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Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel Pictures *one each week*

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(Painted by Leo Sielke, Jr., from a photograph by Ned Van Buren.)

Just now Doris Kenyon is dividing her time between the footlights and the film studios. She is playing on Broadway in the highly successful farce, "The Girl in the Limousine." A native of Bridgeport, Conn., Miss Kenyon has lived in Brooklyn and Syracuse. She is a graduate of Packer Institute, Brooklyn, and of Columbia University.

Miss Kenyon went on the stage in "Princess Pat" and was quickly discovered by the cinema, doing her first important rôle with Alice Brady in World's "The Rack." She has forged rapidly to the front and is now one of screenland's favorites.

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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these spoken plays appear in their vicinity.)

Astor.—Fay Bainter in "East Is West." The story of a quaint little Chinese maid who falls in love with a young American. Racial barriers seem insurmountable, but there is a happy and surprising ending. Has all the ingredients of popular drama. Miss Bainter is picturesquely pleasing.

Casino.—"The Little Whopper." Lively and amusing musical comedy with tuneful score by Rudolf Friml. Vivienne Segal pleasantly heads the cast, which also numbers Harry C. Browne, who does excellent work, Mildred Richardson and W. J. Ferguson.

Cort.—"Abraham Lincoln." You should see this if you see nothing else on the New York stage. John Drinkwater's play is a noteworthy literary and dramatic achievement, for he makes the Great American live again. "Abraham Lincoln" cannot fail to make you a better American. Moreover, it is absorbing as a play. Frank McGlyn, a discovery, is a brilliant Lincoln.

Comedy.—"My Lady Friends." Highly amusing entertainment, adapted from a Continental farce. Much of the humor is due to the able work of Clifton Crawford in the rôle of a guileless young publisher of Bibles whose efforts to spend money get him into all sorts of difficulties. June Walker scores in Mr. Crawford's support.

Century.—"Aphrodite." Highly colored and lavish presentation of a drama based upon Pierre Louys' exotic novel of ancient Alexandria. Superbly staged adaptation of the play that caused a sensation in Paris. Dorothy Dalton, the screen star, returns to the stage in the principal rôle of the Galilean courtesan, Chrysis, and scores. McKay Morris is admirable in the principal male rôle. The ballet, directed by Michel Fokine, is spirited and colorful.

Cohan and Harris.—"The Royal Vagabond." A Cohanized opera comique in every sense of the words. A tuneful operetta plus Cohan speed, pep and brash American humor. Also tinkling music. And a corking cast, with Grace Fisher, Tessa Kosta, John Goldsworthy and Frederick Santley.

Central.—"The Little Blue Devil." A musical entertainment built about the late Clyde Fitch's "The Blue Mouse." Tuneful music by Harold Atteridge and Harry Carroll. Lillian Lorraine is the "blue devil" and Bernard Granville is co-featured.

Eltinge.—"The Girl in the Limousine." A decidedly daring boudoir farce, by Wilson Collison and Avery Hopwood, in which a pink and white bed is invaded by every member of the cast during the progress of the evening. John Cumberland is very funny and Doris Kenyon, fresh from the screen, is both pretty and pleasing as the heroine.

Forty-fourth Street Theater.—"Carnival." A British-made romantic drama of Venice at carnival time marking the first appearance of the English favorite, Godfrey Tearle. Mr. Tearle seems an actor of unusual attainments, but the drama is dreary, out-of-date stuff.

George M. Cohan's.—Elsie Janis and "her gang." Lively entertainment built about the experiences of the A. E. F. on the other side. Well put together by Miss Janis, who shines with decided brightness. A pleasant entertainment.

Globe.—"Apple Blossoms." The ambitious and much heralded operetta of Fritz Kreisler and Victor Jacobi plus colorful Joseph Urban settings. An offering far above the musical average. John Charles Thomas sings admirably, Wilda Bennett is an attractive heroine and Florence Shirley lends a piquant personality to the proceedings.

Harris.—"Wedding Bells." A bright and highly amusing comedy by Salisbury Field. Admirably written and charmingly played by Margaret Lawrence and Wallace Eddinger. One of the things you should see.

Hippodrome.—"Happy Days." Big and spectacular production typical of the Hippodrome. The diving girls are again a feature, disporting in the huge "Hip" tank.

Hudson.—"Clarence," Booth Tarkington's delightful comedy, built about the way a returned soldier re-united a disturbed but typically American household. Superb performances by Alfred Lunt. Glenn Hunter and Helen Hayes give the comedy a fine verve.

Lyric.—"The Rose of China." A pleasant musical comedy, in a way a sort of Chinese "Madam Butterfly." Clever lyrics, striking Urban settings and a fairly adequate cast. Rather tuneful.

Maxine Elliott's.—"The Unknown Woman." A very emotional melodrama with Marjorie Rambeau in Bendel gowns and tears. Jean Robertson contributes a vivid bit as a "dope."

Morosco.—"Civilian Clothes." A delightful comedy to please everybody. Brand new idea and cleverly worked out. Thurston Hall in the title rôle shares the honors with beautiful Olive Tell. Support excellent.

Plymouth.—"The Jest," Arthur Hopkins' production of Sem Benelli's colorful and gripping Florentine drama. John Barrymore is again seen in his original rôle. An admirable cast and Robert Edmund Jones' settings lend splendid aid.

Princess.—"Nightie Night." Described by the program as a "wide awake farce," "Nightie Night" lives up to its billing. It has plenty of verve, ginger and some dancing. There are scores of laughs. Heading the very adequate cast are Francis Byrne, Suzanne Willa, Malcolm Duncan and Dorothy Mortimer.

Shubert.—"The Magic Melody." A "romantic musical play" with a tuneful score and a picturesque Willy Pogany setting. Charles Purcell, Fay Marbe, Julia Deane, Earl Benham and Carmel Myers, the last two well known to the screen, head the cast.

Thirty-ninth Street Theater.—"Scandal," Cosmo Hamilton's daring drama which Constance Talmadge played on the screen. Francine Larrimore and Charles Cherry have the leading rôles in the excellent footlight production.

Winter Garden.—"The Passing Show of 1919." A typical girly garden show in which the famous runway gets plenty of use. The revue presents a number of travesties upon current attractions, particularly colorful being that of "The Jest," with George Winninger doing a clever burlesque of Lionel Barrymore.

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"See-Saw." A pleasant musical entertainment. The delightful Elizabeth Hines stands out and Dorothy Mackaye is pleasantly cast.

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"An Exchange of Wives." Another Cosmo Hamilton comedy which, however, never attains the spontaneity or piquancy of "Scandal." The chief blush producer is a scene on a sleeping porch.

"She Would and She Did." Grace George in a light (very light) comedy founded on a little hole in the golf links which Grace angrily made, resulting in her suspension from the club for two months. Society and golf folk will probably find this an entertaining little play.

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"A Lonely Romeo," with Lew Fields. A

(*Continued on page* 8)

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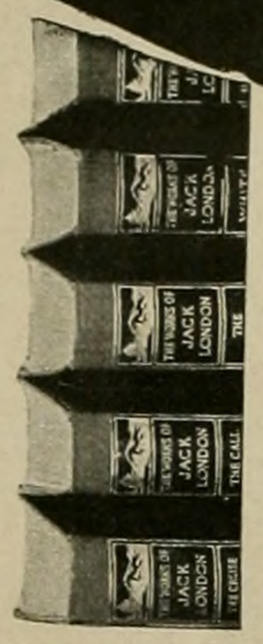

Judge!

When you sent me up for four years, you called me a rattlesnake. Maybe I am one—anyhow you hear me rattling now. One year after I got to the pen, my daughter died of—well, they said it was poverty and the disgrace together. You've got a daughter, Judge, and I am going to make you know how it feels to lose one. I'm free now, and I guess I've turned to rattlesnake all right. Look out when I strike. Yours respectfully. **Rattlesnake.**

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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(*Continued from page* 6)

light show running in the usual groove. Frances Cameron, who is developing remarkably, is the bright figure of "A Lonely Romeo," while Mr. Fields is his humorous self. There's a decidedly funny scene in a men's hat shop.

"Chu Chin Chow." An opulent and beautiful musical extravaganza based upon the Arabian Nights tale of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves. Dazzling series of sensuous stage pictures. "Chu Chu Chow" is presented this year with an entirely new edition and new costumes. Marjorie Wood makes a colorful desert woman, Lionel Braham is very effective as the robber sheik and Eugene Cowles makes the rôle of steward stand out. George Rosely plays the young lover admirably.

"La La Lucille." Musical comedy built around the efforts of a loving couple to arrange a divorce in order to live up to the terms of a millionaire aunt's will. A co-respondent is engaged and troubles begin. John E. Hazzard and Janet Velie play the would-be divorcées, while Marjorie Bentley and Helen Clark give able assistance. Light summer entertainment.

The Shubert Gaieties of 1919. A lively revue with scores of statuesque girls and stunning frocks. A decidedly attractive entertainment.

"John Ferguson." A straight drama that compares favorably with anything of the kind that New York has seen for years. Beautifully staged and acted. Masterpieces of this kind should be liberally patronized to encourage others.

George White's "Scandals of 1919." All sorts and variations of dancing make up for a lack of story or humor. The real star is piquant little Ann Pennington—as seductive a little jazzer as ever shimmied on Broadway. Then there's the lively dancing of Mr. White himself.

"Friendly Enemies." This is the record-breaking comedy drama of last season, with Louis Mann in his original rôle.

"Three Wise Fools." Austin Strong's human little drama of three crusty old bachelors who are bequeathed a young woman and who are subsequently rejuvenated. Melodrama with a heart throb. Helen Menken gives a striking performance of the nerve-racked heroine, while Claude Gillingwater is a delightfully testy old Teddy Findley.

"She's a Good Fellow." A light but pleasant musical comedy built about the efforts of old folks to break up a marriage between a loving young couple. Joseph Santley is a likeable lover-husband, masquerading in skirts for a whole act. Ivy Sawyer, the very pleasing Ann Orr and Scott Welsh lend delightful assistance.

"39 East." A charming comedy founded on a boarding school romance in which many interesting characters make love-making difficult for a pair of young lovers.

"Up in Mabel's Room." Piquant, daring but decidedly amusing farce built about the pursuit of a dainty pink undergarment which bears the same name as a recent jazz dance. Admirable cast, including the radiant Hazel Dawn.

"Three Faces East." Another Secret Service-German spy drama, this one by Anthony Paul Kelly, one of our most successful photoplaywrights. The principal charm of this play is in trying to guess who are the German spies and who are the Allies, just as we were puzzled in "Cheating Cheaters" to know who were burglars and who were not.

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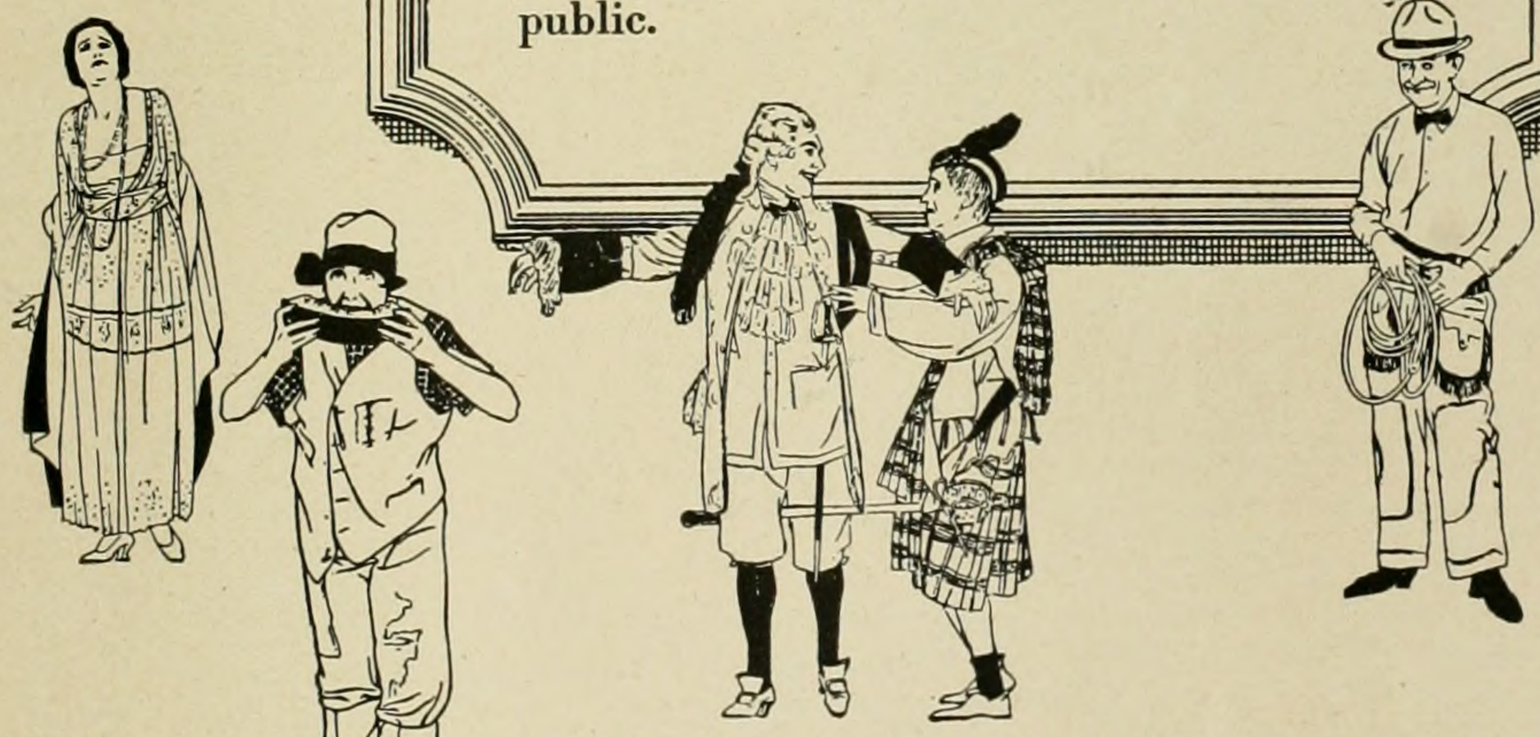

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For remember—authorities on the skin now agree that most of the commoner skin troubles come, not from the blood—but from bacteria and parasites that are carried into the pores from outside, through dust and small particles in the air.

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Apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth, work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a *piece of ice*. Dry carefully. To remove the blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in the treatment above. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

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Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

CORINNE GRIFFITH

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

Photograph by Hoover Art Co., L. A.

WANDA HAWLEY

Wanda was looked upon as one of the screen "finds" of last year. Miss Hawley keeps steadily advancing since her first hit in "Old Wives for New." She is now at the very forefront of our younger actresses.

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

HELENE CHADWICK

Helene hails from a town bearing her own cognomen. Chadwick, N. Y., being the youngest of a famous family. She first achieved success in Pathé serial productions and is now with Goldwyn.

GLADYS GEORGE

Miss George is one of the most popular players with the Universal forces and she has been doing some unusual work in several recent productions.

HELEN BRONEAU

Miss Broneau is a Universal discovery. She seems to be coming to the front rapidly and the "U" powers-that-be expect great things of her.

The Silken Gloria

Photograph © by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Gloria Swanson is twenty-one and, off the screen, looks like a younger sister of her celluloid self. The daughter of an army officer, Miss Swanson received her education everywhere—from Chicago to Porto Rico

We reached Gloria Swanson's hotel exactly on time for our interview—12 o'clock noon.

"Gracious," sighed a languid voice over the house 'phone, "I'm just getting up—and I'm still half asleep. Please come back at one."

So we adjourned to the hotel lobby for rest—and meditation. We had expected Miss Swanson to be a luxurious young lady, but . . .

At one we called her on the 'phone again. "My, my!" sighed Miss Swanson, "I'll be right down—in ten minutes."

But her voice sounded just as sleepy as an hour before. Knowing something of the feminine conception of ten minutes, we went for a walk. At 1:30 we returned.

The hotel clerk was quite sure Miss Swanson hadn't come down yet. So we waited, whiling away the time with observing the clerk's technique in handling the tribulations of the hotel guests.

At 2 o'clock we knew the clerk's first name was Al and why he never went to the Methodist church.

At 2:15 o'clock we heard, for the nineteenth time, that there wasn't a room to be had in the hotel at any price. In fact, the waiting list . . .

And then Miss Swanson appeared.

Except for her silken sleekness, we would hardly have recognized her. The real Gloria Swanson looks like the younger sister of the celluloid Gloria.

"So sorry," smiled Miss Swanson, "so-o-o sorry." Not, of course, meaning a word of it.

"We're used to waiting for beautiful stars," we reparteed. "The more beautiful they are, the longer they make us wait. Just one player ever kept us waiting longer than this."

"I wont have that," said Miss Swanson. "Try to interview me again tomorrow, and I'll break that record."

Then we took a taxi to the Hotel Astor for lunch, Miss Swanson, like all femininity just emerging from slumber, being "famished."

On the way downtown we learnt these startling facts:

That Miss Swanson works every second of her time in California and really doesn't luxuriate at all.

That she doesn't want to keep on doing the semi-vampire stuff of her past few pictures, but hopes to do character stuff such as her "Why Change Your Wife?" She will even don prim clothes and spectacles for art.

That she worships Cecil De Mille.

That she loves diamond and platinum bracelets. She wears three on her left wrist alone.

That she never can button her gloves. (We know, because we did our best to assist her en route *via* taxi.)

That she loves New York because of its theaters and gor-

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

geous places to dance. That California becomes dreadfully tiresome.

That tears came to her eyes—real tears—when she talked of Elliott Dexter and the way his sudden illness had held back his stellar career in the films.

But to interrupt our findings to turn to weightier things:

"Tell me I look younger off the screen," commanded Gloria.

We saw our duty and did it. "Exactly how old am I?" she insisted.

We parried, realizing we were on exceedingly dangerous ground. Finally, pushed to the wall, we hazarded, "Twenty-two."

"Twenty-one," said Miss Swanson, in triumph. "You just protested when I said I didn't want to go on vamping or semi-vamping on the screen. Why?"

"Because," said we, trying to take our editorial mind from Miss Swanson's eyes, "you're so uncannily seductive. Most vampires leave us cold, but . . ."

"Yes," aided Miss Swanson.

"You are exceedingly —er—effective."

At that psychological moment we arrived in front of the Astor.

We sighed with relief.

Photograph © by Alfred Cheney Johnston

"I live for today," says Gloria Swanson, "and I try to get every bit out of it. I dont believe in waiting for tomorrow. Life is too short for that." That sums up her philosophy of life in general

Once inside, Miss Swanson attacked a healthy-sized luncheon with fervor. A waiter attempted to remove the actress' orange-juice before she had finished—and she well nigh withered him. Right then and there we decided that Miss Swanson might easily speak out her mind. In fact, she did.

Between orange-juice and soup and chops, Miss Swanson told us more of herself. The daughter of an army officer, she received her education everywhere. "It was a terrible handicap," she said, "my education stretching from Chicago to Porto Rico.

"I first tried pictures with Essanay in Chicago and then I went to the coast. There I was with Triangle and later joined Mack Sennett's comedies. But I wasn't a bathing girl. I never—never—was. Please get *that* into your interview, wont you?"

We promised.

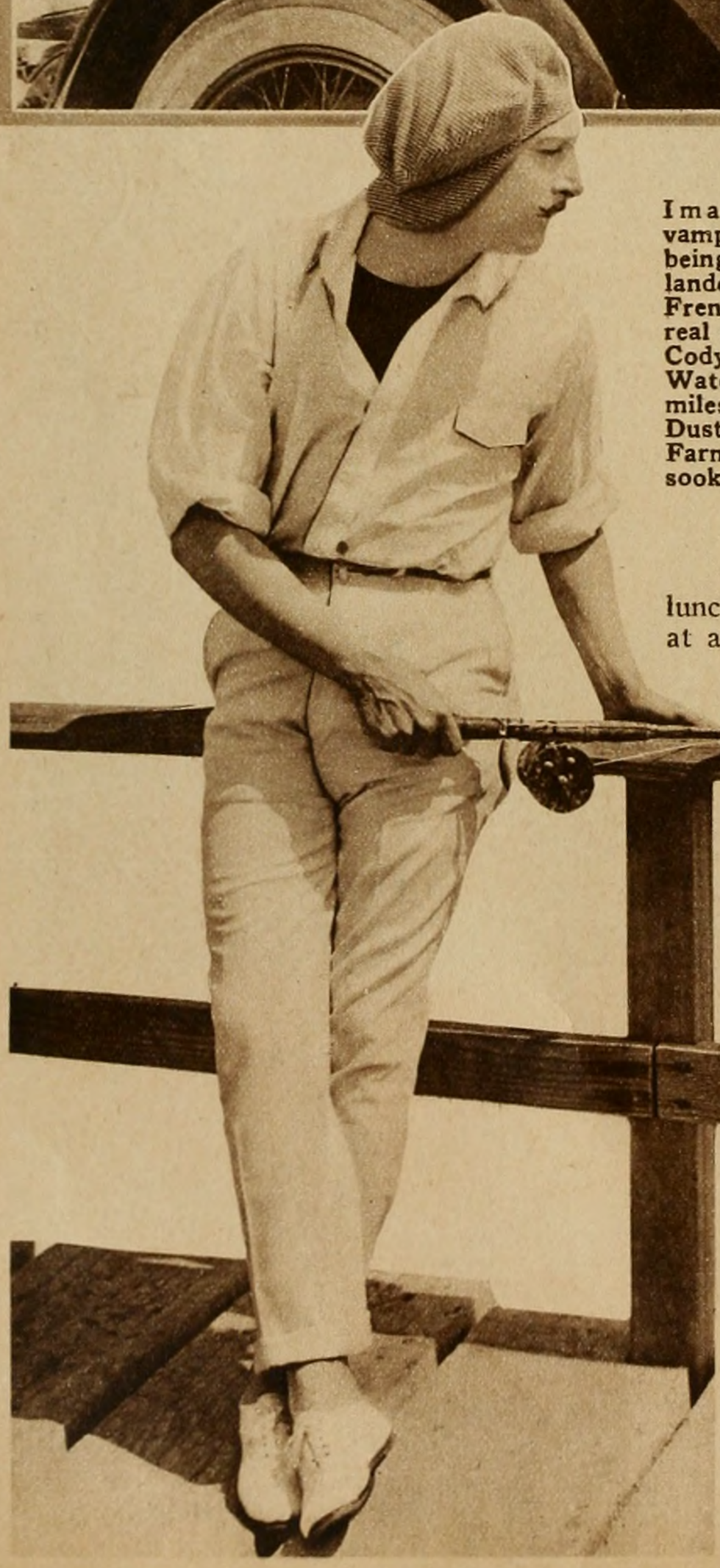
"We did a series of juvenile comedies in which I had a leading rôle. Then Mr. De Mille gave me my chance in drama. That's all. As I never cared for comedy and my whole heart is in dramatic work, you can guess how hard I worked to make good with Mr. De Mille."

We asked Miss Swanson to tell us her philosophy of things in general.

"I live for today," she said, "and I try to get every bit out of it. I dont believe in waiting for tomorrow. Life is too short for that."

Then our interview drifted until, like all interviews, it came

(*Continued on page* 83)



Imagine the "male vampire" of the screen being a New Englander! Altho of French descent, (his real name is Coté), Cody's home town is Waterville, Me., a few miles from the home of Dustin and William Farnum. He soon forsook Maine for the stage

You may, perhaps, think it strange that the original "He Vamp" star of the screen should have come from New England. And then, again, you may not. It all depends on whether you have come from there yourself, or on whether you still live there, or on whether you have never been there at all. Undoubtedly, there are people who are "un-profoundly" affected by their environments; for instance, Lew Cody.

"Dustin Farnum used to live within a few miles of Waterville, Me., which is my home," he remarked. (We were, by the way, at luncheon at the Alexandria and some moving picture notable could be seen at almost every table). "We often get together," he went on, "and talk over the scenes and people we used to know. Of course, we didn't live there at the same time and we didn't really know the same people, but that is a mere detail. In that neighborhood, the scenes and the people seem, somehow, always the same; the same yesterday, today and forever!"

There, then, you have the material for a tragedy by Ibsen. Think of it! Lew Cody, whose real name is Cote, a boy of French descent, living in a place where, if one can believe some of our best fiction, people take their sins and their virtues very seriously and where marriages are made in Heaven for life and for population!

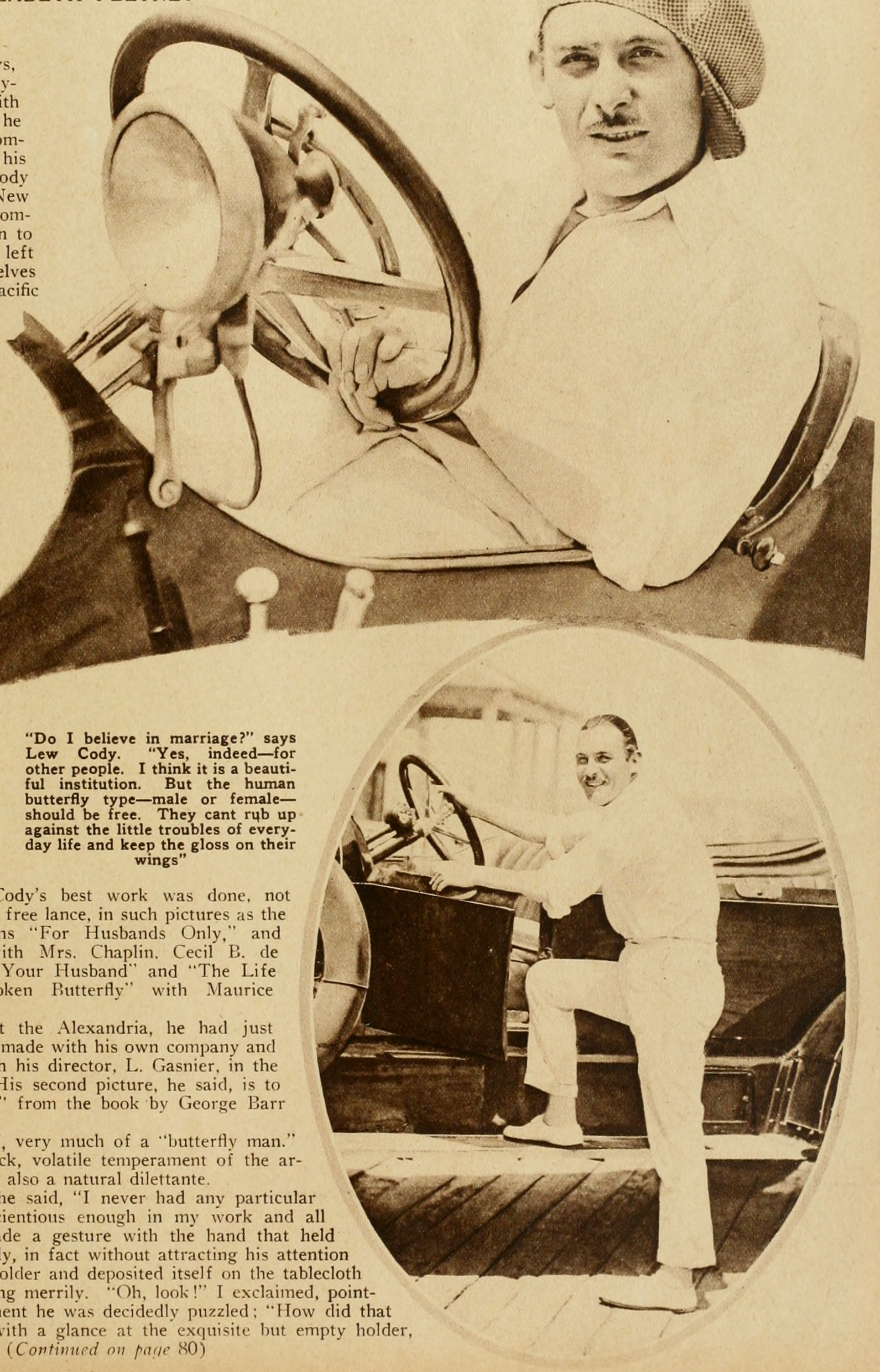
He could read French, too; gracefully written tales of graceful love affairs, sincere while they lasted, lightly undertaken and gracefully dropped. Why, he might have committed suicide—or matrimony—before he was eighteen, with vine leaves in his hair and all that sort of thing. But instead of that, he did something that could never have occurred to a character of Ibsen; lightly and without any particular brain storm, he decided to go away.

"One afternoon, after a whole day spent reciting poetry at myself, I went to my father and told him that I was going to go on the stage. 'All right!' my father said. 'When are you going?' Of course, that was all wrong. He should have objected violently. But he must have had too keen a sense of drama, himself, to do such a commonplace thing. Instead, he staked me to a wardrobe and I went to New York and got my start almost at once."

This was with Mary Mannering in "The Stubborness of Geraldine." Then came melodrama with A. H. Woods; such plays as "Fast Life in New York" and "The Power of Money," an

Lewis Cody, H. V.

By ELIZABETH PELTRET



"Do I believe in marriage?" says Lew Cody. "Yes, indeed—for other people. I think it is a beautiful institution. But the human butterfly type—male or female—should be free. They cant rub up against the little troubles of everyday life and keep the gloss on their wings"

experience which, he says, he would not take anything for. And then, with all of his energy, he plunged into stock, becoming actor-manager of his own company, the Cody Players, just out of New York. He had four companies before that began to tire him and then he left them to shift for themselves while he came to the Pacific coast with the Winter Garden production.

"I've been everything in the profession except a clown in a circus," and but for its being such a serious job, he might have been that too.

He fell instantly and intensely in love with Los Angeles and decided to return sometime and remain indefinitely. It was at this psychological moment that Thomas Ince sent an emissary with the offer of a screen contract.

Undoubtedly, Lew Cody's best work was done, not under contract, but as a free lance, in such pictures as the Lois Weber productions "For Husbands Only," and "Borrowed Clothes" with Mrs. Chaplin, Cecil B. de Mille's "Don't Change Your Husband" and "The Life Line," and "The Broken Butterfly" with Maurice Tournier.

When I saw him at the Alexandria, he had just finished his first picture made with his own company and he had collaborated with his director, L. Gasnier, in the writing of the story. His second picture, he said, is to be "The Butterfly Man" from the book by George Barr McCutcheon.

Lew Cody is, himself, very much of a "butterfly man." That is, he has the quick, volatile temperament of the artistic Frenchman who is also a natural dilettante.

"Until a year ago," he said, "I never had any particular ambition. I was conscientious enough in my work and all that, but——" He made a gesture with the hand that held his cigaret. Very quietly, in fact without attracting his attention in the least, it left its holder and deposited itself on the tablecloth where it went on burning merrily. "Oh, look!" I exclaimed, pointing rudely. For a moment he was decidedly puzzled; "How did that get there?" and then, with a glance at the exquisite but empty holder,

(*Continued on page* 80)

Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Betty Blythe: The Peacock Princess

"I *WAS* born in Los Angeles," began Betty Blythe, as she whisked a heap of pink chiffons from one chair and a pile of letters from another, drawing them nearer the window where we could watch the glorious view of the mountains which so entrances her.

"After being away for nearly four years, it is such fun to be back. Here in Hollywood there are no elevated trains, no subways, no crashing traffic, just peace and quiet, why, it's heavenly. I was so thrilled the first night after my arrival to hear a cat fight on the back fence, it sounded so rural.

"These silver nights are wonderful, too," she continued. "I wander all over the hills. I walked thru the big gates into the lovely grounds of the Japanese place on that hill last night and suddenly, while enjoying the wonder of the scene, I heard the strangest noises. I stopped to listen and the next minute I saw there were monkeys swinging from tree to tree in the moonlight. I didn't run home, I *flew!*"

Betty Blythe is another of the bright lights that the Goldwyn studios have added to their splendid stock company. She has just completed "The Silver Horde," a Rex Beach story, and will next appear in a Brentwood production under the direction of Henry Kolker.

"I have played so many vamps," said Betty, "that I am glad of the opportunity to play this rôle of a splendid woman who finds her happiness in the development of her own soul, not in wealth or power. And *clothes!* Oh, I am to wear some gorgeous things."

Going to her closet, Miss Blythe brought out an array of ravishing costumes and spreading them on the bed we indulged in a feminine orgie of tulles, chiffons, lustrous satins and rich furs.

"Of course, like most women," said Betty, "I have always longed for beautiful clothes and now that I can have them I love the planning and designing. I sometimes wonder if my old vision of realizing the poetic sense of literary effort is merging into a passion for clothes. However, in motion pictures they play such an important part that I feel justified."

"How did you discover your own particular style?" I asked, remembering the distinctive manner in which this stunning girl is always gowned.

"My dear," she replied solemnly, "it took three years and an awful waste of money to teach me that I must civilize my weird ideas—I do so love queerish styles—if they are becoming.

"I adore brilliant colors, they brighten one's mood, while laces seem *alive*. Look at this shimmery symphony which also persists in shimmying," laughed Betty, holding up a fascinating

Betty Blythe made her first appearance on the stage in vaudeville billed as "The Peacock Princess." The footlights finally led to the screen studios—the Vitagraph, in particular

By
MAUDE S.
CHEATHAM

Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

frock of cloth of gold with its bands of heavy silk fringe forming the "shimmying" skirt.

Winding herself into a luscious Moorish yellow crepe negligee and sweeping across the room, she remarked, "I glory in trains and tassels, too. The last time I wore this I killed a man—it photographed beautifully! I'm going to have it made over. I'm always saving things. If I should die suddenly I would miss a lot of fun for I have such stacks of lovely materials waiting to be made over."

Then, sitting on the edge of the bed surrounded by these luxurious clothes, she told me some of her early experiences.

