THE INDISCRETIONS OF A STAR

# PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

APRIL, 1922
20 Cents

The Best Magazine of the Screen

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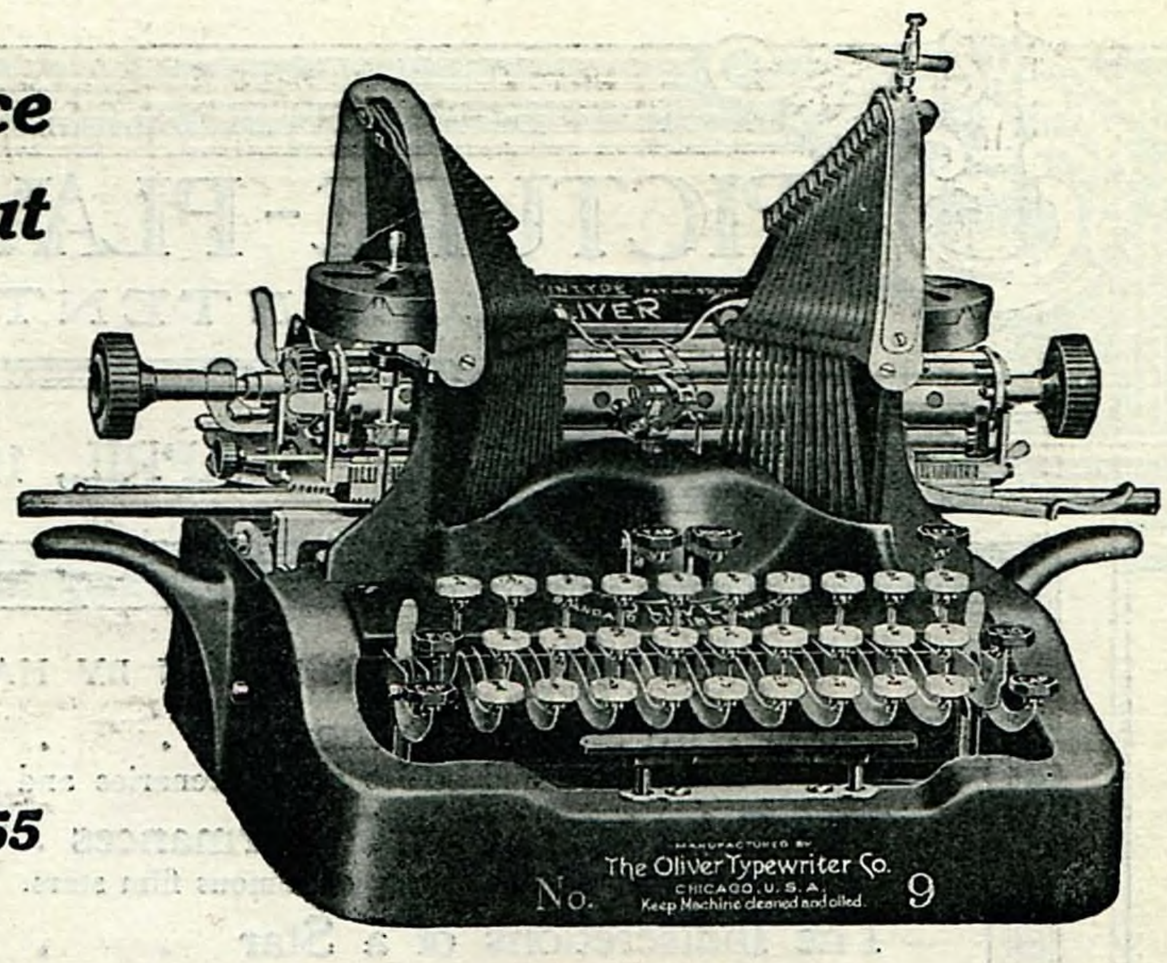


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It is the favorite of many of the foremost businesses in the country. Such concerns as U. S. Steel Corporation, Hart, Schaffner & Marx, N. Y. Edison Co., Morris & Co., New York Central Lines, National Cloak & Suit Co., and hundreds of others, give the Oliver first place.

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Vol. XVI MONTHLY No. 2

# PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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APRIL, 1922

COVER DESIGN BY HAMILTON KING



**Continued on the Second Page Following**

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with Lois Wilson, Milton Sills, Theodore Roberts and Helen Ferguson
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"Back Pay," by Fannie Hurst. Directed by Frank Borzage
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Thomas Meighan in "A Prince There Was"
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Cecil B. de Mille's Production "Saturday Night." By Jeanie Macpherson

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Adapted from the Clyde Fitch play
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A William S. Hart Production

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By George Du Maurier
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A series of Four Paramount Pictures with Mia May. Directed by Joe May
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Wallace Reid in "The World's Champion"
Based on the play "The Champion"
By A. E. Thomas and Thomas Louden

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By Clara Beranger

Wanda Hawley in "Bobbed Hair"
By Hector Turnbull
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Cecil B. de Mille's Production
"Fool's Paradise"
Suggested by Leonard Merrick's story
"The Laurels and the Lady"

Constance Binney in "The Sleep Walker"
By Aubrey Stauffer
A Realart Production

Marion Davies in "Beauty's Worth"
By Sophie Kerr
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Betty Compson in
a William D. Taylor Production
"The Green Temptation"
From the story "The Noose"
By Constance Lindsay Skinner

May McAvoy in "Through a Glass Window"
By Olga Printzlau
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Wanda Hawley in "The Truthful Liar"
By Will Payne
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"The Spanish Jade" by Maurice Hewlett

"Is Matrimony a Failure?" with T. Roy Barnes, Lila Lee, Lois Wilson and Walter Hiers

Gloria Swanson in Elinor Glyn's
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By Marie Corelli
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Agnes Ayres in "The Ordeal"

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From the novel by Edward Peple

Wallace Reid in "Across the Continent"
By Byron Morgan

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"Sisters" by Kathleen Norris
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"The Cat That Walked Alone"
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Thomas Meighan in "The Leading Citizen"
By George Ade

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Jack Holt in "The Man Unconquerable"
By Hamilton Smith

Ethel Clayton in "For the Defense"
From the play by Elmer Rice

Mia May in "Truth Conquers"

Agnes Ayres in "The Three of Us"
By Rachel Crothers

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**PARAMOUNT Showmen everywhere are on their toes to give you the greatest shows imaginable this year!**

**Study the list. Here's rich food for joyous anticipation.**

**On Paramount nights there will be a gathering of the clans and the fans in every town.**

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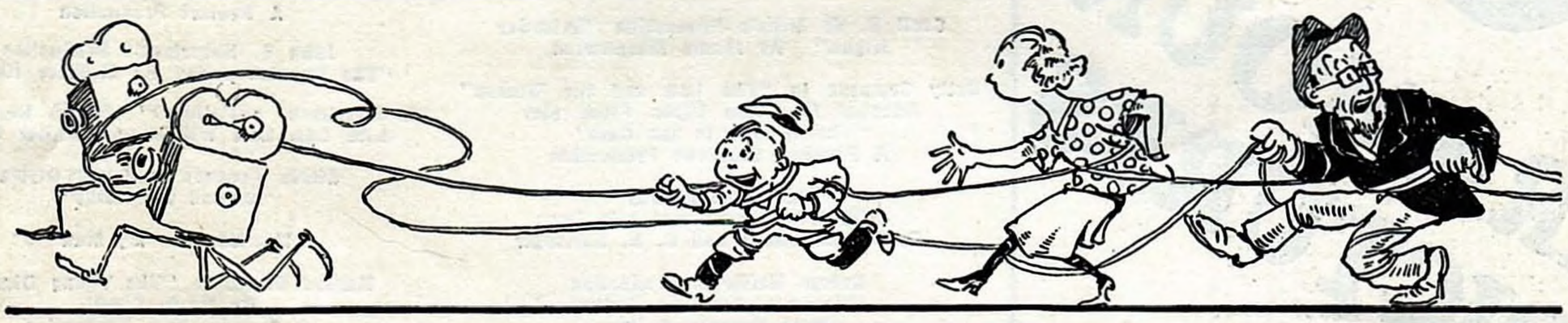

# Where Are the Movies Leading Us?

## To culture—prosperity—contentment? Or to vulgarity—ruin—depression?

LIKE a giant octopus, whose tentacles embrace thousands of people, little strips of film are winding themselves about our every interest. This is the gelatin age, for motion pictures are influencing our business—our modes—our manners. The trend of motion pictures is the trend of our very lives.

Have you ever stopped to consider what this means? To some of us it is a colossal joke—this gelatin leadership. To others it is a matter of grave concern. But to every one it is a matter of keen interest. In our next issue Helen Klumph will show you some striking phases of this situation. Read this—and see if you are of the ones who are being led wisely, or blindly.

## OTHER BIG FEATURES

### Making the Comedians Laugh

**By Gerald C. Duffy**

It is easy enough for the comedians to make you laugh, but what about the poor scenario writer who has to make the comedian laugh? Hear his troubles; they will amuse you.

### What is a Screen Test?

**By Helen Christine Bennett**

Explaining one of the most confusing mysteries of the studios. Here is a straightforward account of just what a screen test is, who has to take them, and what they are for.

## TWO GIRLS STEP INTO THE SPOTLIGHT

Every one who has seen Cecil DeMille's "Saturday Night" is talking about Leatrice Joy and Edith Roberts. Long known as skilled players, this one picture places them among the most interesting personalities in the screen world, for it revealed in them new potentialities. You will want to know these girls better—and you can by reading the remarkable interviews with them in our next issue.

There will be other interesting personality stories too about the people you are most interested in at the moment—Cullen Landis, May MacAvoy, Richard Headrick, Corinne Griffith.

**DON'T MISS THE MAY NUMBER OF PICTURE-PLAY. IT'S GREAT**

# CHATS WITH SCREEN AUTHORS

## The New West

Too many writers of Western photoplays seem to believe they must choose the West of the days of Bret Harte and Mark Twain; they feel that with the coming of prohibition, the Ford, and other "marks of progress" that the West is no longer picturesque. This is a mistake. There are still the same mountains, prairies, and deserts. There are still unmatched sunrises and sunsets, and magnificent sweeps of sky. There are still adventurers and pioneers. Romance is ever born anew against such a background—in such an immensity, where life may be expansive and poignant. Only it will be a new and different romance. The Indian has gone. The saloons and tough camps have gone. But the thing which most molded the characters of the West will never leave—the spirit of vastness and stillness.

## Interfering Directors

W. Somerset Maugham, in a recent number of the *North American Review,* said, among other things: "It will appear from these observations that I think the director should be *definitely* an interpreter of the author. Since I am a writer it is perhaps natural that I should have little patience with his claim to be a creative artist. I think he has assumed this impressive rôle because in the past he has too often been asked to deal with material which was totally unsuited to the screen. He could produce a tolerable picture only by taking the greatest liberties with the story he was given, and so he got into the habit of looking upon the story as a peg upon which to hang his own inventions."

All of which is a conclusive argument on behalf of the original screen story on the one hand, and the disciplining of directors on the other. With the original story renaissance at hand, and the art of continuity writing becoming highly developed, the director will simply have to be restrained. He will in the restraining process become shorn of a certain dignity and authority, but this is as it should be.

Apropos of the above I call to mind the lines from Kipling's poem: ". . . but it wasn't the least what the lady meant," and, "it isn't on record the lady tried." What the director thinks the writer of an original screen story meant is often just what the latter emphatically did not mean; therefore, in making an interpolation, the director often runs counter to psychology—vanity and a study of psychology being impossible—so that the story begins to lack conviction and logic.

Furthermore, it is a question whether many directors, in their conceit, "try" to follow the original story. Their own brilliant embellishments take on staggering importance, till the voice of Truth—which is proportion—is drowned out in the din of the screeching ego.

I for one believe it would pay any motion-picture producing organization which accepts an original story from an outside writer to pay that man's transportation and expenses to Hollywood or New York, as the case may be, that he may work hand in hand with the director. Of course, a good salary should be added for the duration of the filming, or the sum be agreed upon in the original price paid for the story.

It is not to be imagined that all directors, or even a minority, are utter numskulls. It is the old human, all-too-human equation that is involved. The author in all probability could not direct the picture; he would know no more of direction values than the director would know of story values. He would probably know less. But once let the writer of the original collaborate, first with the continuity writer, and then with the director, and the finished product will be more sincere, more logical.

**For our readers who wish to engage in screen writing we publish a booklet called "Guideposts for Scenario Writers" which covers about every point on which beginners wish to be informed, and which will be sent for ten cents in stamps. For those who have written stories which they wish to submit to producers we publish a Market Booklet giving the addresses of all the leading companies, and telling what kind of stories they want. This booklet will be sent for six cents. Orders for these booklets should be addressed to the Scenario Writers' Department, Picture-Play Magazine, 79 Seventh Ave., New York City. *Please note that we cannot read or criticize scripts.***

## Realism or Romanticism

The screen of today faces a problem, which devolves primarily upon the shoulders of the screen writer. Of course, the screen, or should one say the motion picture, faces several vexatious problems of more or less significance; for instance, there is the vital question: shall motion pictures be made for all classes, *i.e.*, good uns for the good uns and cheap uns for the cheap uns? Shall there be a segregation?

However, the problem I shall touch upon is that affecting story tendencies. William De Mille has boldly stormed into the land of realism with a filmization of "Miss Lulu Bett;" "Main Street," one of the most socially significant and realistic novels of the past decade, is being filmed. However, the writers of "originals" are still clinging to romanticism. C. Gardner Sullivan's "Hail the Woman" is tinged with realism, but it is of the Nathaniel Hawthorne school rather than of the stark, intimate, twentieth-century mold. Of course, the will to romance—as fundamental as the will to live or the will to power—is the driving force emphasized in the two novels mentioned. But the cosmos of Mr. Sinclair and of Miss Gale, like Conrad's, is an inverted bowl, and all that is termed idealism is subjected to the devastations of environment—and of time and space.

# We sold her first story to Thomas H. Ince

*Yet* ELIZABETH THATCHER *never dreamed she could write for the screen until we tested her story-telling ability. Will you send for the same test—FREE?*

ELIZABETH THATCHER is a Montana housewife. So far as she could see there was nothing that made her different from thousands of other housewives.

But she wrote a successful photoplay. And Thomas H. Ince, the great producer, was glad to buy it—the first she ever tried to write.

"I had never tried to write for publication or the screen," she said in a letter to the Palmer Photoplay Corporation. "In fact, I had no desire to write until I saw your advertisement."

This is what caught her eye in the advertisement:

### "Anyone with imagination and good story ideas can learn to write Photoplays."

She clipped a coupon like the one at the bottom of this page, and received a remarkable questionnaire. Through this test, she indicated that she possessed natural story-telling ability, and proved herself acceptable for the training course of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation.

### And Thomas H. Ince bought her first attempt

Only a few weeks after her enrollment, we sold Mrs. Thatcher's first story to Mr. Ince. With Mr. Ince's check in her hands, Mrs. Thatcher wrote:

> *"I feel that such success as I have had is directly due to the Palmer Course and your constructive help."*

Can you do what Mrs. Thatcher did? Can you, too, write a photoplay that we can sell? Offhand you will be inclined to answer No. But the question is too important to be

answered offhand. Will you be fair to yourself? Will you make in your own home the simple test of creative imagination and story-telling ability which revealed Mrs. Thatcher's unsuspected talent to her?

### Send for the Van Loan questionnaire

The test is a questionnaire prepared by H. H. Van Loan, the celebrated photoplaywright, and Prof. Malcolm MacLean, former teacher of short-story writing at Northwestern University. If you have any story-telling instinct at all, send for this questionnaire and find out for yourself just how much talent you have.

We shall be frank with you. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation exists first of all to *sell photoplays*. It trains photoplay writers in order that it may have more photoplays to sell.

With the active aid and encouragement of the leading producers, the Corporation is literally combing the country for new screen writers. Its Department of Education was organized to produce the writers who can produce the stories. The Palmer institution is the industry's accredited agent for getting the stories without which production of motion pictures cannot go on. Producers are glad to pay from $500 to $2,000 for good original scenarios.

### Not for "born writers," but for story-tellers

The acquired art of fine writing cannot be transferred to the screen. The same producer who bought Mrs. Thatcher's first story has rejected the work of scores of famous novelists and magazine writers. They lacked the kind of talent suited for screen expression. Mrs. Thatcher, and hundreds of others who are not professional writers, have that gift.

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation cannot endow you with such a gift. But we can discover it, if it exists. And we can teach you how to employ it for your lasting enjoyment and profit.

### We invite you to apply this free test

Clip the coupon below, and we will send you the Van Loan questionnaire. You will assume no obligation. If you pass the test, we will send you interesting material descriptive of the Palmer course and Service, and admit you to enrollment, should you choose to develop your talent. If you cannot pass this test, we will frankly advise you to give up the idea of writing for the screen. It will be a waste of their time and ours for children to apply.

Will you give this questionnaire a little of your time? It may mean fame and fortune to you. In any event, it will satisfy you as to whether or not you should attempt to enter this fascinating and highly profitable field. Just use the coupon below and do it now before you forget.

**PALMER PHOTOPLAY Corporation, Department of Education, Y-4**
**124 West 4th St., Los Angeles, Cal.**

PALMER PLAN OF PHOTOPLAY WRITING

**PLEASE send me, without cost or obligation on my part, your questionnaire. I will answer the questions in it and return it to you for analysis. If I pass the test, I am to receive further information about your Course and Service.**

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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## But it Increased My Pay

# $8,000 a year

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Such was my running mate's answer when I told him I intended to learn the Selling game. True, I didn't know the first thing about Selling. Yet I had heard of a new and easy method of learning Salesmanship that was accomplishing wonders. This amazing method disclosed the very secrets of Selling that were used by the most successful Salesmen in the Country. Men who previously knew nothing about Selling were getting results that were actually astonishing.

There is M. K. Mellott of Pittsburgh, was a farm hand, he tells us—"I am now sales-manager with salary of $10,000 a year." Then there is J. P. Overstreet, of Denison, Texas. He was a police officer, earning less than $1,000 a year. Now he writes: "My earnings for March were over $1,000, and over $1,800 for the last six weeks." C. W. Campbell, Greensburg, Pa., jumped his earnings to $1,562 in one month! Charles L. Berry, of Winterset, Iowa, who quit his job as a farm-hand and earned $2,140 in one month.

## Why Don't You Get Into the Big Money Field?

Mr. Hartle, Mr. Mellott, Mr. Overstreet, Mr. Campbell and Mr. Berry are all Master Salesmen now. They landed into the big money class in an amazingly simple way, with the help of the National Salesmen's Training Association. Some time—somewhere back in the past, each of them read of this remarkable course of Salesmanship Training and Employment Service, just as you are reading of it today. Each one of them was dissatisfied with his earning capacity and cast his lot with the N. S. T. A. Today they are enjoying all the comforts and luxuries money can buy. Learn these secrets right in your own home during your spare time.

## Send for Free Book on Salesmanship Now

Just mail this coupon for our free illustrated Book, "A Knight of the Grip." Let us prove to you that regardless of what you are doing now, you can quickly become a Master Salesman without interfering with your present work. Let us show you how you, too, can step into the ranks of these big money makers of business. Learn what we have done for others and what we stand ready to do for you. Don't put it off a minute—mail the coupon at once.

**NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION**
**Dept. 30-D Chicago, Ill.**

**National Salesmen's Training Ass'n,**
**Dept. 30-D, Chicago, Ill.**

Send me Free Proof that you can make me a Master Salesman and tell me about your Free Employment Service. Also send your Free Book and list of lines for Salesmen. This does not obligate me in any way.

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The most attractive high-salaried opportunities ever open to women can now be found in the two delightful new professions which have recently burst into prominence—Dress and Costume Designing, which is the creating of new styles, and Fashion Illustration, which is the drawing of costumed figures. Hundreds of ambitious women are finding in them fascinating careers filled with the greatest pleasure and profit.

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Can you guess? Wouldn't you like to have her favorite portrait? We have it. And YOU may have it--size 8 x 10—for 50c. Yes, and 11 other rich photos of the biggest and best beloved of Movie Stars—all for $5.00.

**50 Cents Each—12 for $5.00**

Mention names of Movie Stars desired and enclose money covering your purchase together with this advertisement, with your name and address written plainly thereon and mail TODAY to

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FRANCO removes hair from face, neck, under-arms, etc., in 3 minutes. Guaranteed harmless. FRANCO removes the hair and stops its future growth. $1.00 and $2.00 per bottle, postpaid. It's different from others.

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*Trade Mark* *Registered*

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SEND only $1.00 and we will send you **prepaid** either of these solid gold rings set with a genuine Lachnite Gem weighing about a carat. Wear it for ten days everywhere you go. Test it in every way. Then, **if you or any of your friends can tell it from a diamond, return it and we will refund your dollar immediately.** If you decide to buy, pay only $2.50 a month until $18.75 has been paid. Lachnites have the diamond's radiance and are guaranteed eternal. They are more difficult to melt than platinum—no known acid can mar them. They exceed in hardness all jewels but the diamond.

**Write Today** Already, over 300,000 people have bought Lachnites on this 10-day test. Be sure to give your finger size and state the ring you prefer (men's or ladies') Write today and enclose only $1.00.

**Harold Lachman Co., Dept. 1754 204 So. Peoria St., Chicago, Ill.**




# TYPEWRITER SENSATION

*Free Trial—Use as You Pay*

**After trial send us only $5.00 a month until the low total price of $59.85 is paid, andthe machine isyours. This is absolutely the most generous typewriter offer ever made. Do not rent a machine when you can pay $5.00 a month and own one. Think of it—Buying a $100.00 Machine for $59.85. Cash price $54.00, just a lttle more than half its original price.**

# L. C. SMITH

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## Send No Money Put in Your Order Now

**$4.85 AFTER TRIAL**

When the typwriter arrives deposit with the express agent $4.85 and take the machine for five days' trial. If you are convinced that it is the best typewriter you ever saw keep it and send us $5.00 a month until our bargain price of $59.85 is paid. If you don't want it, return it to the express agent, receive your $4.85 and return the machine. We will pay the return express charges. This machine is guaranteed just as if you paid $100.00 for it. It is standard. Over half a million people own and use these typewriters and think them the best ever manufactured. **The supply at this price is limited, the price will probably be raised when next advertisement appears, so don't delay. Fill in the coupon today—the typewriter will be shipped promptly.** There is no red tape. We employ no solicitors—no collectors—no chattel mortgage. It is simply understood that we retain title to the machine until full $59.85 is paid. You cannot lose. It is the greatest typewriter opportunity you will ever have. **Do not send us one cent. Mail Coupon Today Sure.**

**Smith Typewriter Sales Co.,** Department 218 218 N. Wells St. **Chicago**

**Smith Typewriter Sales Co.,** Department 218 218 N. Wells St., **Chicago**

Ship me the L. C. Smith Typewriter, F. O. B. Chicago, as described in this advertisement. I will pay you $5 monthly as rent until the $55 balance of the SPECIAL $59.85 sale price is paid. The title to remain in you until fully paid for. It is understood that I have five days in which to examine and try the typewriter. If I choose not to keep it I will carefully repack it and return it to the express agent. It is understood that yougive the standard guarantee.

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# Why *Your* Skin Has Its Own Secret of Beauty

## Science's New Discovery Shows that Each Type of Skin Has Special Requirements. How the Treatment Especially Designed for Your Complexion Brings an Amazing Improvement Almost Immediately.

DO you know that your skin is *different*—that there are certain scientific peculiarities about it? Unless you know what these are, you may be doing very great damage to your complexion every day. For the preparations and treatments that benefit another may be entirely unsuited to your skin.

But the interesting and surprising thing is this: if you do know which type of skin yours is, and if you use the treatment especially designed for it, you can make such an improvement in it as would seem almost too good to be true. You can see it suddenly transformed to clear, fresh, radiant beauty! And yet, when you understand the scientific secret behind this, you will readily see why it is possible.

### How The New Way Was Found

If you should talk in person to the specialist who made this remarkable new discovery he would tell you how he had spent years in the study of complexion correction—how he became more and more convinced that it was wrong for all women to attempt to use the same preparations on their skins. He began an exhaustive investigation into the scientific facts concerning the structure of the skin.

And at last his efforts were rewarded! He had found the secret he sought! He had discovered the *Three Types of Skin!* Every woman's skin belongs to one of these three types. Each type is different from the others. Each has its own scientific characteristics. Each has its own secret of beauty. Each must be treated in a special way to overcome any defects and restore natural, healthful, glorious beauty.

### Which Type is Yours?

These are the three types of skin: Oily, Dry, and Normal. Which is yours? You can tell easily from the descriptions given in the panel on this page. Now you can see why, if your skin is oily, for example, you must use a special treatment to remove the excess oil, to eliminate its shiny appearance, to overcome the tendency toward enlarged pores and blackheads.

On the other hand, if you have a dry skin, you must be careful not to use ordinary soaps and preparations which increase this condition. Beware of a dry skin, for it ages quickly, develops wrinkles and becomes pale and colorless. What the dry skin needs is extra nourishment, for the glands are inactive and do not supply the necessary life-building properties to the skin cells.

Or if you are blessed with a normal skin, you can see that you shouldn't use preparations designed for a dry skin or an oily skin. The normal skin too has its special requirements to keep it functioning properly and to preserve its healthful vitality.

So the first step toward a beautiful complexion is to determine which type of skin you have. Then you must use the special treatment designed especially for this type.

### See for Yourself the Amazing Results of the New Discovery

The complete treatment for each type of skin may now be had in a combination set which includes a special soap, a day cream, a night cream, and a jar of the wonderful Beauty Secret, together with an interesting booklet that tells all about the three types of skin and their care.

You have only to use the combination set—known as the Luxtone Beauty Combination—which is designed for your type of skin, in accordance with directions. And in order that you may do this without risking a penny and see for yourself its wonderful results, a special offer is made to readers of this magazine.

### Make This 5-Days Trial

Simply indicate on the coupon below whether your skin is Oily, Dry or Normal, and send to the Luxtone Company. You will receive by mail the Luxtone Beauty Combination you need. When it arrives, pay the postman only $2.00, the special low price.

Then, if after 5 days' trial, you are not more than delighted with the improvement in your complexion, your money will be refunded without question.

But you must mail the coupon at once as this is a special offer that may be withdrawn at any moment. Surely if you could know what amazing, quick beauty other women have attained through the Luxtone method, you would not be willing to miss this opportunity. Just indicate your type of skin on the coupon below, and mail it today. The Luxtone Co., Dept. 24, 2703 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago, Ill.

## Which is *YOUR* Type of Skin

**Oily Skin** Caused by excessive secretion in oil glands. Has a greasy, shiny appearance—a tendency towards enlarged pores and blackheads. Looks coarse; powder does not stay on. Needs special preparations for proper cleansing and to remove excess oil and refreshen the tone and texture of the skin.

**Dry Skin** Note how the oil glands are shrunken and inactive; do not supply sufficient nourishment. Skin flakes off like fine dandruff because it lacks oil. Skin wrinkles and is affected by the wind and by the use of ordinary soap. Very sensitive—requires soothing cleansers and special creams to supply extra nourishment and make it smooth and soft.

**Normal Skin** Clear, firm, delicately colored. Soft and smooth. Looks almost transparent in artificial light. Wrong treatments cause normal skin to become either too dry or too oily. Normal skin requires its own special treatment or it soon loses natural vitality and becomes faded and colorless.

**The Luxtone Company**
**Dept. 24, 2703 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

**THE LUXTONE COMPANY**
**Dept. 24, 2703 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

I would like to try the special treatment for my type of skin. Send me the Luxtone Beauty Combination, consisting of a special soap, a day cream, a night cream, and a jar of the powder-and-cream Beauty Secret. Also booklet on complexion correction. I will pay the postman $2.00 on arrival. My money is to be refunded if I am not entirely satisfied after 5 days' trial.

For — Oily — Dry — Normal (Please check your type of skin.)

Name .....

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### Complexions Suddenly Transformed

"I had almost given up hope of having the fair complexion that I once had until I read about your wonderful Beauty Combination. You see I am a chorus girl and by using preparations everyone told me about my skin became so oily and coarse with blackheads. But now I am getting wonderful results from using your preparations. I don't see how I can ever thank you and I cannot express in words my gratitude. Your advertisement was a Godsend to me." Miss B—— H——, Ravenna, Ohio.

"I am delighted with the results of the Beauty Combination and your prices are so reasonable too. Your creams seem just suited to my dry skin and I am very highly pleased with same. I have used some of the most expensive toilet articles on the market and your preparations are just as fine and better suited to my skin." Mrs. D. O. P——, Blue Field, W. Va.

"Have used the entire oily skin method and find it exceptionally helpful. The difference in my skin is amazing." Miss A. W——, Punxatawney, Pa.

"You don't know how glad I am that I have found something that will clear my complexion for it sure was in terrible shape. I have only used these treatments four times, and oh, my, what a wonderful change!" Mrs. J. S——, Bowden, Okla.

# New Easy Way to Become a Cartoonist

**By this amazing new method it is possible for *anyone* to learn Cartooning in a remarkably short time. Many of our students could hardly draw a straight line before they began to study with us. Now hundreds of them are making splendid incomes. And they learned it all *at home—in spare time!***


THE simplicity of this truly wonderful method will astonish you. Although you never leave your own fireside, you receive the personal attention of one of America's foremost Cartoonists. It is almost the same as if you were working in his studio. Your mistakes are not only pointed out, but each correction is illustrated right before your eyes. You see exactly where your faults lie and you never make the same mistakes twice. The speed with which you progress will amaze you. Through this wonderful method many of our students are now making handsome incomes and the same opportunity to enter this splendid profession is now yours.

## No Talent Is Needed

The most astounding part of this wonderful method is that you don't have to know anything about drawing to begin with. The old idea that only those with "inborn talent" could be successful Cartoonists is exploded. ***If you can hold a pencil you can learn Cartooning this new easy way.***

Starting with first principles—straight lines and curves,—you progress step by step through shading, action, composition, etc., until you find yourself qualified for a splendid position as Cartoonist almost before you realize it.

# Work That Is Play at a Big Profit

Right now there is an increasing need for Cartoonists. We cannot train men fast enough to meet the demand and the result is high salaries. $50 to $75 a week is not at all unusual for a beginner,—many make much more. And there is absolutely no limit to what you can do.

But aside from the big pay is the wonderful fascination of the Cartooning game. There is no "9 to 5" daily grind. And it really is not "work" at all, but the most delightfully interesting play. You meet interesting people, work in pleasant surroundings and, best of all, you are practically your own boss. And then, think of the fun of creating your own characters, of being able to make quick, catchy little sketches at home, at a big dinner party, at the theatre! Our students say it is the most fascinating profession in the world.

## Write For Free Booklet

"How To Become A Cartoonist" explains this amazing new method in detail; shows you how it works; tells you about our students and what they have accomplished; about the tremendous opportunities in this great field and how you can qualify for one of them this very year. Get out of the low-pay rut ***now.*** Get your start in this high-paid interesting profession at once. Clip the coupon below and mail it to us ***today.***

**Washington School of Cartooning**
**Room 1023, Marden Bldg., Washington, D. C.**

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**WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF CARTOONING,**
**Room 1023, Marden Building, Washington, D. C.**

Gentlemen:

Please send me your free booklet, "How to Become a Cartoonist." and tell me about the big opportunities for me in this field.

Name .....
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# "Here's an Extra $50!

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Today more than ever before, money is what counts. You can't get along on what you have been making. Somehow, you've simply got to increase your earnings.

Fortunately for you there is an unfailing way to do it. Train yourself for bigger work, learn to do some one thing well and employers will be glad to pay you real money for your special knowledge.

You can get the training that will prepare you for the position you want in the work you like best, whatever it may be. You can get it at home, in spare time, through the International Correspondence Schools.

It is the *business* of the I. C. S. to prepare men for better positions at better pay. They have been doing it for 30 years. They have helped two million other men and women. They are training over 130,000 now. And they are ready and anxious to help *you.*

Here is all we ask—without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, simply mark and mail this coupon.

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Without cost or obligation, please explain how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject *before* which I have marked an X in the list below:—

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| ☐ Telephone Work | ☐ ILLUSTRATING |
| ☐ MECHANICAL ENGR. | ☐ Show Card & Sign Ptg. |
| ☐ Mechanical Draftsman | ☐ Cartooning |
| ☐ Machine Shop Practice | ☐ Private Secretary |
| ☐ Toolmaker | ☐ Business Correspondent |
| ☐ Gas Engine Operating | ☐ BOOKKEEPER |
| ☐ CIVIL ENGINEER | ☐ Stenographer & Typist |
| ☐ Surveying and Mapping | ☐ Cert. Pub. Accountant |
| ☐ MINE FOR'N or ENGR. | ☐ TRAFFIC MANAGER |
| ☐ STATIONARY ENGR. | ☐ Railway Accountant |
| ☐ Marine Engineer | ☐ Commercial Law |
| ☐ ARCHITECT | ☐ GOOD ENGLISH |
| ☐ Contractor and Builder | ☐ Com. School Subjects |
| ☐ Architectural Draftsman | ☐ CIVIL SERVICE |
| ☐ Concrete Builder | ☐ Railway Mail Clerk |
| ☐ Structural Engineer | ☐ AUTOMOBILES |
| ☐ PLUMBING & HEAT'G | ☐ Mathematics |
| ☐ Sheet Metal Worker | ☐ Navigation ☐ Spanish |
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# May She Invite Him Into the House?

THEY have just returned from a dance. It is rather late, but the folks are still up. Should she invite him into the house or say good-night to him at the door? Should he ask permission to go into the house with her? Should she ask him to call at some other time?

There are countless other problems that arise every day. Should a woman allow a man she knows only slightly to pay her fare on a car or train? Should a man offer his hand to a woman when he is introduced to her? When walking with two women, should a man take his place between them or on the outside?

Those who know how to act under all circumstances are usually considered charming and cultured. But those who are always committing embarrassing mistakes, who do and say the wrong thing at the wrong time betray themselves as uncultured.

### The Value of Social Knowledge

Everyone loves to attend dances and theatres, to mingle with cultured, brilliant people, to take part in social functions. Without the social knowledge which gives one polish and poise, one cannot hope to be happy and at ease in these circles. Social knowledge, or etiquette, serves as a barrier to keep the crude and unpolished out of the circles where they themselves would be embarrassed and where they would cause mortification to others.

Through generations of observation in the best circles of Europe and America, these rules of etiquette have come down to us—and today those that have stood the test of time must be observed by those who wish to be well-bred, who wish to avoid embarrassment and humiliation when they come into contact with cultured people.

The man or woman who knows the rules of etiquette should be able to mingle with brilliant, cultured people and yet feel entirely at ease, always calm and well-poised. And if one knows how to conduct oneself with grace and confidence, one will win respect and admiration no matter where one chances to be. The charm of manner has a greater power than wealth or fame—a power which admits one to the finest circles of society.

### What Do You Know About Etiquette?

Perhaps you have often wondered what to do on a certain puzzling occasion, what to wear to some unusual entertainment, what to say under certain circumstances? Would you know, for instance, how to word a wedding announcement in the newspapers? Would you know how to acknowledge a gift received from someone who had not been invited to your wedding or party? Would you know the correct thing to wear to a formal dinner?

Do you know how to introduce a man to a woman, how to plan a tea-party, how to decorate the house for a wedding? Do you know how to overcome self-consciousness, how to have the charm of correct speech, how to be an ideal guest, an ideal host or hostess? Do you know all about such important details as setting a dinner table correctly, addressing invitations correctly, addressing servants correctly? Do you know the etiquette of weddings, of funerals, of dances?

### The Famous "Book of Etiquette" In Two Volumes Sent to You Free for Examination

There are two methods of gaining the social polish, the social charm that every man and woman must have before he or she can be always at ease in cultured society. One method is to mingle with society for years, slowly acquiring the correct table manners, the correct way to conduct oneself at all times, in all places. One would learn by one's own humiliating mistakes.

The other method is to learn at once, from a dependable authority, the etiquette of society. By knowing exactly what to do, say, write and wear on all occasions, under all conditions, one will be better prepared to associate with the most highly cultivated people and yet feel entirely at ease. At the theatre, in the restaurant, at the dance or dinner one will be graceful and charming—confident in the knowledge that one is doing or saying only what is correct.

The famous two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette has solved the problem in thousands of families. Into these two volumes have been gathered all the rules of etiquette. Here you will find the solutions to all your etiquette problems—how to word invitations, what to wear to the theatre or dance, how much to tip the porter or waiter, how to arrange a church wedding. Nothing is omitted.

Would you like to know why rice is thrown after the bride, why a tea-cup is usually given to the engaged girl, why the woman who marries for the second time may not wear white? Even the origin of each rule of etiquette is traced, and, wherever possible, explained. You will learn why the bride usually has a maid-of-honor, why black was chosen as the color of mourning, why the man raises his hat. As interesting as a story—yet while you read you will be acquiring the knowledge that will protect you against embarrassment and humiliation.

Examine these two famous volumes at our expense. Let us send you the Book of Etiquette free for 5 days. Read the tables of contents in the books. Glance at the illustrations. Read one or two of the interesting chapters. And then decide whether or not you want to return the splendid set. You will wonder how you could have ever done so long without it!

Within the 5 days' free examination period, you have the guaranteed privilege of returning the books without obligation. If you decide to keep them, as we believe you will, simply send $3.50 in full payment—and they are yours. But be sure you take advantage of this free examination offer. Send the coupon at once! **Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 404, Oyster Bay, New York.**

### How Many of These Questions Can You Answer?

Should the engaged girl embroider her linens with her own initials or the initials of her future married name?

What is the correct way to eat corn on the cob in a public dining-room?

Does the woman who marries for the second time wear a veil?

Is it correct for a woman to wear a hat in a restaurant or hotel dining-room in the evening?

Should a servant or waiter be thanked for any service?

How should wedding gifts or birthday gifts be acknowledged?

In sending an invitation or announcement to a family in which there are adult children, is it correct to use the form "and family" on the envelope?

---

**NELSON DOUBLEDAY, Inc.,**
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Without money in advance, send me the two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette free for 5 days' examination. Within 5 days I will either return the books or keep them and send you only $3.50 in full payment.

Name .....
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Check this square if you want these books with the **beautiful full-leather** binding at $5.00 with 5 days' examination privilege.


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## "EMPTY ARMS" Prize Contest

THE Lester Park-Edward Whiteside photoplay, "Empty Arms," inspired the song "Empty Arms." A third verse is wanted, and to the writer of the best one submitted a prize of $500 cash will be paid.

This contest is open to everybody. You simply write the words for a third verse—it is not necessary that you see the photoplay before doing so. Send your name and address on a postal card or sheet of paper and we shall send you a copy of the words of the song, the rules of the contest and a short synopsis of this photoplay. It will cost you nothing to enter the contest.

*Write postal or letter today to*

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Let the Vanderbilts' instructor teach you to be a *good* dancer.

Learn the latest steps by the remarkable *new* ARTHUR MURRAY SYSTEM; surprisingly *easy* and *fascinating*—you need no music or partner. *"60,000 taught dancing by mail."* You, too, can learn at home, privately, in a few hours. Results guaranteed. HALF PRICE OFFER ON NOW!

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*Illustrations show what wonderful improvement in figure is secured by reduction of 30 pounds.*

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"I REDUCED from 175 pounds to 153 pounds in 2 weeks! **(22 pounds lost in 14 days).** If you had known me before and could see me now, you would realize what a wonderful discovery your new method is. Before I started I was flabby, heavy and sick—had stomach trouble all the time. Had no vigor. I feel wonderful now." (*Name furnished on request.*)

This person's experience is duplicated by that of hundreds of others who have quickly regained their normal, healthful weight and strong, graceful and slender figures in the simplest, easiest and most delightful way known. Mrs. George Guiterman of 420 East 66th Street, New York, lost 13 pounds in the very first 8 days. Mrs. Mary Denneny of 82 West 9th Street, Bayonne, N. J., lost 74 pounds in record time, reduced her bust 7½ inches, her waist 9 inches, and her hips 11 inches. She also banished pimples and secured a beautiful complexion; all through this marvelous new method. She can now RUN upstairs without puffing or discomfort, whereas before it made her feel faint just to walk up.

### Look Years Younger When Fat Departs

A Pennsylvania woman writes "Since I lost those 54 pounds I *feel* 20 years younger—and my family say I *look* it."

This appearance of youth is one of the most delightful results of this new method. Fat people always look older than they really are. Merely to secure a slender form would bring a more youthful appearance. But this new method also results in a clearer skin, a brighter eye, a firmer step and the most wonderful energy and vitality. Many write us that they have been positively amazed to lose lines and wrinkles which they had supposed to be ineffaceable. So that when you reduce to normal weight in this new simple fascinating, natural way, you look even younger than most slender people of the same age. You can then dress stylishly and yet be in perfect taste. This season's designs are made for thin people. In a very short time after using this marvelous new method, you can wear the most colorful, the most fluffy, and the most extreme styles; and look well in them.

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***NO** Exercise, Starving, Special Baths, Rolling, Massage, Appliances, Special Clothing or Any Discomfort Whatever.*

***Results in 48 Hours***

### The Secret Explained

As simple and easily understood as is this natural law it seems almost magical in its results. Eugene Christian, a specialist of international renown, discovered that it is not *how much* they eat, and to a certain extent it is not even *what* they eat that causes people with *natural fatty tendencies* to put on surplus flesh. It is how their food is *combined*. Eat certain dishes at the same meal and they will cause more flabbiness and fat and fill the body with the poisons that cause the puffiness, the lack-lustre eyes and the skin blemishes which so often accompany obesity. But eat these very same dishes at different times and properly combined with other ordinary foods and they make muscle and bone and good rich blood instead of fat. Then the fat you have already stored up is rapidly consumed. This discovery is the greatest boon ever given to stout people who have found dieting a weakener, exercises a task and drugs a delusion. For when you learn the secret of properly combining your food you can eat **Potatoes, Fowl, Meat, Fish, Milk, Butter, Cheese, Chocolate, Corn Bread, Wheat Bread** and many other dishes you have probably been denying yourself. And yet you will lose weight steadily, right, from the start—perhaps a pound a day, perhaps more, as so many others have done.

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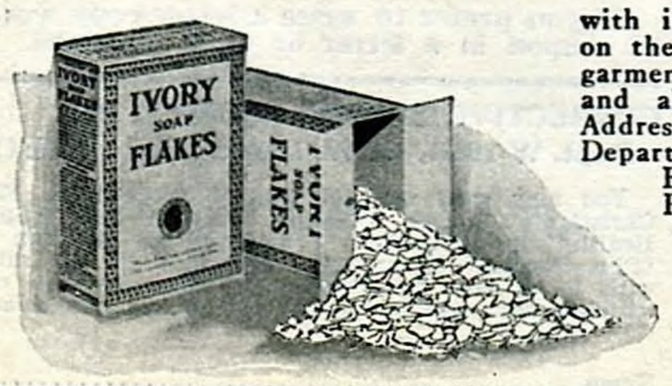


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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE
Volume XVI APRIL, 1922 No. 2

# The Calendar of Past Performances

As Revealed by Johnson Briscoe.

**1**—1912—MONDAY.— Mary Miles Minter celebrated her tenth birthday—she has the papers to prove it—and gave her usual delightful performance of *Virgie* in "The Littlest Rebel," of which Dustin and William Farnum were the stars, at the Boston Theater, Boston, Mass., not batting an eyelash if any one shouted "April Fool."

**2**—1908—THURSDAY.—Thomas Holding, who at this time would probably have looked at you and said, "I say, old top, what *are* motion pictures anyway?" was playing with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, at the Theater Royal, Nottingham, England, the part of *Rev. Arthur Leacroft* in "The Elder Miss Blossom."

**3**—1911—MONDAY.—Katherine MacDonald was hoping to goodness that some one in the audience would pay some attention to her as she spouted the half dozen lines which fell to the lot of *Fifine* in "La Belle Paree," which bit of nonsensical gayety was the attraction at the newly opened Winter Garden, New York.

**4**—1886—THURSDAY.—Hobart Bosworth was a conspicuous figure in the theatrical life of San Francisco, Cal., going through his paces at the California Theater Stock Company of that city, and upon this occasion Mr. Bosworth's contribution to the town's brightness was in a new French melodrama, "Second Sight."

**5**—1918—FRIDAY.—Naomi Childers had temporarily abandoned the screen, after her Vitagraph triumphs, and returned to her earlier love, the spoken drama, being cast for the part of *Roberta Rollings* in "Among Those Present," then playing the Nixon Theater, Pittsburgh, Pa., the star of the play being H. B. Warner.

**6**—1902—SUNDAY.—Herbert Brenon celebrated this Lord's Day by creating a role for the first time on any stage, same being *Apaecides* in "When Titus Ruled" (which happens to be a dramatization of our old friend, "The Last Days of Pompeii"), with the Woodward Stock Company, at the Auditorium Theater, Kansas City, Mo.

**7**—1905—FRIDAY.—King Baggot was a most vital and impassioned hero, answering to the name of *Julian Loraine,* in that splendid object lesson, "More To Be Pitied Than Scorned," and his vigorous acting brought forth rounds of applause at the Lyceum Theater, St. Joseph, Mo., where he played a two nights' engagement.

**8**—1901—MONDAY.—Mary Pickford was doing her utmost to retain her poise, and small wonder that she was excited, for this was her eighth birthday and this very same night she played *Little Eva* in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" for the first time, with the Valentine Stock Company, in Toronto, Ont.

**9**—1918—TUESDAY.—Mrs. Sidney Drew found the public most anxious to see her in the flesh after her many screen triumphs, as she was costarring with her late husband in "Keep Her Smiling," and they had just settled down for a lengthy stay at the Wilbur Theater, Boston, Mass.

**10**—1905—MONDAY.—Cecil De Mille was not only acting right out in public but was starring at the head of his own company, in "Lord Chumley," a drama written by his father and David Belasco, and here's hoping that he gave pleasure to the small gathering assembled at Trader's Grand Opera House, Clarksburg, W. Va.

**11**—1908—THURSDAY.—Pauline Frederick was just about the proudest girl in the world for she had left the frivols of musical comedy for a new play, "The Girl in White," in which she was *Lenore Calvert*, and she was acting in her own home town of Boston, Mass., at the Tremont Theater.

**12**—1894—SATURDAY.—Frank Losee, who had an enviable stage record as an actor of wicked gentlemen just as the screen to-day knows him as inimitable in character roles, was very much in evidence as *Jack Horne* in that good old thriller, "The Romany Rye," which was at Heuck's Theater, Cincinnati, O.

**13**—1903—MONDAY.—Vivian Martin has undoubtedly seen the Pickford screen version of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," possibly to make faces at it and to reflect how vastly superior she was in this same role before the footlights, which interesting venture occurred at the Casino Theater, New York.

**14**—1906—SATURDAY.—Will Rogers was probably not in a particularly happy frame of mind at this minute, although undergoing an interesting experiment, endeavoring, if you please, to show the German theatergoing public how our cowboys can throw a lariat, he being one of the headliners at the Wintergarten Music Hall, Berlin.

**15**—1892—FRIDAY.—Bertha Belle Westbrook, an actress, known to her friends as Mrs. Hal Reid, gave birth this day in the city of St. Louis, Mo., to a lusty male youngster who was destined to be the greatest smasher of feminine hearts in this twentieth century—Boy, page William Wallace Reid, please.

**16**—1912—TUESDAY.—Theda Bara, little dreaming that she would put the word "vamp" in the English language, was trying to prove that as an actress she was worthy of consideration, this in the character of *Marine Laguerra* in "Just Like John," playing at the Teck Theater, Buffalo, N. Y.

**17**—1903—FRIDAY.—Conway Tearle was whooping things up in the highbrow drama with a vengeance, battling with an Ibsen play, "The Vikings," no less, supporting the illustrious Ellen Terry, at the Imperial Theater, London, and at this time his name had not yet appeared upon an American playbill.

**18**—1891—SATURDAY.—Edythe Chapman, to-day one of the foremost players of maternal roles upon the screen, was in this long ago the dashing heroine, *Rachel McCreery,* in "Held by the Enemy," which favorite war play delighted everybody this night, at the City Theater, Cohoes, N. Y.

**19**—1909—MONDAY.—Harry Millarde, with no thought then of the picture directorship glories which lay before him, brought the requisite note of animation to the role of *Philip Scarsdale* in "The Blue Mouse," which giddy entertainment was having a fortnight's run at the Garrick Theater, St. Louis, Mo.

**20**—1909—TUESDAY.—John Emerson, who also had not then carved his name among our leading picture directors, was devoting his histrionic skill to the same play, "The Blue Mouse," wherein he played two minor roles, *Briston* and *Purkiss*, but he was in the company playing at the Lyric Theater, New York.

**21**—1908—TUESDAY.—Mabel Ballin, now thoroughly at home in expressing tearful emotion upon the screen, was scampering blithely behind the footlights in the apparel of a page, *Gaston*, in "The Hoyden," of which Elsie Janis was the star, being the lure at the Broadway Theater, Brooklyn, N. Y.

