

AMERICA'S FAVORITE MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN

PICTURE-PLAY

MAGAZINE

OCT. 1919 ~ 20 CENTS



IRENE CASTLE

Haskell Coffin

FROM PHOTO © IRA L. HILL



Your Skin

May become several shades darker in a day

Whitening Cream is the special one of the "seven" to restore its fairness.

All skins have a tendency to become darker every year. Many tender skins after exposure to the sun and air actually become several shades darker in one day. This condition when not corrected leads to a permanent loss of complexion beauty. Your skin can grow sallow, faded and dingy before you realize what is happening.

Correct this condition in time. But don't use harsh bleaching preparations that ruin the quality of your skin. Use the cream that has been especially prepared for the sallow skin.

Whitening Cream—one of the seven Marinello Creams—is so compounded that it penetrates to the deeper layers of the skin in which the coloring matter is located and there gently and effectively does its work of removing sallowness and restoring the rosy glow of youth to the complexion.

Over two million women have benefited from Whitening Cream and endorsed it as the best preparation to make the skin delicately fair and fresh looking.

The best way to use Whitening Cream

After carefully cleansing your face and neck each night with Lettuce Cream, rub in the Whitening Cream until every bit has been absorbed into the deeper layers of your skin. In the daytime it is well to protect your skin with Marinello Powder, first rubbing in a little Foundation Cream to make the powder "stay on" longer and to double its value as a protecting agent. Within a few days from the time you begin this treatment you will notice a marked improvement in your skin—it will be several shades lighter, fresher, fairer, lovelier. To use three creams in the right way is no more expensive than to use one cream for three purposes, and oh! how much more pleasing is the result.

Why there are seven Marinello Creams

The idea behind the seven Marinello Creams is the very sensible one of specialization—one cream for one purpose. For instance, in the case of dry skin and oily skin, Marinello skin specialists discovered that the cream which gave beauty to one was ruinous to the other. Therefore they perfected a different cream not only for each of these conditions, but also for every other kind of skin, as well. Now if your skin is too oily, if it is too dry, if it is disfigured with blackheads, if it is sallow, you can get a Marinello Cream that will overcome its defects and restore its charm and loveliness.

To get an idea of how beautiful your skin can be with the right treatment, send fifteen cents for the Traveler's Trial Package. This includes miniature packages of the cream you select from the chart, Nardy's Face Powder, Nardy's Toilet Water, Rouge Vanitab, Rose Leaf Jelly and booklet on care of your skin.

MARINELLO COMPANY
Dept. PP-1, Mallers Bldg.
Chicago



Chart of Marinello Seven Creams

Lettuce Cream for cleansing the skin. It cleans more thoroughly than soap and water and without irritation, 60c.

Tissue Cream for a rough, dry skin. It builds up the skin and gives it the extra nourishment which it needs, 60c and \$1.20.

Astringent Cream for an oily skin. It restrains the too abundant secretion of oil, 60c and \$1.20.

Whiteing Cream for a sallow skin. Gives your skin that "pink and white" roseleaf quality, 60c and \$1.20.

Acne Cream for blemishes and blackheads. This disagreeable condition may be overcome in a short while if you are faithful to the use of this cream, 60c and \$1.20.

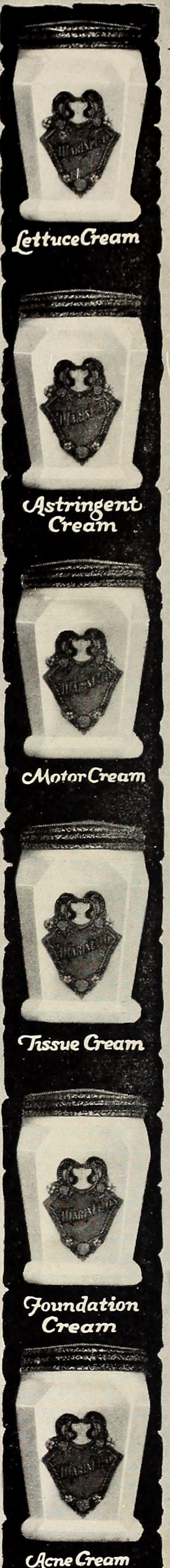
Motor Cream for skin protection. Neither wind nor weather can harm your skin if you fortify it with Motor Cream first, 60c and \$1.20.

Foundation Cream before using powder. It makes the powder go on so much more smoothly and stay longer, 75c.

Now sold by
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Department stores
and 3500
Beauty Shops

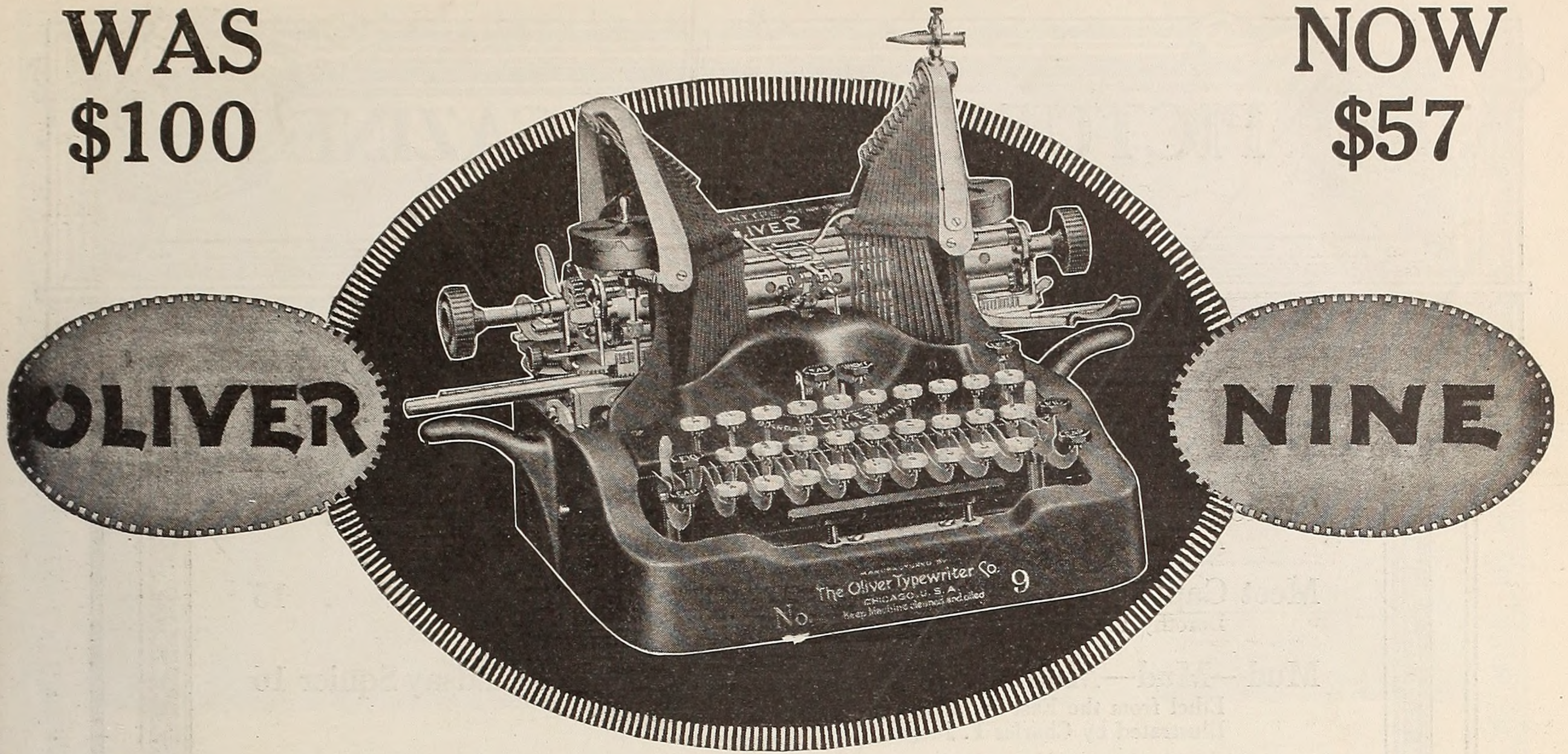
MARINELLO

"A Beauty Aid for Every Need"



**WAS
\$100**

**NOW
\$57**



A Stenographer's Advice On Typewriter Buying How to Save \$43

THE young lady who suggested this advertisement convinced the writer that too few people realize that the Oliver Typewriter has the usual keyboard. A definite propaganda, she insisted, had been spread to lead people to believe that the arrangement of letters on the Oliver keyboard was different, and therefore difficult.

This advertisement is to set people aright. It should be understood once and for all that the Oliver has the same universal arrangement of letters as on all standard typewriters. And it has improvements and simplifications not found elsewhere. Several hundred thousand stenographers use the Oliver daily.

The young lady brought up another point. She said many people might think that the new \$57 Oliver is a second-hand or rebuilt machine of an earlier model.

But note that this advertisement is signed by The Oliver Typewriter Company itself. This is a guarantee that the \$57 Oliver is the exact model formerly priced at \$100. Not a change has been made. It is a new machine. The latest product of our factory.

How We Both Save

The entire saving of \$43 comes from our new sales methods.

During the war we learned that it was unnecessary to have great numbers of traveling salesmen and numerous, expensive branch houses throughout the country. We were also able to discontinue many other superfluous, costly sales methods. You benefit by these savings.

Among the Large Users Are

United States Steel Corporation
Montgomery Ward & Company
Pennsylvania Railroad
Lord & Thomas
Columbia Graphophone Co.
Bethlehem Steel Company
National Cloak & Suit Co.
New York Edison Company
New York City Bank of New York
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Hart, Schaffner & Marx
Encyclopedia Britannica
American Bridge Company
Otis Elevator Company
Diamond Match Company
Fore River Ship Building Corporation
Boy Scouts of America
Corn Products Refining Co.
Boston Elevated Railway

Over 700,000 Oliver's have been sold. It is used by the big concerns, as listed below.

This Oliver Nine is a 20-year development. If any typewriter is worth \$100, it is this, our latest and best model.

Free Trial

We ship an Oliver Nine to you for five days free trial. If you decide to keep it, pay us at the rate of \$3 per month. If you return it, we even refund the transportation charges. What could be fair, even simpler? You may order an Oliver Nine for trial direct from this advertisement. It does not place you under the slightest obligation to keep it.

Used machines accepted in exchange at fair valuation.

Or, you may ask for our free book entitled, "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy." This amazing book exposes the old way of selling and tells where the \$43 used to go.

Read the two-way coupon—then mail it today. Note how simple the whole plan is—how you deal direct with the manufacturer.

Canadian Price, \$72.

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.

1257 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

(92.02)

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY

1257 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay \$57 at the rate of \$3 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

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

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

Name.....

Street Address.....

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

Occupation or Business.....

Mail Today—Don't Delay

PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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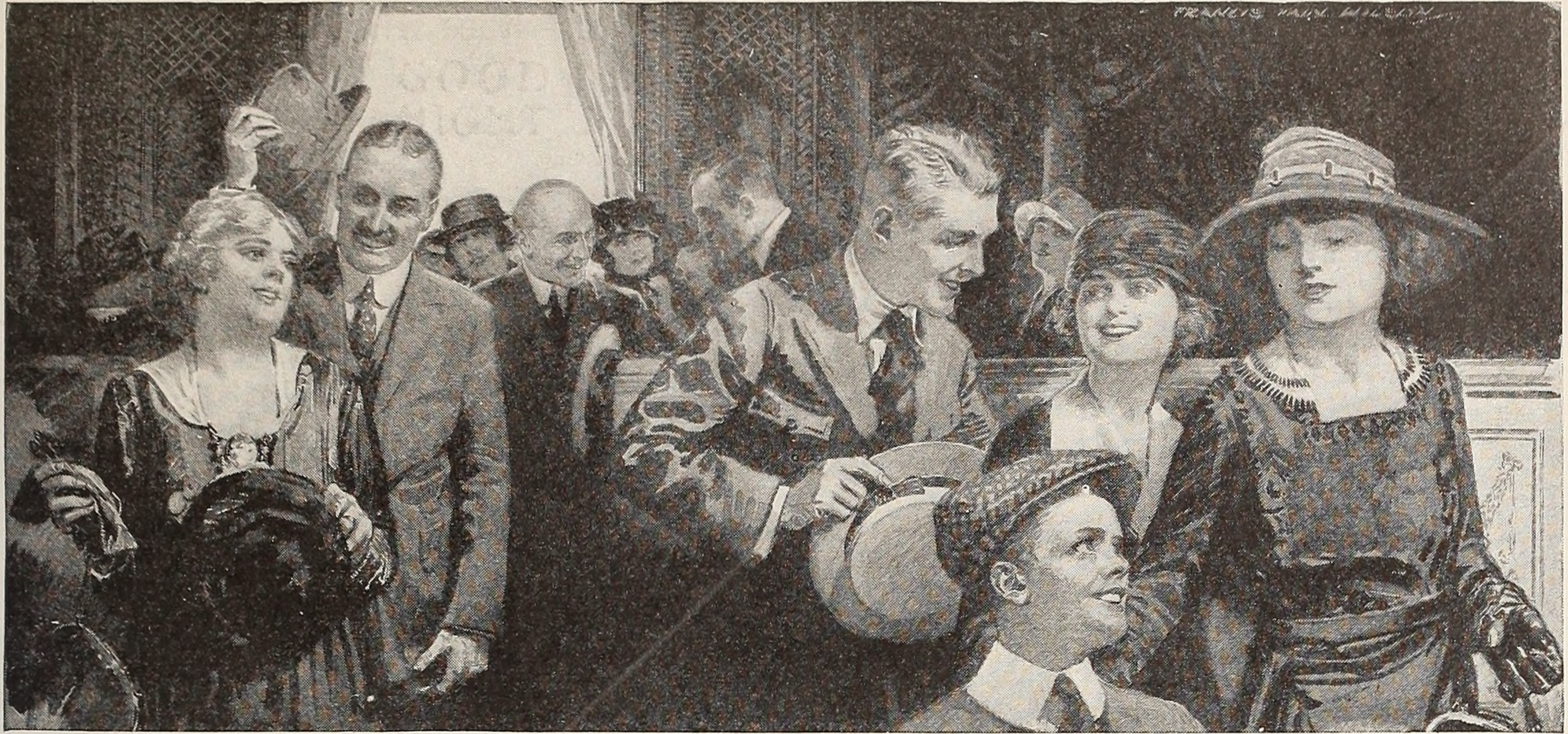
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NEW YORK



Paramount-Artcraft Stars' Latest Productions

Listed alphabetically, released up to August 24th. Save the list! And see the pictures!

Paramount

John Barrymore in "THE TEST OF HONOR"
Billie Burke in "GOOD GRACIOUS ANNABELLE"
Marguerite Clark in "GIRLS"
Ethel Clayton in "THE SPORTING CHANCE"
Dorothy Gish in "NOBODY HOME"
Lila Lee in "COCK O' THE WALK"
"FIRES OF FAITH" starring Catherine Calvert and Eugene O'Brien
Vivian Martin in "LOUISIANA"
Shirley Mason in "THE FINAL CLOSE-UP"
Wallace Reid in "THE LOVE BURGLAR"
Bryant Washburn in "LOVE INSURANCE"

Thomas H. Ince-Paramount

Enid Bennett in "THE VIRTUOUS THIEF"
Dorothy Dalton in "OTHER MEN'S WIVES"
Charles Ray in "BILL HENRY"

Paramount-Artcraft Specials

Maurice Tourneur's Production "SPORTING LIFE"
"The Silver King," starring William Faversham
"False Faces" A Thos. H. Ince Production
"The Firing Line," starring Irene Castle
"The Woman Thou Gavest Me" Hugh Ford's Production of Hall Caine's Novel
"The Career of Katherine Bush" starring Catherine Calvert
"Secret Service" starring Robert Warwick
Maurice Tourneur's Production "THE WHITE HEATHER"
"The Dark Star" A Cosmopolitan Production

Artcraft

Cecil B. deMille's Production "FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE"
Douglas Fairbanks in "THE KNICKERBOCKER BUCKAROO"
Elsie Ferguson in "THE SOCIETY EXILE"
D. W. Griffith's Production "TRUE HEART SUSIE"
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Fred Stone in "JOHNNY GET YOUR GUN"

*Supervision of Thomas H. Ince

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IS there anything in life more appealing than boyhood—the boyhood of patched breeches and a tattered straw hat—of bare feet, stone bruised—and shoulders sunburned from too much loitering around the swimming hole?

If there is, we wish we'd known about it, and we would have chosen it to begin this issue of PICTURE PLAY—if it were being reflected among the new films—instead of the story, "When a Feller Needs a Friend." But we're sure you'll agree that the story we chose, which was written from the first two of the Briggs' comedies, could hardly be improved on for real, downright interest.

You probably are familiar with the famous boyhood cartoons which made Briggs famous, and which formed the basis of those new two-reel comedies that Paramount is just beginning to release. C. L. Edson, who prepared the story for us, has done a very human piece of work, for he was once just such a barefoot boy as "Skinny." He's going to do another story about "Skinny" for our next number.

Every one in the world likes to get a peep behind the scenes—to see and learn just how things are done. And all picture fans are interested in reading vivid impressions caught during the making of pictures, particularly when they are as vivid as those caught by Emma-Lindsay Squier while she was working as an extra at the Goldwyn Studios. You'll find her story on page 17. It's called "Mud—Mud—Mud!"

We're printing another "behind-the-scenes" story, written by a former director, Edward Ferguson—a brother, by the way, of Elsie Ferguson. It's a very amusing one. He calls it "The Frame-Up." And, speaking of Miss

Ferguson, you'll be able to go on a personally conducted tour through the Famous Players Eastern studio with her before you've lain this number aside.

Keeping in mind our promise of novelty and variety, we are planning to present to you, next month, an article about music in connection with pictures. This is one of the most important subjects related to the screen, for music can do much to make or mar a picture. It is a subject on which every fan should be informed, for there is need of great improvement in many of the theaters in this respect, and all improvements are always finally brought about by the demands of the public.

We've another brand-new feature coming next month which we call "A Page from a Movie Fan's Scrap Book." If you're keeping a scrap book of your screen favorites, this may give you some ideas.

You probably are aware that there's a famous movie menagerie at Universal City, in California. Emma-Lindsay Squier thought it would be interesting to interview some of the four-footed actors, for a change. You'll find the account of what they told her—and they said some very amusing things—in the next number.

And, of course, there will be interviews with and stories about several of the stars. One of these is Mary Miles Minter, who has just passed a turning point in her unusual career. From now on she is to be guided by Adolph Zukor, the astute head of Paramount, and she has some interesting things to say about her new venture.

Then we're to have chats with Lewis Sargent—who's to play "Huck Finn." Also one with— But why tell everything beforehand? We'd better leave a few surprises for the time when the next number appears.



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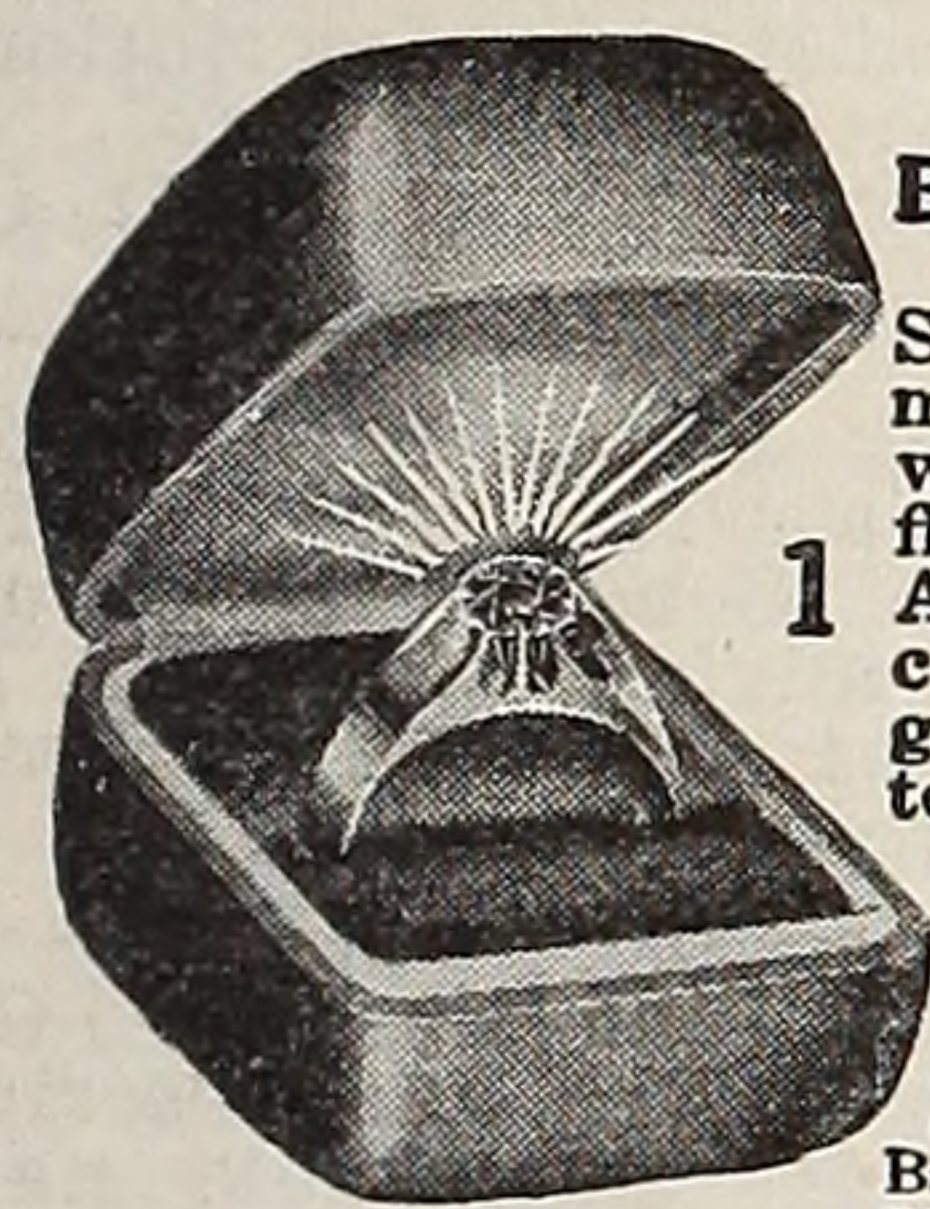
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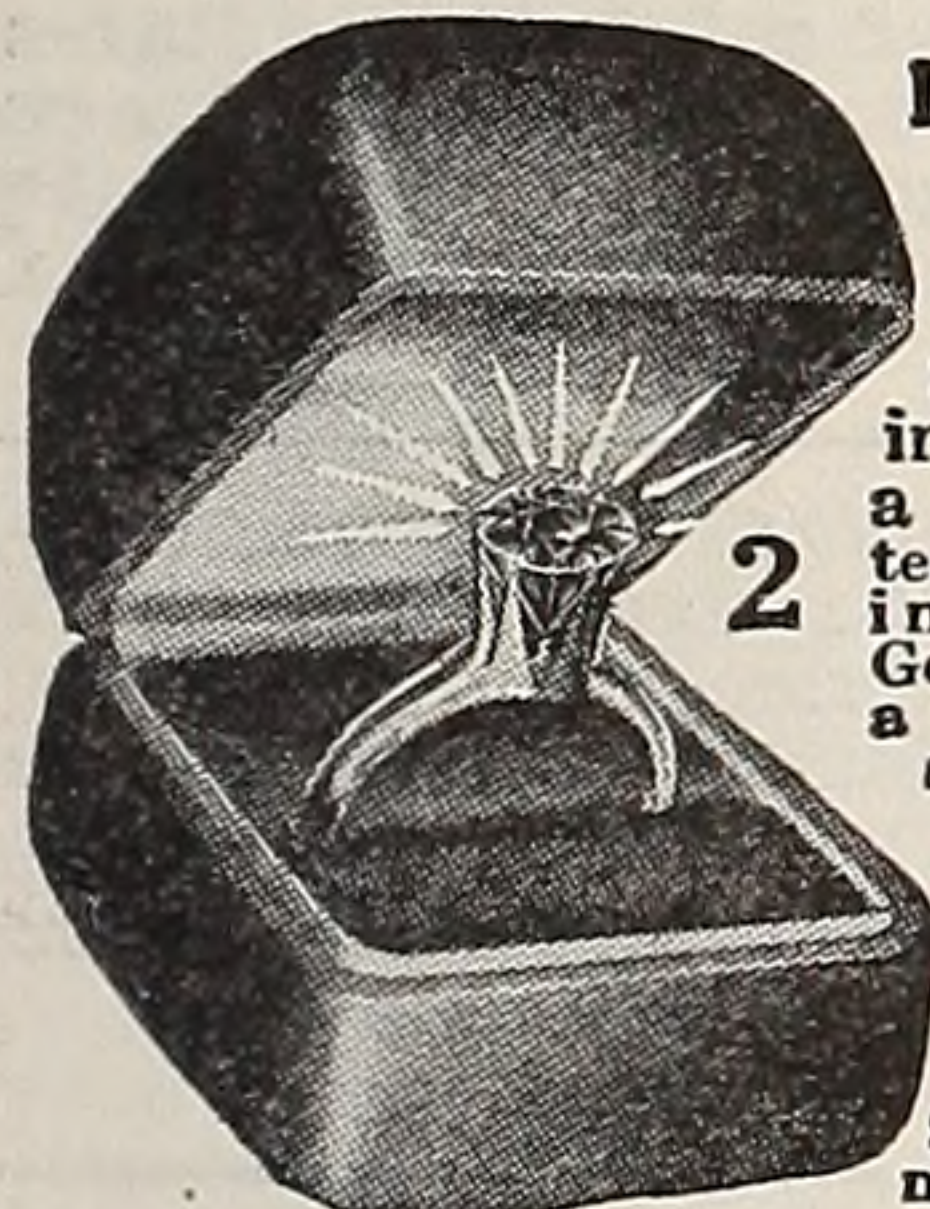
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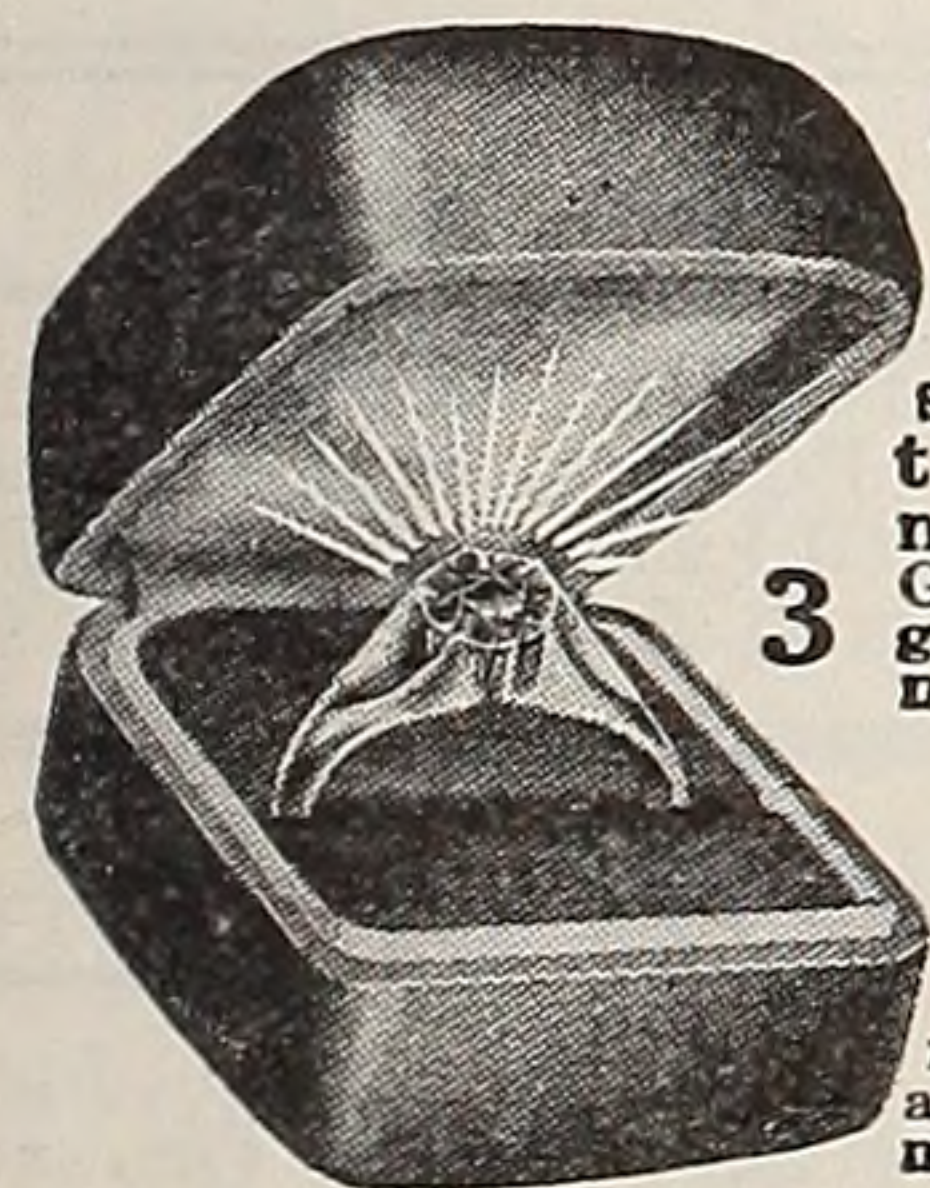
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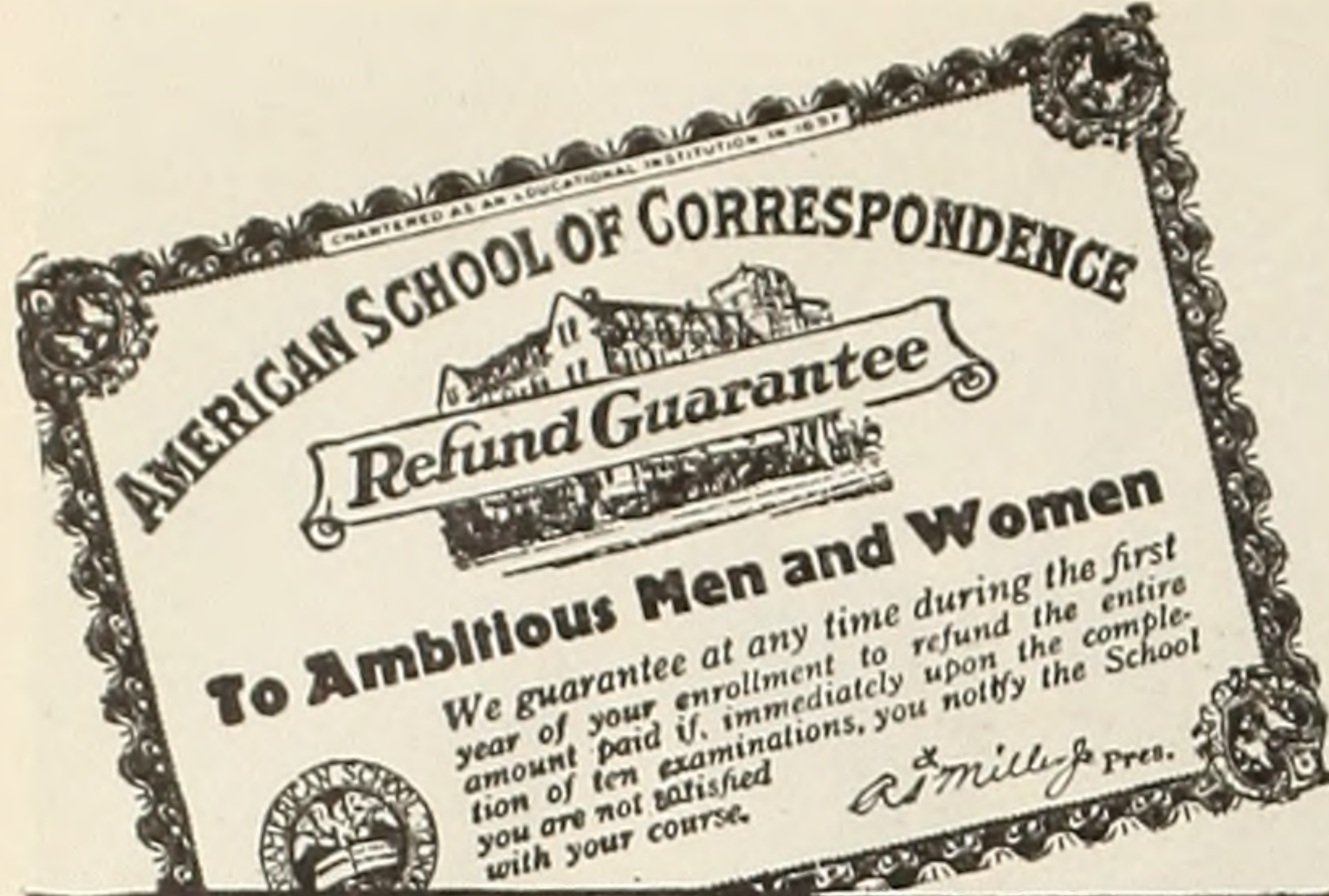
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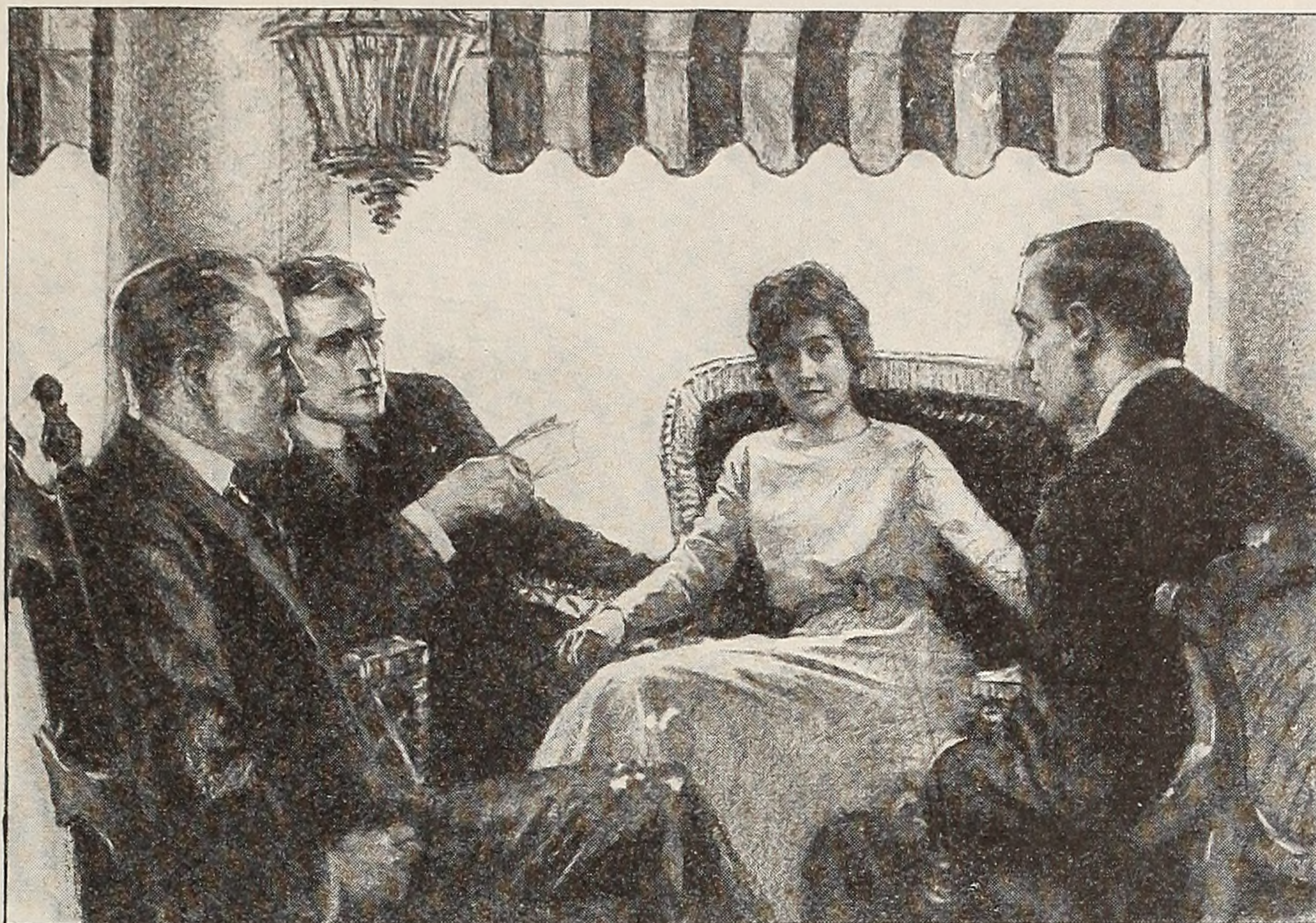
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TO WOMEN:

I know there are many, so many, among you who are struggling through life with veritable mill stones around your necks. I mean you women of all ages, married and single. You are tied by bonds of misunderstanding. You are eclipsed by the charming personalities of those who hold the secrets of attraction.

How often you communed with yourself, dear reader, in the privacy of your own little room? How often have you passed into dreamland wondering why it was that women, seemingly possessed of far less natural beauty than you, should dominate all the love, devotion and interest of people you know. You have wanted to know why success literally followed such women around, actually thrusting upon them all the desirable things that can come into a woman's life.



everybody so admires.

Overcome Your Imperfections

To you who are timid, and to you who are uncouth—and to the woman who has personal and domestic troubles, to the girl who doesn't seem to get along in either social or business life, to the woman whose every minute of life seems a continuous struggle against the coldness of the world, and to all women, I offer the secrets I have gathered and compiled in a comprehensive course of study that should prove of untold value.

Oh, girls, when will you wake up? When will you decide to come from behind your screen of misunderstanding and lack of knowledge? When will you decide to use the key to the success you crave, the secrets I am ready to tell you?

Compel Admiration

How you envy such success, and how you long for the ability to compel the admiration that others enjoy!

"Ah, me," you sigh wistfully, "why wasn't I born with the powers of attraction possessed by Helen—or Jane," or some other you know. "Why am I denied every wish of my heart?" "Oh, why, oh, why must it be?"

And then you resign yourself to what you think is the inevitable, you throw up your hands like a drowning person, not even attempting to grasp at the least straw so that you might save yourself from a drab, gray life of nonentity. And just because you don't know, because you don't understand that it is possible for you also to have a winning personality, one that will attract to you happiness and love as a magnet attracts a needle of steel.

Charming Personality

Yes, dear Friend, it is true. You can have a charming personality if you wish without any great trouble or expense, without plastering yourself with cosmetics, without making a human encyclopedia of yourself, without tedious study on so-called accomplishments, or without dressing like the Queen of Sheba.

While it is true that some are born with a natural endowment of fascination, just as some are born with a genius for painting or playing the piano, yet, as anybody can learn those arts so any one can learn the art of making herself charmingly appealing to all with whom she comes in contact.

Secrets of French Women

You ask how I know these things. I will tell you. For years I lived in Paris. You probably know of me through the magazines, how on the Rue du Foubourg St. Honoré I studied the ways to women's success until I had uncovered the wonderful secrets of the French women, until they showed me from the innermost recesses of their hearts and minds the true knowledge of their alluring charm.

There were others who came and went in the panorama of my Parisian life—women from many countries and many climes, the *blasé* woman of the world, scintillating and brilliant—the sweet, devoted little wife from the vineyards, softly magnetic and alluring. And a multitude of other types. From many, oh so many, I gradually drew the secrets of personality.

Why Women Fail

Then, too, I was able to watch others. At first I wondered why Mme. Gerard, brilliant,

learned and beautiful could not hold the love of her husband. It was a mystery to me why Miss Walker, the English girl, lovely of face and form, bewitchingly gowned, was usually an object, before wall flower at every dance she attended. And then the truth came to me, the inevitable, enduring truth that these women should have known.

And, dear reader, that truth is wonderful as a whole and yet it is but a galaxy of peculiarly valuable private knowledge.

Fascinating French Girls



Juliette Fara

Thousands of our brave American boys have taken unto themselves French wives and settled in France. *Voilà!* I exclaim in the language of dear France. There you are! Indeed, I am not surprised—for what women these French girls are! No wonder they have been able to attract the finest men on earth, knowing as they do the secrets of a winsome personality. They have, as you should have and can have, the powers of fascination for which they are known, loved and respected the wide world over.

As I have told you, I delved deeply to fathom these priceless secrets of personal attraction and back to my beloved America I came, resolved that I would do everything I could to impart to you the things I myself was privileged to learn, resolved that I would bend every effort to make American girls with their natural grace and beauty even more charming than their sisters of La Belle France.

I Have Something to Tell You!

And so I address you who know that there is a something you lack, something that you do not know. To the shy, retiring and easily embarrassed girl, I say: "Let me whisper in your ear, let me tell how you can be discreetly and charmingly audacious, fairly radiating the influence of an adorably winsome manner." And to you who are perhaps over vivacious, you whose temperament lends itself to a volubility and conspicuousness which is misunderstood. Let me show you how to tone your manners with grace and charm, transforming yourself into one who combines your natural ways with the sweetness, grace and charm

Your Age Makes No Difference

And you of more advanced age. Have you, too, hung the black crepe on your ambitions? Are you content to live with but a memory of past happiness? No! A thousand times, no! You are rich in experience, wealthy in the understanding that will bring love and success at your feet if you but know how to use it.

Do you know that there is a wondrous joy in being able to make others happy? The rewards of those who dedicate themselves to charming others are vast indeed. I would not give up this work of helping womankind for all the riches in the world. Even as I, Juliette Fara, have achieved my success, so shall you achieve yours! I know and I will tell.

A Book of Secrets

"How" is the name of a little book that I have written and which the Gentlewoman Institute has published. In it are some real secrets that I want you to have. The little book will be sent to you absolutely free postpaid and enclosed in a plain wrapper. You have only to ask for it.

Free to You

You will be truly pleased with what you learn in "HOW." It will set you thinking. It will open new vistas of happiness. Indeed, it is likely to begin a change in your whole life's career. Life will become interesting. Every day will bring its surprises. You will find delight after delight by going in the direction that my little book points. Lose no time. Either cut out the coupon or simply write a letter saying that you desire my free book. I know so well it will make you happy! Just do it—today!

Juliette Fara

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Ann Little

In "Something to Do"

Here Ann is seen disporting herself in a fancy French frock. It is a clever creation of flounces and frills. If you are wanting for "Something to Do" just conjecture the cost of feathering a film favorite.

Paramount Picture

Miss Ann Little is another famous star of the screen stage who states that she "prefers" Ingram's Milkweed Cream.



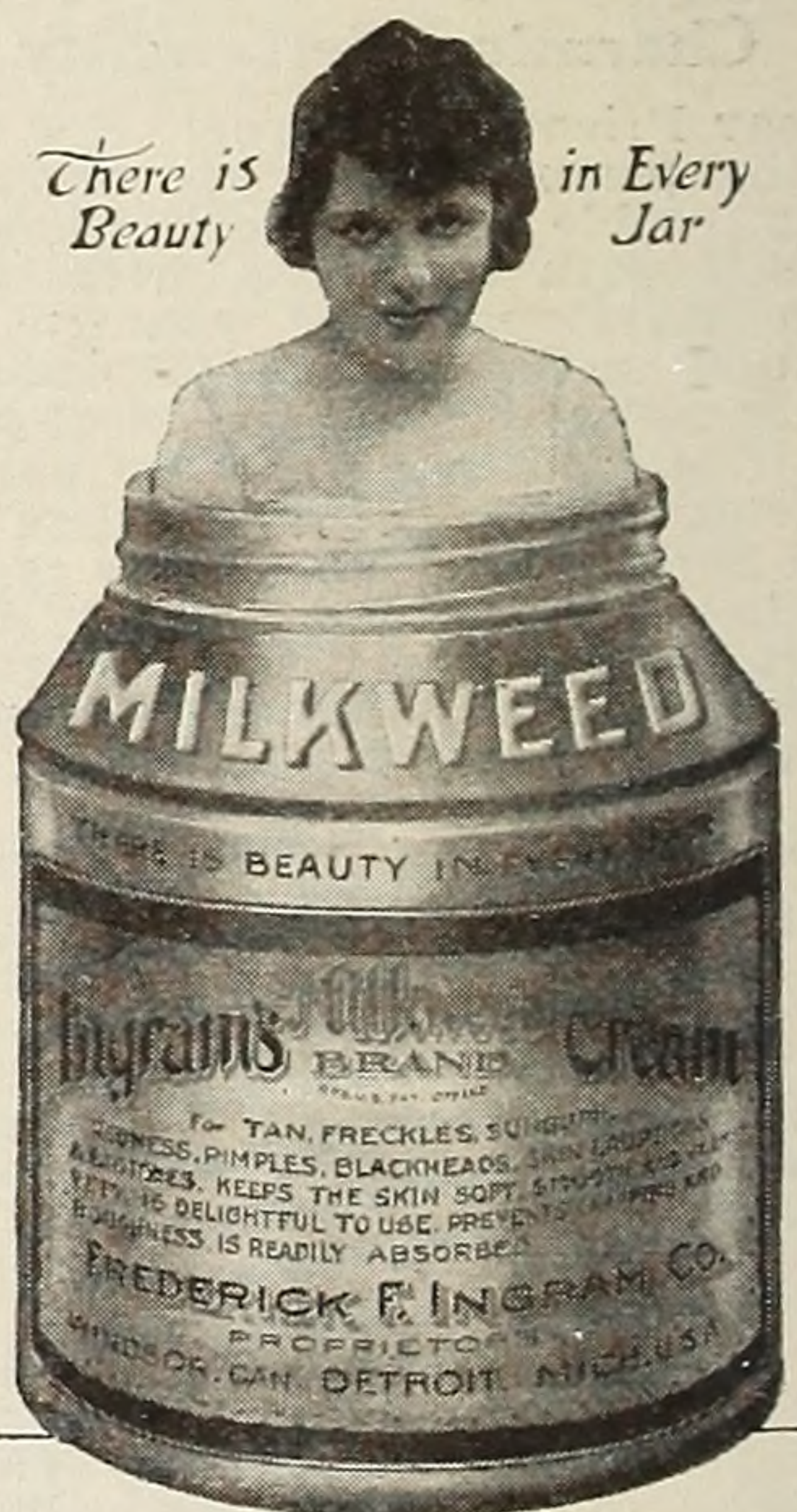
PHOTO BY EVANS

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

A clear, colorful complexion is a gift which should be jealously guarded. Many a girl has seen her delicate coloring fade and imperfections mar her charm when by a little correct care daily she might have preserved her attractiveness. Ingram's Milkweed Cream if used regularly will protect your skin and keep it soft, smooth, and healthful.

It wards off the bad effects of wind and weather. Keeps the pores thoroughly cleansed and the texture of the skin soft. Alone among all beauty aids it has a positive therapeutic quality and keeps the skin healthful. Get a jar today at your druggist's.

Buy it in either 50c or \$1.00 Size



There is Beauty in Every Jar

Ingram's Velveola Souveraine

FACE POWDER

A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that it stays on. Furthermore a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh and Brunette—50c.

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"Just to show a proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately heightening the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Delicately perfumed. Solid cake. Three shades—Light, Medium and Dark—50c.

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(192)

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"When a Feller Needs a Friend"

By C. L. Edson



OH, the old swimmin' hole! In the long lazy days
When the humdrum of school made so many runaways,
How pleasant was the journey down the old, dusty lane,
Where the tracks of our bare feet was all printed so plain;
You could tell by the dent of the heel and the sole
There was lots o' fun on hand at the old swimmin' hole.
But the lost joy is past! Let your tears in sorrow roll,
Like the rain that used to dapple up the old swimmin' hole.

SKINNY" MALLEY awoke from a dream in which a sour-faced old ogress had taken a hoe and had drained the little pond in which a pollywog

had been sporting in the cool shadows.

That pollywog was Skinny, and when the water went out of the pond it left him stranded and flapping for life on the fast-drying bottom of the pond. In his struggle for breath, Skinny pounded the sheets and threw off the bedcovers, and when he found it was only a dream and that he was a boy, on his back in bed, and not a pollywog, he felt a bit foolish.

"I know what made me dream that," he said to himself as he rubbed the slumber out of his eyes. "It's that darned old swimmin'-hole business. That giantess what drained the pond was old L. D., darn her hide! Us kids'll have to get even with that cross-eyed old maid, the old killjoy! First she queers the swimmin' hole because she can't bear to let the fellers have any real sport, and now she's plannin' to worm her way into the school. Jiminy crickets, if that old hatchet face ever gets to be our teacher—gee!"

Skinny wrinkled his freckled nose and began trying to think up some scheme by which "the fellers" could prevent old Ella Dee Sniffen—"L. D.," as they called her—from breaking up their school in the same way in which she had put the swimming "on the bum."

"Oh, Skin-nay! C'm'on over!"

The voice came faintly to the bedroom, and at the same time the heavenly odor of griddle cakes came, tickling his awakened nostrils. The voice that called was that of his chum, "Buck." But the call of the griddle cakes was stronger. "Yum-yum," said Skinny as he slid into his clothes, and, disregarding the washstand, with its water, soap, and comb, he swarmed downstairs and took his place at the table.

"It's a purty time o' day for you to be gettin' up," remarked his mother. "You're just like your father; you never would get up if I didn't bait you outa bed with the smell o' pancakes."

"Oh, ma," said Skinny, blarneying his mother with compliments, "you make the *bestest* pancakes!"

"Well, never mind your soft soap, young man. If

Narrated from the first two of a series of two-reel comedies based on Claire Briggs' famous cartoons produced by the Briggs Pictures, Inc., and released by Paramount.

you'd use it on your neck an' ears oftener, and not so much on me, you'd be a better-lookin' specimen. I'll warrant you haven't touched water this morning. No—why, you haven't! Before you eat another bite you go and give that face of yours a good scrubbing. Now don't forget your neck and ears. And say; do you know what a comb is for? Your hair looks like rats had made nests in it."

"O h, Skin-nay! Y'up yet?"
The voice of the

chum again. Skinny finished his breakfast with a couple of ostrich gulps and started for the door while his

mother's back was turned. But she wheeled and caught him by the arm. "Hold on, young man. What did I say about washin' yourself?" She gently flung him toward the kitchen sink. The lad drew some water in the basin, dipped his fingers in it, gave his face a "lick and a dab," ran his fingers through his hair, and called it a clean-up. Clapping his cap on, he started again for the door. But his mother tackled him again and led him by the ear back to the kitchen sink. It was worse than a cleaning that he got this time; it was a slaughter. She bored into his ears like a well digger; she scrubbed his neck like a plumber wiping a joint; she got more soap in his eye than a barber could cram lather in a giant's mouth, and when she combed his mane she went over his head like a hay tedder.

"I'll make you fit to be seen," his mother declared. "You've been running around here like a wild Indian long enough. New neighbors are moving in next door and they're high-toned people; I don't want them to get the opinion from seein' you that we're a lot of Hot-tentots ourselves."

"Oh, ma, let me go!" pleaded Skinny. "Buck's been waitin' for me half an hour."

"All right; there you are. But Buck can wait; you're with him all the time. Go in the parlor and meet Amos Glassen; he has come to call on you."



"Wait a minute," Skinny answered. "I got somethin' to talk about."

"He ain't after me; he's after sis. I hate that prune."

But his mother shoved him toward the parlor. So Skinny went into the "best room," where young Amos was looking over the family portrait album with Skinny's sister, Mary. Amos was a year or two older than Skinny and was badly smitten with a case of calf love. He had a job as soda squirt in the drug store, but as he worked late every night he was able occasionally to pay an early morning call.

When Skinny eased into the parlor he gave Amos a freezing stare, and then remarked in bloodcurdling tones:

"Amos, you chicken-livered lummux, I'm after you, d'ye know that? I'm after you; the gang's after you!"

"W-wh-what have I done?" stammered Amos.

"You caused the swimmin' hole to be closed down."

"Didn't do no such thing."

"Don't contradict me or I'll give you a bust on the nose."

"I—I—didn't have nothin' to do with closin' down the swimmin' hole. The board of health done it."

"Yes; but who's the board of health? A lot of your relations! You was the cause of it all; you told that

long-nosed old-maid cousin of yours where the swimmin' hole was, and she claimed she could see the boys with opry glasses, an' it shocked her modesty, so she got an ordinance passed makin' us wear bathin' trunks."

"Well, that's all right, ain't it?"

"Yes; the gang didn't kick about that, although it ain't a real swimmin' hole when you got to wear bathin' suits. Then you had to go and get the hives or the seven-year itch or somethin'. You et so much candy and ice-cream sody that's what give you the itch, my pa says, but old L. D., with her opry glasses, blamed it on the swimmin' hole. She said she could see millions of germs in it, so your relatives on the board of health closed up the swimmin'. That's only one of the hundreds of things I know about you. You're a cowardly calf and you're crooked. You're cousin L. D.'s crooked. Your Uncle Deacon Sniffen is crooked. Your pa's crooked; I seen him cheat my pa at checkers twice. If I catch him again I'm goin' to say so, even if he is an elder in the church and the boss of this town. And to show you I mean business I'm going to make you say 'Uncle.'"

Skinny threw himself on the cowering Amos, and, catching his wrist in a firm grip, he suddenly twisted it terribly. Amos flopped to the floor and squealed in agony.

"Say yer prayers!" commanded Skinny through set teeth. "I'm your uncle, ain't I? Say 'Uncle,' you son of a gun; say 'Uncle'!"

When the weeping Amos had "said his prayers," Skinny released his hold and bounded out of doors to look for his faithful comrade, Marvin Buckhalter, otherwise "Buck," who, he thought, would be waiting.

The Malley yard was one of those ample, old-fashioned yards that are as big as a city park. The square frame house was set well back on the broad lawn, and two grand old pine trees towered there among the lesser trees and gave the place the air of a real woodland. The picket fence had stood there for many years, and the grass and weeds grew up about it and the woodbine trailed among the pickets. Skinny picked up his little dog and hugged him to his breast while he scanned the horizon, looking for Buck and waiting for him to call again his invitation to "c'm'on over."

But Buck was not in his accustomed haunts. Skinny turned and looked back at his own house. His father and mother showed their faces in the window. They were watching something with great interest. The lad followed the direction of their gaze. They were sizing up the new neighbors who were moving in. "New neighbors. Oh, joy!" thought Skinny. "I wonder if they've got any boys? If they have I'll bet there'll have to be some fights. Maybe there'll be a pitcher among 'em. We need a good left-handed pitcher."

Buck and all the fellows were lined up about the van, inspecting the household goods as they were unloaded. Buck looked up and saw his chum. "C'm'on Skinny," he cried; "run like anything!"

"You come over here," replied Skinny. "I've got som'thin' to tell you."

Buck and one of the other boys reluctantly detached themselves from the crowd of kids watching the moving and came to Skinny in front of his own house.

"C'm'on, Skinny," said Buck, laying a hand on his arm.

"Wait a minute," Skinny answered. "I got somethin' to talk about. I've started somethin'. I just punched the face of Amos Glassen. I told him what fer before I smashed him. That'll mean trouble fer the gang when school starts this fall."

"Trouble nothing!" declared Buck. "Who's afraid of that sissy? He wouldn't fight nobody."

"It ain't fightin' we've got to be afraid of," Skinny explained. "It's the dirty work his relatives'll do. I bawled out the whole bunch of 'em."

"That's right; his uncle's on the school board," admitted Buck. "What do you suppose he'll do?"

"I know what he's plannin' to do. I overheard him talkin' to that cross-eyed niece of his. Yessir; the old deacon is schemin' to get our teacher out and get old L. D. into her place."

"Jiminy crickets! That old cat! Say, fellers! That old woman put the swimmin' hole on the bum and had the marshal chase us for playing baseball on a Sunday. If she gets to be teacher— Gee, I'd leave home before I'd go to school to that old battle-ax!"

"We've got to get the kids all lined up," Skinny warned, "'cause if we don't watch out they're goin' to do it, and we'll wake up to find old L. D. at the teacher's desk. These new neighbors' boys—we want to get them lined up with our gang. Who are these people, anyway?"

"Name's Cullen; he's the county judge."