Betty Blythe made her first appearance on the stage billed as "The Peacock Princess." In a sumptuous gown, made entirely of peacock feathers, she put on her own little musical act at Pantages Theater, in Los Angeles and scored a success.

"It was a beautiful gown," said Betty, "and I felt so grand and strutty and excited with all those brilliant colors flashing about me. Everything was going beautifully and I had dreams of being a real prima donna; you know, I spent two years in Paris and London studying voice culture. Then suddenly, my mother and a sister passed away and I was gripped by the old Chinese superstition of peacock feathers, and I wouldn't go on with the act."

"I want love to come," says Miss Blythe. "I've reached the point where I long for a home and a more unselfish life!"

After a season with Oliver Morosco's "So Long Letty," in Chicago, and a summer in stock in Albany Miss Blythe had a chance to play on Broadway with William Elliott in "Experience."

"With the closing of this engagement," she went on, "I had a taste of the fighting struggle which girls usually have when they buck up against New York. Out of a job, the city frightened me. I believe the fear of going broke frightened me most.

"Every day for months I made the rounds of the theatrical agencies. It was heart-breaking. Only once did a ray of light penetrate. A Shakespearian actor took an interest in me and promised I should play Ophelia in his company. Now, all my life I had wanted to play Shakespeare. When I was only 12 my sister started me reading his works in the original and by the time I was 16 I had read everything he had written and had made up my mind to be a tragedy queen, a second Marlowe, so this seemed the coming true of my early dreams.

"After spending weeks rehearsing Ophelia, and building my hopes to the very sky, the venture fell thru, and I went, left with debts and all my illusions shattered. Really, I contemplated suicide, but after all, youth and its reviving confidence urged me on to win in spite of obstacles.

"One day a girl, whom I knew very slightly, asked me to go to the Vitagraph studio with her. I believe God sent her, and I went, really because she was friendly and I so needed

(*Continued on page* 82)

Moore o' County Meade

Photograph by Mishkin

To this branch of the family we are quite sure Tom belonged. If you ever do see him and have any idea that you ever will wish to interview him, "do it now," for you never will see him any more.

Both Tom and Owen are coy and elusive as the first snowdrop, and all the time we do not blame them in the least for not wanting to be interviewed. We are quite sure that we should never want to be interviewed by us.

About a year ago we were asked to interview Owen Moore. He consented, but he still owes it to us. And then our editor gave us a standing order to interview Tom Moore. So long as he was safe and sound out on the Pacific Coast in the Goldwyn studio, we did not worry. We decided that we could not be expected to go as far as that, but then one day we heard that he was here in the East "on a vacation."

The words had a portentous sound. It seemed such a perfectly legitimate excuse for not being interviewed. However, we tried out our luck by calling up the Goldwyn office and asking for Tom Moore's address. "He just went out of the office on his way to the Lambs', but we are not allowed to give any one his address. He is on a vacation."

So we called up the

When the Moore family decided to migrate from its tiny farm in the County Meade, Ireland, the problem of destination arose. So they drew lots. Little Tom put in his hand and drew out a bit of paper marked "America"

A SCRAP of paper it was which decided the destiny of Tom Moore, son of Sarah and Joseph and, incidentally, brother of Owen and Matt. It happened like this. Tom was born in Ireland on a farm in County Meade. Artistic vagueness rather than bold accuracy places the date of the event as the late '80's. Now, in those days a small Irish farmer had about as much chance to make money as a conductor on a pay-as-you-enter car, so the senior Moore and his better half decided to seek the city and open a shop of some sort. So they sold all the things on the farm, collected the family and put them in a jaunting car, and then Mrs. Moore turned to Mr. Moore and said, "Whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge, but whither do we go and where do we lodge?"

"I never thought of that," said Moore the elder. "Now what do you say?"

"Dublin," said Mrs. Moore.

"America!" cried little Tom.

"We'll draw lots for it," said Moore, the elder. So pieces of paper, marked "Dublin" and "America," were put into a hat. Little Tom put in his hand and drew out "America," and America it was.

Now, we set down these facts triumphantly, and so would you if you had worked as hard to unearth them as we did.

Once upon a time there was celebrated in song a girl named Annie Moore. History says little about her, save that she was sweet and that we'll never see her any more.

By HARRIETTE UNDERHILL

Lambs, and they said, "He has gone over to the studio." There didn't seem to be any way to get him excepting to call Central and ask for Fifth Avenue between the Lambs and the Goldwyn office, and this wasn't feasible owing to the present strained relation between the "hello" girls and the innocent bystander, so we decided to let nature take its course.

The best way to do this is to walk up Fifth Avenue from Forty-second Street and wish. We hadn't been doing this more than two blocks when we met Tom Moore face to face. Now, altho we are a firm believer in this concentration thing, when we met our victim we were so surprised that we said, right out loud, "Aint nature wonderful!"

"She is," agreed Tom Moore, "but why?"

Of course, we didn't dare tell him, because he would look upon us with cold disfavor and say, "I'm on my vacation." So instead we said, "Why, meeting you and everything like this. And do you remember the time we interviewed you, over in Fort Lee, when you first became a Goldwyn star, and the funny little place where we had luncheon and the woman who put the records on the graphophone, records that were round, tube-like things, and the phonograph had a horn?"

"Yes, a horn like a director uses," and Tom laughed just the way he does on the screen. He always laughs that way. It is one of his charms. You see him laughing, but you dont hear him.

Now, all this was according to Freud, or somebody who has theories. We had reminded Tom Moore of the fact that he had once been interviewed and had recalled to his mind at the same time all of the pleasant features of the encounter, so we struck while the iron was hot.

"Have you got a half-hour to spare?" we said, timidly, meaning to finish up with "Mayn't we walk over to the office with you and interview you en route?"

"Indeed, I have," he answered, cheerfully. "Let's go in here and have a cup of tea."

And as we were on the corner of Forty-fourth Street, and Sherry's is no more, we knew that "here" meant Delmonico's. How thankful we were that we had on our imported hat with the red polka dots on it, tho maybe if we hadn't we shouldn't have received the invitation.

"See, no belts!" said Tom, with his silent laugh, as he took off his overcoat. "Do you remember how you got after us for wearing belted coats and said that Charlie Ray was the only man who could wear one with impunity? I remember, altho I felt hurt, how I trembled when I realized that I was wearing a belt on my coat that day you came over to Fort Lee to see me."

"Aren't you glad you're on your vacation?" we asked, a little less cautious now that the orange pekoe was between us and our victim and there was no chance for him to escape.

"Yes. I suppose I needed a rest, only New York is such a funny place to rest in. You dont do it."

"Have you been working hard?" we asked, trying to put a lot of sympathy in our voice, so as not to make it sound like a leading question."

"Working hard? Rather! I've made nine pictures this year with Harry Beaumont. In a couple of weeks, when I go back, I am going to have a new director, Tom Mills. Know him?"

We shook our head, and there the conversation switched to California—California climate, California roads, California hospitality. Why, one would think Tom Moore was a native. They always talk like that.

"Were you born in California?" which was an innocent enough question that any one might have asked. It had marvelous results, too, far beyond our fondest hopes, for Tom Moore told us all about being born in Ireland and just how he drew the scrap of paper out of the hat and came to America. But when Tom got as far as New York he stopped, at least he stopped in his narrative, but as a matter of fact, he went on to Toledo, because he had some cousins living there.

Photograph by Mishkin

After the Moores came to America, little Tom ran away to New York and lived there a whole year. Then he went home—and to school. His stage "debut" was in the mob scene of "Parsifal"

"Had you thought of going on the stage at that time?" we asked, trying to give the question the proper amount of insouciance as coming from a layman and not from an interviewer.

"No, indeed," he answered, laughing. "You should have seen me then. I was such a funny-looking little shaver. They sent me to school, but the wanderlust was in my veins, and I ran away with just enough money to get me to Jersey City. I didn't have a nickel to get over to Manhattan, but—well, I eventually got there. My lack of money worried me not in the least, and I hung around and enjoyed myself between the Battery and Fourteenth Street for nearly a year. Then I had some promptings from my conscience and I returned home. They sent me back to school, but I ran away again—"

"And went to dramatic school," we interrupted. Tom Moore gave us a scornful glance and, if he had been that sort of person, he would probably have said, "How do you get that way?"

(*Continued on page 79*)

The Boy Who

By MARY S.

"WHY, they're *real!*" I exclaimed.

"The freckles? Sure, they're real," and Wesley Barry rubbed his brown hands vigorously across his cheeks to convince me the speckles would not come off.

"Lots of people seem to think they are part of my make-up for the pictures," he went on. "If they could see my red hair they would know the freckles belonged to me. I used to hate them, but they've brought me a lot of luck and I dont know what would happen if they went away now." And the funny little smile that has endeared this twelve-year-old lad to film fans thruout the country spread over his small face.

"Then, you'll never be tempted by the promises of freckle cream?" I asked.

"I should say *not,*" came the emphatic reply in true masculine scorn for such methods. "Anyway," he added, "it would take bushels and bushels to take them off. But—looky—my warts are going away," and he held out his hands for my inspection.

"A lady in Boston read that I had warts and she sent me a pin, telling me to bury it in the garden and the warts would disappear. And, sure 'nuff, they're all gone except this teeny one and it's going." And again the "Wes" Barry smile lighted up the sensitive face.

Tho Marshall Neilan discovered this lad several years ago and has given him bits in a number of pictures, it was not until "The Unpardonable Sin" flashed on the screen that his unusual qualities were fully recognized.

This was shortly followed by his splendid work with Mary Pickford in "Daddy Long Legs," and his clever acting thruout the orphanage scenes—especially in imbibing the hard cider—will not soon be forgotten.

Now, fame and stardom have captured this little freckle-faced boy, for he has recently been signed up by Marshall Neilan to create the screen rôle of "Penrod," in a series of pictures depicting this adorable character in his boyhood adventures.

Wesley is refreshingly natural and absolutely unspoiled and he is taking his good fortune very modestly. The best description one can give is that he is every minute—just *real boy!*

Since he is under contract and working steadily he has a private teacher, studying between scenes at the studio, instead of attending school. He is in the 8th grade and will be ready for high school next year.

He told me all about his studies as we sat in an old swing in the Neilan studio garden in Hollywood. "I like arithmetic and geography, but English is so hard it makes me mad. I like mechanical drawing, too, but I am not good at free hand. I've always wanted to be an electrical engineer, but, since I'm doing so well in pictures, guess I'll stick to them.

"We had the *best* fun making 'Daddy Long Legs'," went on Wesley. "It was mostly on location and was just like a picnic, for we went out in trucks and had our lunch out of doors. Those were real chicken sandwiches we ate in that orphanage scene. They were a part of Miss Pickford's own lunch and

You remember Wes' Barry as the remarkable freckled youngster of "Daddy Long Legs" and "The Unpardonable Sin." The lad is now fast en route to stardom with Micky Neilan, playing the boy hero of Booth Tarkington's "Penrod" stories

Capitalized His Freckles

KEENE

she said, 'Children, I never can eat all these sandwiches, so we'll use them in this scene.' Gee, they were good. She used to give me some of her hot chocolate every afternoon, too, for we would get *so hungry!*

"Do you remember the circus in 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm?' I was the ring master. I'll never forget, there was one kid who was so scared when he had to slide down the chute that we laughed at him. The most fun was at the barn dance, for there was real ice cream and cake and we boys would slip around to that corner every chance. Good? Well, *rather!* I cant say as much for the lemonade, it was positively on the bunk, one trip was enough for that.

"I was the only funny one in 'The Unpardonable Sin' and whenever it got too serious I would come in with some foolishness and jolly everyone up. I did have a big crying scene, tho," he recalled.

"Was it hard to cry?" I asked.

"Oh, no. Mr. Neilan told me all about it and it was so sad that I couldn't help crying, that's all."

And just that easily did this little actor dispose of one of the most affecting moments in that tragic picture.

"I like to go and see comedies—I laugh and laugh," and Wesley snickered in true boy fashion, "but I dont like to play in them, for it is all running and rough stuff. Mr. Neilan jokes with me while we are working and makes me laugh all the time. Do you know," and the small figure sat up straight, "I can tell just exactly how he is feeling by his whistle. He whistles such jolly tunes when he's happy, but when he is thinking out some scene he whistles—oh, you know, that way up, heavy music. You ought to hear him play the piano, he can make me cry when he plays those sad pieces. He can play *any thing!*" It is quite certain that here is a director who is the idol of his own star.

"Which baseball team do you want to win the pennant?" Wesley asked, suddenly, after talking of many things.

"Vernon," I replied promptly.

"Good, shake!" and he grabbed my hand in his firm hold, and we fell into a discussion of the relative strength of the Los Angeles and Vernon teams which are battling for the Coast League pennant.

"You see," said this little enthusiast, "this is the first season that Fatty Arbuckle has owned the Vernon team and I am afraid he might be discouraged if he lost the pennant when he is so near it, that's why I want it to win. Oh, it's just *gotta* to win," he added, loyally.

"We're getting ready for a big western picture," said Wesley, "and every morning I go out to the Lasky ranch and practice rough riding stunts on a big black horse. At first he was awfully frisky and tried to buck me off, but I hung on. I have the swellest cowboy suit. It cost $200! Want me to put it on so you can see it?"

So, hand in hand, we raced over to his dressing room where we solved the problem of straps and buckles as he arrayed himself in a regular "Bill" Hart western costume. "Look at this belt, isn't it a peach?" he cried, holding up a broad leather belt. "It is to wear when bucking to keep from getting all jarred up."

"Let's have your picture taken in all this finery," I suggested, as he turned about for my approval.

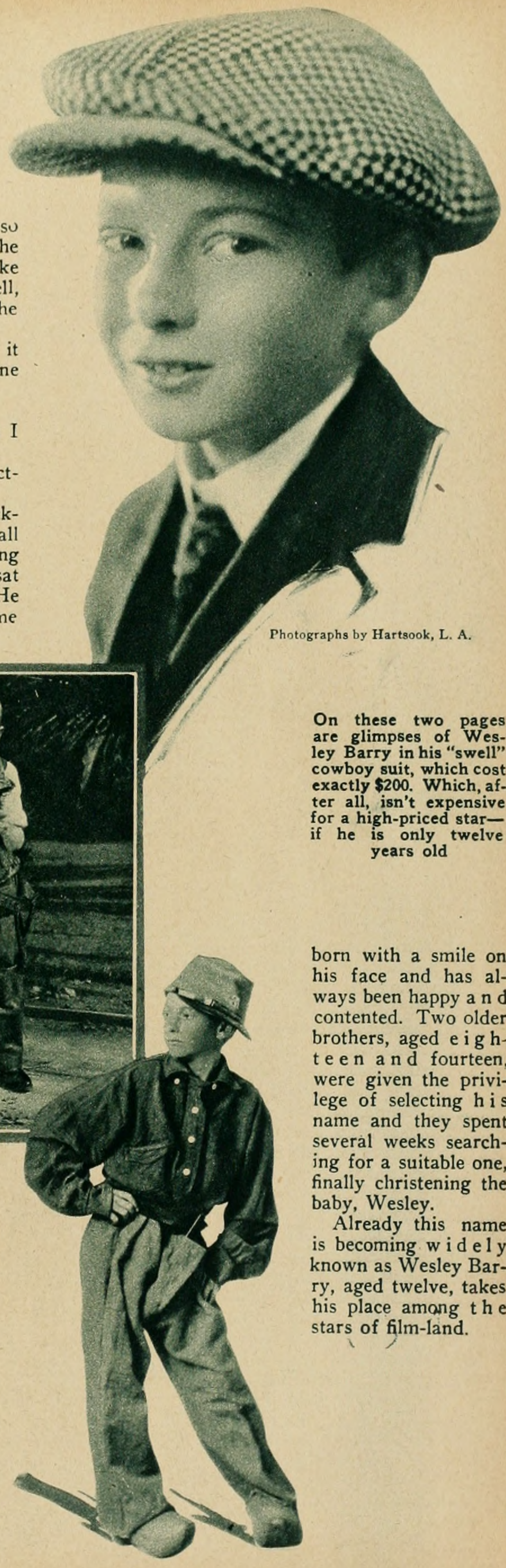
"Oh, I cant," he wailed, "my sombrero isn't here. It is a beauty, big—you know—and makes me look fierce." Then noting my disappointment, he added, "If you think nobody will notice that I haven't it on, we'll take it."

"Cowboys dont usually live among palms," commented the cameraman, a few moments later, as Wesley took his place before a huge palm.

"Oh, well," replied the boy, easily, "this isn't the real thing anyway, for I haven't my sombrero."

Wesley's mother told me that he was a very welcome baby and was born with a smile on his face and has always been happy and contented. Two older brothers, aged eighteen and fourteen, were given the privilege of selecting his name and they spent several weeks searching for a suitable one, finally christening the baby, Wesley.

Already this name is becoming widely known as Wesley Barry, aged twelve, takes his place among the stars of film-land.



Photographs by Hartsook, L. A.

On these two pages are glimpses of Wesley Barry in his "swell" cowboy suit, which cost exactly $200. Which, after all, isn't expensive for a high-priced star—if he is only twelve years old

The Orchid

By TRUMAN B.

Photographs by Clarence Bull

"So stands the statue that enchants the world,
So bending, veils the mingled beauties of exulting Greece."

PERHAPS the poet would have written his verse to Naomi Childers were he here to have viewed her. Perhaps he would have put into couplets her moon-like radiance that is shed thruout Culver City, California; her élan, which is that of a New York débutante, and her thoughts, which are those of the futurists in art.

Which latter sentiment she brought to light by insisting upon having art for luncheon, in the form of a lavender room with light-grey furniture and Erté drawings in frames upon the walls, and vivid cretonne at the windows. It's so much nicer, she remarked, to dine in a place where you needn't swat the proverbial fly and partake of nourishment from inch-thick near-china.

Art, it has been said, is an auxiliary to happiness. Art, Miss Childers, avowed, is a necessity and, when you glimpse her in the flesh, you're certain to agree with her. But, in the flesh she is exactly the same as she is on the screen, a Broadway Lady Algy, with her soft, semi-Southern drawl, her gracile bearing, her tapered fingers and her cameo-like Grecian nose.

It just happened that, as the statue said, Allah provided this interview. Allah always provides; he has come to Miss Childers' aid at various moments when the clouds have been tinged with grey. He put her onto the stage, and she will emphatically tell you that he will some day put her back there. She was about to say more about her Allah, but the waiter appeared. Tea and cakes, two lumps in the tea and a dash of lemon.

In anticipation of the gastronomic revel, Miss Childers glanced about her. The little Bakst lunchroom seemed the rendezvous of numerous photofamous. John Bowers, after bowing himself in, sat in a corner and commenced to sing something about Kentucky and the angels to his own mandolin accompaniment. Madge Kennedy read a letter. Enid Bennett and her husband, Fred Niblo, chatted volubly with Geraldine Farrar, whose French maid, nearby, was watching her with hawk-like intensity. Tom Moore palavered with Charles Ray and his wife, and Mabel Normand was going into ecstasies over a new consignment of photographs received by Pauline Frederick. Miss Childers put her chin in her hands and looked wistfully thru a pair of violet-grey eyes.

Naomi Childers is a Broadway Lady Algy, with her soft Southern drawl, her gracile bearing, her tapered fingers and her cameo-like Grecian nose. Herewith are three snaps of Miss Childers in the Goldwyn studio yard at Culver City, Cal.

Any stranger who'd ever seen her in the Goldwyns or the old-time Vitagraphs, would have recognized her, altho her manner, semi-cold, semi-disinterested, would not have spurred him on to approaching her without due formality.

Pictures, the willowy Naomi will tell you, have not changed greatly—at least from the actor's standpoint—in the interval of the present and when she played with Vitagraph, perhaps some two or three years.

"Oh, we have hot and cold running water in our dressing rooms now, and perhaps a bit of cretonne

Blooms

HANDY

and a picture or two," she drawled. "Otherwise, it's the same. But the directors dont seem to swear so much, and the continuity we work from is more complete."

I asked her how she felt the first time she stepped before a camera. Was she frightened; did she faint?

"No," she purred, "I wasn't frightened, and I was too inexperienced to know how to faint gracefully. We all felt rather funny, tho—Edith Storey and Rose Tapley and Harry Morey and the rest of us at Vitagraph. They tell me they all experienced the same sensation that I felt, a sort of daze like when you're awakened in the morning by the ringing of a bell and you dont know whether it's the telephone or the alarm clock."

The Childers reminiscences, with their colorful narrative, delivered with a smile and with the eyes half closed—provoke the risibilities of even Tom Moore, who has heard them told before by others. And the orchid-girl speaks feelingly of Edith Storey, who she says is "the cleverest woman on the screen," in addition to being one of the most heroic women of the country.

Photograph by Clarence Bull

Two views of Miss Childers in Tom Moore productions. Most of all Naomi craves: "Three pictures a year, a house at Newport with a real collection of genuine paintings, some good-looking gowns and large quantities of French novels"

"She could always do everything none of the rest of us could do," she said. "She could ride and swim and look beautiful when she was dead tired. And act! There was no chance for anyone else when she was on the lot."

And changing the topic to contemporary pictures, my subject impresses one with having given considerable thought to the art. She asked me if I'd ever read Vachel Lindsey. I had? Then, perhaps, I might in a measure understand what she thinks—mainly, that being a star isn't the greatest thing in the life of a cinamese.

Nor will pictures ever progress until one Mr. Griffith gets a new idea and infuses it into the shadow-play.

"Why?" she asked and explained. "Because he seems to be the only man whom people have consistently followed and to whom people look for something hitherto undone to be done. And one of the main reasons for his success hinges upon the

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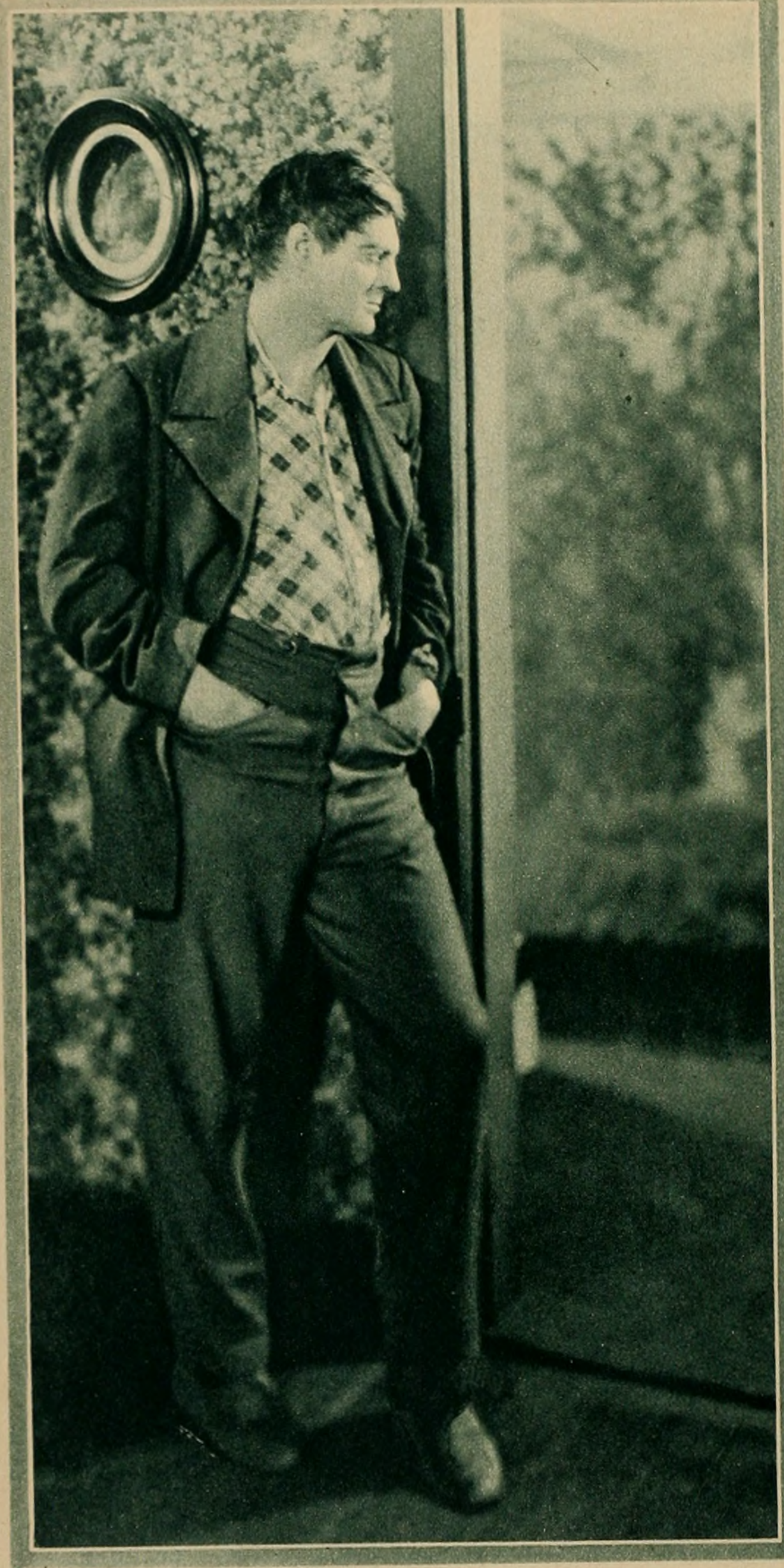

Photograph above by Abbe

The Varied Lionel

Lionel Barrymore is dividing his time between the footlights and the films. His remarkable stage performance in "The Jest" is in marked contrast with his celluloid creation in Famous Players-Artcraft's "The Copperhead." At the upper right is a glimpse of Mr. Barrymore in "The Jest." The other two pictures are from "The Copperhead"

She Loves and Lies

Fictionized from the Norma Talmadge Photoplay

By DOROTHY DONNELL

MARIE CALLENDER was waking up luxuriously. The process was a very becoming one, involving many dainty yawns, much stretching of round, dimpled arms and rubbing of velvety brown eyes. For two weeks she had enjoyed this portion of the day with a passionate delight such as can only be experienced by those who have been accustomed to being awakened by the raucous voice of a tin alarm clock to the smell of frying boarding-house onions and a battle of wits for the possession of the bathroom.

It was a wonderful sensation to be able to turn over on one's pillows in defiance of the sunlight pointing an accusing finger thru the drawn dimity curtains, to sleep and wake again, and half sleep and drowse, and at last to sit up among one's tossed linen and silk covers—so, and reach out a pink finger-tip—so, to the bell that will summon deferential maid and a silver and fragrant breakfast tray. Marie's finger fell abruptly. She shook the last traces of sleep from her with a single jerk of her dark curls, drew her knees up to her chest and encircled them with her arms.

"Oh, darn!" she sighed. "What a silly world this is anyhow!"

Surely an ungrateful remark from one who in the last fortnight had taken the step from poverty to riches with a single bound, but there was the crumpled newspaper on the floor, where the eyes of her extremely active imagination could read the words that provoked the remark. "Young Ship-Builder Threatened with Bankruptcy. Ernest Lismore Said to Be in Need of Large Sums to Defeat the Conspiracy of the Stockholders——"

"I wonder," mused Marie, "what 'large sums' means? I've seen the time when a five-dollar bill looked like all the money in the world. And he has such *ducky* eyes, and such a perfectly *sweet* chin! It's simply wicked that he should have to fail when I've got a million or two that he could have just as well as *not*, and all because of the perfectly *stupid* things people would say!"

With Marie thought and action were practically synonymous. She reached for the telephone, disguised as a Dresden shepherdess, on the stand by the bedside and called a number. After a season of energetic waiting—Marie was always energetic—a protesting voice answered, evidently around a cigaret. "If it's the landlord, all I've got to say is that you'll have to wait—and serve you right, too! The roof leaked last night and turned a perfectly good clay model of 'The Naked Truth' into *mud*—positively mud! It's the worst attic in the Village, and, believe me, if you think——"

"Polly!"—Marie shook the telephone irritably—"for heaven's sake quit it! I'm in terrible trouble, and you've got to help me!

Trouble? You! What trouble can a girl with a million dollars have?" Polly's amazement evidently displaced the cigaret. "Lord, child, you dont know what the word means—

Marie shook the last trace of sleep from her with a single jerk of her dark curls, drew her knees up to her chest and encircled them with her arms

Ernest tried to drink his frosted tea cake and to crumble his cup. His handsome young face was dully crimson

look it up in the dictionary."

"It isn't money," Marie wailed, "but—well, the fact is—I'm in love! What's that? So long as I'm not married, that's not a trouble? But you dont understand. I dont even *know* him, and now on account of this darned money, I never shall! You see, he lived next door to Mr. Goldsmith when auntie and I were there last June, and when the fire happened, he rescued me, and so—well, of course, I fell in love with him, but poor William was so jealous he wouldn't introduce me, and now he's going to fail in business and I cant do anything! How can I go to him and say 'Take my money! I've fallen in love with your eyes!' Oh, he'd despise me; he'd think I was bold and brazen and unfeminine—what's that?"

For a long time the other end of the wire hummed, and Marie's expressions ran the gamut of emotions from doubt, disapproval, to final enthusiasm. "Polly, you bobbed-haired Solomon! You Socrates in smocks! I believe to my soul you've hit it! A girl that can out-Eddie Foy ought to be able to —I knew there was some reason why I kept my make-up box and props! Oh, boy! Wait till you see!" and she kist the telephone ardently. "Good-by, darling! You certainly have got brains, even if you do live in Greenwich Village!"

Ernest Lismore was a man without discernment, which is really tautological. No man is discerning, but he had even less than the others of the bifurcated sex. Still, let us give him his due. Marie Callender had not been Marie Max of the two-a-day for ten years without result, and, moreover, the piece of work she did now was the best she had ever accomplished. There was in the dainty, dignified little old lady of sixty-odd who sat serenely pouring tea with little, delicately withered hands, not the the faintest trace of the lovely little plotter of the morning. From iron-grey, high-piled hair to the tips of her cloth-gaitered boots, she was perfect, and her voice carried out the illusion with its tiny suggestion of a quaver, its precise enunciation.

"My dear boy, there is nothing in the least odd in what I'm suggesting," she assured the perturbed and visibly embarrassed young man before her; "it's simply that I'm interested in you, as a grandmother lady is privileged to be interested in one who might have been"—she sighed artistically—"*should* have been her own kith and kin if there had not been a miserable boy-and-girl misunderstanding half a century ago!"

Ernest made a ghastly pretense of laughing lightly. To find a might-have-been grandmother, and to have her propose to one all in the course of fifteen minutes, *is* upsetting, and several nights of insomniac worry had already weakened his constitution. "It's awfully kind of you—awfully good and all that," he choked, "but really, I dont see——"

"You dont have to see," this amazing old lady smiled, and he noticed, with a sinking of the heart, that despite the network of fine lines in her cheeks, her chin was really terrifyingly determined. "Of course, marriage with me would be a mere matter of form in order to enable me to get possession of my money. I have already explained the terms of the will—the principal comes into my possession only when I marry 'from

choice.' You take the money, save your business, and return it, and whenever you wish I will free you. Perfectly simple, *per*-fect-ly—a mere business proposition."

Ernest tried to drink his frosted tea-cake and to crumble his cup. His handsome young face was dully crimson, his young hands shook, his young voice also. "I—of course, it's impossible to take advantage of your kindness, but I'm no end grateful! I'll make out to weather this storm somehow, and if I dont—well"—he stretched out his big, lean hands—"I've got these left."

"Nonsense!" said the little old lady, vigorously. When she was aroused, her voice seemed to lose its quaver of age. "Be a sensible boy. I'd adopt you if I could get around that idiotic will, but as I cant, I'm going to marry you. *That's* settled. And now have another cup of tea and let's talk about politics or something!"

It was her matter-of-factness that won out in the end. She actually made the incredible thing sound plausible, even sensible. He went away from the grey-shadowed room, with its subdued lights and cosy tea-table, with the feeling of a sore-hearted youngster who has been comforted. It seemed as if a load had been taken bodily off his shoulders, and tho he called himself "cad" and "contemptible cur" and other hard names, he found himself actually whistling as he strode up the avenue. The shipyards would be saved, then, and he would have a wife—a dear little, grey little grandmother-wife who would pet him and bully him and pour out tea from a squatty silver pot.

"Of course," Ernest Lismore assured himself, "it isn't true—any of it! And *she* least of all! Yet I couldn't have dreamed her possibly. And of course, I'm not going to do it."

But he knew quite well that he was going to do it. And he did. He was very silent on the ride back from the church, where the ceremony had been privately performed, so silent that the small grey person beside him was secretly rather dismayed. But once in her sitting-room, he spoke with stern lips. "I am ashamed of myself for saving my business in this way. I didn't realize what I was doing until the minister said those words. My God! Why, I ought to be horsewhipped for letting your divine kindness of heart make me fall so low! But I'll try to make the best amends I can, and that means, first of all, I'll save my shipyards and pay you back, and after that——"

He did not finish, but alone in her own room later, Marie finished for him. "Afterwards, my dear," she said to the little grey person in the glass before her, "afterwards he is going to throw us over. Oh, very nicely, and very gracefully, and all that, but that's what he means." Her lips took on naughty and most ungrandmotherly curves. "He's certain to fall in love," she mused, "and I wonder—I *wonder* who's going to be the girl? As his wife I surely have the right of picking out my successor, at least. Yes! I think Polly can be useful again!"

For some weeks the marital life of Ernest Lismore ran smoothly, being confined chiefly to breakfasting across the table from a dainty little lavender figure, all ruffles and ribbons and old-fashioned gilt-gold brooches, who saw to it that his toast was soft and his egg hard and his coffee exactly the right shade. Behind the disfiguring spectacles his wife's surprisingly young eyes rested on the handsome head behind the morning newspaper with anything but a maternal expression, had he either seen it or been able to interpret it, but his attitude toward her was one of distant respect. He was sometimes garrulous, sometimes pettish, sometimes sulky, sometimes gay, but he was never affectionate.

