for a glimpse of a dark head and eyes with fires in them.

At the end of two months he was hopeless, defeated. He sat in his poor room and stared ahead into the days to come, seeing only this ache of loneliness that seeped into his soul like bilge water. What was the use of it? Why go on? He had lost even the reason for living—

In the sitting-room of his landlady Jean Jacques paused to say farewell. He had hardly spoken to her, but he longed intolerably for a friendly word, something warm and human to take with him. She was an old woman in a placid dress, with white at the throat and wrists, and she smiled at him pleasantly.

"Good-bye is an ugly word, my friend," she said. "I hate to say it. You might not believe it, but even landladies have hearts. And just now mine is very sad. The sick woman in the little room in my attic is worse. I think it will soon be good-bye for her also."

Jean Jacques' heart lifted strangely. It had been long, very long since he had thought of other people and their troubles apart from himself. It was good to feel this way, good to be sorry for someone. It was good to give—

But he had nothing to give—except his bird. He held it out to the old woman. "Perhaps it might cheer her to watch it," he said humbly. "I am sorry it never sings. Once it did, but not now."

"You are a good man," said the landlady. "There are few enough of them in the world, *mon brave*. Come, let us both take the bird to her. I think it might cheer her—she has some sorrow on her heart that is slowly crushing the life out of her. I know her sickness—I have been a woman sixty-four years."

In the mean little attic room a woman lay on the narrow bed, straight as tho she were stretched in her coffin. There was something awful about the rigidity of the sharp outline under the bedclothes, something unearthly in the persistent stare of the dark, hollow eyes.

"See, my dear," said the landlady, "this gentleman has brought you something." The woman turned her head slowly. Jean Jacques Barbille gave a great cry. "Carmen! My wife, oh, my dear wife—"

In the cage which the old woman was holding, the canary hopped upon its perch and began to sing.

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The Answer Man

(Continued from page 95)

fluenced a good deal by the condition of the soil, and the care the tree had. In poor soil the tree would blossom sooner than in very rich soil, because the rich soil would favor leaf growth at the expense of flower growth for reproduction. However, this is a long way from the subject.

THELMA, PEGGY, TERRY, LA VEEDA, BETTY CAROL BAILEY, NORFOLK, VA., MAURINE, BOBBY W., MURRAY HILL, FRENCHIE, IRENE, OH BY JINGO, GASTON GLASS ADMIRER, NATHLIE, JERSEY CITY, M. J. L., IMINLOV, GERALDINE FARRAR, L. M. Z., A LILLIAN GISH FAN, JAZZ AND JELLY BEANS, BOBBIE, MARY ANN, KISS ME DOLL, BERTHA H., DOROTHY DALTON FOREVER, THELMY-JANE, ALBERT R., EDITH C. S., FATHER ZEUS, DOLORES, JUST TWENTY, BLUE EYES, IRENE, JUST ME, IMA MYSTERY.—Sorry I cannot answer each of you. But better luck next time.

RACHEL V.—No, I do not wear pinch-back coats and belted overcoats. You say the coat of a horse is the gift of nature. That of an ass is often the work of a tailor. Harold Lloyd was born in Nebraska in 1893. A player is only half himself—the other half is his expression.

DAVID F. H.—You must be a human dynamo, you say you write two scenarios a week. I see! What do you do with them after you write them? Something wrong somewhere, David.

MARIANA.—G. K. Chesterton says the artistic temperament is a disease that afflicts amateurs. Yes, Hobart Bosworth is married to Mrs. Cecil Percival. Antonio Moreno went to the Honolulu islands for a vacation.

HELEN O.—Take no stock in it. In fact, don't buy any kind of stock just now.

DUESY.—You must learn to make use of your knowledge. Education is the means, not the end. Charles Ray, I believe, is coming to New York next December. He keeps postponing it. I wonder if he is afraid of New York. I have him framed right in front of my desk, and he smiles at me every day. He is playing in "Midnight Bell" now.

BYRON I. D.—You want to know the strongest man in pictures. All whom you mention are equally strong. Well, I am not absolutely sure of these figures, but every week within the borders of London approximately 4,000 children are born, 2,400 persons die and 2,600 begin wedded life. Anita Stewart has brown hair.

BETTY F., HELEN K., C. W. LATER, DOROTHY K., LEE W., PAN CAKE, JIMMY F., MINNIE LOOSEJOINTS, A. C. L. B., MRS. S., EDDIE POLO FAN, ANGELO POLO, DUESY, L. G., H. S., K. BROCK, J. B., T. H. H., T. D. M., MATTY K., JIM ZEFFINILE, ZEZEKLE, GREENUP, DOT AND DICK, ADELIN R., ELIZA JANE, J. J. O'B., BABY BLUE EYES, CATHERINE F., DOT T.—See above for your answers.

NAVY NURSE.—Of course your letters are always interesting to me. Sorry you didn't get your raise. Edna Goodrich and Evelyn Nesbit don't seem to be in the limelight just now. Write me again.

NEW READER.—Welcome! Plenty of room at the top. Scarcity of scenarios? I should say not. More plentiful than hen's teeth. But real good ones are rarer than fleas on a brass monkey. Constance Binney is not married. Casson Ferguson is twenty-nine. Harrison Ford has brown eyes and brown hair.

MAE C.—*Bien dit.* We want to know what you like and what you dislike about our magazines.

HERBERT RAWLINSON FAN.—Yes, John
(Continued on page 111)



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AGE
192
PAGE

Along the Starry Way

(Continued from page 57)

here says ya cant wear bavin' suits wivout apruns on; so I'm just fixin' Daddy up so he'll pass the censors. Let's go eat!"

"Whupee, look out, we're a-comin'!" Little Mary Pickford Rupp and her mother, Lottie Pickford, came sailing in on the crest of a big wave. Their surf-board was the top of an old trunk washed up by the sea.

Lila Lee, her mother, "Little Sister" and "Little Brother" watched the sport and munched ice-cream cones.

A little farther on, Charles Ray in white flannels was tossing the medicine-ball. "Got to keep in trim," he explained as we passed. "A good boob has to be smart or the other boobs'll catch him in this business."

In direct contrast to all this was the scene in which were Edwin Stevens and Alfred Allen, veteran character actors and bosom friends, and Mrs. Stevens. She had just laid aside her knitting and joined in the discussion of one of the late novels. Mr. Allen, one of the actors in this peaceful scene, was the hell-snorting wild-west saloonkeeper, otherwise known as Hell Morgan in the picture, "Hell Morgan's Girl." Mr. Stevens plays equally villainous rôles, such as unscrupulous ward bosses, smuggler chieftains, Turks, *et al.*

Monty Banks and Jack Warner, with their company, are cutting their comedy capers before a large crowd. In the mass, as most interested spectators, watching the bathing queens, however, are several leaders of the ultra-conservative faction of the town. They have subscribed to and supported the following program adopted by the Board of Education to regulate women: "No paint or powder. No extreme hairdress or large, fancy combs. No immodest openwork or lace stockings. No fancy garters conspicuously worn. Only Cuban or low, straight heels, and a suitable dress with a modest neck-line of a modest length."

It might be said that the modern faction care little how many resolutions the conservatives adopt, just so they dont try to enforce them.

Monty Banks and "Little Hippo," baby elephant on the payroll of a local theater, are in competition for the attention of the kiddies and grown-ups. Hippo was taking his daily ocean bath, an event awaited with anticipation by beach visitors, while Monty was doing a hula with a skirt of kelp to carry out the effect.

"O-o-o-o, lookie!" shouted one of a crowd of embryo Charles Rays, Chaplins, Barrymores, Blacktons, Griffiths, *et al.*, pointing to a zipping line of foam trailing behind a racing launch. Hippo and Monty were forgotten in the excitement of the new thrill. It was Marie Prevost, one of Mack Sennett's sea comediennes, riding a surf-board yanked along at a forty-mile-an-hour clip by a seawasp, whose nose careened skyward, while its tail plowed the ocean into foam.

In the amusement section carefree and happy crowds surge daily. On Sunday the "Pike" (as the amusement zone is called) is a "den of iniquity" to the blue Sabbathites of the town, while the moderns regard it as a haven of recreation and relaxation. Movie cameras turn out their plots thruout the day in films requiring crowds and the amusement-seekers serve as enthusiastic extras. Many a girl and swain from the wilds of Yale Station, Kansas, or Griffin Junction, Iowa, whose ideas of moving-picture making have been gained from the sophisticated daughter of the local "Picture Palace," whose dad "knows all the

movie actors and vampir-r-res," find themselves taking part in an animated scene before a real moving-picture camera, and with the crowd gleefully and perspiringly pursue the beach villain most of the afternoon, in anticipation of seeing themselves on the screen at home.

The Derby Racer, the Joy Wheel, Valley of the Moon and Dodg'em are some of the concessions. Mounted on "Bonniest," Harry Pollard competes with Alf Golding, his director, and two pretty feminine members of their company on the Racing Derby and the captive airplanes. Harold Lloyd and Viola Dana, Dorothy Phillips and Tom Moore bet bags of peanuts and popcorn on the outcome of miniature auto races, in which monkeys are the drivers.

Passing on, we view one of the commercial features of the town. It is an ocean-wave motor, presided over by the town inventor, Alva L. Reynolds, for turning out electricity. He has been operating his motor for six years, until it has become a fixture of the town. The town council has arranged with him to mount on top of the pier a searchlight with power furnished by the waves, and every night it flashes up and down the beach to rout tardy spooners and romantic strollers, much to the displeasure of the younger set of the town and to the delight of the "conservatives."

