PHOTOPLAY

MAGAZINE

January

20 Cents

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Postmaster General.

MARIE DORO

In this Issue—

How the Motion Picture Saved the World

A Sensational Revelation by William A. Brady

Companions
of
Cleanliness
and
Good Cheer

A Merry Christmas
and
A Happy New Year
yours "Old Dutch"

Miss Ina Claire, popular comedienne now starring in "Polly With a Past," playing Lyon & Healy Own Make Mandolin

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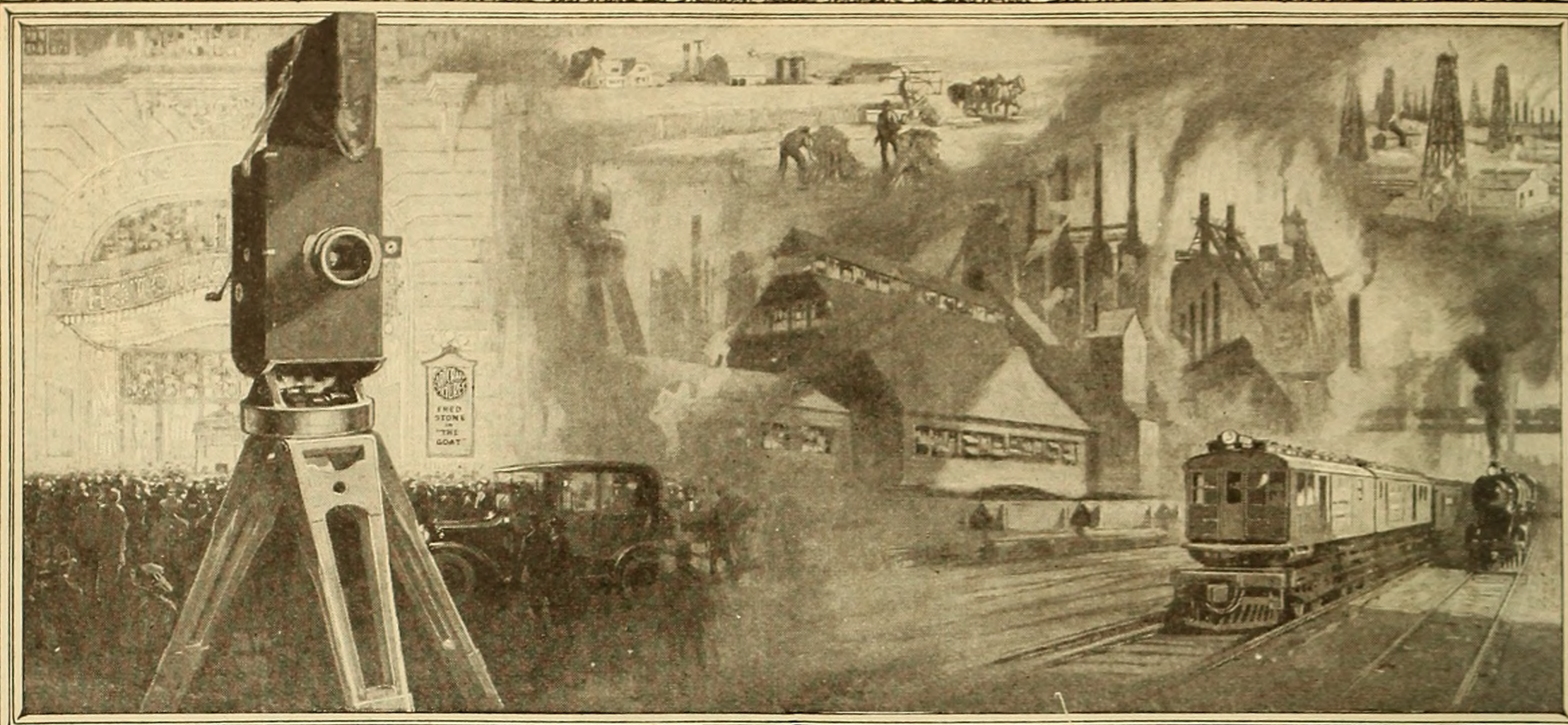

Industries that are winning the war

AGRICULTURE, steel, oil, transportation — all indispensable weapons. But there is another weapon to be fittingly grouped with them—a weapon of the heart—*motion pictures!*

Fittingly grouped with them, too, on their own basis of volume of business done and amount of capital invested, *as well as* on the basis of performing the indispensable duty of keeping up the national heart.

It is common knowledge that *the* quality of all others that America has brought to the Allies is buoyant morale, lightness of heart — and it is common knowledge from coast to coast that it is *Paramount* and *Artcraft* Pictures that have been adopted by the whole nation as the romantic fuel of its cheery temper.

Paramount and Artcraft Pictures have actually accomplished the magnificent destiny of raising the screen to the importance of a first-grade *weapon of victory*.

In thousands upon thousands of American communities the great Paramount and Artcraft Pictures, aflame with the purpose of victory, have shaped the public morale—the stuff of which victory is made — to a steely resoluteness!

No wonder the President has expressed his appreciation of the war-value of motion pictures!

The men and women of vision behind Paramount and Artcraft give their word to the nation that the weapon they wield shall always be kept polished and bright —

— bright with the shine "of *foremost* stars, *superbly* directed, in *clean* motion pictures."

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

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VOL. XV No. 2

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Next Month

Beginning Geraldine Farrar's Own Story

FEBRUARY PHOTOPLAY, on sale everywhere January 1st, will be distinguished by the first instalment of the most remarkable record of womanly accomplishment ever published: Geraldine Farrar's own story of her life, her struggles and her triumphs. Miss Farrar is without doubt America's most celebrated lady of the arts, for she has achieved mastery in two widely separated fields, and overwhelming popularity in two worlds. In the zenith of her beauty and artistic enthusiasm she had done in the arena of music what Alexander did to the known earth: conquered it all. But, like Alexander, did she pause to weep? She did not; she did what Alexander deemed impossible —she found a new world to vanquish.

That world was the vast dominion of the photoplay, and it is safe to say that her motion picture subjects gained in less than three years, outnumber four to one the vassals of her voice, gathered in the operatic battles of a decade.

Quite naturally the life-story, the self-record, of a person of such extraordinary achievements surpasses in tense interest any external accomplishment. A great deal has been written about Miss Farrar, but at last Miss Farrar has consented to tell her world-wide audience, through the medium of PHOTOPLAY, *the true story of herself.*

The first of the several instalments, appearing next month, will deal with unopened chapters of her childhood and young girlhood and her early days in Paris.

With this wonderfully human narrative go unpublished family portraits, childhood pictures, rare off-stage groups and photographs of the artist in early roles.

The Art of John Barrymore

A study of the genius of the acknowledged superior of all the younger Amer-

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The Confessions of a Male Vampire

If the truth were known, our most artful vampires are certain handsome and romantic gentlemen. One of them will reveal his velvet villainies in February PHOTOPLAY.

The Early Days of Kay-Bee

The fascinating and never-told romance of the greatest group of picture pioneers—excepting the immortal Biographers. Absorbing reminiscence and rare illustrative remembrance.

Personalities

No happening is as interesting as the person or persons who caused the thing to happen. So the real life of those who mimic life is a perpetual fascination.

Among the honest annals, freshly and abundantly illustrated, which PHOTOPLAY has in preparation are factful, vivid, intimate accounts of Jane Novak, Douglas McLean, King Baggott, Zasu Pitts, Roscoe Arbuckle, Lady Tsen Mei, Violet Heming, Constance and Fair Binney, Barbara Castleton, Tallulah Bankhead, Alec B. Francis, Eddie Polo, William Stowell, Jack Mulhall, E. K. Lincoln, Mabel Julienne Scott, Mitchell Lewis, Molly Malone, Wanda Hawley and Catherine Calvert.

Other Features

February PHOTOPLAY will contain the usual surprises — timely features of varied nature that can't be announced here, and in addition:

Interesting new fiction, beautifully illustrated;

The splendid duotone art-section;

Scientific and educational articles;

Rube Goldberg's second cartoon topic—an apropos scream;

A rare chapter of advice, especially written for PHOTOPLAY's readers by a great new master of scenario writing—and every one of PHOTOPLAY's well-known departments.

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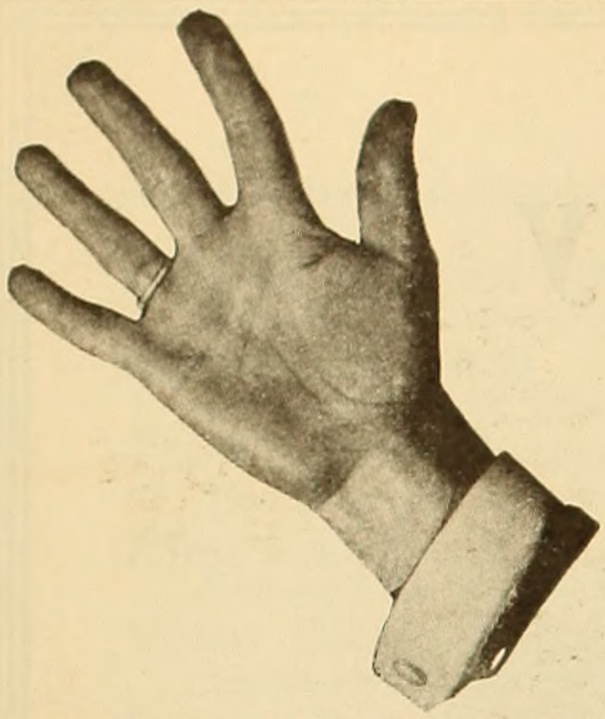
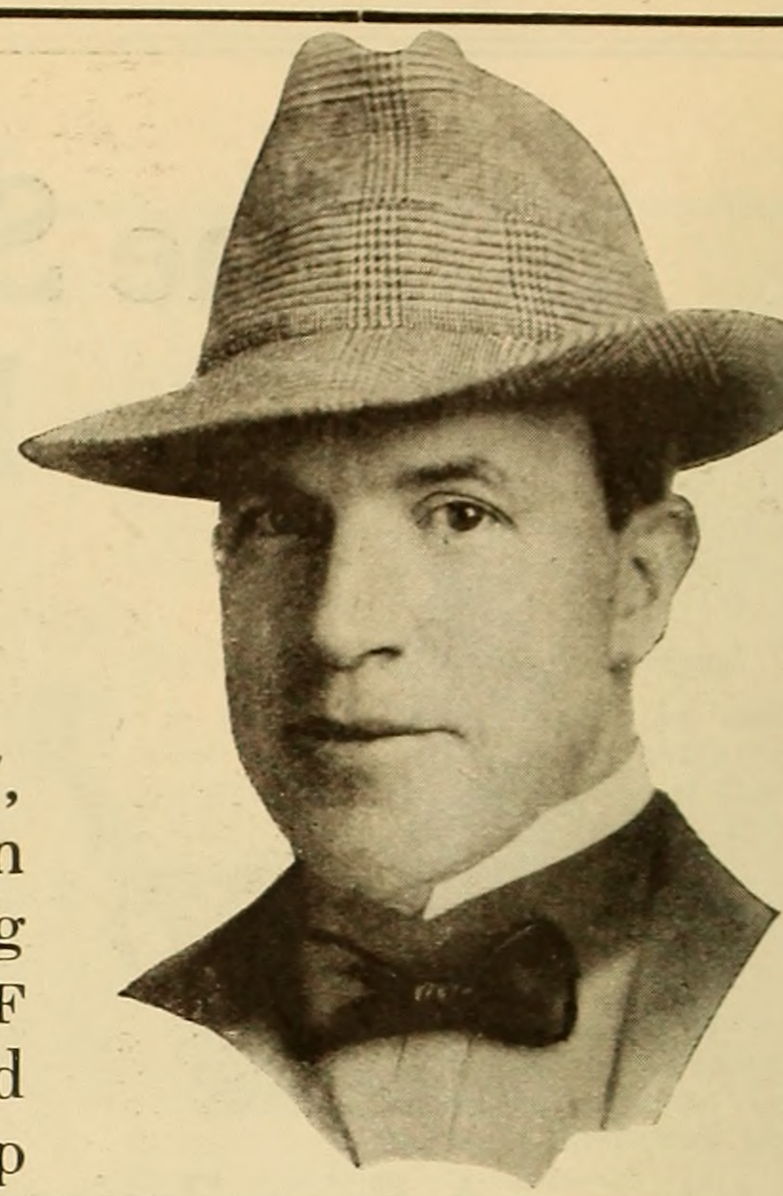


The Hand of Blackton



TWENTY-ONE years ago, in the fall of 1897, J. Stuart Blackton directed his first motion picture. It was a Spanish flag fluttering in the breeze—a huge hand (THE HAND OF BLACKTON) rose slowly into the picture, seized and tore down the Spanish flag and hauled up the Stars and Stripes. This "production" was fifty feet in length, running time less than one minute. The Spanish-American War was on and the little film aroused wild enthusiasm in thousands of theatres where American patriotism was at fever heat.

During succeeding years in the progress of the growing Motion Picture Industry "THE HAND OF BLACKTON" was seen in *"The Haunted Hotel,"* the first trick picture made in America, *"The Life of Moses,"* the first five reel production made anywhere, *"The Christian,"* Hall Caine's wonderful story, *"The Island of Regeneration,"* Cyrus Townsend Brady's popular novel, and still later in *"The Battle Cry of Peace,"* written and produced by Mr. Blackton, the first preparedness propaganda picture ever made. In contrast to the "Spanish Flag," the "Battle Cry" measured 9000 feet in length and required two hours and a half running time. Following this came the military and industrial mobilization picture *"Womanhood," "The Glory of the Nation"* and *"Missing,"* Mrs. Humphrey Ward's successful novel, hailed by the press as "the best war picture of the year." So much for past achievements.

For the present and future "THE HAND OF BLACKTON" will be seen in *"The Common Cause"* by J. Hartley Manners and Ian Hay Beith, an epic story dealing with the great cause of Humanity—the Getting Together of the Allied Nations, in *"Safe for Democracy"* by Anthony P. Kelly, which as its title denotes sounds a clarion call for the democratization of the classes, and in *"The Battle Cry of Liberty,"* written by Charles T. Dazey and J. Stuart Blackton, a sequel to the famous "Battle Cry of Peace," which shows the way to real liberty for all the peoples of all the world.

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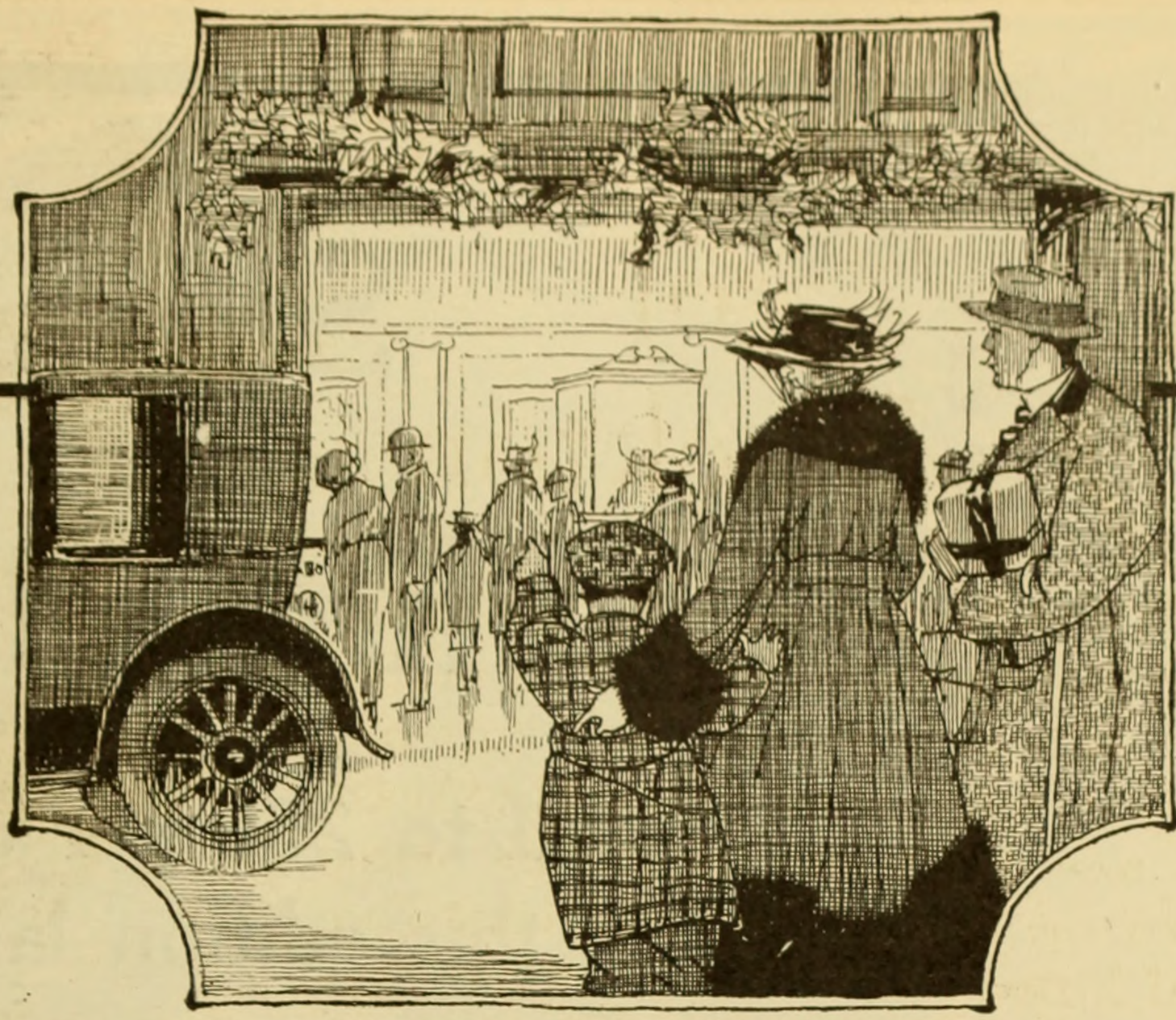

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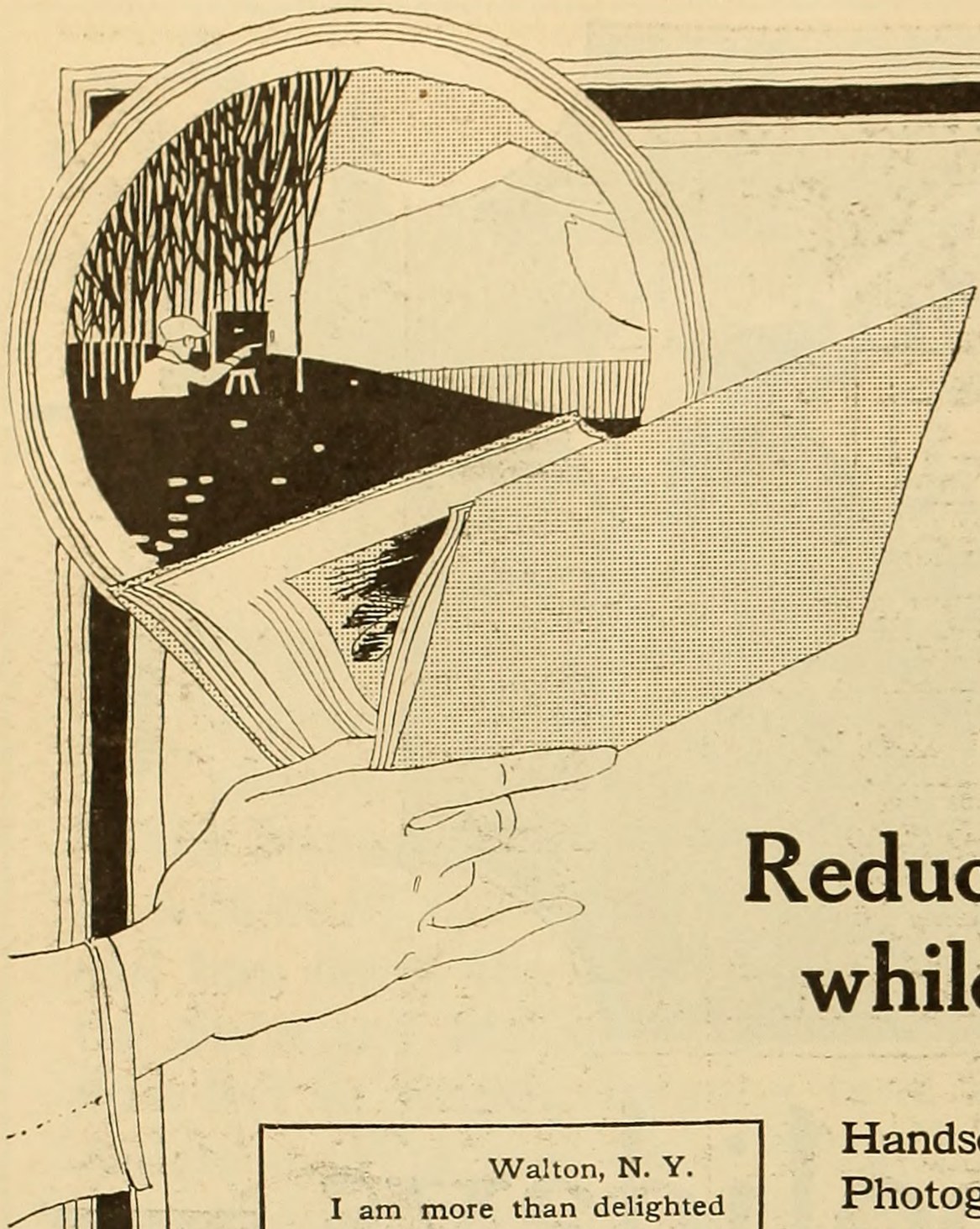

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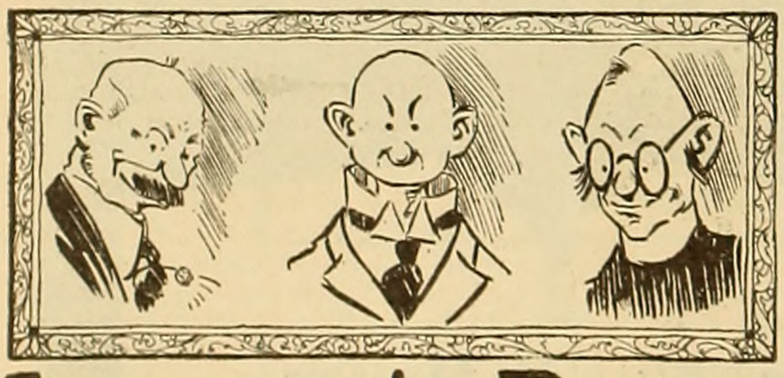

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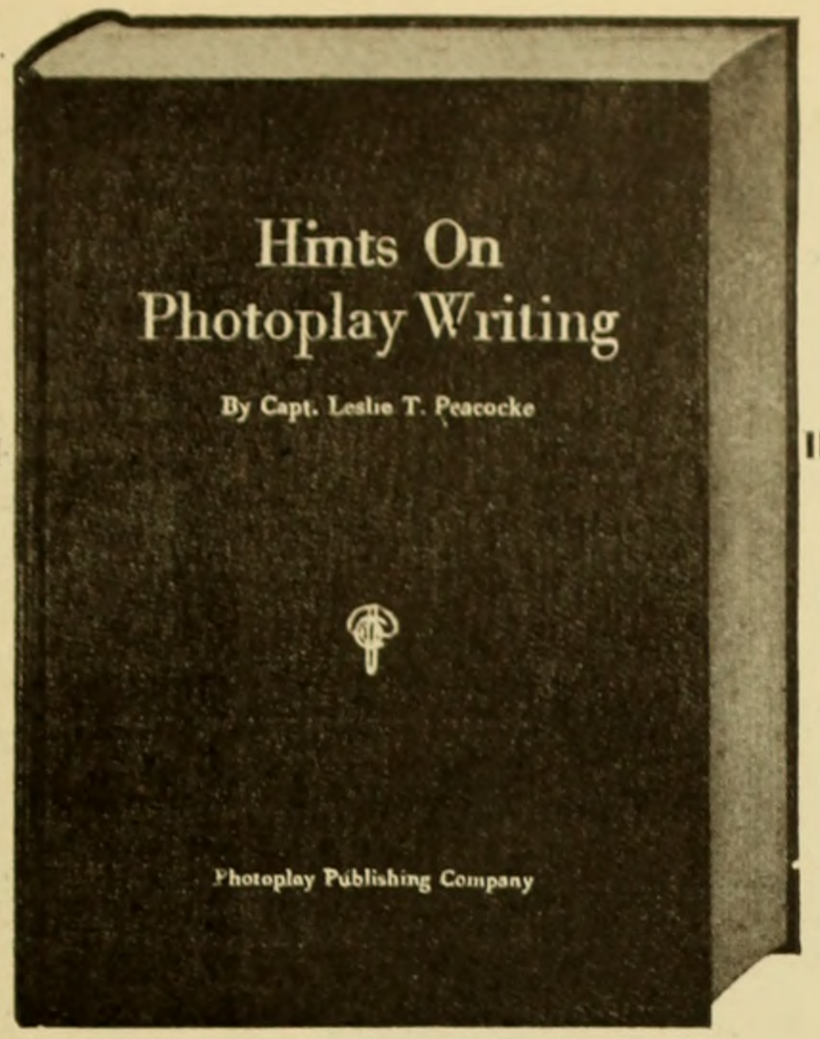

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"You are."

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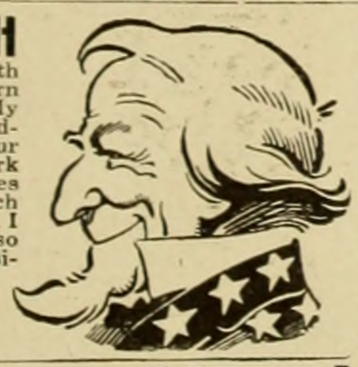

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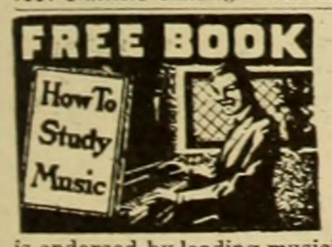

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of a skin so soft, so fine in texture that it seems the outward sign of an exquisite personal fineness — Read below how by proper treatment you can gain this most appealing of all charms

The Magic of a fine, soft skin

ONLY BY THE PROPER CARE CAN YOU GAIN THIS CHARM

IT DOES not "just happen" that some girls retain the loveliness of a fine, soft complexion. Only by faithfully using the right treatment for the skin can you gain this charm.

You, too, when you were a baby had a fresh, fair skin. Gradually, your skin has lost this magic beauty which rightly belongs to it.

It is exposure to cold winds and, most of all, to dust and dirt that makes the skin coarsen. By proper treatment you can offset these harmful influences; you can bring new life to your skin.

Your skin is changing every day. As old skin dies, new forms to take its place. You can make this new skin what you will.

Examine your skin closely. Its pores should be hardly noticeable. If they already begin to show conspicuously, it is a sign that you have not been giving your skin the proper care for its needs.

Begin tonight this treatment for reducing enlarged pores and making the skin fine in texture. Use it persistently.

To make your skin fine in texture

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

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Send 6c for a trial-size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury treatment) together with the booklet of famous treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12c we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co. 501 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

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Alfred Cheney Johnston

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG has used his quaint comedy conceits to find very positive talent in several young players. Here is Sally Long, another newcomer, who is starring in his camera sketches of metropolitan life.

Alfred Cheney Johnston

AFTER a year's disappearance in managerial litigation, Anita Stewart comes back to black-and-white life with her popularity apparently undiminished. Briefly past twenty, she is, in pictures, a veteran of veterans.

Alfred Cheney Johnston

LEONA HUGHES is one of the answers to the question: Who will be the ingenues of tomorrow? You have seen her in Alice Brady's recent photoplays, and she has had some stage experience as well.

Campbell

MR. AND MRS. SIDNEY DREW came to pictures from the stage, and now they have gone to the stage from pictures—temporarily—in "Keep Her Smiling," a spoken comedy like their comediettas of the screen.

MARJORIE RAMBEAU has been more fortunate in dramas than in scenarios, though she has appeared in many photoplays. Here she depicts Columbia, a very brief allegory in Blackton's new picture, "The Common Cause."

© Strauss-Peyton

WHEN Texas Guinan played "The Gunwoman" for Triangle last winter she gained immediately a large and devoted following. Her admirers will be glad to hear that she is returning to the screen, via World.

THE WORLD'S LEADING MOVING PICTURE MAGAZINE

PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XV JANUARY, 1919 NO. 2

NINETEEN hundred years ago a Star in the East heralded the first Christmas.

Today, a Star in the West promises the peace and good-will that were prophesied by the orb of Bethlehem.

That Star is America.

America is the one great healer and restorer left in the world, the strong-limbed sister whose hands are left unbroken that she may bind up the hurts of those the good fight for freedom has overthrown.

Every industry, every profession, every art we have must do its utmost to make well a world the Nibelungen wolf has torn.

As a spiritual Samaritan the art of the motion picture — which is entirely America's—is more effective than all the other arts combined.

It will be the Great Healer, the Great Harmonizer, the Universal Friend, in just the degree that it is optimistic, clean, progressive and fearlessly strong.

Whether it will be those things—when the moment comes for its mighty service—or a characterless, impotent trifle, depends upon you.

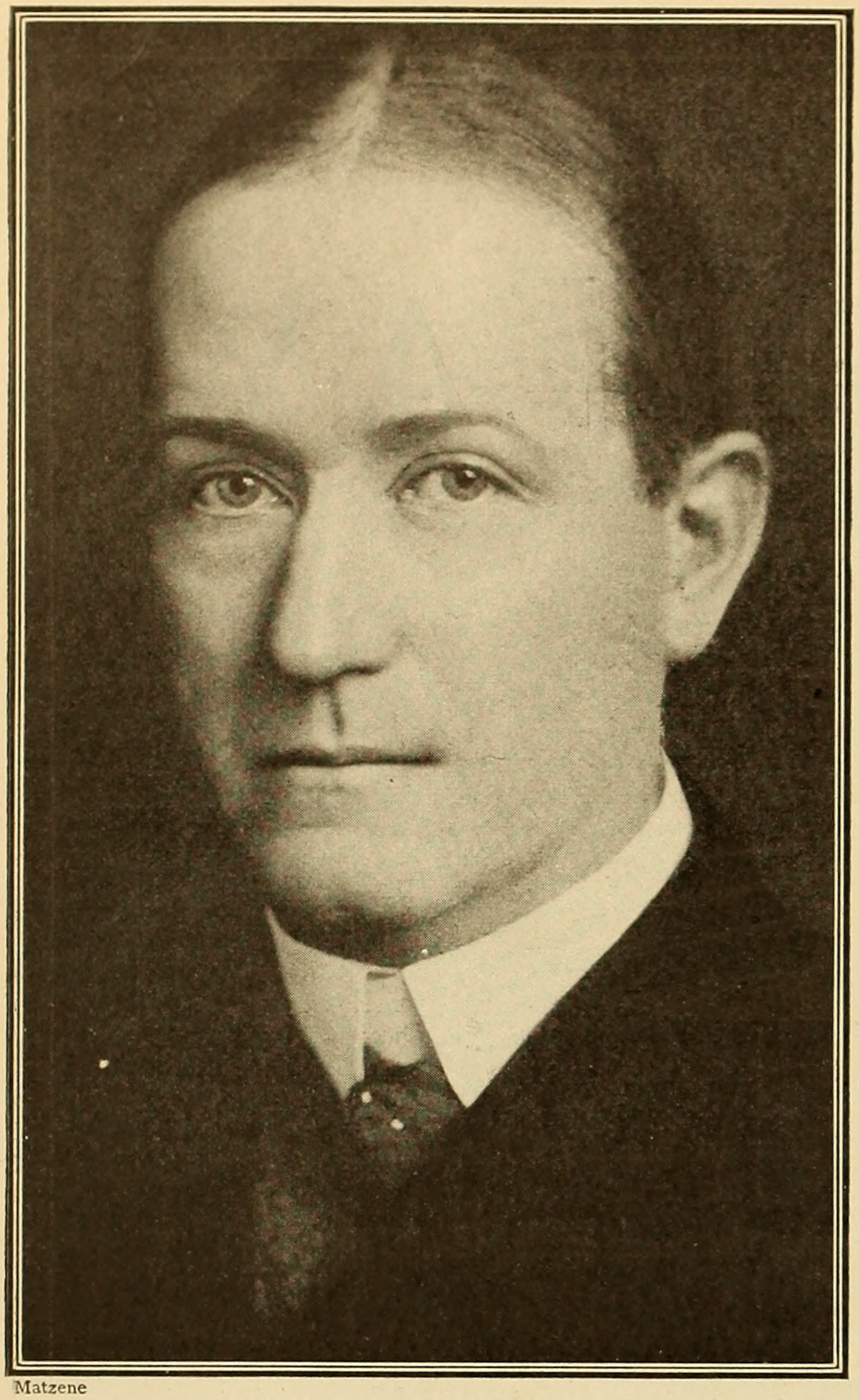
The majority of the films that will be rushed to all Europe when peace comes will be films that your money has caused to be made, that your patronage has permitted to endure.

A year ago your selection was a forecast of mere neighborhood entertainment. Today you are the untitled censor for millions longing to lift their faces to light and life once more.

From this moment choose among the pictures that come to you those that are clean, optimistic, progressive, intelligent.

At every other Christmas you have received; at this Christmas it is in your power to give, and to keep on giving, to a world spiritually starved.

Put the white fire of splendid humanity within the Star in the West.



Matzene

The Wilson of The Film Business

The personality and achievements of the man who wrote the great story on the next page.

By Julian Johnson

BRADY found the business of picture exhibiting a hopeless tangle of stagnant feudalism, and made it one nation of progressive endeavor.

If you don't like figures of speech, let's say the same thing in plain terms of record. On September 2nd last there were two hostile main camps, with a score of faiths, sects and politics in each camp. On September 3d the American Exhibitors' Association and the Motion Picture Exhibitors' League of America had ceased to exist, and in their place was one body, the National Association of the Motion Picture Industry, Exhibitors' Branch, with one faith, no politics, and a very general artistic and patriotic enthusiasm. In the afternoon of that day Brady had contrived to get the leaders of each faction in the same Chicago hotel, though in different rooms, whereupon he acted as messenger, arbiter, go-between, suggestor and dictator until peace was declared and union came.

You may feel that the exhibitors and their trade arguments concern you very little. In that feeling you're both right and wrong. Their trade routine is no more your affair than the by-laws of the butter-and-egg men, but the effect of their doings as a whole, as an organization, is vital, for the exhibitor is the middleman who stands between you and the producer; and I think it is not too much to say that Brady's amalgamation of all these warring interests, his enforced peace, if you like to call it that, pretty nearly saved the whole situation in the eyes of the War Industries Board.

This task demanded one man who could qualify not only as a master politician but as a master showman. Brady, unquestionably, was the only man in America who could fill the great demand of the hour.

That's why I have called him, and I think with absolute justice, the Wilson of the film business, for he brought harmony and unity to American motion picture exhibition just as Woodrow Wilson has brought harmony and unity to the Allies.

Brady as a man is vastly more interesting than any of his interesting accomplishments. For a quarter of a century he has been a dominant factor in American theatricals, a promoter of the popular drama and the fosterer of high-brow plays at the same time, the discoverer of great acting talents, the patron of American authors, an authority on pugilism, a national political force, a builder of theatres, a pre-eminent stage manager, a motion-picture manufacturer, a motion-picture director, and, throughout the great war, the confidant and close personal friend of the President of the United States. He was appointed by the President in 1917 to organize the motion picture industry as a fighting arm of the government.

At the same time his withdrawal, months ago, from all personal interest in picture manufacture, has enabled him to control a situation not only national, but international, without any possible taint of self-interest in the actual picture business.

Mrs. William A. Brady is better known as Grace George, one of the finest actresses of the English-speaking stage, and their happy union of nearly twenty years is a tribute to the congeniality and home-making qualities of a busy man and a busy woman. His daughter, Alice, is a screen-star who needs no introduction in these pages.

The universality of the Brady talent is best appreciated by those who have beheld him, directing singers and even the orchestra, set an awry musical comedy right on the night of its dress-rehearsal, when its kinks defied composer, author, director, conductor, impresario and stars alike. The writer has seen him—coat off, hard-bitten cigar in one corner of his mouth—doing just that thing.

Jim Corbett was his protege and "find," and today he is probably the foremost dopester of the fight game.

Mr. Brady was born in San Francisco.

Mr. Brady, suggesting a scene to Lew Fields and little Madge Evans, in the World days when he had a personal interest in picture manufacture. Above, left, a Brady portrait.

How *the* Motion Picture Saved *the* World!

When our government used film to cement the morale of France — the insidious use of our unclean pictures by the Hun — the tragic failure of the motion picture mission to Russia.

By William A. Brady

TO a great many otherwise intelligent people the motion picture is only an entertainment, never anything more than a toy, no more important than the comic paper with which you kill time in a barber-shop.

I want to tell such people in particular, and the readers of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE in general, just how important the motion picture is, how powerful it has proved itself to be, what a world-factor it has become.

A little more than a year ago the motion picture saved the world. *Saved the world!*

That sounds big, and it is big, because it is not soap-box oratory. It is truth, a matter of government record. This magazine, I think, makes known the fact for the first time, and it is the biggest piece of news the picture business ever let loose. Here's the story of that salvation.

It was the darkest hour of the war. France and England were bent, but not broken. America had come in, but she was only getting ready, and struggling Europe had little more than her word and her good will. It was the exact moment for a great German psychological drive. German whispers, German arguments, German persuasions, German discouragements drifted all over France on every wind that blew from the North.

"All you will ever get from America is promises. The United States is not and can never be a military nation. Her people are entirely commercial—she'll sell you munitions, but she will not fight. They can't get ready across the Atlantic for they've nothing to get ready with. They have no gun-works, small-arms factories, or army organization. They can't build ships fast enough, and if they could, we'd sink them. Don't count on America as a material ally, for she couldn't get ready to begin to fight in less than ten years!"

That's what the French army got in one way, what the country people got in another, what was told pityingly to the French mothers, what the commercial agents told the bankers, the news brought to the mercantile men of the cities by their correspondents. There has never been such an insidious stream of propaganda-acid directed against the heart of a whole people. And it began to take effect!

France did not weaken or grow cowardly. That is not the spirit of France. But its people saw gathering above them the clouds of hopelessness—which is more fatal than weakness or cowardice. Probably—they reasoned—the Germans told the truth, for their arguments seemed based on facts that convinced.

At this moment the whole bridge of the Allied Cause trembled. France is not the entire bridge, but it is the keystone, the central arch.

There could be but one response: to *prove* to the whole people of France that *the Germans lied.* Not merely to convince a few statesmen, a visiting commission. It was up to America to show Jacques and Marie, from Belfort to Bordeaux, from Rheims to the Spanish border, that *we were coming to them,* right away and millions strong.

In its five thousand recorded years humanity has contrived only one device to make such an exposition possible: The Motion Picture.

Not thousands, but millions of feet of film were rushed across by our government, and were shown in all parts of France simultaneously.

And what did the almost-disheartened French people see?

Gun-works like Krupp's, or their own Papa Creusot's, roaring through the day, blazing through the night. Shipyards, with great carriers building in quartets and octettes. Shell factories, with literal miles of workers. Great naval stations, and thousands of young sailors. Army camps, with hundreds of thousands of splendidly-drilled troops. Small-arms factories the like of which are nowhere. The vast organization of the army and navy actually at work in Washington. The conservation of food for every part of the world except Kaiserdom—France saw a moving, living, rushing negative of every vicious argument Wilhelm's agents had put forth.

France drew a long breath. It smiled. It cinched up its belt. And —with its American brothers —it began to give their answer to the Germans at Chateau Thierry.

GERMANY told France — and half-convinced her — "All you will ever get from America is promises!"

There could be but one response: to prove to the whole people of France that the Germans lied.

Not thousands, but millions of feet of film were rushed across by the United States Government, and were shown in all parts of France simultaneously. France saw a moving, living, rushing negative of every vicious argument Wilhelm's agents had put forth.

France drew a long breath. It smiled. It cinched up its belt, and — with its American brothers — began to give their answer to the Germans at Chateau Thierry.

That is how the motion picture saved the world.

Anything which can be a great power for good can also be a great force for evil. That's a natural law as applicable to the motion picture as it is to fire and water.

About the time America was getting its myriad celluloid tongues ready to call the Germans liars—and before that time —Germany itself was a great believer in and purchaser of American films.

Unclean pictures; morbid stories; vampire tales; gangster and gunmen reels—every sort of cheap, suggestive, sensational, unnatural melodrama and prurient sex-story that it could pick up in the neutral countries around it, or that its American agents could smuggle to those neutral countries. To these pictures, especially among neutrals where it still had free access, Germany gave the widest circulation possible.

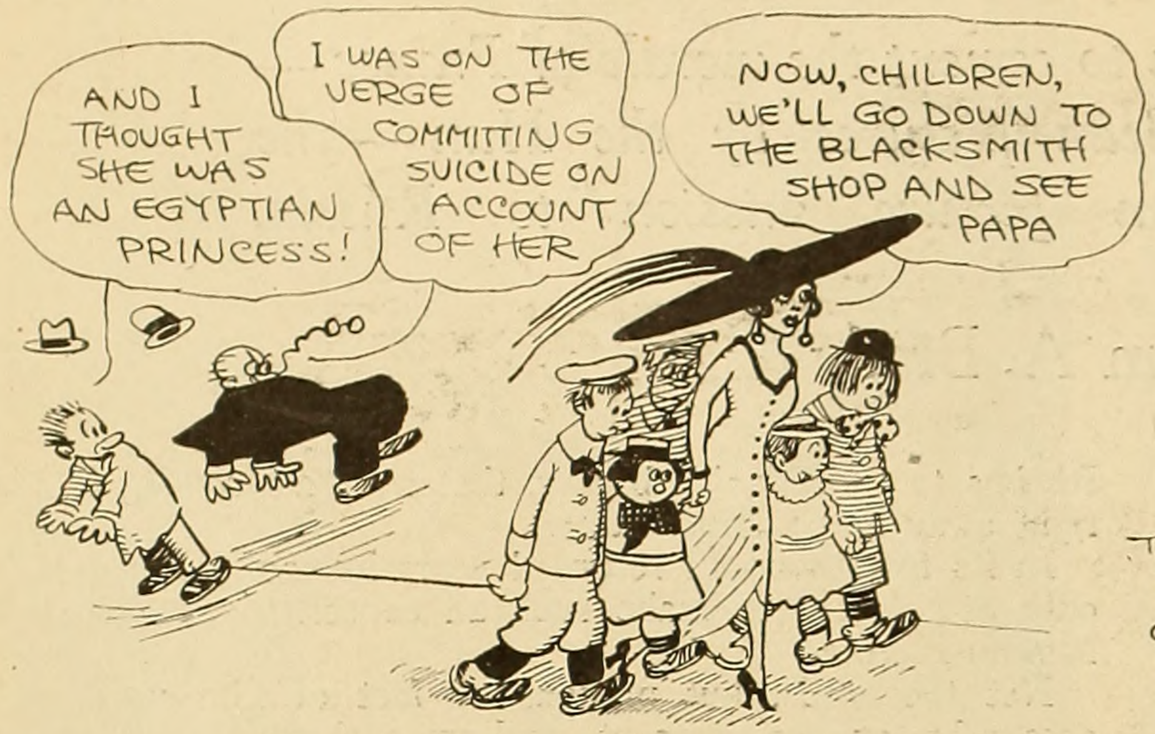
"Here," sneered the representatives of Potsdam, "is 'the saviour of civilization!' This is America—typical America—who is going to preserve the world for democracy. They abuse our Kultur; here's theirs. These gunmen and thugs are only average Americans. These vampires represent their women of leisure. Now then, which do you want in Europe—our civilization, or what these barbarians think is civilization?"

Needless to say, these dirty and desperate arguments were not wholly convincing to the intelligent citizens of Sweden, Switzerland and Spain. But they did damage enough.

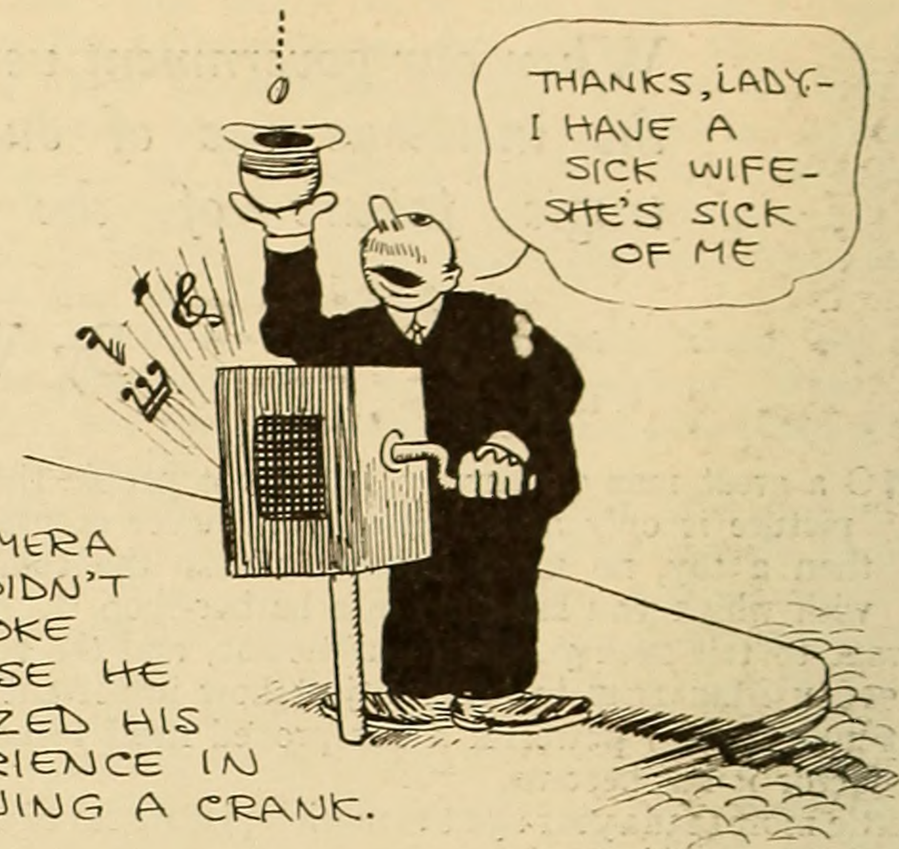
I have given you merely an advance summary of two chapters of war history that remain to be written.

(Continued on page 100)

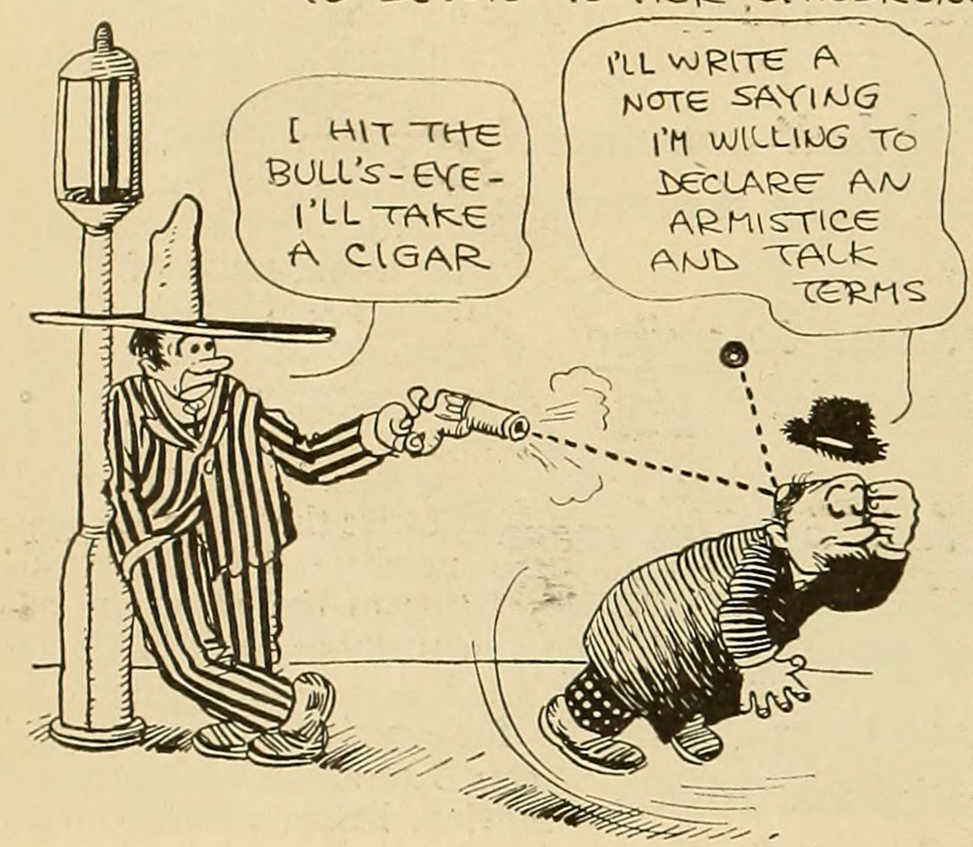
Those Workless Fludays — *What the screencelebs did in their four-weeks' layoff.*



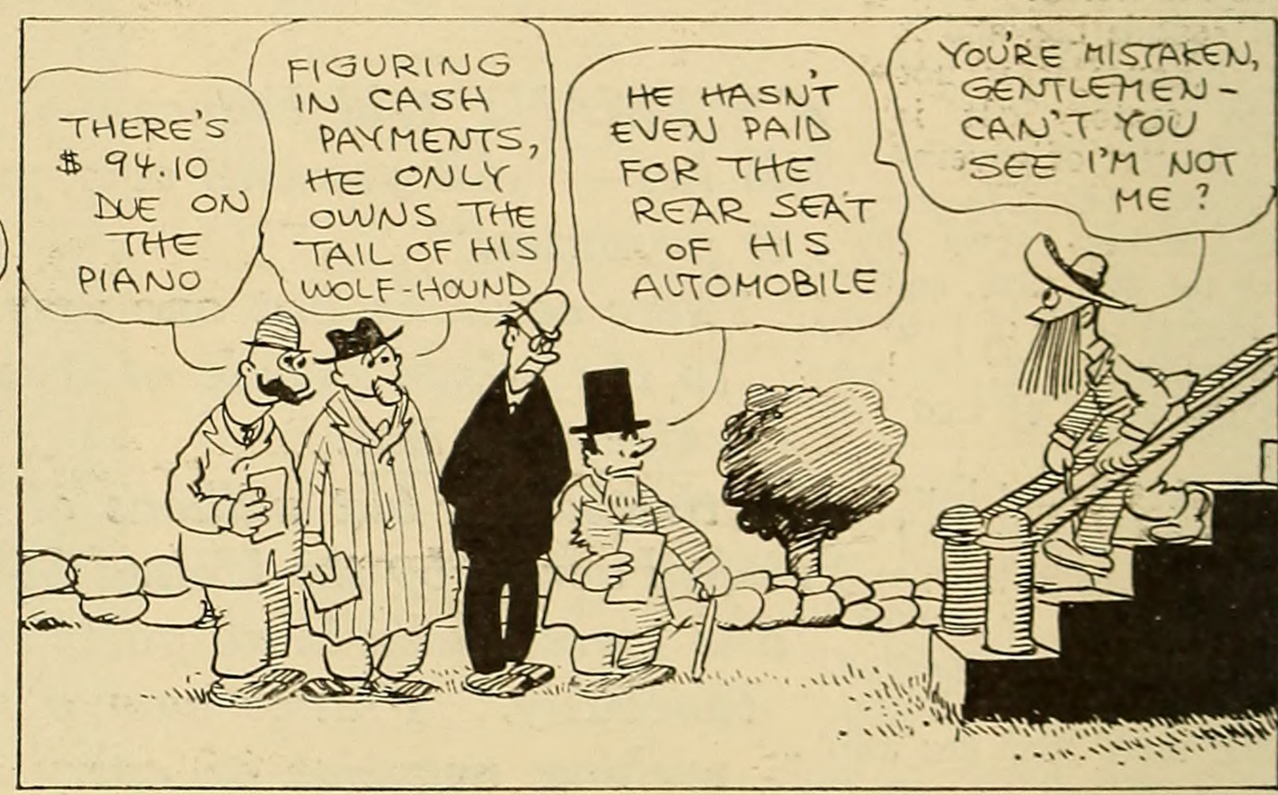
THE FOUR WEEKS' LAY-OFF GAVE THE VAMPIRE A LITTLE TIME TO DEVOTE TO HER CHILDREN.



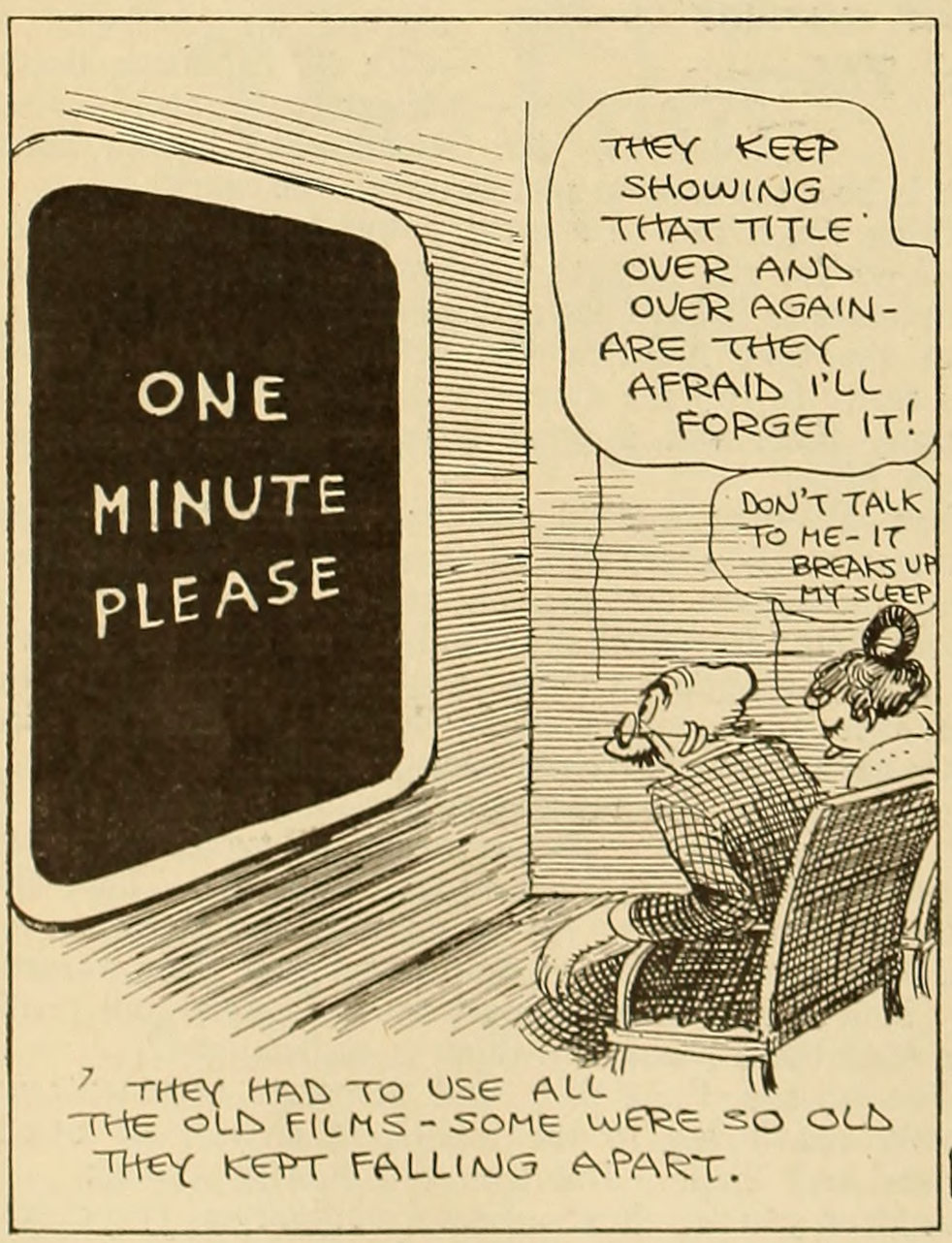
THE CAMERA MAN DIDN'T GO BROKE BECAUSE HE UTILIZED HIS EXPERIENCE IN TURNING A CRANK.



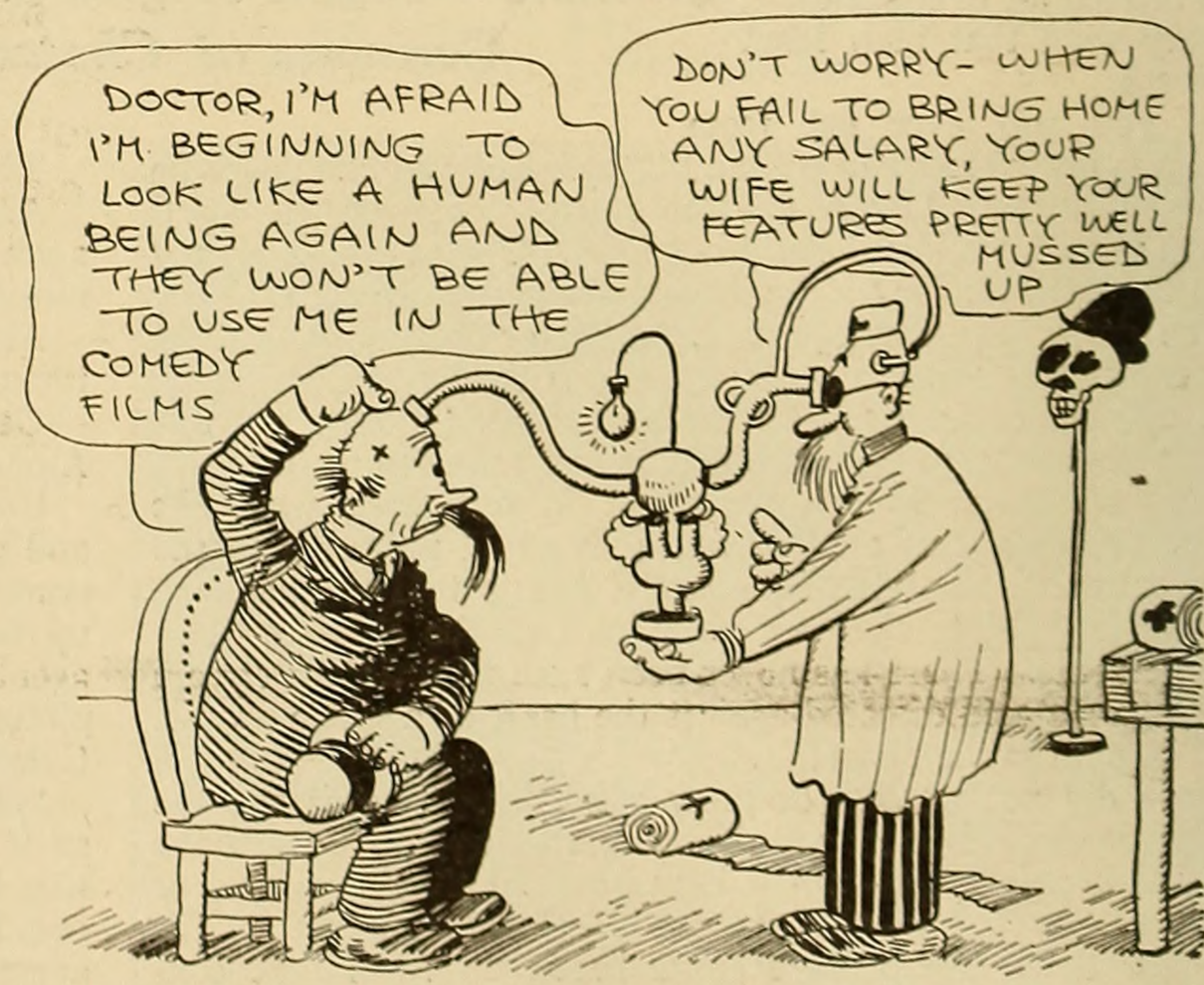
BILL HART AND THE OTHER WILD WEST SPECIALISTS MUST KEEP IN PRACTICE, WORK OR NO WORK.



WHEN THE SCREEN HERO'S SALARY STOPPED HE HAD TO WEAR A BEARD TO STALL OFF THE INSTALLMENT MEN WHO FURNISHED HIM WITH ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME.



THEY HAD TO USE ALL THE OLD FILMS - SOME WERE SO OLD THEY KEPT FALLING APART.



THE CUSTARD PIE COMEDIAN FEARED HIS HEAD WAS GROWING BACK TO ITS RIGHT SHAPE BECAUSE HE WAS NOT BEING HIT WITH A CLUB EVERY OTHER MINUTE.

R. L. Goldberg, the famous cartoonist, has signed an exclusive magazine contract with PHOTOPLAY. His droll observations on various phases of motion pictures—of which this page is the first example—will be a regular feature in coming issues.

"Cheyenne Harry" — *from N. Y.*

He has some record. In fact, he is under suspicion of being a pretty good actor

HARRY CAREY was raised right anyhow.

Which only goes to show that crooks and western bad men are not always what they seem.

For Cheyenne Harry—the boldest bandit who ever roamed the plains or rescued fair ladies—former crook bank-robber, confidence man, forger—was born and raised in Manhattan.

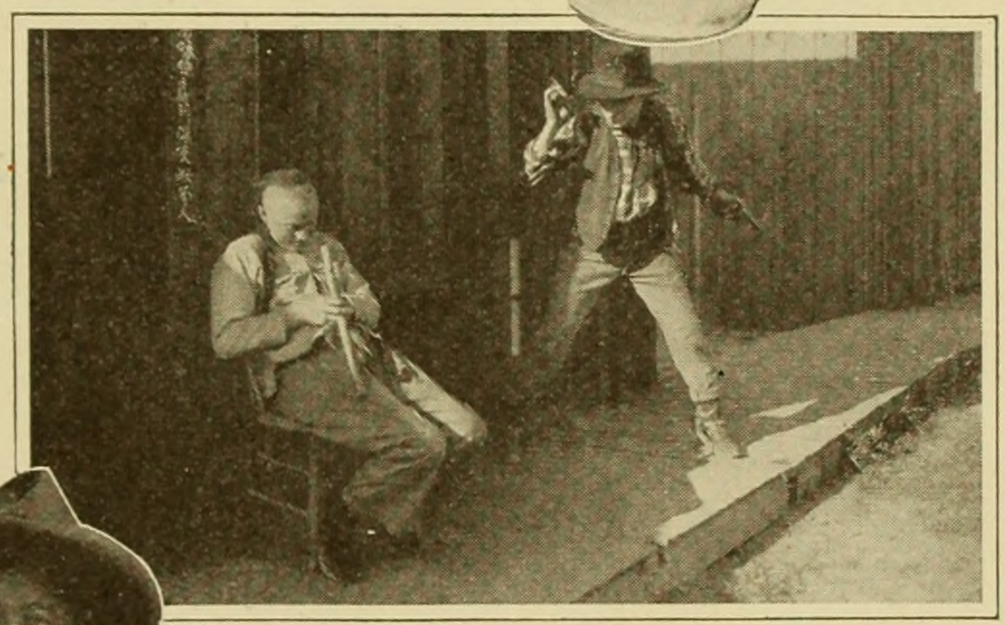
He was not a wayward youth. When a child, he was never permitted to handle a gun. He was awfully good about going to school, and washing his ears. He even went through New York University—all the way through; he has a diploma to prove it. He had studied to become a lawyer. But he didn't stick to it—Harry was always truthful, whatever else they might say about him; he couldn't tell a lie.

But—now comes the sad part. Harry, one day, while poring over Blackstone, had an idea. It came to him suddenly. He stayed up real late one night and wrote it out. It turned out to be a plot, and he put it in a play, and called it "Montana." It was accepted and produced. And from then on, he went from bad to worse. He kept on writing plays; "The Heart of Alaska" was another. Finally it got so he began to act in his own dramas. It is terrible to think about—this strong man, who might have been a lawyer—sinking lower and lower in the social scale, from playwright to actor, and from legitimate actor to—motion pictures. Yes. Harry went into the movies.

With Biograph. He acted in more than one hundred Biographs, and in them he did his best—and dirtiest work. He won infamy as the foremost player of underworld characters on the screen. He was Bad. He never got any fan letters.

Then he had a company of his own for a while, but of course we can't hold that against Harry. It was called The Progressive, but it failed to live up to it. Then—came Universal, and Harry Carey became a westerner. A real westerner. They have given him a line of plays in which he rides, and shoots, and rescues substantial young western ladies in riding boots and feminine sombreros.

The Good Guy. Here's Harry with three of his several dozen assorted dogs. Who, gazing upon this domestic picture, would ever suspect him of holding up stage coaches? Yet on the screen, Cheyenne Harry does that, and worse.



The Bad Guy. Exemplifying the quick trigger finger. The next scene, please believe us, shows the Chinaman falling to the ground. Scene from Universal's "The Passing of Hell's Crown."

His ranch in the uplands beyond Newhall, California, domiciles, besides Harry and his "heavy" in pictures and best friend in real life, Joe Harris, several dozen dogs—of which a fifteen-year-old pensionnaire named "Judge" is the favorite—horses, cows, turkeys, ducks, pigeons, pigs, and rabbits. It's the simple life now for Cheyenne Harry, who never understood the business end of a gun until he had signed his contract to play westerns.

Of course blood will tell. Before the cameras at Universal City, Harry rolls his own cigarettes and inhales, but after the day's work is done, he goes home and lights an old pipe and reads Herbert Spencer or a book on navigation—long ago he piloted a craft off the Maine Coast.

A resume of some of his old Biograph pictures brings to light such clear-cut titles as "The Sheriff's Dilemma" and "The Miser's Legacy." For Universal, "The Stolen Treaty," "The Master Cracksman," and "A Knight of the Range." Carey has written over one hundred scenarios.

Others of his pictures for Universal have been "Hell Bent," "A Woman's Fool," and "Three Mounted Men." With each of these he has improved his prowess with the six-shooter; his trigger finger is extremely agile, and he is proficient in the rescuing of those persecuted daughters of the plains, with whom he rides into the sunset in the last reel.

In real life, however, Cheyenne Harry rides alone.

He forgets the wild and woolly stuff when he leaves the studio for that ranch of his. There he is a gentleman farmer, kind to animals and all. But that sombrero, you'll note, is titled at the same wicked angle.

Phyllis Haver feels that her form of art has made her susceptible to cold only around the shoulders, hence this cunning chunk of Fitch fur has become the filler in a delectable chicken sandwich. Fitch is most comfortable, also, when worn with a delsarte pose of the hands. Try it some time.

Proceeding in a downward curve to the right, beneath little Miss Haver's invisible feet, an immediate upswoop will lead you directly to Miss Harriett Hammond; who, as your reliable eyes inform you, has just bought a wonderful Russianesque ' thingumbob of moleskin, trimmed with ermine. Apart from the fact that there is a charming tasseled toque of the same, we haven't a thing more to say.

When the Arctic Came to the Tropics

THOUGH you're not used to thinking about Mack Sennett's living China in anything except its natural state, it's quite true that the weather gets chilly, if not actually cold, in California in winter-time; and it's also true that the water-babies are just water-babies in working hours, and afterward are little ladies of fashion, beneath the smartest plumage that modistes and milliners and trappers can bring them.

Virginia Warwick's kolinsky is a sinful luxury in wartimes. But isn't a girl who goes without clothes all summer entitled to something extra in winter?

How do you like Ethel Lynn's choice? Miss Lynn took this great coat of beaver, trimmed with taupe fox as to collar and cuffs. Personally, we don't know very much about furs but we are quite sure that the beaver will be pleased. We would be, if we were a beaver.