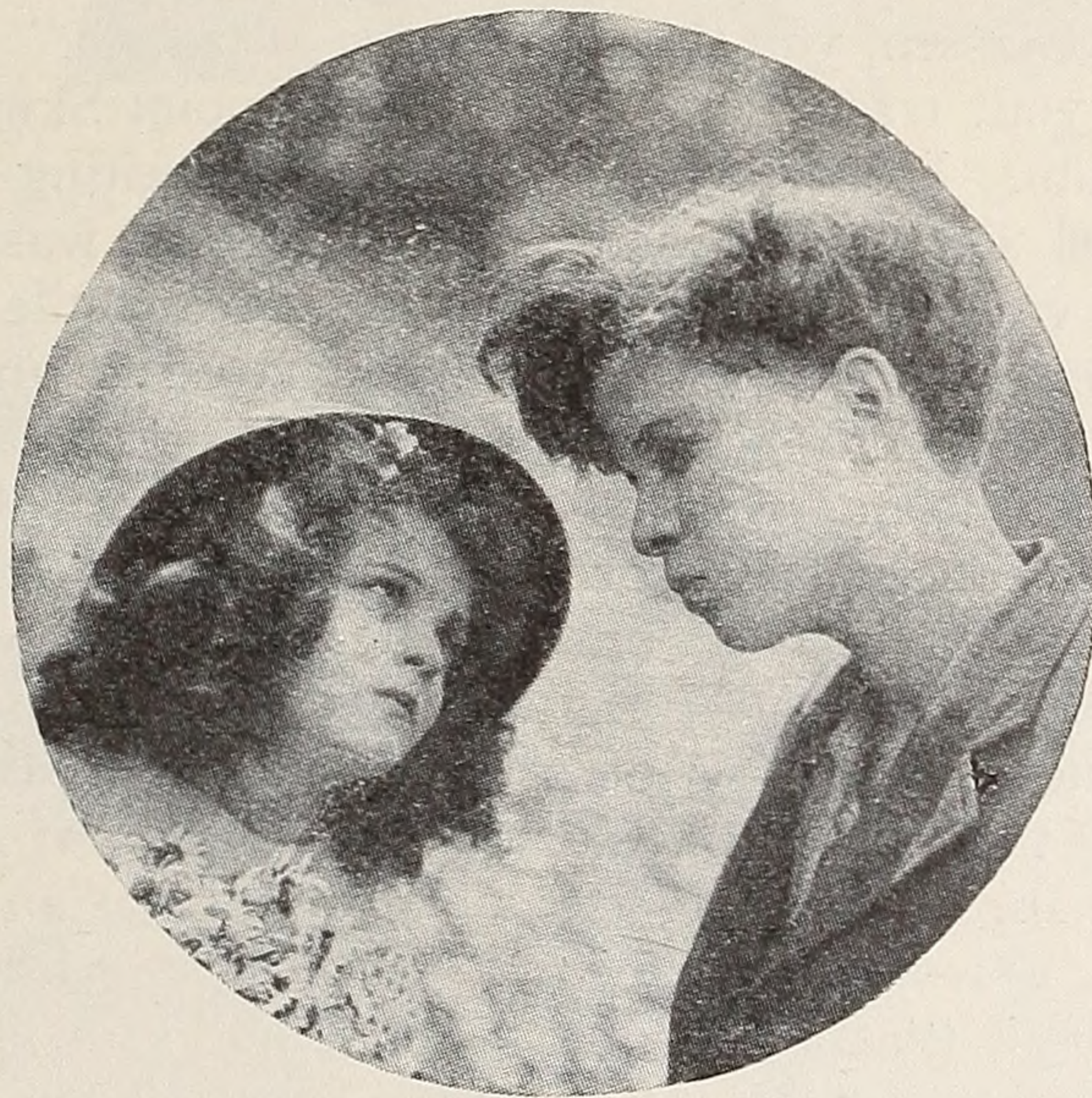
"Goodie!" cried Skinny. "He'll have more influence than all of Amos' relatives. We must be sure and get his boys in our gang, and then they'll be against old L. D. for school-teacher."

But there were no boys in the new neighbor's family. Only a girl. But what a girl she was! Skinny looked into her bashful eyes; he gazed at her curling lips, her head of flaxen hair. And Skinny's heart collapsed within him; he surrendered at the first sigh.

Love! It is a marvelous thing. And it had come for the first time

to Skinny. Now he knew how Amos felt when he was making sheep's eyes at Skinny's sister. Amos was the all-round puppy lover of the town. "He'll be after her as soon as he sees her," thought Skinny, "but I'll beat him."

Skinny went home and robbed his bank; flew to the drug store which kept the only first-class bonbons in town, and invested ten cents. The hated Amos was the clerk that had to serve the bonbons to the lad who had so recently given his wrist a twist that he still remembered. Skinny tried to keep one eye on her yard and the other on the scales when Amos weighed out the candy, but she came out into her yard and sat



Skinny surrendered at the first sigh.

down under a tree, and poor Skinny watched her so undividedly that he didn't know whether Amos gave him short weight or not.

Things were moving fast in Skinny's romance. Within an hour after he met her he had fed her his whole fortune in bonbons. Granted, that fortune was only ten cents, which wouldn't buy enough sweets to kill a princess or even make her seriously ill.

Ah, there's the rub!—as Shakespeare says—for she did fall ill, seriously ill after eating the first bonbon. She was taken with pain, and fell, screaming and writhing, on the lawn. Skinny was paralyzed with amazement.

The little girl's screams brought her mother.

"Poisoned!"

The mother picked up the girl and ran for the doctor. Skinny was panic-stricken; he realized that Amos had tried another of his vile tricks; the whole family was crooked. He should have known that Amos would poison the candy to get even.

"If she dies," Skinny solemnly vowed, "I'm gonna dedicate my life to revenge on that villain. I'll foller him to the ends of the earth. Amos Glassen, you think you have outwitted me. But I'm on your track."

But Amos indeed had outwitted him. It was April-fool candy that the crafty and cruel soda squirt had palmed off on Skinny. So the girl was not poisoned, as the doctor soon discovered. She merely had a mouthful of chocolate caramel that was filled with pepper, soft soap, and alkali. "But she might just as well be dead," Skinny mused, "as far as I'm concerned. For I'm everlastingly done for. She thinks I done it on purpose, and her folks thinks I done it."

And Skinny's pa thought he "done it." So his pa selected a barrel stave, and, pointing to the woodshed, he said: "March in there, young man. I'm going to tan your dog's hide until you'll think a swarm o' bumblebees has lit on you. I never thought that a boy of mine would do a dirty trick like that to a nice little girl."

So Skinny took his beating. There was no use trying to explain; not a soul would have believed him. Even Buck and "the fellers" thought him guilty. Skinny had learned that a friend in need is a friend indeed, and that the very time when "a feller needs a friend" is the very time when he hasn't got a friend in the world.

The rest of the vacation was a sad one for Skinny; the girl wouldn't look at him. When by chance he caught her eye she always pouted out her mouth scornfully and looked the other way. Skinny was hopelessly out of the running.

And then came school. And the plot to oust the good teacher and put in the terrible old Ella Dee. If

that enemy of boy life should get into the school that would indeed be the end of the world. If only he could warn Her of Deacon Sniffin's plot, and what an ignorant, intolerant, and altogether terrible creature old Ella Dee Sniffin was, then she could warn her father, the judge. But, alas, she wouldn't let Skinny speak to her.

And now the school "exhibition" was on. The school board was present to see for themselves whether the scholars were being properly taught. Old Deacon Sniffin sat at the head of them and took it upon himself to boss the show. Skinny was up "recitin' a piece," and he got so mad he couldn't remember his lines. All he knew was that another trick was about to be put over on him and the rest of the school, and that he was powerless to prevent it.

"That's no good," growled the deacon when Skinny failed in his recitation. "If

the hull class is like that they need a new teacher. We're payin' good money for a teacher to learn 'em somethin'. I contend that she ain't learned 'em nothin'. Miss Jones, leave the room. I'll call in my niece, Ella, and she'll examine the scholars and see if we don't need a radical change all round."

At this point Skinny resolved on something desperate. He started writing a note to Her. He would lay bare the thing that was eating at his heart like a canker worm. Meanwhile the smirking, hatchet-faced old L. D. had come in and taken charge of the room. The hearts of the scholars sunk; they were terrorized; they were in despair. All but Her. The new girl did not know what a whining, scheming killjoy the prospective teacher was. So when Ella Dee rapidly wrote out a long problem on the blackboard and screeched: "Give the answer right away!" the class was hoodooed from the start. Skinny kept his head by sheer will power and worked out an answer.

"Sixty-four," he shouted.

"Wrong," said the deacon, and he pointed to several other boys. They all had the same answer, but if it was wrong there was no use giving it again. So they began guessing. "Twenty-three!" "Eighteen!" "One hundred and forty-four."

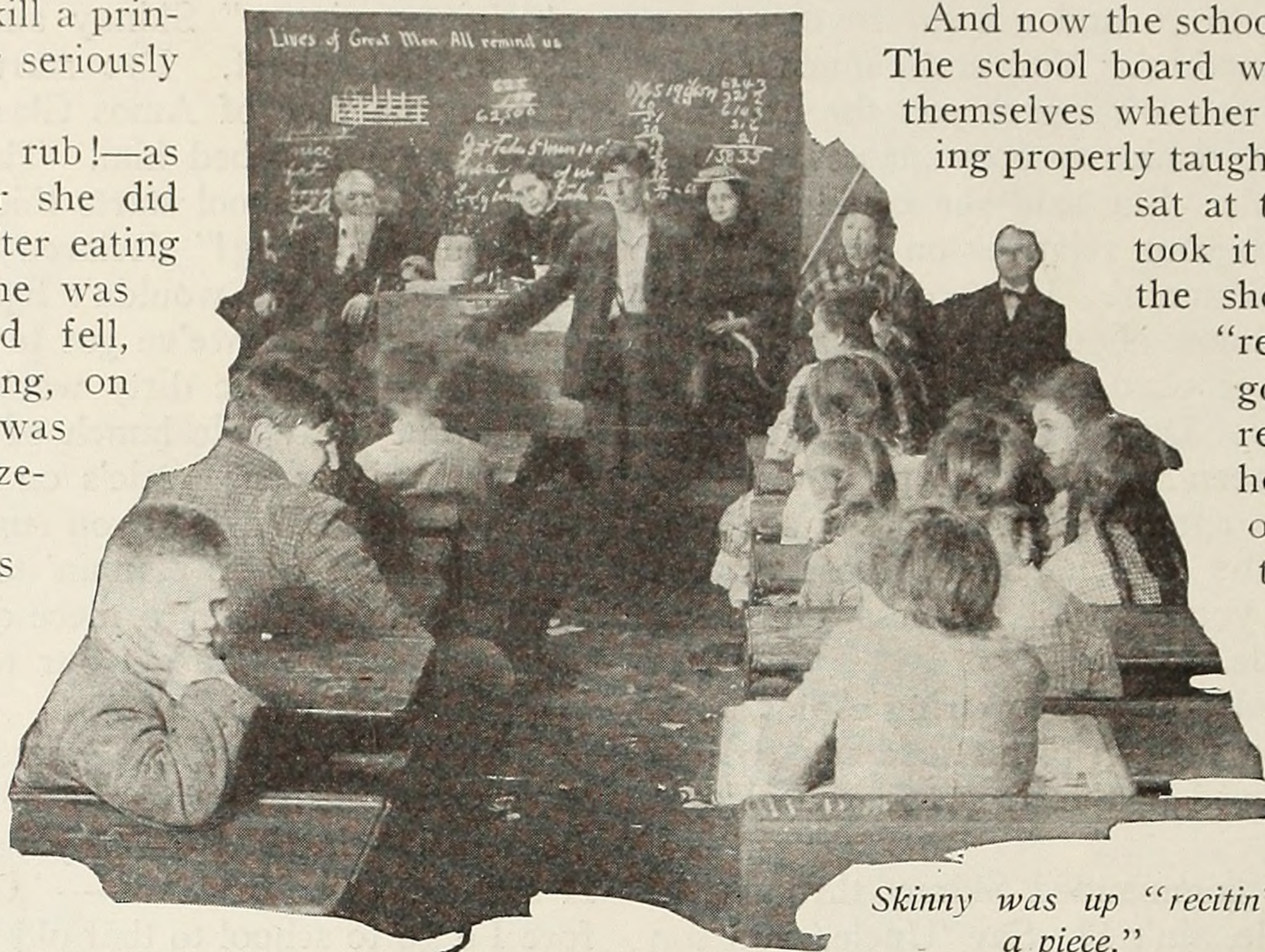
"You're all different, and you're all wrong," declared the deacon triumphantly. "It proves what I said; they don't know nothin'. They need a new teacher." Then he turned deferentially to his niece and said:

"Tell 'em the right answer, Ella."

"The right answer is fifty," declared Ella Dee.

"No, teacher," came a sweet young voice; "you're wrong and Wilbur Malley is right. The answer is sixty-four; I've worked it backward and forward and it proves. I can bring up my slate and show you."

Continued on page 102



Meet Captain Dorothy

By Lee Reiner

ALL the old sea dogs around the harbors near Los Angeles, and especially at Long Beach, where she keeps her boat, know Dorothy Phillips, and hey're proud of her, too. In his inmost heart every last one of them is convinced that it was he who taught her to run her speedy little motor boat—no matter how insignificant is the detail on which he gave her advice.

"They all give me pointers," said Dorothy as she inspected her engine and prepared to dash out into the Pacific. "And even though I know what they're trying to teach me as well as they do I always listen hard and pretend I learned it from them." And then she went scooting out of the harbor, with her husband and me cheering her on from the dock, and the old salts giving us all sorts of information about what a good sailor she is.

"I'll back 'em up on that all right," declared Holubar as we sat down to await her return. "She's so nautical that the front porch is now known as 'the fo'c's'le,' and the other day when I asked her what had become of a scenario we'd been reading and she told me I'd find it 'amidships,' it took me ten minutes to figure out that that meant the library. Her salt-water vocabulary is quite beyond a mere landlubber's comprehension."

But, despite his protestations, I could

tell from the twinkle in his eye that he's proud of her nautical prowess.



Mud—Mud—Mud!

Knee-deep, and the rain beating in torrents; that was the setting which two girls found they would have to work in when they took jobs as extras. And this is a full account of their experiences.

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

ILLUSTRATED BY
CHARLES F. JAEGER

“WHAT’S that noise?” demanded Ethel from the East, clutching me wildly by the arm.

I didn’t dare admit that I didn’t know and that it made my heart leap as much as it did hers, so I just looked up and down the little Alaskan street, with its two rows of flimsy houses, and said vaguely: “What noise?”

“That awful booming whir; it sounds exactly like

the beating of vultures’ wings.” Her teeth chattered as she indulged in this flight of fancy. “It’s— Oh, look at the rain!”

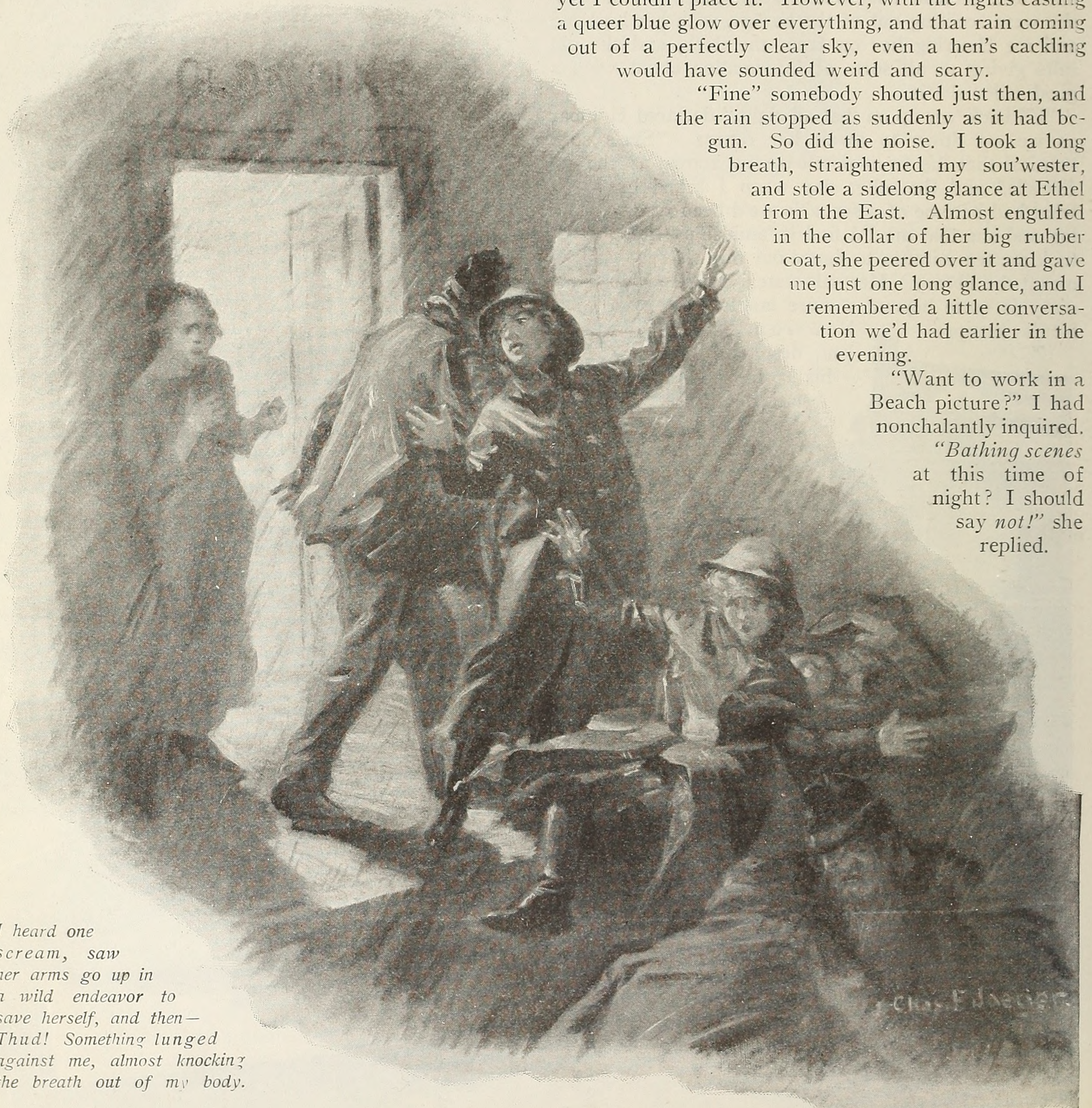
For suddenly, not two feet away from us, heavy, pounding rain began to pour down—the kind of rain that hits the ground so hard that it splashes up again and slaps you in the face. And all the time that ghastly sound kept up. Somehow it sounded familiar to me, yet I couldn’t place it. However, with the lights casting a queer blue glow over everything, and that rain coming out of a perfectly clear sky, even a hen’s cackling would have sounded weird and scary.

“Fine” somebody shouted just then, and the rain stopped as suddenly as it had begun. So did the noise. I took a long breath, straightened my sou’wester, and stole a sidelong glance at Ethel from the East. Almost engulfed in the collar of her big rubber coat, she peered over it and gave me just one long glance, and I remembered a little conversation we’d had earlier in the evening.

“Want to work in a Beach picture?” I had nonchalantly inquired.

“*Bathing scenes* at this time of night? I should say *not!*” she replied.

*I heard one
scream, saw
her arms go up in
a wild endeavor to
save herself, and then—
Thud! Something lunged
against me, almost knockin’
the breath out of my body.*



CHARLES F. JAEGER

"No, I said Beach—not beach; Alaskan atmosphere, you know; a story by Rex Beach. Probably it'll be dance-hall stuff—heaps of fun." Thus glowingly did I lure her on. "You'd better come." How I wished now that I hadn't been so urgent. But, murmuring something about the folly of trying to get Alaskan atmosphere on a California beach in the middle of the night—it was then eight o'clock—Ethel had donned hat and coat and started with me for Culver City and the Goldwyn Studio, and now it was too late to indulge a premonition that I'd been overenthusiastic.

For, when we left the moonlit California night, with its scent of orange blossoms behind us, it was not to don dance-hall costumes, but slickers and sou'westers and rubber boots that were knee-high. Looking down at our costumes as the rain ceased, I glanced from them to the sea of mud that filled the little street, and my heart skipped a beat. Somehow there was an ominous significance about that combination.

That mud was about knee-deep, and it was the squashy, slathery kind of mud, like too-thick soup or too-thin fudge, that slushes up and down in your shoe and bubbles and seethes every time you take a step in it. It would have been a porcine heaven for a tribe of pigs, or a Nirvana for a swarm of alligators. It was the orneriest-looking mud that I've ever glimpsed, and the thought that we might have to do more than look at it made little chills go up and down my spine in quavering arpeggios.

"Oh, there it is again!" Ethel from the East huddled closer to me as the weird "Bo-o-om, bo-o-oom" began once more. But by this time I'd gained possession of my wits, and knew that sound for what it was—the whirring of the aeroplane propellers that are part of a rain machine. And, sure enough, overhead there were six long pipes, drilled full of holes, and laid from a high platform over to the roof of the saloon set just across the street from us. Water was supplied by a long hose, and the propellers, mounted on the platform from which the pipes were laid, supplied the wind that drove the rain in great sheets into that sea of mud, churning it into a seething mass. The Klieg lights, placed behind the saloon, illumined the scene with a spooky, flickering light which gave a dismal effect to the whole street. And, standing just out of range of that cataract of water, Ethel from the East and I surveyed the rain machine with interest well mixed with ap-

prehension—much the way one looks at a dentist's tools.

I began trying to recall what I'd been told about this picture that was in the making, "The Girl from Outside," and I remembered that a big feature was a spectacular fight in the mud between the bad men of a town, who were trying to rob the safe in the heroine's hotel, and her champions. I began to wonder what they do to an extra who renigs—and what my chances were of escaping—when Reginald Barker, the director, shouted "All right!" the trials of the rain machine ceased, and he climbed up on the camera platform and devoted his attention to us.

"There are the principals, up on the platform with him," I explained to Ethel from the East, who is an animated question mark. "That's Clara Horton, who plays *June*, the heroine, and Walter MacNamara—he's the *Mud Lark*, somebody said—" I was sorry I'd mentioned that; the fact that such a rôle was needed didn't make our future any brighter. I hurried on. "And there's Hal Cooley—yes, the leading man—evidently he isn't going to be in this; he's got on regular California clothes. Oh, don't you envy him!"

Ethel from the East intimated that she'd never envied anybody so much before in all her life, and then turned her attention to the groups of burly fishermen and miners, carrying picks and shovels, who stood all about us, while Barker gave them instructions.

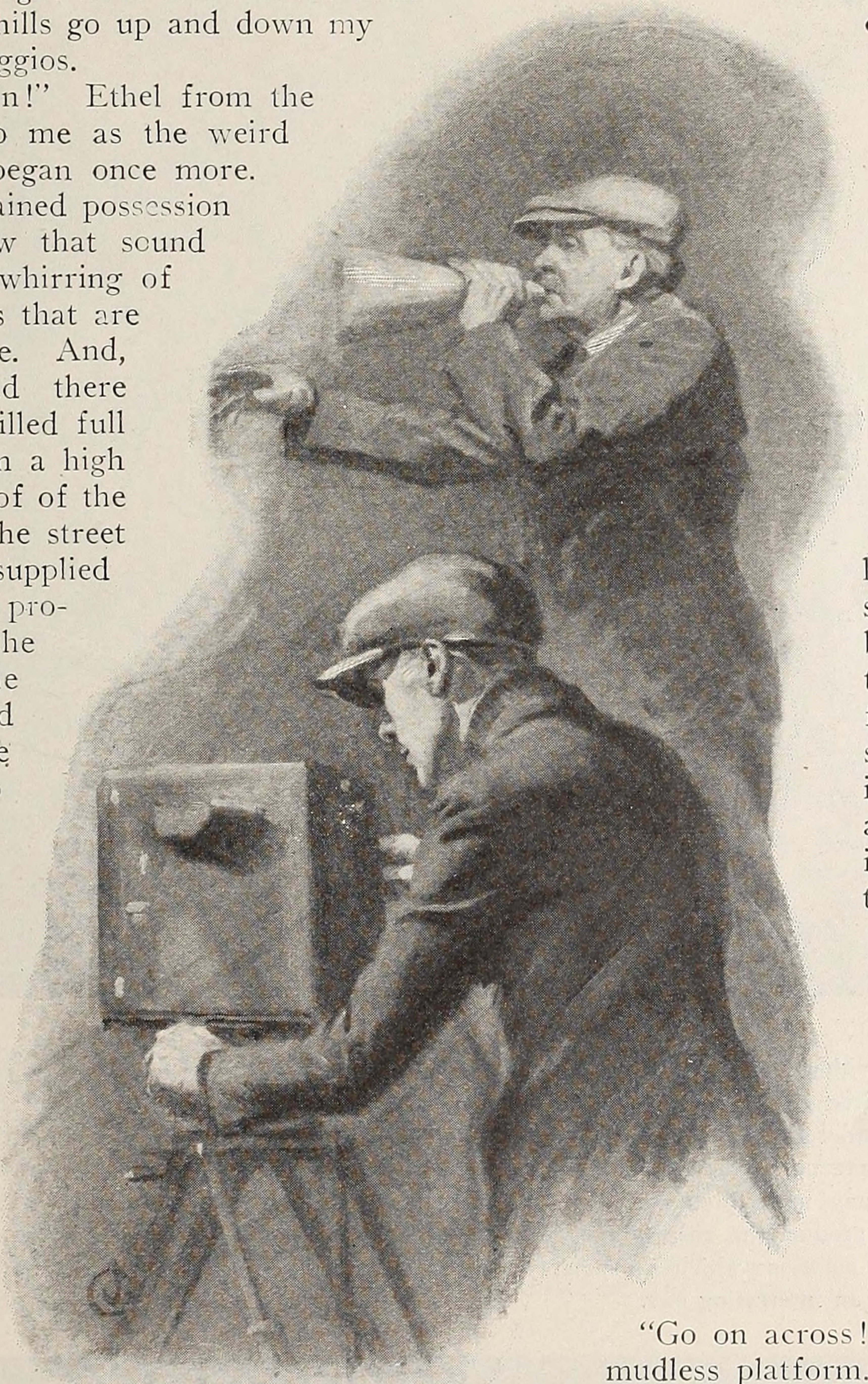
"And now here's what you do." He fixed Ethel and me with his eyes. "You're miners' wives, living at the hotel, and you cross the street and walk past the saloon as if you were on your way home. Just walk along rather fast—"

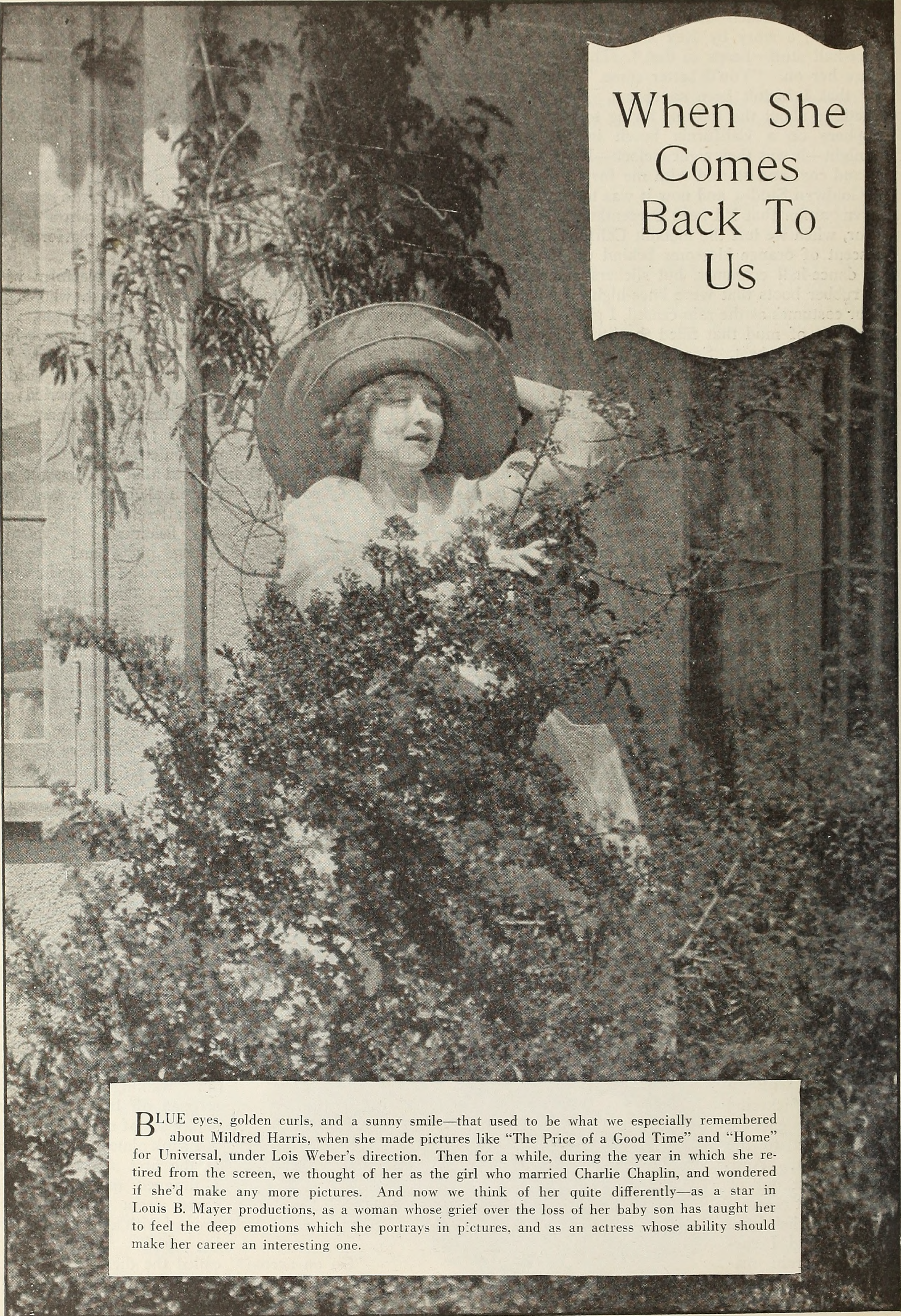
Rather fast, through that sea of mud! Wildly I looked down the long, narrow street, with its crude frame buildings and its cook tent at the end, with a real stove going full blast. How I longed to scoot down there and sit beside it! But everybody was looking at us, and Barker was shouting "Ready!" So I shuddered to the edge of the teetery sidewalk, shut my eyes, clutched Ethel's arm, and, like a victim walking the plank, stepped off into that slimy, slinky sea of mud.

I sank almost to my knees at the first step, and when I dragged my foot up it came from miles underground with a horrible, sucking sound.

"Go on across!" called the director from his mudless platform. "Put a little speed into it."

Continued on page 80





When She
Comes
Back To
Us

BLUE eyes, golden curls, and a sunny smile—that used to be what we especially remembered about Mildred Harris, when she made pictures like “The Price of a Good Time” and “Home” for Universal, under Lois Weber’s direction. Then for a while, during the year in which she retired from the screen, we thought of her as the girl who married Charlie Chaplin, and wondered if she’d make any more pictures. And now we think of her quite differently—as a star in Louis B. Mayer productions, as a woman whose grief over the loss of her baby son has taught her to feel the deep emotions which she portrays in pictures, and as an actress whose ability should make her career an interesting one.



ALICE BRADY

wouldn't get into a rut for worlds. So, having changed her name not long ago, she signed the new one—ending in Crane—to a contract with the Realart Film Corporation, as soon as Select's claim on her services had expired.



©

LOU-TELLEGEN,

though Geraldine Farrar is his wife, can't join the "Only Their Husbands" club. Playing with Sarah Bernhardt and starring in "Blind Youth" won him laurels on the stage, and he's winning others in "The Golden Song," a Farrar picture.



CHARLES RAY

has been receiving more praise of late for his work on the screen than any other male star, according to our friend, The Observer. For that reason we print his photograph and mention, in passing, that two of his pictures scheduled for fall release are "The Egg Crate Wallop" and "Whispering Jim."



ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

DOROTHY PHILLIPS

recently finished "The Right to Happiness," and began another picture before the scenario department had time to find a suitable title for it. Having one's husband and director the same man does tend toward efficiency, doesn't it!



DOROTHY GREEN

is starring in World pictures—which is significant to those who know that three years ago, a disgusted extra, she left the World Studio vowing that she'd come back some day as a star—and that now she's done it.



Campbell Studios
530 FIFTH AVE., N.Y.

ANNE LUTHER

was really surprised to find herself alive when the last episode of "The Great Gamble" was filmed—and now she's catching her breath and trying to decide what she'll do next. Serials make plain life seem so stupid!



MARGUERITE DE LA MOTTE

has a past that includes a California girlhood, and stage dancing as a profession. Her present embraces leading rôles with H. B. Warner and William Desmond, and her future looks as bright as the aureole of her hair.



BEBE DANIELS

has leaped from Harold Lloyd comedies into the very midst of the big De Mille production, "The Admirable Crichton," in which she appears as the king's favorite in a Babylonian court scene, wearing costumes that are—well, Babylonian.

“Sure-Fire Stuff”

That is the name given by the directors to situations which they know will produce laughter or tears. This article reviews some of these recipes for producing emotions “to order.”

By Peter Milne

ONE of the first things that a young housewife-to-be is taught in the domestic-science courses—so I am told—is that we taste some foods and smell others; that it is a combination of a certain article of food with certain seasonings which produces the delicious sensation upon the combined organs of taste and smell. Thus, if I understand this principle correctly, a mess of cooked cheese presents a dish of but, to say the least, mild satisfaction to the epicure, whereas properly seasoned with the secret condiments known to the chef, it becomes a Welsh rabbit, enchantingly appetizing and toothsome. Beefsteak is not tempting without salt to the majority of folk, and it is flat when one has a cold. But with salt, a dash of chutney or pickle, and with the nose functioning properly, so that the fumes may be inhaled as well as the substance devoured, beefsteak is an alluring *pièce de resistance* to any meal, and one which restaurateurs sell at prices greatly in excess of its real value because of its allurements.

There is a similar principle involved in the making of motion pictures. The situation, for example, of the miserable wife humbling herself before the vampire and imploring her to release her husband produces not the slightest effect on the emotions when stated as a cold, bare proposition. But given a certain amount of plot development, characterization, contrast, et cetera, this situation is one which creates a big appeal and which is absolutely sure to set the lacteal ducts to working. It has been used in hundreds of pictures. It will be used hundreds of times more.

And the producers, from long experience and observation, know this. They know it about the wife

and the vampire, and they know it about a few score of other situations, all of which are card catalogued and indexed in their minds as “sure-fire stuff”—some intended to draw tears, others to make the muscles tense and the breath come fast, and still others to produce convulsive laughter.

Now you might not always recognize these old situations on the screen because of the clever seasoning on the part of the continuity writer and the director, just as the skillful chef can disguise a really plebeian cut of beef and make it appear to be something quite new and rare. But the trained eye recognizes them, and doubtless you will, too, if we lay bare, in outline, a list of them, such as I have compiled with the assistance of some successful directors. Let us, therefore, first look into the dramatic and melodramatic field and enumerate some of the “old reliables.” Each one will doubtless suggest a half dozen plays you have seen at least.

1. The situation in which the ex-robber, on the eve of his complete reformation, is forced to turn one last trick against the law to save his sweetheart's mother by an operation.

Used extensively in the “crook” photo play.

2. The middle-aged man who loves his young ward and who gracefully and tearfully recedes from her presence when he believes her to be in love with a man of her own age. He is overjoyed when the girl throws her arms around his neck and insists that he marry her.

3. The woman who, betrayed by one man, vows vengeance on all males, only to find herself in love with a contemplated victim, with the result that a clash between vow and love ensues, the latter always conquering.



The middle-aged man who loves his young ward and who gracefully and tearfully recedes from her presence when he believes her to be in love with a man of her own age. This was used effectively in “The Test of Honor,” with John Barrymore.



Charles Ray,
in a variation
of situation No. 4.

Geraldine Farrar in the well-known Alaska setting.

4. The road-house scene wherein the villain locks the door and attacks the girl. This is punctuated by flashes of the hero dashing to the rescue. The road house often becomes any other locality, such as the abandoned chateau in war pictures. Griffith loves this situation.

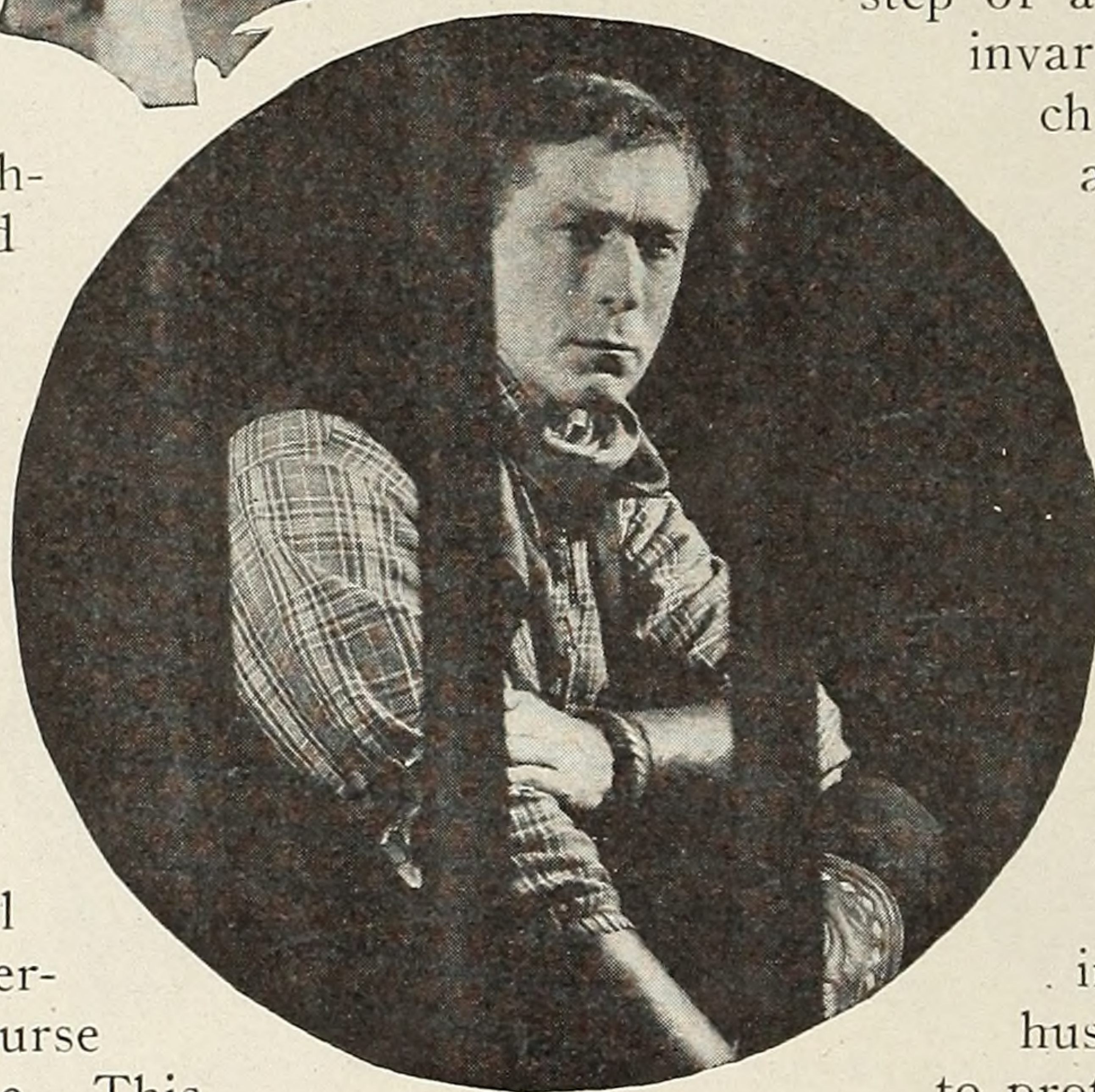
5. The honest young officeholder fighting crooked politics. Favored by all producing companies when no other scenario is procurable.

6. The innocent man on trial for murder, refusing to exonerate himself because such a course will besmirch a woman's name. This situation is usually supplemented by the woman's own confession because of her love for the man.

7. The scene in which the wife or sweetheart encounters the man with the vampire's arms about his neck. She always arrives just as the man is struggling to free himself and misinterprets the situation.

8. The innocent girl, penniless, turning to the streets that she may live. The first man she accosts almost invariably proves the hero, who is amazed and philanthropical.

9. The actress or cabaret girl who married a big-hearted Westerner, becomes bored by the monotony of her new existence, contemplates elopement with the villain, and is saved at the last moment by discovering the true worth and bigness of her husband.



Bill Hart, as the
man falsely accused
and jailed.

10. The poor mother leaving her baby on the doorstep of a mansion. In later years the mother invariably hovers in the offing, watching her child, now grown, get entangled in an affair similar to that which caused her own downfall. By relating her own story she saves the child from tragedy.

11. The dual-rôle mix-up. This is caused by the girl seeing the man she supposes to be her fiancé in a compromising position and blaming her fiancé. The characters reversed, the man is shocked at seeing the girl he loves a painted cabaret dancer.

12. The woman with a past or, innocent, though having a past that her husband would suspect. Her endeavors to protect herself from the villain create the intense effect. Highly favored by Theda Bara, Virginia Pearson, Dorothy Dalton, and dozens of others.

13. The man who discovers the murdered body and who is accused of committing the crime. A woman is often the center of the same situation.

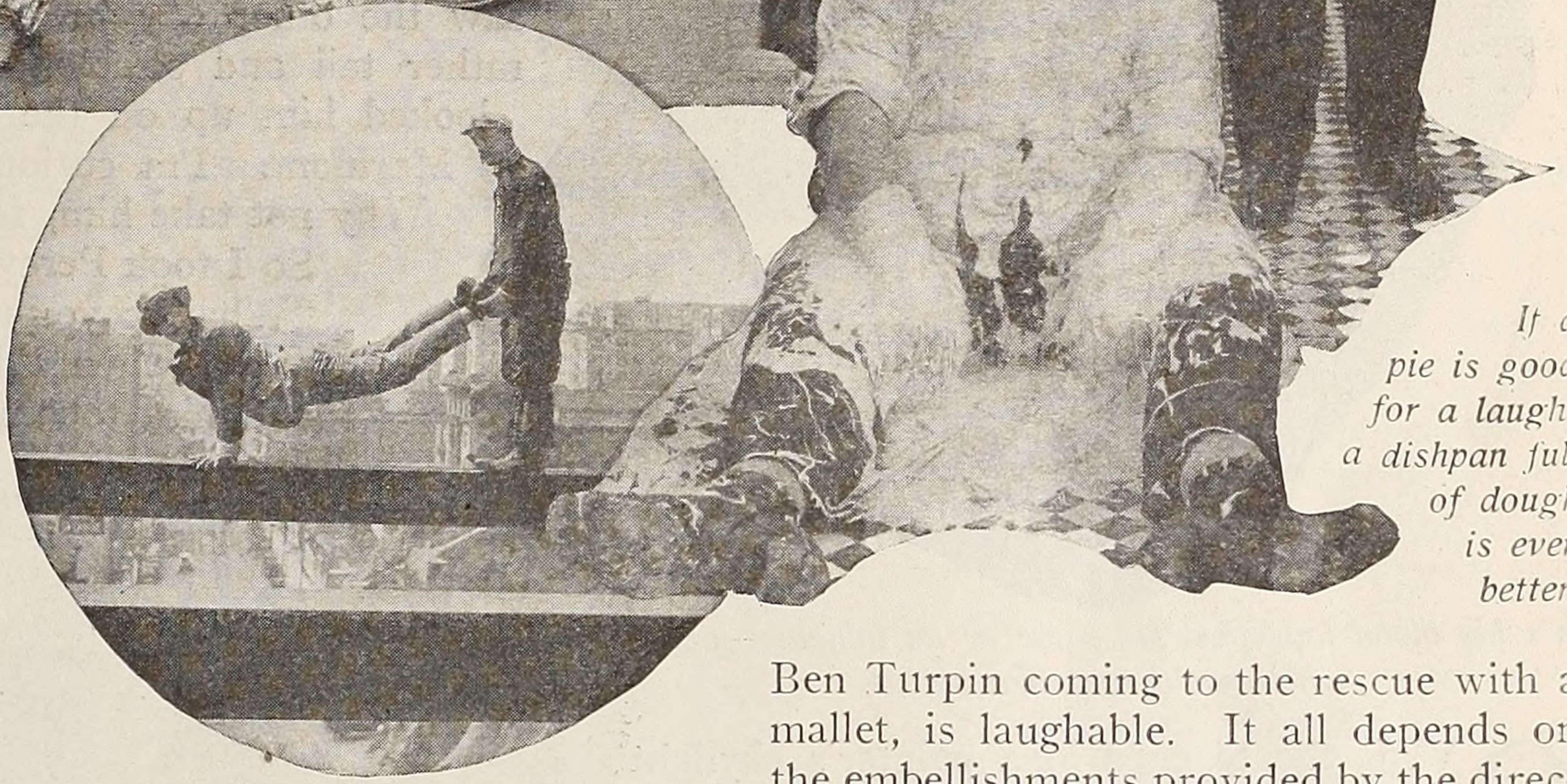
14. The honest Westerner whose trip East accomplishes a plunge in Wall Street that saves his benefactor, a strong-arm treatment that saves his benefactor's son, and an honest wooing that completely wins the at first shallow daughter of the benefactor. William S. Hart, Dustin and William Farnum have favored this.

15. The Alaskan story. The central situation in this is usually the scene in which two miners play a game of cards for "The Girl" in the dance hall.

16. The embarrassment undergone by a farmer's son in a sophisticated college or city crowd. Also used for



The comedian staggering about when hit on the head.



The performing of a hazardous feat with apparent equanimity.

If a pie is good for a laugh, a dishpan full of dough is even better.

comedy. This heads Charles Ray's bag of tricks.

17. The man falsely accused and jailed. He is released to begin a long pursuit of his enemy, and eventually has the satisfaction of killing him just as he is about to maltreat the heroine. William Farnum's favorite.

18. The beautiful woman who marries for money, only to discover that love is not obtainable after this fashion. Reminiscent of Elsie Ferguson, Virginia Pearson, Bessie Barriscale, and all emotional actresses.

19. The man who marries a woman purely for her convenience. The woman grows to love her husband, and finally awakens his love. Norma Talmadge moved in the center of this situation recently. Marie Doro was fond of it.

20. The sorrowful situation in which the young man, cast out by his family because he married beneath him, appeals to them for aid to no avail. The little child usually accomplishes the reunion.

Here, including the situation mentioned in the preamble, are twenty-one stock picture moments. To read them over as they are set down on paper produces no emotional response in the reader. They are not artistically treated here; they lack that "seasoning" which, combined with them, produces the desired dramatic effect. But bolstered with the art of the scenario writer, the director, and the players of the picture into which they are incorporated they become highly intense. These situations alone have formed the basis of hundreds of successful productions.

Now for the comedy effects. Some of these naturally are the same as the dramatic effects, with the difference that a totally opposite seasoning is given them. The heroine persecuted by the long-mustached villain, with

Ben Turpin coming to the rescue with a mallet, is laughable. It all depends on the embellishments provided by the director. There is, to be sure, a very short distance between laughter and tears. They are as near together as night and

day. But in my second list I shall endeavor to refrain from becoming repetitious and shall try to devote myself to some of the exclusive stock-in-trade situations of the comedy producer.

1. The spectacle of one comedian staggering about, dazed after a blow on his head.

2. The tenderfoot in the West, either being made the point of the native's crude jokes or else turning the tables on them. Used extensively in both slapstick and polite comedy.

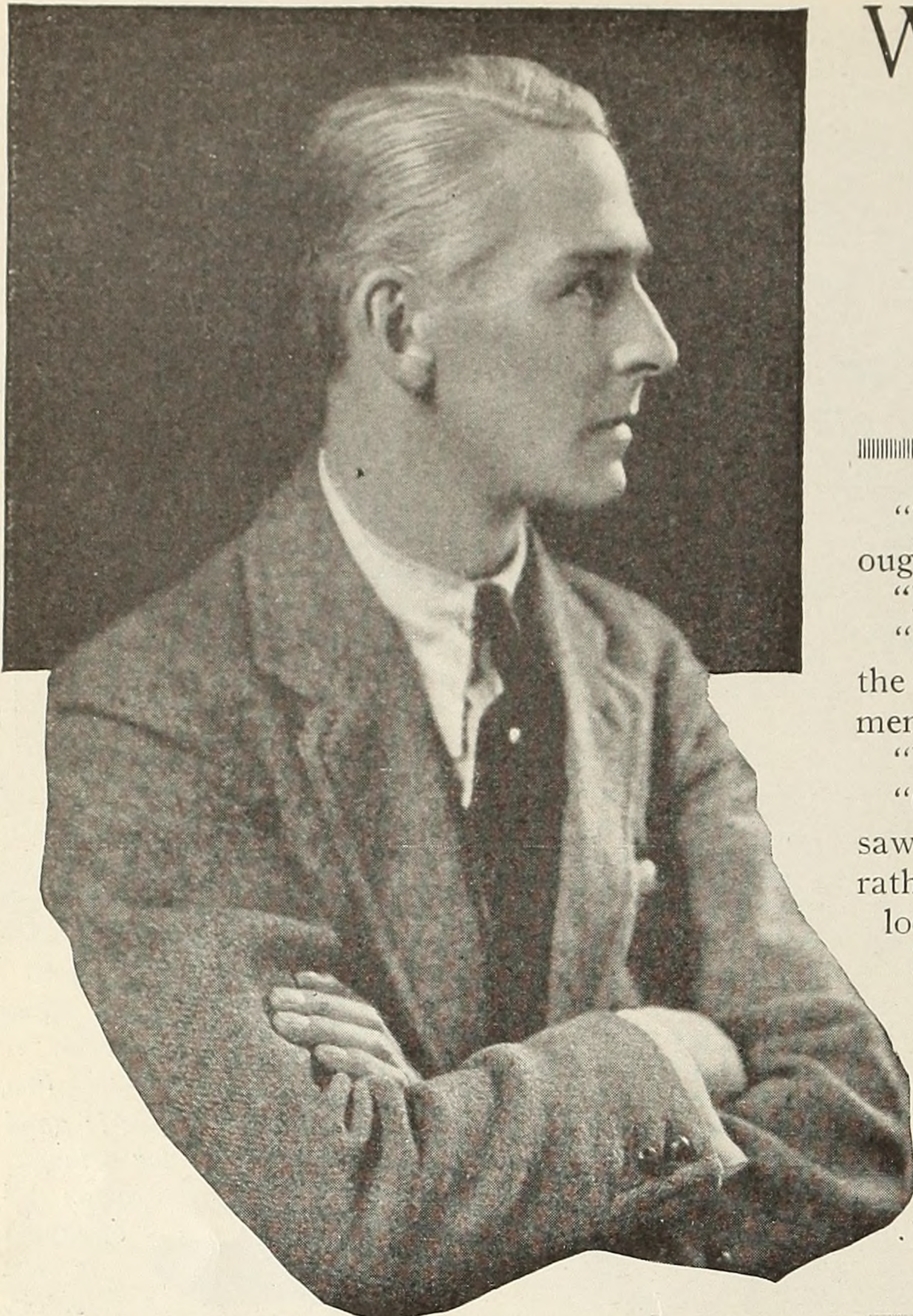
3. The comedian who appears perfectly calm in a situation which embarrasses all others. Charlie Chaplin and Harold Lloyd like this.

4. The wild chase, during which automobiles skid on wet pavements and crash through break-away houses. Mack Sennett and Henry Lehrman favor this in the majority of their pictures.

5. In which the wife teaches the husband a lesson in unselfishness by complying with the rules laid down by said husband. The Drew comedies usually had this as the central situation, sometimes with the places of the husband and wife reversed.

6. The jealous wife who thinks that every move of her husband's violates the matrimonial vow. Al Christie loves this one.

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It's his blond hair that set some of us thinking—about where we'd seen him before.

OVER the teacups in a painter's skylight studio in New York a débutante was chatting with a magazine writer.

"For the life of me," confessed the writer, "I can't fathom what people want to read about these days. War stuff is stale. We're bored to death with reconstruction talk. And Heaven forbid that I ever write about the Bolsheviki."

Under his present contract Alice Joyce is frequently on his mind—according to the scenarios.



What a Leading Man Thinks About

A débutante wants to know—and Percy Marmont does his best to answer her question.

By Charles Henry Steele

"Then," responded the débutante with sweet finality, "you ought to try the movies."

"But *what?*"

"I want to find out what a leading man thinks about while the camera's turning. We don't hear half enough about the menfolks."

"Well, there's Charlie and Doug and Fatty Arbuckle——"

"Oh, dear, no! I mean men like—well, like a chap I saw the other day in 'Vengeance' with Alice Joyce; he's rather tall and so blond his hair looks almost white. I looked him up on the program and his name is Percy Marmont. I'm curious to know something about him.

Why not take him, for instance?"

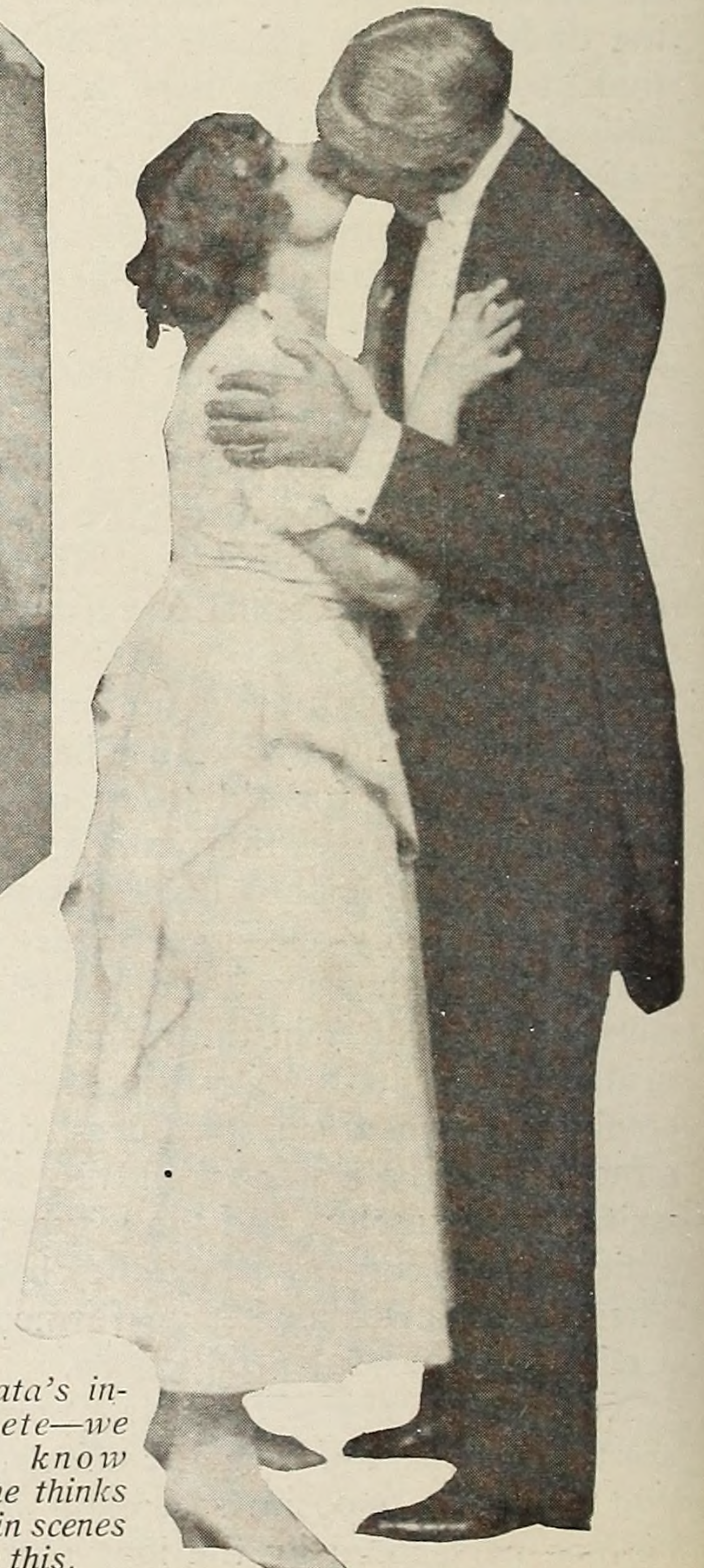
So I took Percy Marmont.

"What do you think about?" I asked him the next evening, when I'd hunted him out at his hotel and found him topping off his dinner with some deep-dish apple pie.

"About what?"



He was the jester in "Twelfth Night" at the Shakespeare Tercentary.



"Just about," I explained. "A young person who reads the magazines wants to know what a leading man thinks about, and she decided to take you, for instance."

"She might better take me for

Our data's incomplete—we don't know what he thinks about in scenes like this.

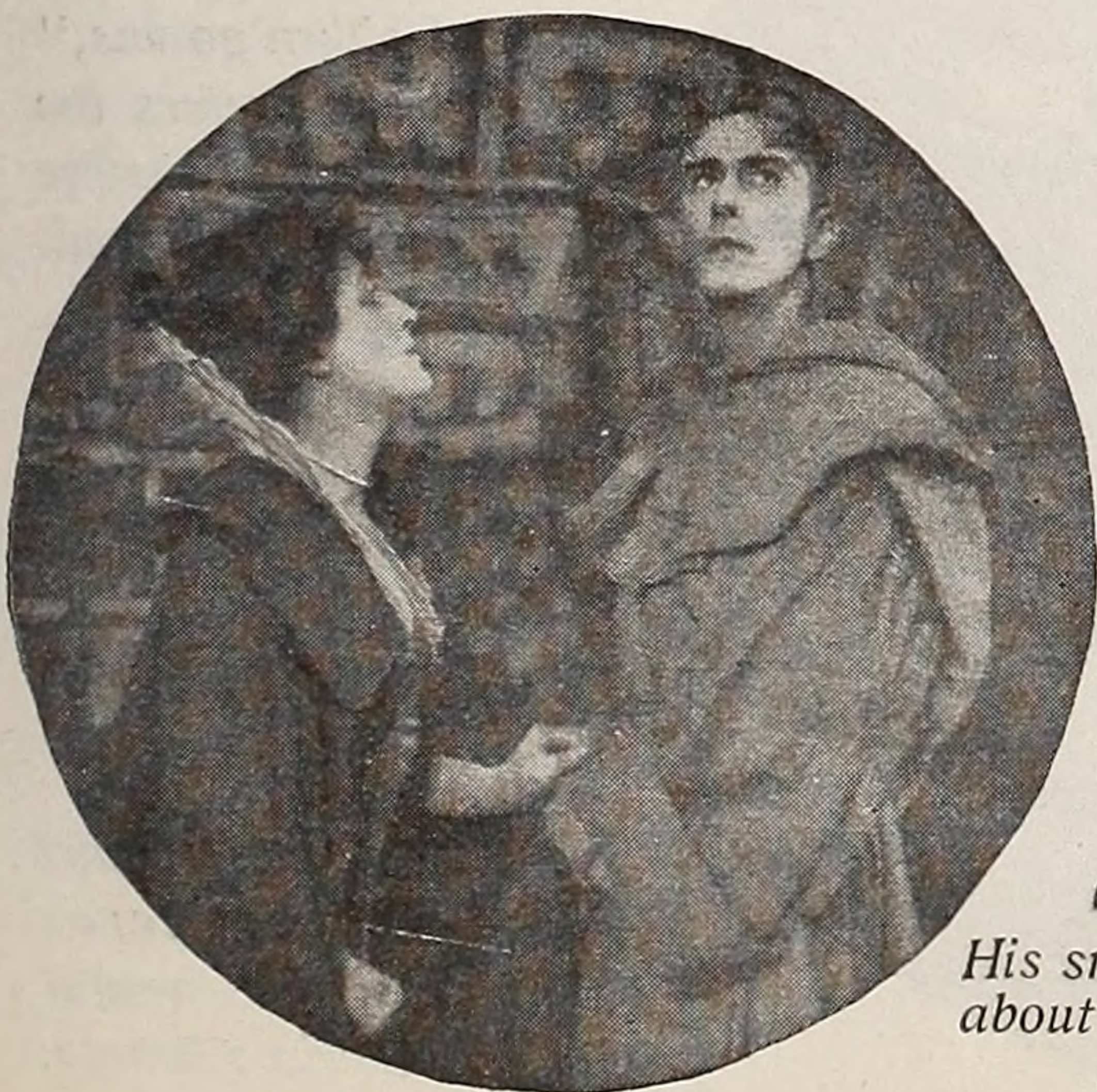
an accident," he replied. "I *am* one in motion pictures, you know, and that answers your question, too, for I've thought of it more than once when I was doing a big scene—that it's just a case of happenstance that I'm doing pictures at all.