"It's high time," decided Marie's alert brain, under the grey-waved wig, "that he had a love affair."

The next morning she looked across the table casually. "Oh, Ernie-Boy," she said, briskly, "I see in the paper that there is to be an exhibition of modernist paintings in the Dawn galleries this afternoon. Now, heaven knows where that is, but you could find out, couldn't you, and go down and glance over the pictures for me? I'm looking for a wedding-present for a young couple I know."

The Dawn galleries appeared to be two rooms, so dark that they had to be lighted by gas-jets and painted a startling shade of orange-yellow. Paper lanterns added a festive touch, and wooden kitchen chairs of purple, picked out with pink cabbage-roses,

Of the ensuing hours he had only a vague recollection . . . of one lady . . . who finally insisted in sitting upon his knee

lined the walls. Several people with prominent souls and receding chins were moving about the rooms, saying vague, wise things about the exhibit. Ernest, after a single hasty glance about the walls, began to sneak toward the doors. He did not care for the exploded-egg school of painting; he was not attracted to young women who wore their hair short and their finger-nails long. But before he could escape, a hand fell upon his arm, pinioning him.

"Oh, *Mis*-ter Lismore!" gurgled a feminine voice. "Whoever would think we should have the pleasure of seeing *you* down *here!* Dont tell me you have gone in for art? Is it interior decorating? Or the one-act play? And *do* let me introduce you to Miss Daye—June dear, this is *Mis*-ter Lismore!"

A glance at the speaker, who had fan teeth, wore a dirty smock of a sickly green and carried a cigaret, opened Ernest's lips for a denial of acquaintanceship. Wherever she had picked up his name he had never, to his knowledge, met this creature before. But with the words upon his lips, he paused. Beside the weird lady of the pale green draperies stood another, as different as the dawn is different from gas-light, as the art of Pericles differs from the art of Greenwich Village.

June Daye was slim and small; she was dark, with golden gleams about her; she was lovely. This much he saw with the first glance, and seeing, Wisdom nudged him with horny forefinger, prompting him to flee, while Desire whispered seductively to him to stay. He stayed.

Before Wisdom was finally able to drag him away, he had spent four hours in the dim, æsthetic light of the Dawn galleries, discussing modernist art with the passionate zeal of a devotee, admiring the picture of the nude negress seated upon the top of a cone-shaped mountain, clutching a basket of carrots and pineapples and signifying the whichness of the whither, or some such thing, as Polly suggested. He was reeling with drunken sunsets, shrapnel moonrises and geometrical pictures that resembled the view thru a kaleidoscope when he finally turned his steps homeward, but it was not of the pictures he was thinking, but rather of a vivid little face, glowing under great masses of warm, dark, fragrant hair. Not until his feet halted on the very threshold of his home did remembrance flood icily over him—his *wife!* He was married! He, a married man, had actually promised to return to the Village the following afternoon to drink tea—dare-devil function!—in Polly's studio, where the charming June also dwelt!

When, over the coffee the next morning, Marie spoke of the exhibit, he replied morosely that it had been "tommyrot" and he had stayed only a moment. "However," he added, with an effort at nonchalance, "I heard of an artist who does good work, and I'm going to—hm—run up to her—to his studio this afternoon, if I get time."

He had the grace to blush outrageously at this, and departed hastily, leaving the little lavender lady smiling demurely to herself over nothing at all. "I shall soon have cause for jealousy, I fear," she murmured, "now I know how poor, dear old William felt!"

Thus disrespectfully did she speak of her elderly fiancé, William Goldsmith, whose opportune death on the very outskirts of matrimony had left her the enviable perquisite of getting up at whatever shameless hour she chose.

Polly's studio proved even more impossible than Ernest had feared. It was very dirty, very, very embarrassingly feminine, with its intimate garments hanging from the corners of the furniture, and hairpins, cigaret ashes and powder scattered over everything. It contained broken chairs, tables with unwashed dishes, a model throne, several sticky clay statues—and June, June, looking more adorable than ever in a loose smock of a flaring pink that lighted twin flames in her soft cheeks as she smiled shyly up into his eyes.

Of the ensuing hours he had only a vague recollection afterward. He knew hazily that there had been other people, awful people who tittered shrilly, and smoked like fur-

He saw Marie lean forward and just brush the hair of the handsome y. f. with a kiss

"My wife," said Ernest Lismore and he said it like a prayer

naces and struck posterish attitudes. He knew that there had been one lady arrayed airily in a sheet, and bare as to feet, who did a dance which she entitled "Psyche, the Soul," with much elbow motion, and who finally insisted, to his horror, in sitting upon his knee and doing things to his hair while he writhed in agony.

He knew that there was a blessed interval when he was alone with June. Afterwards, in the middle of the night, he awoke in a cold sweat trying to determine what he had said to her, and only after great mental strain being able to assure himself that he had spoken merely of Art with a capital "A."

"I wont go back to that damned place!" he cried out loud, blushing chastely in the darkness at the memory of the barefoot lady. "Hang it all, I'm a married man——"

But—"Married your grandmother!" jeered his baser self, startlingly apt. "Think of that girl, man; think of her hair, think of her eyes, and the way her face crinkles up when she smiles."

For several days Ernest managed to withstand temptation, much to the unwifely chagrin of Marie Max, née Callender and, more lately, Lismore, who also went by the cognomen of June Daye. "He doesn't love me, after all, Polly!" she moped, poking disconsolately about the studio. "I dont know the first thing about vamping, evidently."

"He's afraid," the canny Polly opined. "Scared to death. I've noticed it myself. Men always run away from me for fear they'll fall in love with me."

But if Ernest did not come, Bob Brummel, an old flame of the period of the two-a-day, did. A slapstick comedian, Bob, who had originated an act called "A Half-Hour with an Umbrella," which, according to his tale, had brought 'em down from good ol' Peru, Maine, to the well-known Los Angeles. It was good to hear the almost forgotten patter of the stage, and Marie forgot, for the time being, her marital and love tangle. But Bob soon brought it to the fore by attempting a kiss.

"You mustn't!" Marie cried, in a panic of propriety. "I'm —I'm married now!"

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SHE LOVES AND LIES

Fictionized from the Norma Talmadge screen production, adapted by Grant Carpenter from Wilkie Collins' story. Directed by Chester Withey. The cast:

Marie Callender, Marie Max, June Daye	Norma Talmadge
Ernest Lismore	Conway Tearle
Polly Poplar	Octavia Broske
Bob Brummel	Phillips Tead
Carrie Chisholm	Ida Darling

Idealist and Artist

Photograph by Hartsook, L. A.

BEFORE me sat the Idealist of the screen, Maurice Tourneur!

Leaning back in my chair I studied the man who has made fairy-tales, visions, and poems live and breathe before the camera.

Mr. Tourneur is somewhat larger than the average Frenchman, and indeed, looks more like a husky athlete than an artist and poet, yet the moment he spoke I felt as if I were in the audience chamber of an Oracle, for every word he utters is heavy with meaning and significant of deep thought.

"Life is so beautiful we should not wish to change it, yet that is what we endeavor to accomplish in motion pictures," began Mr. Tourneur, gazing thoughtfully thru the open windows of his study at the Goldwyn studio in Culver City, where he is making his pictures.

"On the screen the lovers always plight their troth in moonlit gardens where birds are singing and roses blooming, while in reality, love comes quietly, mysteriously, anywhere, everywhere—in the noisy thorofare, in the shabby cottage, in the village street—it awaits not for the proper 'set.'

"We must learn to find romance and beauty in everyday life, among everyday people. This is the appeal of O. Henry, he found love, adventure, romance, in every moment of life.

"Oh, for a new director, a young revolutionist! One who will come into the field and, flinging open the windows and doors, sweep aside the old conventional methods. It is the *obvious* that holds us manacled to the old systems.

"Think of the relief it would be to show the bad man of the play doing a good turn for once; to allow the hero to slip occasionally; to permit the vampire to forget her eternal cigaret and give alms to a poor beggar!

"Think of the sensation it would cause if that young director of the future—the one who is going to make every one of us gasp—will not take his scenes in the best of conditions, with a perfect backlighting beautifully reflected by silver screens, but instead, take them as they really are, in the morning with long shadows, in the sadness of dull, grey weather, perhaps even in the rain. With these snatches of life, seen thru an artist's eyes, he will have a magic garment which will prove astonishingly beautiful and delightfully realistic—*life* itself!"

"And 'Treasure Island,' *why* did you select it for a picture?" I questioned, breaking upon his reverie.

"Chiefly because everyone loves the story," came Mr. Tourneur's prompt reply. "There was one thing, however, that worried me—the lack of romance, I mean, the lack of sex appeal romance. I had the choice of changing it into a conventional love story, and I would rather have died than do such a thing, or of putting a girl into the cast in the rôle of Jim Hawkins. I put the girl in. Shirley Mason plays this rôle.

"Oh, for a new director, a young Revolutionist!" says Maurice Tourneur. "One who will come into the field and, flinging open the windows and doors, sweep aside the old conventional methods. It is the obvious that holds us manacled to the old systems"

By MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

She is the size of an eighteen-year-old lad and is an excellent actress. Oh, I have already been criticised for doing this but it seemed the better plan to me.

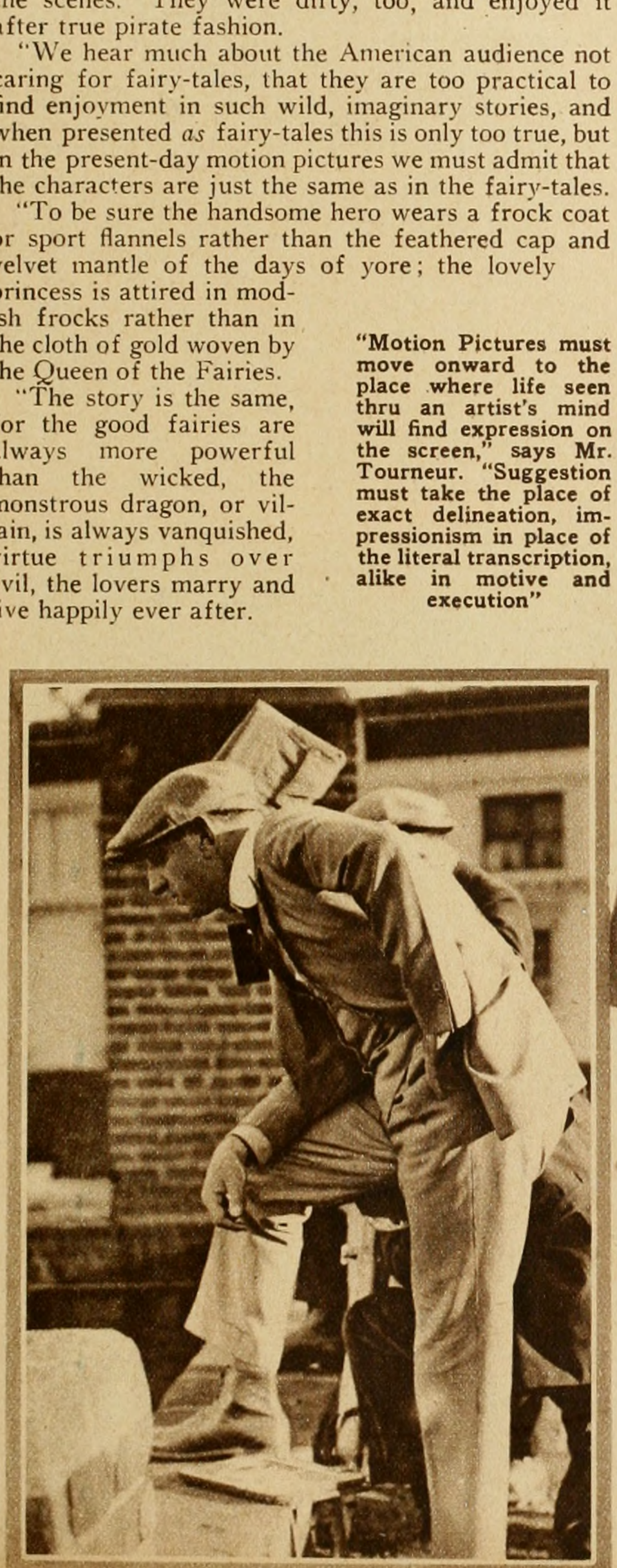
"There is plenty of romance of the sea in 'Treasure Island.' You remember the pirates? I made them prominent, and what a time I had with those pirates. At first they acted like a Sunday school class at a picnic or a lot of masqueraders strutting around the plaza on a holiday parade. Toward the end, however, they became very clever. My God, how they learnt to swear! I blushed while I took the scenes. They were dirty, too, and enjoyed it after true pirate fashion.

"We hear much about the American audience not caring for fairy-tales, that they are too practical to find enjoyment in such wild, imaginary stories, and when presented *as* fairy-tales this is only too true, but in the present-day motion pictures we must admit that the characters are just the same as in the fairy-tales.

"To be sure the handsome hero wears a frock coat or sport flannels rather than the feathered cap and velvet mantle of the days of yore; the lovely princess is attired in modish frocks rather than in the cloth of gold woven by the Queen of the Fairies.

"The story is the same, for the good fairies are always more powerful than the wicked, the monstrous dragon, or villain, is always vanquished, virtue triumphs over evil, the lovers marry and live happily ever after.

"Motion Pictures must move onward to the place where life seen thru an artist's mind will find expression on the screen," says Mr. Tourneur. "Suggestion must take the place of exact delineation, impressionism in place of the literal transcription, alike in motive and execution"



"This only shows that audiences do not always know what they want. The artist, the musician, do not ask their patrons what they want, they give them what they themselves *wish* to give them. The modistes do not ask their customers what the styles shall be. Oh, no, they get together and decide that next year the women shall dress to look like mushrooms, and behold, next year they all look like mushrooms, and they like it!"

Maurice Tourneur's life has been most eventful and colorful. He was born in France in 1878, graduating from Lycee Condorcet at the age of eighteen. His first step in the artistic world was as a designer and interior decorator. He illustrated everything, designed fabrics, lace curtains and stage settings. He became associated with Rodin, and later assisted the great artist, Puvis de Chavannes, in designing the decoration for the Boston Public Library. Then came three years in the French Army as an officer of artillery.

When his period of military service expired he turned to the stage and his rise in this profession was rapid. His first engagement was with a road show giving four one-act plays on one-night stands, and Mr. Tourneur laughingly recalled in those four plays he acted nine parts.

This was followed by a world tour with Mme. Rejane, which included England, Portugal, Italy, Spain, Africa, and South America.

It was about this time that motion pictures began to take their place in the amusement world and he became associated with Emile Chautard, director general of the Compagnie Eclair, the leading film company of Paris. After a short experience in acting and directing, he was sent to Africa to produce war pictures and with the entire French Army at his command, he made a number of notable productions.

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The Kodak Girl

Photograph right © by Evans, L. A.
Photograph below by Hartsook, L. A.

A Rochester girl, Edith Johnson, became known the world over as "the Kodak girl." Miss Johnson posed for Eastman Kodak advertising pictures from the time she was fourteen. She started her screen career with Lubin

THE distinction of being one of the most-photographed and advertised girls in the world belongs to Edith Johnson. Not that she achieved this result thru her short career in motion pictures. It was because the Eastman Kodak Company selected her from a number of aspirants to pose for their advertisements.

You have seen Edith Johnson in every sort of kodak pose from the time she was fourteen years old, even tho she "made up" to add a few years. She was born in Rochester—perhaps that is why the Eastman people thought *home talent* should have first chance. Thru her earnings, Miss Johnson was able to take a college course, and because of her much-photographed beauty, a small part was offered her with the Lubin Company, in Philadelphia.

However, William Duncan's leading lady states emphatically that her *reel* life only began when she entered his company to do serials. While she had studied make-up and action with other companies, her opportunities were decidedly limited. Yet it was because Mr. Duncan chanced to enter a theater where the feature showed Edith Johnson playing leads, that she received a telephone invitation to come to the Vitagraph lot and talk over "a little business proposition." The first day's talk covered Edith's screen experience and sounded her on the question of playing serials. No mention of salary had been made by Mr. Duncan, and contracts were not even referred to. The star and the girl who had played opposite Tyrone Power in several productions parted pleasantly, but without even a "see you again soon" expression.

Within the second setting of the sun, the telephone summoned Miss Johnson again to the Vitagraph, and this time she was offered a salary much in advance of her previous earnings and asked to do one picture. She's doing the third serial with the Scotch star now, the first having been "The Fight for Millions." This was succeeded by "The Man of Might" and now "Smashing Barriers" is nearing completion.

Edith Johnson has been described as a blonde. That's because she wears a golden wig defying detection. In repose, she is almost a twin to Beverly Bayne—and the girls were born in the same year, 1895. Miss Johnson is two inches taller than Mrs. Bushman, but of the same delicately rounded build. She has tenderly feminine brown eyes—eyes not to be associated with death-defying stunts.

Miss Johnson is blest with strong individuality, makes intimacies slowly and yet is charmingly entertaining on first acquaintance. She

By FRITZI REMONT

dresses far more like an Easterner than a California girl, always choosing grey, white or black frocks. We of the West, so accustomed to ruby lips and tinted cheeks on the streets, with frocks outbidding the flowers in brilliancy, find the quiet costuming and creamy pallor of Edith Johnson a distinct oddity. But if her furbelows are modest and almost colorless, the jewels of Edith Johnson reveal regal splendor. They are many and priceless.

"Did you ride before you went into pictures?" I asked, as we sat in her second-floor dressing-room. The little chamber assigned to Miss Johnson is made habitable by wall drapes of blue and white silkoline, the dressing-table and boxes being covered with the same material. At Vitagraph, the dressing-rooms were hurriedly put up, sans plaster and presenting a very uninviting appearance, so Edith got busy with tacks and hammer and has a sky-blue cage with three windows and to which *very* few are admitted; in fact——

"You see, I chose this end room because I can hear any one come up the stairs and walk along the dressing-room row—and they're not admitted *if I hear them coming first!*" Miss Johnson laughed merrily. "One has so little time, and it is very disturbing to entertain visitors. The colored maid asked me today why I didn't take the room next to mine, formerly occupied by Bessie Love. It's much larger and has a better lighting system, but I know I should not be nearly so safe, and I would miss the view of the hills and sunsets possible to these end windows.

Photographs © by Evans, L. A.

William Duncan, the Vitagraph serial star, saw Miss Johnson in the films playing with Tyrone Power. He immediately engaged her. Result—Miss Johnson is one of the best known of screen players

"Oh, yes, you were asking about my riding? I never had been on a horse before I went into serials. The first day I rode I was not even given a chance to practice, but just sent off on what seemed a fiery steed to me. We rushed down a hillside until I hadn't a hairpin left, but I clung on and made it safely. When I was to alight my knees shook so and I was so frightened they had to lift me off. But *now!* You should see me. I'm not afraid to take anything—broad jumps, streams, chasms or anything the picture requires.

"There is only one stunt in which I use a double—the swimming scene. I have a terrible fear of the water. Yes, I can swim, but the moment I find myself in water above the chest I almost lose consciousness with fear, so I know it would not be safe for me to attempt water stunts."

"Did you ever have a real scare—something that would put crimps into your hair for a week?"

"Yes. I had a horrid experience with a lion in

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Understudying Mary

By CHARLES G. RICH

OVER all the surface of the world—wherever motion pictures are shown—and that means everywhere except on the deserts, in the mountain fastnesses, the forests and the jungle—little girls and big girls too, with curly blonde hair and girls with hair that is neither blonde nor curly—have stood long and often before their mirrors and have tried to find in the reflection something that resembled the great Mary Pickford.

Curls have been pinned on—heads have been tilted and mouths have been pouted—and sometimes when the looking glass caught

Photograph © by Hartsook, L. A.

a fleeting expression that is peculiar to the big star, the joy of the poser has known no bounds.

And with what a dizzying thrill of pleasure, has the small girl with the blonde curls heard someone say: "She looks just like Mary Pickford." For days thereafter, the little girl thus complimented has lived in a sort of fairyland and dreamed dreams that someday—perhaps—?

Dreams do come true—sometimes—and the little girls with the curly blonde hair and the other girls with neither the blonde hair nor the curls, are now to learn that the joyous dream of looking, and actually acting, "just like Mary Pickford," has come true for one little lady, whose name is Louise Du Pre.

Louise Du Pre is "just like Mary Pickford," or as nearly so as nature ever cast two human beings. Miss Pickford, herself, discovered this fact and when she started the production of "Pollyanna" she engaged Miss Du Pre as her understudy. The first understudy to a screen star in the history of motion pictures.

All of the big stars on the speaking stage have understudies, but Louise Du Pre is the first legitimate understudy to a screen star. How many other motion picture stars will follow Miss Pickford's lead will depend upon the difficult task of finding talent, plus perfect resemblance; because the stage star needs only dramatic ability in her understudy while the screen star must find one that duplicates her in appearance.

"When Miss Pickford sent for me and offered me the position as her understudy," says Miss Du Pre, "I realized that the honor was one that millions of

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Photograph above by Hartsook, L. A.

Upper right, Mary herself; while, above and at the right, is Louise Du Pre, Miss Pickford's double

Stuart, lifting the canvas from the easel to the light, tried to look doubtful and critical, instead of proud

The Broken Melody

Fictionized from the Eugene O'Brien–Selznick Photoplay

By OLIVE CAREW

STUART GRANT lived in a studio in Bohemia. Now Bohemia has been said by some sage souls to be merely a state of mind, and by other scoffers, who get their notions of the world out of their morning's newspaper, to be absolutely non-existent. It has even been unkindly called a pose.

But we know better, we who have lived in Bohemia, have eaten in its tiny, smoky cellars —or not at all, have wrangled deliciously long hours with congenial spirits over a straw-covered bottle of Joe's acid red claret, have hoped, and hungered, played and toiled with youth that makes all hardships jokes, with joy that dresses poverty in the motley of light-heartedness. And, by the bye, it is as well to say here that our Bohemia is not related to that commercial, self-conscious, imitation thing of gift shops and smocks, Mad Hatter tea rooms, artists' balls, freak hair-dressing and sight-seers, which is sometimes called by that name.

We who love Bohemia jealously guard its exact geographical location. Definiteness would let the world into our secret. "Take the Fifth Avenue bus, then turn West from the Square—" that is enough for Philistines to know. They would call our old tottering brick houses "picturesque," and—privately—"tenementy," they would rave over our work (and we know how bad it is, how far short it falls of the Glory), they would mess thru our brave, Mother Hubbardy cupboards, they would trail in gaping groups up and down our stairs, in and out of our courtyards, into our attics, trample over our hopes, and our beliefs and our youngnesses.

So we will say simply that Stuart Grant lived in Bohemia. (Find the place if you can!) More definitely he lived

THE BROKEN MELODY

Told in story form from Ouida Bergere's story produced by Selznick Pictures. Starring Eugene O'Brien. Directed by William P. S. Earle. The cast:

Stuart Grant	Eugene O'Brien
Hedda Dana	Lucy Cotton
Mrs. Drexel Trask	Corinne Barker
Howard Thornby	Donald Hall
Le Roy Clemons	Ivan Dawson
Musician	Gus Weinberg

At the third sitting she told Stuart he was a great artist and wasting his time in prosaic and stolid America

under the exceeding sloping roof of a brick dwelling that was old when Washington stood on the steps of the City Hall, two miles away, and took command of his army. The plumbing was not of the most modern, to speak euphuistically, and in winter there was no getting away from the fact that the attic let in as much cold as in summer it let in the sun. But Stuart took these things for granted. He took it for granted that he should often not have enough in his pocket to satisfy his healthy young appetite, and that at times he should feast magnificently with the proceeds of a painting—his own or one of his friends'. He took it for granted that he should fall in love frequently with some beautiful lady—perhaps in a passing limousine, or it may be the little black-eyed waitress at Joe's, and should be loved in return, and should fall out of love as harmlessly and gaily. He took it also for granted that he should rap on the door across the hall every morning at nine, and be told to enter upon a gay little attic corner, all bright with yellow tarlton and paint and fragrant with the smell of frying sausages, with Hedda——

We will come to Hedda presently.

The power to take all these things for granted is only possessed by philosophers, and young and artistic people under thirty. So you know now something of Stuart's age. But you do not know that he had an exceeding wholesome, clean young body, curly black hair, too long—not because he wanted to look artistic but because it was less expensive so, and gay, clear blue eyes that met the world trustfully, and branded him at once as a son of that merry, simple, firey race who still believe in fairies.

It was Hedda who had nick-named him "Paddie," for this same strain in him, and as Paddie the whole Quarter knew him, and loved him for his sins and his virtues and the light that came into his Irish eyes when the moon lay over the Arch, or the sun was like copper upon the old Italian beggar woman's shawl. Hedda was the other occupant of the attic floor. She was very small and incredibly slender and flower-dainty, and she was going to be a great singer by and by. She was going to wear Marguerite's grey robe, and sit spinning in a painted orchard at the Metropolitan and the whole world was to be at her small feet, which—to tell the truth—were very shabbily shod at present, with a great patch over one slim instep, but that is a mere detail.

She was singing the rôle now, perched on the rickety old bureau in Stuart's studio, while old Ivan, the cello player

drew the chords of the Jewel Song from his bow, and Stuart's brush fairly danced over his canvas to the gush of silvery song. When the last of them winged into silence he flung down his brush, laughing.

"You sing that, Hedda," he taxed her, "absolutely shamelessly! You sing it *greedily*—as if you really did long for diamonds and rubies and pearls!"

She flushed, laughed lazily, not quite meeting his eyes. "Moi, je suis artiste, Monsieur!" she defended herself, "an artist must be able to pretend all the feelings in the world!"

"No. You are wrong," Ivan said suddenly from his corner, speaking crossly as he always did. "An artist must have *felt* all the feelings in the world."

"Would you have Hedda turn murderer, then, or go mad in order to sing Lucia?" asked Stuart, indignantly. "Must the poor girl break her heart for love, be rent with the pangs of jealousy, tattered with revenge, poisoned with hate? Nonsense, Ivan—look at the way Hedda just sung 'ni belle, ni demoiselle'—she couldn't have put more heart-break into it if she'd been head-over-heels in love!"

The old cello player looked deliberately at the girl, perched on the bureau. Stuart's broad, unconscious back was toward them and he did not see the confessing crimson sweep the delicate hollows of her beauty under the hard, searching old eyes that seemed to say to her, "You *do* know? You could not sing that way if you did not know love."

There was a piteous entreaty in the look she cast at him, and he only said, dryly, "Humph!" and fell to scraping at his instrument. An old man, Ivan, with the juices of life dried out of him till he seemed to rustle like a dried mullen stalk when he moved. He lived in a tiny room below the attic floor, played in an orchestra of a motion picture house, and what he thought, no one had ever been able to discover, but he watched over the two young people on the top floor zealously, and they accepted him as one of the natural facts of the world without question.

Hedda sprang down from her bureau and sauntered over to the easel, and then she gave a little cry. "Oh, Paddie!" she gasped, "Oh, Paddie, it's beautiful! I'm afraid you're going to get There first."

There was, of course, Success. But Stuart, lifting the canvas from the easel to the light, tried to look doubtful and critical, instead of proud. It was a very crude little sketch—a corner of an old Dutch garden with splashy hollyhocks and larkspur, and a girl rocking a wooden cradle, the sun across her quaint white head-gear and her musing face, but it was done ideally, with a brush dipped into dreams. "Pretty poor stuff," he grudged it, shaking his head; "the face isn't bad, tho. I ought to chuck trying to paint real pictures and go in for portraits—pretty ladies with diamond tiaras on, or magazine covers—"

"The very idea!" cried Hedda, shocked by such profanation; "you wait, you just wait! Some day somebody will *discover* you, Paddie, and they'll hang you in the Metropolitan and they'll write books about you, and I shall be so proud to remember that I used to know you—"

"*Used* to?" Stuart inquired. "What's the big idea? Are you going to cut my acquaintance as soon as I get successful? Because if that's the way you feel about it, I'm just not going to be at home when Fame comes knocking!"

And at that moment Fame came knocking. The man who stood on the threshold was very much out of place there. He was all shiny broadcloth, and patent leather shoes, and silk hat, what of him was not pink flesh and pomaded black hair and smallish, knowing eyes. He had the effect of making the whole attic look rather wretched and shabby, instead of romantic. Stuart Grant did not like the way he glanced from him to Hedda either. It made him feel hot all over, he did not know just why.

"Miss Dana?" the man asked—Stuart felt an impulse to knock him over for the way he said Hedda's name. "Hm! I'm Leroy Clemons. Maybe you've heard of me, eh? Manager of the Frivols! Somebody tipped me off you could sing, eh?"

At the fourth sitting she suggested, quite casually, that he should go to Paris

"It is I, Hedda," Stuart whispered

Stuart gripped his brush fiercely and painted with set jaw for many moments, quite ruining the canvas, and trying not to listen to Hedda's silver voice parading itself in the little room across the hall for Leroy Clemons. For he too had heard of Clemons, knew that he was a Power in the musical world, albeit it was in light shows in which a slim ankle was as necessary a qualification as a voice, knew that if he decided to take up Hedda and exploit her she would not have to live in garrets any longer—

"Damn! Oh damn!" he burst out suddenly, and flung his brush in a splotch of ochre upon the floor. "I thought—I wanted—"

Old Ivan, forgotten till now, crept out of his corner, thrusting his dry old face close. "You thought you were in love with her?" he asked. "You wanted to marry her perhaps?"

Stuart Grant stared at him wonderingly. "Why," he stammered, "I—believe—I believe to my soul that's exactly what I did want, tho I never realized it!"

Lose Hedda? Not hear her voice (that was like a flute in the sunshine) calling at his door, not have a little yellow-shabby room with sausages sizzling to turn to in the mornings—Preposterous. Why she was a part of Life—she was a part of *him*.

But old Ivan was persistent. "You haven't told her?" there was anxiety in his parchment face. Actually, thought Stuart resentfully, he was afraid he would marry Hedda! It couldn't be jealousy—what could it be? He was soon to learn. For in the uninflectional voice of sixty old Ivan proceeded to tell him what marriage would mean to Hedda—for "I'm not denying," said he, "that she'd marry you. Women are all fools!"—he painted the future before her, the wonderful opportunities, the success waiting for her. He made Stuart see her applauded, beautiful, surrounded with the luxury that was her due, a great singer with the world for her audience—Italy, Paris, England—and as against that brilliant picture he made him see the reverse side of the canvas, the dinginess of life as the wife of a struggling painter, living always among the poor, tawdry makeshifts that would not seem funny or romantic as they grew older.

"Do you dare to tie a woman like that to your poverty—to wash your chipped crockery for you and cook your squalid meals? What chance would Love have to live in such an atmosphere? You would see her look growing hard, and turning to indifference and then scorn, and then—hate! I know. Oh, yes," and he laughed cacklingly, "I know!"

Stuart Grant was stricken dumb. It was as tho he saw himself and his garret and the Future in new guise. His eyes were dark with the bitterness of looking on their stark nakedness. He spoke slowly, because he did not want to cry. "I—see. I'm a failure, and failures mustn't marry. It's perfectly simple. Oh, quite."

Old Ivan was pitiless; he finally extracted a promise from Stuart that he would not tell Hedda that he loved her—"if he could help it." When she came in, tremulous with the great news that Leroy Clemons had actually offered her a part in his new musical show, she was puzzled and a trifle hurt at Stuart's silence. "Of course," she

said apologetically, "I know it isn't much, but it's a beginning, Paddie! And everyone has to begin."

"You'll be getting your diamonds and rubies and pearls after all," he laughed, but the sound hurt her edgily; "well, this requires celebration! How about a party at Joe's tonight, with the gang all there? And perhaps we can persuade Joe to forget about prohibition for once, beefsteak, too!" He was reckless, tho she guessed that his watch would be missing the next day. His gaiety rang hollow like a drum, but she was a good sport, was Hedda. She fastened a smile before her hurt, donned the Pierrette guise of mockery and went to his party, star-eyed.

It was a very gay party indeed. Perhaps the contents of the tea cups that Joe kept filled was partly responsible. All of the guests were young, and shabby. Some of them laughed because they were happy, some of them because they were sad. The whitewash of the dingy rooms flared with fantastic shadows, toasting a shadow lady who sat upon a dais at the head of the long bare tables. Stuart, seeing them, was seized with an idea. He leaped from his seat to the fireplace and found a char of wood. With this he began to sketch roughly upon the wall where Hedda's pure profile was cut in shadow like a cameo.

He was so engrossed that he didn't notice that their seclusion had been invaded by a squad of "trippers" doing the Village, uptown women with crisp, carefully dressed hair and fragile draperies, who stared at the feasters, and whispered together and laughed stridently. From the table on the balcony where they sat one of these women could look down upon Stuart, at his fantastic work Gracia Trask was one of those women in the twilight zone of society. She had been a trifle too much married for entire—well, respectability, and yet she had enough money, almost, to cover all her sins, and she was undeniably lovely in a finished and calculated fashion. The men of society liked Mrs. Trask, the women sniffed at her, avoided her—and invited her to their big affairs.

She had been good for a long time, nearly eleven months to be exact, and she was horribly bored. Women of her type cannot live without the appertif of love-making. She saw Stuart Grant as soon as she entered the room, and under her shaven brows her eyes watched him with a glint in them as a tiger watches his victim before he springs.

"Hedda, you shall have your jewels after all!"

Joe touched the artist on the shoulder, apologetically. "Ze lady would spik to Monsieur—ze one with ze so-red hair—"

Gracia Trask smiled charmingly up into Stuart's politely questioning face. "I suppose you think I am mad!" she said, "but I am so much interested with the picture you have just made! It is really wonderful—I wonder—" she leaned forward, holding his eyes with hers, which were green and gold, like topaz—"I wonder whether you wouldn't paint my portrait. I'm frightfully vain, you know—and I want an artist who can make me perfectly beautiful!"