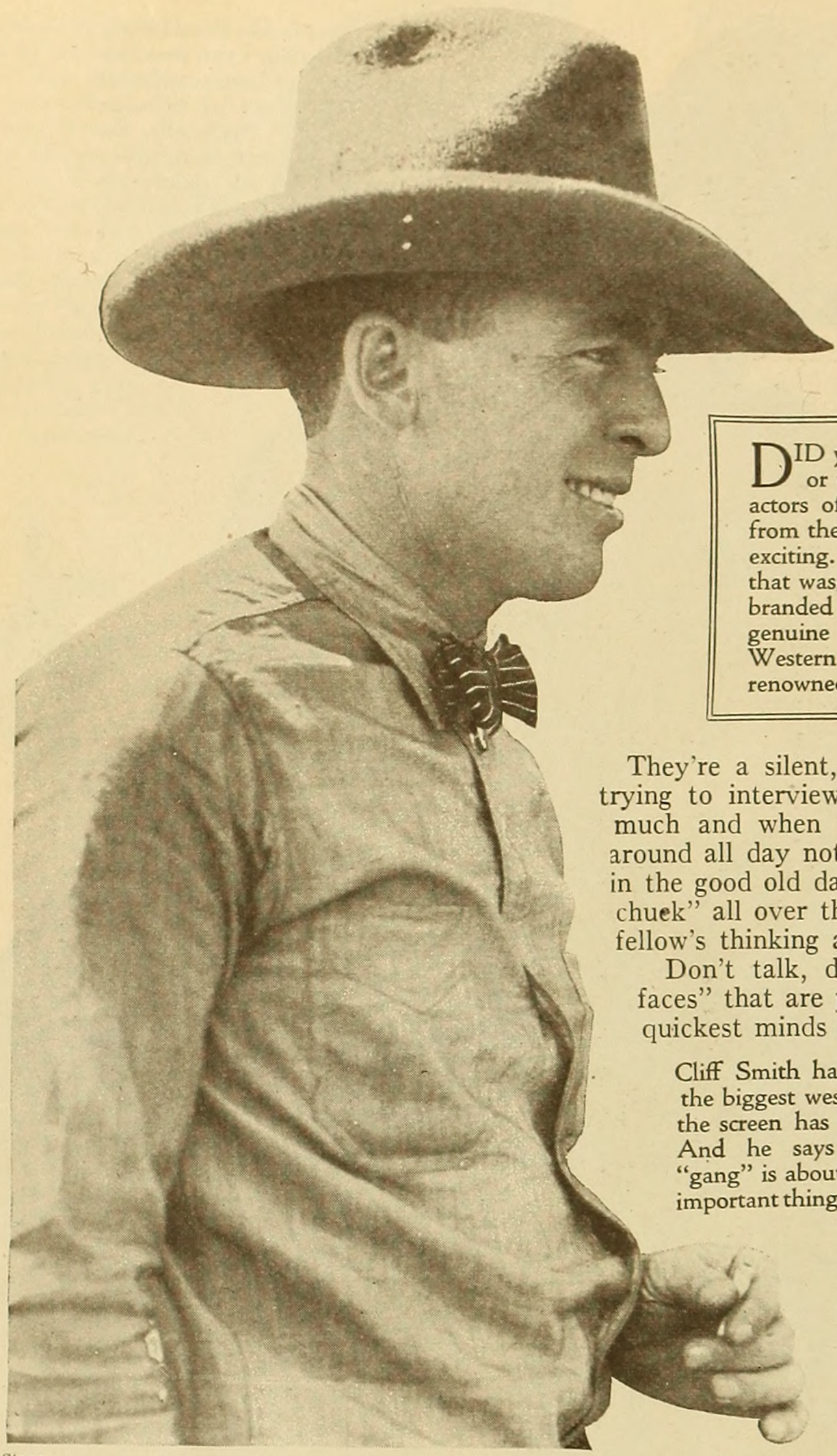
Photos by Stagg

"My Gang"

A narrative inning for a lot of real fellows always seen and never talked about

By Cliff Smith

DID you ever hear of a Western star who was a real cowboy? Possibly one or two, but not more. The majority of the spotlight lariat-throwers are actors of virile ambition and husky physique, who have found the transition from the formal plays of society to the plainsman's big outdoors both easy and exciting. But did you ever hear of a "cow outfit" around one of these stars that wasn't real? Never! You may be sure that the hands have punched and branded and ridden after mavericks in dead earnest. Some of their stories are genuine romances; others are quaint comedies. Cliff Smith, Triangle's late Western director, was once a cow-hand himself, and writes of his pals, the renowned and redoubtable old Triangle gang, in rough affection.



Stagg

Cliff Smith has directed the biggest western stars the screen has ever had. And he says that his "gang" is about the most important thing on the lot.

They're a silent, funny bunch, that' gang of mine. Wouldn't be no more use trying to interview them than the Sphinx. They aren't in the habit of talking much and when they do talk it's not about themselves. I've seen them sit around all day not making more than three or four remarks. But like the boys in the good old days that rode herd and busted broncs for "thirty a month and chuck" all over this western country, they sort of seem to know what the other fellow's thinking about.

Don't talk, don't smile more than once a month, but behind the "poker faces" that are part of their code, they've got the keenest sense of humor, the quickest minds and the kindest hearts in the world.

MOST anybody can be a western star but it takes a darn good guy to be Western atmosphere.

I've been directing western pictures for more years than my wife likes me to admit. I've directed the biggest western stars the screen has ever had. And I'm here to state that my gang is about the most important thing there is on the lot to me.

You've never met my gang, of course, not even semi-officially. They seldom if ever get their names in the papers nor on the screen. Lots of times they don't even get their faces on the screen. But take them out of any good western picture I've made and they'll leave a hole seven stars, twelve beautiful leading ladies in distress, and fourteen heavies can't fill.

Who is it gives you the thrill when his horse jumps over a cliff, turns a somersault in midair and is still galloping when he comes up? Who does the roping stunts that make you sit right up straight in your seat? Who uses a gun with both hands and can hit the ace of hearts going by on a freight car sixty miles an hour? Who sticks to that "snakey" horse when it couldn't walk straight on anything but a corkscrew? My gang.

Do you want to know where the best bronc riders, the niftiest two-gun men, the fanciest ropers are—the boys who used to set Texas, Arizona, Wyoming and Oklahoma by the ears? In my gang.

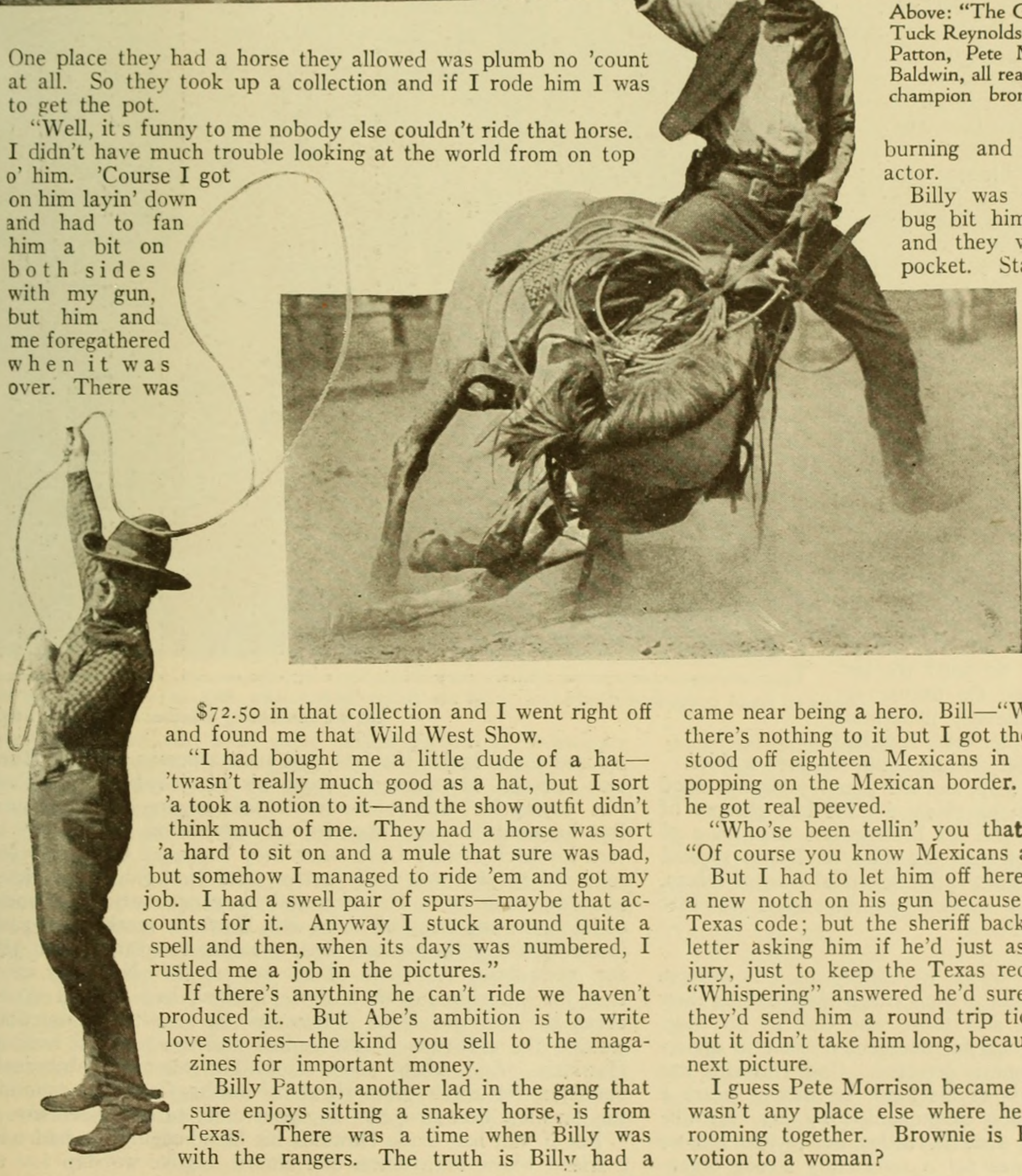
Take Abe Farra— Abe was champion broncho buster of the world in 1911 and 1913. He went down from Montana to the big contest in Oklahoma and cleaned them up right. He rode nine horses couldn't anybody else ride, and then wound up with Corkscrew, the hardest horse to sit on around those parts. Abe's one of those smooth faced, quiet guys who hasn't anything at all to say.

"Brownie," Pete Morrisson's trained horse, who will do anything but talk. Pete raised Brownie "from a pup."

Abe came to me via the Wild West show route. When I asked him could he ride, he spit out of one corner of his mouth and sort of gazed off into space and said: "Not much." It took me two weeks to find out about him. Seems Abe got tired of busting horses at $3 a head and decided to look around the country. He tells it something like this:

"I farmed awhile and teamed awhile and gambled awhile, but I didn't make no money out of that truck. So I bought me a ticket and took a look around the country. Had my saddle in a sack and my money—what there was of it—in my pocket. When I got to Dennison, Texas, I seen the posters on the fence—great big posters—telling 'bout a Wild West Show that had been there a few weeks before. Right there I makes up my mind to join it. Didn't have but 'bout a dollar and a half so I stopped off a couple of places to bust a horse or two.

Above: "The Gang." Reading from left to right: Tuck Reynolds, Bill Smith, Chick Morrisson, Billy Patton, Pete Morrisson, Abe Farra and Curly Baldwin, all real cow hands. Below, Billy Patton, champion broncho buster, throwing his pony, "Sunshine."



One place they had a horse they allowed was plumb no 'count at all. So they took up a collection and if I rode him I was to get the pot.

"Well, it s funny to me nobody else couldn't ride that horse. I didn't have much trouble looking at the world from on top o' him. 'Course I got on him layin' down and had to fan him a bit on both sides with my gun, but him and me foregathered when it was over. There was $72.50 in that collection and I went right off and found me that Wild West Show.

"I had bought me a little dude of a hat—'twasn't really much good as a hat, but I sort 'a took a notion to it—and the show outfit didn't think much of me. They had a horse was sort 'a hard to sit on and a mule that sure was bad, but somehow I managed to ride 'em and got my job. I had a swell pair of spurs—maybe that accounts for it. Anyway I stuck around quite a spell and then, when its days was numbered, I rustled me a job in the pictures."

If there's anything he can't ride we haven't produced it. But Abe's ambition is to write love stories—the kind you sell to the magazines for important money.

Billy Patton, another lad in the gang that sure enjoys sitting a snakey horse, is from Texas. There was a time when Billy was with the rangers. The truth is Billy had a burning and unsatiated desire to be an actor.

Billy was down to El Paso when the bug bit him. He had his thirty bucks and they were burning a hole in his pocket. Standing outside a theater, he saw a picture of a real swell chicken in a white dress with pearls in her hair. Underneath it said:

THE LONDON REPROTOIRE COMPANY, IN ROMEO AND JULIET.

Billy went and that was his finish. He still aspires to play Romeo and when nobody's looking he spouts a bit of Hamlet, but most of the time he's playing an all-around western cow puncher and bronc buster.

We've got one boy in the Triangle gang that came near being a hero. Bill—"Whispering"—Smith. Bill says there's nothing to it but I got the dope pretty straight that he stood off eighteen Mexicans in '14 when all the trouble was popping on the Mexican border. When I asked him about it he got real peeved.

"Who'se been tellin' you that stuff?" he wanted to know. "Of course you know Mexicans ain't real men, nohow."

But I had to let him off here a while ago. He didn't put a new notch on his gun because Mexicans don't count in the Texas code; but the sheriff back there wrote him a real nice letter asking him if he'd just as soon come back and face a jury, just to keep the Texas record for law and order clean. "Whispering" answered he'd sure accept the kind invitation if they'd send him a round trip ticket. They did and he went, but it didn't take him long, because he was back in time for the next picture.

I guess Pete Morrison became a movie cowboy because there wasn't any place else where he and Brownie could keep on rooming together. Brownie is Pete's horse. Talk about devotion to a woman? *(Continued on page 109)*

The SQUAW MAN

Narrated, by Jerome Shorey, from the photoplay.

(Copyright, 1906, by Edwin Milton Royle and Selena F. Royle)

IT was not to save his cousin, Henry, Earl of Kerhill, from disgrace, that Jim Wynnegate was leaving England, and by his sudden and unannounced departure tacitly pleading guilty to the embezzlement of charity funds of which he and Henry were joint custodians. Truth was, he despised Henry, not merely because he knew that his cousin was a thief, but because the remainder of his character was in harmony with this fact. Nor was it with any Quixotic idea of sheltering the family name, that he allowed the world to think he, rather than the Earl, was guilty. As the shores of England merged with the horizon he mused bitterly upon the pleas that had been made for him to take the blame upon his shoulders, for the sake of the family. And they all thought it was for the family he had done it. How little they understood!

All Jim hoped, all he asked, was that his action should restore to Diana her peace of mind, if it were not too late. Diana was Henry's wife, and Jim loved her. That was all right. Jim had infinite capacity for concealing his emotions. He never had hinted the truth to Diana, but when Henry, one day in a jealous rage, accused his wife of being too fond of Jim, she became confused and betrayed the fact that Jim's affection was returned. Jim discovered this accidentally, and realized that nothing but unhappiness for the woman he worshiped could result from his remaining in England. He had already decided to go away when the fact of Henry's peculations was discovered. So much the better. Jim could use this as the excuse for his departure, and, he believed, undermine Diana's faith in him so that her love, if it had come to that, would be killed. Diana could not love a thief.

Night closed in about the ship, and still Jim Wynnegate stood at the rail, peering through the gloom for his last glimpse of England. As the land and the sea became one vast mass of grey, shapeless and impenetrable, the face of Diana seemed to take form in the empty spaces, the beautiful face of Diana, proud yet kind, and to Jim it seemed that she smiled, and that in the smile there was a promise.

Two types of men are drawn irresistibly to the western plains—those who find in the arduous life a challenge to their courage and determination, and those who find in its wide, untraveled spaces, opportunities for undetected crime or opportunities for escape when crime is detected. Cash Hawkins was one of the latter. Like all of his kind, he was at heart a coward, blustering only when accompanied by his wolf-like gang. He was known to be a cattle-rustler, but in that remote corner of Wyoming there was not a sufficiently strong organization of law to attempt conviction and capture. It was rather openly hinted that the Sheriff himself was receiving money from Cash to pay no attention to complaints. When Jim Wynnegate dropped off at the little cow town and announced his intention of becoming a rancher, Cash Hawkins marked him for his special victim. It was inevitable that they should be enemies. The mere fact of two men of such opposite character, the one with the keenest sense of honor, the other with nothing but a sneer for whatever was honorable, living in the same neighborhood, was a guarantee that they must clash.

The feud was one-sided for a long time simply because Jim

Jim was considering whether it would be worth the refused to recognize the fact that such a person as Cash Hawkins existed. He learned through his own cowboys that Cash was "laying for" him for no reason that anyone could discover. But he went his way unperturbed only being careful not to turn his back toward Cash when they happened to meet. The feud did not become really active until Jim, riding the range one day, came upon Hawkins and his gang, cutting out some of his cattle and branding them with Hawkins' mark. The gang jumped on their horses and fled, swearing vengeance upon Jim for interrupting the theft of his own stock. Not long after this Jim interfered with a deal Hawkins had framed up to cheat the old Ute chief, Tabywana, in a cattle transaction, earning the gratitude of the Indian and the renewed hate of Hawkins. And when, soon after, Jim rescued Tabywana's daughter, Naturitch, from Hawkins' insults, Cash was counting the days lost that gave him no opportunity to kill his enemy.

But if Jim had made Hawkins his blood-enemy, he had won a friend whose faithfulness and almost doglike worship was to

stand him in good stead. Naturitch looked upon him as little short of a god.

The Continental Limited pulled into the little town one day with a leaking boilertube, and the passengers were informed that they might as well look about and enjoy some wild western scenery, as it would be several hours before the repairs could be made. Two men and a woman left one of the Pullmans, and strolled about the town. The curious travelling caps the men wore, told that they were English, and they stared at everything with true British curiosity, not unmixed with superciliousness. They were attracted by the dance hall-saloon-

"You too, Queenie," he commanded. "Come on in and get your liquor."

In an instant Jim was at Hawkins' side.

"Put up that gun," he commanded.

Hawkins looked up at him, with a surly snarl. But it was no time for dispute. Jim was facing him, and there was fight in his eyes. With a curse he dropped his gun back in its holster and slunk out of the saloon.

"By Jove, if it isn't our friend the embezzler," exclaimed Applegate.

The Earl looked away uneasily. Diana gave a little cry, and

chance to reach for his own gun, when a sharp report was heard, and Hawkins dropped where he stood.

gambling house, and after some debate decided to investigate. Cash was there with his gang. Spotting the strangers, and recognizing them as of the same caste as his sworn foe, he ordered them up to the bar.

"Cash Hawkins is buying for the house," he yelled, and brandished his gun.

Jim was at the other end of the long bar, with Big Bill and Grouchy, two of his most trusted cowboys. At the commotion he looked down the line and saw—Diana. Jim's cousin, the Earl, was swiftly obeying the bully's command to approach the bar. Sir John Applegate, their traveling companion, was hesitating between a desire to protect Diana from the insult of this barbarian, and the realization that resistance would be futile. Diana alone was defiant. Standing straight and motionless, she looked at Hawkins as Marie Antoinette looked upon the mobs that dragged her to the guillotine. But the scorn that would have withered a civilized being had no effect upon Hawkins.

then controlled herself.

"What's that?" demanded the Sheriff, who had been a witness of the incident.

"Oh, come on, Sir John," the Earl said petulantly. "We'll be missing our train."

"No yuh don't," said the Sheriff, blocking the way. "If this here Britisher's an embezzler, I want to know about it."

"Then find out about it for yourself," the Earl snapped. "Out of my way."

The outburst was so unexpected that the Sheriff, open-mouthed, obeyed, and the visitors started for the door. But not until Diana had found opportunity to whisper in Jim's ear:

"Oh why did you go? I *know* you are innocent."

Just that, and she was gone, but to Jim it was as if the heavens had opened for an instant. It reawakened his courage, that she should have this faith in him.

The Sheriff, always on the alert in the interests of his friend

Naturitch had slipped into the house and after crooning for a moment over some of the boy's toys, stealthily departed.

Cash Hawkins, would not allow the incident to be closed without asserting his authority a little further.

"What's this about you being an embezzler?" he demanded of Jim.

"Haven't the slightest idea," Jim replied with a smile. "Never saw the people in my life. Mistaken identity, I suppose. Any objection?"

The Sheriff took a long look into Jim's eyes, and decided he had no further comment to make. There would have been no time, in any event. While Jim's attention was engaged with the Sheriff, Cash Hawkins had flung open the door of the saloon, and flanked by half a dozen of his followers, guns in every hand, shouted:

"Hands up."

It was no time for parley, and Jim obeyed. Cash had the drop on him, and hesitation meant death. He doubted that Cash would have the nerve to shoot him in cold blood, but still the situation unquestionably was ticklish. Cash was in a rage over Jim's interruption of his sport a few minutes earlier, and the old scores remained unsettled. Besides, Cash was secure in his knowledge that the Sheriff was his friend. The tendency in those days was to take for granted that every man was capable of looking out for himself, and except for flagrantly unprovoked murder, invoking the processes of law was looked upon with disfavor. These things all flashed through Jim's mind as he stood facing Cash, whose bestial features were lighted with unholy triumph.

Cash's right hand twitched a little. It looked as if he was about to fire. Jim was considering whether it would be worth the chance to reach for his own gun, when a sharp report was heard, and Hawkins dropped where he stood. A quick examination showed he had been shot through the heart.

The Sheriff, whose zeal for his friend was out of all proportion to his intelligence, wanted to arrest Jim, but an examination of Jim's gun, as well as that of his men, Bill and Grouchy, showed that every chamber contained a loaded cartridge, that the weapons were cold and the barrels clean and bright.

"Well, somebody must 'a killed him," the Sheriff insisted.

"That seems a reasonable conclusion," Jim assured him, "and it's up to you as Sheriff to find out who did it. But I don't believe anybody around here will mourn if you don't, especially owners of cattle."

That night Jim strolled away from his cabin, out under the stars. His mind was filled with thoughts of Diana, and of her faith in him. How splendid she was, as she stood there in the saloon, defying Hawkins, proud and fearless! How pitiful that she should be chained to the weakling Henry! Well, that was all past. He would never see either of them again. Henry would take good care that they never came that way.

As he stood on a slight rise of ground, Jim saw a figure approaching swiftly toward him through the darkness.

"Who's that?" he called, with his hand on his gun.

"Me—Naturitch," a woman's voice replied.

"Are you looking for me, Naturitch?" he asked.

She did not answer until she was close beside him.

"Me kill him," she whispered.

"You!"

"You save me from him, me save you," she explained, simply.

"But where were you?"

"Me watch—side room—he ready shoot—me shoot first," and she handed him a little revolver, hardly more than a toy beside the artillery of the plains.

"I'll keep this," Jim said. "If they find the little bullet, and see this gun, they'll know you did it. I don't suppose there's another this size in Wyoming. But how can I ever repay you?"

For reply she whispered a few words in her own language and slipped away as silently as she had come. Jim could only guess the purport of her remark, but he sensed something to the effect that she was his slave and would serve him whenever he needed her.

Jim's debt of gratitude to Naturitch was soon redoubled. Riding along a treacherous canyon trail one day, in search of stray cattle, his horse slipped, and he fell into a chasm known as Death Hole. Strange mineral springs sent off poisonous vapors in this narrow and almost inaccessible gorge, and animals and men shunned it. The Indians surrounded it with superstitions, and would make long detours to avoid it. As Jim fell his head struck a boulder, and he lay unconscious at the bottom of the Hole. An Indian tracker had been his companion, and hurried back to the camp to inform Tabywana of Jim's plight. But while Tabywana would have done anything in reason for his friend, he was of the older generation, and he would neither venture to defy the superstition, nor order

any of his tribe to do so. Naturitch heard the news, and, unseen by her father, hurried away. She too believed in the superstition of Death Hole, but something stronger than superstition drew her on. There was no time to warn the cowboys—the poison fumes would have done their work before they could be brought. So she sped through the steep defiles, and with almost superhuman strength, dragged the object of her devotion to safety.

Nor was this all. When, with the aid of her tribesmen, who were willing enough to help when Jim had been extricated from the Hole itself, she had taken Jim to his cabin, she refused to leave him. The poison had entered his system, and there was no doctor to be had. So she brought to bear all the lore of the aborigines, and nursed him back to health. When he had recovered sufficiently to be about, Jim went to her one day and said:

"Time for you to go back to your father now Naturitch."

She shook her head. "Me no go back again," she said, and no argument could alter her determination.

Jim was lonely. The comradeship of Big Bill, Grouchy, and the other cowboys did not suffice. The thought of his loss of Diana never left him. But the gentle ministrations of Naturitch, through his illness, seemed to supply something of the need that was growing within him. She was not of his race, but she was adaptable, and was willing to forego all to be with him. She asked nothing but to be permitted to serve her selfchosen master, and her face, which was beautiful with all the unspoiled beauty of nature, would light up with joy at the least word of praise from him. But Jim, knowing what it would mean for her to stay, did his best to force her to go, and even appealed to her father. But the old chief only shook his head, a little sadly. So Naturitch stayed, and when a few months later Jim saw her working on a tiny pair of moccasins, he sent for a minister.

Thus Jim Wynnegate, cousin of an Earl, became a squaw man. Ordinarily it was a term of reproach. Men who married Indian women were, frequently, outcasts from their own kind, and by their adoption of an Indian mate they still further isolated themselves. But Jim commanded the respect of the community, and while many looked askance at his marriage, they still held him in respect, although avoiding him a little, that there might be some slight indication of their disapproval of these mixed marriages.

If the few years which followed did not bring Jim actual happiness, they brought something perhaps a little more positive than contentment. He was fairly successful and he had his son. Little Hal was his one joy in life. Naturitch seemed less like his wife than a superior servant, who came and went, intruding as little as possible into his life. She appeared to feel that only through the boy had she any claim to a part in Jim's existence. She made little attempt to learn to speak English fluently in spite of Jim's oft repeated urging that she should do so for the sake of Hal. If he had been firm with her, she doubtless would have obeyed, but he could no more scold her than he could scold his dog or his horse, she took all his words to heart so deeply. So rather than wound her he allowed things to drift along.

Suddenly everything seemed to go wrong. The fair measure of prosperity that had been his, evaporated almost overnight. An epidemic afflicted his cattle, his favorite horse broke its leg in a gopher hole, the whole ranch seemed to be overtaken by some perverse fate. To add to these very real troubles, there came an annoying incident that might have far reaching results. The Sheriff, seeking re-election, had been informed by the friends of Cash Hawkins that they would vote against him unless he discovered and arrested the slayer of their ringleader.

(Continued on page 105)

The Squaw Man

NARRATED, by permission, from Beulah Marie Dix's scenario of the same name, adapted from the famous play of Edwin Milton Royle, and produced by Artcraft, with this cast:

Jim Wynnegate .....Elliott Dexter
Henry, Earl of Kerhill, his cousin... .....Thurston Hall
Diana, Henry's wife Katherine MacDonald
Sir John Applegate.....Tully Marshall
Tabywana .....Noah Beery
Naturitch .....Ann Little
Big Bill.....Theodore Roberts
Little Hal.....Pat Moore
Grouchy .....Jim Mason
Cash Hawkins.....Jack Holt

"Need I tell you that I will care for him as if he were my own son?" Diana asked impulsively.

Stagg

The Gish home is a big white house on Serrano avenue, a street in the Western part of Los Angeles that always seems to be a river of sunshine. It is set back at the end of a deep lawn, and an unroofed portico runs across its whole front. On the broad cement rail of this portico behold the Gish *Enfant Terrible*, simultaneously kidding Mrs. St. Johns and the photographer.

Black Sheep Gish

"Gee, I've got a nice family—all but me!" says Dorothy the Disturber.

By Adela Rogers-St. Johns

"HELLO," said Dorothy Gish, with the unaffected simplicity of a child, "I'm trying out my new uke. We've got a jazz band on my set now and I have to keep in training."

She sat down on one end of a perfectly enormous purple velvet divan, tucked her feet under her, kid-fashion, and began to laugh. Out of a clear sky it bubbled, that laugh—just girl. And there you have the secret of Dorothy Gish and her superlative charm—just girl—the sort of girl you adored in high school, and worshipped out of it—the girl you waltzed with under soft, shaded lights—the girl that's always held a little, wee place in your heart—

"Mother'll be here in a minute," she announced. "She's doing some Red Cross thing, of course. My mother," with that positive, almost belligerent little stare that belonged so completely to the famous "Little Disturber" of "Hearts of the World," "is the nicest woman in the world. She's always doing something for somebody."

In "Hearts of the World," with Robert Anderson.

In "The Hun Within," with Charles Girard.

She laid down the beloved ukelele and pulled her knees up under her chin. Try it yourself and you'll be convinced that Dorothy can't possibly be more than the twenty years she proudly claims.

"There's just one thing I want you to say for me," she remarked, with a giggle. "I wore a wig, a black wig, in 'Hearts of the World' and I'm wearing it in all my new pictures. My own hair's blond. See this?" She took a strand of the apricot, silken stuff that curled about her ears and gave it a yank. "That's my own, and it's naturally that color. Gee, everybody thinks now that I'm a peroxide, just because of that black wig. Why, the other day I was helping mother at a Red Cross booth and some woman spotted me. She stood and looked right in my face and then she said to the woman with her: 'Well, I've seen Dorothy Gish twice before. The first time she was a blond, the next time she was a brunette and now look at her!' "

It was too much for Dorothy. She turned over, kicked up her heels and went into a regular fit of giggles! But it is quite true that Dorothy is essentially blond. There is a Watteau shepherdess in the Wallace Gallery in London for which she might have posed.

"I've gotta stop that," she said, sitting up with a face grown suddenly serious. "Mother says I'll have wrinkles all over the

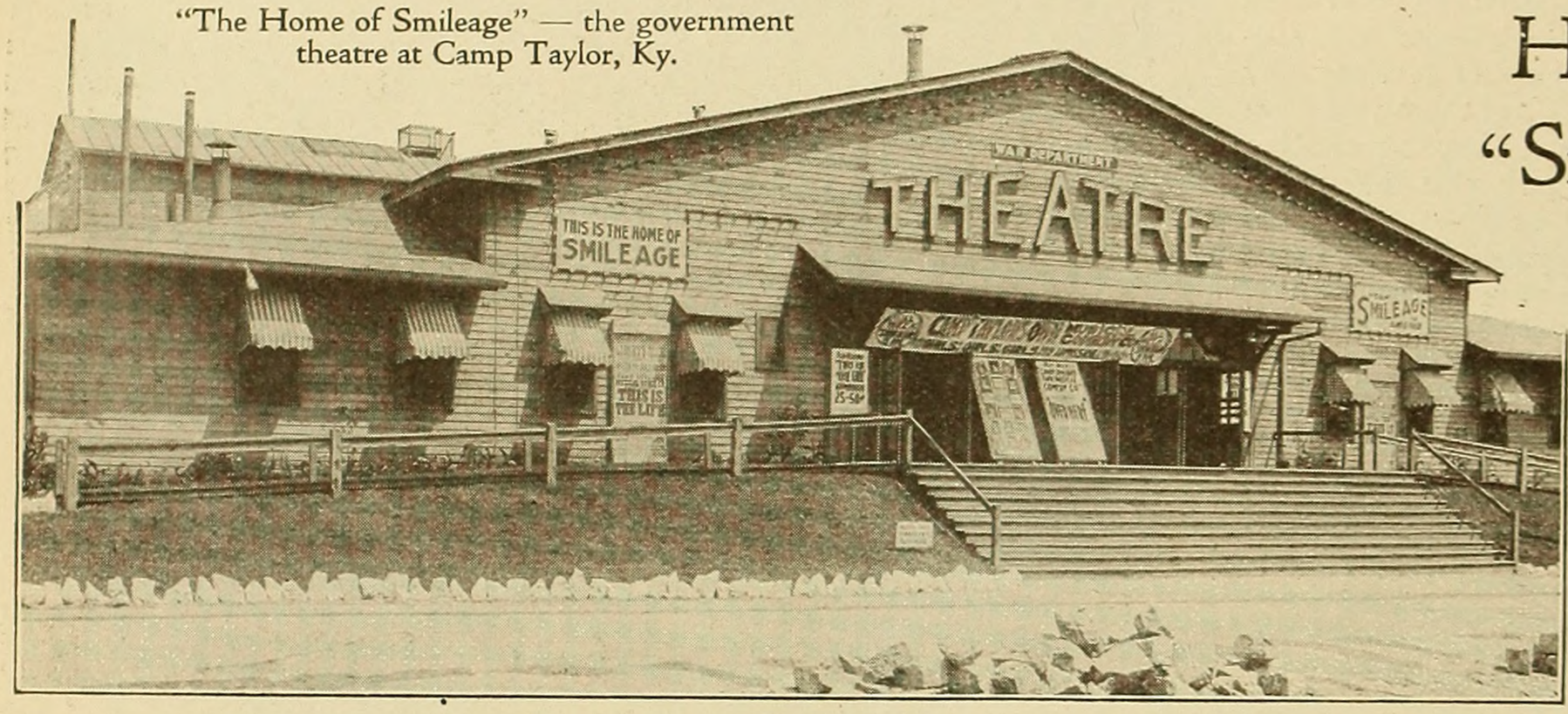
place by the time I'm forty. But, gee, anybody ought to have wrinkles at forty, hadn't they? Seems pretty old to me. I just can't help laughing. Seems to be my nature.

"Now, Lillian—here's a funny one. You know we were brought up with the Pickfords. Well, Mary and I always seemed to be the ones that started things. We used to hear mother say, 'Lillian is too good to live.' And then Mrs. Pickford would sigh and say, 'Yes, that child is almost too good for this world.' Then Mary and I would follow Lillian around all day to see if she wasn't going to fall over, or something. It fascinated us. But Lillian is still like that—so quiet and good. Gee, I've got a nice family—all but me. I'm the black sheep.

"Oh, there was a woman sat next to mother and me one day at a matinee of 'Hearts of the World.' The woman watched me on the screen for a few minutes and then she turned around to me and said, 'I'll bet that girl is a tough one. She couldn't pull that stuff so well if she wasn't.' "

Which brought us naturally to the "Little Disturber" and her origin, for there can be no doubt that Dorothy Gish has created a type of girl new to the screen and one that will follow her name as the "Music Master" has followed that of Warfield, or "Peg" that of Laurette Taylor.

"Well, she's partly a real girl," said Dorothy, and her eyes, under their peculiar lashes—black, feathered with gold—grew serious. "We saw her in Paris and followed her all one afternoon. She walked exactly as I did in the picture, only she brought her feet down harder—like this." She gave me the Little Disturber with amplifications. "She was wearing a peach-colored georgette, with a real lace collar, one of those things that made a tailor-made person like me break the tenth commandment every time I looked at it. And partly, she is—me, I guess. There's one thing makes me pretty glad everybody likes her so well. I won't have to cry much for a spell, and I'm sure glad. I hate to cry."



"The Home of Smileage" — the government theatre at Camp Taylor, Ky.

How About a "Smileage Night" In Your Theatre?

Announcing plans for an organized method of providing entertainment tickets for our soldiers and sailors.

A NEW plan of getting Smileage Books into the hands of soldiers who want them has been proposed to the moving picture exhibitors and has received the approval of some of the biggest men in the industry. As Smileage coupons are now used in the government theatres in the forty-six largest camps, where something like 500,000 men are always kept for training, it is no surprise that about 1,000 requests for Smileage Books are received daily at the Smileage Division offices at Washington.

The new plan is to run a "Smileage Night" once every month in each theatre.

Ten per cent of the gross receipts on that night are to be devoted to the purchase of Smileage Books to go to the men, who come from the same city the theatre is in. That is, the money raised by New York City picture houses will buy Smileage for New York City boys now in camp "over here." The Chicago funds will keep Chicago boys supplied, and Cedar Rapids cash will enable Cedar Rapids soldiers to have a good time in the camp theatres, "on the folks back home."

As over 5,000 cities and towns have established permanent Smileage sales agencies, the entire country is pretty well covered. This additional method of assisting each local Smileage fund should enable the local chairman who has direct charge of the sales in his city, to keep all "his boys" supplied with Smileage coupons.

Smileage coupons are based on the theory that people back home enjoying a show would be glad to take their khaki-clad friends to the show with them if said friends were around town. As their friends are in camp, Smileage provides the acceptable substitute. For the soldier who has a Smileage Book simply exchanges the Smileage coupons for his ticket to the camp theater, and thanks the person who sent him the book for sending him the seat, as it were, by long distance.

Many cities supplied their men with one-dollar or five-dollar Smileage Books when the men went off to camp. Of course, the coupons swiftly disappeared, for the average soldier takes his friends in "on Smileage." Then the demands came to the Washington headquarters, asking how to secure additional Smileage. These demands were referred to the cities from which the men came, and each city took care of its own soldiers. The requests were coming in too fast for most of the local chairmen, so the aid of the picture people comes at a most timely moment.

Each "picture house fund" will be kept separate. The books bought through the funds will all be marked as coming from the various picture houses. Smileage will thus serve as a pleasing reminder of the home town and the fact that the people back there want the men to have as good a time as military regulations permit.

Red Cross hospital directors in fifteen camps have sent in urgent calls "for as many Smileage Books as you can send me" to the Smileage Division of the War Department Commission on Training Camp Activities.

It is to provide funds to maintain exactly this sort of work that the theatres will give ten per cent of their receipts. The feeling is strong that the extra patronage on "Smileage Night" will not make the entire cost of the donation fall on the house owner.

He Hated to Correct Him!

ONE of Pershing's colored soldiers, in going vigorously over the top, suddenly confronted a German reservist from St. Louis. The militant disciple of Kultur fell bravely to his knees and shrieked in English: "Spare me! I have a wife and six children at home!"

"Man, you's wrong! What you got at home is a widow and six orphans!" answered the Ethiop.

And immediately he took suitable steps to prove himself a perfectly truthful member of the African M. E. Church.

At left — scene from "Jane Goes A-Wooing," showing Niles and Mary Miles Minter.

At right — Niles Welch and his wife, Adele Boone, in the orchard about their California home.

A Lover — Off and On

Having made a study of romance at home, Niles Welch is putting his affectionate disposition into business.

A CONTRACT was recently made between the Famous Players-Lasky corporation, party of the first part, and Niles Welch, esq., party of the second part, providing that the party of the second part is to appear as a featured player in Paramount and Artcraft pictures for a period of four years.

Niles Welch daren't grow old or prosaic during that period. And if it is true that one's home life influences his business, then Paramount and Artcraft needn't worry over this acquisition of screen youth. For Mr. and Mrs. Welch are established in a comfortable and beautiful little bungalow near the Lasky studios in Los Angeles, where they are showing how happy young married couples can be when they set their minds to it—as well as their hearts.

Jesse Lasky has confessed that he had been trying for a long time to corral Mr. Welch, and that having succeeded he felt much gratified. For you see Mr. Welch can do a great many things besides look young. To be perfectly frank about it, he is an actor of exceptional ability who plays roles exemplifying vim, nerve and virility, qualities which belong to youth.

Niles Welch is unique in that he deliberately and with malice prepense and aforethought set out to be an actor. He began qualifying himself for his career when he was younger even than he now looks to be. He was born in Hartford, Conn.—oh, well, if you must have the date, it was July 29, 1888. Soon thereafter his parents went to Europe, where they lived for some years. Niles began his education in England, took another installment in France, and then returned to Concord, New Hampshire, where he prepared for college at St. Paul's School.

He entered Sheffield Scientific School, Yale University, with the class of 1909, and topped off with a course at Columbia University. Thus he acquired a cosmopolitan education which all finished artists should have.

While at Columbia Mr. Welch took a prominent, but not too prominent, part in all student activities, including football and rowing, and not overlooking amateur theatricals.

He simply went out of his own accord and found an opportunity to take a post-graduate course in dramatic art in that most grilling and unremunerative school, a stock company. For three mortal years he stuck to the job, playing in that time several million different parts—or, at least, so it seemed to his fevered imagination—until at last his soul revolted.

By this time motion pictures were coming along nicely, holding out prospects of substantial reward to actors who could act. Welch obtained an engagement with Vitagraph which lasted for a year. That was enough to establish him firmly in the new art. Next followed a year with Metro and other engagements with Paramount, World, Universal, Pathe, Select and Goldwyn pictures, Mr. Welch growing steadily in finished artistry.

He played the leading juvenile role opposite Marguerite Clark in "Miss George Washington," and then things began to happen. So many letters were received from exhibitors and their patrons expressing delight with his work and suggesting that he should be featured regularly in Paramount pictures that the four year contract was inevitable.

Without neglecting his duties in make-believe romances, Mr. Welch found time to work in a little private romance of his own, which in due time led a charming screen actress to the altar as Miss Dell Boone and away from it Mrs. Niles Welch.

Educational Films

A department of service in the application of the motion picture to one of its greatest fields of usefulness.

By Henry MacMahon

Photos by Educational Films Corporation

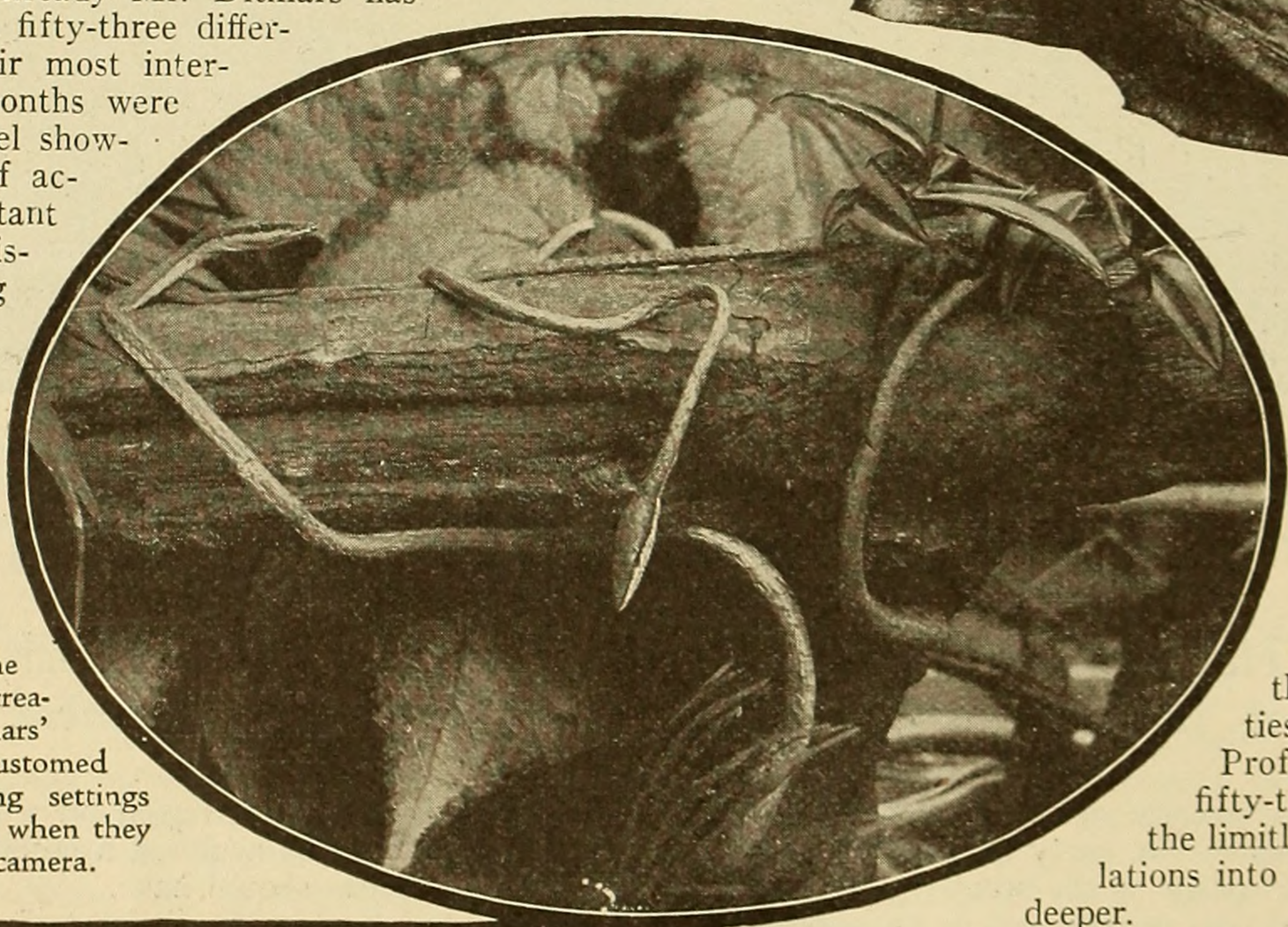
Showing a katy-did in the act of "singing." You may not have known that the songs of insects are produced by rubbing brittle parts of the wings that are known as the stridulating organs. These organs are clearly shown behind the head, and look like discs of rough mica.

DO you know that the dormouse has never felt the thrill of hanging up his stocking on Christmas eve—simply because he sleeps without a break from November to March? Do you know that the python can eat a pig four times its own size and not feel stuffy?

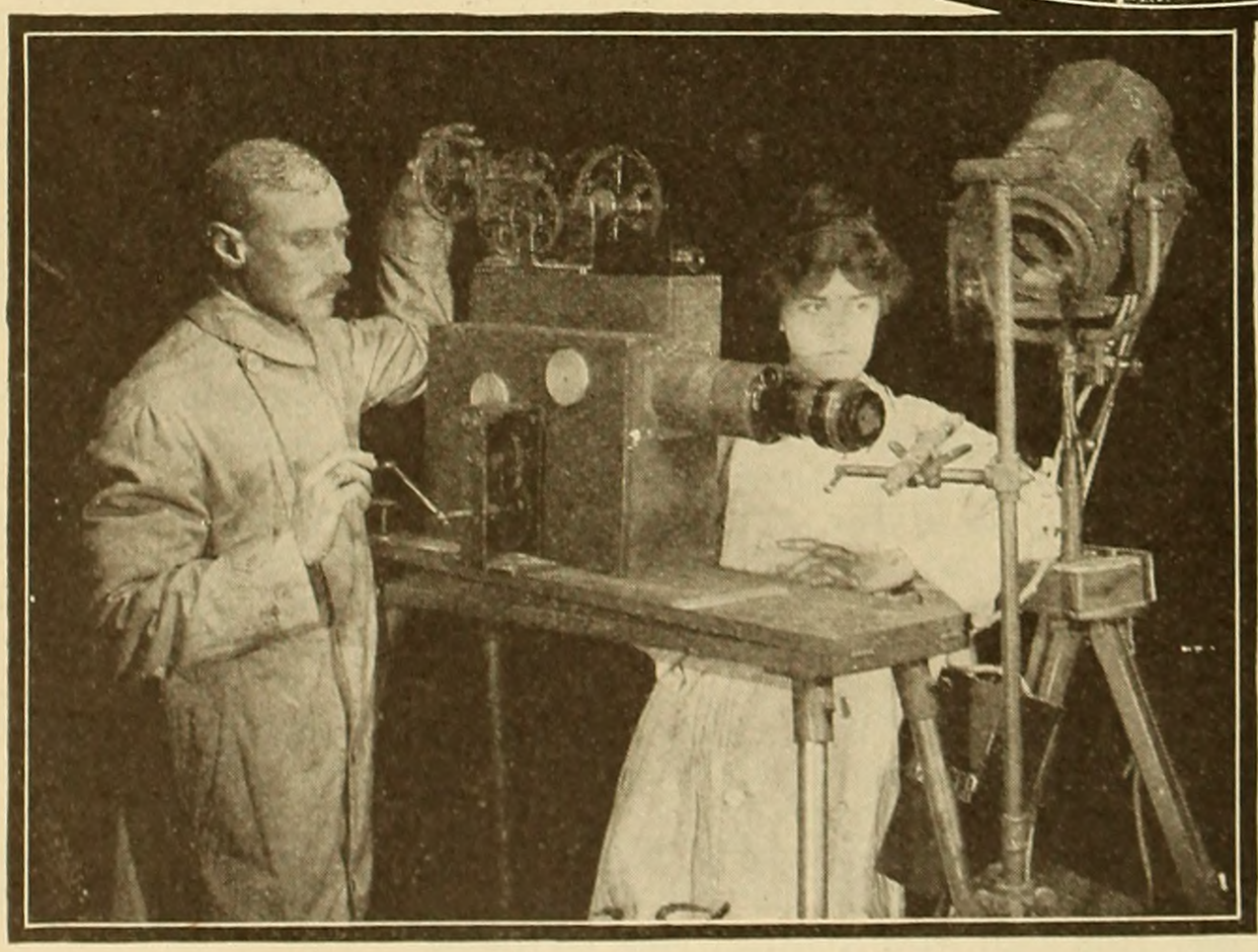
Perhaps you do; maybe you have read about it in a book. You have, then, relied on the written word. But would you not be more interested and would not the impression be more lasting and vivid were you to see—actually *see*—the dormouse sleeping while autumn turns to winter, or the python in the midst of swallowing his portion of food, whose size Hoover could never sanction?

Motion pictures showing the lives and habits of animals is but another great, new phase of the educational film. In the series, "The Living Book of Nature," Raymond L. Ditmars is accumulating a priceless "library" for the eyes and brains of those who are interested in animals—whether that animal be a lion from Africa, or an alley cat in Toledo. Already Mr. Ditmars has dogged with his camera fifty-three different animals during their most interesting hours. Often months were required to collect a reel showing such difficult bits of action as the life of our distant friend, the skunk, or Mister Katydid grinding out his love song.

Professor Ditmars, a member of the New York Zoological staff and otherwise a famed animal authority, has devoted the past five years toward transferring the moods and peculiarities of animals to the screen. Professor Ditmars' library of fifty-three subjects indicates the limitless field for further revelations into which he intends to step deeper.



At right—Reptilian camouflage. These pale green serpents from Brazil look like the vines of the tropics. These creatures lived weeks in the Ditmars' studio until they became accustomed to crawling naturally among settings imitating their native jungle, when they could be "shot" by the camera.

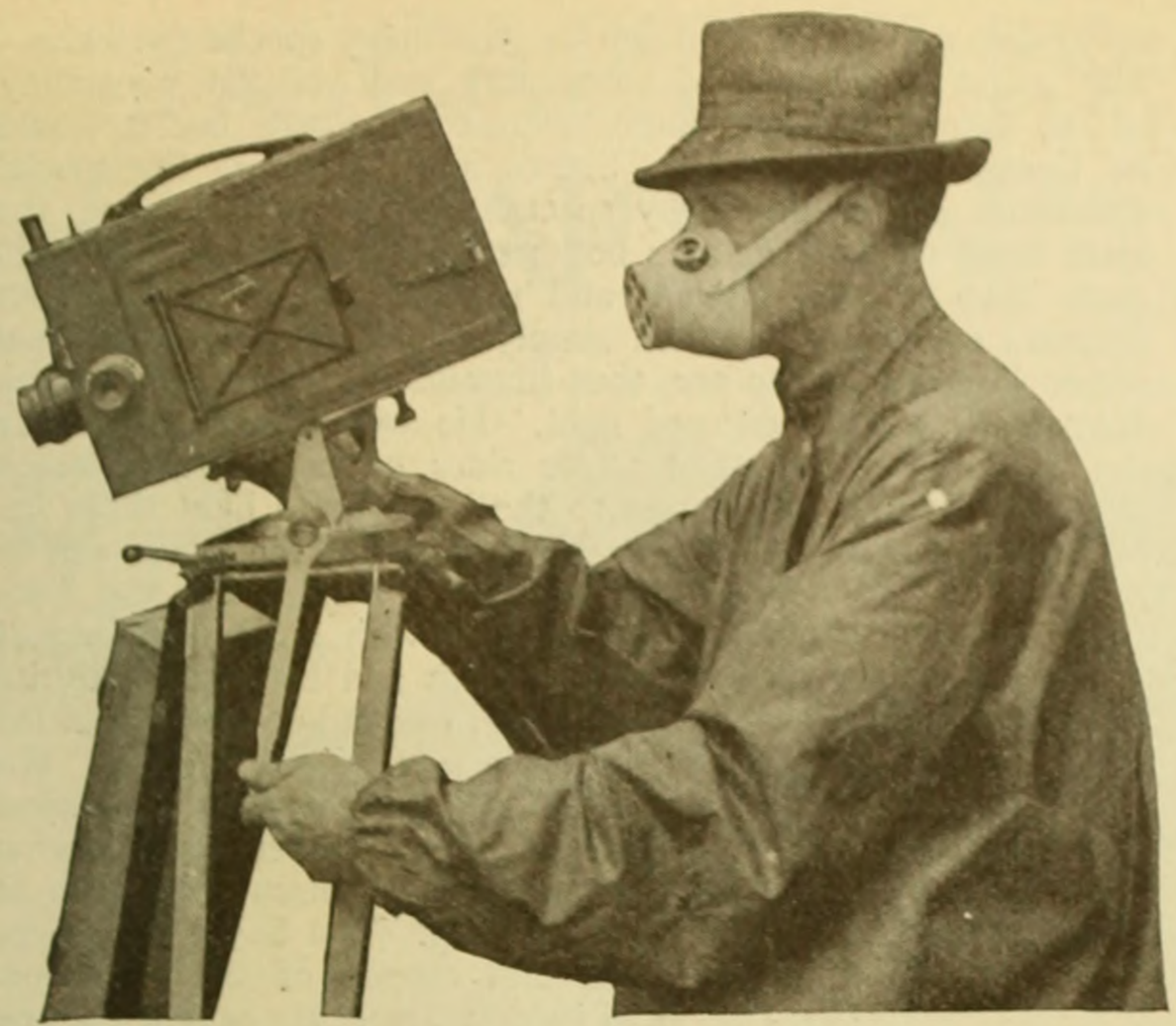


Mr. and Mrs. Ditmars at work in the laboratory with an intricate camera which may be thrown into various ratios of gear in order to photograph and portray types of motion that are too quick for the eye to follow. The camera is fitted with a lens of great magnifying power and records the most intimate close-ups of the smaller creatures.

In earlier years Professor Ditmars told what he had discovered in books, but the possibilities of even more vividly revealing animals in their natural haunts came to him through a study of the motion picture camera.

"In 'The Living Book of Nature,'" explains Professor Ditmars, "I am not looking for thrills or for camera tricks, but rather studies of the animals to reveal characteristic traits, habits and life histories unnoticed or unattainable by those who wander casually past the cages.

"None of my work is in the nature of made-up acting, and even in the monkey house I do not train the simians after the manner of the professional stage trainer, but rather educate them to investigate the extent of their mental capabilities. Stage training is largely the infliction of fear and punishment, but our method is entirely one of imitation and suasion. Thus the monkeys learn to handle knife and fork, to wear clothes, to perform intricate mechanical tasks, simply by watching and imitating human beings doing these things. For instance, there isn't an animal in our monkey house that won't put on a hat if it is handed to him. As favorable opportunities occur I accumulate film bits of their intelligent actions until finally I have a pretty complete life-history of the monkey from the lowest to the highest stage of intellectual development. It may take the better part of a year to build up this one film subject, but while I



Ditmars claims he wore the first gas-mask. Here he is, clad in olive colored rubber coat and wearing his mask, long before we began to speak familiarly of such a contrivance. He's filming wild skunks!

am doing it I am also working on half a dozen or dozen other subjects which may be completed almost simultaneously.

"The young of all animals, and the methods of the parents in caring for them, have my particular attention. The jealousy of the mothers, of which some writers make so much, offers but slight difficulties if we except certain species of deer the does whereof will fight to the death for their fawns. In general we find that the animal mother is just as proud of its offspring as is a human mother. In a den of wolves I found the mother-wolf frankly delighted with my presence; she and the cubs played around just like friendly dogs as I prepared for the 'camera-shooting.'

"I couldn't accomplish much," continued the Professor, "if contented with the everyday appliances, lenses and rates of speed of the so-called 'dramatic' motion picture work. For instance, one of the chapters in my 'book' shows a lizard eating flies. This sort of lizard sticks out its tongue with almost lightning-like rapidity at its victim. The end of the tongue expands umbrella fashion, suction grabs the insect and holds it fast on the little tongue-platform till insect-carrier and insect are back within the jaws of the lizard. The whole operation takes but an instant, and you do not get it at all by the ordinary sixteen-pictures-per-second camera. I use a special machine taking thirty-two images per second, but project the positives in exhibition at the regular rate so that the operation can be seen in detail. On the other hand, many processes of Nature are so slow, so imperceptible in fact, that the camera eye must move very slowly over the field or else 'take' at intervals of five minutes or perhaps several hours or days in order to record the changes. Here again special equipment is necessary. For bird photography, telephoto, or telescopic, lenses are used. On the small work a beautiful ten-inch lens comes into play; its enormous light-giving and magnifying powers enable us to reproduce the tiniest of creatures in their marvelous activities. When engaged in special studies of the miniature world I use a camera so light that it can easily be carried on the palm of the hand and when in position on the tripod, controlled by the little finger.

"In taking outdoor scenes, I attach a camera to the tonneau of my automobile and throw in a few hundred feet of cable and an electric arc for the lighting purposes. Suppose, for example, I want to take the stridulations of the common katydid. A neighbor on a country road will accommodate me by letting me attach the cable to his electric switch. Presto! there's the lighting and camera all set. The hard part of it is the katydid, its habit being to sing only in the dark and to quit when the scene is illuminated. I recall then that the katydid's lay is one of courtship and the song is exclusively a masculine one—made to entice the females by a musical note caused by the rubbing together of the wings. When one male katydid starts up, the others will join in and try to outvie him. So I provide a lusty chorus of males out there in the near-by dark, and by and by my captive he-katydid, though in the full light of the motion picture arc, will begin to think that those other fellows are putting something over him, and he will sing too.

"I've taken the camera into the rattlesnake dens in Connecticut and New York States and photographed the free reptiles and their young in action. I have filmed the wild deer, the small game and even occasionally the bears in the Berkshires, the Catskills and northern Pennsylvania. But the intensive study of the animal world can best be carried on in connection with a great and varied collection of animals such as the Zoological Park offers.

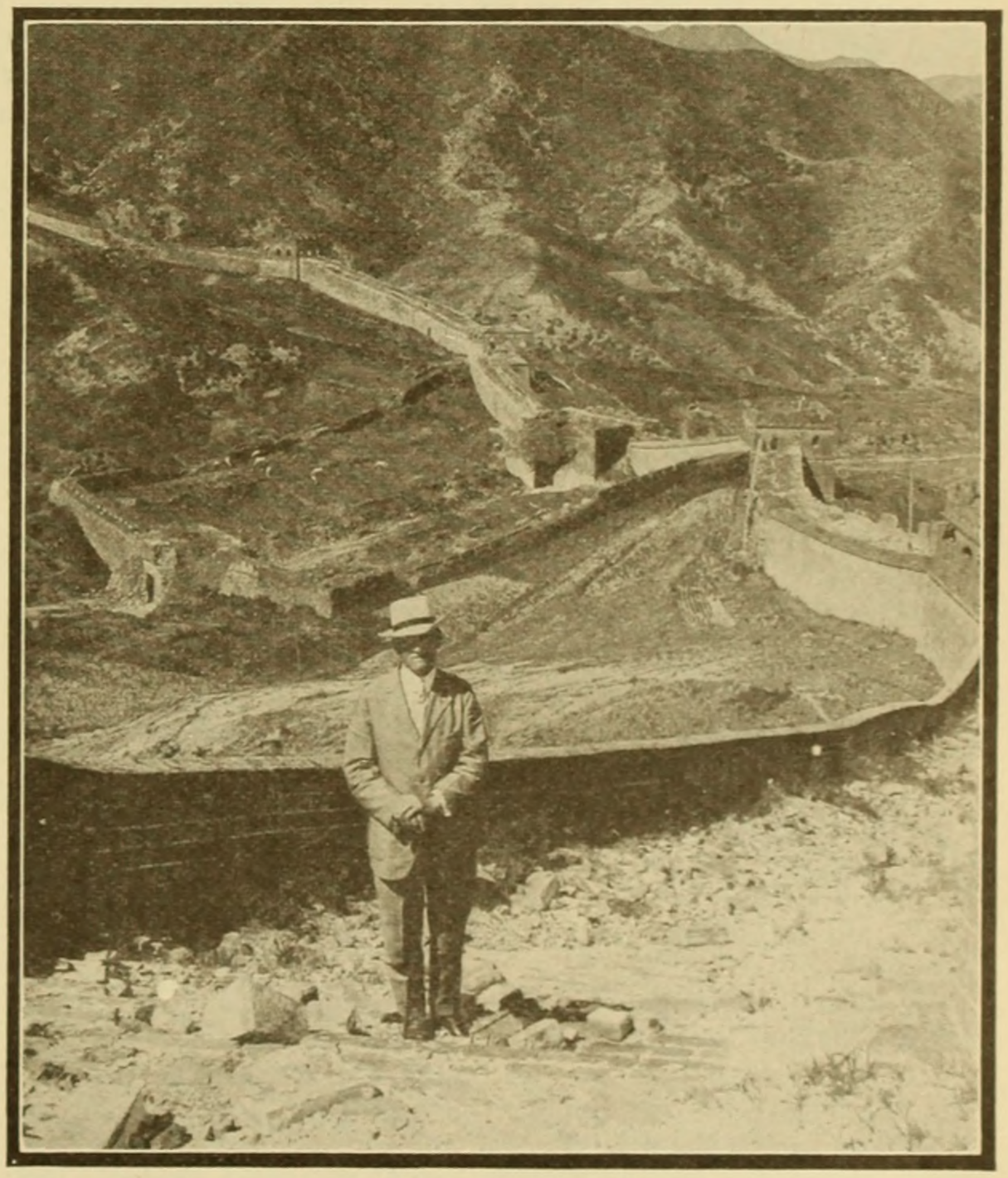
"In one of my reels I show a fight to the death between a mongoose and a cobra. The mongoose, as is well known, is the poisonous snake-hunter, its importation into the United States is forbidden, and I had great trouble in obtaining a license for a specimen, which I subsequently returned to the Orient. The cobra repeatedly coiled itself and struck at the mongoose which dodged every attack. Ever the snake tried to bury its fangs in its four-footed adversary and ever the mongoose was too quick for him. At the death grapple the mongoose got around behind and bit the cobra in the tail; this caused the cobra head to rear up, and the mongoose jaws were upon it like a flash, inflicting the wound in the neck which ended the snake's struggles.

"Another film shows the swallowing by a python of a pig four times its size. This sounds incredible. The explanation is that the python's jaws, instead of being attached each to the other like mammalian jaws, are divided above and below, and the orifice of the throat is also elastic, the bones coming away from each other as the muscles are

Ask This Department

1. For information concerning motion pictures for all places other than theaters.
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).

Address: Educational Department, Photoplay Magazine, Chicago



A scene from E. M. Newman Travel Picture released by the Educational Films Corporation of America, showing the Great Wall of China.

stretched wide to their utmost tensity. The pig having been killed by constriction, the right upper jaw moves outwards and away to encompass one end of the carcass, next the left upper jaw encloses the left side of the body, next the right and left lower jaws move forward upon the prey and pull in the lower part of it, until the pig is all in and gulped down by a tremendous series of slow swallows. The process of digestion takes from eight to ten days. In this snake-incinerator, the entire pig is reduced to nothingness—hide, hair, teeth, tail, squeal and all. I've had dentist friends of mine disbelieve my statement that snakes can digest teeth. For proof, I've let them put human teeth into the body of a rodent that was subsequently swallowed by one of my pet snakes; then the animal has been kept continually under observation, and it has been shown absolutely that no traces of the teeth anywhere remained.

"Of equal interest with the land reptilians are the pictures of submarine monsters I obtained from Italy some little while ago. Pictures of devil-fish, I grieve to say, are often faked, but these were the real thing. The Italian submarine pictures were made in specially devised deep-water-tanks at Naples and near Tahiti and Samoa. Actual colors of the deep were photographed by polychrome, and we reproduced them here in laboratory though the laboratory experts kindly assured us that no such greens, blues and pinks could possibly have been found at the bottom of the sea! I edited and titled the pictures and added to them some combats of my own between giant turtles and sea-monsters, but ninety per cent of the pictures were Italian and to Italian scientists the credit is due for this amazing record of the sea.

"Now I am engaged in revealing the mysteries of Nature in the constructive efforts of its creatures. I may mention here the nests, hives and hills of the birds, bees and ants; the burrow of the trap-door spider which digs its home in the sand, encloses it in silk 'wallpaper,' and constructs at the top a weather-proof, hinged trap-door which is indistinguishable from the surface of the desert; the spider of the Tornado Zone which reinforces its tree nest with stout silk-and-paste ligaments at the leaf stem and the branch trunk; the prairie dogs, so common in the West, as skillful on the land as the beavers in the water, kicking the upturned soil into the hillocks with mathematical exactitude and tamping it down with their heads, providing a rain-proof home which sudden storms cannot demolish. I have been working recently on subjects such as these, my aim being to show the truly creative intelligence that animates Nature."

Ditmars' studio-laboratory at Scarsdale (N. Y.), is a magic workshop wherein the scientist performs his cunningest feats and makes his most delicate experiments. He is a modern Merlin of props, scenery and lights, an enchanter who gets much out of little, like the mediaeval philosopher extracting gold from lead. Props? You would laugh to see them. Red, white, pink and neutral gray sands; sticks and bark from trees of every country in the world; jars of particolored shells and marine specimens from the Seven Seas; trays of bones, ancient and modern; eggs assorted and as the produce men say "extra fine;" mosses, plants, the paraphernalia of tropic or temperate vegetation.

For every little animal that he pictures there, Ditmars makes a habitat identical with its natural conditions. He constructs the prairie burrows, he builds the rattlesnake den, he puts the insect on the bough, the sea-devil in the tank, the crustacean among the marine rocks and sands, and then he lights, directs, turns the motion picture crank, and even projects the negative right there.

The building, a substantial structure, is 100 feet long by thirty-five feet in width. It contains all the appliances of the up-to-date movie factory, together with many special "wrinkles." The extreme elaboration, complexity and yet space-economy of the lighting system would interest an expert, but it would be Greek to most of us. Suffice it to say that the special difficulties are overcome by special means. For instance, the glare from the electric arcs bothers the little animal folk even more than it does humans and prevents their "acting," but Ditmars solves the problem simply by placing a ground glass screen in front of the arc, thus illuminating the scene and the animals by a soft, diffused light. He watches very carefully the shadows, corners and under sides of the picture, bunch lights being used in addition to the big arcs to light these up. For occasional daylight work, the large top of the studio can be lifted off.

Raymond L. Ditmars is a city boy with a love of animals strongly developed by park wanderings and by some youthful experiences as a lad-of-all-work in the menagerie tent of a big circus. His parents used to live in a Harlem apartment house over against what was then the northern wilderness of Central Park. The boy knew every nook and cranny of the wildwood, and its creatures. He caught his first snakes on the rocky ledge where now the steep steps go down from Columbus avenue to the Park Circle. Bringing home the snakes in his pocket, he encountered the parental wrath which was only partly appeased when a neighboring taxidermist assured the family that the quarry were non-poisonous grass snakes of a harmless variety. He was finally allowed to keep the snakes and to add to their number, amassing a collection of several score which he attended to and photographed religiously. At fourteen he got a job in the American Museum of Natural History. For seven years he worked there, being finally promoted Assistant Curator of Insects. Then he went into newspaper work, writing animal stories, for the New York Times, and filled pages with the astonishing facts about the wild creatures to be found in the parks and in the out-of-the-way corners of New York. Then, one day, he hied to The Bronx to interview Director Hornaday of the newly started Zoological Park. He found his future chief in a hut of the wilderness and started in. After obtaining all the journalistic facts about the new project, he said: "I've a collection of three hundred snakes on an upper floor of my home which I'd like you to look at!"

"Three hundred snakes!" said the Director, astonished. "Boy, where did you get them?"

"Collected them," said Ditmars briefly.

Director Hornaday came to see the collection, and young Ditmars promptly offered them to the New York Zoological Park. "Yes, we are pleased to accept them as the nucleus of New York's Reptile Collection, but—" he laid a friendly hand on the lad's shoulder, "on one condition, when they go to the Park, you go with them!" And that's how Raymond L. Ditmars became a member of the New York Zoological Staff just twenty years ago. In that decade of uninterrupted labor he has received academic degrees from many learned bodies in various lands, has written, illustrated and published two enormous tomes on "The Reptiles of North America" and "The Reptiles of the World," under Mr. Hornaday's supervision has augmented the mammals and reptiles of the park to the largest collections of their kinds in the world and has found time in the last five years to study the animals moving-pictorially. His series of fifty-three subjects constitute the first definite transference of a natural science from a literary and a "still"-illustrated form to a moving picture form.

"Once," said Mr. Ditmars, after a lecture, "a gentleman told me that he couldn't believe that dormouse and python stuff without seeing it. I took up motion pictures to silence such skeptics and think I have succeeded."

Did You Know

—That the only song the katydid sings is one of courtship, and that sung only by the male; that keen rivalry often occurs for the hand of some fair katydid, and that the he-katydid who sings the prettiest is the chosen suitor?

—That the lizard catches flies by darting out his tongue in the shape of an umbrella?

—That the trap-door spider has a weather-proof, hinged door to his home, indistinguishable from the surface of the earth?

—That a python can swallow a pig four times its own size—and still have room for dessert; that this same snake is alleged to be able to digest human teeth?

—That in the ocean there are fish able to instantly change their color to that of their surroundings—"chameleons of the sea"?

The CAPTAIN'S CAPTAIN

Louise Grayling wished hard for some excitement, and got it — with trimmings — and everything

By Leigh Metcalfe

"No noise—no excitement—nothing but stiff, staid ceremony. Oh, for a fire or a murder!"

Tarrytown, Monday evening

DEAREST WINIFRED:

Well—here I am—at Aunt Euphemia's house, where I shall remain all summer unless Dad sends for me, or I pine away in loneliness. I feel about as outraged as a newly-captured tiger upon being caged for the first time and offered a bowl of corn-meal gruel.

Tell me, pray—what is a girl to do in a prison like Aunty's house? Such a bunch of ogres—even the ice man looks haughty and offended when you attempt to smile at him. No noise, no excitement—nothing but stiff, staid ceremony. Oh, for a fire or a murder! I have just been wishing that a burglar would sneak into the house—a nice friendly burglar, with a sense of humor. But, oh dear—I suppose burglars are too unconventional for Aunty! Imagine me, Winnie—trying to warm up to a formal crowd of inert Grundies who have been antiques for perfect ages. What, pray, is the restlessness of youth to Aunt Euphemia? I was just looking at her baby pictures and do you know I can recognize that same hauteur and unbreakable dignity?

Listen, Winnie: the first minute Dad comes home I want you to send me a wire. For I won't stay in this dead place a minute longer than is necessary. I never will forgive him for going away on that business trip, permitting Aunty to drag me to Tarrytown, just because she thinks it wouldn't be "proper" for me to remain at home with everyone gone.

However, I don't intend to tire you with my dreariness—even though you did make me promise to write you everything. And so, because dreariness is all that drips from my pen tonight, I'll stop. LOUISE.

Tarrytown, Tuesday morning.

Oh, Winnie—I must whisper a thrilling idea that came to me during the night! I suddenly remembered that Uncle Abe Silt had written me not so long ago, asking me to visit him at Cape Cod. He is a storekeeper there you know.

And so I think I'll sneak away to Cape Cod. Don't gasp, dear. It will be interesting and who knows but what I'll unearth some excitement there? Cape Cod is quite a picturesque place, I understand—where they get cod liver oil and all. And codfish. The people are very plain, I understand, and very difficult to shock.