Long Beach, despite its conservative element, is becoming a motion-picture city. Following the footsteps of the Balboa Company, Milburn Morante has established his studio here, and soon scenes of this beach will flash on the nation's screens as backgrounds for the devilish plots of home-brewed beach vampires, villains, sirens and heroes.

Despite her conservatism, her ancient quoit pitchers, her Middle Western leanings, her reformers (who banned licker decades ago and are now hot on the trail of the vile weed, the shimmie and modern undress), Long Beach has her moderns with their boat races (on Sunday!), yacht clubs, tennis fiends and movie studios. All these combined help to strike the happy medium, and with all her mixture of the ultra and sombre, Miss Long Beach is a most charming and engaging hostess, and we all love her!

LOVE'S FAREWELL (Apologies to Drayton)

By

IVY KELLERMAN REED

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part—

And hold that pose, cling tenderly to me!
Be sure to register a broken heart:

The first reel ends with both of us set free.

Now tho of course we cancel all our vows,
You meet me in the second reel again;
Romantic sacrifice has marked our brows,
But youth's idyllic passion we retain.

The plot moves on without a pause for
breath,

While in the villain's teeth are cast his
lies;

The way he seeks to cause my tragic death
Will certainly make people wipe their
eyes.

For final fade-out use our first pose over:
What this brings in will let us live in clover!

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They are guideposts to better buying.

Thru the Back Door

(Continued from page 50)

white rose, all besmattered by a world that rode by on silly ponies and talked of silly things. Billy-Boy was called the "young poet." His family joshed him for being "soft." He didn't worry about that. He knew that he wasn't soft. It was being soft to scoff and laugh and pass by the things of life his set passed by—the tender, precious things. One of them, he knew now, was a girl who worked so hard she had to wear rough gingham and torn shoes and be laughed at by him and his. He tethered his horse and told the others to drive on; he was going to stay. He did stay, and Jeanne, longing for understanding, told him about Conrad and Constant and how she had brought them from Belgium and how she tried to keep them hidden and feed them and keep them happy—and that she, Jeanne, was waiting, waiting for something magical and beautiful, but she couldn't tell him what.

Billy was impressed. Jeanne *talked* like he *thought*. He hadn't known any girl *could*. What did her dress matter? Huh! Dresses were *easy*. He told her he'd help her. His family owned the adjoining estate. They'd halve the care of Conrad and Constant. "A fellow," he said, with some superiority, "can give 'em some advice, too."

Jeanne agreed. She went back to the scullery and lo, the prismatic sun made it an enchanted spot and every little prism was a bright and boyish face that didn't laugh when a girl fell into a mud puddle, a girl in tattered gingham with ugly, gaping shoes.

That week Jeanne was promoted to assistant housemaid. She wore neat black and white and she felt that now the time was coming when she should reveal her identity. She still had the letter, of introduction so to speak, that Marie had given her. She might place it on her mother's dressing-table and let her mother make the first advance. She pictured it variously—her mother would come to her at night, when she was sleeping, in the narrow iron bed. She would draw her into her arms, white and scented, and hold her close, so close till all the lean and hungry years had fallen away and then she would bring her into her own room and they would lie close together all the night and in the morning—what a new world it would be—

She could comfort her mother, too. There had been all sorts of talk in the servants' hall. Mr. Reeves, it seemed, had been assiduous in his attentions to Miss Brewster for some time past. Gradually an open scandal was brewing. The young lady was there with her brother and apt, it seemed, to remain there indefinitely. It was the opinion in the lower circles that Mrs. Reeves was too quiet and sad-like. Mr. Reeves demanded more life, more sparkle. He was seeking it in Miss Brewster.

The day after her promotion to assistant housemaid Jeanne was relegated to Miss Brewster's room to assist her in preparing for the night. She was in the clothes-closet when Miss Brewster and her brother came in, arguing rather badly. Jeanne remained still. She didn't know why. It seemed to her an act outside her own volition. In the next ten minutes she had ascertained the amazing fact that the Brewsters were *not* brother and sister, but husband and wife, and that they were on the Reeves premises for the purpose of blackmailing the wealthy Elton. Brew-



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New York



ster was upbraiding his wife for the slowness of her procedure.

Jeanne remained the night in the clothes-closet. She dared not reveal herself, let them know that she had overheard. In the morning she went directly to her mother's boudoir, only to hear her mother tell Reeves that she was leaving him. Jeanne burst in upon them. She felt strangled by the import of what she had to say. Suppose—suppose it were she would give her mother back her happiness? She blurted it out, what she had heard, her night in the clothes-press, everything. Reeves laughed contemptuously and made to shut the girl up. But her mother interfered. "I believe her," she said; "let her continue."

Reeves heard her out, then turned on his heel. "Kitchen gaff," he pronounced.

When he had gone, Jeanne showed her mother the letter Marie had given her, and her baby trinkets and told her all about what Marie had done because she was angry and, most of all, she told her what she had been thinking all these years about mothers and how she had come across the seas, confident and happy, because she knew what was to greet her at the journey's end.

When Hortense Reeves fingered the golden hair and looked deep into the soft, brown eyes and held in her hand the battered little blue shoe her own fingers had last tied on, something tight and cold and terrible seemed to break within her. She was what Jeanne had thought about, like some white statue shattering to bits of broken rose. She held Jeanne to her breast and it seemed as tho she could never hold her close enough, or know her dear enough. "Ever since she told me you were dead," she whispered, "I have been dead, too—so strange and dead inside. Baby-girl; so cold, oh, darling"—and then she couldn't say anything, but the words baby and darling and my little one, my sweet—and Jeanne didn't want her ever to stop.

After a great while her mother said to her, "We'll go to town together. We'll live alone. Just you and I. I'm going to make it up to you, precious. You shall see."

Jeanne wore a wrap of her mother's about her and they left swiftly. "We shall live alone," her mother said, "and find happiness together. When I think of what I have given up for what I have—Jeanne, if I can teach you valuation—"

In the garage they found that the housekeeper had discovered the greedy presence of Conrad and Constant, and was in the very act of venomously ejecting the small pair. Jeanne fell on her knees and gathered them to her. She buried their scared little faces on her breast. In the background Billy-Boy stole in upon the scene, bearing, furtively, his daily offering of cake and fruit. Jeanne told her mother the story she had told Billy-Boy, and also the additional facts of Billy. All the time she was talking, Billy was looking at her. His eyes were twin dreams. The mother looked at both of them. Something between smiles and tears touched her. She turned to the housekeeper. "These lads are protégés of my daughter's," she said, "and will go to town with us." The car swept out of the garage, leaving the housekeeper flattened against the wall, and Billy smiling happily after it. Now Jeanne would come out of the kitchen. Now the world would see her as he had seen her, Cinderella awaiting the fairy godmother.

Jeanne had a luxurious day. There were dainty frocks and dainty hats and capes and cloaks and lingerie. There seemed nothing left on earth to buy when her mother had done. Then they went to the

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SIR JAMES BARRIE

By

FRANK HARRIS

This fascinating article on the noted author is one of the reasons why all readers will enjoy the July number of this magazine. It is one of a new series of contemporary portraits by the well-known writer.

Sinclair Lewis wrote "Main Street." Since then everybody has been writing about Sinclair Lewis. Frederick James Smith, interviewing the celebrity, discovered the clarity and strength of his views on various conditions in America and presents them in a story of unusual merit for the July SHADOWLAND.

HERMAN ROSSE

By

OLIVER M. SAYLER

is an article on the personality and career of this artist and scenic designer who has just come into the limelight.

Also exquisite color plates in

—The July Issue of—

SHADOWLAND

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PAGE

ves town apartment, and there they
nd awaiting them Elton Reeves. For
first time, Jeanne liked his face. It,
e her mother's, seemed broken up, but
ru the pieces shone something finer than
ad been there ever on earth before.

"My dear," he said to her mother, "the
tle girl was quite right. The—ah—Mar-
ret Brewster is what she is accused of
ing. I have been a fool. I make no ex-
uses. I have been lonely and I have
ought a fool's consolation."

Jeanne's mother was silent. "I have
been lonely, too," she said, "but I am not
so any longer. This is my own little girl,
Elton."

Reeves turned to Jeanne and his eyes
grew wet with tears.

"Please dont," Jeanne said.

"I have so much to be forgiven," Reeves
told her, "more than you can find in your
heart, my child, I know."

Jeanne shook her head. "I find more in
my heart than you'd *think*," she said. "I
think you loved my mother very much.
You didn't want me to take some of it
from you. I know how that would feel."

"I still love her," the man said, gravely,
"but I have always used wrong ways of
proving it, of treating it. Lately—the last
years—there has been something terrible
between us—"

"My baby," his wife said, "dead—you
see—but that is over now. I *am* sorry for
you, Elton, because I am so happy."

"Then forgive me for everything," the
man said, "and try to love me a little—"

"I have never stopped loving you, dear,"
his wife said. "You see, that's been the
trouble with me all along. Inside, I never
do stop loving the thing I have once loved
—Jeanne, sweetheart, go dress all up and
we'll go out to dinner—"

Jeanne dressed and topped it off with
three of Elton's high hats. "Mother," she
called into the next room, wherein had
been reigning a velvet silence, "mother—
may Billy come, too?"

The next day they all went out to the
country and Billy came over and they
walked, and on the walk Jeanne told him
of the wonderful thing and how it had
come true, and of what they were going
to do for Conrad and Constant, and how
life was like a fairy tale after all—

"Do you think," said Billy, "that we'll
all live happily ever after—?"