Stuart opened his lips to refuse, as his Artist Soul bade him, then hesitated. He thought of Hedda. He thought of Ivan, and he laughed out, harshly. What did it matter what he painted—who was there to care? "I shall be glad to paint you, Madame," he bowed.

And so Hedda sang her rôle, and Stuart, in the pale putty-and-grey apartment, smothery with patchouli, sickly with mauve draperies, painted Gracia Trask's beautiful bare bosom, and insinuating smile, and old Ivan scraped at his cello in the motion picture house. And the world wagged unfeelingly on.

At the first sitting Mrs. Trask was disarmingly girlish and confiding. At the second she discovered, without a word from Stuart, all about Hedda and was more alluring and charming than was quite fair. At the third sitting she told Stuart that he was a great artist, and wasting his time in prosaic and stolid America. "You should be in *belle Paris;* ah, that is

(*Continued on page* 70)

Theodore Roberts

By EMMA LINDSAY-SQUIER

I HAD intended to talk to Theodore Roberts about pictures exclusively. They told me at the Lasky studio that he had more roles to his credit than any other actor on the screen, besides a multitude of Thespian interpretations given in his forty years on the legitimate and vaudeville stages. So, as I walked up the hill that leads to his Hollywood castle, I planned a perfectly splendid conversational outline, commencing with how did he like motion pictures and ending with what did he think of the future of the cinema.

But—you know about the best laid plans of mice and interviewers. As I waited in the cool dimness of a Jacobean period library, I heard his wife calling to him in the back yard. Then I heard her say something about putting on a collar, and there was a murmur of conversation I couldn't catch. And when he came in to greet me, he *didn't* have a collar on, and I could have hugged him. He didn't even apologize for it, just said that he was busy working in the yard, and wouldn't I like to come out and see his animals and his trees.

I mentally tore up the outline and went out with him into the back yard. How *can* one talk art to a man who wont wear a collar and who looks like a sea-captain on shore leave?

"I'm just getting the yard fixed up," he told me, pointing out the Japanese sunken garden, with trick bridges and weeping willows and things. "I'm going to have some kennels for my Airedales—I raise them, you know, as a hobby—and over here will be an aviary for my prize pigeons and tame seagulls—birds are a hobby with me, too—and over there will be a concrete swimming pool where Mrs. Roberts and I can take a daily plunge."

"Is that a hobby, too?" I broke in, facetiously, but he answered, in all seriousness, "Indeed, it is. I need rigorous exercise to keep me in trim for my work at the studio."

Since he *had* mentioned studio, I felt that it wouldn't be inapropos to say something about pictures, so I told him that he was reported to hold the championship in the movie world for versatility and for having more rôles to his credit than any other actor on the screen. He nodded, rather absent-mindedly, keeping an eye on the man who was hauling dirt from the swimming pool excavation.

"Yes, I've played a great many rôles, both in the legitimate and the movies," he acknowledged. "My stage career commenced in 1880, and I played everything from Shylock to Simon Legree, and ran the gamut of dramatic characterizations from Sven

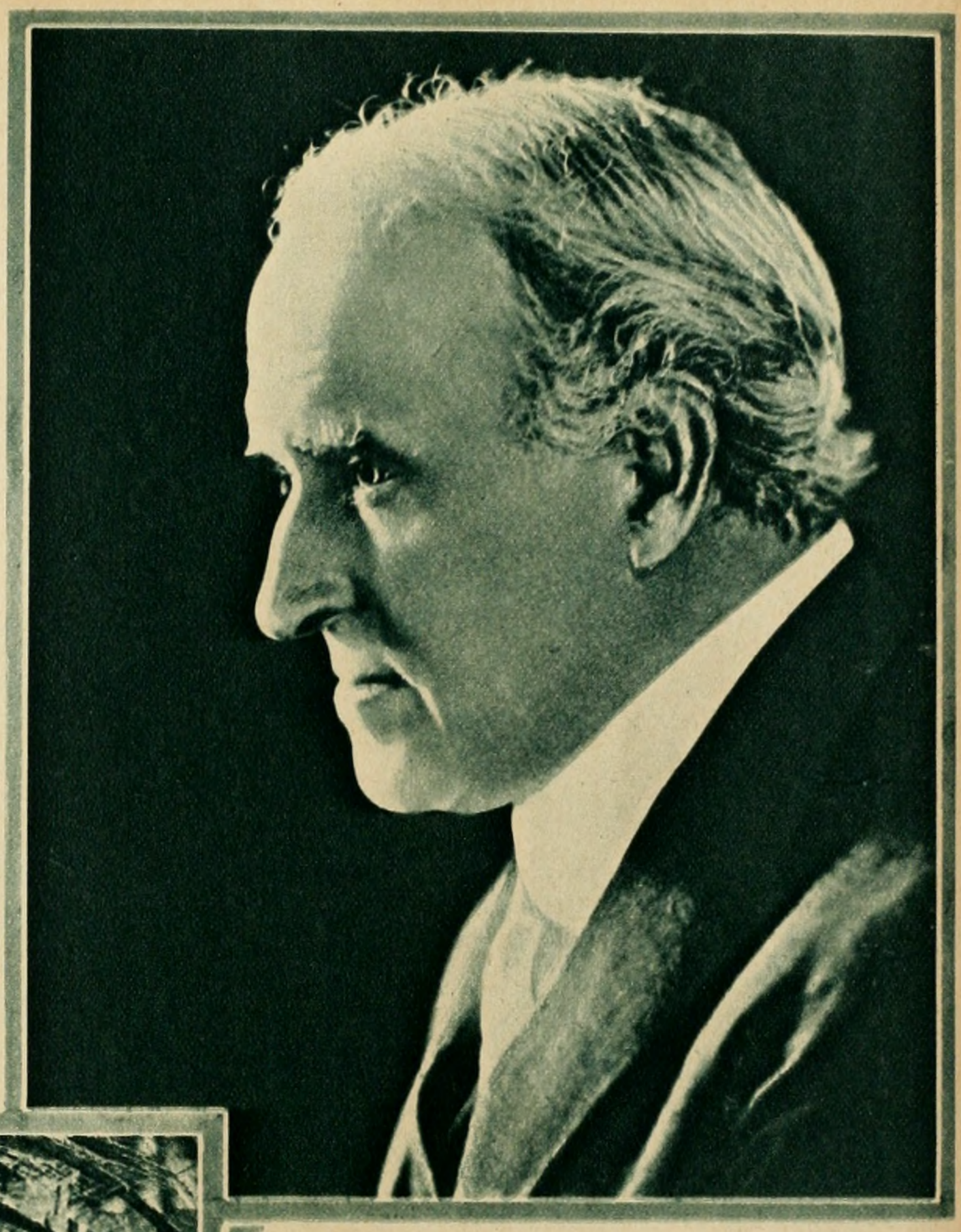
Theodore Roberts began his stage career in 1880 and he played everything from Shylock to Simon Legree, from Svengali to King Leaf. Five years ago he went into pictures

Man of a Thousand Rôles — and Hobbies

gali and King Lear to lighter rôles such as the County Chairman in the play of that name and Falstaff in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Then I toured the country in my own vaudeville sketch and, five years ago, went into pictures. Since then I've averaged one rôle a month, sometimes more, so you can figure out how many parts that is—and that will be enough shop talk, wont it?" He broke off abruptly, turning his keen, humorous grey eyes on me.

I said it would, because I did want to see his Airedale dogs, which were woofing at the top of their lungs to attract his attention, and his tame sea-gulls, which were with the pigeons in the flying pen, screaming to the high heavens that they wanted food immediately if not sooner. So we inspected the kennels, and I was sniffed at by "Boy Scout" and "Friar Tuck," and had my face licked affectionately by "Lady." Then we went over to the flying pens, where his prize pigeons, enormous Runts, were strutting and cooing, and the tame sea-gulls, "Pete" and "Repeat," flew on his shoulders and hands.

"I'm particularly fond of sea-gulls," Mr. Roberts told me, as "Pete" snapped at his meerschaum cigar-holder. "You know, it is practically impossible to tame them, but I got these fellows when they were just fledglings



Photograph © by Hartsook, L. A.

Roberts raises Airedales as a hobby. He keeps an aviary of prize pigeons and tame sea-gulls. He paints, draws and "sculps," collects paintings and furniture—and acts, of course, in odd moments

It was on the Santa Cruz Islands, where the Cecil De Mille company was making the shipwreck scenes for 'Male and Female.' I took the part of Lord Loam, and one of the carpenters brought me these birds, just hatched. We all took a hand at raising them, and when we left the islands, I brought them back with me. When the aviary is finished they'll have a miniature lake to swim around in—it's a hobby of mine to provide natural surroundings as nearly as possible for all my pets."

"How did you enjoy the strenuous scenes in 'Male and Female'?" I asked, when we sat down—on a sawhorse—to watch the pigeons.

"They were—well, *interesting*," affirmed the veteran character actor. "The days on the island were strenuous ones. I was dressed in pajamas and it never occurred to me that I would suffer from sunburn, but my ankles were exposed, and they were fairly baked in two days. I had to hobble around on improvised crutches except when I was working in the picture.

"The rôle I like best?" he echoed, in response to my question. "Oh, that's hard to say. I rather enjoyed Wealth in Everywoman,' but for real artistic value, I liked the part of the old rounder in 'Old Wives for New'—you remember, the old fellow who is shot by

(*Continued on page 74*)

Among the Footlight Favorites

Photograph by White

Photograph by Abbe

Above, Ina Claire, who has just scored a hit in David Belasco's production of the comedy of chorus girl life, "The Gold Diggers." Miss Claire will be seen all season at the Lyceum Theater

Right, Donald Brian, Peggy Wood and Roland Young in the pleasant comedy with music, "Buddies," at the Selwyn Theater

John Charles Thomas and Wilda Bennett have the leading rôles in the Fritz Kreisler operetta, "Apple Blossoms," now current at the Globe Theater

Photograph by Abbe

Lenore Ulrich and Edmond Lowe in the picturesque Chinese drama, "The Son-Daughter," which David Belasco is presenting at the Belasco Theater

Photograph by White

The Celluloid Critic

The Newest Photoplays in Review

Above, Lucy Cotton and Wyndham Standing in "The Miracle of Love"; right, Tom Moore in "Toby's Bow"; below, Lon Cheney and Seena Owen in "Victory"

By all odds the most significant photoplay of our screen month wa David Wark Griffith's "The Great Question," (First National) Not because it is a good screen drama. It isn't. But it has tremendous idea buried beneath its melodrama.

A wave of interest in spiritualism has been sweeping the world sinc the days of the great war. Does after life exist? Can dear one across the Great Beyond exert an influence over earthly destinies What is the answer to the eternal problem of death? Griffith had a these questions in mind when he started to screen "The Grea Question."

Then something happened. The exhibitor—that monster reared b producers themselves—stood menacingly upon the horizon. Woul the exhibitor accept a stern and grim drama dealing with death and th spirit world? We can imagine Griffith meditating—and then givin way to the exhibitor and his beloved melodrama.

So the vital theme of "The Great Question was carefully buried beneath "action" an "punch." It became the story of a little wa in the hands of a murderously brutal farme couple, her love for a neighboring boy and th subsequent finding of oil—with its attendan avalanche of wealth. The whole is gilde with the philosophy that a simple faith mee and overcomes all obstacles.

Griffith came nearer giving the world a other "Broken Blossoms" in "The Great Que tion" than in anything he has done since th epic of Limehouse. "The Great Question might easily have been a notable contributio to screen thought. There is one big scen where the spirit of a young sailor, lost from submarine, comes home to his aged parents.

Lillian Gish and Bobbie Harron are th bucolic lovers, but the best work is done b Eugenie Besserer as the bereaved mother an Tom Wilson as a lazy negro servitor.

Technically, Erich Von Stroheim's photo drama, "Blind Husbands," (Universal), is flashing thing—but it lacks soul and spiri Von Stroheim will l remembered as th Hun villain of number of wartim films. "Blind Hu bands," his own sto produced by himsel relates the triangle three people in th snow-capped Alps; self-absorbed Amer can doctor, his hear lonely young wif and a young Austria officer on sick leav The dashing Austria tries all his Cont nental wiles upon th American girl, but l finally meets retrib tion in a fall dow the snowy precipic of the Alps. Vo Stroheim has told h story with remarkab directorial dexterity- but, in the end, it just an adroitly pr sented silversheet melodrama. Vo

By

EDERICK JAMES SMITH

Drawing by NORMAN JACOBSEN

Above, Marguerite Clark and Charles Meredith in "Luck in Pawn"; and, left, Norman Jacobsen's conception of Mary Pickford in "Heart o' the Hills"

pheim's characters fall short the breath of realism, despite remarkable superficial excelce of his direction. He has, instance, attained his Alpine cts in striking fashion.

Everywoman," (Paramount-craft), turned out to be en reels of papier-mâché titudes. Built upon Walter owne's ingenious and ingenu- morality drama depicting adventures of Everywoman her search for Love, accomied by Youth, Beauty and desty, "Everywoman" was a y to appeal to the guileless. wbeit, it possessed a certain llful turn of simple philohic dialog. These merits are gely lost on the screen and verywoman" becomes obvious ff; *i.e.*, a conventional story fering only in that the charers bear such names as Vice, ealth, Passion, and so on. We not look upon George Melrd's direction as particularly pired anywhere. Nor do we rate the acting as anything but diocre. "Everywoman" drags fearfully.

"Toby's Bow," (Goldwyn), has a certain pleasant warmth it, altho it is conventional plus as to story. John Taintor ote's successful novelist hero, Tom Blake, goes incognito as boarder to a poor but proud Southern family, helps the etty daughter write a popular novel and—presto!—love and ppiness come upon them. Toby is the old negro servant ose family bow is finally won by young Blake. We like m Moore better in "Toby's Bow" than in any vehicle he has t had, despite the trite direction. It is an ingratiating bit work.

That rare character comedian, Will Rogers, is advancing th tremendous strides. Rogers is going to be one of the eat favorites of the screen, or we miss our guess. In ubilo," (Goldwyn), Rogers is a lazy, roving hobo who counters a rancher's pretty daughter and reforms, slowly, sinfully, but completely. Rogers is Jubilo the life, no mere reen idol masquerading in torn breeches, but wanderer of homely humanness. Moreover, the performce is rife with a splendid sincerity. Josie Sedgwick lends st the right note to the girl.

Despite its episodic nature, "A Day's Pleasure," (First ational), gave us plenty of Chaplinesque amusement. This us from the comedian's studio depicts the experiences of r. and Mrs. Charlie and Charlie, Jr., upon an excursion boat d in a Ford. The buffoonery upon seasickness rather dessed us, but Charlie's combat with a folding steamer chair d the encounter of the flivver with the load of tar are classic ts. "A Day's Pleasure" is far better than "Sunnyside," but iles behind that comic masterpiece, "Shoulder Arms."

"Victory," (Paramount), Maurice Tourneur's silversheet daptation of Joseph Conrad's vibrant story of the South Seas, a series of beautifully photographed scenes of unusual tmosphere in themselves. But the fabric as a whole is ot Conrad. The power, the color and the lure are all issing. Mr. Tourneur has shifted the story about,

(*Continued on page* 94)

The Daring O'Dare

Peggy O'Dare is making the step from screen farces to thrills in Universal's serial, "The Thirteenth Hour," in which Eddie Polo stars. Miss O'Dare is Danish, altho born on Staten Island. She is a daring diver and swimmer, an expert on snowshoes and skis and an enthusiastic motorist—all important histrionic requirements for serials

On With the Dance

By FAITH SERVICE

is a tale of passions and despairs, of hates and loves, of ranquillities and distortions, of men . . . and women . . . nd life . . . and death . . .

t might not have happened, that is, just as it did, if Dimitri rinoff had not had rebellious blood in his veins, adven- ings in his bones and love and knowledge of books in his in, so that, after his wife died and his life in the small ssian village dwindled to scant proportions of interest, he arted for Am- a to seek work ong the books loved. He left ind him his ll daughter, ia, very small the time, with nense eyes, un- pt hair and stuff of her er's blood and e transmitted her own. The e of books ne was not re. On the village streets her small feet twinkled to more rapid melodies. There were strains of music in her head, wanton and wild and rather marvelous.

Her father's going meant nothing to her at the time of his departure. At the time, the village and its adulation were sufficient. Later she reached out for wider horizons and she followed her father to America.

Schuyler Van Vechtan, to whose extensive and exquisite library Dmitri Varinoff was reverential apostle, was one of the last of an old order. He had traditions in his soul. He had beliefs. Lurkingly, but very convincingly, he had ideals. An ideal. That he had gone for forty years with lost dreams seeking harbors and eager ideals laid away in

"ON WITH THE DANCE"

Fictionized by permission from the scenario of Ouida Bergere, based on the play of Michael Morton. Produced by Paramount-Artcraft, starring Mae Murray. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast:

Sonia Varinoff	Mae Murray
Peter Derwynt	David Powell
Lady Joan Tremelyn	Alma Tell
Schuyler Van Vechtan	John E. Miltern
Jimmie Sutherland	Robert Schable
Countess of Raystone	Ida Waterman

reminiscent lavender did not, somehow, rust away the belief still straight and shining somewhere in the ungrown-up depths of him. His aristocracy was in his long, sensitized hands, too, and in his voice with certain modulations, time-mellowed.

The day Sonia Varinoff came into his study, tucked oddly away on the tiptop of one of the many skyscrapers his business ingenuity had placed in his possession, something happened to him.

It was just at twilight. Dmitri was copying something or other under one of the tall windows, hung in sullen red. Schuyler was meditating as to where he should dine, and with whom. It occurred to him that he was lonely. Often he had thought so before, but this evening, in this particular twilight, tinted mauve, it came to him with something of sick oppression. It seemed curious to him that at this time Sonia should make her vivid entrance into his study at the top of the world, into his life . . .

Of course, he saw at once, while she stood talking to her father, with many gestures and much play of very potent hands, that she was not in keeping with the old Van Vechtan order of things, but he knew that old orders have nothing to do with a man when a woman comes into the twilight of his life, lighting it . . .

Here was a personality. He knew that. It mustn't get mixed up with the flotsam and jetsam. Get confused, the brilliant edges rubbed away with contacts, unnecessary contacts.

He had a long talk with Dmitri after she had gone into a small guest chamber he kept reserved for the very occasional and very favored passer-by, and told the old man to keep her there, to encourage her to study her music, to give her opportunities, at his expense.

Dmitri Varinoff was a canny old man; books had made him so. He had polished his wits to a powdery fineness by much bibliophiling. He knew that the satyr was non-existent in Schuyler Van Vechtan. He w a seeker of fine things, of rare things; he was an epicure personalities. It was clear that he had seen something p table in his little girl. And old Dmitri felt very glad.

There was one disturbed person when the new arrangem was made clear. That person was Peter Derwynt, secret to Van Vechtan and chief high adviser in all business tra actions and the like of that. He was largely disturbed beca Van Vechtan informed him that he was to be Sonia's practi guardian and general adviser and conductor.

"You know, Peter," Van Vechtan explained, late into following night, "the girl has some sort of a tremendous g Of that I am quite certain. She has the touch seldom felt. want her to see the life of New York, the artistic life, night life. I want her to see it safely and sanely. I hav the time. You have, or you can make it. Logically, you Sonia's guardian."

Peter remained unenthusiastic. What Van Vechtan s had a habit of being done, and he supposed the personal s veillance of this Russian person would be done, too, but he utterly cool to it all. He thought perhaps he had better Van Vechtan a few things. He didn't want the good old c to think him a clam, but continued escorting of a young R sian person, not to say personality, doubtless entailed so outlay of something or other not precisely compatible w love, deep and rather difficult, for another person.

"I think you ought to know," he found himself saying, wh the smoke of their two cigars made grey fantasies around somber red hangings, "I'm in love, you know; have been a great while, with Lady Joan Tremelyn. We met in Lond two years ago. It's been going on ever since. It—it will c tinue to go on. It's—it's like that with both of us. I mother, of course—her mother has plans. You know the ki There must be money. They have the title—it needs so backing. They've j come over, she and mother, and the Cou ess is angling Jimmie Sutherla You know Suth land. You d know La Joan. If

He got Sonia a music master and, every twilight, with her father, listened to her play, was critical, helpful, advisory, as he felt and thought

Van Vechtan"—the young man's voice rough-
l—"if you did," he said, "you'd see—the hell
."

an Vechtan saw the dream of it and the truth
he dream. He liked to help that sort of thing
g. There had been love in young Derwynt's
e and a pain his own heart made quick answer
He had known heartbreak like that once,
ago. It made him sensitive for Peter.

Help me with Sonia, like a good fellow," he
wered, "and I'll fix it up so that you draw up
plans for the new terminal. If you do and
go thru, you ought to be able to run a
ty fair competition even with the lobster-
James Sutherland"

Peter was quite human and very much
ised and hurt over his enforced aloofness
n Joan, whom he loved, where
springs, deepest, sweetest. He
human enough to be rather
ngle when, introduced to Sonia
next day, she grasped his
d in two very warm and pal-
ting palms and cried out
-h-h, what a very pretty
!"

t was a fool remark, of
rse. Peter blushed un-
fortably and thought that.
t like a foreigner, a Rus-
. . . Joan would abhor
hing like that . . . still
. the warm pressure of
se eager palms and the rich,
m note in that young voice . . .
was awfully lonely . . .
n so far remote . . . and it was
ng Van Vechtan a favor. Peter
uld have gone to almost any
gths for Van Vechtan. He felt,
him, an almost desperate al-
ance. There was something in
n Vechtan one could fasten onto,
e firm hold of, *know*.

He got Sonia a music master and,
ry twilight, with her father, lis-
ed to her play, was critical, help-
, advisory, as he felt and thought.
ia, he grew to know, was still con-
erably the child who, in bright
rts and outlandish hair, had
ced on the streets of her native
age. There were in her the mixed
redients of the gamin and the
gédienne, the sated woman and
grasping child.

He didn't love Sonia. All the love
t it was possible for him to know
gone, irrevocably, to Joan, but
was a vivid interest. She
rmed him and quickened him,
, later on, she loved him.

Van Vechtan told him this. "You
w, I suppose," he said, one twi-
t—Van Vechtan always
se to speak of intimate
t of things in the twi-
ht—"you know, I sup-
e, Peter, that Sonia has
ne to love you."

Peter was essentially straightforward and simple. "I have
n afraid so," he said. He added, "Of course, as you know,
h me there's nobody but Joan."

"I'm sorry for Sonia," was all that Van Vechtan said. Peter
ted that, in the twilight, in this particular twilight, Van Vechtan looked weary and drawn. Behind the careful screening of his asceticism stared for an instant, odd, desperate, baffled sort of dreams . . .

Quite soon after all this old

Peter created a scene, justifiably enough, and only Sonia's really desperate pleading saved the studio from being the scene of God knows what a horror

The maid helped him and he made her comfortable. He eased her tired body and her tired soul and quelled the sorry fluttering of her heart

Dmitri was killed crossing a street before the traffic was halted. He had come unexpectedly across a rare edition and, in his eagerness to bear it back to the tower rooms, met his death. He looked quite peaceful when they brought him in, the rare edition still fast in his stiffened arm. It was, Van Vechtan told the sobbing, distraught Sonia, a wonderful moment for him to meet his death, exultant as he must have been, momentarily fulfilled. "All his blood," said Van Vechtan, with a wonderful tenderness in his manner, "had gone into his care and seeking of books. He is quite happy and at rest, I know. Dont be sorry, my child."

Joan was sorry, too. Prior to Dmitri's death Sonia had been something of a thorn in her flesh, on the infrequent occasions of her having tea in the tower with the little group. It had seemed to her almost like waving a red flag—this Sonia so near to Peter. Sonia's love of him, too, quite naturally tormented her. It was frank and unconcealed, and it was violently appealing. Joan knew that Peter loved her. She knew, too, however, that he was wearing himself out with wanting her, with waiting, and there are so many infusions in the blood, so many complexities, so many shiftings . . . she had been afraid . . .

After Dmitri's death her fear changed to a warmer feeling, sympathy. She couldn't feel otherwise. Sonia was a desperate little figure, seductive even in her darkened draperies, with the shadows under her wonderful eyes and the disarray of her entangling hair.

It wasn't very long after Dmitri's death that—well, it was this way. Joan came to the tower quite unexpectedly one late afternoon. Somehow she had managed, at a last moment, to escape the machinations of her maternal parent and the insistencies of the pork-packing Jimmie Sutherland. She had wanted, especially, to see Peter. It wasn't, she well knew, quite the thing. Still, what did "the thing" matter when an urge, beyond good and evil, got a grip?

She went, almost blindly, to the tower rooms.

It was immediately after Sonia's practice hour. She had been playing very wonderfully and getting up, in between bits, to execute or to better interpret with snatches of erotic dancing. She had felt very much in love with Peter. She felt, too, rather badly treated. She couldn't quite see Peter's point of view, or rather, lack of it. Of course, Joan was dear, lovely and goddess-like, but Peter—Peter and she were vital and living and *near* to each other. Sonia believed in proximity and the thoro reasonableness of the immediate hour.

When Joan came in, quietly, to charmingly surprise a lonely Peter, she saw Sonia on the arm of his chair, her bare arm about his non-resistant shoulders, her thick, arresting voice saying, "Dont you love me, Peter . . . just a little . . . just a little . . ."

Joan waited, a shade, in the dim shadows.

Peter said, "Yes, but——" and Joan did not see that Sonia saw her there and swiftly stifled Peter's "but" with her hand. She saw, only, Sonia bend to him, touch his mouth with hers, lightly, then more closely, and seeing nothing more, blanched, like a sorry ghost who has walked, forgotten, among the loved living, crept away.

It was a long while after the Lady Joan's brilliant, immediate marriage to James Sutherland before Peter Derwynt saw her, and still longer before he in any sense understood the hurt she had, with seeming groundlessness, dealt him.

In that interim, bereft and with the feeling of one left naked, exposed to biting winds, he turned to Sonia, tried to lose himself in her warm witcheries, married her.

It was like, he often thought, having been acolyte to some passionless lily, having worshiped the lily, having spilled the last chalice of his soul into the chaste cup and then, at length, turned utterly away, to seek and find—he admitted the finding—a riotous fragrance of consolation in some scarlet, delirious rose.

Sonia was like that to him . . . scarlet and delirious . . . but never, never in their most ultimate moments, was she Joan . . . He knew that, and she knew it, too.

Her knowing, her knowledge of it, had something to do with her mounting zest for dancing, for gowns and jewels and furs, the bedeckings of the town.

Peter was unable to do these things for her. Schuyler Van Vechtan was, she thought, uninterested aside from the income he gave her, methodically and silent, from month to month. He seemed to her, more than ever of late, just a part of the twilight detached, quietly observant.

Still, it was to Van Vechtan she owed her meeting with Jimmie Sutherland.

Van Vechtan had dined one evening with the Sutherlands. He had been touched by the stilled suffering on Joan's face. All at once the error of the whole thing assailed him. Peter, tormented, even tho deliriously, by Sonia, not understanding her, not able to get the thread of her being, the thread of gold Van Vechtan knew to be there, ready for unraveling . . . and Joan, writhing under Sutherland's well-meant tendernesses . . . bondages, Van Vechtan thought . . . only contacts, deliberate contacts could effect liberations. Van Vechtan believed in liberations.

He gave a dinner party and bade the Sutherlands and the Derwynts to attend. There would be makings or breakings. Van Vechtan believed either one or the other to be preferable to this galling, this fettering, this outraging of sensibilities.

Jimmie liked Sonia. He understood the part of her that was still the dancing village child, the part of her that wanted, now, the trappings of the city where the lights shone, gold and rose. Sonia liked Jimmie, too. He was another child to take hands with her and play . . .

They took to meeting and dancing a great deal together. Sonia became confidential. She admitted to Jimmie that she and Peter had words over bills. She wished, she said, she could obviate all that. She ought to be able to. Something in her, she felt, was going to waste . . .

Sonia in her boudoir

Jimmie suggested a plan, a humdinger, as he termed it. Sonia should dance. He could get her "in." She should appear en masque, create a mystery, as 'twere. Broadway, he said, ate mysteries alive and then hollered for more. Sonia, with her strange grace, her abandon, her paradoxical reserve, her mystic feet, could be a super-mystery.

The suggestion suited Sonia. And Jimmie, time heavy on his hands, his wife cold to him, his lady love, Fay Desmond,

(*Continued on page* 90)

Jack's Leading Woman

Clara Marie Horton is Jack Pickford's newest leading woman. She is playing with him in "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come." This is really Miss Horton's fourth rôle opposite the youngest of the Pickford family. She was with Jack in "Tom Sawyer," "The Further Adventures of Tom Sawyer" and "In Wrong." Clara, by the way, is a Brooklyn girl

The appeal of beauty

WHAT person lives who is not attracted by beauty—beauty of face, beauty of voice, beauty of complexion?

Not all can have beautiful features, nor can all have beautiful voices, but a beautiful complexion depends largely upon the care that is given to it.

Don't neglect those ugly little blemishes, that excessive oiliness, those enlarged pores. Resinol Soap contains just the necessary requisites to aid in overcoming these defects. It is pure, mild and cleansing.

Compounded with the greatest care, it cannot harm the most delicate skin, yet it usually gets right at the root of the compexion trouble, and aids in obtaining the desired beauty of skin.

RESINOL SOAP FOR THE HAIR HELPS TO GIVE IT LUSTER, AND TO PROMOTE THE HEALTH OF THE SCALP.

Resinol Soap

RESINOL SHAVING STICK gives to men a real pleasure in the daily shave.

Taking Paynes

Photographs by Stagg, L. A.

Here are two piquant glimpses of Marjorie Payne, one of the features of the Christie screen comedy forces, at home and —er— abroad. Miss Payne's optically pleasing fireside friend in the above picture is Lillian Bison. At the right is a view of Miss Payne after what her press agent terms "a strenuous day in the open." Note the ducks after you conclude looking at Miss Payne

A few simple rules that bring Loveliness

Occasionally you meet girls who are beautiful without effort; but most lovely people are lovely because *they know the rules*. Here are a few simple ones, approved by skin specialists, which every woman would do well to follow.

WHEN you powder, do it to *last*. Powdering in public is an admission that you are uneasy about your appearance.

The only way to make powder *stay* on is—*not* to put on an excessive amount—but to begin with the right powder base.

Never use a cold cream for a powder base. It is too oily. The right powder base is a greaseless, disappearing cream. Take just a little Pond's Vanishing Cream on your finger tips. Rub it lightly into your face. Instantly it disappears, leaving your skin smoother. Now powder as usual. Notice how smoothly the powder goes on—how natural it looks. You will find that it will stay on two or three times as long as ever before. You need never again fear a shiny face.

CHAPPING is a sign of carelessness. So is roughness. You can keep your skin as smooth as rose leaves all winter long. Always, before going out, smooth a little Pond's Vanishing Cream into your face and hands. It softens the skin instantly, so that the cold cannot do it the least harm. It is a good idea to carry a tube of it right in your hand bag so that immediately before and after skating or motoring you can soften your hands and face with it. In this way the delicate texture of the finest skin will never suffer from exposure.

DO you want to know why your skin is not always clear? Look at the cloth after cleansing your face with a cream prepared especially for cleansing. The dust will make you realize that a dull looking skin is often nothing more or less than a skin not thoroughly cleansed.

The only means of keeping the skin clear of the dust that gets lodged deep within its pores is the cold cream bath. For this, Vanishing Cream will not do, for Vanishing Cream has no oil. At night cleanse the skin with Pond's *Cold* Cream. The formula for this cream was especially worked out to supply just the amount of oil to give it the highest cleansing power.

Why your skin needs two creams

ONE without any oil, for daytime and evening needs—Pond's *Vanishing* Cream. It will not reappear in a shine.

One with an oil base, for cleansing and massage—Pond's *Cold* Cream. It has just the amount of oil that the skin needs.

Neither of these creams will encourage the growth of hair on the face.

Get a jar or tube of each cream today at any drug or department store. You will realize for the first time how lovely your skin can be.

Catch the little lines before they grow big

YOU can keep your face free of the wretched little lines that *will* keep starting. Once a week iron out these lines. Massage from the center of the face outwards and upwards with Pond's Cold Cream. If your skin has a tendency to be rough and dry, leave a little of the cream on your face over night. Pond's Cold Cream has just the smoothness and body required for a perfect massage cream.

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POND'S
Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

One with an oil base and one without any oil

Photograph by Hartsook, L. A.

Clifford of the Cinema

Kathleen Clifford is well known to the photoplay, but her latest appearance—as leading woman for Doug Fairbanks—gives her unusual interest at the present time. Here is a recent view of Miss Clifford, along with brand new snaps of her in her library and near the sad sea waves

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"Winter King" 16-inch Men's High Cut Shoe

Real, Honest Leather Throughout

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The Celluloid Captures Carroll

Above, Thomas Meighan is showing Miss McComas about the Famous "lot" and, right, she is investigating the studio switchboard

Carroll McComas is the newest Famous Players-Lasky leading woman, playing opposite Major Robert Warwick in "Jack Straw." Miss McComas but recently returned from overseas, where, for eight months, she entertained our soldiers. Warwick himself was with the headquarters staff. So they should make an excellent fighting team

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IRRESISTIBLE!