Don't tell a soul yet, Winnie. I am going to make overtures to the housekeeper today. I am quite sure I saw her wink at me during breakfast when I declared to Aunty that cigarette-smoking was a graceful feminine habit. Aunty is going out on a calling tour. And if I am to sneak away, it must be done quickly. More later. LOUISE.

Somewhere on Cape Cod,
Wednesday morning.

WINNIE—I've gone and done it! Revolt was as inevitable as Hun defeat. The housekeeper is a real sport. Just after Aunty had gone yesterday, I sneaked up to her and sobbed out my plan on her shoulder. She melted into liquid sympathy. Then I sprang my idea. "I'm going to sneak off to my Uncle's—at Cape Cod!"

She swallowed a gasp but said: "I think I understand, dearie!"

And so I packed my things in a jiffy and by noon was gone. And here I am! No stiff, starched ceremony or any of that stuff. Oh, it's a relief after Tarrytown and I must go out and stir up some excitement.

If only Aunty doesn't come and spoil it all. But the housekeeper promised to tell her that I had left the house suddenly, after receiving a wire, and didn't tell where I was bound.

Uncle Abe is a dear old fellow. He has whiskers like Ulysses, only, unlike him, is afraid of water. I know he doesn't like water because Betty (more about her later) said so. And that is strange, considering that he was born and reared within sound of the breakers. I intend to investigate.

However, even if he is afraid, his brother, Captain Amazon, isn't. Amazon is a sea captain and Uncle just loves to tell of his exciting adventures. A ferocious old captain, he must be, and wonderfully courageous. Last evening I sat charmed—actually charmed—while Uncle told of Amazon's amazing adventures. There are several others rival story-tellers—ex-sea captains—but they can't pretend to match Uncle's true stories. Joab, a retired mariner, is especially eager to discredit Uncle's stories, and bullies the old dear unmercifully.

And Winnie—there's Betty—Betty Gallup, a typical sort of woman for this place, with a masculine way about her, unlimited nerve and a habit of making Uncle step lively. She keeps house here. One would think she really disliked Uncle—if one didn't observe closely. I have watched her, and really, Winnie, there's the oddest, prettiest light that shines in her eyes when she is near Uncle Abe. It's just as though only the tiniest little obstacle were all that kept her from flying into his great arms. And it is easy to see that he cares for Betty. I heard him sigh this morning when he was watching her. The sort of sigh that—well, like Bobby Wescott made when he wanted to dance with me (conceit!) and my card was filled. There's something between the two dears—I wonder what keeps them apart?

Well—I'm at the end of this sheet and must move about a little and forget that Aunt Euphemia has probably sent out the chief of Tarrytown police to look for her scapegoat niece. Goodby for this time.

LOUISE.

P. S.—I nearly forgot a very thrilling part of my trip here. I met the most unusual person—a snobbish fisherman. Perhaps not snobbish, but certainly independent. You see, I got off at the wrong station coming over, and I chartered his launch to ferry me across the cove. He refused to take any fee. And—oh, Winnie, imagine! His launch became shoaled out from shore and without hesitation or invitation, grabbed me in his strong arms and carried me to land. And the surprising thing about it was that I wasn't angry! His name is Lawford Tapp. There—isn't that a nice little thrill for a starter?

L.

"Why is Abe's bedroom door locked?" Betty demanded. My heart jumped, but Uncle's wits were quick, this day. "Because I want it locked!" he roared.

Wednesday evening.

Mystery! I like the sound of that word—after Tarrytown! Mystery always precedes excitement. It concerns Uncle Abe. This afternoon I was putting away my things and discovered some old scrap books in the dresser. They contained old clippings—stories of the sea. Imagine my surprise to recognize that every one of the many stories Uncle has been pinning on to this Captain Amazon. The old sneak! Why should he plagiarize (I think that was what my English teacher called it) just for the sake of bragging over his brother? I intend to find out. . . . right now!

* * * * * * * *

I found out! Dear Uncle. He was down in the store when I searched for him. I lured him outside and while we were walking along the beach, he started another reminiscence of this Amazon person. I used it as a cue.

"But—I *read* that story, Uncle," I said.

His face fell and he flushed back to his ears. Cruelly I went on, demanding to know why he misrepresented fiction to be fact. Then he opened his heart.

"My mother was frightened before I was born, by a frightful wreck," he said quietly. "And I can hardly bear sight of the sea—and—so—I—" He went on to tell how he felt being a landlubber among the stalwart, unafraid fishermen and mariners. I was beginning to understand a little. I held his arm fondly. He finished.

"—an' so I invented a brother—so that he could hold the respect I can't command." He looked off toward the house, where Betty Gallup was puttering around the porch. "I didn't care so much about men ridiculing me," he said. "But Betty—she isn't afeard of the sea!"

We walked in silence for a while. Suddenly I was seized with an idea. I did so want to help Uncle with the men—and Betty. I clutched his arm, eagerly. "Oh, Uncle," I gasped, "I have it! Why not win Betty's greater respect and remove the taint from the minds of the people—by *being your brother yourself?*"

He stared at me astonished. But before he could voice objections, I plunged into my plan, sweeping fear quite out from his heart. Then we were interrupted by Mr. Tapp, who ran up, pleading with me to go with him in his launch. I couldn't refuse — even though my mind was a medley with thinking of my great idea. I wasn't half civil to Mr. Tapp, I know. I wonder who he really is? He doesn't seem to be ordinary—not a bit. Adieu.

LOUISE.

P. S.—On advice of

Uncle, I wrote a note to Aunty today, telling her where I was and assuring her that I was in good hands and quite well and happy.

L.

Thursday.

Our plan worked splendidly! Uncle Abe is now the fearsome "Amazon," whose prowess he so lustily sang in the past. He is now the blustering, domineering Captain, boss of the store and unafraid of Betty Gallup or any retired mariner in Cape Cod. The whole shore is thrilled! And to think that I—a mere girl, recently run away from a fashionable Tarrytown home—am at the bottom of it! Oh, this is a lark! I'll tell you all about it.

This morning Uncle and I got together while Betty was out, and looked over one of his books, "The Sea Scorpion." In it we found a wonderful portrait of a fierce-visaged sea captain—"Captain Gridd."

"You must resemble him," I determined, and Uncle nodded. Upstairs, the page before us, we got busy. Uncle's heart broke when his beard had to go under the shears. But we preserved it all and locked it in the dresser for resurrection. Then we mixed a heavy dye in the wash bowl and smeared it over his pale features and managed to put together some wild, weather-worn looking clothes suggestive of a lifetime at sea.

I sent for Uncle Abe's chest, which Perry, station agent, called for immediately. Soon Betty returned. Close behind her entered Uncle. Betty whirled around as he stamped into the room. She gasped and stared, speechless as he glared at her, thundering:

"I suppose you're Betty Gallup. I'm Captain Amazon—Abe's brother."

His voice was thunderous. He swaggered about, more impressively than has ever been pinafored on any stage. "Excellent," I commended mentally, hiding behind a curtain. Then I stepped out, feigning surprise and fear.

Betty hadn't yet found her voice. I nearly choked trying to make a giggle sound like a nervous murmur. And yet I was a little nervous and so was Uncle. For all his bravado, I could see his knees trembling a little.

Uncle grudgingly explained that Abe had gone on a cruise for his health. "I'll take his place while he's gone."

Then Betty regained a little of her poise. She sniffed suspiciously. "It doesn't seem likely that Abe would go away on a ship," she retorted, and walked out, leaving us two alone. I could see Betty stopping outside and telling the news to every one she met. I grabbed Uncle's hand and found it shaking.

"Cheer up," I encouraged, "it is working fine!"

Presently Aunty came back and outside I heard her telling Joab that Perry said he didn't ship Abe's chest because *Abe didn't leave town!* I could see she was suspicious.

Misgiving number one thus presented itself. Why hadn't I done something else with that chest?

However, my misgivings were forgotten when I followed Uncle into the store. The benchwarmers there stared at him openmouthed and arose, subjection in their eyes. Straight through their midst swaggered the hero of the hour, and in a thundering voice announced himself. The first thing he did was to declare all credit business off, which made me grin. "Cash only goes," he said, "while I'm master of this ship's store." And cash he got too. Not even Joab dared to bully him, but shrank back into his chair, cowed.

Presently Betty burst into the store, coming from upstairs, with a question on her lips.

"Why is Abe's bedroom door locked?" she demanded, addressing Uncle.

My heart jumped. We had locked it so she wouldn't discover Uncle's clothing, and beard. But Uncle's wits were quick this day. He roared:

"It's locked because I want it locked!" daring her to insist.

But though Betty went out without further question, I can't help from feeling a little uneasy. The fact that the chest wasn't shipped and the locked door have aroused Betty's suspicion. She is championing the man she loves—I can see that. While it makes me happy, it frightens me—right at this stage of the game.

LOUISE.

"I heard a scuffling downstairs and running to the staircase, saw to my horror, the coolies circling about Uncle Abe—all eyeing a revolver on the table."

Thursday night.

This evening Lawford Tapp called for me in his car. And —Winnie—he confessed that he wasn't a fisherman, but the son of the rich family whose great country home lays up the shore. It surprised—but didn't particularly please—me.

"That's nice," I said coolly. But in my heart I was disappointed. You know, Winnie, how I abhor the "worthless rich." I had half a mind to ask him why he didn't go to work. And yet—I must say there's something fascinating about him.

LOUISE.

Friday forenoon.

And now what do you suppose has happened? Aunt Euphemia is here! All because I wrote that silly old letter, telling her where I was. She raved and stormed, of course, demanding that I return with her instantly. But how can I—and Uncle right in the midst of his re-making?

And, oh Winnie—when Aunty saw him, she immediately wanted to know who he was. Betty said sourly: "His brother!" But Aunty looked at his disappearing figure suspiciously.

"I don't understand," she said. "Abe has no brother!"

And then Betty was surely bewildered and angry. I ran out and caught up with him, telling him to brace up. "Everything will come out right," I said, fearing it wouldn't. Then Aunty called me and I had to return to the house. She demanded to know who he was. I fidgeted and set my mind to working and finally thought of an answer:

"Well, Aunty," I whispered, "if you must know—Uncle Abe is hiding in his locked room as there are people seeking his life and this man is posing as his brother, protecting him."

This didn't seem to get over very good, although I thought it sounded rather well. She seemed to take it for granted though that I was telling the truth, but demanded that I leave with her immediately. "Unless you do," she said, "I'll wire your father." Then stalked off to the hotel.

But, Winnie—how can I leave—now? It's up to me to see

that Uncle gets out of this scrape with flying colors. And I will—I WILL!

LOUISE.

Friday—evening.

WINNIE—I must relieve my mind or it'll burst! Alarming things have occurred! To begin with, after lunch a boat landed with six Malays and Bengalese, and a white officer, who explained that their ship had been submarined. And do you know that the coolies have been dogging Uncle ever since they landed? This evening just about dusk I saw one of them staring in the window and a little later a shot rang out and the window pane fell shattered to the floor. Uncle was in the room but escaped unhurt. Later we found "The Sea Scorpion" opened and the picture of the captain slashed through with a knife. What does it mean?

While we were studying the book we heard some mysterious racket outside in the dusk and presently in through the door came Perry and Jaob and some others, escorted by Betty—and they were carrying Uncle's chest! My heart jumped.

As they got it in the doorway they let it drop, by mutual accord, and it crashed to the floor, bursting open. You should have seen their eyes when the heap of old clothes fell out as—as though they expected to see Uncle's body fall out.

Perry and Jaob and the others, jealous of Captain Amazon's thundering personality, are encouraging Betty to think that Amazon has done away with Uncle! I just know it, for when they found the trunk devoid of Uncle Abe, they all stared at Uncle and then at me and shouted:

"Where is Uncle Abe?"

I could see that Uncle was aroused. He reached for the man nearest him and gave him a prodigious shove. Then he roared at them all to get out and out they got, pell mell!

"The Captain's Captain"

NARRATED, by permission, from the scenario of the same name, adapted from the story "Cap'n Abe, Storekeeper," a novel by James A. Cooper, and produced by Vitagraph with the following cast:

Louise Greyling ..... Alice Joyce
Cap'n Abe ..... Arthur Donaldson
Cap'n Joab ..... Percy Standing
Aunt Euphemia ..... Julia Swayne Gordon
Betty Gallup ..... Eulalia Jensen
Lawford Tapp ..... Maurice Costello

I am just about in tears. I heard someone outside talking about calling the police. This is becoming terrible. And to make matters worse, Betty was skulking around upstairs and found the wash bowl with the red stain mixed in, which we had used on Uncle's face, and she sneaked out with it, after the mob. I just know she thinks it is blood!

And to think—they imagine that I am Amazon's accomplice! I feel that the climax is near. If these fools outside do as they threaten and arouse the police—but I can't write more tonight—

LOUISE.

Saturday.

This morning Lawford Tapp called and asked me to walk with him. I couldn't refuse, even though I felt little like a chat right then. He asked me the meaning of the gossip. It seems that news of my implication in the disappearance of Uncle Abe has gotten up the shore to his people. They forbid him seeing me.

"They—my people—call you a fishwife," he said with a wry smile, "and they say that you are Captain Amazon's accomplice-in-crime. I made them retract the first, of course—but the latter—"

I interrupted wearily. "I'm no fishwife, or any other kind of a wife. And as for murder—well, I refuse to say a word—yet!" Then I added warmly: "I should think you'd be busy doing a man's work instead of prying into other people's affairs."

He flushed deeply, which made him handsomer than ever, and then silently walked off up the beach. I hurried back. There was too much tension to permit my giving him much thought just then.

As I entered the house I heard a second gunshot! Fearfully, I rushed through the doorway and came upon Uncle Abe bending over the bird cage, shattered on the floor, and mourning over the prostrate canary—his beloved pet! Poor big-hearted Uncle Abe! Through the window, I saw one of the coolies disappearing in the distance. Impatient, I grabbed for the book of sea stories and turned to the slashed portrait of "Captain Gridd." I began skimming through the chapter opposite titled "How the Drunken Crew Landed and Wrecked a Hindu Temple, Killed a Priest and Escaped." As I perused the chronicle light slowly dawned. Soon I was tugging on the shoulder of Uncle Abe, sunk into dejected silence on the floor. "Uncle," I whispered, "I've discovered about the coolies and the shots! They think you are Captain Gridd—who wronged their people."

And as we read the chronicle of the vandalism, the importance of Uncle's regaining his own personality and dropping this hideous and dangerous masquerade came over me. I told Uncle so, too. "I'm going upstairs and piece together your beard," I informed him, getting up. "I have a faint suspicion that Perry and Joab are going to return soon, meaning mischief." And I was off up stairs.

I sat down and with feverish fingers sought to mend the beard onto a strip of cloth. Suddenly the closet door opened and Betty sprang out. She had evidently been spying, and I—weary of the whole mystery—flung myself on her and said:

"Oh, Betty—Betty! There was no murder! It's all a farce—a put up job." And I confessed the whole affair. Would she believe me? She would not—not until I begged her to come to the staircase and observe Uncle Abe—still mourning over his canary. This scene succeeded in convincing her and she whipped herself into action for Uncle Abe—the man she loved!

"I must hurry out," she gasped. "They—they are alarming the police. I—"

But I stopped her. "You must'nt tell. That would spoil the whole plan. Abe will be reincarnated by the time they get here." Betty saw the wisdom of this and rushed downstairs, to delay them all she could. My nervous fingers went back to the work of assembling the lifesaving beard.

Just as I rose to call Uncle, finishing the beard, I heard a scuffling downstairs and a muffled shout. I sprang to the staircase and saw, to my horror, the coolies circling about Uncle Abe, all eyeing a revolver on the table.

Then I did a peculiar thing, Winnie. I do not know what strange impulse came over me, but I made the descent of the stairs as in a dream. Straight for the medley of Malays I stepped, without hesitation or the blink of an eyelash. It was as though I walked in a trance. And the coolies were affected, paralyzed. I walked to the center of the room and made a sudden dive for the revolver; got it, and lined the coolies up against the wall. Then I called to Uncle to run upstairs and don the beard and his own clothes and to hurry back.

It seemed I stood there a lifetime—menacing the coolies. And already through the window I could see the mob hurrying toward the house—led by the police! Then Uncle came bounding down the stairs—three at a time—the REAL UNCLE ABE—even though his beard was the tiniest bit awry. Just then a coolie made a move and I fired—striking him on the arm. Imagine—Winnie!

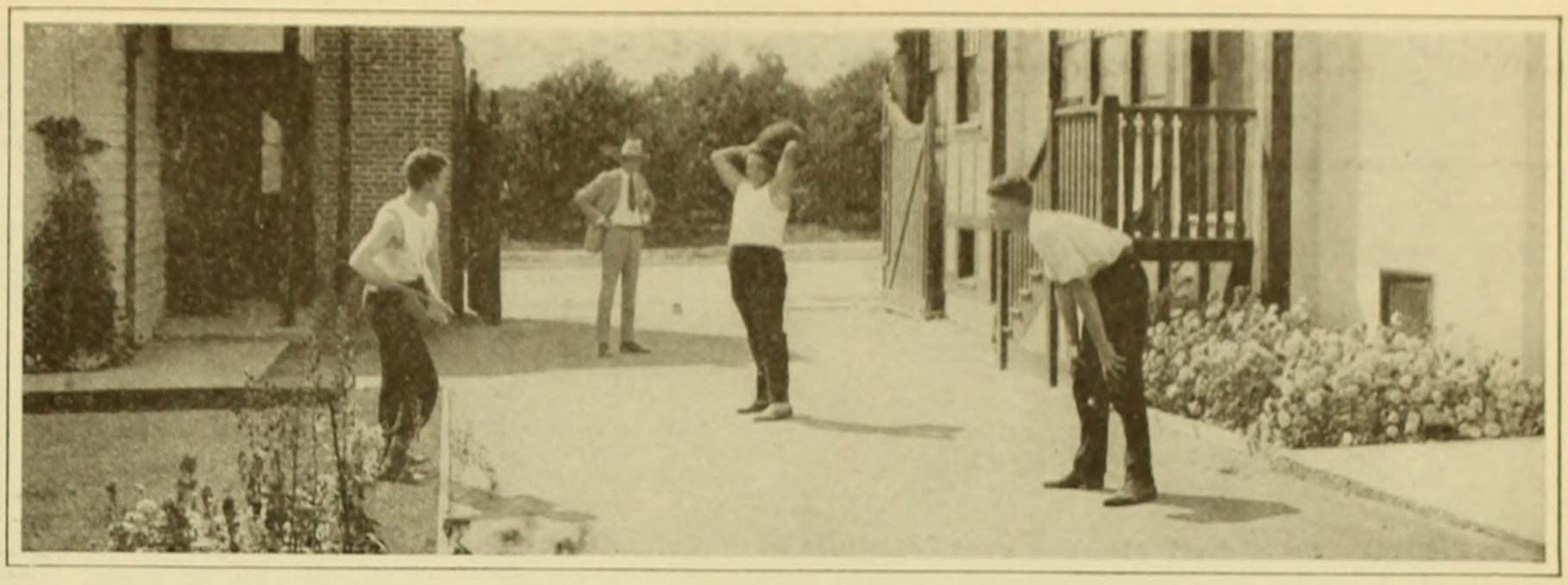
By that time Uncle was at my side and I gave him the revolver even as I heard shouts outside and a battering on the locked door. I saw Uncle bravely take my place before the enraged coolies; I heard a great crash and saw the door fall in, Jaob, the police and others pouring in, with Betty hanging back anxiously. Elbowing through the crowd came Lawford.

And then—things grew vague and I sank to the floor and, calling myself a silly little weakling, fainted.

You can't imagine the relief now, Winnie. And fagged—gracious! I just told Aunty that I'd leave with her in the morning. I'll be actually glad to stay with her the rest of the summer. It's been an exhausting few days, but I wouldn't have missed it for worlds. For Uncle is now an idol in his

(Continued on page 108)

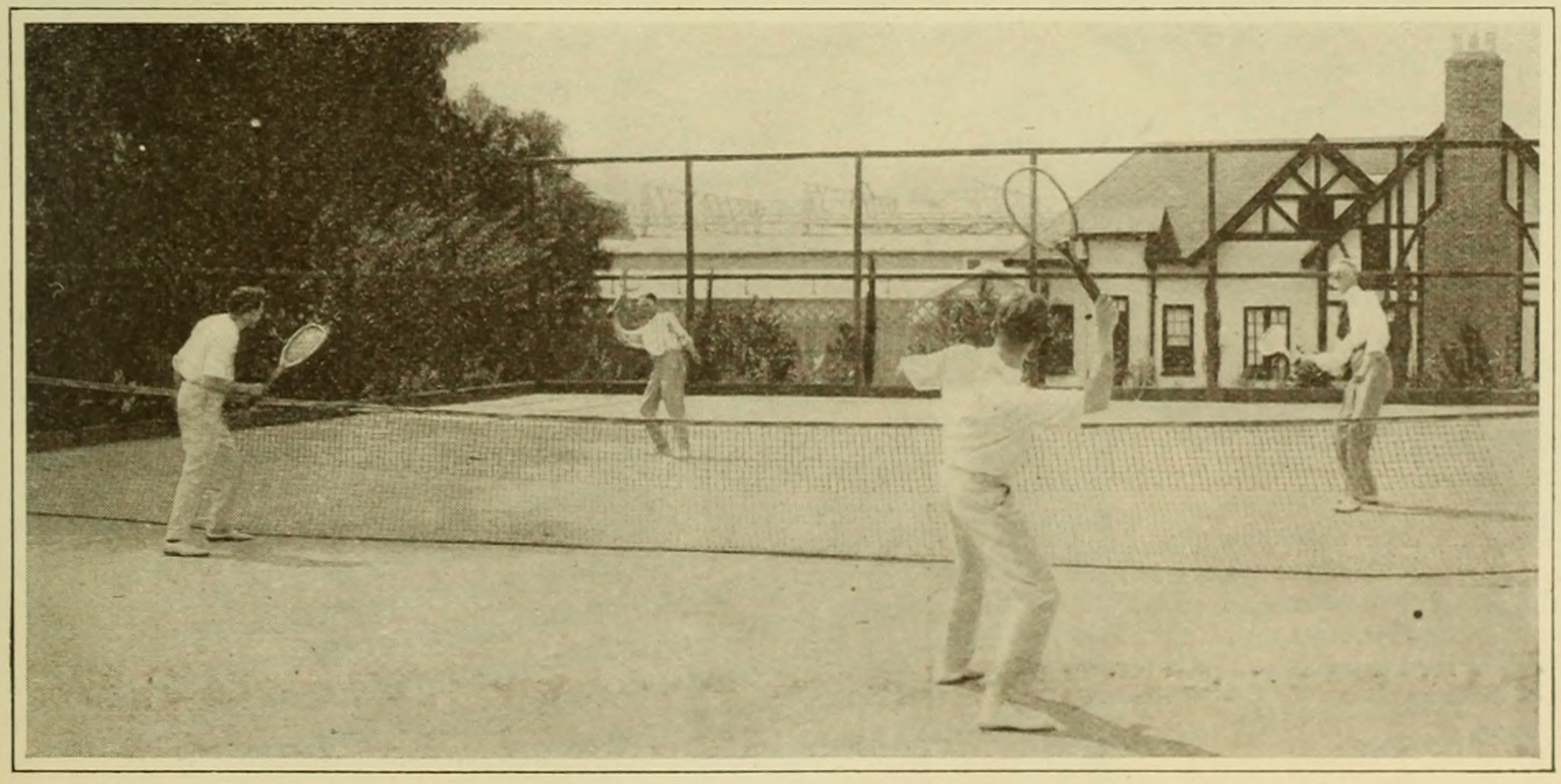
After Lunch at Chaplin's Studio



When Charlie went out to La Brea avenue, in Hollywood, he told his architects to build him a palace of humor that would have the homelike spaces of an English manor-house. So, after the noon feed-bag is taken off, you may find a lot of huskies on a sunlit patch of sand shooting a medicine ball at each other. It's much healthier than the ancient practise of shooting craps behind a bank of Cooper-Hewitts.

Subject, a stenographer and a rose. We know the rose is pretty, for we saw it. You can see the stenographer for yourself, so why shouldn't you get right into the contest and write your own lyric? Try it — it surely wont be any worse than ours!

Beholding this pleasant-faced lady and her evident occupation we started to write a pun to the effect that even costuming seams easy in such environment — but puns are worthy a Prussian, and we haven't the heart.



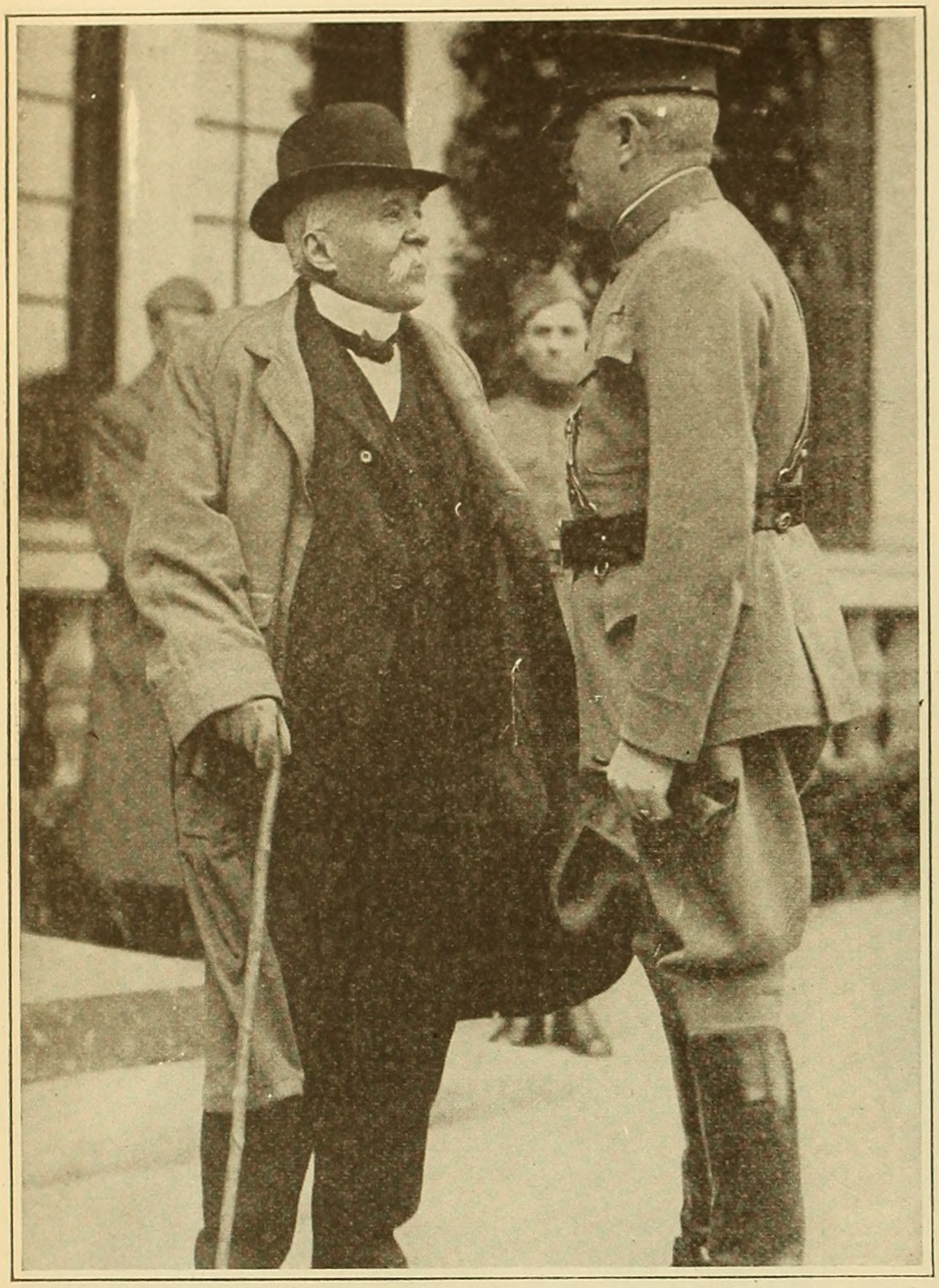
Here, at least, Chaplin realism is not accentuated. For, as the Marquis of Queensberry taught us years ago, tennis isn't properly played with the net at half-mast. However, such criticism shouldn't mar the interesting fact that this fine court is supplied for the recreation of the hard-working slaves of the film business, leading the cramped, pitiful, airless lives that are the forlorn lot of all that must go to the cold and gloomy state of California.

Under Four Flags

Excerpts from the Government's Fourth Official War Film

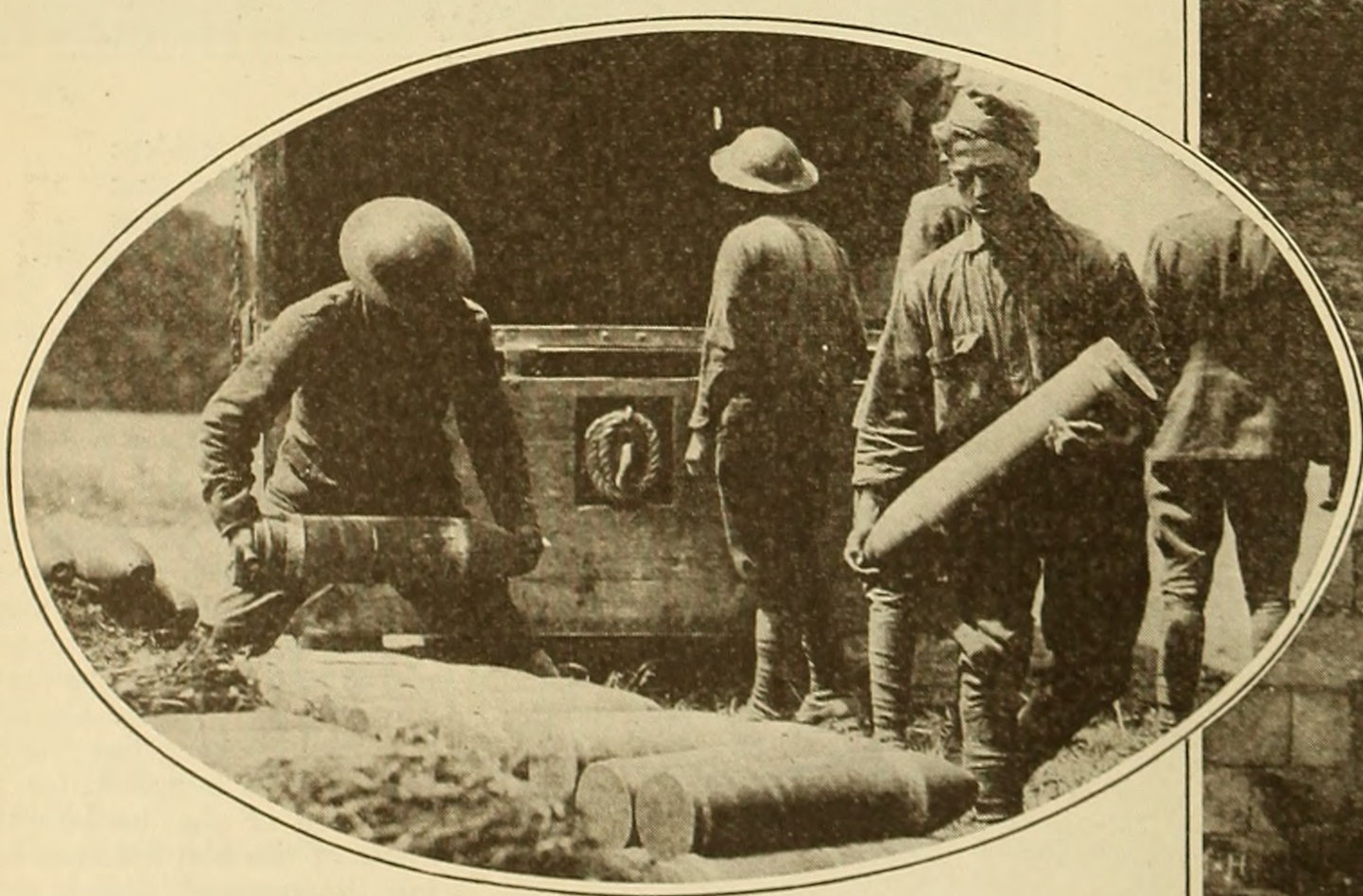
THE Division of Films, Committee on Public Information, has already given general circulation to three patriotic and inspiring ensembles of photographic motion: "Pershing's Crusaders," "America's Answer," and "The Bridge of Ships." The first was the Division's hastily mobilized shock unit, a varied assemblage of reels visualizing the Expeditionary Force. It was received with general enthusiasm. The second—the "Answer" picture—must have hurt the home-grown Huns deep down, for it showed the tremendous material preparation, at home and abroad, for this war of liberty. And the third must have been an optic knell for these same Huns, since it showed that we could not only make the land, but the sea, safe for democracy.

The fourth picture, named above, is not only a general look at the great business now being carried on by America-England-France-Italy & Co., but is the first specimen of film production as a genuine government industry. The United States motion picture establishment is at last under full headway, and is delivering pictures not only effective as propaganda, but worth while as matters of history and specimens of art.

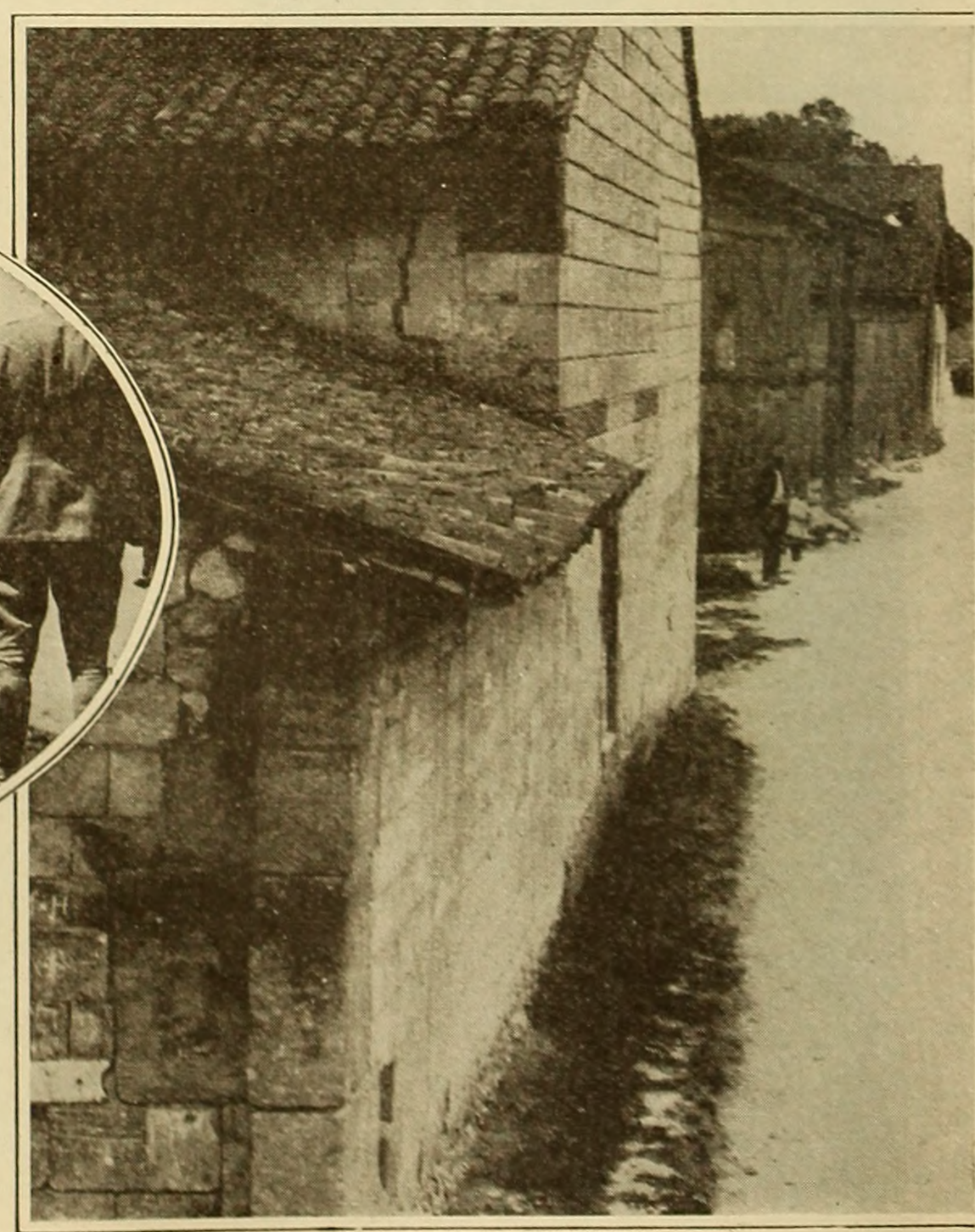


In 1870 Germany had the Mighty Old Man of Politics in Prince Bismarck, but her line of Cabinet antiques today puts up a sorry front before the Venerable Lion of France, Premier Georges Clemenceau. The French Premier is here chatting with America's Captain-General, Pershing, before the latter's headquarters.

Below—The dull sky, the quiet trees, the venerable painting of war by D. W. Griffith. Yet, probably men—members of the 166th Infantry, 42nd Division on



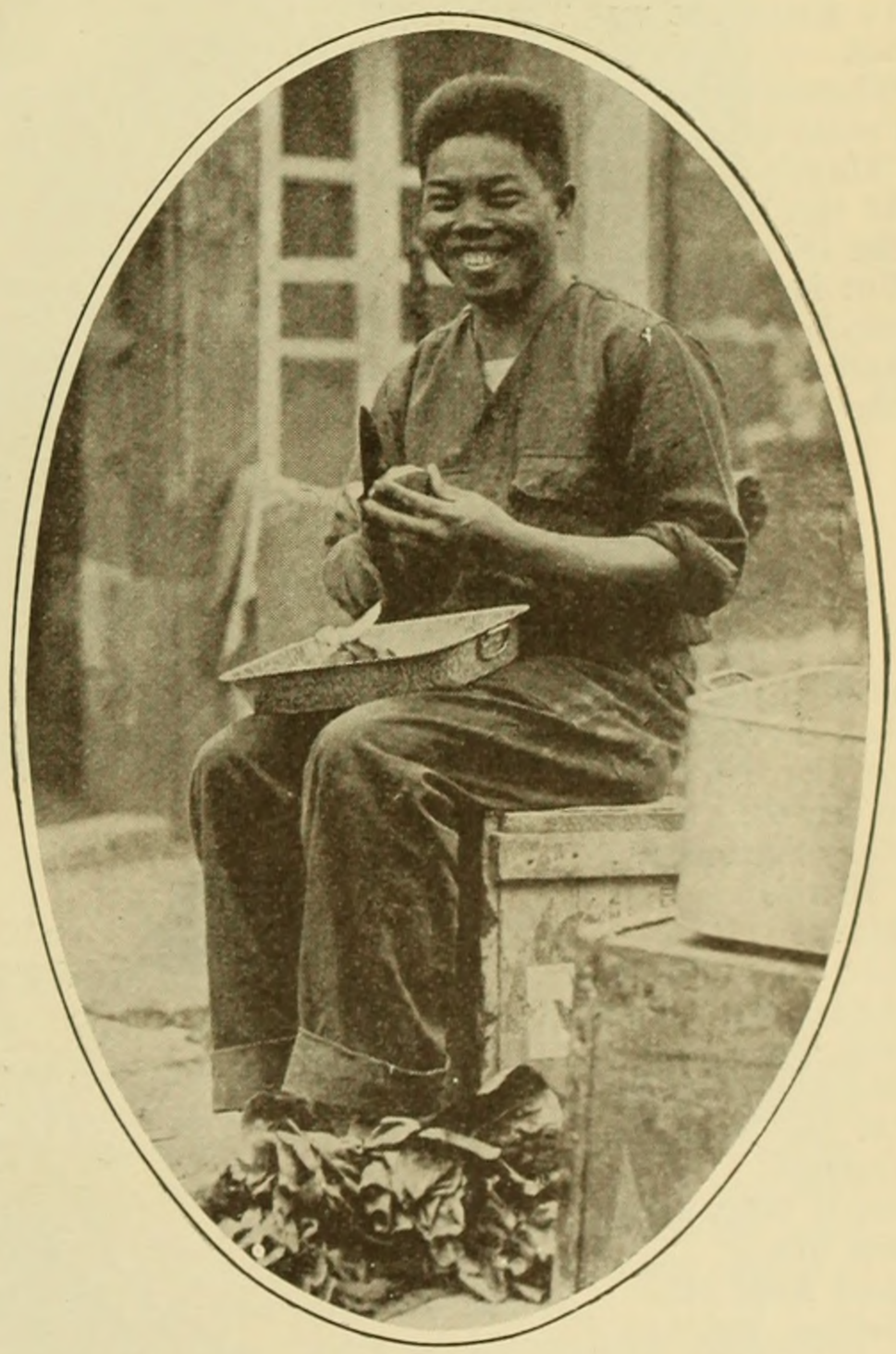
Men of the Quarter-Master's Corps unloading 155-millimetre shells at an ammunition dump somewhere near our galloping front. Recall some of the things you were told about war-costs in the Fourth Liberty Loan campaign, and then figure out how many of these presents for Prussians *you* paid for.



Zero hour for aviators. These young Americans were photographed in the clear, early light of a cool autumn morning, waiting for the bugle-call to summon them to the clouds. Notwithstanding their Arctic muffling, the ground-weather is delightful—but there is some thermometric difference between the ground and 15,000 feet.

Photos by Committee on Public Information

buildings at the left and the wide stretch of white road suggest a sun-
the only man who saw this as a picture was the photographer. The
—are just trudging through a French village enroute to do a job of work
the Huns.



Behold a Filipino recruit in the spud brigade! "Under Four Flags" is really a misnomer, for there are so many flags and national emblems in the allied ranks that a mere assemblage of standard-bearers would make quite a procession in itself.

Grand Crossing Impressions

By Delight Evans

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

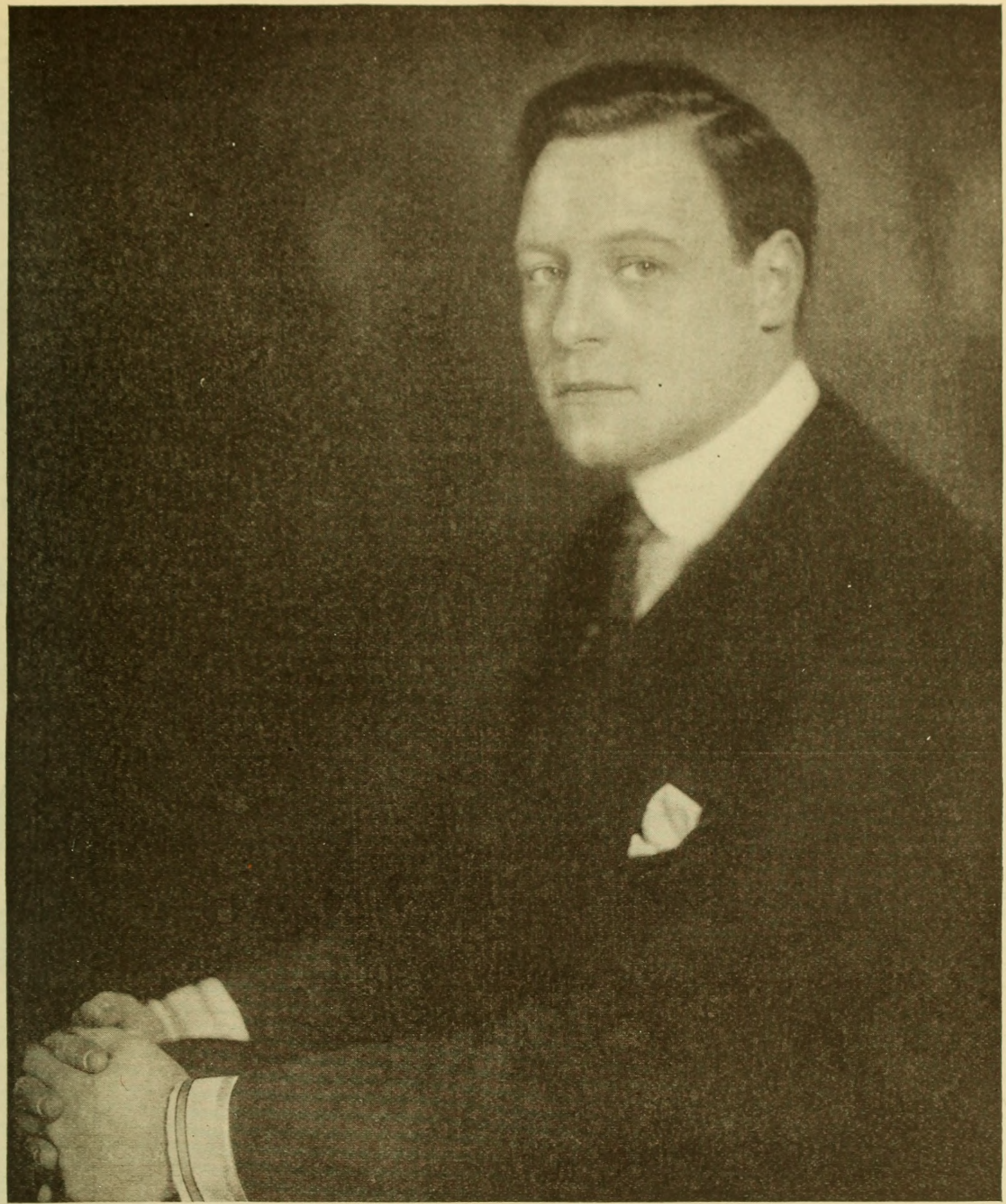
Chicago, a place where they change trains and, in the sad, mad scramble of luggage and lunch between, run up to see "PHOTOPLAY."

FIRST I'll Tell You
What Happened to Mary.
She Started from Los Angeles,
For New York,
To Meet her Mother,
And Talk Over
That New Contract.
She was Sidetracked in 'Frisco,
To Speak for the Fourth Loan—
At the Ship-yards there, where
She Induced them to Part with
A Million and a Half Dollars' Worth.
Then she Came On to Chicago.
She Was Tired Out; and
Wanted to Rest.
She didn't Want them
To Know she was There.
But
Wherever she'd Go,
People would say,
"There's Mary Pickford!"
At the Blackstone Hotel,
She tried to eat dinner,
But instead
She Sold Bonds;
And at the theatre
She Co-Starred

Mary Pickford sold a million and a half dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds for the Fourth Loan in the San Francisco bay region.

With the Dolly Sisters,
And they Sold Some More.
At the Theatre,
When they Saw her,
They Screamed,
"There's
Mary!
Get Up on the Stage,
And Make a Speech!"
But Mary Said
She wasn't Much of a Hit
On the Stage, and
Guessed
She'd Stay where
She was—
And Kept on
Selling 'em.
Just Once,
When she was Hurrying
Out of her Hotel,
She Thought she Might Get By
Unrecognized.
But
There was
A Little Girl—
Not More than Eight—
With a Pinched Face,
And Hungry Eyes,
Who was Selling Flowers;
And she Sidled Up,
With a Bunch of Violets.
She Looked Up—
And Saw Mary.
Her Eyes Shone, and
She Gasped,
"You—
You're Mary Pickford!
I Thought,
All the Time,
You was a Angel."
She Put Out a Timid Hand,
And Touched Mary's Dress.
"Why—
You're—You're *Real!*"
She Gulped; then—
"Please take these Flowers—"
And Held them Out—
"For Nothing; I
Wouldn't Take Money
From *You.*"
Mary Patted her Hand,
And Slipped a Ten Dollar Bill
into it;
And Smiled,
And Afterwards Turned
And Looked Back,
And Waved her Hand.
The Kid Never Moved.
But then
Came Bad
News from
California
That Sister
Lottie
Was Ill, with
Influenza.
Mrs. Pickford
Met Mary in
Chicago,
And
They hurried home
To Los Angeles.

(Continued on page 106)



Sarony

Harold Lockwood — *Died October Nineteenth, 1918*

WHEN people in the film business heard that Harold Lockwood was dead there was a general shock such as a fatal accident brings to a small village.

In his profession he was duly modest, a steady worker, and consistently progressive in the arts of acting, though—unfortunately—the material accorded him was not always what it should have been. Away from studio Lockwood was a clean, wholesome, worthy young American citizen in the very best sense of the term.

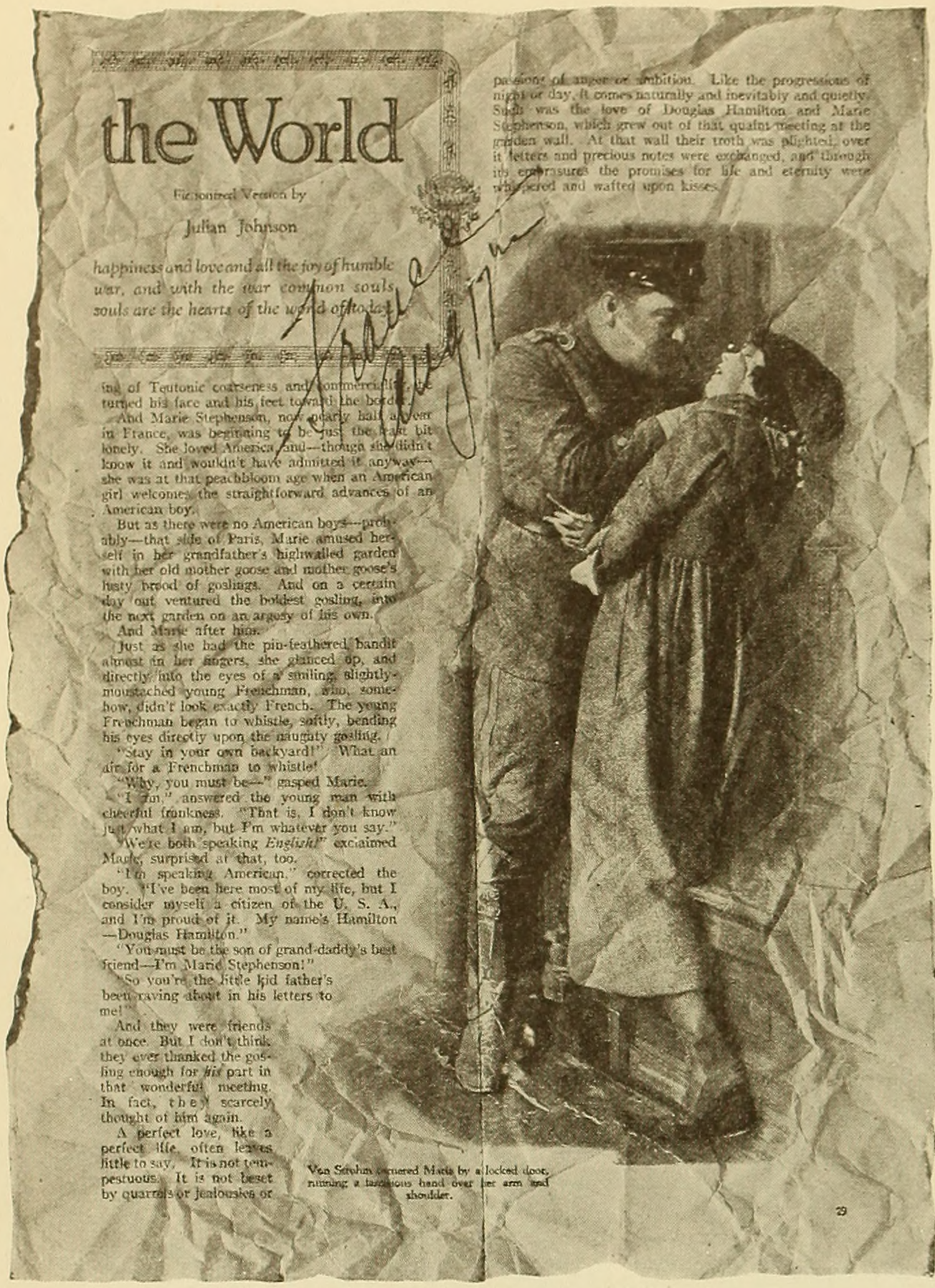
He died in his thirtieth year, leaving a wife and one child. The last decade of his life comprised more activity than comes to most men who endure to seventy. He was born in Brooklyn, and, after a brief experience on the stage, was taken up by Edwin S. Porter, who, if you are familiar with screen history, you will recall as one of the great prime movers of this industry, and a founder of Famous Players.

Porter was then part owner of the Rex company, and young Mr. Lockwood played juvenile leads in turn for Rex, Nestor, New York Motion and Selig.

His first Famous Players part was opposite Mary Pickford in "Tess of the Storm Country." He also played in "Hearts Adrift." After other Famous assignments, including a picture or two with Marguerite Clark, he signed his well-remembered Mutual contract, and co-starred with Mae Allison.

The climax of his fruitful career was reached as an individual star with Metro.

Included in the list of his best-known pictures are "Big Tremaine," "The River of Romance," "The Come-Back," "The Haunted Pajamas," "Broadway Bill," and "Lend Me Your Name."



the World

Fictionized Version by

Julian Johnson

happiness and love and all the joy of humble war, and with the war common souls souls are the hearts of the world of today.

passions of anger or ambition. Like the progressions of night or day, it comes naturally and inevitably and quietly. Such was the love of Douglas Hamilton and Marie Stephenson, which grew out of that quaint meeting at the garden wall. At that wall their troth was plighted, over it letters and precious notes were exchanged, and through its embrasures the promises for life and eternity were whispered and wafted upon kisses.

ing of Teutonic coarseness and commercialism, he turned his face and his feet toward the border.

And Marie Stephenson, now nearly half a year in France, was beginning to be just the least bit lonely. She loved America and—though she didn't know it and wouldn't have admitted it anyway—she was at that peachbloom age when an American girl welcomes the straightforward advances of an American boy.

But as there were no American boys—probably—that side of Paris, Marie amused herself in her grandfather's highwalled garden with her old mother goose and mother goose's lusty brood of goslings. And on a certain day out ventured the boldest gosling, into the next garden on an argosy of his own.

And Marie after him.

Just as she had the pin-feathered bandit almost in her fingers, she glanced up, and directly into the eyes of a smiling, slightly-moustached young Frenchman, who, somehow, didn't look exactly French. The young Frenchman began to whistle, softly, bending his eyes directly upon the naughty gosling.

"Stay in your own backyard!" What an air for a Frenchman to whistle!

"Why, you must be—" gasped Marie.

"I am," answered the young man with cheerful frankness. "That is, I don't know just what I am, but I'm whatever you say."

"We're both speaking *English!*" exclaimed Marie, surprised at that, too.

"I'm speaking American," corrected the boy. "I've been here most of my life, but I consider myself a citizen of the U. S. A., and I'm proud of it. My name's Hamilton—Douglas Hamilton."

"You must be the son of grand-daddy's best friend—I'm Marie Stephenson!"

"So you're the little kid father's been raving about in his letters to me!"

And they were friends at once. But I don't think they ever thanked the gosling enough for *his* part in that wonderful meeting. In fact, they scarcely thought of him again.

A perfect love, like a perfect life, often leaves little to say. It is not tempestuous. It is not beset by quarrels or jealousies or

Von Strohm cornered Marie by a locked door, running a tacitous hand over her arm and shoulder.

29

On August 17th Lieut. Maurice S. Revnes (Headquarters, 77th Division) found this crumpled page from July PHOTOPLAY in No Man's Land. Possibly it had fallen from the pocket of a charging doughboy. Strange, isn't it, that this particular page should have been devoted to a tale of that devastated France to which it finally found its way! It is a part of the fictionized version of Mr. Griffith's "Hearts of the World."

You've been introduced to those heroic devil-dogs, the Marines, in every theatre, every newspaper, every magazine and by nearly every Liberty Bond exhorter in America. Below, the first returning likeness of the man who has done the largest individual part in making their glory a matter of permanent record: Leon Caverly, their official motion picture photographer in France. Mr. Caverly is not one of the gentlemen who take pretty bits of specially posed action far, far from the thud of highly emotional shells. Note the ready gas-mask? That's a matter of business, not ornament.

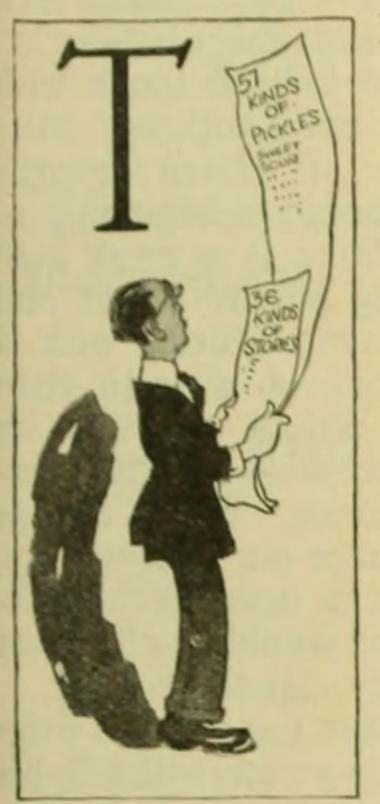
California, whose visual products have caused the building of scores of theatres in every corner of the world, can still boast her original playhouse, just as it was in 1840, when it was opened. This rare temple of thespis and its adjacent saloon—pictured above—are to be found on a somnolent street in Monterey. Things don't change much, in *manana* Monterey.

Here's an Italian cinema, turned into a temple of mercy. Above it waves the American flag; inside it the American Red Cross is ladling out soup to a hungry town; behold the little folk—who once screamed with delight within, at the antics of Carlo Ceplin—patiently waiting with their pails.

The Literary Secret Service

There are only thirty-six stories in the world, but every Scenario Department is expected to find one new one every day.

By Randolph Bartlett



THERE is a kink in the Cosmos. Will one of those incessantly optimistic individuals who go about declaring "all's well with the world," step into the spotlight and explain why it is that, although there are fifty-seven kinds of pickles there are only thirty-six kinds of stories? This inequality is the more tragic when we pause to consider that while probably no person ever went stark, staring mad over the fact that he could not think of some kind of pickle he never had tasted, several scores of young men and women have become prematurely gray, and go about day and night tearing out their hair by the handsful, trying to think up new plots and situations for moving pictures. To save them from the asylum several producers have evolved a sort of literary secret service, a situation census, a vital statistics of ideas, a dramatic card-index.

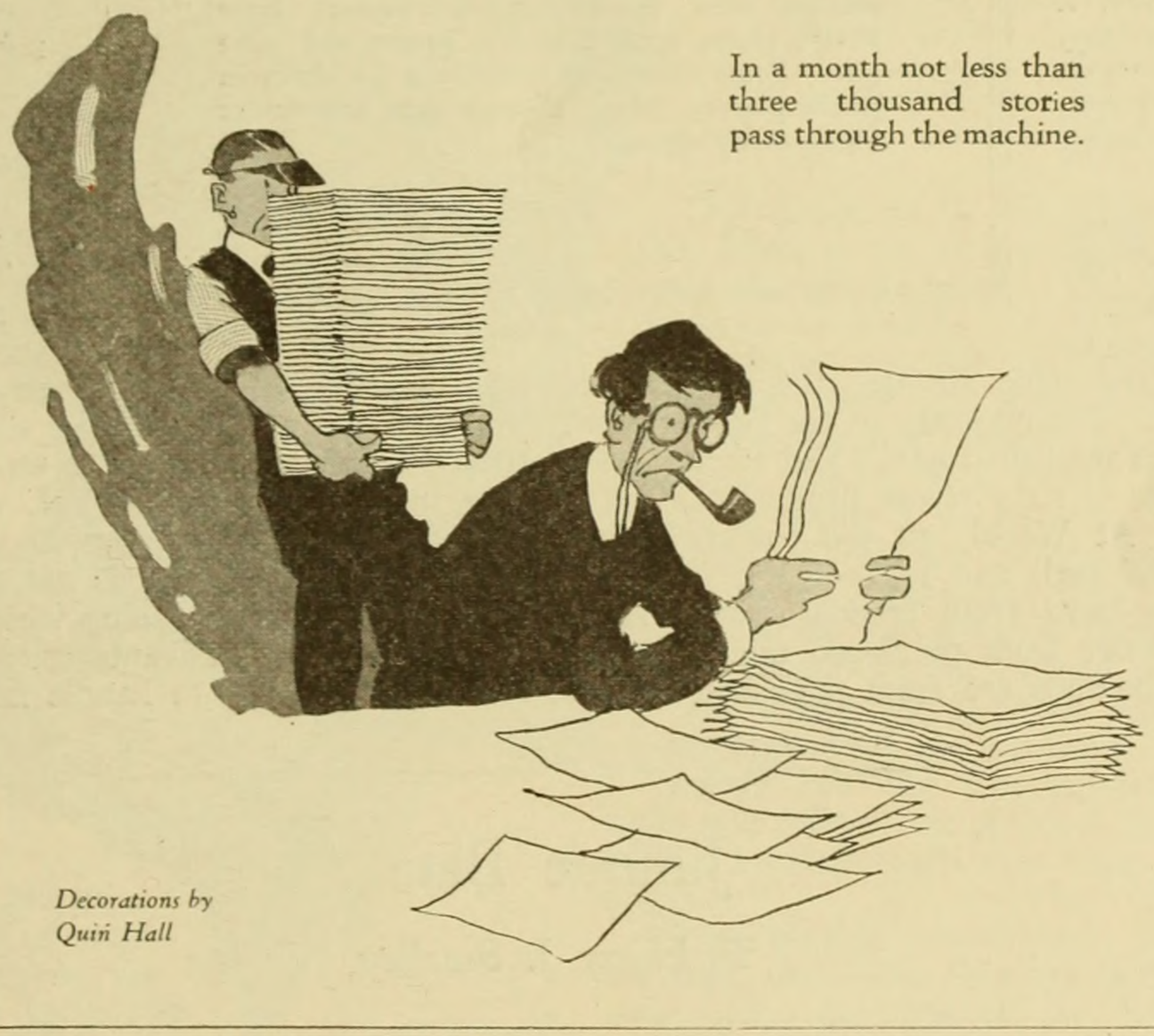
Before examining the method by which these plot-hounds trail screen stories to their lairs and trap them, it might be well to draw attention to the fact once more, that there is no such thing as an original dramatic situation today. The reverend gentleman who wrote the Book of Ecclesiastes and remarked "There is no new thing under the sun," said something. If you don't believe him or me, ask Bob MacAlarney at Paramount, or 'Gene Mullen at Vitagraph, or 'Tony Kelly, or June Mathis at Metro, or C. Gardner Sullivan, or any of the other boys and girls who turn out the 'scripts. And this remark was made about 400 B. C.

Then, about two thousand years later, Count Gozzi, a Venetian dramatist, made the thing more specific. He wrote down a list of thirty-six dramatic situations and drew a big black line underneath the list, remarking, as Ethel Barrymore was destined to observe a couple of hundred years later, "That's all there is, there isn't any more." Two Germans butted in, in the German way, and tried to tell Gozzi he was off his base, but after they had made a vain attempt to sink him without warning, they admitted he was torpedo proof.

And to nail the thing down, if you don't believe the evidence of all these eminent dead ones is valid as applying to moving pictures, consider this excerpt from a conversation I had with Mr. MacAlarney:

"What do you think of Gozzi's thirty-six—"

"Thirty-six!" he exclaimed. "I wish there were thirty-six. There isn't a handful," and he held up one hand with the five fingers spread, fingers rough and calloused from pawing through books and manuscripts in search for new stories.



In a month not less than three thousand stories pass through the machine.

Decorations by Quin Hall

When I returned to my hermitage I looked up the Gozzi list, and was inclined to agree with MacAlarney, so far as practical purposes are concerned. For a good many of the dramatic situations he described were taken from the original Greek, and if the Greek was original he was also unhampered by the censor, and a large proportion of the thirty-six situations would horrify even Ivan the Terrible.

So there you have it. There is just about a MacAlarney handful of fundamental dramatic situations, and yet the moving picture producers, urged on by an avid public, sing on:

> *"Count that day lost whose low descending sun*
> *Sees no five-reeler finished or begun."*

By sheer force of necessity, it is natural that the Paramount-Artcraft organization, with its heavy production program, should have worked out the most elaborate method of checking up on new picture possibilities. There are just two sources of material—published books and magazines, and manuscripts submitted by independent writers. A regular corps of readers is engaged. A magazine arrives and is assigned to one of them. The reader peruses every story, and submits a brief analysis of the plot of each, recommending for further consideration any that he considers suited to the screen. These are followed up, but whether used or not, a record of each, available or otherwise, is kept on file. This file has a cross-index so that a story can be located through the name of the author, the title of the tale or the name of the star whose characteristics its leading character most closely approximates. Independent manuscripts are handled in exactly the same manner. No story that goes into the Paramount office is ever forgotten. Mr. MacAlarney may never see it, his assistants may forget its existence, but the big, silent, ever growing file has the record, and the file has a perfect memory.

Note the big surprise that came to me in this little journey.

"Perhaps fifty percent of the pictures we produce," said Mr. MacAlarney, "are from stories which we have rejected at least once."

"Do you mean that the authors keep sending them back, improving them under your direction, until they suit you?"

"No—I mean that we take them in their original form after having first turned them down. It may have been that we did not need just that kind of a story at the moment. It may have been that we were not quite convinced it would make a good picture. It may not have been timely and it may have been that we were all wrong, and had to think it over before we discovered our error. This is the whole spirit of this organization. We

don't pretend to know everything. We want to be convinced."

There's a dramatic situation in itself, classifiable perhaps as Gozzi's No. 5, "Pursuit." Every month about forty magazines launch more or less original fiction. Perhaps twenty-five novels, even in these war times, can be added to this. And then there is the great flood of independent manuscripts, pouring in every day. All this has to go through the mill. In a month not less than three thousand stories pass through the machinery of the Paramount scenario department. Out of this three thousand, it is necessary to get from ten to fifteen that will screen. It ought to be easy. Strangely enough, it isn't. And that's where old Gozzie is proved to be not such a boob after all, for when you boil most of the three thousand down to what will show on the silversheet, there is little left, and that little is so obviously similar to one of the parent thirty-six that it would have about as much right on the screen as an old, faded tin-type in an exhibition of Alfred Cheney Johnston portraits.

Confronting the same dilemma, Ricord Gradwell, of the World, hit upon a brilliant idea. He decided to make the New York Public Library an annex of his scenario department. He engaged a little staff of readers who know French and Italian, and turned them loose in the foreign fiction department of the library with instructions to find ideas, more especially among old and forgotten books. Results were immediate and gratifying. One reader reported "The Romance of a Poor Young Man," a French novel a century old. Fifty years ago it was made into a play, "The Art of Being a Gentleman." Today it is a World picture, "The Golden Wall."

Out in Flatbush, where Eugene Mullen conducts the literary department of the Vitagraph activities, they have a staff which combs magazines and novels, but are going through the process of reorganizing and extending it. The majority of the productions here, as elsewhere, come from published books and stories. At Paramount eleven productions of sixty recent productions were from original manuscripts. At World, on the contrary, the staff writers have been developed, and half of the material comes from this source, one-third from original stories submitted, and the small remainder from published tales. Practically all the Goldwyn productions are from published works and plays. At Metro the output is about evenly divided.

Just how these scouts feel about the race for material can best be described in their own language.

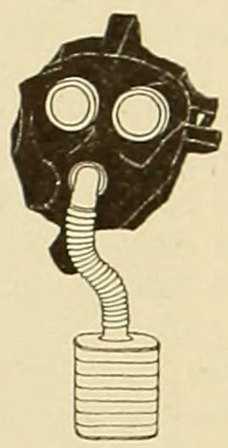
"Famous writers," Mr. Mullen remarks, "clever as their novels and plays may be, must positively first master the technique of the screen before their contributions can be of much value. Some of them, on the strength of their fiction successes, have submitted stuff to this office often so inexpressibly bald in treatment, childish in theme, and senile in conception, that the men into whose hands their attempts pass cannot contain their disgust. This is a pity, and let us hope, a temporary condition, for the screen needs good stories now as it never needed them before."

"We try to keep in touch with the most successful authors," Miss June Mathis of Metro reports. "I think authors are beginning to realize that there is a great field in the moving picture world and are offering their stories with a greater amount of warmth than previously. Within the last six months our scenario staff has furnished five stories. We do not, as a rule, encourage our staff writers, as we prefer to develop the outside writer and would much rather make his story suit the screen.

"We find that the average original photoplay writer will tell his story in narrative and not in situation. A situation is the keynote of the photoplay. These authors, however, are encouraged, and an attempt is always made to explain to them just exactly what we wish."

Until quite recently, the sleuthing of the plot-hounds, in their search for material, was impeded rather than aided by the more successful authors themselves. For years they had looked upon the screen as an interloper.

The story is one thing. The stage is something else again. The author whose story is dramatized seldom objects to the necessary changes made to adapt it to the stage. He sees that the stage is different from the book, that it expresses the idea in an entirely different shape, that a new form is necessary. Yet, when it goes into third speed, and is placed on the screen, he will scream like a wounded elephant because the book is not followed line by line. Yet the day is rapidly approaching when the author will see that the silversheet has its advantages, and they who know its intricacies should be left to handle matters for themselves.



"GASSED," reads the casualty list, and another American soldier suffers from the Hun poison! But there are the gas masks. Uncle Sam is turning them out—by the thousands. To do this there must be charcoal. The best charcoal for gas masks is made from the stones of peaches and other fruits. Uncle Sam needs these stones!

Saving peach-stones is the easiest thing you can do for your country to help win the war, but it is not a small service. Gas masks save soldiers' lives. Save those peach stones! Save peach, plum, apricot, cherry, prune and olive pits. Some cities have receptacles for them in public places. Many theatres give admittance for so many stones.

Jimmie Blue

By Harry J. Smalley

WHERE'ER he came from, no one knew—
Just drifted 'long, as boys will do.
He hung around the lot awhile,
And always wore a happy smile,—
And then one day, a job he cops—
Became assistant to our "Props!"
And things grew brighter when he came
Into the studio; his name
Was Jimmie Blue.