Jeanne looked at him. He looked at
Jeanne. She sat down on a bench and,
leaning against a tree, he looked down
on her.

"I dont think," she said, "I could be
happy if it wasn't *'all'*."

And in her happiness Jeanne stopped to
remember the days—when she had
dreamed of this, her Great day—when she
was wearing the black and white uniform
of a maid—a uniform, however, which
had never seemed to matter very much
with Billy-Boy.

CAPTIONS

By THOMAS J. MURRAY

I like the captions on the screen,
Conceived by clever writing men;
This one conveys enjoyment keen—

AND THEN.

No reel can well be termed complete,
If friends like these they dare to slight;
Think how we'd miss this lyric treat—

THAT NIGHT.



Portraits of Your
Favorites

TWENTY-FOUR LEADING PLAYERS

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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and SHAD-
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way.

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- | | | |
|-------------------|--------------------|---------------------|
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| Marguerite Clark | Francis X. Bushman | Alice Joyce |
| Douglas Fairbanks | Earle Williams | Vivian Martin |
| Charlie Chaplin | William Farnum | Pauline Frederick |
| William S. Hart | Charles Ray | Billie Burke |
| Wallace Reid | Norma Talmadge | Madge Kennedy |
| Pearl White | Constance Talmadge | Elsie Ferguson |
| Anita Stewart | Mary Miles Minter | Tom Moore |

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Across the Silversheet

(Continued from page 69)

path. It is an irate schoolmaster who saw only his head in the clouds and christened him "Sentimental Tommy," a name which he never outgrew.

But in the end of the story, T. Sands—for that is the name under which Tommy writes—the man part of T. Sands loves finely, deeply, all the more so because the writer is within him and because the writer loves, too—has always loved perhaps.

The atmosphere of the misty village where the days glide into one another, where the soft sunlight dances on the housetops and where the Painted Lady lives at the end of the town with her daughter, Grizel, is perfect. It is all just as Barrie has painted it.

And Gareth Hughes is Tommy—no more can be said for him. He is Tommy bucked up over something he has done; the man Tommy well pleased with himself; then he is the dreaming Tommy to whom make-believe is so vivid that it is almost real, and he is the perplexed Tommy who is wondering which he is at that particular moment—which Tommy he is, so to speak.

We like Mabel Taliaferro's Painted Lady, too—you feel so sorry for her, with her brain that is not quite well—and in your pity you love her.

May McAvoy plays Grizel, and in this, one of her first important rôles, she has created something which will always reflect credit upon her. Miss McAvoy is beautiful, but more, her work denotes a deep knowledge of life, exceptional in anyone so young.

You will enjoy "Sentimental Tommy" while he dreams on the screen, but you will enjoy him even more in retrospect.

MAN-WOMAN-MARRIAGE—FIRST NATIONAL

Allen Holubar's "Man-Woman-Marriage" is one flash-back to times prehistoric and times medieval after another. And we are one of the few who have not read H. G. Wells' "History of the World," so we hesitate to criticize the authenticity of those other times. However, we do know that these flash-backs have cost thousands of dollars, for some of the scenes are stupendous and they show all of the six thousand people the advertising matter has talked about—and we do know, too, that they have nothing whatever to do with the story, and that they are ruinous to the continuity.

The story in the main is simple, telling of a sincere young woman who marries a struggling lawyer, only to have him sacrifice his ideals for the god Mammon; to eventually suffer defeat and finally return to the better things of life.

Naturally the story in itself would have caused no comment—it would not have been heralded as a super-feature or whatever they call motion pictures which have consumed whole fortunes in their making. Nevertheless, we would have believed as much in Mr. Holubar.

In fairness, we wish to say that the scenes of other ages and those depicting lavish orgies in modern palaces were in many instances very beautiful and efficiently handled—often spontaneous with what we have come to believe the spirit of their time. But undoubtedly they would be more appreciated if they did not postpone the fate of the girl Victoria and her very human husband.

Dorothy Phillips, who, incidentally, is Mrs. Allen Holubar, has been entrusted

with the leading rôle, and in it she is very attractive. There is a soft shading to her work as well as an understanding. James Kirkwood is able as the husband.

WHAT'S YOUR REPUTATION WORTH—VITAGRAPH

"What's Your Reputation Worth?" an average screen story, which would never have been produced if there was not a scarcity of good story material, telling about a stenographer who has fallen in love with her employer and who, therefore, accepts his offer to act as co-respondent in his divorce case when he realizes his wife would be happier with her freedom. So employer and stenographer spend a few winter weeks at his farm, occupying different wings of the house, of course. They go sleighing and skiing together, and when you learn that the stenographer is Corinne Griffith you realize that no man could resist her, so you discover that Percy Marmont as the employer finds that life still holds interests very worthy.

Webster Campbell has directed this picture with a sure touch. He has a dramatic as well as a story sense.

As for Miss Griffith—she is, in our opinion, the chief and only reason for the production. Her ravishing wraps and gowns are not just the models that stenographers achieve, but perhaps she had some legacy which the story does not mention that went into a wardrobe. At any rate, when anyone looks as she does in costly clothes there should be some means arranged whereby one may secure them.

THE PASSION FLOWER—FIRST NATIONAL

It has been some months since Norma Talmadge's followers have seen her in a new production, but her characterization of Acacia, the title rôle of the screen version of Jacinto Benavente's play, "The Passion Flower," which Herbert Brenon directed, is well worth waiting for.

Miss Talmadge portrays Acacia from her early girlhood, when she rebels at her mother's marriage to Esteban. Her desire to leave her stepfather's house causes her to accept Norbert as her fiance. Then, when he apparently jilts her, she becomes betrothed to Faustino. Slowly a suspicion of her stepfather grows in her mind, but she does not speak, even when her name is bandied about on common lips because of a song his servant wrote and sang of her in sodden moments.

Acacia suffers actions and reactions for Esteban and does not understand herself until an old servant forces her to see the light. To go further into plot detail would be to spoil the suspense and the story itself for those who have not seen the play. Suffice it to say that the final revelation is skilfully handled.

Norma Talmadge makes Acacia colorful. There is a great love intermingled with a deep hate. She does not mince or pose in close-ups. Close-ups are used only when necessary, and not to display her as the beautiful star—rather, to reflect conflicting emotions.

Courtenay Foote is Esteban and Eulalie Jensen, Raimunda, mother of Acacia and wife of Esteban. Both are well cast, as is Harrison Ford as Norbert.

LYING LIPS—THOMAS H. INCE

Some pictures give the impression that they have been ground out of some per-

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ture of Rudyard Kipling's
story, "Without Benefit of
Clergy."

THE JULY NUMBER

of

Motion Picture
CLASSIC

fectly good studio—there's nothing wrong with them in any flagrant sense, neither is there anything to recommend them. Such a production is "Lying Lips," which is the latest offering from Inceville.

The story is melodrama, and while it contains two or three thrills and some suspense, it is not rich in those artistic touches which make a mediocre story good to look upon. The title-sheet tells us that it was personally supervised by Thomas H. Ince, and apparently Mr. Ince did little supervising, while the director probably felt that any credit would revert to Mr. Ince, and conserved his ideas for another time.

Again we are told that English mothers expect their beautiful daughters to marry a human check-book. Nancy Abbott's mother did, and Nancy saw no reason why she should do otherwise, until she met Blair Cornwall in the Canadian woods—then she knew people—some people—occasionally married for other reasons. But she knew that she couldn't—that even in the face of her love, money mattered most. And so she wanders thru thrilling shipwrecks, excursions and even a good part of her wedding, endeavoring to decide which man she had better accept.

Personally, we have no aversion to melodrama now and then—nor do we mind shipwrecks very much, but then, producers have developed such a fondness for shipwrecks lately.

Florence Vidor is Nancy Abbott, and we repeat what we said of her in "Beau Rev." She is attractive in appearance, but more than that, her personality is not easily forgotten. House Peters, popular for these many years, plays the Canadian and is likable, while Joseph Kilgour characterizes the wealthy William Chase.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA—FOX

The mystery of tropical nights, the sky a black canopy hung low, with myriads of silver stars; royal palm trees bending in the breeze as they keep the lonely vigil of the lovers' hour—

Women, fair to behold, jeweled with precious gems and bathed in rare and costly perfumes—

Men, prolific in their loves, enmeshed in intrigue, wise in the wisdom of the early ancients—

And the Queen of Sheba, fairest of all women—

And King Solomon, wisest of all men. J. Gordon Edwards has captured the all of it—and more, he has passed it on to his public in the new Fox extravaganza, "The Queen of Sheba."

Undoubtedly a fortune, many fortunes, have been expended in the making of this production, but it has all been for some purpose. It has given the cinema Court of Solomon a glory commensurate with that which has been sung of it down thru the ages.

The scenes are among the most sumptuous ever filmed, while the chariot races, staged for the entertainment of the Queen of Sheba during her visit to Solomon's land, are all that they have been said to be.

Frankly, we went to "The Queen of Sheba" with misgivings. So many productions which have been announced with the fanfare of trumpets have fallen short. So many colorful stories of other lands and other times have failed because of a piece of scenery somewhere in the background which swayed in the breeze or some other lack of attention to detail. But our fears were groundless.

