

# PHOTOPLAY

June

MAGAZINE

20 Cents

Notice to Reader: When you finish reading this magazine place a 1-cent stamp on this notice, hand same to any postal employee and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors at the front. NO WRAPPING—NO ADDRESS.  
A. S. BURLINSON, Postmaster General.



Haskell Coffin

OLIVE TELL, Painted by HASKELL COFFIN

In  
This  
Issue

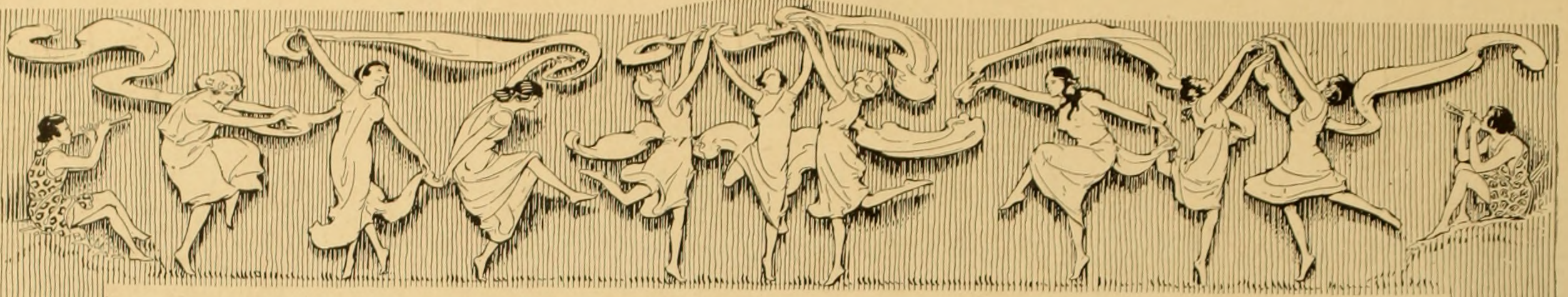
## The Eagle's Eye

Thrilling Disclosures of German  
Intrigue Told for First Time

## "Star Dust"

—What Makes Them Shine?





# Nature Commands "No Corns" Fashion Dictates "Stylish Shoes"

*Blue-jay Satisfies Both*

To avoid corns, few would consent to wear sandals. That is an extreme.

Few would forego smart shoes of the current fashions.

And there is no call for such privations.

For Blue-jay Plasters keep your feet in their natural state—free from throbbing corns.

Such discomfort is needless now—even foolish. No corn should be coddled.

## *Science Brings Relief*

Blue-jay brings instant relief. The plaster includes a pad that relieves the pressure. Then the bit of B & B wax dislodges the corn gently, but surely.

In 48 hours the miserable pest may be removed easily.

In only rare cases, when the corn is old and stubborn, are second treatments necessary.

Blue-jay is the scientific way, to which Nature quickly responds.

## *Avoid Makeshifts*

Paring is dangerous and temporary.

Harsh, disagreeable liquids sometimes numb but do not end the corn completely.

Millions use Blue-jay whenever the faintest corn appears. This very night thousands will gain relief. Try Blue-jay tonight. The cost is trifling.

**BAUER & BLACK**

*Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc., CHICAGO and NEW YORK*

It wraps the toe snugly. Stops the pain instantly. Ends the corn quickly, gently and completely.

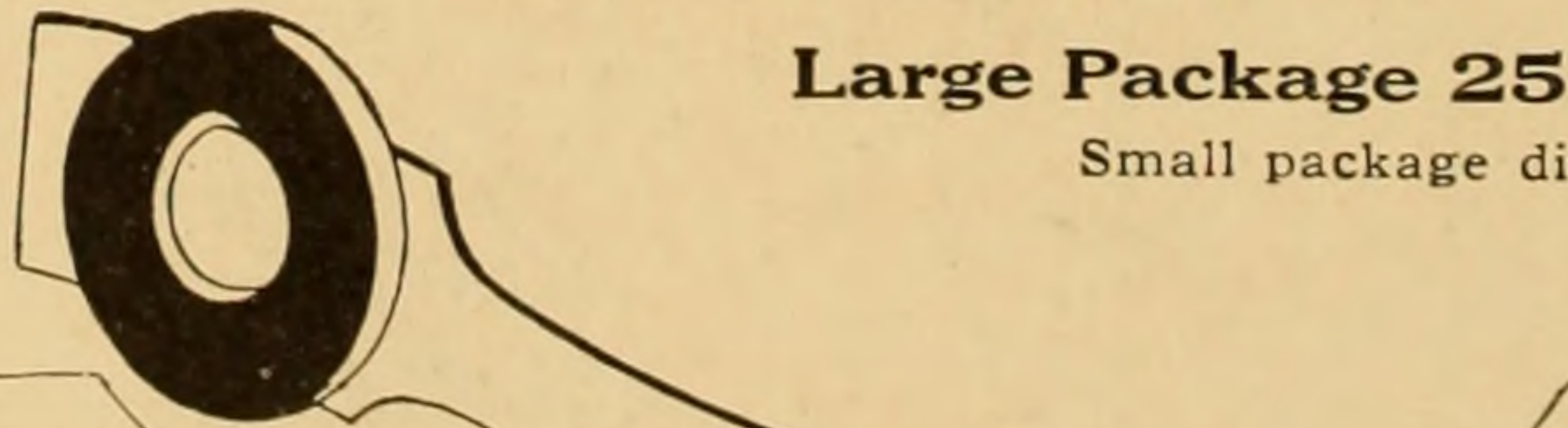
**B&B Blue-jay  
For Corns**

**Stops Pain  
Instantly**

**Ends Corn  
Completely**

**Large Package 25c at Druggists**

Small package discontinued





# The Oliver Typewriter

**WAS  
\$100**

**A \$2,000,000  
GUARANTEE**

**NOW  
\$49**

**That This \$49 Typewriter Was \$100**

## The Sales Policy Alone Is Changed, Not the Machine

The Oliver Nine—the latest and best model—will be sent direct from the factory to you upon approval. Five days' free trial. No money down. No salesmen need influence you. Be your own salesman and save \$51. Over a year to pay. Mail the coupon now.

This is the time when patriotic American industries must encourage *intelligent* economy by eliminating waste. New economic adjustments are inevitable.

So March 1, 1917, we announced The Oliver Typewriter Company's revolutionary plans. On that date we discontinued an expensive sales force of 15,000 salesmen and agents. We gave up costly offices in 50 cities.

The entire facilities of the company are devoted exclusively to the production and distribution of Oliver Typewriters.

### Price Cut In Two

By eliminating these terrific and mounting expenses, we reduced the price of the Oliver Nine from the standard level of \$100 to \$49. This means that you save \$51 per machine. This is not philanthropy on our part. While our plan saves *you* much, it also saves for *us*.

There was nothing more wasteful in the whole realm of business than our old ways of selling typewriters. Who wants to continue them? Wouldn't you rather pocket 50 per cent for yourself?

### The Identical Model

The Oliver Typewriter Company gives this guarantee: The Oliver Nine we now sell direct is the exact machine—our latest and best model—which until March 1, 1917, was \$100.

This announcement deals only with a change in sales policy.

The Oliver Typewriter Company is at the height of its success. With its huge financial resources it determined to place the typewriter industry on a different basis. This, you admit, is in harmony with the economic trend.

### A World Favorite

This Oliver Nine is a twenty-year development. It is the finest, the costliest, the most successful model that we have ever built.

More than that, it is the best typewriter, in fifty ways, that anybody ever turned out. If any typewriter in the world is worth \$100, it is this Oliver Nine.

It is the same commercial machine purchased by the United States Steel Corporation, the National City Bank of New York, Montgomery Ward & Co., the National Biscuit Company, the Pennsylvania Railroad and other leading businesses. Over 600,000 have been sold.

### Simplified Selling

Our new plan is extremely simple. It makes it possible for the consumer to deal direct with the producer.

You may order from this advertisement by using the coupon below. We don't ask a penny down on deposit.

When the typewriter arrives, put it to every test—use it as you would your own. If you decide to keep it, you have more than a year to pay for it. Our terms are \$3 per month. You are under no obligation to keep it. We will even refund transportation charges if you return it.

Or if you wish additional information, mail coupon for our proposition in detail. We immediately send you our de luxe catalog and all information which you would formerly obtain from a typewriter salesman.

### 10 Cents a Day

In making our terms of \$3 a month—the equivalent of 10 cents a day—it is now possible for everyone to own a typewriter. To own it for 50 per cent less than any other standard machine.

Regardless of price, do not spend one cent upon any typewriter—whether new, second hand or rebuilt—do not even rent a machine until you have investigated thoroughly our proposition.

Remember, we offer here one of the most durable, one of the greatest, one of the most successful typewriters ever built. If anyone ever builds a better, it will be Oliver.

### Don't Pay \$100

Why now pay the extra tax of \$51 when you may obtain a brand new Oliver Nine—a world favorite—for

\$49? Cut out the wasteful methods and order direct from this advertisement. Or send for our remarkable book entitled, "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy." You will not be placed under the slightest obligation.

Canadian Price \$62.65

**THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY**  
1476 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.

NOTE CAREFULLY—This coupon will bring you either the Oliver Nine for free trial or further information. Check carefully which you wish.



**THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.**  
1476 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days' free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay \$49 at the rate of \$3 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

My shipping point is.....  
This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—"The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," your de luxe catalogs and further information.

Name.....

Street Address.....

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

**This Coupon Is Worth \$51**



*"They Are The Loveliest  
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"It is so wonderful to have a Veil that you just slip on—without a single pin or knot! The slender silk elastic run through the edge of the *Bonnie-B* Veil is such a clever idea! It holds the Veil snugly under my chin—where my old-style veils always flapped loosely. And such exquisite, flattering designs. You would just know they are French.

*Anta Stewart*

***Bonnie-B* VEIL**

IMPORTED FROM FRANCE  
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Get one of these lovely *Bonnie-B* Veils from France today. Not like any other Veil you ever wore. Exquisite designs in a great variety of delicate summer colorings. No tying—no pinning! Wear it *over* your small hats and *under* your large ones. At the Veiling and Notion Counters of the better shops—in sanitary envelopes—guaranteed—10c, 25c, 50c. If your dealer cannot supply you we will—upon receipt of his name and 10c in stamps.

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THE WORLD'S LEADING MOVING PICTURE PUBLICATION

# PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

"The National Movie Publication"

Copyright, 1918, by the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING COMPANY Chicago

James R. Quirk, Editor

No. 1

"P-27"

VOL. XIV

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No. 1

JUNE, 1918

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## Next Month

### "Hearts of the World"

The editor of PHOTOPLAY feels very fortunate in being able to present to our readers in the July issue the soul-stirring story of "Hearts of the World," D. W. Griffith's wonderful new war play, beautifully illustrated with special pictures made for this version. Just so you will know the writer is worthy of his task—he is Julian Johnson. As beautiful and simple as the characters in "The Birth of a Nation," is the love of Marie and Douglas. "The Little Disturber" and Monsieur Cuckoo, the tranquility of a little French village suddenly concerted into a hell of battle and rapine; the first barbarous onrush on the Huns—all these combine to make a romance that does full credit to the photoplay art's greatest genius.

### Working for Father

Alice Brady jumped out of her chair and became beautifully angry when the photoplay interviewer suggested it was "pretty soft" to become an actress when she had a father like William A. Brady. "That's a horrid thing to say. If you had my father to work for—" then she suddenly dimpled and laughed outright. An interesting interview.

### Orange Blossoms

July PHOTOPLAY will show you three full pages of real June brides, fresh from the studios. To name them would be to half-spoil your anticipations.

### Introducing—

Wouldn't you like to know that man, the artist, who has made such wonderful successes of Elsie Ferguson's pictures, and who made Maeterlinck's beautiful fairy story, "The Blue Bird" into a wonderful picture? The July issue will introduce Maurice Tourneur.

Published monthly by the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING Co., 350 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

EDWIN M. COLVIN, Pres. JAMES R. QUIRK, Vice Pres. ROBERT M. EASTMAN, Sec.-Treas.  
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## Next Month

### *Third Episode of "The Eagle's Eye"*

If you haven't read the first installment of this thrilling story of the secret warfare which the German Government waged on America through her spy system, start with this issue. And then there will be no necessity of urging you to watch for the third installment in the July issue.

### *The July Cover*

Haskell Coffin has outdone himself on the portrait of Doris Kenyon which will adorn the July PHOTOPLAY. It is worth saving and framing.

### *The Magazine Beautiful*

In the July issue there is a treat awaiting you—that is, another treat and as per usual, a "different" one. Sixteen pages of beautiful rotogravure art pictures. These are not ordinary portraits and photographs, but a series of photographic illustrations made especially for this new feature of PHOTOPLAY.

### *Did You Ever Parade?*

You know Delight Evans has always wanted to be in a parade; not as the featured member, of course, but just as one of the folks who passes along the streets smiling at folks crowding against the curb. But to parade with Marguerite Clark—well, that was beyond her expectations. However, the thing was achieved. Miss Clark was selling Liberty Bonds in Chicago recently and Miss Evans wanted to interview her. The only way possible to even get within speaking distance was to go along in the Liberty parade through the "Loop." So Miss Evans was given a place at the head of the parade and—but she'll tell you about it in next issue.

### *As Well As—*

many other features. For instance you will find out about the importance of the "film surgeon"—an obscure person who can make or break a production; of Louise Huff and her fairy-friends, of Marjorie Daw, of Pauline Starke—such personality "squibs" as well as an array of other articles now on the fire.

### *Photoplays Reviewed in Shadow Stage This Issue*

Amarilly of Clothesline Alley.....	Artercraft
Huck and Tom.....	Paramount
The Shell Game.....	Metro
By Right of Purchase.....	Select
Who Killed Walton?.....	Triangle
Love Me.....	Paramount
Woman and the Law.....	Fox
The Brass Check.....	Metro
Innocents Progress.....	Triangle
Three From O. Henry.....	General
Wild Youth.....	Paramount
The Answer.....	Triangle
Carmen of the Klondike.....	Selexart
Ruggles of Red Gap.....	Essanay
Inside the Lines.....	Independent
Within the Cup.....	Paralta
Sunshine Nan.....	Paramount
La Tosca.....	Paramount
The Girl and the Judge.....	Mutual

The Claim.....	Metro
Hearts of the World.....	Griffith
The Life Mask.....	McClure
The Kaiser.....	Universal
The Hillcrest Mystery.....	Pathe
The House of Hate.....	Pathe
The Whispering Chorus.....	Artercraft
The Boss of the Lazy Y.....	Triangle
A Daughter of France.....	Fox
The Lie.....	Artercraft
The Finger of Justice.....	Independent
Mack Sennett Comedies.....	Paramount
Over the Top.....	Vitagraph
Humdrum Brown.....	Paralta
Social Hypocrites.....	Metro
The Splendid Sinner.....	Goldwyn
My Four Years in Germany.....	Independent
The Business of Life.....	Vitagraph



# Taking the Shell Off Dad



**D**OESN'T look as if he needed it, does he? But he *did* need it three minutes ago before the youngsters got him in tow. Sat there in his armchair with cigar and paper and guessed he just didn't *want* to see any pictures.

But that's all changed now. Dad has found out that a *Paramount* or *Artcraft* feature is mighty well worth the effort of getting there, with its foremost stars, superb directing and clean treatment.

Dad's was a bad case, too.

Stubborn!

But, arrived at the theatre, he was quick to see the tremendous difference between what *he remembered* of

motion pictures—it's quite a while since he went—and the *Paramount* and *Artcraft* photo-plays of today.

"*Somebody* seems to have got the right idea," he admitted cheerfully half way through the performance, and the family soon let him know *which* somebody that was, and how *Paramount* and *Artcraft* had come mighty near taking all the guess-work out of motion pictures.

Go to it, children of America, and wives young and staying young! *Take the shells off all the Dads!*

The wiser they are the more they will enjoy  
— the *foremost* stars,  
— the *superb* directing,  
— the *clean* motion pictures  
— of *Paramount!* of *Artcraft!*

## Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

These are the trade-marks by which you may identify  
*Paramount* and *Artcraft* motion pictures —  
and the theatres that show them.

TRADE MARK

Paramount

Pictures

FAMOUS PLAYERS - LASKY CORPORATION

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

TRADE MARK

ARTCRAFT  
PICTURES

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









THE greatest motion pictures in the world are Metro Pictures and the dramas of Screen Classics Inc., distributed by Metro. The newest are *Revelation* with Nazimova, *Lest we Forget* with Rita Jolivet, *My Own United States* with Arnold Daly, *The Million Dollar Dollies* with the Dolly Sisters, *Blue Jeans* with Viola Dana and *Payday* with The Drews. Tell your theatre you'd like to see them—They are magnificent.





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## What \$1 Will Bring You

More than a thousand pictures of photoplayers and illustrations of their work and pastime.

Scores of interesting articles about the people you see on the screen.

Splendidly written short stories, some of which you will see acted at your moving picture theater.

The *truth* and nothing but the *truth*, about motion pictures, the stars, and the industry.

You have read this issue of Photoplay so there is no necessity for telling you that it is one of the most superbly illustrated, the best written and the most attractively printed magazine published today—and alone in its field of motion pictures.

*Slip a dollar bill in an envelope addressed to*

### PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

Dept. 7-L, 350 N. Clark St., CHICAGO

*and receive the July issue and five issues thereafter.*

#### PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

Department 7-L

350 North Clark Street, CHICAGO




Gentlemen: I enclose herewith \$1.00 (Canada \$1.25) for which you will kindly enter my subscription for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for six months, effective with the July, 1918, issue.

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FORMS FOR AUGUST ISSUE CLOSE JUNE FIRST

#### AGENTS AND SALESMEN

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AGENTS—500% PROFIT; FREE SAMPLES; GOLD sign letters for store and office windows; anyone can put on. Metallic Letter Co., 414 N. Clark St., Chicago.

TELL THE READERS OF PHOTOPLAY WHAT you have of interest to them. You can reach them at a very small cost through an advertisement in the classified section, 83% of the advertisers using this section during the past year have repeated. The section is read and brings results.

#### BOOKS

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#### GAMES AND ENTERTAINMENTS

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STAMPS SENT ON APPROVAL 70% DISCOUNT. Reference required. J. Emory Renoll, Dept. C. 21, Hanover, Pa.

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WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. WE WRITE music and guarantee publisher's acceptance. Submit poems on war, love or any subject. Chester Music Co., 538 So. Dearborn St., Suite 112, Chicago.

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NEW ANTISEPTIC CORN AND CALLOUS RAZOR, absolutely safe and easy to use, new blades at small cost. Complete outfit 50c. B. Harris, 368 W. 116th St., New York City.

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## DRUMS FREE

We teach by mail and give you an orchestra drum absolutely Free. You pay one dollar weekly for thirty-two lessons as taken. More liberal terms for cash. Drum sent with first lesson. Motion pictures analyze the beats. We teach and supply brass band instruments. Write INTERNATIONAL CORNET SCHOOL, 730 Federal St. Boston





# To The Readers of Photoplay Magazine:

**M**ANY of you have no doubt often taken "pen in hand" to write a moving picture scenario. But whenever you had penned a few sentences, the same old qualms overcame you. You hesitated, pondered, chewed the penholder—and then scratched what you had written. Re-wrote, and scratched once more. Finally, you gave it up.

You considered yourself unequal to the task. You "laid down on the job." You promised yourself to try again, "some other time." And, therefore, your story remains locked up in the memory-vault back in your head.

The reason for this is simple.

Your Big Worry was "literary style." You knew you had a story to tell, but you were at loss *how* to tell it.

"Style" bothers you dreadfully. You think there are certain rules and regulations governing the manner wherein a story ought to be told. And you worry about sentences, grammar, punctuation, terms, expressions, words, literary curly-cues and what-nots. Forget about them all. They are only bug-bears. They do not exist. Tell your story. Never mind *how*.

*Just tell it!*

Every story to be made into a picture must first be translated to the screen. Such a translation, or "continuity," must be done by someone thoroughly familiar with the "inside" of screen craft. It is the work of experts. No writer is expected to do it. We doubt whether Kipling, Conrad, or Robt. W. Chambers could write "continuity." But they certainly can write stories. And their stories, if adapted to the screen, must be made into "continuity" just the same as yours.

You can tell the same story as a poem, as a play, as a short story, as

a novel, as a song. It'll be the same story every time. It's like putting one person into various clothes. Long coat, short pants, short coat, long pants, green vest, silk hat, blue vest, plug hat; he'll remain the same person inside different clothes.

Substituting person for story; when it comes to writing "continuity" the person must be stripped of whatever clothes he happens to be wearing and measured all over again for his "continuity" outfit. That has got to be done, and to the same extent with a play by Shakespeare, or a novel by Dickens, or a scenario by you, or by Mr. Jones in the next block.

Once again let us ask you not to bother about *how* to tell us the story that's in your mind, but tell it in your own way and your own words.

But do try to write a story which you believe will fit one of the four Paralta Stars.

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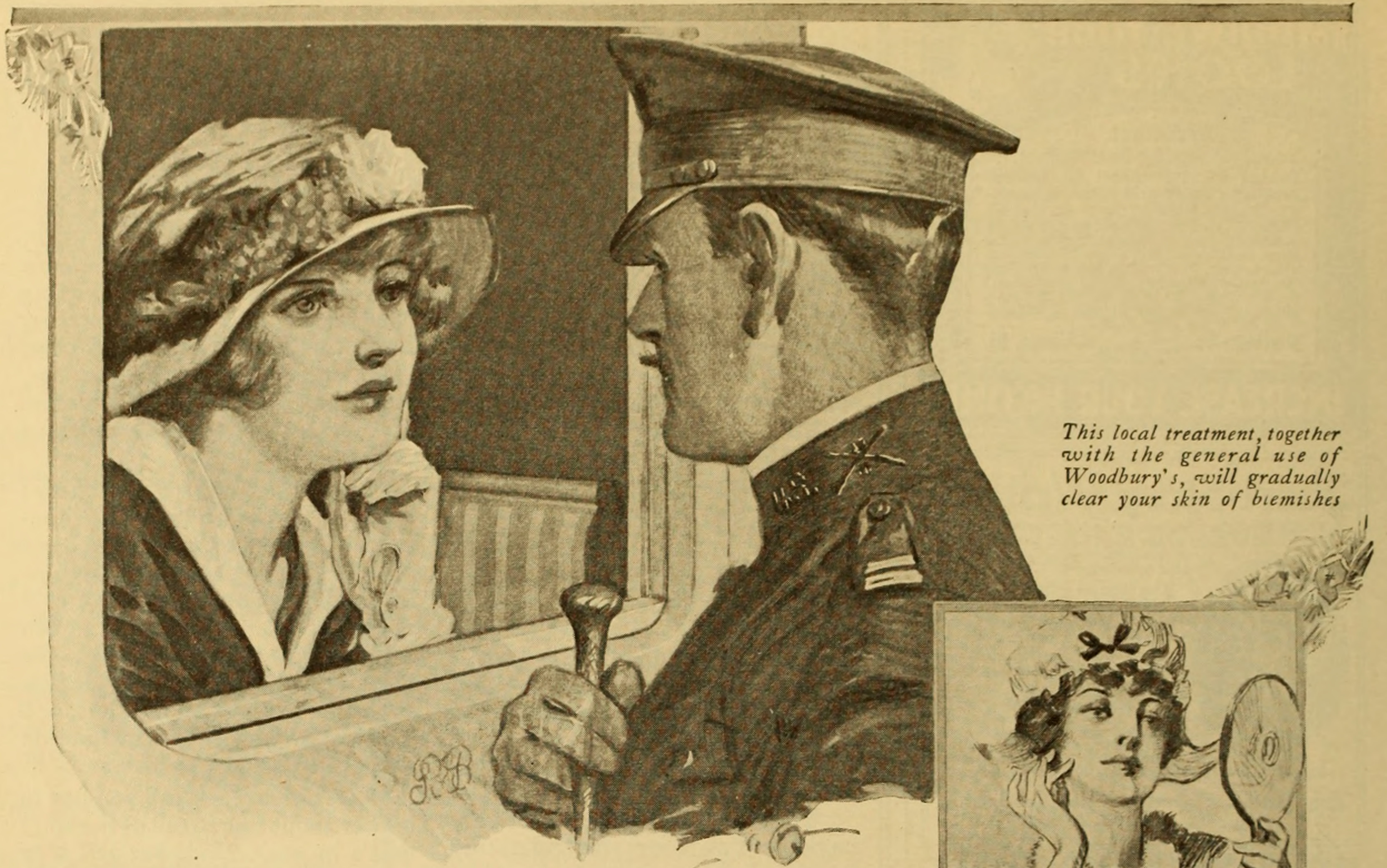
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*This local treatment, together with the general use of Woodbury's, will gradually clear your skin of blemishes*

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To clear your skin of blemishes caused by this powerful and most persistent enemy, use regularly the following cleansing and antiseptic treatment:—

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Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, 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 with clear, hot water; then with cold.

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will resist the frequent cause of blemishes and gradually acquire the freshness and flawlessness which it should have naturally.

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Get a cake today. Woodbury's is on sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

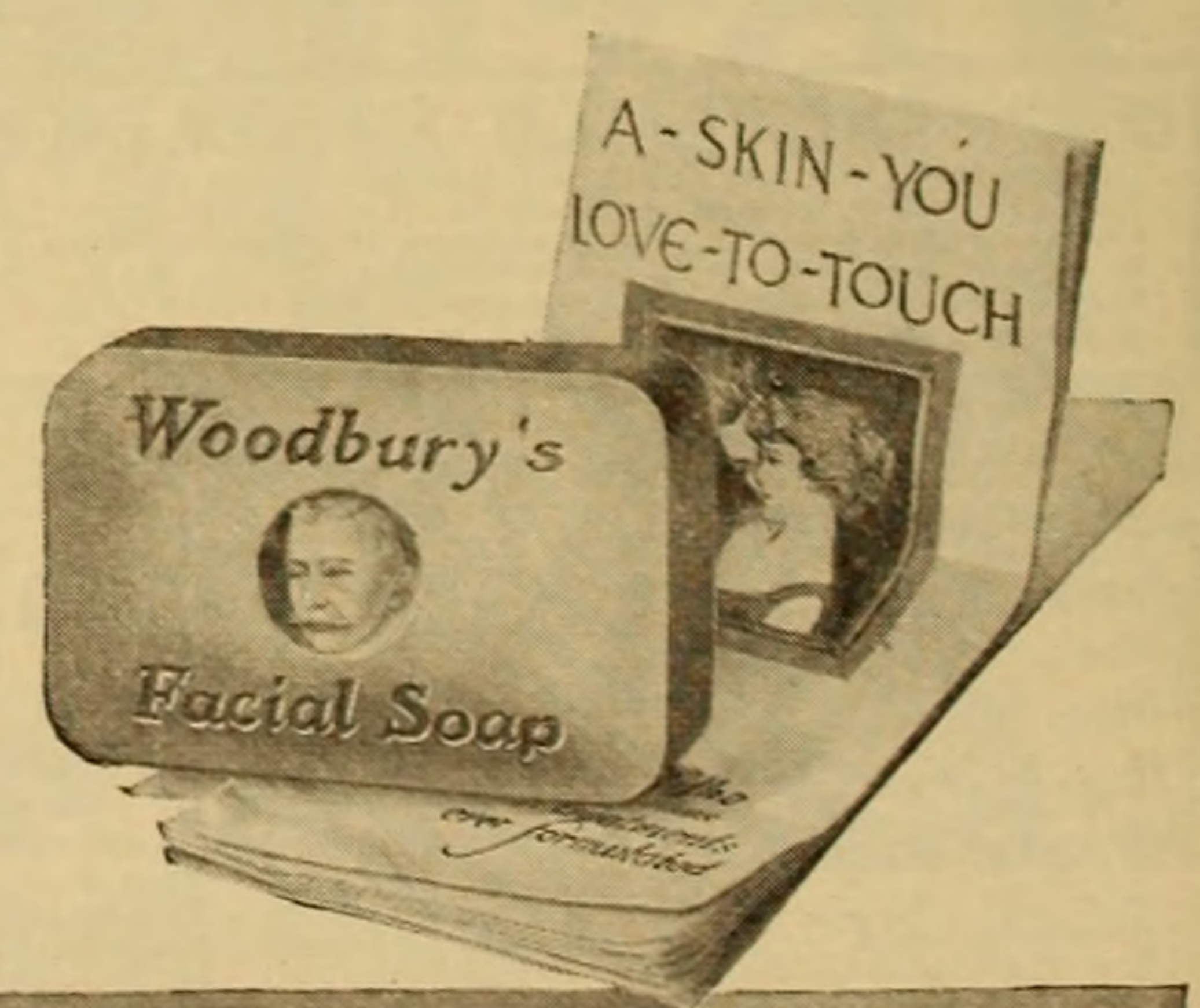
Send for sample cake of soap with booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder

Send us 5 cents for a sample cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury Facial treatment), together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12c we will send you samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 506 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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*You will find the special treatment for keeping your skin free from black-heads in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap*







***O**LIVE THOMAS is the pert little Twinkletoes of the silver sheet. From her epigrammatic toes to her fluffy hair, she is the Manhattan show-girl ne plus ultra. Her husband, Jack Pickford, has enlisted; but Olive will continue her solo.*

Victor Geor





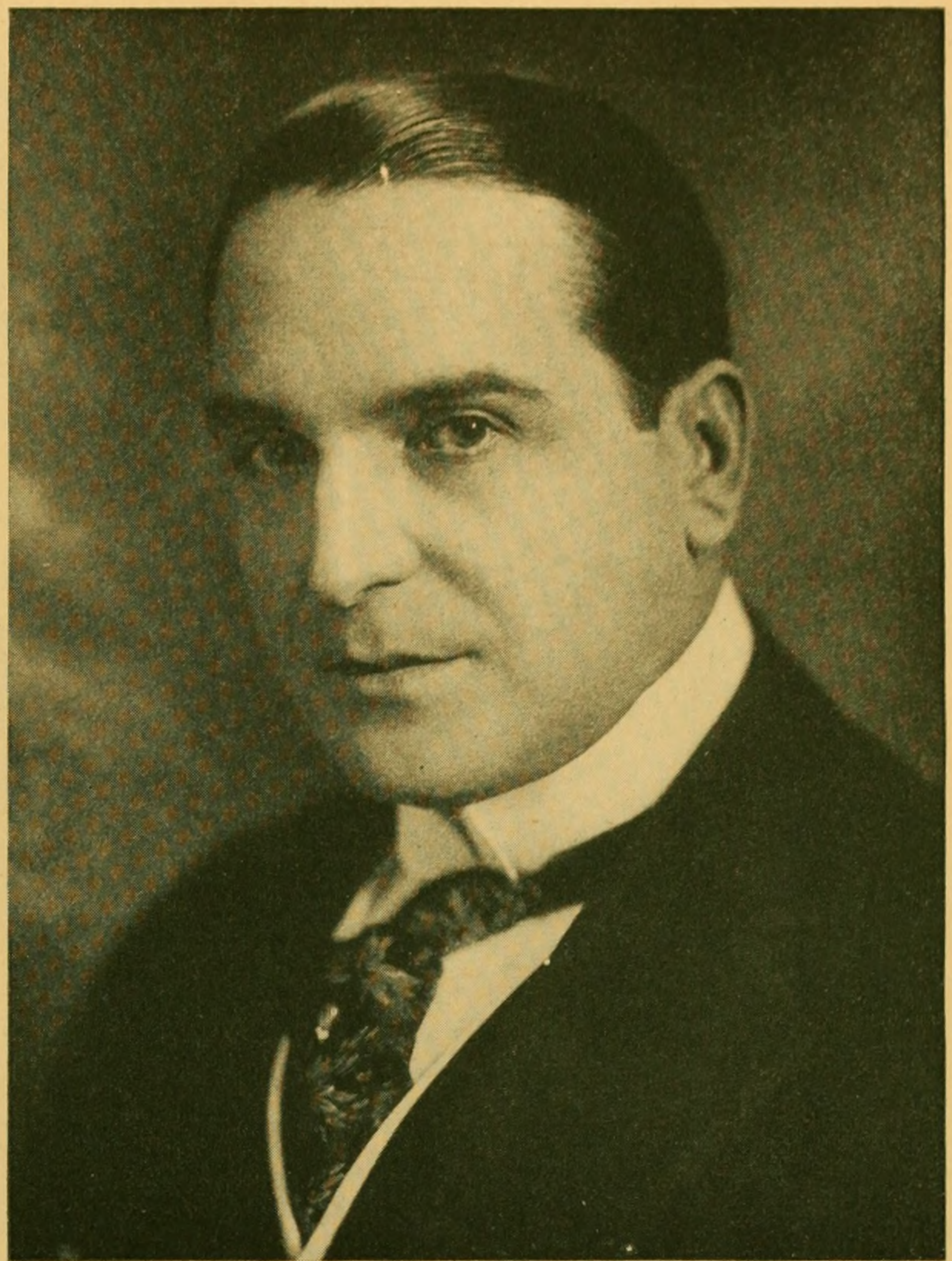
*VIOLA DANA is the poor-persecuted-child of pictures. It was in an Edison that the village gossips first began to talk about her. Since then she has wept much and often for Metro. Her husband, John Collins, directs her pictorial activities.*





Arnold Genthe

David Powell is the young Englishman who is called "the Military Heart Burglar." Mary Pickford, Elsie Ferguson, Olive Tell, and Clara K. Young are a few of the women-he-has-loved.



Campbell Studio

When Earle Williams' latest picture was being shown, and Earle was kissing Grace Darmond on the tip of her ear, a girl behind us thrilled, "Ain't he the perfect gentleman?"



Witzel

As the gentleman crook of the screen, Herbert Rawlinson stands alone. Since going in for the real Raffles stuff, he has scored in such exclamatory photoplays as "Come Through!" and "Brace Up!"



Pedro de Cordoba, though not a native son, is true to the best little traditions of Spain. Besides looking like a Zuloaga toreador, he acts. If you saw "Barbary Sheep," you know.





Sarony

***B**EFORE the arrival of Florence Patricia Burke Ziegfeld, we talked about Billie Burke and Billie Burke's screen debut and Billie Burke's little white dogs and Billie Burke's gowns. Now it's Billie Burke's Baby — and here she is.*



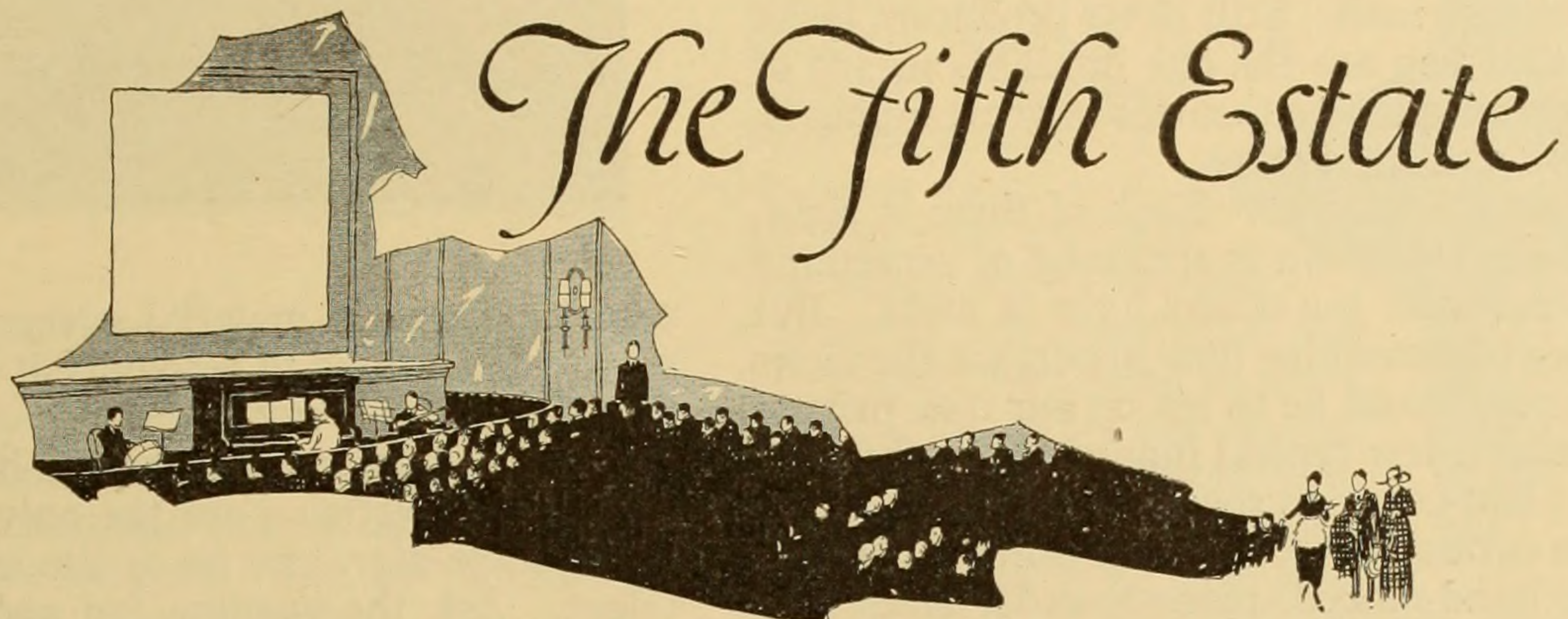
THE WORLD'S LEADING MOVING PICTURE MAGAZINE

# PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XIV

JUNE, 1918

NO. 1



## *The Fifth Estate*

**A**T one time the King was supreme.  
Then the powerful Nobles wrested from him a share in the ruling power.

Then the Common People, by industry and education, became aware of their own strength, and forced their entry to the councils of the nation.

About the time of the American Revolution, Edmund Burke said: "There are three estates in Parliament, but in the reporters' gallery yonder there sit a Fourth Estate more important far than them all."

From that day, the Press was known as the Fourth Estate, and King, Nobility and Commons were compelled to recognize it as a force in the government. It was an influence that, by sheer will and intelligence, has become one of the dominating elements in the political and social life of the world.

Nor is this true alone of monarchies. What would the will of the President be worth without the support of Congress? What would the will of Congress be worth without the support of the People? And how could the will of the People be made operative without the support of the Press—the Fourth Estate?

The Moving Picture is today the Fifth Estate, by virtue of the fact that it has come into the life of the people, not merely as a plaything, but as a revelation of their own existence, in form so vivid and true that for the first time in history they recognize themselves as they are.

The Moving Picture is the Fifth Estate because it is Democracy's own child, and not the outcome of an intellectual movement, a political upheaval, a religious revival. It is the Fifth Estate because the vast, mute, unlettered masses, demanding a voice, found it in the Moving Picture—a silent voice, speaking the language of common men.

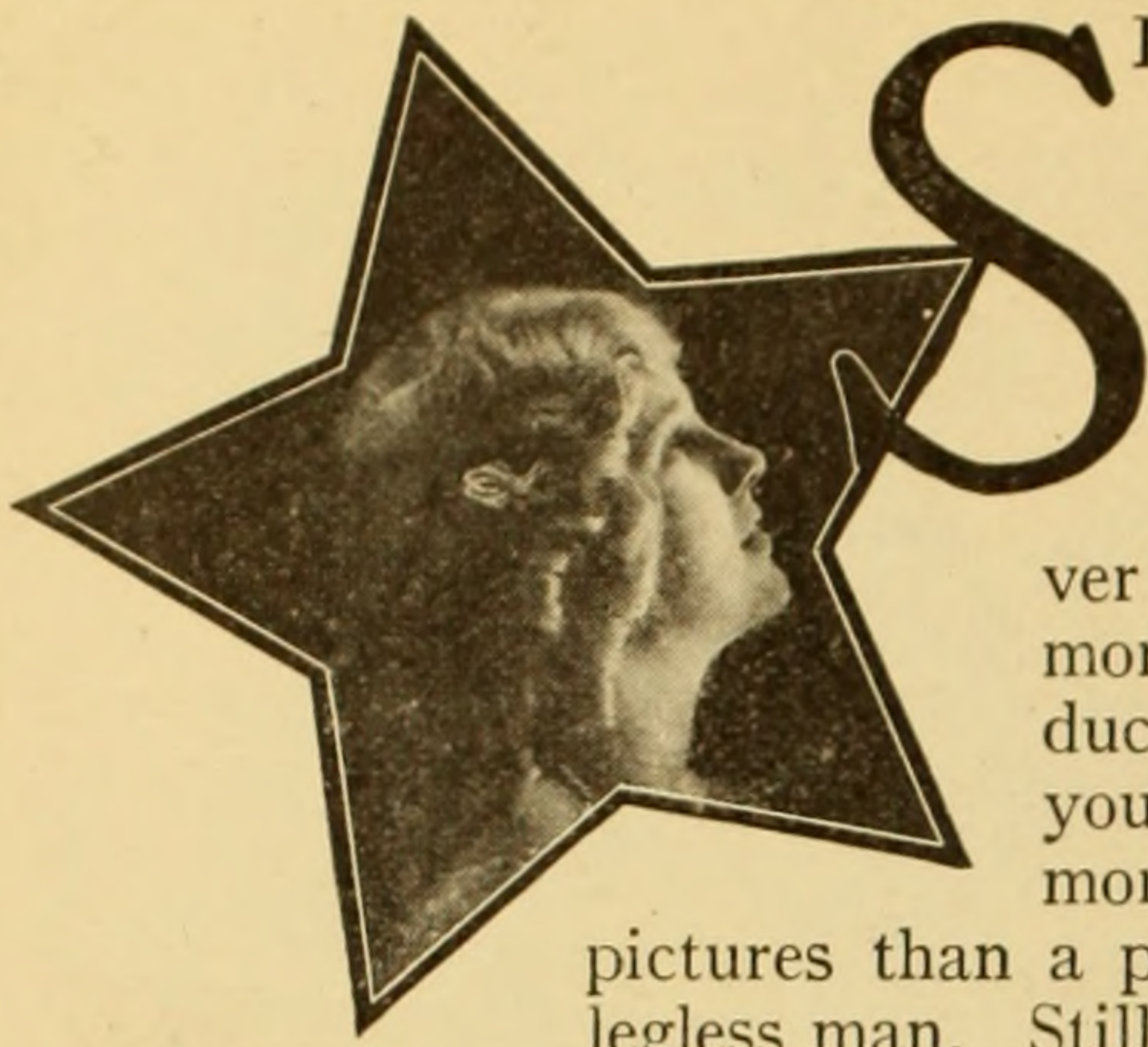
It is the Fifth Estate despite the fact that its speech is not always coherent, despite the fact that certain academic snobs are prone to look upon it with scorn, despite the fact that unscrupulous men frequently betray it for quick profit, despite the fact that it has not even yet found the keynote of its full diapason.

It is the Fifth Estate because it lives in the hearts and the lives of the millions, because it is armed with the magic sword of simplicity that severs all Gordian knots and cleaves down into the fundamental meaning of things.

It is the Fifth Estate, last-born of Humanity's brood—yet who shall say that it may not be first in influence?



*Twinkle, twinkle, little star!  
How I wonder what you are!*



**S**PEAK up, little star—what are you? Certain producers have called you a parasite, draining them of their profits and, like an overfed Oliver Twist, still asking for more. Certain other producers have declared that you are a myth, and no more necessary to good

pictures than a pair of silk socks to a legless man. Still other producers insist that you are the one infallible means of

luring the public into the picture theatres in great numbers.

Which of them is right, little star?

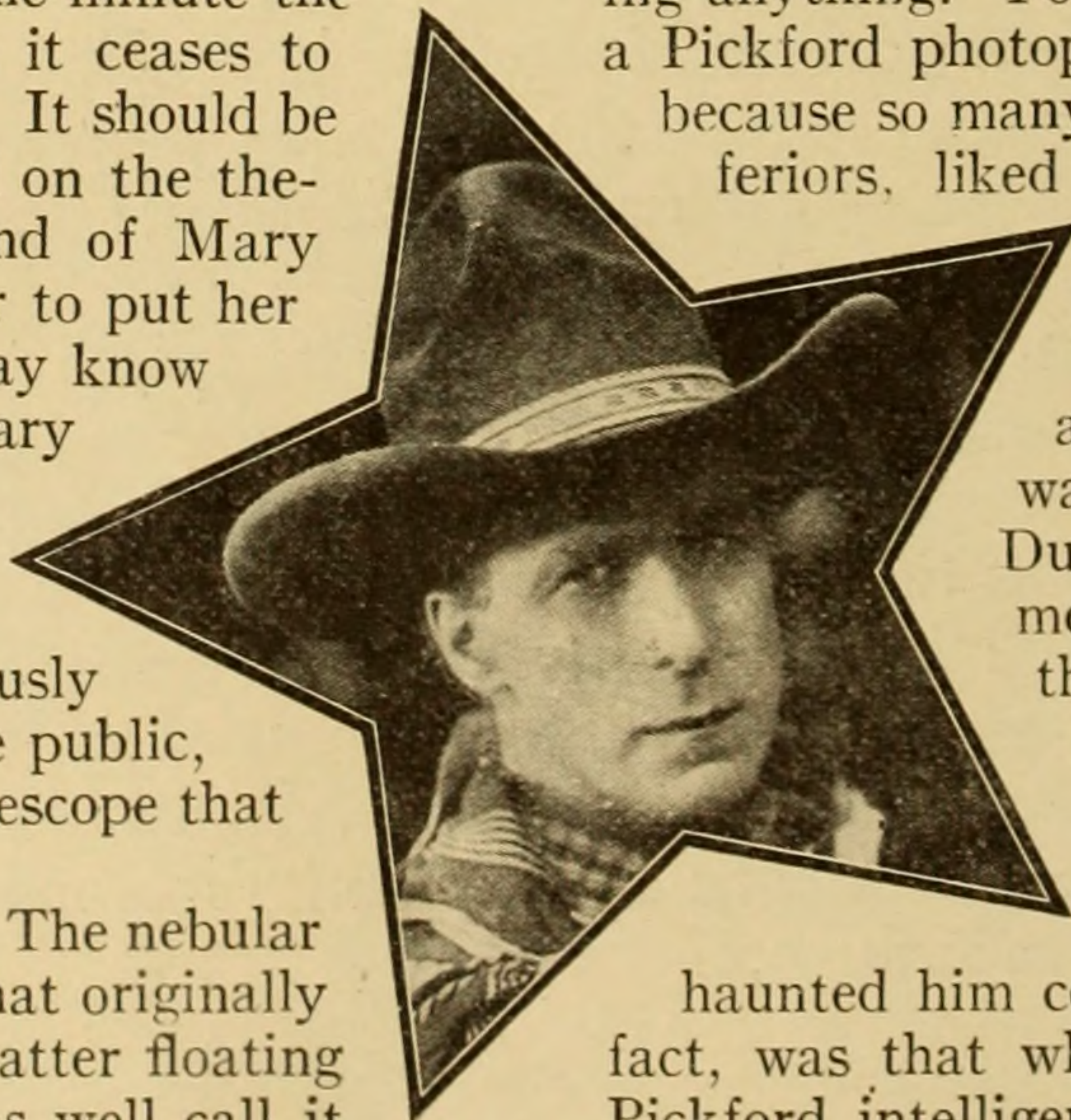
No answer? Then I'll tell you. Each of them is right, for the reason that each of them is speaking of something entirely different from what the others have in mind. But perhaps the best way to determine how important the views of any one of them are, would be to set up our own private telescope, and examine a few typical luminaries in the light of cold reason and plain common sense.

First of all, it is a curious telescope I am using. Through it I cannot see the hand-picked, made-to-order stars. In fact, I can't see them either with or without this telescope of mine. They do not exist, for the simple reason that they are not stars. They are names, and nothing more. You know them as well as I do, but because they are nice enough girls and boys, making their living even as you and I, we'll just forget them. Besides, they do not make any too luxurious a living, these hothouse stars. Their originators, in an endeavor to convince the public that they are real members of the great constellations, usually spend far more in advertising them than they do for their salaries. A certain producer decided that he needed an ingenue star to complete his galaxy, and "discovered" a young girl, who received, for a long time, only \$50 a week, while between \$500 and \$1,000 a week was spent in "putting her across." That was two years ago, and now she is about half way across, while her salary has been increased to \$75 a week.

These are not stars, but products of the star system, which has nothing to do with stars. The minute the star principle becomes the star system it ceases to concern stars and deals only in names. It should be called the "name system." It is based on the theory that if the public becomes so fond of Mary Pickford that it pays the theatre owner to put her name in big lights so that everyone may know her picture is being shown, then if Mary Jones' name is put up in letters of similar size the stupid public will think she is as great an artist as Mary Pickford, and flock to see her. Curiously enough, it doesn't work that way. The public, when examining stars, uses the same telescope that I am using.

What is it, then, that makes a star? The nebular theory of the creation of the world is that originally there was nothing but a lot of loose matter floating around in space—star dust, we may as well call it for present purposes. Slowly this began taking form and whirling about certain centers, gradually forming stars and planets. Well—there is a lot of human star dust in the

**T**HE nebular theory of the creation of the world is that originally there was nothing but a lot of loose matter floating around in space—star-dust. Slowly it took form, moulding planets and stars. And there is material everywhere for moving picture stars. But who is to recognize it in this chaos that attends the creation of a world art?



world. There is material everywhere for moving picture stars. But who is to recognize it in this chaos that attends the creation of a world art?

Ask the average producer and he will tell you that prettiness and advertising are the only star dust there is. Ask the average star, and he or she will tell you it is dramatic talent. Ask the average fan and she will tell you a star is a star—well, because she likes her, or him. Ask me, and

I'll tell you a star is principally brains. Next to brains, physical attractiveness is valuable, not only prettiness, but adaptability to the requirements of the drama.

Dramatic talent comes under the general heading of brains. Imitation dramatic talent, which is nothing but parlor tricks—virtuosity—and does not call for brains, is of no importance whatsoever. Of such are Billy West and the other imitators of Charlie Chaplin, George Walsh and the other imitators of Douglas Fairbanks, and so on.

Mary Pickford is, obviously, the best example of a star in the world of pictures. She was one of the first and today is the greatest. Her popularity is increasing daily, fluctuating only with the merit of the stories in which she appears. Nor is this because of tradition. Men and women are being converted from scoffers to fans through the Pickford genius. I know a man with whom it is a fad to run counter to popular opinion concerning anything. For years he refused so much as to look at a Pickford photoplay. He knew they could not be good because so many people who, he felt, were his mental inferiors, liked them. He knew Mary Pickford was

nothing but a pretty girl with a lot of curls. In fact he had been told that Mary's curls were not her own, even, and that she wore a wig. One evening he was induced to go to see "Less Than the Dust," and while this is probably the least meritorious of all the Pickford productions, this superior personage became a Pickford fan instantaneously. He told me the reason was that the memory of the way she rolled her eyes as she ate a sweetmeat filched from a vendor in a Hindu street scene,

haunted him constantly. The real reason, behind this fact, was that while this incident intrigued his eye, the Pickford intelligence had intrigued his really acute mind, and despite a poor story, his interest was captured.

Miss Pickford is a brilliant woman, and this is the secret of her success. I can name dozens of prettier girls who

# Star

*Being an examination into  
stars are made, and the*

By James



# Dust

*the materials of which  
process of manufacture*

R. Quirk

have appeared and disappeared while she goes on her upward way. Nor is there any sense in the argument that she is enhaloed in mystery and romance. She lives in the limelight, her marriage is known to all picture fans. Every admirer knows that this charming person appearing as a bit of a child, is a mature woman. But by dominating mental force, Mary Pickford holds her place.

Mental force, it must be understood, is something very different from cold intellectualism, such as tradition says is the product of Boston. Mental force may emanate from a person who has never been in school, who is illiterate, who lacks all the refinements of education and graces of society. It is a curious thing, a divine afflatus, having more to do with soul than with brain. It is unconscious, often, and affects the person who perceives it, without effort on the part of the one who projects it. Yet on the other hand, it may be supremely conscious, as with Olga Petrova.

The stardom of Petrova is one of the most interesting phenomena of the picture play. Her popularity has defied weak stories and bad productions, and defied also the obstacle of Petrova's inflexible determination to act her roles as she believes they should be acted, regardless of the popular trend of the art of acting, and the ideas of her directors. Madame Petrova has explained her theory of acting to me, quite patiently, and it amounts to this, that she is an ultra-realist. I am confident that the vast majority of the public does not want realism in any art, preferring the romantic symbols, the accepted methods of suggesting ideas which have come into general usage through generations of practice. These methods should be varied, but to cast them aside is perilous. Yet Petrova has weathered this peril, and her popularity increases constantly because she uses her remarkable intellect in every role she essays, in every scene she plays. Consequently the Petrova characters mean something to the audiences, no matter how weak the tale.

Here we have, after all, the basic reason why we have stars and always will have them. Drama consists, almost invariably, of focusing upon a single individual various forces set in motion by others, or by that person himself. Life is not drama until one individual, through bigness or littleness, or other potent reasons, becomes the center of interest of moving events. The player who impersonates this central role must be the star of the drama; it is because there are not

enough players capable of dominating, that producers of pictures feel compelled to "star" boys and girls whom they try to "make" by giving them big parts—parts which dwarf the player, not enhance him.

There is no more interesting contrast between the two forms of star intelligence than that offered by Douglas Fairbanks and William Hart. Fairbanks is plastic, Hart is adamant. The Fairbanks intelligence is possessed of an easy geniality that adapts itself to circumstances. The Hart intelligence takes the narrow trail, and drags everything along with it. This is why there is more variety in Fairbanks pictures than in Hart pictures. Perhaps this is what Mr. Hart himself felt when he said—or his press agent said for him—not long ago, that he did not believe any star could last more than five years, and he intended to retire when his five years had expired. Where there is possible such infinite variety as the plastic intelligence, there can be no time limit. advantage that Mr. Fairbanks enjoys, there is a corresponding danger. Give the smiling Douglas a great story, and



his personality rises to it, expands, becomes magnificent, almost epic. But give him a flimsy yarn and it drags him down. There have been Fairbanks productions that were nothing but common melodramas, punctuated by close-ups of his mesmeric smile, a smile that loses its value when it is not given a worthy setting.

Mae Marsh enjoys and suffers from the same advantage and disability as Fairbanks. Compare the subtle, fascinating Mae Marsh of "The Wharf Rat" with the sad little star in "Fields of Honor" and you will understand.

In other words, the brains behind the star are almost as important as those of the luminary himself. While personality will often triumph over the most depressing conditions, just as William Farnum has made himself a great star in spite of the sordid fact that he works for William Fox, the vampire producer, it requires remarkable inward power to accomplish this end. Mr. Farnum is the only Fox star of any importance, probably for this very reason. What Virginia Pearson or Gladys Brockwell might become under an emancipating connection is mere guesswork.

Theda Bara is in a class by herself, and not to be considered among the stars of healthier growth, since her success has been based upon a constant appeal to low sensationalism and morbidity. I believe this appetite has been, to a great degree, satiated. I believe the Theda Bara star is on the wane.

On the other hand, consider the result that is achieved by a constructive brain like that of a Griffith or Brenon. Men of this type attract to their studios the most intelligent of players, and then are given the credit for creating stars. It is simply

that intelligence attracts intelligence, recognizes and responds to its own reflection. That is why nearly every player of importance in "The Birth of a Nation" is today a star of national note. It was an early day in producing—the movies, one might almost say, were then in their infancy. Ambitious youngsters flocked to Griffith's studio.

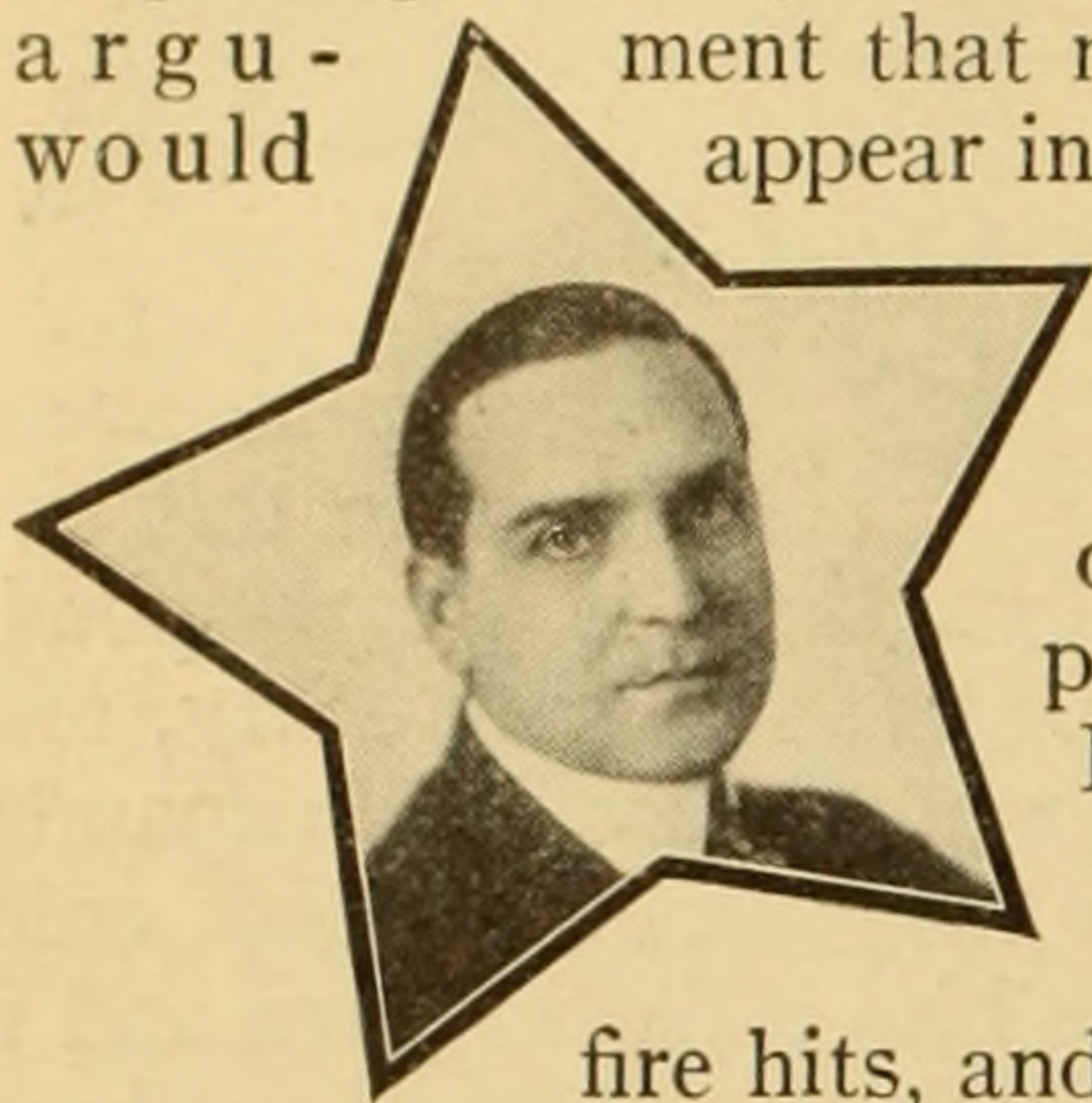
MARY PICKFORD is a brilliant woman and that is the secret of her success. I can name dozens of prettier girls who have appeared and disappeared while she goes on her upward way. She lives in the limelight, her marriage is known to every picture fan in America. But by dominating mental force, she holds her place.





The problem was one of selection only. Is it any wonder, with all this mental energy behind it, that "The Birth of a Nation" was such a production as may never be equalled in the history of the world? It will be indeed difficult, again, to assemble such an array of picture intelligence. "Intolerance" brought only one new star—Constance Talmadge. D. W. himself seems now inclined to take the easier way, employing players whose talent has been proved, thus saving the time and energy required to muster such a force as he gathered for his masterpiece.

There is another phase of this matter of the power of mind in silent drama that is as fascinating as it has been surprising to many who do not yet understand it. If my argument that mentality makes stars be valid, it would appear inevitable that where there is great



fame backed by unusual intelligence, and supported by unusual beauty, the supply of star dust must be adequate for the production of a splendid planet. But what happened to Mary Garden and Maxine Elliott? Here were two stars that seemed sure-fire hits, and the Goldwyn company expected to "clean up." It was soon discovered, however, that their fame had to be discounted as an almost total loss. Picture fans did not consider them more important than Norma Talmadge or Ethel Clayton. But the main difficulty was that the intelligence of both of these great artists had been devoted for many years to intense thought in a direction that unfitted them for work before the camera. Their intelligence was not adaptable. On the other hand, in the same corporation, there were the picture-wise Mae Marsh and Mabel Normand, and the youthful and therefore pliable Madge Kennedy, and these have proved the valuable members, their successes being modified only by the lack of producing genius.

Following this same line of reasoning, consider Elsie Ferguson. Miss Ferguson came to the screen, an actress who had reached the highest eminence on the

DRAMATIC talent comes under the general heading of brains. Imitation dramatic talent, which is nothing but parlor tricks—virtuosity—and does not call for brains, is of no importance whatsoever. Of such are the imitators of Chaplin, Fairbanks and of others.

American stage, a woman of remarkable beauty, an individual of the strongest personality, and withal a brilliant mentality. But she did not come to the screen as a Czarina to take possession of new territory and make it accept her as an autocrat. She told me that when she went to the studio to begin work on her first picture, "Barbary Sheep," she cast from her all that she had ever known of acting, and resolved that she knew nothing of this new art, but would learn. In her first production she was a magnificent picture, but it

needed no keen observation to realize that she had not yet found herself. Then came "The Rise of Jennie Cushing," "Rose of the World," and "The Song of Songs." With each picture Miss Ferguson has gained a firmer grasp upon the secrets of picture art, so that today she has few equals. I can recall no success so swift and splendid as hers—a veritable triumph of intellect. That she was so fortunate as to be directed in her first work by Maurice Tourneur and Joseph Kaufman, contributed to the speed of her progress, but the end was inevitable.

Much more might be said, but it would be only the application to a variety of individuals of the same principle, which operates constantly. I would like to speak of minor unstarred stars,—of the deep impressions made by such players as Theodore Robmond Hatton, Milton Sills, Helen Oland, J. W. Johnston, Gustave von Seyffertitz, Mary Alden, and all the other representatives of the great class of brilliant artists whose principal occupation is lending substance to pretty romances. Such a task is not for the tail end of a magazine article, rather for an encyclopedia. My desire here is to establish this one principle, that whatever other qualities a player may possess, there can be no great and enduring success without intelligence.

Star dust, I find, as I gaze through my telescope, is grey matter.



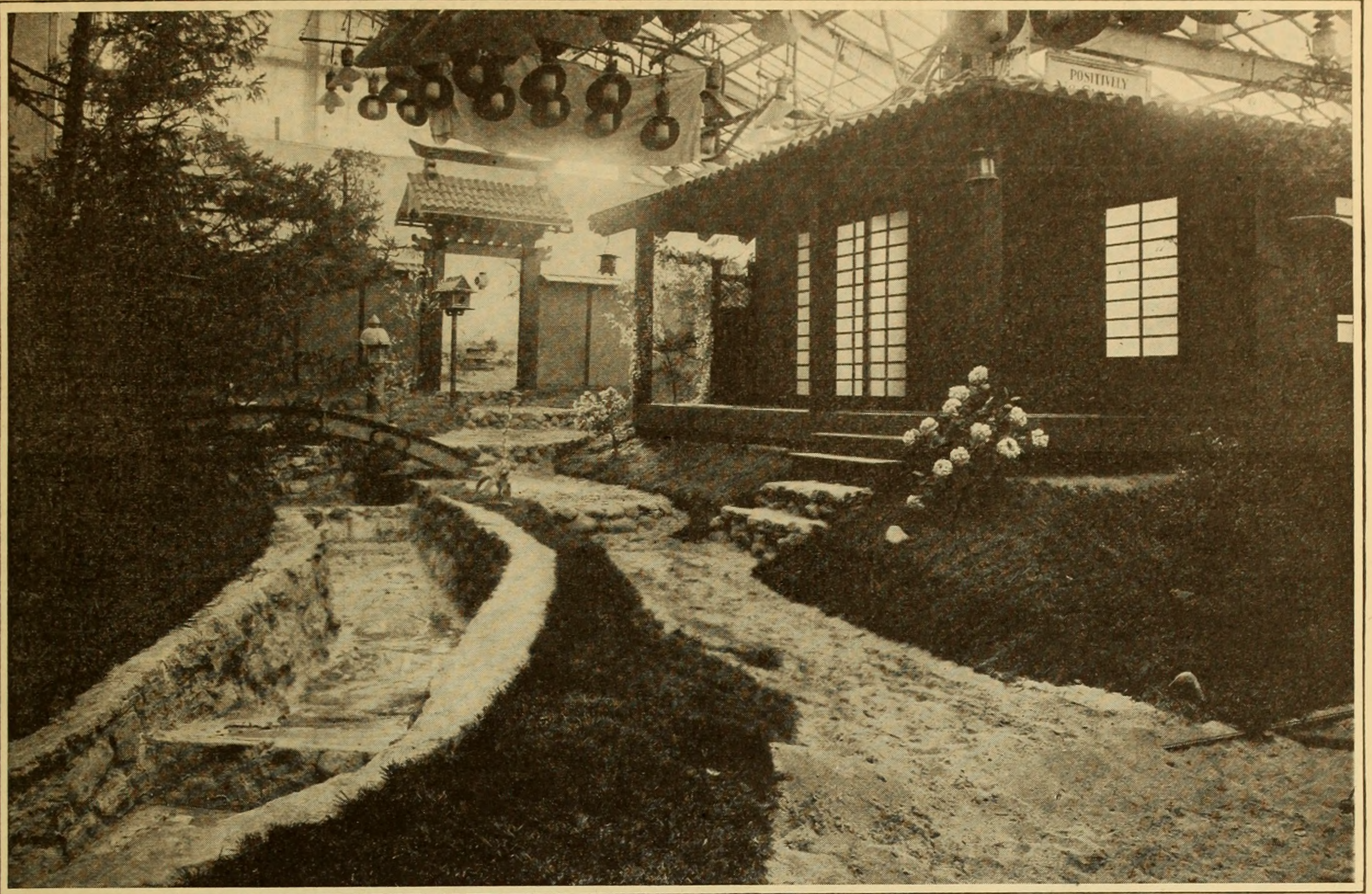
## Pity the Scenario Editor

SCENARIOISTS, gaze upon this—a busy corner of the scenario department at Universal City—and read over your 'script, thoughtfully, before you send it off. The assistant scenario editor is shown filing addresses of return manuscripts. On the desk in the foreground are more than 600 "regret-unavailable-thanks-for-submitting-it" efforts, all fated for return trips to their creators. Most of them contain not even the germ of an idea—the scenarios, that is. So, if your scenario comes back to you in its stamped, self-addressed return envelope, don't blame the poor scenario editors, and the assistant scenario editors—they would be only too glad to accept a scenario once in a while, goodness knows.

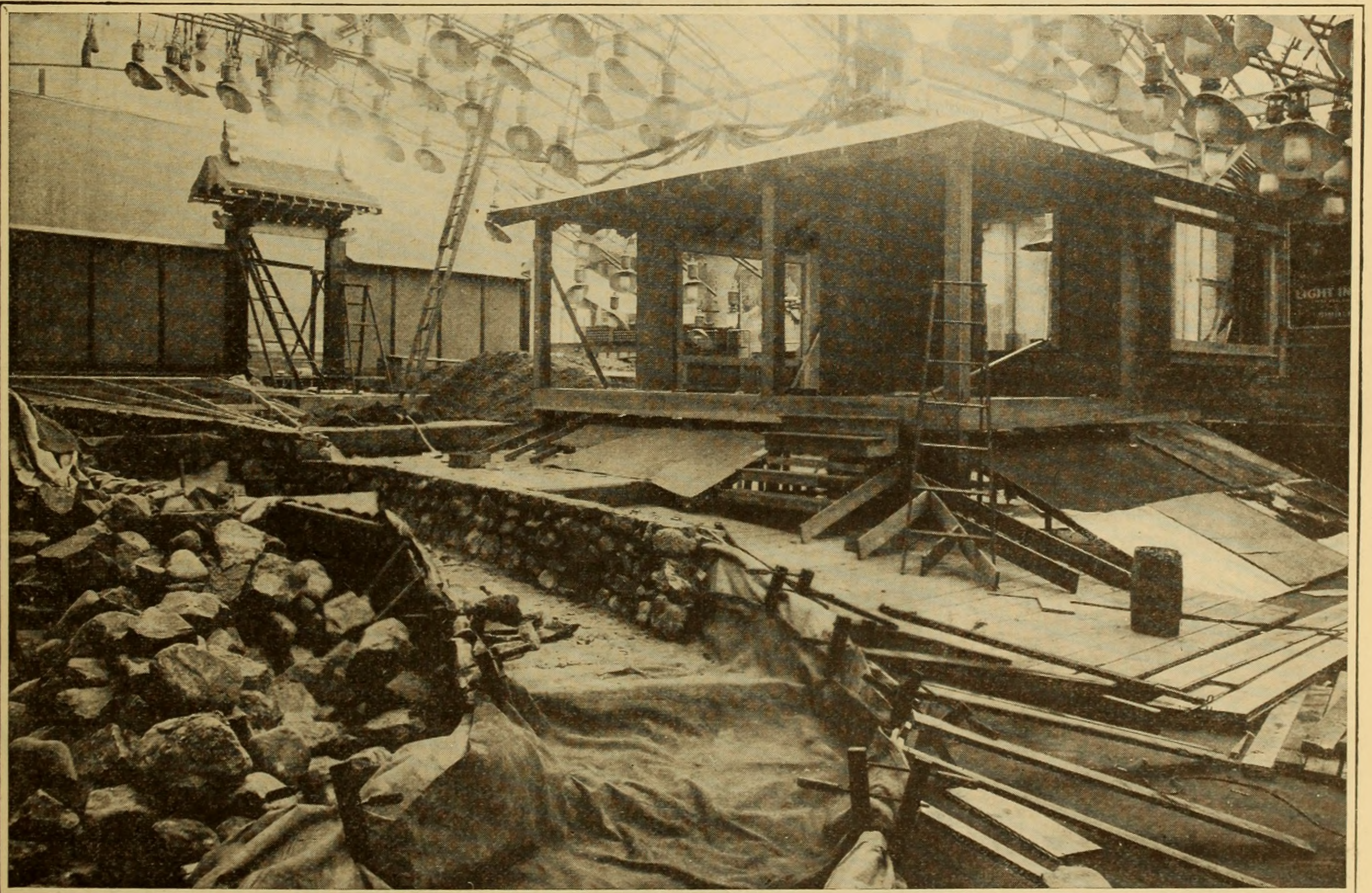




# MAKING MOTHER NATURE SHOW A LITTLE SPEED



Japan was too far away for practical purposes, so Edison's pinch-hitters for Nature — every real studio has 'em — got busy and turned a bit of arid studio into a cozy little Nipponese tea garden. High speed carpenters planted the bungalow in a few hours. The whole job didn't take two days.



You can see by this picture just how it all came about. Notice the trench, constructed of wood, about which was piled some of Nature's most select turf. And about ten minutes after this picture was taken water was turned in. Note the battery of lights overhead. And the flowers are real ones.



# Grand Crossing Impressions



By  
Delight Evans

Chicago, the Grand Crossing; the transfer-point for players on their fittings from coast to coast.

Chicago, a place where they change trains and, in the sad, mad scramble of luggage and lunch between, run up to see "PHOTOPLAY."

"HAVE You Met Mabel Condon?"

It was About  
The Fourteenth Person  
Who had Asked me that.  
And I always Had  
To Say No.  
It was Terrible.  
I Knew  
I should have Met her;  
It wasn't My Fault;  
It wasn't Mabel's Fault.  
And then—  
She Came Through Chicago  
On her Way West.  
I Met her;  
And Talked to her.  
They Say  
She's a Press Agent; but  
She Isn't.  
She's a Business Woman.  
A Little Girl  
With a Smile  
And a Quiet Way  
Of Getting What she Wants  
And Making Everybody  
Want her to Have It  
And Help her Get It—  
That's Mabel.

Then  
There was  
Edna Earle.  
Edna  
Is the Prettiest Girl  
You Ever Saw.  
She had  
A Blue Dress  
The Color of her Eyes;  
And Bright Hair,  
And an Ermine Scarf,  
And a Poke Bonnet.  
She's Twenty-one.  
She was with Mabel,  
And they were Going West.  
In New York  
Edna Played  
In Metro Pictures,  
And with Constance Talmadge  
And Bessie Love.  
Then  
In California,  
She's Going to Play Opposite  
A Famous Man Star;  
And she's Going to Share  
A Hollywood Bungalow  
With Mabel—  
Mabel Condon.  
(I don't Know her.  
Half Well Enough  
To Call her Mabel—  
But I Wish I Did.)  
You'd Never Think  
Edna Earle

Had been on the Screen  
For a Year;  
And on the Stage  
Four Years before that.  
She's just Twenty-one,  
And She's  
Awfully Real.  
She Likes  
Work on the Screen; and  
She wants You  
To like her.  
You will.  
As I was Leaving,  
I Looked Over my Shoulder  
At them.  
Edna Earle  
Had Taken Off her Hat—  
But I wasn't at all Disappointed.  
And there was Mabel—  
Mabel Condon.  
Oh, I  
Wish I were a Film Star,  
So Mabel could Manage Me!

I'd never Seen  
A Press Agent before—  
I'd Read  
Press Stories  
About Stars who Rescued  
The Extra from Drowning; or  
Stars who  
Make their Own Clothes;



C. Smith Gardner

Then There Was Edna Earle.

Or Stars who  
Drive their Own Cars;  
Or Stars—  
Just Stars.  
But

When Douglas Fairbanks' Press Agent  
And Charlie Chaplin's Press Agent  
Came to Town—well—

I do like Doug,  
And I do like Charlie.  
Doug's  
Is Bennie Zeidman; and Charlie's  
Is Carlyle Raleigh Robinson.  
Isn't that  
A Lovely Name?  
He should have Been  
An Actor.  
He's Named  
After his Home Town; he's  
One of those Southern Gentlemen,  
I Guess—  
"Raleigh South Carolina, suh."

Bennie  
Is Little; and  
Carlyle Raleigh Robinson  
Is Tall—  
Very Tall.  
Bennie  
Is Always Talking About  
Doug.  
Now,  
I like Doug.  
I always Have.  
But Bennie  
Doesn't want you  
to like Doug.  
He Wants you  
To think of him  
As

America's Joy Boy;  
America's Greatest Exponent  
Of the Happy Smile;  
The Genial Smile-star—  
Ebullient Douglas.  
Before Bennie  
Could say Anything Else,  
Carlyle Raleigh Robinson  
Was Saying  
That the Chaplin Page  
In the May Issue  
Was the Best in the Book;  
But Bennie  
Said the Fairbanks Rodeo Page  
Was the Best in the Book.  
They  
Were still Talking it Over  
On their Way Out.

And Doug and Mary and Charles  
Are Coming Through  
Next Week.  
I hope they stop off.





White

# My Lady o' Dreams

*Marie Doro the spirituelle, is a real person, though you might not have thought it*

*By Randolph Bartlett*

**G**REAT discoveries are often accidental. Columbus ran into America when he thought he was headed for India. I was looking for Elliott Dexter and discovered Marie Doro. And when I say "discovered" I mean it. I had seen Miss Doro—most perfect of names, the Golden Girl—on the screen and on the stage. Still I had not discovered her.

In my quest for Mr. Dexter I had been referred by the Paramount publicists to a certain telephone number. Upon taking Mr. Bell's well known invention into my

confidence, there floated through the receiver a voice that no mechanical contrivance could disguise. Then, with all the sudden illumination of a bursting rocket, the idea arrived. Mrs. Dexter is Miss Doro.

It never had occurred to me before, except as a bit of abstract knowledge. I had seen Miss Doro in a play, "Barbara," a week or so before the adventure of the telephone. She was a creature of such airy lightness, that, if I had given the matter serious thought, I should have come to the conclusion that when the performance was





White

over she was put away carefully and tenderly in a nest of roseleaves until the next performance. It was impossible to think of her as stepping out of the theatre into a common automobile, driving to a restaurant and partaking of common food, buying gowns and hats, or talking over telephones.

Yet there it was. The voice coming over the telephone was, unmistakably, the voice I had heard in "Barbara"—a voice of velvet shot with threads of silver; a voice that, without physical effort, made music of our too hard English words; a voice designed by nature for reading the poetry of Keats.

From the discovery that Miss Doro does not live in an invisible, enchanted palace, issuing forth from time to time in form visible to men only at the call of the camera or the footlights, but in just such a Fifth Avenue apartment as you or I might live in (if we could afford it) equipped with telephone and everything—from this discovery to the invasion of that apartment was a step soon taken. And just as its mistress is unlike any other person, so is the apartment unlike any other apartment. It has windows, doors, floor, ceiling, and so on, of course, but there the similarity ends. Nor does it conform to any period or follow any mode. There is a tapestry from Spain, an antique table from England, a still more antique leather screen from somewhere else (for by law of contrast it is natural that Miss Doro revels in antiques), there is a fireplace that is chummy and dreamful, chintzes that merrily tease the dignified antiques with their graceful youth, candlesticks of dateless Flemish origin, and so on, not forgetting a piano whose exquisite tone you unhesitatingly ascribe to the fact that the instrument enjoys the privilege of daily association with the Doro voice.

In this quaint setting, Miss Doro is a figure as enchanting as that which she presented in "The Wood Nymph," her one—to my notion—unforgettable picture, directed by the master dreamer, Griffith. I could not quite hit upon

A piano which enjoys the privilege of daily association with the Doro voice.

the word to describe it all—a word which flitted back and forth and eluded me just as I thought I had

it. And I never did find it until the lady herself supplied it in describing someone else. She was speaking of Charles Frohman, under whose management she played until he was murdered by William Hohenzollern.

"We all loved Mr. Frohman," she said. "He was the greatest theatrical genius of modern times. He had such a fund of unflinching humor, whimsical and fine. He was really elfin—"

That was the word—*elfin*. Her word for Charles Frohman was the word I had been wanting for her. "Wistful" is the word certain superficial observers have used in and out of season, but it will not do, for wistfulness is essentially sad, and Marie Doro is anything but that. In such a naive tale as "The Morals of Marcus," or such a drama of the drawing room as "Diplomacy," no matter how different may be the characters, the elfin quality is always there.

How did she happen to go on the stage? It didn't happen. Marie Stewart of Kansas City wanted to be an actress. She persuaded her mother to bring her to New York where she studied all things useful to such a career. Incidentally, she became a great favorite in a group of Italian artists, who, devoting much serious consideration to the matter, decided that Stewart would never do as a name for her, and after earnest conferences christened her Marie Doro. It may be unpatriotic, but I insist that no American could have done it. We haven't the sense of poetry in names that is the birthright of the Latin. Then Charles Frohman met her, name and all, fully equipped for a career, and because she could sing and dance, gave her a part in a musical comedy, "The Girl From Kays."

"I wasn't starred, of course," says Miss Doro, "and I shall never forget the curious incident of my first intimation that such an honor had been selected for me. We were playing up state somewhere, and Mr. Frohman had



come from New York to see the performance again. As I was going to my dressing room between the acts the stage manager stopped me and said:

"Mr. Frohman is going to star you, Miss Doro."

"It sounded preposterous to me, and like all novices I was suspicious of everyone. I thought he was trying to be fresh, and told him not to dare talk to me like that. I was furious, and not until they brought me a copy of a paper with Mr. Frohman's announcement would I believe that my innocence and ignorance were not being imposed upon. Then I was delighted, not only because of the success but because dancing did not agree with me.

"The play in which I made my first dramatic appearance was not a success, and Sam Bernard who was starred in 'The Girl From Kays' sent word to Mr. Frohman that he must have me back in the cast, as he could not dance with my successor. When Mr. Frohman told me, I wept bitterly, and said I simply could not do it, as the dancing was ruining my health. A few days later, Mr. Frohman told me he had decided upon my next play, and the way he broke the news was typical of his whimsical humor.

"I have selected a part for you in 'Little Mary,'" he said, 'with great care and due consideration for your delicate health. You will be wheeled about the stage in a rolling chair throughout the entire piece.'

Whether or not it was because Mr. Frohman took such excellent care of her health, at least Miss Doro thrived, and soon was a star in her own right. In "The Morals of Marcus" and "Oliver Twist" she scored successes which are now stage history, later repeating these successes on the screen. One of her greatest triumphs, however, was in a brilliant cast of "Diplomacy," which she played first in London for two years. Perhaps for this reason, perhaps because of her lifelong interest in antiques, Europe always fascinated her after her first visit, and until the war she was one of the most regular patrons of the liners. She returned to America shortly before the war, intending to ask Mr. Frohman to relieve her from her American engagements entirely.

It was in the American revival of "Diplomacy" that Miss Doro met Elliott Dexter and, simultaneously, her fate. Her own version of the romance is delicious.

"It was while we were playing 'Diplomacy' that Mr. Frohman suggested that I try moving pictures. I didn't want to do it, but he had a way of persuading people. It was 'The Morals of Marcus.' The scenes were being made at Lakewood, New Jersey, and the new work was so trying that what with traveling back and forth every day and playing in 'Diplomacy' as well, I was almost a nervous wreck. On top of all that, they informed me one day that a change would be made in the cast of the play, and Mr. Dexter would play Julian. I rebelled. I never had met Mr. Dexter. I didn't want to meet him. I knew he must be an inferior actor. I didn't see how I could find time to rehearse with him, and do everything else I had on hand as well.

"Of course they talked me out of my

meanness, or at least made me stop talking about it. Mr. Dexter went on with only two rehearsals and, naturally, was fearfully nervous. That renewed my spiteful attitude toward him. I told Mr. Frohman he would never do. I said it simply was ruining the whole play. Both he and Mr. Gillette argued with me, but I wouldn't be soothed.

"I like this boy," Mr. Frohman said. "I like everything about him. Please try to get along with him."

"When I saw that I couldn't get them to give Elliott his notice, I thought I might as well make the best of a bad situation, and began to try to help him, and show

*(Continued on page 107)*



White

By law of contrast it is natural that Miss Doro revels in antiques.





The other actors about the studio mostly made fun of him, but beneath the shell I saw a great soul in a jitney body.



# Jimmy Stars at Last

*They called him "the nut" but not after he went to France*

**N**OBODY'S got anything on me when it comes to patriotism," the Chief grumbled, "but this war is sure playing the devil with the fillum business."

"Thank God they're not drafting the women," I laughed, thinking of Cynthia Love and the rest.

"I wouldn't be sorry if they did—some of them," the Chief returned, with a frown, and I remembered having heard rumors to the effect that he and his wife didn't get along well together.

We had been waiting to go down to the projecting room to see a new picture run off, but some trouble with the projecting machine had delayed us for a few moments. Our service flag was fluttering in the breeze just outside the window and the Chief had been looking at it. There were a great many stars on the flag and some of them were stars in more than one sense of the word.

The immediate cause of his remarks, however, had been our latest contribution to that gallant little army "somewhere in France." Wallace Richwood, our famous leading man, had felt the call, and had marched off that very morning, clad in sober khaki, amidst the God-speeds of everybody in the studio, looking very stern and determined now that he was to live tragedy, instead of merely acting it. I imagine it must have been something of a wrench, to Wallace, whose handsome face and six-foot-two of well-knit frame had made him the idol of the petticoated fans from coast to coast.

There was a letter lying on my desk. I took it up and glanced at its closely written pages.

"There are a lot of men," I said, "who might get a chance over there that they'd never get here."

"What do you mean?" the Chief asked. "Acting?"

"Yes—in a way. There's acting in real life as well as on the screen. Wasn't it our old friend Bill Shakespeare who said 'all the world's a stage'?"

"What's the idea?" said my companion, turning from the window.

I glanced again at the ragged handwriting on the pages before me.

"Here's a letter I just got from Norton," I replied. "He's in the trenches now." Norton had been one of our best scenario writers before he went to Plattsburg, and the Chief was very fond of him.

"Anything new?" he asked.

I laid the letter on my desk.

"It's mostly about Jimmy Caldwell," I replied.

"Caldwell?" The Chief glanced at me inquiringly through the smoke of his cigar. "Don't seem to remember him."

"No. You wouldn't. He only did bits. Slapstick comedy, mostly. Sort of handy man about the studio."

"Oh." The Chief seemed to lose interest. "Plenty like him to be had." He tossed away his cigar.

"Not so many, I guess, from what Norton writes. It seems we were entertaining a hero unawares. He's done things. Quite an interesting story."

"Let's have it, while we're waiting. It may be good publicity stuff."

"I don't think so," I said, "but you can be the judge."

You see, he wasn't known to the public at all. Just a queer, thin, undersized little chap that no one paid any attention to. Came to us about a year ago looking as though he'd never had a square meal in his life. It wasn't

By Frederic Arnold Kummer

ILLUSTRATED BY  
CHARLES D. MITCHELL

as bad as that, of course, for he had done some excellent work, on the legitimate stage, and made something of his parts, even though they were small ones.

But he hadn't any assurance—

none of that chesty, up-stage stuff that so often makes high-priced stars out of bum chorus men, or second-rate vaudeville actors. Couldn't seem to understand how to advertise himself, he was so painfully modest. That's fatal, in the picture business. Many a man of far less ability passed him by, on account of having the effrontery of a cigar store Indian and a pair of leather lungs.

But if he couldn't impersonate a human jazz band, Jimmy Caldwell was an actor to the core. Even while he was playing custard pie comedy he cherished dreams of doing Hamlet. Never saw a comedian in my life that didn't secretly think himself a second Edwin Booth. When he came to us I used him, off and on, in some of our lighter films and found he fitted in very well, doing comedy tramps, funny policemen, eccentric jags and the like. But he didn't seem satisfied with the work, and later on I learned that he really lived in the hope that he'd some day get a chance to star. Not as a second Charlie Chaplin, either, but the regular goods, like Wallace Richwood. There was something almost pathetic about it, because, whatever Jimmy's natural abilities may have been, nature had never intended him to fill the part of a matinee idol. No woman would have looked at him twice, with his thirty-four inch chest and his Chippendale legs. Only through his eyes did I occasionally get a glimpse of his soul, of the fire in him, and then quite accidentally, when he happened to be watching Wallace Richwood in one of his big scenes. Then his fingers would twitch, his shoulders would straighten up, and his whole being would undergo a sort of transformation. The other actors about the studio mostly made fun of him, and referred to him as the 'nut,' but I saw beneath the shell and recognized one of those tragedies that nature so often plays on us, a great soul in a jitney body, a blue-white diamond in a setting of cheap brass. There are lots of people like that, people whose most tragic moments the world regards as slapstick comedies, whose efforts to be heroic usually seem ridiculous.

I have said that no woman would have looked at Jimmy twice, but there was one exception, and of course it was his mother. The only love that is really blind is mother love, take it from me. The old lady came to see me once, when Jimmy was sick and couldn't show up for work, and we had quite a talk. She was the real goods, and then some. I remember telling Richwood afterward that the only thing I ever envied Jimmy Caldwell was his mother.

He left us, about six months ago, to go into the army. I never heard him say anything about making the world safe for democracy, or doing his bit. He was just caught in the draft. At least he said he was caught. I don't know. Offhand, I'd have said he was over the age limit, but it was hard to tell about Jimmy. Maybe he lied about his age in order to get in. I know a lot of fellows who have dreamed all their lives of great adventures, of doing something fine and big and out of the ordinary, while adding up columns of figures at a book-keeper's desk, and who have put on khaki to get a chance to make their dreams come true. Jimmy may have been like that. He wasn't the sort to say anything about it. Maybe he concluded that since he couldn't get a chance to play a star



part here, on the screen, he'd try his luck over there, in real life.

I had a talk with him before he went.

"There's nothing in all this glory stuff," I told him. "War is a bitter business. You won't like it. You'll be disappointed. A lot of fellows dream about charges, and waving flags, and medals of honor and all that, and what you'll actually have to do is stand in some stinking, rat-infested trench till your feet are half frozen and then pass out by the gas route, or drown in a greasy shell hole."

"That's what makes it so wonderful," Jimmy came back at me, "that men are willing to do all those things, cheerfully, for the sake of a principle. I guess I'm not one to whimper, or complain. I'll take my medicine, same as the rest."

And he was right. My hat's off to the boys over there. And to Jimmy. He didn't whimper, when the big chance came. Oh yes, he got his chance.

I'm putting the story together, from what Norton has written. His letter is good reading—the kind that makes a man proud of his country, and his flag.

Jimmy was in Norton's company, a private in the rear ranks, just one of those plodding nonentities that are never heard from except in the casualty lists. The supers in the game, theatrically speaking. I'd heard from Norton once or twice before, but he had never mentioned Jimmy, except to say that he was there. That was all I had expected, for, as I've explained before, Jimmy's methods were anything but spectacular. I just imagined him washing the mess pans, sweeping out the officers' quarters and doing as much of the dirty work as the other chaps in the company could force on him, just as he'd always done at home, playing his unimportant little parts at the studio without a word of complaint, but with eyes always eager for the big chance he seemed to think was right around the corner.

A few weeks ago the company, with a lot of others, was sent up into the front line trenches for a little taste of the real thing. The game there, as no doubt you know, is night raiding. Well, it seems they didn't give Jimmy a chance at that. Nobody suggested it and Jimmy didn't offer himself. Even in that game he couldn't push himself forward, couldn't advertise. Yet I know there wasn't a braver man in the company, or the whole battalion, for that matter. But he had that ingrowing modesty I've told you about, so I guess he just sat back in the trench and watched the other fellows go and return—not always return, more's the pity—and listened to their grim tales of adventure in "no-man's-land" in the same eager way in which he would listen to Wallace Richwood telling how wonderful he was in this, that or the other part. And then, one morning, a raiding party came back to discover that the young lieutenant who had been in charge of it was missing.

The raid had been timed for that darkest hour just before dawn, and everything had been planned with the greatest secrecy. But from what Norton writes I guess the boches must have gotten wind of it, for just as our men got up to the enemy's wire entanglements, they were met by a burst of machine gun fire that sent them reeling back toward our trenches in double-quick time. The lieutenant in charge of the party—his name was Watson, Norton writes, from Chicago—ordered a retreat at once, and everybody started for home. The success of these raids depends almost entirely upon taking the other fellow by surprise. If he's ready for you, it's all off.

"Well, a retreat in such circumstances means a crawl, each man for himself, wallowing along in the mud, seeking cover in every depression, lying motionless in imitation of a dead man whenever a flare goes off, gradually worming your way back to the friendly shelter of your trench, and if you have luck, finally getting there. Wounded you bring along, if you can. The dead lie where they fall.

The party at length reached our trench, after suffering a number of casualties. It had not occurred to anyone, however, that the lieutenant was one of them. Hearing his voice commanding the retreat, everyone supposed he was all right, and coming along in the rear. It isn't the custom in the United States Army for officers to lead retreats, thank God. They're not that sort. Well, to make a long story short, when the raiding party finally tumbled over the parapet and lined up to count noses it was discovered that the lieutenant was among the missing. Every moment they expected him to come crawling out of the darkness, but he didn't show up. And just about then the first flush of dawn

came, and our fellows were horrified to see, as the grim objects in "no-man's-land" were slowly revealed, the figure of the young lieutenant, lying against the enemy's wires, wounded and helpless, with only an occasional twitching of his legs, and a far-off, pitiful moaning, to show he was still alive.

Volunteers sprang forward at once, hoping they might have time to bring him in before it got so light that rescue would be impossible. Two men made the attempt, one after the other. Both were killed—shot by the enemy's snipers. They hadn't a chance of success, and now that it was broad daylight, the officer in command of the trench section refused to allow any others to make the attempt. As a matter of fact, with the sun shining brightly, and all the desolate waste between the trenches in full view, it was worth your life to even attempt to *look* over the parapet, much less climb over it and try to cross fifty yards of open ground. War is a bitter business. To lose any more men even to save the life of an officer was not good policy. So our fellows were forced to stand by hour after hour, all during the day, watching the quivering figure against the entanglement through their periscopes and

## Opera Plus

By Will H. Johnston

*I* pity opera goers, for they couldn't  
tell you plain

*Just what the blessed show is all  
about;*

*They see the tenor wring his hands  
and groan as if in pain,*

*But what his trouble is, they're  
much in doubt.*

*Now here's a bright suggestion—rig  
a picture screen up-stage*

*And dim the footlights every little  
while;*

*Then let the lantern tell 'em why the  
basso's in a rage*

*And why the fair soprano has to  
smile.*





"They slipped noiselessly over the parapet some time after midnight and began to work their way across that pock-marked and desolate waste."

wondering whether the wounded man would be able to hold out until the coming of darkness made further attempts at rescue possible. There wasn't a man in the trench that wouldn't have braved the entire German army to go out and do his best to save the lieutenant, darkness or no darkness, but all they could do was swear at the Germans and pray for the wounded man's strength, which they did alternately. I tell you, the spirit of our men at the front, as Norton describes it, is magnificent. It makes a fellow feel proud of being an American.

All this time Jimmy Caldwell must have been doing a lot of thinking, and saying nothing, as usual. But when night came, and the rescue party was being organized, it

seems he went to the commanding officer and had a long talk with him. All by himself, Norton says, explaining some idea he had about Lieutenant Watson's rescue. And it must have been a good idea, too, for when the rescue party was made up, it was announced that Private Caldwell was to be one of them.

Norton was another, and this is his story of how the thing came off. It was dark, that night, very dark, and of course the wounded man couldn't be seen except when the Germans set off a flare, which they did pretty frequently during the early part of the evening, evidently expecting that an attempt to rescue the lieutenant would

*(Continued on page 112)*



# Jackie Saunders in

She went on a clothes "spree" in New York—

Photographs by

Evening wrap of black Chantilly over turquoise blue gros de londres, with a stand-offish collar giving the artist a glimpse of the bone he so loves to draw in a lady's neck.