The brightest kid I ever met!
We actors soon made him our pet,
His cheerful way, his pep and vim—
No one could help a-liking him!
All of us at the studio
Were pals of Jim, you'd better know!
A happy, careless, winsome lad,—
The skies of life one color had
For Jimmie: blue!

One morning Jim did not appear
For work as usual, which was queer.
We then discussed the absent lad
And learned some things that made us sad!
It seems the blithesome little cuss
Had borrowed coin from all of us!
Yours truly lost ten iron men,—
It was a day of mourning when
Our Jimmie blew!

Making the World Safe for the Author

How one scenario chief handles the problem—and the directors

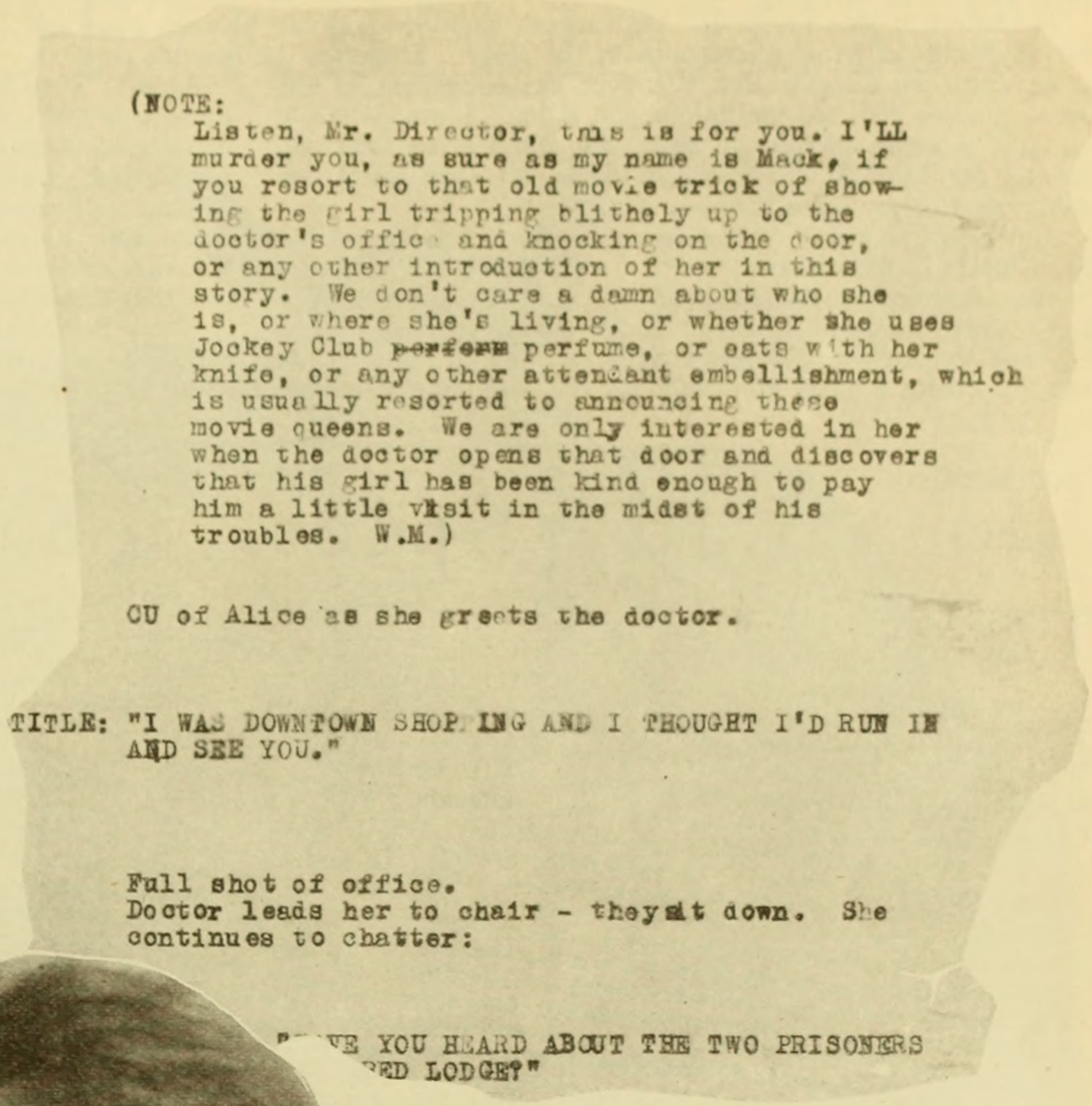
By John Ten Eyck

"LISTEN, Mr. Director, this is for you. I'll murder you, as sure as my name is Mack, if you resort to that old movie trick of showing the girl tripping blithely up to the doctor's office and knocking on the door, or any other introduction of her in this story. We don't care a d—— about who she is, or where she's living, or whether she uses Jockey Club perfume, or eats with her knife, or any other attendant embellishment which is usually resorted to in introducing these movie queens. We are only interested in her when the doctor opens that door and discovers that his girl has been kind enough to pay him a little visit in the midst of his troubles.

W. M."

Thus Willard Mack, Great Panjandrum of the Goldwyn studio at Ft. Lee, is doing his bit in making the world safe for the author. The foregoing is just a sample of the fragments of personal advice and injunction to be found scattered through Mack scenarios, so that the director may understand that what is writ in the scenario is writ, nor all his piety nor tears can alter it.

In a measure, I am inclined to sympathize deeply with the young woman who, breaking into the movies, sits about day after day, finally plays her two or three little scenes, then waits eagerly for the picture to be released, and while waiting tells all her friends about the great achievement. The picture released, she hardly recognizes herself in the two or three feet remaining of the scenes she believed so important. On the other hand, I sympathize still more deeply with the audience when the entire action of a picture is stopped in order to impart the information, partly obvious and the remainder nonessential, that Angelica, the belle of the village, is in love with Percyvale, visits him against her parents' wishes, and that the role is played by some young person of whom one never previously heard, nor will remember.



(NOTE:
Listen, Mr. Director, this is for you. I'LL murder you, as sure as my name is Mack, if you resort to that old movie trick of showing the girl tripping blithely up to the doctor's office and knocking on the door, or any other introduction of her in this story. We don't care a damn about who she is, or where she's living, or whether she uses Jockey Club ~~perfume~~ perfume, or eats with her knife, or any other attendant embellishment, which is usually resorted to announcing these movie queens. We are only interested in her when the doctor opens that door and discovers that his girl has been kind enough to pay him a little visit in the midst of his troubles. W.M.)

CU of Alice as she greets the doctor.

TITLE: "I WAS DOWNTOWN SHOPPING AND I THOUGHT I'D RUN IN AND SEE YOU."

Full shot of office.
Doctor leads her to chair - they sit down. She continues to chatter:

"HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT THE TWO PRISONERS ESCAPED LODGE?"

A page from a recent Goldwyn manuscript, showing Mr. Mack's gentle and refined hints to the director who will ultimately receive this burning document as the foundation for a five-reel photoplay. At the left, Mr. Mack's most frequently used fighting face.

This seems to be the Mack idea—seems to be, because Mr. Mack is not an approachable person and is to be known only through his work. You might describe him as a ninety horse-power violet.

Scenarios are not the most interesting form of casual literature. Boy and man, I have been reading them ever since the motion picture industry was first in its infancy, which is harking back several harks. I never have encountered one which I would select deliberately to while away a dull hour. They are informative, rather than entertaining. But there is personality in a Mack scenario, and without personality in the scenario there is unlikely to be much of that quality in the finished product. The man has a certain driving force, which often comes out in matters that are apparently mere routine. For example, his scenario describes two men escaping from prison. The average scenario will inform the director that the men lower themselves from the prison wall by a rope. Here is the scene as Mack orders it:

"Show outside prison wall. Bill and old Dan come down the rope, and when they are both down Bill, with a dexterous twist, snaps the rope off the spike. He coils the rope inside his jacket and they move off in the darkness. These shots must be done at night, using an overhead arc, the same as is used in prison yards. This gives us our shadows and real darkness when the men move out of the circle of light. Please accept this as final—I will not tolerate daylight shots for these."

Here is that visualization which marks the scenario writer who knows what he wants. The story from which these excerpts are taken is "Laughing Bill Hyde," a Rex Beach tale in which Will Rogers made his first screen appearance. Mr. Beach knows the things he writes about. He knows the north, Alaska especially, perhaps better than any other writer in the world. Mr. Mack, I believe, knows Alaska too. Few directors have had that advantage, as has been demonstrated from time to time by the atrocities that have been committed in the

name of Dawson. In one of his asides to the director, therefore, Mr. Mack observes:

"I know that Rex Beach will hold me personally responsible for any indiscretion or discrepancy in the story. Therefore I must warn the director that wherever the equipment of the scene puzzles you, see me before you shoot. I would like to see one Alaskan picture in which the detail is so faithfully carried out that all the old sourdoughs all over the U. S. will yelp with joy when they see it."

And here are a few of the "Stop, Look, Listen" signs that Mack posts in his scenario:

"Be sure and make Sam drunk," he interpolates, in a scene where a rowdy character in the gold rush days accosts a young woman who has just arrived in the north. "I do not wish to create a false impression of Alaska in the old days, because a good woman was a d—— sight safer in Dawson or Nome than she ever was in New York. The distinction between good and bad was drawn much finer than it is here in the big city."

Again: "I do not wish to see guns and knives hanging on these characters in the bar-room scenes. The indiscriminate carrying of firearms was not tolerated in Alaska, at least not this side of 1898."

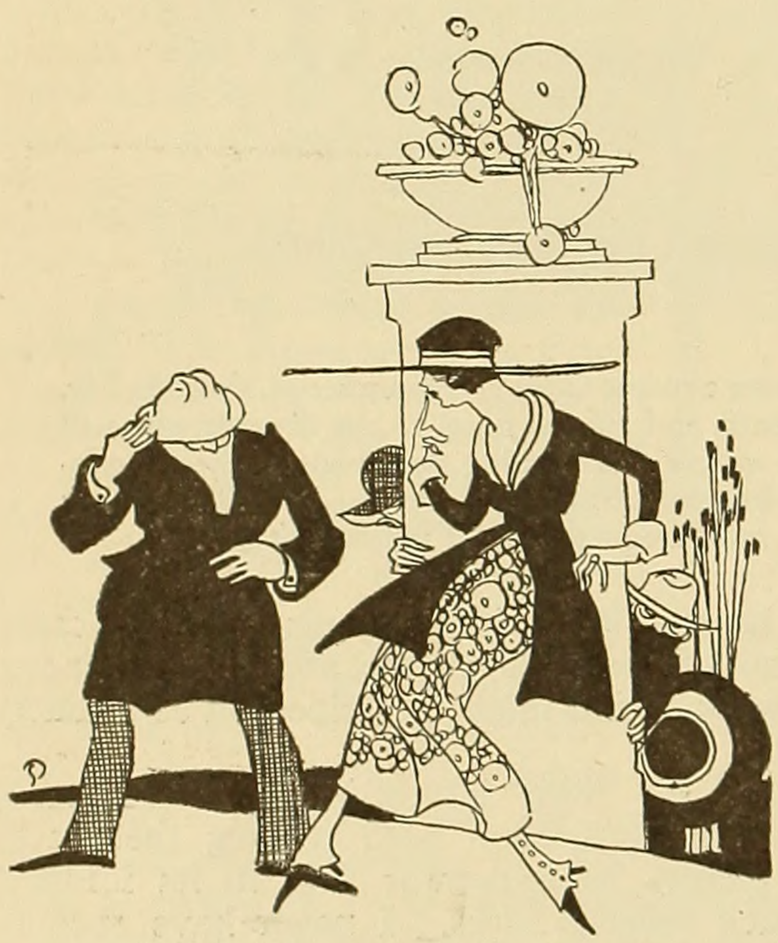
Again: "Please, when you shoot the Bonanza saloon and dance hall, which are all supposed to be morning scenes, do not show a lot of girls ambling around. It was a big night and they're all asleep."

There is nothing revolutionary in all this. After all, it is much the same as a bank manager telling the cashier that he much keep his books straight.

Lady-Spies — *By* Delight Evans

THESE Lady-Spies!
Have you Seen them?

You Know—
These Curious Creatures
Who Go About
Making the World Unsafe
For Anything but Democracy.



—meeting bearded men in the park.

They Act
As if they Started the War,
And their Own Particular Spying
Was Going to End it.
The War
Couldn't Go On for the Minute
It it weren't for them.
In fact,
Just about the Whole Responsibility
For this Great Struggle
Seems to Rest on their Shoulders;
And goodness knows,
Some of these Brunnette Brunnhildes
Look Strong Enough to Bear it.
They're Never Blonde—
Every Director Knows
They have to be Kept Dark.
Usually
The Lady-Spy
Has a Difficult French Name—
The Scenario Writers see to it—
Prefaced always by "Madame"—
They Think it's Safer.
Have they Ever Really Lived?
I don't Know.
Their Press-Agents,
The Caption Writers,
Credit them with a Past.
One has Been
A Favorite in the Sultan's Harem;
And we Understand Also
That Crown Prince Wilhelm
Thought a Whole Lot of her.
They are Always
Stepping In and Out of Motors,
And Meeting Bearded Men
In the Park.
They Lower Window Shades
All the Time—
Signalling
To the Spies Across the Street.
They Put the Papers
In a Safe Place—
For Instance,
In Their Pockets,
Or Fastened in the Window Shade—
(No Wonder Wilhelm Sent 'Em!)
There are No Lengths
To Which they Won't Go.
Why, one Even
Laid her Hand on the Hero's Coat-sleeve—
(She Just had to Have those Papers.)
Usually
The Hero
Is an Intelligence Officer—
(He doesn't Look Intelligent.)
The Lady-Spy
Figures Largely
In Scenes showing
A Jeweled Hand
Pouring a Sleeping-Potion
Into a Wine Glass.
(On the Wilhelmstrasse
They Do It.)
She Lets him Come To
In her Own Boudoir; and
Lets Everybody in the Audience Think
There's Going to Be
Something to Censor.
There Never Is.
She Can't Spy
In Anything but a Spangled Gown.
For the Close-ups,
She Registers Cunning—
A Curious Kind of Cunning—
It's Gotta be Different.
The Lady-Spy always
Has an Accomplice, who,
The Sub-titles Insinuate,
Is Part of her Past
Back in Berlin—
(But he Looks to Us
An Awful Lot like
Heinrich Lutz,
The Butcher Around the Corner.)
Spies have Pasts,
But Seldom Futures.
The Lady-Spy
Is Always Led Away
In the Last Scene—
(After the Detectives have Come
And Found the Papers,
And the Girl-who-Loved-the-Hero-All-the-Time
Twines her Arms
Around his Neck, and calls him
"My Hero"—
She Can Have him—)
Why, then the Lady-Spy
Passes Out,
And Throws Back her Head,
And Laughs at them in Passing.
I Don't Blame her.
And so
She Sweeps out the Door, and
Off the Screen,
And Out of the Picture—
As you Knew all Along she Would—
And you Get Up
And Wander Out,
And thank heaven
We're Winning this War.
And the Next Night,
You Forget,
And Go to Another Picture-Show,
And there's the Same Spy,
And the Same Papers—
Just the Same Old Stuff—
And you Think
"To Hell with the Kaiser!"

She lets him come to in her own boudoir.

PRIDE OF KENTUCKY

The romance of a horse race that eliminated Mason and Dixon's Line and reconstructed a southern colonel.

By Marion Craig

A surprising victory— Lucille had won her own horse! She was ashamed to accept—delighted that Southern Pride was not leaving the family.

IF anything were needed to finally convince the last doubter that these United States form one nation, the great war has supplied that need. In France, Michigan and Alabama boys, brigaded together, are winning hand in hand; at home, North and South have united in pouring out not only their best, but their all, for support and relief of a great common cause.

At the Cameron home in Virginia, on a Spring afternoon, the whole neighborhood had opened its thrifty hands to shower their contents into the patient lap of that greatest mother, the Red Cross. Not everyone had much to give, few had much to give, but all were giving as though to give were an excess of happiness. The Camerons themselves, much richer once than now, were putting upon the altar of mercy "Southern Pride," a great and ultimate gift of horseflesh. They could not give money, for they hadn't it; they could only proffer a living thing that was nearer their hearts than any gold could be. True, Southern Pride had sprained a tendon in her foreleg, and might never run again, but did that lessen her intrinsic value in the family's eyes? Not at all!

So Lucille Cameron stood there, a bit brave, a bit terrified, crying in a voice that was a bit shrill in spite of its determination to be calm: "One dollar a chance, ladies and gentlemen! You stand to win Southern Pride, daughter of Selim Bey, who, as you all know, was undisputed champion at one mile!"

The hand that held the tickets trembled, but the blue eyes smiled dauntlessly. Lucille was not exactly pretty; she was more than that: she was fascinating. She had that for which many a merely pretty girl might give her dimples and her teeth: fascination.

Slowly, her tickets were taken. As we have intimated, the spirit of mercy in and around Cameronville was infinite, but like Cameron House, the district had more spirit than coin.

Far back in the shadow of the deep, high-pillared porch sat Lucille's father. Colonel Cameron had been a boy not old enough to fight in the days of the Civil War. He had seen and heard it all and he grew up fired with the chivalry of a lost though perhaps erring cause. He was indeed a gentleman of the old school, and a scheme of life such as his demanded a million a year, at least. Now, the weight of sixty years of dreams and debts lay upon him like a silver cloud; in the bright sunlight beyond, Lucille, his darling, was trying vainly to raffle the last of his horses. Vainly! There was the tragedy. His hand convulsively shot to his pocket . . . should he spend the few silver dollars there in helping out his little girl. . . .?

Just then the gate banged determinedly, and among neighbors and neighboring farmers strode one obviously not of them.

Jim Luce was such a hale fellow generally well met that few had noticed a shifty eye that had a habit of settling nowhere, like a buzzing fly. Today that eye roamed restlessly across the crowd, lingering not at all, except, when her head was turned the other way, on Lucille.

"Well, Miss Cameron—how about it?" Luce squared himself in front of the nearest to her, his hands in his pockets, his feet wide apart. He had a habit of recognizing and mastering helpless people's emergencies, and he recognized this as one of them.

"Oh!" exclaimed the girl, swallowing hard—"I've got twenty-five that I *just can't* seem to sell!"

"I'll buy them—for you," responded Luce abruptly, flashing forth a sheaf of green money. "Ten—and another ten—and how about five ones—nice new Federal Reserve ones—made 'em all myself—that's why they're so new." And he laughed at the dull and ancient witticism as if it were his own.

Lucille laughed, too, from sheer nervousness and happiness. She would have laughed at anything that had been said to her in that relieving instant.

She jumped down and the drawing for Southern Pride commenced immediately. Luce made his way to the portico. Colonel Cameron rose to meet him.

"Got your message at the hotel half an hour ago, Colonel," said Luce, with elaborate cheerfulness, shooting a hand to the older man. "What's the big idea? Anything I can do?"

"I wanted you to come down . . . to come down. . . ." Colonel Cameron looked cautiously around. "I wanted you to come down and relieve me of my oil stock—the stock you

A moment more and the girl, with only the thinnest of wraps about her nightgowned shoulders, had opened the door and stood confronting the beast.

sold me. I—that is to say—the truth is, suh, that several years ago, when money was easier than it has been since these damned Huns broke forth, I put a pretty large mortgage on this place. The original owner died, and it passed on. The next owner transferred it. And so on. My lawyer—Judge Tabor, suh—informs me that the scoundrels who've got it now, whoever they may be, want to foreclose!"

"You mean," interrupted Luce, with an access of easy insolence, "that you're behind in your interest. That's why they want to foreclose."

"My affairs, suh," bristled Cameron, "are my affairs!"

"Exactly, Colonel. You're getting right to my point. You're an old man—"

"Not so damned old, suh!"

"Of course not—right to my point again! You're just getting to the age where a man of your physical vigor and fine mentality ought to enjoy life—enjoy it thoroughly! The paltry little twelve thousand you put in my oil stock means nothing to me. You can have it tomorrow—now, if you say so—but honestly, Colonel, I couldn't be more deeply interested if you were my own father. Hold on to that stock six months, three months—and you've a competence, a fortune, for all the rest of your years. For Lucille it means—

"Miss Cameron, suh!"

"I beg your pardon. For Miss Cameron it means travel, education, every advantage that any girl in the world may ask!"

Cameron's eyes and his head fell. The fingers of his long white hand nervously tapped the pattern of his trousers. Luce had won.

And just then a surprising victory happened on the lawn. In the drawing of the raffle, Lucille had won her own horse! She was ashamed to accept—delighted that Southern Pride was not leaving the family. In her happy confusion she ran to her father.

"It was Mr. Luce's tickets that kept Southern Pride for me," she murmured.

Colonel Cameron smiled, and put out his hand to Luce.

Meanwhile, the Cameron estate was the chief subject of discussion at that very instant in Judge Tabor's sober, ill-fashioned little office on the main street of Cameronville. The old jurist, in the rusty suit of solemn black he had worn a dozen years, faced a handsome boy whose khaki shoulders were crossed by single bars of silver. A wound stripe told, too, that Gregory Haines had been invalided home from France.

"And that's the story of the family," Tabor was concluding. "A high spirited, proud old man—a girl that—a true Southern girl, sir. We don't say more when we want to compliment a girl down here."

"Then do me a favor," returned Lieut. Haines, "and say nothing about this mortgage now. What? You've told them . . . well, tell them that you were mistaken; the holder doesn't want to foreclose after all. Uncle William is dead. He might have finished the proceedings, but I won't. An old man . . . a young girl. . . . I'm going back, and I may not come home—you see, don't you?" The boy rose, as if the argument were finished.

"I see you're white, all the way through!" answered Judge Tabor, with vigor. "You must meet them, anyway, and see the place. It's a great old estate. I think it was your uncle's intention to put it right in your hands, but the stroke took him before I had started the action. Come along, sir!"

So Gregory Haines met Lucille Cameron.

A few minutes before, Luce had left the premises. At the turn of the road Jack Schuyler, his henchman, waited him, a furtive, anxious smile on his weak but not vicious face.

"Easy as selling hop to a Chinaman!" ejaculated Luce. "Two minutes of big bull on his oil stock, and you couldn't have pried the old man away from it with a crow-bar!"

"Been tough if he had struck for a refund, though," laughed Schuyler; "I've only got fifteen bucks left."

"You're rich," returned Luce. "That cute little chicken trimmed me till all I've got is ten ones—but they look like a roll, at that."

Three people neared Cameron House. Two of them were Judge Tabor, and his friend and sub-rosa client, Gregory Haines. The third was Johnny Tweed, a down-and-out jockey.

Pride of Kentucky

NARRATED by permission, from the photoplay of the same name, written by Tex Charwate, and produced by Goldwyn, with the following cast:

Lucille Cameron.....Mae Marsh
Gregory Haines.....Clarence Oliver
Jim DeLuce.....Clifford Bruce
Colonel Cameron.....W. T. Carleton
Johnny Tweed.....Tammany Young

The attraction between Gregory and Lucille was mutual and instant. Colonel Cameron liked the boy, too, yet . . . he was, after all, only a Northern soldier, and was it not a Northern soldier who had killed his own father? So, when Lucille was more than obviously attracted, her father was resultantly resentful and suspicious.

The sudden cessation of demand on the part of Judge Tabor's client was a great mystery and yet a great relief to Cameron. Never once did he connect his long-gone and oft-transferred mortgage to young Haines. Haines was to him, a mere incident, a whilom protegé of the somewhat eccentric judge, to be tolerated but not encouraged accordingly.

Confused by Gregory, who charmed yet dreadfully embarrassed her, Lucille stole out of the house and to the stables, where—the Red Cross fete having ended—the ransomed Southern Pride was now safely returned.

A strange little fellow, old, wizened, shrewd yet not repellent, was arguing hoarsely, almost pitifully, with Dan, the suspicious negro stableman. He turned suddenly, and, like lightning, switched his appeal to Lucille.

"Lady, lemme have a chance to take care o' this filly! Me an' her pa, Selim Bey, was pals for three years. You must know me, lady—I'm Johnny Tweed—that won the Championship with old Selim at Saratoga!"

"You—Johnny Tweed? Why, you were ruled off, Johnny."

"Fer booze, lady—fer booze! Not fer crookedness. I never pulled a horse nor doped one. An' me an' the booze is divorced these six months. Why, lady—this here tendon swellin' ain't nothin' serious in *my* hands! I'll make a champion out o' Southern Pride!"

Johnny stayed — without pay, for they had little to give him except a mattress and a generous share of old Dan's food.

And every day brought Lucille and Gregory a little nearer together. They walked, talked, drove, sat in the moonlight together. Jim Luce resented this for two reasons. First, because it meant a lessening of his power over Colonel Cameron; second, because it spoiled his chances with Lucille.

What he called his love for her leaped upward like a great impure flame. Real love could never find lodgment in such a heart as Luce's, so as the days went on, he thought only of getting her in his power. To do this he had first to get Cameron more completely in his clutches, and he was, accordingly, ingratiating and full of strivings to please. He learned early of the old man's weakness for horses—on crooked books rather than bad debts had, indeed, gone a large part of the Cameron cash—and began planning a trip to Saratoga. Luce was a fellow who might today have twenty thousand dollars and tomorrow, twenty cents. He played dishonest racing wherever he could. He was known from Saratoga to Tia Juana. But Cameron, always proud, always slightly suspicious, grandiosely refused the suggestions of invitation, rather than invitations direct, which Luce persistently tossed in his way.

Yet there was that annoying soldier Haines! Luce, with the cunning of a political trickster, sensed that he would win two battles at once if he could decisively drive between the Northern officer and the Southern aristocrat.

His chance came to him more quickly than he thought.

In Judge Tabor's office one day, seeking an endorsement on some rather irregular papers which even the easy local bank refused to honor, he chanced to see, in an open strong-box, the Cameron mortgage—in the name of Gregory Haines!

"After what has happened, suh, no man can say that is not a sporting proposition!"

Judge Tabor refused to sign Luce's queer documents—but what did he care? He had won a bigger victory than if he had won a whole crooked book at Saratoga. He prepared to play this victory in the proper place and only at the proper tempo.

He waited until afternoon before visiting Colonel Cameron. Then, as had been his custom, he sat down to chess with him. They played one game, half of another game, before Luce spoke of anything but the pieces and the plays. Then, as if it had been a single syllable about the weather, as he lifted a Bishop away from Cameron's Queen. . . . "Well . . . I see . . . is that move correct? . . . I see that at last young Haines has gotten what he came after . . . your mortgage."

Colonel Cameron rose in his place like an automaton when the string is not pulled, but yanked. The board flew up in Luce's face, and the chessmen flew all over the floor.

"It's a lie, suh!" roared Colonel Cameron—and as quickly apologized. Then, in the face of the sweetly-smiling Luce, he shouted anathema upon all Northerners, and cried for his hat. As he was starting for Judge Tabor's office Gregory Haines saved him the trip by opportunely entering.

The accusation was hurled forth like a bullet. Haines, taken aback, stammered that it was true, but . . .

Lucille, who had heard everything, came quietly from behind the library portieres.

"Mr. Haines"—now she contemptuously ignored the fact that he was an officer—"we have been living on your charity for two months. My father is a gentleman, and you should not have presumed—"

"Lucille! Can't *you* understand, at least?"

"If Mr. Haines will excuse me, suh, I shall retire to a cleaner atmosphere!" thundered old Cameron. "Mr. Luce"—turning to that delighted but dissembling varlet—"my daughter and I are very pleased to accept your invitation to visit with you in the North. We will leave in the morning!" He whirled out. Luce, with a smile that was a smirk for Lucille and a sneer for Haines, followed him. For a moment there was silence.

"We are one people, one nation —" "— and one family," added Gregory.

"Lucille," said Gregory, in a low voice, "I am so sorry, because . . . I love you. Am I to blame because my uncle left this mortgage to me? I have only tried to protect you—"

"I don't wish to be protected!" Lucille was one scarlet blaze of scorn. "Do you think that I, a Cameron, have no pride? I wish that I had never seen you!"

Gregory was silent and quite still for a full half minute. "Goodbye—Miss Cameron." And he was gone.

Lucille would have given her heart's blood to call him back. As she saw him going down the steps she knew that she loved him more than he could possibly love her. Almost unconsciously she stretched her arms toward him, but the dead and haughty aristocracy behind her—the ghosts of proud ancestors—stilled her voice.

In the morning they went away.

New York was very wonderful to the little girl who had known only sleepy towns and old-fashioned folk. Jim Luce's easy flash, his wide acquaintance and his real though rough courtesy during their first days there did much to disarm Lucille of her great original prejudice. Besides, had she not loved a gentle boy—only to have him turn out a plotting villain? It was when Luce made love to her, though, a sticky, unhealthy sort of love, that all of her heart cried out for Gregory and against Jim.

Schuyler was a great aid to Jim. It was Schuyler who fixed the stock farm trip—a borrowed stock farm, introduced as "one of Mr. Luce's country properties." And it was there that Jim showed off a horse that was really his: Torpedo, the whirlwind supposed to clean up everything at Saratoga.

Still, Luce had no chance to really make love to Lucille. Several times he had isolated her for the moment, and had seized her hand, said a word—always she evaded him, and had gone back to the party.

A dinner in his apartment was the last card Luce could play.

His pasty-faced, inscrutable servant prepared quarters for the night for them: for Lucille, a pretty little bed-room, replete with the dainty accessories that a woman demands; adjoining, an ample apartment for Colonel Cameron. Luce's own room, as Lucille gratefully noticed when being shown about by their host before dinner, was at the far end of the hall.

Luce had found one of his periodical easy touches, and how much cash he spent on that sumptuous meal his guests never knew. But there was course upon course, and distinguished wines and aristocratic bourbons, until Colonel Cameron was living again in his garrulous, glorious youth, while Luce seemed merrily with him. Dismayed, disgusted, and piloted only by the impassive old servant, Lucille crept up to bed. She locked and bolted her outer door, and put a chair against it. She turned the key of the door leading to her father's room, too, but at first the lonesome little girl had an inclination to leave that portal quite unfastened.

Once Lucille had

(Continued on page 103)

"Mother-Not-Ashamed-of-Her-Daughter"

Which, for a celebrated beauty and prominent screen star you'll admit is going some.

Kitty was not, according to the Hoyle of Popularity, supposed to have a daughter. Her press-agent was quite firm about it, but he was evidently out of power when the above picture was snapped, proclaiming: mother at right, and daughter at left.

DID you know Kitty Gordon is an Indian name?

You didn't? Well, neither did we until just the other day. Then we found that translated, "Kitty Gordon" means, "Mother-not-ashamed-of-her-daughter." This is not the unexpurgated Indian, of course, but it will serve.

You see Kitty—who is an international celebrity and beauty and the possessor of the world's most famous back—was not supposed to have a daughter. Her press-agent was quite firm about it. He would permit a sister, but a daughter—never! So he went about telling everyone that the seventeen-year-old young lady with Miss Gordon, who was going to act in Miss Gordon's new pictures, was Miss Gordon's sister, Vera Beresford. But Kitty herself crabbed his act. She indignantly denied that Vera was her sister and stubbornly insisted on acknowledging Vera as her daughter. And for an international music-hall favorite and celebrated beauty and prominent screen star you'll admit that's going some.

It was in the London "halls" that Miss Gordon first won recognition. Later she extended her popularity to this side of the Atlantic. Her American debut was not a marked success, as the vehicle, "Veronique," did not give her an opportunity to make a real impression. However, she came back in the leading role of "He Came from Milwaukee," with Sam Bernard, and scored an instantaneous hit. An engagement in the Wintergarden show, "La Belle Paris," followed. After that she was starred in Victor Herbert's operetta, "The Enchantress." Then came vaudeville and a tour in "Pretty Mrs. Smith." Later Miss Gordon formed a vaudeville partnership with Jack Wilson and the team was a big headline feature. In 1916 she went into pictures with World, appearing in "As in a Looking Glass." She continued with World for some months, leaving to do one picture, "Vera, the Medium," under the auspices of the short-lived G. M. Anderson corporation. Under the William A. Brady regime at World she contributed to the World program, and remained until the newly-formed United Pictures Productions offered to star her at the head of her own company.

Miss Gordon was married in England to the Hon. H. H.—now Captain Beresford, youngest son of a noble British family. Vera was born in England seventeen years ago, and she attended school abroad until, in 1914, she joined her mother over here.

"And now," says Vera, "now I'm in Pictures. I'm not studying and I'm not worrying about anything but my picture-work. I do hope I'll have a chance, in Mummy's new pictures, to show what I can do."

Miss Beresford has already played with Pauline Frederick in "Paid in Full" and "A Daughter of the South."

THE NATION OWES a great debt of gratitude to the soldiers in France who fought in the first line of attack and to the wage earners at home who backed them up. Peace has imposed new duties upon us all; let us work to perform these duties even more earnestly than when war was on.

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF LABOR

W. B. WILSON, ***Secretary of Labor***

Madge Kennedy,

from a portrait taken in her home, New York City, a few weeks ago for Photoplay Magazine. The comedienne says she can't remember her first dramatic role now without smiling. It was the Queen Mother, in an amateur performance of "Hamlet."

Neé Madge Kennedy

And afterward—well, how can she be called else, after making a national acquaintance under that name?

By Dorothy Allison

Originally, this young woman meant to be an illustrator. We wonder if she meant to find her model in a mirror?

SOME people always seem to belong in a fragrant, old-fashioned garden, some belong in a huge, dim cathedral, and others, alas, in a dark, gloomy dungeon surrounded by a slimy moat.

Madge Kennedy always seems to me to belong on a college campus. Not the high-brow part of it, heavens no! You couldn't imagine anyone less like the traditional idea of the academic woman than Madge Kennedy. But the jolly, slangy side of college life that goes in for midnight suppers and rushing freshmen and senior hops.

Even her dressing-room out at the Goldwyn studios looks like a college girl's room in a sorority house. It is done all over in gay and festive cretonne and plastered with snap-shots of her friends. There is a scarlet tam and a tennis racket on the window seat and a white jersey sweater hung behind the door. You almost look about for the dance program stuck in the mirror. Instead of dance programs there are costume sketches but the general effect is the same.

And when Miss Kennedy jumped up from the window seat and said "How-are-you-awfully-glad-you-came" she looked so exactly like a college widow that I told her so. She smiled her sophomore smile at me.

"That's funny," she said. "Because I started in life as something very like that. For about a year I was a student in the Art Academy here in New York."

"You were going to be an artist?" I gasped, much impressed.

"Not exactly an artist," she corrected. "But I thought perhaps I might be something like an illustrator. You know, the sort that illustrates stories with beautiful seven foot heroes and clinging vine heroines with huge eyes. I hadn't any very definite plan about it. My main idea was to get to New York.

"You see, mother and I had been living in California and the art school gave us a good excuse to come East. Never shall I forget those first months in this city. I had a young friend at the art school—he has become a successful illustrator since then—and we used to go across the river to Palisade Park and ride on everything in the place just like Fatty and Mabel. It was the thrill that comes once in a lifetime!

"Then they started putting on private theatricals at the Academy. There was one little comedy the academy people liked so well that we gave it in Carnegie Hall. One of the theatrical managers saw me in it and convinced me that as an illustrator I wasn't such a bad comedienne. So I went on the road. And that's how it happened."

"She always seems to me," says Miss Allison, "to belong on a college campus, though you can't imagine anyone less like the average academic woman."

Miss Kennedy crossed her hands primly like a good child who has finished reciting a lesson. She has most extraordinarily expressive hands and these, with her big questioning eyes, have helped her to create a type which belongs to her alone whether on the stage or on the screen. It is the innocently sophisticated young girl or wife who extricates herself from an exceedingly Frenchy situation without the slightest suggestion of anything risqué. She proved this in "Baby Mine" and "Fair and Warmer," both plays which might have had dangerous phases for any other actress. But Madge Kennedy could get away with murder in the shape of a doubtful line or situation even with Anthony Comstock applauding in the front row.

These roles amuse her, but like all ambitious young women she does not care to be identified with any one character. "Sometime I am going to play something that is just a little bit sad," she told me. "Did you ever know a comedienne who did not want to play tragedy?"

Well, hardly ever. But it isn't always such a bad idea at

(Continued on page 102)

White photo

HERE is the branding scene in "I. O. U.," which is Willard's Mack's dramatization of Hector Turnbull's photoplay, "The Cheat," such a great success in the hands of Fannie Ward and Sessue Hayakawa a few years ago. "I. O. U." is the first big play to cross from screen to stage. It is now playing in New York, but it is not a great success. Mack's dramatization is a most unconvincing job, and changing the heavy from Japanese to East Indian—at the government's request—has immeasurably weakened the story. The principal players are Mary Nash and Jose Reuben, shown here.

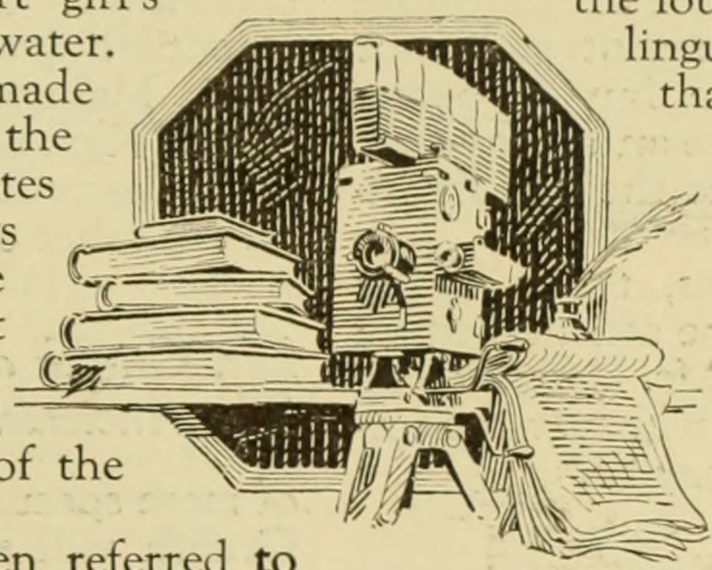
CLOSE-UPS

EDITORIAL EXPRESSION AND TIMELY COMMENT

A Score of Slackers. As these lines are written it is the last week in October, and the motion picture industry in America is doubtfully ornamented by at least a score of slacking leading men who ought to be, and are not, in the service of the United States.

As enlistment is always in a fluid condition, some of the twenty may have listened to their consciences as well as their draft boards by the time you read this. But there seems little prospect of this patriotic consummation. The camouflage that secured them while voluntary enlistments were not only permitted but implored has by now, in all probability, overgrown them like a set of vines.

This is not an indictment of the photoplay field as a whole. It is a selective and particular indictment of a certain small number of our *genus hero,* who love to romp through our projections in immaculate uniforms as much in danger of dirt as a Newport girl's bathing suit is in danger of water. As a whole, the industry has made a genuine American response; the sons of its magnates are privates or seamen; more than one of its inconspicuous lads has won the cross of war; several of the best character men of the business have been in a long, long time; some of the girls are yeomen of the Navy or are in the Red Cross.



In the group of leading men referred to there is no man above thirty-five years of age. A dozen or so, under thirty-five, must be omitted for very real dependencies, or, in two instances, for conspicuous service in their respective civil stations.

How small, in comparison, is that other list of principal actors, the list of service that contains the names of Forman, Warwick, Pallette, Harlan, Lloyd, Kerry, Oakman, Pickford, Vernon, Lytell. . . . .

And the gold star for Rankin Drew, who died in the air in France.

The Passing Lecturer. Every human advance discommodes the few for the convenience of the many.

One of the safe, dignified and entirely worthy human institutions of the last generation was the lecturer. He put a fillip in education, decoded the great cryptogram of history, widened the narrow horizon and provided a caffeineless substitute for the suspiciously stimulating theatre. Altogether, he was a sure though mild tonic with positively no narcotic reaction.

Yet the iconoclastic movie has finished this harmless, altruistic gentleman as remorselessly as Thanksgiving finishes the turkey.

The relation of the lecturer and the screen is that of the stage-coach and the Pullman. Where one sufficed the other has fulfilled beyond expectation, and then has anticipated. The public lecturer today is nearly as extinct as the buffalo, save where the shrewdest of his kind have become the camera's orderly or staff officers.

Such Is Fame. A young Western leading man of considerable screen prominence was convinced that Griffith had nothing on him as a national acquaintance.

Last month he came to New York, was flatteringly received by the trade, and decided—since he had army inclinations—to study French.

One of the international beauties of the metropolis was mentioned as a teacher both efficient and interesting! Scorning introductions, the youth addressed her, straight off, in the lounge of a great cafe. He told his linguistic ambition, and she said that she would be delighted to instruct him. They made an appointment.

"Is it necessary," he murmured as they parted, "to give you my name?"

"Certainly not!" she answered, cheerily. "You're Mr. Carl Laemmle."

The Undiscovered Country. There is such a thing, even in photoplays.

This country covers four-fifths of the world's surface. It is the sea.

With our grand return to marine supremacy we are not going to become, we are now, a seafaring nation. No land or time possesses the mystery, the romance, the unbridled action of the vast reaches of the ocean. Every folk except the Russians have spread the splendors of their ultimate imaginations upon the water.

At the moment, the negotiation of marine locations is practically impossible, but it is hard to understand why our peace-time search for pictorial sensations, which led us out upon the plains, down into the cities, up upon the mountains and back into forgotten wars reached out to the winds and tides so seldom. The motion picture author has fooled a good deal with tiresome fishing-village types that perhaps never existed outside some old-fashioned romancer's imagination, but he has seldom gone beyond the three-mile limit into the trade-winds of deep water imagination.

In time of war, prepare for peace. The tale of the plains is about spun. Let us make ready to visualize the everlasting chanties to dramatize the eternal broncho-busters of the deep.

Stars, and Acting. There is acting, good acting, reflected upon the silver cloth of our picture theatres, but it is seldom performed by the stars. With few exceptions, the stars play themselves through every scenario. There are of course exceptions, of whom that *Mary* who needs no further name is perhaps the chief example.

While this is to be deplored, the stars are not wholly to blame. This is a business of types, and the average photoplay is not a development of character, but the more or less happy adventure of a hero. In the end, a play gets the actors it demands, or it isn't given. Now and again we have a romance, an adventure, whose scenes can only be illuminated by a light of real humanity. Such compositions are the high spots in our photoplay year, and do much toward developing any or all of the latent talents of those who play in them. Infrequently a John Barrymore comes along, and makes a living man out of a mannikin in manuscript, but these ecstasies in the professional playgoer's life are not repeated often enough to harden him against thrills.

Some day, when we are making fewer photoplays and better ones, our picture dramatists will recognize the truth that the only creature whose infinite variety time cannot stale nor custom wither is the genuine human being. Then the hero will have to be an actor or get behind the glass eye and rustle the scenery instead of obscuring it.

Most of our compositions, today, really compel the comment that "the artistic feature of the tableau is the acting of Mr. Hatton"—or Mr. Roberts, or Mr. Lewis, or whoever the unheroic but lifelike performer may be.

❦

The Table-d'hote. Who revived it? Hoover? The hotel men? Chef McAdoo's dining-cars?

No. The movies.

The table-d'hote is more than food, although, as food, it is more familiar. The standard moving picture show has never been a la carte, and when the high-grade and so-called high-priced houses became the vogue of cities the optical course dinner became as firmly fixed in American habits as the gastronomic course dinner of two generations ago.

It is arranged with a view to good digestion and to variety. The succession of moderate quantities of travelogue, news, feature and comedy is directly comparable to the restored succession of soup, fish, roast and dessert, and shares its common sense.

❦

An Ill-Wind Blowout. It is to be hoped that the ill-winds of influenza blew the dust of motion picture ages out of some hundreds of America's photoplay-houses. If they did, we have another example of evil serving the powers of good.

There has been a brand of so-called theatres notorious for discomfort and medieval sanitation. Not the high-priced screen resort of the great city, with its marble balconies, rainbow lights and sterilized ventilation like unto a hospital; not the neighborly little gathering place of the small town, spick-painted, span-swept, and as much a personal pride as its owner's wife's kitchen—neither of these offends, but the continuous show in the big community, the second-run house, the cheap theatre of crowded districts, the drop-in grindery just under the lee of the great department store. Many of these places have not been closed, save from midnight to mid-morning, in half a dozen years. A little gilt on the front, a little paint on the screen frame, a fixed chair here and there, and the owner felt that he had done his whole duty to the public health. Boards of health have compelled the absolute renovation of scores of these germ-hatcheries in the past month. Wherever they have left one unpurged by the germicidal finger they have not done their duty. Have you one of these fusty, dusty, musty joints in your town? If you have, its menace deepens the longer it stands. Knock it straight into the washtub—now—while the public conscience is still awake. Make it open its windows, put in a ventilating system for winter as well as summer. Make it plane its grimy floors and paint them. Kick about its menacing old upholstery.

Make your theatre safe for democracy and all the other cies.

❦

Mr. Griffith and The Ancients. Wandering from the reds of war and the grays of convention into the upper blue of mere speculation, we wonder if David Wark Griffith will ever again give us a play of the ancients?

Let us hope so—and admit in the same breath that the probabilities are slight.

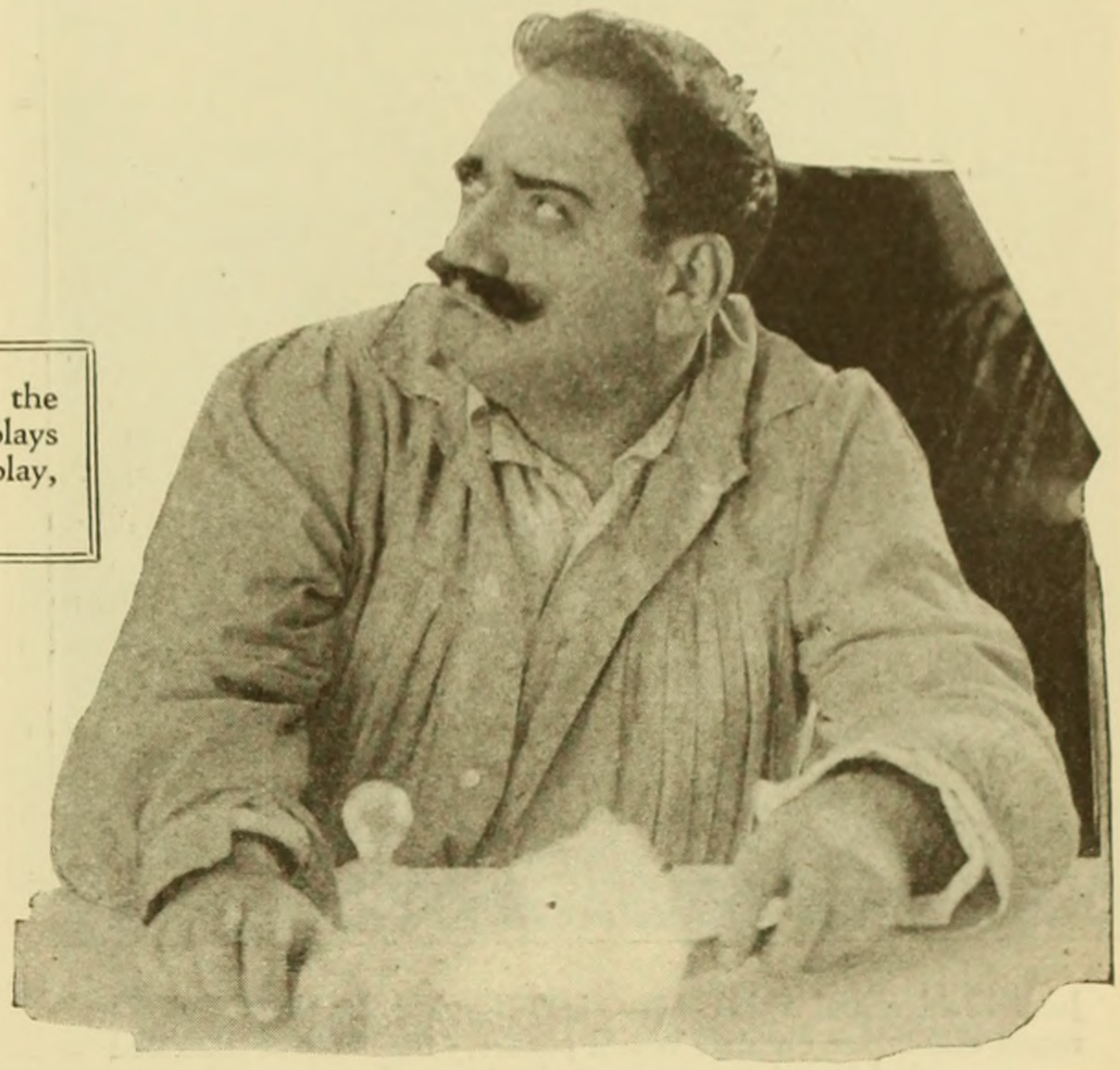
Mr. Griffith wrought a miracle in his picture of Babylon, the superb keystone of "Intolerance" despite its bewildering overlay of confusing modernity. Those who know Mr. Griffith best are aware that one of his great conceptions was a mighty story of Egypt and the first grandeurs of mankind. Another of his dreams compassed the well-springs of religion. Still another would have visualized the birth of all contemplative thought and philosophy in an India so long gone that even its rock temples are dust.

If none of these are ever done by Mr. Griffith the loss to the people will be great, and the loss to the motion picture, as an art, will be greater. For Mr. Griffith, in common with Flaubert, Shakespeare and d'Annunzio, has a gift that appears few times in a century: the faculty of recreating the strife and love and laughter of a distant day in a manner that might make Syracuse, Sicily, and Syracuse, N. Y., twin and contemporary towns. In the illumination of his hands Attarea, queen of Babylon, is as much our neighbor as any of Maj. Rupert Hughes' little heroines.

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Photoplays

By Julian Johnson



Enrico Caruso, in the two characters he plays in his first photoplay, "My Cousin."

FINALLY, the comedy.

After an indifferent feature, after a routine news-reel, after an average scenic—after anything, we list the funny film.

Why? Why do we make laughter only a sideshow, while giving our greatest homage to a little man with a syncopated walk and microscopic moustache? Why do producers, press-agents, exhibitors and even audiences make laughter the tail of importance, while demanding so much of it that the humorous studios had to work right through the recent Spanish vacation to catch up with their orders?

Perhaps we have reversed the relative importance of our emotions. Or perhaps we have been judging by the length of the picture—quantity still has a vast hold on the public.

I'll venture this assertion, anarchistic as it sounds: our comedy-makers, as a whole, deliver immeasurably better goods than our feature-makers. Better in point of ingenuity, originality, and entertainment value. Now this comparison is not made for individuals. I'm not putting Harold Lloyd alongside D. W. Griffith, nor am I setting "The Cook" up against "The Bluebird." Here's what I mean: opposite the total recent output of any four dramatic studios I'll put the product, for the same period, of four comedy studios, and, basing the comparison only on the same percent of the whole output of each, I'll show you that the comedy studios put in more thought, more care, more expert photography, more down-right creative endeavor—and got a far more diverting result.

Here you'll find a masterful achievement with some old melodrama like "Sporting Life," there a tender poem of the shadows like "Missing," yonder a revelation like "Revelation." But what of the feature-host that accompanies these occasional greatnesses? Isn't it true that most five-reelers are love-stories of a pattern, with the expected virtues, the stereotyped heroisms, the conventional villainies?

On the other hand, let us consider the occasional output of Mr. Chaplin, the none-too-rapid production of Mr. Arbuckle, the rather too-rapid offerings of Mr. Sennett, the wild farces of Mr. Lehrman, or the late oddities of that present *gob*, Mr. Lloyd.

Mr. Chaplin shares Mr. Griffth's situation as the most-eagerly awaited producer in motion pictures. Why? Because every audience has come to know that his successive entertainments, like those of Mr. Griffith, are the fruition of long days and weary nights of intense study and experiment, heroic cutting, endless rejection, continuous retake and infinite patience. When you see a new Chaplin picture your ticket does not insure a laugh every two seconds, but it does entitle you to witness the ultimate endeavor of an artist who has completely mastered his business. Do you have this same assurance when you face the transparencies of most of the famous dramatic stars? Write your own answer.

While there is only one Chaplin, Mr. Arbuckle crowds him hard as a prodigious worker and genuine originator. Here is another man who should be honored for his stern self-criticism, for his determination that everything he puts out shall be worth while.

Mr. Sennett, the first master of both these laugh-chieftains, waters his high percentage with the *aqua* of quantity. No man possesses the diving-rod that goes unerringly to the spring of inspiration, but where Chaplin and Arbuckle are prone to keep on digging until they hit it, Mr. Sennett comes out on a time-table. Consequently the amount of uproar from a Sennett audience varies.

Lehrman is the wild man of screen farce. Manifesting no great originality, he nevertheless exaggerates to the human limit. Does Mr. Arbuckle blow up a building? Mr. Lehrman kisses his actors good-bye—and blows them up. Does Mr. Sennett cautiously use a lion? Mr. Lehrman ties a knot in *his* lion's tail, and kicks him out into a group of shrieking clowns and soubrettes.

Mr. Lloyd is not yet travelling fast enough to make a flat entry with these speedsters, but he is promising comic material, and when he comes back from the submarine base at San Pedro I predict his steady advance as an expounder of mere and sheer entertainment.

I may be a Philistine, but when I go out looking for a good time on the screen there are mighty few dramas that could draw me away from a new composition by one of these boys. I had rather get a good laugh than a weak emotional thrill any night, and I feel that that sentiment is general. There is a group of so-called screen comedians whose perfunctory pie-throwing and meaningless knockabout deserves no patronage and invites downright suppression, but their trade buffoonery casts no shadow over the lustre of the great few.

It seems to me that bringing honest, unrestrained laughter to serious faces in serious times is a pretty good public service. The material which causes such laughter is fairly shrewd cartooning, too. Too much of our sentimental drama and romance is not life at all, but bald falsehood caramel-coated. Most of the stuff that is really laughed at on the screen is life—real life—comically twisted in a Coney Island mirror.

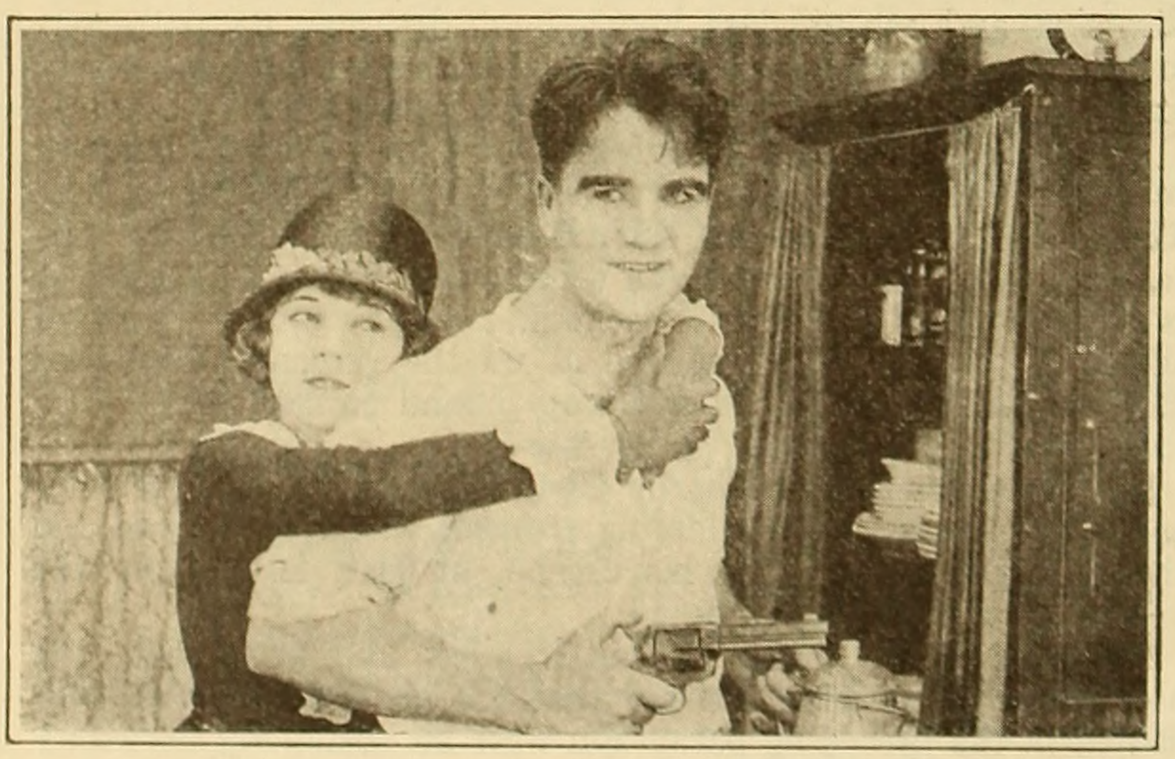
In "Shoulder Arms" Charlie Chaplin so easily and perfectly gets away from the bewildering trousers, the rattan cane and the immortal derby that his escape, at last, is scarcely the matter of a moment's thought.

Here he is in khaki, canvas leggings and army hat—yet how many of us have insisted that the gentlemanly essentials named in the preceding paragraph were an absolutely necessary part of his success?

"Shoulder Arms" is the glory-dream of a recruit. It is a

June Elvidge and Frank Mayo in "The Appearance of Evil," a recent and rather unusual World picture, which may be described as a rebuke to the gossiping habit in small communities.

Madge Kennedy and Tom Moore, in "The Kingdom of Youth," the romance of a lake. Miss Kennedy's interest in her reading seems simply intense.



William Desmond and Ethel Fleming in "The Pretender."

perfect handling of a delicate subject, and in its treatment the comedian has shown, more completely than ever before, his faculty for getting inside a character, and grasping, as if by intuition (but really by hard work) all that character's salient points. The best thing about this film is that the rookie sees his own little weaknesses, his hardships, his hopes, his glories, his quaint vanities and small fears—he sees himself. If this film is not 100 percent triumph in our army camps in Europe all bets and guesses fail.

Right in the midst of a guffaw one stops to admire a skilful mastery of even the new technique of war. Camouflaged as a tree, and motionless in a grove, he is absolutely undiscoverable until he moves. What a chilling satire on Flanders rain, too, is that scene of sweet slumber in the inundated dugout! Daintily shaking out his submarine pillows the comedian tucks the watery blanket about his shoulders—and sinks beneath the black flood with only the phonograph horn to give him air. Looking at this passage is enough to give one pneumonia by suggestion. The customary hint of breezy amour is lightly, deftly touched in a momentary scene with the cynical and evil-thinking crown prince.

Being completely funny on a background of completely terrible war is not only difficult, but dangerous. As far as we can see, only Chaplin and Bruce Bairnsfather have been wholly successful and wholly apropos.

MY COUSIN—Artcraft

Enrico Caruso's first photoplay is better than most people's anticipations, and not as good as it might have been. This is no paradox: to most people Caruso is merely an incarnate voice, the world's greatest tenor; but people who know Caruso, and know his broad comedy vein, must realize that this play, lively as it is, does not properly exploit Mr. Lasky's really immense inspiration. Whether this is the fault of Caruso, or of a management and directorate who were altogether too obsequious to Caruso, I don't pretend to say. Here's the notion which, a number of months ago, seized upon Jesse the Impresario; the greatest personality in the artistic world, to a lower or middle-class Italian, is Caruso. He fills the entire universe. Were a poor maker of plaster images, then, to claim relationship and get away with it, his whole neighborhood would bow and scrape before him. Which is exactly what happens, and *la bella signorina,* daughter and heiress of the table d'hote, sweeps forward on the tide of homage. An accident shows that *lo divino tenore* never even heard of the wretched sculptor—and down goes his house of cards—only to be built up higher than ever, even to love's full fruition, when Caruso, taking pity on the lying lover, hails him as "my cousin." I'll say that all the authors in America, in convention assembled, couldn't have gotten out a simpler, more human, more racially true plot for Caruso to work upon. Perhaps I am wrong in viewing this piece as somewhat of a disappointment; it will please, it will surprise, even. But, in the first place, Caruso's own name is dropped from the tenor character, the meaningless name of "Carolyi" is substituted—and there goes the reason of the whole thing. As the half-wit Michelangelo of the plaster, our celebrity is simply delightful; as the artist of the Metropolitan Operahouse, he is altogether too grand. The subtitles simply fawn, and where they should trip with the feet of wit, they wear arctics and goloshes. Much good material was taken in the operahouse. Caruso as the moulder was well directed; Caruso as himself—or Carolyi—seems not to have been directed at all. Evidently, everybody salaamed and got out of the way, and the resultant action is of the pre-Selig period. Carolina White, celebrated American prima-donna, gave graceful and girlish life to the opposite role.

WOMAN—Tourneur

Maurice Tourneur's new picture, an extensive allegory with the one-word name above, is one of the most beautiful things physically that has ever been made, with the most superb lighting and photography, and further evidences of Mr. Tourneur's positive genius in grouping and general composition. Nevertheless, it has one cardinal fault; a lack of any sustained interest, composed as it is of separate and distinct episodes, with no central human theme to bind all these together. In argument, it is an exposition of woman's place, and service to the human race, throughout the ages. Most of the episodes show woman at her worst: Eve led Adam astray in the Gar-

den; Messalina, wife of the just Emperor Claudius, might be described by many evil words; Heloise, a virgin, is responsible for the death of the philosopher-monk, Abelard; the fisherman is deceived by Cyrene, the lady from the sea; the Civil War soldier is betrayed for a trinket. The prologue and epilogue, however, are entirely modern, and are of an identical interest. As a beautiful exposition of camera art, "Woman" is the event of the year; as a drama, it wears the same curse that "Intolerance" wore. Tourneur starts nowhere, and arrives gloriously and artistically at his destination—the same place. Many people, including such women as the celebrated Russian dancer Flora Revalles, Diana Allen, Gloria Goodwin, Ethel Hallor, Fair Binney and Florence Billings, participate.

EDITH CAVELL—Plunkitt & Carroll

Under the long but nevertheless dramatic title, "The Woman the Germans Shot," a pair of independent picture producers present Julia Arthur, distinguished stage artist, in a vehicle quite worthy of her talents, and of the subject. It is full of the right kind of propaganda, and shows the damnable ways of the Hun when he happens to be riding the red horse of Victory. Miss Arthur's work is magnificent. Her support is good throughout, and there is no attempt to drag in battle scenes; nor is the play marred by mawkish sentiment and twaddling cartooning of Germans—always the mark of the weak scenarioist or the director devoid of real ideas.

SALOME—Fox

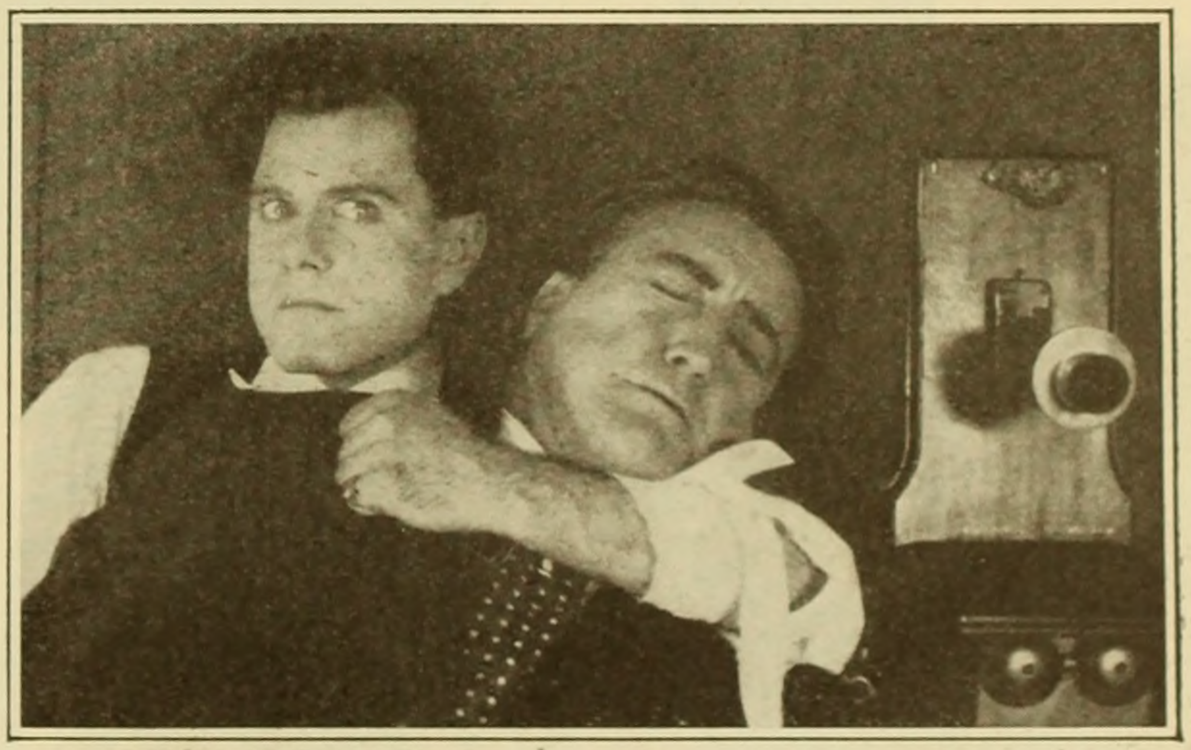
This edition of the adventures of Herodiade's daughter is not a sin against morals; it is only a vast, colossal assault on common sense. It means . . . nothing. Mr. Edwards, the producer, is even more at sea than when he produced "Cleopatra," truly a new chapter in Alexandrine history; but is it all Mr. Edwards' fault? I have an idea that were Mr. Edwards let alone he would be putting on straightaway, ordinary tales of matter-of-fact life, instead of acting as nominal guide through these bewildering mangles of record and tradition recently affected by Miss Theda Bara. As Salome, Miss Bara does not resemble the tigerish princess of Judea as much as a neurasthenic taking sun-baths. No wonder Herod killed Salome after her dance; I took the Washburn-Crosby view: eventually—why not now? There has been a prodigious expenditure of money; large numbers of people appear and disappear; big scenic edifices have been erected. And all to no purpose, for we have a story unworthy even a nursery fable, a drama without a whit of dramatic interest, characters which are characterless, and the shocking murder of John the Baptist without reason whatsoever. Miss Bara was not content merely to vamp the prophet; she revamped him, insisting that he appear as a beardless male ingenue. Nevertheless, Al Roscoe's performance of John is the only assumption of any reasonableness or dignity in the picture.

THE HEART OF RACHEL—Hodkinson

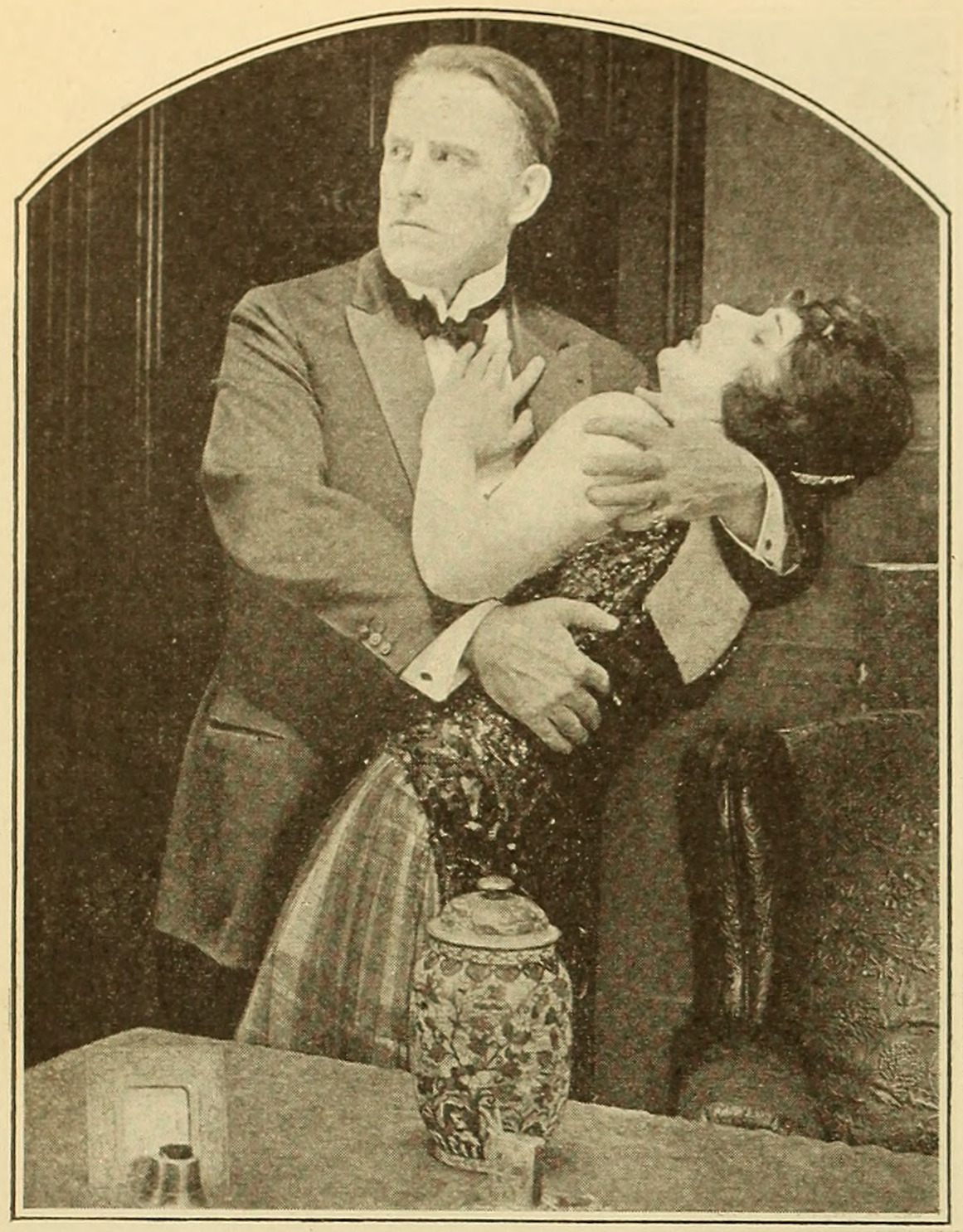
This story of life might have happened—probably has happened more than once. The thing that commends it, despite a certain amount of sordidness, is its simpleness and humanity. Miss Barriscale plays, as well as she has ever played anything in her life, Rachel, wife of a widower who has a daughter but little younger than herself. Unable to stand an alliance of father and daughter against her, Rachel gets a divorce and marries their young family physician. Still, all is not smooth, for the physician's eye is eventually caught by an actress, whom he ardently desires only to the moment when his wife offers to step out of the way of their future happiness. He then goes to Europe, and Rachel, with her two children, travels on alone until, years later, the illness of one of the children brings them together again. Doesn't sound like much in a little synopsis, does it? Neither does life nor a Tolstoi novel. The charm of the piece is its unforced action, the naturalness of its characters, and a certain inevitableness of fate that you find in real existence and great fiction. A superb cast graces the play. After Miss Barriscale, as Rachel, we find Herschell Mayall as the father, Ella Hall as the daughter, and Herbert Heyes as the physician-husband. Little Ben Alexander plays Rachel's boy. Jack Cunningham made the scenario from a story by Kathleen Norris, and Howard Hickman directed.