And we wish to give due credit to Virginia Tracy, who prepared the screen



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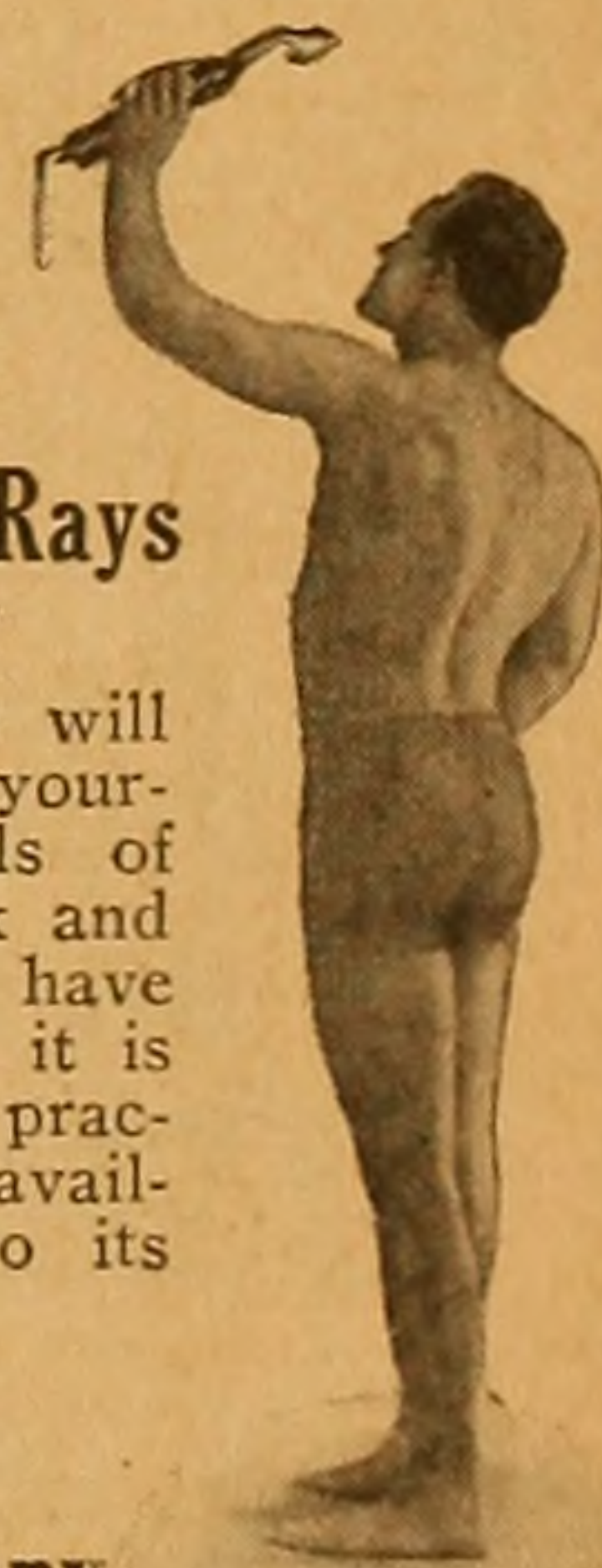
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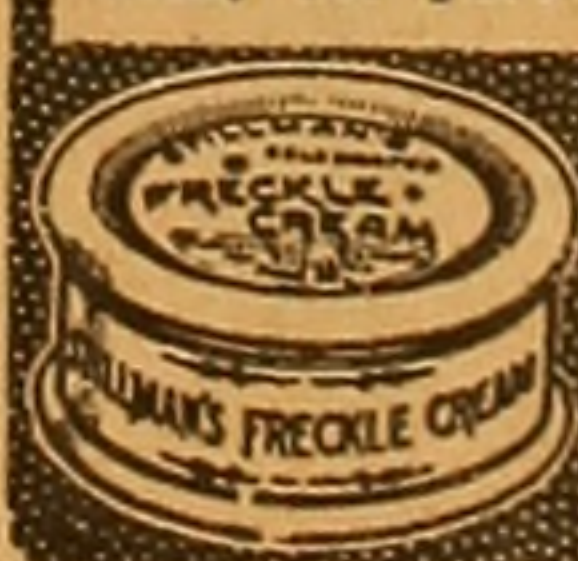
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adaptation. The story is at no time sec-
ondary to the lavish presentation. It is
the gem perfectly set.

Betty Blythe, well-famed for her beauty,
and Fritz Leiber, renowned for his royal
impersonations, are cast as the Queen of
Sheba and King Solomon in this tale of
romance on a throne, wherein they sacri-
fice their mutual love on the altar of their
kingdoms.

Both are splendid, with Mr. Leiber ful-
filling every promise which has been made
of him in kingly rôles. As for Miss
Blythe, we doubt if there is another who
could essay this characterization more
perfectly. Always she is the beautiful
Queen. At no time does she suggest the
star playing a daring rôle.

Historians might find much to criticize
in this production—there may be discrep-
ancies, there may be multiple flaws, but
certainly they are not obtruding.

As a spectacle, it is undoubtedly an
achievement.

THE OATH—FIRST NATIONAL

An introductory title in "The Oath" ex-
plains that in producing this picture R. A.
Walsh has made no attempt to solve a
problem—rather that he desires to pre-
sent one. And it goes further, to say that
the problem deals with intermarriage be-
tween people of different faiths.

Undoubtedly this phase is touched upon,
but not centrally. It is far more a side
issue. Whether or not an oath should be
binding, even when human life hangs in
the balance, or whether or not secret mar-
riages are wise in so far as they are preg-
nant of happiness, either of these is far
more to the point.

The story deals with Israel Hart, a
wealthy Hebrew, and his daughter, Minna,
who loves Hugh Colman, a Gentile. Be-
cause of her father's deeply-rooted objec-
tions to intermarriage, Minna and Hugh
are secretly married, only to find that hap-
piness does not find its birth in secrecy.
Without cause, Minna is tormented by a
thousand suspicions concerning every-
thing Hugh does—and, strangely enough,
she pins, many of these on her best
friend, Irene Lansing. Distrust grows un-
til, finally, after a series of dramatic inci-
dents, she forces Hugh to take an oath,
which would have cost him his life but for
a noble perjury on the part of Irene.

Many will undoubtedly declare that the
actions and reactions, suspicions and dis-
trust of the wife are overdone—unreal—
yet we think them true to feminine psy-
chology under the given circumstances.
Undoubtedly the husband who is the vic-
tim of this psychology is to be pitied. Al-
ways he is misunderstood and censored.
But at the same time a pity for the girl-
wife, torn between tradition and a great
love, is not amiss.

And a word of praise for the titles.
They number among the finest we have
ever seen flashed on the screen.

The cast is excellent. Miriam Cooper
gives Minna Hart a real personality, com-
plex and at times human enough to be
difficult, while Anna Q. Nilsson is cap-
able as usual in the rôle of Irene Lan-
sing. Conway Tearle is seen as the dis-
traught husband, Hugh Colman, while
Robert Fisher typifies Israel Hart.

One thing, however: We wish R. A.
Walsh wouldn't insist upon every charac-
ter turning frantically about, their backs
leaning against a table, whenever they felt
any intense emotion.

"The Oath" is worth seeing and above
the average. It deals with subjects upon
which there will eternally be "pros and
cons," and Mr. Walsh has kept a clear per-
spective.

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(Continued from page 96)

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The Screen Time-Table

For the benefit of our readers, and by way of a screen review and critique, every month we will give, in this department, a composite opinion of our editorial staff which may be read at a glance.

When a play strikes twelve, it means that it is a masterpiece and should be seen by everybody. When it is rated below six it contains but little merit. The ratings are based on the general entertainment value, but include the story, plot, acting, photography and direction.

Underneath our own list, we will print a similar time-table compiled by our readers. Let every reader critic send in a post-card, from time to time, containing an abbreviated criticism of one or more plays. We will print the composite results here, but only when there are five or more critiques on the same play so that, in all fairness, a general opinion will be presented. Address the Time-table Editor, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

- D Drama
- C Comedy
- F Farce
- E Educational
- SD Society Drama
- WD Western Drama
- MD Melodrama
- CD Comedy Drama
- SP Spectacular Production

Superfine	12
Medium	6
Very Poor	1

EDITORIAL STAFF CRITIQUE

- ALL SOULS' EVE—MD-5.
Mary Miles Minter—Realart.
- ALWAYS AUDACIOUS—C-9.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
- BEHOLD MY WIFE—D-8.
Mabel Julienne Scott—Paramount.
- BELOVED CHEATER, THE—D-6.
Lew Cody—Robertson-Cole.
- BELOW THE SURFACE—MD-6.
Hobart Bosworth—Paramount.
- BLACK BEAUTY—D-7.
Jean Paige—Vitagraph.
- BLACKMAIL—D-7.
Viola Dana—Metro.
- BLACK PANTHER'S CUB, THE—D-8.
Florence Reed—Zeigfeld Films.
- BLIND HUSBANDS—D-10.
Erich von Stroheim Prod.—Universal.
- BODY AND SOUL—D-8.
Alice Lake—Metro.
- BRANDED WOMAN, THE—MD-6.
Norma Talmadge—First National.
- BRANDING IRON, THE—D-10.
Barbara Castleton—Goldwyn.
- BRAT, THE—MD-8.
Nazimova—Metro.
- BREWSTER'S MILLIONS—Farce-7.
Roscoe Arbuckle—Paramount.
- BROADWAY AND HOME—D-7.
Eugene O'Brien—Selznick.
- BROKEN BLOSSOMS—D-12.
Gish and Barthelmess—Griffith Prod.
- BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS—D-9.
Leatrice Joy—Goldwyn.