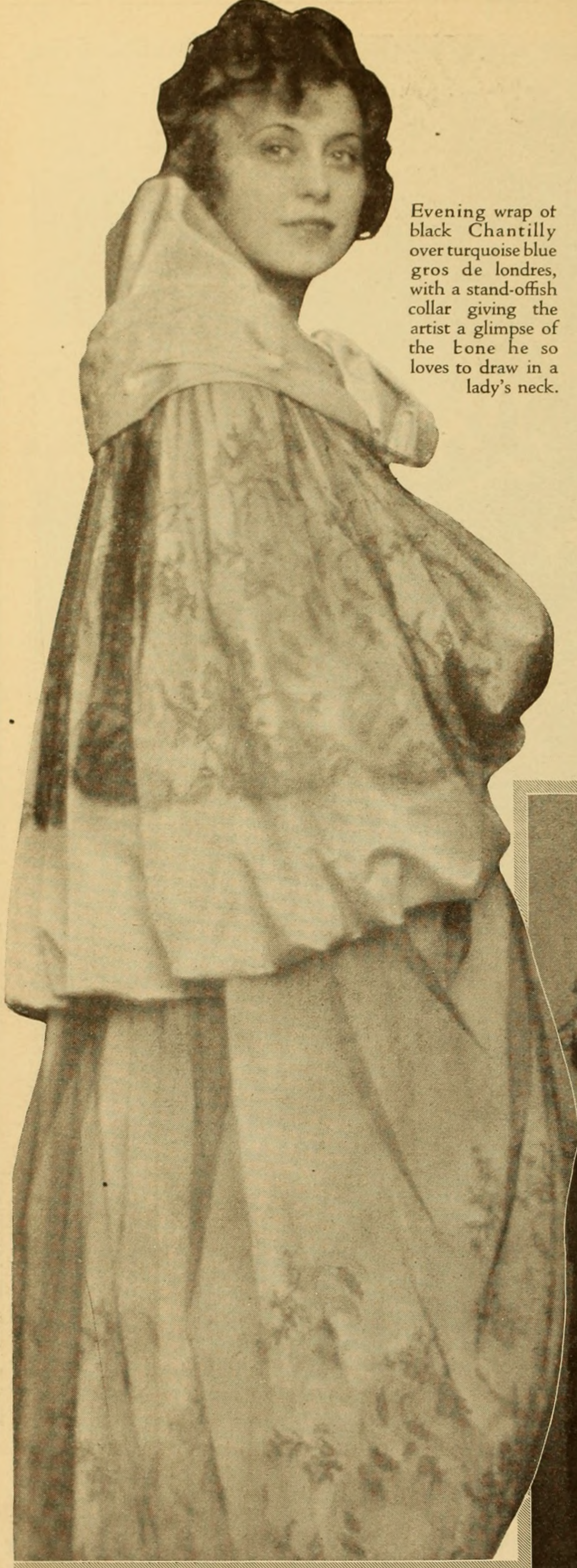
WHEN all the beauties in the movies stood in a row and cried out to these particular Spring and Summer models, "Come to the one you love the best!" they slipped right off their hangers and fell on the neck of adorable Jackie Saunders. She couldn't have escaped them, so perfectly did they suit her.

When Jackie Saunders went from Long Beach, California, to New York recently she hurried for a clothes spree, and bought a thousand dollars worth of tailleurs, one sided sailors, summer dolmans and beaded bags right away—all designed by Harry Collins.

The two great outstanding facts of this Nineteen Eighteen Style Exposition are two kinds of fashions: Conservation and Non-conservation. Mr. Lamb is bleating hard for his troops abroad, but Mr. Silk Worm and Mrs. Cotton Blossom are keeping up the morale of the army around the home fires.

In the smart walking suit a new influence is felt, a sort of second cousin to the new Spanish modes; hence the Apache collar and coat hem snug to the figure. Straight lines, long and slender, are not merely a personal affection with Miss Saunders. All the smartest women wearing street wools are assuming this tight fitting simplicity in their dress.

Spanish styles are excellent, not only in Etons with tinsel embroidered and fringed satin sashes, but also in Toreador capes for street wear and in such evening wraps as the exquisite one shown



In center panel—the silhouette of this cape is a camouflage, for there's really a barrel of heavy gray satin in it. But it's all shirred and held in with stays of gray velvet. The deceptive ostrich, whose fronds are spread out over the shoulders of this wrap, is not a bird of war.

At right—are you convinced on your third guess that Alice blue gros-grain ribbon has been run through the pink Georgette of this frock to make the basket weave? Well, then, you guess right. The smockish look of this tunic and its large, loose armholes are especially apropos of summer dictates.



# Her New Togs

see what she found "the morning after."

Victor Georg

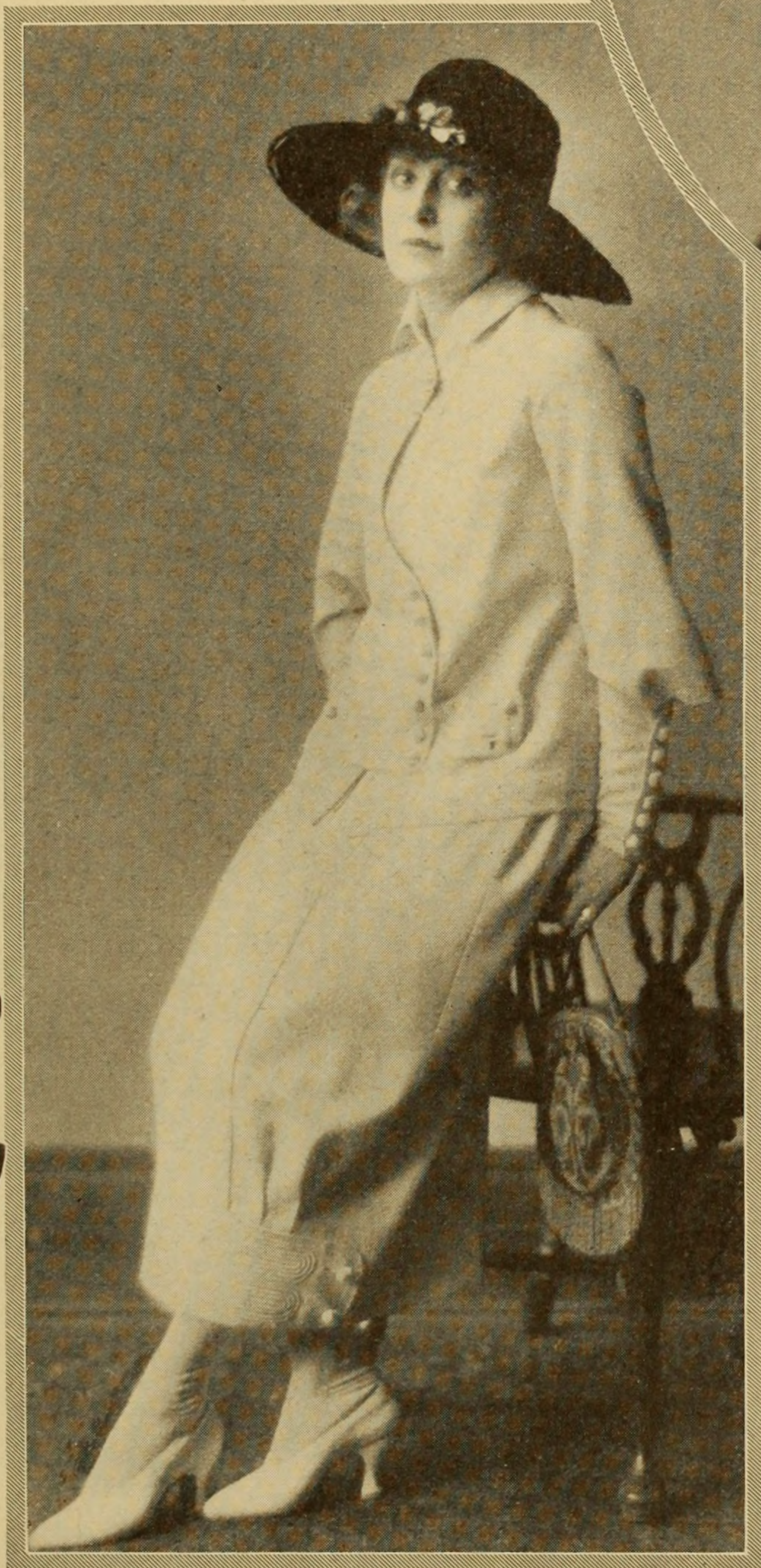
here of turquoise gros de londres and black Chantilly lace.

Of course our sudden interest in South American trade has brought the Spanish influence to the fore with a rush. But our continuous concern for the allied armies is not to be outdone. And thus we see in the season's fashions a dash of the military, Scotch and otherwise, a touch of French and Russian peasantry, and by deduction from the British, a strong East Indian flavor in some of the models prefiguring fall styles. America is, indeed, the land of free verse in human accoutrements and the great melting pot of fashions.

In oval — The Summer's black velvet, irregular as to coat length, has double cupped cuffs and a crushed Spanish girdle with tie ends. Below which we find a straight lined skirt of French blue sport satin, the whole aided and abetted by a black velvet tam.

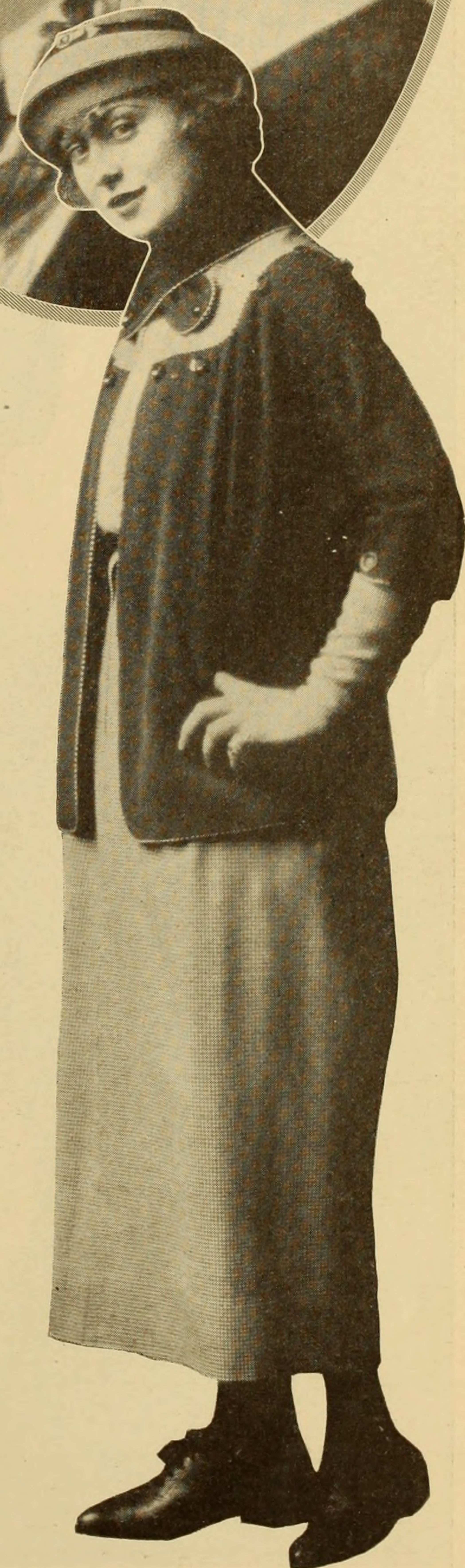


This cunning little dance dress all rosey-hued gros de londres with upturned frills and slender stalk of silver lace. contradicts the bustle, the designer thinking it time to question the self assurance of that perky mode.



This slim, trim, braided white tricot with its oh, so diffident hem, has many good points to comment upon! The diagonal opening of the coat and its snug fit to the hips, its upstanding, open collar, tiny yoke, tight cuffs, and cut buttons for ornamentation rather than use.

At right — Miss Saunders cap-a-pie for a saunter down Fifth Avenue. Blue gabardine is requisitioned for the coat, except for yoke, snug cuffs and pipings, which are of blue and white woolen check. Blue tooled buttons are the outposts at yoke and elbow.





# And the Elephants Beckoned

*What if the tuskers were only of stucco? Carmel Myers believed in signs and David Griffith, so—*

**I** HOLD no brief for Youth, ebullient, effervescent, vivid, alluring; Youth in its springtime freshness—Youth that so lightly scoffs at Age. I hold none, for none is needed: Youth is its own brief, its own argument.

I but introduce you to—Youth!  
Its name is Carmel Myers.

Going back into ancient history for such a topic as this—three or four days at the least: Jack Conway, the director, and I were discussing the popularity of a seventeen-year-old film star whose name and face are known to the four quarters of the globe.

“Why is it?” I asked. “What does it? There are dozens who can act as well—”

“Thousands, you mean,” he said. “But I’d give my right arm to direct that girl. She’s got all I ask—a plastic body and mind, eyes that talk to you, and more—youth, the only quality that will stand the acid test of the close-up.”

And Miss Carmel, reverting to her, intends to make the most of that youth.

In emerald-and-gold Hollywood she lives in a big house that everybody and his little brother in Los Angeles know as the home of Rabbi Isidore Myers. He is, so there will be no mistake, Miss Carmel’s father, and I’ll venture there’s no cleric in the wide world so immensely proud of his daughter and her rise to success as this same veteran Jewish teacher, lecturer and writer of the Pacific Coast.

But it was to her mother, jovially rotund and frankly pleased with her seventeen years of daughter Carmel, that I put the question of parental opposition to or encouragement of a stage career. Frankly, Mother Myers paid more attention to me than Daughter Myers. Carmel sat in a window-seat and knitted something for the soldiers. She has “adopted” a number of army boys at Camp Kearney, and between scenes she makes them things to eat and wear.

“Oppose Carmel in her career?” asked Mrs.

Although Carmel Myers swore (the verb is her own) she’d never thedabara, the puppy is, you will note, thoroughly vamped.



At the age of one year, Carmel registered Youth into the camera and has been doing it ever since.



# "Come On! Come On!"

By Verne Hardin Porter

Myers; "certainly not! Although I prophesied it when she was two years old, I had no particular desire for her to become an actress, but I believe that talent, once shown, should be encouraged and fostered. But if Carmel can't go to the top, I'd rather she'd have gone into the profession of washing dishes or some such thing. If she can't be the best, I want her to quit."

Carmel smiled. "Me too," she said.

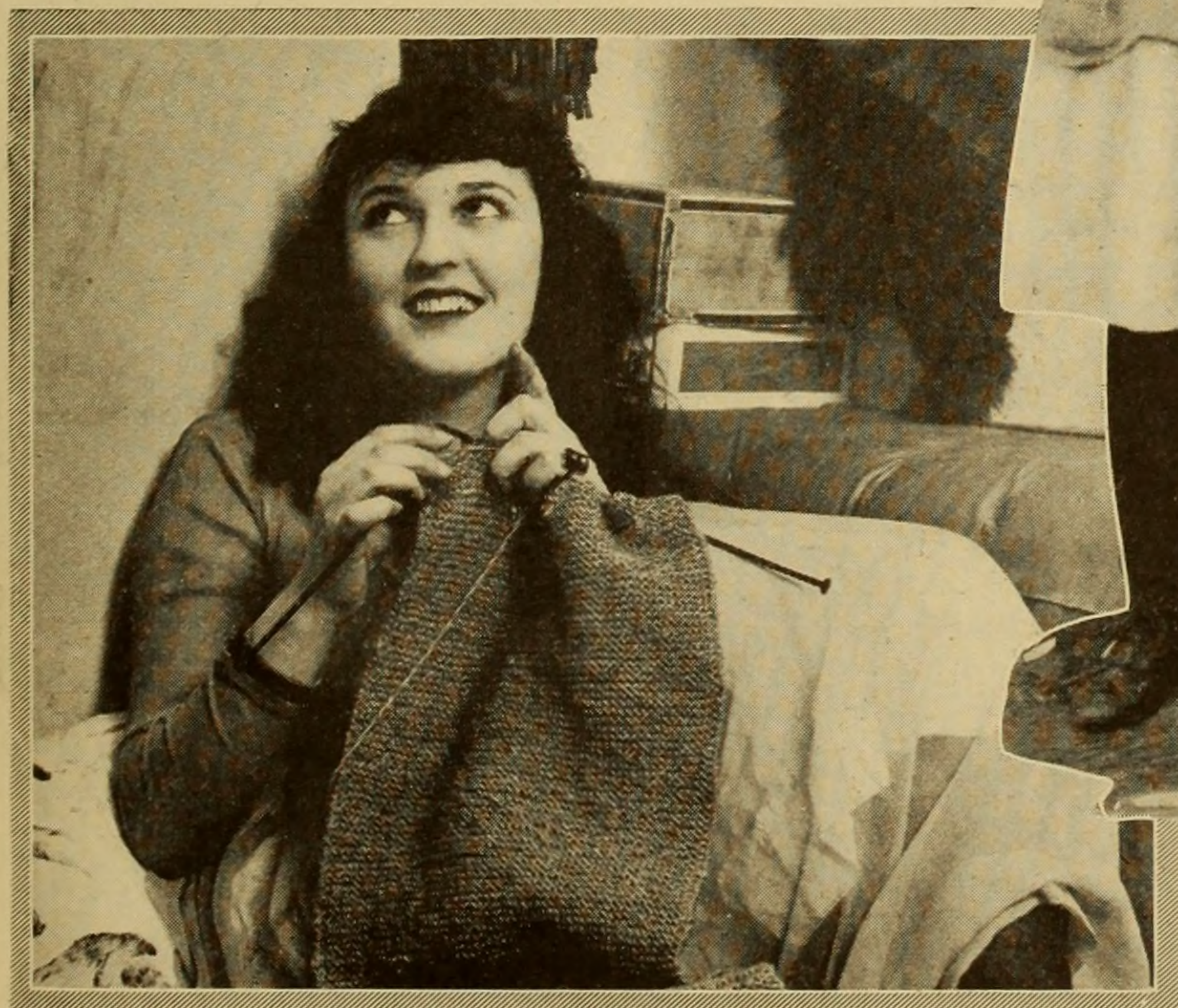
Miss Myers was born in San Francisco seventeen years ago, as has been recorded, and going with her family to Los Angeles, was snatched out of high school during her first year there to become a film actress.

As a child she was a leading lady with trimmings. "She acted all over the house," Mrs. Myers bubbled, chuckling; "upstairs and down and principally in the basement,—admission, one pin. She scorned any other part but that of the leading lady, and her reward of merit was tears from her audiences of little girls. When they cried she knew she'd made a tremendous hit. She would come to me all a-flutter with pride, and say, 'Mother, I made 'em cwy.' She thought it was rather wonderful that they should really exude a few tears, and so did I; but I was never quite sure whether they cried because her performances were good or a w f u l . I know t h e y w e r e a l w a y s s a d p l a y s ; Carmel used to worry me

Shades of pigtails and gingham! Who'd-a thunk it? Carmel emphasizes the fact that this picture was taken in 1909. Which proves that some ducklings really do become swans. Cheer up, girls!



Do you notice that Norma Talmadge droop to the mouth?



Merely attesting that she is doing "her bit." And there are hosts of Sammies to verify that statement.

trying to get me to suggest new material. She wanted nothing but tragedy."

"I had always wanted to go on the stage," explained Miss Carmel, now bending her dark head over her knitting to correct a dropped stitch; "But it seemed such a big jump from high school. Motion pictures were all around us here in Hollywood, and the first thing I knew I had the movie fever. And my chance came so unexpectedly that there's really nothing romantic about it.

"David W. Griffith had come to Dad and interviewed him concerning some of the historical background for 'Intolerance.' One day when I was with Dad I met Mr. Griffith. I had been passing the 'Intolerance' 'sets'—the walls of Babylon and all that,—almost every day on my way to and from school, and I had taken particular notice of the two stucco or papier mache figures of elephants with their trunks curled up.

"'They—those elephants—always seem to be beckoning me,' I told Mr. Griffith, 'saying, 'Come on! Come on!'"

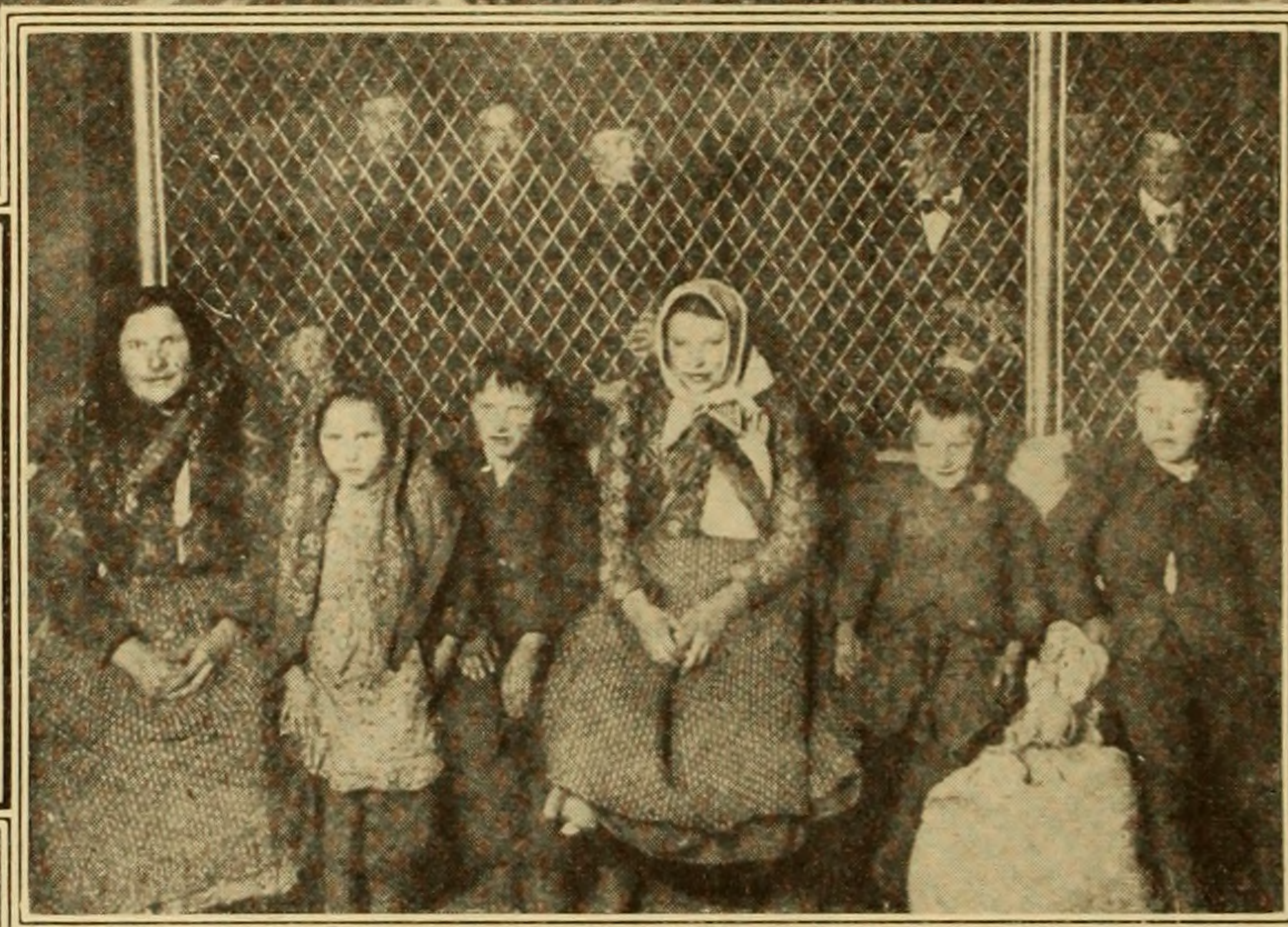
(Continued on page 116)



# Devotion to Detail at Lasky's



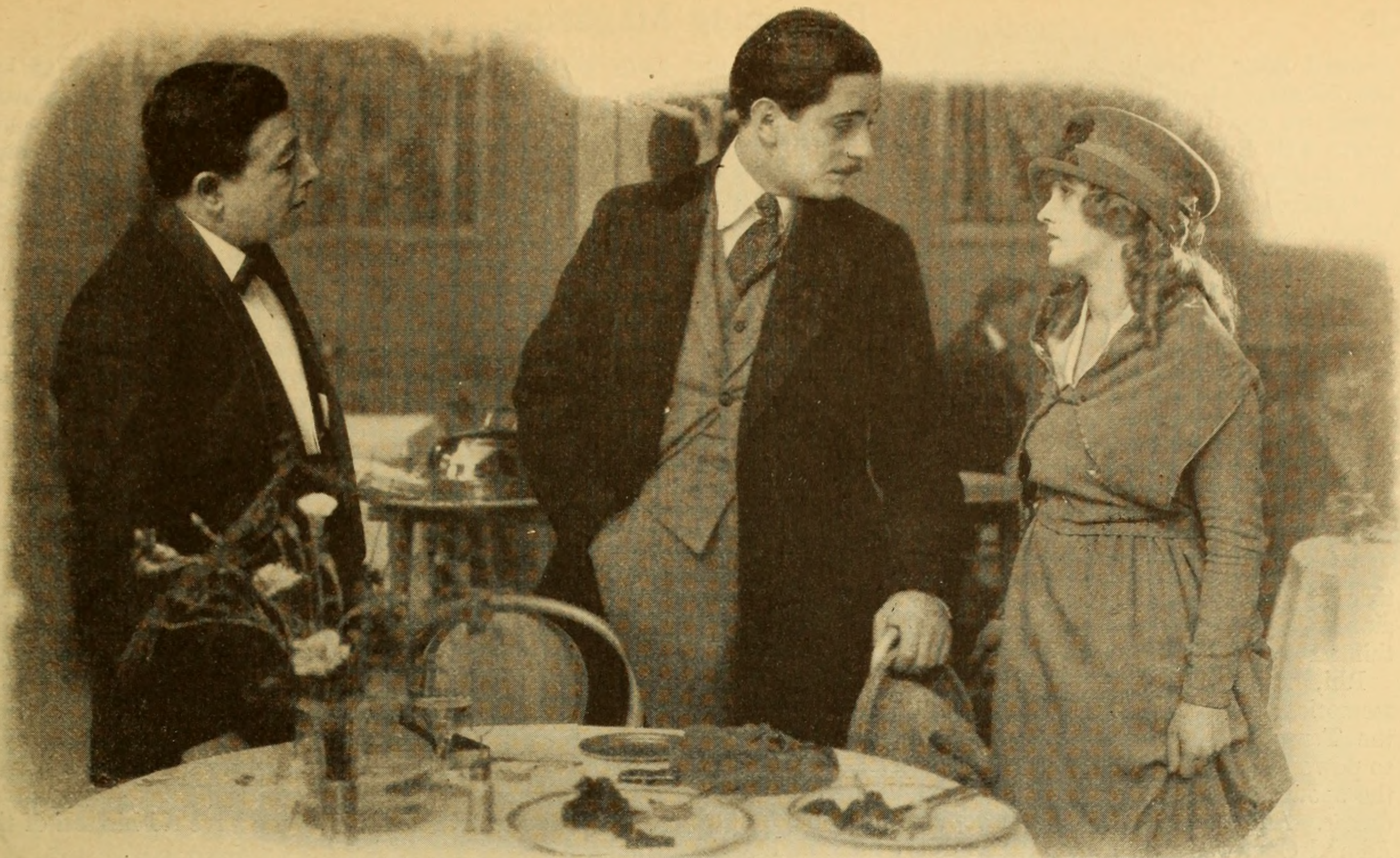
As no immigrants are coming into Ellis Island now, the Lasky research department was forced to get the picture at the right from an old magazine. From it they reproduced the sets in George Beban's photoplay, "One More American," correct as to scenery, costumes and types of extra people.



The upper and lower pictures, scenes from the photoplay, illustrate the results of this attention to detail. Beban and Camille Ankewich (above) have faithful settings for their Italian characters; below, in the immigrant station scene, the extras might be real immigrants, so real are their surroundings.







"I haven't any money," said Phyllis forlornly, her blue eyes hazed with tears.

# A BIT OF JADE

*These stolen Hindu treasures are always causing trouble*

By Elizabeth Sears

**I**NTO the temple a white clad figure softly stepped. The gleaming knife in the upraised hand drew a sinister flash under the dim light. The kneeling brown figure in front of the squat Hindu goddess droned sleepily on at his worship. A ray of light fell from the swinging lamp and censor straight into the heart of the wonderful jade pendant that lay on the smooth brown throat of the goddess. Her half-opened eyes looked straight at the approaching figure in white; but in them was no power to warn—no force to protect.

The intruder came steadily on. A swift downward stroke—and the worshipper rolled face down to the floor. The necklace was stripped with a swift triumphant gesture from the throat of the quiescent goddess—the white figure glided silently out.

Came a High Priest to the spot. His rage was vented on the unfortunate worshipper who lay prone in a welter of his own blood, muttering a prayer in his great fear.

"Up, wretch," shouted the High Priest. "Thou hast allowed the goddess to be robbed of a jewel that has been on her neck for centuries. I charge thee to wander the world about until thou hast found the sacred jade and restored it to the temple. Accursed and forlorn, thou shalt not know peace nor rest, until this is done!"

And with bent head, guarding his wound as best he might, the worshipper went forth into a strange world to enter upon his weary quest for the bit of jade.

\* \* \* \*

Grayson Blair closed at once with the dealer who offered him the antique jade necklace.

"I have gone to a good bit of trouble to get you that jade, sir," said the dealer. "I've been on track of it for four years; but it was hard to come by. But there it is at last. And I'll warrant that it is the finest bit of jade you'll see in a life time."

Blair handled the wonderful bit of carved jade lovingly. His one passion was his collection of antiques. This bit of jade was the gem of them all.

When the dealer had gone, Blair spread out the necklace on his writing table and examined it closely. It was fortunate for his peace of mind that he did not see the exultant gleam in a pair of eyes that peered from behind the curtain of the study. These eyes watched his every movement.

They gloated over the beauty and the lure of the necklace. Yet when the bell for his valet summoned the owner of those eyes, the Hindu entered the library humbly and with an impassive face.

"Bring me the small lacquer box from my desk, Rhi,"



**N**ARRATED by permission, from the scenario of Mildred Graham, produced by the American Film Company, with the following cast:

*Phyllis King*... Mary Miles Minter  
*Grayson Blair*..... Alan Forrest  
*Rhi*..... Alfred Ferguson  
*Cuthbert King*..... David Howard  
*Aunt Abigail*..... Vera Lewis



ordered Blair, "and have my things ready for a trip to the country. I will finish my monograph at Glenhurst where we can be away from this infernal racket of the city. Tell Burton to help you with the collection. He has always packed it for me."

"Truly, Sahib," responded the smooth voice of the Hindu, "it shall be done." But as he parted the curtains, he turned his head—and once more those black eyes, gleaming with triumph, rested on the jade necklace.

Blair lazily lit his favorite pipe and gazed with increasing satisfaction upon the bit of jade on the table before him.

"Queer chap, Rhi," he muttered, "I'll back a Hindu valet for comfort and service against anybody—but—somehow he makes me nervous. I'll be glad when Burton's ankle has recovered from its sprain—I'm used to Burton."

The prospect of a quiet summer at Glenhurst where he had leased the country home of a friend, was pleasing.

"I'll finish my monograph this summer," he mused, "and then for a long wandering trip. I might as well take Rhi along—he's a good traveler and might be of service. I think I'll spend the winter in India."

Rhi, however, had other plans. For Rhi, there were memories of a far-off day when he had been a servant in the Temple—a guard before the shrine of the Goddess so powerful that her name was not to be spoken. She was the spouse of Krishna and powerful above all other goddesses. And upon Rhi, who, in sleepy worship before the Adored One, was recalcitrant in his duty, there had come the swift and terrible curse, that echoed now in his brain.

Stepping softly to the curtain where nightly he watched his master work and where every move-

"Do as I say," whispered the Hindu, "and we will get the necklace once more."

ment of the jade necklace was as an open book to his eager eyes, he murmured: "Praise be to Krishna, who rules! It is found! My wanderings are over!"

After a night of long hours of toil over his studies, Grayson Blair dropped the necklace lightly into the velvet lined case in the drawer of his writing desk, rose and walked to the library shelves.

Behind him a brown face, clear cut as a cameo beneath its huge white turban, silhouetted itself between the curtains. The Hindu, trembling with excitement at the thought of ending his years of search for the bit of jade, slipped a slender brown hand into the drawer of the writing desk.

In the reflected gleam of the glass door, Blair saw the turbaned form stealing slowly into the study behind him. Only a second he watched the reflection. Then with a swift turn and a stride he was upon the thief.

"Drop it," he said, sternly. "It is the necklace, you brown thief. Drop it!"

Blair wrenched the necklace from his grasp and threw the shrinking Hindu from him.

"Get out of the place," he roared, "before I break your bones."

Rhi slunk from the room, his vengeful eyes darting sharp looks of hatred at this white man, who had overpowered him. In his heart, he still nursed a bitter hatred and revenge.

It was a distinct relief to Blair to have rid himself of the Hindu.

"Might have known he wasn't to be trusted," he thought as he anxiously examined the jade. "Perhaps the legend that the dealer told me was true, after all. It may have been a part of the equipment of some Hindu god lady.

At all events, it must go to the jeweler now to be mended. That brown devil wrenched the fastening off."

At noon the next day Blair thrust the jade necklace in his overcoat pocket and stopped in at his usual cafe for luncheon before his appointment with the jewellers.

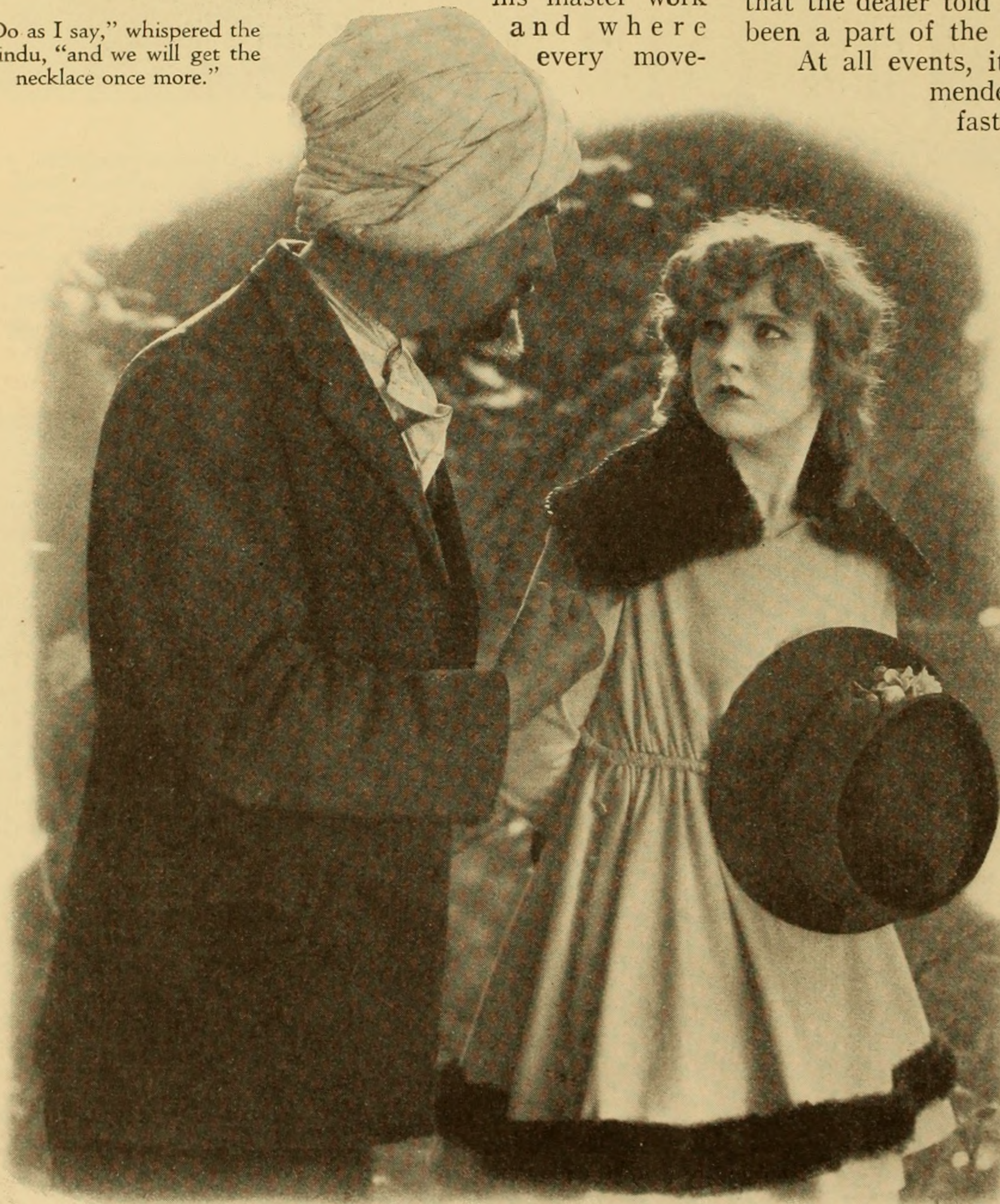
At the next table to Grayson Blair's, Phyllis King sat demurely eating an expensive and well chosen luncheon. Not five minutes before the deferential head waiter had taken Blair's overcoat and hung it on the rack near her table, Aunt Abigail King had left her pretty niece to finish her luncheon alone.

"I really must hurry to our club's directors' meeting," she said, departing. "You won't be lonely, dear, will you?"

Phyllis lifted her sweet face to her aunt. Phyllis never gave Aunt Abigail a bit of trouble. It was Cuthbert who kept the King household upset all the time.

"Lonely? When I have a strawberry parfait?" she smiled. "Don't mind me, auntie."

"Little Phyllis loved her brother Cuthbert very dearly. Loved him in spite of the mess he was making of his embryo law career. Carefree and irresponsible, he whiled away his time, following the lure of the "full house" and "royal flush"





As she finished her strawberry parfait, Blair, who was most respectfully noting her every movement and wondering why such pretty young girls were left to roam about public cafe's by themselves, rather resented the attitude of the excited young man who rushed in and seated himself at her table.

"Sis, I'm in the dickens of a scrape," he exploded.

The girl smiled understandingly.

"I gotta have money, sis," Cuthbert went on. "Think of it! I stand a chance to make some money in a—er—big business deal! Why, if I had the money that's in those rings you wear—if you'd only loan me those rings for a day or two, Phyllis—it would put me right on my feet."

Smilingly, Phyllis stripped her pretty fingers of the rings. She tore off the watch from her wrist and she emptied her purse for her beloved brother.

"There you are, dear," she said. "Sister will stand by you!"

Blair saw the anxious-browed young man gather up the pile of jewels and money and leave hastily.

The proceeding interested him. And there was an appealing quality about this girl that drew his eyes on her again and again. Her oval face was framed in a mass of softly glowing hair. Her eyes were blue and friendly and her smile seemed to allure and yet to dispel attention. Fortune had been kind to Phyllis and her young life had held no other problems than to help Cuthbert out by friendly, sisterly loans now and then. And Cuthbert appreciated it and repaid them—when he could.

But just now Phyllis was in for trouble. Cuthbert had forgotten about the check. The waiter set it down before her with a flourish suggesting promise of a generous tip.

And Phyllis had given all her money to Cuthbert!

"I—I haven't any money," said Phyllis, forlornly, her blue eyes hazed with frightened tears. Blair caught the frightened look as he shouldered

into his overcoat, held for him by an obsequious waiter. He heard the frightened little whisper, too.

"I'll take the check," he said authoritatively.

The waiter turned at the business-like tone. As long as the bill was to be paid, he cared little who paid it.

Blair waited until the rosy face had cleared and walked with Phyllis to the door. He felt decidedly awkward before this frankly grateful girl.

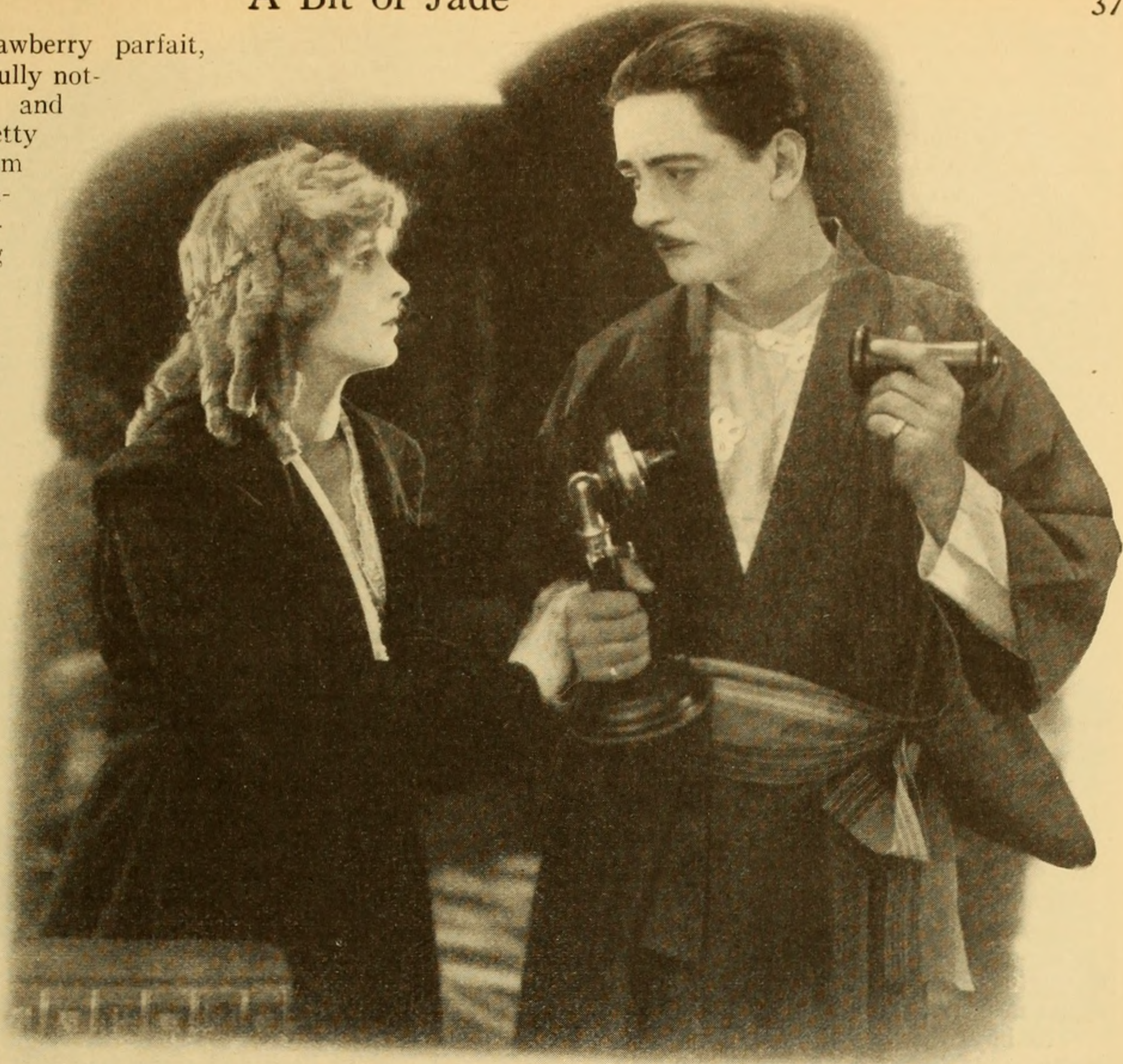
"Would—may—perhaps—you would like a card?" he asked, stumbling over the words. Her candid blue eyes had shot a glance straight to his heart. And for the first time in his life Grayson Blair, wealthy collector and club man, despaired of by all the matrons and young women of his acquaintance, was attracted by a girl. He wanted to know who she was—he wanted keenly to meet her in a proper fashion and to have the privilege, perhaps, of taking her to luncheon some time himself.

"Why—yes," she answered gayly. "If you want to get your money back, of course you must give me your card, you know."

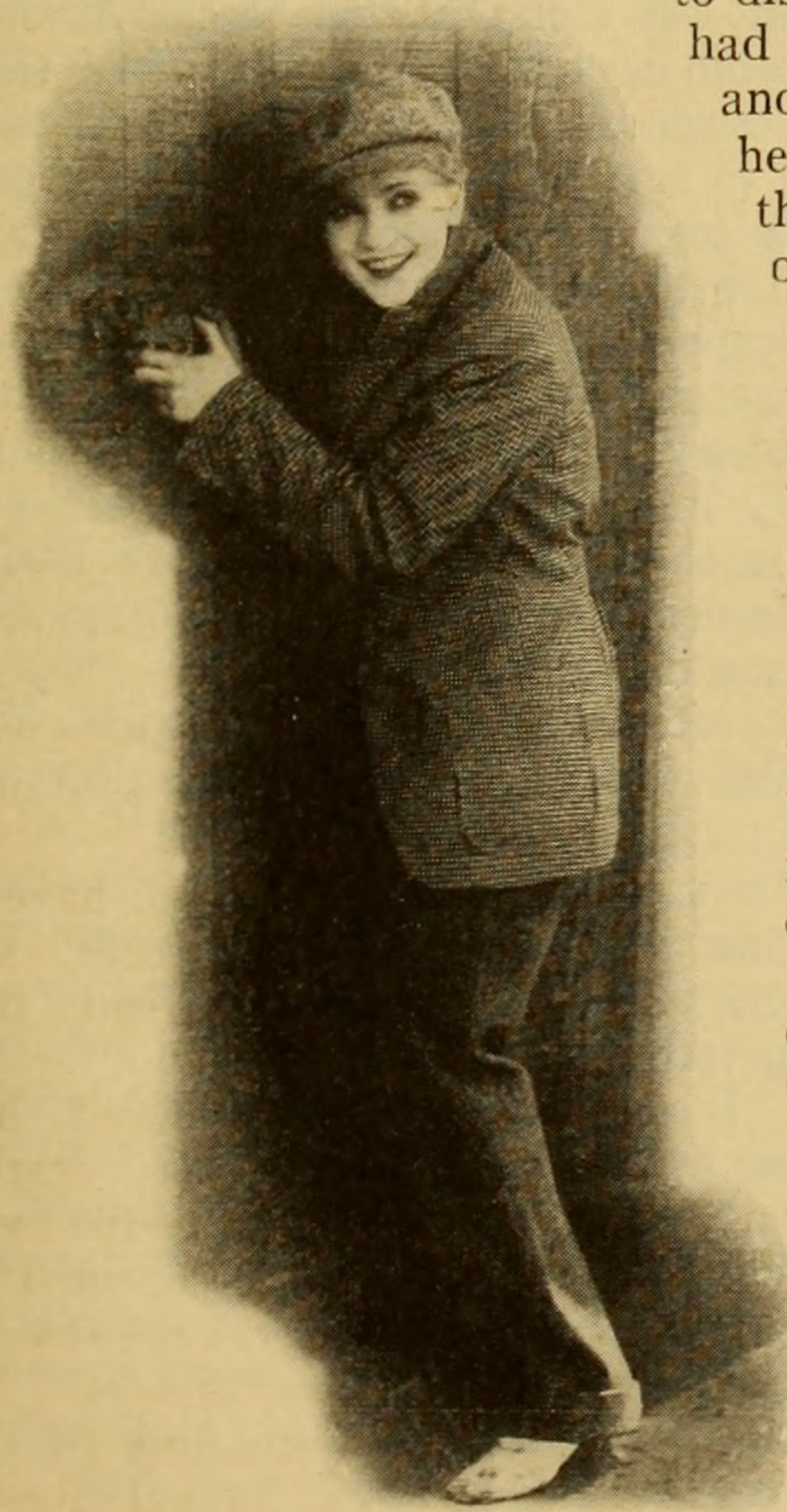
It was not until he had almost passed the door of the jeweler's that he remembered his errand. And even then his brain was so stirred with whirling memories of the girl in the blue suit and the glowing curls that he only stared at the jeweler vaguely when he discovered that the envelope containing the precious jade necklace was gone.

He notified the police of his loss. That seemed all he could do. And then he bade Burton pack his collection and come with him, sprained ankle and all, to Glenhurst.

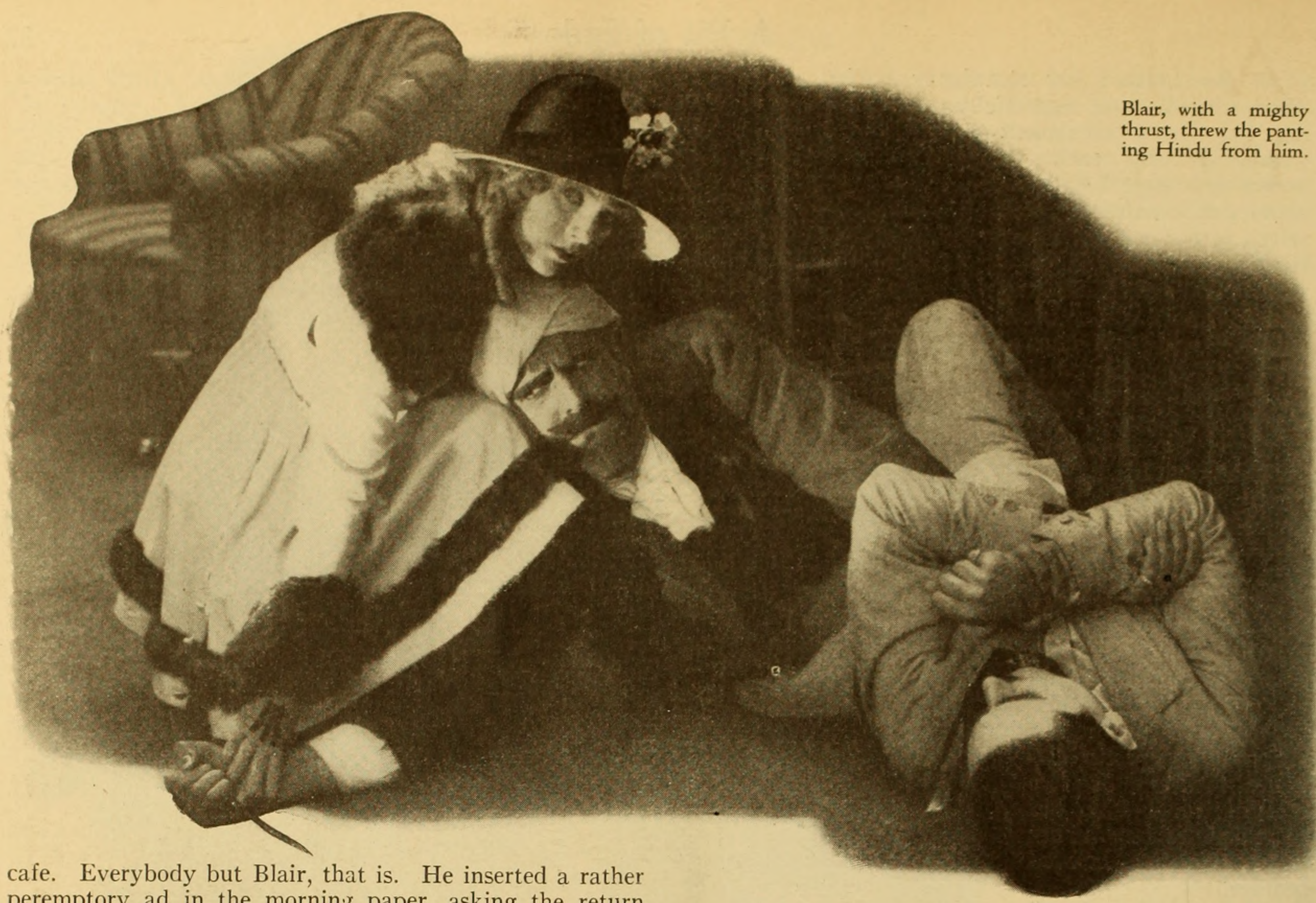
Cuthbert meekly joined Aunt Abigail who loved him deeply though decrying his "loose ways" and with his friends, went for a hunting trip to the hills. Phyllis invited a party of her chosen friends for a week end at her aunt's country place. And everybody forgot the episode of the



"Can you tell me any reason why I should not call the police?" Blair asked politely.







Blair, with a mighty thrust, threw the panting Hindu from him.

cafe. Everybody but Blair, that is. He inserted a rather peremptory ad in the morning paper, asking the return of the necklace.

"The boys will come down Saturday night for a dance," Phyllis said, gayly.

"Sure, sis," said Cuthbert, "we'll leave our suit cases at the place as we drive by and dress when we get back from the camp. And I'll bring a gift for you. I've a little confession to make to you, too—about those rings, you know. But I hope you'll like the present I brought you."

But the joys of hunting held the boys. They forgot the party, and dancing is no good without a masculine partner.

"We might put on the boys' clothes," suggested Phyllis, doubtfully. "Perhaps that would put some pep in this party. Otherwise I'm afraid it's going to be deadly dull."

It was when she was donning her brother's clothes that she found the gift in Cuthbert's pocket. It tumbled out in an envelope at her feet. It was a queer pendant set in silver and shining with a wicked green lustre that shone vividly in the light.

"My gift," she cried. "Only it is broken. Isn't that just like Cuthbert—to buy a broken bit of jewelry? I'll put it on anyway," and twisting it about her neck she ran down to dare the girls to go with her and get a launch from the boat house of their neighbor.

"I'll take you out on the river for a boat ride," she promised them. "When Mr. White lived there, he let me take the boat any time—I have the key to the boat house. Auntie said there was some horrid, old grouch living there now that Mr. White is away. What a lot of fun it would be to steal that boat right out from under his nose!"

Grayson Blair strolling quietly in his garden after dinner, had no intimation of this raid on his property. He would have been more annoyed at the thought of a party of girls so near him than at the thought of burglars. But when he saw a trousered figure stealing through the shrubbery toward the boat house, he decided to follow. He saw the marauder fumble with the lock of the boat house—open the door—and slip inside. And he was upon him in

a moment, clutching his arm. There was something wrong about the grasp. His strong fingers met only a soft bundle of flesh and seemed to melt in his fingers.

A stifled scream that sounded anything but masculine struck his puzzled ears. The form in his grasp twisted vainly for a moment before he snatched off the soft cap.

A flood of glowing, tumbled curls fell about a flushed and defiant little face, in which fright and mirth was so mingled that it would have been difficult to tell which was which.

"Jove!—" he stammered, "—a girl—my girl of the cafe!"

Something tinkled on the stone at his feet. As he stooped to recover a shinning bauble that fell from the girl's neck, she deftly evaded his hand, shook back the curls from her face and in a second, her white satin shod feet were topping swiftly over the path to the King home, where the girls listened with gasps of enjoyment to her story of capture and escape.

But neither of them saw a dark face that peered stealthily out from the shrubbery. Neither saw the flitting form that slipped lightly from bush to bush until it was level with the window in the study, where Grayson Blair once more held the jade necklace in his hand and speculated upon its mysterious disappearance.

"So she really took it, after all," he said. "A girl with those candid eyes! Well, the best of 'em can deceive you."

Next morning, Phyllis saw the advertisement for the jade necklace in the paper. It offered to take back the necklace with no questions asked, if brought back at once.

"Otherwise," read the ad, "the matter will be put in the hands of the police. It was known to have been taken from a cafe by some one in great need of money."

Phyllis, sitting under a tree near the river—her favorite place since she was a child to think out her little problems—looked up from the paper to see the gleaming black eyes of the Hindu gazing straight into hers.

"You, too, know of the necklace," he said, soothingly.

*(Continued on page 117)*



# A Tip for Pershing



*"Call the officers 'directors,'" says Jimmy Morrison, "and the film-war veterans will make great fighters."*

By Dorothy Scott

"I HAVE played so many war scenes," said James Morrison to me, "that when I finally get into the real trenches I will be looking about for the director. If they will provide the Captain with a megaphone and keep a few cameras clicking through the charge, it will simplify things for us film folks."

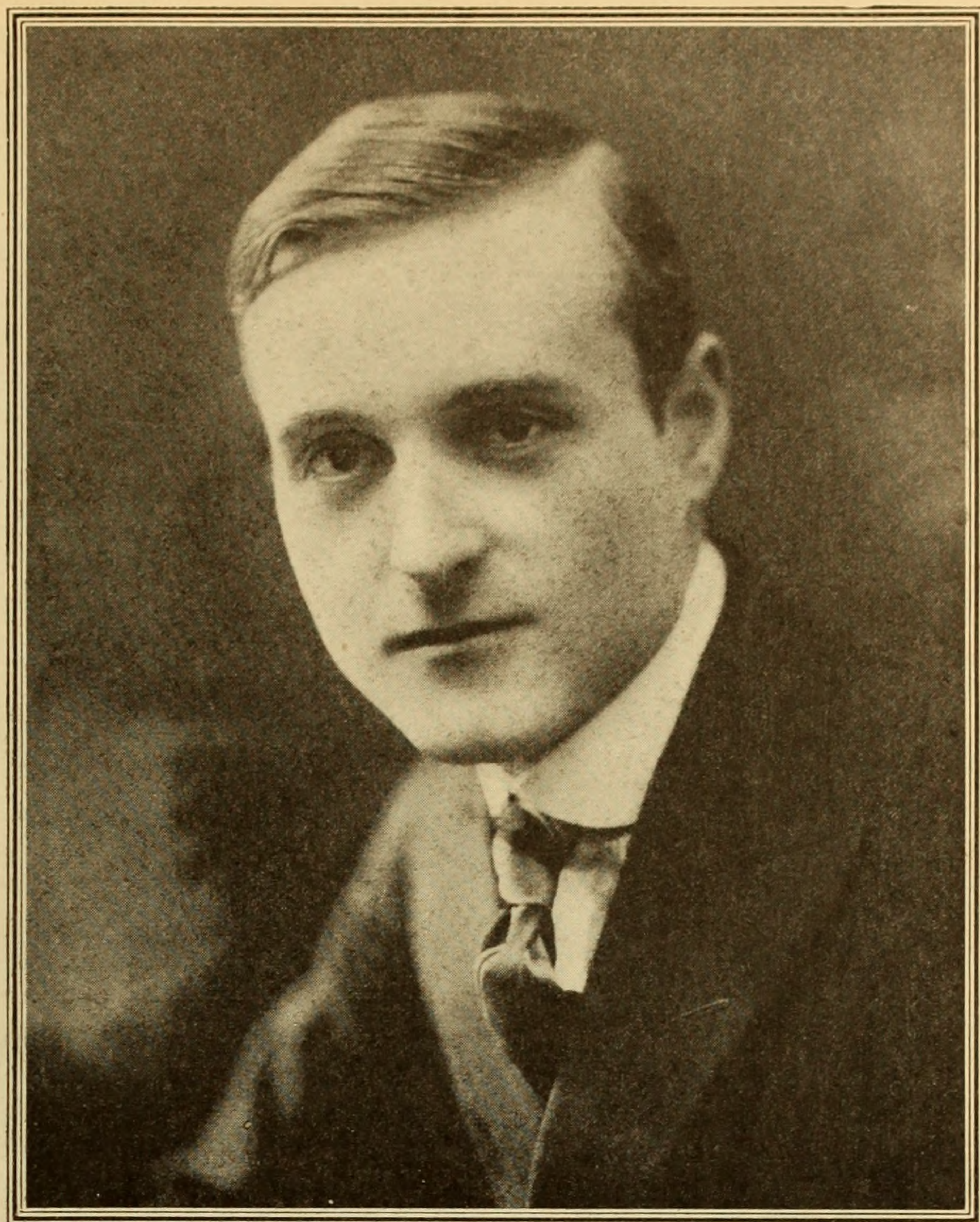
This is what comes of playing in film battles all day and drilling in a very real army at night. For Mr. Morrison, when he was not going over the top in the new Empey war play, was training in the Twelfth Regiment Armory as a "non-com" officer. Half the time, he says, he didn't know which was which except that the film work is far more like his original idea of war. At the Armory, he often longed to stop and discuss the script with the drill-sergeant and on the lot he begins to wonder how the newspaper "extras" will handle their victories.

"They stood me up against the wall to be shot the other day," he told me. "I knew that it wasn't real when I found myself alive and able to go on with the next scene, but not before. The director should be satisfied with that bit, for there was nothing stagey about the nervousness I registered."

These confidences came at the end of a perfect luncheon, in that confidential stage when the serious business of eating is over and only the demi-tasse is left to inspire them. Before we touched on the war, he had been posing, at my request, for a "Portrait of a Moving Picture Pioneer." Now luncheon with a pioneer sounds about as exciting as tea with a mummy, but Mr. Morrison is not that kind of a pioneer. He lacks the whiskers and slouch hat and dust of the Forty-niner, and looks less like Daniel Boone than anyone you could imagine. In fact I suspect him of wearing his tortoise-shell rimmed glasses to look older than he really is, and his excessively boyish smile makes you understand why he is the natural prey of every vampire who wanders into the scenario.

One thing he shares with the prairie schooner variety of pioneer, however, and that is his talent for reminiscence. He took me back to the very beginning of the Vitagraph enterprise, when the new venture was regarded as an amusing experiment which could not possibly have any serious future.

"I had been working with Madame Alberti in pantomime," he explained. "I thought it would be a stunt to



see how that medium of expression worked out before the camera. What I didn't realize was that the screen work had about as much relationship to pantomime as to shadow-boxing. But I got along all right," he added modestly, "except that at first I was so utterly ignorant of the work that I lived in hourly fear of being fired."

"EVERY Saturday Norma Talmadge, Lillian Walker, Earle Williams and I would sneak out behind the studio to open our pay envelopes together, so that if any of us found the fateful blue ticket we would have the support and consolation of our friends."

That fear was shared by almost every other member of the company. "We felt that we were only holding our jobs from week to week," he told me. "Every Saturday Norma Talmadge, Lillian Walker, Earl Williams and I, would sneak behind the studio to open our pay envelopes together so that if any one of us found the fateful blue ticket we would have the support and consolation of our friends. After the harrowing moment was over, we would go contentedly back to our set, safe for another week!"

His first picture was "A Tale of Two Cities." This was a wild and reckless experiment because it was to be done in three reels, and the longest picture then printed was finished in two. The stand-patters of production didn't believe that a story could be stretched to that length without boring the audience. They had put "Othello," "Hamlet" and "Romeo and Juliet" into one reel and paraphrased their illustrious author by insisting that brevity was the soul of a good scenario. The radicals, on the other hand, believed that perhaps the attention of the audience could be held for three reels if the suspense were strong enough. Anyway, they went ahead and tried it. And the increasing public demand seemed to indicate that it was difficult to have too many reels of a good picture. It is significant that the hero of the first third reeler is now playing in a feature that will probably not be finished under ten reels.

Mr. Morrison first played opposite Lillian Walker whom he then regarded with awe as an experienced screen





Out of the distant past, when Jimmy Morrison played comedy with John Bunny and Mabel Normand.

actress. She, in her turn, was a bit nervous in the presence of this seasoned legitimate juvenile from Broadway, and the two were on exceedingly formal terms when the ice was broken by the common fear of being fired.

A little later, his work with Dorothy Kelly started the demand for those juvenile combinations which has been followed by so many romantic teams. The public seems to have a peculiar affection for two young stars playing together in a series of romances which lead them into all sorts of sentimental complication but which always are happily solved in a turtle-dove fade-out.

The names that he mentioned casually in his memories of the old days, sound like a list of "Who's Who" in the film world. Mabel Normand was working in the quieter forms of comedy, just before she began her strenuous career with Arbuckle. John Bunny and Flora Finch were already popular and Earl Williams was beginning to establish himself in the "Soup-and-fish" roles which he has clung to ever since. Mary Maurice was identified with the character work which has made her "Mother" to thousands of film audiences. Harry Morey and Edith Storey were turning out really lovely two reelers, he told me. "I wish I could remember the names of those things," he sighed with quite the air of a venerable pioneer, dreaming sadly before the fireside. Norma Talmadge was enjoying herself hugely as the foreign little sweetheart to various noble Parisian artists and Clara Kimball Young was doing maid roles and tragic bits that always ended happily.

The directors in those days were the living examples of necessity being the mother of invention.

"Often," Mr. Morrison said, "they would write a story at night and turn it out as a completed film by the next evening. And the dearth of actors was so great that our doubling was frantic. I remember one director making

up as a cop, chasing himself off the set, and then dashing back as the criminal who had just made his escape. Lots of queer things happened but just the same we worked hard and were awfully in earnest. And our delight when the pictures first began to be taken seriously gave us the thrill that comes once in a lifetime. They were taken seriously very soon, all over the globe. I have had letters written about them even from Turkey," he added impressively.

"What sort of letters?" I asked, brutally.

Mr. Morrison blushed, "I can't read Turkish," he said hurriedly, and changed the subject.

I have my own reason for suspecting, however, that they were written on whatever is the Turkish for pink paper, scented with violets.

His loyalty toward the old days and the people he worked with is characteristic of the Vitagraph *camaraderie* felt by all the members of that first company who embarked on an untried professional venture together. Nevertheless, he can laugh at the absurdities they turned out and he has an open mind toward all innovations in the film work, however radical.

"We began with Laura Jean Libby ideals," he says, "and we are only gradually getting away from them. A development of this kind rests largely upon the character of the heroine, for the hero always has to take his cue from her. The Lydia Languish style of young thing is going out and in her place we are getting a modern girl with a sense of humor. A hero can fall for her and still keep his self-respect. You don't mind being vamped, either," he confided, "if the author has given the vampire brains as well as a clinging gown and jade ear-rings."

Like most very young men, he doesn't like to be wept over, except perhaps by motherly people like Mrs. Maurice.





When Clara Kimball Young played maids, and Jimmy was a crook, and Van Dyke Brooks dominated the scene.

I refrained therefore from telling him that there was something in his curiously picturesque career which made me feel much like Mother Maurice in a very tearful mood.

It was the unconscious pathos in the young, eager personality which played in the first three reels and now waiting to be called into history's greatest drama.

## How Some "Vamp" Stories Are Committed



**T**IME: Now.

Place: Office of Scenario Editor, Faque Films, Inc.

Cast of Characters: Scenario Editor and his Private Secretary.

*Scenario Editor:* "We gotta get a new story for Cleo Clux by tomorrow."

*Private Secretary (snapping her gum):* "My Gawd."

*Scenario Editor:* "Yeh. We getta tip that Fancy Fillums is gonna spring a new Vamp next month; so we gotta keep Cleo going. Well, what'll it be?"

*Secretary:* "I was reading just the

other day about Russia's part in the war. We might make her a Russian spy."

*Scenario Editor:* "Great! Now, lessee. Let's lay it in Moscow. She's a member of the Imperial Russian Balley—and when the Czar fell, she went with the Bolsheviki—(look up that spelling)—and became a Spy. Now, let's shift to London—"

*Secretary:* "Paris."

*Scenario Editor:* "Well—Paris, then. There's a young French officer, and he's ordered to Moscow. Now—to Berlin. There's a young German officer and he's ordered to Russia—he's a Spy. Get 'em all together, see? Now Cleo—we'll call her Demetrie—well, Demetrie meets them both at a Bolsheviki ball, and falls in love with the German—"

*Secretary:* "No; with the Frenchman."

*Scenario Editor:* "All right, the Frenchman, then. His name's Jules De Monde. But something tells Demetrie the German's a spy and she makes up her mind to get the papers. So she disguises herself and rides to—"

*Secretary:* "What for?"

*Scenario Editor:* "Well, we oughta have a ride—"

*Secretary:* "No."

*Scenario Editor:* "Well, then, they're

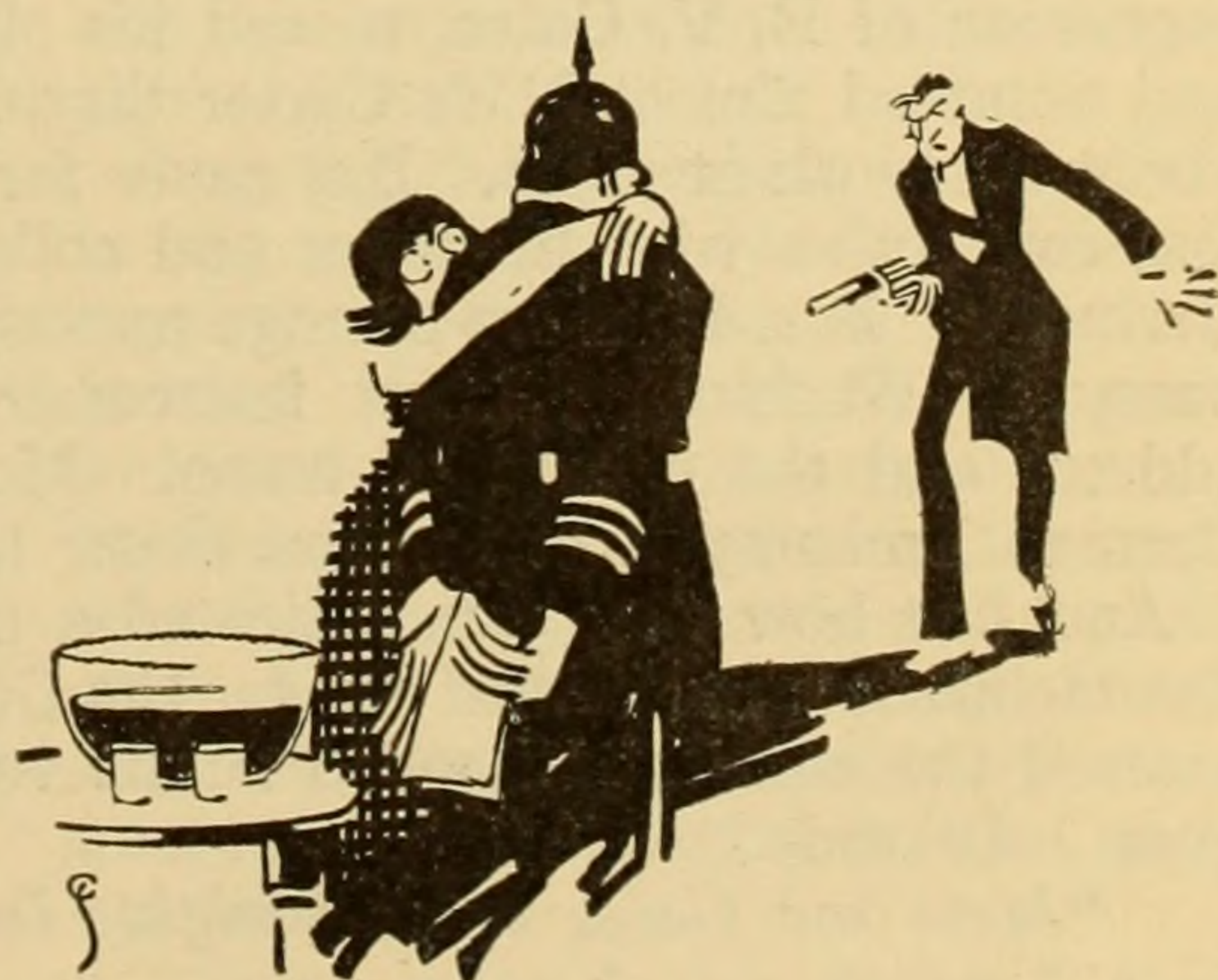
still at the Ball; and she helps the German to the wine and loosens his tongue. But just as she's getting the papers, Jules comes in and sees them there together—get that; and the caption'll be: 'Demetrie—you here?' And he shoots them both. And then Cleo—Demetrie—looks up at him and gives him the papers and says: 'For my country,' and we fade-out. Call it 'Honor's Revenge.'"

*Secretary:* "Make it 'Soul.'"

*Scenario Editor:* "All right — 'Her Soul's Revenge.' Great stuff, eh what?"

*Secretary:* "It's twelve thirty."

EXIT.







William J. Flynn, recently retired Chief of the U. S. Secret Service, knows probably better than any other American the staggering extent of secret warfare on America by Imperial Germany. Through that momentous period before we entered the war, he and his men—the nation's Eagle Eye—struggled to stop the bestial plottings of Germans within our gates.

# The EAG

By Courtney

From Facts Furnished by WILLIAM J. FLYNN,

Compiled by him as the government's chief agent in the defensive

Novelized from the photoplay

## SYNOPSIS

GLOBE-TROTTERS, scientists, investigators—such distinguished men compose the Criminology Club, appointed by Chief William J. Flynn to co-operate with the U. S. Secret Service in tracking spies of Imperial Germany, who are attempting to cripple and demoralize America. Harrison Grant, the Club president—young and fearless—has secretly installed a dictaphone in the Hohenzollern Club, the New York headquarters of the spies. Though the Lusitania disaster was carried to its cold-blooded success, this dictaphone aids Grant in thwarting other holocaustic plots, including a plan to blow up the Ansonia Hotel with 800 naval officers as guests, the torpedoing of the Atlantic Fleet flagship and a wholesale destruction of commodities bound for Europe. Dixie Grant, a beautiful southern girl working secretly for Chief Flynn, puzzles Grant. He sees her in company with Heinric von Lertz, whom he knows to be the New York secret representative of Ambassador von Bernstorff, and wonders if she is German aide or American. He hopes the latter, for he admires her greatly.

## CHAPTER FIVE

### "THE STRIKE BREEDERS"

A SHADOW on the glass panel of a door, then the clicking of a key in the lock. A moment more and a tall, bearded man, his shoulders humped and misshapen, his cheeks "highlighted" in an almost puerile effort at disguise, his clothing distorted in an attempt to change the conformity of his body, had entered the room, snapped on the light and stood smiling at the name on the panel of the door—a name which announced this to be the office of "E. V. Gates, Contracting Agent." Then he quietly removed his melodramatic false beard, took off the coat with its padded, humped shoulders and became again the person he really was—Franz von Rintelen, friend of the Crown Prince of Germany and special emissary of the Hohenzollerns, sent to America with \$50,000,000 to spend as he saw fit, on death, devastation and destruction in the Hohenzollern campaign against the sending of supplies from America to the Allies.

For, Franz von Rintelen, since the capture of his gang of auto-axle burners, through the activities of Harrison Grant, president of the Criminology Club, and the outwitting of his paid incendiaries by Dixie Mason of the Secret Service, assigned to German intrigue, had decided it best to drop his real name and his real identity for the time being. The result was that he had assumed the cognomen of E. V. Gates, moved his offices, slept by day and assumed almost Nick Carter disguises when he went about his work at night. But never for a moment had he lost connection with his aides and colleagues of Imperial Germany. For, by some strange means, the German Embassy at Washington knew immediately the change of address and the change of name. More than that, the German Embassy kept in even closer touch—

And just how close was indicated a moment later when Dr. Heinrich Albert, fiscal spy for the German government, entered the office and handed Franz von Rintelen a telegram. It read:

*"Meet me Gates office tonight. Important.*

*"BERNSTORFF."*

"He is anxious about the chance of a 'longshoremen's strike," said Dr. Albert as the telegram was returned to him. "What's been done about it?"

"A good deal—and yet very little," was the answer of Franz von Rintelen. "Through certain of my agents, I caused the leaders, O'Connor, Butler and Kelly to be approached in the matter of a bribe. My men offered them \$1,035,000 for a five weeks strike of the 23,000 longshoremen. Then my men almost ran. The union leaders threatened to punch their faces. I—."

There was a sound at the door. A moment later and Capt. Franz von Papen, military attache, Capt. Karl Boy-Ed, naval attache, and Heinric von Lertz, unofficial aid to Imperial Germany's spy system, also summoned to the conference, had seated themselves. Then a sudden stir, a sudden circle of bows, a sudden outburst of greetings. Count Johann von Bernstorff, Imperial Germany's Ambassador to the United States of America, had arrived.



"So this is my reward for trapping Grant in the lighthouse?"  
ing over by the



# LE'S EYE

Ryley Cooper

Recently Retired Chief of U. S. Secret Service

secret warfare against the Kaiser's plots and spies in America.  
serial produced by the Whartons.

"Gentlemen," he announced as he faced his assistants, "this 'longshoremen's strike must go through! It means more to Germany than a victory at the front—and it must come to pass! When the 'longshoremen strike, it means that the ports of the East will be tied up. Not a ship will move. Industries will be paralyzed and consequently the Allies will be deprived of the necessities of war. Of course," he added with a bit of a smile, "it will be hard on America, but—"

"These idiotic Yankees deserve something like that anyway," growled Captain von Papen. However, Bernstorff had turned his attention to Rintelen.

"Agitation has failed, attempted bribery has failed—some other means must be found," he muttered.

Rintelen was pacing the floor.

"I have it!" he announced, clapping his hands together, "I know the way! There is nothing that angers a man so much as depredation against his property. That's what

our spies must commit and then we must fasten the blame on the 'longshoremen. It will create a breach that nothing can close!"

Hurriedly they gathered in consultation.

And while they plotted the stagnation of all Eastern America, Harrison Grant, president of the Criminology Club, sat at his desk in his office, studying a report. Only a few words it contained, but they were important to Harrison Grant:

"Dear sir:

"Beg to report that I can learn nothing concerning Miss Dixie Mason except that she is constantly in the society of the Germans, especially *Heinric von Lertz*."

"BAILEY—OPERATIVE."

Did it mean that Dixie Mason was really a German spy, that she went with these people because she sympathized with them? Gloomily, Grant laid the letter aside. He did not know that at that moment Dixie Mason was reading an interview with Harrison Grant in the evening paper and smiling to herself at the thought of him—the one man in the world for whom she had ever held more than a passing interest.

But Grant had no way of knowing and he turned with a little sigh as Tom Rawlins, one of his operatives, entered the room to say goodnight.

"Anything else?" asked the operative as he reached for his hat.

"Nothing, except to fix the catch of the burglar trap at the window," was the answer of the master-detective.

Tom turned to the window, adjusted the trigger that cocked the hammers of the concealed revolvers there, then started toward the stairway. Grant followed him. Downstairs they hesitated at the door while Tom fished for his keys and then—

The crashing detonation of a revolver shot—from upstairs! Then another, and another and another! The two men rushed up the stairway and toward the half-open window, through which could be seen the writhing figure of a man in the agonies of death.

Old he was and bearded, his nostrils covered by a germ mask, his hands protected by rubber gloves. Beside the convulsing figure lay a "pump-gun" or air-injector, and Grant knew the contents!

Deadly germs!

"Careful now!" he ordered. "Search him—but look out for cultures and bacteria!"

A moment later and his operative raised his head.

"Here's what we want, I think—" was his announcement. "His name and address."

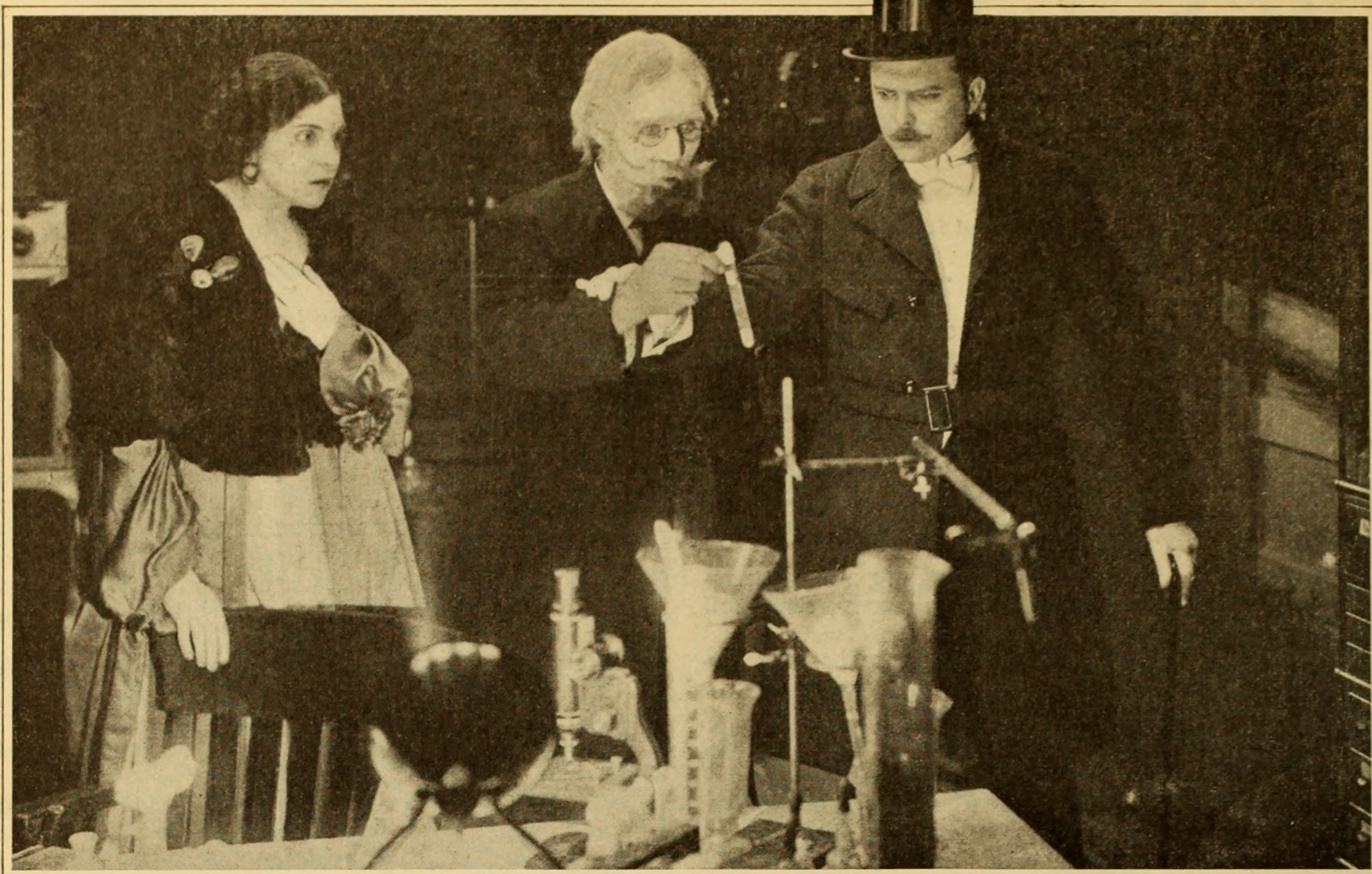
Leaving the attendant of the club in charge of the body, the two men hurried away. Far across town they hurtled in a taxicab to discover, hidden away in an obscure attic, the bacteriological laboratory of the man who had made the attempt against their lives. And more, they found the evidence which connected this man with the Imperial German government.

"From what I can gather," said



Madame Stephan broke forth. "Sh-h-h!" Von Lertz cautioned, but Dixie Mason, standing, had heard.





Harrison Grant as he searched the papers he had found in the laboratory, "this man was imported from Germany to make disease raids against American workmen. It's been done, you know. Further—ah, just what I thought."

He had discovered a memorandum book which bore instructions to consult Franz von Rintelen regarding methods to decrease the number of 'longshoremen. Grant smiled grimly at that line. But when he read farther:

"This is necessary—especially if the projected trouble at the docks fails," he repeated from the memorandum book. Then he swerved in his chair and faced his companion. "Get busy on the 'phone," he ordered. "Summon every member possible to seek work at the docks as 'longshoremen. Tell them to keep their eyes and ears open for anything that looks or sounds like German propaganda."

But as Grant gave the order, Henric von Lertz was already conspiring with a spy in a Hoboken saloon—and giving instructions.

"A lighter loaded with freight cars containing more than 150 automobiles for France will cross the river tomorrow to be loaded on its freighter. I want those cars sunk," he ordered.

"They'll be sunk," came the quiet answer of the spy.

Also in another part of the city, Franz von Rintelen, forgetting his disguise in his excitement, was giving instructions to the dock foremen of one of the biggest shipping companies of the city.

"Load the biggest boat you've got on one side only," was his command. "You can handle that easily; the men won't know what you're doing. I want that boat loaded in such a way that it will turn over the minute the hawsers are loosened. Start to work in the morning."

And when morning came, Harrison Grant and the members of the Criminology Club were also at work—seeking to ferret out the trouble they knew to exist about the docks, to strive to learn what this German contamination was which they felt sure was gnawing apart the bonds which had held the shipowners and the 'longshoremen in unison.

The man—old and bearded—had been imported from Germany to make disease raids on American workmen—particularly on the 'longshoremen, did their strike plot fail.

But it was a hard task.

More than that, the doomed freight shipments of automobiles already had reached their lighter and were starting down the river, while concealed behind the freight cars were two of Rintelen's paid agents, waiting for the time to strike.

And that time came. Far out into the river swung the lighter. The workmen were gathered at the far end. Everything was clear. Hurriedly the spies ran to the end of the lighter where the freight cars had been blocked and snubbed. Quickly the ropes were loosed. The brakes were released. A few quick movements of a pair of pinch bars and the cars had been started toward the river. A moment more—

A resounding, crashing splash, which seemed to echo from one side of the Hudson to the other. The box cars, with their precious autos had been sent, bobbing and careening, to the bottom of the river, and already a spy was on his way to a telephone to report:

"Hello, Mr. Gates! Those cars have been accounted for!"

"Good!" Franz von Rintelen, alias E. V. Gates, hung up the phone, then turned to write a scrawling letter which read:

*"Say, you shipowners. Either you give us longshoremen what we want or you'll get worse than what happened when we turned over those box cars.*

*"The Committee."*

The letter reached the shipowners by special delivery as they were considering the granting of every demand of the 'longshoremen. The result changed their attitude.

"Call up Union headquarters and tell them everything is off!" roared the president. "If those 'longshoremen think they can bully us, they're badly mistaken. "We'll give them nothing!"

The reply came—

*"We know nothing about the sinking of your lighter. But if you can't take our word for it—then our only reply must be a strike."*



Through the city the word radiated—"a strike meeting called for tonight!"

Down at the docks Harrison Grant heard it and sent his men scurrying about in a last effort to gain some information that would give him a positive clue to work on. But there was none. And in her way, Dixie Mason also was working, for she had met Heinric von Lertz and had gone with him to the Ten Mile House, a fast place just outside the city, that she might ply him with wine and seek to gain the secrets that she knew he carried concealed about him. But at union headquarters, the preparations already were being made for the strike meeting that would stagnate all Eastern America!

## CHAPTER SIX

### "THE PLOT AGAINST ORGANIZED LABOR"

A strike—and less than half a day for Harrison Grant and the members of the Criminology Club to ferret out the plot of Imperial Germany that was behind it all!

The effort seemed fruitless. Throughout the great docks of New York were scattered everywhere members of the Criminology Club, seeking information and finding little. Here, there, everywhere, the atmosphere seemed permeated with the strike spirit, but traceable directly to no one person. Nor was it possible for those members of the great detective society to see behind the doors of the German Embassy in Washington, where Ambassador Bernstorff had returned with his colleagues to gloat over the possibilities of the coming strike—that strike which would weave the spider web of inactivity over half the industries of the United States!

At last the quitting bell rang. By the hundreds the dockmen thronged forth toward union headquarters and the meeting hall to decide the question of the strike. In a private room, the union leaders and the shipowners were having their last conference—each still hoping for the impossible.

"Understand, gentlemen," the president of the shipowners was saying, "it is possible that there might have been some mistake about that lighter sinking. We want to be fair. But if another depredation occurs, we'll lock you

"Careful now," Grant ordered. "Search him—but look out for cultures and bacteria!"

all out, strike or no strike. Now, talk quickly. What are your demands—tell us exactly the least you'll settle for. And I might as well remind you that we're not any too amiable since that lighter sinking."

In the meeting hall the longshoremen continued to assemble and down at the docks, Harrison Grant and his men took a last skirmish in the hope of additional clues. Suddenly Grant veered as he walked along a dock and made his way through a portside hatch into the hold of a great steamer which lay there. Inside he glanced the great piles of bales and barrels and boxes, then turned at the sound of a voice.

A repulsive fellow, whom Grant recognized as the dockmaster, grinned wickedly into his face as his arm swung flail-like. A box hook cut its way into Harrison Grant's head. The detective fell with a groan while the dockmaster, scurrying to the hatch, glimpsed the speeding forms of Criminology Club members as they ran to their chief's aid.

A leap and the spy had hidden himself in the bales and boxes. Then as the Criminology Club members raced within, he sprang through the hatch, slammed it shut and battened it, imprisoning the men who had gone to Grant's assistance. He whistled. A second spy sprang forth from his hiding place on the docks.

"Hurry!" shouted the dockmaster, "cut the hawsers!"

Inside the great boat, Harrison Grant opened his eyes as the Criminology Club members arrived. The big vessel suddenly veered in its position and started to capsize. Outside, two men were running from







A repulsive fellow grinned wickedly into his face as his arm swung, flail-like. A box-hook cut its way into Harrison Grant's head. He fell with a groan.

the dock—the spies who had sent the freighter to its doom.

Shouting and struggling through the darkness, Harrison Grant led his little band of men higher and higher upon the boxes and bales as the water poured in around them.

In the office at union headquarters a telephone jangled. The call was for the president of the ship owners. As he put the receiver to his ear, an ejaculation broke from his lips.

"What's that? Say it over again—the *Arsulus*? Impossible! I—I can't believe it. Well, that's the end of everything!"

He returned the receiver to its hook, then rose white-faced from the table.

"Gentlemen," he announced, "the end has come. I told you that if another depredation occurred against us that we would lock you out, strike or no strike. Some of your men loaded our ship, the *Arsulus*, so it would sink at the dock—then cut the hawser. A million dollars' worth of goods has been destroyed—to say nothing of our ship. Now, go ahead and strike—we'll fight you every inch of the way!"

He strode from the room. Imperial Germany had accomplished the longed-for breach. There was nothing left for the union men to do but to go forth to the meeting that was to mean the ruin of American industry.

Meanwhile, down in the dank hold of the steamer, Harrison Grant and his men still struggled for freedom. Above was only the cold facing of steel, below the steady rush and churn of water that told of the steady settling of the vessel.

"Jim—your balehook!" called out Grant suddenly, "I

want to signal with it against the steel. There's someone outside!"

A second more and a clanging blow sounded as Harrison Grant struck the balehook against the steel. Again and again—finally to be answered by a blow from without. Then came a queer, blowing, singing sound that seemed to circle upon the steel without—a reddish glow that crept through the plates of the vessel—

Then a greenish-blue flame shot through the steel—the flame of an acetylene torch, lighting the watery, floating hold like the glint of vagrant lightning. Again and again it came—then the hole widened.

Swimming and fighting their way through the floating debris Grant and his men made their way toward the place where the acetylene torch was cutting their way to freedom. Soon they felt the rush of fresh air from without. Their rescue had been accomplished.

They were facing three policemen as they crowded forth from the hold and in the clutch of one policeman hung the shriveled, bearded form of the spy who had cut the hawsers and sent the vessel to its doom.

"I was working for the foreman of the dock," he wailed. "He

told me to cut the hawser and I did it. He was working for somebody 'higher up,' some fellow that was paying him to help bring about a strike of the 'longshoremen.'"

"Where's that man now?" Grant demanded.

"Over at the strike meeting—agitating for the strike."

Grant seized him by the collar of his coat and dragged him forward. Ten minutes later he forced him into the hallway of the 'Longshoremen's Meeting Hall, just as there came the droning voice of the clerk:

"And now that the speeches have been finished, it is moved and seconded that a vote shall be taken as to whether a general strike be called by the 'Longshoremen against the shipowners of the port of—."

Harrison Grant leaped forward, pushing his man before him.

"Stop!" he shouted. "No vote must be taken until this man tells his story. Now, point out the spy who ordered you to send that boat to the bottom!"

"There he is!" cried the cringing prisoner.

Far down in the great, milling assembly, a form rose and struggled to reach the door. Twenty pair of hands seized him and brought him forward. He soon confessed.

"I was a German reservist. I thought it only right to work for Germany. I don't know the man who hired me—except that he called himself Gates."

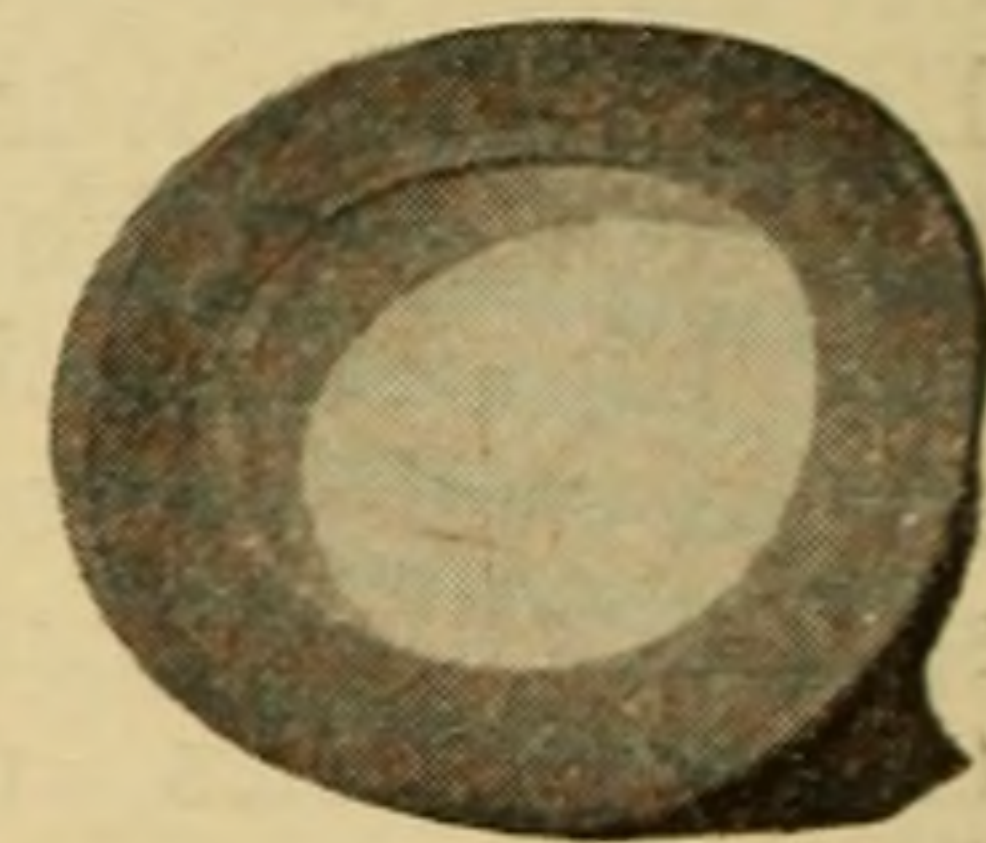
Already the clerk had hurried to inform the shipowners. The president of the 'longshoremen stepped forward.

"Gentlemen," he announced, "this brings a new phase of the matter. We must declare ourselves. Which shall we be—the tools of Germany, or loyal, free Americans?"

A mighty, surging, tumultuous shout was the answer: "Americans—we're Americans!"

The mask of intrigue and false accusation had been removed! The shipowners had granted the 'longshoremen's every demand!

Harrison Grant stood watching, triumphant and happy. Another blow by Germany had been averted, another—





But out at the Ten Mile House, where Heinric von Lertz had taken Dixie Mason for a round of dance and frolic, there was quite a different atmosphere. Von Lertz was dancing with a girl of the Secret Service, placed there as a decoy by Dixie Mason. And Dixie, her eyes wide with fright, was staring at a report she had purloined from the compartment cane which Heinric von Lertz always carried, a report which breathed of death and destruction, which told of horror and danger—yet told nothing!

CHAPTER SEVEN  
"THE BROWN PORTFOLIO"

It was the next afternoon. Dixie Mason had despaired of a solution of the report which she had purloined from the cane of Heinric von Lertz, and which read:

Report for von Lertz.	
Bombs manufactured .....	400
Bombs delivered to agents for coming explosions...	72
Balance .....	328

That was all. Where the bombs had been placed, when they would explode—all such information was missing.

"Mamette," called Dixie, frowning, and her maid came forward. "See that this report reaches Harrison Grant of the Criminology Club without him learning who sent it."