"Her Great Chance," in which Select puts forward Alice Brady, was Fannie Hurst's novel, "Golden Fleece." Miss Brady and certain location scenes in the Catskills are the excellencies of the piece.

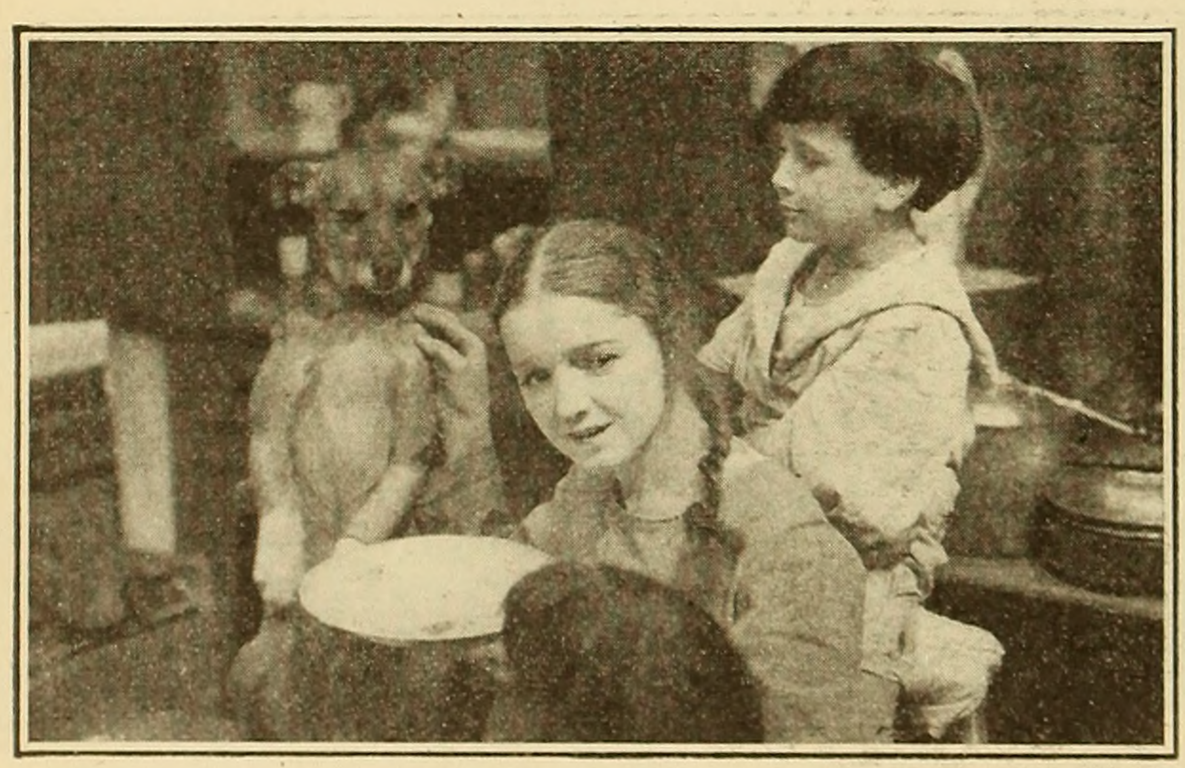
Dorothy Gish and her adopted infant in "Battling Jane."



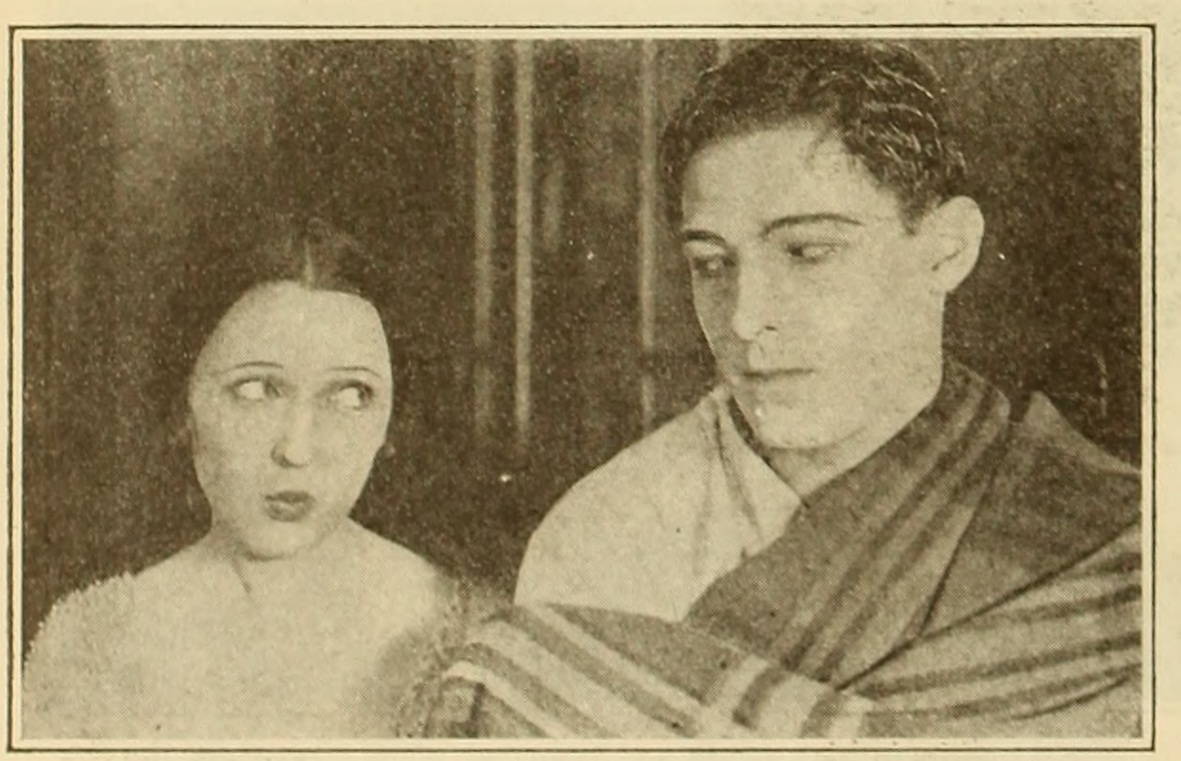
World politics in high places and fights in many places are the features of "Unexpected Places," a Metro melodrama featuring Bert Lytell.



Harry Morey's sincere acting and dominant personality make Vitagraph's "King of Diamonds" a convincing photoplay, in spite of an illogical story. Betty Blythe is the emotional lady in his arms.



Vivian Martin, in "Mirandy Smiles," an old-fashioned characterization.



Carmel Myers is the principal figure of "All Night."

THIRTY A WEEK—Goldwyn

—or, how the chauffeur married the millionaire's daughter, and the trials that came to their love and faith. In its essential ingredients, Mr. Buchanan has turned out something that might be attributed to Bertha M. Clay, and enjoyed only by the gum-eating elevator girls. But as it happens, the trashy little story is largely salvaged by good acting and an altogether superior production. Tom Moore's personality will usually make up for many lacks in material, and it does here. Tallulah Bankhead, as the young plutocress who compels him to keep her out all night—by removing a part from her car—in order to make him marry her, reveals considerable beauty and entirely too much temper in the quarrel scene.

HIDDEN FIRES—Goldwyn

This feature is one which, like numerous others, seems to have been more or less delayed in reaching its public by influenza. However—it permits Mae Marsh to play two characters in a story which has rather more possibilities than the scenarioist took time to unearth. One of Miss Marsh's assumptions is Peggy, presiding officer of a hotel news-stand; the other, Louise Parke, daughter of a Boston family of wealth, and, like other women of her sort, destined to sink into the morass of idleness, booze, drugs and final extinction through sheer lack of occupation. The best part of the story—the most dramatic part—is the substitution of Peggy for Louise, to placate Louise's supposedly dying mother. Upon this, and its consequences, depends a plot that might have been big. There are no performances of especial distinction other than Miss Marsh's.

THE YELLOW DOG—Universal

The best thing about "The Yellow Dog," it seems to me, is that it returns Arthur Hoyt to the screen. This very good actor has been absent, in directing and kindred film services, for a long period. As a play, the saffron canine isn't much. Elliott Clawson, who dramatized Mr. Dodge's serial story of the same name, found it a narrative, and left it one. As reading matter, it told interestingly of a resolute villager's successful attempt to oust the yellow dogs of German spydom from his small town. As a picture it still tells about it, and argues about it, with the best things Mr. Hoyt's acting of the 100% American, and the valiant services of a patriotic band of boys whose watchword is "How do you know?" when they hear any ulterior remarks about our war. The melodramatic passages are wholly unconvincing.

THREE X GORDON—Paralta

It has been a long time since we wrote anything about J. Warren Kerrigan. But here he is, in much the same sort of play that he always used; and, in its kind, a moving and entertaining sort of picture. Kerrigan represents the traditional dissolute son of rich parents, eventually ousted by a disgusted father. With a pal, the abandoned one hits a farm at harvest time, and by the time the hay is in there has been such a change that however his exterior he certainly has a new soul in the old body. He then goes into the reclamation business, and starts a reconstruction camp for denatured rounders like himself. The result—material success, family reunion—and girl. This entertainment is without sophistication or subtlety, but if Warren Kerrigan is one of your admired actors, you will like it.

THE FORBIDDEN CITY—Select

Norma Talmadge's large October vehicle might be described as "Madame Butterfly" turned inside out, and then turned outside in. For what happens to Toy's mother is what happened to Cho-Cho-San, only more so; and what happens to Toy is not at all what happened to Cho-Cho-San. The love of the Mandarin's daughter San-San for John Worden, the Consulate secretary, results in her death in the "alley of flashing spears," while her half-breed baby is reared to be a palace plaything and by-word. But Toy, the child, has her own idea of things, and escapes to Manila, where she meets her lieutenant, and the rest is love and difficulty—and love. While for sheer dramatic opportunity "The Forbidden City" does not compare with some of Miss Talmadge's recent plays, as a thing of beauty

(Continued on page 94)

Speaking of Love—

Let's talk about Montagu, in respect to stature the biggest leading man in captivity

By Randolph Bartlett

Montagu Love — an unconventional new camera impression.

Lumiere

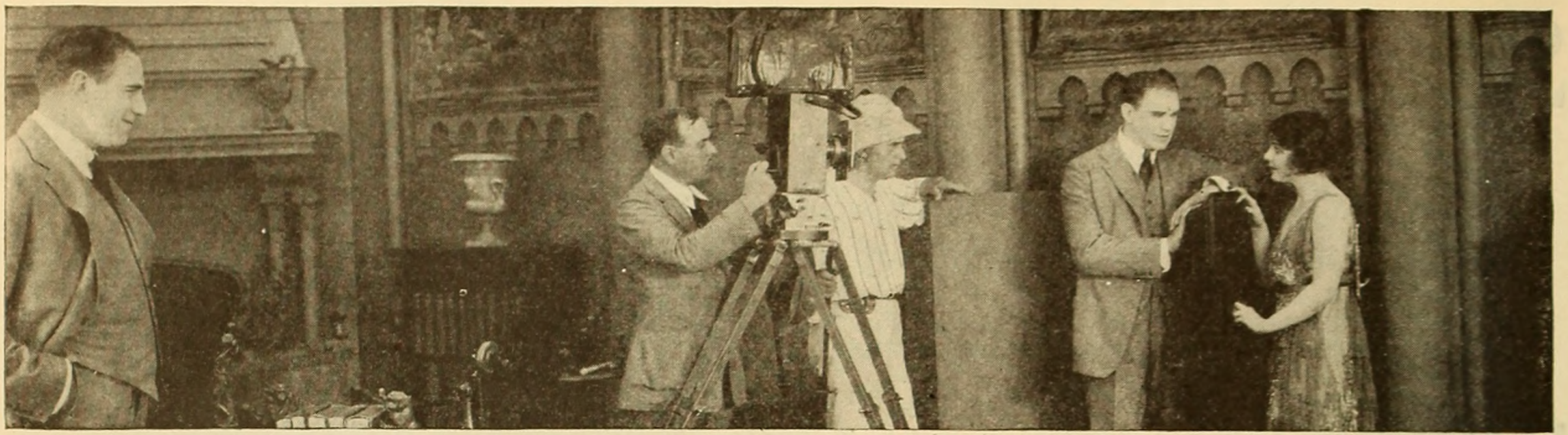
THERE are men whom it is impossible to think of as babies. If you ever think of such a man's beginnings at all, you are apt to find yourself hatching some such theory as that concerning the advent of Pallas Athena who, after her father, Zeus, had swallowed her mother, created such a furore in the old gentleman's interior that he had Prometheus split open his bean with a hatchet, whereupon Miss Athena stepped out, armed to the teeth—dressed to kill, as it were—and became right away a goddess of war. There are, as I have intimated, men who make you feel that they could not have passed through the first two or three of the stages of man as described rather uncomplimentarily by Shakespeare in "As You Like It." You cannot picture them "in their nurse's arms," much less doing the things that the veracious Bard of Avon declares is customary at that period.

On the other hand, there are men concerning whom you almost involuntarily exclaim, "What a cute baby he must have been." These are the male ingenues, the civilian wearers of wrist watches, the cigar-stand Romeos, the disporters of pink silk handkerchiefs with a corner coyly protruding from the breast pocket, the smokers of perfumed cigarettes, and nine out of ten of them "dance just simply divinely." When you find an individual of the male persuasion whose appearance and manner compel you involuntarily to think what a joy he must have been to his mother between the ages of one and half past three, you can know right away what a trial he must have been to his father between the ages of sixteen and whatever he is now.

Reverting to the more pleasing type, I know of no better specimen of this variety of the *genus homo* than Montagu Love. It isn't merely that he is big, for when a man is six feet, one inch from toenail to topknot and keeps all the material between the two poles within the weight of 195 pounds, he doesn't look big, for the same reason that the interior of the Pennsylvania Terminal in New York does not look big, or the great pyramid—the proportions are right. Dimensions alone will not bring the desired result. There are many huge men who leave an impression only of helplessness, or ridiculousness, or clumsiness. The truth is that it is much more difficult for a large man to be impressive than it is for a small one, but when he accomplishes it he is almost overwhelming. But even more than being impressive—it is almost as easy for a German to tell the truth as it is for a big man to be romantic and get away with it. As placing Montagu Love definitely in the category of men and actors, it is necessary only to add that he is the biggest leading man in captivity.

And here's another rather general characteristic of big men—they would rather talk about anything under the sun than themselves. Just by way of getting a subsoil of fact for this dissertation I sent Montagu one of those "Who's Who" blanks to fill out, with neat little dotted lines for all the salient facts of existence. Usually when I send one of these, it comes back accompanied by half a dozen typewritten pages, containing information for which there was no room on the aforesaid dotted lines. Here is how Montagu submitted it:

Born—Obviously.
Parents—Two.
Educated—Forcibly.
First stage appearance—Awful.



At the World studios. Montagu Love, on the sidelines, watches Montagu Love, in the set, make deferential love to Miss Barbara Castleton. Isn't it marvelous what strides motion picture photography has made in the last few years?

Career—Chequered.

Favorite recreation—Filling out these damn fool blanks.

The mountain, in short, refused to come to Mahomet in this easy method. To lime my bird it was necessary to brave the perils of the Jersey shore and the intricacies of the World Studio at Ft. Lee. He had been having lunch with the prettiest girl in the World. (Who was she? I would be glad to provide the information only that I am allowed only a certain amount of space for this article, and I have to be careful to economize my words. If I wasted words on such irrelevant matters, first thing I knew I would have no room left to write about Montagu Love, which, I take it, is the principal object in hand. So don't ask me who is the prettiest girl in the World, for I haven't time to tell, but I will say that her picture appeared on the cover of PHOTOPLAY last winter.)

As soon as the P. G. in the W. had gone to her dressing room, I hauled out the biography blank and protested.

"Now look here, Monty," (yes, I call him Monty—one is inclined to after meeting him two or three times). "Now look here, Monty, this won't do at all, you know." (You see, Monty being English one naturally drops into the use of the British idiom in talking to him.) "You know, old chap, what I want is some stories of your adventures in—"

"I'm an actor," Monty interrupted. "I don't believe it is a good thing for an actor's private life to be exploited. I'll tell you what I know about the drama and—"

"But that is exactly what I don't want. The fans—"

"I know all about the fans," Monty boomed me down. "And I don't want you to think that I don't appreciate the fans and their viewpoint. But I believe this—that to satisfy the curiosity of the fan is the worst thing possible in the interests of the fan him or herself. Curiosity was not created to be satisfied. As soon—"

"Wait a minute, Monty—you've been and done an epigram. Do you mind if I change it to read, 'Curiosity was created to be forever denied satisfaction'—a little more rotund, don't you think?"

"I don't give a hang," Monty said, petulantly. "As I was saying, as soon as the player becomes an actual, visualized individual, half the romance is gone, and the fan loses half the former enjoyment, for romance is more than half of the drama."

"But how about Mary P—"

"I know all about the big exceptions," Monty interrupted again. "But the general principle remains. This is what has been the ruin of the stage—these peeps behind the scenes, this intimacy with the machinery of the drama and the private lives of the players."

"Probably so. But what I would like to get is a few personal reminiscences of your first profession, painting and sketching, of your art student days, and of your work for the London papers. How about a story of some of your experiences at the siege of Port Arthur, where, I understand, you represented the London Times, and other periodicals, sending out sketches which were reproduced all over the world?"

"Of course the greatest need of all," was his response to this request, "is stories that will call for different scenes than those we get into the habit of using, because they are different stories from the ones who seem to be available. For the same old type of fluffy romance—"

"Is it true that your first stage experience was in China, where you went after the Japanese-Russian war, and substituted for a member of a company who fell ill, and from that beginning went to London and played at the principal theatres, finally coming to America with Cyril Maude in 'Grumpy'?"

"The films of the future—"

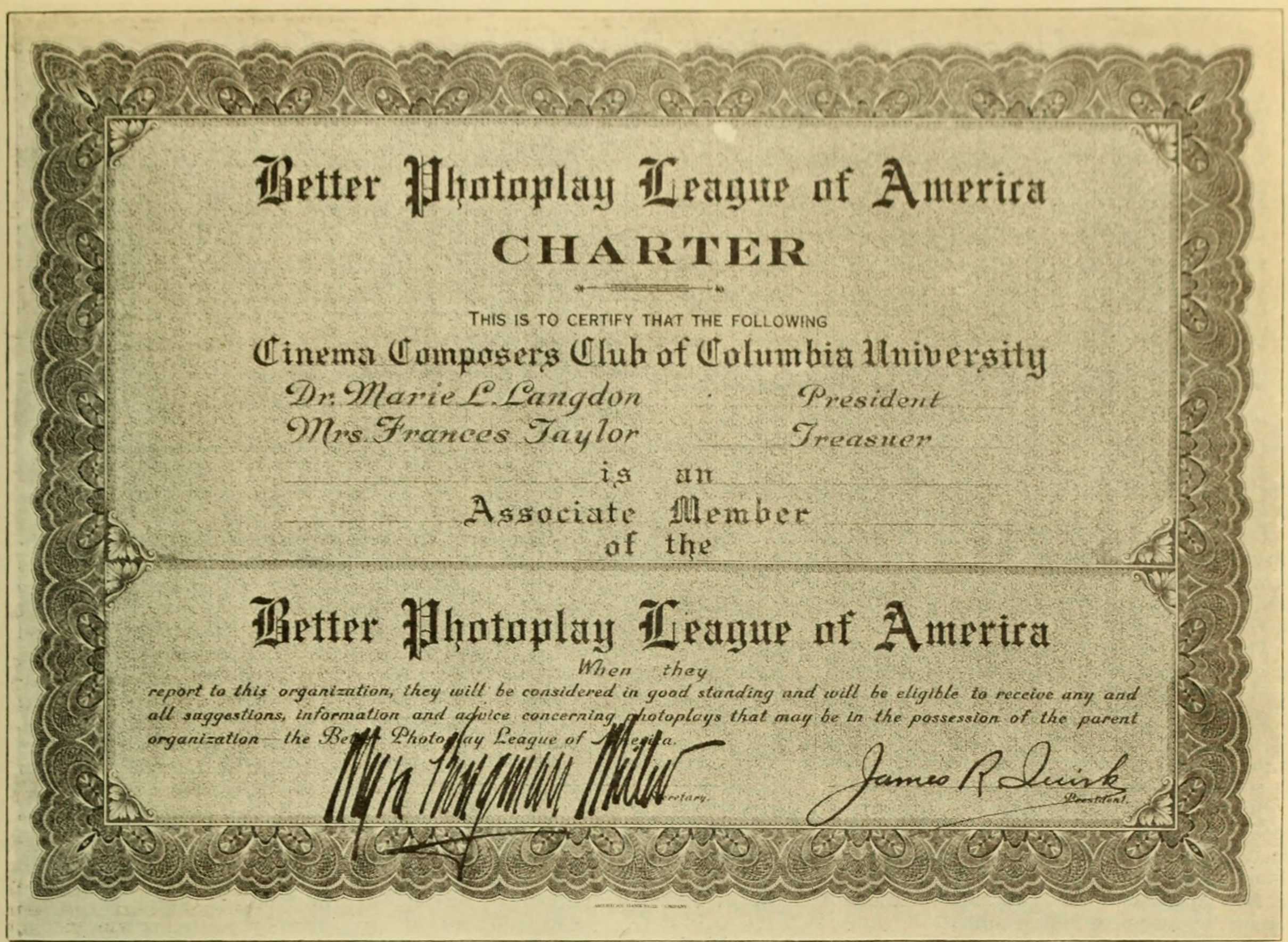
"Is it true that you almost had Spanish Influenza and were saved from it only by the constant attentions of your valet Victor?"

"One of the principal difficulties—"

"Were you really born in Calcutta, and how old were you when you left India? Is India anything like Kipling describes it in 'Kim'? Is it true that a man born in the Orient never overcomes the constant call of the East and always goes back? When are you going back if ever? Have you ever recovered the use of your broken wrist? What size collar do you wear? Wha—"

The director saved him. The scene was waiting. The answers to these vastly important questions may never be known, for I at least will never again brave the perils of Jersey and the intricacies of the World studio in the forlorn hope of getting Montagu Love to talk about himself.

Mr. Love holdeth Helene Chadwick's hand in a scene of "The Challenge" (Pathe).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Myra Kingman Miller
Secretary.
James R. Quirk
President.

Photographic reproduction of the special charter issued to the Cinema Club of Columbia University, now associated with the Better Photoplay League of America in that organization's constructive work.

Better Photoplay League Gains Support of New Allies!

Organized movement for better pictures receives response from New Jersey to Los Angeles—progress of the month

By Myra Kingman Miller

THE West!—the energetic West,—is ever to the front in movements that require enthusiasm, cooperation and energy, and Los Angeles, the Golden Key city, with her usual foresight has seemingly anticipated the Better Photoplay League of America. Our hats are off to Los Angeles!

Mrs. Janetta B. Wright, Chairman of the Los Angeles, California, League of Good Films, writes a most interesting letter in which she says that, in reading PHOTOPLAY, she discovered that the Better Photoplay League of America was doing along national lines what the citizens of Los Angeles had been doing for several years along local lines. She congratulates the Better Photoplay League of America on their work, stating at the same time that the Los Angeles League is not now holding meetings regularly inasmuch as the workers are all busy in war activities, Mrs. Wright herself being in Washington. D. C.

Now here is one point and the only one in which we differ from Mrs. Wright and the Los Angeles League. Better Films are not only considered by the National League but also by our Government as a war time activity and a most important one. Think of the atrocious, insidious, under-mining pro-German, anti-Ally thoughts that have been subtly presented through the motion picture to an unsuspecting public during the first year of our participation in the war! One producer now is a guest of the nation in a small room where the draperies at the window are one and a half inch iron bars—all because of his special activities along

THE Photoplay League of America is an organization of intelligent people who, realizing the tremendous influence that the screen now exerts and the great force that it is to be in the future, have interested themselves in an effort to aid in a constructive manner in the development of the new art and industry.

IT is not enough to criticise and discourage your exhibitor when he shows inferior pictures. You must prove to him that good pictures will increase his attendance. You must give him organized encouragement, real encouragement, in the shape of increased attendance. If you do not do this, you have failed.

JAMES R. QUIRK, Pres.
Better Photoplay League of America.

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Daniel Carter Beard, National Scout Commissioner, Boy Scouts of America, Flushing, L. I.
John Barrett, Dir. Gen. Pan-American Union, Washington, D. C.
Marchioness of Aberdeen and Temair, Pres. International Council of Women, Haddoo House, Scotland.
Charles S. Barrett, Pres. Farmers' Educational and Co-operative Union, Union City, Georgia.
Mrs. Phillip North Moore, Pres. National Council of Women, Member National Council of Defense, Washington, D. C.
Samuel A. Dickie, Pres. Assn. of Methodist College Presidents, Albion, Michigan.
Carrie Chapman Catt, Pres. National Suffrage Assn., Member National Council of Defense, New York City.
Mrs. Helen Collins, President Pan Hellenic Union, Chi Omega Fraternity, Lexington, Kentucky.
Mrs. Nathaniel E. Harris, Pres. National Council of Jewish Women, Bradford, Pa.
Mrs. Harriet H. Barry, Chairman, Better Film Com., National Federation College Women, Monrovia, Cal.
Mrs. A. J. Ochsner, Pres. National Federation of Musical Clubs, Chicago, Ill.
Thomas Arkle Clark, Pres. North Central Assn. Schools and Colleges, Urbana, Ill.
John H. Phillips, Pres. Southern Educational Council, Birmingham, Ala.
Mary Garrett Hay, Chairman Woman Suffrage Party, New York City.
P. H. Callahan, War Activity Committee Knights of Columbus, Louisville, Ky.
David Starr Jordan, President Emeritus Leland Stanford University, Palo Alto, California.
Mary E. Woolley, Mount Holyoke College, S. Hadley, Mass.
Mrs. Flora Warren Seymour, Representative National Association Women Lawyers and Corresponding Secretary National Federation College Women, Chicago, Ill.
Charles Sumner Burch, Suffragan Bishop, New York City.
Mary Roberts Rinehart, Novelist, New York.
Sophie Irene Loeb, Editor and Publicist, New York World, New York City.
Mrs. Mabel Potter Daggett, Author "Women Wanted," New York City.
James Egbert, Professor Columbia University, New York City.
Mrs. Booker T. Washington, President National Federation of Colored Women, Tuskeegee, Ala.
Mrs. Frederic Schoff, President National Congress of Mothers and Parent Teachers Association, Philadelphia, Pa.
Mrs. Martha E. Tingey, President Young Ladies Mutual Improvement Society, Salt Lake City, Utah.
Edwin Hebden, Director Bureau of Statistics and Research, Dept. of Education, Baltimore, Md.

this line. He fully realizes that the Better Film movement is a war activity!

On the other hand, think of the realistic, vivid, patriotic films that have stirred the very heart of the nation and have brought home to the masses, rich and poor, high and low, educated and otherwise, the vital truths that we wish impressed in their minds?

The Better Film movement not a war activity? Now as never before, the thinking, discerning patriotic citizens must become active factors in regulating this gigantic influence that is abroad in our country, remembering always the slogan of the Better Photoplay League of America: "The Motion Picture is the greatest factor in the education of the masses today, and as such demands our attention and influence."

But to go back to Los Angeles. In forming her League for good films, Los Angeles has followed exactly the course outlined by the National League—that is by asking every philanthropic, civic, educational, religious, and fraternal organization in Los Angeles to automatically become a member of the League, by sending a representative.

Let me quote from their chairman a statement which is worthy of nation-wide dissemination: "Our League was organized in the belief that there are *good* pictures, educational and entertaining films being produced and that both producers and exhibitors are as *anxious* and *willing* to produce and exhibit these *good* films as are we, the League members, to have them produced and exhibited. And we hope that through our efforts, through clubs and other organizations we will reveal the desire for good films through the box office receipts."

The quotation from Mrs. Wright sums up the whole situation. This Los Angeles League is working along constructive, rational lines and they are destined to become a great power and influence, and as these same representative citizens have cleaned up Los Angeles in many other lines, just so in a few years, they will be able to look back on their work in the League for Good Films and proudly show to the world a great city where there is no desire or demand for an objectionable film—a city where there is no Better Film problem because its citizenship enjoys only good films, patronizes only good films.

We feel that the Los Angeles League has pointed the way for the big cities of America to handle this movement, and we are very grateful for the information sent, that we may be the means of giving publicity to their work that it may thus help scores of other cities who have hithertofore searched for some feasible method by which to attack this problem.

It is to be hoped that the Los Angeles League will immediately resume meetings with the full realization that they are doing a *great war work.* The Better Photoplay League of America will be glad to give them special suggestions along the line of specific war work.

The foregoing shows work under way and the following is just a glimpse of what the forward-looking people of today see in the Better Photoplay League of America.

"I desire to suggest to the club women here in Haddonfield, New Jersey, in the course of an address I am scheduled to make this winter, that they start a branch of the Photoplay League. Will you therefore," etc.

This is a paragraph from a letter written by the Reverend Augustus Walton Shick, Rector of the Grace Church, Haddonfield, New Jersey. Mr. Shick is one of the Eastern group of big, broadminded clergymen who are helping to make the world a better place to live in.

Under the leadership and influence of men like these, communities take on a newer, better outlook, and organizations like the Better Photoplay League of America develop into their fullest usefulness. We shall look forward with interest during the coming months to hearing of the organization and progress of the Branch League of Haddonfield, New Jersey.

Episcopalians, Scientists, Jews, and Protestants alike recognize the future possibilities of the League. Note the following from I. Mortimer Bloom, Rabbi of Temple B'rith Sholom, Springfield, Illinois: "Will you kindly send me particulars regarding the Better Photoplay League of America? Some of us would like to organize a branch of the League in this city."

And thus the good movement is spread from the metropolis of the corn belt in Illinois to the land of the Cyclop mosquito —(where you cannot find them anymore)—the home of presidents—New Jersey. From the poppy-blown fields of California and the virgin, rugged wilds of Canada's Northwest forests come a united chorus of approval and requests for information, and gladly and most cheerfully do we welcome them.

The film companies are "sitting up and taking notice." Doesn't this look promising? For, after all, the pictures that are not made cannot be seen and even the Editor of PHOTOPLAY has dropped into line, for we notice in the December issue, he has quoted Mr. Ricord Gradwell, President of the World Film Company: "The first question I ask about any story intended for World is: Is it clean? When one considers that pictures are an affair for families and adolescent children as well as for the casual grown up their moral tone becomes as grave a responsibility as the patriotism of a government official."

Another film company has shown itself in tune with the spirit of the day, namely, the Art Film Company, 864 North Seventh Street, Philadelphia. Note the following: "The Photoplay League of America is creating greater and greater enthusiasm in the people who gather at our studio each day, so much so, that I have finally been prevailed upon to permit the use of one of our rooms as the headquarters for the Philadelphia branch when formed, and to advise you to that effect. I therefore take great pleasure in so advising you, and assure you of my hearty cooperation in organizing the branch here, if no such branch is already existing."

It is evident to the most casual observer from the varied personnel of the authors of the quotations in this article, that the Better Photoplay League has struck the popular chord of the day and just as if to emphasize it comes a message from Lord and Lady Aberdeen, Marquis and Marchioness of Aberdeen and Temair, from Ely House, Dublin, Ireland, where they are staying at present, acknowledging receipt of a letter from the Editor and gladly accepting a place on the Honorary and Advisory Patron list, wishing the League every success and trusting that its activities will extend over the water.

These people are all back of the Better Photoplay League of America. ARE YOU? If not why not? Think it over and then act! Form a Branch Photoplay League in your town this week if it does not already exist. If it does, become a member and be a factor in one of the biggest uplift movements of the day.

For further information, address the Better Photoplay League of America, 185 Madison Avenue, New York City.

"Camera—Kamerad!"

During the American advance in France in August the motion picture camera got a startling and unexpected tribute. Cranking in some scenes in a still-burning and newly-occupied village, Lieut. Edwin H. Cooper, of Harrisburg, Pa., was suddenly confronted by seven Germans, who debouched about a corner and mistook his formidable army film apparatus for some dreadful new type of Yankee machine gun. Up went their hands, and they yelled in terror. Not until he turned them over to an advancing detachment did he reveal the joke.

The Spanish Invasion

The advancing Army of Influenza found most of the shadow cities empty—the Great Vacation and how it was spent in California.

By Alfred A. Cohn

Decoration by R. F. James

"C'EST le guerre," they say resignedly when anything goes wrong abroad these days.

"It's the flu," they say in Califilmia when referring to cameraland's biggest panic.

Yet, like other disasters, the anticipation of the enforced vacation was much bluer than the realization. To the majority of the stars, four weeks of idleness came as a relief. To the majority of the lesser lights it was more or less a hardship.

Although the impression prevailed throughout the country that the manufacture of films had become extinct because of the ravages of the epidemic, actual figures indicate that the decrease in production was not more than forty percent. Custard drama suffered not at all, and the laugh canneries plodded along as though half the nation wasn't sneezing its head off.

The big program concerns suffered most because, operating on a close financial margin, retrenchment became imperative when the money ceased coming in from theaters and exchanges. For example: The gross income of the Paramount-Artcraft exchanges is something like a half million dollars a week. Production and exchange expenses are only slightly less—profits are not what they used to be in the film business. With only a third of that amount coming in and all the banks using their spare change to help out the Liberty Loan drive, it became necessary to stop spending money. The stars of the big program corporations were let into the actual condition of affairs and asked to accept a four-weeks' vacation without pay, the lost four weeks to be added at the termination of their respective contracts. So far as known all agreed. Upon the completion of the current production each star took a four-weeks' layoff.

On the Coast this rule became effective at the Lasky, Universal, Fox, Vitagraph, American and Triangle studios although the last named was giving up the ghost at the same time. Metro and Goldwyn were moving West. The rule also applied at World, in the East.

Among the Artcraft stars, the three leaders, Mary Pickford, Bill Hart and Fairbanks were not working when the suspension came. Mary had been idle since the first week in July owing to the termination of her contract; Hart was selling Liberty Bonds throughout the East, and Fairbanks was boosting bond sales and endeavoring to ascertain his military status in the National Capital.

Nor was Charlie Chaplin hit by the new order. He was "between pictures" and was spending most of his vacation at Catalina Island in pursuit of the festive swordfish. (He caught one which weighed 168 pounds en deshabille.) Roscoe Arbuckle was on the Island at the same time, doing a comedy which bears the interesting title, "Camping." Roscoe also kept busy during the "flu" flurry.

The first victim of influenza in the film colony was Bryant Washburn. Bryant had been east with a company of Lasky players including Director Donald Crisp and Margery Wilson, doing some scenes for "Venus in the East." When their train reached Los Angeles, Washburn, Crisp and Miss Wilson were seriously ill. They were among the first influenza patients on the Coast, but did not suffer any lasting effects. However, completion of the picture was postponed for the usual four weeks.

Wallie Reid was the first to draw a vacation, as he was far ahead of his release schedule. He spent most of the time on a hunting trip. Anna Little, his co-star, knitted several bushels of socks and took long auto trips with her mother. Lila Lee took the occasion to hie back to her beloved Broadway to visit with her foster parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Edwards, and to be "Cuddles" again, until the holiday season should end. Ethel Clayton spent most of her time at Camp Kearney, visiting with her brother, who is in the army. Vivian Martin enjoyed a mountain trip and Constance Talmadge went on location with Sister Norma, who arrived on the Coast simultaneously with the "flu" to make "The Heart of Wetona." The exteriors were made in the San Jacinto mountains and the interiors at the Lasky studio. C. B. deMille was the last to suspend. He was engaged on a production similar in theme to "Old Wives for New," but with the emphasis on the husbands this time. The leading players in it are Elliott Dexter, Theodore Roberts, Gloria Swanson, Lew Cody and Sylvia Ashton.

Blanche Sweet and Clara Kimball Young disregarded the suspension and continued work at the Griffith studio. Miss

(Continued on page 97)

Flu Flurry Figures

TEN thousand picture theatres—80% of the total in the United States and Canada—closed for a period varying from one week to two months.

Loss in gross receipts at these theatres: $40,000,000 (estimated).

Theatre employees deprived of income: 150,000.

In California, 60% of all production activity ceased.

In the East, production ceased completely.

Strange to say, the comedy companies—all of them in California—did not stop working at all, nor was their personnel seriously affected by the epidemic.

Star salaries stopped for four weeks, on the uniform and generally accepted basis of a four-weeks' extension of the stellar contracts.

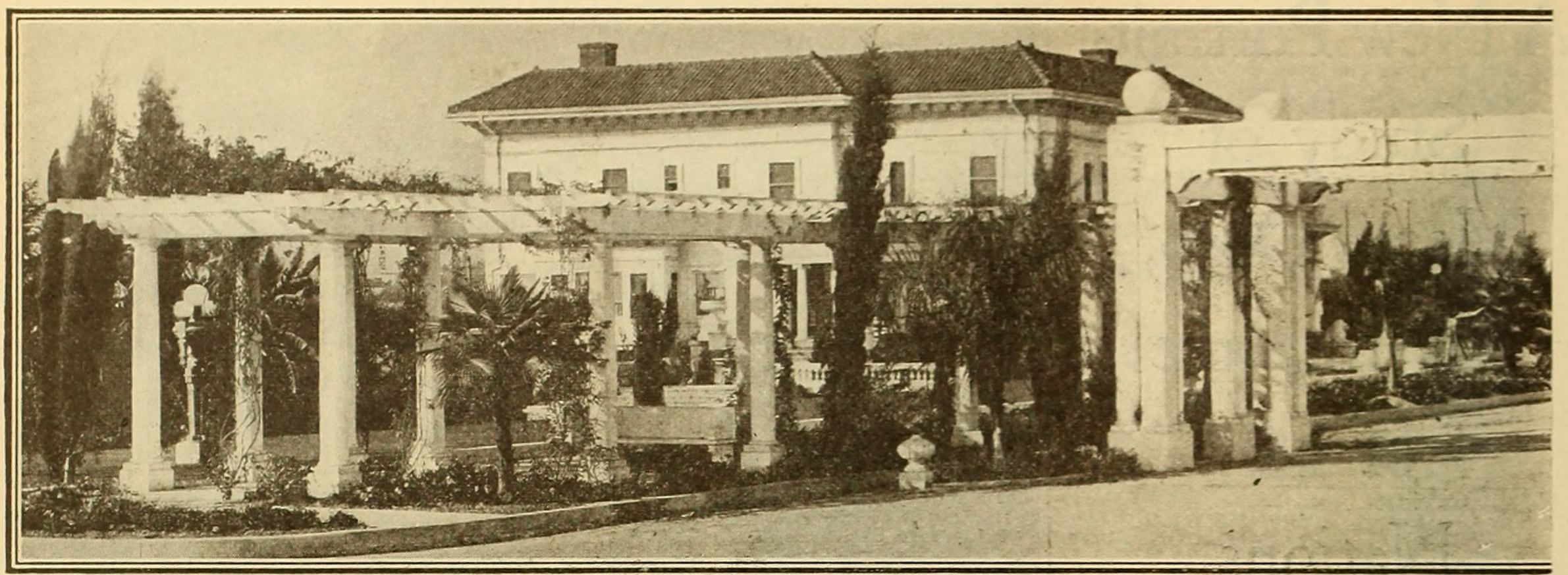
In fatalities, Metro was the heaviest loser, by the deaths of Harold Lockwood and John Collins.

A New Portrait-Study of Marie Doro, An Ingenue of all Nations

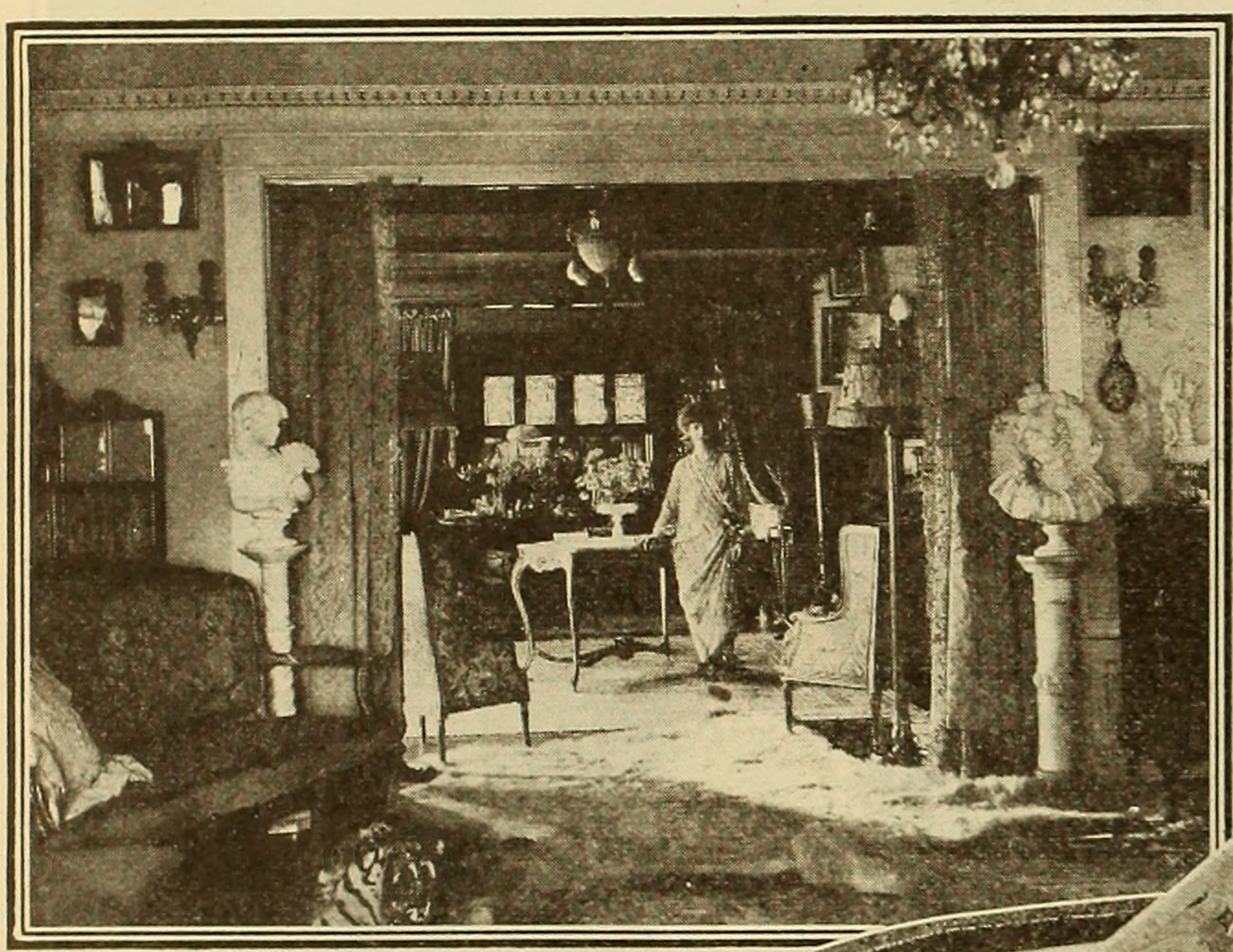
WE started to write an impression, but gave it up because, after a fair wind of fancy and a propitious start, we couldn't decide on the next thing to say. In reality, Miss Doro comes from the Middle West. But when a young woman in her twenties has to reflect whether English or French is her native language, plays Chopin like a Pole, makes tea like a Russian, knows all the best people in Bombay, reads d'Annunzio in the original and is the favorite house-guest of half the British nobility what hope is there of pinning her to any particular page of your Rand-McNally? In our opinion Count de Strelecki mistook her for a temple-belle from the lower Ganges.

Marie Doro, posed especially for PHOTOPLAY by Count John de Strelecki, New York City.

Here are the ladies of "Heart's Desire" — a scene from Miss Doro's favorite and most recent photoplay. The milk business is something like the film business. There must be producers and distributors. Here you have the combination: producer, Mrs. Holstein Bovine; distributor, Miss Marie Doro. The distributor carries the milk in her large, left-side pocket. The heavy rope that you observe between them is to keep Miss Doro from running away.



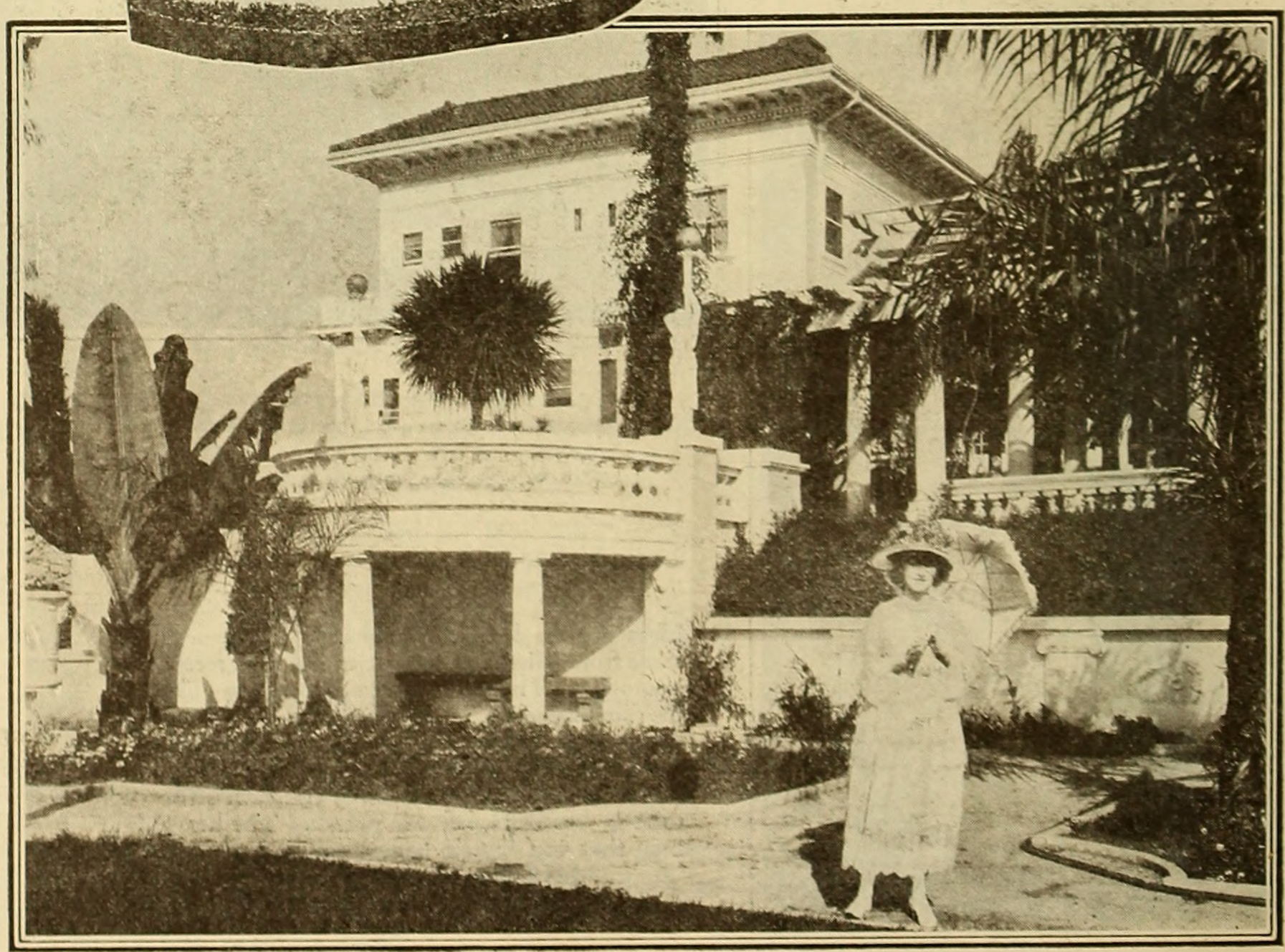
Whenever we see a pergola we think of what the rich old lady from Iowa said to the architect who one of those things. She answered: "No, sir! I like tea as well as anybody—but I ain't a Russian.



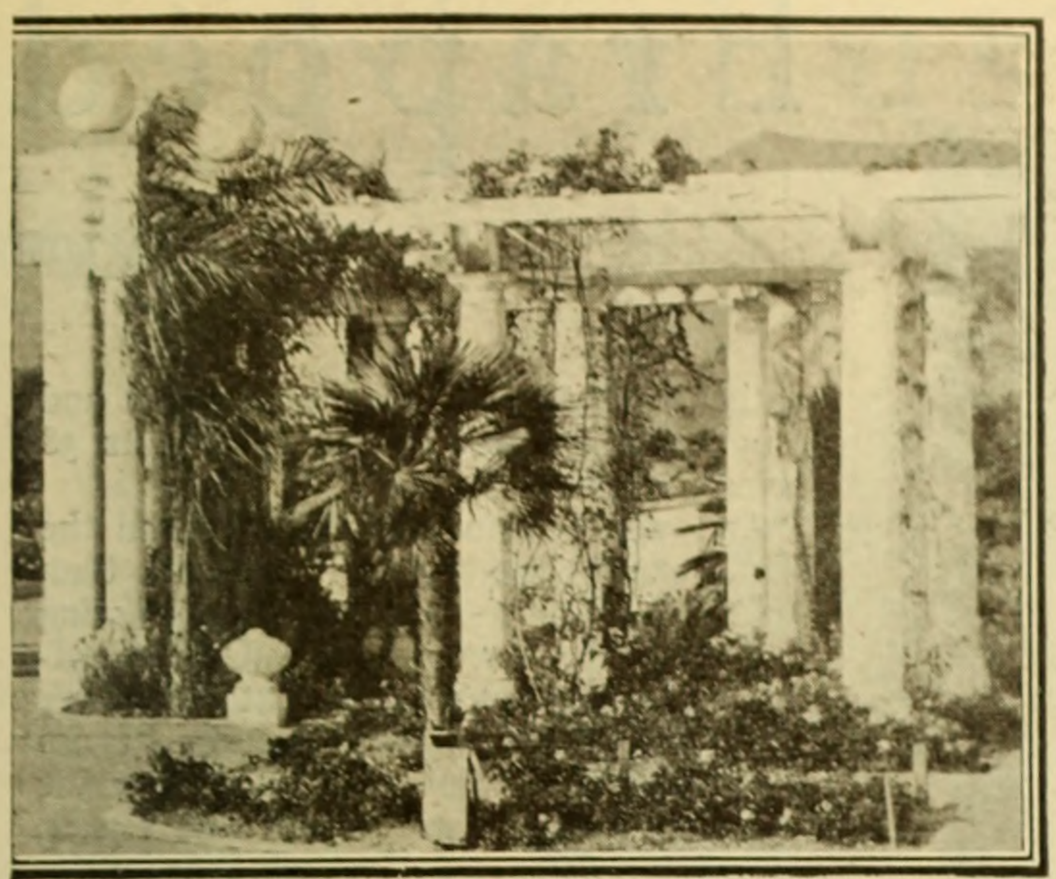
Above, a view through the sitting room and the dining room, taken from the drawing room. The sun-dial at the right, is, according to its owner's declaration, one of the absolute necessities of her domestic happiness.

Fannie Ward's

A NUMBER of motion picture women have larger incomes than Fannie Ward, but she is the only one of her kind, so far, to manifest the possession of a generous independence in the European fashion of a thoroughly imposing establishment. Miss Ward's handsome house in Hollywood—previously half-toned in these pages—was a sumptuous residence, but it, and especially its grounds, are not to be compared with her new home and its artistic gardens at 255 South New Hampshire street, Los Angeles. Only Julian Eltinge's Italian palace can beat it as a regal dwelling. Fannie Ward's love of a fine house is not the frantic determination of a newly-rich ingenue to put it over her neighbors and associates. Her theatrical career was crowned with complete artistic and financial success abroad before "abroad" blew to pieces; hence her well-paid movie career has merely meant the realization of long-cherished dreams.



The sunken garden and the marble balcony overlooking it. Directly beneath this balcony is the garden's tenderest inhabitant, a huge-leaved banana plant, so susceptible to slight cold that few of them endure even in the mild airs of California.



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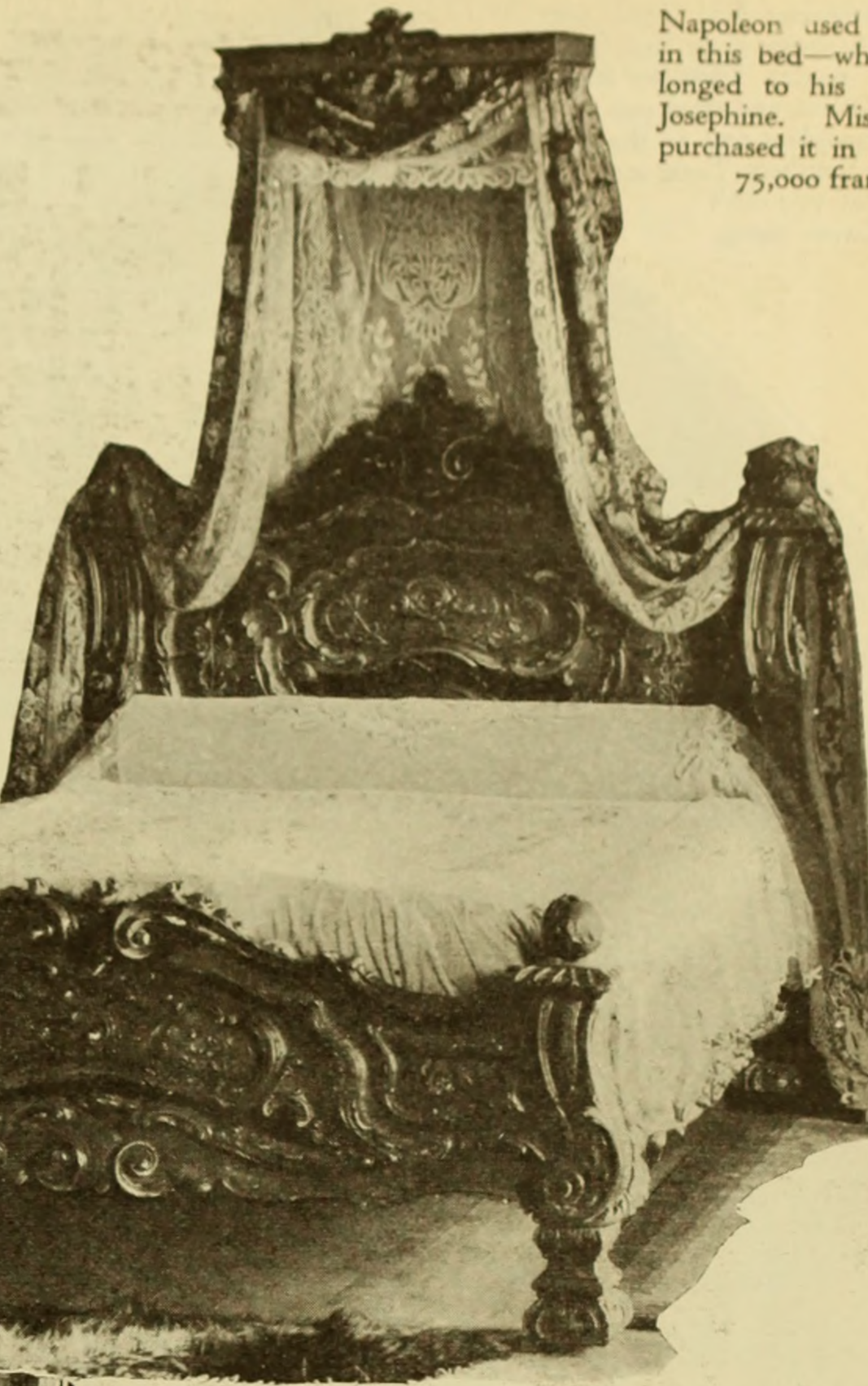
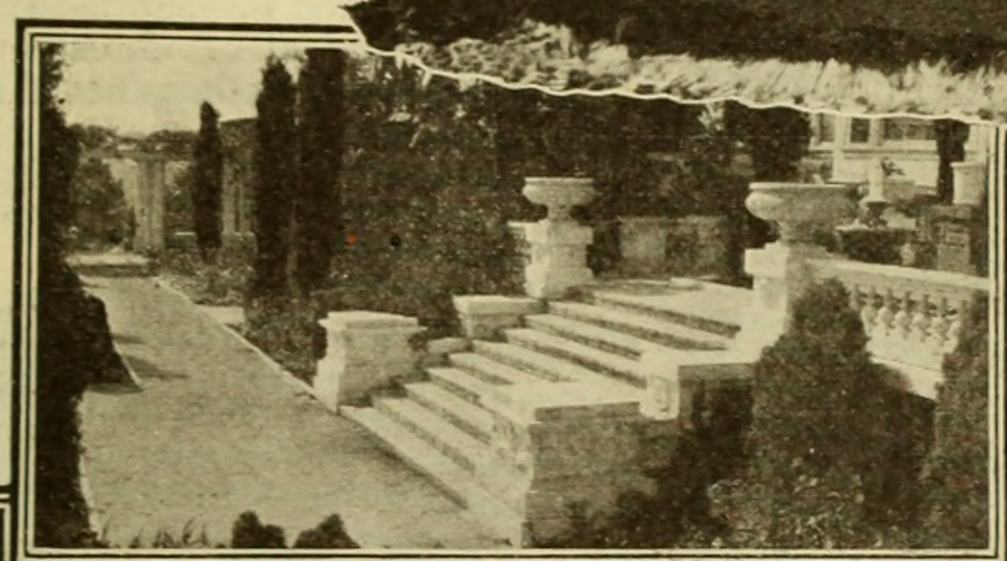


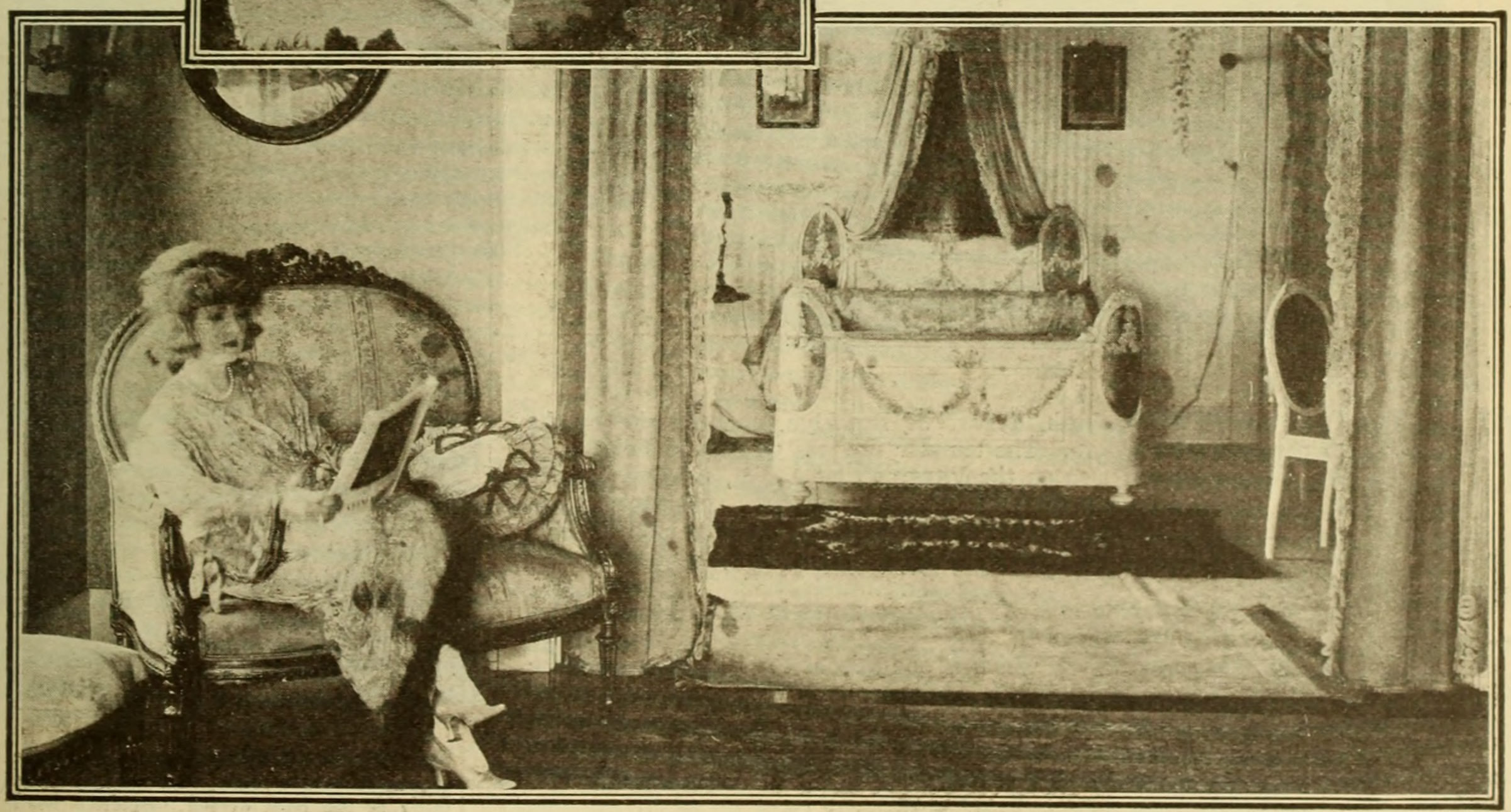
Napoleon used to sleep in this bed—when it belonged to his Empress, Josephine. Miss Ward purchased it in Paris for 75,000 francs.

New Home

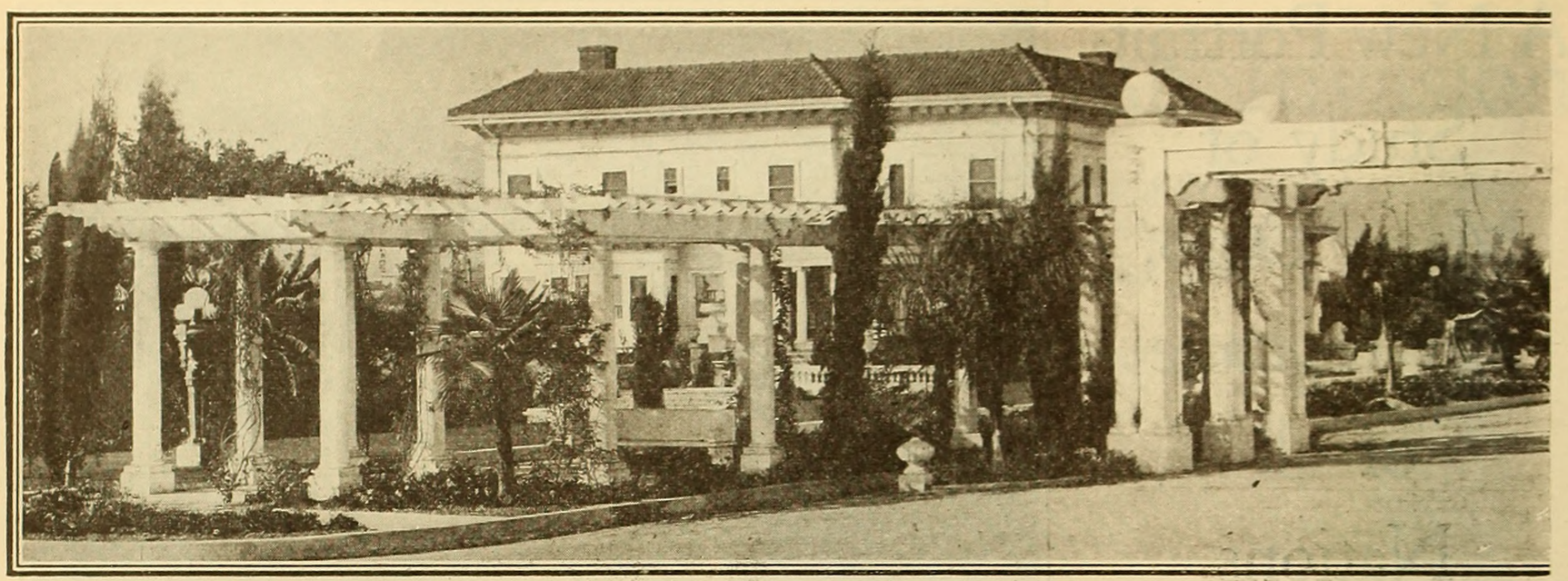
Excepting Julian Eltinge's Italian palace the most sumptuous photoplayer's domicile in the world.



At the foot of the marble stairs leading to the terrace and the sunken garden. These steps are a replica of a flight belonging to a villa in Florence.



Miss Ward in her study, whose wide portiered doors, as you see, open into her own simple sleeping apartment.