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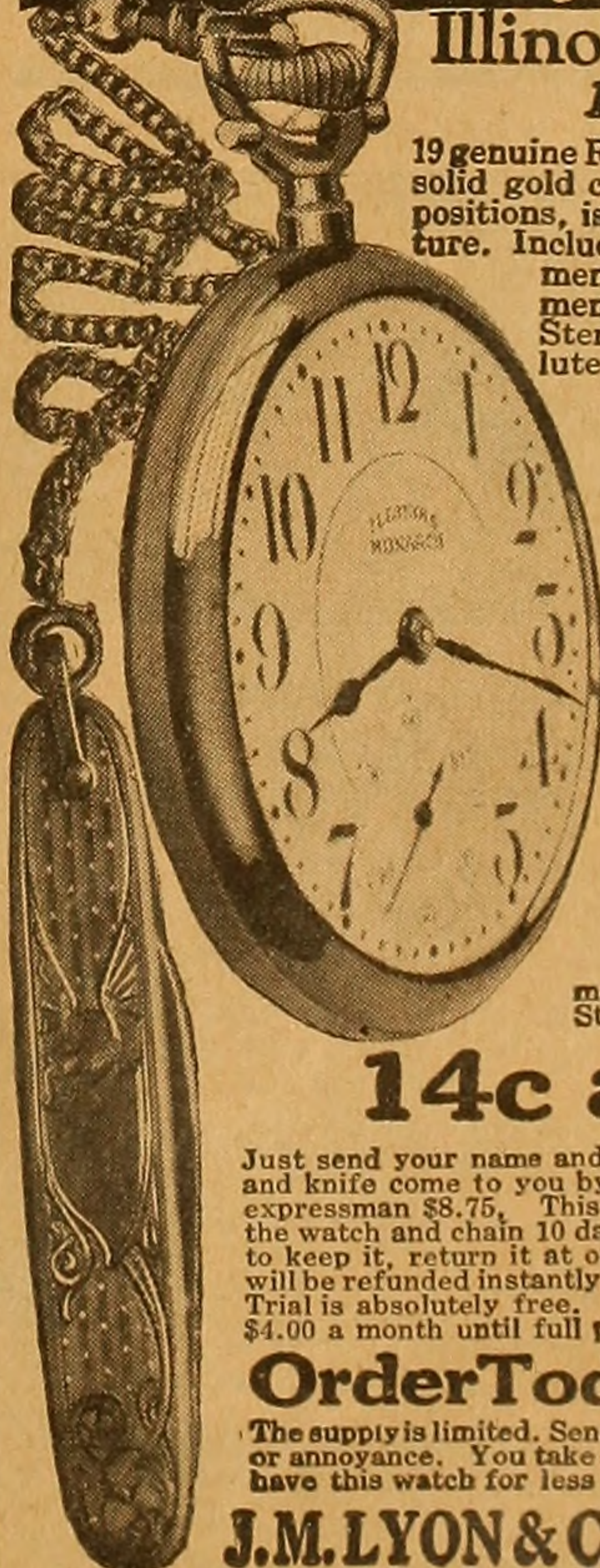
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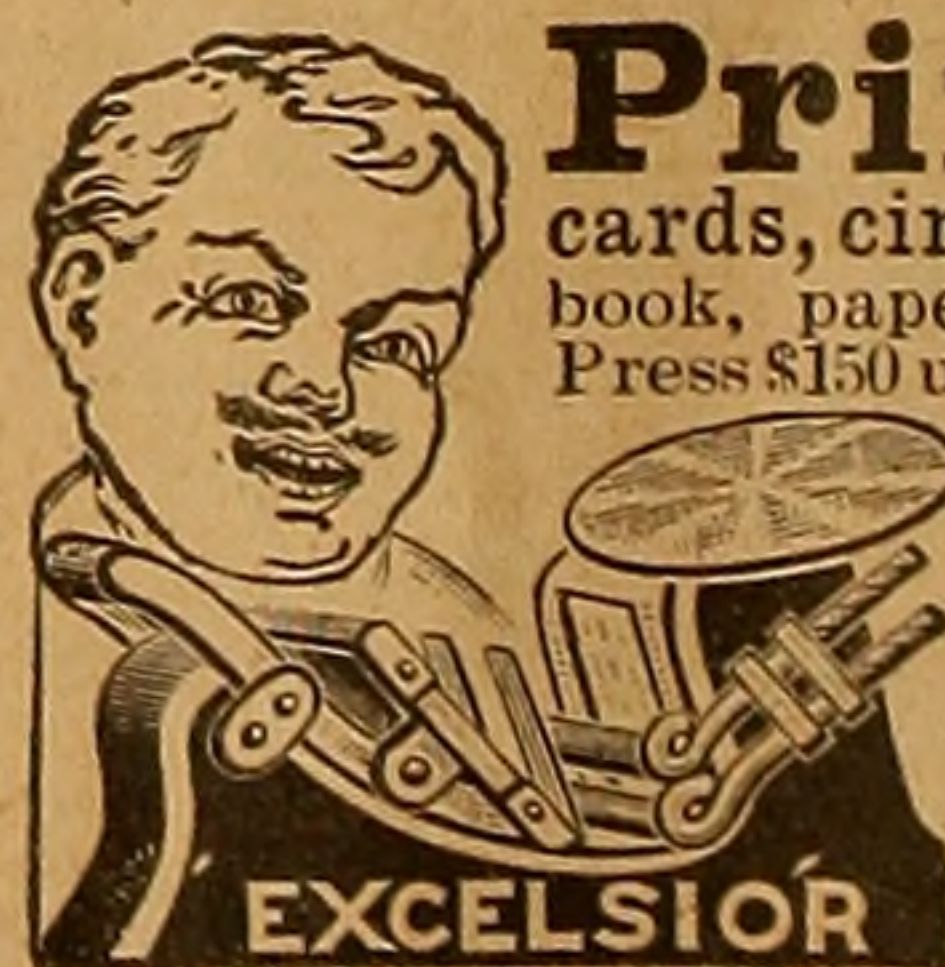
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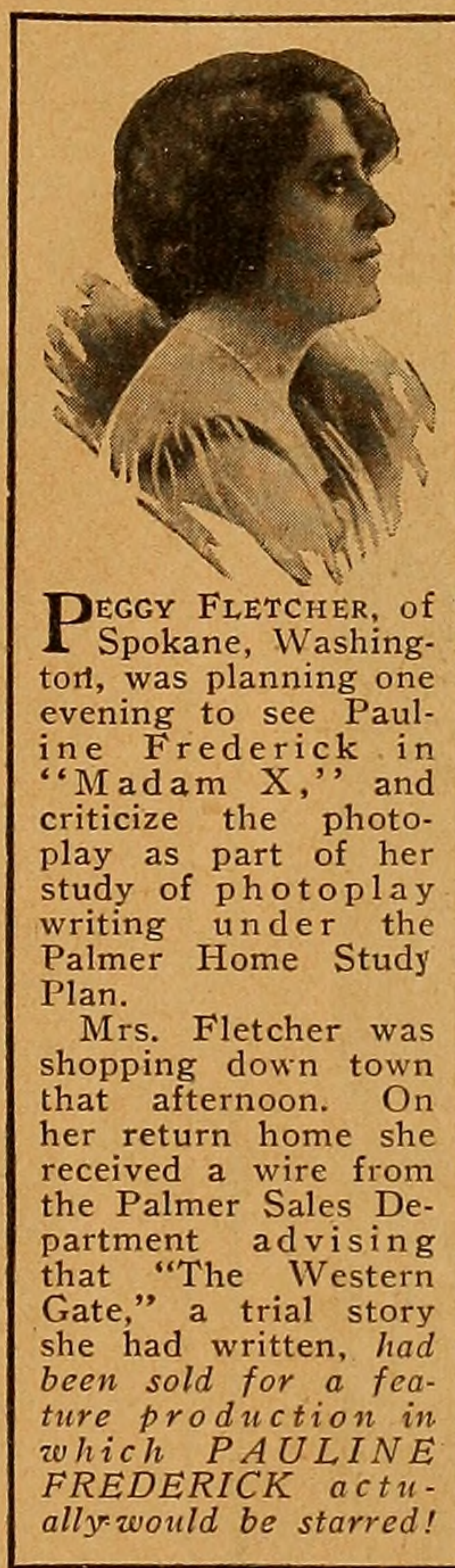
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(Continued on page 110)

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The Bachelor Hero

(Continued from page 23)

he nearly starved to death for a time, and that it probably had done him a world of good, but that he had no desire to nearly starve again. Had he remained in Colorado and finished his course at the University he would have been a physician like most of the other members of his family. However, he does not regret his choice, and he says that he is always happiest when he is among creative people, whether they be actors, painters, writers or sculptors—

But, when it comes to marrying, while he might prefer someone creative, he would not care to marry anyone of his own profession.

"That I think unwise," he said. "Oh, I know it is said to make for companionship, and there is, of course, nothing finer, but, on the other hand, it would make the little difficulties which are sure to arise in the mutual sharing of two lives even more difficult than they would otherwise be."

And he went on further to say that he does not laugh at the marriages wherein the two principal parties maintain separate establishments.

"That is carrying things to an unpleasant extreme," he admitted. "I do think, tho, that it is best to cherish illusions, and too great an intimacy is always destructive. Some people in their desire to protect the thing carry their precautions too far. However," he added, carefully straightening a rug with the heel of his boot, "however, I cant imagine wishing to see anyone before you have had your coffee."

Then we gave up all effort to make him take life seriously. He finds it difficult to maintain a serious vein for very long at a time.

Before we left he walked with us to the balcony. On the other side of the park the great skyline of Fifth Avenue with the east side of the city behind it, was growing indistinct in the dusk.