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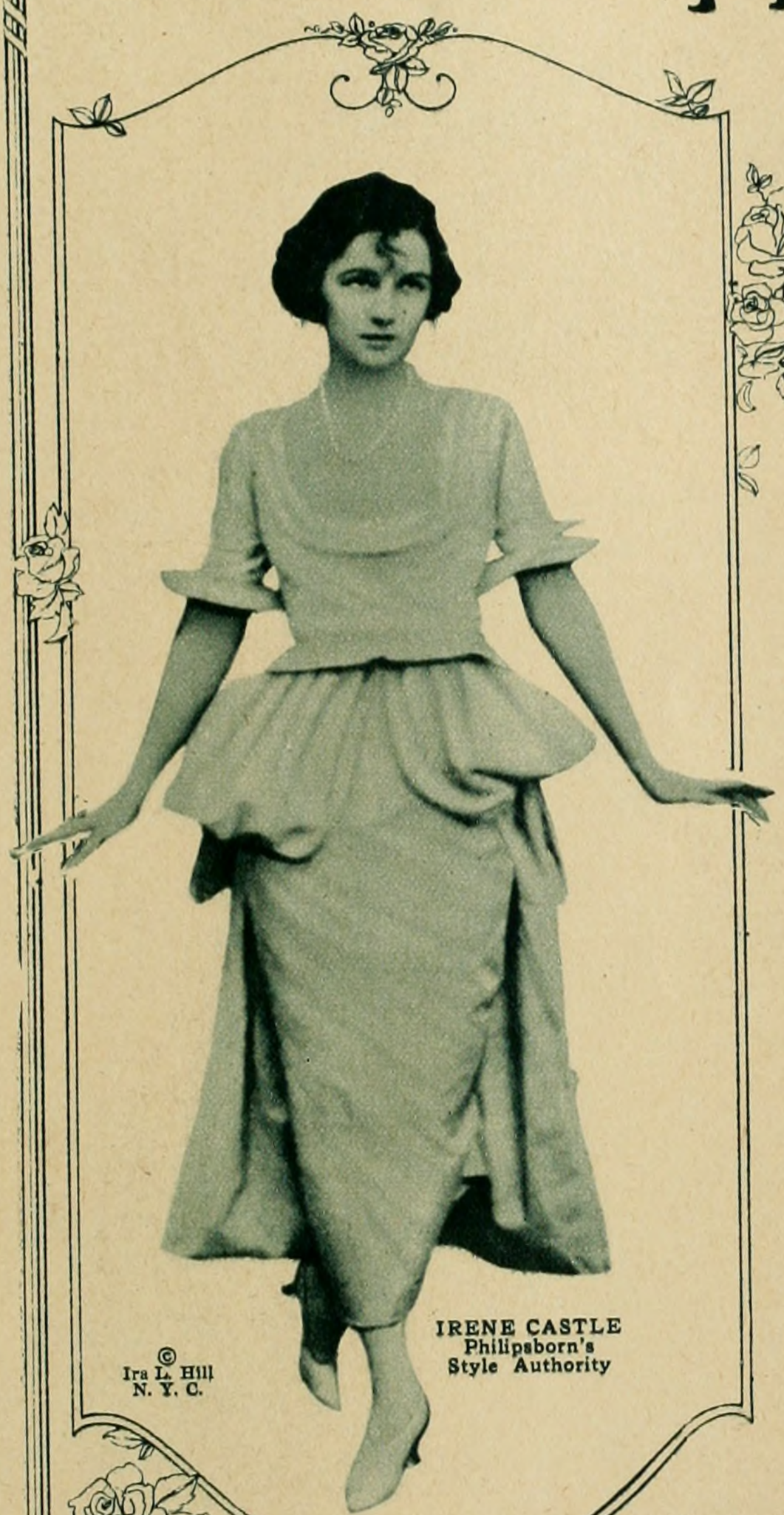
Mary at the Beach

"The Classic" photographer succeeded in capturing Mary MacLaren, the Universal star, in a number of piquant mid-winter poses along the California beaches. Here is the result

Philipsborn's Beautiful Book of Castle Approved Styles



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Philipsborn's
Style Authority

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N. Y. C.

By a happy coincidence, *Philipsborn's 30th Anniversary* marks the completion of our new Million Dollar Building. To celebrate these notable events, we present to you—with our Birthday Greetings —our most exquisite Style Book for Spring and Summer. The cover design by "Coles Phillips" presents IRENE CASTLE — Philipsborn's style authority— in one of her charming poses. There are 264 pages of the season's very latest and loveliest styles, *all offered at Special Anniversary Prices.*

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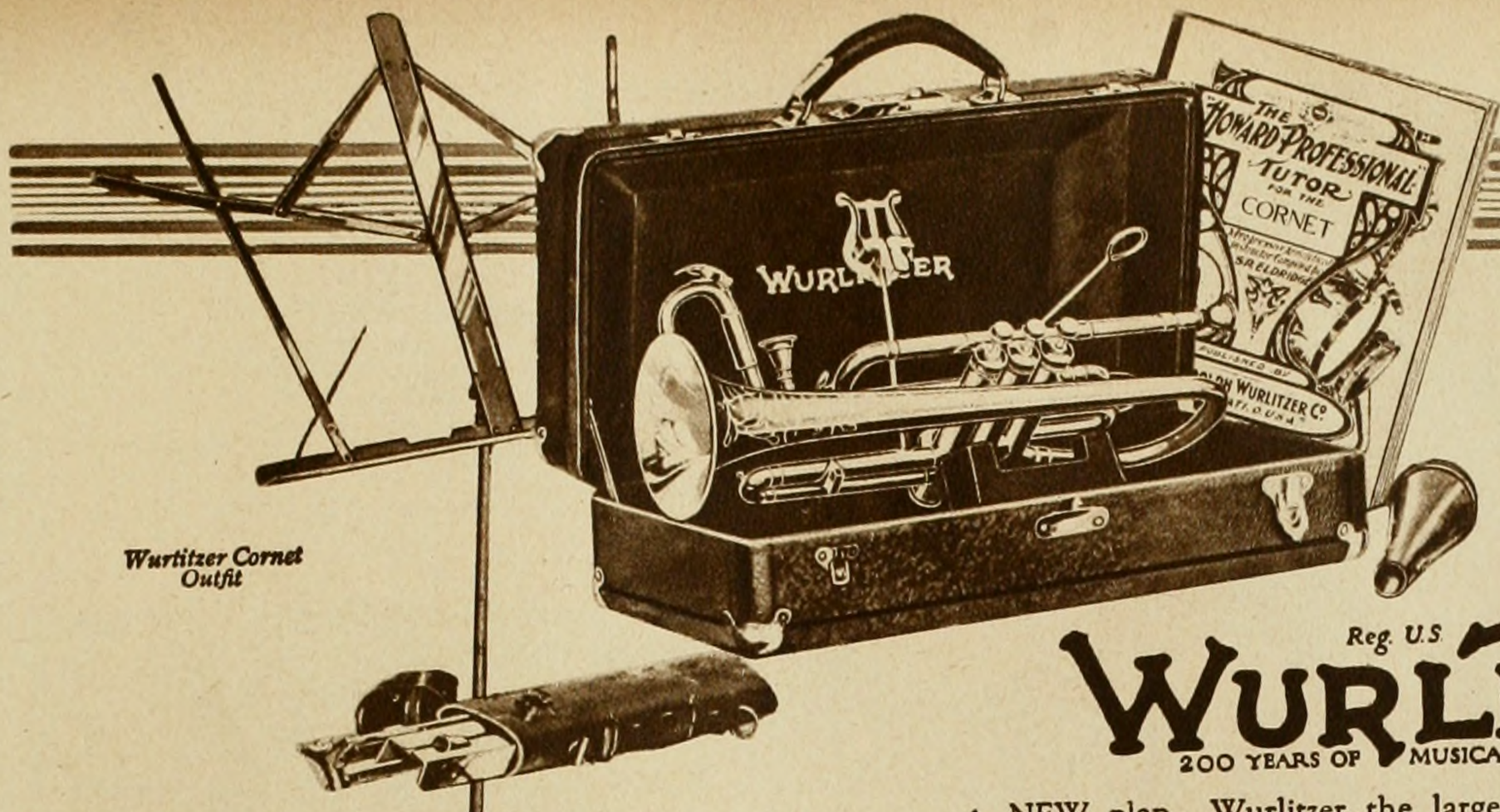

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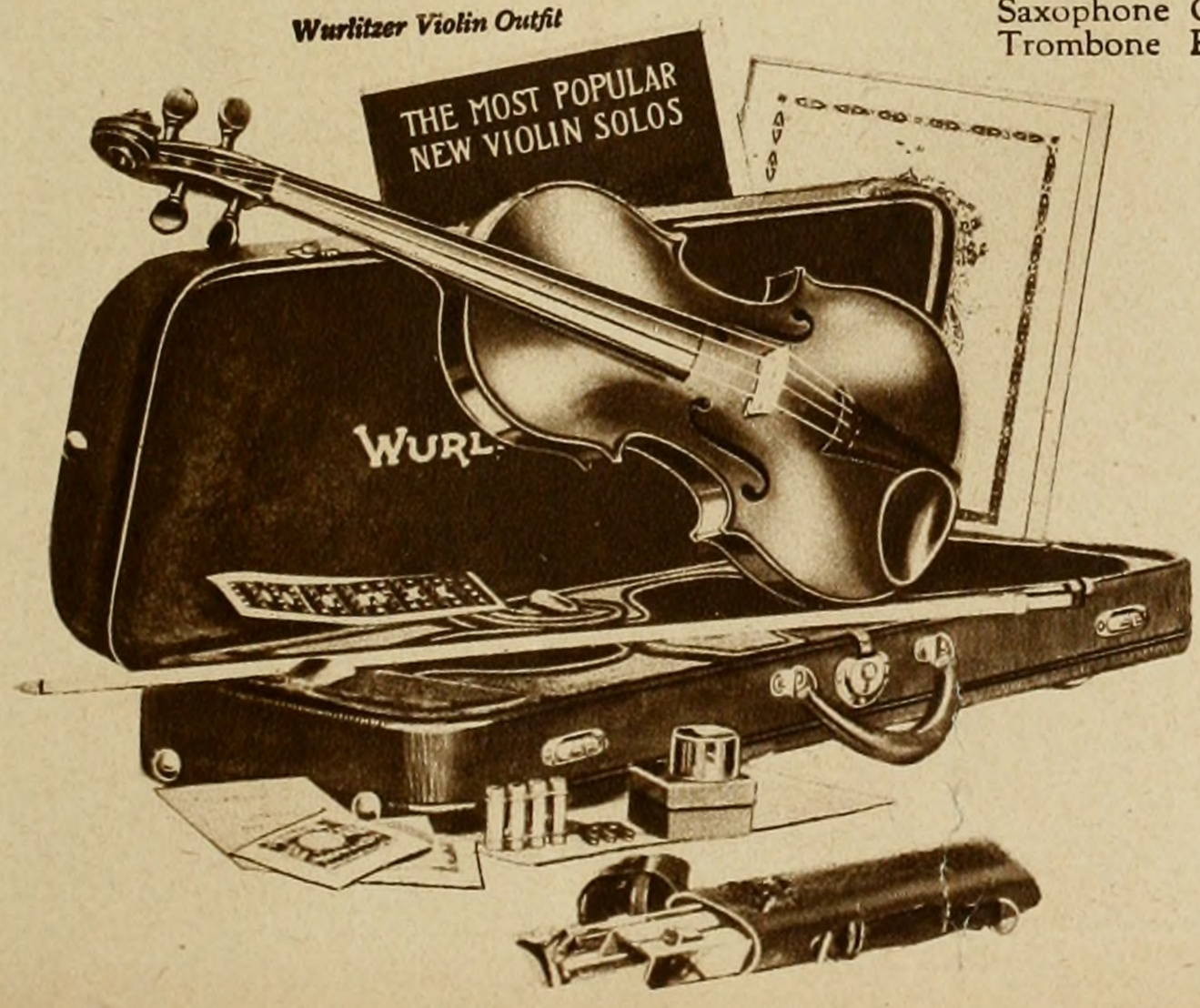

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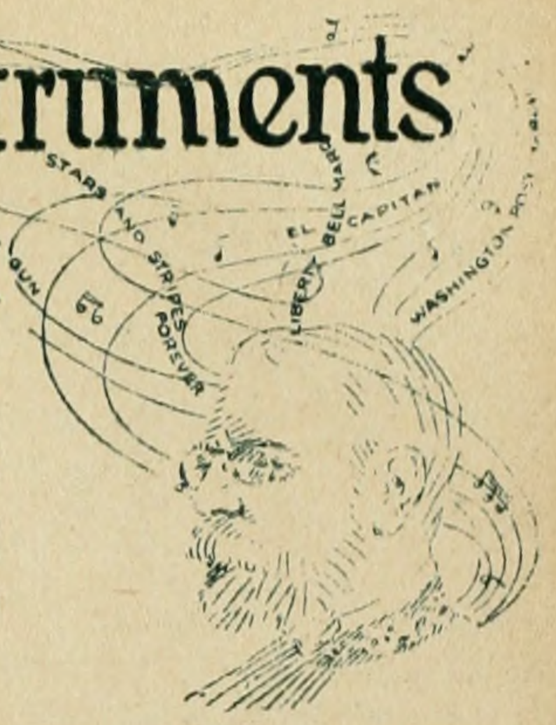
Lucy Cotton and Wyndham Standing may be glimpsed below in the "when-knighthood-was-in-flower" pose, caught in a forthcoming International production. In the upper left is the Lucy Cotton of 1920

Sousa's Band and Conn Instruments



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I take this occasion to tell you of the genuine pleasure and perfect satisfaction your New Wonder Model Instruments, used by the members of my Band, have given me.

In our extended engagement at the New York Hippodrome your instruments have had a splendid opportunity to display their merits. They have fully demonstrated their worthiness of the Grand Prize and Gold Medal of Honor given them by the Jury of Awards at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

During our pleasant engagements at the Exposition I had occasion to note the various bands and orchestras there engaged and the Conn Instruments seemed to be in evidence everywhere. Particularly was this the case where High Grade Musicians were engaged.

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The Conn, Ltd., has created a high standard of excellence for Band Instruments, a standard worthy of emulation, if possible, by other makers.

Very sincerely,

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA
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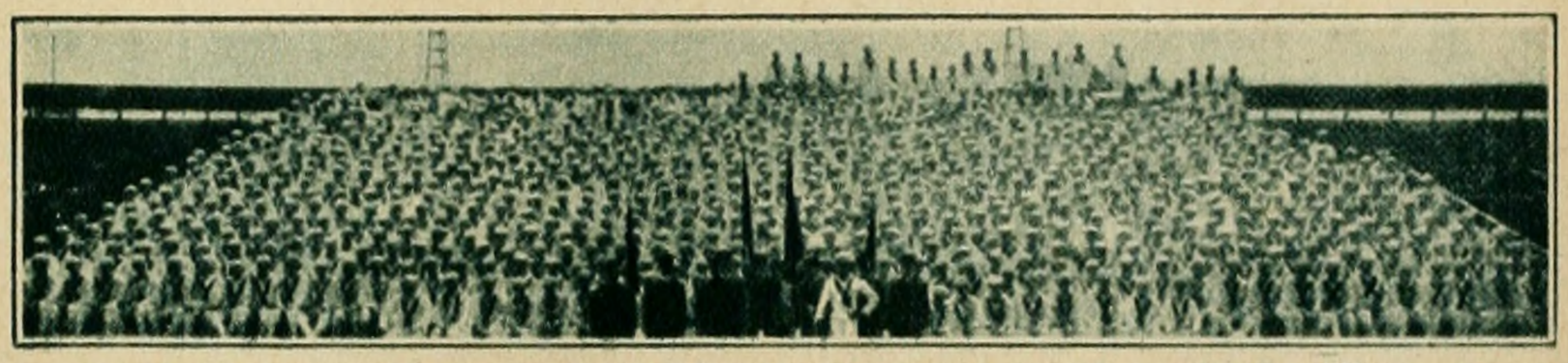

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Lt. John Philip Sousa, Conductor

The organization and successful training of the "Jackie Band" is one of the most remarkable of Lieut. Sousa's achievements. Its members were recruited from all walks of life—many of them wholly unfamiliar with music and musical instruments—and yet in a few short months, Lieut. Sousa was able to develop them into a world-renowned organization. The Jackie Band of over 1200 members was equipped throughout with Conn Instruments—a most significant fact when one remembers the success achieved. And yet, good music is no mystery. It is the expression of skill in both the artist and the maker of the instrument.

MUSIC IN OTHER ORGANIZATIONS

The power of music to inspire and bind together was well illustrated in the Jackie Band. Hundreds of organizations and institutions are recognizing the same fact and are using it to the mutual advantage and the profit of their members.

Large manufacturing industries, Fire and Police Departments, Boy Scout Organizations, Schools, Colleges, Lodges, Churches, etc., are all beneficiaries of the bond of music. Many remarkable Bands and Orchestras have been developed among the members of such organizations with the aid of Conn Instruments.

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The test of an instrument is its tonal qualities—its perfect intonation—its symmetry of proportion—its proper balance—its embodiment of Art and Science as expressed in appearance and performance.

Conn Instruments are the product of a patented method impossible of attainment elsewhere. An intimate, scientific knowledge of requirements, plus a mechanical skill in production that approaches the Artistic and Ideal, gives a guarantee of quality and uniformity in tonal elements that is unsurpassed. The universal recognition of this superiority of Conn Instruments by all great Band Leaders of International Fame is the best possible guide and assurance for the beginner or the veteran purchaser of band instruments.

Let us send information about forming a band in your organization. If you are a player or beginner, ask for information concerning the instrument in which you are interested.

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Ralph Dunbar's White Hussars have become so enthusiastic over their Conn Instruments that they both play and sing their praise. Those who have heard the White Hussars in Lyceum, Chautauqua and Vaudeville work know the quality of their work and also appreciate the significance of their enthusiasm for Conn Instruments.

THE SCHUSTER FAMILY

Many brothers and sisters might well emulate the musical activities of the Schuster Family Saxophone Quintette which has earned an enviable reputation as entertainers. The degree of harmony expressed by this little family is truly wonderful,—but then, they use Conn Instruments, of course.

THE DARLING SAXOPHONE FOUR

is all that the name implies. Four charming and capable young ladies who are meeting unusual success as musical entertainers in high class vaudeville. They, too, place their dependence in Conn Instruments. The result? Exactly what you would expect,—the best ever.

The Broken Melody — (*Continued from page* 43)

where they would appreciate you!" she told him. "It is wicked for you to hide your genius in a wretched garret in the slums among all sorts of common, coarse creatures who dont *understand*——"

She used that word a great deal, and the inference was that out of everyone he knew, Gracia Trask alone really understood him. Stuart began to feel abused, and to look about his studio with dissatisfied eyes that saw for the first time the bare boards, the poor pinched, bravery of furnishing.

At the fourth sitting she suggested, quite casually, that he should go to Paris. She watered the seed thus planted at the fifth sitting by telling him that she would take him with her as her secretary, courier—or "what he pleased." But it was not until the seventh and last sitting that he consented to go. He told Ivan that evening, and was rewarded by the pale flicker of relief in the watery old eyes. It was the cello player who took Hedda the news.

"It is well," Ivan said, not appearing to notice the quiver of the red lips, the agony of the hurt brown eyes before him; "he is a great artist, and like all true artists he needs the right environment. Here—" his gesture took in the gay tarlton curtains, the painted pine furniture and made them ridiculous, "here he would stifle! His Art would either die or become prostitute to convenience. It is very well that he goes, and all his friends should rejoice that this chance has come, eh, Hedda?"

The girl sat quite still for a long moment. When she spoke her voice was composed. "You have known—I think almost before I knew, how I felt toward Stuart," she said quietly; "rather than stand in the way of his good I would go away myself and never see him again. That is what will happen now. He will go, and I shall never see him again." The pure girlish face quivered whitely into a selfless smile. "Do not be afraid, my kind friend, that I shall try to keep him—or that I would let him stay even if he wished."

They were very gay at the parting. Stuart, with his shabby portmanteau and his painting outfit, came to her door to say good-bye, and they both made prodigious efforts to pass the dangerous moment over lightly. They joked lamely about the Fame that was soon to come to each of them, they spoke casually of mutual friends of Joe's, they talked desperately of the voyage, and his chances of escaping seasickness. Then came a panicky moment when they could neither of them think of anything safe to say, because of the multitude of unsafe things that struggled to be out.

"Oh, Hedda!" Stuart said suddenly, with a great, thick sob, "Hedda—*dear*—tell me to stay! I cant go—and leave you—I *cant*——"

Then Hedda told her glorious lie, and her Guardian Angel hesitated over His ledger, not knowing which page to place it on. "I cant tell you to stay, Stuart," she smiled—"because I dont expect to be here long myself. Clemons tells me that if I make good he will give me a hundred a week, at first, then much more. And I've got to succeed, Stuart! I want success so—more than—than anything in the world. I want money, and beautiful clothes and praise—" She forced herself to go on, tho the words choked her. "Do you remember the time you reproached me with wanting Marguerite's jewels? Well, you were right, Stuart—I do want them, and I'm going to have them!"

"Then that is how I shall remember you," he said, smiling with stiff lips, "covered with jewels——"

"He despises me," she whispered, when long after he had gone, striding erectly away down the crooked stairs, she lifted her swollen face from the sodden pillows of her couch bed. "I've cut the last strand that might hold him back—oh, God, take care of him!"

Gracia Trask was grievously disappointed with her new toy. It is difficult to feed neurotic fancy upon either gratitude or remote respect, which were the only two emotions Stuart Grant displayed to her. He was very silent on the trip over, tho he attended faithfully to her Pekingese, her rugs, her books and cushions, her steamer chair and wraps. Once in Paris he stubbornly refused to allow her to establish him in an expensive and charmingly decorated studio as she had fondly planned. Moreover, he would not dress in velveteen jackets and slouch hats, he would not drink absinthe, he would not—he simply *would* not make love to her.

How he managed to live she could not discover, for he was decidedly uncommunicative about his doings when he was away from her. Three nights a week he presented himself at the door of her pink-silk upholstered apartment on the Blois, impeccably shaven, amazingly clean and very much a man in spite of his out-of-date and shabby old evening suit. They would go out and dine, then perhaps to the theater or opera, or now and again to a reception, for the fair Gracia was almost as well known in Paris as in her native New York; afterward a grave good-night at the foolish ivory door with its bird-of-paradise knocker. No wonder the clever and accomplished Mrs. Trask was baffled.

She tried strategy. In some way she managed to learn the address of his rooms and appeared there late one afternoon, unannounced, having put the protesting concierge in his place. She found Stuart at his easel, so absorbed that even when she stood beside him, looking over his shoulder, he was unaware of her. She saw the canvas. She recognized the face. It was that which he had been limning months ago on the whitewashed wall of the restaurant in Bohemia—Hedda's face, painted as only Love can paint.

But she tried again. She was not one to give up anything she had set her heart upon lightly. And she was not choice of her methods. She took Stuart Grant to a reception at the house of a friend of hers and arranged that in his hearing her name should be slightingly mentioned with hers. She was waiting in an anteroom when he came, very pale, with thunderous brows, to find her.

"You must let me take you home," he told her briefly, "there has been—unpleasantness. I was obliged to knock a man down."

And he told her what he had overheard. She looked at him softly, even tenderly, for he was a man born to be loved of women, and, as much as she was capable, she loved him. "Well?" she asked. "Well? And what shall we do?"

If she had expected that he would perforce ask her then and there to marry him she was mistaken. He stared straight before him somberly. "I have been a cad," he said, loathing himself; "I have accepted your favors, and I have placed you in a position where people dare say wretched things, and worst of all I have profaned *myself*. I would be still more of a cad if I did not ask you to marry me, but before I do so I must tell you that there is a girl, back there in New York whom I love as a man loves only one woman in his life. I have tried to do without her, but it is like doing without part of myself. I cannot paint, I cannot even *want* to paint without her——"

Gracia Trask put out her hand and took his. In that moment she stepped out of herself. "Then go back to her," she said wearily, "if you feel that way—go back to her, and tell her to try to forgive me for taking you away . . ."

It was a fortnight later that Stuart Grant pushed open the door of his attic in Bohemia with a warm rush of happiness in his heart, as he looked about at the blessed familiar shabbiness that spelled home. Then he saw that it was freshly swept and dusted, that his easel stood ready, with a canvas on it—that there were even asters in that old blue jug on the dresser——

Footsteps on the stairs brought him about with a cry, but it was only Ivan who stood before him, gaping, rustling with every movement, as he reached out and touched his sleeve with bony fingers. Then—"Thank the good God!" Ivan said hoarsely, "you've come back in time to save her from breaking her heart."

"Her!" Stuart cried, not daring to believe, "not—Hedda?"

"Hedda." Ivan nodded, and groaned very bitterly. "I was wrong. I tried to separate you, thinking Art was enough, but it is not so. She stopped

(*Continued on page* 80)

Shadowland for February

SHADOWLAND *for* FEBRUARY! As three words, more or less unarresting, this announcement might not seem to mean so very much, but it is, as a matter of fact, an illustration par excellence of the exceeding potency of mere words, the underlying current of all words, the shades of meaning behind the obvious meaning.

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SHADOWLAND *for* FEBRUARY means that your sense of beauty is going to be—well, at least, we think, stimulated.

SHADOWLAND *for* FEBRUARY is going to spell laughter . . . and dreams . . . reasoning and thought . . . profundity and witticism . . . color and gravity. It is going to try to be a message vari-hued and vari-toned. It is going to try to be still more . . . a promise . . . an omen.

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He was putting in long hours at monotonous unskilled work. His small pay scarcely lasted from one week to the next. Pleasures were few and far between and he couldn't save a cent.

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The first reward was not long in coming—an increase in salary. Then came another. Then he was made Foreman. Now he is Superintendent with an income that means independence and all the comforts and pleasures that make life worth living.

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Are you satisfied merely to hang on where you are or would you, too, like to have a real job and real money? It's entirely up to you. You don't *have* to stay down. You *can* climb to the position you want in the work you like best. Yes, you can! The I. C. S. is ready and anxious to come to you, wherever you are, with the very help you need.

Surely when you have an opportunity that means so much, you can't afford to let another priceless hour pass without at least finding out about it. And the way to do that is easy—without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, mark and mail this coupon.

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MAYBELL LABORATORIES
4305-73 Grand Blvd., CHICAGO

The Movie Kiss

By Tom Masson

As far as we can judge by history, the kiss as been practiced in all ages. It varies in its peed and horse-power, according to age, race nd previous condition of domestic servitude. While it is a purely local affair, it has a conderable range of activity. As a rule, it is xclusively confined to two, but it is occasionlly conveyed by hand from one person to a roup of others. A kiss thus blown may reach everal parties for whom it is not intended. While apparently general in its nature, it may e intended for only one.

There are several kinds of kisses. There is he common or domesticated matrimonial kiss, hat works automatically and frequently beomes rusty and stalls upon critical occasions. There is the short-lived, or honeymoon kiss, whose age varies from six months to two ears, according to climate and financial condiion. There is the lover's kiss, that frequently ttains a cloud height of 22,000 feet and is acompanied by explosions. And there is the iss of seasoned ladies, with an aurora borealis exterior, which often drops internally to 00 below zero. Kissing is also practiced by Frenchmen when conferring decorations upon ne another or upon the sufferers belonging to ther nations.

But the movie or screen kiss is comparaively new to the world. It is usually somewhat dilatory in its habits, and takes place "the night after" or "the next morning." It may, however, occur anywhere along the line of march—between recently wedded husbands nd wives, parting lovers, or when bending ver cribs, hospital beds or sofas. Thomas Edison did not invent it, but he is more or ess responsible for it.

There is one peculiarity about the screen iss that makes it not only different from any ther, but which shows that the kiss in general s a thing in itself and not dependent upon ime or materials. For when we see it on the screen, altho we know that it has actually aken place in the past and is now well over with, we think of it only as a present affair. We actually delude ourselves into thinking it is now going on. We roll up our sleeves, smack our lips and take part in it ourselves when, as a matter of fact, it was probably created some months before in Los Angeles or Jersey City. Thus a kiss which in its execution takes only a fraction of a minute, becomes a permanent affair. It travels all over the world. The movie, therefore, offers domestic possibilities of great interest. A newly married man may kiss his bride in the most complete and satisfactory manner. Having arrived at the highest point of skill and workmanship, he can have a film taken, which his wife can thereafter turn on for her own benefit every morning and evening, while the husband, relieved of this manual labor, can devote himself more completely to the business of keeping together his body and what soul he may have left over.

But this is not all, for the screen kiss contains a value still more interesting and important. Heretofore, people have had to get along and learn how to kiss by themselves, without any accredited model. They have had, so to speak, to grope in the dark, and assisted only by each other, have learned by severe practice. The only object lessons they have had have been furnished by amateurs like themselves, or by more or less offensive relatives railroad stations. Now, however, they can out almost any night and see skilled workmen and women do it as it ought to be done, with a minimum loss of energy. Thus the art osculation is getting on its feet and becoming standardized. If any young woman views her lover with suspicion because there is no lost motion in the way he grabs her and presses his lips to hers, and if she declares that he must have learned it somewhere else, he can simply refer her to the osculatory educational film that has been running in the local palace for the past three nights, as convincing evidence of his personal innocence

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4865 Hazel Av., Philadelphia

Theodore Roberts

(*Continued from page 45*)

the girl he snubbed. And on the legitimate stage," he went on, reminiscently, "I enjoyed doing Shylock better than any other character. You see so few convincing portrayals of that character. He is depicted mostly as a scurrilous Jew with an enormous lust for gold and a vicious spirit that is satisfied only with blood, while as a matter of fact, Shakespeare has given him no speeches that are not full of dignity and forcefulness, while his whole personality is that of a leader, not a mongrel money-lending foreigner. I tried to make him the representative of a race—and a human being."

I found myself thinking that it *was* possible to talk art without a collar, but Mr. Roberts was thru for the time being.

"Come see my trees," he invited. "Trees are a hobby of mine and I have a few rare ones in the yard."

The one he pointed out looked like a live oak, but it was a cork tree, he told me. My idea of corks has always been vague; I rather thought they grew in bottles, but it seems not. Mr. Roberts cut a slice of the bark for me, and it was *cork,* just the same as you'd see in a bottle of—er—catsup, and he told me that he could have made a fortune off his tree in pre-prohibition days, but that he had bought it too late. Then there was a "butterfly" tree, with flowers of flaming orange and leaves that looked like butterfly wings and that fold together at night. They, too, are very rare, and will not grow where there is frost; and, Mr. Roberts told me, impressively, his house was just two blocks beyond the frost belt in Hollywood—otherwise he couldn't have a butterfly-tree.

When he had shown me his shrubbery, I asked point-blank how many other hobbies he had, and he laughed, showing white teeth and crinkly wrinkles around his eyes.

"Quite a few," he confessed. "In the first place, there's art—you see, I come from a family of artists. My father painted very well indeed, and so does my sister. I was told, when young, by a famous artist that I ought to follow that career, but I inclined towards the stage. However, I paint, draw and 'sculp,' collect paintings and furniture and—oh, yes," he interrupted himself again in his abrupt fashion, "I mustn't forget my hobby of correct make-up—that is a very important one." He led the way to the Japanese gardens and we sat beside the tiny lily pond while he talked about this most "important" hobby of his.

"I have always given the most careful study to making up for a character," he said. "You might say that I stop at nothing to get the result I want. I'm wearing a mustache just now, but I will shave it off for my next character bit with Mary Miles Minter in 'Judy of Rogue's Harbor.' I've let my hair get long and unkempt, I've allowed my beard to grow—I even shaved my eyebrows

(*Continued on page 76*)

YOU will love these Pearls of Ayesha, truly beautiful their superb glory. Their iridescent beauty and delica tints harmonize with smooth, white throats as do few othe Genuine pearls selling for fabulous sums enhance the beau no more than do these lovely Pearls of Ayesha.

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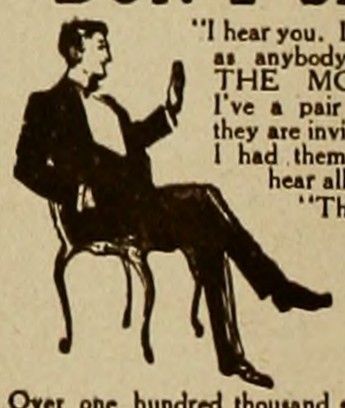

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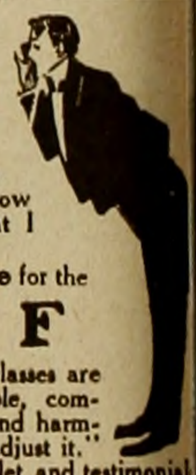

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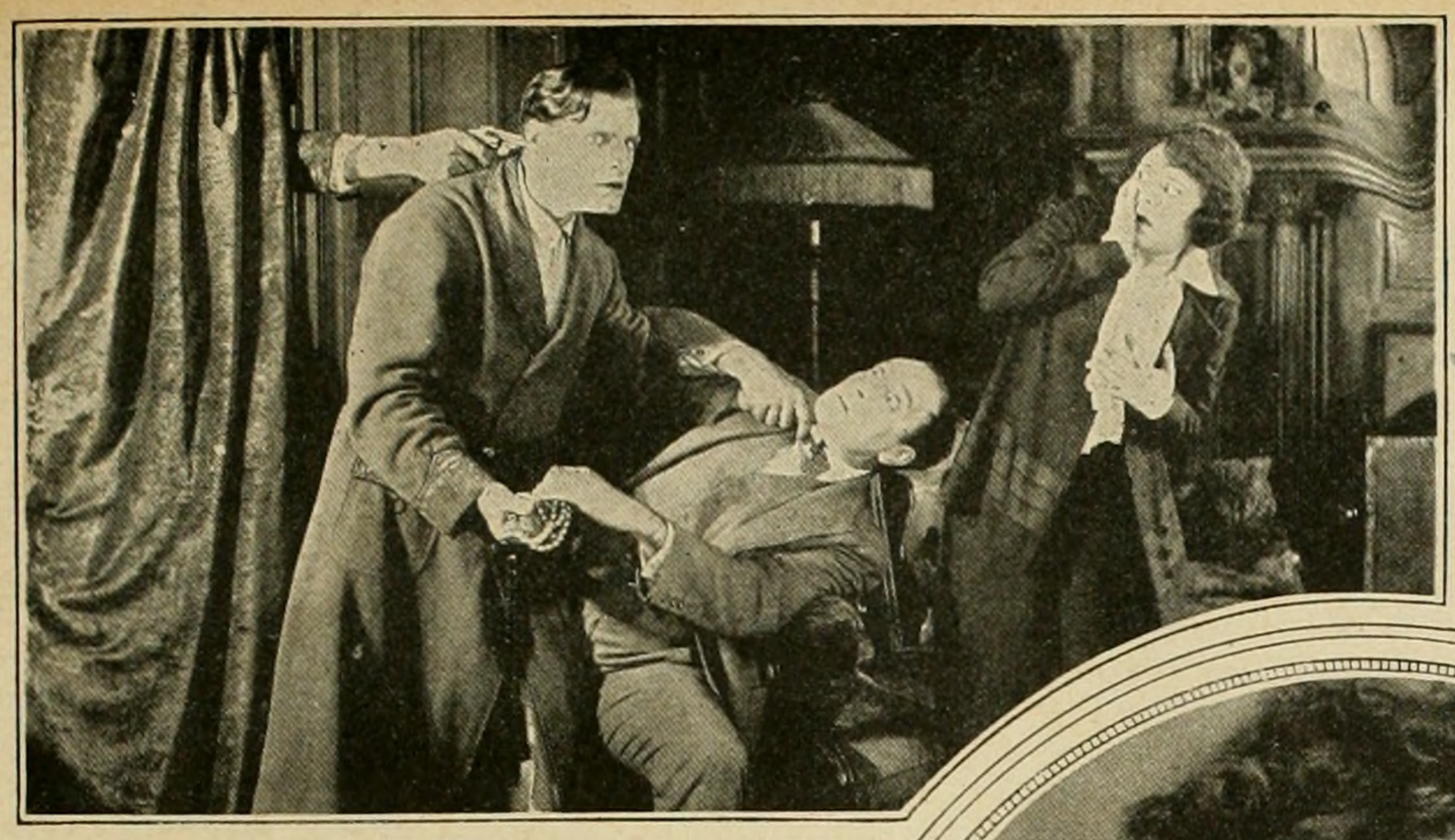

Frances Mann

in "The Isle of Jewels"

What would you do in Frankie's place? It looks as though any move she makes will be disastrous to that handsome hero. Let's hope that her well-known resourcefulness will save the day and the jewels.