A half hour later, Harrison Grant puzzled over the information, while Jimmy McAdams, the messenger boy who had brought the note, pleaded with the famous detective.

"Jiminy Crickets," he announced, "I wish you'd let me help you catch spies, Mr. Grant. Y'know, I can talk German."

"We'll talk about that some other time, Jimmy," said Grant somewhat absently, as he walked into his office. The report of bomb activities had claimed his whole attention.

Meanwhile, in a room of a Fifth

"Gentlemen," von Bernstorff announced. "This 'longshoremen's strike must go through! It means more to Germany than a victory at the front. Industries will be paralyzed—not a ship will move. Of course, it will be hard on America, but —"

avenue residence, Dr. Heinric Albert, fiscal spy of the Imperial German government, was quarrelsome.

"This report says that five bombs were placed on the Cragside," he announced. "The Cragside is still held in port. There'll be an investigation."

"We couldn't read minds, Herr Doktor," replied the bomb spy at Dr. Albert's elbow. "We had to place the fire bombs on all the ships at once. The others are at sea and are scheduled to explode tonight, setting the ships afire."

Dr. Albert grunted, yawned, then, gathering his precious portfolio close to him, left the house to doze in an elevated train on the way to the Hohenzollern club, to awaken suddenly at the call of his station, to leave the train—and then to realize that he had left his portfolio behind!

The portfolio of secrets! Of von Papen's reports. Of Boy-Ed's letters! Of Rintelen's record, his aliases and addresses—even of the list of ships doomed to burn that night, and among them the Cragside!

Albert almost ran for the Ritz Carlton, where Ambassador von Bernstorff was at that moment consulting with Boy-Ed, von Papen and Rintelen.

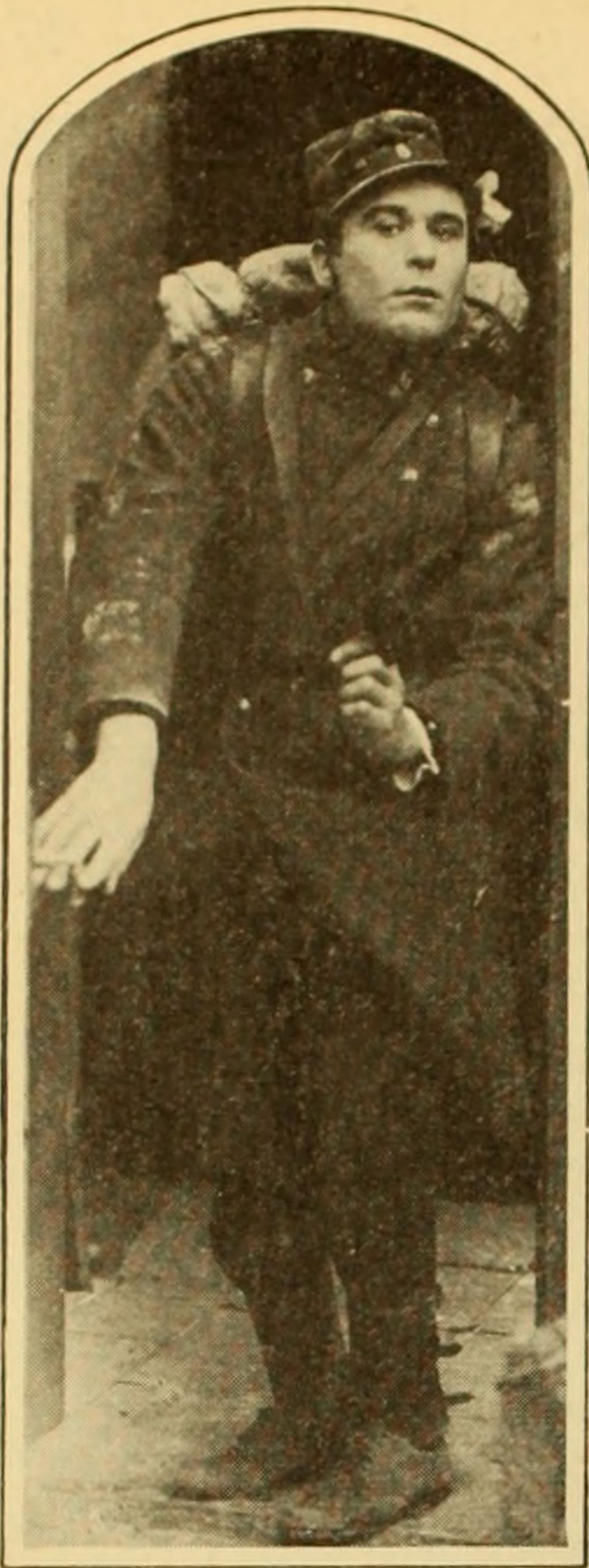
As for the portfolio, it already was in the hands of Harrison Grant, brought to him by Jimmy McAdams, the messenger boy, who had sat opposite Dr. Albert on the elevated train, found the portfolio where the spy had left it, looked into it curiously, discovered its contents and then hurried for the Criminology Club. More, Harrison Grant had already translated the secrets of the brown bag, found the shipping list which solved the problem of Dixie Mason's mysterious report, ordered the wireless to warn all ships at sea of bombs and with his men was hurrying to the rescue of the Cragside. But he arrived there too late. The bombs, hidden in sacks of sugar; (Continued on page 104)



At left, sitting—Dr. Heinrich Albert. Those standing, from left to right: Ambassador von Bernstorff, Heinric von Lertz and Captain Franz von Papen.

Sitting at von Bernstorff's left is Captain Boy-Ed. Sitting at extreme right—Franz von Rintelen.



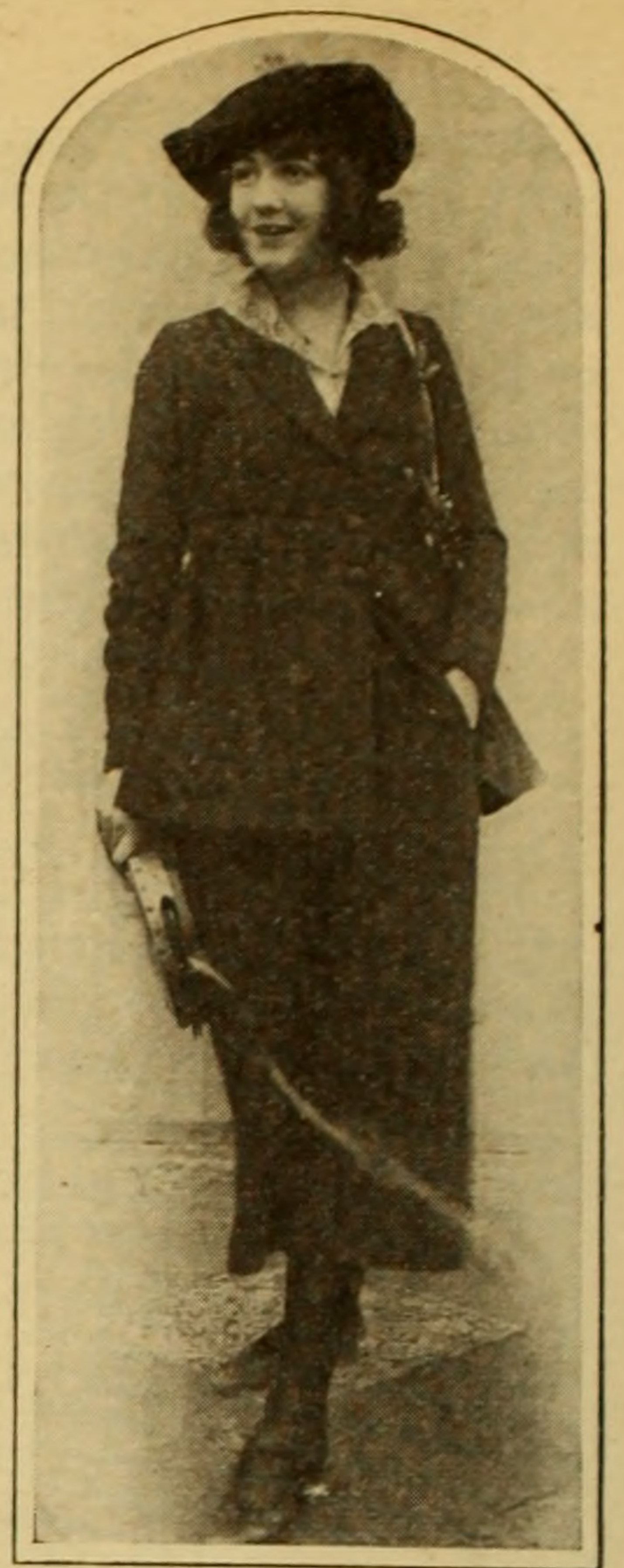


Robert Andersen is the typical Griffith star, and probably the shining new example of 1918 creation.

# HEARTS of the WORLD

A Review of Mr. Griffith's New Photodrama.

By Julian Johnson



Dorothy has ceased to be a Gish. She's Gallic, fiery, audacious, swift, fascinating.

NO motion-picture production under any auspices, with any star, would prove a superior first-night attraction to a premier by the celebrated gentleman whom Potash and Perlmutter refer to as "Mr. Grifficks." Notwithstanding few recent appearances in the squared circle of the silver-sheet, David Wark Griffith is still heavy-weight champ of the movies, and Spring's largest single interest is undoubtedly his new war play, "Hearts of the World," first publicly presented at the Auditorium, Los

While "Hearts of the World" covers great areas and contains large scenes and many people it is not, primarily, a spectacle, as was "Intolerance." It is not even as much of a spectacle as "The Birth of a Nation." It has not the irresistible dramatic unity and power of "The Birth of a Nation"—that perfect picture!—nor the splendor of imagination and bewildering variety introduced in that noble mystery, "Intolerance." But it has warm humanities, great sincerity and sweetness, those delectable touches of intermingled laughter and tears which are the hallmark of genuine art, and—as we have indicated—subject-matter which comes rousing home to every man on earth who has not been mechanically deprived of his virility or born with his foot under the neck of an infallible monarch.

Angeles, in March and viewed by many Allied notables.

"Hearts of the World" is, as the programme states, the story of a village. I suspect that there is considerable camouflage in the accredited authorship. Screen and programme allege that the scenario was written by one Gaston de Tolignac, and translated by Captain Victor Marier. Why give Mr. Griffith two extra names?

The camera provides a full evening's occupation, first unrolling the intimacies of a French village in time of peace, and then displaying the lurid scroll of its destruction, occupation by and final recovery from its rabid northern neighbors, the Huns. As an apotheosis, the triumphant Frenchmen, holding a festival of reunion with their wives, sweethearts and children, behold the first of Pershing's columns swinging into the end of the long street. You may imagine that this epilogue of Americana, and what follows, causes the audience to resemble nothing but an old-fashioned Fourth of July celebration before we became safe and sane.

There is no name, real or imaginary, to suggest any particular sector along the warfront. While large masses of troops and famous leaders are introduced from time to time, the story concerns no part of the great conflict but those phases which have to do with the little town. This is characteristic Griffith simplicity, in fine contradistinction to the screeching ambitions and booming platitudes of those ruthless kings and people's leaders chucked lavishly about in the average war fillum. As a drop of water epitomizes the ocean, so one of her little towns epitomizes France, and the happiness or sorrow of a single family, the joy or tragedy of one pair of sweethearts, sums up the tranquilities of peace or the terrors of tyranny.



Robert Harron has grown to maturity—full maturity—in his acting, while keeping all the charm of boyishness.

I think the main secret of Griffith's clutch at people's hearts is his patient preliminary exposition of every detail of his characters' lives. It doesn't jar you to read that private 'arry 'opkins, of the New Zealand Fusileers, has been gassed to a horrible death in Flanders. You don't know 'arry and you recognize only that he died for the sake of liberty and to uphold the government which sent him there. But Charlie Smith, the enthusiastic college boy who lived next door, and sat on your front porch to read the Sunday paper, and whittled your kiddie a wooden dog, and brought his girl around so your wife could pass on her—Charlie loses a couple of fingers in a little skirmish on the Chemin des Dames, and, somehow, it breaks you all up and you hope they'll invalid him home right away.

So in our little French village we see Douglas Hamilton, an artist who has adopted France as his home, in the varied channels of his life and occupation; we see also Marie Stephenson, chasing her stray gosling into Hamilton's backyard—and in that funny meeting altering the lives of both of them; Hamilton's father and mother, comfortable folk accepted in the village as though they had always lived there; the girl's mother and her placid old grandfather, unswerving in his childlike faith that *nothing* can harm France; the gay-ferocious M'sieur Cuckoo, village clown, yet something finer than

(Continued on page 111)



# The Shadow Stage

A Department of  
Photoplay Review

By Randolph  
Bartlett

George Hernandez is irresistibly funny in a tragic role in "The Vortex."



WITH a few more months like the one during which those moving pictures were released which are scanned in this installment of The Shadow Stage, all censorship will cease of sheer malnutrition. At a council of war—war upon salacious pictures—the editorial staff of PHOTOPLAY could discover only a half-dozen productions of all they had seen within the month, which could possibly offend the most squeamish.

Nor, with one exception, were the violations flagrant, and also with that one exception they may have been almost unintentional. Or where intentional, they may have been done with the highest of motives. For example—"Within the Cup," surely no story for the puling infant, perhaps not quite a tale suited to the mental and moral needs of adolescence, is yet a noble theme. Its sole offense, if offense it be, is that it tells truths which unformed minds are not yet ready to assimilate. To class this as salacious would be as idiotic as to call the Book of Deuteronomy immoral. So you will understand to what lengths we went in our council to try to unearth pictures that might, by some stretch of imagination, offend.

On the other hand, "Carmen of the Klondike," a remarkable story, suffered from the injection of one of those disgusting scenes wherein a man and a woman engage in physical combat, after the man has become intoxicated. Here was a story in which the radiantly beautiful idea was presented of a

woman rendering herself immune through her merry smile, and then this idea was smashed to smithereens in order to present a thrill that was not needed, and which was soon lost in a bigger thrill. This was silly and amounted to an aggravated invitation to the censors.

In "Wild Youth," Theodore Roberts is required to look upon Louise Huff with expression so disgusting that the gorge rises. Yet the remainder of the tale is told without making use of the idea thus implanted. Either the director did not know what he was doing, or having done it he realized how offensive it was and avoided a repetition.

"By Right of Purchase," on the other hand, presents no scene that offends the moral eye, but is made up of constant suggestions which are more subtle. The picture is offered of a young woman—wife in name only—whose actions are such as to suggest that she has violated the matrimonial code. Great care is taken to emphasize the objectionable, general idea.

The fifth offense is committed by William Fox, to whom attention is paid more specifically in another part of this magazine. I am not aware whether or not Mr. Fox has a family, but if he has a daughter of sixteen to twenty years of age, I hereby invite Mr. Fox to have her write for PHOTOPLAY a description of the emotions aroused in her by the sensational pictures he is sending out into the world to be viewed by the sixteen-year-old daughters of other parents. And Mr. Fox does not need to be told what pictures I mean.

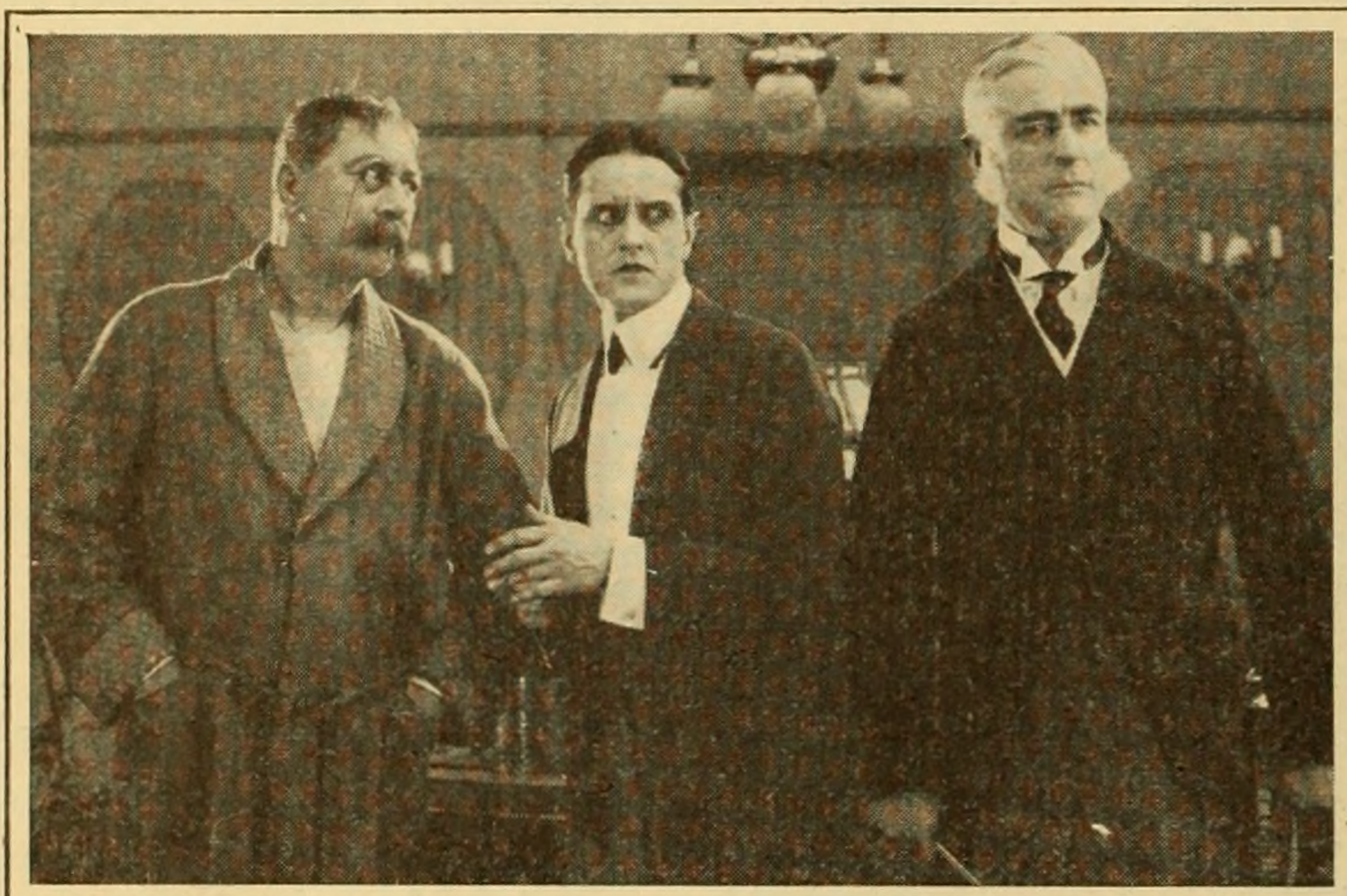


Pauline Frederick translates the opera "La Tosca" into terms of the silent drama. She sweeps you from emotion to emotion with all the force of a personified tempest.

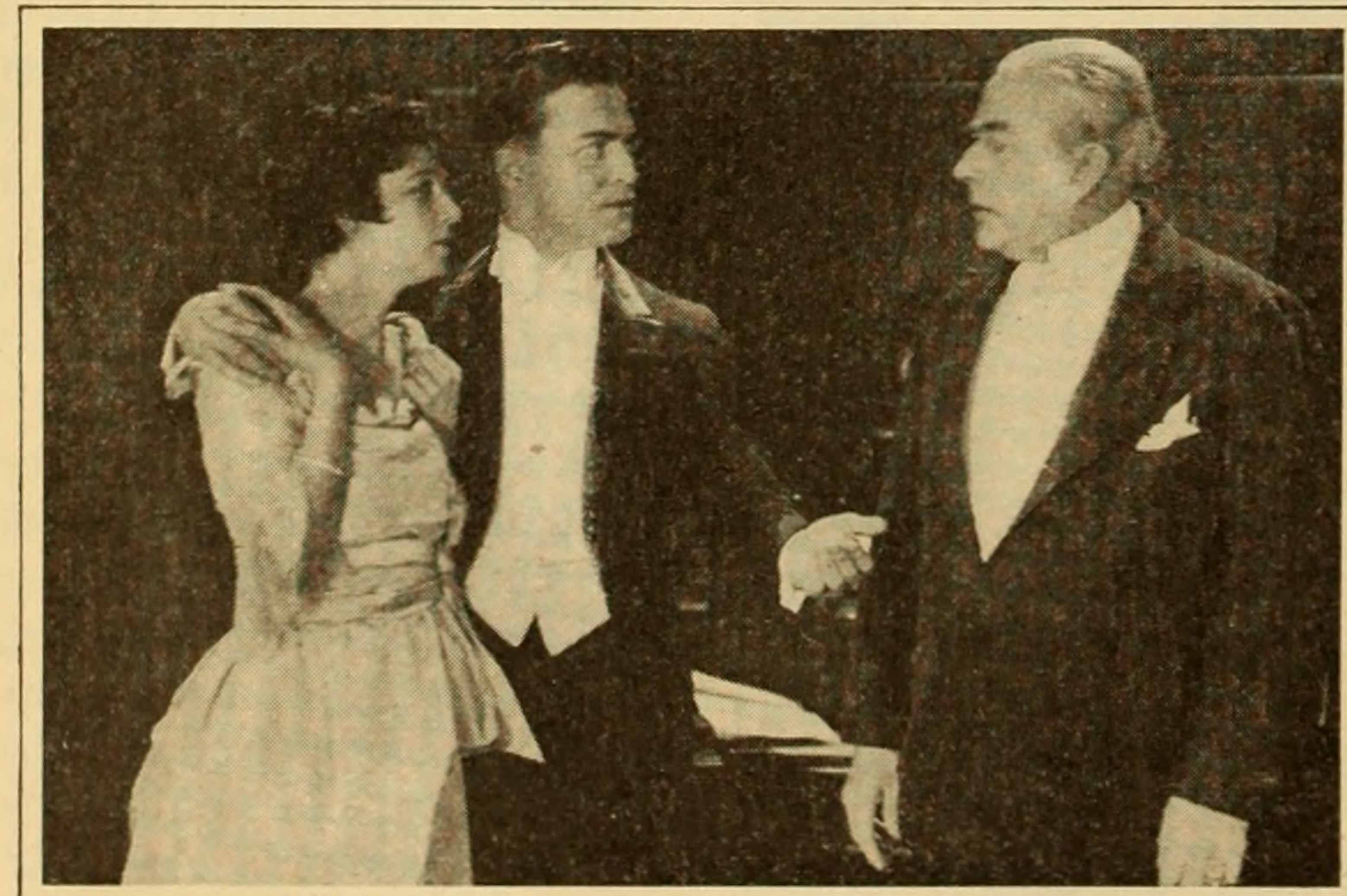




Mary Pickford repeats her "Stella Maris" achievement in "Amarilly of Clothesline Alley."



The portraits in "Ruggles of Red Gap" are well done, by Taylor Holmes as Ruggles, Frederick Burton as Cousin Egbert, and others.



Irene Castle is charming as ever in "The Hillcrest Mystery" though she deserves greater acting roles.

With these five exceptions, I defy the supermoralists of America, the most intense Puritans, yes, even the prudes, to examine the films of the month, so far as they have been viewed at this writing, and find any reason for the existence of censorship. Pictures are being emancipated, not by rule of thumb, but by reason of a growing realization among producers that they can entertain their public to their own greatest profit, by presenting drama that is not robbed of its true power by indulgence in nauseating sensation.

#### X AMARILLY OF CLOTHESLINE ALLEY—Artcraft

Mary Pickford follows her remarkable "Stella Maris" with another character study scarcely less remarkable, Amarilly Jenkins in "Amarilly of Clothesline Alley." The role is midway between the hopelessly tragic slavey in "Stella Maris" and the pathetically optimistic Stella herself. Amarilly is happy with the happiness of the alley child, than which there is nothing more buoyant nor so swiftly and suddenly attacked by woe. Hers is the merry heart of the Irish girl, which needs so little sunshine because it is a little sun in itself. Nor is there the customary sop to the romanticists, or garbing Amarilly in satins at the end and marrying her to the millionaire; she blithely turns down the rich man and marries her bartender sweetheart. And why not? Bartenders are always total abstainers. All this is done in Mary Pickford's blithest vein, reminding us once more that she is the greatest of all screen actresses.

#### HUCK AND TOM—Paramount

"There comes a time in the life of every well-constructed boy when he is overcome by a raging desire to dig for hidden treasure." This is the kernel of "Huck and Tom," a sequel to "Tom Sawyer," made from the second of the Mark Twain books of boyhood. The story is not so fascinating, being an unbelievable mixture of boyish fancy and Brady melodrama. Jack Pickford, Robert Gordon and Clara Horton bear the brunt of the task of making it seem real.

#### X LA TOSCA—Paramount

Give Pauline Frederick a role that is worthy of her, and she is pretty nearly the greatest actress in moving pictures. In "La Tosca" she sweeps you from emotion to emotion with all the force of a personified tempest. The coquette, the jealous woman, the despairing woman, the woman who takes a terrible revenge for an awful deed and finally goes to her own death, epically tragic—all these moods are understood and personified by Miss Frederick in one of the greatest works of her entire career. It is a problem to get a play big enough for this great artist. "La Tosca," with all its trickeries of plot, is such a role, for it was big enough for Bernhardt, who was, in fact, Sardou's model as he wrote. Frank Losee is Scarpia and Jules Raucourt Mario. Edward Jose directed, and handled the difficult torture scene with the utmost delicacy, using suggestion almost entirely to tell the fearful story. This is great drama, the kind of drama the screen needs and for which it is clamoring. It is not an entertainment for children, but it is the sort of play and the sort of acting that both the stage and the screen must have if they are to be anything but soothing syrup for the kindergarten.

#### THE GIRL AND THE JUDGE—Mutual

Clyde Fitch's play, "The Girl and the Judge," done for the screen with Olive Tell as the girl and David Powell as the judge, gains little and loses much by its expansion of incident from the Fitch version. Yet it is



not without its charm. One thing about the Empire All Star productions that pleases, is that they have to do with well-dressed people, well-fed, and well-mannered. Miss Tell and Mr. Powell play with their customary ease and grace.

THE BOSS OF THE LAZY Y—Triangle

The reformation of a grouch through the patience of a girl who is installed as boss of the ranch he expected to inherit from his father is the theme of "The Boss of the Lazy Y." Roy Stewart proves that he can scowl with the best of them. The story is livened with considerable gun-play, and embellished with the finest outdoor photography that even Triangle has offered in recent months.

THE WHISPERING CHORUS—Artcraft

It is strange that, with one of the epic ideas of human history and experience as their theme, Cecil DeMille and Jeannie MacPherson, who are jointly responsible for "The Whispering Chorus," could have blundered so completely in the last reel as to destroy the entire effect. A man, coward and weakling by nature, runs away from the results of a comparatively small misdeed, and in doing so his character disintegrates, and he becomes a pitiable thing. Yet when the final test comes, the spark of manhood awakes, and he rises to the ultimate possible sacrifice. But the entire value of this sublime idea of inherent "good in the worst of us" is lost because the sacrifice is made in order that a woman may keep her husband ignorant of certain facts. It is revolting, this contemplation of a noble deed performed that two persons may base their happiness upon a lie. Also the final scenes are unnecessarily terrible, with awful, subtle suggestions that will drive sensitive spectators almost into hysterics. Much of the tale has been splendidly told, with the shadowy representations of silent voices handled in manner most artistic. It is supposed to be a non-star production, but Raymond Hatton is the unmistakable star, in as brilliant a character study as the films have ever produced. Elliott Dexter, with more than his usual force, bolsters up a conventional role.

LOVE ME—Paramount

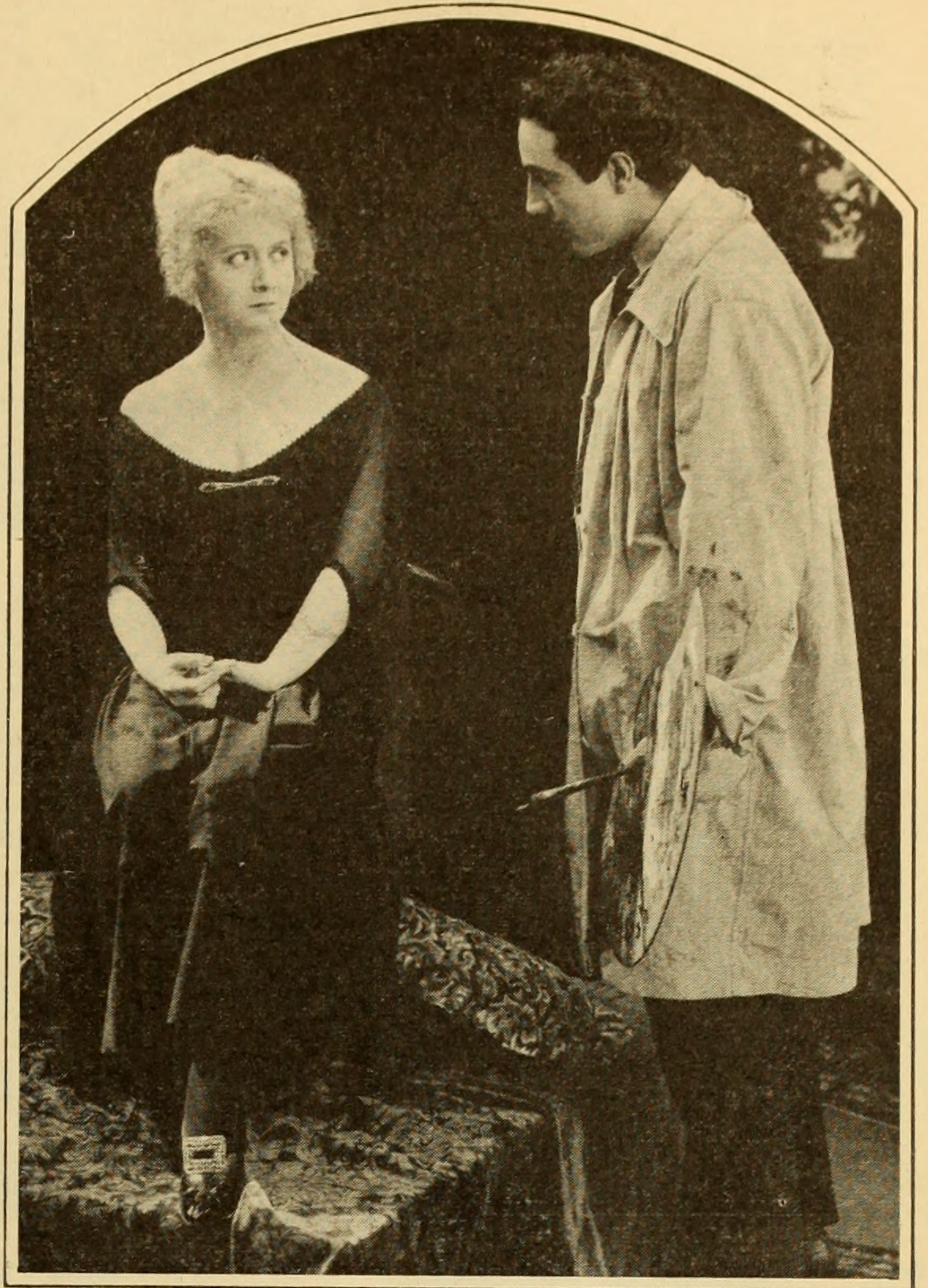
The story of the woman who silently permits herself to be unjustly suspected, to shield her erring sister, has always been popular. Also there is a certain public that believes bad manners and sterling character always go hand in hand. These two elements make the story of "Love Me," in which Dorothy Dalton is seen as one of nature's noblewomen. This story has never been told better.

WILD YOUTH—Paramount

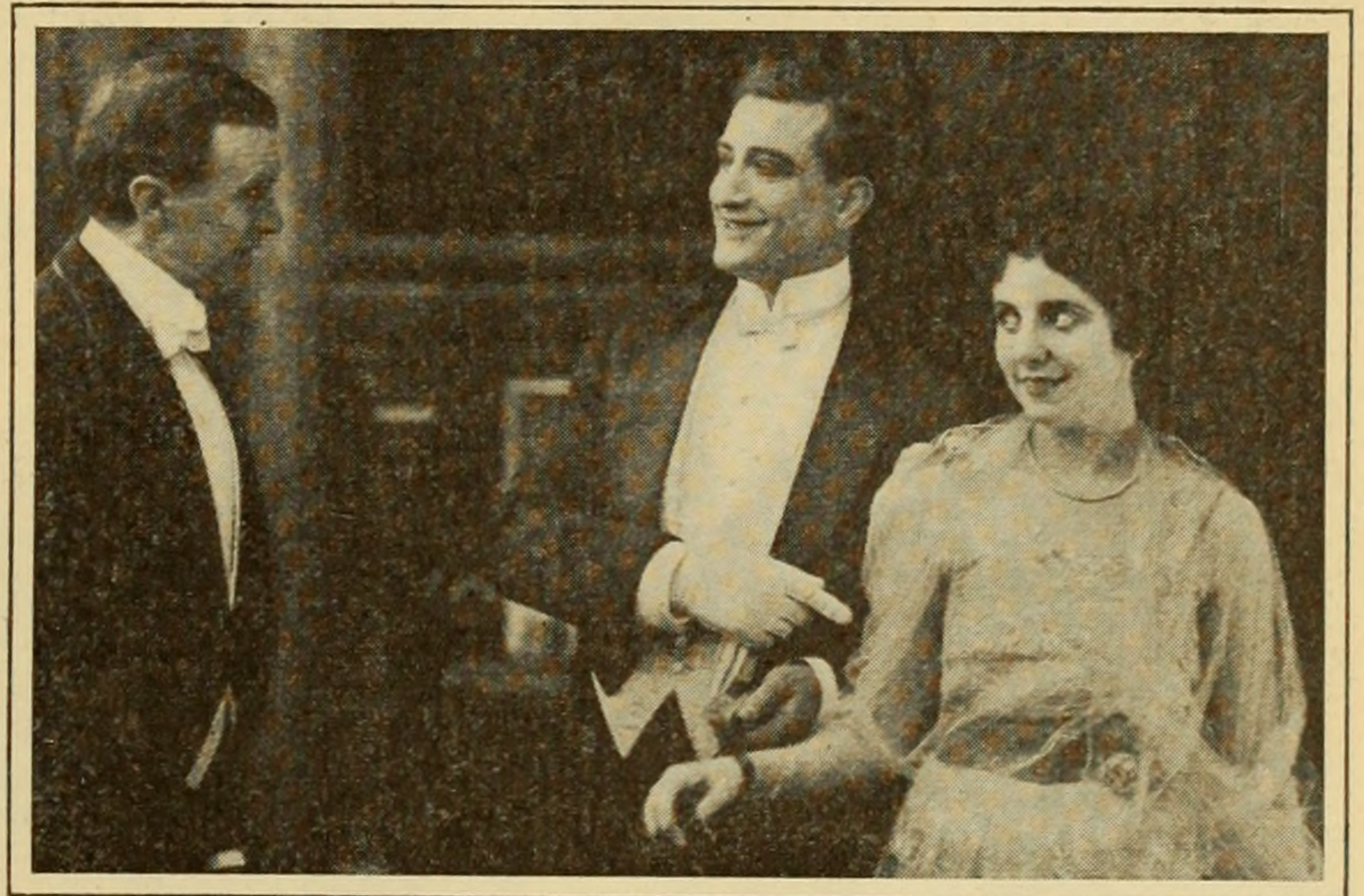
The theme of "Wild Youth" is that December should not mate with May. In this instance December is a brute, in the form of Theodore Roberts, and May is plaintively presented by Louise Huff. Comes Jack Mulhall a'riding, and youth calls to youth. The difficult situation is solved by a Chinese servant in a manner unique and logical—a role in which James Cruze wins second honors in the acting. First honors go to Theodore Roberts, as is customary when he is in the picture at all. Reference has been made already to an objectionable phase of the story.

THE SHELL GAME—Metro

One of the cleverest stories of the year is "The Shell Game," which serves to bring Emmy Wehlen back to the Metro fold after several months' vacation. The tale of the  
(Continued on page 92)



Bessie Barriscale has done some excellent acting on the screen, but none so full of power and feeling as in "Within the Cup."



In "The Brass Check," a farce melodrama, Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne find their forte.



One of the cleverest stories of the year is "The Shell Game" which brings Emmy Wehlen back from her vacation.



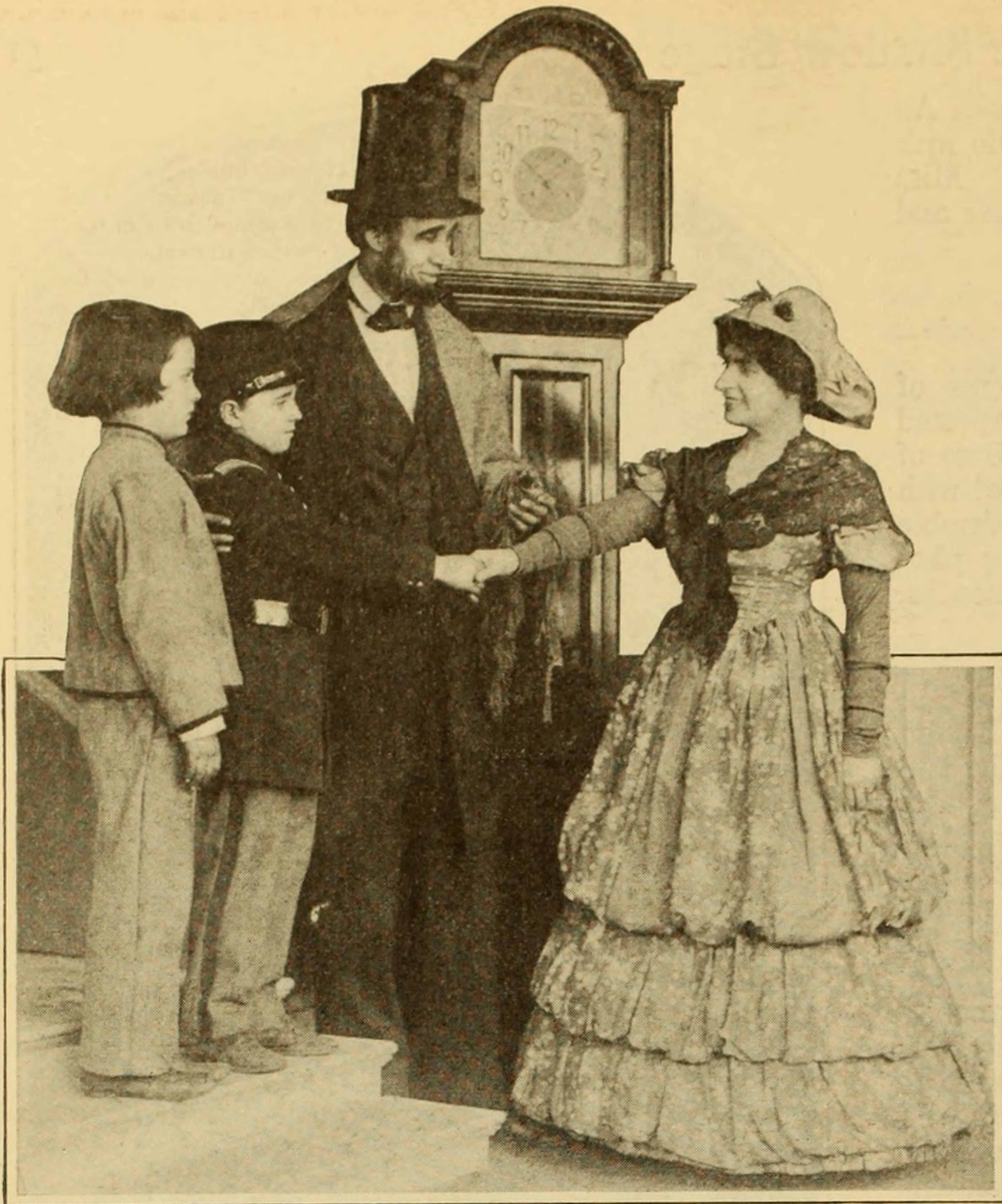
# Education

A department of service in motion picture to one of its

## Ask This Department

1. For information concerning motion pictures for all places other than theatres.
2. To find for you the films suited to the purposes and programs of any institution or organization.
3. Where and how to get them.
4. For information regarding projectors and equipment for showing pictures. (Send stamped envelope).
5. How to secure a motion picture machine free for your school, church, or club.

Address: Educational Department  
Photoplay Magazine, Chicago



Benjamin Chapin's rendition of Lincoln in "The Son of Democracy" teaches history to children along with its maintained entertainment-interest.



Schools and other institutions for a long time have been using pictures of general entertainment and educational nature—stories from history and from literature. "Little Red Riding Hood" is one of these.

**L**OOMING up in the distance along the skyline of time is a new motion picture continent of unguessed dimensions. This new world is roughly designated as "the educational film field."

Within its elastic boundaries are 300,000 public schools, a thousand colleges, 240,000 churches, 75,000 Y. M. C. A.'s, clubs and lodges, and an unreckoned number of other social, educational, religious and state institutions and organizations, including convents, prisons, orphan homes, community centers, army camps, naval stations, farmers' clubs, and hospitals. Many private homes have brought the screen into the intimacy of their own family.

State and city governments are now using motion pictures, and they have been adopted by Uncle Sam himself as one of the most powerful defensive weapons in the winning of the war. The United States government has made a series of films on war subjects and these are now being distributed throughout the country by the State Councils of Defense. More about this important matter in another number.

Compare the vast numbers mentioned above with that of the picture houses. There are less than 20,000 film theatres in the United States, supporting the entire photoplay industry as we know it today—the fifth largest industry in the country, according to President Wilson himself.

The "educational" film field is now the rear appendage of the motion picture business. Your children—perhaps you—will see the tail wag the dog.

A few individual citations of the use of pictures in manners new will hint at this ponderous and significant broadening of the motion picture industry.

A patriotic town in Illinois has an "Emergency War Committee," with a fund to be used in the encouragement of patriotism and in the aid of liberty loans and other war measures. The village community house is equipped to show motion pictures and the committee has found films to be the most popular drawing card for patriotic meetings and the most powerful generator of real win-the-war determination. Strong, informative war films are used, taken in one of the allied countries and showing the grim realities of



# al Films

the application of the  
greatest fields of usefulness

war. "France at Arms," "The Battle of Arras," "Under the Stars and Stripes in France," "Food Will Win the War" and that powerful feature, "The German Curse in Russia" are some of these.

A civic club in another city has just finished a series of well-attended meetings at which were shown such pictures as "Absorbing the Alien in the City," "A City's Milk Supply," "Helping Men Go Straight," "Teaching the Blind to See" and "How a City Cares for Its Poor."

An Irish society in Cleveland desired a motion picture for its annual banquet. A splendid story filmed on the "auld sod" itself was discovered.

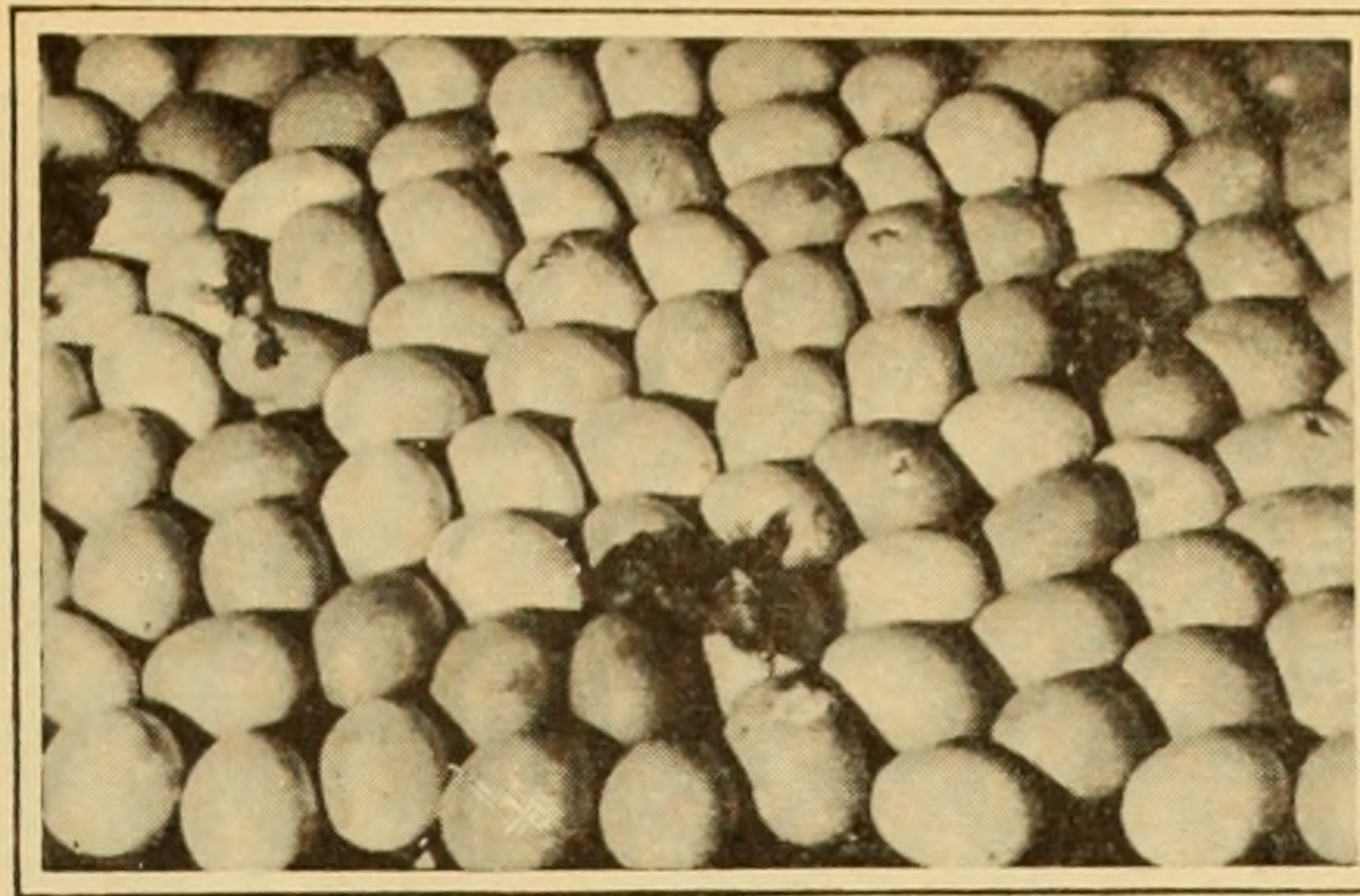
By employing films of a serious and interesting sort on Sunday evenings and big pictures on special occasions, a pastor in northern Indiana has added more than one hundred earnest members to his church. He uses war and patriotic pictures, films on sociology and picturized literary works such as "Ivanhoe" and "Les Miserables," the latter a seven reel feature. With "The Life of Our Saviour," a beautiful and reverent French production in colors, this progressive preacher filled every seat in his gallery for the first time since Christmas. And he declared he could never hope to preach a sermon so effective. This experience has, of course, been repeated by many other churches.

The Lane Technical high school in Chicago wished to use a motion picture showing modern bread making upon the occasion of the opening of its new domestic science rooms. Principal Bogan had his doubts as to the possibility of finding appropriate pictures. But a film was found covering bread from flour to finish.

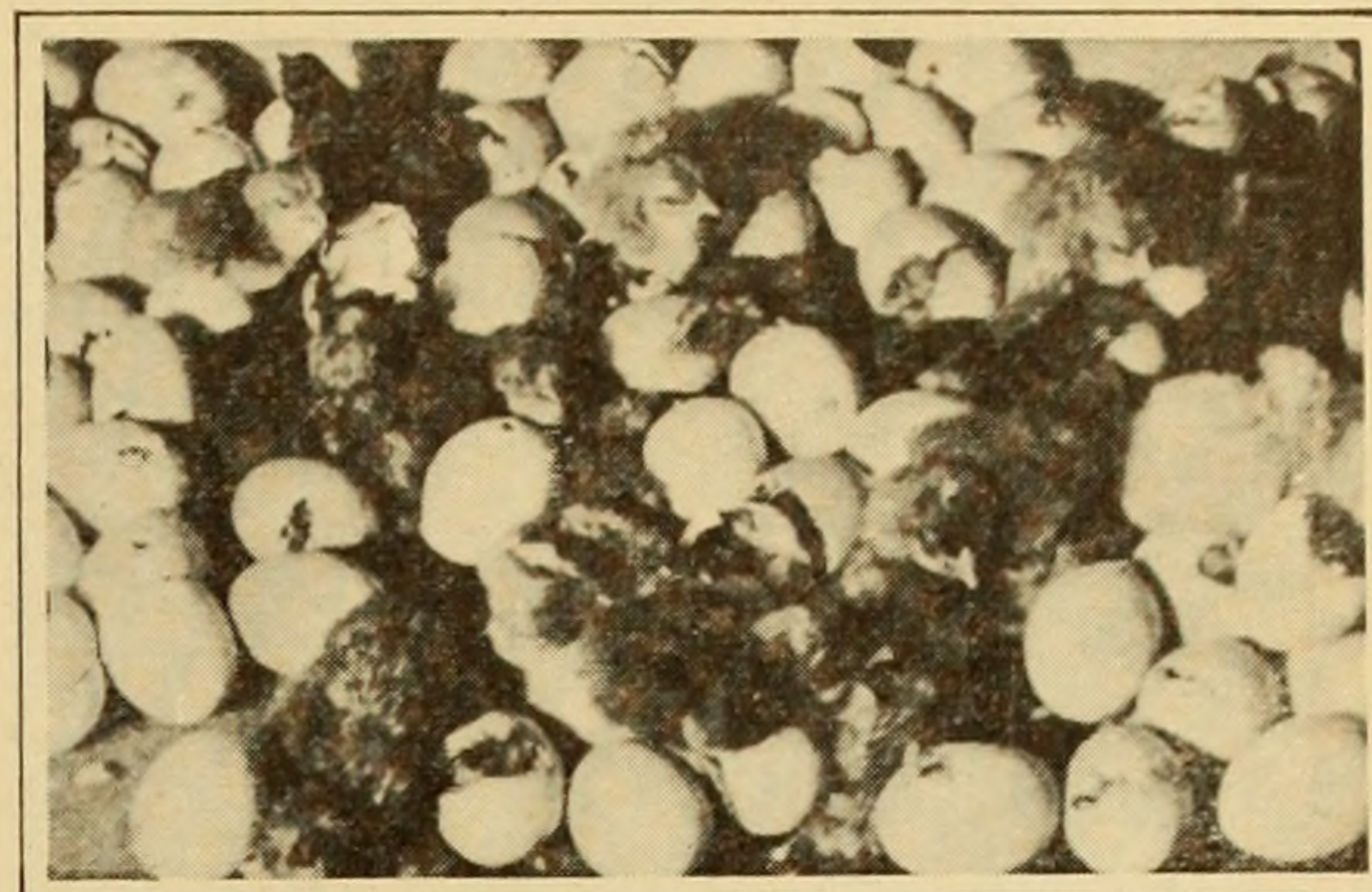
This high school uses fiction stories and general entertainment pictures regularly in its community center assembly hall. Mary Pickford in "Rags" and a brand new four-reel "Cinderella" were the last two features shown.

A certain wealthy family in Chicago wished a special sort of entertainment for a children's party one evening last spring. The "movies" were suggested. A portable projector was sent out and that evening the youngsters gurgled and shouted with glee over the adventures of "Robin Hood" and the antics of a cartooned comedian.

Of course, schools and other institutions and organizations for a long time have been using pictures of a general entertainment and educational nature—stories from history, like "Paul Revere" and "The Inauguration of President Wilson," and from literature, like "Ivanhoe," "Little Red Riding Hood," Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird," and scores of others. The time is near when pictures with educational value uppermost and on all topics will be as habitual as the use of butter upon bread.



Illustrating the limitless possibilities for educational "movies." These are scenes from an Atias picture that shows—all in several hundred feet of film—the process of hatching chickens.



Marguerite Clark in her delightful picture, "The Seven Swans," appeals to children of all ages—'way up into the fifties.

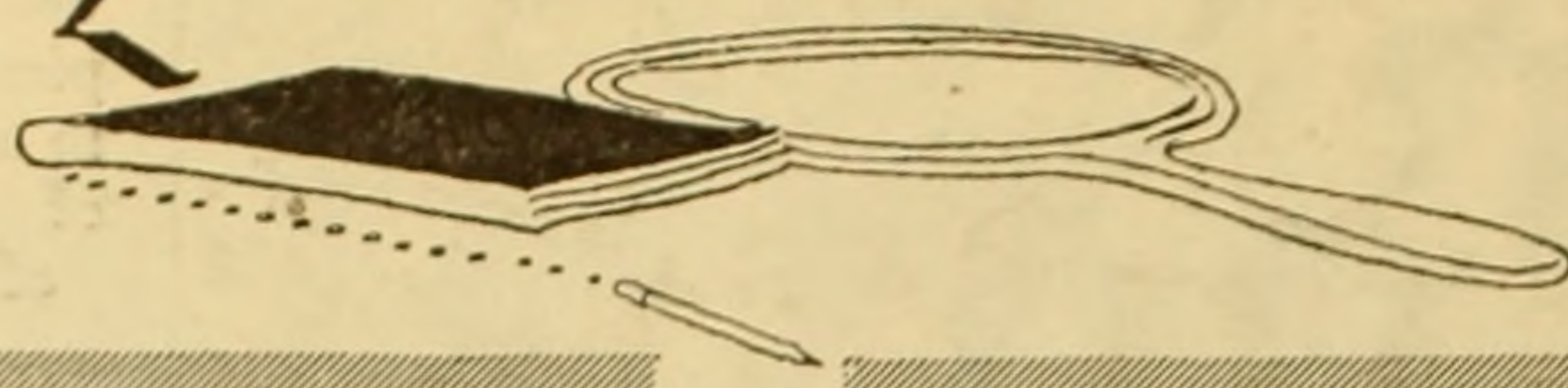


## Places Other Than Theatres Now Using Motion Pictures

Public Schools  
Parochial Schools  
Convents and Boarding Schools  
Colleges and Academies  
Medical Schools  
Universities  
Churches  
Y. M. C. A.'s and Y. W. C. A.'s  
Orphan Homes  
Infirmaries and State Institutions  
Hospitals and Prisons  
Army and Navy Camps  
Red Cross Branches  
Clubs and Organizations  
Technical Societies  
Community Houses  
Private Homes  
Business Firms  
Chambers of Commerce  
State Capitols  
State Councils of Defense  
The United States Government



# Impressions



By Julian Johnson



**JEWEL CARMEN**

A red rose in the snow;  
Elman's tone upon the  
open E-string;  
the Parisienne of 1918;  
orchids.



**ANITA LOOS**

The soubrette of litera-  
ture;  
Little Miss Voltaire;  
a pocket Balzac, bound in  
celluloid;  
Oh Henry!



**PAULINE  
FREDERICK**

Cleopatra in London;  
blue diamonds;  
a vampire who can't help  
laughing;  
Thais in Chicago;  
Coty's Jasmine.

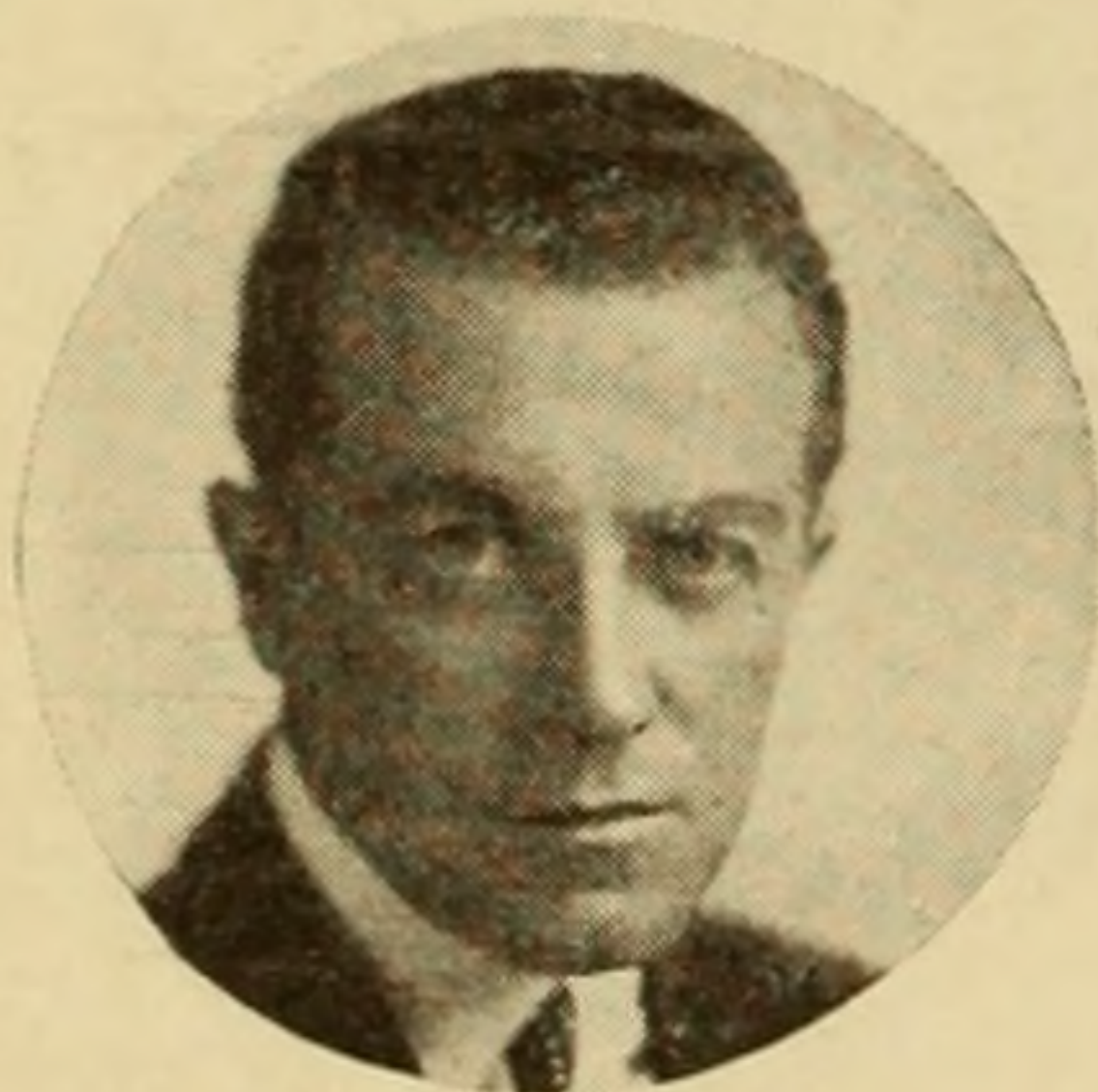
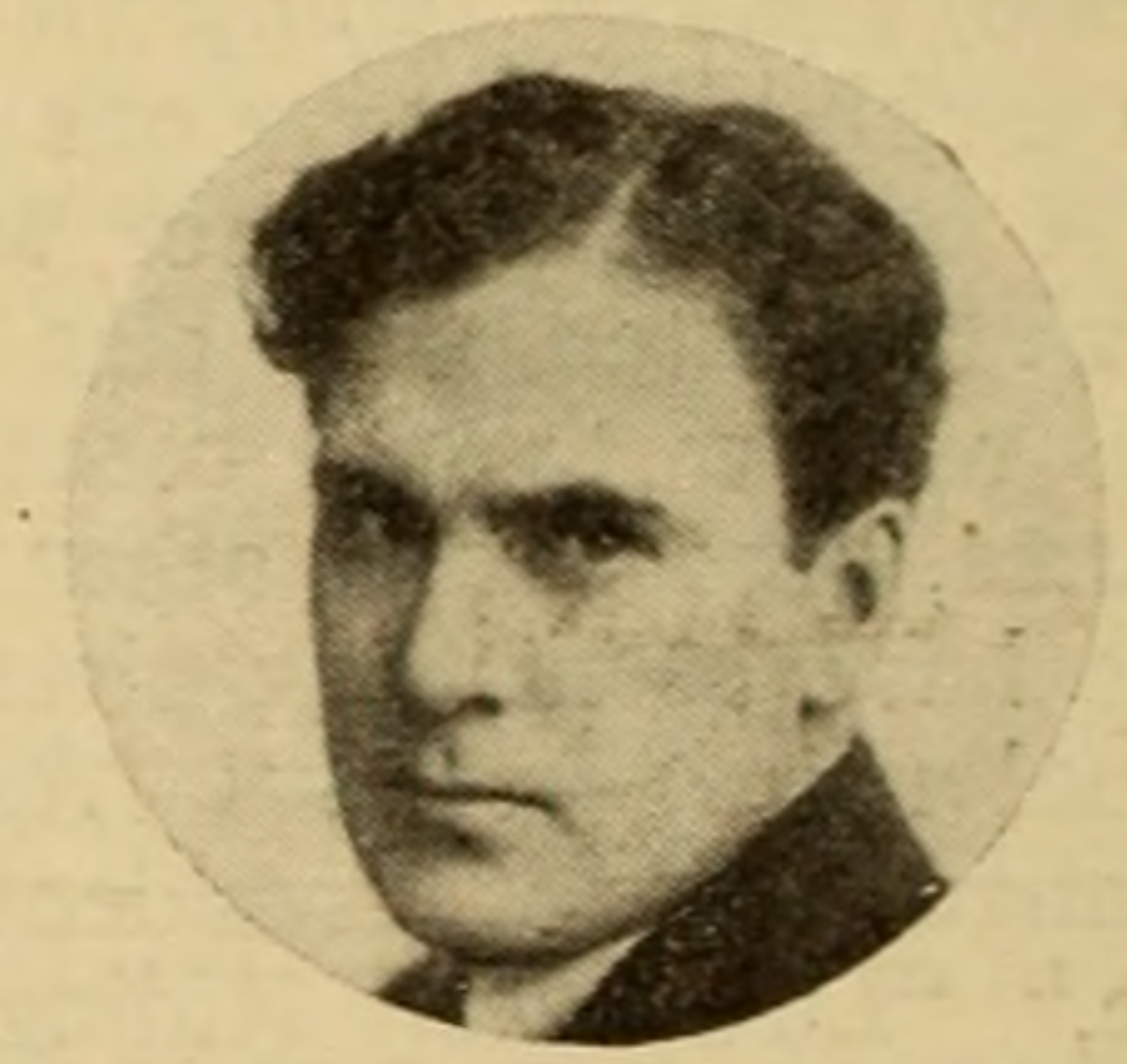


**J. BARNEY SHERRY**

The Hero, twenty years  
later;  
Beau Brummell—had he  
not insulted Wales;  
The Prince of Fifth  
Avenue;  
the Bank President.

**THOMAS MEIGHAN**

A Rupert Hughes man;  
Thomas Moore;  
The Young American  
Husband;  
Christy's big fellows.



**EUGENE O'BRIEN**

Romeo at Rector's;  
any girl's lover — as he  
seems in her dreams;  
rapiers and lace handker-  
chiefs;  
chocolate and rum;  
a portrait of Byron painted  
from his poetry



**CARMEL MYERS**

Bathsheba;  
the Rose of Sharon;  
violet twilight on a tropic  
river;  
'cello melody.



**GEORGE BEBAN**

Cameos and spaghetti;  
Tonio and Canio in one;  
garlic on the breath of  
Salvini;  
Naples in Ottumwa, Ia.





Hope dies hard in a woman's heart, and Ted had said that he would send for her and the baby as soon as he was on his feet.

# The CLAIM

*Belle Jerome changes her name — and her mind*

By Frances Denton

**B**ELLE JEROME stripped the soapsuds from her arms, left her washtubs, and went to the window of her miserable shanty to watch the train go by.

Yes, it was the mail train; she could tell by the long line of black Pullmans. She threw a shawl over her head, took up her whimpering baby, and started for the postoffice. There was no reason why she should expect a letter from her husband, for he had been gone three months now, and he had not favored her with a single line. But hope dies hard in a woman's heart, and Ted had said that he would send for her and the baby as soon as he was on his feet again. He had gone broke at faro and had left the little mining town of Acme to perform his sleight of hand at poker and with the little rubber pea, before a less sophisticated audience in pastures green and new.

Belle waited in line at the postoffice window, only to be greeted by the negative shake of the postmaster's head. There was a despairing expression on her face as she left the window; and two men who had been watching her, and evidently discussing her in low tones, now moved forward with seeming carelessness and blocked her way. "Howdy, Belle," said one of them. "Any word from Ted?"

"No," she answered shortly. "I'm a fool to expect any."

"Well, look here," he dropped his voice confidentially. "We've heard where he is. And we think he's played it low down on you—so here goes. He's up at El Dorado, sailin' pretty high, shinin' up to the women considerable and passin' as a single man. So if I was you I'd take the kid and light out after him."

Belle leaned against the door frame for support. Her face was pale but her eyes gleamed. "I'll go," she answered grimly. "I'll go tonight. Thank you for telling me, Bill."

The two men watched her as she went down the dusty street. "If I was Ted I wouldn't want to be around when Belle lands in El Dorado," observed the man named Bill. "She's desprit—and who can blame her?"

"Too bad she ever hitched up with a skunk like Jerome. Belle's hard—but she's a clean stepper, at that. What'll it be?" As by common consent they adjourned to the nearest saloon.

After a sleepless night Belle arrived in El Dorado. She had been obliged to ride in a stuffy day coach, her arms were breaking with the fatigue of dandling her fretting, ill-nourished baby, and she was weak from hunger. She stumbled into the depot, and fumbling in her purse, found a solitary dime. She sat down on a stool before the depot



That night Belle and her baby were guests of the El Dorado.



No one answered. Belle slid briskly from the stool and started for the door. "I'm due at the El Dorado then, right now," she said.

One of the loungers stepped forward. "Wait a minute, lady." Then to the group about him, as if answering a protest, "I tell you, it ain't square to let her go unwarned." To Belle, "Did I understand you to say you was Ted Jerome's wife?"

"I sure am," impatiently.

"Well, I think you ought to know he's—he's met with an accident. He's bad hurt."

Belle staggered. The man stepped forward and helped her to the seat. "Boys, some water for the lady," he called. "Now, ma'am, don't take it so hard. It's got to come to all of us, you know—

"You mean he's dead?"

"He—he got into a shooting scrape yesterday. Shut up, Tom," to a man who had started to speak. "I don't know the p'ticulars.

"He'll be at the El Dorado pretty soon—they're bringin' him there. If you want to see—him—

An hour later Belle sat in the parlor of the El Dorado hotel, wide eyed and dumb. Beside her a girl dressed in deep black sobbed and wrung her hands. Upstairs lay the lifeless body of the man who had deceived them both, for now the depth of her husband's perfidy was revealed to Belle. This sobbing girl, Kate MacDonald, had believed herself the lawful bride of Ted Jerome. And her brother, John MacDonald, a poor prospector, had discovered Jerome's deception of his sister, and had marched him over a cliff at the point of a revolver.

Belle sat watching the grief-stricken girl and something like pity came into her face. She, herself, had suffered so much through Jerome's worthlessness that she had few tears to spare. She was more concerned over her own and her child's future than over the loss of her husband. But Kate MacDonald's heart was broken. She had loved the handsome, charming scapegrace devotedly, and it was her first and only romance. Her reason told her that under the rough but chivalrous code of the West her brother was blameless. He must avenge the wrong done his sister or cease to be a man among the men of his kind.

But her heart cried out for the man who had whispered words of love to her, and would not be comforted.

That night Belle and her baby were guests of the El Dorado. Now that Ted was gone, she had not even a broken reed to lean upon. Her efforts at the washtub had not been lucrative. Miners were not over particular in the matter of clean linen, and even had they been, Belle was not strong enough to earn a living wage as a washerwoman. But she could sing—and she remembered that there were many dance halls in El Dorado. But the child—she could not take

lunch counter, and with her child on one arm, swallowed a cup of muddy coffee and managed a few bites of an ancient sandwich.

El Dorado was a town of more pretensions than Acme. It boasted thirty saloons where Acme had a meager dozen, several flourishing blacksmith's shops, a large general store and a fairly good hotel. Ted must have found good pickings there, thought Belle, as somewhat refreshed by the food and warmth of coffee, she leaned forward and asked the proprietor of the lunch stand, "Can you tell me where I'll find Ted Jerome?"

The proprietor set down a cup which he had been polishing with a napkin, and made no reply. A group of loungers in the depot stopped talking; there was complete and sudden silence in the place. Belle looked from one to another inquiringly.

The lunch counter man cleared his throat. "Who—who did you say, lady?"

"Ted Jerome. I'm his wife and this is his baby."

Again there was silence. Then the proprietor said, with some hesitancy, "Why, he generally hangs out at the El Dorado hotel, don't he boys?"

### The Claim

**N**ARRATED by permission, from the four-act stage play by Charles Kenyon and Frank Dare. Produced by Metro with the following cast:

*Belle Jones*.....Edith Storey  
*Kate MacDonald*....Mignon Anderson  
*John MacDonald*....Wheeler Oakman  
*Pansy Bryan*.....Marion Skinner  
*Mike Bryan*.....Paul Weigel  
*Ted Jerome*.....Fred Malatesta



it with her; she would not be able to earn a living and care for it, now that Ted was gone.

In the early hours of the next day, before the blackness of the night had shown a rift of gray, Belle stole past the nodding night clerk of the El Dorado and softly laid her sleeping baby on the bar, its little head pillowed on a pile of newspapers. Then, like a shadow, she stole to the door and was gone.

\* \* \* \* \*

Four years later El Dorado was still a brisk little metropolis of the West. John MacDonald, who was now a citizen of substance, chanced to enter a dance hall one evening. A woman was singing. John listened, enchanted,—the full rich notes were vastly different from the raucous screeching of the average music hall performer. She sang again, and the sweetness of her voice seemed to cast a golden radiance over the murky atmosphere of the place. There were cadences in song that made him think of tinkling church bells in the sunshine of a summer Sunday morning; there was the freshness of soft, rain-laden winds in apple blossom time.

John looked at the woman; her face was comely, but smooth and hard. "Who is she?" he asked of a stooped little man beside him.

"Belle Jones." The speaker had a slight foreign accent. "Ah, her voice! She should have it trained. It is glorious. I am a musician and I know."

John looked at him curiously. "Why don't you advise her to do so?"

The other shrugged his shoulders. "So many times have I told Mees Belle of the fortune that lies in her throat. 'What use?' she says. 'I am poor; and it takes much money.' Miss Belle—she is what you call—good. She have no money."

John left the place, thoughtfully chewing on a cigar. The golden voice haunted him. He came back a night or two later to hear it again. But the girl was gone; in her place was a loud-mouthed darkey accompanying himself on a banjo. John approached the bartender and casually asked what had become of Belle Jones.

"Search me," answered the white-aproned dignitary. "That batty old has-been of an opry singer that used to hang out here was always puttin' the idee into the girl's head of havin' her voice trained. He got her plumb nutty at last. She said she'd got to figure out a way to get more money." His voice rose aggrievedly. "If she'd 'a loosened up a little and smiled onct in a while and helped sell drinks, she's 'a got more money. But a guy ain't keen on the frozen face—"

But John MacDonald had lost interest. That night he went to several places, but he found no trace of Belle.

His faith in human nature might have received a severe jolt had he known that the object of his solicitude was,

that very evening, calming working out the details of a blackmailing campaign with himself and his sister as its objects. It seemed that the night John had heard Belle sing in the cafe, she had chanced to overhear a conversation concerning him. One man had said to another:

"Did you see John MacDonald settin' over there, listenin' to Belle's singin' as if he was in a trance?" He had winked prodigiously at his partner as he saw that Belle was listening. "Now, there's a chance for you, Belle. Stiddy bachelor, rich, no strings on him—and I could see you had him locoed."

"Who's John MacDonald?" Belle had asked.

"Never heard of Big John—him that got tangled up in a shootin' scrape here about four years ago and killed his man? The jury set him free without leavin' the court room. And about the little kid that him and his sister adopted, that was left on the bar of the El Dorado? They say he never had a stroke of luck till then, and afterward, everything he touched turned to gold. They fair worship that child, John and Kate. Pretty kid, with yellow curls and blue eyes."

Belle's quick brain immediate-

It seemed that the night John had heard Belle sing she had chanced to overhear a conversation concerning him.





ly grasped the situation, and "Here's your chance!" rang in her ears as if it had been spoken aloud. The MacDonald's were rich and they had learned to love the child she had deserted. Very well; they would undoubtedly part with money before they would part with the child. Belle was determined to obtain money. The possibilities of this source seemed more reliable as she pondered over it. After some hard thinking, she decided that it would be safest to approach Kate first. She produced the following letter after many laborious trials in which she wasted a great deal of paper:



"Is this all the kid is worth to you?" she sneered. "You'll have to come across with twenty thousand."

"Miss Kate MacDonald,  
El Dorado, Nevada.

The mother of the little girl that you call Goldie wants her child. If you want to keep Goldie you will have to hand over some money. So don't say anything to anybody and meet me at the big rock at the end of Bowman street at seven o'clock tonight. If you tell anyone, the deal is off and she will come and get the girl. She can do it. BELLE JONES."

When Kate MacDonald had taken Belle Jerome's deserted baby to her aching heart, that cold morning in the barroom of the El Dorado, it had seemed to her that the little one was directly a gift from God; that Ted Jerome's child had been sent her to love, to help heal the grievous hurt its father had given her. The little one had grown up in an atmosphere of love and sunshine; she was a laughing, dancing little elf, and Kate and John had told each other that no hint of the dark tragedy of her baby years should ever cast a shadow on her life. And now—Kate read Belle's letter over for the third time and frantic terror seized her. In one breath she was determined to take it at once to John, and in the next, she shuddered

lest Goldie's mother should make good her threat. She happened to have quite a sum of money on hand that morning, which John had given her for the purpose of settling their account at the El Dorado general store. Kate counted it—it was almost three hundred dollars. Perhaps if she gave that money to the woman she could gain time by it. Something might happen—she would take Goldie far away—

Feverishly Kate thrust the money in her bosom and hurried to the meeting place given in the letter. She would do *anything*, rather than give up Goldie.

Belle was waiting. Without words, Kate handed her the little roll of bills. Belle looked at them contemptuously.

"Is this all the kid is worth to you?" she sneered. "This is nothing. You'll have to come across with—" she made a quick mental calculation, "with twenty thousand dollars."

"Where can I get twenty thousand dollars?" gasped poor Kate. "It's impossible. I've given you all I had."

"That brother of yours has struck it rich, I hear. What's that much money to him? And Goldie changed his luck, didn't she? Well, I won't be hard on you; I'll give you a week to raise it in."

Kate wrung her hands. "I can't," she moaned.

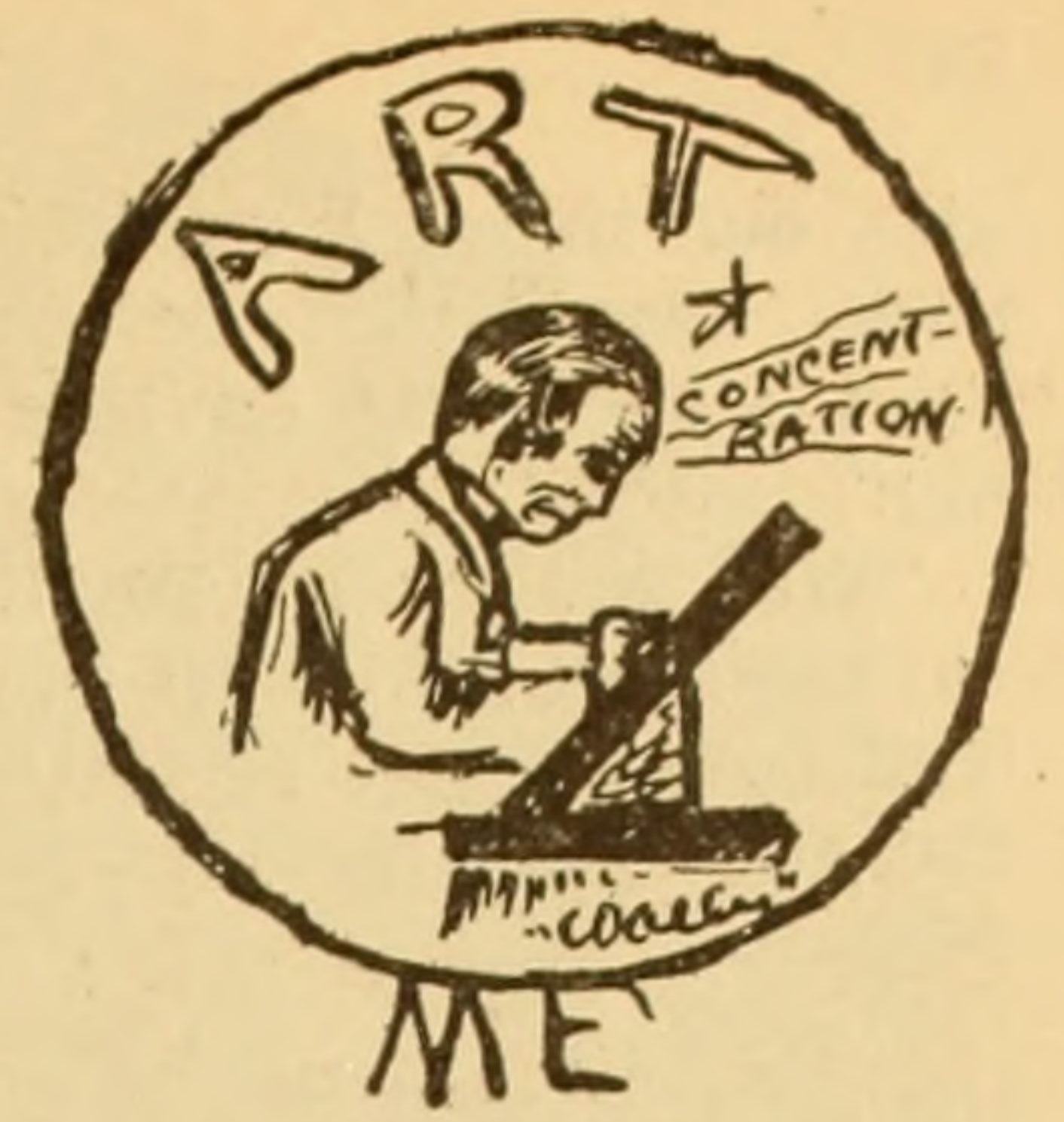
Belle put the little roll of bills in her pocket. "I'll come to your house a week from today," she said coolly. "And I'll take the money or the kid. If you try any funny business, you'll be sorry. Goldie's mother has friends that will look after her."

With this threat she turned on her heel, leaving Kate a prey to dread fears. She ran all the way home and burst in, breathless. "Goldie!" she called. Suppose that dreadful woman had already made good her threat. Kate had

(Continued on page 114)



# Wandering With Wally



Wallace Reid has outdone Ulysses as far as wandering is concerned—but is he a better artist?

Art by Wallace Reid

Literature by Kenneth McGaffey

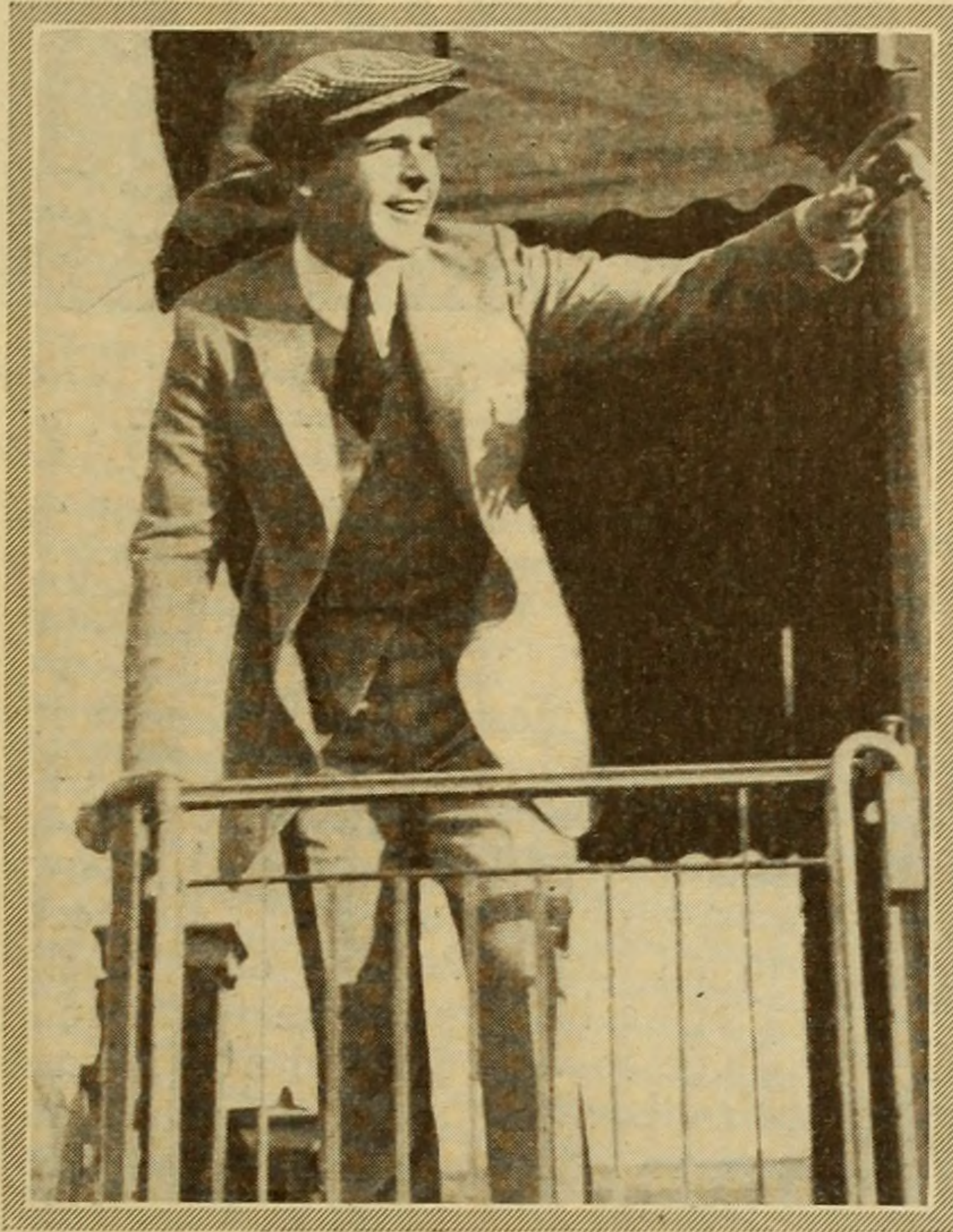
TAKING it by and large, to and fro, pro and con, back and forth, as someone else has said more ably but not so prominently, it was *some tour*.

Would that I had the pen of a Gibbon or a John Fiske that I could chronicle in detail the events as they took place and thus contribute my bit to the pages of history.

Little did we—referring to Wallace Reid—(hereinafter known as “Wally”), the celebrated cartoonist and well known Paramount star—little did we—I repeat—dream of the adventures which would befall us when—like the innocent little babes in the woods, which we are—we set forth, hand in hand on our voyage of discovery.

You see, it was this way—Wally had been a resident of California for a constant period of six years; had graduated from the rank of “native son,” and been promoted to the exalted degree of “California pioneer.” It is the concensus of opinion that six years is too long to keep away from any one place, and Wally was eager to make a trip to New York to attend the opera season and perhaps run up and hear the Boston Symphony Orchestra. And I yearned to once more gaze upon Grant’s Tomb and see what new finny treasures had been added to the Aquarium.

When it was breathed in the daily prints that Wally was threatened with a



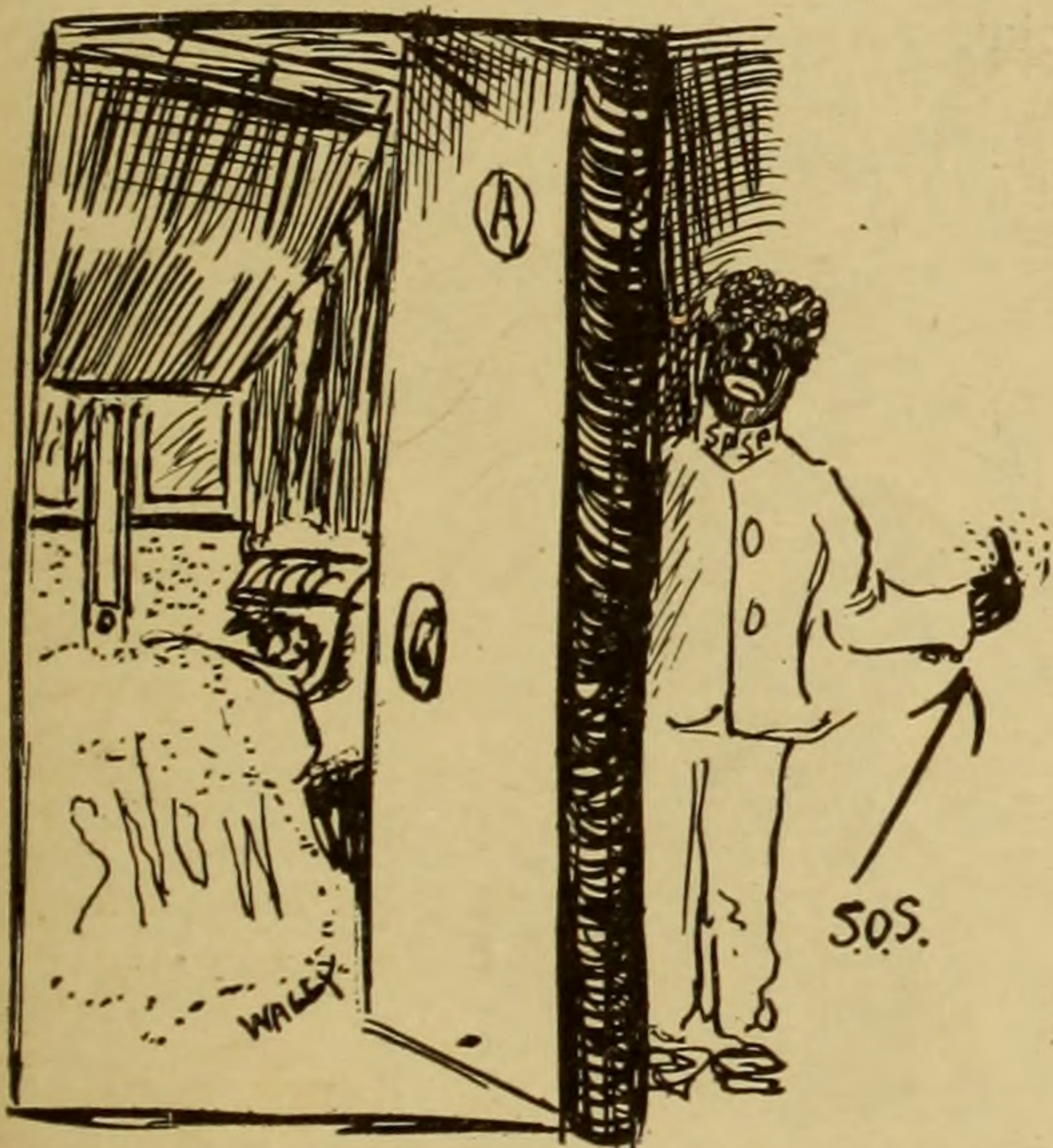
The camera caught Wally on the observation platform. Here, at least, he can be recognized.

“knock ‘em dead” with our “act” once we began to appear at the different theatres. Anyone believing our conversation could have visualized a performance that would have made vaudeville’s greatest headliners look like a deaf and dumb duo in a dark cellar.

It was not until we had commenced to climb into the hills that Wally remarked:

“Now that we have this tour of personal appearances what are we going to do with it? What have I got to do?”

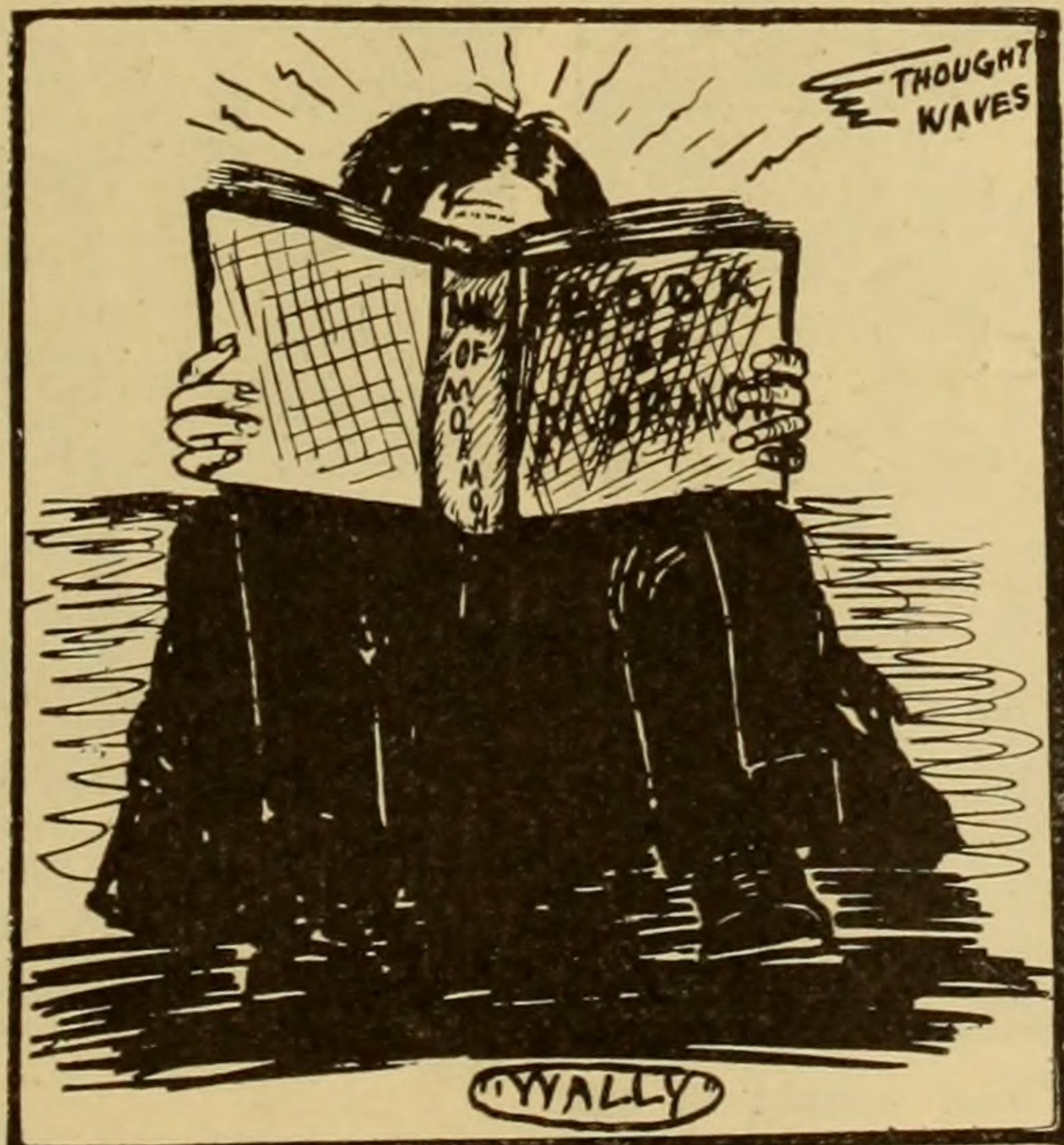
“All you’ve got to do when we get to a town,” said I, “is to be met by a



“And if the porter hadn’t broken in to see if we were still alive—who can tell?”

visit to New York to do a picture, large portions of the public began clamoring for him to stop off in their respective towns and show himself in person, so that they might observe what a real actor looks like.

The itinerary was duly organized, and heart-light and fancy-free, we set forth. Around the studio we had bragged at great length on how we were going to



“Ken bought the Book of Mormon at Salt Lake and liked the idea.”

delegation of prominent citizens, fed, and then escorted for a little talk at from five to fifteen theatres, get on the train and then try to get a nice sleep before doing it over again in the next town.”

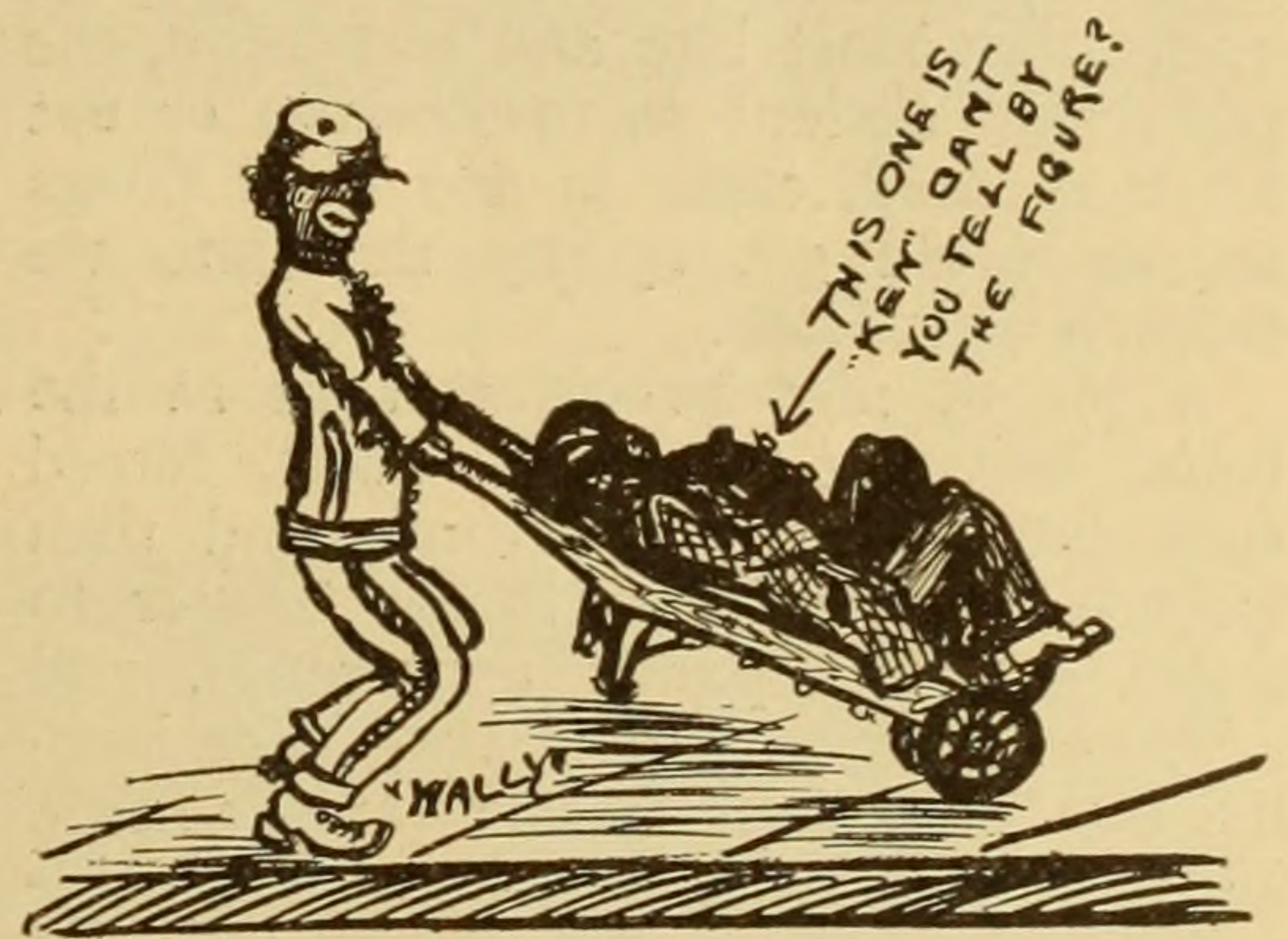
“What do you do?” demanded Wally.