"You see, I'd started on the stage in England when I was eighteen in 'White Heather.'" As I was joining him in eating apple pie at this stage of the game I didn't ask him how he'd enjoyed playing a star part in that first production; a friend of his had told me about it. "Then I toured the British Isles and the colonies, playing every sort of rôle from Shakespeare to star parts in musical comedy. I was out in South Africa when I did my first bit in pictures; a motion-picture director wanted somebody to play a saddlebag missionary and do some riding in the African wilds, and I ride a bit, so I jumped at the chance. And the thought of that début of mine comes back to me every little while as I work; pictures have gone so far since then."

"You've traveled a bit yourself," I suggested as we finished our dessert and strolled into the lobby of the hotel. It's a quiet place, convenient to Broadway and Fifth Avenue, but unusually homelike, and you can always see well-known stage and screen folk there.

"Oh, yes—both in distance and in work," he answered, settling down in a deep chair in the corner I'd selected. "That first picture paved the way to a second, made in Australia some time later. It was called 'The Monk and the Woman,' and I regret to state that the monk neither shaved his head nor wore a skullcap to hide his hair, as custom demanded, because the theatrical manager who put on the picture was sure my blond hair would screen well. And just the other day in the studio, when work was held up for some hours so that the director could have a small detail accurately taken care of, I thought of the time when I played that monk, and wondered just how long it would take a good director nowadays to blot that hair of mine out of sight if historical accuracy demanded it."

"The Monk and the Woman" was done in Australia.



His smile made me wonder about the thoughts he'd kept to himself.



He's versatile—but doing a picture with Farrar is his nearest approach to grand opera.

"Don't play any more monks then, please," I urged. "Before I knew your name, when I saw you in 'The Lie' with Elsie Ferguson, and in 'Three Men and a Girl' with Marguerite Clark, I remembered you by your hair almost as well as by your face. The minute you come on the screen I can spot you by that light hair of yours, and if you wore a wig or covered it up with a monk's cowl I'd lose one of my landmarks."

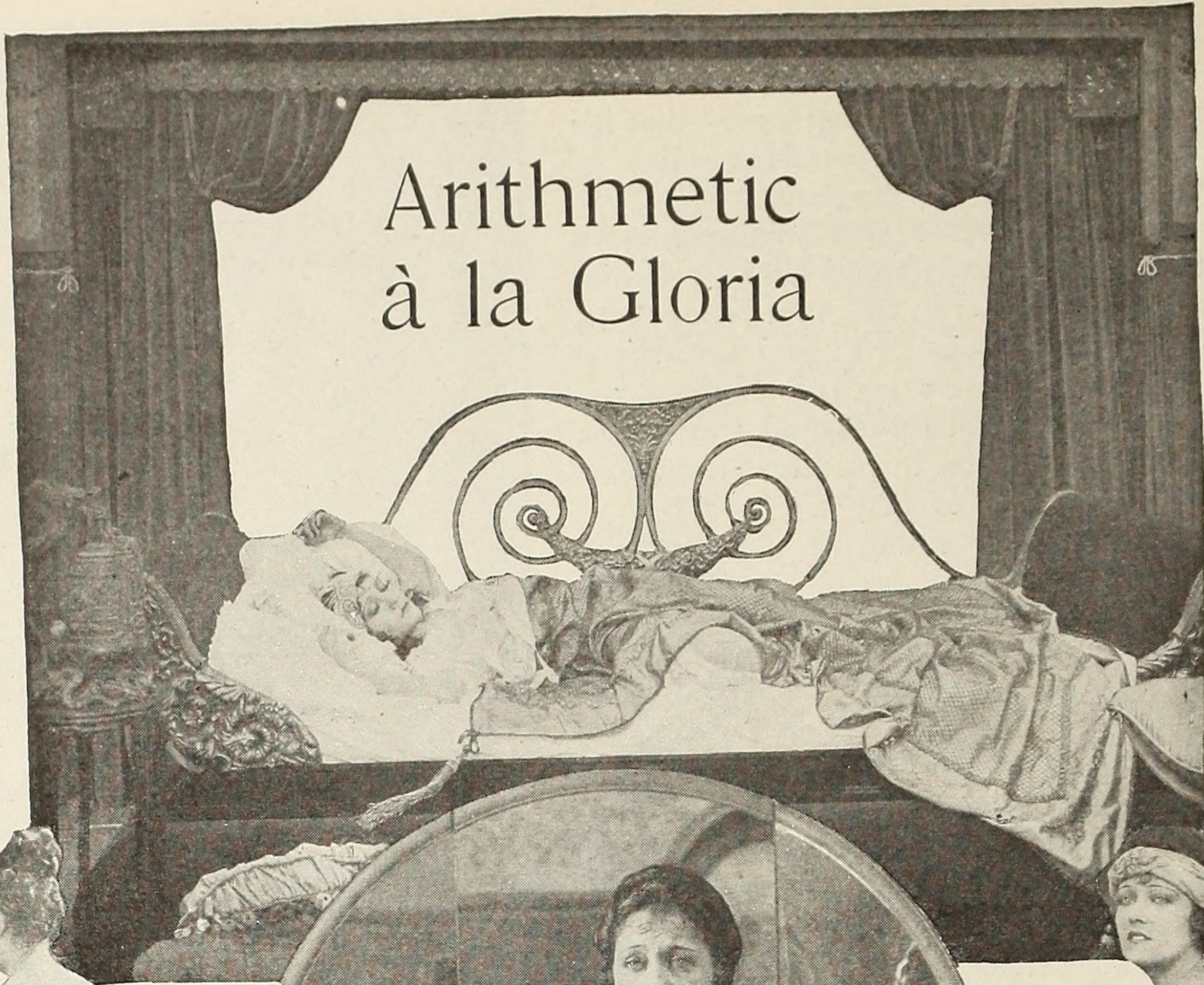
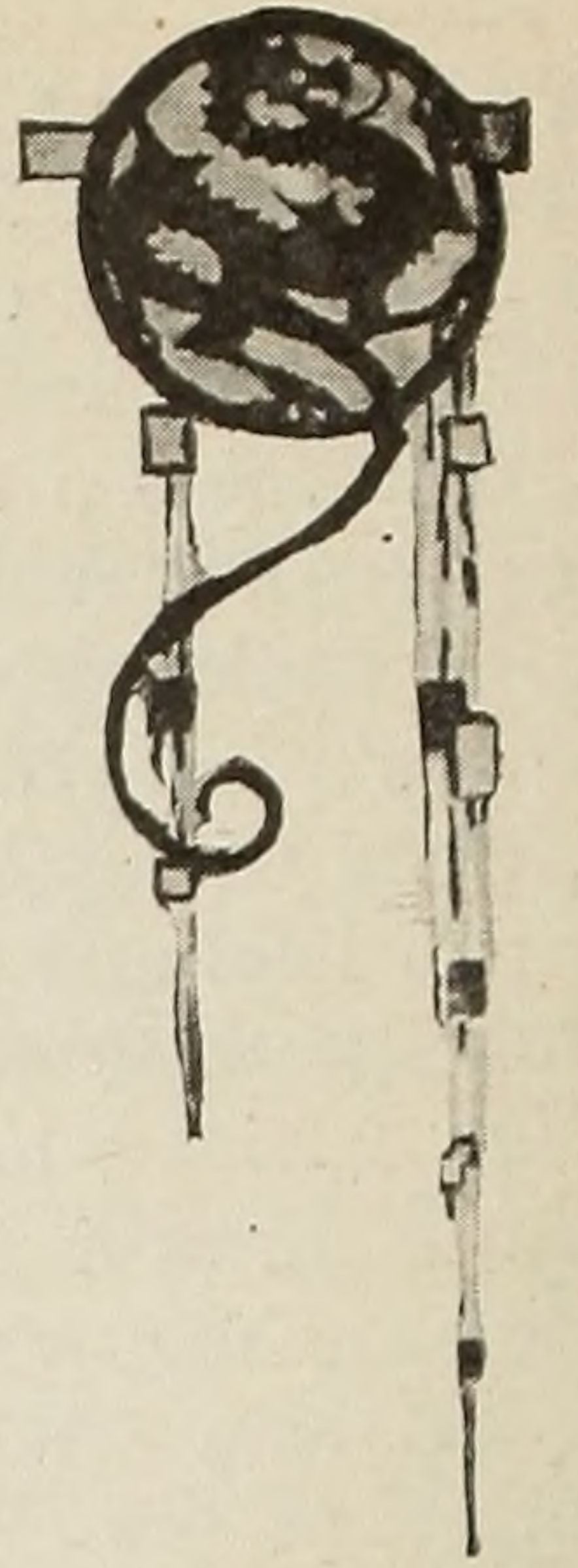
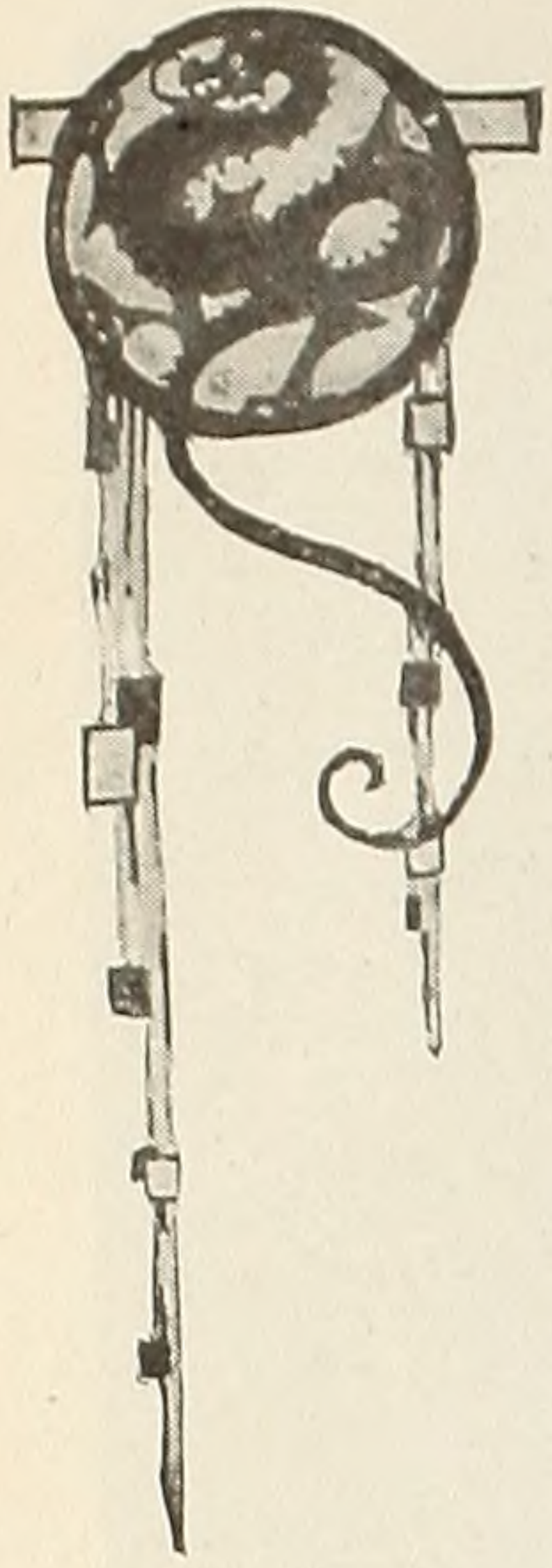
"There's no danger," he laughed. "People seem to be doing nothing but modern pictures nowadays. I was thinking just the other day—all right, put it on your list"—he laughed as I began writing on my cuff—"I was thinking of how many more costume parts, comparatively speaking, have come my way on the stage than on the screen. You see, I really began picture work in Elsie Ferguson's picture, 'Rose of the World.' I was here in New York, on my way back to England from Australia, when I was offered a part in that picture, so I canceled my passage, and never have booked it again. And now that I'm to work with Vitagraph right along I don't know when I'll ever get back to the other side."

"But you were talking—thinking, rather—about costume plays," I reminded him.

"Oh, yes. Well, it seems funny that all the pictures I've done are modern ones—'The Turn of the Wheel,' with Geraldine Farrar, and Alice Brady's pictures, 'In the Hollow of Her Hand' and 'The Indestructible Wife,' and then 'Vengeance,' with Alice Joyce—they're all modern ones. Yet costume plays are effective, and I believe people like to see them.

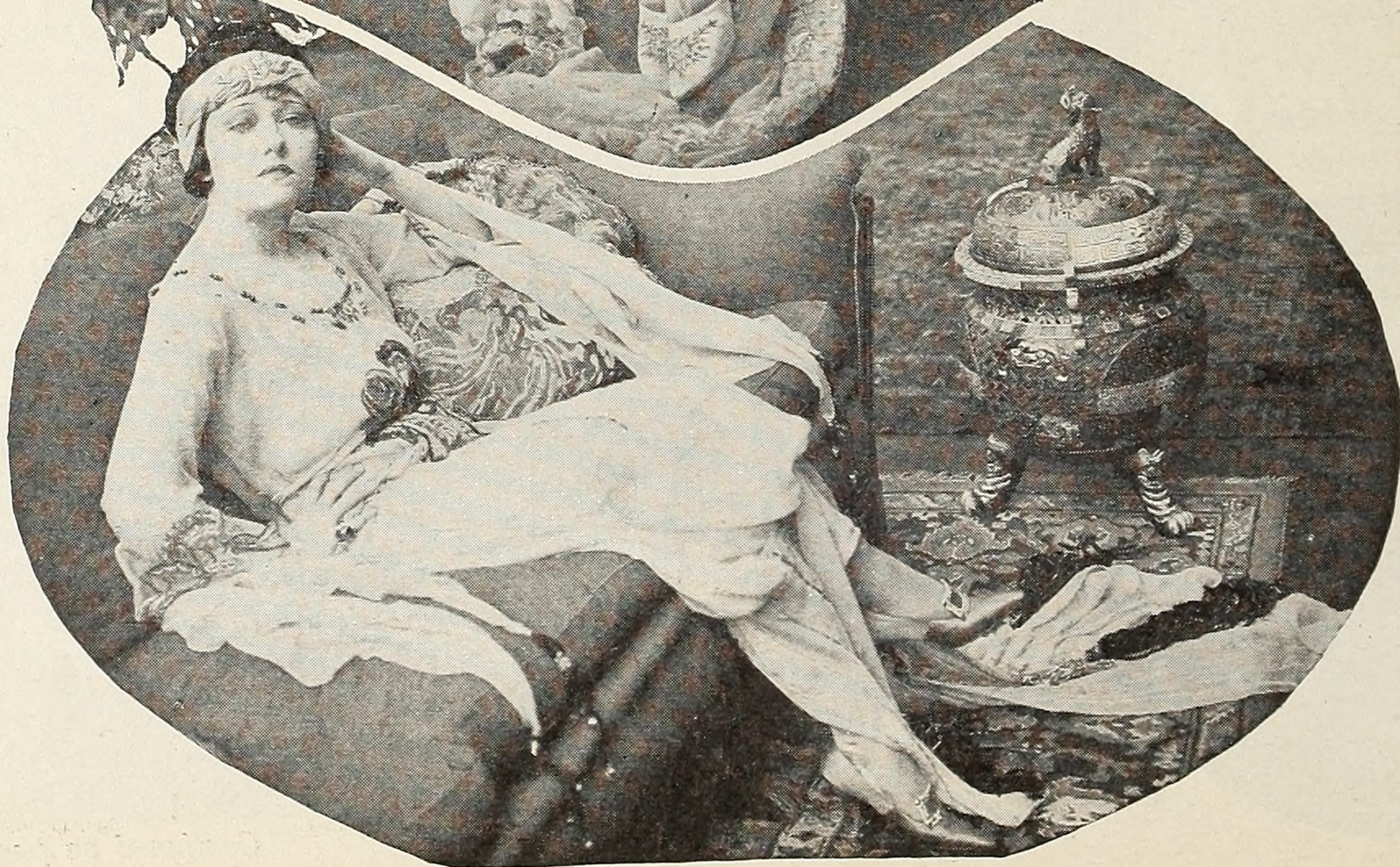
Continued on page 84

Arithmetic à la Gloria



Subtract the bottom of your skirt in front and add it to the back if you want a fashionable train.

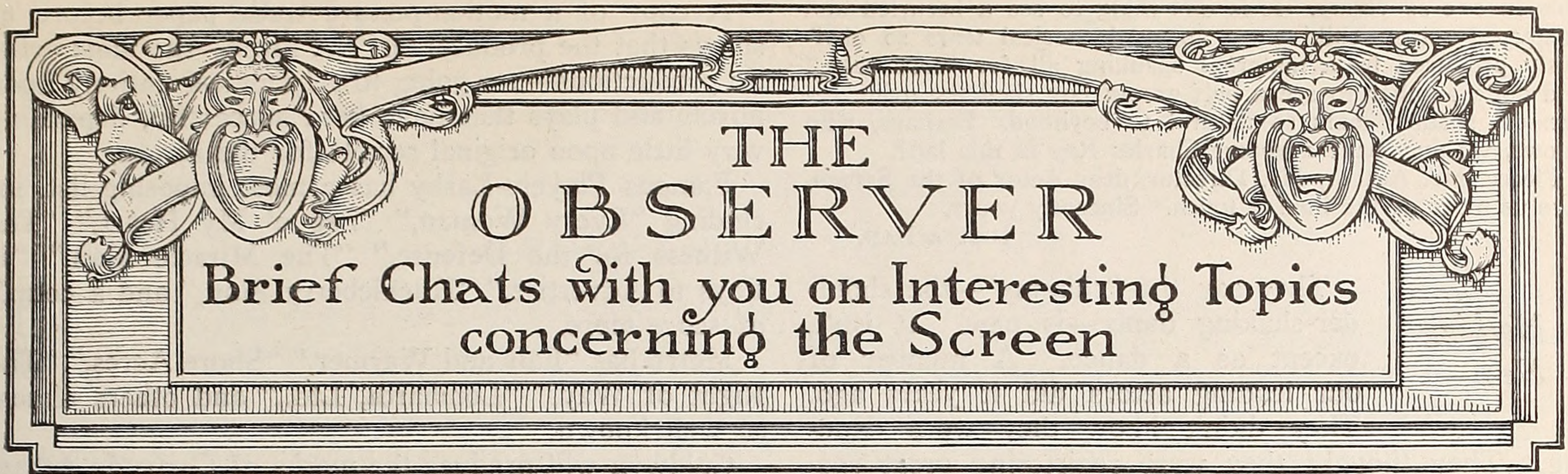
Whether it's fringe plus satin, or fruit plus lace, the sum is a smart frock—and Gloria Swanson does many such sums.



In De Mille's production, "Male or Female," Gloria wears "rags, tags and silken gowns," and she prefers the latter, when they're specially designed.

Put down one—foot—and carry one, to achieve utter noncha'ance like this.

But all these smart frocks are zeros unless the wearer has Gloria's beauty.



THE OBSERVER

Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics
concerning the Screen

We Got 'Em

Our appeal for expressions as to the greatest actress and greatest actor on the screen stirred up the multitude, and the returns are still coming in. These letters are a revelation, an inspiration, and a sure sign that the motion-picture fans really appreciate the genuine artists—those who are doing something besides claptrap stuff and sure-fire hokum.

Three or four years ago an appeal for such expressions would have brought—did, in fact—a hundred different candidates for the title of greatest artist. We remember such an attempt to get an expression of opinion, and among the offerings from fans there were nearly fifty “stars” whose only claim to histrionic fame was ability to ride a horse, to wear a bathing suit well, or to shake curls and weep glycerin tears.

In those days the “movies” were far much more nearly confined in their appeal to the type of mind that thought the greatest actress was the one who had the deepest dimples, and the greatest actor was the one whose clothes were the loudest.

Now the motion picture is for the same people who go to see David Warfield and Maude Adams and Laurette Taylor and Al Jolson.

What reaction do we get now? Intelligent criticism as to acting and production. A great number of tributes to Charles Ray. In fact, he wins, by the reports from our readers, the title of the best actor in pictures. High praise of Nazimova. Some doubt as to Mary Pickford's artistry—a slight feeling that it is her natural charm rather than her acting ability that makes her wonderful. A statement from Canada, signed by ten girls, declaring that Marguerite Clark is the greatest of all. A declaration, also from Canada, that Pauline Frederick is queen of the screen actresses, but that she is going to lose her throne if she doesn't stop letting Willard Mack write her stories.

Not one correspondent mentions John Barrymore—probably for the reason that he has made only one picture, “The Test of Honor,” that has given him a chance to be the John Barrymore of his stage productions, “Justice” and “The Jest.”

Great praise comes for Griffith and for De Mille.

Take Heart, Producers

As we remember it, three or four years ago—perhaps it was longer—Theda Bara, Pearl White, Broncho Billy, and Ford Sterling were generally considered about the greatest artists on the screen by the average movie fan.

Those were the nickelodeon days.

Now, with hundred-thousand-dollar productions coming two or three times a week, the thinking public has taken to the moving picture. To-day a producer can put genuine art into his picture and know that the theater patrons won't complain because the villain didn't wear boots and a silk hat and carry a riding whip.

You Can't Keep a Good Man Down

One of the most interesting letters comes from a vaudeville actress who does not want her name used. “I do not seek self-advertisement,” she writes. That alone stamps her as an unusual actress. She has interesting things to say about several persons, including the now famous Wesley Barry. Here's her letter:

In the past week I have seen five interesting screen plays: Charles Ray in “Greased Lightning,” Ethel Clayton in “Pettigrew's Girl,” “Daddy Long-Legs” and “The Unpardonable Sin,” both under Marshal Neilan's directions, and Cecil De Mille's “For Better, For Worse.”

These plays have indicated to me that successful authors, directors, and actors of the screen to-day are striving for the human touch, the putting across of the main theme by contrasting thoughts, frailties, and emotions of—just people—“even as you and I.” Perhaps this is the shadow of the great and only Griffith influencing the world of film; if so, to him is due my eternal gratitude.

Charles Ray, in my poor opinion, is the most natural performer on the screen to-day. No ranting, raving, or heroics, he is just “Folks,” and the ability to be “Folks” seems to me to be sheer genius.

In “Pettigrew's Girl,” the ice-cream soda was glorified, and, in contrast to the usual lobster supper which—in pictures—seems specially created for the chorus girl, it is certainly a human touch. Now, if some one will only put the clubhouse sandwich and the chop-suey supper after the show on the screen map and teach the star while singing her number—always a hit—to act just the merest trifle like a professional singer and dancer, then will the screen chorus girl become a human being. But I have never seen this yet.

In the other three plays, the convincing touch lay for me in the acting of the freckled-faced one, Wesley Barry, I believe is his name. De Mille gave him a few brief scenes—but they register strongly. Gloria Swanson is too theatrical; charming, but not natural.

But it is Marshal Neilan who emphasizes this human touch in two distinctly different pictures. This same Wesley Barry is his chief instrument. Of course, in the Mary Pickford picture the youngster had to be kept more or less in the background, but in the “Unpardonable Sin,” in the jargon of the theater, he “hogs the show”—literally runs away with the picture.

I doubt that a more homely youngster has ever appeared in pictures; he probably was first selected as a type, but surely some credit must be given the child himself. He is a natural comedian, his appearance alone is good for a laugh, yet he plays serious scenes with a convincing ability that is remark-

able in one so young. It is one thing to see a becurled and pampered screen child weep angry, hysterical tears so obviously produced by a maternal spanking all for "art's sake," and quite another to see a half-grown boy shed the grim, repressed, shamed tears so natural to boyhood. Perhaps, who knows, we may have a young Charles Ray in this lad?

Please, Mr. Author, Mr. Director, dear Actor of the Screen, give us more of the human touch. Sincerely yours,

JUST A FAN.

*Nothing
New*

'They say the "shimmy"—the shoulder-shaking dance—is new. It isn't, except as a dance. A number of our leading actors did it years ago. They didn't know they were dancing. They thought they were registering great sorrow. The screen has improved in more than one way.

*You
Ought to
Have It*

All persons interested in better motion pictures should get "A Garden of American Motion Pictures," a twenty-four-page booklet issued by the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York. It costs thirty-five cents.

This booklet lists nine hundred and seventy motion pictures selected for the family program, for young people, and for special entertainments.

It's mighty handy for clubs or educators who cooperate with moving-picture theaters in putting on special programs, and it's a handy guide for any one interested in pictures.

*The
Titleless
Picture*

A number of persons who have been under the impression that the motion picture was nothing but pantomime have been crying for the "ideal" picture, which, they say, is the picture without a title in it.

We always have treated these folks with silent contempt. We knew they were wrong, for to us well-written titles are half the joy of a good show. But we didn't know exactly how to tell them why they were wrong.

Now comes an expert and tells all of us.

A picture must have titles. The characters speak to each other, and if a title doesn't break the action now and then—even though the title isn't actually necessary to explain what is going on—the spectators become nervous and anxious and tense in expecting titles that they know should be there, but which never come.

This expert tells us that the only way a titleless picture could be a success would be to explain before the picture started that there were no titles in it. Then the spectators wouldn't be expecting them and they could sit still and not work themselves into the state of mind of a girl who lights the fuse of a firecracker that is slow in exploding.

*The Story
Is Here*

The story is no longer on its way to prominence. It's here. Producers have learned that the play has got to be good. Next winter you're going to see the names of great authors and playwrights all over the fronts of the theaters.

A copy of a motion-picture trade paper before us shows that the producers of the finest—the most artistic productions—are going to rely almost entirely upon novels and plays that have been successful, depending very little upon original scripts for the screen.

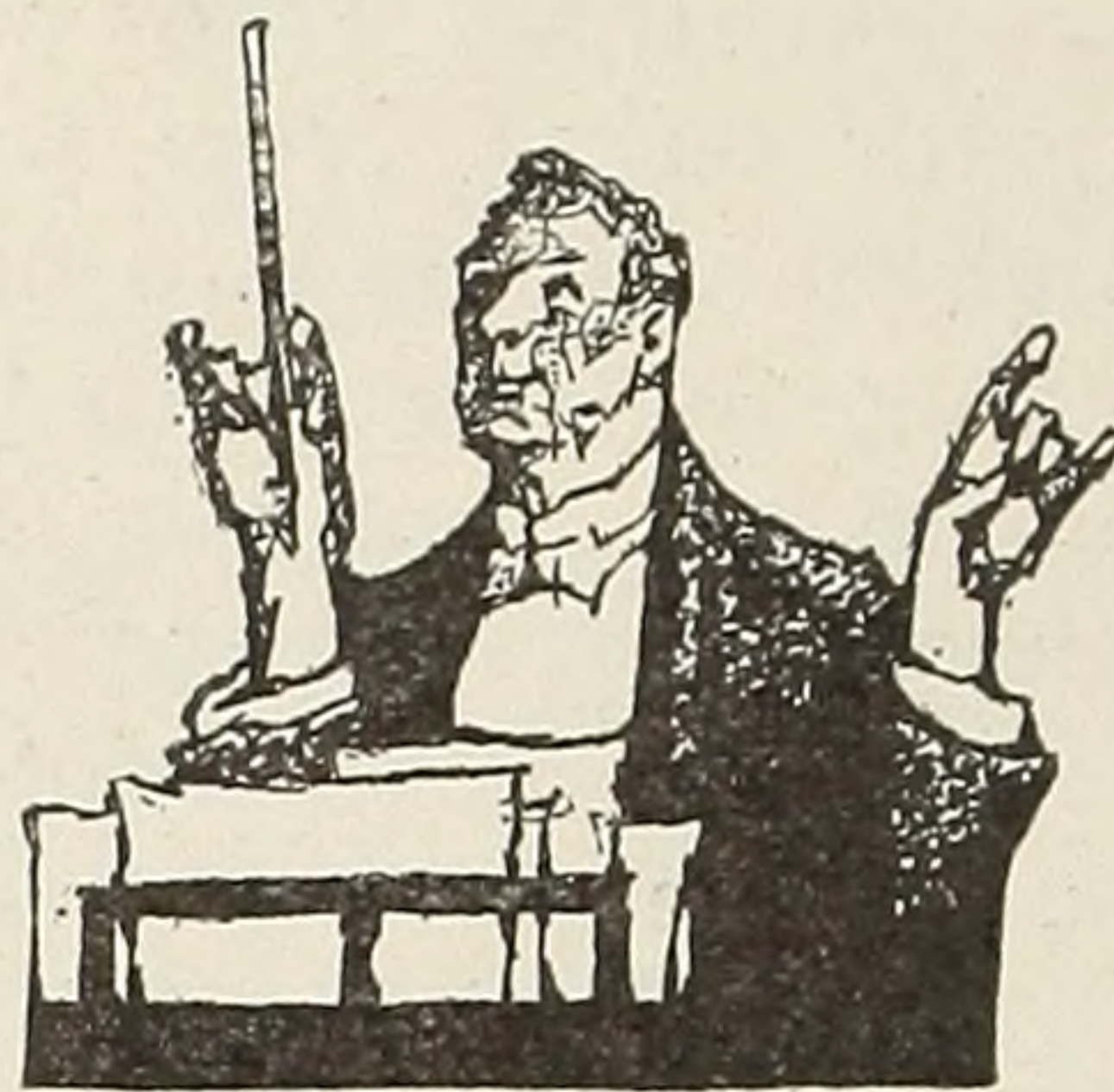
Famous Players-Lasky has a most imposing list, including "Every Woman," "Peg o' My Heart," "The Witness for the Defense," "The Miracle Man," "It Pays to Advertise," "Huckleberry Finn," and a couple of score more.

Metro has "Fair and Warmer," "Shore Acres," "The Right of Way," "Lombardi, Ltd.," and others almost as well known.

Goldwyn will produce the works of Gertrude Atherton, Rupert Hughes, Basil King, LeRoy Scott, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Gouverneur Morris, Rex Beach, and others.

W. W. Hodkinson promises great things from such writers as Zane Grey, Stewart Edward White, and Winston Churchill.

Other companies are falling into line, and the market is fine for any play or story by a big author, for the big companies are willing to pay huge prices for their work.



*Then,
Perfection*

Many persons who see a great advance coming in the motion-picture industry wonder when it will reach its limit. We can tell them.

When the average theater manager learns that some persons are so queer in the head that they want to know all about his entire program.

The day that the exhibitor decides it will be a good thing to put in front of his theater a list of everything on the bill, with a short description of his comedy, his news weekly, his scenic—on that day the heavens will burst forth in joyous song.

The trouble with most theater managers is that they book a star and buy some short stuff for fillers. They never realize that a fine scenic or a cartoon or an educational picture often is as interesting to a great many persons as the feature picture, and to some persons much more interesting. So they say nothing about the remainder of their bill.

We hunted all over New York for that wonderful short picture, "The Ghost of Slumber Mountain," showing the blood-sweating behemoths of the Holy Writ as they were in the stone age. And we couldn't find it until a friend told us it was just around the corner, and we rushed over to see it.

Not a line was in front of the theater telling that inside was this splendid little picture. There wasn't room. The whole front of the house was covered with posters about—well, we won't mention his name, but the fact that one of his pictures was the feature was the reason we hadn't gone there that week.

*Advanc-
ing? You
Bet!*

The motion picture is indeed advancing. We have seen about ten pictures in the last three weeks, and at no time did our neighbors in the theater read the titles aloud.

However, we did hear about a man who kicked about the "Broken Blossoms" show. He thought it would have been better if they'd had a Chaplin or Arbuckle comedy on the same bill.

Romance—and Elsie Ferguson

An impression of one of the screen's most beautiful stars, seen in a Venetian setting.

By Charles Gatchell

WITH DRAWINGS BY KERR EBY

BUT don't you *ever* allow visitors? We're from the West; we're only to be in New York a few days, and we heard that Miss Ferguson——"

The words died away, and a look of hopeless disappointment slowly spread over the faces of both girls as the doorman at the entrance to the Famous Players' Studio shook his head.

"Sorry, miss," he said, "you've no idea how many people come asking every day. No one's allowed in except with special permission from the executive offices."

I couldn't help feeling sorry for them as they turned away, for I and my friend Eby were going in, not only with special permission, but upon special invitation from the executive offices. And our mission was to try to give an impression by word and line of what was going on within for the benefit of all those who, like the two girls from the West, are so eager to get a glimpse of the inside of a studio.

No two studios are exactly alike, and no studio is ever the same on two successive visits. In one as large as the Famous Players there usually are from three to six sets on the floor. But this time, on passing through the door, we were immediately confronted by a single meaningless mass of towering framework, the rear of one huge set, built so close to the walls that it left only a narrow corridor, along which we had to walk what seemed about the length of a city block. This one set extended the entire length of the building, which originally had been a fashionable Fifty-sixth Street riding academy. At last we reached the end of the passage, turned—and stepped into Venice.

But before taking in the wonderful panorama that stretched out before us we stopped, our attention caught and held by a sight even more alluring.

Seated in front of the set was Elsie Ferguson. She was leaning forward in her chair, watching the work that was going on—the last finishing touches preparatory for her next scene. Dressed in a white satin tea gown fashioned on Grecian lines and simply trimmed with pale-yellow bands, her wavy hair transformed by the brilliant lights into a mass of fine-spun gold, she presented a picture of exquisite loveliness.

"Isn't it a perfectly *wonderful* set?" she asked with all the enthusiasm of a girl who was seeing a studio for the first time as she rose to greet us.

I think I would have preferred to listen to that rich, vibrant voice and to watch the changing light in her blue eyes than to inspect any conglomeration of plaster and paint ever devised by a master stage carpenter. But courtesy demanded otherwise, and I turned to take in the bit of Venice, which alone would have been worth a trip to the studio.

It was a representation of one of the famous waterways that line the city of canals. On either side rose the buildings, solid-looking affairs, with tapestry-hung balconies, tiled roofs, and stone steps leading down into the water. And it was real water. The entire section of the canal, which extended away beyond the little bridge into the dim background, had first been built as a watertight tank, about three feet deep, before the buildings were erected. That morning, after the last dab of paint had been applied to the walls, and the

last bit of foliage draped in its place, the water—

thousands of gallons—had been poured in

by means of a pipe the size of a fire

hose. Just at this moment the

stage hands, in hip boots, were

wading about, fixing the lamp-

posts in place, and trying out

the gondolas. Gondolas, I

observed, are somewhat akin

to our canoes, if one may

judge by their propensity

for tipping unexpectedly.

"It is wonderful," I

replied, after pausing

long enough to take

in all the details.

"And the story?"

"Oh,

it's a

most romantic story!" exclaimed Miss Ferguson, her face lighting up eagerly. "It's packed with romance—packed and running over. They made it romantic at my own personal request. That's why they selected the lovely Venetian settings. You see, I've been playing of late in so many melodramas that I wanted something brimful of romance for a change. And I got it. I'm having a glorious time!"

"Romance, then, is what you're especially fond of?"

"Well, of course every one loves romance. But I'd hardly want to confine myself to any one type of play—or rôle. I think I'd say that I like a variety of parts,

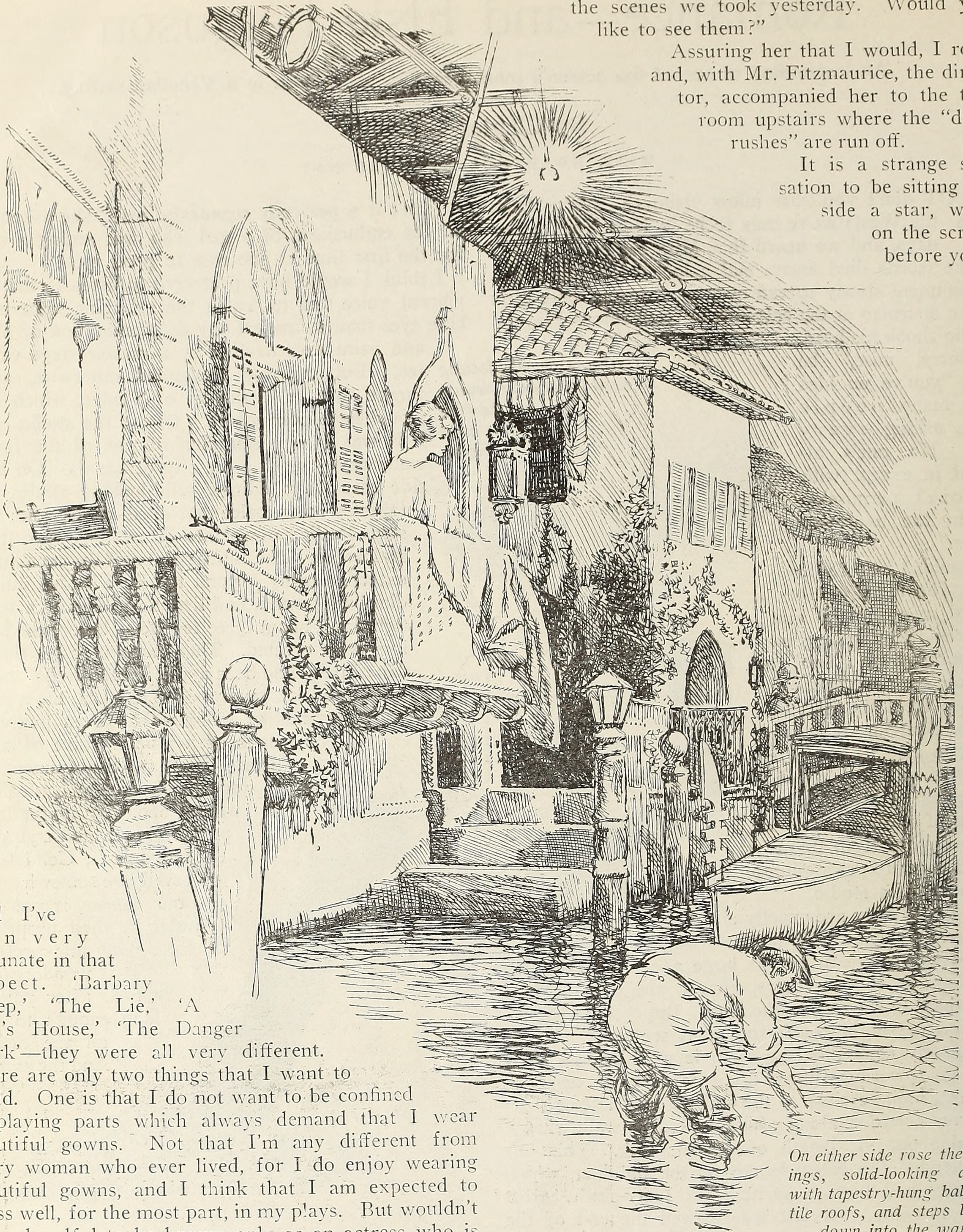


Miss Ferguson was leaning forward in her chair, watching the work that was going on.

the scenes we took yesterday. Would you like to see them?"

Assuring her that I would, I rose, and, with Mr. Fitzmaurice, the director, accompanied her to the tiny room upstairs where the "daily rushes" are run off.

It is a strange sensation to be sitting beside a star, while on the screen before you a



and I've been very fortunate in that respect. 'Barbary Sheep,' 'The Lie,' 'A Doll's House,' 'The Danger Mark'—they were all very different. There are only two things that I want to avoid. One is that I do not want to be confined to playing parts which always demand that I wear beautiful gowns. Not that I'm any different from every woman who ever lived, for I do enjoy wearing beautiful gowns, and I think that I am expected to dress well, for the most part, in my plays. But wouldn't it be dreadful to be known only as an actress who is always so stunningly dressed?" She shook her head decisively. "No, that wouldn't be very satisfying."

"And your other aversion?"

"Is a frail, weak, characterless, clinging-vine type of rôle," she answered quickly. "That is the worst thing of all. I hope I shall never be called upon to represent that type. I don't care what the character is supposed to be—or to have been—if she only has some positive traits. This part is a very interesting one. I'm portraying an Englishwoman—an outcast from her own circle. In fact, it's called 'A Society Exile.' They're just going to run off in the projection room some of

door opens, and the figure of the same person, even clad in the same identical gown, enters, looks at you, and bursts into a fit of weeping. That was what happened the moment after the projection machine began clicking. The setting was a boudoir in an Italian palace, and the scene was the one—if it is not cut out from the finished film—in which Miss Ferguson throws herself upon the four-poster bed, and, torn with emotion, twists and tears the baby clothes she is holding. I felt curiously embarrassed—as though I had no business to be witnessing this exhibition of grief—but Miss

On either side rose the buildings, solid-looking affairs, with tapestry-hung balconies, tile roofs, and steps leading down into the water.

Ferguson appeared quite unconcerned as she watched the picture critically.

"That spotlight shouldn't have shown on the floor," she remarked, turning to Mr. Fitzmaurice.

"This is the first take," he replied. "We'll use the second. It doesn't show in the other film."

The scene ended abruptly, and as suddenly began all over again. This was followed by several other scenes, none of which seemed to have any connection with each other, for the continuity of a story comes only with the final cutting and assembling of the film.

At last we were informed that the canal set was ready below. But it was not quite ready, for when we arrived downstairs Mr. Fitzmaurice discovered that the boys he had asked for had not been provided.

"I've got to have some boys dressed as men to parade across that bridge and give it the proper perspective—the feeling of distance," he exclaimed. "Send out and get a couple from off the street."

In a moment two breathless, eager-eyed youngsters were brought in, hastily dressed, and coached as to their part of the performance. Then Miss Ferguson stepped out onto the balcony. The electricians and camera men took their stations. The Italian musicians crawled carefully into the larger of the two gondolas, the gondolier carefully balanced himself on top of the tiny craft, steadying himself with his pole, the three stage hands who were to furnish the real motive power for the boat by means of a submerged rope to which it was attached ducked down in front of the tank, out of range of the camera, all ready to pull, and every one

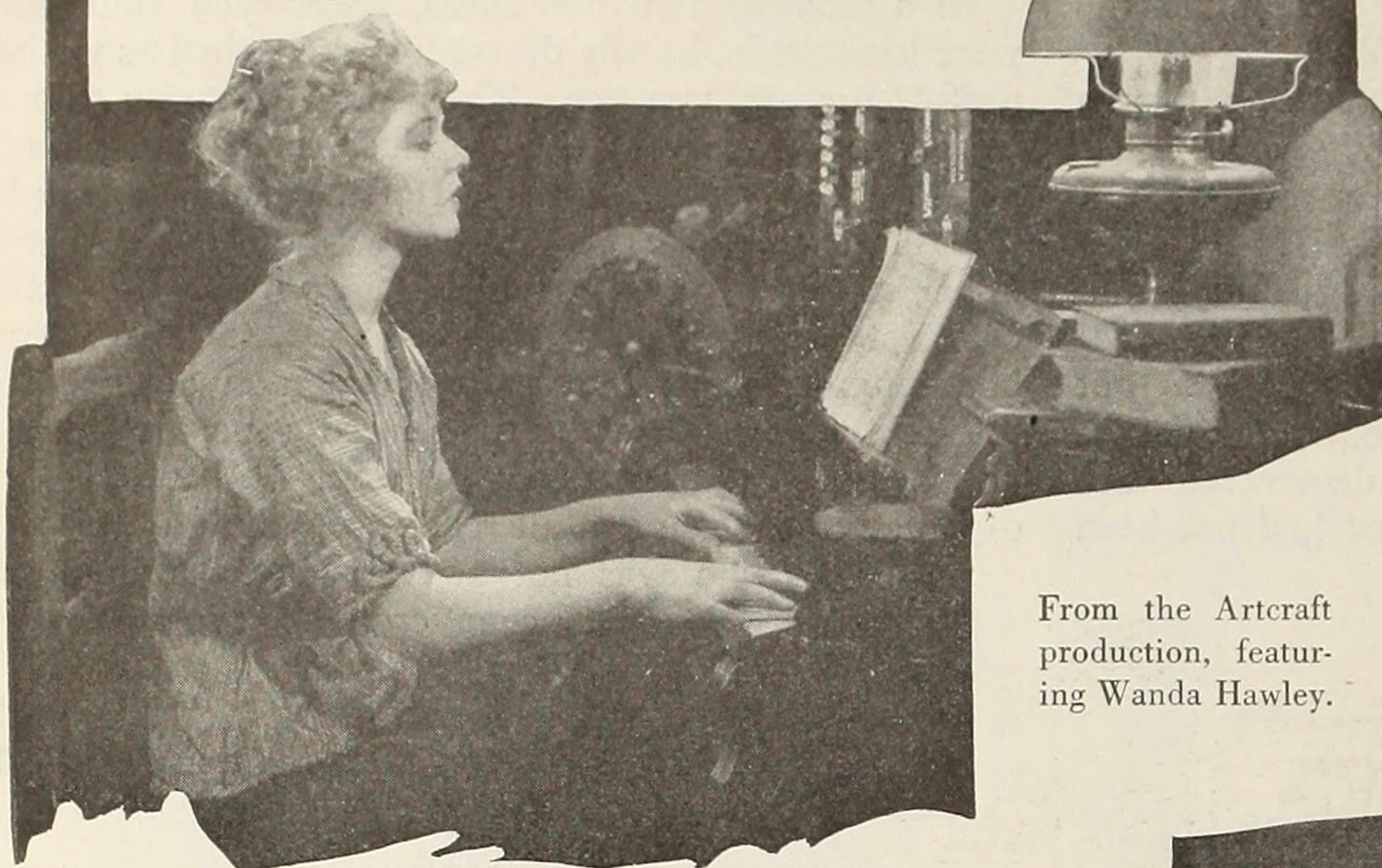
who was not actively engaged in taking the scene crowded around to get a good view.

"Lights!" exclaimed Mr.



That morning the water—thousands of gallons—had been poured in by means of a pipe the size of a fire hose.

Peg o' My Heart



From the Arcraft production, featuring Wanda Hawley.

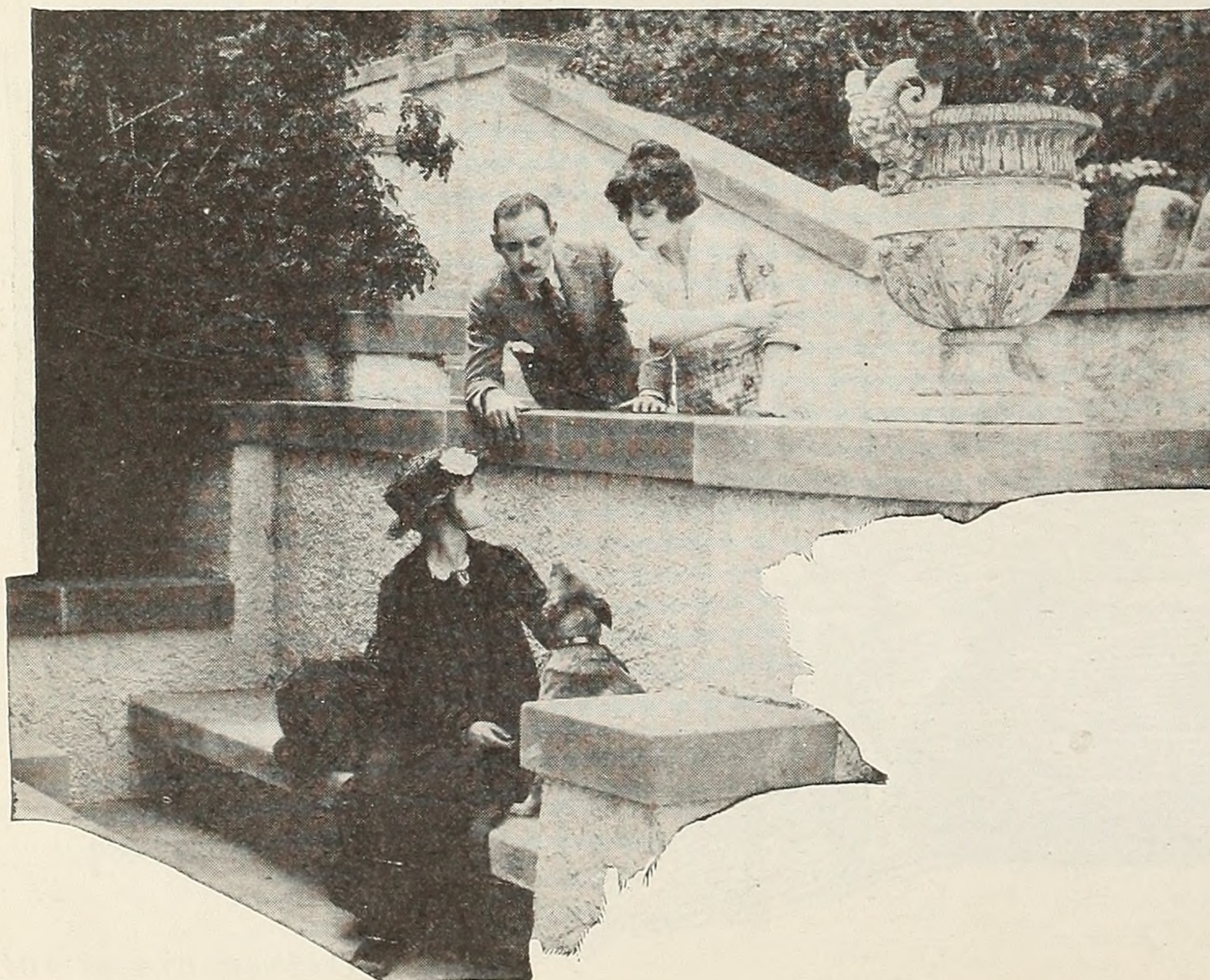
Half orphan is our Peggy,
Brought up, like Pip, "by hand."
And schooled in life's philosophy
While roaming through the land,
Companion to "her fayther," kind—
A vagabond with a poet's mind.

And now in far-off London
A wealthy kinsman dies,
And leaves this barefoot Irish lass
His riches as a prize.
His money, station and estate
On little Irish Peggie wait;
But—she must be a lady,
Be schooled in manners grand,
Must spend her life in England,
And ne'er see Ireland.

We've selected this time
For our regular monthly
Review done in rhyme.

By C. L. Edson

The lamplight gilds her Irish lips
And lights her flying finger tips,
Which sweep the old melodeon keys,
In marvelous, charming harmonies.
Peg o' My Heart, sweet simple maid,
For every tune your hands have played,
A deeper note shall wake some day—
Wild chords the Master Hand shall play,
In joy and laughter, grief and dole,
Upon the harp strings of your soul.



So with her dog and satchel,
She journeys far away,
Arriving at her aunt's house, where
The will said she should stay.
Her cousins Al and Ethel there
Greet Peggie with a haughty stare,
But they have fall'n on evil days
And "need the money" Peggie pays.
So life holds little joy for Peg
(You know what snobs are like)
They hurt her feelings every day
They kick her pet dog, Mike;
But worst of all a rake named Brent
Pays court to Peg with bad intent.
One single friend Peg counted there,
A bright young lawyer named Adair.

So Peg stayed on
 For "Jerry's" sake;
 His kindness soothed
 Her heart's dull ache.
 He took her to
 A masquerade
 And long they danced,
 And late they stayed.
 When Peg crept home,
 She overheard
 A plot that left
 Her deeply stirred.
 The scoundrel Brent,
 With cunning art,
 Had won cold Ethel's
 Haughty heart.
 But Peg upset
 The eloper's plan,
 Exposing Brent,
 The married man!



Then Peg, to shield
 Her cousin's name
 Faced Ethel's kin,
 Bore Ethel's shame.
 Took Ethel's place,
 And all the blame!

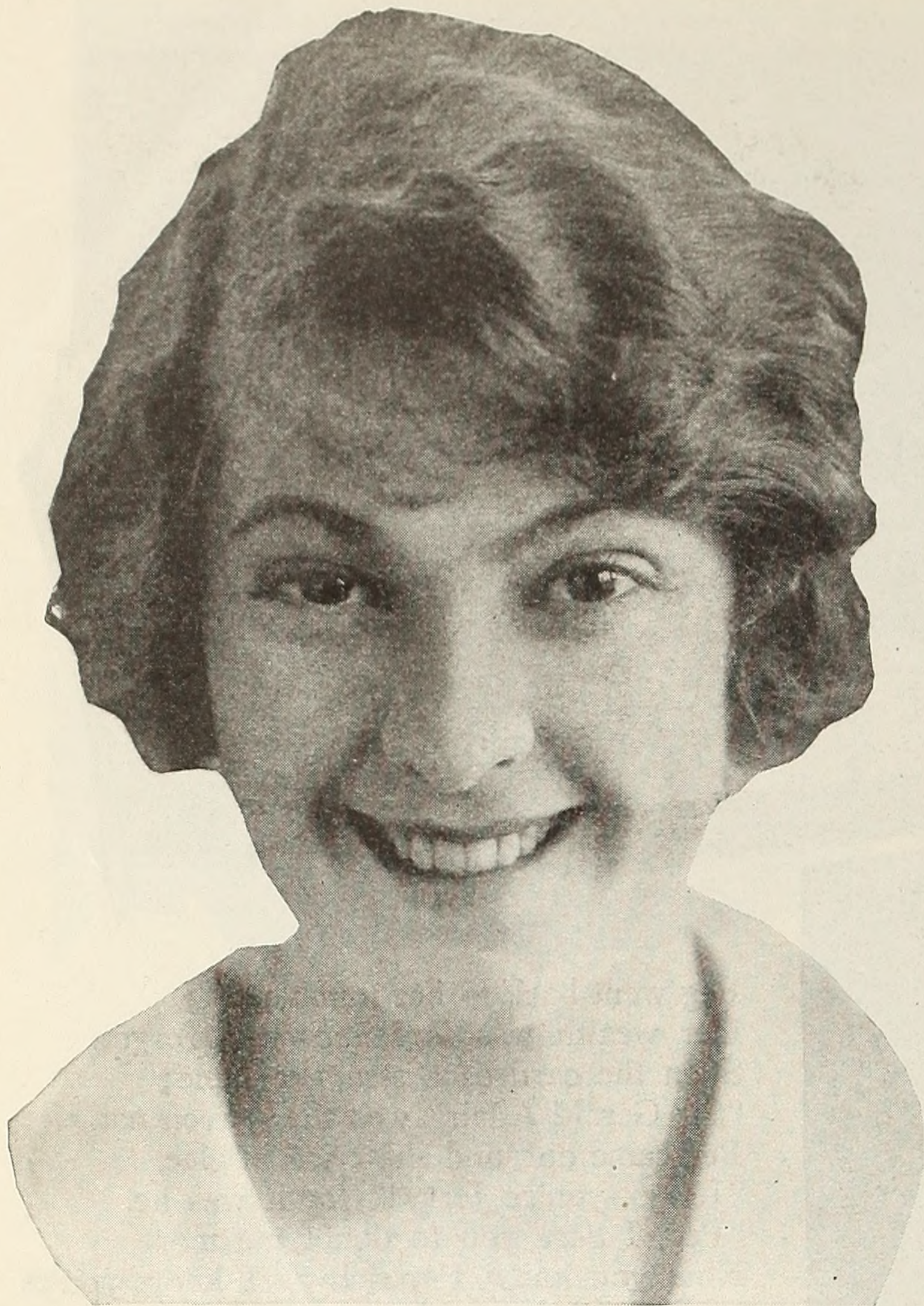
"Return now to your peasant cot!"
 The aunt said haughtily.
 "A girl of breeding you are not,
 And never can you be."

So this was how these "gentle folk"
 Paid her to take their part!
 Fine manners, then, were but a cloak
 To shield a scheming heart.

Sick of the sham, her faith quite gone,
 Poor Peg set off across the lawn
 To seek "her fayther" once again
 And live among her countrymen.
 But Jerry stood there, by the gate,
 He stopped her—begged of her to wait:
 "I love you, Peg, and shall always;
 The will, moreover, bids you stay.
 In England all your fortune lies——"
 She only turned away her eyes,
 Held her chin high and walked away;
 For after all she'd learned that day
 With poisoned mind and heart turned
 cold,
 She thought he wanted just her gold.

Peg went back to her humble cot;
 Her wealth was forfeited—and forgot.
 Soon the card of a stranger came;
 "Sir Gerald Adair" was the graven name.
 Peg came out, and she cried in glee,
 "Jerry—you're Jerry!" for it was he.
 "Peg, I dare you to doubt me more,
 Now you know I'm rich as I know you're
 poor."
 And Peg said, laughing, "It's only fair,
 When a dare is offered, to *Take Adair!*"
 (Fade-out showing the loving pair.)





The Mad Hatter of Hollywood

She's Priscilla Dean--and the slogan that governs her shopping is "Always room for one more--hat."