**22**—1882—SATURDAY.—W. S. Hart was all dressed-up in his athletic togs, participating in a two-mile walking match held at the Madison Square Garden, New York, by the Manhattan Athletic Club, being matched against E. F. McDonald, who, if the truth must be told, came off victorious in the venture.

**23**—1916—TUESDAY.—Martha Mansfield was skipping blithely about in that hotbed of latent movie talent, the New York Winter Garden, being numbered among the prettiest girls to be found in the production of "Maid in America," and she was billed under her own name of Martha Ehrlich.

**24**—1900—TUESDAY.—Thomas Meighan gave all the girls a treat—that is those of them who could find him—as he strutted about the stage of the Lyric Theater, Washington, Pa., his efforts being centered upon a small role in "One of Our Girls," in which Henrietta Crosman starred.

**25**—1906—WEDNESDAY.—Josephine Crowell, whose portrayal of villainous females on the screen has won for her the title of "The Wickedest Woman in Pictures," was devoting her efforts to playing the sweet and motherly *Widow Miller* in "York State Folks," which was playing at the Alvin Theater, Pittsburgh, Pa.

**26**—1902—SATURDAY.—Elliott Dexter was painfully learning a new part each week, in the stock company at the American Theater, New York, his contribution to dramatic affairs of the moment being *Captain de Treville* in "The Three Musketeers," and, girls, his name upon the bills read thus, "Adelbert Dexter."

**27**—1908—MONDAY.—Violet Mersereau was struggling to present a convincing picture of *Flora Cameron* in "The Clansman," which stopped for a night at the Majestic Theater, Butler, Pa., and little did she think that this same role, when offered upon the screen, would bring undying fame to its interpreter, Mae Marsh.

**28**—1903—TUESDAY.—William Desmond was an avid devotee of the roaring school of melodrama, and you may depend upon it that he did well with the chances offered him as *Edward Brockton* in "The Struggle of Life," which unadulterated thriller held them spellbound at the Novelty Theater, Brooklyn, N. Y.

**29**—1911—SATURDAY.—Allen Holubar put in a busy day of it as leading man at the Mozart Theater, Elmira, N. Y., this day giving two performances of *Henri des Prunnelles* in "Divorcons," while the morning was given over to a rehearsal of "Salomy Jane." And yet they say pictures are hard work!

**30**—1902—WEDNESDAY.—Elsie Ferguson added charm and pulchritude, if her dramatic opportunities were of the slightest, as she tripped merrily about in the chorus of "The Wild Rose," a musical production destined for a summer's run on Broadway, and this date playing at the Garrick Theater, Philadelphia, Pa.

# The Indiscretions of a Star

**The romantic history of one of our most prominent film stars whose exploits have set tongues buzzing—in the film colony and out—for years. The real truth about his sentimental adventurings, disclosing how the public's verdict of a matinée idol affects his whole private life.**

As told to Inez Klumph

Illustrated by Ray Van Buren

## CHAPTER I.

## "A BLAMELESS PAST—CAPABLE OF MISINTERPRETATION"

**That, in brief, is the story of Barry Stevens. Some guileless, wholesome, devil-may-care sort of chaps get themselves in all manner of scrapes—and Barry Stevens is one of them. He seems to have a regular genius for getting himself into the most compromising situations and never before has he offered an explanation of any of them. But now he is prepared to tell you the real truth about his "Indiscretions." His story involves some of the most prominent people in filmland, and while he won't tell you their real names, there is hardly a fan who couldn't identify most of them. Here is the beginning of his story as he told it to Inez Klumph.**

HE stood in front of the huge fireplace, feet planted well apart, hands thrust into his pockets. His hazel eyes were narrowed to mere slits, his firm jaw set.

Then, suddenly, he stepped forward and caught the girl in his arms; the rose-colored tulle of her draperies swirled about her as he dragged her to him, and blew against him in a filmy cloud as he held her closer and closer, and then, with a crooked little smile, bent and kissed her.

A violin wailed plaintively through the long, tense moment that followed, then sobbed away into silence. The man lifted his head slowly. And the brusque voice of his director, standing a few feet away, exclaimed:

"Good stuff—cut! That's all for to-day."

But the girl did not turn away. She stood there for a moment, still clinging to him, after his arms had dropped to his sides. I stood near enough to them to hear what she said as he straightened up and so forced her to let him go.

"I have never hated you so before," she told him, her low voice trembling with anger. "I haven't forgotten, you know."

As he came off the set I looked at him questioningly. He shrugged his shoulders, trying to seem nonchalant, but I could see that he was troubled.

"One of my—shall we say indiscretions?" he asked, as we sauntered down the corridor that led to his dressing room. "It—oh, I'm so sick of all this! Any man in my position would be forced into the same false attitude that I have to take toward the world. The public has made me a heart smasher—women fall in love with me because I'm a motion-picture star. If people only knew the truth—if they only knew——"

"Why don't you tell them?" I suggested. "Surely it would be interesting."

"Interesting? It'd be a riot! I'd like the fellows who go to see me on the screen to get the truth about all this—they'd learn a thing or two! How I'd like to tell it!"

The truth about a heart smasher of the movies! The truth about the letters he receives and the women who come to see him, about the beautiful leading ladies he holds in his arms while the camera grinds, and the still more beautiful stars whom he so intimately knows!

"Everything I do is indiscreet, you know," he went on. "People make it so. But, oh, man, how I'd like to tell what I know about some of the lovely ladies of the screen. Not scandal, you know——" And he gave me the boyish grin that is one of the most endearing things about him. "Just—well, let's call it gossip with the malice amputated. And about the girls who write to me—and the girls who don't! And, oh, what I could say about the——"

"Say it in print!" I begged. "Just tell it to me and I'll write it. It will throw some sidelights on the movies that never have been thrown before. I'll keep your name out of it—I'll call you Barry Stevens—that's quite unlike your own name; no Irish tang to make people think you're Eugene O'Brien; no similarity of initials to remind them of Wally Reid; no suggestion that you might be Richard Barthelmess or Tony Moreno or Tom Mix or any of the rest of the crowd."

He chuckled as he offered me his hand to bind the agreement.

"Barry Stevens let it be," he said, "and I'll promise to tell the truth about some of my own sentimental conquests and some facts about some of my friends—funny things and queer things and some sad ones, too.

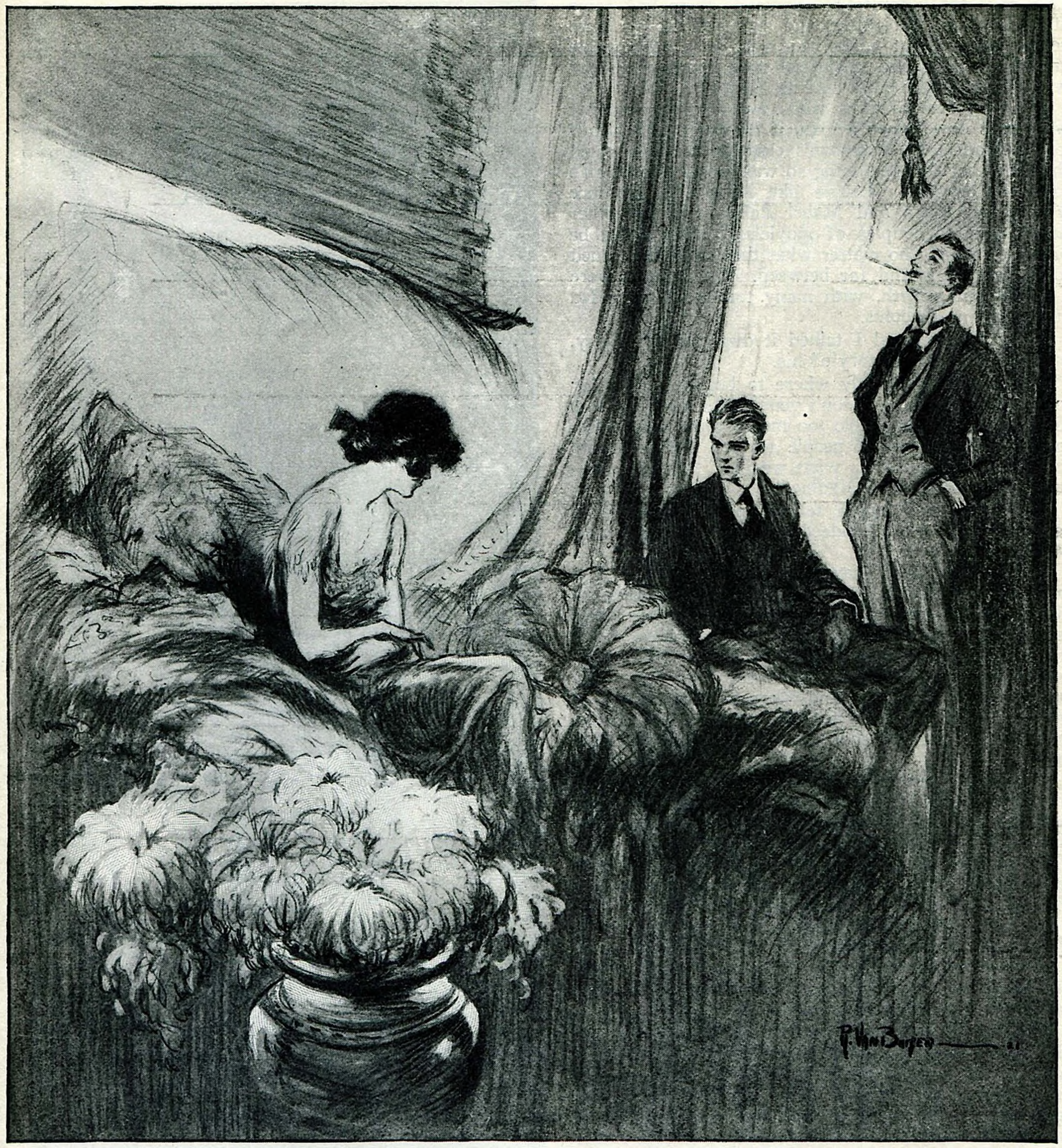
"Why—well, look at the list of girls I can think of just offhand. There was a continuity writer and a society woman who went into pictures and a little extra girl who jumped into stardom by turning the tables on me—she taught me a thing or two! And then there was a star—what a girl she is! And I mustn't forget the editor of the movie page of a newspaper—she did a lot for me and said I did a lot for her—I wonder. And there was a cute little pocket edition of a bathing girl, straight out of comedies—and another girl who should have been one, but was starred by a millionaire and told she could act—everybody knows who she is, I suppose. And there was a secretary I had—and a girl who wrote me fan letters for years before I met her—and a character woman——"

"Let's cut the list short and begin on the story," I suggested.

"All right. Only—well, I feel like an awful cad. Do you suppose folks who read this will understand that I'm not just a conceited idiot bragging about the women who've fallen for him, but a perfectly ordinary two-fisted fellow who just happens to be earning his living in a way that makes women pin a sentimental halo on him? If they'll believe the truth about me, they can learn a lot of things about the movies that they've never even suspected. If they think I think I'm something to rave over—gosh, it'll be awful! Put it up to Wallace Reid or Tony Moreno, and you'll find out we're not heroes to ourselves."

"They won't even know who you are," I reminded him. "You can even tell things about yourself and mention your real name, and they won't recognize you. And I promise to do my best to make them see you as you are."

Here is that attempt.



*She would sit in my living room and talk about him by the hour—and my manager would stay there chaperoning me, fidgeting for fear of what people would say.*

## CHAPTER II.

To begin with, I must tell you something about Barry Stevens. He's one of the most popular young chaps who has ever been starred, but it's no wonder that his drawing power is so great, for he has a likable way with him that nobody can resist. Girls like to imagine themselves going to dances with him; young men picture themselves tearing across sunlit hills with him in the long, racy-looking car that he sometimes drives in pictures; older men and women find it pleasant to fit him into their lives as a companion, a well-mannered fellow who can take a hand at bridge or talk about books or take one to the theater—or yell himself hoarse at a baseball game or boxing match. He stands for what most of us like best in a chap his age—and so, as he says, it's what the public makes him seem that has made him popular.

And the fact that he hasn't been spoiled is due largely to his own broad streak of common sense.

As for these "Indiscretions" of his—well, put any girl or man his age into the same place, and just see if they wouldn't have done very much what he has. Consider the influences to which he has been subjected. He jumped from a job which paid him fifty dollars a week to one that paid five hundred, and then to another that brought him two thousand dollars a week. He was set down among some of the prettiest girls in the world, all of them out for a good time, their motto, "Let the

devil take the hindmost!" Some of them had come straight out of the gutter, and supposed morals were something you got when you went to a fashionable church. Others had misplaced their moral code and were not too desirous of finding it again.

He went into pictures when the industry was not what it is now; when a man, if he was married, followed Francis X. Bushman's exa.nple and concealed the fact—not that his doing so was wholly Bushman's fault, incidentally. People like King and Florence Vidor, and Hugo and Mabel Ballin, and the other happy married couples of movieland, who would be pillars of society no matter what their work happened to be, were few and far between. The movies were a mushroom growth, with many toadstools sprinkled among the mushrooms.

Barry Stevens and I talked it over the other day, when we began this story of his.

"I don't know exactly where to begin or how far to go," he told me. "I don't want folks who read this to blame us movie people too much, yet I want them to know what kind of people we are and what the things are that make us what we are. I'll tell you—suppose we begin with Nadine."

And after he'd begun telling me the incident, I agreed that it would indeed be well to begin with Nadine.

"I wish you could have met Nadine when I first knew her," Barry began. We were tearing along in his car, on our way to a little old farmhouse on Long Island Sound, where he was working on location. "She was one of the prettiest little Irish girls in the world, with really beautiful black hair—the kind that fluffs out like spray, it's so fine and wavy—and her blue eyes were even lovelier then than they are now; they always look sort of tired and sophisticated nowadays, it seems to me.

"She was working in comedies—doing real slapstick stuff, getting hit with pies and all that sort of thing. And she was just kid enough to like it—she was only sixteen, you know. She'd come straight out of a New York tenement to go into pictures, and no matter how bad a director happened to be, you could bet on Nadine's having known a worse one. But she was like a little boy who goes wading in mud puddles in city streets—the dirt never touched her. She was sharp as a new pocketknife, and she was earning more money than she knew what to do with, so nobody could make her any kind of offer that tempted her at all."

That was a new light on Nadine Malory for me. Her reputation now is—well, one hesitates to mention her in circles where she is really known. Try to excuse her to nice people, tell them how well read she is, how amazingly good-hearted, and all that sort of thing, if you like, but they just sniff and mention various rather lurid details that stun you into silence. I've often wondered whether those details were true or not. Now I was to find out.

"I was just beginning to work under my first starring contract, and, of course, I had a pretty good opinion of myself, when I met her. I'd gone over to the lot at the studio where she was working, with my director, to see if we couldn't find somebody who might make us a good leading lady, and somebody brought her over to where we were standing.

"'Hullo,' she said, with a friendly little grin. 'Want to give me a job?'

"I was on my dignity, of course, and let her see that I couldn't descend to frivolity. I was just eighteen, you know, and Lord, how important I felt!"

I've heard of that meeting from others. They said that Nadine deliberately made fun of him, and that he,

*There stood Norton, his cans of film*

looking handsome enough to be a collar ad, in his cream-colored flannels and tie that made his eyes look steel blue, flushed and stiffened and finally wound up by laughing with her at himself.

"I was crazy about her by the time the afternoon was over," he went on. "She has real magnetism, you know, and a trick of making you think you're the most interesting chap in the world. She looks into your eyes and says, 'Do tell me about yourself!' and you burble on and on, and then, when you're convinced that you're boring her to death and stop, she opens her eyes wider than ever and says, 'Oh, tell me some more—it's wonderful!' She told me, long afterward, that she had thought out some of her most effective costumes and


*under his arm, offering fabulous wealth if he could have that milk wagon for fifteen minutes.*

at least two good plots for pictures while men were talking to her about themselves, but, of course, at the time I thought she was really listening to me—just as all men do, I imagine.

"She wouldn't leave comedies to go to work with me, though. I did my best to get her to do it—told her that she might become a star herself some day—little did I suspect that she'd been offered a chance to be one weeks before, and had turned it down.

"But why won't you?" I asked, tagging along after her when she went over to a soap box that stood near the set and sat down. I was rather embarrassed when I discovered that she'd gone over there to change her costume—but she took off her shoes and stockings as any child would have done, apparently without even thinking of me, and got into some sandals and slipped another dress on over the one she was wearing, and then slid the underneath one off, while she talked on with me.

"'Shall I tell you the truth?' she asked, suddenly growing serious. 'Think you can stand it?'

"'I can stand anything you tell me,' I told her. I was rapidly losing my head over her.

"'All right—I won't leave because I'm living with my director,' she told me calmly.

"I suppose I turned every color of the rainbow. I felt as if something had fallen on me and knocked the breath straight out of my body.

"She waited a moment to let me get the full force of that, and then gave a little giggle, an impish ghost of a laugh.

"'I'm his wife, you see—but you needn't make that fact public,' she went on. Then, more soberly. 'And he's in love with somebody else.'"

## CHAPTER III.

"Do you mean that Nadine Malory was really married to Lee Norton when they made those marvelous comedies and both became famous?" I demanded incredulously. "Why, I've always heard——"

"You've heard just what Lee wanted people to think," Barry cut in, letting his car out as we left White Plains and swung into the short cut to Port Chester. "He didn't want any one to know that he was married, and she, kid that she was, adored him and was willing to do whatever he wanted her to. Nobody knows yet that she married him way back there in the days when bathing girls still wore skirts.

"She told me because she simply had to tell somebody, and she said she thought I had a kind face—imagine how that made me feel, when I'd thought I was so sophisticated!

"She told me other things, too—for instance, when I asked her why she stuck to him, if he was in love with somebody else, she said, 'But why not? He's not good to me now, but he won't give in to her and get rid of me, as she wants him to, because he needs me. I help him write his pictures, you know—that is, I put down the things he says when he's drunk.'"

I began to see why some of the Lee Norton comedies were rather disconnected in spots.

"'Of course, we just kind of make them as we go along,' she told me after that. 'There's never really any story—comedies are just fillers, anyway. But I tell Lee that they could be something more than that—I think a comedy could be almost a feature, if it was handled right and had sort of a story. He thinks I'm crazy.'"

"I wonder if he still thinks she's crazy, since Chaplin's done 'The Kid' and some of the rest of them have turned out five-reelers in that line," I volunteered.

"Oh, I suppose so—he'll never appreciate her, no matter what happens. Probably thinks it was his idea—he's always been a regular sponge," answered Barry disgustedly. "Well, we talked for a long time, and I did my best to get her to break away and do straight stuff with me, but she wouldn't do it.

"I found out afterward that the girl Norton was infatuated with was a cheap little actress who'd got stranded on the coast when a road show she was with went broke. And Nadine had seen her sitting on the extras' bench outside the lot one day, realized that she was up against it, and finally taken her in. She lived with Nadine for two weeks—then Norton gave her a job, and the first thing anybody knew Nadine was by way of losing her husband."

"And I suppose you stepped in and monkeyed with the buzz saw," I suggested.

"Exactly," he answered, with a laugh. "My director tried to tell me I was a fool, when I kept trotting over to Norton's studio, but I insisted that Norton was a really good man—he is, you know—and that I was learning things from seeing how he could take a bunch of pretty girls without an ounce of brains and actually get action out of them.

"Then Nadine came to me one night, at my apartment—it was exactly like her to do that; people gossiped about her and Norton, and she knew it, so she didn't take the slightest trouble to preserve what reputation she might have had. She just took it for granted that every one was going to believe the worst of her, and as she knew that trying to explain to them wouldn't do her any good, she just didn't try.

"'I've changed my mind, Barry,' she told me. 'I'm going to switch over to you.'

"I just stood there and stared at her. I remember that I was getting into a dinner coat—it was movie night at one of the Los Angeles cafés, and in those days I was crazy about stuff like that. When strangers pointed me out and gazed at me with awe I was tickled to pieces.

"She had come in without being announced, and walked straight down the hall to the only room that was lighted—my bedroom. I was standing at the chiffonier, fussing with my tie, when she came in, and I just stood there with my mouth open and the tie dangling around my neck, staring at her. You see, the situation embarrassed me—though she never thought a thing about it.

"She sat down on the foot of the bed and motioned to me to go on with my dressing.

"'I can't stand it any longer,' she told me, and her face had a white, strained look that made my heart ache for her. I reached over and laid my hand on hers—I had an almost impersonal feeling of wanting to help her."

"Barry Stevens, you never had an impersonal feeling about a woman in your life!" I cut in. "You know that as well as I do. But go on."

"I tell you, I did feel that way about Nadine that night—I guess I was too scared to feel any other way. You see, there we were—not another soul in the apartment—and it was nine o'clock at night—not awfully late, but late enough. I knew it was all right—Nadine's heart was so full of Norton that she couldn't even think of another man. But I knew that, though the situation wasn't my fault, it certainly was—well, indiscreet.

"'I didn't mind so awfully much as long as I could do things for Lee,' she told me. That marvelous magnetism of hers had gone out like a flame somebody's turned a hose on; she just sat there, staring straight ahead of her, with her shoulders drooping, all huddled in on herself. 'But now she helps him instead of me. They sit together when the day's rushes are run off, and talk about 'em, and she makes suggestions—she doesn't know one end of a camera from the other, if you want to know what I think!

"'And she—listen to this, Barry—she won't be the goat in his pictures. No, siree! No pies can be thrown at her. She says she's pretty enough to stand around and just be good looking—so Lee's designing a costume for her that's nothing but a frill or two and a bunch of spangles, and the next picture's all written around her. Me, I'm out!'

"Well, I begged her to brace up and show him what she could do. My picture was all cast and under way, but we'd be through with it in a month—we worked fast in those days! And I told her I'd get her into the next one. She sort of cheered up at that, and took off her hat and fixed her hair.

"'Guess I'll sleep on the living-room couch to-night, if you don't mind,' she told me, powdering that pretty little nose of hers. 'I haven't got a cent and no baggage—nobody'd take me in.'

"Talk about cold feet—mine turned to stone. I liked Nadine well enough—but I certainly didn't want to be all mixed up in a scandal with her, and I knew that was what would happen if she didn't clear out. And Norton was exactly the kind to make a fuss and threaten to shoot me, and then divorce Nadine and marry this other girl.

"But she had her mind all made up, so I decided that the thing for me to do was to be conspicuously absent

Continued on page 86

# Three Lovable Girls

**Whom you will probably hate if you're crazy about Dick Barthelmess, for they are the girls he makes love to—on the screen.**

Photo by Floyd

HERE are three charming, pretty young girls who have achieved success on the screen, but their chance of great popularity is slight—their chance of popularity, that is, among other girls. For these three enjoy the distinction of having been selected to play opposite Richard Barthelmess in his first starring vehicles and one can hardly blame other girls for not feeling very friendly toward them. Above is Gladys Hulette, who played with him in "Tol'able David," at the right is Louise Huff, who supports him in "The Seventh Day," and below is Pauline Garon, who will play the leading feminine rôle in "Sonny."

Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

# Where Do They Come From?

**Looking backward into the early careers of our motion-picture favorites proves that there is no career that may not be superseded by the bright lights of the Kliegs.**

By Johnson Briscoe

**Illustrated by Lui Trugo**

"ONLY experienced motion-picture actors can appear in our pictures," the casting director of a big motion-picture concern remarked heatedly to the girl who wanted an engagement.

"But how do they become experienced?"

"By acting in pictures, of course."

"Then they must start some time. *Some one* must give them their first engagement. They aren't born motion-picture actors!" she protested.

"Maybe not." He dismissed the subject airily.

She was not content to let it go at that, though.

"Where do they come from?" she kept asking in the hope that she would find the royal road to the studio and success. "What do they do before they are motion-picture actors?"

She didn't find any royal road to success; she found a hundred and one devious routes that in some cases have led to success. She didn't find any profession from which people could step prepared to be motion-picture actors; she found the stage, the schoolroom, the pulpit, the business office, the circus ring, and the drawing-room all yielding their quota to the land of the Kliegs.

If you are a school-teacher and are ambitious to become a screen actress—consider Lois Wilson and Mary Thurman and how they have succeeded; if you are a newspaper writer—take heart from the examples of Wallace Reid and Mary Alden; brokers' clerks and insurance agents turn your attention to Douglas Fairbanks and Bryant Washburn, and you girls who find waiting on customers at the village store irksome know that Pola Negri, the fiery star of "Passion" and "One Arabian Night" once shared your experiences.

Let's take a look back through the years and find what our favorites did before they acted in pictures. Perhaps some of you would like to know that if you met your idol you could sit down and swap reminiscences with him about the old days in the shoe-and-leather business, or the days of boarded-out schoolmasters, or some other past that has been obscured in his present rise to fame.

Take, for instance, Gladys Smith—and of course you know that that means Mary Pickford. She made her début on the stage at the Princess Theater in Toronto in a play called "Bootles' Baby," January 21, 1901. An enthusiastic biographer tells of her success on that occasion in these words:

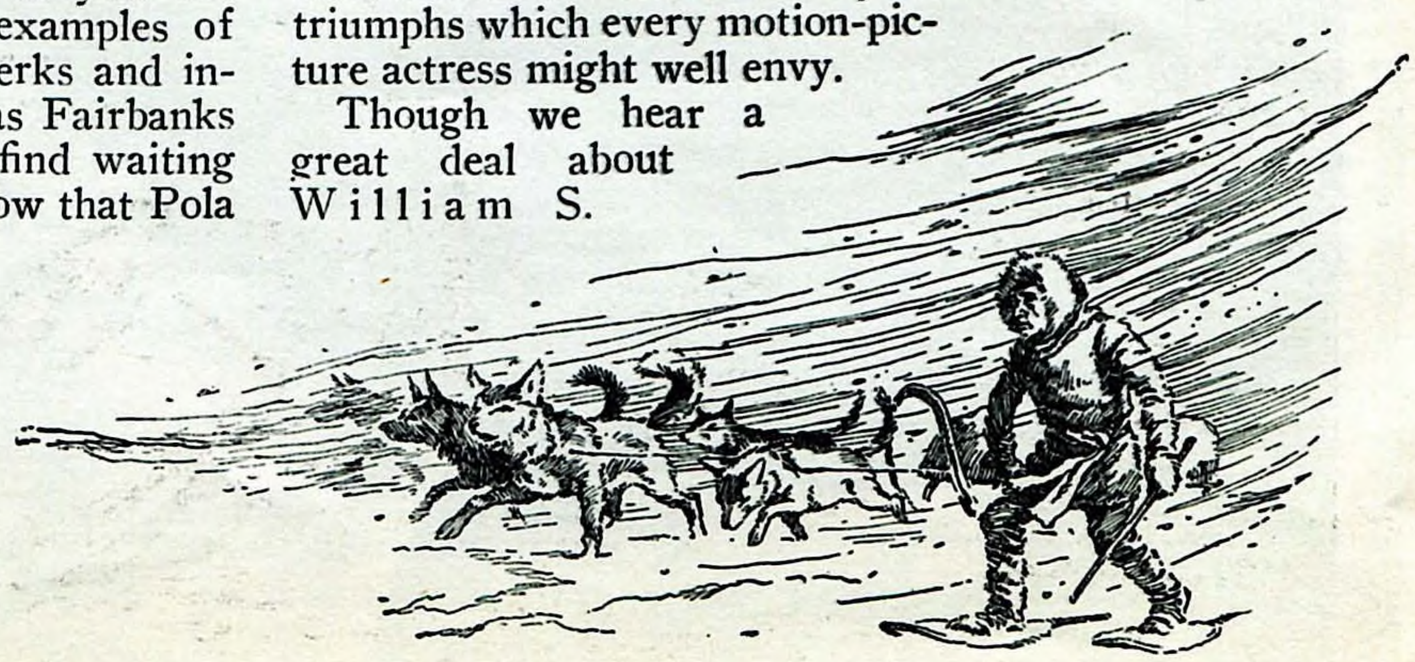
"She was a great success in the wee assignment, and appeared to live her character with such unctuous joy that the local critics trotted forth once more the oldest phrase ever pinned to budding talent. They proclaimed her 'a born actress.'"

That may have been the consensus of opinion, but a published review of the same performance said:

"Little Gladys Smith, who played the child's part, had not been thoroughly drilled, and in consequence the play was uneven, something unusual with this company."

However successful or unsuccessful, this was the beginning of one of the most amazing careers in the history of the world. For eight years thereafter Mary Pickford played children's rôles on tour, and a complete list of her various engagements reads like the titles once favored in picturedom. There was "The Little Red Schoolhouse"—which incidentally was written by Wallace Reid's father—"In Convict Stripes," "The Fatal Wedding," "Wedded But No Wife," "For a Human Life," and last "The Warrens of Virginia." Pictures claimed her then—it was in June, 1909, and the company was the Biograph. She returned to the stage to play *Terka,* in "Seven Sisters," in February, 1911, but that summer she returned to the screen, playing in Imp pictures for a while, and returning to Biograph the following December. Her final appearance on the stage was made in January, 1913, when she played the blind girl *Juliet* in "A Good Little Devil," and since that time her picture career has been a series of personal triumphs which every motion-picture actress might well envy.

Though we hear a great deal about William S.

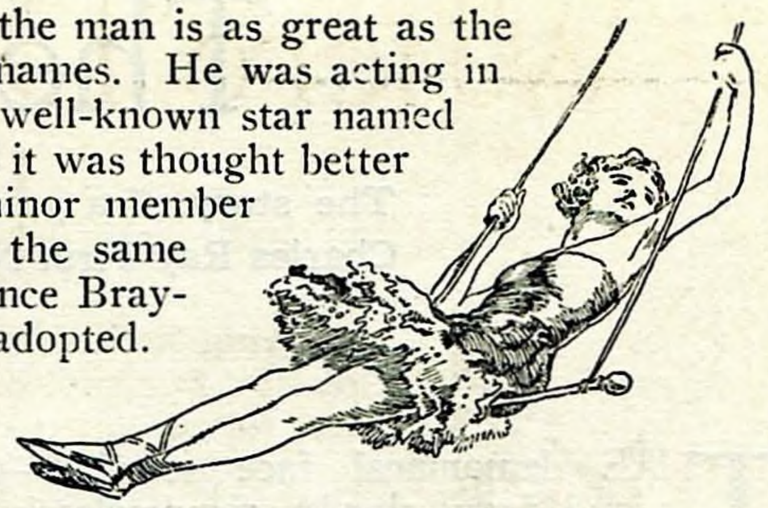


Hart's "early life on the plains" and his "love for the open spaces and the vast outdoors," it is rather amazing that no mention is ever made of the fact that at the venerable age of seventeen W. S. Hart was a well-known amateur walker, a career which he followed for several years. He was born in Newburgh, New York, but moved West after a few years. His first appearance in public was at the Manhattan Athletic Club in New York, March 16, 1881, where he was matched against Prendergast in a one-mile walk. Our hero was defeated in that and other matches, but on August 8th of the same year he outdistanced his rivals in a one-hour walk, during which time he covered six miles, six hundred and sixty yards. Every few weeks thereafter for several years he entered walking matches in New York, Philadelphia, Montreal, and other places—generally being victorious, with prize cups and medals showered upon him galore. It was not until 1889 that Mr. Hart became an actor, and, considering his athletic beginnings, it was fitting that his early struggles were confined to the support of such strenuous veterans as Helena Modjeska, Hortense Rhea, and R. D. MacLean. It is hard to realize that during the first ten years on the stage our premier Western star embraced such Shakespearean rôles as *Romeo, Iago, Macduff, Orlando,* and *Benedict.*

He also had the temerity to attempt *Napoleon Bonaparte, Claude Melnotte* in "The Lady of Lyons," and even *Armand Duval* in "Camille." Finally, in 1896, he found the sort of part that has made him rich. It was in a melodrama called "The Great Northwest," which included a horse stealing, a prairie fire, a lynching party, and a poker game with Mr. Hart as the long-suffering hero accused of every conceivable crime. There his career really began, and you all know the story from there.

John Barrymore, though born to the stage purple, was literally forced onto the stage. Much against his will, he appeared in support of his father in a one-act play in vaudeville. He was anything but a success, and after two weeks was allowed to follow his own inclinations, which took him to Paris and art school. For some time he was on the staff of the New York *Evening Journal,* but in 1903 he gave up drawing as a profession and went on the stage. Oddly enough, his brother, Lionel, was a professional actor for some fifteen years when he suddenly announced his intention of becoming a painter. After a while, however, he returned to the stage, where he has won the exceptional fame characteristic of his family.

It's a long, long stretch between Laurence Brayington and David Wark Griffith, and the difference in the man is as great as the difference in his names. He was acting in the support of a well-known star named John Griffith, and it was thought better not to have a minor member in the cast with the same name. So Laurence Brayington was adopted. Later, when he went into another company, he became Laurence Griffith, and that is the name he used throughout his stage career. It was not as an actor, however, but as a reporter for the Louisville *Courier-Journal* that he began his bread-and-butter struggle. And in 1896, when "Damon and Pythias" did not gain sufficient financial support from the inhabitants of New Albany, Indiana, he was a book agent and also solicited subscriptions for *The Baptist Weekly.* By the spring of 1900 he was well launched on a theatrical career, and it was that season that he enjoyed the unusual experience of doubling in two such important parts in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" as *Simon Legree,* the villain, and *George Harris,* the hero. Several years later San Francisco was the one and only city to see him as *John the Baptist* in "The Holy City." No wonder there is variety in his motion pictures.



William De Mille was one of our most successful playwrights and instructor at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. Cecil De Mille had his heart set on being a soldier, but his mother divulged the secret that he was only seventeen at the time, and out of spite he became an actor. Herbert Brenon was call boy at Daly's Theater in Philadelphia, Wilfred North sailed before the mast for several years and then became a lawyer, John Emerson studied for the ministry and then taught in dramatic school, and Alan Crosland was a reporter on the *Globe* in New York.

One would hardly expect that an ex-Sennett bathing beauty was once a school-teacher, yet that was the beginning of Mary Thurman's career, and Alan Dwan, who has directed her, taught electrical engineering at Notre Dame University, near South Bend, Indiana.

Once upon a time it was a comparatively easy step from the model stand in the artist's studio to the motion-picture studio. Such leaders of to-day as Alice Joyce, Mabel Normand, Marguerite Courtot, and Anna Q. Nilsson all traveled that route. And heavy inroads have been made upon the Ziegfeld beauty choruses by motion-picture casting directors. Mae Murray, Marion Davies, Justine Johnstone, Martha Mansfield, Rubye de Remer, Kathryn Perry, and Jacqueline Logan all came from there.

The chorus has provided too many to mention, but we take this opportunity to contradict the oft-repeated fiction that Pauline Frederick got her start there. True, she was in the chorus of "The Rogers Brothers in Harvard," but months before that she stepped timidly forward for a single week at the Music Hall in her native city of Boston, and in a scared voice tried to interest a jaded audience in three songs. However, in passing, let's not overlook the fact that some of our most popular

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# The Barnstormer

**The story of a youthful ambition and a greater love suggested by the Charles Ray-First National picture of the same name by Richard Andres.**

By Robert Terry Shannon

THE demoniacal face scowled—gathered power and fury, slowly, remorselessly, as though the stark evil in the man's soul were battering and strangling to death the last feeble wraith of conscience.

Coarse black hair, matted and twisted, hung, like an eerie, fearsome cowl, on either side of the sinister countenance, forming a dank and straggly frame for eyes that roved and burned; eyes underhung with deep shadows, heavy and black. At a hazard one might fancy such a gaze bespoke something more than mere age with approaching senility—a tainted brain—a poisoned soul—an embittered, vindictive life.

In every lineament plainly writ was the same uncanny advertisement of a nature tempered and steeled against the divine quality of mercy.

Unmitigated cruelty revealed itself, thus, in the very beaklike curve of the great nose; reminiscent, somehow, of the horny prow of a mountain eagle swooping downward upon defenseless prey. The satanic mouth twisted itself into a half smile, half snarl as though the man were gloating secretly over fiendish secrets locked against the world in his own foul breast.

One powerful hand stroked the sparse beard that grew from cheek and chin, uniting below the throat in a tenuous sprangle—a twisting coil of murky smoke.

The room was small and Spartan in its furnishings; a plain bed, a wooden chair, a pine table and, curiously, a mirror. The garb of the lone occupant was as plain as the room itself—a long and loose garment after the style of a medieval cloak that hung from shoulders to heels, concealing in its loose folds whatsoever garments were beneath.

Moving about restlessly in his narrow confine the strange figure paused from time to time before the mirror; studied his own reflected face as one deeply interested in the enigma of human character—as a tormented sinner might search his own eyes to test the seething iniquity in those bubbling pots of hate.

So, grotesquely illumined by the saffron glare of a kerosene lamp, Joel Matthews paced his quarters much as a caged beast might move—constantly, with the tigerish restlessness of the cat tribe that is ever marked by some unfathomable fear contending forever with some inherent savagery.

Outside the door a step creaked on the stairs.

Whirling with feline speed, Joel Matthews cringed—shot a quick glance toward the window. The drop to the ground was twenty feet. He was trapped, at last, and he knew it. Momentarily, he stood motionless and breathless. Then it came, as he knew it must—the knock on the door.

"Joel Matthews, open that door!"

The voice was that of a woman, high-pitched and commanding. Joel Matthews passed a dry tongue over his dry lips. From his husky throat came a dry, unintelligible murmur.

*"Open—that—door!"*

Once more the askant eyes shifted toward the window—returned to the door, now trembling on its hinges beneath a succession of blows. There was no escape. Biting his lip Joel Matthews shot back the bolt with shaking fingers; jerked open the door with a sudden desperate movement as a man driven to his last extremity.

Bloodcurdling in shrill intensity, surprise and terror shrieked from the woman's throat. One arm upraised as a shield, she fell back, ashen white, trembling in every nerve.

In the room below a man, startled to action by the woman's cry, sprang for a rifle behind a door; leaped for the stairs. He was too late. Joel Matthews, with a rush, plunged down and past the cowering woman; gained a side door and fled into the night.

Behind him, the man with the gun ran heavily, withholding his fire against a moving target. Hampered by his long, enshrouding garment Joel Matthews lost speed. Before him loomed a yawning door—the entrance of a dugout. Poor as the chance was, the fleeing form accepted it; flung itself inward; pulled down the door.

"Come out—come out or I'll shoot!"

Advancing cautiously the armed pursuer lifted his weapon. A forefinger curved around the trigger. Then—in a queer, cracked voice Joel Matthews spoke.

"I'm—I'm Shylock——"

"I don't care who you are"—the reply was as cold as ice—"come out or I'll shoot!"

Slowly, the door lifted upward and Joel Matthews


*Joel Matthews had a hard time mastering the intricacies of stage make-up.*

emerged. In one hand he held the matted wig that had been upon his head; in his other the wispy beard that had been glued to his face. The beak nose—being putty—was oddly askew.

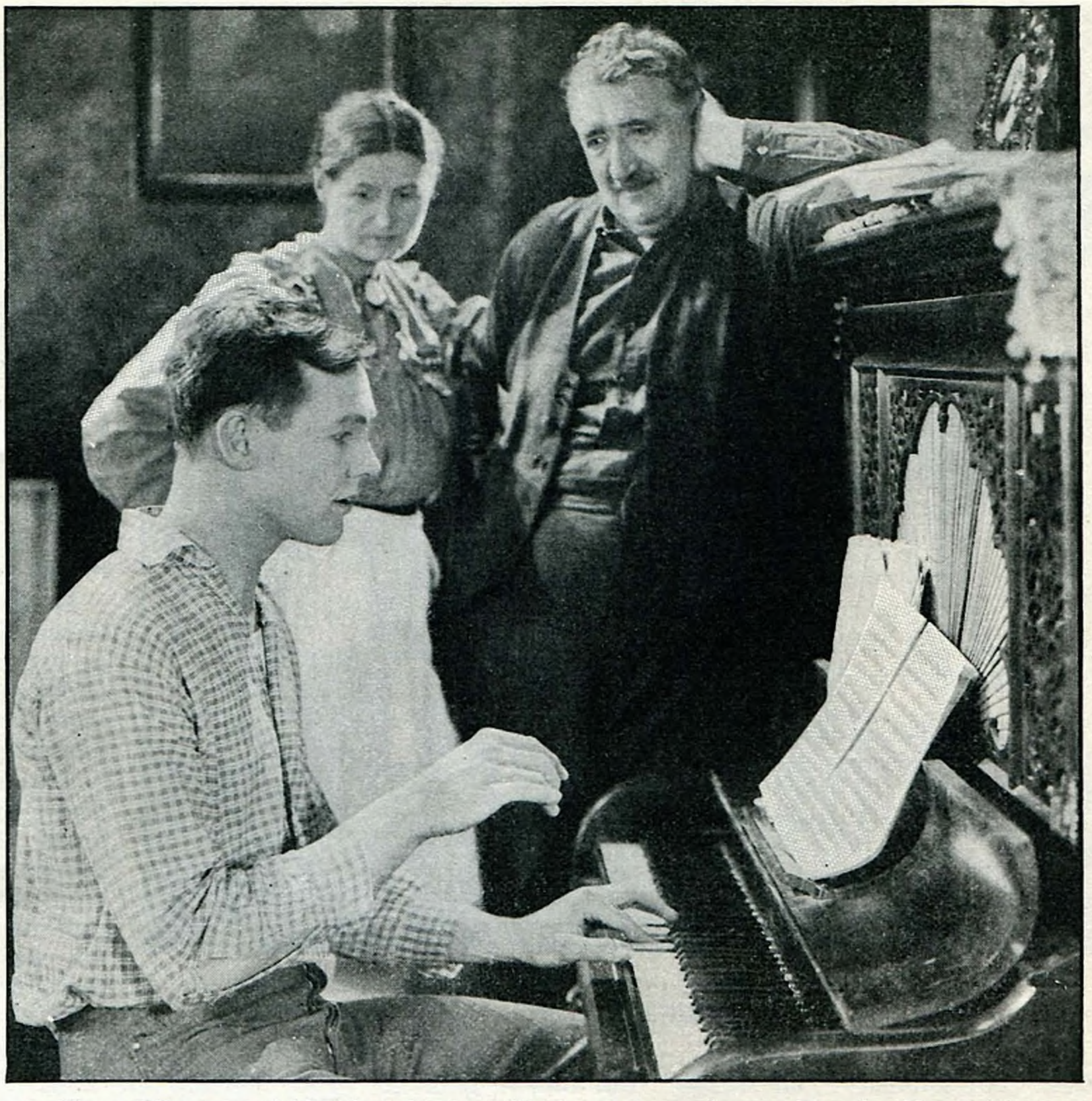
"Dern it, pap!" he cried bitterly. "Can't you and Ma leave me alone when I'm practicing stage make-up? How d'ye reckon I'll ever learn to be an actor with you two always interferin'?"

Stripped of the crude disguises that he was forever putting on, Joel Matthews was the typical farm boy of seventeen—except, perhaps, that there was in his bright blue eye an imaginative gleam that never dimmed. With all of his ardent, unquenchable young soul he yearned to be an actor.

"What makes you think you can act?" his father demanded with a puzzled, worried frown. "You give a mighty healthy performance at the dinner table but——"

Joel shook his head hopelessly.

"It's somethin' inside me—a talent," he replied, hollowly. "I can't explain it. It's in my blood, I suppose. If you hold me down, pap, you'll cut your own family off from fame and fortune!"



*Ma and Pa assured him that there would always be a place waiting for him at home.*

After the manner of the Barbarian, his father snorted. "If I thought—if I thought for a minute I was encouragin' you in any such——"

The boy's face flamed vividly.

"I don't need any encouragement! Look here, pap: I got a big chance. Mr. St. Clair, manager of the Gwendolyn St. Clair Players, what is in town this week, says mebbe I can go off with his troupe. He'll give me eight dollars a week—and I reckon I'm goin'."

"You've made up your mind, Joel?"

"I have, pap."

Keenly, for an instant, the father scrutinized the boy's face; marked the determined set of the chin, the beaming eye. Memory trailed backward through the years. When he, Eben Matthews, had been Joel's age—— The recollection brought an understanding, humorous twinkle to the older man's eyes. One hairy paw fell upon the son's shoulder.

"I ain't goin' to set a straw in your way, Joel," said the old farmer. "Mebbe I understand better than you think. When I was a boy I run away myself—with a minstrel troupe."

Joel whistled. "I never knowed that!" he cried. "You see! It's in my blood! Inheritance—that's what it is. But, pap, how come you to—to give it up?"

Eben Matthews lifted one eyebrow quizzically.

"There didn't seem to be any public demand for my actin'; in fact it was kinda the other way. Anybody can be stage-struck. Most folks are, at some time or t'other. It don't mean a gosh-darn thing. There's something about an actor that sets him off from other people. I didn't have it. You ain't got it neither. I can tell just by your looks. Go ahead, son—get cured. Your Ma and me, we'll keep a place for you at the table—till you get ready to come home."

The Gwendolyn St. Clair Players moved into the little town of Carterville, forty miles away, the next week for a run of six nights of repertoire at the "Opera House." With the company was a gangling boy who had invested his meager savings in striped trousers, a frock coat and a pearl-gray derby. Technically, he was an actor. Actually, he was a scene shifter, a baggage handler, an errand boy and a billposter. His name was Joel Matthews.

"It's a kind of a rot——" The slight blond girl behind the soda counter checked herself, abruptly. "I really wouldn't *call* it a rotten show, Mr. Matthews—but you know——"

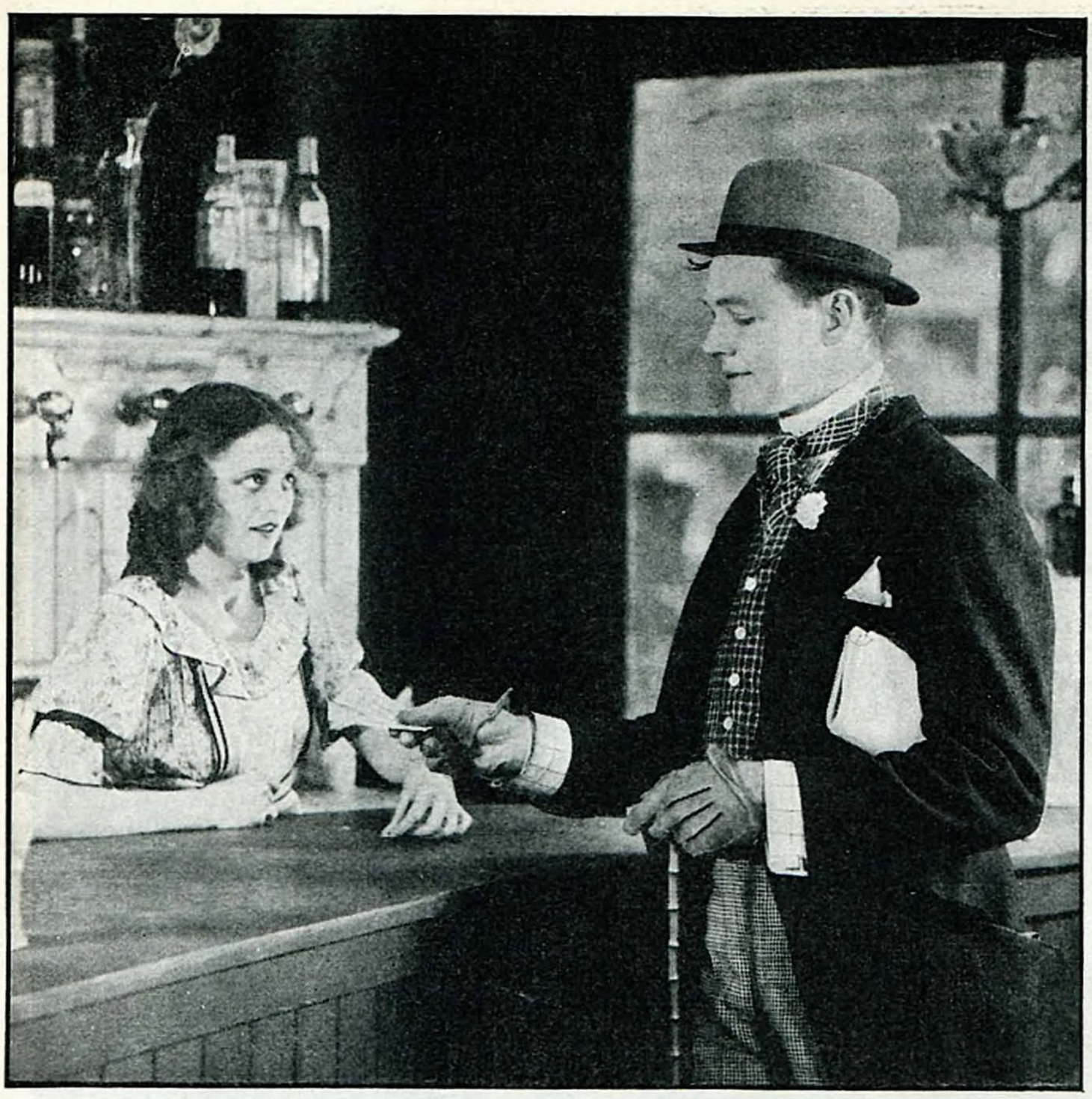
Joel put down his glass nervously. It was difficult to disagree with one so charming. The day was Wednesday. Monday, Tuesday, he had found a dozen excuses to enter the little country drug store. Such was the lure of youth and beauty.