“Well,” I explained, “I have really the hard part. The burden of toil is upon my humble shoulders for while you are entertaining the audiences and yourself with your feast of reason and flow of soul, I have to stroll casually about the town, inspect the various points of interest, view the exhibits at the Chamber of Commerce, and select suitable souvenir postcards to mail to my friends out West.”

“Is that all?” asked the noted star.

“Yes,” replied the lowly companion.

“No, it ain’t!” he retorted, using a common colloquialism to make his point more effective. “There is one more slight duty you will have to perform, namely this: *You will appear on the stage each and every time I do—or I’m going to be awfully hard to catch.* You don’t get me thrusting my shy young self before an audience without both physical and moral support—and *you are it.* Any stage that is denied the privilege of supporting your slight form will also have to get along without me.



“In Kansas City they rolled our remains out of town.”

“That point being settled to the satisfaction of all,” he continued, stretching his legs and sprawling his feet on the opposite seat in utter defiance of Pullman regulations, “what am I going to talk about?”

“Tell them how good an actor you are,” was grouchyly suggested.

“No, I’ve got to talk longer than that,” mused Wally, pensively knocking the ashes from his pipe into his confer’s open suit case. “What will I talk about? How pictures are made is old stuff and would take too long. I must talk about something that won’t take too long, because after three or four min-



utes out there, I am going to pass away—and besides, I can't stand long on this bum hip."

"Well, it's a cinch you'll have to explain your limp anyway. Tell how you got it, and why," the *real genius* of the troupe suggested.

"Good idea," complimented the artist, "what are you going to say when you introduce me?"

"I shall wait until I hear what you have to say," responded the introducer, "and if it is good stuff I shall use the best part of it in telling about you, thereby leaving you flat when you come on and paying you off for forcing me to introduce you. In military nomenclature this is called reprisal."

It was warm when we retired but some time during the night a blizzard sneaked up on us and when our little pink eyelids began to flutter at daybreak it was raging as strong within the drawing room as without. The push button had been worn out the night before and as the celebrated cartoonist wouldn't get up to close the transom and turn on the steam, we were due to lay there freezing until a relief expedition arrived. Along in the afternoon just as we were about to pass away from frost bite and starvation, the porter got curious as to whether or not we were dead, came in and fixed things so we could get up by the time we reached Salt Lake.

A lot of nice people met us at the train, drove us up to the hotel, forced food into our starving forms and then we were dragged over to the theater to make our first public appearance, still with no speeches. Just as we were leaving the hotel, I grabbed the trusty fiddle and stuck it under my arm.

"What's that for?" asked the Charles Dana Gibson of the silent art.

"That," explained the rest of the organization, "is the life preserver. When you get out there on the stage and say, 'Ladies and gentlemen' and then can't think of anything more, I'll hand you this and say, 'For heaven's sake,—fiddle!'"

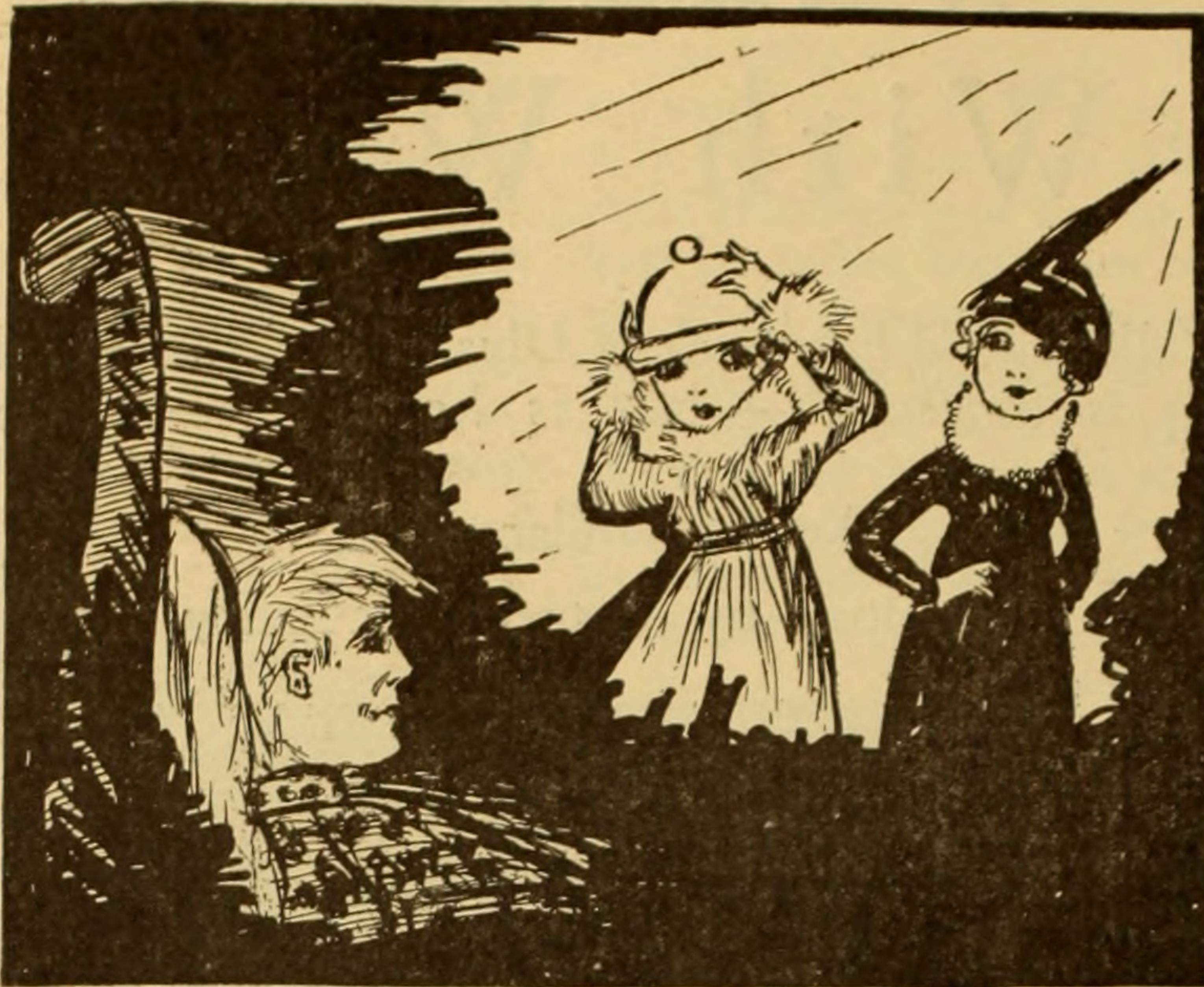
Tears of gratitude sprang into the strong man's eyes.

As we started back stage for our first conquest, Wally whispered—"What will I talk about?"

"Tell them how you got hurt in 'The Woman God Forgot,' and frozen in 'Nan of Music Mountain.'"

"Gosh!" said Wally.

I had an original introduction all



"In Baltimore the darkness of sleep was dispelled by the entrance of two reporters. Oh boy! some reporters!"



"In Pittsburg we met a girl who confided that she was Miss Clark's double. (Get the eyes.)"

framed up in the back of my head to spring as a surprise. It began, "Mr. Mayor, Fellow Citizens, Ladies and Gentlemen! We have with us tonight the most famous, the most popular and most beautiful masculine exponent of the silent drama, etc., etc." I had it all set. Knew what to do with my hands and feet and all that. In the dark, back stage, we both got stage fright and to hide it we both started kidding each other in whispers—then all of a sudden someone pushed me out in front of a lot of footlights, faces, orchestra, spot light and things. After crowding my heart down where it belonged and adjusting my soaring Adam's apple, I began—

"Ladies and Gentlemen." That portion of the entertainment. The rest of the oration was elsewhere—it was not with me. Wally blocked the wings so I couldn't get off so there was nothing left for me to do but to fall back on



"Ken wanted to see Grant's Tomb, but this is what he saw the most of."



"And most of my 'grand opera' looked like this."

"Our first night in New York we saw lots of Spanish at the cocoanut grove."



the kidding we had done in the dark, so I told the audience about it, knowing that I would be shot at sunrise anyway. After four long years of conversation I managed to mention Wally's name and ducked during the applause. Wally stepped out with his knees and teeth sounding like the dance scene in "Carmen."

"For once," I thought, "the handsome actor has met his Waterloo."

By the time the applause had subsided he got his nerve back and without trying to be a Daniel Webster, told about the snow scene and how it was taken up in Truckee. He got away with it. My stuff was probably over their heads. Reid finished with a lot of applause and every one seemed to take to him.

The nice, hearty reception we were given afterwards gave us our nerve and by the time we had finished the fourth and last appearance in Salt Lake we had enough to borrow money from the audience if the orchestra hadn't been in the way.

The next afternoon we headed for Denver. I knew we would be a big hit in Denver because at one time I was a prominent citizen in those parts and the papers could come out with headlines, saying: "Local Boy Back With Star"—and other thrilling headlines.

To cheer up the Wyoming plains, Wally dug out his little soprano saxophone and began to render a little harmony. Wally had just reached the second or third bar of some lilting ditty when the train stopped with a jerk, doors flew open and the train crew jumped out. I rushed to the platform and saw a whole gang looking under the cars and back along the track. "Somebody thought we hit sumpin'," explained a porter. The train started and we started more melody in the drawing room. With a jerk that

nearly threw us out of our seats the train stopped again. More excitement on the part of the train crew and as I stuck my head out of the drawing room door, I heard the conductor say: "Check up the women and children."

Then I realized. Saxophone! That was it! The train crew thought murder, not music was being committed.

Back went the saxophone out of sight and from Denver it went home. No use taking chances with the railroads and police.

(Continued on page 110)



# A FILM SATIRE

"Nut Stuff." And it's all that its title implies.

"NUT STUFF" is the first moving-picture satire on the movies. Rather a burlesque than a satire; but still the first. Of course Anita Loos has satirized everything from the New-thought faddists to Pacifism; but she has not yet done the movies. Until she does, "Nut Stuff" stands alone.

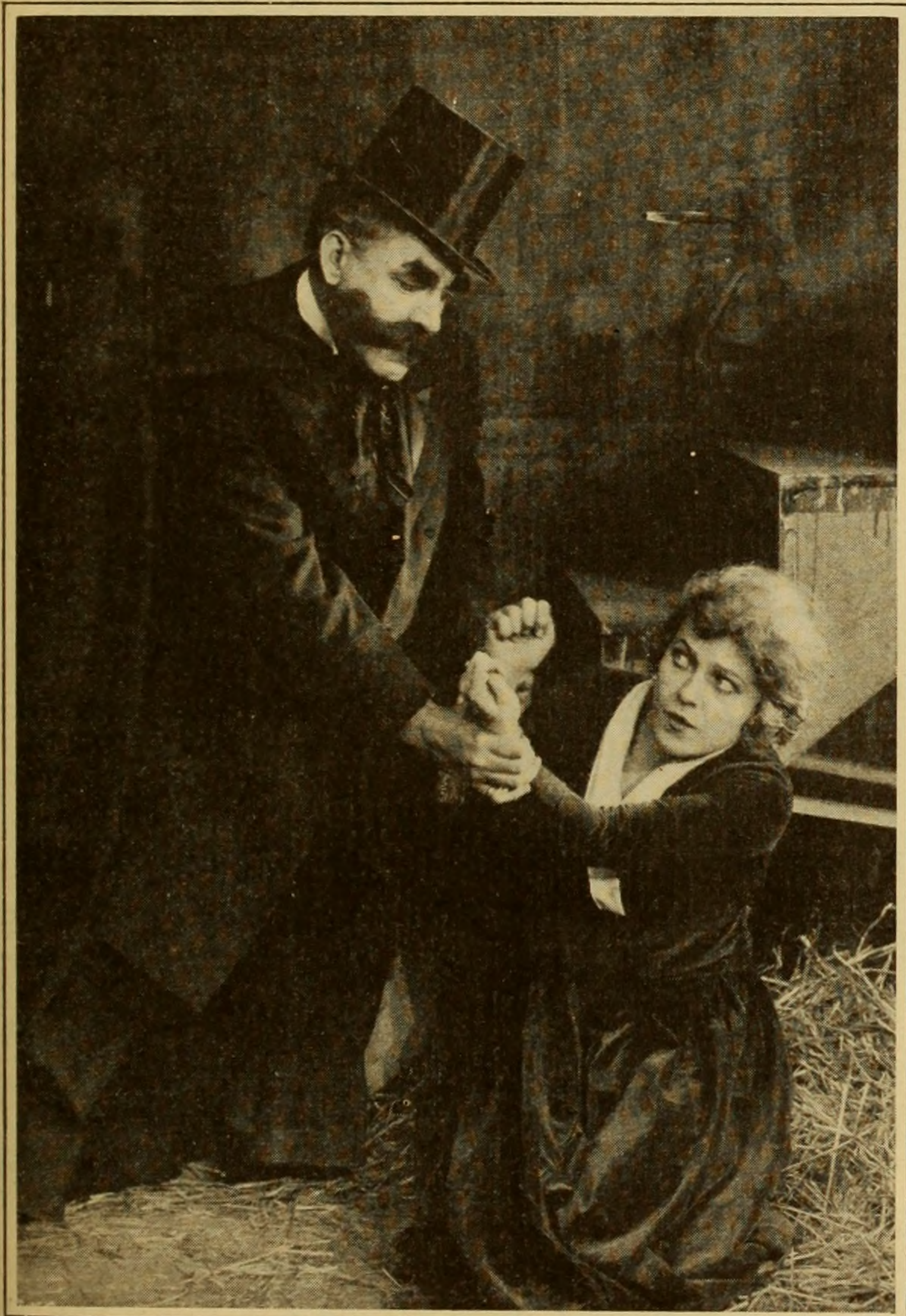
It is a one-reel Essanay comedy, arranged and directed by Arthur Hotaling. It exposes the methods of the "Hardly Able Feature-Film Company" whose eminent director conceives a brilliant scenario entitled, "Whose Girl is She?" He induces his company to stage the picture on credit, and takes them out on location—where he throws his arms about, stands in front of his own camera, and in other ways proves himself a real artiste. He carries his finished product to the Purchasing Department, where it is run off to the buyers. And we have on a smaller screen "Whose Girl is She?" There is the sweetly-simple heroine; the stalwart hero; the heavy-mustached villain; the screen butler. There is a travesty on the quick-change artists of the serials; on the careless direction that permits a player to enter a room in one costume and leave it in another. There is the abduction in broad daylight; the incriminating hand-print; the fight at the finish; the nick-of-time rescue. The close-ups are unique; the whole picture is slanted like the scenes in a ship at sea. And after "Whose Girl is She?" has been run to the thrilling finish, there is its director, somewhat shaken out of his self-esteem by a comedy-kick out. Finally we see him entangled in his roll of film, misunderstood by his long-suffering company. Yet there may be some who will take "Nut Stuff" seriously.



Arthur Bates, as the director of the "Hardly Able Feature Film Co.," thinks he has found a whale of a melodramatic spectacle in "Whose Girl is She?" He wrote it himself.



He reads the 'script to his company, who finally consent to stage the picture. Observe from left-to-right: "Whose Girl is She"; her mother; her father; the heavy-mustached villain.



The big scene—the thrilling episode in the man hole from "Whose Girl is She?" The heavy-mustached villain has the heroine in his clutches; but never mind—our hero is on his way.



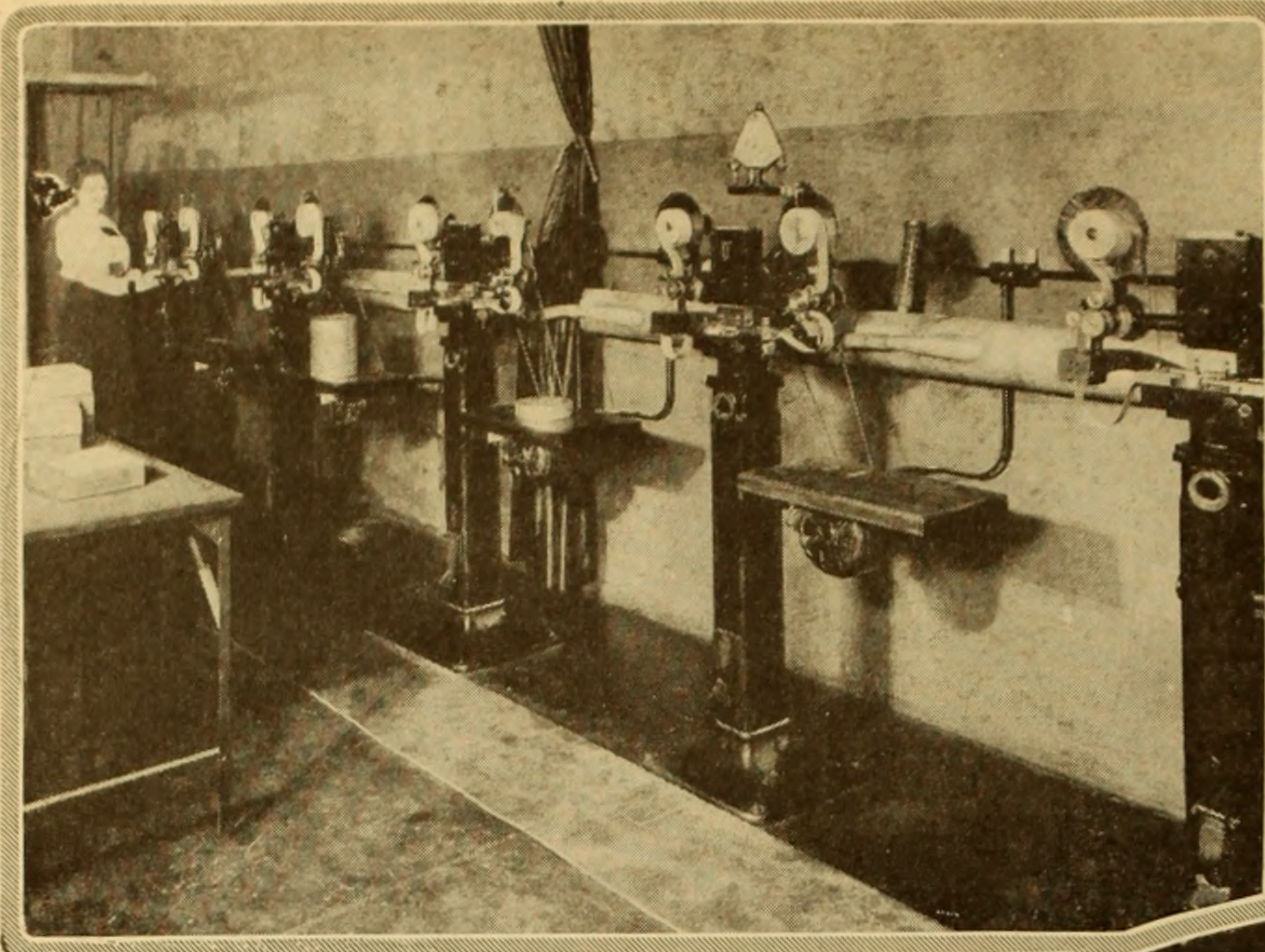
The director calls through his megaphone for more action. He's standing in front of the camera; but the cameraman doesn't mind. You know every good director wears a cap on location.



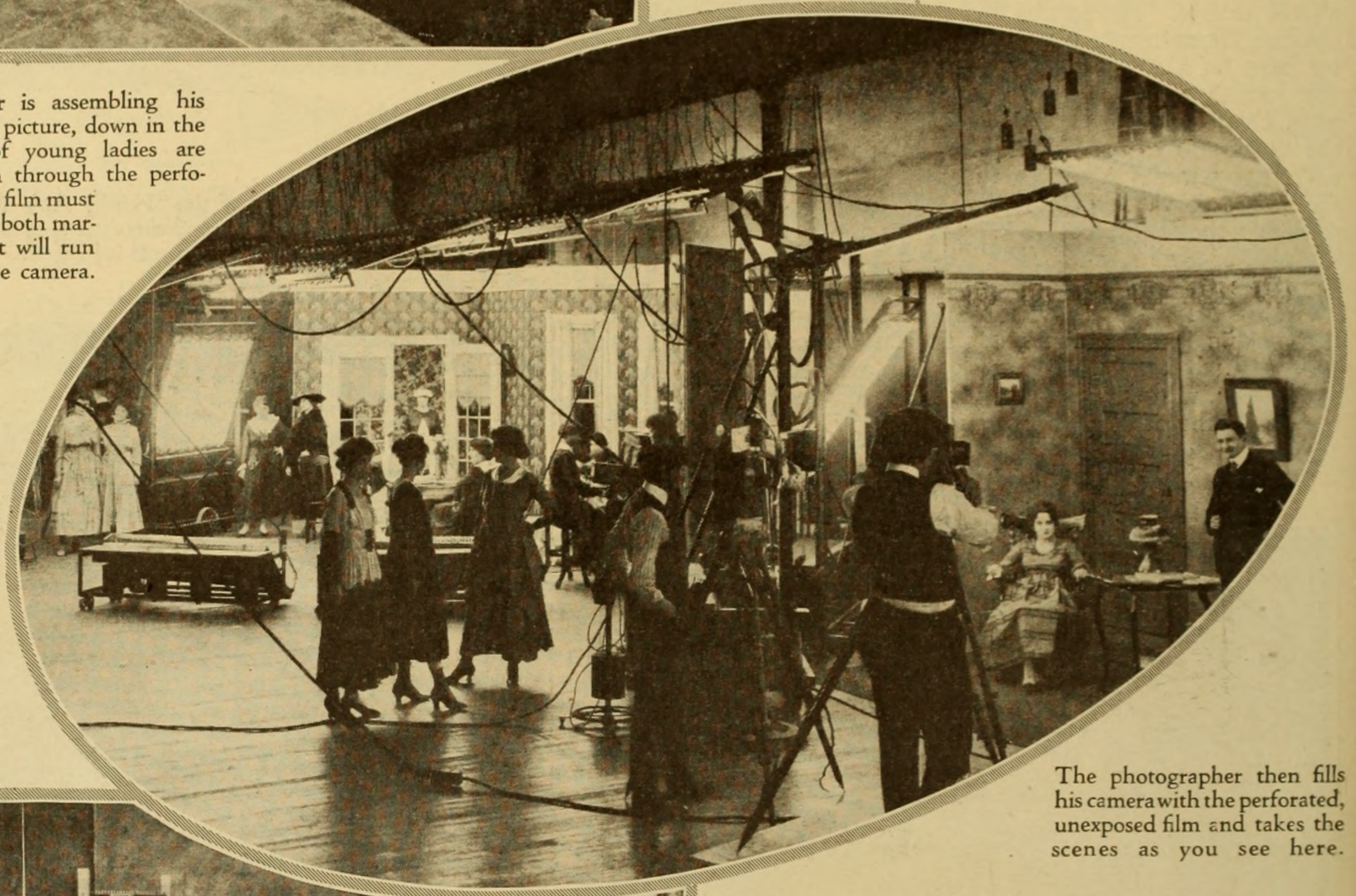
# Stars That Do Not Shine!

*Proving, however, that "Doug," Mary Pickford or Bill Hart aren't "the whole show"*

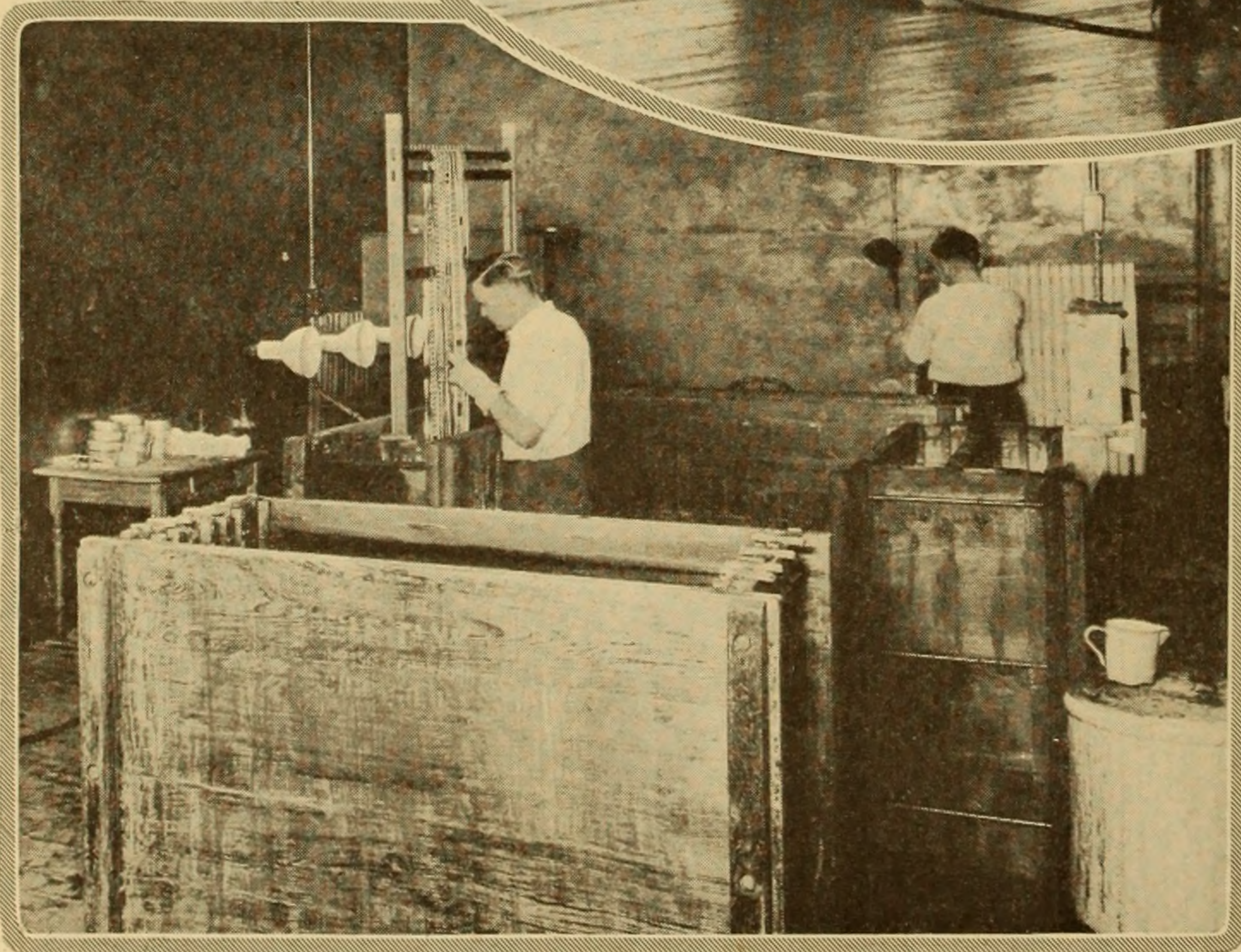
Illustrations from Rothacker Studios, Chicago



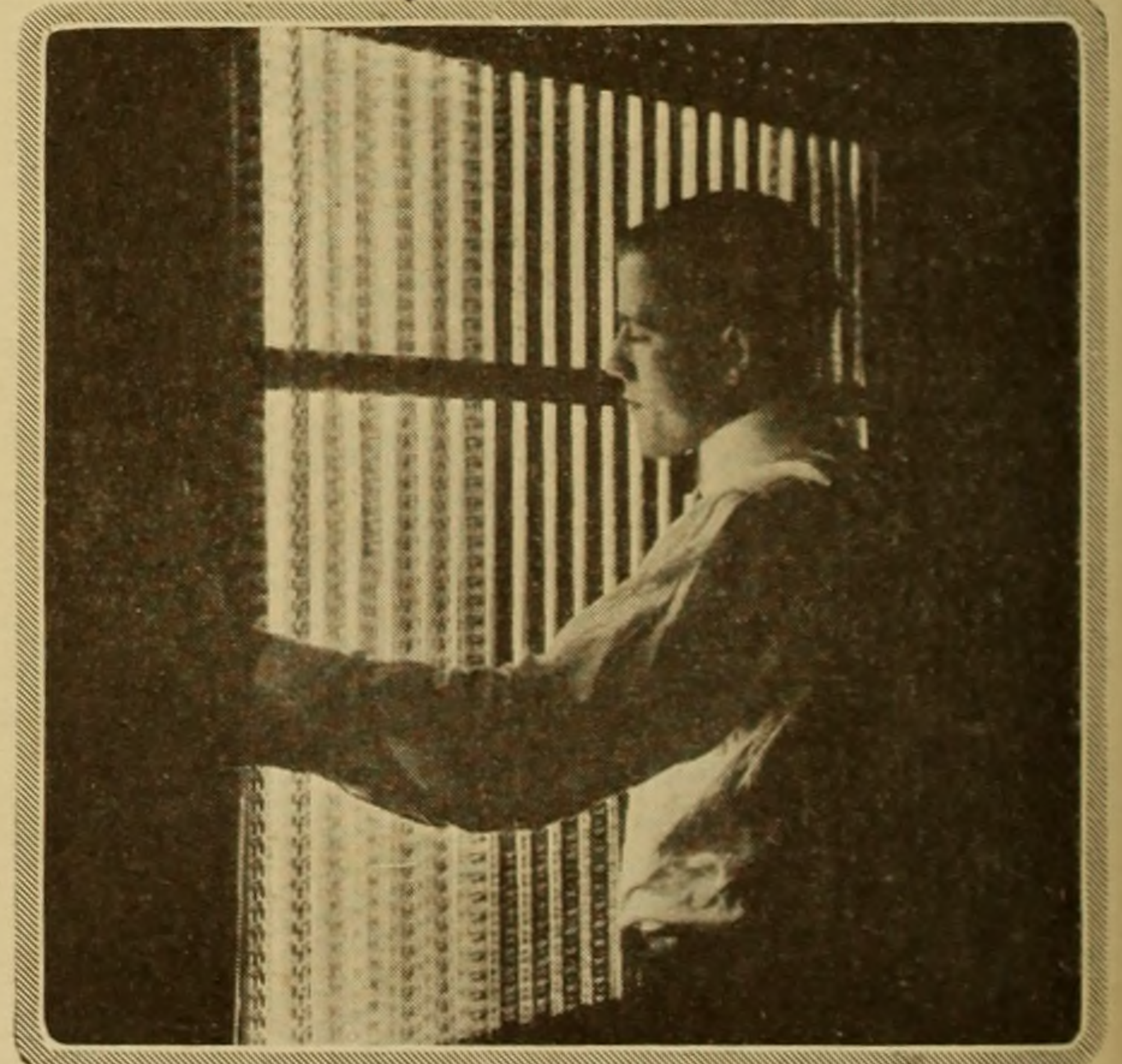
While the director is assembling his company for a new picture, down in the factory a group of young ladies are running "raw" film through the perforating machine. All film must be perforated down both margins in order that it will run over the cogs of the camera.



The photographer then fills his camera with the perforated, unexposed film and takes the scenes as you see here.



The exposed film is taken down to the developing room. This film is the "master film" or the negative, from which are made prints that go to the theatres. The principle on which this is developed is the same employed in developing your Kodak snap-shots. It's a wary process — for a tiny bit of light would spoil everything.



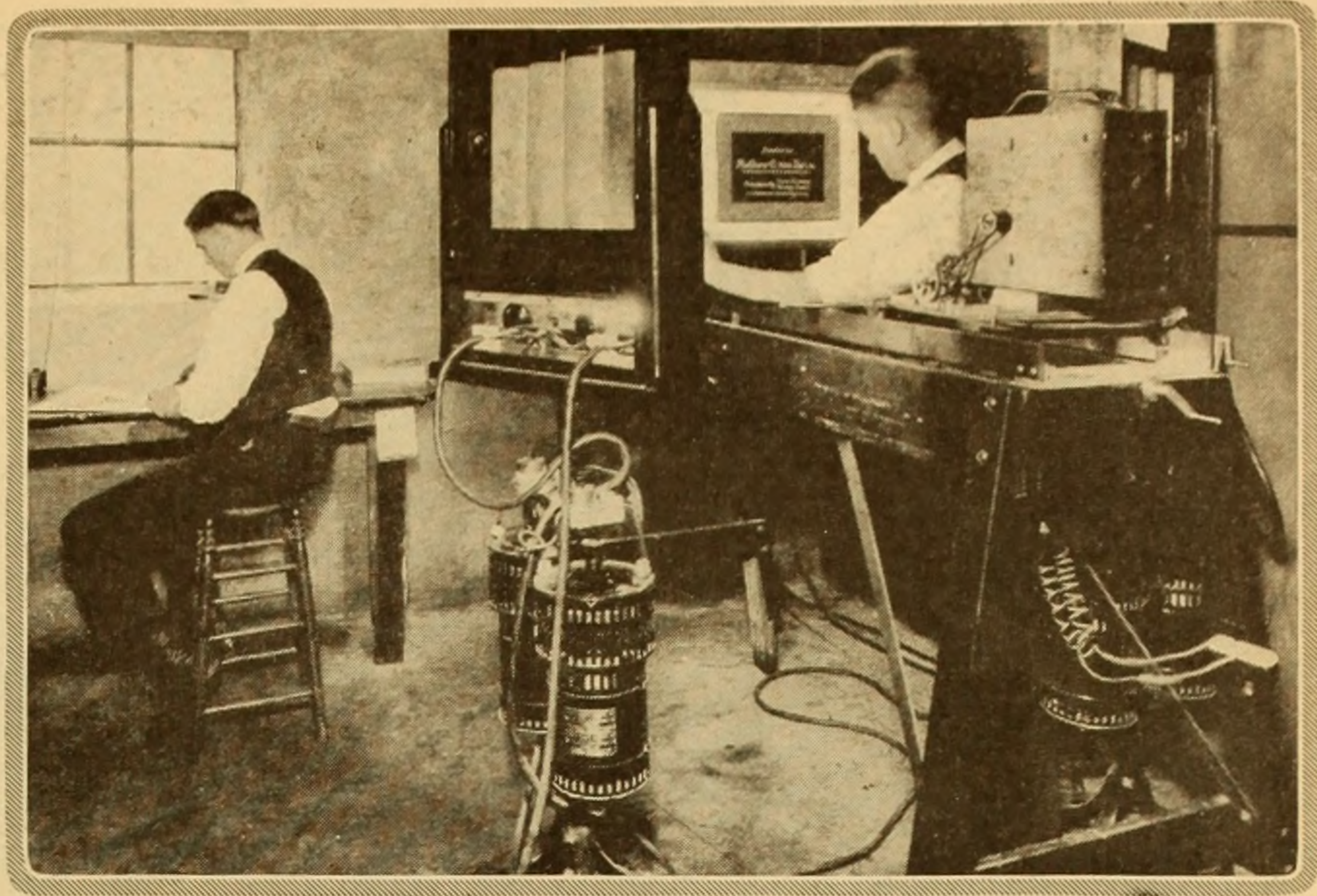
Now that the negative is developed, it is placed over a strong light. And an inspector stands over it, hunting for flaws. One time a well known producer filmed five hundred or so feet of a spectacular "costume" picture on what proved to be imperfect film, discovered by the inspector. The scenes were re-taken at great loss of time and money.



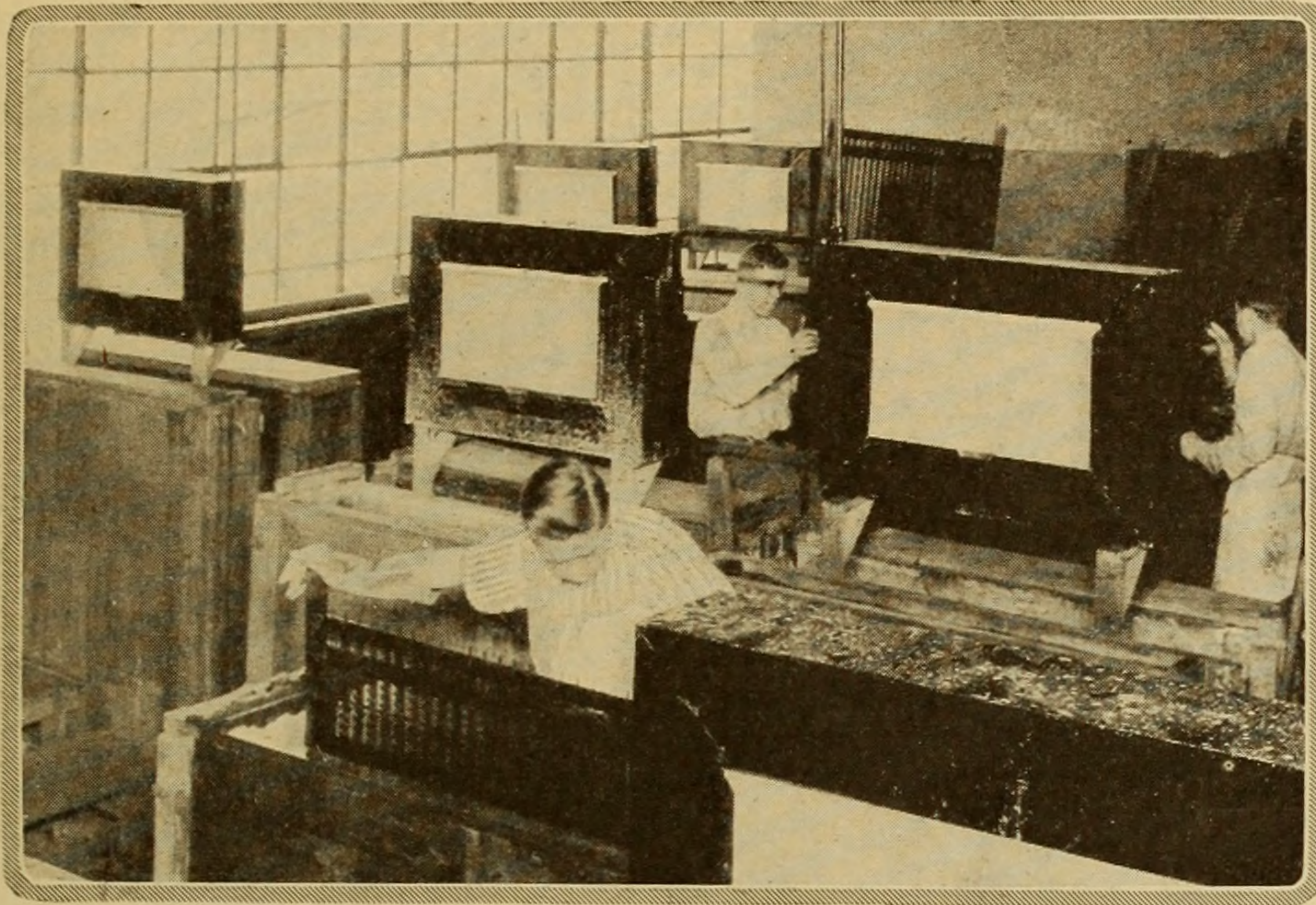
**Y**OUR beloved faces of the shadow stage aren't "the whole show." There is a world of talent—genius—off the studio floor necessary to complete a photoplay. Imagine! "Our Mary" could never have become the celebrity she now is were it not for the helping hand of these studio folk.

There's Jimmie the cameraman, Louise the perforator, Jerry the negative developer—and scads of others. In obscure corners of the studio factory they employ brain and finger that the movie goer may sit in his favorite theatre and forget about the war cost of living.

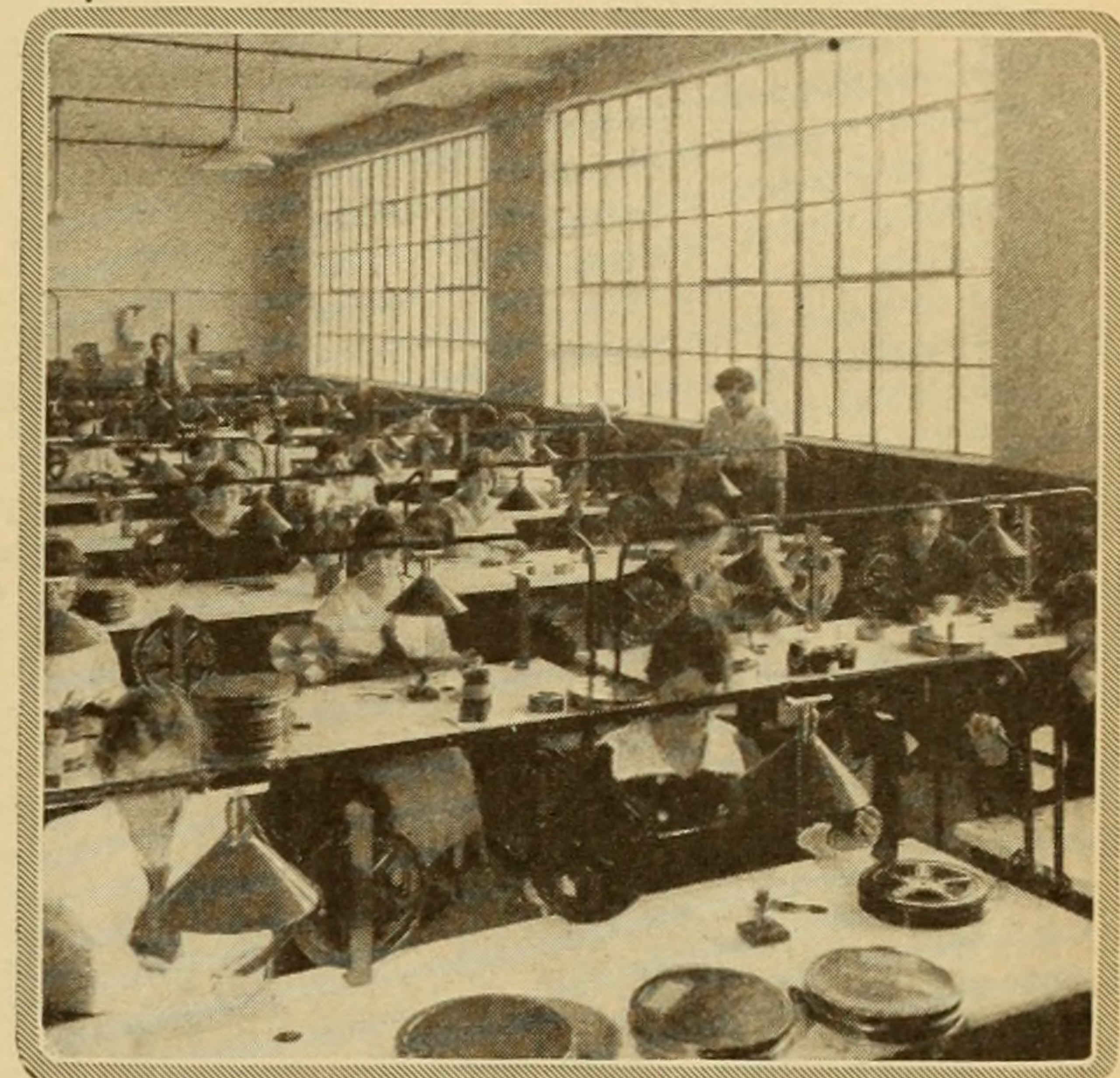
And so—in order that these "stars that never shine" may receive due recognition, let's be off to the Mills of Make-Believe. (And Mary pul-lease don't pout! These folks are entitled to a little publicity, aren't they? Of course.)



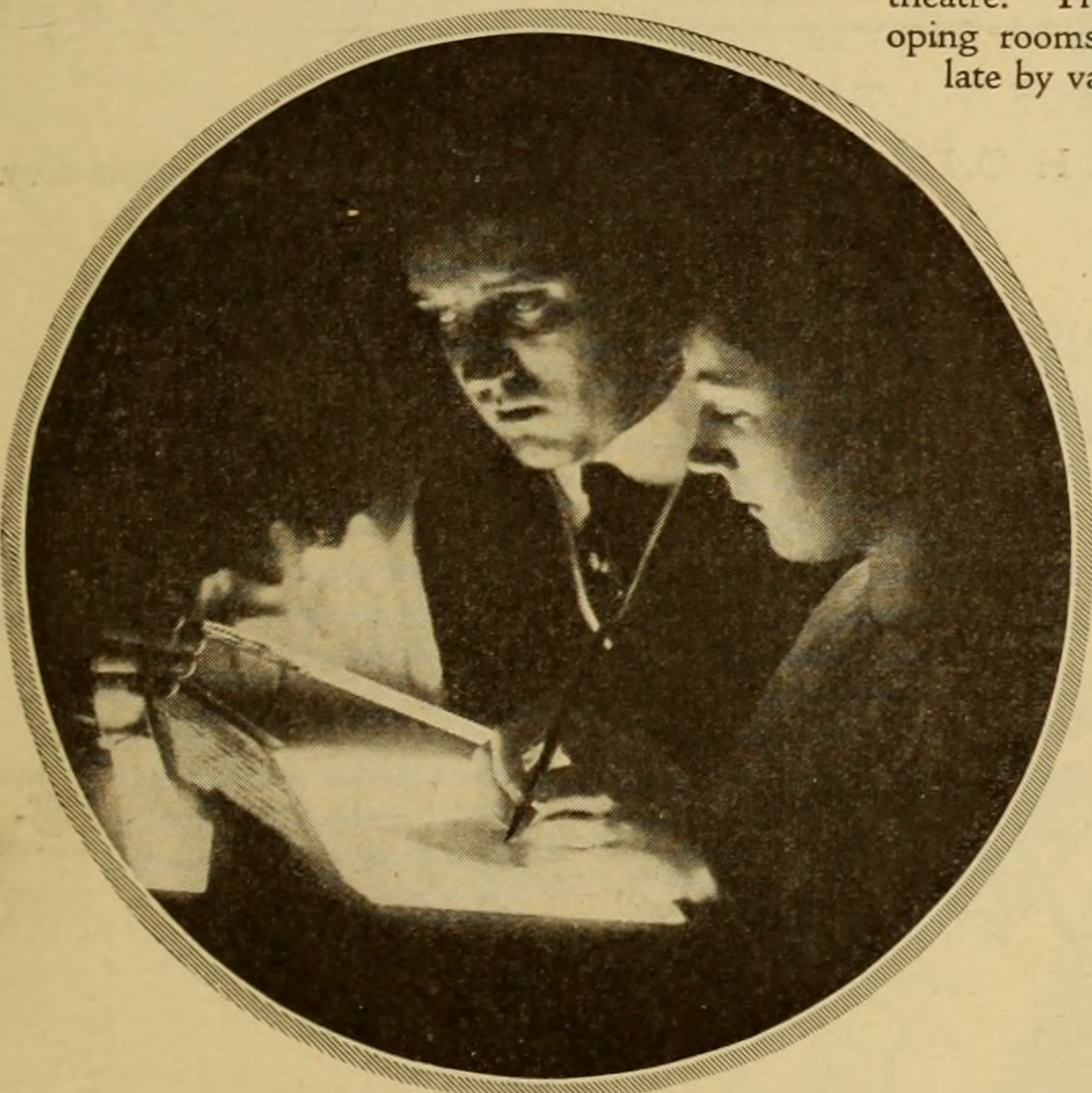
Here is the sub-titling department where the lines you read on the screen are photographed. These subtitles are "set up" in type and printed on a heavy piece of paper. They are then photographed.



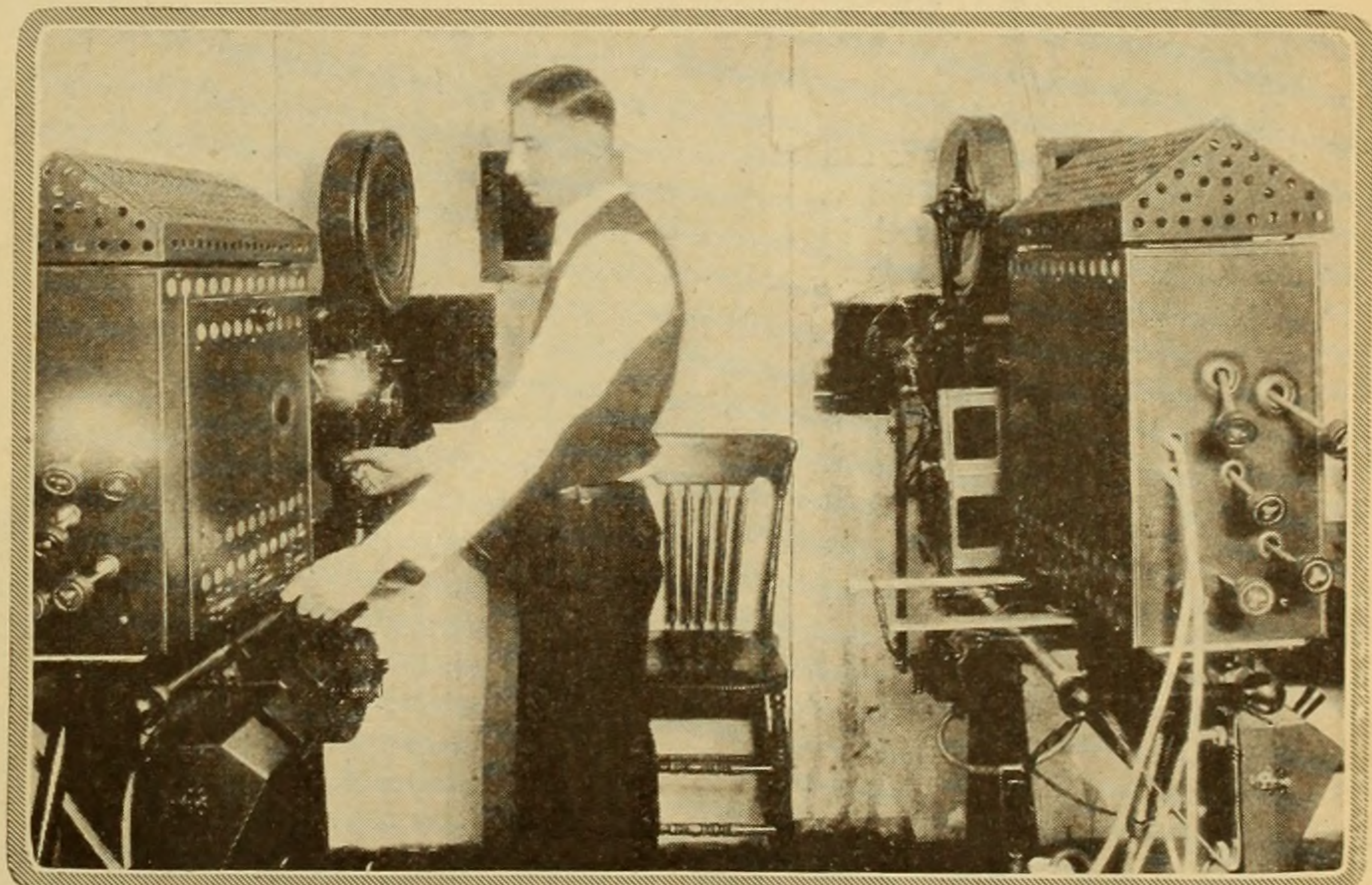
After inspection, the negative is washed in pure water. A speck of dust on this negative would be magnified many times when the picture is shown in the theatre. The air in the developing rooms is kept immaculate by vacuum cleaners.



After the strips of positive film are developed, they go to the assembling room, where nimble-fingered young ladies put them together. Extreme care must be exercised to see that the strips are pasted in their proper places.



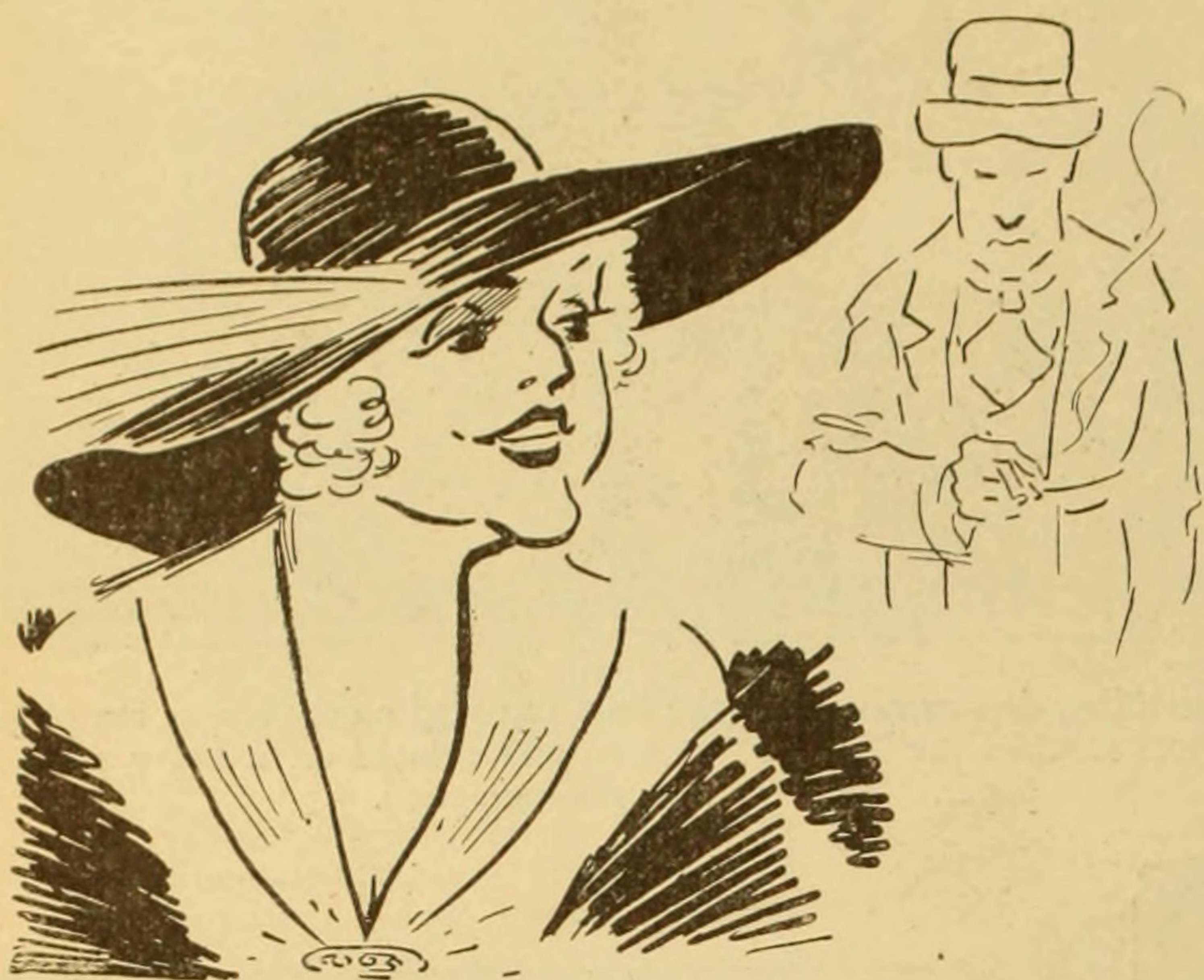
Here we see the establishing of printing time for the positives. The expert-looking gentleman is studying the details of the negative, ascertaining how many seconds the exposure of the negative against the positive film will be necessary.



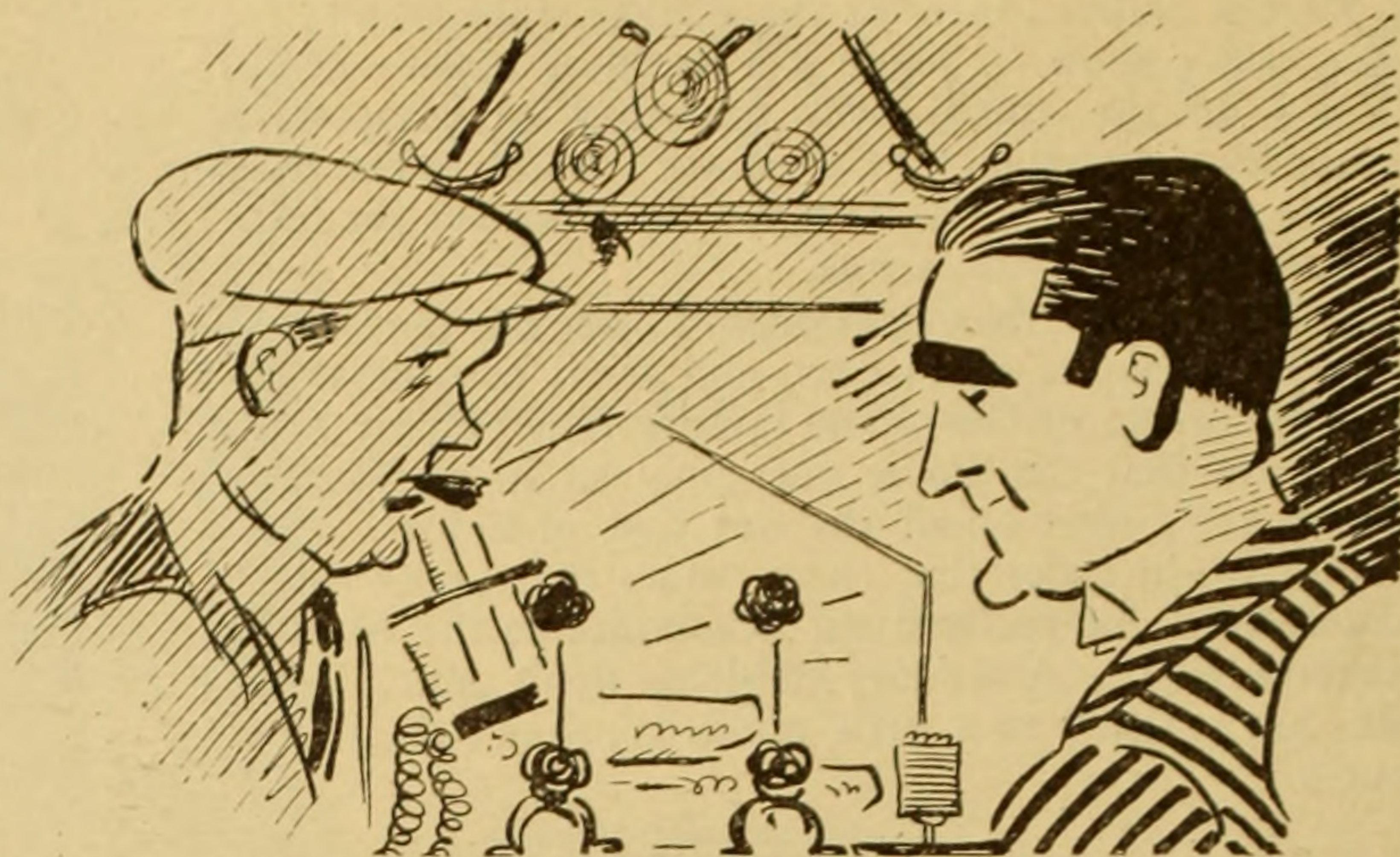
And now the picture is ready for your favorite theatre. The operator is an "unseen star" too. For the movie goer is at his mercy. He must see to it that the picture is run off at proper speed and with the proper amount of light. Vastly unlike the old-day projection room, the modern place is a marvel of fire-proof construction. Should a piece of film catch fire, all windows and trap doors automatically shut, preventing the fire from spreading.



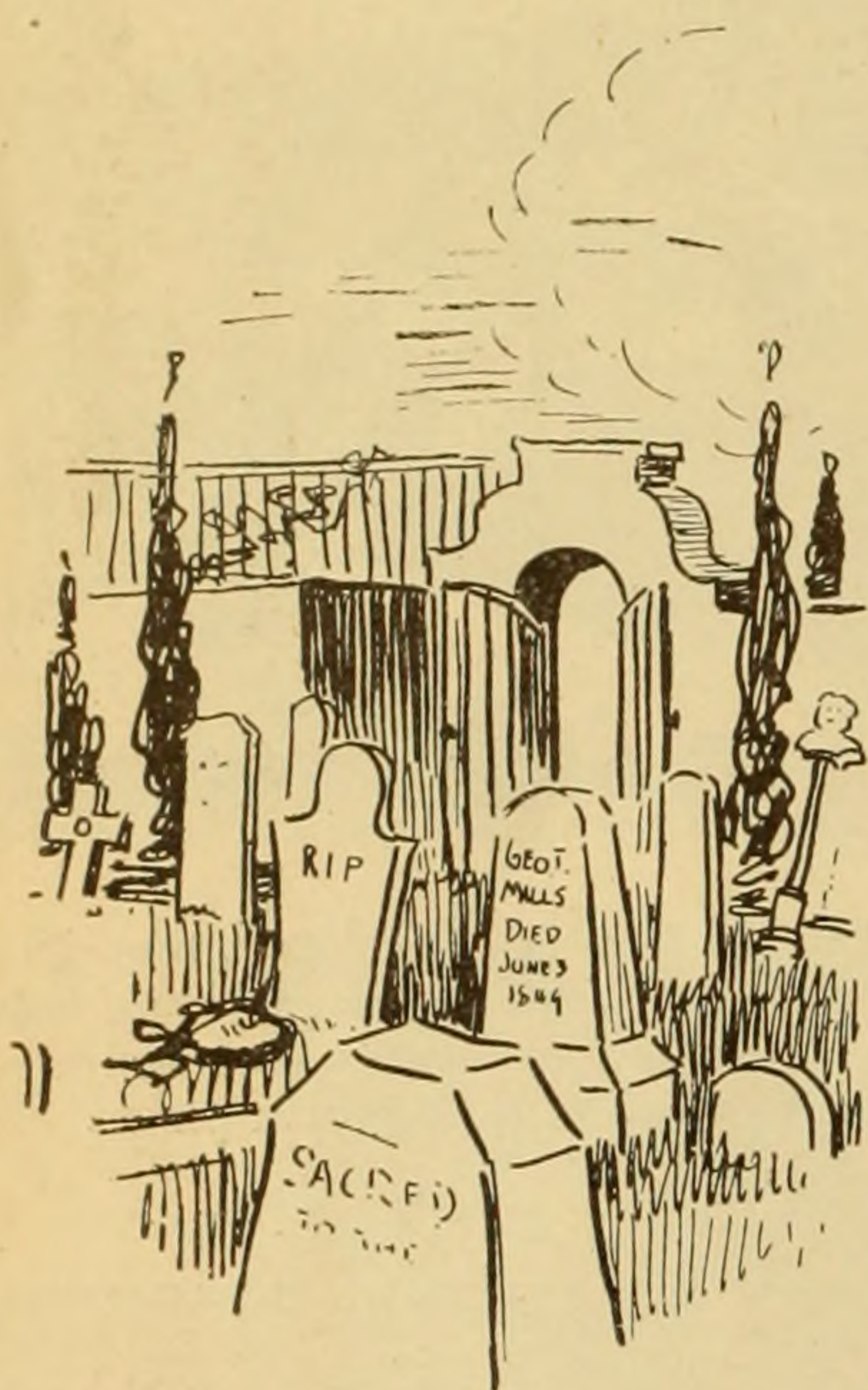
# Artist Gale's Impressions of the Triangle Studio



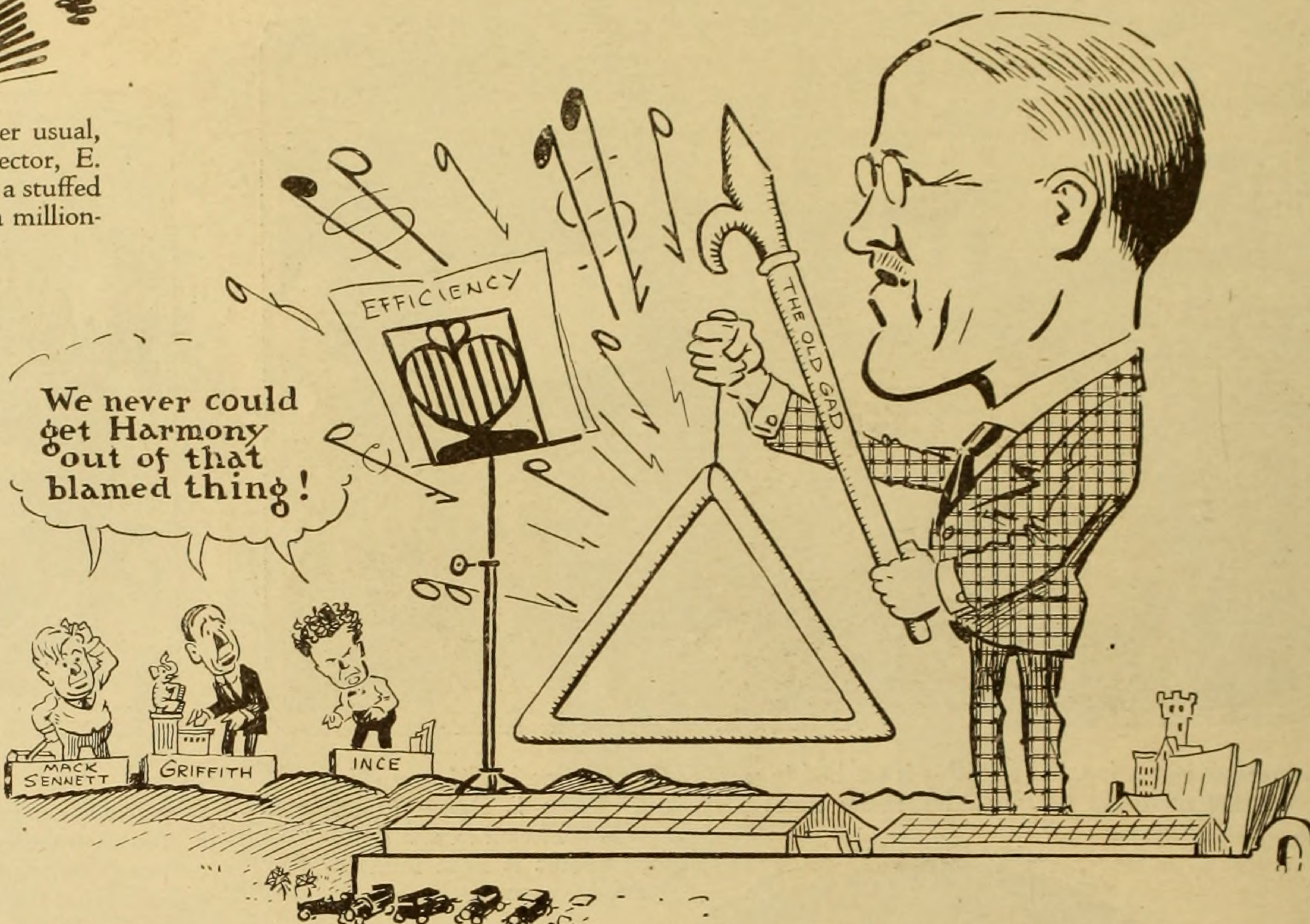
Texas Guinan radiating good cheer as per usual, because it's her nature to, while her director, E. Mason Hopper, glooms because Props put a stuffed pin cushion on what was supposed to be a millionaire's dresser.



Like a good director Frank Borzage is seeing that his star, Bill Desmond gets all the calcium that's coming to him.

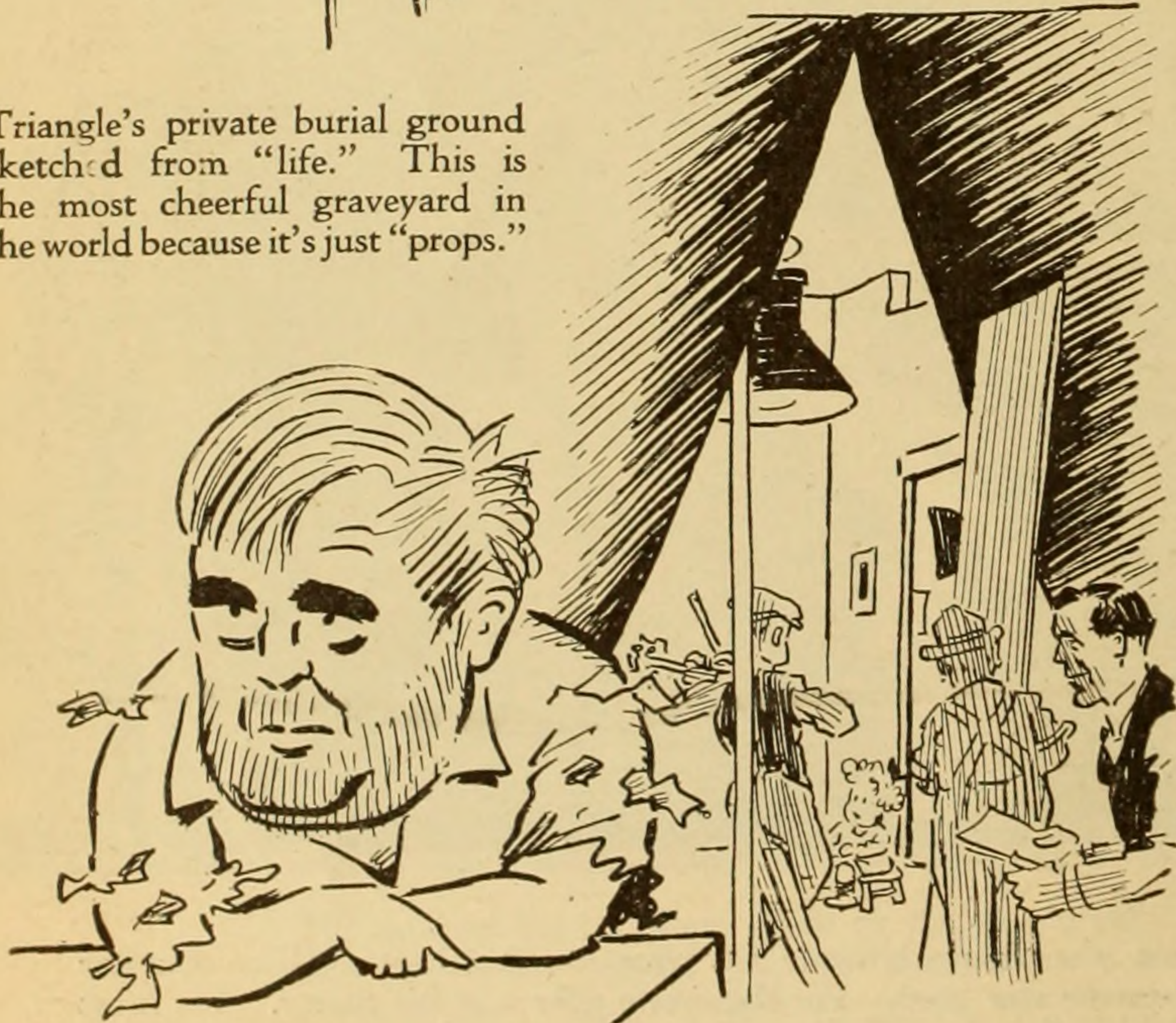


We never could get Harmony out of that blamed thing!



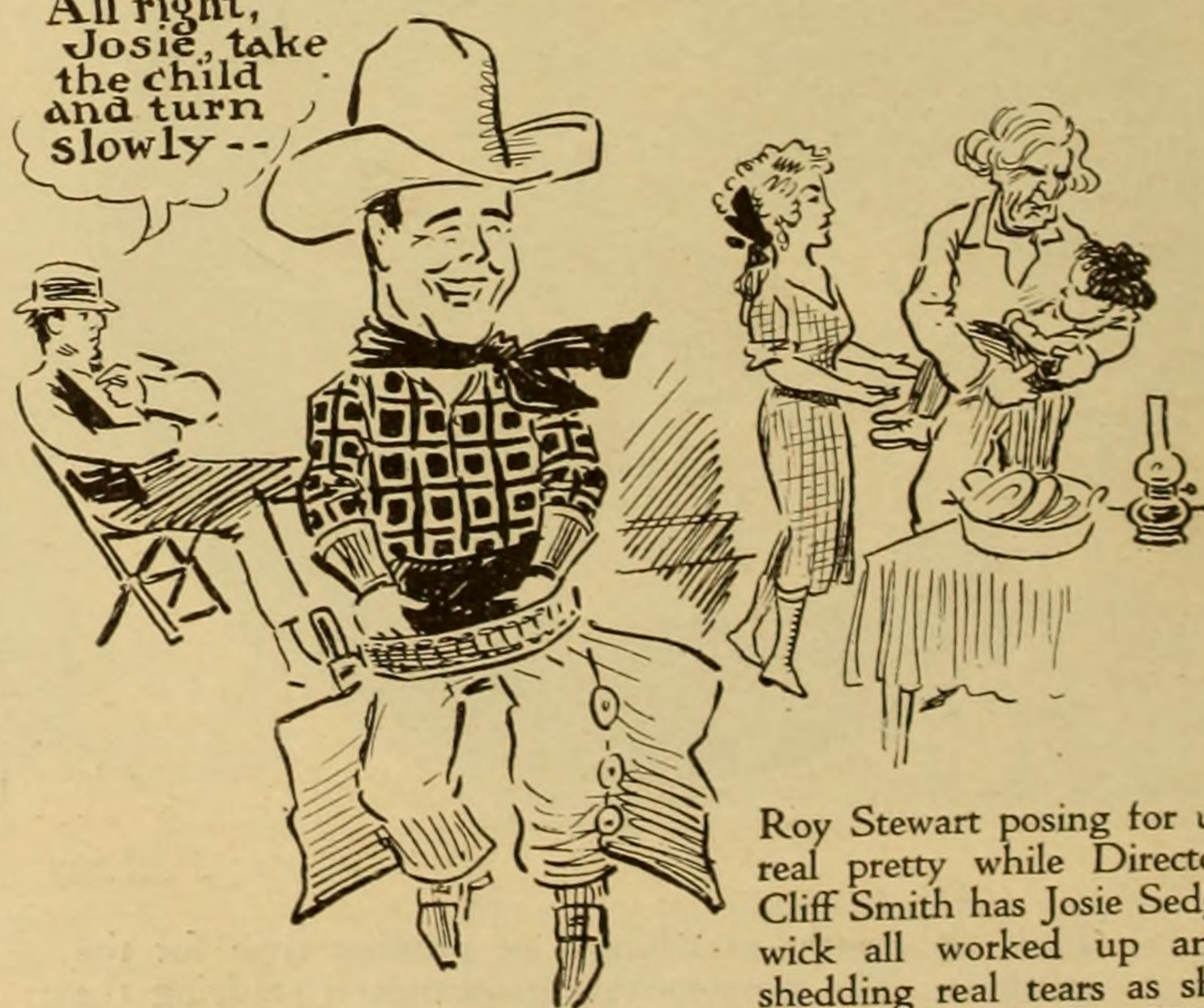
Mr. H. O. Davis, the Triangle Virtuoso, rendering his favorite ditty "Work for the night is coming."

Triangle's private burial ground sketched from "life." This is the most cheerful graveyard in the world because it's just "props."



Jack Curtis, who plays the Drainman in "The Servant in the House" and a glimpse into his humble abode.

All right, Josie, take the child and turn slowly --



Roy Stewart posing for us real pretty while Director Cliff Smith has Josie Sedgwick all worked up and shedding real tears as she takes the cheild from Walt Whitman.

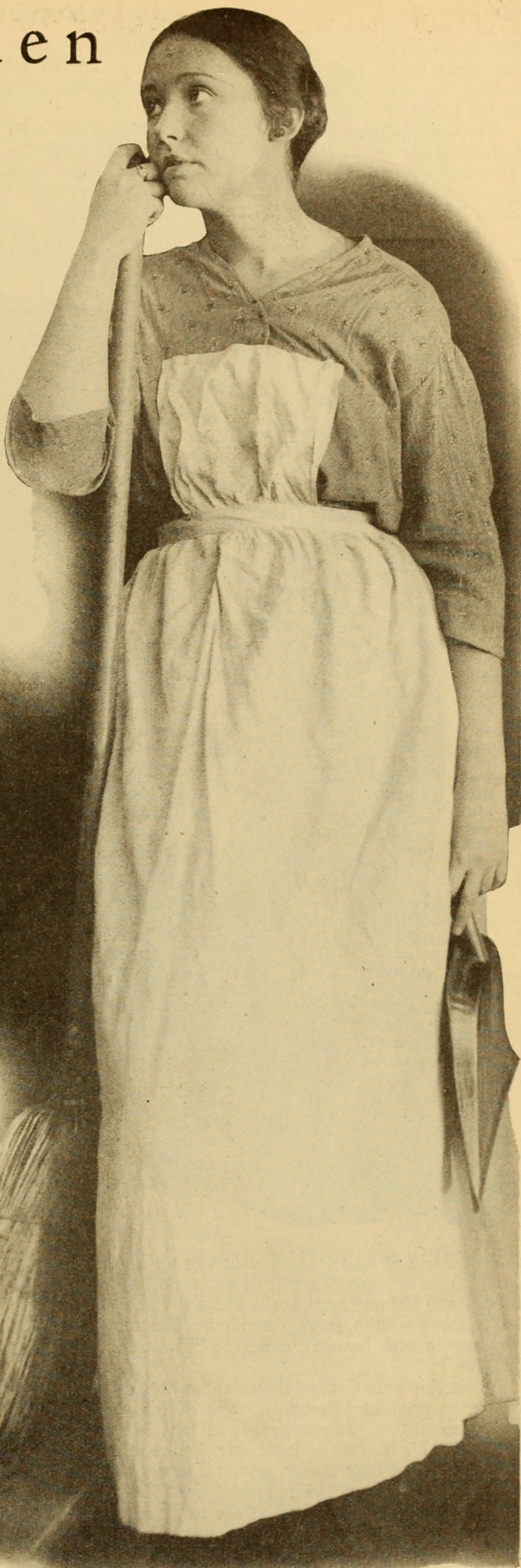


# Helpful Helen

*In which it is attested that elasticity, plus willingness, plus George Beban, can carry one to glory*

By Kenneth McGaffey

**A**S a scenario writer, Helen Jerome Eddy proved she is a clever actress. She hadn't thought about being an actress at all. She had pinned her hopes of immortality firmly upon the plan of writing scenarios, from the time she saw her first moving picture. But that just goes to show the kind of girl Helpful Helen is. She's elastic. Not like the Keystone ladies, after the manner of their kind, but speaking mentally. She's the kind of girl, for example, who, desiring a diamond sunburst for a birthday present and receiving only a pearl necklace, wouldn't ever be sniffy about it and hand back the pearls. Not Helen. Like the busy little bee, she flits from photoplay to photoplay, gathering what honors there be and finding many where others would scorn to look. Which is why she has become acknowledged as the clever-



Photoplayers Studio

est young character playeress in the Morosco branch of the Paramount family.

When Helen was four years old, her parents lived in New York and evidently received a booklet from the Chamber of Commerce, or a souvenir postcard from Los Angeles, for they promptly packed up and moved to the "land of the orange, the citron and vine," and little Miss Helen was sent to school. She went to see moving pictures and decided that her place in life was as a writer of scenarios. She promptly took her little pen in her little hand and set about to be a big noise in the preparation of the silent drama—but, as fast as she would send scenarios to the different studios around Los Angeles, so fast would these scenarios come back. Finally, being in San Diego, she decided to beard the

Helpful Helen Jerome Eddy is versatile except as to whiskers. And she'd wear 'em if the 'script required it. She's that helpful.



lion in its very den, and with a scenario clasped firmly in her right hand, and with eighteen years of confidence behind her, Miss Helen called upon Captain Melville, head of the Lubin studios.

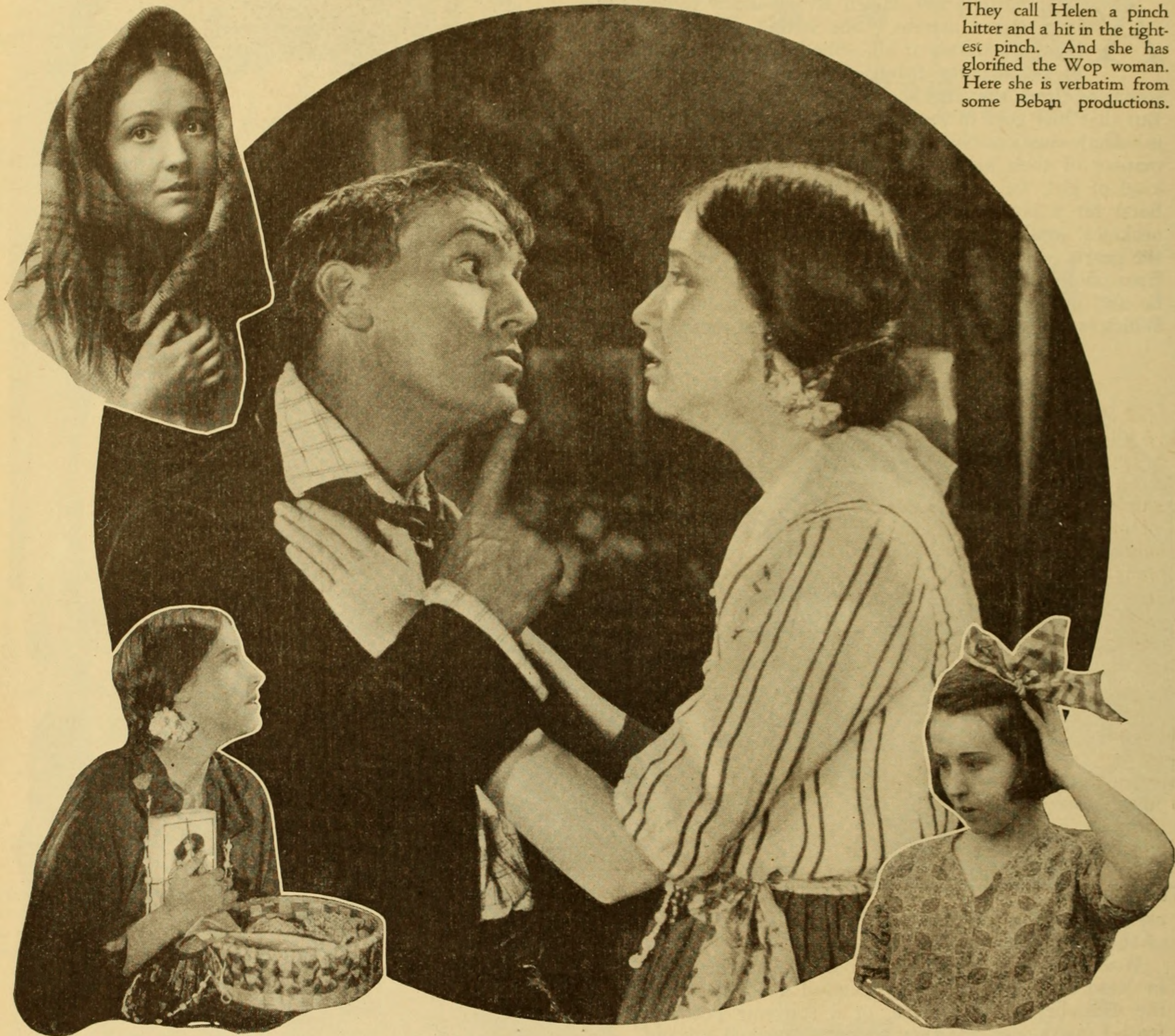
The Captain regretted that he could not use the scenario, but asked the writer if she wouldn't like to be an actress. This had never occurred to Miss Eddy, but she said that she would. So she was cast to play the twig in a production entitled, "As the Twig is Bent."

Miss Eddy liked herself so well as an ingenue that she stayed at the Lubin plant for nearly six months and then

Helen's tresses were black and long, hanging nearly to her waist, and could not be dressed in the true Italian manner. Did Helpful Helen hesitate? Not she. Art called and she obeyed. Without the knowledge of her parents, and with the assistance of a barber, she bobbed her hair in the interest of the photodrama and she has not been so popular around home ever since.

She appeared with George Beban in "His Sweetheart," "The Marcellini Millions," and "The Cook of Canyon Camp"—always as an Italian. In "The Wax Model," however, she had an opportunity to wash the brown paint

They call Helen a pinch hitter and a hit in the tightest pinch. And she has glorified the Wop woman. Here she is verbatim from some Beban productions.



returned to Los Angeles. She showed up at the Morosco studios one day when a girl of her type happened to be needed and before many weeks Helpful Helen was a regular member of the stock company. She made her first appearance with Dustin Farnum in "The Gentleman from Indiana."

About this time George Beban came out to the Morosco studio to produce "Pasquale," one of his clever Italian characterizations. It was suggested that Miss Eddy play the role of his leading woman. Mr. Beban promptly threw up his hands in holy horror, saying it would be impossible. Did Helpful Helen grieve and sigh? Not Helen. She went to her dressing room and when she returned as an Italian girl, Mr. Beban greeted her with shouts of approval. Since then, Miss Eddy has frequently been a Wop.

off her face, and appeared as a young American girl in love with an artist. She also had an opportunity to be a regular society girl in "As Men Love," but this was only when Beban was not using her in a picture, for now he swears by Helen and will have no other.

Miss Eddy is not yet well enough acquainted with the stage to be superstitious, consequently when everyone in the company, including Mr. Beban, refused to break a mirror in "The Cook of Canyon Camp," it was Helpful Helen who stepped forward and shattered it, thereby precipitating upon herself seven years of bad luck. She is still waiting for the bad luck to set in.

When George Beban was getting ready to do "One More American" Miss Eddy was tied up in another picture  
(Continued on page 109)



# Annexing Bill

*A million dollars that  
caused a lot of trouble*

By Frances Denton



"I know Billy loves me," sobbed Enid, "but he'll never marry me on account of this wretched money."

**M**R. WILLIAM DOW, Attorney at Law, bachelor and unattached, didn't approve of the way his brother, Richard Dow, was very much married.

Not that Billy was any advocate of single-blessedness; on the contrary, he was deeply in love with one of his clients, Enid Barwell, and he intended to put the momentous little four-word question to her before long. He intended to have a home of his own, and have it soon. But it would be a home built on the right kind of a foundation. He didn't intend to occupy any such infernally humiliating matrimonial status as did poor Dick.

Not that there would seem to be anything the matter with Dick's home, at first glance. It was furnished in luxury and taste and situated on a most fashionable street. But alas! Dick's money hadn't paid for the rare rugs and pictures that made it a place of comfort and luxury. A poor man, he had married the daughter of a millionaire—and never for a moment was he allowed to forget it.

So when Mr. William Dow entered his brother's library one evening, pulled off his gloves and glanced around, its beautiful appointments left him cold. Dick came forward leisurely, holding a newspaper spread open. "Congratulations, old boy," said he. "Enid will make you a wonderful wife, too. Quite a wind-fall for her, wasn't it?"

"What do you mean?" Billy's face showed his bewilderment.

"Haven't you heard the news?" Dick shoved the paper toward him. "Enid Barwell had just inherited a million dollars."

"What!" The color left Billy's face. "What do you mean?"

"It's all here. 'Enid Barwell proves to be the nearest relative of the eccentric oil queen who went down on the ill-fated steamer Palamic. Henderson and Henderson—' What's the matter, old chap? You look as if something had hit you."

Billy took the paper and sank into a chair. A moment later he looked up with distress in his face. "This alters everything. I can't marry Enid now. No reflection on

you, Dick, but I can't see myself with a wife that has more money than I have."

Dick flushed slightly. "Oh, you're an idiot!" he exclaimed impatiently.

Billy's retort was silenced by the entrance of Mrs. Dick, a thin, vinegary-looking blonde. "Congratulations, brother Billy!" she said with a little, edgy laugh. "The Dow brothers certainly go in for rich wives."

Being a gentleman, Billy did not comment aloud. Instead, he smiled grimly and thanked Bessie for her congratulations. He'd show her!

But it was going to be a good deal harder to "show" Enid. Billy smoked a good many cigars and paced a

good many miles of floor before he finally decided that he wouldn't see her at all. He was afraid he couldn't trust himself. So he sent her a little note of congratulation, which was also a queer mixture of apology and renunciation, and began, "My dear Miss Barwell."

Enid received the note while she and her chum, Mrs. Maude Frayne, were engaged in the fascinating occupation of arranging the furnishings of their handsome new apartment, for when one falls

heir to a million dollars one doesn't live in a battered studio in Washington Square a minute longer than it takes to find a new dwelling place.

Eagerly Enid tore open the note, but a second later an expression of surprised dismay erased the happiness in her face. "For goodness sakes, read this," she ejaculated, holding it out to Maude. "You'd think I had measles, not money, the way Billy has written."

Maude read the formal, "My dear Miss Barwell," and her eyebrows lifted. "Billy's frozen by your gold," she said. "Let me think a while."

Five minutes' cogitation produced an idea, and Maude went for pen and paper. "Don't pay any attention to this," she advised. "We'll give a house warming and invite him. When once you get him here—"

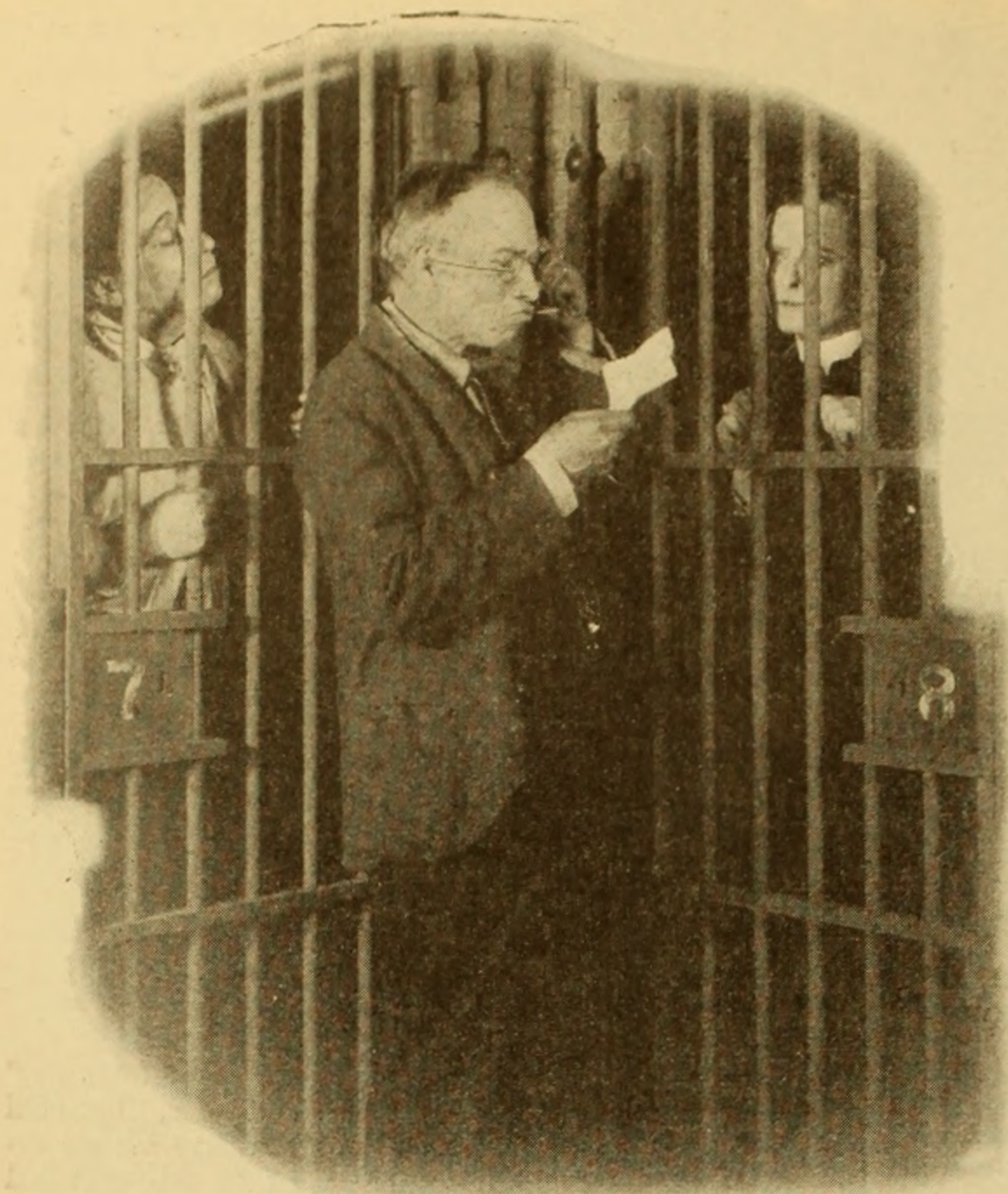
"To think of his calling me 'Miss,'" Enid broke in with trembling lips. She rose and went to the window, playing dejectedly with the curtain tassel.

## Annexing Bill

**N**ARRATED by permission, from the scenario of Tom Cushing, as produced by Astra-Pathe, with the following cast:

*Enid Barwell*.....Gladys Hulette  
*Bill Dow*.....Creighton Hale  
*Maud Frayne*....Margaret Greene  
*George Frayne*.....Mark Smith  
*Aunt Abigail*.....Kate Lester  
*The Minister*.....Claxton Kling





The Sheriff had refused to listen to Billy's plea of mistaken identity, or to consider proofs.

"Cheer up," came the vivacious answer. "Here; you copy this and we'll send it right away."

Billy received the note and as he recognized the handwriting, his heart leaped. He frowned; this was a bad beginning. He'd control his own emotions, by George, or— He tore the note open, and read:

"Dear Billy:—

"It was sweet of you to congratulate me, but the 'Miss' did seem distant. A miss is as good as a mile between friends. Please come to my house-warming on Thursday, and I'll forgive you.

"Ever yours,

"ENID."

Billy groaned a little. The thing was going to be hard, devilishly hard! And Enid evidently wasn't going to make it easier. Well, he'd go to the party and see her for the last time. He'd make her understand. But in spite of his stubborn determination an insistent pang in his heart would not be stilled. His conscience reproached him—he had given Enid cause to think he cared for her; might she not have learned to care for him. Was he doing the square thing by her? But, fortifying him in his resolve, there came the memory of the times he had seen his brother humiliated in the little differences of opinion that had arisen between him and his wife, simply because she was able to use the weapon of her wealth upon him.