Arthur F. Beck

Picture

PHOTO BY
IRA L. HILL
COURTESY OF
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New York City, N. Y.

Sept. 9, 1919

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Frances Mann

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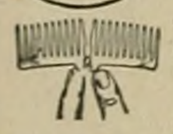

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The Orchid Blooms

(*Continued from page 27*)

fact that he takes both time and footage to make a production and doesn't illumine Broadway with the name of any particular twinkler."

Rushing to the defense of some of my friends in the industry, I demanded to know just why Miss Childers is "down on" the star system. And thus did she elucidate.

"Why not feature the story? There is no story, except, perhaps, that of Adam, that was ever written for one individual. A lot of people like Norma Talmadge or Elsie Ferguson or Clara Kimball Young, but they can see that very personality in a play where the story's the thing—where they wont have to sit thru some untold million close-ups of Miss A's gowns or Mr. B's waxed mustache."

Tho thruout the luncheon Miss Childers was garbed as a Russian princess and wore a black-net evening gown, I had seen her before at the studio in the rags of a screen charwoman—her features distorted with make-up.

"Just so long as the clothes aren't dirty, it's all right," she explained.

Once, Miss Childers avers, she had hopes of being a fortune-teller or a clairvoyant, but, having a penchant for the luxuries of this transitory life she elected the stage as a profession.

And again, she would have been a student in an art school had not Fate put in an oar. As it is, her Hollywood apartment is replete with sketches and pastels bearing her signature in the lower right-hand corner, and the orchidaceous lady will confess to designing all of her own—and sometimes, other people's—gowns.

It was just before she was to register at a certain academy of fine arts in St. Louis that a stage manager, who met Miss Childers socially, offered to cast her as Beauty in "Everywoman." She didn't take the part, however, because she was afraid of its bigness, but rather, became a French maid in another production, and retired serenely into the background.

One day (and this is the manner in which she reminisces)—she found herself becoming ambitious, and burning with the fever of supposed genius, she approached Henry Kolker, whose French maid she was in "The Great Name," and asked him to allow her to make a spectacular entrance.

At the suggestion of such an entrance Mr. Kolker was observed to succumb to gales of laughter, and finally to bid the sixteen-year-old Naomi to remain content with her the - carriage - waits - without speech.

During the last week of "The Great Name's" run, however, the actorine who played the fat German cook of the production, disappeared, and the heroine of "The Spirit in the Clay" and "Lord and Lady Algy," hurriedly became a corpulent frau from Hamburg. She with her imperturbable calm and her tapering fingers!

And, even tho I knew that the price of print paper is ever soaring higher, I feel called upon to enumerate the remainder of the Childers' career. Thusly. In productions of Henry W. Savage and H. H. Frazee, followed by terms with Vitagraph in "The Writing on the Wall," "The Turn of the Road," "The Spirit in the Clay," "The Devil's Prize," *et al.;* Metro in "The Yellow Dove" and "The Blindness of Love," in which she was playing with Harold Lockwood when he was stricken with the influenza which caused his death; and at Goldwyn, where she created on the screen the famous Lady Algy opposite Tom Moore, and appeared as a lady passionately loved by Lou-Tellegen in "The World and Its Woman."

"And after all this," I ventured, "what do you crave?"

"Oh, three pictures a year," she answered, nonchalantly, "a house at Newport with a neat collection of genuine paintings, some good-looking gowns, and large quantities of French novels."

Exactly what I thought. Lots of magnificence. Orchids—Riverside Drive on Sunday afternoon—the front box at the Metropolitan—Tiffany's window in collision with the Empire State Express.

Theodore Roberts

(*Continued from page 74*)

once. Not only that, but I give close attention to grease-paint and putty. I have some materials on my dressing-table at the studio that you will not find elsewhere, because I have them made up especially for me. When I am assigned a part, I immediately begin to study it. What would this man look like? Is he a grouch? Very well, then, hard lines about the mouth and nostrils. Is he a miser? Close, furtive eyes, then, and thin lips; an open-hearted, careless old fellow, he must have ruddy cheeks and well-groomed features.

"The other day I was made up as an old miner, with long white beard and weather-beaten countenance. I was coming back from lunch and saw a group of my friends outside the studio. I hailed them, not thinking of my make-up, and they stared at me blankly for an instant. Then they burst into laughter as they told me how one of them had just remarked, as I approached, 'Look at that old fellow—he's a wonderful type—he ought to register for a job!'"

All of which is interesting comment upon the vividness of Roberts' make-up.

A voice from the house told "Theodore" that lunch was ready, and I rose to go, tho hospitably urged to remain. But I was obdurate.

"Your hobbies are wonderful!" I told him, as he accompanied me to the steps.

"Yes, I collect almost everything," he laughed.

"Except collars," I reminded him, wickedly.

"Yes, except collars!" he admitted, without a trace of shame.

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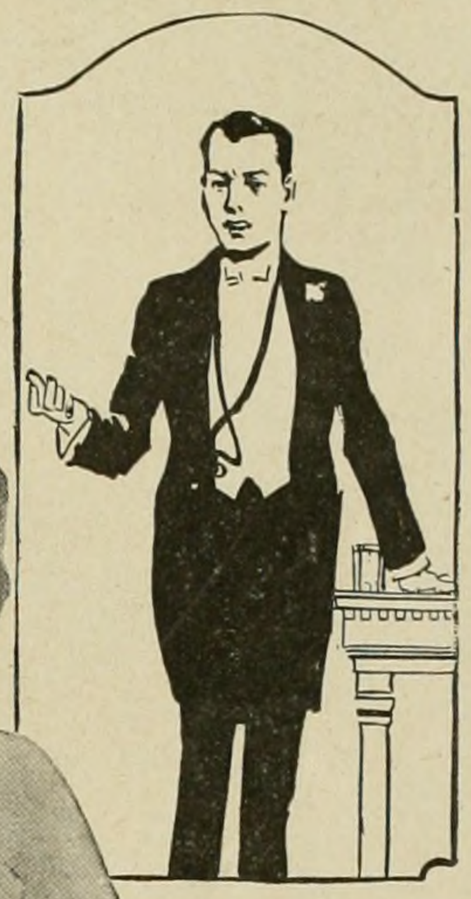

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The Kodak Girl

(*Continued from page 37*)

the second serial. I was supposed to be in a cave with this beast and, while there were two trainers, and outside some men with iron bars, and lights were placed in *front* of the camera to confuse the animal, an unexpected danger arose. I was waiting for them to get it all ready for action—was sitting with a bit of embroidery in the back of the cave. They had wire fencing between the cameramen and the lion, and the trainer was endeavoring to make him go thru certain tricks, for this was not one of the old Selig lions usually hired by producing companies, but a wild one which proved to be very stubborn and excited to boot.

"Suddenly there was a roar—and I just looked up in time to see the lion leaping. Whatever made me act so quickly, I could not tell you, but I ducked and put my head between my knees, and as the lion took the entire cave-length in one leap, I narrowly escaped having my head or shoulders badly clawed. Everybody was so frightened. The wire supports were torn down. Mr. Duncan had a piece of crooked pipe which he was trying to manipulate to keep the lion back, and finally the forest king made one big jump over a high obstruction and got out, followed by the trainers, who finally subdued him.

"But that was only the beginning of a bad day. I was supposed to face a snake as soon as I got to another end of the cave. For some reason, as I was led to turn around, and while the men were busy, I saw this snake right in front of me. He had his fangs, for the man who owned him said he was the only one of his snakes who could feed himself and he refused to take out the poison sacs.

"I hardly know what did happen, but Mr. Duncan was shouting orders to me, and I simply obeyed what he told me to do—and somehow he managed to grasp that hissing serpent by the neck, as he had been told to do by its owner, and I escaped snake-bite from a mad rattler. I cant see anything pleasant in acting with animals, but I dont mind being suspended over cliffs or rescued from almost impossible positions; in fact, I think serials are lots of fun," finished Miss Johnson, very vivaciously.

Miss Johnson's mother and her brother, Donald, aged seventeen, live with her in California. She is determined to put Donald thru college and is giving him every educational advantage even now. At present the little family is merely "existing" in an apartment, while househunting goes on merrily. There is a shortage in dwellings here, and Edith Johnson thinks she will be forced to buy, as "For Rent" signs are scarcer than oranges in the Arctic zone.

But meantime, she just "loves" housework, and when the housekeeper goes out, Edith swirls a broom happily and says it the best sort of exercise. Her greatest sorrow is that being a motion picture actress prevents her from cooking and cleaning. She loves to do the

things many other women despise, thinks dishwashing is a rare treat after cavorting about on a horse all day and just wishes she could be a housewife.

But before such dreams come true, if ever they *do,* Edith Johnson is to do some straight dramas with William Duncan, for the Vitagraph Company has promised to give the star and his lovely lady an opportunity to show their talents in an entirely different line of work when they are thru "Smashing Barriers," in stories probably written by James Oliver Curwood.

Moore o' County Meade

(*Continued from page* 23)

As it was, he said, "No, I went in a mob scene in 'Parsifal.' However, my life-long (not so long) ambition was realized—I was on the stage. Owen was with me this time. Yes, he ran away, too, the same time that I did. We earned $5 a week. But even this enormous sum failed to appease my ambition and I got a chance to play the lead with a number five road company of 'Lena Rivers,' I think it was. The people wouldn't come to see us. They had more sense than I had. But anyway, I was stranded in a small Canadian town. Were you ever stranded in a small Canadian town?"

"No, but we have been stranded in Troy, with a number five company of 'Bluebird.' It isn't any fun, is it?"

"Say, do you know, I stranded so many companies that season, that they wouldn't take me in any more, so I joined a stock company, and one day a man from the Kalem Company offered me a job to work in moving pictures. I scorned it—all 'legitimate' actors did then; but the magnificent salary of $40.50 finally tempted me and I fell. I was only earning $25 in stock. I never did know what the 50 cents was for."

"It's like our own salary," we answered. "For five years there has been a 3 tacked on the end of it and every time we get a ten-dollar raise the $3 remains just the same. The next time we shall beg for a $7 raise to make it come out even."

"Well, my first raise was $9.50. At last, my ambition was realized. I was making $50 a week."

"And did you stay in pictures then?" we asked, reckless, now that we had our story.

"Did any actor from the stage ever go in pictures and stay in them at first? No, I made frequent trips into stock, but every time I went back to the stage my salary was cut and every time I returned to the screen it was boosted, so finally I stayed."

"And now you're a star!"

"Yes, and that is the only thing about the whole affair that surprises me up to date. How did I get to be a star?" And paraphrasing, we answered, "The fault, dear Brutus, is in ourselves if we are not stars. You earned it, that's how. Or if you dont understand it, ask Sam Goldwyn. He knows!"

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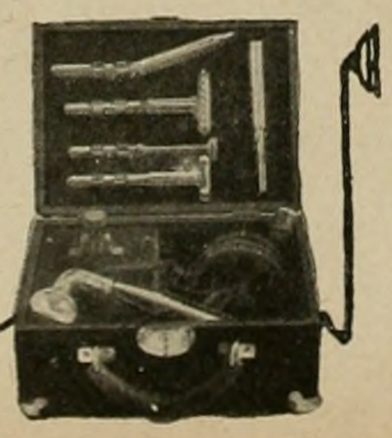

Lewis Cody, H. V.

(*Continued from page* 19)

"Oh, yes," he said, and laughing put the cigaret in its place again.

"I'm a great believer in leaving things to chance; that is, little things," he remarked. "I never have a good time when I plan on it very far ahead. I've generally found that the best way for me to enjoy myself is to start out alone feeling grumpy and dull. Pretty soon I am likely to meet some friend who feels very much the same way. 'Where are you going?' he asks. 'Nowhere,' I answer. 'Suppose we go together?' he suggests, and the result is one glad time!"

"And the big things in life?"

"Oh, chance usually takes care of them, anyhow. How many people in this room knew where they were going when they started out, do you think? Look at all the biggest names on the screen; did Chaplin think that he would be great for his comedy when all of his plans were serious ones? And Doug Fairbanks, too; wasn't it chance that showed him the thing he could do best? I believe it always happens like that: You start out to do one thing and end up by doing something entirely different."

Lew Cody, by the way, had to be argued into playing just about every good part he ever had. He did not want to get a reputation as a "heavy," which goes to show how very much there is in a name; a "heavy" could hardly hope to be a star, while a "he vamp" is a different proposition. He got the "he vamp" reputation because of his part in "For Husbands Only."

"Do I believe in marriage?" he repeated my question. "Yes, indeed I do—for other people. I think that it is a beautiful institution. But the vamp, the human butterfly type, either in man or woman, should be free, as free as possible. They simply cant rub up against the little troubles of everyday life and keep the gloss on their wings. They make perfect lovers, but impossible husbands and wives.

"For instance," he went on, "take the character I played in 'Dont Change Your Husband.' He wasn't insincere. On the contrary, he was really in love and he didn't make love to the woman in her husband's house, either. In fact, there was nothing really bad about him. He was just weak and couldn't stand up against everyday things. The very sense of irresponsibility that made him fall in love made him fall out of love again. And if, by some miracle, it were possible to make such a person sober and practical, he would probably lose all of his charm for the world."

"You think that people admire a little wickedness in their heroes?"

"I do, indeed! And in their heroines, too, so long as it isn't ugly. You know the admonition of a French mother to her child is never 'Be good,' but always 'Be pretty.' Wickedness, in the strict meaning of the word, is never pretty, so perhaps it would be more correct to say that what people want is humanity with a little dash of fun, so that they can laugh at their own faults and at the faults of others.

"That is what I hope to do with my 'vamp' stuff; I never want to lose the light, graceful tone. And that is not easy."

"Then you are working harder than you ever did?"

"N-n-o. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy; I hate dull people and I'd hate to hate myself. Anyhow—(he was more than half in earnest)—I think that a player should to some extent, at least, live the character he is playing, in order to keep in the spirit of it. So I never want to become too serious."

The Broken Melody

(*Continued from page* 70)

singing, as tho the spring of melody within her were broken——" he pointed at the door across the hall, "yonder she grieves, lad. Go to her——"

And Stuart waited no longer, but obeyed. As he stood upon her threshold the girl outflung on the couch sat up, stared, and her hands crept to her low girl breast. "It isn't you, of course," she said in a small, shaken voice. "It couldn't be you. You are in Paris, you know."

"It is I, Hedda," Stuart whispered, for he had come close to her now, and his arms were around her hungrily. "I cant paint pictures without you—I cant even live without you. There's just one thing that matters in the whole world, and that is—will you let me stay, sweetheart?"

"But your work——" she was still afraid to believe in her joy.

"We will work together, Hedda," Stuart told her, "you *are* my work—you complete me. And perhaps—some day—if I work well enough, Hedda, you shall have your jewels after all!"

Her face was lighted with a solemn light. She seemed to be looking ahead, far ahead of them—"Yes, Paddie," Hedda nodded quietly, "I think—I shall—have my jewels——"

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Your grief.

In each glancing sun-ray
On a flower awhile,
Fleeting, transient, subtle,
Your smile.

In your heart, soft-beating,
Tender as a dove,
Fluttering, prisoned in my heart,
Your love.

Idealist and Artist

(*Continued from page* 35)

In 1914, Mr. Tourneur was sent to this country as a producer for the American branch of the Eclair Company.

"Will you ever make another 'Blue Bird' or 'Prunella'? I asked, recalling those exquisite fabrics of dreams.

"I hope so—some day—I *hope* so! You know, dont you, that they were not what we call successful? Oh, I would be willing to suffer poor financial returns if such beautiful pictures would only reach the people, but they dont, for they think they do not like them.

"I left painting because it gave me more pain than enjoyment. So much beauty was lost between the brain, which conceived the idea of the picture, and the fingers which portrayed it. Just so in motion pictures, some day I will leave them because they, too, are painful. So much is lost in every picture. I find a story, I am enthusiastic. Then, there is a little lost in making the script, a little more in acting, a little in the photography, a little in my directing, and when it is all completed it is not the beautiful thing I had conceived. Human workmen can never come up to the mental pictorial perfection."

Presently he continued, "Motion pictures must move onward to the place where life seen thru an artist's mind will find expression on the screen. Suggestion must take the place of exact delineation, impressionism in place of the literal transcription, alike in motive and execution. An artist looking at a landscape does not give us an exact reproduction on his canvas, for instance, such as photography affords, but he represents it as he felt and saw it."

Suddenly wheeling around in his chair, Mr. Tourneur pointed to a picture above his desk, "This Whistler canvas does not look like nature nor is it the real thing, but it gives the impression of low tide, twilight depths, shadows cast by the old bridge across the Thames. It is as it looked to Whistler. The reality passed thru the artist's mind and he gives us the picture as it impressed him."

Earnestly, he continued. "One might look at this chair in many ways. Were I weary it would suggest a haven of rest, but were I searching for art, it would be an object of contempt. So all of life and its action can be looked at from various angles, and the picture director must be an idealist and an artist."

"The function of the film today?" I prompted, speaking softly, for the late afternoon stillness had crept into the room while we talked.

"Motion pictures must always have a theme that will make the audience laugh or cry; it may be comedy or drama, but it must never *bore!*"

Like all great idealists, Maurice Tourneur feels the magic waves of discontent that spurs the artist on to greater tasks. Following his own visions, he longs to share them with the whole world—if it will but *see!*

Food Up 85%

So statistics show at this writing, compared with pre-war cost. That's the average on common foods.

On this account, about 9 in 10 are underfed. So states a Chicago Board of Health authority.

That is, most men don't get what men must have — 3,000 calories of nutriment per day. So the facts here stated are of paramount importance.

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It is almost a complete food—nearly the ideal food. In energy units it yields 1810 calories per pound, while round steak yields 890.

Yet Quaker Oats costs one cent per big dish. A whole dish costs you no more than a bite of meat.

Saves You 88%

Foods are compared by calories, the energy measure of food value. A man must have at least 3,000 calories per day, a boy at least 2,000.

At this writing, some necessary foods cost as follows on this basis:

Cost Per 1000 Calories	
Quaker Oats	5½c
Average Meats	45c
Eggs about	70c
Average Fish	50c
Vegetables	11c to 75c

So Quaker Oats, per 1,000 calories, costs you 88 per cent less than meats, eggs and fish on the average.

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Betty Blythe: The Peacock Princess

(*Continued from page* 21)

friends. Well, the minute the director saw me, he asked what I could do. Knowing that my very meals depended on my answer, I replied, airily, 'Oh, anything!' just as if I knew all about acting before the camera, and because he needed my type he put me to work right away with Harry Morey in 'His Own People.' Isn't it funny how things work out? Here I had lived in Los Angeles, the very heart of motion pictures, but had scorned them as a career."

After playing with Harry Morey in a number of pictures, and also with Earle Williams, she did a couple of O. Henry stories, then went with Guy Empey where as Madame Arnot, in "Over the Top," she did such excellent work that she attracted the attention of all lovers of the screen.

"It was a great rôle," Miss Blythe declared, enthusiastically, "I felt I had created something really worth while. To me, Madame Arnot was symbolical of the women of France during the war, of their nobility in suffering and sacrificing everything for their beloved cause. I also made 'The Undercurrent,' with Mr. Empey.

"The greatest thrill of my life came one morning when the New York *Telegraph* had a full page picture of me. There it was staring up from every newsstand and street corner. Can you imagine what that meant to me after all my disappointments?

"Now that they are over, I'm glad to have had them. We gain very little except thru struggle. All history teaches that every step of advancement is the result of turmoil. I often wonder what upheaval accounted for Schubert's glorious melodies."

Betty Blythe had some serious ambitions for her future on the screen. Possessing a striking beauty and being able to wear her clothes to splendid advantage has caused her to be cast in many society rôles. Not caring for this type in real life she finds it hard to visualize her on the screen and hopes to have the opportunity of portraying the real woman, the one who stands for the best in all womanly qualities.

"Careers are all very well," I remarked, glancing at the various masculine photographs adorning Betty's boudoir, "but suppose love should come."

"I *want* it to come!" came the quick response. "I've reached the point where I long for a home and a more unselfish life," and a new warmth crept into the large, dark eyes as they lingered on one picture.

Betty laughed. "Let's go and have an ice cream soda!" she said.

THORNLESS ROSE.—What did you do with the thorns? Thanks for your good advice about not marrying so the girl will get all my money. I'll take good care of that. You're right about Pearl White. If we cant make money honestly, let's make it as honestly as we can.

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30c at your druggist's. Contains no opiate. Good for young and old

PISO'S
for Coughs & Colds

The Silken Gloria

(*Continued from page* 17)

up against the subject of marriage and divorce, those Gold Dust twins of discussion.

Miss Swanson believes thoroly in marriage. Indeed, we strongly suspect she is about to try the problem personally.

"One of the biggest fallacies of marriage," philosophized Miss Swanson, "is the idea that a couple should be of opposite temperaments. In reality, they must have similar interests, desires and hopes.

"Each must give and take.

"There must be a basis of companionship when the glamor begins to wear thin.

"Each must allow the other plenty of leeway.

"Those are my ideas today. Of course, I revise my ideas daily. Indeed, I might have entirely different ones if you interviewed me tomorrow. You never can tell about me," admitted Miss Swanson.

All of which goes to prove that she is typically feminine above all else—feminine from the tips of her dainty slippers to the glistening hat setting at just the proper angle of effectiveness. Woman is woman—and Gloria is Gloria.

MINSTREL'S LAY

By Walter E. Mair

Sing me a song of the high road,
  And the best road to go,
From the town with its empty laughter
  To the land that I used to know;
To the land full of sun, where the meadow-lark's call
  Like to silver-sweet rain on my heart used to fall.

Sing me a song of the far road,
  And the road fair to see,
From the place of unending striving
  To the haunts of the droning bee;
To the vale where the autumn gold gleams in the sun.
  And the twilight brings peace when the day's work is done.

Sing me a song of the old road,
  And the one road I know,
Where every traveler's a comrade,
  And the goal of his path is the glow
Of home-keeping hearts that are waiting to give
  Their love to his longing, to help him to live!

Aye, sing me a song of the high road,
  And the best road to go.

HIS HERO

By Minna Irving

Our Buddy-boy is ten years old,
  His hero used to be
A private with a big black flag
  Who sailed the stormy sea,
And made his captives walk the plank,
  And scuttled ships, I trow,
But Buddy's changed ideals—it
  Is Charlie Chaplin now.

He thought a bold bad bandit's life
  Was something very fine;
I took him to a movie show—
  This little chap of mine.
With smudges on his tiny lip,
  A derby o'er his brow,
He imitates his hero—it
  Is Charlie Chaplin now.

Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison of New York, one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really *can* and simply *haven't found it out?* Well, come to think of it, 'most anybody can *tell* a story. Why can't 'most anybody *write* a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellowmen below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality to-day.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are the Writers of To-morrow.

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. *Don't you believe the creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as he did the greatest writer?* Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet if, by some lucky chance, they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the Imagination free rein they might have astonished the world!

But two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. The greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they *really learn to write* from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you'd be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't *I* learn to write? *Who says you can't?*

Listen! A wonderful *free* book has recently been written on this very subject—a book that tells all about a Startling New Easy Method of Writing Stories and Photoplays. This amazing book, called *"The Wonder Book for Writers,"* shows how easily stories and plays are conceived, written perfected, sold. How many who don't *dream* they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement that their simplest ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own Imagination may provide an endless gold-mine of Ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you *are* a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. How to *win!*

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Whether for an advanced pupil or a beginner, my method is a revolutionary improvement over the old methods used by private teachers. The lessons I send you explain every point and show every step in simple Print-and-Picture form that you can't go wrong on—every step is made as clear as A B C.

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To prove what I say, you can take any course on trial—singing or any instrument you prefer—and judge entirely by your own progress. If for any reason you are not satisfied with the course or with what you learn from it, then it won't cost you a single penny. I guarantee satisfaction. On the other hand, if you are pleased with the course, the total cost amounts to only a few cents a lesson, with your music and everything also 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 me send you my free book that tells you all about my methods? I know you will find this 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 I am 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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Understudying Mary

(*Continued from page* 38)

girls would 'go mad' over. I also recognized the great opportunity it offered to further my knowledge of the dramatic art and it was with the happiest little thrill, that I signed my name to the contract.

"That little thrill of happiness," states Miss Du Pre, "has constantly grown in intensity because the work with Miss Pickford has been glorious. I have learnt more about the ways of children from Miss Pickford, in watching her portray them and in emulating her portrayals, than I ever could have learnt in a lifetime from watching real children in real life."

Speaking of her remarkable similarity to Miss Pickford, Miss Du Pre said: "Our resemblance is almost uncanny. Not only in general outward appearance but in most every detail of form and figure. One day Miss Pickford and I stood before a mirror and made minute comparisons. We compared our height, the length and shape of our arms, legs and feet, and all of our measurements are identical. There is a difference in certain small lines and in certain lights, but they are of little moment and I guess that I am, as I have been so often told, Miss Pickford's 'double' in real life as well as professionally."

Even without make-up and the characteristic curls, Miss Du Pre's resemblance is remarkable and when made up and dressed as Miss Pickford, the illusion is astounding. So much so, in fact, that on the first day that the cast was called for a dress rehearsal of "Pollyanna" and before Miss Du Pre had been officially introduced to all of Miss Pickford's company, a lady appeared on the "set" and placing her arms about Miss Du Pre's shoulders, started to discuss a private Pickford matter. When Miss Du Pre halted the speaker and referred her to the *real* Miss Pickford, the lady stepped back confused and wild-eyed, and then stammered in her amazement. "Why!" she gasped, "Mary and I are cousins, I have lived with her constantly for the past ten years—and I thought you were she." Then the speaker, Miss Benson, rubbed her eyes and just stared—first at Miss Du Pre and then at Miss Pickford, who sat a few feet away laughing at her cousin's confusion.

With "two" Mary Pickfords at the studio, things began to happen even before the production of "Pollyanna" was actually started. The first incident occurred on the very first day of her engagement and it reminded Miss Du Pre of the story of "The Prince and the Pauper."

She had been called to the pretty little bungalow, that Miss Pickford uses as a dressing-room, for the purpose of trying on Miss Pickford's clothes and there with the shades drawn, she arrayed herself in the wardrobe of the star, as Miss Pickford, disrobing in the bathroom, handed each garment thru the partly opened door.

When fully dressed, even to stockings

and shoes, the shades were lifted and star and understudy stood marveling at the perfect fit.

At that moment, Paul Powell, Miss Pickford's director, passed by the bungalow and seeing thru the open window what he supposed to be the person of his star, he stopped and called in—"Good morning, Miss Pickford"—The startled look of amazement that spread over the director's face, as his greeting was answered—from the depths of the bathroom—and not from the person before him, was a comical but eloquent compliment to Miss Pickford's selection of an understudy.

Then the thought came to Miss Du Pre, that here in real life was the theme of "The Prince and the Pauper," staged in a bungalow instead of a palace, but just as alluring in its fanciful possibilities. Dressed in these "magic" clothes and standing in the lucky shoes of the great star, she seemed enchanted and in imagination she conjured the adventure that would befall them, if she retained the wardrobe and assumed the identity of the famous star, and Miss Pickford went off into the world carrying the raiment and the name of her newly acquired understudy.

After this incidents of mistaken identity followed thick and fast. Each day had its complement of humorous situations. Visitors to the studio approached Miss Du Pre with expressions of pleasure at the supposed honor of meeting "the star"—and on "locations" in and about Los Angeles, where the exterior scenes were made, spectators bowed and spoke to her, fully confident that they were addressing Miss Pickford.

Out in the little town of Norwalk, California, where several scenes were made, Miss Du Pre arrived in her car considerably ahead of Miss Pickford—and as she waited, a crowd of several hundred children gathered and stood wide-eyed—as they nudged each other and whispered—"That's Mary Pickford." Then several of them got together, held a whispered conference and scampered off. Soon they returned carrying an old and badly soiled candy box containing some candy, purchased by their contribution of several cents, and this they presented to Miss Du Pre with the statement: "Please take this, Miss Pickford, because we like you."

The incident was "so cute" and "so pathetically sincere," said Miss Du Pre, that she refrained from disillusioning the children and was greatly relieved when they went off to school before the arrival of Miss Pickford.

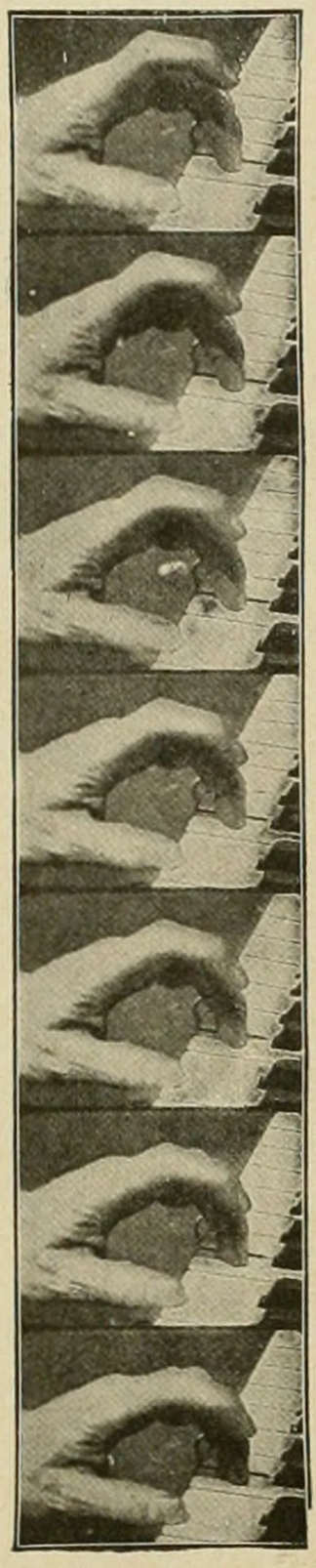
Even the old station master at the Santa Fé Depot at South Pasadena came in for his share of wonderment. This venerable railroader, who has studied the faces of hosts of travelers, was nonplussed. A scene was made on the station platform and while waiting for things to be made ready, Miss Pickford and her understudy perched themselves on a big shipping case and sat there in animated conversation.

(*Continued on page* 93)

You Can't Teach Piano by Correspondence, Dr. Quinn

Many people told me this, when I first started OVER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

But now, after more than a quarter century of steady growth, and with my successful graduates scattered all over the world, this "old-fogy" prejudice against learning by mail has nearly vanished.

I now have far more students than were ever before taught by one man. There isn't a State in the Union that doesn't contain a score or more skilled players of piano or organ who obtained their *entire* training from me. They learned *in quarter the usual time and at quarter the usual cost.* I will gladly refer you to any number who will soon convince you of the excellent results they gained from my instruction. My free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ," will interest and inform you. But don't send for it if you're afraid of being convinced.

My way of teaching piano or organ is *entirely different* from all others. Out of every four hours of study, one hour is spent *entirely away from the keyboard*—learning something about Harmony and The Laws of Music. This is an awful shock to most teachers of the "old school," who still think that learning piano is solely a problem of finger gymnastics. When you *do* go to the keyboard, you accomplish *twice as much,* because you *understand what you are doing.* Within four lessons I enable you to play an interesting piece not only in the original key, but in all other keys as well.