"We never get warmed up till the last half of the week," he temporized. "Wait till you see us play 'The Curse of Rum,' 'Her Dark Past,' and 'East Lynne.' You'll change your mind!"

Emily smiled entrancingly. "Of course, Mr. Matthews, if *you* was to play a part it would help a lot. You wasn't in the play last night or the night before, either, were you?"

Joel flushed; tapped his high white collar with a calloused finger tip.

"My throat's been givin' me trouble." He stopped;



*He had found a dozen excuses to enter the little store; such was the lure of youth and beauty.*

added professionally: *"all season.* But they're goin' to let me have a chance Friday night. I'm goin' to get a whack at playin' the butler in 'Her Dark Past.'"

A tiny frown darkened the girl's brow.

"You'll be there, won't you?" Joel asked, anxiously.

"Yes, but——"

"But what? I wanted 'specially that you'd see my work. You're the sort of a girl that's got intelligence. Say—I bet you could tell, right off, whether a feller was a real actor or not. That is, of course, if you was really interested in tellin'—I mean if you was to give your honest opinion——"

The girl looked at him with a steady eye.

"Would you do me a favor, Mr. Matthews?"

"Would I—say!" Joel leaned across the counter. "Betcher life!"

"Then I wish you wouldn't act Friday night."

"Not act! Why it's my first——" He stopped, mouth open and eyes batting. "Why not?"

"I've got a good reason, Mr. Matthews. Besides, Friday is an unlucky day. Don't ask me to explain, only please don't act on Friday night."

More than anything else in life Joel desired to act on Friday night—to exhibit his talent before this sweetly bewitching creature. He would act as Booth or Joseph Jefferson never acted! By sheer dramatic genius he would lift the commonplace butler into classic realms! He had looked upon the fair Emily and had felt inspiration racing through his veins. Besides, Friday was his only chance. The part was his first. It was only four lines long—the first rung on the ladder of fame!

"I ain't superstitious about Fridays," he asserted, grandly. "Don't you worry. Just be there—that's all!"

Emily's face clouded helplessly before such assurance.

"You mustn't!" she breathed.

Joel smiled; shook his head. The girl, he imagined, was the victim of a feminine whim. A pleasant, flattering warmth stirred his heart.

"I couldn't throw down my manager," he told her. "I don't do business that way. You needn't worry. Just keep your eye on me Friday night and I'll show you——"

He paused, conscious of a shadow. Turning he looked into the round, leering face—the putty face—of young Elmer Purvis, a stocky youth in a suit of many flaps, slashes, and buttons.

"Well, Ham-Fat," said Purvis with a snicker, "how's the punkest troupe on earth gettin' along?" Without waiting for an answer he turned to Emily. "Listen, girlie, what do you want to waste your time for listening to this poor simp's guff?"

Emily reddened slowly. Joel Matthews slid off the stool upon which he had been sitting. Raising the gray derby to the girl he walked out of the store—took up a position outside commanding the only exit.

Through the window he watched Purvis consume a dish of ice cream; heard him laugh raucously as he sought to engage Emily in conversation. Presently, the noisy young man finished and came toward the door. He was larger, stronger, and older than Joel Matthews.

"Still hanging round?" he inquired.

"What if I am?" Instinctively, Joel doubled his fists. With maddening deliberation Elmer Purvis lit a cigarette.

"Look here, guy," he said with a sneer, "you're wasting your time hanging around that girl in there. She can't see you for a minute. I'll tell you why: she's my girl—see? Private property. Keep off. D'ye think she wants to be bothered by any bum actors? She'll see enough of you when I take her to the show Friday night."

Joel winced, as though cut with a lash. "She wouldn't go with you!" he cried hotly.

"She wouldn't, eh? Why not?"

"Well—she just wouldn't. That's why!"

Purvis jerked a thumb over his shoulder. "You just go in and ask her whether she's going with me or not."

Pausing a moment in indecision while his tormentor grinned, Joel suddenly sickened with jealousy, strode through the door; approached the soda counter and Emily with a futile effort at nonchalance.

"Look here, Emily," he said awkwardly, "that Purvis feller is claimin' you're goin' to the show with him. You ain't, really, are you?"

Before she spoke he read her answer; was conscious of a twisting pain in his chest.

"Yes, I'm going with him," the girl said.

A vast sense of emptiness overpowered Joel Matthews. His lips moved wordlessly. With a trembling hand he sought to adjust his necktie. The splendor of his actorish clothes seemed to fade; his shoulders drooped forward. Vaguely, he realized the girl's back was toward him. Somehow, he found himself in the street.

Through a peep-hole in the curtain Joel scanned the audience, hoping against hope. His heart, with a shud-

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# THE OBSERVER

## Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics concerning the Screen

*Another Change of the Times*

A motion-picture star, while showing us some of the scrapbooks which she had made a few years ago, was suddenly struck by the great change that has taken place in the type of articles and interviews written about the movies and the movie folk.

"They have become as different from what they used to be as have motion pictures themselves," she observed. "Here, for example, is an old interview with me. It is no more like me than though the person who wrote it had never seen me, and I wouldn't be surprised if he, or she, never did. I most certainly never said any of the preposterous things that I'm quoted as having said, and I'm sure that my own mother would never recognize me from the ridiculous description of me."

The article in question, she went on to say, was typical of most of those of that early day—exaggerated, highly colored by the imagination and the tricks of a third-rate writer, who wrote each interview after the same formula, the only requirement being that every star should be treated to a shower of absurdly overdone flattery, fulsome praise, and sloppy sentimentality.

"To-day," she said, "while there is still some of that sort of thing, it is getting much less common. The interviewers for the most part are persons whom we have known, often intimately. Their interviews are real character sketches. Honestly, I can hardly wait sometimes to read one of mine.

"And then look at this one." She turned to another page of a little more recent vintage.

"For a while almost every interview had to include a so-called exposition of the star's philosophy. And these were often suspiciously similar. It didn't matter whether the interview was with Elsie Ferguson, Mary Miles Minter, Nazimova, or who—the interview was always the same. We all, it seems, had the same deep purple souls and loved to flaunt them.

"But now! Just take a look at this," and she picked up a recent clipping. "If any one reads *this* they'll know me as well as my dearest friend does, because my dearest friend wrote it, and wrote it well. I wonder if the fans don't rejoice with me when they realize that they are getting sincere, thoughtful, interesting information nowadays—written by people who *know*."

*Another Change*

Thinking over what the star had said reminded us that there have been other changes, one of which is that a few years ago the stars themselves—a great many of them—used to be unfair to their fan followers by trying to conceal their marriages. Some of the companies even made it a definite and rigid policy that when any of their stars were married it must be kept a secret, as they shared with the stars the suspicion that the screen heroes and heroines must be thought by the public to be unwed in order to attain or to maintain the greatest popularity.

Now everybody's married—or, unfortunately, divorced—and the accounts of weddings are as common in the news about the players as they are in the society pages of the papers. And no matter which side the players may take on the burning question of whether or not "art and marriage mix" at least, most of them seem to be getting married, and no longer trying to conceal it. What a change from the time when an actor named Bushman denied his wife and children until forced to admit their existence.

*The Riches in Pictures*

The final accounting of the estate of George Loane Tucker, producer of "The Miracle Man," shows that he left only twenty-two thousand dollars. Perhaps earnings of "The Miracle Man" and "Ladies Must Live" are to be added to this estate from time to time, but the fact remains that the man who produced one of the three finest pictures ever made was far from being a rich man when he died.

The profits in motion pictures are being made these days by the distributors and exhibitors—although let it be said that the profits are comparatively small. In all businesses the big money goes to the man who finances the proposition. The publisher profits more than the author, the art dealer has more automobiles than the artist, the man who designs a great building pays less income tax than the man who operates it.

But after all in money, perhaps, reward does not begin and end. The richest man in the world has not given to this earth the entertainment and the inspiration that George Loane Tucker gave in "The Miracle Man." It is better to be Michelangelo than to be the millionaire who buys his paintings. It is better to have been Caruso than to have been one of the boxholders at the Metropolitan Opera House.

It is better to have been George Loane Tucker than any man who "stood 'em up" and took in more money at his theater during the showing of "The Miracle Man" than George Loane Tucker left to his heirs.

*Thank You, Mr. Laemmle*

Carl Laemmle of Universal is trying a new plan and we herewith give him many cheers. He is going to put the main title on one of his pictures at the end instead of the beginning.

"All producers," says Mr. Laemmle, "have been sharply criticized for many months because of the large amount of matter which the audience has to read on the main title before the picture appears.

"Instead of telling what wig maker curled the villain's false whiskers, who painted the scenery, who wrote the story, who drew up the continuity, who made the art titles, who directed the picture, who released the picture, and who everything-elsed the picture, we start the Gladys Walton picture with a very brief, informal talk about Miss Walton and then jump right into the story.

"After the story is ended we then run the matter mentioned above. Those in the audience, who want to know all the details, can wait and read it. Those who don't care a rap can walk out."

It is our guess that the only ones who will wait will be the wig curler and his friends.

Universal and United Artists have started a good idea by doing away with the "So-and-so presents" credit line.

Producers of motion pictures are supposed to know what the public wants but they never have learned that the public does not want to be bored with several minutes of "credit" titles mentioning names of people whose names mean nothing in the presentation of the show that is to come.

*Mrs. Glyn Censored*

In New York there is a body of volunteer censors who believe they are doing good in this world by sending out each week a list of the pure pictures that they have viewed in the previous seven days. They have no official connection with either the State board or with the National Board of Review. They have a rather interesting time of it, seeing all the pictures for nothing before anything has been cut out of them, and publishing their thoughts to a waiting world.

Their latest brave effort to save the morals of the world is a notice to their friends that a scene in a Selznick News Reel showing Elinor Glyn, should be eliminated from the film before it is fit to be shown to young people!

This is not a scene from "Three Weeks" nor a picture of any hectic moment from one of her other books. It is a straight news weekly shot of Madame Glyn at her hotel in New York City.

"The scene of Elinor Glyn and accompanying titles should be cut," says this board.

Can you beat it?

*Is the "Big" Picture Coming?*

We have heard from the press agents for years a great deal of talk about "big" pictures. Every new one was a little bigger than any ever made before.

But now comes one that is actually the biggest picture ever made. It is "The Mistress of the World," a German production that originally was thirty-six reels long.

Many pictures have been thirty-six reels long before they were cut, but this one was shown in thirty-six reels, in episodes of five reels each. Brought to the United States it has been cut to four chapters of five reels each, one chapter to be shown each week, or each night, depending upon the length of run in the theater.

This is the first attempt to give the world a real chapter picture. D. W. Griffith announced recently that he intended to make a seventy-two-reel picture, to be shown in chapters. Universal was almost tempted to show "Foolish Wives" in two parts.

In Germany and Austria, reports have it the chapter picture was a great success. Perhaps the United States is ready for it. There are many stories that cannot be told in eight or ten reels. If the pictures are well done, there is no reason why a chapter picture, five reels to the chapter, should not be a success.

We await eagerly "The Mistress of the World."

*Ten Years to Queen Elizabeth*

It was only ten years ago that Sarah Bernhardt put the motion-picture industry on its feet by consenting to appear in "Queen Elizabeth."

In ten years the motion picture has grown from a stunt to the gosh-almightiest thing on earth. That is no idle boast. The motion picture is of more interest to more people than any other one thing. Even the very highbrow magazines are beginning to give to their readers their latest discovery—that a Mr. Charles S. Chaplin is showing signs of being a great pantomimist.

The *Boston Transcript* uses two columns to discuss the relative merits of Paramount's "Little Minister" and Vitagraph's. *The Atlantic Monthly* startles the professors by wondering what we are coming to with all this going to motion pictures—just as fifteen years ago it shocked its readers by printing an essay that discussed a new sort of dialect called "slang."

All in ten years! It took the theater generations to become respectable and to reach a place in public esteem that the motion picture soon will take.

Let us not try to fool ourselves. The motion picture is not yet entirely washed and brushed and clothed in fine linen. Every now and then it picks its teeth or fails to take off its hat in the presence of ladies. But most of the time the motion picture is what the old Indian doctor called his remedy, "a cure for all diseases and a boom to mankind."

To celebrate the tenth anniversary of the decision of Madame Bernhardt, which placed the motion picture upon a plane of dignity, a great celebration is being planned, to take place in New York this spring. Madame Bernhardt has been asked to attend as the guest of honor, and it is expected at this writing that she will accept. If she does, the celebration will be the biggest thing of its kind in motion-picture history.

An interesting feature is that the speech which she will make will be transmitted by telephone amplifiers such as were used at the funeral services of the burial of America's unknown soldier, to hundreds of motion-picture theaters, so that thousands of picture fans will have an opportunity of hearing the voice of the woman who is generally considered as the greatest actress of all time.

*More History?*

We have before us an editorial from the Grand Rapids *Herald,* asking for more historical films like "The Three Musketeers," "Deception," "Passion," and the like.

Perhaps we shall have more, but not many more. It is too difficult to make history in a popular manner. Now and then we get a director who can make real human beings out of historical characters, but usually history in the film is as dry and unreal as history in a book.

As long as the public continues to be more interested in "Main Street," which is a story of people they know, than in Plutarch's "Lives" so will there be more dramas.

*Speaking of Publicity*

A motion-picture star that all of us have often admired has left the screen for the stage. She hasn't been doing so well in pictures lately, for the public tired of her.

This star's contract provided that in all advertising her name should be twice the size of any other type. Nobody else could be featured while she was around.

Even that didn't do any good. She had her day, then failed longer to draw.

Which proves that it is not the size of type, but the quantity of ability that makes stars popular.

Publicity and big type help, of course. But a couple of companies have learned to their sorrow that certain names in big type—little-known directors, for instance—have driven people away instead of bringing them in.

Putting a general's uniform on a buck private won't make him a general.

# Do Marriage and Art Mix?

**That is a subject that is always good for an argument, and the only way to settle it is to ask the people who have tried. Here are their answers.**

By Grace Kingsley

I'M always in love—not always with the same person—but always in love!"

That's what Antonio Moreno said to me once in a frivolous moment.

"Love is so inspirational!" he went on in his volatile Latin fashion, with that brilliant, ingenuous smile of his. Then he added quite soberly, "If I am married, I want it to be for always. Maybe my wife not agree with me. That would be sad, yes?"

Which leads us gracefully right up to our subject, "Do marriage and art mix?"


Well, for the matter of that, do marriage and green-grocery keeping mix? Or marriage and stenoging? Or marriage and farming?

Lots of people seem to think that there is something mysteriously disintegrating to domesticity about painting a picture or playing a piece on the piano or portraying a part in a photoplay—a something that makes a man less patient when the coffee is cold or a waistcoat button is missing, or which causes a woman to fly into spasms if her husband tells her she uses too much lip rouge or somebody kicks her pet cat.

It's my personal observation that artists usually don't know what they are eating anyway, and except for show purposes, a missing button worries them no more than the latest theory concerning the solar system. As for the women artists, some are temperamental, some aren't. The most temperamental woman I ever knew is the neatest housewife and another quite innocent of the slightest blame of artistic sense, got a divorce from her husband because he wore suspenders!

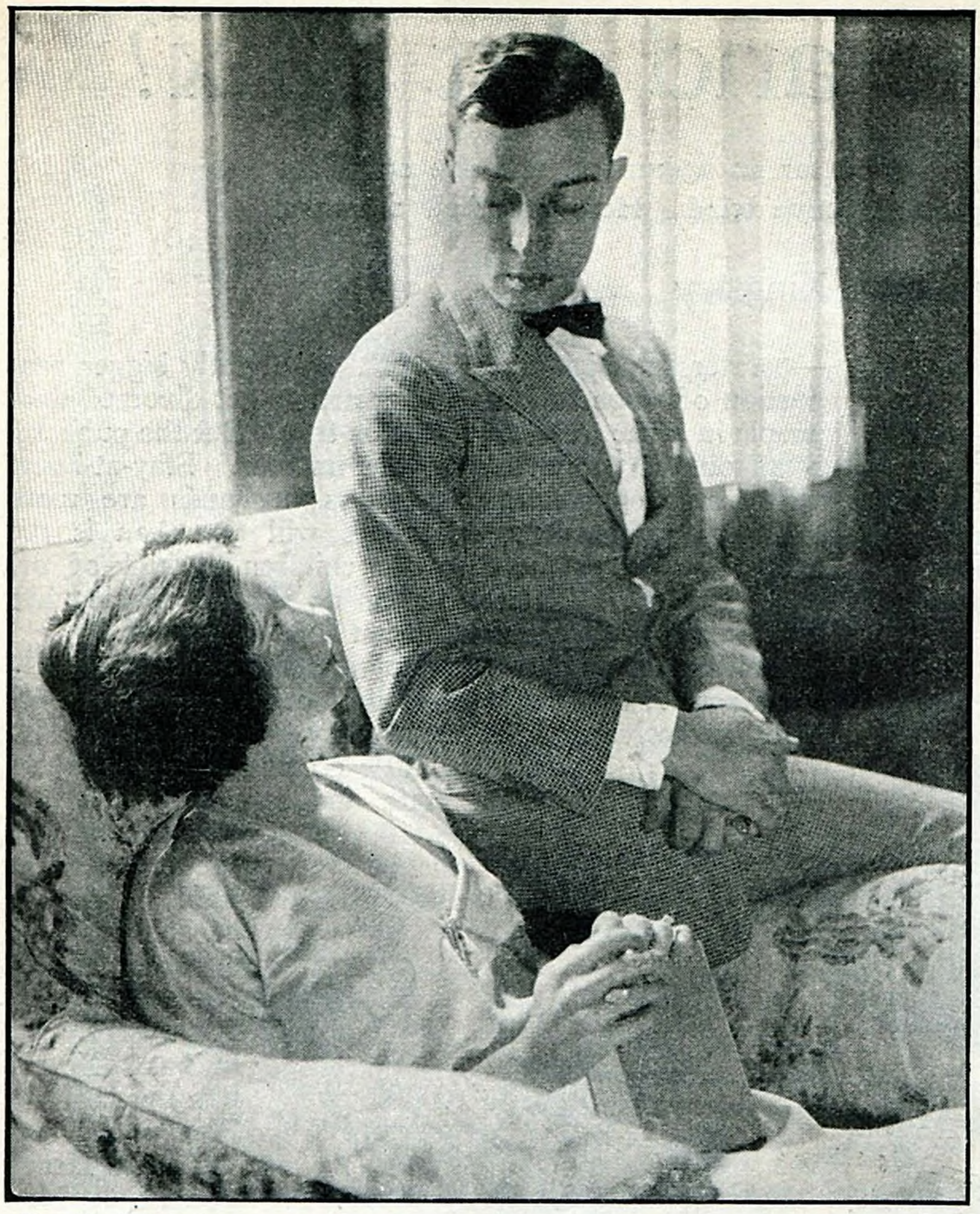
Certainly some of the happiest married couples I have ever known were cases in which both parties were artists—painters, musicians, or actors. A slightly bigger proportion of stage folk and other artists get divorced than people in other walks of life, it is true. But the publicity is all out of proportion to the number. Stay-at-home wives and conventional business husbands are more afraid of what their neighbors will say than is the average artist, or there are the children to think of, or, most often of all, the wife has no way of making her own living, while the actress can support herself.

Perhaps they play in romantic situations so much, these actors, that they get to half believing in the ideal stuff themselves. That's why they can't so easily pass up any little eccentricity on the part of a mate and say, "Oh, it's just her little way to eat crackers in bed!" Or, "Oh, he always did swear if the coffee was cold. It's just a way he has. Now I like my coffee a little bit cool myself, but Henry doesn't. Men are so funny that way!"

And then it's hard, isn't it, to keep up the old romantic feeling for a person, once you've seen a bit of egg on his chin, or if you've seen her in patent curlers?

Naturally it seems a bit sultry to the interviewer who must step up to an actor and ask him point-blank: "How do your marriage and your art mix to-day?"

But they were all very nice about it, after all, even if there are so many varying opinions in the profession as out of it regarding matrimony. King Vidor and his wife, Florence Vidor, Allen Holubar and his wife, Dorothy Phillips, Bessie Barriscale and her husband, Howard Hickman, all agree that marriage is ideal for artists. On the other hand, some artists are greatly opposed to their fraternity marrying. Some others still,



*Natalie Talmadge, now Mrs. Buster Keaton, never cared for professional life, though she had every opportunity to enter it.*

even among those whose domestic affairs have been less fortunate, still believe in the marriage institution for artists despite the bursting of their own domestic bubbles.

Jane Novak, for instance, declares sweetly that an artist should be married, especially an actor.

"It keeps one human," said Miss Novak. "And then it's so wonderful to go home in the evening to somebody who cares for you. Somebody who is proud of you, so that you are stimulated to do your best. I would advocate a love marriage as a wholesome inspiration to an artist. Self control, good sense, and thoughtfulness can be practiced by artists as well as by anybody else if they only think so. In fact, the work calls for the exercise of poise and self direction, and they should be in better training for the required virtues of give and take in domestic life than other people. Naturally children are an aid to mutual forbearance. If real sympathy and understanding exist between two artists married to each other, theirs should be an ideal life, since theirs are the joys of imagination and culture."

Just the same, Miss Novak is divorced from her husband.

Once Geraldine Farrar and Lou Tellegen were considered the ideal couple. Now close friends of Miss Farrar tell me she is the saddest of women, while her complaint against Tellegen in her divorce proceedings reveals the reason. She declares she will never marry again.

Lina Cavalieri, wife of Muratore, the famous tenor, and herself a world-noted singer, believes that every woman should be in the same profession as her husband, or at least that her work should complement his.

"A couple joined together for life should work and play together," said Mme Cavalieri, "work together if their home life will not suffer, but above all share their pleasures and their joys and troubles. Instead, we see husbands and wives living apart in fact if not in theory. My husband was surprised the other day when two business men invited him for luncheon in a big New York hotel. He asked if their wives were to be members of the party. They looked surprised and finally stammered that they would be if he wanted them. Why didn't the two husbands want their wives with them at this luncheon, or any other social affair?"

James Young, former husband of Clara Kimball Young and lately of Clara Whipple Young, still believes that the ideal marriage between artists can be found. But he admits the temptations from without.

"A woman may be an artist and still care for her home," said Young. "Personally, I love my home. Artists should be entirely sympathetic

*"I'm always in love," says Antonio Moreno. "Not always with the same person, but always in love."*

with each other's work, when much mutual helpfulness and inspiration will result."

Gloria Swanson has lately admitted that her marital romance has been shattered, though no divorce proceedings have been commenced. Interviewed as to whether an actress should marry, Miss Swanson said she thought an artist could be quite as happy married as anybody else.

"Do art and marriage mix?" repeated Miss Swanson. "Well, it all depends on the people, just as other successful relations in life do. There are some directors with whom one can work much better than with others; and there are leading men who respond and inspire an actress in her scenes with them. Artists should be happy together as well as any other people."

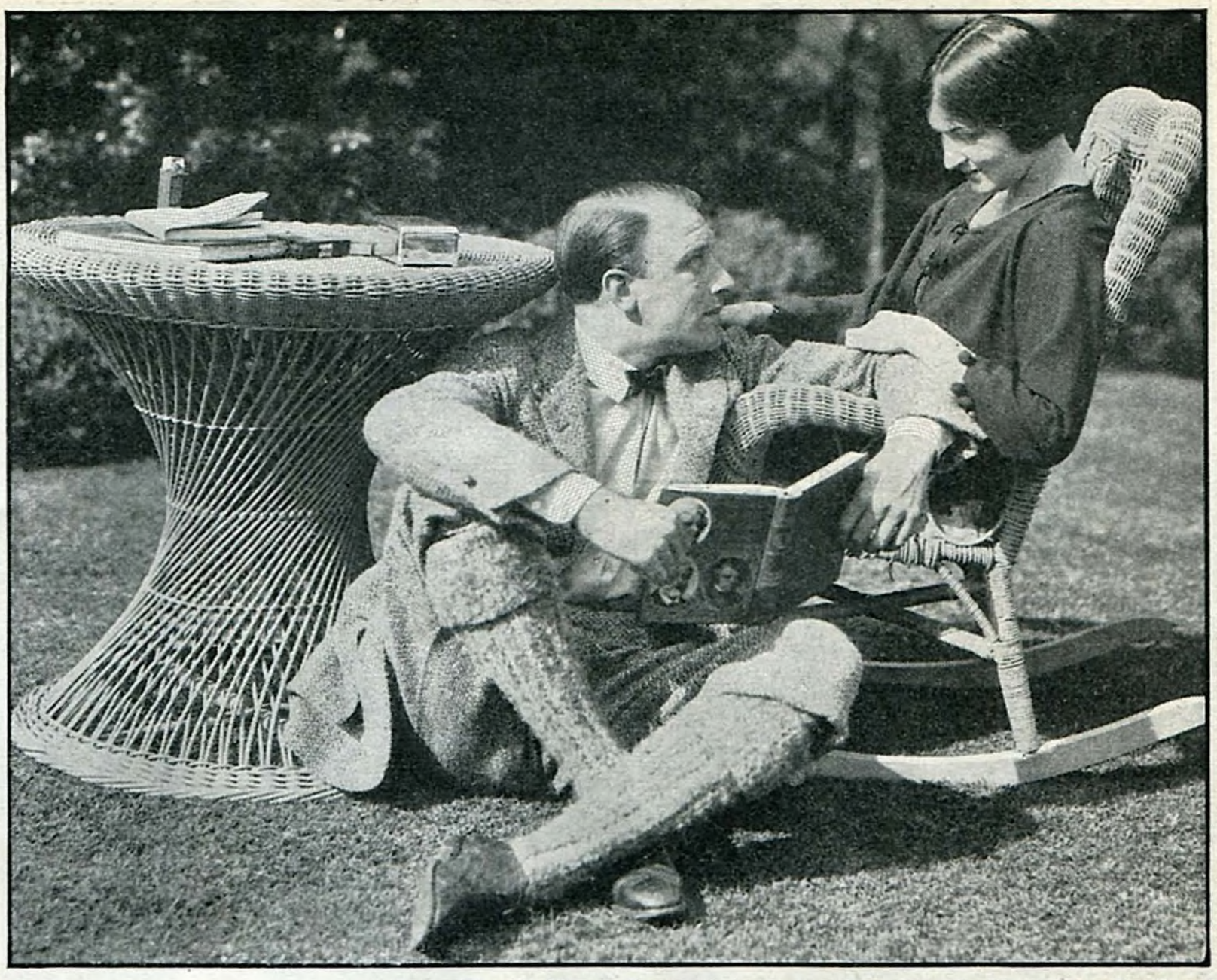
"Love is the result of a real chemical affinity," said Thomas Meighan, "so that sometimes absence is desirable. Two metals which have an affinity for each other rush together, but when they have taken on all of each other's magnetism which is possible for them to assume, they drop apart and nothing can make them stay together again for a while. It's a good thing for married artists or any other married folks to part occasionally, only don't stay apart so long that some other chemical affinity comes along."

The stork is known to be hovering—at this writing—over the happy home of Buster Keaton and Natalie Talmadge Keaton. Natalie never did care for professional life, though she had every opportunity to enter it. She loves to be at home, and it is known that formerly her older sisters depended much on her judgment in business as well as in household matters. Buster himself is a practical young man, and if you knew him you wouldn't expect any psychological dissertations from him. There weren't any on the subject in hand.

"Do art and marriage mix? Sure! Excuse me. Hurry up, boys, let's shoot this scene before the light goes!"

"Well, love and art mix all right," declared William Russell, "but marriage and art? Well, that's something else again, as Mr. Potash would say. Marriage is an institution, like taxes and rent and Christmas with your relatives.

Sometimes it doesn't have anything to do with love. Sometimes, though, it has. And when love and marriage mix, it's ideal. Love isn't merely an emotion. It's character too. I don't see why two artists, with similar tastes and ambitions, should not be ideally happy."



*Frank Mayo fears the separations inevitable in professional life, but if Dagmar Godowsky-Mayo really wants to take up her work again, he won't object.*


*Doris May finds time in spite of a starring contract to indulge in all the indoor sports of a young bride.*

Pretty Betty Compson has been besieged by admirers who want to marry her, but she has withstood all emotional onslaughts so far. She doesn't believe that an artist should wed. Asked to state her views, Miss Compson said:

"I am not married, and that's the best answer I can give. I think matrimony itself should be made a career. It means time and thought and patience and perseverence, like any other career. Of course, there are many examples of happy marriages in which love and art mix, but I believe they are the exceptions which prove the rule. As Stevenson says: 'An aim in life is the only fortune worth the finding. It cannot be found in foreign lands, but in the heart itself.' I don't believe that one can have two aims. If it is to be marriage, art should be left out; if it is to be art, marriage shouldn't be considered.

"Some day I suppose I'll take the fatal step, and then I'll be sorry for all the things I have said to-day, although at present I have no intentions along that line. I fully realize there are many happy marriages in the profession—Miriam Cooper and her husband, Enid Bennett and her husband, and many others. They are in sympathy. Sympathy is the keynote of successful matrimony, as it is of every other rela-

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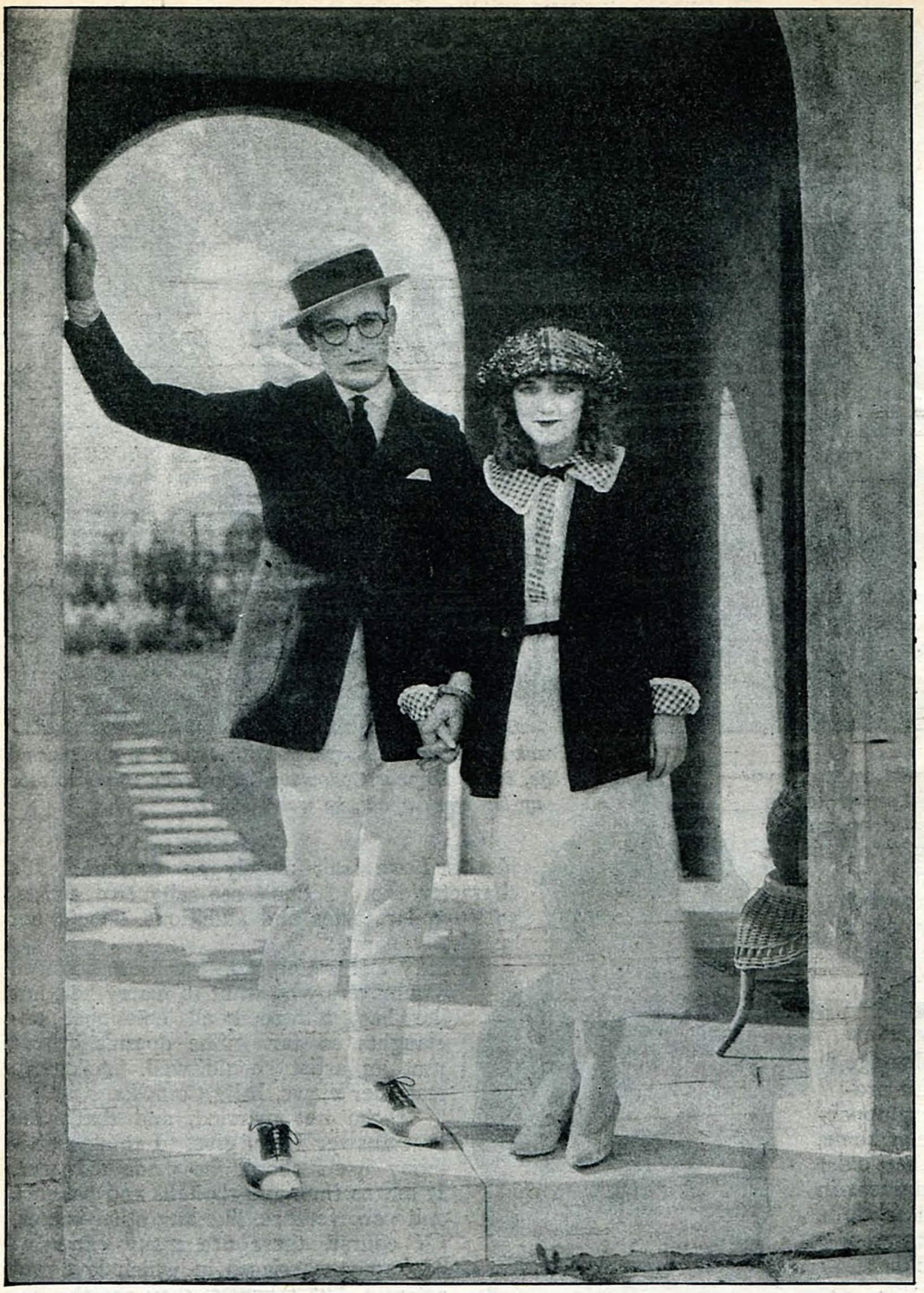

Photo by Gene Kornman

*Harold Lloyd and his leading lady, Mildred Davis, are the best of friends both in and out of the studio—which is the strongest sort of recommendation for both the actor and the man.*

# Doctor Giggle and Mr. Hide

**The screen Harold is left at the studio when Lloyd scrapes the celluloids.**

By Peter White

IN addition to being the Land of the Arclight Sun, Los Angeles and its environs is a land of surprises. One rarely finds what he expects to find. For example, the "Ship" is merely a seaside eatery with jazz attachments; it is no roosting place of stars, no checking room for reel crowns. And furthermore, directors do not all wear puttees, nor do all camera men wear their caps on backward—or wear any at all inside the studio. The novitiate goes to the celluloid colony looking for bacchanalian revels, and, instead, he finds home-brew and Victrola dances, porch parties and Ford picnics.

Similarly with the people themselves. Such luscious titbits as Phyllis Haver and Marie Prevost never leave the chaperonage of their mothers; Buster Keaton looks most commonplace off duty; Bill Hart loses his equine countenance to such an extent as to render him indistinguishable from the rest of the guests at a sizable gathering; the very ones you had expected to whoop things up sit in the corner swapping stories, and extras from the Studio Club lend the air of gayety to the affair.

So I was prepared for almost anything when I went out to Culver City to see Harold Lloyd, whose rise in popular favor has been nothing short of meteoric—rivaling the war-time rise of sugar, or Dubonnet, or malt. He has become almost the première comique of the flickering pastels, second only to Charlot himself.

At the Hal Roach studios, we were told that Mr. Lloyd was working, but that he hated to be seen, so we went right ahead and watched. It's no fun at all watching some one who is only too delighted to have an audience.

Mr. Lloyd *was* working. He was in the center of some three thousand feet of telephone wire, madly attempting to free himself, while the camera clicked merrily on. In addition to furnishing action, Lloyd was directing.

"Cut after I start unraveling!" he shouted, increasing his exertions. "All right now, get it! Cut!" And as he worked a leg free the sharpshooter behind the Bell Howell ceased shooting. Two aids ran to him and extricated him from the wire.

Before the camera the adroit young comedian personified the spirit of jazz; he struck me as a giggle grabber par excellence, a low comedy king of distinct merit, a dynamo of horseplay. But when he met me for a quiet chat over the luncheon table at the "Cider Mill," situated midway between Ince's film foundry and the Lloyd chuckle cannery, I found him to be an entirely different sort of chap. Away from work Harold Lloyd is bashful, quiet, retiring. He is not the same young man who does those

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# Favorite Picture Players

Photo by Rice

SOME call her the finest dramatic actress on the screen, but Nazimova's friends prefer to think of her as a dynamic, irresistible imp. She has her own company now with United Artists, and soon you will see her in Ibsen's "A Doll's House."

APPROPRIATELY enough, Alice Calhoun is soon to star in a Vitagraph production called "Angel Face." And even if the titling department is so hard-hearted as to change that title, they cannot rob her of her angelic countenance.

Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

Photo by Clarence S. Bull

AS Dora Rogers she used to break up homes in Mack Sennett Comedies, but now she is Fontaine la Rue, accomplished character actress, under which name she will soon appear in "A Blind Bargain," a Goldwyn picture.

DOROTHY DEVORE is one of the few accomplished comediennes who has no yearnings toward serious drama. Her latest Christie Comedies are "Saving Sister Susie" and "One Stormy Knight."

Photo by Melbourne Spurr

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

PAULINE FREDERICK might be called "The Old Reliable"—that is, if she didn't look so young—for she never fails. Her next picture is "The Glory of Clementina," by W. J. Locke.

MARY PHILBIN came to Universal pictures by way of the Elks' beauty contest in Chicago, and now, after gaining experience in many small parts, she is playing an important rôle in "Human Hearts."

Photo by Edwin Bower Hes.

Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

ALTHOUGH Agnes Ayres is now a star, she will play in special productions now and then. The next one will be "Bought and Paid For," a famous stage success which William De Mille will direct in pictures.

NORMA TALMADGE is that rarest of treasures—a beautiful woman whose head cannot be turned. Fate has showered her with good fortune, but she still retains her girlish good humor and sincerity. On the opposite page you will find an interview that presents this paragon just as she is.

Photo by Puffer

# Beauty and the Bean

**Norma Talmadge is one of the six best smilers, and she offers food for thought as well. Here is the evidence.**

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

IF Marjorie Rambeau had decided upon the screen when she was fifteen, she would have been very much what Norma Talmadge is to-day. In a roundabout way that describes the most popular of our emotional stars. Norma has been suffering, in a celluloid way, for so long, from early Vitagraphics on up through Selznicked sobbings and independent trials and triumphs, that now it has become a habit. There's nothing to it, if you ask her about it.

Offscreen she is lovelier than on. Less inclined toward the fatal *embonpoint,* possessed, indeed, of a sylphlike slenderness, an ethereal slimness that seems to be all but lost on the silver sheet, Norma would do well, I think, to increase her personal appearances. And for other reasons. Her sense of humor, eliminated for the purposes of nine out of ten scenarios, is the one bright feature illuminating many a drab studio wait. It is a gamin humor, a rough-and-ready quirk to her make-up, the humor of Dot Gish rather than that of Betty Blythe or Olga Petrova.

Womanly on, she struck me as being girlish off the two-dimension stage. After considering her decade of service that includes kittenish ingénues and quavering mother parts, stage-struck suburbanites and sinister sirens, I am tempted to call Norma Talmadge the emotional *Peter Pan* of the picture play, the gelatin version of Modjeska in miniature. At a flash, you might take her to be twenty. I know that she is considerably older, simply by counting the years on my fingers. But her work has left no marks, her eyes have nothing of that lusterless pall that comes from too much tragedy, her laugh is happily unaffected.

She is a cameo in candor. Perhaps she is not, therefore, a mosaic in tact, but under the circumstances, what could be more interesting? Another feature that distinguishes her from the common run of star stuff is the fact that she does not bore with the bromidic, she does not inoculate you with the inane. There are no sputtered apologies for being late; no plea that you forgive her costume; no expressed hope that she is saying the right thing. Crowning glory, Norma doesn't take herself seriously!

Arrayed in a flimsy, flouncy creation sporting frills and furbelows, the senior member of the Talmadge sisters' film firm was portraying the Spirit of '61 or something like that, for the dream episode in "Smilin' Through" while a dubious orchestra throbbed behind the shirt-sleeved camera man. The hoopskirt, the kerchief, the beribboned wrists reminded me of Elsie Ferguson's sartorial scenery when I came upon her dreaming true with Wally Reid, in "Forever."

As I watched Norma cry real tears, while Harrison Ford knelt at her feet, I could not refrain from comparing her with Marjorie Rambeau: the two women are strangely alike in so many respects. Their reactions to scenes of stress are similar, too. Last winter I watched Miss Rambeau from the wings. When she came off after her hysteria in the murder episode of "The Sign on the Door" the tears were coursing down her face. But her expression was placid.

The camera man was calling for extra lights, so a delay was imminent, and Norma tripped daintily over to my chair. The tears were gone—evaporated I suppose. Apparently she turns on the flood at will, and as easily stems it.

"It'll be weeks before this thing is over I'm afraid," said the emotional little girl. "By the time we've wrapped it all up, the camera man will have a long white beard, and I'll have to buy me a new set of costumes. Don't you like 'em?"

She pirouetted, manikin fashion.

"I always tire of a part after it's taken more than six weeks. And this—the end isn't in sight!"

Two weeks before I had spoken of emotional strain and that sort of thing with Lillian Gish. To her a part meant all in all. She lost weight worrying over the rôle with which she was engaged; she brought home her schemes and plans of how each new characterization should be done, and kept them constantly uppermost in her mind.

"Did Norma Talmadge do this?" I wondered. And asked.

She looked at me helplessly, humorously.

"I'm going to be awfully disappointing, I guess. You see the truth is that what I'm playing doesn't affect me at all. I leave the lady in distress at the studio every night, and take her up the next morning, or noon, wherever I left off. When I work, of course, I try to put myself into the character I'm portraying. Everything is useless unless you do that. I try to feel her emotions, as she feels them, and react accordingly. If she is unhappy, she would cry, and so I cry."

"How do you manage to cry at will?"

She smiled frankly. Shrugged her white shoulders.

"I don't know. But the tears do not affect me temperamentally. I feel no subconscious desire to cry at home. At work I'm an actress and at home I'm me. And the two ladies don't mix. When we hold over a heavy scene, sometimes, I worry about how I should do it, but except in such rare instances, I forget the studio when I say 'Good night' to the doorman."

Incidentally, this star is on speaking terms with her studio fellows. I heard spoken evidence of this on all sides while she was acting. The spotlight men were as interested in her work as were the "grippers" lounging about the outskirts of the set. Dispositions may readily be gauged by the barometer of studio feeling!

Making pictures is a business affair with Miss Talmadge. She spoke candidly, openly, unsparingly of her work, not in the terms of art and atmosphere and technique, but in terms of success.

"I enjoyed doing 'The Passion Flower' but like so many of the things I have enjoyed it was not a money-maker. It was unnatural in theme, you remember, and drab in its details—sordid stuff for the great fan public.

## Scenes of Rare Beauty

**from Norma Talmadge's latest production "Smilin' Through" will be found on page eighty-one of this issue, in the rotogravure section. When you see how beautifully she adapts herself to the quaint fancies of costume drama, you will understand her decision to make "The Duchess of Langeais" her next production, for this offers just as many opportunities for unusual and exquisite costumes as this.**

On the other hand my last picture to be released, 'The Sign on the Door,' has made heaps of money, but really offered little to my taste in the way of screen fare. Of course it was a good story—but I don't like melodrama. My ideal of story and plot combined with acting chances would be a dramatic play with plenty of good, wholesome comedy."

Doesn't that savor of a box-office viewpoint? Norma admitted that it did.

"Lots of people sneer at the idea of suiting the box office," she said. "Foolishness! Don't you realize that the box office is the public? I'm making pictures to please the public, and please the public completely. The critics are not even considered, composing as they do, the slightest sort of minority."

The directorial megaphone was waved toward her, and she returned to the Klieg-lit garden, to weep some more. The studio forces claim that during the filming of the tragic graveyard scene in "The Passion Flower" so potent was her acting that the hardened camera man broke down and wept sympathetically. Whether this is true or not may be open to conjecture, but Norma's virtuosity at playing on the tremolo stops coupled with the fact that he may have been a very sentimental Bell Howell expert makes the story plausible in the extreme.

The Talmadge outlook on the cinema world is a complete one, encompassing as it does, all of its branches. For instance, I asked her what she thought of German films.

"Let them bring them over if they're all as good as 'Gypsy Blood' and 'The Golem.' Pola Negri is marvelous, absolutely. She brings a freshness and a buoyancy to the screen that no one else I can think of possesses. She ranks with my favorites, Mary Pickford, Nazimova the incomparable, and Elsie Ferguson.

"Why shouldn't we have German films? Competition never hurt any one!"

Then the little girl in her naïvely added, "Anyway, they aren't sending many over here!"

Norma thinks that talking pictures have as little chance of becoming fixtures in popular favor as have colored pictures or titleless films. And her greatest ambition is to play *Du Barry*. Her conception, she assured me, is altogether different from any one else's. And some day, she promises, she will do it. From now on, you know, she will make only two pictures a year. This decrease in output will demand higher standards than ever. What greater pains could be taken than are being taken now, I cannot conceive: at least fifteen minutes were consumed in getting the electric moonlight to strike the exact angle of the Talmadge shoulder deemed best by the meticulous director, Mr. Franklin. And three different veils were photographed in the tragic scene she was doing while I was there.

When next she returned to me, I had a problem all ready for her.

"You have been a star for some eight years. You have done the same sort of thing dozens of times in eight years. You have staved off the advances of the leering villain, registered terror, exhibited anger—everything in the category. And you are a tremendous favorite. Your every expression is watched by millions.

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# A Fan's Adventures in Hollywood

**Lila Lee and Theodore Roberts provide many thrills when they take her sight-seeing in Hollywood—and her second meeting with Betty Compson brings the greatest surprise of her career.**

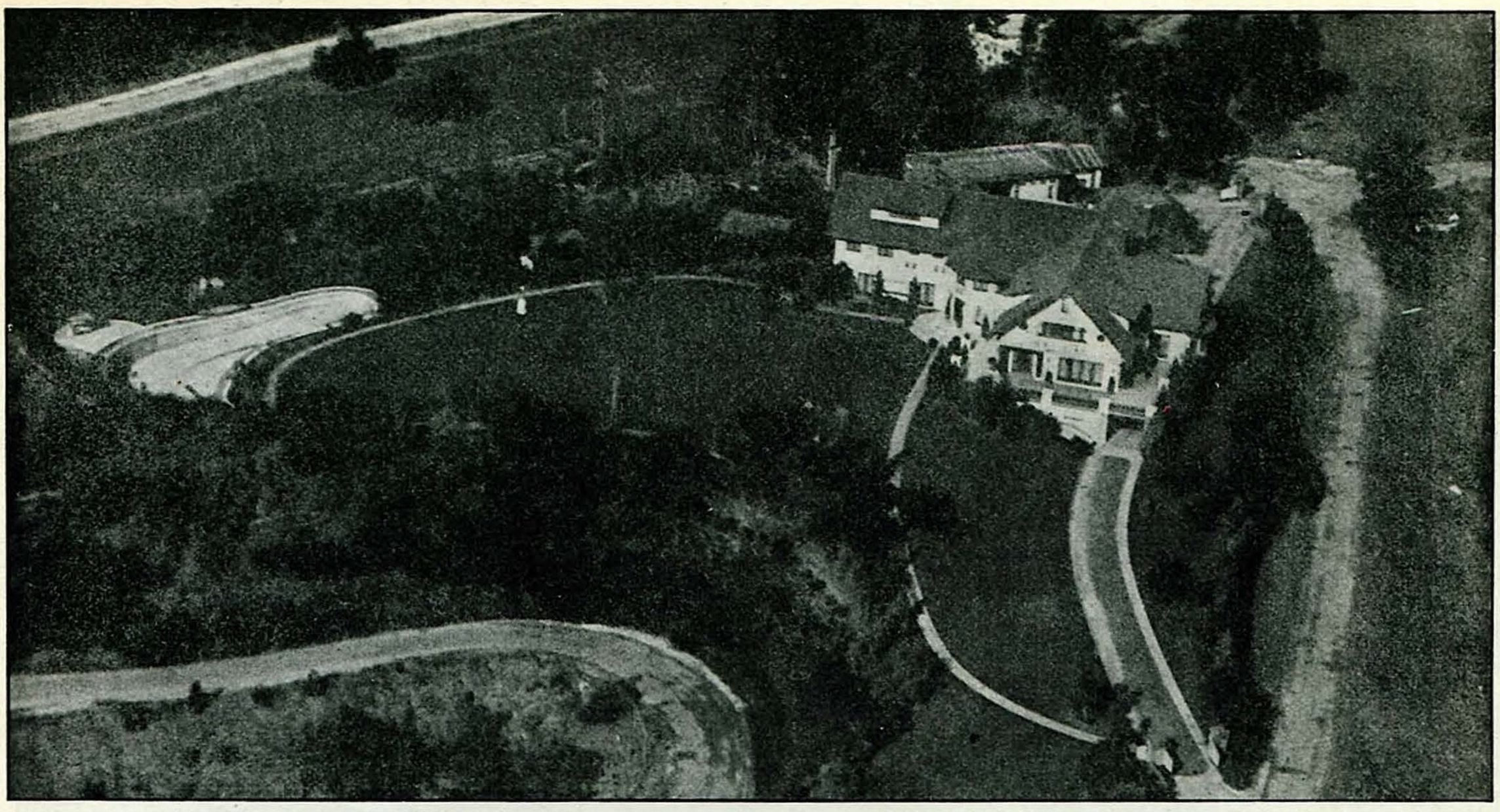
By Ethel Sands

WHEN I look back over all my "Adventures in Movieland" I feel like a sort of Jack-of-all-the-interesting-professions. I've selected gorgeous costumes with Elsie Ferguson, played extra in pictures, and even fluttered around like a social butterfly with Constance Binney and some of the other awfully attractive stars. And now I've had a brand-new thrilling movie adventure that I am going to pass along to you. Theodore Roberts and Lila Lee took me sight-seeing through Hollywood, showed me all the stars' homes, and told me a lot about the place, and now I'm going to play ballyhoo for you and try to show you Hollywood just as I saw it.