Of course, Billy did not realize that he was paying Enid a small compliment in refusing to be similarly circumstanced. He was no analyst; just an ordinary, bull-headed, lovable man who wanted his wife to depend upon him.

So he went to Enid's party, his knees weakening, but his determination adamant. And he came home late that night, pale and shaken, but still firm in his resolve. Almost he had wavered—she had looked so desirable and her eyes had been like stars, as she greeted him. The music, the flowers, her sweet presence—how he would have enjoyed them but for the hateful dollar sign that seemed to mock at him, half-concealed everywhere. And when Enid had told him, "I'm afraid your love isn't much if you put money

above it," he had groaned aloud, but his stubborn will had conquered.

She had gone farther than that; she had told him she would give all her money to charity. But that wouldn't do, either. A husband that had cost a million dollars! Billy refused to be bought in that way, either. What woman on earth would not live to regret the price?"

In the meantime Enid and Maude were cold-creaming themselves and making other feminine preparations for sleep. But Enid's mind was far from her efforts. As she lay in bed her tears suddenly overflowed.

"I know Billy loves me," she sobbed; "but he'll never marry me on account of this wretched money."

"Billy's a fool," observed Maude, tartly. "I wouldn't make myself miserable over him; there's as good fish in the sea as ever were caught."

"There's no one like Billy," retorted Enid, her eyes flashing through her tears. "But I'm not going to lose him on account of the money. I'll get rid of it some how. Let me think."

"Get rid of a million dollars!" ejaculated Maude.

Suddenly Enid's face lightened. "I've got it! You know your husband has a positive genius for losing money. I'll let him speculate with mine."

Maude had a husband with whom she was on more or less friendly terms—according to the condition of the stock market. Just at that time George was in hard luck, having made a failure of trying to float an "Unsinkable Ship" proposition; and just at that minute he was sound asleep, dreaming dreams which were much rosier than his prospects. His telephone rang. Sleepily George turned over and rubbed his eyes. It rang again, insistently. Glaring at it, he raised on his elbow and said, "Hello! Who?"

Over the wire came sweetly: "It's Maude. Don't you remember me? It's Maude, your wife."

"Oh, certainly," with the



A day or two later there was another meeting



utmost politeness. "What can I do for you, Maudie?"

"Enid Barwell wants to speak to you."

There was a pause, while the telephone at the other end changed hands. Then, from George's end:

"Oh, yes. How are you, Enid?"

"It will be a pleasure. Meet you at Clayton's bank tomorrow at ten. Certainly. . . . How much?"

A second later a gasping breath—from George.

"How—er, I don't think I heard correctly. *How* much?"

Back came the answer, unmistakably plain. Feebly George hung up the receiver and wiped his forehead. His eyes were bulging.

"One million dollars!" he gulped.

He pinched himself and the resultant "Ouch!" reassured him.

"One million dollars and I'm awake. Ye Gods!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Next morning, Billy, very low in mind, was disconsolately getting the best of a poached egg when a messenger boy brought him a telegram. He tore it open, ran his hands through his hair in bewilderment, and observed "Great Scott!"

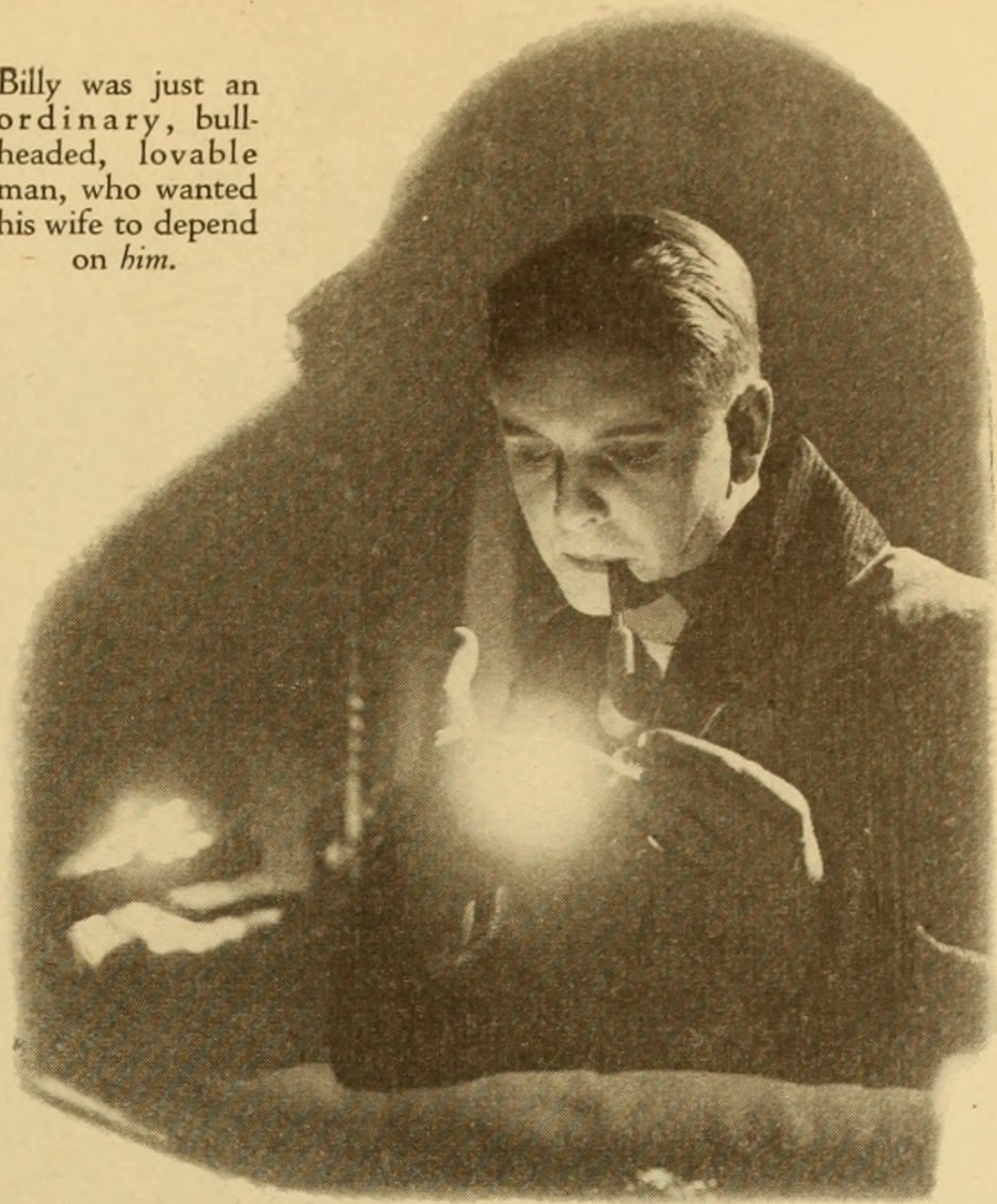
Then he looked at his watch, jumped up from the breakfast table and began throwing things into his suit case. He looked at his watch again, grabbed his hat and coat and suit case, rushed down the steps and hailed a taxi.

Three hours later, when the conductor called "Hoskins Village," Billy who had been gazing with unseeing eyes out of the grimy window of a day railway coach, came to earth with a start. This was the place. He climbed off, and after a scrutiny of the one main street, started toward a signboard which he saw dimly in the distance, labeled "Hoskins Hotel."

Entering the place he held a few minutes' whispered conversation with the white-whiskered hotel clerk who pointed mysteriously in the direction of the stairway. With a nod, Billy followed the directing finger and presently tapped on the closed door of an upstairs room.

There was no answer. He knocked

Billy was just an ordinary, bull-headed, lovable man, who wanted his wife to depend on him.



again, and then the door opened the veriest crack and an eye was applied to the other side of the opening.

"Harry!" said Billy impatiently. "What the dickens—"

The door opened wider and a beckoning finger was thrust through. Mystified, Billy entered. The shades were pulled and the room was in semi-darkness, but there was light enough to reveal the owner of the beckoning finger as a pale, anxious-looking, unshaven, but otherwise attractive young man.

Billy put down his suit case and grabbed the young man's shoulders delightedly. "Gosh, Harry, I'm glad to see you! But why the hurry-up call and what are you doing so far off the map?"

The other put his finger to his lips and tiptoed over to the window, nervously drawing the shade closer. Then he said in a whisper:

"I'm hiding from the police."

Billy laughed. "Come off! What joke is this? The Reverend Harry Denton of Wisconsin—"

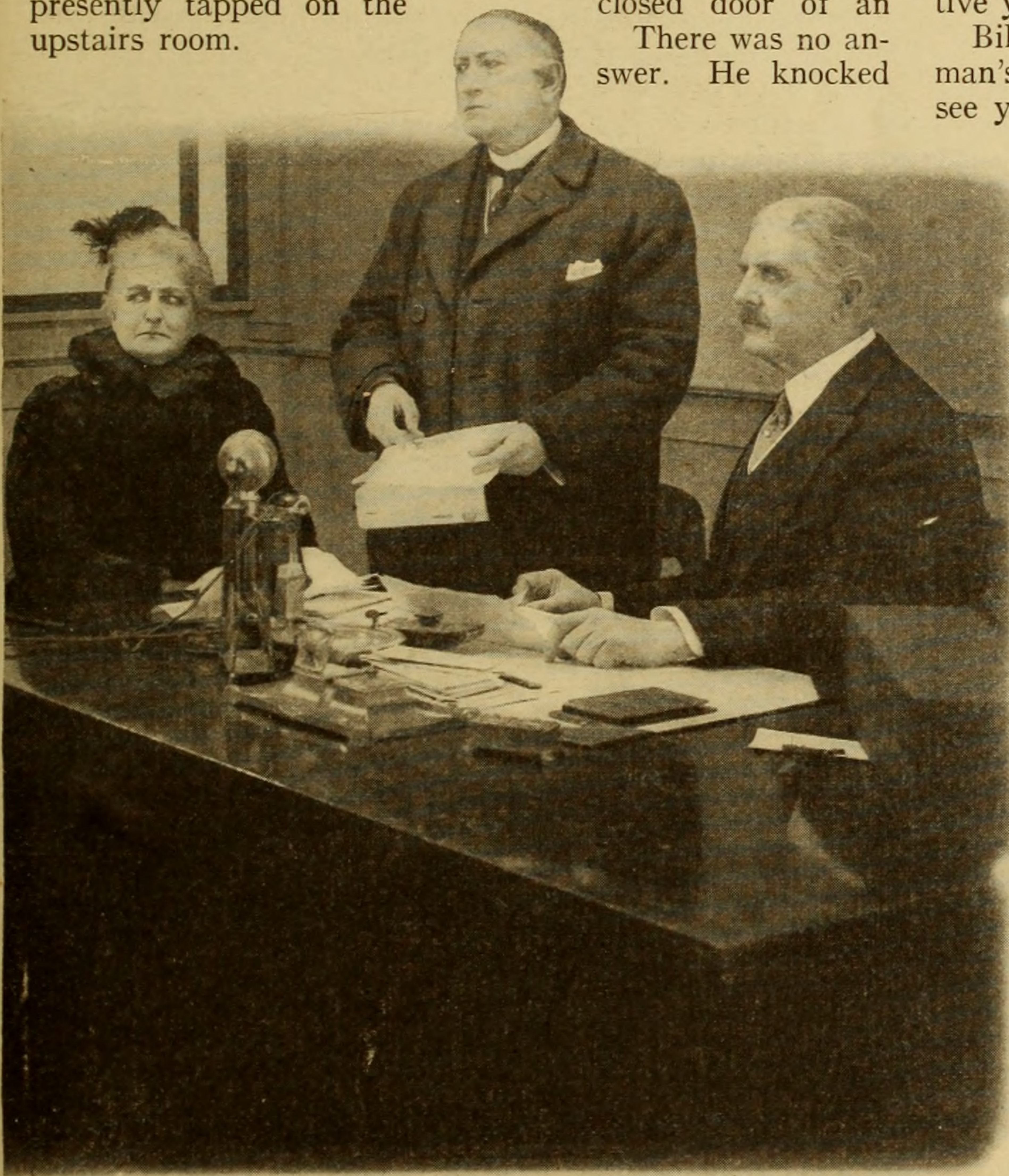
He stopped as he saw the woe-begone expression on the other's face. "You don't mean it, Harry?" he continued. "What's wrong?"

Denton sat down on the edge of the bed and clasped his knees. "You see, my secretary, Smith, skipped with the building funds. He left me a clew, but my parishioners thought I was the thief, and while I've been following Smith, they've been following *me*. Detectives are after me and I'm out of funds."

"You poor old fellow," said Billy. "How much do you want?" pulling out his bill case.

"Enough to take me to New York. You see—" Denton hesitated "—if I can find my secretary tonight I can clear myself. Tomorrow will be too late." Again he hesitated. "I know it's a lot to ask—but think of my position. Would you—would you mind being arrested so I can give them the slip? You can easily prove your identity after I'm gone."

It was Billy's turn to hesitate. He did not particularly relish the idea, but after all, it would only mean an unpleasant experience of a day or so. He could do no less for his friend. So hastily they began changing clothes.



in the office of the president of Clayton's bank.





"I'll go with you peaceably," protested Billy, "though of course you've made a mistake."

Some heavy steps were heard on the stairs. "I think they're coming now," said Denton nervously. "Pretend you're asleep, Billy, and hold them off while I slip out of the window. The side piazza is clear." He suited his actions to his words and raised the window sash.

"Who's there?" called Billy sleepily, in response to a thunderous knocking. With a glance to see that Harry was safe he rose and opened the door, stifling another yawn. The detectives pushed into the room. One of them held a telegram in his hand. Consulting it, he said: "Yes, it's him, all right. 'Five feet nine, smooth face, blonde, blue eyes.'" He pulled out a pair of handcuffs. "Put on the bracelets, young feller."

"I'll go with you peaceably," protested Billy, "though of course you've made a mistake. Leave my hands free."

"We ain't taking no chance," said the detective. "A parson that goes wrong'll do anything." So the handcuffs went on.

And Billy, for the first time in his life, saw the inside of a jail. But he managed to persuade the sheriff, after a while, to send a telegram to George Frayne asking him to bring or send five thousand dollars so that he might be released on bail. The sheriff had refused to listen to his plea of mistaken identity, or to consider any proofs; but if he could furnish cash bail— Well, he'd ask the Judge; that might be a different matter. It couldn't do harm to wire for the money.

As the sheriff laboriously spelled out Billy's copy for the telegram a lugubrious voice beside him uttered:

"You'll never get that bail if George has a wife like my Annie."

Billy turned. "So I've got company," he said pleasantly.

The man in the opposite cell dragged his cot to the door so that he might be comfortable and talk to Billy. "What's your graft?" he inquired. "I'm in for vagrancy. Can you beat it? A fine comedown for Spike Pollit!"

"What's your regular line?"

"I'm a dip. Vagrancy! If it hadn't been for my wife,

Annie—" Fluently Pollit swore vengeance upon the absent Annie, who in some vague way was responsible for his social downfall.

So the evening passed, Billy listening to Pollit's harangue and wondering what the morning would bring to him. He tried not to think of Enid, but he dreamed that she was a queen on a golden throne, and though she stretched out her hands to him in eager appeal, he could not reach her because of a bristling guard of dollar marks that barred the way.

Billy's dreams might have been pleasanter had he known what was actually transpiring in New York during his absence. The pleasant little meeting at Clayton's bank, where Enid, in spite of the banker's protestations, was arranging to put her fortune into the hands of George Frayne, was suddenly interrupted. A tall, angular lady stalked in, followed by lawyer Henderson, and announced coolly that she was Miss Parr who had gone down on the Palamic. As a matter of fact, she had not stayed down; she had come up again. And she was here in flesh and would be pleased to handle her own investments, with all due thanks to George Frayne for his kindness; and she would require of Miss Barwell a strict accounting of every nickel which she had used of money not hers.

After the first shock and surprise, Enid's heart grew light. She was so happy that she even asked to share her apartment with her, until their affair should be settled. Miss Parr, upon seeing Enid's luxuriously furnished rooms, reproved her severely for her sinful extravagance; but Enid did not stop to listen. She must find her beloved Billy and tell him the glad news!

More easily said than done. At his rooms it was said that he had left suddenly two days before. His club had no trace of him. Bewildered and worried, Enid and Maude returned home, where they encountered George Frayne who excitedly waved a telegram at them.

Enid snatched it. "It's all right," she cried. "Billy's safe; he's in jail."

(Continued on page 108)





***M**R. and Mrs. George Walsh. George is a Foxy exponent of the art of jumping-over-things-instead-of-going-round. One of his late leaps bears the title, "The Kid is Clever." But George's first claim to fame was as Seena Owen's husband.*





*IT seems incredible that Edith Storey was born in New York. She has all the warmth of the Latin with the intensity of the Slav. She is forever contradicting herself by playing an American girl one day and a tragic child of Russia the next.*





***K**ATHERINE MacDONALD, the sister of Mary MacLaren, might write a book on "Men Who Have Made Love to Me—on the Screen." A chapter each would be devoted to Douglas Fairbanks, Charles Ray, Jack Pickford, and now Bill Hart.*





*THE nicest thing about Mary Miles Minter is that she's really an ingenue. Off screen she lets her hair hang and wears white and eats apples and swims and drives her own car and plays tennis. Would we call this a love game? Yes.*



# C L O S E - U P S

EDITORIAL EXPRESSION AND TIMELY COMMENT

*Mr. Fox's Charity.* Mr. William Fox, you are noted for your charity. Your publicity department is advertising it. You have sent out long articles describing your generosity, together with a photograph of a tablet inscribed "From the friends of William Fox, assembled at a banquet—a tribute to his record of public service, not only in his own profession, but also in the field of sacrifice and charity."

But there is a quality that comes before charity, and without which charity can be nothing but ostentation—justice.

What is your record for justice, Mr. Fox?

Mr. Fox has advertised broadcast that a certain feature made by his company is based upon a recent case in which a young man disgraced his family, was divorced by his wife and later killed by her, the wife being exonerated by a jury. To name the picture would be but to advertise it to the morbid. Willingly or unwillingly, consciously or unconsciously, the employes of Mr. Fox reflect his character so long as they are in his employ, just as the employes of all other producers reflect the ideas of the guiding mind. It is, therefore, literally true to say that it is William Fox who has dragged before the public gaze the unhappy and blameless men and women who were made to suffer, through the misdeeds of a dissipated young man, to the last degree of human endurance. Nor was Mr. Fox satisfied with this. His publicity department caused to be circulated a story stating that there was a general belief that the leading role in this picture was played by none other than the unhappy woman who had killed her husband, following this report with the smug statement that the belief was unfounded. In all this Mr. Fox uses the real names of the principals in the tragedy. There is no grief that excites his pity or forbearance. Here was a chance to "clean up," and no means was overlooked in the campaign to excite the unhealthy curiosity of the kind of people who rush to the scene of a murder and carry off souvenirs.

But mark the subtlety of Mr. Fox! In an attempt to cover his tracks and not appear openly as a purveyor of scandal, he spreads upon his film long harangues describing the wonders of mother-love, with all the ingenuousness of one who has just made a great discovery. Thus he seeks to disarm the pity of women by the most insidious form of flattery, taking advantage of their most sacred emotions to blind them to his nefarious deed. Thus he pretends to make a heroine of a woman whose only desire is that the world shall forget her, and permit her to bury her wrecked life in devotion to her child.

Contemplating this record, Mr. Fox's chari-

ties become as "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals." Charity that does not emanate from a heart imbued with love for humanity is the charity of the rich man flinging crusts to beggars, which is not charity at all, but an effort to still the voice of conscience. Let Mr. Fox consider this the next time he gives from his well-filled coffers and directs his publicity department to tell the world of his charity.

¶

*As to Slap-Stick.* Some of our high-brow readers have been writing to us, asking why do we not excoriate the common or macksennett comedy? The principal reason is that we get a good many laughs out of them ourself. Let him who is without sin among you cast the first pie.

¶

*"The World Do Move."* The action of Mr. George K. Spoor, president of the Essanay Film Manufacturing Company and one of the real pioneers of the flickering films, is significant of the changing conditions in a business that moves closer each day to the principles that must underlie all enduring commercial institutions.

Mr. Spoor comes out frankly and tells us that he has changed his producing policy because he recognizes a new trend, and is going to follow it.

This is very refreshing. This moving picture magnate is talking like a business man. It is a hundred to one shot that most of the men dominating the motion picture industry, instead of making an out and out business-like statement, would have attempted to cover the movement by a camouflage barrage of hot air shells from his publicity department.

He recognizes that the public taste has changed—that it will be satisfied with nothing but the highest class productions. And he realizes that the man who pays the dime rules the screen.

There will be no permanent stock companies at Essanay hereafter, no overhead expense between productions, no heavy payrolls. Every picture will be cast from the best available players to be found in the New York and Chicago theatres and studios, and produced under the supervision of Victor Eubank.

Looks like business. Sounds like business.

¶

*Who'll Win This Prize.* A suitable reward awaits the actor or director who will devise some new method of expressing the arrival of an idea, at present invariably "registered" by smiting the left palm with the right fist.



**Over-Production.** For two years we have been hearing the cry that there is a disastrous over-production of pictures. Yet, in going to and fro among the theatres of late, we have noted an extensive revival of a film made in Italy years ago, "Quo Vadis," and everywhere it seems to draw crowded houses. If there is over-production, why is the exhibitor going back to the dark ages and fishing this celluloid out of the vaults? Simply because it is a good picture—a classic, based upon a tremendous theme. And the tragedy of Petronius brought back a thrill as fresh as if it was of yesterday's invention, with the line, "What is death? 'Tis but as when one lays his worn out robes aside and says, 'This will I wear today.'" The idea has all the cumulative force of centuries driving it home, recalling, among other things the lines from "Thanatopsis,"

Approach thy grave  
Like one that wraps the mantle of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant  
dreams.

The producer of pictures who gives the world photodramas based upon such immortal ideas as this cannot over-produce.

**Diamonds and Coal.** Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, who have more laughs to their credit than any other producing unit in all picturedom, may retire from the screen because it seems impossible to make exhibitors understand that a short picture may have a bigger drawing power than a long one. The Drews have been successful—make no mistake about that. But their dividends are out of proportion to their capacity to entertain, and unless exhibitors wake up, they will embark upon other enterprises.

Diamonds and coal are made of the same material—carbon. Yet you don't buy diamonds by the ton. Still, the exhibitor, having a five-reel feature, Jennie Jones in "The Marble Heart," and a one-reel comedy, The Drews in "His Unearthly Calm," will put Jennie's name in electric lights and merely display a one-sheet of The Drews in the lobby. The big business is then attributed to the long picture.

This is the sort of stupidity that is making the way of the producer with ideas and ideals hard and heart-breaking. One of the most enlightened exhibitors in America, when he heard that the Drews might retire, voluntarily offered to pay almost double what he had been paying for these one-reel comedies, saying that it would be an actual misfortune to lose them. The education of the one-horse exhibitor is the big problem of the industry. It would be a tremendous forward step for the National Association to establish a correspondence school for such of these exhibitors as are able to read.

**Prize for Inventors.** There is a vast fortune awaiting the man who will invent a form of artificial light which will be sufficiently brilliant for studio photography, and will not cause blindness. "Klieg eyes" is a terror that haunts all actresses in pictures, the harmful rays from the tubes causing fearful pain and temporary blindness. Surely there must be some means of "sifting" these harmful rays out of the light vibrations. There are any number of stars who would pay a king's ransom for such an invention.

❧

**Really, Now, Mr. Klaw.** Mr. Marc Klaw of the ancient and honorable firm of Klaw & Erlanger, which was the theatrical trust in the good old days, excites himself over the fact that a spokesman for moving pictures tried to have the war tax on theatre admissions so framed as to exempt picture houses, claiming that pictures were the poor man's amusement and of educational value. Mr. Klaw holds that pictures are of less educational value than the drama because they lack the flowing language of "Hamlet" and "Ben Hur." We immediately turned to the theatrical advertisements in the New York newspapers to find where "Hamlet" and "Ben Hur" were playing. Instead, we found that the drama was offering the following highly educational entertainment in the theatres controlled by Mr. Klaw and his allies: "The Cohan Revue," Ziegfeld's Midnight Frolic, "Going Up," "Sick-a-Bed," "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," "Polly With a Past," "Business Before Pleasure." Thus does the stage perpetuate the great dramatic classics. We do not know who it was advanced the idea that films were of such great educational value, nor do we, as a rule, go to a picture theatre with the specific intention of finding therein any post-graduate mental pabulum. Mr. Klaw was flaying a man of straw, but when he advances the ancient Shakespearean argument as proving the superior educational value of the spokies, it is to smile.

❧

**Advertising Fillums.** Guess what company used the following phrases in advertising a recent production:

*"Picture a beautiful, daring and courageous woman defending a helpless husband as a tigress defends her cub. Depict her facing poverty for the man she loves and spurning jewels, untold luxuries and power in the world's capitals from the hands of a man she despises."*

Universal? No. World? No. Vitagraph? No. It was the erudite Goldwyn, elevator of the cinema, exploiting the classic art of Mary Garden.



# Taking It Easy

OLIVE TELL has temporarily forsaken the movies for the spokies. She appeared in "General Post," one of the successes of the early season on Broadway, and now is with Henry Miller in "The Fountain of Youth," which opened Mr. Miller's new theatre April 1. But when summer time comes and the footlights begin to pale, if not to pall, it is on the cards that the lovely Olive will be once more casting her shadow upon the silversheet, for the Empire All Star productions.



Photos by White



Miss Tell is a devotee of both indoor and outdoor sports. Her principal indoor sport at present is reading plays, and memorizing lines. The far-away look in her eyes is caused by the fact that Riverside Drive is just a block away, and Miss Tell prefers horse-back riding to reading.

They don't allow dogs in the hotel where Miss Tell lives, and so this is the substitute she has acquired. Yes, it's alive and everything.



# PHOTOPLAY WRITING

*The Fifth of a Series  
of Articles by Recognized  
Leaders of the  
New Art*



*By*  
John Emerson  
*and*  
Anita Loos

**J**UDGING from the letters which come to us from ambitious amateurs, we would say that the subject on which the amateur needs greatest enlightenment is the subject of the working script, technically known in the studios as the continuity. Hundreds of letters come in every year, asking how to put a photoplay into technical form.

It would be just as easy to tell how to compose an orchestral symphony or construct an epic poem, for the continuity is the finished product of the photoplaywright and as such, becomes not merely a set of ideas or incidents but an art form, and the ability to construct even a moderately good art form requires many years of constant work and application.

This may sound discouraging to the ambitious amateur who possibly has a great desire to make a finished product of his story; to work out his entire play and see it produced on the screen just as he wrote it. But why be discouraged, when the inability to write a perfect continuity does not at all preclude the selling of ideas and stories to the picture companies? Be content if you have an idea, for you may be sure there is a market for it somewhere, and leave the writing of continuity until you have found means to study it.

At the present time, the only place where continuity writing can be successfully studied is in the studio itself, although some very fine work is being done by Professor Freeberg at Columbia University in New York City and by Mr. Vachel Lindsay, who gives frequent lectures at the University of Chicago on the photoplay. But until the importance of the photoplay in the art life of the nation is more generally recognized, and until Professor Freeberg, Mr. Lindsay and men of equal vision are given a freer hand and greater means to develop their work (and we hope this may be soon), the studio will, of necessity, remain the one and only place where the art of photoplay writing may be definitely and thoroughly learned.

It is always hard for the outsider in any art to realize the importance of technical knowledge and the necessity of form. Now art is of necessity a thing of form. Form is its first essential. There is a skeleton under every

great work of art; a skeleton of perfect proportions. This skeleton never just "happens." It has to be built there consciously by the artist. It should never obtrude itself, however; in fact, the height of art is to so cover it that it is not apparent to the casual observer.

The one thing that we would impress on the amateur's mind, is that he learn to recognize the presence of form or the absence of it in every piece of art endeavor he happens to see; for the ability to recognize form in paintings, sculpture and poetry will help him to recognize the need of it in all art and so aid in his own endeavor. Consider, for instance, photography, which for years was a perfect medium for producing accurate detail but did not become an art until it was taken up by workers who understood composition, which is the necessary skeleton of every good picture.

Nothing has more confused amateurs in all the arts or led them further astray than the modern school of realism, exemplified by the work of Henrik Ibsen. For the first time in the history of drama the domestic problems of the common, everyday type of person were taken as themes and for the first time the questions which every human being has, at one time or another, to thresh out in his own life, were placed upon the stage. The flood of drama and fiction that grew out of these dramas has come to be known as the Realistic School.

In the first place, the very name "realistic school" has led the amateur astray, because he sees so much in these masterpieces that touches his own life, he comes to have the idea that any *real* happening, such as may occur almost any week in his own life, is drama.

In looking over the scripts that come from amateurs probably fifty percent of them are based on incidents which the writer states really happened in his or her own life or the life of some friend. The amateur mind seems to run to this type of manuscript and his attitude on this subject is the outcome of his failure to recognize the necessity of form in all things. Drama is Art and Art requires form. However amusing or thrilling an adventure may be it is not drama unless it is the outcome of some conflict; otherwise it is mere incident, and incident, no matter how in-

*Be content if you have  
an idea, for you may  
be sure there is a  
market for it somewhere,  
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teresting in itself, is not worth much as drama when it is not tied up in theme or in action to plot.

Real incidents are the ones which have to be most carefully handled and which require the expert technician. For instance, when a great dramatist takes a historic event as the basis for a play he usually uses the event as a mere background for a dramatic conflict that he has himself conceived.

Suppose we take the "Birth of a Nation." If the Civil War had been shown in the exact sequence in which it occurred it would have bored an audience to tears and twelve reels of it would have cured the most violent case of insomnia.

Therefore we would say to the amateur that when D. W. Griffith takes a real happening of the calibre of the Civil War and, to hold his audiences' interest, has to add to it the fanciful but dramatic love story of Elsie Stoneman and the Little Colonel, the amateur can scarcely hope to sell as drama "an amusing little incident that occurred on the subway while on his way to work last Tuesday."

A quite opposite fault of amateurs which we have learned through reading many scripts, is the desire of the author to choose as a subject something of which he knows

absolutely nothing. It is the favorite ambition of a budding author who has been born, reared, nurtured and confined in Philadelphia to write of the Banditti of Corsica. Such a script, of course, is never considered seriously for a moment by the reader, whereas a story that might have no more dramatic value but whose subject is one of which the author apparently knows something, will at least receive the respectful interest of the editor who may say to himself, "Well, here at least, is someone that understands the subject he is writing about."

Another "don't" to add to our list is, Don't be obvious. The amateur mind take delight in seizing on some public incident and dashing off a story around it. For instance, when Hoover cuts down our food, a perfect avalanche of scenarios on this subject floods the office. When the word "Camouflage" suddenly enters our vocabulary, two or three hundred scenarios with this title show up promptly and thoroughly expected at the scenario office. Any story built on such a subject is bound to be out of date in a few weeks and unless a company can produce such a thing immediately, it is pretty sure to be a dead one by the time it reaches the screen.

*The one thing that we would impress on the amateur's mind, is that he learn to recognize the presence of form or the absence of it in every piece of art endeavor he happens to see.*

## Stars of the Screen and Their Stars in the Sky

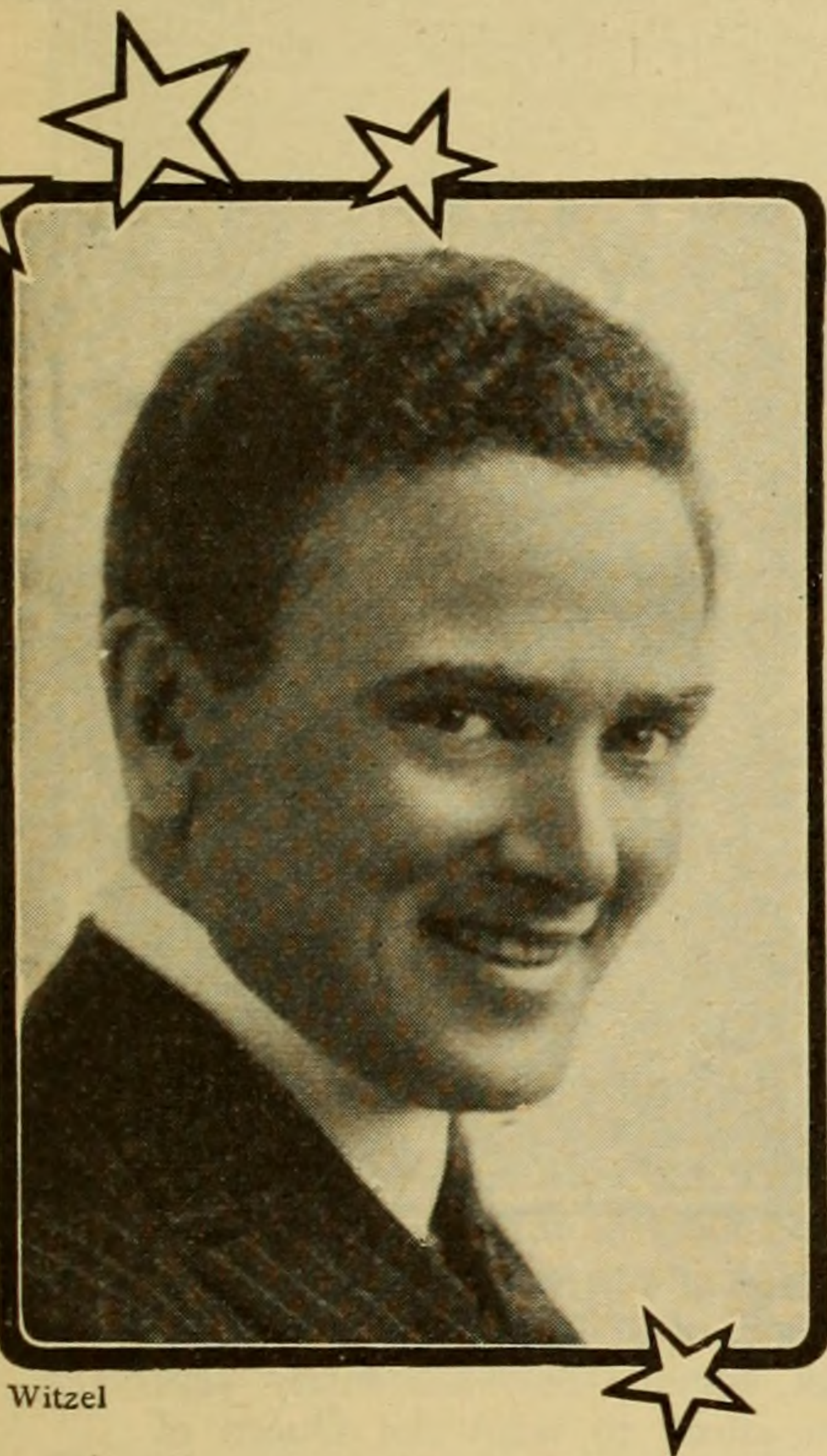
By Ellen Woods

Nativity of Herbert Rawlinson, Born Nov. 15th.

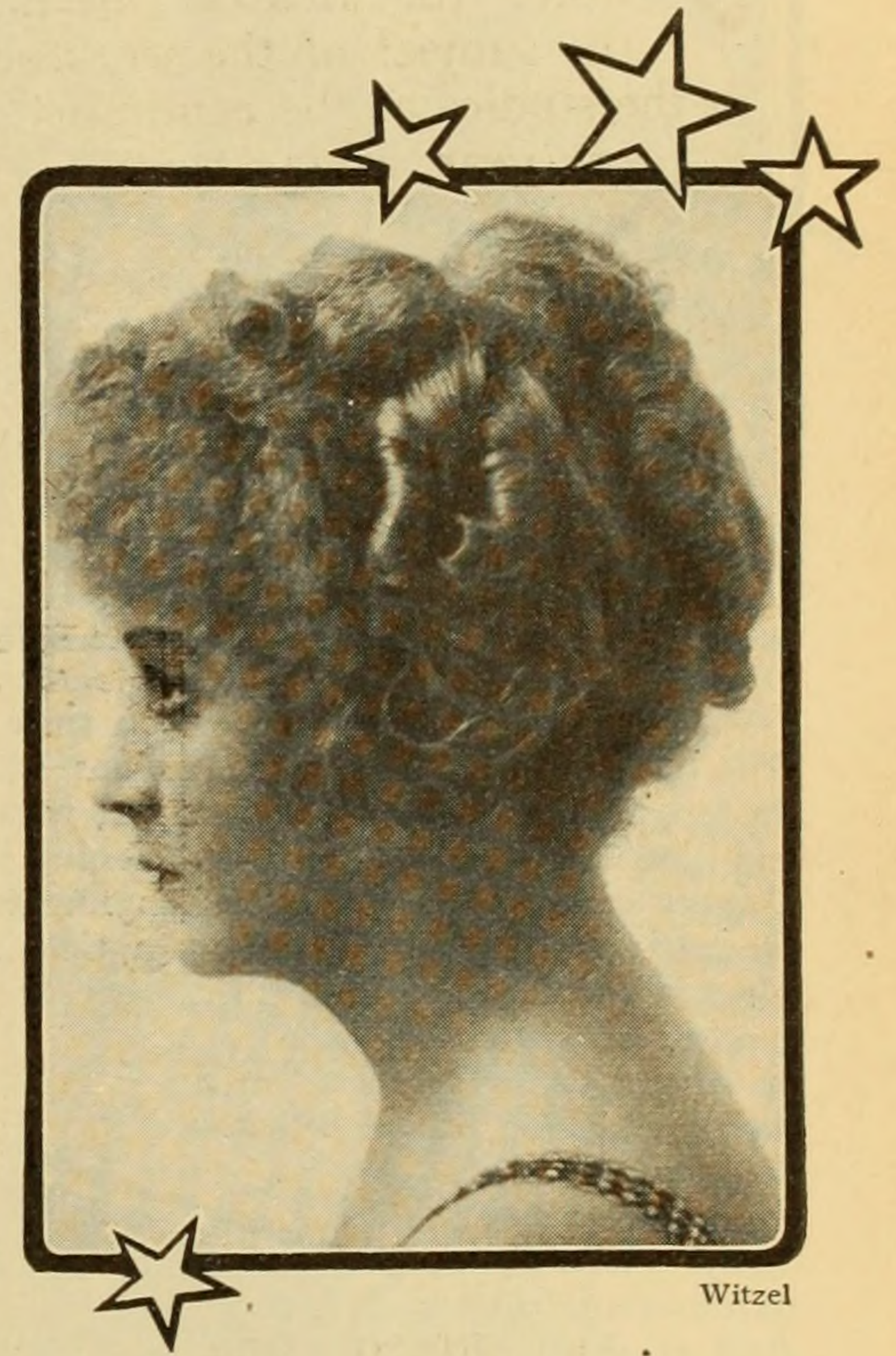
THIS nativity as given, 9 a. m., would have inclined the subject's mind to the ministry, higher science, or the law, but, as I know that Mr. Rawlinson is an actor and a good one (not that ministers are not good

Nativity of Bessie Barriscale, Born Dec. 8th.

THIS nativity is very confusing, as there are so many positions and aspects that promise mildness, gentleness, and a most lovable character, and there are others to the contrary; but one thing, this little girl must not be left



Witzel

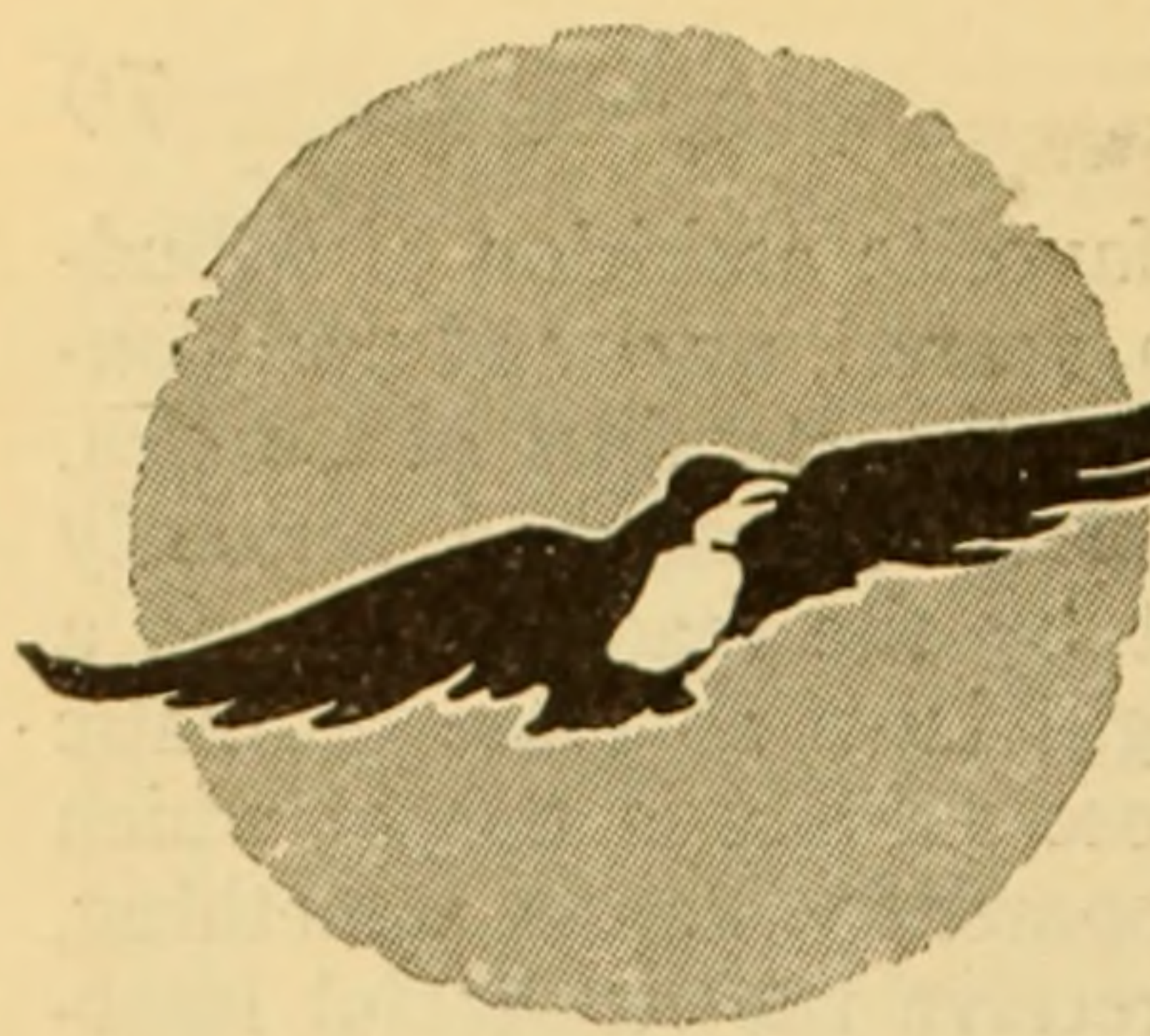


Witzel

actors) I would conclude that he must have been born about forty-four minutes earlier, which changes the position of the most essential planet, the lord of the first, from the ninth to the tenth house. This indicates that he would make a name and fame for himself without the help of anyone. Born an actor, he can interpret drama correctly without the aid of direction, is quick to see and understand, has a good memory, is very artistic, and is inspirationally correct. He is much given to poetry, is refined, and a great reader and scholar. He is generous to a fault, but he must not believe everyone who comes to him with "Get-rich-quick Wallingford" schemes. He would have been an excellent judge or legislator in connection with divorce laws. He should not go into partnership or take a room mate. He should avoid narcotics, especially tobacco and alcohol. He has indications of being married twice, the last late in life. He was born fortunate, that is, he came from refined, gentle folk, but I cannot say so much for his health. He is not so strong as he looks, and should not take food or drink when sick from strangers, as there is danger of getting the wrong bottle. As a last caution, let him remember the advice of the elder Weller to his son, "Beware of vidders."

alone too long or morbidness comes to stay, and she knows no way to drive it out. She should not read harrowing tales or witness distress in any way, as it brings tears and tears destroy youth. She is shrewd, capricious, dreamy, and loves poetry. She prefers to read about the love affairs of royalty. Her temper is fiery, bellicose, and easily aroused, somewhat rough and even violent, but never unkindly. There is a love of danger for its own sake. She is the one woman in the world who will not repeat what you tell her. She is slow to forgive once her pride is hurt, but she is really more dangerous after her anger has cooled down than when she is in a bluster. She has three inheritances coming to her. One will be fought out in court and will eventually be gained by her, but it will cost as much as the bequest. This little lady had better stay single if she wishes to be happy, as it is not foreordained that she should be wed while in this incarnation. (Of course, this is only true if the nativity was given to me correctly—hour of birth 5 a. m.) Miss Barriscale can attribute her great success to her personal magnetism, which is given her by the benevolent rays from Venus, the goddess of love, to Uranus, the great god Pan.





# The Blue Bird

The children's own fairy tale, retold from the play of Maurice Maeterlinck, with pictures from the Artcraft photoplay, by Maurice Tourneur.

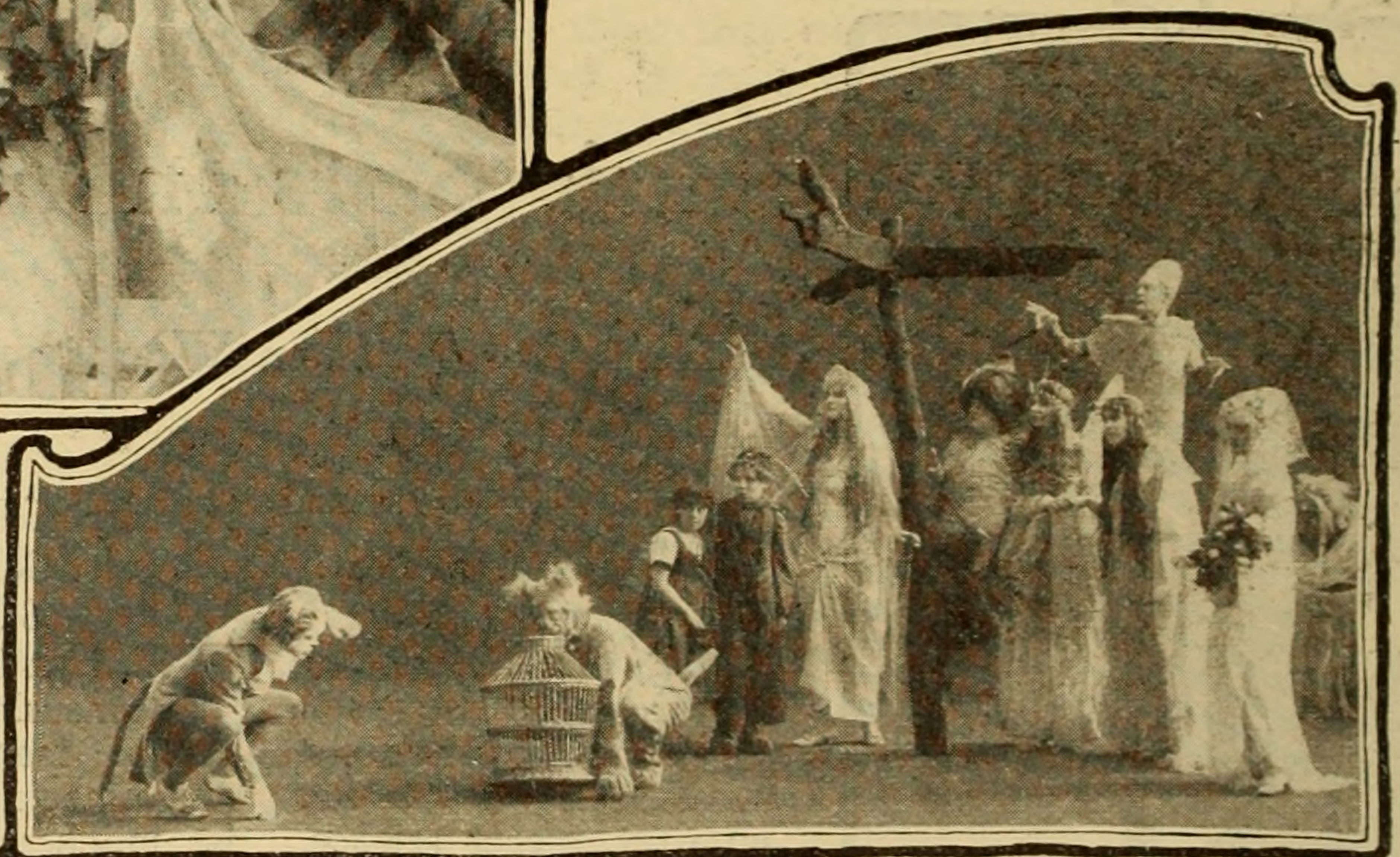
Parents—read this story to your children as you show them the pictures. Every child should know the message of "The Blue Bird."

**B**OYS and girls, wouldn't it be perfectly splendid to be in a Fairy Tale—to be *written into one*? Haven't you always rather wanted to? Now you're going to hear the nicest fairy tale of all—the story of Tytyl and Mytyl, two little peasant children who left their home and their father and mother to go on a quest for the Blue Bird—

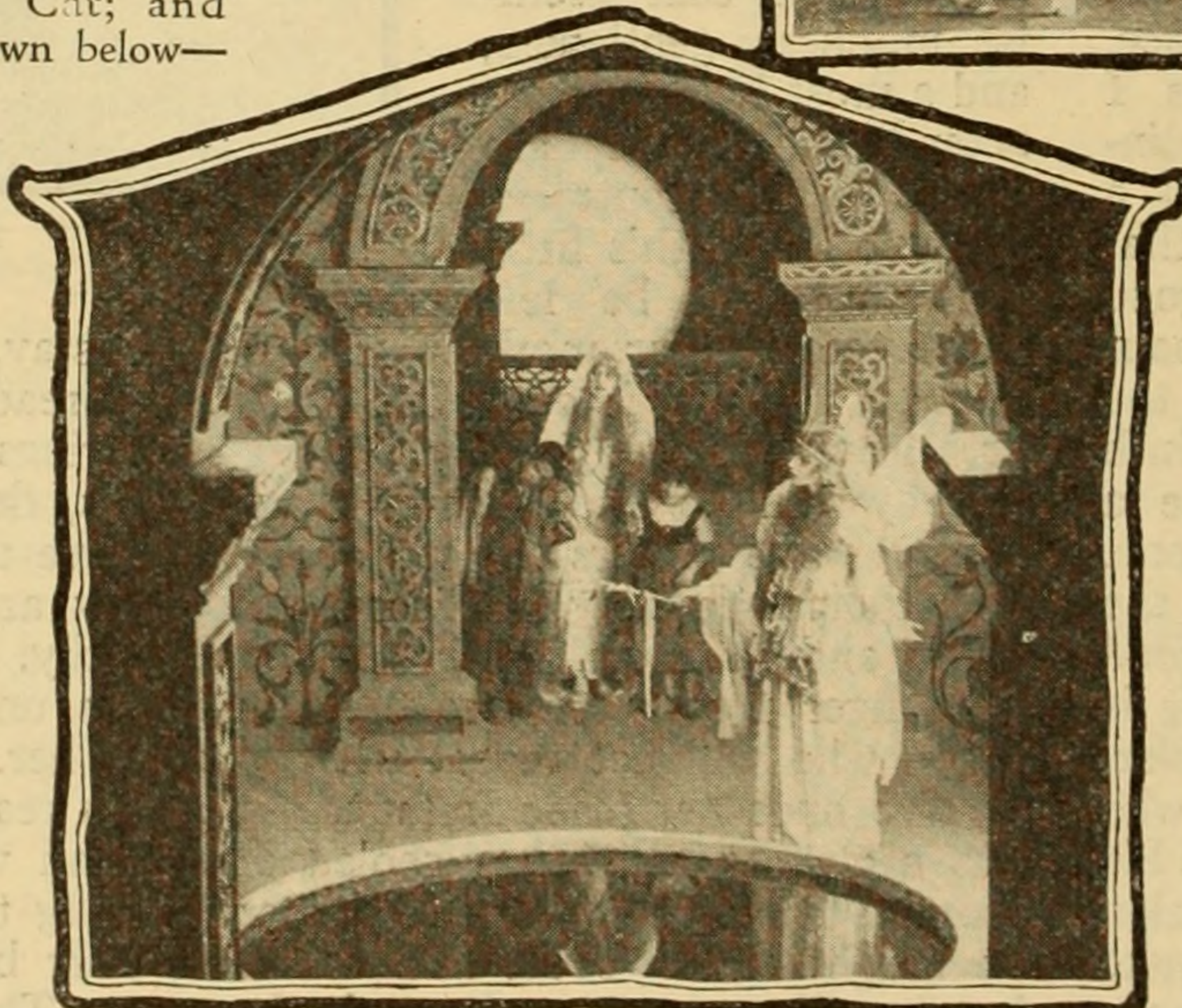
("the Blue Bird" is just another way of saying "Happiness," you know). It is a tale of Things-as-They-Really-Are. A strange tale, in which Things and Animals and Elements are turned into people. Tytyl and Mytyl are put to bed as usual one night—it's Christmas Eve—but they steal to the window and watch a merry party of wealthy children at the big house across the way. They are enjoying the party almost as much as if they were there, when a Fairy named Berylune appears before them and gives Tytyl a diamond which, when he turns it, changes Things into Beings. Then they start out on their search for the Blue Bird. This story has been put into pictures; and it is told so you can understand. And here's a secret—you are Tytyl, or Mytyl; and you are hunting for the Blue Bird. This is *your own* Fairy Tale!



1—Just before the children start on their search for the Blue Bird. Here are their companions—look! There at the left is Bread, come to life—a fat; pompous old man; and next is Water, a tearful girl. Behind Water is Sugar, a sweet sticky fellow—each of his fingers is a stick of candy; but too much of him at a time makes one ill. Next is the Fairy Berylune, with her arm about Milk, gentle, timid Milk. See the Cat, up there? Crafty Cat; and there's the Dog, down below—the faithful dog, who stands by Tytyl through thick and thin. And at the right is Fire—one can't play with him, you know; he's a dangerous fellow.



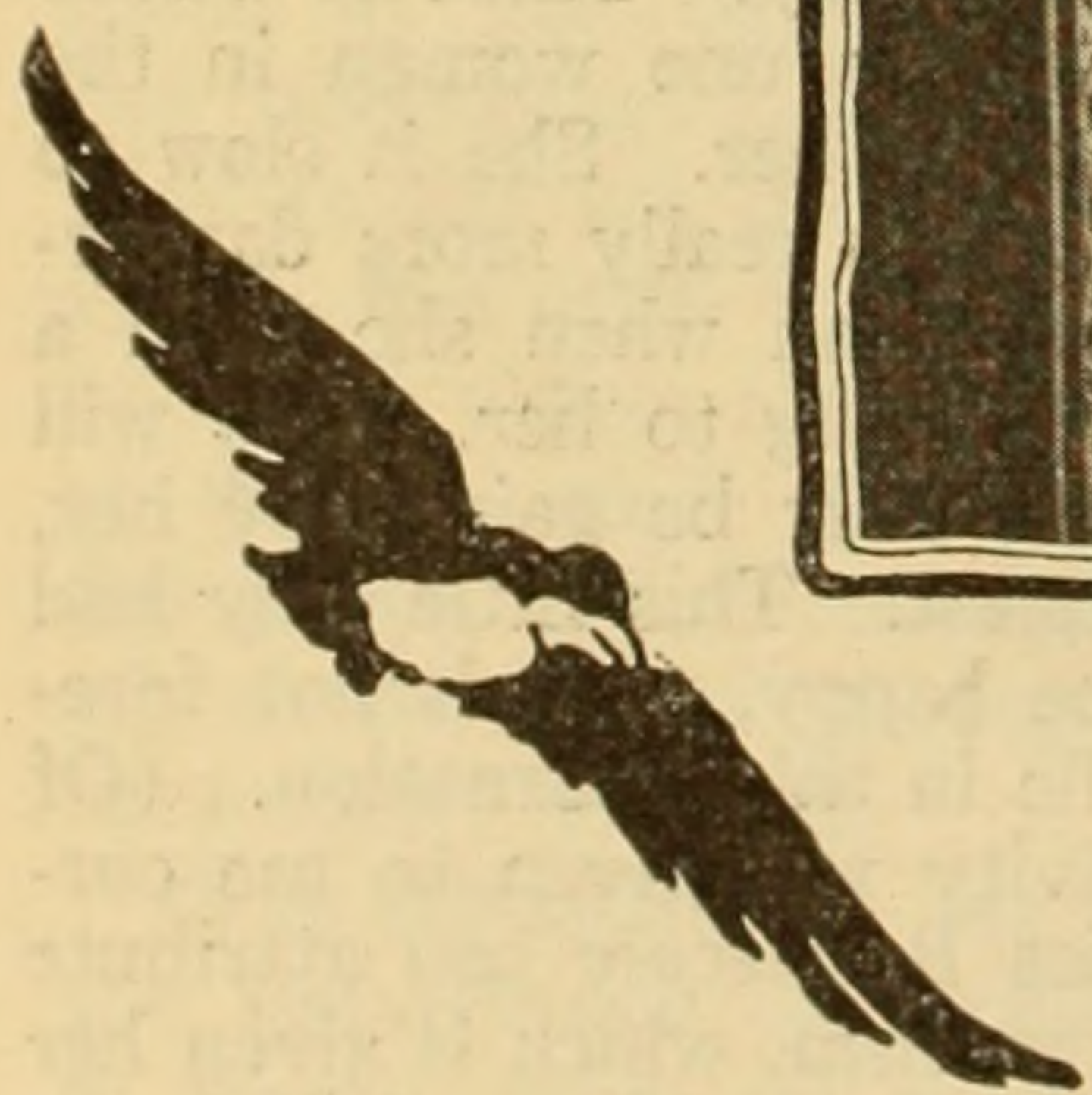
3—On the way to the Palace of Night. "The first place you must search for the Blue Bird of Happiness is the Underground Palace of Night, where I may not enter," says Light. The Cat goes on ahead to warn the Queen of Night that the Live Children are coming to hunt for the Blue Bird. The Dog, you see, has the cage all ready for it.



2—The first place the children visit is the Fairy Berylune's own Palace—a beautiful place where they see many strange things. Besides the Fairy and Tytyl and Mytyl there is Light—radiant and kind, who is to accompany them all through their journey.

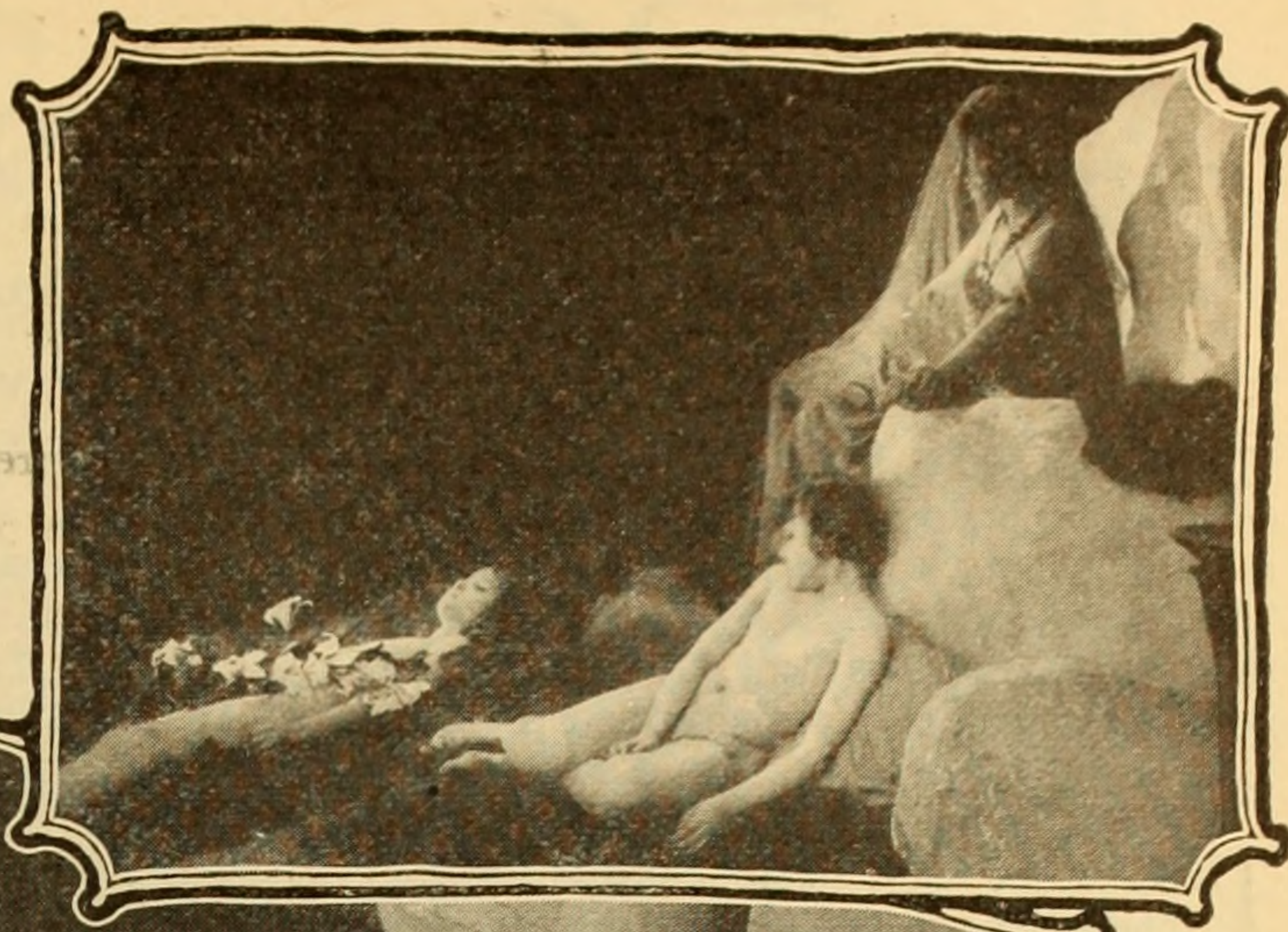


4—The children, with their faithful friend the Dog, approach the Palace of Night. Mytyl is a bit frightened at the place, but Tytyl is not afraid;—why, later on he faces bravely the terrible Wars, and the Sicknesses, and the Ghosts which the Queen of Night keeps locked up inside her Palace.





5—This is the Queen of Night with her twin children, Sleep and Death. The Queen finally consents to Tytyl searching for the Blue Bird in her Palace; and to his joy, he finds not one Blue Bird, but many—more than he can carry!



6—The children leave the Palace of Night, and rejoin Light. They show her all the birds they caught—but Light tells them that these birds are dead. They were only the blue birds of the dreams that live on the rays of the moon and die as soon as they set eyes on the sun.



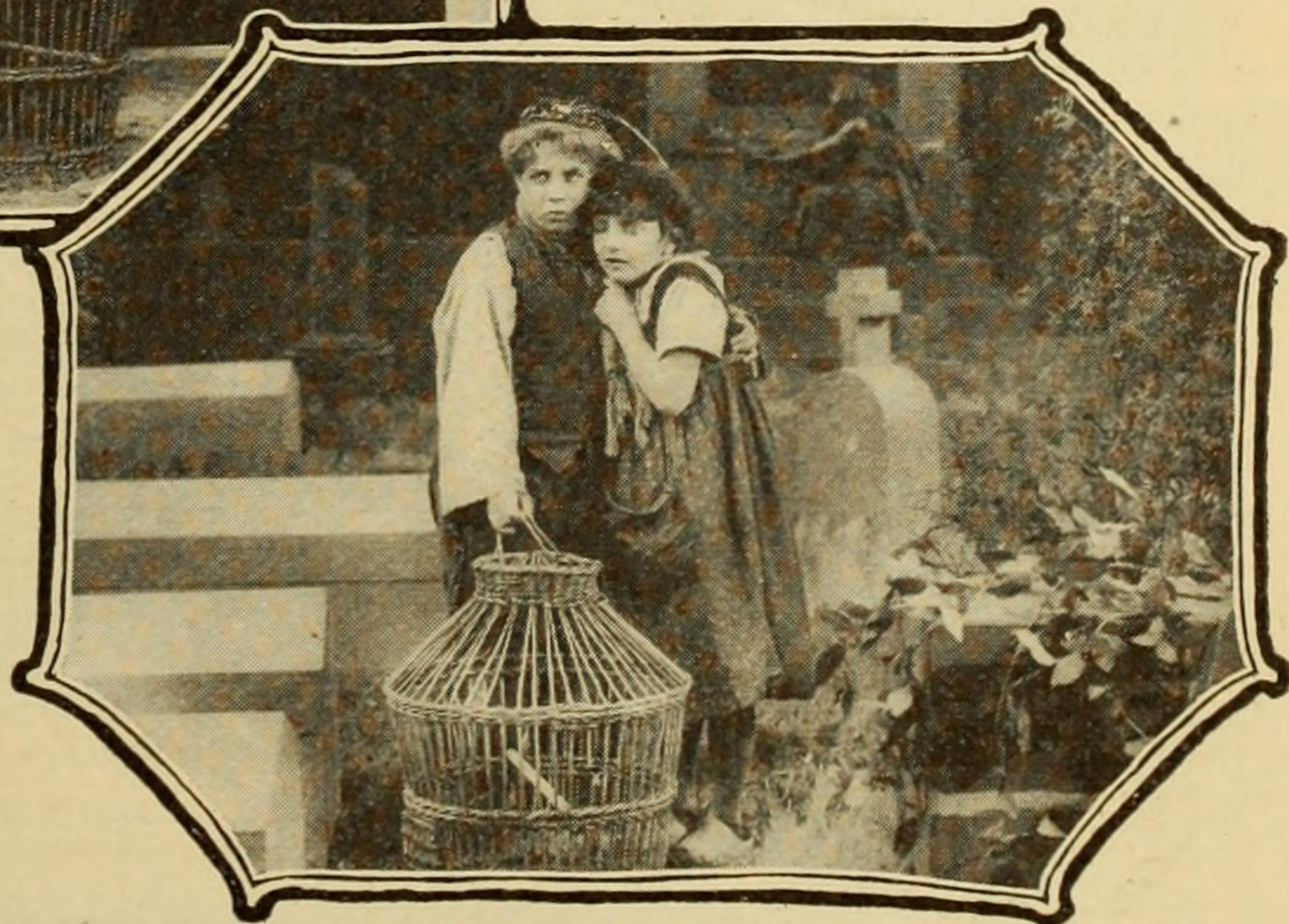
7—Light and the children in the Enchanted Forest, which they next visit. When Tytyl turns his diamond, the trees come to life, and try to do harm to the children because their father is a wood-cutter, the enemy of all trees. But Tytyl turns the diamond again and the trees become Things again.



8—Tytyl and Mytyl then visit the Graveyard of the Happy Dead. At the stroke of midnight, the gates swing open. Mytyl is afraid, and wants to run away; but Tytyl comforts her, and together they go in.



9—After Tytyl has turned the diamond, the graves of the Happy Dead open. To the surprise of the children, the graveyard is blooming with flowers. They look about them for the tombs; there are none, only flowers. "Where are the dead?" asks Mytyl. "There are no dead," Tytyl replies. All this, without finding the Blue Bird.



10—The two children return home. Bread, Fire, Water, and Milk have returned to their old forms. The Dog and the Cat have lost their tongues. Light, of course, is with them; but they do not always see her. Then Mytyl takes from its cage a bird which they have owned, to give it to a little neighbor who is ill—and to their joy the children discover it is blue! After all their searching—to find the Blue Bird—Happiness—at home. They hadn't noticed the bird was blue, before. Funnier yet, their mother said they'd been dreaming—that they had never been away from home at all!



# Plays and Players

Facts and Near-Facts About the Great and Near-Great of Filmland

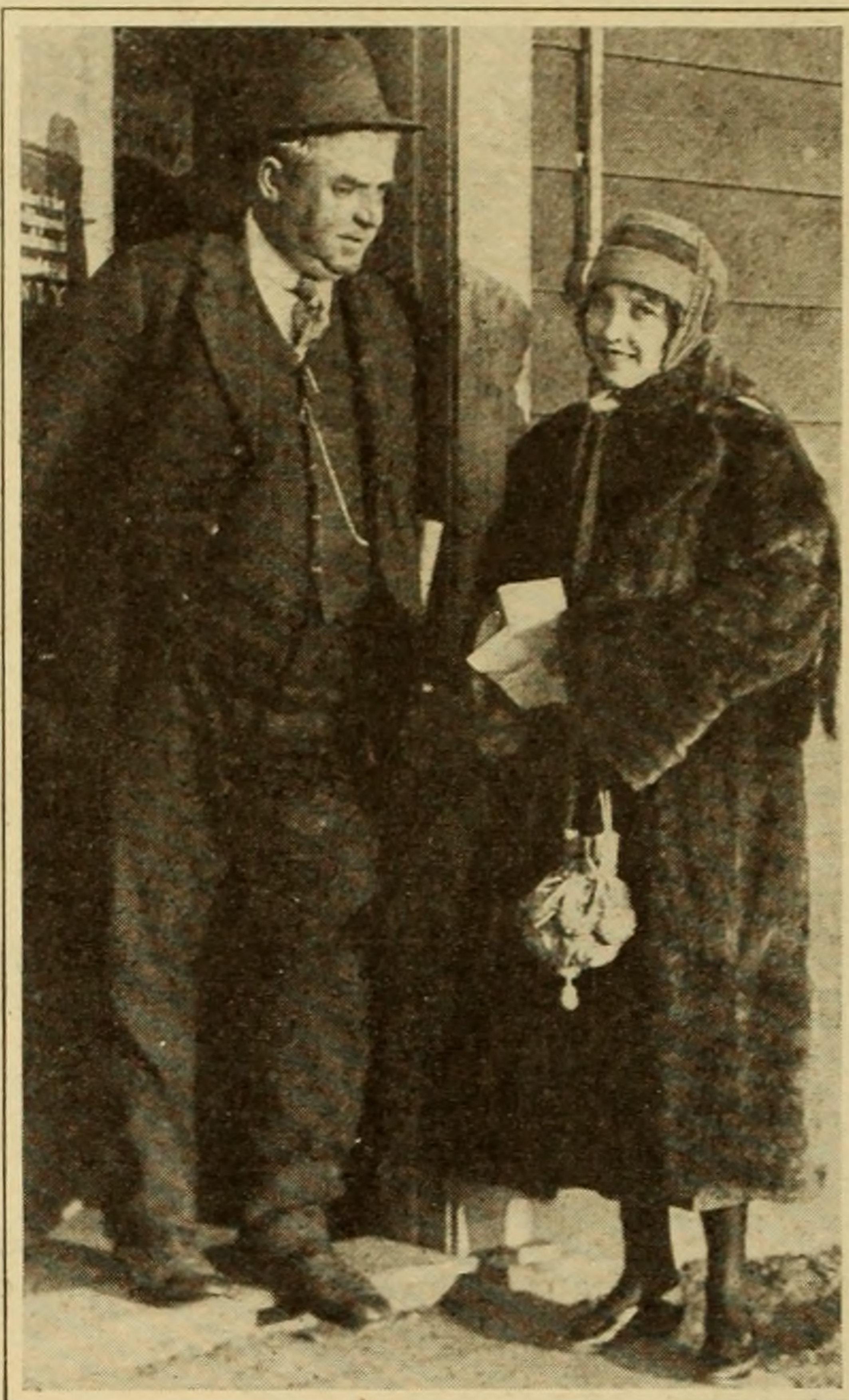
By CAL YORK

**R**EMEMBER Eileen Percy's offer to the first American soldier who wrote to her from France care PHOTOPLAY? The lucky man who received the scarf that Eileen knitted all by herself, the personal letter and autographed photo, is E. A. Gould, of Co. A, 29th Eng., A. E. F.

**T**HE other day Billie Burke sent her check for forty dollars to the Red Cross. That wasn't the largest check she sent in by any means; but it meant the most. It represented the amount of money sent to her in very small sums from 10 cents to \$1.00, by persons, mostly children, who have written her in the past few weeks for autographed photographs. She figured that she received from twenty-five to thirty requests each day, and in returning the pictures enclosed a little note asking that the recipient send her such a sum as he or she could spare to devote to the Red Cross. One little girl in Lincoln, Neb., sent twenty-five two-cent stamps and a two-weeks' allowance from her father. A little boy sent ten pennies in an envelope—and they were so heavy it cost nearly that to send them—but of course he never thought of changing them to one piece for the ten, as there must have been a sacrifice in every penny. Miss Burke received a splendid letter from the Red Cross thanking the kiddies through her; and as she doesn't want to spend any of the money in writing the children, she asks that we thank them for her.

**O**UR little act of kindness for the month will hereafter be a Helpful-Hints-to-Press-Agents paragraph. Here are some old gags that should be revived—they haven't been used for a whole month now: The Vamp from the Pyramids of the Sahara (all our near-vamps for some time now have hailed from Russia); the daughter of an old Chicago family going into pitchers as an extra girl; the popular Blank star who in the "fight scene" walloped the professional heavyweight so hard he was unconscious for ten minutes. More next month.

**T**HE Essanay company is no longer active. The Chicago studio suspended operations recently and released its two remaining stars, Little Mary McAlister and Taylor Holmes. Essanay will make only an occasional photoplay, with specially engaged players.



The gateman of the Paralta studios knows Bessie Love—almost as well as he knows his instructions. "Absolutely no one admitted without orders," he is telling the little star. So she has fished down in her bag for her credentials—and everybody's agreeable and happy once more.

**L**OTS of people think nothing Charlie Chaplin could do is quite as funny as the line he was careful to have inserted in his contract, to the effect that he was not to be required to do anything that would detract from his dignity as an artist.

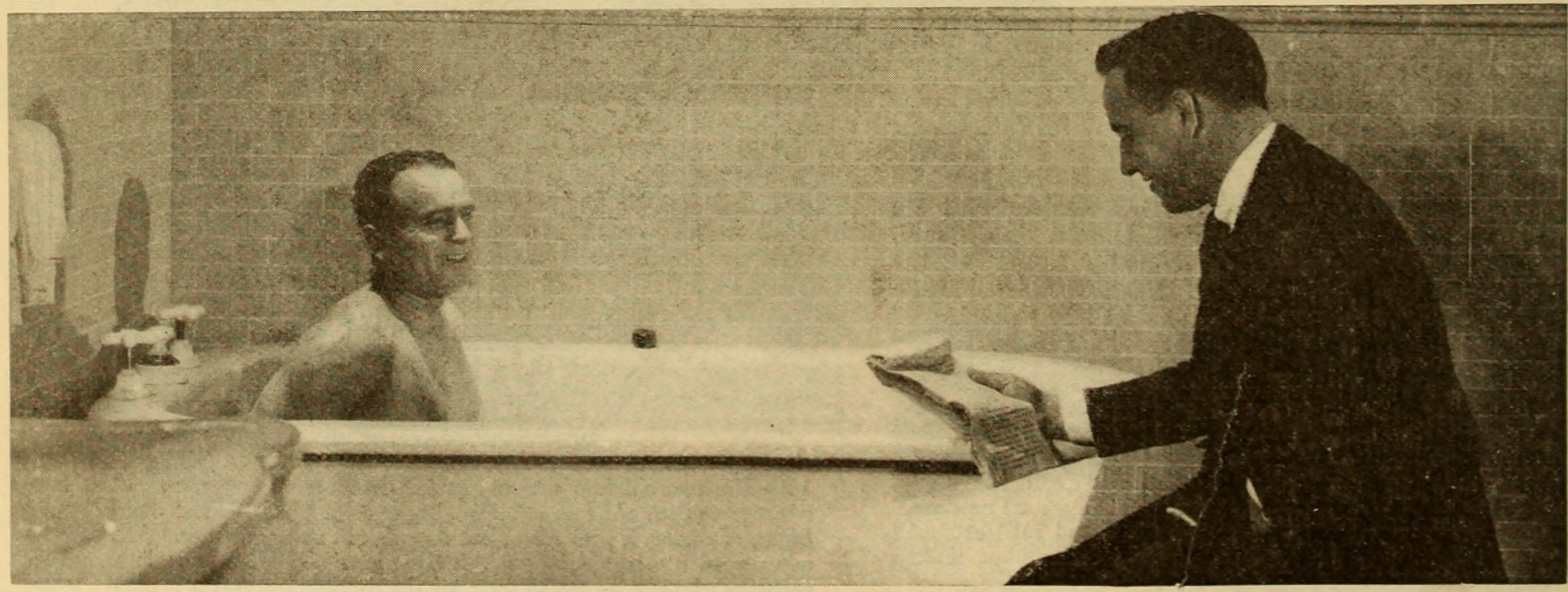
**J.** A. BERST has resigned as head of the Pathe company. No reason has been given. Berst was for many years the vice-president and general manager of Pathé Freres in this country. Paul Brunet, who has been comptroller of the big concern, has been appointed to succeed Berst in both executive positions.

**K**ENNETH McGAFFEY, who is said to be the handsomest publicity man in the motion picture business, reports that Miss Lucile Zintheo, the winner of the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S Beauty and Brains Contest, is appearing in important parts in the production "Missing," which is being directed by Commodore J. Stuart Blackton and James Young, and in "The Firefly of France," with Wallace Reid.

**W**ILLIAM HINCKLEY, who died the latter part of March in New York, was very well-known to screen followers. He was a Chicago man, born in 1894, and educated at Northwestern University. He made his stage debut at 15 in a Denver stock company, and later appeared in stock at St. Louis. During his stage career he supported Charlotte Walker, Amelia Bingham, Marie Doro, Hattie Williams, and other stars. Hinckley deserted to the movies and played in many of the old Majestic and Reliance photoplays, with Dorothy Gish; he had important parts in the Fine Arts productions, "The Lily and the Rose," with Lillian Gish, and "The Children in the House," with Norma Talmadge. Later he did "The Amazons," with Marguerite Clark, for Famous Players.

**J**AMES YOUNG is back in the harness on the West Coast. He was re-engaged by Jesse Lasky to direct Sessue Hayakawa in one production and following that directed another under the supervision of J. Stuart Blackton. Mr. Young has long been regarded as one of the most artistic directors in the business.

**I**RVING CUMMINGS is now a father. He says he's glad because it's a boy.



Douglas Fairbanks seldom has a minute to himself. Gosh! he can't even bathe in privacy! Here he is listening to Director Alan Dwan reading a new scenario. Time: just after a busy, mussy day at the studio.



**WILLIAM COURTLEIGH, JR.**, died recently in New York, a victim of pneumonia. He was playing at the time in Lou Tellegen's "Blind Youth." The last film in which he appeared was Norma Talmadge's "By Right of Purchase." He had appeared in Famous Players films with Marguerite Clark. He is survived by his wife, known professionally as Ethel Fleming.

**T**HE other day Montagu Love was reminiscing on the days when he was an artist on the *London Sketch*, and he told this story of a time when he was tempted. He was assigned to interview the leading lady of a melodrama which was playing the provinces. Of an age near the half-century mark, the honor of being feminine lead had just about turned her head. Mr. Love had been

And with a *grande dame* air, she walked to the stairs and shouted, "Teresa, Teresa! Ain't them two beers come as yet?" Mr. Love doesn't say whether or not he remained for the repast.

**NILES WELCH**, the good looking young juvenile who has been seen in the support of many stars, is playing opposite Mary Pickford for the first time. He was shipped west to play the chief male role in "How Could You Jean?" and will probably remain for another picture with Miss Pickford, which, incidentally, will be her last under her present contract.

**W**ORD has been received from Captain Robert Warwick, now over there with the U. S. forces. A cablegram from him contained just one word, "Safe."

**LILLIAN WALKER** is going to have her own company again.

**G**EORGE LOAN TUCKER is no longer with the Goldwyn company. He severed his directorial connections and responsibilities and paid his own real money to announce the fact in very large type in the motion picture trade-journals. This announcement is gratis. At this writing his future plans have not been announced. Tucker made most of the few good Goldwyn films released. Recently that company announced he was to be director-general, but the arrangement seems not have been particularly successful.



"—and then you've got to jump off that rock," advised director Neilan. And did Mary jump? The rest of the story isn't told. You'll have to see "M'Liss" to find out. This picture was snapped near Mount Lowe.

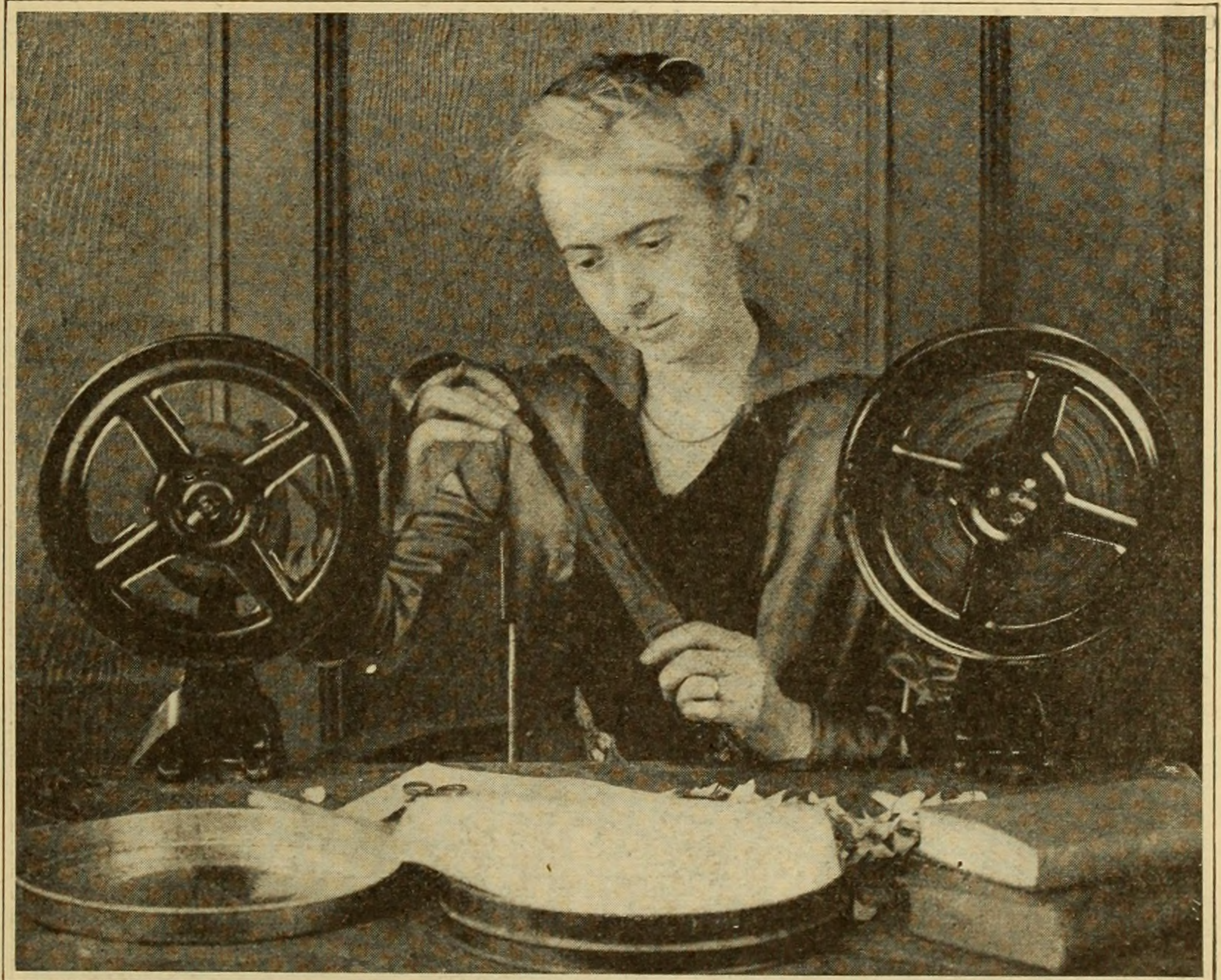
**B**Y this time you have probably heard of Bill Hart's Red Cross Hat. It is to be autographed by the President, and the Vice-President, and Cabinet members, and everybody else in Washington; then it will be sent abroad for the signatures of King George, Lloyd George, Poincare, Joffre, Pershing, and every one of the Allied leaders. When it comes back, Bill himself will sign it, and it will be auctioned off to the Red Cross. Well, it's a good story, anyhow.

**M**ARSHALL NEILAN, after completing the Pickford picture "M'Liss," journeyed to New York, where he will direct George M. Cohan, and later on other Artcraft stars. William D. Taylor is Mary's new director.

**D.** W. GRIFFITH tried out his new warplay lately and found it not wanting. The production was taken to Pomona, a thriving fruit metropolis thirty miles from Los Angeles, and shown at a picture theatre without any announcement. Guards were stationed at the entrance to keep out spies from rival camps who might have "got next" to the maneuver, and only the villagers were allowed to enter. According to the report next day the production was a "riot," than which there is no more enthusiastic word in the showman's lexicon. It has since been shown to the public, and is reviewed elsewhere in this magazine.

**H**ERE'S a new Fox press story. Virginia Pearson was making a war picture and had to wear a German uniform. She was about to mount a horse for the "wild ride" after the papers, when the horse saw her German uniform and bolted.

talking to her some time when she said, "I'm afraid you'll be thinking me very in'ospitable for not offering you a bite."



### SHE LIVES IN THE DARK

Hetty Gray Baker passes her life in the dark, scrutinizing and editing Fox pictures, and yet she is a merry lady with a fine sense of humor. What Fox pictures would be without her delicate touch, goshonly knows. She is the supreme authority, once the film is put into her hands, responsible only to Fox himself. How does one become a film editor? Well, you are born in Hartford, and work in a Public Library, and try Boston and don't like it, go back to Hartford and study law and don't like it, decide to write scenarios and succeed through persistence, and make the grand tour to California and meet Griffith and everything. And then Fox has a row with Herbert Brenon and needs some one with intelligence to edit "A Daughter of the Gods," and if your name is Hetty Gray Baker he sends for you to come from the Coast where you had a job in his studio, and there you are. Quite simple.



**JACK CONWAY**, the Triangle director who is now making a film version of "The Servant in the House," insists on music for all his scenes. It was necessary that his private orchestra play hymns for some of the church scenes in the classic. The orchestra was playing, "Onward Christian Soldiers," when Conway raised his hand as a signal and said: "Now, let's have something betokening



After a screen career whose sparkle was just reaching the dazzling point, William Hinckley died in New York. Born in 1894, Mr. Hinckley had been a "professional" from the age of fifteen years on. He did splendid work with Norma Talmadge, Lillian Gish and Marguerite Clark.

deep and holy love." The orchestra had exhausted all its knowledge of sacred music, but it obligingly struck up, "They Go Wild Over Me."

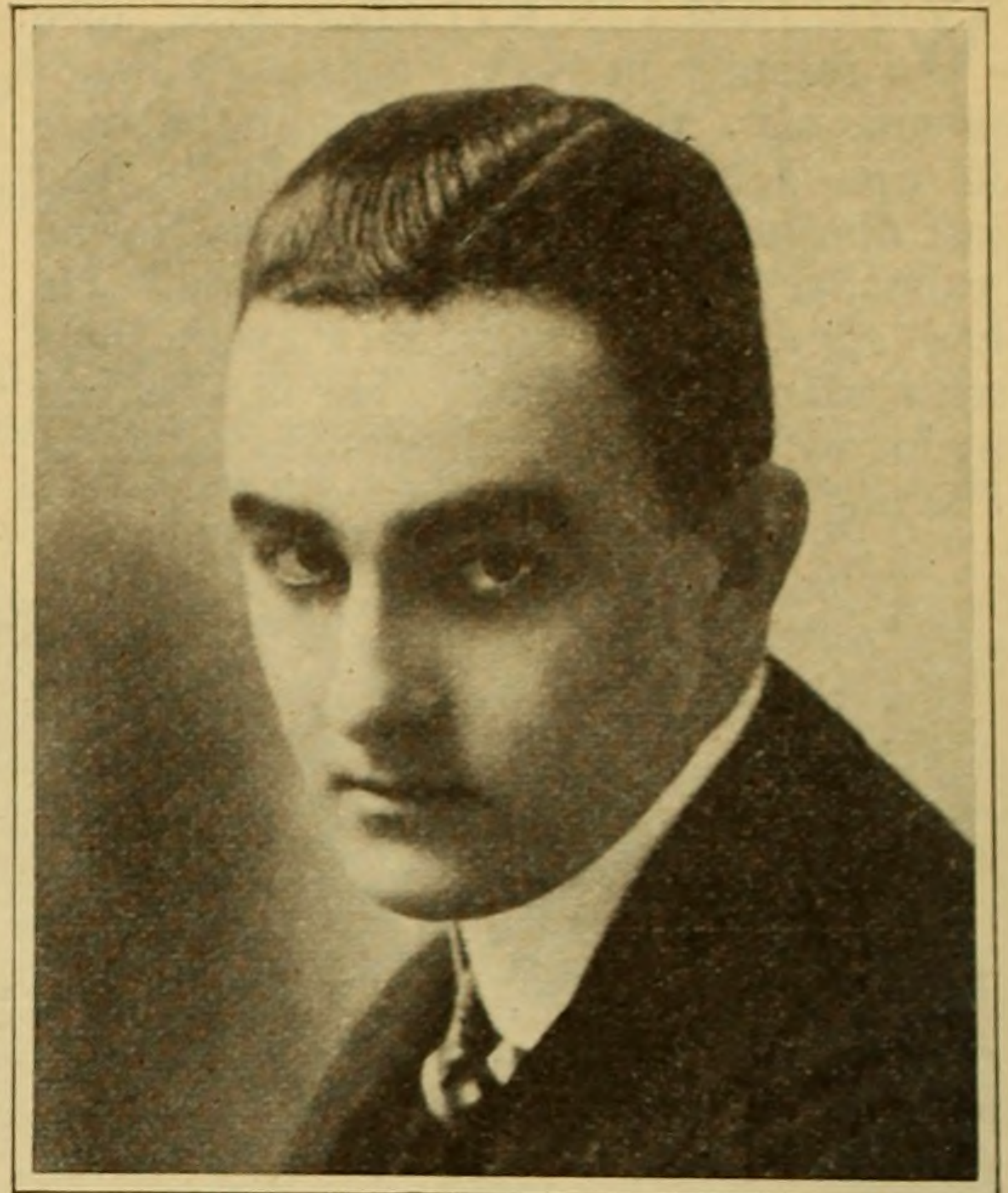
**ROSCOE ARBUCKLE** doesn't have to go to war. He was rejected by the examining board because of—yes, that's it—overweight.

**EXTRY—EXTRY!** Eileen Percy is married! Her husband is Otto Busch of the family made famous by the Anheuser-Busch beverage. Will Eileen retire from the screen? Maybe so; maybe not.

**YOU** may never have heard of an Antony Byrd (colored) in moving pictures, but he's a great actor. Recently he went down to Florida to take part in a picture. A citizen, amazed at the dignity of the cinema actor, questioned him as to his importance in this film and the industry in general. "Now, my dear sir, may I ask what part you are playing?" blandly inquired the native son. "Colored, sir, just colored," answered Antony Byrd, just as blandly.

**WHEN** Olive Thomas left New York for California and moving pictures, Wallace McDonald, of Vitagraph, was among those of her friends who came down to see her off. "Good-bye, Wally," cried Olive; "you'd better come out and be my leading-man." Wallace agreed, laughing; and the train pulled out. Now Triangle has announced Olive's new picture, with Wallace McDonald, new Triangle leading-man, in the supporting male role.

**ALLA NAZIMOVA** has returned to the stage and Bert Lytell will come back to the screen to stay. Lytell made several subjects for Herbert Brenon. This time he has signed a contract with Metro to star alone.



It was while playing in Lou Tellegen's "Blind Youth" in New York City that William Courtleigh died from pneumonia. His last screen appearance was with Norma Talmadge in "By Right of Purchase."

**MARGARET MAYO** has resigned from the Goldwyn company. She says her year with Goldwyn in the scenario department was the most strenuous of her life.

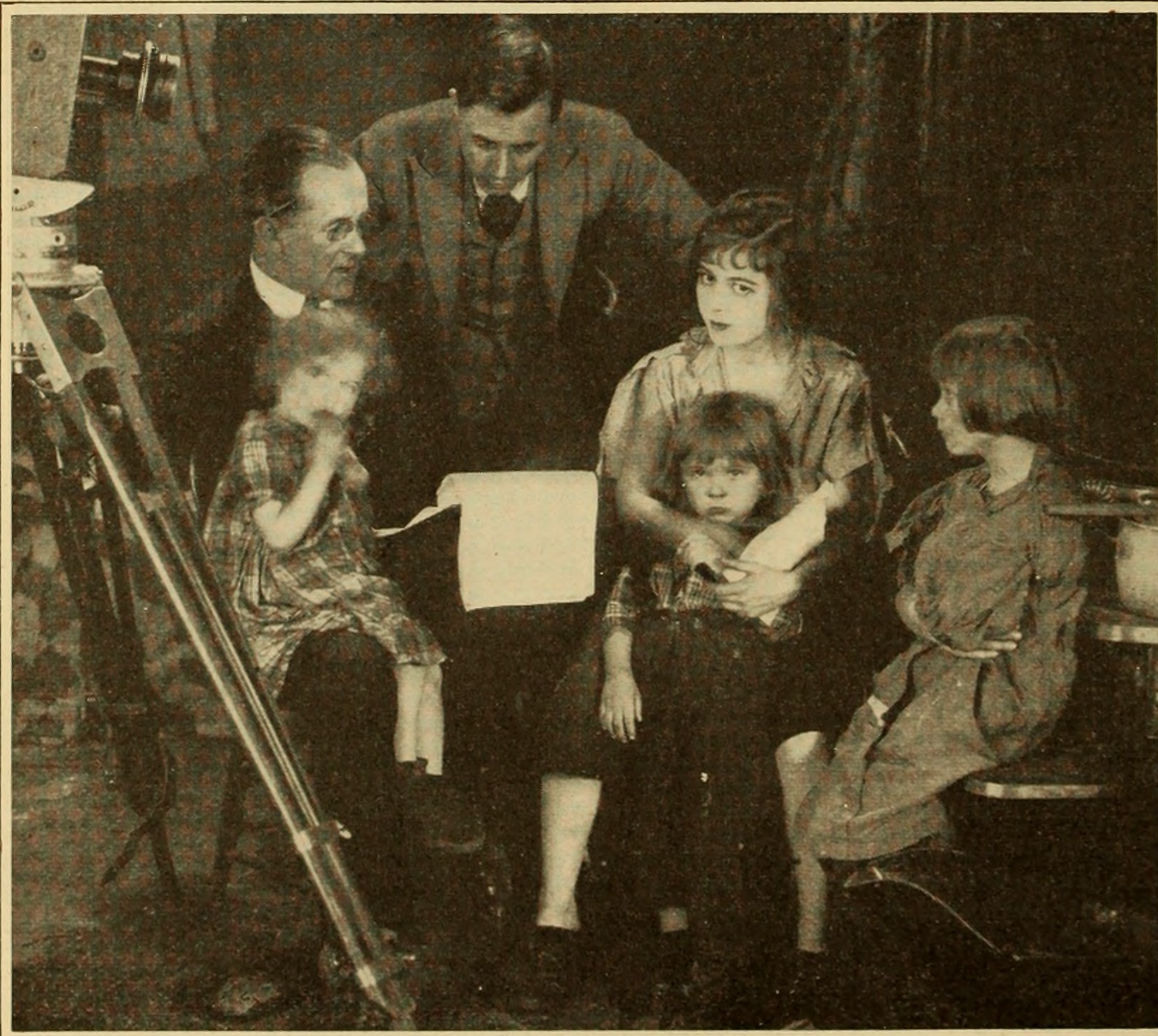
**MONTE M. KATTERJOHN:** "I had just finished a scenario when my sister's little boy got hold of it and tore it up."