"It's the first thing I admire in the morning—that park," he said, "and the last thing at night. I wish you might see it at twilight. It broadens out seemingly—in the dark—and hosts of lights wink from the buildings over there. Behold then—my suburbs."

Undoubtedly he is living according to the theory of Oliver Wendell Holmes, I think it was, who so wisely said "Life is a great bundle of little things."

It is because of his great realization of life that he has shadowed its greatest emotion so well upon the screen.

And he would, if I mistake not, part with those things he has acquired, which the world calls great, far sooner than he would part with the other things—the little things—his view, the friendly pigeons sharing his breakfast—his old pieces of furniture—the little things which compositely have come to make his life so infinitely worth while.

SAFE

By ROBERT D. LITTLE

I've got to leave the speaking stage
This very week;
Directors say it takes an age
For me to speak;
And so I guess I'll try a spell
Of silent drammer,
And then the people cannot tell
How much I stammer.



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See the girl who possesses the "eyes of the soul" in

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A Clark Cornelius Release

117 West 46th Street
New York City

The Screen Time-Table

(Continued from page 108)

- DEVIL'S GARDEN, THE—D-7.
Lionel Barrymore—First National.
- DEVIL'S PASSKEY, THE—MD-10.
Von Stroheim Production—Universal.
- DINTY—MD-7.
Wesley Barry—First National.
- FLYING PAT—CD-5.
Dorothy Gish—Paramount.
- FORBIDDEN FRUIT—SD-9.
Agnes Ayres—Cecil B. de Mille Prod.
- FORBIDDEN WOMAN, THE—D-10.
Clara Kimball Young—Equity.
- FURNACE, THE—SD-9.
Agnes Ayres—Paramount.
- 45 MINUTES FROM BROADWAY—CD-7.
Charles Ray—First National.
- GILDED LILY, THE—D-8.
Mae Murray—Famous Players.
- GIRL WITH A JAZZ HEART, THE—CD-8.
Madge Kennedy—Goldwyn.
- GOOD REFERENCES—CD-7.
Constance Talmadge—First National.
- HELIOTROPE—D-11.
All-Star—Paramount.
- HUSH—D-9.
Clara K. Young—Equity.
- JACK KNIFE MAN, THE—D-12.
King Vidor Prod.—First National.
- KID, THE—CD-5.
Charles Chaplin—Jackie Coogan—
First National.
- KISMET—D-11.
Otis Skinner—Robertson-Cole.
- LADDER OF LIES—D-7.
Ethel Clayton—Paramount.
- LAST OF THE MOHICANS—D-7.
All Star—Tourneur Prod.
- LIFE OF THE PARTY—C-6.
Roscoe Arbuckle—Paramount.
- LITTLE MISS REBELLION—C-10.
Dorothy Gish—Paramount.
- LOVE EXPERT, THE—CD-10.
Constance Talmadge—First National.
- LOVE MADNESS—MD-6.
Louise Glaum—Hodkinson.
- LOVE LIGHT, THE—D-6.
Mary Pickford—United Artists.
- MADAM X—MD-10.
Pauline Frederick—Goldwyn.
- MAN WHO LOST HIMSELF, THE—D-8.
William Faversham—Selznick.
- MARK OF ZORRO, THE—C-10.
Douglas Fairbanks—United Artists.
- MIDCHANNEL—D-7.
Clara Kimball Young—Equity.
- MIDSUMMER MADNESS—D-8.
All Star—Paramount.
- MOLLYCODDLE, THE—10.
Douglas Fairbanks—United Artists.
- NINETEEN AND PHYLLIS—C-7.
Charles Ray—First National.
- OH, LADY, LADY!—C-7.
Bebe Daniels—Realart.
- OLD DAD—D-5.
Mildred Harris—First National.
- ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN—D-7.
Dorothy Phillips—Universal.
- OFF-SHORE PIRATE, THE—CD-8.
Viola Dana—Metro.
- OFFICER 666—CD-10.
Tom Moore—Goldwyn.
- PASSION—TD-12.
Pola Negri—First National.
- PAYING THE PIPER—D-6.
Dorothy Dickson—Lasky.
- PERFECT CRIME, THE—CD-9.
Monte Blue—Allan Dwan—
Associated Producers.
- PLUNGER, THE—D-5.
George Walsh—Fox.
- PRINCE CHAP, THE—D-9.
Thomas Meighan—Paramount.
- ROOKIES' RETURN, THE—F-8.
Douglas McLean—Famous Players.
- RUTH OF THE ROCKIES—MD-10.
Ruth Roland—Pathé Serial.
- ROUND-UP, THE—CD-5.
Roscoe Arbuckle—Paramount.
- ROMANTIC ADVENTRESS, A—SD-5.
Dorothy Dalton—Paramount.
- SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT—D-11.
Swanson and Dexter—Paramount.
- SUDS—CD-8.
Mary Pickford—United Artists.
- SUITOR, THE—F-5.
Larry Semon—Vitagraph.
- THIEF, THE—MD-4.
Pearl White—Fox.
- 39 EAST—D-10.
Constance Binney—Realart.
- TWIN BEDS—CD-5.
Carter de Havens—First National.
- WHY CHANGE YOUR WIFE?—D-11.
Swanson and Meighan—Paramount.
- 'WAY DOWN EAST—D-11.
Gish and Barthelmess—Griffith Prod.
- WHAT HAPPENED TO ROSA—C-8.
Mabel Normand—Goldwyn.
- WOMAN GAME, THE—SD-6.
Elaine Hammerstein—Selznick.
- WOMAN IN HIS HOUSE, THE—D-10.
Mildred Harris—First National.
- YELLOW TYPHOON, THE—MD-10.
Anita Stewart—First National.
- YES OR NO—D-10.
Norma Talmadge—First National.

MOVIE LAND

By FLORENCE C. WHITE

A weary week of ceaseless toil is mine,
There are no pleasant pastures by the way;
But always just ahead is Saturday,
And on that night Aladdin's lamp to shine.

From eight o'clock for three, long, perfect
hours,
I live enchanted in a land of dreams;
Life has no roughened edges, cracks or
seams,
These lie deephidden under beds of flowers.

O, Movie Land, until my eyesight dims,
And on Life's screen is softly flashed 'The
End,'

I'll find my greatest profit, pleasure, friend,
In rapturous enjoyment of the films.

The Answer Man

(Continued from page 97)

Holliday was Jim in "The Love Expert." Irene Boyle, in "The Deadline." I don't know why, but I was cut down to three columns and a half last month, so naturally I cannot answer all the letters I receive. Cheer up, but don't give up.

UKOLAXON.—Well, it is not necessary for a girl to pose in order to become a model woman. We had an interview with Lillian Gish in the April-May, 1920 issue. Charles Ray is married to Clara Grant. Yes, Blanche McGarity has her own company, called "Blanche McGarity Productions."

PH.G.—Thanks for the wonderful letter. I wish I could shake your hand.

CONNECTICUT.—Well! You say I know the art of stringing the girls. Really! I didn't know it. Yes, I live alone—my nest is loveless. Many of our great men (including myself) lived alone, or were addicted to seclusion, including Swift, Goethe, Shakespeare and Thoreau. Alone, but not lonesome. Not the least bit bored with yours.

COMELY AND HOMELY, FLATBUSH VAMP, BABE, KIT CARSON, BOB H., T. BEE HONEY, WHAT'S YOUR HURRY, WALLY, FRANK F., HILDRED, MONTE BLUE FOREVER, A STATEN ISLANDER, LOUISE ZIEGNER, BELL P., M. P., BUDDIE WOOD, MISS TAKEN, H. M. S., JUST WE, B. Z., HAPPY HOME, IRENE, BEATRICE COLLIER, OUIJA, WINONA, IMA PEACH, FLORABELLE, S. W., CURLS, CORINNE SHARP, LADY BIRD, CHARLOTTE R., DENVER TILLIE, BILLIE BUMPUS, NORMA TALMADGE FAN, MA PETITE FLEUR, BROWN EYES, KENTUCKY BELLE, CHATTERBOX, LORETTA L., PUZZLE E., P. D. O., W-NO, THE BIG TWO, NAZIMOVA FAN, GEORGE E. G., PEGGY, FLORENCE.—Glad to hear from you again.

VIRGINIA FAIRE.—Address Blanche McGarity at Box 37, San Antonio, Texas.

ME, MYSELF, AND I.—I fear that you are criticizing something that you know little about. But, since ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be otherwise. Yes, that was Mary Pickford's niece. Mary Rupp, in "The Nut."

BESSIE M.—Thanks for sending me the souvenir book of Pike's Peak. You never forget me, do you?

MILDRED T.—The Raisin Jack Rhapsody verse you refer to is as follows:

'Twas a winter day in summer,
The rain was dry, alas!
The barefoot boy with his shoes on
Stood sitting in the grass.

While the organ peeled potatoes,
Lard was rendered by the choir.
While the sexton rang the dishrag,
Someone set the church on fire.

'Twas midnight on the ocean,
Not a trolley-car in sight;
The skipper called a taxicab,
And rode all day that night.

PH. F., Buffalo.—Yes, "Bluebeard" was produced by Artcraft many years ago. I hardly think it is still being shown.

Here is a fair sample of the sort of letter the Answer Man receives. He tells us that life would not be worth living if he couldn't read a few hundred such every day.—

DEAR ANSWER MAN:—

Do you believe in reincarnation? I do. At least I think I do. At present I don't know a thing about it. That's not exactly true either, for I do know that it means a soul being born again in another body, and Webster confidentially assures me that it means "renewed incarnation, new embodi-

ment, specif. in certain ancient and oriental religions or beliefs a rebirth of the soul in another body."