By Betty Browne

PRISCILLA insists that it isn't the hats; it's the boxes they come in that attract her. Covered with gay cretonne, with flowered wall paper, with grass cloth, or just painted with red-coated hunters riding to hounds, those boxes are irresistible. But no more so than is Priscilla in the hats they contain.

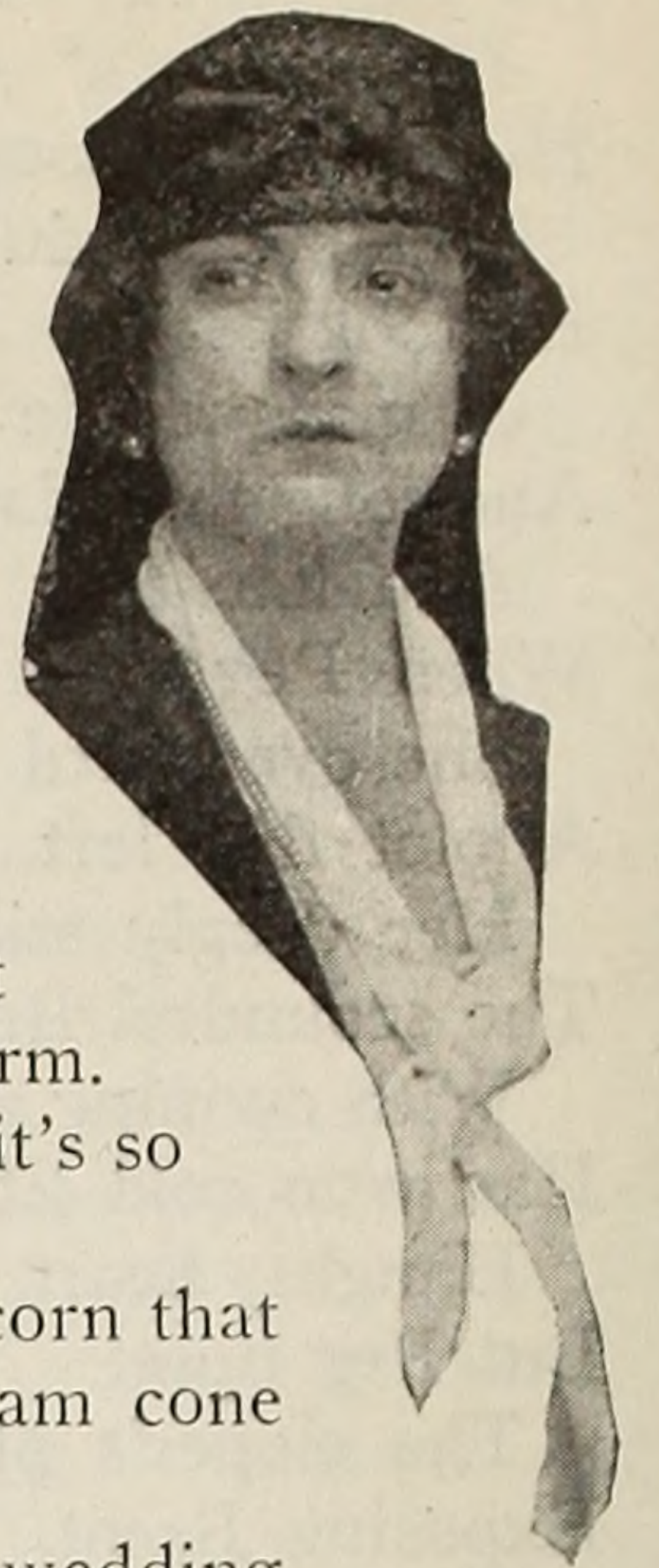
And she can no more pass a millinery shop without stopping than some girls can ignore a candy store. I met her the other day, standing in front of one of those tiny little French places that have a sign in the corner of the window saying, "Ici on parle Français," and "Se habla

español." But Priscilla wasn't looking at the sign. Her brown eyes round as saucers and her face very childlike because of the Dutch bob style in which her black hair was done, she stood enraptured before the gorgeous creation in the window. It was all white tulle and little French flowers, and a long veil effect trailed down across the gray velvet background of the show window.

"Oh, Priscilla, do go in and try it on!" I urged, taking her by the arm. "It's exactly the thing for you. And it's so small that——"

She turned to me with such utter scorn that my enthusiasm wilted like an ice-cream cone on a hot asphalt pavement.

"Don't you know that that's a wedding veil?" she demanded, burning with indignation. "That's just exactly the awful thing about it. Those little flowers make it look like a hat, and it would be just terribly becoming, and I'm crazy about it; but it's a wedding veil!" And casting one long, regretful

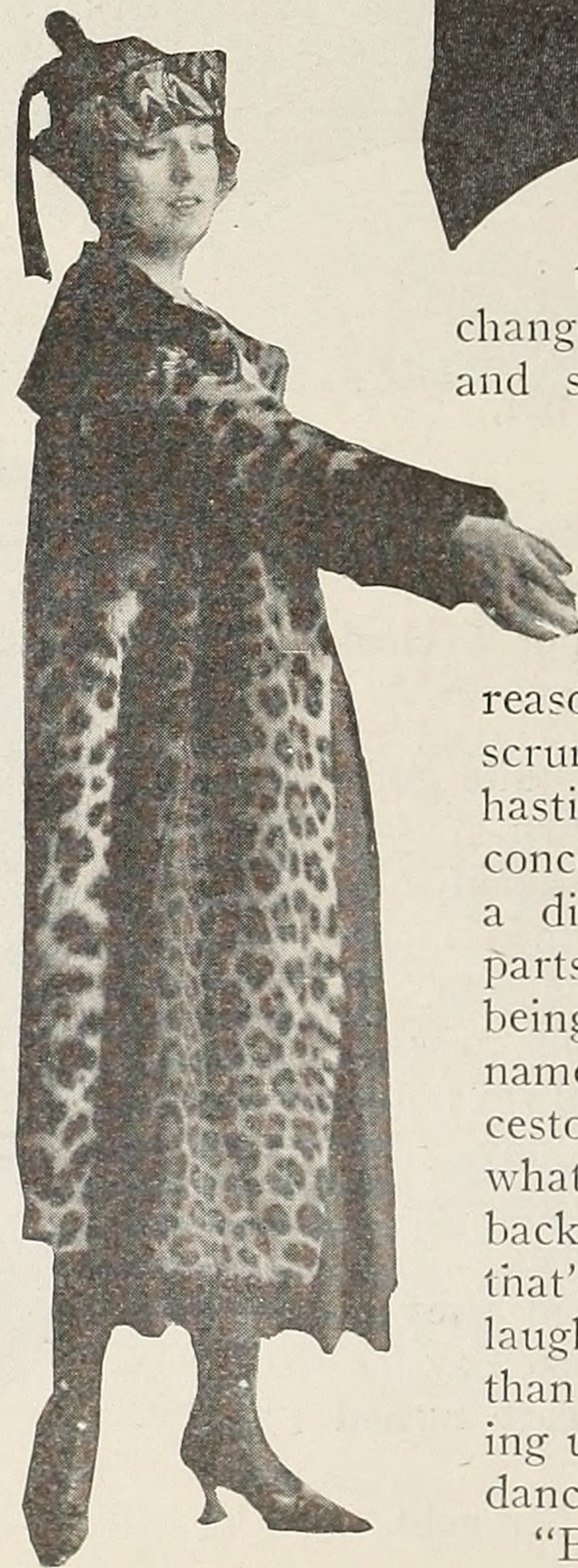


glance back over her shoulder, she led me sadly away.

"Well, anyway, you've got a much nicer name than any you could possibly change to if you did get married and so could wear that veil," I suggested, trying to cheer her up as we wended our way toward her home.

"Oh, I wouldn't want to get married for any reason except to wear that scrumptious thing," she declared hastily. "But as far as my name's concerned sometimes I wish I had a different one. Think of the parts I play, and then think of being called Priscilla! And I'm named Dean because I had an ancestor who was a clergyman or whatever they called them away back in the beginning; at least that's the story." She stopped to laugh, and looked more elflike than ever, with her mouth quirked up at one corner and her eyes dancing.

"But you have corking parts,"





I urged. "Why, in 'The Wild Cat of Paris' and 'Pretty Smooth' you had wonderful rôles, and when you were a boy in 'The Exquisite Thief'——"

"Exactly!" she interrupted me. "I have a nice Plymouth Rock name, and I play parts that would make even an Indian's hair stand on end. But that boy part made me feel just like an old lady; never before have I been moved to reminisce, but that took me straight back to the days when I was on the stage and played boy parts. I did it till I was fourteen, you know, and I used to long for rôles that would let me wear



fluffy dresses and pretty hats—especially I did yearn for the hats. I wanted them even when I was just about four and was in 'Rip Van Winkle' with



despite everybody's urging. Finally Mr. Jefferson said to me in despair:

"Priscilla, Priscilla, why won't you say your lines?"

"And I gloomily re-



Joseph Jefferson. Remember it? But of course you do. Well, one day when we were rehearsing one of the other youngsters in the cast was bragging about a new hat she had, and I simply detested her for it. I was so enraged that the mere matter of saying my lines when I was on the stage didn't bother me at all; my mind was full of that hat. So I just stood there like a rock,

sponded: 'I can't; I lost my voice.'"

Now I've known Priscilla for eight of her twenty-three years—ever since she left the stage and began her picture-making career with Biograph and World. But I'd never heard that particular story before, and was still smiling at it when we reached the Dean home and Hollywood's maddest Mad Hatter caught me by the sleeve, marched me straight to her own domain, and began exhibiting hats.

"I'd wear the bandboxes if I could," she laughed, patting a big, gayly flowered one. "But since I can't I wear what comes inside 'em. Now, do say you think this one is cunning, please; I made it myself."

Well, I could be truthful and say that it was cunning and a good many other things besides, for it was a

Continued on page 100

On a Typical, Tropical Isle

Which was made to order by Cecil De Mille for his latest production, "Male and Female"

By Edna Foley



Behold Gloria, of the gorgeous gowns, as she appeared, a modern Diana, while acting the part of one of the shipwrecked refugees on the tropical isle.

THERE are monkeys swinging in the coconut trees, brilliant-colored parrots chatter among the palms, and down on the ground are signs of human habitation—the signs left by shipwrecked men unexpectedly rescued.

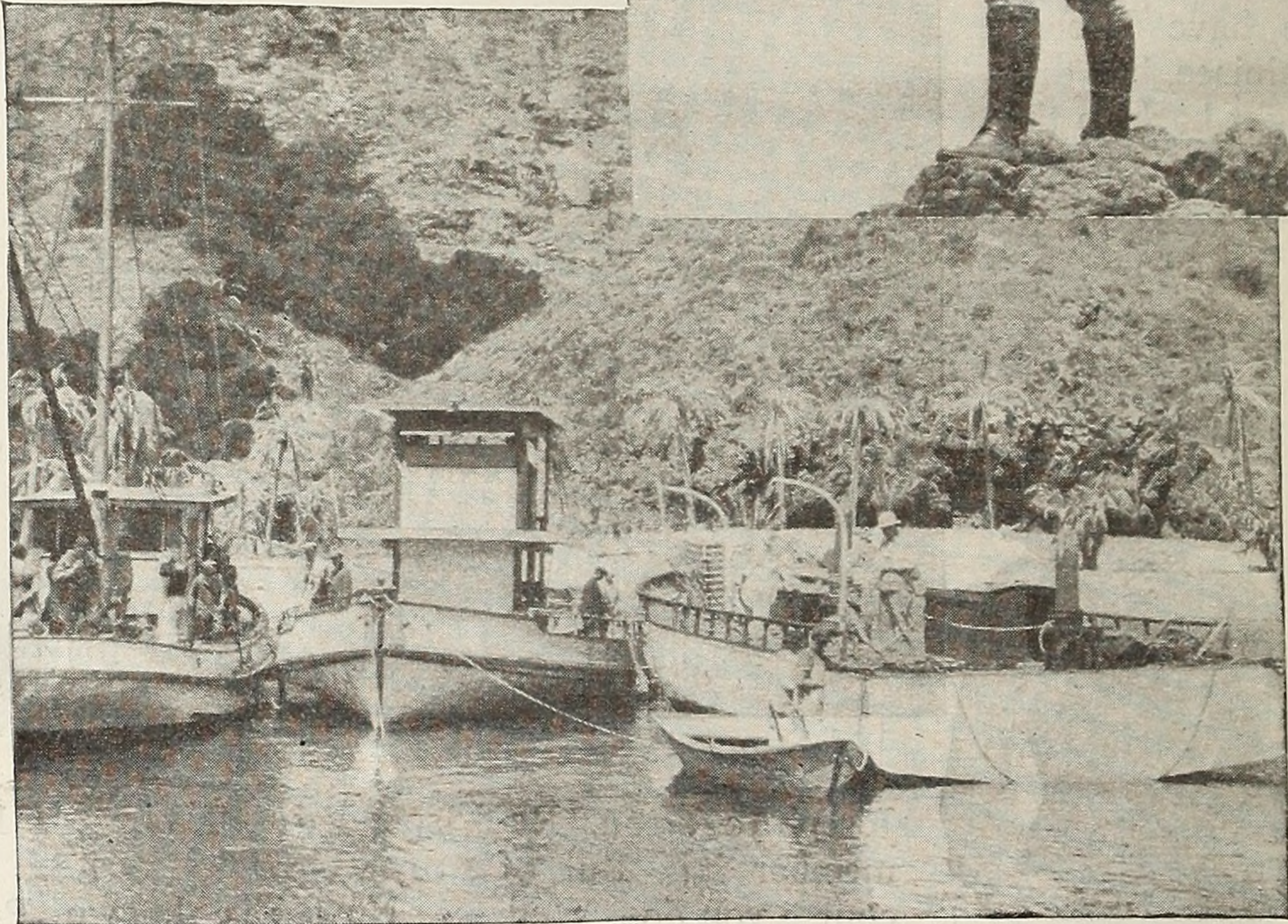
They are signs of something else, too—of Cecil De Mille's little habit of getting just what he wants for a picture, no matter how impossible the task seems. In this case it was Howard Higgins, his production supervisor, who made geography and transplanted the tropics—a small matter of taking one hundred growing cactus palms, two hundred lemon and orange trees, avocados, sago palms, ba-



De Mille was the monarch of all he surveyed.



The director-general on inspection.



Here's the fleet of transports which conveyed the company.

nana trees, and fifty crates of tropical rushes, and similar accessories from Los Angeles to Santa Cruz Island, one hundred miles away, landing them in a pounding surf on a rocky coast, and then making them look and feel at home. Several hundred sago palms were brought from Florida, and persuaded to grow in their new home. And when the coconut trees drooped and shed their fruit *en voyage* the tireless Mr. Higgins sent to Rio de Janeiro for green coconuts, and obligingly hung them where they'd look natural. Having this task thrust upon him didn't surprise him at all. He's been with De Mille for some time now, and knows that the redoubtable Cecil has to have things done right to the very last detail; no makeshift tropical island would do. So the real thing was created.

It had to be within easy distance of Los Angeles, too. That's how he happened to select Santa Cruz, which, hundreds of years ago, was a Spanish prison island. An offender against the law was sent there with enough sheep, goats, and pigs to keep him alive. For a long time now it's been a desolate place,

inhabited only by a few wild goats and hogs; not exactly a promising spot to turn into a vision of beauty!

When it had been transformed De Mille's company for "Male and Female" joyously set sail, making the expedition a regular picnic trip. Gloria Swanson, Lila Lee, Margaret Reardon, Thomas Meighan, and the rest of them prepared to be shipwrecked with pleasure. John Barrymore went along just by way of adding a bit of excitement to his restful summer. Captain Ian Hay Beith, who was acting as advisory board in the filming of this first picture to be made from one of Barrie's stories, also accompanied the expedition. Altogether there were forty people, and if their month as castaways wasn't an enjoyable one we've heard no reports to that effect.

Of course it was fun to go on this junketing trip—and even more fun because the story was such a corking one. It's made from Sir James M. Barrie's famous play, "The Admirable Crichton." And what a plot!

Think of taking a nice, rather snobbish, and very wealthy family and shipwrecking them on a tropical island, where they are so utterly helpless that they accept with great joy the able leadership of their butler, who luckily is young and good looking and ex-



The official clothes presser and assistant wardrobe keeper.

Filming the landing of the shipwrecked party.



actly the sort of man you wouldn't mind having boss you. He does it to perfection of course, and even teaches the castaways to build themselves a house and hunt their own food.

All sorts of funny things happened while the picture was being made, of course—perhaps because everybody forgot that anything about such a delightful outing could be work. Going back to nature even for a picture sort of puts the rest of your life out of focus, you know. Gloria Swanson swears that if she'd had Barrie there she would have tried to persuade him to change the plot so that the people in the story never got rescued at all.

"Think of what fun it would be to stay here all the time!" she exclaimed enthusiastically—that from Gloria, who so adores lolling in the lap of luxury. And everybody else agreed with her.

Of course De Mille doesn't want to make any prophecies, but he doesn't mind saying that this will be one of the best productions he's ever made, and the castaways say it's the best one yet.



Prohibition had no terrors for these island dwellers. Behold Theodore Roberts, as a venerable Bacchus, crushing grapes in an improvised wine press.



Lila Lee could have given pointers to Eve.



Billie, and the Follies

You've known her for a long time as Billie Burke, of the screen. Come and meet her as Mrs. Flo Ziegfeld.

By Louise Williams

THROUGH an arched doorway one caught a glimpse of the vivid blue of a tropical sky. Orange-gold sunlight crept across the room, touching gorgeously colored floor cushions and bringing out all the languorous calm of the Oriental afternoon. The favorites of the harem strolled languidly to and fro, while a first-night audience of critical New Yorkers applauded this most gorgeous scene of the 1919 "Follies."

"Isn't it— isn't it wonderful?" asked a gaspy little voice beside me with all the awed

interest of a child. You'd never have suspected that Billie Burke was the wife of Flo Ziegfeld, the creator of this thirteenth edition of the "Follies," and that she had seen it grow from the very beginning to this most successful conclusion. You'd have thought she was a girl from a crossroads town, who didn't know that the "Follies" is an annual institution in New York, a sort of glorified vaudeville show with a chorus of Broadway's stunningest girls, funniest humorists, and no plot at all.

And you'd never in the world have supposed she was the girl I'd seen that very morning at the Famous Players-Lasky Studio in Fort Lee, clad in a very lovely and tremendously becoming wedding gown and obediently going over and over a little scene in "Sadie Love," in which an elder woman angrily told her that she was perfectly absurd and stalked out of the room. The sun was beating down on the glass roof, and when the lights were turned on it was inexpressibly hot in there, yet she worked as steadily and willingly as if the weather had been ideal. She'd been the very earnest, clever little actress then; now she was as naïve and unsophisticated and delighted as a girl who'd never been to the theater before.

"I do think Joseph Urban makes the most gorgeous stage sets I ever saw!" she confided to me as they lowered the curtain at the end of that scene. "Yet sometimes Flo finds fault with them, and Urban does his preliminary sketches over and over again, when the very first one he made was simply beautiful in my opinion. And sometimes Mr. Urban gets awfully mad at Flo," with a little chuckle. "Then he dashes off and does something that's just perfect, something as beautiful as this harem set, for instance." And she tipped her head and looked up at me with that ingenuous little smile of hers that seems to say: "Isn't the world a funny place—and aren't you and I funny, too?"

Now the opening night of the "Follies" is always one of the big theatrical events of early summer in New York.

Some of the beauties who make the Follies famous.



There were all sorts of celebrities there that evening—people like Ethel Barrymore and Laurette Taylor; they were two whom I chanced to recognize.

Some of the audience had paid one hundred and twenty-five dollars for a pair of seats, and said that this was the best "Follies" yet and well worth it.

And the lovely Billie, who could have shone as a star in her own right by reason of her stage and screen successes, insisted on being present only in her official capacity as wife of the famous Flo. It was hard to get her to say anything about herself and her own plans—her husband, her small daughter, Patricia, and the "Follies" were all-absorbing topics of conversation—yet from the interest which the audience took in her I'm inclined to believe that not a few of its members felt that the winsome Billie, with her red-gold hair and blue, blue eyes, was a big feature of the evening's entertainment. The purely domestic tone of her conversation would doubtless have amazed the eager watchers, who, from the top of the second balcony to the end of the nearest box, were so intent on her during the intermissions.

"Speaking of losing one's temper," she chatted on, anent Urban and his stage sets and her husband's reception of them, "you should have seen Flo this morning. He was—well, he was literally swearing mad because the gardener had neglected the roses, which were covered with awful bugs. And he proceeded to say just what he thought, with profane trimmings on his remarks. Neither of us had noticed that Baby was right behind him, so you can imagine our surprise when all of a sudden a shrill little voice piped up: '—dose bugs—dis spoilin' everysing!'"

"And how's the infant daughter getting on otherwise?" I wanted to know.



Billie and her daughter Patricia, at their summer home.

"Oh, beautifully. Yes, she looks like me. I think her hair gets redder every day; it's just been cut, and it sticks out in two little goldy wisps over her ears, so that she looks like a baby faun. I do wish I could paint; I'd do a picture of her."

Then came the topic of Billie's going back to the stage this autumn, which I understood was her intention.

"It's a question of getting a good play," she said with a little sigh. "You've no idea what a task it is. All the light comedies seem to be farces that have beds as the center of the plots; I think they're dreadful. Yet, as somebody reminded me the other day when I objected to



The harem scene impresses even Broadway.



Continued on page 84



"Handsome Harry"—a combination of Fairbanks, Broncho Billy, Hart, and Farnum.

The Frame-Up

Honest confession is good for the soul—particularly when it reveals the inside story of a sensational fight scene.

By Edward Ferguson

ILLUSTRATED BY H. L. DRUCKLIEB

THEY said afterward that it was one of the biggest fights in the history of the screen. Rival directors openly admitted that they didn't see how we pulled it off. Strong men who had considered movies effeminate went to see that release time and time again, and howled their heads off when the fight scene was shown. The newspapers sent their motion-picture editors to talk to the director, the star, and the men who won fame by the fight scene. Even the camera man was interviewed. Nobody said anything. As a matter of fact, I was the only one who could have told how that fight scene was staged—and nobody asked *me* for an explanation.

There were two principals in that fight—"Handsome Harry" and the "Brute." Harry stood five feet eleven, had the figure of an Adonis, and was a hundred-percent-plus movie hero. He really could act, photographed like a certified check for a million dollars, and looked so well in a dress suit that the management wanted him to wear one even in early morning scenes. But not for Handsome Harry; he yearned for Wild Western rôles, and was never happier than when the scenario gave him a chance to try a combination of Fairbanks, Broncho Billy, Hart, and Farnum. And, to tell the truth, he got away with it fairly well.

The Brute was a different sort of customer—two hundred pounds of brawn that stood six feet, the upper one of which consisted of a massive head.

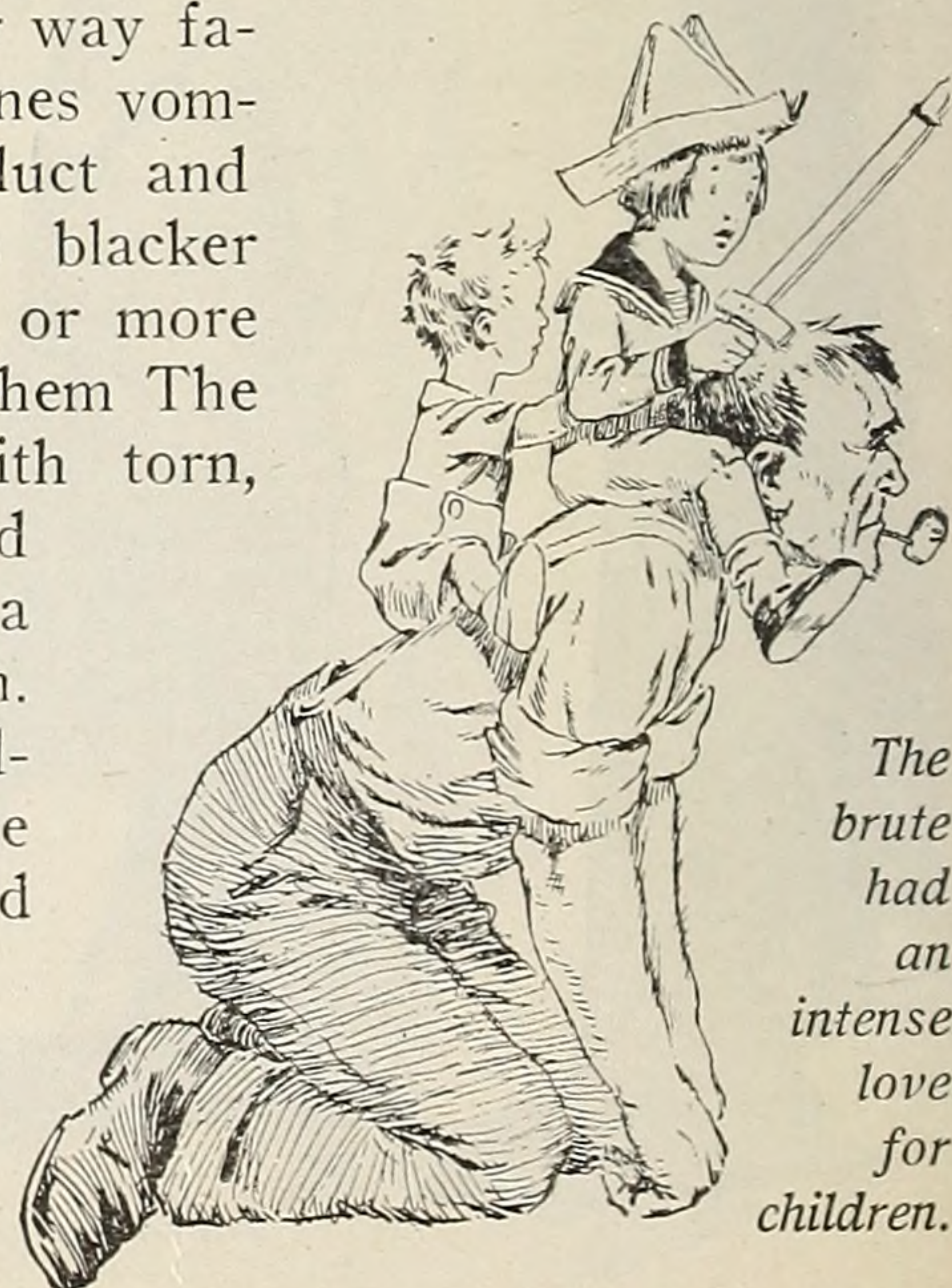
But Nature had the colliewobbles when she tackled his face, for she produced a countenance whose most prominent features were shaggy eyebrows, deep-set eyes, a massive nose and mouth, and a square, pugnacious chin. Ever see a cartoonist's idea of a thug or bank robber? That's what the Brute's mug looked like. He was always cast for heavies, and the more brutal the part the better he looked and played it. Yet his most distinguishing characteristics were an almost pathetic gentleness of character, a softness of speech, and an intense love of children. But for all his gentleness he was not a person whom any one would be likely to try to impose upon.

In the cast there was also a star, of course—an actress of fame gained in vaudeville and on the legitimate stage, who had been engaged especially for this picture, and who, clad in silk and summer furs, drove up in her car and honored us with her presence when necessary.

And then there was I. I nearly said "me." I was the person who had to get all the blame if things went wrong and who was robbed of the credit when things went right. I was the assistant director.

Now for the scenario. Briefly, the scene was laid in a period some fifty years ago, in an English coal-mining town. The story told of a brutal, drunken father, his daughter, who was a slate picker, and of a handsome, brave engineer; with, of course, all the incidentals—the girl's wretched home life, her poverty, her father's drunken brutality, the heartless grind at the mine, the misunderstanding, the London dandy, to whom all women were legitimate prey—and—the handsome engineer, who finally married the girl; but not until he had thoroughly beaten up her father.

When the picture was cast Handsome Harry was designated to play the male lead, and of course the Brute was picked to play the father. We got under way famously. The coal mines vomited their black product and the engine house its blacker smoke. The hundred or more breaker girls, among them The Girl, picked slate with torn, bleeding fingers, lorded over and bullied by a beast of a foreman. The foreman, his advances repulsed by the girl, roughly handled her, the engineer came in—as always in pictures—at the psychological moment



The brute had an intense love for children.

and knocked him down. Score one for Handsome Harry.

The Dandy, son of a director of the company, arrived from London, with spats, fancy vest, cane, and monocle. He likewise fancied The Girl. The Engineer realized his game, and through set teeth threw both a warning and a challenge into the Dandy's face. Score two for Handsome Harry.

Whereupon the Dandy picked another victim, and vanished from the plot.

The Brute came home drunk on pay-day night, took his daughter's wages, threw her into a corner, and was about to strike her. The Engineer stepped in at the door.

"Did you want to see me?" he blandly asked, fixing the Brute with his steely gaze. Result—no beating for The Girl—exit the Brute—tender gratitude—the dawn of love's young dream—and—score three for Handsome Harry.

But let's quit scoring before it gets monotonous.

The Brute swore dire vengeance and boasted of what he would do to the Engineer, whereupon the latter gave him ample opportunity, though nothing happened. Finally, the Brute, realizing that he might soon lose his daughter, and with her her earnings, via the marriage route, decided to stop it all, and sought out the Engineer to tell him where to get off.

Let us get off for a minute, too.

That was to be the big scene. The Brute was to find the hero at a pub, and, having fortified himself with generous drafts of fiery liquid courage, he was to tackle the Engineer. And then the fight.

We had a set constructed to represent a real old English tavern. There was a small bar with its inevitable barmaid, tables, and benches, and a stairway to a balcony that ran along one side of the room. It was a good set, and we all hoped that we could pull a good fight scene.

But that fight was a cause of worry and discussion for some days. The public is keen on man-to-man fights—witness the popularity of Hart and Farnum—and by the same token it is keen to detect a fight that is faked. It was not intended that this particular fight should look faky; a drunken Brute and a husky young Engineer would not be likely to exchange love taps or bombard each other with charlotte russe or fudge.

Yet it's no fun to get all beaten up, you know, even for the sake of a big scene. Everybody but the two principals wanted to have a regular fight staged. But the Brute

and Handsome Harry weren't so wildly enthusiastic as we were.

So we cogitated.

"Do you s'pose they'll mix it up?" the director asked.

"Search me!" I replied, and it must be admitted that my remark was to the point.

"Look-a-here," he continued. "This



Down they came, nine feet to the floor.

scene will make or break the picture, and it's gotta be right. Visualize it. Barroom, crowd of half-drunken miners, smoky oil lamps, and a fight to a kill between two sworn enemies. If they didn't really fight it's reasonable to suppose that the miners would beat 'em both up."

"Yep," I responded.

"Here's a case," the director continued, "where the bully of the town and the boss of the works are both fighting for their reputation, their jobs, and a girl. My heavens, man, they've got to fight!"

Being astute and a deep thinker, I saw the point, and solemnly answered: "Sure."

With this weighty subject on my mind I retired to a far corner of the prop room and settled down to reflect among the ruins of an ancient castle, a drawing-room set and a flock of wheelbarrows. And the fifth time I filled my pipe inspiration flapped her wings above my head, and I knew that fight was going to be a hum-dinger.

Our barroom scene was a night scene, so we didn't work that afternoon. And with malice aforethought I rode into town with the Brute. Of course we talked shop, and in the course of our talk I casually mentioned that Harry was planning to add to his laurels when we shot that scene. How? Simplicity itself. He intended to make a *real* scene of it and give the Brute a *real* beating. Of course the Brute was not expected to know this, therefore it was plausible to suppose that he would take the beating, be properly licked before he knew he was really in a fight, and Harry, the mighty hero, would be posing for a closeup over his fallen father-in-law-to-be.

The Brute listened attentively, and dryly thanked me for tipping him off.

Let's score one for me.

Continued on page 82

IT'S spread so that it's fairly become a new cult—the cult of the Gishi. If one is a girl and doesn't "gish," one simply is not in it. One is as hopelessly out of date as a beaded dolman—if you know what *that* is!

Dorothy Gish, as *The Little Disturber* in "Hearts of the World," is responsible for the fad. Gishing has been spreading and spreading ever since, until now there's a little gisher in nearly every home.

All the girls are doing it. It's a combination of a new form of physical exercise and a social accomplishment—like dancing. So when you observe a cutie dancing about like a kitten on a hot griddle, expressing nothing except youth and pep, she isn't really troubled with any nervous disorder; she's merely gishing in her artless, girlish way.

If you go home and ask your sixteen-year-


old daughter, who's joined the movement, how she's getting along in high school, she won't sit down and fold her hands in the meek, old-fashioned way. Not she! She'll hop up on a chair and sit down on the top of its back, and, while teetering so you feel every minute she's going to fall, she will tell you that she's "perfectly rotten in arithmetic, but"—here she will flit down and land with her knees under her chin on the sofa—"but she's all to the O. K. in English, and——" At this she'll dive from the sofa to the top of the piano, wave her arms vigorously, and announced that she's a regular chemistry hound if there ever was one.

Ah, when will peace and quiet be restored to our homes? Yet she's a cute little thing, the gisher. I don't know that I'd have her otherwise.

If you're a young man, and ask her if

she will take ice cream with you, she doesn't say yes in a tender whisper, as we did in our day, dear middle-aged sisters. No, sir! She'll probably take the first position for the one-step; then, turning the upper part of her suddenly around so as to look at you over her shoulder, while her feet point the other way, she will acknowledge her willingness to be led to a nut sundae—the nuttier the better. Just what she does when asked to wed I don't know. Probably, if it happens outdoors, she takes a flying leap to a treetop, and, swinging from it, tells you she loves you better than anybody in the world except Charles Ray or Dick Barthelmess.

There are no particular rules for gishing, except that you never, never, on any account, stand still for a minute. It's quite indescribable on paper. All one can say is that it's perpetual motion with dif-



Just See What Dorothy Is Responsible For!

By Grace Kingsley

ferent combinations of arms and legs and head, and if you hitched the average gisher to a sewing machine or some other useful mechanical engine she would probably turn out thousands of dollars' worth of useful productions—shirts, for example—a day.

Gishing is done almost exclusively by cuties and flappers between sixteen and twenty. A gisher of thirty would not be allowed to live. Besides its exercise requires the elasticity and the prodigality of energy that belong only to youth. I'll say one thing for it, as Mark Twain says of chills—it's a dispensation of an all-wise Providence to provide exercise for the lazy. I'll bet there are gishers who wouldn't wash the dishes for a mint.

That is, not unless Dorothy did it!

"I Do," Said Anita

John Emerson said it, too, the day he and Miss Loos were married at the Talmadge home in Bayside, and here's an account of the wedding.

By Agnes Smith



THE bride and bridegroom were only four and a half hours late. Constance Talmadge said that that wasn't bad for Anita Loos, and it was positively prompt for John Emerson. Constance, who had been working all week on "The Temperamental Wife," wasn't going to let a mere thing like a wedding at her home spoil a nice, restful Sunday. So she curled up on a porch swing, dressed in a tea gown, with a cap over the "magic wavers" on her head, and positively refused to get dressed until the bride was seen really driving up the road.

But it was different with Norma. After a four weeks' vacation away from the studio she welcomed a little diversion like a wedding. She had been up and dressed since daybreak. She was staging the wedding. It was at her suggestion that the important ceremony of marriage between the girl who made the subtitle famous and one of the industry's best directors took place at the Talmadge home in Bayside, Long Island.

Norma superintended the arranging of the living room, where the ceremony took place. She taught the Chinese butler how to build the wedding bell of white flowers and doves that hung over the heads of the couple. She set the table for the wedding breakfast. Only the bridal couple were so late that it turned out to be a wedding supper. It was she also who tied the white ribbon upon the neck of Dinky, the smallest dog in captivity.

"Anita and John,"

she explained, "wanted to go to John's birthplace out in Ohio to get married. But I insisted on having it here. You see, Constance and Natalie have never been to a wedding."

"And I hope," said Constance, "that all this teaches me a lesson. When I get married—if I do get married at all—I won't have any one around except mother and the girls."

Meanwhile Natalie, the second spectator and the youngest of the three sisters, was wandering about the pleasant lawns which lead from the Talmadge home down to the waters of Long Island Sound. Like Constance, she had refused to get dressed until she heard that the car had gone to call for the justice of the peace. She wore a gingham dress and fur-topped boots, rescued from Norma's Russian picture, "The New Moon." Her official duty was to keep the neighbors' children from putting their fingers in the parrot cages and from breaking the toy balloons that were decorating the little summer pavilions that dotted the lawn. And, besides, she had guests down over the week-end. You

Norma was staging the wedding.

know how it is around June, when the colleges are just letting out for the summer.

"Norma always wants her sisters to do everything she does," said Mrs. Talmadge; "that's why they are all on the screen. Natalie doesn't like it. I believe that she is the only girl in the world who doesn't care whether she is a moving-picture actress or not. The other day at the studio, after a hard day's work, she turned on Norma reproachfully and said: 'Oh, *why* did you turn me into an actress!'"

"It was the same way when Norma started to take ballet lessons. Adolf Bolm came to the studio to supervise some of the Russian details of 'The New Moon.' Norma immediately became interested in dancing. She is what you might call susceptible to influences. If Jess Willard or Jack Dempsey were about she would try to get them to teach her to fight. So Norma arranged a ballet class, and all the girls had to join. They took lessons once a week. Norma could work all day at the studio, and then do the strenuous exercises all

They were just like any bride and groom.



evening without getting the least bit tired. But poor little Anita was worn out. She couldn't see what touching the back of your head with your toes had to do with writing scenarios."

At that moment Norma came back from the telephone. At intervals during the day she had been calling up Anita Loos at Great Neck, Long Island, where Miss Loos has a very small pink stucco house, and reported that John had gone to New York to call for some of the guests and that Anita refused to leave until he came around to get her.

And so the Talmadges and a few of the early guests sat on the wide porch that overlooks the Sound, and discussed the wedding. Merceta Esmonde, herself a screen actress and wife of Harry Northrup, who is a terrible villain—on the screen—recalled the days when she used to act on the stage under John Emerson's direction when he was in charge of the Charles Frohman companies. And she spoke with feeling of the fact that John Emerson was still loyal to his old friends and had not let success interfere with his good sense.

"I wish you wouldn't talk as though you were writing his obituary, *Merci*," interrupted Constance. "In a minute you will be saying that Anita will always be loved and remembered by those who knew her."

"It is an ideal marriage," said Mrs. Talmadge; "they are both interested in the same things and they have worked together so long and successfully."

"Love is the best excuse in the world for marriage—career or no career," was Norma's verdict.

Constance, who had been telling her fortune in a tea cup, laughed sardonically, as Laura Jean Libbey used to say: "Then I shall never fall in love."

"Don't brag," warned Norma.

"I am not bragging. I see it in my fortune. I have made up my mind to be independent from now on. If politeness interferes with my independence, then good-by politeness! Whenever any one bores me I am simply going to turn to them and say, 'I am sorry, but you tire me,' and walk away."

"To hear her talk," said Captain David Kirkland, her director, "you might think that she had temperament. But she hasn't. In fact, the 'wife' in 'The Temperamental Wife,' was the only one in the cast who was not temperamental."

The elusive Natalie had come on the porch to get a piece of toast and jam. The words "love, marriage, and temperament" made her hang in the background. And when some one asked her about marriage she blushed, giggled, and fled.

But she came back later with the news that the bride had telephoned that she was just leaving the house. Whereupon Constance ran for her room, removing her hair from curlers as she went. Dinky, the dog, who had behaved very well during the day, shook the white ribbon from his hair and began barking like mad. Norma was so busy seeing that Justice Frederic Kernochan got to the house that she did not have time to tie it on again.

Anita Loos and John Emerson arrived a little before five o'clock—the wedding was to have taken place at one. With them was Frances Marion, scenario



The wedding party.

writer for Mary Pickford. The neighbors took Miss Marion for the bride. She wore a white net dress and an ermine scarf, while Miss Loos wore yellow organdie, a blue hat, and a blue sweater.

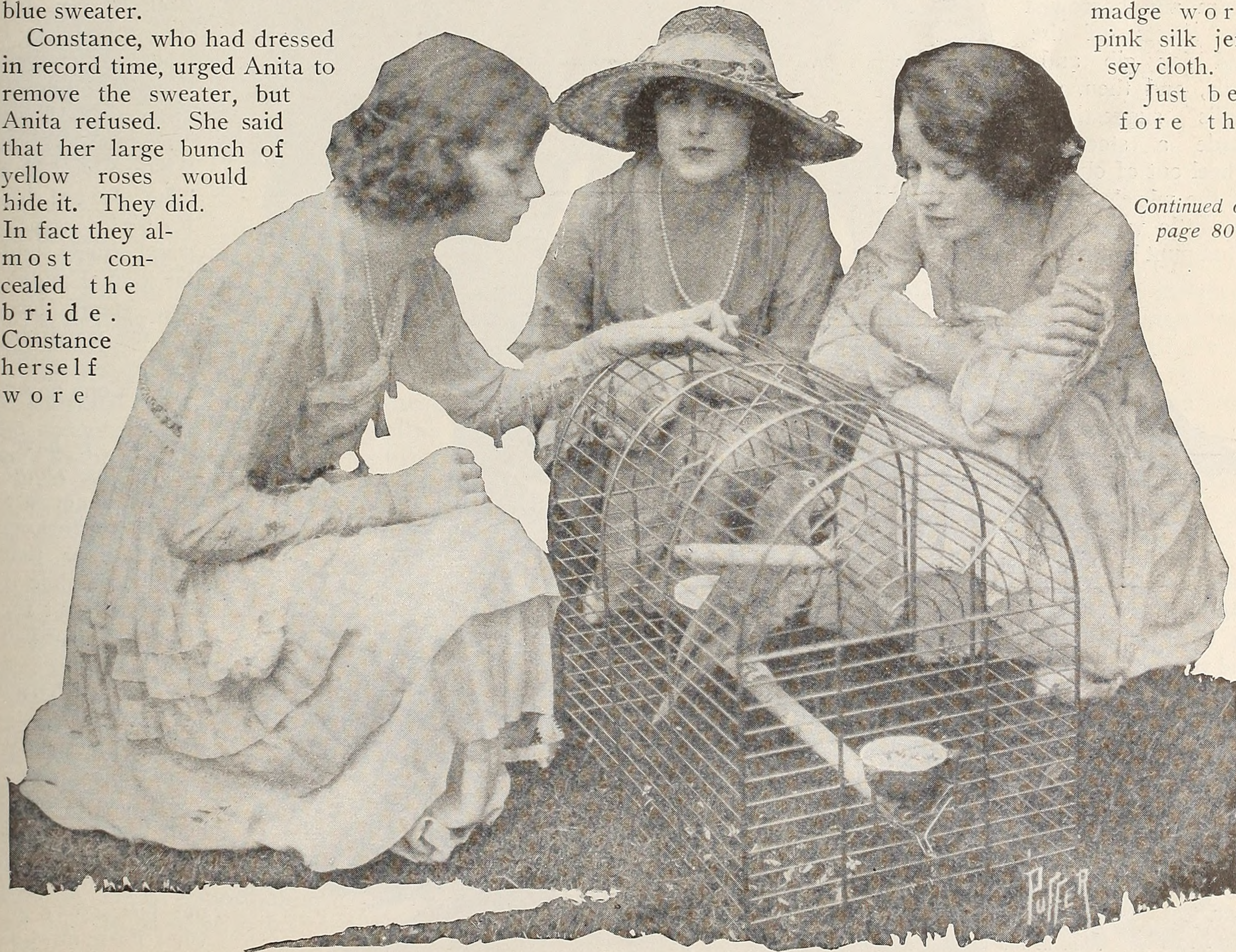
Constance, who had dressed in record time, urged Anita to remove the sweater, but Anita refused. She said that her large bunch of yellow roses would hide it. They did. In fact they almost concealed the bride. Constance herself wore

gray crêpe de Chine, with a narrow sash of blue and pink ribbons and a wide hat with streamers of gray tulle. Norma was all in rose color, and Natalie's dress was pale yellow, while Mrs. Tal-

madge wore pink silk jersey cloth.

Just before the

Continued on page 80



Over the Years with Dusty

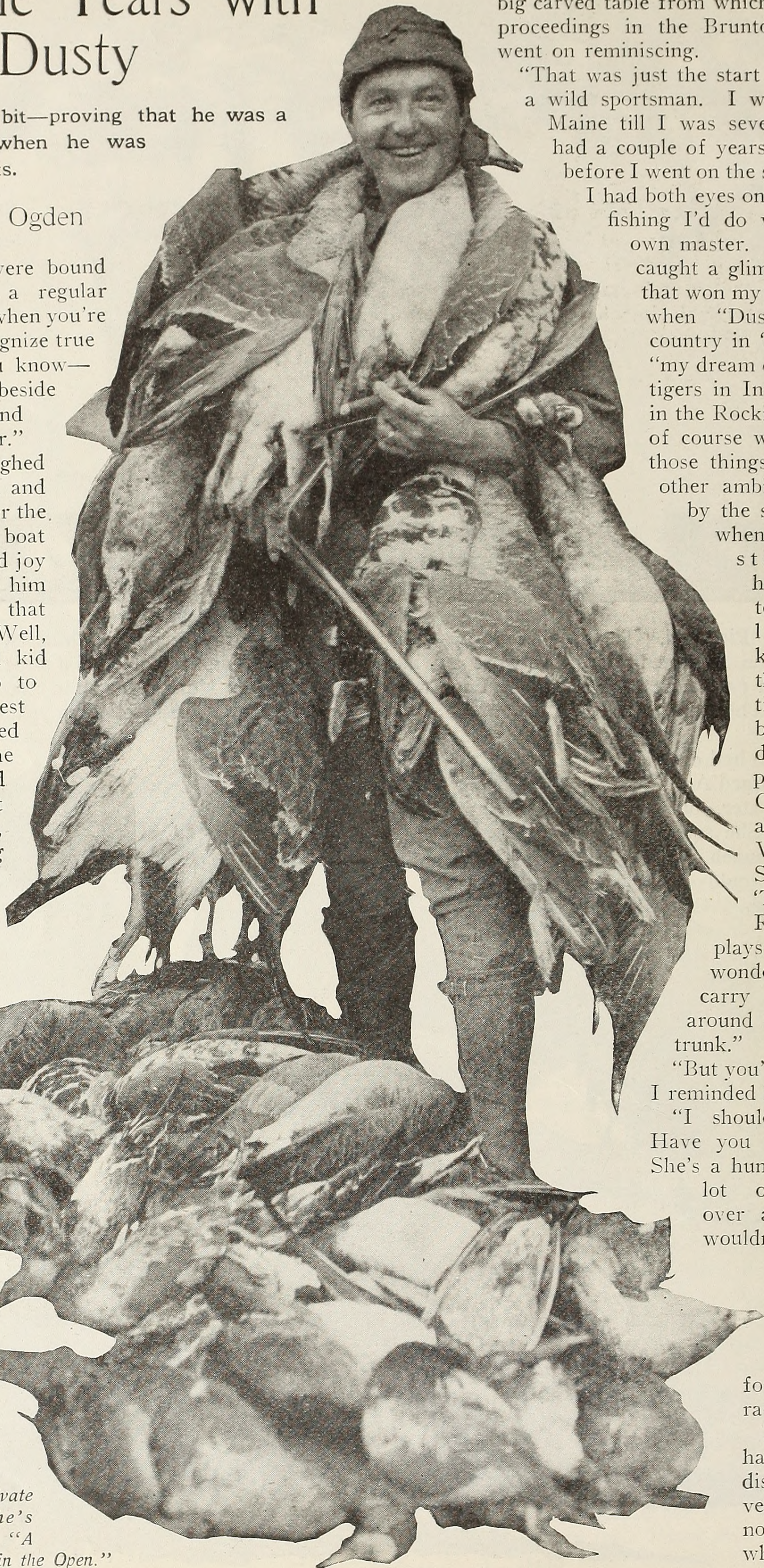
He reminisces a bit—proving that he was a sportsman even when he was in kilts.

By Helen Ogden

BILL and I were bound we'd have a regular boat—even when you're only eight you recognize true style in boats, you know—so we sat down beside that old punt and talked things over." Dustin Farnum laughed at the recollection, and I wondered whether the trim, racy motor boat that is his pride and joy at present made him any happier than that old punt had. "Well, we did the usual kid stunt—sneaked up to grandmother's guest room and borrowed the sheets off the bed for gib and sails, and then, at Bill's suggestion, made a steering wheel out of one of the wheels of my little wagon. That punt looked

like a million dollars to us kids, and we quite seriously considered sailing from Bucksport, Maine, where we were spending the summer, to Boston in it."

In private life he's often "A Man in the Open."



He swung himself up beside me on the big carved table from which I was watching proceedings in the Brunton Studios, and went on reminiscing.

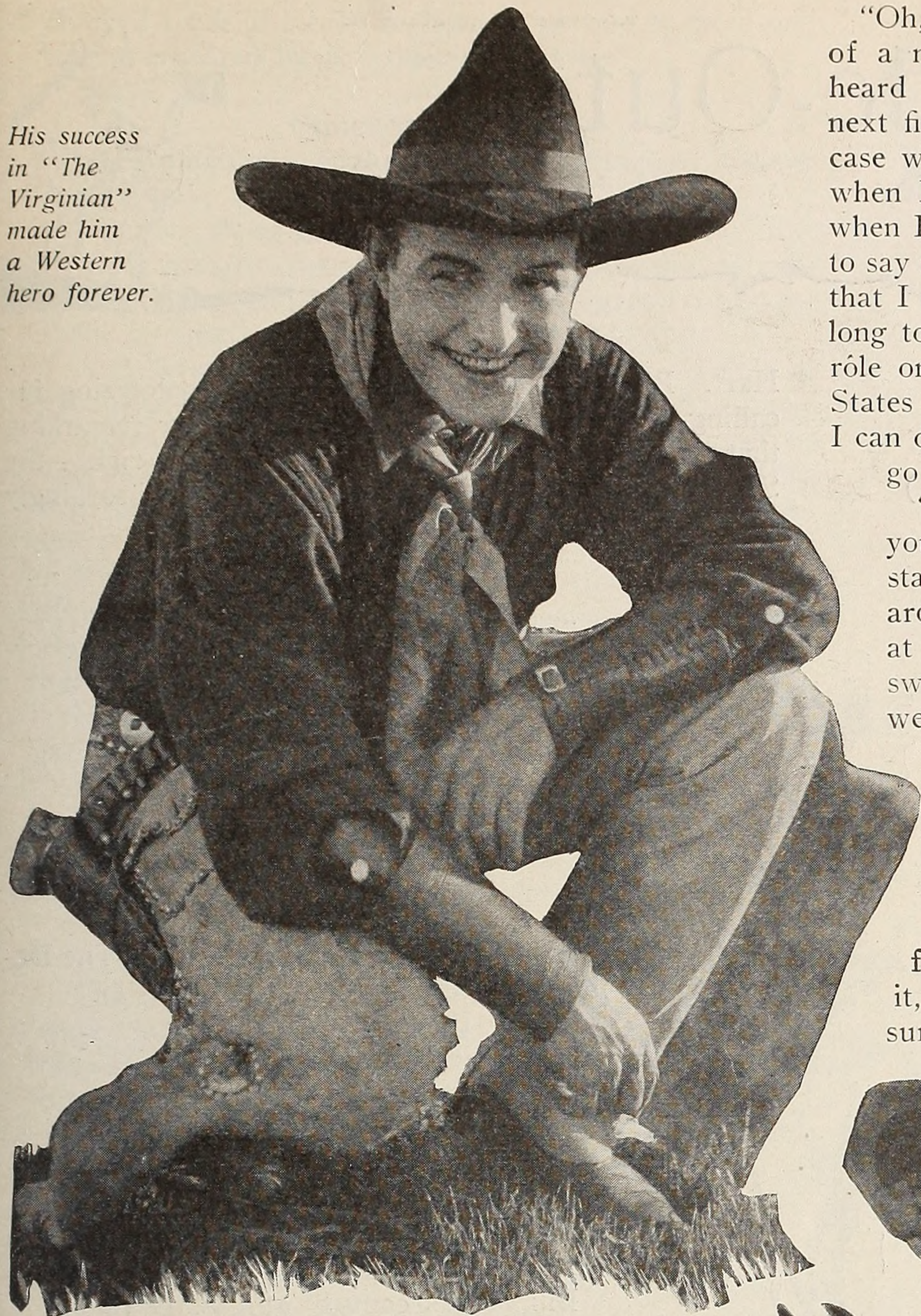
"That was just the start of my career as a wild sportsman. I went to school in Maine till I was seventeen, and then had a couple of years at Boston Tech before I went on the stage, and always I had both eyes on the hunting and fishing I'd do when I was my own master. Oh, yes," and I caught a glimpse of the smile that won my heart in the days when "Dusty" toured the country in "The Virginian," "my dream came true; I shot tigers in India and grizzlies in the Rockies later on. But of course when I had done those things I acquired another ambition—got bitten by the speed bug. And when you're on the stage you don't have much chance to gratify desires like that, you know. Of course there were vacations, but I look back now to the days when I played with Chauncey Olcott, and did 'The Virginian,' 'The Squaw Man,' 'The Littlest Rebel'—those plays and others—and wonder that I didn't carry a speed boat around in my wardrobe trunk."

"But you've got one now," I reminded him.

"I should say I have! Have you seen the *Ding*? She's a hummer; I get in a lot of swordfishing over at Catalina that wouldn't be possible if it weren't for her. But I'm having a faster boat built now—for the motor-boat races this autumn."

Now, so far, this had been a most disappointing conversation to me—not because of what Farnum said,

His success in "The Virginian" made him a Western hero forever.



but because of the way he looked. For there sat the hero of "The Light of Western Stars," "A Man's Fight," and all those brawny, bracing Western pictures, wearing not chaps and a sombrero, but evening clothes.

"But I can't help it; the picture calls for 'em," he lamented when I aired my grievance. "But the scenario takes us West eventually; I'll get back to the old Stetson in a day or two. And if it's Western stuff you want to see, come over to my dressing room; I've got a saddle I bought from an Austrian count when the war began—and all sorts of trophies and tackle and stuff of that sort. You haven't seen the horses either, have you?—Gray and Monte——"

"I saw them in some of your pictures," I reminded him.

"Oh, of course you did. Well, scooting around in a motor boat is great fun, and of course an automobile isn't to be ignored altogether—but, after all, I don't know that anything else can quite come up to a good gallop—not even swordfishing."

"That's all very well, but I should think you'd miss the stage, even with all these compensations, and want to go back to it," I observed.

"Oh, I do," he answered quickly. "It's the nature of a man not to be satisfied, and of course you've heard the proverb to the effect that the cows in the next field always have the longest horns. That's the case with the actor who goes into the movies. Why, when I think of living in a trunk the way I used to when I was on tour, of the trains I used to catch—and to say nothing of the ones I missed—it seems incredible that I could ever go back to it. Then, too, it takes so long to get across the country if you're playing a big rôle on the stage; I covered just half of the United States in five years in one of my plays, and in pictures I can do seven or eight big plays a year and have them go to towns where the trains don't even stop.

"Yet there's a lot of sentiment about the stage, you know—even about the hardships of one-night stands." He nodded toward the extras standing around on a neighboring set. "I'll bet my hat that at least two out of every one of those groups are swapping yarns about the good old days when they were on the stage and saying they'd like to go back. Yet put 'em on the stage, and they'd mourn for the days of the pictures, when they could live so much more comfortably."

"You'll go back some day, though, won't you?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, I'll return to the stage, even if only for a season or two. There's a fascination about it, of course; you can't resist it. But I'm equally sure that I'll come back to the screen again; I'd hate like sixty to give it up."

And by "it," I found, he means not only hunting and fishing—incidentally he made a record catch of tuna fish recently—but various other sports as well. For instance, one day some tourists, who were throwing pennies into Avalon Bay, at Catalina, for

Continued
on page 84



The motor boat's most dangerous rival is Dusty's favorite horse.



Fade-Outs

By Harry J. Smalley

SKETCHES BY
H. L. DRUCKLIEB



Random Remarks

(Suggested by current titles.)

"The Mints Of Hell." (Hot Coppers!)

"Some Liar!" (I'll pay it back next week!)

"The Man Who Stayed at Home"

(The laundry lost his shirt!)

"Mayor Of Filbert" (The nuts elected him!)

"The Amazing Wife" (She didn't want a new hat!)

"One Of The Finest" (A dwarf cootie!)

"The Birth Of A Race" ("They're Off!")

"Greased Lightning" (When it struck the lard factory).

—o—

Nothing Impossible in Filmland!

Speaking of weird plots, here's what happens in "An Amateur Widow"—

A chap rescues his widow, whom he has never seen before—from a burning building; falls in love with her, and marries her!

—o—

A See-Saw Plot.

Plots are queer things. There's "The Blinding Trail," f'rinstance. As near as we can make out, the hero, while he could see, was blind to real love and married the wrong woman.

He then became blind and saw the true love of the other woman. After which he regained his sight and became blind to the blandishments of the flirt he had married!

—o—

Answers to Correspondents.

"Ima"—Askin, Ky.: And I'm a-telling you and the world, No! Theodore Roberts is *not* the oldest film actor—by any means! Nell Shipman was born B. C. Your other question evidently refers to the speakies. There are no "flies" on nor in the movie theater. The screen keeps 'em out. Oh, yes—I forgot to tell you: Nell Shipman was born in Victoria, British Columbia, Canada.

"Ophelia"—Lawrence, Mass.: That's not the hamlet Shakespeare picked for you. And so, as did the Bard Of Avon, I made Ophelia mad! That's what you get for taking me seriously! We squared that matter with

Hart. Bill attended to that. Anyway, apologizing for calling Hart homely is like apologizing for remarking that Christmas falls on Dec. 25th. You're right—the Storey, while not brilliantly illustrated—is absorbingly interesting. Thanks for the call.

—o—

Our Pictures.