**RHEA MITCHELL:** "Is that so? Why, I didn't know your sister had a little boy who was old enough to read." (They call her Ginger.)

**SAM MAYER** is the "location man" for World pictures. What the ivory hunter is to baseball, the "location man" is to movies. They pick locations for pictures, and everything. Well, Sam was to get a Southern farm-house with cotton fields on either side and a bunch of flowers in front. Mayer saw the very place he wanted when he got off the train at a small Kentucky hamlet, and he went up to the owner and asked him to let the company use his front yard as a location. "What fur?" the farmer asked suspiciously. "We want to take some moving pictures here," replied Mayer. "Moving pitchers—what's them?" asked the farmer. Mayer nearly collapsed; but recovered sufficiently to tell the man that they are photographs that move and are shown in theatres. "Theatres" was enough. "You clear out o' here," yelled the farmer; "or I'll sick the dog on ye!" Mayer moved; but it was some time before he found a similar location.

**PICTURE** studios continue to be robbed of their players who are of military age. Rex Ingram who directed several of the Henry Walthall Paralta photoplays has joined the Canadian flying corps. Freddie Goodwins, another British subject who has played with Chaplin, Fairbanks and Mary Pickford during the last year in comedy roles, has joined the colors. In addition to the players, many cameramen have joined the photographic section of the signal corps.

(Continued on page 102)



Ann Pennington's forgotten she was ever the petted darling of Ziegfeld's Follies and Frolics, and has become an alley chee-ild—on the screen. Director Giblyn is telling Ann and the kiddies how to do this scene of squalor for "Calvary Alley."



# Why-Do-They Do-It

**T**HIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, which was stupid, unlife-like, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.

## As an Australian Rabbit Vendor Would Put It

Deer Mister Photoplay,  
**I** SEEN you're a-looking fur truble in these 'ere movies, axin' "Why does they do it?"—Gawd knows but 'ere's my dinkum views. There's that pretty-boy 'Arold Lockwood. Me missus and me 'as taken a shine to 'im. We likes 'is actin' and he spoons as pretty as a bloke cud wish wiv all them nifty skirts. He's all there when the scrappin' is on and kin do 'is bit nice an' proper wiv 'is mitts, but Gorstruth mister, I'm arskin' yer, why dont 'e rumple 'is blanky 'air a bit arter a box-on wiv the villun? Strike me 'e cums out as eemaculate as 'Erb Rawlinson at a tony hash-foundry. Never aint no tear in 'is pants nor 'is neck-tie swivelled an' blimme it aint true ter nature, leastways I aint never bin able ter do it. This is all I got ter gnash me gums over just now but I'm willin' to push me barrer in anytime I sees sum uver bloke or tart makin' foolish breaks. The missus 'as jist brought in me beer so 'eres lookin' at yer old sport. Yours trooly

WILE-RABBIT ED. (E. H. W.),  
St. Peters, Adelaide, S. Australia.

## Can't Prove It by Us

**I** HAPPEN to be a signalman in the R. A. Navy, and was forcibly impressed by the following: The heroine in "Captain Sunlight" uses a small vanity mirror as a heliograph. Very ingenious, I admit, but it is far from practicable. A heliograph requires very careful adjustment, and an excited woman's hand is anything but a steady support for the mirror. Then again, the heliograph is read by flashes from the mirror to the observer's eye; not from the mirror to some object. Let anyone who doubts the veracity of my statements experiment with a small mirror and see if they can obtain a clear reflection on any object, even 50 yards away.

ALBERT DEANE, Sydney, Australia.

## Scenario Editors Please Note

**"W**E'RE goin' to give a party fo' Carolyn and would like to have yo' all come."—"Southern Justice." Bluebird. The above is a sample of hundreds of its kind which we see flashed upon the screen as subtitles. There are four words only in this subtitle that may be given provincial enunciation. They are, "are, party, for, Carolyn." A "stab" is made at the word "for" but the attempt is not even good "darky lingo," while all the others are left to take care of themselves. "You all" is not a provincialism; but "yo' all" is not heard anywhere outside the scenario editor's sanctums. "Yoeh" is heard in enunciation, as a Southern provincialism, in the possessive pronoun "your" but never in the personal nominative "you." Why attempt flings at the culture and intelligence of the southern people? Did such editors live in the South they perhaps would receive the treatment threatened the villain in "Southern Justice." Poor Carolyn lived in the 19th century but wore a 20th century costume as late as '17 and rode in a 19th century phaeton while her lover, a banker, drove a Ford and the villain sported a Packard. Gee!

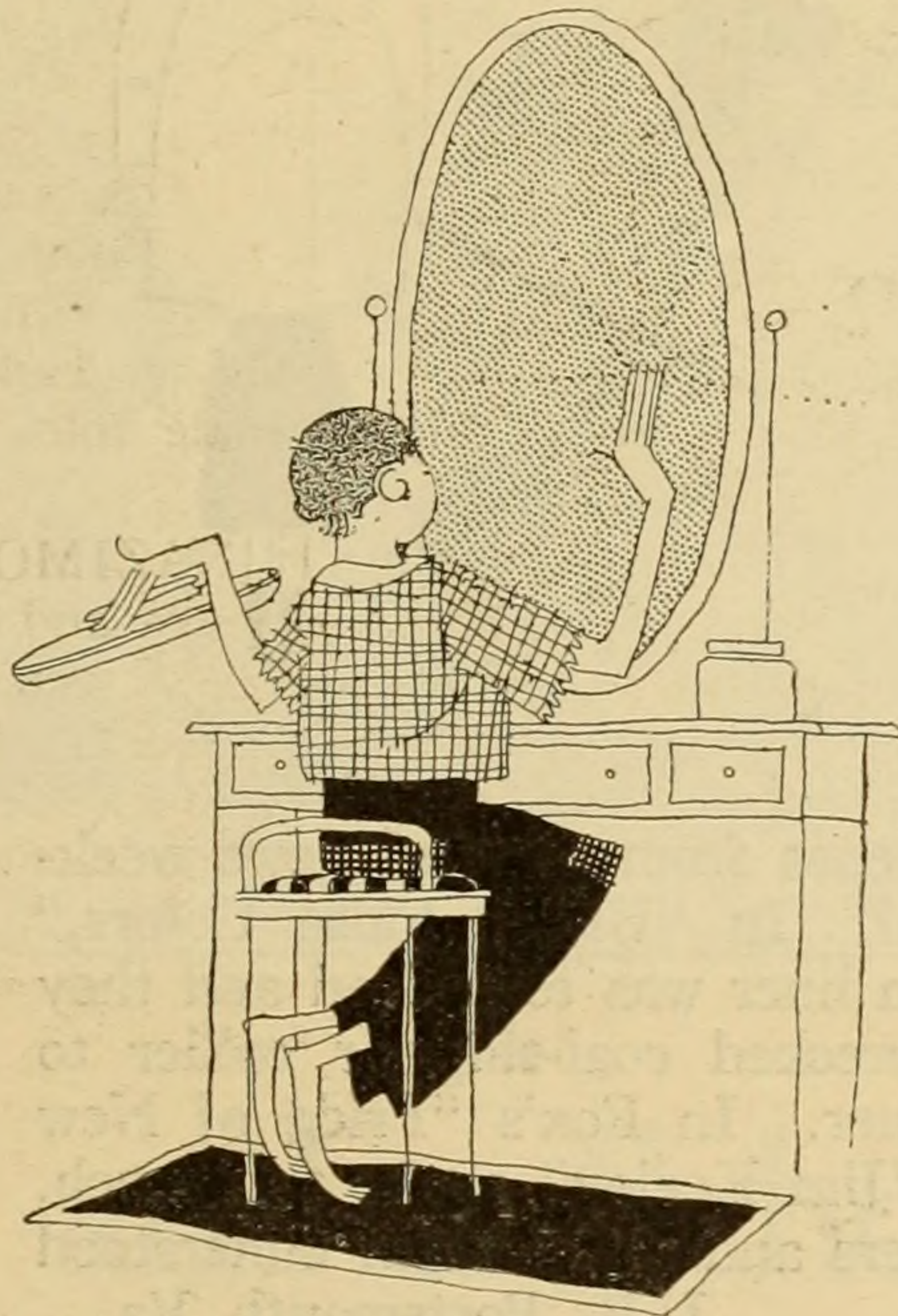
G. W. GUYER, Clayton, N. M.

## Maxine's Superb Poise

**I**N the picture "Fighting Odds" Maxine Elliott is put into an air tight vault by the villain and locked in. About twenty minutes later, she is rescued by the valet, who so suddenly turned against his master that we don't know yet why it happened. Anyway, when Miss Elliott was finally rescued, she walked out as composed as if she had just stepped in from a balcony refreshed by balmy breezes. "Funny isn't it!"

MRS. T. A. S., Peoria, Ill.

## Tom Sawyer's Perfect Manicure



**J**ACK PICKFORD gave us an excellent characterization of Tom Sawyer in the photoplay of that name; so real, that one feels almost ashamed to criticize it. He was Tom, the slouchy, careless, unkempt boy of Mark Twain's story, in all but one detail, and that was the condition of his finger nails. Fancy Tom with clean nails, filed and polished. Isn't it too absurd? Now I don't mean that Jack should have neglected his

nails to accurately portray the role—certainly not. But it should be an easy matter to camouflage a perfect manicure and it would have made his portrayal more convincing.

D. C., Mason City, Ia.

## The Old Novel Modernized

**"W**OMAN AND WIFE," adapted from the story of "Jane Eyre," is neither one thing nor the other. The novel, due to its style, perhaps, was intensely fascinating to read. Modernized and changed, it lacks distinction, and results in—just another play. Alice Brady is too utterly contemporaneous and sophisticated a type to fit into our conception of the demurely subtle Jane Eyre. If the story, as it is held in our minds, cannot be made into a play that visualizes our imagination, the undertaking seems hardly worth while. Modern novels, founded on our present-day psychology, can be transferred readily, and without serious deviation, to the screen. But unless the atmosphere of a story of a previous generation can be preserved, and some suggestion of its quaintness be conveyed, the time might be better employed in dealing with different phases of our up-to-date problems, many of which have been scarcely hinted at.

LIZZIE C. WARD, Denver, Colo.



*No Shadow Within!*

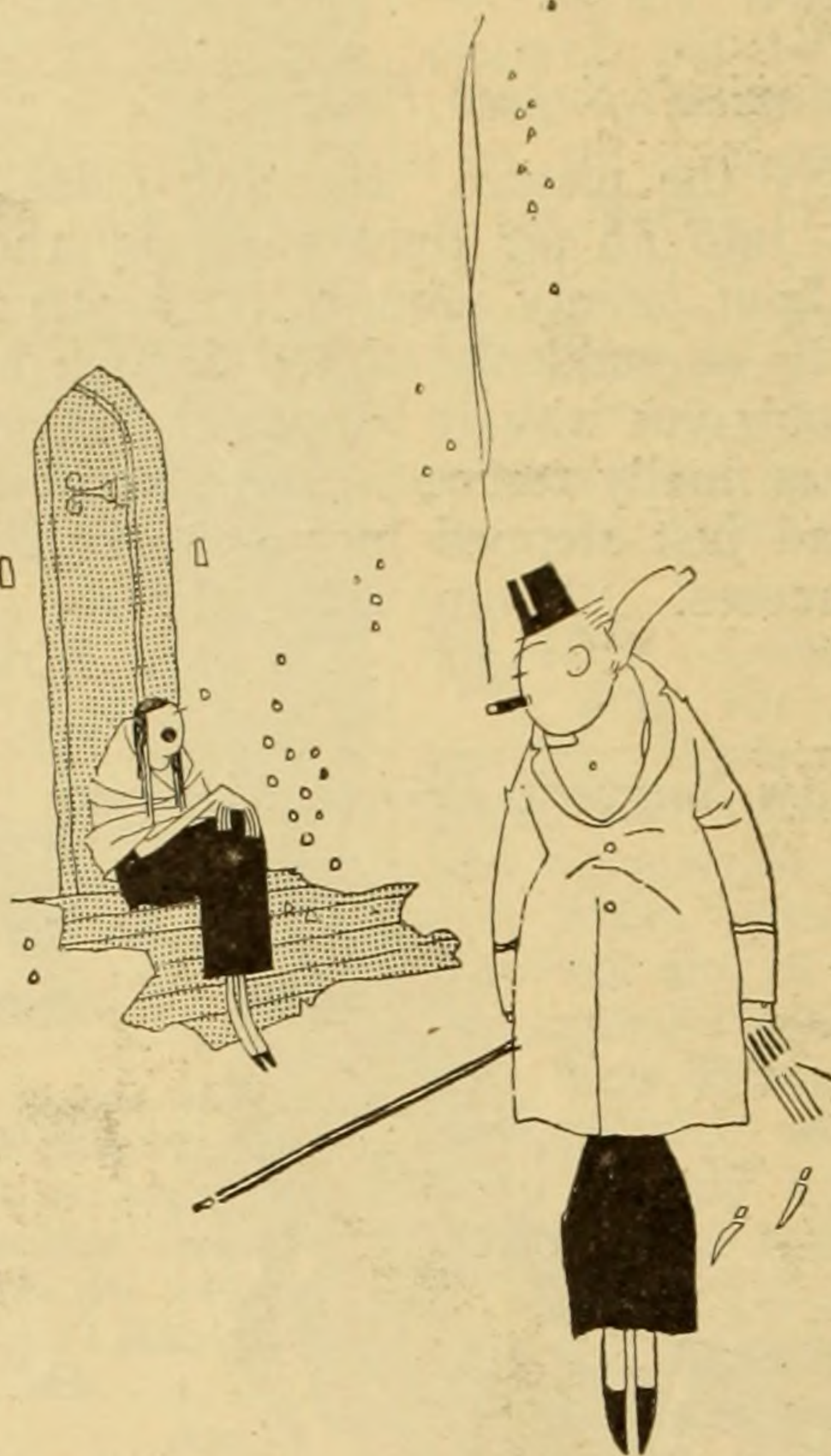
IN the Petrova film, "The Light Within," shown recently at the Rialto Theatre, there is a scene where the husband, supposed to be dead, stands outside a window and sees on the curtain the shadows of his wife and of the man who is in love with her. She is almost in his arms, and the shadows are very strongly and clearly defined. Yet in the parts of the scene shown inside the room, though the tender little love scene takes place directly in front of the window shade, at no moment does either one cast the vestige of a shadow on it! I know, for I watched!

A. DUNBAR, New York City.

*Lost—A Little Xmas "Package"*

IN "The Awakening" Montagu Love is seen staggering home from a saloon on Christmas Eve—a beautiful little Christmas "package," I should say. On his way he encounters Dorothy Kelly, the heroine, lying on the church steps covered with snow, and nearly frozen. The pitiful sight so touches Monty that he becomes sober instanter, and bears his burden home in true hero fashion.

EMMA CLARKE,  
Pitman, N. J.

*"News-Weekly" Inserts*

WHY do they insert scenes from pictorial news weeklies in movie plays? In "Under False Colors," released by Pathe, an ocean liner was torpedoed and they inserted a picture of a wrecked coal-ship or collier to represent the torpedoed liner. In Fox's "Pride of New York," George Walsh as "Jim Keeley" spoke to French, Russian and German soldiers and all of them understood him.

J. B., Portsmouth, Va.

*The Brand, Essanay; Made in Chicago*

IN "The Killjoy" I noticed that the villain went to sleep without extinguishing the candle and when he awoke the next morning the candle was still burning, and as long as before. Where do they make 'em, and what is the brand?

E. JACKSON, South Bend, Ind.

*I'm a-Coming Bill*

NOW Bill Hart, I'd walk ten miles to see one of your pictures, I'm for you, and everything, and it isn't often we sharp-shooting fans are able to get one on you, Bill, and I'm a piker to go a criticizing trifles; but Bill, in "Wolves of the Rail" those assistant directors of yours, or maybe the cutter, or the supervisor—or someone—should have noticed that when that engine started to run wild it was emitting steam, but after it was going awhile on its crazy, dam-fool way, it began to throw out thick clouds of black smoke (meaning someone was in the cab heaving coal into the firebox). Bill I didn't mind myself; but a lot of those rough railroad fellers began to snicker, and I asked them to drop in next door and see Francis Bushman or Charlie Chaplin and have a real laugh. Remember Bill, I'm for you.

AN ERIE CONDUCTOR, Newark, N. J.

*It Happens in the Best Studios*

IN "Broken Ties" Mrs. Fleming went to the apartment of Arnold Curtis expecting to find her daughter-in-law. There, she came upon the body of Arnold's uncle who had been stabbed. She leaned over him, unconsciously placing her hand on his blood-soaked clothing, and shocked on discovering that the man had been murdered she withdrew and in someway the imprint of her bloody hand was transferred to her light-colored coat. The next morning seeking to destroy the evidence of her guilt she took a black coat to the basement and put it in the furnace.

LESTER C. WILLARD, Yonkers, N. Y.

*"Select" English*

IN one of the scenes of "The House of Glass" Clara Kimball Young picks up a newspaper, on the front page of which are headlines printed in very large letters across the entire page. She sees an article and immediately starts to read it. A "close-up" of the article shows it to be printed at the top of the front page. The "close-up" then fades into the next scene, which is the same as the one preceding, and the same large headlines are still in view. I am wondering where the article she read really was, as there was apparently no room for it at the top of the page where the "close-up" showed it to be.

My understanding has always been that verbs must agree with their subjects in number. Corliss Giles told Miss Young that "The Board of Directors are going to elect me General Manager." As "Board" is the subject of the sentence, and singular number as well, why not "is" instead of "are?"

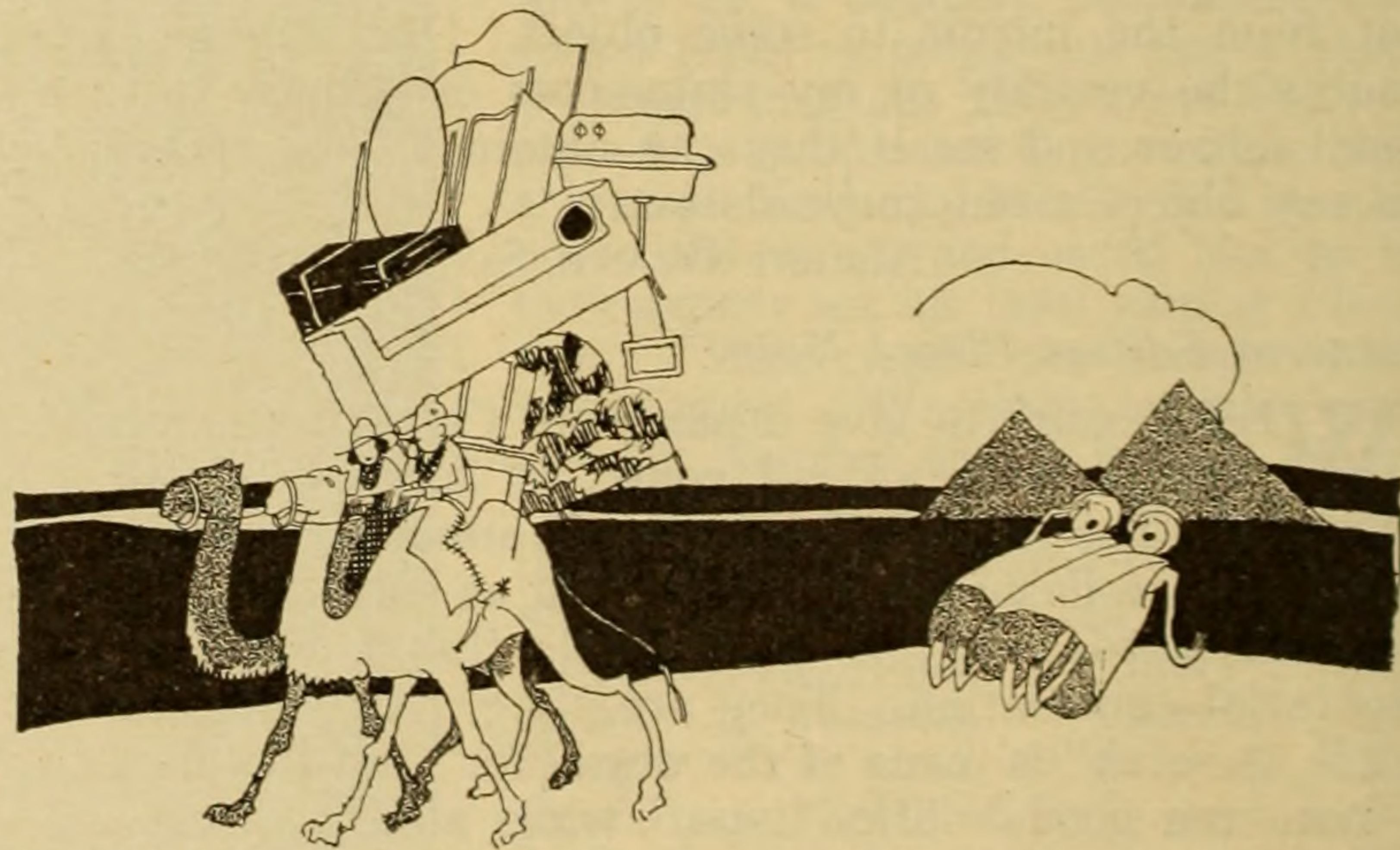
Yours truly,

A. S. EATON, Cambridge, Ohio.

*Edith Hooverizes on Hats*

IN "The Captain of the Grey Horse Troop," Edith Storey leaves the little western village to return to the east. She wears a close-fitting straw hat with large cherries all around it. Three years later she comes back to the town and, wonder of wonders, she is wearing the same hat! Remarkable economy in these days of constantly changing modes.

E. W., Calumet, Mich.

*For the Love of Allah!*

WILL some one kindly tell us where Thomas Santschi and Helen Ware procured the furniture shown in the tent scenes in "The Garden of Allah?" They were traveling by caravan through the Sahara Desert and had two couches (one a heavy leather one), a table, a large mirror and a dressing table with them. Also whoever heard of a caravan leaving a village and entering the desert when a sand storm was at its worst?

"The Heart of a Lion," featuring Wm. Farnum, though a good picture, had a very perceptible mistake; two letters from Brother Dick, each in a different handwriting.

MRS. C. J. D., Buffalo, N. Y.





Campbell Studios

## A Gentleman and a Scholar

*Milton Sills wanted to be a philosopher--and came pretty close to it.*

By Alison Smith

I KNOW a leading man, famous for his suave, dress-suit roles, who was once determined to end his days driving a locomotive; a sweet old character woman confessed to me that she had always wanted to own a cattle-ranch, and a frail little ingenue has for years nursed a secret longing to join the woman's police force, insisting that she may get there yet if the stage or screen ever fail her. But there is something particularly characteristic and illuminating in the youthful aspirations of Milton Sills which he revealed to me quite as an incidental part of a wholly incidental interview.

Milton Sills wanted to be a university professor.

You begin to suspect something of the kind when you first enter his spacious, dimly lighted apartment on Riverside Drive, which is, appropriately, just around the corner from Columbia University. It is put together in simple, unobtrusive lines that serve as an ideal background for study and contemplation. The chairs are the sort that you could sink into and solve any problem of the universe

and there is no possibility of distraction from the few quiet prints about the room. The walls are literally lined with books from floor to ceiling. It is the type of library which has been lovingly gathered together instead of being ordered by the square foot through a conscientious interior director. The books are obviously in daily contact with the life of their owner and have been taken from the shelves and replaced without regard for the card catalogue. Thus you find several little scarlet volumes of French tales propped against a brown set of Kantian philosophy much like John Knox supporting Madame Du Barry. This library dominates the room; you feel that all the rest was built about it and that the whole belongs to a scholar and a gentleman.

Mr. Sills stretched his long legs before the fire and beamed hospitably over a volume of Lord Dunsany. He showed a strong disposition to talk about the rise of the one-act play when I tried to make him talk about himself; but I finally managed to steer the conversation into more



personal channels. His biography, when it is written, will probably be entitled "Campus versus Green Room, or From Teaching Fellow to Leading Man." He began his academic career at the University of Chicago when he won a scholarship with philosophy as his major subject. In his lighter moments, he amused himself with the college theatricals, playing everything from leading man to "a crash without." An actor from one of the Chicago companies who was giving a series of Ibsen lectures at the University, was attracted by the natural distinction of the young senior which stood out far beyond the level of undergraduate talent. After much discussion over the collegiate steins, he finally persuaded the budding professor to leave with his company, on the understanding that he could come back later for additional degrees.

The Clyde Fitch comedies were then at the height of their vogue and Mr. Sills was soon so absorbed in plays like the "Happy Marriage" that he forgot all about the extra letters which were to be added to his name. After a season with Belasco in "The Governor's Lady" he began his screen work in "The Deep Purple," apparently without any of the misgivings that torment legitimate actors when they leave the stage for the screen.

He seems always to have had the serene confidence in the films that comes from an abstract view of the work in relation to other forms of the profession. He did not talk about the banality of the scenario writers or the crudity of the directors or the commercial instincts of film producers. Not once did he mention the infancy of the moving picture industry. Beneath his reserved, almost laconic review of his own work, I could sense a deep satisfaction in the new art and a realization of its possibilities which transcended the petty flaws that still remain within it.

"Shakespeare was scorned as playing to the gallery, you remember," he said. (I didn't remember, but recalling my early bluffs in English classes, I tried to agree intelligently.) "Almost everything that has been said against the moving picture was originally said against him because he appealed to the masses. Always there is that vanguard of conservatism, working on the principle that because a thing is popular it cannot have real merit. There are some authors even now who would have apoplexy if you asked them to write a scenario. I believe however that their number is growing less and less with every excellent production."

He confessed to a boyish delight in the thrillers. "I had a good time in 'Patria,'" he admitted, almost shyly. Evidently when a high-brow has a taste for melodrama he feels it more intensely than the most rabid gallery-god. It is significant that another leading character in this serial was Warner Oland, an authority on Strindberg translations and one of the most scholarly men in film work. Possibly your learned man finds a certain relaxation in

hanging by his toes from a cliff, rescuing the heroine with one arm while strangling a boa-constrictor with the other. It seems to offer the necessary antidote to the effort of reading Aeschylus in the original.

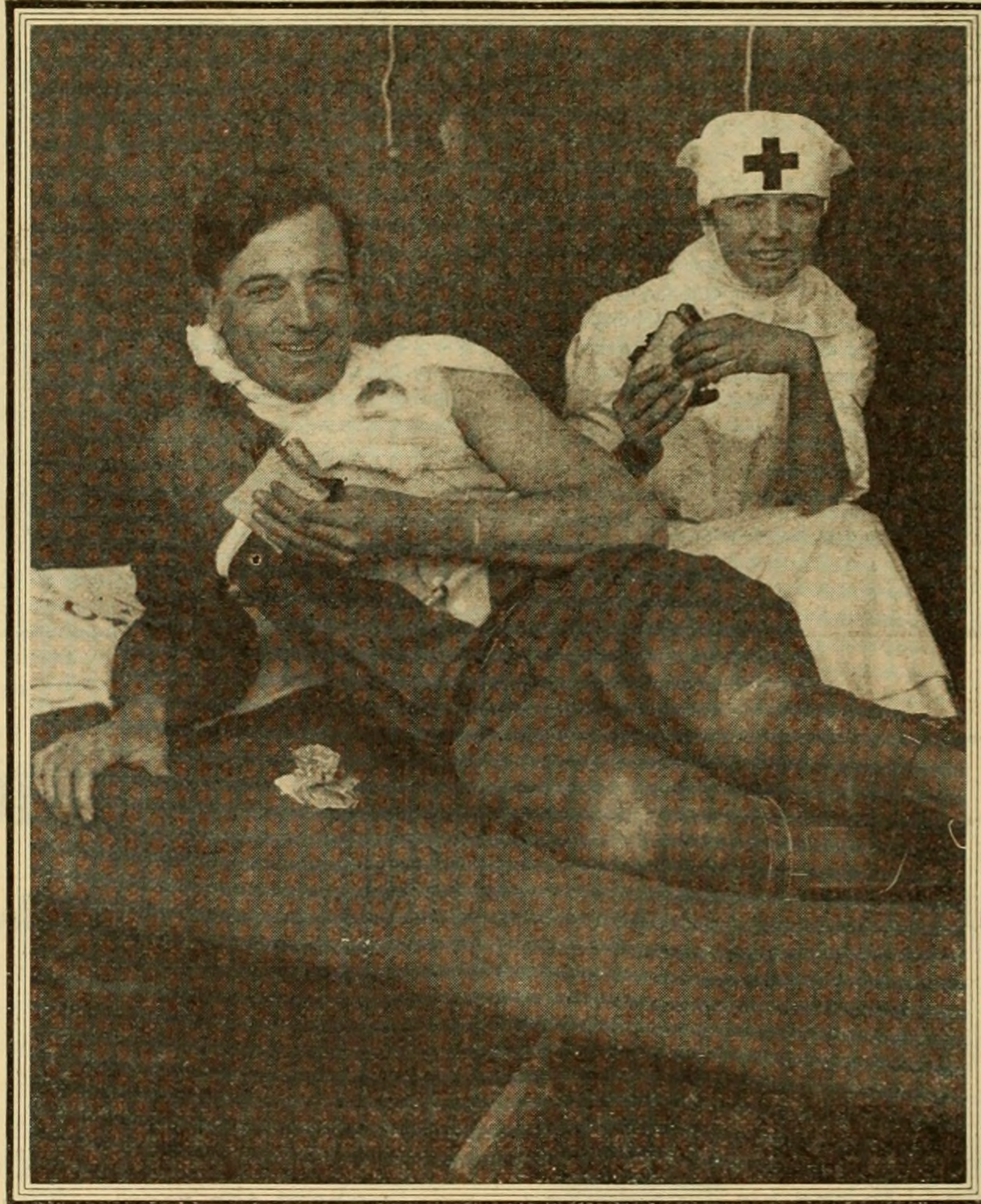
We discussed "The Honor System" as an example of the sort of play that can drive a message home without an obvious sermon either in its action or sub-titles. He seemed to forget, modestly, that much of the sincerity of that play depended on the leading man, who might have made a melodramatic martyr of the principal role instead of the victim of society that the author intended.

All this talk of theatrical shop was punctuated by sudden allusions to the books which were scattered over the tables and chairs and all but under our feet. Most of them he has picked up himself in his ramblings about the country and he seems to remember the exact circumstances of their discovery as he handles them with the careless affection of the true booklover. Without making odious comparisons, I couldn't help recalling the type of leading man I have seen on the screen, who picks up a book as if it were some strange bit of stage property, moistens his fingers to turn the leaves and gives the impression generally of reading it upside down.

He also brought forward with much pride a fabulously expensive microscope which he had bought to teach a young lady botany. As near as I could gather from her snap-shots, the young lady is about three-going-on-four, and she is known to Mr. Sills as "my kiddie." "She thinks it is a game," he told me as a great joke on the kiddie. "I intend that she shall always think study is the most fascinating game in the world. So at least we may have one Phi Beta Kappa in the family after all."

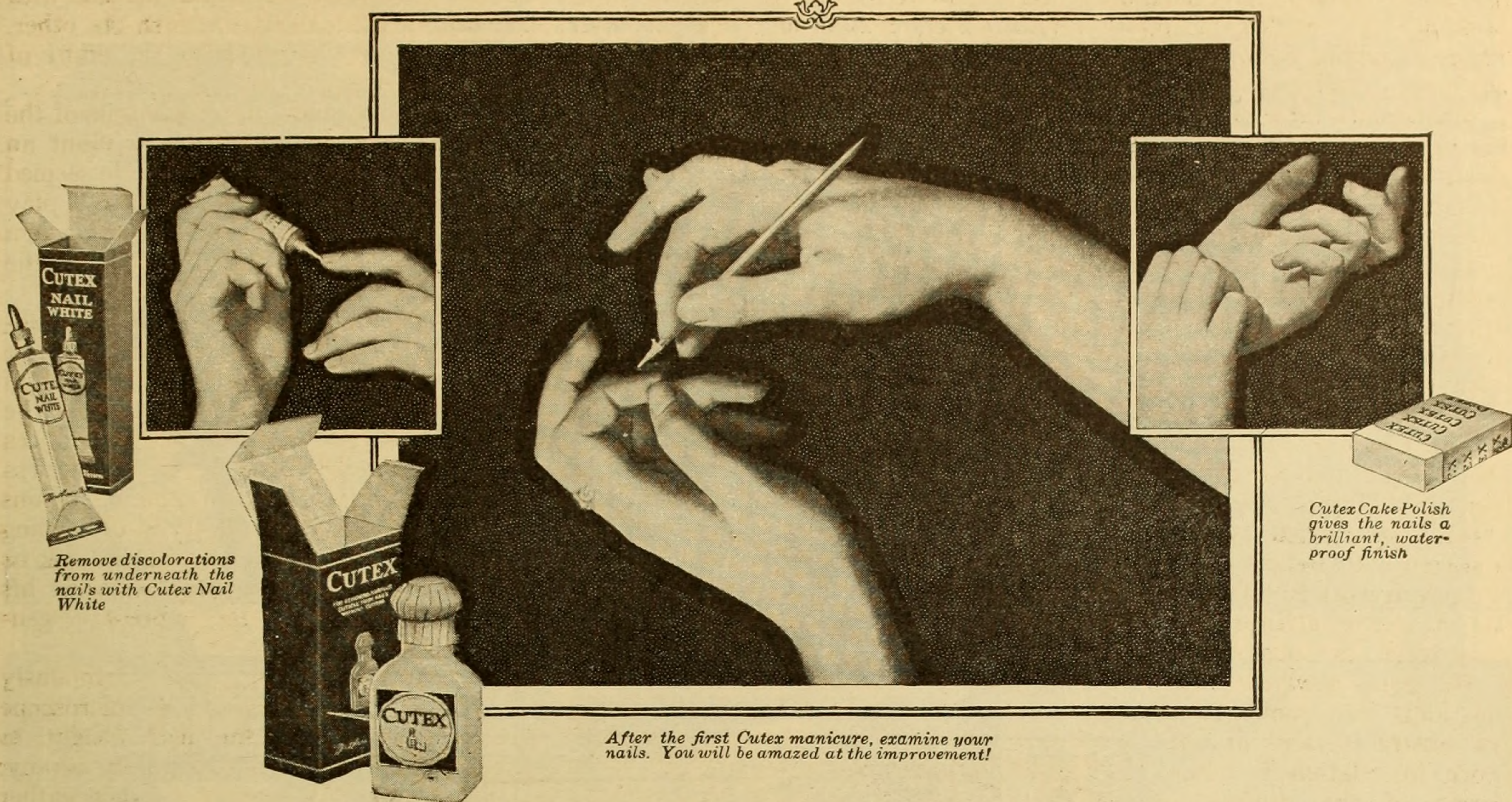
On my way home over the campus, I found myself musing on the possible consequences if the Ibsen lecturer had not come to Chicago University and induced Mr. Sills to come out of the class-room. I had a vision of a class of eager, impressionable coeds awaiting the instructor who is about to direct their young minds in a course on the "Critique of Pure Reason." They are expecting, naturally, the usual near-sighted pedagogue, we'll past fifty, with a few

straggling grey hairs on his classical forehead and one shoulder slightly higher than the other. Enter Professor Sills through the class-room door, looking taller and keener than ever in his cap and gown. Surely one could not fail to note the picturesqueness of the actor, violating—against all resistance—the attempted stolidity of one who would hope to be deemed a mere professor. I would not venture to state off-hand what the effect would be, but I can confidently say that the general result would not be academic. After all, perhaps it is just as well for the peace and comfort of feminine higher education that Milton Sill's turned to the stage instead of the lecture platform for his life work.



He confessed to a boyish delight in the thrillers. "I had a good time in 'Patria,'" he admitted, almost shyly.





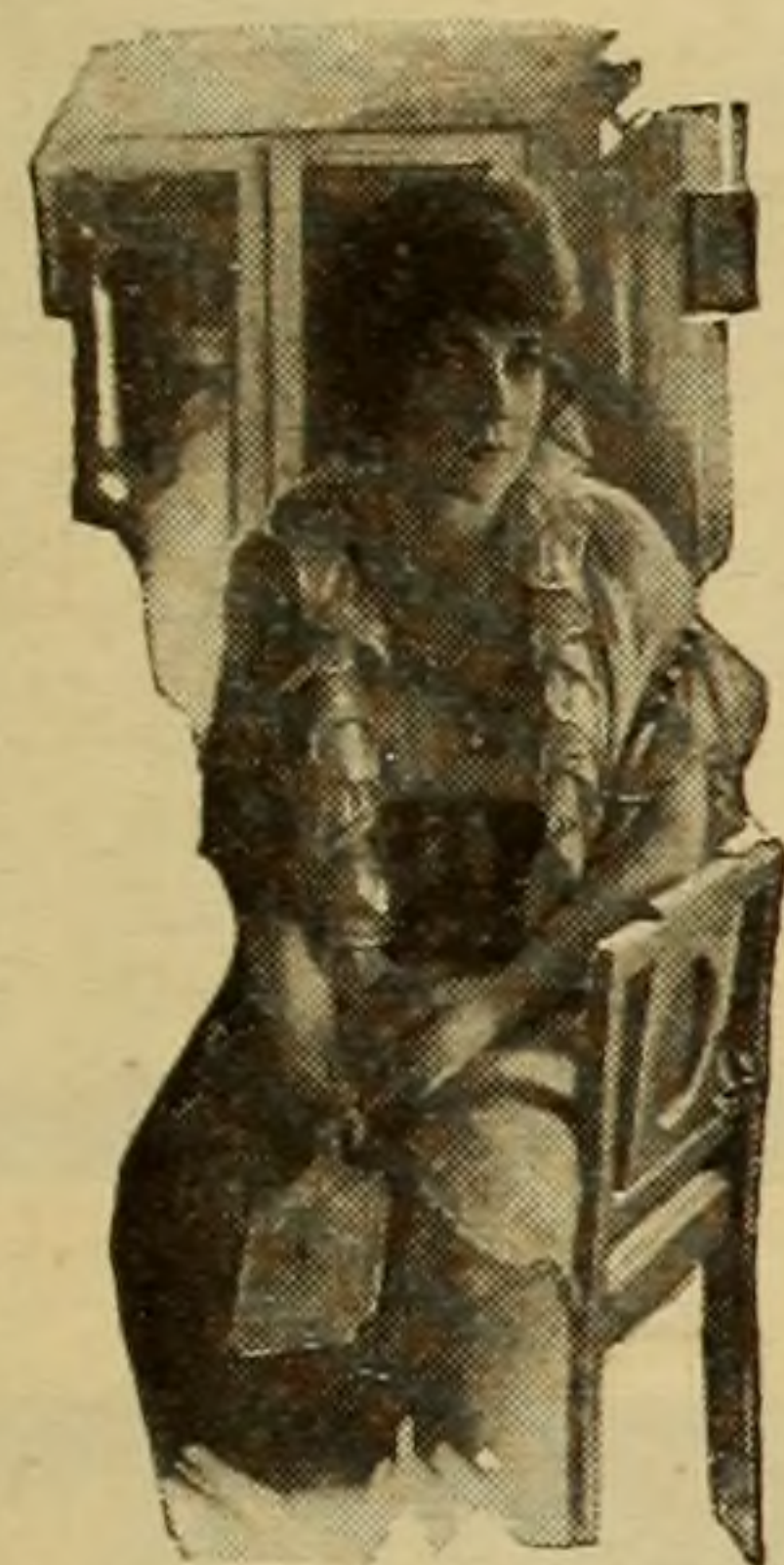
Remove discolorations from underneath the nails with Cutex Nail White

Cutex Cake Polish gives the nails a brilliant, water-proof finish

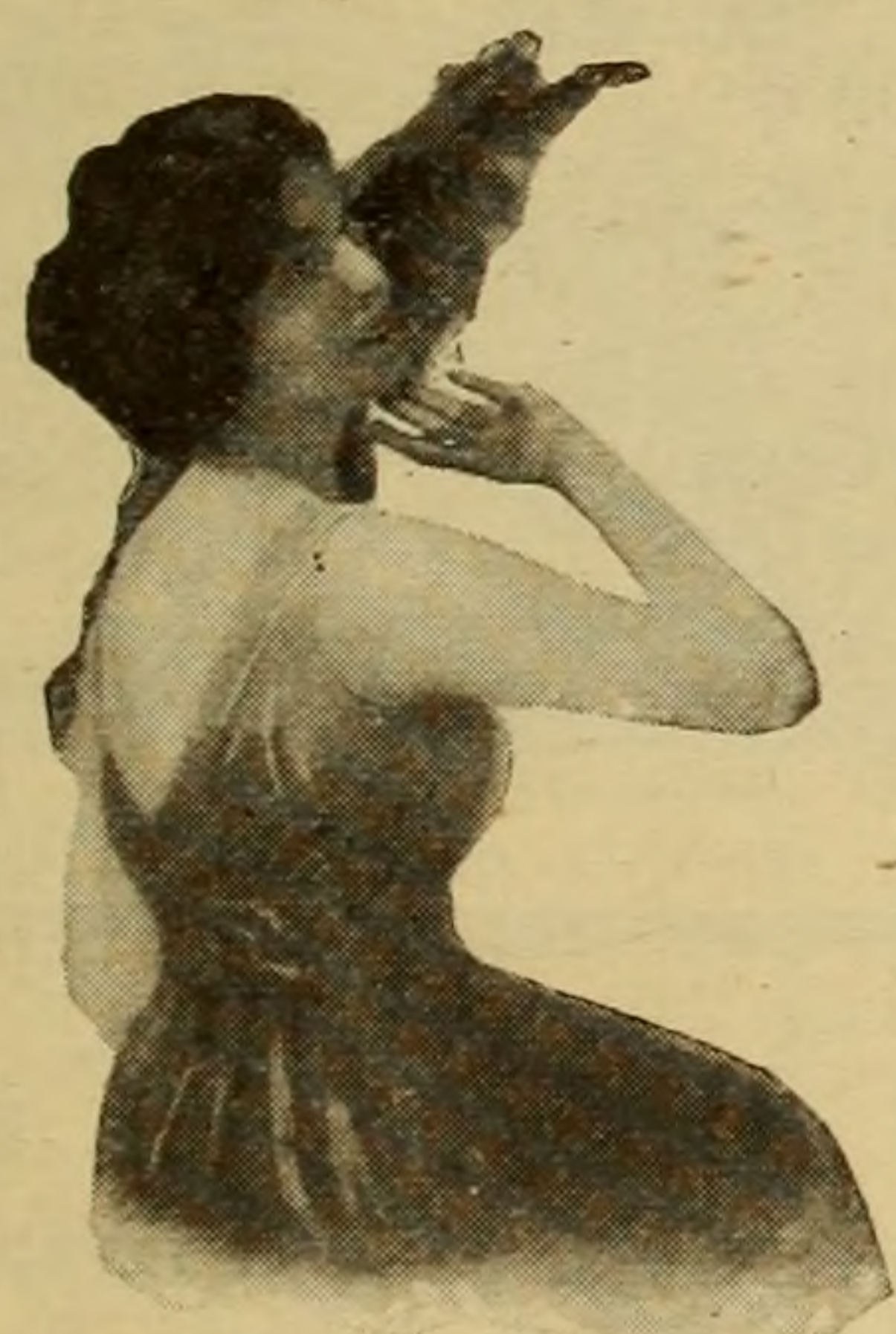
After the first Cutex manicure, examine your nails. You will be amazed at the improvement!

# If you have been cutting your cuticle, read this

*Skin specialists and doctors everywhere say that cuticle-cutting is ruinous! Learn how to give your nails the most wonderful manicure you ever had, without cutting the cuticle*



(Photo by White Studio) Ethel Clayton, beloved by motion picture "fans" everywhere, says: "Cutex keeps my nails looking so beautifully, my friends often remark it."



(Photo by Victor Georg, Chicago) Mary Nash, whose beautiful hands are one of her greatest charms, says: "Cutex makes my nails look so much better"

WHEN neglected, the cuticle grows tougher, coarser and drier. It breaks and causes hangnails. Over and over, skin specialists and doctors repeat: "Do not trim the cuticle."

The Cutex method is the one simple, scientific way to care for the cuticle.

The chemist who prepared it, impressed with the great need for a *harmless* cuticle remover, worked month after month—studied, analyzed and experimented until the formula for Cutex was produced.

### How to use it

Cutex is absolutely harmless. It removes surplus cuticle without cutting — does away with tiresome soaking of the nails.

Send today for the complete Cutex Midget Manicure Set offered below. In the package you will find an orange stick and absorbent cotton. Wrap some of the cotton around the end of the stick and dip it into the Cutex bottle. Work the stick around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle. Almost at

once you will find that you are able to wipe off the dead surplus cuticle. Then rinse the fingers in clear water.

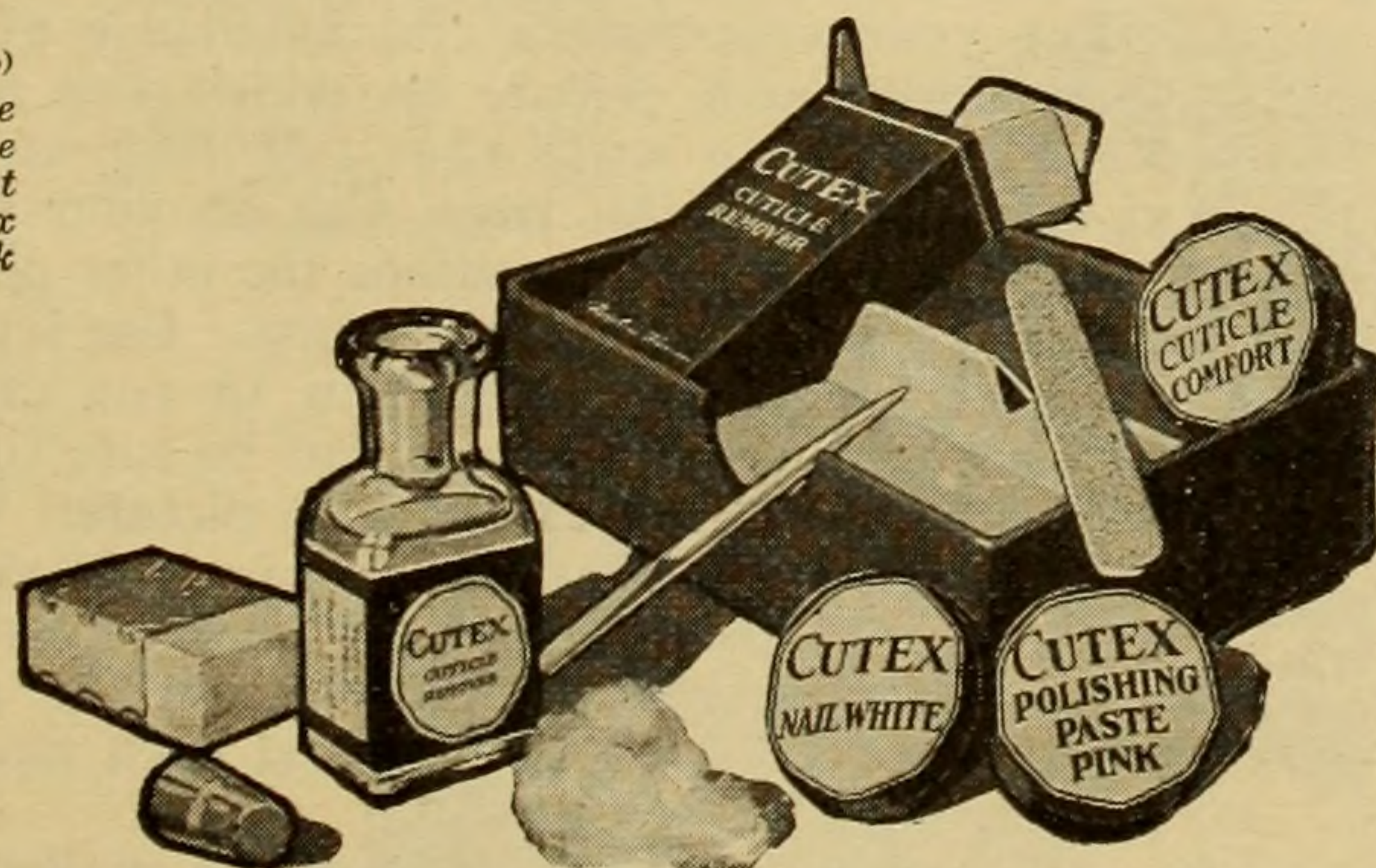
After a few applications, no matter how mutilated and unattractive cuticle-cutting may have made your nails, Cutex will restore the firm, smooth outline at the base of the nail. All your nail troubles will quickly disappear. Try it. See for yourself.

You can secure Cutex at drug and department stores everywhere. The cuticle remover comes in 30c, 60c and \$1.25 bottles. Cutex Nail White is 30c. Cutex Nail Polish in cake, paste, powder, liquid or stick form is also 30c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort, for sore or tender cuticle is only 30c. If your favorite store has not secured its stock, order direct.

### Get this complete manicure set

Send us 15c (10c for the set and 5c for postage) and we will send you a complete Cutex Midget Manicure Set containing trial sizes of the Cutex manicure preparations—enough for at least six manicures. Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, Dept. 706, 114 W. 17th Street, New York City.

*If you live in Canada, send 15c to MacLean, Benn & Nelson, Limited., Dept. 706, 489 St. Paul St. West, Montreal, for your sample set and get Canadian prices.*



Send 15c for this Manicure Set today

### MAIL COUPON WITH 15c TODAY

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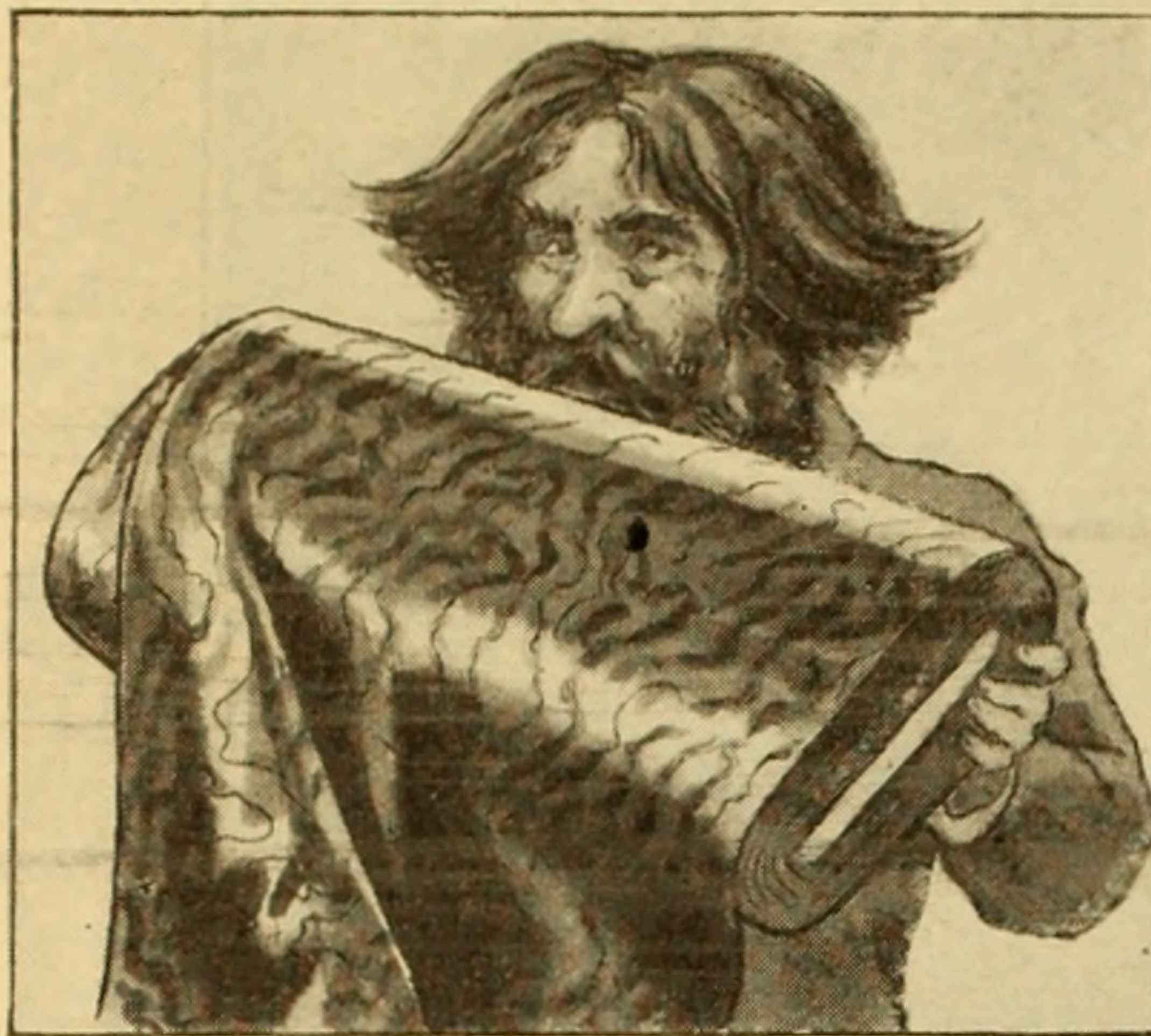


# PICTURED NAMES PUZZLE

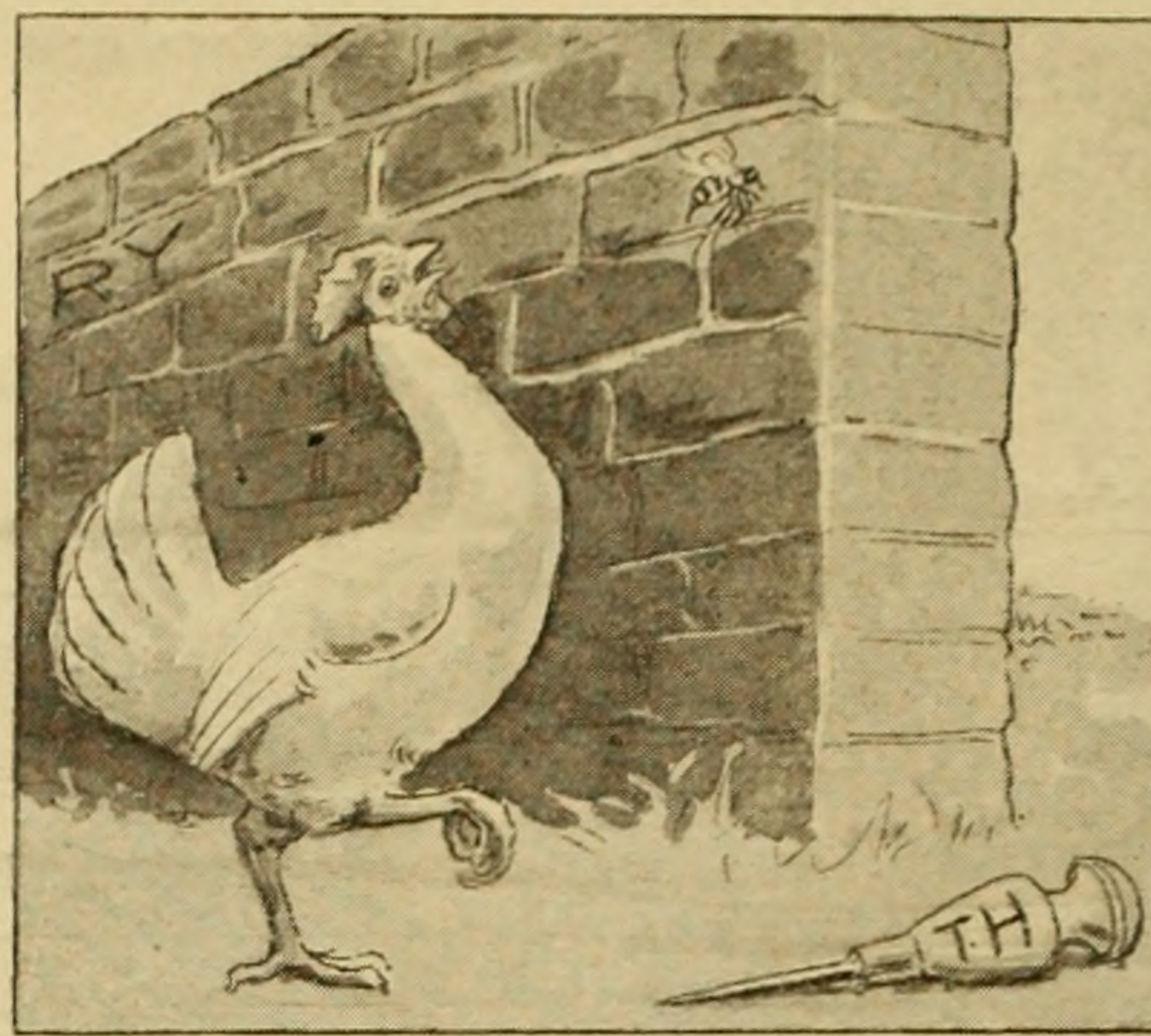
Each Picture Illustrates a Photoplayer's Name

FIRST PRIZE \$10.00    SECOND PRIZE \$5.00    THIRD PRIZE \$3.00    FOURTH PRIZE \$2.00    TEN PRIZES EACH \$1.00

These awards (all in cash, without any string to them) are for the correct, or nearest correct, answers to the nine pictures here shown—accompanied by a suggestion from you for similarly picturizing some popular photoplayer's name. This being our readers' remunerative recreation department, we want to know your preferences. Whose name would you like to see illustrated and how would you suggest doing it? Your suggestion may help you win a prize.



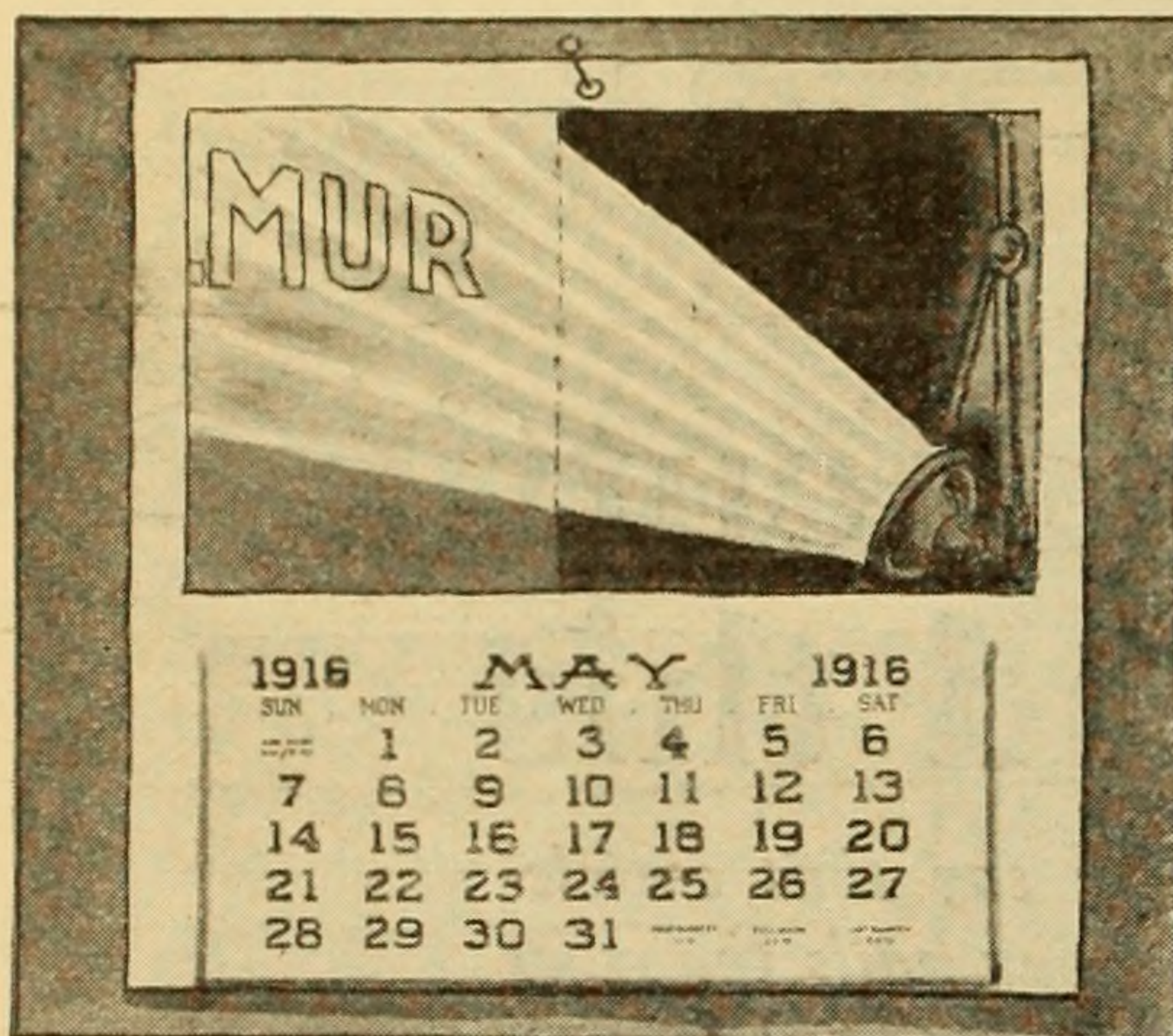
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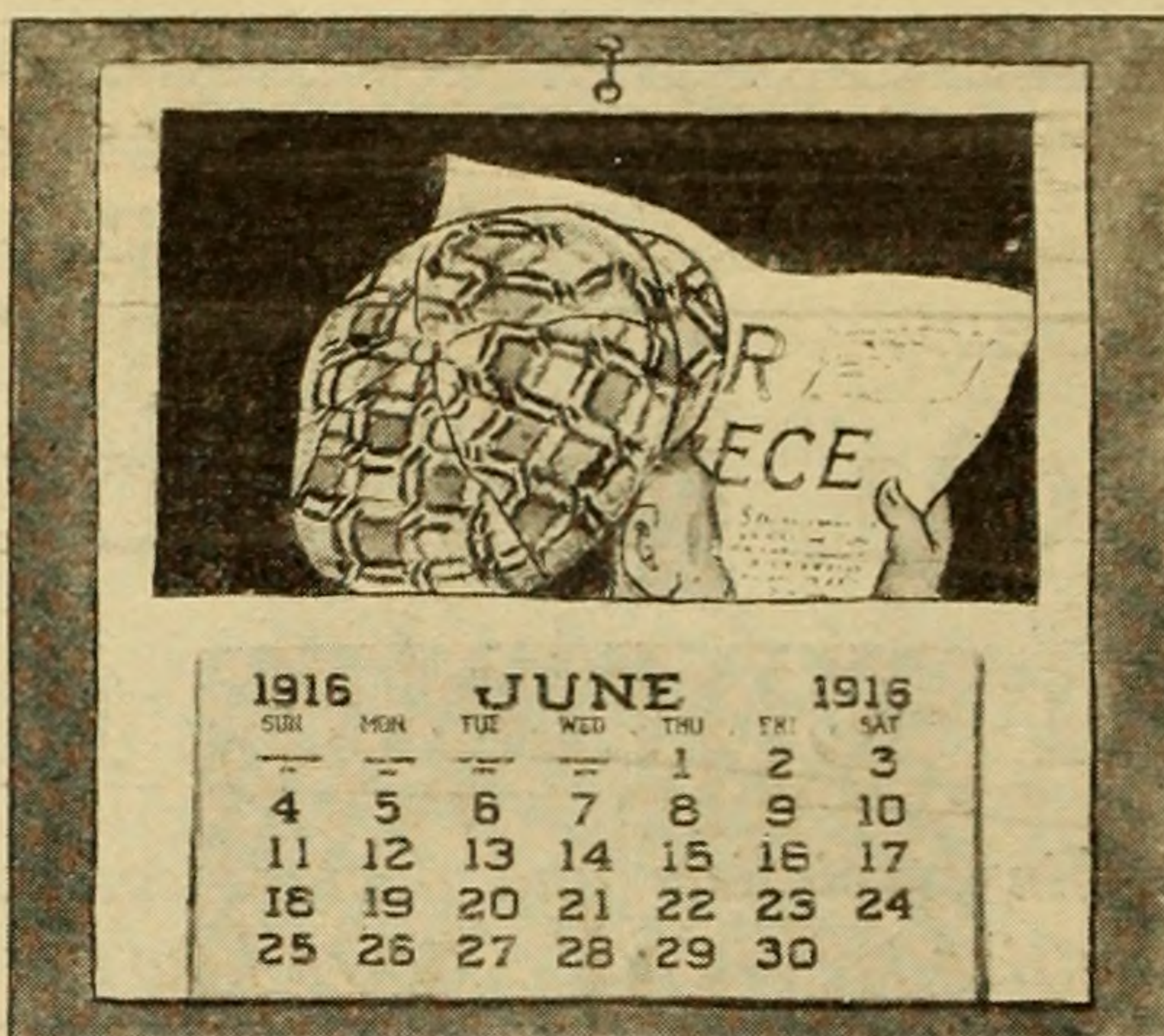
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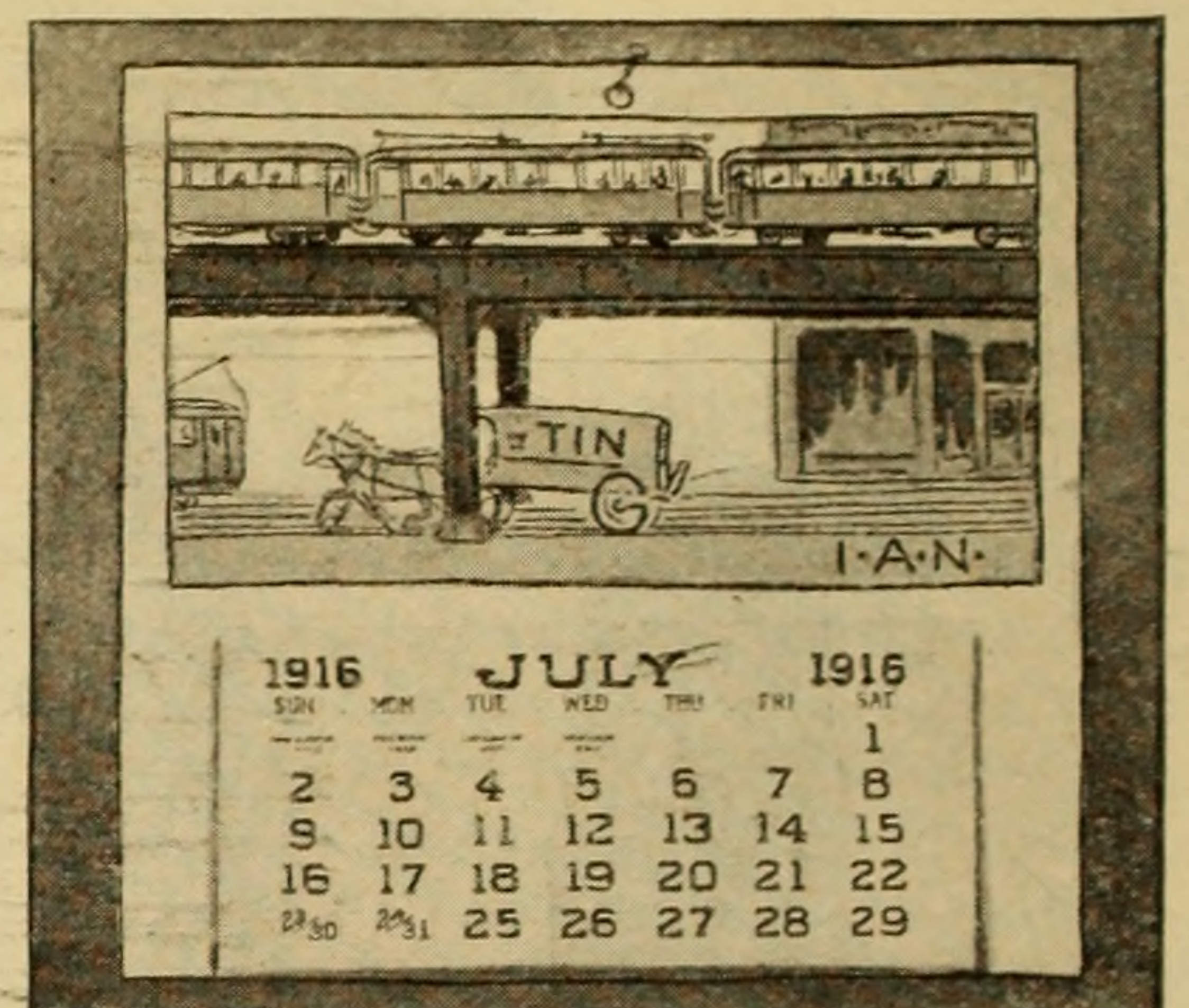
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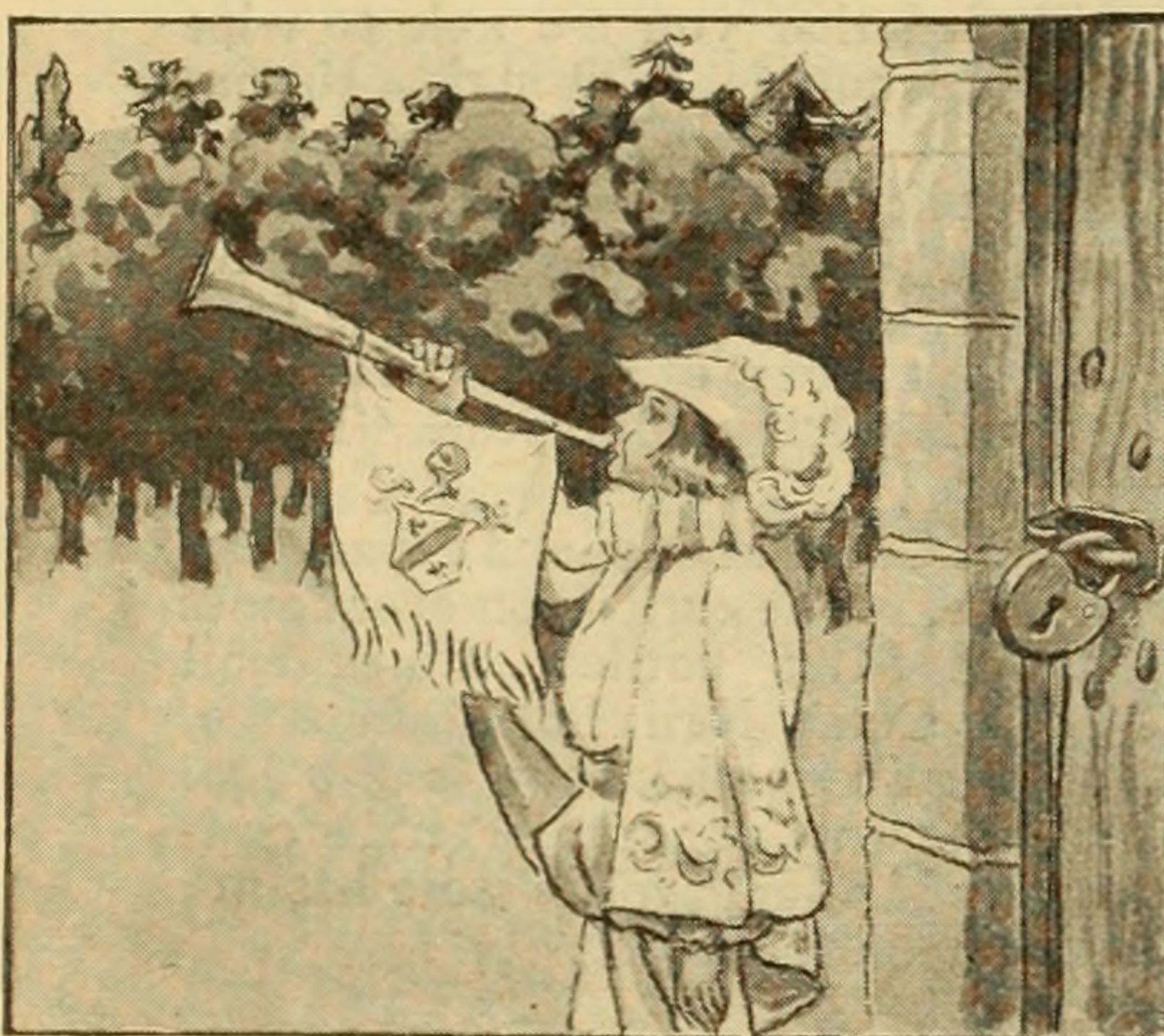
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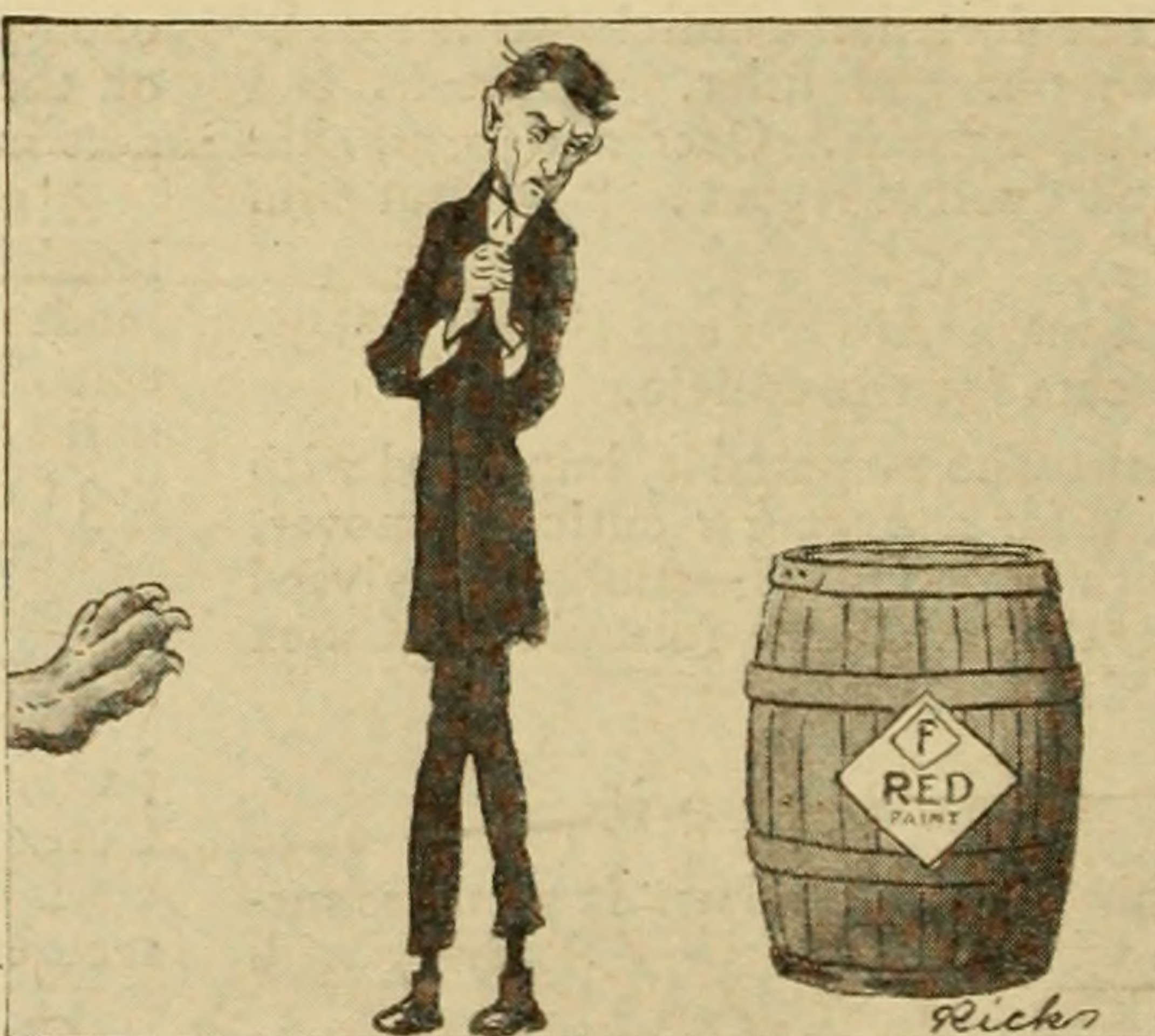
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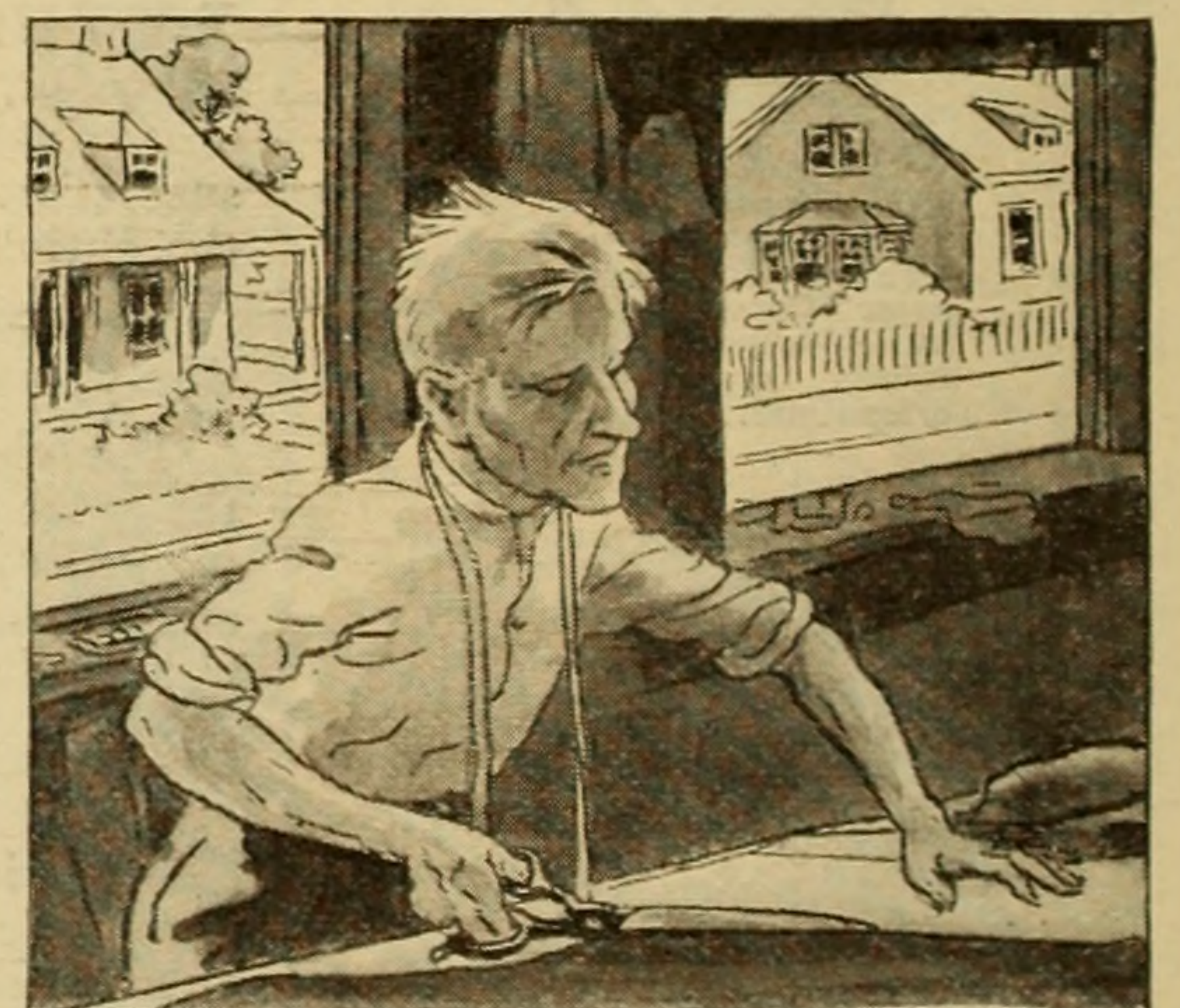
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7



8



9

## DIRECTIONS

THE actor's name is really a description of the picture that goes with it; for example—"Rose Stone" might be represented by a rose and a rock or stone.

As the names of most of these movie people have appeared many,

### WINNERS OF THE MARCH PUZZLES CONTEST

First Prize, \$10—Merrill de Maris, 52 Benson St., Bloomfield, N. J. Second Prize, \$5—Ernest M. Thul, 1430 Clybourn Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Third Prize, \$3—William Jordan, Jr., 126 Atlantic Avenue, Atlantic City, N. J. Fourth Prize, \$2—Jain Wood, 2012 Raymond Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. One Dollar Prizes to Marjorie Hume, 207 14th Avenue, West, Calgary, Alberta, Canada, Mrs. Sherman P. Congdon, 230½ Forest Ave., Zanesville, Ohio, Naomi Pratt, 812 E. Ash Street, Salina, Kansas, Mrs. D. D. Meredith, 274 Nineteenth Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Mrs. Lenore Robinson, 748 West North Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland, Sara E. Kephart, 261 South 53rd Street, Philadelphia, Pa., Ann L. Galloway, 702 East Fourth Avenue, Winfield, Kansas, Dorothy Hoover, 7301 Harvard Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, Harry T. Plumer, 5239 Pine Street, Philadelphia, Pa., Mrs. W. B. Aspley, Glasgow, Kentucky.

### CORRECT ANSWERS TO MARCH PUZZLES

1—Ethel Barrymore. 2—Harry Hilliard. 3—Virginia Pearson. 4—Carmen Phillips. 5—George Fawcett. 6—Mary Garden. 7—George Beban. 8—Kitty Gordon. 9—Billie Rhodes.

many times before the public, we feel sure you must know them. Names of obscure players are not used.

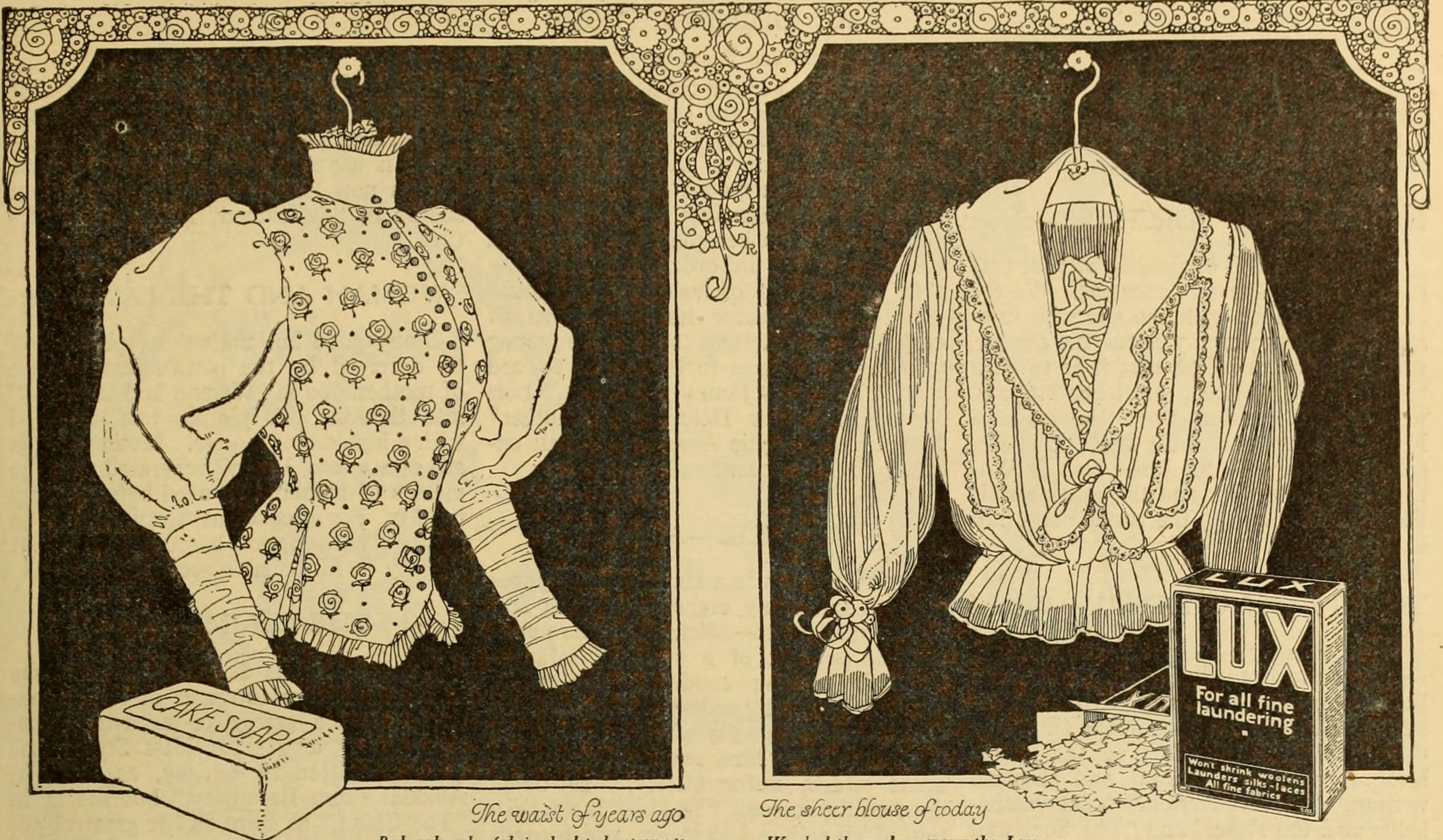
For your convenience and avoidance of mistakes, we have left space under each picture on which you may write your answers. REMEMBER to write your full name and address on the margin at the bottom of this page, also on your suggestion sheet.

Send in as many suggestions for other players' names as you care to, although only one is necessary. Use separate sheet.

Cut out the page and mail in, or you may send in your answers on a separate sheet of paper, but be sure they are numbered to correspond with the number of each picture. We have eliminated from this contest all red tape and expense to you, so please do not ask questions. Only one set of answers allowed each contestant. Awards for answers to this set will be published in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Look for this contest each month. The awards are all for this month's contest.

All answers to this set must be mailed before June 1st, 1918. Address to Puzzle Editor, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 350 North Clark Street, Chicago.





*The waist of years ago*  
 Rub-rub-rub—fabrics had to be strong to stand being washed with cake soap

*The sheer blouse of today*  
 Washed the modern way—the Lux way—pure suds and no rubbing

## Modern materials won't stand the old way of washing

Remember the dreadful things we used to wear? Sturdy wash waists, heavy enough to stand hard scrubbing. Or else dark silks and plaids that were never tubbed at all! Heavy muslin underwear. "Dark" petticoats. Cotton stockings.

But now—look at the things women wear even for every day. Handkerchief linen. Crepe de Chine. Georgette. Chiffon. Dainty colors. Shimmering textures. Silk and lace underwear. Fine silk hosiery. The daintier the better.

### The old-fashioned rub-rub-rub

For the clothes worn years ago, the *old way* of washing answered the purpose. You rubbed the cake of soap directly on the garments—and rubbed hard. Sometimes you even rubbed over a washboard. You rubbed out the soap and you twisted and wrung out the garments.



*You plop the children's little sweaters into the rich Lux suds, souse them thoroughly, and out they come just like new—not a thread shrunken*

Now there's a better way—the Lux way, that keeps the daintiest things new—cleanses them tenderly with never a bit of rubbing.

### Delicate as the very things it launders

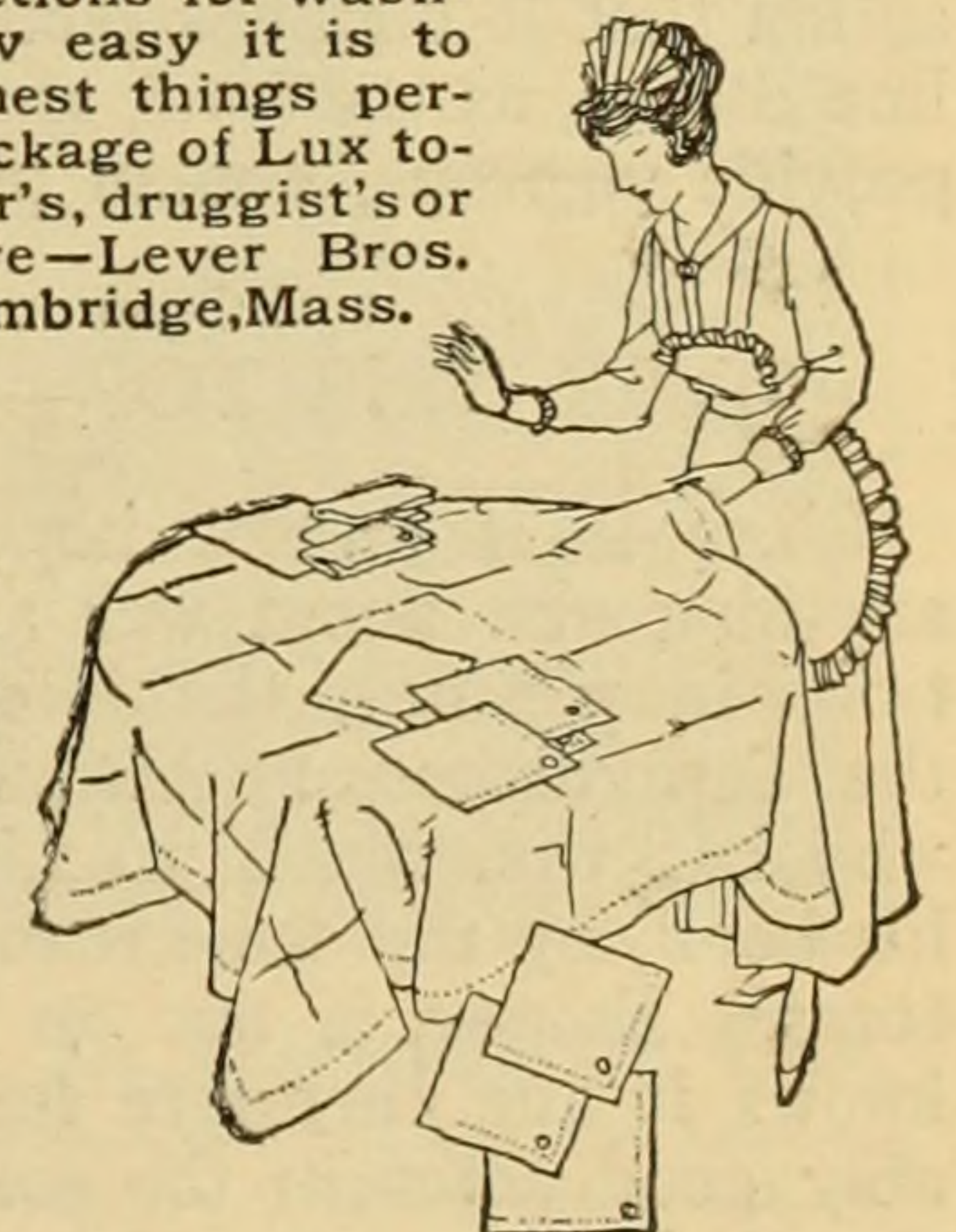
Lux comes in light, transparent, fluffy, white flakes—they dissolve instantly in hot water, and whisk up into a wonderful lather.

You don't rub! You simply dip your blouse up and down in the rich, warm suds, squeezing the suds again and again through the fabric.

Lux dissolves so absolutely that three rinsings of clear lukewarm water will carry every trace of soap out of the fabric.

You lift your blouse out. It is spotlessly clean. It's all so easy. No wonder the old way of washing seems to you as out of date as grandmother's hoopskirts!

Write for free booklet with simple Lux directions for washing. Learn how easy it is to launder your finest things perfectly. Get a package of Lux today at your grocer's, druggist's or department store—Lever Bros. Co., Dept. G-4, Cambridge, Mass.