*Theodore Roberts is much nicer and more jolly than any part I have ever seen him in in pictures, and he made a wonderful guide.*

Perhaps first I'd better tell you something about ordinary sight-seeing buses and the men on them who point out the interesting sights and tell you about them. They are called "ballyhoos." I think it is a crazy word, but it isn't half as crazy as some of those men. They are always telling you foolish things like: "Here is where the billionaires live; the district is so rich that even the birds have bills, and the people have to go away for a change," when what you really want to know is, where does Wally Reid live and where does Charlie Chaplin take his girl friends out to dinner?

The first day I was in Los An-



*After following a winding road to the most secluded section of Beverly Hills, one comes to "Pickfair."*

geles I saw a lot of sight-seeing autos parked along a curb. I sort of wanted to go in one and see the city, and yet I was sure I wouldn't be satisfied with seeing it that way. So you can just imagine that I felt as though my dreams had come true when I heard that two prominent movie people were going to take me on a sight-seeing tour and see that I saw and heard about the things I was really interested in. And best of all, fans —Theodore Roberts was every bit as funny as one of those real ballyhoo men, and I had Lila Lee right there, too, to tell me real facts when I wanted them.

Now, we can't climb right into our car to start the trip because, you see, somebody gave Lila Lee a little puppy, and he is so helpless and cute that we cannot resist stopping to play with him. But come on, let's take him with us, and let's go over to the Roberts house first, as it is so near to the Studio Club, where I am stopping.

We have to go slowly up the long hill at the top of which you can see the Roberts house. It is red brick and has balconies on the second floor at either end. From the front lawn you can see out over all Hollywood, but perhaps you will like the back even better, because there we find the kennels of his wire-haired terriers. Two or three of the dogs come bouncing gayly toward us and make us so welcome that we're almost tempted to stay there and play with them. Lila Lee introduces her puppy to them and then she and Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, who are all great dog lovers, launch into a long argument about what she ought to feed her dog.

But come; we're going to find out with our own eyes if movie stars really live in such palaces as we've read about.

We start out through the foothills of Hollywood, where several stars live. They seem to be fond of having everything foreign. There aren't any just plain houses like there are back home. Sometimes the streets, lined with palm, pepper, and eucalyptus trees—the strange types of houses all colors of the rainbow—seem so unfamiliar we almost forget we're in the U. S. The architecture of nearly all the buildings and houses is Moorish, Spanish, or mission, with the Colonial type thrown in, and the rest are bungalows. The houses mostly all have green roofs, and they're built of white plaster, or sometimes brown or yellow or even pink! With the numberless bright-red geraniums and the California sun, it creates such a dazzling appearance that at first we're half blinded.

We drive through the section where Wallace Reid lives in his brown, Moorish-style house. Right alongside and across the way live William Desmond and William S. Hart in simple but attractive white residences. In another direction, perched on top of a hill, are three little brown bungalows. In one Blanche Sweet lives; in the next one, Tully Marshall—and, if I remember rightly, the third belongs to Kathlyn Williams. Sessue Hayakawa's home looks like a white château or like the castle in "The Connecticut Yankee." Wide stone steps lead up the terrace to the house with its arched doorway and heavy oaken door.

Going out toward Griffith Park we come to two brown mansions built so close together I believe they are joined. This is where the great C. B. and William De Mille live. Don't you wonder if Mr. C. B. has his home furnished like the sets in his pictures—with baths and fountains built in the floor, et cetera? Anyway, his house looks gorgeous enough from the outside to imagine it might be.

Now we wind up another little hill—every movie star seems to live on top of a hill.

"Charlie Chaplin's house is around here somewhere," Lila Lee tells us, so we go scouting around, hunting for it. Well, maybe I'm not thrilled to see it! It is the most fascinating little place, at the summit of a hill all by itself, with little turrets and towers—it looks just

## ALL ABOARD!

**Come and see the sights of Hollywood—the houses, the playgrounds, the pets of America's motion-picture favorites. You need travel only over this printed page, for here Ethel Sands shows you Hollywood as no other guide could. She shows you the wonder suburb as you would see it if you were lucky enough to have guides who are themselves among the film elect.**

**And then—come with her and Betty Compson and see Hollywood from above the clouds. This article takes you to the heart of Hollywood.**

*One of the oddest sights of all was the ostrich farm in Pasadena where Shannon Day showed me around.*

right for the king of the movies to live in. To me it seems for all the world like a little "castle in Spain."

Passing Warren Kerrigan's home, we are fortunate enough to spy the gentleman himself walking through his gardens. He looks handsome as ever. Wonder when he'll make some more pictures.

Now we head for Beverly Hills, which is considered one of the most exclusive residential districts, and the place where the Pickford-Fairbankses live. Charlie Ray lives there, too, in a white residence, and Pauline Frederick has a very beautiful estate set back from the road.

After following a winding road to the most secluded section of Beverly Hills, we come to the entrance of "Pickfair." The house is barely visible from the highway, so we drive up the private driveway. A group of gardeners are seated on the lawn, but they don't pay much attention to us. I guess they are used to sightseeing visitors. Anyway, we drive right up to the house and pass the door, and then turn around and drive slowly out. The swimming pool is on the other side of the house, at the foot of the sloping lawn—hidden from all outsiders' eyes. It is so thrilling to think that Mary has been all over the place and in and out those doors.

"Isn't it wonderful!" Mrs. Roberts chimes in. "Just think it's only fifteen minutes' ride from Hollywood and the studios, and yet it's so secluded and by itself. I used to know Douglas Fairbanks when he was seventeen years old, and he was just the same as he is now—so lively and full of pep, just like he appears in pictures."

Lila Lee's home is more toward Los Angeles and away from Hollywood, so we won't get to see that. She is a most attractive brunette with wonderful dark eyes and fair skin and red lips—but I suppose you've guessed that from her pictures. She calls Mr. Roberts "Daddy"—so does his wife, so I guess it must be his nickname. Some one suggests that, being so identified with cigars, some one ought to name some brand of cigar after him.

"Well, that would be all right, as long as they'd pick out some cigar I'd be able to smoke myself. I'd never let them use my name for any other kind."

Mrs. Roberts gets as much fun out of his humorous sayings as anybody else does. She is a very pretty woman with dark hair and eyes and quite young looking, besides being a most charming and gracious lady. Everybody likes Mrs. Roberts.

Theodore Roberts has to go to some sort of meeting when our tour is over, as he has been elected chairman.

"Do you know," he tells us, "actors and players never had so much influence and interest in political and community affairs as they have now, since the moving pictures have come to the fore? For one thing, it's because the players can now own their own homes and property, and pay high taxes, naturally they are more interested in community affairs and the like."

Will Rogers' home is the last place we inspect. Like all the others, the house is built on a high piece of ground. It didn't have the seclusion of the Fairbanks domicile, because it is in a more populated section of Beverly Hills, but it is a wonderful place to live in, at that. High hedges hide part of the grounds, but the house is plainly visible. I think it is almost the largest

and most pretentious of any home we have sight-seen.

We drive right in, as we did at "Pickfair," and up the winding driveway. From there we see a great deal more than we could from the outside. There is quite a large circular runway, or whatever you call it, with hurdles, where Will Rogers and his children practice their riding and roping stunts. Near that is the big swimming pool and slides, a bar for gymnastics, a sand pile, and swings, everything to make children's hearts happy. It is much the most wonderful home of all—because for all its gorgeousness it seems a real homy place.

And so we wind up the sight-seeing tour. It seems as if all the nicest places belong to some movie star. However, there's one beautiful show place that was pointed out to us that was a surprise. It is a handsome Japanese mansion with wonderful gardens laid out around it, and they say all the rooms are furnished in Japanese style. "I'll bet that's Sessue Hayakawa's place," was the first thing I thought when I saw it. But it belongs to two old bachelors, I was told, so my enthusiasm died right out—who cares how picturesque a place there is in Hollywood if it doesn't belong to some movie star?

Now, I hope that as a ballyhoo I haven't proved disappointing. I can't tell you how much any of the players' homes cost or anything like that because—well, Lila Lee isn't the sort of girl who talks about how much everything costs. But I do hope you were impressed by all the magnificence.

*After we landed Betty Compson showed me where we had been flying 'way up in the clouds.*

I was so sort of breathless over the experiences of my sight-seeing tour that I was glad, next day, that my adventure was going to consist of just having tea with some one I had already met—Betty Compson.

I love meeting a movie star the second time. The first time a fan can't help being more or less excited and nervous—you're so self-conscious and awed that you just go around dazed until it's all over. Then you come out of the spell and get all enthusiastic and think of all the things you might have said and done.

"Oh, if I could only meet them once more!" you go around wishing—harder, even, than you wished to meet them the first time. At least, that's the way I've always felt about it.

The second time you're more at ease, as you know what to expect. If not so thrilling as the first meeting, it is usually more enjoyable. However, when I met Betty Compson for the second time it was both.

She called for me at the Metro Studio, as I was there selecting a dress to wear as extra in an Alice Lake picture the next day. How would you have felt if you had had some lovely movie star herself call for you at another star's studio? Well, I felt the same way you would have.

We were bound for the Ambassador Hotel and tea, as this was the invitation she had given me on the day of my arrival in Hollywood. She looked even prettier than she did that day—if such a thing is possible—in her fur-trimmed coat and a lovely little hat with a bunch of soft blue feathers right in the front of it, dripping over the brim and shading her eyes. They just matched in color, too.

"Now, is there any particular place you would like to go to before we have tea? Is there anything you'd like to do; I was thinking we might drive to one of the beaches if you haven't been there yet?" she asked me the first thing.

Of course, I agreed to that—anyway, I wasn't sure just *what* one might ask a movie star to do for one's benefit. Besides, I didn't care where we went in particular, as long as Betty Compson was along. So the chauffeur headed the car for Santa Monica Beach, and I was tickled, as I knew it was a long drive, and I was going to have all that time to look at her and talk to her.

"Well, are you having a wonderful time out here? How many players have you met? Are you enjoying it all?" she wanted to know before I could tell her how much I enjoyed having the opportunity to be with her again. And then she began to tell me of the stars I ought to meet. Betty Compson is as enthusiastic about some of the players as any fan could be.

"Oh, you'll be so thrilled when you meet Rudolph Valentino—Agnes Ayres is so pretty—have you seen Gloria Swanson yet? Lois Wilson is a lovely girl, and Dorothy

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# Scheherazade Tells a Story

**Although in no danger of losing her ornamental head, Alma Rubens spins an engrossing tale.**

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

Photo by Ira L. Hill

*Alma Rubens is compelling, insinuating, yet always with troubled eyes seeing the futility of the future.*

IF I were a casting director, which of course I am not, and if I were engaged in filming the Bible—another fantastic impossibility—the first, or charter member, I should sign for my cast would be the lush Rubens, Alma of the olive skin, the gleaming black hair, the sinuous, lithesome figure. She is *Judith of Bethulia,* she is the seductive wife of *Potiphar,* she is *Sheba*—a truer type than ever came out of Hollywood—she is *Delilah,* she is the *Magdalene,* compelling, insinuating, yet always with troubled eyes seeing the futility of the future.

But, most of all, Oriental creature that she seems, this brunet beauty is *Scheherazade.* Besides pictorial charm she possesses fire, verve, mischief. She is capable, be it known, of playing a part as well as posing in a pageant. And the part that she should play better than any other of our gelatin prima donnas is unquestionably *Scheherazade.*

Nor was any of this hidden by the fact that she was just off the Avenue.

"A story?" she repeated, letting her dark eyes narrow, while her red lips twisted in a slight curve. "Let me see. I could tell you the story of the girl who was led by fate."

I leaned forward expectantly. There were ever so many things that I wanted to know about this strangely exotic, alluringly attractive actress. Perhaps—there is always at least a chance—I was to learn some of them.

"When I played with Triangle, under the supervision of Mr. Griffith, I always was wanted for foreign rôles, and I hated them. Some queer whim—the desire, I suppose, to do what we cannot do—made me feel sure that American society rôles were my forte. Luckily fate overruled me. First there was Bill Hart. He was watching Chet Withey direct Doug Fairbanks and me in one of those light Manhattan-cocktail comedies that Doug made

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Photo by Ira L. Hill

*Alma Rubens talks whimsically, in a fairy-tale manner.*

# Cinderella Lives Again

**Constance Binney has found luck and glamour in her brief but notable career.**

By Martin Mott

WHEN, some five years ago, I attended a performance of "Good Morning, Josephine," or "Oh, My Dear," or some musicalamity of equally momentous title, I remember having remarked the beauty, the grace, and the charm of a minor participant in the festivities, she who played, humbly enough, the Maid of the House.

"A fetching lass," my companion had called her.

The program called her Constance Binney.

Say what you will, Constance has made rapid work of this climbing-the-ladder-to-fame stuff we read about. After footing it featly for a season in "Oh, My Dear," she caught the eye of Rachel Crothers, the reformer-playwright-feminist-producer of "He and She," "39 East," and other Broadway illuminators. And Miss Crothers cast Miss Binney in "39 East." And Miss Binney did so very well in it that before she knew what had happened she was being featured.

Then the movies discovered her, the fans discovered her, and there you are. And there *she* is, Paramount star.

The first time I saw la Binney—an assumed name, by the way—she was, as I have said, elevating the fantastic toe in Philadelphia's Chestnut Street Opera House. The second time I saw her I was more fortunate; I met the young lady.

*She is a demurely coquettish, mildly pepperish ingénue, with a typical ingenoodle on her shoulders.*

Photo by Nickolas Muray

*Not mature, this Binney girl actress impresses one with her poise and assurance.*

Five years, almost to the day, later. And be it said, it is no easy thing to meet Constance. She is not upstage in the approved—and unapproved—manner; she is merely chary of her time.

"So many people want to meet me just so they'll have something to tell the old folks at home," she explained. after I had been brought through the lines with a trusted secret-service man who knew the one-two-pause-rap-thrice combination requisite to obtaining entrée to the Binney dressing room. "*You* are here for half a million people at once," she said. "That's different. It's the least I can do to say something for such a vast audience."

"The very least," I assured her gravely.

She is slight and pretty in a piquant way, dresses her own hair, reads A. A. Milne prodigiously, and admires Irene Bordoni, of vaudeville and musical-comedy fame, more than any one else. And she loves Faire—or Fritzi, as we inside the know know she is rightly named—her sister, and believes interviews inventions of the devil—who, I suppose

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Photo by J. R. Diamond

*No one recognizes the demure "Jane Eyre" when they see Mabel Ballin nowadays; "The Luxury Tax" has completely changed her.*

# Over the Teacups

By the Bystander

**Where the gossip about motion-picture players is most plentiful, there you will find Fanny the Fan.**

THE most exciting place I know of to go to tea," Fanny informed me over the telephone early in the afternoon, "is up at Alma Rubens' apartment. Every one lines up their chairs in front of the windows and watches the people skating on the Central Park lagoon, just beyondand five stories below. You get all the thrill of winter sports without getting cold and tired out."

"You would like that," I commented.

"Oh, very well," Fanny retorted crisply. "If you don't want to come with me——"

"But I do," I protested. And five minutes later I was with her in the ricketiest taxicab ever seen outside a comedy, headed for Central Park West and the big apartment hotel, where Alma and her mother and her goldfish and her canary live.

"Alma will try to get you to go skating with her," she confided to me. "But don't humor her. She is much too ambitious. The Talmadge girls used to skate with her a lot but now that they've gone out West, she expends all her energy trying to get some one else to go."

"Well, you would probably go if you looked as well in a sweater and tam as Alma does."

"That's not the point," Fanny insisted. "Alma is plenty thin enough. She doesn't need to be ambitious. She ought just to sit around and let people look at her. But no—she is always doing something."

"You seem to think that the only interest people have in the world is getting fatter or thinner. Probably Alma skates just because she wants to, and——"

But just then we arrived at our destination; anyway Fanny wasn't listening. She has never heard the wise saying that people

Photo by Apeda

*Mary Bott, Lillian Gish's protégée, has finished her first picture and found a unique position for herself on Broadway.*

were given two ears and only one mouth for a purpose, or if she has she never took it seriously.

"The only thing one misses going to tea at Alma's is gossiping over the people at the next table," she volunteered as we went up in the elevator. "But that's no loss today as every one interesting is out of town. Mabel Ballin has gone to Chicago to make personal appearances and Betty Blythe has gone to New Orleans to make exteriors for 'The Rose of Sicily.' And Lillian Gish is darting in and out of town every day or two presiding at openings of 'Orphans of the Storm.'

"Alma will be going away soon to Cuba or South America, or maybe Mexico, to make some of the scenes for 'The Enemies of Women.' That's by Ibañez, you know, who wrote 'The Four Horsemen,'" she finished hoarsely as the door was opened and we streamed in.

"Of course, you'll have gorgeous costumes," Fanny volunteered almost before Alma and her mother had a chance to say a word.

"Wonderful," Alma chimed in, "particularly the first one."

And then when we urged her to tell us what it was she said it was a bathtub. But later on she told us more about what she was to wear. Several of the biggest designers in New York wanted to make her costumes for this picture but she wasn't at all satisfied with their designs, so Joseph Urban's daughter is designing some for her.

Photo by Witzel

*Agnes Ayres has some stunning costumes for "Bought and Paid For."*

She says they are wonderful. He will make the settings, of course.

"This is a Spanish year," Fanny announced pompously, as though she were giving out a text for the day's sermon. "You're playing this thing of Ibañez's and Mae Murray is making 'Fascination,' and Rudolph Valentino is making 'Blood and Sand' and John Robertson's company abroad is making 'Spanish Jade'——"

"That's all very interesting," I cut in, "but you'd better go back and read 'Enemies of Women.' It happens that Alma plays a Russian."

Fanny glared at me vindictively.

"Just because you know Alma is a bookworm, you are trying to pose as a great reader, too," she snapped.

"Well, any one who carries 'The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci' in two heavy volumes around with her all the time just because she knows it is Lillian Gish's favorite book, hasn't anything to say," I retorted.

"Oh, where can I get it?" Alma asked anxiously. "Lillian has such wonderful taste that I know I'd love to read her favorite book."

Of course, there was no stopping Fanny

*Bebe Daniels is well watched; she has one on her finger and one on her wrist.*

Photo by Pach Brothers

*Winifred Westover Hart is becoming one of the most popular hostesses in Hollywood.*

then; she and Alma rhapsodized over Lillian until Mildred Harris called up. She and Alma live in the same hotel and borrow things back and forth like two schoolgirls. The only difference is that they send their maids or the bellboys instead of rushing back and forth themselves.

"What's Mildred Harris going to do now?" Fanny asked, and before Alma could answer she went on, "I saw her at the opening of 'Orphans of the Storm,' and she looked lovely. I didn't wonder that Dick Barthelmess dashed over to speak to her the minute the show was over."

"She may appear in some productions of Daniel Carson Goodman's," Alma volunteered. "He's going to have a company to film some of his novels, you know."

"Oh, but you ought to be in them," Fanny protested, "they're dedicated to you. But if it is all right with you for Mildred to do them, who am I to complain?"

"Of course, I want her to do them," Alma insisted. "Maybe if I weren't making Cosmopolitan pictures——"

But the phone rang again. The easiest way I know of to find out who is in New York is to spend the afternoon at Alma's house; sooner or later they all call up. In the midst of it all Fanny started putting on her things, protesting it was late and headed for the door.

"That's the only way you can ever get away from Alma's house," she assured me next day when I found her having tea at the Claridge. "She's so hospitable she'd keep you forever if you didn't dash away."

"Guess I'll go back then," I murmured, but Fanny restrained me.

"Oh, let me tell you——" she started, so I meekly waved to the waiter to bring me enough tea to last all afternoon; obviously Fanny had lots of news to tell.

"Harold Lloyd is in town," she went on, "and he's had the funniest experiences. You know he never makes personal appearances—simply won't do it, but he's made two since he has been here. The first one was up at Al Jolson's Theater. Al Jolson saw Harold and Mildred Davis in the audience, so when the show was almost over he told the audience they were there and then said, 'Stand up and let them see you.' And the audience wouldn't stop applauding until they did.

"A few nights later they were up at the New Amsterdam Roof where Will Rogers is playing. His method was even less subtle than Al Jolson's. He lassoed Harold and pulled him out on the dance floor!"

"How about him and Mildred?" I broke in. "Are they engaged?"

"Well, nothing is announced," Fanny admitted, emphasizing the last word significantly. "But Harold blushes so furiously every time he mentions her, that I'm just sure he is in love with her.

"And that reminds me—I'm afraid that the thousands of girls who have cast their hearts

*'Leatrice Joy is Fanny's choice for the owner of the most graceful hands in the movies.*

at Rudolph Valentino's feet are going to have an awful blow now that he has his divorce. He and Natasha Rambova—you know the woman who designs Nazimova's sets—are going to——"

"Fanny," I protested, "your romantic sense is running away with you. They go around a lot together but I bet that if it's rumored they're engaged it is because you started it."

"Well, every rumor has to start somewhere," she remarked. "And lots of nice people never think of marrying each other until their friends start planning it."

"That will do," I protested.

"And speaking of Valentino," she went on, "Bebe Daniels is going to play opposite him in 'Blood and Sand.' She'll play the part Catherine Calvert played on the stage. She ought to look stunning. Incidentally, Bebe is well watched nowadays. She has a little one set in a ring and a tiny one, all diamonds, that she wears on her wrist.

"Every one, almost, is making pictures they can wear marvelous gowns in. I'm so glad the pure-heart-and-gingham-dress epoch seems to be passing. I'd much rather have tortured souls and panne velvet on the screen. It is so much nicer to look at. You'd never recognize the demure *Jane Eyre* nowadays; Mabel Ballin is so completely transformed in 'The Luxury Tax.' And Agnes Ayres will wear gorgeous clothes in 'Bought and Paid For.' Helene Chadwick is another one who is emerging in beautiful gowns after the plainness of 'The Sin Flood.' She is going to be in 'Brothers Under the Skin,' and Claire Windsor and Jacqueline Logan will be in it too. They ought to rename that 'The Beauty Contest.'

"And speaking of beauty contests—I'd like to inaugurate one right here. I nominate Leatrice Joy for having the most graceful and beautiful hands on the screen."

I had no objection to offer so she drifted on to something else.

"Mary Bott—Lillian Gish's protégée, you know—has finished her first picture. It is a Christy Cabanne-R. C. production and she enjoyed it so much that now she just knows that no matter how hard she may have to struggle to make good, she'll never give up working in pictures. There aren't many being made here now, so engagements are scarce, but Mary Bott philosophically works as an artist's model when she can't get the work she likes. And every night she stands in the lobby of the theater where 'Orphans of the Storm' is playing, dressed in one of those beautiful costumes from the garden scene, handing out programs. I wanted to hug her when I saw her there, but I didn't want to frighten the child to death.

"Ernst Lubitsch, the director of 'Passion,' is visiting over here now. He asked to be introduced to the Gish girls the opening night of the picture, and paid them the highest compliments on their acting. But who

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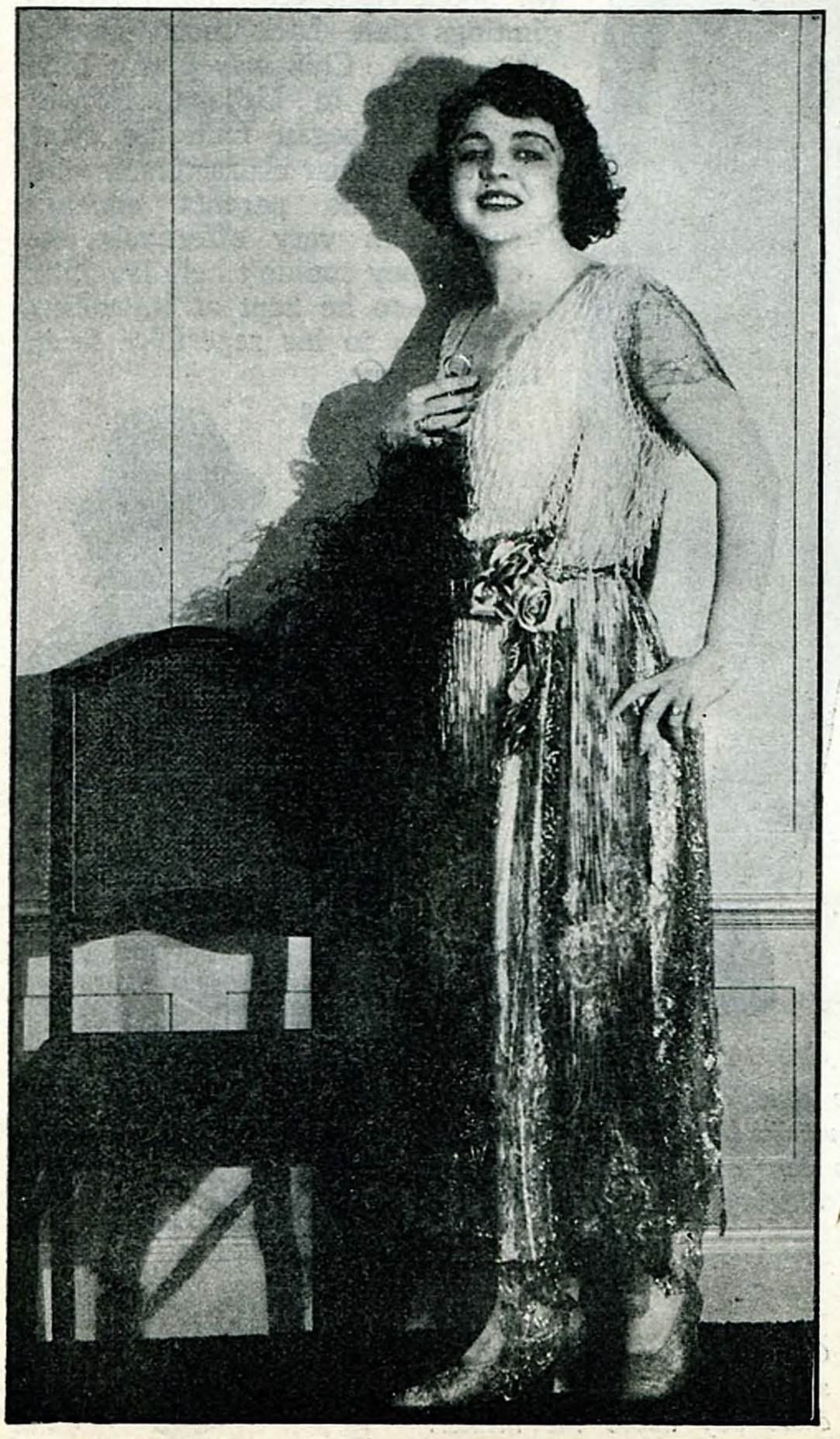
Photo by Royal Atelier

*Plucky Alice Brady kept on playing "Drifting" despite her physician's orders, but she's resting now preparatory to going back in pictures.*



*They really ought to rename Helene Chadwick's new picture, "The Beauty Contest."*

# Folks That You

**Presented by Chic Sale—with**

By John Addi

Photo copyright by Strauss-Peyton

*Chic Sale as he really is—a youth whose engaging frankness endears him to every one.*

WE have with us to-day——" The voice is old and cracked, the eyes peering over the spectacles are beady but good-natured, the stooped figure reminds you of your first schoolmaster back in the old home town or the pastor of the little church at Four Corners, or the man next door who used to swap stories with your grandfather.

"We have with us to-day——"

Chic Sale usually gets just about that far in his vaudeville act when some woman down in one of the front rows gives a hysterical shriek and doubles up with laughter. She is followed immediately after by the stout gentleman who whoops with joy. I doubt if any one has ever heard Chic Sale's act all the way through because of the screams of laughter that always greet him and that is one reason why there is going to be great rejoicing over his going into motion pictures. You can't miss *any* of the show there.

"His Nibs," the feature picture in which Chic Sale plays seven rôles, presents his finest work in the way of character portrayal. All that is funniest in the vaudeville acts, which he has been presenting with marked success for several years, has been embodied in this picture.

There comes a time in every writer's life when he wishes he hadn't used up all the strongest words in his vocabulary, and that bitter moment of regret usually comes to dramatic critics when they see Chic Sale for the first time. After a man has called a toe-dancer "marvelous," a trick bicyclist "astounding," and a vocal gymnast "masterful," you don't feel as though the words could do credit to Chic Sale. And yet, in casting about for means of describing his unique gifts, one can only have recourse to such hackneyed expressions as those. His warm friendliness *is* "marvelous," his presentation of rural types and the ease with which he slips from one characterization to another *is* "astounding," and his whole performance *is* "masterful."

Chic Sale has been presenting his rural characterizations to vaudeville audiences throughout the country for about eight years but their beginnings date back much farther than that. Chic was just a little boy back in Urbana, Illinois, when he began imitating some of the familiar characters around town. His parents couldn't scold him very effectively because they couldn't help laughing at him—so he kept at it, adding characters to his repertoire from time to time.

Of course, he was a riot at his frat house at the University of

*Chic Sale as "Peelee Gear, Jr.," the village wise guy, the boy tenor who sings at every performance of the Slippery Elm Picture Palace.*

*Chic Sale as "Elmer Bender," son of "His Nibs," and general chore boy about the theater.*

# Have Known

**some explanatory remarks.**

son Elliott

Illinois. The boys there thought they had never seen any one so funny. So Chic was fired with ambition to go on the stage. In the Middle West the audiences loved him, but in the East he left the audience so cold that the management fired him. It was a terrible blow because Chic had already jumped from playing seven shows a day at twenty-five dollars a week to giving two shows a day at one hundred and twenty dollars a week and he thought he was a sure-enough actor. So when he was fired he went back West, determined to make his act so good that the vaudeville impresarios in the East couldn't afford to ignore him.

He succeeded. At his try-out performance a few months later in New York City Irene Franklin and Bert Green—two of America's most popular performers, happened to be in the audience and they literally shrieked with laughter. From that moment Chic Sale was made. He signed a long-term contract the next day and has been playing almost continuously ever since.

Photo by J. George Nussbaumer

*Chic Sale as "Theo Bender," operator and proprietor of the Slippery Elm Picture Palace, usually known as "His Nibs." This part, which is played without any make-up except the wig and whiskers, is one of Chic Sale's finest achievements.*

*Chic Sale as "Mr. Percifer," the editor of the Weekly Bee, who arouses many fond recollections.*

Photo by Bennhapn

*Chic Sale as "Dessie Teed," who obliges at the piano at the local movie and doesn't mind your noticing that she is the best-dressed woman in town.*

You would think that the folks back home whom he imitates would hate him, wouldn't you? But they don't, for there is nothing malicious, nothing unkind about Chic Sale's living caricatures. They are funny because they are so real—so absolutely typical of people in the small towns throughout America.

It doesn't ever occur to the people back in his own home town—proud as they are of him—that his characterizations are the result of searching study and hard work. They're always asking him, "When're you goin' to stop this apin' and go to work?" They think of him as "Doc" Sale's boy who never seems to want to stop playing—a sort of *Peter Pan* of the prairies.

But some day—even there among his own folks—it will be recognized that Chic Sale is a great American artist, that what Yvette Guilbert is to France and Harry Lauder is to Scotland, Chic Sale is to America.

And it will be largely thanks to the motion-picture screen that this recognition will come, for through his films Chic Sale will become known to thousands of persons who could never see him in person.

# Camera Land's "See-me" Side of Life

**One of the important duties of a star is being seen; she can't sit home quietly, she must go where the crowd goes. Here are some of the favorite haunts of the favorites.**

By Gordon Gassaway

IN camera land they have syncopated *Hamlet's* pet soliloquy regarding, "To be, or not to be, that is the question," until it now reads, "To be seen, or not to be seen, there's the rub!"

Even the greatest of stars cannot afford to be invisible. The seamy side of life for the average motion-picture star is a question of visibility. New York and Hollywood, which means Los Angeles, are the veritable Milky Ways of stardom's iridescence.

Here they shine in all their splendor, and the settings provided for their brilliance are as gorgeous as the deckings of the stars themselves. Take the Cocoanut Grove in the great Ambassador Hotel, midway between Los Angeles and Hollywood as a huge show case, for example. On any Tuesday or Friday night you can pick your favorite star from among those present, I don't care who she or he may be.

There is the dining room of the Alexandria Hotel, more centrally located, and a favorite place for "interview luncheons." When a star feels an interview coming on she usually takes the interviewer down to the "Alex" and fills him up with avocado salad and peach melba with the intention of getting him into a good humor at any cost. I am liable to become a fat old man from eating so many interview luncheons at the Alex.

*Jim, the doorman at the Hotel Ambassador, daily opens the door for dozens of America's favorites. Colleen Moore is a frequent visitor there.*

Each star has his or her personal choice among places of amusement. But the majority of them go out at night, not for pleasure, but to be seen! They have told me so themselves. Most of them would much prefer to stay at home and knit or something than to climb into the low-and-beholds and the soup-and-fishes to jazz and tinkle ice in ginger-ale glasses when they have to climb off the mattress the next morning and be on location at nine a. m. This "see-me" side of life, mates, is a rough voyage!

"As long as we have to go out, Isabella, or be forgotten, let us go where the going is good!" is the general cry among the families of famous stars, and so they choose the joy palaces where they will be seen by the largest number of people—or by others in the "profesh." That is why the Cocoanut Grove has been so popular this season. It is huge in dimension and all the stars can get inside without squeezing—much—and still leave room for the peekers. The "peekers" are the thousands of folk from all over America who go to Los Angeles to catch a glimpse of the movies and how the stars live.

The rivalry between stars for sartorial supremacy is terrific. No star can be seen in the same gown twice, at the risk of her professional reputation. Even if the peekers are not aware of the fact that she has worn it before, be sure that some sister star will recognize the rag and spread the rumor, perhaps, that Dolly has the same gown on again. Terrible!

I have seen Constance Talmadge, sister Norma, Pauline Frederick, Nazimova, Mabel Normand, Wallace Reid, Rudolph Valentino, May Allison, Jane Novak, Bill Russell, Colleen Moore, Arline Pretty, May McAvoy, Constance Binney, Bert Lytell, Richard Dix, Claire Windsor, and Madge Bellamy all dancing in the Cocoanut Grove the same evening. And this, not during a "special" evening, but just a plain stepping-out night. Some of these were there because they wanted to be, and others because they thought they ought to be.

On special nights, such as the night of the Writers' Cramp Ball, given by the celebrated screen writers of the present era in the Ambassador ballroom, you could name the entire roster of motion-picture celebrities and be sure to find them all present. Of course this was a very extraordinary occasion, and to be among those absent would have been complete social anathema. No star dared to stay at home and knit. It was a see-me occasion de luxe. These affairs are given periodically

in both New York and Los Angeles, but it is not of them I sing. It is of the ordinary, everyday, public appearance made by the stars of the cinema cerculean.

There is Sunset Inn on the shores of the Pacific, not far from Los Angeles. Every Wednesday night is see-me night at Sunset. Gloria Swanson and her coterie are regular patrons of this famous Inn. Its dance floor is probably the most famous in existence. On this floor motion-picture history has been made. Here famous directors have verbally signed up famous stars. Here divorces have been fought and won. Here merry marriages have been conceived and shortly executed. Mabel Normand is addicted to Sunset, and at many parties she may be seen there as the jolly hostess. Mack Sennett is also usually among those present.

In Hollywood, during the nooning hour, you can find your favorite player in one of three cafés. Perhaps she would rather throw a knee over the stool in a near-the-studio hash-house, but no, she must be seen at one of the popular food troughs. These are Frank's, the Trocadero, and the Blue Front. While having a lobster salad with Jane Novak the other day at Frank's we were surrounded by Charlie Chaplin, Johnny Walker—in the flesh, not the bottle—Edna Purviance, Al St. John, Jack Holt, Agnes Ayres, Viola Dana, Alice Lake, Anita Stewart, and Herb Rawlinson, who had wandered down from the Universal wilds.

The next day you might find all these familiar faces over at the Trocadero, there to see and to be seen.

Previews, whether they be held in New York or Los Angeles, are usually glorious see-me occasions. When "Molly-O" was given its première in Los Angeles, all the stars were there in deckle edges. This preview chanced to be held the night before the Writers' Cramp Ball, and so the stars found it necessary to provide themselves with two new complete sets of sartorial scenery. It is an expensive proposition, this see-me side of life.

"I am nearly always in a state of complete financial collapse from buying gowns to appear in public with," one of our most beautiful stars confided to me, "but if you don't go out you might as well be dead. Stay at home and you gather no publicity!"

When Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne arrived in Los Angeles over a popular vaudeville circuit, all the movie world turned out to greet them on their opening night. The next week Geraldine Farrar sang "Zaza" with a traveling opera troupe which happened to be in Los Angeles, and so the entire movie colony crawled out of their warm homes again—in new gowns and soup-and-fishes. Cinema players who have taken to the stage provide many see-me sides to the life of the film folk in Hollywood, as they arrive via the road-show route.

If one is bent on naming other popular public show cases, the Green Mill Gardens, halfway between the Ambassador Hotel and Sunset Inn should be included. In this denlike cavern gather screen celebrities on the nights when some of the other joy dens are not having any particular entertainment. It is a large, barnish structure, weather-beaten without and Turkish-rugged within. Couples dance about, peering through the gloom at each other to see who is among those present. One, here, is very apt to find one's self at the wrong table. In the gloom, one divorced star suddenly discovered when the lights were turned up that she had seated herself at her ex-husband's table!

In the summer there is the Crystal Pier bathing beach. This is a small stretch of sand about as big as a vacant lot, but it is the most famous bit of hot-dog-littered sand on the American continent. This is where the

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Photo by Chateau Art Studios

*The Hotel Alexandria, centrally located, is a great gathering place for the stars.*

*When a star is threatened with an interview, she usually takes the interviewer to luncheon.*

Photo by Stagg

# Romances of Famous Film Folk

**The love story of Shirley Mason and Bernard Durning who met and married as mere youngsters—and are still more interested in each other than anything else in the world.**

By Grace Kingsley

"I HAD those big-brotherly feelings," remarked Berney, "that you have toward a little girl—and then you fall in love with her!"

"I love to hear him tell it!" grinned Shirley demurely.

Driving up to the door, I had been met by a little girl riding on a bike, accompanied by an older man. Both of them came dashing up to greet me. The little girl's cheeks were rosy, her eyes sparkled, her bobbed hair was tumbled. "Meet my dad," she had explained the man. It would have seemed very natural, at the moment, to remark, "Where's your mamma?" Instead, I asked, "Where's your husband?"

Next minute we were all having lunch cozily in Bernard Durning's house—Berney and his wife, Shirley Mason, her dad, and I—when the story of the Mason-Durning romance came up, following Shirley's explanation that she loved better than any other sort of outdoor exercise a spin on her bicycle with her father, J. C. Flugrath, who, with her mother, is spending the winter in California.

Of course, they're not a bit like responsible, old married folks, Shirley Mason and Bernard Durning. They're exactly like a couple of kids. She's a child wife, is Shirley, like *Dora* of "David Copperfield." That is, from all appearances. You'd never think of her as a successful star, nor as a good housekeeper. Just the same, she's both. Around home she plays a foolish little ukulele, plays jazz on the piano, and dances about like a child. She can't spell very well, nor figure according to Hoyle; but by some mysterious means her household accounts always come out right, and the servants obey her little highness.

Shirley has, I suspect, an individual system of running her house. She makes all the servants feel, in her artless way, that she's just a little, helpless child, who must be taken care of, that she adores and trusts them, and that, of course, they wouldn't do anything mean to her for worlds! And they don't, either. They work for her like a beaver, and woe betide any tradesman who tries to put anything over on her!

And even if she has been married to Bernard Durning, Fox director, for four years, she has never left off her delightful kidding, flattering little ways with him.

"He's a wonderful director," remarked Shirley, just as the salad came in. "He thinks I'm good, too, don't you Berney? Oh, we're the greatest team in the world! I'm more scared of him than of anybody. I argue and argue with him sometimes about my work, but, of course, I know all the time that he's right! But I can help him, too. I write letters for Berney!"

"Yeh," interrupted her husband with masculine superiority, "and she stops to ask me how to spell every other word."

They met at the Edison studio in New York when Shirley was only twelve years old. And that's when their romance began.

"Shirley never really had a chance to like anybody else," explained her husband.

*They are not a bit like responsible old married folks; they are just like a couple of kids.*

"Oh, I used to see Berney walking around the studio, and think he was the handsomest man in the world!" laughed Shirley, pecking daintily at her roast squab. "He always treated me like a little girl, but I used to worship him in secret."

Durning was assisting Charles Brabin in directing a train-wreck scene when they first spoke to each other.

"It was really very romantic," explained Shirley. "I was playing a bit in the scene, and was supposed to lie there with my hand out of the car window. Berney saw my hand sticking out there. He watched it. He thought it ought to begin to move and it didn't. The reason was because I had really passed out—fainted—overcome by the smoke from the smoke pots they were using. He ran in and pulled me out. I opened my eyes, and my heart began to pound like everything when I saw who had rescued me! After that event we began talking to each other a lot around the studio, and Berney began taking care of me, and——"

That's when Berney made the remark about the big-brotherly feelings that are so likely to turn into something more romantic.

"Berney wouldn't let them make me do stunts that were too hard, and he wouldn't let anybody say anything around me that he thought I shouldn't hear. He knocked a man down, once, for swearing when I was on the set.

*There is no key to the den where Bernard Durning works, because Shirley would get lonesome if she were shut out.*

"I got scared for his life once, too. He was assistant director, double, and assistant camera man with Marc McDermott. Aside from these offices he had nothing whatever to do. One day Marc told Berney, while they were making some scenes on the river: 'Berney, you dive out of the boat. Get under the ice and stay down as long as you can.' Berney did as he was told. He nearly froze to death, and I was so frightened I couldn't speak, because I thought, as I watched with horrified eyes, that he'd never, never come up from under that ice."

"Yes," grinned Berney, "and the worst of it is, he promised me three dollars extra for doing the stunt, and I never got it!"

Soon after that Miss Mason went on the road, playing the lead in "The Poor Little Rich Girl," at the munificent salary of forty dollars a week.

"I didn't want to go away and leave Berney, but my family thought it a wonderful opportunity, so I went. When I came back to New York, we had a misunderstanding. We didn't go together for eight months, and——"

"But when my best friend began to console her," Berney broke in, "I thought it was time for me to show up. I asked her one day if I might call on her. She upstaged me, but finally consented, and we made it up. And you know how those things are—the harder the quarrel, the nicer the making up!"

"Oh, and he brought me a brooch for a present!" Shirley chortled.

"Aw, don't tell——" interrupted Durning.

"It was a peace offering," his little girl went on relentlessly. "The quarrel had been about his taking a certain girl to a dance or something. The girl had given him a ring, and he hocked it to get the brooch for me!"

Shirley smiled triumphantly, and Durning grinned good-naturedly.

Evidently the Durnings have the same kind of a sense of humor—which helps in families, don't you think?

"We had decided to be married," Shirley went on, "but were afraid of my father. He thought I was too young to marry even a wonderful fellow like Berney. Finally we did, though, over in Jersey City. We called up mother when we got back to the city, thinking dad wasn't at home. But he was, and was, moreover, sitting right next to the telephone while mother talked to us. So she kept her head and just made calm, irrelevant answers when we told her we were married. 'We're married, ma!' we yelled in chorus, both our mouths close to the

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# The Screen in Review

**Comment and criticism on recent screen offerings, which are offered for your guidance in choosing your entertainment.**

By Alison Smith

SOMETIMES the film world seems to have no more continuity than a Mack Sennett comedy. Often it seems just as funny. The incident that has inspired this perfectly good-natured and not at all cynical thought, is the state of affairs that must have brought forth Eric von Stroheim's extraordinary production of which the present title is "Foolish Wives."

It all happened in dim and distant Hollywood where as we know, almost anything might happen—that is part of its fascination. Now, writing as I am from the farthest possible point East, I might as well be in darkest Russia so far as any accurate knowledge goes as to just what went into its making. All I have is the curious finished product which finally reached the New York theaters after a year and a half of advertising. But this is my guess about how the picture got that way.

At the time it was started, nearly two years ago, several prominent producers were engaged in a neck-and-neck race to get some elaborate and sensational films out on the market before the impending agitation for censorship all over the country began to bear fruit. These were the sort of pictures that, if they didn't actually go the limit in risky themes and display, at least skated up to the very limit and retreated as gracefully as possible. You know the sort of thing—wine, woman, and song, with very little song. Three of these pictures were started fairly close together—"The Queen of Sheba" by Fox, "Man-Woman-Marriage" by Allen Holubar, and the third (the present specimen) by Von Stroheim.

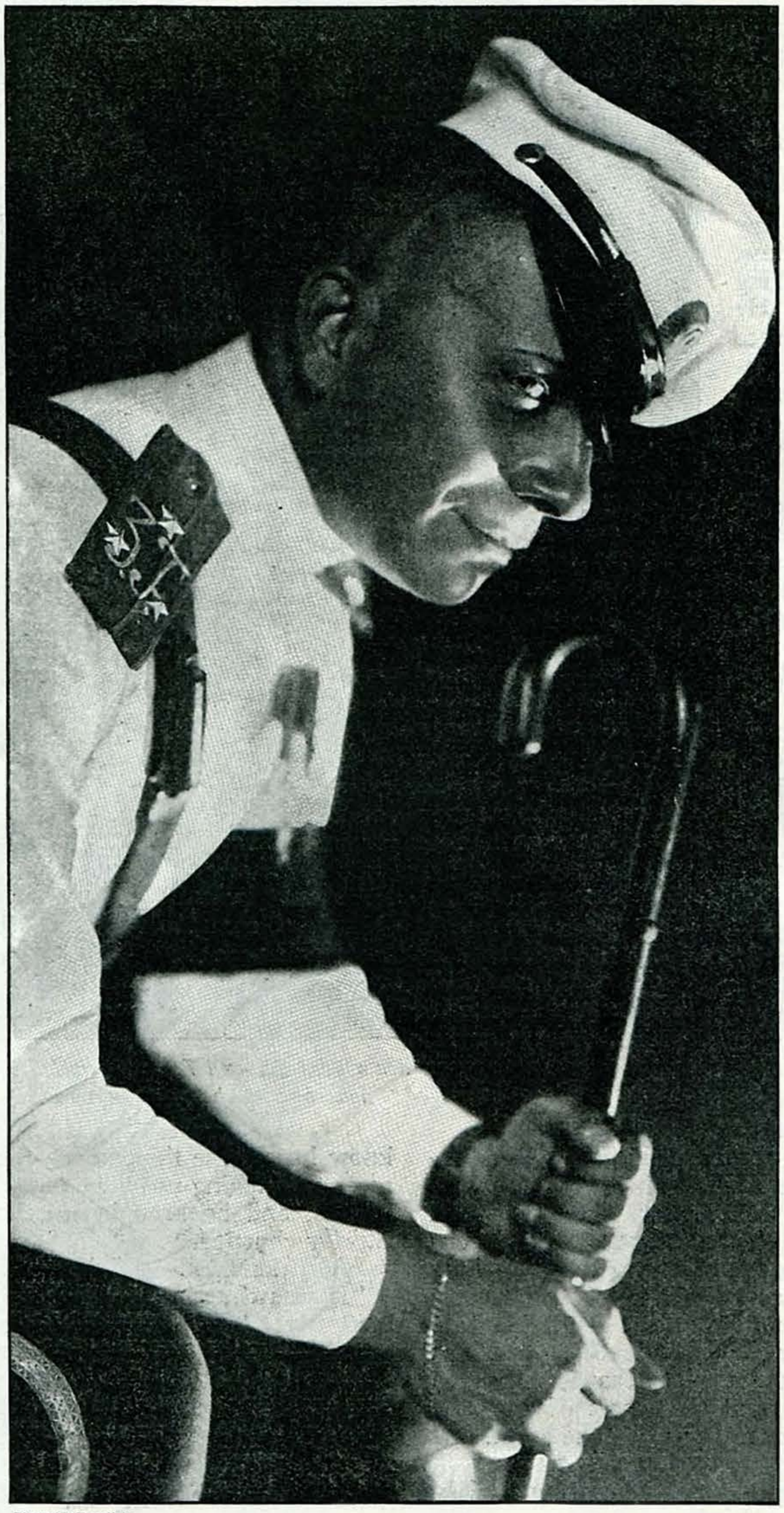

Photo by Freulich

*Von Stroheim's own acting in "Foolish Wives" surpasses anything he has ever done.*

Now "The Queen of Sheba" and "Man-Woman-Marriage" got under the wire safely and reaped the sort of reward that goes alike to the just and the unjust—if the advertising campaign is well enough planned. But "Foolish Wives" was so much longer and more elaborate that the censorship agitation reached its height long before it was ready to be shown. So the present American version represents only what was left after it was pruned with the censors' "thou must nots" in mind. It might very well be entitled, "You Don't Know the Half of it, Deary!"