"The Hushed Hour" (Garson)

"The Witching Hour" (Frohman)

"The Eleventh Hour" (World)

"One Hour" (Four-square)

"The Final Hour" (World)

"The Mystic Hour" (Sterling)

"Her Hour" (World)

—o—

Ten Tenuous Things.

Mae Murray's dancing gown in "The Delicious Little Devil."

Victor Potel.

Billy West Comedies.

Lotsa plots.

Near-beer.

Wilhelm's alibis.

Reasons for censorship.

Anita's limbs.

Marguerite Clark's film kisses.

Bill Hart's comedy efforts.

—o—

Oh, Yes, Where *Did* I Hear of Him?

"Radiating strength in physique and personality. The most advertised figure ever shown in a theater, in a rôle that reveals him as a star, second to none——"

Well, sir—we shot four guesses at that and missed!

Those glowing words, dear reader, do not refer to your favorite star. They are merely the maunderings of a publicity pusher for a certain former champ—Jess Willard in "The Challenge Of Chance."

—o—

A Perfect Marriage.

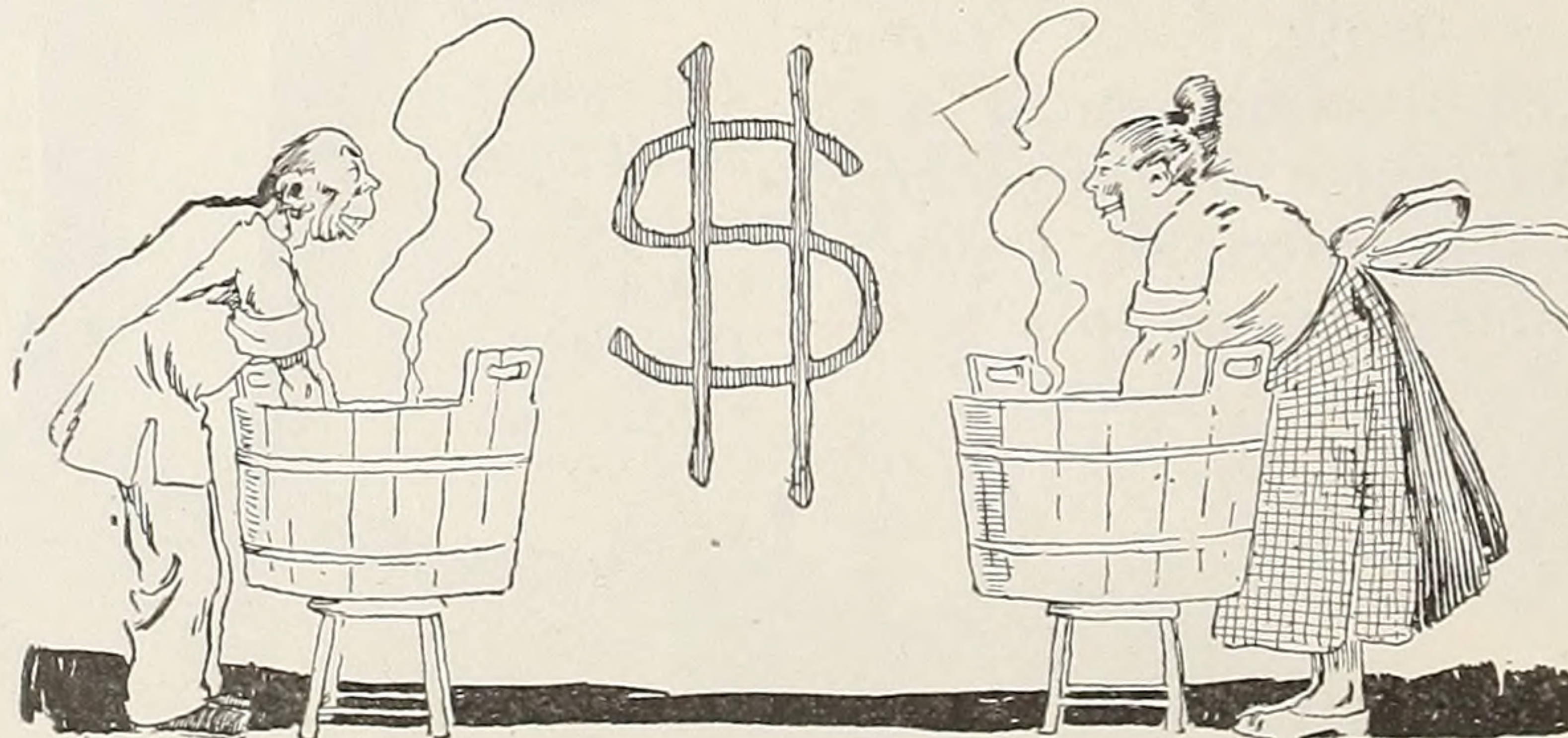
Referring to "The Unwritten Code," World asks the world: "can there be a successful marriage between an Oriental and an American?"

There sure can!

In a Western village the sole washerwoman in town, a colored lady, married the only laundryman in the county, a Chinaman—thereby forming a soiled-clothes trust that gathered the shekels galore.

Successful?

Say—they had to keep



cracked ice in the cash register to prevent it from getting overheated by its constant exercise!

—o—

Concerning Detail.

Oft we marvel o'er the intricate workings of Messrs. Incongruity, Inconsistency & Co.

Strolling along this cogitative pathway, we leave the nation's greatest man, step gingerly past the nation's greatest pest—and arrive at the nation's greatest pastime—the movies.

And here, in the films, we find a striking example of greatness and gimpness merrily trotting hand in hand.

Metro gave us "The Red Lantern"—a gisumpendic spectacle upon which they spared neither time nor coin nor research to perfect its most infinitesimal detail.

Yep! They did that! And then, this same Metro slips us "False Evidence," starring Viola Dana. Vi was there with true evidence of ability, as she always is, but—

D'ye mind the gang of r'arin', t'arin', divil-may-care lumberjacks who were bent on lynching the hero?

Ah, sure, they were the brave bunch of boisterous, brawlin' la-ads!

The kid of 'em was a festive larrakin of seventy and the oldest about a hundred and forty!

—o—

The Limit!

The films have given us heroes who were burglars, meat packers, safe-blowers, postmaster generals, yeggmen, brokers, porch climbers, railroad presidents, and pickpockets—and we've stood for 'em all.

But in "Taxi," starring Taylor Holmes, the idea of making a hero of a taxi driver strikes us as going a bit too far in exalting extreme depravity!

—o—

Tips to Exhibitors.

- "The Boomerang"—should be good for a return date.
- "Taxi"—too costly for a long run.
- "Girls"—they have a big following.
- "Free"—if you show this be sure to place the admission price after the title or your crowd will beat all records.

—o—

Wind Direction.

Tempering the wind to the shorn lamb is an insipid stunt compared with what is pulled off in Theda Bara's "A Woman There Was."

A wind storm destroys a village, yet a calm and balmy palm in the background never tremors a qualm!

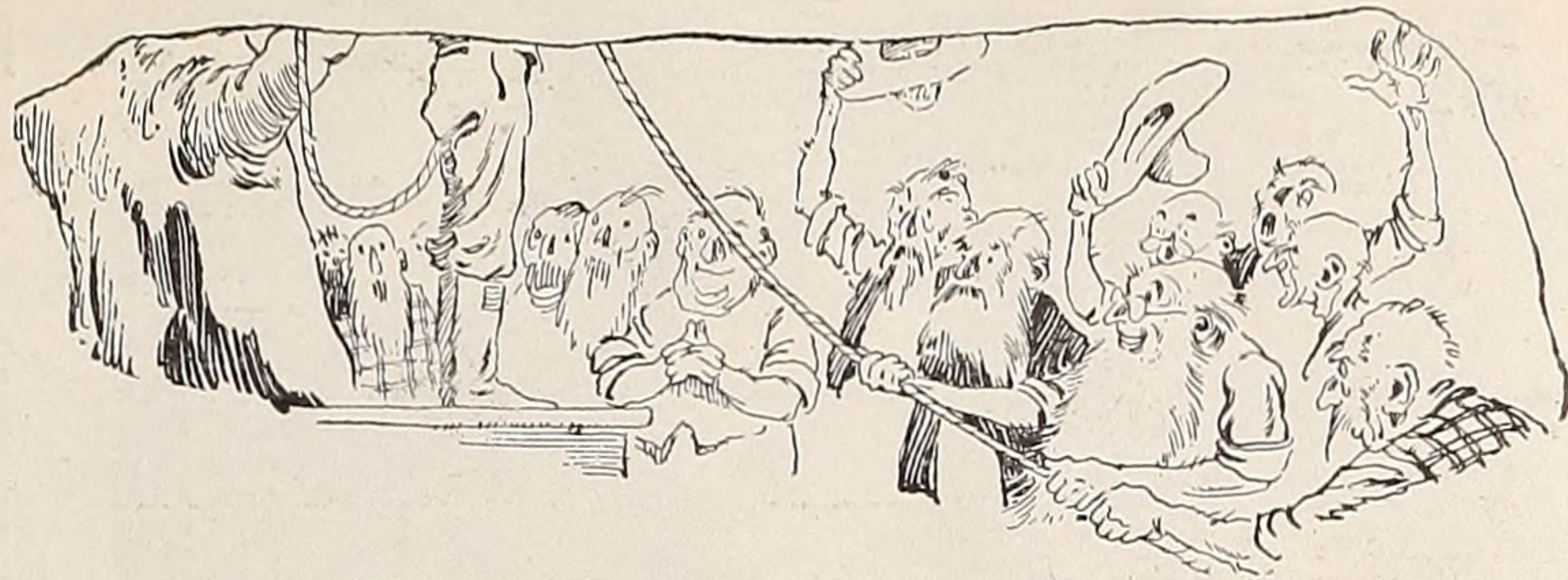


Not that we give a dalm—but we are mildly curious to learn what took the wind out of the air back there.

—o—

In Metro's "the Way Of The Strong" the serpent of Eden thrives even in chill Alaska.

Snowballs, we presume, being used instead of apples.



Sad News.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast,
So, e'er I sprung a hope that Billy West
Would please desist,
As if in answer to my prayer, from out
The moving celluloid he dropped—no doubt
He was not missed.

But Joy is but a bubble—delicate,
And in my joyous bubble Missus Fate
A pin has stuck!
So, in my heart lies cold despair and pain,
For Billy says he's coming back again.
Gol-darn the luck!

—o—

No Round-Trip Tickets Issued.

Paramount, in clamoring our attention to Enid Bennett in "The Haunted Bedroom," asks if we believe in ghosts.

Why should we and how can we?

As Mike Kelly, the mail man says: "Sure, if a guy dies an' goes t' heaven, 'tis made so pleasant there for him that he doesn't want t' come back. An' if he lands in th' other locality th' divil a chanct he'd have of getting out to come back!"

—o—

They're Fast Becoming Civilized!

Chinese picture fans do not care for sex plays nor vamps.
Must be some chink blood in OUR veins.

—o—

Some Job for "Some Liar!"

William Russell, as the star in "Some Liar," essays a truly remarkable feat of salesmanship.
The commodities he attempts to sell are cradles and coffins!

Something like trying to peddle refrigerators in Hades!

The chap who needed one of these articles was in no position to buy one!

—o—

A Problem in Fractions.

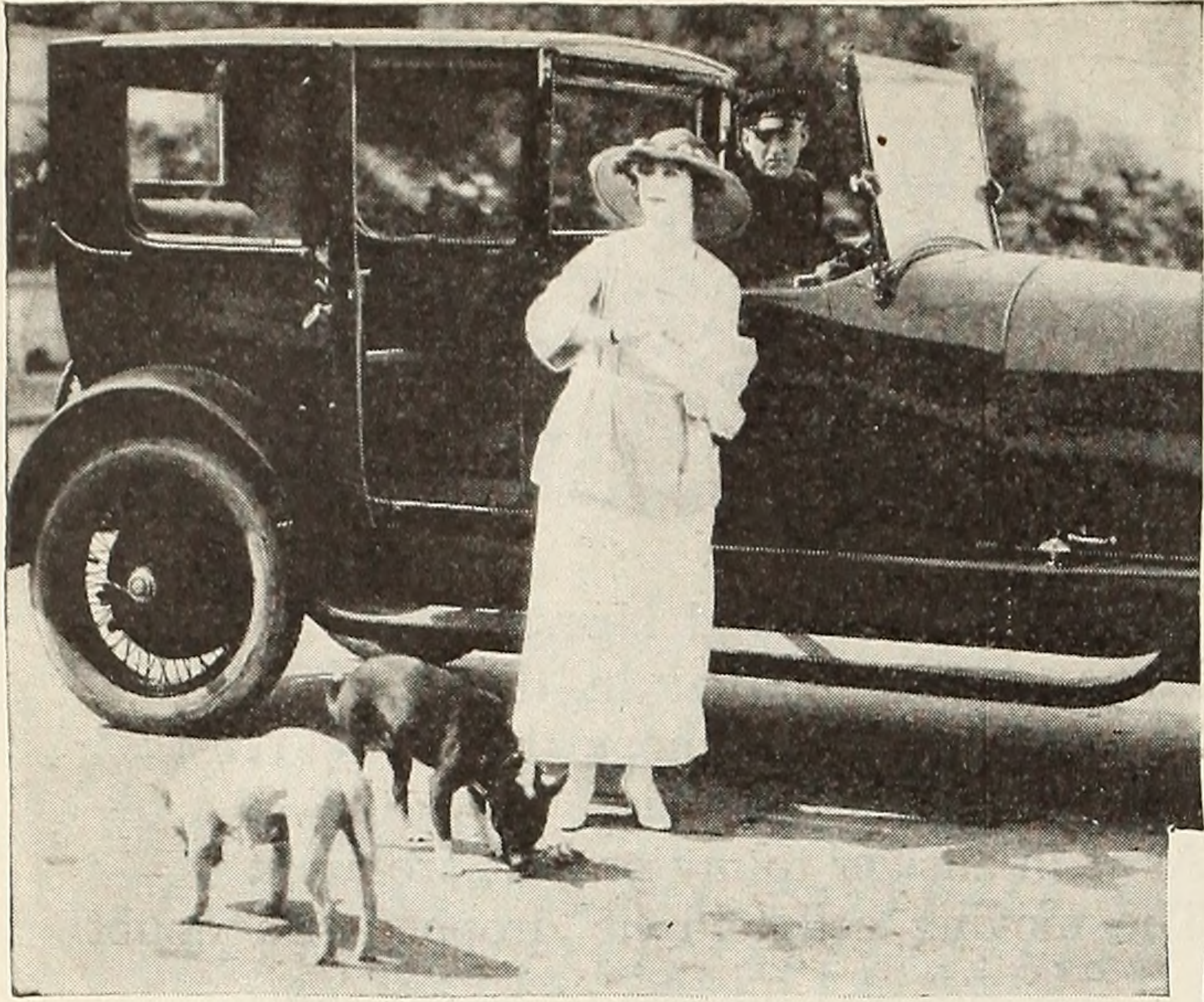
In "Jacques Of The Silver North," Mitchell Lewis has the rôle of a half-French, half-Indian trader, trapper, and prospector.

Now, according to this, Mitch is one-third trapper. If so, how can he be half Indian? He must be one-sixth!

And if he's half French, where is there any room for him to be half Indian when three-thirds of him are trader, trapper, and prospector?

What we're getting at is this: If he is half French

Continued on page 104



Dogs Is Dogs

And Mary MacLaren is the benefactor of them all.

By Grace Frances Mossman

THERE he sat in an ash barrel that the man was just going to cart away." Mary MacLaren stirred her ice-cream soda with a straw and gazed off over my head. "He had brown over one eye and black over the other, and he looked exactly the way I felt. So I argued with the man, while Heinie drooped over the edge of the ash barrel and looked up helplessly, and I'm perfectly sure that my good luck dates from the moment when I gathered him out of his barrel and took him home with me."

"Well, of course——" I began a trifle skeptically.

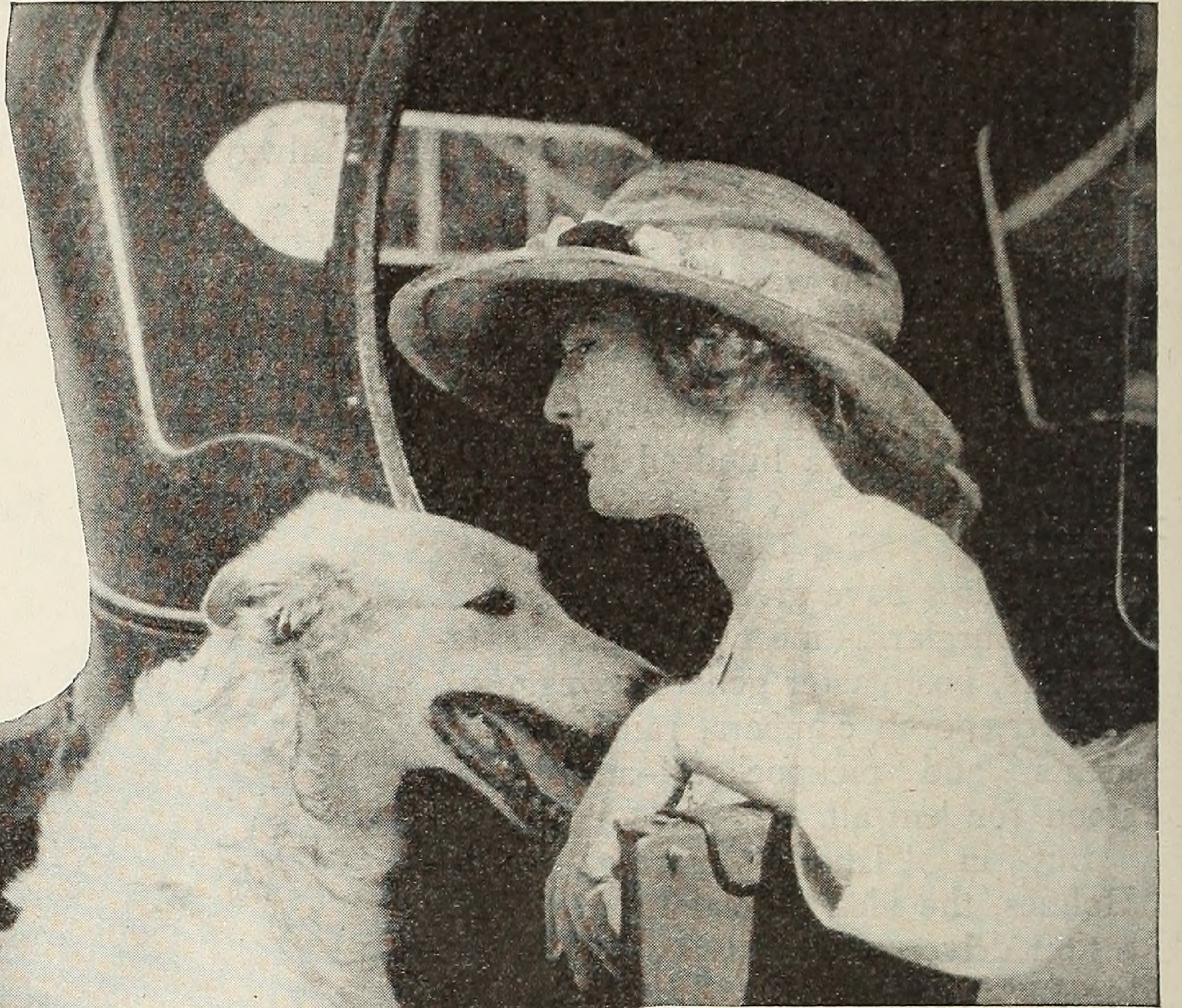
"No, really it did." She was very earnest. "That was five years ago, which accounts both for his name and for my being dreadfully discouraged over my chances of breaking into pictures. I'd been job hunting for days, and the very day after I got Heinie I was asked to join the 'Nobody Home' company, and

came to California, and after that I got started in pictures here."

"And were all your 'steen dozen other dogs saved from the scavenger, too?" I asked.

"Oh, no; though some of them look as if they might have been. I took 'Missy' because she has only three legs and nobody else wanted her, and Patsy—the dog who seems to be laughing at you, you know—was given to me by the ice-man."

"What chance has a dog who's encumbered by a pedigree?" I inquired. "I saw you the other day with a Russian wolf-hound that you seemed to like; I suppose he'd been disappointed in love or something like that?"



She laughed as she slid down off the high stool, paid for our sodas, and led the way out to her car.

"I don't hold it against a dog that he has a pedigree; some of my wire-haired terriers have great long ones," she declared. "And now would you mind driving over to the studio with me? You see, I always bring some bones and things to the little tramp dogs around there, and they sort of expect me——"

And ten minutes later she was giving a reception that was attended not only by the meek and lowly mongrels, but by an aristocratic bulldog as well.

"But I can't very well send him away," she answered when I called the fact to her attention. "Even though he has had a good dinner at home I'll let him stay; dogs is dogs, you know, and I love 'em all."





HINTS FOR SCENARIO WRITERS

By William

Lord Wright

The Author's Rights

"When a story is sold to a magazine does the author retain the motion-picture rights?" This question is asked repeatedly, and the answer is "it depends."

Technically, you sell all rights to the story when you indorse the magazine's check; and most beginners may consider themselves lucky if they can sell a story to a magazine without bothering about screen or other rights. The reputable magazines, however, are very generous in this regard. Even though they purchase all rights, they are always willing at least to divide with the author any movie money which may come in. Writers whose work is in considerable demand usually have an understanding when they sell their stories to magazines that they reserve the motion-picture rights.

A question which frequently accompanies the one above is this: "Is it permissible to submit a story to a magazine and at the same time to submit a synopsis of the same story, with the same title, to a movie producer?"

That practice is strictly unethical. Though it enhances the value of a story for screen use to have had it previously published in book or magazine form, the reverse does not hold. It is understood that when you send a story to a magazine you are offering exclusive material that has been unused in any form.

Studio Experience

The great weakness of many scenario editors is a lack of studio experience. You can tell by their work.

An editor of scenarios should have spent at least six months or a year in some studio, absorbing the atmosphere, watching the "shooting" of the scenes, gaining practical experience in the making of pictures. Theory is all right, but practice makes perfect.

It is the same with those beginners who are ambitious to write screen stories. If you have some sound reason for believing you have it in you to do the work, why not bend all your energies on getting some minor occupation at a motion-picture studio for a year or so in order to learn the practical details of production? If you can afford it, offer to work gratis in return for

the opportunity to observe and learn. It is a great school, and will accomplish more for the would-be author than anything else. A year spent right where the movies are made should qualify any one who has the real latent gift to write real-for-certain film plays and perhaps good continuity. You meet the stars, the directors, the writers, the camera men, see the pictures "taken," read continuity and stories written by those long in the game, and you cannot help learning something.

There are too many in the motion-picture industry to-day who have never seen the inside of a studio, much less worked in one. And now I must add a few words to forestall the hundreds of letters which otherwise I would be receiving within the next few weeks, all asking the question, "How can I get a job in a studio?" No one could answer that question, except to say: "The only way is to go to the studio direct and make application in person." I realize that for most of my aspiring readers this would be impossible and inadvisable. The suggestion, however, is not made for the many, but only for the few who, as I said before, have some tangible reason for taking such a step.

QUESTIONS concerning scenario writing, addressed to this department, will be gladly answered, but they should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed return envelope. Please note that we cannot undertake to read or criticize scripts. Those who wish the names and addresses of the principal producers, with lists of their stars and statements as to their general needs in the way of screen stories, may procure our Market Booklet, containing this information, for six cents in stamps.

Where Ignorance Is Bliss

Here is a sample letter which shows what the scenario writers have to contend with. It was received by United Picture Theaters, Inc., accompanying a synopsis intended for Dustin Farnum. Among other things the letter says: "This story is written in six complete reels, but could be successfully used for a five-reel play. I always write my stories slightly oversize to allow producers a few extra scenes to allow for other scenes that would be unsuitable. I keep within censorship rules in writing stories. This story is absolutely a true one; the leading character is living to-day."

And such persons wonder why their offerings are not accepted. The writing of stories "slightly oversize" reminds me of the continuity writer who put in a lot of business, stating that this could be "shot" by the director and then cut out if not necessary. In other words, the producer could hire a lot of actors, put in time and expense, and then cut the business out if it

did not appeal. And any one who thinks that a true story—one which he knew had happened—could be made into a screen play has no business trying to write.

Do not write letters to editors, trying to give suggestions on details of production of which you know nothing. You may ruin all opportunities of even having your play read.

A Word from Hazel Kirk

Hazel Kirk writes that she has been writing scenarios for four years, and, although her first manuscript deserved to come back, she has written a few in the last two years that have been read by scholars and pronounced "fine." Yet she cannot find a buyer. "I wrote 'The Leper,' 'The Crucial Test,' 'The Curse of the Poppy,' and have sent them to all the biggest film companies only to have them returned. Is it influence that makes manuscripts sell—or can they sell on their own merits? I have just finished what many think is a great story, 'The Greatest Slacker in the World.' Will you kindly suggest a way to have my work considered? I have been told that often the material is stolen and produced under another name."

The day has passed when material is stolen and produced under another name—providing you submit your stories to reputable, well-known producing concerns. The movie-story market is one of the few departments of the industry where favoritism counts little. A "pull" may hasten consideration for your story, but "pull" will not produce it. It costs too much to take a chance; a plot *must* be good. The writer says her work has been pronounced good by scholars. And in that statement she shows how far she is from seeing her problem in its true light. What sort of scholars were they? College professors? The opinion of all the scholars in the world as to the merits of a movie script is not worth the snap of a finger unless they are scholars of—not motion pictures, but of *motion-picture production*. The touch of egotism that makes the writer say "My work is good" is a natural result of the impelling force that makes human beings want to create. It is an attitude that makes for success in the long run. But until the beginner learns the practical tricks of the art toward which he aspires that touch of egotism makes for a lot of misunderstanding; it makes him suspicious and resentful at the rejections which he would realize were not unjust if he could only see things in their true perspective. Just as a practical suggestion I am going to hazard the opinion that no producer would consider at this time putting on a story with such a name as "The Greatest Slacker in the World." That theme is as dead as last year's but-tercups.

Questions and Answers

Here are some questions and answers, the queries being propounded by Mr. L. G. Winegar, of Grand Rapids:

Is paper such as this letter is written upon permissible for scenario writing?

It is not. You use an onion-skin paper. Use white paper and a black record ribbon on your typewriter.

How far in advance of the season, approximately, should seasonable ideas be sent in for approval or sale?

Avoid, if possible, the writing of "timely" or "seasonable" motion-picture plots. They should be written at least six months ahead. The trouble is that if one company rejects your idea about "Christmas" or "Memorial Day" there may not be time to send it to another. In the heyday of the program many companies used to release movie plays based on certain holidays, particularly Christmas. It is practically a waste of time to write such stories nowadays.

Is there a market anywhere for bare ideas, hints, or scenes not written into scenario or synopsis form?

Any company is in the market for ideas. But if you have a "bare idea," so called, foster it for a while. Perhaps it will develop into a full-fledged plot.

Is there a market for titles alone—without the synopsis?

Well, Douglas Fairbanks is said to have paid five hundred dollars once for a title alone, "D'Artagnan of Kansas," around which he had a new story written. Then at the last minute they changed the title to "The Modern Musketeer." That classic example, however, is the exception

which proves the rule. Generally there is no market for titles alone.

Here's Encourage- ment

Speaking of titles, there are two big producing firms in New York City which hold contests in order to get a final main title for their pictures. They give to their employees printed slips with the original title and the synopsis of the story, and then offer a prize for the best title offered to replace the original one.

And who do you suppose wins most of these prizes? Some clever person in the scenario department? One of the bright young advertising, publicity, or exploitation men? Well, one of these companies has put on three such contests, and in two of them the prizes were won by girl stenographers who had had no training at this work. You never know where talent will spring up.

It Is Vanity

"Book plays! Why book plays? There are only one or two situations utilized, and yet the author of the book gets top prices for his work. A good original plot, built especially for the screen, should be more valuable." The above observation comes from a scenario editor of prominence. And those who have dealt in movie manuscripts will agree with him. How often has an editor perspired over some novel, purchased for five or ten thousand dollars, endeavoring to work out a continuity? In the end all that is used is the names of the characters, one or two situations, and the rest of the business supplied by said editor and continuity writer. We predict that a time is coming when the writer of original stories intended primarily for the screen will come into his own, a time when books will not command top prices. Of course some book titles, like authors' names, are valuable for their advertising value. But it is just plain vanity on the part of certain stars that upholds the prices of books adapted for the screen.

To elucidate: Jasper Y. McCullough, the very

Continued on page 88



The Story of a Designing Man

He's implicated in all sorts of affairs with Theda Bara
—even changed his name at her request, they say.

By Celia Brynn

EVERY one says that you're a designing man!" I told George Hopkins as I invaded his private den at the Fox Studio. "I've heard that you turned Theda Bara into a vampire and into a court lady of doubtful reputation; also into a She-devil and a Wild Woman of the South Sea Islands. Can this be true?"

"I suppose it is," he said meekly, "but it was all in the interests of art; you see, I write her scenarios."

"And this talk of your being a designing man?" I pursued remorselessly.

"Yes, that's true, too," he acknowledged. "I—I—well, I design Miss Bara's costumes."

I think you'll agree with me that a "designing man," to be in character, ought to be tall and dark and have that wicked magnetism that is so irresistible—in novels. At least he ought to have soulful brown eyes and lily-white hands with narrow, tapering fingers; but, we'll have to admit it, George has—not! He looks like a college boy and likes dogs better than anything else. He has twinkling blue eyes and a quick, friendly smile, and wears shell-rimmed glasses and a leather-lined overcoat. It is easier to picture him rooting at a baseball game than writing a vampire story for

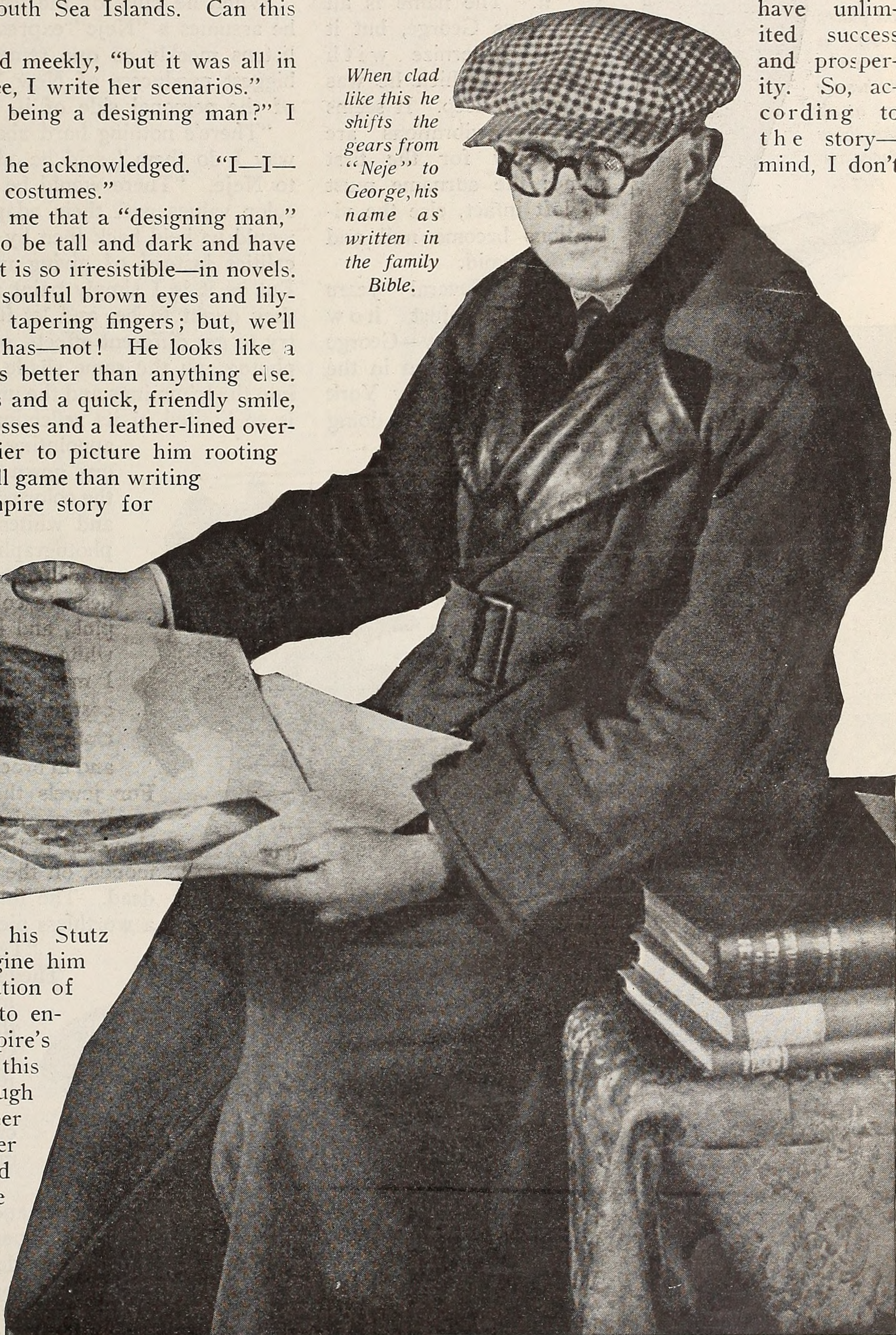
Hopkins, said screen name having been wished on him by Theda, who is said to believe—you can believe this or not, just as you like—that all letters have vibrations, and that if they can be corralled into a name the wearer

thereof will have unlimited success and prosperity. So, according to the story—mind, I don't

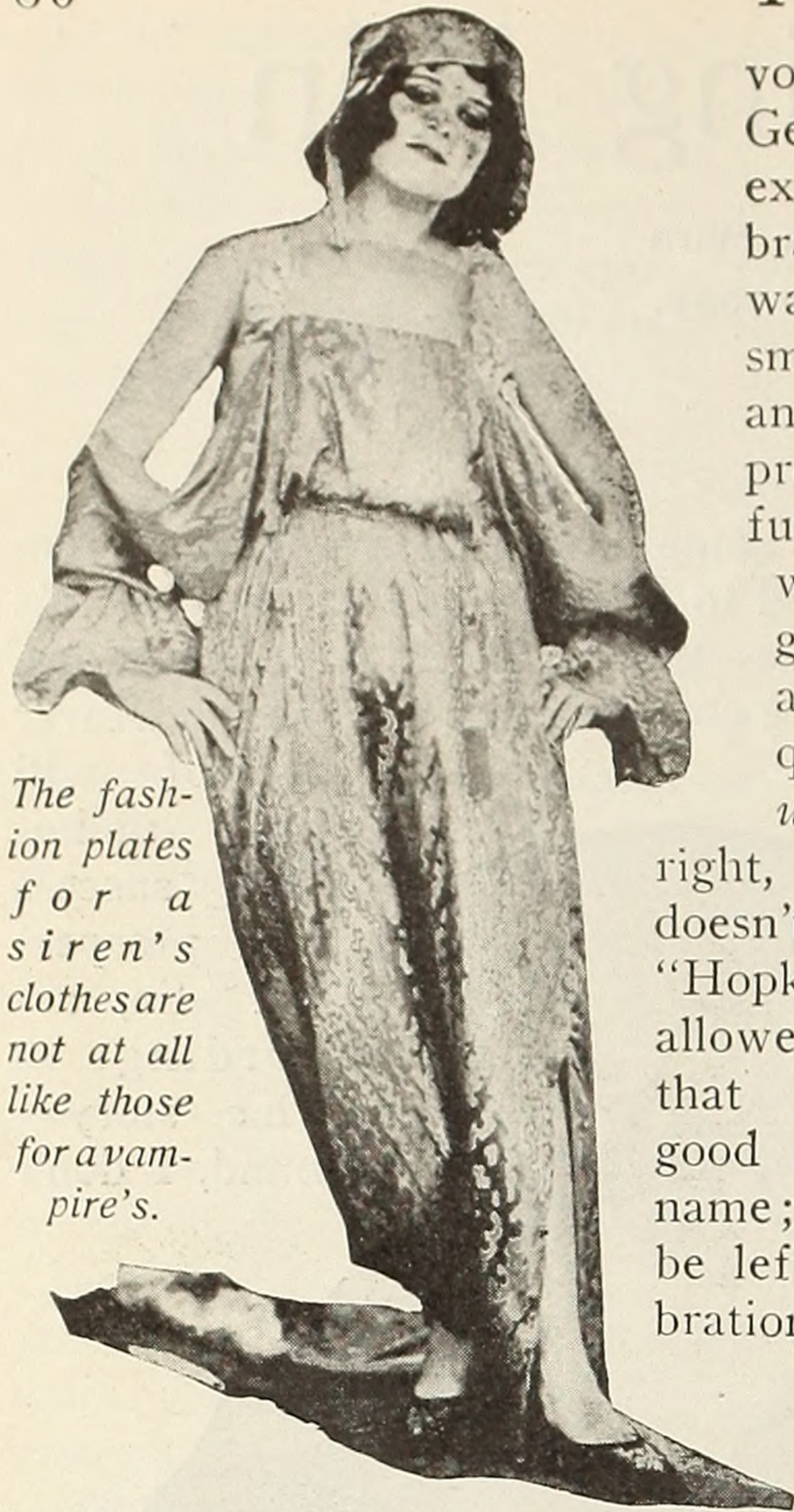
When clad like this he shifts the gears from "Neje" to George, his name as written in the family Bible.

Theda; and one can imagine him speeding down Hollywood Boulevard in his Stutz much better than to imagine him designing a wondrous creation of lace and silk with which to enhance the famous vampire's seductive charms. Add to this that he doesn't look old enough to have the artistic career behind him that is a matter of theatrical record, and outside of that George looks the part.

He has a *nom de plume* that you will see signed to Miss Bara's pictures, which is "Neje"



The Story of a Designing Man



The fashion plates for a siren's clothes are not at all like those for a vampire's.

vouch for it—she put George's case before an expert on etheric vibrations, and "Neje" was the result. It smacks of samovars and bomb plots, and is pronounced respectfully in two syllables, with the first *e* disguised as a long *a*, and the second masquerading as a short *u*. The name is all

right, says George, but it doesn't fraternize with "Hopkins," which he was allowed to keep. It seems that the vibrations are good only for the first name; the surname must be left intact, else the vibrations become null and void.

Several years ago—just how many he would not say—George Hopkins left a small town in the Middle West to go to New York to study art. He began by doing posters and magazine covers, and in less than a year he was designing for Ziegfeld's Follies, and had broken on to the stage via the wardrobe



The fourteen "Du Barry" costumes were designed to express luxurious abandon and an utter disregard of money.



This sketch is not of Theda—just of one of her costumes.

entrance. He designed Nazimova's costumes and those which Emily Stevens wore in "The Unchastened Woman." Then he met Theda Bara, and the noted screen vampire engaged him to do her costumes for "Madame Du Barry," and he has been associated with the Fox Company ever since. Among the scenarios he has written for her are "The She-Devil," a rapid-fire romance of Spain; "A Woman There Was," a story of the South Sea Islands, and three more which are to be Miss Bara's next productions. Writing scenarios comes as easy to George as designing costumes, but one always suspects him of doing the costumes first and then fitting a story to them.

When he talks of the technical aspect of designing he assumes a "Neje" expression and attitude, and one listens meekly as one remembers his years with the biggest producers of New York. But when he talks of the personal side of it, then he is just "George."

"There's nothing hard about designing costumes the way I do them," said he, shifting gears from George to Neje. "There would be if I paid any attention to color values and their adaptation to photography; I would be held back then by having to think of technicalities instead of giving my imagination free reign. But as it is I simply paint the costumes in the colors they ought to be, and let it go at that. Of course I try to get different effects, so as not to have the gowns photograph the same shade, but I put the big variety into the trimmings and the unusual touches. The screen is so limited in its reflection of beauty that it is dis-

appointing sometimes to see a marvelous gown which runs the gamut of the color scale come out in dead blacks and whites. Red, green, and brown photograph black; cerise and some shades of blue make a 'live' black, and delicate colors, such as yellow, blue, pink, and lavender, come out a clear white. Gray photographs gray. But I manage to get effective touches in costumes by the use of gold and silver cloth which have a wonderful sheen, and in brocaded satins and heavy silks.

For jewels the ones best suited to the screen's requirements are pearls, for they show up beautifully lustrous, while diamonds, on the other hand, are absolutely dead. The finest diamond will look like a worthless piece of glass on the screen."

"Tell me how you design Theda Bara's costumes," I commanded, being determined that the discourse should not stray too far from the subject of Theda's clothes.

"Neje" vanished in a second, and "George" smiled at me rather mischievously.

"Well, of course I ought to say that I consult fashion magazines and delve into thick historical volumes when Miss Bara puts out a period picture—such as 'Du Barry'—and maybe I really ought to do that, but—I don't. I'm afraid I pay very little attention to historical detail. For instance, when I designed her costumes for 'Du Barry' I didn't worry about the exact kind of clothes they wore in those days. I just got the

silhouette correctly and filled in the rest myself. I hope I caught the spirit of that time—the luxurious abandon and the utter disregard for such a mere trifle as money, combined with an ostentatious stateliness.

“Miss Bara is very easy to design for,” said George, lapsing into the professional Neje once more. “Her peculiar type adapts itself wonderfully to gorgeous combinations of colors and startling effects. And in all her pictures I try to keep the spirit of the thing, never getting away from it for a moment in the matter of dress. Is it a vampire picture—well, then, the costumes must correspond not only in color and material, but in their motif, for clothes have motifs, you know, even as music or the drama. If she plays a vampire, then the lines must suggest the personality of the vampire; they must be long and ‘slinky,’ to use a common expression, subtly appealing to the senses, designed to bring out every charm, to invite and seduce at once. Is she to be a siren, then flame is the motif. Oh, no, a siren and a vampire are not the same at all!”

This last in response to my timid query.

“Oh, not at all!” emphasized the world-wise Neje. “A vampire sucks at emotions, she feeds upon her victim’s very lifeblood, as it were; she takes all, but she gives nothing. A siren is like a vivid flame. She burns men’s hearts out of their breasts, but the flame she kindles in others is in her, too; she will give love as well as take it. The vampire is a merciless, bloodless creature; the siren is a burning fountain of passion.

“For her I use the color of flame. I suggest it in her headdress, in the lines of her garments, in the very jewels she wears. She does not move in undulating waves; she is slim and straight, she is vivid and colorful, her appeal is to the intellect as well as to the senses.”

“And just what sort of a person was Theda Bara in ‘The She-Devil?’” I asked.

“She was what I might call an eccentric siren. She was a—well, a ‘She-Devil’—doesn’t that suggest anything to you? A siren, yes; but not of the conventional type. A spitfire, a hoyden, a spoiled darling of Spain; that makes a wonderful combination to design costumes for. The clothes for that picture were all bizarre and striking to suggest the personality of this untamed Spanish girl, who, transplanted into Parisian life, flouts every custom and convention and sets the city by the ears. One gown I designed for her was very short in front and had a long train. The flounces were embroidered, and the train was of lace and silk. An opera cloak was trimmed with ostrich plumes, and the hat that went with it was shaped like a Chinese pagoda, while a pair of pajamas were of silver cloth with quantities of ribbons and with a close-fitting silver hood—all erratic, don’t you see?—all quite in keeping with a she-devil.”

“And what are you designing for her now?” I asked, and Neje turned into George with something like a blush.

“Well, nothing much,” he said deprecatingly. “It’s a picture of the South Sea Islands, and in it she wears seaweed and pearls——”

“Yes, go on,” I waited, pencil poised in readiness.

“——And nothing else,” he finished.

“It seems to me you’re laying down on your job,” I told him sternly, but he only grinned broadly.

“Well,” said he, “you’ll have to admit that in this case at least I’m not a designing man!”

However, I rise to remark—and I’m borne out in this statement by everybody I know—that the mere fact that he’s holding down that job of his proves he’s designing in more ways than one.

One wonders if he does the costumes first and writes the scenarios to fit them.

He submits sketches like this for Miss Bara’s approval.



“Miss Bara’s peculiar type makes her very easy to design for,” he said, speaking as Neje.

Arbuckle approaches the serious in a manner totally out of place in a comedy.



The Screen in Review

Criticism and comment on recent releases.

By Henry Dunn Cabot

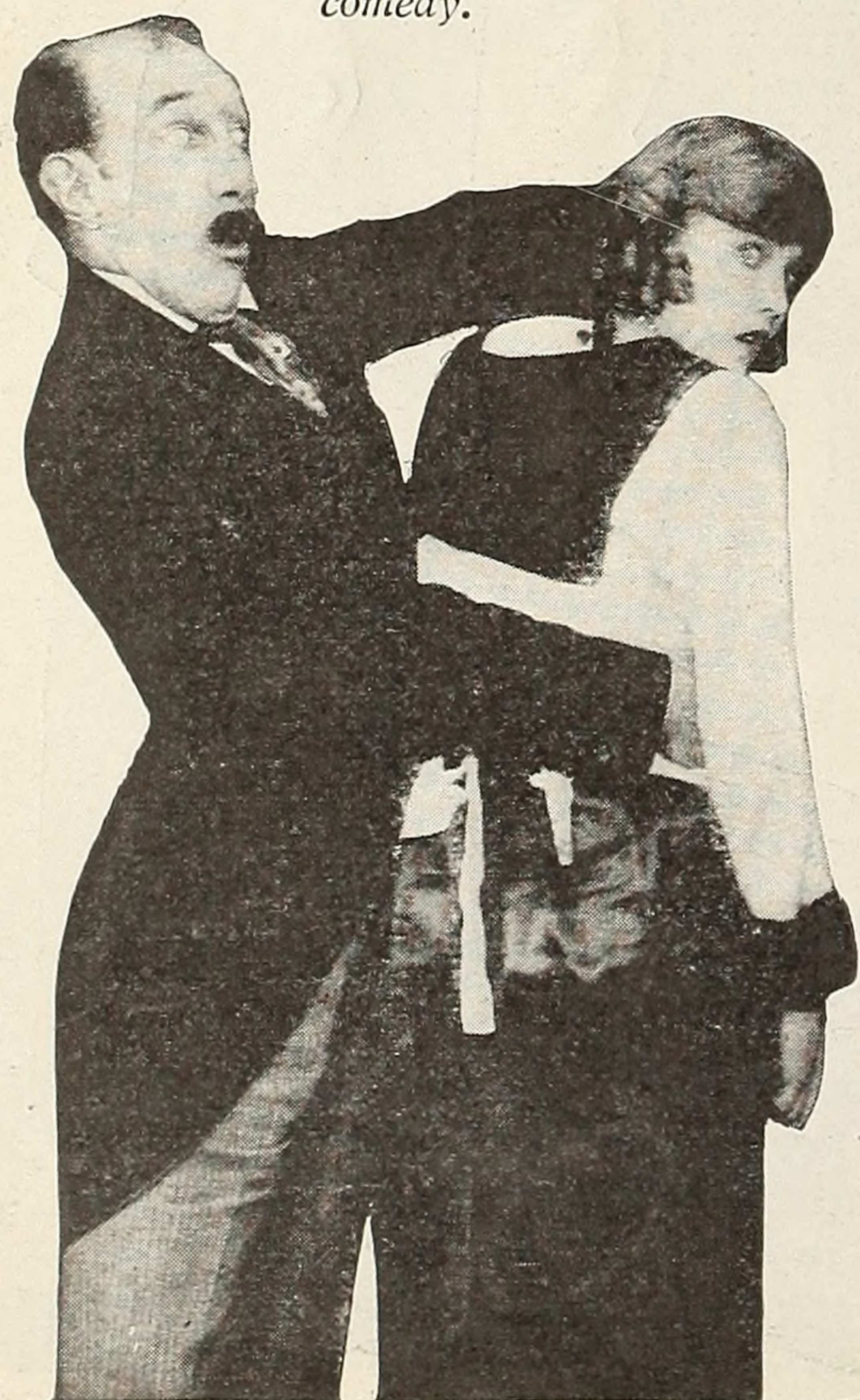
ified. Imagine suffering through Fatty Arbuckle's efforts to give a proper presentation of Elliott Dexter or Polly Moran endeavoring to be a Lillian Gish!

Which leads us to Charlie Chaplin and his recent picture, "Sunnyside." Ever since Chaplin captured the comedy honors of the screen and stage combined his succession of press agents have been shouting that some day he would blossom forth in something of a serious nature. And I almost think they are converting Chaplin into taking them seriously. For in each of his recent comedies he has injected more and more pathos, while in "Sunnyside" he goes so far as to forget his cane, hat, and feet for at least a hundred feet of film while he gazes mournfully in through the window and watches a stranger make love to his sweetheart. Such actions, to my mind, are quite out of place. For my part I would have

A NEW YORK newspaper recently quoted several of the nation's most prominent men on what careers they would choose could they live their lives over. Not one set himself down as willing to again take the road that led to his present position. A mayor would have been a newspaper owner, an engineer would have striven for a seat in congress, a lawyer would have studied aviation from the very outset.

Apparently no one is ever satisfied, even in the movies. But what a boon it is that these people can't have their whims grat-

Mack Sennett never lets the serious or the pathetic interfere with his comedy.



"Sunnyside" is well worth seeing, but the comedy is not at all continuous.

much rather seen him clout the intruder over the head with his cane. It is true that Chaplin can put this pathos over in his comedies, and his ability to do that has often been favorably commented on. But the main reason that his pathos scores is that it offers such contrast with the rest of his madness. If he forsook comedy and went in for drama he would fail as surely as Ben Turpin would fail at public speaking. Not that drama is more difficult; quite the contrary. But the public would refuse to accept him, he would lose the magnifying light of his comedy as applied to his present spasms of pathos, and his stature is against him.

"Sunnyside," I think, is the least of the Chaplin comedies. I have particular reference to "Shoulder Arms" and "A Dog's Life." It lacks the originality of the other two. That is, the comedy isn't as steadily continuous. When it comes to original business, however, his milking the cow straight into the coffee cup and his placing the hen in the frying pan and waiting for her to lay an egg are pieces that compare favorably

with the dog's retreat down Chaplin's trousers in "A Dog's Life," and the dugout scene in "Shoulder Arms." But, whatever its shortcomings, "Sunnyside" is worth seeing. It proves again that Chaplin is an artist.

Fatty Arbuckle, I think, has almost gone Chaplin one better in his "A Desert Hero," one of the best burlesques I have ever seen. When Fatty puts the soft pedal on the vulgarity and doesn't depend too much on his own obesity for effect he manages to turn out fine work. In "A Desert Hero" he burlesques William S. Hart's type of Western to a degree. Introducing himself as a "gaunt, rawboned son of the desert," he proceeds to battle with the villains and win the heart of the dance-hall girl who "is so innocent that she is afraid to pick wild flowers." Al St. John's bad man is a good piece of work, and Molly Malone's dance-hall girl leaves no room for improvement.

There is no doubt about Fatty scoring here. It is a picture that makes one almost ready to believe that contract of seven figures he is said to possess with Paramount. But he, too, approaches the serious in a manner totally out of place when he introduces a Salvation Army scene. It is not burlesque, it is an attempt at drama, and it has no more business in "A Desert Hero" than Theda Bara would have in it. I wish our comedians would polish up a bit on their perspectives.



Pauline Frederick's emotional talent is quite lost in "The Fear Woman."



"The Spark Divine" is a George Randolph Chester creation.

Mack Sennett is a comedy producer who refuses to allow his ambitions to interfere with his better judgment. Sennett wants to produce melodrama, and there is talk at present that he will shortly realize this plan. But he never permits melodrama or pathos to intrude in his comedies, save for the purpose of burlesquing it. Curiously enough, though, the film world is at present watching the picture which probably is the worst Sennett ever produced clearing up more money than his best. This is the special comedy, "Yankee Doodle in Berlin," which is playing about the country with a sextette of the famous bathing girls appearing in person at each performance.

While thinking back over some of the recent pictures of a more serious nature I chanced to recall the fact that these lines are due for publication on September 1st, which is the beginning of the producers' fiscal year.

In anticipation of the new season, these gentlemen have been bombarding the theater exhibitors during

"Cupid Forecloses" is a Bessie Love picture.





It is a pleasure to see Marguerite Clark in "Girls."

the last few weeks with their heaviest advertising artillery. This year the big exhibitors are all pledged to "fewer and better" pictures, selective booking, no more "program" pictures, and so on.

Goldwyn's "The Fear Woman" is one of those pictures which they promise us there will be no more of after September 1st. All we can do is to hope and wait and see. However, we have our fears as well as our "Fear Woman." This is one of those pictures that gives the impression that it just had to be produced, and so it was. The story, by Isola Forrester, tells of a woman who broke her engagement on her wedding day because she was afraid of an inherited taste for liquor. So they part—of course coming together again in the last reel. But the author's situations falling between the parting and the reunion are irrelevant, conventional, and quite distantly removed from the original premise



Olive Thomas plays a baby vamp in "Upstairs and Down."

of the plot. It wanders almost deliriously. Pauline Frederick's high emotional talent is quite lost in the title rôle.

According to my observations of late, the comedy producers recently have surpassed most of those who deal in serious material. It might, after all, be a good opportunity to let the comedians and the dramatic players, the comedy producers and the dramatic producers change places for the time being, just to see what the results would be. Certainly neither "The Spark Divine" nor "Cupid Forecloses" stand for the highest in motion-picture art. These two recent offerings from the Vitagraph Company fail to reveal much that is entertaining, ingenious, or original.

"The Spark Divine" introduces Alice Joyce as a young woman reared in a household where her every effort at expressing herself has been stamped upon. As a consequence she is a cold, bloodless, beautiful thing. Marriage and motherhood and the love of a fine husband fail to change her, and her child must needs be kidnaped before she comes to her senses. "The Spark Divine" is interesting, inasmuch as it is a sample of the work that George Randolph Chester, who recently assumed charge of the Vitagraph production department, aims to create. Apparently he



"Paid in Advance," with Dorothy Phillips, is a swift-moving story of the North.

wants character studies in which the psychological working of the mind is revealed on the screen. Physical action he seems to care about hardly at all. If Mr. Chester were guiding the destinies of Charles Ray his plan would be a good one, but I don't know what Harry Morey and Miss Joyce are going to do with nothing but character studies to exploit their talents.

"Cupid Forecloses" is a Bessie Love picture, and the story is so inconsequential that it demands little attention. Miss Love has a certain group of admirers, so they tell me, but for my part I think she did her best work when playing in support of Fairbanks and Hart. She surely needs something strong to support her, whether it be opposite player or story. Her personality is delightful, but by itself is like a vegetarian diet.

At last Paramount has put Marguerite Clark in a worth-while picture. After suffering through "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Out of a Clear Sky," it is ably

pleasure to welcome her in a picture of the genuine entertaining caliber of "Girls," an adaptation of Clyde Fitch's comedy. The lives of Pam—Miss Clark—and her two associates, who vow to hate all men and who stick hatpins in a dummy man to drive home their point, but who capitulate one by one to the charms of the trousered sex, make ideal screen material. And "Girls" is a picture that sounds one comedy note after another along the whole scale.

Much was heard regarding "Upstairs and Down" before it was finally released. Or, rather, much was seen. It was advertised on electric signs, in the newspapers and magazines, on billboards, and practically every other conceivable place. And now it is among us. "Upstairs and Down" is a comedy about society folk at a Long Island house party—all Long Island house parties are supposed to be very naughty—and Olive Thomas is the star. It was the idea of the authors of the play, Frederic and Fanny Hatton, from which the picture is adapted to show that the scandals of the society upstairs are no worse or no better than those of the servants downstairs. However, in view of what producers usually do in adapting a play or story for the screen, the fact that they left the servants out of it almost altogether may be regarded as a slight alteration.



Charles Ray extracts a good deal of humor from "Hay Foot, Straw Foot."

Miss Thomas essays the rôle of a baby vamp, a species of femininity which I have never been quite able to classify, owing to the varying presentations of the character by our various actresses. Just at present it seems to be Olive Thomas. Miss Thomas' vamp almost puts the whole house party out of the running by her reckless pursuit of the gallant Irish polo player who has fallen in love with her sister, but she ends up by eloping with the man who loved her all the time. The picture is notable for its subtitles, which produce more laughs than the action itself and which are excerpts from the play, written in that spicy, often suggestive style of the Hattons.