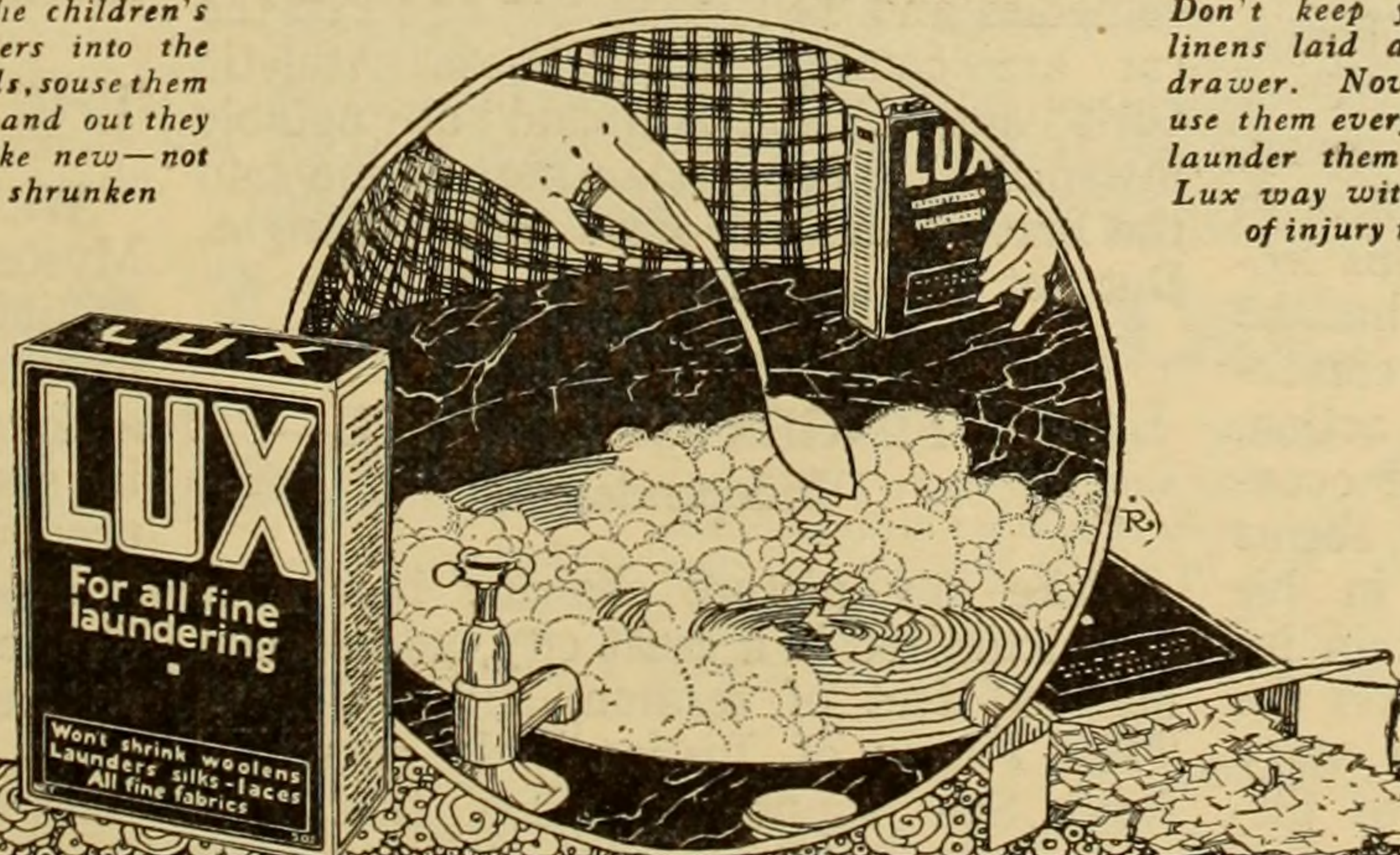
*Don't keep your finest linens laid away in a drawer. Now you can use them every day and launder them often the Lux way without a bit of injury to them*

**Lux is unequalled for—**

Flannels	Children's white dresses	Washable Satin
Sweaters	Fine Linen	Collars and Cuffs
Blankets	Fine laces	Silk waists - Georgette, crepe de
Knit leggings	Lace curtains	Chine waists
Knit mittens	Muslins	Silk underwear
Knit shawls	Fine hosiery	Chiffons
Corduroy	Washable gloves	
Babies' clothes		

**Use Lux for anything that water alone won't injure**

# LUX





# Photoplay Magazine

## The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 51)

bunko man who provides a mourning parent with a long-lost daughter is given a new twist that sends you away with a chuckle.

### BY RIGHT OF PURCHASE—Select

It isn't so much originality of plot that counts, as manner of treatment. We are all quite familiar with the girl who marries because the family needs the money, with the understanding that it is to be a "name only" marriage until her husband wins her love. But when the bride is Norma Talmadge and the husband is Eugene O'Brien, and the other man is William Courtleigh Jr., and the other girl is Florence B. Billings, the result could not be banal.

### THREE FROM O. HENRY—General

With so many elaborate productions, well acted in beautiful settings, of stories that are ancient and rusty, it is maddening to see the productions of the O. Henry classics occasionally drop to the lowest level of careless direction and scenario writing. "By Injunction," "The Rathskeller and the Rose," and "The Song and the Sergeant" fall far short. This is a capital offense in a day when producers are scurrying for original material. The one bright spot in these three pictures is Alice Terry in the role of a peppery actress, in "The Song and the Sergeant."

### WHO KILLED WALTON?—Triangle

"Who Killed Walton?" is a mystery story in which the mystery does not appear until the fourth reel. Personally it would have mattered little to me had the entire cast been killed off in the second reel, so little value is imparted to the people involved.

### INNOCENT'S PROGRESS—Triangle

"Innocent's Progress," beginning with the unpromising situation of an oppressed orphan running away to the city to become a great actress, suddenly develops a theme of such nobility of purpose and action that it dignifies picturedom. Pauline Starke, as the waif, and Lillian West, provide vigorous, human portraits.

### OVER THE TOP—Vitagraph

Since it is almost impossible to say anything new about war and war conditions in pictures, the interest in "Over the Top" centers in Arthur Guy Empey, who has won much prominence through his book, by the same name, and his lectures. Empey is not an actor, but he knows it and therefore he is a remarkably good actor in the scenes of action, though he is a sorry figure in the occasional drawing-room scenes. He seems to typify the average soldier, in his bearing, to which is added a certain intensity of determination which makes the extraordinary soldier. While the story of "Over the Top" is a series of disconnected incidents, I believe it gives

a clearer idea of war from the viewpoint of the soldier himself than anything previously done. Betty Blythe is the most fascinating figure in the picture, from the dramatic viewpoint, playing the part of a French aristocrat who voluntarily allows herself to become the victim of a German officer, in order that she may gain information of value to her country. With a name less suggestive of curls and pouts, this statuesque young woman would seem to be headed toward real stardom. James Morrison, Lois Meredith, Arthur Donaldson, "Mother" Maurice and Nellie Anderson are all entitled to high commendation.

### THE LIE—Artcraft

Elsie Ferguson in a Henry Arthur Jones play—a symphony orchestra playing Irving Berlin's latest—Michael Angelo painting the portrait of a week-old infant—Goethals making mud pies—John D. Rockefeller selling soda-water. Sir Henry said all he had to say when he wrote the great scene in "Mrs. Dane's Defense," a scene which, unfortunately, was badly done on the screen. "The Lie" is a repetition of an artificial situation, which needs eavesdropping and coincidence to give it the least semblance of a story. It is the tale of a woman who is believed guilty of her sister's unfortunate love affair—yes, as old as that. Miss Ferguson does wonders with the hand-made scenes, and makes them live. Higher praise than this I cannot give her. John L. Shine as the tipsy father is a joy. David Powell has a part that makes him as nearly a durn fool as so clever a man as he can seem. This production is not up to the Artcraft standard, except for its beautiful scenery.

### THE BRASS CHECK—Metro

For sheer entertainment there is nothing to compare with farce melodrama, and in this form of entertainment Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne seem to have discovered their real forte. The entire production—direction, titles, and all—is made in a merry mood. The only other B. & B. picture I like as well is "Red, White and Blue Blood."

### MACK SENNETT COMEDIES— Paramount

The pie is going out of the Sennett comedies and Teddy the dog and Pep the cat are coming in. "Those Athletic Girls" and "Friend Husband" are notable instances. A fat woman next to me said the first named was silly. She was right. But not the way she meant.

### THE FINGER OF JUSTICE— Independent

Take any picture showing how girls are victimized in a great city, add several hundred feet of sermon, and you have "The Finger of Justice." It emanated from San Francisco, when that city cleaned up the Barbary Coast. It is fine

for prayer meetings, but should be kept out of the Sunday School. Crane Wilbur is the star. The only player to be remembered is a young woman, Jane O'Roark, who is now unknown to the screen, but should be "discovered" through this picture.

### WOMAN AND THE LAW—Fox

Many good but unthinking people will be deceived by the platitudinous praise of motherhood in "Woman and the Law," into thinking this picture was produced with a high moral motive. Motherhood is an estate too highly venerated by the masses of mankind to need bolstering up by Mr. Fox's salacious story, which he brazenly announces is based upon a recent tragedy in fashionable society.

### THE CLAIM—Metro

Edith Storey is at her best when she is at one of the extremes of impersonation—extreme gaiety or extreme sternness. It is long since Miss Storey has been permitted to be gay, as in "Mr. Aladdin From Broadway," but she is, in "The Claim," as stern as her greatest admirer could wish. The story of the picture will be found in another part of this number of PHOTOPLAY.

### THE ANSWER—Triangle

Now and then Mr. H. O. Davis of Triangle sends out a picture which, in a measure upsets his favorite theory, with which I partly agree, that the story's the thing. With all respect to the Triangle policy, it is Alma Rubens who makes this picture what it is—one of the best from Culver City this year.

### CARMEN OF THE KLONDIKE— Selexart

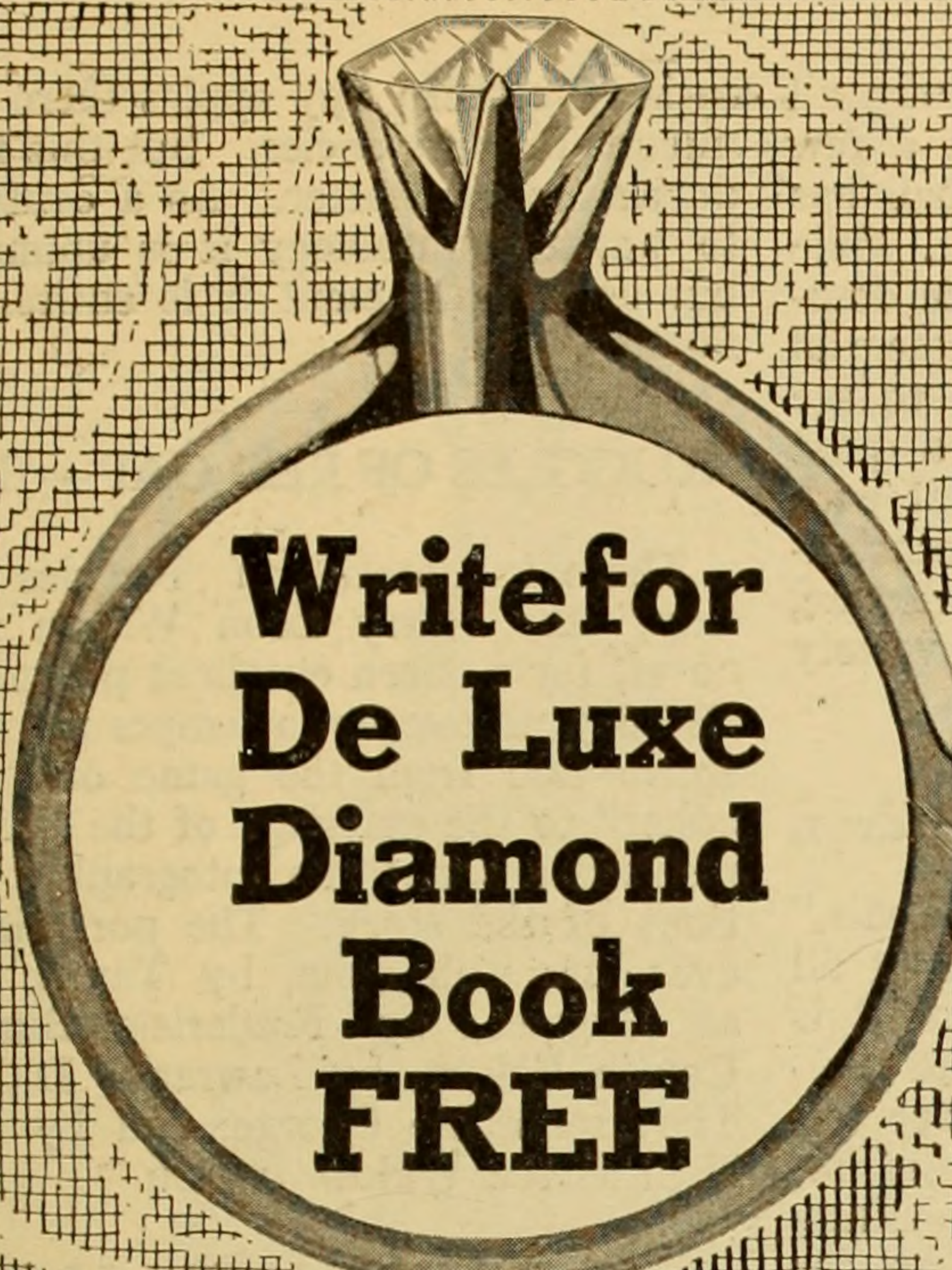
How Clara Williams keeps off the screen for so long at a time is a mystery. In "Carmen of the Klondike," an independent production directed by Reginald Barker, she returns brilliantly. Her beauty and keen dramatic instinct never had a finer medium than that of the courageous girl who smiles her way through the perils of an Alaskan dance hall. A fight in rain and mud between Herschell Mayall and Ed Coxen is ferociously thrilling. It is unfortunate that the producer saw fit to introduce an offensive scene showing a struggle between a man and a woman.

### THE HILLCREST MYSTERY—Pathe

Without any pretense, "The Hillcrest Mystery" is a mystery melodrama, containing two murders. But since it was produced by George Fitzmaurice, it has a flavor of luxury that is not customary in such entertainment. This is a real production, without the serial flavor that is expected of the picture thriller. Irene Castle is charming as ever, though I am anxious to see this clever young woman given more opportunities for acting in roles which are not subordinate to plot.

(Continued on page 94)





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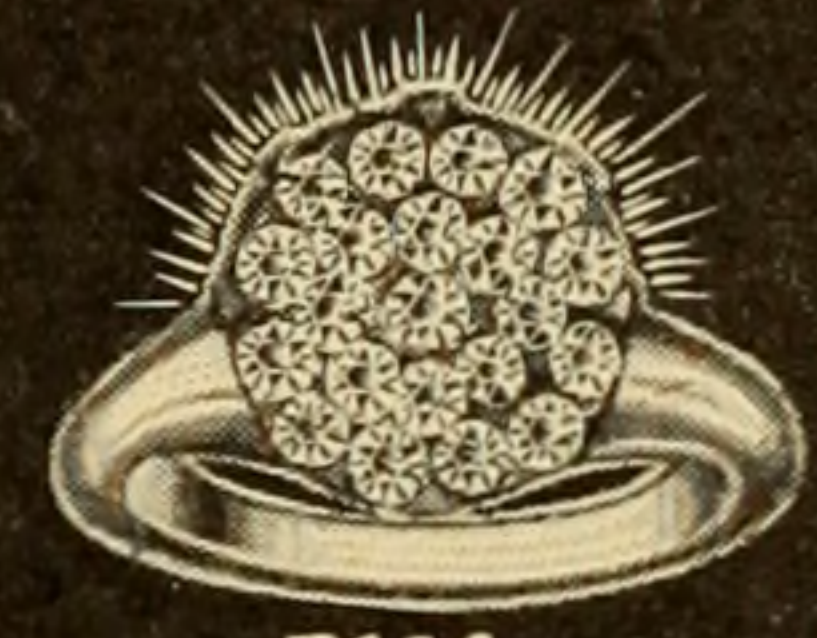
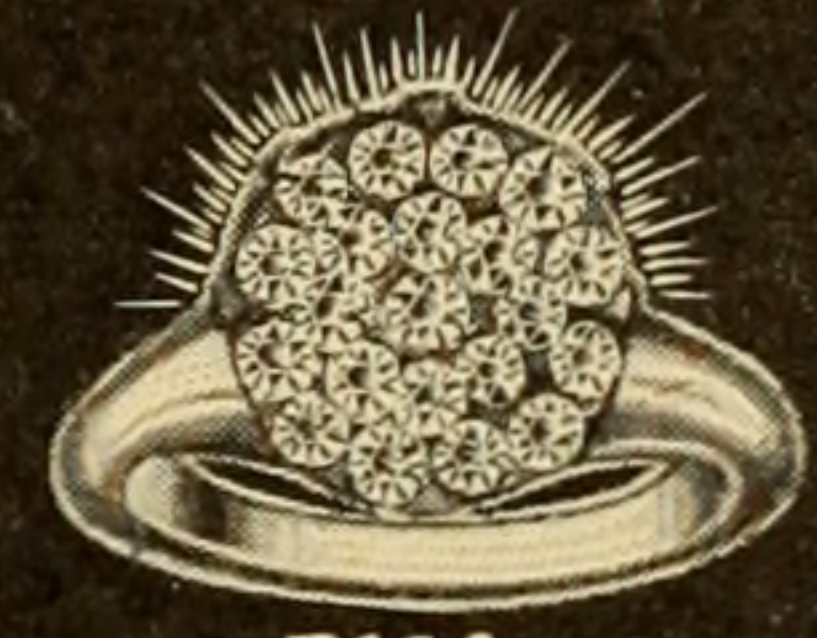
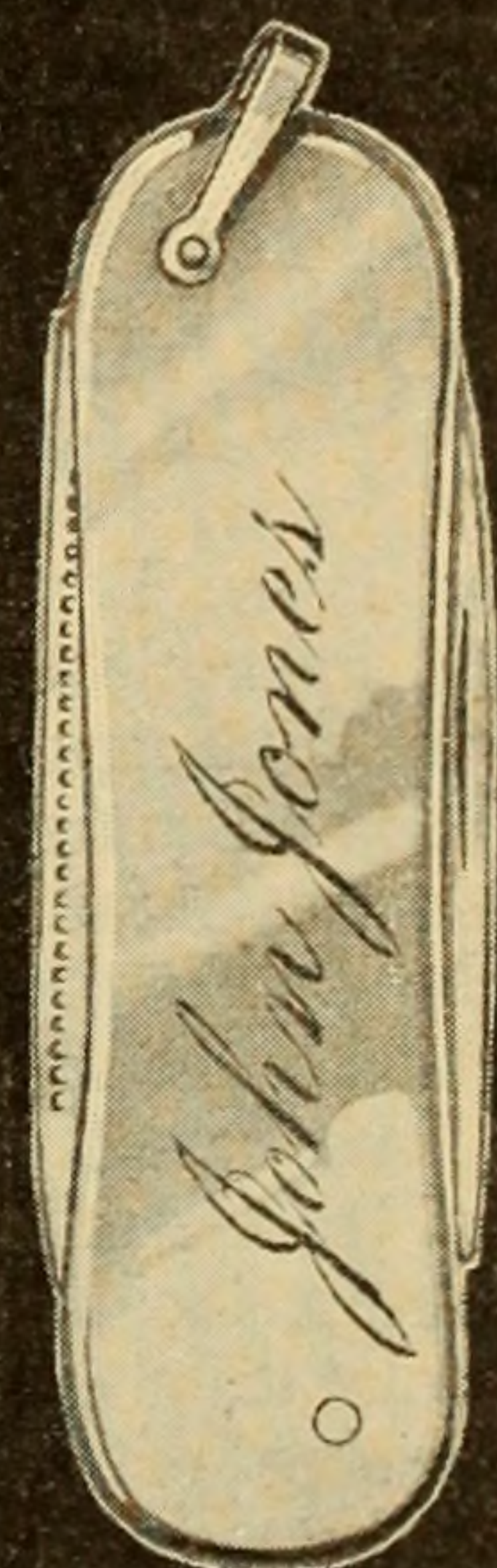
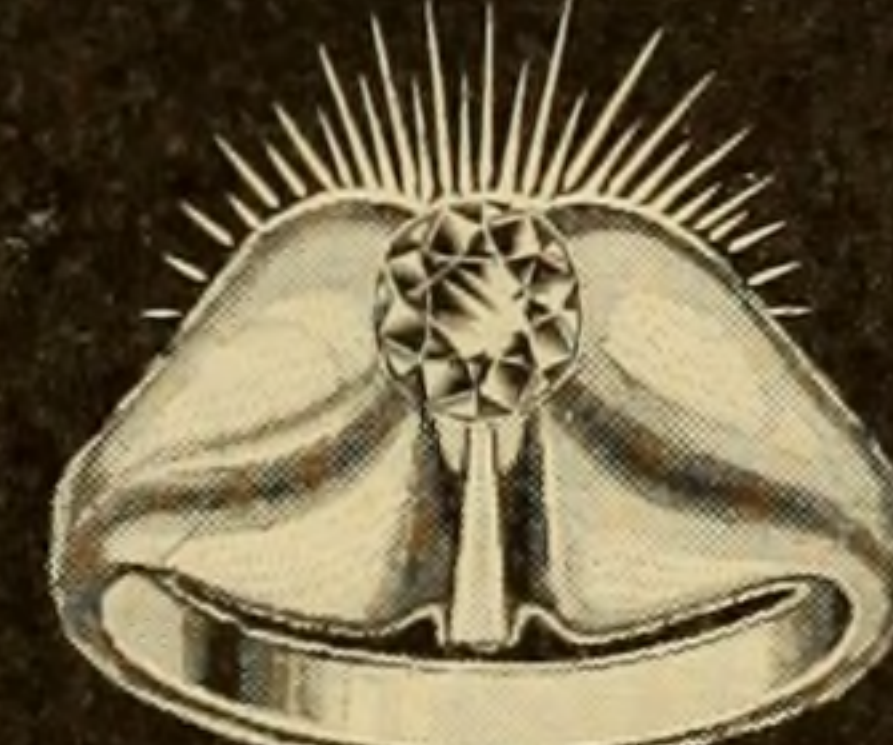
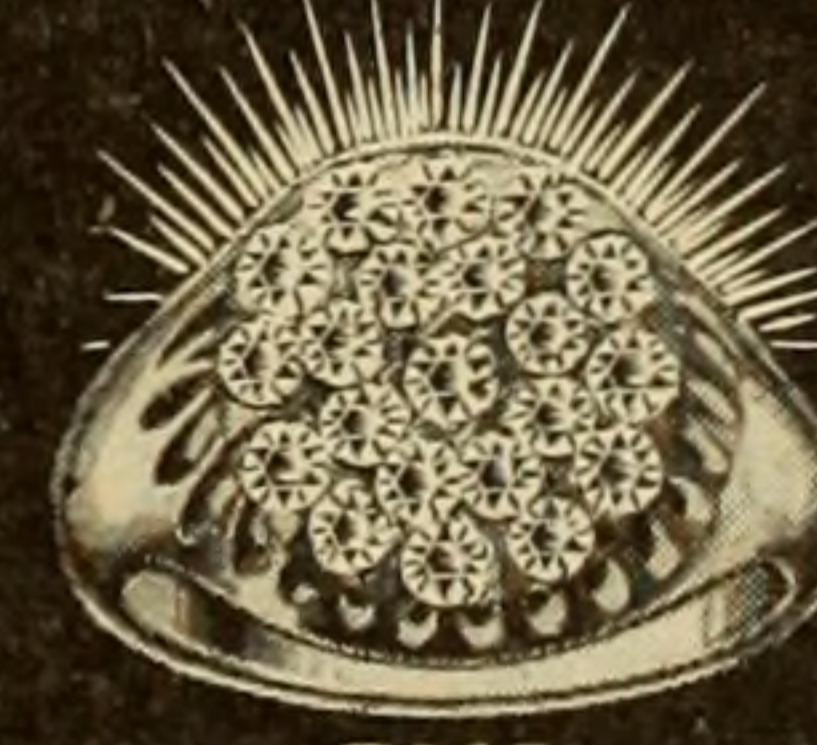

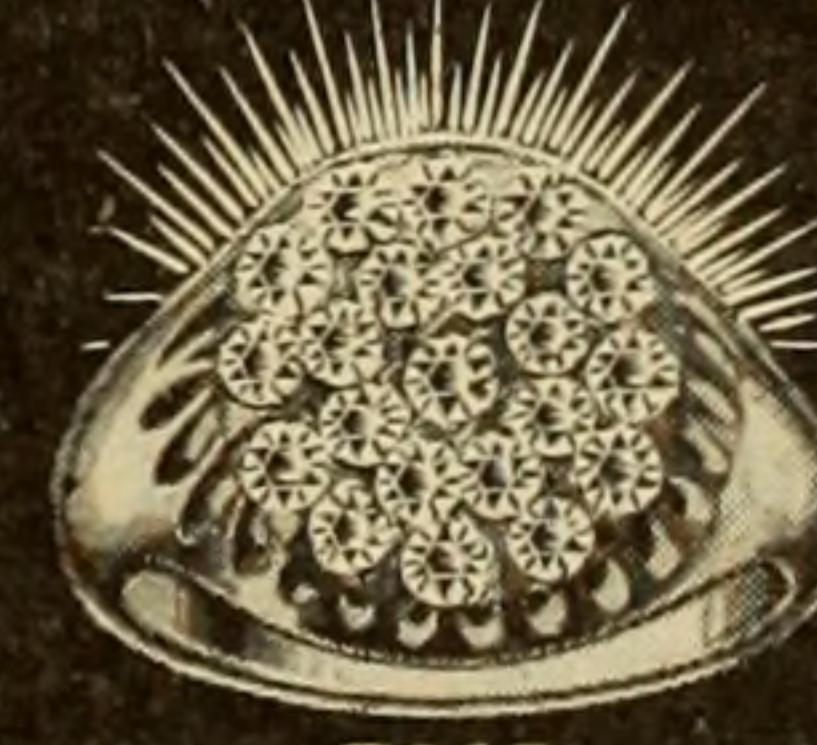
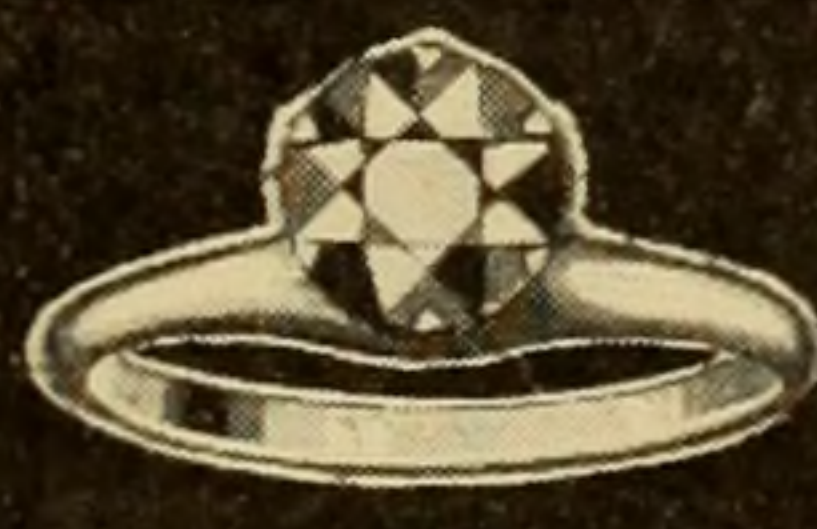
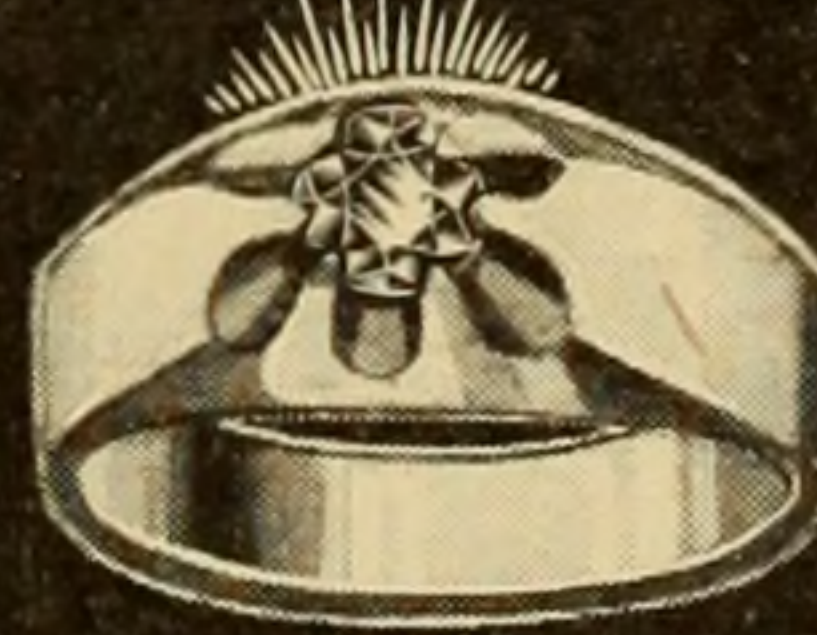
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# Photoplay Magazine

## The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 92)

### SOCIAL HYPOCRITES—Metro

May Allison makes her first appearance as a star in "Social Hypocrites." It is a drama of English society, well calculated to bring out the personal charm of Miss Allison, but lacking in the keener qualities of photoplay art. Yet the involved plot is redeemed, in a large measure, by the presence of such artists as Joseph Kilgour, almost unrecognizable behind his luxuriant moustache, Henry Kolker and Marie Wainwright. There is real aristocracy in the impersonations of aristocrats, a welcome fact that so many producers consider a full dress suit in itself sufficient to suggest society. Miss Allison is pleasing, but she will make a stronger impression in a more closely-knit story.

### THE HOUSE OF HATE—Pathe

Serials are seldom interesting to the more discriminating audience because they are so unattractive in appearance, and therefore, "The House of Hate" is entitled to a line of commendation. It is done in handsome style, and with a cast containing Pearl White, Antonio Moreno, Paul Clerget and John Webb Dillion it can never be stupid, no matter how strong a demand it makes upon the credulity.

### HUMDRUM BROWN—Paralta

"Humdrum Brown" is a tale of homely folk in a quiet town, with a melodrama at the finish. It is an interesting story, but the most important character is a

high-grade crook, whose activities keep all the others going, but always just a few jumps behind him. Henry Walthall has the role of Humdrum himself, and while he humanizes it he cannot make it dominate, and therefore it fails of essential drama. So this is not a picture to see when you want a thrill, but for a quiet evening when you would be content with some such book as "Cranford." Occasionally the comedy verges on the burlesque, but for the most part it is of the variety known as "close to the soil."

### THE SPLENDID SINNER—Goldwyn

Having made a botch of "Thais," Goldwyn apparently decided to do it all over again in new garb. This time it is modern, and called "The Splendid Sinner." There is little other difference. It is the story of the courtesan who reforms and dies. Mary Garden confirms the early suspicion that it is harder for Billy West to be original than for an operatic singer to succeed as a screen actress. Between her incessant posing and the inept handling of the story, the picture is just another movie. And while the wages of sin is shown to be death, the world is a bit weary of stories of fallen women.

### INSIDE THE LINES—Independent

"Inside the Lines" is a screen version of the story and play by Earl Derr Biggers. Like most scenarios dealing with spy plots, written by men whose principal knowledge of the clan comes from

eating Northern Spy apples there are numerous inconsistencies. But this is melodrama, so no matter. As a contribution to wartime anthology it is unimportant, but as entertainment it is entirely satisfactory.

### RUGGLES OF RED GAP—Essanay

There is material in "Ruggles of Red Gap," the Harry Leon Wilson satirical novel, for a dozen excellent pictures. The Essanay production attempts to cover the entire tale from the game of "drawing poker" to the marriage of the Earl. The result is a series of photographic illustrations of the story. The portraits, however, are well done, by Taylor Holmes as Ruggles, by Frederick Burton as Cousin Egbert, by Lawrance D'Orsay as The Honorable George, and by Virginia Valli as the Widow Judson.

### THE LIFE MASK—McClure

"The Life Mask" is the third picture made by Petrova under the McClure management. While it lends a certain variety to the Petrova list, it is not the sort of story in which this clever woman is at her best. The woman of the play is buffeted by circumstance, virtually forced into a marriage with a man she dislikes while in love with another, is suspected of the murder of her husband, and only by the confession of the real slayer convinced that she may not actually have poisoned the man while sleep-walking. Much can be forgiven, because of the beauty of the staging.

## By Staff Reviewers

### MY FOUR YEARS IN GERMANY—Independent

"My Four Years in Germany" is a forceful example of the relations of the films to contemporary history. It is a faithful and impressive transcript of Ambassador Gerard's book, screened without the slightest suggestion of melodramatic "punch" or straining after effect. The result is a consistent indictment of the German policy beginning with the Zabern incident and leading to our own declaration of war. In the midst of the massing of troops and clashing of armies, there are sudden, poignant flashes of stricken Belgium, which are all the more impressive for their briefness and simplicity. The entire production stands apart from the eagle-screaming variety of war films, which are only too common in these martial times. Its value in the interests of sincere, determined patriotism cannot be exaggerated. William Nigh is the genius of the production—a combination of fine direction and remarkable assembling and editing.

### THE BUSINESS OF LIFE—Vitagraph

When Robert W. Chambers wrote "The Business of Life," he knew exactly how picturesque the combination of an antique shop and a beautiful girl could be. We have the hero reforming his lurid past

as soon as he meets the divinity of the antiques and immediately breaking off his other affairs, of which he had as many as the celebrated Anatol. The screen version has caught all that is clever and delightful in the novel and has added a vivid quality of its own.

### SUNSHINE NAN—Paramount

In "Sunshine Nan," Ann Pennington forgets that she was ever in the "Follies" and becomes entirely a screen actress. She plays the little girl who rises from rags and alley fights to flapper frocks and a happy marriage through her own vigorous efforts.

### A DAUGHTER OF FRANCE—Fox

"A Daughter of France" begins with three reels of outrages upon women by drunken German soldiers. In the fourth reel, the film begins to show symptoms of a plot and by the fifth we know all. The "big scene" comes when a German officer who has been annoying a French girl in a particularly offensive manner, is revealed as a spy operating for the Allies, which makes everything all right. Virginia Pearson, as the French girl, repulses her numerous assailants with fiery scorn and looks handsome in a series of gowns, most of which are torn violently

from her shoulders. If the play were stripped of its disgusting scenes there would hardly be enough action for one reel. This is a salacious thing, done in the belief that any attack upon Germany will "get by," and make money, no matter how foul.

### WITHIN THE CUP—Paralta

Bessie Barriscale's remarkable acting as Thisbe Lorraine, the woman who would defy the laws of life and of love, lifts "Within the Cup" into the first class. Miss Barriscale has done some excellent acting during her career on the screen but seldom so deep, so full of power and feeling, as her role in "Within the Cup" reveals.

### THE KAISER—Universal

"The Kaiser" is less a photoplay than a dramatic presentation of the crimes of Germany dominated by the Satanic sneer of her leader. It shows the invasion of Belgium, the wreck of the Lusitania and the attempted drive toward Paris all guided by a fiend in a royal helmet and spiked moustache who does everything but snort fire. Rupert Julian impersonates this master-villain so successfully that his entrance is greeted with spontaneous hisses.

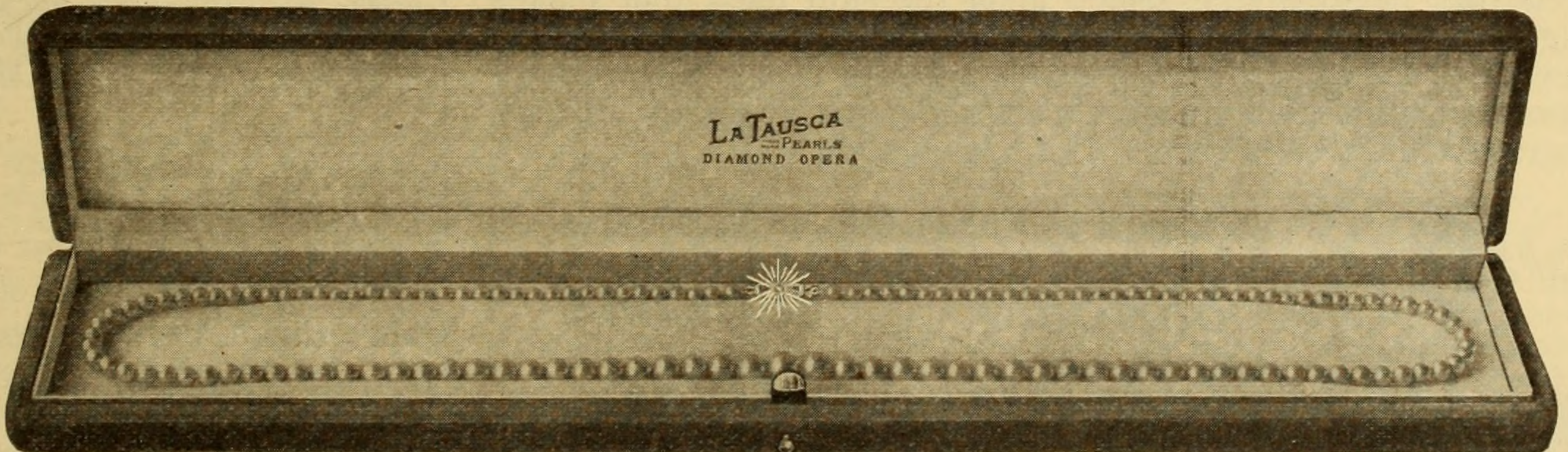




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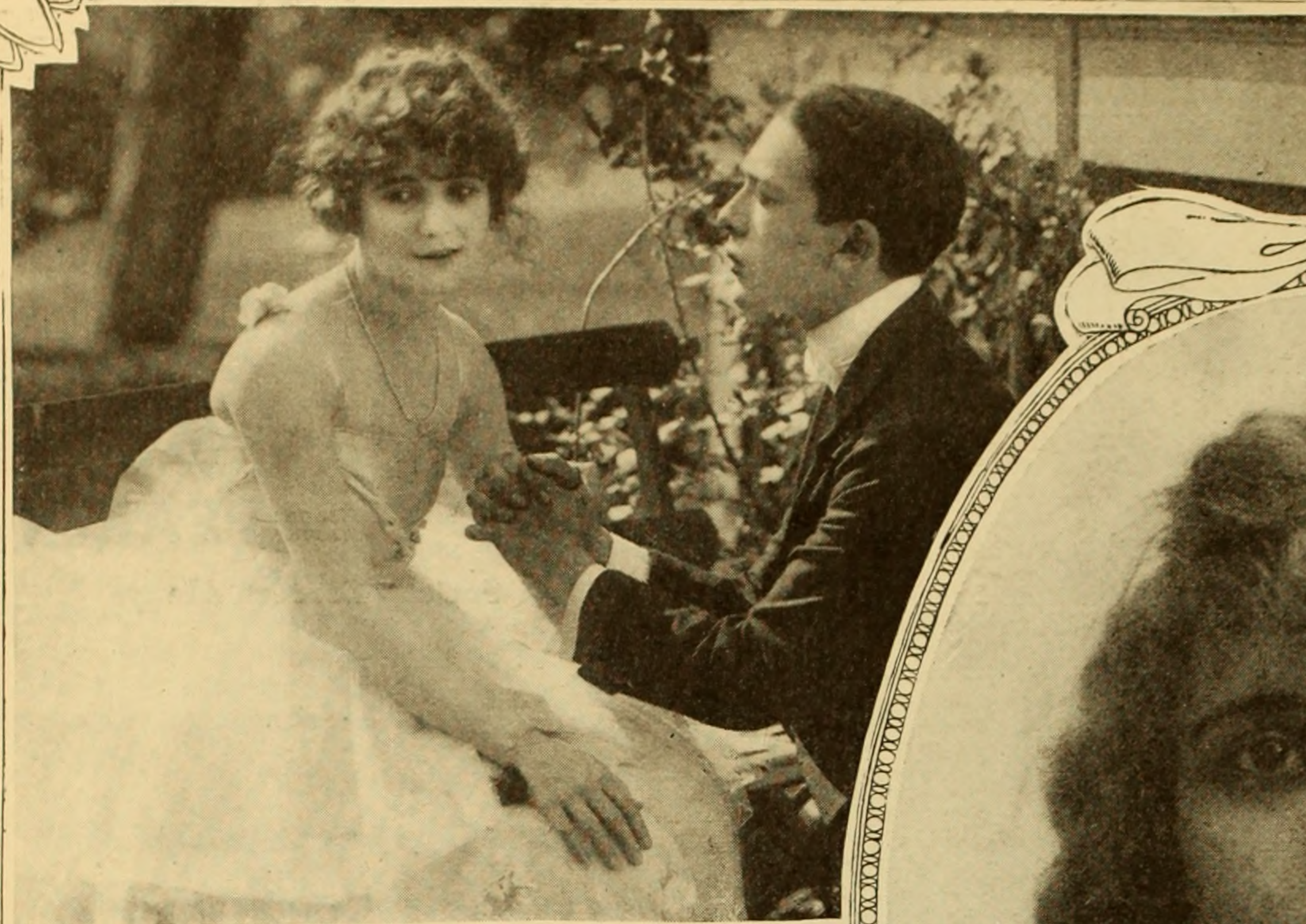
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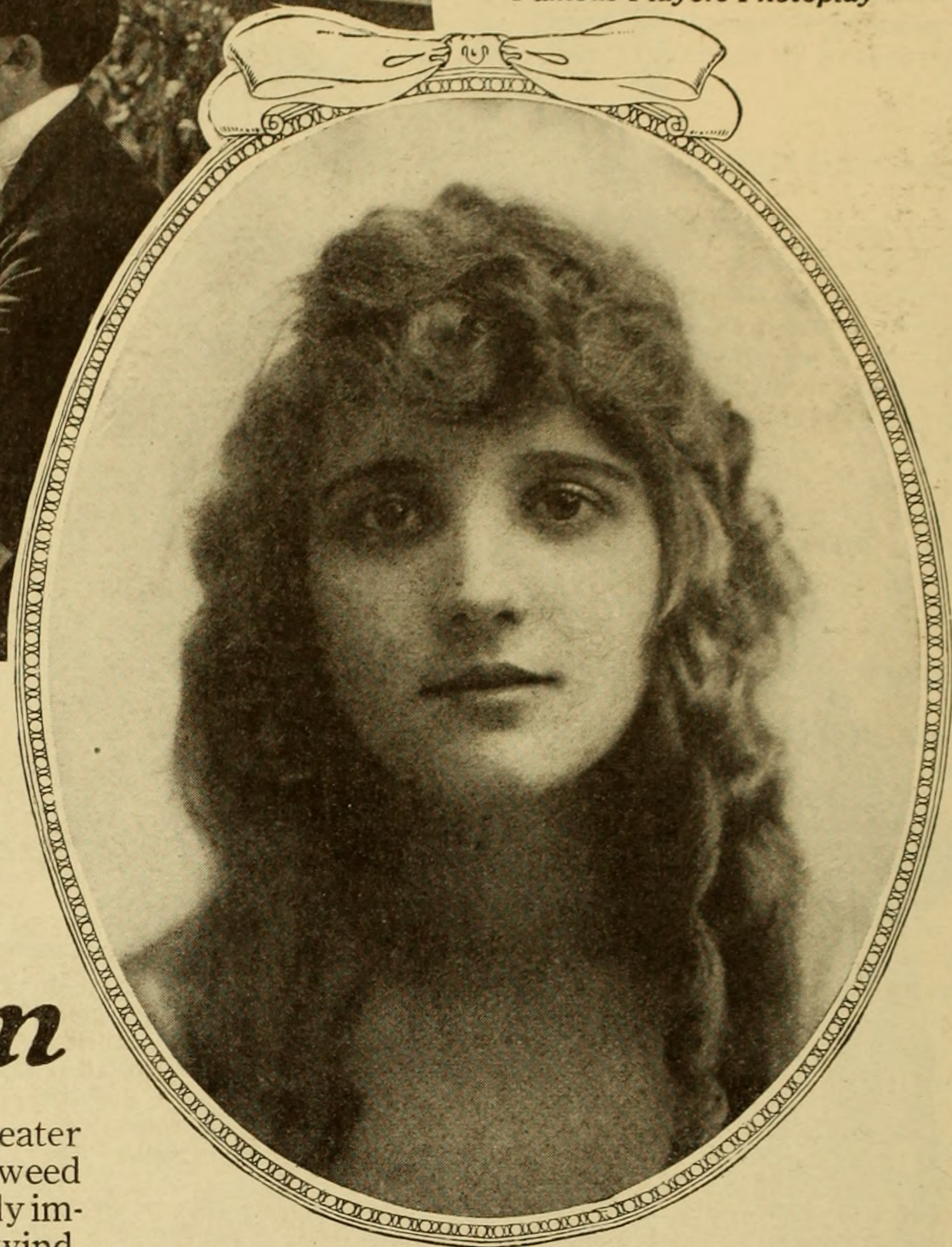
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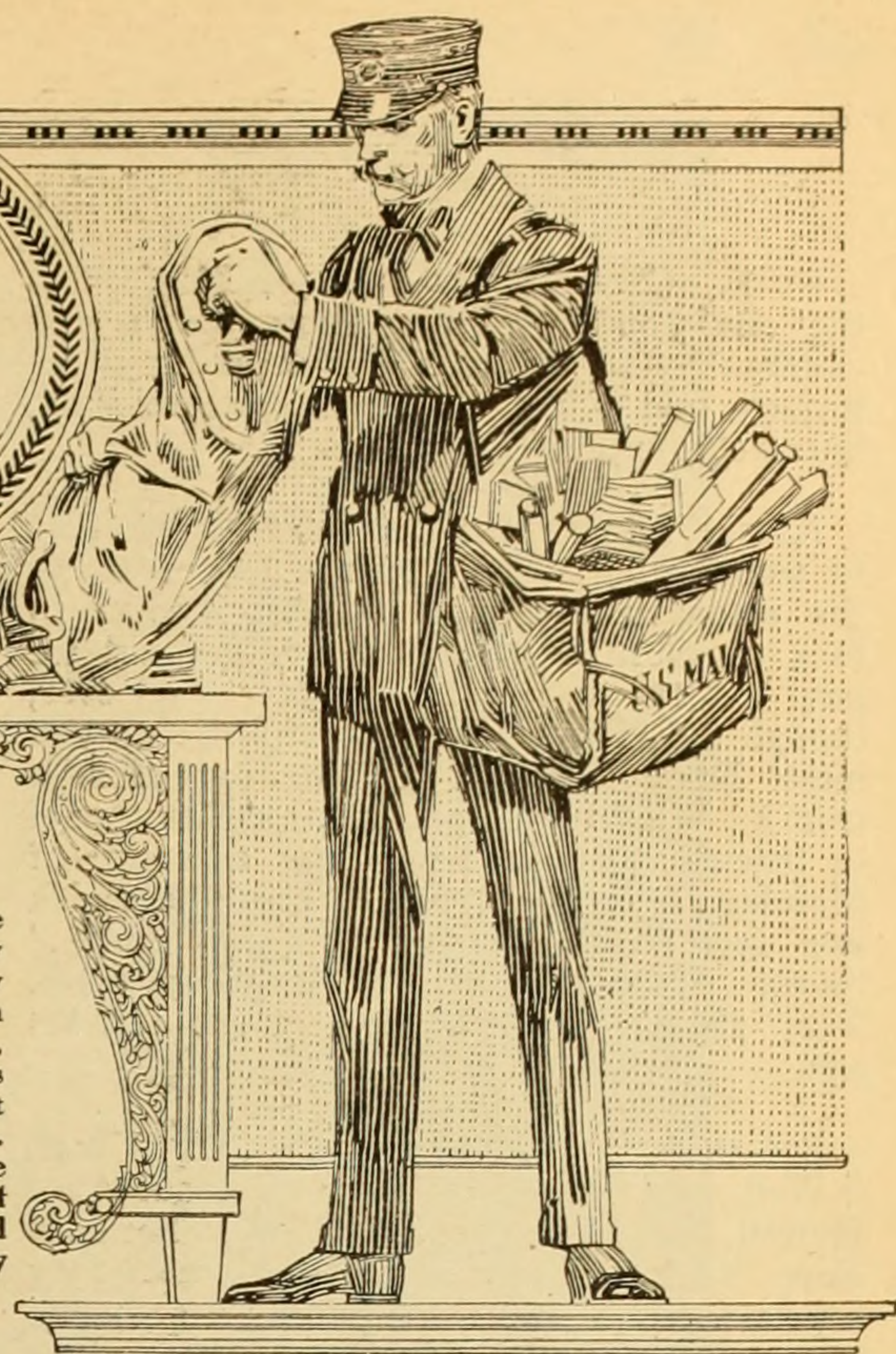
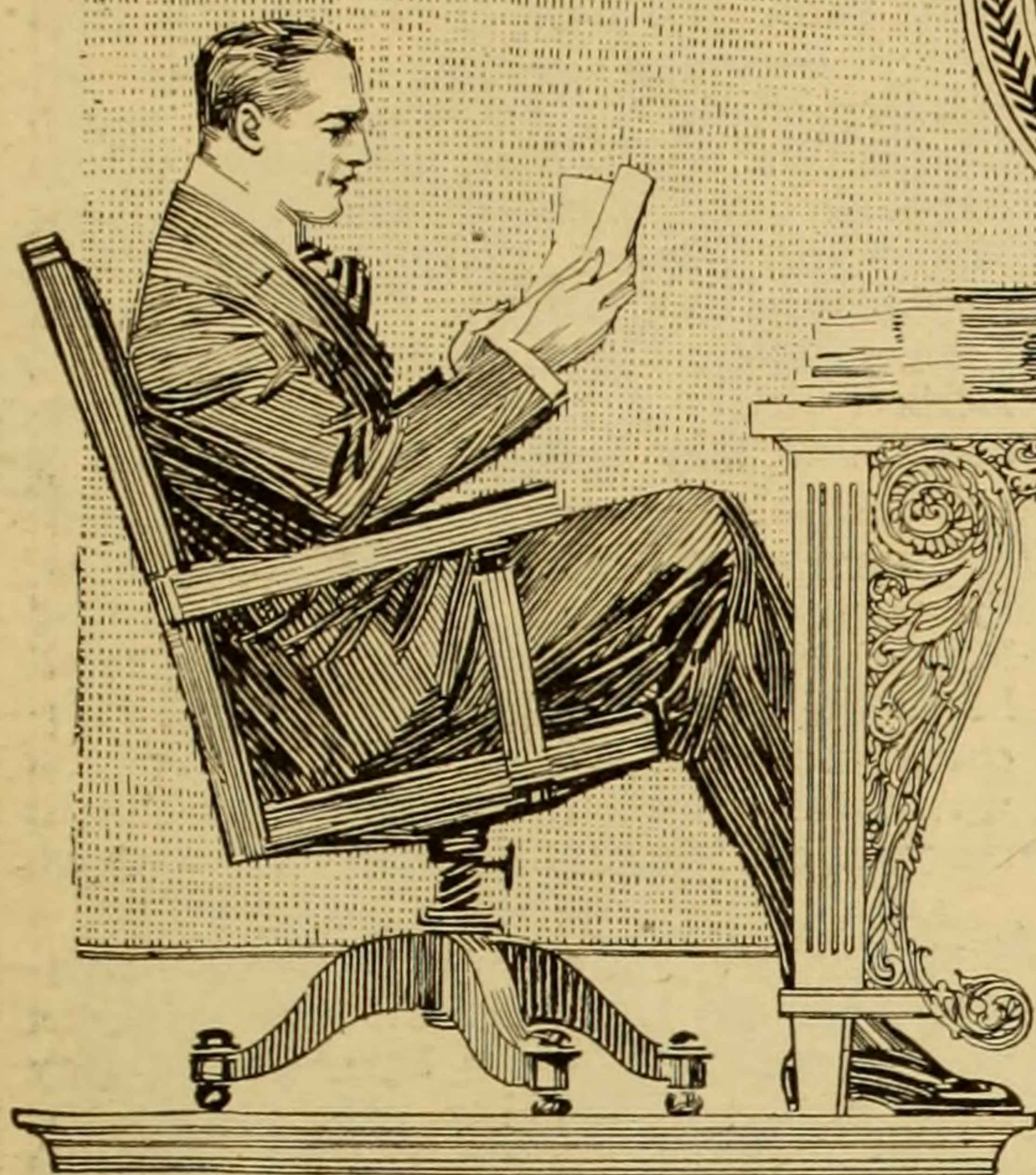
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# QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS



YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions which would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, Chicago.

A. G., CHICAGO.—Yes, Bill Hart told us he shook hands with you. He thinks you're a awfully nice gal. Harry Watson (Musty Suffer) isn't that bad looking in real life. He is a native of West Bay City, Mich., and traveled with a circus before going into vaudeville. Elmer Clifton is at Universal City, Vivian Martin at Morosco's; Harrison Ford at Lasky's and William S. Hart with his own company in Los Angeles, Cal.

F. M., ST. PAUL, MINN.—We thank you for the snapshot of yourself. You look as though you may be Pavlova's own rival, just as you say you are. But who ever saw Mme. Anna trying to look graceful in tennis slippers and a middy blouse? About a likeness of ourself; the only time we pass out those is on the thirtieth day of February, every leap year. Get your order in early. Quit your crowdin'.

J. J., ST. PAUL, MINN.—Broncho Billy is filming a wild and woolly production which is heralded as being the greatest western picture ever made. It is to be called "The Naked Hands." G. K. Spoor has gone to court and is trying to barr Mr. Anderson from using the title of Broncho Billy in his new pictures. Mr. Anderson has been producing stage plays for a year or two. Eddie Polo is with Universal.

BAMA, CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.—Rudolph Cameron possessed grit and sand. And for that won Anita's heart and hand. And upon her third finger placed a platinum band. One of the luckiest men in the land. Sometimes we just have to burst into verse. Some of the best known Griffith pictures have been "The Avenging Conscience," "Ghosts," "The Battle of the Sexes," "The Escape," "The Birth of a Nation" and "Intolerance."

ELTINGE ADMIRER, KANSAS CITY, MO.—You got a perfectly wonderful photo of Julian Eltinge? May Allison is five feet five inches tall; Anita Stewart and Enid Bennett are the same. Did you know that Miss Bennett was recently married to Fred Niblo? Naomi Childers is playing on the legitimate stage with H. B. Warner in "Among Those Present." Miss Childers is five feet five and one-half inches tall and weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds. She was born in St. Louis, Mo., on the 15th of Nov., 1894. Violet Mersereau was born in 1899.

G. B., ELGIN, ILL.—June Caprice is eighteen. Mary Miles Minter is most charitable and we're quite sure she won't mind sending you a photo even though you do live in Elgin. You might sorta break it to her gentle like. Tell her all your ancestors weren't reared there, etc. We wouldn't feel so sensitive about that if we were you. Why, we once had a great aunt (or was it an aunt?) who lived in Kankakee and we know you're not going to believe it but it's the truth nevertheless—we've outgrown it wonderfully. No, all the actresses haven't curly hair, but it does seem to help one a lot if nature, irons or rags have endowed them with marcelled locks.

F. W., CAMP GRANT, ILL.—E. A. Gould, a private in the 29th Engineers, A. E. F., won the photograph of Eileen Percy and the scarf knitted by her.

MISS CANADA, NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO.—Tom Moore recently signed a contract which will enable him to make love to Madge Kennedy, Mae Marsh, and Mabel Normand during the next twelve months at the Goldwyn studios. Maurice Costello isn't. That is he isn't appearing in pictures at present and we haven't any information about him.

G. R. WENDELL, N. J.—Bill Hart really truly isn't married. He told us so himself. Address Willum in care of Artcraft, Hollywood. Juliet Shelby is the name that used to was Mary Miles Minter.

W. F., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Kate Lester was the elderly widow, Mrs. Farrington in "Today." Pathe is going to make a production of "The Yellow Ticket."

B. S., MONTREAL, CANADA.—We are sorry that you miss the city and we are sorrier that you don't like the country and we are sorriest that you burnt your finger. Mighty tough being in a strange land trying to learn French with a burnt finger. One consolation: it won't last forever—the burnt finger. Address Mahlon Hamilton and Arline Pretty in care of Pathe.

CARMEL MYERS ADMIRER, DETROIT, MICH.—Mary Miles Minter was sixteen on the first day of April, this year. Harold Lockwood is fourteen years older than Mary and Olive Thomas ten years younger than Harold. Francelia Billington played opposite Bill Russell in "New York Luck." Chicago is the birthplace of Clara K. Young. Barbara Tennant has only appeared in pictures occasionally in the past two years. There is a Mrs. Harold Lockwood.

O. B., OGDENSBURG, N. Y.—Blanche Sweet hasn't made a picture in over a year. There have been many rumors of her return, but as yet no definite arrangements have been made. Watch PHOTOPLAY, for if she does come back you will find an announcement of it between the covers of said magazine. Oh yes we always have the very first news. Address Miss Sweet in care of Lasky studio, Hollywood, Cal. Her communications are forwarded from there.

## THEY'RE ALL MARRIED

By James Clyde Bailey

*"She's married too,"  
Says Answer Man; I think he's  
mean.  
"She's married, too,"  
He lightly knocks my dreams  
askew;  
Ana when again I search the  
screen  
And find myself another queen—  
"She's married, too!"*

D. F. K., LETHBRIDGE, ALTA.—You don't like Douglas Fairbanks because he is a handsome heartbreaking hero with a pompadour and a smile and you don't think Mary Pickford is too sweet for words? We really haven't the heart to tell Doug and Mary. We really think though, that you are modest. That simply because you are told you are Mary's double, only better looking, you hesitate to say you think Mary sweet.

C. J., SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.—"Stars of the Photoplay," sells at fifty cents, all mailing charges prepaid. Send remittance in the form of an International Coupon or a Postal Note.



# Photoplay Magazine

## Questions and Answers

(Continued)

F. Y., CHICAGO, ILL.—Lottie Pickford is the one you refer to. Mary hasn't any children. We haven't heard of any reformed coal miners becoming picture stars, but we'll inquire for you.

HILDA, NEWARK, N. J.—Gosh, all that to wunst. Now that you ask us to enlarge the magazine every month and promise to love us more if we do so, how could we help but try and make it better than ever, though that seems impossible. What do you mean Hilda about us keeping out of mischief? We haven't played any Kelly pool or listened to a Jazz band for a month of Mondays (heatless ones). Irene Fenwick was last on the stage in "Mary's Ankle." Surely she will come back to pictures. They all do. Charlie Gunn wont tell his age.

BILLIE & BOBBIE, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.—Well, you wanted to know *all* about Alice Howell, so here goes: She was born in New York in 1892. Just subtract four hundred years from the number of years ago that Columbus arrived and you'll have the age of Alice. Perfectly simple. Miss Howell was educated in New York and started her stage career there in 1907. She was in musical comedy, then burlesque for five years, then with Howell and Howell, vaudeville team for three years and in 1914 she splashed into pictures. She has been with Keystone and L-Ko.

L. D., NEW YORK CITY.—How can we go out and ask Mary Miles Minter what brand of hair curler she uses? We think her hair is honestly naturally curly and even though you do represent the very best hair curler in the world, we're not going to tell Mary about it.

H. L., TULSA, OKLA.—Now don't you go and jump on us about "The Secret Game." We didn't have anything to say about that production and if it was pro-German, we canna help it. Besides we've had any number of letters about it and every one of them have been kicks and from the tone of your note we can't be lead to believe that you love the kaiser any more for having seen it. So if it didn't make the country in any way sympathize with Bill, what's the difference?

L. M. D., MOMENCE, ILL.—Douglas Fairbanks is married to Betty Sully and he is seventy inches tall and he weighs one hundred and sixty pounds and he is an Artcraft star and he is very popular. You aren't married and are five feet three inches tall and weigh one hundred and forty-one pounds and you want to become a star right away quick and do we think you can and is it hard work and don't we think you are just as clever as "Doug." You'll have to decide that trying question yourself, L. M. D. Quite sure, however, handicapped as you are, Vivian Martin will send you a photo if you write and ask her for one. Inclose twenty-five cents to cover cost of mailing.

F. F., PITTSBURG, PA.—Nope, you are wrong and lose the bet. Mary Miles Minter was not a chorus girl. She was born in Louisiana on the first day of April, 1902.

A FAN, PORTLAND, ORE.—That was David, not Frank Powell in "Her Sister." Address David Powell at 22 E. 33rd St., New York City. Yes, we think he'll come across with a picture if you tell him you'd like one.

H. M., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Haven't any record of a Sue Clements. Sorry.

R. E. L., GREEN BAY, WIS.—That was Jack Sherrill in "The Witching Hour." Haven't noticed the slightest resemblance between Mr. Sherrill and Theda Bara. You think they vamp alike? Jack's never vamped us a mite and we've seen him often. You say, "I nearly died laffing." You actually laughted at a he-vampire? How could you do it? We should have cringed with fright. We always do when we see Theda, or Louise or Sonia or Virginia. George Chesebro is the one you adored so in "Broadway Arizona." He's with Triangle. Roland Bottomley is in France. No, no, no, he didn't play The Shielding Shadow in "The Neglected Wife." He appeared in that production though. Grace Darmond is with Vitagraph. Better go to the Home for the Incurables if you are "movie struck" for there is absolutely no cure.

E. F., NEW BEDFORD, MASS.—Address Dorothy Phillips at Universal City, Cal. Annette Kellerman's last picture is a Fox production. Olive Thomas spent sometime in the East during the early part of the year. Just now she may be reached at Culver City, Cal., Triangle studios. Marie Walcamp is serialing at Universal City, Cal.

PEGGY, HANNIBAL, MO.—We're quite sure Mrs. De Wolf Hopper won't mind your inquiring about her husband. De Wolf was born in New York City. He is the son of John Hopper and of Rosalie De Wolf Hopper. De Wolf Hopper is his non as well as professional name. Like it?

J. A. G., DETROIT, MICH.—You needn't be all puffed up about us saying Detroit is built by with and for speed. The very best of things aren't built in that way you know. Of course you are handicapped for you are always associated with a four legged animal made by and with, but not for speed. Goldwyn studio, Fort Lee, N. J., is the address of Mae Marsh. Did you know her sister Marguerite Marsh played in "Fields of Honor"?

ENID BENNETT ADMIRER, WARREN, R. I.—Mighty sorry, but you just put in your application too late. Fred Niblo beat you to it and is now Mr. Enid Bennett. Edna Purviance played opposite Charley Chaplin in "The Adventurer." Miss Purviance is to be leading lady for Charles Spencer Chaplin in his new company.

A. SILVA, TRINIDAD, COLO.—Pack all your troubles in an old tin can and can the worry. Write Billie Burke at Famous Players studio. Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., wont object to a strange young man writing to his wife. He's used to it. Your letter didn't arrive in time to be answered in the April issue.

M. P., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Arthur Ash is the real name of Arthur Ashley. Mrs. Arthur Ash a non-professional and he, are separated. He's directing for Goldwyn now. Did you know that? Oh yas, we remember "Our Mutual Girl." She was Norma Phillips and her last appearance was on the legitimate stage in New York. We'll see what we can do to induce her to come back into pictures. We'll plead with the lady and tell her you are most anxious to have her "come back."

J. A. L., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.—Paul Willis was "Blackie" in "The Trouble Buster." Nope, we couldn't get Vivian Martin to tell when she was born. She's too young to have learned yet.

Z. K., CRANDON, WIS.—Creighton Hale is 25 and married. Eyes, blue; height, five ten. With Pathe yet. Cast of "Poor Little Rich Girl": Gwendolyn, Mary Pickford; *her mother*, Madeline Traverse; *her father*, Charles Wellesley; *Jane, the nurse*, Gladys Fairbanks; *the plumber*, Frank McGlynn; *the organ grinder*, Emile LaCroix; *Miss Royle*, Marcia Harris; *Thomas*, Charles Craig; *Potter*, Frank Andrews; *the doctor*, Herbert Prior; *Johnny Blake*, George Ger- non; *Susie May Squiggs*, Maxine Hicks.

CHATTERBOX, FORT WORTH, TEX.—*Mar na*, the maid who escaped in "The Woman God Forgot" was Olga Grey. You may recall her as the *Magdalen* in "Intolerance." Florence Turner is again abroad. Can't say as we have indulged in any wild hankerin' to see your old friend R. F. back on the screen.

NANCY, FT. SMITH, ARK.—Bessie Barriscale lives in Los Angeles. She has one young son. Her hair is light, as you may have suspected and her eyes are brown. Henry Walthall has no children. Charles Ray is married to a nonprofessional.

FRANCIS, CINCINNATI.—Blanche Sweet is taking life easy in California but she expects to return to the screen soon. Kitty Gordon and Julia Swayne Gordon are not related.

MILDRED, MINERS MILLS, PA.—Sorry, Millie, but it's kinda outa our line to make actors outa our inquisitive friends. Try to content yourself with seeing 'em on the screen.

F. G., OAK BLUFFS, MASS.—Pauline Frederick is married to Willard Mack. Margaret Loomis was the girl opposite Hayakawa in "The Bottle Imp." Jay Belasco has been playing opposite Billie Rhodes. He's in the army now. Some of Jack Pickford's recent pictures are "Tom Sawyer," "Huck and Tom," "The Spirit of '17," and "The Further Adventures of Tom Sawyer." The cast of "Little Miss Optimist": *Maizie*, Vivian Martin; *Deal Hendrie*, Tom Moore; *Ben Carden*, Charles West; *John West*, Ernest Joy; *Samuel Winter*, Charles Gerrard; *Belle Laurie*, Helen Bray.

L. G. B., LOS ANGELES, CAL.—The girl in the picture you send for identification is Mildred Harris, now starring with the Lois Weber company.

L. M., SHENANDOAH, PA.—The battle scenes in "For France" were taken in and around a place in New York state called Brooklyn. Edward Earle is married; Theda is not; Harold is; Gladys Brockwell was; Vera Sisson is and Anita King just was.

MADLINE, QUINCY, ILL.—Helen Ware is back on the stage. Sidney Mason played opposite Violet Mersereau in "The Honor of Mary Blake." Frank Borzage is now directing for Triangle. It's hard enough, child, to give you the dope on 'em without trying to guess which you've gotta a case on. Have a little mercy. Shirley Mason is Edison's most luminous star at present.

E. C., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—Eugene O'Brien played opposite Mary Pickford in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Miss Pickford will send you a photograph free gratis for nothing but if you enclose the twenty-five cents it goes to her orphan fund. Mary Miles Minter is at Santa Barbara, Cal., and Harold Lockwood in New York.





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## Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 98)

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HELEN, BROOKLINE, MASS.—Anita Stewart is now Mrs. Rudolph Cameron. She is to come back to the screen via Vitagraph unless the court makes another decision. We are quite sure that if she asked you to write her again she meant it. If your letters to her are as interesting as the ones you write us, we can readily understand why she wants to hear from you often. Mrs. Stewart lives in New York.

V. E., SYDNEY, N. S. W.—That mysterious food that you see in EVERY American made picture composed of fruit served in a large wine glass is a fruit cocktail. Really a polite word for fruit hash. Yep, it's very good and we United States of America like it very much. She isn't Mr. Delight Evans. He is Miss Delight Evans. She writes free verse and prose and poetry and is right smart. The stories you like of hers with "one two or three words on each line and with some big and other small lines" are free verse. Sure we know an awful lot.

CURIOSITY, STURGEON BAY, WIS.—One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten—control. We see—we see—we see Ethel Clayton. The dark haired man who you inquire about—the one who has been playing leads in so many of Miss Clayton's recent pictures is vague. Ah, he becomes clearer. And still clearer. We see him. His name—his name—his name is J-J-John—John Bowers. Control, control, control. Edward Earle was the hero in "For France."

K. L. H., BOSTON, MASS.—Wallace Reid was born on the 15th of April, 1890. "Doug" Fairbanks, Jr., is eight years old. His father may be addressed in care of Aircraft studio, Hollywood, Cal. Geraldine Farrar is with Goldwyn company now. She may be reached there. Quite sure you'll get the pictures if you write for them. Some people are sending a War Saving Stamp now when asking for a photo in place of inclosing the customary twenty-five cents.

N. S., SANTA BARBARA.—We've taken heed of your plea for the Bill Hart and Lina Cavalieri stories. It's up to the editor now.

JERRY, PATERSON, N. J.—Kenneth Harlan is playing with Kathleen Clifford. Address him at Balboa studio, Long Beach, Cal. Mr. Harlan has applied for an appointment in the aviation branch of the service and by the time this is circulated Kenneth may be a "high flier." Write Sessue Hayakawa at the Lasky studio, Hollywood, Cal.

EVERYBODY'S FAN, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—Some undertaking of yours. Everybody's Fan? You'll have nervous prostrations or St. Vitus Dance or the mumps before the year is out unless you decide to fan for not more than half a dozen persons. Wallie claimed temporary exemption. He'll send you a photo, we believe. We haven't been corresponding with Mr. Fairbanks so can't say whether his signature is faked or not. We're quite sure though that it is the real thing, so worry not!

E. A. J., MEMPHIS, TENN.—Address George Ovey in care of Horsley studio, Los Angeles, Cal.; Billie Burke, Lasky, New York. Her last release was "Eve's Daughter" picturized from the play of that name that ran in New York the early part of this year. "Something for nothing is usually worth little." What did you mean by that? Weren't insinuating were you? Guess you couldn't have been, for we get paid for giving information.

R. A. B., RIVERSIDE, CAL.—King Baggot will soon be seen in a Hoffman-Foursquare production "The Eagle's Eye." William Clifford is fair, fat and forty and admits it. Tom Powers was Bob in "The Auction Block." He's in France now, driving an ambulance. Pedro de Cordoba was Benchaalal in "Barbary Sheep," with Elsie Ferguson. Pictures are shown in practically every nook and corner in the world. There are more theaters in America than in any other country and more films are manufactured here. The American made pictures are the most popular productions. We occasionally see a film of foreign make on this side. From time to time a Russian, an Italian, an English or a French production will creep in. That is not the case with American subjects in other countries. Our stars are recognized and our films are sought wherever pictures are in vogue. "Limousine Life" is an Olive Thomas production. That was Pauline Curley in "A Square Deceiver." Virginia Rappae was Marcia Van Wyck in "Paradise Garden."

E. A. R., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The only way for your brother to do is to apply at some studio and see if he can secure work. Living in Brooklyn you will not find it out of your way to make a personal application, for there are studios galore in and around your city.

S. H. T., FRANKLIN, TENN.—Lucille Sathewaite, Lucille Zintheo, Mildred Lee, Alatia Marton, Florence Gray, Estelle Judy, Peggy Bloom, Helen Arnold, Phyllis Curl, Vivian Suckling and Lois Butler Lee were the eleven fortunates in the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE "Beauty & Brains" contest. Address Marguerite Clark in care of Famous Players studio; Vivian Martin, Morosco studio and Charles Gunn, Triangle studio.

H. S. B., SANTA ROSA, CAL.—Theodore Kosloff is a very famous Russian dancer. He appeared for the first time upon the screen in "The Woman God Forgot." Mr. Kosloff has brown hair and eyes and is about five feet ten inches tall. The title of the first Geraldine Farrar-Goldwyn picture has not been announced as yet.

H. B., OAKLAND, CAL.—Alice Marvin played the part of Mary, Tom's cousin in "Tom Sawyer."

YOUR CROSS-EYED, BOW-LEGGED ADMIRER, PHILA., PA.—Our name aint Herman and it aint agona be Herman so quit callin us that or we'll be mad. We like the name and all that, but we won't be accused of stealing anything that doesn't belong to us and all the Hermans hereabouts might object, so lay off it. Richard Barthlemess is the one you refer to in "Bab's Burglar." Regina Quinn with George Walsh in "The Pride of New Yori." Lillian Cook was Alicia and Edward Burns, Dick Christie, the lover of Alicia in "Her Hour." Juliette Day, not Julia Sanderson in "The Rainbow Girl."

EDNA, KANSAS CITY, MO.—Harold Lloyd was born in 1893—about twenty-five years old. Pearl White is twenty-nine; Bebe Daniels will soon be eighteen and Francis Ford says 1883 is his birth year. Pearl White is not married. Elsie Ford is Mrs. Francis Ford. Earle Foxe is married to Betty Scott of the New York musicale stage.

R. P., AUGUSTA, ME.—Address Marguerite Clark in care of Famous Players studio. She is not married.



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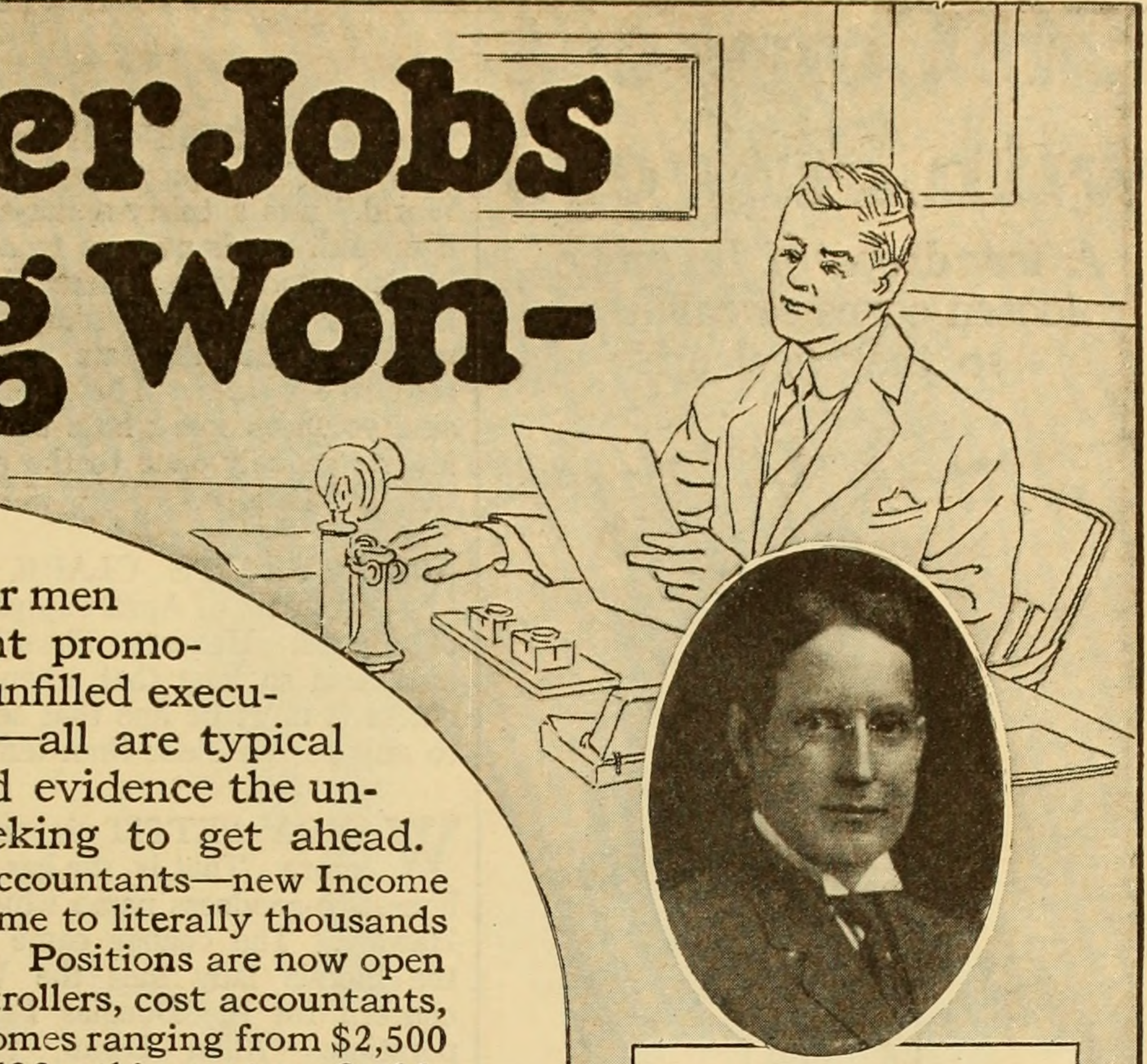
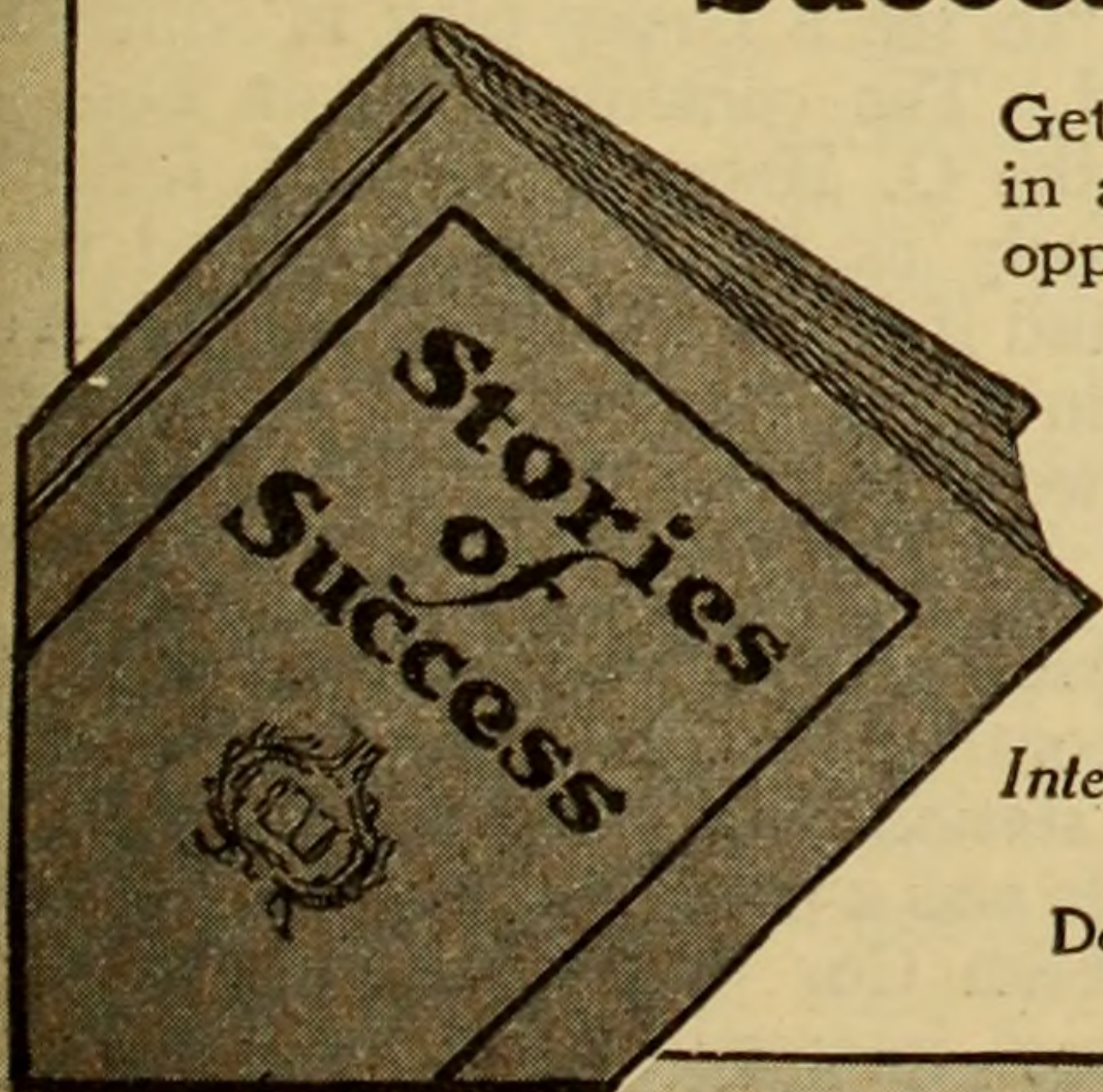
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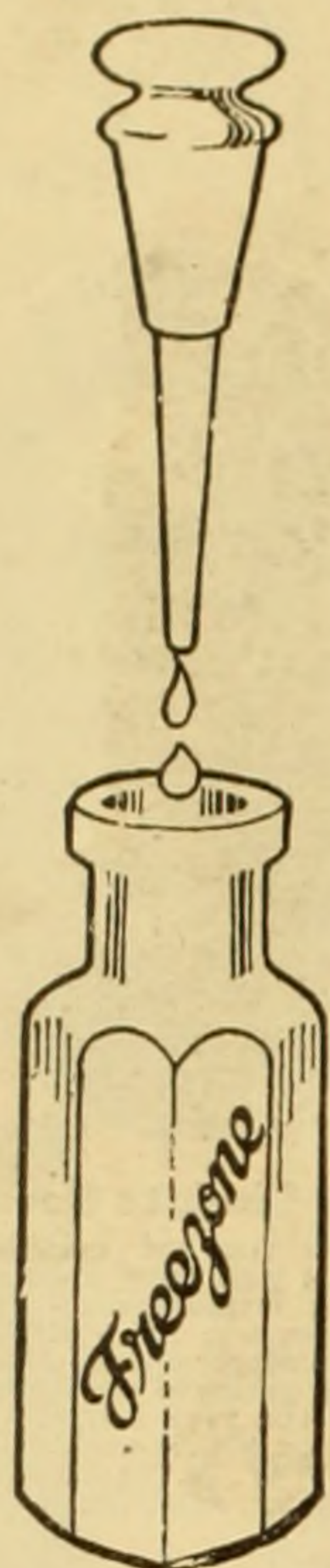
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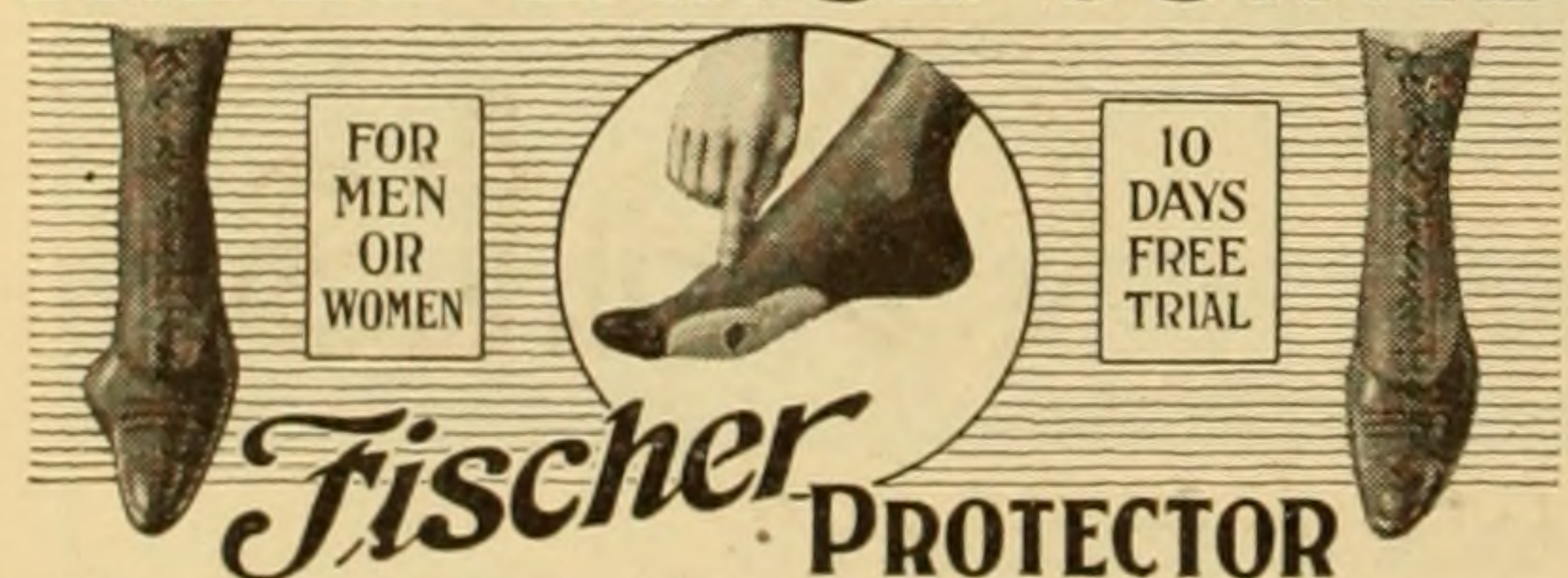
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## Plays and Players

(Continued from page 84)

**ROBERT ANDERSEN**, a star in Griffith's new picture, "Hearts of the World," was a thirty-dollar-a-week actor, it is said. It is now up to some thicker-headed producer to induce him to leave the man who made him, for a lot of money. Griffith's stars are never borrowed celebrities. They are flexible, pliable young people whose minds and bodies are entirely open to the expression of the Griffith idea.

**MARGUERITE CLARK** passed the first part of April enjoying an attack of mumps. Honest! She's been playing kid parts so long that when she has an illness it must be one that seldom occurs to any person older than ten years.

**WANDA PETTIT** is the latter no more. That is, she has assumed her honest-to-goodness name which is Wanda Hawley. The change came about when the blonde lady quit the William Fox concern for the Douglas Fairbanks corporation. Allan Dwan, the director, didn't like the Pettit part—said it wasn't euphonious, or something, so Wanda had it deleted without a murmur.

**E. K. LINCOLN**, long absent from moving pictures (his last venture was with Goldwyn) has left for the West, where he will appear in a new photoplay.

**THE** income tax has hit some of the young actors in I. A. in an unusual manner. Owing to the sudden drop in production a number of people who formerly earned large salaries are now out of employment and in most cases without funds. Several men who during 1917 earned an average salary of \$300 a week have been drawing practically no salary at all during 1918. Unfortunately these same men saved little money during their period of affluence and even in cases where they did they exhausted these savings in their "at liberty" period. It will, however, be imperative that these people in some manner obtain the money necessary for paying their tax.

**ACCORDING** to a press agent story, Billy West has received a love letter, and the missive is published, with the name of the misguided girl who wrote it. Perhaps this was such an event in the life of this shameless imitator of Chaplin that it was considered worth recording publicly. It is the first case on record, so far as we know where any actor has been such a cad. But then, perhaps it is just another example of the Billy West idea of humor.

**CARL LAEMMLE** is now introduced as a purist in language, and has ordered his publicity and producing departments—so the printed tale goes—to discontinue using the words camouflage, intensive, psychology, and others. We agree with Professor Laemmle when he bans "hit of the season" from the advertising of Universal production, but we feel that he is flattering his own erudi-

tion when he says the word "psychology" is used "by so many persons who seek to appear learned that it has lost its effectiveness." We shall continue to use it a while longer, and leave to Professor Laemmle such kindergarten substitutes as "the convolutions of mental processes dissociated from purely physical reactions."

**WHO** would have believed that such a classic as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had been overlooked this long by producers? The discovery was made by Paramount, and Marguerite Clark will be seen before long as Little Eva.

**WINIFRED ALLEN** participated in a romance which is more thrilling than any picture in which she ever starred. She married Lieut. Lawrence Sperry recently while out for a ride with him in his airplane. They were engaged and expected to be married before Lieut. Sperry sailed for France, but the wedding was hastened when the bridegroom suggested that they alight and get a minister. The minister and the Sperry family were corraled and after the ceremony the bride and groom flew away, the groom to report for duty and the bride to wait for his return from war. Miss Allen's last picture was "From Two to Six"; and she had previously appeared in "The Man who Made Good," and other Alan Dwan-Triangle pictures.

**CHARLES RICHMAN** is again before the footlights, in a vaudeville playlet. This is his first appearance on the stage for three years, during which time he was with Vitagraph and an independent organization.

**METRO** has organized a new concern to produce big features. It is known as Screen Classics, Inc., and will handle all special productions, some with big stars and some without.

**MABEL VAN BUREN**, well-known film actress, and the wife of Ernest Joy, didn't altogether want to have her daughter go on the stage or on the screen. The daughter, Miss Kate Charlton, has accordingly done both. She is a member of the "Peter Ibbetson" company with John Barrymore and Constance Collier, and as to her film work—well, let her mother tell it. "I went into a picture theatre the other night," said Miss Van Buren; "to see a Lasky play in which I appeared. The comedy came on first—one of the O. Henry stories. I looked up listlessly as the heroine entered the room—and if it wasn't my own daughter! She hadn't told me she was doing any picture work at all."

**EDWARD J. LANGFORD** is now a corporal in Co. K of the 107th Infantry, stationed at Camp Wadsworth, S. C. He was a prominent member of the World Film Co. He says he finds the work very interesting and is eager to get a chance to do his bit in France.



## Plays and Players

(Continued)

AND now comes a real government picture. The first of a series to be made by and for our own country. It is a propaganda, the action of which begins a generation ago and leads up to the present day. Edwin Hollywood has been chosen to direct this first government film from beginning to end. Mr. Hollywood directed "Polly of the Circus" and "One Hour" and assisted in the direction of all the pictures made by James Young for World and Lasky. He was art director for Mary Pickford when "Less than the Dust" and "The Pride of the Clan" were made and is well qualified to make this great spectacular production, which he promises will have more heart interest than any previous propaganda film. The working title of this feature is "The Immigrant." The first showing was to be some time in May in Washington before President Wilson and his cabinet. The exterior scenes are being "shot" in the south and the interiors in Chicago at the court of Judge Landis and at the Rothacker studios.

MAY ALLISON has come back, but not with Harold Lockwood. She is an independent star for Metro and her first vehicle is "Social Hypocrites."

NORA BAYES has made up her mind—she's ready to go-into-pictures. Through her business manager, Miss Bayes has announced that she will consider no offers but those from the biggest producers of the film industry. She has a story all ready for her screen debut. Inasmuch as she has had no cinema experience, and many experienced and popular players are at present unoccupied, Miss Nora Bayes' announcement has not created a pronounced furore.

JOHNNY HINES has signed a long-term contract with World. His first will be a co-starring appearance with little Madge Evans. Hines can do heavy things, but prefers comedy.

ACCORDING to dispatches received from the Western front somewhere in Hollywood, Antony and Cleopatra have just had another row. Antony suffered severe casualties and had to be rushed to the hospital. The engagement occurred on the lawn of Louise Glaum's Hollywood home, the parties concerned being the star's pet peacocks. The feathers removed by Cleopatra from Antony's armor will be used by the star for hat trimmings. Incidentally it is remarked that Miss Glaum is known also as "The Lady of the Peacocks."

IT happened at the box-office of a Chicago outlying theatre. Our famous Answer Man stepped up to the ticket girl and inquired in his most ingratiating fashion, "Are you going to have 'The Price of a Good Time?'" The split-pint soubrette who makes the change glanced at the neat little piles of silver about. "Wait a minute," quoth she, "wait a minute, and I'll see."



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## The Eagle's Eye

(Continued from page 47)

exploded as the men entered the hold of the vessel—and caught them in their flare and smoke.

At Bernstorff's rooms, Dr. Albert almost burst in the door and told the story of the loss of his portfolio. The Ambassador snapped quick orders.

"The Secret Service may have gotten that portfolio," he began. "We must find out. Von Papen and Boy-Ed, get out the Long Island wireless outfit and catch all outgoing messages from Sayville. I'll phone von Lertz to get Wolf von Igel and accompany you. Rintelen, you must leave the country. You are not an accredited member of the Embassy. They can cause you trouble."

"Yes, your Excellency."

Rintelen bowed and hurried away to make preparations for the flight that was to end for him at Falmouth, England, and have its sequel in an American prison, where he is today. Boy-Ed and von Papen waited while Bernstorff phoned von Lertz, little knowing that the telephone girl below was connecting the call also with Dixie Mason of the Secret Service.

Out the door and down the back way went Dixie disguised as an auto racer, to catch the trail of von Papen, Boy-Ed, von Lertz and Wolf von Igel, while from the Customs House rushed Secret Service men previously summoned, to meet her on the Long Island road and accept her instructions, as Dixie followed the trail of the wireless operators and prepared for the signal that would send the Secret Service men scurrying after them.

Down at the Cragside, Harrison Grant and his men had been rescued by the fire department and now were aiding in the fight against the fire.

Out on Long Island the moment had come. On an eminence the members of the German embassy were tapping the wireless waves of America's great aerial activity. Dixie gave the signal. Out shot the car containing the Secret Service men.

It was von Lertz who first saw them and gave the warning. A scramble followed, in which von Lertz's machine was loaded first and away, the wireless machine following as rapidly as it could.

Von Lertz's machine sped on, only to stop at a sound from behind—the sound of grinding brakebands, of crashing steel. The wireless machine had overturned, pinioning Wolf von Igel.

Safe in her disguise as a racer, Dixie Mason shot through the flame—strewn bridge and approached the car of Heinrich von Lertz. Von Papen spoke.

"Take von Igel to a hospital: I'll get this fellow to run me into town—I'll work the Fifth avenue wireless!"

Into the city swerved Dixie Mason and toward Fifth avenue as von Papen shouted directions above the rush of the wind and the sound of the engine. There he leaped forth, pushed a bill into Dixie's gloved hand and hurried toward one of the fashionable houses which lined the avenue. Dixie pulled her car out of sight, then hurried to watch. A moment later, she saw the antennae of a wireless

outfit issuing slowly from a chimney.

Failing on Long Island, they would catch America's messages from another depot! Dixie ran quickly toward her car and a moment later was speeding toward the Criminology Club.

Inside the Fifth Avenue residence, amidst wireless equipment, Von Papen was snapping orders.

"Catch everything that goes out from Sayville!" he ordered the wireless operator. "We've got to find out who got those Albert papers—and get them back."

"Yes, your Excellency," came the answer.

As for Dixie, she had pulled her machine to the curbing of the Criminology Club, had sent for Harrison Grant, shown her star, though concealing its number, and had given the secret sign of the Secret Service. Then she sped toward the Fifth avenue residence with Grant and the best men the Criminology Club afforded.

"In that house," Dixie said, gruffly, disguising her voice. "They're working the wireless!"

Grant leaped to the sidewalk. Quickly he assigned his men. A rushing raid, the quick zest of a hand-to-hand fight as the detectives scurried through the rooms of the big house, and it all was over. One by one the workers had been subdued. Harrison Grant turned toward the doorway with his prisoners.

"Good man—that Secret Service agent who brought us here," he mused as he started forth to the veranda. "I'll have to ask him some questions about himself. He deserves a special mention to the Chief. I—"

Then he stopped and stared. For where the racer occupied by the Secret Service "man" had been, was now only vacancy. The mysterious informant was gone!

### CHAPTER VIII

#### "THE CASE OF ROBERT FAY"

It was some weeks after the chase by Dixie Mason that a queer-eyed, high-cheeked man entered the office of Franz von Papen, at 60 Wall Street, New York, and handed him a letter bearing the seal of Imperial Germany. With Karl Boy-Ed, von Papen read the letter, then extended a welcoming hand to Lieut. Robert Fay, expert German bombthrower, sent to America to perfect a style of bomb intended to rid the ocean of shipping within six months.

"We will give you every assistance," said von Papen. "Only, you must understand, that if you are captured, we must repudiate you."

"Of course," answered Fay. "I understand perfectly."

Thus it was that strange things began happening in a supposed garage in Weehawken—in reality, the workshop of Robert Fay. Thus it was also that after a few weeks had passed, Harrison Grant purloined a letter from the apartment of Madame Stephan, chief of Germany's



**STUDIO DIRECTORY**

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal ones below. The first is the business office; (s) indicates a studio; in some cases both are at one address.

AMERICAN FILM MFG. Co., 6227 Broadway, Chicago; Santa Barbara, Cal. (s).

ARTCRAFT PICTURES CORP., 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City; 516 W. 54th St., New York City (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s); Hollywood, Cal. (s).

BALBOA AMUSEMENT PRODUCING Co., Long Beach, Cal. (s).

BRENON, HERBERT, PROD., 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Hudson Heights, N. J. (s).

CHRISTIE FILM CORP., Sunset Blvd. and Gower St., Los Angeles, Cal.

EDISON, THOMAS, INC., 2826 Decatur Ave., New York City. (s).

ESSANAY FILM MFG. Co., 1333 Argyle St., Chicago. (s).

FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM Co., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 128 W. 56th St., New York City. (s).

FOX FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City; 1401 Western Ave., Los Angeles (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

GOLDWYN FILM CORP., 16 E. 42nd St., New York City; Ft. Lee, N. J. (s).

HORSLEY STUDIO, Main and Washington, Los Angeles.

THOMAS INCE STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.

KEYSTONE FILM Co., Culver City, Cal.

KLEINE, GEORGE, 166 N. State St., Chicago.

LASKY FEATURE PLAY Co., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 6284 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Cal. (s).

METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York City; 3 W. 61st St., New York City (s); 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Cal.