This theory would at least account for the strange lapses in its action, for the many things that the villain starts and doesn't finish—you often wonder why—during the five days in which the story wanders through a confused medley of incidents centering around Von Stroheim, who, as a wicked count, pursues a somewhat flabby wife of a stupid American diplomat through many reels of action. These many reels had been cut to fourteen thousand feet by the time it reached New York and they were cut again after the opening night, so you can imagine the coherence of the remaining scenes. All that really remains is the splendid background which Von Stroheim has succeeded in making truly Continental. He has not lost that genius for making a California studio lot look like the real thing in Europe which he demonstrated so skillfully in "Blind Husbands." The nearest I ever got to Monte Carlo was in the pages of Marie Corelli's novels, but his film version looks like the real thing as shown by the Pathé Weekly. Even the smallest interior had an unmistakably foreign touch. But apparently he couldn't get the foreign touch out of his plot—it collided with the censors and it wasn't the

censors that were smashed. There isn't any moral to this—it just strikes me as interesting, and as a proof that the film world gets "curiouser and curiouser," as Alice said when she crashed through the looking-glass.

Although the stories which were whispered "among the trade" indicated that the picture was to be about the most sensational one that ever came out of Hollywood, the final censor-passed version, as you probably have guessed already, contains nothing that could be seriously objected to. If any one goes to it expecting to be tremendously shocked he will be disappointed.

If you like to see reproduced only the cheerful and happy side of life, this picture is not for you, for it certainly is what might be called an "unpleasant" type of picture. But if you enjoy the superb skill with which Von Stroheim creates his archvillain types, you may be well repaid for seeing "Foolish Wives," for his acting in this picture surpasses anything he has done before, and you have, thrown in, one of the most massive, expensive, and spectacular productions ever made.

**"Saturday Night."**

Now, apropos of the above, I never could see the relationship between dollars and craftsmanship and this is one of the things that has left me quite cold when confronted with a typical Cecil De Mille production. I have always felt that Mr. De Mille thought more of his palatial beds and tricky baths and telephones modestly swathed in chiffons than he did of his plot or his people. But it is a pleasure to record in "Saturday Night" he has not only caught a definite and logical idea but has developed it with characters which have the real human touch.

It's an old movie idea—set to reverse action. Of course you've seen dozens of those films where the millionaire's son marries the little kitchen drudge and where the aristocratic family snub her at first because she says the bathroom looks so nice that she can hardly wait till Saturday night to take a bath. But always in the end she reforms—her table manners become perfect, she learns how to wear clothes and we leave her chattering to the abashed family in almost perfect French—taken at a glance.

But this sort of thing simply doesn't happen in real life. So Jeanie Macpherson has written a story about what really would occur if the rich young man were to marry the washwoman's daughter. Only in this case there are two pairs of misguided lovers—a beautiful young heiress married to a burly Irish chauffeur joins the amusing and ironical set of circumstances.

Briefly, love's young dream is lost in the shuffle. The washwoman's daughter hates the fuss and feathers all about her which keep her from being natural. The heiress finds that love in a tenement is a nightmare of noise, cheap wit, and dirty dishes. Through a series of most exciting incidents (including the best fire scene I have ever watched on the screen) the couples are reassorted—the chauffeur marries the laundress, the young millionaire the heiress. It is quite as romantic as the old motif of King Cophetusa and the beggar maid and much more common sense. After all, would the beggar-maid have liked the stiff and formal court etiquette and would the king have continued to love her when she chewed gum and addressed the courtiers as "Kid?"

Both Miss Macpherson and Mr. De Mille owe much to their excellent cast in this picture. Edith Roberts as the rowdy little laundress is a splendid foil to Leatrice Joy as the proud but puzzled heiress. These two girls are certainly the most stunning brunettes on the screen and they know how to be brunette in different ways, if you get what I mean. Conrad Nagel is the rich young man and Jack Mower the chauffeur. They each present their respective characters, not as heroes, heroines, or villains, but as human beings caught and spun along by the mysterious force called Fate. It wasn't anybody's fault—it just happened. Which is my idea of what Jeanie Macpherson meant when she wrote this excellent scenario.

*In "Rent Free," Wally Reid meets a pretty girl, impersonated by Lila Lee.*

**"One Glorious Day."**

It's a cold and dreary month that leaves us without a Will Rogers picture and it's a joy to report that the Will Rogers output for this month is funnier than ever. (I've been saying that about Will Rogers ever since he struck the screen, but it's true—they do get more and more hilarious.) Perhaps one reason is that he is never content to rest solely on his personality, though Heaven knows he is one actor in a thousand who could get away with it. But always he needs must have a theme to satirize—something to catch up in that easy laconic humor of his exactly as he entangles the steers with his lariat when at home in a purely social capacity.

This time it is spiritualism. An outlaw soul without a body descends upon the person of a shy and lanky professor with most happy results. Absurd as the story is, you feel a sneaking belief in its weird situations—after all strange things have happened, especially since the war. Needless to say it is Rogers who makes it real. Lila Lee, as the placid sweetheart, also helps.

**"Back Pay."**

It pains me to write so much about the censors but I must because they explain so much in the present output of films. On account of their restrictions, this story of Fannie Hurst's has been rewritten for the screen version. The salient feature, which explains the heroine of

the original "Back Pay" in its short-story and stage-play form, was that she was brought up (innocently enough) in a house of ill-fame. In the screen version this is changed to a country boarding house, so respectable that if you don't pay cribbage with the old lady inmates, you aren't considered quite nice. With such a beginning you would hardly expect Seena Owen and Matt Moore to carry the author's message very far. When the heroine sobs, "If sin has any wages, I've a lot of back pay coming to me," you somehow lost the punch because you couldn't be quite sure of the gentleman who brought her silks and satins to feed her "crêpe de Chine soul." Like "The Sheik" this screen story has about as much relation to the original as lemon pop has to crême de menthe. I'm always wondering why the producers select these stories which cannot possibly be put over under the present blue-law régime.

**"Turn to the Right."**

Here is a tale which could pass any censor: It is sweet, simple, and girlish—especially simple. They do say that when Rex Ingram was asked to do this script, he balked and it took all the persuasive power of the genial Metro scenario staff to induce him to film it. The result is as accurate a reproduction of the Winchell Smith stage success as could be given on the screen. Not a chin-whisker, not a hayseed, not a love-bird is missing. The romance is increased, if anything, with Alice Terry in the rôle of the country girl, who reforms all the crooks with the assistance of mother's peach jam. I liked the rural sentiment better than the rural humor—that suggested occasionally the rube bicycle acts before a vaudeville curtain. But then it was ever thus on the stage.

*Jackie Coogan has many an adventure in "My Boy."*

The picture is about as far from that exciting thing, "The Four Horsemen," as possible, or from the lovely glamorous "Eugenie Grandet"—(we beg Balzac's pardon, "The Conquering Power"). But Rex Ingram set out to put all the sure-fire hokum of the phenomenal stage success on the screen and he has done it. After this sweep from Ibañez to Winchell Smith, we would back Rex Ingram to do anything.

**"Love's Redemption."**

On the woman's page of most papers the "Advice to the Lovelorn" always warns you against marrying a man to reform him. This is what Norma Talmadge does in "Love's Redemption," and for a while you think the editor of the heart-balm column is going to win out on her advice. Norma (she is a wild little Jamaica girl called "Ginger") is taken from her native island and set down in the midst of a lot of hateful things-in-law. They snub her and try to bring her husband back to his old habits of drinking more gin rickeys than he really needs. But just as you think all is over and she is sneaking out for home alone, the repentant (and sober) husband joins her. Together they go somewhere east of Suez where, if a man can raise a thirst, he can also curb it without meddling from relatives.

Norma plays this with the same wistful tenderness and fiery outbursts that she brought to "The Wonderful Thing." After all, the two films are very much alike—if you liked one you will like the other and, as Norma is on the screen most of the time, you will probably like them both.

**"The Wallflower."**

Honestly, I didn't know it was in Colleen Moore. I've

*"Back Pay," like other Fannie Hurst stories, has been changed somewhat for its screen version.*

*"Turn to the Right" is a comedy that is sweet, simple, and girlish.*

only seen her when she was being one of those "mere slips" they talk about and sitting pretty on a script which didn't give her more than an occasional frolic. Now suddenly here she is as a real comedy character actress. The best of it is that she understands the true meaning of comedy—the sort of comedy that has real pathos under its grotesque lines.

"The Wallflower" is a Rupert Hughes story which has a quality that suggests Booth Tarkington's "Alice Adams." It is the story of a very young girl who aims to please in society—who wants the good times that the other girls have, but because of poverty and shyness (and a foolish mother) only succeeds in making herself ridiculous. Unlike "Alice Adams," the piece has a triumphant ending—the goose becomes a swan. Yet the picture that will remain of the wallflower is not her successful finish—in a Lucille frock—but her pitiable entrance into the dance floor, where she knows she won't be asked to dance, but where she is too good a sport to show that she isn't having a gay time of it. There are several little scenes like this that are funny and heartbreaking at once because the actress understands her business. Why not "Alice Adams" for Miss Moore?

*Leatrice Joy plays the proud heiress in "Saturday Night."*

**"The Lane That Had No Turning."**

This picture is so full of gloom that you expect to see "Made in Russia" on its title card. Instead, it is the combination of Sir Gilbert Parker and Agnes Ayres. Most of the woe is furnished by Theodore Kosloff—and now that I recall it, he is a a Russian dancer, which justifies the first assertion somewhat. He is obsessed by the fear of becoming a hunchback and he thinks about it so much that of course he does. After one murder and a suicide his young wife is left free to marry again and start life with some one less neurotic. If this is a happy ending, then "Hamlet" is a merry comedy. The piece is acted fairly well, but you need more than fair acting—you need positive genius, to dignify its tragedy.

**"The Bride's Play."**

The title of this film is derived from a game at an Irish wedding—a sort of Hibernian ring-round-the-rosy, in the course of which the bride is kidnaped. It doesn't seem to be a very amusing game—personally I'd prefer roller skating or crack-the-whip. However, Marion Davies seemed to enjoy it, though as usual she never played hard enough to get her hair or her emotions ruffled. As with most of these pictures the background and photography are worthy of a better cause.

**"Hail the Woman."**

They tell us that the women of America are the most pampered and indulged in the world, but Mr. Thomas Ince doesn't think so. He has made a picture to show how the alleged fair sex is bullied and browbeaten by a crew of senseless brutes called men. Of course, there are a few nice men in the cast—there is the hero and a gray-haired novelist who knows everything about women, like W. L. George and, also like Mr. George, writes books about what he knows.

Now I've always agreed with Alice Duer Miller—

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# The News Reel

**Just as the ferreting eye of the news camera goes everywhere, sees everything, our intrepid reporter observes all events of importance in filmland.**

By Agnes Smith

**Please Play the Wedding March.**

ONE of the first things that Lottie Pickford did upon her return to Hollywood was to run down to the City Hall and help take out a marriage license. The fact that the bride gave her name as Lottie Rupp and the bridegroom put his name down as Alan Forrest Fisher, didn't fool the movie colony, as several hundred picture players and a flock of tourists gathered in front of the First Methodist Church to catch a glimpse of the principals in the latest Pickford wedding. In spite of the fact that three fighting ushers and several volunteers had a hard time in keeping the crowd from breaking into the church, it was a pretty little family wedding.

*Mary looked like a small child taking part in her first public function.*

Lottie not only looked unusually beautiful but she seemed unusually happy. She wore a fluffy white dress with a wreath of silver in her hair. Of course, sister Mary was her matron of honor. And Jack Pickford gave the bride away. The bridal party was in a state of nervous excitement when it arrived at the church. It was plain that neither Lottie nor Mary had expected to be greeted by such a crowd. After a little preliminary fluttering in the vestibule of the church, Mary took charge of the situation. Just before the wedding march started, Douglas Fairbanks went up the aisle to join Mrs. Pickford, who was already seated in a front pew.

When the guests saw Douglas, they forgot they were in a church and began to applaud. For once in his life, Douglas looked scared; it was a clear case of stage fright. With the first note of the wedding march, the buzzing stopped and the three Pickfords came solemnly down the aisle. Mary, in a white frock with her curls gathered on her head, looked like a small child taking part in her first public function. But she also looked like a determined child who had made up her mind to look her prettiest and behave her best. She was so anxious to make Lottie's wedding a happy occasion, that she kept back the sisterly tears. To realize how much Mary Pickford is beloved you must see the look of admiration in the eyes of her fellow film workers when Mary makes her appearance.

Lottie's daughter, Mary Pickford Rupp, sat with her grandmother. The expression on her face seemed to say: "Well, here are mamma and me and grandma and Aunt Mary and Uncle Jack and Uncle Doug and Mr. Alan Forrest. We're all dressed up in our best clothes. I guess that's why all these people came to look at us."

As for the groom, he wore the conventional black. And he outsmiled Fairbanks. Eddie Sutherland was his best man. He didn't drop the ring. Hoot Gibson, Harry Cohn, and Al. Rascoe, were the busiest ushers I ever saw. What does the bridegroom look like? He is tall, dark, and good-looking. You have seen him many times on the screen as Alan Forrest.

*The last public appearance of Lottie Pickford and Alan Forrest together was in "They Shall Pay," an Associated Exhibitors' picture. And now they are married.*

The wedding dinner was held at the Hotel Ambassador and the most intimate friends of Lottie and her husband were invited. As the society report says,

among those present were: Bebe Daniels, Lila Lee, May McAvoy, Mabel Normand, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Meighan, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Urson, Mary Miles Minter, Thomas Dixon, and Steve Franklin.

Mary Pickford is the most loyal sister in the world. When she came back from Europe, Lottie's wedding and Jack's new picture were the first affairs that engaged her attention. Although Mary will not direct "A Tailor-made Man" for Jack, as widely announced, she went over every detail of its production before she left for New York to appear in a suit filed against her by Mrs. Cora Wilkenning, an agent. Yes, it's the same old suit that has been dragged from court to court for several years.

Although Mary Miles Minter says she is not engaged to Thomas Dixon, son of the lead-pencil manufacturer, she evidently finds him an ideal escort. And her mother doesn't object to having the young folks slip away to the movies in the evening. Some one at the Realart studios suggests that, at the rate scenarios are submitted for Miss Minter, she ought to marry into the Underwood or Remington families.

Speaking of romance, May McAvoy's blue eyes remained fixed on Eddie Sutherland all during Lottie's wedding ceremony.

**Still More Romance.**

If Mildred Davis doesn't marry Harold Lloyd, Harold's father is going to be pretty mad. When Harold Lloyd went East, Mildred, her family, and the Lloyds, went along too. Papa Lloyd is as devoted to Mildred as he is to his son and he is immensely proud of her. She is his choice of a daughter-in-law and Papa Lloyd doesn't care who knows it. He gets angry when other producers want to star Mildred. As for Mildred, she is just nineteen and Harold is her first beau. The Davises and Lloyds are great friends and Mildred is the pampered darling of both families and the popular pet of the Hal Roach studios. She is so carefully guarded and surrounded by so many loving friends that she wonders why she left school to go into the wicked movies. Harold Lloyd has never figured in any matrimonial adventures and his studio is on the white list. So Mildred will probably say "yes" and get a nice young man for a husband. Incidentally, the nice young man is said to make something like a million dollars a year. But Mildred and Harold have so much fun making comedies that money seems to make little difference in their young lives.

Photo by Melbourne Spurr

*Mildred Davis is just nineteen and Harold Lloyd is her first beau. This is an interesting romance to watch.*

Photo by Donald Biddle Keyes

*Mary Miles Minter denies being engaged to Thomas Dixon, but she finds him very good company.*

**Mabel to Teach History.**

What did Southern California look like before the hills were covered with studios? Before the pioneer film folk landed on Eagle Rock, were there any traces of the human race in Los Angeles? What did Hollywood look like previous to 1911?

Mabel Normand is going to strike a noble blow for Southern California when she appears in "Suzanne" by proving that there were pretty girls out here before picture producers began robbing the Ziegfeld chorus. "Suzanne" is a comedy drama with real California scenery. Its story concerns the Spanish pioneers who invented the Mission style of architecture now used in all the best bungalows. Mack Sennett says that it's going to be a pretentious production and Dick Jones, who is congenial director for Mabel, is wearing the puttees.

**Winter Sports.**

Wallace Reid, Mrs. Reid, and little Bill Reid, have taken up archery. Tourists motoring on the road from Beverly Hills to Hollywood frequently are obliged to pick arrows from their tires. Sometimes they write home and brag that there are still a few Indians

hiding in the hills. Dorothy Davenport Reid draws a mean bow, while young Bill has a pair of moccasins to give the finishing touch to his archery suit.

Winter tourists also stop to look at the pretty blonde who rides in Beverly Hills. Winifred Westover is as much at ease on a horse as is her husband, William S. Hart.

Here's where we do a little work for The Picture Oracle: Yes, Sallie, Rudolph Valentino is now a real star. He has been playing opposite Gloria Swanson in "Beyond the Rocks," a story by Elinor Glyn. But now good, kind Mr. Lasky says he may be the whole show in "Blood and Sand." It is Vicente Blasco Ibañez's story of a bull-fighter and June Mathis, who wrote Valentino's big success, "The Four Horsemen," is going to write the scenario. Oh, yes, and Bebe Daniels and May McAvoy are cast for important parts.

No, Rudie is not married. At least, he isn't married any more. His first, and so far, only wife was Jean Acker. Miss Acker filed suit but Valentino was granted the decree. And the judge says he doesn't have to pay any alimony. Now please do not bother The Picture Oracle.

Says the guide at the Lasky studio: "Here is a scene from 'Beyond the Rocks,' adapted from the celebrated novel by Elinor Glyn."

"The what, by Elinor Glyn?" asks the tourist.

"The celebrated novel," answers the guide, blandly.

"Never heard of it before."

"Neither did I."

"And," continued the guide, "Mrs. Glyn supervises every detail of the production."

"How come?" asks the tourist.

"Oh, just to see that the furnishings of the English country houses are correct."

"And do the English use nothing but yellow linen in their homes?"

**A Family Reunion.**

Emil Flugrath, father of Viola Dana and Shirley Mason, is visiting his daughters in Hollywood. Both the girls look like papa. But the family reunion was sadly disrupted when Metro sent Viola on a long personal-appearance tour.

*Viola Dana has been entertaining her parents at her new home in Beverly Hills.*

Guy Bates Post has stepped before the studio lights and is now appearing in Richard Walton Tully's play "The Masqueraders." Mr. Tully himself is producing the picture at the United Studios. Ruth Sinclair, wife of Irving Cummings, has a prominent part, while others in the cast are Marcia Manon, Michael Dark, and Thelma Morgan.

James Young, the director, is not at all afraid of his in-laws, past or present. Edward M. Kimball, father of Clara Kimball Young, is working for his former son-in-law, and so is Jack Whipple, brother of Clara Whipple Young, Jimmie's latest wife.

**A Deserter.**

Husbands do have something to say every now and then. May Allison married Robert Ellis and kept the wedding a secret. But now that she has told the world about it, Bob has asserted himself. He wants to go back to the stage and he thinks that May should go along, too. And so May sold her home in Beverly Hills and left for the East. The modest little home brought fifty thousand dollars. But who would not pay that much to live near Charles Ray, Francelia Billington, and her husband, Lester Cuneo?

**The Latest in Courtship.**

Helen Ferguson has a beau. To the world, he is a well-known star but to Helen he is just a nice Saturday-night fellah who takes her to the movies and buys her an ice-cream soda after the show. Helen tells this on herself.

"What do you think of a man who says things like this? And to me, an actress with temperament! We were at Grauman's the other night and I was watching a certain noted tragédienne step all over her own feet in a big dramatic scene. Not wishing to be catty, but just trying to be my own frank self, I turned to the man who paid for the tickets and said, 'I could act almost as well as that myself.'"

"And did he say, 'Yes, Helen, you can act better than that?' He did not. He simply looked at the screen a long time and handed me this succinct bit of criticism, 'Yes, you could—almost.'"

Ferdinand Pinney Earle is not in the least daunted because his elaborate production of "The Rubaiyat" is held up by one of those involved legal tangles that happen in the best movie circles. The picture has had several private showings in Los Angeles and no less a person than Mickey Neilan has pronounced it one hundred years ahead of current experiments in the cinematic art. Mr. Neilan was speaking in round numbers, of course. Mr. Earle is going ahead and will film Goethe's "Faust." Perhaps you remember that Griffith planned to film "Faust" with Lillian Gish as *Gretchen* but apparently he has given up the idea. Several other producers have discovered the work only to have it labeled "impossible" by the scenario departments.

Richard Dix likes to star his father in his jokes. When Mr. Dix left home to go on the stage, papa saw nothing ahead but disaster. He didn't think that his son would come up smiling in pictures. The other day Dix was telling his father about the theatrical season in New York.

"I hear," he said, "that it has been a hard, cold winter. Lots of the actors have been out of work and up against it."

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Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

# Can You Beat It?

**The smaller they look the bigger they are, and no one illustrates this better than Anita Loos.**

By Edna Foley

THIS little girl, who isn't much larger than her own doll, isn't pictured here because she is the daughter of somebody or other in pictures. And no, she isn't one of those child-wonder actors we are always hearing about, who laugh and cry and eat and play just like unpainted little children when their director tells them to. And no, this isn't another of those wonderful when-the-heroine-was-only-a-child impersonations of any of the prominent stars.

No, ladies and gentlemen, this carefree, ingenuous child is none other than the author of a hundred or more feature pictures. She wrote scenarios for Griffith when he was just an unknown young man working on some newfangled thing called motion pictures. And even before she wrote scenarios—at the advanced age of twelve or fourteen, in fact—she contributed smart sayings to newspapers and conducted a column of society notes on a New York paper. She was the first person to inject flippancy into subtitles—and the only person to distinguish herself in that field. She is coauthor and co-everything with her husband, John Emerson, of one of the cleverest pictures of the year, "Red Hot Romance." When she can get away from the studios, where her pictures are being filmed for a day or two, she lectures at the big Eastern universities on scenario writing. Yes, folks, you have guessed it; this is Anita Loos.

Of course, we don't want you to think that Anita sits around like this of an afternoon at home, or that she wears such togs when she goes to a producer's office to sign a contract for a few hundred thousand dollars. No, this costume was designed and worn only on the occasion of a recent Authors' League entertainment.

# Emotionalized Modes

Photo by Clarence S. Bull

*A charming frock of dark-blue charmeuse with a canary-colored blouse brings out the serene, ethereal side of Claire Windsor's nature.*

THE first woman who thought of dressing in blue to make the color of her eyes more intense was clever; the thousands of women who have followed her example have rather minimized the effect."

A great authority on fashion was speaking to a crowd of women more expensively than effectively dressed.

"When stout women began to favor unbroken lines and their more slender sisters to monopolize frills, we took a great step toward being a better-groomed nation. And now that we are beginning to recognize the individual demands of color and line, what is the next factor in our development of expressive and artistic dress?"

"Emotion," I said to myself, though it was all I could do to keep from screaming it aloud. For emotion was quite obviously what most of those women needed to express in their gowns. Their clothes were just something made of expensive fabric which covered them; they had no real meaning. And as I looked at them I thought of Claire Windsor, for her clothes express perhaps better than any one else's what I mean by emotionalized modes. One doesn't think of the beautiful Claire as wearing a tailored suit or an evening frock or sports clothes; it is always a frivolous frock or a demure one, a nonchalant suit or a defiant one, or perhaps even a reckless, bright-colored sports suit. But whatever it is, it expresses a mood.

Photo by Clarence S. Bull

*A more worldly mood of sparkling gayety demands a hat with wide-spraying feathers and a black crimer-trimmed coat.*

Claire Windsor's hair is light brown, and her eyes are blue. Her features are fine and clear cut—and very expressive. The woman whose features are not expressive finds it more difficult to dress according to her moods, of course.

In keying one's costumes to the emotions, it is well to study one's own disposition first. For instance, if you are usually joyous, exuberant, inclined to be gay no matter how dreary the day, you can count on that mood when planning your clothes. You can wear red—no matter how sure you have been that red was not meant for you, you will find that somewhere between the faint sunset pink and the deep wine color there is a shade that suits you perfectly. The coppery

**Claire Windsor cleverly fits her costume to her mood, and makes every detail of her dress express some phase of her personality.**

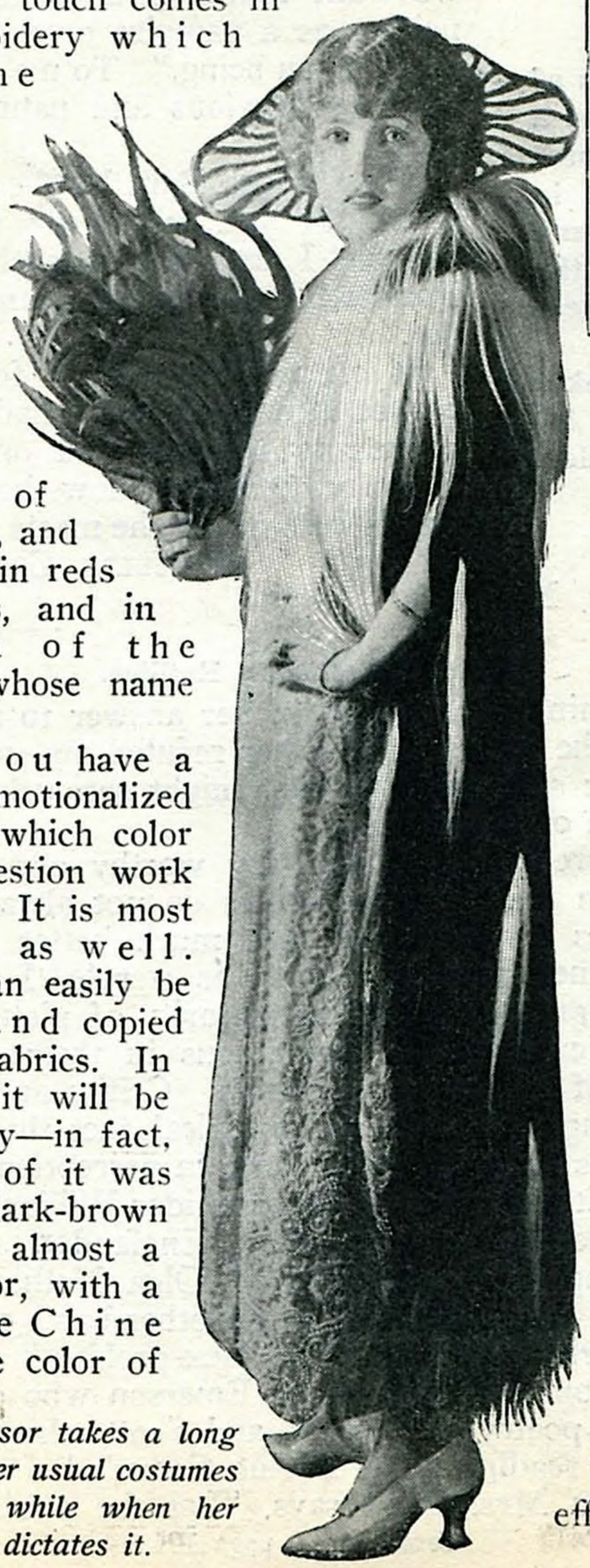
By Louise Williams

*She can wear a tailored suit with equal effectiveness, if its harshness is toned down with silver-tipped fox and a hat with pheasants' tails.*

browns come under this heading also. And you can tone down the red with some other color, or with fur, if you feel that it must be more subdued.

If you are rather repressed, fond of the quieter side of life, the various shades of green will be becoming to you. Green is for the serene, quiet moods; blue for the steadfast, religious ones; yellow for a purely ethereal state of the emotions.

Claire Windsor applies these various traditions deftly. For example, in the first frock in which she is shown here she used both yellow and blue. It is an afternoon frock of dark-blue charmeuse, made on straight lines—as a rule, the emotionalized frock depends on simple lines for effect and concentrates on color. The blouse is of canary-colored chiffon—a fabric as etherially inclined as is the color. And the most interesting touch comes in the embroidery which trims the costume. It is Persian embroidery, used in narrow strips down the sleeves and down the seams of the skirt, and it is rich in reds and blues, and in suggestion of the country whose name it bears.



*Claire Windsor takes a long step from her usual costumes once in a while when her mood dictates it.*

Here you have a truly emotionalized frock, in which color and suggestion work together. It is most becoming, as well. And it can easily be adapted and copied in other fabrics. In duvetyne it will be very pretty—in fact, a copy of it was made in dark-brown duvetyne, almost a cedar color, with a crêpe de Chine blouse the color of leaves in autumn—a wonderful coppery red. The frock, on a brown-haired girl whose birthday comes in November, and who herself is as moody as autumn, was most effective.

Claire Windsor is not always demure—far from it! As an illustration of that fact, study her when she feels truly French—all sparkling gayety, worldly, rather subtle. Her black hat with the spraying feathers proclaims the keynote of her mood, and her black, crimer-trimmed coat carries it out. She carries a tiny bouquet of roses of that pale, brownish yellow that verges on apricot—pink ones would ruin the effect. And her bag, though it is black, is topped with a beaded design that combines brilliant reds and greens attractively. Black can be most alluring when properly worn.

There are times, of course, when one feels bizarre—like breaking one's nice, conventional shell and doing something really startling. Claire Windsor takes a long step from her customary costumes once in a while, when her mood dictates it.

And what could be more appropriate than an evening costume that begins with a comb that cries aloud—a comb so wide and so oddly shaped that nobody could help noticing it? She is shown here wearing such a comb, whose winglike sides form an effective background for her delicate face.

Her fan is rather tempestuous, and the white fur collar of her black coat supplements it. Her gown is thickly beaded with pearls—the demure stones which lose their demureness at times. This is one of the times!

To prove that she is a creature of moods that vary, she wears equally effectively a broadcloth suit, trimmed with collar and cuffs of silver-

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# WHAT THE FANS THINK

### Some Unappreciated Praise.

I WANT to apologize for writing with a pencil. I know it's bad taste, but I'm a school kid and all my ink and fountain pens are at school. And I *simply can't wait* till to-morrow to say what I want to.

I'm mad. Not angry, or exasperated, but just naturally *mad!*

A young lady (I suppose she's a lady, most of Wallace Reid's fans are) signing herself "A Wallace Reid Admirer" wants to know if any one disagrees with her assertion that Richard Barthelmess is the best-dressed man on the screen.

Well, *here* is one who does.

He dresses well, of course. But most of his rôles are character parts and clothes play a very small part in them. I mean of course what we consider stylish clothes. Richard Barthelmess, is such a splendid actor that it seems to me almost an insult to him and to his wonderful art that the only thing the "Wallace Reid Admirer" can say of him is that he is the "best dressed." I suppose the writer meant that as a compliment, but I don't think it is one.

I have not seen "Broken Blossoms" or "'Way Down East," in which Richard Barthelmess is said to have done his best work, but I do not need them to convince me that the thing to say about him is that he is one of our greatest, if not our greatest, juvenile character actors.

I should like to ask how it is that Wallace Reid is so popular? He's very handsome—no one denies that. He is the handsomest man on the screen. But it takes more than handsomeness to make plausible such characters as those Dick Barthelmess has created. Mr. Barthelmess is not so handsome as Wallace Reid—perhaps that is why he isn't so popular with the girls. But he is very nice looking and a great deal more handsome than the average man.

The fan with whom I am disagreeing also said that he "looks like" the boys she knows. She's very lucky. If I were to meet a person in real life as handsome and fascinating as he is on the screen, I should faint.

I do not suppose you will publish this for I am afraid it is too prejudiced, but I *should* like the other fans to know just how splendid *I* think Mr. Barthelmess is.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS FOREVER.

Miami, Florida.

(P.S. I am really —— ——, but if my family knew I had written such a letter—"Whew!" *I'd catch it.*)

### An Adventure of Another Fan.

I want to tell PICTURE-PLAY readers about an exciting experience which happened to me a few weeks ago.

Theda Bara was appearing in person in one of our theaters. Among other things, she asked the audience for an expression of the kind of pictures they wanted her to appear in when she returned to the screen. She said: "Now, will all of you who want me to appear as a vampire please applaud." About three fourths of the audience applauded. "And will every one who wants to see me as a 'good girl' please applaud," she continued. Applause from about a half dozen.

Then I, who was in the audience, arose with magnificent nerve and said in a loud, clear, ringing voice these immortal words: "Miss Bara, we want to see you on the screen neither as a vampire or a saint, but as a human being." To me it seemed the most obvious and natural thing to say.

Then Theda Bara laughed and replied, "If you will write the story for me I may act in such a part. For that is *just what I am looking for.*"

It certainly was hard for me to realize afterward that I had actually spoken to the one and only Bara. I can understand now how Ethel Sands feels when she meets the stars.

MARCELLA COMPTON.

St. Louis, Missouri.

## IT TAKES

**many persons with many types of mind to make up a world. Not a few of the many types are represented in this department, in which persons of all classes and from almost every corner of the earth are from time to time represented.**

**That, we think, is what makes this department of such wide interest, as so many of our readers have assured us that it is.**

### Maurice Castleton Replies.

To my mind Mrs. Scott, in her answer to my letter defending the critics, has neither refuted my statements, nor has she said anything that might seriously weaken the position of the critics.

With disregard for logic, my worthy opponent deduces, from the fact that critics do not always agree, that "critics are therefore not much better than the much-maligned public." Now, as a rule, I find that critics *do* agree on the great majority of pictures. To expect reviewers to be unanimous in their judgment would be, of course, unreasonable. Critics are after all human beings. It is a psychological fact that lack of unanimity is caused by difference in perception. In the realm of criticism of the stage, consider William Winter, on the one hand, prim New Englander, censorius of the Sapphic ministrations of Olga Nethersole and Pinero, and Bernard Shaw, on the other hand, an equally reputable critic, justifying the "sex-problem" play. In literature consider the case of Emerson who could not endure the poetry of Shelley, and Scott who found no pleasure in reading "The Divine Comedy."

But when Mrs. Scott says, "Let the public be the

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# Something Just as Good

**Which proves that imitations are not so bad after all**

By Edna Foley

Photographs by Clarence S. Bull

WHEN you cannot get the original, you might just as well take an imitation despite the advertisements urging you to the contrary. Colleen Moore, distraught to find that there are motion-picture fans who missed seeing "The Three Musketeers," "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," "The Old Nest," and "Way Down East," offers them these imitations. Here are her versions of only four of the most striking characterizations of the year—but no doubt if you asked her she would portray any of the big successes for you, "Bob Hampton of Placer," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," or "Black Beauty"—balking only at "The Queen of Sheba." Colleen is a modest girl.

# Mr. Wang of Chinatown

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

WE were looking for James Wang, eminent cinema actor of Chinese rôles, and nicknamed, because of his prominence, the "Mayor of Chinatown." Our directions for finding him had been none too explicit, and we were left to guide ourselves by that instinct which writers and persons of the press are supposed to possess.

James Wang's home, we were told, was in the heart of Chinatown. He lived, it seemed, on a certain Apablasa Street, the name of which is reminiscent of early Spanish days, but which is in reality located in the holy of holies of this little-known section of Los Angeles.

A policeman, appealed to, had scratched his head and ventured an opinion that there was no such street. Reference to his guide book assured him that there was, but the pocket directory gave no further details.

"It's over there somewhere," he finally told us with a wave of his arm in the vague general direction of southeast; "just go right down by the chop-suey joint on the corner, keep on going until you get to Chinatown, and any of the chinks there can tell you where Apablasa Street is."

We thanked him and moved on. We felt like explorers leaving a port of civilization and protection to plunge into the unknown wilds of mystery and perhaps of savagery.

We left the lighted streets behind us and struck boldly into the Stygian darkness of a tortuous alleyway, ironically named "Bright Street."

When we emerged it was to find ourselves in the heart of Chinatown. Not a flamboyant Oriental Chinatown like that of San Francisco, with gaudy lanterns hung in balconies and mystical strips of red paper fluttering from the doorposts, but a Far East, mysterious, and redolent Chinatown, nevertheless.

Queer smells assailed our nostrils as we passed grocery stores, displaying dried shrimps, live turtles, and imported eggs. The singsong of nasal voices came to us from doorways, and groups of slant-eyed Chinamen watched us from the sidewalks where they squatted and smoked long-stemmed pipes, their slippers placed beside them on the pavement.

We inquired for Apablasa Street, but our pronunciation was evidently faulty, for after an Oriental committee of the whole had gone into session for five minutes, the chairman laconically announced that he "no savvied."

I tried another method of attack.

"Where does James Wang live?" I queried distinctly, and the Celestials pricked up their lemon-colored ears and eyed me with slanting respect.

"Oh, him Wang," the Chinaman said, smiling broadly. "Him Wang live down there." And he pointed a grimy finger down a street, narrow and dusty, flanked with booths and stores, and lined with pipe-smoking Chinamen, dirt-covered progeny, and flea-hunting dogs.

And so we found James Wang at last, in a chair tilted back against a Chinese pottery shop, his ample bulk silhouetted against the light from the door. Scraggly palm trees made a feeble attempt to transform this hid-

*Though he's no expert in villainy, as shown above, he prefers the urbane dignity of this photograph.*

Continued on page 102

# The Eight Most Handsome Men

**Here is the result of the fans' recent selection of the eight handsomest male motion-picture stars; a selection which is significant in showing how popular taste has decreed the passing of the old-time celluloid *Romeos* and the supremacy of a youthful, exuberant type of players.**

By Our Readers

SOME months ago, when the readers of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE elected their eight favorite beauties of the screen, a flood of letters poured in which asked, "Why not choose the eight handsomest men?" So we announced that if fans would write in their views of the handsomest men on the screen, a compilation of them would be printed, as was done in the case of the feminine beauties. And promptly there proved to be an avid interest in our screen Apollos, for the response was enormous.

"Now," we said, "we will not have sober judgment, but the infatuate ravings of a lot of flappers. We will hear of soulful eyes, of masterful build, of luring lips."

But did we? Not at all.

The answers disagreed on personalities, but agreed on one thing. The standard was the same. "Handsome is as handsome does," they proclaimed, in effect, if not in such trite words. And that was the basis of their choosing.

"It isn't good looks that count on the screen," a tiny little girl confided to her sister years ago. "It's just manliness. It's because he is big and genuine and looks as though he'd fight for a woman if necessary that makes him so attractive."

Thus did Lillian Gish pay tribute to G. M. Anderson long ago, so Dorothy says. Lillian, having changed her views somewhat, claims the privilege of forgetting what she used to think. But what she said then is typical of what fans say of present-day favorites. It isn't the profile that counts so much as the personality. It is more important to look genial than to look godlike. It counts more toward popularity to look good than to be good looking.

Of course, there was one exception. Ruth Durham, of Evansville, Indiana, thinks that J. Warren Kerrigan is the only actor on the screen really worthy of being called handsome. But, Ruth, is he on the screen? He doesn't seem to have appeared of late, at least in any new productions.

Perhaps Ruth has given us a key to the situation, though. Our readers insist that mere handsomeness goes for naught—so that may be why we see her hero no more.

But now for the universal favorites. The result may surprise you.

An overwhelming vote was polled for Thomas Meighan as the best-looking man on the screen, and many of the writers laid stress on the fact that they were not giddy girls infatuated with a screen hero—but married women whose husbands shared their liking for the genial Irishman.

The next few were also elected by a great majority—Wallace Reid, Richard Barthelmess, Rudolph Valentino. Who could doubt their supremacy? But after them the contest grows more exciting. The voting is close. Antonio Moreno, Cullen Landis, and Richard Dix are the next three in favor. But when it comes to the eighth one there is a tie. Eugene O'Brien is slipping from the pedestal where he once stood so proudly, for he cannot hold even eighth place in our readers' hearts. He ties with Elliott Dexter, the ideal third angle of a triangle enacted with Wallace Reid and Gloria Swanson.

Hardly an actor on the screen but had his enthusiastic supporters in this contest. Tom Moore, Charles Ray, and Bert Lytell had many a fan sing their praises, and though only one young, moonstruck maiden insisted that Monte Blue was handsome, many said that in any list of the eight of the finest—regardless of qualification—he should come in. Only two players of any note were completely ignored by the voters, and these were Lew Cody and Montague Love. If Fanny the Fan had only heard of this she would had stuffed the ballot boxes for Lew, but, alas! she was not allowed to vote.

These are the favorites of the majority of our readers—with Gaston Glass, Gareth Hughes, "Lefty" Flynn, and Herbert Rawlinson following close at their heels. Milton Sills also polled a mighty vote, Harrison Ford followed close behind the leaders, and Evelyn Bowen, of Anoka, Minnesota, echoed the sentiment of many others when she said she would be disappointed if William Russell and Charles Hutchinson were not included.

But the minority's voice should also be heard. Let Fern Tucker, of Witt, Illinois, speak up, even if her favorites are not the favorites of others.

"I think that George Walsh is the most handsome man on the screen," she said, following that with laudatory comments for William Russell and Tom Mix, whom she said was Witt's favorite screen actor. Buck Jones and Hoot Gibson also came in for considerable praise from her. But Miss Tucker's tastes are not so unusual, after all, for she follows all this with the remark that, "I suppose Wally Reid, Dick Barthelmess, Rudolph Valentino, and Antonio Moreno will be chosen. I know they're handsome, but we've seen their pictures so often we'd like to see the others' for a change."

Before launching into the tributes paid the eight favorites, let us hear, too, the interesting views of Dorothy Baker, of Scranton.

"Good looks in screen heroes don't interest me much," she wrote in. "In fact, the homelier they are the better I like them. I've gone to see Wallace Reid and Antonio Moreno—they're surely the best-looking ones—only once or twice, but whenever a picture comes to town that has Lon Chaney or William S. Hart, Bull Montana or Wesley Barry, Monte Blue or Elliott Dexter in it, I'm in line every time as soon as the theater opens.

"To my mind, the better looking an actor is, the less human he is, and I like the actors on the screen who seem really vital. Find me a matinée idol that has half the real charm of Wesley Barry, or that is nearly so big and strong and trustworthy looking as Monte Blue and Elliott Dexter, and I'll add him to my list of fascinating players. But until then don't extol good looks to me. I don't like them."

But Dorothy stands almost alone. The others ignore for the most part the perfection of contour of the Wallys, the Richards, and the rest—and praise the very qualities in them she finds only in Monte Blue and Elliott Dexter. Strength, good humor, and courage make a man admired, according to our correspondents, except in the case of Rudolph Valentino. The romantic young Italian upsets all the dope. The results of this contest proceeded in dignified manner and the tributes were

wholesome, not to say lofty, in tone until they came to Rudy. Under the piercing influence of his eyes, caution is thrown to the winds, and vocabularies break under the strain. Fans forget that they have extolled their other favorites for trustworthiness and sincerity. Rudy wins them with the flaming deviltry in his eyes.

But let the electors who selected the eight with the most winning ways speak for themselves.

**Thomas Meighan, the Prime Favorite.**

If Thomas Meighan ever wants to stop acting in motion pictures, he can go to Fitchburg, Massachusetts, and run for mayor, judging from the number of letters about him that poured in from there.

"My list consists of only one name," writes Frances Doyle, of that city, "Thomas Meighan. Of course, I could easily add seven more good-looking actors, but the whole seven put together wouldn't amount to as much as Mr. Meighan, in my estimation. He is the most genuinely sincere, human, and natural of any male star. There is absolutely no egotism in his make-up. He is of that wholesome and honest type that makes him a favorite with young and old, single and married folks."

There is one unusual thing about Thomas' admirers—they seem to admire him *en masse;* there is nothing confidential or personal about their affection. No one added to her tribute to him, "But don't print my real name in connection with this, as my husband might see it," which addition was a part of almost every letter about Rudolph Valentino and Antonio Moreno. No; in the case of Thomas Meighan husbands and wives wrote joint letters, groups of eight and ten extolled him in chorus, and whole clubs went on record as voting him their favorite and the most handsome actor. And two little Philadelphians declared that they would be disconsolate if he did not win first place.

**Prodigal Wallace Reid.**

Almost as enthusiastically as the fans rallied around Thomas Meighan did they rush to applaud Wallace Reid. There is something about the radiant Wally, according to most of them, that disarms all criticism and thoughtful analysis.

As Carl Kraus, of Hazleton, Pennsylvania, expresses it—you see, his admirers are not all girls—"Why is Wallace Reid among the handsomest? Well, one look at him is sufficient." Leah Wall, of Salt Lake City, Utah, is more articulate about him than most of his admirers; she says it is his profile that is irresistible, but most agree that it is the capricious eyebrow that fascinates them.

But perhaps Leona Winter, of Savannah, Georgia, has the right idea.

"There are other actors who have slick light hair, and lots of others who have such warmth of expression, but Wally has *everything.* It is the extravagance of Providence in giving any one man such a multitude of charms that bowls you over when you look at Wally."

**Richard Barthelmess—Sincerity.**

"I've never stopped to consider whether Richard Barthelmess was really handsome according to sculptural standards," Agnes B. DeWitt, of Clinton, Iowa, wrote. "And I don't believe it really matters. Who cares whether his nose is Greek or Roman and whether his whole contour is convex or concave so long as he gives the immediate impression of being good looking?

"When a man can look out from the screen as he can and thrill thousands of people with his obvious sincerity and boyish, questioning whimsicality, it seems to me that no other standard of looks is necessary. The only reason that Dick isn't the most popular and considered the most handsome actor on the screen is because he makes so few pictures.

"I am sure that when his own productions begin to appear he will lead all the men stars in popularity."

## A LANDSLIDE FOR MEIGHAN

**That is what this contest for the eight handsomest motion-picture stars proved to be. There was no question about the winner. Your letters poured in by the hundreds electing the genial Tommy to first place.**

**So—because of your wholehearted admiration of him—we are presenting to you a full page reproduction of his latest photograph on the page opposite. The other winners will be found grouped in the following pages.**

**You have spoken; three cheers for Thomas Meighan!**

**Exotic Rudolph Valentino.**

There may be broken hearts when it is found that Rudolph Valentino comes fourth in the list of handsome men, for many would place him first. And if his popularity continues to grow at the rate it has ever since his appearance in "The Four Horsemen," he may rank first in the hearts of fans by the time this is printed. Rudy works fast, to say the least.

"He's a great relief after the army of Western heroes," Grace Allerton, of Leominster, Massachusetts, wrote. "He combines intelligence and charm with his good looks, and to my mind he is the only actor on the screen with any subtlety. Rudolph Valentino is so *different;* that is why we think he is wonderful looking."

"He is a perfect example of the dark, lithe Latin," according to Cecilia Weadlock, of Chicago. "Without being at all effeminate, he is lovely to look at."

"I think that Rudolph Valentino is not only the handsomest but also the most interesting-looking man on the screen," wrote Alma Berwyn, of Independence, Kansas. "But I hope he doesn't find out that we fans think so, because it might make him conceited, and then he would be spoiled just like some of the other promising screen stars."

And Alma is not the only one who seems to be worried over Rudy's future. "So long as he wears unusual, foreign costumes," many correspondents remarked, "his popularity is assured." But they don't like him in "regular" clothes.

**Romantic Antonio Moreno.**

"I am sure that almost all of the fans will be with me in my choice of handsome men," wrote Helen Lillian Cohen from Newport, and she was quite right in her assumption. "But please note," she continued, "that with the exception of Tony Moreno and Cullen Landis these are not my favorites.

"Every time I see Tony Moreno on the screen the same word comes to my lips—romance. To me Mr. Moreno is the embodiment of romance, a sort of mixture of *D'Artagnan* and *Don Juan,* adventurer and sentimentalist. And Mr. Moreno is also a splendid athlete."

And according to Ralph Herbert, of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, "Antonio Moreno is a living bronze from old Spain. He has the fire, the verve, the dark, romantic glamour of a medieval hero—eyes black and flashing, skin of bronze that glows with a fiery undercurrent, a

Continued on page 88

Thomas Meighan, the Paramount star, was proclaimed by the fans the best-looking man on the screen in our contest recently conducted to elect the eight most handsome screen actors.

Photo by Evans

Next to the winner in the handsome men contest came Wallace Reid of the temperamental eyebrows and winning smile.

Photo by C. Heighton Monroe

Antonio Moreno, with the fire of old Spain in his eyes, represents romance and adventure to his admirers.

Photo by Victor Georg

Richard Barthelmess, praised for his directness and sincerity, was adjudged one of the most handsome actors.

Photo by Maurice Goldberg

Of course, there was no doubt about Rudolph Valentino's election to the winning eight.

Photo by Clarence S. Bull

No still picture can do justice to Cullen Landis, another of the elect, the personification of young American exuberance.

Eugene O'Brien has slipped from the pedestal he held so long, for he barely tied for eighth place.