I make use of every possible scientific help—many of which are *entirely unknown* to the average teacher. My patented invention, the COLOROTONE, sweeps away playing difficulties that have troubled students for generations. By its use, Transposition—usually a "night-mare" to students—becomes easy and fascinating. With my fifth lesson I introduce another important and exclusive invention, QUINN-DEX. Quinn-Dex is a simple hand-operated moving picture device, which enables you to see, right before your eyes, every movement of my hands at the keyboard. *You actually see the fingers move.* Instead of having to reproduce your teacher's finger movements from MEMORY—which cannot be always accurate—you have the correct models before you during every minute of practice. The COLOROTONE and QUINN-DEX save you months and years of wasted effort. They can

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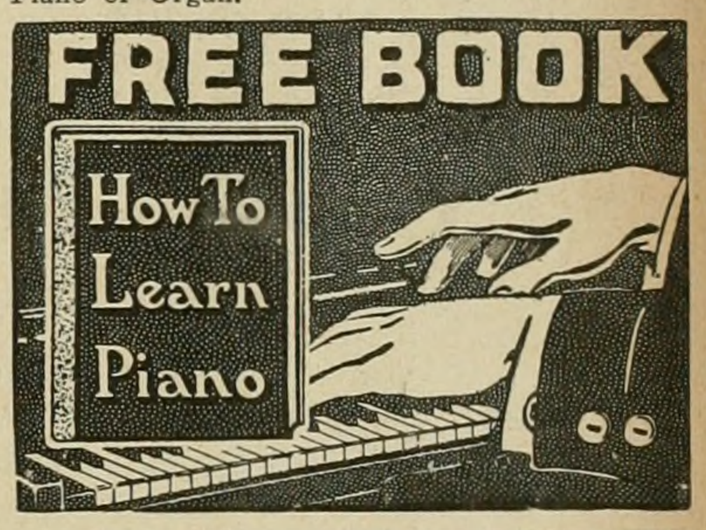

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She Loves and Lies

(*Continued from page* 33)

"Married!" Bob was plainly hurt. "My Gawd, Marie, how'd it happen? You know I always sort of meant to marry you myself. Who's the lucky stiff that came under the wire ahead? Is it Ted O'Keefe, that used to do the song-and-dance with you, or Rufus?"

Marie saw that she had said considerably more than enough. She changed the subject to vaudeville again, and Bob, knowing that matrimony is a dangerous and sore subject with most of its victims, considerately did not follow it up. But he did not forget. And when, the very next afternoon, he pushed open the door of Polly's studio and therein beheld Marie and a handsome young fellow in close juxtaposition before an easel upon which stood a painting which in nowise seemed to justify their interest, and when, moreover, he saw Marie lean forward and just brush the hair of the handsome young fellow with a kiss, and when, lastly and likewise, he had seen the young fellow turn ardently and seize her hand and draw her down to him, he leaped to a naïve conclusion.

"Give us a knockdown to your hubby, Marie!" he demanded, jovially, and then, to the purpling Ernest, "I'd ought to be sore at you, Bo, but take it from me, you've picked a peach! When Marie told me yesterday that she was married, believe me, it give lil' ol' John W. Me a jolt right where he lived, but I——"

Then he paused, for the first time realizing the chill and rarefied atmosphere of silence that surrounded him. Marie's face was scarlet, Ernest's very white. Bob was not subtle, but something seemed to whisper to him that he had blundered.

He took his exit as gracefully as possible, leaving two who regarded one another coldly. "And so," said Ernest, rather tremendously, "and so you, a married woman, have allowed another man to make love to you!"

Marie blazed forth at this. "And you," she asked, "had you the right to make love to *me?* Why, for all that I know, you may be married, too!"

He wilted like a punctured balloon, all his rage oozing from him. He stammered piteously, but she was merciless. Writhing, he confessed. "I've been a brute—a cad! Why did I ever come to this accursed part of town, where people wear loose clothes and loose morals? And she's so sweet—so good——"

Marie thrust her vivid young face close, daring him. The fragrance of her was warm in his nostrils, the golden gleams dazzled his eyes. "Tell me," she whispered, "is she young—and pretty? Look at me, Ernest—and tell me."

He wrenched his gaze from her effortfully. "She is good—and I—I love her!" he said doggedly, and got to his feet, defying her, tho unconsciously his arms went out hungrily to the youth of her, the splendid, quick young loveliness. "I'm going back to my wife—I shall never see you again! Good-by!"

But still she had no mercy. "Tell me—before you go," she dared him, "tell me that you never want to see me again."

He tried to say the words, but his dry lips refused to shape them. In his gaze was confession, but he was still man enough to go, and the door closed behind the tragic young figure. Marie laughed shakily. The sound stumbled over a sob. "He's splendid and I'm a wicked woman." She sprang across to Polly's clothes-press, disguised meagerly with cubist cretonne, and rummaged. Among the bedraggled smocks, the smeary batik, the wool-embroidered, the stenciled, she found one comparatively new white one, dragged it down and began to tear at the fastenings of her own.

"I've got to look pretty—enough to *make* him forgive me," she sobbed, as she worked. "Oh, I'm afraid—afraid!"

To Ernest Lismore, sitting dully in his study, staring at broken pictures in the mocking flames, came the sound of little, light feet that he had learnt to know. He looked up guiltily as his old little wife came into the room and stood by his chair, patting his rough, dark head gently. "Boy," she said, "boy, I've been thinking, wondering. Perhaps it's time for me to free you, Ernie. I've thought that you looked troubled lately. Tell me, boy, are you in love? Remember I'm your grandmother and tell me all about her."

"Oh, you're wonderful!" choked Ernest, and caught at the kind little hand. "You know everything! I didn't mean to, honest! It just happened—she's little, like you, and she has hair like a dark spring night trimmed with stars!"

And he went on in breathless, stumbling words, in flaming young phrases, foolish young similes, to tell of his love for the paint-smeared little artist he had met in the Dawn galleries. When, a long time after he had begun speaking, he stopped abruptly, there was a space of silence. "I—suppose you can never—forgive me," Ernest faltered.

"Forgive you!" a voice echoed in his ear, throbbing, beating like a heart.

Amazed, he looked down at the little white-clad figure that had slipped to the floor at his feet, and suddenly he cried out, unbelievingly, "You! Not—you? Was it—you, all the time?" for she had lifted the piled grey hair with a revealing gesture and flung it from her own.

"It was I—all the time," Marie answered, and suddenly her look quickened to that of some prophetess. "Ernest, it wasn't all acting. When a woman loves a man, she loves him because he's her hero, and because he's her protector, and because he's her lover—and, most of all, because he's really her little boy, Ernie. Still"—her lips grew mischievous—"still, sir, if you're dissatisfied with your wife, of course I'll stick to my agreement——"

"My wife!" said Ernest Lismore, and he said it like a prayer. "My wife," and this time it was like a poem. "My *wife!*" and he stooped to sweep her up in his strong, hungry arms.

AN APOLOGY AND AN EXPLANATION

On October 1st, 1919, practically all of the printers and typesetters in and around New York went out on strike, including those who print this magazine. Without going into the merits of the controversy between the employers and the employees, we will simply say that we had no voice in the matter one way or the other. Several labor unions had differences among themselves, and these differences caused the Publishers' Association to refuse to comply with the demands of certain labor unions. We do not belong to the Publishers' Association. That body conducted all the negotiations. When the printers and compositors walked out, it was not in our power to make them walk back, even if we had been willing to give them everything they asked. Had we terms with one union, another union would have refused to handle our paper, and another union would have refused to make the plates which are necessary for us to have. In other words, our hands were tied. We were helpless. Some publications were fortunate enough to have some of their printing done for them in distant cities, some had it done by some other process (such as typewriting photographed) and some could not have their work done at all. The strike did not end until the latter part of November, having lasted nearly two months.

During this time we did everything possible to supply our readers with this, their favorite magazine, on time and in good condition, but such was not possible. We left no stone unturned and were willing to go to any expense, but in spite of every effort, we were unable to meet the schedule, hence we were late. Furthermore, the magazine that you received was not the one we intended to give you. When the strike came on, this magazine was partly made up and partly printed, but we were unable to move either the type or the parts that had been printed. We managed to get out a MAGAZINE, but it was not the kind of magazine we wanted, it was the best we could. We could not even print an explanation and an apology, hence this one. We hoped, and still believe, that all of our esteemed readers, even those in distant parts, had heard of the great tie-up strike and that they would patiently wait. Some of our contemporaries took advantage of our extremities by issuing extra large editions on an advanced date, hoping thereby to secure some of our readers, instead of extending us the brotherly hand and saying, "Is there anything we can do for you in your distress?" We hope that they have largely profited by their business sagacity, but we believe that we have not lost a single reader. Once a reader always a reader.

We are now fully recovered from the disaster and from now on our readers may expect the finest magazine possible. We have done this for ten years and we can do it now. WATCH US.

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Forty per cent of Americans, it is estimated, die before their time, of PREVENTABLE diseases. Nobody knows how many men and women break down in early and middle life and live out years of miserable uselessness in the scrap-heaps of wornout humanity.

Put Your Human Machine in Order

Dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, constipation, nervousness, and a host of other ailments are simply signs that your internal machinery is not running right—that REPAIRS ARE NEEDED—fresh blood, new and vigorous body and brain tissues. It isn't the discomforts you suffer from such chronic ailments that is important: it's the serious internal condition that they indicate. Heed those warnings of Nature. **Make the needed repairs before it is too late.** You never will be well and strong and capable until you do. You will get worse—each day—until the final collapse or breakdown comes. That is the Law of Nature. There's no dodging or getting away from the penalty she exacts when her warnings are not considered.

Make Yourself Fit

You can do it, if you will only make up your mind to get out of the way of putting the matter off "until tomorrow" and begin at once to Build Up yourself. Nature has implanted in every human organism a wonderful revivifying, revitalizing force, which she will exert to the utmost when you learn her methods and observe her laws. Patent medicines won't put you right. Druggist's dope won't do you any good. Pills and powders may give you a little temporary relief and stimulation, but they won't eradicate the CAUSE of your troubles, and when the inevitable reaction comes you will be even worse off than before.

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I have spent my life studying Nature's methods of building up and revitalizing wornout, broken-down humanity. Her laws are fixed, immutable, absolute, operating for every individual alike. I KNOW what they can and will do for YOU, through my own experience and that of thousands of my pupils, who came to me weak, ailing, discouraged, and are now strong, well, able, ambitious men and women. It makes no difference what your present condition is; it makes no difference whether or not it was caused by your own early indiscretions or excesses. Let me show you the straight, sure path back to health and strength and happiness. It's Nature's way, and there's no more doubt about the operations of Nature in the human frame than there is of the daily rising and setting of the sun. I GUARANTEE to improve your condition 100 per cent, if you will only WILL to build yourself up and follow my methods for a few months.

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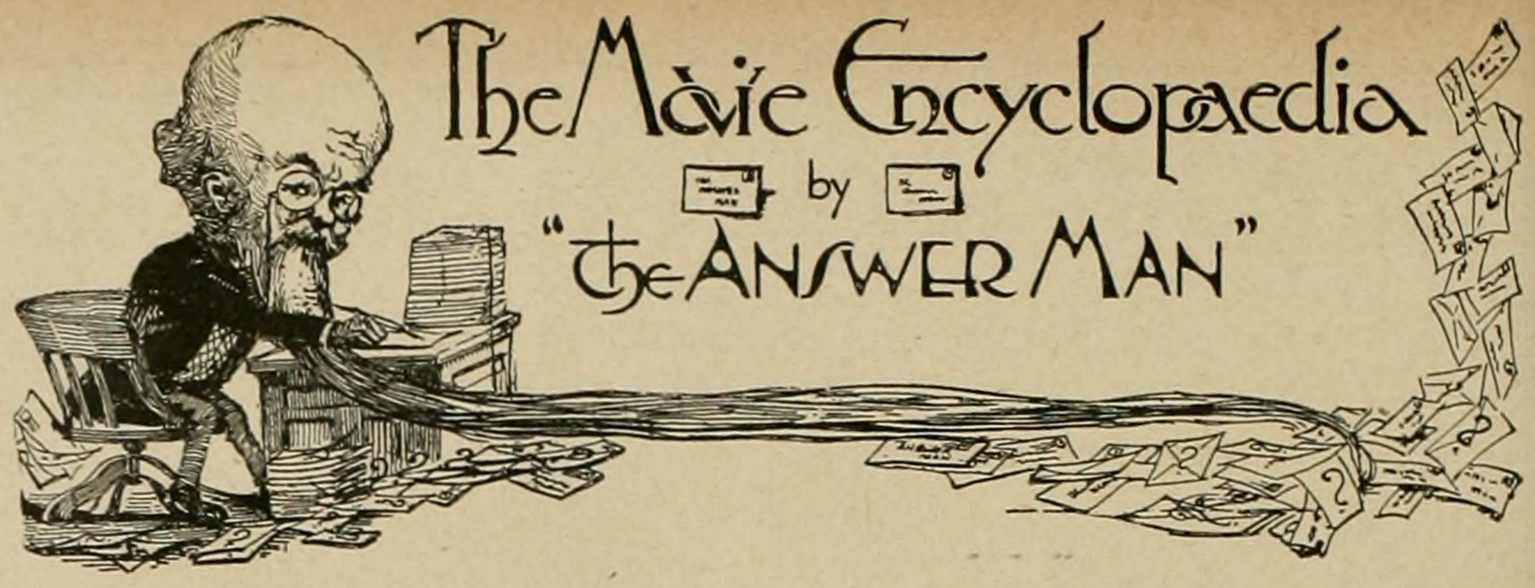

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of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

OPAL B.—A little late, but better late than never. Those striking printers certainly did play havoc with our schedule. Never mind, we expect to be out on time with the next issue. Be patient. I haven't the boy's name in "The Delicious Little Devil."

TALMADGE FAN.—My thanks, you flatter me. My wit might be more appealing but that Shakespeare, Butler and Bacon have rendered it extremely difficult for all who come after them to be sublime, witty or profound. However, I'll do my best. Write to our Sales Department, and not to me, please, about all matters concerning back copies, subscriptions, etc.

FROM MT. PLEASANT.—Oh, how do you do! Yes, I have just had a birthday, but I hope to advise you during 1920—never too old to be an Answer Man. I rarely look back, but always keep looking ahead. Some people spend their lives in reasoning on the past, in complaining of the present, and in trembling for the future. Ruth Roland in "Hands Up," and Jean Sothern in "The Mysteries of Mira."

C. RAY.—*Fiat lux* means "Let there be light." Mae Murray is playing in "The A B C of Love," released thru Pathé. Corinne Griffith is playing in "The Tower of Jewels." Why, I very seldom get down to Vitagraph. Ah ha, so you like little Marguerite de la Motte, and think she is a "pippin." I think so too, but I confess I dont know what a pippin is. So you like the MAGAZINE better than the CLASSIC.

DIXIE DEE.—Sure I have whiskers like a Turkish pasha, but I never wear a muffler in the winter time, nor do I carry a muff, nor do I ice-skate to and from the office. Dorothy Gish in "Betty of Greystone" opposite Owen Moore. You say you know something about the markets and the way of the dollar, but all I know about women is that they are good to have. And you come along and say that Wallace Reid is the handsomest man in the world. Have you seen them all? Come in again and see me.

COMING AUTHOR.—Well now, come right along. There's room for one more. You say you have written a scenario and ask how much it is worth. That's not the question. It is, How much will it bring? Take what you can get and be thankful. Write for a list of the manufacturers.

MIMI B.—Well, there is one thing that people bring to the table, and cut, but do not eat, and which should never be brought to the table at all—a pack of cards. Card-playing is a terrible waste of time and brings no benefits. Marjorie Wilson played in "Mountain Dew" and William Elliott in "When We Were Twenty-one." And now Lillian Walker will play in "$1,000,000 Reward," a serial, produced by Grossman Pictures, Inc., Ithaca.

MINNIE F. L., AUBURN.—Oh, you have Auburn hair? I am always glad to hear from architects. I am one myself. I am the architect of my own fortune, but I confess that I have made a bad job of it so far. But what can one do on nine dollars a week? I went into this business nine years ago without a cent in my pocket and I've got it yet. Oh, how could I forget you, Minnie!

G. E. W.—Why, turning a woman's head is as easy as missing a train if you know how. Is Conway Tearle married? Witness prefers not to answer on the ground that he is not sure about it this minute. Mississippi was the first, Virginia second, Kentucky third, South Carolina fourth to ratify the amendment for prohibition. Even Kentucky!

PEGGY ADAIR.—I thank you, fair lady, for the cigars, but with all due respect and gratitude, I must inform you that I knew they were purchased by a woman. You say they had Connecticut wrappers? I believe you; they tasted like some kind of rags. An artist tells me that old wrappers make excellent rags. No, Mrs. Adolph Zukor is not a player. She's a producer's wife. Write to me again.

M. T.—Of course I eat fish. If I have plenty of mackerel for breakfast, I can usually make the other two meals out of cold water. Virginia Brown, one of the winners in the Fame and Fortune Contest, has changed her name to Virginia Faire, and has signed a five years' contract with Universal, involving some $85,000. Pretty good start, eh? Antonio Moreno in his new serial, "Smashing Barriers."

LILY B.—My dear, no human creature gives his admiration for nothing; either the eye must be charmed, or the understanding gratified. And that is the way of the world. Yes, Elmo Lincoln in "Tarzan." Why, haven't you heard of a varnish tree? There is the black varnish tree and the Japan varnish tree.

MISS MANDA.—You question my statement that I am a self-made man, because if I had made myself I would have put more hair on my head. Well, I put it on my chin instead. Be off with you. Alice Brady's latest picture is "The Fear Market," which was produced a couple of years ago on Broadway.

HELEN.—Yes, Alice Joyce was in New Orleans taking "The Sporting Duchess." Ben Wilson and Neva Gerber are producing a second serial, "The Screaming Shadow." Somebody must like these serials. Of course I lie down to sleep, do you think I am a horse? Speaking of horses, they show their anger by retracting their ears. Did you notice mine retract?

GEORGE L.—If you want your letters answered in the CLASSIC, please be sure to put "CLASSIC" at the top of your letter. Dolores Cassinelli is playing in "The Web of Deceit." Herbert Rawlinson is starring in 8 two-reel detective features. J. Warren Kerrigan in "The Lord Loves the Irish," and I guess He does, or He wouldn't have made so many of them. So you want to see Anna Little on the cover and an interview with Clara Williams.

MARJORIE M.—Chickens, no, no, the incubator was known to China and Egypt first—in the very early period. The smallest British possession is Gibraltar, and the largest is Canada. You know there must be a beginning. Dont know why you are afraid to write to me. I wont hurt you. The more the merrier. Yes, Frankie Lee is a bright child. Billie Burke did not play in her stage play on Christmas Day. She spent the day with Patricia.

(*Continued on page* 96)

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Contributors

Frank Lloyd, Jeanie MacPherson, Clarence Badger, Al E. Christie, George Beban, Hugh McClung, Jasper Ewing Brady, Denison Clift, Kate Corbaley, Eric Howard, Adeline Alvord, Rob Wagner.

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On With the Dance

(*Continued from page* 55)

staling on him, opened a dancing palace and sent the masked dancer off to a sensational success.

Sonia loved it, especially at first. She feasted upon the adulation, personal, press and otherwise. She rioted in furs and jewels and the things she had hungered for since she had danced, half-naked, on her native steppes. It was all rich food to a part of her long lean with deprivation.

Other things, of course, were more involved. Van Vechtan, incidentally, acquired two deep lines on his brow where lines had not been before. Peter grew more silent and more morose, retired more than ever to himself. He was out a great deal of the time with Joan, doing settlement work and reading things Sonia did not nor would not understand. When he was at home he was utterly abstracted, felt utterly stifled. Joan was the air he needed to breathe in order to live. Sonia and her heavy atmospheres stifled him. He grew to know how bitterly a man sins against himself when he does not play true with himself, with the greatest urge within him.

Under a surface all roses and smiles and discreetness and silences and abstractions, something ugly and sinister rankled and grew apace. Peter became insistent as to the source of Sonia's plutocratic apparel. He knew it did not come from him, even tho his income from the terminal plans had become a solid one. He knew that Van Vechtan was simply making her the simple allowance he had given her when she first came to her father and to him, adequate only for her studies and simple attire. Because he honestly did not very much care in any essential sense he did not press the matter for a while. Van Vechtan did, and Sonia, curled up on a couch, told him all about it. "It's gorgeous fun," she said, in conclusion.

Van Vechtan sighed. The sigh came from his traditions and his dreams, never quite the same, always a bit disturbed since this girl had come over the waters, bringing with her new flavors, a hint of new desires.

"You are a mystery as you are, Sonia," he told her. "Why try to exploit it all—for the mob? Reserve is the last of the arts, and the finest. Why not live more for Peter, more for the things you can take with you into the softer years? The adulation of the mob—they are a wolf-pack, snarling for fresh meat. They will reject you and cast you out. They will forget you."

"I will reject them and cast them out, too," Sonia said; "they are a toy to me, also. I will forget them. Anyway, what does tomorrow matter? Or yesterday? It is the present that matters. It is today. Death and forgetfulness make mockeries of past and future."

"You are imbibing," sighed Van Vechtan, "the tin-pan philosophy of Jimmie

utherland. I suppose you've got to earn. What a weary cycle it all is!"

Of course, sensationalism stepped in nd smashed the whole rotting structure o the mud, from which, only with great ain and labor, anything whole and adeuate was made again.

Peter came home one night, straight rom Joan, to find Sonia dancing an bandoned sort of a thing for Jimmie utherland. All the satyr in Sutherland vas on the surface. It was repellent. eter created a scene, justifiably enough, nd only Sonia's really desperate pleadng saved the studio from being the scene of God knows what horror.

After it was over, Sonia packed her ags and departed. "I dont know what t's all about," she said, "but I know that cant stand it, any of it. You've never oved me, Peter. I think some of the ause is in that."

A week later Peter followed her to the dancing palace, and so did Jimmie Sutherland's discarded Fay Desmond. The papers had the whole thing in detail the next morning. Fay Desmond tore the mask from the masked dancer, denouncing her, Sutherland leaped to the rescue and then, clean as a lance, past the lot of them, a slender man, white and murderous, cleaved thru the crowd—and Jimmie Sutherland lay under a smoking gun held by Peter Derwynt.

It was an equally sensational trial. The component parts were splendid as copy—the famous masked dancer; Schuyler Van Vechtan, unapproachable in the assault of all approaches; Peter, an odd murderer in his remote and white asceticism; the desperate-looking Fay Desmond, with the odd air about her of petrified vitality, almost as tho frozen; the name of the wealthy Jimmie Sutherland, whom wealth had turned, it seemed, from a ruddy, honest pork-packer into a satyr, horridly stalking.

The trial reached its climax when Sonia, slender and vastly different, all in black and utterly composed, took the stand. She told the jury, very simply, without any sort of affectation or apology or ostentation, that she had been Jimmie Sutherland's mistress because she craved the luxuries of life and her husband could not give them to her. "He found it out," she said, in conclusion, "so he killed him."

Peter was acquitted. He had done, of course, the justifiable thing. He had merely killed the thing rotting the decent foundation of his home. One could do no more, it seemed; no less.

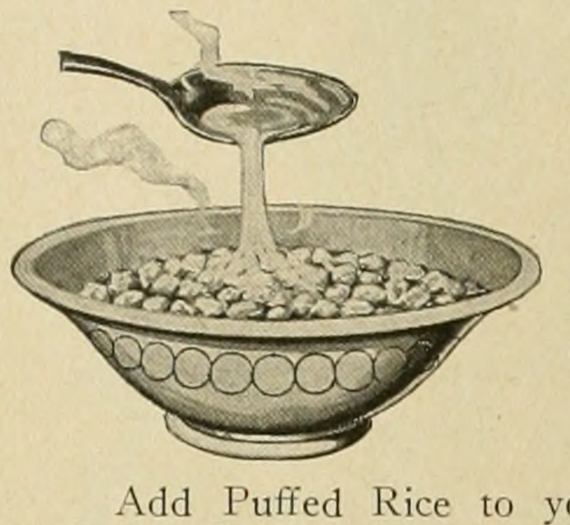
He went to Sonia and thanked her—for telling the truth.

"Naturally," Sonia said to him, her small hand, a frozen thing, stiff in his formal touch, "naturally, Peter, I would —tell the truth. I've always done that—at least."

"It was a hard truth to tell," Peter said, "but it was big, Sonia. You might have done much less."

Surprises

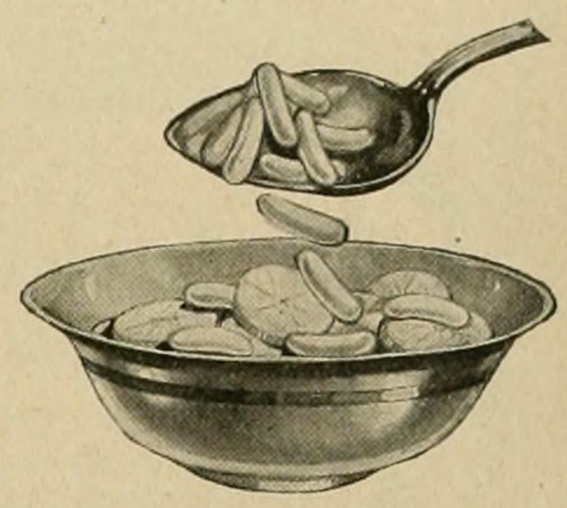
You Can Serve With Bubble Grains



Some morning serve Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs in this way:

After crisping, douse with melted butter. Then add your cream and sugar.

It will taste like a dish of confections. And men enjoy it just as much as children.



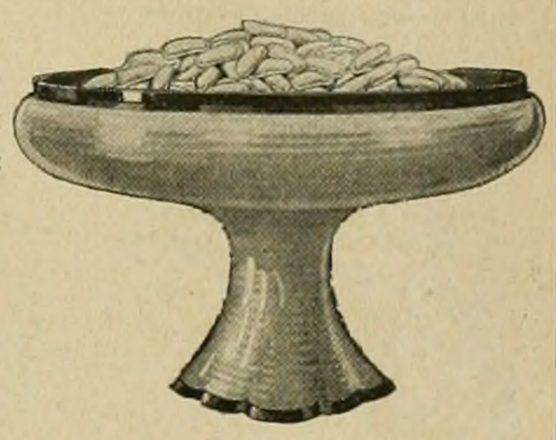
Add Puffed Rice to your fruit dish—any fruit. Fruit tastes best with some flimsy crust. That's why we have pies, tarts and short-cakes.

These fragile, nut-like bubbles add that crust. After a test you will never omit them.

For supper, float Puffed Wheat in milk. These are whole-wheat bubbles toasted. They are four times as porous as bread.

Children need whole wheat. They need the minerals in the outer coats. Served in this way they will revel in it.

After school surprise the children with these tidbits:



Douse Corn Puffs or Puffed Rice with melted butter. Let them eat like popcorn. Children can eat these grain dainties to their hearts' content—they so easily digest.

Scatter Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs like nut-meats on ice cream. A famous restaurant in Chicago first suggested this.

Puffed Rice is also used like nut-meats in home candy making—to make the candy porous, light and nutty.

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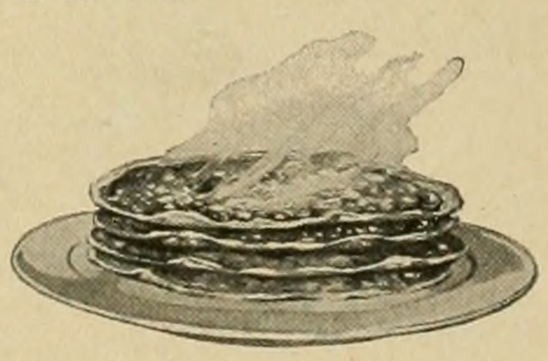

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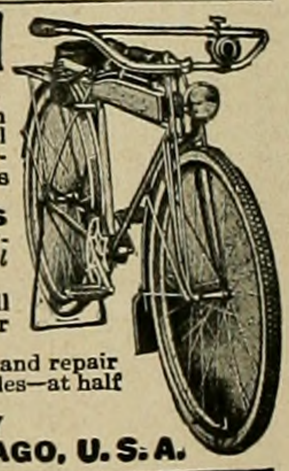

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"I agree with you there," she said. Peter felt, curiously, that she was flame grown ice. It was somehow tragic. It made of Sonia something he had not suspected. Vaguely he felt uncomfortable. He knew that he was in the face of unshrouded pain.

Later he went away with Joan to await the time when the peace they had all but lost could come to them, too wise now to let it evade them, however and whatever the price they might have to give.

Sonia left the courtroom alone. She walked. She walked a long way, toward the river. She remembered hearing that a lot of "crazy foreigners" went that way when the things of life became too much for them. She laughed aloud, but not bitterly. She was too tired for bitterness, too tired for anything save relief that she was alone and that there remained so simple a solution as slipping her dreary body into enveloping waters, lapping ever so gently against the green docks. Of course, it was very cold, she supposed, and very dirty. But then so was she cold, terribly cold and dirty, too, she thought, all stained and scarred . . .

She had only wanted to live, too. There had been no evil intent in her heart, not any more than there had been when she had wanted, so vividly, to dance, back in her native village. And she *had* danced. She had danced here, too. She had danced her soul into flames and her body into the river. It was all very odd. Very inexplicable. Things one could not understand invariably hurt one. It was a blunting, blowing sense. One groped, sly, too, who had so greatly loved the dear ozone, the winged ether, the altitudes where one could see far horizons with an untrammeled vision.

All at once something took hold of her. Something warm. A human hand. She had never expected to feel warm again. Some one drew her very close and, as if knowing her to be cold despite her own furs, enveloped her in a great coat he was wearing himself. It was Van Vechtan.

"My child," he was murmuring, ever so tenderly, "my child . . . my child . . ."

Sonia found herself crying against him, against the beating of his heart, his true heart. He had, it seemed to her, walked suddenly from out of the twilight and was standing, fully, in the sun.

"Come home, my love," he said.

The maid helped him and he made her comfortable. He eased her tired body and her tired soul and quelled the sorry fluttering of her heart. He bade her know that love might be a torch held high against the heavens, unquenchable, eternal. He took her in his arms and rocked her to and fro. He taught her a new lesson, a new faith. Once, half wakeful, she whispered to him, "Of course, I lied . . . to Peter . . . about Jimmie . . ."

"Of course," he whispered back.

Still later she crept closer to him. Her lips, white petals now, moved, tonelessly. He bent closer to catch what she said.

"I *have* come home, my love," was what he heard.

Understudying Mary

(*Continued from page* 85)

The old station master knew that Miss Pickford and her company were coming there that morning and he was all expectation. His expectations were more than realized when he came out of his little office and beheld "two" Mary Pickfords instead of one.

He circled about the pair and surveyed them in every detail—from curl-bedecked heads to identical "Pollyanna" homespun short frock, plain cotton stockings and tiny well-worn shoes. He took distance views from the front, rear and sides. Then he tightened the circle and looked his fill at close range and punctuated his glances from each angle, with a perplexed scratch of his head.

Then he waited his opportunity and when the "two" Pickfords separated for a moment, he hurried over to Miss Du Pre and plied her with a "million" questions. He asked where she had been born and where Miss Pickford hailed from, and if there existed any relationship between them. But the answers only perplexed him the more and learning that Miss Du Pre came from Atlanta, Georgia, while Miss Pickford came from Toronto, Canada, he gave up the effort to solve the "mystery" and resumed his work with the remark—typical of a railroad man—"cant understand how two people can come from such widely separated points and look alike."

Then to the studio came such celebrities as Mrs. McAdoo and Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, where they met Miss Du Pre and were amazed at the duplication of the little "Queens of the Screen." And the furore she created in the studio extended even to the wise ones of the profession, to those men and women long associated with the business of making motion pictures and used to the surprises of the motion picture stage.

There was Tom Gerrity, the scenario writer and veteran motion picture man, when he beheld star and understudy together, for the first time, he looked, rubbed his eyes, and looked again and then pleaded: "Tell me quick—which is which—or send for a doctor."

And all thru the excitement, Miss Du Pre has retained her usual poise, with not the slightest sign of being spoiled by the flattery and the official appointment of being "just like Mary." "Of course, it is very wonderful to be associated with Miss Pickford," she said, "but I detest imitators and I have no desire to imitate Miss Pickford in any way, other than as her understudy. Miss Pickford is a master of the art of silent expression and in my present position I feel like a student taking a post-graduate course."

Louise Du Pre has played on the stage for several years, but has always played dramatic-ingénue rôles—parts far removed from the "child" characters essayed by Miss Pickford. She is a Southern girl with a convent education, and altho only five feet in height, she likes to dress her hair back and appear "grown up."

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incidentally giving it a happy ending. Conrad's tale of the exile, Axel Heyst, and the girl from a wandering tropical orchestra upon the lonely Pacific isle is touched here and there by Mr. Tourneur's camera, but not by the scenario. "Victory" singularly disappointed us, for we suggested the tragic tale to Mr. Tourneur some two years ago, and we looked forward to its screening with genuine interest. The dapper Jack Holt is not the Axel of Conrad and Seena Owen is too much the ingénue to ever be the picturesque Alma. The only approach to Conrad is Lon Cheney, who was the Frog of "The Miracle Man," as that merciless vulture of the South Seas, Riccardo.

"Soldiers of Fortune," (Realart), Allan Dwan's celluloiding of the late Richard Harding Davis' pleasant romance of South American revolutions in the merry days before the poison gas and modern mechanism took the gayety out of warfare, is done in a big way, but it never once makes a direct personal appeal. Dwan is more fitted for stories of the inner soul than these pageants of supers. Here his cast does not in any way distinguish itself. There is one remarkable long shot, a vista of the animated royal parade ground, which will not soon be forgotten by fans who see "Soldiers of Fortune."

Mary Pickford contributes a mellower and more legitimate characterization in "Heart o' the Hills," (First National), adapted from a tale of the moonshine mountain folk by the late John Fox, Jr., than in any of her vehicles for some months. Here she has a rôle slightly more mature than has been her wont recently, the character of a fiery, untamed girl of the Kentucky hills. And Miss Pickford plays it with an infinite variety of shadings and nuances, despite the triteness of the romance. Harold Goodwin does the mountain boy lover admirably.