Reincarnation is interesting, don't you think so, old top? Just think, Answer Man, perhaps you were Dickens, or you may have even raised him. Who do you think you were. Please, please don't tell me that you were Lancelot. I'll stand for Galahad or even King Arthur, but if you, you long whiskered, buttermilk-imbibing, hallroom lizard, if you tell me you were Lancelot when I was Guinevere, you shall die a horrible death. I will smother you with your own whiskers. There!

What do you think of my name at the bottom? That's my motto. No matter what I'm after, and no matter what obstacles are in my way, I grit my teeth and say, "I'll get 'em yet," and I do.

But now for the question part of my letter. I have a most important question to ask thee, oh most wise one. It is a question of the deepest international importance. Until I receive thy answer, oh great wizard, I shall have neither rest nor peace. I shall be in torture. Oh no, 'taint is Eugene O'Brien married? I know he isn't, and I wouldn't care if he had a harem, the pie-faced simpleton. I want to know, I want to know, how to say SESSUE HAYAKAWA? There, I know how to spell it anyway.

And next for Emory Johnson, don't you like him? What's his next picture after "Polly of the Storm Country," how tall is he and what color eyes has he?

And then, Harrison Ford. Who was Beatrice Prentice, his ex-storm and strife? I just can't imagine anybody not getting along with him. He'd just have to put me inside of that library that the Lasky P. A. is using for such good publicity purposes, and then he could do what he darn pleased. I wouldn't know he existed. We'd get along all right. Especially if I didn't see him all day. Oh yes, to get back to Beatrice Prentice. Who got the divorce and when was it granted. Whee! he must be wild and woolly. Twenty-five and already divorced. Positively shocking, don't you think, old dear?

I heard a good joke today. Only it wasn't a joke. It was true. A minister announced to his congregation that there was a man among them who was not true to his wife and religion, and if that man would put a ten dollar bill in the plate he would accept it as a sign of repentance and say nothing more about the matter. If the man did not comply, he would announce his name before the entire church. When the plate was brought up, it contained eighty-five ten dollar bills and five notes asking him "Not to tell, for God's sake." A good egg, eh what, old top? Now, what would you have done had you been present with only \$9.95 in your pocket.

Am I not good to thee to type my letter to thee, oh great One?

Farewell,

With many deep salaams to thee, Oh Answerer of the Faithful,

I am ever thy obedient Soivant, (Oh, yes)

"I'LL GET 'EM YET."

3836 Boulevard,
West Hoboken, N. J.

WALLY REID.—At the time you mention, the freedom of New York City was presented in a gold snuff box to the Mayor. All the freedom that New York has enjoyed for years might be given away in a box of the very smallest description. Yes, Bessie Love is to publish a book called

Wonderful Opportunities
for Men and Women



Become His Private Secretary

Be a big man's right hand. Rich rewards in it. Important work. Big pay. "Inside track" for promotion to high executive positions paying \$50 to \$100 a week. Opportunities, too, for investments, and frequently for travel. Big demand for the competent private secretary. Openings everywhere for the man or woman of exceptional ability in shorthand and typewriting.

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Qualify for a high salaried private secretaryship. Train by mail in the Tulloss "New Way" in Stenography—or Typewriting alone. If you are already a stenographer, you nevertheless need "New Way" training in typewriting—for no matter how good you are in shorthand you can never expect the high salaried position until you get speed—real speed—and accuracy on the typewriter. Typewriting the Tulloss "New Way" you can write 80 to 100 words a minute! The most remarkable method for speed, accuracy and ease of operation. Quickly acquired in 10 easy lessons.

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Control Your Nerves—Enjoy Life Be Free from Nagging Pains and Ailments

How? Correct your posture and strengthen your muscles and nerves by using for a little while this gentle, easy, natural support. Nearly 200,000 have done it with the wonderful

Natural Body Brace

Overcomes weakness and organic ailments of women and men. Brings restful relief, comfort, ability to do things, health and strength.

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Does away with the strain and pain of standing and walking; replaces and supports misplaced internal organs; reduces enlarged abdomen; straightens and strengthens the back; corrects stooping shoulders; develops lungs, chest and bust; relieves backache, curvatures, nervousness, ruptures, constipation, after effects of Flu. Comfortable—easy to wear.



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Wear it 30 Days Free At Our Expense

Write me in confidence today, stating your condition and desires. I will answer quickly and send illustrated booklet, measurement blank and our very liberal proposition.

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DON'T send a penny. Just send your name and say: "Send me a Lachnite mounted in a solid gold ring on 10 days' free trial." We will send it prepaid right to your home. When it comes merely deposit \$4.75 with the postman and then wear the ring for 10 full days. If you, or any of your friends can tell it from a diamond, send it back and we will return your deposit. But, if you decide to buy it—send us \$2.50 a month until \$18.75 has been paid.

Write Today Send your name now. Tell us which of the solid gold rings illustrated above you wish (ladies' or men's). Be sure to send finger size.

Harold Lachman Co., 204 S. Peoria St., Dept. 8152 Chicago

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Be a Jazz Music Master

Yes, you can, even if you have never touched a piano. The Niagara School of Music has perfected a method of instruction which will enable you to play all the popular song hits perfectly by ear. All you need to know is how to hum a tune. Our method—only 20 lessons, which you can master in a little while—will enable you to transform the tune which is running thru your head into actual JAZZY music on the piano. ALL BY EAR.

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WIZARD STICK TREATMENT permanently and painlessly destroys hair, root and follicle (life of hair) without mar or blemish to the most sensitive skin. The most stubborn growths succumb to this treatment and we teach you how to treat yourself in the privacy of your own home. No electrolysis or caustics used and we guarantee results. Complete treatment \$5.00. References given. Send stamp for booklet "Superfluous Hair Truths."

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Don't send me one cent—just let me prove it to you as I have done for over 72,500 others in the last six months. I claim that "Fairyfoot" is the only successful cure for bunions ever made and I want you to let me send it to you FREE, entirely at my expense. I don't care how many so-called cures, or shields or pads you ever tried without success I don't care how disgusted you feel with them all—you have not tried my cure and I have such absolute confidence in it that I am going to send you this treatment absolutely FREE. It is a wonderful yet simple home treatment which relieves you almost instantly of all pain; it removes the cause of the bunion and thus the ugly deformity disappears—all this while you are wearing tighter shoes than ever. I know it will do all this and I want you to send for "Fairyfoot" FREE because I know you will then tell all your friends about it just as those 72,500 others are doing now. Write now, as this announcement may not appear in this paper again. Just send your name and address and "Fairyfoot" will be sent promptly in plain sealed envelope. Write today.



FOOT REMEDY CO.
2207 Millard Ave. Dep. 54 Chicago

"Bessie Love's Good Night Stories." Send along the strawberries, please. I like them much.

MILDRED C.—But, Mildred, the man who is really great rules by love, truth, and the powers of a noble example, powerful in his gentleness and gentle in the exhibition of his power. He goes forth to meet the human world as Summer comes to the waiting earth. Just like me. I don't know about how Bebe Daniels got into pictures, but I'll try to find out.

FLORI.—You must sign your full name somewhere on your letter.

DARLING OLIE.—Words, words, words. Your letter is all words. You fail to say anything. Why not get a point and stick to it and on it. Concentrate your army on one point and endeavor to break thru. Clarine Seymour played in "Scarlet Days." You are still waiting for Ann Luther to send you her picture. Ann, Ann— You say you have my picture framed in a white ivory frame on your library table. After reading that I'll take back what I said above, for you show excellent judgment and taste. Write me again.

POLLY TIES.—How can I describe romance? It's too big for me. Yes, we keep a "morgue" containing all the facts and news we can get about the players. Every up-to-date newspaper keeps up one concerning prominent citizens. You say you have just found Harold Goodwin and you worship him. I won't tell a soul.

DEVIL'S EYES.—Thanx for the sox. They will come in very handy. Let me here thank all of my many friends who so kindly remembered me during the holiday season. I only wish that I could thank them all in person. No, Viola Dana was not married to Lieut. Locklear. Yes, Lon Chaney in "Outside the Law." Call again. I remember one year we beat you at football.

HENRY A. W.—Guess I answered you above. Marguerite Clark in "Scrambled Wives."

A CHINA READER.—Yung Lung! Greetings from the other side of the big ball. I thank you for calling this department the university of knowledge. Beatrice Michelena and Frederick Lewis in "The Lily of Poverty Flat." Hobart Bosworth and Bessie Eyton in "The Count of Monte Cristo."

AMO, Winnipeg.—You say with a pretty face and the freshness of twenty, a woman, however shallow she may be, makes many conquests, but does not retain them; with cleverness, thirty years, and a little beauty, a woman makes fewer conquests but more durable ones. No, child, you have the wrong idea. And besides, that only happens in pictures. We had an interview with Kenneth Harlan in December, 1919, MAGAZINE.

TUFFOLD KNUTT.—Shake, old boy. Yours was fine. I think, I know just what disease you are suffering from most, and probably it is the only one. In the long list of diseases that flesh is heir to, they omit the most prevalent of all, and the one that is easiest cured—worry, and that is the one you must watch for. Wyndham Standing is playing opposite Marion Davies in her next picture.

HELEN BLAZES.—Have no fear, the only dope I take is in the form of lettuce. The slight amount of opium therein contained, has little or no effect upon my mental equilibrium. However, I shall take your advice and stick to buttermilk.

BLOSSOM.—Thanks for your picture. Blanche Sweet in "Her Unwilling Husband." Didn't know there were any.