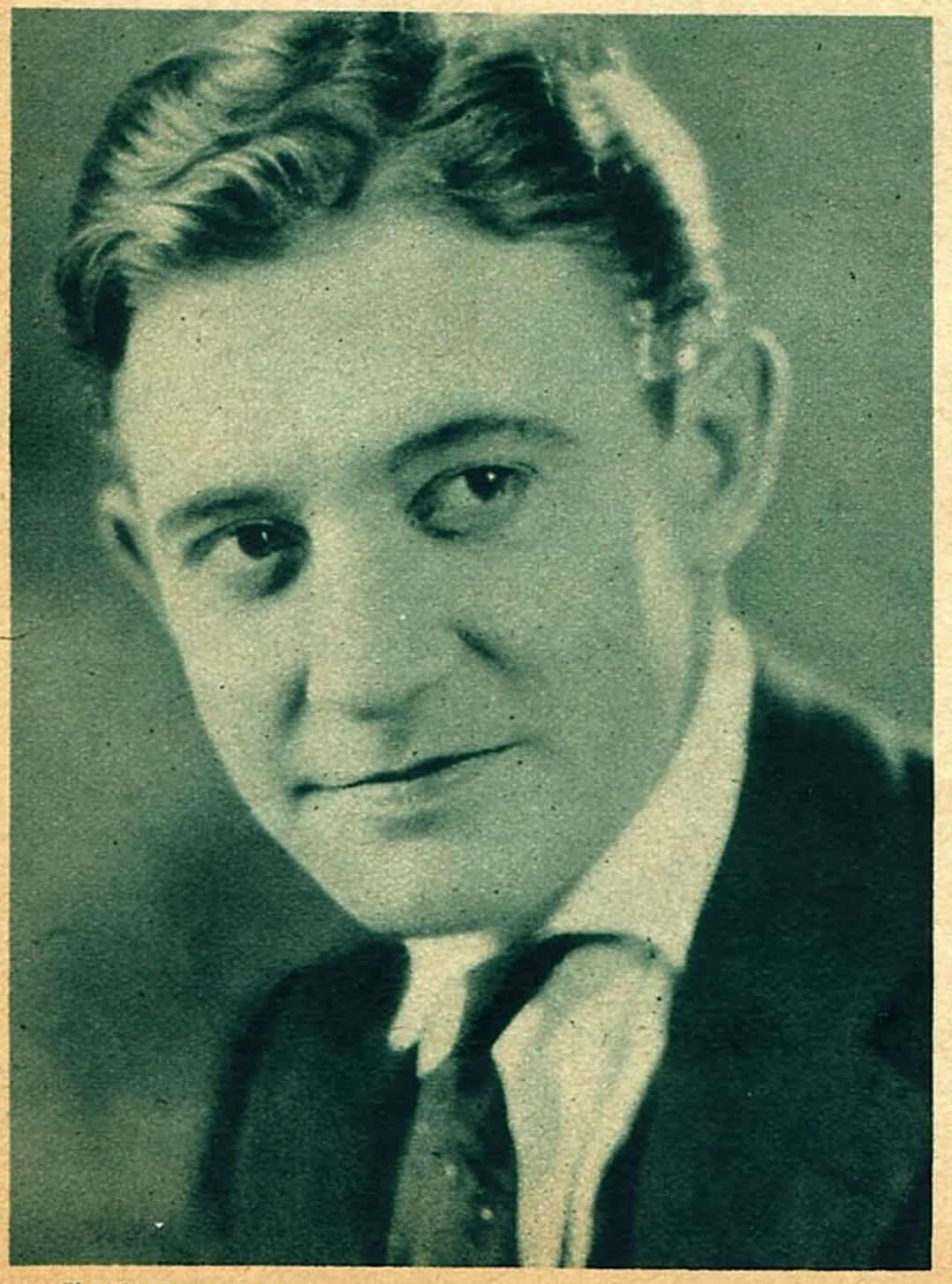


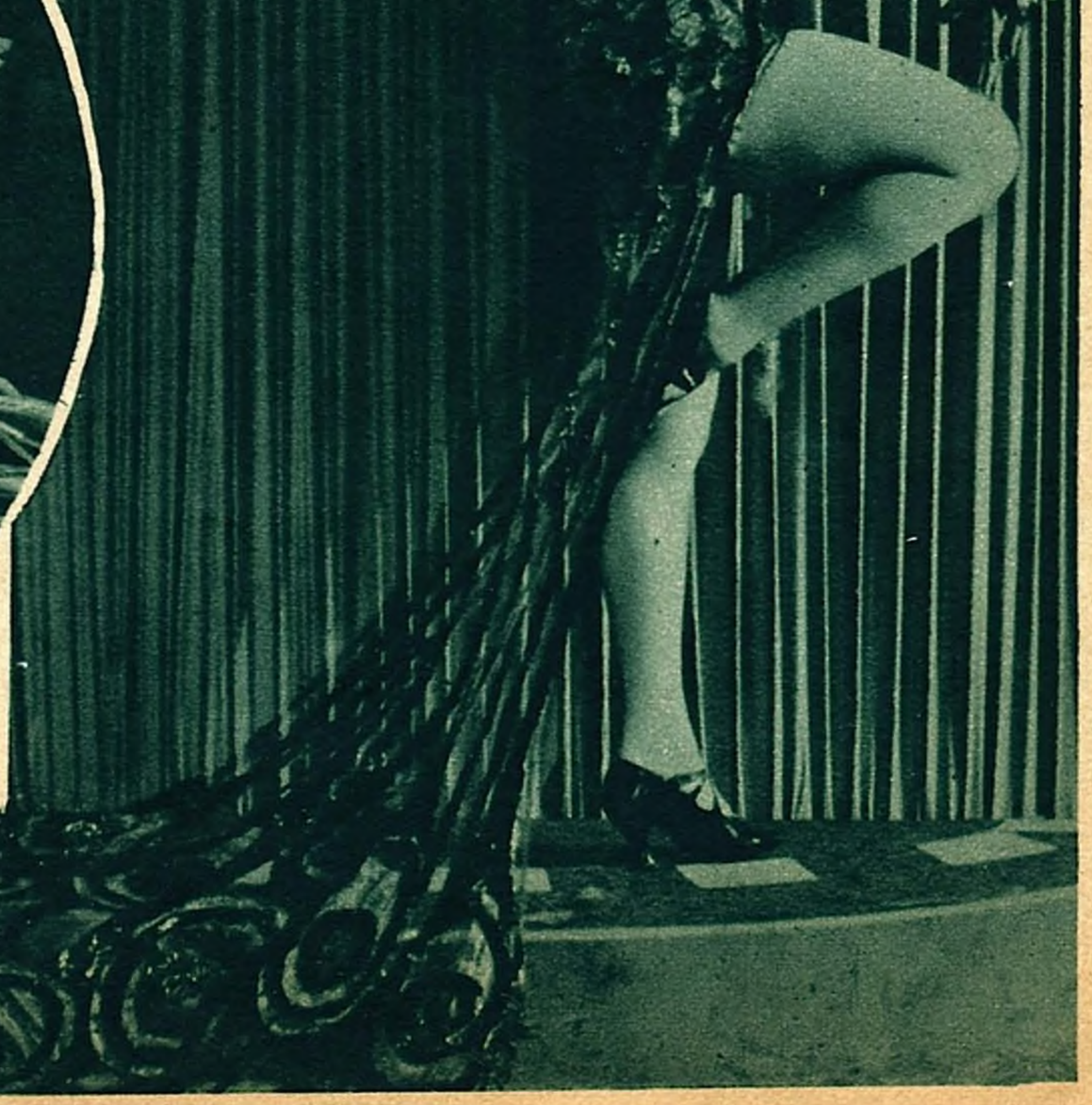
Photo by Clarence S. Bull

A newcomer, Richard Dix, made such an impression in a few Goldwyn pictures that he was elected to the group.

Elliott Dexter's admirers voted him in on a claim of "Handsome is as handsome does."

# Cleo of the Boulevards

A demure but somewhat petulant young wife is Mae Murray in "Peacock Alley," but her own festive loveliness quite obscures the assumed faults of the characters she plays.



As *Cleo* of the Paris boulevards she indulges in all the whims and caprices dear to the hearts of the flappers who patronize night life in the movies.

And in the sensational peacock costume which she wears when she dances, Mae Murray is her old self, coquettish disdain in her eyes, and abandon in her toes.

# Dances of "The Green Temptation"

Betty Compson is hardly recognizable in the blond wig and ballet costume which she wears as *Carolyn* in "The Green Temptation." She is not so guileless as she looks, for she dons this costume and performs in the homes of the rich in the picture in order to assist a band of crooks in their robberies.

At the left Betty Compson is shown in another scene from the same picture as *Genelle,* an apache, dancing with Theodore Kosloff, who plays the part of king of the band of crooks to which she belongs. As varied as these pictures suggest are the dances which she performs during the course of the picture. "The Green Temptation" is a powerful dramatic story adapted from "The Noose," by Constance Lindsay Skinner, a story which attracted wide attention when it appeared in *Ainslee's Magazine.* The apache girl, *Genelle,* who masquerades as *Carolyn,* a ballet dancer, is one of the strongest and most appealing roles Betty Compson has ever had.

# Welcome Sights

Photo by Paul Grenbeaux

**Another favorite whom you may have missed from the screen of late, who also appears in this production, is Ann May. She plays a captivating young wife in the prologue to the picture.**

**Perhaps you have been wishing that you could see fragile little Bessie Love again in a part just suited to her tragic wistfulness—and if you have, Sessue Hayakawa has granted your wish, for she appears with him in "The Vermil ion Pencil." Their rôles are picturesque ones, as shown in the scene above. At the left is another picture of Bessie Love in the rôle of *Hyacinth*.**

# Smilin Through

Photo by Abbe

**Moonlit gardens drenched in jasmine, where hoop-skirted maidens rustle to and fro amid the gayeties of an old-fashioned wedding, form a background of breathtaking beauty for Norma Talmadge in her latest production. As *Moonyeen* she is the heroine of one of the sweetest and most tragic love stories ever told.**

**After *Moonyeen's* death, her niece *Kathleen*, becomes the center of interest. This part is also played by Norma Talmadge. Like her aunt, *Kathleen* loves deeply, but circumstances are more kind to her, and she is united to her lover at last. It is a story fraught with youth and beauty and love.**

Monte Blue makes *Danton* in "Orphans of the Storm" a lovable and powerful figure. Vanished is the Monte Blue of old, the simple-hearted rollicking young cowboy. In his place we have Monte Blue, accomplished character actor, another great credit to D. W. Griffith, under whose direction so many actors have found their true metier.

This is one of the poignant scenes that Monte Blue plays with Lillian Gish in "Orphans of the Storm," which brings him many compliments. He would rather be praised for some of his other scenes. And the reason? He explains that in the story on the opposite page.

# An Old Friend Becomes an Idol

**Long a popular favorite, "Orphans of the Storm" has focused the spotlight of public interest on Monte Blue.**

By Helen Klumph

UNDER the great elms near the Griffith studio, where the sloping lawns had been transformed into the gardens of Bellaire, a company of white-wigged and silk-clad French aristocrats, grouped about on the marble balustrades and around the playing fountains, stood pressing forward, tense with simulated excitement, as the young *Chevalier,* with a final thrust of his sword, pierced the leering *Marquis de Presle* to the heart, and catching the almost fainting Lillian Gish, ran with her up the steps—and to the end of the scene.

While this was going on there stood, unnoticed, in the background, out of range of the cameras, a tall, quiet figure, gaunt and plain—strangely out of place among the dazzling courtiers—whose face gave no hint of the tumult of genuine excitement that was making his heart pound beneath his long plebeian French coat until he almost felt that those around him could hear it.

"Monte," Mr. Griffith had said to him a few days before, "I've got my picture practically finished. That is, I've taken the picture of 'The Two Orphans.' As it stands it would make a fair picture." Then, with earnest intensity, "But I want to build it into something much bigger and finer. And I can't do that unless I can get the right man to play the part of *Danton* —who can help me bring into it the struggle between *Danton* and *Robespierre*—who can carry that great epoch-making phase of the French Revolution. I've tried out almost every actor I can think of and I'm not satisfied yet. I want to ask you if you will see what you can do for me." And Monte Blue, the man whom Griffith, a few years before, had rescued from a pick-and-shovel job and had given his first real chance in pictures, gulped, and said he'd be mighty glad to try.

Now he knew that the time had come when he must show whether or not he possessed the power to lift that huge undertaking from the ranks of "a pretty fair picture" and supply the character needed to make it another Griffith masterpiece. A few minutes later the summons came and he stood alone on the marble balustrade, now the center of the interested, expectant group, all ready to go through the test bit of acting which Mr. Griffith had previously explained to him.

With the cameras only six feet away, that every trace of feeling might be registered in close-ups, his face suddenly became transfused with a look of anguish, as the signal was given to begin, and the cameras began to click.

"You must let me pass!" he cried. "I am on an errand of mercy," and as his expression changed again into one of frenzied determination, he broke past an imaginary barrier, and dashed forward, stopping, when past the cameras, to recover himself and wipe the perspiration from his brow. Twice the little scene was repeated, and then——

"Very good," said a deep voice that carried above the patter of applause from the members of the company, as D. W. stepped forward and shook hands with him warmly. "Thank you very much, Mr. Blue." And Monte knew that whether, like the others, he had failed, or whether it would be decided upon seeing the developed film that he would do—at least he had had his chance and had done his best.

As to what followed no doubt you know; how as *Danton* he proved so amazingly fine that Mr. Griffith kept adding and adding to the story, making his part more important; how at the end of a few weeks he was—next to the master director himself—the idol of the Griffith studio; and how finally, on the opening night, when the picture was first publicly shown, he flashed on the screen in one of the most intense and winning characterizations that has ever been seen, bringing from the audience applause and cheers second only to what was accorded the Gish sisters themselves, and you can imagine what they got.

It was Monte Blue's night—in one way more his than Mr. Griffith's or the Gish sisters', for they have had so many big opportunities in the past and have lived up to them so magnificently, that one is no longer surprised at their achievements. But it was Monte Blue's first really big chance, and he swept through it gloriously.

## YEARS OF PREPARATION

**lead up to the masterly playing of so great a rôle as that of *Danton* in "Orphans of the Storm." Perhaps when you heard that Monte Blue had made a great success of the part you recalled only one or two pictures he had been in, and perhaps you wondered if that was all the experience he had.**

**Far from it! Like almost all the other first-rate actors on the screen Monte Blue has had long, heartbreaking struggles on his way to fame. Recently, he played opposite Mae Murray in "Peacock Alley;" before that in "The Affairs of Anatol." Before that he was in "The Kentuckians," "The Perfect Crime," "Too Much Johnson," "Everywoman," "The Thirteenth Commandment," two of Mary Pickford's, two of Douglas Fairbanks' and any number of others.**

**His career is one more refutation of the fable that picture stars are made overnight.**

It was the night after the New York opening of "Orphans of the Storm" over one of the little side tables at the Algonquin that I asked him to tell me about this Monte Blue person, where he came from and how he ever happened to become an actor. And he obliged, pausing every little while to blush furiously and protest, "Oh, let's talk about something else; it's terrible talking about me all the time." And when the little old lady at the next table said in a hoarse whisper that could have been heard across the room, "I *will* stare at him; guess I paid two dollars and twenty cents to do it last night," I was afraid that he would balk at the whole proceeding, but he never even heard her.

"You know," he was saying, in that boyish, half-embarrassed way of his, "I almost sort of wish that folks wouldn't keep telling me how they liked my acting in that scene where *Danton* realizes he's in love with *Henriette,* where he says good-by to her. Gee, that wasn't acting! Why, when I looked down and saw those beautiful eyes of Lillian Gish looking up into mine—you know, you wouldn't have to be an actor to—well, you know what I mean."

And from that minute I liked him even better than I ever had before.

"But what scene would you like to have people praise you for?" I asked when the complexities of ordering our dinner were out of the way. He tried to evade answering that by telling me that he felt foolish talking about himself, but I kept at it until I got an answer.

"The scene where I speak before the Tribunal—you know where the subtitle comes—'The world's greatest orator delivering his greatest oration.' Whew—but we worked over that! It's awfully hard to put over speech-making in pictures. And that reminds me of the day Mr. Griffith gave me my start.

"He put me in pictures back in nineteen fifteen, sort of by accident," he went on. "He was supervising Christy Cabanne's first production—'The Absentee,' it was—and they were making a mob scene where some I. W. W.'s were supposed to incite a crowd of strikers to riot. Mr. Griffith said Cabanne didn't have enough extras to make the scene effective so he went around the studio and rounded up all of us who were working there and put us in the picture. One man was supposed to stand up on a soapbox and make a speech urging us on to violence but Mr. Griffith wasn't satisfied with the way he did it, so he gave every one else a trial and when most of the actors had fallen down on it he told me I could try if I wanted to. It just happened that up in the lumber camps where I'd worked a while before I'd heard a lot of I. W. W. speeches, and naturally I remembered some of the talk and the way they got it off and so when I got up on the box I sailed in and urged that crowd on like fury. Well, I got the part and when I finished Mr. Griffith accused me of being a real I. W. W.; said I'd done it too well for just pretending. I had quite a job to convince him that he was mistaken.

"They put me on a two-day guarantee then—that means I was to draw two days' salary, ten dollars, every week whether there was any work for me or not, and if I worked more than two days I was to be paid extra for it at the regular rate. Say, I was tickled! I hadn't been working in that studio by accident; no, sir, I was there with every intention of busting into the acting game.

"People talk about it being hard to break into the movies nowadays, but say, it wasn't any cinch years ago. I hung around the studios for weeks until I got on to the fact that the assistant casting directors had their favorites and always hired them whether they were the right type or not. But I kept thinking if I could only get inside that gate, somehow I'd break into acting. So one day when a man came rushing out and said he wanted some men to help the studio carpenters, I jumped at the chance. And don't tell the fans that I reluctantly consented to do menial labor just in order to see the inside of the studio. That wasn't the reason. The dollar and a half a day looked mighty good to me! And I'd gladly swing a pickax again if I needed the money.

"After a while they started me playing heavies and for months I just about lived in a long, black beard, and the dastardly deeds I've done to some of our best heroines would make your hair curl. The rest of the time I was a stunt man. I doubled for the leading men in all the most dangerous stunts, and when I think of the weeks that I lay in the hospital recovering from injuries I got I wonder why I ever did it. I even fractured my skull and for a while my eyes were crossed, but a good surgeon fixed that up.

"Finally Mr. De Mille rescued me from playing villains and doing stunts. I was standing around back of him watching him direct a scene for 'We Can't Have Everything'—I never left the studio so long as there was any one to watch—and he kiddingly asked me if I was too proud to play extra.

"Course I wasn't, so he put me in a hospital scene where I was supposed to be a soldier with his arms shot off. In going through the scene Kathlyn Williams worked up a wonderful bit of business—she called attention to my not having any arms by lighting a cigarette for me, and then she looked at a picture of my sweetheart and looked at me and our eyes filled with tears.

"That finished my career as a heavy; from then on I was 'sympathy' man, the poor boob with a heart of gold. It is the sort of part I like to play. I don't care anything about trick clothes and fancy settings and this society stuff. When you play with wonderful people as I've done the chief thing in acting is playing up to the other fellow. You can't be thinking of yourself—you've just got to respond to every bit of feeling the other fellow puts into the scene."

He drawled on easily, his self-consciousness dropping away from him as he talked of the people who had befriended him and of his work. But he *would* lose interest in talking of himself and wander away to other things. He ignored my questions and asked, "Don't you think Lon Chaney's a marvel?"

And that tells you perhaps better than anything else could what his ambitions are. They are all toward doing big characters on the screen, not characters such as Lon Chaney does, for Monte Blue's great gift is the opposite of Chaney's repellent fascination; it is the gift of warm-hearted sympathy, a gift of reaching out from the screen and enlisting your unquestioning support.

There is nothing adroit, nothing subtle, nothing sly about Monte Blue. He is just big and substantial, and if you were a stranger lost in New York you would probably go right up to him and tell him your troubles.

A man with less than his six feet two of rangy strength wouldn't dare to be so sweet in his manner, or so graceful in his movements. Mr. Griffith says that he has more bodily grace than any one else of his size on the screen—and by that he doesn't mean the grace of a dancer, he means the expressive grace of an animal. But, incidentally, Monte Blue *is* a wonderful dancer.

He used to be a great kidder, and he danced around the studio a lot, but a change has come over him. The big things that he has done have given him a tremendous sense of responsibility toward the achievements he is capable of. He has three great idols—Mr. Griffith as a director (and Monte Blue wants to be a director one of these days, by the way), Lon Chaney as an actor, and—for all other things—Abraham Lincoln.

His Lincoln-worship dates from the time when he was down south making "The Kentuckians." His was the leading rôle, and yet the director told him very little about the part. "You're a boy from the mountains who gets educated, goes to the Legislature and sort of tears things up," was about all the director gave him to work on. Monte Blue wandered about the town where they were working—it was Frankfort, Kentucky—worrying about his part until he came to a monument of Lincoln. There he stopped and the great idea came to him of making this mountain-boy he played a counterpart of Lincoln. So, it was the soul of Lincoln, as he saw it, that he put into that part.

If this were fiction, it would naturally follow that in that part he created a furor. He did nothing of the sort. When that picture played on Broadway—and played to not particularly crowded houses, one film man met another film man on Broadway and remarked, "What's the matter with the public? There's Monte Blue, one of the finest and most likable actors on the

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# Over the Teacups

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do you suppose was the most radiantly beautiful person there?"

"That's easy; Betty Blythe," I told her.

"No; Mary Alden. I hadn't even heard that she had come East to make a picture and when I saw her I was completely bowled over. She looks about seventeen with the wisdom of seventy, and I never saw any one look so thoroughly alive as she does.

And now just as there seems to be an interesting crowd of people here, Elsie Ferguson is threatening to go West. Her play is going to close soon and then she is going to California to make pictures again."

"That may be just a rumor," I volunteered. "I've heard the Famous Players Studios on Long Island were going to be opened up soon and that Elsie Ferguson and Alice Brady were to make their pictures there."

"Oh, I hope so," Fanny chimed in. "Did you ever hear of any one so plucky as Alice Brady? First she had an automobile accident when she was out on tour in 'Drifting' and then just after she'd made a big hit in it here in New York, she got appendicitis and had to stop. The last three or four performances she went on in spite of her physician's orders.

"I dropped in to see her after the matinée one afternoon and she seemed like Alice in Languorland. She hated giving up her part in 'Drifting,' but she and Robert Warwick are to do the play later in pictures, so she hasn't said farewell to the part of *Cassie Cook* forever. This is her last engagement on the speaking stage for three years; Famous Players want her to devote herself entirely to pictures from now on."

Fanny sighed so mournfully that I tried to think of something to cheer her up.

"What do you hear from Colleen Moore? I asked.

"Oh, she is having a wonderful time. She says that Winifred Westover Hart is becoming the most popular hostess in Hollywood. Every one goes to her house to tea. Carmel Myers, and Bessie Love and Pauline Starke and Ruth Clifford and Colleen all go horseback riding together in the afternoons and then go over to Winifred's to tea. They are all betting on who will be the next one of the girls in the old Fine Arts Company to get married. Colleen is betting on Pauline Starke, Pauline is betting on Bessie Love, but the rest of them all bet on Colleen."

"And how about you?" I asked. convinced that if there were any truth in the rumor about Colleen's impending engagement to a prominent First National official Fanny would have heard about it.

"I'm not betting," Fanny remarked with a great deal of unnatural dignity. "It might start a rumor, and you know how I'd hate that."

# The Screen in Review

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that women are people—and that as far as brutality (and nobility) go, it's pretty much fifty-fifty. But if you are an ardent feminist and like to hear the demon man cursed good and proper, here is your chance. The picture has an excellent cast, including Florence Vidor, Tully Marshall, and Theodore Roberts.

**"The Last Payment."**

This is the first modern story I have seen filmed by the Germans and after seeing it, I would suggest that they stick to the more picturesque period in history—the merrie England of "Deception," or Du Barry's France. Pola Negri is badly out of place in this stereotyped story of "a fool there was." She is just as fearfully and wonderfully in earnest as ever, but her background won't support her—the same story has been done so much better over here—and even then, it wasn't worth doing.

**"My Boy."**

Ever since "The Kid" there has been danger of reducing Jackie Coogan to the level of that most detestable little pest, the "stage kiddie," as the result of too much attention for one so young. But thus far he has resisted any such attempt with all the energy he showed in the Chaplin masterpiece. "My Boy" spills over occasionally with sentiment but Jackie doesn't spill with it. He goes through Ellis Island, he escapes from an organ grinder, he travels happily with *Captain Bill,* his pal, and through it all he keeps his warning look which dares you to coodle him. I have great hopes for Jackie. With each picture he grows more and more a regular feller.

**"Three Live Ghosts."**

This was a play which depended so utterly on its clever spoken lines that it seems a bit bare and lost in the silent drama. Take the character of the "drunken lady"—the female Old Soak, for instance—where is it without the glorious cracked voice that Berl Mercer gave it? There is the plot, it is true, which brings back the three war pals into London, where they are officially dead. But somehow the complications aren't so funny without the dialogue to keep them rolling. Cyril Chadwick, as *Spoofy,* is as quaintly foolish as he was on the stage, and Anna Q. Nilsson is ornamental as usual. As a matter of screen direction, however, the successful stage drama hasn't given George Fitzmaurice half a chance.

**"Flower of the North."**

Henry B. Walthall and Pauline Stark wander here through the Canadian background of a typical Northern romance. It is straight James Oliver Curwood, and I must confess that I never could get very far with this writer in novel form. He seems even more stereotyped on the screen. However, if the action happens to bore you, too, you can always look at the beautiful Canadian scenery.

**"Rent Free."**

Mostly Wally Reid being bullied by a heartless landlady. He is an artist, of course, and like all screen artists, not at all depressed because he can't pay the rent. He is driven to the roof, where he meets the inevitable pretty girl (in the person of Lila Lee). Then follows the usual fluffy incidents which make up cream-puff romances of this type.

## IF A STAR IS WELL DRESSED

**The greatest obstacle to sucess is out of her way. Madame Frances, world-famous designer, is a powerful factor in the world of the screen, for her designs have been many stars' satin steps to popularity. Next month Louise Williams will tell you many of her experiences, and through them you may learn how you can profit by what Madame Frances has taught many of our famous stars about dressing.**

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from home that night. I cleared out and went in the café, joined up with the crowd I'd planned to meet, and there I stayed. I refused to go home.

"I started walking along the street, alone, when the café closed, trying my darnedest to figure out some way of getting through the night.

"I was considering hunting up a park bench, when a car whizzed past me, and then slammed around a corner and skidded into the curb. One axle crumpled up as it hit, and it slued around into a lamp-post and stayed there. I ran, of course—I was grateful for having somewhere to go.

"And then, when I saw the man who jumped out, swearing, I was even more grateful. For it was Lee Norton."

## CHAPTER IV.

We arrived at the farmhouse where Barry Stevens was to work just then, and while he got into his make-up and changed his clothes I wandered around the place. The director had done wonders with the house—it had been a rickety, tumble-down structure, and he had braced it up, put potted plants and shrubs around, and had his men paint it white. There were curtains at the windows, and smoke came out of the chimney.

I sat down on the front porch and talked with the girl who played the ingénue—a little thing with yellow curls that cried "Peroxide!" and a pasty-looking little face. She wasn't pretty—she had a receding chin and her complexion wasn't good. Yet she screens beautifully, and is never out of an engagement! Such are the ways of the movies.

"You came with Barry Stevens, didn't you?" she said presently.

I admitted that I had, wondering what emotion it was that narrowed her eyes that way.

"Well, I don't get him at all!" she burst forth, after a moment's thought. "I've heard a lot about him—that he was simply irresistible, and that—well, you know how crazy women are about him. And the things they tell! Yet men all like him so awfully well that he can't be a heart smasher, pure and simple—and, anyway, he simply isn't old enough to have done all the things they say he has!

"But I thought—well, I sort of thought maybe he'd fall for me. And he hasn't, at all—he's acted like a kid in Sunday school. He doesn't play around with the other girls, either—he's no keener about collecting scalps than Bill Hart, I'll swear! What's the matter; do I get him all wrong?"

Gently, but firmly, I tried to show her that she did; that Barry, cut out to be a lady killer though he was, was only the victim of his own indiscretions. She listened a while, and then, as the director called her, rose with a skeptical little smile.

"Maybe so," she ejaculated, dropping the sweater that she'd had around her thin shoulders and reaching for her powder puff, "but I doubt it. Why, that boy was running around with Nadine Malory when I played extra parts at Essanay!"

I could only wish that she knew the story of his association with Nadine as I was hearing it from Barry himself.

He joined me a moment later, his tanned skin yellowed with powder, his lips rouged.

"Clown's make-up," he remarked disgustedly, as he laid his mirror and powder box on the step beside him.

"Meanwhile, what about Nadine?" I reminded him.

"We left her in my apartment, didn't we?" he laughed. "Well, I helped Norton get his car braced up a bit, and when he saw that he couldn't go on in it he raved.

"'I'm on my way to an important engagement,' he told me. 'I've got a print here that I have to deliver to a chap who's to meet me at the railway station—he's taking it East for me, and a renewal of my contract really hangs on its getting to New York as soon as possible. Say, why can't we run up to your apartment—it's near here, isn't it?—and phone for a taxi?'

"I give you my word that I fairly shivered. That was the last thing on earth that I wanted.

"'My phone's out of order,' I answered, trying to think faster than his suspicions could work. 'Why not take a taxi?'

"'We'd wait an hour to hail one, at this time of night,' he retorted disgustedly. 'And there isn't a garage within a mile—I'll never make that train at this rate.'

"I never felt more helpless in my life. I knew only too well that, if anything happened that he didn't get to the train, he'd probably suggest that he stay the rest of the night with me.

"Well, we stood there for about five minutes, hoping a car would go by. None did. Then a milk wagon came careering along, every bottle in it rattling. Norton hailed it and explained what he wanted. He'd pay the driver well if he could take that wagon long enough to make a dash for the railway station.

"But the driver wouldn't have anything to do with us. He was on his way somewhere or other—wherever it is that milkmen go at that hour of the morning—and he'd let nothing stop him. He hung out of the side of his cart and argued with Norton, while I stood there by the street lamp, looking at him—and all I could think of was that he was one of the queerest-looking chaps I'd ever laid eyes on. He wasn't just homely—he was grotesque. No part of him seemed to have been designed to go with any other part of him. He looked like a cut-out puzzle put together wrong.

"And there stood Norton, his cans of film under his arm, raving and tearing his hair and offering fabulous wealth if he could have that milk wagon for fifteen minutes.

"But money wouldn't tempt the driver. Norton, getting wilder and wilder, began offering other things. He'd have his car fixed and give that to the driver—he'd give him a better job than he had with the milk company. Finally, nearly out of his head, he cried, 'I'll give you a job in the movies.'

"'D'you mean that?' demanded the man seriously.

"'Sure!' exclaimed Norton. 'This chap here'll be a witness that I do.'

"'Jump in!' cried the driver, moving over.

"I wish you could have seen 'em go down that street. The horse, lashed into a frenzy, simply streaked it, and the cart swung from side to side till I thought it would fly loose altogether.

"They made the train. The driver went to work for Norton two days later, just being himself. Norton was wild when he saw what he was in for, but when the picture was released the fans went mad over that driver's face. They thought he was looking like that on purpose!

"To-day he's one of the biggest comedians in the business—draws down a star-size salary, and the companies fight for him. He's a riot."

"And what did you do with the rest of the night?" I demanded.

"Oh, it was just about morning then. I found an all-night restaurant and chummed up with the fellow who ran it—got a lot of stuff from him that I'm using in the picture I'm making now, incidentally. And I had the best little alibi in the world when my manager called me up the next day and told me he'd met Nadine coming out of my apartment at nine o'clock that morning."

## CHAPTER V.

"And what happened to Nadine after that?" I demanded, as Barry paused for breath. "Did Norton hear about her staying at your apartment all night?"

"He did, and he didn't care. She went back to his studio and helped

him get a new picture under way and all that, but he made it perfectly clear that she meant nothing in his young life. So she came to me again, simply desperate. She wanted to kill herself and took to taking dope—yes, actually, she did. I was scared green about her. My enthusiasm over her had waned by that time—any woman who becomes a burden to a man can't expect him to love her. Not that Nadine wanted me to; all she wanted to do was sit and talk to me about Norton. She'd sit in my living room and talk about him by the hour, and I'd sit there and fidget, knowing that the scandal sheets would hear about our being together every evening and talk about it, and that my manager would blow me up the next day—he did that regularly every morning. My reputation for being a nice young man was all gone blooey by that time, anyway.

"Then old Mort Blenker got interested in her. And you know what he is—he didn't give her a minute's peace till she said she'd make a picture for him.

"She was pretty much a wreck by that time—drugs had got her. He sent her to a sanitarium for a while, and got her braced up, and then had her go to work.

"And you know the picture they made, don't you?" And he told me the name of it. I can't tell it to you, or you'd know who Nadine is.

"The biggest success of her career," I commented.

"Exactly. She did it when she was wretchedly unhappy; she'd sit in my living room nights and cry—and my manager would sit there, chaperoning me and fidgeting for fear of what people would say—funny to think of, isn't it? And she'd sob out, 'My heart is breaking—I'm so unhappy——' and go on and tell me how she loved Norton, and all that sort of thing. Gay for me!

"And then she'd go to the studio the next day, and make scenes that were simply alive with fun—the critics called her 'the spirit of mirth incarnate' when that picture was released. She was really marvelous.

"She hoped that the picture would win Norton back to her, but it didn't.

"So, when Nadine found that she couldn't win him back, she signed a contract with Blenker. And you know the kind of pictures she made—not exactly slapstick comedies, but light, funny five-reelers that delighted the fans. She made a big reputation, and Blenker did everything he could to make it bigger. He was in love with her himself, by that time. And she couldn't see him at all.

"She'd recovered from her tendency to use me as a safety valve, but our names were indissolubly linked, nevertheless. I couldn't ask a girl to a dance but what she'd say, 'Oh, aren't you taking Nadine Malory?'

"She used to hurry home from work and go to bed and read all evening—never went anywhere. It was then that she acquired her education—she's one of the best-read women you could ask to meet, now.

"There was just one stumbling-block—she still succumbed to the drug habit occasionally. Gosh, how sorry I used to be for her then. Blenker would send her off to a cure somewhere, and spend thousands of dollars hushing up the stories about her that got out—though every one who knew her was so darned sorry for her, when it happened, that they wouldn't have let the public know the truth for worlds. So they'd give out stories from Blenker's office, saying that she was resting and reading stories at her bungalow in the mountains, or something like that, and after a while she'd come back and go to work again."

"And, meanwhile, what about you?" I asked.

"Meanwhile, I was playing around with a lot of people, trying to live down my giddy reputation, and finding, to my surprise, that people—women, that is—seemed to like me better because of it. I knew Norma Talmadge pretty well, of course—what a gorgeous girl she is! And the Gishes—I'd had a big-brother feeling for Dorothy since the days when she was in Biograph pictures—I'll never forget the first time I met her. She was playing the part of a messenger boy, and they were taking some stuff out in the street, so, of course, there was a mob. Dorothy was holding a cigarette so awkwardly that any one could see that she'd never held one before, and was so embarrassed over her costume that she blushed so you could see it through her make-up. She and I were laughing over it the other day.

"And I was finding out things about pictures. For instance, I couldn't go anywhere with a girl without having every one think she and I were engaged. It was ghastly. Let me take a girl and her mother for a ride in my car in the evening, and the scandal mongers eliminated the mother and gossiped about us for days. A man can stand that sort of thing, of course—but it's a wonder that anybody ever stays married in the motion-picture world, when you consider the amount of gossip that starts from nothing and grows with every telling!

"Then quite suddenly life began to move for Nadine. Blenker was offering to give her her own company and a big director and all that sort of thing—she had the world at her feet—and one evening when I was getting cleaned up a bit to run over to the athletic club and get Tony Moreno to hunt up some excitement with me, she appeared on the scene.

"'Barry, come with me!' she said. 'You've got to help me—I'm going back to Lee.'

"I tried to tell her what that would mean—that she was giving up Blenker's backing and influence and all that sort of thing, and going to a dinky company that would never do anything better than a cheap imitation of what some one else had done.

"'But I want to go!' she insisted. 'I've got to go. I don't care what kind of pictures Lee's making—that girl has left him now, you know.'

"She went on telling me that she could really help Lee, and all that, so finally I drove her down to his studio. He was sitting in his dinky little office, with a strip of film of his late idol tacked up on the wall and her photographs stuck all around on his desk.

"'I've come back, Lee,' she said. Not another word—no recriminations, no finding fault with him.

"He swung around and looked at her, so amazed he couldn't speak. And he looked—well, he looked glad—just swept away with gladness. He held out his arms to her—and then he saw me.

"'You dirty dog!' he cried. 'You took her away from me in the first place. Get out of here before I shoot you.'

"Well, I thought of the hours and hours that I'd sat, listening to her tale of woe, with my manager wringing his hands because of my wrecked reputation and everybody talking scandal about us, and doubled up with mirth.

"That's all of that. I was well entangled in another—shall we still call them indiscretions? It was more my fault than the Nadine episode, and I was glad to be free. But when they made a corking good comedy, and cleaned up a fortune on it, just after that, I didn't dare send her a telegram of congratulation. And when I meet Blenker nowadays, I want to wring his hand in sympathy. He was slaughtered to make a Roman holiday, too. But, then, that's the way with the movies, isn't it?"

"Was it the way with the next affair you stepped into?" I asked.

"Not exactly—that came so near being tragic that I still get gooseflesh thinking of it," he answered. "I'll tell you about it on the way home. And it has a sequel in the present, so you ought to find it interesting."

TO BE CONTINUED.

## Beauty and the Bean

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"Tell me, aren't you afraid of repeating yourself? Aren't you afraid of using the same gestures over and over, afraid of using the same facial play every time some one dies, for example?"

The Talmadge brow wrinkled in a puzzled frown.

"No, that's no problem," she replied slowly. "When I cry over my lover or shriek at the villain, or argue with my screen husband, I do it as I feel at the moment, without thinking of how I have done it before. If I do it the same way, I don't worry, because I am a believer in the personality idea."

"What is the personality idea?"

"Well, it's the notion that people come to a Chaplin picture to see Charlie do the things he does best. And people come to see me do the things they think I do best. Some folks love to see me shipwrecked on desert isles, consequently I've done pictures with that theme no less than five times since I have been in a position to choose my own stories. I have been saved five times, and I have registered extreme joy at the thought each time. And yet there has been no fear of repetition. The costumes vary each time, just as the settings vary, and my position is, of course, different. What remains is me, and my personality—my individual method of interpretation. And if I repeat that over and over, all is well, because people come just to see me repeat the sort of situations they have seen me in—and for some strange reason, have enjoyed my work in before. And there you are."

As she stated it, there was no trace of the ego. Rather it seemed a detached discussion of personalities, and Norma Talmadge's in particular. She appreciates her ability and her worth, but there is nothing of the upstage or the aloof in her manner, nothing of the assumed glacial mien affected by so many of our stellar aristocracy.

The mention of Chaplin in her conversation interested me, because to me he is by far the most fascinating figure in the fluttering photos to-day.

"Yes, I love his work," said Norma. "I should like nothing better than to play opposite him in a big drama. He wants to put Art on the screen. I hope he will."

"Will the box office ever team up with Art?" I asked.

"It has in the past," she flashed. "'The Birth of a Nation' and the more recent 'Miracle Man' are examples. Was anything ever more artistic than either of those? 'The Miracle Man' made two million dollars for its sponsors, and is still making money. Of course," she added practically, "there is always a risk in attempting to make money on an artistic production. I can be reasonably sure that a 'Sign on the Door' sort of play will make a financially big movie, and I'm not taking any chances to speak of when I produce it. But who can be sure that the public will get excited over a faith picture like the Tucker masterpiece?

"I try to make my stories as artistic as possible, but so far I am too interested in being happy and well and free from worry to take any great chances with Art. I'll take whatever credit you'll give me for doing 'The Passion Flower.' That was no *Pollyanna* story. I think the fans will like 'Smilin' Through.' We're working hard enough to please them! But don't tie me up too definitely with this Art for Art's sake idea. At least not until there's a drop in the notoriously high cost of living!"

After which, if you will not agree with me that Norma is a beauty with brains, I'll vote for De Mille for secretary of the interior.

To meet a supremely attractive personality never works a hardship, but when the possessor of the personality talks, rather than chatters, the duty of transcribing her sentiments and views to the printed page becomes nothing less than a linotypical holiday.

# The Eight Most Handsome Men

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fine Greek head and sculptural features, and the passionate chivalry of a don."

**Boyish Cullen Landis.**

Young America—pep, personality, and a devil-may-care smile—are what Cullen Landis typifies to the fans who elected him to a place of honor among the eight most handsome men on the screen.

"Mr. Landis' youth had much to do with my selection of him," one correspondent writes — and many echo her sentiments — "but isn't healthy, clean youth a beauty in itself?"

Apparently it is to the majority of the fans, for it was what moved many of them to vote Richard Barthelmess and Cullen Landis among the handsomest.

**Radiant Richard Dix.**

"Oh, please choose handsome Richard Dix," wrote Edith Lee, of Indianapolis, Indiana. "He did wonderful work in 'Dangerous Curve Ahead' and he is young and unmarried." But it wasn't Edith's plea, but votes, that won him a place.

"A clean, exuberant young man," many call him, and, "Although he has no classic beauty," Lucy Garrison, of Sacramento, California, added, "his genial smile and winning personality are much more than actual beauty of feature."

**Companionable Elliott Dexter.**

"It is too hard to pick out the handsome actors," according to J. W. Blaine, of Evansville, Indiana, "without falling back on the old saying, 'Handsome is as handsome does.' And with that in mind Elliott Dexter is a sure winner. I think he is the most friendly of all actors."

And Mrs. Leila Haigh agrees with him to the extent of saying, "No matter what his part, Elliott Dexter plays it magnetically. I go to see him rather than the stars who are featured. Here is hoping he is made a star soon."

**And, of Course——**

But we cannot quote any one's tribute to Eugene O'Brien, for almost all who cast a vote for him said merely, "And, of course, Eugene O'Brien."

Only Ruth J. Warrenly, who wrote from an obscure post office in Nebraska, shed any light on the subject. "Though I haven't seen any of his pictures for years—only two, in fact, since he stopped playing opposite Norma Talmadge—I still remember him as being awfully good looking. But every one tells me that his present vehicles are so bad—and the same applies to Antonio Moreno —that I never go to see them."

**Looking Ahead.**

These are the handsome favorites of to-day—of to-morrow one cannot be sure. There may come other satellites whose rise will be as rapid as that of Rudolph Valentino or the less-sensational Richard Dix. But in the list are many favorites who have reigned long, and it is safe to assume they will not readily be supplanted. Thomas Meighan has been a favorite even since the days when he played opposite Billie Burke, and Wally Reid began to be adored long ago when as the fighting blacksmith in "The Birth of a Nation" he vanquished all comers. But one never can tell. To-day's child wonder may be to-morrow's hero. Wesley Barry may be the handsome film favorite of the future!

# Do Marriage and Art Mix?

Continued from page 33

tionship. If a star and director are in sympathy, they produce a good picture. If there is friction, the result is bad. I think I should like a nice director for a husband if I marry. (Be sure and put in that last phrase.) Then there should be complete harmony. He would understand if I had to appear in a picture clad in black lace tights, and wouldn't be jealous. If I married a banker, I am afraid he would not understand."

One of the very happy marriages of the film world is that between Priscilla Dean and Wheeler Oakman.

"I don't find life so self-centered and lonely," said Miss Dean. "My husband and I have similar tastes along all lines, not only artistic but in other ways. We love the same sports, including golf and horseback riding, and our social tastes are the same. We love entertaining our friends at home. Our chums are Anita Stewart and her husband, Rudolph Cameron; Doris May and her husband, Wallace MacDonald; and Peggy O'Dare and her husband, Albert Pegg. They often drop in of an evening. Wheeler and I seldom go out in the evenings, but spend them in our own home."

Anita Stewart isn't so sure that a star should be married, at least she shouldn't marry too young.

"A girl misses a good deal in giving up her freedom too early. But of course Rudey and I are very happy, and there certainly are compensations even about early marriages. You form a companionship young, and your interests are fused."

Herbert Rawlinson is married to Roberta Arnold, stage star. Every chance he gets, he leaves Universal City and trots back to New York to see his wife. But he doesn't feel it would be right to ask her to give up her career. So they compromise on long telephone conversations Sunday mornings, and on daily letters.

"Of course artists should marry!" exclaimed Rawlinson. "Roberta and I have been married nine years, and even despite our long separations we are entirely devoted to each other. And, oh, boy, aren't we happy when we can get a chance to be together! We're such pals!"

Charlie Chaplin, who was divorced from Mildred Harris, has a cryptic epigram to deliver on the subject of art and marriage:

"Do love and art mix? In the right proportions, yes. But that's the dickens of it—to keep 'em mixed the right way!"

If there ever was a devoted husband, it's Tom Mix. Over the Tom Mix home also the stork is hovering. His wife, you know, is Victoria Forde in professional life, though she retired from the stage when she married Tom four years ago.

"It takes romance," said Mix, "to bring out one's most artistic qualities. Without love there can be no romance. I suppose one could get the same inspiration by being in love with somebody else's wife, but it jazzes things up so that it's better to be in love with your own wife. Love has to be nourished and fostered by kindness and tact. Sometimes men say to me, when I bring Vicky home a new and expensive present, 'Gee, Tom, you're making it hard for the rest of us husbands!' But I figure a woman will keep on loving you and trying to please you if you give her the little attentions of life."

Says Mahlon Hamilton, popular matinée idol, and a married man: "Personally, I think it well for a woman to remain in the home. It fosters domesticity, habits of thrift, and makes for genuine happiness. Yet if a woman has a great deal of talent, I think it only right that she have the chance to develop it. I do not think a husband should be selfish."

One of the latest romances is that between Dagmar Godowsky, daughter of the famous pianist, Leopold Godowsky, and Frank Mayo, Universal star. Miss Godowsky is anxious to return to the screen, she says, because, since her marriage she feels the awakening of new art impulses and inspiration. Mr. Mayo is rather inclined to wish to have her remain at home because he fears the separations sometimes inevitable in professional life, but he does not seriously object to his wife's going back to an artistic career.

"I personally think that home life is happier for a woman's remaining in the home and making a career of domestic life; yet I sympathize with my wife's ambitions, and I know we shall continue to be happy no matter what happens," said Mr. Mayo. "As for love and art mixing, of course they do. In fact, without real love there can be no inspiration to real art."

"I don't know why love and art can't mix," said Bryant Washburn. "Just because a man plays different rôles for a living is no reason why he should beat his wife. In fact the successful artist has an opportunity to make his wife happy with many comforts and gifts. I think a real artist can also be a real lover. A lot of people think they are artists who are not, and it's the same with lovers."

"When a career interferes with marriage or marriage with a career, there is but one solution—eliminate marriage. Providing, of course, that one is sure of one's own sincerity in believing that the career is uppermost. It's a serious decision, a very vital decision. One must be sure."

That's what Constance Talmadge, reported on the verge of a separation from her husband, John Pialoglou, said.

"He doesn't know anything about pictures, and I simply couldn't get interested in tobacco," explained Constance. "There wasn't anything really serious wrong between us. But whenever I had to go to work he'd protest. He couldn't seem to understand that I just couldn't forsake my career. My work means so much to me."

Rex Ingram proved he believed in artists marrying by wedding his leading lady, Alice Terry. The noted director was very epigrammatic on the subject. "Love is the inspiration of art. Love is the reproduction of the species. Art is the expression of the human species." Figure it out for yourself.

Richard Dix explained: "Matrimony is a discipline. Some people don't like discipline."

"I don't know," said Harry Myers, he of the *Boss* fame in "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," "anything about this art and love thing. I'm happily married if that's what you mean. Maybe I'm not an artist. Maybe I'm just a misplaced piano tuner or automobile manufacturer. I can tune a piano and I can build up an automobile as well as I can build up a characterization. My wife still likes me, and I never swear when the coffee's cold."

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# Prize Winners in Our Fan Club Contest

**The letters entered in our recent "What's Your Fan Club Doing?" contest have all been examined and passed upon by the judges of the contest and the prizes are herewith awarded to those lucky members: First prize—twenty-five dollars—to Opal Utter, 222 F. Street, N. W., Miami, Oklahoma, of the "Six Peppy Fans" Club; second prize—fifteen dollars—to William J. Brown, 164 Rosetti Street, New Haven, Connecticut, of "The Best" Club, and the third prize—ten dollars—to Walter Moses, R. R. C., Box 267, Dixon, Illinois, of the "Ruth Roland" Club.**

Continued from page 28

der, sank down, down, down to the blackest pit of despair. She—Emily—was there—in the third row, center—with the sardonic Elmer Purvis. Since her confirmation of Purvis' boast, Joel had not seen her; had kept away.