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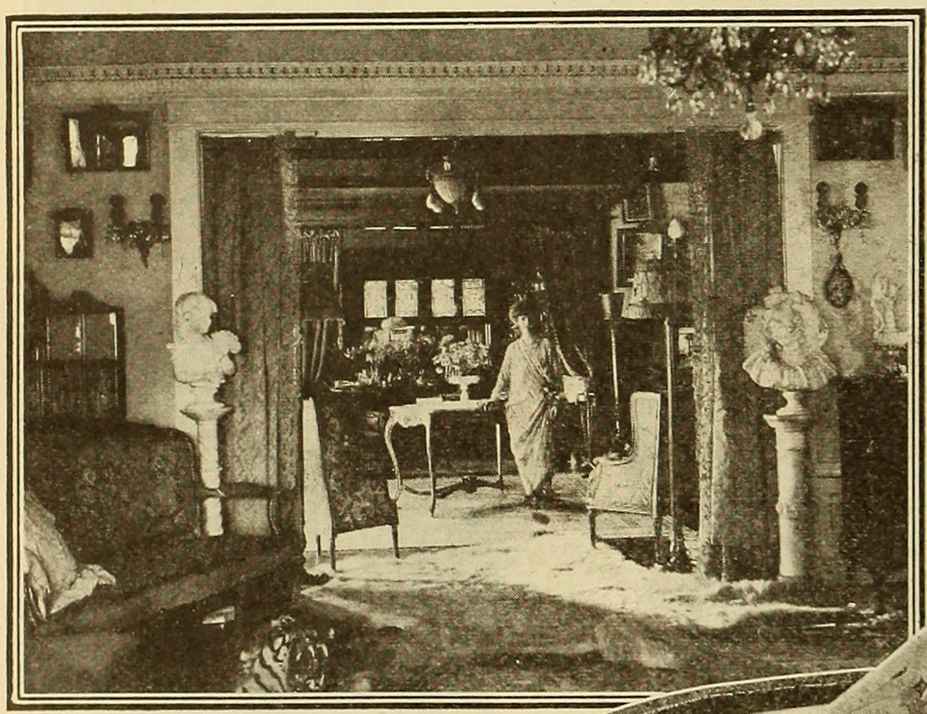

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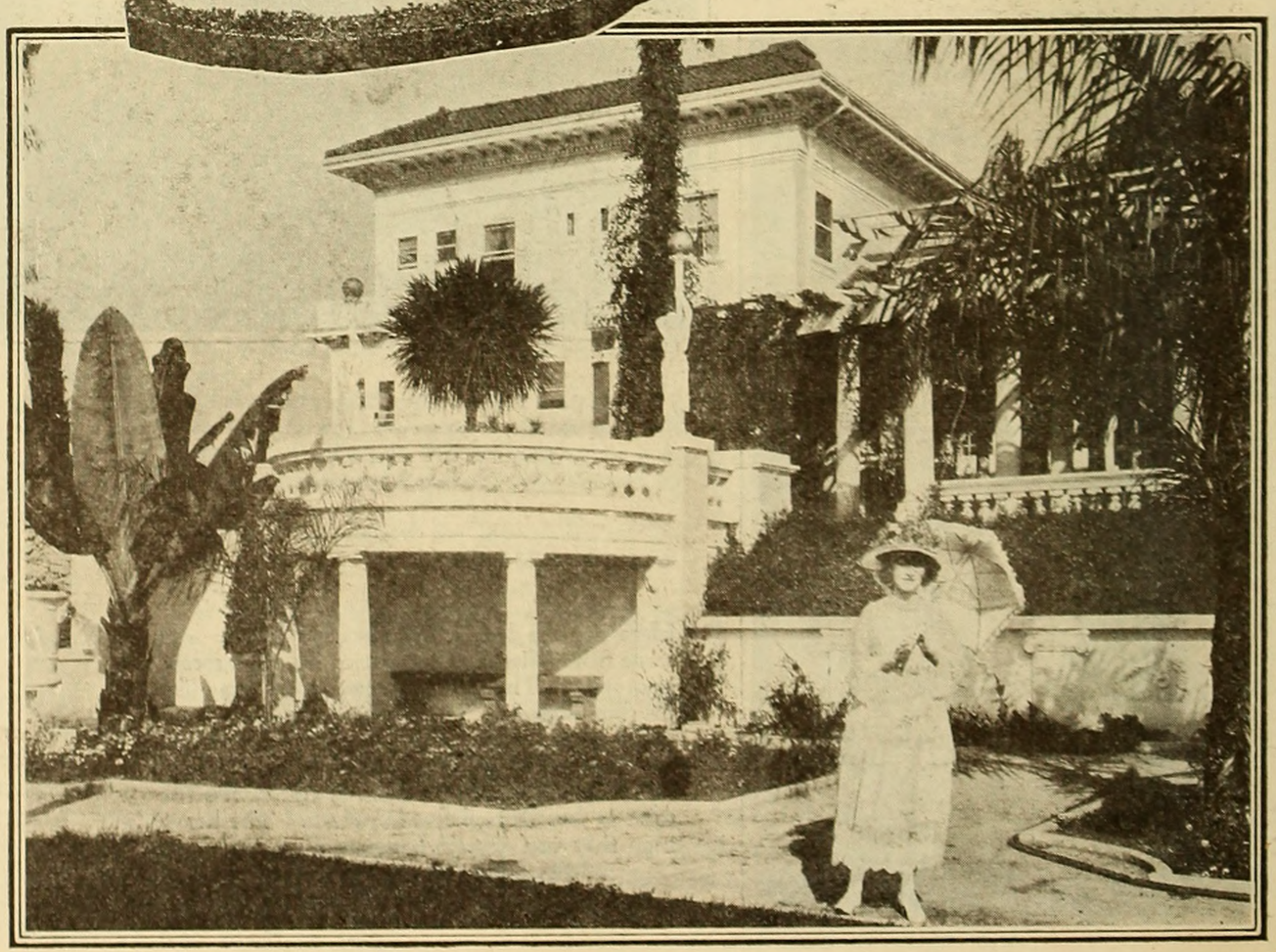

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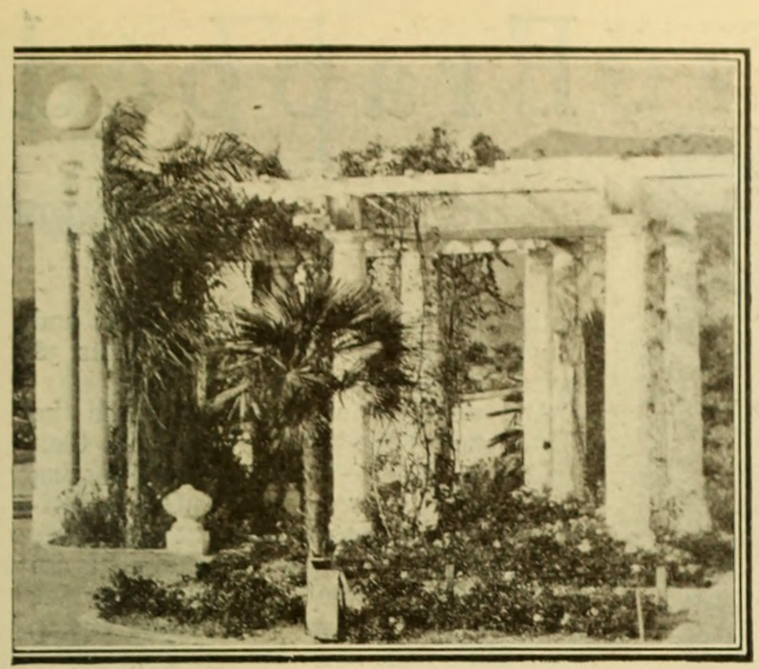

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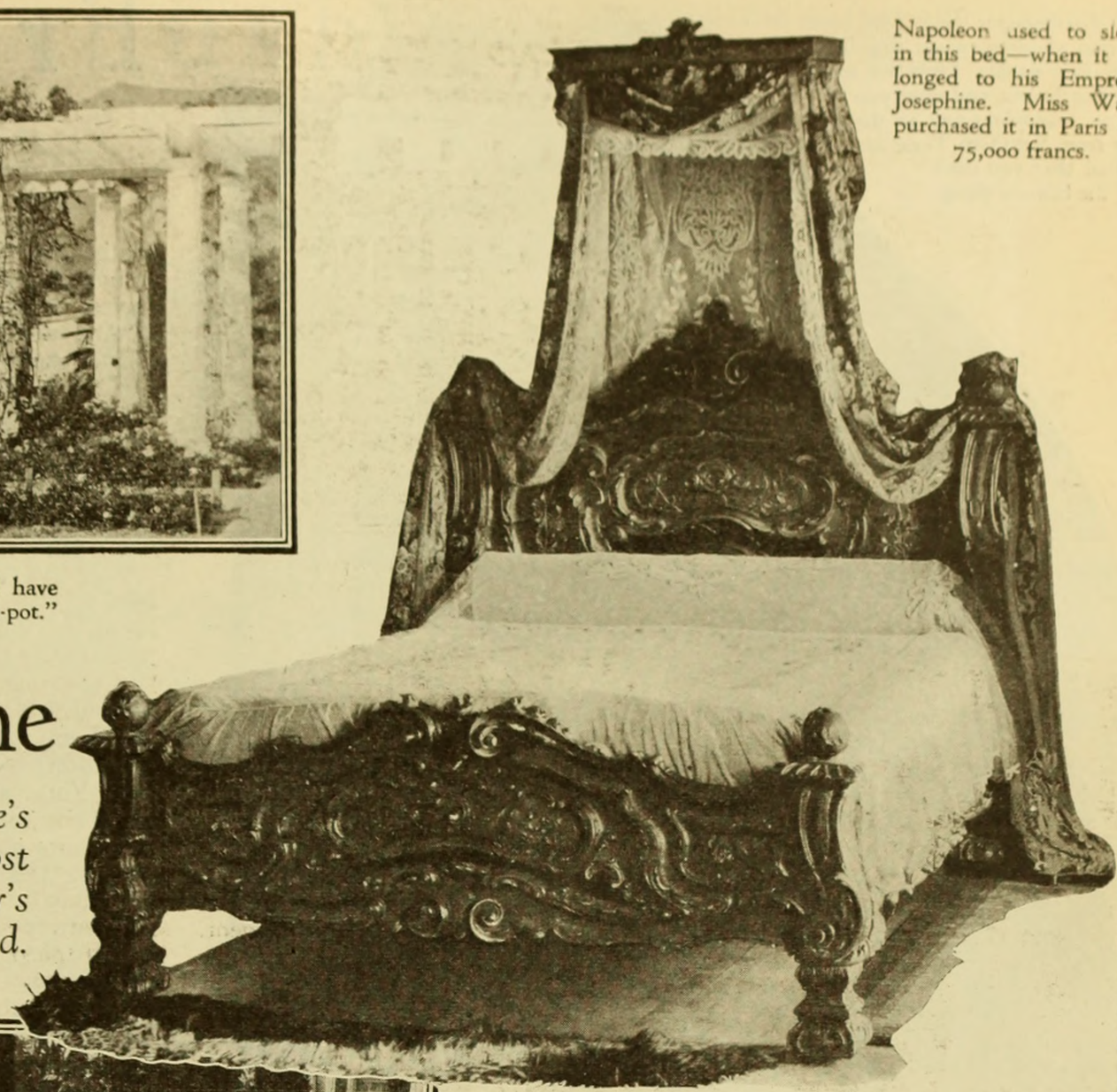

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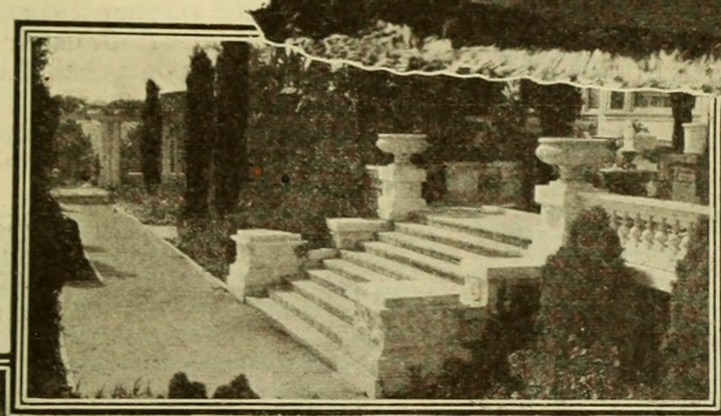

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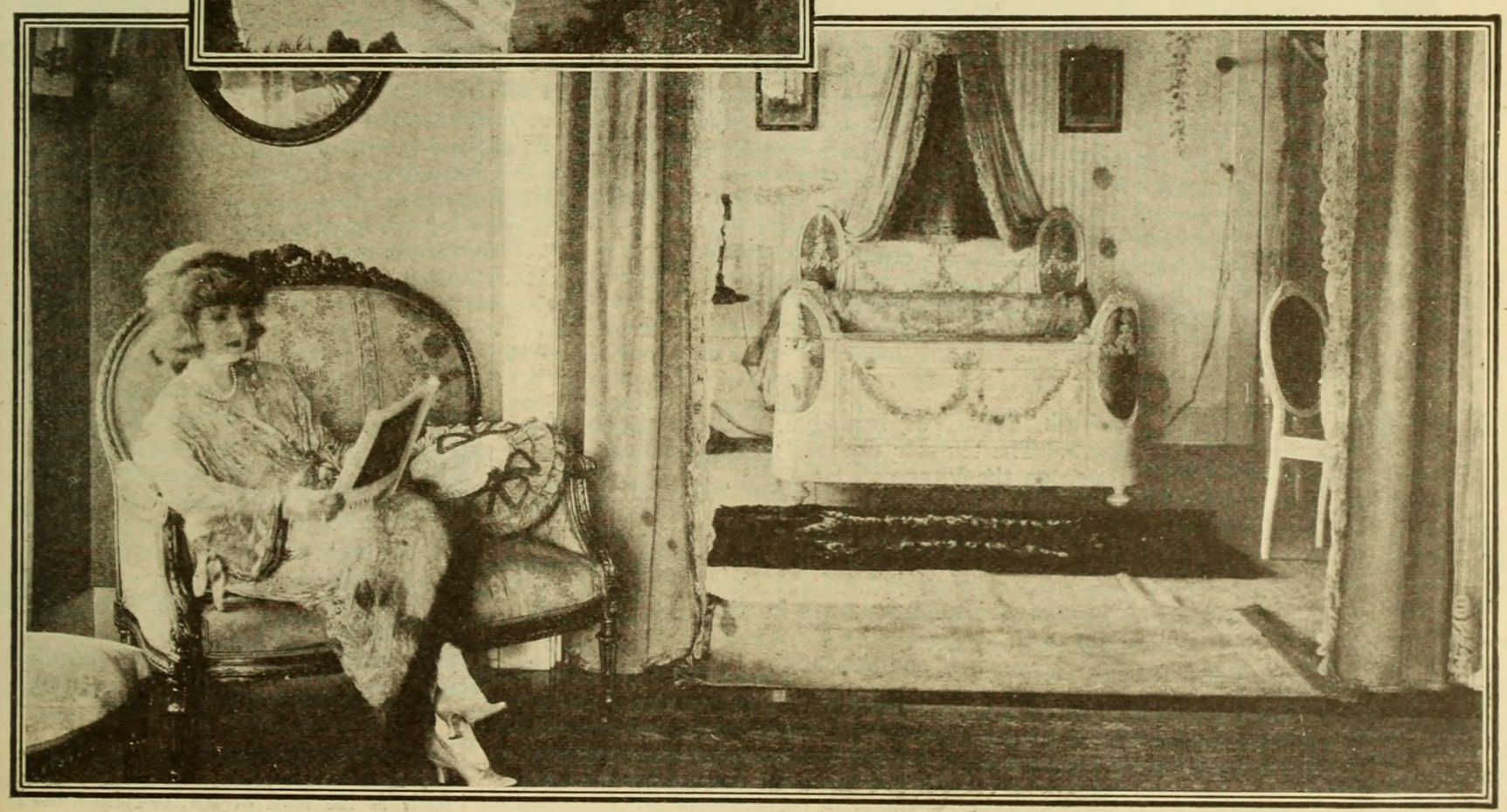
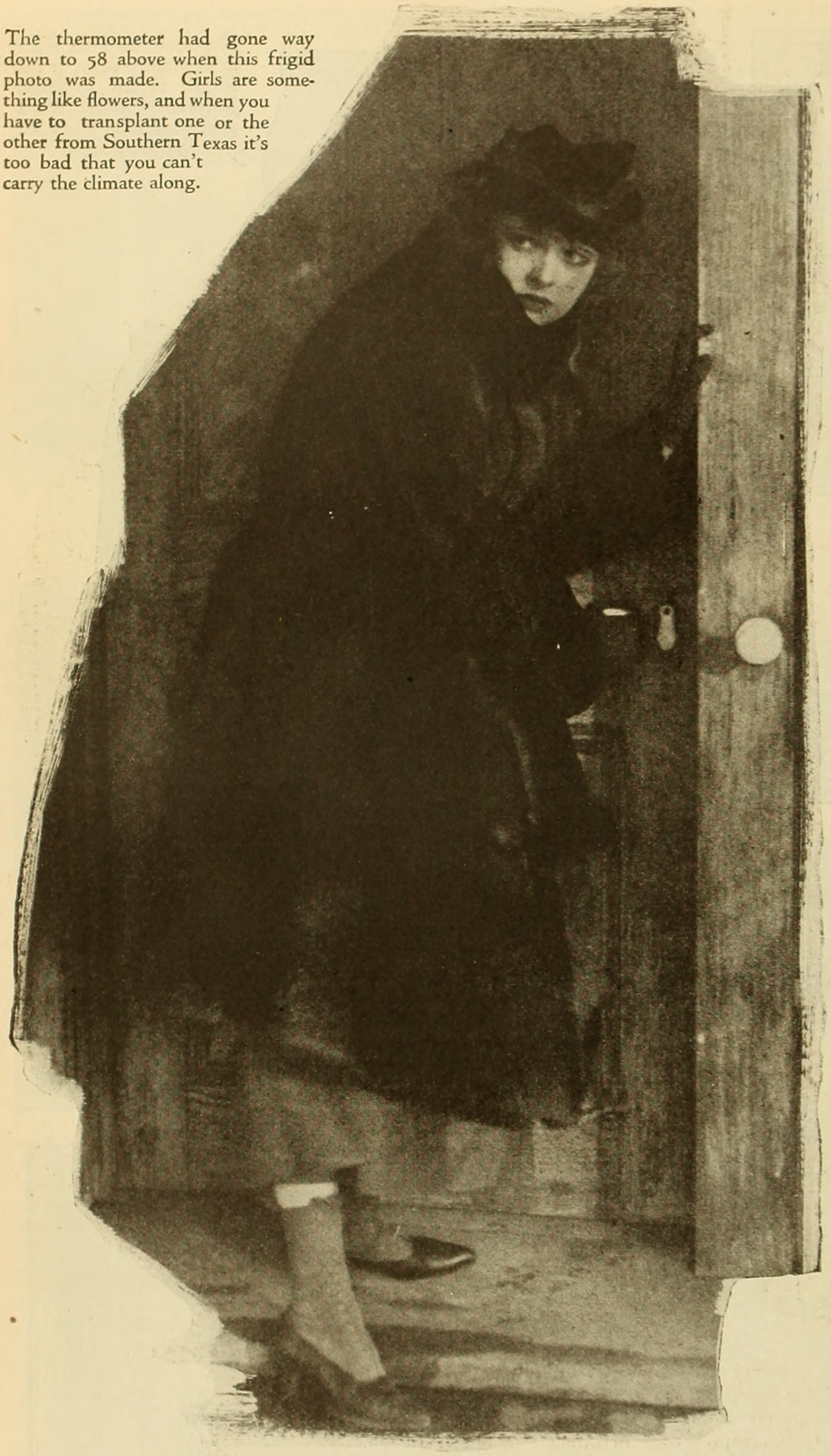


Miss Ward in her study, whose wide portiered doors, as you see, open into her own simple sleeping apartment.

Frappéd

By Marion



The thermometer had gone way down to 58 above when this frigid photo was made. Girls are something like flowers, and when you have to transplant one or the other from Southern Texas it's too bad that you can't carry the climate along.

IT was October fifteenth in Flatbush, a part of Brooklyn, and the site of the Vitagraph company's eastern studio. The temperature was 58 degrees Fahr.

On this day, there might be seen on the Vitagraph lot a slim, shivering figure. Approaching, one might ascertain that this was a young girl. Though she was wrapped from nose to toes in a big fur coat, her teeth were chattering and her lips were blue; and her nose, if one could see it, quite red. Besides this, her eyes wore a far-away, pathetic look.

This may sound like the beginning of a Victor Hugo novel in which he plants his location. But wait—this isn't the half of it.

On the same day in Texarkana, Texas, which is one side of the triangle formed by the borders of Louisiana, Texas, and Arkansas, thermometers were unanimous in declaring 78 degrees. And it was to Texarkana that the thoughts of the poor shivering girl wandered. In fancy she was back home,—back where the southern sun smiles genially, the winds from the Gulf blow caressingly,—where, in short, they have climate, not weather.

But this is to be sombre and realistic and all. The girl in the big fur coat still shivers, while the natives and others who had become accustomed to Flatbush and its weather, are still wearing lightweights and pronouncing October fifteenth, with its 58 degrees, a grand day.

"And why, Corinne Griffith," asked the callous ones—(the girl is none other than Corinne Griffith)—"why are you wearing your fur coat, when it is only October fifteenth, and the temperature but 58?"

"Because," she replied frostily, "I am not going to take any chances of freezing to death. I came very near it last winter, and I don't want to go through it again."

Poor little southern rose, shivering in the snow! One could almost write a poem about it. Born in Texarkana and raised in New Orleans, Corinne Griffith had never left the south until she was coaxed into the movies. And her first winter in them was spent at the Vitagraph western studios, in California. Last winter was her first in New York, and she didn't know what it was going to be like when it started. But she knows now. "And," she says between shivers, "if I didn't simply l-love my work, I wouldn't be up here, letting myself in for more snow stuff."

That picture of hers, "A Girl of Today," released sometime ago, was made last winter, and in the screening Miss Griffith had several close calls from death by freezing. It was, you remember, the coldest winter in New York since Washington crossed the Delaware. The scenes of the picture called for Corinne and her company to work on

Miss Griffith and Robert Gaillard in a scene exposition of the young woman's emotional fastly at the back of Mr. Gaillard's head on her hair. This little profile also answers see the most girl in

in Flatbush

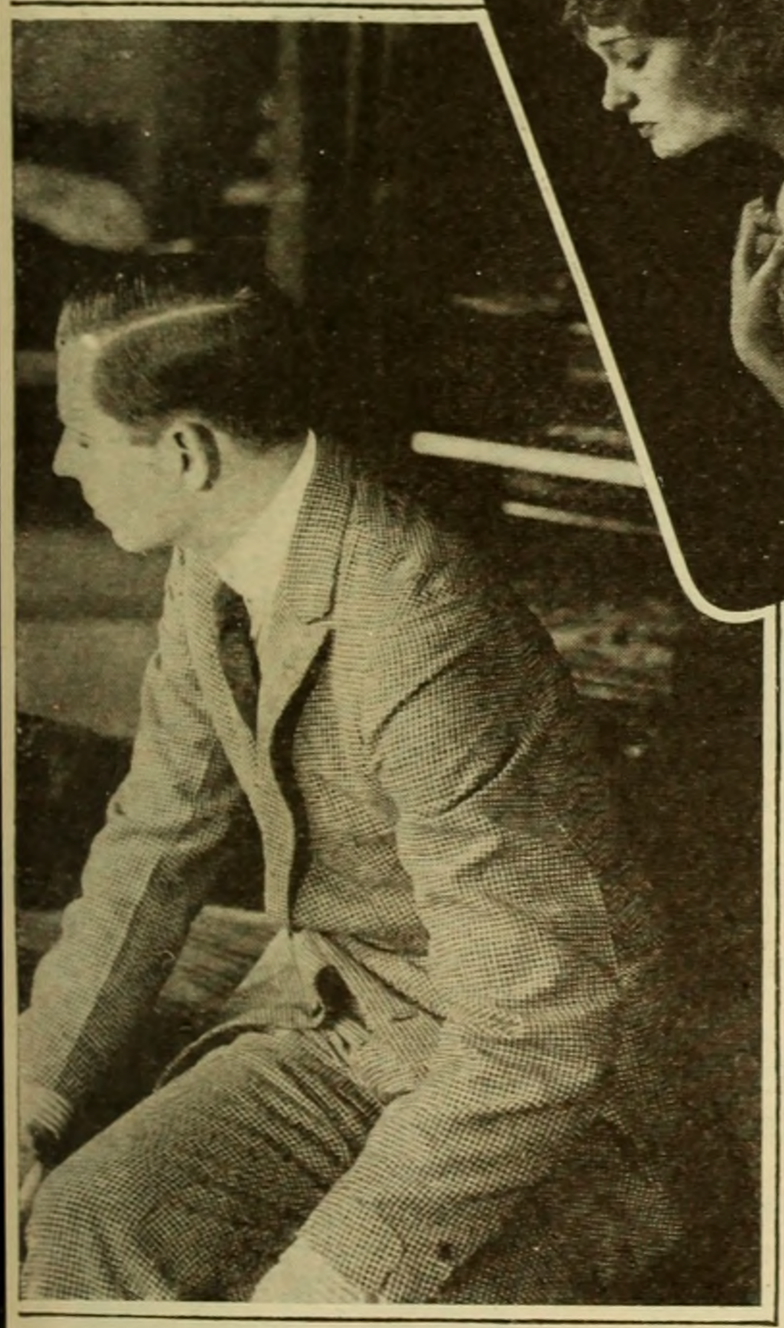
Not a new drink—just the fate of a southern rose trying to bloom in Brooklyn

Craig

the ice-blocks of the Hudson River, in the snow-fields around Albany, and at the great Ashokan Dam, the heart of New York's water supply. While working on these frigid scenes she collapsed from cold and was on the verge of freezing. They placed her in an automobile and rushed her to her home. The cold she contracted then resulted in a long and painful illness. Is it any wonder, then, that Corinne does not welcome the prospect of another long hard winter and more snow stuff?

"Snow," she says, "makes grand scenery. But it doesn't appeal to me as a play-ground. I'd always wanted to see snow, but I didn't ask to be buried in it. Ice, too, is all right as a refrigerant of food and drink, but it loses its value for me when it is splashed all over the landscape in huge hunks. It may all be very picturesque, but who can appreciate artistic effects in snow when one's feet are frozen and one's nose is red?"

A recent portrait o Corinne Griffith. Look ing at this one can think of sc many nice things to say that perhaps i would be better to leave them all unsaid, and permit the picture to do its owr talking. Anyway, it's an example of the old metaphor, "a speaking likeness."



from "The Clutch of Circumstance," a recent calents. The miniature lady staring stead- is also Miss Griffith, with a different "do" the interesting scientific question: why do we the smallest picture?

Miss Griffith was reared in a convent, and naturally knew nothing of snow and such until she landed in New York. She was a popular society girl in the Creole city, and had come into prominence through winning first prize in a beauty contest. It was at a society affair in New Orleans, where Corinne posed in tableaux and danced, that a moving picture director—Rolin S. Sturgeon, of Vitagraph—was introduced to her. He saw her as a "screen proposition" and —you have probably heard the story—put the question right up to her, "How would you like to go in pictures?" Corinne's assent was easily gained, family opposition encountered and overcome, and the little southern girl soon embarked on a screen career.

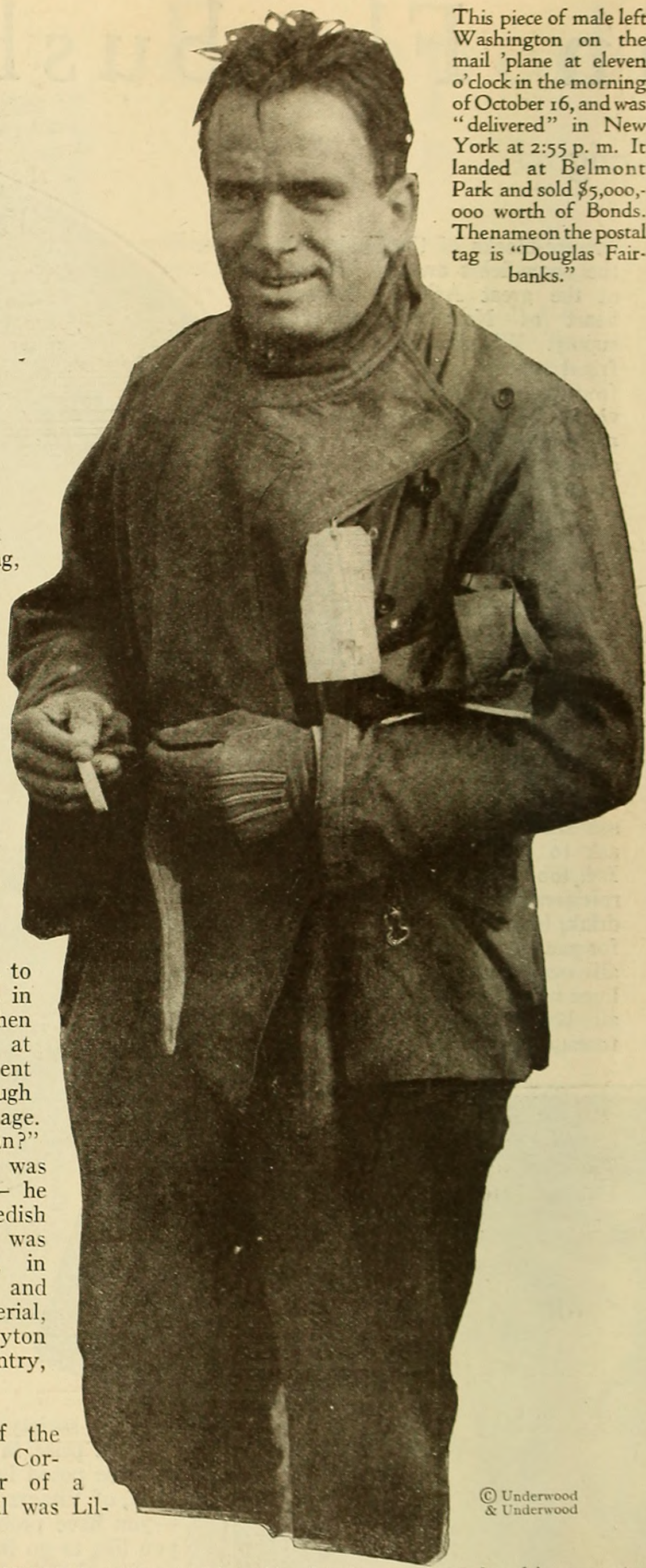
She made good from the start, when she played small parts in western Vitagraph's short-reelers. Her director, observing her, said, "Watch that girl; she's going to be a star some day." And Corinne hasn't disappointed him. After a year of leading-lady roles for Earle Williams and Harry Morey, she was featured alone, and then starred. Her most important screen solos have been in "The Clutch of Circumstance," "Love Watches," and, more recently, "Miss Ambition" and "The Adventure Shop." These have gone far towards making her a fixed star—whether she likes snow-stuft or not.

In real life she is Mrs. Webster Campbell. Campbell is also a well-known picture personality, whose screen appearances have been mostly with Vitagraph. You will remember, too, his work for Lubin, Ince, American Beauty, Lasky—he played in "The Evil Eye" with Blanche Sweet—and in such pictures as "A Meddler with Destiny" and "The Love Doctor" for Vitagraph. With his wife he was featured in "New York, or Danger Within!" the Vitagraph propaganda play by Robert W. Chambers. One really cannot find it in his heart to rebuke Mr. Campbell when, in answer to the question, "What is your favorite role?" he replies, "Corinne Griffith's leading man."

Plays and Players

Real news and interesting comment about motion pictures and motion picture people.

By CAL YORK



This piece of male left Washington on the mail 'plane at eleven o'clock in the morning of October 16, and was "delivered" in New York at 2:55 p. m. It landed at Belmont Park and sold $5,000,000 worth of Bonds. The name on the postal tag is "Douglas Fairbanks."

© Underwood & Underwood

CECIL B. DEMILLE, director-general for Lasky, who made "Joan the Woman," "The Little American," and "We Can't Have Everything"; the one photoplay director who really looks the part; the producer of a thousand screen battles—is going to war. When he has completed his current production—and from present indications that will be about November fifteen—he will go to Washington to secure himself a commission in aviation. DeMille has been a student of aviation for some time, and last year bought himself a 'plane and spent his spare time motoring over Hollywood until he had mastered the science. The Lasky studio will be closed entirely for a week after DeMille finishes his present picture.

KENNETH HARLAN is now a sergeant in the 143rd Field Artillery, in France. Harlan, you remember, was with Universal when his draft call came; and trained at Camp Kearney, California.

ALLAN DWAN, who left the Fairbanks company in the middle of a picture he was directing, is handling the megaphone for the new Clara Kimball Young production. When he has completed it, Dwan will return to the Fairbanks organization to resume his direction of Douglas.

We're glad to see that resolute young actor, Pat O'Malley, again. Here he is in "Dealing with Daphne," a new Universal, with Priscilla Dean. You should behold him—in another scene—behind the deep facial foliage of a woodsman.

THE first gold star in the Universal service flag is for Lawrence R. "Larry" Peyton, who died fighting in France. Peyton is the first of the coast actors to go. Peyton had served in the Spanish war, and when his old regiment was at Camp Kearney, he went down and enlisted, although he was over the draft age. "How Could You, Jean?" with Mary Pickford, was Peyton's last picture — he played *Oscar,* the Swedish man of all work. He was *Gaspard,* the coward, in "Joan the Woman," and played in Universal's serial, "The Red Ace." Peyton was in the 157th Infantry, a Colorado regiment.

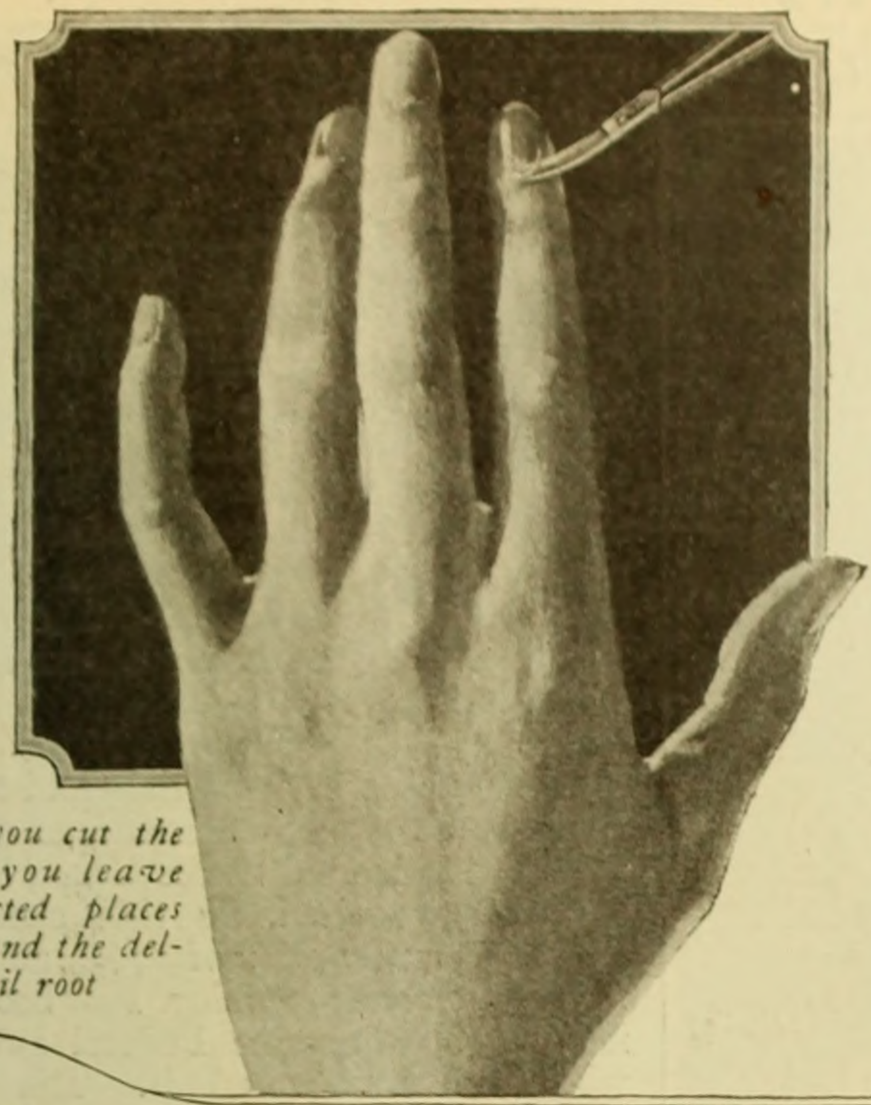
JACK SHERRILL of the Frohman Amusement Corporation, is the father of a baby girl. Mrs. Sherrill was Lillian Forbes.

JOHN HANCOCK COLLINS, Metro director and the husband of Viola Dana, died October 23, after an illness of less than a week, a victim of pneumonia following the Spanish influenza. John Collins, though only twenty-eight years old, was one of the ablest members of Metro's directorial staff, with many Dana productions to his credit. He also directed most of his wife's Edison pictures. A New York boy, Collins was first associated with moving pictures at the old Edison studio, working his way up from an assistant to a full-fledged director. Perhaps his most ambitious effort was "Blue Jeans," the Metro picture from the stage play, starring Miss Dana. Besides his wife, he is survived by his parents and one brother.

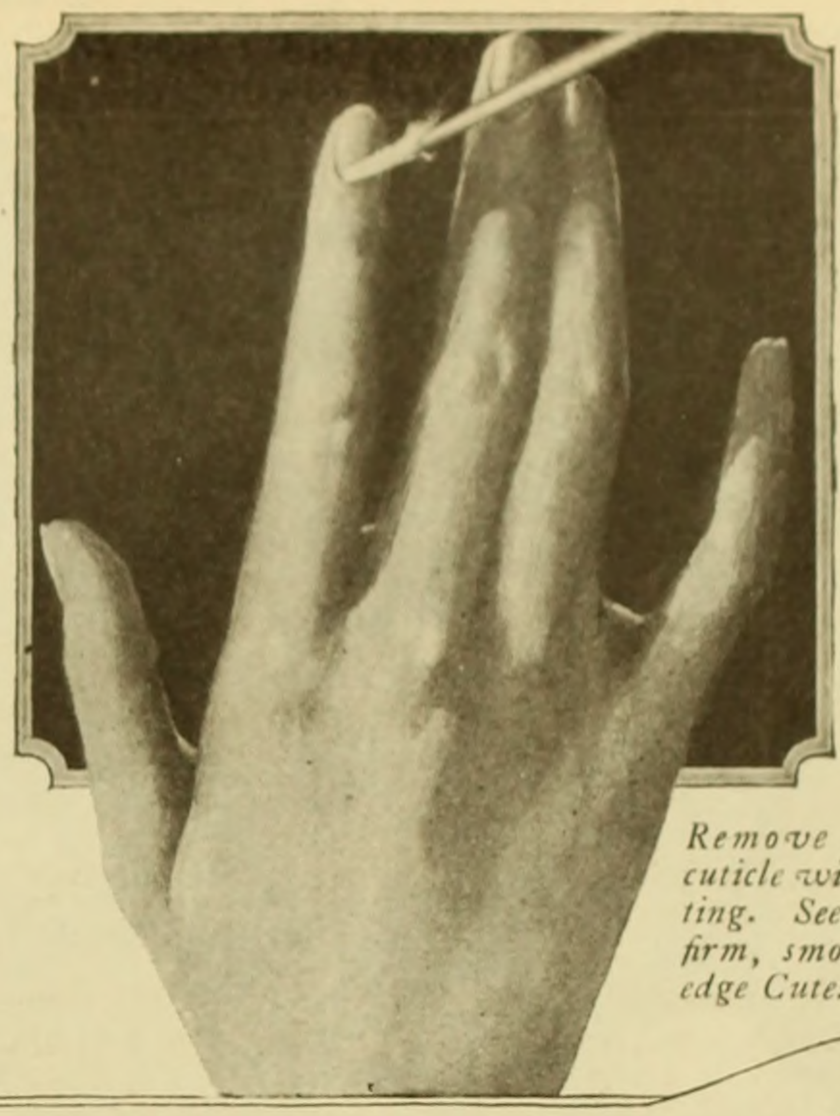
LOUISE VALE, wife of Travers Vale, the World director, was an influenza victim, succumbing to the disease after an illness of only two days. Mrs. Vale died in Madison, Wis., where she was visiting her mother. She will be remembered for her work in Biograph pictures several years ago, and more lately for World.

R. W. LYNCH, vice-president of the Triangle Distributing Corporation, and brother of S. A. Lynch, succumbed to pneumonia following an attack of Spanish

(Continued on page 84)



When you cut the cuticle you leave unprotected places all around the delicate nail root



Remove surplus cuticle without cutting. See what a firm, smooth, even edge Cutex gives

The wrong and the right way to manicure

"The Cutex way of manicuring is indeed pleasing, especially when your hands must always look freshly manicured"

Bessie Love

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

Soften and remove surplus cuticle without knife or scissors. Just apply a bit of Cutex, the harmless cuticle remover, to the base of your nails, gently pushing back the cuticle.

Cutex does away with all need for cutting or trimming, and leaves a firm, smooth, even line at the base of your nails.

In five minutes the most delightful manicure you ever had

Wrap a little cotton around the end of an orange stick (these come in the Cutex package), dip it into the Cutex bottle and work around the base of the nail, gently pressing back the cuticle. Rinse the fingers carefully in clear water, pushing the cuticle back when drying the hands.

If you like snowy-white nail tips, apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails. Finish with Cutex Cake Polish.

In cold weather the cuticle often shows a tendency to become dry and rough. When this happens, apply a little Cutex Cuticle Comfort.

Now see how well-groomed your nails look. *Keep* them looking well. Give them a Cutex manicure regularly.

Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 35c, 65c and $1.25 bottles. Cutex Nail White is 35c. Cutex Nail Polish in cake, paste, powder, liquid or stick form is 35c, and Cutex Cuticle Comfort is 35c.

A complete manicure set for only 21c

Mail the coupon today with 21c for the complete manicure set shown below. It contains enough of the Cutex preparations for several manicures. Send for it today. Address

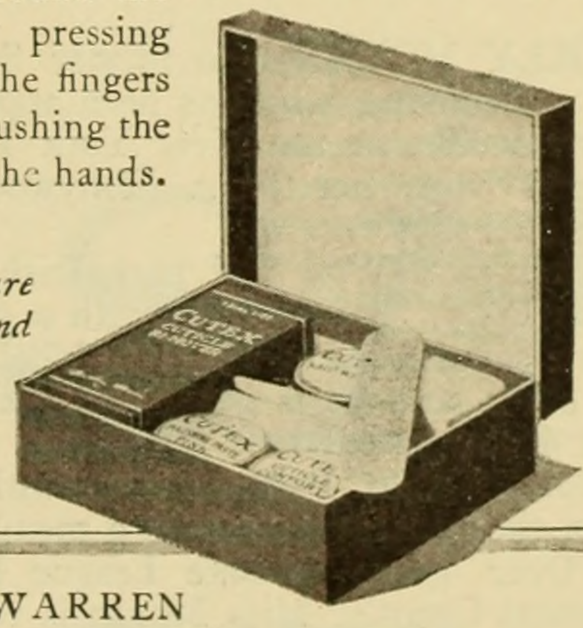
Northam Warren, Dept. 701,
114 West 17th Street,
New York City.

If you live in Canada, send 21c to MacLean, Benn & Nelson, Limited, Dept. 701, 489 St. Paul Street West, Montreal, for your sample set and get Canadian prices.

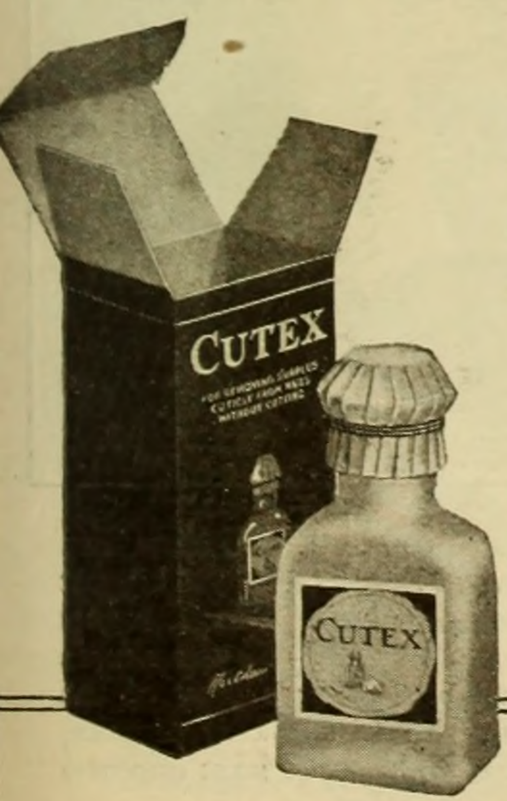
"I have found Cutex the quickest and most effective way of taking care of my nails"

Alice Brady

A complete manicure set for 21c. Send for it today!



MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 21c TODAY



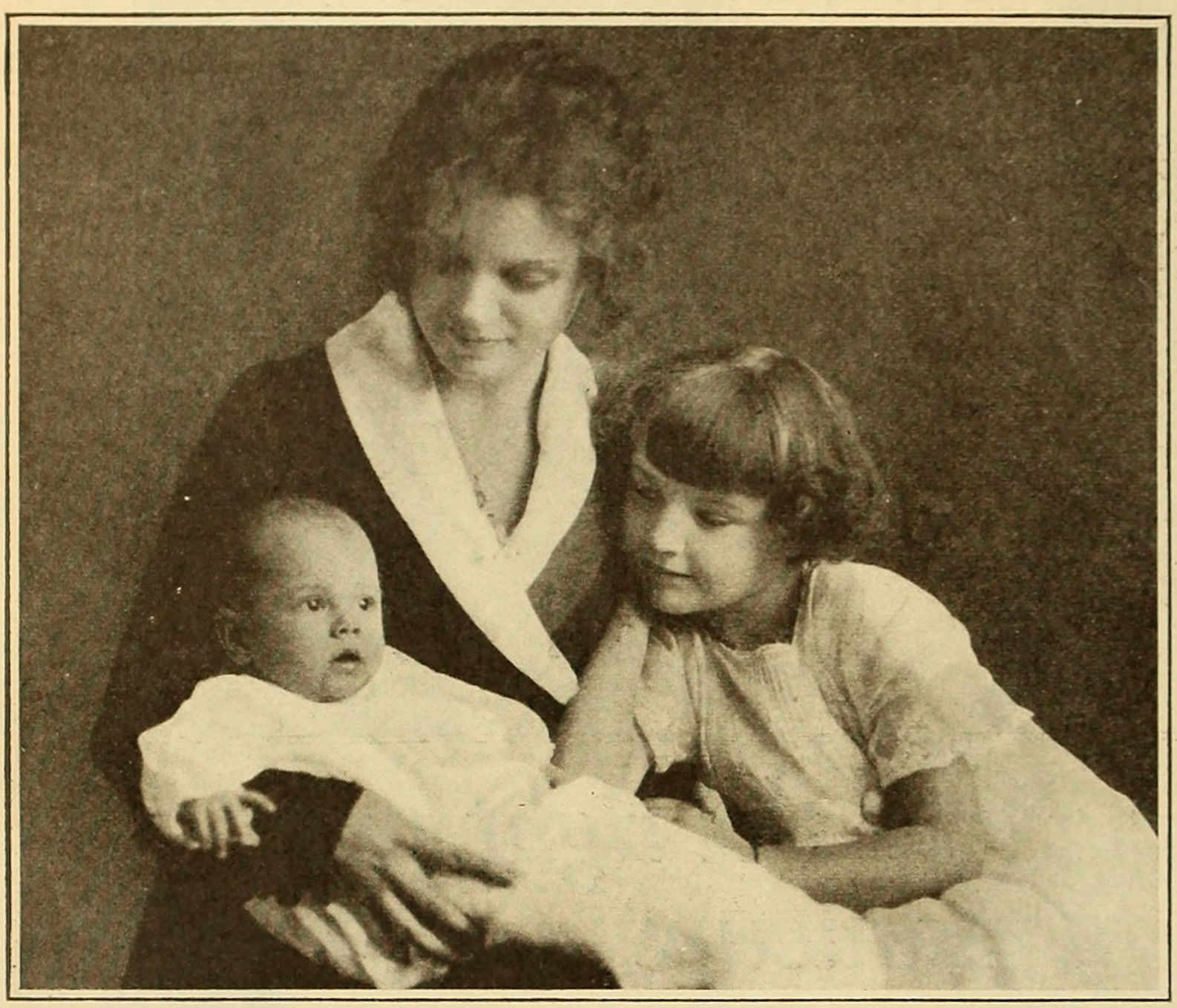
NORTHAM WARREN
Dept. 701
114 West 17th St., New York City

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

(Continued from page 82)



Evans

This is a new picture of Baby Marie Osborne, the "Mary Sunshine" of the films, her mother, Mrs. Leon T. Osborne, and little brother. The baby is also an actor; he is playing minor parts at present but undoubtedly will rise, since he has a star for his sister.

influenza. Lynch was on a business trip to the west coast when stricken.

THE most successful individual effort in the Fourth Liberty Loan was that of William Farnum. Although he worked only the last fortnight of the campaign, Farnum turned in $33,000,000 as the result of his work in that time.

Farnum's greatest single bond sale took place on the Thursday night of the last week of the Loan campaign, when he sold $32,000,000 worth of bonds to an audience that packed Carnegie Hall in New York. This was an unprecedented showing, and established a record far beyond that achieved by any member of the theatrical profession, stage or screen. One afternoon the Fox star sold $50,000 worth of bonds, in a New York department store, in a little less than two hours. All but two of his subscribers were women.

TRUE BOARDMAN, a pioneer film actor, died in Los Angeles the first week in October. Although not yet forty, Mr. Boardman had a long career on stage and screen. He was born in Oakland, California, and his early dramatic work was with David Belasco, and in stock. Boardman was with western Essanay before joining Kalem. His best-known characterization was "Stingaree," a Kalem serial. He is survived by a wife, known professionally as Virginia Ames, and a son.

A PROMINENT director was approached by a lieutenant in the U. S. Army, who greeted him effusively. Afterwards the director said, "What do you know about that? He still calls me Mister and treats me as if I were more important than he is." The lieutenant was formerly the director's property boy.

IT is not known what pecuniary inducement was offered Eugene Walter to lay aside his widely advertised aversion to motion pictures, but the fact remains that Walter has contracted to write the next three Norma Talmadge pictures. Among Walter's stage sucesses were "Paid in Full," "The Easiest Way," and "Fine Feathers."

GEORGE FISHER is at Camp Kearney, California. You will remember him opposite Bessie Barriscale and Mary Miles Minter.

POLLY MORAN, the former Sennett comedienne, who has been appearing in vaudeville at the New York Palace, brought with her from Hollywood an adopted baby.

"He's part Wop and part Irish," explains Polly, "he was born with a stiletto in one small fist, and an Irish shillelagh in the other, and he is going to be able to fight his own battles."

Wonder what Polly will do with him when she goes over seas as a member of the Over There Theatre League Entertainment Corps? Miss Moran is to head what will be styled the "Sheriff Mary" unit.

HARRY CAREY picked up a paper and read Universal's advertisement for "Crashing Through to Berlin." "Well," said Harry, "there's a picture called 'Come Through.' Then they had 'Smashing Through,' and now it's 'Crashing Through to Berlin.' I hope they don't ever ask me to play the stellar role in a drama of real life and call it 'You're Through.'"

MYRTLE GONZALES died in Los Angeles, October 23, from a complication of heart trouble and influenza. Her death is said to be indirectly due to a fall received a year ago while riding for a "stunt" picture. Miss Gonzales will be remembered for her work in Vitagraph and Bluebird-Universal productions. In private life she was Mrs. Allen Watt, and she leaves a seven-year-old son by a former marriage. Her husband is in the army.

"THE Spirit of '76," the Goldstein picture that was branded as pro-German by the United States Court, has been completely revised, its title changed to "The Eternal Spirit of '76," and in its new form and meaning has been commended by the same Federal authorities who first condemned it. The revised version will be used as propaganda, stamped with the seal of the United States. The fate of Robert Goldstein, producer of the original film, will not be affected, and he will fill his ten-year sentence for treason in a Federal prison.

EDWIN ARDEN, actor, playwright, and manager, died from heart failure, following a rehearsal of a new play in which he was to have starred, called "Three Wise Men." Arden played in support of many of the great actors of the time, including Edwin Booth, Thomas W. Keene, Clara Morris and Maude Adams. He has written many plays. His most notable motion picture appearance was in the Pathe serial, "The Exploits of Elaine," in which he played with Pearl White, and recently with Anita Stewart in "Virtuous Wives." Arden is survived by a wife.

(Continued on page 88)

Enterprise in the Orient. J. Sebastian Tan of Koedoes, Java, is PHOTOPLAY'S biggest booster in a foreign country. Mr. Tan gets subscriptions by the hundreds by the simple expedient of always carrying a copy of the Magazine about with him. This practice, he says, never fails to bring at least one new subscriber.

Don't dream about a good complexion— *HAVE ONE*

Every woman can safeguard her beauty and solve the problem of increasing her attractiveness by using Resinol Soap, which helps nature to heal skin trouble and ensure a good complexion.

Your skin is like any other fabric—subject to wear and tear—exposed as it is to sun, wind and storm. If your skin is rough, unnaturally dry, or excessively oily; if it chaps or reddens easily, is subject to blotches, or if slight irritation produces burning, smarting, or itching, you will find in Resinol Soap a means which will help greatly to overcome these ailments.

Resinol Soap removes dust, dirt and waste matter from the skin, but at the same time it benefits the skin cells, soothes irritation, and exerts a healing and tonic action.

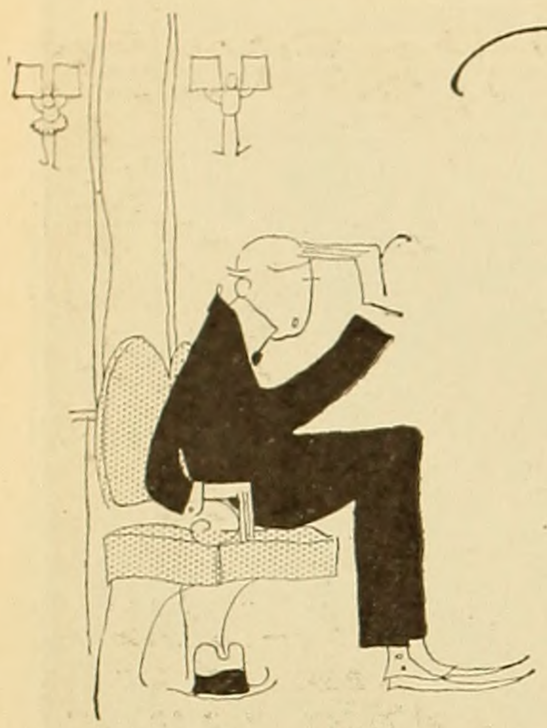
A week's trial of Resinol Soap will convince you that you should always use it for your skin's sake as well as for your pride in having and preserving a good complexion.

Ideal for the hair—especially if there is a tendency to scalp trouble. Unequaled for the bath—soothes and refreshes a "tired" or irritated skin. Incomparable for nursery use—to keep baby's skin soft and fresh.

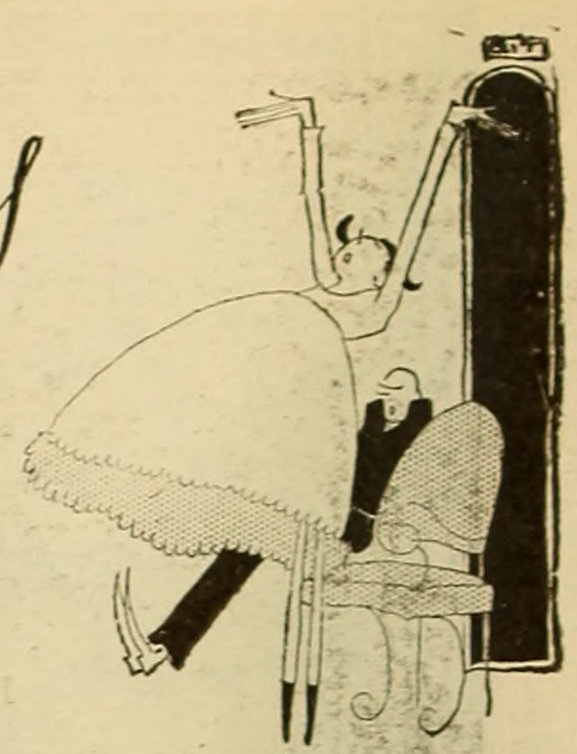
All druggists and dealers in toilet goods sell Resinol Soap.

Resinol Shaving Stick gives a free non-drying lather which makes men really enjoy the daily shave.

Resinol Soap



Why-Do-They Do-It



THIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, which was stupid, unlifelike, 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.

No Curfew Here

LAST week I went to see Alice Brady in "The Better Half." Perhaps if anyone reading this has seen it they probably noticed that at 2:30 in the morning there were about six kids under twelve years old running around in the streets.

G. K. OMAHA.

Producer's License, P'r'aps

WHERE does Triangle get the phoney license plates they use in their pictures? In "Daughter Angele," with Pauline Starke, we see automobiles with New Jersey licenses with the "N. J.—1918" on the left of the large numbers as the 1917 licenses were, instead of above them as the new ones are. And in numerous other pictures, for instance "Madame Paulette," we see, on the New York license plates: "N. Y.—1918" along the bottom instead of on top.

G. E. D., PASSAIC, N. J.

We Were Puzzled, Too

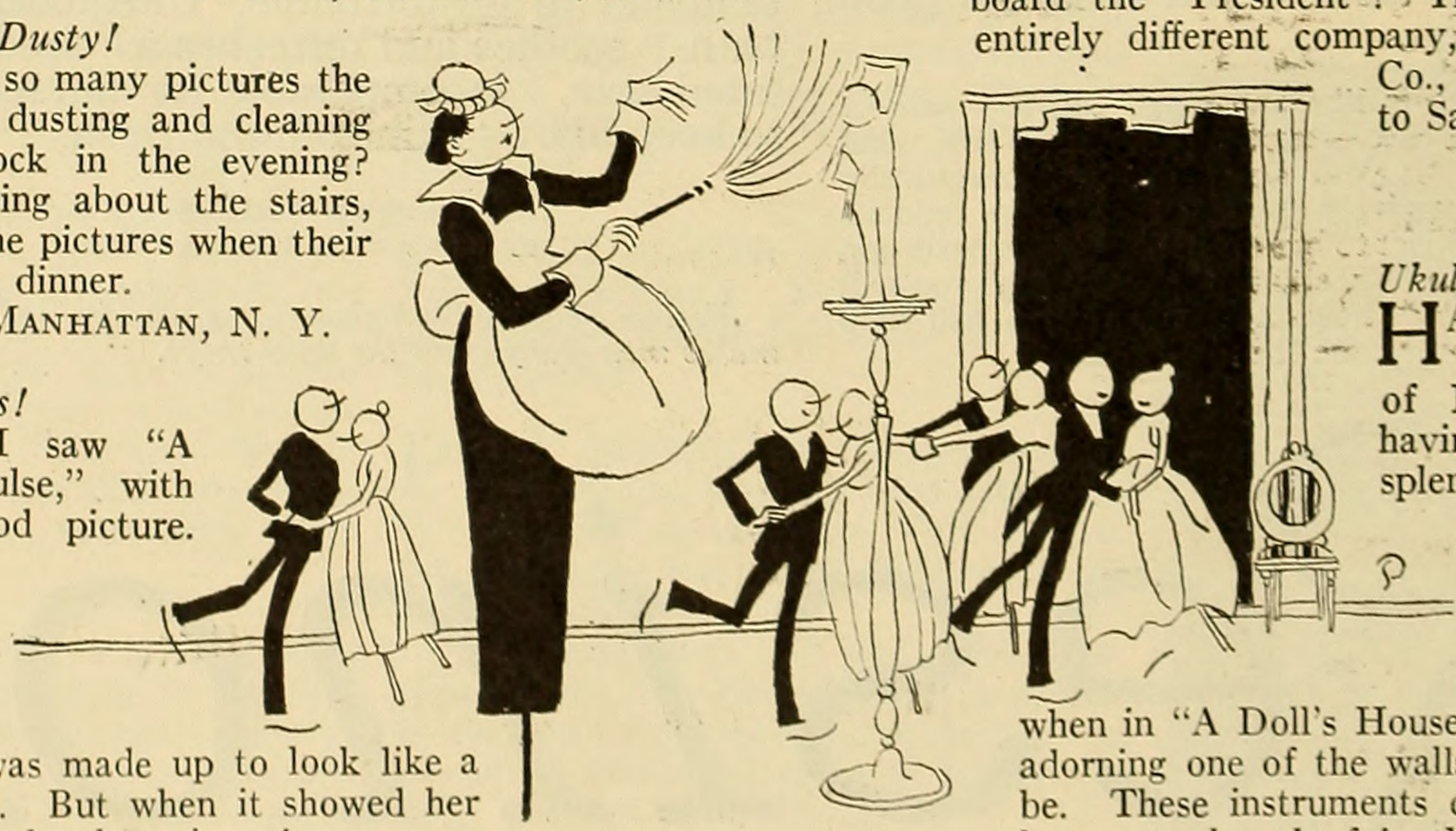
IN "His Own Home Town" Charles Ray writes a play, based on his own experiences, naming it "His Own Home Town;" his sweetheart, Carol Landis (played by Catherine MacDonald) induces her manager, who is looking for a suitable play in which to star her, to purchase the above. I fail to see the suitability; in fact the leading role seemed to me to be decidedly a man's part. If not, why did Charles act in it in the first place?

L. A. R., SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Some Houses Get So Dusty!

WHY is it that in so many pictures the maid is shown dusting and cleaning as late as five o'clock in the evening? You'll see them dusting about the stairs, tables and chairs in the pictures when their mistresses are serving dinner.

HELEN MILLER, MANHATTAN, N. Y.



Scared White, Perhaps!

I want to know. I saw "A Woman of Impulse," with Lina Cavalieri. Good picture. But you know the mulatto housekeeper — Mary Alden — "Birth of a Nation" stuff? Well, in the interiors she was made up to look like a mulatto; and she did. But when it showed her outside, on the veranda—but since it was supposed to be Down South perhaps I'd better call it a "gallery"—why, when she was looking in at the window, spying on the villain, her face was quite white. Perhaps it "went white." But just the same I've heard it remarked that a leopard cannot change his spots, nor an Ethiope his skin. What about it? Anyway, Corinne Uzell was great in the part.

"INDIANA READER," FORT WAYNE, IND.

A Great Ship for Seasick People

"HIS Majesty Bunker Bean" was, no doubt, one of the best of the recent releases in spite of a very noticeable slip. There is supposed to be action on board a trans-Atlantic steamer. In the stateroom occupied by Jack Pickford everything is rolling about and falling over, and even the steward can hardly walk across without losing his balance. But upstairs on deck all is perfectly tranquil. Also, in the dining-room everyone eats with perfect ease and not even a drop of water is spilt! This certainly is the ideal steamer and the Paramount people ought to build them.

H. W., YALE UNIVERSITY.

Some Speed!

LAST Saturday I saw "Peg O' The Pirates." It was a pretty fair picture, but this little incident might interest your columns of the PHOTOPLAY:

Peg's home is seized by pirates. In her excitement she hides in the fireplace where her face gets jet black from soot. The captain orders her to be taken on board the ship where she is made prisoner. (Her face is still black.) She explores her cell and then finds a trap in the floor. And alas—as she comes down stairs her face is *snow white.*

Perhaps those dirty-faced pirates were kind enough to give her a basin of water before letting her empty the rum barrels. Who knows?

HELEN TRUCKENBRODT, N. Y. C.

Dodging "Subs," Mebbe

IN "The Marriage Ring," Mr. Merten buys two tickets for Honolulu via the steamship "Sonoma" of the Sidney Short Line. I obtained this fact from a close up of them.

If Honolulu was Mrs. Merten's destination, why did she board the "President"? This ship belongs to an entirely different company, the Pacific Steamship Co., and sails from Seattle to San Diego and vice versa.

BYRON J. SCHWAB,
LINCOLN, NEB.

Ukulele Facts

HAVING read a great deal about the genius of Maurice Tourneur and having seen many of his splendid plays, I was properly impressed as to his wonderful directing ability. Therefore you can imagine my horror when in "A Doll's House" I saw a ukulele gayly adorning one of the walls as innocently as could be. These instruments of torture were scarcely known or heard of in the United States fifteen years ago. So I hardly could believe that Ibsen would have used them in his play written about fifty years ago. I even doubt if the girls in Norway and Sweden to-day know how to sit in the moonlight and make the neighbors suffer.

Although I do only possess the grand total of seventeen summers this was almost too much for my sense of humor.

ANNE O. NIMUS, VENICE, CALIF.

Help! Help!

IN "Bound in Morocco," with Douglas Fairbanks, how is it that the Sultan and his friend can sink in a pool in which before we had seen swimmers standing up and splashing each other?

B. W. H., WOONSOCKET, R. I.

A CALENDAR
for Beauty's Boudoir

Fitting in its French daintiness to take its place in beauty's boudoir, this Djer-Kiss Calendar will serve as a daily reminder of the Parisian charm of all the *Spécialites de Djer-Kiss*—Extract, Face Powder, Talc, Sachet, Toilet Water, Végétale *et* Soap.

Particularly appropriate to be hung over your desk, it will add its graceful usefulness to the whole year.

The DJER-KISS *Calendar*
will be sent on receipt of 6c.

THE ALFRED H. SMITH COMPANY
Sole Importers
26 West 34th Street *New York*

Djer-Kiss
Made in France only

(Continued from page 84)

YOU know what it did to your family and to every family in the neighborhood. You all had it. And the big movie family wasn't immune. It was a case of suspended animation for the whole industry in October, when the epidemic of Spanish influenza, dubbed "the flu," swept the country. Few companies, east or west, escaped the scourge. The studios in sunny California and the studios in Manhattan and Fort Lee suffered alike. With splendid impartiality the disease attacked stars and press-agents, presidents and prop men. The mechanical forces were stricken—even if the stars and their directors had been able to get down to work, there wouldn't have been any sets to work in or any lights to work under, because Pete Props and his gang were at home with the "flu." If they had somehow managed to get the pictures out, there would have been no press-agents to exploit them. No new contracts were signed, nor any new companies formed, because Cyrus Simplex, president of all the film corporations, had to keep his hands under the covers or his doctor wouldn't have given *that* for his life. The theatres were all shut down, by order, but they probably would have had to suspend operations anyway; the organist at the Dreamland, our favorite suburban theatre, was laid up with the Flu, and what is a photodrome without an organ? And where was the Public? At home, in bed, combating the common enemy.

If you want to know what players had it: well, Charlie Chaplin couldn't laugh it off, even though threatened with pneumonia. Texas Guinan didn't escape—she was cast for an important part in "The Love Defenders," a new World film, but she caught the flu, and couldn't begin work.

Shirley Mason was to leave for California and the Famous Players-Lasky studio in Hollywood, when she came down with it. She had almost recovered when her husband, Bernard Durning, was stricken. Durning developed double pneumonia and for a while little hope was entertained for his recovery. Viola Dana, Miss Mason's sister, who had only a slight attack of influenza, was in a dangerous condition because of a nervous breakdown brought on by the death of her husband, John Collins, of influenza.

Mae Marsh and her sister Marguerite, each passed through a severe siege of the disease, and Mae's departure for the west coast studios of Goldwyn was delayed several weeks.

Witze

Myrtle Gonzales was a victim of the Spanish influenza. She was Mrs. Allan Watt in private life, and leaves a small son. You remember her work in Vitagraph and Universal pictures.

Owen Moore was ill with pneumonia. Bill Russell thought he had "just plain grippe" but changed his mind, after he was delirious for twenty-four hours. Tom Meighan looks husky, but he had it as bad as any of them. Howard Hickman had only a slight attack.

The Flu kept the world waiting for news about Mary Pickford's new contract. Mrs. Pickford was in New York talking it over and Mary was on her way east to join her mother when the news of Lottie's illness sent them back.

HAROLD BOLSTER, husband of Madge Kennedy, has received a Captain's commission, in recognition of his work in Washington for the Government. Miss Kennedy was with her husband in Washington until she was called west to resume her picture work for Goldwyn.

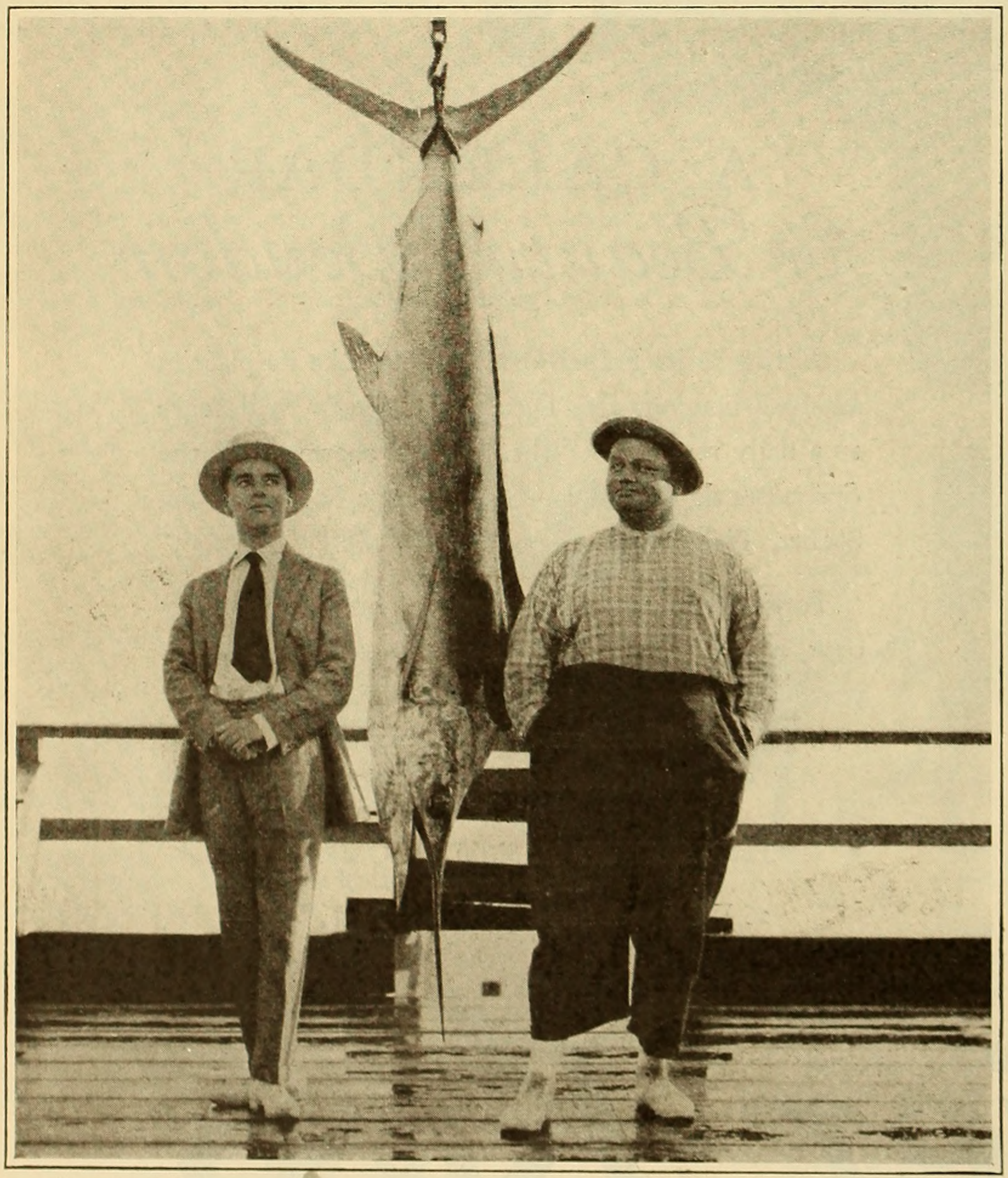
LOUISE GLAUM is back with Ince. Incidentally she has brought suit against Paralta Plays Inc., for $2,500 for five weeks' salary, long overdue.

WHEN the World Film Company signed Texas Guinan to play a leading part in "The Love Defenders," Lee Kugel, World publicist, sat down to write a puff about Texas for the papers, only to discover that he had no material on hand. He called Miss Guinan on the phone and asked her to give him some information about herself.

"Why, certainly, Mr. Kugel," replied Miss Guinan, "only—I am in a great hurry just now. Would you mind if I sent you down a story?"

A few days later the porter at the World offices came in and told Mr. Kugel someone had sent him a gift. "Bring it in," said Mr. Kugel, smiling. In walked two men, loaded down with two huge suitcases and four packages. Mr. Kugel opened them. They contained press matter, newspaper clippings, scrap-books, and pictures of Texas Guinan.

(Continued on page 98)



Chaplin really caught this sword-fish. When someone offered to take a picture of it he said "Wait a minute" and went home to change his clothes. When he came back he found that Fatty Arbuckle, looking the part, was posing beside the fish and assuming all the airs of ownership. Now Fatty's peeved because Charlie's crabbed his little act.