Universal, the company whose product has improved hundred per cent during the last year, has a run on

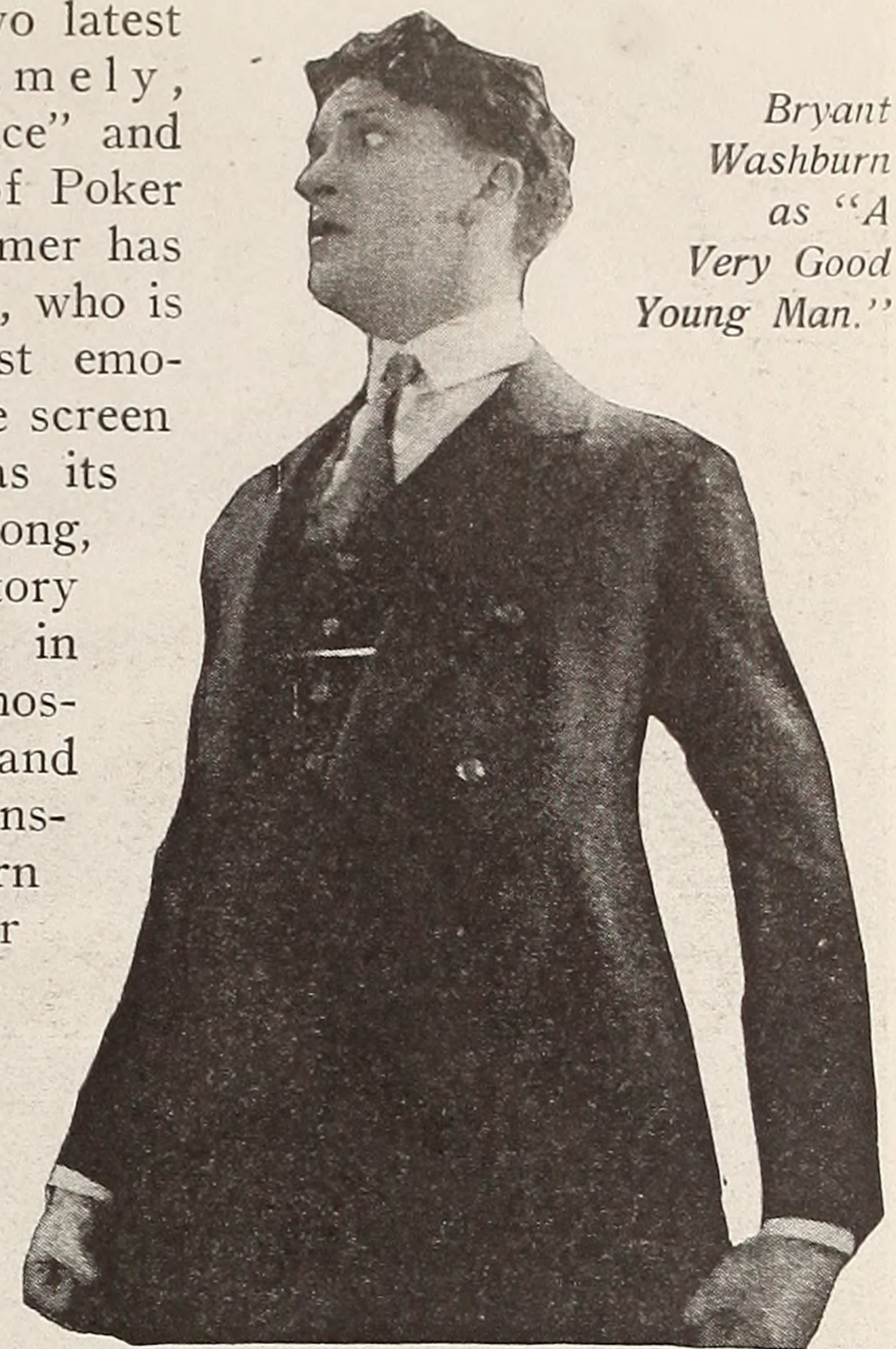
virility in its two latest productions, namely, "Paid in Advance" and "The Outcasts of Poker Flat." The former has Dorothy Phillips, who is perhaps the best emotional actress the screen has produced, as its star, and is a strong, swift-moving story of the North in which the atmosphere of Alaska and the director's transplanted Western stuff vie for prior place in the setting of the story. "Paid in Advance" is red. It is virile. It is no picture for those who admire Babie Marie Osborne drama or Lila Lee sentiment.

"The Outcasts of Poker Flat" is another Bret Harte adaptation, with Harry Carey as the outcast in chief. Every once in a while the film producers start a run on Bret Harte. They seem to be doing it now. And certainly Universal couldn't have picked a better subject than the present story to surround the particular talents of Carey. The story is Careyized to a certain extent, and the things he knows how to do best are played up. And the combination is good. Bret Harte Careyized as regards "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" is a picture that even Bill Hart should enjoy.

Paramount comes through with another good comedy in "A Very Good Young Man," with Bryant Washburn as the star. Washburn carries the rôle of a young fellow who has lived a model life, so model that his sweetheart refuses to marry him for fear of the fact that he will prove a rake after she has led him to the altar. So she bids him sew a few wild oats, the which he proceeds to attempt to do, but every attempt gains him still more virtue. It is all very funny, and the possibilities achieved by the author, the director, and the cast cannot adequately be realized on this page.

"The Firing Line," also from Paramount, is derived from the popular Robert W. Chambers novel of

Continued on page 85



Bryant Washburn as "A Very Good Young Man."



Irene Castle returns to the screen in "The Firing Line."

America's Mascot



For "Hello, everybody!" was what she shouted in welcome to the doughboys in France. She shouted it, too, to the crowds that greeted her when she sailed into New York harbor last spring. And that's what she's going to say

to you pretty soon from the screen, when she appears in "Everybody's Sweetheart," a Selznick picture, on which she went to work in New York shortly after her return. But—a lot of the troops who considered her *their* mascot feel that the first word in that title is a bit too general.

Elsie doesn't agree with them, though; she's made the whole army her fiancé. And before she goes back to the stage she's making this picture as a sort of souvenir to the boys from their mascot.

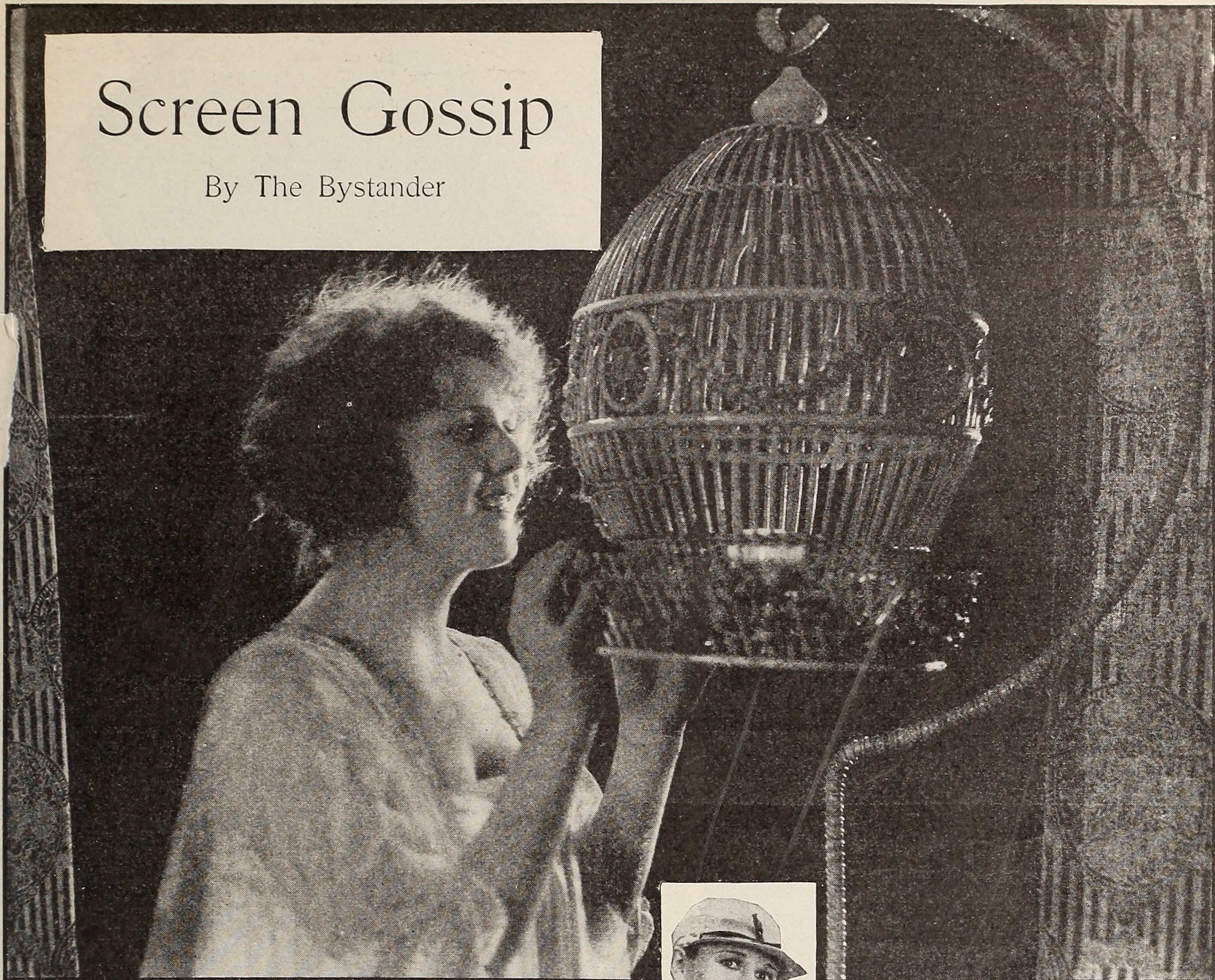
SHE won that title when she rode into a train shed in France on the cow-catcher of a locomotive and gave a show for the boys of the A. E. F. to the tune of the big guns' booming. She paved the way to winning it when, as just a youngster, she went on the stage and began giving the clever imitations that have made her a favorite here and abroad. But she cinched it by her spirit of comradeship.



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ably

Screen Gossip

By The Bystander

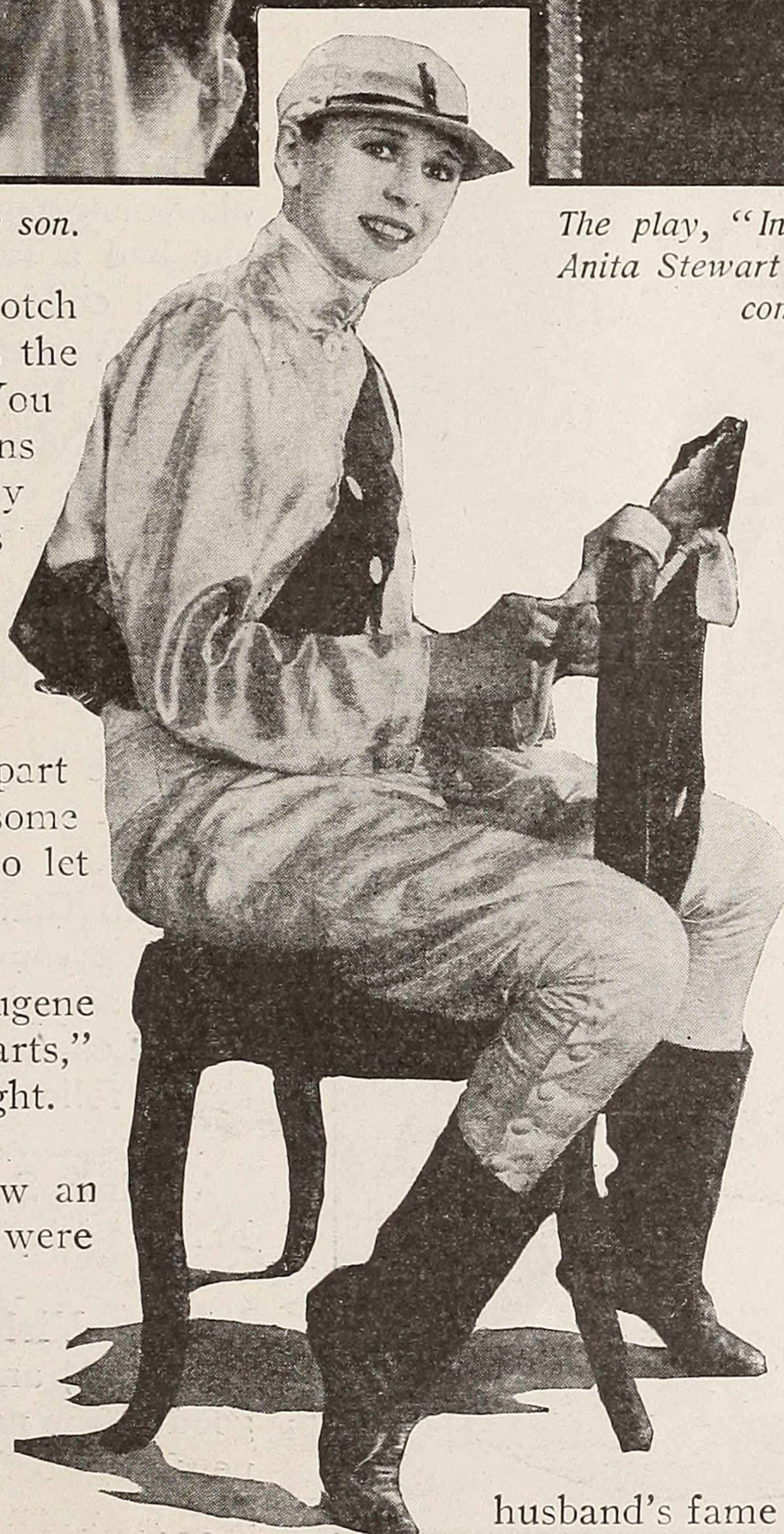


Doris May's favorite rôle is that of her father's only son.

DORIS MAY'S vocabulary plays hopscotch when it comes to the "D's"—and skips the words "double" and "don't" entirely. You see, Doris was brought up according to the plans which her father had made for educating his only son—Doris being the only son incidentally as well as the only daughter. She can ride, swim, shoot, play ball, and take a hand in all the other sports that her father used to write about for one of the Western newspapers. So when an especially hazardous stunt is written into her part in a picture nobody dares suggest that she let some one double for the new Ince star; it's safer to let her go on and break her neck in peace.

Robert Edson has a strong rôle in Eugene O'Brien's second Selznick picture, "Sealed Hearts," written by Eugene Walter, the famous playwright.

Did anybody but Anita Stewart ever borrow an aëroplane? She does it as nonchalantly as if it were a bowl of flour or a dozen eggs. When she came East last summer, just after finishing "In Old Kentucky," she and her husband settled down at their Long Island home and prepared to enjoy a new motor boat, an automobile they'd never seen before, and a brand-new yacht.



The play, "In Old Kentucky," furnished Anita Stewart with one of her most becoming costumes.

Then Anita discovered that one of her neighbors had an aëroplane and loved to lend it, or, rather, lend rides in it. And she spent the summer trying to persuade the obliging neighbor to move to California.

Everybody was surprised to hear that Charles Ray had gone over to First National, but I was still more surprised to find that his lovely little wife is an artist. She's so pretty, with her sunny hair and deep-blue eyes, and so contented just to bask in the light of her

husband's fame that I'd never suspected

her of being a painter—and a good one, too. But since she left the screen—she used to be in Balboa pictures, you know—and settled down at home she doesn't care whether anybody knows about her work so long as Charles likes it.

Blanche Sweet loves her home on a Hollywood

No fairy godmother helped Marjorie Daw—she worked her way to stardom.



Blanche Sweet admits now that she can't stay away from the screen.

hilltop, and would stay there contentedly, dressmaking and writing letters and just keeping house if she could. But after a long retirement from the screen she made "The Unpardonable Sin," and then found that she couldn't stay home peacefully any longer, and signed a contract to appear in Jesse D. Hampton Productions. Now she's working harder than ever, making "A Woman of Pleasure," a screen version of a famous old Drury Lane melodrama.

In the days when Marjorie Daw was just an eleven-year-old youngster, with her bronze hair in braids down her back, she had a real family—her mother and little brother. She played child parts then at the Griffith Studio, and later in "The Warrens of Virginia" and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Then her mother died, and Marjorie moved to the Studio Club, where girls without any homes and not earning very much can live most comfortably. And she went bravely on with her work, till finally she became Douglas Fairbanks' leading lady. Now she has an even bigger rôle; she's a First National star, and is to appear in "The Eternal Three," directed by Marshall Neilan.

Sessue Hayakawa's wife, Tsuru Aoki, is now a Universal star.

When Gladys Brockwell finished making "Chasing Rainbows" a young aviator invited her to chase some with him in his aeroplane. Gladys promptly accepted, and they flew from Los Angeles to San Diego, while Gladys' mother frantically followed in an automobile.

William S. Hart has signed up for two years more with Famous Players-Lasky.

When Violet Heming played *Wendy*, in "Peter Pan," some years ago, and Sir James Barrie told her that she was very good in the part, she thought that her cup of happiness would never be so full again. But recently she was made quite as happy, when she began playing the lead in Paramount's

spectacular production of "Every Woman," and found that she liked the screen quite as well as she did the stage. "Every Woman" has a notable cast, including Bebe Daniels, Wanda Hawley, Mildred Rendon, Theodore Roberts, Irving Cummings, Noah Beery, and Raymond Hatton.

Dorothy Phillips started enjoying her vacation the

very minute she finished "The Right to Happiness," but interrupted it long enough to officiate at the laying of the corner stone of the home for wounded war veterans, now being built in Los Angeles. Her last picture is to be released this autumn, and, according to Dorothy, "Man works from sun to sun in our family, reading scenarios—that's what comes of having a director for a husband—but woman's work is never done when she's just a wife and mother, as I am during my vacation, instead of a screen star."

Theda Bara's contract with Fox expired not long ago, and she immediately became interested in plans for a company of her own, backed by a group of business men.

Pearl White's first Fox picture is "Tiger's Cub," an adaptation of an English stage play of that title.

Clara Kimball Young is now making "Eyes of Youth," her first picture for the Equity Pictures Corporation.

Following the example of the "Big Four," Anna Q. Nilsson, Seena Owen, Niles Welch, and Mitchell Lewis have formed a similar organization.

Ruth Stonehouse is to appear in "The Four Flusher," playing opposite Hale Hamilton.

Bert Lytell says Ann May bullied him into letting her play *Lida*, the unhappy chorus girl, in "Lombardi, Ltd." Ann says she did no such thing—that the part belonged to her. Here's the way it happened: Ann, who is little and dark and most awfully pretty, was at the Metro Studio one day, and Lytell told her that they were having a hard time finding somebody to



Dorothy Phillips says her wolfhound can jump everything but contracts—but since he belongs to her he'll never do that.

part," she begged. "Oh, please!" And before Lytell or his director, Jack Conway, could stop her she began to show them what she could do in the way of heavy emotional acting. And she got the part without any more argument whatsoever.

"I'll never, never marry an actor!" said Ethel Lynne, of the Christie comedies. So she married a director, Fred Fishback, instead, and now is taking a vacation from pictures.

Constance Binney is just recovering from the evil effects of too much popularity. She was to have begun making "Erstwhile Susan" early last summer for the Realart Company, but the stage success in which she was appearing, "39 East," simply ran on and on forever, and she couldn't leave it, so her picture contract had to wait.

Mitchell Lewis had a hard time getting his thirteen-year-old son out to the coast last summer, and now he can't get him back. The youngster went to a military school in New York, and loved it so that he hated to leave, but when his aunt, Mary Ryan, the actress, took him out to see his family, and he found that his father had had a swimming pool built for him and his mother didn't care how often he went to Venice, Los Angeles' Coney Island, he transferred his affections to California.

Lois Weber, the well-known woman director, has signed a contract with Famous Players-Lasky.

Wallace MacDonald appears opposite Marguerite Clark in "A Girl Named Mary."

Young Douglas Fairbanks, junior, set his father's studio by the heels a few weeks ago when he disappeared for half an hour. When the company had looked in every possible nook for a small boy in a cowboy suit,

play *Lida*. Now, Ann may be a newcomer to pictures—she played in a few for Vitagraph, and came West to do some juvenile stories for Universal—but she's a graduate of a dramatic school back home in Cincinnati, Ohio, and knows she can act.

"Please let me have that

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"Oh, please!" And

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Mitchell Lewis had a hard time getting his thirteen-

year-old son out to the coast last summer, and now



Imagine she has dark hair and you'll recognize her.

a tall, farmerish-looking person appeared leading the young man by the hand.

"This your boy?" he demanded of Doug, a useless question, since the youngster had made a leap for his father the instant he arrived. "Well, I met him about half a mile from here, and he told me he was lost and wanted to go home. So I asked him his name, but when he said 'Douglas Fairbanks' I took one look at that suit of his and gave up. 'Poor kid,' I says to myself. 'Crazy as a loon—and him so young.' But he stuck to it that that was his name, so I brought him down here. Funny, ain't it?"

And by the time Doug had finished expressing his gratitude the rescuer was the proudest man in the county.

Alice Joyce has a perfectly open-faced character, but she also has a blond wig, which she wore in "The Vengeance of Durand," and it's proved such a good disguise that she can't resist wearing it occasionally just to see if her friends will recognize her. Also, it's most becoming, which may account for her fondness for it.

"If you ever want to see how your friends will receive you with dyed hair, buy a wig," she said the other day. "Some of them politely pretend not to notice it, and others assure me that it's a great improvement. Then, when I tell them the truth, they rise up in great relief and tell me just what they'd think of me if I dared change the color of my hair."

Josie Sedgwick, who used to play in Triangle pictures, is to appear in "Moran of the Lady Letty," playing opposite Tom Moore.

Just as everybody had been convinced that Houdini led a charmed life and couldn't possibly be hurt, he finished a hazardous stunt in the air, landed safely, and then broke one of the small bones in his left hand.

Somebody told us the other day that they pitied Mary Miles Minter. Think of pitying a girl who earns one million three hundred thousand dollars just on one three years' contract! This million has strings on it, though—strings that say that Mary mustn't associate publicly with members of the theatrical profession, must lead the quietest sort of life, and mustn't marry. That same person who pitied the golden-haired Mary Miles added that she thought it was Mary's mother who arranged that contract, because lots of mothers would give anything if they could bring their daughters up that way—by contract instead of by parental influence.

Jackie Saunders signed three contracts a while ago—one to make a picture for Ivan Abramson, one to work in a serial produced by Louis Gasnier, and another to appear in a stage play under A. H. Woods' management.

Mae Murray took a house at Mamaroneck, near New York, early last summer and asked everybody she knew to visit her, as she expected to spend several months just loafing. But—when she'd finished making "Greed," a picturization of Wilkie Collins' story, "The Woman in White," for Leonce Perret Productions, she began on "The A B C's of Love;" "On With the Dance," a Paramount picture, came next, and this month she's going back to the stage—after a restful summer!



Mary Miles Minter has as chaperon a contract that says she mustn't marry in three years.

Bebe Daniels is trying to be awfully calm about it, but even yet she can't help bubbling over every time she remembers her contract with Famous Players-Lasky. Of course she's had stage experience, and has been playing in Rolin comedies with Harold Lloyd for some time, but to have all your clothes furnished, as well as your pictures, your maid, hairdresser, and everything else—and get a nice big salary beside—well, that's enough to make any eighteen-year-old girl jubilant, and Bebe's no exception to the rule.

Elsie Janis acquired an entire circus as local color for her first Selznick picture, "Everybody's Sweetheart."

Violet Mersereau is being starred in H and H Productions.

The Lee Kiddies threatened to strike a while ago. "Everybody else goes to such nice locations—Florida and the Adirondacks and places like that—for their pictures," Katherine told their director, "and then you take us to places like Oil City!" But after she'd seen the town and she and Jane had had the time of their lives while they made scenes there she revised her opinion.

William Farnum is soon to be seen in a screen version of E. H. Sothern's greatest stage success, "If I Were King."

Alan Dwan is going to take his company to the Orient this autumn, the South Sea Islands, Japan, and China being the location he has chosen for "The Luck of the Irish," in which James Kirkwood will play the lead. Norman Kerry, who has signed up for a year with Dwan, will also have a strong part.

It's funny that when so many girls are crazy to get into pictures some of those who could easily get in seem to prefer to stay out. Take Mildred Davis, for instance, who made such a hit in Bryant Washburn's picture, "All Wrong," a year or so ago. She vanished from the picture world after that one was done, and nobody heard anything about her till, when Bebe Daniels left Rolin comedies to go to Paramount, somebody suggested Miss Davis as her successor. Nobody knew where to find her, but finally she was discovered at her home up in Seattle, going to school and tending her garden and leading the simplest kind of a life. Now she's taking Bebe's place opposite Harold Lloyd.

Alice Brady is leading a simple life this autumn, doing nothing but working. Evenings and two afternoons she plays in "Forever After," in which she's touring the country, and the rest of the time she fulfills her contract to make Realart pictures. She found it easy enough to do this sort of thing last year, when she was playing "Forever After" on Broadway, but to pick up one's camera and set and make a picture just wherever one happens to be is quite another thing. However, the Drews did it successfully, and if Miss



Bebe Daniels is trying to look as haughty as her Paramount contract makes her feel.

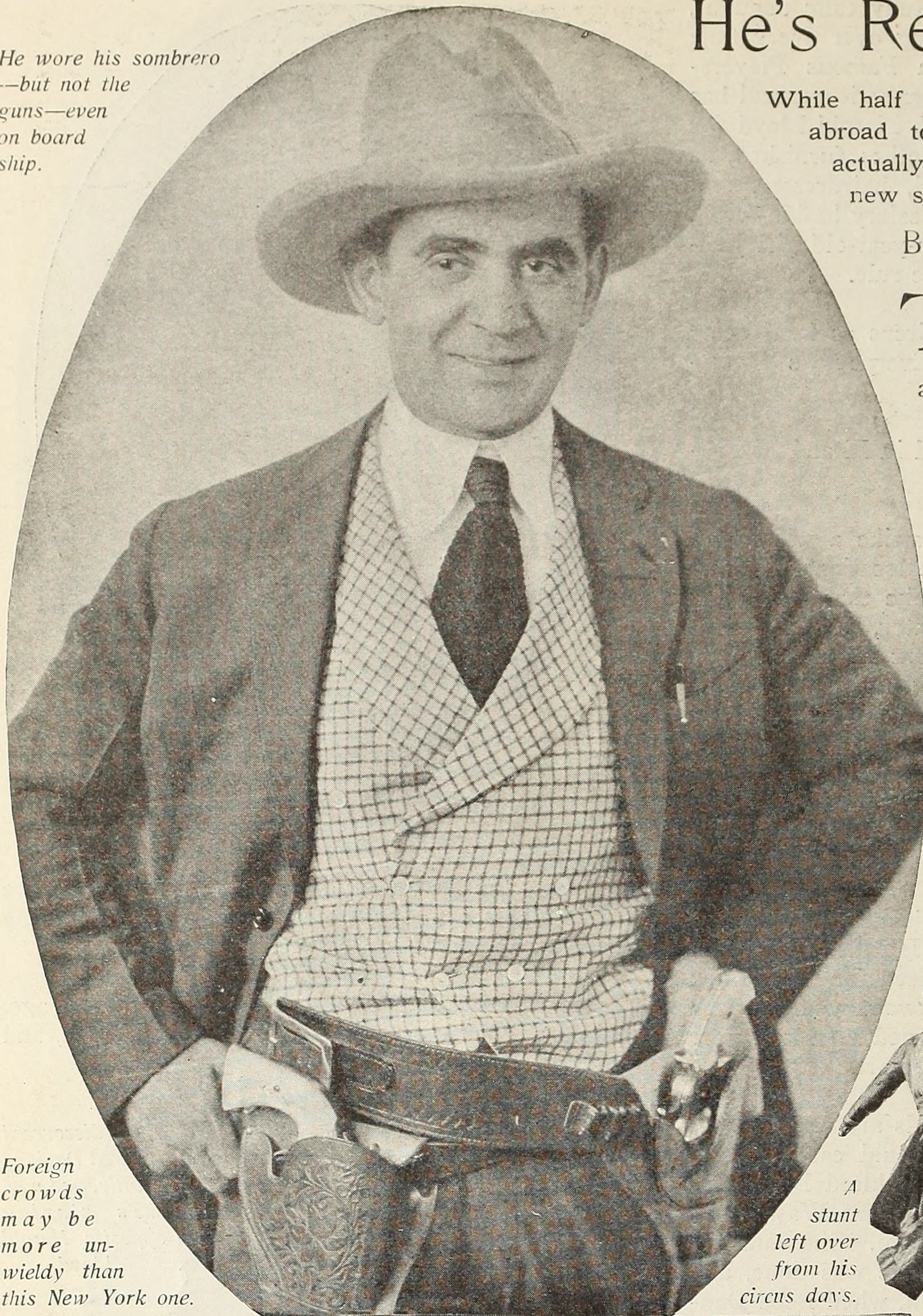
Brady likes the idea pretty soon every little city'll have a studio all its own for the accommodation of touring stage stars who have motion-picture contracts.

Crane Wilbur forsook the screen some time ago, acquired a stock company in Oakland, California, and began to write plays and produce them. Now he's blossoming forth as a successful playwright who's sold five plays—in one of which Marjorie Rambeau, who's been off the screen of late, will appear.

They discovered Mildred Davis in Seattle, and now she's playing opposite Harold Lloyd.



He wore his sombrero
—but not the
guns—even
on board
ship.



Foreign
crowds
may be
more un-
wieldy than
this New York one.

He's Really Doing It

While half the movie world talks of going abroad to make pictures, Eddie Polo is actually at work on the other side on a new serial.

By Hugo Vardaman Battle

THE air was full of the baying of great liners' whistles and the shrill tooting of little tugs, and the deck was crowded with heavily laden stewards and beaming passengers. For it was just half an hour before sailing time on one of the big Atlantic liners, and the usual excitement was just doubled—Eddie Polo and his company were aboard.

I found Polo standing in a secluded corner, wearing a sombrero. He was busy writing a few last telegrams. It wasn't secluded long, for his company and camera men gathered around him as we talked, and presently he was interrupted by requests to face the camera.

"So you're actually off for Europe,"

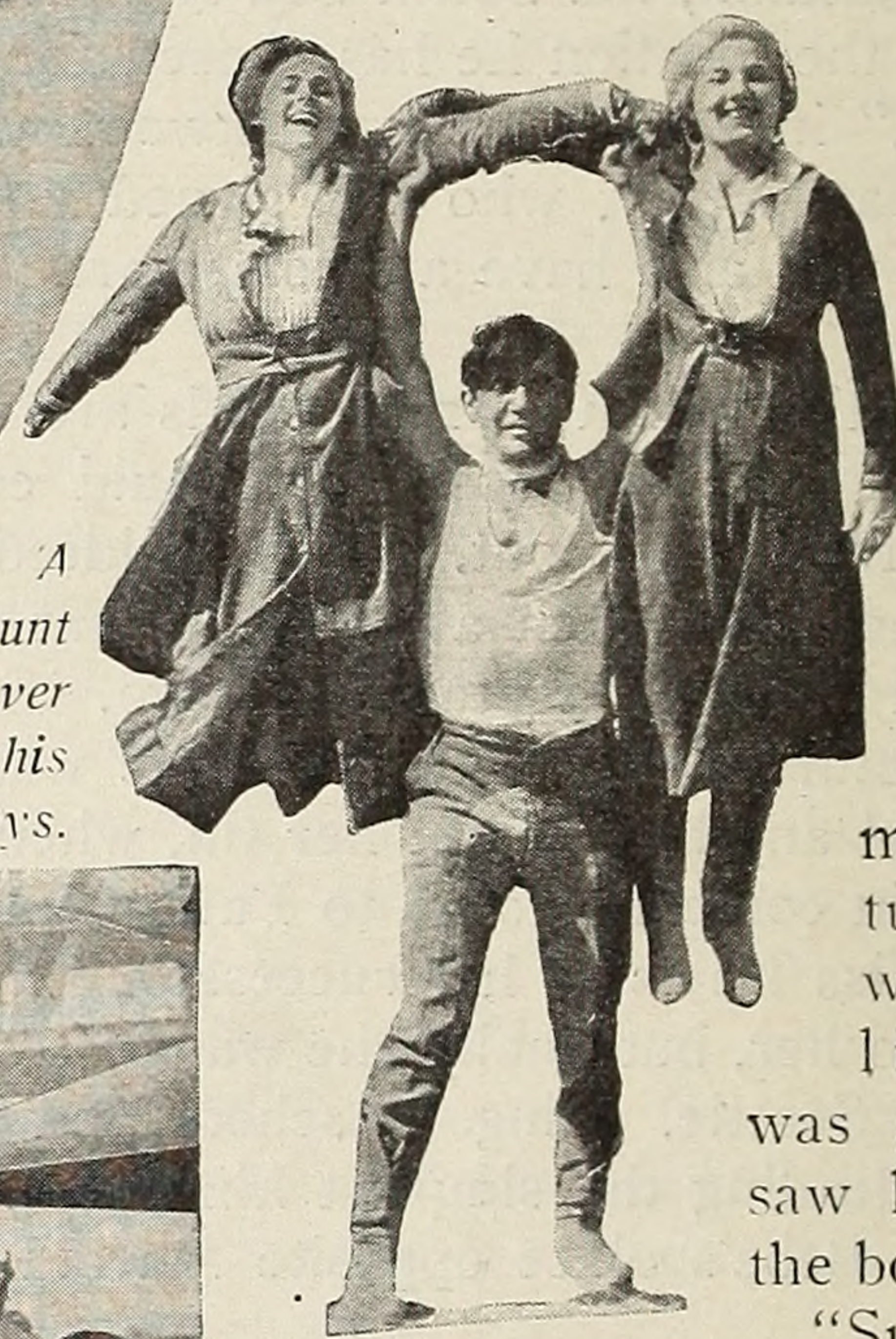
I commented. You see, there had been so many rumors that this star and that one were going abroad to

make pictures that I wouldn't believe Polo was going till I saw him well on the boat.

"Sure we are," and he waved his hand at the rest of the company. "Just about twenty minutes more and we'll be off. We've already made some of 'The Thirteenth Hour,' though—that's the serial we're going to do over on the other side—and we'll shoot the rest of it back as soon as we can."

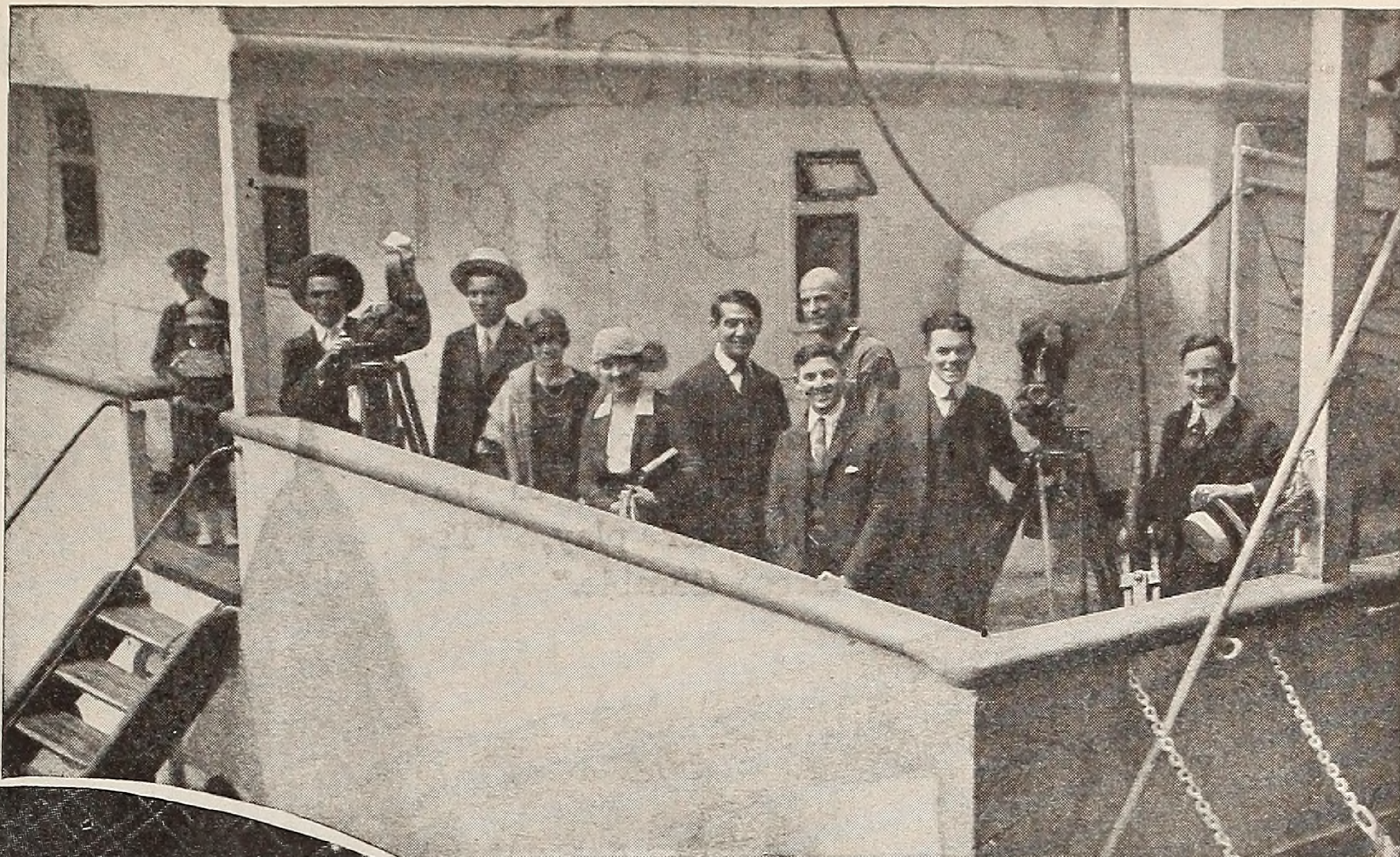
Now the story of how this serial is going to be made is interesting, of course, since locations in England, Ireland, and the Continent will be used. But I wanted to

A
stunt
left over
from his
circus days.

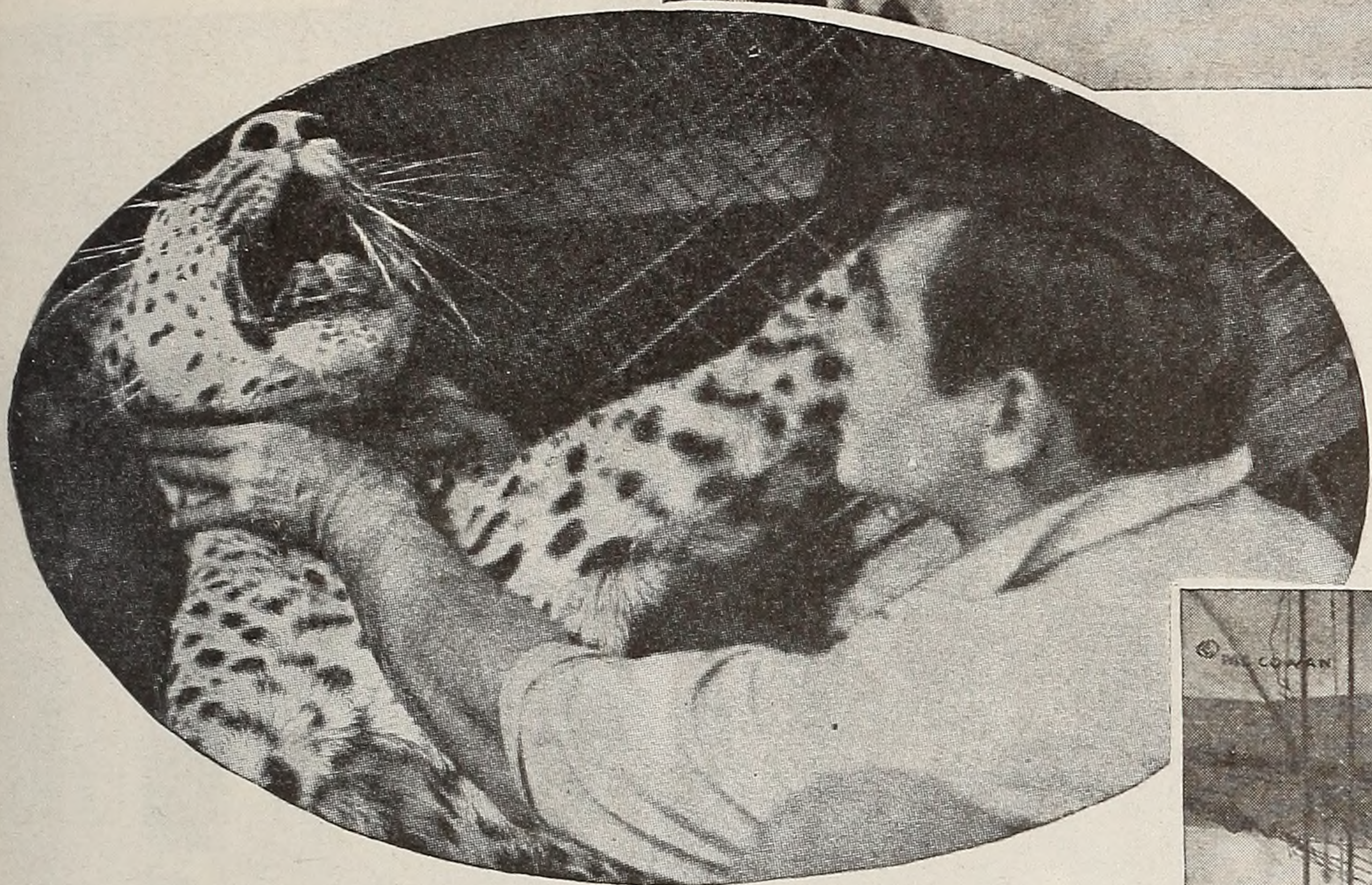


know about Polo himself—about how he happened to get into the circus back in his early days, and about how he happened to leave it later for pictures.

"Oh, I was born into the circus," he explained. "My parents were circus people—they were Italian, you know—and I never knew anything else when I was a youngster. Why, I could walk on my hands when I was four, and I can't remember when I began learning to make falls and turn somersaults in the air. It's second nature to me now. I



Here's the scene of our interview.



"Animal stuff" is just a pleasant diversion.

spent pretty nearly a lifetime under the big tent—seventeen years just with Barnum & Bailey's. And say, how I did enjoy 'The Lure of the Circus,' the last serial we did. It was like old times."

"But what on earth made you leave it?" I demanded.

"Just chance. One year when the circus was in winter quarters I drifted into the Universal Studio when they were making an episode of 'The Broken Coin' and wanted somebody for a strong-man stunt—a fight in which he was to overpower several others. Well, when they gave me the part I never thought of putting up anything but the biggest fight I could, so I jumped right into it, and in the excitement that followed got the shirt literally torn off my back.

"When that episode was shown in the projection room at the Eastern offices the heads of the firm were much amused by that little detail. However, the director kept right on using me in fight scenes—with the result that I always lost my shirt in the fight—and when that serial was finished I got a part in the next one. That started me in the movies, and I've never thought of quitting."

Now Polo is rather a stocky fellow, standing not more than five feet nine; you'd never pick him for a strong man or an acrobat. Yet a snapshot taken on location when he was making "The Broken Idol" shows him lifting his leading lady, Peggy Aarup, and Peggy Pearce over his head without apparent effort. He doesn't look his forty-two years, either, and his dark eyes and complexion give him rather an Italian appearance.

"Everybody's wishing us luck," he laughed, as he thanked me for my good wishes. "Well, if hard work will do it, this'll be the best serial I've ever made—if it isn't, blame me, not the luck."

He was right at home in this scene from "The Lure of the Circus."



Vacation Jingles

Concerning an actress, who
took a short ramble,
To Long Beach, to rest
from her play, "The
Great Gamble."

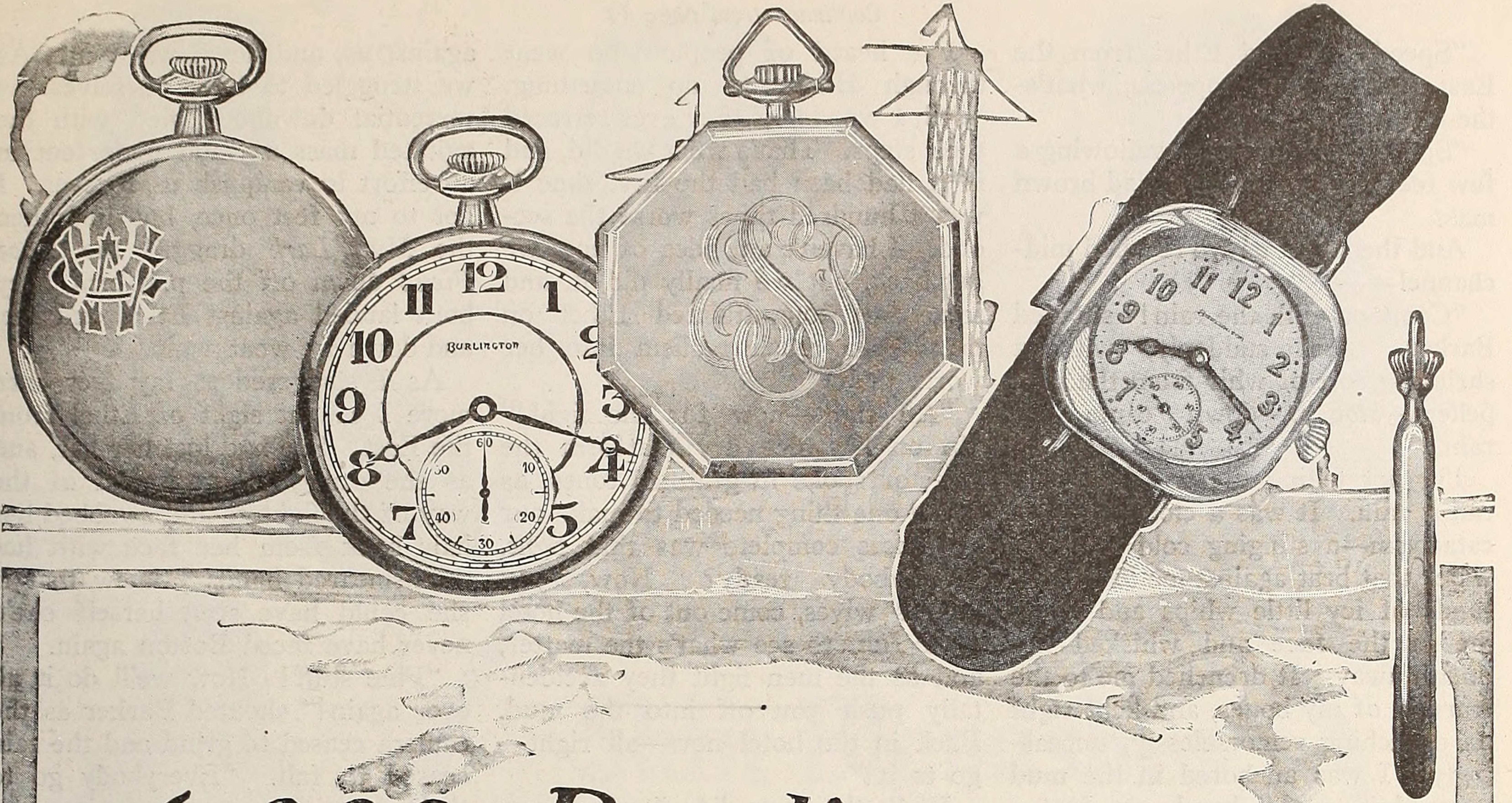
Ride a cock horse
to Banbury
Cross—

If your steed is a
bath house, it's
nobody's loss!



Anne Luther, Pathé star, a-swimming would go—
Whether the weather would let her or no,
I'm changing the meter a trifle or so,
From the one in the Mother Goose fable.

"The water is cold, but it's warm on the sand;
I may not get wet, but just watch me get tanned!
And of course the photographer *must* stay on land!"
She exclaimed from her perch on the gable.



6,003 Burlingtons in the U. S. Navy—

6,003 Burlingtons have been sold to the men aboard the U. S. battleships. Practically every vessel in the U. S. Navy has many Burlington watches aboard. Some have over 100 Burlingtons. The victory of the Burlington among the men in the U. S. Navy is testimony to Burlington superiority. A watch has to be made of sturdy stuff in order to "make good" on a man-of-war. The constant vibration, the extreme heat in the boiler rooms, the cold salt air and the change of climate from the Arctic to the Tropical are the most severe tests on a watch. If a watch will stand up and give active service aboard a man-of-war, it will stand up anywhere.

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Name

Address

Continued from page 17

"Speed!" gasped Ethel from the East with a deep, hopeless, what's-the-use groan.

"Speed!" I quavered, wallowing a few feet farther in that viscid brown mass.

And then, just as we reached mid-channel—

"Come on with the rain!" shouted Barker. And suddenly, with a shrieking sort of whir from the propellers—*blooey!*—down came the rain.

I'm not telling the truth when I call it rain. It was a cloud-burst, a cataclysm—a stinging cold flood of water that beat against me like thousands of icy little whips and stung me in the face and whisked my breath away. It drenched me to the marrow of my bones, and kept right on drenching remorselessly, unceasingly. I was anchored in the mud—couldn't move hand or foot—couldn't see—couldn't hear; the rain seemed to be beating right into my head. And I felt that if it didn't stop for a minute I'd go raving mad.

Even that mud couldn't resist it, but fairly writhed and bubbled as the rain whipped it. Driven by the force of the wind and rain, we somehow got to the opposite side of the street at last. It took us an eternity to do it, dragging our feet up slowly and then plunging them down again, but finally we scrambled onto the walk and huddled up against each other, miserable clear through.

"Come on back now!" Reginald Barker was shouting at us again. "Through the mud? Sure. How else would you go? Now, ready!"

I've heard of people who went through Hades to do something. Well, I wonder if they ever retraced their steps. That's what we did, and if it had been bad the first time it was a hundred times worse the second. I haven't any idea of how we got back, but we finally did it, and somebody congratulated Ethel on putting so much realism into her work.

"All right—now for the fight!" Up on his nice dry platform the director spoke in gratified tones, as if the one thing needed to make our happiness complete was that fight. "Everybody ready? Now, you miners' wives, come out of the hotel after *June* to see what's the matter, and as the men fight they accidentally push you off into the mud. Back in the hotel now—all right—go to it!"

Well, the men did; I never saw anything like the way they fought. I really wanted to go out and see what was going on, and rushed out with Ethel. We had no more than reached the porch when a burly brute, wheeling round, bumped into her. I heard one scream, saw her arms go up in a wild endeavor to save herself, and then—Thud! Something lunged against me, almost knocking the breath out of my body—one wild instant of falling, and then—*squ-s-s-h!*—I felt myself being absorbed, submerged, utterly swallowed up in that awful sea of mud. All I can remember was feeling rather surprised at its being so soft.

The men, still fighting, lunged

against us, and down we went. As we struggled to right ourselves the torrential downpour vied with the agitated mass of mud underfoot in an effort to vanquish us forever. I got to my feet once, but just then the *Mud Lark* dragged the *Dope Fiend* down off the platform, they both landed against Ethel and me, and down we went again.

As I staggered to my feet once more I caught sight of Ethel from the East. She had lost her hat, and as she dragged herself out of the way of the fighters and swabbed her hair back from her face with her mud-smear hands I knew that if she could have seen herself she'd never have faced Boston again.

"Fine stuff! Now we'll do it all over again!" shouted Barker as the camera ceased to grind and the rain ceased to fall. "Everybody go to their dressing rooms and clean up, and we'll do it from the beginning."

Maybe it wasn't sportsmanlike, but I must confess that two of those present the first time that scene was shot were absent from the vicinity when it was shot the second time. Hastily Ethel from the East and I peeled off our dank, slimy clothes and got into our own garments, and guiltily we slipped away from the dressing rooms and out to the car.

Ethel from the East vows she'll never work in another picture. And if she sticks to that idea as she does to others she never will. For what do you suppose I found in the little bundle she took to the studio with her that night?

A bathing suit!

"I Do," Said Anita

Continued from page 51

ceremony Joseph A. Golden, the theatrical producer, who lives near by, dropped in, and Eugene O'Brien, Gaston Glass, a player in the Talmadge companies, and Edmund Goulding, casting director and scenario writer, arrived from New York in a taxicab. It seems that John Emerson had vaguely motored about the country because he had forgotten where to call for the guests. Mr. O'Brien's taxicab was something of a sensation. Even in wealthy and blasé motion-picture circles a taxicab ride from New York to Bayside is something out of the ordinary.

The ceremony was just like any other ceremony. The bride was

nervous and the groom was awkward. Only on the screen do they appear calm and perfectly at ease. Anita's most important subtitle was "I do." The guests stood about informally near the flowered altar designed by Norma. Norma was serious, Natalie was impressed, and Constance tried to act as though it were not her first wedding. As for Mrs. Talmadge, she did her best to keep Dinky from breaking in on the solemnity of the occasion.

At the wedding breakfast Constance brought forth her one concession to old-fashioned romance and sentiment—little, stiff Victorian bouquets for all the guests.

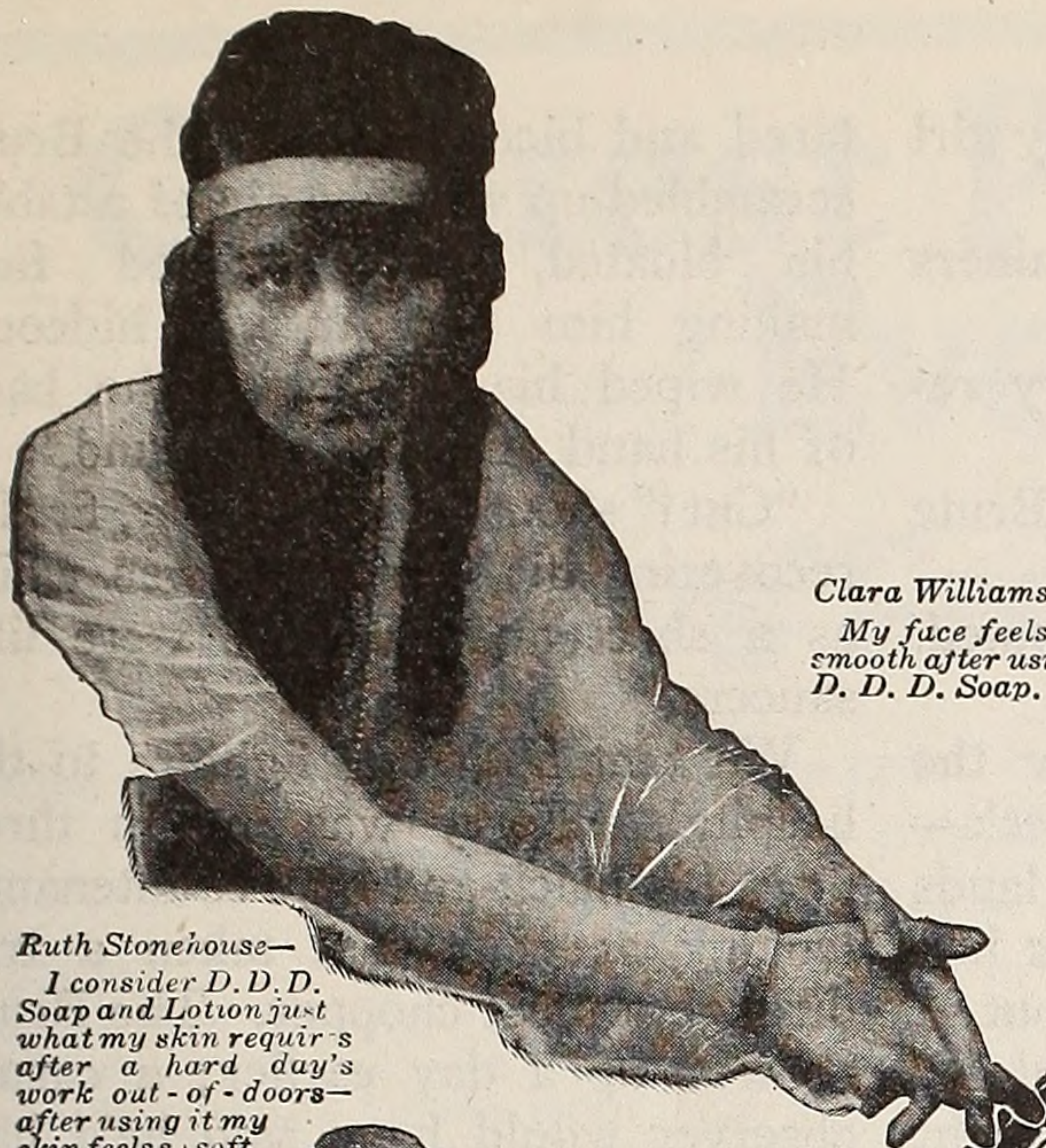
And afterward there was dancing. Norma lit the Japanese lanterns on the lawn and played her most charming rôle—that of an ideal young hostess.

The bride and bridegroom went to New York for their honeymoon to be near the studio.

When all the guests had left, Constance stood on the porch and looked at the large, romantic moon.

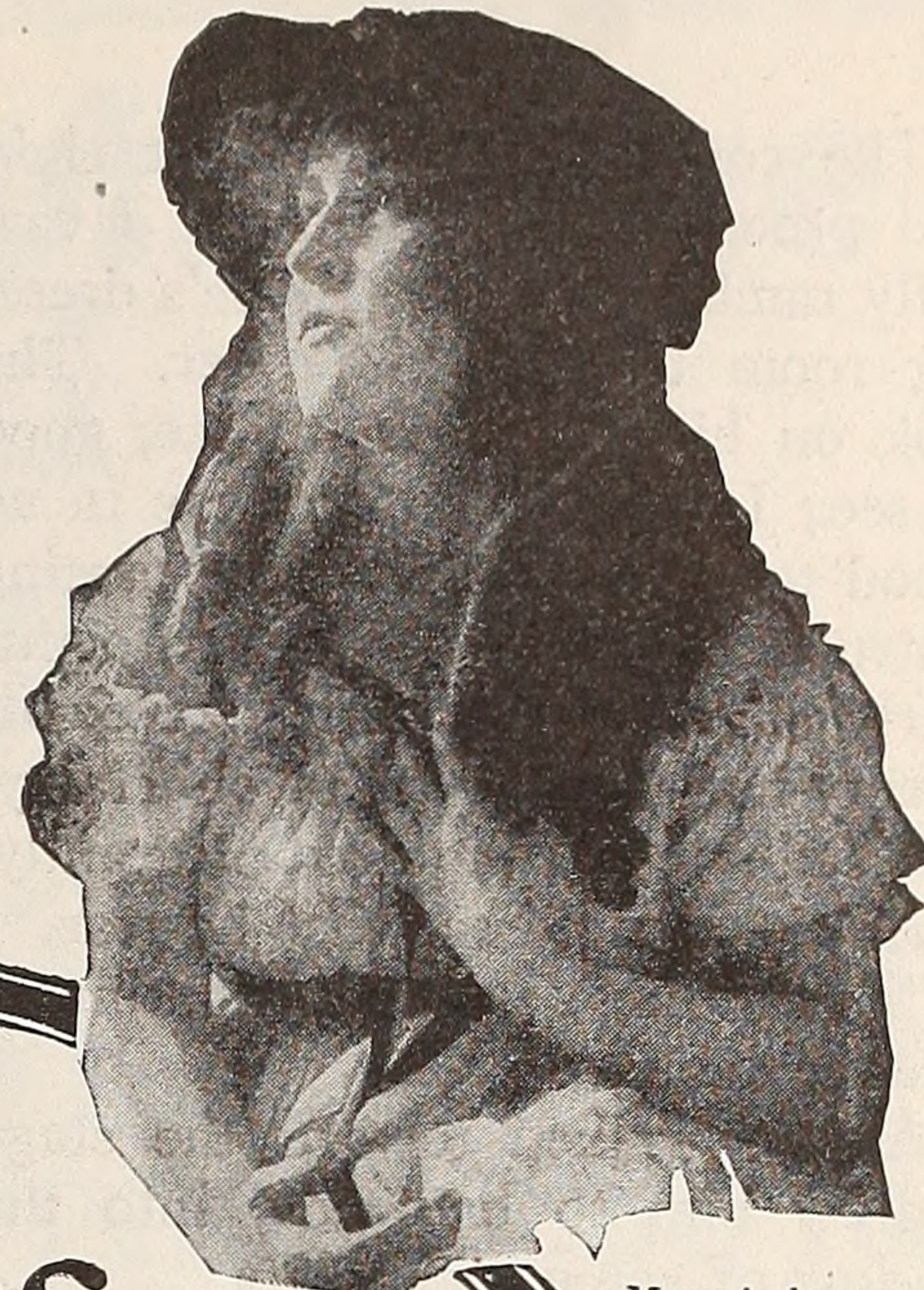
"You're next," said Natalie. "Don't forget that you drew the ring in the wedding cake."