The futility of life assailed him. This hour, his hour of sweet triumph, turned into bitter pain! The finest girl he had ever known—the only one on earth that mattered——

"I reckon she just plain gave me the mitten," he muttered despondently. "And I sure did love her!"

Gwendolyn St. Clair, wise-eyed and mature behind her grease paint, was giving the stage a last critical inspection before the curtain rose. A thoughtful, suspicious glance fell upon the amateur.

"Joel, you're sure you know your lines—you won't get stage fright?"

"No'm."

Almost sorrowfully, the leading woman looked him over. The suit he wore was a voluminous full-dress outfit, borrowed from the character man who, in the dim recesses of the past, had acquired it from a comedian. The character man was large of stature and the comedian had been still more ample in his proportions.

Upon the slender frame of Joel Matthews the garments hung with the withered fullness of a circus tent collapsing about the center pole. When he moved it was with a billowing melancholy. To give the garments the effect of livery Joel had carefully wrapped the buttons of the coat and vest with tinfoil. Upon his feet were yellow shoes. Protruding on either side of his face were flaring wedges of curly black crêpe hair attached with spirit gum. And looking out between the flanges of stiff whiskers and over a tight collar was a face so young, so unscarred by age that all of the make-up on earth could not have given it the appearance of venerability, despite its funereal mournfulness.

"These tank towns stand for a lot," murmured Miss St. Clair, "but, son, you're tempting Providence."

Toward the seasoned star, Joel turned the most dismal countenance she had ever looked upon.

"I'm—I'm a man with a secret sorrow," he informed her. "And I want you to judge my work accordingly."

Along about the middle of the third act Joel Matthews made his début into the magic realm of the spoken drama. Gently shoved from behind by friendly hands with the whispered repetition of his lines still buzzing in his ears he advanced, like a ship under full sail with a moderate breeze, to the center of the stage. For the space of ten seconds the stage was his and his alone. Presently the villain would enter. For the nonce Joel Matthews, actor, sustained—or attempted to sustain—the burden of the play.

Opening his mouth he was surprised to find that he had no voice—that more than a hundred people were looking at him, waiting for words when he had no words to utter.

From the wings he heard some one hissing something that he had heard somewhere before: *"The master has been acting strange lately——"*

Slowly, his mental and vocal paralysis passed. With an effort he was able to speak but the tones were thin, utterly unfamiliar to his own ears.

"The master—the master has been acting strange lately. I wonder what—what the matter can be. If he is playing Lady Mary false—no—if Lady Mary is playing *him* false, then God forbid that——"

In the center of the house and three rows from the stage a husky figure rose up; a brazen voice broke in upon the sanctity of "Her Dark Past."

"All right, fellers—let him have it!"

With his own right arm Elmer Purvis cast the first tomato. It was a venerable vegetable, luscious, pulpy, and colorful after the type of its kind in old age. Elmer's eye was true and his aim was that of a Christy Matthewson in his palmy days.

Across the broad white field of Joel's dress shirt the carmine projectile exploded with a dull, sickening sqush. From the back part of the auditorium a carrot came whirling. A cabbage, floating through space, plumped into the butler's stomach and the breath went out of him with a grunt. Over him, beside him, and against him the barrage rained.

As suddenly as the storm had started, it ceased. Wild whistling and shouting shook the building. Above the din protesting voices were calling out: "Shame! Shame! Stop it! Fair play!"

The bewildered eyes of Joel Matthews stared downward; fell upon the erect pose of Elmer Purvis. The Purvis arm drew back—something white splattered on Joel's chest—something that also *smelled*. Another similar missile sped toward him. Mechanically, Joel reached out and caught it. The curtain dropped before him and he looked down at the egg, aged but unbroken, that rested in his palm.

On the street the next afternoon he tried to pull away from the soft, arresting hand that was laid on his arm.

"Mr. Matthews—you must listen." Emily, with something that approached maternal tenderness shining in her eyes, hung on. "Let me explain. I tried to warn you. Elmer Purvis and his gang of rowdies planned to break up the show Friday. I tried to talk him out of it and he promised that he'd call off the scheme if I'd go with him. That's the only reason I went with him. I—I thought maybe I could save you some embarrassment—but he lied——"

Pallid white gave way to a crimson tide in the face of Joel Matthews. His eyes were twin stars of blazing blue.

"Oh, Emily——" he gasped. "Oh, Emily——"

Then, before she could speak, he was gone—gone with a wild, loping, running stride that carried him straight back to his dressing room in the Opera House. When next she saw him dusk was falling. Clean of body, apparel, and conscience, Joel Matthews sauntered into the store, drew up his stool to the soda counter.

"I caught him," he grinned, happily. "He was down in the pool hall but I dragged him out in the street where I reckon fifty people saw us. I took it and smashed it right in his mouth and made him swaller it right down!"

"You made him—who—what——"

"Elmer Purvis—the egg I caught—and saved. And Emily, I quit the show. D'ye know why? 'Cause if I was a real actor—I wouldn't put any girl or anything else on God's earth above my profession. That's what tells the tale. And I'd rather stay here and get a job than to make all the fame and fortune in the world. Are you glad?"

Tears were in her eyes. And that, too, told the tale.

Continued from page 47

Dalton I like ever so well, she is so natural and unaffected." That's the way she went on, praising all the different stars. "Of course, there are a few I don't like," she said frankly. "One girl, for instance, that played in a picture with me before I starred had a contract to be featured after she finished that picture, and it made her so upstage the rest of us in that company were hardly good enough for her. Now, I don't care for players who become like that," but she broke off with:

"Oh, have you seen Bebe Daniels yet? She is the cutest thing, and so pretty! Her hair is so black and glossy, and she has such big brown eyes, and her skin is so white!"

But I couldn't pay much attention to how pretty the stars were that she was telling me about—because all the time I was thinking of how very pretty Betty Compson was. All her features are perfect, but I vote for her eyes as being her best. They come nearer to reminding one of stars than any pair of eyes I've ever seen. She has a way of looking right at you with her eyes wide open they remind you of blue gentians, fringed by lashes that curl back and group together, and give a starry effect. She has a nice voice, too, very sweet and gentle.

Betty Compson seems to be pretty well acquainted with every one in the film capital, and from what I've heard she seems to be a favorite with every one. Yet she told me she rarely gets time to attend or give parties, like some of the other film players do.

"You see, I work pretty nearly all day, and at night I'm so tired I'm only too glad to go straight to bed. So I rarely get the chance to go anywhere or give parties or anything like that; I'm always so busy."

Of course, I couldn't be with Betty Compson very long without telling her how wonderful I thought she was in "The Miracle Man." She said she didn't like her work particularly in that film, though she realized it was a wonderful picture, and she thinks she didn't look a bit pretty in it. Can you imagine? Fans, if you want to be sure of one star that isn't the least bit conceited, or hasn't any sort of a swelled head, you can just depend on Betty Compson. She is altogether unassuming and sweet and kind. You wouldn't be afraid to ask her anything.

"If there's anything you want to know about me, just ask me," she offered. "Don't be afraid to ask me anything."

"Well, is Betty Compson your real name?" I ventured, with a fan's curiosity over such knowledge. Those things seem so important.

"No; it's Lucine—Lucine Compson. When I was in comedies they changed it because they thought 'Betty' was more suitable for comedy purposes."

Then I asked her if she liked to play vampires and rather wicked ladies.

"Well, I don't mind playing them, but I don't like to appear bad all the time. In one of my recent pictures the director made me smoke cigarettes all through the play; I didn't like that. I want to play different sorts of rôles," she told me. "I don't want the public to always connect me in their minds with wicked characters."

We were spinning along the drive by the beach, by now, at Santa Monica. It is a very beautiful drive with palatial residences on one side, and on the other a park and gardens overlooking the sand beach and ocean below. We rode to the end and then turned around, and our course was direct to the Ambassador, which is in the fashionable Wilshire district, near Hollywood.

One of the many winning ways of Betty Compson is that she seems really to take an interest in you—in what you do and say. I don't know whether she really is interested or not, but you get that impression, anyhow—and it is very flattering to you. I know it was to me, when she kept praising me so for venturing all the way out to Hollywood by myself, and wanted to know whether I had written home yet, and had I assured my mother that I was all right, et cetera? You certainly appreciate any interest or concern any one might show for you when you are so far away from home and intimate friends, and it seemed nice and thoughtful to have a movie actress do that.

Betty Compson believes that girls should break away for a little while from home ties so as to establish their own individuality and personality.

"That is, if she ever wants to be somebody or get any place in the world," she said. "Of course, I don't mean running away from home or anything like that—I mean just going away on a trip for a while, so as to gain different ideas and confidence in one's self and independence. I did it, because at home I had no individuality at all; I could just think only the way my mother thought; I had to go to her for everything, to decide for me and depended absolutely on her. Though I love my mother and she means everything in the world to me, I believe every one should learn to think for themselves. So when I was sixteen years old my cousin and I went on the stage. I was frightened at first, but afterward I shall never forget how important and self-confident I felt."

On our way to the Ambassador we had to pass Rogers' Aviation Field, which was once owned by Sidney Chaplin. The whirring sound of an aëroplane attracted our attention.

Continued on next page

*Another day out at one of the beaches, Mona Kingsley of Goldwyn Pictures, taught me to play beach craps.*

Continued from preceding page

"That's something I'm especially fond of doing," said Betty. "I like flying. I come here ever so often and take flights. I happen to know the man who owns the field, and he lets me go up whenever I want to."

I couldn't help being surprised. She seemed the last one in the world you'd expect to appreciate such a daring form of sport. Even some of the actors who are dare-devils when it comes to all other sports won't take any chances in the air. And here this little, gentle type of girl indulged in it often. "Yes, indeed, I love it," she said, when she saw my look of surprise.

"Oh, it must be great!" I enthused. "Doesn't it thrill you awfully when you get away up high?"

"No; you'd be surprised, but it doesn't thrill you half as much as you expect. You don't realize the daring of it when you're up there. Haven't you ever been up?" she asked me.

"No, I haven't," I told her, "but I've always been anxious to find out what it's like."

"Would you like to go up, really?"

"I would!"

"Now?" We kept asking each other back and forth, not quite sure whether the other meant what she was saying.

"Oh, yes!" I said.

"Are you game? All right, then, we will," she said.

I was so thrilled I couldn't believe she really meant it, but she stopped the car and we got out. We found Emory Rogers, the owner of the field and a well-known dare-devil of the air. He said surely we might go up, and told one of the assistants to get the best plane ready. We were led over to a little bungalow that served as the business offices. Pictures of several well-known movie stars adorned the walls—players who had taken flights in the Rogers planes.

There was some flying apparel in one of the little rooms, and we were told to dress ourselves in it. Betty put on the whole outfit, but I just wore the leather jacket and helmet. We tried on all the different hats, trying to pick out some we liked. We didn't like any of them much.

"They're not very flattering," Betty mentioned, when we took a look into one of the mirrors to see whether we had them on straight. But I thought Betty looked really cute in hers, with her reddish hair peeping out from under the earlaps.

Miss Compson lost one of her life-insurance policies on account of her taste for flying—they considered her too big a risk. But now she has almost decided to take up flying seriously and learn to drive a plane herself.

Miss Compson and I sat in the front seat, which is quite deep, and the seat is so low you feel as if you were sitting in one of those low racing cars with your feet straight in front of you. When there are two in a seat and they strap you in tight, you feel quite cozy. I figured if I became frightened I would just duck my head and wouldn't look over the edge.

Then the engine started making such a loud noise we couldn't hear ourselves talk, and the propeller whirled around, throwing such a terrific wind on us that I thought it would blow my head right off. I shut my eyes on account of the wind, but when I began to feel the plane glide forward and Betty said, "Well, here we go," I opened them quick so I wouldn't miss anything.

We were just gliding close to the ground like an ice boat, and then suddenly the earth seemed to sink right away from under us and go down, down, down—so I looked up quick, and there were the clouds coming right down to meet us. Then the nose of the plane pointed upward, and we seemed to be climbing up, headed for the moon, or sun rather. It was a glorious sensation—I felt like a skyrocket.

Finally the plane straightened out again—and then the noise of the engine suddenly stopped! I think my heart must have stopped with it. I shut my eyes quick again, for I thought sure the plane was going to duck right down and make a dive right back to where we came from. I could see the headlines on the front page of the home-town paper—"Plainfield Girl Falls From Sky With Movie Star!" And I thought of all the fans that would envy me such an illustrious death, when the pilot's voice broke in on my reverie:

"See, the plane can sail by itself up here."

"How do you like it?" asked Betty.

"Oh, it's grand!" I said, now that I was sure that nothing had gone wrong. "How far up are we?"

"About eighteen hundred feet," said the pilot, and the engine started in with its deafening noise again, and we continued to climb higher. I guess it went up to about two thousand feet, and then we dipped and seemed to roller-coast all around the sky—we went up and down, up and down, and then straightened out for a change.

I took that opportunity to survey our surroundings. There didn't seem to be anything much in our surroundings, but there seemed quite a bit of something beneath us. It looked like a big brown map all laid out in tiny little squares, with a big splash of blue on one side that I knew to be the Pacific Ocean. Tiny little white-and-green things were sprinkled all over. I knew I lived in one of them. The long, white, winding ribbons were roads, because I could see the little black dots crawling along them. It didn't seem like the place we had just come from at all. In fact, you don't feel as if you were the one that was up so high—so you don't get scared at all. You just feel as if the earth went and shrunk right away from you into a little miniature map and left you suspended.

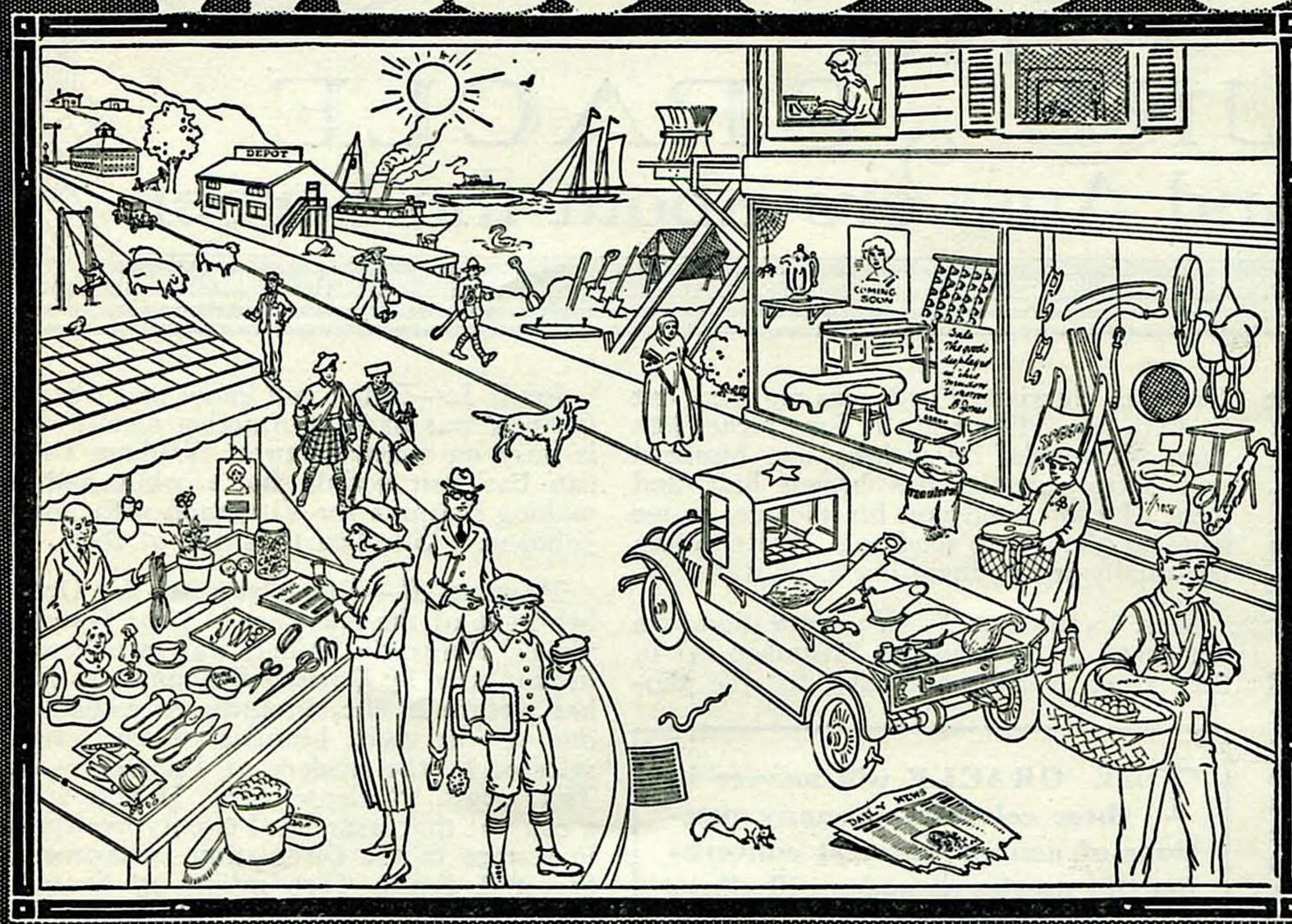
We began to sink lower and lower. That sensation isn't half as nice as going up—it feels like going down in a fast elevator. The earth appeared as if one was looking through a magnifying glass at it. It grew larger and larger until we could distinguish everything going on in the field below us. We saw several people running to one spot, and then our pilot pointed out a plane that had just fallen. The pilot, who was a Japanese and just learning, had made a mistake in landing properly, and had smashed the plane badly, but luckily escaped serious injury. We taxied along the field as we landed, and we could feel the bumps awfully when we hit the uneven places of the ground, because aëroplanes don't seem to be equipped with springs.

Here I was down to earth again, and when I stepped out of that plane I felt more thrilled and elated than I ever did before. This had been more of a real *adventure* than any—not one that had been all arranged and looked forward to—therefore, it had all the more thrill to it because it was unexpected. Betty Compson and I felt as if we had been playing truant, for hadn't the press agents and every one else thought we had gone to have tea at the Ambassador, and, instead, we had been flying around over it?

Well, I had always wanted to go up in an aëroplane, and now, suddenly, out of a clear sky, the opportunity had presented itself and was accepted. However, I had never dreamed of going up in the sky with a star! But I might have expected it, for, after all, that's where you find the real, bright, particular stars, isn't it? Betty Compson is a reel star, all right, and you couldn't hope to find one any brighter, I'm sure.

TO BE CONTINUED.

# Win $5000

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Yours very truly,
H. C. KRAUSKOPF
President

***How many objects in this picture Begin with "S"?***

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Send us a list of all objects beginning with "S" (saw, spoon, etc.) you can find on this picture. Largest and nearest correct list wins 1st Prize. 104 other cash prizes.

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| 2nd prize | 35 | 375 | 750 | 2500 |
| 3rd prize | 25 | 200 | 400 | 1250 |
| 4th prize | 25 | 125 | 250 | 600 |
| 5th prize | 25 | 75 | 150 | 400 |
| 6th to 55th prizes each | 2 | 4 | 8 | 25 |
| 56th to 105th prizes each | 1 | 2 | 4 | 10 |

## OBSERVE THESE RULES:

**1.** The contest is open to every man, woman, girl or boy living in America, except employees or relatives of employees of E. J. Reefer, 9th and Spruce Sts. There is no entrance fee of any kind.

**2.** You must use only one side of paper. You must number your list of objects in regular order—1, 2, 3, etc. Your full name and address must be written on each page in the upper right hand corner. Use a separate sheet for anything you may wish to write outside of your list of names and your name and address.

**3.** English words only will be accepted as they appear in the English dictionary. Obsolete words will not be counted. Both the singular and the plural of a word will not count; either one of them may be used.

**4.** Compounds or words which are made up of two or more complete English words cannot be used.

**5.** The same spelling of a word will be counted only once even though it is used for different articles or objects, or parts of them. Each article or object can be given only under one name.

**6.** Two or more people may co-operate in answering the puzzle. However, only one prize will be given to any one household. No prize will be awarded to more than one of any combination outside of the family where a number—two or more—have worked together.

**7.** If a contestant sends more than one list under the same name, an assumed name, or a pre-married name then all lists of such contestant will be disqualified. If more than one list is sent by any group or by any members of the same group who have co-operated in the preparation of such lists, then all lists of such contestants will be disqualified.

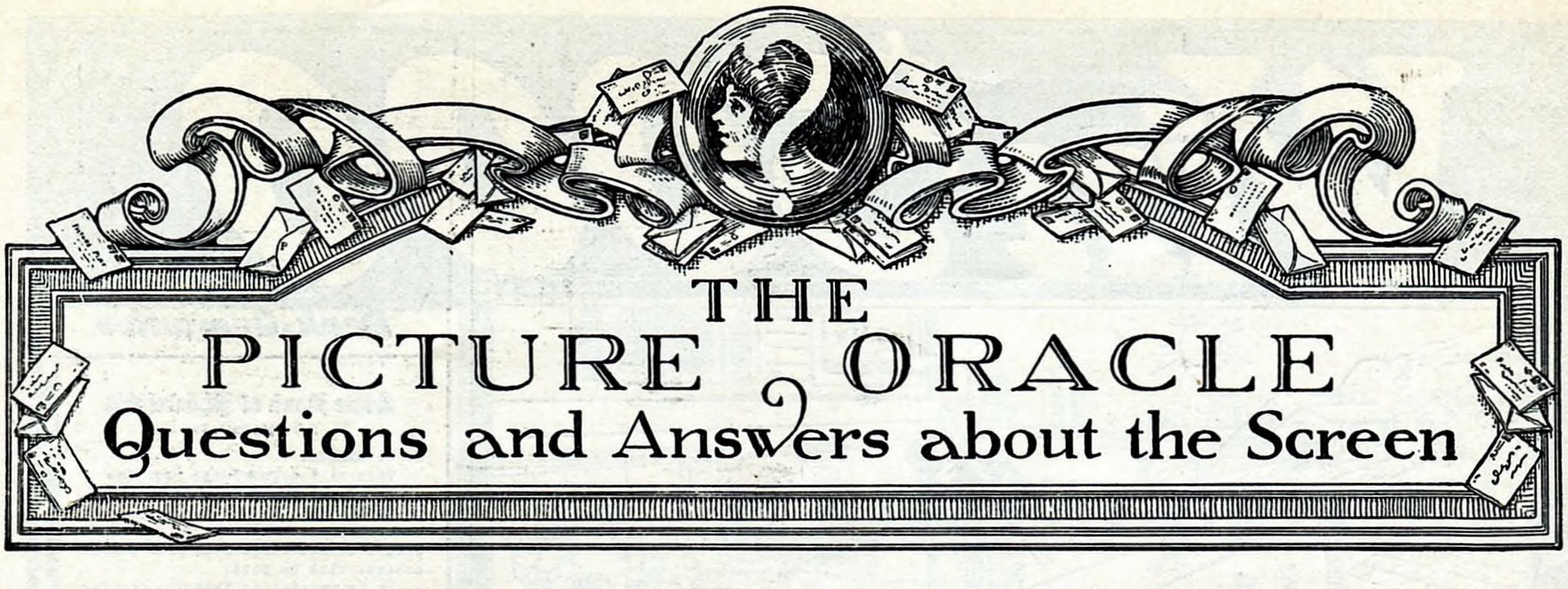
**8.** All answers must be received through the mail by E. J. Reefer, 9th and Spruce Streets, Philadelphia, Pa., and must be post-marked by Post Office closing time, April 10th, 1922.

**9.** The first prize will be awarded for the answer containing the largest and most nearly correct list of the names of visible objects and articles beginning with the letter "S" shown in the picture. No other consideration, such as neatness, style or handwriting, will have any bearing in making the decision.

**10.** The full amount of any of the prizes will be awarded to each contestant in the event of a tie.

**11.** The decision will be made by three judges entirely independent of and having no connection with E. J. Reefer. They will judge the answers submitted and award the prizes at the end of the contest. Participation in the contest carries with it the acceptance of the decision of the judges as final and conclusive.

**12.** All answers will receive full consideration whether or not "Reefer's Yeast Tablets" is purchased. At the close of the contest, when all lists have been graded, the names of the prize winners will be announced and the list of words will be sent upon request to any participant who sends us a stamped, addressed envelope.



# THE PICTURE ORACLE

## Questions and Answers about the Screen

OLIVE.—Companies always make a set of "stills" from each picture, but they are made only for the company's own use and for publication in newspapers or magazines. Therefore, you won't be able to buy any from "The Sheik." You'll have to be satisfied with seeing it on the screen, and cutting pictures from it out of magazines.

ESTELLE, JR.—So you think Wallie Reid uses his hands too much? Hands are almost as necessary to an actor as his face, and the proper use of them is an art in itself. Of course, Wallie's eyebrows are a great help, but I'm afraid he'd have rather a hard time if he couldn't use his hands. Marshall Neilan was the director of "Bits of Life," and wrote one of the four stories that composed the picture. Otherwise he had nothing to do with it. I certainly hope you'll get a letter from Gloria Swanson "in her own handwriting," but *maybe* she'll be too busy to write personally. She's a pretty busy person, you know. So long, Fourteen.

MISS WILDFIRE.—Glad to know you! Mabel Normand starred in "The Slim Princess." She was *Kalora,* Hugh Thompson was *Pike,* Tully Marshall, *Papova,* Russ Powell, the *Governor General,* Mildred Lloyd, *Jeneka,* Harry Lorraine, the *Detective,* and Pomeroy Cannon, *Counsellor General.* Let's hear some more news from the ranch.

A SAVANNAH FAN.—You know, Anna Q. Nilsson is in Europe now making pictures for the Famous Players London company. She has blond hair and blue eyes. and is five feet seven. The form of your letter was O. K. Write again any time.

MOLLY.—Jacqueline Logan is the society girl in "Molly O." She has been on the screen about one year, going straight from the Ziegfield Follies to a leading rôle in the Allan Dwan production, "A Perfect Crime." Then she was leading lady for Thomas Meighan in "White and Unmarried." Her latest picture is "The Octave of Claudius," the Goldwyn special. The dainty Jacqueline did such good work in this production that the Goldwyn officials handed her a long-term contract. To accomplish all this in a year is some record, even for a Follies girl. Nazimova's next picture will be "A Doll's House," the Ibsen play in which she appeared on the stage.

STELLA B.—You certainly rave about Norman Kerry! This idol of yours was born in New York, is six feet two, weighs one hundred and eighty pounds, and has dark hair and hazel eyes. At present he is making pictures in London. Your other favorite, Harrison Ford, was married, but is divorced. His height is four inches less than Norman's, he weighs one hundred and sixty pounds, has brown hair and eyes. I can't send you his picture, as we have no pictures to send out. Write to him personally for it, inclosing a quarter.

MRS. CATHERINE T.—Your questions are answered in the reply to "Number 14" in this issue. Write personally for the photograph. Your surmise was correct—Miss de Barros is French. There's more about her in a reply to another of my correspondents.

**THE ORACLE will answer in these columns as many questions of general interest concerning the movies as space will allow. Personal replies to a limited number of questions—such as will not require unusually long answers—will be sent if the request is accompanied by a stamped envelope, with return address. Inquiries 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 personal application at a studio. Questions concerning scenario writing must be written on a separate sheet of paper. Those who wish the addresses of actors and actresses are urged to read the notice at the end of this department.**

A LOVER OF PICTURE-PLAY.—I enjoyed your letter very much. Write as often as you like. They are pronounced Mee-an, accent on first syllable; Bar-thel-mess, accent on first syllable; Ses-shu, and Hy-a-ka-wa, accent on third syllable and all the a's sounded as in "father." Thomas Meighan was born in 1884, is just six feet tall, and weighs one hundred and seventy pounds. Some of his pictures were "The Miracle Man," "Male and Female," "Don't Change Your Wife," "The Prince Chap," Frontier of the Stars," "The Easy Road," "White and Unmarried," and "A Prince There Was." Wallace Reid was born in St. Louis, Missouri. Bert Lytell is married to Evelyn Vaughn.

JOE L. L.—Didn't you know that Charlie Chaplin was back in America again? He is busy on a new picture. William Duncan has quit serials for a while and is making features for Vitagraph with Edith Johnson. "Steelheart" is one of them.

MARILYN B.—Didn't you see the October issue of the magazine? Your favorite player, Rubye de Remer, was interviewed in that issue by Doris Smith, and also had her picture in the rotogravure section as one of the eight beauties of the screen selected by the readers of PICTURE-PLAY. That ought to please you. If you want a copy of that issue send twenty-five cents in stamps to the Circulation Department, Street & Smith Corporation, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City, and it will be mailed you. At present Rubye is in Europe working in a picture for Famous Players. She is five feet six, weighs one hundred and twenty-two pounds, has blond hair and blue eyes.

A MR. AND MRS. VERNON CASTLE FAN.—"The Whirl of Life" was made in 1915. I hardly think it likely that it will be reissued. Mrs. Castle's addresss is printed in this issue. You're no bother at all.

HELENE N.—I might have a hard time answering your questions satisfactorily if you wrote in French. Your letter was clearly written; I understood it perfectly. David Wark Griffith was born in La Grange, Kentucky, in 1880. He was on the stage for two years, and entered motion pictures in 1908 as an actor. Then he took up directing with the old Biograph company, and introduced several innovations which changed the whole motion-picture industry, including the close-up and the cut-back. In fact, Mr. Griffith has been the pioneer in practically every forward step in motion-picture art, and it is conceded that the industry owes more to him than to any other man. His greatest pictures were "Birth of a Nation," which was produced about six years ago and revived a few months ago, "Intolerance," "Hearts of the World," "Broken Blossoms," "'Way Down East," and "The Two Orphans." So you see, all those adjectives of praise you use are quite in order.

DORIS D.—I'm beginning to think that girls like the villains better than the heroes. Your own particular favorite, Lowell Sherman, was his usual black movie character in "Molly O," Mabel Normand's latest picture. But he's reformed, and at present is playing the hero in the stage play, "The Man's Name." I bet you'd rather have him a villain, wouldn't you?

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## The News Reel

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"Well, Richard," answered father, "it's too bad, and I'm glad you're not an actor."

Richard Dix and Claire Windsor will play the courting and the courted, respectively, in Micky Neilan's new picture "Fools First." Dix was supposed to be rather devoted to May Collins and here he is looking into the blue eyes of Miss Windsor—on the screen. Charles Chaplin, too, seems particularly partial to Miss Windsor and it's hard to blame him because the lady is one of the most attractive and gracious stars in the movie world. Off the screen she is quiet and unassuming and immensely proud of Bill. Bill is her four-year-old son.

Among those present in movie divorce suits are Donald Crisp, Jacques Jaccard, both directors, and Spottiswoode Aitken, actor. Crisp and Jaccard were sued while Aitken was the plaintiff in his case. Also a camera man on the Sennett lot found himself a grass widower when his wife told the judge that he was "too crazy about the bathing girls to come home."

Rex Ingram has finished "The Prisoner of Zenda." It was the last picture produced at the Metro studio before the works shut down for the winter. Ingram says he will make a spectacular screen version of Victor Hugo's novel, "Toilers of the Sea." Balzac, Dumas, and Hugo, are cutting into the incomes of the Hollywood writers.

The French writers knew the technique of writing melodrama and the scenario editors are beginning to discover the classics, hitherto passed up as too highbrow for the movie fan. The movie fan, you know, is credited with the intelligence of a half-witted baby. When "The Three Musketeers" made a hit, a certain editor rushed one of his scouts to the library. "Go down and see if this guy Dumas wrote any other books."

Dagmar Godowsky Mayo went to New York to see her father Leopold Godowsky, the pianist, before he went to Europe. Whereupon the rumors started. It is said that Miss Godowsky wants to go on the stage. Her recently acquired husband, Frank Mayo, wants her to stay at home. When she left, Miss Godowsky promised to return, in a few weeks or so.

# Where Do They Come From?

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players received their first chance in the chorus, among them Elsie Ferguson, Katherine MacDonald, Ethel Clayton, Irene Castle, and Mary MacLaren. And long before New York heard of her, Billie Burke was warbling popular ditties in European music halls.

Douglas Fairbanks, though he has been associated with theatricals from earliest boyhood—why, it's upon record that he played a small part in an early Augustus Thomas drama, "New Blood," at the Broadway Theater, Denver, as long ago as September 20, 1897—yet he once found time to serve a period as head of the order department of a Wall Street brokerage firm.

Both Margaret Loomis and Carol Dempster were professional dancers, exponents of the art of Ruth St. Denis, who taught them their business, while Betty Compson once pulled the bow across a violin upon a vaudeville circuit.

It wouldn't take two guesses for you to know that Tom Mix and Buck Jones followed cow-punching as a living before they became actors, so to speak, and Cullen Landis, first an usher in the Vendome Theater, Nashville, Tennessee, later route manager for the Nashville *Tennessean and American,* finally climbed the hill as stage carpenter, assistant camera man, assistant director, into the glories of leading mandom.

Small wonder that Wallace Reid so frequently deplores a fate which has cast his lot with handsome heroics almost exclusively, for few of our stars have had a more varied cruise before sailing into filmdom's harbor. He has been successively a hotel clerk, an irrigation digger, newspaper reporter, magazine editor, and an actor of the spoken word. He seems rather to have found himself now, however, though he frankly admits he has aspirations toward a director's career.

More times than once have we marveled at the downright physical daring of that late serial queen, Pearl White, who dashes into danger with the nonchalance of milady drinking tea. But her early circus training, swinging happily upon the trapeze, has probably inured her to any sense of fear. Another graduate of the "round top," one who was almost cradled in sawdust, is that premier fun maker, Ford Sterling, who used to cut comic capers as a clown with John Robinson's circus. And almost any idiot would know that Will Rogers spent several years in this same form of entertainment, first with Texas Jackie's Wild West Show and later with Worth Brothers' Circus. Then came vaudeville, the Ziegfeld "Follies," and the cinema—the to-be-expected evolution. But not many people know that Herbert Rawlinson also took a flyer at the circus as a means of livelihood when in his early teens.

That delightful delineator of gentle matronly rôles, Edythe Chapman, was a prominent stage leading woman for over twenty years, but before she appeared in public at all she taught elocution at the Lombard University, Galesburg, Illinois. And you should just hear the stories Jack Holt tells of the years he spent in the cheery climate of Alaska, first as a surveyor and later as a mail carrier.

Douglas MacLean happens to be the offspring of a minister, so, in order to keep papa happy, he attended the Lewis School of Technology in Chicago, with the idea of becoming a mechanical engineer. But it quickly developed that as an engineer he was an excellent actor, so a course at a dramatic school, a season or two behind the footlights, and then the films is the story of what followed.

Dorothy Gish, when she was an infant actress, had to undergo the painful experience of nightly listening to Fiske O'Hara's tenor solos in various Irish dramas; Virginia Pearson was a Louisville librarian before the stage gathered her in; Mrs. Sidney Drew chatted pleasantly upon the lyceum platform as a Chautauqua entertainer; Madge Kennedy mapped out a career with palette and brush, studying at the Art Students' League; Wanda Hawley spent several years as a professional pianist; Eileen Percy served an apprenticeship both as child actress and model; J. Warren Kerrigan almost achieved an atelier in Paris, as against a studio in California; Robert Schable was for half a dozen years stage manager for John Drew; Richard Barthelmess hoped to find his niche in the literary world; and Eugene O'Brien was saved the fate of administering pills, his family planning a doctor's career for him.

Taken all in all, at least nine tenths of our screen family formerly flourished in fields far removed from those in which they to-day find themselves. Who knows, and it's a perfectly likely possibility, the freckle-faced office boy of this morning may be the screen king of to-night, and the dainty Cordelia, who yells, "Ham and" in the restaurant around the corner, may enchant us upon the silver sheet in the near future.

## Romances of Famous Film Folk

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transmitter. 'Why, yes,' said ma, 'it is a nice day!' 'Aren't you going to congratulate us?' we asked anxiously. 'Yes, thanks, he's very well,' answered mother. We looked at each other. But finally mother managed to say, 'Yes, yes, father is here! Come right over!' And then we tumbled that we were to lie low for a while!"

Mr. Durning has directed his wife in one picture only. That was while both were with Edison.

"It was the last picture Edison ever made. I guess we broke 'em!" explained Berney. "We had an awful time on that picture, anyway. It was in the wintertime and very cold. The ducks we used in the picture froze to death in the Japanese garden! There was a queer kind of a stork which we used, too. It was an expensive bird from the zoo, and as it was the first picture I ever directed I couldn't afford to have it die."

Durning is just a big, rollicking, joyous kid—except when his work is involved. Then he's as solemn and serious and puckery-browed as a clergyman.

Both are lovers of animals, and they have two dogs, one a big police dog which takes a nip out of anybody who comes near him, except Shirley, so that even the servants cannot feed him. Shirley was just planning a trip to New York while I was out there, and she was awfully afraid he'd fade away and die during her absence. I took one look at him, he growled, and I felt that he could fade if he wanted to for all of me.

Miss Mason was to go alone to New York because Berney was directing pictures for Fox and couldn't leave. Though both have traveled back and forth across the continent, they've never traveled together.

"My ambition is to travel on a train with Berney," said his wife. Though she is a very devoted daughter, she is not so enthusiastic about traveling with her mother, she said, because her mother will be telling her every day a lot of things she's not to do.

"I've got all her don'ts now," said Shirley, who was telling me about her trip before Berney left us.

"I'll add another," suggested her husband.

"Oh, Berney, don't!" adjured his wife.

"Yes, I will, too. I'm your husband, am I not? Well, then, just don't remember any of the don'ts!"

And, between you and me, I don't think she will.

## Camera Land's "See-me" Side of Life

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stars disport themselves near the water. Some of them go in. Here you can usually see more of your favorite than anywhere else, except in a ball gown! If you drop down to Crystal Pier on a bright, September, Saturday afternoon you will usually find Owen Moore, Lew Cody, Doug MacLean, and Bert Lytell playing medicine ball on the sand. Under the big umbrellas, if you are a good peeker, you will discover Eileen Percy, Lottie Pickford, Wally Reid, "Snowy" Baker, Tony Moreno, and Wanda Hawley.

Tia Juana is less of a see-me place than any other popular gathering spot. Sometimes it is a please-don't-see-me place. It is one "location" where the stars are not crazy about being discovered, yet many of them dash down over a quiet week-end to watch the ponies run and to have a try at the roulette or faro tables, with perhaps a snappy little dance in the big casino.

"Oh, my dear, please don't tell a soul you saw me here!" is the ordinary salutation at Tia Juana.

Pauline Frederick's petit round-ups on her rodeo field provide other see-me afternoons. At these the fairest flowers of stardom appear in their gayest sport costumes to watch the gyrations of Will Rogers, "Lefty" Flynn, Tom Mix, and Roy Stewart. In the limousines parked about the edge of the field you will usually find Bessie Love, Katherine MacDonald, Enid Bennett, Blanche Sweet, Dorothy Dalton, Mildred Harris, Harold Lloyd, Gareth Hughes, and Eric von Stroheim.

And now I must blanket my busy little typewriter and go out to meet a certain star at one of those merry, merry inns I have so obligingly mentioned!

**APPEARING IN PERSON—**

**Just as the speaking drama has a quiet interlude between acts, the silent drama now has a noisy interlude between reels—when the star comes out and meets her audience face to face.**

**Many of them are doing it now—and it is a brand-new experience for most of them. It's always interesting—sometimes amusing—and frequently exasperating as Emma-Lindsay Squier found out when she went on a personal-appearance tour with Louise Fazenda.**

**She will tell you about their experiences—and those of some of the other stars in an early number of "Picture-Play." Don't miss it.**

# Scheherazade Tells a Story

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famous. Mr. Hart was looking for a Spanish type, and for some reason or other decided that I was it. He asked me to do the vamping señorita in his next picture. I didn't want to, but Mr. Ince was rather enthusiastic, too, and at the last minute my next Fine Arts picture failed to start on time, so I was loaned to the Ince branch, and lured Bill Hart in a Mexican-border affair. Louise Glaum, still camping on the old vamp ground, was my rival in the same picture.

"I had a shawl-and-comb part, romantic, dashing, picturesque—the kind, you know, that always figures extensively on the posters in front of the theater. It landed me in 'type' parts, and I guess I landed in it. And from then on I was a marked woman. I didn't want to be a character actress. I wanted to play dressy parts with lots of emotional stuff.

"When Doug Fairbanks put on Bret Harte's story—called in the pictures 'The Half-breed'—he insisted upon my playing the exotic passion flower, another fandango lady. I declined with thanks, and arranged to support Bill Desmond in a society comedy that he was beginning in a few days. Then he was taken ill, his director left for the East, and I was—well, we call it 'resting' sometimes, and other times 'at liberty.' No matter what you call it the economics are the same. You don't meet the cashier socially or any other way. Mr. Fairbanks soon found out from Mr. Desmond about it, and again insisted upon my doing the Harte lady, and so, with fate shoving me into it, I played the part."

She talks whimsically, in a fairy-tale manner. In a fascinating manner, I thought. Beauty, after all, is an undeniable magnet. Women of such potent lure need say nothing of consequence when they discourse, need utter no words of wisdom. If a Titian canvas had a Victrola attachment you would hardly pay much attention to it.

But I interrupt. Miss Rubens, I trust, will pardon me.

"After doing the overseas characterizations for Fairbanks and Hart, I was fairly definitely established as a 'furriner.' People wrote me from Mexico and Algeria and Morocco and places the names of which I would not dare attempt to pronounce correctly—everywhere, it seemed, outside the two-cent-stamp limit—claiming relationship, friendship, what not.

"To escape the rôle fate had thrust upon me I went East, away from my Triangle starring contract, and made half a dozen independent affairs—society dramas, yes; but," her hands went up in horror, "paper-covered drama, all of it. You would never realize how bad it was while you were acting in it, but suggestive subtitles, 'catchy' advertising lines, and lurid captions can ruin any halfway sexy picture. It's funny—sad—how different they can make the finished picture look. Deliver me from any more experiences like that."

It seemed strange to hear this tropical-looking, sloe-eyed, oval-faced Sahara girl talk of "subtitles" and "box-office captions" and such things. She should have been reclining at ease upon a purple-swathed couch mounted on a marble dais, with black men serving her, and silken drapes and woven tapestries forming a background of befitting splendor. *Cleopatra, Sappho, Salammbo,* all the seduction of the Continent and of the Orient were here, I felt. Her tapering fingers, her gleaming teeth, shining whitely in contrast with her red lips and olive skin.

"About the time I had finished my independent contract, Frank Borzage was looking all over New York and outlying territory for his 'Humoresque' girl. He had to find a Semitic type of considerable beauty, he told me, and he was kind enough to choose me. My contract had not yet expired, but, depending upon old Felix P. Fate to help me, I signed with Mr. Borzage and Cosmopolitan Productions. Then I hoped for a way out of my dilemma. And fate came through!

"At the psychological moment, three days before Mr. Borzage expected to start shooting, the concern for which I was working called off operations, for reasons known only to themselves and best left to every one else's imagination, and there I was, a free agent—able to work in the picture I wanted, 'Humoresque!'

"You know what came of that, of course. Dear old Vera Gordon walked off with the honors, but the play was such a countrywide success that every one in it or even remotely connected with it benefited immensely.

"After 'Humoresque' I signed a lovely 'know-all-men-by-these-presents' contract with Cosmopolitan, and I've been in New York ever since. In fact, I've just finished doing 'Find the Woman,' and two of filmdom's finest supported me—Norman Kerry and Harry Ford. And I believe the Ibañez story, 'Enemies of Women,' will be next."

"Find the Woman" and you'll see what I saw—*Scheherazade!*

# Cinderella Lives Again

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she insinuated, always finds something for idle hands to do. Constance should be named Kiki or Marie or something less prim and staid than Constance. She is a demurely coquettish, mildly pepperish ingénue, with a typical ingenoodle on her shoulders.

I asked her how she enjoyed the heavier parts that were coming her way. She used to do frothy comedy, you know. Now she does things that have heft, punch, and that vague thing that professionals call "personality."

"Well," said Constance, "I like these parts, and I don't."

As Ring Lardner has said, there's a diplomatic answer to any question: "Yes and no." Constance had read Ring's tip, I am sure.

"I like the emotional opportunities they give me," she said, "but I prefer doing light, frolicking comedies that make the people who see them happy. I claim to be no *Pollyanna,* but I do think that pictures are made for the amusement of all—women and children——" "First?" I suggested. "And everybody," protested Constance.

"Then," I interposed, "you don't care for Theodore Dreiser or Henrik Ibsen or August Strindberg or any of the other unhappy chaps?"

"Let's not bunch them," she smiled diplomatically. "I like some of them—and some of them I can't stand. But I can choose my own course, you see. I can do light or heavy, and I much prefer the former. Although," she added with a touch of inconsistency, "I rather like to do big scenes like the hypnotic ones in 'Becky.'

"Acting is a game. If you have a good part, it's as if you were winning the game; when you draw a wishy-washy rôle, you're losing. Of course, the trick is to be a good winner and a graceful loser."

Not mature, this Binney girl actress still impresses with a definite poise and assurance. She must be older than she looks, for to my untutored eye she seemed a bare seventeen. She is probably in her early twenties.

"The family was shocked," she told me, "when I went in the chorus of a Princess show. Then when I was handed a minor principal rôle—the dancing maid—they weren't quite so shocked, and when Miss Crothers gave me the lead in '39 East,' opposite Henry Hull, all opposition to a stage career vanished into thin air."

"And now," I surmised, "no one is particularly unhappy about your having achieved celluloid stardom?"

"That has been rather nice, in every way," she replied.

But, you see, her rise from a dancing girl to a twinkling star was made in the approved Cinderella or Phœnix-rising-from-the-ashes manner. It's good to find a Cinderella occasionally in these prosaic days. The Cinderella motif is by far the more ingenuous one, furnishing a much more inspiring and happy ending to just such a chronicle as this.

# Emotionalized Modes

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tipped fox, and a close velvet hat trimmed with gold and red pheasants' tails.

You can follow her general idea in dressing according to moods, if you live up to the clothes which express the moods. But you must be sure that you are not a person who dresses to fit one mood and then changes the mood before it is time to change the dress. Vivacity must last if it is to inspire a bright gown.

And if you like this idea of choosing your costumes, but cannot afford to have many, let the frocks which you do purchase be rather simple, and let your accessories carry out the mood. For instance, in the last costume described, Miss Windsor could easily do this. The dark fur collar and cuffs could be detachable, and could be changed for white ones when the wearer was in a festive mood. Much can be done by changing one's hat—as you can see by studying the different effects of the hat worn with the suit and the one worn with the crimer-trimmed coat.

One's shoes must fit the mood, also. High-heeled sandal pumps do not fit an outdoor mood—unless "outdoor" means riding in a limousine. Nor do flat-heeled street pumps and silk-and-wool stockings fit a butterfly mood.

But the girl or woman who is willing to study her own temperament, and take the trouble to see that her costumes match her various moods, will be beautifully dressed, even though her dress allowance is a very small one. And she will have the delight of knowing that, interested as other women are in her effective costuming, they won't know how she does it!

## Doctor Giggle and Mr. Hide

Continued from page 34

absurd things in Pathé comedies. And it was like pulling teeth to make him talk.

"I never do know what to say," he said softly, as he hunched himself up to the wooden table. "Things suit me, in general, and I'm satisfied with the world. What do you *want* me to say?"

It was evident that he wouldn't talk about himself. I asked what he thought of Bebe Daniels' rise. He discovered her.

"Bebe is a clever kid," he remarked. She has every one of us rooting for her. She's a great little pal."

When Lloyd had the accident with a too-genuine comedy bomb during the making of a picture with the lustrous Bebe, she nursed him for weeks. He retained his eyesight fortunately, but he lost two fingers from his right hand.

Any one who would expect him to resemble the screen Lloyd would be distinctly disappointed. There is nothing humorous about the offstage Harold, little savoring of the comedian, nothing smacking of the actor. He is quiet to the point of reticence, diffident to the point of shyness. His modesty is appalling, but genuinely sincere. He refuses to make public appearances, because he believes the people enjoy his comedies more than they would enjoy him. And perhaps his psychology is correct.

Questions are poor things to attack players with, for two reasons: if they are not retiring, reticent creatures, they leap at the question, tear it to pieces, and answer it for minutes at a stretch, while if, as in the case of Harold Lloyd they are not loquacious individuals, questions warn them to watch their tongues the more closely. So I tried something else.

"I hear," I said untruthfully, "that you are going into straight comedy."

"Wrong," he said. "I'm sticking to slapstick-with-a-reason. Comedy with a kick, in other words. The people seem to like me in that, so why change?"

When we returned from luncheon, almost all the way in silence, and Lloyd joined his troupe again, I was all the more strongly impressed with the dual personality of the man. Once on the set, he snapped into action, assumed the gayest sort of manner, accomplished the most insane postures. It was his camera self: Doctor Giggle, perhaps. And the regular Lloyd is surely a Mr. Hide!