The nightly cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream is most important

As a protection to the skin, use Pond's Vanishing Cream just before you go out

Cold weather whips out of the skin all its natural moisture

THE reason your complexion suffers in winter is because the cold weather whips out of the skin all its natural moisture. With each exposure to the cold, the skin becomes tighter and rougher until it cracks and breaks. It loses all its delicate color.

How to protect your skin

Before going out protect your skin by an application of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Compare the fresh, soft condition in which it keeps your face with the drawn, dry feeling that generally follows exposure to cold, windy weather.

Based on an ingredient which doctors have used for years for its softening, beautifying qualities, Pond's Vanishing Cream is of the utmost value in overcoming all dryness and restoring the normal pliancy to the skin.

It is absolutely free from greasiness. You can use it throughout the day, with the knowledge that not a bit of it will remain on the skin to make it shiny.

Photo by Charlotte Fairchild

Billie Burke, whose beautiful skin is the envy of everyone who sees her, says: "No one appreciates Pond's Vanishing Cream more than I"

Photo by Campbell Studio

Your nightly cleansing needs a different cream

Without thorough cleansing of all the dust gathered during the day, the skin cannot be clear and fine-textured. Pond's Cold Cream was prepared especially to give the skin a *perfect* cleansing. Try it for your bedtime toilet tonight.

For massage also you will find Pond's Cold Cream delightfully smooth and easy to work into the pores.

Marion Davies, whom many consider America's most beautiful young stage favorite, says: "I don't see how I ever got along without Pond's Vanishing Cream. Nothing else has ever kept my skin in such good condition"

Pond's Vanishing Cream and Pond's Cold Cream will not grow hair or down on the skin. Get a jar or tube of each today at any drug or department store.

Or we will send you free samples of each cream

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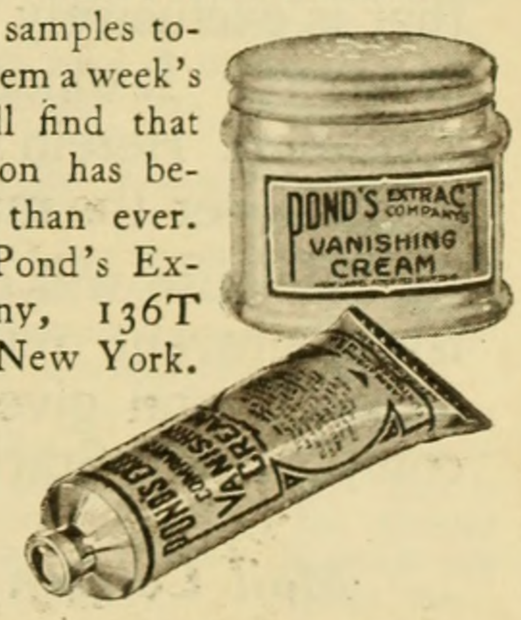

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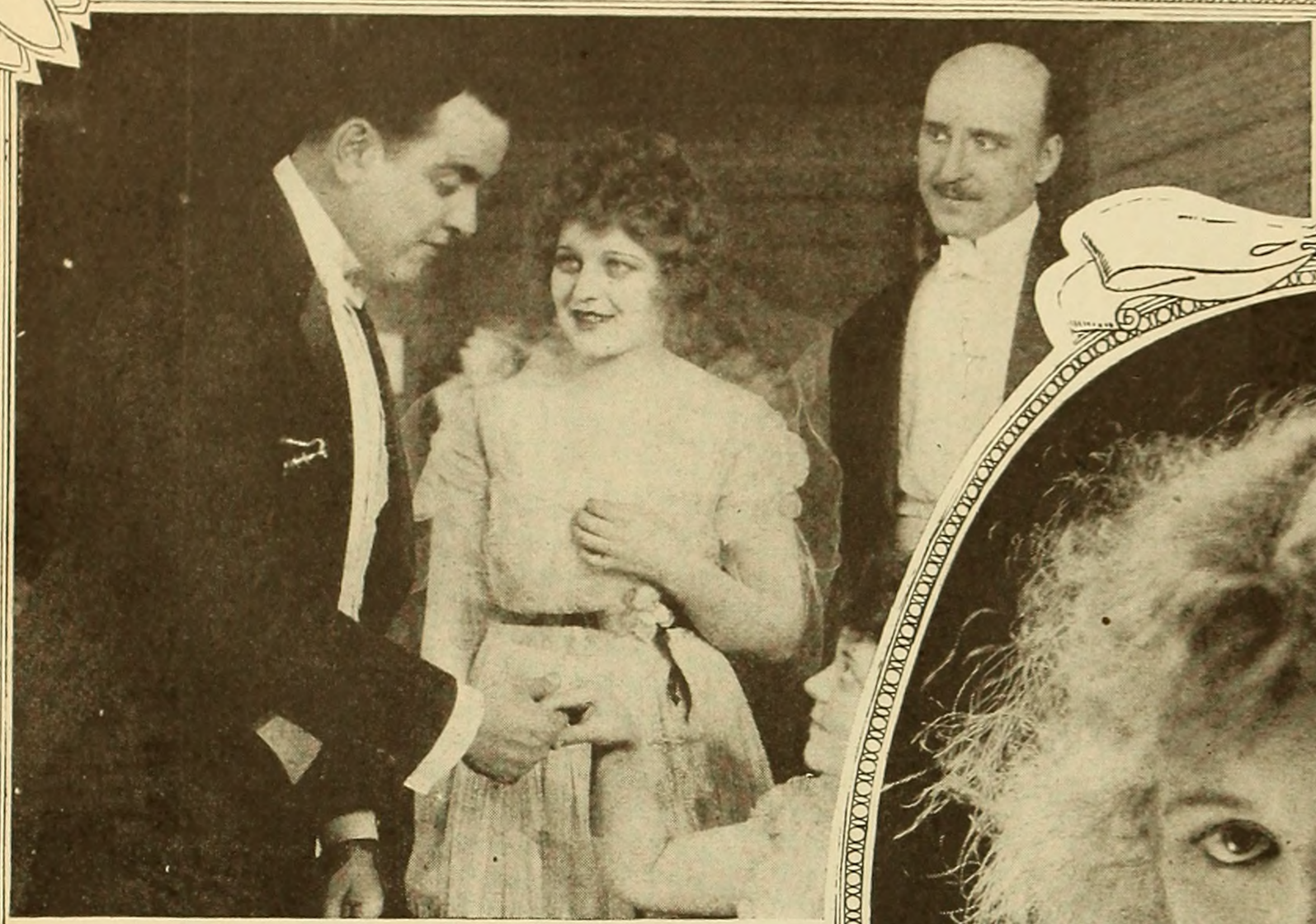
City..... State.....



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Marguerite Clayton
in a tense moment from
"The Egg"
Essanay Play

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Chicago, Ill.,
August 5, 1917

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Marguerite Clayton

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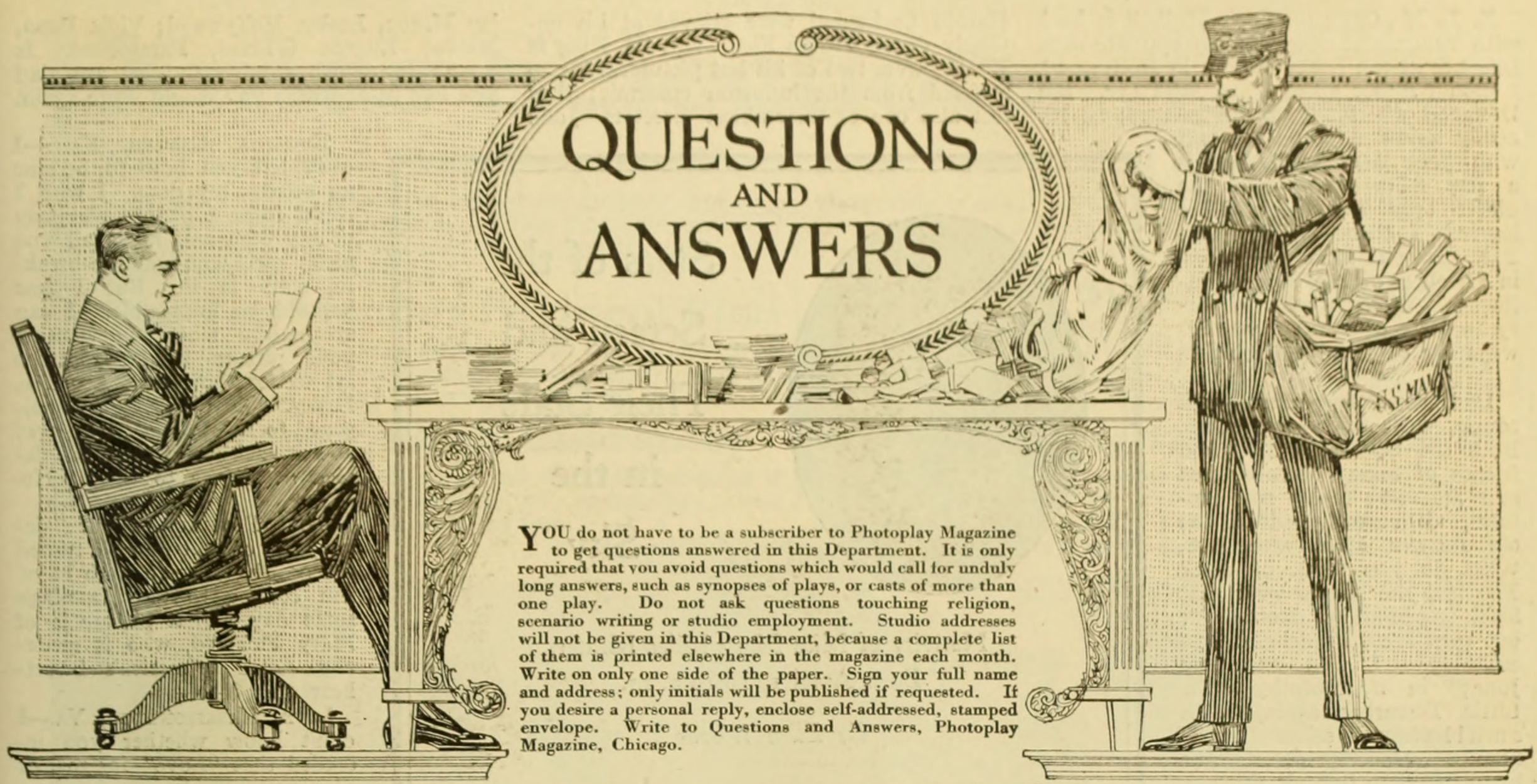

YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions which would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing 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.

TIMID SIXTEEN, JAMAICA, L. I.—Sixteen is often sweet but seldom timid. Behold that rara avis of these crowded war-days—a maid with a blush born of the moment and an amiability no less confusing because it is unconscious. I won't tease you any more. So you met Julian Eltinge's mother? Julian is back on the vaudeville stage now. I'm sure Jackie Saunders would be delighted with the gift of a honey-comb. If I give you her personal address will you send the Answer Man one, too? Let me know. No. Norma Talmadge is twenty-one; Mary Miles Minter, sixteen. Glad your two soldier brothers look on PHOTOPLAY as a "God-send." Write soon again—and don't forget the honey-comb.

VASHTI, PORT HURON.—That was our very own epigram: Nothing can cease like success. The original was "Nothing succeeds like success;" there have been a good many variations on it. Yes, I like Bill Hart; "The Border Wireless" is one of his best. He was in Chicago recently, and came up to see PHOTOPLAY. He's a big man, and kinda shy, and real Western. You bet I like Bill.

THE MYSTIC ROSE.—Your letters have enabled me to endure the "flu" suspension with reasonable equanimity. The theatres are open again now, Allah be praised. So you had nice letters from Julian Johnson and Delight Evans. You don't mention the poor old Answer Man in the same breath with them. All of your comments interested me. You are quite right about that serial discussion. Will tell "Stars" editor you want a horoscope of Pearl White. I suppose because Miss White is so very busy. So you like Dot Gish's black wig.

MOONEY, ALABAM.—You don't mind, do you? Of course, I am frivolous. Frivolity is the froth of life. Treated flippantly, life is sparkling champagne. Approached seriously, it is stale beer. But I forget—perhaps you cannot appreciate my comparisons; might even take exception to them. Forgive me. Story with Lew Cody coming.

L. S., NEW YORK.—The last time I saw Robert Cain was with Lina Cavalieri in "A Woman of Impulse." He was born in 1882; on the stage he played in "The Mis-leading Lady," "The Deep Purple," and "The Man of the Hour." His screen career has been with Mary Pickford in "The Dawn of a Tomorrow" and "The Eternal Grind," with Pauline Frederick, and Doug Fairbanks, and in various productions for other companies, not so well known. He is five feet ten. Believe a letter addressed to him care the Bergere Agency, Aeolian Bldg., N. Y., with reach him. No; I never, never, never get tired of answering questions.

Another Recruit

By Leigh Metcalfe

UNABLE, because of a faulty wisdom tooth,
To go to war—
I, Yank D. Dandy, once aspired
To let off patriotic steam in a film studio.
In short, what I desired
Was to become a dashing American war hero—
On the screen; a type
All Americans might well admire.
I memorized the manual of arms,
Borrowed money from my poor old grandmother
To buy military equipment,
Read Andreas Latzke's psychology of men in war
And then, perspiring patriotism,
I assumed my veribest martial pose
And waited around the studio.

At last I was recognized
By the war-drama director
And given a job—
Playing a Hun spy.

Where is the nearest recruiting office?

B. A. G., PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Nevertheless, I insist that Edna Purviance is not married to Charles Chaplin; that Mr. Chaplin is not married; that Miss Purviance is not married. I don't care if you did see it in a Boston newspaper. It isn't so. You see how provoked we get when someone doubts our veracity.

JANE G.—No, no, Pearl White isn't dead. Don't believe all you hear, Jane.

H. G. W., JERSEY CITY.—Two. The Answer Man and his amanuensis comprise the Answer Department. She has red hair and she finds your questions most amusive. But then she would laugh at anything. Some of the studios allow visitors but a permit is required. Can't help you out any, I'm afraid. Yes, most meetly.

M. G. R., CLEVELAND.—I don't know. I have asked myself that same question time and again; over and over. And always I come to the same conclusion—I don't know. It's awful not to know, isn't it? Finality is the only perfection. I'm sure I don't know, either, why Petrova wears those clothes. "Missing" was very good. Yes. Now look here—when an actress gives her age as sixteen, you can't very well contradict the lady, can you? I think you're altogether too intolerant. No.

A. L., L. L., RED LODGE, MONT.—I am quite sure little Miss Corbin will send you her photograph; Fox studios, Hollywood, Cal. Madge Evans, World, Fort Lee. Write to me soon again and tell me all about yourselves. Are you in school, you two?

E. P., LEMOORE, CAL.—Gee—you ask about a hundred questions and then say, "This is a pretty large order, but then the Answer Man is capable of big things." So what can I do but answer them all? Virginia Pearson is thirty; Raymond McKee—who is now a devil-dog (Marine)—is twenty-six. Anita King doesn't give her age. She is now making a trans-continental tour advertising a brand of automobile tires. With Balboa last. None of those you mention are married that I know of. Vernon Steel in that Clark picture. Bernard Thornton with June Caprice.

TREASURE CHEST, ERIE.—Boy, howdy—shake! Doug's new ones are "He Comes Up Smiling" and "Arizona." Pearl White's new serial is "The Lightning Raider." Floyd Buckley was the "Hooded Terror" in "The House of Hate." For a twelve-year-old you write a remarkable letter. And you'll get a personal reply soon. Handed that to the "Why-do-they-do-it" Ed. Let's hear from you often.

E. L. M., Chicago—Jack Mulhall is back with Paramount now, playing opposite little Lila Lee at the Lasky studios in Hollywood. I should rather guess I like Miss Lee. Bill Desmond will send you his picture; he recently signed a year's contract with Jesse Hampton. Bill is a fine fellow—big, with the bluest eyes I ever saw. I haven't a chance if you like Bill. Harold Lockwood died, in October, of the Spanish influenza. We were all very sorry to hear of it. He was always one of my great favorites.

Desperate Desmond. — Of course, write to Dorothy Gish. Both the Gish girls are good friends of mine. Dorothy just sent me some lovely new pictures, all autographed to the old Answer Man, with love. What do you think of that? Too bad she has to wear that black wig in all her photoplays; but then she'd be delightful in anything. I like "Battling Jane;" in it, Dorothy is a Little Disturber again, in a small town, selling Thrift Stamps. Dorothy doesn't like herself in it. But all the rest of us like it, so she doesn't count. Griffith studios, Hollywood.

Leah, Miss.—Douglas Fairbanks is playing right along. I've told many of you that his new pictures are "He Comes Up Smiling" and "Arizona." Following is the cast of Mary's "How Could You Jean?": *Jean Mackaye*, Mary Pickford; *Ted Burton, Jr.*, Casson Ferguson; *Burton, Sr.*, Herbert Standing; *Rufus Bonner*, Spottiswoode Aitken; *Mrs. Bonner*, Fannie Midgely; *Oscar, the Swede*, Larry Peyton; *his sweetheart*, Zasu Pitts; *Susan Trent*, Mabelle Harvey; *Mrs. Kate Morley*, Lucille Ward; *The Morley kids*, Artcraft kiddies.

Sergeant M. F. Alexander, Post Printer, U. S. M. C., Quantico, Va., and Private Lewis H. Johnson, Post Printing Office, U. S. M. C., Quantico, would like to hear from young ladies who might care to correspond with them. (You're welcome.)

Cecile, Cottage Grove, Ore.—The Fairbanks Twins—that is, Marion and Madeline—are back on the stage—have been for some time, in the Follies. No relation to Doug. Don't know. Other is answered elsewhere. And I haven't any record of a Knox Price. Frank D. Williams has played for Pathe, Essanay, L-Ko, Universal and Keystone. For Fox, "Queen of the Sea," and for Keystone, "The Snow Cure." Last with Fox, so you might address him care that studio.

M. V., Springfield.—You're almost a neighbor of mine. Do you ever come to Chi? Oh, but I like to hear from sixteen-year-old young ladies who live in Springfield and always read this department and don't want to get into the movies. And that isn't sarcasm, either. Before I accused anyone of sarcasm—as you did me,—I'd learn to spell it correctly. (That is). I am the one and only Answer Man whose sparkles of wit you read in Photoplay. Mary Pickford is your favorite. Just to be different.

A. B. H. S. G., Brooklyn.—Yes, many thousands of fans and friends of the late Harold Lockwood were grieved at his untimely death. "Pals First" and "A King in Khaki" were two of his last pictures. Metro suffered from the influenza epidemic; they lost also one of their ablest directors—John Collins, husband of Viola Dana. I think it would be unwise to answer those questions just as this time, don't you? In a month or two. All right?

Holly, Stronghurst, Ill.—Cleo Madison plays in the sequel to "Tarzan of the Apes," after some time spent in stock. You might write to her at the National Film Corp., Los Angeles. Theda Bara's sister is called "Loro," I believe. Theda doesn't answer her own letters, but she autographs her photographs.

W. H., Galesburg, Ill.—Glad you like Q's and A's. Edna Mayo isn't playing now; she was with Essanay last. When she returns you'll find first reports of it in Photoplay. Neither of those actors have done anything recently. Lillian Walker has her own company, for which she has made, "The Grain of Dust" and "The Embarrassment of Riches." Henry Walthall was in Griffith's "The Great Love," a production for First National entitled "And a Still Small Voice—" and he is now on the stage in New York, in "Tamar and Sabinoff." Good luck to you and your boy. And write whenever you feel like it.

Alicia M., Yountville, Cal.—We are very frank; yes. Why, we would even tell you our favorite flower. Lillian and Dorothy Gish will write to you, Griffith studios, Hollywood. Robert Harron, the same address. Billie Burke, Famous Players; Shirley Mason, Lasky, Hollywood; Viola Dana, Metro; Eugene O'Brien, Paramount. It wasn't too much trouble and we are glad you like us and wish you would write again.

Eugenia, Gayled, Kan.—I can't tell you how to become an actress, my dear. I wish I could form a picture company of my own and make all you nice girls-who-want-to-break-in, stars in it. But I fear 'twould be impossible. I can sympathize with you wanting your picture in Photoplay's art section, however. Lila Lee, Lasky. Jack Kerrigan is engaged to Lois Wilson, I believe; at least neither of them has denied it. Write to them. No

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San Domingo.—Your description of that fair isle turned me positively green with envy I'm coming to San Domingo some day. That picture is of Mary Pickford, who is generally called "America's Sweetheart."

Love, Harrisonburg, Va.—I don't know whether you intended that "Love" for me, or as a nom de plume. Anyway, I accept it both ways. Constance Talmadge, Morosco studio, L. A.; Billie Burke, Famous Players; Mae Marsh, Goldwyn, Culver City; Marguerite Clark, Famous; Louise Glaum, back with Ince; Theda Bara, Fox; Pearl White, Pathe Jersey City, N. J.; Dorothy and Lillian Gish, Griffith studios, Hollywood; Beverly Bayne was last with Metro. Wallie Reid, Lasky; Douglas Fairbanks, Artcraft; Antonio Moreno, Western Vitagraph. You're entirely welcome.

Dottie Dimples, Moline, Ill. — Norma Talmadge is twenty-one, and in private life she is Mrs. Joseph Schneck. Niles Welch is thirty; born in Hartford, Conn. Lila Lee is fifteen. She has appeared in "The Cruise of the Make-Believes," "The Secret Garden," "Such a Little Pirate," and "Puppy Love." At this writing the last has not been released. You bet she's a comer.

Cynthia, St. Louis.—You are glad Julian Johnson is back? So are we. I told Delight Evans about you and she wants your address so she can write to you and thank you. You say, "I like Photoplay's interviews; they are so human. The sugary interviews called 'chats' are awfully funny." Yes, Mary Pickford played in "Hearts Adrift," sure enough, and Harold Lockwood was in it. But that dance on the beach was done by a professional dancer, not Mary. Can't tell you how much I appreciate the nice things you say. I want you to write again.

Anna May, Detroit.—Ruth Roland question answered elsewhere. Juanita Hansen is twenty-one. No. She's descendant of the Vikings. Marie Walcamp is an American. No. You're welcome. Come again.

E. S. Wallace, K. C.—Why, Photoplay has not neglected Elliott Dexter. Didn't you see that story, "Elliott and the Admirable Tassa" in November? We select for personality stories those players who are most in demand by our readers. It's all up to you, see. You want to see more about Jack Holt? All right.

(Continued on page 110)

Stars of the Screen and Their Stars in the Sky

Nativity of Miss Mary Miles Minter,
Born April 1, 10:10 a. m.

By Ellen Woods

BETWEEN ten a. m. and noon is a good time in which to be born for fame and favoritism. Miss Minter was fortunate in her time of birth, for, according to the stars, she can travel where she will and not have an accident.

Miss Minter has Neptune, called the mystical planet, on her ascending degree, which is twenty-seven degrees of gemini, giving her the power to assume any character except vicious ones.

Miss Minter will marry at about the age of twenty years. Her husband will be a foreigner, a good provider, and a diplomat in his profession. She will also inherit property but will have a lawsuit over it.

Miss Minter is a great reader and upon all subjects. She will do anything to accommodate anyone, loves babies and animals, has great reverence for old people, is tender-hearted but becomes furious when angered.

In 1930 and 1931 Miss Minter should realize a fortune that would make a Rockefeller envious. If she is attracted to art she should take it up as soon as possible. I believe cartooning would be her forte.

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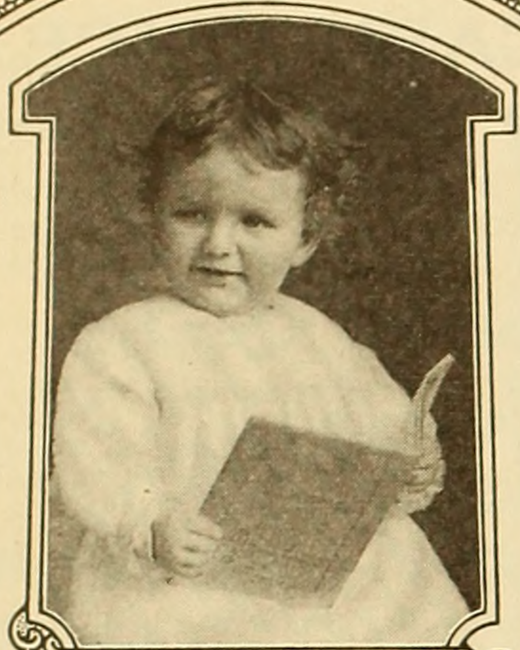
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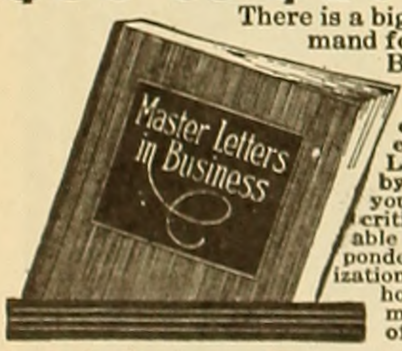

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 70)

opportunity "The Forbidden City" does not compare with some of Miss Talmadge's recent plays, as a thing of beauty it is beyond all of them, and the star's portrait of a Chinese girl is so perfect that director Franklin throws that perfection fairly in your face on an almond-eyed close-up. Always, Norma Talmadge is an artist. In one or two details the play missed its celestiality by an odd margin—notably the scene in which the Pekin palace guard, to overcome an unwary foe, resorts to a barroom wrestling match, a thing about as unlike the Chinese character as anything that may be imagined. Your Oriental moves more subtly and certainly: an overturned flower pot, the plunge of a knife, strong strangling fingers . . . and the outward course of events flows so serenely that even passers-by cannot tell murder has been done. Tom Meighan enacts a man of varied years in Worden, the Consulate secretary who loved Toy's mother, and Reid Hamilton is the young lieutenant.

THE LADY OF THE DUGOUT—Jennings

Boys, get out the yellow-backs. You'll need them for reference, for here come the ex-bandits Al and Frank Jennings, living over in celluloid much that they say lived in actual outlaw reality years ago. At any rate, I went in to this one looking for a mere roughneck impossibility—cheap sensationalism—and I found a rattling adventure story, with more than one touch of sweetness and genuine human interest. The Robin Hood element is worked in, of course, for who could justify any outlaw literature that didn't rob the rich to give to the poor? So the Jennings boys, after gayly trimming a bank-cashier and locking him in his own vault, find a woman abandoned by a drunken husband, alone and hungry with two little children in a dug-out; and how they help her makes the most of the rest of the story. The fact that this episode happens to be very natural and human is what makes "The Lady of the Dugout" more than a mere spooled dime novel.

TONY AMERICA—Triangle

Francis McDonald puts this picture over by sheer ability to characterize. As a story, there is not enough to it to make it worth any consideration whatever. Antonio, an Italian fruit-peddler, in a fervor of patriotism discards his last name and takes the name of his adopted country. The fact that his faithless wife has an affair with a pro-German butcher furnishes the rest of the idea; and the fact that McDonald looks like an Italian, and can most whole-heartedly act like one, furnishes the entertainment.

THE PRETENDER—Triangle

The kind-hearted cowboy, and his readiness to venture anything to help anybody, is the theme of "The Pretender," of one William Desmond's last Triangle enterprises. A school-teacher, coming West in advance of his sister, is thrown from his horse, and, with a broken leg, is carried to Bob Boldwin's (Desmond's) shack. Obviously, unless the school is kept, the school-master will have no job. So the illiterate and determined Bob commences his career as a pedagogue. He is not strong on larnin', but he is a Ludendorff for discipline, and no one can say that at least there isn't order in the school. When the sister arrives her presence is looked upon with village suspicion, and a chase after an absconder preludes the love-episode which winds up the sketch. The vigorous way in which the young people do their parts sends the piece over the top. Ethel Fleming, Gene Burr and Walter Perkins rally round Mr. Desmond.

THE BORDER WIRELESS—Hart-Artcraft

Every man does at least one spy-play, nowadays. Some do a lot of them. The fact that patriotism is considered a perfect substitute for art in all its forms spoils most of these well-meaning affairs. But it didn't spoil William S. Hart's. C. Gardner Sullivan did not provide him with an unusual story, but Hart provided himself with an unusual production, good cast, and extremely careful direction. Banditry is pretty much to the bad nowadays, and the piece opens with Hart, as a fugitive outlaw, helping out a pretty little telegraph operator near the Mexican line. One thing leads to another and this incident reveals a gang of Germans posing as cattlemen, but in reality transmitting army information into Mexico for direct and constant forwarding to Berlin. Here you have the substance of the stirring events that follow—a well-handled melodrama. Wanda Hawley is the blossom rising out of this cactus-bed. There is more than one bit of quick humor in the piece—notably the moment in which the shy hero-outlaw-lover, watching the aeroplanes at a fort, allows that he will enlist "if I can ride a horse."

DAUGHTER OF THE SOUTH—Paramount

This may have been a play for somebody, but it was no play to give Pauline Frederick. It's all about a Creole girl who neglects her true Spanish lover that she may listen to the advances of a fickle "novelist." Why scenario writers make authors so loving must remain a mystery—to authors. As a rule your romantic author is about as noble an exponent of his own goods as a shoemaker. There are exceptions, just as an occasional shoemaker is found to possess a neat set of hoofs. But to our subject: as Dolores, an ivory virgin, Miss Frederick tries hard not to appear sophisticated, but the role demands, not a matured young woman, but an immature ingenue. This Miss Frederick decidedly will not be until Ponce de Leon finds his fountain. Pedro de Cordoba, who always suffers so in love, gives similitude to Pedro, the devoted Don, and Rex McDougall, who looks about as romantic as Rex Beach, delineates the novelist of alternating devotions. Miss Vera Beresford, the very girlish daughter of statuesque Kitty Gordon, plays the finally-selected lovee of the novelist lover.

BATTLING JANE—Paramount

Sort of an American "Little Disturber" that we have here. Once more we have the determined and fiery young female solitary, shooting herself into first view on a bicycle, engaging in a general fight with a gang of hoodlum kids, pitied by the wife of a bad-egg doctor—and, after the doctor's desertion of his home, and his wife's death, valiantly assuming the care of their little friendless baby. But her troubles have just begun. Intense patriotism has hit the town, and Battling Jane's kitchen job in a boarding house does not permit any savings after caring for herself and "her" baby. So she is branded as a slacker because she buys no liberty bonds and does not contribute to the Red Cross. But the baby as a prize-winner brings Jane all the money there is in the world—viz., $500—and also returns the baby's own father as an intended thief. Not to be overlooked are some passages of Rube love-making, between Jane and her bucolic swain, which almost write a new chapter in the well-thumbed book of that sort of

(Concluded on page 96)

More Shells—Fewer Casualties

BACK of every war activity lies—coal. Ships, shells, guns, transportation. For all these we must have—coal.

The more coal, the more shells with which to destroy the machine-gun nests of our enemies—and thereby save the lives of our own boys. The larger the supply of coal—the shorter the war and fewer casualties.

Our annual output of coal has increased a hundred million tons since we went into the war, while no other nation has even been able to maintain its output during the war.

Another fifty million badly needed tons can be saved—to help shorten the war.

Save coal.

Close up the unused rooms and turn off the heat. Put on storm doors and windows—put them on early. See to it that the weather strips fit.

Don't heat your home above 68°. A higher temperature is unhealthy, anyway.

Burn wood where you can.

Keep an eye on the furnace—don't leave it all to "the man."

If you feel that one shovelful of coal won't make any difference—think of it as a shell for the boys over there.

If you find yourself burning two lights when one will do—turn one out.

You, who have bought bonds and thrift stamps, you who have given of your money for war charities, given until you have felt the pinch, you whose sons and neighbors' sons are over there, will you not give up, too, just a bit of lazy, enervating comfort to help hurry along the job those brave boys have tackled?

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To learn to operate your furnace efficiently, get from your local fuel administrator a leaflet entitled "Save Coal in the Home."

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The Shadow Stage

(Concluded from page 94)

thing. "Battling Jane" firmly plants Dorothy Gish as an individual star, and, further, is the best piece of direction yet credited to Elmer Clifton.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE—Artcraft

Captain Adrian Gil-Spear has here made a very creditable scenario from Henry V. Esmond's play, produced originally on the New York stage with Maxine Elliott playing the pseudo-gypsy whose gayeties of apparel now encompass the refined curves of Miss Elsie Ferguson. I have observed that the criticism generally levelled at this piece is that it does not contain material enough for a five-reel photoplay, and is, besides, an idea better translated by lines than tableaux. In this I don't agree. The trouble—I think—is that the whole world has lost a reason for any sympathy with the story. Why should any woman of means, and especially an Englishwoman, be so tired of social existence, and so unable to find any occupation worth while, that she takes to a Romany caravan of her own, and a life so wholly irresponsible that the gentleman with whom she inevitably falls in love is easily convinced that she stole the silver plate off which she feeds him? If the world were still flat for something to do, I think this, and that gentleman's solemn determination to reform the wild but strangely fascinating creature, would be capital material for a romantic comedy, acted or pictured. But today, so many centuries are we removed from 1913, the notion is too absurd even for fiction. Miss Ferguson and Eugene O'Brien gracefully ornament this passage of idyllic idleness.

SECRET STRINGS—Metro

Olive Tell, both as a beauty and as an actress, has long been one of the articles of my screen creed. She has done much to justify my faith on the stage; very little to justify it in motion pictures. "Secret Strings" gives her a better silversheet chance than she has ever had, and she improves it to the limit. It is not a great story. It is not even an unusual story, and we might well deplore its rather narrow and usual groove were it not for its clever development, a very unusual element of surprise, and the care in cast and direction. Miss Tell has a part for which she is admirably suited—the lovely and trusting wife of a bad man who, completely holding her trust, gets her into service in a house where—he convinces her—a deed for a mine has been long and unlawfully hidden from its rightful owner. In reality, the famous jewels of the family are all this husband of hers seeks. The surprise—that I'd best not reveal, but it is as good a trick in a crook play as we've seen in a long time. Miss Tell is sweet, womanly, sincerely convincing. The cast is admirably selected.

IN BRIEF:—

"The Return of Mary" (Metro). A well-knit story of railroad adventure, plots and plotting, written by Hale Hamilton, and enacted by Miss May Allison and such competent players as Darrell Foss and Claire McDowell.

"Everybody's Girl" (Vitagraph). The romance of two little milliners, enacted by Alice Joyce and May Hopkins, and written originally by O. Henry, an American who could write of milliners about as well as his French fellow-craftsman, Henri Murger.

"Pals First" (Metro). James Lackaye, in a superb character portrayal; the beautiful Rubye de Remer as heroine, and Harold Lockwood, all together making good possible entertainment of a rather impossible novel.

"The Make-Believe Wife" (Paramount). A French comedy, though Edward Childs Carpenter did write it. Lingerie, intrigue and Billie Burke are the principal performers.

"The Man From Funeral Range" (Paramount). A rather commonplace, but nevertheless vigorous melodrama of the West, written by Ernest Wilkes (originally) and principally acted by the now-familiar combination of Wallace Reid and Ann Little.

"Such A Little Pirate" (Paramount). The Zukor-Lasky organization seems to be straining a point to get mere whimsicalities for its orchid-like little twinkler, Lila Lee. Odd and interesting at first, this play soon grows tiresome despite a generally pleasing atmosphere, fine production and well-rounded cast. James Oliver Curwood wrote the story, and it does his reputation no honor. Theodore Roberts gets what acting honors aren't appropriated by a remarkable chimpanzee.

"Mirandy Smiles" (Paramount). Vivian Martin, in a quaint, old-fashioned characterization.

"Hobbs In a Hurry" (American). An inconsistent story, somewhat counterbalanced by good direction, and the snappy athletic hero, William Russell. It's about a mine.

"Rosemary Climbs the Heights" (American). A more or less believable story of art-life, perhaps chiefly noteworthy as the most dramatic assignment Mary Miles Minter has—perhaps ever—had.

"Just Sylvia" (World). The fantastic and story-bookish adventures of a poor little girl who lives in a cheap lodging-house, and prevents an old man from being imposed upon. Barbara Castleton.

"The Grouch" (World). A melodrama, an impending tragedy, various phases of tumultuous action, and the expected happy ending. Montagu Love is the chief performer.

"A Perfect 36" (Goldwyn). Mable Normand has announced that until the war is over, she will have no professional thought other than to make people laugh. In support of this very good resolution her picture padrones put forth "A Perfect 36," a bit of sea-side surf written by Tex Charwate, directed by Charlie Giblyn and generally well put on. I contend that almost any of Mabel Normand's recent vehicles would be steady laughs in two reels, but are only spotted with laughter in five. This is true here, and you will find, especially toward the end of this piece, moments which may be described as truly all to the Normand.

"Hugon, the Mighty" (Bluebird). Monroe Salisbury is an actor of more than usual limitations, but within those limitations he has, deservedly, a distinct following. Hugon, the French-Canadian, finds him at his best, A story of the North woods.

"All Night" (Universal). This might be the title of a French farce, but it isn't. Instead, it's a story of wild household adventure and still wilder family meddling, with Carmel Myers as the star. Mary Warren and William Dyer are best of the people in Miss Myers' support.

"The Rainbow Trail" (Fox). Dustin Farnum drew Zane Grey's "The Light of Western Stars," and William draws this, by the same author. William Farnum's personality is so powerful and extraordinary that it makes Grey's story even better than it really is—as a screen vehicle.

"Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots" (Select). Constance Talmadge, in a captivating light comedy.

"Mother, I Need You" (Carleton Production, with Enid Markey). You certainly do, Enid. Also, a story wouldn't do you any harm.

The Spanish Invasion

(Concluded from page 76)

Sweet completing "The Unpardonable Sin," and Miss Young finishing "The Road Through the Dark." Dorothy Gish, at the same studio, completed "The Hope Chest" and went on a vacation which she spent in an endeavor to—what do you think? You'd never guess it. Well, she has been trying to reduce—yes, really. Dorothy imagines that Old Man Avoirdupois has designs on her. The treatment consisted chiefly in drinking orange juice in the morning instead of eating breakfast.

At the Triangle studio, the epidemic order merely hastened the disintegration of what was once the most formidable factor in filmdom. Olive Thomas and Alma Rubens, the two remaining stars, were disposed of by the payment of whatever salary was due on their respective contracts. Taylor Holmes alone remained on the star payroll, and it was understood that he also would be "paid in full." The studio was prepared for the influx of Goldwyn players, the first of whom to arrive, Tom Moore, being already on the job. Mae Marsh was the next of the Goldwynites to reach the Coast after most of the family had been attacked by influenza. Mrs. Marsh, who preceded her daughter, sustained a stroke of paralysis in San Francisco but is on the road to recovery.

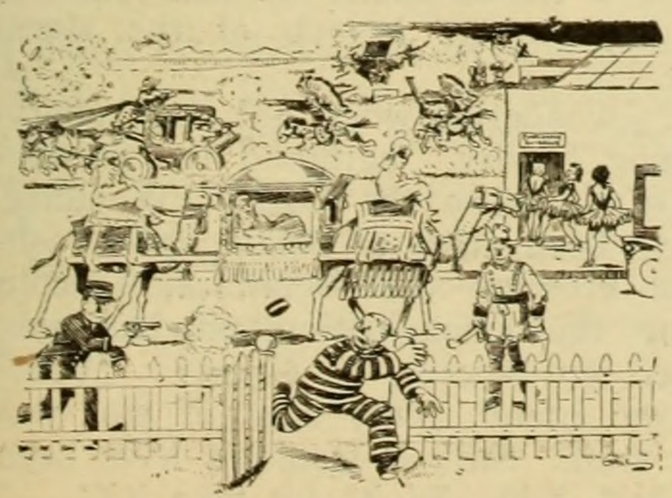
At the Vitagraph studio there was a complete suspension. Earl Williams anticipated it by going back to New York, where he mixed up a dish of grief for the Answer Man by marrying Miss Florine Walz, a Brooklyn heiress, to whom he had been engaged for several years. Or did he? He strenuously denies it! Bessie Love, Antonio Moreno and Carol Holloway were among the other Vitagraphers to take a vacation.

There was no cessation at the Ince and Sennett studios, and at the Brunton studio the number of companies was more than doubled during the epidemic. This company engages chiefly in a studio rental business and among the stars working there when others were vacationing were Bessie Barriscale, Dustin Farnum, Madame Yorska, Gloria Joy, Kitty Gordon, Lillian Walker, Sessue Hayakawa and Frank Keenan, although the last named enjoyed an extended vacation in New York. Helen Keller, the famous blind girl, was also engaged here on her multi-reel propaganda picture.

D. W. Griffith gave himself a vacation after completing a propaganda picture for Provost Marshal-General Crowder in which Bobby Harron and Richard Barthelmess have the leading roles. He spent it going over the financial returns of "Hearts of the World" and getting ready another story.

Julian Eltinge got the Gotham fever after the completion of "Over the Rhine" and hied himself to Broadway to get ready for a vaudeville tour early next year.

At Universal City, each star was given the usual four weeks' vacation and the same routine was carried out at the Fox Coast studio, but there was no complete cessation at either place. At Metro, Bert Lytell and Mae Allison enjoyed trips to nearby resorts while the studio was being prepared for the reception of companies migrating from the Atlantic side.



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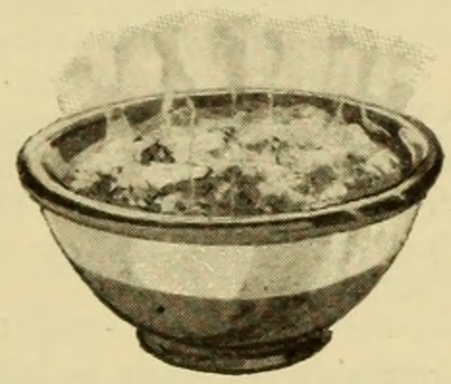

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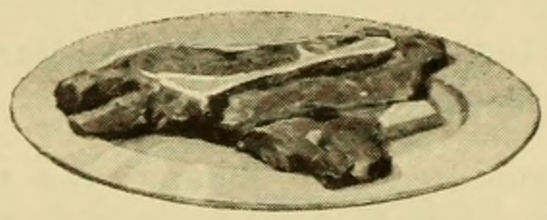

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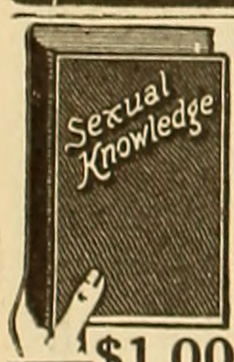

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Plays and Players

(Continued from page 88)

"GOOD Gracious Annabelle!" a stage success of a season or two ago, is to be translated into celluloid by Famous Players, with Billie Burke in the role created by Lola Fisher. Herbert Rawlinson is to play opposite Miss Burke in the screen version of the Clare Kummer play.

MARGUERITE CLARK is now in Washington, where her husband, Lieutenant H. Palmerson Williams, is stationed. Miss Clark will return to New York in a month or two to begin work on her new Paramount picture, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

JOHN SUNDERLAND, who plays an important part in "The Silver King" for Artcraft, has sailed for France. He has already served three years in one aviation corps in Belgium, and his one year in America has given him a thorough rest. Sunderland is married to Claire Whitney.

ROY STEWART is negotiating with Astra-Pathe. The cowboy star has not yet affixed his signature to the proffered Pathe contract, but it is believed they will come to terms later on.

MAXINE ELLIOTT is suing Goldwyn for $50,000. This amount, says Miss Elliott, should be hers in part payment for ten weeks' service for which she was to receive $100,000. Miss Elliott is no longer in motion pictures.

IRENE CASTLE is in London now. She headed a program at a "Helping Hand" matinee, under the patronage of Queen Alexandria, for the daughters of fallen and disabled soldiers.

YOU may remember a page in PHOTOPLAY for August showing Cecil De Mille's gallery of freak motion picture films? DeMille added another unexpected happening to his collection of them when Noah Beery, who plays *Tabywana*, the aged Indian in "The Squaw Man," fell from his horse in a fast ride.

FILM producers are bidding for the picture rights to Al Wood's stage hit, "Friendly Enemies." Carl Laemmle wants it for a Universal special feature. If he gets it, he'll discard the original title and tack on an exclamatory one—something about Berlin.

"DADDY LONG LEGS" is to be filmed at last. Henry Miller was loath to part with it, but Mary Pickford coaxed him into it—to the tune of $40,000 from her own pocketbook for the film rights.

H. O. DAVIS, of Triangle, wanted "Daddy Long Legs" last year. The price at that time was $30,000. Davis wouldn't pay it. That price was met by a concern, but Miller raised it to $35,000. Another company would have paid $35,000, but it went up to $40,000, and they refused to go that high. Mary was bound to play "Daddy Long Legs" sooner or later, anyway. It was as inevitable as the Kaiser's finish in one of Universal's crashes through to Berlin.

GOLDWYN has signed David Powell and John Bowers, than whom, believes the Answer Man, there are no two more popular leading men on the screen. The birth-dates, stage experience, and matrimonial status of these two young men seem to be of vital interest to every fanette in the country. Powell has played wtih such divinities as Mary Pickford, Alice Brady, Elsie Ferguson, and Clara Kimball Young. Bowers was recently with World.

JULIAN L'ESTRANGE was another victim of the Spanish influenza. L'Estrange, when stricken, was appearing in support of his wife, Constance Collier, in the Oscar Wilde play, "An Ideal Husband." An Englishman, L'Estrange had played in London with Sir Herbert Tree, Ellen Terry, and Sir George Alexander, before coming to this country. He supported Faversham, Maxine Elliott, Billie Burke and John Drew. For the screen L'Estrange was leading man for Pauline Frederick in "Zaza," "Bella Donna" and "Sold," and for Emily Stevens in Metro's "Daybreak."

True Boardman, in his well known characterization of "Stingaree," in the Kalem serial. Boardman was a picture pioneer; his last work was "K" in Lois Weber's "Doctor and the Woman." He died in October.

GEORGE SEIGMANN was talking to a friend about his enlistment in the photographic branch of the signal corps.

"It's wonderful work, old man, photographing history," enthused the pseudo-Hun of "Hearts of the World." "Wouldn't it have been great to photograph Washington crossing the Delaware, Lincoln signing the emancipation proclamation, or Lee surrendering to Grant?" "Yeh," said the friend, "only most of that was night stuff. Still, it wouldn't have been half bad—why didn't you take it?"

Plays and Players

(Concluded)

PREPAREDNESS NOTE: Fred Stone has dispatched a communication to the manager of the Hotel Adlon, Berlin, Germany, asking him to reserve a suite of rooms for next spring for the use of Mrs. Stone and the three little Misses Stone and himself. Stone requested that the rooms face Unter Den Linden, so that he and his family may have an unrestricted view of the American troops as they march by.

"SNOWY" BAKER has arrived. He is, you may be relieved to learn, famed as the Douglas Fairbanks of the Antipodes. It is said Snowy can outjump any kangaroo in the world. Baker has already appeared on the screens in Australia. Spike Robinson, of the Douglas Fairbanks company, when asked about this new athletic star, said, "'Snowy' Baker? Aw, I ain't never heard of him."

HAMPTON DEL RUTH, who was to have had his own company, signed instead with Henry Lehrman and is now writing scripts for the Fox Sunshine Comedies.

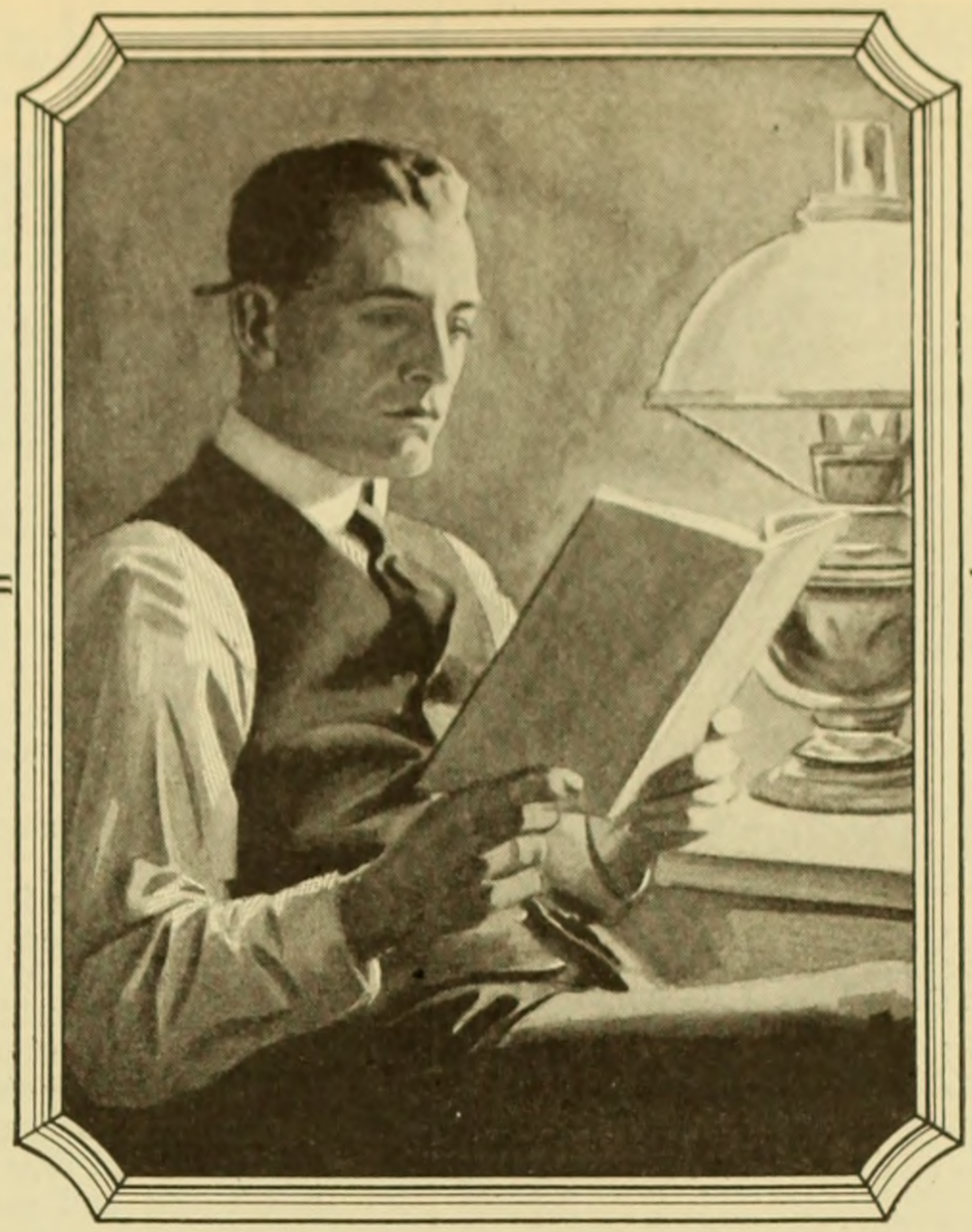
ANITA KING, former Lasky and late Balboa star, who was making a trip across the country in an automobile to advertise a certain brand of tires, was injured at Michigan City, Indiana, near Chicago, when a train struck her machine while it was crossing the railroad tracks. The machine was demolished, but Miss King escaped with a few minor injuries.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS was given $5,000,000 as his share to collect for the Fourth Liberty Loan. When he went out to get it, Douglas Jr. went along. An imposing Police Inspector caught Douglas Junior's eye at once. The youngster kept edging nearer and nearer the Inspector, his eyes fastened on the brass buttons. Finally he summoned courage and said to the blue-coat, "Say, are you the Chief of Police, and do you boss all the policemen in New York?" The Inspector modestly replied that he was not the Chief, only an Inspector. "Well, isn't that important?" asked young Douglas. Someone explained just how important the Inspector's position on the force was, and Douglas, satisfied that the Inspector was entitled to his uniform, climbed into the car with him. Doug Jr. sat on his father's knee and helped him sell bonds. And they did sell 'em—turned in the allotted $5,000,000 before night.

THE Triangle studios at Culver City have been leased by Goldwyn. Future pictures starring Farrar, Pauline Frederick, Mabel Normand, Madge Kennedy, Mae Marsh, and Tom Moore, as well as the Rex Beach stories, will be made in California. J. G. Hawks, formerly of the Ince scenario forces, will write for Goldwyn.

ALMA HANLON was recently married to Louis Wyll, an actor in the s. c. legitimate. They are now in California,

D. W. GRIFFITH has received a letter on the stationery of Windsor Castle, England. 'Twould seem King George and Queen Mary fancied "Hearts of the World."



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How the Motion Picture Saved the World

(Concluded from page 25)

One more such chapter will concern the great film propaganda prepared here for Russia before she slipped into anarchy—a complete system of friendly argument and exposition, held up and completely thwarted by one man. I can't give you his name. I can only say that we were as ready to save Russia as we had been to reassure France—when into the machinery went just one monkey-wrench. But it was enough.

The film men of America have responded quietly and instantly, on government demand, without comment or press-work.

One day, Washington called for 2,500,000. million feet of film immediately, for emergency use across the water. Presumably, this great quantity had to be shipped in a week. Actually, it was all shipped in twenty-four hours.

The motion picture is the greatest enthusiasm of my life. There is nothing like it in power, in versatility, in range of expressiveness, in the whole world.

As Americans, we should be proud of the fact that the world knows only one standard of film—made in America. American film is today and will continue to be what German dye used to be and never can be again—the irritating, incomparable and inimitable mystery of science and commerce.

Ever since the dawn of history the people of the earth have been seeking some common bond of communication. Here it is: the first answer to the Tower of Babel; the Universal Language.

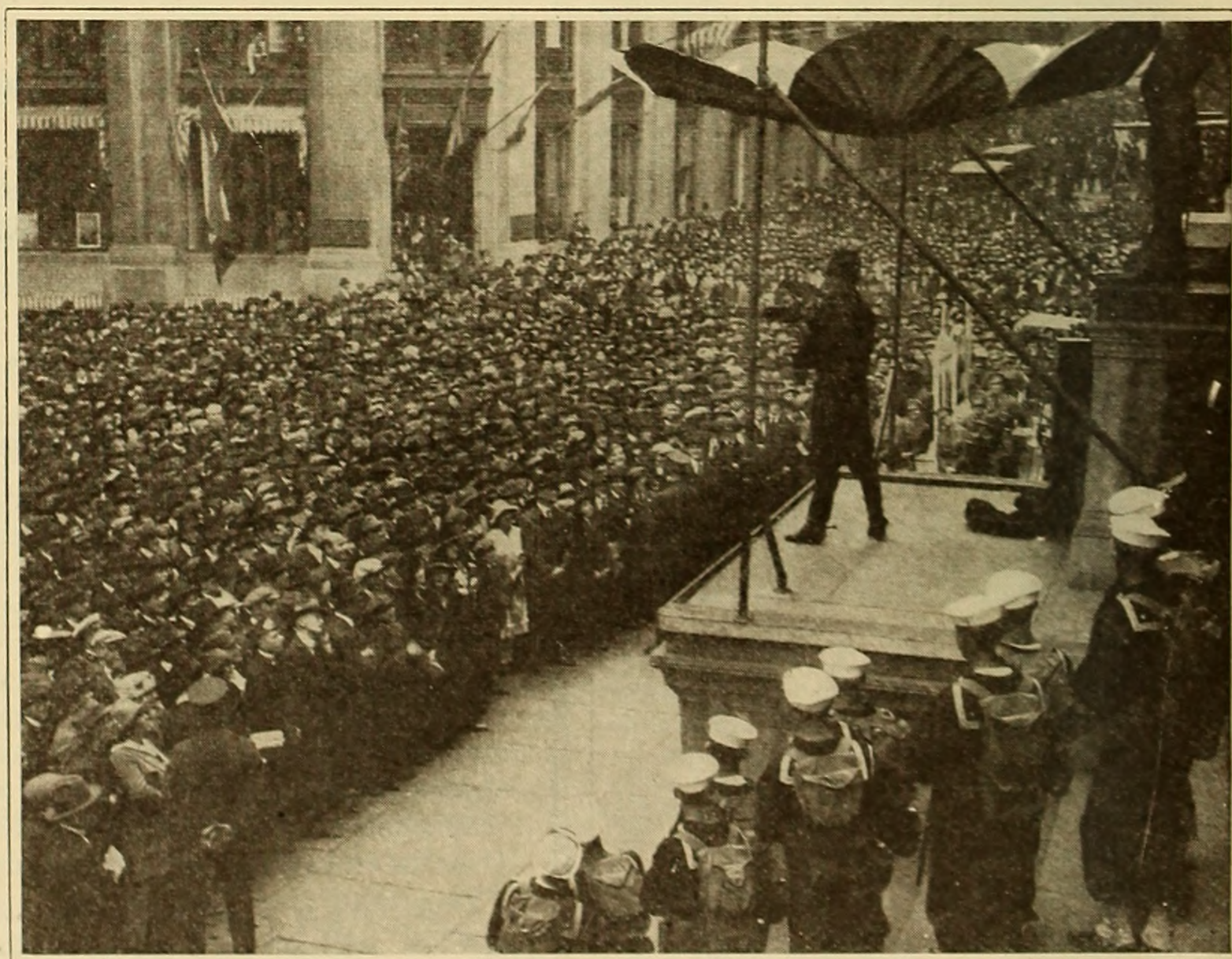
The greatest friend of the motion picture in a place of authority today is the President of the United States. Mr. Wilson realizes more keenly than most film manufacturers the power of the film in war and peace. He knows what a lot of his subordinates never realized—that the screen is a code which makes neighbors and brothers of all nations.

When I remember what Mr. Wilson has said and written about the motion picture—what he has said and written to me—I cannot but smile at the clumsy stupidity of a treacherous attack like that of George Kleine in his recent letter to the War Industries Board; in which he, not engaged in the manufacture of new photoplays but in the marketing of old ones, artfully recommends a shut-down of all productive activity for a year as a matter of war-time welfare!

The great evils of the photoplay industry today are ignorance, selfishness and suspicion. It takes charity to make progress. You must let the other fellow live to get the larger life yourself. You have got to give today to make tomorrow. Yet those are the things the majority of picture men refuse to do. They sit tight, grab everything in reach, and glare at each other. Ignorance is a tremendous but youthful folly of this business. Ignorant, narrow-minded, uneducated men have been its curse. More especially, men without imagination. Illiterate men with imaginations have sometimes moved the world.

I am such an enthusiast over the screen as an educational, civilizing factor that I see this as the great field of the future, rather than mere picture-play production.

Can you fancy anything greater than Woodrow Wilson's "History of the American People" on the screen? So visualized, this work will—I say "will," because it certainly will be picturized—make us a people 100 per cent patriotic, and give every boy and girl an inspiring and personal acquaintance with every incident of consequence since the landing of Columbus, and an understanding of the national purposes and faiths not to be had in a thousand texts. The motion picture will breathe the breath of life into every other study, from geography to botany, and even into higher mathematics. It will be the first genuine college of trade, because it will show one people's real needs, and another's faculty to supply. It will be an international preacher of peace, and a more solemn warning against war than any coalition of statesmen.



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A "Bad Man" Holds Up Wall Street

THE heart of the West spoke through the mouth of William S. Hart, screen idol, when he crossed the continent during the fourth Liberty Loan campaign and recited to thousands of Wall Streeters another definition for patriotism. Above he is shown on the steps of the sub-treasury building, addressing a vast, noon-day crowd.

From the Audience

Editor, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Hastings, H. B. New Zealand.

I congratulate you on your stand against some of the Fox Films, and agree with you that this firm's output is usually calculated to provide weapons for those who oppose pictures. I have protested myself against "The Valley of the Missing" and "The Victim," and cannot understand how they escaped the Censorship here, or how they ever passed the National Board of Review before they left America. Mr. Fox makes me think of "The Man with the Muck Rake" in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." He could have the Crown of Gold if he would, but seems to prefer raking in moral garbage; as for his melodramas—Ye Gods!

Some of the pictures dealing wholly with American customs do not appeal much to the majority here. Recently we had "The Regenerates" (Triangle), a wonderful picture for those who can understand, but it fell quite flat. Here "Jack is as good as his master;" blue blood does not exist; the only reference you ever hear to the vital fluid being a familiar adjective, used freely and continuously by both sexes. What the people like is Bill Hart amongst the men; and Mary Pickford is a sure card to play. I think "Poor Little Rich Girl" is the best play of the sort I have ever seen, and it drew packed houses all over New Zealand.

Under present circumstances, it seems probable that your great country will continue to supply the bulk of our programs, and I think the excellence of what comes to us will never be matched by any other nation.

Hastings, H. B. New Zealand,
W. F. HICKS.

Editor PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,
Dear Sir:

You may be surprised to receive this letter from "Over Here." Having worked around the picture studios and theatres since I was ten years old, I am a little familiar with the picture business. I am on board the U. S. S. Housatonic now serving in foreign waters and I have charge of the movie end of the ship.

We have a Powers 6-A machine on board and have pictures almost every night except when we are busy with the Kaiser. We had, on leaving the States, seventy-five reels of film from a film concern in Boston and after showing them continuously two or three times we shipped them back and up to now we have been without movies except occasionally we run in luck and borrow some from another ship which happens to lay near us.

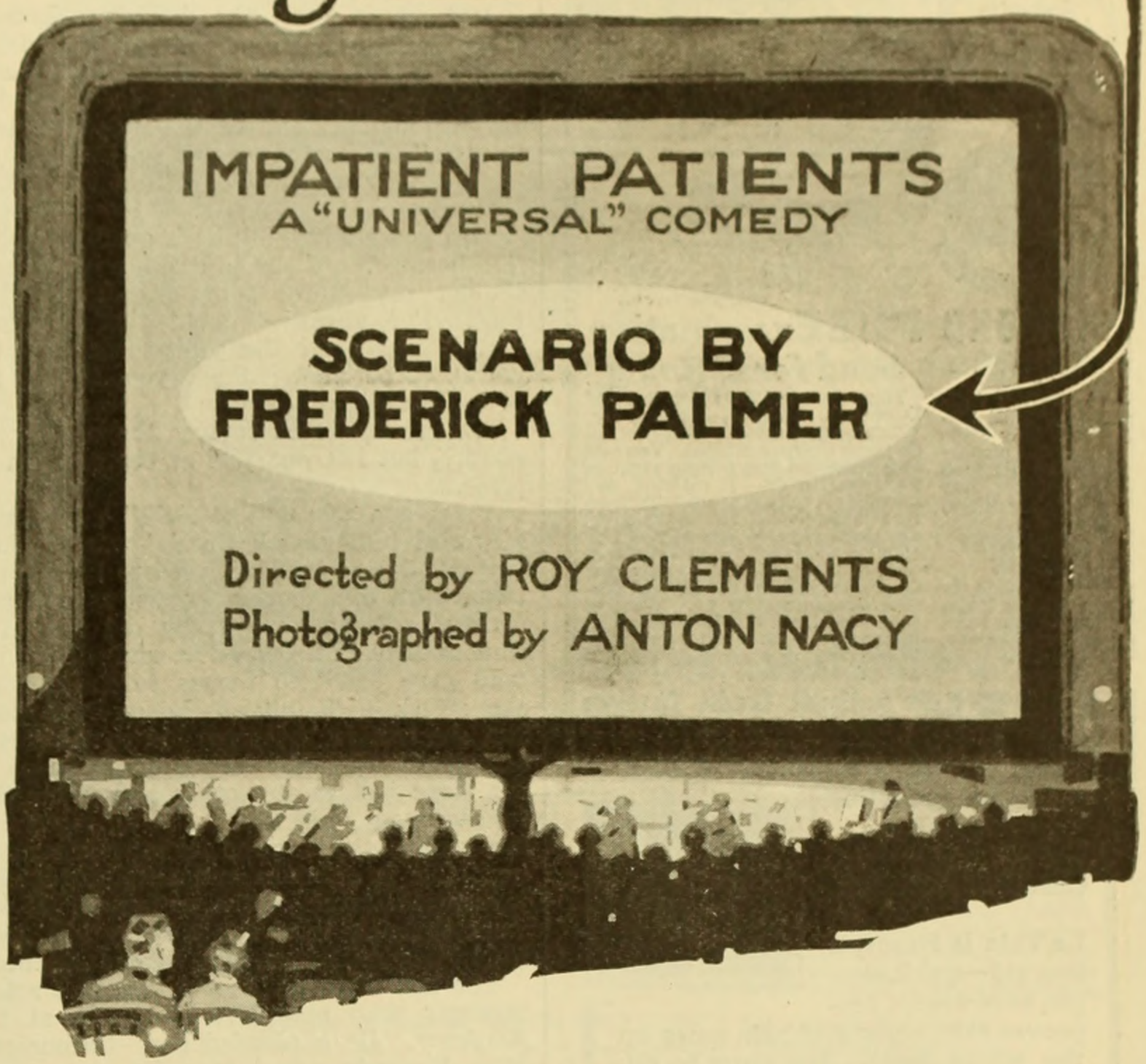
And we run some good plays too, such as "Carmen," "Ninety and Nine," "The Captive," "The Fighting Gringo," and numerous others. The boys certainly enjoy them. Everyone on board is movie crazy. They deserve the very best of the lot.

Why can't the ships over here be supplied with film? From my long experience in the motion picture industry I know that there are millions of feet of film laying around covered with dust, never to be used again, in studios and in exchanges. One five reel picture would bring more happiness into the hearts of our crew than anything else in the world.

I happened to get my hands on two stray copies of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE on board ship and certainly did enjoy reading them. They were the August and September issues and in them I noticed many changes in filmdom that I didn't know of before.

Very truly,
CHARLES A. CHRISTOPHER,
U. S. S. Housatonic.

Imagine the thrill of seeing your name here



IMPOSSIBLE—you say? Not at all! How many times have you secretly cherished the thought that you could create better "movies" than some you've seen on the screen?

What's more—there is such a famine in photoplays that the leading producers, stars, directors and scenario editors *want* you to put your ideas to work. They believe that *any intelligent person* can create good, workable "movie plots" by putting into practice certain *fundamental* principles of photoplay technique.

And these the Palmer Plan of Photoplay Writing gives you in language so clear and simple that anyone can understand. Remember—there has never been anything like the Palmer Plan. It is the *first* method of photoplay technique that shows you *by direct example* how to prepare your stories in the action-language of the screen. It is the *first* Plan of its kind to receive the whole-hearted indorsement of the motion picture industry.

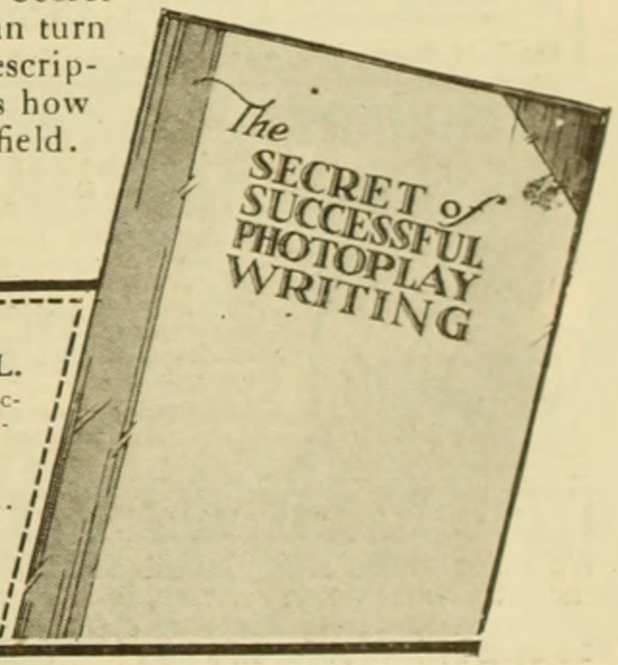
The Palmer Plan was conceived by Frederick Palmer in response to the ever-increasing demand for good photoplay material. For Frederick Palmer is a recognized master of photoplay construction—one of the most prolific screen authors in America—the man who, in 9 months, wrote 52 scenarios for "Universal."

The Palmer Plan is not a mere book nor a "school" nor a tiresome correspondence course. It is exactly what it professes to be: a concise, clean-cut *plan* that places at your finger-tips the things you *must* know to succeed as a photoplaywright. Once you master the simple but vital rules of plot construction laid down by Mr. Palmer you will find photoplay writing much easier and much more fascinating than you think.

Just imagine with what pride and pleasure you will view *your own photoplays* on the silver screen! Nor is this a mere dream—an idle fancy. It is something you *can* readily accomplish *with Mr. Palmer to help you.*

Today—send for our new illustrated booklet—"The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing." Shows how you can turn your "movie" ideas into money—gives "close-up" descriptions of many who started low and climbed high—shows how you, too, can win success in this highly paid, uncrowded field.

Send for your copy today—*it's free.*
Mail the coupon NOW!



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Nee Madge Kennedy

(Concluded from page 63)

that. For I can't imagine anything more appealing than the spectacle of Madge Kennedy being "just a little bit sad."

Just about here, the college sophomore theory received an awful jolt. On her dressing table is the picture of a very good-looking young man who might be anybody's leading man except that he doesn't look "stagey." I started to say so, but was interrupted by a squeal of delight from Miss Kennedy.