And Constance started to give a cynical laugh. But it ended in a giggle.



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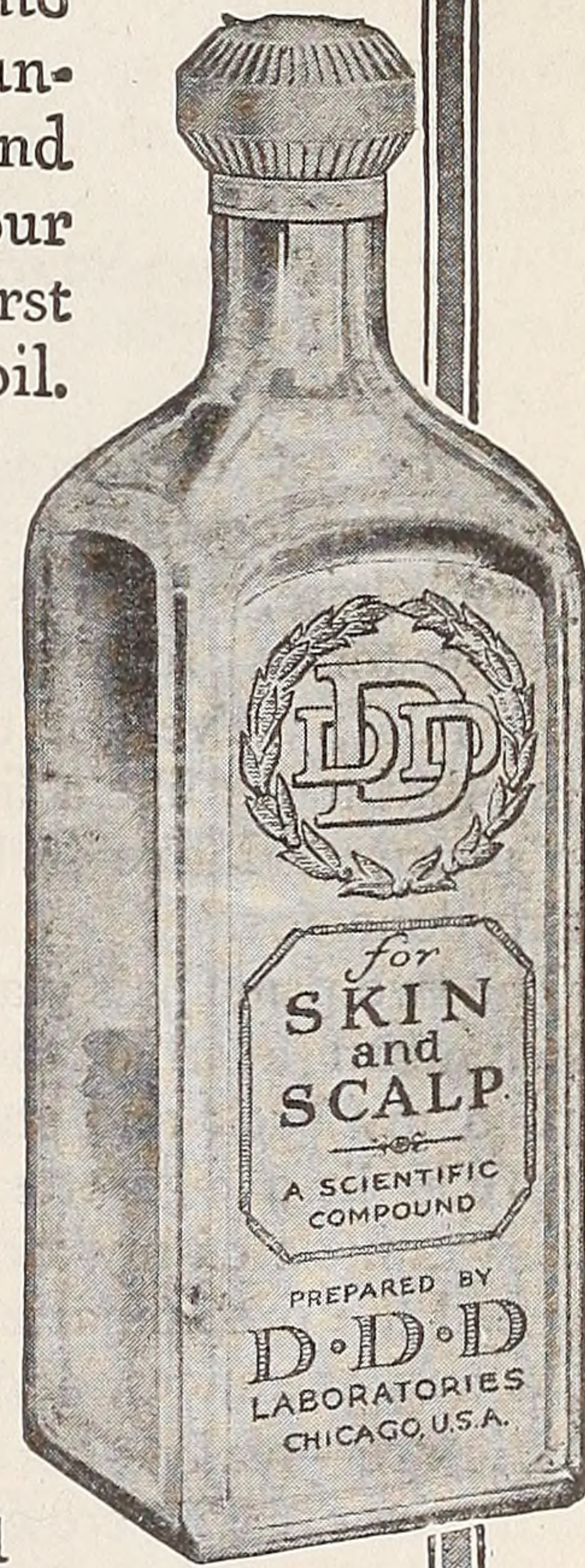
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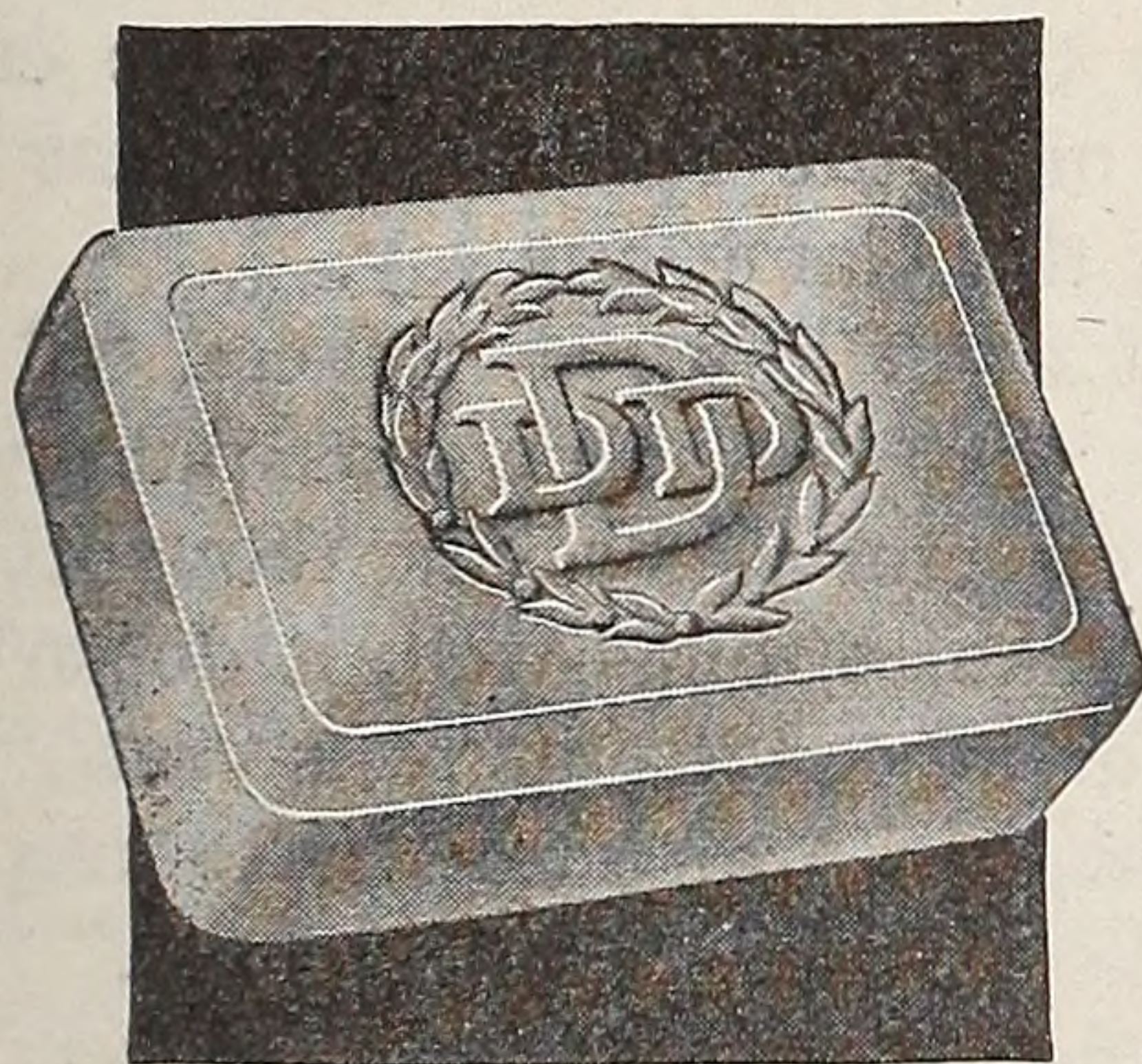
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Continued from page 47

The company assembled at eight and proceeded to make up. I casually rambled into the Brute's dressing room to look him over. The look on his face was, to me, good to see; I chatted, but he was in no mood to talk. So, with the parting instruction to be on the set at eight-thirty sharp, I left him. At eight-twenty-five I dropped in on Harry.

"Made up?" I inquired pleasantly.

Any one could see that he was.

"Everything's ready," I continued. "Better come down."

As we walked toward the stage I drew him to one side, into the shadow of some scene flats.

"Listen," I whispered. "I want to do the square thing and tip you off. The only chance the Brute has to square himself with the audience is in this scene. He has a rotten part, and they'll hate him, but if he puts up a good fight it will tone down the bad taste in everybody's mouth. So he plans to give you a fight—a regular one. You won't have a chance in the world to hog this scene. I just wanted to put you hep because he's going after you."

Harry looked at me and smiled grimly.

"All right," he remarked. "If he wants fight he'll get it. I won't stall if he doesn't."

On the set the director got the two of them together.

"Look here, you guys," he said in pleading tones, "for the love of Mike don't fake; we've got to get something that looks like a fight or scrap the picture. Make it look real or we're done for."

The two principals glanced at each other, then averted their gaze. I turned my back and studiously and carefully lit a cigarette. Obviously this was none of my affair. We rehearsed the preliminaries, gave positions and entrances, and then—

"Picture—ready—go——" shouted the director. The crowd in the bar-room got into action, drinking, laughing, shouting, while Harry engaged in earnest conversation with an old miner. In reeled the Brute, glanced around, saw Harry, and lurched toward him. Harry saw him coming and eyed him defiantly.

Motion-picture people usually invent their own lines for the scenes they play.

"Hey, you!" the Brute addressed

him. "You keep away from my girl or I'll knock your block off."

Talking ceased, and the miners crowded around.

"You and who else?" Harry retorted with a sneer.

"I don't need any help," the Brute replied. Both squared off.

"Go to it!" the director shouted. "Mix it up!"

The Brute swung, not for the shoulder or the side of the neck—not a wide, slow swing that lands like a feather, but photographs like one of Dempsey's wallops—but a hard, sure, savage lunge straight for the face. Harry ducked and caught it over the eye. Then they went at it hammer and tongs, vicious blow receipted for in kind. The director watched with popping eyes, the camera man, intent on the fight, almost forgot to crank and pan to follow them.

"Get it, you boob!" I shouted in his ear.

Around they went; chairs and tables were upturned, while the extras, not expecting such a battle, stood open-mouthed and gave them plenty of room. Naturally they acted better than twenty rehearsals could have made them.

Down went the fighters, and over and over they rolled. They staggered to their feet. The Brute's lip was cut, Harry was bleeding from the nose, but they fought on. They reeled, staggered, and lunged to the staircase, where the Brute fought Harry up step by step. They forgot they were making a picture; they were just fighting. Step by step they mounted the stairs, blows raining on blows, while I, my attention centered on the camera man, saw to it that he got it all.

To the top of the stairs and along the balcony, still savagely battling, the two men went, and, right in the center of the picture, almost as if he had been directed to do it, Harry made a mad rush at the Brute. Both crashed against the railing; it gave way, and down they came, nine feet to the floor. The fall partially stunned the Brute, and Harry staggered to his feet. His face was bat-

tered and bloody. Then the Brute scrambled up with the aid of a table, his bloated, blood-smeared face making him look utterly hideous. He wiped his eyes with the back of his hand and looked around.

"Cut!" shouted the director, finally recovering his wits. He was white as a sheet and his eyes were like saucers.

We sent both our fighters to the hospital. Harry was out in three days, his black-and-blue countenance looking as if it had taken a trip through a meat chopper. The Brute showed up a day earlier; a casual observer would have said he'd had an argument with a threshing machine.

When the scene was developed and we looked at the film the director studied it carefully.

"Some fight!" he remarked. "Wonder why those fools tried to kill each other."

I looked out of the window. A pepper tree, swaying in the wind, had suddenly become a source of great concern to me.

Just after that picture's showing in the projection room I met the Broadway star. She refused to speak to me; said the Brute and Handsome Harry had stolen the picture from her because of that big scene, and blamed me for it, though I reminded her that I wasn't the director. Half an hour later I encountered Harry and the Brute, lurching together; their icy glances and sarcastic greeting told me all too plainly that they'd compared notes and were gunning for me. I strolled sadly over to a near-by table, where the director was talking with some critics; thought I might as well confess the truth and get some credit for my little ruse, since I was getting the blame anyway.

"I don't know that I can tell you how that big scene was put over," the director was saying thoughtfully. "I'd like to, but—well, it doesn't do to divulge too many secrets, you know, and a director has to keep his tricks to himself sometimes."

And so I kept my guilty secret—until now.

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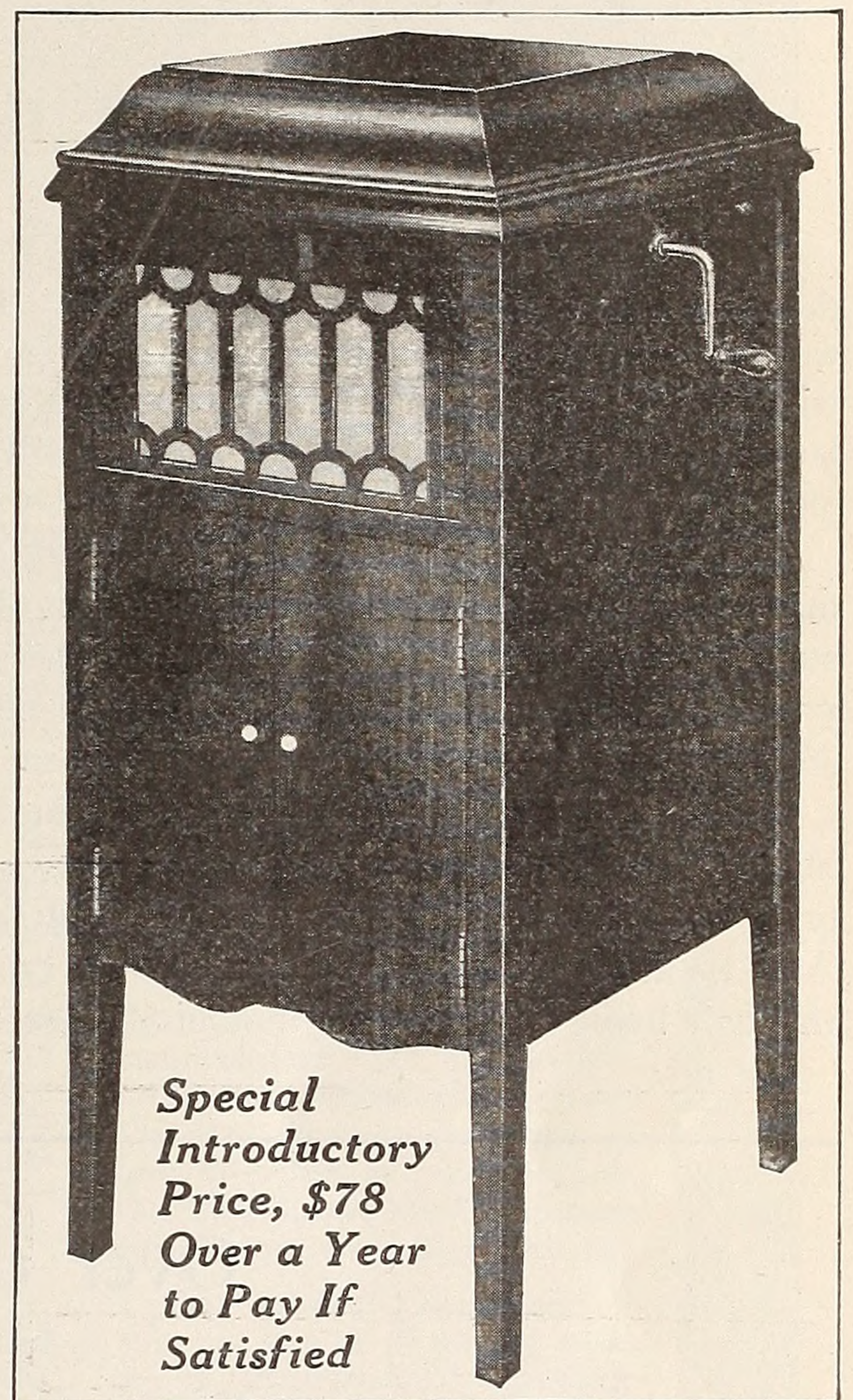
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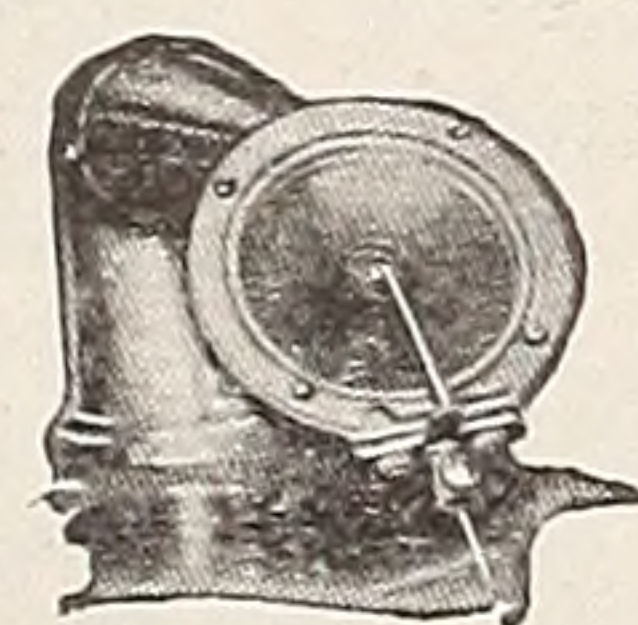
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Continued from page 31

However, I was thinking the other day, when I looked at an old snapshot of myself as the jester in 'Twelfth Night,' that I wouldn't want to get into that rig now. But don't you think that costume plays are——"

"I don't think; I'm just recording *your* thoughts," I answered. "I may not have a complete record, but I've got some data at least on 'What a Leading Man Thinks About,' thanks to you. There's one more thing, however; surely you aren't going to

desert the stage entirely for pictures, are you? After sixteen years at it you——"

"Oh, indeed I'm not even thinking of leaving it," he assured me. "Of course you have a great deal more freedom in pictures; there's complete relief from worry and detail. When you contrast the time I spend in the studio with that I've been used to spending on all-night rehearsals or in memorizing thousands of words for stage productions—well, I'm loyal to the stage and

very fond of it, but I can't help thinking that making pictures is a lot easier to do, and in many ways a lot more enjoyable."

Well, as I rose to wend my way back to the young person who reads the magazines I couldn't help feeling that I'd done my work quite commendably. But at the door of the hotel I glanced back over my shoulder, and from the smile on the face of a certain tall, slim, and very blond young man I greatly fear that my information is nowhere near as complete as it might be.

Billie, and the Follies

Continued from page 45

those plays I was one of the pioneer wearers of pajamas on the stage—when I did 'Jerry,' you know." Her laughing eyes shared the joke with me.

"You're not going to desert the movies when you go back on the stage surely," I protested. "I saw you on the screen in 'Good Gracious, Annabelle,' and——"

"Wait till you see 'The Misleading Widow;' you'll like it much better," she declared. "At least I did. And wasn't it funny—just as I got through being a widow in that pic-

ture I had to rush out and buy wedding veils and things and be a bride in 'Sadie Love.'"

But the "Follies" obtruded themselves just then—blatantly. It was one of those scenes which makes wives endeavor to pretend that their hysterically chortling husbands don't belong to them—the one showing a scene in an osteopath's office, in which the patient is jounced up and down and hurled around until you can almost hear his brains rattle—a typical example of the masculine idea of what is humorous.

"Isn't that screamingly funny!" exclaimed Billie, dabbing her eyes with her handkerchief. "I think it's the most amusing thing in the show—except for the bullfight scene—or—oh, isn't it hard to choose between them?"

Of course one could excuse Billie. "And did you ever see prettier show girls?" she went on proudly. "Or such lovely sets? Tell me honestly—what do you think is the prettiest thing you've seen here tonight?"

"You," I replied brazenly as I fled to my own seat.

Over the Years with Dusty

Continued from page 53

the diving boys to get, were surprised at seeing a man diving with the urchins. And it was some ten minutes before a screen-struck maiden exclaimed in amazement: "Oh, mother, that's Dustin Farnum!" and Dusty modestly disappeared from the public gaze.

He told me a good story about himself and his first days as a California huntsman as we strolled over to his dressing room to see his trophies.

"I was talking to a guide over on the island, one day late in the fall, when the season was quite over and

the place was deserted," he said. "And I asked him if there was any sort of hunting there.

"'We might go after some mountain goats,' he suggested. Well, I'd heard of goat hunting as fairly good sport, so I said that would do, if there wasn't anything more exciting to offer.

"'Maybe you'd like to try hunting mountain sheep, if it's excitement you want,' he said. That was too much for me, and I told him in a few well-chosen words just what I thought of hunting sheep as a pastime—asked him if he caught

them by putting salt on their tails or by lassoing them with a pink ribbon. I knew that mountain sheep in the Rockies were the joy of the huntsman, but on Catalina Island it struck me as pretty poor sport.

"Well, that guide gave me just one long look, and we set out. I won't go into painful details, but after spending one good long afternoon on those cactus-covered hills, hunting 'em, I'll state in public that the Catalina mountain sheep is every bit as game as his Rocky Mountain brother."

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 65

the same title. There is nothing like the screen to show up artificiality in character, and it might be expected that some of Mr. Chambers' puppets fail to live on the screen with any great semblance of reality. However, "The Firing Line" is interesting fare for all that, and it has been most artistically produced by Charles Maigne. Irene Castle is starred as the girl, *Shiela Cardross*, whose agitation over being without a name led her to marry the first man who asked her and whose real love affair came afterward. She receives support of stellar caliber from David Powell, who plays the husband, while Vernon Steel, as the lover, also renders adequate assistance. "The Firing Line" can be compared to a selection of somewhat inferior candy sold in the handsomest box obtainable.

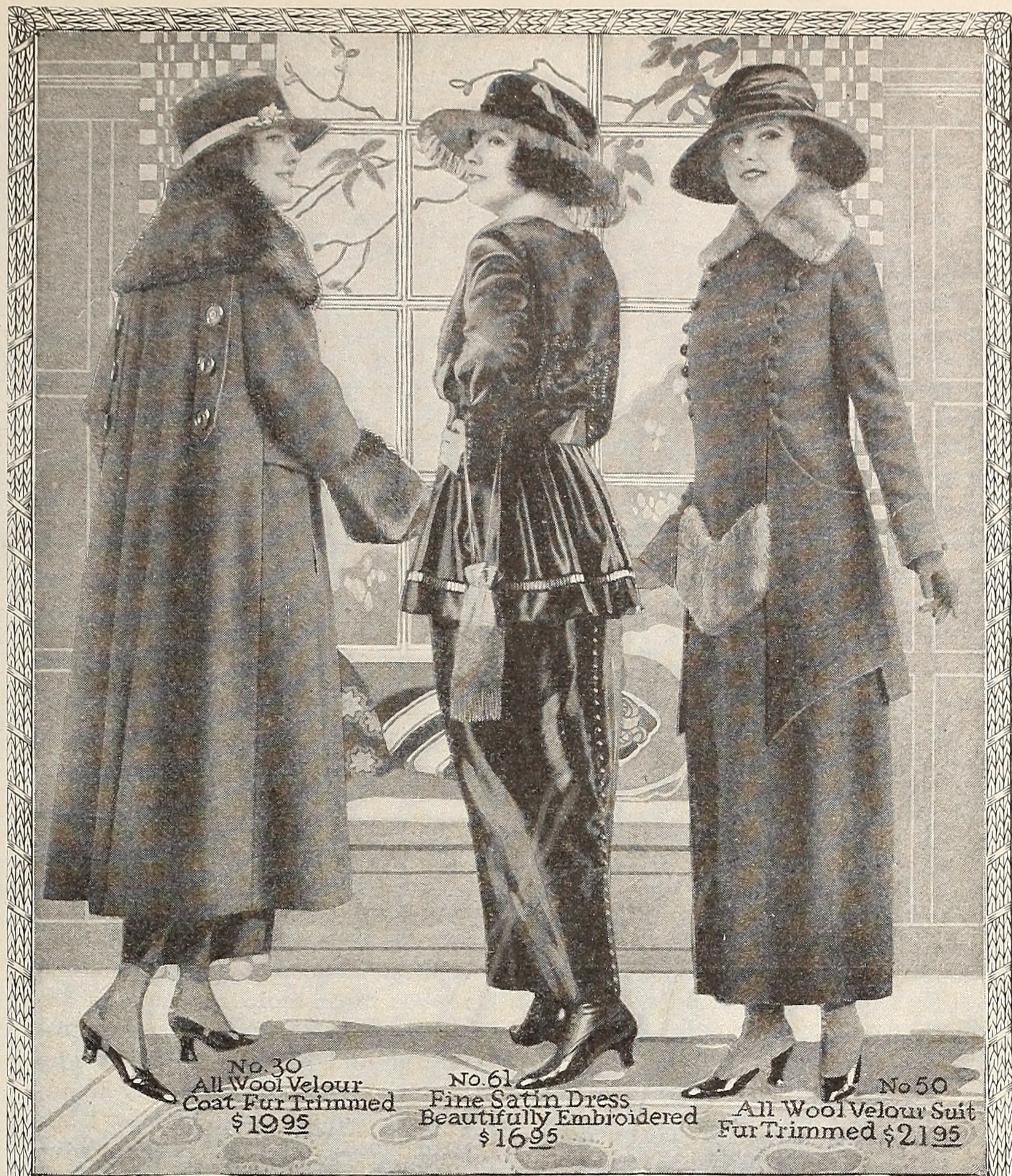
"Hay Foot, Straw Foot" presents Charles Ray in a vehicle that George Randolph Chester would doubtless think ideal, inasmuch as it is largely character development with very little action. Mr. Ray can do much better than he does here, but, even so, he manages to extract a lot of humor and a good portion of human sentiment from the rôle of the farmer's boy at the training camp.

"A Man's Country" presents Alma Rubens in a story of the old West that West of picture fiction "where a gun was every man's own law and the decision went to the man quickest on the draw." The story, on the whole, is made of familiar material. Miss Rubens, however, invests her rôle with a certain appeal and charm that have gained her stardom and its honors in such a short time on the screen.

"Be a Little Sport" is another light affair, with the new Fox starring team, Albert Ray and Elinor Fair, in the principal rôles. It succeeds admirably in furnishing a 2.75 per cent thrill.

"Yvonne from Paris" is a story of the stage and thereabouts, with Mary Miles Minter carrying the leading rôle. It is a typical Minter picture, and carries its proper portions of comedy, heart interest, and sentiment.

"The City of Comrades," the Goldwyn picture, based on Basil King's story of that name, gives Tom Moore a big rôle, which he plays acceptably.



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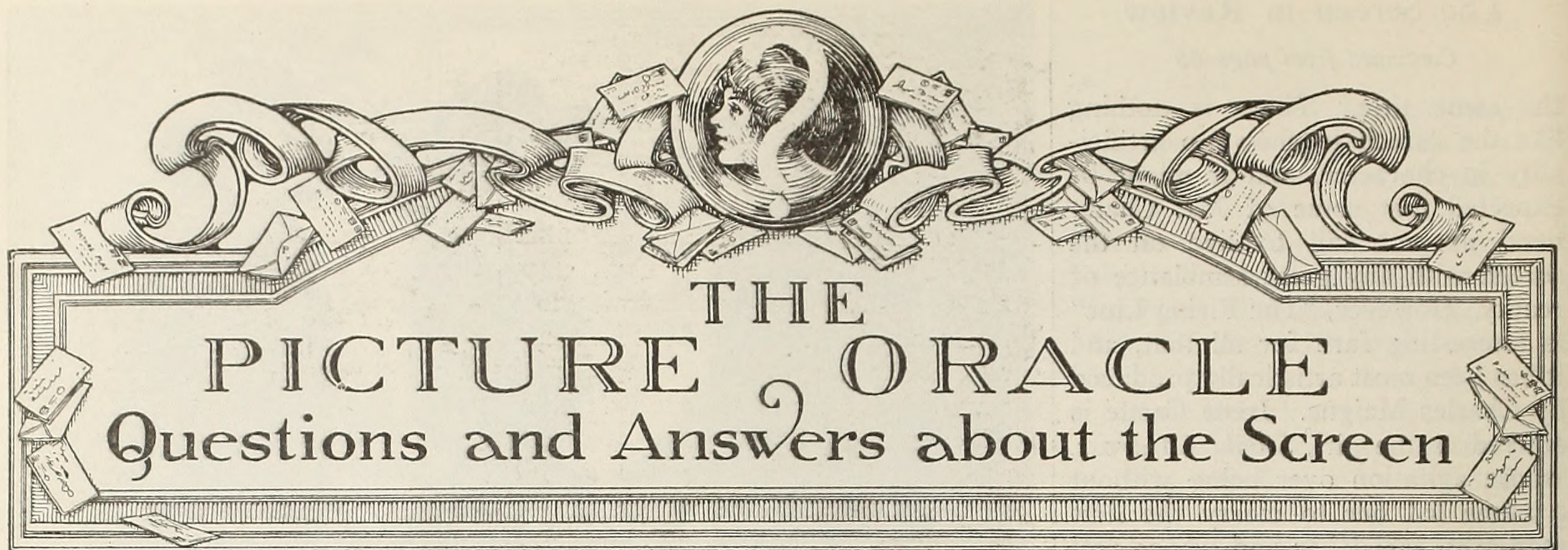
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**THE
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Questions and Answers about the Screen

THE GIRL FROM PARIS.—So you think PICTURE-PLAY is splendid? Good for you! Irene Castle was born in New Rochelle, New York, in 1893. Of course, I admire Mary Pickford. Who doesn't? Ethel Clayton has had a good many pictures released. You have just been unfortunate and missed them. She was born in Champagne, Illinois, in 1890. Constance Talmadge was born in Brooklyn, New York, on April 19, 1900. She is five feet six inches tall. Norma was born at Niagara Falls in 1897. Toronto, Canada, is the birthplace of Grace Darmond and Mary Pickford. Jack Pickford has brown eyes and black hair. Irene Castle has returned from abroad, and recently appeared in "The Firing Line" for Famous Players. Edna and Frank are not related. Theda Bara has black hair and dark-brown eyes. You are indeed very complimentary. Thanks, very much, and come again soon.

CHAPLIN AND ARBUCKLE.—Roscoe Arbuckle was making his own pictures for Keystone when Chaplin first came on the lot, so, you see, you lose your bet that he was there before Fatty. "Caught in the Rain" was the first picture that Chaplin directed himself in for Mack Sennett. When he first started there, none of the directors could work with him, and he looked for his "notice" every Saturday night.

M. B. H. W. R.—You are certainly some little booster for Bill Russell. I'm sure he wouldn't refuse to send such an enthusiastic supporter as yourself one of his very own autographed likeness. He is now with the Fox Film Corporation.

JUST MILLY.—What does your heart fail you about? Yes, it is true that Harold Lockwood is dead. Write to them and find out.

BILLIE MAY.—See reply to Grace M. Theda Bara's brothers' name is Mark Bara—not Paul. The next time I run across her I'll deliver your message. Mary Pickford was born in Toronto, Canada, in 1893. The house is still standing, and several companies have made souvenirs of wood from the house, and have sold them to the fans. Douglas Fairbanks bounded into this world at Denver, Colorado, in 1883. Charles Spencer Chaplin was born in gay Paree in 1889. Marguerite Clark comes from Theda Bara's home town, Cincinnati. She arrived there

a few years before the Fox star, making her debut in the world in 1887.

LEBASI.—Madame Petrova was born in Warsaw, Poland. She had no steady leading man, as she changed them about every picture. At present she is not in pictures, but is appearing in vaudeville. I

THE ORACLE will answer any questions of general interest concerning the movies which would not require unusually long replies. Those wishing personal replies must inclose a stamped envelope, with return address. Letters should be addressed to: **The Picture Oracle, Picture-Play Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.** The Oracle cannot give advice about becoming a movie actor or actress, since the only possible way of ever getting such a job is by direct application at a studio. Do not send inquiries concerning scenario writing to The Oracle, but to William Lord Wright, at the same address. Addresses of players asked for will be found at the end of this department.

have friends who are farther away than that, especially some of the ones who owe me money.

LIBERTY BONDS.—You evidently have no pity for me at all when you ask me to name for you the youngest and oldest woman star in the business. A great many lay claim to the former, and all of them shun the latter; not being any too eager to leave this old world, I refrain from answering either. Ethel Clayton was born in 1890. Yes, your green ink is very pretty. I could almost read it without my glasses.

MASTER JOHN H.—Rupert Julian is the gentleman who played the rôle of the Kaiser in the "Beast of Berlin."

CLAIRE C.—So you are dying to know how old Bill Desmond is. If that's the case, I'd better not tell you. Why don't you say "how young is he?" It sounds very much better. He never told me the exact date, so I'm not sure. He was born in Dublin, Ireland, and it shouldn't

take you all night to figure out his nationality.

JERRIE.—I don't know to whom you refer in "Vengeance and the Woman." It must have been a very small part. He is not listed in the cast in any of the episodes. Yes, Paul Willis is still playing in pictures. He is not with any one company, but works for them all, whenever there is a part to suit him. Richard Barthelmess had the leading male rôle opposite Dorothy Gish in "Rich Man, Poor Man."

MOVIE GOER.—Maryland is the birthplace of Louise Glaum. Theda Bara was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1890. George Walsh is a New Yorker, and began his life there in 1892. Norma Talmadge was born in the same city five years later. She started her picture career at the age of fourteen. Bryant Washburn was born in Chicago, Illinois, in 1889. Madame Petrova is Polish and not Russian. Annette Kellermann was born in New South Wales, Australia. Whom do you mean when you say the first names of the Owen brothers? It must be the Moore boys you refer to. There are Owen, Matt, Tom, and Joe. Ann Little's birthplace is Sisson, California, and the date of the eventful year is 1894.

TEMPEST.—So you like The Oracle Department very much, and think it should be given twice the space. It's very kind of you to say such nice things about me, but think of all the extra work! No, I am not a movie aspirant. I prefer the simple life. St. Elmo was done a good many years ago in pictures. Marshall Neilan played opposite Mary Pickford and Marguerite Clark in several pictures. He never played opposite Clara Kimball Young. Marshall used to be one of our best little screen actors, and he played a part in "Daddy Long-Legs," as well as directed the picture. No, I can't recall the picture you refer to. It was released such a long time ago, and you gave such a vague description of it. You can't blame people for the names that are tacked onto them. They are too young to realize what is being put over on them when the christening occurs. See reply to Henry S. Thanks for the poem; I had never read it before.

HARRY A. S.—The addresses are listed at the end of The Oracle.

Continued on page 90



How to remove hair without injury to the skin or complexion

SCIENCE has discovered a way to remove hair without the aid of injurious chemicals. A superior toilet preparation; dainty, exquisite, harmless; that meets the most exacting requirements of women of refinement.

This remarkable new preparation is called NEET. And it leaves many old methods, against which there has always been so strong a prejudice, definitely without place.

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Hints for Scenario Writers

Continued from page 58

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Name.....
Address.....

popular movie matinee idol, is featured in "Eliza of the Hollyhocks," that widely advertised novel by Enoch Doolittle Jones, the famous author. The book title and the famous author's name are printed right along with Jasper McCullough's name on the billboards. It looks fine. The story may be puerile, but the rival star goes to the boss and says: "Boss, Jasper McCullough is working in classy stuff. See his name and Enoch Jones' on six sheets everywhere. Why, they must 'a' paid ten thousand dollars for that Jones book! I am as good as Jasper; I want some high-class stories."

The boss, in order to keep his high-salaried star happy, must go forth and pay top prices for some novels of doubtful value for the screen. The good, original story by the modest author is thrown aside, all because of the vanity of the star. This professional jealousy and rivalry has been inherited by the movies from the spoken drama. Each pampered star keeps an eye on the other star, and woe to the boss if the other actor or actress is boosted in more expensive productions or more costly stories.

And the result is the producer is out of pocket; the star's vanity is satisfied and the public gets a mediocre book movie instead of a good original story built for the screen.

Some day there will be a change.

R. C. Franks writes:

About Synopses

I have read with much interest the extract from the letter from W. Scott Darling, published in the April number of your magazine. Mr. Darling says: "I have read every synopsis of every story released during the past four or five years—" I will thank you to advise me how these synopses can be obtained. Mr. Darling further states that he has "received some very fine and helpful letters from scenario editors." This seems to be a very uncommon occurrence, as I have been of the opinion that scenario departments do not comment on scripts submitted.

Until recently some of the motion-picture trade journals published religiously the synopsis of every play released. Those who took these journals had access to these plot synopses. Any scenario editor worthy of the title will write helpful letters of encouragement to those authors

who really show promise. It's good business. The real-for-sure editor will not let budding talent escape him. He knows that encouraging letters do much good sometimes. He wants good original stories.

Who is to Blame?
A reader submits the following argument, which will be interesting to others:

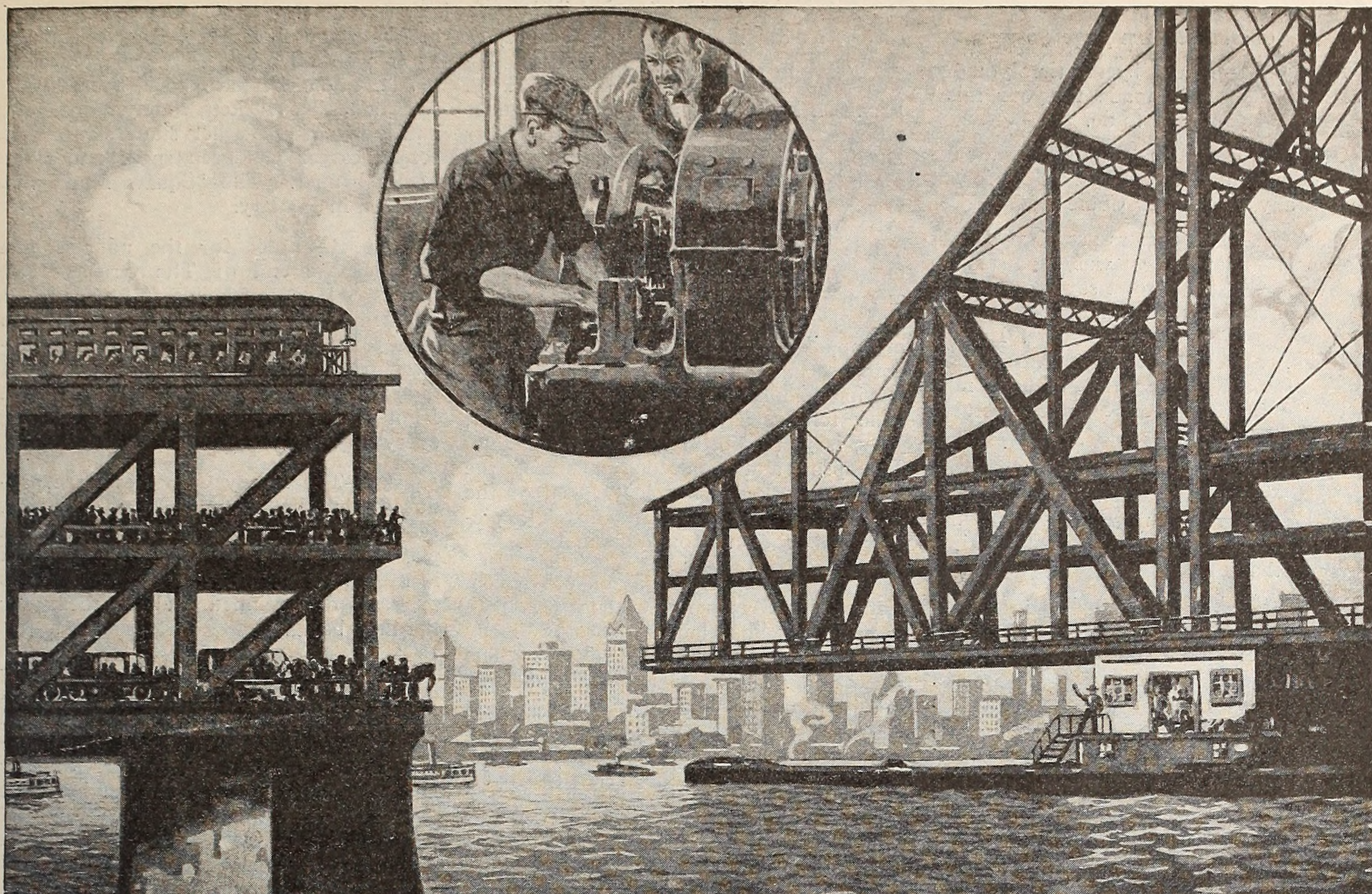
I believe the reason for so many rejected stories is due not alone to the weakness of the plot, but also to lack of knowledge of how to construct the same so that it will stand the once over of that most important gentleman—the scenario editor. And who is to blame? There seems to be—or is it just a supposition on my part—a desire on the part of those that are in the know to keep this branch of the business to themselves, for I have been unable so far to find just the proper form in which to submit my stories; by that I mean the proper way to outline them. One editor will say not to go into details, as he only wants the idea. Another will say, "Be more explicit"—so there you are.

The idea is *not* all that is wanted, but so many times has the idea been almost hidden away in a mass of unnecessary word paintings and adjectives that many editors prefer "the idea only" statement in order to cut down wastes of words and therefore to save time. There isn't an editor in the business who does not want, in addition to a good idea, good business, situations, development. Good business does not necessarily have to be written in continuity form. It may be inserted in the synopsis. The trouble is that so very many beginners—and adepts, too, for that matter—do not know what good business is.

A New Market Booklet

Many of our readers will be interested to know that a new Market Booklet is just off the presses.

It contains the latest word of the producers as to their scenario requirements for the fall and winter. There has been an unusually large number of changes in the film-producing world, and many new companies formed, and all of these changes that took place up to the time of going to press have been recorded. It will be sent for six cents in postage.



Scenes from the Universal Feature Film "Heads Win!"

"Heads Win!"

Traffic jammed at the rush hour! Crowds thronging station platforms! A mile of stalled trains! The swing-bridge would not close and all because down in the power house something had gone wrong and nobody knew what—until Jim came to the rescue.

Each night thousands are seeing unfolded on the screen the thrilling story of Jim Godfrey, who, in the hours after supper, with the help of the International Correspondence Schools, had put a trained head on his shoulders—a head that knew what to do in an emergency.

There are thousands of Jims in real life. You will find them in offices, shops, stores, factories, in mines and on railroads. For in every city and town and in every line of industry there are men who have gained in spare moments, with I. C. S. help, special training in the work of their choice.

There are men like Jesse G. Vincent, who rose from a toolmaker's apprentice to inventor of the Liberty Motor; men like Joseph G. Tynan, the laborer who became the world's greatest ship builder; men like Robert E. Ramsey, the clerk who became editor of Advertising and Selling. There are carpenters' helpers who became architects, bookkeepers who became general managers, men and boys who rose from nothing at all to responsible positions at splendid salaries.

It's simply a question of training. Your hands can't earn the money you need, but your head *can* if you'll give it the chance. "Heads win" every time! More than two million men and women in the last 28 years have let the I. C. S. help them win better jobs, make more money, enjoy happier homes. Over one hundred thousand right now are turning their spare moments to profit. Hundreds are starting every day.

Can you still go on, putting in your days at the same grind, getting the same pay envelope with the same insufficient sum, keeping up the constant fight against a soaring cost of living, when a little grit on your part could be the means of changing your whole life?

It is easily possible for you to have the position you want in the work you like best, to have a salary that will give you and your family the kind of a home, the comforts, the little luxuries, the enjoyments that you would like them to have. No matter what your age, your occupation, your education or your means—you can do it!

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Canadians may send this coupon to International Correspondence Schools, Montreal, Canada

Continued from page 86

NUISANCE.—I hope by the time you see this you will have made up your mind about what you want to do.

GERTRUDE RENAURD.—Thanks for the information and good wishes. You forgot to ask any questions. Come again.

M. A. M.—Newcomers are always most welcome. That picture was produced on the West Coast. I won't say that I agree with you, but far be it from me to dispute with any of my fair readers. Eugene O'Brien will not play opposite Norma Talmadge for a while, at least, as he is now under contract with the Selznick Pictures Corporation. Certainly, if you wish to.

F. C. V.—Vivian Martin was born near Grand Rapids, Michigan. Their names must be Smith also, mustn't they? Sure. You shouldn't have had such a hard time figuring that out.

HENRY S.—Beverly Bayne was born in Minneapolis, Minnesota, in 1895. She is a bit over five feet tall, and has dark-brown hair and eyes. That is her correct name. In private life she is the wife of Francis X. Bushman, whose leading lady she has been for some years. It wouldn't do any harm to write and see.

M. C. P.—No, Marion doesn't come from Grand Rapids. Every one must stand a little of that, more or less.

CLEO.—Well, well, well, Cleo, where have you been hiding yourself all this time? I thought that you had surely deserted me. No, I haven't heard any one say that Mary Garden got paid for her back in motion pictures. It is very famous, but is just an added attraction. "The Splendid Sinner" and "Thais" were her two Goldwyn pictures. She is one of our very best-known opera stars, and was never in musical comedy, as you had supposed. I fear your operatic education has been sadly neglected.

R. X.—Look for the addresses at the end of The Oracle. Yes, I should say it was.

MARGUERITE W.—I don't know just how many Market Booklets have been sold, but there are several thousand of them giving valuable service to their owners. Yes, six cents was the right amount.

THELMA M.—See above answer.

ANTONIO MORENO ADMIRER.—Thanks for all the good wishes. They are greatly appreciated.

MISS EMMA B.—Handed your letter to William Lord Wright, who answers all the scenario questions for PICTURE-PLAY. No trouble at all.

MAY ARDELLA.—Enjoyed your letter very much. What made you think such an interesting letter could be boring—even to a hardened Picture Oracle? Write again whenever you get the chance.

TAMARA T.—No, you didn't ask too many questions. I know of a whole lot more you could have thought of. Write to the circulation manager for any back numbers of PICTURE-PLAY that you may want.

TINY.—Welcome, new writer, but old reader. Jack Pickford began his screen

career, as did many of the favorites, at the old Biograph with D. W. Griffith. He was only a kid then in knickerbockers. Franklyn Farnum is now doing a vaudeville act. He is not related to either Dustin or William Farnum. His right name is William Franklyn Smith.

SNOW BIRD.—Carol Holloway and William Duncan are still with Vitagraph, but are not playing opposite each other any more. Duncan has Edith Johnson as his leading woman, while Carol is playing opposite Antonio Moreno. Both are doing serials. Little Billy Jacobs is still playing in pictures. He is a very clever little fellow, and his younger brother, Joey, is just as brilliant a player. Hugh Thompson and Mildred Keats took the parts you asked about in "Queen of the Sea," with Annette Kellermann. The picture was produced for William Fox.

DE NORVILLE.—That was an old Kalem picture, and Marguerite Courtot was Tom Moore's leading lady. Dorothy Kelly played opposite Montagu Love in "The Awakening." Tow, Owen, Matt, and Joe Moore are brothers. Victor Sutherland is still in pictures. Victor Moore is not making films at the present time, but will probably reappear on the screen shortly.

LE MAY.—There are quite a few motion-picture correspondence clubs. Shirley Mason and Mary Miles Minter are not sisters. Shirley's sister is Viola Dana, and Mary's is Margaret Shelby. Shirley's correct name is Leonie Flugrath, but she probably thinks that Shirley Mason sounds much better for screen purposes. Juliet Shelby is what Mary Miles Minter was christened. J. Warren Kerrigan was born in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1889. As yet he has not been elected a member of the matrimonial club. William Duncan and Carol Holloway are not married. Sessue Hayakawa is married to Tsuru Aoki. Some name to pronounce, isn't it? Yes, Marguerite Clark is married to Lieutenant Palmerson Williams.

CLARINE D.—Marguerite Clark was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1887.

VERNICE L.—Yes.

E. LORIMER.—Look at the end of The Oracle for the addresses you want. Eugene O'Brien is no longer playing opposite Norma Talmadge. Norma has a new leading man now. Eugene was born in Colorado in 1884. Norma Talmadge's birthplace is the famous Niagara Falls, and the date was 1897.

IZZY.—Tom Santschi is certainly one of our best little screen actors, even if he is over six feet tall and weighs over two hundred. He was with Selig for over eight years, and is one of the early birds of the film game. He appeared in the first serial ever made, and also in the first big feature. He used to get thirty-five dollars when he started with Selig, which was considered big money then, for leading men were getting twenty-five and thirty. Tom used to drive one of the autos at the Selig plant, too, in order to earn his weekly stipend.

J. SOUTH BOSTON.—Theodore Roberts is a native son, being born in San Francisco, California, in 1861. He has been

on the stage since 1880, so you can see he is well schooled. He appeared with W. H. Crane, Bertha Kalich, Stuart Robson, James K. Hackett, Fanny Davenport, and many of the other stage stars. His screen career has been spent under the Lasky banner. The "Squaw Man" was released in January.

ALTA B.—Look for the address you want at the end of The Oracle. No, thanks, I have my hands full as it is. I don't mind doing it in the least. All you have to do is ask for anything I can answer for you, and you shall have it. I didn't need your personal code this time. I got along splendidly. You're improving every day. You know me, Al.

JAZZ.—The Ebony Comedies were produced by the Ebony Film Company, featuring a clever company of colored players. They had some very funny stuff in the ones I saw, but the company seems to have discontinued making them for the time being.

CLARA B.—Your letter was very interesting. Billie Rhodes is being featured in five-reel comedy dramas by the National Film Corporation. "Smiling" Billy Parsons is her hubby. "A Girl of My Dreams" and "Hoop-La" were her first two features. Yes, pronounce the "I." Tom Meighan played opposite Norma Talmadge both in the "Forbidden City" and in "The Heart of Wetona."

DIAMOND.—Pearl White was born in Springfield, Missouri, in 1889. Mary Pickford is an honest-to-goodness blonde. Fannie Ward made her first appearance in this world at St. Louis, Missouri, in 1875. The Fairbanks twins are playing at the Winter Garden in New York. They haven't been on the screen for several years. They are not related to Douglas. George Walsh was born in New York during the year of 1892. Cleo Madison has not appeared on the screen since she did the sequel to "Tarzan of the Apes." June Caprice was born in 1899. Her latest picture is "Oh, Boy!" which was produced for Pathé. Margarita Fisher was born in Missouri Valley, Iowa. Some of them are real and some not so real. I'm sure I don't know where Norma Talmadge gets her hose. Probably in any good hardware store.

M. E. A.—House Peters is said to be thinking very seriously of returning to the screen. There are a bunch of fans who hope he will.

TALL TIMBER.—I am kind, good, and busy, as you say, but I don't know about the rest of it. Shorty Hamilton is not working in pictures at the present time. Irving Cummings is on the coast now doing pictures. Richard Stanton is still directing for Fox. His latest picture is the famous play, "Checkers." You certainly are very flattering.

N. U. T. T. Y.—Yes, she really lives there. Norma Talmadge's home is on Long Island. Jewel Carmen played in "The Kingdom of Love." June Caprice was born in 1899. R. A. Walsh is Raoul Walsh. Not the least bit tired, thank you, and I have been going hard all day.

Continued on page 92

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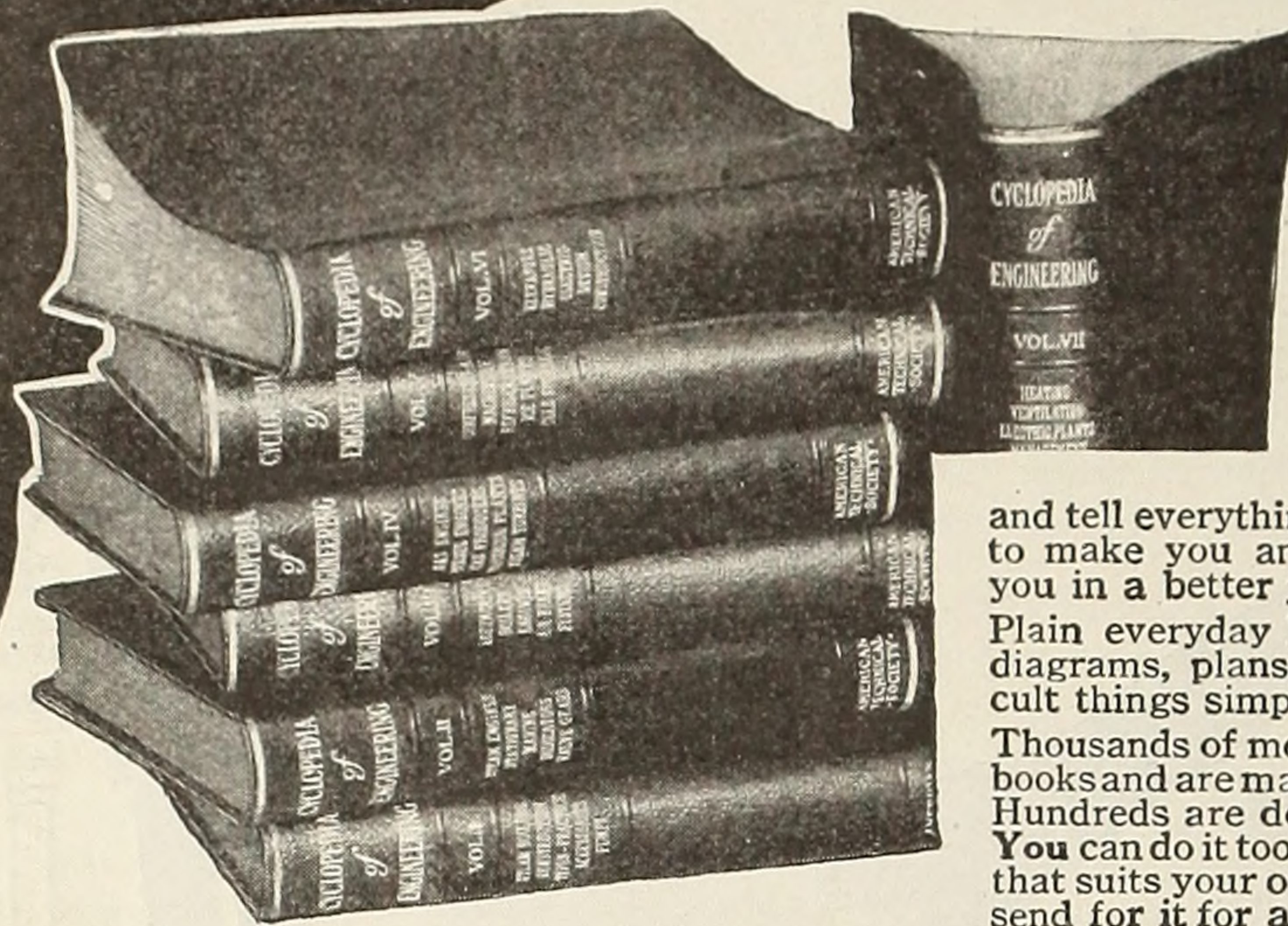
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The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 90

MISS SYLVIA D.—Mary Miles Minter was born in Shreveport, Louisiana, on April 1st, 1902. She hasn't any better half—or worse, if you like. "Mary O'Rourke" is one of her latest pictures. She has left the employ of the American Film Company, and will soon appear in Realart productions. Marguerite Clark is the wife of Lieutenant Palmerson Williams. Olga Petrova is Polish. She was born in Warsaw, Poland. You are thinking of Alma Hanlon and not Hanlose. She still does a picture every once in a while. Louise Huff and Johnny Hines were in the "Little Intruder," a World film. William Russell was formerly the husband of Charlotte Burton. William Leach is Russell's correct name.

STUTZ.—You might write her and see if she would.

FRANCIS FORD THE SECOND.—Indeed? Getting acquainted isn't always an easy task. Francis Ford was born in Portland, Maine, in 1882. He is five feet eleven inches tall, and weighs one hundred and sixty pounds. He is not married to Grace Cunard. Grace is the better half of Joe Moore, youngest of the Moore brothers. He has his own company, and is making serials. You certainly are an enthusiastic fan of his to see all his productions for the last six years. True Boardman died several months ago. Douglas Fairbanks was born in Denver, Colorado, in 1883.

MISS MARY F.—Yes, that's her correct name. Mary Thurman was with the Mack Sennett forces for several years, but is now devoting her attention to appearing in comedy dramas. Before that she appeared in small parts at the Griffith Studios. No, Marguerite Marsh is older than Mae. Carol Holloway is doing serials with Antonio Moreno for Vitagraph. Natalie Talmadge has a part in her sister Norma's picture, "By Right of Conquest." Dorothy Dalton starred in "The Cross of Shame," which was called "Vive La France!" when it was released. Yes, Fred Niblo is an old-timer—in the theatrical game. You are forgiven.

C. O. P.—Mary Pickford is just five feet tall. Her eyes are blue and her hair light brown. The hairdresser puts the curls in it. Mary is now making her pictures at the Brunton Studios in Los Angeles. Viola Dana was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1898. Yes, Harold Lockwood is dead, I am sorry to say. Anita Stewart has her own company, and is making features for First National. "A Midnight Romance" was her second release for this company. That is Charlie's real name.