# Mr. Wang of Chinatown

Continued from page 72

den street into the semblance of a plaza; dark alleyways between narrow buildings breathed hints of mystery and chop suey; inscrutable-eyed Chinamen grouped themselves around doorways, watching us with passive interest, and occasionally a Chinese woman, clad in white jacket and trousers, her long hair swinging in a single braid, slup-slupped from a lighted doorway into a gloomy alleyway and was swallowed up in the darkness like a white moth in thick smoke.

But James Wang himself seemed strangely out of keeping with his surroundings. He was dressed as would be any Occidental tired business man on a hot night. His shirt was collarless, and his sleeves were rolled up to the elbows, his feet were shoved carelessly into house slippers of ample size, but they were not Chinese slippers, I noticed.

He welcomed us with an easy cordiality and called for chairs to be brought to us. His voice has none of the inflection of the Chinese, his vocabulary is an extensive one, and it is only occasionally that a slight slip of grammar or the clipped ending of a word betrays the fact that America is not his birthplace.

His kindly yellow face, however, is strictly Chinese in its aspect of profound calmness. His hair is thick and black, and his thumb nails, I noticed, were fully half an inch long.

"I am lazy, these days," he said, leaning back in his chair once more. "I should be working at the Ince studio, but it is too hot. I don't have to work, and so——" He waved his hand in unspoken conclusion, and the group of Chinamen near by whispered sibilantly to each other. They were doubtless remarking to each other in pure Cantonese: "Gosh, the luck of some people!"

"You have been in pictures quite a while, Mr. Wang?" I queried, and he stroked his hair with a gesture which seemed habitual to him.

"Yes, a long time," he answered. "I was in some of the first motion pictures made in Chicago and New York many years ago. I have been in this country for forty years," he volunteered further.

"I went to college in Chicago, and after that I went on a lecture tour in which I used stereopticon slides showing life in China. Then I got into motion-picture work, and I have stayed with it ever since."

James Wang is the man who helped Griffith make the perfect presentation of the Chinese quarter in Limehouse in "Broken Blossoms." He also took the part of the Buddhist high priest who sent the *Yellow Man* to America to convert the heathen Christian. He was one of the technical directors for "The Red Lantern," and interpreted the commands of the director to the mob of five hundred coolies who stormed the palace in the Boxer revolution scene.

"But most of all," he said smiling widely, "I am a villain. I have played in many serials, the last one with Tony Moreno, 'The Unforeseen Hand.' I was also with William Duncan, and I played with Louise Glaum in 'The Lone Wolf's Daughter.'"

A Chinese dog trotted out of an alleyway and sniffed the air suspiciously. That he didn't like the Christian smell I am sure, for he barked vigorously and continuously, and the Celestials listening in on our conversation spoke to him in terms of rebuke, but he barked on. We didn't look or smell to him like orthodox Chinese. Then James Wang hurled at the Oriental cur a series of virulent singsong syllables, and the dog subsided without a single woof and trotted away in a subdued manner, which left no room for doubt as to what a great man Wang is in his own section of the city.

However, it is not in acting or even directing that James Wang has made himself so very valuable to the cinema industry. It is through him that Oriental types are secured for pictures, whether the actors wanted are Chinese babies, half grown girls, or old men. He knows them all, knows where to find them, and the proper price which each should ask for his services. He is also invaluable as a criterion of Chinese customs and manners, and the director who appeals to Wang for assistance in an Oriental feature is sure of expert advice.

We were ready to agree with Chinatown that James Wang was some potentate, but it takes a female of the species to destroy illusions.

The white-jacketed woman who had been swallowed up in the alleyway suddenly reappeared. She flitted behind James Wang's chair and, in passing, tweaked his ear and gave his thick hair a playful tug.

"Hello, Jimmy!" she said familiarly. The Chinese group offstage chattered at one another in horror.

James Wang may be and most certainly is an important factor in studio life and a mighty mandarin in Chinatown, but his dignity is not invulnerable—as it took a woman to discover.

## An Old Friend Becomes an Idol

Continued from page 84

screen and he doesn't draw half the people this society stuff does. Why, some of his pictures are almost failures."

He was right then, but the public is beginning to change. Monte Blue's popularity began to jump when he played the lead in Alan Dwan's "The Perfect Crime;" his part stood out through the tawdry artificiality of "The Affairs of Anatol," and he brought a fine note of sincerity to Mae Murray's "Peacock Alley."

You can find out more about Monte Blue from the people who have played with him than you can from himself. He is a big man who rather bowls you over with his sincerity and earnestness—but he simply cannot display his inmost thoughts and characteristics to a prying interviewer. He would never tell, for instance, of the little theater in Thomasville, Georgia, that was about to close because of poor business when Monte Blue and the rest of the company making "My Old Kentucky Home" arrived on the scene a few weeks ago. He looked up the theater owner, got him to advertise in all the papers of the locality, and marshaled all the principals in his company to make personal appearances at the theater one night. The theater which was supposed to hold seven hundred and fifty people, held one thousand that night, and there was a thousand dollars in the treasury. And Thomasville now thanks Monte Blue that they still have movies.

No interview with Monte Blue would be complete without his most-quoted remark.

"Have you ever been on the stage?" interviewers are always asking him.

"Sure," he replies as though glad at last to be on familiar ground. "Why I drove the stage from Opal to Big Pine, Wyoming."

And I know of no better conclusion than the farewell Mr. Griffith gave him when he had finished his part in "Orphans of the Storm."

Mounting to the platform of the guillotine, Mr. Griffith took up his megaphone and called to the hundreds of actors and workmen gathered on the set. "Let's give three big cheers for Monte Blue, one hundred per cent man and a good all-round actor. And folks"—he raised one arm to hold back the great demonstration which he knew was all ready to burst forth, just long enough to add, "you know that's *some* combination!"

# What the Fans Think

Continued from page 70

judge," I should like to ask her if she happens to know that it has been recently ascertained—scientifically—that the average intelligence of the American public is that of a thirteen-year-old? That is why the exhibitors in the trade papers report the trashiest of serials as drawing packed houses, and pictures which might be the redeemers of the screen, such as "Broken Blossoms" and Tourneur's "Blue Bird"—which all critics praise—as financial failures.

In her last paragraph Mrs. Scott says: "The *best* critics are not trying to uplift public taste, but simply to express their honest opinion."

Most critics, especially the best ones, are too modest to avow patronizingly their educative mission. But all criticism should be helpful, not only to the artist, but also to the audience. A critic can, I admit, do no more than point the way—theatergoers must do the rest. A writer who takes "Stella Maris" and says of it that "Mary Pickford's fans will never again be satisfied with any picture of hers in which she is not given an opportunity to act" is, to my mind, really aiming to uplift popular taste.

MAURICE CASTLETON.
St. Louis, Missouri.

### Two Opinions About the Ideal Girl.

May I offer some comments on "Is Our Ideal Girl in the Movies," appearing in the February number of your excellent magazine? I can quite agree with Mr. Stanlaws that there surely is no one star who embodies all of our ideals. One also may be pretty safe in assuming that few, if any, American girls embody all of them.

Mr. Stanlaws is quoted: "To me the one star on the screen who carries the air of refinement is Elsie Ferguson." And in this I disagree with him. Has he observed Ethel Clayton? She is surely the gentlest, the most refined girl on the screen.

While no single star embodies all the traits and characteristics and qualities of our "ideal" American girl, nearly every one of them can be found almost as predominant in different stars. Take Ethel Clayton for gentility and refinement; Madge Kennedy for simplicity, originality, and sincerity; Helene Chadwick for youth; Dorothy Dalton for vitality; Gloria Swanson for conscious power—right royal is she!—Alice Brady for suffering (she registers pain with more pathos than any other); Mae Marsh for sympathetic understanding; Wanda Hawley for irresponsibility; Bebe Daniels for sauciness; Lillian Gish for sweet constancy, and Betty Compson for beauty.

A movie fan might go right down his list of favorites, naming every one for the quality that attracted him—and he would probably get such an ideal girl as has not yet been produced.

In concluding, I would suggest that the perfect ideal would be one of nature's cruelest tragedies. What would be done with her? I. W. B.

106 West Forty-seventh Street, New York City.

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What an uncomplimentary and critical narrative Mr. Penrhyn Stanlaws gives forth in his declaration of the ideal American girl as reported by Barbara Little in your February issue!

In the first place, to be ideal would be perfection itself, and we do not expect to find absolute perfection very often on the screen or anywhere else.

Now I think that we can all *have* our ideals whether we are rich or poor; but as for *being* ideal, I would hate to believe that any one in this generation had reached that stage.

While it is perfectly true that schools and colleges do their utmost to produce fine women, they do not create personality. That is partly a gift, and partly the result of effort on the part of the individual. Whether she is a princess or a street gamin she can have attractive qualities. Environment cannot suppress personal growth. And as for being reserved, that is *not* characteristic of the American girl. Her manner is free and unreserved, like the code of her country. That is why is she is loved so well. Reserve is a typical English trait, not American.

And how does Mr. Stanlaws account for the fact that Lillian Gish has sweetness, tenderness, and mercy, when he admits no personal acquaintance with her, and yet declares that it is a girl's personality that makes her ideal, and not her outward appearance?

On the whole, I am sure that a great many will agree with me in saying that the ideal American girl, in a reasonable sense, is in the movies, and is just as charming there as in any other branch of life.

Mr. Stanlaws' ideal American girl would make a charming cover for a magazine, but, practically speaking, I fear she would be a failure at life.

It may be best to mention the fact that I am an American and was born and brought up in the State of Massachusetts. AN AMERICAN FAN.
Westmount, Quebec, Canada.

### Three Cheers for Valentino!

I have just read in your January PICTURE-PLAY a criticism about Rudolph Valentino's acting in "The Sheik," and I think it is unjust to Mr. Valentino. I think he was perfect in the rôle of "The Sheik," and I am one of the many that had no fault to find with him. He was the ideal man for that rôle, and played the part as only Rudolph Valentino could. Believe me, I am here to tell you that I saw "The Sheik" three times while it was in this town.

Come on, every one, be truthful! You know he is the best actor yet, and I say may fame be his for many years to come. A RUDOLPH VALENTINO FAN.
Wilmington, Delaware.

### The Star and Author Again.

Under the heading "Tastes in Heroes Differ" in the January issue of your very interesting magazine, a correspondent from Connecticut says, "It is my opinion that the star's name is a bigger drawing card than the author's. I wonder how many thousands of people will go to see 'The Conquest of Canaan,' not because the title appeals to them, nor because it is by a well-known author, but simply because Thomas Meighan is in it, and they are sure to enjoy seeing him—so big and strong and smiling."

I admit that in all probability the argument of this correspondent is correct to a great extent; but, on the other hand, there are also thousands of persons like myself who enjoy the works of certain authors and, in consequence, are eager to see their favorite books filmed.

Continued on page 106

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# What the Fans Think

Continued from page 104

Some time ago I went to see "The Wise Fool" solely because the story came from the pen of Sir Gilbert Parker, and not because James Kirkwood—then unknown to me—was the star. Things Canadian, or French-Canadian, have always held a strong interest for me, and I looked forward to a delightful evening's entertainment; but when I left the theater, it was in a most disgusted frame of mind and with a solemn promise to myself that no power on earth should ever again get me to sit through another Kirkwood picture. A few weeks later, however, I went, though under protest, to see "The Great Impersonation," and within fifteen minutes I was mentally apologizing to the star for the things that I had thought and said in the interim in regard to his ability to act.

When "The Conquest of Canaan" was shown here not long ago, I lost no time in seeing that, too, for Booth Tarkington has given me many amusing and unforgetable hours; and I might say, with all impunity, that the "hours" I spent in the theater witnessing this sorry release are unforgetable, too, because it will take time and a good many excellent pictures to efface the awful remembrance of it from my memory. If I had not felt that night, as I have felt for the last three or four years, that Mr. Meighan is capable of work much better, broader, and of a higher stamp than anything that he has yet done, "Canaan" would have successfully damned him forever in my estimation; but now I shall still continue to see his pictures.

MEGAN WARD.

Box 28, Oakland Station, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

### My! What an Experience!

Ethel Sands? I used to envy her, but not any more. Emma-Lindsay Squier? My favorite scribe—but after all she's nothing but a poor calloused interviewer who hasn't a single thrill left in all her thirty-two vertebræ! Grace Kingsley, Harriet Underhill—Fanny the Fan—delicious little person—what have they on me? Nothing! And I wouldn't change places with *any* of them!

For with mine own two eyes I have seen the ethereal Lillian and gazed and gasped and gazed at the adorable Dorothy, and thrilled as only a fan can thrill at her first glimpse of a real honest-to-gosh movie star!

That's why I wouldn't change places with any of the aforementioned.

It happened at the first showing of "The Two Orphans" in my hitherto despised home town, with the great D. W. there himself, and the "Two Orphans" both in the abstract and concrete, as it were.

During the intermission Mr. Griffith made a short speech. I hate to confess it, but a little disillusionment set in. To me he seemed very, very theatrical, and I could hardly suppress a giggle when he commenced in a deep, sonorous voice, "Ladies and Gentlemen"—drawlingly—"it gives me gr-r-r-eat pleasure"—et cetera.

But Lillian and Dorothy, when they walked upon the stage at the end of the performance were *all that I wanted them to be.* They came on hand in hand, shyly—Lillian leading her sister—and, oh, absolutely *adorable,* both of them! Simple little frocks, set off by enormous collars and cuffs, flat patent-leather slippers—movie stars? Rather not! Two boarding-school misses!

Lillian gave the credit for her success

to Mr. Griffith, very prettily, while Dorothy stood by, her hand stroked by her sister, shy, and head down. At the conclusion of Lillian's little speech she (Dorothy) fairly dragged her off with that funny little walk of hers we see on the screen. I, for one, clapped until my hands stung!

Home? I should say not! We dashed wildly down to the stage door, where we found a perfect mob of girls, waiting patiently. And then—there they were—outside—*and I was walking right beside Dorothy,* with Lillian in front! Oh, fans! ain't it a grand and glorious feeling? I'm so glad I'm still at the crushable age!

Lillian, in an enormous fur dolman of some sort, was walking before us, with a big chap whom we knew to be the minister she knew as a child, on one side, and a mere infant in long trousers, on the other. Who he was I don't know, but I could cheerfully have annihilated him at the time.

Dorothy, in a short squirrel cape, *beside me* (cross my heart!) with a lady, whose arm she was clutching desperately. The girls had her completely surrounded, while Lillian was marching freely on ahead. Of Lillian they were all somewhat in awe, and merely gazed adoringly—but Dorothy, she of the funny grimace and pigeon-toed feet—they fairly mobbed her!

"Goodness!" she laughed. "I feel like the Pied Piper!"

And I, to Lillian, "Please, Li—I mean Miss Gish—may I look at you?" Perfectly idiotic, but I simply *had* to see her, and it was dark. The big gentleman laughed and said, "Come right ahead! I know how you feel." And I came, and stared adoringly, and the complimentary words that should have come gushing forth just stuck, and I felt like two pennies out for a walk! At last I managed, "Oh, Lillian, it's so perfectly wonderful to see you!" in what I'm sure was a calf voice. But she understood, and laughed and asked how I liked the picture and —oh, what's the use! It happened three weeks ago, but I'm not rational yet!

How do they look? Why, Lillian is her exact screen self, with wonderful eyes and the et ceteras. But Dorothy is not chubby. She's slender, and not the Dorothy of the screen. Perhaps it was the absence of her wig.

We marched them up to their hotel, where they said "Good night," and we managed to stagger home. I adore them madly.

The picture itself? Why—good, of course. All D. W.'s pictures are that. Monte Blue is perfectly *splendid,* and my young sister lost her heart to the handsome Joseph (who, by the way, all predictions to the contrary, is not one iota as good looking as our own Wally). The picture doesn't and can't come up to "'Way Down East."

I saw that one three times. I wouldn't see the "Two Orphans" again—even with a complimentary ticket. It hasn't the heart interest of the former picture—and for me it has too much history.

But Lillian Gish! That girl! Bernhardt? *Mild!*

This is much too long, I know, but something like that happens just once in a lifetime, and, knowing that it would interest me, I pass it on to you. "Fan"-atically,

A. S. PRUSHONE.

43 South Governor Street, Hartford, Connecticut.

# The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 94

NUMBER 510.—That was not Creighton Hale in the picture you saw, although he appears in "The Two Orphans." Your questions about the girl have already been answered. Are you related to "Number 14?" Your writing is similar.

MUTT.—Your question is rather vague. When some people say "a few facts" they mean it that way, but when others say it they expect a book. The rest of your note was so reasonable, though, you probably meant it literally. Well, to begin—Miss Brady is the daughter of William A. Brady, and was born in New York City and educated at a convent in New Jersey. Before entering pictures she was on the stage for several years, playing singing and comedy rôles. Since playing on the screen she has appeared in two plays on the stage, "Forever After" and "Anna Ascends." I suppose she will continue to flit back and forth between her two loves. Some of her latest pictures are "Little Italy," "The Land of Hope," and "Hush Money." Alice is five feet seven inches, weighs one hundred and eight pounds, has dark complexion, dark hair and eyes. I promise to give Miss Brady your love if I see her.

SYLVESTER C.—Edna Murphy played the heroine in the Fox serial "Fantomas" and Johnny Walker was the hero. In "Heliotrope" Fred Burton was *Heliotrope Harry Hasdock,* Julia Swayne Gordon was his wife, *Josephine Hasdock,* William B. Mack played *"Spike" Foley,* Diana Allen was *Alice Hale,* Wilfred Lytell, *Jimmie Andrews,* William H. Tooker, *Governor Mercer,* Betty Hilburn, *Mabel Andrews,* Clayton White, *George Andrews,* and Ben Hendricks, *Sol Goldman.*

COWBOY.—Ernst Lubitsch was not *Jose Navarro* in "Gypsy Blood." This rôle was played by Harry Liedtke. Mr. Lubitsch played the part of the hunchback clown in another of his productions, "One Arabian Night," which also starred Pola Negri.

KURIOUS KID.—I've written "Charles Ray is married to Clara Grant" dozens of times, but I suppose you missed seeing it. He was born in Jacksonville, Illinois, in 1891. Winifred Westover was Eugene O'Brien's leading lady in "Is Life Worth Living?" Louise Huff was starred in a series of World Film pictures after being featured with Jack Pickford in a series of Paramount pictures a few years ago. She married and retired from the screen, then played on the stage for a while. "Disraeli" marks her return to motion pictures, and Louise expects to keep right on working in them. She is Richard Barthelmess' leading lady in "All At Sea." Bebe Daniels weighs one hundred and twenty pounds. Surely, write again.

MARGIE C.—You have *some* list of favorites! I agree with you on all of them. Stuart Holmes is still in pictures; so is Wyndham Standing. These two players do not appear very often, however, I suppose that's why you thought they had completely retired. Bobby Vernon is the correct name for the Christie comedy boy with the dimples. You will like Mae Murray more than ever in her new picture, "Peacock Alley;" another of your favorites, Monte Blue, is her leading man.

CURIOUS.—William S. Hart is not engaged to Jane Novak; he is married to Winifred Westover! Surprised? Everybody else was, too. Jane and William were engaged and people expected they'd get married almost any time. Suddenly the engagement was broken and Bill admitted sadly that he was sorry, but there wasn't going to be any wedding. Then just as suddenly he married Winifred Westover, who played with him in pictures a few years ago. Miss Westover is a pretty blonde, five feet three inches tall, weights one hundred and twenty-eight pounds and has dark-blue eyes. She played leading rôles with the Selznick company, appearing in "Bucking the Tiger," "The Fighter," and "Is Life Worth Living?"

DE NOUVILLE.—Your patience is rewarded! I must say you're very good-natured about the delay in your answers. Gordon Mullen was *Chick Larrabee* and Otto Hoffman was *Lucius Owen* in "Crooked Straight." *Connor Moore* and *Sandy Martin* are not listed in my cast of "The Tiger Man." Let me hear from you again.

PETE THE PEST.—You're awfully hard on yourself. You don't impress me as that kind of a person at all. Ruth Roland was born in San Francisco, California, in 1893, and began her stage career at the mature age of three. She has been acting ever since, and expects to keep right on making serials. Her latest release is "White Eagle," and she is working on another called "The Timber Queen." Yes, Ben Turpin toured the country in a series of personal appearances. Too bad you missed him in you town. I shall look for another letter soon.

STELLA MARIS.—Yes, "Over the Hill" and "The Old Nest" were both fine pictures. Your questions about Elaine Hammerstein have been answered. Send a stamped envelope for the casts you want. They are too long to print here.

PEGGY.—Johnny Hines was born July 25, 1895; Bobby Vernon in 1897, Irving Cummings in 1888, and Gareth Hughes in 1897. Bryant Washburn made one picture with his own company in Europe called "The Road to London," but is working for Goldwyn now in "Hungry Hearts." He is married to Mabel Chidester.

Miss C. R. J.—Harry Morey and Earle Williams are still on the screen. Mr. Morey has the lead in the Selznick special, "A Man's Home" and Earle Williams is starring in Vitagraph productions. "It Can Be Done," "Bring Him In," and "Lucky Carson," are his latest pictures. Edith Johnson was born in 1895. The Market Booklet contains the names and addresses of producers in the market for screen stories. Have you witten any scenarios? The book wouldn't be of any use to you unless you had a story to sell.

M. V.—Your questions about Rudolph Valentino have been answered. His next picture wil be "Beyond the Rocks," the Elinor Glyn story starring Gloria Swanson. Bobby Agnew is Harrison Ford's brother in "The Wonderful Thing." They are not related. Casson Ferguson was Pauline Frederick's son in "Madame X." Lillian Gish is two years older than Dorothy and is not married. She has golden hair and blue eyes. You seem to have all the latest pictures in Omaha. Have you many theaters there?

Guinevere.—Aren't you a lucky fan, bathing at the same beach as Richard Barthelmess and Mary Hay! I bet you didn't do much swimming. Mary and Richard were married about a year and a half ago during the filming of "'Way Down East." Mary is not in pictures at present. Sorry I can't help you with the Leah Baird picture—you didn't give me enough information. Beatrice Dominguez was the Spanish dancer in "The Four Horsemen." Alice Terry recently married Rex Ingram, director of "The Four Horsemen." She has the rôle of *Flavia* in Mr. Ingram's latest special for Metro, "The Prisoner of Zenda."

The Many Lillian Lorraine Admirers.—I can't tell you everything your favorite has been doing since the long-ago "Neal of the Navy" without taking up the whole magazine, but here is the most dramatic part of her history. She was the reigning favorite of the Ziegfeld Frolic and a famous beauty. One night at a party she tripped and fell downstairs, injuring her back so severely that at first she was not expected to live, and later it was said she would always be paralyzed. She says that surgeons cured her, but they say it was sheer grit that made her recover. Recently she opened in "The Blue Kitten" in New York, and many of her old screen friends were there to give her an ovation. She devotes much time and money now to helping other paralytic cases.

Peaches.—Elmo Lincoln and Louise Lorraine played together in one of the Tarzan serials. Louise is now working on the Universal serial, "With Stanley in Africa," opposite George Walsh. Yes, she used to be in Century comedies. Of course you can ask for photographs without sending money, but you stand a better chance of getting them if you inclose a quarter.

Helen D.—I have no record of a Faith Miller. Are you sure this is the right name? Wally Reid's latest picture is "The World's Champion," based on the stage play, "The Champion." Rubye de Remer was married, but isn't now.

Jane R.—James Kirkwood was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan. At present he is playing the title rôle in the Famous Players London production, "The Man From Home." That lovely blonde, Anna Q. Nilsson is in the cast. Kirkwood was on the stage eighteen years before entering motion pictures. He is married to Gertrude Robinson.

BUDDIE.—I've forwarded your letter to Gertrude Olmstead. The addresses you want are printed this month.

HELEN K.—Another Helen. There are a lot of you this month. No, Richard Talmadge is not related to the Talmadge girls. His real name is Sylvester Mazzetti, and for several years he was an acrobat at the Hippodrome in New York. Then he doubled in serials and features—doing the dangerous stuff, y'know—and in "The Unknown" he makes his début as a star, giving the fans their first chance to see his face.

## Addresses of Players

**Asked for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month:**

Carlyle Blackwell and Percy Marmont at the Lambs' Club, New York City.

Charles Chaplin at the Chaplin Studios, 1420 LaBrea Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Violet de Barros care of Walton Agency, 245 West Forty-seventh Street, New York City.

William H. Nazareth at the Mastercraft Studios, Filmland City, Medford, Massachusetts.

Blanche Sweet at the J. D. Hampton Studio, Hollywood, California.

Wesley Barry, Clara Horton, and Marshall Neilan at the Hollywood Studios, Hollywood, California.

Gaston Glass, Clyde Fillmore, Mahlon Hamilton, Robert Warwick, Gloria Hope, Mitchell Lewis, Marguerite Snow, and ZaSu Pitts care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Collender Building, Los Angeles, California.

Vincent Coleman at the Green Room Club, 139 West Forty-seventh Street, New York City.

Jewel Carmen care of Roland West, 260 West Forty-second Street, New York City.

Address Priscilla Dean, House Peters, Matt Moore, Virginia Valli, George Hackathorne, Mary Prevost, Miss DuPont, "Hoot" Gibson, Eddy Polo, Myrtle Lind, and Art Accord at Universal City, California.

Rudolph Valentino, Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson, Betty Compson, Lois Wilson, Lila Lee, Agnes Ayres, Leatrice Joy, Bebe Daniels, May MacAvoy, Wanda Hawley, and Mary Miles Minter at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood.

Corinne Griffith and Alice Joyce at the Vitagraph Company, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Alice Calhoun, Jean Paige, Earle Williams, Pauline Starke, Larry Semon, William Duncan, and Edith Johnson at the Vitagraph Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, and Jack Pickford at the Mary Pickford Studio, Hollywood, California.

Douglas MacLean, Lloyd Hughes, Madge Bellamy, Florence Vidor, Tully Marshall, Tom Moore, and Edith Roberts at the Thomas H. Ince Studios, Culver City, California.

Jenny Hasselquist, Swedish Biograph Company, 28 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

Zena Keefe, Eugene O'Brien, Diana Allen, Elaine Hammerstein, and Faire Binney at the Selznick Studio, 318 East Forty-eighth Street, New York City.

Colleen Moore, Helen Ferguson, Richard Dix, Cullen Landis, Helene Chadwick, Ralph Graves, James Rennie, Claire Windsor, and Jacqueline Logan at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Anita Stewart and Shannon Day at the Louis B. Mayer Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Violet Mersereau, William Farnum, Pearl White, and Peggy Shaw at the Fox Film Corporation, Tenth Avenue at Fifty-fifth Street, New York City.

Elsie Ferguson, Alice Brady, and Pola Negri at the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Also Norman Kerry, Anna Q. Nilsson, and James Kirkwood.

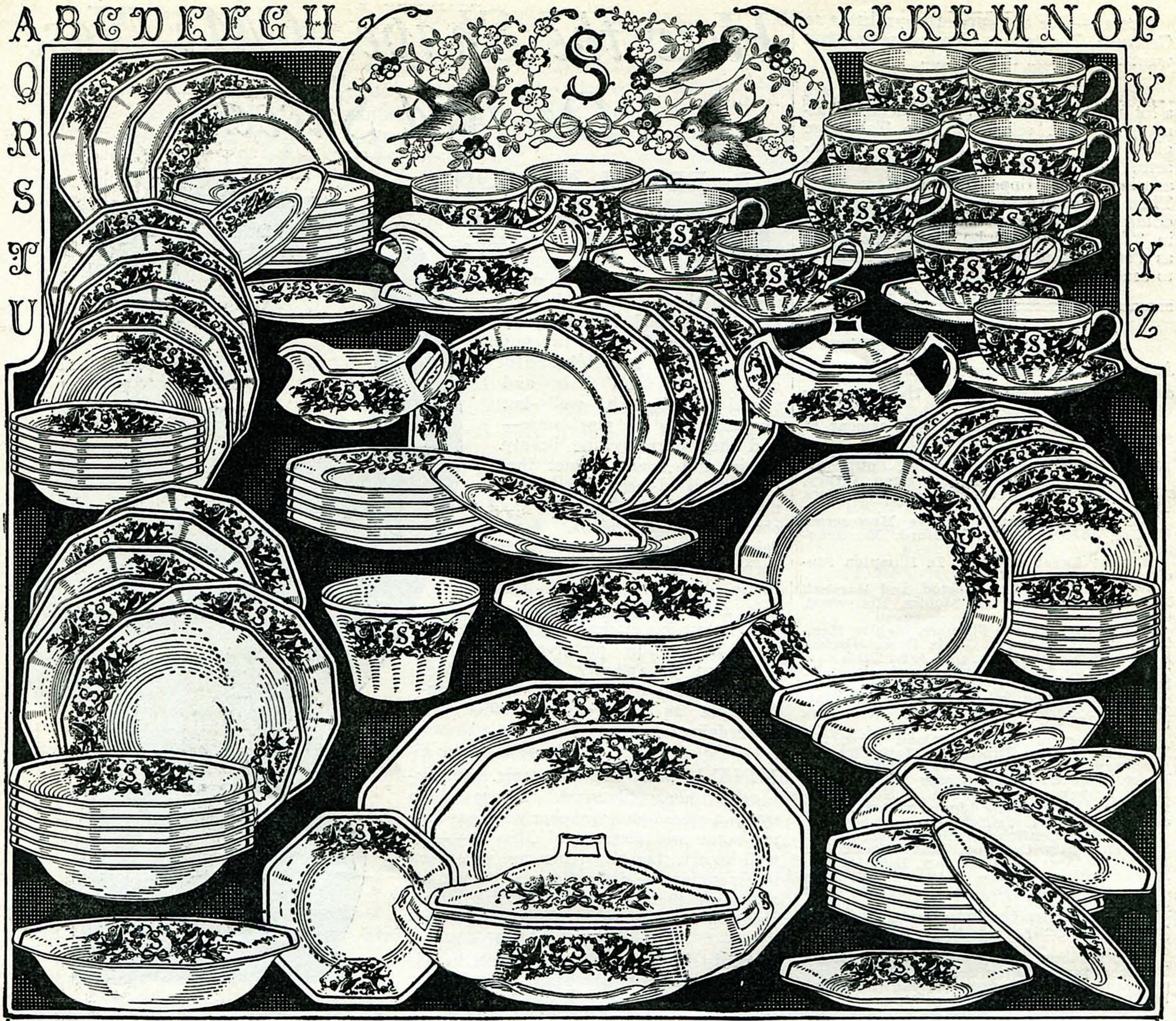
Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Joseph Schildkrout, Monte Blue and Creighton Hale at the D. W. Griffith Studio, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, New York.

Clara Kimball Young at the Harry Garson Studios, Edendale, California.

Johnny Walker, Maurice Flynn, Shirley Mason, Estelle Taylor, Tom Douglas, Tom Mix, Buck Jones, and William Russell at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Marguerite Clayton, Lucy Fox, and Charles Hutchinson at the George Seitz Studio, 1040 Park Avenue, New York City.

Ruth Roland, Harold Lloyd, Snub Pollard, and Mildred Davis at the Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.

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| 12 breakfast plates, 7 in. | 1 covered vegetable dish, (2 pieces). |
| 12 coupe soups, 7½ in. | 1 oval open vegetable dish, 8½ in. |
| 12 fruit saucers, 5¼ in. | 1 round vegetable dish, 8¾ in. |
| 12 cups. | 1 bowl, 1 pint. |
| 12 saucers. | 1 sugar bowl and cover, 2 pieces. |
| 12 oatmeal dishes, 6 in. | 1 cream pitcher. |
| 12 bread and butter plates, 6 in. | 1 pickle dish. |
| 1 platter, 11½ in. | 1 butter dish, 7½ in. |
| 1 platter, 13¼ in. | |
| 1 gravy boat. | |

This set is one that will add tone and beauty to any dining room. With ordinary care it will last a lifetime. Weight packed, about 100 pounds.

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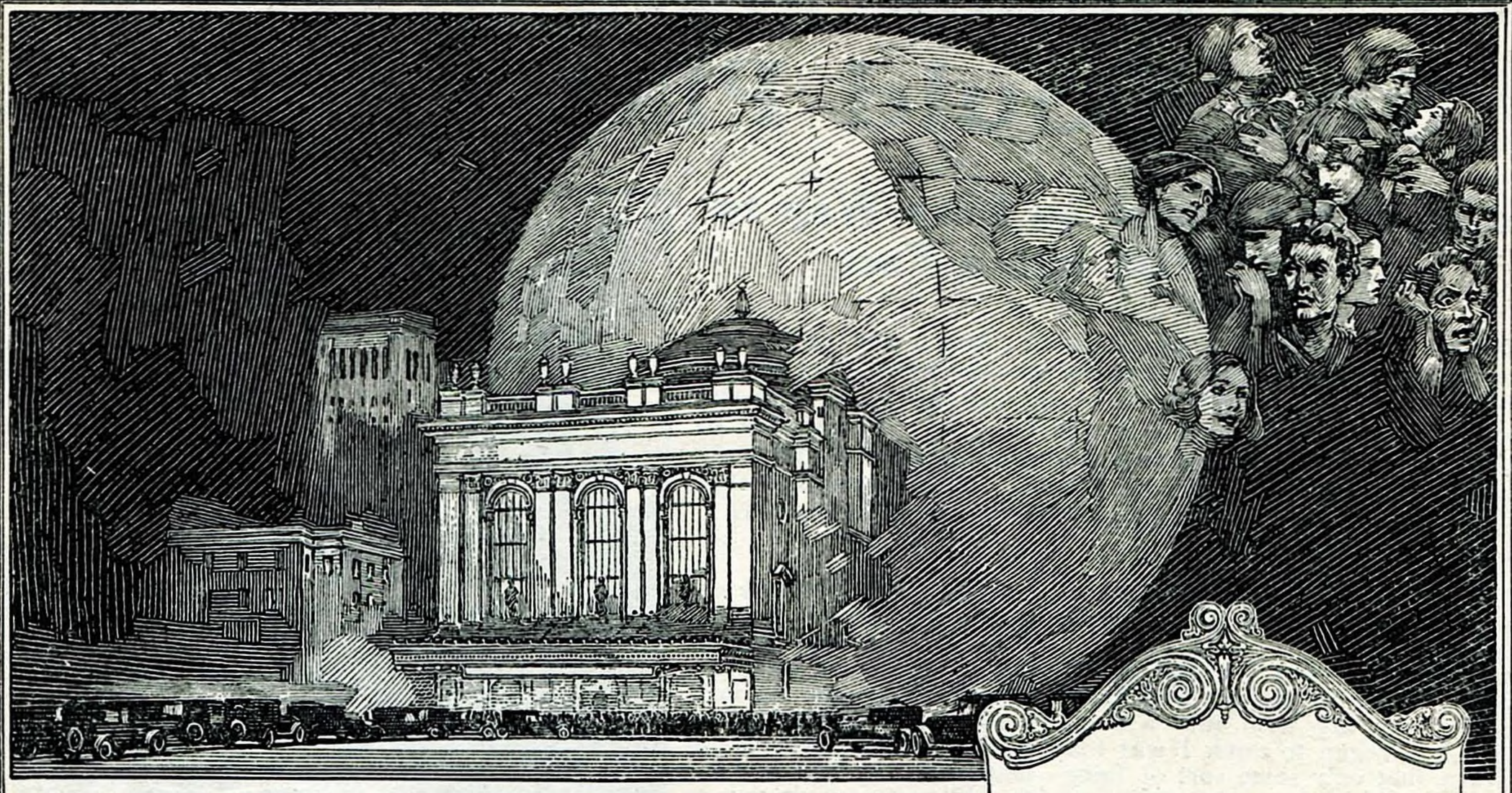


# The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

PHOTOPLAY Magazine will begin the serial publication of a romantic history of the motion picture in its April number. Step by step, with a sympathetic but unbiased and authentic vision, the progress of the picture, from the remote and obscure beginnings to the tremendous institution of today, will be traced.

This history of the pictures will be told in the living affairs and movements of the men and women who have made the pictures and who have been made by the pictures.

It will relate their obscure beginnings, their struggles, triumphs, loves and marriages—hundreds of facts which have never before been printed.

It is a romance transcending fiction; a tale of more wealth and color than a Klondyke or a Kimberly; more daring than the Spanish Main—more splendor than a Rome, and as much humanity as the heart of the world contains.

Seeking the writer most effectively equipped by a combination of experience and craftsmanship, Photoplay has commissioned Terry Ramsaye to perform this work, which has now been in progress nearly a year. Mr. Ramsaye is among the most authoritative of the writers on the motion picture—young enough to have the viewpoint of today; old enough to have had an intimate personal contact with the motion picture through the period of its greatest and most significant development.

***Begins in the April Issue of***

## PHOTOPLAY

**"OUT MARCH 15TH"**

***Photoplay will hereafter be published on the 15th of every month.***

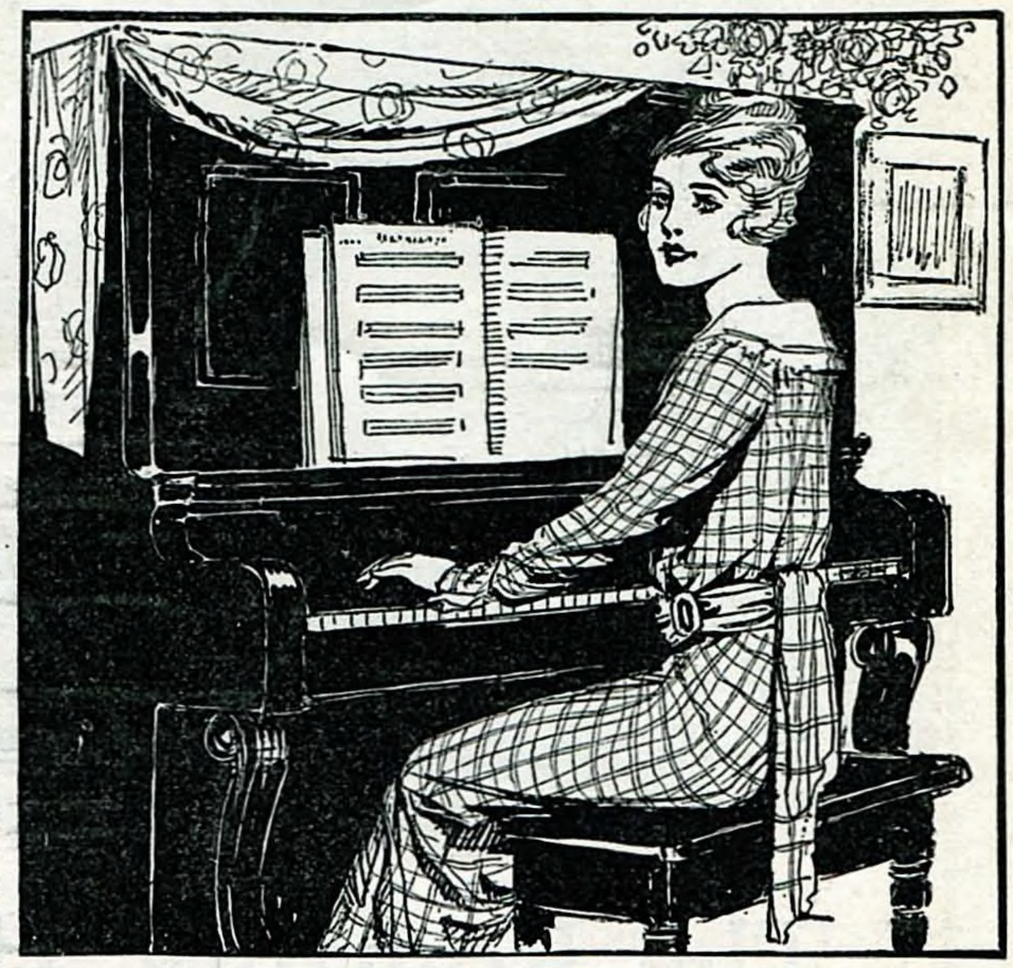
Photo by Van der Weyde

TERRY RAMSAYE

*The Greatest Motion Picture Story Ever Told*

# The Woman Who Wished She Could Play the Piano

## And How She Found an Easy Way to Turn Her Wish Into a Fact



**A YEAR or so ago this woman didn't know one note from another. To-day she plays the piano—entirely by note—better than many who have been playing for years. Here she tells how she learned and why it was so easy. Thousands of others, from school children to men and women of 50 to 60, have also learned music in the same easy way. A new method that makes singing or any instrument amazingly simple to master.**

FROM the time I was a child I have always had a yearning and longing to play the piano.

Often I have felt that I would gladly give up half of my life if some kind fairy would only turn my wish into a fact. You see I had begun to think I was too old to learn, that only some sort of fairy story magic could give me the ability to play. I was 35 years old—and the mother of a small family—before I knew one note from another.

Until I learned to play, hearing music—especially the piano—always gave me almost as much pain as pleasure. My enjoyment of it was always somewhat soured by envy and regret—envy of those who could entertain and charm with their playing, regret because I myself had to be a mere listener. And I suppose it is that way with every one who has to be satisfied with hearing music instead of playing it.

Again and again, parties and other social gatherings have been all but spoiled for me. I could enjoy myself until some one suggested music or singing; then I felt "left out"—a lonesome wall flower—a mere looker-on instead of part of the party. I was missing half the fun.

It was often almost as bad when callers came. It is so much easier to entertain people—particularly if you don't know them well—if one can turn to the piano to fill the gaps when conversation lags. But until recently our piano was only a piece of furniture. We bought it three years ago, simply to have it in the house while waiting for our two little girls to reach the age for beginning lessons—for I was determined that they should never be denied the full enjoyment of music the way I had been. But as it turned out, I learned to play before my girls did—in fact, I myself am now their teacher.

The way I have suddenly blossomed out in music (almost over night, you might say) has been a big surprise to all who know me, and to myself as well. My friends seem to think it must be that I had a previously undiscovered genius for the piano. But if there was any genius about it, it wasn't on my part, but in the lessons I took—a new and simplified method that makes it remarkably easy for any one to add music or singing to their daily lives. Any one anywhere can now learn to play any instrument or learn to sing just as easily as I did. All the hard part, all the big expense, all the old difficulties, have been swept away by this simple new method.

I learned entirely by home study—in my spare time—from fascinating Print-and-Picture lessons that make everything so simple and easy that one simply can't go wrong on them. I call it a short-cut way to learn—it is so much simpler and so entirely different from the old and hard-to-understand methods. I know that I made better and faster progress than I ever could by bothering with a private teacher or joining a class. In fact, while I don't like to brag, within six months after I took my first lesson, my playing was better than that of many of my friends who had studied two or three years under private teachers—not because I was any more apt than they, but simply because the wonderful Print-and-Picture lessons sent me by the U. S. School of Music were so easy to understand.

Then they were so interesting that study and practice were more like a pastime than a task or duty. And so convenient; you can study and practice just as it happens handy, instead of tying yourself down to set hours. And no strangers around to embarrass you or make you nervous.

Within a year after I took my first lesson I began teaching my two little girls to play—using exactly the same lessons I myself had studied. And I notice that both of them seem to be getting along better than any of their playmates who have private teachers. In addition, I am saving the money it would cost to have a private teacher—I figure it would cost at least $3 to $5 a lesson to have a teacher whose instruction could compare with that contained in the printed lesson from the U. S. School. Yet, from the first lesson to the last, the total cost of learning the way I did averaged only a few cents a lesson.

My only regret is that I didn't know of this really wonderful method years before. The ability to play is such a great comfort. No matter how much I am alone, I never get lonesome—I can always turn to my piano for amusement. I am never at a loss for a way to entertain callers. I no longer feel that I am "out of it" at social gatherings. Do you wonder that I so gladly recommend the method that has brought me so much pleasure and satisfaction?

* * * * * *

This woman's experience is by no means unusual. Over 250,000 others—from school children to men and women of 50 and 60—have learned to play their favorite instrument or learned to sing in the same way this woman did. Read the enthusiastic letters which you will find printed here—samples of the kind of letters we are receiving in practically every mail. Largely through the recommendation of satisfied pupils, we have built up the largest school of music in the world.

Whether for beginners or advanced pupils, our method is a revolutionary improvement of the old and hard-to-learn methods used by private teachers, and our method is as thorough as it is simple and easy. We teach you in the only right way—teach you to play or sing entirely by note. No "trick" music, no "numbers," no makeshifts of any kind. Yet it is a short-cut method, simply because every step is made so simple and clear, and the total cost averages a few cents a lesson, with your music and everything included.

When learning to play or sing is so easy, why continue to confine your enjoyment of music to mere listening? Why not at least let us send you our free book, absorbingly interesting simply because it shows you how easy it is to turn your wish to play or sing into an actual fact? Just now we are making a special short-time offer that cuts the cost per lesson in two—send your name now, before this special offer is withdrawn. No obligation—simply use the coupon or send your name and address in a letter or on a postcard. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.

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"I have already earned enough with my mandolin to pay for the instrument and the course of lessons. Have received many compliments upon my playing."—Lester Plettner, Forestville, Wis.

"Our little girl has been elected organist of the Junior Epworth League of M. E. Church, South, after taking your lessons—and at the age of 12 years. That is speaking well for your school."—J. G. Castle, Fulton, Mo.

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"I am getting along better than I ever did with a teacher right with m..."—Edna Brown, Springfield, Mass.

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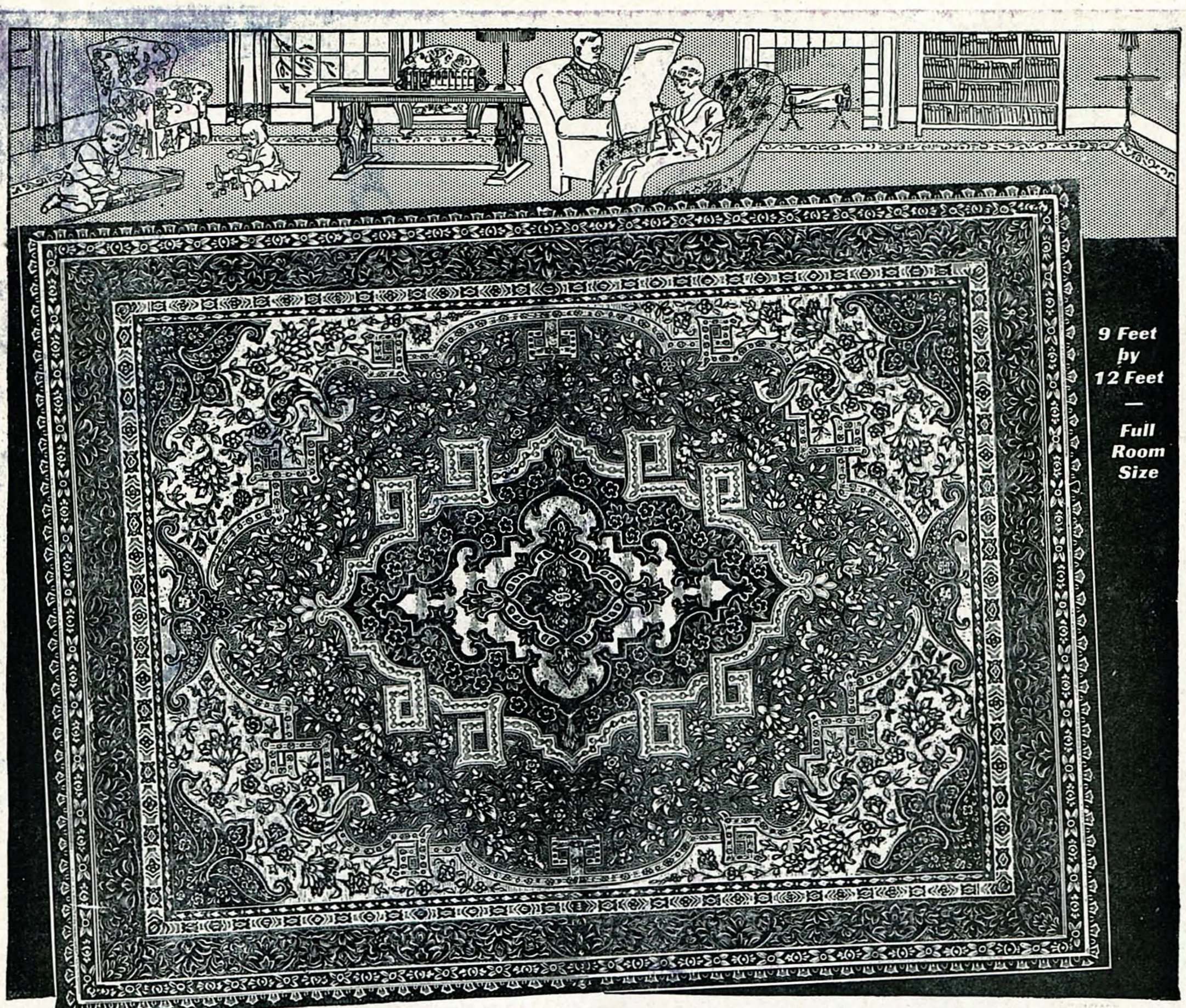


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