MOROSCO PHOTOPLAY Co., 222 W. 42d St., New York City; 201 Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

MUTUAL FILM CORP., Consumers Bldg., Chicago.

PARALTA PLAY INC., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City; 5300 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

PATHE EXCHANGE, IND., 25 W. 45th St., New York City; ASTRA FILM CORP., 1 Congress St., Jersey City, N. J. (s);

ROLIN FILM Co., 605 California Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal. (s); PARALTA STUDIO, 5300 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

PETROVA PICTURE COMPANY, 24 W. 44th St., New York City.

ROTHACKER FILM MFG. Co., 1339 Diversy Parkway, Chicago, Ill. (s).

SELECT PICTURES CORP., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

SELIG POLYSCOPE Co., Garland Bldg., Chicago; Western and Irving Park Blvd., Chicago (s); 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

SELZNICK, LEWIS J., ENTERPRISES INC, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

SIGNAL FILM CORP., 4560 Pasadena Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

TALMADGE, CONSTANCE, 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.

TALMADGE, NORMA, 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.; 318 East 48th St., N. Y. C. (s).

THANHOUSER FILM CORP., New Rochelle, N. Y. (s).

TRIANGLE COMPANY, 1457 Broadway, New York City; Culver City, Cal. (s).

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. Co., 1600 Broadway, New York City; Universal City, Cal.; Coytesville, N. J. (s).

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, E. 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Hollywood, Cal.

VOGUE COMEDY Co., Gower St. and Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

WHARTON, INC., Ithaca, N. Y.

WORLD FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City; Fort Lee, N. J. (s).



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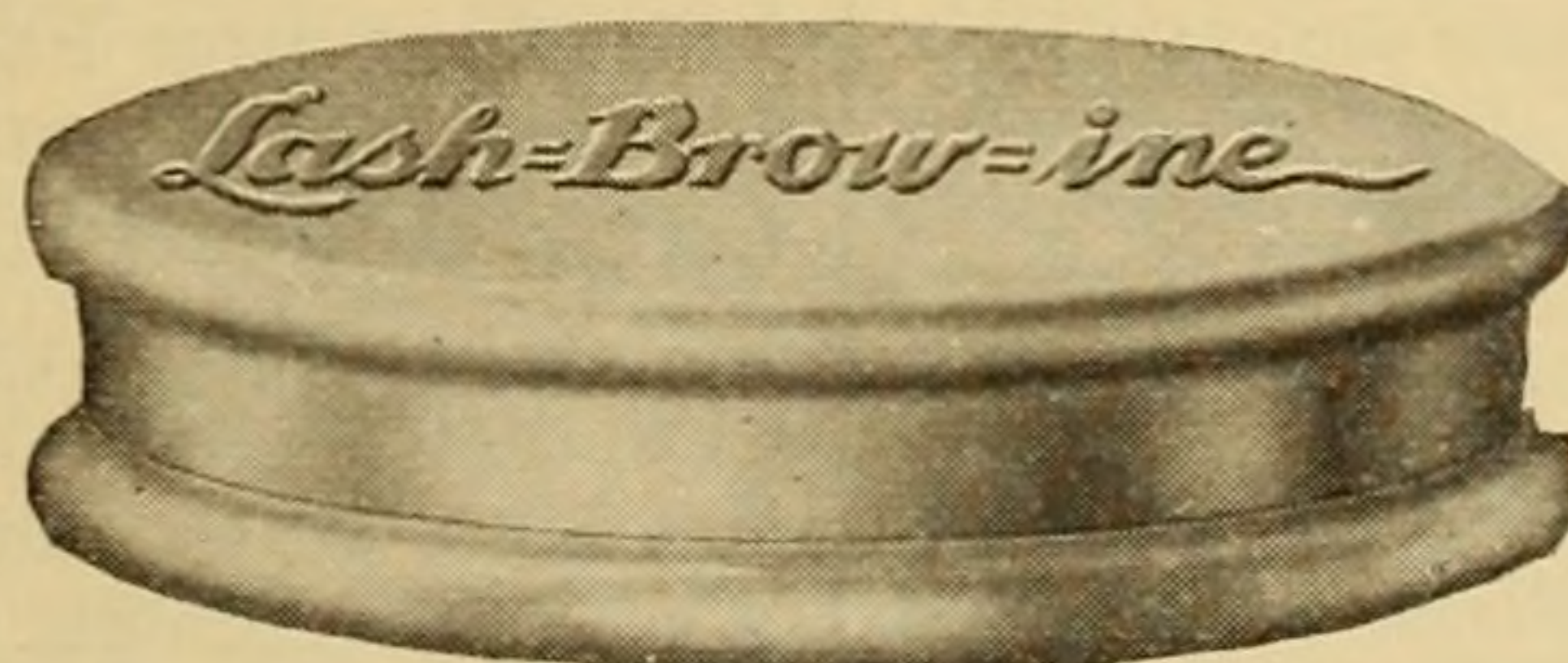
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**American Pub. Co., 630 Winston Bldg., Philadelphia**

## The Eagle's Eye

(Continued from page 104)

women spies in America, a letter which interested him greatly:

"Dear Madame:

Regarding your query, I have ordered 150 pounds of T. N. T. to be delivered to Fay through Mr. Marshall of the Blasting Explosives Co.

"Sincerely

"P."

"Bring this man in," ordered Grant of an operative and an hour later, the white faced Mr. Marshall faced the president of the Criminology Club.

"I'm glad you called me," he said. "I was told this explosive was to be used for experimental purposes. I'm an American!"

A conference. A smile passed between the two men.

The next afternoon the explosives were delivered to Fay's boathouse in Weehawken, where he had moved from his "garage" overnight. And delivered by a man whose card bore the watermark of Imperial Germany. But the card had come from the collection in the possession of the Criminology Club—and the man was Harrison Grant!

Day after day Grant, in the character of a workman, remained in the old boathouse while Fay described plan after plan to him.

"You see," said the bomb plotter one day as he stood by the model of a stern of a ship. "This bomb will hold about 60 pounds of T. N. T. or trinitrate of toluol, the most powerful explosive known. That is enough to tear any ship to pieces. Now, I'll attach the bomb to the rudder post of vessels. When the ship goes to sea, the action of the rudder will wind up the springs. Then, when the time comes, the main spring will release a plunger that will fire off two cartridges into the explosive. The result will be—"

There was a knock at the door. A message which Fay read. Then the bomb plotter turned:

"Bernstorff says we must strike at once," he announced quickly, "that means—"

"That you are under arrest!" came the cold voice of Harrison Grant, as he displayed his Secret Service commission. "Come on!"

An hour later Fay was making his confession, while von Papen, Boy-Ed, von Lertz, Madame Stephan and Dixie Mason—for she had obtained an invitation—were hurrying to the Ice Frolic at Lake Cayuga until the storm blew over. Strangely enough, Harrison Grant was speeding to Cayuga also—to investigate certain slips Fay had made regarding a lighthouse in which bomb plotters were watching the aeroplane works near the lake and plotting for their destruction.

But Grant had been watched. Madame Stephan had attended to that. Also she had made arrangements so that when Harrison Grant entered the lighthouse he would be covered by a German spy.

But meanwhile also, Madame Stephan had arrived at the Ice Frolic, just in time

to stop Heinric von Lertz as he was following Dixie Mason into the shelter house.

"So this is my reward for trapping Grant in the lighthouse!" she broke forth.

"Sh-h-h-h!" Von Lertz placed a hand over her mouth. But Dixie Mason, standing over by the table, had heard.

The daring little Secret Service girl wavered slightly. Grant trapped in the lighthouse! Laughing and chatting she walked forth with them to the Frolic, but her heart was heavy within her.

Then a great light of hope! Before her was a man she recognized as being from Chief Flynn's office. Quickly she signalled with her eyes in the Morse code:

"Get to Grant quick. He's in danger—at the lighthouse!"

Then she turned back to von Lertz and Madame Stephan. The Secret Service man hurried away. A moment more and he, with companions, was speeding to Grant's rescue in an automobile.

As for Grant, he rushed to the little ladder of the light room, climbed it, then tumbled to the floor. The spy above had thrown his revolver whose impotent click Grant had heard—and the gun had struck Grant in the temple.

Down the ladder the spy ran, leaped over Grant, started out, then with an afterthought, threw a match into a pile of excelsior near a box of high explosives and sped from the building, just in time to meet three other conspirators who were waiting with an iceboat to aid him in his escape.

But the hurrying Secret Service men had seen. They divided, half to pursue on a second iceboat, the others to rush to Grant's rescue.

With a great spurt, the machine containing the Secret Service men shot down the pier toward the lighthouse, just as the fire in the room where Grant lay unconscious began to eat at a box containing high explosives. Forms leaped from the machine and ran into the blazing structure. A moment later they struggled forth with Grant, hurriedly placed him in the machine and sped it forward—just in time. For with a great roar, the explosives flared in the air, shattering the lighthouse throwing debris almost into the very tonneau of the rushing automobile.

Down in the big rooms of the Imperial German Embassy at Washington, Count Johann von Bernstorff was rubbing his hands in happiness as he schemed and plotted.

"It will be the greatest achievement Germany has made in America," he was saying to the group of aides.

Grant, in his club again, still weak, was listening to the story of the operative who had saved him.

"A girl with von Lertz gave me the tip," the operative had said.

A girl with von Lertz! Could it have been Dixie Mason? Harrison Grant rubbed his dull, aching eyes. And if it had been she, what did it mean? That she was after all, above reproach? Or that she had allowed kindness to intervene in a plot that would have meant his death?

(To be Continued)



## My Lady o' Dreams

(Continued from page 25)

him little points about the part as it was played in the London company. Then I noticed how quickly he picked up ideas, and that he was really a very remarkable actor. I decided I would like to do a good deal for him, and then—well, when a woman begins to feel like that about a man, she's gone."

The chapter which should appear at this point in the chronicle of Miss Doro's career was told so well by Mr. Dexter himself in PHOTOPLAY last month, that it would never do to paraphrase it.

To the great number of inquiries that keep arriving from screen friends wanting to know where Miss Doro has disappeared to, and why, the answer is, obviously, that she has not disappeared. But she is not satisfied with any of her pictures, though she feels that "The Morals of Marcus", "The Wood Nymph" and "The White Pearl" approximated her ideals in a measure.

"I do not want to make any more pictures," she says, "until I can have some guarantee that they will be done in a way of which I can be proud. Until then I shall stay with the stage. But I believe that the public is far in advance of the majority of the producers. I believe that there is a splendid opportunity for productions of the very highest type. But this calls for faith and vision. The business element rules so arbitrarily that the idealist has little opportunity. However, there are splendid things being done—the sort of things I should like to have a part in. For instance, 'Revelation' is a magnificent achievement, fascinating, wonderful, and Nazimova is superb. It is fundamentally right in every respect. It could not be an accident, the making of such a picture. And creations such as this elevate standards very quickly.

"I am anxious to appear in pictures, not because they are easy, but because they are hard. Acting before the camera must be much more subtle than acting for an audience. In the theatre the voice takes so much attention away from the action, that you do not have to guard every slight movement so carefully. But with the camera watching, the least turn of the head may make or unmake a scene."

So this is Marie Doro, our lady o' dreams, very real though not a whit the less charming, and with a quick intelligence in her dreaming that explains her success, a success known to two continents, ranging from the sartorially perfect society girl in "Diplomacy" to ragged little "Oliver Twist."

### Interference Fever

Albert Capellani was directing scenes for May Allison's new Metro, when an assistant manager of productions was seized with an attack of interference fever. He stood off the set and waved wildly to attract Capellani's attention. The Frenchman didn't notice him until some sympathetic soul said, "What does he want? What's the matter with him, waving like that?" Capellani paused long enough to say, "Oh, never mind him—you get that way in pictures."



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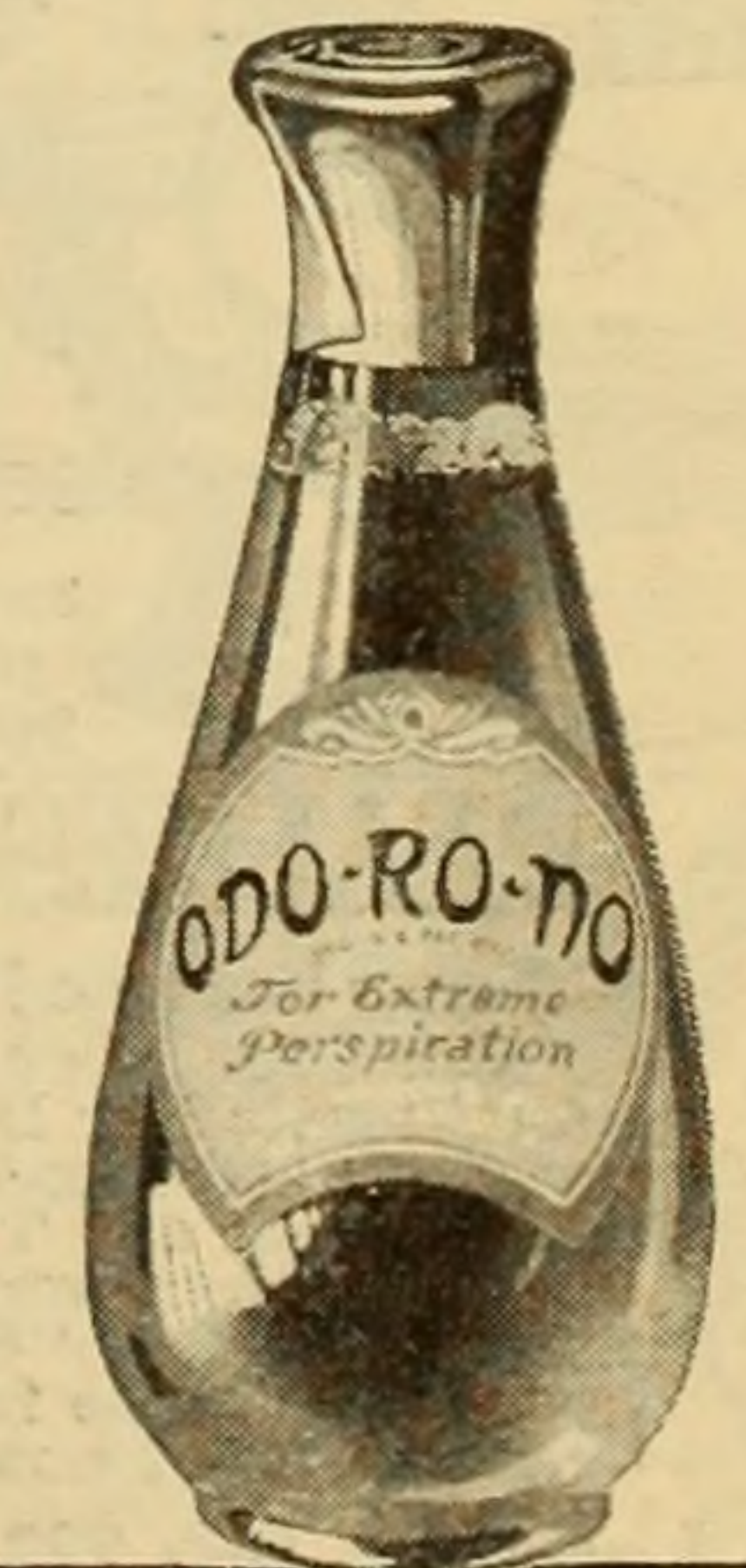
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**"Annexing Bill"**  
(Continued from page 70)

It was Maude's turn to take the telegram, and they all exclaimed in unison: "But where shall we get \$5,000?"

With distress in her face, Enid turned to George. He went to the window and pulled back the curtains. "Hock your car," he whispered. "It cost three times as much."

"But it really belongs to her," whispered Enid.

"She'll never know the difference," said George. "Come, we'll have to hurry."

Back in the Hoskins jail, Billy, unshaven and negligee, devoured with relish the breakfast the sheriff had brought him. He was in high spirits, having received a telegram from Frayne that he was coming to his rescue. Pollit, the convict, whose sentence had expired, came forward to shake hands in good-by. Billy swallowed the last of a doughnut and stuck his hands through the bars.

"Goodbye, Pollit. I like you. When I get out of here I'll give you a job if you'll go straight."

"All I want's a chance," said the ex-dip. "Just try me and see."

"All right. Maybe the sheriff will loan us a pencil, so I can give you my address. Here it is. Now don't forget."

They shook hands again and parted. The whistle of an incoming train was heard. Ten minutes later Enid, Maude and George swooped down on the jail.

There was much laughter and many explanations, and presently Enid managed to whisper her news through the bars of Billy's cell. "Billy, I've lost all my money! My aunt wasn't dead. Isn't it grand?"

"Honest to Goodness!" exploded Billy, a great load slipping from his shoulders. She nodded shyly. Regardless of on-lookers Billy thrust his arms through the bars of his cell and Enid nestled into them. There was a loud "Ahem!" and the sheriff approached with a strange man in tow. "This here's the city detective," he explained, "and he's got a picture of the Reverend that did the embezzlin' and it ain't you at all. You can go!"

"Thanks," murmured Billy, turning exultingly to Enid. "All I've got to do is to get shaved, and then we'll be married. I'm not going to take any more chances."

"Yes; for some other aunt might die and I'd lose you again. But first, will you see my dragon aunt about the property? I'm going to appoint you my lawyer, my very own lawyer."

So a day or two later there was another meeting in the office of the president of Clayton's bank. An ancient automobile carried Billy's party there—the \$5,000 had been returned to Miss Parr. The chauffeur was Pollit, a rejuvenated, and respectable Pollit. He stood by, listening.

There was a murmur of voices inside. Pollit, lazily strolling up and down the sidewalk, pricked up his ears. Miss Parr's voice grew loud; she was vindictively accusing Enid of the misuse of her funds. A look of intense surprise came over Pollit's face. He stopped and looked through the window, and with his

jaw stuck forward in an ugly manner, walked into the bank.

Billy had risen to Enid's defense. The door opened and the new chauffeur stood before them. The venerable president of the bank rose indignantly at this intrusion, but Pollit pointed his finger at Miss Parr and exclaimed stridently:

"So this is your game, is it? Confidence Annie, staging a nice little sketch!"

Miss Parr pulled herself up in a fury. "This is an insult! Have him arrested!"

"Is this the woman you told me about?" exclaimed Billy eagerly.

"It sure is. Pull up her sleeve and look at her elbow. She got that scar jumpin' from a train to dodge the police."

Then there was an uproar. The woman, seeing herself cornered, made a break for the door. Billy threw himself against it. Then Enid came to her rescue, with:

"Please don't arrest her. She's the nearest relative I ever had anyway, and she hasn't touched my money yet—"

She stopped miserably as she realized what her returned wealth would mean to her.

The supposed Miss Parr took advantage of the indecision that followed to make her escape.

So George Frayne's dream of having a million dollars to play with came true after all, for Billy said the marriage was once more off and Enid was determined anew to lift the barrier of wealth. Excited to madness Frayne plunged into the wildest speculation. Meeting Billy in a cafe, George poured Enid's good fortune into his ears: "I've made a clear three hundred thousand for her today—and I'll make more tomorrow!"

"My God!" exclaimed Billy.

George took this as a tribute to his genius as a financier. "Can't I do something for you, Billy? I've got the right hunch this time."

Billy shook his head. A minute later, moved by a spirit of recklessness, he inquired of himself, "Why not?" What difference did it make. So he handed George a check for all he had in the world, \$20,000.

The following morning George doubled his winnings. Enid's gloom deepened. She sat in her apartment draped in woe, a poor, million-dollar heiress, robbed by her money of what she most wanted.

Maude stepped in with the paper. Smiling, she handed it to Enid. The headline read—"Crash on Wall Street. Bottom Drops Out of Amalgamated Granite!"

Enid dropped the paper and rose, her eyes like stars, her breath coming quickly. "At last! I'm ruined! Oh, thank Heaven!"

She rushed to the telephone. Billy's stenographer informed her that Lawyer Dow had left for his home.

"Come, Maude!" Enid snatched her hat and pocketbook. "I'm going to hurry to Billy."

But Mr. William Dow was enveloped in a mantle of gloom even deeper than the one she had been wearing. And it did not lighten when Enid danced in upon him, threw her arms around his neck and



## “Annexing Bill”

(Continued)

informed him that she was a beggar to be had for the taking.

“Isn't it glorious?” she urged. “I haven't a cent in the world!”

Billy looked up at her with lack-lustre eyes. “Neither have I. George put every cent I had into Amalgamated Granite. I can't ask you to marry me—now.”

Enid drew back. There was a period of silence, then slowly the dismay left her face and her eyes blazed with determination. She spoke determinedly.

“See here, Mr. William Dow, Adam and Eve didn't have any money and they raised quite a large family. You're going to marry me *now*.”

The bell rang. A servant announced, “The Reverend William Denton.”

Enid gave an exclamation. Maude clapped her hands. “In the nick of time! We'll have the ceremony performed right away.”

Then came a voice from the hall, “Is Mr. Dow in?”

“That's George,” said Enid and Maude in one voice, as a woebegone figure entered the room.

“Have you heard the sad news?” it exclaimed tragically.

Maude went up to her husband and patted him on the shoulder. “It's all right, old dear. You did just what Enid wanted you to. But why did you speculate with Billy's money?”

“I didn't,” said George. “I didn't have time to cash his check.” Slowly he pulled a soiled slip of paper from his pocket.

Billy jumped to his feet. “I've still got my twenty thousand!” he exclaimed.

“Here it is.” George handed him the check.

“You angel!” exclaimed Maude.

And immediately it seemed to the shocked and bewildered Reverend Denton that his friends had taken leave of their senses; such rapturous and apparently promiscuous demonstrations of affection he had never seen. But presently they made him understand.

## “Helpful Helen”

(Continued from page 66)

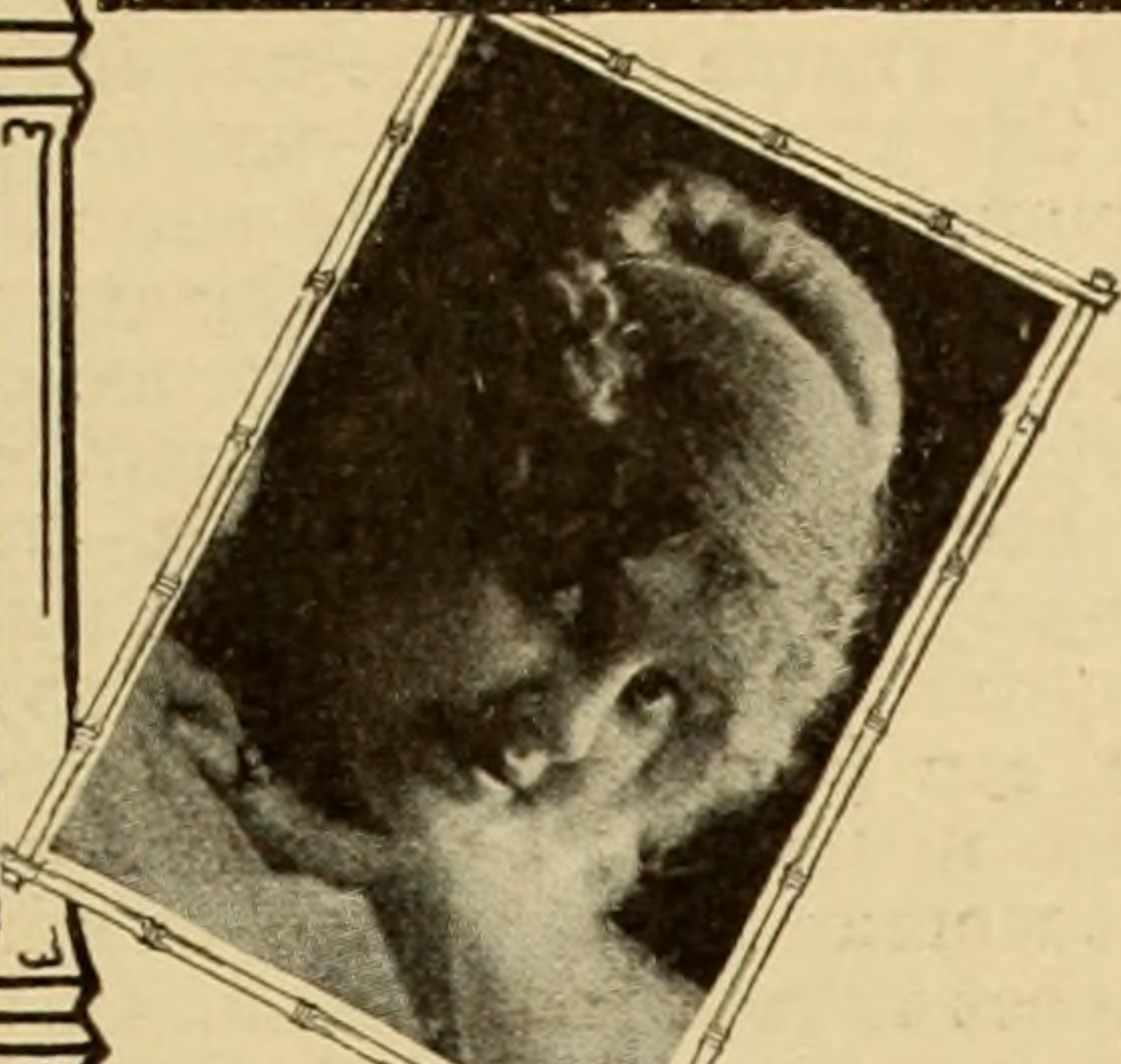
and George thought he could get along without Helpful Helen just this once, so another ingenue was engaged for the part. Beban and Director William deMille labored with her for several days and wasted miles of film. Finally the emergency call was sent out, and Helen was hauled away and hurled into the cast of “One More American.”

Then, there's another item that proves Helen's helpfulness. When funds in the treasury of the Hollywood Studio Club were low, Helpful Helen did a major part of the two-night presentation of John Masefield's “Tragedy of Nan.” Besides playing a leading role, Helen helped greatly in the executive affairs of it.

Miss Eddy is as versatile a character person as the wonderful Theodore Roberts—except that she can't grow whiskers. But whenever a pinch hitter is needed in character work, the call is sent out for Helpful Helen.

## ORIENTAL BEAUTY SECRETS

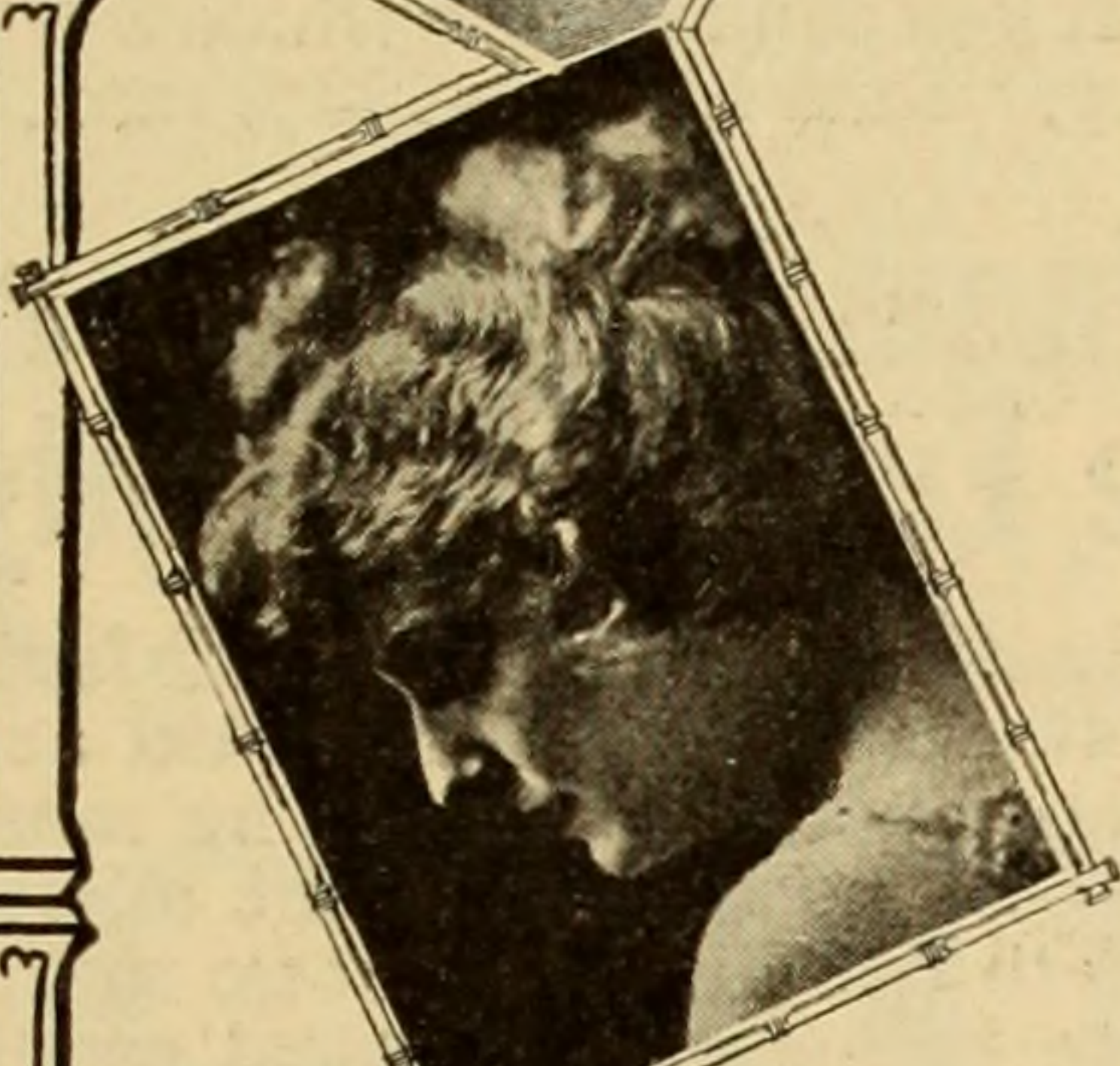
### A Message to the Woman Who Would Add to Her Personal Charms



FROM the Orient has come some wonderful beauty secrets, which American women may now share. The little ladies of Japan have always been noted for their lovely complexions, and from them have come the wonderful “Princess Tokio” treatments for the beautifying of the skin. Read the letters of grateful appreciation which come to us from noted moving picture stars, women prominent in society, the season's debutantes and others—all of whom are proving for themselves that the “Secret of Eternal Youth” is now theirs for the asking.

**VIVIAN REED, Famous Movie Star says:**

“In pictures it is essential for any woman playing youthful roles to preserve the smooth clearness of the skin. This I have found the Princess Tokio Preparations do most satisfactorily.”



**EDNA HUNTER, Favorite Film Star, writes:**

“Outdoor work and cosmetics which I must use in make-ups were playing havoc with my skin. I was worried. Then I heard of your secret preparations, and applied Princess Tokio and every trace of fatigue, strain and roughness vanished like magic.”



**RUTH ROLAND, Well-known screen star, says:**

“I have found Princess Tokio Preparation invaluable for preserving that smoothness of the skin which is essential in moving pictures. They keep mine as smooth as a baby's and I heartily recommend them.”



**Lovely DORIS MITCHEL writes:**

“I was advised to try the Princess Tokio Preparations to save my skin, and take pleasure in reporting that they have given me the utmost satisfaction. . . . Make my face as smooth as velvet.”

### The Bloom of Youth

It is now possible, without trouble or discomfort, to be rid of the tell-tale signs which a faulty skin reveals. The “Princess Tokio” treatments call for no massage, no “plasters,” no “masks,” no “rollers,” no exercise—nothing about them but what you can easily use in the privacy of your chamber. Just a few minutes attention each night for awhile and then—A Wonderful Transformation! You will experience the joys of that greatly to-be-desired possession—

### A Skin Like Velvet

The testimonials of the charming movie stars which are given here, are sufficient proof that the “Princess Tokio” preparations do all that we claim for them. Every maid and matron in America should read the Princess Tokio Beauty Book and follow its invaluable rules for that priceless boon—A Faultless Skin—the rosy flush of youth, which these preparations insure.

### Binding Guarantee

We do not ask anyone to take our statements on faith. We back them up with the only guarantee that really guarantees, viz., entire satisfaction—**your satisfaction**—or your money back. All we ask is a fair trial. Pimples, rough skin, wrinkles, age lines, and other facial blemishes, which come stealthily will be quickly banished. We promise it and back up that promise, as shown above, with a strong guarantee.

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Down below is a coupon, (use it if convenient) for our free book of beauty secrets. It will tell you how you can have a complexion that will rival those of the dainty maids of Japan. Address as follows:

PRINCESS TOKIO CO., 159 N. State St., Suite 632, CHICAGO



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159 N. State St., Suite 632, Chicago  
Please send me free and without any obligation on my part, Princess Tokio Beauty Book in plain sealed envelope

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Address.....

This Book Tells Oriental Beauty Secrets

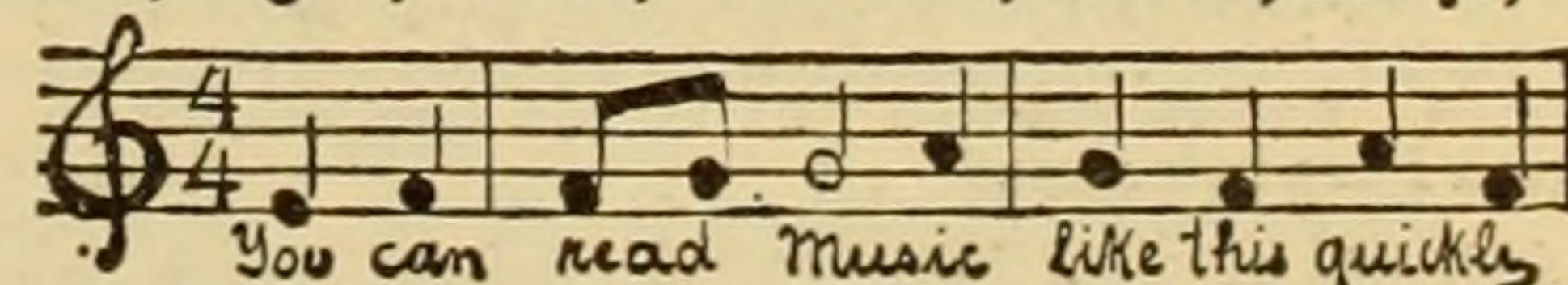
## Who will write the SONG-HIT OF THE WAR?

With this country entering its second year in the “World War” it is doubtful if the song which will be known as the “Hit of the War,” has as yet made its appearance. While it is true that such War Songs as “Over There” and “Liberty Bell” have made some impression, have our boys adopted another “It's A Long Way To Tipperary,” which has been the great favorite with the “English Tommies”? Inasmuch as several Commanders of our training cantonments have requested boys in the service to write such a song, it appears to be still wanting.

Have you an idea which you think might be used as the subject for a Patriotic or War Song? If so, you may secure some valuable information and assistance by writing for a Free Copy of our new booklet entitled “SONG WRITERS' MANUAL AND GUIDE.” We revise song-poems, compose and arrange music, secure copyright and facilitate free publication or outright sale. Poems submitted examined FREE.  
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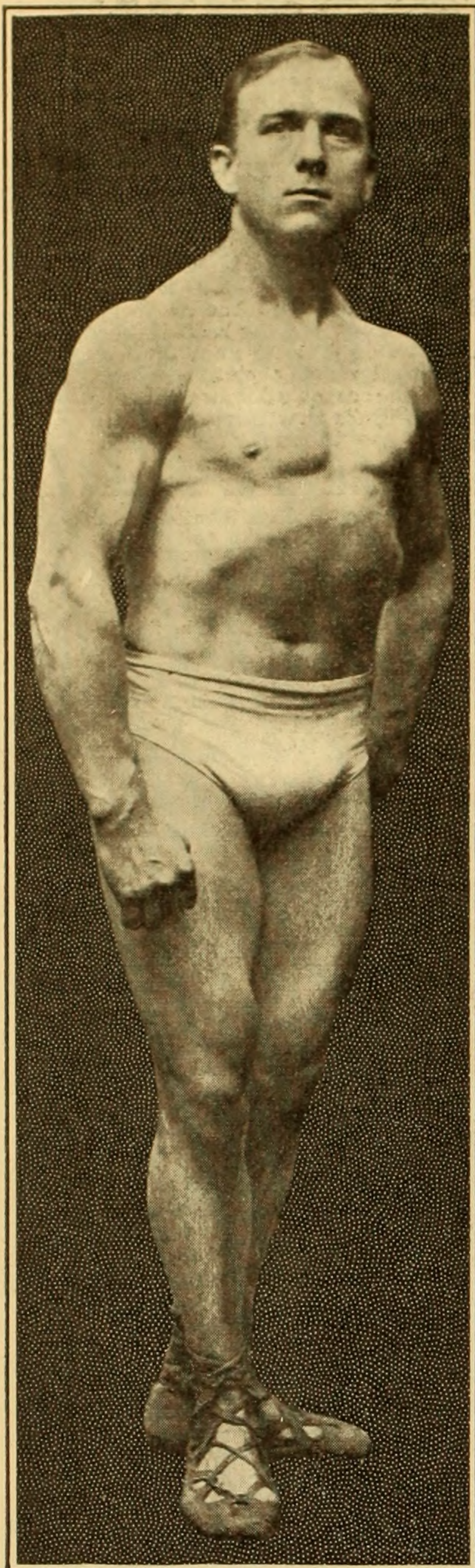
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# When Marriage Is a Crime!

# "Wandering With Wally"

(Continued from page 60)



LIONEL STRONGFORT

The world's strongest and most perfect athlete, whose unaccepted challenge of competition to the greatest living "strong men" still stands.

Get in line with the men worth while. Make work and living a pleasure, not a bore. Confidentially mark on coupon below your physical troubles and believe me I will tell you frankly just what you should do, just what I can do, so that you can honestly face the world as a man, so that when you see your little ones playing around your fireside, you can proudly feel that you did everything you possibly could, to bring them into the world physically perfect. Don't ever forget, all the world loves manly men; women look up to and truly love them—men admire them.

Did you ever see a thin emaciated fellow—one who shakes hands with you as though his wrist were broken. Did you ever see such a man amount to anything? **Now get busy—Do not delay one single day.**

Remember by writing to me you in no way obligate yourself to accept my instructions, while on the other hand I will give you solid fearless advice that will be many times worth the few minutes it took you to write me.

### FREE CONSULTATION COUPON

Mr. Lionel Strongfort, Newark, N. J.—Please send me your book, "PROMOTION AND CONSERVATION OF HEALTH, STRENGTH AND MENTAL ENERGY," for postage of which I enclose 6 cents in stamps. I have marked (X) before the subject in which I am interested. (505)

- |                         |                      |                         |
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| ...Catarrh              | ...Short Wind        | ...Heart Weakness       |
| ...Asthma               | ...Flat Feet         | ...Poor Circulation     |
| ...Obesity              | ...Stomach Disorders | ...Skin Disorders       |
| ...Headache             | ...Constipation      | ...Despondency          |
| ...Thinness             | ...Biliousness       | ...Round Shoulders      |
| ...Rupture              | ...Torpil Liver      | ...Lung Troubles        |
| ...Lumbago              | ...Indigestion       | ...Increased Height     |
| ...Neuritis             | ...Nervousness       | ...Youthful Errors      |
| ...Neuralgia            | ...Poor Memory       | ...Sloop Shoulders      |
| ...Flat Chest           | ...Rheumatism        | ...Muscular Development |
| ...Deformity (describe) | ...Vital Losses      | ...Great Strength       |
| ...Insomnia             |                      |                         |

NAME.....  
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 CITY..... STATE.....

THE man who deliberately marries a good, pure, wholesome woman, knowing in his heart of hearts that he is not 100% perfect, that he has abused Nature and is otherwise unfit to be the father of those innocent souls he is about to bring into the world, is unworthy the name of Man—unworthy to be a Citizen of this great Nation—unworthy of happiness or financial success. He actually commits the worst crime known to Civilization, because he abuses the love and confidence of the woman he pretends to love and who confides in him and places her future in his hands—because it is the progeny of just such beasts that are filling our hospitals, our jails and our asylums—**don't do it, my brother. Don't do it—**come to me, confide in me and I will make you worthy of the best woman in the world—worthy of the deepest respect of your fellow man. I will build you up so that you can look the whole world in the face and say, "I am a man—100% man."

## To Err Is Human and To Correct These Errors Is Manly

The man who admits he has physical defects has taken his first step toward manhood and honesty, but he must not stop there; he must see to it that he gets good, competent advice and attention, and to do this he must go to the one who can prove by his own physical condition that he is able to really give him that health, strength and physique he desires—go to a man who practices what he preaches—I am that man; I built myself up first, I experimented with my own body, until I made myself what I am today, what those competent to judge say I am, "The living illustration of the perfection of the human form, according to the highest standard." I don't care a rap what has caused your present unfitness, whether you have been brought to your rundown, physically unfit condition by your own indiscretions, your own folly, or whether it has been caused by circumstances over which you have no control. **I will rebuild you. I will make a man of you, not a 50% man, but a Man—a 100% man.** I accomplish all this in Nature's own way. **No drugging, no medicines, no fads of any kind.** Simple scientific instructions added to the proper method of living; and what's more I care not who your physician has been, for I guarantee you that I will accomplish all I undertake and I won't undertake what I cannot accomplish.

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will in no way interfere with your occupation or plans. You may follow your daily calling, no matter what that calling may be; even if you attend school or college my instructions will not interfere with your studies in any way whatsoever. And what is more, you can follow to the letter the Strongfort System in the privacy of your own home, without the knowledge of anyone in it and without the aid of a gymnasium.

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Without another moment's hesitation cross the free consultation coupon herewith opposite what you consider to be your main ailment, sign and mail. You will hear from me at once and you will hear something well worth while.

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Wally got a big reception in Denver on Saturday afternoon and evening. Bright and early Sunday morning Hi Henry called in his open roadster to show us the town, including Inspiration Point.

So far the going had been grand—three or four appearances a day and plenty of time to send postcards to our friends.

We struck Kansas City with all the pep in the world. A delegation of genial and mild-mannered citizens met us at the city gates with badges, cameras and automobiles. We were escorted to a luncheon given by the local exhibitors to the celebrated pen and ink artist. After the luncheon it started. Four appearances, and an hour selling Red Cross subscriptions in a crowded store.

Two limp and weary fragments of humanity crawled into the train at midnight. All their pep had been strewn around K. C. Chicago wasn't so bad. We called on our editor at PHOTOPLAY, smoked a lot of his best cigars and made a few personal appearances.

It was at Chicago we began to strike the big and beautiful photoplay theatres. Standing on the stage and looking out over the sea of faces, one of them looked as big as Lake Michigan.

Pittsburgh was another round of hurry, lunches, appearances, blizzards, dinner and a mad dash for the train. We were routed out of the sleeper at seven-thirty, went over to the hotel to bed and remained there all day Sunday. Monday in Philadelphia and then an early train next morning for Washington and out of there that night for Baltimore.

The next morning about dawn, or perhaps nine o'clock, the telephone rang and a masculine voice announced, "Two reporters to see Mr. Reid."

"Send them up" was the sleepy order.

I went into the next room and blasted the Howard Chandler Christy of the flickering celluloid into a sitting position in bed and was looking through his coat pockets for a cigarette, when in walked two beautiful young ladies. One yell and they stopped spellbound at the door. I hastily slipped a dressing gown over my willowy but pajama-clad figure and Wally went out of sight under the bed clothes. The handsome star didn't even have his hair brushed. I didn't even have mine on, but then I don't capitalize my beauty so it did not matter.

The two girls kidded Reid for about a column in each of their papers but it was days before either he or I could look a woman in the face without blushing.

From then on until dewy eve we were on the jump. Wally sold Red Cross subscriptions in the street until his feet froze and then moved into a store. That night after a wonderful banquet we crawled onto the train for little old New York.

Wally proved throughout the journey that his popularity was universal. He made a hit with everyone he met and acting natural, instead of pulling a lot of chest, proved that he was a regular fellow. It was a great trip and we had a wonderful time, but if it had lasted much longer we would have been killed with kindness.



# Hearts of the World

(Continued from page 48)

that; the Little Disturber, demoiselle whose practical philosophy is that if she can't get what she wants to want what she can get; the village-carpenter, a lovable Gallic rube; the idolizing wee brother of Douglas.

When the horde of the Potsdam Attila strikes, it is with throat a bit tightened that we see Marie put away the wedding clothes she had "sewed with white thread and whiter thoughts;" observe the grotesque ends of the girl's mother and grandfather, and Hamilton's father; witness the enslaving of Marie; the decline and pitiful death of Douglas' mother; the destruction of the village we have learned to love, and the all-but-death of Douglas Hamilton himself. When the French retake these stone-heaps—once homes in which we saw love and laughter—it is as personal as if someone had saved the relics of our own home town after a German uprising.

The two most significant portrayals are Robert Harron's, as Douglas Hamilton; and Dorothy Gish's, as "The Little Disturber." Young Mr. Harron has come to mature stature in acting without losing a whit of his lovable, boyish personality. He makes Hamilton the prototype of the liberty-loving young man of the world today—gentle, tender, yet an implacable and ferocious soldier when his loved ones are menaced. Dorothy Gish, as a little twelve-o'clock girl in a nine-o'clock town, jumps clear out of all Gish tradition. Saucy and startling, bewitching in spite of her pertness, she and her swing-walk (descendant of the Mountain Girl's stride?) are to be seen rather than described. Lillian Gish, as Marie, is called upon for possibly the hardest and most continuous work of the piece, and, for the first time in her career, is drafted for the most extreme emotions. The intelligence and sincerity she manifests throughout remark her misfortune in not having the magnetic personality of her younger sister—who gets much bigger effects with a minimum of endeavor. Robert Andersen seems to be the Griffith find of the year, playing that glorious fool, M'sieur Cuckoo, the town boob of comic love and grand heroism. Smaller parts fall to that jewel among actors, George Fawcett, playing the carpenter; to George Siegmann, as Von Strohm; to Ben Alexander, playing a most lovable little boy.

The portentous moment of the picture (to me, at least) was that episode in which Hamilton's mother, a delicate woman forced into the hardest sort of service by the German occupation, fails and finally dies in the cellar she and her three little boys inhabit. Whereupon the little fellows, sprung from babyhood to manhood in a day by the fearful elixir of war, resolutely dig her grave in the floor of their one-room habitation and lay her where they can be sure no Saxon ghoul will disturb her rest. This scene, simply written, realistically acted and directed by the hand of genius, is Tolstoy literature.

"Hearts of the World" is the most timely photoplay that could possibly be devised. It should be a tremendous box-office attraction in every country in the world—save one.



**WOMEN** who consider that beauty is a duty have found one of their best assistants is

## CANTHROX SHAMPOO

because it is so very easy to use and so effective that it has been for years the favorite of all who want to bring out the natural beauty of their hair. Canthrox, the hair beautifying shampoo, rapidly softens and entirely removes all dandruff, excess oil and dirt. Canthrox gives such massy fluffiness that the hair appears much heavier than it is, while each strand is left with a silky brightness and softness that makes doing up the hair a pleasure.

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**Free Trial Offer**—To show the merits of Canthrox and prove that it is in all ways the most effective hair wash, we send one perfect shampoo free to any address on receipt of three (3) cents for postage.

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Brings restful relief, comfort, ability to do things, health and strength.

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Write today for illustrated booklet, measurement blank, etc., and read our very liberal proposition. **HOWARD C. RASH, Pres. Natural Body Brace Co. 330 Rash Building SALINA, KANSAS**



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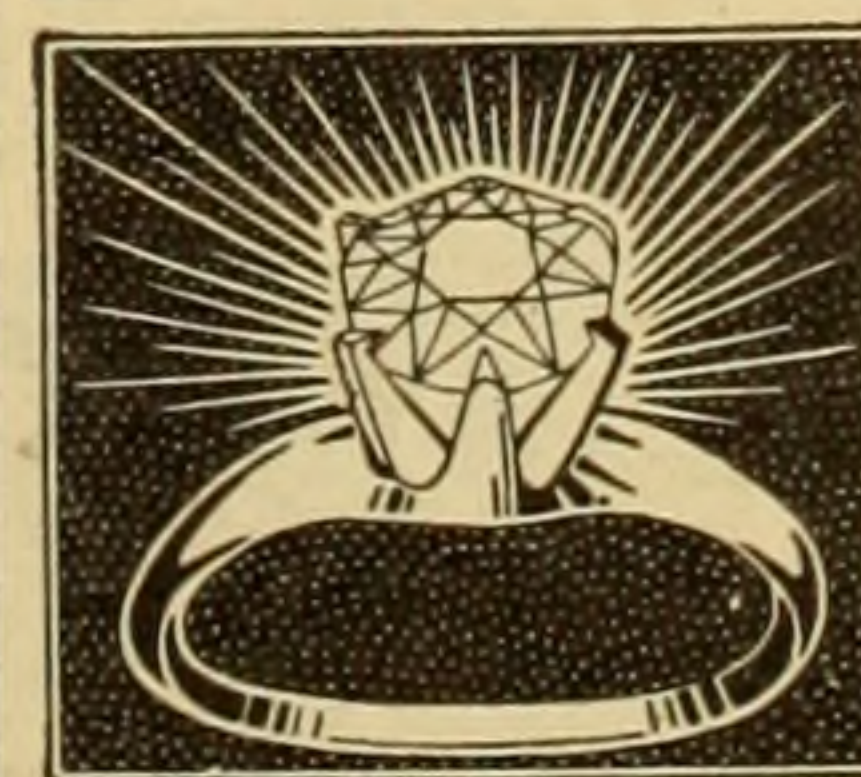
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**HERMO FACE POWDER**, daintily perfumed, high-quality, adheres perfectly (flesh, white and brunette), and  
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**Introductory Offer** We will send, postpaid, a full size jar of Hermo Almond Cream, and a full size 50c jar of Hermo Compact Rouge with velour puff and mirror, full \$2 worth for \$1—only one to a family. Remit by money order, currency, or U. S. stamps. State shade of powder wanted.

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## Jimmy Stars at Last

(Continued from page 29)

be made. The only way the men in our trench could tell that he still lived was by the moaning, which had never ceased throughout the day. He wasn't making much of a fuss, of course. No officer would, if he could help it, nor private either, if he had any pride. But no matter what anyone may say, a fellow with a bullet through his lungs, fever-stricken, and half mad for a drink of water can't very well help easing himself a little as he breathes. It isn't human nature to do anything else. Most of us carry on considerably with nothing more than a toothache.

The rescue party consisted of Norton, Jimmy and a non-commissioned officer, who was in charge. All of them were stripped clean of equipment, with the exception of automatics, and had their hands and faces blackened, by way of camouflage. They slipped noiselessly over the parapet some time after midnight, and began to work their way, inch by inch, across that pock-marked and desolate waste. What with sliding in and out of shell holes, lying still for minutes at a time to avoid flares, bumping into dead bodies, tearing their hands open on stones, roots, bits of broken equipment and shell fragments, they at last managed to reach the spot where the lieutenant lay, without the enemy having gotten wise to what was being done. And all this time their companions back in the trench could hear the slow, pitiful moaning of the wounded man, and nothing else, so noiseless were the rescuer's movements. It must have been an uncanny experience, waiting there hour after hour, knowing what was going on, yet unable to detect the slightest sound, or, when the star shells lit everything up, to see the least movement.

After what must have seemed centuries, the watchers in the trench heard a faint scratching noise along the parapet and were pretty well scared for a moment. They couldn't believe it was the rescue party returning, both because they could still hear the wounded man's moaning, far off, just as it had been all day, and because only a few moments before the Germans had set off a flare and they had all clearly seen the lieutenant lying against the wires, in the same position as before. So naturally they were puzzled, and there were some quick orders given, but no shots were fired for fear it might be our men. And it was. One after the other, Norton, the non-commissioned officer and Lieutenant Watson, now unconscious from the pain of being moved, slid noiselessly into the trench. But Jimmy wasn't with the party. And still that distant moaning kept up.

All at once the men in the trench understood what had happened, and Norton says they almost broke into a cheer. Jimmy was playing his big star part at last. He had realized, what no one else had realized, that the moment the wounded man was moved, the Germans would know it, either because his moaning ceased, or because it would sound further away, or because, the first time a flare was sent up, it would be seen that his position was vacant. At night,

in that uncanny silence that lies along the trenches, the slightest sound, or absence of sound, means something. Men in out-posts, their ears glued to delicate instruments, are listening—listening, every moment throughout the night. Receding groans, a cessation of them, would at once have made the enemy's sentries suspicious. Result, a brace of star shells, followed by hell let loose in the shape of machine gun fire that would have swept every inch of ground between the lines. So Jimmy, who had thought of all this, had volunteered to take the wounded man's place and go on groaning until he had been safely brought into our lines. Then Jimmy was to try to escape himself. But first he had his bit of acting to do, a bit, I venture to say, that contained more real thrills to the square inch than all the scenes ever enacted on all the stages of the world put together. He was to artistically reduce the volume and frequency of his groans until they finally petered out altogether—in other words, he was to do a death scene, right there against the enemy's entanglements and then, when he had finally died, he was to crawl away, or try to do so, trusting that his acting had been sufficiently realistic to fool the enemy and thus save his life. For if it hadn't, and they became suspicious and caught him on the return trip, the jig was up. They would sweep the surface of 'no man's land' with a fine tooth comb, its teeth of steel and lead.

Half the night had been taken up with the lieutenant's rescue, and it was getting along towards dawn. The men in the trench settled down to await Jimmy's return, discussing what he'd done in whispers. I guess a lot of them changed their minds about Jimmy Caldwell that night. And still the distant moaning went on, a trifle fainter and less frequent, but still audible.

Once of twice, during the next hour, the enemy became 'jumpy,' and let off an occasional spurt of fire through the darkness, shooting at random, as men do in such circumstances, while now and then a rattle of machine guns to right or left indicated possible raids further up or down the line. And then, all of a sudden, the men in the trench realized that the moaning had ceased. Jimmy had completed his amazing bit of acting. His big scene was over. He was "dead." He must now, they knew, be on his slow and perilous journey toward our lines. Everybody shook hands and prepared to welcome the diminutive hero with open arms, saying that he was sure of a decoration of some sort, for what he had done.

Well. They waited. And they kept on waiting. There weren't any more groans, or anything. Just the black silence, and nothing more. And still Jimmy didn't come. The men were not saying anything now. Just listening for that scratching, scraping noise along the parapet that would indicate the expected man's arrival. But they waited in vain. When at last the sun broke over the hills to the east and lit up the tangled, troubled waste between the trenches, there was Jimmy, artistically draped against the



# Jimmy Stars at Last

(Continued)

wire entanglements just as the wounded lieutenant had been, but very very still. He'd played his star part at last, played it like a man, until a stray bullet, coming from God knows where, had run down the curtain for Jimmy Caldwell and brought his star scene to an end. The boys brought his body in, later on during an advance they made. He'd been shot through the head. They gave him a military funeral, and he's been mentioned in dispatches. I guess it was the sort of an end he'd have preferred. After all, one big scene is as much as most of us get out of life, and many of us don't get that.

"Is that all?" the Chief asked.

"Yes. That's all. Except that Norton wants me to see his mother and tell her how he died, and take her a letter he'd left with the captain of his company that night, in case anything happened."

I looked at the Chief. His cigar had gone out. He seemed to be having trouble with his glasses. Presently he leaned over his desk.

"What's her—what's the mother's name?" he asked.

"Elizabeth Caldwell," I said.

He scribbled for a while, then turned and handed me a slip of paper.

"Take her this," he said, "with our compliments. It won't pay for one of her boy's groans, I know that, but it will let his mother know that—that—" the Chief hesitated—"that we've heard 'em all the way over here, and we're proud to be able to say that her son was once with the company. What the devil's the matter with that picture!"

It was quite a long speech for the Chief. He turned away, when he'd finished, and looked out the window at the service flag, but I'd be willing to bet a million he couldn't see it on account of the tears in his eyes. And that, for the head of a motion picture concern, is saying a good deal.

## More Cameraflage

THOSE of our readers who have achieved that age at which their birth year is not nationally advertised will probably be interested in the following biographical note, compiled by a certain studio's publicity writer:

"Miss \_\_\_\_\_ was born in Brooklyn. She first opened her lustrous eyes on the waiting world on September 26, late in the nineties."

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In a desire to be both accurate and obliging to the lady in question, the writer might have remained even more securely "on the fence" by saying that she was born in "the late present century."

You gotta hand it to these press agent boys. The world lost some good lawyers when the publicity profession was invented.



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*Edith Storey*

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## The Claim

(Continued from page 58)

not recognized Belle as the wife of Ted Jerome; she had been haggard and wan and despairing then; now she was plump and hard. "Goldie, Goldie!" called Kate again.

She almost sobbed with relief when a little voice called in answer, "Here I is, Auntie," and the dimpled four-year-old came running to her arms. Kate hugged and kissed her until the child was out of breath. "Aunt Kate thought she'd lost her little girl," was the explanation she made to the wondering baby.

The door opened and John entered, just as the telephone rang. He answered, "Yes; this is Mac Donald. What's that? Why, the bill is paid. There's some mistake; wait a minute." He turned to Kate with the receiver in his hand. "It's Pansy, from the El Dorado store. She says she's in need of money. I thought you'd paid that bill a week ago."

"Oh, I—no," stammered Kate. "I've been too busy. I intended to—"

John turned to the telephone. "Hello, Pansy? I'll send it right down. It's all right. I thought Kate had paid it."

Kate was still petting Goldie, too distracted to think of store bills or everyday things. "John," she said, appealingly, "I want to go away awhile, and take Goldie with me. I'm tired out; it will do us both good. I'd like to take Goldie to the Coast."

"Why, sure." John quickly entered an amount on the stub of his check book. "You can use the money I gave you for the store bill. That ought to see you through."

The light faded from Kate's eyes and she made no reply.

"That surely ought to be enough," said John, noting her silence.

"Oh, yes," she answered heavily. "I'll get ready to go—this week. Goldie must have some clothes."

John looked at his watch; it was time for him to go. The sober, settled John Mac Donald was dallying with his first romance. He had found Belle Jones again; she was singing at the El Dorado, and there John met her every evening. He had been introduced to her, but had cautioned the man who gave the introduction not to let Belle know that he was other than John Mack, a poor prospector. He meant to ask Belle to be his wife, and he wanted to be sure that if she said yes, it was because she loved him, not his money. And afterward he meant to have the exquisite joy of telling her that he was wealthy, that she might have the best teachers in the world to train that golden voice of hers. But not now; not till he was sure. . . . He left his sister with his thoughts on pleasant things.

The week dragged slowly by. Kate made a pretense of getting ready for her trip but in her heart one question clamored and would give her no peace. Would John pay the twenty thousand dollars? *Would he?* He was a man, and a man hates to be driven. How much did he love Goldie?

On Saturday, true to her promise, Belle came slowly up the hill to John's home.

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## The Claim

(Continued)

Kate saw her from a window, and gasped: "Oh, John, there's that terrible woman—she comes from Goldie's mother! I've been afraid to tell you—I gave the store money to her. And now she wants twenty thousand dollars or she'll take Goldie. What shall we do?"

"Twenty thousand nonsense!" said John. "I'll talk to this blackmailer myself." And then Belle's knock was heard.

John threw the door open—and staggered back. "Belle Jones!" he cried.

"John Mack!" she echoed.

"You—you a blackmailer!"

"I didn't know you were John Mac Donald," faltered Belle, for a minute unnerved, for she had learned to care more for John Mack than she had realized, till then. Then her face hardened. "I don't care," she said recklessly. "I'm through with men; they've always given me raw deals. Give me the money or I'll take the kid. I can do it; she's *my* kid. I lied to your sister."

John, hurt and disillusioned, made a gesture of denial. "Oh, give it to her," pleaded Kate, almost distracted. "Give it to her! It will kill me to give up Goldie!"

John hesitated, and a slow flush crept to his forehead. To be held up in this barefaced manner—and by a woman! Oh, by *the* woman! Kate was still pleading. "What's money compared to my happiness, John. And I've had so little!" She turned to Belle.

"Will you go away if we give you the money? Promise never to bother us again?"

Belle nodded. "All I want's enough to make an eighteen-carat singer out of me. Not a poor imitation, like I am now."

John groaned. If she had only waited—if she had not proved unworthy—

He took out his check book and his fountain pen, and slowly wrote.

"Where is you, Aunty?" came the little, silvery voice. "An' where's Uncle John?" Little Goldie came dancing into the room.

Belle gasped. "Is this my kid?" she asked in a strange voice. "My kid?"

"This is the baby you left on the bar of the El Dorado," answered Kate in smothered tones.

Belle continued to gaze at the child as if fascinated. "I—don't know much about children," said Belle slowly. "I didn't dream—"

Suddenly she flung the check at John Mac Donald's feet. "You can keep your money; I'll keep my little girl."

With a sharp cry Kate gathered the

child to her breast. John stepped forward, anxiety in his face. "Now, Belle, be sensible," he urged. "You can't do for her what we can. You can't bring up a child like her in a music hall."

Belle paid no attention to him; she was gazing at her child, entranced. "Come here, honey," she urged. "Come kiss your mamma, your own mamma."

The child approached slowly. "But I don't dot a mamma, I dot an auntie."

"But you've got a mamma now. And she's going to keep you, always." She snatched the little creature up in her arms and kissed her hungrily, and before John and Kate could stop her she made a dart through the door, carrying the child.

The days went by and Belle struggled between two desires. The newly awakened mother love in her made her fiercely determined to keep her child; at the same time it made her see, relentlessly, the selfishness of her determination. Goldie pined and grew pale in the atmosphere of the dance halls. And when the child came to sob in her sleep for "Aunt Kate," Belle could stand it no longer. She made her decision. "Don't cry, darling," she soothed the little one. "Mother was bad to take you away; we are going back to Aunt Kate tomorrow."

It seemed a long climb up the Mac Donald's hill that morning, and Belle's footsteps dragged wearily when she reached the summit. But she walked determinedly up John's steps and rang the bell.

Kate opened the door. With one rapturous cry she gathered Goldie in her arms, and both the child and the woman wept for joy. "You have brought her back to me?" asked Kate, smiling through her tears.

"I have brought her back to you," answered Belle wearily. "John was right—I am not fit to take care of her. Kiss mother, baby, once more."

She went wearily down the hill again. Suddenly she heard her name called, and turned. John Mac Donald was beside her and his face was shining.

"Belle, my girl; did you think I'd let you go—now? I'm too old a prospector not to know good metal when I see it. You've proved yourself. I want you, Belle. Come to me and forget the old life, will you, dear?"

Belle's lips were quivering; the mask of hardness had slipped from her face.

"We'll all be happy together," urged John gently. "Will you come?"

For answer she reached her arms slowly around his neck, and for the first time in many years her eyes were filled with tears.

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## "And the Elephants Beckoned"

(Continued from page 33)

me a place in his stock company, his proviso being that I be willing to play what is called 'atmosphere'—mobs and such, you know—for at least two years. Willing? I was simply choking with tears of gladness when I accepted. And that was just a year and a half ago."

Luck, though, comes in streaks. Griffith left almost immediately for the East to take up the exploitation of "Intolerance," and for two months his new recruit to whom the monster elephants had beckoned did little more exciting than play small—very small—parts and attend the studio school. Think of it!—a leading lady in embryo forced to conjugate Latin verbs and trace down the elusive *x* through mazes of *ys* and *z's*!

But then—! It was a small part, her first, in "The Heiress of Coffee Dan's," with Bessie Love in the leading role. By the rules of the plot, Miss Bessie made her exit from Coffee Dan's and a new waitress, a tough cookie, as it were, gum-chewing and sarcastic, took her place. This was Miss Carmel. And Miss Carmel, with years of dramatic training before audiences of tearfully sympathetic playmates behind her, added—with the camera grinding and the director shouting—her own exclusive bit of business to the scene.

*She pulled her gum!*

She giggled when she told me. "I pulled it, then let it fly back," she said, "wondering all the time if the director would discharge me for doing it. When I heard they let the scene run a few feet longer in the finished picture than they had intended, just to get in that gum-pulling, I nearly cried from joy. Up to that time I had been doing most of my crying on the other side of my face, and telling Mamma that 'Nobody wants me. I'm no good. I'll never, never, never be an actress!' Those two or three feet extra on the film, each foot representing just a second in time to the audience, gave me my great encouragement.

"Then, of a sudden, three directors came for my services, all about at the same time. I begged and pleaded to work in all three pictures, and at last they consented. For a week and a half I worked night and day. And in one of them I was the leading lady, playing opposite Wilfred Lucas in 'A Love Sublime.' All of the time the three directors were squabbling over me.

"After that I was co-starred with Elmo Lincoln in a comedy-drama, 'Might and Man,' and then was told that I was to be featured. For a few days I lived in the clouds. Then the studio closed down.

"I went with Harold Lockwood and played the leading woman's part in 'The Haunted Pajamas,' and that gave me my first big salary boost. So when I went with Universal a year ago I went as a star. They hailed me as the 'baby vamp of the screen.' I resisted strenuously being compelled to specialize in vampire parts, and finally swore I wouldn't be a

vampire no matter what. Luck was with me after the first picture. They couldn't get a vampire story to fit me, and cast me in a comedy-drama, 'The Unmarried Wife.' I succeeded in that, and I've been doing comedy-drama ever since. I'm in it to stay.

\* \* \* \* \*

"And just the other day came the crowning event in my career. Mr. Griffith sent for me—actually sent for me and offered me a part. I thought the Universal would lend me to him for a picture or two, but—

"Anyway, I was at home, wearing a house-dress and with my hair flying loose in curls, when the telephone message from the Griffith studio came. I didn't stop to change my dress; I didn't stop to put up my hair; I didn't run, I flew the few blocks between the studio and our home. I must have looked about twelve years old—and when I arrived I found that Mr. Griffith wanted me for a twenty-year-old vampire part.

"'Child,' he said, 'you looked ten years older the last time I saw you. What's your recipe?'

"'Well,' I replied, really too frightened to talk, 'I'm much older than I look, and I can look older than I am.'

"I skinned my hair back and showed him. He gave me the part and we rehearsed three days. At the end of that time I got word from the Universal to start to work on one of their pictures.

"I wanted to work under him so badly that I did what I've almost gotten over doing—I cried. He said it reminded him of when I first went with him, and the first time I was called upon to cry before the camera. 'Cry,' the director told me. I tried and tried and tried, thought of everything sad in the world, screwed up my face, bit my lip, pinched myself—and not a tear would come. The director coaxed and cajoled. No tears! I was frantic, almost in hysterics. I ran to Mother and threw my arms around her. 'Mamma, I just *can't* cry,' I told her—and began to cry!

"'Run—quick!' she directed. 'Get in front of the camera before you stop!'

"I did, and I've cried quite successfully upon demand ever since."

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Carmel has another, what she considers a still greater, ambition. It is to go on the speaking stage.

"I want to do things heavily dramatic," she says, "like Nazimova. But I won't leave the pictures until I have made a great name for myself. I'll not do things by halves."

Which, after all, is no small-sized job for a winsome little girl who is a star and a schoolgirl too—for every night Miss Carmel marches home from the studio, proceeds to her father's study, and there, with him as her tutor, continues to mull over the three R's. That *does* rather take the kick out of the romance of it all, doesn't it?

SOME directors believe that all dashing young bloods go around in soup and fish, and plug hats from cockcrow to robin's roost.

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## A Bit of Jade

(Continued from page 38)

"Do not be afraid of me, Ma'am-sahib—I am your friend. I want to help you. That man—yonder—in the lodge, is a detective. He is here to watch. He suspects somebody of having taken the necklace."

"The girl's eyes grew wider and wider.

"Oh, but my brother Cuthbert wouldn't—" she began, eagerly.

The wily Hindu seized upon the name.

"He suspects Cuthbert," he whispered quickly. "But you and I—we will save Cuthbert. Do as I say—and will get the necklace once more. Otherwise Cuthbert will be arrested—he will be sent to jail."

Phyllis speculated. She would do anything to save Cuthbert. If she could get hold of the necklace again and return it; she had the word of the owner that no arrest would follow.

Just so would Grayson Blair have done anything to have solved the mystery of the blue-eyed girl and the bit of jade. He was still pondering on the matter at twelve o'clock that night, when he heard stealthy sounds in his study and soon a slight form rummaging through the drawers.

Phyllis whirled about suddenly as she heard his step. Her heart thumped so violently that she felt suffocated. As she turned, her fingers closed involuntarily over a pistol that lay in the drawer. She faced Blair bravely, the gun extended in her hand.

Blair, in his silken dressing gown, his cherished pipe still in his hand, stared at her inscrutably. There came a flash—a scream—and a vase on the mantel, an inch from Blair's head, shattered into pieces.

The pistol on the floor, Phyllis covered her face with her hands. Some horrible blunder had been made; she knew she had not pulled the trigger. Blair was calm, and solemn. He reached for the phone on the desk.

"Can you tell me any reason why I should not call in the police?" he asked politely.

"Don't—don't," Phyllis begged. "I—I only came to bring back your money. "I—I didn't shoot—intend to shoot."

"Was shooting a part of your plan to pay the debt?" asked Blair, "or breaking into my boathouse, or taking my jade necklace?"

Phyllis' eyes revealed her embarrassment.

Outside Burton, aroused from sleep by the crashing of feet in the garden, bravely fired at a form in the garden. It was only a scarecrow that he shot; but the noise took Blair's attention for a brief second to the window. When he turned, Phyllis was gone. "The vanishing lady," he murmured ruefully.

The jade necklace reposed safely in his pocket, where it had been kept since he had found it at the boathouse. Blair would take no more chances on its disappearance. Nor would he remain at the Glenhurst.

Rhi, meeting Phyllis outside, reproached her for not bringing the jade.

"Next time I shoot," he muttered, "the bullet will reach its mark. Blair is going

back to his city apartment but he shall not escape me. Nor you, either."

Phyllis' heart beat quickly.

"It was you, then, who fired that shot?" she asked, shrinking back under the trees. "You would have killed him and let him think it was me?"

But the Hindu was gone.

Blair must be saved! She jumped into her little roadster and set its nose toward the city—after Blair.

Timidly she entered Blair's hall. Her courage was waning.

"Well," said Blair, smoothly, "you have generally succeeded in timing your entry in a more dramatic fashion than this, young woman. May I ask—"

Phyllis' eyes froze with horror as she looked past him. For framed in the curtains, gleaming at her with venom and command and threats all rolled in one, stood the Hindu, Rhi.

"Behind you," she called. "Look—the Hindu—the knife—"

Blair whirled quickly to meet the oncoming Hindu squarely. This time his grasp was useless. For the Hindu was on him with a bound and bore him to the floor. Higher—higher rose that slender brown hand, bearing the thin, wicked, waved knife.

"The Sahib dies," hissed Rhi. "The Sahib dies—and so must die those who desecrate the sacred jade of the Adored One."

Phyllis caught a glimpse of the white, cold face of Blair. She saw the ascending arm. And darting forward, with all of her strength she swung her heavy chain purse full in the face of the Hindu. The pain blinded him for a minute and his arm fell. She threw her dainty white boot on the hand that lay outstretched on the rug with the cruel knife still within its grasp. Slowly she rolled the slender wrist, bearing down her full weight on the crunching bones. The knife was loosed.

Blair, with a mighty thrust, threw the panting Hindu from him. Burton, faithfully lumbering in to inquire into the noise, saw his master holding a shrinking Hindu by the collar, while Phyllis standing by, with a wicked looking knife in her hand, urged him on.

"You will oblige me by calling for the police, Burton," ordered Blair, "and then by guarding this precious brown scoundrel until they arrive."

"I think—if you don't mind—" Phyllis said in a faint little voice—and then she found herself being set carefully in a chair with an attentive young man beside her. And being comfortable, she said:

"You weren't a detective hunting for poor Cuthbert, after all, were you?" murmured Phyllis.

"And at the same time," said Blair, "we have not found out how my jade necklace came to be in your brother's possession."

"Only Cuthbert can explain that," said Phyllis. "Cuthbert can always explain everything. Auntie always says so."

It was at this moment that Cuthbert and Auntie arrived. Auntie had not quite



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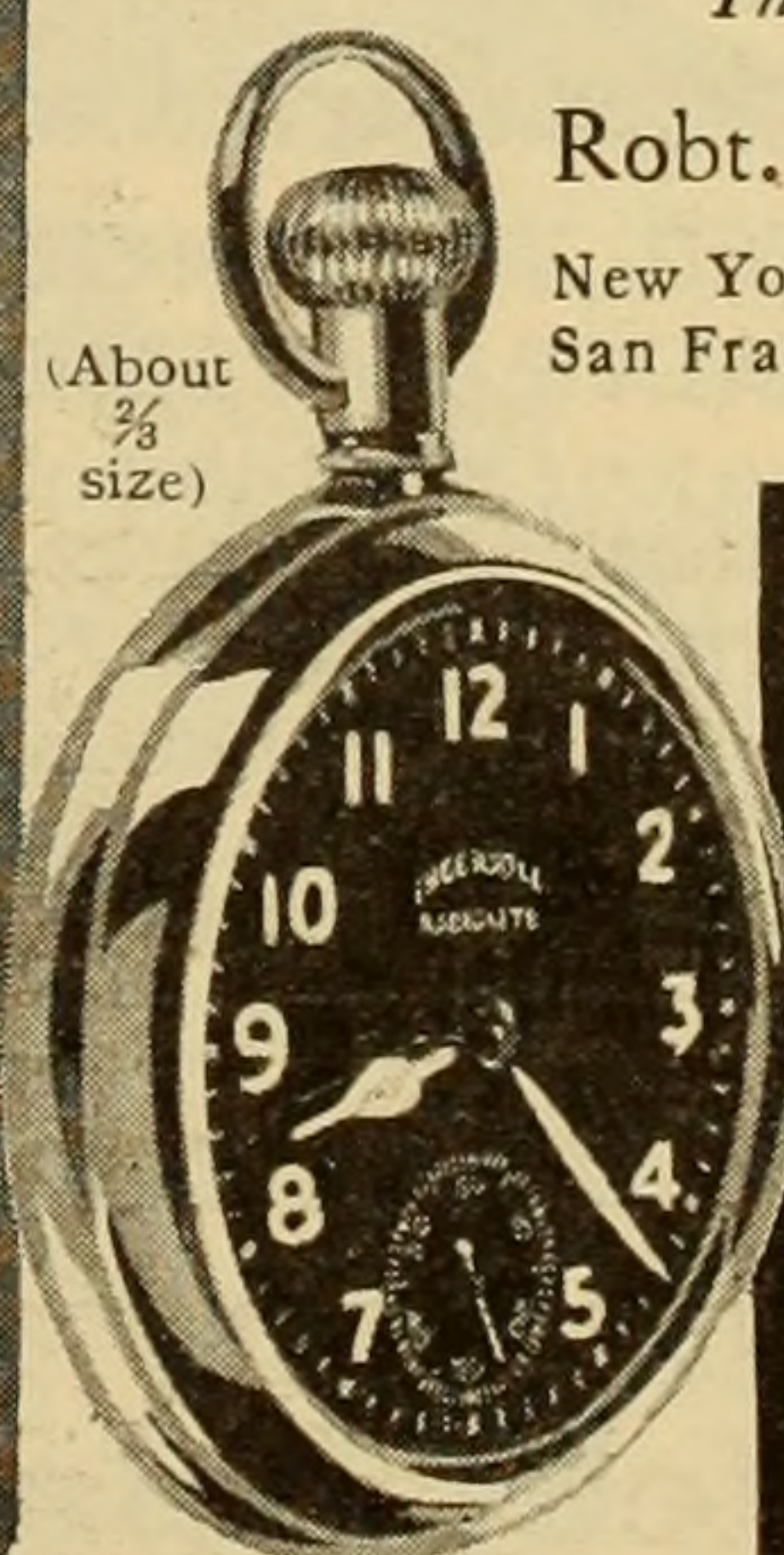
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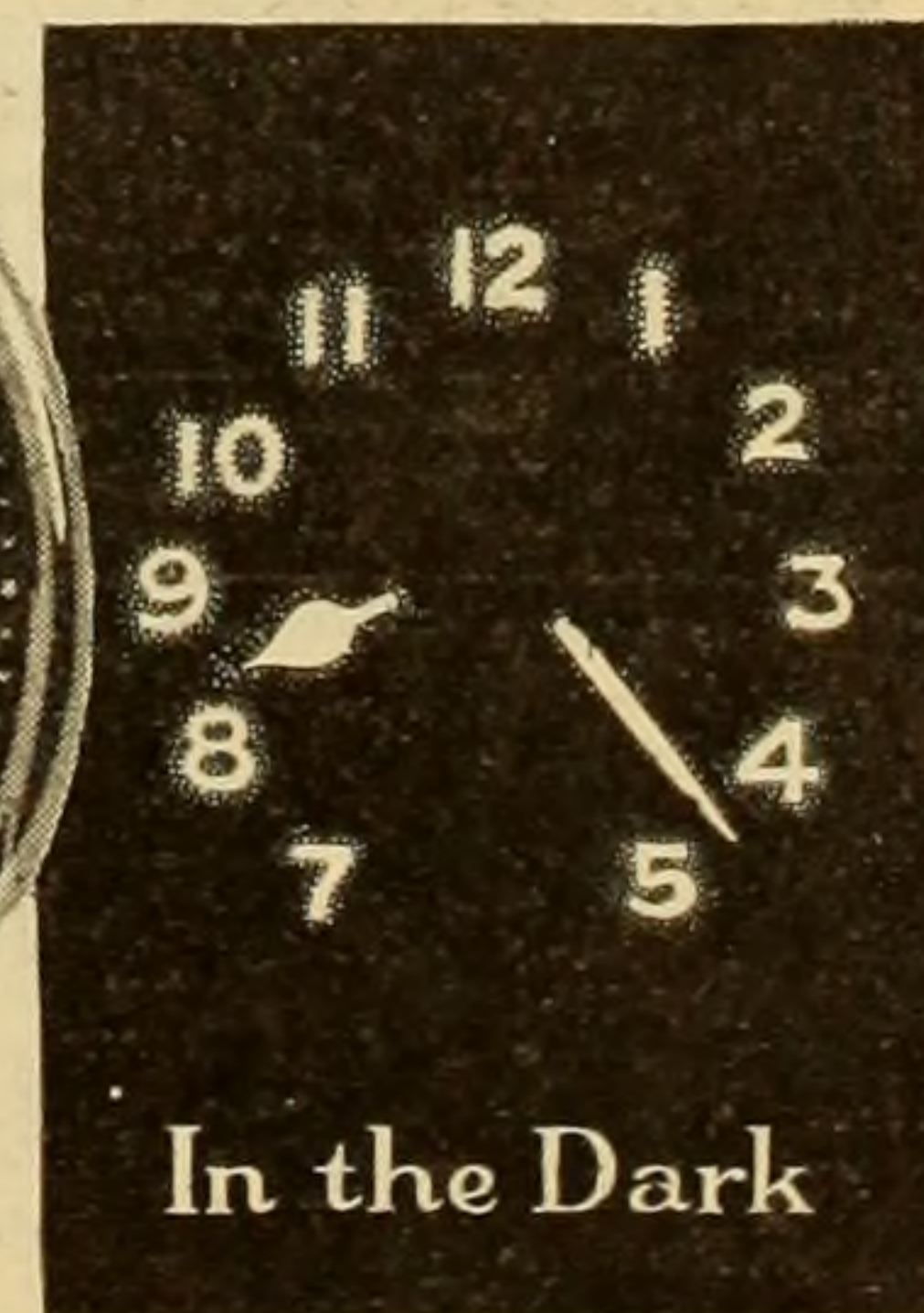
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## A Bit of Jade

(Continued)

cared for the thought of little Phyllis driving away to meet a strange man all by herself. At least Auntie had never heard of the name on the card Phyllis had dropped in the garage and she felt sure that she and Cuthbert must follow her at once.

"Yes," said Blair, rising to face a perturbed young man in a hunting suit and an outraged, aristocratic woman. "Perhaps Cuthbert can explain how he happens to be wearing my overcoat this very minute."

Cuthbert stared at him rather foolishly.

"You are such silly boys," said Phyllis quite happily, "and it is such a simple explanation now that I see through it. For of course, Cuthbert took your overcoat in his hurry that day at the cafe.

And when you were looking for the jade necklace, you were looking in his pockets and not yours. And poor Cuthbert never knew that the bit of jade was in his pocket at all."

"But there is a legend connected with the necklace, you know," said Blair, his heart singing, while Auntie and Cuthbert pretended to examine the pictures in the room. She glanced slyly up at him. Blair placed the bit of jade about her throat. Then went on gazing deep into the girl's eyes.

"The legend that they sold me with the necklace declares that the man who succeeds in placing it around the neck of the girl he loves may be sure of winning her heart, in return. And I have—placed—  
—it—around—your—neck—dear."

## Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 100)

E. M. B., ZOLFO SPRINGS, FLA.—Bessie Love's address is care of Pathe, Los Angeles, Cal. Did you know that Miss Love is an expert when it comes to touching the strings of a ukelele? June Caprice is with Fox at Fort Lee, N. J. We'll speak to Robert about changing his name from Warwick to Barwick just as soon as he returns from "over there." It is just a matter of taste. Some like a bar better than a war and some like a war better than a bar. Sherman's noted lines apply to both.

I. J., SANTA ROSA, CAL.—Mary Miles Minter became acquainted with the Klieg lights in Sept., 1915. She's been doing studio work ever since, though for the most part of that time she's had the sun light and not the artificial purple-green rays to guide her. Haven't the age of Rodney LaRocque. Address him in care of Essanay studio, 1333 Argyle St., Chicago. Miss Bara is working at the western Fox studio now making a big production. It's to be her own version of Salome. Mighty glad to hear you know the PHOTOPLAY is the best magazine you've ever read. Scores of people agree with you.

D. G., BABYLON, L. I.—Glad to hear from you again. Address Marian Swayne in care of Art Dramas; Nell Shipman, Vitagraph; Jack Dean was in "Tennessee's Partner." Florence LaBadie died of injuries received in an automobile accident which occurred last summer. Write to Miss Shipman and ask her for the picture.

I. H. E., ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.—Yes, we like Albuquerque. We saw it once on one of those things Mr. Rand & McNally draws. Looked awfully pretty. All pink and everything. We'll surely take heed of your postscript and let you know of our demise so you can immediately apply for the position.

H. H. P., JR., HOUSTON, TEXAS.—Can't make out whether you mean Eileen Percy or Arline Pretty. They aint no sech screen actress as Eileen Pretty, though there are numerous pretty Eileens. Address Eileen Percy in care of Artcraft, Hollywood, Cal., and Arline Pretty in care of Pathe, Jersey City, N. J.

MARJORIE, DUBUQUE, IA.—Don't expect any of the players to "correspond" with you, although most of them answer their letters. Ruth Roland is married. His name is Kent. Just write her at Los Angeles, Cal.

C. S., ST. LOUIS, MO.—You've got the right idea. Stay with it and don't mind a few bumps. We all get them now and then and they are more or less good for us—usually more.

M. M., QUEBEC, CANADA.—Enid Bennett became the bride of Fred Niblo in Los Angeles in January, according to a report from California. They met in Australia several years ago. Mr. Niblo's first wife was the late Josephine Cohan, sister of George M. Cohan. Joyce Fair was last with Edison. Sessue Hayakawa is still with Lasky. Eileen Percy, Mollie King and Marguerite Courtot are sans husbands.

LUCILLE, BOSTON.—Mack Sennett was among the earlies of the Biograph players. He used to play cops and rube parts. Blanche Sweet is 23. George Cooper played last in "The Auction Block." Louise Huff's sister is not on the screen now. Sorry you cannot take our word about the dimensions of the stars. Well, we never took a course in astronomy or studied astrology. Your handwriting indicates that you would be a successful dancer and that you have an excellent voice for screen work. The reader of the stars' stars, Ellen Woods, is not a professional and does not read stars for a living so there's no chance for you.

A. G., NEW YORK CITY.—Who are you, from Washington Square, to find fault with Walthall's hair? Do you want him to have it bobbed and tucked in a la Greenwich Village or pruned close to the scalp. Be a little more specific and we'll see Henry about it.

J. B. F., OAKLAND, CAL.—"Barbary Sheep" was filmed in Florida and the exteriors for "The Garden of Allah" were filmed in the vicinity of Los Angeles, the desert scenes having been staged near Oxnard, Cal.

G. W., ATHENS, O.—Florence LaBadie was injured in an automobile accident and died two months later. Paul Kelly is not on the screen at present. Harry Fox and Earle Foxe are not related. From the different spelling you may be able to ascertain that they are different Foxes. Gladys Brockwell has no husband at present. Your questions anent Fanny Ward and Grace Cunard have to do with a period that's before our time.

M. D., DENVER, COLO.—One of Edward Earle's latest plays in "For France."



## Questions and Answers

(Continued)

M. W. R., EVANSVILLE, IND.—Haven't any record of "The Definite Object." H. B. Warner is very much among them in "Among Those Present" on the legitimate stage. That's his starring vehicle this year.

AN ADMIRER, AKRON, OHIO.—Julian Eltinge is about five feet nine inches tall and weighs one hundred and eighty pounds.

E. C., MEDINA, N. Y.—Here's the list of Marguerite Clark's photoplays: "Wild-flower," "The Crucible," "The Goose Girl," "Gretna Green," "Pretty Sister of Jose," "Seven Sisters," "Helene of the North," "Still Waters," "Prince and the Pauper," "Mice and Men," "Out of the Drifts," "Molly-Make-Believe," "Silks and Satins," "Little Lady Eileen," "Miss George Washington," "Fortunes of Fifi," "Snow White," "The Valentine Girl," "The Amazons," "Bab's Burglar," "Bab's Matinee Idol," "Seven Swans," and "Prunella."

M. S., NEW YORK.—Wallie Reid was in New York about a month. He surely will be sorry that he missed seeing you. Wallie Reid right in New York with his wife Mrs. Wallace Reid and you didn't meet him? Strange—and yet they say the world is small. "Nan of Music Mountain" was filmed in and around Los Angeles.

BILLIE H., CHICAGO, ILL.—That was Noah Beery in "The Clever Mrs. Carfax." Wallace is the one who used to "Sweedie" before the camera for Essanay. Alma Rubens, Sylvia Bremer and Mildred Harris were the girls in "The Cold Deck."

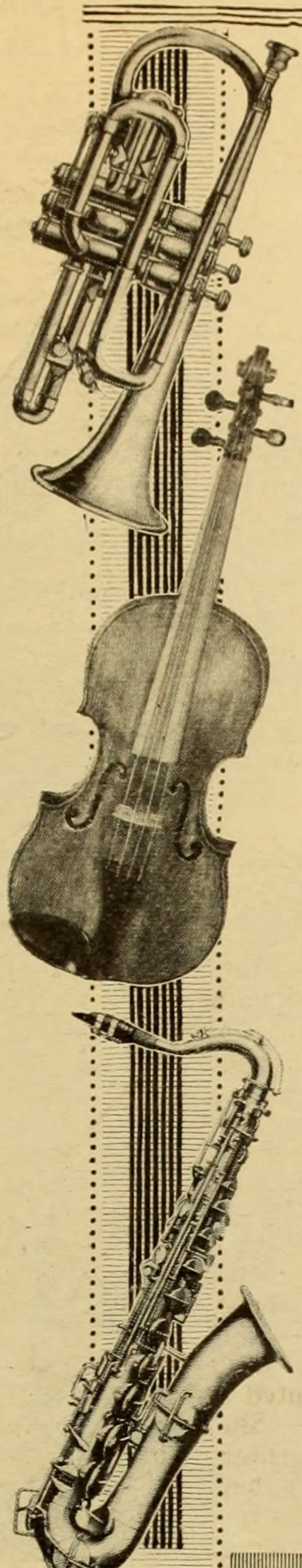
BATTERY E., ANNISTON, ALA.—We're quite sure some bonnie lads and lassies will read this and that you'll be flooded with correspondence. Here goes: Three soldier lads at Camp McClellan would like to receive word from someone (or someones) who in turn would like to hear of camp activities. Their names are Jerome M. Harris, Bat. E. 112th H. F. A.; William Baker, 104 Trench Mortar Battery and Louis De Goey, Co. F. 115th Inf. all Camp McClellan, Anniston, Ala. Come on, now, all you readers—write to the boys!

J. M., DETROIT, MICH.—"The Silent Man" was filmed in California. Marguerite Clark is four feet eleven inches tall and is thirty-one years old. She stopped growing about fifteen years ago. Your pun about Mary Pickford's husband Owen Moore or "owing more" as you put it, is of the 1915 vintage and it's been so long since we heard it that it really seemed quite original.

L. S., EDGERTON, WIS.—Vitagraph is the address of Harry Morey, Mary Anderson and Alice Joyce; Frank Keeney Corp., of Eugene O'Brien; Dustin Farnum Film Co., Los Angeles of Dustin Farnum; Pathe of Antonio Moreno and Lasky of Jack Holt. S. Rankin Drew is the one to which you refer in "The Girl Philippa." Eugene Pallette is in training to go over and get himself a kaiser or two.

DOD & DODIE, MASON CITY, ILL.—Norma Talmadge was born in 1896—Constance in 1899. Constance Talmadge has been starred in "Scandal," "The Honeymoon," "The Studio Girl" and "The Shuttle."

J. M., WINNIPEG, CAN.—You haven't the dope on this man, but you want it, don't you? Well, Donald Hall is forty years old; his wife is twenty-six. He is Scotch-English and Donald Hall is and always has been his name. Frankie Mann Hall is the full name of Mrs. Donald Hall.



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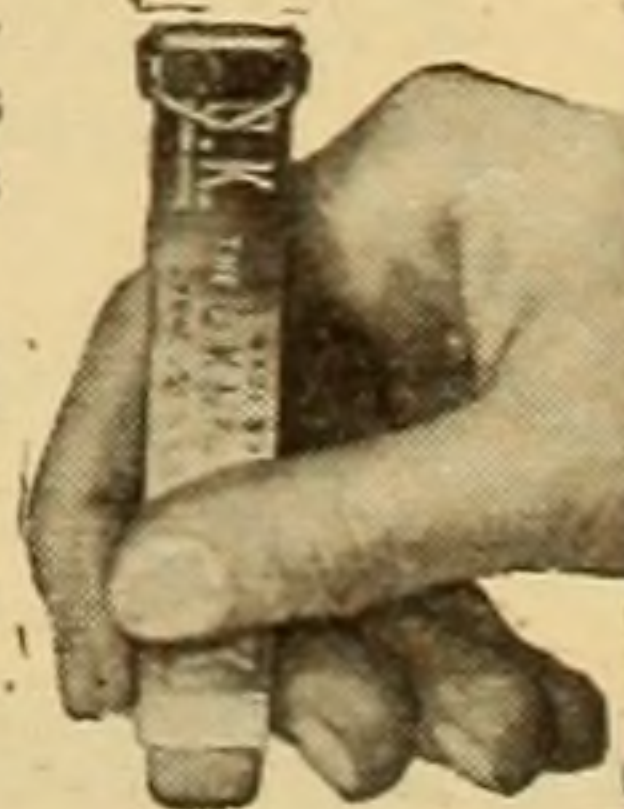
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# Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 119)

C. B., STONEHAM, MASS.—No one, so far as we know, publishes a list of all photo-plays and stars. But we'll bet that some of the Answer Man's star "customers" could give you such a list.

L. L., STAUNTON, ILL.—Write Anna Nilsson care Artcraft, New York City and Lillian Walker at Ogden, Utah.

ELIZABETH, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Emily Stevens comes from a theatrical family and she is the niece of Mrs. Fiske. It's her real name; she is five four tall and weighs about 110. She isn't married.

DOROTHY LOUISE, MOUNT VERNON, N. Y.—We have printed interviews with Pauline Frederick several times in the past. Mae Marsh was born at Madrid, New Mexico in 1895 and her present address is New York City. You will have to write to the editor about contributions. PHOTOPLAY is glad to pay for original poems which are regarded as suitable.

MARY, DETROIT, MICH.—If you have been reading PHOTOPLAY for so long you should have seen the story about Pauline in the issue of June, 1917, when she also appeared on the cover. Just what do you want in the way of pictures? Or art kidding us? Beware how you trifle with our goat.

A. G., AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.—If you write Mahlon Hamilton care PHOTOPLAY, Chicago, we'll see that it reaches him. You'll have to take your chances on a personal reply as your stamps are only good for ornaments over here. But he'll answer anyhow.

E. C., LEESBURG, VA.—May Allison, we hear, is to return to the Lockwood Company. Write her care Metro, New York City. Geraldine Farrar was born at Melrose, Mass., in 1882. Leah Baird played with King Baggot in "Ivanhoe." We heard 'em recite "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight" many a time in the dear old days before the movies came but we never saw it filmed. Mary Pickford was born in Toronto, Canada; Marguerite Clark in Cincinnati; Wallace Reid in St. Louis and Dorothy Davenport in Boston. William Desmond is a widower.

E. A. R., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Olive Thomas was married to Jack Pickford in the early fall. She's not a bit jealous of the number of times Jack has kissed Louise Huff. Neither is Edgar Jones.

FRANCIS, PHILADELPHIA.—"Tess of the Storm Country" was filmed nearly five years ago. Here's the cast: *Tessibel Skinner*, Mary Pickford; *Teola Graves*, Olive Fuller Golden; *Myra Longman*, Lorraine Thompson; *Daddy Skinner*, David Hartford; *Frederick Graves*, Harold Lockwood; *Mother Moll*, Louise Dunlap; *Ben Letts*, Richard Garrick; *Elias Graves*, W. R. Walters; *Dan Jordan*, Jack Henry; *Prof. Young*, H. R. Macy; *Ezra Longman*, Eugene Walter; *Old Longman*, H. L. Griffith. "Tess" has always been Mary Pickford's favorite story.

S. S., NEW ORLEANS.—Norma Talmadge is 23 and a native of New York. She went right into the movies from High School so you probably know as much about her history as we do. She has a mother and two sisters, Constance and Natalie.

J. B., KANSAS CITY, MO.—Dorothy Davenport has not played in the pictures for more than a year. Just now she is busily engaged in rearing Wallie Junior. Her last, we believe, was "The Squaw Man's Son." Grace Darmond is playing with Earle Williams now and they are working at Vitagraph's Western studio in Hollywood, Cal.

HONEY, MINNEAPOLIS.—S'matter? Too hot in Medicine Hat for you? Just write Jack Kerrigan at Hollywood, Cal. He'll get it.

J. L. A., YOUNGSTOWN, O.—William Parke, Junior, has brown hair and hazel eyes. Yep, he's a lucky guy to win Gladys.

MARIE, PHILADELPHIA.—Eugene O'Brien says he's pleased to send his photographs to those who admire his work on the screen. Write him at the Royalton, New York City.

TUDE, CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.—Irene Castle is with Pathe; Olive Thomas, Triangle and Ann Pennington, Famous Players.

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of Photoplay Magazine published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for April 1, 1918.

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