ISABEL O'B.—Margarita Fisher was born in San Diego, California, and was educated by private tutors. She is five feet one and a half inches tall, and weighs all of a hundred and twenty pounds. Her hair is brown and her eyes are dark gray. There isn't any chance of seeing Eugene O'Brien play with her, as he is a star himself now for the Selznick Pictures Corporation.

Continued on page 94

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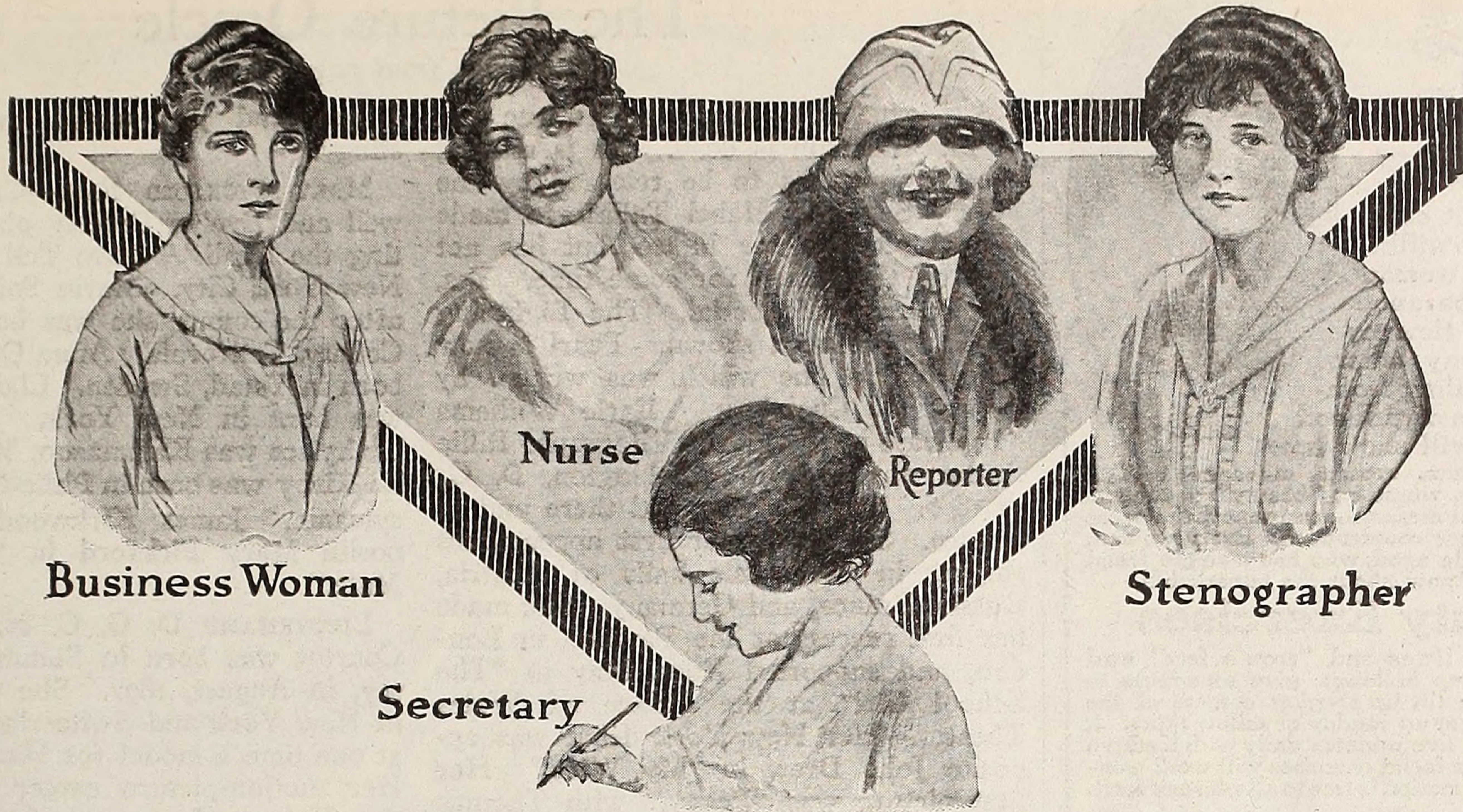
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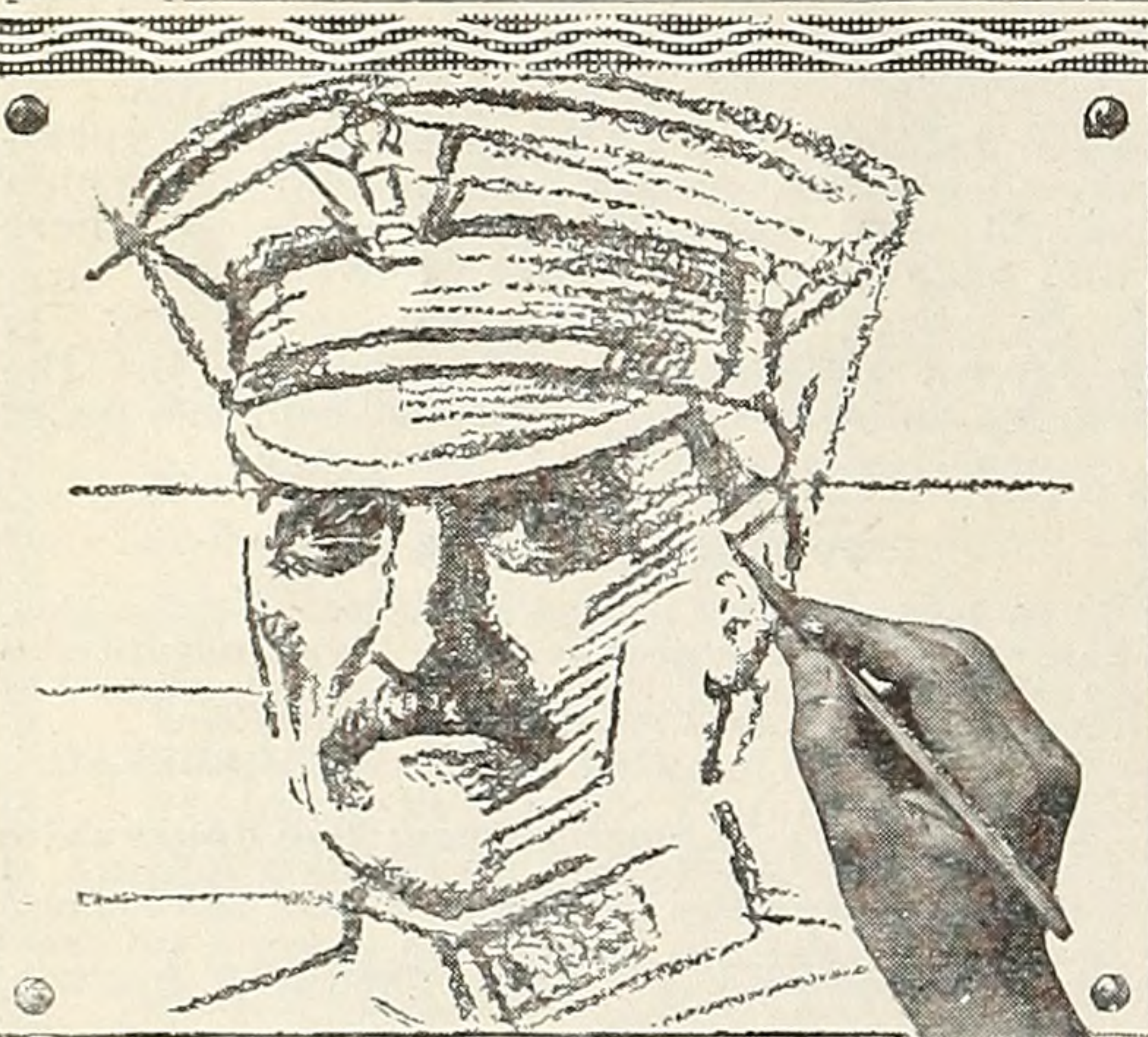
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The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 92

A. MOVIE NUT.—No, it is not true that G. M. Anderson is dead. He is making Western pictures to be released by the Sherry Service. Mabel Taliaferro made several pictures for Metro, but has not been on the screen for some time. Yes, the Pearl White serial, "The Lightning Raider," has been shown. Pearl is now appearing in one which was written by Robert W. Chambers. Earle Williams has always been with the Vitagraph. Billie Burke was born in Washington, D. C., in 1886. She was educated there and in France. She made her first appearances singing in the music halls of Austria, Russia, France, and Germany. She made her first success at the Pavilion in London, and supported Edna May in "The School Girl" at the Prince of Wales Theater. Her New York debut was opposite John Drew in "My Wife." Her first picture was "Peggy," with Thomas H. Ince, and then followed the serial, "Gloria's Romance," for George Kleine. She is five feet four inches tall, and her hair is golden red. She is the wife of Florenz Ziegfeld, who picks all the beauties for his Ziegfeld Follies. No wonder that he chose Billie B. Her latest picture is "The Misleading Widow." Thomas Chatterton is now playing leads at the Alcazar Theater in San Francisco. Kathlyn Williams is in Los Angeles and makes the Lasky Studio her home when she works. You are forgiven.

FRANK MAYO ADMIRER.—You didn't look carefully enough. Your favorite was born in 1886. He is five feet eleven inches tall. His eyes are gray and his hair is brown. He recently went to the coast to take the leading rôle opposite the unknown society star in "The Girl and the Horses," for Charles Taylor, ex-hubby of Laurette Taylor. Johnny Hines was born in 1895. Cincinnati, Ohio, is the birthplace of Theda Bara. Brooklyn, New York, is Lillian Walker's birthplace. Grace Darmond tells me she was born in Toronto, Canada. Billie Burke is five feet four inches tall, and Ethel Clayton is one inch taller. Douglas Fairbanks is five feet ten. Ruth Roland's hair is auburn, and her eyes are dark brown. Face powder, I should imagine. Harold Lockwood's last picture was "The Yellow Dove," but they are going to change the title of it. I'm sure I can't tell you who kisses the nicest, Norma or Constance Talmadge. I've never had that pleasure, so I'm unable to judge. Constance is five feet six. She has light-brown hair and brown eyes. You seem to be very interested in height. Are you studying it? What great promises you make. Let's see if you will keep them.

MAY LILLIAN G.—I'd like very much to get the promised picture. Can't you manage to write when you're not supposed to be cleaning? I don't want to be the cause of your getting in wrong with your ma. George Walsh has the lead in "Never Say Quit." Jackie Saunders lives in California, and has recently returned to the screen. Her little babe has been keeping her busy during the past year. So you think you asked a great many questions? You should see some of the letters

I get, and you would think yourself stingy.

MARY PICKFORD FAN.—Carlyle Blackwell and Evelyn Greeley played in "Hitting the Trail." Olive Tell was born in New York City. Marin Sais was named after the county she was born in, Marin County, California. Anna Q. Nilsson was born in Ystad, Sweden. Claire McDowell was born in New York. Frank Mills' birthplace was Kalamazoo, Michigan. Ollie Kirby was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. James Kirkwood played opposite Mary Pickford in "The Eagle's Mate."

LIEUTENANT D. G. C. N.—Marguerite Courtot was born in Summit, New Jersey, in August, 1897. She was educated in New York and Switzerland. She was at one time a model for Harrison Fisher. Her motion-picture career started with the Kalem Company, after which she went with Gaumont; then to Famous Players; then to Edison. She is five feet three inches tall, and weighs all of one hundred and ten pounds.

JERRY R.—Lillian Walker was born in Brooklyn, New York, and William Duncan was produced in Scotland. He is five feet ten inches tall. Arline Pretty was born in 1893. She is heading her own company now. Yep, they're all doing it. The weather is very nice here now. You betcha.

MRS. F.—I mailed both of the letters you sent me as requested. No trouble at all.

CECILIE.—Enter my happy family? I should say you can. Ann Pennington has left the screen and gone back on the stage, but she is likely to return to the realm of the silver sheet at most any time. That is her right name. Florence Vidor was born in 1895. She became the mother of a wonderful little baby girl not many months ago. They say the baby looks just like her mother, so she must be a beauty.

CHAS. CHAPLIN.—That's quite a coincidence, isn't it?

MISS ERNESTINE B.—Write to the editor of PICTURE-PLAY and inclose six cents in stamps, and he will send you a copy of the Market Booklet, which contains the names and addresses of all the motion-picture producers, and the kind of stories they are in the market for.

MICKEY O'R.—Send your idea to the studios direct. Pick a choice few, and I will answer what you want to know about them. Yes, you may have a copy of the Market Booklet if you send six cents in stamps to the editor.

VERNICE L.—You had best remain in school a while longer. Twelve years is a very tender age at which to start out in the world to become a motion-picture star. It's not being done, Vernice.

DOROTHY W.—Send six cents in stamps to the editor for a copy of the Market Booklet. It contains the names and addresses you want. Elsie Ferguson's husband is Thomas Clarke.

Continued on page 98

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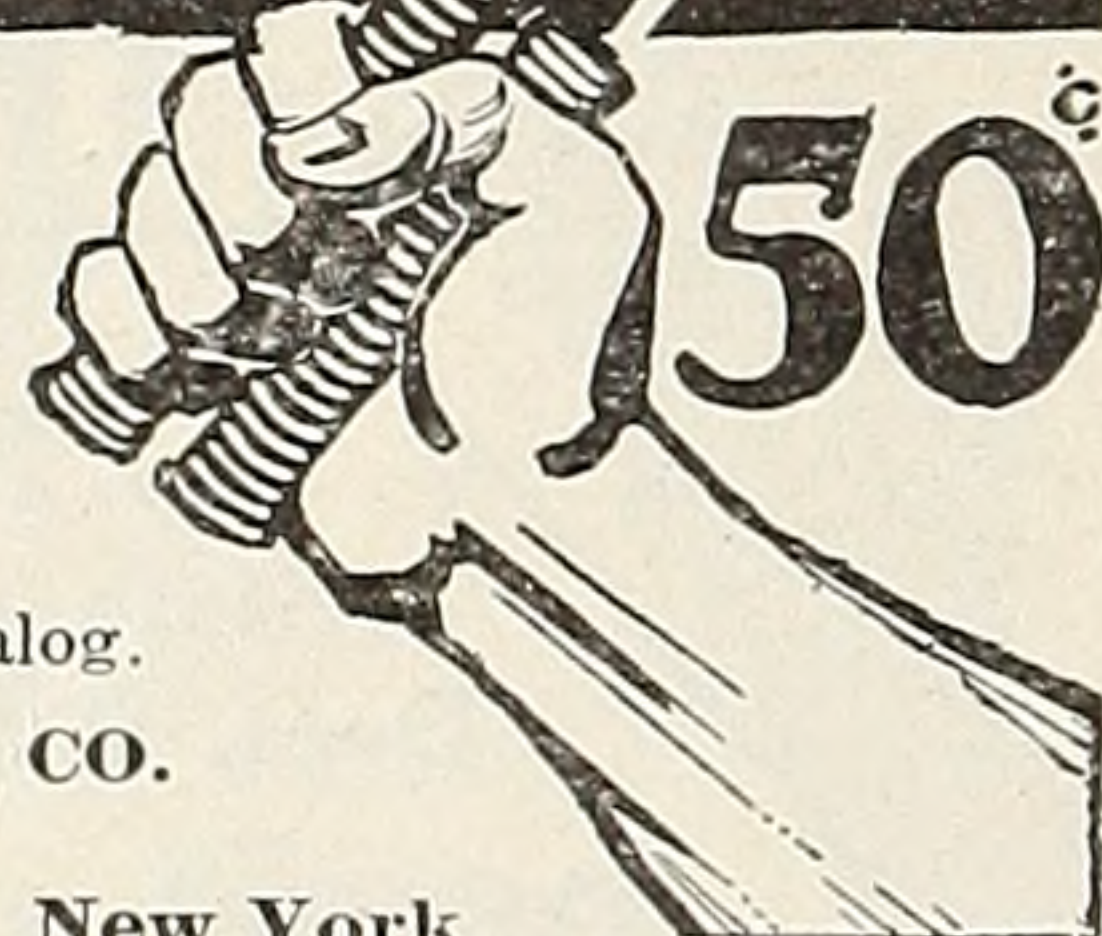


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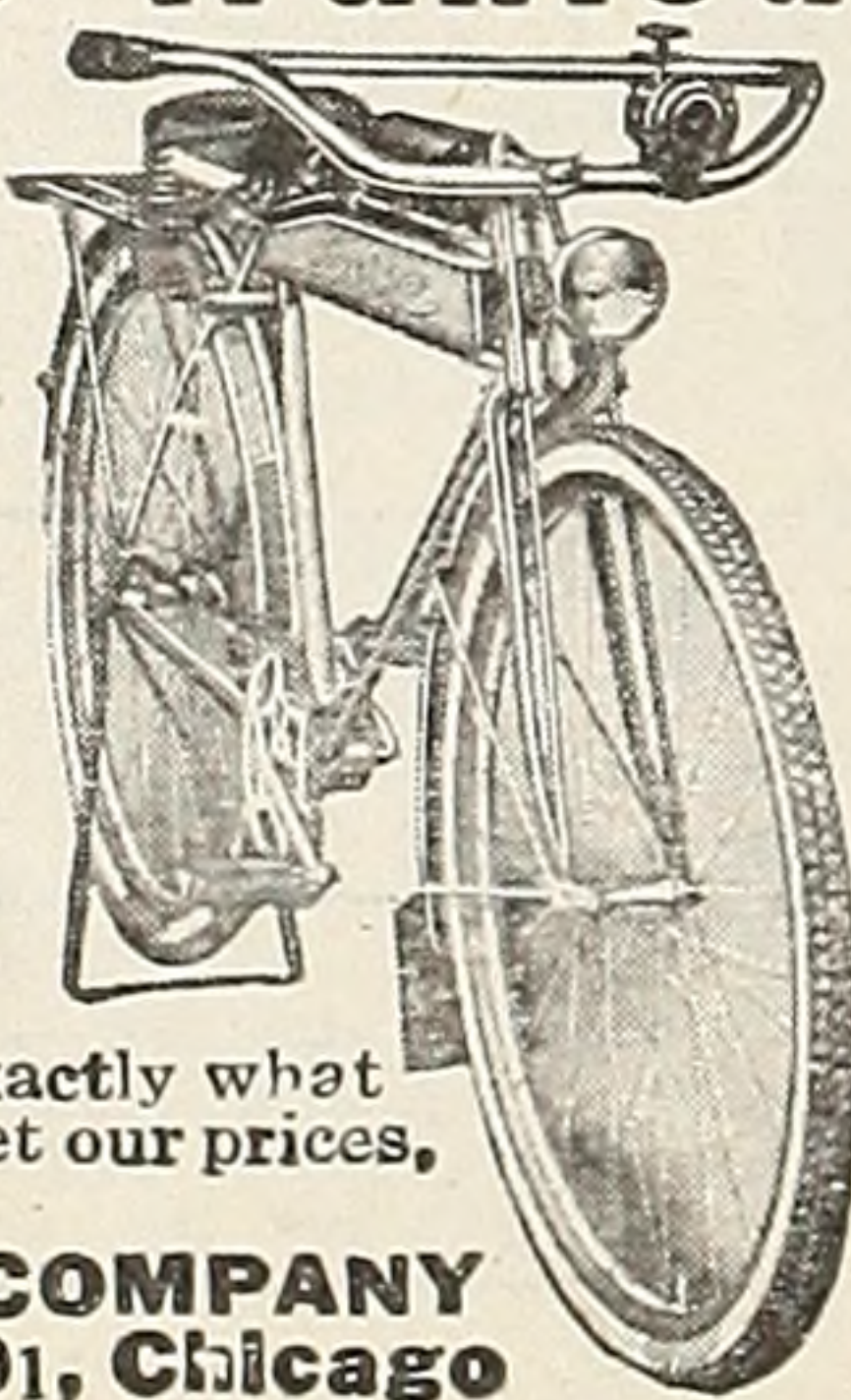
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Upstairs

Continued from page 70

"No, you don't—" he began. And Elsie, panic-stricken, promptly whirled around and fled in the opposite direction. Straight ahead of her was an open elevator, whose operator was visiting with the girl at the adjacent telephone switchboard. Elsie catapulted into it, slammed the door, and jammed the lever over.

She was on her way toward the roof by the time that Murphy leaped into another elevator and Lem started up the stairs on the run. Then she changed her mind and started toward the cellar in time to see Murphy shoot past in the next elevator and to catch a glimpse of Lem on the third floor. Back up she went again, darted out of the elevator on the third floor, caught sight of Murphy again, and off down the hall she streaked, wildly seeking a refuge.

A chambermaid went down the hall just then, leaving the door of one of the rooms open. Elsie rushed into it—a haven at last! And after her rushed a man, congratulating himself on thus neatly managing a much desired meeting. For the dress she was wearing had fooled Harrison Perry, the chauffeur, as completely as it had deceived Murphy, the detective. And Perry, who had thought it the part of wisdom to walk up to Eloise's room when he arrived at the hotel a few moments before, congratulated himself as he saw Elsie dash into the vacant room.

As he slammed the door behind him Elsie whirled around and faced him with angry eyes. She had expected to see Murphy. Perry was quite as unwelcome a sight.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded. "Get out!"

Perry stared for a moment. Then his eyes narrowed as he leaped to what seemed the only conclusion.

"So you're working with her father, eh—trying to trick me?" He grabbed her by the arm. "Well, it won't work."

This was completely mystifying to Elsie, but she did know one thing—that he was hanging on to her most uncomfortably tight and that she had to get away. Murphy would just about find her there—and she had to get out and find Lem. He'd lose his job and get into all kinds of trouble if he didn't get those clothes

in a hurry. Vigorously she jerked away.

"Let go; I've got to get away!" she exclaimed.

"Sure you have. But tell me where Eloise is first!"

It was then that Lem came on the scene most unexpectedly by jumping across the air shaft from a neighboring room. He had seen Perry follow Elsie into the room, had tried the door, and found that this was the only way of getting in to help her. He landed lightly on his feet, and a moment later had dragged Perry away from Elsie and was doing his best to pound that young man into a jelly. But Perry had the advantage of superior weight and strength, and had beaten Lem into unconsciousness almost before Elsie realized what had happened.

"Now—what have you done with that little fool from Philadelphia?" he demanded, holding Elsie's arms in a viselike grip. "Go on and tell or you'll get what's coming to you. You can't queer my chances with her; I'm making a clean-up this time. I'll give you fifty dollars of it, kid; tell me where she is and I'll give you some of the loot."

But only Eloise Barrison, standing in the next room, close to the communicating door, heard what he said. For little Elsie was mad, fighting mad, and she went about proving it. She hadn't scrapped with the boys around her home for nothing, and while the Marquis of Queensbury might not have recognized some of her methods he would have had to admit that she got results. So would Perry.

Kicking, clawing, scratching, Elsie was doing battle for the man of her heart in the only way she knew, and doing it nobly. Every time she thought of the way Perry had pummeled Lem she scratched extra hard.

Hurrying down the hall to Eloise's room, Murphy heard the rumpus in the room next to it. So did Mr. Barrison, who had just reached the hotel and been given the number of his daughter's suite.

It was Murphy who pounded on the door and demanded admittance, just as Elsie finished tying Perry up in a sheet she had snatched from the bed. Lem, who had come to

Continued on page 98



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Upstairs

Continued from page 96

during the fight, scrambled to his feet and opened it, and Murphy, turning to Mr. Barrison, exclaimed grandiloquently:

"Here is your daughter, sir—safe, sound, and single."

Elsie, gasping, clutched Lem by the arm. What a world this upstairs place was! But Mr. Barrison had no intention of adding to her difficulties.

"This girl isn't my daughter!" he cried wildly. "Probably Eloise is married by this time, probably that scoundrel——"

"No, she's not; he's right here," interrupted Murphy, who had just caught sight of Perry. "It was your orders to make sure he didn't marry her, and I followed 'em." Then, as Barrison bent over Perry and recognized him: "You said there was fifty thousand in it for keepin' this bird away from your daughter; I guess I come in for that, don't I?"

Exasperated, but quite helpless, Elsie stared at Murphy. Fifty thousand—and he hadn't done a thing but chase her! Yet she had no way of proving that she had been the one who upset Perry's plans.

"It certainly looks that way." And Barrison took out his check book and fountain pen.

Elsie's heart sank. Murphy was going to get all that money!

"Gosh!" she ejaculated to Lem wearily. "That's luck for you!"

"I think there's been some mistake here." It was Eloise Barrison, calm, gracious, despite the fact that her voice was shaky and her eyes were red, who interrupted proceedings just then. "I think, father, that the reward belongs to this little girl." And as he signed his name on the check she tore it out of the book and handed it to Elsie. "You've saved me from making a big mistake, and this goes to you."

There were explanations, of course, but Lem drew Elsie into the hall as they began; he had no time for such trifles. As for Elsie, she was too happy to care who Eloise was or how she happened to be there.

"Fifty thousand, Lem——" she exclaimed with joyous incredulity. "Why, I can set you up in business!"

"We'll see about that later," answered Lem, laughing. "I've got a life job for you first, young lady—as my wife."

And Elsie, shaking back her curls, smiled at him without a trace of her old wistfulness. After all, "Upstairs" had come up to her expectations.

"But the cellar's more peaceful," she sighed contentedly. "Isn't it, Lem?"

The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 94

NAMES AND ADDRESSES

The following addresses are the ones asked for in the letters to which The Oracle has replied in this issue. If you wish to write to any one connected with the screen, whose address you are unable to find here, send your letter in care of either the Mabel Condon Exchange, 6035 Hollywood Avenue, Los Angeles, California, or of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, same city, and it will be forwarded.

Creighton Hale and June Caprice can be reached at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

Margarita Fisher and Winifred Westover get their mail at the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California.

Bessie Barriscale, Mary Pickford, Sessue Hayakawa, Frank Keenan, Dustin Farnum, Earle Williams, Florence Reed, Jack Pickford, Kenneth Harlan, and Howard Hickman at the Brunton Studios, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Douglas Fairbanks at the Fairbanks Studios, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Dorothy and Lillian Gish, Richard Barthelmess, Robert Harron, D. W. Griffith at the Sunset Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Evart Overton, Edward Earle, Alice Joyce, and Gladys Leslie at the Vitagraph Studios, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

Marguerite Clark and Billie Burke at the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Roscoe Arbuckle, Al St. John, and Buster Keaton at the Arbuckle Studios, Edendale, California.

Charles Chaplin at the Chaplin Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Elinor Field and Harry Depp at the Christie Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Eugene O'Brien and Olive Thomas at the Selznick Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Viola Dana and Alla Nazimova at the Metro Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Louis Bannison at the Lambs Club, New York City.

Warner Oland at 257 West Eighty-sixth Street, New York City.

Ruth Roland and George Larkin at the Pathé Studios, Glendale, California.

Madge Evans, Carlyle Blackwell, Betty Compson, Evelyn Greely, and Muriel Ostriche at the World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

Louise Huff at the American Cinema Company, 220 West Forty-second Street, New York City.

Alice Brady, Mary Miles Minter, and Constance Binney at the Realart Pictures, 112 West Forty-second Street, New York City.

Mabel Normand, Tom Moore, Pauline Frederick, Madge Kennedy, Geraldine Farrar, and Betty Blythe at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

William Russell, Pearl White, and William Farnum at the Fox Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

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Or those long and lonesome evenings at home, when minutes seem like hours—how quickly the time would pass if you could spend it at the piano or organ—or in making a violin "talk," or in enjoying some other instrument.

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at the left—samples of the kind of letters I am receiving in practically every mail. My file contains thousands of such letters. Largely through the recommendations of satisfied pupils, I have built up the largest school of music in the world.

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HERE is Your Opportunity to learn Motion Picture Writing **CORRECTLY** By Douglas Gerrard

(Noted feature director, now directing Monroe Salisbury for Universal; formerly stage producer in London for Frohman; producer in Australia for J. C. Williamson, Ltd., etc.)

EVERY writer of motion picture stories in America has one ambition—to sell his stories. But he is not nearly so eager to sell them as the director is to buy them. To the writer the sale of a story means hundreds or thousands of dollars—money which he earns in addition to his regular income. There are practically no writers outside the studios who depend entirely upon the sale of photoplays for their living. But the director must depend upon the quality of the pictures he produces for his living and for his whole future besides. The writing of a bad story means only that there is still the opportunity to write a better one. The producing of a bad story means that the director has lost prestige with the company and can and does mean the loss of his position. A few bad productions and he is forced out of the industry to make way for someone in whom the companies have confidence. But a few good productions and one or two great ones means that he practically can name his own salary—a salary that may easily run into four figures weekly.

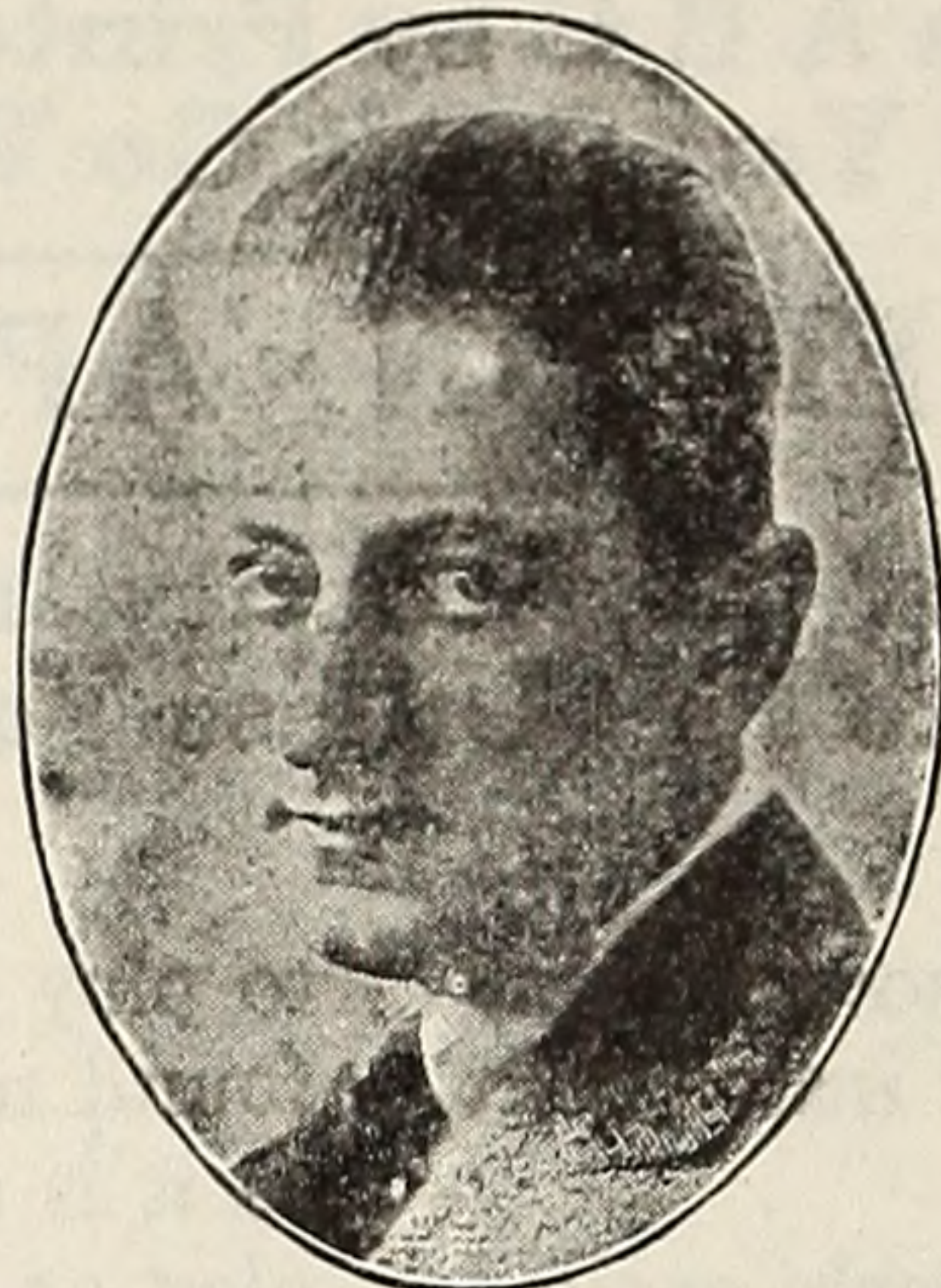
There is not a director on earth who wants to produce a bad story. The average director would in fact buy a good story with his own money rather than put on any other kind paid for by the company. His future—his entire career—is regulated by the merit of the stories he produces. And he cannot write these stories himself. He must depend upon others for his material.

Writers flood the studios with stories. Not one in a hundred of these scripts is a motion picture story. The authors have not learned motion picture writing—they have not mastered the trade at which they are trying to work. So, of course, they get their stories returned. Then they ask where they can learn this profession. And up to now they have had to be told that there was no one to teach it to them as the director wants it taught. No one who had the confidence of the directors and who could show them the way the director wants their stories written. No one to take the time and trouble and patience to criticise their stories and help whip them into salable shape. And they have had to be told this because there has been no one to do this for them. And unless writers prepare their scripts in the form the director wants them they cannot expect to write salable stories.

Now, however, writers can get this service. And they can get it from a man whom I consider the best motion picture writer in America. A man who is known in every studio in the country as a writer of feature photoplays. A man who knows, in short, the things to do and not to do—the things necessary and vital to the writing of successful motion picture stories. This man—F. McGREW WILLIS—is showing writers the studio way of writing—THE DIRECT, DETAILED METHOD THAT STAFF WRITERS USE IN SELLING THEIR OWN STORIES TO THE PRODUCERS. And it is the first time in the history of the motion picture industry that they have been offered this opportunity. He is, in addition, maintaining

A Free Sales Bureau

where directors and producers may select stories that are real motion picture stories written by writers who have learned how to write them correctly. This is absolutely free to the writers for he will not accept any fee or commission on any sale whatever. And he has the personal indorsement of the di-



Allen J. Holubar, foremost producer of feature stories. The man who conceived and directed what is acknowledged to be the greatest motion picture yet produced, "The Heart of Humanity," says:

Outside writers must write their stories the direct detailed way if they want to get them to the personal attention of the director. It is only through a training such as Mc Grew Willis uses that we can hope for an improvement in the art of scenario writing.
Allen J. Holubar

rectors who want their stories written only in this one way and in no other.

The motion picture stories of the future must be secured from writers outside the studios. But they cannot supply these until they have first learned thoroughly motion picture writing.

HERE IS THEIR OPPORTUNITY TO LEARN. AND IF THEY EXPECT TO GET THEIR STORIES TO THE PERSONAL ATTENTION OF THE DIRECTORS THEY MUST WRITE THEM ONLY THE DIRECT, DETAILED WAY—THE WILLIS WAY.

Douglas Gerrard

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If you are in earnest about writing photoplays I want you to have a copy of my book, "The Inside Story of Motion Picture Writing." It is absolutely FREE for the asking. But it is advisable that you act at once; in fact, right now. Just send me your name and address. Address

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The Mad Hatter of Hollywood

Continued from page 41

sort of adaptation of a Tam—Priscilla being strongly addicted to Tams—and it was more becoming than such a pretty girl's hat has any right to be. Resisting Priscilla's charms is hard enough; when they're aided and abetted by hats like that one a mere bystander has no chance at all of retaining any peace of mind.

Then she showed me other hats; hats like flower gardens, and severe hats with nary a flower on 'em; tiny, trim little hats and big, floppy ones. And she tried them all on for me. One tilted to leeward like a ship in a heavy sea, and one ducked down in front till any one taller than she is couldn't see anything but lots of hat—no Priscilla at all. In some she looked blasé and indifferent; in others she looked like a young lady-fied Peter Pan.

Yet, when I groped my way out of that sea of hats and struggled over to the door, what do you suppose Priscilla sadly remarked by way of farewell?

"Isn't it too bad that that cunning thing was a wedding veil?"

So, if before long you see advertised a Universal picture in which Priscilla plays the part of a bride, you'll know why it was written.

In Pure Japan

(From The Japan Bulletin)

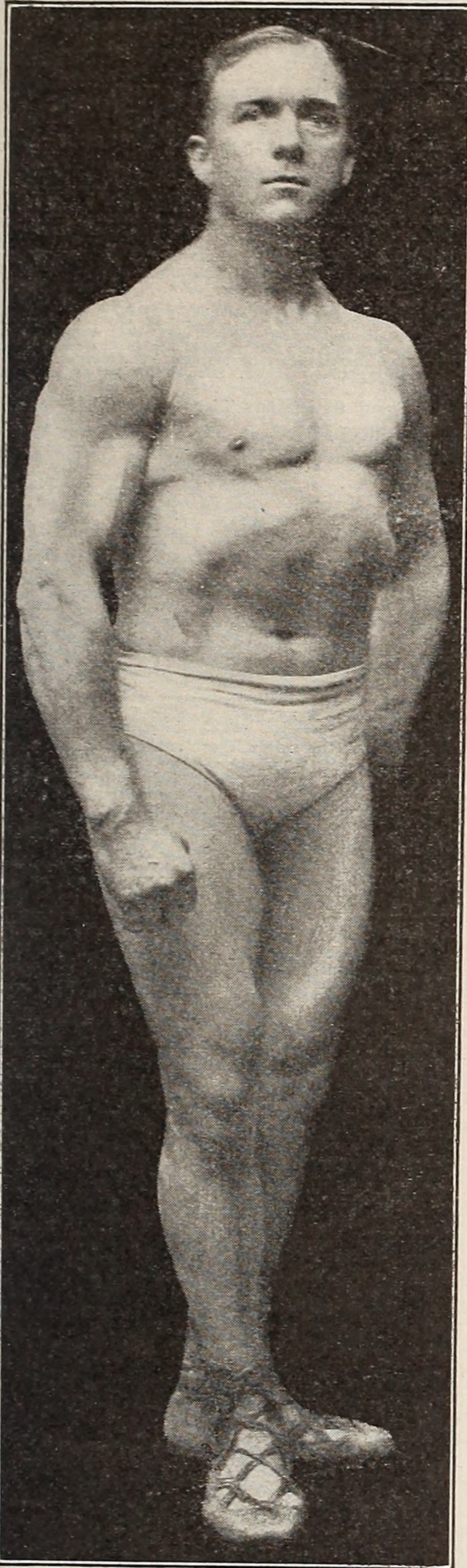
THE police of Japan do not like to see kissing in public, and therefore film stars are not permitted to osculate on the screen. In the last six months the police censors removed 2,350 kisses from films. Only one kiss was allowed to remain. It was a kiss granted to Columbus by Queen Isabella, and was shown in Tokyo only, as the censors deleted it before permitting the photoplay "Columbus" to discover the provinces.

Three hundred and fifty-three embraces were omitted from films, states *The Far East*. The titles of 2,144 photo plays were altered by the censors, and 127 murder scenes were killed. Reels entirely prohibited numbered 57. Most films shown in Japan are from America, and a large proportion of them originally contain a little kiss or so, showing the difference in standards between East and West.



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You will gain in vim, and vigor; your muscular power will increase in flexibility and strength, your nervous system fortified to renew its energy, not bolstered up for the time being, to fall back below the level it was, as it does when you resort to drugs or medicine.

You married men come across to yourself—get the pep and ginger and tingle of life into you. You are not living for yourself alone; you need dash, spirit, the enterprise you used to have. Regain and maintain your vigor; I'll show you how.

You business men—overworked, did you say? You are not doing half as much as you ought with your experience. Never mind, there is a way to get back your aggressiveness, to be right in the fight and enjoy it. You can double your percentage of real worth as a man, and enjoy life as you ought to be able to do.

You young man—think of your future—how about it—are you fit for marriage—are you qualified—do you feel it in your soul—are others sliding by you doing more—getting more than you are? I know what is dragging you down, what is keeping you down, and it is time, high time, that you **Stop**. No one can abuse nature and succeed; others tried it and failed miserably. Do you want to be a failure, or even worse than a failure? Then come to me; I have helped thousands; physically, mentally, morally. I will help you; I will make you the kind of young man that is a credit to any community—I will make you so that your progress in any undertaking will be easier. Just be frank and above board—tell me your troubles. I will guide, direct and point the way; the natural way for you to achieve what I have said—Nature's way. You can stop the drain on your system, you can be free from bad habit, gain muscular tissue, be strong, virile, erect in carriage, courageous and likeable to all you meet. Let me be your guide, your teacher. I have pupils all over the world, learning a system of Health, Strength, moral courage building, known as

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"When a Feller Needs a Friend"

Continued from page 14

Ella Dee Sniffin's jaw dropped and the smirk left her face. The deacon jumped up and tried to cover her confusion.

"Any one will make a mistake at figgers. Besides, Ella probably give the wrong answer jest to test the scholars. And they was only one in the hull class knowed the answer for sure. It shows poor teaching in the past. But what's more important than teachin' is good discipline. My niece is a hawg for discipline. She'll clean up this school like she cleans up anything she lays her hand to. They ain't no discipline in this school. There's a boy passin' a mash note this minute. Call him down, Ella."

Ella arose, and, declaring that she insisted on discipline, she sternly commanded Skinny to get the note he had just handed to his "sweetheart" and read it out loud to the board.

"She isn't my sweetheart," protested Skinny.

"No back talk!" roared Ella, slapping the desk with a ruler. "Read that note as I tell you to."

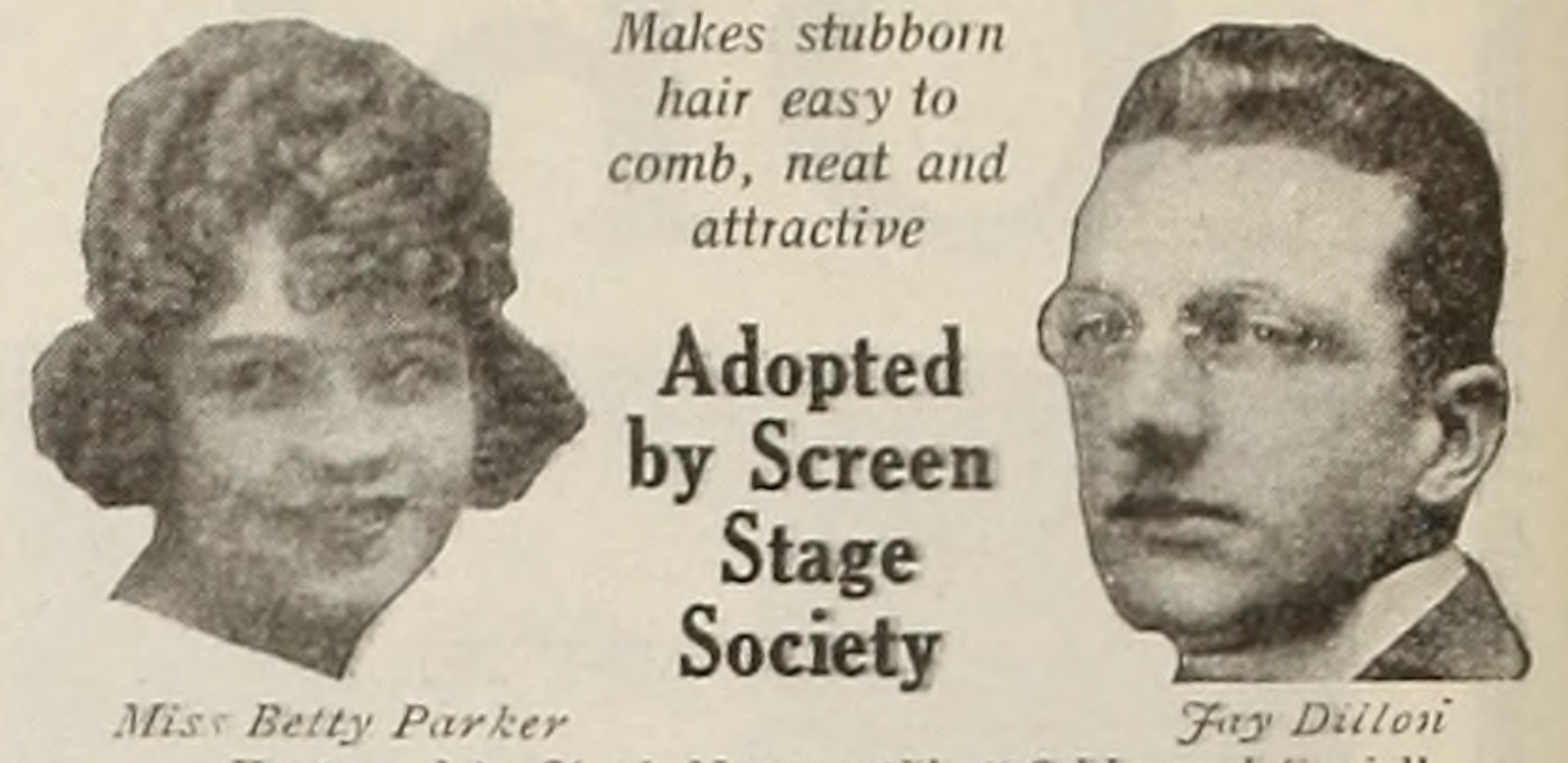
Skinny hesitated. Then he rose, picked up the note from her desk, walked to the platform again, and read in a loud voice:

"This is a put-up job to ruin a good teacher. I heard Deacon Sniffin tell old L. D. that he was tired of supportin' her, so he was going to get her a job teaching school. Tell your pa these facts—Skinny Malley."

That ended the game. The school board ordered Ella Dee and the deacon to get out of there as fast as their legs could carry them. Then the real teacher was called back and complimented by the board. And when the scholars trooped out, laughing in glee, Fatty pointed his stubby finger at Skinny and shouted: "Skinny's got a sweetheart! Skinny's got a sweetheart! Old L. D. said so."

And Skinny looked bashfully at Her. And she smiled as if to say: "It was you and I that saved the day. We're bound to be friends after this." And then Skinny realized for the first time that when a feller really needs a friend the Lord will provide one, even if He has to send an angel from heaven.

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Adopted by Screen Stage Society

Miss Betty Parker
Fay Dillon
Featured in Jack Norworth's "Odds and Ends"

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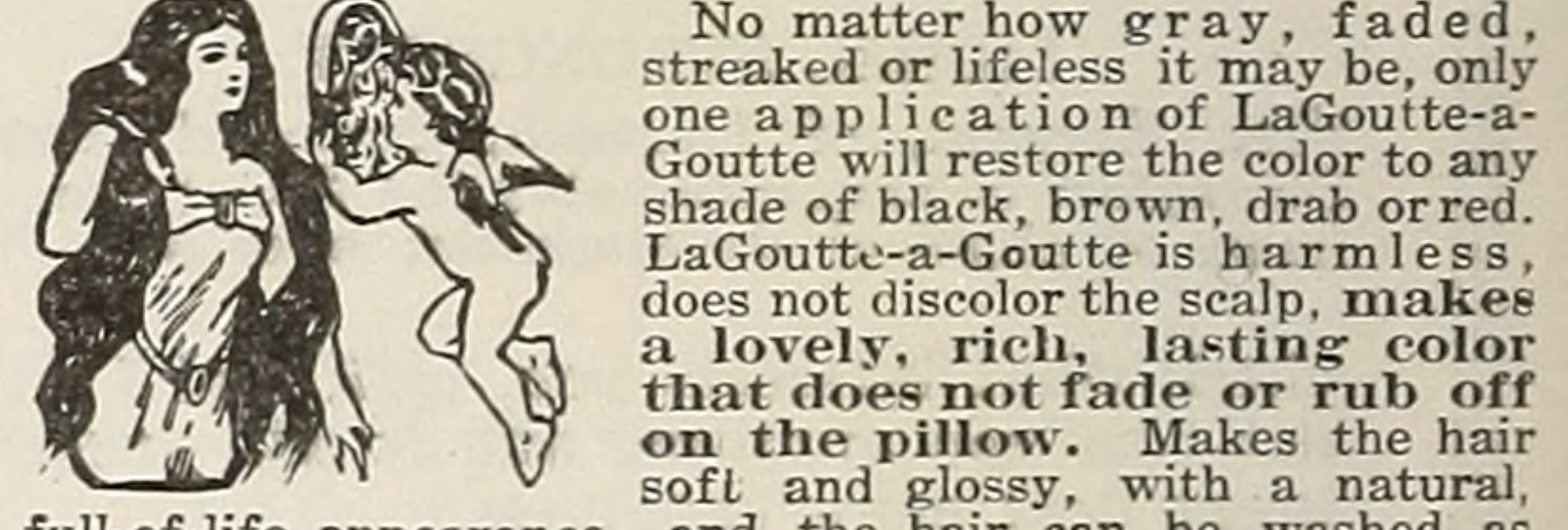


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L. PIERRE VALLIGNY
Room 41, No. 34 W. 58th St., N. Y.

“Sure-Fire Stuff”

Continued from page 29

7. The despised mother-in-law's contemplated visit to the Newlyweds. The mother-in-law turns out to be a good sport. Christie again.

8. The hurling of a custard pie, a cream puff, a brick, a dish of ice cream, a piece of dough by one participant in the comedy. The implement used always comes head on in contact with another comedian's face.

9. Making fun of the Ford automobile. A joke handed down from the stage and the magazines.

10. The youngster who forces the crabbed old man to play with him. Employed as comedy relief in the more serious pictures.

11. The performing of the most hazardous feats with the utmost equanimity. Highly favored by Montgomery and Rock, Harold Lloyd, and others.

12. The rich young man who breezes into his hard-working father's office at a late hour in the day, places his feet on the desk, and blows cigarette smoke in his father's face. Another stunt employed as comedy relief in the more serious pictures.

13. The bedroom farce, with mix-ups, misunderstandings, and the like between the young married folk. Constance Talmadge uses it, so does Mary Miles Minter.

14. One or two comedians performing the utterly ridiculous, as if it were the perfectly natural thing to do. All star comedians employ this trick, and Mack Sennett always gets a laugh from it.

15. A scene between three players. The third party slyly hits one of the others. He accuses the other. In the meantime the third party has hit the second man, who accuses the first. This can be continued indefinitely. Favored highly by all slapstick players and producers.

16. The hero, full of spirit, dauntless, strong, beards the financial villain in his den by forcing a rapid entrance and sweeping his opponent before him in a rapid-fire conversation. Douglas Fairbanks likes this one; so do his imitators.

17. The cute ingénue who sits on papa's lap asking for money. He extracts a roll of bills, intending to peel off one or two. She naively takes the whole works.

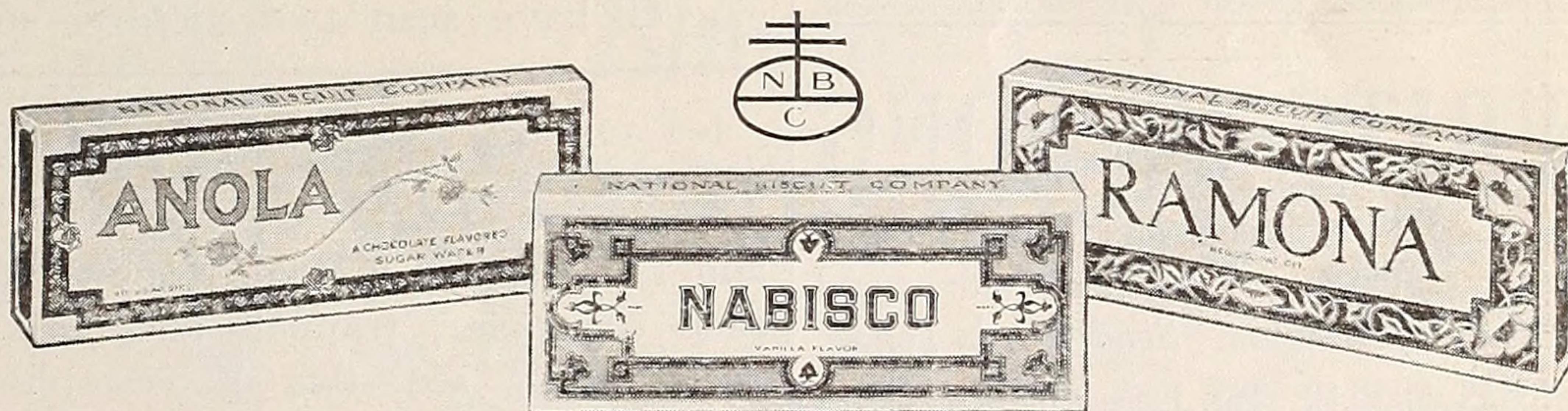
Continued on page 104



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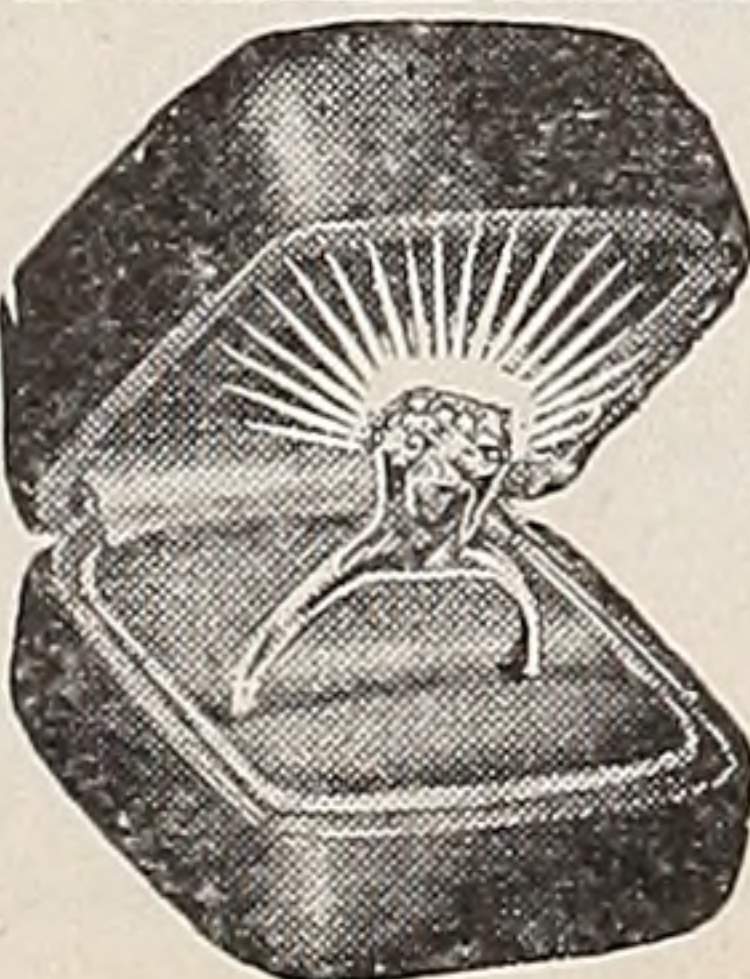


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Romance—and Elsie Ferguson

Continued from page 37

Fitzmaurice. "Come on, gondola!
All right, Miss Ferguson! Camera!"

With hiss and sputter the battery
of lights suddenly bathed the gray
walls and rippling water with a flood
of iridescence. "*Andiam la notte
bella!*" The music had started, and
our pulses quickened a bit, spurred
by the throbbing rhythm. The gon-
dolier leaned on his pole, the stage
hands started to pull, and the boat
slowly began gliding toward the bal-
cony.

"Steady—not too fast!" cautioned
Mr. Fitzmaurice. "All right, take
off your hat! All right, Miss Fer-
guson!"

The gondola had reached the bal-
cony. With a bow and an ingratiat-
ing smile, the gondolier doffed his
hat, and Miss Ferguson, leaning
over, tossed him a few coins. Then,
with another push of his pole, he
renewed his journey, the order came
to "Cut!" and the scene was over.

We didn't wait to see the retakes,
which probably required the rest of
the afternoon, but, having waved
good-bye to Miss Ferguson as we
passed by her balcony, we picked
our way out of the building.

"How long will it take to show
that scene in the picture?" Eby asked
me as we started toward the subway.

"Oh, a few seconds," I answered.
"Maybe they won't use it at all."

He whistled in astonishment.

"Of course they'll take some other
scenes with that set," I added; "a
few at least. But it will only be an
incident in the entire play."

"You know," he said after a mo-
ment, "I wish those two girls from
the West, whoever they are, could
have seen what we did."

"I wish they could," I answered.

But as they—and all the others—
can't— Well, we've done our best
to give them a glimpse of what they
missed.

"Sure-Fire Stuff"

Continued from page 103

18. The mistaken-identity farce.
And so on almost indefinitely.
Each new picture seen brings to
mind a situation employed time and
again in the past. For instance, since
listing the dramatic stock situations
I have seen at least four pictures
based on Kipling's "East Is West"
verse, all four of them contrasting
the white man or woman with the
yellow person of the opposite sex.
And since dwelling on the comedy
gags I have seen two pictures in

which a fiendishly jealous husband
suspects every move his wife makes.
The lists, if compiled to their full-
est extents, would fill several pages.
But, once completed, they would fur-
nish the key to the laughter and
tears produced by all the pictures
that were ever made. To quote Wil-
liam Lord Wright, "There is noth-
ing new under the sun—even in the
movies, when you once get down to
fundamentals."

Fade-Outs

Continued from page 55

and half Indian, and also one-third
each of trader, trapper, and pros-
pector—let's see—two halves plus
three-thirds equals two—why, h'ed
be TWO Lewis—one French, the
other Indian!

Or else he, or they, would be two-
thirds trapper and—

Aw—figure it our yourself!

—o—

They're Slipping.

Frank Keenan, portraying a polit-
ical boss in "The Master Man," is
knocked out by Light, Determina-
tion, and Honesty.

Evidently they are not making
p b's as hardy as formerly.

In the good old days Tammany
had a habit of throwing that trio
downstairs every morning before
breakfast!

—o—

Page Mr. Madge Kennedy.

"Here is the sweetest and most
human love story Madge Kennedy
ever had!" (Goldwyn publicity.)

—o—

Perhaps They Meant "Centering."

Of Bessie Love in "A Yankee
Princess" we are told: "A wonder-
fully appealing picture cantering
about a girl who—"

Sure, sure—that's why they call
'em "moving" pictures!

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