"For Old Kentucky," (First National), is still another story of the moonshiners, Kentucky colonels, and so on. For years a barnstorming stage melodrama, it has been adapted to Anita Stewart's film needs. It is the most obvious sort of cheap melodrama. Marshall Neilan has done all in his power to camouflage the story, but the screen is mercilessly revealing, we fear. Miss Stewart shows no advance in this picture, we regret to report.

Mary Miles Minter's "Anne of Green Gables," (Realart), belongs to the sugar-coated Pollyanna school of realistic literature. Miss Minter portrays a young orphan who, adopted by an aged couple, softens their hearts and eventually wins her own happiness. Miss Minter is a pleasant little person, but of limited technical equipment. Hence "Anne of Green Gables," centered wholly upon her, moves along a monotonous level of conventionality.

Only a season or so ago Mrs. Fiske played a stage version of Helen R. Mar-

(*Continued on page* 96)

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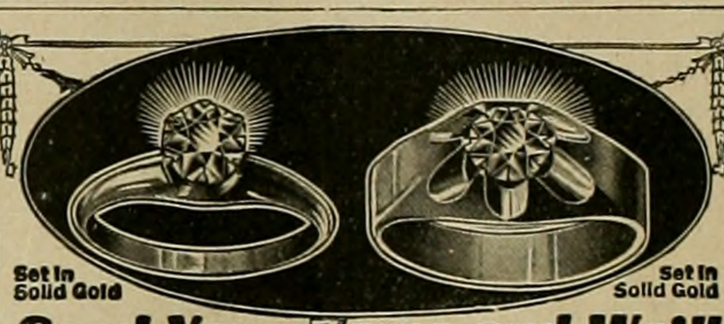

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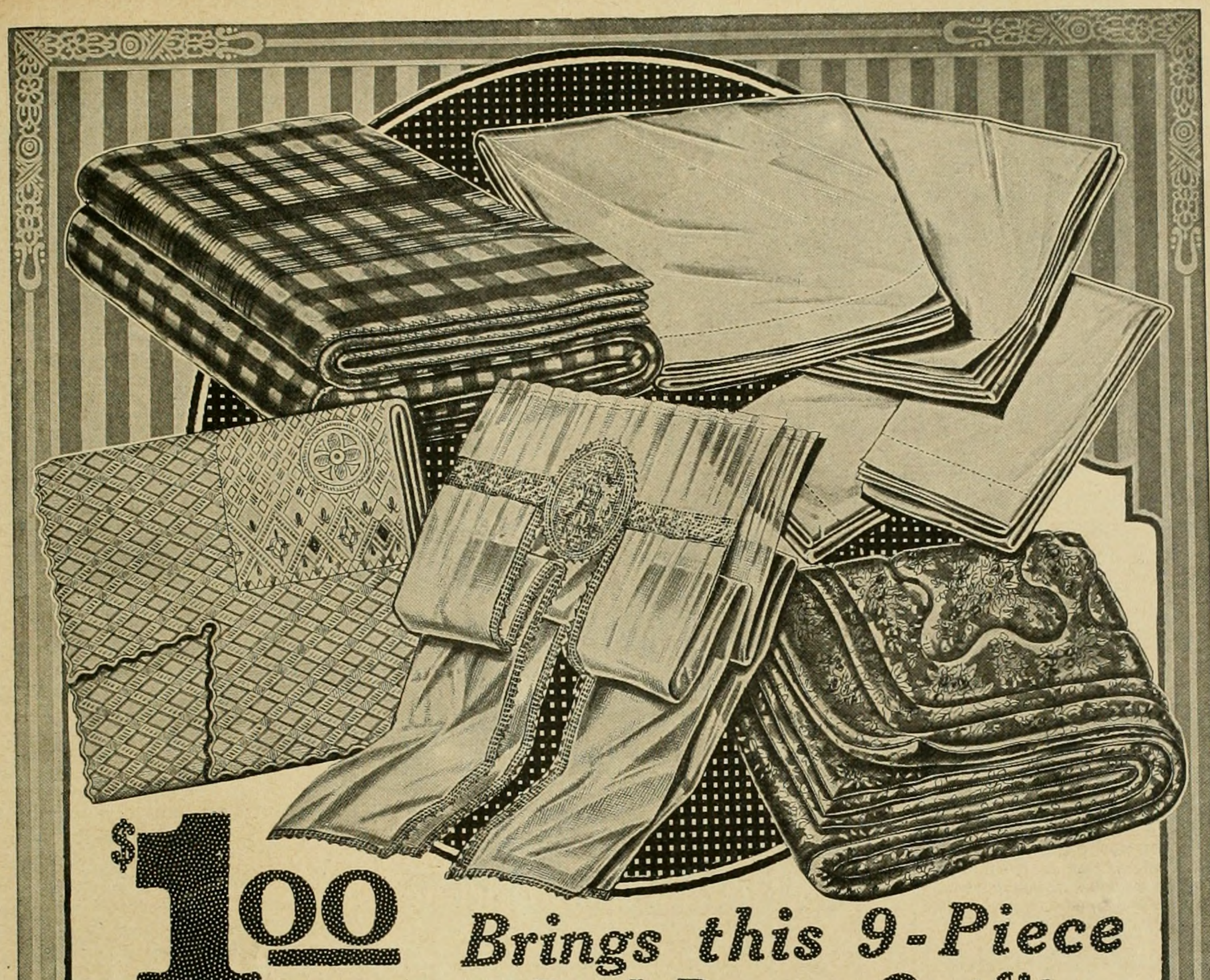

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The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page* 94)

tin's stories of the Dutch folk of Pennsylvania called "Erstwhile Susan," building the play about the eccentric teacher of elocution who weds into a stolid farmer family. In adapting "Erstwhile Susan" to the films for Constance Binney's use, Realart has shifted the interest from the wife to the brow-beaten youngest daughter of the Dreary domicile. "Erstwhile Susan" is loose and slow-moving of continuity and direction. John S. Robertson's direction is but fair, but Miss Binney reveals certain distinct possibilities as the drudge, Barnabetta. She makes a genuine effort at characterization. The photoplay has been cut to accent Barnabetta, with the result that the odd character of the step-mother, altho well played by Mary Alden, will be puzzling to the average celluloid audience.

Billie Burke's piquancy is very much soft-pedaled in "Wanted—A Husband," (Paramount). Herein she plays a dowdy young girl who, stung by the comments of her friends, announces a hastily selected photograph as that of her lover. She puts herself thru a training with modistes and hairdressers just as the imaginary lover turns out to be the real thing. There are all sorts of complications, of course. "Wanted—A Husband" is very slow-moving. We do not care personally particularly for James L. Crane as the lover who comes true.

Very frothy is "Luck in Pawn," (Paramount), a Marvin Taylor story in which Marguerite Clark lends her petite charms. Miss Clark plays a little country girl who tries to be a painter, meets a bored young millionaire and, after arousing him, finds ultimate happiness. Walter Edwards has fearfully overdrawn many of his incidents. No such society folk ever existed on land or sea. Miss Clark is pleasant, but the comedy itself is pretty fragile stuff.

The Movie Encyclopædia

(*Continued from page* 88)

UTAH'S DAUGHTER.—Why, Juanita Hansen isn't missing. She was playing in "The Lost City," presenting Selig's Wild Animals. Lois Weber in "Forced to Wed." Think of such a thing! I am told that brown eyes usually photograph better than blue ones. Yes, Marguerite Clark is married. Dont believe all you hear, and only half of what you see.

P. C. M., MANILA.—Last I heard of her she was on her way to France. Can you think of a more gruesome title than "The Cinema Murder" with Marion Davies in the lead! Think of it, written by Frances Marion, and directed by George D. Baker, two of the best in the business, with a title like that. I wonder who murdered the cinema. Let me hear from you again.

J. F. M.—Well, I cant tell you offhand how many distributing associations there are in the U. S., but there are at least 10 organized exchanges with branches thruout the country, altho there are only about five important film exchange systems.

R. E. N.—Yes, I know they follow our style, but you know that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. Why, the Pacific Ocean is the deepest of the oceans of the world. Its greatest known depth is 21,500 fathoms. I understand they are going to have bars in the ocean now. Yes, Dorothy Green is playing—she just finished "The Wild Fawn."

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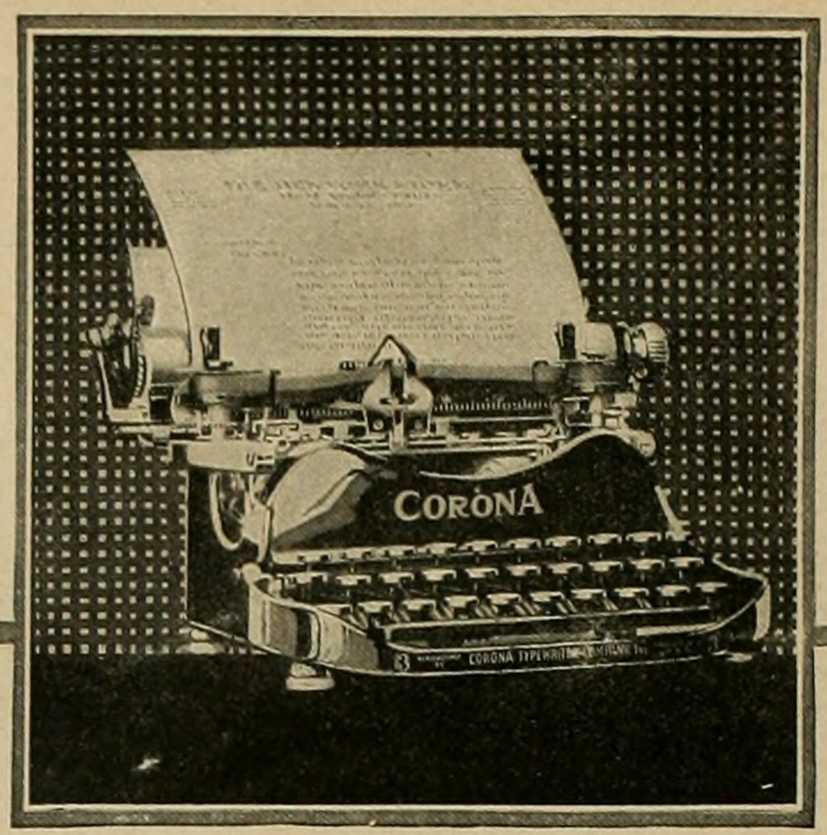
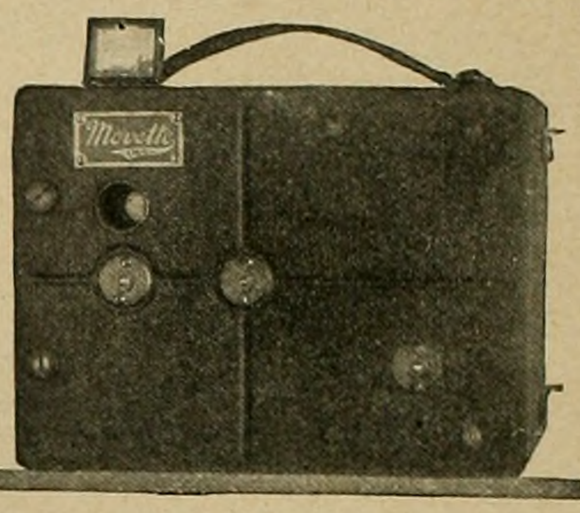
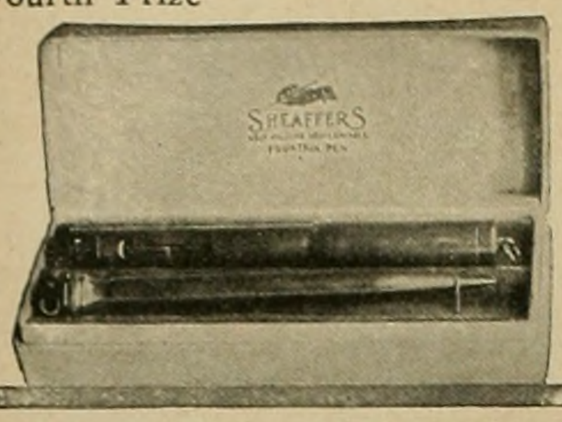


Second Prize



Fourth Prize



Ninth Prize

Sixth Prize

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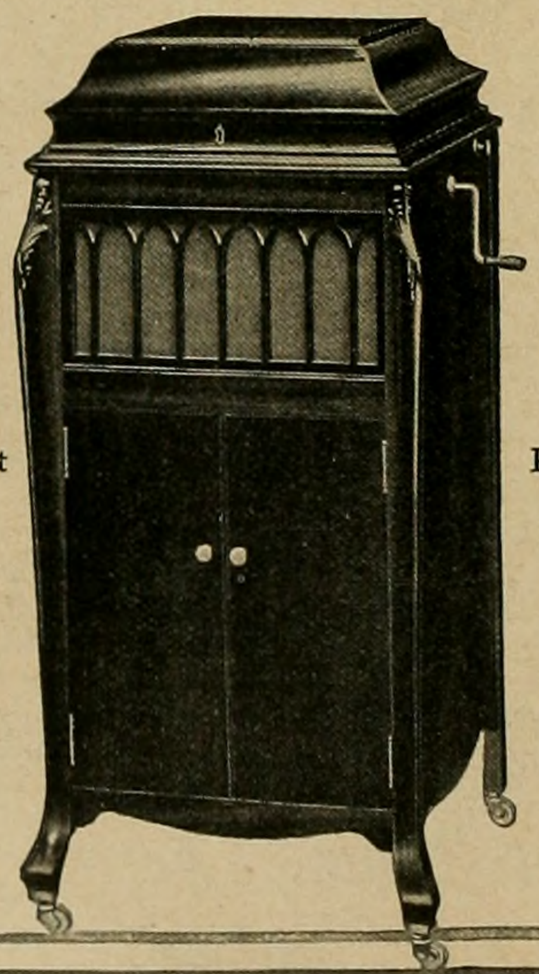

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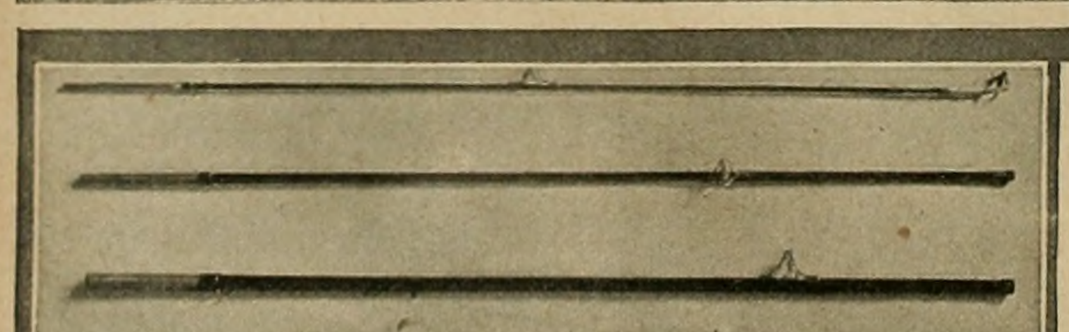
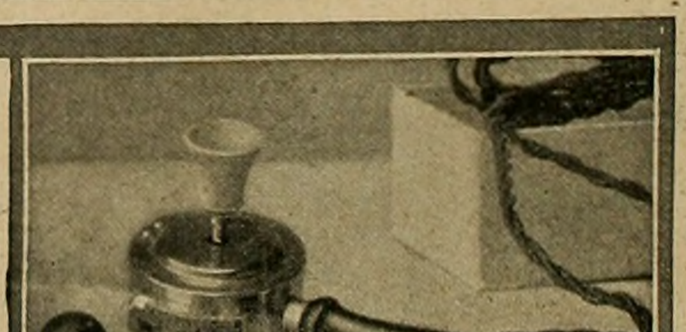


Fifth Prize

Seventh and Eighth Prize



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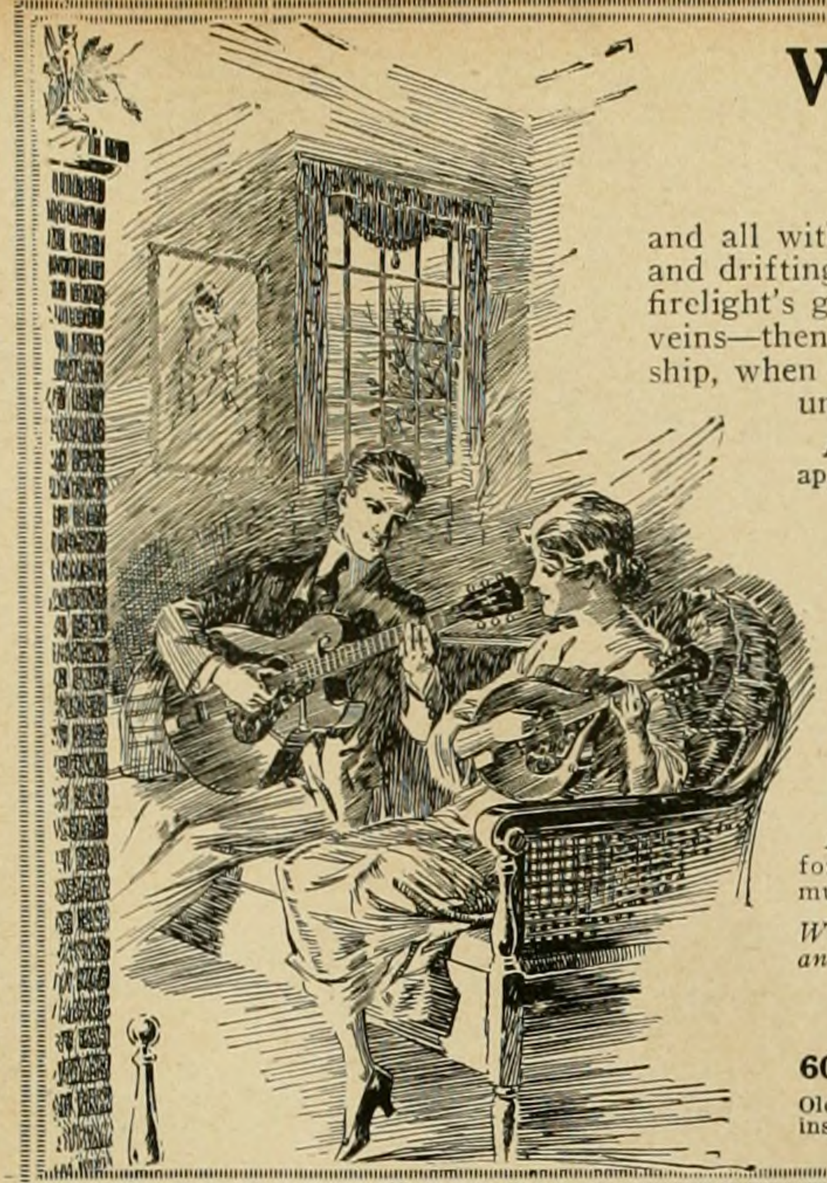

When the Lights Are Low

and all within is snug and cozy despite the howling wind and drifting snow without—when sparkling eyes reflect the firelight's glow, and the lilt of melody tingles through our veins—then do we know the sweet thrill of real companionship, when soul meets soul on that blessed plane of mutual understanding to which music opens the way.

And of all music, there is none so intimately, humanly appealing as the silvery voices of

Gibson *Instruments*

Really, a GIBSON is more than a mere instrument. It is a pal; an understanding friend; comforting, cheering; always ready to sing our heart thoughts; exquisite in design, finish and tone—truly a GIBSON is a "joy forever."

And, too, the GIBSON is easy to play—and easy to pay for. A few short, interesting lessons, and the joys of music-caressed companionship are yours.

We tell more about GIBSONS in the GIBSON book, and in some intimate bits of GIBSON romance, which a postal will bring you.

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Oldest and largest exclusive manufacturers of high-grade fretted instruments. Developers of Mandolin Orchestras. Teacher Salesmen—men or women—wanted everywhere.

YOU TRY

Writing the words for a song

I'LL WRITE THE MUSIC

SUBMIT YOUR SONG POEMS ON ANY SUBJECT FOR MY PERSONAL CRITICISM AND ADVICE. ACCEPTABLE WORDS WILL BE REVISED, FURNISHED WITH APPROPRIATE MUSIC, COPYRIGHTED AND EXPLOITED UNDER MY ORIGINAL METHODS FOR FACILITATING THE PUBLICATION OR OUTRIGHT SALE OF SONGS. VALUABLE BOOKLET ON SONG WRITING SENT FREE ON REQUEST. WRITE TO ME TO-DAY.

E. S. Huntington

AUTHOR OF "I'M TYING THE LEAVES SO THEY WON'T COME DOWN"—"DON'T FORGET OLD DIXIELAND" AND OTHERS.

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Look and wear like diamonds. Brilliancy guaranteed forever. Stand file, acid and fire like diamonds. Have no paste, foil or backing. Set only in 14 karat solid gold mountings. About 1-30th the price of diamonds. A marvelous synthetic gem—will cut glass. **Guaranteed not an imitation, and to contain no glass.** Sent C.O.D. subject to examination. Write today for our illustrated catalog. It's free.

Remoh Jewelry Co., 832 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

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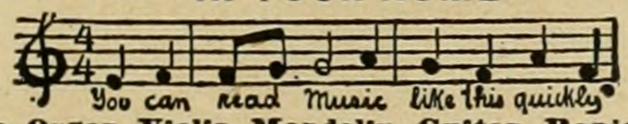

Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, etc.

Beginners or advanced players. One lesson weekly. Illustrations make everything plain. Only expense about 2c per day to cover cost of postage and music used. Write for **FREE** booklet which explains everything in full.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 70 Lakeside Building, CHICAGO

The POLICE KEY

is as serviceable as a whole bunch of ordinary keys; opens almost everything; every house-owner should have one. Sent postpaid on receipt of 20 cents; three for 50 cents. Safety Key Holder free with every key.

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To prove that our blue-white MEXICAN DIAMOND closely resembles the finest genuine South African Diamond (costing 50 times as much), with same DAZZLING RAINBOW-FIRE, (Guaranteed 20 yrs.) we will send this Ladies Solitaire Ring with one carat gem, (Catalogue price $4.98) for Half Price to Introduce, $2.50, plus War Tax 13c. Same thing but Gents. Heavy Tooth Belcher Ring, (Cataloge price $6.26) for $3.10, plus War Tax 15c. Mountings are our finest 12 karat gold filled. Mexican Diamonds are GUARANTEED FOR 20 YEARS. SEND ON MONEY. Just mail postcard or this ad., state size and we will mail at once C. O. D. If not fully pleased, return in 2 days for MONEY BACK, less handling charges. Act quick; offer limited; only one to a customer. Write for FREE Catalog. AGENTS WANTED.

MEXICAN DIAMOND IMPORTING CO.

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Get Well—Grow Tall—Stay Young

This University discovery is the leading health invention of the age. Perfects the human body. Energizes entire system. Improves blood and nerves. Corrects crooked spines and limbs. 33 p. book free.

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Bring Out the Hidden Beauty

Beneath the soiled, discolored, faded or aged complexion is one fair to look upon. Mercolized Wax gradually, gently absorbs the devitalized surface skin, revealing the young, fresh, beautiful skin underneath. Used by refined women who prefer complexions of true naturalness. Have you tried it?

Mercolized Wax in one ounce package, with directions for use, sold by all druggists.

You Have a Beautiful Face

BUT YOUR NOSE?

IN this day and age attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. PERMIT NO ONE TO SEE YOU LOOKING OTHERWISE; it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new nose-shaper "Trados" (Model 24) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct Ill-Shaped Noses without cost if not satisfactory.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist, 1039 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

Fame and Fortune Contest for 1920

THE first Fame and Fortune Contest having come to a happy and successful end, and several prospective stars of the first magnitude having been selected and started on their careers, it is with pleasure that we announce a similar contest for the year 1920, beginning with the January number of

Motion Picture Magazine, Classic and Shadowland

Once more we shall go thru America with a fine-tooth comb, as it were, in search for budding beauties with Motion Picture ambitions. No longer can any young lady or girl say that she has not had a chance. We shall give them all a chance—that is, every one that appears to have sufficient personality, charm, beauty and winsomeness. The first test is the photograph. If that gives promise, we publish it and ask for more. If the others are equally promising, we secure a personal interview, and finally we make a "test" Moving Picture and send it broadcast thru the theaters. Many of the girls whose pictures appeared in the Honor Rolls of our magazines, received many flattering offers from producing companies, and this proves that we are doing a good thing for ambitious American beauties, even tho we might err in our final judgment in selecting the winners. The Honor Rolls will continue each month in all of our publications, thus giving something like *two hundred* girls *honorable* mention, including a published photo. One or more of these we promise will be made

Stars of International Fame

Just think of what a prize this is! The contest just closed attracted nation-wide attention. The newspapers everywhere published illustrated accounts of our final test, and several of the News Weeklies of Current Events showed scenes of the happy party at Roslyn, which were flashed on nearly every screen thruout the United States.

What an opportunity! If it does not interest *you,* tell your neighbor about it or your distant friend—they may have a daughter just looking for a chance of this kind.

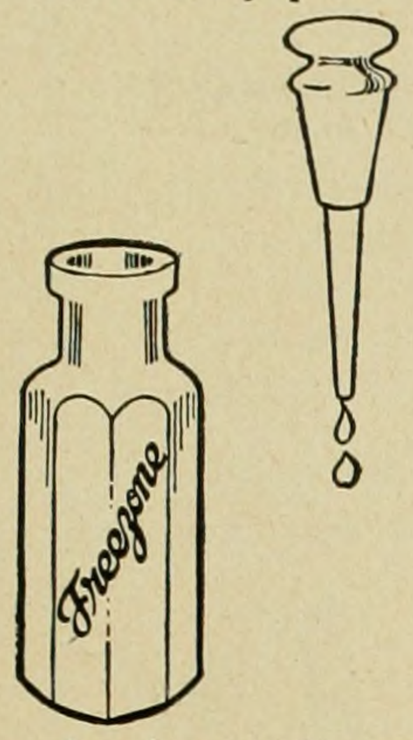
One thing we want to impress upon all aspirants—be careful in the choice of the photograph you submit. Postcard photos will not do. Poorly printed photos, and small ones, cannot be considered. We feel that many beautiful girls lost out in the last contest just because they did not go to the trouble of consulting a good photographer. Furthermore, dont submit *photos that lie!* They may get you on the Honor Roll, but they will never see you thru. We recall in the last contest several young ladies who submitted wonderful pictures, and succeeded in getting on the Honor Roll, but when they appeared on the scene, alas, we found that the *camera had lied.* We want pictures that do you full justice, even flattering ones, but not dishonest ones. If you are a giant or a midget, if you have an impossible profile, or an ugly nose, or some other defect, dont let the photographer conceal these things—it will be to your loss and disadvantage in the end. Your features may not be perfect, but you may win in spite of that—only, we want to know all. Hence, please do not try to deceive us. Make yourself appear to the best advantage, but do not overdo it.

Rules and date of Contest opening to be announced in next issue.

Select Your Photographs Now!

Lift Corns out with Fingers

A few drops of Freezone loosen corns so they peel off



Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

A small bottle of Freezone costs but a few cents at drug stores anywhere.

The Edward Wesley Co., Cincinnati, O.

Remember:

All advertisements in Motion Picture Classic are guaranteed by the Publisher. . .

ASPIRIN

Name "Bayer" identifies genuine Aspirin introduced in 1900

BAYER

Insist on unbroken packages

BAYER-TABLETS of ASPIRIN

Boxes of 12 tablets
Bottles of 25 and 100
Also capsules

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

Motion Picture Magazine

FEBRUARY NUMBER

All in all it's a delightful solution for your winter evening reading, beautifully illustrated and brimful of the latest news of filmdom.

Ruth Stonehouse, the little wisp of a girl, who won success with the Essanay, has been interviewed in her pretty mountain home in Hollywood — Betsy Bruce has written all about her in an intimate chat.

There are novelizations of the most interesting feature plays — plays boasting some of the most popular stars.

Doris Delvigne has talked with Al St. John—and he's every bit as funny as he is on the screen.

It is really unusually attractive, presenting well-known stars in vivid interviews and personality stories and the latest productions in absorbing novelizations.

DONT MISS IT!

SUBMIT YOUR SONG-POEMS ON ANY SUBJECT FOR OUR ADVICE. WE REVISE POEMS, COMPOSE MUSIC OF ANY DESCRIPTION, SECURE COPYRIGHT AND EMPLOY ORIGINAL METHODS FOR FACILITATING FREE PUBLICATION OR OUTRIGHT SALE OF SONGS UNDER THIS SUCCESSFUL CONCERN'S GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION.

SONG WRITERS "MANUAL & GUIDE" SENT FREE

IT CONTAINS VALUABLE INSTRUCTIONS TO BEGINNERS AND TELLS THE TRUTH CONCERNING EVERY BRANCH OF THIS ESSENTIAL AND FASCINATING PROFESSION. THE GREAT WORK ACCOMPLISHED BY THE POPULAR SONG IN WINNING THE WAR IS ONLY AN INDEX TO THE MUCH WIDER SCOPE AND GREATER OPPORTUNITIES AFFORDED BY PEACE.

KNICKERBOCKER STUDIOS. 203 GAIETY BLDG. N.Y. CITY

MAGDA CREAM

THE FAVORITE OF STAGE PEOPLE

"Even better than I get in Paris," is what the beautiful actress Anna Held wrote of Magda Cream. Stage folks know the advantage of using Magda before applying powder, and for rubbing out incipient wrinkles in the nightly massage. Musicians use it to keep their hands soft and pliable.

Try it For the Nightly Massage

Jars 25c and 50c
Japanese Jars 75c
Large Tins $1
At Drug Dept'sor direct from
Fred C. Keeling & Co.
Rockford, Ill.

Learn the Sign-Show Card Business

Big field--unlimited possibilities--Increasing demand for men with creative ideas. Our course develops ability and originality. Work intensely interesting.

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You can do it if ambitious. Successful graduates everywhere. Our course thoroughly covers every phase of work. Our graduates command big salaries. Write for catalog, samples, guarantee and Free Outfit Offer.

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Destroy Hair on Face

Body or Under Arm

ZIP

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TRADE IT'S OFF *Instead of* IT'S OUT MARK

The scientifically correct method of permanently destroying undesirable growths by removing the hair with the root. No electricity, caustics, nor solvents. No disagreeable odors. Absolutely harmless. Correspondence confidential. Write for free booklet, "A Talk on Superfluous Hair," or call to have free demonstration.

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Deafness

Perfect hearing is now being restored in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as

Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Roaring or Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc.

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"Little Wireless Phones for the Ears"—require no medicine but effectively replace what is lacking or defective in the natural drums. They are simple devices, which the wearer easily fits into the ears where they are invisible. Soft, safe and comfortable to wear at all times.

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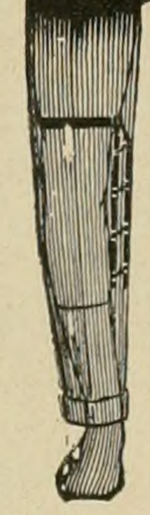
WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated
345 Inter-Southern Building LOUISVILLE, KY.

Bowlegged Men



Your legs will appear straight when you wear

Straightleg Garters

Remarkable invention—Combination hose-supporter and pant-leg Straightener—**Quickly adjusted to fit various degrees of bowlegs**; as easy to put on and comfortable to wear as any ordinary garter—**no harness or padded forms**; just an ingenious special garter for bowlegged men—improves appearance wonderfully. Bowlegged men everywhere are wearing them; enthusiastic. **Write for free booklet, mailed in plain envelope.**

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765 Trust Co. Bldg., DAYTON, OHIO

Our 21 Jewel SMASHES PRICES

Look!

21 Ruby and Sapphire Jewels—
Adjusted to the second—
Adjusted to temperature—
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25-year gold strata case—
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Only $3.50 A Month

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Think of the high grade, guaranteed watch we offer here at such a remarkable price. And if you wish, you may pay this price at the rate of $3.50 a month. Indeed, the days of exorbitant watch prices have passed. Write now.

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You don't pay a cent to anybody until you see the watch. You don't buy a Burlington Watch without seeing it. Look at the splendid beauty of the watch itself. Thin model, handsomely shaped—aristocratic in every line. Then look at the works. There you will see the masterpiece of the watch makers' skill, a perfect timepiece adjusted to positions, temperature and isochronism.

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Keep the roses in your cheeks

Use

Colgate's Charmis Cold Cream for cleanliness, comfort, charm. Whether out in the nipping cold of Placid, or under Palm Beach's sunny skies, your complexion can weather the weather with the help of Colgate's Cold Cream.

Maud Tousey Fangel

There are two Colgate's Face Creams sold everywhere—Charmis Cold Cream to use at night and Mirage Vanishing Cream for day-time. Most skins need both. A trial tube of either sent for 4c or of both for 6c.

COLGATE & CO. Dept. 15 NEW YORK

Cutex comes in 35c and 65c bottles — drug and department stores

The new way to manicure

does away with ruinous cutting which makes the cuticle grow tough and thick, which causes hangnails and ruins the appearance of your whole hand.

Start today to have lovely nails. No matter how unattractive cuticle-cutting may have made your nails, Cutex will really transform them. Cutex completely does away with the necessity of cutting or trimming the cuticle.

It is absolutely harmless. The moment you use it, you will be enthusiastic about the way it softens surplus cuticle — the way overgrown cuticle, ragged edges, hangnails vanish!

Have your first Cutex manicure today. Then examine your nails! They will look so shapely, so well groomed you will catch yourself admiring them every little while.

A complete manicure set for 20c

Mail the coupon today with 20c and we will send you the complete manicure set shown below, which will give you at least six "manicures." Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, Dept. 902, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

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