MRS. G. A. R.—You say you need sympathy also, because it is your sixth anniversary, and your husband spent the day without even remembering. Maybe he remembered it and didn't want to talk about it.

Louise Fazenda left the Mack Sennett company to be featured in two-reel comedies. It is understood she took Teddy the dog with her.

HARALDO.—No, David Warfield has not played in a complete picture, but he portrayed Benjamin Franklin in a movie depicting the signing of the Declaration of Independence. You can reach Norma Talmadge, 318 E. 48th St., New York City.

GYPSY.—Glad to hear from you—write me again.

INDIANA.—That's always the case. Young folks tell what they do, old folks what they have done, fools what they intend to do. That's *autre chose*. You can reach Elliott Dexter, Los Angeles, Cal. Glad you liked the interview.

G. W. S.—I like to read your ramblings. You are so quaint. Did you see the "Tavern?" That's what I'd like to know—why folks are so curious to know about my personal habits?

BOBBY H.—Heap much thanks for the tiny bottle of perfume. It is a dainty, delicious odor. You just bet I like perfume. Did you know that the center of world's perfume industry is the town of Grasse, in the French Riviera. Practically every one in the locality is engaged in this picturesque vocation—cultivating the flowers, gathering the blossoms, or extracting the oil from which the scent is made. No, Rod LaRocque is not married, so Charles Reed Jones, his right bower, tells us.

ANTONIDO.—You say that some of our New York girls dress as tho they are firm believers in the saying that figures cant lie. Some of them ought to, tho. You're right, Ruth Roland did stop at the Biltmore. I met her there myself. Jackie Coogan also stopped there. One night he donned his "Kid's" uniform and lead the orchestra for the dance.

A BERMUDA UNION.—Sorry I didn't see you while in Bermuda. Yes, I noticed the "lifeplant." It is a species of creeping moss and it is so called because of its powers of vitality. Why, they do say that Charles Murray is to leave the screen for vaudeville.

GASTON GLASS ADMIRER.—No, I didn't fall asleep reading your letter. Quite the contrary. Elsie Ferguson and Wallace Reid are to star in "Peter Ibbetson." Wont that be fine! Thanks.

RAY.—Glad to hear from you again, old man. Thank you for the clipping, but I do not agree with the authors. Persons of feeble memory, and those of unsusceptible imagination, are always prone to miscalculate the past, to exaggerate the present, and therefore to mis-see the future. Yes, I saw Conway Tearle and Miriam Cooper in "The Oath." I think Miriam Cooper did clever work, but Conway wasn't his best, and Anna Nilsson, whom I have always admired, was much better than she was in the last picture I saw her in.

CHARLES A. W.—Why dont you join one of the correspondent clubs. You can exchange letters with the fans.

BABY JACK.—You can reach Mary McAlister at 1625 Hudson Ave., Hollywood, Cal. She turned the first shovel of earth for the new Pathé studio. She has been in to see me, you know. Why didn't you write to me before? I hope to hear from you every month now.

FLUFF.—No, child, there is no way you can get a pass to the studios. Cant be done. Too many applicants have spoiled that privilege.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.—Yes, but every man thinks that a woman shows frightfully bad taste in loving him one minute longer than he loves her, and extreme cruelty in loving him one minute less. The animal called man is a queer creature. Why God's friend,

Hughes is 24 years old. He played Shylock at the age of 16, and Lord Mount Severn in "East Lynne" when he was 15 years old. I think if you wrap it and send it direct to Lasky studio he will get it.

NERVY.—So you say you were blessed with nine brothers! And no sisters? Poor child! Keep at it and you will at last succeed, altho practice makes some people perfect, and other perfectly ridiculous, as I have said before. Louise Huff is married to Edgar Stillman.

RUTH.—You ought to be encouraged. Keep it up. Mme. Olga Petrova will return to the stage in the Fall. She is in Europe at this writing. Valeska Suratt is playing in vaudeville.

IMA GOODWON.—Thanks for the picture. No, I dont mind this warm weather after our rainy spring. Well, we usually yearn for only that with which we are unacquainted. Haven't heard of Ann Schaeffer for some time.

MRS. ROBINSON.—U bet I read every word of your letter, and I am going to tell you I dont mind listening to your troubles, but please dont tell me about the neighbor. We all have our little share of troubles in this world, and each person thinks his troubles the greatest of all. You will find that most people love you for what you have and not for what you are. We have a lunchroom right here in the building and that's where I eat at 1 P. M.

CLASSY.—Why, you're only an infant! If you write such long ones, and in such bad penmanship, I shall have to get an interpreter or an assistant. Have a heart! Yes, I saw the "Cabinet of Dr. Caligari." It is a fantastic story of murder and madness, reminding you of Edgar Allan Poe's works. Doris Kenyon and Thomas Meighan are playing in "The Conquest of Canaan."

RED HEAD.—No, I'm not angry. I never get angry, nor impatient. Patience is the tool of art, the symbol of wisdom and the weapon of fortune, which accounts for my being so artistic, wise and wealthy. But you should see some of the letters that come in here! Ough!

DIMPLES.—Yes, Cullen Landis is married. You make me laugh. Ha ha, he he, and likewise, ho ho! How do you expect me to mind my own business when it takes all my time attending to yours? No, I hardly think an airplane could ever go to Mars. If an airplane traveled at the rate of 100 miles an hour and going day and night it would take about forty years to reach Mars. Very few people would care to spend eighty years of their life going to Mars and back. You know, it is 35,000,000 miles from the earth. Yes, Charles Richman opposite Norma Talmadge in "The Sign on the Door."

EVELYN M. A.—Why, just now I am reading "Psychoanalysis, Sleep and Dreams," by Andre Tridon. May McAvoy is 19 years old. Her characterization in "Sentimental Tommy" is excellent, and Gareth Hughes is fine opposite her. Walter McGrail is playing opposite Anita Stewart in "The Price of Happiness." They are in California. So you dont care a bit for the Joe Martin comedies. You also think it isn't right for this monkey to misuse kittens and other animals the way he does. I agree with you.

DOR K.—You think it would be a fine idea for me to send you the letters from my readers when I finish with them. You have a colossal nerve, to say the least. That wouldn't be fair. What would my readers think if I should thus betray their confidence? What would you think if a friend should peddle your letters?

BROWN EYED DIXIE.—"The Old Swimmin' Hole" is 6,000 feet long and it has no... Yes, I read every word of your letters.

ter. It took fifteen minutes. Let me see, fifteen minutes for each letter to read—four fifteens in every hour—eight hours—thirty-two letters—about two hundred letters a day—what's the answer?

MRS. SCOTT.—How do you do? So you like Zazu Pitts. Write me again.

DUTCH.—Well, pleasure can be supported by illusion, but happiness rests upon truth. Yes, Eric Von Stroheim is married. That is his real name. Did you think it was his nom de plume? He could have picked a better name than that if he were picking.

HAPPY ROSE.—No, I have not fallen in love. It's a hard fall. Some women in love are philanthropists who yearn to share their happiness, and some are misers who hug their gold. Your letter was, indeed, interestingly chatty, and I hope you will write me again.

MARY PICKFORD FOREVER.—You say a copy of our magazine isn't perfect without a picture of Mary. That's what I say. You also would like to see Katherine MacDonald on the cover. Yes, Virginia Faire Brown is playing in "Without Benefit of Clergy" (Pathé), and I am anxious to see her, and she was a 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest winner.

DOT A.—I have more Dots in my big family. Thank you, my beard is growing nicely, and my head is just as bald as ever. Oh, I hear pretty well, and I am able to see very well these days. Spring suits, grey stockings, 'n everything. What makes you think that Alice Joyce cares for Robert Gordon? Dont breathe it to her husband! Anyway, I dont believe it.

MARY R. MC.—You say the man who never changes his mind usually fails to fertilize the little he has. I shall remember that. Well, most players will send their picture for 25 cents. Dustin Farnum is older than William. No, I didn't care near as much for "Dream Street" as I did for "Broken Blossoms." Carol Dempster is just fair, and I fear she lacks winsomeness and grace.

A SUB DEB.—Of course, I like all my readers. The more the merrier.

ANN VIOLET.—Why, Myldred Bowling, 26 North Potomac Street, Baltimore, Md., is starting the Corliss Palmer Club. Write her for particulars. Alice Brady is 29; Douglas MacLean 28; Harold Lloyd 28; Charlie Chaplin 32; Lillian Gish 24; and Dorothy Gish 23. Alice Joyce and Agnes Ayres are not related.

DAPHNE.—H. B. Warner is married to Rita Stanwood. They have two children. Yes, I thought "Jim the Penman" was one of Lionel Barrymore's best pictures. He is an artist. Hedda Nova is married to Paul Hurst. She was born in Odessa, Russia, 24 years ago. Her real name is Hedwiga Leonie Kuszewski. Katherine MacDonald is not married.

DOPPY PUSS.—So you think I am 80. My word! Yes, and I am a man, too. Thanks for yours. If you dont believe it, come here and view me in my cage. I am the oldest Answer Man in captivity, and I was also the first in the business. They all copied from me and I am very proud of it. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery.

MR. KEITH.—After a scenario story is written it is put into what is known as "continuity" form, as the working basis for the director and actors. Scenes and subtitles are numbered and arranged in their proper sequence in the continuity. You refer to Sam De Grasse in "Blind Husbands." Oh yes, Marshall Neilan played for the Kalem Company years ago. He is a popular director now.

GLADYS B.—I thank you from the bottom of my heart for the beautiful letter in poetry. I shall always treasure it.

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