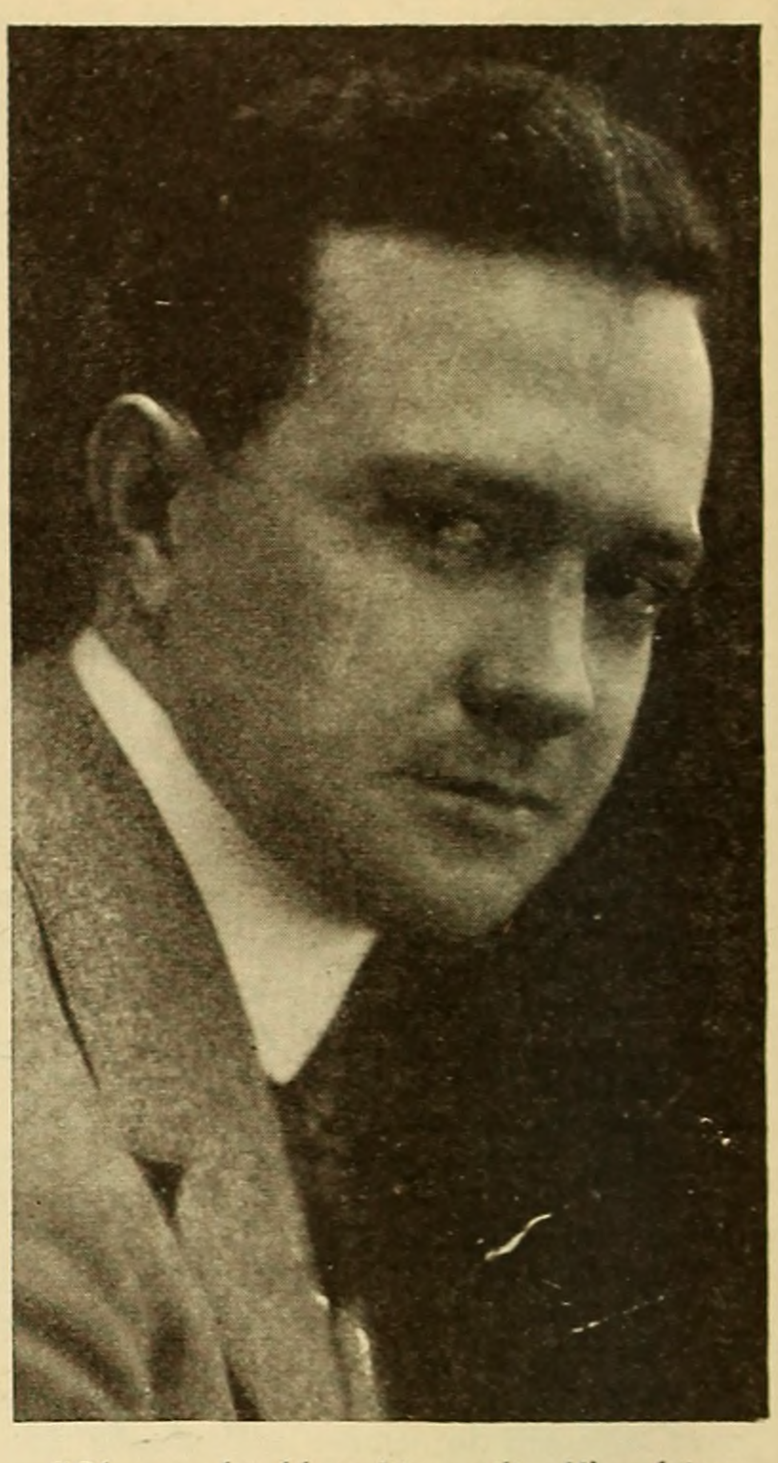
"Do you really think he is good-looking?" she beamed. "I have another picture—a smiling one—much more handsome than that. I've always thought that Harold—Mr. Bolster—had the jolliest smile in the world. You knew, didn't you, that I am Mrs. Bolster?"

Which wiped out forever the college girl picture, but left one just as charming in its place.

Years ago when "The Bells" was a new play and "The Black Crook" was shocking our grand-parents, there used to be a traditional idea of a person known as a "play-actress." Perhaps she really did exist, this sinuous lady in black velvet and picture hat who gave you two fingers to shake while she struck a Bernhardt-Rejane-Duse pose. But she is a far cry from her to the young actress of today who has happened to go on the stage just as any other happy, healthy, talented young girl might take up journalism in a serious way or go in for interior recorating. She is delicious and refreshing and a joyous vindication of the profession. If you want to know what she is really like, meet Mrs. Harold Bolster, neé Madge Kennedy.

The late Henry Woodruff was the actor-manager who saw Miss Kennedy at the Academy. He applauded her. Encouraged, Miss Kennedy asked him for an engagement. He gave it to her, in "The Genius."

The fortunes of the stage brought Madge Kennedy to Cleveland, where she played for two seasons in the Colonial stock company. That was over six years ago. Soon after came the opportunity she had been waiting for—a part in "Over Night," which gave her ample scope for her ability as a comedienne. Followed "Little Miss Brown." Then "Twin Beds" and "Fair and Warmer," in which she created the character of the misunderstood wife. Both farces had long runs in New York, and it was remarked at the time that "Madge Kennedy's cock-tail in 'Fair and Warmer' seemed destined, like Tennyson's brook, to run on forever." She established a notable reputation as a heroine in boudoir farce, and this led to her screen engagement.



"Oh, you should see him smiling!" exclaims Mr. Bolster's wife. "I've always thought that my husband had the jolliest smile in the world."

Her first Goldwyn picture was "Baby Mine," from the comedy by Margaret Mayo. Other pictures of the same type in which she appeared early in her career as a film star include "Nearly Married," Edgar Selwyn's comedy-drama; "Our Little Wife," and "Friend Husband." Later she made "The Danger Game," "The Kingdom of Youth," and "The Service Star." "A Perfect Lady," from the play by Channing Pollock and Rennold Wolf, and "Primrose," recently released, complete the list of her celluloid successes.

When Jimmie Joined the Movies

By Mary Carolyn Davies

When Jimmie was a little boy,
He took the clock to pieces
To see what made it go, and still
My worry never ceases:
For now that he is twenty-one
He hopes to save the nation
By leaving Jones' store and going
In for aviation.

Instead of selling silks and lace,
A derby or a tie;
He's in an aviation camp,
And learning how to fly.
He never speaks of weather
In his letters now. He writes
About the aviation tests
And taking trial flights.

He always was a-tinkering
With wheelbarrows and guns
And all the farm machinery,
And now he thinks the Huns
Will meet the "day" they don't expect
A little sooner still
If he too joins his signed-up chums,
Romaine and Ralph and Bill.

I saw the soldier films last night;
The aviators stood,
Each in his queer eye-glasses,
And his earlaps and his hood:
And there was my boy, Jimmie,
Smiling right straight down at me!
Now that Jimmie's in the movies
I am proud as I can be.

Pride of Kentucky

(Continued from page 60)

gone, Luce threw off his mask of merry revelry, and got down to the grim business of making the old Colonel, weak but sportive, utterly sleepy and completely helpless. This noble task was not hard to fulfill, and, presently, Colonel Cameron was helped upstairs and dropped upon a bed—not his, but Luce's!

In the room that had been assigned to Cameron Luce removed a shoe and threw it heavily upon the floor. A slight answering sound told him that it had awakened the girl.

"Lucille!" he called in a thick, indistinguishable voice. "I—I'm ill."

A moment more, and the girl, with only the lightest of wraps about her nightgowned shoulders, had opened the door between, and stood confronting—the beast!

"What are you doing in my father's room?"

"This is my room tonight, my dear. Your father was going to have it, but he's too drunk to know the difference."

He held out his arms.

The girl avoided them, and put her father's opened bag between herself and her pursuer by whirling unexpectedly to the center of the room. As her hands fell upon the bag her right hand touched a thing the ancient Southerner always—though somewhat Quixotically—carried when he travelled: an old and heavy Colt's revolver.

It was Luce's turn to shrink when the gun was pointed at him.

"Now," said Lucille, "take me to my father. And when we find him—I want him to take this gun, and kill you!"

"This isn't the South, my dear. If I'm shot in the State of New York, your father will go to the electric chair."

The man saw that his speech had gone home.

"Forget it! No one will ever know!"

Bewildered, now, and realizing that Luce spoke the truth, Lucille locked the connecting door and pocketed the key. Then, still keeping Jim covered, she passed through the outer door, locked that—and suddenly, in an access of pity or fright, threw the key over the transom. Then to her own room, where she sat rigidly awake, gun in hand, until sunrise.

But they saw no more of Luce. His man announced that he had been summoned, unexpectedly, to Saratoga.

Colonel Cameron and his daughter did not remain to breakfast, for neither had an appetite, and he, overwhelmed by remorse, thought all of Lucille's woe was for his spree of the preceding night. She did not enlighten him.

A new and unexpected interest awaited them when they returned to town and their hotel. Lieut. Gregory Haines was at the bottom of that interest, but they did not know.

All they found was a jerky and almost illegible letter from Johnny Tweed, saying that he and old Dan had pooled their little fortunes to transport the now thoroughly restored Southern Pride to the Saratoga races. She was even at that moment on the way.

Colonel Cameron was at first furiously angry—then full of explosive laughter and a sudden-born ambition to beat Luce's Torpedo. The thought swept racing-blooded Lucille, too, like a flame. To beat Torpedo!

As a matter of fact, neither Dan nor Johnny had had in years enough cash to get Southern Pride as far as Washington. Haines, called back to France the first of the following month, had persuaded the susceptible, loose-screw trainer and the proud old stableman to *let him,* quite sub-rosa, send their faith to the Northern track.

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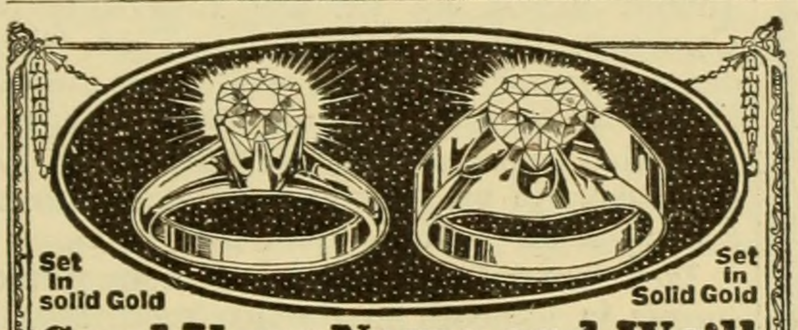

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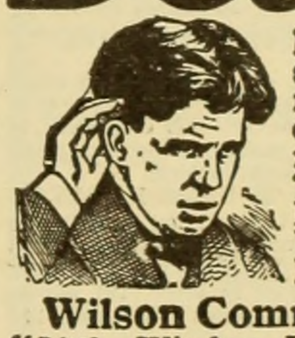
Deafness



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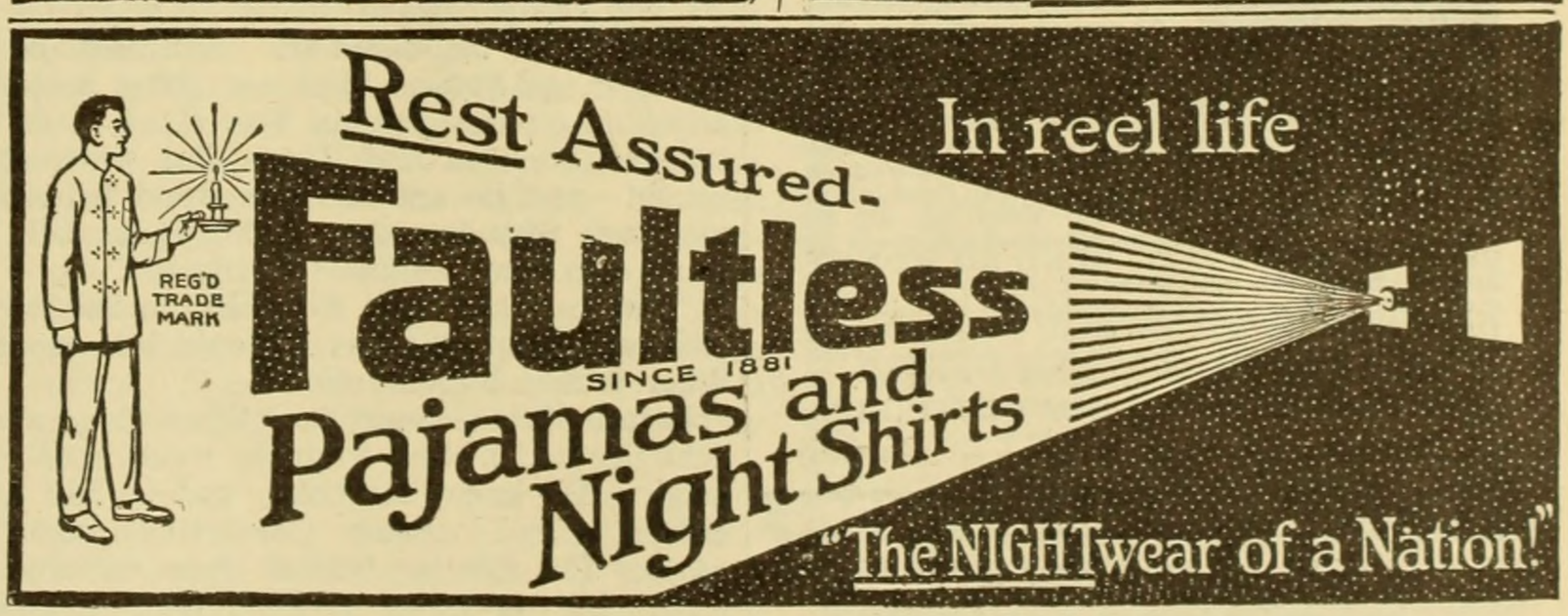

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Pride of Kentucky

(Concluded)

Thoroughly distrusting his recent host, now, the repentant old Southerner took the last of his money—and his daughter—to Saratoga. The current of the race was in his blood—and no wonder, for in the try-outs the daughter of Selim Bey was the dark wonder, the whispered menace of the Saratoga track! He was living again his great days of gentlemen's sport. He had little to bet, but he would bet it all. As for Lucille, she welcomed anything, everything, that would ease her heart.

Luce, too, heard of Southern Pride's marvelous fleetness.

The filly was legitimately entered in his class. Torpedo, he knew, would otherwise have everything his own way. Johnny Tweed, an illegal rider himself, had gotten Spike Lasker, an honest jockey, as Southern Pride's rider. Furious, Luce realized that he could not hire the horse pulled.

Only one thing remained: a surreptitious entrance, the night before the race, with a syringe of drug—a rather painless hypodermic thrust into a quick-jumping animal; a steady pressure of the piston; escape.

Jack Schuyler, the weak-but-not-wicked, drew the black bean of dope villainy.

Johnny, returning from a late supper, faced him squarely as he pulled and pried at the stall door. The lad whirled him about in fury—then fell back in amazement.

"Jack!"

"Johnny!"

"I was coming to see you, old pal," evaded Jack, weakly. And Johnny believed it.

"Haven't seen you since Mexico, have I? Got a clean job and a good horse, Jack—I'm livin' square again—an' it's great!"

Though Jack Schuyler was square enough to stick by his old friendship rather than his dirty new job he served Jim Luce admirably and unconsciously. In their reunion he got Johnny drunk, for the first time since the Camerons had known him. Then, half-drunk himself, and remorseful, he sought his master to make a confession of failure.

At that moment Lieut. Haines, on the last three days of his American leave, had taken a cab—at the station—for Luce's hotel.

Jack found Luce eating a nervous sort of supper in a booth in the bar-room restaurant. As they began to talk Haines, unseen, entered the booth adjoining and ordered a chicken sandwich and a cup of coffee. The officer was very much interested in their talk.

But another had heard—minutes before.

Dazed, stupefied by whiskey that contained chloral, but animated by a mighty sense of duty that overrode all else, Johnny Tweed stumbled back to his stall, and, using the telephone at hand, called Lucille—and fell unconscious. The girl made out the jockey's voice, but could not get his message. Slipping on her clothes, she started for the stables without awakening her father.

And just then, with a snort of rage, Luce, below, exclaimed: "Afraid of old Cameron, eh, you cheap coward!"

"Cameron be damned!" returned Jack Schuyler, as hotly. "I'm not going to pull anything on this Johnny Tweed. I made a crooked book at Tia Juana last year, got caught—and he and his gun stood between me and fifty murderous Mexicans till I could step over the line. That's all!"

"You bet that's all. Now I'll do this myself, you cheap skate, as I should have done. Where's that hypodermic?"

Before Haines could face them, Luce and Schuyler had melted from the room as if by magic. He knew the hotel, and he had no difficulty in locating Colonel Cameron's room. The meeting betwen them was awkward, but necessity pierced their mutual embarrassment. The young officer told quickly of what he had heard, and together, without a word, they turned to Lucille's room. It was empty.

It is quite probable that neither Luce nor Lucille knew which first arrived at the open door of Southern Pride's big, quiet, star-lit stall. They were in together, and Lucille's low, warning cry was answered by the old negro, Dan. A single blow of Jim's big fist sent him crashing, unconscious.

"You coward!" whispered Lucille.

"War is war," returned Luce, pleasantly. Then: "Hold out your hands!" he rasped, in a very different tone, to the girl. She did not hold them out, but he caught her, whirled her roughly around, and she realized that he meant to bind her to a stanchion while he ruined the running powers of the great daughter of the great Selim Bey. She broke away, struck him violently with her clenched fists, and ran to the door. In a corner the dazed little Tweed, all but out, was struggling to put aside the fumes.

"Unless you leave instantly," ordered the young woman, "I'll scream at the top of my voice. There are not many jockeys here tonight, but there are policemen—watchmen—"

Just for the fatal, battle-losing instant, Luce stopped to argue. His work with the horse would, in his practised hands, occupy only a second or two. But if she aroused the stable neighborhood—and at the moment two other forms took the corner at a whirl. Luce stepped out now, indeed, to see what was coming. He found out. His chin met Gregory Haines' hard fist.

As, badly jarred, he arose from the pile of straw upon which he had been knocked, he was vaguely conscious that Cameron had grappled with the army officer and was trying to get his revolver. Luce cowered. Haines laughed—a good-natured, easy laugh.

"Don't kill the poor fool!" he argued. "He doesn't deserve anything so easy."

And, still keeping Jim Luce covered, Lieut. Haines whispered to Lucille, and she whispered to her father, and then the three whispered together. Colonel Cameron spoke.

"Luce—you hound, suh! Is the oil stock you sold me worth what I paid for it? Is it worth twelve thousand honest, hard-earned dollars, suh?"

Infinite relief swept over Jim Luce's craven soul. They were forgetting a penitentiary offense and what might have been a murder merely to quibble over an old, half-forgotten deal in worthless, wild-cat stock! He almost shouted his answer.

"Yes! Of course it is! It is worth every cent of twelve thousand dollars!"

"Then, suh," flashed Cameron, "Lieut. Haines and I will keep you under surveillance while you go back to your hotel, get what the lieutenant is pleased to call your sucker money grafted in against tomorrow's races, and you will bet twelve thousand in cash, on Torpedo, against my twelve thousand shares of stock, placed on Southern Pride! After what has happened, suh, no man can say that is not a sporting proposition!"

There were two winnings next day.

The first, when Southern Pride, after a terrific race, with Lasker up, won over Torpedo by a length.

The second, when Gregory folded Lucille in his arms and asked the Colonel if he thought the old shadow of Mason and Dixon's line would avail against a marriage before his transport sailed.

"Mason and Dixon's line, suh?" snorted the Colonel. "We are one people, one nation—"

"And one family," added Gregory.

Lucille snuggled her face into his khaki shoulder. Gregory raised her face to kiss her.

The Squaw Man

(Continued from page 52)

A coincidence came to the aid of the officer of the law. He happened to be in the side room of the saloon where Hawkins was killed, when part of the flooring was being torn up to make repairs. There, under the boards, an Indian bead pouch containing a number of small calibre cartridges was found. Naturitch had dropped it through an opening beside the partition, the day she shot Hawkins.

The Sheriff went to his office and compared the cartridges with the bullet that had been taken from Hawkins' body, and they corresponded. No one but an Indian woman would have carried cartridges in a beaded pouch. No Indian woman but Naturitch would have had any motive for killing Hawkins. So the Sheriff reasoned, and swiftly called several of his deputies into council. It was necessary to proceed with caution against so resourceful a person as Jim, especially as it was important to avoid unnecessarily antagonizing old Tabywana, father of the suspected woman, and chief of a tribe of Indians that might be difficult to handle unless the Sheriff had plenty of evidence to back his accusation.

Meanwhile, events at Jim's ranch were swiftly taking another turn. That same afternoon Jim, looking down the road toward town, saw a cloud of dust approaching, which soon resolved itself into the one public conveyance of the vicinity, and its occupants, besides the driver, were Diana and Sir John Applegate. Diana was dressed all in black. Jim's heart leaped to his throat, and he smothered a groan. This was a contingency he had not foreseen. Henry was young, in good health, and Jim had never considered such a possibility as Diana being left a widow. Then, as the buckboard neared the gate, another thought leaped up and almost sent him reeling. If Henry and Diana had no children, he, Jim Wynnegate, was Earl of Kerhill.

It was true. He never had considered the possibiilty of coming into the title. Although he was next in line, he was only a cousin, and it had seemed absurd. He took for granted that Henry would have an heir. He hardly heard the story that Sir John told him of his own exoneration.

"Your cousin was never quite himself, after that time we saw you in the saloon," Sir John said. "He wanted to travel incessantly—never seemed to be satisfied. We did not understand then, but of course we know now it was his conscience that was driving him. Finally he took to hunting big game, and seemed to enjoy accepting the most dangerous chances. He did it once too often, and a lion got to him before we could save him. He was terribly mangled, and knew he was going to die. Then he confessed about the embezzlement, and insisted that it should be written down and that he should sign it in the presence of the Countess and myself. We have let the facts become known, very diplomatically, among those who knew of your leaving England and the circumstances, so now there is nothing to stand betwen you and your proper place as the Earl of Kerhill."

Jim looked over at Diana, and her eyes were shining. He trned away. Naturitch was standing in the doorway.

"There *is* something between me and that place," Jim said, slowly, and indicated Naturitch with an almost imperceptible motion of his head. "Be very careful what you say. She is faithful, and I do not want to hurt her feelings."

The silence that followed was broken by the voice of a boy calling, "Daddy, daddy," and Hal came running in and flung himself into his father's arms.

"You son?" Sir John asked.

"My son, and hers," Jim replied, adding, that there might be no mistake, "We are married."

"Then he is your heir, the heir to the title," Sir John went on.

Jim only drew the boy closer to him. He knew he could not take Naturitch to England. He knew it would be a violation of his entire code of honor to desert her and go himself. But he knew also that he had no right to deprive his son of the birthright he himself must put aside. Hal Wynnegate, Earl of Kerhill that was to be, was entitled to education, to a place among men who would one day help to rule the British Empire. He was entitled to an opportunity to become one of those rulers himself. As against this, what had life in Wyoming to offer the lad?

"If you insist upon remaining here," Sir John was saying, "at least you must let us take the boy back."

"Need I tell you that I will care for him as if he were my own?" Diana asked, inpulsively.

Jim drew a deep breath. He knew how hard it would be for him to give up his son, and that it would be ten times harder for Naturitch. For he knew why the boy was going, what opportunities were awaiting him. To Naturitch it would be as if he were dead, or even worse, for though he was living she would be unable to see him. Still, the boy must go.

"Come for him tomorrow. He will be ready," he said, and Sir John and Diana rose to go.

As they departed, Diana took Jim's hand and looked steadily into his eyes.

"I want you to feel that I understand, and fully sympathize with you," she said, and he pressed her hand, not daring to trust his voice.

When they had gone, Jim explained to Naturitch as gently and patiently as he could, the honors to which their son was heir, that he would be big chief far across the great water, and they must let him go. Whether Naturitch understood or not, she at least realized that her son was being taken from her, and with all the pride of her race she crept away and hid her grief in an all night vigil under the stars.

With this new and unexpected turn of events, everyone had forgotten that the Sheriff had sent word that he had evidence that Naturitch had killed Cash Hawkins, and would arrest her forthwith. Everyone, that is, except Tabyawana. The old chief had informed the Sheriff that if Naturitch killed Hawkins, she had full cause, and if the Sheriff attempted to arrest her there would be war, for he would call out his tribe to defend her. The Sheriff regarded this as mere bluff, and went on with his plans, organizing a strong posse of friends of Hawkins to visit Jim's ranch and bring away Naturitch.

The stoical mother did not come back to the house to say goodbye to her son. Again she knew she would be unable to conceal her emotion, and she watched from a hiding place as the cowboys loaded him with gifts. Jim's heart was breaking too, and he hurried Sir John and Diana away. He had no desire to prolong the leavetaking. No one noticed that Naturitch, during the excitement, slipped into the house, and after crooning a moment over some of the boy's toys that were too big to be taken on the journey, found her little revolver and a pair of the boy's moccasins, and as stealthily departed.

When they had gone, Jim went in and flung himself on a couch. His life was now utterly empty, it seemed. His boy had been his one salvation when he lost Diana, and

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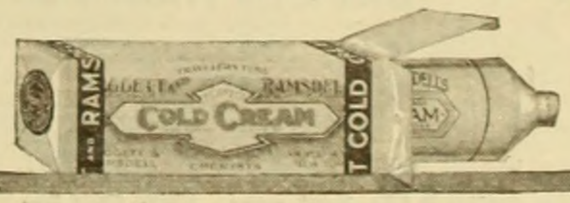

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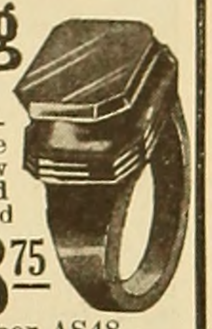

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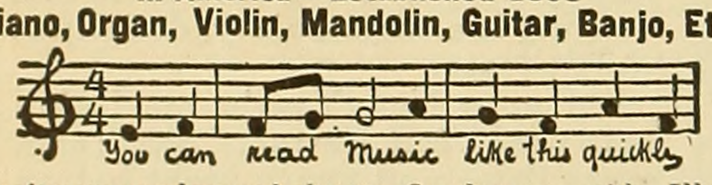

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The Squaw Man

(Concluded)

now he had lost them both. Yet his pity for Naturitch made his own grief seem small in comparison. As he pondered, he heard Big Bill's voice calling for him.

"Here comes the Sheriff and a posse," Bill shouted. "Guess they're after Naturitch."

Jim ran out, and was astonished to find that with the Sheriff was the wagon containing Diana and Sir John and Hal.

"What does this mean?" he demanded.

"It means that this here lady and gent was in town the day Cash Hawkins was killed. I'm here to arrest Naturitch, and they've got to stay for the trial as witnesses. Can't tell how they may hook up with the case," the Sheriff replied, confident of his position, with twenty heavily armed men behind him.

"You let that lady and gentleman go, or—" Jim began.

"My God, boss, what's that," Big Bill shouted, and pointed across the valley.

It was a great cavalcade of Indians in full war paint, Tabywana at their head. At a signal from the chief the line stopped, ranged across the rise like splendid statues. Tabywana rode on to the house where Jim was parleying with the Sheriff.

"I told you I would call my people," Tabywana said, facing the Sheriff sternly. "Will you leave my daughter——"

A shot interrupted the chief. A change came over his features. Some instinct seemed to tell him what had occurred. He spurred his pony and rode around behind the stables. A few minutes later he came back, bearing in his arms the body of Naturitch, his voice quavering in the death chant of his tribe. Naturitch herself had severed the bonds that confined the Earl of Kerhill.

Grand Crossing Impressions

(Concluded from page 50)

The newspapers said:
"Earle Williams is
To Wed Brooklyn Girl."
I Had to Find Out all about it.
He was in Town
For an Hour, between Trains.
He had to Eat Dinner; so I
Went to his Hotel.
Right Away I Asked him,
"Is it True?"
"Why," he Began—
When
A Girl Selling Liberty Bonds
Came Up, and Said,
"Now,
Mr. Williams,
You're Going to Buy
Some More Bonds,"
And he Said
"I Know it,"
And Bought a Few More.
Then we Went in to Dinner;
And he
Did his Best
To Eat, and
Be Polite,
While
He Looked at his Watch
Every Few Minutes—
And I Said,
"Mr. Williams,
Will You Tell me,
Is it—?"
And then the Orchestra
Played "The Star-Spangled Banner."
Mr. Williams
Rushed Right Out,
And Called a Taxi,
"I've Got Just Five Minutes
To Make my Train
For California—"
And Jumped In—
And I Caught Up with him—
And Got In Too—
And Said,
"Here I am, and
Is it True?"
He Said,
"To Tell the Truth,
I Really Don't Believe
In the Public's Demands
To Know all About
The Private Lives
Of Us Players. However,
In this Case—
Here's the Station!"
I Rushed After him.
I was All Out of Breath, but—
"Is she
A Non-Professional?"
I Simply Had to Find Out.
The Porter Grabbed his Bags.
He Held out his Hand—
"Goodbye," he said.
I Yelled after him,
"*Are*
You Married?
MARRIED!"
He Came Running Back.
"You're Married?"
Congratulations!"
And went off Again.
The Train was Starting.
I Ran.
"No!" I shrieked;
"You!
Are you
Married?
What's her Name,
And had you
Known her Long—
Or is it Only a Rumor?"
The Train Pulled Out.
Faintly
His Voice Came Back,
"No—
I'm not—
Married—
Nor Engaged—
Never have been—
Not Going to—
Yet—
Bought So Many Bonds—
Really Can't Afford It!"

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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).

ROBERT BRUNTON STUDIOS, 5300 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIOS, La Brea and De Longpre Aves., Hollywood, Calif.

CHRISTIE FILM CORP., Sunset Blvd. and Gower St., Los Angeles, Cal.

ESSANAY FILM MFG. CO., 1333 Argyle St., Chicago. (s).

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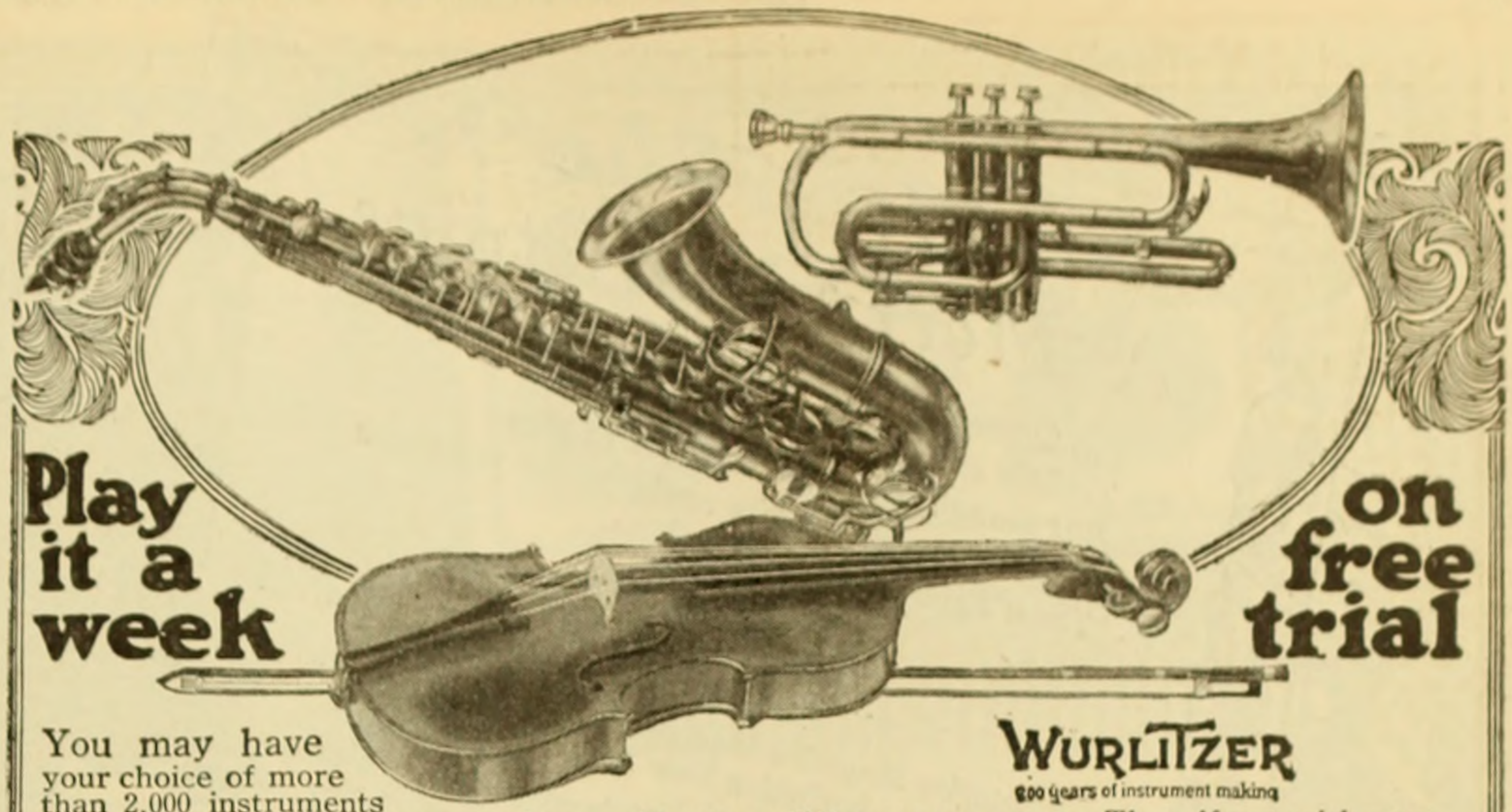

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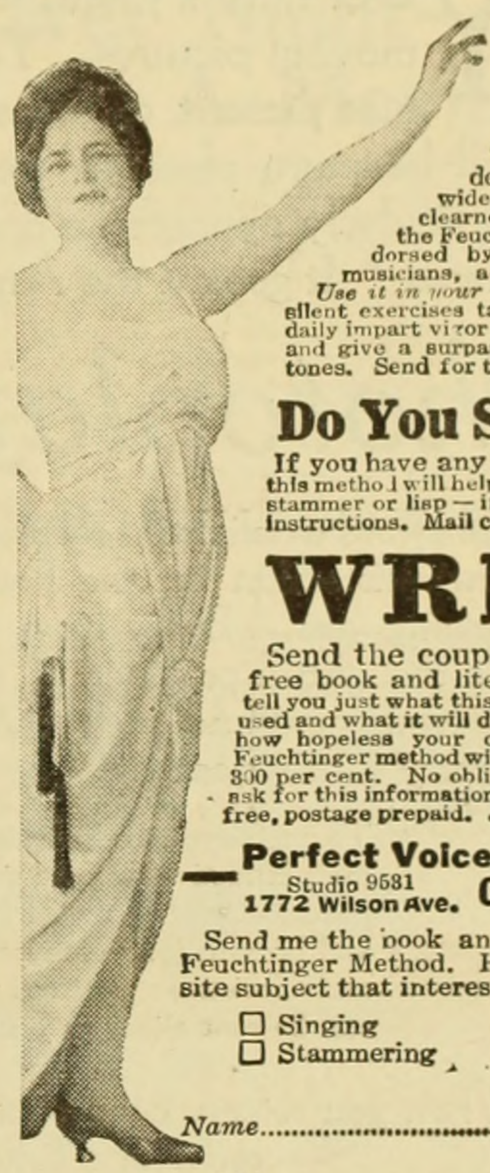

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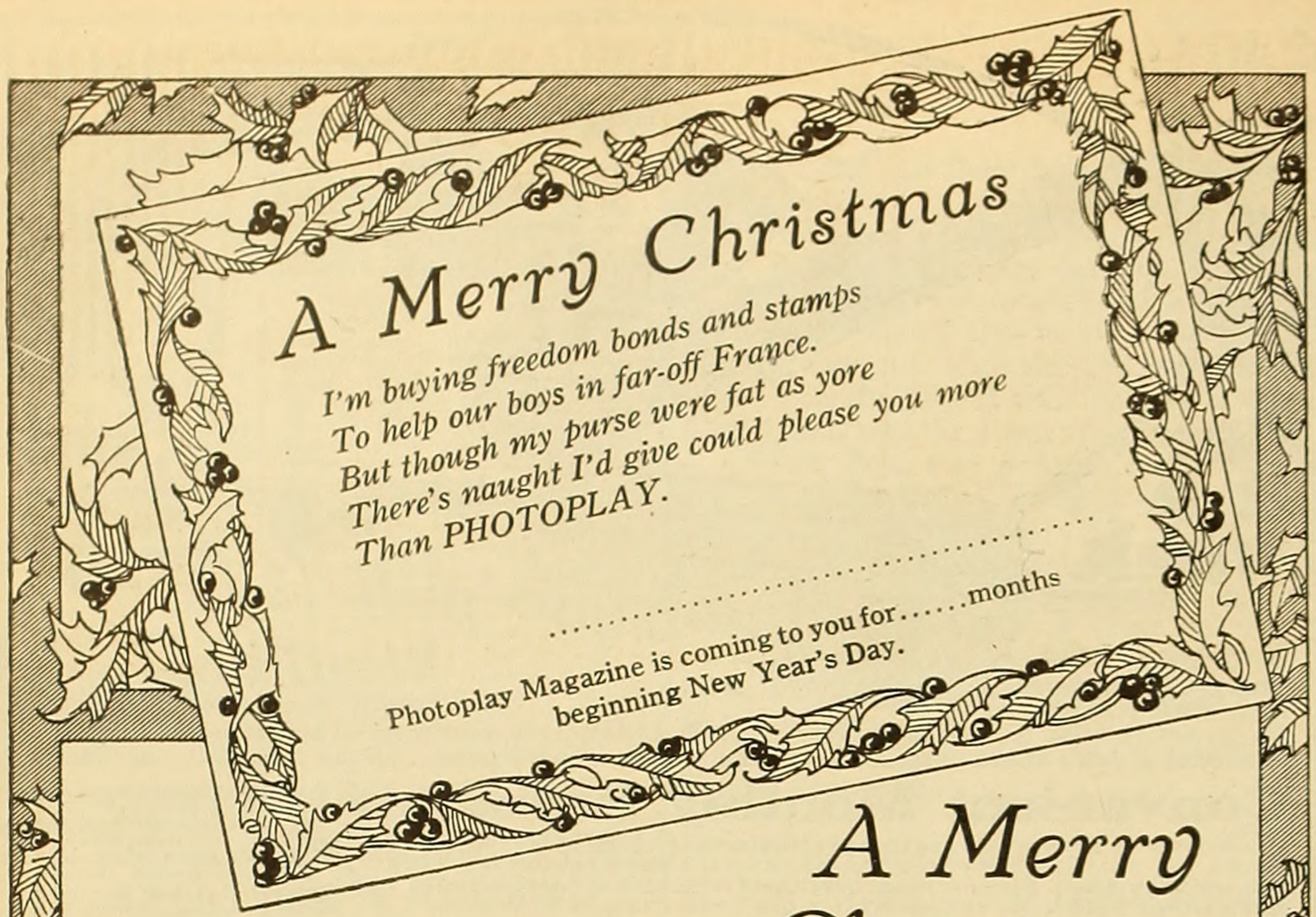

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The Captain's Captain

(Concluded on page 46)

own right, having held the coolies off, single-handed, until the police took them over. Betty Gallup—the dear woman is so glad because the one she cared most for had proven himself entirely worthy of her affection, a real man by the simple measure of the Cape people, unafraid of human villainy or of the vastness of the ocean. (This sounds like a dime novel, Winnie, but you don't know how affected I am by it all.)

Uncle proved himself really clever in explaining his quick return—

"Submarines kept me from sailin'. 'Pears I'm just back in time—Amazon ducked and these fellers was after Niece Louise."

Which everyone believed. I must pack now.

LOUISE.

Sunday morning.

Uncle Abe is really gone this time—gone to sea. He wants to not only prove he's unafraid, but to give his beard time to grow, " 'gainst Betty yankin' it out," he explained as he smiled in her direction.

Aunty and I leave in half an hour.

LOUISE.

Tarrytown, Sunday afternoon.

Now that I am back at Aunty's (and mighty glad of it), I have discovered that one of the most important phases of my great adventure has been almost totally ignored, in all the excitement. Imagine a girl forgetting her own love affair! For I guess that is what you can call it.

It's that good looking fisherman—Lawford Tapp. Remember—I wrote last that he went away, stung by my slur on his laziness? Well, he met me at the station and managed to isolate me long enough to say that he was going to work for his father and that he wanted to come to Tarrytown soon to see me and that—and oh, Winnie—I like him heaps! And he said his folks were proud to know such an ingenious young lady. That is—if I may be sarcastic—dear of them!

And I'm going to church this evening and be as meek as a mouse. And now, Winnie—if I have been incoherent in these letters, you'll simply have to come up here and I'll verbally fill in all the chinks. Come next Sunday—can't you?

LOUISE.

P. S.—Don't come next Sunday—I'm sorta expecting Lawford. L.

Perfectly Conventional

WHEN you go to see May Allison in "Thirty a Week" watch out for the kitchen scene. It cost a few thousand dollars. Yet, it's just a plain kitchen scene, with the usual props—stove, sink, and kitchen cabinet; nothing to indicate inflated expenditure in the making of it. And we're not counting May's salary either, or the overhead expense, when we make the above assertion.

It was this way:

May Allison was down on her hands and knees scrubbing the floor. The director was yelling, "That's it, May—keep it up—that worn expression—you don't like to scrub floors—" and the camera was grinding merrily on, when all of a sudden May giggled, made an effort to compose herself, and crumpled up in a mirthful heap. She spoiled feet and feet of film, which had to be retaken, just because a black mammy in the scene, supposed to say, "I don't scasely know Marse John, he ain't nuffin' to me," became rattled and said instead. "No, miss, dey—dey ain't nuffin' between Marse John and me!"

My Gang

(Concluded from page 31)

He raised Brownie from a pup and when Pete left Montana, Brownie came along in the same car—a box car. And I'll admit that horse can do everything in the world but talk and, as Pete says himself, maybe that's an advantage. "She might voice a whole lot o' sentiments that weren't to my liking at all," says Pete, "but as long as she can't talk it's all right."

Pete's brother, Chick, is another top hand with the Triangle outfit. Chick's a contest rider and all round hand. He was one of the winners in the big Sheepshead Bay rodeo some years back.

Tuck Reynolds, a long, lean, rangy puncher from the Dakotas, is another one of the mainstays of the gang and it was disgust that won him over to the pictures. Tuck was a good hand. So good a puncher, in fact, that he couldn't stand the irrigated ranches which were slowly creeping into his range, and the Ford tractors cluttering up the landscape, and when one day he saw a fellow hustling a gasoline can across the prairie after grub it just naturally hurt Tuck's feelings so that he grabbed his guns, jumped into the saddle and with a "so-long" beat it for the only west this darn civilization has left us—the picture range.

The West is Curley Baldwin's home. He's not particular just what part, so long as it's west and the pictures are about the wildest stamping ground he can find right now. Curley is quite some little stunt boy himself, his specialty being throwing the rope with his feet and making catches that would puzzle a man using his hands. I've seen some good rope-throwers in my time, including such trick gents as Will Rogers and Fred Stone, but Curley can tie his hands behind him and come out ahead. I've also heard tell that Curley could handle a gun pretty well with either hand, and from the hip, but he says it isn't so—so what can I do about it? I don't want to argue with a guy with a reputation, even if he says he hasn't got one. I might lay down my life just proving he was a liar.

But the next time you see a western picture, just remember what you're seeing, and that the atmosphere—the real goods—is the hardest thing to get there is.

A Movie Prologue

By Will H. Johnston

GOOD sirs, what will you have? A laugh? A sob?
A tale of home to set your hearts athrob?
A romance with the scent of country lanes?
A seething plot of crime and crimson stains?
A merry joust at arms from bygone days?
A bit of life snatched out of Egypt's haze?
A railroad episode, replete with thrills?
A peep at Fashion's latest frocks and frills?
A group of warriors struggling toward a goal?
A trip with an explorer to the Pole?
A tenderfoot impressed into a "dance"?
A soldier on the far-off fields of France?
A drama staged in New York's gambling hells?
A jester of to-day, sans cap and bells?
A king dethroned? A maiden led astray?
These are the puppets of the Shadow Play.

Good sirs, what will you have? We're here to please.
Ye little reck on what poor hints we seize
To guess your tastes. Our audience is world-wide.
We play wherever human folk reside.
Speak out! What will you have? The choice is yours.
From Frisco to Bombay the lantern lures.
What if your dress be rags or purple robe?
The strip of film encompasses the globe.

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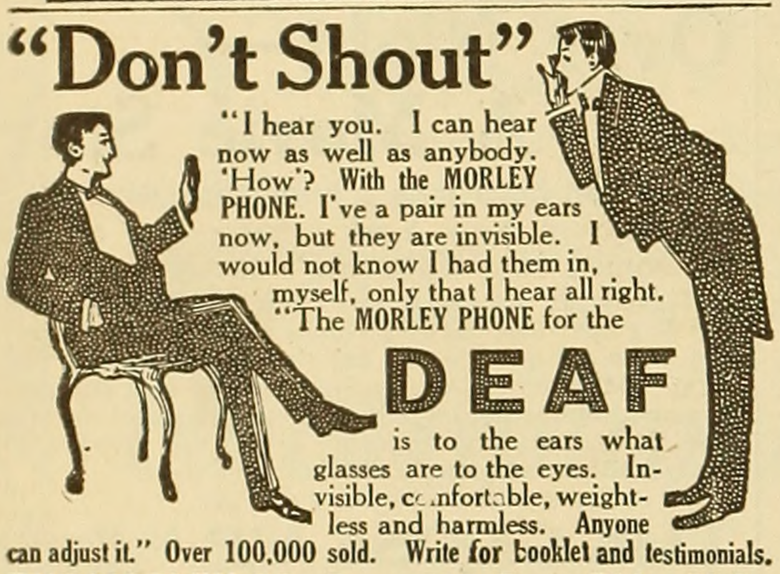

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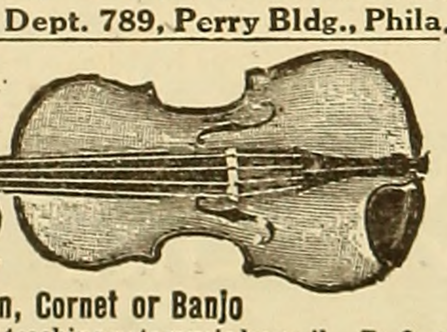

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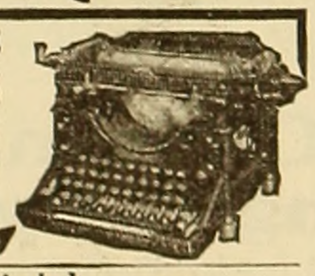

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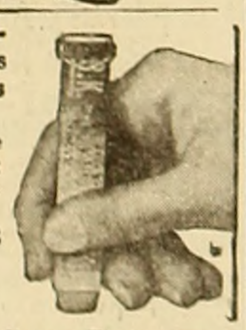

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Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 92)

GIRLIE, BLOOMINGTON, ILL.—Oh, yes, we have heard of Bloomington. We were even there once. Your poem? We handed it to the Editor, who will undoubtedly do something with it; we don't know what.

I BORD U.—You did not. "Goose-flesh," you say, "as well as the goose-step, seems to be characteristic of the German people." Yes, but isn't it noble of the Kaiser to refuse to abandon his "sorely-tried" subjects? His name will go down in history. Almost as pathetic as Wilhelm, we think, is the spectacle of last year's movie idol, vainly, according to Leigh Metcalfe, "trying to whitewash the waning moon." Interview with Mary Pickford in July. Grace Darling isn't dead; that was Ruth Darling who was killed in an automobile accident. Emmy Wehlen, Metro. Lillian and Dorothy Gish are not married. Nor is Julian Eltinge.

CONSTANTINE TEARL, NEW ORLEANS.—We are delighted to have such an appreciative reader. Praise sometimes kills and often corrupts; but we thrive on it. Mary Miles Minter will send you her photograph if you write to her at the American Film Studios at Santa Barbara, Cal. Enid Bennett, Ince.

P. C. L., SUSQUEHANNA, PA.—The star in that picture has curls and a pout, and sometime's she's called America's Sweetheart; and if there's anyone else in the world who doesn't know her we'll give them a Third Liberty Loan button. In the only production of "The Sea Wolf" that I know of, Hobart Bosworth played *Wolf Larsen;* Herbert Rawlinson, *Humphrey Van Weyden;* and Viola Barry, *Maud Brewster.* June Caprice isn't playing just now.

ALICE M., NASHVILLE.—You seem to be a self-appointed censorship board of one. Of course, I agree with you that the bathing girls are altogether too prodigal of their charms—that is, with a bare dozen or two exceptions.

JIM OF JOPLIN, MO.—Glad you're feeling better. That last gob of gloom you sent me made me cry. What with the theatres closed and everything. I think that you are like a lot of others—when you want something to worry about you pick on motion pictures. But you can't convince the Answer Man that they are going to the dogs. Yes, but if all the stars acted as their directors told them to act, they would be directors, not stars.

J. G., BROOKLYN.—That was Tom Santschi in "The Spoilers." Bill Farnum surely justified that title when he walloped Tom. Farnum is not a westerner by birth; he was born in Boston.

A COUNTRY CONTRIBUTOR.—You ask us if we have observed that Margarita Fisher was widening her range. Yes, we have noticed the amazing development of this young woman. And you think Theda Bara, in "Salome," with the hideous replica of John's head, displays shocking bad form. However— You'll find that address in the studio directory.

R. M., ST. LOUIS.—My suggestion, as a war conservation measure—that Mack Sennett keep right on making more pictures like "Those Athletic Girls." I might also mention that I could worry along with less of the lady-stars who are playing these women who have so much to stand. Just a suggestion. Jack Mower. William Duncan was born in Scotland, and you want an interview with him? Very well. Lasky.

RALPH E. W., KINGMAN, KAN.—Ah, Ralph, we are low-brow. We never read any Russian novels, and to our unenlightened minds the most enjoyable feature of photoplay entertainment is the audience. Who is our favorite actress? It wouldn't be policy to tell but we don't mind admitting that Mary Thurman is one of them. Irene Castle, you see, is Mrs. Vernon Castle, and sometimes uses one title, sometimes the other. Does that clear it up? Vernon Castle, of the Royal Air Force, was killed in an airplane accident. Irene is overseas now, entertaining the soldiers. Mollie King is no longer in pictures; she is twenty years old, and you may address her, Hotel Ansonia, N. Y. Leon Bary. Thanks.

Dear Answer Man:

I'D Like to Know—
I wish you'd Tell Me.
Why
Don't
They Censor
Popular Songs?
You Know,
I Dropped In
To See some Vaudeville
The Other Day
And
I Got In On
An Act
That Called Itself
"Devere and Devine—
That Klassy
Kill-Kare Kouple."
The Better Half of it
Was in Black Bombazine.
She would Sing.
The Man
Didn't Have Much to do.
The Songs they Sang
Were
About the Old Men, when
The Young Men Were Away.
Another, a Sad One,
About No-Man's Land, and
Breaking the News to Mother
If I Don't Get Back.
The Third—
"Would You Rather be a Colonel
With an Eagle on your Shoulder,
Than a Private with a Chicken
On your Knee?"
Well,
They were Still Calling them Back
When I Left.
The Last Picture I Saw
Was So Cut Up
By the Censors
I Didn't Know
Whether it was a Comedy or
A Drama.
Why?
Answer me that.

OLIVE THOMAS FAN, CLEVELAND.—Of course I'm your friend. But I am not sure that I can see to it we have a "clear, unbroken picture of Olive Thomas on the front page," and a "Story of My Life," written by herself. In the art section for December there's a corking picture of her, and there will be a story later on, perhaps. Sure next time I see Olive I'll tell her all about it.

RUTH B., KANSAS CITY.—No, I didn't have it. That's awfully sweet of you to tell me that, but really, I— Being the bashfullest A. M. in captivity, what can I say? Except that you live up to your last name. You say you can easily judge a city's pep by its picture theatres. Yes, I've heard that Dallas

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

is a great fan center. How about K. C.? Latest Marguerite Clark interview was in July, 1918. Wally Reid, April and June, 1918. We are all out of the 1916 issues. Winifred Allen with Dick Barthelmess in "For Valor." That other picture is too old.

BILLY T., TOLEDO.—Jack Pickford is married to the admireé of the fan whose question I answered just before yours. But of course if Jack knew that a beautiful Toledo young lady was breaking her heart about it— The only consolation *I* can give you is the address of a beautiful Niles, Mich., young lady whose heart is also breaking, and you might correspond with her about it. Why does Theda Bara persist in playing vampires? I'm sure I don't know. George Walsh, Fox; Bert Lytell, Metro; Tom Moore, Goldwyn. That depends.

INEZ W., SEATTLE.—What do you mean about "Is Marriage Sacred"? (Essanay.) I always thought it was. But have you noticed—there is no character in fiction or in drama who gets so many laughs as the poor hen-pecked husband? Somehow or other we like to see the husband get the worst of it. Stupidity seems to be a domestic virtue. Douglas McLean doesn't say how old he is, but he's not so very old. Bryant Washburn is twenty-nine; married to Mabel Forrest. Jack Pickford is in the Navy. No record.

J. H., CLEVELAND.—You say all Mary's leading men are convincing. Would you find it hard to play opposite Miss Pickford? Conway Tearle in "Stella Maris." Tearle is seen in Anita Stewart's new pictures, "The Mind-the-Paint Girl" and "Virtuous Wives." He's married to Adele Rowland. Eugene O'Brien's latest is "Under the Greenwood Tree," for Artcraft, with Elsie Ferguson. Owen Moore isn't in pictures at present. He was very ill with influenza. Thanks.

M. O'C., FORT WAYNE, IND.—Norma Talmadge. Anyone who corners a soldier or a sailor to ask him when he thinks the war is going to end, and isn't it an awful war, and does he get enough to eat, and are all those things they say about the Germans true, and so on, is stimulating patriotism without knowing it. That sort of thing makes the victim all the more anxious to get to the front—as quickly as possible. That's a sunshade.

TOMBOY, ALBERT LEA, MINN.—So you had the "flu." Well, "flirting with the angels" is a facetious expression commonly employed in discussing one's narrow escape from an early ride down the River called Styx—facetious in most cases because the patient was not likely to have an opportunity of joshing the heaveny houri anyway. Never mind; Eugene O'Brien has signed a four-year contract with Paramount, so you'll see him often.

WOPS, QUINCY, FLA.—Why Wops? Have you a mop of that unruly red hair? I once knew a girl who had unruly red hair—only I made the mistake of calling it red, and now I don't know that girl any more. Wallace MacDonald has gone to war. He's probably pretty busy winning this war and hasn't got much time for autographing pictures. No. No. No. Yes, F. X. B. and Beverly Bayne are married. If you like, we can print your name and address so that a "lonely sojer," when he reads this department, will see it and write to you. Well, lessee; we have met Mary, and Doug, and Bill Hart, and Marguerite Clark, and Wallie Reid, and Madge Kennedy, and Theda Bara, and the Gishes, and Bill Desmond, and Olive Thomas, and Texas Guinan, and Tom Meighan, and—oh, lots. Now don't ask us which one we like best.

CLINTON O'CABE, CAMP BEAUREGARD, LA. —White. Your letter was awfully funny. You just bet we will.

VIOLETTE, INDEPENDENCE, MO.—I saw one of those "Unconditional Surrender" signs hanging on the window of an undertaking establishment. Mrs. Bryant Washburn was Mabel Forrest. Bryant is twenty-nine. Hazel Daly played "Honey" in the Skinner stories. Edith Story isn't married. She has a farm on Long Island and an apartment on Riverside Drive in New York. She is in the middle twenties. Billie Burke is thirty-two; Jackie Saunders, twenty-six; Shirley Mason, seventeen; June Caprice, nineteen; Mary Miles Minter, sixteen; Baby Marie Osborne, seven; Madge Evans, eight. Miss Clark's hair is her own; it's a reddish gold. Yes. That's all. Thanks.

RUTH H., FERRY HALL, LAKE FOREST, ILL. —Kenneth Harlan is in the Army now, training at Camp Kearney in California. Don't mention it. And don't be so sure that was the Answer Man you saw in the window. It might have been the office boy.

MEPHISTOPHELES, WINNIPEG.—I am, you say, a most exceptional man, of above-average intelligence, of good-natured character, possessing besides infinite patience, colossal memory, plus a keen sense of humor that reconfortates Wait a minute until I look up all those hard words. And only the assurance that I actually possess all of these qualities, I suppose, emboldened you to forward to my encyclopediacal sanctum your rather prolix epistle? Exactly. Can't thank you enough for all the nice things you say about PHOTOPLAY and its editorial staff. It's all true, too. You'll get it. Come again soon.

GRIT C., HOBART, OKLA.—Your few puzzled questions are encountered as follows: Charlie Chaplin is not married; he is twenty-nine. James Cruze in "The Million Dollar Mystery." Florence La Badie is dead. Harold Lockwood died in October, of Spanish influenza. Dustin has his own company; William is with Fox. Dustin. William Duncan in that. He's not telling. In California. Frank Keenan was with Pathe. I hear that he is forming his own company now. Yes. Thank you.

JUST MARIE.—We are fully cognizant of the hazards of writing to girls who sign themselves "Just Marie," without any reminders that "Mother doesn't really want me to write to strangers but in this case," etc. In this case the answers to your questions follow closely: Virginia Lee Corbin is six years old. Yes, she has been with Universal; for eight months in which she played with Ben Wilson and in a series of pictures written especially for her and directed by Alan Holubar. Last with Fox; address her Fox Studios L. A. No. I doubt if little Miss Corbin could put you in pictures.

MARIE, MANOR, CAL.—You may say "Darn," if you wish, although as a rule I don't approve of profanity. You haven't been to a picture-show since October, 1917? And here I've been thinking I'm in hard luck because I haven't seen a movie for two weeks, because of the "flu." Edith Storey is with Metro. Mary will send you one, I'm sure. He's married and he isn't in the movies at present, but when he comes back, I'll let you know at once.

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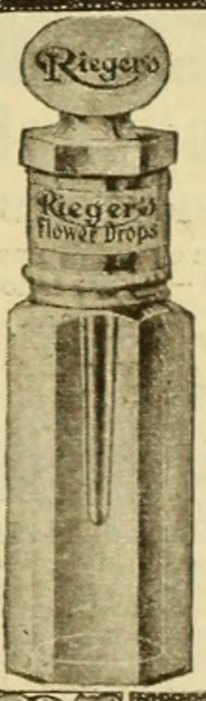

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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

MARY MAYS, EDMONTON, ALBERTA.—How old are you? You'll have to write and ask them. Marguerite Clark, Famous Players; Carmel Myers, Universal; Mildred Harris, Universal-Weber; Olive Thomas, Triangle, and Mae Marsh, Goldwyn. June Caprice is no longer with Fox. Hope the Health Commissioners, in their zeal for safeguarding the public health in the theatres, won't prohibit us from laughing at Charlie Chaplin on the ground that fun is contagious.

FLORENCE O'R., OSHKOSH.—I have never been in Oshkosh. I have often thought about coming to Oshkosh, always arriving at the same conclusion but never in Oshkosh. Ethel Barrymore Colt has three children. She has been on the stage since 1894, and made her optic debut in December, 1916. I think she is better on the stage than on the screen. Kathlyn Williams was in "We Can't Have Everything." About thirty-three.

PAULINE FREDERICK ADMIRER, LAFAYETTE, IND.—A woman should be seldom seen and never heard, you say. I wouldn't echo that sentiment—but I will admit that my ideal women are all stars in the silent drama. Don't call me "Mr. Oracle"; there are a few questions I can't answer, and I don't like to be reminded of them. Your favorite, Mrs. Willard Mack, is about thirty-three, with brown hair and blue eyes. None whatever. Wallie Reid was born in 1892 and has the same color hair and eyes as Pauline. Olive Thomas' birthday was October 20, so it's too late to send her a card now; you'll have to wait until next year. Theda Bara is twenty-eight. Come whenever you can and stay as long as you like.

MABEL H., BOSTON.—As I write this, I haven't seen a picture for two weeks. Two weeks since I've heard "Smiles" rendered on the $100,000 pipe organ in our favorite suburban theatre. Two weeks since I've seen a picture in which the Kaiser was consigned to—two weeks without a glimpse of Mary, Marguerite, or any of the girls. Two weeks—a helufalong two weeks. Darn the Kaiser.

ROSE CERE, PHIL.—You say the idea of some movie directors seems to be that all lawyers are round and florid gentlemen who never smile; that all ingenues must laugh, without rhyme or reason; that all children must come down and say their prayers at their mothers' feet, before the fireside; that all parents have gray hair and a worried look—well, you must admit that the sins of their film children would tend to make them harassed and worn. Lillian Gish and Mae Marsh in "The Birth of a Nation." Kenneth Harlan is twenty-three; he is at Camp Kearney now. If you mean Bobby Harron, he isn't married. Griffith Studios, Hollywood.

M. Q., BUFFALO.—Barbara Tennant isn't playing now. I am not sure about that. For my part, I prefer to look on the bright side of it and be thankful that the vamps who want to play "Juliet" and the ingenues who are simply dying to do "Cleopatra" can't all have their very own companies.

D. MONTGOMERY, CHI.—What's become of the movie matinee girl? Is she doing war work? I miss her. No longer am I diverted from the screen by her gossamer giggles, her audible comments on her favorite sport-shirt hero, her scornful silence and haughty profile when she doesn't like the leading woman; her chatter puncturing the monotony of a news weekly. She's gone. The pitiful part of it is that she disappeared before I ever met one of her. I am not sure I believe in her after all. Perhaps she wasn't real. Annie Russell will appear in the screen for the first time in Metro's "Wilson or the Kaiser?" as *Edith Cavell.*

?, WEST LAFAYETTE, IND.—How mysterious you are! I showed your letter to Delight Evans and she said she remembered you. We are both much pleased that you like us. So you have subscribed to PHOTOPLAY for four years and expect to subscribe for four years more, and then some? Between us two, I'll tell you why I took this job on PHOTOPLAY—simply because I get a copy every month, gratis. I can't answer that question. The other involves research so will let you know later. Many thanks and come again.

R. F. K., UNITED STATES TROOPS, RAY, ARIZONA.—"Puss Puss?" That's a burlesque troop—out of my line. Write to Ann Pennington at her home, 142 West 44th St., New York.

A. BUMFORD, COLEBROOK, N. H.—What a punk pun. How did your letter strike me? It struck me all of a heap. (Yes, that's worse than yours.) "Don't hurry," you say, "in answering my questions. I subscribe to PHOTOPLAY; and I can wait." In my long career as an Answer Man, I have never met anyone quite like you before. Florence Reed was born in Philadelphia thirty-five years ago. Her father, Roland Reed, was a famous actor. Thomas Holding with Pauline Frederick in "Sold." Bessie Barriscale in "The Heart of Rachel." Charlotte Greenwood isn't in pictures now. Mae Marsh's new one is "Southern Pride," which appears in fiction form in this issue. Seena Owen was to have played with her husband in a Fox film, but illness intervened. She was born in Spokane of Danish parents. Alan Forrest.

TOMBOY, ALBERT LEA, MINN.—Again! Harrison Ford with Constance Talmadge. Norman Kerry with Universal last. Did you see him in "The Talk of the Town," with Dorothy Phillips? Corking picture. Tom Moore, his p. a. informs us, wouldn't ride in a car, for anything. His own or anybody's else. He loves the Subway and he dotes on the L, but how he hates a car. Here's the cast of "The Doctor and the Woman": *"K" Le Moyne,* True Boardman; *Sidney Page,* Mildred Harris; *Dr. Max Wilson,* Albert Roscoe; *Carlotta,* Zella Caull; *Joe Drummond,* Carl Miller.

C. C. OF BUFFALO.—I should certainly relegate those comedies to the non-essential list. Niles Welch in "The Secret of the Storm Country" and "The Face in the Dark"—not "in the Park," as you put it. Blanche Sweet has her own company now, under Harry Garson's management. Lottie Pickford is reported to be considering a vaudeville engagement. Mary Pickford? Mrs. Owen Moore.

ADELAIDE, BROOKLYN.—I love to read the ads. I am particularly intrigued by the clothing-ad young man who is always escorting a young lady into her motor. Then there is the couple who advertise rubber-heeled shoes—refusing an invitation to ride with a "No, thank you; we'd rather walk." I bought a pair of rubber-heeled shoes and believe me if anyone asks me to ride I won't turn 'em down. None of those pictures have ever appeared in book form that I can think of, except "The Safety Curtain," which was adapted from a novel by the English writer, Ethel M. Dell. "De Luxe Annie" was from the stage play of the same name. Thank you.

Questions and Answers

(Concluded)

F. A. R., FRISCO.—Bill Farnum was born in Boston in 1876; educated in Bucksport, Me. He was on the stage from the age of six; played in "The Prince of India," "Virginius," and starred five years in "Ben Hur." With his brother Dustin, also a famous ligitimate actor, he starred for two seasons in "The Littlest Rebel." He was on the stage for ten years. You appear to know all about his screen successes. He is married. Of course I don't blame you for liking him.

DES MOINES FAN.—The theatres opened today. Yours is the last letter I'm going to answer. I'm going right out and take in every picture-show in town. I won't care whether it's a Fox super-production or a travelogue; anything they put on the screen would look good to me. I would rejoice even at a W. S. Hart re-issue, and scream at a Vitagraph comedy. Gosh, I'm glad they're back. Mae Marsh and Mabel Normand, Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

FRANCIS MACDONALD ADMIRER, FISHERVILLE, MO.—And we thought there wasn't a town in Missouri we hadn't heard from. Welcome. Neva Gerber was born in Chicago—I hate like everything to disillusion you when you were so sure she was a native Californian—in 1895. Have you any brothers and sisters, Miss Gerber? That's the right address.

THELMA.—So you remember those old Mutual serials, "Runaway June" and "Our Mutual Girl?" Norma Phillips played in them. She was on the stage the last I heard. Awfully hard to keep track of all of them. The Hayakawas were born in Japan. No. Others answered elsewhere—except—Flo LaBadie was the heroine in "The Million Dollar Mystery." Anita Stewart is married to Rudolph Cameron. I was talking to Earle Williams the other day and said the fans all like to see him play opposite Miss Stewart, and Earle admitted he didn't mind it at all—that she was, in fact, his favorite leading woman. That's William Wallace Reid's real name. Sure enough.

A FAN'S FAN.—I'll tell you the letters we get from you fans are great. You and others like you inspire the Magazine to its best endeavors, and with such stimulation as yours this department should never be dull. George M. Cohan is married. Watch out for the story about Cohan; it's a whizz. Life seems to me to be a series of compromises with one's ideals. Many, many thanks.

CANADA.—I like your name and wish you'd have let me use it instead of the obvious alias. You didn't like Elsie Ferguson in "The Lie?" She is very good, I think. Pearl White is not married, but I think she has been married. Helen Holmes was with Signal last, but I don't know her present address. Of course. Soon. Wisdom and understanding? Vastly different; I would rather know less, and understand a little more. As it is,—

HELEN, DULUTH.—Mae Marsh isn't married. Madge Kennedy's husband is Captain Harold Bolster. Theda Bara is not married. Your other questions are answered elsewhere. Not so awfully. Why?

R. G. Y., BALLARAT.—Mary and Bill have not retired and have no intentions of doing so. Nor has Pauline Frederick. She's with Goldwyn now, you know. May Allison, Metro studio, Hollywood. Life is but a cloak for death? Some poor pessimist gave voice to that thought once before. I don't believe all I read, fortunately.

H. V. S., ROCHESTER, MINN.—Why, hardly a month goes by that we don't say something about Douglas Fairbanks. Shirley Mason is married to Bernard Durning Jackie Saunders is Mrs. E. D. Horkheimer. The others are not married. Beth Sully. No. The Pickford contract has not yet been signed; but PHOTOPLAY will let you know as soon as it is. Bessie Barriscale doesn't say how old she is. That's nice of you.

JUST TEXAS, HOLLYWOOD.—Oh, you're too darned cheerful. Every silver lining has a cloud, you know. Besides, he's married. Another dream shattered; another youthful heart smashed. Rave on, Muriel. Edna Emerson.

MURIEL G., who sent me her picture.—Yes, you do. Thanks.

ELIZABETH B., NEW HAVEN.—Dorothy Dalton is not married. She is twenty-five. Yes, I like to see her; she is always interesting. Write Mary at the Mary Pickford studios in Los Angeles. Good luck; come again.

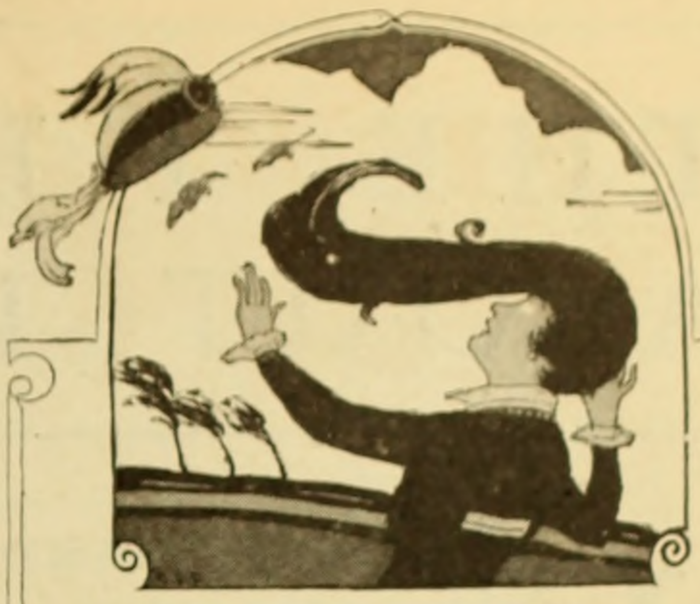
An Artillery Suggestion — *By* Peter Milne

Oh, why not hang the pistol from the parlor chandelier,
Or sink it in the bath tub for a change?
Or lock it in the safe with mother's lavalier,
Or tie it to the faithful kitchen range?

Oh, why not hide the weapon in brother's number twelves,
Or drop it in the vitals of the clock?
Or pile it neatly with the linen on the shelves,
Or wrap it in the folds of sister's smock?

Oh, why not place it safely 'neath the mattress on the bed,
Or hide it 'twixt the top and bottom sheets?
Or clamp it in the cupboard after all the family's fed,
Or store it with the cabbages and beets?

Oh, why not forget about it with this rank bit of verse,
Or bury it along some distant shore?
Or put it any place in all the universe
Instead of in the old top drawer?



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